Characteristics of a Cat

by TottPaula

Summary

Catwoman, her lovers, and what makes her purr.
The care and characteristics of cats.

Chapter Summary

A little lesson in cats, in general.

Reading from a book, idly, Selina peruses the following:

General characteristics of cats:

Cats are nocturnal creatures, often sleeping during most of the day and are quite active at night. They are programmed by nature to chase, capture, defeat, and consume their prey.

Cats can be social creatures but do not like trespassers encroaching within their territory. They tend to mark both their belongings and territories using scent glands to leave a definite signature.

Once they've used an item and marked it, it automatically becomes their property.

Cats don't share well with others unless they are socialized from a very young age.

Feral or un-homed cats are very difficult and almost impossible to domesticate.

Cats enjoy and prefer chasing fast-moving prey, especially those that are shiny, wriggly, shadowy, or fleeting.

Cats are not loyal pets, nor are they easily trained. While domestic pets will teach and train their kittens, it is rare to find cats that are amenable to being trained.

Cats in heat become rather vocal and demonstrative, yowling and rubbing up continuously against people or other cats. It is believed that their sides are extremely sensitive to touch at this point.

Catwoman put down the tome and laughed.

It was as though the writer could see inside her thoughts.
Only she preferred sex to scent marking.

Perhaps there actually wasn't much difference.

And yes, once she'd left her mark on someone he or she belonged to her, and she didn't like to share.

Her life was similar enough, find her prey, give chase, capture, and consumate, then sleep and do it all over again the next night.

She did love her shiny things, they helped pay for the opportunity to do what she loved.

But what she loved the most was having unscheduled hot, rough sex; preferably with Batman, or if need be with another of his colleagues.

All had some rather extraordinary gifts to share.

All had tight, hard bodies and provocative sexual techniques.

Equally pleasing but ultimately distinctive in bed.

Of course, an occasional sapphic experience was nice too, she could certainly appreciate some good pussy if she got off.

And, if her chosen conquest wasn't fully willing she could be quite compelling.

Her hypnotic lipstick could transform them into a malleable and manageable partner if required.

Likewise, her razor-sharp claws could be useful too when drugged.

It didn't disturb her to use such methods, as long as her own needs were satisfied.
Preferences

Chapter Summary

The preferences of this particular cat.

This kitty likes to make others bleed and suffer. She's the boss and in charge, and no argument will be acknowledged.

If she's unhappy her claws are unsheathed and blood will be drawn.

She won't keep her promises, but she will keep others in line.

She's not loyal to anyone, either. One misstep and that person might somehow mysteriously disappear.

Catwoman loves her shiny gold things, museums are her toy box. Scratch open a locked case and 'pouf', a new toy.

Selina loves her thrills, whether it's taking a pretty, or screwing someone pretty. Or even screwing with someone's mind. She liked to keep her mind as sharp as her claws.

Bored tonight, Selina was on the prowl, looking for some excitement.

There was a mess of police officers and cars at the edge of her neighborhood so she followed the sounds and lights to a nearby rooftop with an excellent vantage point.

Not five minutes later a caped superhero comes leaping into view. He stands nearly seven feet tall from boots to horns.

This is what she wants, and she wants it now.

She skillfully used her whip to trip him, and in a blink of an eye has straddled him and is sensuously rubbing herself on his crotch.

"Hello handsome," she purrs and bends to lick his chin.

He flipped over, pinning her down, "I'm working Selina, you could have waited."

"Mm, not really, not when you're practically in my bedroom."

He rolls his eyes behind his white lenses, and realizing that this is her neighborhood, she has a point.

"In that case, let's make this fast." He unzips her outfit and is soon deep inside her, working, working, until she calls out her satisfaction.

She collapses beneath him, sated and smiling as he fixed himself and resheaths his weapon. He leaves her with a rough and breathtaking kiss.
He turns to her with a look as he swings off again, a slight smirk on his lips.

She sighs, still throbbing for a few minutes until she can stand again. She zips herself in and stretches.

Tonight definitely scratched an itch for her. Mmm!
Catwoman recalls a fun night with ropes and aphrodisiacs, and a few friends bearing gifts.

A few months ago Catwoman was feuding with Batman's other lovers. Jealousy has gotten the best of her, and she tried un成功的ly to get Batman to choose between them, the others being Poison Ivy and Batgirl.

He must have a thing for red hair, she assumed. She was fully ready to rip her competitors to shreds when he came back with a resolution: Share him in an evening of pleasure in his famous sex sanctum.

He actually gave HER an ultimatum, share him or go.

She hated it at first, and he warned her: no claws, poisons, or fighting. Quarreling got her nowhere so she grudgingly accepted.

It turned out to be an entertaining and extremely satisfying night. Multiple fulfillment.

Ivy brought to the party her home-cooked aphrodisiacs.

Batgirl brought booze and enough sexy outfits enough to share.

Batman had supplied life-sized dildos cloned from his own manhood, complete with remote-controlled vibration settings and squirting abilities.
He controlled them in a way that was utterly satisfying for all, giving them the most amazingly stimulating orgasms ever.

He also had a great way with silken ropes, tying them in a way that both constricted movement and stimulated the erogenous zones.

They fucked, and got sucked, and fucked some more.

That was some of the best sex she'd ever had, so much so that she fell asleep for a bit afterward. All the women were passed out by the end of the night.

She remembered awakening the next day in her own bed, feeling raw and blissful, but somehow washed around too.

That was thoughtful. Much nicer than waking stuck to the sheets as usual.

Then again, little Robin always had lots of, shall we say, energetic enthusiasm.

The boy was simply too easy to seduce, all she had to do was show a bit of extra cleavage and a nipple or two, as well as what usually showed, and he went straight for her globular mammarys like a moth to a flame.

She allowed the boy to unzip her further and fully touch her breasts. He was so fascinated by them.

She thought that she was the first ripe woman to offer him such delights; schoolgirls didn't count as ripe women, and besides, they suffered woefully beside what she herself had on offer, a very full double "D" cup, ripe with nice hard nipples and deeply colored areolas ready to play with or to fuck between.

She conferred upon him the delights of the flesh as she lowered the top of her outfit as he rhapsodized. She revealed to him how she liked to be pleasured and he was an agile and quick study.

She loosened his top for him, touching his hardened pectorals and his lovely six-pack, and then explored and went lower still.

He undid his belt, and she hooked her thumbs in his shorts and pants and pulled them down, revealing a nice, thick, staff of manhood standing at full attention plainly for her.

He shivered but obeyed her directions flawlessly.

She taught him how to eat her like a peach, saving the pit for last, eating and sucking his way around and throughout her labia and urethra as she mewled in pleasure.

She returned the favor, tasting his young but prodigious cock, licking the first few drops of pre-cum as she whirled the head around with her tongue. He held her hair out of the way as she licked him from root to tip over and over, and she took his balls in her mouth one at a time; then instructed him to put himself inside of her, slowly sawing his way in and out as he penetrated her wetness until he
was down balls-deep.

She continued to try to instruct him, but nature took hold of the youth and he suddenly did a Batman-style move, flipping them both over and taking her roughly from the back as he used her breasts and haunches as the purchase for a good strong grip on her body.

Oh, the boy had such excellent instincts!

He held her down firmly with her face to the ground as he plundered her depths, harder and faster until they both cried out.

She was stunned at his natural abilities, stunned and very happily surprised. Like his mentor, the boy wasn't yet done with her, oh no!

He shoved his manhood deeply down her throat, using a hard grip on her long hair to guide her, allowing her to breathe on every third stroke until he exploded down her throat, and continued holding her head there until she’d swallowed every drop of cum, even as tears of joy coursed down her face.

He was soon hard once again, bless his youth, and this time demanded, yes demanded, her back door, he spit on her to moisten her anus, and plunged deeply making her scream in pain and delight. He took what he wanted from her, but gave her back bliss and orgasms a-plenty.

She was spent after that but invited him back anytime he wanted.

Oh, lord! That boy could wear down a courtesan!
Two Birds in one hole.

Chapter Summary

Catwoman takes on two more Robins at once.

It appears that Batman wasn't out patrolling for the last few nights,

but had left his younger proteges in his place.

These boys were younger than the original Robin that she'd initiated, but strong and swift young men, and those form-fitting suits showed lots of promise.

Nightwing, the oldest and first, wasn't with them, leaving Red Robin, and the current Robin within her grasp.

She needed bait for these young birds, and a nearby museum was like a candy store, calling her with riches untold!

After easily passing through the alarm system she used her claws to open a display case with an ancient cat-god necklace within.

She loved the emerald eyes and put it around her own neck, making her feel like Bast. She felt as though her senses had grown strong. She felt two sets of eyes following her every movement just as she had planned.

She used her speed and reflexes to quickly head out of the museum and towards her current lair, ensuring that the 'batboys' weren't too far behind.

She took some Cataphrenic and dipped her claws, then for good measure an application of her hypnotic lipstick.

She sprayed on a drop of musky perfume and waited quietly in a dark corner.

She'd never had the two youngest ones, though they seemed quite physically mature.

Does Batman only recruit gifted boys, she wondered idly as she softly opened her zipper an extra few inches, just short of falling out.

The sound of her unzipping was noticed as the younger one turned his head in her direction.

She slowly exhaled, loving the game of cat and mice!

Time for a merry chase!
"Ha, you'll never catch me, boys, not without Batman backing you up!"

She ran from one hiding spot to the next, almost allowing herself to be caught. Now more taunting.

"You children wouldn't even know what to do with me!"

She bent slightly forward, her breasts nearly tumbling out, watching their reaction.
The older of the two reddened and was soon sporting a bulge beneath his utility belt.
The younger one seemed to leer at her, not unlike Batman himself.
She scampered up to the ceilings' catwalk, enjoying her game.

The boys were also playing their own game of trap the cat.
As the older of the two stalked closer, the younger one tossed a bolo around her lower legs and yanked hard.
She tumbled down helplessly and was caught by the two of them, but wrapping her arms around their necks she gave them each a quick scratch of Cataphrenic and waited for the changes to begin.

"Dammit! I should've been able to avoid you two much longer!"

As Red Robin reached between her breasts for the pendant, his little brother had a twisted idea.
They tied her up, hand and foot, while Damien teased the skin around the necklace with his fingers making her writhe and moan.
Tim lowered her zipper a few more inches allowing her bounteous breasts free of their constraints.
The zipper seemed to have an endless track straight down, Damien pulled it further downward as Selina held her breath as the opening soon revealed all.
Damien was emboldened and pushed her clothes open revealing no bra and barely any panties. He had always wondered what this woman has that fascinated his father, and now he could find out.
Tim whispered to Dami, and Dami agreed.
Red Robin spoke first.

"If you'll allow us to play with you, we agree to let you go after."
Selina leaned on her side giving them a show and answered, "You're just children, what do you know of women? Prove that you can please me first!"

Damien leered looking very much like his father, and plunged his fingers between her legs and started teasing and stroking as though he'd done this before many times.

Selina moaned as he played admirably with her pussy, but Tim would not be watching, he started kissing, pinching, and tweaking her exceptional firm breasts, and her moans came faster.

Tim freed his cock and began to use it on her nipples, teasing them until they firmed, then dry fucked the chasm between them hitting her chin on the occasional upstroke.

Damien watched jealously and began to furiously lick Catwoman's moist pussy.

The villainess squirmed and mewed at the exquisite treatment.

"I want you both inside me, I'm burning!"

Both?!!

How did that even work?
Double the pleasure, double the fun

Chapter Summary

How to double penetrate a cat's pussy?

A Threesome?

Tim had never even heard of such a strange and unusual thing as two men having coitus with one woman, his head was usually much too busy doing his favorite tasks of detective and computer hacking work.

Damien knew a lot more than Tim about acts of love and human sexuality, thanks to his many types of instructors from the League of Assassins, even as far as lessons from professionals on sexual congress.

As the heir to the head of the demon, he had been expected to take a bride by his twelfth birthday. That, and he was also a perpetual eavesdropper who was always listening in on whatever sexual discussions were going on.

You know, for future reference.

The boys spoke amongst themselves and Dami explained to Tim how it's usually done. Tim's eyes grew wide even as his cock grew even more distended.

They reasoned that Catwoman certainly wasn't a stranger to sex and surely had herself threesomes and other varieties of multiples.

The two youths were quite excited by the voluptuous woman, and the dose of Cataphenic added to their desire.

She told the young men exactly what she wanted them to do, and how, "I want you both in my snatch at the same time. I'll lead you through this, but you'll really need some extra lube to get it done and you have to use some condoms, I don't expect to have a pregnancy from this, I'm not cut out to be a mother. After that, I'll expect some other, hmm, activities," she purred.

Since the younger boy seemed to know his way around a woman, she had him enter her first and stretch her opening enough with his fingers to allow the other to enter her as well.

The boy was well educated for one so very young, so much like his mentor in his style.

He was aggressive and unafraid and he soon had her wriggling and mewling as he worked her to a frazzle. She was so wet and excited, this one had so much promise!

His fingers were already inside of her along with his cock, teasing and stretching out her opening. It
felt like Batman himself was there taking her roughly just like she enjoyed, and she was open stretched considerably more than she had been in a long time.

Soon he called the other over, and he was holding both of their cocks he aimed both into her throbbing canal. She felt them slide into her well-lubricated pussy and groaned from the delicious feelings that they were giving her. She felt both of them sliding in and out of her as she throbbed at the fullness that was now within her.

"Ah, yes, my young toms! That's it, ah yes! Now don't ignore the rest of my body, I want to feel you everywhere. Oh yes, just like that! Rawr!"

These boys were quick learners, pleasuring her entire body as they satisfied her carnal cravings fully. They kissed and touched her skin, her face and her lips. Twenty fingers touching stroking and pinching. Two sets of lips grazing, licking, kissing, and sucking on her. She enjoyed their assault upon her, and her emotion built higher and higher to a summit as she finally shattered and shrieked with pleasure.

Now she wanted to be taken from behind, and the boys happily complied with one entering her ass, and the other her slit.

She was more than happy to suck their cocks and give them each a thrill in payment for services rendered, for she loved swallowing a cock almost as much as she loved being fucked. She licked one, then the other. She swallowed them in turn, giving them something to remember.

She wasn't entirely selfish, really, just mostly so.

It had been a long time since she'd been pleasured so thoroughly, and she was relishing it, hoping that they could continue to keep her happy and coming for a few hours, at the least.

She needed her frequent release as much as she needed food or air.

Between her Cataphrenic and their youthful hormones, she had two quite enthusiastic sexual slaves to keep her satisfied until they wore out, or she did.

And the best part is that it was their own idea, she just added a bit extra!
Selina certainly enjoyed her occasional sapphic experience.

If a man wasn't available, another pussy would do quite well.

Normally that would involve either Ivy or Harley, but tonight she was lucky to have them both.

Ivy's outfits were naturally sexy, and Harley's were barely there as well, so it didn't take very long for her to get wet.

They were in Ivy's lair and that was always a plus.

Her plants produced many different aphrodisiacs that were heaps of fun to experiment with and left no hangovers, unlike booze.

It was late and they all were a little drunk and horny, so one thing leads naturally to another, and another, and another.

Ivy was perpetually in the mood almost as much as Selina herself.

It didn't take much until the three were naked and satisfying their inner cravings.

They all took turns pleasuring one another all evening until each of them was fully spent.

Ah, sex!
Batman's Back!

Chapter Summary

Batman is back in town and needs Catwoman to suffuse the heat in his body.

Batman had closed tonight's case, but still had excess energy to spare. He needed something to drain it, and Catwoman never turned him away for sex.

He grappled to her apartment, and upon seeing that she was home and alone let himself in through the window and grabbed her curvaceous body from behind, rubbing himself tightly against her so she could feel his swollen manhood.

Feel how much he wanted her.

Feel how much he needed her.

"Hello, lover, I missed you so much. I see that you missed me, too. Mee-yow!"

"Mmm, I was thinking of you tonight, thinking of what I wanted to do to you, the places I'd touch you, stroke you, grab you, eat you and then screw you. Don't move at all, let me do what I want, what I need, and I will make it well worth your time."

His hands held her firmly against him and she made the sexiest moaning sounds as he rubbed himself harder against her firm ass.

"Whatever you want, that sounds like a wet dream of mine! Oh yes, have your way with me right now. I'm so hot for your hard body, Batman."

He began building up tension with a few well-placed strokes and kisses, he slowly lowered her zipper with one hand and fondling her with the other, making her moan indecently.

"Mmm, that feels so good, baby. I love it when you manhandle me!"

He squeezed and pinched her breasts hard, but she loved his wonderful rough touch and didn't complain.

As her zipper lowered, so did his hands trailing after it.
He was teasing her furry black bush, teasing maddeningly just north of her clit, which she recognized that he already knew.

He always knew, he was Batman after all.
The best lover she'd ever had, or ever would have.

He removed his gauntlets, letting them drop to the floor one at a time, and she smiled knowing that his bare fingers were going to make her smile.
And moan!

His belt followed, with a metallic clanking as it hit the floor.
He rubbed harder against her, and his fingers found their goal, pushing inside of her and doing that something that made her knees turn to jelly.
He had his other arm firmly around her waist, keeping her upright while he tortured her sex leisurely, surely, and always thoroughly.
She felt a wonderful feeling building up in her cunt, she could easily come now if he'd allow it.
And it was all up to him now, she was at his mercy and loving it.

"Oh, oh yeah, that's perfect, I love when you do that right there...
OH!" she yelped.
"Please!
Ungh!"

Her moans and pleas only served to make his cock more turgid, he enjoyed giving pleasure as much as he enjoyed receiving it.
Catwoman was so vocal, and he was becoming more aroused at her raw and primitive noises, but he still made her wait.
Always made her wait, and it would ultimately be worth the wait for the two of them, he made sure of it every single time.
He felt her pulsations strongly around his fingers, squeezing them, and promising him that she was getting very close.
He wanted to draw it out even more, and pulled his fingers from her snatch and sucked them off.
She turned her head to watch him, and her mouth opened on its own from the lust that the sight of it
brought her.

She whimpered from the loss of contact, even though her pussy was still contracting rhythmically on its own.

"Bruce, please... screw me already!"

His voice answered her, deep as sin and rough as machinery, murmuring next to her ear, "Are you sure that's what you want, Selina? You want to be screwed like a dirty whore, don't you?"

Anyone else calling her that would be hurt within an inch of their life, but she allowed him his dirty talk because it made the sex between them so much hotter.

She loved conflict and fighting, it always turned her on.

"Yes, fuck me like the dirty whore that I am, screw me and bone me until I break. I need to be fucked by you, in any hole that you want. Do it!"

The world spun out of control for a moment as he flipped her onto the floor and removed the rest of her clothes in a blur.

He raised her ass in the air and rubbed his cock against her pussy until it was well-lubed, then plunged deep into her back door as she screamed.

He liked that she screamed, she hadn't expected him to be this quick, but he wanted her as much as she wanted him.

He wanted to fuck her ass and loved the way he surprised her this time.

His heart was pounding in his chest, as his cock pounded her brown hole.

He was gasping, so close to his own release.

He pulled out and shot his load all over her back and rubbed himself against her, making them both sticky and nasty.

"You dirty little pussy, you need a bath now."

His words thrilled her, he wasn't done yet, and she hadn't finished.

She loved a wet soapy fuck in the shower, and this time he'd better make her come, but good.
In the shower now that some of his tension was relieved he used a condom this time and he pounded hard into her until she nearly passed out from pleasure, that is, multiple pleasures, and begged him to stop.

He might be an animal with her, but that didn’t mean he needed to create a new litter.

They had enough going on in their lives without that.

She turned off the shower, and just sat there on the shower floor, exhausted, and they held each other for a while until they settled back down to reality.

"You're not staying tonight are you."

She frowned because he would leave her soon.

It was a statement of fact, he never stayed the night, not with her, at least not in her apartment.

It was one thing if people suspected it, but another thing completely if Batman was caught on camera, especially in the daytime.

He avoided any and all publicity with a fierceness.

He wanted to be feared, to be a mysterious enigma, and not to be expected or easily recognized.

She understood that.

Still, she smiled because even a bit of him was far better than none at all.

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