

A little over a week later
Tuesday, December 15th 2015

Penguin's mood was like a growing storm.

He was about to unleash his temper on Gotham with every ounce of ferocity that the angry little man could muster. Legions of his newly appropriated minions were being organised – Penguin might have his flaws, but organisation was not one of them. He could organise, he could plan and he could scheme.

The fact that some of his schemes failed was not usually due to the planning; it was often due to the poor execution by his dumb minions!

"I will get that costumed freak and he will pay; his little bitch, too!"

There was general agreement from his senior minions as they listened to their bosses' plans for eradicating Gotham's current bat and cat problem.

Gotham Police Headquarters

"Gordon!"

Detective Gordon turned toward his boss, Captain Barnes. He seemed somewhat more annoyed than usual.

"What is this shit that I've been hearing? Bats? Cats?"

"Rumours, Captain – this *is* Gotham!"

"Yes, but there have been some very credible sightings, from some very credible criminals."

"Err, 'credible criminals', Captain?" Detective Bullock inquired.

"You know what I mean, Bullock!" Captain Barnes replied. "No one takes the law into their own hands in *my* City!"

"Yes, sir!"

Half an hour later

Midtown
East Tulip Street

"Ooh, more vigilantes!"

"Good evening, detective!"

"So *you* must be 'The Bat'," Detective Bullock continued.

"That would be incorrect..." the black form announced.

"*He*, is Batman!" The slender female vigilante announced. "*I*, am Catwoman!"

"Is that so?" Bullock enquired rhetorically.

“Our Boss is *not* your biggest fan, to put it mildly!” Detective Gordon said. “However, you two seem to have made quite an impact, in a very short space of time.”

“We do what we can!” Catwoman replied with a big grin.

“God, she is *so* sure of herself!” Bullock laughed. “Reminds me of somebody else... Hey, where’d they both go?”

“They do that – you get used to it...”

“You’re enjoying winding them up, aren’t you?”

“Of course, Batman; it makes this all so much more fun...”

“It’s not supposed to be fun, Catwoman; it’s supposed to be serious...”

“Aw, come on; stop being so damn serious and enjoy life. This crap is dangerous, so you gotta get some enjoyment out of it, too.

“I suppose...”

“Come on, let’s *bat* on!”

“Funny, very funny...”

..._...

We headed over Starr Bridge and into Uptown on our motorcycles. I loved the wary glances that we received as we went past – my cloak billowed behind me as we rode. Catwoman attracted many glances – mainly from the male portion of society – and I knew that she loved every glance and I could swear that I heard her *purring* with pleasure...

We stopped outside an all-night store.

“Kitty want some milk?” I quipped and Catwoman grinned.

“I *am* thirsty...”

With that, we both climbed off our machines and headed toward the store.

Senji Street 7-11

The store’s owner laughed raucously at the TV as his wife counted that night’s takings.

A man walked towards the till at the far end of the store and the lady smoothly swept the bills which she had been counting into the drawer and closed it quickly. The man threw a magazine onto the counter.

“Will there be anything else, sir?” The lady asked as she placed the magazine into a paper bag.

The man looked around shiftily for a moment before he replied.

“Yeah . . . empty the register and put the money in the bag...”

“Excuse me?” The lady asked and her husband turned away from the TV.

"I said give me your money . . . and all of it . . . and don't fuck with me!" The man yelled as he pulled a submachine gun from under his knee-length coat. "Now move! Open the safe, pops... Open the goddamn safe."

"We don't have a safe..." the owner replied.

"Shit . . . there's the goddamn safe, you son of a bitch!" The man yelled as he kicked away some cans of beer that had concealed the safe. "Stop stalling, man – I'll count to three and you better open that son of a bitch..."

The lady at the till stuffed bills into the paper bag and stabbed the silent alarm button to one side of the till.

"Come on! Come on!" The man yelled as he brandished the submachine gun and then turned to aim at the lady. "I'm gonna blow her brains out..."

The owner stepped forwards.

"I'll open the safe..."

"Good, boy..."

As the owner span the dial, the man became increasingly impatient.

"Come on – you'd better open that on the count of three... One . . . Two . . . "

I pulled open the door and held it open for Catwoman.

"Always the gentleman, Batman," she breathed as she passed me.

I was about to reply when I took in the scene down by the till.

"Fuck me!" The man hissed.

"Drop the gun..." I ordered.

"Fuck me!"

Bullets began to fly

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" The man chanted as he fired off his rounds.

I ducked and dived forwards as Catwoman moved away from me and flanked the man with the gun. He saw Catwoman at the last moment, just as her boot caught him in the side of the head and he flew into a small fridge. Catwoman stepped around the man's legs and grabbed a half-pint carton of milk.

"Can I buy this?" She asked the owner as if nothing had happened.

"It's yours, honey," the lady replied.

Later that night

Beneath Wayne Manor

“Good evening, sir, madam; I’m glad you are both back safely. A late supper will be ready in forty minutes.”

“Thank you, Alfred,” Bruce replied as he pulled off his mask.

“Yes, thank you, Alfred,” Selina added.

“Oh, Master Bruce?”

“Yes, Alfred?”

“A shower might be a good idea, sir...”

“That bad?” Bruce asked Selina.

Alfred chuckled as he headed towards the stone staircase.

“I wasn’t going to say anything,” Selina replied with a grin.

“You’re not exactly a rose garden, either.”

The Bat Cave

The hot water soothed my aches and pains and brought me back to life.

I barely registered the sound of the door to the bathroom as it opened and gently closed. But I did register the cold blast as the shower curtain was pulled back.

“Hi, Bruce!”

I quickly covered myself with my hands as Cat just stared at me.

“I locked the door...” I growled as I tried to cover my embarrassment.

Then to my surprise the completely naked Cat cocked her hips to one side and placed her hands on them. The patronising look I received was almost missed as I took in her awesome body and I very nearly missed her response.

“No lock can defeat *me!*” she replied indignantly.

I had always known that Cat was brazen but damn! I had also often wondered what was beneath her swimsuit and to be honest, I had never thought that I would *ever* find out...

I had been wanting to try something for weeks but I had been afraid of destroying what trust we had built up between one another. The street-rat inside of me had encouraged me to make an advance on Bruce but I had willed those emotions to subside, until now.

As I stood there, with my hands on my bare hips, I could see Bruce’s eyes as they darted around my body – he seemed stunned by my complete and total exposure. Mind you, by the heat building up in my face I seemed to have stunned myself...

Thanks to my athletic activity, my body was slim and I had a perfect set of abs that I thought looked awesome and I knew that Bruce enjoyed looking at them when I trained in just a pair of shorts and a sports bra. Talking of the bra, it didn’t hold all that much and I wished that I had more but again, I

had often seen Bruce looking at my pair of 32As. Now, he was focussed on them and I felt my nipples tingle.

His eyes moved down my body before they stopped and I bit my lip as he stared at my vulva.

“You keep it trimmed?”

“Yeah, I find a lot of hair gets in the way and I hate it when I sweat down there... I never remove all of it; I just keep it short. You like it?”

“Yeah...”

I took a deep breath and I stepped into the shower.

Oh, wow...

I had a naked girl in the shower and . . . oh, what the hell... I slowly removed my hands from between my legs and my face got really hot. Not surprisingly, Cat’s awesome body had had the expected effect on me.

“Oh, wow...” Cat murmured as she stared at my very stiff... She giggled.

“Is it that bad?”

“No; it’s not bad . . . can I...?”

Cat seemed very nervous as she reached out her hand – I started to turn away but I forced myself to stop and I allowed Cat to touch me as she very gently took a hold of me.

“Warm and very soft,” she murmured. “But very hard, too...”

“You’ve never touched one before?”

“No – never; out on the streets it was a good way to get raped.”

“May I...?”

“Of course, Bruce, I am all yours...” Cat grinned and I tentatively reached out towards her.

I had touched her skin before and it was silky smooth. But touching skin that I had never before laid my eyes on was very different and it gave me an electric feeling to touch her. I gently traced my fingers around her left breast and then with shaking fingers, I touched her nipple – she jumped and squealed at my touch.

..._...

Careful, Bruce, don’t ruin it – you are only thirteen... To be honest, I was scared about going to the ‘next level’ – especially considering that I had only *just* got to ‘this level’... For me, being a boy, it was a dream come true – Selina was the perfect girl. I had never seen a *real* naked girl before – those websites did not count... Her skin was perfect and I found her breasts tantalising – they weren’t huge but their size suited her body and they were very soft.

For now, I decided that the area between her legs was off limits – not because I did not want to go down there; I did – it was just that down there worried me and what it might lead to.

The Kitchen

Alfred had a disapproving look on his face as we both dashed into the kitchen, fifteen minutes late...

“You two have fun...?”

“I have no idea *what* you are talking about, Alfred...” Bruce responded bravely.

“Of *course*, Master Bruce...” Alfred replied as he placed two plates onto the table. “I just didn’t think it was time for some little Bruces or little Selinas...”

I was left with my mouth hanging open in shock and what had to be a very red face. I knew that Alfred liked to speak his mind, especially recently, but...

Cat didn’t exactly help the situation as she giggled and blushed wildly.

I had no problem with the two of them ‘getting together’, so long as they stayed disconnected so to speak.

Both youngsters had demons in their lives and now they both needed each other. It was nice to hear laughter and giggling in the house again. I was also very pleased that young Master Bruce had a companion. Miss Selina had taken some getting used to but after Mindy and her troop, I could cope with anything!

As I watched them, they were whispering in a conspiratorial fashion and Bruce would occasionally peer up at me and then quickly look away. Maybe I should keep a closer eye on the both of them...