

Friday, October 30. 9:30ish.

I say "9:30ish", but I knew it was 9:23 pm, just like it had been the last time I pushed back my glove to check my watch. The TV above the bar said 9:27. *Jeez!* David was such a flake.

I nursed the ice-water remainders in the tumbler on the bartop before me; there was barely any Coke flavor left, much less alcohol. It was the last of my third drink, which was more than I liked to drink by myself. The problem was, I didn't have anything else to do while I waited. Besides, I was agitated, and I really needed to relax. I didn't want to waste the scene around me.

I turned away from the bar to look out over the darkened room, and saw a confetti of capes and masks and primary-colored spandex stretched over less-than-athletic bodies. Captain America, Wolverine (claws retracted, thankfully), and someone who I think was supposed to be The Maxx were flirting with a pair of Wonder Women just a few feet away from me. About a half-dozen X-men - mostly wearing the movie costumes - had lined up so Spiderman could get a group picture. There was another Spiderman holding hands with Black Cat (Mary Jane would be pissed!) over by the phones, and the Joker and Aquaman seemed to have struck up a friendly conversation on the other side of the tables.

Since it was the annual Comsplay get-together (Comics ... Cosplay ... Get it? (All right, I know, but I didn't make it up)), and tickets were expensive enough that a couple hundred of us together closed out the Gracchus room at Caesar's Palace, the costumes were really pretty good. We took them seriously. I probably knew half of the people there - at least by their alts on the comsplay board - but I didn't recognize anyone. I'd seen some photos of the other people from the site, but most of the costumes had masks, and even Joker's facepaint was too good of a disguise for me to figure out. Darn superheroes and their disguises.

No big deal, right? Just go up and say hi. We're all here for the same reason. No, that would be too simple for someone like me.

See, as much as I liked costumes, there was something about masks that made me uneasy - something about not being able to recognize someone else when they might recognize you. Call it a quirk, but Halloween - even if it was my favorite time of the year - turned me into a wallflower. By myself, alone inside my costume, I was shy and bashful. Now if David had been here already like he promised... All I needed was that one anchor - just that one person I knew for sure to make introductions, to share jokes with me instead of making me the joke...

He wasn't answering his cellphone, either. I felt like cursing. That was the trouble with drinking.

I glanced up from my phone at the clack-clacking of high-heels on the wooden floor. It was Catwoman walking up to the bar; she brushed by me and slid into a stool around the corner from mine. Of course, there were probably four or five Catwomen in the Gracchus Room tonight (thankfully, none of the Patience Phillips variety), but this one was the real deal, if I had to pick. Her costume was great - a little interpretive, but it didn't break canon.

Obviously she carried a coiled-up, black bullwhip. Beneath arm-length gloves and thigh-high boots of soft black leather, she wore a purple catsuit - probably lycra, I think - and she filled it out beautifully. She wasn't the tall, lean, statuesque type (though her boots did give her an extra three or four inches), but she could have been a model in the 50's, back when reasonable men liked their women curvy. Let

me just say that she was 'voluptuous'. Her suit must have been made to fit her exactly – the spread of her shoulders, the volume of her behind and thighs were sculpted by the suit, but not squeezed. She had a matching purple cowl with cat ears, and long, wavy black hair caught in loose band at the top of her neck. I gave her an appreciative nod; the full cowl was a much better choice than the half-mask.

She was black, with heavy-lidded eyes painted dark in eye shadow and eyeliner and whatever secret makeup women use, and with full lips covered with a deep, wet-looking red. Of course, I didn't recognize her any more than the rest of the room.

I realized that I was staring when I noticed that she was staring back. She was smiling, though, and her eyes flicked down from my face to give me the once-over. Costume parties tend to encourage an appreciative stare.

I was searching through my memory of last month's posts for anyone who had said they were coming as Catwoman, to see if I could narrow down the screen names that went with the face, when she spoke. "Buy a girrrl a drink, Boy Wonder?" Her R's rolled off her tongue like Eartha Kitt's. Her voice was surprisingly deep, though still feminine.

After what was probably an awkward pause, I came to life and nodded. "Yeah. Sure." I beckoned to the bartender.

He approached our corner of the bar and smiled. A Las Vegas bartender probably saw every kind of strange thing, but he seemed amused by the league of superheroes that were crowding his room. "What will it be?"

I glanced over to Catwoman, who wanted a "White Rrrussian." I decided then that her voice was incredibly sexy, and that I wasn't going to be even slightly annoyed by that purring shtick. Her words weren't slow, but they were deliberately enunciated - clearly formed between her lips and teeth and tongue, like precise handwriting.

"Another Jack and Coke for me."

"Right." It took him only a minute to mix the drinks, but that was enough time for Catwoman and I to make eye contact again. My eyes hurriedly flicked away from hers, but when I glanced back she was still looking. After two or three seconds we were in a staring match, and after ten I was grinning stupidly. Her smile was somewhat more feral than mine - a little more competitive. She intended to win. I focused on one of her eyes, than the other. I willed myself not to be distracted, not to let my eyes slip to her parting lips. She cheated and ran the tip of her pink tongue between them. I blinked away as the bartender slapped down his little square napkins and placed the drinks. "A White Russian – err, Cream for the Catwoman; Jack and Coke – so, uhh, Birdseed for Robin. Twelve dollars."

I fished my Visa out of the yellow pocket on my utility belt and handed it over to the bartender, who disappeared around the island.

"So *that's* what you keep in that handy little belt." Catwoman smirked at me, apparently enjoying her staring contest victory. "I always wondered. Do you mind if I take a look?" I shrugged, and began to reach for the buckle, but she beckoned with a crooked finger. I noticed that the fingertips of her gloves were fitted with sharpened points like claws, and thought to commend her on the detail.

The bartender came back with the receipt just as I made it around the corner, so while I signed the bill and worked out the tip, Catwoman poked through my belt.

"It's good quality." She opened and closed the magnetic snaps, rifled through the stash in each, ran her claws along the seams. "Good fit. Did you make it yourself?"

"I put the belt together, but not the suit." I nodded my thanks to the bartender.

"It's good. Sit herrre." She slid her bullwhip off the barstool next to her and stroked the cushion with her claws. While I sat, she eyed me and took a long sip from her sweaty tumbler.

"Thanks."

"No. Thank *you*, Rrrobin. I don't have one of your spiffy belts. You don't want to know wherrre I have to keep my card."

"Maybe I do..."

"Oh my..." Her eyes ran over me again. "What kind of manners has old Bats been teaching his protege? I suppose they can't be *that* bad, since you bought a drink for a lady."

I cleared my throat, and pitched my voice to my most earnest 50's Robin impersonation. "I must confess, Catwoman, that my motives were not entirely chivalrous. You see, as long as you're in here drinking, I can be certain you're not out burgling the priceless funerary statue of Bast, or making off with a fleet of black Cat-illacs. I'm fighting crime."

"Not very well, Boy Wonder. I've already stolen something from you." She flashed a wicked grin, and held my driver's license between two fingers.

"Hey..." It was a weak protest on my part, but I worried. My license had been in the same belt pocket as my credit cards. They were still there, right? I felt to be sure.

"Don't worry, Dick Grrrayson. Your secret identity is safe with me. Though I should probably write down the address for Wayne Manor."

I sipped heavily to stifle my anxiety over the ID she fondled. I told myself not to worry, and to stop wiggling my leg. She was harmless enough, probably. "Since you know my identity now, what's yours?"

"Oh – but didn't Bats tell you? I'm Selina Kyle." She flashed me a wide smile, and her eyes scanned over my license. "Not so much a 'Boy' Wonder, I see. A Young Man Wonder. A Legal Wonder. But you still look cute in tights." She pinched a fold in the green spandex on my hip and let it snap back. "Do you have to shave to wear these?"

"No..." I grinned awkwardly. "I already wax for swim training."

"Ahh... how delightful. I'd love to see that."

"Swim training?"

"No. Your smooth legs." Her fingertips lingered on my thigh.

I blinked the conversation into a dead end before I thought of a reply, and her hand went back to her glass.

We both sipped our drinks for a minute before she began again. "So why are you sitting here, Rrrobin, instead of out mingling with the Teen Titans?"

"Actually, I'm waiting for Batman."

She smirked.

"He should have been here a few hours ago. I don't know what's keeping him." I frowned. For a moment I'd almost forgotten about David.

"You've tried the batphone, I suppose?"

"No answer. The worst part of it all is that he reserved our room for tonight. Halloween weekend in Las Vegas is not the easiest time to find a room last minute."

"Awww. Poor thing. No penthouse suite to retire to. For what it's worth, I've always found Batman to be downright unrrreliable."

I chuckled, then glanced up at her. "What about you? Are you waiting for a Batman, too?"

"Batgirrrl, actually. But she seems to have found something more interesting under Supergirl's skirt. Out of the closet and into the cave, you know." She arched a brow.

"So I heard."

"So that puts me back on the prrrrowl again."

"I see."

She inched a little closer on her stool and placed a gloved hand on my arm, on the bare skin above my elbow. "And, lucky for me, I think I've found an unsuspecting little birdie." She gave my arm a squeeze.

A shiver of excitement ran through me. She had been teasing me ever since she arrived at the bar - of course I knew it. I was no millionaire playboy superhero, but I was a little ahead on the naïve sidekick curve. She'd had me on alert since she first brushed by me, but I was uncomfortably aroused now. Tights and aren't the most freeing environment for a healthy superhero's arousal - or the most discreet.

"You, know, Dick - I hope you don't mind if I call you 'Dick'." She had taken my hand with her other, and turned my arm over so she could stroke the soft flesh inside my elbow with the tips of her claws. "I once asked myself, 'Do cats eat bats? Or do bats eat cats?' Of course, that's a silly question, since the answer is clearrrry that cats eat bats. After all, bat-girrrl or bat-man, both are simply rrrrats with wings. But

tonight I'm asking myself why a cat would want anything to do with bats, when there's a sweet, innocent little birdie on the menu... What do you think?"

Gaahhh, is what I thought. I watched her tongue hover behind bright white teeth, which opened when she smiled. I tried to shift my hips surreptitiously to give my erection some breathing room. I was in for some real embarrassment if I moved out from beneath the bar now. Fortunately, my brain still had some blood, and it produced a comprehensible response. "...Sounds like a dilemma."

"Oh, no. Not at all. The solution is simple. You see, Rrrobin – I can solve both of our problems. Since Batman has abandoned you to my evil clutches, I'll just drag you back home with me. You'll have a birdcage for the night, and I'll have something to play with. Isn't that perrrfect?"

Before I could admit that it was, she continued. "Give me your hands."

I held them out without argument. She fished in the top of her boot and produced a ziptie, which - in one quick move - she flicked around my gloved wrists, expertly threading it and pulling it just tight enough to keep it in place. It was still loose enough that I could have wriggled a hand free if I wanted to, but I didn't think that I did. Another ziptie appeared and cinched tighter around my thumbs. "Of course, since Rrrobin is good and upright, he couldn't be seen just sauntering back to Catwoman's lair. He has to be compelled. So you just give me a wink while the Justice League here aren't looking, and we can do this thing properly."

I winked.

At that she again dipped her fingers into the top of her boot and produced a purple satin scarf, which she wrapped around my mouth as a gag. While she tied it in place, she murmured in my ear. "This was meant for Batgirl's pretty mouth, but it will do just as well for the tender half of the Dynamic Duo."

The bartender was already watching us (and confined his comments to a smirk), but once we stood away from the bar the rest of the room began to take notice. Spiderman sidled by to chortle at my predicament and take pictures. My Catwoman played up the scene, first throwing the coils of her whip over my neck, then tossing it back as though she would strike. I did my best to show fear in my eyes, but the truth was that I loved seeing her sell the role.

We left the Gracchus room with a big send-off, including applause and whistles from a couple of the other Catwomen, the Joker, and a Riddler. My Selina pushed me ahead of her like a war trophy on parade, while she proudly strutted behind.

But even after we'd left the Comsplay crowd behind she kept me ahead of her, guiding me with nudges from her re-coiled whip. I tossed her a questioning glance over my shoulder, but she only nudged me harder and continued navigating me down the hall toward the floor of the casino. I was beginning to get a little nervous. It was one thing to play like this in front of friends, even if you didn't recognize or really know them; it was quite another to act like a fool in front of strangers. I had been embarrassed enough when I walked into the casino as Robin a few hours back; then I'd skirted the periphery of the floor to catch the fewest eyes.

I stopped at the edge of the gaming floor, and set my feet when she pressed up against my back. We stood at the beginning of the long, long walkway that ran between the pits, by the 'Win the Corvette'

slots, past the Keno bar – in other words, through the busiest part of the floor. Her hand rested between my shoulder blades, and I glanced back my objection - this time I didn't have to fake the fear in my eyes. She was grinning wickedly when her eyes flicked over the floor and back to mine. "Move it, Rrrobin." She gave me a push, and I stumbled out on the gaming floor.

Holy- If I had even one more drink in me I would have cursed out loud. I was lucky my erection had faded; embarrassment was better than cold water for curing that. The Robin suit - as thin as the green tights were - felt awfully revealing. I felt worse than naked. I suppose Superman wouldn't have it any better - he's just as bright, just as clingy, and has an even dopier cape - but he's *Superman*. Women swoon for Superman. They snicker at Robin. I was sure they were snickering now.

I still hesitated, leaning back against her hand, setting my heels only to stumble forward ahead of her steady advance. There were hundreds of eyes on us; the casino staff were the worst, because if they stared I knew we were making a scene. Then I heard her deep voice just behind my ear. It wasn't a whisper, but it was low enough that no one else would have heard over the racket of the slots. "If it's any relief, Dick, everyone is staring at *me*. You're a non-person to them, just my accessory. You just need to struggle a little, to put up a fight, and you won't feel so vulnerable. And if that doesn't help, just remember that *these* are waiting for you on the other side." The bulges of her lycra-squeezed breasts pressed into my back. Her nipples were firm enough that I could feel them sliding beneath my shoulder blades - even through my cape - and for a minute I was in danger of filling out my tights again. "They're excited for you, not any of them."

She nudged me forward with the butt of her whip, and I marched.

She was right. Even in Vegas – even on Halloween weekend, when the fetishists fill up the Stardust for their Fantasy Ball – everyone stared. Their eyes only glanced over me, though, before fixing a few feet behind. I clenched my jaw, I set my shoulders, and I shrugged off the next nudge of her whip; she responded with a hiss and a firm shove to my back. When I set my heels again, it was defiance - she nestled right up behind me, whispered "Gooood," in my ear, and dead-legged me. When I ducked the coils of her whip, she swatted with her claws. Once I lunged forward, as if to break away, but the pits were crowded and I really didn't want to escape. Her fingers barely snagged the back of my arm, and the coils of her whip slipped quickly around my neck. There were laughs and hoots and cheering from every direction as she force-marched me past the Corvette.

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I didn't realize that we weren't heading for the elevators until we were almost at the front entrance. She caught my elbow and pulled me out the door.

An October night in Vegas is crisp. This was cold. My first deep breath chilled my throat and made the bare skin on my arms goose-pimple. The air would have been enough to encourage me to be brisk, but she had a better plan to urge me on.

The first time her whip cracked - about two feet to my left - I nearly jumped out of my skin. I stopped dead still, then turned back to stare in disbelief; she wore that same wicked grin again when she motioned forward with her head. The whip cracked to my right, and I hopped to it.

We drew a crowd on Las Vegas Boulevard. She loved it. She hissed at me, hissed at the crowd, swished

her ass like it had a tail, and she cracked her whip whenever the pedestrians gave her enough room. A group of tourists each filming the Bellagio's water show turned as we walked by to record us instead. (Well, they were recording *her* really, just like she said. It wasn't my perky nipples poking through my costume that had caught their eye.) She shoved me forward, clawed the space around her clear, and showed us all - especially me - just how good she was with her whip. While I continued past the Bellagio and trudged toward the Monte Carlo, the air around my head and shoulders popped and cracked. Several times I felt the wind of her whip flying past my ear; each time I flinched or tried to dodge out of the way, she laughed. The tourists applauded while I grimaced. Then she must have stopped, because suddenly I did too, yanked back to her by a tug on my cape.

She held me tightly - one arm and the whip wrapped around my waist - and I realized that she was stronger than I'd expected. Not as strong as me, of course. Well, probably not... Her arm didn't budge at my faux struggles, and those thighs of hers - there was enough power in those flanks to crush melons. Or a head. In her heels, and with her cowl ears and that mane of black hair, she had half an inch on me. Caught in her bearhug, I felt overpowered.

Flashes went off all around us. She grabbed my chin between a few clawed fingers and angled my cheek up and toward her. To the audible satisfaction of the crowd, she pulled a Michelle Pfeiffer and slathered her tongue up the side my face, from the top of my neck to the corner of my eye, and again up my jawline to my ear, which she nuzzled. "Struggle a little more, Rrrobin, or they might think you like it!"

I do like it! Through the gag, it came out more like, "I-oo ryk-ih!"

She laughed and pushed me away, sending me skipping ahead again with a crack of her whip.

It was a long walk from Caesar's Palace to the Luxor, which was where we eventually arrived. Technically was about a block and a half, but a Las Vegas block has got to be at least a mile. I jogged most of the way, stumbling ahead of my Catwoman, ducking from the occasional crack of her whip. Her lashes never struck, but still I jumped every time I heard it snap. My boots were starting to pinch, but she walked the whole thing in heels without a word, so who was I to complain? She strode behind me at a clipped, determined pace, except when we stopped, which was frequently - whenever someone wanted to take our picture, or *her* picture, or when she just wanted to stoke her arousal.

Actually, she did a good job of keeping us both aroused over the 45 minutes or so it took to walk that block and a half. The tips of her claws on the back of my neck, her hot breath on my cheek, a brush of her nipples against my arm, a flick of her tongue over my lips - any of these were enough to keep my hormones flowing, to keep me on the hazy boundary between public embarrassment and the constant glowing, heart-beating hope that she would take things just a little further. But it was her low, sultry voice and the libidinous threats it uttered that really made me worry about filling out my tights.

She liked my legs, she told me, and she liked to flick my cape away from my butt so she could leer. There was one time, on the corner between New York, New York and Excalibur, when we had stopped in the middle of a crowd with cameras and they really started to egg her on. By the end she was dry-humping the back of my thigh while moaning "Rrrobin..." over and over again right into my ear. Somewhere there is a frat-boy with about 40 great shots of her using my leg as a dancer's pole. I want a copy if you see them online.

Beside a healthy appreciation for my backside (thank you, swim team), there were two things that I

realized seemed to turn her on - her ability to arouse me (which was half of a dangerous positive feedback loop), and her ability to control me. Whether she gave her orders with her whip, with grabbing hands, or with a stern word, my obedience made her more likely to follow with an ear nibble or a whispered hint at what new dirty plan she had for me, the details of which she never quite got to before pushing me forward again. It was enough that I knew that she had the plans. But it wasn't enough for her when I simply complied – she wanted a stallion, not a gelding – so the more I pretended to struggle or - towards the end - did struggle, the more her wicked smile widened.

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At last we made it inside the Luxor, where the air was warm and there were patches of carpet I could roll my boot heels in. She directed us along the outside of the gaming floor, directly toward the elevator bank. By this point, I didn't even notice the half-dozen other people waiting for a lift with us; I was happy enough to see her re-coiling her whip.

Once we were in the elevator, she pulled me with her toward the back of the wall of the car and untied the gag. Before I even had a chance to work the cramp over my jaw, she slid the purple satin up over my mask to cover my eyes and tugged the knot tight again. I rubbed the corners of my mouth with the back of my wrists until she hissed and slapped them away from my face, taking over the job herself. One fingertip circled the outside of my lips, then wedged between them - claw tip first - to douse itself in the saliva beneath my tongue. Now wet, the same fingertip slid across my cheek and past my eye before wiggling into the center of my ear. She snickered when I jerked away from the wet willy, but meanwhile her other hand had slipped behind my cape to squeeze the back of my thigh, at the top right where it met my buttock. It slid upward, appreciatively cupping one cheek before her fingers moved to the crack between my cheeks. I was just beginning to get antsy when a quick, firm poke wedged my tights up between my buttocks. I grunted. Whatever the other people on the elevator thought about her pranks, they thought it in silence.

Several dings later it was our turn to leave the elevator, and with the blindfold in place I couldn't even begin to guess at what floor we were on.. My Catwoman prodded me, then put a hand on my shoulder and pushed me forward when I didn't budge. When she still had to force each of my steps, she nuzzled against the side of my head. "Don't worry, Dickie boy," she purred. "I won't rrrun you into any walls. I don't want my prrrize bruised *just* yet."

I should mention - though you can probably guess - that as much as masks agitate me, a blindfold gives me the sweats. My false sense of echolocation gave me the impression that the walls were only inches away, that we were walking into sharp corners. I stumbled forward, and found it impossible to walk straight. I flinched from nothing. Even with her hand firmly on my shoulders, claws not quite digging in, I would begin to list to one side, then careen back on track as she corrected. I'm sure those four drinks from Caesar's Palace weren't helping. It didn't take more than a minute for me to lose complete track of where we were, how many times we'd turned, or how far we from the elevator we'd walked.

At last, after several sharp turns and a long march down a hallway that for all I knew could have led us back to the elevator, she stopped me. I heard the swipe of a card and the thunk of hotel lock opening, and then I was steered into a room, onto carpet with a deeper pile. Ever so hesitantly I crept before her, aware now that furniture awaited my shins at one misstep. I step-felt my way further into the room until her hand caught me by the shoulder and turned me sharply left. One firm push against my chest sent me stumbling backwards; my calves hung on the edge of a mattress and I fell back flatly onto a

bed.

"Put your hands over your head, Rrrrobin, and move up to the headboard." Her sonorous voice filled the room in a way I hadn't experienced in the open spaces of the casino and Las Vegas Boulevard. It had a tone of maturity, or gravitas. She was capable of things. She was an adult. I – a senior in college and captain of the swim team – felt like a kid. I did as asked, and when my hands hit the headboard fixed to the wall behind me, I stopped.

She knelt on the bed, then; I felt her weight push down the mattress beyond my feet, then shift from side to side as she crawled over me. Her boots brushed against the outsides of my legs. She stopped when her face hovered directly over mine; I could feel her breath filling my nostrils each time I inhaled. Her elbows sank into the pillow on either side of my head, and the tips of her claws played over my cheeks, the sides of my neck, behind my ears.

"Open your mouth, just a little." She leaned down further until her chest pressed down on mine, then closed her mouth over mine. Her kiss was warm, and at first it was gentle. Her lips engulfed mine, then caught and tugged at each of my upper and lower lips in turn. When I lifted my head back against her, returning the kiss, she clapped a gloved hand over my forehead and pushed me down, holding me in place. "Be a good fantasy now," she whispered, "and just stay still." Then she kissed me again, and this time her tongue brushed over my lips before darting between them. She kept her hand on my forehead to hold me in place as she pushed deeper, then shifted and turned her face at an angle so our mouths could lock and give her better access. Her other hand groped at my ribs while she forced her tongue around the gap between my lips and my teeth, then wandered down to my hips and along the outer curve of my butt. She broke from the kiss to breathe and bite my chin, and her free hand slid back up my side, up my arm to grab my fisted hands. Restraining me thus, she plunged back into the kiss, thrusting with her tongue and spooning her saliva into my mouth. Her thumb caught the ziptie around my wrists, she lifted it up against the headboard to catch it on some hook waiting there above my head.

Then she leaned back until she sat on my pelvis. The muscles in her legs clenched, her buttocks squeezed, and she rocked a couple of inches back and forth until the friction between us hurried my erection back to life.

"Mmmm..." Her purr sent the blood rushing to all parts of my body. "Well, Rrrrobin, there are a few things I've got to take care of before this Pussy has a Dick for dinner. You are fairly trapped now, by all of the rrrrules pertaining to superheroes. You're my captive, tied up in my secret lair, awaiting a terrible fate, without much hope of escape, and I'm going to step out to do some evil deeds."

Her fingers went back to the ziptie and she tested to see how tight it was. "But I should let you in on a little secret, even before the next episode. It really wouldn't take a crack detective to escape this trap. If you want to leave while I'm gone, you can. If there's a fire, you're not restrained. I'm sure a clever boy like you can find your way out of a blindfold and into the elevator if that's what you really want. But I warn you, and this is the rrrreal trap: if you try to escape, I won't stop you. Not right now. This is when you get to make your choice; it won't come again later. But if you don't escape, Rrrrobin, you're my captive and you do as I say, as and when I say it. If I come back and find you watching TV, or doing anything other than lying right here, just as I leave you, we'll shake hands and call it a night, and I'll have to hunt down Batgirrrl after all."

She leaned back down, and her breath rolled over my face again. It smelled of some kind of mint or

licorice, I realized. "But if you haven't escaped my trap and thwarted my plan by the time I return, then... Well, let's just say you won't be going anywhere after that, and cats *do* like to play with their food. You will have a long, long night ahead of you." She paused for a moment, and I really wished I could see her. "...Okay. Don't say anything. Just nod that you understand. Good."

She crawled back off me, and her weight left the bed. I felt her fingers at my waist, unbuckling the utility belt, and I arched my back so she could slide it out from beneath me. That was a relief – one of the pockets had been pressing uncomfortably into my back. I heard her shuffling some things at the foot of the bed, then she walked out of the bedroom. A moment later the door to the hall clicked shut behind her.

I didn't know if I had thirty minutes or thirty seconds to do it, but I really had to pee.

I tried to disturb as little as possible. I slid my hands off the hook on the headboard and raised the blindfold just enough to see underneath, but not enough to loosen the knot. The room was dark, but my eyes had been closed long enough that the LEDs on the clock and TV and a few other red and green dots around the room were enough to show me the way out of the bedroom, and through the suite to the bathroom. By the time I'd made it back to the bed and gently rolled into the depression I'd made earlier, replaced the blindfold and found the hook, the toilet noise had subsided and I was sighing with bladder comfort. When you really have to go, a good toilet break can be almost orgasmic.

Then I waited.

And waited.

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I might have dozed here and there, for a minute or two, but at last the outer door to the suite opened. I heard the light pad of feet crossing through the carpeted suite, approaching the bedroom. The footsteps stopped at the door, and I heard purring - not some onomatopoeic attempt at the word or her titillating 'R'-rolling, but a husky, rasping breath in the back of a woman's throat. It's hard to explain, but it didn't sound silly. It sounded feral. The feet continued, and the bed sagged beneath a sudden pounce. A booted calf and thigh slid over my stomach, hips settled over mine, the warm breath returned to my face. My Catwoman's deep voice uttered a matter-of-fact, "*Meow*."

And then,

"What have you been doing?" The question was an accusation. "You've been out of the bed. Haven't you?"

I didn't know how she knew, but I had no doubt that she did. There was no sense in lying about it. I nodded.

She rolled off the bed. Disappointment and disgust dripped from her words. "I'll cut the bonds. Forgive me if I don't take off your blindfold – I don't want you to see my room number and bring Batman back."

"Wait!" I didn't mean it to sound desperate, but I think it did. "Wait. I just really had to use the bathroom. Too much to drink, you know? I left the blindfold on, and I didn't see anything, or touch

anything." Not the row of latex boots by the door, or the half-dozen whips hanging in the coat closet. Certainly not the half-open bag by the side of the bed. You can see a lot under the bottom of a blindfold.

I could feel her standing there, just beyond my feet. Then she walked around and sat beside me. "Hmmm. I see." She ran a clawed glove through my hair and grabbed a lock. Her voice was terse, but thoughtful. "I think you're telling the truth." She paused for a few moments, then continued. "I should have to prepared you better. I forgive you."

I sighed, releasing a breath I hadn't realized I was holding. I thought she might have, too.

She unhooked my hands again, crossed them and rehooked them, and bid me, "Roll over."

I did so, turning to uncross my forearms, and scooted back to the center of bed. Then,

Whack! Whack, whack whack!

"Stop! What are you doing?" My bottom smarted. I'd had my share of spankings as a kid, but honestly, I didn't remember it hurting *that* much. She wasn't using her hand; it was something more like a strap or a stick. I clenched and unclenched, trying to wince away the pain. "I thought you'd forgiven me!"

"Oh, I have. That's why you're still here. But I can't have my captive thinking it's permitted to rethink *any* of my commands, even if he's sure he has a better idea. Now if you'd simply told me earlier that you had to use the potty before I left, we wouldn't be in this mess, would we? That part was your fault. I might have the whip, but you still have to communicate." Her weight shifted on the bed, like she'd lifted her hand again.

I tried to communicate. "I'm not into pain."

"Neither am I, Robin." I noticed the way she said the name. "I'm into pleasure - my own. But we're only at four of ten lashes, so if we're going to get past this to the part I like, you're going to show me that you can obey. So bite your little tongue and take six more, okay?"

I nodded. The earlier sharp pain had already faded to heat, and I really didn't want to leave. I pushed my head into the pillow and gritted my teeth.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Oh yeah... that's how much it hurt.

... Whack! ...Whack! ... Whack!

She drew out the last few strokes. I thought it was because she liked to see me flinch, to see my ass tighten in anticipation. Once she was done, after she'd put away whatever she'd struck me with, she massaged my cheeks through the tights. I winced and tried to roll away. *Holy Swollen Welts, Batman* - it hurt! It throbbed like my heart was down there, pumping pain into my flesh.

She chuckled and leaned over me to untie the blindfold. It didn't make much of a difference, since I was face down on the bed in a dark room, but if I twisted my neck all the way, I could just make out her

shadow behind me. "Now, Rrrobin, let's start over. I'd love to just rrrip off that costume of yours and rrrape you - make a man out of a boy - but it's such a nice costume. It would be a shame. So let's try to take it slowly, shall we?"

I nodded. She tugged my boots off, one at a time; they fell to the side of the bed.

"Socks?" She tsked as she peeled them off; they were thrown into a corner. "Never wear socks to bed with a lady, Rrrobin. I guess Bruce isn't such a good influence after all."

Her voice was low and sultry again, her 'R's rolling deliciously at the back of her mouth. She cat-crawled up my back and reached over my shoulders to loosen the yellow and black cape. "What is it with you heroes and your capes?" she hissed from right behind my ear. "At least I have the courtesy to put my tail on display." The cape sailed away from the bed. "Much better. Now let's see yours." For a moment she caught the top of my ear between her teeth, rolling the cartilage between thick wet lips, before her claws slid down my flanks to my beltline - which was loose without the belt - and then beneath the leggings to bare skin. She followed her hands down my body, letting her nipples slide over the curve of my back. Now kneeling on either side of my calves, she yanked down the tights in one clean pull.

I bit my lip, and she purred. "Mmm. Now that's better. *Commando*." (Actually, I think she had just taken the briefs with the tights.) The tips of her claws traced lightly over my cheeks, stopping to circle the rising red welts. She leaned down again, grasping my inner thigh with one hand and placing the other firmly in the small of my back. I felt a light dab on one of the weals, and then a cool breeze. I jerked against the touch of her tongue, but her hands were already in just the right places to keep me pressed into the bed. More dabs followed, along with more cool, wet relief to the burning lines.

The relief didn't last more than a second, so I twisted my neck the other way to see what she was doing. I couldn't make out much beneath the curtains of her hair that had fallen around her shoulders, but when I saw the tilt of her head and felt the long, slick stripe up my cheek, I knew. She glanced up to see me watching, and I saw a flash of a smile beneath her mask - a flash of bared teeth. Throwing her hair back so I could watch, she bathed the entire dome of one cheek with her tongue in long, smooth strokes like a painter. Her eyes flicked between my eyes and my skin, and her smile returned whenever she glanced up to see me watching her, anticipating each lap of her tongue.

She moved down my thighs then, paying less meticulous attention to complete coverage as she danced from spot to spot, delighted to find them as hairless and smooth as I had promised. What she didn't lick, she kissed with wet, open lips, or gnawed hard enough to leave teeth marks but no bruises. She used her claws to stroke or tease, but also to pinch or scratch whenever I seemed too comfortable, whenever my moans were too faint to reach her ears. She was training me to vocalize, I realized - rewarding me with kisses for honest, audible responses, and punishing me when I retreated into the pleasure of the tongue bath.

She also liked it when I squirmed, and it didn't take her long to figure out how to get me wriggling like a worm on a hook.

You might have guessed already that I hadn't done anything like this before. You might surmise that I governed my backside with a strict exit-only policy, which seemed to me both natural and proper. So you can imagine how I felt when - while she was nibbling on the inside of my knees - one gloved hand snaked up inside my thighs, and a couple fingers slid between my cheeks. My entire body stiffened, and

I said something along the lines of, "Wha-ahh!"

Of course, if I wanted her to stop, I should have simply ignored it. Her interest in the flesh of my legs waned for a moment while she concentrated on her fingers, focused on spreading my cheeks to trace the inside of the crack with a clawtip, to run circles around my anus. Then she pressed directly on my rectum, teasing like she might push her finger right in. I was overwhelmed by the conflict of the sensation – the unfamiliarity, the reflex to pull away, and the fact that it felt surprisingly good. She chuckled. I would never admit to it, but she would probably tell you that I pushed back just a little against her finger. Her attention returned my legs, to licking and kissing and nipping and biting, but that glove stayed high on my thigh, threatening me.

Before she'd satisfied her taste for my legs, her tongue went dry. She didn't stop to swallow or gather in her mouth saliva; she simply continued with a dry tongue, and when her mouth produced more saliva it dribbled from her lips so she could lap it back up and spread it around.

Once she'd used her lips and tongue to verify that I was completely shaven (she checked down to my toes, and - yes - I was thorough), she slid back up my legs, running her hands between them to spread them apart. She had long since freed my ankles from the bunched-up tights, which were now somewhere on the floor. Her face followed her hands, her tongue skipping over my skin. She stopped at the apex of the angle my legs made, her face right at a level to inspect between my thighs. I thought she might be planning to dig into my crack again, a thought that both scared and excited me, but her hand delved lower, beneath me, to grab what was there. "Mmm." Her glove slid down the base of my penis, which was eager for the attention, but her hand continued downward to gently squeeze my balls. Rolling them gingerly between her thumb and fingers, she lowered her head and brought her lips down to the tight skin. Her tongue flickered maddeningly against the sensitive skin before she breathed, "What tasty treats, Rrrobin. I'll save these for later."

Then she climbed another rung up my body, settling her breasts on my buttocks as she pushed my tight red shirt up over my shoulders to cover my head. "Ahhh..." Her claws hooked over the muscles in my shoulders before she raked them all the way down my back, causing me to arch and doubtlessly leaving eight ugly, red stripes. "Now *this* makes my mouth water." Her tongue, once again dripping wet, wandered up my spine from between my shoulder blades to the nape of my neck, where she bit. Her low voice teased, "Tastes like chicken." I felt her squirming on top of me, then she shuddered with delight. "No more playing, Rrrobin. It's time for this pussy to *eat*!"

I realized how sharp her nails really were when she caught the ziptie still around my wrist with one claw and snapped it. "On your back again - quickly now. Take your silly rred shirt off and spread those arms and legs!"

I hurried to obey while she kneeled beside me; as I rolled to my back, she tied my nearest foot to a strap she had pulled up from beneath the bed – somehow it was fastened under there. Similar straps awaited my hands and other foot, and these weren't like the zip-tie; I wouldn't be tugging free of these on my own. Once I was restrained and spread-eagle (spread-Rrrobin, she said), she stood over me on the bed and hooked her claws into her own costume. I realized that what I thought was decorative piping on her costume was actually the outline of a separate bikini top over her catsuit – once removed, her heavy breasts hung free. Her nipples were dark and delightfully wrinkled. It took a little effort and twisting on her part to find the snap that released the bottom piece of the bikini and bared her naked crotch through a cutout.

She flung the spare purple pieces into a far corner with an almost giddy grin before she dropped to her knees, straddling my neck. The arch between the shin and toe of her boots fit neatly over my shoulders; she only had to lean back on her heels to pin me as firmly as any wrestler. She was breathing heavily with excitement, causing her breasts to heave above my head. Her eyes flashed, her lips curled in an uncontrolled smile, and her fingers excitedly like she was hovering over a box of chocolates, deciding just where to begin. Then her thighs closed around my cheeks, and the heat and scent of her body washed over my mouth and nose. I licked my lips. Her fingers ran through my hair and clenched, finding natural handles. "I showed you what I can do with my tongue, Rrobin – now it's your turn."

*

I can't promise to recall every detail of what happened over the next half-hour, though the memory itself is incredibly vibrant in my mind.

I remember her scent and taste vividly – they were musky, almost oily, a little bitter and salty. At first, each touch of my tongue, each whiff, was a surprise to my senses, they were so strong. But she was addicting; once I'd lapped away the residue of her earlier rut, tasting only the bare flesh beneath, I strained my neck searching for more. She pulled away and I stretched after her. I was eager to set her fluids flowing, to taste that tang.

I clearly remember that she was trimmed, but not shaven. Her hair was wiry, tightly curled close to her skin, but it didn't chafe. It trapped her sweat and my saliva, and tickled my nostrils whenever she pushed herself down on my tongue.

At first she knelt above me, hovering an inch or so over my face while I explored her. Internet advice flashed blurrily through my brain: don't go straight for the clit. Tease her first. But she was impatient; when I flicked around her labia, she squeezed her gloved hand in my hair and steered my head directly back into her pussy.

So I followed her lead and nuzzled in. My tongue pushed, first flicking, then thrusting deeper, as far as I could stick it in. She wanted more. When I lifted my head her hands slipped behind it for leverage, and she pressed down and began grinding.

She released my head, and I fell back into the pillow, gasping. My neck and chest were slick with sweat. I looked up, past her full breasts, to see her glistening eyes. Her mouth hung open, accommodating her heavy breaths. She glanced down, and for a moment our eyes locked through our masks. Her claws scraped over my cheeks, and she chortled, or moaned, or both.

Then she settled back over me, resting her arms against the headboard for support. She sat on her heels, but I lifted my head to reach, so I could trace between her outer and inner lips with the tip of my tongue, then draw them into my mouth for light suck and lip-nibble. It was too much for her - her heels slipped out and her full weight fell on me. One glove caught my forehead, cupping it firmly to hold me in place while she squirmed against my mouth. Her clit found the knob of my nose and she mashed into it, spreading herself over my upper lip and the tip of my tongue.

I remember my view through the wide 'V' of her thighs, the rotating, jerking motions of her hips, the way she gripped her breasts so tightly and dug her claws into her own brown skin. Her tongue rolled

over her lips, not to keep them wet, but in some kind of fantasy enactment of what I was doing to her. I tried to match her flicks with my own, and was rewarded with a vice-grip as her thighs tried to squeeze my head as tightly as she did her breasts. Her breath caught. After a long, tense moment, she exhaled, her thighs relaxed, and her head lolled down. Her convulsions had shifted her mask, so she nudged it back in place with a knuckle as she began her slow, forceful gyrations again. With her vision unobstructed, our eyes locked together.

She seemed to delight in my reactions to each thrust of her hips, her moans, her nibbled lips. Her grindings were thoughtful, experimental, like she was searching for new ways to fit us together. She judged her success as much by my expression as her throbbing pleasure. When I gasped and my eyes blinked with relief after a bout of suffocating thigh-kneading, she laughed aloud, low but melodically.

I remember the aching stiffness in my cock. It ebbed between bobbing aright, hard and yearning, as I was aroused by the soft skin of her inner thigh, the way she shuddered when I suddenly thrust my tongue into her, the raspy surprised cursing and vulgar demands for more, and the promise of the pussy I now knew so intimately, then falling limp against my thigh while she satisfied her own needs with a pair of fingers and left me straining against the empty air. I couldn't even twist my hips over for friction against the sheets; the best I could do was squeeze my thighs against the growing ache in my scrotum from the lack of release.

*

She was somewhere between two and twenty orgasms - her incessant moaning, quick gasps and thrusts, and relentless urging of clawed gloves in my hair left me with no idea where in the count we were - when she finally rolled off me. She left one leather boot sprawled across my chest. "God, Robin!" She took a deep breath, clutching her ribs, and let it out in a shuddering sigh. "God, Robin," she repeated, "are you still alive down there?" She slipped a claw under her mask to wipe away the sweat collecting on brow. My own hair was slicked to my face with a mixture of sweat and her juices; she brushed it from my forehead, then leaned down for a gentle kiss. But gentle wasn't good enough for her and she pressed in again, flicking her tongue between my lips to lap at teeth before it slipped - still lolling from between her lips - out of my mouth. She swiped it over my cheek and painted saliva around the bottom edge of my mask before lashing over my mask to my eye, which I quickly shut. She sucked teasingly at my eyelid, cupping her thick lips lightly in the bowl beneath my brow, then crossed over my nose to play fair with the other eye.

In between tracing circles around my eye socket, she breathed, "I can taste myself on your face. I taste good, don't I?"

I nodded happily, and blinked when she propped herself up a few inches away and licked her lips.

"No, Rrrobin - I'm fishing for a compliment. Tell me how I taste to you."

"You taste like... I don't know what to compare it to. But I'll remember your taste for years, and each time it comes to mind it will make me horny. It makes my mouth water. It makes me want to bury my face between your legs."

"Mmm... That will do. For a first-timer, anyway." She opened my mouth with a finger, catching my lower lip between two clawtips to pull it open. I thought she was going to kiss me again, but her face just

hung over mine, inches away. Her breath was hot, and it smelled more like sex now than mint. But her hand slid down my chest and circled the root of my penis, which was once again erect and eager for her touch. "But this night isn't really about Robin eating out the Catwoman, is it? It's about the Cat eating the bird. Don't watch."

She left her right hand draped over my face, blocking my view, while she swung her leg off my stomach and leaned over me. A hard nipple slid over my taut skin, then pressed down when she settled into place. She made a tight ring around the base of my penis with what felt like a thumb and finger; while she held me thusly, the soft, wet touch of her lips and tongue dabbed and lapped up the shaft of my erection.

Then she shifted over me again, and her voice came from inches away. "If you blow your load before I tell you to, I won't be the one swallowing it, Dickie. Good enough for me, good enough for you, right? So I hope you have some self-control. Don't watch." She tugged my mask up a half inch or so, leaving me with a great view of the headboard and little else, then took both hands and her mouth down to tease me.

Tease me she did; while she rolled my testicles between her fingers or slid her claws up the inside of my thighs or reached beneath to threaten the resistance of my rectum again (this time, combined with her other stimulation, I gasped), she took just the head of my erection into her mouth and squeezed or lightly sucked, daring me to let go.

How can I describe the battle I fought with myself without becoming crude? Is it enough to say that I arched and bucked, fighting my restraints until I cramped in both a calf and a finger? That I felt like I was holding back an entire flood of churning heat with the tenuous obedience of one lazy muscle somewhere deep in my pelvis? That I begged her to stop, then not to; that I sobbed to her that I was going to explode (she warned against it between sloppy mouthfuls) and somehow I managed to contain myself while her lips and tongue insisted I should just give in? She still held that tight ring grip at the base of my shaft, and if she'd ever let go of that I'm sure I would have...

But how was she holding me? From beneath the bottom edge of the mask, I caught a glimpse of her pawing quickly through the nightstand while I fought the broiling froth inside of me. Still that tight grip kept me from release, but I could see both of her gloves.

It was only a moment, though, before she was back on the bed, and rolling a condom down over my erection. Then she crouched on the bed above my hips and - positioning me with one hand - slid down slowly, so slowly down onto me. I couldn't see her face, but I could tell from the small jerks of her shoulders that she'd rubbed against something good along the way. Then she reached all the way to the base, and she slouched for a moment, taking long, slow breaths.

Once she'd gathered her strength, she began moving over my erection the same way she had on my face, grinding against the shaft, squeezing and sliding in jerky figure eights. She slapped my mask back down my face so I could watch her arch exultantly, so I could appreciate the curves of her silhouette. She cupped her breasts and began kneading them again before she realized she could make better use of me now. Falling down over my chest, leaning forward to keep her own chest above my head, she positioned a nipple over my open mouth. She didn't have to pull me to her - I strained to close my lips over her areola, to flick her erect nipple with my tongue - but once I was in place she caught the back of my neck and held me there. Her deep voice, breathless and ragged, directed me to suckle, to wet my lips, to intensify the pressure.

"More, Rrrobin... Harder! Yes! There, there!"

She reached up awkwardly, already off-balance, to break my hands free. She had no intention of letting me escape her nipples (she'd already moved me to the other), so she pulled me up with her while she loosened the ties on each of my wrists.

Once I was free, her arms crossed behind my neck and she leaned back, sitting us both upright. My hands quickly found their way up her hips, her sides, to cup and squeeze her breasts, which now bounced against my cheeks. She was moaning and riding me like a rodeo bull now, squeezing tightly with every part of her body each time she slid up, like she was trying to milk me. Still, somehow, I held, though the pressure beneath that ...thing still at the base of my erection was immense.

As her moans became louder, she grew rougher with me - forcing me into her cleavage, squeezing her thighs around my hips like she wanted to crack them, biting randomly at my ears or forehead – until quite suddenly she reached beneath her, found the base of my penis, and with trembling fingers clicked that something free. The blood rushed down from my face as my whole body shuddered and I came with such unexpected force that I nearly collapsed beneath her. I could feel my cock swelling and throbbing to fill the space inside her. She was shuddering too, her claws digging into the flesh of my back, but I barely noticed. I'd been so long at the edge of orgasm that it had lost its sharp pain; I was completely unprepared for the flood of euphoria that washed through me.

I said something like, "Gahhhh...damn." I know; I was embarrassed for me, too.

*

Finally she slid off me, and I fell limply to the pillows. I barely registered it when she re-tied my hands and left the bedroom for a few minutes, or when she came back to remove the condom and clean me with a warm washcloth.

Maybe twenty minutes later she lay on the bed beside me, stroking my hair and smiling with unrestrained satisfaction. Her lipstick was fresh, and she smelled more like some night flower than sex.

I'm sure my face glowed with adoration. I had just begun to chill where the moisture left by washcloth was evaporating, but I was in heaven.

"Well, Rrrobin," she purred, "I think you're about spent for the night. But I've got one more big one left in me that I don't want to waste. I've worked you over pretty well, but what kind of a Catwoman would I be if I didn't take a bit of your boyish innocence?"

"What do you want, Selina?"

"Tsk, ts, *Dick*. No more names. Selina and Dick might be lovers, under the right stars. But never Catwoman and Robin."

"What do you mean ...Catwoman?"

"Catwoman doesn't love anyone but herself – and she *rrrapes* poor little Rrrobin."

My eyes widened, and I think my mouth fell open when I saw what she had placed on the bed between us: a curved, black dildo, attached to straps and a harness.

"I-"

She covered my mouth with her glove; then, sliding her fingers between my lips and opening my jaw, she forced a hard rubber ball on a flat strap - something like an oversized, evil pacifier - into place between my spread teeth and buckled the harness behind my head.

"No more talking from you. You can cry or whimper if you'd like - I may like that - but it hardly seems fitting from Batman's protégé."

My eyes described my fear to her while she polished the dildo between the fingers and thumb of her glove, bringing the exaggerated veins to a polish. I shook my head vigorously, and I could tell from her low chuckle how much my anxiety.

"Robin, Rrrobin - I thought you and Bats liked it in the bum? That's the rrrumor. Maybe you don't extend that privilege to the female of the species, though?" She laughed outright, and this time it was wicked. "But you've forgotten already - this isn't about your pain, it's about my pleasure. I have no interest in fucking your little birdie ass; not this time, anyway. Now hold still." She held my chin firmly in her palm while she worked the dildo through a metal ring on the outside of the gag. The ring snapped into place in a groove at the base of the dildo, and a shining black phallus extended lazily away from my face. Its own weight pulled it into a rubbery slump, as if it knew it was bigger and better than me and didn't need to be stiff to prove it.

Catwoman leaned back to look me over with a toothy grin. "There. Now I can rrreally fuck with your head."

I sighed in relief and relaxed muscled I hadn't even realized were knotted. But that's because I didn't know what I was in for.

She grabbed the base of the dildo and resumed polishing it with her other gloved hand. The gag and dildo were an effective handle - she could move my head however she liked; my neck was not prepared to offer resistance to that kind of leverage. She turned me to the side, and leaned down to slacker her tongue along the length of the black rubber. Her eyes stayed on mine while she sucked and kissed the phallus, fellating it with a hungry vigor. Of course I felt nothing, but I saw everything, which was her point. I began to squirm.

"Some people don't like the taste of rubber," she told me between licks, "but I love it. I was so pleased when Bats changed to a latex kit." She chomped on the dildo and shook it between her teeth like a shark, wagging my head along with it.

Pushing off my chest, she sat on the edge of the bed and dug back into the nightstand. At the periphery of what my mask allowed me to see, I watched her squeeze gobs of clear liquid into the palm of her glove, then rub it into her still-bare crotch. With her hand still cupping her sex, both caressing it and keeping the lube inside, she once again climbed onto the bed. This time she stood, and a boot sank into the mattress on either side of my head. Her knees clenched and unclenched. She pushed her middle

fingers up inside her, wetting the walls of her vagina and encouraging her own lubrication to flow again. She bit her lip, and for a moment I thought she was going to stand over me and masturbate and make me watch.

But once she was ready, she crouched down to her heels and slowly swallowed the dildo with her pussy, mere inches from my eyes. The rubber penis was a tight fit inside her and offered her some resistance; my tongue and jaw fought back against her weight as she kept pressing down. It didn't take long for me to realize that my neck would lose any fight to support her, so I let her push me down into the pillow, which curled up around my ears.

With half her weight on either my jaw or on my forehead, where she'd placed the heels of her hands, she began to fuck the dildo. I don't use that word lightly - fuck - but this situation had earned it. My head bobbed up and down with her as she rode up and down the dildo. I wasn't really trying to bounce with her; if anything, the opposite - the first time I made the mistake of relaxing completely she growled, grabbed my hair, and began yanking me up and down against her.

I had no fight in me, so she fucked me, or fucked on me. Since she'd orgasmed so many times already, she didn't seem to be in any hurry this time. Her hips rocked back and forth, rolled up and down, while I could do nothing but watch and try to hold still for her. Occasionally she glanced at me, smiling at my wide eyes, but mostly her neck and shoulders arched back and she drifted in her own world.

This might sound anti-climactic, but it was a little frustrating for me. Granted, her gasps and groans were electrifying, and the sight of her pussy slurping up the rubber should have been enough to make me hard, if I had anything left in that reservoir to work with. But between the smell, and the sight of her so close, and the motion of her hips, I just wanted to taste her again. And there was nothing I could do. I couldn't even squeeze her butt, which quivered just above me, inches away but out of reach. I could only watch.

At last, after a long, satisfied sigh, she slid off the dildo and knelt over me, sitting on my collarbone. She paused only a moment before laying back, reclining on my stomach, and stretching her legs up over my head against the wall. The muscles in her meaty thighs, which were still clad in the sweat-damp purple catsuit, knotted and released as she worked through them. My penis suddenly bobbed as blood rushed to it, trying to bring my erection back to life.

"Ahh... I'm so *sore*..." She massaged the tops of her thighs, pushing the ache she must have felt down toward her knees. "Next time I break in a superhero, *he's* doing all the work."

*

We lay together on the bed afterward, just talking. She freed my legs and told me bend my knees so she could sit on my stomach and lounge back against my thighs. She told me things about herself. Not where she lived, or what she did - she still never broke character - but I learned about her coffee obsession, some of her favorite songs, some of the things she had thought about doing to me that night. Some of them she wouldn't describe in detail; they were for "next time".

She used the toes and heels of her boots to play with the flesh of my face, and as she spoke she idly swirled her claws over my skin. Her low voice stayed mostly to a whisper, like we were conspirators sharing secrets, and the huskiness of the whisper - the smiles I heard but couldn't see - made even her

most casual comments sensual. All the while we became more intimate, we never so much as kissed.

Later she untied me entirely. After we had both stripped to our bare bodies (even as far as removing our masks, after we swore not to peek and ruin our secret identities), she pulled a single, airy sheet over us and we spooned. I wasn't how I'd ever spooned before; I was on the inside. She curved around *my* bottom. She slipped an arm beneath my elbow and pressed her breasts against my back, then slid a leg between mine. Her fingertips traced my nipples.

Thus enfolded, with her lips and a cheek lying against my shoulder, she asked me to recount the night for her - what I liked, what scared me - what I had thought was going to happen. I think that, normally, talking about sex in so much detail would have left me embarrassed and halting, but I felt so close to her by then that I could just talk and talk. I barely worried about how I sounded – how what I said would make me look, or if I would say something she wouldn't agree with. I just talked. Her guiding questions trickled down to "Mm-hmms" and barely audible murmurs, and then she was asleep.

With the replay of the night fresh in my head, I couldn't sleep - or I didn't think so. I was awash in that happy glow that warms you from the stomach out. I didn't want to move an inch, to risk her rolling away from the press of our flesh. I smiled, and I must have slipped into sleep.