Life in Gotham City was not for the soft at heart.

Murderers and psychopaths, people dressing up as birds and bats playing vigilante, and a whole slew of corrupt politicians hellbent on keeping the people that they served poor, uneducated, and begging for scraps.

Would you believe that the politicians weren’t the worst part of it all?

No, the *real* bottom line of Gotham City—what everyone seemed to think about whenever the wretched hive of scum and villainy came up in conversation—was the crime rates. Be they organized, random acts, or sanctioned by the GCPD, the statistics of folks in Gotham doing things that were against the law were blimps-in-the-sky high. And while the city’s heralded Caped Crusader and his flock of feathered proteges did what they could to stamp it all out, there were some things that no amount of vigilantism could contain.

And that’s where the *organized* part of Organized Crime came into effect.

“You want me to help you get dressed, Boss?”

“Uff… no thank you, Frankie.” The clipped City Girl accent came from full lips as she exhaled a knowing sigh, “Sometimes a girl’s gotta handle things herself.”

The tall Italian man nodded and shut the door behind him, leaving his boss to tend to fend for herself until called. Once upon a time, the Falcones would have shot Selina Kyle on site. But now that she was running the place, she had found them surprisingly attentive. Perhaps a bit *too* attentive, if her struggle with these slacks was any indication of just how used to their presence the Catwoman had become since hanging up her whip and goggles.

“A girl’s gotta do what a girl’s gotta do, I guess…”

Hefting up the separated flaps of her biggest pair of black slacks, Selina’s stomach jostled and wobbled gently in the little hammock that the roomy crotch of her pants created. Pale ivory skin jiggling slightly as its heft poured over by an inch on either end. Her roomiest bottoms were hardly equipped to handle *her* bottom, let alone what she was packing in the front. Her large thighs filled the inky garments to excessive completion and stretched them to transparency along their meatiest circumference just as readily as her impressive tail end sagged into the well-worn cheeks that had been tailor-fit for a slightly more svelte Queenpin of Crime.

“And here I thought trading in the leathers would make it *easier* for me to get dressed before this sort of thing…”

Getting herself tucked in was hard enough. The outline of her soft and fatted physique was on clear display even before she had buckled the clasp. Round and heavy, packed so tightly into her pants that anyone behind her could have seen the clear “bump” where her cheeks had begun to roll over one another—to say nothing of the way that her belly button was visible even beneath the zipper. The most strain that Selina felt these days was the struggle of overlapping the flaps of her perfectly legitimate business attire over her tummy. That and the occasional stomachache that came with the ready supply of rich Italian food provided by the Roman’s many restaurants around town.

“What I wouldn’t give for us to have done this at Luigi’s…”

Of course it had been too much rich Italian food that had gotten her into this mess in the first place.

In fact, the reaping of the many benefits that came with being the head of the Falcone crime family had been the driving factor behind the former cat burglar’s bigness. That and the stress that had come with trying to balance running a criminal empire with staying on the right side of the law. Both the GCPD *and* the clan of Bats that loomed overhead in Gotham City’s belfry. Trying to clean up this city was hardly a job for a literal team of vigilantes, let alone one pretty kitty trying to go back and forth between two houses with their saucers laid out.

“Domesticated… but not… *tamed*…”

Selina’s chubby double chin creased at the unflattering angle, her face growing red as she strained the fabric to its absolute maximum. It could fit. She’d worn this just the week prior. Granted that had been on an empty stomach, but surely that couldn’t make *that* much of a difference.

…it *shouldn’t* have made that much of a difference.

“I think… it might be time… to lay off the cannoli…”

Selina’s short bangs clung slightly to her forehead as it grew misty with effort. Her fat arms squished against her breasts, fighting for space on her frame as she struggled to bring the male end of the clasp back to the slot provided on its sister end. Once toned and slim biceps now bulged and rippled with her petulant toddling around her penthouse suite, her breasts sloping down either side of a heavy sandbag of tum.

Finally—*finally*—the two ends met. Selina could feel the strain on either end of her pants as the fabric wrestled with the tightly compressed corpulence that pulled at it from pretty much any and all sides. Laying her hands on either end of her stretch marked stomach, breathing a sight of relief despite the intense pressure that she felt around her midsection, she could feel accomplished in this at least. She could already see the angry red stripes that the tight waistband would create just above her cakey lovehandles, but nobody said that going high-waisted as a housecat didn’t have its consequences.

“I guess we’re going *untucked* today…” Selina frowned as she gave herself a pained look in the full-length mirror, “There’s no way I’m going to be able to do *that* again…”

A simple white blouse would do—these things were always bigger than she needed them to be anyway. And it wasn’t like she packed as much up top as she did down below. Her stomach was oppressive and domineering, sure, but not so much that she couldn’t fasten the buttons *over* it.

“God I hope not…”

Selina’s bangs were mussed ever so slightly by the time she got both hammy arms into her sleeves, chunky fingers struggling with the tiny pearlescent buttons. Fashionably fat, Selina had never so much as bought a pair of sweatpants for herself once she had become the Queenpin of the Falcone crime family, let alone dared to put elastic waistbands into her obstructive clothing. But at the rate that she was going, she was beginning to consider requesting a few alterations the next time she went to the tailor’s…

“No, no… stop it Selina.”

Her plump lips formed a tight ‘o’ as she breathed out a steady stream of air, careful not to force her stomach out enough that it might bend (or God forbid, *break*) the clasp on her slacks. Her round face folded around the chin as she rested her hands tentatively on her sheathed stomach, breathing light and tentative after the ordeal of getting her lower half dressed.

“You don’t need to go to the tailor’s, you need to use your in-home gym.” She said aloud to the otherwise empty room, “What’s the point of having paid for it if you just let it gather dust?”

Cats never did use the toys that were bought for them—even when it might have been good for them.

“A little exercise… oof… a little sweat… and you’ll be back in shape in no time…”

Posing in the mirror did little to boost her confidence. The untucked blouse made her look massive. Even more massive than she might have looked with the white fabric hugging her every extra ample inch. The tails of the shirt formed a deep v right around the crotch, showing just how tight the black slacks were drawn even there. A camel toe might have been distressing, but at least it wasn’t a fupa on full display, painted black by the finest fabrics that money could buy in Gotham City.

“Woof… maybe a lot of exercise…”

Putting her hands on her hips and taking a few steps closer, seeing her belly sway in real time, went a long way in convincing her that it would take more than cutting back on the lasagna to whip herself back into shape. There was no way that this kitty was going to be jumping from rooftop to rooftop any time soon.

“That’s a problem for another day, Selina.” The burglar formerly known as Catwoman sighed, “For now, you’ve got a meeting with a very impatient Bat.”

Still, a lingering gaze in the mirror as she adjusted her neckline. Something to give her a little more form, a little shape. Rather, a little *less* shape so long as that shape was round. Looking intimidating had come easy to her, but looking like a “good guy” was something of a lost art this far into the charade…

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“I’ll be blunt in addressing that I wasn’t expecting *you* to show up.”

Richard was the oldest of the Batman’s proteges. The first Robin to fly the roost and make a name for himself. The last that she had heard, he had set up to roost in Bludhaven—what he was doing here on the other side of the shore, Selina had no idea. But her disappointment at not getting to see her former flame was compounded by her relief at him not seeing just how much weight she’d put on since taking on this little assignment.

“I’ll be blunt in addressing that I would have rather let the Big Guy handle it, but here we are.”

Seeing him out of the black and blues was illuminating. He was a fine-looking young man. So tight and sculpted. Muscular, without the bodybuilder aesthetic that his mentor had adopted as the two of them had gotten older. Sleek and lithe, all the better to dangle from streetlamps and powerlines, she supposed…

“Would you care for a drink? I’ve got a guy who makes a mean gin & tonic.”

“No thanks, I’ve got to keep my head clear.”

“Suit yourself.”

Selina crossed one of her elephantine legs and almost immediately regretted it. The strain that the pant legs put on her fleshy thighs was uncomfortably noticeable. Not a rip, but a loud *pop* sounded from *somewhere* beneath the Catwoman’s bottom-heavy bigness. Whether it was the chair or some unfortunate seam, she wasn’t quite sure. But she wasn’t keen on letting the Boy Wonder find out.

“I see that your Business has been treating you well.” The young billionaire said with a polite gesture Selina’s way, “Just as well as it has *our* organization.”

“What can I say? I live to please.”

Selina held out a martini glass as a shorter man with cropped black hair poured her a glass. A few of these thrown back would be enough to help her get through the embarrassment of being seen like this; and by someone who was young enough to be her *son* no less—

*“Stop it Selina, don’t go down that road…”*

No sooner had Bart poured her glass did Selina threw her head back and tossed it into her mouth. A splash of the good stuff or two was hardly what she needed right about now, but damn if it didn’t feel good…

“So I can assume that *your* boss is happy with my performance?” Selina purred coquettishly, her glass outstretched for another pour, “When can I expect to see *him* in my parlor?”

“He’s, uh… busy.” Grayson was hardly ever shy, always saying what was on his mind, but it was clear that there was something he wasn’t telling her, “Indisposed for a while. You get the idea. Higher powers and all that.”

“Oh I got it.”

Selina’s lips tugged to the side, unimpressed and scorned by Bruce’s latest in a long line of excuses.

“So. Are we going to dig into dinner, or what?” Selina asked flatly, “I had *planned* for it to be more romantic, but I suppose you’ll have to do.”

“I, uh… suppose?”

“Good.” The Catwoman frowned, “And send the bill to your boss. See if he gets the message.”