

The low rumbling growl of the Batmobile's engine came to a stop as Batman arrived at his destination, an abandoned botany lab on the edge of Gotham City. Once upon a time, this place had been a S.T.A.R. Labs facility dedicated to researching a cure for various bio-weapons, like Scarecrow's fear-toxin, or the Joker's maniacal joker-venom. The facility did not remain open for long. One day there was an accident with a tanker of the fear-toxin, and the whole area had to be abandoned. A year-long moratorium was placed on the entire property, since that's how long it took for the fear-toxin to abate, but that had been five years ago, by now. The cost of restarting the facility was too great, especially now that it was layered over with abnormally thick vegetation. Most of it was kudzu, an especially aggressive variety of Japanese ivy. The kudzu had swallowed everything, and now it coated the botany lab's building like a layer of green fur. This abandoned section of Gotham City had become a surrealistic, nightmarish jungle, like something from a apocalyptic dream.

Batman got out of his vehicle and activated its defense matrix. He was probably going to need it. Batman could be stealthy if he wanted to be. He could move like a silent shadow despite his immense weight, full suit of technological armor, and heavy armament of gadgets. He was not going to be stealthy though. Not tonight. There was no need to be. Poison Ivy could see and hear through her plants as if they were organs of her body. She already knew he was here.

“Sir, are you sure that it's a good idea to walk so boldly into the lion's den?” the haughty voice of Batman's butler Alfred came over the com-system.

“I came prepared to deal with Pamela directly,” Batman said as he loudly stomped through the knee-high grasses and tangles of kudzu. He pulled out a bat-shaped knife from his belt and used it to slash his way through the thick vegetation. “Besides. I have to show her that I'm not afraid of her. She abducted Nightwing, Batgirl, and Red Robin, and then went to the trouble of proving that they were alive and unharmed. This isn't an attack, it's a 'power-move,' a gesture of her dominance. She's trying to prove some point I think, and in her own twisted psychosis, anything other than a direct retaliation will make me look weak. She's challenging me, Alfred. She's trying to indirectly assert her dominance over me, and I can't let her to that.”

“So what are you going to do with her once you've freed Nightwing and the others?” Alfred asked. “Return her to Arkham?”

“No. She causes less trouble out here than she does in there. I'm just going to have to assert my dominance over her. I have to remind her that this is my city, and that she only gets to live in it because I allow her to. I may not literally need to spank her, but I'll have to humiliate her in some way. That's the only sort of lesson she'll understand. The firm, masculine hand of an implacable patriarch.”

“Sounds like something from one of those bawdy BDSM novels,” Alfred mused. “The erotic overtones are rather obtuse.”

“That's Poison Ivy's MO,” Batman said as he came to a ivy-covered door that lead into the heart of the facility. “She was sexually abused as a child. She sees me as an avatar of her male abusers. Her attacks against me are a psychological effort to reclaim her agency, but because of her powers, I can't allow her to get too confident. To keep Gotham safe, I need to exploit her trauma and dominate her. It's the only way.”

“As you say,” Alfred grumbled, unconvinced. Batman had formed an uneasy truce with Poison Ivy about four years ago. She got her own territory, her own gang, and occasionally committed some minor

crimes like theft, but she wouldn't try to conquer the entire city with an army of man-eating plant-zombies again. It had been an alliance of necessity, and Poison Ivy was constantly pushing the limits of the truce, so Batman had to occasionally drop by, slap her around, beat her up, and remind her what her place was. Batman was like an ever vigilant pimp, and she was his wayward whore.

Batman kicked the door to the facility open, and he marched inside with his huge billowing black cape spread out behind him. At moments like these, Batman looked a lot less like a bat, and a lot more like a devil in a full suit of black latex armor.

“PAMELA!” Batman roared with a voice that could subdue a lion's. “PAMELA! Were are they? What have you done with Nightwing, Batgirl, and Red Robin?”

Two naked females suddenly jumped from their hiding spots in the vegetation. They were Poison Ivy's goons, a couple of college dropouts who had majored in feminist studies before being radicalized and drugged by the matriarchal super-villain. They were both attractive and athletic young ladies, since that was Pamela's 'type.' The only thing by way of clothing that they wore were some leaves plastered over their perky nipples and tight vaginas. They held weapons. One was carrying a sharp sickle, and the other had a knife. They attacked Batman but he ended them both quickly. One with a quick jab to her stomach, and the other with an uppercut to her chin that sent her flying. The one that went flying landed on her back, twitched for a moment, and then lost consciousness. Urine burst from her vagina as her bladder gave out, a sure sign that she was defeated. The other curled up on the floor in the fetal position, clutching her stomach. Batman finished her off by stomping on the back of her head hard enough to knock her out.

Batman knew how brutal he could get without exerting lethal force. That was the secret of his martial-arts prowess. It wasn't that he could knock someone unconscious, but it was that he could do so without killing them. That sort of control took years of practice to master.

“Enough games, Pamela!” Batman roared. “Were are my protégés?”

Poison Ivy's goons weren't done yet. Two more burst from the ivy coating a nearby wall, each of them as gorgeous and naked as the first two. Their succulent bodies glistened wetly with sweat and sap. The atmosphere in the facility was like that of a hot and humid greenhouse, which it essentially was. Batman was less than comfortable in his heavy armored suit, but he was at no disadvantage compared to these naked zealots.

The first of the girls charged at him with a rusty sword of some sort. Batman threw an electrified-batarang that struck her squarely in the chest, and she fell to the ground spasming and shaking. The other girl squeaked with fright and hesitated. She gave Batman an opening, and he punished her severely for it. He grabbed her waist and effortlessly lifted her off the ground like a weightlifter picking up a child ballerina, then he slammed her pussy down on his knee with such force that she was punted into a nearby pile of plants. She clutched her busted cunt, spasmed in pain, and then passed out from the shock. Her bladder too have out, and she peed herself.

Batman continued into the facility unabated.

“PAMELA! I want to see your fat green ass out here this instant!”

From a nearby ledge there came a rustling of vines and giant mutant petals, followed by a cloud of hot

pink pheromones that would turn even the most prudish old maid into a wet, horny maniac, but Batman had come inoculated for Poison Ivy's sexual-pheromones. The pheromones smelled hot and sweet, like sugar sprinkled on a woman's body, and although Batman was not overwhelmed by them, he was certainly aroused.

Poison Ivy herself stepped out of the cloud as naked and godlike as ever, like a nymph of classical mythology, or some unnamed Celtic fertility spirit. Her voluptuous body had an unnaturally verdant hue to it, and she looked sticky with sweat and honey, like a whore who was still dripping wet from a long night of work. Her hair was as red as fire and wildly tangled, with a single thick braid trailing down her to her juicy buttocks, but with plenty of stray strands clinging to her shoulders and back. Her nipples were so dark that they were almost black, and from them small droplets of poisonous milk leaked out. That's what she fed her henchwomen. Her toxic milk. She literally nursed them with her own bodily fluids, which is what gave her so much control over their bodies and minds.

"Hey, Bruce," Pamela Isley moaned with an arrogant smirk on her beautiful face, a smirk which Batman intended to wipe away with his fist. She knew that Batman's secret identity was Bruce Wayne. She had known for years. She didn't care though. Her battle was with the legendary Dark Knight, the Vengeance of Gotham, the Batman. She had kidnapped Bruce Wayne on a couple of occasions, but that wasn't nearly as fun as battling the big black bat himself.

"Pamela. I don't know what sort of stunt you think that you're pulling here, but it ends now. Take me to my protégés this instant. If they're unharmed as you've claimed, I promise that I'll let you off with only a mild beating. But you're in for a world of hurt if you've so much as scratched—,"

"Oh, Bruce, you big bully. They're fine. Relax," Pamela said as she took a hold of a vine, and the vine came to life. It wrapped around her curvaceous figure, and it carried her down to where Batman was standing. Pamela was a thickly built woman with huge watermelon-shaped breasts, muscular thighs, and large buttocks that were wide and firm enough to set a table on. "I just brought them here to experiment with a new pheromone I've been developing. It's intended to help people with their . . . What's the word . . . 'inhibitions.' It's harmless. And if there is one group of people who are in desperate need of some relaxation, it's you bat-people."

Poison Ivy reached up to touch Batman's face, the only exposed part of his body, but he grabbed her wrist and roughly twisted it behind her back. She yelped in pain, but not as loudly as when Batman raised his other hand and slapped it across Poison Ivy's big ass.

SMACK!

"Oh . . . Daddy!" Poison Ivy whimpered. Her knees shook. A part of her mind regressed to childhood, to a time when she was a powerless little girl at the whims of her sexually abusive father. As disgusting as it might sound, there was a certain part of Pamela's personality that would always be nostalgic for that time, when she was just a stupid little plaything for a big strong man. Batman reminded Pamela of her father. That's why he was so effective in controlling her. That's why she was so sexually fascinated by him.

Batman got a little rougher. He pushed two fingers against Pamela's tight anus, and she plunged them inside, causing her to moan and gasp from the sudden penetration. Pamela had a very sensitive anus, even after all the brutal disciplinary poundings she had taken from Batman. Getting probed by two powerful fingers felt good enough to make her cum, but it also hurt enough to make her pliable. It was

a pleasurable sort of torture.

“Take me to them. NOW!” Batman said, twisting his fingers in her anus.

“Yes . . . Daddy,” Pamela moaned. She surrendered to him . . . Again . . . But she was smirking. Everything was going according to plan.

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“What did you do to them?” Batman asked as he looked through the thick glass pane into the dank enclosure where Pamela had imprisoned his three students. Nightwing, Red Robin, and Batgirl. All three of them were more naked than clothed, and it looked as if they had torn their costumes off of their bodies in a hurried, clumsy, bestial fashion, tearing at whatever would give. Barbara Gordon was the most naked of all of them. She was stripped down to nothing but her yellow gloves and yellow boots. Her long red hair was messy and tussled about. Her freckled skin was soaked with sweat, cum, and condensation. The small room looked hot, humid, and didn't have good circulation. The three warm bodies inside were turning it into a sauna.

Dick Grayson and Tim Drake were like zombies. Their faces were vacant and exhausted, and their svelte, muscular bodies were twitching with exertion. They were both fully erect and painfully aroused. Tim's cock looked about as big as it ever would, standing a full seven inches from his waist, and Dick's ten-inch cock must have been equally engorged. It appeared as though they had been taking turns on Barbara, fucking her in every way possible. Her mouth, her pussy, her anus, her breasts, and even her armpits. Everything was covered in cum.

They must have been at it for a while, because Red Robin looked exhausted. Tim was laying flat on his back, gasping for air, and sweating profusely, yet he never stopped masturbating his huge swollen seven-inch cock. Dick was still giving it to Barbara. He was fucking her from behind while pulling on her messy red hair. He was not being gentle about it either, but Barbara didn't seem to mind. She threw herself back on his cock just as hard as he drove it into her. When he came (for what had to have been the hundredth time) he came directly inside her for two more thrusts, but then he pulled out and shot his load onto her back. Barbara spun around with her mouth open and tongue out, trying her best to swallow as much of the warm boy-butter as she could. Nightwing spent the rest of his seed onto her face, and she began licking and slurping on his cock, hungrily seeking out every drop of cum that she could.

Tim ejaculated a moment later, but he came on his own stomach. Barbara was too fixated on Dick's big dick to even remember that Tim was still there.

“Pamela!” Batman growled. “I'm going to break your ass open for this. I'm going to beat your pussy so bad that you won't ever be able to walk the same again. Whatever you've made my students do, I'm going to do to you, but ten times worse.”

“Ooooooh . . . I'd like that, Bruce, I really would,” Pamela snickered as she rubbed her butt against Batman's crotch. “But you've got a lot more to worry about than these three.”

“What do you mean?” Batman growled.

“The pheromone. I didn't just use it on these slutty little bat-babies. I also infused it into a few thousand

flowers across every florist in the city. The pheromone has a delayed reaction. It takes about five or so hours to take effect after exposure. I'm guessing that by now, most of the city has been at least tangentially exposed to my erotic pheromones. After all, Batman, you do know what day it is, don't you?"

"Valentine's Day," Batman grumbled. Ivy's flowers were probably all over the city by now.

"Happy Valentine's Day, Bruce," Poison Ivy laughed.

Batman grabbed a hold of Poison Ivy's tangled red hair, and he slammed her face against the glass so hard that the glass cracked. He kicked her legs apart, and he slapped his hand up against her pussy, ready to shove his whole first in and fuck her with his gauntlet-armored forearm if need be.

Pamela giggled manically even as Batman's knuckles ground against the swollen lips of wet vulva.

"Oh, Daddy. I like it rough," Pamela laughed defiantly. She had been raped by Batman before, and despite how violent as he could be, she inevitably always enjoyed the experience.

"A cure," Batman said. "You have one. You always have one."

"I do," she nodded. "But . . . Well . . . It's unique."

"How so?"

"The cure to the pheromone is another pheromone. It is useless and nonreactive in its base state. It require a human metabolism to catalyze, and it is only emitted through sexual fluids."

Batman sneered. "So what your saying is—,"

"That's right, Batman," Pamela laughed, grinding her pussy against his fist, taunting him to fuck her. "It's inside me, Batman. The cure is inside my body. You need to fuck me to get it out, and once you have it, you need to fuck it in to someone else to cure them. Once they're cured, they can cure another person, and another, and another. The poison travels via sex, and so does the cure."

"You're a sick twisted whore, Pamela," Batman said as he began unbuckling his heavy utility-belt.

"Oh, Daddy. Are you going to fuck me, Daddy?" Pamela giggled as she licked the glass that her face was pressed against.

"Yes," Batman said as he released the latches that held up the armored plates over his crotch. "But I swear to God, Pamela. You are not going to enjoy this as much as you think you are."

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"OH FUCK! HOLY SHIT!" Poison Ivy grunted and squealed as Batman savagely assault her juicy cunt with his implacable twelve-inch cock. Each thrust of his bulbous battering-ram was like a punch to her gut, striking her so hard that her buttocks giggled, her pussy gushed, and her breasts bounced on her chest. Batman had a big cock, easily one of the biggest that Poison Ivy had ever gotten fucked by, albeit both Bane and Clayface could grow their dicks to be as large as they wanted. Batman was naturally

hung though. He was hung like a horse, and his penis seemed to always be at least partially erect. It never went completely flaccid, and it was always hot to the touch. As the aphrodisiac-saturated juice of Poison Ivy's body washed over Batman's penis and muscular thighs, his body absorbed the mind-altering pheromones, which only made him hornier and angrier. Batman kept his control though. He had been exposed to Poison Ivy's pheromones so many times that he had built up an immunity to them, at least partially. And amount of the toxic pheromones that would be lethal to most men only served to make Batman hornier and angrier, which meant he began fucking Poison Ivy even harder, and in turn pulverized more juice out of her, creating a viscous cycle of brutal back-breaking sex.

“Oh my God, yes!” Poison Ivy whimpered as her legs buckled and she fell forward, slamming her big tits against the floor. Batman stepped on her head to keep her still, and he began pile-driving his cock into her body like he was drilling for oil.

“Cumming again! Cumming again! Cumming!” Poison Ivy gurgled incoherently as Batman cock-punched her into another fit of explosive overlapping orgasms. Her big juicy vulva opened like a flower, and from it gushed forth a flood of hot cum that trickled down her stomach and dripped onto her breasts. “CUMMING!”

“Is that enough?” Batman asked, feeling himself about to climax as well. “Is that enough of your filthy whore-juice to cure the pheromones?”

Poison Ivy was too mind-broken to answer at first. She just whimpered and panted as orgasmic aftershocks continued to tingle her spine. After a minute or so she was cognizant enough to string a few words together.

“. . . Yes . . . Daddy . . . Yes,” she mumbled. “That's more than enough. Your cum . . . Your cum is the cure now.”

“Good,” Batman said. He withdrew his cock from her broken pussy, and then he withdrew an electrified baton from his utility-belt. He took the baton and pressed it against Poison Ivy's tight anus. He pushed it in. He got about six inches of it buried into her rectum before he turned it on, electrocuting the green-skinned woman from inside her body.

ZZZZZAP!

“OH FUCK!” Pamela screamed as her teeth clattered together.

Painful bolts of electricity shot through her body, paralyzing her limbs and melting her brain, stupefying her into such a state of temporary retardation that she literally lost control of her bodily functions, and she began to pee herself. Batman let the curvy woman's body flop against the floor like a big wet fish on the deck of a fishing boat, and he left the baton's power on as well. It had enough charge for about five minutes of continual activation, so that's how long Poison Ivy was just going to have to tolerate it.

Batman left her there, and he kicked down the door that separated him from his students. Both Tim and Dick were so exhausted that neither of them could even stand up, although their cocks remained erect and engorged. Barbara was still up, and she was slurping on Dick's penis like she'd die without out. When she saw Batman enter the small room though, her attention diverted to his huge twelve-inch cock. The big penis loomed above her freckled face, it's leathery surface still dripping wet with Poison

Ivy's juices.

“Open your mouth,” Batman ordered Batgirl.

Barbara was too zombified to understand the words that were coming out of Batman's mouth, but she opened her mouth anyway. That's all she could think of doing with that big delicious cock pointing at her mouth. Batman took a hold of her head, and he plunged his thick rod down her throat so deep that her neck bulged. She took it though. Barbara's gag-reflex was destroyed at this point. She could swallow a baseball-bat without choking.

Batman spent only about a minute fucking Barbara's throat, humping her face so hard that his big swinging testicles slapped against her chin, and then he came. He roared like a lion as every godlike muscle in his beefy body exploded with orgasmic catharsis, and his phallic cannon shot a bucket's worth of cum directly into Batgirl's hungry stomach. Batman always shot huge loads, but now that he was under the influence of Poison Ivy's toxins, he came even more copiously than usual. His thick gluey nut filled Barbara's throat like rubber-cement, clogging her airway so tightly that the excess semen began to squirt out of her lips and bubble from her nostrils. There was too much cum for her to swallow, and so she began to asphyxiate. Batman withdrew his cock and shot the last of his orgasm into her open eyes and onto her ginger-tits. Barbara had to chew the cum that was in her mouth, it was so thick, and she ended up vomiting some of it back up when her stomach reached capacity. She was now kneeling in a puddle of sweat, cum, and vomit, making her look like the filthiest whore who had ever lived, albeit a truly beautiful one.

“Batman?” Barbara asked, still choking on cum. “What . . . What happened. The last thing I remember is Poison Ivy . . . And Red Robin . . . And Nightwing . . . We fucked for hours and hours . . . Oh my God . . .Batman . . .I'm so fucking horny that it hurts!”

Batman sneered. He turned to Poison Ivy, but she was totally knocked out. Her wet body continued to twitch on the floor as the last of the baton's energy electrocuted her anus, but she was completely unconsciousness. Her eyes remained open, but no one was home.

“The cure must work in stages,” Batman surmised. “It quickly returns the victim's cognitive functions, but it keeps them sexually stimulated.”

“So what do we do?” Batgirl asked. She leaned back, spread her legs, and began furiously masturbating in front of Batman, almost as if she were showing off to him, like a child saying “Look at what I can do, Daddy!” She couldn't help it. She was still horny from the pheromones.

“I want you to fuck Red Robin and Nightwing one more time,” Batman said, reaching down and giving Batgirl's perky tits a nice hard slap. “Spread the cure to them. I'm going to take Poison Ivy to the middle of Gotham City's worst neighborhood, and I'm going to leave her tied up in an alley like a sack of garbage. Naturally, she'll end up getting raped dozens, hopefully hundreds of times. That'll spread the cure to more people, who will then spread the cure to others.”

“Harsh,” Batgirl said.

“It's what she deserves,” Batman said without a hint of mercy.

Batgirl bit her lip and blushed. She was at least a little sympathetic to Poison Ivy. They were both girls

after all, girls in a world dominated by implacable uber-males like Batman. She loved Bruce, but some part of her feminist side would always resent how strong and masculine he was, and how objectively superior he was to her as a crime-fighter. She did her best to keep up with him, and her efforts were admirable, but it was just a matter of fact that she'd never be as strong, fast, intelligent, dynamic, or dominant as him. He was the big bad Batman, and she was just the cute little Batgirl. 'Girl.' Not 'woman.' She didn't deserve to call herself a 'woman,' not considering how small and childlike she was compared to Bruce.

“What about you?” Batgirl asked.

“I'm going to find out how far these pheromones have spread. If they've gotten to any super-villains . . . Well . . . I'll have to administer the cure to them myself.”

Batgirl smiled. “You mean fuck them. You're going to fuck them.”

“Yes,” Batman nodded. “And you're going to help me. Once you've finished fucking Red Robin and Nightwing, I want you to go on patrol and confront any super-villains you find. It's up to us to cure Gotham.”

“Cure it by fucking it,” Batgirl giggled, feeling indescribably hot and horny. She was down for this. She wasn't even upset. She was excited.

Batman nodded. “Good girl. Let's fuck Gotham City.”