

Batman: Dark Romance



Batman stood above the vat of boiling chemicals, his head swimming with acrid, industrial fumes that reminded him of nail polish. The chemical plant swum in shadows, moonlight from the windows cutting across the floor. Batman's heart fluttered as he looked down at the vat, staring at it with the same sense of awe and wonder as a religious pilgrim might feel upon visiting the site where their savior was born.

Indeed, this was none other than birthplace of The Joker, the place where an ordinary man had been transformed into a deity. Batman trembled slightly as she contemplated what she now intended to do on orders from The Joker: she, too, would dive into the chemicals, and then she would become a woman worthy of such a great and powerful daemon.

Don't do this, Batman, buried deep inside Hailey's subconscious railed. He knew that if Hailey took this step, he would lose what little grip he had. Hailey would be all, and he would be in thrall to his worst enemy. He would become The Joker's adoring lover, and the thought sickened him. Don't do this. Don't do this.

He didn't realize the memory wasn't even real, but another implant from Ivy. Hailey could feel the small voice within her begging her not to take the leap, not to plunge into a dangerous and exciting future. It did not sound like Bruce Wayne to her. It sounded like her mother: Don't follow your dreams. Ignore your heart. Get married. Have babies.

"Never, mother dearest!" Batman shouted out loud. She climbed over the catwalk railing, launched herself into the air and executed a perfect swan dive, grinning as she felt gravity pull her down, down into the bubbling chemicals. She closed her eyes just before impact, felt the heat of the vat, then the burn as the chemicals seeped into her skin. Swimming to the surface, she threw her wet hair back and looked at her arms, her hands, laughing manically as she saw she now had the same white skin as The Joker.

She laughed and laughed, her high-pitched voice echoing around the industrial plant, bouncing off the walls until it sounded like a thousand thousand Haileys celebrating their coming of age into insanity.



For the next few months, Hailey visited Mr. Joker regularly at Arkham. She carefully covered her face and hands with flesh tone makeup, wore panty hose, but once they were alone, she would wipe off some of the makeup so Joker could see her true self. Joker gave her instructions, and she followed them, eager to build a life for them together. Using a series of shell companies, she bought a building for their secret hideout, purchased weapons and toys for her man, hired thugs to build his army.

She trained intensely, working on her legs, her ass, her tummy. Batman wanted to please her man more than anything, had to be perfect, gorgeous. She wanted to look like a Roman statue, the embodiment of female perfection, and any little flaw she saw in herself drove her back to the treadmill, the yoga mat. She had to be the perfect woman. She just had to.

At long last, the day came when she sent one of her hired goons to smuggle a single bobby pin to the Joker. It was all he needed. The next evening, she saw on the news: The Joker has killed three guards and escaped. She laughed and lay back, hugging herself and kicking her feet in the air like a happy little baby. Yes! Yes! The master was free, and he would be coming for her.

Bruce wilted, wailed. He had done this. He had helped The Joker escape and caused the death of three men. He struggled to regain control. He had to regain control. But, Hailey was stronger, and he found himself obsessing over what The Joker would think when he saw Batman naked for the first time.

He and Hailey trembled with excitement. Finally, they would be able to please their man in the way a woman was meant to please her man. Finally... the scene began to fade to black.... Wait, Hailey thought, even as Bruce sighed with relief. Did we do it?

Back in the Present Day

Batman woke to the sound of a cracking whip. Sitting up with a start, he put a hand to his cheek, eyes wide with terror as Poison Ivy strode into his cell, whip in hand. "Get ready for pain little girl," she said.



“No,” Batman, still under the power of her mind control spores, heard himself whimper. “Please...” He scampered away, terrified, but the cell was so small there would be no escaping.

“Not so fast!” Joker shouted as he burst through the cell glass and took up a position between Poison Ivy and Batman, who crawled over and wrapped his arms around The Joker’s leg, hugging it like a frightened child.

“You!” Ivy said, taking a step back. “What are you doing here?”

“I came for my woman,” The Joker shouted, patting

Batman on the head.

“Your woman? That’s Batman, you fool.”

“I know, and she loves me, don’t you sweet pea?”

Batman looked up at The Joker, a radiant smile on his pretty face. “More than anything,” he said in a breathy voice. “More than anything.”

Ivy hid her smile as she and The Joker continued to play out the absurd script. “I won’t let you take her! Batman is mine.”

“Stand aside, you foul weed,” The Joker said, clenching his fists. He and Ivy had a staring contest, glaring into each other’s eyes. Ivy clenched her fists and stared back. Batman’s heart was racing like a frightened bird’s.

Finally, Ivy broke. “Fine,” she said. “You’re too strong. The power of your love is too strong. Take her, since she wants to be with you anyway.”

The Joker swept Batman into his arms and lifted him off his feet, the two of them marching past Ivy to freedom. “I think I might faint, I’m so happy,” Batman gushed, staring in wonder at The Joker’s pretty eyes, his gorgeous green hair. At last, at last, at the long last, they would be together.

Later, at their new secret lair...



“A morgue?” The Joker cackled. “You bought us a morgue?”

“Do you like it?” Batman asked. He needed The Joker’s approval so badly.

“I love it!” The Joker screamed, snaking his arms possessively around Batman’s slender little body. Holding him from behind even as he pressed himself against Batman’s big, plump booty. “Batman,” Joker whispered as he squeezed his body against the soft, round little thing Ivy had made of

him. "I know you're in there, and I just want to tell you how much I am going to enjoy fucking your brains out you dirty little girl."

Batman railed, struggled to get some control, any control, but he had none, was utterly powerless even as he felt himself get hot and wet, wanting, needing The Joker inside him.

They began to kiss, and take off each other's clothes. As Joker pulled Batman's bikini top off, the other man's full, heavy breasts swayed free, and Joker applauded. "You've got incredible tits, Batman," he said.

"Omigod, thanks," Batman said, arching his back and turning slightly to the side so his man could get a better look. Joker dove in with his hands, his hot, wet mouth, and Batman squealed with pleasure as The Joker played with his breasts.

Soon, they were both naked, and the foreplay was rising, rising and they both knew it was just about time for the real thing to get started. Batman, laying under The Joker, reached down with his soft little hand, grabbed his rock-hard member meaning to slip it into him and...

A sudden flashback: Ivy, whispering in his ear, telling him things.

He let go of The Joker's dick and instead slapped the other man hard across the face. Joker sat back, surprised, at first seeming a little angry, and then he smiled and began to laugh. "You love getting slapped, don't you?" Batman said as he rolled them over and straddled The Joker. "You love getting beaten up by Batman."

"Yes," Joker whispered, his eyes glassy with desire. "Every time I escape, I come right to Gotham and commit more crimes in order to draw you to me. Hit me. Slap me. Dominate me, Bats. I'm begging you."

Batman giggled. "With pleasure." He bopped Joker on the nose. "In a sec. You just wait here, doll. I need to get something."

Joker lay on his side, curious as to what Batman had gone to get. When the shapely hero returned with a strap on thrusting forward from his hips, The Joker curled up into a ball and shied away. "Wait. No. I don't want—"



“Who cares what you want?” Batman said as he stalked The Joker, rolled him over and grabbed his wrists, yanking his arms behind his back. “Special delivery,” Batman grumbled as he got to work.

The Joker squealed, loving and hating it as Batman claimed the dominant position. He had, indeed, always loved being punished by Batman, but he’d never wanted it like this.

Six months later

The Joker strutted into Ivy's Greenhouse, his high heels clicking with each dainty step. "Hey, gorgeous," Ivy said, looking him up and down. He was dressed as Harley Quinn, or as the old Harley Quinn used to dress. His budding young breasts rounded out his bikini top nicely, and they jiggled prettily with his every step. "This," The Joker said, planting one first on his rounding hips and gesturing at his body with the other, "is not what we agreed to." He now had a high pitched, soft voice like a tween girl.

"Your voice is getting so pretty," Ivy said with a shrug.

"You've had your fun. Now, fix this."

"Oh, I am fixing you," Ivy said, making a scissors motion with her fingers. "You're sick, Jokerette. Wanting to turn Batman into your sex slave, wanting to turn any woman into your sex slave. Well, now you will end up being her sex slave—and a sexy little one to boot. You deserve this."

The Joker stomped one of his little feet, breasts quaking. "Turn me back. Now!"

"Or, what, honey buns?" Ivy said. "You're going to throw a hissy fit?"

The Joker glared at her. She'd inflicted her mind control spores on him. He couldn't do a thing. 'I'll—I'll get Luthor or – or—Black Manta or—someone. I'll get someone to take you out."

"How cute, threatening to get a man to fight for you." She patted Joker on the cheek. "I can see you're hormonal, maybe starting your period. Here's what you're going to do, babe. You're going to turn around and sashay right out the door on those sexy heels of yours. You're going to make your walk extra sexy, and you're going to do some shopping therapy. Buy yourself some pretty things. That's what girls like you do, and your girlfriend has money."

"But—"

"Bye, girl," Ivy said, blowing him a kiss laced with more mind control spores. "Now show me that pretty smile."

Joker smiled, though his eyes burned with hate. He turned on his heels and walked out, putting a little extra swing in his hips. Maybe shopping therapy

was a good idea, he thought. He did love shopping, and there was an adorable tennis bracelet he'd been planning to steal. Why not just buy it instead? I mean, Ivy was right: his girlfriend was rich, and she loved to dote on him. Maybe he should count his blessings, he thought. A girl could do worse.



One Year Later

“Bruce,” Selena purred as she gave Batman a hug and the two shared air kisses. She put her hands on his soft shoulders and looked him up and down, then let her eyes linger on his deep, shadowy cleavage. “I’m still jealous.”

“You should be,” Bruce said.

“Oh! The bitch is back.”

“You look pretty, too,” Batman said. “Not like you don’t know that.” Still, he was thinking, “I’m prettier than her.” The two talked for a bit and then went their separate ways.

As he mingled and chatted, Bruce Wayne continued to try and get used to his new life as a woman. Going to the gala, he’d bought a new little black dress, had his hair done. It was so important for a woman like him to be glamorous. Photographers followed his every move and were constantly snapping pictures.

It had turned out Ivy hadn’t lied. After Batgirl and Nightwing had rescued him from Jokerette—or had they rescued Jokerette from him?—he’d been partially deprogrammed, and they’d managed to undo the whitening stain from his skin, but so far no one had been able to find a way to turn him back into a man. It had, of course, been awkward as hell introducing himself back to the world as a woman, and there had been some legal wrangling necessary to prove he was Bruce Wayne—or had been. He now went by the name Hailey Wayne, and after a lot of initial curiosity, it seemed people were doing a better job accepting that he was a female now than he was.

Champagne glass in hand, he smiled and flirted with the men, gossiped with the women. He was learning the boundaries, the things that were expected of him now that he was a female. Whereas other men used to ask him his thoughts on the markets, the men mostly just talked at him now,

complimenting him on how pretty he was, trying to impress him. It was women who now wanted his advice on where to put their money, though there was also talk about the next seasons fashion as well, without a doubt.

Hailey was still there. Her memories. He was more in control, but she was still there. The Bruce Wayne of old would gladly have gotten breast reduction surgery, for example. His D-cups were always getting in the way, and they left him with terrible back aches, but Hailey loved her breasts, had wanted big boobs since she'd been little, and he'd been unable to overcome her resistance. He'd also kept his long hair and stayed blonde because her need for those things was too strong in him. Besides, he had to admit, he looked sexier blonde.

It wasn't so bad being a blonde with a killer rack. He never lacked for male attention, and a deep and abiding love for men was one thing he and Hailey would always have in common.

Speaking of which, he spotted Jaques Javalier across the room. Jaques was a beast in the sack and Bruce was horny. He crossed the room, smiling, looking forward to a night of champagne, chocolate and rolling in the hay with Jacques. Maybe it would be premature for some women to just assume that they would end up spending a night with any man those chose, but it wasn't for Batman.

The thing about Batman is, she always gets her man.

