Reputation

by Selina_2000

Summary

A collection of short one-shots featuring you and a random DC character. I tried my best to write it gender neutral when possible.

Warnings will be featured on each chapter.
The moment you laid your eyes on him, you knew there was something odd about him. He was good looking, with a messy dark hair and a sharp, well-sculpted nose. He didn’t smile, kept looking around the room and his posture rigid. He looked like he was afraid of having been followed here. Still, you took the stool next to him and ordered a whiskey on the rocks.

“You have ketchup on your jawline”, you inform the stranger, pointing to the red stain on his face. He takes a napkin, dips it on his drink and cleans the spot. “I’m Y/n, by the way”, you introduce yourself and he finally turns to look at you.

“I’m Jason”, he informs. His eyes are blue and he has a white lock on his hair.

“Waiting for someone?”, you ask, leaning your chest towards him.

“Not really. Just taking a break from the world”, he shrugs. You notice that despite being in a cheap bar, his clothes are expensive. Maybe the son of a diplomat, looking to have some fun while his daddy works, you think. You have met that kind before, they make the best victims. “How ‘bout you?”

You play with your glass, watching the ice move from one side to another, the drink was long gone. “Perhaps”, you answer, smiling flirtatiously.

He laughs and signals to the barman. “Two shots of vodka”, he takes a bill from his back pocket and sets it on the table. The barman gives him the two cups, and he passes one for me.

“Cheers!”, you say raising your cup. He matches my movement and we drink it up in one gulp. “Wanna go somewhere more private?”, you suggest, placing a hand on his shoulder. He’s younger than your usual victim, but it didn’t mattered, as long as he had money.

He smiles wickedly, showing off his pearl white teeth. “Lead the way.”

You let him pay for your first drink, then takes him by the dark and twisted streets of Gotham. You could find your way to the motel even blindfolded. While walking, his hand casually grabs your ass and you turn to kiss him in the mouth, just a quick liplock.

You pass by the reception, and the woman over the counter doesn’t even raise her eyes to look at you. Your room is on the second floor, but you still chose to take the elevator. As the door closes, he holds your head between his hands and pulls you into a big kiss. You let yourself melt into it, grinding your hips against him. The door opens, and a shocked old couple stares at you. You and Jason giggle, and give a sorry excuse as you leave the elevator. You unlock the door to your room and kick out your shoes.

You let him leads you to the bed, his hand wandering your body. You sit on the bed, and he crawls over you. You move backwards bringing him with you, until the headboard is within reach. In a
quick movement you take the handcuffs out of the back pocket of your jeans and clip on side into 
his wrist, the other on the headboard, then you slip out of his hold.

“You bitch!”, he curses. His free hand pulls out a gun from his own back pocket and he aims it at 
you. He clearly isn’t a diplomat’s son. In panic, you duck behind a chair. It’s the worst hiding spot 
ever. “You are gonna to have to serious explanations to do. That is, if I just don’t kill you first.”

His threat gives you the impulse you needed, and you lift the chair and throw it at him. He blocks it with his free arm, but the distraction gives you enough time to run. The noise of the gun sound is 
deafening, the bullet having shattered the chain and freed him. You, having already reached the 
other side of the room, takes your backpack and bolts out through the door. But he’s fast and soon 
throws himself onto you, pushing you both to the floor. You roll and wrestle and you kick the gun 
out of his hand.

“Who sent you?”, he questions, holding you down with the sheer force of his hands.

“No one”, you spit between heavy drags for air.

“Liar”, he grunts, attempting to punch you, but you move your head and his fist hits the floor. You 
raise you knee between his legs with a lot of strength and he move backwards in pain, setting you 
free. You pick the fallen gun and point it to his head.

“Pass your wallet!”, you urge. He reluctantly agrees, taking the brown leather wallet from his 
pocket and handing it to you. You throw it into the backpack, turn and run.

* * *

After the run in with the strange man, you had to change the motel you used to fool your victims. You had always been a good thief, and wasn’t going to let a bad night ruin the game for you. It was 
your livelihood, after all.

You are sitting at a bar, searching for your next target when you see someone moving towards you. Jason. You get up to leave, but he’s faster, and gets to your table before you have time to do so.

“I believe you have something that belongs to me”, he says.

“I’ve no idea of what you are talking about”, you reply, loud enough to catch some stares from the 
others at the bar. Good, he can’t do anything as long as there are others seeing. 

“You know, for a thief, you are quite a terrible liar”, he states.

“For a killer, you are quite easy to fool”, you reply. His eyes widen in surprise.

“What makes you think…”

“There was blood on the gun. I can put two and two together”, you interrupt him.

He gets closer, but you don’t move away, instead, you grab the lapels of his jacket. “I only kill 
criminals, thief”, he whispers into my ear, emphasizing the title.

You smile. “You can have your wallet back”, you tell him, “if you can catch me. Ready?”

“Let the games begin, then”, he replies and you twist the two of you, so that now you are the other 
closer to the door. You sprint out of the bar, Jason not falling far behind. You know all the 
shortcuts, having lived on the Narrow for your whole life, but he’s also agile and whenever to
glace back, you can see him running, and each time, he gets closer.

You run until you reach a dead end. In your worry about checking if he was still following, you had taken a wrong turn. You pull open the emergency stairs of a building and begin to climb. The sky is beautiful, there’s no clouds and the stars shine like drops of silver.

His arms envolve you from behind. “Caught you”, he murmurs, his warm breath on your neck. “Do I get my reward?”

You tilt your head to the side and kiss him. Even though you just met, you can’t help but think that you finally found your equal, and you can see it, in the future, just the two of you, full of money and enjoying life on a island on Caribe. Oh yeah, someplace where no one will find us.
End Game (Dick/Reader)

Chapter Summary

You are Dick's SO, but your insecurity gets the best of you when you think you found evidence he was cheating.
Warnings: Jealousy (not sure if it's a warning but whatever). No sex.

Dick Grayson had a reputation as a womanizer. As the first son of Bruce Wayne, and heir to the Wayne Enterprises, the media loved to detail everything he did, and especially with who he did it. So when he first approached you during a fundraising, you had thought it would be an one-night stand and nothing more. But the morning after, before he left the flat you shared with your best friend, he asked for your number.

You went over the moon when he called that very same afternoon to invite you to dinner. And, then, after having been going out for almost a month, he asked you to be his SO, to which you gladly said “yes”. Despite all that, you still feared the day he would leave you and move on to the next, after all, he had a reputation, you knew the relationship wouldn’t last. But it did, a year passed and you two were still a couple.

You knew it was foolish, but you couldn’t help but think he was cheating on you. He often worked late night (and he was super vague about what his work was, you knew he worked at Wayne Enterprises, but that was all) and when he was sleeping with you, he would sometime disappear when he thought you were asleep and come back hours later. The only explanation was that he was cheating, you were sure of it! But you were too much of coward to confront him, Dick had been the best boyfriend you ever had and you preferred to share him than not have him at all. You hated what he was doing, why couldn’t you be enough for him?

* * *

It’s a Saturday morning, Dick had called saying he had a surprise and that he would pick you up on your apartment. You loved when he surprised you! He often took you to the most amazing places, like that one time when he took one of Bruce’s helicopters to fly you to New York so you could see your favorite musician. You wonder what he had planned for today. Sitting by the window, you see his blue Corvette ‘61 park in front of your building. You rise from your seat as he exit the car and go have a last look on the mirror, to make sure you look great.

The doorbell rings and you run to answer.

“Hi”, you greet your boyfriend, running a nervous hand on your hair. How come that even after one year the mere sight of him is still enough to send your heart racing?

“Hey”, he answers, kissing you softly on the lips. “You ready?” You nod and closes the door, checking to see if it was locked, you can’t take any chances on Gotham.

Dick looks amazing in his football jacket, reminiscent from his high school days, his back hair is combed back and he wears sunglasses, despite the dark clouds floating on the horizon. You walk with him to the car and he opens the passenger door for you. Always a gentleman. As you accommodate yourself on the seat, a sharp object pokes your ass cheeks.
“Auch!”, you exclaim, blindly tapping to try to catch it. An earring… And it’s not yours, that’s for sure. Nor Dick’s. Tangled on it, a single strand of red hair… “What’s this?”, you ask, handing him the small piece of metal. Jealousy burns on your chest. He was seeing a redhead. His ex’s is redhead. Barbara, the Commissioner daughter. You knew it! Even though he said she was just a friend now, you always had a hunch that he was still into her.

“Ah… An earring?”, he answers, unsure of why you are asking.

“Whose earring?”

“I don’t know”, he says in a humorous tone. You could see that he was trying not to laugh.

“You think this is funny?”, you are more disappointed than mad. You always hoped that when you confronted him about his cheating he would at least admit to it. “I’m not stupid! I know there are others, but I preferred when you hid it, instead of letting them leave things around.”

He pulls the car to a stop, having driven only a block. The engine off, he turns to look at you. “What are you talking about?”

His gaze is too much to bear, and you decide to stare at the steering wheel. “You always work at night, stays days without calling or text, and sometimes you disappear in the middle of the night when we are together. I notice things, the mysterious phone calls that you answer in private and the weak excuses you give afterwards to leave. I know, Dick. Just don’t need to rub it on my face, okay?”

“Hey”, he says, reaching out to cup your face, “look at me”, his voice is not humorous anymore. You comply and turn to see his blue eyes. “I’m not seeing anyone else. I love you, Camila. I love you with all my heart.” You lean in and his lips meets yours in deep, passionate kiss. He says it so honestly that you almost believe it. But if there isn’t another, then what’s the reason of his shady behavior?

“I love you too, Dickie”, you say, breaking the kiss. “But, w-why”, your voice trembles, “what are you hiding?”

He takes a long pause and then restarts the car. “I was going to show you that. Well, there was a picnic first, but I guess we can skip that.”

You turn the radio to avoid the uncomfortable silence that follows you through the drive to Wayne Manor. He parks in the garage and you both get out. You still hold the earring on your hand, clenching and unclenching your fist.

You hear Tim and Damian arguing inside the house and smell the familiar aroma of Alfred’s cookies. Dick takes your hand and you walk together to an old clock that is in one of the corridors. You had passed by that clock many times before, and there was nothing out of the ordinary about it. Just a huge, old clock.

“That’s it?”

“Wait a minute”, he replies, and begins to tap in the wood. Suddenly the clock moves backwards, opening a narrow passage to a stairway leading down.

You can’t hide the shocked expression on your face. He chuckles seeing your wide eyes and agape mouth. “What’s…”

“Go on, there’s nothing to be afraid”, and thankfully he flicks a switch, illuminating the staircase.
At least with the lights on it doesn’t look as creepy. You glance back to the corridor and see Tim spying on you and Dick, when he notices you caught him, he quickly hides behind the hallway curve. You roll your eyes. *Teenagers* … You begin to walk down the stairs, checking every few steps to see Dick’s reassuring smile. Finally, the stairs comes to an end, and you find yourself facing a large cave.

In front of you, a variety of objects are displayed across the hall. You spot the Batmobile, the giant coin Two-Face used once, a dinosaur skeleton, and at least 10 different Batsuits on display.

You turn to Dick in disbelief. “You are Batman?”, you exclaim.

He laughs. “No. Not yet, at least.” He points to the blue costume on a glass display. You recognize it as the first suit Nightwing ever wore.

“You’re Nightwing!”, you exclaim again. He nods. “And this means that Bruce is Batman...” He nods again. “And who is Robin?”

“Well, first it was me, then Jason, then Tim and currently it’s Damian.”

“And is Bruce okay with you showing me this?”

“Yes, they know how much you mean to me. I wanted to tell you the truth, so you wouldn’t make a decision in the dark.”

“A decision about what?”, you inquire, puzzled.

He kneels and pulls a small box from his pocket. “I love you, Camila. I want you to be part of live forever”, he opens the box, revealing a gold ring encrusted with stones on your favorite color. “Will you marry me?”

“YES!”, you shout without a second thought, your voice echoing in the cave.

He puts the ring on your finger, and it fits perfectly. You hug him and you two kiss for a long time. Your body feels like it’s on fire. But there’s still one single question on your brain.

“Hey”, you say in a low tone, “but whose earring is it?”

“Oh, I gave a ride to Aunt Kathy yesterday.”

You laugh at your own stupidity. All those worries for nothing, in the end, you were the only one in his heart. You kiss him again, wedding plans already forming in your head.
You are a ~bad~ cop and, one day, you crosses path with the Joker.

Warning: violence. No sex.

There was something about him that fascinated you. Sure, maybe he was a crazy, narcissistic psychopath, but you couldn’t deny that he was easily the most interesting case you had ever investigated.

You had been working as an officer for GCPD for about a year when you first crossed paths with him. He had just fled Arkham, and like always, was looking to cause chaos. You and your partner were on patrol around the West Side, a rich and relatively peaceful part of the town, it was a calm night. That is, until a bleeding man jumped in front of the car, laughing like a maniac. It didn’t take more than a look for you to know he was under the effect of the Laughing Gas. And that meant that the Joker was around here. While your partner called the precinct, asking for backup (as you would later found out to be procedure when dealing the Clown Prince of Crime), you followed the bloody trail that marked the path the man had made, hoping it would lead you to the criminal.

And it did. You caught up with him just in time to see his messy green hair entering a nightclub and went in after him. The party was noisy, and room was packed and when you thought you had lost him and was ready to give up, you spotted his messy green hair leaning on the bar counter and staring straight at you. But your blood didn’t freeze like you thought it would do, it boiled. The excitement of being face to face with the most notorious madman in the U.S.A. made you lose any professional objectivity, and instead of arresting him, you sat by his side and ordered a drink. The two of you didn’t talk, just looked at each other, and when the radio buzzed, calling you back to the scene, you went back without him.

Fifty people died in that club half an hour after you left, but, as you laid in bed, watching the news reporter announce the body count, you didn’t feel a bit guilty. No, you were intrigued. He could have killed you, but he preferred taking the risk of you reporting his location and ruining his plans. Why? That single question burned into your mind, and you couldn’t stop thinking about it, until you saw him again, two weeks later.

* * *  

You had just busted a drug dealer selling meth, and was pressing the young boy into giving you the name of his boss. Sure, you were applying more force than necessary, but this was Gotham, talking would lead you nowhere in this city. As you slapped the boy on the face, you felt yourself being observed. You looked around, but you were in a cul-de-sac, empty but for you and the boy, the buildings had no windows. There was nowhere to watch you from. The boy begged you to let him go, claiming he didn’t know any names, only sold the drug, but you were on edge, and annoyed he wouldn’t give you what you needed, you slammed his body into the wall. You kicked him in the stomach and asked if he still didn’t remember. He didn’t. Finally you left, going back towards your police car. You were on your own that night, as your partner had been shot by Two-Face and was resting at home.

There was something stuck in the windscreen wiper, and you picked it up. A just taken Polaroid
picture showing you and the kid. You turned to the alley, where he still laid on the floor, and then scanned again your surroundings.

"Is anyone there?", you shouted. You pull your gun out of the holster, preparing to shoot at any threat. You are answered just by a guffaw. Truly, it was all the answer you needed. You followed the sound until you found the man standing in the doorway of an abandoned building, half hidden in the shadows.

"Liked my gift, officer?", he asked, prolonging each syllable.

"Put your hands in the air", you said, aiming the gun at his head. He didn’t even flinch.

"Why, I was hoping we could talk." Even in the dark, you could see he was smiling. It was different than his signature smile, it wasn’t predatory. You would dare to say he was as intrigued by you as you were by him.

You lowered your gun, but didn’t return it to the holster. "Officer L/N", you told him.

"Joker", he said, as if it wasn’t obvious. He uncrossed his arms and you raised the gun again. But he hadn’t taken anything, he was just holding out his gloved hand for you. "My, my, my, just trying to be polite."

You buffed and shook his hand, half expecting to receive a shock. He was known for pulling pranks. "Is there any more photos?", you asked, letting go of him and stepping back.

"Commissioner Gordon wouldn’t be approving of your methods, would he?"

"They bring results", you state. You didn’t care what Gordon would say. It wasn’t like anyone would tell him, everyone in your precinct used such methods. "Do you have any more copies?", you ask again.

He smiles mischievously. "Maybe…", he pulled a bunch of Polaroids from the pocket on his purple suit and held them out like a fan. You can’t see what are on them, since the pictures are facing him. "Let’s play a game, you answer a question, you get a photo? How ‘bout that?"

You didn’t like that. You didn’t like bargaining with the Devil. But you could only blame yourself, if you hadn’t let him go two weeks ago, then you would be home by now. "Alright. Fine, but not here. Let’s get some drinks", you stated. If you were going to do this, you would need to get drunk first.

Turning on his heels, he laughed. "I know just the place." He bowed, signaling for you to go first. His actions were rather theatrical, but there was nothing inoffensive about him.

From time to time, he would say for you to turn left or right, and you could take a opportunity to steal a glance from him. You couldn’t help but notice the way he moved, like a hyena stalking its prey. And you were the gazelle.

* * *

He chose the crappiest bar in town. At least that was the only way you could describe the place. It smelled like cheap beer and cigarette, and some tough looking guys eyed you weirdly, seeing the uniform. But noticing your company, no one said anything.

You sat by a table on the very end of the bar, facing the front door. Cop habit, always watch your exits. A skimpy dressed waitress came and took your orders. Your long neck beer arrived and you
removed the cap using your silver ring. You took a sip, and bitter liquid burning it’s way down your throat.

“So”, you said, crossing your hands over the table. “What do you want to know?”

“Oh, just the basics”, he said with a laughter. His beverage remained untouched. “Full name?”

You raised an eyebrow. “Seriously?” He nodded and you sighed, answering what he had asked.

“Camila”, he tastes the word on his tongue, making it sound almost lyrical. He slid a photograph across the table for you. You flipped it carefully, so no one else could see it. It was identical to the one he left on your car, taken less than seconds apart. You tucked it into your pocket. “How long have you been on a cop?”

“A year.”

“Fresh out of the Academy then! Tell me, am I your first super villain?”

You shake your head impatiently. “One question, one picture. Pay me before asking the next one”, you demanded.

He faked outrage. “I’m offended, I thought you trusted me. I am a man of my word”, he said placing a hand over his heart. He handed you another photo. “There. Will you answer now?”

“Yes. You were the first insane costumed criminal I crossed paths with.”

His eyes widen, fists slamming the table. “Insane?”, he scoffs. “I’m not insane. I have been told that perhaps I’m the most sane man in world. I understand how the world works: just a big ol’ joke”, he throws the next picture at you carelessly. “I thought you understood me… tsk tsk tsk. I have to say I’m disappointed, Camila.”

“Sorry”, you muttered. Not that you cared. He was insane after all, but he had something you wanted.

“Tell me, have you ever killed someone?”

The question makes you uncomfortable. Not because you are ashamed or regretful, but because telling him the truth would be risky. But, then again, who would believe the Joker? “Yes”, you say, a smile forming on the corner of your lips.

He hands you another Polaroid. He seems very interested on that story. “How?”

“Shot them in the head twice. Threw it in the river, no body no crime”, you tell him, matter of factually.

Another picture. “Who was it?”

“The man who mugged and killed my best friend”, as you tell him, the memories flood your mind. Your friend’s body covered in blood, you trying to close the wounds, the sirens of the ambulance that didn’t get there in time, the cake you had bought crushed under the feet of the paramedics, the ruined birthday decoration, your hands covered in blood, tears on your face. The obsession with finding the person responsible, the mugger who didn’t even remember his victim, you kicking him until his teeth feel off, you pulling the trigger twice, you pushing the body into the river, your hands covered in blood, a wicked smile on your face.
“Ohh”, he cheers, “revenge. Beautiful”, he claps his hands and gives you the next picture. “Good, only three left. Let’s make them worthy, shall we? Why didn’t you arrest me?”

You hesitate. “I don’t know”, you shrug, “it just felt the right thing to do.” You’ve emptied your beer and when the waitress passed by, you ordered another.

“Why did you become a cop?”

You drink half of the new beer and laugh. “That’s easy. Because I wanted to do justice. But no one had told me that justice belongs in fairy tales. In real life there’s only power.”

“I knew you understood”, he held the last photo on his hand, waving it to you. “Last one”, he gave a dramatic pause before looking deep into your eyes and asking, red mouth forming the words loud and clear, this was the only question that truly mattered. “Are you single?”

You take the last gulp of your beer. “Yes”, you confess, cheeks blushing. It had been a long time since you were romantically or sexually involved with anyone. Joker hums, approving your answer. With the nine pictures on your possession, there’s nothing stopping you from leaving. And you should do just that, but he is like a magnet, pulling you closer. You get up and ask, “Walk me to my car?”

You put the money on the table to pay for your drinks. He raises from his seat and offers you an arm, like a gentleman. You take his offer and you two walk back to where you came from. Once you reach the car, you pull all of the pictures from your pockets and reach for the lighter inside the vehicle.

“Light it up”, you say, giving him the lighter. He does just that, the edges of the Polaroids taking fire and burning. As the heat becomes too much, you drop the photos on the floor and watch as the fire consumes them, until just ember is left.
Don't Blame Me (Ivy/Reader)

Chapter Summary

You work at Gotham's Botanical Garden, and one night, you run into Poison Ivy
Warnings: death. No sex in this chapter.

Chapter Notes

Observation: I wrote this thinking that Ivy didn't use her powers on you, your feelings
were genuine. But given who Ivy is, this could be read as if she was mind-controlling
you but then fell in love. You choose how you want to interpret it.

Love is a drug. And a powerful one. You had learned that the hard way.

You were fresh out of high school, in the summer before university started. You had found a job as
a caretaker for Gotham’s Botanical Garden, a large area filled with flowers and trees that barely
ever got any visitors. You liked working there, you watered the plants, pruned the bushes, and got
to enjoy the quietness of the garden reading a book on the sunlight.

She was young and brilliant. Her genius had granted her a great scientific career even at an early
age. A career which abruptly ended, marking the beginning of a new life of crime. She had conned
and killed many of Gotham’s rich and famous, her beauty was fatal, but irresistible nevertheless.
She loved the nature, and the Botanical Garden had always been one of her favorites places in the
city, so when she escaped Arkham, she sought refuge there.

Love is a poison. It burns through your veins, going directly to your heart, from where it kills you,
little by little.

* * *

It was around the middle of June. You woke up late in the afternoon, back against the hard stone
bench, in which you had fallen asleep. Looking up, you could see the faint outline of the moon
beginning to show in the sky, as the sun descended. The noises from the rush hour invaded your
precious sanctuary: cars engines, vehicles horns, wheels scraping on the asphalt.

You being to make your way back to the visitor’s centre, where you leave your stuff during the
day, planning to change clothes, lock the park and go home, but, as you walk through the heart of
the garden, a low humming catches your attention. You had believed to be alone, your few co-
workers having long left, but from where you stood, the noises from the outside world couldn’t
reach you, the song had to be coming from inside the park. Curious, you looked around, trying to
find its source, but as far as you could view, you were all by yourself.

You were about to resume your journey when you felt something tangle itself on your left ankle.
You instinctively pulled away, but the thing had grabbed you tightly. You scream as you notice the
large vine keeping you in place, it’s grip becoming tighter every second. Before you can bow down
to free yourself, matching plants take hold of your arms and right leg. There’s a shuffle as a woman comes
down from the tree tops, balancing herself in a swing made of vines.

Her long scarlet hair cascades down her back, her skin is slightly
greenish, just enough to differentiate her from a normal person. You recognize her immediately: Poison Ivy.

You try to speak, but the words won’t leave your mouth. If it wasn’t by the vines keeping you in place, you would be shaking. A small smile forms in her dark green lips as she walks gracef

You hold your chin in her soft hands, tilting your head to one side and then another. Her greens eyes lock into yours, her gaze penetrating your soul. Now you understand why men would do

“What do we have here?”, she whispers, eyes still looking into you. Her voice is sweet and melodic. You still can’t bring yourself to speak, but that’s okay, as the question was more for herself than for you.

She walks around you, her sharp fingernails never leaving your skin. She evaluated you like a hunter looking at its prey. You shiver.

“What are you doing here?”, she asks, facing you.

“Uhh, I wo-work here”, you stutter.

She presses her finger on the Botanical Garden logo embroidered in your t-shirt. “Right. The park is closed. What are you still doing here?”, she hisses.

“Well, you shouldn’t be here either”, as soon as the words leave your mouth you want to swallow them back.

Her eyes narrow and you are sure she’s going to kill you, but then, she laughs. The vines hold on you begin to loosen and they crawl back from wherever they had come from. You fall forward, but Ivy’s arm catch you and help you regain your balance.

“I fell asleep…and woke up just now”, you confess, you voice barely more than a whisper. “I was just going to pick up my things and get out of here. I swear I didn’t even know you were here”, you tell her, hoping she would let you go.

She runs a hand along your jaw bone, caressing your skin. “Are you scared?”

“Yes”, you admit.

She throws her head back in a laugh. “I promise I won’t poison you. Now, I was singing to the plants, it’s good for their health. Would you like to join?” With a gesture she brings back the swing and hops on it, reaching out her hand for you to take.

You consider your options: going back to your empty house or staying there with a psychopath. The answer is obvious. You take her hand and let her pull you to the vine swing, which rises slowly under her command. You sit by her side on a thick branch and let her sweet voice fills your ears.

* * *
Love makes you do crazy things. It drives you insane. It’s the worst obsession one could ever have.

You begin to leave the park later every night, wanting to spend all the time you could with Ivy. You talked and learned you had a lot in common: movies, music, book, food and, of course, your shared love for the nature. You told her that you would study biology at Gotham’s University when the summer was over. She told you how she hoped to clean the Earth from those who hurt it.

In high school, you would flirt with the popular kids and go out in dates just to fit in, you wanted to be around the cool kids, but you never cared for them. Now, for the first time, in this dark little paradise that was your midnight garden, you were beginning to fall in love. And you knew she was falling for you.

Love is strange. There was nothing you wouldn’t do for it, and yet, it almost never gives you anything.

* * *

It was the beginning of July, you and Ivy were laying in the grass covered ground, looking at the stars and eating the candies you had brought her.

“Camila”, she calls. You flip your head to look at her. She was beautiful like always, the moonlight illuminating her soft features, her hair spread under her head like a fan, a few droplets of rain speckled on her skin.

“Yes?”

“Why do you stay here? You should be out there with your friends”, she stretches her hand as if she is going to touch you, but pulls back before she reaches you.

“You are my friend”, this time you reach to touch her, and places your hand over hers.

“You know what I mean. You must have better things to do than hanging out with a criminal.”

“And you must have better things to do than hang out with someone as mundane as me.” She laughs. You move closer to her. So close you can hear her beating heart. “Pamela”, you begin, using her real name, “I like you. I really like you.”

The words hang in the air between the two of you. For a moment you wonder what she will do. Will she reject you? Or will she kiss you? She seems to contemplate that too. The seconds feel like hours. And then she finally closes the gap between you and kiss you. Her lips are soft and she tastes like fresh peaches. Her arms wrap around you, pulling you into a tight hug and you let yourself melt under her.

* * *

Love is like a fire, burning bright and fast, consuming everything on its way.

You saw her when you closed your eyes, ached for her touch when you were alone, her voice echoed in your head even while you slept. You spent the days wishing that the night came faster. Because at night, under the trees and stars, you two made love. She was sweet and caring. For you, she wasn’t a poison ivy, she was a daisy.

You couldn’t tell anyone. She was still a fugitive of the law, and if Batman knew where to find her, he would come and take her away. You vowed to not let anyone take Pamela from you. You knew
she was plotting something big, an attack to a Gotham-based oil company, she talked about it with you, but you didn’t care. You were sure her targets deserved what was coming. 

Love is wonderful. It give you a reason to live, but nothing good lasts forever. 

* * *

It was almost August. Ivy struck during the day. You heard it from a co-worker before opening Twitter to double check if it was true. It was. All over your feed pictures of a building covered in vines were being posted and retweeted. Fifty dead. Ten on their way to the hospital. No one knew where Poison Ivy was. But you knew where she would be. You went with your day as usual, and when the clocked ticked 6 p.m., you closed the gates of the garden and you ran to her.

“We need to get out of Gotham”, you tell her, before she can even say ‘hi’.

“I know,” she says, her voice unusually flat. You couldn't read her, she was expression-less.

“I just need to go home and pack, I can meet you here in a hour.”

“Camila...”, she begins, shaking her head. You can see tears forming in the corner of her eyes. “I can’t ask you to come with me.”

You hold both of her hands into yours, “Why not? I want to.”

“It’s not fair. You have a future”, she pulls away from you and turns her back to you. She isn’t strong enough to say this looking into your eyes. “This is just a summer fling, don’t throw your life away because of it.”

Before you can answer a shadow cuts through the tree line and your lover is pushed to the ground. “Pamela!”, you scream, jumping to help her back to her feet.

Then you it. Standing in the shadows, a man dressed in black, his dark cape fluttering in the wind. Batman. You stand between him and Pamela.

“You won’t hurt her”, you tell him, surprisingly calm. Behind him, you see the trees moving under Ivy’s command.

“Camila, go, now. Please, my love”, she begs, lips in your ear. You don’t move a inch.

Batman is fast and cuts the vines before they can get a hold of him. You barely register what happens next. They move quickly, like a dance. She throws plants at him, he gets free. He tries to catch her, she twists away form his hold. They have done this before. There’s nothing you can do, you are not a fighter. And even though you want to protect Ivy, you know she can take care of herself.

You hear the sirens from the police coming closer. Then they stop. And main gate is slammed open. Heavy footsteps approach.

“Poison Ivy, put your hands in the air and surrender”, a mechanical voice announces. “We will use lethal force.”

She doesn’t even flinch. She knows the cops are nothing, that Batman is the real problem. But you think different. Especially when you see the moonlight reflecting on the metal of a gun.

“PAMELA!”, you scream again, full of panic. She looks at you, puzzled at why you are so afraid.
She doesn’t notice the trigger being pulled, but you do. You jump in front of her and the projectile hits you on the chest, just below the heart.

It pierces your skin, tearing your muscles apart. It hurts. It burns. Her eyes widen. Even Batman stops and shouts something you can’t hear. You can’t hear anything. You feel the blood running from the wound. Pamela tries to press the bullet hole to avoid blood loss, but it’s too late, you know it.

“Pammy,” you whisper. You sight is blurred. You can’t breathe correctly. “I love you. You will love you to the rest of my life.”

Her warm tears falls on your skin. That’s the last thing you feel before darkness takes hold of you.
Chapter Summary

Your life has been a downward spiral since your parents died. In your worst moments, you discover you can rely on Bruce Wayne.

Warning: non explicit sex. Reference to drug use.

It had been a shitty couple of weeks for you. To be honest, your problems had began years ago, when your parents passed away in mysterious circumstances that the GCPD had never been able to figure out. Ironically, it was your tragedy that had made you famous. Being from one of Gotham’s wealthiest families had made the case seem interesting to the public, especially since it had been less than a year from the Wayne’s murder. The shares of your company went on the rise and thanks to your uncle’s administration, it soon became the most important electronics industry in the country.

But even though you had money, those years were hell. You hated living alone in your big penthouse; you hated going to school; you hated your uncle, who only wanted the money and didn’t even take care of you and you hated the cops for not discovering what had caused your parents demise. Those were lonely years, the only friend you had was Bruce Wayne, another young orphan, only two years older than you. But then he went away and you were left utterly alone.

With nothing else to do, you threw yourself into a life of alcohol, parties, drugs and sex. You build a fame of being a party animal, Gotham’s craziest socialite; you began to hang out with the wrong crowd and didn’t have a care in the world other than to get drunk. You left the company to be administered by others and bought a nightclub, which quickly became the most exclusive one in the city.

None of that mattered to you. You were happy with the life you were living. But then Bruce returned to town. You didn’t want to let him back into your life, afraid he would leave again. Truth be told, you always liked him as more than a friend and when he disappeared to travel around the world, you were heart broken. Of course he made his way back into your life. You frequented the same parties, went to the same restaurants, talked with the same people, you couldn’t just pretend he didn’t exist. Especially when he was so damn charming. You weren’t as close as you once were, but he was the closest friend you had. And that’s why you worried what he would think of it. Would he believe it? He couldn’t, could he? He had known you for a long time, he ought to know that you could never do it.

* * *

It had been a real nightmare from the moment you woke up. Your phone was filled with notifications of missed calls and texts, everyone aching to be the first to get your statement. Not that you knew what they wanted from you. No, you discovered that when you picked up the newspaper.

“The truth behind Silver St. Cloud’s death”, said the headline. Near it was printed a photo of you with Silver in a party last year. Then, the article proceeded to detail how you had been the one to kill Silver and covered it up as an OD, all because you owed her about half million dollars.
You couldn’t finish reading it as tears began to cloud your vision. You had befriended Silver around the same time Bruce left. Together, the two of you were the life of Gotham’s nightclubs, you had loved her like a sister, until she overdosed two months back.

How dare they accuse you of having killed her? Bullshit. That’s all bullshit. No one will buy it, you though as you sipped your coffee.

You were wrong. Before midday, the police was already knocking on your door, asking questions. Apparently, that journalist had written a pretty convincing article.

“No, I didn’t borrow any money from her.”

“No, I wasn't with her that night.”

“Yes, I have an alibi.”

“No, of course I didn’t hire someone to kill her! She was my friend.”

By the end of the day, you were tired of answering the same things over and over again.

The days passed, but the press was obsessed with that story, and you couldn’t even leave your building without having ten microphones shoved on your face and reporters asking questions, trying to distort every word you said to make you look guilty.

* * *

You were watching TV when you heard the doorbell. You opened it grumpily, sure it was the detectives with more pointless questions.

“What do you want now?”, you said as you pulled the door open, not even checking who was on the other side, lately all visits you got were from the GCPD.

“That’s how you say ‘hello’ now?”, Bruce asked, cracking up a smile.

You exhaled sharply. It had been a week since you were accused of murder, and this was the first time you even heard from him. You were happy to see him, but you were mad it had taken so long for him to show up. “Bruce”, you stated flatly, careful as to not show any conflicting emotions.

“Can I come in?”, he asked and you nodded, moving to the side to allow him to enter your apartment.

“Want a drink?”, you offered, following social protocol. No matter how mad you were at him, you still had your manners.

He declined politely and sat on your couch. The TV was still on, showing, for what felt the millionth time that week, an old episode of X-Files. You poured yourself a glass of whiskey, which you quickly drank in one swallow, before sitting by Bruce’s side. He stared at you, thinking of something to say, those blue eyes piercing your soul and unveiling your deepest secrets.

“I know you are innocent”, he said, after what felt like a long time.

You were taken by surprise. “You do?”, you exclaimed, your voice so low it was almost a whisper. He smiled, nodding softly. You felt a sudden urge to throw your arms around his neck and kiss his handsome face. He was the only one who believed in you.

“But that’s not why I came by”, he continued. You raised an eyebrow, curious as to what he
wanted. “I’ve been thinking, and uh…”, you had never seen him stutter before, whatever he had to say, it was really important. “Would you like to go get some drinks one of these days?”

* * *

You arrive late. It wasn’t your fault, you had to take long routes to avoid all the paparazzi. You had decided to meet in a dive bar on the East End, the last place on Earth anyone would think to look for Bruce Wayne and Camila L/N, all to avoid publicity.

Even with the bad lighting, you quickly spot him in the far back of the bar. He has taken the “undercover date” idea very seriously, dressing up in jeans and t-shirt, something you had never seen he do before. He could wear anything and still look gorgeous.

“Hey, sorry I’m late”, you call, nearing the table. He waves and get up to greet you.

“I’m glad you came”, he says, pulling out a chair for you to sit. You thank him.

“Yeah, of course I did. It was hard get rid of the press, but I managed to do it.”

You chat about everything. He tells about his travels. You talk about your nightclub, which, incredibly, seems to have become more popular. You drink and eat greasy chips, and much for your surprise, he seems to actually enjoy the food. Around you, clients come and go, and by the time the bar is about to close you two still have much to talk about. He invites you to his place, and you accept.

The alcohol makes you lightheaded, and, as you lay on the backseat of the car, your head on his shoulder, you kiss him. He is a good kissed, better than you would’ve imagined.

“I love you”, you whisper. “I’ve loved you for a long time. It hurt when you left without telling me. You were my only friend, you were my first love.”

He pulls back, putting a little distance between your bodies. Just a little, but enough for you to wonder if you might have said the wrong thing. You know these kind of situations are delicate, to say the least.

“I’m sorry”, he says finally. “I should have told you I was going to travel. It wasn’t planned, it was more of an impulse. I never meant to hurt you”

“So it’s cool?”

“What?”

“That I said ‘I love you’.”

“It’s perfect”, he tells you, before diving in for another kiss.

You don’t remember much of the car ride. Only that soon you were on his manor, going up three
flights of stairs. There were hands and mouths everywhere, and you were sure that by the time you two decided to sleep, it was way past sunrise.

* * *

You wake up first, his naked body besides you. You tiptoe to the balcony, not wanting to wake him. The sun is high on the horizon, casting a beautiful glow on the tree line. You stay out there, enjoying the view for a while, before going back inside. Bruce’s still sound asleep, you lay back on the bed, thinking of how you wouldn’t mind waking up next to him every single day. You wonder if behind his closed eyelids he’s dreaming of you.

“Morning honey”, he says with an yawn.

“I think it’s afternoon already”, you laugh. He smiles and kisses you again.

And, in that moment, you know that no matter what happens, he’ll be by your side, and that is all that you need.
Look What You Made Me Do (Scarecrow/Reader)

Chapter Summary

Years after last seeing him, you run into Jonathan Crane one last time.
Warning: violence and graphic descriptions of gore. No sex.

Five years ago you were a psychology student at Gotham University. You were young, foolish and reckless. You were part of an anarchist group, and believed that society should be free from oppressing forces.

Five years ago you took a lesson on *Psychology of Fear*, to better understand what makes people afraid and how they react to it.

Five years ago you became fascinated by Professor Jonathan Crane, who lectured that class. And he became fascinated by you. Talking to him was like talking with a mirror.

Five years ago you two began to have late night discussions on how the government and the media used fear to control the population, and without that control, the power would fall back into the hands of the people. Without fear, there could be no government nor police.

Five years ago those late night talks became something more. You were more than a student for him, and he was more than a teacher for you. You were lovers.

Four years ago he changed. He began to crave power. The same power that you two had once despised became his obsession. He was tired of being someone’s puppet, he wanted to be the puppeteer. He lied to you, and convinced you to help him create a toxin that could induce fear.

Four years ago he donned a mask and a costume and started to terrorize the streets of Gotham as the Scarecrow. When Batman came to you, you had no choice but give Jonathan’s location. He was not the man you had fallen in love anymore. You soon graduated and left Gotham, put your past behind and started as an intern in a clinic at Chicago.

Three years ago you met Spencer through a friend in common. You started dating.

Two years ago you and Spencer got married.

One year ago you adopted a little girl, who you named after your mother.

A month ago, unbeknown to you, Jonathan Crane escaped Arkham Asylum, where he had been imprisoned for the previous years.

Three hours ago a strange man arrived in your front door. Spencer allowed him in, since he claimed to be an old friend of yours.

Right now, you arrive home, tired after a long day at work.

* * *

“Honey?” you call after your partner. The house was too quiet, usually you could hear the noise of
the small radio which Spencer always left turned on. The eerie silence sent a chill through your spine. It felt like the temperature had dropped. “Spencer?”, you call again. Still no answer.

You take off your sneakers and leave them in the cabinet at the entrance. Another unusual thing: there’s nothing baking in the oven. You look for a note on the fridge, just in case Spencer had left the house in an emergency, but you find none.

You decide to call Spencer’s phone, and when the call connects, you begin to hear the ringing coming from somewhere upstairs. “Maybe they fell asleep”, you think.

You climb the stairs step by step, and the ringing gets louder. There it was! On the nightstand near your bed, the small device flashed it’s light, indicating an incoming call. But, unlike what you had thought, you didn’t find Spencer and your daughter sleeping on the bed. You leave your cell phone and wallet on the bed and go searching on the rest of the house.

You decide to check on the baby’s room. As you near the door on the other side of the hallway, a strange smell floods your nose. The first thing you notice is that there’s a red liquid staining the beige carpet, then your gaze moves up and you find your daughter’s broken body hanging from the fan, her shirt had gotten caught on the edge of one of the many metal stars you had placed there by yourself. You let out a scream. Her neck is twisted in an unnatural angle, one eye is now a black hole, and her arms are full of deep cuts.

You take a step towards her, but then decide to leave the body there, because that’s what they say to do on those crime TV shows Spencer likes to watch. Spencer… You had momentarily forgotten about them. The blood trails leads to the closet and you pull the door open. Your partner’s body falls upon you, and you take a step back screaming. You notice that some of the fingers are missing, having been cut off rudimentary. You aren’t brave enough to turn to see Spencer’s face.

You race out of the room, back to your bedroom, picking the phone to dial 9-1-1. Before you can press the last number, someone grabs you from behind and yanks the phone out of your hand, throwing it on the opposite wall. The phone smashes and metal parts fly everywhere. It takes you a long moment to recognize the face in front of you. The years and the prison weren’t kind to him, his hair begins to show white strands, and a wrinkle on the middle of his browns makes it seems like he’s permanently frowning, or maybe he really is. But his eyes haven’t changed a bit, it’s still the same hue of blue as the ocean, one of many things that made you fall in love with him so long ago.

“Jon”, your voice is barely more than a whisper.

His voice is cold when he says your name. There’s no love or tenderness like it used to have. “Sit down”, he point to the bed behind you. You obey out of fear. “It’s been a long time, hasn’t it?”, he asks as he closes the window blinds. Darkness takes hold of the two of you. “Aren’t you going to say anything?”

“I didn’t think I needed to”, you reply. You try to control your voice for it not to shake, you don’t want him to know you are scared. It would only make this more fun for him.

“I see you moved on, started a family”, he gesticulates to the corridor, where on the other side lays your now dead family. Jonathan takes a step forward, bending down to look you in the eyes. “I was building us a life. And you turned your back on me”, he spits the words like they are venom. “You fooled me into believing you loved me and then abandoned me.”

“You are crazy”, you answer angrily. “You were killing people.”
“I was giving them a taste of their own medicine!”, he argues. “You say I’m a killer? But wasn’t it you who said you wanted to take down the powers that be? Didn’t you create the fear toxin?”

“You lied to me!”, you scream and stand up. He towers over you by a few inches, he always had.

“You lied to me!”, he replies, mimicking your words. “You sold me out to the Bat. But Arkham made me stronger, smarter, it gave me time to plot my revenge.”

“Can’t you see how insane you sound?”, you try to appeal to him.

He laughs. “Hraa hroo! This world is insane!”

“You killed the only ones how mattered to me!”

He stops laughing, looking you seriously. Somehow, it makes him look even more scary. “I only did what you made me do!”

It all happens too quickly for you to react. One moment he’s screaming at you, and the other he has a needle full of a liquid version of the fear toxin, and then he is injecting you with it.

Your vision gets fuzzy. Jonathan becomes only a silhouette in the darkness. You run but the shadows chase after you. You trip and roll down the stairs, hands sprouting from the floor ready to take hold of you, but for some miracle you escape. You stumble to your feet and raise your hands to cover your face, protecting from the attacks of the dark ravens. They try to bite out your brain, smacking into your skull, beaks ripping off parts of your hair. The phone rings from upstairs. You scream. You scream. You scream.

It’s all for nothing. Scarecrow’s long fingers curls around your neck, pressing harder and harder.

* * *

Thirty minutes ago came the first scream.

Twenty minutes ago came a new wave of them. The neighbors reported to the police.

Right now the cops open the front door, finding your dead body on the middle of the living room. At the backyard, the rustling of the leaves can be heard as a slender man runs through the bushes Spencer and you had planted when you first moved in. The sirens on the background announce the arrival of more officers.

“Be prepared for it”, a cop warns the detective assigned to the case. “It looks like a nightmare in there.”
So It Goes... (Constantine/Reader)

Chapter Summary

You re-encounter an old lover, John Constantine.
Warnings: Lots of cursing. No sex but very mature scenes.

When you met him it was raining, just another typical London day. You were on stage, performing your tricks and illusions when a man came crashing into the bar, falling from the ceiling and leaving a hole on his way in. And following the man, there came a beast. A creature so hideous it could only have come from a nightmare. Luckily for you (and for the man whose life you save), you knew more than just tricks. As a metahuman, you had the ability to bend and control light at your will. And, although he would never admit, if it wasn’t for you, John Constantine would be a dead man.

You don’t know if it was the weather, the adrenaline pumping into your veins, or the celebratory drinks you two shared after defeating the hell beast (or a combination of the three) that made you accept when he invited you to his apartment. It was wild, and perhaps it was the best sex you ever had. But you can’t blame the circumstances, for the months that followed, even with your head clear of booze, you kept coming back for him. Until one day he didn’t show up.

He was supposed to meet you after your show, and you waited two hours before deciding he wasn’t going to come at all. So you did what you always did: got drunk and moved on. And soon, Constantine became just a faded memory. Or so you told yourself.

* * *

You could see his silhouette in the dark. His trademark trench coat blew in the wind and the golden hieroglyphs floated around him as he conjured the vanishing spell. Everyone in the park stared at him as if he was some kind of God, but you knew better: he was closer to the Devil himself.

The storm raged around you as you pushed your way towards the small bandstand in which he stood. “Constantine!”, you screamed.

He hadn’t yet noticed you, as he was busy fighting the winged creatures that came from the cracks in the ground, but he recognized your voice the moment he heard it.

“Camila?”, he exclaimed, surprised at your seemingly ability to appear whenever he needed help. You ran up the steps to him and threw your body onto his, bringing you both to the ground seconds before a demon blasted fire the space where John had been standing.

“Stay down”, you whispered, pulling away from him and throwing a bright light at the devilish being and watched as it exploded.

“Good seeing you, luv”, Constantine greeted, getting up on his feet and brushing the dust off his coat.

“Save it”, you interrupted, you didn’t want to hear any of his lies. “Just go back at doing what you were doing and let me take care of the demons.”
Constantine nodded. “Take this”, he said, handing you a crossbow and a quiver that you had no idea from where it had come from.

You accepted, picking up an silver arrow and putting it in place, before firing it at the nearest creature. The rest of the people in the park stared at the two of you, a strange duo that seemed to be the only thing standing between them and certain death.

“Can’t you do anything about them?”, you asked, signaling towards your audience.

John considered things for a moment, before making the crowd disappear with a wave of his hand. “Won’t make much of a difference, the whole city is under attack. I can only hope that the underground is safe for the moment.”

“What’s going on?”, you asked, hitting another demon in the eye.

He shrugged. “I promise it isn’t my fault.”

You chuckled and watched as another bolt of light exploded in the distance, hopefully taking a few of the demonic beings with it. Constantine went back to his conjuring, and you kept protecting your surroundings, the storm only getting worse.

Then, after what felt like hours, everything went silent. The ground closed on where ruptures had been made, and the dark clouds hanging above the sky evaporated into nothingness. You turned just in time to catch John before he hit the floor.

“There,” you said softly, “I got you. Go to sleep now, my magician.”

* * *

He slept in your couch for a day and half. On television, journalists talked about the hurricane that had crossed over London, leaving at least 1000 dead and 500 missing.

“Bullocks”, he groaned, blinking to adjust to the brightness. “Where the fuck-”, he began to complain, but then his eyes landed on you, and he recognized the living room where he had spent many nights. “Camila.”

“You feeling better?”, you asked, offering him a glass of water and some aspirin. “Quite a show you pulled.”

He whimpered in pain as he brought himself into a sitting position, leaving a seat for you to take. He swallowed pill after pill, until he handed you the now empty bottle. “How long was I out?”

“Oh, just some 36 hours, nothing much.”

He pondered quietly on what should he do next. There certainly was loose ends to tie, and lots of explanations to give. And maybe he should call in, let his friends know he was okay. But really, he didn’t want to leave you just yet. “So, how have you been?”

You didn’t know how to answer that, you weren’t sure that there even was one. You couldn’t lie, you couldn’t hide the feelings you had, all the bottled anger and passion.

You stood up, pacing nervously around the living room. “You are a little shit, you know?”, you finally answered. “You, you can’t play with people like that. Tell them you love them and never show up again.”
He got up to level with you. “Owa, I played with you?”, he raised an eyebrow. “Because you were the one who never bothered answering my calls.”

You held back a laugh. “You can’t ghost me and then expect me to run back to you when you miss me!”

“Luv, I didn’t ghost you. I was really busy preventing a magical crisis.”

“It takes literally seconds to make a phone call and let me know you would be traveling.”

“But I did fucking call!”

“After five months!”

“Well, excuse me if I can’t get a signal in Hell.”

You rolled your eyes. Was he seriously trying to convince you he had been in Hell? “You are such an annoying liar. Stop making excuses for your mistakes and just shut up.”

He smiled in challenge. “Why don’t you come here and make me?”

You stepped forward, grabbing him by the lapels in his coat. “I hate you”, you whispered, pushing him against the wall of your apartment and pressing your lips on his in a deep kiss.

“Fuck, luv”, he muttered, his mouth still against yours. You stepped back, letting go of him, and he tripped forward, regaining his balance.

“Sorry”, you said, nervously fumbling with the buttons in your blouse. “That was a bit inappropriate.”

“No, that was perfectly appropriate”, he stepped forwards closing the distance between you. “I know you want me”, he said, running a hand down your back, “I can feel it, and so can you”, he paused to suck on your left collar bone.

You whimpered, throwing your neck back for him to gain better access to it. “Fuck, John. I hate you, really do.”

He grinned at up, looking up. You took the opportunity to smash your lips into his once more. He picked you up with ease and carried you to the bedroom, laying you down on the bed. You stared at him, his face smeared with red lipstick, his coat falling out of his shoulders.

“I missed you.”

“I know, baby. I missed you too.”

An idea sparked in your mind, and you propped yourself up on your elbows. “You know,” you whispered seductively, twirling a lock of hair around your finger. “I’ve been a bad girl.”

“No you haven’t,” he replied, crawling on top of you. “You just do the bad things when you are with me.”

* * *

The audience erupted in another round of applause as you finished your show. But it didn’t matter, it wasn’t their approval you were looking for. The one you wanted was leaning on the counter, looking brightly at you.
“My illusionist”, he greeted, pulling a bar stool for you to sit on.

“I’m glad you came.”

“I brought you something”, he said, reaching into his coat to pull out a small box.

“A right already? I’m too young to marry.”

He chuckled and opened the box, revealing a small amber stone. “A protective necklace, so next time demons invade London you don’t have go find me to protect you.”

You laughed. “As if I was the damsel in distress. If I recall correctly, I was the one to save your ass”, you pulled your hair up, exposing your neck for him to claps the necklace on you.

“Couldn’t help but be jealous when you were up there. Everyone only had eyes for you. You look gorgeous in this little black dress.”, he whispered in your ear, pulling you to sit on his lap.

“Oh yeah? Come here then”, you said, kissing him. His hands gripped your back, holding you still, his nails sanked into your skin, sure to leave marks.

Your hand stayed on his the whole walk to your apartment, where he spent the night. He had broken your heart before, and you broke his, but who was counting?
Gorgeous (Selina/Reader)

Chapter Summary

You meet Selina Kyle in a party.
Warnings: none, I guess. No sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You had been watching her the whole night. She was stunning, easily the most beautiful woman you had ever met. And she was smart. And funny. And she knew how to keep a conversation going. You had been talking for over two hours, and you wouldn’t mind listening to her soft voice for the rest of party. Well, you weren’t speaking directly with her, rather, you simple happen to be sitting in the same table as her. But were more than happy to just stay there, sipping your gin and tonic, and listen to her as she explained the contemporary relevance of Tolstoi.

As the time passed, you felt more and more drunk. On your side Vicky Vale, your best friend and journalist, poked you in the ribs, trying to convince you to form a reply and actively enter the conversion.

“Just say something, you have been just staring the whole night”, she whispered.

You blushed at the thought. “I can’t, I don’t know what to say”, you replied, taking a champagne glass off the tray the waitress had just set on the table.

“For god’s sake, Y/N, just give your opinion on what she’s talking about”, Vicky insisted. Right then, there was a pause on the discussion, and before your lost the nerve to do it, you decided to speak up.

“You know, you kind of sound like Cardi B”, you stated and all the eyes on the table turned to you. “Er… I mean, you do talk smart, but it still sounds like you crawled out of a ghetto. Which is cool, because I like her music”, you quickly amended.

The girl giggled, partially surprised by your statement. The others glanced the other way, pretending to not have heard what you said.

“Thank you, I guess”, she said with shrug. Her voice was calm but hesitant and she ran a hand through her short black hair as she spoke. “I didn’t knew you could talk.”

You frowned and she laughed one more time. “You stayed quiet the whole night. I was starting to believe you were mute”, she clarified. Even though you were two seats apart, you could feel her pulling you towards her, like a magnetic force dragging you in her direction. You leaned on your chair to have a better look at her.

“Oh, uh”, you stuttered. Shit, you hated talking with strangers, especially gorgeous strangers… “I just… Well, I guess I didn’t have much to say. Uh… I’m Y/N L/N”, you informed.

She bit her bottom lip and smiled. “I’m Selina Kyle”, she introduced herself, analysing your face carefully. Suddenly you felt very self-aware of all your flaws. Her eyes seemed to flicker with
recognition. “Aren’t you dating Thomas Elliot?”

You fought the urge to roll your eyes. The last thing you wanted to talk about was your boyfriend. “Yeah, I am… But he’s not here tonight.”

“Oh, where is he? He should been letting someone as pretty as you come to these events unaccompanied.”

You couldn’t help but blush at her words. “I guess he’s in a club somewhere”, at this point, you didn’t really care anymore. You knew you should break up with Thomas, but didn’t know how. So you were waiting for him to do it. Afterall, if he really wanted to be with you, he would have escorted you to the gala.

Just then, the couple sitting between the two of you decided to leave the table and go to the dance floor, giving you full view of Selina. She took the opportunity and slid to the chair at your side. “Well, he must be very stupid then, if he prefered to go clubbing then being here with you.”

You were almost jealous of how cool she was. You could never, in a million years, say something like that to someone you just met. On your left, Vicky cleared her throat, and you glanced at her just long enough to see that she was mouthing the word bar.

“So, Selina”, you began, trying not to sound like an idiot. “Do you want to get something to drink?” you invited temptively, signaling in the direction of the bar.

“I would love to”, she replied, pushing her chair backwards and rising. You followed Selina, briefly turning to Vicky and putting your thumbs up. Your friend rolled her eyes.

The bartender put down the glass he had been drying. “And what would the young couple desire?”, he asked.

You blushed again and shook your head, about to explain that the two of you weren’t a couple, but Selina spoke first.

“A whiskey on ice for me”, she requested, her voice melodical as always.

“Same”, you added.

You leaned into the bar counter as the barman prepared your drinks. Selina’s eyes surveyed the room and you tried to think of something smart to say.

“You like literature, right?”, you managed to ask, the words trembling as they left your lips.

“Yes, I read a lot when I was little”, she said. “Gotham’s library was almost like a second home to me.”

“Any favorites?”

She paused to think for a little. “It’s hard to choose just one, but I guess I will go with Lolita. Have you read it?”

You nodded, and forced your brain to think of an interesting fact about the book. You were saved from it by the bartender placing your drinks on the counter and you gladly took a large sip. The whiskey burned as it made its way down your throat. As you placed the cup back into the table, your hand brushed slightly against Selina’s and you felt a rush of adrenaline running through your body. You had never felt something like that before.
You watched as she savored the liquor. She was so pretty. “Do you have a boyfriend? Or a girlfriend?” you asked before you knew what you were doing. As soon as the words left your mouth, you wished a hole could open up in the ground and swallow you whole. Your cheeks burned and you could feel the sweat dripping down your neck.

“No, actually I don’t. Are you interested?”, she asked teasingly. She leaned closer to you, until you could feel her hot breath. You gulped. Her eyes looking intensely into yours, and you felt like they could consume you.

You opened your mouth to reply, but never got a chance to, as she took the opportunity to kiss you. She tasted like alcohol. Her tongue brushed against your lips, parting them and allowing her into your mouth. Her hand involved your body and you felt yourself melting under her touch.

When she finally pulled apart, you were already out of breath. It had been the best kiss you ever had, and you were over the moon. Yet, you never felt so sad before.

“I can’t do this”, you muttered. The words didn’t seem right. It wasn’t what you wanted to tell her. You wanted to ask her to kiss you again, and again, and again, and to don’t ever stop. But you couldn’t you had a boyfriend, and even though the relationship was going through some tough times, you still couldn’t cheat on him.

“It’s okay, I get it”, she gave you a sad but understanding smile. She pulled a pen seemingly out of nowhere and wrote something in a napkin. “There,” she said, handing the piece of paper to you. “That’s my number. When you figure out your boyfriend problems, give me a call.”

She kissed you on the cheek and turned to leave. She was already halfway across the room when you decided to run after her. “Selina, wait”, you called after her, holding her by the wrist and making her spin to face you again.

“It’s okay, Y/N. I guess I will just stumble home to my cats”, she shrugged. “Alone.”

You didn’t want to let her go. Screw Thomas, you thought, he’s probably having sex with someone else, anyways. You stepped forward, closing the space between your bodies and kissed her again. It was soft and gentle and she responded energetically.

She broke the kiss for a moment. “Unless you wanna come along?”

Chapter End Notes

So.... as for Selina's accent, since Gotham is supposed to be New York, I decided that the East End is a analogue for the Bronx.

Also, I'm sorry I haven't been posting lately, is just that I'm going through some rough stuff irl and haven't had the time or the inspiration to write. Thank you for understanding.
“Faster! Faster!”, the Joker screamed, his voice barely hearable above the loud noises of the machine gun.

You hit the accelerator, bringing the car to full speed. The city lights became a blur as you drove faster and faster into the night. Behind you, the Batmobile, as well as many police cruisers, followed suit.

Your heart beat loudly in your chest, adrenaline rushing through your body as you maneuvered just in time to avoid hitting a bus. Your partner in crime continued firing, and by the rear-view mirror you watched as the cars crashed one by one: some because of flat tires and others because their drivers fell dead. Either way, soon they were all gone, leaving only the Bat chasing you.

The Batmobile was seemingly bulletproof, and no matter how many times the Joker shot it, the bullets fell harmlessly to the pavement. “Hand grenade”, the Joker yelled, and you quickly reached into the passenger's seat where the weapons bag rested. Grabbing one of the pineapple shaped bombs, you threw it to him, who removed the ring and sent it flying into a water tower on the side of the road, causing the structure to collapse, flooding the street and, most importantly, blocking the way with it’s massive pillars.

The Joker laughed maniacally, jumping over to the seat beside you and throwing the bag on the floor. “Now, that should take care of Batsy for a while”, he chuckled. His laugh was contagiating and you couldn't help but grin.

“Where to?”, you asked as you stopped the vehicle, waiting for your next orders.

He raised a gloved hand to tuck a loose lock behind your ear, the soft material caressing your skin in the process. “Home, darling.”

* * *

You still remembered the night you first met the Joker as clearly as if it had been just yesterday. You had attended a black tie party, exactly the type of event you hated, but in which your boyfriend, Roman Sionis, just loved to parade you around, like you were the newest shiny prize in his collection. You put up with it, smiling and playing the part of the lovingly girlfriend, just like you put up with his abuse and his lies. You didn’t have much choice, even though you didn't love Roman, you couldn't leave, not when he owned half of Gotham's underworld. Leaving him would be a death sentence.

You had been playing with the diamonds in your bracelet when he caught your eyes: a mess of disheveled green hair, pale skin and purple fabric. He stood out in the gray crowd and you found yourself staring at him with increasingly curiosity. And then you froze. For as you watched him carefully, he turned his face, his bright green eyes locking with yours for a second, before trailing
down your body. Then, he smiled and made his way towards you. His presence was enough to scare away whoever it was you had been talking to.

* * *

Meeting the Joker was the push you needed to finally leave Sionis for good.

You parked the car in front of the current hideout, an abandoned toy factory. The Joker whistled blissfully by your side, creating a melody that was terrifying and wonderful at the same time. Just like him, you thought. The factory door opened, and three henchman came hurrying to help carry the stolen goods. You let them do the job, turning your back to the car and entering the building. Even with the furniture you had brought in, it still didn't feel like an inhabited place. The air was damp, dust covered the floor and the windows were so stained almost no light passed through.

"Wasn't that one hell of a night?", the Joker asked, passing an arm around your shoulder and pulling you closer. Your whole body went stiff with his touch. Lately, every time he approached you, you felt like running away. His hand slid down your back, fingers playing casually with the waistband of your jeans.

“Not today, J”, you told him, shaking your head and twisting out of his hold. “I’m tired.”

He sneered, lips curling in a weird fashion. “Always a party pooper.”

You sighed. “J…”

He weaved his hand, cutting you off. “It’s fine. Go sleep or whatever. I’ll fend for myself.”

You rolled your eyes, hating that he always made a big deal out of nothing. His drama was very tiring. Leaving him in the makeshift living room, you climbed the narrow staircase and made your way to the small space in which you slept. What once had been a control room, now had been converted into a bedroom: the wide windows were covered with purple curtains, the desk and shelves stored clothes and other personal items and, on the floor, laid a double mattress.

You kicked out your shoes and, not bothering to change clothes, slid under the sheets. The factory was always chilly at night, but this night, it seemed to even more so. You curled yourself into a ball, knees to your chest, chin resting on top of them. You could hear the faint murmuring of the television and the Joker’s laugh coming from down stairs, He’s probably watching one of his stupid old comedy shows. You closed your eyes and tried to ignore the noise, focusing instead on how tired you were. It seemed it took you hours to fall asleep, but when you finally did, you were rewarded with a dreamless night.

* * *

The night you ran away with the Joker was the most exciting one of your life. You felt free, as if you had escaped from a prison. Except that the Joker didn’t care about anything, and you soon realized you had got out of the frying pan and into the fire. You drowned the disappointment of this new life in whiskey and vodka.

But Roman didn’t take the break-up easily, and, feeling like you had been stolen from him, soon was chasing after you. During the months that followed, there was a waging war between Sionis and the Joker, with hundreds of innocents dying from the cross-fire. And while it would have been much simpler to just hand you back to Roman, the Joker protected you. And you began to think there was something in him after all, maybe you hadn’t been mistaken. Perhaps there was a chance of a better life by his side. The end of the war came only when the Joker shot Roman in the heart.
And then, just like Bonnie and Clyde, you and your new lover raided Gotham, killing and stealing, partying and drinking. Nothing could stand in your way, not the cops and not even Batman.

* * *

You woke up to an empty bed. Sunlight crept in through the cracks in the wall, making the metal floor glint. You quickly changed clothes and threw the old ones in the growing pile of dirty laundry.

Downstairs, the Joker slept soundly on the couch, the television still on, displaying an old cartoon. Empty beer cans littered the floor, and there was a large bloodstain on the carpet. You avoided looking at it as you walked towards the kitchen, where you prepared a cup of coffee for yourself. You jumped back as a mouse squeaked and ran past you and into a hole in the cabinet.

You looked around the decrepit place, and couldn’t help but think it was a perfect parallel with your relationship. It was a ruin of what it once had been. There was no saving. And if you stayed, you would go down with it.

Returning to the living room, you watched as the Joker chest rose and lowered with his breathing. Forgotten by his side, the large bag containing the profits of yesterday rested. Not far from it, the car keys laid on a table.

Taking one last gulp of the bitter coffee, you picked up the keys, leaving the empty mug on its place. Not making a noise, you crept near where he slept and collected the bag, which felt light on your hand. Since there was still space in it, you walked back upstairs and into the room in which the Joker hid his safe. You had seen him opening it so many times that you had memorized the combination. Typing the code, the door unlocked and you shoved as much money as you could into the bag.

You didn’t leave a note. He had to know this day was coming, you had met him running away from somebody else. He had to have seen it coming. You glanced at the factory one last time before speeding away. Not a tear fell from your eyes.
You didn’t want a boyfriend. You had had enough heartbreaks for a lifetime. You were fine, living your life alone. It was better this way, you could focus more on your job, had more time for your family and friends. But it so happened that one day, a boyfriend fell on you.

* * *

It had been an windy day in Gotham, and were walking back home after having spent the afternoon shopping with your best friend. Suddenly, you heard a scream. You turned to see a man, flying in the sky with a large green kite. You didn’t have time to question it, for he was headed your way. Fast.

“Move!”, he shouted, his voice carried away by the wind. You tried to move, but you weren’t fast enough, and when he fell, he took you with him.

The kite hit you, making you stumble and fall on your ass. “Ouch”, you yelped, more out of shock than out of pain. Pushing the green material aside, you got up and wiped the dirt out of your jeans.

On your left, the man laid on the floor, the only assurance that he was still alive came from the muffled moans he let out from time to time. You picked up your phone to call 911, but found out it had broken when you hit the ground. You kneeled near the stranger and tried to detach the kite from him. Once it was separated from the rest of his outfit, you set it aside and moved the stranger so he was face up and with his head resting on your lap.

“Thanks for the help, babe”, he said. It seemed it hurt for him to speak.

“Don’t call me babe”, you snapped at him. “Do you have a phone on you?”

He shook his head and you sighed. You looked around, but the street was empty. You lived just two blocks away, and you decided to walk to your house and call in from there.

“It’s okay, just stay here. I’ll go ask for help”, you told him, removing your jacket and folding it into a makeshift pillow, which you tucked under his head.

He raised a arm, grabbing your ankle. “No. Please don’t call the police.”

You analyzed him from head to toe. He was a supervillain. You should have realized that sooner, why else would someone be flying in a kite? Still, you had to do something, you couldn’t just leave him like that. He most likely had a broken leg and there was a cut on his face that needed stitches.

You sighed. There was only one thing to do. **I’ll regret this.** “Fine, I live nearby, I can help you to get to my place and then you can call whoever you want.”

He smiled and seemed about to say something, but before he could make a sound, he passed out
and you were left with an adult sized body to carry home.

* * *

He was surprisingly light for someone with his size, and you were home sooner than you had expected.

You laid him on your couch, grabbed your first aid kit and began tending to his wounds.

“Ouch”, the man exclaimed as you applied an antiseptic liquid to his cuts. The shout startled you, who still believed him to be asleep, causing you to drop the bottle. The liquid spilled over his exposed skin, making more cries leave his throat.

“Sorry, sorry”, you apologized as you attempted to dry out the area.

“It burns.”

“It’s better than getting an infection.”

“I know. Thanks, nurse.”

You rolled your eyes. “What do you want to do about your forehead? I don’t have any surgical thread, but it needs to be stitched. And fast.”

“Shit. I dunno, can’t you just sew it shut?”

“Sure. Whatever you want.”

You got up and returned with your sewing materials, and, just to avoid any bigger troubles, sprayed everything with alcohol.

“This is going to hurt”, you warned him before inserting the needle. He hissed in pain.

“Can’t say you didn’t tell me so”, he said jokingly.

“So… what were you doing in the sky?”, you asked as you began to sew his skin together.

“I’m the Kite Man”, he proudly announced.

You were unimpressed. “Who?”

“You know, Kite Man. The Thief From the Skies, the Flying Burglar. Batman’s Number One Foe.”

You laughed. “Right… I never heard of you before.”

“Oh. I’m starting out, you know. But I’ll make it big, you’ll see. As soon as I get my kites to work properly.”

“I’m sure you will be feared one day”, you agreed, a pitiful smile in your lips. Gotham was full of small time crooks trying to make it big by fighting Batman.

You finished the last stitch and he began to sit up, wincing in pain. You shot him an angry look. “I haven’t finished patching you up!”

He reluctantly laid back again. “Sorry, babe.”
“Stop calling me that. My name’s y/n.”


You laughed and shook his hand.

* * *

You kept nursing him back to health for two weeks. You didn’t mind the company. He was smart and nice to have around. He wasn’t like the other stuck-up guys you were surrounded with. You soon learned he didn’t care about what he stole, he just wanted to fly in his kite.

“But in the end of the day, I have bills to pay. At least this way I can do both”, he told you one night, cheeks flushed by the wine you both had been drinking. “It’s so freeing to be in the sky.”

In that same night, his lips briefly brushed your. But before anything more could happen, you recoiled, always afraid to let someone in. And in the next morning, you woke up to find your couch empty.

You missed him more than you wanted to admit. You began to watch the sky, in hope to see a flying green kite, but there was no sign of him. At least for a while.

* * *

It had been a month since he left your apartment. You were in a coffee shop, grabbing a latte before your lunch break was over, when you saw him pass by the window. With a hastily excuse, you grabbed your purse and ran after him.

“Chuck”, you called out, and by some miracle he heard it. He stopped in the middle of the street, people pushing by in a hurry.

“Y/n.”

Tears fell down your eyes when you reached him. “You left.”

He reached out to wipe your tears away. “I… I thought you didn’t want me there.”

You shook your head. “I was afraid. I still am.”

“I miss you”, he said, his voice almost a whisper.

You glanced quickly to the street clock. You had to go, or you would be late. “I miss you too. Come see me. At the rooftop of my building. Tonight?”

He nodded and you kissed him quickly before saying goodbye.

* * *

The night fell over Gotham, and as the clock ticked, you feared he wouldn’t come. Just when you were about to give up, a bright figure appeared in your line of sight. You smiled as Chuck landed near you, clad in a neon green spandex suit with a matching kite attached to his back. He carried a plastic bag in one hand.

“I brought beer”, he announced, handing the bag to you as he removed and set aside his kite.

You sat on the floor and opened a beer, pouring the can’s content into a red plastic cup. He sat by
your side and served himself a cup.

“I was beginning to fear you had changed your mind.”

“No. It’s just that the wind wasn’t helping.”

You smiled and slithered closer to him. “Have you fixed the problem with the kites?”

“Yeah. They are working perfectly. You will see, next big headline will be ‘Kite Man Fights Batman and Wins’”

You laughed and he joined in. “And how is your leg doing?”

“As good as new.”

The night was chilly and you shivered with cold.

“Come here, I’ll keep you warm”, he said as he wrapped an arm around you, pulling you into his lap. You gazed into his eyes and he leaned in. This time you didn’t back away, allowing him to part your lips with his tongue. You melted into his kiss, holding him close as he explored every inch of your mouth.

After that night, it became a habit. Everyday, after the sunset, Chuck would fly to you and you would drink, talk and kiss. You felt like a schoolgirl, giggling whenever he was around, your eyes filled with love and tenderness. Suddenly, you felt ready to date again.

* * *

One night was different from the others. He texted you to meet him at Gotham’s Clock Tower. You were nervous as you climbed the narrow staircase that lead to the top of the tower. He was already waiting for you. Dressed in his typical suit, he stood out against the dull bricks of the outer walls.

“I have a surprise for you.”

You raised an eyebrow. “Should I be worried?”

“Not unless you are afraid of heights.”

You frowned, curious as to what he had planned. He smiled as he moved aside to reveal an extra kite. Your eyes widened.

“We are going to fly?”, you asked in shock. Never had occurred to you to go with him in his adventures across the sky.

“Yes”, he replied cheerfully. “Unless you don’t want to. I would totally understand if it was the case--”

“I want to!”, you cut him short. “I want to.”

He helped you into the harness, explaining the flying mechanism and what to do in case you needed to land.

“It’s not that difficult. And if you need help, just shout. I’ll be right behind you”, he instructed as you climbed the balustrade.
“I just jump?” you asked, not daring to look to the ground.

“Yes, just let it go”, he answered as he climbed and took position by your side.

You inhaled deeply and closed your eyes. Trying not to think of everything that could go wrong, you stepped forward. You felt light as a plume as the wind lifted you even higher.

You heard Chuck laughing and opened your eyes to see him besides you. “Follow me!”, he yelled, louder than the wind whipping past your ears.

Below you, the city lights sparkled. Just like he had told you, you pulled the strings to turn left or right, trailing him close until you were near an empty construction site. The metal skeleton rose from the ground, its large metal beams perfect for landing. Pulling the right lever, your flight came to a stop and you landed a bit wobbly near him.

“So, what did you think of your first flight?”, he asked as he began to loosen the straps keeping the kite strapped to you.

“It was… It was breathtaking.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it”, he said, pulling you into a kiss.

“Chuck”, you said when you parted. “I don’t know how to say this--”

“Y/n,” he tucked a loose strand of hair behind your ear. “You can tell me anything.”

You chuckled. “I… I think you are the one I have been waiting for all my life.”

“What?”

“What I’m trying to say, is that I’m falling in love with you.”

He pulled you closer and you buried your head in the crook of his neck. “Oh, y/n, I fell for you the day we met.”
You loved him in secret. You didn’t know why, but since the first time you laid your eyes on his, you knew you would forever be trapped with him. But there’s a problem in loving a villain: it never has a happy ending. Specially when you are a hero.

You were lucky that the helmet covered his face during most of your encounters, or you might not have been able to resist the urge to kiss his lips. Sometimes, when you lost, he would remove his mask just to flash a smugish smile at you before running away. It made you want to lose more oftenly, just so you could see the blue of his eyes for a few seconds. But you were Robin. You had a duty. And now matter what you felt for Red Hood, you would never abandon your job.

* * *

His chest was pressed against the wall, one of your hands pinning his arms behind his back as you searched in the many pockets of his cargo pants. You tried not to think about the defined muscles of his thigh, tensing under your fingers as you threw pistol after pistol to the floor. It seemed that he carried an infinity stash of weapons.

“This is going to take forever”, you hissed under your breath. The longer you were close to him, the harder it was to focus on something other than his smell.

“And here was I thinking we were having fun together.” His voice was mechanic, altered by the modulator built into his helmet.

You rolled your eyes, but a gave a small chuckle. Truth be told, you had other ideas of fun activities to do with Jason. The thoughts of it invaded your brain, and you mused the possibility for a moment.

Distracted by your own daydream, you loosened your grip. Just a tiny bit, but it was enough for him to wiggle his wrists free. In two quick movements, he turned and then pushed you. Caught off guard, you stumbled backwards, and he used the seconds that took you to regain your balance to pick a discarded gun from the ground.

Fuck, you thought. The last thing you wanted was another round. Your fights always followed a pattern. A dance-like routine. Left, right. Duck, jump. Punch, kick. But somehow, there was enough change to make it seem like it the first time you faced each other.

Bullets embedded the brick wall above your head as you proceeded to throw another smoke bomb at him, using the fog as a cover to rush to a vantage point. But you never reached it. Instead, you felt a strong hand wrapping itself around your forearm, stopping you in your tracks. It wasn’t
forceful and you didn’t fight it, allowing him to pull you close.

“Do we really need to do this?”, he asked, so close to you that you could hear the beating of his heart.

“You shot three men!” Despite your outraged tone, you didn’t attempt to step away, nor did he drop his hold.

“They deserved it.”

You shook your head, but didn’t say anything. Especially since you agreed with him, the three newly made victims of his were trying to poison the city’s water system. What was an old trick of the Joker seemed to have picked popularity, as it was the third night in a month that you found yourself in the reservatory, stopping wanna-be criminals. Except this time, Red Hood stopped them first.

There was a clicking sound, and you saw Jason removing his helmet, which he proceeded to throw carelessly to the ground.

“Robin, is this truly what you want? To fight?”, his voice was filled with an untypical softness. It felt strange and intimate to hear him talk without the modulator.

You blushed, and were thankful that the darkness probably prevented him from seeing your embarrassment. Were your feelings so obvious?

“We can’t do anything other than that”, you spoke, but even as the words left your lips, you were unconvinced.

He chuckled. “We can do whatever we want. The world can’t divide us.”

You inched closer, pressing your chest to his. A playful smile formed on your lips and you tilted your head back, to look him in the eyes. “What would you have us do instead?”

His free hand found itself on the back of your neck, holding you as his head leaned down, lips getting closer to your own.

A thin layer of dust covered your face, droplets of sweat washing away the dirt and creating paths of skin. You hair was disheveled from the fight, and you were sure you had eyebags from the long sleepless nights. You were a complete mess, but for some reason, you were the mess he wanted.

Gravity seemed to pull you and him together, lips finally meeting after what felt like an eternity. You hugged him tightly, not wanting to let him go, and kissed until you were out of breath. You allowed yourself to believe that nothing in the world could stop the two of you and ignored the bad feeling that was growing in the back of your head.

Loving was just like fighting. A delicate dance of matching movements. It was the first time, but it could very well have been the hundreth. You found a matching rhythm, hips rising to meet each other. Skin on skin, mouth on mouth. Excitement rushed through your veins, activating every nerve in your body. You felt alive.

A loud explosion interrupted the moment. In a blink, the city went dark. Jason pushed away, picking his helmet from where he had dropped it and fixing his suit. You checked your uniform to guarantee everything was in place.

Inside Gotham’s Water Reservatory control center, walls caved in as the room burned down.
Tonight’s perpetrators weren’t there to poison the water after all, they were looking for a much more blasting effect. At least they had been creative. The smoke filled your lungs while you searched for a mask in your belt. You used your cape to protect yourself from the fire as you followed Red Hood to the exit.

A crack in the corridor made you jump, and you grabbed Jason’s hand in instinct. He flashed a light at the wall, revealing a large fissure.

“Shit,” he muttered as he picked up his pace, rushing towards the exit. You were close, behind the door, there was a stairway that led to the outside of the building. As you mentally remembered the blueprint, you understood why he had got so worried. The cracked wall was the only thing separating you from the tons of water outside.

He tugged the door handle, but the door refused to move. The pressure from the outside increased, and the fissure got larger. You tried to push the door with your shoulder. Nothing happened.

“Something is blocking it from the outside,” you stated. “Can you swim?”

He nodded and you squeezed his hand tighter. CRACK. The corridor wall exploded, the water rushing in. You dodged debris as you attempted to swim against the flush of water. With Jason at your side, you danced around blocks of stone and concrete, aiming at the surface until your face broke through the water.

You took a deep breath of fresh air and smiled at Jason, happy that the two of you had made it out alive. As you swam to the shore, you knew that this night would be a secret. A secret that you would cherish with all your heart, and keep it to yourself.
Y/n and Tim Drake have been best friends for years, but both crave something more than simple friendship.

Warnings: I tried to remain gender neutral, but the reader wears a dress and has boobs. Mild sexual content (no direct sexual contact, just touching over the clothes).

The ballroom was loud: the indistinct chattering of hundreds of conversations resonating on the walls of the confined space; the clattering of high-heels against the marble floor; the clicking of metal against metal, of glass against glass and even the velvety whisper of cloth brushing against cloth. And bringing them all together, like a glue turning small pieces of glass into one single figure, there was the soft melody of the philharmonic orchestra. All of that mixed into a meaningless white noise in your mind. You could barely hear when Tim called your name.

If you hadn’t been searching for him amidst the crowded room you would have missed it. But as it was, you had watched as his lips moved to form the syllables of your name. And perhaps because you knew what to look for, the sound was clear to your ears. His blue eyes locked with yours and you felt your heartbeat quicken.

It only took him a few agile steps to reach you, his cold hands touching your bare arm, sending chills down your spine. His fingers hovered over your exposed skin for a moment, before he blushed and tucked his hands into the pockets of his brown suit pants.

“Thank god you are here”, you said loudly, trying to make yourself be heard. “I was getting super bored.”

Tim chuckled, revealing the dimples you loved so much. “I thought you were the one who was planning to get away.”

You sighed, remembering how just hours earlier you had told him you had convinced your parents to not bring you along to this social party. “Oh, sweet were those moments of hope”, you replied in an over dramatic tone, holding your hands over your heart for an extra effect. “But no, sadly they changed their minds and dragged me into this hellhole.”

“It may be selfish of me, but I’m happy you came. At least now I won’t be alone.”
You opened a half smile. “Misery loves company.”

You waited for him to say something else, but he just stood there, hands in his pockets, body subtly rocking back and forth. And then you were surrounded by a lingering silence that had recently become way too familiar. There used to be a time that nothing could make the two of you stay quiet. Whenever you were together, whether it was in class or in the streets, you were always chatting about one thing or another. But in the past few months, it had changed. Now a cloud of awkwardness seemed to follow you everywhere, making casual conversations seem strange and even the simple presence of the other be overbearing. You felt like your friendship was falling apart, even as you clinged to the threads as if your life depended on it. More than that, at the same time he was floating away, out of reach, you were wishing you could be more than friends.

“Uh-- is Dick around?”, you asked, trying to think of something to keep the conversation flowing.

Tim shook his head. “Apparently he is old enough to choose what to do on a Friday night.”

“I just can’t believe. We’re seventeen but out parents still get to order us around? That’s so unfair”, you complained. He nodded and the strangeness returned.

“Do you wanna go outside? I-- I need to tell you something”, he stated in a whisper, barely hearable above the noise, eyes cast to the floor, too afraid to see your reaction to his invitation.

You were taken by surprise. _It could be anything_, you thought, careful to not let yourself become too hopeful. “Yeah, sure, I’ve been dying to get out of here.”

He smiled in agreement and took your hand. You held tightly to him as the two of you maneuvered around the ballroom, desperately trying to find the doorway to the garden. Your whole body was shaking with anticipation, and you could feel your palm sweating against his.

You had no idea to whom this manor belong to (although you remembered being there before, at another event), but like every rich family in Gotham, they owned a huge property in Crest Hill which obviously included a large outdoors area. As soon as you made it out of the sultry room, it was easy to find the path to the topiary garden. The garden was well kept: sculpted shrubs were organized in groups with statues and fountains in the middle. A large artificial lake rested in the heart of the garden, with a white metal swing with two seats on its northern margin.

The place was empty, as it was far too cold for any of the guests to venture outside. And indeed it was freezing, you were shivering by the time you finally sat down on the swing, and the coldness of the metal gave you goosebumps. You pulled your knees to your chest in an attempt to keep yourself warm.

“Here”, Tim said, offering his blazer to you. You gladly accepted it, letting him cover your shoulders with the clothing. It wasn’t much, but it was better than the sleeveless dress you wore. “You are crazy to go out like this in the middle of winter.”

You blushed. Yes, the dress was awfully inappropriate for the current weather, but you had been saving it for a special occasion, and tonight had felt special enough. You liked the way it hugged the curve of your ass and how the low cleavage made your boobs stand out. You loved the feeling of the rich fabric against your skin and the intricate details in the lace that covered the upper part of the dress.

“What did you want to talk about?”, you asked, changing the topic.

Tim sat down by your side, causing the swing to move a little. “Y/n”, he placed a hand on top of
yours, that rested on your exposed thigh. “I--”

“No,” you cut him short. “Let me go first.” Something about the setting made you feel brave, brave enough to confess your feelings. *It’s now or never*, you decided. You locked your eyes on his and took a deep breath. “Tim-- I-- I don’t want you like a best friend.” His face crumpled and you amended. “What I mean is that-- Tim, I’m in love with you.”

His eyes glimmered under the moonlight and you froze with fear that he would reject you. Then he inched closer, until your shoulders touched. His hand rose your cheek, delicately bringing your head to his. He leaned in, and you could feel his hot breath against your skin. His thumb moved to caress your bottom lip. “Is this okay?”, he asked in a low tone.

You nodded, closing the remaining distance and kissing him passionately. Without breaking the kiss, you moved to straddle him. Both of his hands now were buried in your hair, making a mess out of your carefully arranged up-do while holding you close to him. Your hands ran all over his chest, sliding under his shirt and touching his well defined muscles. You felt his member getting hard and you moaned into his mouth. Your own arousal soaked your panties and you wondered whether he could feel it.

He let go of your hair, one hand moving to fidget with the zipper in the back of your dress and the other molding your waist to keep you in place. You wandered downwards, popping open the button of his pants and palming his erection through the fabric of his underwear. He slowly break the kiss, leaning back against the bench and panting heavily. Afraid you had read the signs wrongly, you pulled back your hand.

“Did I do something wrong?”, you asked as tried to slide off him, but his grip on you was firm and kept you on top of him.

“No, no. Of course not”, he reassured. “It’s just that-- We can go slow if you want to.”

You smiled teasingly. “I don’t want to. I bought this dress just so you could take it off.”
This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things (Deathstroke/Reader)

Chapter Summary

One day, Deathstroke make a surprise visit during one of your parties.

Chapter Notes

Back in Chapter 7, an anonymous person going by the name of HornySlut asked for a chapter with Deathstroke. That was on January 20th. I finally did it. In my defense, the moment I read the comment, I decided to save him for this one. It just took time for me to get here.
So dear HornySlut, if you are still reading Reputation, here it is.

* * * Still looking for ideas for Dancing With Our Hands Tied and for Call It What You Want, feel free to request. I promise it won't take six months for me to write this time lol

Fireworks lit up the sky in an array of colors. Through the window, you could see people jumping in the pool straight from the second floor balcony, splashes of water going everywhere and the audience cheering. There seemed to be some sort of competition of who made the best jump. The floor was sticky with spilled champagne, sweat and possibly other things. The music was loud enough to make the house shake and your head hurt. But you didn’t care, the beat was better than your own thoughts. A drunken couple passed by you, on their way to one of the guest bedrooms. The girl laughed at something the man said, eyeing you as they stumbled forward. You gripped your wine glass tighter and tighter until you felt a sharp pain. You opened your hand to see blood stained glass falling to the floor. A cut crossed your palm, blood oozing lazily out of it, bits of glass still stuck to the skin.

You ignored the mess and walked to your bedroom, the only part of the house that you kept locked during your parties. It felt strange to acknowledge them as your parties, since you didn’t know half of the people that crowded your manor. Nor did they know you. But it didn’t matter, you weren’t looking for fame or recognition. People could come into your house, drink your alcohol, throw up in your bathroom and then laugh at you for not joining in. These parties weren’t meant to be fun, they were meant to keep you distracted. Anything to keep your mind away from him.

Once your cut was bandaged, you walked downstairs and ignoring the festivities going on in the backyard, you sat by your front porch and watched as masses of well dressed men and women came in and out of your pearly white gates. The best thing about those parties was that you didn’t need to bother with who came in, the guests took upon themselves to decide who was cool enough to be there or not.

The flood of party goers seized for a moment and the front garden felt empty without the
chattering voices. From far down the road that lead to your manor you saw the silhouette of a tall man approaching. The first thing you noticed were the broad shoulders and muscular arms, but as he neared, you began to make out other details: the disheveled silvery hair, the eyepatch and the many holsters strapped to his body. As the realization kicked in, you ran to the gates, locking them shut seconds before he reached them.

“Y/n”, Slade said, his voice the same husky tone you remembered. “You don’t wanna do this, just open the damn gates.”

You laughed. “How dare you show up here after everything you did to me?” The scars in your back itched as if they recognized their maker.

He gripped the metal bars until his knuckles turned white. “Calm down, alright? There’s no need to make a scandal. This isn’t about you.”

Your hands shook and you crossed your arms in a attempt to hide it. “Then why the fuck are you in my house?”

“Just let me in and I can explain.”

“You are insane if you think I’m gonna trust you again. Get lost before I call the cops.”

You turned on your heels, tears begging to to run down your cheeks, and began to walk away.

“If it counts for something, I’m glad you didn’t die!”, Slade shouted from outside.

The guests seemed unaware of the confrontation outside and you were glad of it: the last thing you needed was people asking questions. You went straight to your bedroom. Drawers opened and closed, clothes were thrown to the floor and floorboards were ripped apart as you searched for something you never thought you would need again. If only you remembered where you had hidden it...

Your scars burned like they hadn’t done in ages and in a fury you ripped your t-shirt apart, exposing the ugly markings to the damp air of the afternoon. Finally finding what you were looking for, you closed your fist around the small vial and closed your eyes for a second.

Flashes of repressed memories poked your brain, freeing themselves from the cage you had built. It was like going back in time, you could feel his strong arms wrapped around you, the heat emanating from his body, his mouth kissing your neck. His knife cutting your flesh in an unforgivable betrayal. You had trusted him once and he broke your heart. You had trusted him twice and he broke your body. What would he take this time? Snapping your eyes open, you made a decision. It was your turn to take something.

You took the first shirt you saw, slid the vial carefully into the pocket of your shorts and stalked out of your room. In the pool side, the party went on. And just like you had predicted, Slade had found his way in, and mingled with the crowd with ease. He always knew how to impress people. He had been smart enough to leave the heavy weapons somewhere else, and likely only carried a hidden gun and perhaps a blade. Not that he needed more than that to kill his target.

“Who is the unlucky fellow?”, you asked, coming up behind him.

He turned to face you. “I knew you would at least hear me out.”

“Cut the crap okay? I just don’t want blood in my lawn.”
“Look, y/n, I’m really sorry.”

“You stabbed me and left me to die. ‘Sorry’ doesn’t fix that.”

He pulled you to a desert area, far from prying ears. “You are forgetting about the part you were spying on me!”, he hissed. His breath smelled like bourbon and cigars.

You forced tears to come out. “I was hurt! You had cheated on me with some girl—”

“One more time, she was just an asset”, he cut in.

“It doesn’t fucking matter! I was upset, and when someone offered to pay me to get revenge, of course I said yes. And then I changed my mind and told you the truth!”

“And I did the same thing you would have done in my situation”, his voice was filled with sadness and that caught you off guard. It seemed sincere. “Just reconsider. All I’m asking is that you hear me out.”

“Fuck you, Slade. Do what you need to do and get out of my house.”

You turned around and he didn’t stop you. You took your time, staying close enough to keep track of his movements, but not too close for him to think you had changed your mind. The sun had long set when you made you move.

A waiter passed by carrying champagne glasses in a silver tray and you took one. Unscrewing the lid of the vial you carried, you emptied the content into the champagne.

“Excuse me,” you called, stopping another waitress.

“Yes?”

You reached into your pocket and pulled a wrinkled 50 dollars bill from your wallet. “Make sure this glass is given to that man”, you said, pointing to your unexpected visitor and handing the drink and money to the woman. She frowned, but took the money without any questions.

You pushed people aside, opening the way to the center of the yard, and climbed the table where once, hours ago, there had been food. You picked a new glass and gestured to the DJ to stop the music. Luckily, the workers recognized you as the host and didn’t object. The guests, on the other hand, whispered to each other, wondering what was going on.

You kept your gaze in the waitress you had instructed making sure she delivered her one glass to the right person. When everyone had been given a glass, you raised yours to the sky and cleared your throat.

“I would like to make a toast”, you announced, your voice loud and clear. “Here’s to my real friends, who helped me in the dark times of life. And here’s to you...”, your gaze locked with Slade’s and you smiled, “because forgiveness is a nice thing to do.”

You took the glass to your lips and watched as he did the same. The crowd applauded just to be polite and you jumped back to the floor. The music began to blast again and soon nobody cared about the strange person who gave a strange speech.

When you reached Slade, he was visibly more pale and his movements were unsure and wobbly. He gripped your shoulders. “What did you give me?”, he asked exasperated.
“Come on, you had too much to drink”, you announced loudly, offering an explanation to anyone who might be paying attention. You held Slade as you all but dragged him upstairs.

You locked your bedroom door just in time, as soon after foam began forming in his mouth. He choked on his words and you chuckled.

“Always check for vitals after stabbing someone”, you told him as he spasmed in the floor. When he finally stopped moving you leaned down, ear to his chest. You heard nothing.
The War of Jokes and Riddles come to an end, and you have an front row seat to the spectacle.

You flipped the blade between your fingers, feet tapping nervously on the ground as you analyzed the rival gang. Clown masks hid their faces, and while most sported normal clothing, a few had decided to go full on with the theming, wearing complete clown outfits. How would they run in those large shoes, you had no idea. Their brand-new machine guns were pointed at your direction and you could feel the sweat dampening the skin of your neck. We are screwed, you concluded.

After months of ongoing disputes over control of Bleake Island, it was time for the final showdown between the Riddler and the Joker. Underneath the bridge, the river ran furiously, fuller than normal as a result of the heavy rains of the previous day. A few meters separated the two armies. A no man’s land that would disappear when the fight began.

You clutched Ed’s arm, wrinkling the green linen of his impeccable suit. “Eddie! We brought knives to a gunfight!”, you exclaimed exasperated.

“I know”, he muttered. His arm snaked around your waist and pulled your body to his. You felt his quickened heartbeat, almost a match to your own. His fingers played with your hair as he held you close. “What do we do now?”

You glanced backwards, taking in the face of each henchman. They had families, friends, lovers. Lives of their own. Lives that would be lost if you and Eddie went forward with this war.

“We are the King and Queen of this borough. We earned it with our blood”, you twisted your body, pressing your chest against his. “But we are severely outgunned.”

He nodded, green eyes locking with yours. “Let them take the crown, it’s alright. It’s the only way.”

You took a deep breath, you hated that the Joker and his gang would win this war. “It’s the only way”, you repeated, re-assuring him it was the right course of action. You untangled yourself from your boyfriend, returning to your place by his side.

“JOKER!”, the Riddler shouted, his voice not betraying his inner feelings. “Are you going to show yourself or will you hide behind your goons like a coward?”

The army of clowns snarled in response, shouting angrily in defense of their boss. But seconds passed and they didn't move aside to make way for the Joker. Hushed conversations emerged from within their ranks.

The Riddler laughed. “Riddle me this! Who wears purple, red and green, but during a fight remains unseen?”

You laughed loudly and signaled your crew to join in. Even a few of Joker’s men seemed to have
found the rhyme a bit funny. Three gunshots were fired with quick succession, and you froze in fear. Except that they hadn’t been fire your way. In the front row of the enemy line, three corpses laid on the ground in a pool of blood.

“Seriously? You idiots thought that stupid line was funny?”, a voice hissed loudly from the back of the group of clowns. The crowd parted and the Joker strolled forward, a long velvety purple cape hanging behind his back.

Your grip tightened around the knife as the Joker got within arm’s length. The putrid smell he seemed to carry with him invaded your nostrils and you scowled. You noticed he didn’t wield any weapon, but that didn’t mean he didn’t have one hidden in his body.

“You are a liar”, Ed stated, finger pointing at the Joker.

“Hahaha! Most definitely. And so are you. But what is it that you accuse me of this time?”

“I said a fair fight. No guns. And you armed every single one of your goons with machine guns.”

The Joker chuckled and raised a gloved hand to his chest. “Oh dear, I had no idea you were serious about that. I thought you were just kidding. What’s the fun of a little fight if no one dies?”, he punctuated the last word with a click of his tongue.

Your boyfriend signed. “You won. You cheated and you won.”

The Joker clapped, grinning like a mad man. “Give it. Give it. Give it”, he chanted. “GIVE IT TO ME!”

“Y/n, give me the box”, the Riddler asked softly and you nodded.

You opened your backpack, which you had left safely hidden behind a metal beam, and pulled out the black box. It had the length and the width of a hardcover book, but was as thick as your palm. You handed it to your lover.

“Here it is, Joker”, Ed said dryly as the Joker opened the box. “Congratulations, you are now officially the King of Bleake Island.”

The Joker laughed as he held high the golden paper crown. He proudly placed it on top of his messy green hair and turned to face his crew. “HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA”, he exploded in an insane laugh, dancing in circles as he celebrated his victory.

The henchmen had lowered their weapons, and no longer under gunpoint, Riddler quickly ordered his men to retreat.

“I’m sorry, Eddie”, you whispered as you took his hand in yours.

He smiled sadly. “It’s alright, y/n. This is not over. Besides, it’s just a stupid paper crown.”

Once out of the bridge, the group of goon dispersed in the dark streets of Gotham, leaving just you and Ed. You turned to face the bridge, the Joker still dancing in the middle of it.

“He’s crazy”, Ed stated.

You pulled him into a embrace. “Ain’t we all?”

“Some more than others”, he chuckled.
You ran a finger along his jaw. “You know… when you said it wasn’t over. You were right. It’s not.” You reached into your pocket as you spoke, pulling out a small rectangular device with a single red button in the middle.

Ed’s eyes sparkled when he recognised the device. “You didn’t-”

You opened a smile. “I did”, you said, moving his head slightly so he could spot the bombs carefully placed along the most important wire ropes and pillars. “Wanna do the honors?”

Ed took the control from your hand. “I love you, y/n. You are a freaking genius.”

You rolled your eyes and kissed him. His lips still touched yours when the bombs exploded. You let go of him, and glanced back, the bridge was on fire, pieces of concrete falling into water and flames licking the sky.

Sirens filled the air, announcing the presence of firefighters and cops nearby. You and Ed laughed, taking in the sight of the beautiful destruction you had just done.
New Year's Day (Kate Kane/Reader)

Chapter Summary

It's New Year's Day, and you remember some of your most cherished moments with your girlfriend, Kate Kane.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The penthouse floor was covered with a thin layer of glitter. A group of girls winced at the sunlight as they opened the door to the outside. Shoes in hand, they waved goodbye, before stumbling their way out. Remnants of last night’s party were scattered all over the place, wax dripped out of the candles and onto the carpet, in a way you were sure would give you a headache to clean. Polaroids of you and Kate had fallen to the ground, the photowall where they were usually displayed now empty except for the markings of tape. You walked over to the pictures and set cross legged on the floor, looking at the still fragments of your past.

You picked one up. It was one of the first photos you had taken with Kate. In it, your hand held hers, fingers interlaced. It had been the night that your lips had first touched hers, in the backseat of the same taxi where you had snapped the picture. Her lips were soft and tasted like the martini she had been drinking. The car smelled of gasoline and cigarettes, but it didn’t matter. The city lights passed in a blur through the window, but you were too lost in her green eyes to see anything anyways. Her arm around your shoulders was warm, a nice contrast to the cold air of the night. Her breath caressed your neck as she brought her mouth to your ear and whispered that she would always be there for you. You smiled at the memory of that magic night, when after months of friendship, the two of you finally became something more.

You set the polaroid aside and took another one in your hands. Kate wore a rainbow t-shirt and jeans, and addressed the public from a stage. Behind her hanged a banner from last year’s Gotham Pride Parade. You cheered from the audience.

When she climbed down from the stage, she had pulled you into her arms and thanked you for the support. You had danced together in the crowd as band after band took the stage to perform. She smelled like fresh mint that day.

The next one had been a sad one. It was one of the rare photos that you appeared alone, and had been taken by Kate. You laid on the bed, a black bat shaped mask covering your face, a silly smile on your lips. You were in the living room watching TV when you heard a tapping sound in your window. You opened the curtains and saw Batwoman outside. You were taken back by surprise, what could she want with you? Your curiosity got the best out of you and you slid the glass to let her in. Once inside, the vigilante took of her mask to reveal your crying girlfriend. Gotham’s opinion had turned on her after a bad call, and even Batman had cut her out of the loop. You held Kate close as she cried. You told her everything would be alright. That she had done the best she could. Then she asked if you still wanted to be with her, now that you knew the dangerous work she did. You kissed her and said that nothing could ever tear the two of you apart. Later, you had tried on the mask as a joke.

A pair of arms embraced you by the neck, bringing you back to the present. “Morning, babe”, Kate
said.

You smiled and turned your neck to see her. She was kneeling behind you, still wearing last night’s dress, with her flaming red hair pulled into a messy bun on the top of her head. “Morning? It’s past noon already”, you laughed.

She leaned in to kiss you. Her breath smelled like coffee, and you realized that she must have been up for at least a few minutes.

“What are you doing?”, she asked, standing up. Kate reached out a hand for you, which you gladly took and she helped you onto your feet.

“Just cleaning up. This place is a mess”, you complained and kicked an empty champagne bottle to make a point. The bottle rolled a few feet, stopping after hitting the bottom of the floor-to-ceiling window.

Kate chuckled. “Well it was worthy. It was one hell of a night.”

You nodded and wrapped your arms around her waist. You rested your head against the crook of her neck, placing kisses in the soft skin. “Definitely. But how could it not be when I had you at midnight?”

“What a lucky way to begin a new year.”

Outside, snow fell heavily on the streets, covering the gray concrete in white. The two of you stood there, enclosed into each other’s arms and watched the passing cars. Your eyelids felt heavy, as you had barely slept that night. A sudden melancholy took over. It was the first New Year’s Day you would be spending with Kate, and you feared the thought that it could be your last.

“Please, don’t ever leave me”, you mumbled.

She tucked a loose strand of hair behind your ear and kissed your temple. “I won’t. I will hold onto you, forever.” There was a beat of silence and her tone changed to a more cheerful one. “Now, come on Y/n, we have bottles to clean up.”

Chapter End Notes

This is the end of Reputation. I'm thinking of doing something like this for Lover (and perhaps for Taylor's older albums), so let me know if you have any idea of characters for the songs.

Also, I have started a blog in tumblr for my writing and I'm taking requests there. It's https://dcnatural.tumblr.com/. I'll be posting everything there from now on (I'm not leaving AO3, I'll be using both sites).

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!