

## Gotham City Art Museum

A lone security guard made his nightly patrol throughout the empty museum. Occasionally he'd shine his flashlight at a dark corner, only to come up with nothing. After seeing that nobody was around besides himself, the night watchman headed into another wing of the museum to inspect it for anything suspicious.

As soon as the guard left the room, the door to the men's bathroom opened up and a head poked out to make sure the coast was clear. "Okay, he's gone..." Slipping out of the bathroom, the intruder tiptoed his way down the shadowy museum wing. Stealth, however, was hard to accomplish with his squeaky sneakers, his heart racing with every step he took. His head constantly looked towards any shadow, praying that a certain man with a bat cape and cowl wouldn't jump down and put him in a full body cast.

Clad in a black long-sleeved shirt, pants, and ski mask, the young man tiptoed his way to the center of the hall, his eyes fixed upon the museum's central exhibit: a beautiful diamond necklace. "Okay, there's the Cat's Eye Diamond. Now to get it and skedaddle..."

Reaching his hand forward, the man was inches away from grabbing the jewelry before his arm was pulled back by a tendril from the shadows. "You do realize that there are sensors that will trigger an alarm if you just grab at it like you were about to." The woman's voice echoed in the vacant hall and her heels clicked against the tiles.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck." Terror flooded his body. "A bat..."

"Correct response, wrong animal." Walking under a skylight, the moon's glow showed the woman dressed up in a black skintight suit, but with no cape and no logo emblazoned on her chest, just a pair of goggles and two pointy ears. Alongside a whip that she was using to keep his hand away from the jewel. "As well, you should wear gloves if you're trying to steal something."

*'I knew I forgot something at the dorm.'* Well at least he was found out by a criminal, things could have been worse.

"Wow, giving advice to other criminals, Catwoman? You're not worried he'll get in on your turf?" A second voice came out and he looked around for who it was *now*. "Well, more than he already has for trying to steal anything vaguely cat related."

"Oh please, little missy, I just want more crooks like me out there to keep you and your annoying lot all busy." She flicked her wrist and the whip unfurled around his arm and came back to her, the experienced criminal readying herself for a fight or escape, whichever would be more fun.

“Plus, if he even thinks about it, I’ll just scratch his eyes out to make him know to never mess with me again.”

“Not if both of you get thrown behind bars.” From the dark, two bolas were thrown, one at each crook. The man cried out in shock and surprise when he found his legs tied up and nearly falling face first into the floor, while Catwoman easily evaded the attack and swung her whip towards the fast approaching figure in shadows.

Turning himself around to sit on his butt, the world’s worst criminal saw who the new lady was before he started to untie his legs. Her long red hair trailing behind her, the baby blue cape and domino mask, but most terrifyingly, the huge golden bat logo that all of Gotham’s crime fighters had taken up. Great, he just got caught in the middle of a fight between Catwoman and Batgirl, was getting enough money for repaying those loans really worth this?

Then again, with both of them busy dealing with the other, a small fry nobody like him could just take it and go away without any notice. Ignoring the awesome and impactful duel of gadgets, quips, and martial arts, the boy just struggled with his legs, accidentally tying and untying knots in the bola’s cord until he finally freed his legs and stood up. Looking at the fight still going on with as much energy as ever, he slowly inched back while keeping his eyes on them, reaching his hands out for the necklace to simply grab it and get out with no one being any wiser.

*‘...Wait, what was it that Catwoman first said?’*

At the sound of the alarms, both the heroine and villain ceased their combat to look at the hapless thief, Catwoman facepalming from the young man’s stupidity. “You should leave crime to the big girls.”

Even Batgirl couldn’t believe the thief was this inept. “Maybe you shouldn’t commit crimes? Beyond morals, you’re really bad at this.”

Panic hitting him like a truck, the thief clutched his stolen necklace and made a break for it, running to anywhere that these two weren’t. Spotting a door marked “Employees Only”, he raced towards it with all his strength. Something whizzed through the air and he felt something sharp graze his waist. A horrified gasp came when he saw the black batarang embedded in the wall, having missed him and only cutting his belt.

Clutching his prize in one hand and his pants in another, the thief kicked the door open and saw a stairwell that led up onto the roof. His shoddy plans already shredded the moment Catwoman showed up, the black-clad thief took his chances and raced up the stairwell; not an easy task when he had to try to keep his pants from falling.

Reaching the door, he kicked it open and found himself on the roof of the museum. “Oh man...why’d I come up here again?” he muttered to himself fearfully, looking down the edge of the roof and was reminded of his fear of heights.

His answer came when the door burst open behind him, revealing Catwoman and the skylight opened up with Batgirl climbing out of it. "Oh right. Terror..."

Being piloted more by fear than logic, the man just began running, readying to jump onto the neighboring roof. Before he could think if he'd actually be able to make the jump, he'd already committed to it and was already mid-leap. If he could make this, then maybe he could run and hide someplace that they couldn't find him or may-

*'Am I moving backwards?'*

Feeling himself getting yanked by his legs, he finally realized that he was grabbed by two things, a whip and a wired batarang. The taste of dirt and bricks hit his lips rather than freedom.

Both the thief and the heroine pulled the luckless robber back onto the roof before he turned himself into a splattered tomato. Trying to make it to his feet, one hand held tight on the necklace while the other pushed himself up against a vent, there was another thing at the back of his mind bothering him. And when his pants fell down around his waist, he could finally see it clearly. Today was laundry day.

Catwoman and Batgirl both stopped what they were doing and blushed behind their respective masks when they saw the luckless thief with his pants down. "Well now, what the hell are you doing trying to be a fourth-rate thief? You could have just been a porn star if you needed the money so badly."

Batgirl said nothing, trying hard to avert her eyes from the man's nudity before noticing Catwoman pointing and laughing at her. "What's the matter? You act like you've never seen one before. What, Nightwing not giving you what you need?" The face behind the blue domino mask turned as red as she looked like she was going to give Catwoman a black eye at any second.

The man's face turned redder than Batgirl's hair. This was beyond embarrassing. Not only had he'd been caught red handed trying to steal from the museum by both a member of the Bat family and a much better thief, now he'd been literally caught with his pants down. "...uh...I..." His hands went to try to cover himself while trying not to trip over the binds around his legs.

Despite Batgirl's embarrassment and Catwoman's blatant amusement of the situation, both couldn't take their eyes off the man. The latex-bound Catwoman started to walk over to the thief, shaking her hips with every step. "Well now, this is an interesting turn of events. How about you and me make a deal, stud?"

"...Deal?"

Catwoman drew close enough that he could see his reflection in her red goggles. "You give me the jewel..." Her hand reached for her zipper. Despite the sounds of Gotham City around them, the sound of her zipper being pulled down was like thunder to the man's ears. "And I'll give you

the goods," she purred into his ear after opening the front of her outfit enough to expose the middle of her cleavage to the open air.

"...WHAT?!" Both the failure of a thief and Batgirl looked at Catwoman like she'd gone crazier than an Arkham inmate.

"You heard me. You give me the necklace and not only will I let you go, I'll take care of this. Because right now the only jewels I'm interested in are these." Her gloved hand reached down and cupped the luckless thief's balls, making him gasp with surprise.

"Catwoman! What the hell are you doing?!" Batgirl shouted at her enemy as she watched her grope the masked man from just feet away. Despite how wrong it looked, the masked heroine couldn't help but feel a little jealous. Especially as Catwoman paid her no mind and continued to grope and feel up the stranger's cock.

"What's the matter? Too much of a girl and not enough of a woman to know what to do when you meet a bull?" To accentuate her point, Selina tightened her grip ever so slightly and made the fourth-rate thief buck his hips and his hardening cock to twitch.

Unable to tear her eyes away, Barbara swallowed the lump in her throat. "I only said that because... because I was going to offer that he'd get off scot-free if he just put the necklace back... and give me a ride." She all but whispered those last words, but the others heard it clear as day.

The luckless thief stood there, not sure of what to do. This night had gone from terrible to insane and now the conversation between these two women had been about him and his cock. *'What the hell is wrong with these two? Why are they so slutty when I dropped my pants?'* wondered the man to himself. "I-"

"Shush. Just relax and let me go to work." She acted as if Batgirl wasn't there at all and flashed him a smile... while her eyes were still glued to his cock.

Every hair on the man's body stood up on end as Catwoman, one of the sexiest women in Gotham City, started to stroke him off. Her gloved hand glided across his hard shaft, his spine tingling from the pleasure. "Fuck...that...that feels good..." he moaned. Wanting to keep himself from falling over, the terrible thief put his hand on Catwoman's ass to steady himself. Part of him predicted that the woman would threaten him or do something for such an affront, yet all Catwoman did was purr from his hand squeezing her latex-clad ass.

"Oh? Someone's getting friendly." Her free hand reached for her zipper and pulled it all the way down to fully expose her breasts to the young man. "Why don't you get a piece of these?" She reached to grab the back of his head and pull him into her breasts, only for Batgirl to remind her that she was there too.

His head being pulled to the other side, an arm wound around his neck and pulled him into a kiss. Their tongues dancing and delved deep into the other's mouth before she pulled back to let him breathe. "Hey, don't go hogging all the fun." Batgirl put her free hand right where Catwoman's was, both the heroine and villainess jerking him off together.

"Hah! Do you even know how to handle a man? There's a reason you're Batgirl, not Batwoman." Selina nibbled at his neck and pumped down his shaft, was he still not at full mast?

"Are you sure you wanna talk? You're the one who modeled yourself after a cougar. You're the one preying on young men," retorted Batgirl with a cheeky smirk. She pulled him into another tongue-filled kiss while her thumb ran over the tip of his cock, smearing pre-cum all over her glove.

Being stuck in the middle of this, the lucky pervert wasn't able to understand what was happening or even think as two beauties worked their magic on him. Catwoman was abrasive and direct, but her gloves felt soft and smooth. Batgirl was keeping his tongue busy and though her inexperience showed through her hand's movement, it was still enough to make his legs start to wobble.

Catwoman leaned forward and purred softly into his ear. "Want to get to the good stuff? Lie down and I'll make you see stars." She reached down and unwrapped her whip from around his ankle while cutting the line to the batarang wrapped around his adjacent ankle.

Not stupid enough to say no, the lucky pervert sat down in front of the sexy costumed women, his cock bobbing in disappointment from being pulled away from their gloved hands. However, before Catwoman could do anything to get the party started, Batgirl beat her to it. Faster than Catwoman could blink, the red haired heroine had ditched her utility belt and pulled off the lower half of her costume, leaving herself in only her top, her mask and her yellow boots. Pushing Catwoman to the side as she straddled his cock, bringing her hips down and spearing her pussy all in one motion.

In the streets of Gotham, usually hearing profanities screamed from the top of someone's lungs was a normal occurrence, but not so when it sounded like the woman doing it was climaxing on the spot.

"FU~CK!" None of her toys had even been half this big, her hips bucked wildly and without any rhythm, but to the two of them, it was a heaven on earth.

"Yeah, yeah, now fuck off." Catwoman bitterly commented at getting her score stolen out from under her nose, but she wasn't going to go and leave miss goody-two-boots to have all the fun. Yanking the boy's chest away from batbitch and making him lie down, but looking at his ski mask covered face, Catwoman shook her head. "Nope."

Pulling it off with barely any effort, Selina got to see just what he looked like. “Yeah, I was right, ace porn star material.” Short cut brown hair, stunning sea-green eyes, a strong jaw -even if she’d prefer a little less stubble-, but what mattered most was that she could tell that he was ready and willing for whatever she wanted to do.

Giving it a whirl, Catwoman gave him a kiss and showed off just how much of a divide there was between what she could do and what Batgirl offered. Her tongue was conquering and knew exactly what to do and where to be. When she pulled back, he was left panting and Selina was no worse for wear. “Solid enough.”

Catwoman moved up and repositioned herself above the handsome man’s face. Staring up, the luckless thief realized that the woman had unzipped her outfit all the way, her pink pussy now on full display. He barely had time to wonder when she’d done that before she promptly sat down on his face.

Feeling his tongue wind its way through her folds, Selina let out a groan of appreciation as she grinded her hips against his face. He was smart enough to understand the responses of her body, so that was a plus that half her other one night stands were too stupid to get. But thinking about her real prize, Catwoman scowled and cracked open her eyes. There, moaning her head off like an amateur, Batgirl was sending her hips into a frenzy and fucking herself stupid on his dick. Selina knew the girl was going to tire herself out sooner rather than later, so all she had to do was wait and stalk her pr-

Barbra proved she was still full of electricity and desire; she was flooded with pleasure and want and her body was doing its best to seize it, and when she saw two massive tits swinging in front of her, she couldn’t stop herself. Reaching forward, Batgirl was biting down on Catwoman’s neck while her hand dug deeply into her jugs, the rough yellow gloves tweaking and sliding against the villainess’ sensitive peaks.

Catwoman thought herself a stronger woman than this, but the tongue worming inside her pussy was making her lower half melt from the ecstasy. Batgirl’s groping and biting only added more spice to this seductive dish of pleasure. In response, the sexy thief reached around and cupped the redhead’s ass, digging her fingers into her supple cheeks. A sharp gasp left the younger woman’s lips when she felt one of Catwoman’s fingers circle her tight asshole, teasing the younger girl and driving her wild.

The face behind the domino mask contorted and grew sluttier by the second. Batgirl’s hips moved out of her control, her pussy tightening around the perverted thief’s huge cock. Every time she slammed herself all the way down, her womb tingled from feeling the tip press against it. She didn’t want this to end! And with Catwoman teasing her sensitive asshole, she could no longer hold back. “Fuck! I’m...I’m coming!” Her head tilted back as she cried out into the night sky, her body shaking like a leaf in the wind. The perverted thief’s hips became soaked from her gushing cunt, thrusting up to urge himself closer and closer to his own nearing climax. Feeling her pussy trying to milk him for all he had.

Before he could reach that happy moment, the woman riding his face decided she was done playing second fiddle to one of Batman's brats. A harsh palm to the chest knocked the climaxing Batgirl off of him, a moan slipping from her lips as his cock slipped out of her squirting pussy. "Heh. If I'd known tonight would have gone like this, I'd have brought a camera," said Catwoman while watching Batgirl twitch and moan on the floor. And seeing her prize ready for the taking, Selina got off of the porn star's face and onto his waist. Standing tall and dripping with pre-cum and Batbitch's cum, it was twitching and just ready to burst.

Not waiting any longer, Selina sat herself down and finally felt elation. Her breath left her as she sat down and took in everything, relishing in the moment and feeling touch every spot she could have dreamed of.

His hands dug deep against her heavy ass, molding the latex around his fingers, but rather than just appreciating her world class ass, the boy decided to change things up. Pushing her forward while sitting himself up, Selina found herself on her hands and knees with the failed thief pumping into her from behind. Though the only infuriating part was how her face was now above the Bat brat's dripping cunt. But if she just closed her eyes and ignored it, she could focus on how this cock was reshaping her insides.

But it seemed that her new toy didn't feel the same way, placing one hand on the back of her head, Selina didn't realize what he was going to do until it was too late. Catwoman's face was shoved directly into Batgirl's wet snatch, the loopy blue and yellow bat wrapping her legs around the cat's head and eager for more.

Normally, she'd want nothing to do with the thorn in her side, but after getting worked up for nearly an hour at this point, Selina caved. Digging her hands into Batgirl's toned thighs and greedily eating out the Batbitch.

After being on the receiving end since he'd gotten to the museum, the thief let his hips go wild and fucked Catwoman with all his might. He didn't care if he got caught by the police or if Batman showed up to kick the crap out of him; this was too good for him to stop now. Catwoman's fine ass jiggled underneath the latex suit, making it impossible for him to resist having fun with it.

The sound of his hand smacking her latex-covered ass filled the rooftop. Catwoman would have been incensed by such roughness but tonight it only made her moan into Batgirl's cunt and dig her fingers into her smooth thighs even more. Her hips started to buck rhythmically with his thrusts, her pussy sucking him back in every time he tried to pull out. "Mmmmmmmh!" Her body felt like it was on fire underneath her suit, the latex on her sweaty skin making her feel like she was melting from the heat.

Batgirl started to fondle her own tits while Catwoman ate her out, watching the thief fuck her enemy from behind and feeling the claws at the ends of the woman's gloved fingertips dig into

her soft skin. This was becoming something out of her wettest dream. And when she felt her climax approaching while looking Catwoman in the eyes, she knew it was anything but.

Crying out into the sky, Barbra felt her pleasure grow to overwhelming heights yet again, her rough gloves twisting her pink peaks, her eyes rolling back, her toes curling in her boots. She wasn't even aware that she forced Catwoman's face even deeper into her cunt as she came just as hard. Squirting into the evil woman's greedy mouth who drank everything she could, her endless juices staining the villainess' cheeks and chin, along with the rooftop.

The thief couldn't take it anymore. Having already been denied release once, he was too far gone to hold back anymore. Gripping Catwoman's waist in an ironclad grip, the perverted thief started thrusting into the villain like there was no tomorrow. Catwoman's moans refused to stop as his movements became faster and harder. She knew what was about to happen but made no effort to stop him; Catwoman wanted this just as much as he did. "Fuck! I'm...I'm coming!" he grunted before he finally let loose. His cock pulsed inside the master thief's cunt, the tip nuzzling the door to her womb before painting her womanly walls white with cum.

Feeling the wet heat inside of her, Catwoman let herself fall to the burning lust and climaxed along with him. Her womanhood gripped him tighter as the knot inside her stomach snapped, her pussy gushing around him while he pumped her full of his hot spunk.

The three were still desperate for more, grinding and groping and feeling the other's bodies throughout their climaxes. Going and going until it finally wound down and the lucky pervert pulled out of catwoman's cum-oozing cunt and panted with his lungs on fire.

Both girls could barely feel their legs as they finally separated and looked back to the porn star on the roof, or more specifically, at his still raging erection.

They seemed to understand each other without a word spoken, or perhaps they were just equally lewd and sordid, but Batgirl and Catwoman crawled over to the obelisk that seemed to spite gravity by staying upright. And both of them instantly turned around, trapping his cock between both of their divine asses. Batgirl's soft and warm skin on his left side, and Catwoman's slick and cool latex on his right.

The two who had been bickering and fighting all throughout their careers were now working together, moving their bodies back and forth in sync to coax out another glorious climax from him. Their hand closest to the other rising up and groping the opposite's ass. Catwoman's clawed black glove left bright red spank marks and red lines across Batgirl's expansive pale ass. Batgirl's yellow glove contrasted highly with the black skintight latex beneath it, but it made it all the more tantalizing as she dug her fingers deeply into it before she went even lower and put two fingers inside of the spunk dripping snatch and fingered her. Nearly making Catwoman lose the beat and fall out of tempo.

As they looked the other in the eyes through their masks and goggles, they saw everything the other had. The sweat, drool, cum, want, everything was clear on their faces, and with half lidded eyes, they grew closer and closer...

"Fuck, I'm coming!" And then the two snapped back, turned themselves around to go and get this massive load to cover their faces. Licking their lips and feeling their heads grow numb from smelling his cock, both women wanted to go and swallow it, take it all for themselves, but they'd go and do that next. The night was still young, who knew what they could get up to together.

"Do it, you know you want to." Catwoman spoke in her always alluring way.

"Come, and when you do, paint our faces white." The demure Batgirl was now freely saying her lewd desires.

"You heard the bat, mark us."

Wrapping their hands around his length, they both had a look of desperation that made the lucky pervert's dick twitch. Following their requests, he grabbed at the domino mask and black hood to show their faces, and beneath their flawless hands, he couldn't hold back.

Pleasure surging through his body, his spunk shot forth with rope after rope covering the two, the women so eager to not let a single drop fall that their tits pressed together while they both nearly came simply from drinking his cum in such a perverse and incredible way.

"Ahhhhh..." Both women sighed heavenly as they basked in the heat of his cum on their faces. Batgirl reached down to rub her aching pussy while Catwoman licked her stained lips. However, after a few moments, the fog inside their heads cleared up and clarity kicked in. And that's when the heroine and the villain both realized they both *had their masks off in front of him*.

"Wait...oh no...oh fuck..." Catwoman instantly realized how terrible this was and freaked out for a moment. Batgirl on the other hand simply stood there in shock as she tried to think or move, and the first thing that came to her head was a name. '*Marcus*'

Mortified beyond belief, Batgirl yanked her domino mask out of his hands and quickly put it back on. Catwoman grabbed her cowl and put it on as fast as she could. "You saw nothing!" hissed the villain, pointing a clawed finger at the perverted thief's chest. She could feel the cum that was now sticking to the inside of her mask but paid it no mind. This was a loose end that she needed tied up before things grew even more out of hand.

The thief saw the look in her eyes and put his hands up in defense. "I'm sorry! I promise I won't tell!" he begged now that things had gone from horny to scary.

Growling in irritation, the master thief stood up and zipped her outfit closed. The heat from her sweaty skin and her filled pussy made her feel all kinds of dirty. She glanced over at her rival

and saw her already dressed and putting her utility belt back on. Catwoman knew she'd need to move fast to deal with this little problem.

A scream drew Batgirl's attention, her head snapping up to find Catwoman at the edge of the building and Marcus nowhere in sight. "Oh my god! No!" Her body was already in motion as her brain processed what Catwoman was doing, her hand grabbing a batarang and a line from her belt. Before the poor luckless thief could hit the ground, she threw the batarang at him, letting it wrap around his waist. As soon as the line went taut, she grit her teeth and pulled to keep him from turning into a bloodstain on the pavement.

Growling with annoyance, Catwoman swung hard with her clawed hand and cut the line. Thankfully for the thief, he was in midswing and landed in a dumpster full of trash bags. "Why'd you do that? He knows who I am! Hell, he knows who you are!"

"You've already done enough without adding murder to the list of crimes!" Batgirl threw a punch at Catwoman and the battle between the two resumed, albeit with cum leaking out of their masks now.

Down in the alley, the thief pulled himself out of the dumpster and pulled his pants up. "Well that was...eventful..." Looking up, he saw the two women still fighting each other. "I'd better get going before they remember I'm still here."

Keeping one hand on his pants, the thief hurried away from the museum and headed back to his home. However, only three blocks later did he realize that he was empty handed, having let go of the necklace in exchange for groping Catwoman's ass. A dirty part of him wanted to joke about how it was a fair trade.

"Well maybe I'll never see them again..."

**Next Chapter: He sees them again.**