

*"On the seventh day God rested and on the seventh night God was eaten by Catwoman."*

*-The First Holy Book of The Goddesses*

Catwoman laughs to Herself and the world; finally She's achieved *omnipotence!* Now She wields absolute control over everything so much as *touched* by shadow, She exists in the void between all things in all places simultaneously; at last She is the first *true* Goddess!

'Mmmeow!' She purrs to the empty room and walls now dotted with stars drawn from the infinite void that bows to Her will. 'No, there's no need for me to be *modest...*' Selina smirks and Her impossibly glossy materialised shadows worn like a latex catsuit creak and stretch around Her cheeks, '**MEOW!**' She repeats, activating Her newfound power: *The Word of Goddess.*

Like a ripple Catwoman's word reverberates around the entire world and while it serves no purpose Her utterance continues out to the limits of the solar system too. To a being every woman, man, child and animal hears Her voice and understands this commandment from the almighty; they feel and immediately act upon the irresistible urge to imitate a cat to the best of their abilities. Goddess Catwoman's latex ears - jutting from the top of Her skintight cowl - twitch as She hears the worldwide chorus of that very same sound spoken back to Her like a collective prayer.

'*That's* more like it! Hmhmhmmm-' She chuckles in delight. She may have restyled God's halo into a sleek and stylish pair of goggles, but the nature of the relic remains the same: Selina Kyle now wears the "Crown of Sol," the *master key* or *administrator password* to the solar system as a whole. What She says is law, fundamental and overpowering to everything from the most powerful of metahuman down to the very clay itself.

'I think I can get used to this kind of power *very* easily!' Selina lilts to Herself, raising a clawed hand and clenching it into a fist as Her newly extended claws smoothly slide back into Her fingertips to avoid Her palm before re-emerging as She splays Her fingers once more. She is hovering, dancing Goddess-rays raining down upon Her as She hangs in the air without so much as a muscle tensed nor erg of energy expended to maintain Her defiance of gravity.

'But I think what this world *really* needs is a more...' Goddess Kyle licks Her sharp, cat-like incisors '*-hands on deity!*' She concludes, 'I think I'll take a tour of my dominion.' And without another moment to think She vanishes and moves at the speed of darkness to wherever She desires.

*"I am Alpha! I am Omega! I am Catwoman! Hear me Roar!"*

*-The First Holy Book of The Goddesses*

Shadows do everything they shouldn't and become living liquid, slithering together above the rooftop of Wayne Tower overlooking Gotham City. Catwoman materialises out of literal thin-air made from that swirling darkness, the void between particles in the atmosphere making anywhere an instantaneous portal for the omnipotent Princess of Plunder.

'Mmm, hello *my* Gotham! Strange... I can go *anywhere* in the entire solar system in the blink of an eye yet the first place I think to come is right here

overlooking my purrfectly dark and dingy home-town!' Selina wonders aloud to Herself, hands on Her colossally powerful hips as She looks over Her most familiar patch of turf. 'No matter, why *shouldn't* the *universe's* greatest thief steal the entire city of Gotham as Her own *personal playground*?' She smirks playfully.

'How about I start...!' Without so much as steadying Herself Catwoman darts forwards into the sky with an earthshaking series of sonic booms; Her huge, gleaming rubber wings flap out an instant later and She spins to eye up the side of the headquarters of Wayne Enterprises, '-by leaving an unmistakable symbol for my *vermin* to look up to with *reverence*!' She smirks and raises a clawed hand towards the five massive neon letters adorning the crest of the building: "WAYNE"

Tensing Her fingers as if weaving a magic spell Selina twists and contorts the neon tubes in ways physics can't explain and after a few moments to satisfy Her perfectionism She allows Herself a wry smile. '*Purrrfect!* Hmhaha-' She begins to laugh now silhouetted by a twenty foot high perfectly symmetrical neon cat insignia, the glowing tubes shifting from blue to red. '-hahaHAHA!'

Gracefully She spins in mid-air, 'But why stop at giving my little rats a mere *symbol* of their *Goddess* to look at...!' The power is now most definitely going to Her head as well it might. She begins raising tensed hands from Her sides, bringing to life the shadows smothering the streets below; '-when they can adore *me* in all my perfection?!' Catwoman grins ear to ear as She fades into the night only to feel Herself fly through each and every street in Gotham as the smog-like clouds of malevolence She's become.

A woman down below gasps as a dark wind blows through her skirt; she spins to follow the black gust as it joins with a growing storm behind some buildings a few blocks away. Beside her a man knelt grovelling at her feet in a desperate attempt to fulfil Catwoman's absolute decree of female supremacy feels his stylish hair be snagged by a passing rubber gloved hand made of the night; his head is snapped to the side to follow the living shadows and as quickly as he was snared he is released.

'UGH!' The woman moans as a sound echoes into her ears, the sound of tight rubber creaking around a perfectly formed Goddess. It's not the kind of sound *any* catsuit could make because the latex one-piece responsible has the surface area of twenty city blocks and the Goddess wearing it is now rising up on Her right elbow to lift Her head above the peaks of skyscrapers. Easily a mile tall should She choose to stand, Selina Kyle now looks down over the people of Gotham from a position of absolute supremacy as both Goddess *and* Giantess.

'*Hell-o*, my little *vermin*!' Catwoman purrs, the voice projected from Her fifty foot wide lips a booming and almost deafening roar. Even reclined on a single elbow Her eyes look down from over 500 feet up yet through Her glowing red goggles Her *possessions* (the citizens of Gotham) can tell that those glowing eyes are filled with disgust at the mere sight of the little people beneath Her. 'Isn't tonight simply *divine*?! Hmhmhahaha!'

The omnipotent giantess glaring down at Her helpless subjects slides a hand up Her perfect torso with a squeaking cacophony of delight that fills the bodies and minds beneath Her with lust. While the little people seem largely filled with pure awestruck adoration, Selina's not as impressed as She might be. 'I see

you're *beginning* to get into the spirit of things; *some of you* however...' In a way that seems utterly impossible Catwoman's left arm duplicates 178 identical perfect limbs from the same shoulder, each sliding through the others and reaching down towards a victim of Selina's choosing in a quarter-mile radius. '-seem to think that *heresy* against your *Cat-Goddess* is *acceptable!*'

With each of Her legion of hands Selina pinches and lifts a man who has failed to kneel before Her, 'Let these *few fools* who failed to *grovel* be a lesson to *all of you!*' With an incredible show of control She flicks every one of Her new wrists at once and launches Her captives hundreds of feet into the air; Her head tilts back and with a hungry, sensual purr Catwoman's luscious lips part. Bodies collide above Her head as 179 men arrive in the same place and begin to free-fall; the gnash of Selina Kyle's sharp bleached white fangs is like a thunderclap as She chomps the ball of bodies out of the air like a peanut, little more than a canapé for Her refined tastebuds.

'Mmmmeow! *Yummy!*' She purrs in delight, looking down once more on Her shocked, enamoured and horrified people. 'You see, my little rats? There's *no defying* your Goddess!' Her low chuckle carries an overwhelming potency as it echoes through the streets, driving the last shreds of resistance from the handful of doubters. '*Catwoman Reigns supreme! Remember this fact! Embrace it! Live for it!*' She demands and Her word is law.

'But let's not pretend I'm a *purely* malevolent Goddess.' Selina continues Her monologue to Her congregation 'Nor that I'm numb to what some of you are thinking: *Some of you* believe this might be just another one of *those* phases that'll change when some metahuman or other steps in to take things back to the bad old days, right?' Her left arms slide back into a singular limb lifted in front of Her with Her palm extended, 'Let me put that idea to rest *here and now!*'

With a flash of red light something appears in Her hand summoned from who knows where. Towering high above the citizens there's little hope for them to see what it is She's holding so Selina offers clarity: 'They call this little man "Clayface." A shapeshifter or so I hear...' She's looking down on the humanoid blob of gloopy clay with a certain disappointment in Her voice and eyes, 'Not a very good one, but I'll use this meta creature as an example:'

From the glowing red goggles adorning Her immense face Selina fires wide, searing beams of crimson light down at Her palm for just a few brief moments; the sound is deafening as Catwoman's unbridled power tears the sky apart. '*This* is the kind of creature that might normally change things...' She says with a chuckle as She looks at what remains, '-but look now!' She reaches down and plants what She has created amidst a crowd on the street, 'As clay should be he's been *fired* in the *kiln* of your Goddess' *glare!*' The crowd gasp in disbelief at the shameless, rock hard phallic pottery sculpture the former supervillain has been reduced to 'When doubt creeps into your mind, little rodents... *Look* to my work here as a *warning* and a *reminder* that *nobody* fucks with Catwoman!'

'Hmhmhaha!' Selina grins at the humiliating fate She has bestowed upon that tasteless creature: incinerated and reduced to a human-sized ceramic dildo and displayed with pride for Her doubters to educate themselves by. 'I think I've made myself clear, but I know who it is we're all thinking about: *The Batman!*' Selina tests the limits of Her powers once more by altering

everything around Her in a particular way that takes Her fancy: 'You're all *thinking* about him because I've temporarily made every man amongst you *into* him...' The women on the street look to the men in their midst and find in absolute shock that indeed every male watching on is now not only wearing the guise of the caped crusader but *is* the man himself, duplicated a hundred thousand times over and frozen in place. 'And you're *thinking* about him because every woman amongst you is now... *me!*'

Every bemused, knelt man looks up in their confusion to find the mighty, shapely form of Goddess Catwoman towering over them and regarding them with hungry, licentious eyes. 'Hi, Bruce! Confused at the impossible being possible for me?' Batman hears thousands of times at once as if experiencing an impossible fever dream, 'That's not your concern, but *here's* what *is...*' The army of Catwomen reach out and stroke whatever part they like of their paralysed pet Batmen, the touch like divinity itself, setting each man off into a spike of erotic delight '*I'm coming for you!*'

*"You are all rats! Vermin! But you're my vermin therefore you're good!"  
Thus spoke the Goddess and the people rejoiced!  
-The First Holy Book of The Goddesses*

'*YUUUUURGH!*' Bruce Wayne cries out passionately in bed, his consciousness and form returned to his own body which reacts to the impossible input of sexual bliss filtered from half a city's menfolk by writhing and convulsing in an orgasm beyond words. After several unimaginable, cum-soaked moments of enforced bliss his body falls heavy against the bed and he feels a warm hand rest on his arm.

'B-BRUCE! Are you alright?!' Talia Al Ghul asks in concern having just seen the other half of her one night stand enter a trance-like state before his truly shocking reaction.

'Uh-Uh... Y-yes... I think I'm fine...' He heaves, confused and somehow unable to remember what had happened; all he knows is that he feels a deep, inescapable sense of foreboding. 'E-excuse me for a moment...' He manages to rise, still shaky and heads for the door.

'Alright...' Talia watches her one-off partner leave and puffs out her chest in slight frustration. 'Just when things were getting good- huh?' She sits up, looking towards the window and a red glow coming through the cracks in the curtains, 'I could have *sworn* I heard something like...' She gets out of bed and reaches for the curtains '-creaking rubber?' She opens the curtain ever so slightly and glances for a moment at the Giantess staring back with a Cheshire Cat grin; it takes her a moment to realise what it is she's seeing but it won't matter because it's already *way* too late!

Talia staggers back with a yelp, her assassin training almost kicking in before she finds her head pressing against a huge, pillow-like expanse of rubber behind her. 'Talia. Al. Ghul.' A malicious voice utters behind and above her; there's disgust in the words, that the naked killer for hire registers at about the same moment she realizes the red glow illuminating the room has vanished. Catwoman isn't a mile-high giantess eyeing her up from beyond the window any more, She's stood behind her with Her massive rubber-clad rack pressed into the back of Talia's head. 'Of course *you're* here!' Selina concludes with utter disgust at the concept.

The assassin spins around, coiling up a fist and launching it with the power and precision befitting a trained killer but the strike merely lands in the huge black paw of the Cat, not an inch of give in Selina's defence. 'Catwoman!' Talia growls meekly as she realises that her opponent is not *merely* the highly trained, peak physical specimen she knows but an overwhelming mountain of power and curvaceous dominance beyond mortal opposition.

'That's Goddess Catwoman to you, *bitch!*' Selina scowls, squeezing Talia's fist and depressing every pressure point down to her wrist; Talia yelps and is yanked forwards, Catwoman bending Her victim's arms behind her back and clutching both wrists in a single hand. 'You want to play it that way, hmm?' She asks, looking down into Talia's eyes with the relatively small woman's head pressed against Amazonian deity's chest, the tight latex spread across Her cleavage depressing Talia's throat and cutting off her breath.

'That's fine by me!' Cats grins, Her catsuit coming to life and reaching out with long, thin tendrils that snare up Talia's ankles and bend them up behind her back. 'In fact...' The expression on the now restrained assassin's face says it all as something thick, black and slick grows from the Goddess' hips and slides under Talia's own. '-omniscience has given me an all new *appreciation* of the female form!'

Selina's prey feels Her huge rubber gloved free hand grasp one of her glutes firmly and spread it to let Catwoman's rubber beam slither inside Talia front and back, '**AAAH!**' The little woman cries out as Cats lifts her with a tense of Her hips, the dominant Goddess' hand instantly clapping around Talia's throat to silence her.

'Tut, tut.' Goddess Catwoman disparagingly replies to her cry, 'And here I thought you were just a *slut* who'd come *looking* for something *big* and *firm* inside you tonight!' Selina is grinning, but Her expression and tone are anything but pleased with Her plaything. 'No matter...' Her lips slide closer to Talia's own, 'You're *my* plaything! I'll *do* with you what I *want*... **And you'll enjoy it!**'

'**UA-GUK!**' Talia tries to wail as Catwoman's twin strapon's wriggle inside her only for Selina to clap Her lips against Her prey's and thrust Her tongue into the back of Talia's throat. The third of the Goddess' slick rubbery implements throbs as She pushes it, splitting into Her plaything's lungs.

'*Mmm!*' Selina hums, enjoying Herself for a brief moment as She forms wrist shackles of Her shadowy latex around Talia's wrists while another living latex feeler strikes out and snags the woman's hair; they writhe towards the ceiling and slither across it, securing Selina's prey as the Goddess pulls away. Her extensions swish back out of Talia all at once, Selina's tongue shrinking down as a single rubber toy remains dangling from Her hips. 'Nope. *You* don't *deserve this!*'

Catwoman releases the assassin, a small blob of Her tongue having formed a ball gag which now whips rubber straps out to secure itself around Al Ghul's head. Talia swings through the air like a hog-tied pendulum as Selina smiles to Herself, the contract killer still moaning in behind her gag as this is all the work of her Goddess: as per Selina's command, she's enjoying everything done to her even *against* her will!

With the creak of rubber that shortens as she sways, Talia returns to Selina who grabs her loosely by the chin, forced to look up at Her; 'Maybe I'll find a

way to give you what you're now craving, but *my Bat* gets *this bat* first!' She smiles naughtily, flicking the rubber sextoy She wears 'Speaking of whom-' Selina vanishes instantly as the door handle clicks on the other side of the bed. A slight breeze signals the door swinging open as Bruce Wayne returns in his dressing gown to find a shocking scene before him.

'*Talia?!'* He demands, unsure of what to think; his eyes dart left and right to find no-one else here. His gaze returns to Talia with a clear blush on his face, embarrassed to see her like this. 'I-I don't know how to say this, but that's really not my-'

'C'mon, *Bruce!'* Another, familiar voice whispers in his ear from behind; his speed and reflexes are befitting his reputation but all he finds behind him are the shadows of the hallway steeped in the night's darkness. His hands ball into fists as he stares and tries to focus, to see if he can see Her... Catwoman! 'You know who you *really* want-' Behind him again; Batman spins with a gasp and sees Her for just long enough to feel his heart flutter in a mixture of lust and fright. 'Don't you?' Then She's gone.

Catwoman hasn't vanished, rather every photon on the visible spectrum has sheltered itself according to the merest whim of the Goddess. She wants pitch black and so the room is the gloomiest darkness Bruce Wayne has ever laid eyes on. His eyes can't adjust to such total darkness, but Selina Kyle is *absolutely* still there!

'Wha-?' Bruce's arms reach up as if feeling for the figure he just saw but Catwoman both is and isn't where She was, in fact She's everywhere around *and* within him as the darkness itself. He finds that out the moment he moves, feeling the slick and rubbery liquid that the darkness has become slither across his vulnerable skin. 'What's- *GAK?!'* He finds himself gargling liquid rubber the moment he opens his mouth as if he's submerged and Catwoman is the bottomless ocean pulling him deeper into Her depths.

'*Mmmeow!* I've been looking forwards to *this!*' Selina whispers into his ear but it isn't the sound of waves in the air that give him the message, it's the chugging throb of liquid latex making the sounds as Selina's omnipresent form slithers into his ear canals and caresses the inside of his skull.

'*GURK!'* Bruce again struggles to speak and breathe, but even with his mouth closed Catwoman finds new ways to secrete Herself into him. He can't help but writhe as the molesting shadows slide and pinch like ten thousand hands across his body; he's not sure when it happened but apparently his robe has simply ceased to be. He can't focus on the how and when though as he feels Selina penetrate his head now through his nostrils, gushing in waves into his airway.

'Mmm, I've always enjoyed the act of *Queening* and nothing says "I own you!" quite like finishing by *squirting up inside my throne!*' The Cat purrs in delight. She's smothering the Bat completely and the feeling is that of Her every speck of groping immaterial shadow being lined with the sensitivity of Her own divine womanhood, including the shadows currently strangling and pumping his *Bat Pole*. 'What's the *matter*, Bruce?'

Suddenly he's released, almost every drop of liquid rubber becoming weightless, immaterial shadow once more as light floods back into his eyes. He squints but still sees the black latex perfection of Catwoman stood ten feet in front of him on the other side of the kind of table only the ridiculously rich

would have in their bedroom. '*Cat got your tongue?*' She asks with a gentle tug of Her wrist to let him know the euphemism when he hears it.

The bullwhip in Catwoman's hand is wrapped tightly at its tip around the only bit of Batman She didn't release: the part he imagines is still being pumped by Selina's slick, gloved hand. 'Wha-?' He gasps as Cats tugs more forcefully and like walking a dog by his leash pulls Bruce by his firm meat towards Her. He staggers forwards and clatters into the table, his hands slamming down to stop himself in his brief panic; by the time he looks back up Selina's nowhere to be seen.

'Don't worry-' He's suddenly bound by the ankles to the floor and wrists to the table; he feels Selina's latex hips press against his butt and Her huge boobs stick to his sweaty back '*Cat's got something much better than that for you!* *Prrr-*' He feels Her latex digits trickle and slide across his exposed body as if She's examining a piece of livestock who can't do a damn thing to stop Her. 'Tell me, Bat... Are you familiar with the act known as *pegging?*!' She whispers sensually yet threateningly into his ear.

'Catwoman! *What do you think you're doing?!*' He dodges the question, *allowed* to keep his free will by the Goddess of Darkness *just* because it pleases Her. Her hands continue to dance as Her body gyrates against his, the symbol of his own enraged state remaining hard in response despite his defiant tone.

'I'm just *asking* a simple *question*, Bruce!' She explains disdainfully, one hand sliding up his chest to clutch his throat from beneath as She licks his face possessively. 'Mmm, you *taste* like a man who's never experienced such things! I should know...' Her lips pucker next to his ear, 'I've got a *career's worth* of experience in how men *taste* before I *despoil them!*' Her tone is playful but it sends a shiver up a spine almost crushed beneath the weight of the Goddess' massive bosom. 'I am the world's *greatest thief* and your *innocence* is *mine* to steal, hero! *Mine!*'

'No... no!' He tries to defy Her but hears what's coming next before he feels it: the creak of strained, shape-shifting latex below him heralds the slick sensation that brushes distressingly against the underside of his nuts. He's allowed by Catwoman to look down and does so rapidly only to see the thick black snake suspended between Her hips wrap around his own thinner manhood and continue slithering up into the air. '*Whuh- whuh?!*'

'It's *very popular* with my usual clients, Bruce...' Selina nibbles on his earlobe then coils Her hips backwards slowly, drawing Her threatening rod back behind him as Her face pulls away 'To have one's Mistress ram Her *big!*' Catwoman rests Her smooth rubber gloved hands on Batman's ass cheeks and parts them with Her thumbs as She presses the tip of Her huge strap-on against his back doors 'Thick!'

'AAAAGH! AAAANONONONONO!' He tries to writhe and resist as he feels Her begin to gape him with ease, Her slick sex-toy making him supple and loose no matter how hard he tries to clench; Catwoman slides inside Batman unopposed.

'Strap-on!' She continues forcefully, Selina's voice filled with filthy delight, '*All the way up inside Her fucktoy!*' She's laughing domineeringly as She presses on deeper to Bruce's unsettled horror. His shock and refusal is momentarily stopped when he feels something deep, *deep* inside. '*Ah!*' The assault pauses

as Cats purrs in delight, 'The Princess of Plunder *strikes again!*' She leans forwards and whispers seductively into his ear: 'Guess who just found the *Bat-Prostate!*'

'**STOP! STOP IT, CATWOMAN! STOP!**' He finally cries out to just a frustrated sigh in response but his words are enough and the seemingly endless advance retreats.

'Fine.' Catwoman simply responds, standing up straight and walking casually to his right hand side; he watches Her pass with Her huge strap-on swinging about between Her hips; as She passes his eyes meet with Talia's across the room. The assassin has been moaning in delight this whole time watching on but now looks almost angry at him. 'If you don't want it, you don't *get it...* **But you're going to spend every waking and sleeping moment dreaming of having me peg your ass until you cry!**' The Goddess informs him with Her divine judgement, amusement in Her tone.

Batman doesn't understand how or why but a sense of regret begins to grow in his heart; stronger and louder until he feels a ringing in his ears telling him he's just made the biggest mistake of his life! 'W-W- *W-WAIT!*' His change of heart has already set in, but it's too late for that, just how Selina planned! 'I-I- Catwoman, I- *do...* want it.' He can't believe he's saying it, but such is Her power that he has no real hope of resisting Her!

'Too late, Bats!' Catwoman laughs as She walks majestically around the foot of the bed to where the suspended Talia watches on, her eyes now set excitedly on the approaching Catwoman and the swinging, growing black sextoy seamlessly extended from Her hips 'You *had* your chance and you *blew it!*' The Goddess arrives by Talia Al Ghul and with a gentle push spins her around in her bound and suspended state. 'Maybe it'll be *more* your sort of thing to watch me have my way this little *slut* in your stead! Hmm?' Selina's glancing his way as She toys with the helpless trained killer, the massive dildo hanging from Her hips now settling on a length of easily two feet as it slaps against Talia's face each time she spins by.

'No! She's *not* the one you want, Catwoman! I... am.' He almost sheepishly pleads.

'Heh, no of course you're *not!* **It's you who wants me!**' Selina laughs and decrees as Talia gasps behind her gag at the feeling of Catwoman's heavy rubber weapon slapping her face again. 'I'm your *Goddess*, little man! Do you think me so desperate as to chase a mere *mortal* like you?!' She goads in a way that both explains a lot and makes him feel very insignificant. 'But *maybe* I'll reconsider... *if* you tell me exactly *what* it is you're so interested in!' She toys with him; She has no intent whatsoever to do so but Her sadistic streak knows no bounds.

'I...' He struggles and grimaces, 'I want... I *want!*'

'Too late, **shut up!**' Catwoman demands and Batman forgets how to speak, lips moving rapidly to no avail. 'Hmhmhmmeow! *That's* more like it!' She turns Her glance down to Talia and grabs her by the hair, pulling her head up to make eye contact, 'How about *you*, Talia Al *Slut?!* You want *this* instead?' She asks and feels the woman desperately nodding, Catwoman's dildo flicking up with a life of its own to slap Talia's face back and forth 'Is that right? *Hmm?!*' Selina laughs sneeringly, 'You want all of *this* inside you?' Catwoman purrs mockingly, the "this" in question reacting to its wielder's desires as it coils

around Talia's throat before looping back around and sliding back and forth across Her face. 'Too bad!'

'EEP!' Talia winces as the black noodle sups back smoothly into Cat's hips and the assassin's bindings give way; despite the weight Selina easily holds Her victim's head in place at Her waistline as Talia lands hard on her hands and knees.

'I've got something far more... *appetizing* in mind for you!' Selina promises excitedly, Talia's eyes rising up to see the malevolent hunger in Selina's rubber-clad brow, the Goddess' eyes burning with hate filled lust. 'Sorry, Bats...' She glances coolly towards Her other bound victim, 'You'll just have to keep on dreaming about it, but I *do hope* the denial burns a hole clean through your soul! *Hmhmhaha!*' She laughs with pure disregard for both of Her playthings. 'As for you, you little *harlot...*'

Talia hears Selina's hips squeak once more, her eyes falling to the zipper in the shape of a cat insignia dangling in front of her eyes, the metal warping in front of her eyes as if it were molten. She can't speak or do anything as Catwoman's zipper forms a grinning feline face that stares right back at her as it lays flat against Catwoman's hips and grows into a flat pattern across the shadowy latex 'Let's just say-' the cat symbol speaks, the mouth element of it moving as it copies its wearer's voice, the space between its moving fangs a darkness beyond words even against Her black catsuit, '-I'm one hungry pussy!'

Talia has just a split-second to see the maw between Catwoman's hips widen hungrily before the powerful rubber hand holding her by the hair thrusts her face into the rubbery darkness. 'Go ahead, slut! Let's see if you know how to *dive!*' The rubber of Goddess Kyle's hips, despite the fanged appearance is wet and shapeless as it sets like putty around Talia's face and starts pulling. '*Dive right in, Talia! It's all you exist for.. now!*' Between the hand pushing her deeper and the growing rubber maw trying to swallow her head the helpless woman is neck-deep in Catwoman's hips within seconds!

'*Mmmmeow!*' Selina purrs and laughs, Her hips gyrating as Her liquid womanhood throbs and tenses as if masticating Talia's smothered head, Her victim trying to brace against Catwoman's thighs with her hands. The darkness smothering Selina Kyle is anything but mere latex though and like a ferocious tide it pushes her hands towards her head, supping digits and palms into the dark mass and funnelling the trained killer into Catwoman's ravenous fuck. 'PRRR! Yes, that's it! Good girl, *deeper!*'

Despite her kicking and squirming Talia can't do a thing as a sudden tense of the powerful rubber mouth sucks her deeper in like a lollipop. Catwoman's hands are dancing forcefully across Her massive, heaving rubber cloaked chest as She forcefully pleasures herself with Her former love rival now elbow and throat deep inside Her shapeless but aroused maw. 'DEEPER! *MWUAH!*' The Goddess of Night demands and thrusts Her hips forwards while supping the killer in, the pronounced bulges and lumps of her shoulders and collarbones drawing an impassioned moan from the omnipotent.

'Hmha! *HMHAHAHA!* Enjoying the *-UNF!* -show, *Batman?!*' The moaning transcendental Domina growls at the helpless, bound superhero watching on. 'I -MMM! -hope so-' She tenses and moans again as She slurps the kicking and squirming woman deeper inside, feeling the curvature of Talia's modest

bosoms enter Her thirsty orifice, '-because this is what -AH! -*true* sexual dominance looks like!' Legs still kicking as the squeaking rubber suit slathered across Selina gyrates and thrusts in time with Her waves of pleasure.

'HMHMHMMM!' Like sucking up a noodle Talia's lower torso slides slowly and smoothly inside Catwoman who purrs in delight. Batman despite his aversion to what he is seeing can't help but be perplexed because he sees that beyond Her smothering, devouring labial lips Catwoman's form is as smooth and unblemished as ever; there's not a hint of the rest of Talia within Her. 'Wondering if I'm eating- *AH!* -her? Not quite! She's all still there... In the depths of the *true* night!' She pauses to growl in satisfaction as Her hands roll down Her tummy in response to Talia's hips being pulled inside Her own and absorbed for Her pleasure.

'Like I said- MMMM! She's *my* lover now! My *literal* muff diver!' Selina's fingertips feel Talia's passing thighs slide through them followed by her knees and calves 'Ah! *AHHH!* ***MUAAHHH!***' Selina roars in Her long awaiting and hard earned moment of divine orgasmic ecstasy as Talia's tiptoes push Her over the edge, The Goddess' tight rubber suit snapping closed and smooth once more like nothing has even happened, concealing Her pulsing womanhood. 'Oh that's *gooooood!* Hmhmmmmmeow!' Selina purrs with Her hips still gyrating, legs spread wide as She tickles Her long, sharp nails up Her body to milk the last of Her indescribable orgasm.

'Mmm, this *has* been fun, Bats...' Catwoman sighs, calm in Her moment of comedown, '-you might have made the worst mistake of your life in defying me, but that all just adds to the *fun* for me!' She exudes a domineering laugh as She gently drops Her arms to Her sides, fingers spread across Her perfect thighs, 'Oh but *do* get caught up on the fact you're never going to get what I've *told you* is everything you desire! I can't *wait* to see your mind *unravel* in distress and frustration until you're little more than a sobbing wreck at *my feet!* Hmhaha! *HAHAHAHA!*' Selina roars in sadistic, manipulative bliss, 'Nighty-night, Bat! You'll be hearing from my *representative* soon!'

The low growl of Catwoman's satisfied purr fills Bruce Wayne's ears as a swirling cloud of darkness sweeps like a vortex around the rubber-clad divine sadist who vanishes into thin air. 'Magic... Or more? I have to do something!' He concludes as his voice returns. He looks towards the glistening black shackles around his wrists, silver cat silhouette symbols imprinted upon them.

'You *do that*, Bruce. I'm counting on it!' Catwoman speaks to him through the restraints which with the same mysterious whirl of smoke vanish and leave a confused yet defiant Batman with nothing but questions.