Lies, Mistakes, Half Truths and Love
by BVS13

Summary

Superman does something that leads to a tragic chain of events. Filled with lies, mistakes, half truth and love.
why?

Chapter Summary

Superman and Batman. Their best friends right?

Chapter Notes

I'm working on my writing so forgive any spelling mistakes.

When they found them the same questions appeared in everyone's head. why?

They were friends right?

Batman and Superman the world's finest. Despite their different ideals and views it was obvious to anyone that they both had the highest level of respect and admiration for each other.

And when Darkside came that awful day with his army, hellbent on destroying everything in his path. Had they not stood and fought side by side?

And when battle ended and Superman laid on the ground. Bloody, beaten and near death. Had Batman not been the first one by his side? Teleporting both back to the Watchtower. Practically dragging Superman to the medbay. Treating his injuries while completely forgetting his own.

So why did this happen? Why when Superman awoke did he grabbed Batman and fled?

Leaving the medbay completely demolished. As he had ripped through the Watchtower taking off at near supersonic speed.

Why, after seven days of tireless searching, had the Justice league found them here in the Fortress of Solitude like this?
Friends?

Chapter Summary

The league finds their friends in the worst situation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Superman didn't acknowledge their presence even though they had to destroy a wall to get in. When AI defenses refuse to let them in. The room was heavy with the smell of sweat and sex.

Probably meaning that they've locked in this room since they disappeared.

The founding members of the Justice League stood there briefly on shock silence at the scene before them. Both were on the bed, Superman back was to them giving them a clear view of his muscular back and firm ass. They could see the tensing muscle in his thighs as he continue to thrust into Bruce's body.

From what they can see there was nothing but a shreds of the Batman costume left on Bruce. He was covered in bruises. Around his arms, legs, hips and thighs. Bite marks across his chest and neck. There was even a large purple bruise on cheek like someone had slapped him. His legs were spread obscenely wide. Making room for the alien between them. His eyes were closed and some of team stomachs turned when became obvious that batman wasn't even conscious.

It wasn't until Superman release a loud moan, body jerking before going stiff, the realisation dawning on them that Superman just came inside Bruce. For the,God-knows-how-many time, right in front of them. Did they finally spring into action. The first being of course Flash.

Before even Superman could react Bruce was already out from underneath him and on the other side of the room wrapped in the tattered remains of his cape.

"Sups!! wha..." Flash started before dodging as two lasers blew a hole through the wall where his head had been.

"What the fu.." wally tried again only to grab bruce and jump out of way as superman sprang towards them slamming into the wall.

Flash watch confused as superman faced them again. He look a starving beast who just lost his only piece of meat. His lips pull back snarling showing his teeth with a feral look in his eyes.

"Jesus Christ" Wally whispered " what happened to you"

Wally tense preparing to run again as superman move towards them. When he see a gold rope fly out wrapping itself around superman's neck before yanking him back onto the bed.
"Flash!" wally's head snap up seeing Wonder Woman straining to drag a struggling Superman towards her.

"Hurry up get Batman out of here!" she shouts.

" No!" superman suddenly screams.

Making everyone jumped as this was the first he spoke. Jumping to his feet trying to dive for wally once more jerking Diana forward before she managed to get her footing holding him back. Growling in frustration superman suddenly turned grabbed the lassos tugging it forward pulling Diana along with it. As she flew towards him superman balled his fist punching upwards with enough force to send Wonder Woman through the roof of the Fortress.

Superman began to float as if he meant to follow after her only to have a green train hit him sending him through the side wall.

"Flash what the hell are you doing!" John Stewart shouted "hurry up and leave. We'll handle this!"

Nodding wally grips Bruce close to him before taking off at top speeds. He passes the others as they rush forward.

Eventually they win.

Eventually they are able to subdue him although it was not an easy battle. However when it's over, superman man lock tight in a red sun radiation cell.

Something batman had made in case Superman ever went evil. Although no one thought they'll ever have to use it.

They all began to question. why? They were friends. Some would say best friends. So why? Why would superman betray batman? Why would he hurt like this? Why? Why would.... Clark rape Bruce?

Chapter End Notes

Hows it so far?
Diana was tired. Her muscle stiff and sore. Her jaw ached from the punch she received early. She wanted nothing more but to lay down and rest. As she looked out at the rest of the team she could tell she wasn't the only one.

They had gathered in the meeting hall in the Watchtower to discuss what had happen and hopefully find some answers. Green Lantern sat on the far left of the table. A construct wrapped around his fracture right arm. Hawk Woman sat next to him. One of her wings bent at slightly awkward angle. Aquaman. Although less bruise than the other still had a few specks of blood around his mouth and nose.

Lastly, on Wonder Woman's near right, sat the Flash. The only one left unharmed. Physically at least.

Shoulders drooped, head downcast staring blankly into a cup of coffee that long since gone cold. Diana felt her heart clench as she stared at the boy. Despite the fact everyone knew that that he admired his uncle more than anyone else it was clear that he also look up to Superman. Diana can imagine how hurt he must feel seeing one of his idols do something so horrific.

Suddenly Wally's head jerked up as the door to the meeting hall slide open revealing Martian Manhunter and Zatanna. Diana rose to greet them, stifling a moan as she felt the soreness in her legs.

“Zatanna thank you for coming. Sorry to call you on such short notice”
“oh no. I don't worry about it.” zatanna said her voice sounds slightly rough “I'm sorry that we took so long but we’re ready to start.”

As she spoke she move to sit in the seat on Diana left. After waiting J’on to take his place

Diana sat back down clearing her throat. “Ok let's being.” she started “J’on what can you tell us about Batman condition”

“ So far it seems that Batman hasn't any permanent damages.” J’on stated “However he was suffering from severe malnutrition. It seem the only thing he had to sustain himself during that time was water.”

“Jesus Christ’ Lantern could be heard muttering from back.

“And there also the signs of repeated sexual assault”

Wonder Woman nodded jaw clench “go on”

"He’s currently still unconscious but he is being treated for his malnutrition and there does not seem to be any reason for him not to wake up in a few day.” J’on finished

Diana sighed. “Thank the gods” she whisper softly. Letting the relief fill her. Bruce is going to ok.

“Alright on next business” she said, her voice becoming serious

“what about Superman condition. Did you examine how I asked.”

J’on nodded “I did a mental scan of Superman and I didn't find anything that suggests any sort of mind control.”

“Are you certain?” Diana ask
“yes” J’on answered “ in fact when I looked inside Kal-el mind was completely absent of thought.”

“what do mean by that J’on?” Diana question

“ what I mean is when I looked inside his mind I couldn't sense Kal-el anywhere in there. It was as if I was inside of the mind of a beast who survive only by instinct.”

“I see” Diana said before turning to Zatanna

“ what about you? You find anything that suggests a spell or curse may have been the cause?”

“No” Zatanna answer.“ When look at him there no signs that a curse had been placed on Superman. I even...uh..” Zatanna pause, and cough before continuing “ I even examine Batman too and..uh there no sign of a curse on him either.”

Her voice shook while she spoke and Diana wonder briefly if she had cried when she saw Bruce

“ Is it possible that it some type of magic that you never came in contact with and that why you can't sense it?” Hawk Woman ask suddenly joining in.

Zatanna shakes her head“ No. Even if it something that I never came in contact with I should still be able to feel it. And I did't feel anything.” Zatanna finished leaning back in her seat as a heavy silence fell over the room.

“ Well then that’s that” aquaman said breaking the silence “ If it not magic or mind control then have to be the big guy himself.”

“How can you say that!” wally shouts jumping out of his seat

“ Do you seriously think that the big guy did this on purpose!?”

“ Flash please.” Diana starts
“What I'm saying is there not a lot of evidence that suggests the contrary.” Aquaman growled back.

“oh come on.” Flash says throwing his hands up. “How many years have we know big blue? And after all that does it make any sense for him to suddenly just...attacked Batman! That's bullshit!” Flash practically screamed slamming his hands on the table.

“Flash calm down” Lantern says sternly.

“No he-”

“I know you want to prove Superman innocence but we won't solve anything by yelling at each other.” Lantern and Flash at stare each other a while before Flash sighed heavily before dropping back in his seat.

“So what now?” Flash ask.

Diana turned towards J'on “when you left Superman what was his mental state?”

“His mind was still very vacant but there was no longer any sign of hostility.”

“Is there any chance of him returning to old self?”

“That unfortunately is hard to say”

“Ok” Diana turned to address the rest of the League.

“Right now I believe the best course of action is to wait for Batman wake and hope he can shed some light on the this event. Handing Superman over to the authorities before we know what happened is out of the question. Until then Superman will be kept in the Watchtower and guarded around the clock. Are there any objections to this?”
Diana waits but when no one spoke she stood

“Very well. Meeting adjourn.”

Chapter End Notes

Guess who wakes up next chapter?
stomach ache part 1

Chapter Summary

Someone having a bad dream.

Chapter Notes

This dream sequence was a small part of the original chapter where Bruce wakes but I didn't like how the chapter was turning out. So I decided to redo it and extend the dream sequence. Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Where is everyone? Bruce wonder as he walks through the halls of the Watchtower. It was completely empty. Bruce has been to nearly every room in this place and hasn't found a single person on board not even the engineers.

Not only that but the damn place was too quiet. There was no hum of machines, no buzz of electronics. It was as if the power had gone out but if that were true how was the Tower not falling out the sky.

His mind started running through every possibility. Had they been attacked? And the Justice league taken.

Bruce tries his comm. link. "Batman to Justice league come in Justice league" Bruce waits but only gets static in response.

"Batman to Justice league come in" more static.

"Can anyone hear me?" He could feel himself start to sweat

"Flash, Wonder woman, Supe-"

Bruce stops. Listening. He have sworn he heard...yes! Bruce took off after the faint sounds of foot steps. All ideas of stealth abandon as he ran at full speed trying to catch up. He could tell from the rhythm of the steps that the person was walking but he didn't seem to be any getting closer.

Still he ran after it. This was only sign of life he had since he got here and he wasn't going to let it go. So he ran, until his lungs began to burn and thighs began to ache. Twisting and turning through the halls until the footsteps finally stop.

Bruce stood in front of a room taking a moment to catch his breath. Who ever had made those steps was inside and now that bruce has caught up to them he'd needed to be ready in case they're not friendly.
After a while Bruce took one last deep breath, squared his shoulders before putting his hand on his belt in a way that wouldn't be noticeable under his cape. And step through.

The first thing he noticed when he enter the room was the earth. Still spinning outside the windows of the tower. Big, blue and unbelievably beautiful. Looking completely peaceful. Relief flooded Bruce at the sight of it. Glad to see that there wasn't a global invasion happening while he was stuck up here.

Suddenly Bruce jolted at a noise from behind. He spins whipping his cape out of the way ready to fling a batarang at a possible enemy before stopping completely.

"Jesus superman" bruce says dropping his stance letting the batarang fall to his side. "Are you trying to give a heart attack?"

Superman was on the other side of the room. He has back to Batman, staring out at vastness of space not making any indication that he heard.

"Well since I found you maybe you can answer some questions. First being where is everyone?" Again superman doesn't answer. "Hello?"

Bruce began to sweat again. Something was wrong.

"Hey Superman!" he calls, still no response.

Bruce hesitated before slowly walking forward. Something in Bruce's head was screaming at him to leave, run. But Bruce couldn't he needs know what was going on. what was wrong with clark? Was he hurt?

As inched closer Bruce continue call out trying to get a reaction.

"Hey Superman can you hear me? It's me Batman."

"Can you hear me? Come on clark answer me."

He was close maybe two or three feet away.

"Clark please answer. Come on....please....kal."

At that Superman body jumps as if someone had shocked him.

Batman watched as Superman jerked his head, looking around as if confused about where he was before spinning around to face him

Bruce gasped at what he sees . Clark face was covered in blood. His right eye dark and bruise while the left was nearly swollen shut. His nose was slightly crooked and bottom lip was busted open still leaking blood down his chin.

Bruce gazed descended taking in the torn uniform, bloody knuckles, and dirt covered boots.

“My God. What happen to you?” Bruce asked and when superman failed to answer again his eyes flicked back up. Batman felt a lump form in his throat as stared into superman eyes. They unfocused,
glazed over as if they were looking off into the distance right through Bruce.

“Jesus” Bruce says, reaching down grabbing one of Superman’s arms “we need to get you help. Corn on” he turned pulling superman with him only to let out a sharp yelp at the sudden pain exploding from his back and skull. Bruce moaned, head rolling to the side as he blinked rapidly trying to focus. Finally the pain in head settled enough for him to realize that he was laying on something and he being held down. He look up seeing superman towering over him. Slowly he could feel his mind catch up to what happened. Superman had grabbed him and thrown him down on one of the control panels. So quickly that Bruce hadn’t been able to process it when it happened.

Bruce pulled slightly at his arms, not really struggling yet. Still confused at what happening.

“Clark wha..” Bruce trailed off because superman was looking at him. Not that far off stare like before but really looking at him eyes full of a eerily familiar intend that had Bruce struggling for real.

Twisting his body Bruce tried to find leverage to throw superman off of him but it was no use it was like being pinned under steel bar. As he did this he noticed superman leaning forward bring his face closer. Bruce jerked his head to the side when he realized what he was trying to do. Not that it stop him.

Bruce tensed at sensation of superman lips pressing softly against his cheek. Slowly clark open his mouth and began to lick across the expose area of batman’s mask. Tongue gliding up his cheek tracing the edges of the mask before descending back down across his chin pausing briefly to nip at his skin before pressing one last kiss at corner of Bruce mouth. At the same time he moved Bruce’s hands up over his head bringing together and gripping tightly in his right hand.

Bruce grunted as superman yanked the cowl off his head throwing it somewhere over shoulder before reaching back down gripping Bruce’s jaw forcing him to look at him.

By now Bruce was on edge of panicking. He was using every thing had, all his strength and weight to tried throw Clark of him but he wouldn’t budge. He couldn’t even slip his hands free to reach his belt. He was fucking helpless. No he couldn’t think like that. If he allowed himself to he won’t be able to think of a way out.

“Clark why are you doing this?” he ask some how managing to keep his voice even.

So far despite superman strange behavior he doesn’t seem to be trying to kill him. So maybe there was a chance of Bruce reasoning with him or at least stall for more time.

“Whatever it is that controlling you. You can beat it. Come on Clark you have fight yooohh...cahh..uhhh...uhhhh” the rest of batman speech was lost as the pressure of Superman hand on his jaw increase forcing his mouth open making it impossible to speak.

Bruce watched powerless as Superman leaned back down this time locking his mouth with Bruce. Superman’s lips were rough and wet from still open cuts. He gagged at the taste of blood on his tastebuds. Bruce was panicking now. He jerked and twisted his body desperately trying to escape.

He bringing one his legs up pushing it against superman. Unfortunately superman took the opportunity to push one things in between Bruce’s legs. He made a choked noise at the feel of superman stiff cock pressed against him.

He could feel his heart trying to escape his chest and his body shaking. He didn’t want to admit it.

The strong and terrifying Batman was shaking like a scared bitch and his face burned with the
shamed of it.

It burned with shame at the muffled noises him and Superman made. Clark’s heavy and deep groans and his pathetic whimpering as Clark licked deeper into his mouth. Tongue mapping corner, push so deep he practically choking Bruce. The kiss became rougher as Superman release his jaw tightly gripping his hair instead. He drew back biting hard enough on Bruce’s bottom lip to break the skin. Then crushing their lips back together letting the taste of their blood mix in their mouths.

Bruce could feel bile being to rise in his throat and he wonder if Superman would kill him if he vomited in his mouth.

Suddenly Bruce let out a muffled shout at the feel of his lower body being jerked. Looking down he saw what caused it.

Superman was holding his utility belt crushed and broken in hand. He threw it to join his mask across the room. At the same time Bruce realized that his hands were no longer bond. He quickly put them to use. Grabbed hold of superman hair he pulled hard trying to remove him from his mouth. He both surprise and relieved when Superman back off.

There was a thick string of saliva connecting their lips before superman flicked his tongue out breaking it. Bruce grew even more nausea at the sight. Turning his head he quickly spit out all the blood and drool that had gathered in his mouth. However his moment of reprieve was short lived. His body jolted again. Looking back he watched in horrified as Superman torn his armor like wet paper exposing his sacred flesh.

Grabbing hold of his hands Bruce shouted “no! Clark please stop!”

Despite his strong grip superman hands continued to rip apart his suit revealing more skin until the top half of the was completely shredded.

Bending down superman press his mouth against Bruce neck, licking and biting his way down to chest pausing there to play with his nipples.

Bruce shivered as Clark blew on them softly with his ice breath causing them to become erect. Then wrapping them each in his hot mouth.

All the while Bruce pleaded. “ Clark please.. please...no” Cries falling on deaf ears.

Clark continued his path downward. His tongue following the trail of one his scars across his stomach. Bruce stifled a whimpered at sensation of superman licking around his belly button. Drawing slow circles before diving inside.

Finally he stop his descend licking feverishly at Bruce’s lower abdomen.

Bruce hesitated but when became clear that he was going no further he attempted to speak. Reaching down he pushed Clark hair out of his face. Still bloody and bruise but now he was covered in drool and sweat as practically salivated on Bruce stomach.

“Clark” Bruce croaked.

Clark stop, eyes slowly drawing up looking directly into Bruce’s.

“ please....don’t” Bruce said quietly.

As they gazed at each other Bruce could see another emotion began to fill Clark eyes. Sadness?
Regret? He couldn't be sure but he started to feel hopeful. Maybe he had finally reached him. Maybe Clark was going to st-

“I’m sorry” Clark said. His voice soft and horseed. “But I must”

At those words Bruce felt the little bit hope inside him shrivel and die. He watched as Superman leaned back but this time he opened mouth wide, biting down. And as Superman powerful jaw torn through his flesh Bruce screamed

Chapter End Notes

I promise Bruce wakes up next chapter. So hang in there ok.
When Batman woke for the first time, after sleeping for three days, the entire justice league knew.

His screams had echoed thru the halls alerting everyone of his return.

The doctors who had been on call had rushed into the the room finding Batman delirious and confused, curled tightly in a ball, clawing at his lower abdomen with his blunt nails as he continued to shout in pure agony.

When they had tried to restrained him in order to stop him from injuring himself further Batman had lashed out. Breaking one of the doctor hand, another's nose, and knocking one out completely.

The struggle went on like this for a while until Martian Manhunter intervened restraining Batman long enough for him to be sedated.

All this told to Diana by one of the doctor as she stared down a Bruce still asleep. His hands and feet were cuffed to the bars the bed in case he has another attack when he awaken.

Not looking away Diana ask “How long has he been unconscious since then?”

“Not long only about three hours” the doctor answered. “What we gave wasn't strong just something to calm him down. He should be waking up soon.”

Diana nodded silently agreeing. Looking at his face she already tell Bruce was close to waking. Eyebrows pulls into a scowl, jaws tensed even his hands were clenched at his side.

Diana felt a sad fondness at the sight. No matter how strong the enemy is or how powerful they are Bruce would always fight. Harder than anyone else, with the amount determination that even the strongest member of the League could not match.

It was always something she deeply respected about him. And watching him now as he fought, desperately trying to pull himself back to consciousness, she felt that respect increase.
She wonder; fleetingly how much did he struggled against superman before he-

Diana shook her head, trying to rid herself of the thought. Even though it made her feel cowardly she didn't want to think of what a once trusted comrade had done yet. Right now she wanted to focus on Bruce. Only on Bruce.

Even though she knew soon they will have to confront what happened; just.. Just not now it was too painful.

Returning her attention to the doctor who had gone quiet while Diana was lost in thought. “Is there anything else you need to report?” she asked.

“um..well” the doctor falter, flicking through his notes on his clipboard “well no... I mean maybe.”

Diana raised an eyebrow, “maybe?”

“Well during the patient’s” he pause briefly, trying to find the right word before continuing, “episode. He had been gripping his stomach the whole time. Specifically his lower abdomen. Also some of the test we ran showed a slight hormonal imbalance.”

“I see and do either of those pose any type threat to his recovery”

“Well no. After he was sedated we took some x-rays and we didn't find any internal damages. Uh.. I mean other... other than what was already there” Diana wince at that “and the hormonal imbalance isn't something to be considered life threatening. But still you ask us keep fill in on the details so..” Diana place her hand on the man’s shoulder stopping him.

“I did and thank you for taking your task seriously.”

The man gave Diana a tried smile at the that.

“Why don't you go take a break?” she suggested. “I'm here now so I'll watched him and call if he has another...episode.”

The doctor nodded before turning to leave. As soon the door slide shut behind him Diana grabbed one of the chairs that sat in corner of the room and dragged closer to the bed. Sitting Diana reached out, hesitating for a second before wrapping her hand around one of Bruce balled fist.

“I'm here Bruce” she whispered softly, stroking her thumb slowly across his knuckles. “I'm here.”

Chapter End Notes

I'll be honest i wasn't going to finish this but I've been really depress and thought writing would make me feel better.
Sweet Escape

Chapter Summary

The second time batman woke was vastly different than the first.
It was quiet, slow.

Chapter Notes

Writings helping a lot. I feel better now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There are two ways for a person to awake from sleep.

The first is abruptly. The swift and sudden jolt as if someone had flip the switch in your mind from off too on.

The second was slower more gently. A soft, leisurely transition from sleep to wakefulness where you slowly become aware of your surroundings even as you drift in the warm embrace of your mind.

Many people often preferred the latter to the former of this since for many sleep is escape from the harsh reality of the world. For Bruce however it was the exact opposite.

Inside his mind was not a place he liked to be since his subconscious likes to takes the opportunity to bombard him with his most horrific of memories.

The death of his parents, the murder of Jason, the crippling of Barbara were all the usual feature. However this time his mind treated him to something new.

The Humiliation of Batman.

Yes Bruce utterly despised the inner working of his brain. As it was truly was a double edge sword. The most powerful weapon he had, constantly absorbing knowledge recalling things in sharp detail never knowing what could be important for solving a case or making strategic plans. Out there in Gotham or with the League Batman mind was a blessing.

Yet in here, deep in the depths of his on personal hell, it was a curse.

Because it never forgets.

The smells; the musky scent of their sweat . The taste; bitter, sour flavor of blood and cum on his tongue. The feel; strong powerful hand stroking his body caressing every inch of him, the hot unyielding body pressing firmly on him, against his chest, his back between his legs, the burning heat that had been inside him carving itself so deeply within.

The sounds; his panting, deep growls low grunting and Bruce’ screams.
He wanted out, freedom from this torture. He wanted reality where, harsh as it may be, he could DO something. Not here where he could nothing but watched and relive unchangeable events.

He needed out!!

Then, as if to answer his prayers,Bruce felt hands.

One on his gently stroking it, the other one was lightly tapping his face trying to wake him.

At first Bruce panicked before realizing that these were not same hands as before. They were softer, more slender, and they were warm compared to the scorching heat of the previous ones. And as those hands finally pulled him away from the abysses of his mind he heard voice of the owner.

“ Shhh it's okay. It's’ okay. I've got you Bruce. Wake please. Please wake up.”

Bruce relies then that all the screaming had not been just in his head.

Any other time he would have embarrassed at the thought of him showing such weakness. At that moment however Bruce couldn't careless. He chase that voice away the horror of his past.

Finally Bruce opened his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Let see how far I'll go I'm going to try for three.
The lights of room blinded him and he could feel his eyes water at the sudden brightness but he didn’t dare close them again.

As his vision began to adjust Bruce slowly began to take in his setting.

He was in the watchtower secondary infirmary. His arms and legs were strapped to the bed and judging by the dying flowers on the desk next to him he’s been there awhile.

“Bruce?”

He jumped slightly, quickly remembering that he wasn't the only one in the room.

Turning his head to the right he was meet with the sight of wonder woman worried stare.

“Bruce” she said again.

Her face filling with joy and relief “Thank the Gods”

She gripped his hand tightly as she move closer kissing him lightly on head before pulling back smiling

“Thanks the Gods you're awake Bruce”

Bruce stared at her. Diana was never a cold woman but she wasn't exactly emotional either. To see her in such a state shocked him.

Diana seem to take his lack of response negatively. Quickly removing her hands and backing away knocking over the chair she had been in.

“I’m...I’m sorry I forgo...I didn’t thi-” she stammered “I wasn’t thinking forgive me”

Bruce continued to watch her as she stared at the floor shame replacing joy on her face.

“It okay” he said finally.

It was a lied they both knew that but he needed to say something. A long awkward moment pass before they both decided to break the silence.

“I shou-” “wher-”They both started.

“I’m sorry” Diana recovered “what were you going to say?”

Bruce open his mouth hesitating before shunting it. He close eyes sighed heavily before opening them staring up at the ceiling.
“Never mind” he said.

“Are you—”

“yes”

Diana nodded even though he wasn’t looking “okay... well I was going to fetch one of the doctors. Do you need anything?”

“No” he answered

“Right... okay I’ll be right back” she moved to leave but then stop.

“Bruce what.. what were going to ask me?”

“It not important right now. It can wait” Bruce replied coldly.

She moved to grab his hand before stopping herself. “Bruce please” she pleaded.

He said nothing for long time and as she moved to leave again he spoke.

“I was going to ask” turning to look at her. Diana shivered at the unnerving amount of rage and pain she saw in his eyes.

“Where is Superman.”

Chapter End Notes

Might write some more tomorrow it really helps. :)


“And how are you feeling?” the doctor asked. As he inspected Bruce, stopping every now and then to right on his clipboard.

“Fine” Bruce answered gritting his teeth. The doctor had only been examining him for about ten minutes and he already irritated with all the probing and questions. He really wanted him to leave so he could speak to Diana, who was currently standing by the door waiting for the doctor to finish.

“Superman is being kept in the red sun cell in the Watchtower until we figure out what was the cause of the...incident.”

That had been the only information she had told him before leaving to grab the doctor. It relieving to know that the league had clark contained. However, the detective in him had already scratching at the front of his mind. Calling, telling him to figure out the source of Superman's strange behavior.

“Do you feel any type of nausea or dizziness?” he continued.

“No” Bruce reponse.

The doctor nodded, writing down some more notes. “Good, good. And how does your stomach feel.”

Bruce blinked “My what?”

“Your stomach. Do you feel any aches or pains there?”

“Why?” Bruce fired backed. Growing even more aggravated at the odd question. He really wanted the doctor to get out already. He had so many thing had he to do, so many questions that lack answers, and last thing he needed was someone to waste his time asking if he has a tummy ache.

“What does it matter?” Bruce asked, voice sinking into his Batman growl.

“Umm..it, it’s just that the first time...what I mean the first time yo..you woke..” the doctor stumbled over himself, trying to find the right words and Bruce just about had it. He open his mouth to tell the doctor leave, along with some other choice words, only to Diana come to the terrified man rescue.

“What he mean is early today you had a severe attack.” Diana started. Getting off the wall she was leaning on. “During that time you had been clenching and clawing at your stomach. After the attack was over they took x-ray and examine you thoroughly and didn’t find anything wrong. However..” Diana tipped her head in the doctor direction, “I’m sure he just wanted to follow up with you in case they miss anything.”
Bruce frowned. Why had he been holding his stomach? Placing his hand on it he flinch feeling the scratches that his blunt nails had left when he had; apparently, tried to gut himself. Bruce close his eyes concentrating beyond the surface pain of his bruise skin. What he found was a slight ache in his lower abdomen. It didn’t really hurt per say. It felt more like the dull soreness he got from intense work out. Bruce told the doctor this much.

“Ok that’s good,” he said writing last few notes before putting his pen away and turning to Bruce “ok then from what I can tell you are fit enough to go home. Although I would recommend staying one more night just in case.” Bruce snorted, like hell he was. “And I must advised against any straining activities for at least two mouths. I will also write you a prescription for pain medication to help with the stomach pains as well as for the um...” he looked away and cleared throat, “for the cream for the anal tearing. Thankfully there wasn’t much so you’ll only need it for about two weeks”

\textit{Thankfully} Bruce thought bitterly \textit{aren’t I lucky.} “Anything else?” he said out loud.

“Um no”

“Then leave” he snapped not caring how rude he was being.

The doctor quickly scurried out the door. Almost tripping over his own feet on the way.

Diana sighed “You didn’t have to treat like that he was just-”

“How far are you in the investigation?” Bruce interrupted. Voice stern, all business.

Diana shook her head “I’d hope you’d take the time to fully recover before jumping into this mess.”

Bruce glared at her “I’m not jumping into it. I’m already dead center. And I’d appreciate if you answer my questions.” Their staring contest continued for a bit before she finally relented. “So far we still don’t have a cause or a motive. We already had experts examine him to ruled out the possibility of mind control and magic.”

“What experts?”

“Zatanna and J’on” Bruce nodded letting her resume. “We also review the surviving security video footage and ran tests to see if superman was exposed to any type of substance that may cause this. But we came up empty handed there too. So far all we have is dead ends.” Diana finish remorsefully.

He could tell she was ashamed at the League lack of progress despite their efforts. If he knew how too he probably would have tried to comfort her but if there’s one thing Batman don’t do it’s emotions.

“And what about superman?” he pressed.

“I already told you we have him in the cell.”

“No that’s not what I meant.” Diana looked at him confused.

“What did Superman say when ask about the incident?”

“You can’t believe...” Diana whispered, horrified at Bruce’s implication.

Bruce didn’t weaver “We have no leads Diana. We need looks at all possibilities.”

She shook her head in disbelief “I expect this from Arthur but you. After all the years you’ve known him how could you even consider...” she broke off decide instead to pace in front of the bed. Bruce
let her for a bit before persisting.

“Did you question him?”

Diana paced another minute before answering. “Yes”

“And what did he say?”

Diana stop with her back to him. “I don’t know.”

Bruce blinked. Eyebrows pull together “what?”

“When asked, under the influence of the lasso, why did he do this his answer was ‘I don’t know’”

“I, I see” Bruce said. An odd mixture of relief and disappointment swirled in him. They were still at square one but he try not to dwell on. Choosing instead to focus what their next step should be. That train of thought however was short lived as Diana continued

“Bruce he cried” she turned to look at him eyes glossy with unshed tears. “He cried like a child, Bruce. And told me to tell you he’s sorry.” Her voice unsteady “He’s so sorry.”

Bruce stare at her, heart welling up with guilt. Because he could see it all so clearly. Clark crying for what he did, for being unable to stop it, and begging forgiveness. Self Loathing began to fill him as well. He had woken up ready condemn Clark for his actions. What the hell is wrong with him? How could he even think Clark was capable of something so disgusting? Flinging the covers off of him Bruce move to get up only to nearly crash into the floor.

“What hell are you doing?” Diana asked holding onto him.

“I need to talk to Clark.”

“No you need to rest, you need-”

“Diana..please” Bruce begged.

Diana looked at him searching for something although he wasn’t sure what. He was glad however when she seem to found it. “OK but only on the condition that after this you go home and you rest.”

“Deal” he quickly agreed. He wasn’t happy about the conditions but he can live with them.

Chapter End Notes

Right now your probably like "What wrong with Batman stomach? :/" Trust me it'll all makes sense later.

Next chapter update Thursday I just have to edit it.

Plus a guess star.
Bruce and Diana made their way slowly through the empty corridors. They were taking the back way to the prison. It was longer than the usual way but less crowded. Bruce suspected that Diana chose this direction in order to safeguard his pride, not wanting the others to see the terrifying Batman in such a pathetic state. He was grateful for that.

As they wait for the elevator to take them to the lower levels Bruce decided he couldn’t take the silence anymore. “Who’s been watching over Gotham while I’ve been injured”

“The League called in Nightwing when we first started searching. Him and Robin have been handling things.”

“Do they know about…what happened?” Bruce tried not let the worry show on his face.

“They know about the kidnapping and that Superman was involved. As for the other details we thought it wasn’t our place to tell them.”

“Good”

“Bruce you shou—” Just then the elevator ding its arrival. Bruce welcome the interruption, already knowing what Diana was going to say and not wanting to hear it. They both got on, pressing the button for the bottom floor.

“ What about Metropolis?” he asked quickly taking the opportunity. Diana glared at him clearly not appreciating the change in topic.

“We have heroes rotating in and out to monitor the city. So far all we have reports of are a few robberies and break ins.” Bruce nodded as the elevator slowed to a stop. “After I’m fully recovered we need to hold a meeting to discuss our next step.”

“Right now both Green Lantern and Hawk woman are on a mission off world,” Diana started, as they got off, “on top of that Arthur is dealing with a rebellion in Atlantis.” She stop walking. Giving Bruce a pointed look, “Those things may take awhile so there no need hurry.” Bruce scowled. “I beg to differ. I think the fact the we have the most powerful man in the world under lock and key for a crime, we still don’t know reasons behind, gives more than enough reason to hurry.”

Whatever Diana had planned to respond with was loss as they both heard a sharp gasped and the sound of glass breaking at the end of the hall. Turning to look Bruce barely had time to register a streak of red before being swept up in a powerful hug.

“Bats oh my God! Bats! Bats your OK!!”

“Wally,” Bruce wheezed out. He couldn’t breath. Flash was holding him to tight, to close. It was too
familiar. Unknowing of the effect he was having Flash blabbed on.

“Oh God I knew you’d pull through B I knew it. Well maybe not at the beginning, I was so fucking scared when we found you. You were hurt and not moving I thought you were dead. But now you’re back, up and moving around and everything. Wait till I tell Dick he’ll be so happy. He—”

“Wally!” Flash jumped at wonder woman voice. Looking at her he found himself on the receiving of a blistering glare.

“Let. Go. Now” she said slowly, trying to containing herself.

Looking up at Bruce, Flash realize his mistake. Bruce had gone completely pale as if all the blood had drained from him and was shaking so hard he was practically vibrating out of his skin. “Shit!” flash released him and was near the end of the hall in a heartbeat.

“Shit, shit, shit, I’m so fucking sorry. I didn’t mean to I swear. I was just happy to see you up and was over excited. I’m sorry.”

Bruce couldn’t hear Flash rambling of a apology. His heart was too loud thundering in his ears practically shunting out all noise. He was breathing too hard, trying to catch some of the precious oxygen that seem have been sucked out of him. Putting his hands on knees he attempted to steady himself as dizziness began overtake him. Logically he knew that wally had triggered a panic attack and he need to calm down and focus on his breathing. Unfortunately, that seem to be easier said than done. No matter how hard he tried his lungs refused to cooperate. Bruce was disgusted at his lack of control. What was point of learning countless methods of breathing exercises and meditation if he couldn't use them when he needed them?

Feeling someone grab him again, he jerked away so hard that he ended up flat on his ass knocking his head against the side wall. Looking up he saw Diana staring down at him, hand still hovering in the air.

“Ok that’s it. Deals off Bruce I’m sending you home there no way I can let you see Clark like this” bending down she reach to take Bruce hand to help him up only to have him smack it away.

“No!”

Diana pulled back unsure how to react or what to do. Bruce close his eyes focusing once more on his breathing.

In and out. He could do this damn it he was fucking Batman.

In and out. He just needed to calm down.

In and out. Center on his breathing.

IN and out.

After a moment he breathing regulated and he felt his heart drop back to, somewhat, normal speed. “It’s ok I’m fine. He caught me off guard that’s all.”

“Like Hades you are. Gods what was I thinking bringing you down here you're not ready. I’m sending you home right now so don’t even bother arguing with me and—”

“I’m fine.” Bruce interrupted.
“I don’t what hear it. You're not fine”

Bruce sighed “We had a deal. I'll go home and I’ll rest. After I see Superman.”

Flash, who up until now was trying to make himself invisible as possible, spoke up. “Sups? You're here to see Sups?”

“Yes” Bruce answer. “I just wanted to speak to him. But now Diana doesn't feel like honoring our agreement.”

Diana narrow her eyes. “Fine. That's how you want it we'll go.” standing up extending her hand “if you think you're up to it.”

Bruce glared. Choosing instead to use the wall to push himself up, he stumbled a little before marching down the hall towards the big locked door at the end.

It wasn’t until he was about to open it that he notice Flash was still with them. Flash must have saw question on his face “I was bringing Sups his dinner when I ran into guys.”

Looking down Bruce saw that he was holding a tray with scattered food on it remembering early the sound of something dropping.

“There’s barely any food left on there. Why didn't you go back upstairs and get a new tray?” Bruce ask placing his hand on the lock panel.

"Now scanning please wait.”

Flash shrugged. “It wouldn’t make much of difference. It's not like he’s been eati-ow!”

Flash grunted in pain as Wonder Woman elbowed him hard in the ribs. Bruce didn’t react even though he could feel his inside twisting into a ball.

"Scanning complete. Access granted.”

Bruce steeled himself as the door slide open. Taking a stepping inside, Bruce took everything in.

Not since the building was finish had he been in this room. Back then everyone had chastised him for building it. A prison for Superman seemed ridicules. Anyone who meant the guy could tell the man was goodness to the core. But Batman, ever the one to expect the worse, built it anyway. The fact that he was right however did not bring him any satisfaction.

He walked across the long bridge that connect the door to the platform that stood in the middle. As he drew closer he took the detail of the man sitting on the small bed that occupied the red tinted room.

Clark was wearing black sweats, a white t-shirts and no shoes. Even though he hadn’t bother to lift his head at sound of the door opening Bruce could see that he had grown the beginning of a beard and his hair looked unkempt. He was sitting bent over with his head in his hands massages temple as if he has a headache.

Bruce was in front of the glass that separated him from Clark when he finally decided to speak. “Thanks for the food Wally but I’m not feeling really hungry right now.”

Bruce debated a bit on what to say before falling back on his old habits. When in doubt be a smartass “From what I hear you haven't been feeling hungry at all lately” Clack froze. "Maybe if you eat
your headache would go away." Looking up slowly eyes wide with disbelief and....fear?

Clark whispered. “No”

Chapter End Notes

I am the Queen of Cliffhanger I know you love me!!! >:

Next chapter update Saturday!!
Forgive me!!!!

I'm so so so so SORRY for taking so long. I got some really bad writer's block then I loss my job so I got super depress :( 

BUT....now I've got a new job and feeling the flow. SOOO now I'm back and ready to finish this story. Hope your still interested ;) update on Monday.

Once again sorry you guys. X(
I know I said update on Monday but I finish early so I was just like "why not now?" :) Your still getting a update on Monday don't worry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"No" Clark whispered.

"no no no no." He continued, eyes wide in disbelief. Bruce was here, standing in front of him. Why? Why was he here and not upstairs resting? Or back in Gotham? Why isn't he as far away from Clark as possible?

"Why?" Clark said, giving voice to the question. "Why are you here? Wh-what are you doing here?" he continued to ask as he roused up from the bed backing up further putting as much space as he can between him and Bruce.

"You shouldn't be here. I can't be trusted not after I-" Clark choked back a sob, unable to say the word, "After what I did to you. You can't be near me."

Bruce didn't respond at first, eyes staring intently, observing Superman. All the while Clark looked anywhere but Bruce, eyes locking instead with Diana; who've been quietly observing him as well. "Diana why did you let him come here? Do know you how dangerous this is?" Clark questioned.

Before Diana answered Bruce spoke. "She brought me here because I asked her."

"But Wh-"
"Because I needed to know the truth."

"The truth?" Clark finally met Bruce's eyes at that. "You mean you-you don't remember what happen either?"

"Oh" Bruce scoffed, "I remember; I remember how; after that battle with Darkside, I practically put you on my back and dragged you here to the Watchtower"

Clark felt his heart clench. "Bruce please"

"I remember cleaning the blood off you, treating your wounds, putting you under those sun lamps trying to save you life."

"Please no." Clark begged. He didn't want to hear this. Not again. It had killed him the first time. But now; hearing it from Bruce, he couldn't being to describe the pain he was feeling.

"And I remember," Bruce persisted, despite Clark protest. "You waking up"

"No"

"And grabbing me"

"Please"

"Dragging me back to the Fortress"

"God"

"And I remember how you raped me repeatedly for days. No matter how much I begged you stop. Till I was so weak and in so much pain I couldn't move."
As he spoke Bruce watched as Clark slide down the wall of his cell. Curling in on himself as if trying to escape the cruel reality off his words. By the end Clark was a sad sobbing mess on the floor.

"I-I'm so so so sorry Bruce I didn't mean... I don't kn-know why I-"

Bruce ignored Clark's apology. "I remember all that so that's not the truth I'm looking for is it?"

"I du-don't understand." Clark hiccupped.

"Clark" Bruce said slowly as if speaking to a child. "Diana told me that you claimed to have no memories of what happened. Is that true?"

Clark nodded.

"You also weren't in control of your action when the League found us days later?"

He sniffled; nodding again.

"You understand how farfetched that may sound? Especially since they have ruled out the possibility of mind control or magic. I bet they even tested for any forms of Kryptonite."

Clark eyes widen at the implication; "You can't possible think-"

"Someone rapes another person and then has amnesia about the whole experience." Bruce tilts his head; cocking a eyebrow, "Sounds pretty convenient doesn't it?"

"NO!" Clark shouts, in outrage. Getting off his knees he marches in front of thick glass separating him from Bruce.

"Bruce do you honestly believed I could do something like this! For Rao sakes your my best friend! I
have nothing but the deepest admiration and respect for you I would never purposely destroy what we had by doing something so disgusting! How could you possible think that?"

Bruce didn't back down from Clark sudden anger, standing his ground, his eyes flickered a crossed Clark face judging his reaction. Frustrated Clark slammed his fist on the glass causing both Flash and Wonder Woman tense up despite the red sun lamps keeping Superman from shattering the glass. "Well?!!"

Diana made to move but Bruce put a hand up stopping her. Turning back towards Superman, he continued search for something in his eyes before letting out a long sigh his body physically relaxing. "No I don't think that Clark I never have."

Chapter End Notes

Leave Comments. I want to know your thoughts.
"I don't think that Clark I never have. I just need to be sure."

"what?" Clark blinked confused before what just happened dawned on him.

Bruce had been interrogating him and he didn't even notice. He probably wanted to be certain that whatever cause this had truly been some external forced. Clark felt his heart swell and cracked a bit at this realization. It cracked because in spite of his claims the interrogation meant that Bruce had some doubts about Clark innocent's and it swell because clearly Bruce was relieved to be wrong.

"Clark" Bruce started; voice filling with determination "I'm going to figure out what happened to you. And make sure it never happens again."

Clark shook his head. "No Bruce. You need to rest let the League handle this."

Bruce frowns at that. "Don't give that bullshit. Do you really expect me to sit back and do nothing?"

"I just think the less your involved the safer you'll be. At least wait until we have some understanding of what happened."

Bruce snorts, "It's a little late to be worried about my safety." He instantly regretted the snark as his friend face dissolved into a pained expression. "There is no way I'm going to stay home sick when something like this has happened. Especially with no leads and the League fumbling around for answers. This is a all hands on deck protocol Clark and you can be damn sure I'm doing my part."

Clark opens his mouth to protest before snapping it shut remembering who he was talking too.

Telling Batman not to get involved in a mystery is the same as telling him not to be Batman. Utterly ridiculous.

Clark heaves a heavy sigh, "Fine just promise me you'll be careful."

Bruce smirked, "Aren't I always?"

Clark gave a exasperated huff "Bruce"

"Fine I promise." Bruce said sobering up. "Another thing. We establish that you don't have any visual recollection but what about sensory? What do you remember feeling? Do you recall feeling someone else being in control of your body?"

Clark faced pinched together in thought; "Yes and no. I remember not feeling in control, but it didn't feel like someone was controlling me. It felt my body was moving on its own. But more than anything I felt fear and...and failure."

"Failure?" Bruce echoes.
"Yes, like I had failed to do something important but I can't figure out what. And there was this...this awful aching need to...to..." Clark trails off, suddenly unable to look at him anymore.

"Need to what?" Bruce asks, latching on to this information. Clark shook his head, staring at the floor. "Look I know this is hard for you, but I need all the information I can get. Need. To. What?" Clark head abruptly snaps up in Bruce direction pinning with his intense gaze.

"Breed." He growls.

Suddenly Bruce felt strong hands pulling him away from the glass. "All right that's enough." Diana's rings out, "Bruce I'm taking you back upstairs this instance."

Bruce didn't struggle at first letting Diana drag toward the doorway all the while never taking his eyes off Clark. It wasn't until he saw Clark blinked rapidly as if, coming out a trace, with a horrified expression washing over his face did he finally pull himself from Diana grasps.

"Bru-

"Just one second." He quickly walks back. "One last thing Clark." Bruce turns to his left. "Flash." The young man nearly jumps out his boots at his sound of his name. Clearly he had thought that he had been forgot during the whole ordeal.

"y-yeah Bats." Bruce put his hand up gesturing it in a clear 'come closer' motion. When wally is close enough Bruce grabs the tray that was still in his hands. Opening the latched on the glass Bruce pushes the food through.

'Eat." He orders. "I'm not going to have you died of starvation before I have a chance to figure this out." Clark looked down at the messy remains of his dinner.

"What...happened?"

"yeeeah I kinda dropped it." Wally says, awkwardly. "my bad Sup"

Closing the latched Bruce points at Clark "You are going to eat everything on that tray while Flash goes upstairs and get you another one and then your going to eat that too."

Before Clark could response Bruce turns around marching back to the entrance with Wally following close behind. Looking back one last time Bruce gives Clark one of his infamous Batman glares. "I'm going to be extremely busy with this case and I don't want to be distracted over something as trivial as you not eating got it?"

Feeling his eye well up Clark nods "Yes" he says, his voice cracking.

"Good!" And with that Bruce left.

As soon as the door close Clark lets out a relieved sob. Before now he had been so sure that his friendship with Bruce had been ruined. Defiled and tarnished by what he did. But Bruce still cared about him and wanted to do everything in his power to help him.

Even though he knew that they'll never have what they had before the prospect that they may have some resemblance of it filled him so much happiness. Picking up the spork on his tray he brought the cold food to his mouth. Over the last few days food had been so flavorless, now Clark moaned at the taste, allowing himself to hope that things will get better.

Meanwhile on the other side of the door Bruce threw up.
next update. next Monday.
Bruce threw up.

At least his body attempted to. However do to him not consuming any solid food for the last few days the end result was him dry heaving on the floor. He could feel his stomach cramp up and a pounding headache start to develop. That odd pain in his lower abdomen had returned while he had been speaking to Superman. It hadn't been even really noticeable at first, a small dull ache, easily ignorable. But as the conversation wore on it became worse, a fierce pulsing throb. He, himself was surprise that he was able to keep straight face during the whole altercation. However, now out of Superman's presence, it seem to escalate even higher becoming a deep stabbing pain, that racked his whole body and causing his stomach to contract.

As he heaved again Diana kneeled down placing a hand on his shoulder. "Bruce do you wish for me to fetch a doctor?"

Bruce spit on the ground before shaking his head "no I'm ok. Listen I need you to go upstairs gather my things and get ready for me to teleport home."

Diana eyed him with concern clearly against the idea of sending him home in this condition.

Bruce grabbed her hand and looked at her allowing himself to look as pitiful as he felt, " Diana please I just..I just want to go home"

She stared a bit longer before getting up, " I'll return shortly."

After she left Bruce lean against the wall, breathing heavily. Letting the cold steel walls of the ship sooth his over heated skin. As he sat there Bruce let his mind wonder on the cause of his body sudden wave of sickness. What could have cause his body violent reaction? The doctor had confirmed already that Bruce didn't have any serious internal damage so that couldn't be it. Bruce consider briefly that perhaps it was lack of food before quickly dismissing it. He has been on the brink of starving before and is well aware The effect it has on the human body. Another possibility was; of course, his visit with Superman. This was highly likely since Bruce was sure that he once read an article that states that victims of sexual assault could become violently ill in the presence of their attacker. If that is the case and it was just a...side effect of his ra...assault. It was something Bruce needed to over come quickly. Clark had enough guilt and the last thing he needed was to constantly be reminded of what happened by Bruce vomiting every time he see him.
It took him a moment to notice a hand rubbing soft circles on his back. Turning slightly he saw a nervous looking Flash looking back at him. His hands drawn back, hovering over him. "Is this..ok?" he asked uncertain. Bruce blinked before leaning back on the wall "it's fine." he muttered softly. Flash hesitated a moment longer before returning back to his task.

Bruce repress the urge to sigh, closing his eyes he felt his body start to relax. He didn't want to admit it but for some odd reason it felt...nice having someone touching him. It was not like before when Wally had a nearly brought on a panic attack from suddenly hugging him. In fact it was the complete opposite, the soft caresses made Bruce want to lean into the touch. Something that was all together confusing. Batman was not a very physically affectionate person. It was a well know fact that he did not like people touching outside what was necessary. Excluding a few choice people of course.

The fact that he was not only enjoying being touch but was craving more disturbed him greatly. Was this another side effect of being rap-assaulted? Do victims become needy for affection as well?

Once he's back in Gotham he going need to do study more on the subject. Perhaps let Nightwing patrol the city a little longer while he research. Bruce eyes blinked open.

Crap Nightwing.

He's going to want answers. Hell they all will and he seriously doubt that any of them will buy whatever bullshit answer Bruce comes up with. They'll want to get involved with instigation because the truth of the matter was that his children were just as fiercely protective of him as he was of them. And as much as that moves him it was also frustrating. He didn't want them to get involved in this couldn't risk what happened to him happening to one of them. But even now Bruce knew that would not be a good enough reason for them not to help and if Bruce wasn't going to give them the information they need they'll find their own ways of obtaining it. Even...

Bruce reached back grabbing Wally's hand causing him to jump. "S-sorry." Wally said, already apologizing for something he didn't know he did.

Bruce shook his head "No" he said turning back to look at him "Flash listen I know you and Nightwing are close but I want you swear something to me." Gripping both his shoulders and bring him nearer and stared intensely into his eyes "Swear to me that no matter what you won't tell Nightwing what happen to me. That you'll keep it a secret along with the rest of the League"

Wally looked back at him eyes wide, his lower lip trembling. "Bats I-Bruce"

"No Wally" Bruce said sternly, "I know you may thinks it unfair of me to ask you this but I need your word. You won't tell Nightwing. Swear it!" Bruce punctuated the last part by shaking Flash.

Wally eyes began to glisten as he nodded "Ok Bats" he choked "I swear."

Bruce release him satisfy. Just then elevator ding revealing Diana.

"Bruce the teleporter ready." Getting off the ground Bruce joined Diana in the elevator. Looking back he saw Flash was still on the floor. Hunched over with his head hanging. Bruce felt guilt flood his body at the sight. It really was unfair what he was doing, asking the young man to lie to his best friend. But he couldn't risk it.

As Diana press the button for the top floor Bruce spoke one last time.

"Wally,"

"Yeah" Flash answered, a soft quiver in his voice.
"Thank you"

Flash's shocked, teary eyed expression was last thing he saw before the doors shut.

Gotham 4:37 am

Dick groaned at the loud annoying sound of his phone going off. Rolling away from the warm body curled up next to him he reached down grabbing his pants. Reaching inside he pulled out his phone not even bother to check who it was, "Yeah" he said groggily, too tired to try to be polite.

"Dick" a familiar voice whimpered on the other end.

"Wally?" Dick said. Hearing the distress in his friend voice Dick got up, sitting the edge of the bed. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"Dick" Wally repeated, sniffling a bit "Batman going to kill me."

Chapter End Notes

You know updates will be every Monday until I say otherwise.

Yesterday was my B-day. I am now 24!!!!

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