

## Flashback



“Batman has tits!” Joker cackled as he opened the door to the mind control room and gazed lovingly at his enemy. Hurrying over, Joker cupped Batman’s firm, new breasts, laughing.

Batman, strapped into the mind control chair, unconscious, groaned and began to thrash against his restraints. His unconscious mind recoiled at the alien sensation of having someone squeeze the sensitive female breasts he shouldn’t have.

“Can he feel this?” Joker said, delighted at the idea as he squeezed and lifted his greatest enemy’s perky chest. “Does the great Dark Knight Detective know I’m playing with his tits right now?” He laughed maniacally. “You got great tits, Batman,” he shouted into Batman’s ear. “I am gonna squeeze the Charmin.”

“Get away from him,” Poison Ivy barked, slapping Joker. “You’ll destabilize the mental changes I’m making.”

“Fine,” Joker said, ruefully removing his hands. “I’ll have ample opportunity to play with them later. As for the brainwashing, remember. I want him to be my nympho love slave. Nothing less.”

“Yes, and you disgust me,” Ivy said as she turned on the mind control device. A deep rumble emerged from the device and Ivy double-checked all the monitors. “All systems go.”

“I can’t wait for this,” Joker said, watching intently as Ivy got ready to go to work. “Remember. Do not erase Bats completely. He must always be in there, buried in the subconscious, powerless to act but fully aware of everything I’m doing to him. I want him to know what he’s become, what we’ve made of him.”

“We?” Ivy said, wishing she could strap Joker down and fix him as well. Joker’s plans for Batman were disgusting to her, and she would never have agreed to turn an actual woman into Joker’s love slave. Batman, though, on some level, had it coming, and she would be glad to have him forever out of the way, reduced to a deranged nymphomaniac who lived only to please Joker.

“His face is changing already, too,” Joker said, noticing Batman’s nose had gotten smaller, his lashes longer. “Did you dye his hair, or is he a natural blonde now?” He cupped Batman’s smooth, hairless chin.

“Silence,” she cautioned Joker. “You could jeopardize the entire brain washing operation with a single ill-chosen word.”

Joker mimicked locking his mouth shut and throwing away the key. Ivy slit her eyes so he would know she thought he was an idiot. Turning her attention to Batman, she whispered, “Remember how excited you were when you got your first training bra?”

“I never got a training bra,” Batman said, in his now familiar little girl’s voice. “Boys don’t wear bras.” He found himself once more in a formless space, wearing a dress, and he immediately became aware that he was wearing a bra: he could feel the straps across his back and shoulders, could feel the cups covering his breasts. He looked down to see the top of his dress tenting.

“You’re wearing a bra,” the voice of his mother said. “So that means you’re not a boy, right?”

“I’m—no,” Batman said, plucking at his dress, feeling a confused mixture of shame and pride. “This is some kind of trick.”

“You were a late bloomer. Most of the other girls all got their breasts before you, and they used to make fun of you. They called you flatty patty.”

Batman’s mind filled with images of just that—the girls at school teasing him, mocking him. Once, he’d even worn a bra stuffed with socks to try and make it look like he’d gotten his boobs, but the girls had seen right through his ploy and made fun of him even worse. “I asked my mom if I could get breast implants,” Batman whispered, remembering his shame and despair at having a flat chest. “She just said I had to be patient. The girls in our family had always been late bloomers.”

“And then the day you finally had grown enough, your mom took you to the store and bought you your first bra,” Ivy said. Joker, looking on, smirked and covered his mouth trying not to laugh, loving the memories being planted in Batman’s mind. “You remember, right?”

“The happiest day of my life,” Batman said. He’d been thrilled to pick out his first bra, try it on, wear it out of the store. He struggled with the memory. It wasn’t true, was it? Had he been a girl?

Bruce, who in his memory was walking out of the store, feeling proud of his developing figure, his first bra, stopped. “None of this is true,” he said. “I’m a man. My name is Bruce Wayne. I never wanted breasts. I’ve never worn a bra.” His image shimmered. The dress and bra disappeared. Looking down, he saw he was a boy wearing jeans and a t-shirt. “I’m me,” he said, putting his hands on his hard, flat chest. You’re losing.”

Joker frowned and raised his palms to the sky.

Ivy just held up her palm and nodded, indicating, I got this.

The murky space melted away, and he found himself in the grand living room of Wayne Manner. His mother lay on the couch clutching a bottle of booze. She was drunk. Is this real? Bruce wondered. Hadn't his mother died the same night as his father? He looked down to see he was a boy, flat chested, wearing the same jeans and t-shirt as the memory before, the one he'd taken control of. This is real, he decided. The memory of my mother being shot must be the false memory.

"You've got to stop," Bruce said, trying to take the bottle away from his mother. "You're killing yourself." Yes. This was the all too painful truth. After his father's death, Mom had descended into a dark world of drugs and alcohol. He'd tried so hard to help her, but she just couldn't deal with the pain.

"Bitch, bitch, bitch," his mother had said, her speech slurred, eyes glassy. "I'm sick of all your complaining." She grabbed a bottle of pills from the table, tossed a handful in her mouth and washed them down with a swig of brown liquor. Bruce noted the label read Isley's.

"You need help," Bruce said. "I'm calling a rehab. You're going to get clean."

"You little brat," his mother shouted. "You don't tell your mother what to do. I'm sending you to Saint Agatha's to learn some discipline."

"A girls' school?" Bruce said. "You're so drunk, you don't even know what you're talking about. I'm a boy."

His mother snorted. "I've never seen a boy with tits like that," she said.

"What are you—" Bruce started to say, but then he felt his chest swelling, rounding, straining against his shirt. Looking down, he saw he had full, round breasts.

"You think you're a boy?" His mother said, her tone full of contempt. "Then why are you wearing a skirt?"

"I'm not—" Bruce said, but then he felt cool air swirling around his smooth legs, a pleated skirt brushing against his thighs. "What the hell?"



His mother took a swig of whiskey and wiped her mouth. “You’re a girl, Hailey, and you always have been. It’s your fault your father died!”

“No!” Bruce cried out, confused, ashamed. Am I a girl? Was I always a girl?

“If you’d been a boy we’d never have gone to that stupid ballet, but you just had to drag us to Swan Lake, and now your father is dead because he had a daughter instead of a son. You’re a murderer!”

“Stop it!” Bruce screamed, stomping his little feet, his Mary Jane’s clacking against the marble floor. “Stop it!”



Bruce struggled to keep from crying. His mother would only become more hateful if he cried, more merciless. It had been like this ever since his father had died. His mother blamed him, hated him. She'd forgotten his birthdays, called him a stupid slut. "It's not my fault!" He screamed. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!"

His mother got up, grabbed him by the hair and slapped him across the face. He saw stars. "You little snot!" She screamed, slapping him again. "You spoiled little brat."

The scene froze. “You had no one. You were completely alone.”

“No,” Bruce whispered. “I had Alfred.”

“Alfred **was** good to you, at least for the first few years,” Ivy said. “But then, when you reached puberty, he turned out to be a disgusting pervert.”

“No,” Bruce said. “He was always good to me. He still is. Alfred is the person I trust more than anyone in the world. He took care of me.”

“You’ve blocked the memory of his betrayal because it’s so traumatic. You must face the truth, Hailey. Alfred was a creep.”

“What? No,” Batman said. In the real world, he started thrashing again, struggling against his restraints. “You’re lying.”

“All the adults in your life either abandoned or betrayed you,” Ivy said. “You’re right not to trust people. You’re right to hate people.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about...” Batman found himself in a dark tunnel, running, running. He could hear footsteps echoing from down the hall, and when he glanced over his shoulder, he saw the shadow of a man, a huge man, smiling, his white teeth gleaming in the darkness like the Cheshire Cat. Batman didn’t know who the man was, but he knew the man was bad, wanted to do things to him. Batman screamed and ran, ran as fast as his little legs would take him.

“This will be painful,” Ivy said, “but you must embrace the truth, Hailey. You will be stronger for it. Stop running. Turn and face the monster.”

Batman stopped running. His heart was pounding so hard he felt it might burst right out of his chest. He struggled to breathe. “Who are you?” He asked.

The shadowy figure chuckled, walking closer and closer. Finally, he walked into a beam of light and Batman gasped. “Alfred? No. Not you. Not you, too.”

Alfred smiled, his eyes roaming up and down Batman’s body. “You’re such a pretty girl,” he whispered, licking his lips. “Come, give Uncle Alfred a kiss.”



Batman screamed, and the world shifted. He was in his bedroom getting ready for bed, and there was Alfred at his window, watching, staring, licking his lips.





His skin crawled. It made him feel scared to have Alfred look at him like that, made him feel gross, even, and betrayed. He knew what Alfred was thinking, what Alfred wanted. Somehow, Bruce felt like it must be his fault.

His memory shifted again. He'd been asleep and woke to sounds like someone was taking pictures. When he opened his eyes, there was Alfred hovering above him, snapping photos with an old Polaroid Instamatic.

"Don't make a sound," Alfred said, his eyes gleaming as he reached toward Bruce. "Take your top off."

"No. Please," Batman whimpered.

"Do it!" Alfred hissed.

"What did the pervert say when he got kicked in the chest?" The Joker called out as he came flying across the room. He looked over at Bruce and



smiled, giving him a thumbs up before kicking Alfred in the chest and

sending him slamming into the wall. “Ooof!” Alfred gasped, and The Joker slapped him across the face. “How did you know the punchline? That was a brand new joke.” Grabbing Alfred’s tie, The Joker pulled him to his feet. “You ever bother that girl again, and I’ll kill you. Understood?”

Batman felt his cheeks flush. It was—exciting—to have the Joker protect him, to see a man beat down another man, dominate him. It thrilled him to have a man defend him. It was so...so... Oh! He didn’t even know the word, but his girl’s heart fluttered.

“Yes,” Alfred said, voice full of fear. “It won’t happen again.”

“Good. Now get out of here.”

Alfred left, and a tearful Bruce ran to Joker and threw himself in the man’s arms. “You saved me, again,” Bruce said, burying his head in Joker’s chest.

“I’ll always protect you,” Joker answered. “I’m the one man you can trust, Hailey. I’ll never let anyone hurt you.”

Batman looked up at Joker, his pale face blurred by Batman’s tears. Yes, he realized. It was true. Alfred had been a creep, but the Joker had saved him. The voice was wrong. He could trust one person. He could trust Joker. Maybe the two of them, maybe they could—no. He was just being a silly girl.

The world shifted and morphed again. Bruce found himself standing in front of his full-length mirror. He wore a brand new bra with a pretty pink bows. He was a C cup now and had a bigger bust than any of the girls who used to make fun of him. He slipped his fingers under his bra straps and adjusted, admiring his profile, the impressive thrust of his breasts jutting out from his chest.

“Why are you wearing a bra?” Ivy asked. “You’re a boy.”

Bruce just shook his head as he cupped his breasts and blew a kiss at himself in the mirror. “Do I look I look like a boy to you?” He asked. “I can’t believe you’re so dumb. Did you actually think you can brainwash me into thinking I’m a boy? With these tits?”

Joker silently applauded. Ivy took a bow.

Turning off the mind control machine, Ivy picked up a notebook. Bruce sank into a deep sleep. “Harley, the real Harley, has done extensive research on the backgrounds of female delinquents. I’m building a female criminal’s back story for Batman now. Everything I’m planting will set the groundwork for him to grow up to be a very bad little girl.” She looked over her notes again, closed the notebook. “We’re done for today. The session needs time to sink in, permeate his memories. Now, go away. I can’t stand the sight of you.”

The Joker grinned. “I get that a lot.”