

Harper burst through their apartment door and flung herself on the couch, crashing into Stephanie as she did. She seized the remote and flicked through the channels until she found some horror movie, or horror TV Show or horror... something. Stephanie didn't know. Horror always made Stephanie squeamish, and she figured that's why Harper chose it. Usually, she put on the horror movies when she wanted to have fun annoying Stephanie. Today, it just felt like she needed time to herself.

"Please don't say anything. I'm not in the mood for Basic Blonde" Harper said, a tiredness beneath her bravado. Harper would never have chosen Stephanie to be her friend, let alone her roommate and partner-in-superhero-crime (superhero-crime? That sounded wrong. Partner in superheroing? That was missing something). But they'd somehow ended up together, and Harper hated to fact that not only did they work well together, but that she actually thought Stephanie was cool. Stephanie Brown and Harper Row. The Spoiler and Bluebird. Harper was never going to accept that without a fight. They may be friends, they may be partners, but Harper didn't have to be happy about it. Add a bad day and the usually angry Harper feeling even angrier? Harper just couldn't help herself. But Stephanie didn't mind. She knew Harper cared.

Stephanie gave Harper a cheeky kiss on the cheek. "Don't worry, I know you love me" she said. She dodged Harper's wild swipe at her as she got up from the couch. It isn't like she didn't tease Harper back.

"I assume you won't be joining me for patrol, then?" Stephanie continued, as she started to unbutton her shirt and enter her room. Stephanie took Harper's lack of reply as an answer, as she suited up as Spoiler.

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She had no Bluebird watching her back tonight, providing cover with her taser gun, but Stephanie didn't mind. She liked to fight alongside Harper, but she didn't need to. She'd fought off and evaded an army of assassins. She'd defeated her father, a real life, legitimate (Z-list...) supervillain. She'd been trained by Catwoman. Well, a Catwoman. Not the real one. You know what? She should have stopped with the assassins thing. That did sound good. Like a real accomplishment. Like she was a badass. Because she was a badass, and she liked it. Who cares if her father was the Cluemaster, a crappy Riddler knock off? She'd saved the city, just like Batman had.

But no saving the city tonight. Tonight, she had a different problem. Superheroines all around the country had disappeared. Starfire, Raven, Supergirl, Tigress, that new Green Lantern. Wonder Woman had just announced that Wonder Girl had disappeared. And last week, the disappearances hit Gotham as Black Canary and Zatanna disappeared during a patrol together. Stephanie was going to find out why.

Through careful investigation of their last known conversations and an interrogation of every Gotham vigilante's favourite source of criminal knowledge, the Penguin, Stephanie had found her next lead. A warehouse where the Riddler and his crew were hiding out, where Black Canary and Zatanna were supposed to be heading towards before their disappearance.

Now, she was crawling along the rafters of the warehouse, spying on the scene below. The Riddler was pacing around, lost in his loud monologue about his latest, most genius plan yet blah blah blah. His men just sat bored, expect for brief bursts of enthusiastic nods whenever the Riddler looked in their direction. Stephanie gripped her bo staff confidently in her hands. Well then, no time like the present.

She dropped from the ceiling, landing right in the middle of the group. "Wow. Beating up the Riddler. Wonder what my therapist would say about that" she quipped, as she threw one of her shuriken at the nearest thug. Perfect aim. The thug was down. Eiko had trained her well "See, nothing wrong with being trained by the OTHER Catwoman. Who cares that now she's a big baddy" Stephanie muttered, before realising she'd said that out loud. Inside voice! Remember inside voice.

The fastest thug to react charged, positioning himself perfectly to get whacked by Stephanie's staff. "Anyway, back to the therapist thing, because damn, my therapist must be laughing at me. I mean, how cliché is this? Have I turned into a joke?"

Another thug came to support Mister I-Just-Charged-Stupidly-Into-the-Spoiler's-staff, while Stephanie threw another shuriken into Mister Fourth-and-Final. No takedown, but the hit was bad enough that Mister Fourth decided to cut his losses and run. Just the two in front of her, and Riddler.

Mister I-Haven't-Thought-of-a-Name-for-You-Yet and Mister I-Just-Charged-Stupidly-Into-the-Spoiler's-staff (she needed to think of easier names) stepped around her, trying to flank, while the Riddler just stood back with a smug look on his face. "The Spoiler. One who discloses the answers early? Let's face it. You may sound like you should be my mortal enemy, but you just don't measure up. You can't spoil my genius. Get'em, boys".

The thugs were good, but Stephanie was better. She beat back their assault, giving Mister I-Just-Charged-Stupidly another good whack. He was stumbling, so Stephanie pushed her attack and took him out. Just Haven't-Thought-of-a-Name and Riddler left. See, she didn't need Harper.

"I mean, at least it is just Riddler. Imagine if it was Cluemaster. Then I really would turn into a therapist's wet dream!" Stephanie continued, as she took down the final thug.

"Cluemaster? CLUEMASTER? That moronic buffoon is an idiot compared to my genius!" Riddler screamed, swinging his staff at her with anger. Not exactly what she meant (Go Secret

Identity!), but who cares? The Riddler took it for an insult to his intelligence, and got angry. And stupid. Very, very stupid. Stephanie hooked her Bo Staff inside the question mark that topped the Riddler's staff, and thrust it away from him. The Riddler didn't stop his assault – his genius was at stake! But a scrawny, unarmed man was no match. She took Riddler down with ease. Four down, one running scared. She wanted to do a little dance.

No. Game face, Stephanie. She marched up to Riddler, foot on his chest and bo staff at his neck. "What happened to Black Canary and Zatanna?"

At this, the Riddler laughed. "The singer and the magician? They're getting ready for their performances. If you want to see them, you'll need a ticket"

"What do you mean, performance? Ticket?"

"Aren't you the Spoiler? Aren't you supposed to know? Supposed to spoil the big mystery?" As he said this, the lights went out.

Stephanie turned, quickly adjusting to the darkness. "Oh, what timing!" Riddler laughed in the background, as armed commandos burst in and surrounded her, weapons at the ready. Stephanie knew she had no options. She stood in the middle of a warehouse, with nothing around her. She couldn't get close enough to them to strike with her bo staff, and there were too many of them to handle with her shuriken.

She entered battle stance just as the pop of a rifle sounded, and a dart planted itself in Stephanie's breast. And all of a sudden, she was feel to the ground.

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Stephanie woke up. Her arms and legs were sore and she just wanted to sit down. It had been a week since she'd been shot in that warehouse, and every time she woke up, it was the same. Her arms were cuffed together and chained high above her head. She still had her costume on, but her utility belt had been emptied and someone had searched her suit thoroughly for every hidden lock pick. They'd pulled down her face mask to stuff a cloth in her mouth, reducing her voice to just an mmph, before pulling the face mask back up and hiding the gag. Someone's idea of a joke.

A collar was wrapped tightly around her neck, and she could feel the steel of the electrodes piercing into her skin. Whenever Stephanie acted out, her captors had no problem electrifying her into compliance. She'd quickly learned it wasn't worth acting out, even if it didn't fully spare her from the shock. Sometimes, they shocked her just for fun.

Opposite her, stood Zatanna and Black Canary. They were chained up the same way, hands cuffed above their heads, and collared with the same cruel electrocollars. They were still in their

costumes, but someone had decided to pull down Black Canary's bustier, revealing her naked breasts. Her nipples were erect from the cold. Zatanna's outfit, like Stephanie's, had been left in place, but this did not stop their captors from groping their breasts as much as they groped Black Canary's every mealtime. Stephanie had never felt so degraded in her life. But she, like Black Canary, refused to give in, staring determined at their captors as they groped and fondled. Resisting was pointless, but Stephanie wasn't going to let them see her defeated. Nor would Black Canary. Zatanna, however, couldn't help but show the defeat in her eyes.

She knew Harper would be looking for. And Batgirl, and the rest of the Gotham superheroes. It won't take long to for them to be found, and when they did...

Stephanie's thoughts were interrupted by the return of one of their captors, in time for dinner. The captor was dressed in the same black commando gear that they were dressed in at the warehouse, masked and totally anonymous. Stephanie only recognised which one this was by the cruel way that he twist her nipple as he groped her breast.

Stephanie was fed first, as her face mask was pulled down and the cloth was removed, before being force fed a disgusting slurry while her captor's hand assaulted her crotch. It was followed by a similarly forceful drink of water, but Stephanie lapped up every drop she could. After hours between feeding salivating into that cloth, water had never tasted as beautiful in her life.

As soon as the water was pulled away from her mouth, Stephanie took one last big, desperate breath of air before a fresh cloth was stuffed into her mouth and her face mask was replaced. Her captor gave her one last grope, reaching inside of her pants and sliding a finger into her vagina, before walking over to Zatanna while Stephanie tried to ignore the shameful feeling how aroused she was. "It's your big day, girls. The day you've been looking forward to" he announced. Stephanie couldn't hide the sudden worry in her eyes, and her captor appeared to enjoy the sight.

"Get ready Canary, because after dinner, you're on first" he continued, as Zatanna was fed. As he moved on to Black Canary, Zatanna shared a hopeless glance with Stephanie. And after Canary was finished being fed and her gag was reapplied, he pulled back her bustier and unlocked her cuffs from the chain holding them above her.

Black Canary attacked immediately, but not fast enough to stop him from pressing the button to her collar. She fell to the ground in pain, writhing until her lesson was learned. She lay there for a moment, before being pulled up off the ground, her cuffs leashed in front of her and led away from their cell.

Stephanie and Zatanna could do nothing but wait until the captor to return. Zatanna didn't fight as she was taken away, only giving Stephanie another frightened glance as she was marched away.

Stephanie was alone. She didn't know what was going to happen. But she refused to give up. The others would find her. Harper would find her.

Soon, her captor returned for Stephanie. He gave her nipple one last twist, savouring it, as he whispered in her ear about how he was going to miss her. Stephanie didn't resist as he removed her cuffs from the chain above her. She'd seen what happened to Black Canary. There was no point. There would be another chance. A real chance. Soon. That would be the one she would take.

Instead, she took slow, difficult steps forward as her captor dragged her to wherever they were going. After a week standing in her cell, hanging from the chain, her legs protested at every step. But there was nothing she could do.

"Ready for your big debut?" her captor whispered, as he led her on the catwalk. Stephanie just stared at him. Whatever was going to happen, they would see her angry. They would not see her defeated.

To her right, a giant screen showed Black Canary, Zatanna and Stephanie's faces. Below Black Canary and Zatanna's faces was the word 'SOLD'. Below the screen, stood Canary and Zatanna, helpless. To her left, stood a rogue's gallery of supervillains. TwoFace, Livewire, Bane, Vandal Savage. Harley Quinn's hand was raised in the air, as she shouted out her bid with a demented grin on her face. In front of her, at the end of the catwalk, she recognised the Dealer, an old man dressed in a tuxedo and gas mask. Stephanie knew of the Dealer. He liked to sell dangerous superhero kit to the highest bidder. Looking at one of his commandos give Black Canary one last grope before handing her off to her new owner, it was clear the Dealer had gone up in the world.

Stephanie expected, at this moment, that an explosion would sound. That heroes would stream through the roof and save the day. Save her. Right in the nick of time. Batman. Batgirl. Harper. But there was no explosion, there was no one swooping in to rescue them. Instead, the bids got louder and louder...