The Foggiest Notion
by RobinStories

Summary

The Terrific Trio is in London to investigate the misdeeds of Lady Peasoup and Lord Ffogg...

Lord Ffogg and Lady Peasoup had been used to running their London criminal empire unmolested for years. That all changed when the Terrific Trio came to England. The two criminal masterminds had no idea what prompted Batman, Robin, and Batgirl to arrive in London. All they knew was that they were wreaking havoc on their ability to wage crime in London.

“This is absolutely ridiculous,” Lady Peasoup lamented one evening, sipping brandy in front of a roaring fire. “Business is down 35%!”

“I know, darling. Those caped do-gooders are putting us in a bit of a pinch,” Ffogg responded, sipping is brandy.

“What’s to be done about them, then?” Peasoup asked her husband as she stared into the flames.

“I believe, my dear, we must divide and conquer,” Ffogg said, taking another sip and joining her in looking into the fire. “If we separate them, they may fall easier. Call the girls.”

Lady Peasoup rang a small bell and a young woman entered.

“Mary, call the girls in here, please,” Lady Peasoup said.

“Of course,” the young woman replied.

A few minutes later, 5 young women, all about 22, were standing before the Lord and Lady.

“Girls, we must defeat the Terrific Trio once and for all. However, we’ve decided that in order to do
that, we must separate them,” Lord Ffogg said.

“Oh I’d love to get my hands on the Boy Wonder! What a dreamboat!” one of the girls said as the others giggled. Lord Ffogg thought a moment as the girls giggled more about the young sidekick.

“I think I’ve figured it out,” Ffogg said. “At least when it comes to Batman and Robin. But Batgirl tends to work more solo. Perhaps we can lure her here with some well-placed hints around our American friends that recently arrived from Gotham City about our secret Cricket Room. Lady Peasoup, have you and your girls here ready at the pier by the old pub tomorrow around 3pm. Also, have someone at the Cricket Room ready about the same time in case Batgirl takes the bait.”

The next day, Batman and Robin paced up and down their London Bat Cave, trying to figure out Ffogg’s next move. They were discussing possible stakeout locations when the radio buzzed. It was Batgirl.

“Yes, Batgirl?” Batman said into the radio.

“Batman, I’ve got a tip about Ffogg. There’s a secret Cricket Room at his house that only he and Lady Peasoup are allowed into. That must mean it contains evidence we can use to get him arrested,” Batgirl’s voice said. “I’m going to check it out.”

“Be careful, Batgirl. It’s probably heavily guarded,” Batman cautioned.

“Don’t worry, Batman, I’m sneakier than you think,” she said cheekily as the communicator went dead.

“As for us, Old Chum, I think we should follow up on that tip about the old pub by the pier. Ffogg has been known to frequent it,” Batman said to his young sidekick.

“Sounds good, Batman, let’s go!” Robin said as they both rushed to the Batmobile.

While the Dynamic Duo motored to the old pub by the pier, Batgirl arrived on her BatCycle outside the estate of Lord Ffogg. She concealed it behind some shrubs and crept onto the estate. Little did she know that her every move was being monitored by CCTV cameras hidden around the property. She kept to the edges, trying to stay concealed, her purple costume and brightly lined cape not helping.

As she reached the main house area, she noticed a sign above a back door labeled “Cricket Room”. On the door itself it said “No Admission”. Batgirl stealthily approached and picked the lock like a pro. The door opened silently and she slipped inside, closing it behind her.

The room was full of jewels and other clearly stolen merchandise. Batgirl was astonished at the quantity of items. She pulled out her mini camera and began photographing the display cases full of stolen goods.

As she was doing this, Mary watched her on the monitor with a smile. As Batgirl crept further into the room, Mary reached over to a knob labeled “Paralyzing Gas”. With a quick turn, she watched on the monitor as a mist began to rise from the floor. Batgirl panicked but before she could flee she was surrounded by the mist. It only took a fraction of a breath for the mist to paralyze the heroine completely. Batgirl stood like a statue, masked eyes wide and hands slightly out to the side.

“One down, two to go,” Mary said, shutting off the valve.

The Batmobile pulled onto the pier and parked outside the old pub. The duo hopped out of the car and Robin ran around the front to join Batman.
“Hold on a minute, Old Chum. This is a drinking establishment so I’ll have to go in alone,” Batman said, holding out a gloved hand toward Robin’s eager face.

“But Batman, this is England! The drinking age is 18 and I turned 18 two weeks ago!” Robin protested, his light body bouncing on his pixie boots in excitement.

“I know, Robin, but we’re citizens of the United States and need to set the example even when over in another country. You keep watch outside. I’ll take a look inside,” Batman said.

“Fine,” Robin sighed, folding his arms and sinking onto the hood of the Batmobile, crossing his ankles and putting his head down in dejection.

“Good lad. I’ll be right back,” Batman said, whisking away and disappearing into the pub.

As soon as the pub door closed, Lady Peasoup peered around the corner at the end of the pier. Her head was then joined by 4 other younger heads. The girls giggled softly, looking at the brightly colored Boy Wonder all alone, his toned bare legs stretched out and crossed as he rested on the hood of the Batmobile.

“Oh he’s even dreamier than I thought,” one said as Lady Peasoup shushed them.

“Let’s go girls!” she said in a loud whisper as the five women rounded the corner and charged down the pier.

Robin looked up and his eyes grew wide as he recognized Lady Peasoup. He made a move for the door of the pub but the girls got the jump on him and corralled him in front of the Batmobile.

“Lady Peasoup, you fiend! You know I would never attack a group of girls!” Robin said as two girls grabbed each of his arms.

“Spoken like a true gentleman, Boy Wonder,” Peasoup replied.

“What a beautiful body,” the girl holding his left arm said, hand rubbing the Robin logo on his chest and moving up to his smooth face. The other girls pounced and began rubbing and pinching Robin’s body as Robin’s virgin eyes were wide in shock. They pushed him back onto the hood of the Batmobile, his booted feet flailing.

“Girls girls! There’ll be time for that later! We must go now!” Peasoup said. “Pick him up and let’s go!”

Each girl grabbed a limb and easily lifted Robin’s small, lean body off the ground and carried him away down the pier and around the corner.

Meanwhile, inside the pub, Batman was trying to act as non-chalantly as possible, sipping on a beer and asking casual questions about Lord Ffogg. The back door opened and Ffogg entered, his monocle secured and his face in a sneer.

“Looking for me, Batman?” he asked, nose rising a bit.

“I am, Lord Ffogg. I have some questions for you,” Batman said, putting his barely touched drink on the bar.

“Well, I don’t have any answers for you, just some friends who would like to teach you a lesson!” Ffogg said.
Batman turned around just in time to see every patron in the bar, at least 20, rise from their chairs and move towards him. Hopelessly outnumbered, Batman raised his fists and began to engage the crowd. He threw punch after punch, dodging blows and thrown glasses. He sent several of them flying across the room but the kept coming. He jumped up and grabbed the old chandelier, swinging a double kick into an oncoming group.

When he let go of the chandelier, he landed and paused just long enough to get his balance that a patron swung a stool and broke it over his caped back. Batman fell to the floor dazed and was quickly grabbed by several patrons. They lifted him up and pinned him against the bar. The other patrons lined up and began taking body shots on the well-built crime fighter. Batman was tough but the relentless raining of blows eventually knocked the air out of him.

As he struggled to breathe, Ffogg directed the men holding him to put him in a chair. They forced the Caped Crusader to sit and held him down while he was secured with thick rope. Lord Ffogg stepped in front of the dazed hero.

“Sorry Batman, but this was all a trap. This bar is only patronized by my crew and you never stood a chance. I knew that you wouldn’t let Robin come inside so you’d be all alone. Robin should have been taken care of by my lovely wife and her gang of girls,” Ffogg said with a smile.

“What have you done with him?” Batman growled.

“Oh I have plans for him, as well as you and Batgirl. She was lured to the house and has no doubt succumbed to the paralyzing gas in the room she was investigating,” Ffogg said confidently.

“And what about me?” Batman asked with a sneer.

“Ah yes, of course. You see, Batman, each of your fates was decided by me based on your usefulness. Batgirl doesn’t really have any, so her body will remain paralyzed and she’ll be added to our trophy room. She won’t die, just live in a perpetual state of paralysis, unaware of what’s going on around her. As for the Boy Wonder, our young girls are quite taken with him. So he’ll be theirs to do with as they please. And as for you, my deduction is that your secret identity is your most valuable trait, along with your well-built body. You’ll be our servant at the house,” Ffogg said.

“I’ll never serve you,” Batman growled.

“You will, actually, and with pleasure. I have hear my recollection inhibitor. I simply place the device on your cowl and it removes your memories of what has just transpired. I use it all the time so those we rob never know we were there. However, for you, I’m going to turn it to full power, erasing your entire memory except your name. Then, when your mind is clear, I’ll tell you your purpose and you’ll accept it. Hold him still,” Ffogg said.

“No!” Batman yelled, struggling in his bonds as two patrons held his cowled head still.

Ffogg placed the device on Batman’s cowl and turned it on to full power. Batman’s eyes glazed over and his mouth hung open slightly. After about 5 minutes, Ffogg turned off the device and removed it.

“Who are you?” Ffogg asked.

“My name is Bruce Wayne,” came the droll reply.

Ffogg’s eyes grew wide.

“I would have never guessed it would be that valuable! We’re rich!” he cried as a cheer went up from the pub. “Untie him,” Ffogg commanded.
Batman was untied and he remained sitting in the chair staring straight ahead.

“Now, Bruce, my name is Lord Ffogg and I am your master. You are our servant at the house, to do whatever we ask, whenever we ask it. You do not hesitate to obey no matter what we ask of you, do you understand?” Ffogg asked looking into Batman’s blank eyes.

“Yes, I understand,” Batman replied monotonely.

“Good. Come with me,” Ffogg said, leaving the pub through the back door with Batman following obediently.

They arrived at the estate 20 minutes later. In the car, Batman signed his name to a document releasing all of his funds to Lord Ffogg, bankrupting Bruce Wayne and making Ffogg a billionaire. When they arrived at the estate, the two got out of the car and Ffogg walked Batman to the house. Lady Peasoup was smiling broadly.

“Well done, dear,” she said as she looked over Batman’s obedient body. “Come in, come in.”

As they entered the massive house, they moved through the foyer which was lined with suits of armor. On the last pedestal on the right, instead of a suit of armor, the figure of Batgirl stood. She wore her cowl, her cape, her gloves, and her boots. Instead of her trademark full-body purple suit, she had been dressed in a purple bikini of the same material with the yellow batgirl logo between the breasts. Her eyes were wide and she stared blankly ahead. Ffogg admired her body, running a hand over her smooth skin before continuing into the house.

“How, Bruce, you have no need of what you’re wearing. Please remove it,” Ffogg said absent-mindedly. Batman complied immediately, removing his entire costume until he stood naked, as Bruce Wayne, in their living room. Lady Peasoup licked her lips at Batman’s soft cock which was already 6 inches long when soft. “Wear this,” Ffogg added, handing Bruce a white apron. Bruce took it and tied it around his waist. It went down to his mid-thigh and only up to his waist. It exposed him completely in the back and everywhere else. He looked like a stripper maid.

“Excellent, excellent,” Lady Peasoup said. “Bring us some tea.”

Bruce walked to the kitchen to fulfill their request as his uniform was gathered up and placed in the hall to be mounted later.

While a mindless Bruce catered to the criminals’ every need, upstairs, Robin’s costume lay in a heap outside a door. Inside the room, the former Boy Wonder was tied spread-eagled to a bed. His mask was on and his briefs had been stuffed in his mouth to muffle his many protests with duct tape to keep them in. The 5 girls pawed at his smooth body, playing with his cock which was sticking straight up in the air. Two girls licked and sucked at Robin’s toes, two others lightly scratched his chest and arms, causing goosebumps to appear on his naked flesh. The fifth, Mary, was lightly stroking Robin’s quivering cock.

“Mmmm, so beautiful, Robin. Did you know that you’re the only hero we let keep his mind? Batman’s mind has been wiped and Batgirl, as you saw, will never know anything again. You’re a very, special, boy,” she said, accentuating the last three words with deliberate strokes to accompany them.

She withdrew from his cock as the four other girls continued their ministrations. Robin moaned and whimpered through the gag as his cock shook. Mary just looked at it and lightly drew circles with her finger on Robin’s smooth abs. They had been at it with Robin for the last 20 minutes, enjoying every minute.
When they captured him on the pier, they loaded him into the back of their van. He protested and screamed but wouldn’t put up a fight for fear of harming a girl. They grabbed at his hair and body in the van much to his anger and frustration. When they had arrived at the house, they once again carried him up the stairs. They dropped him on the bed and commanded him to strip off his costume. Of course, he had refused but they told him that if he didn’t, they would harm Batgirl’s helpless body. Once again, Robin’s chivalry was his downfall.

He was told he could leave his mask on but everything else had to come off. They threw the costume out the door but when they began clawing at his naked body his protests warranted the return of his briefs to his mouth. He even began to struggle slightly which then led to his being tied down. This was better for the girls, though. It exposed him more.

The four girls continued to rub and massage his smooth muscles, planting kisses on the soft, hairless skin and nuzzling his various orifices. Mary continued to ignore his now aching cock that was beginning to leak slightly. She enjoyed watching his tormented masked face. Boys were so easy to control at the end of the day. They always want just one thing, even the virgins.

She reached down and fondled his smooth balls, rolling them around in her gentle hands, eliciting more moans from behind his gag. Her finger even began to explore his virgin entrance, much to Robin’s protests. Once her finger slipped in, his protests stopped as she worked another into his tight flesh and caused more moans and more shaking from his nearly 6″ cock.

Mary was gifted at her craft and knew what she was doing. She watched his cock leak steadily for another 30 minutes, the other girls never ceasing to pleasure his young body. Her fingers worked in and out, gently finger-fucking the Boy Wonder. She removed the gag and there were only moans escaping Robin’s mouth. She removed her fingers and inserted them into his slightly open mouth. He sucked on them, tasting himself for the first time.

When her fingers had been thoroughly cleaned she ran them up and down his shaft, coating them in his precum and feeding that to him as well. The girls giggled as Robin transformed from young hero to eager sex toy.

“Would you like to cum, Robin?” Mary asked gently, slowly stroking his cock.

“Yes, please,” Robin whimpered.

“Who do you serve?” she asked, still gently stroking.

“Lord Ffogg and Lady Peasoup,” Robin whimpered again.

“What is your secret identity?” she asked, still stroking.

“Dick Grayson, ward of Bruce Wayne,” he whimpered.

Her hand slowly increased in speed. Within a minute Robin’s face changed, his abs contracted and he blew his load straight up into the air. Splatters of cum landed on his smooth abs and chest, his cock dribbling out the rest down Mary’s hand and into his pubic hair.

She, however, did not stop stroking. She stroked harder and harder, sending Robin into overdrive. He yelled out as his sensitive cock was stroked, bucking against his restraints, trying to escape the pleasure and pain. Eventually she stopped and Robin breathed a sigh of relief. The girls dove onto him, lapping up his cum and cleaning his naked body with their tongues.

“What do you think, girls? Mask on or off?” Mary asked, running her finger in small circle around Robin’s right nipple.
“Let’s leave it on! Otherwise he’s just some kid,” they said.

They untied Robin from the bed and he lay there, breathing hard, masked eyes half-closed. Mary fitted a kelly green collar around his neck and attached a leash.

“Come along, Robin. We’re going downstairs.”

She tugged on the leash slightly and Robin got out of bed and followed her, the girls smacking his pert ass as he passed them.

Mary led him out of the room and down the main staircase. He obediently followed, arms at his side. When they entered the main living room, Lord Ffogg and Lady Peasoup were sitting in their armchairs, sipping on tea. Bruce Wayne, naked except for a small apron over his cock, stood between them and slightly behind their chairs, arms at his side, apparently awaiting any command.

“Ah, Mary, has Robin been acclimated to his new life here?” Lady Peasoup asked.

“He has,” Mary replied, bringing Robin closer. He stood next to her, masked eyes looking ahead. The presence of Bruce Wayne didn’t seem to phase him.

“My my, you really know what you’re doing. He doesn’t seem bothered by his old mentor being here without his mask. I thought we were going to let him keep his mind?” Lady Peasoup asked, looking at the naked boy up and down.

“He still has it, but he’s obedient and won’t talk or react unless instructed. Isn’t that right, Robin?” Mary asked.

“Yes, mistress,” Robin replied.

“Should we move on to the main event then?” Lord Ffogg asked, pulling out Batman’s cowl.

“Yes, the camera is ready,” Lady Peasoup said.

“Bruce, put your cowl back on and remove your apron,” Lord Ffogg commanded. Bruce complied immediately. Mary, meanwhile, unfastened the collar from Robin and led him to stand next to Batman. A camera was turned on and aimed at the two former heroes.

“Batman: fuck Robin,” said Lord Ffogg from out of frame.

Batman put his hands on Robin’s shoulders and pushed him to his knees, then onto all fours. He lined his massive cock up behind Robin’s tight ass and entered slowly. It didn’t last long. Batman pounded Robin as the camera captured the footage for about 5 minutes before exploding into his sidekick.

The footage was stored, just in case it was needed. Batman then removed his cowl again and donned his apron, retaking his position. Robin slowly got his feet, legs shaking a bit from being fucked for the first time. Mary re-attached the collar and leash.

“I’m going to take him back upstairs. His cage is prepared and the girls want another round before bed,” Mary said.

“Very good. Goodnight, dear,” Lady Peasoup said as Robin was led back upstairs. “More tea, Bruce,” she said. As Bruce Wayne left to get the pot, Lord Ffogg and Lady Peasoup clinked their teacups together and took a sip.
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