

Four days later
Thursday, December 24th

Wayne Manor

It was Christmas Eve and to say that Selina was excited, was like saying that Hit Girl was sweet and innocent!

Alfred thought it was uproariously funny each time that I found myself under a conveniently placed piece of mistletoe. Selina took every advantage and the kisses, which had started as a cute peck on the cheek, were becoming longer and much wetter. It did not help that Alfred seemed to be placing mistletoe *everywhere*. Neither were his comments helping.

“Is it going to be a Frenchie next, sir?”

“Now you’re getting the hang of it!”

“I think you’ve made him blush, young miss.”

Selina enjoyed every minute – well, I had to admit, so did I... There was no way that I could deny enjoying the act of a beautiful girl kissing me. Her lips were very soft and my own tingled at each brazen contact. Her gorgeous hazel eyes were always laughing when she kissed me. The tingles that I felt between my legs grew stronger each time she kissed me. During what had to have been the twentieth kiss since the first damn mistletoe had appeared the previous afternoon, Cat began to moan as we kissed. Whereas each kiss had generally only lasted seconds, the current kiss seemed to continue on and everything around me appeared to fade away until it was just me and Cat, alone, kissing.

..._...

She wrapped her arms around me and I did the same. Our bodies moved closer together and I felt the warmth of her body against my own. We had hugged before, so the closeness was nothing new. But something felt different as we continued to kiss and hold each other close.

I had never done anything like it before. My hands began to wander and they naturally fell down to Cat's firm butt – yep, she purred... She broke the kiss, but only for a moment.

“Is that a baton in your pants, or are you just pleased to see me...”

Her lips came together with my own again as I ground up against her. I slid my left hand around from the back towards the front. Her thighs were just as firm and very nicely curved. She moaned as my hand found her crotch and...

“Lunch in ten minutes, Master Bruce, Miss Selina.”

We both sprang apart and I saw Selina biting her bottom lip as she fought the redness that covered her entire face. By the heat of my own face, I knew that I was probably the same colour.

“Did I disturb something?” Alfred grinned. “My apologies...”

With that, the smirking butler vanished.

***The following morning
December 25th, 2016
Christmas Day***

Wayne Manor

I awoke feeling refreshed and very ready for the day.

The previous evening had been fun as we had enjoyed each other's company. Cat and I had actually managed to fall asleep on the couch while we watched 'It's a Wonderful Life'. That scheming butler of ours had left us there with a blanket over us both. One minute he's trying to keep us apart, the next he's letting us sleep together on the couch. We had both awoken in the early hours feeling cold, despite the blanket. After an embarrassed silence, we had both headed up to our own beds.

I had barely pushed back the duvet when the door to my bedroom burst open and a whirlwind flew onto the bed with an enormous grin on her face. As usual, she looked awesome in her pyjama shorts and top. In the position she was in, I could see straight down her top – she was not wearing a bra and I began to smile. Cat noticed where I was looking.

"You have a one-track mind," she chided but she made no attempt to remove her bare breasts from my sight.

"Merry Christmas, Selina."

"Merry Christmas, Bruce..."

She lunged at me and her lips touched my own. She looked embarrassed as she pulled back.

"When you two have finished with breakfast in bed, breakfast is ready in the Dining Room," Alfred called from the door.

"Merry Christmas, Alfred!" We both called out as we scrambled off the bed.

Over breakfast, the two teenagers could not seem to be able to help grinning at each other.

It had been quite a while since the house had reverberated with laughter and merriment. Although, I was not overly sure about their idea of 'merriment'!

"Any plans for the day?" I enquired.

"Maybe a workout before lunch," Miss Selina suggested.

"I'd go along with that," Master Bruce agreed and I saw the sly grin on his face.

"Miss Selina. Considering that you are now a part of the family, so to speak, I think it is time that you should be independent of young Master Bruce's wallet."

Miss Selina frowned and looked apprehensive as I passed across a small, carefully wrapped, present. I saw Master Bruce smile. I had suggested it and Bruce had agreed. I saw the young girl's eyes bulge out as she finished unwrapping, destroying might have been a better word, the present. In her hands, she held a simple but important device. She looked over at Bruce and then up at me. I saw tears in her eyes.

"You really trust me that much?"

“Of course, young Miss.”

I could not believe it.

It was only a piece of plastic, but for them to give it to me was a sign that they trusted me much more than I thought. Mere months before I had been a street rat. I would steal without even thinking about it.

“You need your independence, Selina,” Bruce said. “I trust you with my life.”

I wiped away the tears that had run down my cheeks and I smirked up at Alfred.

“It got a limit?” I asked cheekily.

“It does, but I think I can safely say that it is much higher than anything even a female could spend.”

Selina jumped up and she surprised Alfred by giving him an enormous hug and a kiss on the cheek.

I was very surprised to see Alfred blush slightly as Selina came around and sat on my lap. She kissed me and I noticed that Alfred had discretely vanished into the kitchen where I could hear him humming Christmas Carols.

“After all I’ve done... You’re too good to me, Bruce. Thank you.”

“You’ve had your ups and downs. Now we are a team and you watch my back. You are my life, Selina.”

“Let’s go pump some iron!” Selina suggested and she dived out of the Dining Room.

Beneath Wayne Manor

It was one of the many things that I lived for.

Cat was pumping iron. She wore just a pair of skin-tight shorts and a sports bra. I had to admit that I found it difficult to concentrate on my own training as I stole a few glances of Cat in action. I enjoyed seeing the beads of sweat as they ran down her face and continued on to her breasts. I also had a feeling that Cat enjoyed me watching her.

I continued with my push ups.

Watching Bruce as he exercised was the best thing.

Over the months he had built up some awesome muscles and a very firm set of abs. His biceps were very appealing as he did his push ups. At times, it was a struggle to concentrate on my own exercises with such an appealing sight before me. I think he enjoyed me watching him. I definitely caught him watching me.

I liked him watching me too.

You'd have thought that Selina had never eaten, the way she put the food away.

At one stage Alfred peered under the table for a moment.

"What you doing?" Cat asked in a rare break between enormous mouthfuls.

"Just wondering where all that food was going, young Miss."

I laughed as Cat grinned sheepishly but she continued to shovel copious amounts of food into her admittedly well-proportioned mouth. Alfred just shrugged as he ate his own meal. It was Christmas, so we had both insisted that Alfred join us – he was my family, my only family.

After the meal, Bruce and I went for a stroll through the capacious grounds of Wayne Manor.

Okay, I had been a bit of a pig during the meal. But the food had been so good and I was still getting used to eating so well. I had been more used to scraps when on the street. Right at that moment, I had to have been the happiest girl in Gotham. Somehow I had gone from gutter-rat to vigilante superhero. Not only that, I was walking through the grounds of Gotham's number one address and I was hand-in-hand with Gotham's richest teenager...

Bruce stopped me and he placed a hand on each cheek, he pulled me close and he placed his lips on my own. The tingle that I felt soon left my lips and it flowed down to my nipples and then continued down to my crotch. I soon found myself moaning without really knowing why. There we were in the middle of an enormous lawn, wrapped up against the cold, but I could have been naked and I knew that the warmth between us would have been more than enough to stave off the cold.

The kiss blocked out everything around us and we felt like we were the only people in Gotham.

That same time

The streets of Gotham

Everybody gave the man and his entourage a wide berth.

The man wore a black suit, a white shirt and a discrete black cravat. A grey pocket square finished off the ensemble. In his right hand, he held a black umbrella with a dark wood handle. His black hair was short and added to his sinister glare as he ignored all around him. The man walked with a strange loping gait which was accentuated by the shoes he wore. They were black and pointed.

Behind him came two men, one large, the other thin. Both were obvious bodyguards to the man in the suit. The streets were not busy, it being Christmas Day, but some were enjoying a casual walk after a traditionally large lunch. The small groups of Gothamites seemed to part like the Red Sea as the self-proclaimed 'King of Gotham' made his way in a southerly direction along Hicks Avenue.

He stopped outside a public bar. Butch stepped forwards and he pushed open the door for his boss.

The place was formerly known as Mooney's Nightclub.

Since Fish Mooney's demise at the hands of Hit Girl, the club had required new management. Naturally, Oswald Cobblepot had deemed it a shrewd acquisition – not that it had cost him a single buck. Now, Oswald's, as it was known, was a thriving nightspot for those involved directly or

indirectly in Gotham's world of organised crime. The GCPD did not dare go near the place for fear of direct retribution. For the moment, the Penguin and his empire were unassailable.

Since the death of Falcone, control of the docks had also passed to Penguin. Maroni was somewhere in the city but he had some major rebuilding to do. Since Penguin had absorbed most of Fish's crew and many of Falcone's, he was the major force in Gotham for the foreseeable future. However, there was a fly in his ointment.

Actually, two to be accurate. Or to be even *more* accurate, a bat and a cat.

Wayne Manor

It was good to see them enjoying themselves.

As I watched from the second floor window, I saw them kiss and wrap their arms around each other. I had a feeling that it was not just because it was damned cold out there. It was their time. They needed it. My sixth sense tingled. I was certain that Gotham was about to explode and the most corrupt city in the United States was going to need its two new beacons of hope.

I just hoped that they would live to grow and seal their bond together.

Downtown

Cobble Hill

The Flea

"Who are you?"

The blonde haired girl looked towards the voice. The girl who had spoken wore a very moth-eaten black and yellow jumper. Her hair was long and unkempt but it was obvious that she was a girl who could turn many heads after a good bath and some haircare.

"My name's Harleen. What's yours?"

"I'm Ivy."

"You without a family?"

"Not quite – my Dad was shot by a cop and my Mom's gone a bit loopy. You?"

"They were both killed some time ago. I live with my aunt in this shit-hole of a city."

"Come on and meet some of my friends, Harleen."