



□Under The Sphinx's Gaze□

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 839 words

by Arukir

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Someone has sent Edward a riddle, asking for a meeting.
What choice does he have but to accept?

Fun fact: Literally the ONLY thing I know about Music Meister is that he's a villain that uses music to hypnotize people, and he had some freaky powers in Supergirl.

[Feline form

Human face

Where wings should be

Just empty space.

What am I?]

The message blinked on Edward's computer, a private system that no one should have had access to. He stared at the riddle, having solved it in mere seconds, trying to figure out who it was from.

Just after sunset, the message changed.

[Do you know my name?

Do you know my base?

If you wish to play the game

Let's meet at my place.

22:00, Enigma. I'll be waiting.]

Fascinated, Edward grabbed his coat and left his apartment. On the street outside, he hailed a cab.

"Where ya wanna go?" The cabbie asked.

Where do you want to go? Edward refrained from correcting. "The museum, the one near the docks."

"Not gonna be open, dis time o' night." The cabbie warned, already driving off.

"I plan to break in." Edward smirked. "There's a new Egyptian exhibit I wish to see, but the entrance price is a bit outside of my budget. Maybe I'll aquire some funds while I'm there."

"Well, so long you got the money ta pay me." The cabbie shrugged, fiddling with the radio. Oh, how Edward loved this city.

He stood in front of a model of the Sphinx, looking up in wonder. Egyptian sphinxes didn't have wings, an oddity amongst their kind. This had to be the place, but he saw no sign of the one who had messaged him.

"Hello, Mr Nygma!" A voice sounded *right behind him*, making him jump with what was certainly *not* a yelp. "I'm glad you could make it."

He turned to see a man in a blue suit and white wig, orange music-note adorned sunglasses blocking his eyes. The man idly twirled a flute. Startled, Edward automatically spouted: "*Soundless doom for rodents small, for birds I'm the unknown king of all. My wisdom is praised, I'm known to be bright, though I rarely see the light of day. You know my eyes cut through the night, but do you know what it is I say?*"

"Who, who could I be?" The blue man chuckled, doing a half bow. "Music Meister, at your service, dear Enigma."

"'Music Meister?'" Edward blinked, thinking. He'd heard that name before, in a news report, but... "Aren't you supposed to be dead?"

"Yes, well, I like this life a bit too much." Music Meister sighed. "I broke the rules and just got up again, instead of moving on to the next face. Now I have to make up for it, and I'll need your help."

"You're talking more nonsense than Jerv- Tetch." Edward growled. He didn't understand what this guy was talking about, and he hated not understanding things.

"I need to put Batman through some tests, if you will." Music Meister said, ignoring him. "Prove something or other, blah blah blah, and I can't use my own powers for it. That's where you come in, young Nygma!"

"Young?" Edward shook his head. "I'll have you know that-

"Your *grandfather* is young, compared to me." Music Meister interrupted. "Oh dear, did you think I was human? Really, you're smarter than that, a genius by your species' standards."

Wait, what?

"My people are mad at me for breaking my oath." Music Meister hummed, starting to sing as he continued. "I live amongst mortals, see their joys and their strife. Again and again, living a mortal life. When it comes to an end, I must move on. In my people's eyes, what I did was wrong."

Edward felt himself calming down, but couldn't figure out why. His brain went quiet for once, filled only with that melodious voice.

"I like this life too much, I'm afraid." Music Meister sighed. "My people will banish me from this world unless I can prove myself. I need to best a hero three times in a row without my powers, using specific tests. And I need you to lure him to each encounter."

"Why me?" Edward asked, somewhat dazed. He started humming a little.

"Well, because- shit, I didn't mean to effect you this much." A blue-gloved hand waved in front of Edward's face, making him giggle. "I just wanted to calm you, not make you... You'd agree to anything right now, and that isn't what I need. We'll have to postpone this. Ah well. Until next time, Enigma."

There was a flash of light, a swirly sensation through his body, and then Edward was waking up in his own bed. It was morning, the bright sunlight giving him a headache. Had it all been a dream?

He groaned, holding his head as he sat up. On his computer was a blinking message.

[Twinkle, twinkle
I've spotted a Bat
Want to play
Mouse and cat?
Meet you there, Enigma, if you want to play.]

Edward grinned, reaching for his coat.