



Batgirl and Catwoman

(FF, catfight, parody)

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Picture faked by 4F

On a dark rooftop, Barbara Gordon crouched, her skintight purple pants beginning to make her uncomfortable. She leaned cautiously over the skylight. Grimy with soot and streaked with pigeon droppings, it was difficult to see through, but she could make out the shapes of people moving.

If only she could be sure... Then she heard a voice, silky as a cat's purr but loud as a lion's roar and she knew she was in the right place. She had found Catwoman's Lair! And before Batman and Robin, too! She slipped something the size of a lipstick case from her utility belt, and then, wincing at the dirt on the glass, leapt through the skylight.

She landed in the soft sand of a giant litter box. "I've got you now, Catwoman!" she said, as she straightened her mask.

Catwoman reclined on a large dais covered with pillows, her slave Kitten brushing her hair. "Do you? Get her, boys!"

Instantly, Catwoman's slaves (all dressed in black turtlenecks and wool caps--cat burglars, you know) rushed for Batgirl. Barbara pulled herself up on a pipe and kicked two of them in the jaw. One grabbed her around the waist from behind, but she smashed him with her elbow. She decked another with a right roundhouse punch, but the resulting BIFF! distracted her and Kitten put her out with a vial of Cat-sleep-gas.

When Barbara awoke, she was being bound to a giant scratching post. She tried to struggle, but Kitten was just finishing the knots that held her wrists above her head. Catwoman yawned from across the room. "Purrr-fect. I was about to get bored."

Kitten returned to Catwoman's side. Barbara noticed as she struggled that the carpeting covering the scratching post was rough against her ass. Her costume was gone! "Shall I remove her cowl now?" Kitten asked.

"No, darling," said Catwoman, scratching Kitten under the chin. "You know what a fetish I have for masks." She adjusted her own black and green sequined mask with a gloved hand. "Bring me the cat-o-nine-tails."

Barbara flinched when she saw the tentacles of leather. Catwoman swung it a few times experimentally. "now, Kitten, let's see if we can make our Tweety Bird sing."

Barbara tried not to scream, but she felt as if the leather were scorching her skin. As she clenched her teeth, sweat broke out all over her body. Finally, she screamed as the cat ripped at her breast. She felt something dripping. Was it sweat? She hung her head and gasped at the sight of blood, trickling from her nipple down her stomach.

Catwoman's eyes glittered in her mask slits. "Kitten, would you clean up that mess."

Kitten sauntered over, letting her curvaceous hips swing in her all spandex cat suit. She knelt in front of Barbara, and began licking the welts on her hip. Slowly she worked her way up, her tongue warm and wet, but not as rough as a real cat's, Barbara noted with relief.

The probing tongue reached her nipple, circling it, tweaking it as the tip hardened. Barbara moaned, pulling on the ropes that held her hands. But she couldn't push the warm soft wetness away any more than she could stop the whip from falling. Kitten ran her fingernails down the curve of the other breast, then over Barbara's ribs, bringing goose bumps up all across her flesh. She sobbed.

Catwoman came over, pushed Kitten aside. "So," she said, her face inches from Barbara's. "Where's Batman? It's such a shame he has to miss this." When Barbara didn't answer,

Catwoman pinched her nipples, one in each hand, and held them there. "Didn't you invite him to our little party?" Again no answer.

Catwoman pinched harder, twisting. "No, you didn't. I can see why. You wouldn't want to run the risk of him seeing me. He might forget all about you. Poor thing, you must ride all over Gotham on that Batgirl-cycle of yours, the engine humming between your legs, looking for him."

She let go and Barbara sighed. Kitten handed up some clothespins. "What would you say to him? 'Oh, Batman, you can leave the mask on, but show me that great manly organ of yours?' Say it." Barbara lifted her head.

"I said, 'say it.'" Catwoman placed a clothespin on Barbara's left nipple. "Say 'Batman, I want to suck you dry. I've admired your cock for years, always just beneath that thin layer of spandex.'" She put another pin on the other nipple. "Not very cooperative, are you. Say 'Batman, I want you to fuck me. Fuck me hard. Push your giant bat-dick into my little bat-cunt.'"

She placed several more clothespins on Barbara's flesh and stepped back. "I'm going to insist." She picked up a small whip and cracked it. Barbara jumped. "Ah, I see you remember the taste of leather. Now say 'Batman, push your giant bat-dick..." Catwoman picked one of the clothespins off with the whip. Barbara began sobbing again. "Go on, 'Batman, push your giant bat-dick into my..." She whipped her on the thigh, then picked off another pin.

Barbara screamed and tried to say something, but her chest was heaving. "Ba... ba..."

"Come on," Catwoman encouraged her with a breathy singsong. "Batman, I want your giant bat-dick inside my little bat-cunt."

"Batman..." Barbara began. She flinched as Catwoman raised her arm. "I want your giant bat... dick, inside my little bat... cunt." She relaxed as Catwoman's arm came down.

"Too bad, bat-bitch," Catwoman growled, "If it's going anywhere, it's into this pussy!" And she whipped off the rest of the pins, and a few more long hard strokes for good measure. Then she noticed that Batgirl seemed to have passed out. "Such a shame. Boys, get her on the table. I want to see her begging me."

A little Cat-smelling-salt and Barbara was staring up at the ceiling. She was on a metal operating room table, with her feet bound into stirrups and her ass resting in a slight depression. Her hands were bounds at her sides.

Maybe I should have made my trail a little more obvious, she thought. *Just because Batman has a big vocabulary doesn't mean he's that smart. Maybe the bat-computer is down...*

"Now, Tweetie," Catwoman said, as she came in wearing a white doctor's coat over her

usual slinky black dress. "We're going to play my favorite game."

"Doctor?" Barbara said quizzically.

"No, Veterinarian," Catwoman purred. She pulled a syringe from one of the deep pockets of the coat. "First your rabies shot."

"You'll never get away with this," Barbara said out of a sense of obligation to cliché. But she held her mouth shut as Catwoman plunged the needle into the thick muscle of her arm. It burned like fire but she couldn't move to soothe it.

"Now, you look like you've been through hell, little bat. Let's see what we can do." She pulled a flashlight out of her coat and began examining Barbara's hindquarters. "Hmm, hard to see down here. We'll have to do something about this hair. I see you're not a natural redhead..."

She began plucking brown pubic hairs with a tweezers. Each pluck was a jab of tiny electric pain, and a throb of blood in her labia. Catwoman picked up the pace after about twenty hairs. She rested one thumb up against Barbara's clitoris. Which each hair, Barbara jumped a little, just enough to move Catwoman's thumb. When Barbara realized what she was doing, she tried to hold still, trying to squeeze her legs muscles and abdomen tight, so she wouldn't rub against the intruding finger.

Catwoman laughed. She produced an electrolysis needle from under the table. "Now, DON'T MOVE!" she said.

Barbara couldn't help but jump from the first bite of the needle. She could feel the heat of the pain and the heat of arousal flooding her whole pubic area. Tears ran down her face as Catwoman put down the electrolysis needle and began licking the edges of her vagina.

The sharp point of her tongue tweaked her clit and Barbara sobbed. Catwoman continued circling the clit and tweaking it until Barbara began to move her hips just a bit, back and forth. With each stroke of the tongue, Barbara could feel the stinging in her arm and the marks on the breasts less and less. She hoped this would keep Catwoman occupied until Batman could show up.

Catwoman sat back. "Poor little bat, why are you crying? I think you need more attention." She ran her hands down the marks on Barbara's ribs, caressing the bruised flesh. "There, there." She smiled as she saw the nipples hardening again. "That's better. You see, I don't have to hurt you. Yes, I can be nice." She slipped a finger into Batgirl's swollen cunt, down into her vagina, massaging gently. "I know how you feel," purred Catwoman.

"No, don't," Barbara was saying through her tears. "Leave me alone!" But she couldn't fight the delicious feelings that swept over her as Catwoman's expert hands did their work. Then Kitten was there, caressing her face and her neck, while Catwoman put her tongue to work again. She felt as though she were being lifted, up and up, on the hot rising cloud of desire. She sighed, tensing her stomach muscles for the inevitable explosion. She moved her hips

again, wanting the orgasm that would erase all the pain.

"How's that?" Catwoman pulled her finger slowly away, laughing as Barbara tried to lift her body to meet it. "Uh, uh. My turn." Catwoman stepped out of her skirt and climbed on top of Barbara. She squatted over Barbara's chest, and began to finger herself, moaning and growling.

The wild onion scent of her sex drove Barbara wild. Barbara clenched her vagina open and shut, trying to release herself from the sexual plateau where Catwoman left her, but she couldn't get any farther. Catwoman had her eyes closed and her head thrown back. Barbara stared into her cunt, and then, slowly, lifted her head as far as she could, her tongue out. She lifted her shoulders to the table as far as she could, and licked the back of Catwoman's hand. Catwoman's eyes sprang open.

"Why, Batgirl, are you HUNGRY?"

Barbara tried to get her tongue past Catwoman's fingers.

"I suppose you are giving me your cooperation because you'd like me to do the same."

"Yes," Barbara said, tasting the salty surface of Catwoman's labia. "Please."

"I like the sound of that."

"Please Catwoman," Barbara said, feeling foolish and not at all sure how to phrase her begging. "I'll do you if you do me."

"How quaint." And Catwoman lowered herself over Barbara's mouth. "Mmmm, you're good at this. I thought only women in prison were this good." Catwoman pumped her hips and Barbara's licking became more frantic. "Look's like the Cat's got your tongue!" Catwoman began to meow, bucking harder, and holding her own breasts. Finally, she hissed and spat and collapsed forward into Kitten's arms.

She climbed down slowly, sighing. Then she circled the table. "Mm. I guess I have my half of the bargain to uphold." She produced a roll of first aid tape. "Very well." She began taping Barbara's red labia open, sticking strips of tape longer than necessary to Barbara's thighs. When Barbara was stretched taut, she began probing her vagina with her fingers, keeping one thumb on her clitoris.

"Imagine this is Batman," Catwoman purred, as she held up a purple dildo for Batgirl to see. She rubbed the rubber cat toy against Barbara's clit and Barbara bucked. She was getting very close now. She then inserted the dildo, slowly into Barbara's vagina. Barbara was so ready that the large toy slid in with no problem. Catwoman bumped it against the back a few times, then twisted it in a wide circle. Batgirl moaned. "Oh please, Catwoman, please."

"Come on, you know how cats like to play with their prey." But she relented, lowering her tongue down to Barbara's throbbing clit. She held the dildo in place, and began licking.

Suddenly, a door was kicked in. "We've got you now, Catwoman!" Barbara and Catwoman both turned to see The Caped Crusader and the Boy Wonder standing there, with their hands on their hips.

Catwoman stood up and sighed as Batgirl squirmed in frustration. "Get, em, boys."

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