***A Broken Bat: Ms. Minx***

Mr. Wayne....

Mr. Wayne........

MR. Wayne!

“HEY BRUCE!”

The millionaire playboy snapped out of his daze and back into the meeting. His secretary, Ms. Minx, gave a big toothy grin as he put all his attention back on the investors.  He straightened his tie and heard all of about two words before the sensation returned. Under the table, sharp unforgiving nails began to lightly drag themselves up the length of his exposed cock. They ended at his tip before swirling around the ridges. They stayed there, swirling for about five minutes before they randomly went back down to skitter up his length again.

Bruce hunched over slightly, grabbing the edges of the table. He looked at his secretary again. Minx only smiled, mouthing the words “listen” threw her teeth, followed by a knowing wink. Her nails were torture on his nerves. The term “hellishly good” fit perfectly.

Meanwhile the suited man sitting on the other side of the long table coughed and kept going. He figured something was off, but it’s Bruce freakin Wayne. Of course it’s going to be a bit weird. I mean look at that secretary! A fucking sharped dress wet dream in power heels. Christ it’s not like she was hired for her skill level.

“Ooooook.... well as you can see the quarter for the next physical year is looking good. No big spending other then what we predicted. Oh! An-

Wayne’s eye twitched as he felt the nails once again skittering up his shaft. It took every bit of focus he had left not to moan out right there in the office. The fingers crawled up slowly, taking their time, meanwhile the investor droned on and on.

*Scrich scratch scrich scratch scrich scratch.*

Two fingers rested on the underside of his cock head and started to run themselves in circles. Wayne had to bite the insides of his cheek. He panicked, hoping no one would see the trembling of his body.

The fingers went round and round and round and round. They kept a cool steady pace. Meanwhile off to the side Ms. Minx just watched dreamily, her cheek resting in her other hand. She rudely blew a large bubble as she watched the lower lip of the billionaire quiver. Bruce tried to block it all out, regain his composure, find his focus.

He blocked out the sensations and cleared his throat, once again listening to the investor’s prattle. No nails, just business.

“ -that doesn’t even begin to mention all the hard stock we bought, SUPERVISED of course!”

***POP***

Minx bit down on the bubble, sending a loud noise threw the office and catching her client off guard. Bruce snapped back to reality and all at once felt the sensations he tried to suppress. And then, in his ear, he heard the worse sound of all.

*Orgasm at 85%*

His eyes widened, suddenly he felt the entire hand replace the two fingers as it slowly pumped the tip. Bruce almost  let out a huge yelp but was cut off by Minx.

“Hard stock huh? Oooooooooo! Sounds important! That’s important right?”

The investor condescendingly smiled at the ditzy dame’s question. She playfully rocked in her chair smiling and biting her lower lip. The way she would keep leaning forward would give him and his two buddies a GREAT view of her cleavage. Was that a nipple piercing he saw? Ooh la la.~

*Pump pump pump pump pump pump.*

“Oh don’t worry doll face, their just weirdly named. Hard stocks are what we call the most valuable and delicate assets a competitor has. Controlling them is key to buy outs and take overs.”

*Pump pump pump pump pump puMP PUMP PUUUUUUUUUUMP.*

*Orgasm at 90%*

*Hold... hold it.. feel it tremble in her hand. Feel it leak out one pathetic drop of precum into her palm. Feel your entire body swoon. Hold it... hold it.......*

Minx listened to the suit monkey, chewing her gum obnoxiously as she held her chin in her hand. She felt his eyes all over her. She guided his vision with her finger as it dropped down her neck and teasingly played with her pearl neckless.

“Ain’t it funny how the most important things are always so delicate?”

*....hold it.....*

*Orgasm at 75%*

*Pump pump pump pump pump pump pump pump.*

Bruce choked on air as the manipulation of his erection continued. He was helpless to say anything less he wanted to moan right in the faces of his pears.

Ms. Minx turned to her “boss” and questioned him.

“What about you’re “hard” stocks Mr. Wayne? Are they delicate too?”

Minx finally stopped her hellish jerking and again began to tickle her nails at the tip of his member. Bruce looked every which way as he saw all eyes were on him. His mouth was open and dry. His cock was weeping and hard.

*Skitter skitter scratch scratch tickle tickle TICKLE.*

The men at the other end of the table watched in awe. One only spoke up so the blonde bombshell wouldn’t go unanswered.

“Well... I can’t comment on that, but I can promise their secure. No one’s grabbing you by the balls anytime soon Mr. Wayne.”

*Tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle! Tickle PUMP tickle PUMP tickle PUMP.* ***SQUEEZE!!!!!***

Ms. Minx showed no tell. She simply kept chewing her gum and smiling as Bruce’s entire body started to shudder. One horrible sound playing in his ear.

*“Nah Nah Nah Nah Naaaaaah Nah! NAH NAH NAH NAH NAAAAAAH NAH!”*

Bruce shook and convulsed in his leather chair as he felt himself submit to his secretary’s domination of his cock. He humiliatingly gushed into her hand about 3 time’s.

The men got up.

“MR. WAYNE ARE YOU ILL?”

Minx shrugged them off. Her hand still slowly moving up and down on the spent penis in her palm.

“Oh I think he’s just relieved to hear his hard little stocks are safe.”

She looked at the clock and turned to them.

“Sorry, but I think that’s all the time we have today. Brucey here’s got lots of other meetings to get too.”

The three stooges just gawked and fumbled out. They all took one last look of what had to be the girl of their dreams and tripped over themselves leaving. While they left Minx for the first time ever raised her right hand, dripping in cum, and wiggled her fingers goodbye.

“Bye bye boys~ see you at lunch!”

The door closed and the room fell silent. All except the small tittering from the playful secretary. Over time the tittering turned to giggles, and the giggles turned to manic laughter.

“HAHHAHAHAHA! Oh man B-man! No wonder you do all this stuff on the side, it’s a BLAST! EHEHAHA!”

Ms. Minx, Harley Quinn, got up from the chair and clicked off on her heels to clean herself off. Bruce just stayed there slumped over the table as his cock ached for another release. He slowly got up, seeing Harley just whipe her soiled hand on his desk and using Purel.

“Quinn.... this has gone on long enough!”

She didn’t even look at him. She just pulled out a small pocket mirror and applied more makeup.

“Yea, right!~”

Batman snarled at the disrespect. He closed his eyes, face red.

“There is no end-go in this. Are you insane?!

When Bruce opened his eyes there she was, right in front of him. She stood on her tip toes just to be neck level. The playboy could see the mischief in her eyes, and the heavy white she powered her face with. She gave a small raise of her eyebrows as her hands began to undo his tie.

“Ah Brucey, you’re as cute as you are slow!~ ...”

Harley completely removed Wayne’s tie, playing with it in her fingers. She pressed her hand into his chest and pushed him down on the table, she dangled the tie over his face.

“Oooo nice and silky~..... get naked Mr. Wayne. I think I’m overdo to give you your full report.”

——————

Bruce’s naked body laid down on the office meeting table. The cold wood against his skin made him jump. The cum counter device was still fastened tight to his shaft, the number reading 123. Following Quinn’s orders made him sick, his higher brain functions knew it wasn’t right. But much of his brain has been destroyed from the drug, reprogramming his thinking and desires. He couldn’t say no to her anymore and Quinn knew it. She knew and loved the idea of having Gotham’s Playboy as her play toy. A drop of precum dribbled from his cock.

Quinn meanwhile circled the table. She slapped a yellow peace of paper against Batman’s cock, the cum holding it in place. The paper read DEED in big letters; at the bottom of it were 2 names, his and Quinn’s.  When she strut her way to his head she held it up, forcing him to look at the paper.

“Sorry Bats, these ain’t my reading glasses, what’s that say?”

Through an angry grunt Bruce read it. It was the deed to everything. Now in Harley’s name. She owned the company, the estate, the fortune, everything.

“Good boy! Mommies little helper!”

She dropped his head and snatched the paper from his cock. The rich woman looked at it excitingly in her hands as she popped her soft butt on the table. Bruce grunted.

“Oh shhhhhh! I promised I’d keep it secret as long as ya do what I say didnt I?! I still need you as BatBrain after all, otherwise Mr. J wont have anyone to play with!”

Bruce reached for the deed in vein but his hands were smacked away.

“Ah ah aaah! Put your arms behind your head mister!”

Harley put the paper back in her cleavage before hopping back on her heels. She cruelly tickled the head of Bruce’s cock with one finger.

“Oh Bats! You’ve made me the happiest girl in the world!!! I’m gonna be able to get Puddin all SORTS of fun anniversary gifts now! THAAAANK YOUUUU MISTER WAAAAAAYNE!~”

*Tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle.*

*Orgasm at: 75%*

“AHH AAH! AAH HARLEY STOP!”

Bruce’s body shuttered from the pleasure. The oh so humiliating pleasure this woman has forced him to feel time and time again. It ripped threw his body and rested in his aching balls. Finally it paused.

Batman struggled, naked on the desk, arms behind his head, as he could feel his cock reacting to the sudden lose of touch.  When he caught his breath he looked to where she was only to be surprised from behind. Quinn’s curvy body climbed over his and she sat on his prize winning face.

“Hey B- man! Who said you get to tell ME to stop? You forgetting who’s in charge here?”

“MMFMFMFMFMFMFFMMFFF!!!”

Harley shivered slightly as she felt Bruce trying to talk under her panty clad pussy.

“Well lucky for you you’re scheduled for a 5:00 meeting....”

Harley again reached into her ever expanding cleavage and pulled out the tie she took from her “boss”.

“Looks like I only have 30 minutes to give you a crash course on who’s the boss, Mr. Wayne. Is this seat taken? Haha!”

Harley used Bruce’s own silk tie on his cock. She held it in each hand and used the fabric to torment him while pulling it back and forth.

The tie constantly stayed in his one sweet spot, right under the head. His cock twitched and spazzed while the teasing caresses started slow. This wasn’t like other punishments. This was a new hell. The tie, so soft and silky, Bruce wondered if HE could even get off from it. Him with his now hypersensitive nerves. The billionaire slave boy could hear the silk ruffle against his nerves.

*Ruuuub ruuuub ruuuuub ruuuuub.*

“I thought you’d have learned by now after I trashed your cave. So should I do the same to your business? How about we leave a little cream in those dweebs coffee!?”

It’s true. Harley on her first day at Wayne manor destroyed everything in the bat-cave. She had demanded him stay kneeling on the cave floor while she went to have her fun. Bruce heard smashing and breaking while he humiliatingly stayed where he was told. By the time he saw her again she was dressed in batgirl’s suit, stretching out the chest with her bigger breast size.

“Halt prisoner! Batgirl demands you disarm that weapon! Haha!”

BatQuinn extended her supple leg till her foot was right under Bruce’s nuts. He knew the drill and began to hump.

“Hey now! Batgirl didn’t give permission for you to hump! Looks like I’ll need a weapon from my utility belt!”

Harley opened a pocket she had stuffed with feathers and pulled out a long stiff one. She then leaned forward, other hand on her hip, while she brushed the feather at the tip

“Coochie Coochie coo! You’re gonna get my suite all dirty! And me without any ‘anti bat spray’ haha!”

*Tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle tickle rub tickle rub tickle rub tickle rub rub rub rub tickle.*

The broken bat titled his head back and he couldn’t hold it anymore. He came. All over batgirls boot.

“Nah Nah Nah Nah Naaaaaah Nah! NAH NAH NAH NAH NAAAAAAH NAH!”

“Wowzah!~ I hope you know a good dry cleaner B-man, for BATGIRLS sake! AHAHAHAHAH! Brucey is a baaaad boy!”

A bad boy.

*Rub rub rub rube rub rub.*

A BAD boy.

*Rub rub rub rub rub rub rub*

“Hey! You falling asleep back there bats?!”

Bruce felt the tie go faster, effectively snapping him out of thought.

She tugged the tie faster and faster and FASTER. Back and forth back and forth. Bruce could only clutch onto his villainous mistress ass as his hips raised.

*Rub rub rub rub rub rub rub rub rub.*

“Aaaaah, Brucey is a baaad boy, getting all excited by playing mean pranks. You like pranks eh? Haha! Well then pull like this one!”

RUB RUB RUB RUB RUB RUB RUB RU RUB RUB STOP.

“NO MORE TIE FOR YOU! Haha!! PFFFFFFFFF!”

Little did Harley know it was too late.

*“Nah Nah Nah Nah Naaaaaah Nah! NAH NAH NAH NAH NAAAAAAH NAH!”*

“Ah nuts!”

“MMMMMMFMFMMFFMFMFFFFF!!!!”

Quinn quickly leaned in to cover the exploding cock with the tie. Bruce humiliating shot in his own tie while the fabric played against him exhausted nerves. It was enough to make him die!

“Uuuurgh. You know Mr, Wayne, ya just ruined your tie....”

The secretary huffed and got off her seat. She adjusted her dress hair while whipping off the white powder off. Bruce meanwhile laid there in a daze. The orgasm still rocking against his body like a wild ocean.

“I don’t have a spare so you’ll just have to wear that to the meeting. Hey! Come on get up time is money! Get dressed and ready! I’m gonna freshen myself up. You meanwhile get your other little secretaries to order you more ties like this. Make it a trillion pack order! Up. NOW.”

Harley clocked out of the room leaving Bruce with the mess. Overtime he stumbled to get ready and headed out. He refused to wear the tie outside. On the way to the meeting he stopped one of his girls to place an order. She just rolled her eyes.

“Oh please those are a horrible brand for you sir. Not soft enough. I’ll go get the other ones. Much more silky~”

“T-thank you...”

The way she said that made him shutter as he walked off.

“Oh no problem...”B-Man”..”