Caged Birds

Summary

Young women are vanishing in Gotham City, forced into high class prostitution. It's up to the Birds of Prey to save these girls, but in order to do so, Huntress and Black Canary might be tested on just how far they're willing to go for their cause...

Notes

Here I am on Twitter! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Attraction and Mystery

Caged Birds
Chapter One: Attraction and Mystery
-By Drace Domino

Things were never quiet for a reason, and that reason was never a good one. Oracle had been up late for the past few nights, tirelessly trying to figure out just what was going on in Brideshead. There had been reports of missing people in the area, which wasn’t particularly unusual for a neighborhood in Gotham City, but the police force had been uneasily quiet. Witness reports were filled with inconsistencies and deflections, and judging from the files Oracle had hacked into, no officers had yet been appointed to finding out just what was going on. It was suspicious, to say the least.

Confined to her wheelchair, Oracle’s own capability to investigate was limited, but from the clocktower she did all she could. A link through the Internet was all she needed to save lives, since she couldn’t do it with a batarang and a grappling hook anymore. A link, and the willingness to push herself awake until she found herself dozing off at her computer, her head drooping forward as her vision and thoughts went hazy and dark. It had been the fourth night in a row that she found herself falling asleep at the monitor, her upper half draped across her table, arms folded underneath her mane of long red hair. Her glasses were eschew on her pretty features, not having the time to slip them off her nose before she wound up face-down on her desk.

Another long night, and she hadn’t found anything of value. She didn’t rise awake until later that morning, when a feminine hand resting on her shoulder gently shook her awake. Slowly she started to sit back up again, her glasses falling off her face completely and a line of drool connecting her lower lip to one of her arms. She blinked the sleep from her eyes in rapid succession, and tilted her head to the side to see the familiar figure of one of her loyal Birds, Lady Blackhawk.

She was in full uniform; the enticing Blackhawks outfit that started with a black aviator’s jacket and ended in a skirt that barely went down to the midpoint of her thighs. A pilot’s hat was marked with the logo of her group, and a pair of calf-high black boots made a stark contrast to a pair of tight fitting white gloves. Zinda’s smile was warm and friendly as she ushered Oracle awake, tresses of long blonde hair framing her features as she cooed to her in a soft and tender tone.

“Thought I might find you here.” She murmured, and as Oracle still tried to press sleep away from her face, Zinda eased her back into her chair with another light touch. Before Barbara could argue, or even fully wake up to protest, Zinda had taken hold of the handles of the wheelchair and began to pull Oracle away from her computer. Slowly she rolled her through the clocktower, back to the makeshift bed that was there for her many late nights. “I swear, I wonder why you even have an apartment if you’re just going to sleep here every night.”

“Where would I have my mail sent to?” Oracle replied with a sleepy yawn, and let herself rest back in the chair while she was pushed. There weren’t many people she’d let wheel her around, driven by a desire to do things for herself, but Zinda was on the very short list of those she’d accept that kindness from. When the chair came to rest beside the bed Barbara locked her hands against the sides, taking a slow, deep breath before she pushed herself up and towards her mattress. She was in fantastic shape despite her condition, her already athletic frame kept maintained by constant training and exercise. Even from a wheelchair, there weren’t many asses she couldn’t kick in Gotham.

Barbara’s fit figure fell down onto the mattress, and Zinda moved a hand down, scooping her elbow underneath Barbara’s limp ankles to guide her fully into the center of the bed. Her motherly tending to the mastermind of the Birds didn’t stop there, and soon she was bringing Barbara’s warm blanket
up around her, tucking her in before moving to sit on the side of the bed. Zinda’s smooth, lovely legs crossed over one knee as she perched at the edge, and while one hand smoothed out the length of her short skirt, the other reached out to gently tease at a stray thread against Oracle’s shirt collar.

“You need to sleep more.” Zinda spoke quietly, concern lining her voice for her dear friend. Oracle’s messy red locks were smeared around her face, some of them even swirled before her eyes. Before she responded Zinda couldn’t help but smile, and drew her hand up to gently spoon some of them away. While her delicate, gloved fingers moved Oracle’s red hair to the side, Barbara simply looked up with sleepy eyes and spoke with an exhausted tone.

“Women are getting kidnapped in Brideshead. Cops aren’t doing anything.” She sighed, and once Zinda had finished pulling her hair aside, Barbara’s eyes closed as she relaxed into the mattress. “We need to find them, save them.”

“It’s seven in the morning, dear, you’re not saving anyone without a good night’s rest under y-oh.” Zinda smiled a bit, cutting herself off as she noticed Oracle’s slow, steady breathing. She was apparently eager to get some rest, and Zinda sat for a long moment, watching her dear friend sleep. Her lithe, beautiful frame continued to perch on the edge of the bed, her hands resting on her bare knees and her eyes always directed down towards the diligent redhead that worked so hard to protect the innocent people of Gotham.

“...don’t worry, Babs.” Zinda finally whispered, and brushed her fingertips over the top of Barbara’s forehead. “I’ll get the girls on it right away.” Her voice was delicately low for fear of waking Barbara, and after the words left her Zinda felt a nagging desire at the back of her chest. Like a slow growing flame something ate at her, and as she sat there studying the beautiful, sleeping features of Oracle, Lady Blackhawk found she could no longer resist.

She bent down from the waist, and her full lips pressed softly against Barbara’s. It was a slow, chaste kiss, pure indulgence from the older woman. While Barbara slept Zinda let her lips delicately rest to her friend’s, sharing with her a kiss that only one of them would remember. Her blonde locks fell, tickling at Oracle’s cheeks, and while she kissed Zinda made sure to take in a long, deep breath of the scent of Oracle’s red hair. It lasted a long, lingering moment of sweet impulse, until finally Zinda broke the kiss with her cheeks red and her breath hitched in her throat. By the end of it Barbara was still asleep and completely unaware, and Zinda sat back up with her cheeks red, but her impulse fulfilled for the moment. She desperately wanted to offer her more, but some things just weren’t offered between friends so easily.

“Sleep tight.” She whispered again to her dearest friend, before standing up to rally the Birds of Prey.

Dinah set down her phone, the situation milling in her mind after Zinda had explained it. There were rumors about the young women that had gone missing, but nothing concrete had been laid out and none of her contacts had picked up any news. A missing persons case where witnesses were hard to track down was a rare thing; usually people cared enough to rally their own home communities in order to bring up a clue to the police. If what Zinda had just explained to her was accurate, then the police were being intentionally terse about things. That never ended well for anybody involved.

Dinah sighed as she pondered it, and went back to tending the display window of her store. She had established a quaint little flower shop in Brideshead, bringing a small trace of beauty to the dark slums of Gotham’s poor district. She had only been open for a few months but business was going well, and much to her surprise, the store hadn’t been vandalized or robbed yet. Part of her secretly suspected that even the darkest parts of Brideshead appreciated the little touch of beauty on their street, and considered them something of a precious, sacred thing they didn’t want to ruin for
themselves. Literally, the flower breaking through the concrete that someone made a conscious effort to avoid stepping on.

It was a tiny haven that she had enjoyed working in to take her mind off of the troubles of Gotham. Huntress had her volunteer work at the church, and she had hundreds of flowers. Two bright spots in a dark well. As Dinah finished with the front display she moved back towards the cash register, where a beautiful young woman offered her a bright smile. Her only employee; Lisa was fresh out of college and needed a job to help her with student loans. Dinah wasn’t able to pay her much, but working someplace so relaxing was part reward in and of itself.

“Was that anything bad, ma’am?” Lisa asked inquisitively. No matter how many times Dinah had told Lisa to call her by name, the sweet college girl always kept things professional. “You look upset. Need me to watch the store for a while?”

“No, Lisa, it’s okay.” Dinah assured her with a smile, and set down a pot of brightly colored flowers near the edge of the register. The most vibrant bouquet she had that day was placed up at the front, to draw attention and to ensure that it sold. Somehow it seemed an injustice to something beautiful in Gotham go to waste, and the prettiest flowers she had would be ill-suited to hiding on the back of a shelf before they wilted. She leaned against the front desk, crossing her legs at the ankle as she regarded her employee. “Just an old friend asking me for some help with something.”

Dinah’s everyday wear was far different from her superhero attire. Her one-piece leather outfit accented with fishnets was replaced with a conservative blue sweater, and worn overtop of it was a long white apron that went down to her knees. Simply khaki pants covered her and completed her look of modest gardener, and to most people it’d be a stretch to imagine the sweet flower lady could possibly be Black Canary. That is, so long as they didn’t peek inside of her duffle bag to spot her uniform, always nearby and ready to go.

To Brideshead, Dinah was the sweetest woman on the block, always friendly and always available for a smile or to give a small child a flower on the house. Anything to spread what good she could manage during her side job.

No one seemed to appreciate that more than Mr. Harson. A regular of the flower shop, both Dinah and Lisa’s head turned as the door open and a tiny bell near the top of it rang to announce a customer’s entry. At the same time nearly every day Mr. Harson stepped inside, and Dinah’s smile grew to welcome him.

He was a friendly man; always kind and sweet to both of the women, and though he was overweight and a few years older than Dinah, she couldn’t fault him for a lack of kindness. Certainly not the most attractive man she encountered on a day to day basis, and Dinah would be hard pressed to say she found herself drawn to him, but just like a flower shop in Gotham, a little bit of sweetness went a long way. He was well dressed and clearly well off; able to spend money on flowers each day like it was nothing. From time to time he’d come in with a cup of coffee for Dinah and Lisa, to help them get through a long day of work.

“Hello, Mr. Harson.” Dinah greeted him warmly, pushing off from the desk and stepping before him. She reached out to take the overweight man’s hand, shaking it gingerly while he beamed at her.

“Your usual today?”

Every day, it was the same thing...sort of. The front bouquet, the most beautiful thing Dinah had arranged. Mr. Harson nodded as he stepped up to the counter, eyeing the newest arrangement with a smile.

“It looks lovely today, Dinah.” He smiled to her, and as Mr. Harson moved forward Lisa stepped
back from the register, letting Dinah tend to him. It was clear that Harson was sweet on the shop owner, from his smile when Dinah greeted him, to the flustered way he responded any time Dinah would ask him about his personal life. He had stepped inside the store for months now, every day purchasing the front bouquet. At first, it had been clear that it was for his wife, but as the weeks went on Dinah had noticed his wedding ring disappeared.

He was still buying the flowers for a woman, but Dinah was certain it wasn’t his wife anymore.

“There you go, sir, always a pleasure to see you.” Dinah handed Harson his change while pushing the small pot towards him. With a blushing smile Harson picked it up and started to leave, only casually glancing back over his round shoulder to give Dinah a wave and a smile.

“See you tomorrow! Oh, and...you look lovely as alwa-” His words were muffled as he left the building, his shyness not permitting him to be inside for the full complement. The retreating nicety made Dinah chuckle to herself, but the smile on her lips was genuine, and it was nice to be treated in such kind and considerate fashion. She rested against the desk a bit longer, watching as Mr. Harson got into his car and set the flowers aside, before slowly driving off. Lisa stepped up behind her and joined her for a moment, before looking at her boss and speaking with a smile playing on her lips.

“He’s so into you.” She grinned, and elbowed her boss in the waist. Dinah faked a wince and held her side through her sweater, glaring back at Lisa with a chuckle on her lips.

“Yeah, I know.” She mused aloud, and gestured towards the stacks of pots on the far wall. “How about you make the next register bouquet? Let’s see what you’ve got, kiddo.”

Lisa just grinned and nodded, before heading to collect an empty pot and do as she was told. While Lisa hummed and went about her business, Dinah found herself gazing still where Mr. Harson had left, pondering the friendly man so fond of her.

He wasn’t attractive. But just maybe, parts of him were.

“Just...Just hold still, all right?!” Helena hissed through her teeth, glaring down at the young man holding her up. “I’ve almost got it! And watch your hands, you’re in the house of God!”

“I think he’d understand.” Peter replied with a small smirk, and tightened his arms. The two of them were undergoing a delicate procedure, digging something out of church’s tall closet that was high up on a shelf. It was a trivial thing; a board game for the kids that frequented the church after school, and for some reason the last time it had been put away it was thrown onto the highest shelf, nearly nine feet in the air. When Helena and Peter couldn’t find the stepstool, they had no choice but to improvise.

Peter was a handsome young man, barely into his twenties but with the selfless, good sense to do charity work rather than relish in mid-twenties chaos. From what Helena had gathered he was well off and from a rich family, but for whatever reasons he enjoyed spending time at the peaceful refuge of Brideshead Presbyterian. At that particular moment, that reason was because he was holding up Helena Bertinelli. His arms were wrapped tight around her, just underneath her rear as he strained his back to hold her up. It put his stomach just at her trim waist, and he had no other option than to hold his cheek against the slender woman’s figure while he helped lift her up. His muscles grew taut as the young woman rested in his arms, but the strain of holding her was nothing compared to the joy of her smell, or the warm presence of her waist against his cheek.

“Almost got it, Pete, just...oops, one second.” Helena’s voice chirped out, and he slid a hand into
one of her pockets, drawing forth a cell phone that just started ringing. As she moved to answer it Peter winced, and looked up at his associate with an expression of disbelief.

“Seriously?!” He hissed, talking over Helena’s greeting into the phone. It was inconsiderate of her to make him hold her while she took the call, but he didn’t resist too much. All the longer for his arms to go tight around Helena’s slender waist, and to feel how warm she was. He even let his face turn in against her side, and he took a long, secret breath of the scent of her T-shirt. Her jeans dug in against his arms as he held her, the sculpt of her rear resting on his biceps, but it was a discomfort that was mixed with a teasing, visceral joy.

Helena smirked to herself as she took her call, giving a small glance down to the young man. These sort of situations always came about when she worked with Peter, it seemed. Things put on high shelves, or underneath something that she had to bend down to get. She had seen the boy interacting with some of the other female volunteers, and he was certainly something of a smooth talker, always trying to get in good with them. Most of the young women at the church went for his game as far as good girls did; none of them ever leaving with him, but all of them playing the game. Helena’s treatment of him was a bit different, and far more cruel. She’d let him have his teasing moments, where he got to “accidentally” feel her up or draw himself in close enough to smell her, but she’d damn sure make him work for it.

While she took her call she even lowered a hand, patting his head soothingly while she answered. Her voice went quiet and her brow was low as Zinda spoke on the other end. A story that was going through the Birds’ network, and one Helena had already heard whispers of. Missing women. Cops hiding something. She’d be hitting the streets with Huntress that night, but for now, there was little she could do other than worry. With a sigh Huntress tucked her phone back and reached for the board game, pulling it free before glancing down at Peter with a smile.

“If you’re done wiping your nose on my shirt, you can let me down now.” She cooed with a grin, and Peter nodded as he lowered his arms. He set Helena down in such a fashion that when he stood straight once more the back of his head rubbed against Helena’s ample breasts, and the woman rolled her eyes with a soft chuckle at the action. That one wasn’t even subtle. When he stood back up Helena moved a hand out, lightly slapping him on the cheek in the fashion of a kind big sister.

“Go on, Muscles, you’ve got a trip to Candyland planned.” She pressed the board game into his hands and sent him off on his way, watching as the young man drug himself to entertain the children. He worked well with the kids, Helena had seen as much, even if he’d rather be hanging around fondling her and pretending like it was an accident.

Nice kid. Bit of a lech, but all the best lovers were. He’d make a woman pretty happy one day, Helena was sure of that. But with a smirk she told herself that if it was her, she’d eat her crossbow.

It was later that night that Huntress slipped into the clocktower, only to find Oracle rubbing a towel across her hair. Barbara’s makeshift home had a mist in the air, and judging from the scent of the room and the way Barbara’s clothes still mildly stuck to her, it was clear the young woman had just finished with a late shower.

“Well good morning.” Huntress responded with a smirk as she slipped into view, moving to make herself at home. She thought nothing of sitting on the edge of Oracle’s bed, watching as the wheelchair-bound woman rolled to one side of the room, moving to pick up her cell phone. In her full costume Helena looked quite different from the sweet woman that volunteered at the church; her T-shirt and jeans replaced with the purple and black leather that accented her frame in flattering style. Her midriff and thighs were exposed, and she wore knee-high leather boots with pouches strapped
alongside them. A hand crossbow hung from her hip, but only a fool would look at her and assume it was her only weapon. Huntress sat casually on her friend’s bed, one leg crossed over the other and her eyes gazing around the room.

Oracle had said nothing since she dropped by, and from the frizz in her hair and the sour demeanor, Huntress could only assume that the leader of the Birds was feeling grumpy and surly from her lack of sleep. Or more true to Barbara’s style, she was mad because she had slept so much. While Huntress casually looked around the room she spotted something hidden in the covers, and her cheeks turned red as she spotted it. Hidden amidst the tangled blankets was a tiny blue vibrator; just a few inches long and narrow enough to conceal. She smiled sweetly as she watched Oracle putting together a pot of coffee, and to protect the modesty of her friend she silently reached out and flipped the blanket over, hiding Oracle’s toy.

It was nice to know she managed to sneak in some joy for herself, though.

“Girls. Missing.” Oracle snarled into her cup of coffee, and started to move towards her computer. While she drank down half of the hot cup in a matter of seconds, her eyes flickered to her screen and she began to pull up files and notes once more. While her hands worked a flurry over her keyboard, she gave a snort with a sour tone, looking back at Huntress. “Where’s Canary? I want you two to hit the streets and see what you can figure out tonight.”

“Haven’t seen her.” Huntress responded with a shrug, and she stepped up from the bed to begin walking over to Oracle. Before long she was kneeling by her friend, her eyes gazing up at the computer screen while Oracle poured over the records of the Gotham City police. “Still no official word, I take it?”

“Then we take unofficial routes.” Oracle’s response was quick, her eyes narrow and her voice clever. It was clear she had been thinking about the case, and the tone in her voice told Huntress that her fearless leader already had a plan. “Tonight you’re going to swing by Poison Ivy’s. Her network is better than any squad of cops out there. If there’s anything for us to know, she’ll have it.”

“And you think she’ll just tell us?” Huntress asked with suspicion, a brow arched curiously. Oracle didn’t hesitate to nod.

“People going missing, a lot of them just barely eighteen. They’re probably targeting orphans for the least amount of notice.”

“And that means some of Ivy’s girls might have been taken.” Huntress finished the thought and gave a small nod, scowling a little. “Okay, we’ll hit her up. Anything else?”

“Catwoman’s been seen with a cop lately.” Oracle continued, and turned in her chair to look at Huntress. “It might just be a goon she’s dressing up like one, but minions aren’t her style. It’s possible she’s made friends with an officer on the force, and if she has…”

“Then she’s likely heard something useful.” Huntress gave a small nod, standing up from her place as she reached for her cell phone. “I’ll call the birdie and we’ll get going right away.”

Oracle turned back to her screen while Huntress made the call, her eyes gazeing over the information at hand, looking for some link, or some desperate clue. She found nothing, and her teeth clenched in frustration as she was ready to slam her fist to the table. Her train of thought was interrupted when Helena dropped a hand on Oracle’s shoulder. Light, and tender. Oracle glanced back with concern lining her brow, only to see Huntress’ features sunken and worried.

“...Dinah’s employee, Lisa.” She sighed, and shook her head. “She’s gone, too.”
End of Chapter One.
The Finest Fabric

Chapter Summary

A plan for our beautiful heroes is hatched, and the search for the missing girls continues. Though the Birds just might have to rub elbows with an element they're not entirely comfortable with...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Caged Birds
Chapter Two: The Finest Fabric
-By Drace Domino

The streets of Brideshead were quiet, the police presence practically nonexistent and none of the civilians bold enough to go out alone in the middle of the night. Aside from the occasional convenience store with a single employee working a lonely desk, the place was more of a ghost town than Huntress had anticipated. There was something going on in the neighborhood, and news of that sort of trouble spread fast. People on the outer fringes looked out for each other, the poor and the downtrodden always trying to protect each other from the dark shadows of Gotham City. It was a good instinct; running and hiding were always a safer option than standing and fighting. For most people, at least.

The Huntress stood atop one of the shorter buildings in the neighborhood, her cape flickering around her body as the wind nipped at her flesh. Her outfit was fairly revealing; her midriff and thighs exposed, but she always made the case that it provided her with extra flexibility in combat. Her leather patches of clothes were unrestraining and fluid, making it easy for her to dodge and duck around the middle of a fight, letting her dart in and out like a snake while her crossbow fired bolt after bolt into her slower targets. The fact that it made her enticing to look at, or that it showed off her smooth stomach and, in her own words, delicious thighs was merely a pleasant side effect. While she stood atop the building her eyes scanned the neighborhood below, finally falling on the distant presence of Poison Ivy’s greenhouse. For some people, even stepping foot on the soil would equate to a death sentence, but Oracle was betting on Ivy’s goodwill to give them safe passage long enough to talk to her.

“I’m not convinced.” Huntress murmured, just loud enough for the communicator in her ear to receive. A small touch of static came shortly after, followed by Barbara Gordon’s thoughtful, focused voice.

“You don’t need to be.” She replied curtly and firmly, and Huntress could hear the tapping of keystrokes from the other end of the line. “It’s possible Ivy doesn’t care about what’s happening. It’s even possible that she’s somehow involved. But if young women are really disappearing and she isn’t the cause, she’ll at least know about it.”

“And if she doesn’t feel like helping us?” Huntress asked sourly, her dark lipstick turning to a small scowl. The wind ripped across the building once more, chilling her exposed skin and sending goosebumps up her delicious thighs. She shivered briefly, and as one of her leather gloves passed over her midriff, she spoke again into her communicator. “If Ivy decides she’d rather mulch us than
help find a few stray kids?” Oracle’s response was as terse and firm as ever, offering a reply in a no-nonsense tone.

“You’ve got a crossbow. Use it.” She murmured simply. “Oracle out.” The voice on the other end of the communicator vanished, and Huntress was left with her arms folded across her chest and a sour look on her face. Turning to Poison Ivy and Catwoman for assistance on a case didn’t sit well with any of them, but when Dinah’s own employee had gone missing, they very quickly ran out of options for a slow and steady investigation. At that moment Black Canary was just one floor below where Huntress stood on the roof, searching through Lisa’s belongings and desperately hoping for a clue. The little flower shop clerk hadn’t been missing long enough to report it to the police, but from the sounds of it it wouldn’t make much difference even when they did. An absent police force. Missing girls. Heroes hoping to get help from villains.

Huntress sighed, and drummed her fingers on her thigh, waiting for Canary to lift herself back up to the roof. Things were a lot simpler during the day, when she was just Helena. Just a gorgeous woman that went about her non-heroic business, spending her evenings working charity at a church and getting her laughs by teasing a horny young man. She chuckled a bit at the thought, briefly remembering Peter from earlier that afternoon. His arm had hooked underneath her rear as he lifted her up high, and when she dropped down again they were so close the young man could almost certainly smell her perfume. When she left the closet with him earlier that day she had looked back; noticing with a smirk that he had a bulge against his jeans.

“Still got it, Helena.” She smirked to herself, and licked her dark lips idly and teasingly. Huntress let herself daydream for a few more minutes until Black Canary finally came up to the roof, stepping from the stairwell with a scowl pressed against her pretty features. Her blonde hair was perfectly framing her face as she stepped into the wind, and her tight-fitting outfit caught the edge of the moonlight. A black leather piece that covered her chest and her lap, coming down around her thighs like a bikini bottom. Overtop it she wore a leather jacket with a popped collar, keeping a wide ridge around her neck to prevent the chill from the outside air from dancing down her back. Thick leathers gloves and a pair of boots accented her costume, but as Helena glanced back at her friend her eyes fell on the most striking part of her outfit: the fishnets. Black Canary would give her a hard time about her exposed belly or her open thighs, but the fishnets were something Huntress would always hold over her with a huge smile. Dinah’s legs were already remarkable; her skill at martial arts and her intense training had made sure of that. Her calves were gloriously strong and smooth and her thighs were powerful and sculpted; perhaps not as delicious as Huntress’, but that was merely her own opinion. It didn’t change the fact that Black Canary had the best legs in the business, rivalled only perhaps by that magic girl they ran into from time to time.

Huntress tapped her chin for a moment, pondering. That one wore fishnets, too. Maybe there was a trend.

Dinah’s legs encased in the fishnets was almost an unfair advantage in combat; they were an instant draw to the eyes, even more so than Helena’s exposed belly. Especially from behind, where they met the edge of her leather outfit over the sculpt of Dinah’s impossible tight, cute rear, the bottom half of Black Canary was as distractingly enticing as it was dangerous. Helena had seen more than just a few goons pause for a split second; just long enough to linger on Dinah getting up from the ground, or watching as she reached behind her to subtle tug at her fishnets to undo a wedge. It was usually the last thing they saw before they woke up in the middle of a holding cell.

Huntress’ attention was snapped back to her friend’s face as Dinah drew near, her voice focused and low and her emotions clearly only barely contained. Lisa was more than just an employee to her; she was a responsibility.
“No concrete leads in her apartment.” She scowled, and folded her arms across her chest, just underneath the ample ridge of her breasts. Her eyes narrowed at the distant sight of the greenhouse, knowing what it meant that Lisa’s apartment came up with nothing. “So. Ivy?”

“Ivy.” Huntress repeated and shrugged a little, and braced a hand against her waist, gazing over at her friend. It wasn’t the safest plan, but it was their best option at the moment. Huntress gave a little grunt as she prepared to hop down to the surface. “Hope she doesn’t have any more of those vines. Last time we visited, I’m sure one of them tried to feel me up.”

It was unsettling when the plants in Poison Ivy’s territory rose up from the ground to launch an assault. Somehow, it was even worse when they didn’t. Both Huntress and Black Canary shifted uncomfortably as they worked their way through the greenhouse grounds; Huntress’ bow drawn and Canary ready to sing at a moment’s notice. They passed over large, laying vines and walked past closed flytraps without so much as a small notice from any of them, and with each quiet step they took the tension in the air rose higher and higher. In the distance a door was hanging open, and over the stillness of the cold night they could hear the noise of someone moving from inside. The two women shared a glance before they approached, and with a deep breath they rushed forward, launching over the natural barriers of Ivy’s home and darting into the room.

Huntress rolled comfortably into a crouching position, her crossbow drawn and trained on the only movement in the room. Canary had taken a less aggressive stance; lingering near the door while she assessed the situation, ready to scream at any advancing threats. They had tumbled into the room expecting to see Poison Ivy or one of her villainous friends; rumors had been abound that Harley Quinn had been shacking up with her lately after a failed Joker plan. What they found wasn’t expected at all, and Huntress realized that her bow had been trained on the body of an unarmed young man.

He looked threatening only to people younger than him, and by the five o’clock shadow that likely took me eight five o’clocks to grow, it certainly wasn’t either of them. As the two women tumbled into the room he turned to face them, but he was unarmed save for an empty flower pot clutched in his hand. Tears streamed down his face as he glared at the two women, his face red and his chest heaving in upset anger. With broken pieces of flower pot all over the floor, it was clear that the two women had stumbled into a tantrum of some sort.

“Get out of here!” The boy barked at the two of them, raising his flower pot and preparing to send it flying at them. “Poison Ivy’s too busy to deal with you stupid bimbos right now!”

Black Canary and Huntress exchanged glances, and Huntress quirked a playful brow.

“...bimbos?” She asked with a small chuckle, and then quickly set her gaze back to the young man. To diffuse the situation she resisted her urge to send a crossbow bolt through his flower pot, and instead she slung her bow back to her hip, folding her arms over her chest and glancing at the young man with an inquisitive look. “Listen son, we’re not here to cause trouble for Ivy. We’re here because some girls have been going miss—

“She knows that, don’t you think she knows that?!” The young man growled, glaring at the two as his emotions flared. He gave a frustrated sigh as he set the flower pot down, and in a clear sign of exhaustion the young man dropped heavily to his knees. His shoulders rose and fell, and he shuddered heavily, clearly taking something particularly hard. Before Dinah or Huntress could press him for information, he looked up at the pair with weakness in his eyes, and a sad admission on his lips. “Lisa. Lisa and the others, they’re...we don’t know where...”
“Lisa?!” Dinah’s voice picked up and she raced to the young man, arching an eye as she slid before him. She dropped down to her knees, the fishnet tightening around her legs as she brought herself down to the boy’s level. Her hands dropped to his shoulders and she steadied his gaze, looking at him with fire in her eyes. “Lisa Day? The one that works at the flower shop on Sparrow?”

The boy looked up, his eyes widening as Dinah spoke. Absently he nodded, and Black Canary clenched her fists together against his shoulders. Her head shot back, looking back at Huntress with determination lining her features.

“She must’ve been one of Poison Ivy’s rescues.” She sighed, and started to stand up, leaving the young man resting on his knees.

“That fits with Oracle’s theory.” Huntress responded simply, and gazed at the young man before them. She stepped forward and nudged his leg with the toe of her boot, to which he just gave a heavy, deep sigh. “Cheer up, kid. We’ll get her back. We’ll get all the girls back.”

“I hope so.” The young man sighed as he looked up, gazing at the pair of heroes. “Poison Ivy said she was going out to look for them, but she hasn’t come back. And I...I couldn’t protect them. Please help them?”

The two heroes looked to each other, exchanging glances before Black Canary gazed at their new friend, and offered him a slow, small smile.

“We will. Just tell us everything you know.”

While they left the greenhouse Black Canary was pouring through the notes she had taken, her eyes scanning all the information that the young man could tell them. Five young women from Ivy’s rescues alone; all of them taken during the night and all of them with nobody to speak for them except other orphans. Every last one of them vanished in Brideshead, but she was having difficulty forming a connection any deeper than that.

“Maybe there’s a link between the streets they were last seen on.” Canary murmured, going over the various intersections in her mind. “Or maybe if we go to those scenes we can investigate, and find some kind of clue, or—”

“Dinah, who the hell are we, Question?” Huntress glanced back at her with a sigh, stepping elegantly over one of the thick vines of Ivy’s home. She’d be happy to put the greenhouse behind them, where she didn’t have to shift around worried that one of them would behave like Peter. “She’s the crime scene clue girl, and she isn’t here. So let’s just stick with our leads, we’ll go talk to Catwoman next.”

“Catwoman.” Canary repeated with a sigh, and tucked the notes that the young man had given her into her pocket. She’d send them along to Oracle at the end of the night if they weren’t able to find something; perhaps the brains of the operation could see something that they couldn’t. But for now, Canary knew where their destination led, and they made their way to Selina Kyle’s home without any delay.

The apartment of a cat burglar and a notorious thief wasn’t an easy thing to track down, but there was very little in Gotham that was outside of Oracle’s gaze. With her guidance the two women were able to make their way up the fire escape leading to Selina Kyle’s home, a high-rise apartment in one of the few parts of Brideshead that could be considered to live on the edge of the upper middle class. Huntress trailed behind Canary as she climbed the fire escape, every now and again watching as
Canary blustered up the steps, studying the curve of her peach-shaped rear contained in the grip of a leather bottom and a pair of fishnets. She just had to smirk at the sight of it, rolling her eyes as she followed behind. Black Canary would never admit it, but she knew just what she was doing when she slid into those things every night. She either liked the feel of it against her flesh, or the first thing she wanted criminals to say when they spotted her was “Wow, what a pair of legs! And there’s Black Canary, too.”

Huntress was fine with either reason, but she wasn’t a fool enough to ask the question with Canary in such a crazed and furious state. The two of them made their way up to Selina’s window without incident, where Canary pursed her lips and began to whistle in a soft pitch that Huntress could only barely hear. Her power twisted and shaped the sound waves before her, and line a fine, precise laser she carved a circle in the picture window of her loft apartment big enough for the two of them to slip inside.

Huntress went first; slinking through the hole Canary made and instantly blinking in surprise. She heard noises that were distinct and clear, and there was a smell in the room that mixed wine and something far more sensual. From an open door down the hall she could hear the rattling of a headboard and the moaning and grunting of a man and a woman, making it all too clear what they had just stumbled into. Huntress looked over to Canary as she slipped inside, giving her a huge, irrepressible grin as she stated the obvious.

“Catwoman’s busy.” She pointed at the open door with her thumb, keeping her voice low and soft. As Canary blushed Huntress couldn’t help but giggle, asking in a scandalous voice. “Think it’s Batman?”

“Ugh, grow up.” Black Canary just groaned and pushed Huntress aside, stepping through the living room as she made her way to the back. With authority and confidence she strolled right into the doorway, and braced her forearm on the side of the door as she looked at the scene going on inside. It was certainly Selina, but the young man underneath her certainly wasn’t Batman. He was scrawny by comparison; an athletic build but still on the thin side, likely a side effect of his age. He had a young face that Canary could only place as being slightly older than Ivy’s boy they had just spoke to, and she had the distinct impression that before she stepped into the room he was wearing an enormous smile on his lips.

They were both naked, mostly, though Catwoman was wearing a few things to spice up their encounter. She was straddling the young man while wearing her cat mask and her goggles, the lenses pulled down over her eyes, which had fogged up slightly from the heat and sweat filling the room. She wore knee-high leather boots as her legs were braced on either side of him, mounting his lap in a moment of clear penetration. A police officer uniform laid on the ground nearby, but the officer in question didn’t look much like talking. Or, if the handcuffs locking his wrists against the headboard were any indication, moving.

Both the officer and Catwoman stopped as an intruder hung out in the doorway; Black Canary’s seductive frame flanked by Huntress from behind, who was trying desperately to peek over Canary’s blonde hair to see the scene in its entirety. Finally she got a bit too demanding and wiggled past Canary, breaking up the awkward moment and forcing Canary and Catwoman to stare at someone other than each other.

“Whew! Smells like...well I’m not going to lie, it smells like a cathouse in here.” Huntress mused with a smirk, and let her eyes fall over the pair. Catwoman’s body was just as gorgeously tight as ever; a remarkable, mostly naked frame that any woman could develop with just a few short years of dedicated building jumping. Her gaze drifted to the young officer for a bit longer before she finally looked up to Catwoman again, and coughed politely as she straightened out her uniform.
“Catwoman.” She gave her a polite nod, and gestured to Black Canary behind her. “If we could pull you away from your gentleman caller for a bit, we have a few questions for you.”

Catwoman just laughed, and from the look on the officer’s face, she gave his length a squeeze with her warm, wet walls. The woman stared back at the Birds of Prey through her goggles, and with a slow, teasing grace she began to shift around on her friend’s length. She pulled herself off of him just as she turned around, and before long the officer’s face disappeared underneath Catwoman’s sex as she lowered herself, drawing her chest down to his stomach and laying on him in reverse. His thick, slick length swayed back and forth in the air as Catwoman perched an elbow on the mattress, her eyes flickering to the other two women. After an idle moment she drew up a hand and pawed at her friend’s bobbing length every now and again; making sure to keep it swinging and stiff, and only batting at it in teasing, catlike fashion.

“Girls, girls, I don’t bother you while you’re sleeping with Arrow and…” She looked from Canary, and then to Huntress. “...and God only knows who.” A soft giggle came to her lips, and she let loose with a soothing, content sigh as her officer underneath her let his tongue pass over her sweat-licked folds. The woman practically purred as the two women watched her make a spectacle of the scene, shamelessly pawing at her friend’s length while she smothered his face underneath her wet entrance. “We’re never going to be best friends forever if we don’t respect each other’s boundaries!”

“Save it, you cat-eared bitch, we need answers!” Huntress was knocked aside by Black Canary, pushing past her taller friend as she brandished a fist to Catwoman. She took an aggressive stance on the carpet, bracing her feet as she glared at the other girl. Her face was red and her tone was angry, clearly having difficulty containing her guilt and anger over Lisa’s unfortunate disappearance. “Girls missing. Cops silent. Tell us what you know or I start singing you two a little love song!”

Catwoman arched a brow, unphased by Canary’s threat. To prove just how unconcerned she was that the woman would attack she turned her head to her friend’s length, and gave a little lick against the edge of his cock. As he squirmed and twitched Catwoman’s ruby red lips turned into a smile, and she brought him into her mouth in a slow, sweet suckle. Huntress and Black Canary stood in silence as the thief sucked on her friend for a long moment, watching his inches disappear into her mouth, and seeing how the red of her lipstick smeared on his thick, delicious length. After a long moment of suckling she gazed back up at Canary, and smiled sweetly, her lipstick smeared just to the side of her cheeks. Canary just stared at her, completely deadpan.

“What was that all about? What did that just prove?”

“Well, it was pretty hot, you have to admi-”

“Oh shut up, Huntress.” Canary grumbled, and rolled up her sleeves as she glared at Catwoman. The thief just gave a sudden laugh, and licked her friend one more long, sweet time before her eyes flickered up to the duo’s once more.

“Girls, I know all about it. And I’ll tell you everything I know. If you’ll do...one little thing for me.” She let one hand wrap around her friend’s shaft, slowly stroking him while she held her other hand up, two fingers held close together to suggest it was a tiny favor. “One thing. It’ll be over and done with in a second. You won’t even have to leave this room.”

Huntress and Canary exchanged looks, with the latter looking considerably more nervous about what the suggestion could be. Finally, Dinah pinched the bridge of her nose, and murmured something in a pathetic admission of defeat.

“...fine. What do you want, Selina?”
“I can’t believe I’m doing this.” Black Canary grumbled as she pressed her hands to her knees, bending half down at the edge of the bed. She was lowered to her haunches while she faced the wall, with her rear presented towards the edge of the bed. Still completely clothed, all the young woman was doing was simply offering her clothed rear, but the purpose of it had a twisted mind behind it.

“You want to know about Lisa, right?” Huntress asked, leaning against the wall as she watched. “Like Selina said, it’ll only take a second. You don’t even have to do anything. You don’t even have to pretend to like it.”

Canary rolled her eyes as Huntress teased her, and she finally glanced back behind her at the two people still occupying the bed. Selina had released her officer and had brought him up to his knees, now positioned behind him with her hands wrapped around his thick, wet length. The cop’s teeth were clenched as he gazed down, just underneath the tip of his cockhead was the beautifully sculpted ass of Black Canary. Leather and fishnet in an almost impossibly sexy package, just an inch away from the tip of his length as Catwoman stroked him with both eager hands.

“Uh...sorry about this, ma’am…” He stammered as his villainous girlfriend continued, but yelped when she gave a bite to his shoulder to correct his manners.

“Don’t talk to her, you belong to me, remember?” She mused with a laugh, and her pace with his length quickened. The young man was surrounded by three of the most beautiful women he had ever seen; one of them stroking him to climax, one of them perched and offering her ass as a place to cum, and a third watching from the wall with a mysteriously delighted smirk at the whole mess of a situation. It was hard not to relish in the moment. Just as Selina’s teeth marks went white against his flesh he could feel himself start to twitch, Catwoman’s slow blowjob and ride on his lap finally coming back to haunt him. After all the delight he had endured that evening it was nearly impossible to hold back, and with Black Canary’s ass offered before him, there was no hope at stopping it.

He groaned and jerked his hips into Catwoman’s hands, his thick length spasming while Catwoman steered him down, guiding him to shoot across Black Canary’s rear. The young woman twitched in surprise as she felt the warm splatter strike her; unable to feel the cream that hit the leather of her outfit, but feeling the spunk that struck her fishnets with great intensity. He painted her from the waist down, his cream covering the sculpt of her rear and rolling into the tight outline of where her cheeks met, and thoroughly coating her fishnet-clad thighs. It was such a liberal dose that it created a bridge between her thighs, clinging to the fishnet on both sides and stretching out in a refusal to let go.

More came, and Black Canary could only twitch and tremble as the man emptied his seed against her. She didn’t speak until she caught Huntress leaning forward from the waist, trying to get a better look at just what was going on.

“Don’t look at it!” She swatted at her, the motion making her rump bounce and and tap the underside of the officer’s length. He gave a gasp, and with Catwoman still milking him for all he was worth, his length smeared just a bit more down Canary. By the time she pulled away there was one last long line of cream on her fishnets; a line that started near the base of her rear and splattered nearly down to the back of her kneecap.

“That’s a good officer.” Catwoman mused thoughtfully, and kissed him warmly on the cheek. “Go make me some coffee while I hold up my end of the bargain.”

The officer just nodded, and with a fiercely blushing face scurried away from the room, his length still bobbing up and down as he did so. Once he was out of the room Catwoman flopped back on the bed, her naked frame exposed and her legs spread; showing her sex to the two women as she drew a
hand up, licking the cream of the officer’s cock off of her hand. She savored it much like a cat would a saucer of milk, licking up her paw with long, thoughtful strokes.

“So…” She began, thinking nothing of displaying herself to the two women. “The cops aren’t saying anything because they’re on the payroll, obviously. But mine isn’t, and he told me everything he knows. Because he can trust me.”

“I bet.” Huntress smirked, and pulled a tissue out of her one of the pouches on her belt. She handed it casually over to Canary, who snatched it away and braced a foot up on the bed, reaching behind her to try wiping the cop’s cum off of her backside. She was able to collect the seed from her leather easily enough, but as she rubbed at the fishnets she quickly realized she was only rubbing the white cream into her flesh; a thought that made her aroused and disgusted in roughly equal parts. Huntress continued to watch; her head tilted as she studied Canary clean, before glancing back at Catwoman. “So what’s the deal?”

“Prostitution ring. A real high class one.” Catwoman mused as she finished cleaning herself, and lowered a hand to toy with her sex. While she looked at the other two women she teased and toyed with her sex, matching eyes with Huntress and forcing the other woman to shiver in a bit of thinly veiled arousal. Heroes were fun to toy with. “They charge inordinate fees for particularly beautiful girls. And since there’s so much money going into it, they have some strongarm thugs protecting it. Real strong.” She paused, and clicked her tongue. “Venom strong.”

“Venom?” Black Canary scowled, and tossed the soiled tissue on the floor as she lowered her foot. “Bane’s in on this?” In response Catwoman just clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth, and shook her head while she continued to softly pet her folds.

“No, just something to give you an idea, dear. They’re that strong. And there’s enough of them that you two couldn’t just storm the gate.” She shrugged her shoulders, and called out to the young man making coffee in the kitchen. “When you’re done in there write down that address for this fine young women, please!”

After she gave her command Catwoman trailed her eyes back to the Birds, and dismissed them with a casual wave of her hand. Her smile was sweet as she regarded them, but by the sign of her moist, ready hole, she had other plans for the evening.

“There you go, girls, now please, leave me to my evening? Unless one of you wants to join, of course.”

Huntress blinked and looked over to Canary, about to speak up before her friend grabbed her wrist and started to drag her out of the bedroom.

“Aww.” Huntress could be heard to murmur from the other room, and Catwoman couldn’t help but give a delighted laugh. After all the teasing Ivy and Harley had put her through, she could finally see the appeal.

Cats were good at teasing, after all.

It was two hours later that Black Canary paced back and forth in Oracle’s clocktower, looking at a pile of clothes that had been laid out before her. Her expression was focused and determined even as she poured over the clothing that had been offered to her, going over it all with a critical eye. A pile of short skirts and open blouses were stretched out over Oracle’s bed, along with various compliments of fishnets, jackets, stockings, and bras. With women missing and something foul afoot
in Brideshead, it almost seemed trivial to be looking through the clothes, but there was a greater purpose to her actions.

Nearby, Oracle sat in her wheelchair looking at the other woman, studying her as she paced. Finally, she rolled her eyes in elaborate fashion behind the frame of her glasses, and pulled her chair close, grabbing a random handful of the admittedly trashy clothes. Each article was from the Birds’ personal collection for disguise work; and Oracle had drug out only the sluttiest clothes she could find.

“Will you stop being picky and just choose something?” She grumbled, looking up at Canary. The wheelchair forced her at waist height of Canary, and though she had noticed an unusual pattern of stains against the back of Canary’s fishnet, she was far too busy to dwell on it. The plan had been made and the Birds of Prey were ready to launch into action, but Dinah had to make a decision first. “You’re posing as a prostitute, Dinah, your clothes don’t have to be perfect. Just...you know.” A small pause, and she blurted out, simply. “Whorish. They have to be whorish.”

Canary sighed as she glanced back at Oracle with a small scowl lining her face. Concern knitted her brow as she moved her hands into the clothing, and drew up a small black skirt, one she surmised would only barely cover the sculpt of her ass. Without a word she slipped out of her leather jacket and moved her hands up to her zipper, slowly pulling it down before her friend. Oracle just watched on with neutral eyes, hiding behind her glasses the delight she felt run through her as Black Canary’s chestpiece drew open, and the beautifully toned frame of the woman came forward.

“Barbara, it has to be perfect.” Canary replied with a shrug, and with a heave of her shoulders she pulled the leather chestpiece away from her. Right before her friend she stripped down to her panties and bra, with the extra look of her fishnet nylons still gripping her remarkable legs. Her body was toned and trim; perhaps not quite as thin as Helena but stronger for it. She had a washboard stomach that flowed into an ample bustline, and shoulders that supported her sculpted arms when she threw fierce punches. Oracle held her breath as she let her eyes drift down Dinah’s body, studying her bustline under the embrace of a solid black bra, and watched the woman as she slowly drew the tight-fitting black skirt up, keeping her fishnets on for the experience. After a moment Black Canary was wearing the slutty skirt, and sure enough it ended so high up that Barbara could see the curve of her panty-clad rear just underneath it. Oracle’s cheeks darkened, and she simply remained quiet as Canary continued. “They’re not going for just any women. If Helena and I are going to get picked up, we need to look like we’re worth their time.”

“And you’re sure about infiltrating the organization like this?” Oracle asked, a suspicious brow arched as Canary dipped a hand into the clothes again, pulling up a tight-fitting red blouse that wouldn’t even begin to hide her breasts. She slipped into it before her friend, and after moving her shoulders from side to side decided that it wasn’t adequate. Barbara once again got to see Black Canary strip, and the second shirt fell to the floor as she reached for a third. “This is exceptionally dangerous. I wouldn’t even be allowing it if the police weren’t also clearly involved, it could be a lead to even greater corruption higher up the ranks.” She’d find a way to pass the information on to her father in as subtle a way possible; making it difficult to trace back to her. Things were just easier that way.

“Barbara...it’s Lisa.” Black Canary’s only defense for her rash plan was the girl’s name, and she looked back at Oracle with a small, almost sad smile. After pulling a purple silk blouse around her body that actually fit her quite nicely, she did a small, elaborate spin as she showed off her outfit for her friend. A short skirt and fishnets were usually enough to make an outfit great, though the blouse tied it together nicely and added a much needed dash of class to the trash. “She doesn’t deserve this. We’re going to get her, and all the other girls out.”
“And if you can’t find her immediately?” Oracle arched a brow, resting an elbow on the armrest of her chair, and her chin in her hand. She drummed her fingers on the edge of her chair, watching as Canary spun and unknowingly teased her. The peach-shaped rear, the lovely, fishnet covered thighs…she was an enticing, forbidden fruit. Barbara forced herself to stay focused, squeezing the thoughts out as she continued. “You’re going posing as high class prostitutes. They’re going to expect you to perfor-”

“I’m aware.” Black Canary replied simply and firmly, and glanced harshly back at Barbara. “We’re heroes, Babs. We sacrifice for people.”

Oracle didn’t have much of a response, though she shook her head in solemn acceptance. After a moment she turned her chair towards the computer, wheeling back to it as she continued to speak.

“I’ll have Zinda keep up the search for more clues, and see if she can’t figure out a way to get you support.” She murmured, cracking her knuckles as she drifted towards the keyboard. “Meanwhile I’ll keep checking the GCPD files; see if there’s anything useful. Might even call Question in on it, she was in the force. I can’t imagine she wouldn’t offer all the help she could.”

“Whatever you think is best, Babs.” Dinah responded, and drifted back to her friend’s side. She lowered a hand to squeeze her shoulder, smiling gently as she lingered nearby. “We’ll hit the streets tomorrow night; if we find anything out before then, great. If not…Helena and I have to do this.”

Oracle didn’t have a firm response, but she gave a grunt and a small nod that Black Canary was forced to accept as an agreement. Without another word Canary drifted away towards the exit, and Oracle watched as the other woman left. The tiny skirt swayed back and forth, teasing Barbara step by step with the tiny glimpse of the bottom of her friend’s sculpted ass. By the time Black Canary left Oracle’s eyes drifted from the door towards her bed, where she spotted the tiny presence of her vibrator, hidden amongst the sheets. She glanced to her monitor, and then back to the toy, biting her lip as indecision ebbed at her.

“…damnit.” Oracle grumbled, and turned her chair, starting to wheel towards the bed. She’d get to work in just a few minutes.

Helena had chosen a different assistant when it came to picking out clothes for their adventure. When you needed to entice a lecherous, horny group of men, who better to ask for advice than one of their own kind? Peter was nicer than them, of that she was positive, but it didn’t change the fact that the boy had a eye for things that he fiercely wanted to put himself inside. It was easy to arrange things; a simple call to Peter’s cell phone pulled him away from his home at three in the morning to scurry across town to her apartment. As soon as she saw the sight of a fancy sports car drive into the parking lot of her building she knew her friend was nearby, and a devilish grin spread over Helena’s lips as she turned to the buffet of clothes before her.

Unlike Oracle and Black Canary, Huntress had pulled most of her clothes from her own collection. Certainly not her proudest of moments, but there was enough there to turn a few heads, and certainly enough to drive a man wild with desire. As she stood there in a simple T-shirt and a pair of tight fitting blue jeans, Helena tapped her chin in thought, glancing at the clothes while she waited for Peter to arrive. When the knock on the door came Helena smiled brightly, and she slipped over towards it with a grace in her step.

Seeing how Catwoman had teased both her lover and Black Canary earlier had triggered something inside of her; a desire to make someone squirm. It was fortunate that she could fulfill that desire at the same time she researched for tomorrow’s undercover job. No doubt Peter was rushing to her place at
three in the morning expecting they’d be having sex; somehow predicting an impromptu date with the sole purposes of getting naked and sweaty. She wouldn’t break it to him right away that he’d be going home holding a hand to his crotch, desperate to get home to jerk himself to a peak.

“Peter, thanks for dropping by so late.” Helena beamed as she let the young man inside, walking him over to the litany of clothes. “I know it’s ridiculous to call you so late about something so trivial, bu-”

“I don’t mind.” Peter chimed in, and Helena practically beamed at the boy’s naivety. He was a wealthy, handsome, and even charming young man that wasn’t accustomed to having to work for women. They typically fell face-down into his lap, ready to let him use any part of them he liked in return for a smile and a ride in his designer Italian car. He even attempted to exert some of that charm on Huntress as he leaned against the wall, smiling as he let the scent of his fancy cologne waft over through the apartment. “I was just laying up at night thinking about you anyway.”

“Right. That’s not creepy at all.” Helena just beamed, and turned to her clothes after the scathing comment. “So, here’s the deal. I’m going away for a few days, and I need something...something trashy, but captivating. I want to show off what I have, if that makes sense. You have a good eye for...fashion, maybe you’d like to help?”

“You look great in what you have on right now.” Came his simple, practically required reply, but regardless Peter stepped up beside Helena, and looked over the clothes. His cheeks darkened even at the thought of some of them, imagining Helena inside of them making the young man’s blood boil in arousal. A bit of his bluster gone, he pointed towards a dress on the far end of the bed. A simple one piece affair with only one strap for her shoulder, and an angled cut that would cover one knee.

“That? Sure, let me try it.” Helena smiled and picked up her dress, slinking a few steps away towards her bedroom. The greatest tease of all was that she let the door open just a crack; practically forcing the boy into a position of peeking. He half suspected that it was a trap, but since it wasn’t one he would forgive himself for not stepping into, like a moth to a flame he drifted close to watch through the barely open door, hoping to see Helena change.

He wasn’t disappointed. By her own design Helena stood in the perfect spot for the boy to watch; her back turned to him as she slowly stripped out of her T-shirt, revealing the line of a bra against her back. Her hands then went to her jeans, and after a moment of casual, teasing playing with her belt she let them scoot down along her rear, revealing inch by inch the dagger-like build of the graceful woman’s bare, elegant legs. She wore a thin pair of panties; lacy and transparent, and so when she bent over to pick up the dress Peter could just barely make out the line of her ass through the thin garment. He whimpered pathetically; sweat forming at his brow and a bulge straining against his jeans, wishing beyond all measure that he had the bravery to go inside and invite himself forward. If it was any other woman, he would’ve been all over it. But Helena? Helena was special. Helena was strong. She was a woman that knew she was out of his league, despite his money and despite his charm and despite his looks. Even Peter knew; if he ever wanted more than a tease from Helena, he’d have to work from it.

“Peter, can you slip in here and help me zip this up?” Helena was loving every minute of it; the dress now covering her body but the long zipper at her back fully pulled down. As Peter stumbled into the room the woman smirked wide to herself, and she gave him a long, lingering glance at her bare back as he came near. Peter bit his bottom lip as he drew near, his trembling hand reaching down to find the edge of the woman’s zipper. A slow pull brought a steady zipping noise through the air, and it felt like it took far longer than it should have. When Peter pulled it back up Helena was finally trapped within her dress, and to reward the young man she intentionally wobbled backwards, giggling softly as she did so.
“Woops, it must be a bit too tight, knocked the air out of me.” She blatantly lied, taking the opportunity to press herself back against Peter. The thick pressure of a bulging cock pressed against her rear; straining against Peter’s jeans and grinding against her in youthful, horny desire. She ignored the tease even though she was fairly certain it made Peter’s heart stop, and when she steadied herself to turn around again she beamed at her young friend. “Okay, too tight. Let me slip out of it, and you can hand me the next suggestion through the door.”

Peter nodded, and whimpered. He was about to enjoy a long night of Huntress going through sexy outfits, pouring over them one by one and asking his opinion. The only thing that would make the evening more intense for him would be the knowledge of just why she was doing it.

Peter was a willing participant for the next hour or so, watching with a growing erect as Helena tried on outfit after outfit. Fishnets and a skirt. Another cocktail dress. A slutty, bright pink outfit that no one in their right mind would wear in Gotham. With every outfit that Helena slipped into Peter suffered more, his length straining tightly against his jeans and aching every inch of him. Part of him only wanted to rush into the restroom and take care of himself to end the discomfort, but a dim, hopeful part told him to hold on, just in case Helena wanted something more from the young man.

As it turned out, she didn’t, and Peter was soon to be sent whimpering home with a throbbing erection making it difficult to drive. The entire time Helena had teased and tormented him, and kept him on the very edge of the idea that he might soon be able to enjoy her. She had passed out glimpses of herself in her bra and panties, and though his cologne was strong she was fairly certain he could just as easily pick up the seductive smell of her own perfume. He was a good little worker, and when Helena finally decided on a costume she was legitimately afraid he was going to pop against his jeans.

A red and black pleated skirt, drifting to just above her knees. Kneehigh black socks with black shoes, and a white dress shirt with slightly puffed shoulders. Pigtails. Black lipstick. Somewhere in between a schoolgirl and a goth, Helena found her enticing look and she knew it was the one when Peter had to sit down after spotting it. It was a perfect blend of comfortable and sexy, while mixing a mysterious, naughty look with a veil of innocence.

Peter had helped her diligently throughout the whole process, and when it came time for his reward Huntress leaned in, and gave him a kiss on his cheek. A warm kiss, and a lingering one, it even left the imprint of her lips on his flesh, a mark of her affection written in her black lipstick. After the kiss she sent him on his way, and she watched from the window as the young man slipped into his car. She had expected to see him scowling and flailing his arms, swearing her out for leaving him hanging while he thought he had the privacy of his vehicle. In reality, he took that privacy and ran with it in a very different way.

Huntress watched from the windowsill as the fanciest sports car in the filled parking lot held a young man, desperately masturbating at four in the morning. She watched until he was finished, figuring it would be impolite not too, and when he was done the young man started his car, completely and blissfully unaware that he had been watched by the object of his admiration.

Helena just giggled, and as she made her way towards bed she slipped out of her pleated skirt and kicked free of her shoes. One day, he might be fun to try out.

But tomorrow? Tomorrow, the Birds of Prey had work to do.

End of Chapter 2.
Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Connections

Chapter Summary

With the proper attire, the girls are headed to carrying out their plan! Just where will this dangerous road lead them? Find out now!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter 3: Connections
-By Drace Domino

Dark rooms filled with dark intentions, that was where the plan had led them. It was almost two full days since Huntress and Black Canary had put into motion their plan to infiltrate the underground prostitution ring, and the plot had worked well. Almost too well, in fact. While masquerading as women of the evening the two were confronted by a group of men, each of them dressed unreasonably well for Brideshead and carrying about them an air of malice. When they were confronted by the group Dinah and Helena shared a small glance, confirming that the other suspected the exact same thing.

At first, the men were pleasant enough, and it would’ve been easy to get drawn in for anyone that didn’t have the experience or ability to read malicious intent when they came across it. Under the guise of a big payout the women both piled into their limo, ushered in the backseat with the empty promise of fortunes for their services.

“You won’t have to work for a month after this!” One of the men boasted; a line that would send up warning flags in all but the most naive and desperate of working girls. Canary and Huntress slipped into the backseat of the limo fully knowing it was a trap, ready to submit to it in the hopes of dismantling the system from within. If the rumors were true, they’d be whisked into a forced prostitution ring manned by unusual men with superpowers. Even if they were, neither of the women were particularly concerned. After all, they were the Birds of Prey, and it certainly wasn’t their first time taking down the scum of Gotham City. Whoever was doing such foul things in in Brideshead was hardly the worst threat they had ever encountered.

As they slid into the back of the limousine the two girls sat next to each other, still wrapped in the clothes they had chosen for their cover. Each of them had gone all out to present the look of a woman ready to work; makeup crossed their faces in glamorous fashion and their clothes had been designed to entice. Black Canary went with her strengths; wearing a miniskirt that clung to the frame of her wonderful rear while making sure there was plenty of legroom for the viewer. Her long, shapely legs were wrapped in a fine fishnet mesh, and she wore short heels to help give a lift to her rear. Up top her dress was simple but slutty; a lusty red dress shirt that wasn’t buttoned so much as tied in the center, revealing to any casual observer that she was wearing a lacy black bra around her full, delightful chest. As she slid into the backseat she tugged idly at the edge of her leather miniskirt, straightening it out while she crossed one elegant leg over the other’s knee.

Huntress had gone for a different approach, and after much consideration she had decided that less could be more. She wasn’t revealing the flesh of her breasts or wrapping her legs in scandalous
fishnets like Dinah was, she had presented herself as something of a professional among professionals. Her outfit for the evening was a business suit of all things; complete with a skirt that went down to just above her calves, where her legs were wrapped in a smooth, dark nylon. Sharp heels gave her a sassy walk filled with authority, and a tight fitting business blazer was buttoned across a white dress shirt with jet black tie. Her long black locks had even been pulled up, tied into a simple bun at the back of her head and held in place with bobby pins. A pair of fake glasses perched on her nose, and her lips were marked in a rich maroon lipstick. Oracle had called her a slutty librarian, but Helena had only remarked with a smirk that she was simply jealous she made glasses look so sexy.

The two women sat nearby in the limo’s backseat, looking forward to the room beyond. It was a pretty glamorous setup in the back; bench seats facing both forward and backward, and a miniature table setting before them. More like a board room than a backseat, as the men slowly piled in and the vehicle started to roll, they could barely feel it drifting from the smooth nature of the ride. Each of the well-dressed men took their places; one on both sides of the girls while another two piled in closer towards the driver, taking a flanking position on another figure that had been there from the second they stepped inside.

Though mostly obscured by shadows, Helena and Dinah could see the sculpt of feminine legs slipping out, wrapped red-tinted stockings. An ember from the darkness and a rich smell in the back suggested she was a smoker, though even when she drew a drag and the ember burned brighter, it was impossible to get a good, long look at her face. Instantly, it was clear that the woman in the shadows wasn’t merely another captive, but another sinister player in the whole ordeal.

“Hello, girls.” Her voice came from the darkness, velvet smooth and rich with barely restrained contempt. Helena shifted in her seat and tugged her miniskirt down almost immediately, the mere presence of the other woman making her skin crawl. She had only spoken two words, but it had the wicked inflection that spoke of horrible deeds. With every word the mystery woman spoke Helena only felt more and more convinced, her teeth moving forward to bite against her bottom lip. “Thank you for joining us tonight. You’re looking for some work, yes?”

Like a serpent her voice slithered into the room, and Helena’s fists tightened. Something about her had sent Huntress into a tense moment of instant hatred, and Black Canary noticed it with a thoughtful look. Taking the lead, Dinah drew her gaze to the woman in the shadows, and she chirped up with a voice much friendlier than the atmosphere. 

“Absolutely!” She beamed, and let one of her hands lower to the knee of the nearby goon. He was unresponsive to her touch, without so much as a flinch as her fingers draped across his knee. “My name’s Kelly, and she’s Brooke.” She gestured towards the professional and stern looking Huntress before continuing in the same delightful tone. “So are we going to a party? Just so you know, I’m charging forty dollars for oral, eighty for all the way, and a hundred for anal. But for four hundred you can have me all night and do whatever you like, if you and all your friends have something in mind!”

“Delightful.” The woman in the back spoke in a soft, yet dangerous voice. Her gaze turned towards Huntress and she took a deep drag of her cigarette, blowing a small wisp of smoke from the shadows before speaking. “And you, Brooke. I’m assuming you specialize in discipline?”

Huntress blinked back to reality for the moment, forcing herself to put aside the instant dislike she took to the mystery woman. With a small cough she nodded, straightening herself out as she looked to the shadows.

“Partly.” She offered, and shrugged. “Bad boys that need taught a lesson, and all that. But I do
everything Kelly does, too. I can leave the lesson plan behind if all your friends want is a good time with everything I have.” She gestured towards herself, pressing a coy smirk to her lips while she pushed herself forward some. The woman in the back remained quiet after the answer, continuing to smoke in quiet contemplating. The men that had brought the girls there were similarly silent, each of them gazing forward as if waiting for instructions. The one whose knee Dinah rested on barely moved, even when she let her fingers drift further up his thigh as a test.

They didn’t even gaze at the two gorgeous sex workers inches away from them. An air of uncomfortable silence filled the room, the mystery woman in the back continuing to smoke while the limo kept rolling. Minutes passed with nothing said, until finally Black Canary couldn’t stand the silence anymore. She spoke up, her voice soft and curious as she pressed a question to the unknown woman.

“So are we going to a party, or—”

“No. We’re not.” The reply was low and dangerous, and the woman finally leaned forward. She moved to press her cigarette out in the ashtray on the table, snuffing it flat and drawing herself into the light while she did so. In the dim mood lighting of the back of the limo they could see a woman dressed in a stylish blazer, blood red. Her hair was jet black and cropped to her chin, making for a sharp, elegant slice that was frozen in place with heavy product. Her face was obscured by the frame of a mask; a thin, red cover that hid her cheekbones, her nose, and the space around her eyes. Her mouth was left open and against a framework of black lipstick both of the women could see she wore a scar on her face; originating from somewhere underneath the mask and crossing down the center of her lips.

She leaned forward, staying in the light for a moment and allowing Huntress and Canary to get a good, long look at her. Her unsettling eyes focused on the two for a moment, her scarred lips pursed in thoughtful contempt. When she leaned back into the shadows she spoke once more, and her tone was enough to bring a chill of fear into the limousine. Even for two heroes it was frightening; and Canary and Huntress could only wonder how terrifying they were for the young women that had likely been given the same dark speech.

“I’d say you work for me now, but that’s an understatement.” She announced, authority lining her voice. Her words sent waves of chilling fury up the Birds of Prey as she continued, her scarred lips smirking as she finished her thought. “Owned. You’re owned by me now. You belong to Envoy now.”

Black Canary and Huntress turned to gaze at each other; a worried look crossing their faces. When the limo finally came to a stop, they shared a final glance, knowing it’d be the last time they’d see each other for a while.

It was almost a day later that Helena sat in her own dark room, waiting for her first client ever. In an odd way, the past sixteen hours or so had served to make her less nervous than she initially was; no doubt a tactic by the Envoy to make her girls more compliant and ready to serve. Despite the fact that she had, in essence, been abducted to take part in a sex ring, she had been treated well up to that point. The men that worked for Envoy hadn’t laid a hand on her as they drug her to her room, and the room itself was lavish and posh. An enormous bed, far bigger than Helena’s own at home, was hers to use for both clients and sleeping. A dresser was filled with various sexy clothes for her size, meant for her use in keeping her customers happy. The room was, for all intents and purposes, like a lavish five star hotel. She had even been brought three meals throughout the day, and the adjoining bathroom had let her take one of the hottest, most relaxing showers of her life. Everything had been
designed with appearances in mind; from the smooth carpet to the silk sheets. As Helena had learned midway through the day, appearances were very important to her new “owner.”

Envoy had visited her alone shortly after lunch, and for the first time Helena had come face to mask with the woman that had taken her. She was short; barely over five feet tall, but her authority and presence made up for the fact that Helena towered over her. She wore the same sleek red suit and skirt from the limo the previous night, complete with blood red stockings leading into heels to give her another inch of lift. Her red mask matched her outfit completely, and worked with her stark black hair and darkened lips to give her the look of an intimidating, ferocious beast.

And yet, she had greeted Huntress with a smile spread on her scarred, hidden features. While Huntress sat seething on the edge of the bed, the Envoy had very clearly explained what was expected of her, and the rewards and punishments therein. In essence, the Envoy ran a clean, surprisingly well organized operation. Young women from the street were conscripted into the sex industry, but only those that had physical potential for something great. She did not accept, as Envoy put it, common trash. Once conscripted the women were pushed into their private room, where they would serve exclusive clients that paid ridiculous prices for their bodies. Envoy had smirked with egotistical glee when he remarked that many of her clients were amongst the wealthy elite of Gotham; deep pockets with even deeper holes in their hearts. The girls would serve diligently each time a client would arrive, and it was considered their responsibility to make sure they left happy.

Happy, and with the proper encouragement to return. Girls that did well were rewarded with finer meals and a little more access to the rest of her establishment; girls that did not...Envoy simply trailed off thoughtfully, rolling her shoulders in a vaguely threatening fashion. The woman was ice cold and completely emotionless as she discussed it, speaking of the trials she put young women through as if she was tending to cattle. Cattle that, as of that moment, Helena and Dinah were herded with.

When Envoy finally turned to leave she gave Helena a tiny smirk, her mask still hiding her features as she regarded her. With one last promise she let Helena know that she’d be watched from time to time, just to make sure her girls remained tightlipped about the arrangement. A subtle hint about a bug in her room later, and Envoy blew her newest girl a kiss before announcing she was off to give her friend the same speech.

Huntress laid flat on the infuriatingly comfortable bed, dressed once more in her business attire. She had decided to stick to her cover for the moment, and let herself drift into the role of the discipline-doling light domme. A secretary. A schoolteacher. Whatever the client wanted, as Envoy had explained would be her priority. Whatever was going to come next, Huntress knew with a scowl that she’d have to play the part before she was afforded an opportunity to bring the whole thing down.

Her head lifted as the door knocked, and a nervous swallow crept down her throat. Her first client was waiting behind the door, and Helena was on the edge of selling her body for money. Money that she didn’t even get to enjoy, she mused with a scowl. Not wanting to leave a potential client waiting the woman rose from the mattress, and took a moment to straighten herself out. Her hands were smoothed against her suit and she took a moment to adjust her tie, making sure she looked every bit the part of the stern woman with control in her mind. An hour ago she had been brought a memo about her client; things to help her prepare.

He was young, according to the notes, and had been upfront about the fact that he had only come to the brothel because his friends had pressured him into it. In a thick underline on the note the words “spoiled rich kid that’s bossed around easily” were written, and below that, in different handwriting and a flowing red pen, “Give him to the new bitch that thinks she’s a lawyer.”

Helena scowled; crumpling up the piece of paper and tossing it aside as she moved towards the door.
She took a deep breath as her steps drew her close, and she worked hard at mentally preparing herself. A spoiled rich boy, that wasn’t so bad. Better than a ninety year old bastard with fat wallet and a limp cock, after all. A dirty part of her had even pondered that the evening might be fun. With her heart racing Helena drew her hand around the doorknob and opened it up, only for her face to wear a sudden look of shock. Her lips parted and her cheeks rose; her glasses nearly slipping off of the tip of her nose from surprise.

Peter looked back at her with an equally stunned expression on his face. Her friend from the church, the young man that so loyally volunteered and tended to lust after her with an equal dedication. His cheeks went instantly red as he saw Helena dressed up in such a fashion, the expression on his face a mix between utter shock, a bit of pensive fear, and barely contained adulation. The object of his affections was standing right before him in a scandalously sexy outfit, and he had just paid several thousand dollars for the opportunity to be with her. His mouth opened and he was about to speak, but before the first letter left his lips Helena rose a hand to point squarely at his nose.

“Not a word, young man! In my classroom, you speak when you're spoken to!” Her voice was thick with authority and presence, and as soon as she had silenced him she shut the door to trap them together. She had to quiet him quickly; if he even gave a hint that they knew each other both of their lives could be in danger. Even though she had to play to the most cliche trope she could think of, her ploy seemed to have worked. Peter’s mouth snapped shut instantly, though the huge smile on his face told Helena all she needed to know.

He clearly didn’t find anything suspicious about a woman he knew showing up in a high class brothel; he was just thrilled to get a chance to be with her.

Helena’s hand moved up to take Peter by his shirt collar, walking him into the room as her heels tapped against the lush carpet below them. Somewhere in the room was a recording device; she was absolutely sure of it, and so her goal for the evening suddenly split into two specific purposes. To do her job and keep up her cover, and to somehow sneak the truth to Peter in such a way that didn’t require a single word spoken.

A rough task, but she assumed something would come to her in the heat of the moment. Amongst...other things. Helena released her grip on Peter’s shirt collar and slowly walked around him, folding her hands behind her back while she did so. The young man was already straining against his jeans with a noticeable bulge, and Helena couldn’t help but smirk at the sight of it. Peter was always so ready and eager for her, and she had been aware of his crush for a long time. Just a few days ago she had watched him masturbate feverishly in his car while thinking about her, and the memory was still fresh in her mind as she looked at him now. Finally she spoke up, her voice clear and crisp both for Peter’s benefit, and any devices that might be recording her.

“Furthermore, you will only refer to me as Mrs. Brooke, do I make myself clear?” She stuck with the nickname Dinah had given her, finding it acceptable for the evening. Peter just nodded as he watched her, his eyes following the slow sway of her hips as she let her body flow around him. When Helena made her way full circle around him she finally tapped her chin, looking the young man over before giving a soft, casual shrug.

“You may get undressed, I suppose.” She offered in a non-committal fashion, clearly unconcerned if he chose to or not. “If you really think it’s necessary.”

“Y-Yes ma’am! I mean, Mrs. Brooke!” Peter stammered in joyful response, and his hands moved quickly against his clothes. His shirt stripped away to reveal an athletic build with a flat stomach, and when his pants and boxers came free his sizeable length made the scene. He was already erect from the sight of Helena in her teacher outfit, his length throbbing and thick as it stood from his waist.
There was even a small dab of precum clinging to the head, showing as proof to Helena just how much he enjoyed the sight of her with her hair up and glasses perched atop her nose.

“Hmm. Not bad, I suppose.” Helena mused, and slipped past the front of the young man standing bare before her. She slid a finger down and casually flicked the tip of his cock; swiping away the bit of precum that had collected there. As she ran it between her finger and thumb she pondered Peter’s reaction with a smirk, watching as the young man tensed and trembled in place. It didn’t surprise her that he enjoyed the outfit; he was young and wealthy enough that he probably had a private tutor that he still remembered fondly. Another older, attractive woman that a young Peter could barely contain his enthusiasm for, taking to jerking off while remembering stolen glances of her. Whoever that woman was had been replaced by Helena, and now...in an unexpected turn of events, the two were blended in a presence of sexual authority before him.

Helena got bored with the precum and lowered it to one of her legs, wiping it off on her nylons. It left a dark, sexy streak against the fabric, and Peter found himself wistfully gazing at the sight before Helena’s stern, motherly voice barked out at him once more for his attention.

“I suppose you think that just because you paid to be here, that I’m going to be some...moaning whore to bend over for you on command.” Helena’s voice rang with authority, and as she walked she gestured towards the bed for Peter to sit. The young man followed suit, moving to sit on the edge of the bed with his thick, erect cock sticking straight up.

“Well...maybe a little, uh, Mrs. Brooke.” He continued to grin, his fingers tightening around the edge of the bed. He had all the energy of a horny, young man meeting his crush, ready to press down on the gas and rush to a climax. Unfortunately for him, the older woman wasn’t about to allow it. When he answered she just gave a short laugh, and smirked at Peter as she stood with a hand on her hip, her eyes narrowing while she regarded him.

“You’re mistaken.” She explained simply, and suddenly brought one foot up. Her heel pressed down into the mattress as she lifted a leg from the knee, her business skirt pooling around her lap and the sight of her nylon-clad thighs coming into view. “You paid for the privilege of pleasuring me. So let’s see what you can offer me, hmm?”

Peter swallowed nervously, the sudden parameters of the event striking him rather hard. His member twitched and another dab of pre appeared, and Helena regarded with a smirk how aroused he became at the words. Her young admirer clearly had a thing for demanding women, even if he didn’t know it. When she spotted the bit of precum clinging to Peter’s cockhead she gave herself a small challenge; to see just how much of it she could make before he finally popped. So far, she was off to a great start.

Peter had been given the challenge of pleasing the pretend teacher before him, and he began by moving his hands up clumsily against her legs. One hand wrapped around the ankle that was seated on the bed, while the other stretched out to wrap against her standing thigh. He took a moment to smooth his fingers over her body; feeling how silky and smooth the nylons had made her legs. It was a pleasant enough touch, but he didn’t do it for nearly long enough before he moved a hand to go for her skirt. When he reached for it she suddenly clicked her tongue like she was reprimanding a bad hound; her expression stern as she gazed down at her young friend.

“Not yet.” She chided him, her slender black brow raised behind the frame of her glasses. “Touching is important. I don’t particularly care if you only want my pussy...you’re going to earn your way there before you even get one sniff.”

“Y-Yes Mrs. Brooke!” Peter stammered, his cheeks darkening at her words. His hands retracted and he went back to caressing her, his fingers moving to the dark cloth of her nylons. As Helena kept one
foot mounted on the mattress she held her hands to her waist, enjoying the feel of the young man worshipping across her legs. Once he had been advised not to rush Peter’s attentions to her became a bit more precise, and she could feel his strong fingers smoothing up her muscular calf, or drifting behind the knee of her standing leg. She worked hard to keep her legs in the magnificent condition they were in; it would be a damned shame if they went unappreciated. While Peter continued to stroke her she gave a pleased nod, and with a brow quirked she noticed a spot on her bent knee; the dark mark where she had wiped Peter’s precum away.

“Kiss. Here.” She demanded, and pointed to it with a stern finger. There was no hesitation in the young man’s face as he leaned down, and even though the mark on her nylons was smeared with his own pre, he pressed his lips against her to give it a long, lingering kiss. As his lips held he let his breath slowly cascade down her flesh; the warm air teasing over her nylons and sending a small shiver down her spine. A shiver she had, to preserve appearances, completely hide.

After he had tended to her legs with caresses and kisses, Peter finally moved to her skirt once more, and this time Helena did not stop him. He pulled his teacher’s skirt up and let it rest at the top of her thighs; exposing at long last what had been hidden. Her nylons only went up to the top of her thighs; held in place by a garter around her waist. Her sex was hidden underneath the veil of a pair of dark panties; a color Helena was thankful for since it hid how wet she was. As Peter gazed at her underneath her skirt she took another glance down to his length, and smirked under the realization that the mark of precum had gotten bigger. She hadn’t even touched him for longer than a fraction of a second yet, and he hadn’t lost an inch for her since stepping into the room.

Young men infatuated with older women. Helena was very thankful for the cliche just then.

When Peter’s head drifted forward as if he was going to press his mouth to her sex, she suddenly clicked her tongue once more in a reprimand. He whimpered, his head pausing a few inches before her and his eyes flickering up to regard the teacher.

“How are we leaving untouched. Don’t you want to know what the inside of teacher’s thighs taste like?”

She had one hell of a point, and Peter nodded eagerly before changing course. His hands continued to tease her legs as he let his mouth drift in, peppering warm, sweet kisses on the inside of the older woman’s thighs. The scent of her arousal was rich and thick; and she knew that it’d be impossible for her to hide just how excited she was. When his lips moved over the barrier of nylons; kissing her so high that he reached the sacred, small space of flesh between her stockings and her panties, she finally broke into a soft gasp. An audible sign that she was enjoying his contact, and a clear note that he was doing a good job. He looked up expectantly after he made his teacher sigh, but Helena was stern and stingy with her praise.

“What are you looking at? I was thinking of another student. Back to work.” She pointed between her legs, and Peter whimpered before obeying teacher’s instructions. More kisses pressed against both sides of Helena’s thighs, drifting back and forth as the woman smirked, watching him with interest. He was making more and more progress, and she could feel her passions flare. She was almost ready to lunge forward against the young man’s face, to force him to service her like the good student he wanted to be, until another thought popped into her mind.

Her tongue clicked and Peter stopped reaching for her panties, wondering what he had done wrong now. When the leg from the bed finally lowered back to the floor the treasure before his face was removed, and he was left in confused frustration as he looked up at Helena.
“Wha...What did I do, Mrs. Brooke?” He took naturally to calling her by the new name, even though his member was raging hard and clearly influencing his mind. He was doing well to keep his composure, and his dedication had not gone unnoticed. Helena just smirked as she lowered a hand, and let her fingers slip into Peter’s hair.

“Nothing.” She mused, teasing her digits through his hair. “But you’re not ready for my pussy. That’s a final exam, and you’re still learning your number charts.” She smirked, and her head gazed down to his length. She gestured to the thick, throbbing member, and asked him in a teasing, thoughtful voice. “Besides, perhaps you’d like teacher to show you what she knows, first?”

Peter just whimpered, and nodded faster and harder than he had in his entire life.

Helena laid her young friend flat onto the bed to start, a coy smirk playing on her face. With his body laid flat only his cock rose above, and she had a chance to study the length that was still drooling a small line of precum from the very tip. He was a well-endowed young man, further fueling Helena’s belief that he was a bit of a womanizer. She had always seen him flirting with the other women at the church, though none of them seemed to elicit the same...eager response in him that she did. It was flattering in many ways, and Helena found herself nearly forgetting about her situation while she enjoyed her first client so much. She had been fortunate; her first patron at the brothel not only being a young man she was attracted to, but one she had even planned on sleeping with. Eventually. The only difference was that the timeline was all ruined, and she’d have to squeeze in the months of teasing she would’ve done to Peter into just a few short hours before letting him cum.

She smirked at the prospect, and licked her lips while she moved slowly towards the bed. Her business suit and skirt folded delicately around her as she lowered herself, creeping onto the bed with her nylon-clad knees. She knelt down beside him with a soothing smile on her ruby red lips, her lipstick having just been re-applied before Peter dropped by. As soon as she knelt there Peter looked up with a desperate but happy expression, clearly believing that very soon, he’d be enjoying Helena’s mouth all the way until release.

He was...half right.

One of Helena’s hands moved forward to wrap her thin, delicate fingers around the hilt of his stiff member. Instantly she could feel him throbbing in her palm, every heartbeat sending a pulse against the flat of her hand. Her breathing picked up for an aroused moment but she forced it down, telling herself to remain calm and proceed with her teasing, toying plan. As she held Peter firmly in her velvet grasp she gazed to the young man’s face at the head of the bed, speaking in a voice that rang of subtle authority. She made it sound like she wanted to please him, but only if he could do everything she asked to absolute perfection.

“You have a nice cock.” She praised him, and let her fingers tighten around it. “Thick. Long. I wonder how much experience it has.” She smirked a little, and her fingers tightened as she slid her palm up towards the tip, and then just as slowly back down. It was just one simple stroke, but it made another bead of pre appear at his head. Helena drew her other hand forward and pressed her fingertip to it, slowly and delicately smoothing it around, smearing the clear runoff across the young man’s throbbing cockhead. While she did so she arched an eye, regarding him through the frames of her glasses with a confident smirk on her face.

“Well?” She asked, continuing to smear precum around the tip. “How many girls, young man? Two? Three?” A thoughtful noise escaped the back of her throat, and she gave him another painfully slow stroke. “No...a young, handsome, rich boy like you? At least fou-”
“None!” Peter admitted suddenly, and Helena’s eyes opened wide in shock. The young man’s hands slapped over his face as the fake teacher watched him, and his words came muffled through his palms. “None...I’m a...this is my first time.”

“...really.” Helena blinked, her voice marked with stunned disbelief. It took a moment to sink in, but she soon kept teasing his cockhead, twirling her finger around it while collecting a new dab of pre. She didn’t need to press him for information beyond the touch of her hands; the grip and the fingertip were enough to coax the secrets from any man’s resolve.

“My friends, they all knew, and talked me into coming here.” He admitted through his hands, still keeping his face hidden from embarrassment. Even though he was clearly a bit ashamed his member was as hard as ever; some urgencies taking priority over humiliation. “I finally said to hell with it, and took out some of my savings, but I never thought I’d se-ahh!”

He was about to reveal that they knew each other, and so drastic measures had to be taken. Helena had lowered her mouth down, her lips pursing as she pressed her lips squarely against his cock. She kissed the tip with a warm embrace; half of her lips pressed to the slick, pre-covered head and the other half against the throbbing length of his shaft. She held it there for a long moment, keeping the kiss steady until Peter’s hands fell to the side and he went silent once more. When her lips pulled away they had each marked each other in their own way; Helena’s lips were covered in precum while the edge of Peter’s shaft had a ruby red kiss mark smeared away from her lipstick.

“Quiet from now on.” Helena finally demanded, her eyes narrowing as she tightened her grip on the young man. “Not another word if you want to have any hope of cumming tonight.”

It was damned good motivation to keep a young man silent, and Peter kept his mouth closed as soon as it was uttered. In return he received a reward he had been hoping for since the second he opened the door; the feel of Helena’s tongue tracing along the outside of his cock. She drew her head close and stuck her tongue far out; letting him see it wriggle and writhe as she slowly drew it in gentle lines across the edge of his bulging cockhead. Her glasses were perched just at the edge of her nose and her hair was still neatly up in a bun, keeping her looking professional and mature as she tasted him. While her tongue worked her hand remained hard around the base of his shaft, keeping him steady and ensuring that his length didn’t push too far away, or draw in too close and receive more of her tongue than it deserved.

A slow smile spread on Helena’s lips while she worked, and once again the young man’s cock released a bead of thick precum against the tip of his head. She had gotten quite adept at milking them from him, and since she was in a giving mood she let her tongue trail forward to swipe against the recent arrival. Peter whimpered pathetically as her tongue crossed his cockhead; the motion so light and delicate that it came off far more like a teasing touch than an affectionate, satisfying lick. Either way she soon found his taste against her tongue, and she pulled his pre back into her mouth with a smile spread on her ruby red lips.

Tasty; but she’d never let him know she thought that.

While she continued to work her tongue along his slick, throbbing head Helena finally drew one of her hands back into her hair. She pinched at the bobby pins holding it into place and let her locks dance down her features; framing her face on both sides in the lock threads that Peter had come to know. To complete her transformation she even moved forward to peel away her glasses, folding them up and letting them sit near the edge of the bed. The smile on Peter’s face suggested that he saw it as a promising transformation; that certainly, Helena would be a less teasing lover than Mrs. Brooke.

The poor, delusional boy. Helena’s hand left Peter’s length after a moment, and when she started to
pull forward she did so in such a way that drug the tresses of her long black hair against his sensitive shaft. They dusted across his twitching length with feather-soft grace, and by the time she had pulled her head up and away from him a few of her locks were stuck together from the faint webbing of his leaking precum. Helena smiled; completely aware of every motion she made as she stretched forward, her legs curling up to sit against Peter in an unusual fashion.

She sat near his waist, her rump seated firmly against the mattress while she allowed her legs to stretch out and over his lap. As she moved them over his legs she crossed them at the ankles, and their smooth, nylon-clad frame came to just near his length. Helena gave a pleased look with herself as she moved down to grasp Peter’s cock once more, and as her hand moved to rest at his hilt she gave him a scrutinizing look.

“I suppose you’ve earned this much. For now.” She explained simply, and drew his cock towards her, enough to press the wet, throbbing head against the side of one of her nylon-covered calves. Peter gave a hiss of arousal as he felt Helena’s warm, toned muscle against his length, and he clenched the sides of the mattress a little tighter when she began to rub him back and forth over the silky fabric. While she did it she slowly stroked him from base to head, a casual smirk on her ruby red lips while she let the young man struggle and twitch in her palm.

It was an enjoyable sight for her; seeing him so tense and pent up. Every twitch was another affirmation of how much she had him wrapped around her finger, and every time she felt his length throb or pulse in her grip, she purposefully slowed down to keep his arousal in check. It was an unusual way to get a man off but she was enjoying it immensely; the simple feel of his precum-licked cockhead smoothing back and forth over her calf carrying a certain sensual bliss to it. The process was delicious slow, and while she worked his length she made herself comfortable, leaning back on her free hand and simply enjoying the sight of a young man on the edge because of her affections.

Eventually she gazed down to her calf, seeing a dark streak from where his precum had slid across the silky fabric of her nylons. A clear trail of his leaking nectar had already crossed her calf, and underneath it she could see a streak of ruby red; smeared lipstick that had travelled from her mouth, to his cock, and finally to her own leggings. Helena grinned, her teeth lowering to bite her bottom lip, chewing on it idly as she began to pick up the pace. She had kept him teased and tormented for nearly two hours; and judging by the way he writhed in her palm those two hours had been worth every penny he spent. He had been a good boy and had obeyed her requests; he had kept his mouth shut and had listened to the clicking of her tongue when his actions called for it. With a small smirk she decided it was time to allow him to release.

Her hand suddenly tightened against his shaft, and she pressed his cockhead against one of her bent knees; squeezing the tip against the side where her calf folded against her thigh. Her skirt rolled into her lap as she bent her leg and offered it to him, and her hand began to pump his length with speed, precision, and desire. Peter was left a twitching mess as the unexpected torrent of affection came, and as if on Helena’s demand he started to whimper as his peak came.

She knew it was going to be a lot, but she hadn’t really calculated just how much would arrive. The first squirt was directed squarely at the fold of her knee, and Helena could feel her nylons get soaked by the sudden burst of rich, white cream. The second fired against her calf and quickly began to drool down the silk of her legging, moving nearly to the edge of her heels. The third and fourth spurts flew into the air, falling haphazardly around their union. A spot on Helena’s hand, a bit on Peter’s stomach. Some of it landed on her skirt and the mattress, and a particularly large drop of it crashed against where her folded glasses rested on the edge of the bed. He kept twitching and spasming; spraying cum across her nylons and himself while his orgasm drew out for a long, lingering moment. When it finally ended Helena found her clothing a mess with his cream, and the runoff from his cockhead had coated her hand from the tip of her thumb to the edge of her forefinger.
When she pulled her grip back her fingers were coated in his seed, and in a display of her authority and presence she twisted her hand flat, pressed it to Peter’s stomach, and wiped it off across his own flesh.

“There you go.” Helena responded simply and curtly, and moved to grab her glasses at the edge of the bed. Though one of the lenses was firmly coated in cream she opened them up and was about to put them on; only pausing when she realized just how bad they had been plastered. To correct the situation she allowed Peter to watch as her tongue rolled forward, and a slow, steady swipe cleared the lense in a clean lick. She said nothing as she swallowed that single mouthful; slipping her glasses back on with the typical style and presence. “If you want more, I’m afraid you’ll have to drop by another day. Class is over for now.”

Some men might have been let down by the news, after spending thousands of dollars for a simple handjob against the flush of the woman’s knee. But it was clear in Peter’s expression; winded but blissfully happy, that he couldn’t of been more satisfied by the outcome. His cock had been drained and his chest was heaving, and his eyes flickered down to the sight of Helena’s leg, a mask of white cream hiding the sexy, silky fabric underneath. His nod was simple and he looked to her with a smile, his lips about to part and speak once more.

He was silenced, like before, with a simple click of Helena’s tongue. She wagged a finger before his eyes as she steadied her gaze on him, glaring through the lenses of her glasses.

“I said class is over.” She advised him firmly, and an idea slipped into her mind. She spoke again, with a poignant tone, hoping the young man would get the hint. “If you want further lessons, I’m afraid you’ll have to see me at my office.”

A subtle hint, masked in the sexual innuendo that her new employers would’ve expected. She smirked behind her lipstick, watching as Peter nodded eagerly and began to collect his clothes.

The first client down, and things had gone particularly well. Helena couldn’t help but wonder how Dinah was doing with her own special visitor. With a smirk, she mused that despite their situation, a good fucking would’ve been good for her tense, frustrated friend.

A few doors down the hall, Dinah was still trying to get her head around who stood in front of her. Of all of the people she ever would have guessed coming to a place like the brothel, he was certainly need the end of the list. Usually when she saw Mr. Harson, he was the sweet, shy, overweight man that frequented her flower shop on a daily basis. The bouquet by the register every day, without fail. Long after he had stopped wearing his wedding ring he had been in daily with a smile, and a shy aversion of his eyes whenever Dinah met them with her gaze.

He stood there in the doorway now, looking just as stunned as she was. Despite instantly recognizing each other, he had plenty of reason to be shocked based purely on what Dinah was wearing. She had gone the alternate route that Helena had taken; instead of wearing a full set of clothes she was already down to her underthings. She had found a lacy, frilled black bra in the dresser while she was subtly and unsuccessfully looking for the bugging device, and her lower half was wrapped in a garter, frilled panties, and the smooth black fishnets she was so comfortable in. She was dressed like a woman ready for action; and when she had chosen her outfit it was with the mindset of making the sessions take as short amount of time as possible.

Less clothes, less forced foreplay with someone just looking to get off. She would’ve shown up at the door completely naked if she could, but was worried that it might seem just a bit too suspicious. Instead she stood there in her lacy attire, blushing as her eyes fell on her flower shop’s most beloved
and, she thought, innocent patron. It was probably a good thing that they had both been almost instantly stunned into silence; had Harson instantly said her name she likely would not have been in the right state of mind to stop him. As it was, when she recovered a fraction of a second before he did, she let a hand move forward and her fingers pressed against his lips.

“Hi there. I don’t like using names, makes things more exciting, don’t you think?” She smiled, falling quickly into character for the benefit of the recording device hiding somewhere in her room. Mr. Harson’s cheeks flushed as Dinah’s fingers suddenly pressed over his lips, but he nodded simply as a hand reached back to close the door behind him.

He was a kind man from what Dinah had known, but he couldn’t claim attractiveness amongst his qualities. He was overweight and not particularly handsome; and though he was clean and always well dressed, his utter lack of confidence didn’t do much to make a woman excited. He was the sort of man that made enough money to always have a beautiful woman on his arm, but only if he had the charm or presence to get her to look past his looks. As it was, from Dinah and so many others, he was simply the “so sweet, but no thanks” man in their life.

And he was there, after paying a grand fee, ready to fuck her. For a moment Dinah’s temper flared and she wondered if it was a frequent stop of his; a secret, dark life to a man she had defended to Lisa as being a decent human being. She had told her young employee time and time again that he was kind and gentle, even though she constantly chided him for his weight and looks the second he stepped out of the store.

As she thought of Lisa Dinah’s tempers flared, and she found herself instantly spinning ideas in her mind that had Mr. Harson visiting the brothel nightly, laughing while he fucked mercilessly at a cringing Lisa. She had to force back her sudden influx of rage, and her blood boiled for a moment before Mr. Harson’s voice slipped forward, bringing a soothing air to the awkward moment.

“I...I’ve never done anything like this.” He finally spoke up, his eyes staring at the floor in embarrassment, and his voice ringing with a genuine tone. “There’s a group trying to buy me off of the board at my company, and they’ve been insisting on doing these sorts of things to sweeten the deal.” He sighed as he stepped into the room, moving past the scantily clad Dinah. As he walked past he left the scent of his cologne moving past her; a pleasant smell that the young woman found somehow charming. It suited him, despite his unappealing look.

“Up until today it’s been rounds of golf, or saunas, that sort of thing.” Mr. Harson continued, his shyness breaking away as he made his case. From the second he began Dinah found herself believing him; his tone sounded pure and she had never known Mr. Harson to be disingenuous or crass. In fact, the more she pondered the older man and his general personality, he seemed like the last sort of person that would come to a place like the brothel.

Sweet, shy men that bought flowers every day in the hopes of catching a woman’s eye didn’t drop thousands of dollars to mistreat them sexually.

“It looks like they’re really trying to win you over.” Dinah finally added to the conversation as she looked across the room to where Mr. Harson sat down at the edge of the bed. It creaked under his weight and Dinah started to work her way over, her fishnet-clad legs sliding back and forth as she drew over to her friend’s side. “This is...the finest establishment for company of its sort.”

A little pandering to the recording device didn’t hurt.

“I suppose so.” Mr. Harson looked up at Dinah with a smile, though he tried hard to keep his gaze above her neck. It was a tricky balance; he wasn’t good with eye contact to begin with, but looking anywhere else would be gazing at a part of her that was far too revealing to handle. Putti...
shyness, literally every last part of Dinah was intensely arousing, and he was already feeling flustered and weak. A glimpse at her bra-clad chest or the shape of her legs or rear in her fishnets would very likely just rob him of the ability to speak. He gave Dinah a kind smile as she stood near him, and spoke with the same sweetness he used when he was buying the front register bouquet from her shop. “Listen, you’re...you’re really breathtaking. You have no idea; it’s the sort of classic beauty that just doesn’t exist anymore. And I know what I was brought here for, but maybe we can just tell them we did things, I don’t want you to feel forced or pressured into this.”

Dinah blinked; disarmed by many of Mr. Harson’s words. The gentle praise made her cheeks line red and the offer to simply...sit and talk instead of have sex echoed deep within her. She was there to serve him, his trustees had already paid their money. She was, in all regards, his for the next few hours. Not a lot of men would’ve been so willing to pass that by, just to spare someone’s feelings or preserve a friendship. In an odd way, Dinah found it charming, and she offered him a slow, sweet smile.

“No, don’t be silly.” She offered and moved a hand out, resting it on top of Mr. Harson’s shoulder. She moved in and let her fit, athletic body press against his, letting her curves squeeze against his ample frame. She had to admit, as unattracted as she was to him, she knew she could’ve done much worse for her first client at the brothel. As she leaned in against the man that was blushing furiously by now, one of her hands moved to drift her fingers under his double chin. She turned his gaze up, and met it with a patient, tender smile. “I’m not passing up a chance to spend an evening with a sweet talker like you.”

In reality, she didn’t have much of an option. The Envoy and her goons likely wouldn’t of appreciated it if she opted out of her very first job, and she had to make a good first impression if she was going to earn their trust. When the sadistic matron of the brothel had approached her earlier that afternoon, she had made it very clear that while the girls were their not entirely by their own free will, it could still be comfortable for those that played along. Women that worked hard and brought her money would be well tended and taken care of, while those that disobeyed would face vicious reprisal.

She wanted to stay as far north of that outcome as possible. Besides, as overweight and ugly as Mr. Harson was, she imagined she wouldn’t find eyes as kind as his anywhere else in this line of work.

“Okay.” He nodded, and bit down on his bottom lip, thoughtfully. “I...have an idea, then. There’s one thing I’ve been told that...I’m pretty good at.”

“Oh?” Dinah arched a brow, smiling a bit. Inwardly she doubted it; but she was more than willing to let the man save some face. She had always pictured that his marriage ended because his wife was unsatisfied with the sex; or at least, because it wasn’t worth the money she received in the relationship. The idea of something Harson was proud of sexually intrigued her. “Let’s not waste any more time, then.”

Dinah had laid back on the bed as per Mr. Harson’s instructions, and while he stood at the foot of it she hooked a finger against her panties, teasing them back and forth while her new lover watched. He was still fully dressed but Dinah could see the bulge in his business slacks, a growing presence that she figured she was looking at from the wrong angle; there was no way it could really be that big. She put the thought out of her mind as she focused on Mr. Harson’s face, letting him watch while she made a small show of slipping her panties away. They eased down and over her fishnet-clad legs, and while she removed them she did so with her legs closed and up in the air; showing him how delightful her rear looked when she stretched her legs out. Finally the thin garment came over
her heels and she tossed it aside, smirking to her new lover once she was finally exposed.

Her sex was shaven and red from a blush; and Dinah bit down on her bottom lip as she laid with her legs spread, offering herself to the overweight man. Mr. Harson just smiled warmly as he lowered himself to the bed; once again the frame creaking underneath their combined weight. He drew closer and laid on his stomach, and as Dinah laid back fully expected a mediocre evening of oral sex, the businessman began to show her his skill.

Kisses against the side of her calves and up along her lower legs were a nice touch, but those didn’t make someone good in bed. Sure, it was pleasing to feel fingers drifting up the outside of her thighs and to let someone’s breath shuddering down the back of one of her knees, but it’d take a lot more to impress her. For a moment she wondered if leaning her head back and imagining someone else might have helped her get into it better, but Mr. Harson’s large frame was simply too big a thing to ignore. After he finished teasing her lower legs he moved further up, and Dinah felt her body respond with a tingle as he began to work her thighs.

His mouth was warm and inviting as he kissed her through her fishnet stockings, and she could feel the faintest hint of his tongue as he left tiny wet streaks in key points along her body. He seemed to have a knack for going after sensitive spots that left her with goosebumps; something she had chalked up to coincidence until it happened four or five times in a row. Hot, lingering kisses that left her trembling in her seat, offering a pushback against how she found her client fairly unappealing. One didn’t overcome that sort of prejudice easily, and the fact that she was wet at all by the time Mr. Harson reached her sex was testament to his skill.

“Okay, maybe he’s alright at this.” Dinah told herself, the words echoing in her mind. “So maybe I can just lay back, close my eyes, and tell him he did an okay job after he fumbles around down there for a whi-”

“Holy mother of God!” Dinah’s real voice broke through, breaking her thoughts apart as she suddenly cried out. Without any warning, and right in the middle of Mr. Harson’s sweet treatment of her thighs, he had darted forward with lightning speed to press his mouth against her sex. He didn’t just shove his face down with a sloppy, clumsy dive, though. He had precision and focus, and from the second his lips touched against her flesh he was working with an expert level of skill. His tongue had found her clit almost instantly, and after teasing just underneath it he returned to her folds, battering against them with unpredictable strikes. In a split second Dinah had gone from merely tolerating Mr. Harson’s mouth to actively craving it; her pussy twitching as her gears shifted on a dime.

Mr. Harson’s tongue was a thing of beauty; wide and thick like its owner, but lightning fast and extremely agile. Sometimes, because it was so broad, it felt like it was in two places at once, and the sensation was overwhelming. It didn’t take long for Dinah’s head to fall back onto the pillow with a whimper, and her fishnet-clad legs rose up to wrap around Mr. Harson’s head. In just a matter of seconds she was entirely on board with the evening, won over by what she instantly knew would be the best oral sex of her life.

If he could keep eating her like he was, she didn’t mind if he wasn’t handsome. She didn’t even mind if she had to spend the next hour or so pinned under his naked, sweaty mass. His mouth was all it had been built up to be and more, and that was a damned rare thing.

Dinah’s hands didn’t know what to do, switching nonstop between grabbing the sheets, running through Mr. Harson’s hair, or slapping against her own forehead in frantic desperation. She gripped at her blonde locks while pulling the sheets up to her mouth, bracing herself as her thighs trembled around the older man’s face. Soft slurping noises came from between her legs, and Mr. Harson’s
eyes were closed as his round, pudgy face was pressed hard against her sex. Each second brought higher and higher levels of pleasure in Dinah, but when she started to near her peak he took efforts to not allow it.

It wasn’t sudden and stark; he didn’t simply pull his mouth away and leave her hanging. That sort of cold water orgasm denial was better suited down the hall, where Helena was making a sweet young man beg for the chance to cum. Instead, Mr. Harson guided Dinah back down with slower, sweeter licks, manipulating her arousal and like he was playing an instrument. She had ups and downs against his lips, moments of high arousal and simply blissful contentment, but he was very careful to never push her over the top of the roller coaster’s hill.

It was a level of dedication and skill that she hadn’t seen before, and she was left moaning desperately in its wake. She continued to frantically search for someplace for her hands, but when the bedsheet had been torn away and she was worried about tearing out her lover’s hair from desire, she finally turned her attention against her bra. While her fishnet-clad legs squeezed around Mr. Harson’s head she yanked the thing up and over her body, tossing it away to expose her full, round breasts. Instantly her hands went to them; squeezing them firmly and eagerly while her fingers drifted against her nipples, twisting them hard as she moaned in wild desire.

Her head was swimming, and Mr. Harson kept her barely afloat in her sanity. Each lick was a new joy, and every time she felt his lips purse against her hood it was a promise she’d be climbing a steep hill of sexual delight. She kept hoping for the moment that he’d drive her over the hill, let her cum with frantic release against his face, but he denied it time and time again. Minutes passed, and then nearly a half hour, and yet Mr. Harson continued. By the time he pulled away Dinah was a sensitive, sweat-licked mess. She had ridden waves of joy like she never knew, and yet he had held back from her the finale.

She hadn’t cum, though the times in between had still been better than all the times she had with anyone else. She whimpered as Mr. Harson pulled himself up, his mouth connected to Dinah’s sex with several lines of thick, juicy threads that the young woman had created within. When his hands went down to his waist to begin removing his sex, she couldn’t help but whimper quietly.

With his skill, he could’ve given her the most earthshaking orgasm of her life. Instead, she’d be lucky to squeeze out a mediocre climax with his overweight frame atop her, and what was likely a small, weak co-

“...wow.” Dinah’s eyes were wide as it came unleashed, and she swallowed nervously while her wet, hungry pussy twitched. He was, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the largest man she had ever seen in person. His cock was fat, just like him, but it was long enough to fuck Dinah and anyone standing directly behind her. She swallowed with her eyes wide, watching as Mr. Harson reached into his trousers to pull out his wallet. A moment later he procured a condom, and handed it to Dinah to open while he started to slip out of his clothes.

Dinah didn’t hesitate; she took the condom in her hands and began to open it while her eyes remained fixated on Harson’s cock. The condom wrapper itself was unique and recognized his size; clearly indicating on the cover it was for men beyond simply well endowed. When she had the ring free of the wrapping she quickly pulled forward, pressing it to the tip of his warm, throbbing head and sliding it down.

“It’s enormous.” Dinah whimpered as she worked the condom across his length, one hand holding him at his base while the other pressed the rubber down. She couldn’t get her hand fully around his shaft, but even with her tight grip she could feel him throb against her palm. Mr. Harson whimpered in his shy delight, though the praise had clearly made his cheeks dark and his lips turn to a smile.
When the condom was finally pressed down to his hilt Dinah fell back against the bed, lifting her legs up and eagerly offering herself. “Go! Hurry!” She was still at the height of arousal; ready for her new lover’s enormous length. Thankfully, Mr. Harson’s weight didn’t slow him down as he rushed forward, squeezing the tip of his massive cockhead against her warm, wet entrance.

Dinah’s eyes bulged for a split second as Mr. Harson pushed inside; her walls stretching wide as every inch of his impressive length pushed into her. Had she not already been laying flat she would’ve dropped right then and there, his length was impossibly large and every muscle in the hero’s body tightened as he pierced her. Her voice fell into desperate moans as the overweight man crashed against her, his cock driving deep and pushing forward until she could simply take no more.

Mr. Harson’s hands scooped up Dinah’s legs, lifting them up and draping them over his shoulders as he started to push forward. He had at her hard and reckless; knowing that the sheer size of his length and the tight fit of his warm, stiff cock made it practically impossible for him to accidentally pop out. He filled her so completely, so utterly close to her brim, that every thrust dragged her muscles back and forth, completely rutting her against the bed. The blonde’s voice broke into screams as she was given the lay of her lifetime; a wonderful surprise that she never would have expected.

Unattractive Mr. Harson, with his fat frame and ugly face, was ruining her for every man that would come after. She knew with only a few thrusts and a half hour of oral sex that she’d be comparing every man after to him; to the feel of his enormous cock to how he had built her up so close to her peak during his time with his mouth against her pussy. He had worked her masterfully, and now he reaped the benefits with forceful, sudden strikes that hit her down to very core. Her head was swimming in bliss and her hands hung limply around his neck, holding on as best she could while he pushed in and out of her with great force and delight.

The bed ached underneath their weight, but Dinah didn’t care. She couldn’t even hear it, so lost was she in the midst of her pleasure. The full weight of Mr. Harson was pressed against her, and she was absolutely lost in it, her mouth open in a moaning smile with a long line of drool rolling down the side of her face. Her eyes were glazed over and glassy, and she had forgotten all about the fact that they were at a brothel, and in that moment she was truly his whore.

She didn’t need the undercover position to be that; at least not from that moment on.

“Here. Feel.” Mr. Harson grunted; his brow licked with sweat as he took hold of Dinah’s hands. He moved them down and pressed them against her own stomach, making her hold them there as he regarded her with an aroused look. At first she wasn’t sure what he desired her to feel, until his thrusting came once more and her senses reeled at what she experienced. Each thrust forward pushed out her stomach, right into the center of her palms. She was left rubbing his cockhead through her own flesh; each push stretching her forward and distending her belly just enough to notice. The knowledge she was being stretched and pushed so wildly sent Dinah intensely over the edge, and her walls locked around Harson’s stiff cock while she released in one of the most shuddering orgasms of her life.

Her body shook in violent release and her voice screamed until she went hoarse; her hands clutching the bump that Harson made in her belly. The loss of her senses and the frantic pace of her orgasm was enough to send her new lover over the edge as well, and his overweight mass trembled and quaked as his moment came.

She didn’t get to fill him truly fill her thanks to the condom, but the warmth that rushed inside of her was experienced through the latex pouch. She could still feel how hot his seed was as he filled up the balloon, and when Mr. Harson came he had to move a hand down, grabbing the condom while he started to pull free. He had to be quick; for as Dinah soon learned not even the ultra large container
could keep his seed truly restrained.

She watched with wide eyes as Mr. Harson flooded the condom with cream rather rapidly; and was forced to pull it off of his cock as it continued to spurt. Dinah was struck with the sudden spray; hot beads of his cream flying against her flesh and striking her like searing flame as she laid there, sensitive and wet after her climax. Most of it fell against her stomach though a fair bit struck her breasts, thoroughly coating her in white. All the while Mr. Harson held onto the end of the condom, which had become little more than a bag of glorious, thick cum.

Dinah swallowed, her senses starting to return as their orgasms faded. She studied Mr. Harson and her eyes drifted to the bag of cum, before an idea finally slipped into her mind. She reminded herself of her situation as she reached out for it; pulling the bag from Mr. Harson’s hand and moving it towards her stomach.

She hoped this worked. She needed to get word to Oracle what had happened; and in the moment Mr. Harson was her best opportunity.

Mr. Harson watched as Dinah turned the condom upside-down, and emptied all of his thick, creamy cum against her flat, firm belly. It splashed against her and made her cry out in delight, for a moment almost losing sight of her goal. Then, as she gazed up at him she moved a finger up to her lips, shushing him quietly while her other hand moved down to work.

Call.

The word was drawn with a finger in the cum; like a child drawing shapes in the snow. Mr. Harson blinked in surprise but he soon after focused, his attention drawing closer as Dinah wiped away the word to begin tracing out a number.

856.

Another swipe of her fingers removed the numbers, but only after Harson nodded that he had memorized them. It had become suddenly clear to the man that something was going on; something that required his assistance. After the amazing experience of Dinah’s tight, remarkable pussy, he was all too eager to help.

4242.

Oracle’s phone number. Mr. Harson didn’t know what it would be, but she had managed to draw the numbers well enough in the cum on her stomach. Once she was sure Mr. Harson had silently committed them to memory, she rewarded him by scooping her hand through the cream, collecting it on her palm. A small smirk spread over her lips as she gazed at him, and with her hand coated in his rich, white nectar, she trailed her tongue out to begin cleaning it off.

Mr. Harson watched with a throbbing cock and a stunned expression as Dinah licked herself clean of his cum. He was getting involved in something bigger, but was content with that. If Dinah needed help, he could certainly make a call.

And if she needed fucking again, he could certainly help with that.

By the end of that night, he learned that she needed both.

The End.
Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Chapter Summary

While Envoy plays with a new toy, Zinda helps Oracle cope with the guilt and arousal of what danger she's sent her team into.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter 4: Glasses and Masks
-By Drace Domino

“You might be wondering, officer, why I haven’t ordered you to be put in chains yet.” Her voice slipped through the room with cold, quiet intensity, and there was no doubt about the danger underlying in her voice. “The reason is very simple. I find these early steps to go so much smoother if I establish early how little I need them.”

The officer laying naked on the bed couldn’t protest much; though the woman’s ego was infuriating and the situation was terrifying, he wasn’t about to try to rise up against her. Instead, all he could do was listen to her threatening words and look from side to side, taking stock of the situation. It was a dark but lavish room that he had been brought to while blindfolded, and though he couldn’t be sure he fully suspected that he was still somewhere within the limits of Brideshead. Some deep, dark corner of a neighborhood that the law forgot, that his own brothers in arms either neglected in favor of brighter areas, or willingly sold out for a few extra dollars in their pocket.

It was one of the reasons he hadn’t seen eye to eye with the force for weeks. It was one of the reasons he had begun working with Catwoman. The officer continued to lay on the bed as he looked around, perceiving the situation with a brave attempt at a cool head and a collected demeanor. Everything around him told him he should panic, and yet, he remained strong. The room was remarkably lavish and expensive; beautiful art hung on the walls and the single light came from the silk shade of a fanciful lamp, and even the bed the officer was confined to felt like it was nothing but the finest craftsmanship with the smoothest sheets. Such glorious surroundings; however, was marred by the sight of four cages lined up near the end of the room, each of them barely big enough for an adult human.

Two of them were occupied by men not unlike himself. Fit, athletic men that were sitting peacefully in their cages, each one blindfolded and fit with a gag within their mouth. They had free use of their arms and legs and weren’t shackled or cuffed, but the cages were more than enough to keep them under control. A close look would reveal each of them wore a collar that could be leashed, and each was particularly well-hung, even if they weren’t actively aroused.

The third empty cell was justified by the presence of another man in the room, kneeling near the woman that had taunted the officer. Muscular and black with a thick, long member that was standing at half-mast, he was the clear favorite of the woman in question. She evidenced this by adding something to his blindfold and gag; a simple blue ribbon that she had tied around his neck. Attached
to the ribbon was a small placard, and the officer could just barely make out the words “best cock” engraved on the front.

Clearly, the woman’s sense of humor was as blunt as she was. The officer took her in after glancing at his surroundings, finally letting his gaze fully draw in the sight of her. She wasn’t a particularly tall woman, but her sheer force of presence more than made up for it. Dressed in stark, bright red that stood out in the darkness of the room, she looked like a twisted cross between a school principal and a supervillain. A pencil skirt went down to just underneath her knees, and dark nylons carried into a pair of sharp red heels. A matching business blazer was wrapped around her chest, and the officer could tell that just underneath it she wore a white dress shirt with a vibrant tie. Her hair was stark black and cut to the edge of her chin; smoothed out to give her an angular look. When she had drawn close to him earlier he could tell she wore an extensive amount of product in her hair to make it look lethal and motionless; it was a stark contrast to Selina embracing her “just rolled out of bed” look.

But then, the woman was a different entity entirely from Selina. The criminal known as Catwoman absolutely delighted in tormenting her pet officer; she would often tie him up or make him beg, or force him to tell her all the ways in which she was a better ally than the GCPD. In her bedchambers he would be embarrassed and ashamed and even abused; but it was never with darkness in the woman’s heart. There had been times when he left Selina’s apartment sore and tired, but with the genuine thought in his mind that Catwoman appreciated his presence. She showed her affection in little ways; by kissing his cheek as he was about to leave or sliding her hand over her sex after he released inside of her, as if hoping to keep it inside. Even in her highest passions she was known to slap him fiercely, but would always smooth her hand over the immediate red spot, helping the sting to vanish.

The officer didn’t expect any such kindness from the woman that stood before him now, and she seemed determined to convince him of that fact.

“Don’t worry, officer, you might be surprised to learn that a few of your brothers in the force have gone down this same road.” Her voice filled the air with teasing confidence, and she smoothed the top of her fingers over her nearby pet’s head. She effortlessly moved a hand to point towards one of the empty cells. “That one right there held Officer Goslin, and he came back to you safe and sound, didn’t he?”

The officer’s throat tightened and he narrowed his gaze, glaring at the woman as his eyes begged for an explanation that his mouth refused to ask for. Goslin had recently come back from a two week vacation; and how suddenly it had struck on the schedule had left the other cops with a lot of questions.

“You all thought he went to Metropolis for a few weeks, yes?” The woman asked as she started to pad through the room, her heels sinking into the carpet. Casually she walked her nearby pet back to a cage, and after guiding him effortlessly in she slowly closed the door and turned back to the policeman on the bed. “To take care of an ailing mother in law or some such nonsense. In truth he was here, with me, learning who’s truly in charge at Brideshead.”

“What did you do to him?” The young officer couldn’t hold back his indignation any longer, and he sat up on the bed to glare at her. He was exposed and naked; but if there was one thing his time with Catwoman had taught him was that he had a body that didn’t need covering. Even as he confronted the dangerous mystery woman, he left himself open and exposed; his large member hanging against the silk sheets.

“Trained him.” Came the soft response, and the woman moved past the cages and towards the dim light filling the room. As she did so the officer was able to catch another glance at her face, and his
blood ran cold at her eccentricity and disfigurement alike. Framed by her black hair the woman wore a solid red mask that came over her eyes and upper cheeks; open just enough for her eyes to drift through. It was flamboyant enough one could expect it was merely for show, but the officer’s eyes were sharp enough to catch sight of a scar that started at her chin and led up into the area that the masked covered, crossing up the center of her lips.

She was vain, and she wasn’t wearing the mask just to intimidate, but to hide. He filed the knowledge into his head for later, hoping his detective skills might come in handy yet. The more information he could get, the better.

“Trained.” The officer repeated slowly, and took a stern, slow breath. “Like those men over there?”

“Exactly like them.” Came her response, and a soft laugh followed shortly after. “Oh, it might seem a bit reckless of me to be training so many at once, but there’s just so many people in Gotham that need it. So many people won’t listen to reason, and need a little bit of the Envoy’s gentle guidance. My guidance.”

With that, the Envoy stepped up to the bed and lowered a hand, moving one of her slender, bare fingers forward. She tapped the young man idly on the nose, and he froze in an angry glare as she let her touch slip down the center of his lips and down to his chest, drawing a thin line across his athletic frame. When she finally reached his length she curled her hand forward; scooping his shaft in her grip and smoothing her touch along it. When she finally reached his length she curled her hand forward; scooping his shaft in her grip and smoothing her touch along it. She held him gently for a moment; just enough for his natural instincts to take hold and his length to stiffen in her palm. As soon as she felt him press against her the Envoy chuckled softly, and released him again.

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“You know, it’s a common misconception that people in Gotham City don’t want to make the town better. In reality...there’s far too many.” The Envoy finally spoke as she moved away from the bed, and started to work at removing her blazer. Button by button she began to undress, her eyes lowering to the young man sitting with a half-erect cock. “I try conventional means to turn the police force to my side first, of course. It’s a lot less effort to bribe or threaten the GCPD into turning the other cheek while girls disappear and an unusual number of wealthy clients visit the streets of this god-forsaken neighborhood. And it works for about half of your ranks. With the remaining half, I’m forced to be creative.”

The officer’s eyes narrowed as she continued to undress; first hanging her blazer against the wall, making sure not a single crease was out of place. Afterwards she began working on her tie, undoing it casually and letting it hang open and around her shoulders when her fingers went to the buttons of her dress shirt. She continued speaking in that same casual tone; sounding confident but not threatening, though with the promise she could turn that way in just a heartbeat’s time.

“Some of the GCPD don’t respond to money. They like other forms of motivation.” A cruel smile came to her scarred lips, and she chuckled briefly. “Right now, one of my new girls is convincing Detective Nelson to turn the other cheek. Kelly, I believe her name is. A beautiful blonde woman; perhaps a bit older than what I typically claim as my own, but she and her friend Brooke have been doing wonderfully for me so far.”

The officer drew a deep breath and tightened his fists on the silk sheets, barely containing his righteous, law-abiding rage. He was a brave young man despite the situation and despite his inexperience; the same man that once gave a frantic chase to Catwoman over rooftops and through city streets. Granted, that hadn’t ended exactly how he expected, but he had learned that a little bravery could have big rewards.

“The last I checked on my monitors, she was letting Officer Nelson squeeze his cock into her nice, tight little pussy.” The Envoy smirked, and quirked a brow as she looked down at the young man’s
The woman’s presence was intimidating but also alluring, and she seemed to take note of that as she saw the officer’s cock twitch. A smirk came to her lips, and slowly she began to slink from her dress shirt’s embrace, revealing a full, ample chest contained within the embrace of a bright red bra. “Kelly’s a sweet young woman, I find, but she doesn’t get quite as much from her sessions as her friend does. Now Brooke…”

The Envoy broke into a small bit of laughter, her hands moving against the edge of her skirt.

“Brooke is a woman after my own heart. You see, my girls know the reality of their situation. They know they’re little more than whores with expensive holes, just as my men here know they’re nothing more than cocks with liability attached to them. And there’s a few ways you can look at this sort of life.”

The skirt fell aside and the officer could see she wasn’t wearing anything underneath; her nylons stopped mid-thigh and connected to her waist with a garter, and her sex was shaven and bare.

Without a word of warning or any hesitation the Envoy started to slip forward on the bed; crawling towards the officer as she moved to his length. She took it in her hands once more and started to stroke, smirking at him with scarred lips while she worked his length into something firm and delicious.

“You see, Brooke knows she’s just an expensive set of places to shove a cock, but she makes the most of it.” She grinned softly, feeling the cop grow within her sweet, alluring grip. “Last night she forced a millionaire from Metropolis to go down on her. She had him beg to service her. For nearly an hour, she had him rock-hard and practically weeping, in just a short amount of time she had that poor, rich bastard convinced that the only woman in the world was her. And in truth...she was the only woman that mattered.”

The Envoy smirked as she finally felt the officer bring himself to his full length, or close to it. And with the young man frozen in half fear and half arousal, she slowly brought herself forward to straddle his waist.

The officer grit his teeth as he felt the Envoy take his shaft in her fingers and guide herself down, pressing her own wet entrance against the tip of his cockhead. Inch by inch she eased herself down; and the officer’s eyes shut tight as he felt her grip him. She was impossibly warm and strong around his length, wet from the joy she took in teasing men like him, and with a smooth, velvet grip that felt far more inviting than her personality. Once she had pressed down until the officer was hilted inside of her she gave a soft smile, and lowered a finger to scratch against the front of his chest.

“That’s a good lesson for you right now, if you want to make it through your training.” She advised simply. “There’s only one woman that matters in your life right now, and she’s wrapped around your cock right now. It would...be in your best interest to very quickly realize that.”

The officer’s mind flooded with thoughts of Selina, but even the torrent of images of his criminal girlfriend wasn’t enough to wash away how remarkably tight the Envoy was. He trembled and maintained, gripping the sheets and wringing his fingers through them, his teeth moving to bite down against his bottom lip. His member grew inside of her; the last few remnants of his stubborn resolve fading away in clear, noticeable arousal.

“Mmm. That’s what I love about men. Even when they’re afraid for their lives, they’re still ready to fuck.” She clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth and tightened her sex; squeezing the growing member inside of her. Once she got comfortable on the young man’s cock her hands finally moved up, reaching for the last article of clothing to be removed.

The young man’s eyes went wide as the mask came off and was laid against the bed. He swallowed nervously as he took in the sight of her without it, and a tremble of fear went through him.
“Now…” Her voice slipped into the room, as dangerous as a venomous snake in the sheets. “I believe you want to tell me how beautiful I am.”

The officer tightened his throat, and whimpered as his eyes passed over what was laid out before him. Never had he missed Selina so much, or wished to be on the receiving end of her claws and whip.

Her playful, almost loving cat and mouse games were outright kind compared to the training ahead of him.

Bags hung underneath Oracle’s eyes, underlined by the bottom rim of her glasses. She had been gazing at the three separate monitors in front of her for nearly ten hours, watching and waiting and looking for some clue that might assist her women in the field. It was a long day that capped a long week, and even Barbara Gordon’s nearly legendary resolve was starting to break. Confined within the clocktower for nearly a week now, the young woman had endured quite a bit of hard work to earn the right to gaze endlessly at a set of monitors.

The week had begun shortly after Black Canary and Huntress had went undercover as prostitutes. After two days of being off of Oracle’s radar entirely, she received two bits of information that were promising, if surprising. Two possible contacts had notified her through means they could have only gotten from Canary and Huntress; separate information sources that the girls had managed to sneak a message to.

At first, Oracle was skeptical. When she spoke on the phone to an eager young Peter, trying to get information about the mysterious dark-haired woman that asked for his help, Barbara had been rather guarded with her information. The phone call had come from a number the Birds specifically used for such endeavors; a number that was only ever given to a civilian that might need to sneak a message to the woman in charge of it all. Even with access to the special number; however, Oracle kept her expectations guarded and her suspicions high. Ultimately; though, it was the sound of Peter’s voice that had won over her trust.

“Please,” He had spoke quietly into the phone, with the sound of a heartbroken young man. “If she’s really in trouble, please help her.”

She had learned long ago from Bruce that there was a lot that could be revealed in a man’s voice. By listening to the right cues one could detect a lie or a quiver of emotion, which in the field could often be the difference between life and death. For Oracle, she erred on the side of faith during that single phone call, and was willing to let Peter know a few things.

Not everything; of course. He’d remain ignorant of Helena’s true identity as Huntress, and similarly never know a thing about how close he had come to the Birds of Prey. Oracle had advised young Peter that Helena was really an undercover police agent working a particularly tricky case. Oracle had to admit afterwards; despite her sour disposition she had rather enjoyed Peter’s reaction to hearing about such news.

“...why is she so awesome?” He asked, shortly after hearing that the object of his affection was a member of the GCPD undercover. The awe and wonder in his voice had made Oracle smirk before getting back to the business of things. She guided him to a special location to receive further instructions, and sent Zinda off to deliver them. It was an unusual arrangement, but it was the best they had to work with.

Peter would continue to hire Helena’s services; a fact Oracle suspected he was fond of. He’d return
to the club with bugging equipment and instructions on how to properly place it so he avoided
detection, and he’d let Helena know that her friends were on the case. And that first night, Oracle
almost slept soundly, feeling as if the situation was at least somewhat in hand.

She had only slept for a half hour before the phone rang once more, and a new civilian’s voice told
her about Black Canary. Another civilian that her crafty agents had snuck a message to; this one
needed no vocal approval. As soon as she had heard the name Oracle recognized Mr. Harson as one
of Dinah’s favorite customers; immediately picturing him how Dinah had described. Unattractive and
obese, but with the kindest smile and sweetest heart.

Naturally, Oracle found herself trusting the older man as they spoke, and as he similarly expressed
concern for the woman that he had patroned at the club. And in a matter of hours Zinda was sent out
on another mission to deliver more instructions and bugging equipment, and Oracle had gone from
no leads to two. A day later both men visited the club and enjoyed another round with their
respective prostitutes, both successfully planting the bugging equipment that now allowed Oracle a
level of vision into the situation.

To her right she could see in fully display Helena’s quarters, and to her left Dinah was sleeping
peacefully in her bed. The center monitor told Oracle stories of data and statistics as numbers flew
across the screen, but Oracle’s gaze had been mostly ignoring it. The side two monitors had been far
too interesting for her to pull her gaze away from, and the fact that she was working monitor duty
gave her an excuse to leer.

She was looking for something; anything, that could give her a clue as to the situation. All she knew
from Harson and Peter was that the two girls were used as extremely high price call girls, and both of
them played their part out as they lived in relative comfort. While they seemed well taken care of
Oracle couldn’t help but wonder what happened to the girls that didn’t play along, but she didn’t yet
have enough information to act on it. Super powered guards kept a stern eye on the place and made it
inaccessible, but it was Oracle’s hope that she’d be able to deconstruct the empire from within.

She already had two women on the inside, and now two men. Those were good odds, and more than
enough for a woman of her brilliance to capitalize on. She only needed to spot an opening to exploit.

It was her search for that opening that had led Barbara to ten long hours of monitor duty, watching as
the girls either milled about their bedrooms or worked clients. The former was tediously boring and
Oracle had difficulty staying away, while the latter was...shamefully stimulating, to say the least.
Though the images weren’t perfect she could clearly see quite a bit, and it wasn’t long into her
monitor duty that Oracle first saw one of her friends get a client.

Black Canary had been the first, and Oracle’s eyes were fixed on the grainy monitor as she saw
Dinah tend to the affections of a handsome older man. Since their services were so expensive Oracle
suspected that most of their clients would be well-mannered and decent, and she was pleased to see
that in the hour that followed her friend was taken care of kindly. As kindly as a woman could be
when she was forced into selling her body. Oracle’s eyes were wide as saucers as she watched Black
Canary sucking the man off; holding a hand at his hilt while she bobbed her head back and forth on
his length. When he was about to cum he pulled back; tilting her head up by the chin and speaking
so low that her microphone couldn’t detect it.

It was a few moments later that Dinah’s clothes started to pull away, and Oracle was treated to watch
one of her best friends get fucked. Dinah was naked on all fours on the bed, and the man she had
been servicing mounted her with great passion. Again and again he crashed into her while Oracle
remained transfixed on the image, and the sound of their passions finally started to be picked up by
the microphone. Grunts and moans filled the silence of the Clocktower as Oracle watched, and her
gaze remained locked until she saw the man yank Dinah’s hair back and fire his cream against her face and her open, exposed mouth.

Oracle had been leaning forward in her wheelchair up until that point, her own breathing staggered as she watched. After so few hours sleep her brain had taken her to a weird place of arousal; or at least, that was what she told herself. It was the only way she could explain the fact that her panties had grown wet while watching Dinah whore herself out without feeling as if she were a total monster. After it happened and Dinah was left to clean herself up Oracle leaned back in her chair and pinched the bridge of her nose, hissing irritably through her teeth.

“...it’s been too damn long.” She murmured, and took a slow, steady breath. Her toy had kept her company when she had the strength to use it, but lately by the time she managed to lift herself into her bed she was already dozing off. It had only been one night ago that she woke up realizing her glasses were still on and a toy was still inside of her; not because she left it in out of passion or lust, but because by the time she slipped it inside she was too sleepy to keep her eyes open.

Too exhausted for masturbation; such was the life of Barbara Gordon.

The woman took another sip of intensely strong coffee as a few moments passed, and she spotted Helena receive her first client under Barbara’s gaze. The difference between the two women was astonishing as they serviced their respective men. Dinah had been submissive and accommodating; doing everything a good whore would do and smiling wide while she did it. She played the part well, and Barbara could only imagine that whoever was running the illicit ring was thrilled at her results. Helena...was something else entirely.

Until it dawned on Barbara that Helena was likely given certain clients because of her specific skills, she was almost afraid of Huntress blowing her cover. She was fiercely demanding of the men that paid thousands of dollars for her attention; forcing them to go down on her for at least half of the time they had paid for. When she orgasmed her screams filled the room and leaked through the microphone, and no matter how loud she came she always made sure to let the man licking her know that it wasn’t enough. Her treatment of their members seemed to delight them all, though it left Oracle boggling at how they enjoyed it. She would barely touch them; holding their lengths between her forefinger and thumb and teasing the tip with either her tongue or her finger. Getting them off was a long, drawn out process, but when they released they did so with something akin to a geyser of seed. Typically Helena made them shoot onto the bed or into their own hand; very rarely she did allow it to actually land on her. When she did, the man was wise to treat it as nothing short of a miracle.

In the first scene starring Helena that Oracle had watched, she worked him near his very limit. When it came time for him to cum, she suddenly made him an offer: she’d allow him to squirt against her breasts if he paid the matron of the establishment another three thousand dollars.

He didn’t even hesitate, and Oracle was left simply stunned at the offer. Helena hadn’t even taken her blouse off for the occasion; his tip was simply pressed to the edge of her cleavage as he started to release his load.

By the time he left her service he was already reaching into his wallet for the money he had promised, and was talking about coming back again soon.

Oracle had quickly changed her opinion on who was likely the matron’s favorite. There was a woman that what was expected of her; did the job she was hired, or in this case forced, to do. And then there was a woman that went above and beyond, and worked in fleshcraft as if it were an art.

She had no idea Helena had that side of her, and Oracle’s arousal at that point was unabashed and
impossible to ignore. She swallowed tightly and tried to fight it, gripping the rim of her coffee mug as she took another trembling, shaking sip. After a quick glance at the clock she realized it was nearing midnight, and though she had already been at it for ten hours, she was feeling the energy for more.

“...just a few hours more.” She murmured, and took a deep, trembling breath. Secretly, and with a great blush of guilt rising on her cheeks, she was excited to see her friends with more strange, unknown men.

It was three in the morning when Zinda worked her way up the steps of the clocktower, carrying with her a few cups of coffee and a box of donuts. If Oracle was having a night like Zinda suspected, the mastermind of the Birds of Prey would still be up working, denying herself sleep and only getting more and more obsessed with her work. Naturally, since there were two Birds at risk in their current situation Zinda could understand Oracle’s concern, but having their leader unable to function wouldn’t serve anybody.

Zinda’s leather boots pressed down on the steps as she worked her way up, smiling gently as the smell of coffee filled the stairwell. She was dressed casually for her trip out into the city; though for Lady Blackhawk casually could sometimes be considered a relative term. She still wore a skirt that only barely went down to the midpoint of her thighs, showing off a pair of legs that gloriously led into the frame of her leather-heeled boots. A simple jacket was draped around her shoulders and covering a lazy black blouse, and her blonde hair had been pulled back to secure it against the wind of the outside. Zinda was a woman that tended to get a few looks as she went about her business; her outright refusal to wear an appropriately-lengthed skirt primarily the cause of such behavior, but she always walked down the alleys of Gotham without a trace of fear within her. After all, she was a member of the Birds of Prey, and there wasn’t an alley in Gotham that could give her pause.

Helena and Dinah were proving the bravery of their group even as Zinda climbed the stairs carrying donuts, and the knowledge that she couldn’t be with them itched at the back of her mind. She understood why; someone needed to stay behind to assist Oracle, but in the past few days Zinda couldn’t help but feel a little useless to the group. Helena and Dinah were in enemy territory putting their bodies on the line to help people, Oracle was staying up all hours of the night doing her best to assist, and Zinda...?

She brought donuts. And coffee. And...sometimes delivered things to a few inside agents; inside agents that were still doing more than she was. It was enough to get a girl downright down on herself. Still, Zinda was nothing if not an optimist, and as she opened the door to Oracle’s quarters she was hoping to discover sometime she could do to help the cause.

What she saw made her eyes go open wide in shock, and her mouth hang open in utter surprise.

It wasn’t uncommon for any of the Birds to walk into the clocktower to find Oracle sleeping. The woman had strange hours; most of the time she slept only when she felt that she could afford to. As a result, there was an “open door” policy. And in all that time, over all the past few years, Zinda had never walked in on Oracle doing anything less than dedicated. She was used to finding her working or sleeping on a pile of papers, or brewing coffee with heavy bags under her eyes.

She had never; at least until that moment, caught Oracle masturbating.

It took her a moment to really verify what was going on. The redhead was turned towards her monitors at her computer station, and Zinda could see one of her hands was moving swiftly; the elbow bouncing up and down while Oracle’s eyes remained fixed forward. What truly clued Zinda in on what was going on; however, was the sound.
Both monitors were alive with activity, and the speakers were playing a cacophony of noise from both scenes. As Zinda crept forward unnoticed her eyes focused on the scenes, and slowly she started to piece it all together. On the right she saw Dinah on her back, naked and being fucked with her breasts swinging wildly. She was screaming and whimpering and swearing how much she loved it in a voice that made it easy to believe. On the other monitor she saw Helena, wearing glasses and some ridiculous schoolteacher getup, stroking a thick, young cock while she coaxed her lover with teasing, dirty language.

Together it made for two delightful scenes, and as the sound from both monitors filled the room Zinda couldn’t help but smirk. The closer she got the more she could see of Oracle; the girl’s head was turning from monitor to monitor, and her hand was working furiously down the front of her jeans. Just as Zinda got close enough to catch the scent of sweat and sex in the air, her shadow was cast against one of the monitors, and Oracle turned around with her face red and mouth open in shock.

“W...What’re you doing here?!” Oracle was typically so collected and calm, but in that moment she behaved like a teenage boy that was caught looking at a website he wasn’t allowed on. Her hands flailed out; one of them pulling from the front of her jeans as she moved to switch off both of her monitors. For a moment she thought she was safe as the screens went dark, but the sound continued filling the room with a lecherous tone.

“You have to earn a lick from teacher, you bad boy…” Helena’s voice fell out of one of the speakers, undercut by Dinah’s frantic moaning. As soon as it filled the room Barbara rushed forward to snap her hand against the speaker’s controls, shutting them off and leaving a glisten of her own arousal on the knob.

Zinda just grinned the entire time. A huge smile was spread on her face while she watched Oracle masturbate, and the ensuing chaos delighted her to absolutely no end. The entire time she sat there holding the coffee and donuts and relishing in the sight of Oracle teasing herself, drawing some bit of pleasure out of her work. Zinda didn’t stop smiling, in fact, until she saw Oracle’s hands drop into her face, and the girl gave something similar to a sobbing whimper.

And just like that, Zinda’s smile disappeared. She saw Oracle react in shame and embarrassment and most likely guilt, her shoulders tremble as she realized she had been caught. Zinda was quick to respond to her friend’s feelings; instantly moving to set aside the food and drink and bringing herself down to her knees at the wheelchair’s side. Her arms moved out to wrap around Oracle, and even though the girl tried to pull away Zinda was stubborn and forceful, pulling her in close as she whispered.

“None of that now, none of that…” Her smile had faded away to give presence to a comforting voice, and she let one of her hands slip up into Barbara’s silky red hair. Lady Blackhawk held Oracle close for a moment, whispering to her as her bare knees pressed in against the cold, unforgiving ground of the clock tower’s floor. “Everyone does it. Don’t be embarrassed…”

“I know everyone does it!” Barbara’s face broke away from her hands, and she pushed herself away from Zinda to an arm’s length. Tears formed at the corner of her weary eyes, half-hidden behind the frames of her glasses until her emotions forced them to shiver down her cheeks. Her face was red and her voice was shaking, and through it all the button of her jeans was open, revealing the bright pink, feminine panties that covered her recently-toyed with sex. “Not everyone does it while watching her best friends get...get…” She didn’t finish her thought, before shaking her head and trembling.

“They’re counting on me to look for clues, to help get them out of there, but...but I’m so tired, and
I’ve been so…” Instead of a word she simply clenched her teeth and ferociously grunted, her hands slapping down to her knees. “...nnng lately, something had to give! I realize that it’s creepy, but they’ve been at it all day, and I finally decided I couldn’t handle it anymo-”

“Shhh. Shush shush shush.” Zinda moved a hand up and pressed a finger against Barbara’s lips, silencing the other woman for the moment. The blonde gazed at her friend with a longing expression on her lips, and she shook her head while giving her a kind, sweet smile. “You don’t have to apologize or explain. I understand what it’s like. Sometimes...you do silly things because it’s been a while. Mind starts to wander.” The blonde gazed at her friend fondly, briefly remembering no more than a week ago, when she stole a kiss from a sleeping Oracle.

Silly things, indeed.

Zinda let her finger remain against Oracle’s lips for a moment longer, and the woman pondered just how to proceed. Her own arousal was flaring remaining so close to Oracle; the scent of the woman’s sex was still present on her fingers, and she could still see the glisten of sweat on Oracle’s brow from how worked up the woman had become. Ultimately, Barbara was hurting, and she was suffering from too much work and too little play. It was all Zinda could do to offer to help her relieve it.

Lady Blackhawk stretched a hand out to one of the monitors, and pressed her finger against the power button, bringing it back to life. The sight of Black Canary being claimed once again bounced off the front of Oracle’s glasses, and the woman had to fight back her arousal at seeing it once more. Since the time she had turned the monitor off Dinah’s position had been switched, and she was on her knees in the middle of the bed. Her client was pulling both of her arms backwards as he fucked her from behind, and as a result her head and chest were dangling and swinging with each motion, her cheeks red and her expression looking far happier than one might’ve expected.

Zinda smiled, and once she saw Oracle’s eyes flicker back to the sight, she moved forward to continue her plan. Oracle’s breath caught in her throat as she felt her friend’s fingers move down, and she let out a gasp as Zinda’s digits slid underneath the rim of her feminine, pink panties. In an instant there were warm fingers pushing against her folds, and Barbara could do little more than whimper as she looked over to her friend.

“Z...Zinda, what are you-”

“I said shush.” Lady Blackhawk corrected her friend, and jerked her head towards the monitor. While Oracle looked back to see Dinah getting fucked the woman spoke up once more, and gently eased two of her fingers inside of Barbara’s tight, wet entrance. They slid in with ease and were instantly wrapped around by Oracle’s muscles, and the woman bit against her bottom lip as she was fingered. Zinda smirked and leaned in close; drawing her head forward and offering a soft whisper against the edge of Barbara’s ear. “It’s okay, you like watching Dinah get fucked?” Her fingers hooked and lifted; drawing a sudden, intense moan from Oracle’s lips. “Tell me. Let me hear it.”

“Zinda, you...this is…”

“Let me hear it, or I’ll stop.” Zinda teased, and pressed her mouth forward just enough to catch the edge of Oracle’s ear with her lips. From there she began to nibble gently; a smile forming her lips as she continued to play. The fingers inside of Oracle came to a halt for just a second; just enough to convince Oracle that she’d really stop if she didn’t do what Zinda asked.

“I do...I like watching her get fucked.” Oracle whispered at last, her eyes narrow as she gazed at it. Her hands moved to grip either arm of her wheelchair while Zinda continued to toy; and Barbara spread her legs as much as she was able with her limited range of motion. It was enough for Zinda’s palm to fit neatly against her, and it was enough for those two fingers to drive into her sex until Zinda
hit her third knuckle. Lady Blackhawk smirked as she hilted her fingers to Barbara’s opening, and as she felt the girl twitch and tremble around her touch, she couldn’t resist letting her voice slip out to whisper in a growing heat.

“And you wish it was you. Being held like that, fucked hard from behind...Oracle, you’re so wet…” She used her official name on purpose; driving home just how naughty it was that a true hero of Gotham was doing something so dirty. Zinda’s smile spread on her lips as Oracle’s voice rose to a higher whimper, and she gave a staggered murmur of agreement. Her red head nodded, and Zinda beamed. “You must really want it. It’s been too long, hasn’t it?”

“Months.” Oracle murmured in embarrassment, her cheeks flushed as she felt her walls tighten against Zinda’s fingers. There was a moment where the woman took a deep, shuddering breath, and finally she looked towards her friend with her brow bent and her cheeks red from desire. “Help me…?”

Zinda just grinned. It wasn’t often that Oracle asked for help, and when it happened, Lady Blackhawk was all too willing to provide it.

It was a few moments later that the two of them were on the bed, and Lady Blackhawk was busy stripping away Barbara’s clothes. Since the redhead was unable to lift her legs of her own merit Zinda took great care in helping her; stretching her ankles up as high as she could and letting them drape over one of her shoulders. Then, with a smirk on her lips and a firm grip on Oracle’s jeans, she started to pull the other woman’s pants up inch by inch. Their eyes locked while Zinda worked, staring at each other through the barrier of Oracle’s glasses as a heat between them started to grow. Before long Zinda tossed the jeans aside; leaving Oracle in her panties, socks, shirt, and glasses. Enough for the moment; enough to keep drawing the otherwise stubborn and overworked woman into a frenzy.

Lady Blackhawk let Oracle’s legs drop down to the mattress as she suddenly leaned forward, and delivered to Oracle a kiss that had been several weeks in the making. It surprised Barbara at first but the woman did her best to catch Zinda’s embrace; wrapping her arms around her while their lips were suddenly thrust together. While Oracle was still getting her head around kissing another woman for the first time Zinda fiercely moved her tongue forward; tasting her dear friend and wiggling back and forth in arousal. Her hands were exploring the other woman’s fit physique and her blonde hair was leaning down both sides of her head, surrounding Barbara in a thin, blonde curtain on all sides. By the time she finally pulled up from the kiss a bead of spit connected their lips, and Zinda had slid both of her hands down the back of Oracle’s panties. From there she grinned, and with a hand on both sides of the other woman’s rear, she gave Barbara a fierce squeeze.

Enough of a squeeze that the woman certainly felt it despite her dulled senses below her waist. Oracle’s head rocked back and her lips parted as she felt the dual grip squeezing her; lips parting as she held desperately onto Zinda’s shoulders.

“Let’s make sure that pussy of yours gets all the attention she needs, Barbara.” Zinda whispered at last, and in a flurry of motion she began to yank down the other woman’s panties. Oracle was left stunned and gasping as she was stripped down of her underwear, and her eyes shot open wide when Zinda balled them up and suddenly pressed them forward; shoving them quickly and firmly into Oracle’s mouth. The redhead groaned as her tongue suddenly pressed against the wet garment; the flavor of her own arousal rushing against her tongue as she felt the open air on her sex. She didn’t even have a chance to relish in the taste before Zinda was on the move again, teasing Oracle’s nethers with her fingers while she barked at her in a commanding yet loving voice. “Where are your
toys, Barbara? Point for me.”

Oracle’s cheeks burned red as she pointed to a nearby nightstand; the second drawer. With a smirk Zinda quickly moved to open it up, swinging it open and seeing just what she had to work with.

As it turned out, quite a bit. Inside the second drawer of the nightstand there was at least three different vibrators and two anal plugs of different sizes, complete with two tubes of flavored lubricant, a set of small, round beads, and a tiny, egg-shaped vibrator connected to a remote control. Zinda blinked as she looked at the options provided to her, and for a moment was left speechless. She gazed up at Oracle with a smirk on her face, watching as the young woman blushed fiercely; gagged and ready to be used.

“You are...adorable.” Zinda clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth, and reached into the nightstand to choose the largest of the three vibrators. It was dark green and cock-shaped; completely with a head and veins to simulate the real thing. As she drew near she waggled it before Barbara’s eyes, beaming while the other girl blushed. “All of those toys for one girl. I had no idea you were in such desperate need of a good fuck.”

Zinda grinned as she started to work, ignoring the protests that came out of Barbara’s gagged, muffled voice. With a twist of the rear knob the vibrator sprung to life, and Zinda was quick to guide it down as she moved her face in against Barbara’s sex. While Oracle laid there prone and whimpering, her tongue sealed against her panties, Zinda effortlessly lowered herself, smoothing the vibrator into the girl’s hole while bringing her own mouth down against the girl’s hood.

Oracle’s body tensed and she gripped the sheets as pleasure came over her, the twitch of a vibrator somehow being so much more delightful when another person held the shaft. As Zinda squeezed the entire toy deep into Barbara’s hole she let her own mouth tease over the girl’s folds; sucking briefly at her hood before tracking down the nub of her clit and letting her tongue batter sweetly against it. The blonde gave a delightful groan as the tip of her nose buried itself in a tiny red tuft of hair, and her eyes flickered up to see Oracle stripping out of her shirt and removing her bra; sucking in against her wet panties as she started to strip all the way. Down to socks and glasses, Barbara was never more exposed to Zinda than in that moment, and never more beautiful.

For the next few moments Zinda delighted in teasing her dear friend; letting the vibrator twitch and shake inside of her until it sounded like Barbara was getting close. At that point it would suddenly come to a halt, and Barbara was left moaning into her panties while Zinda continued to tease her with her tongue. It went on like that for several sweet and delicious minutes until the woman lifted her mouth from Oracle’s sex, and spoke in an alluring, teasing tone.

“You want to help me, too?” Zinda asked, arching a brow. The blonde was still fully clothed but her skirt-clad rear had been up in the air for some time, waving back and forth and practically desperate for attention. Her panties had been damp for some time, and servicing Oracle had driven poor Zinda to a place near climax several times. “Want to cum together, Barbara?”

Oracle tightened her lips around her panties and nodded simply, and Zinda grinned as she flew into work once more.

“Quit whining, I’m sure you’ve felt all of this before!” Zinda giggled as she watched Barbara writhe on the bed, kneeling by the young woman’s head. It was a few minutes later and Zinda had stripped down to everything but her boots and skirt; her panties laying on a nearby pillow. She had done a bit more work with Oracle down below, and now the young woman’s hips rolled and writhed on the bed, both of her holes stuffed with a toy. Barbara’s pussy was filled with the second largest of the
vibrators which was buzzing idly, and stretching the walls of her ass was one of the plugs, coated liberally in the nectar of the lubricant. She was filled at both ends, and Zinda delighted in watching her squirm.

But the time had come for Lady Blackhawk to get some joy for herself. The woman pinched the panties out of Oracle’s mouth and flipped them aside, smiling as she moved to replace it with something else. Soon Oracle’s lips were sealed around the flat end of a vibrator; holding it so the cock was pointed straight out of her mouth. Once she had it firmly in place; braced with her tongue and secured with her lips, Lady Blackhawk grinned and moved to straddle her friend’s face.

“This’ll work until I get you a proper strapon.” Zinda smirked, and lowered a hand to take ahold of the toy. She pressed the tip of it against her folds and slowly started to push down; taking every inch of it into her tight, wet entrance until she felt her lips press to Oracle’s face. Once she knew she was hilting it and Barbara was struggling to hold the toy in her mouth, Zinda smirked and gazed down at her lover’s mostly-naked body. “Once we do...you’re getting fucked a lot more often.”

Oracle could only moan and whimper at the promise, and Lady Blackhawk fell forward to begin. Once again she moved to secure her lips around Barbara’s hood, and as she drew in the flavor of her friend she moved her fingers to begin toying with the items she had placed inside of her. One hand twisted the plug in and out of Oracle’s ass while the other switched the vibrator on and off, keeping the other woman guessing as she teased the girl’s folds with her tongue. All the while Zinda continued to crash her hips down to claim the toy to its hilt; every instant bringing her wet, glistening lips down hard against Oracle’s face.

Moans escaped both women with each passing second, and Oracle was surrounded in waves of pleasure that she had desperately needed for far too long. Her holes were filled on both ends with her toys, and the sensitive, sweet licking around her hood made her entire body flare with pleasure. Though her legs were frozen in place she had more than enough joy to relish in, and even as Zinda drug her sex forward Oracle could feel her own body twitching in intense, visceral joy. Often Zinda would push down to take the toy to its hilt, only to begin smearing her pussy slowly back and forth across Oracle’s face. She had to tighten her lips and lock the toy in place for Zinda so the toy didn’t fall out, but when she started fucking again Oracle could feel her entire face coated in nectar. Every breath she drew was filled with Zinda’s scent, just as every second her walls were stretched and teased by the other woman’s actions.

Barbara’s climax came with shuddering intensity, and her entire body twitched as it happened. She squirted wildly and forcefully; so much so that the toy slipped from her hole and skidded to the mattress; her hips raising as best they were able as a sudden burst of nectar fired across the edge of the bed. The toy in her ass was more secure than ever as she came; her rear muscles locking it into place so hard that even Zinda’s curious fingers couldn’t wiggle it free of her. Her climax drew Zinda to her own peak as well, and though she didn’t squirt as wondrously as Oracle, it was certainly a warm, wet experience for Barbara. She sucked the toy her friend was holding up with her mouth until her peak started, at which point she pressed herself down the entire way and forced Oracle to draw her scent deep while she came. Her pussy smeared delightfully across Oracle’s face and what little squirt she had fired against her chin and neck; coating her utterly in her essence.

It took Zinda a long moment to catch her breath and pull herself up; and until she did Oracle could do nothing but savor the taste, the scent, and feel of Zinda’s pussy flesh against her. Her jaw was sore from holding the toy and her body ached in exhausted arousal, but she couldn’t deny that she felt better than she had all week. When Zinda finally pulled herself up Oracle moved first to pull the toy out of her mouth, setting it aside as she glared teasingly at Zinda. A moment later she was holding her glasses in one hand and wiping them off with a pair of panties in the other; clearing off the liberally coating of squirt that Zinda had smeared against them.
“So you won’t tell anyone?” Oracle asked finally, arching a brow. She gestured once more to the monitor, to where Dinah was sleeping peacefully, likely with a belly full of some client’s cream. Zinda just glanced at the monitor and shook her head, looking back at Oracle with a smile on her face.

“Not so long as you stop holding things back and let me help you.” She beamed, and brought herself down to lay beside her friend. Once Oracle had her glasses back on Zinda drew near and pressed a kiss to her lips; something beyond friendship and ringing with genuine affection and tenderness. This time Oracle was prepared for it, and the redhead sighed contently as their lips played and she felt the presence of Zinda’s tongue against her own.

“Thank you, Zinda.” Oracle whispered quietly, her cheeks red as she studied her friend’s face. “You don’t know how much this means to me-ahhhh!

Zinda smirked wide, her hand lowered to Oracle’s rear. She had pushed the plug, still inside of the girl’s ass, just enough to make her squeal. As Oracle glared in the aftermath of the unexpected pressure Zinda gave her a hungry look, and waggled a finger just before her face.

“Keep the thanks to yourself, and keep the plug inside until I get back!” She beamed, and started to work herself up to her feet once more. She hastily grabbed her shirt and jacket, and by the time she was headed towards the door Oracle could tell she had neglected her panties by the sight of her exposed, naked ass when her skirt flipped up just right. “I’m off to buy you a strapon!”

Oracle just laughed as she watched her friend flit out the door, and she let her head fall back against the pillow, giving a sweet, content sigh. It was the second time in so many nights that she fell asleep with her glasses on and a toy inside of her, only this time it was with a smile on her face.

End of Chapter 4.

Chapter End Notes

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Housekeeping

Chapter Summary

There's some trouble in the brothel, and Dinah is unable to hold back her heroic urges. What happens when she gives an unruly client exactly what he deserves...?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter Five: Housekeeping
-By Drace Domin

To the casual observer, it'd be hard to tell that Dinah Lance didn’t actually enjoy her time at the brothel. She had been handling herself well even though she had been two weeks in, and had avoided several of the issues that some of the other girls fell into. There had been no crying or begging to be released, and there had been no pleas to patrons to help her escape. (At least, none that the woman that ran the brothel was aware of.) She had serviced her clients to the best of her ability, and though depending on the quality of the men that came to see her, her performance was always something to be admired. The cameras and the microphones that the Envoy had installed in each of the rooms saw to that.

Sure, the blonde girl might not have handled the wealthy steel contractor from Gotham with the finest grace, but the Envoy couldn’t necessarily hold that against her. He was rough, and a bit of an insensitive prick. Girls; even prostitutes, only liked being slapped under the...right conditions, and he certainly didn’t know the right times and places for those touches. But he was just one adequate performance in a long line of exemplary ones, and the Envoy had been pleased with Dinah’s performance over the course of the past two weeks.

Well...Kelly, to be specific. The fake name that Dinah had given the Envoy upon their first meeting had still held out, since it seemed like the mistress of the brothel had zero interest in doing any sort of background check on her girls. So long as they didn’t put up a fuss and did their job well the Envoy seemed to be a fairly kind employer; minus the whole kidnapping and forcing girls into prostitution thing. As Kelly, Dinah slept in a comfortable bed each night and she ate healthy and filling meals. Though she was confined to the bedroom in which she serviced men throughout the day, it was still a comfortable one that afforded her a closet filled with beautiful clothes, a bookshelf filled with old stories, and even a television on the wall. And in return for that comfort and being tended to so kindly, all Dinah had to do was...well…

“That’s it, girl...keep going.” Slurping noises filled the room while Dinah worked, and yet another Gotham city businessman with his face masked by the shadow of a brimmed hat enjoyed the pleasure of Black Canary’s mouth. The young woman was on her knees while he sat at the edge of the bed, his zipper pulled down and his length sticking out the front of his pants. The mass of blonde hair sitting in his lap was bobbing slowly back and forth, and the businessman threaded his fingers into her locks, guiding her mouth up and down the inches of his thick, growing shaft.

It was a quick visit, the Envoy’s agents had let Dinah know beforehand. The man she currently cradled in her tongue and teased up and down through the warmth of her mouth was a drop-in, and
he had paid handsomely for the benefit of a quick blowjob before going home to his wife. Though Dinah had no idea just how much money “handsomely” was to the Envoy, she imagined that with every flicker of her tongue on the underside of the man’s cock she was earning the brothel mistress a few hundred dollars. Not bad, but then, crime always had a way of having big dividends in return for trading in your conscience.

The man sitting at the edge of the bed tightened his grip; both on the edge of the bed and in the fist he held in Black Canary’s hair. The blonde was moving her mouth up and down with quicker motions now, and Dinah struggled against the taste of a stranger’s cock and the shame in what she was doing. Since the undercover job had begun things had certainly pushed her limits and she had done things she never would’ve seen herself doing, and on her knees sucking a married man’s cock was hardly the most shocking event her body had gone through recently. Her current client had even allowed her to stay dressed; so utterly unconcerned he was with any amount of foreplay or pre-teasing.

She dug her fishnet-clad knees in against the carpet, and closed her eyes as she felt the man start to take control. His hand in her hair guided her up and down against his length, and with every push down to the hilt she felt the ache of her cockhead striking the very back of her throat. Each time a noise flowed through the room that punctuated the sloppy ache, a half-gurgle, half-sputter from the very back of Black Canary’s throat. She let her hands rest on his knees but she didn’t dare to push herself off of him; knowing that doing so would at best only delay his climax, or at worst anger the Envoy. The mistress of the brothel liked her girls to be obedient to a fault to the clients that they served, and to trust in the brothel security if anything ever went “too far.” So far, Dinah hadn’t encountered any such moment.

Pearls hung around her neck and swung back and forth as her head worked against his cock, a beautiful accent to her current attire. She had dressed in something akin to 50s charm that day: wearing a bright pink dress that cradled her feminine curves elegantly and went down to the mid-piece of her thighs. Her black fishnet began from there and flowed into a pair of white ankle boots, giving black Canary the look of a naughty housewife willing to take on any cocks that visited her while her husband was away. As the Envoy had told her during one of their first meetings, presentation was everything, and presenting yourself as unique was no loftier goal.

Words to be taken with a grain of salt, considering they were spoken by a raven-haired woman in migraine-inducing red, wearing a crimson mask above scarred features and an elegant smile. The Envoy was the sort of lunatic that Gotham City loved to hate; wildly dressed, flamboyant, and sinisterly competent. And for the past two weeks she had been the only other woman Dinah saw.

The man she was sucking on suddenly began to twitch, and Dinah gave a sigh of relief as she learned how her current client liked getting off. As soon as the grip in her hair pulled her head back she smiled warmly; realizing that she was dealing with a man that wasn’t content with firing his cum down his whore’s throat. Instead, she was able to preen in prissy glee with her eyes closed and her lips pursed, turning her cheek elegantly towards the tip of his cock as he started to throb. The facials tended to be the easiest to handle, far better than choking it down and forcing herself to swallow it, or handling the odd unease of it sitting inside one of her lower holes.

Even the thought of it made her shift back and forth in her kneeling position. Thankfully though, her current client was more than happy to press the tip of his cockhead against her cheek, his length twitching as he jerked himself the last few strokes needed to hit completion. A rope of white pressed hard against Dinah’s cheek and squirted up across her brow, finally going to her forehead and dashing into her hair. The second squirt was larger and lower, smearing around the bridge of her nose and rolling down her face in equal strands alongside each nostril. He marked her and messed her, and she smiled sweetly through it all.
“Whew.” The man grunted, and slowly stood up, tucking himself back inside. For an expensive blowjob he didn’t seem particularly concerned with getting every last cent of his money’s worth; he didn’t even bother to smear his wet cockhead side by side against her cheek or force the flavor into her mouth. Instead, he lowered a hand and ruffled her hair, treating her almost like she were a child as he walked past. “Thanks, whore. Gotta get back to my bitch now.”

The door opened and closed quickly, leaving Dinah smirking to herself. Though the taste of the man’s cock was on her tongue and her head still hurt where he pulled her hair, this time she had gotten off easy. Just some cum on her face that she was easily able to clean up with a nearby tissue, smearing it away from her flesh as she gave a content sigh. Either the man she had just hosted felt guilty about what he was doing to his wife or he simply got off and getting off quickly; but either way, it worked out for her.

As Dinah rose to her feet and continued cleaning herself up, she began what the Envoy’s agents had noticed was the most peculiar of her habits. Something that, they could honestly say, none of the other girls did.

She whistled.

As Dinah, or rather “Kelly,” moved about the room, her cum-marked lips were pursed and she was idly whistling as she worked her way back to her vanity mirror. There, she finished mopping away the last bit of cum on her face and began to restraighten her hair, spending quite a few moments in making sure that her blonde locks had been properly done in the 50s retro style. Her whistling continued and sounded rather light and happy, and it was something that was entirely unique to her.

None of the other girls whistled. Not the veterans that had been there long enough to know the score, not the flower girl Lisa that was young and sweet and the whistling type, not even the raven-haired woman that they had taken along with Kelly, and if anyone was at home at the brothel, it was her. No, whistling remained unique to Dinah, and she did it practically endlessly. She continued to whistle even as she finished getting ready and began to wait for her next client; a scheduled event that she had been looking forward to all day. Mr. Harson would be by to see her within the hour, and he always was the high point of her evening. Mr. Harson would be by to see her within the hour, and he always was the high point of her evening. He brought her flowers to charm her, a smile to make her feel like she was less alone than she truly was, and a cock that...despite his appearance, Dinah had found herself genuinely, utterly addicted to. Despite herself, despite her hesitations or her shame at what she was doing, she always enjoyed Mr. Harson’s visit. So she continued to whistle, happy to know he was on his way.

...and if that whistling happened to be a complicated code infiltrated and deciphered at a remote, clocktower-based location...so be it.

When her scheduled appointment finally arrived, Dinah was fighting to hide her excitement for the moment. For nearly two weeks now Mr. Harson had visited her almost daily; his expendable income allowing him to afford the Envoy’s exorbitant costs for time with one of her new favorite girls. In fact, it was partly because of Mr. Harson’s business that the Envoy was finding Dinah to be such a wonderful investment. While she walked the portly man down the hall leading towards Dinah’s room, she addressed as much as she regarded him.

“So you see, Mr. Harson, your business is so very much appreciated.” The Envoy was a cold and calculating woman, but with a moment’s notice she had no difficulty adopting the voice of a concerned and appreciative business owner. Though her scarred mask remained hidden underneath her crimson mask, her clever eyes turned to glance up and down Harson’s round face. He was
unpleasant to take in; fat and rough around the edges, but as long as he continued to pay up front the Envoy was more than happy to give him a target for his overweight affections. And she was likewise more than happy to charm him so long as he had money. “Dear Kelly is a new girl with our establishment, and she was so very afraid of not making it work out. She was terrified she wouldn’t be able to catch any returning client’s eyes, and wouldn’t be able to earn enough money to take care of her elderly mother.”

The story was obvious, unmitigated nonsense, but the Envoy relished in telling it. After all, anyone that believed a single word spoken in the walls of an underground prostitution ring was utterly insane to begin with. Mr. Harson just offered Envoy a polite smile as he followed her, his own mind split between anger over what Envoy was doing, and gratefulness that her actions had given him the opportunity to enjoy the woman of his dreams. He had longed for Dinah Lance, the beautiful flower shop owner for so long, and had been utterly shocked to find out that she was not only a captive prostitute, but Black Canary on top of it.

Life was strange sometimes, but if his divorce had taught Mr. Harson anything, it was to enjoy the wild shifts in the current. Sometimes all the planning in the world was worthless and you still ended up with nothing, so chances were worth taking. Take part in an undercover superhero prostitution ring, and fuck one of Gotham City’s most beautiful heroes senseless every night?

If that wasn’t worth risking his life for, what the hell was?

“Mr. Harson, there is one small issue I need to explain.” The Envoy began as she approached Dinah’s room. She turned on a heel and regarded him calmly, moving a hand out to wrap her fingers around the base of a bouquet of flowers he had brought for Dinah. She pried them from his thick hand with ease, pulling them closer to herself as she spoke. “My men tell me that you brought Dinah similar flowers yesterday. We do ask that this sort of thing is inspected first; we don’t want anyone bringing a weapon to hurt our girls.”

“Oh, perish the thought.” Mr. Harson had gotten good at undercover bluffing in his own right; the unlikely, overweight man drawing on his experience of board meetings and sucking up to incompetent kids with half his wisdom and double his money. “My apologies then, Miss Envoy. I’ll have everything checked in beforehand.”

“Of course, dear.” Envoy beamed, and to show that there was no hard feelings, she even leaned forward and pressed a kiss against his cheek. It left a noticeable mark from her painted red lips, and as she walked away she took the flowers with her, calling out after him with a smile. “Enjoy your stay with Kelly, Mr. Harson. She’s been expecting your visit, and I think you’ll like what she’s wearing.”

Envoy stood at the edge of hall, watching as Mr. Harson straightened his tie and collected himself, doing one last primping check before he stepped inside to greet his entertainment for the evening. While she did, one of her agents stepped up alongside her; the stern, emotionless men that served her every need.

Well...not every need, but she had men in cages in her office for that.

“Here.” Envoy dropped the flowers into her agent’s hands. “That fat wimp is too much of a coward to be trying anything, but you might as well check it for GCPD bugs anyway.” She sighed, and rolled her eyes. The rigors and stress of running a wildly profitable human trafficking ring. As the woman pinched the bridge of her nose and began to peel away her mask, her minion purposely averted his gaze, looking down to the flowers to avoid catching sight of her face, and ultimately her wrath. As luck would have it Envoy began to speak up once more, waving a hand through the air as she walked towards her quarters. “Speaking of, I think I’ll take my pet officer out for parole. I’m
going to be rather upset if my fun is spoiled tonight. I’ve been working hard...I think I’ve earned the evening off.”

“Yes, ma’am.” The agent simply nodded, and watched as the Envoy’s short, shapely figure made her way back to her quarters. The door closed and the man swallowed nervously, biting down on his bottom lip. The process of turning her agents into superpowered metas had come with a fair bit of sterilization, and so the possible delight the police officer in the back room was feeling was utterly wasted on the minion’s mind.

Instead? He just felt pity. The Envoy was a demanding, harsh woman.

Hello dear, welcome home!” Dinah was living the part, and she ran up to Mr. Harson to greet him as soon as he stepped in the door. The short, pink 50s skirt billowed around her thighs as she trotted forward, carrying with it an aura of simple innocence that not even the stark black of her fishnet stockings could utterly remove. She moved forward to Mr. Harson and put her arms up and around his shoulders, leaning forward on her heels so she could press a kiss against the side of his round, full cheek.

The display was ridiculous, though a certain part of her utterly embraced the thrill of it. She was already whoring herself out to various men throughout the day, and though it might have been simplifying matters to say that she was taking Helena’s route of “making the best of it,” she couldn’t imagine that her old friend would actively disagree with that philosophy. So as Mr. Harson moved a hand around her waist and drew her in as they quickly embraced, Dinah allowed herself to shiver in a rush of excitement. The role play was just a precursor to her receiving Mr. Harson’s remarkable, thick cock and the way he could make her scream until her throat ached, and as such she handled it as nothing but the silly thing they needed to get out of the way first.

The scent of Mr. Harson’s cologne filled her senses as she embraced him, and when she leaned back to gaze at his full face she was wearing a blush across her cheeks, thinly hiding the arousal that was swirling around within her. She shifted in place; her white boots pressing in against the carpet, and she chewed on her bottom lip as a few blonde locks hung before her features.

“Dear, it’s good to see you again.” She murmured, and fidgeted with her hands at Mr. Harson’s shirt collar. She was already working towards his tie; working it undone as her body was desperate to get to the point. Even if, as Envoy claimed, presentation was everything, it didn’t stop the burn in her loins that wanted the presentation to immediately end and the fucking to begin. Dinah’s voice was practically quivering in anticipation as she continued, squeaking her voice out in an affectionate whimper. “The kids are in bed, dinner’s in the oven...maybe it’s a good time for me to do my wifely duties for you?”

Mr. Harson’ just smiled, studying Black Canary’s face. A beautiful woman, a superhero, and a prostitute. And all his, ready and eager to lay with him even though he was woefully out of her league.

Definitely worth risking his life for.

It wasn’t long after that Black Canary’s 50s housewife routine was dropped, her voice replaced by the moans that almost always accompanied her visits with Mr. Harson. The overweight man had pushed her to the bed once they had begun, and now her fishnet-clad legs were spread; her knees bent and her white boots pressed against the mattress. She was sitting up and her fingers were threaded deep into the covers, and looming against her like a warm boulder of flesh was Mr. Harson, servicing her as no other man ever had. Black Canary had been with men before; handsome ones, at
that. Handsome, rich heroes that claimed that they knew how to satisfy women as natural as they took each breath. None of them had ever come close to the overweight investment accountant’s talent. Even in the early moment of that evening, as Mr. Harson had a hand underneath Dinah’s skirt and his fingers working against the wet valley of her pussy through the fabric of her stockings, Dinah knew full-well that the portly man gave her something that none other ever had.

She had no idea what it was, but she craved it, desired it, and had become fully addicted to it. Typically her time with Mr. Harson began with the sensitive and kind older man tending first to her needs; something he was utterly remarkable at. Though in the current moment he was simply petting and stroking her through the fabric of her panties it wasn’t unusual for him to press his mouth against Black Canary’s slit, drinking and licking her until she was left whimpering and crying out in the throes of frantic joy. His tongue worked marvels across her folds and even thinking about his oral services left her shivering at night, to the point that she often had to work herself to a climax underneath her covers despite the various cocks she tended to throughout the day. Mr. Harson was a generous lover that gave Dinah every attention from the very beginning, never holding anything back behind a wall of “do me first,” or even ever demanding it of her in the first place. Typically, their evenings would only truly begin after Black Canary came at least twice, and there in the evening the first bell of Canary’s peaks rang as Mr. Harson drove her to an orgasm without ever even touching her naked flesh.

She wasn’t sure what had come over her, but she suspected it was the anticipation and the buildup of the moment. Mr. Harson’s impressively large physique was pressuring hot and hard against her, and every breath she took was laced with the portly man’s cologne. The fingers working at her folds hadn’t been particularly vigorous or rough, but they knew just where to touch and the right place to stroke. He brought her to climax with startling ease, and Dinah was left practically sobbing from the impact of her first, throbbing orgasm of the evening. With her panties soaked and the top of her thighs damp against her skin, the housewife-garbed Dinah Lance gazed to her faux-husband for the evening, and recalled their role play with a staggered and whimpering voice. “T...That was beautiful, dear.” She whimpered, and swallowed, her throat tight and her eyes nervous. She enjoyed sex with Mr. Harson so much that it honestly scared her; the knowledge she could be so lost in the moment with a man that she, in truth, didn’t even find attractive. He was fat and ugly even though he was clean and well-groomed, and were it not for learning the hard way just how remarkable he was between the sheets Dinah had to admit she never would have given him the chance. Now, knowing fully what was in store for her, she couldn’t of been more eager. The blonde swallowed and struggled to catch her breath, only barely able to manage staggering her voice out to the older man once more. “...mu...maybe you could fuck me? The pot roast still has an hour to cook.”

Mr. Harson smirked softly, and his brow arched as he regarded the beautiful young woman that was his to enjoy throughout the night. He had paid for a full two hours with Black Canary, which was more than enough time to enjoy plunging her warm, wonderful holes and even gave him the opportunity to pull her close afterwards, to enjoy a few moments of warmth and tenderness after the rampant, desperate fucking. After all, so long as a client paid, a bit of cuddling was entirely their prerogative. For now; however, things were far from gentle in their planning. Mr. Harson’s frame stood up as he turned to Black Canary’s body, and he moved to take ahold of the young woman’s fishnet-clad ankles, pulling her towards the edge of the bed as she rested on her hands and knees. With a delicate hand the older man raised the back of his lover’s skirt, revealing a part of scandalous black panties laying underneath the grip of her fishnet stockings. Dinah was left biting down on her bottom lip and trembling in anticipation as she felt Mr. Harson’s strong hands lower, and she could hear the noise of her fishnet stockings being ripped open at the crotch, letting her lover have an access point. Her perfectly styled hair was pressed against the side of the bed as Dinah let her head rest onto a pillow, and she gazed backwards behind her, swaying her rear from side to side.
tantalizingly before her would-be 50s husband.

“Hurry up, dear, Jane from next door gets fucked by her husband every night!” She teased with a smile; her cheeks a bright, vibrant red as she continued her play. “I can’t wait to make her jealous when I tell her about how well your thick cock fills me up!” The words alone made Dinah blush, and two weeks ago she never would’ve imagined that such speech would have flowed from her lips. Though she had never been a saint she had stopped shy of swaying her rear in the air begging for a man’s cock, always having dismissed that as more of a Huntress way to behave. Now; however, there was no way she could resist. She craved every inch of Mr. Harson inside of her, and she was dug in hard against the mattress and perched in firm anticipation. When she heard a ripping noise she opened her eyes just soon enough to see the frame of an empty condom wrapper land nearby; a specialty brand designed for men with members like Mr. Harson.

Not terribly long, but thick enough that an average woman’s hand would have difficulty wrapping around it. Black Canary whimpered as she reached out; grabbing the condom wrapper and drawing it close, a small thrilling coming from her senses merely at the scent of the lubricant. Of all of her clients, Mr. Harson was the only one considerate enough to use one. Envoy guaranteed the health of her girls and so most men didn’t worry about it; they were all too eager to simply embrace the feel of her warm, wet walls wrapped around their naked member. Mr. Harson; however, was a gentleman. A gentleman that, before Black Canary’s eyes, was stretching a tight, flesh-colored rubber around the length of his massive cock.

Dinah was still fully clothed when Mr. Harson entered her, and she was moaning like a whore from the very beginning. He had loomed forward and lowered a hand to her panty-clad rear, pulling the underwear just enough to the side to give his stiff length space enough to push inside. Once he had the tip worked against her welcoming folds he released the garment and let it snap to the side of his shaft, surrounding their union just as the torn fishnet encircled their joined sex on all sides. When they were nearly pressed together Mr. Harson loomed forward heavily, and just as Dinah could feel the weight of his stomach against her ass, so too did she feel his remarkably thick cock push deep into her walls.

He stretched her to a level that made her head spin, and she joyously allowed her voice to call out in bliss. The fiction of a 50s housewife had been immediately disregarded in that moment, and Dinah was instead little more than a whore in a ridiculous pink outfit. Her fingers tightened in the sheets as she braced her knees against the mattress; holding herself back and trying her best to keep her knees spread far enough to give Mr. Harson room to fuck her. Even stretched it was a tight fit, and just as Mr. Harson’s stomach was forced to rest on Dinah’s firm rump, she was stuck with his several thick inches utterly locked within her. He was so thick and imposing that once he was inside Dinah was almost afraid to pull him out; but thankfully it wasn’t even close to either of their thoughts in that heady moment.

Dinah’s moans were easily enough to override Mr. Harson’s grunts in the moments that followed. The heavy set man continued to crash back and forth into Dinah’s rump; his cock spreading her pussy just as his weight settled and crashed against the smaller woman with each heavy thrust. His member satisfied Dinah like no cock she ever had before, and it only served to further enchant the dark, sexual side of her into Mr. Harson’s adoring presence. Not only had he always been kind and considerate to her, even risked his life to pass her whereabouts to Oracle for her, he fucked like something straight out of her dreams.

Dinah’s knees dug in against the mattress as it swung forward and backward, each thrust rocking them together in a tight union. When he pulled his cock back the fit was so tight that her body refused to easily let it go, and as a result even his thrusts were usually accompanied by the outer lips of Dinah’s wet slit. She drug forward with him only to work inward when he crashed forward again,
and each time his member stretched her depths the young heroic woman was left lost further and further into her mad lust.

Dinah Lance’s voice wasn’t lost easily, but she imagined if anything could force her to go hoarse, it would be more than just a few minutes of fucking underneath Mr. Harson’s weight. Every time he crashed into her she felt her voice raise an octave, just as she felt goosebumps rise up on her flesh underneath the ridiculous outfit, and just as she felt her knees press into the warmth of the mattress below. At a certain point the strain and the power of their thrusts became too great, and Dinah’s knees suddenly buckled. The resulting impact was...staggering, and immediately sent her into the throes of climax.

Mr. Harson was too tight a fit inside of her to simply pop out; and when Dinah fell flat against the mattress she drug Mr. Harson along with her. Her body crashed and the older, heavier man landed squarely atop her, and suddenly Black Canary felt the impact of his large frame suddenly pressed down against her rear. Ache ran through her but not nearly as much as the thrust that took her down to her core; the added impact of Mr. Harson’s stomach squeezing her down until she felt the tip of his impressive cockhead flush against the wall of her womb. The intimacy in the moment, and the weight of her lover squeezing her down against his cock was simply too much for Black Canary to ever hope to endure.

She came violently around his length in that moment, her knuckles white in their grip and her pussy trembling and twitching in violent waves around his shaft. She squirted around his condom-clad cock and marked the bedsheets with her release; something that she never experienced with any of her other clients. Hell, with any man she had ever been with otherwise. Mr. Harson’s cock filled her so completely and the weight of his presence on her lower half was simply too staggering for words, and she sang like her namesake as tremendous climax ran through every inch of her body.

It was; ultimately, only the beginning of her night with Mr. Harson. The older, pudgy man pulled himself up shortly after the impact of his weight driving Black Canary into climax, and he resumed claiming her from behind for a little bit longer thereafter. After just a few moments he rolled the woman onto her side, and with Black Canary’s knees pulled up tight against her chest, the woman was forced to look into the distant mirror while Mr. Harson crashed into her from behind. She was laying fully on her waist and embracing her legs underneath her knees, curled into a ball with her thighs locked close together. Mr. Harson, in his naked and unappealing glory, was red-faced and sweat-licked as he held onto her from above, keeping her steady and firmly in place while he continued to take her in deep, staggering thrusts.

The pink skirt had been a tangled mess around Black Canary for some time, though now it looked truly ridiculous as it was bunched up around her shoulders and even torn at the midsection. Her nylons were snagged and openly ripped at her sex, and as she gazed into the mirror across the room she could see that her eyes were streaked with black. She hadn’t even noticed it, but the tremendous orgasm that rocked through her had forced her into tears, and slid her mascara down the length of her cheeks.

While Dinah was fucked from behind in staggering thrusts, she could only gaze forward at her reflection, studying it as she struggled to hold her knees against her chest. She was a hero of Gotham City; a woman that had worked hard to bring peace and justice to a place that desperately needed it. It was her responsibility, her cause, to stop places like Envoy’s brothel from operating.

As such, she felt a deep shame inside of her, knowing that getting fucked so rough and fully by Mr. Harson was among the happiest moments of her life. Never had she felt such bliss in being claimed, such joy that ran through every inch of her body. Even though the body swinging against her wasn’t anything desirable to look at, what counted, after all, was what was on the inside.
...on the inside of her, and that meant Harson’s remarkable, enormous cock.

Despite her shame and despite her embarrassment, despite the makeup running down her face, Black Canary smiled wide with a nearly crazed look in her eyes. Tears of joy continued to roll down the sides of her face as she gazed up at Mr. Harson, and she even reached up a hand to hold it against his sweat-marked cheek. Their eyes met and Black Canary licked her lips in growing desire, goading her lover to claim her harder, deeper, and with all the strength he could muster. Though he had paid for the privilege of fucking her, Dinah couldn’t help but feel that he was doing her the favor. Never did her pussy feel so utterly dominated, claimed, and owned.

Never did she cum so hard as she did with Mr. Harson inside of her.

When Mr. Harson’s peak neared, Dinah felt a small swell of sadness deep within her. She knew her lover would be able to cum again in just a few short minutes, but it meant that they would need to pause for him to recover. Likely, she’d be riding on top of him next to give the portly man a chance to rest and catch his breath, but that didn’t mean Dinah wouldn’t still be enjoying every inch of his enormous length. She was already fantasizing licking him clean of his cum and trying to futilely stretch her lips around his enormous cockhead when she finally felt him tense up, and his climax began with a staggered grunt.

Disappointment again ran through Dinah when she remembered Mr. Harson was wearing a condom, but it didn’t take much away from the experience. With his cockhead pressed practically flush against the wall of her womb, even the displacement of the rubber as it filled with rich, white seed was enough to give her a feeling of joyful warmth and rapture. Her head rolled back and she called out in absolute bliss for her lover to continue cumming and to not stop; begging him to keep thrusting and cumming and owning every inch of the walls of her pussy. She desperately wanted him inside for longer, for more moments, forever.

When he slid free it was only because his cock began to retract, shrinking to a point that it was feasible to pull it loose. When he did; however, the tightness of Dinah’s walls kept the condom stuck against her, and Mr. Harson ended up leaving an empty sleeve filled with cum sticking out from the walls of her pussy. Though the entrance to the condom was outside of her folds Dinah could feel the weight of it sitting inside of her yet; a filled balloon that was ready to be emptied. With a smirk Black Canary looked back at Mr. Harson and arched a slender blonde brow, smiling to him as she decided once more to reclaim her role as the dedicated housewife concerned with pot roasts more than cock.

“Dear, you made such a mess.” She spoke, speaking with refinement even though her hair was a mess, her mascara was smeared, and her dress was tangled and torn. She squeezed her muscles forward and groaned deep within her throat as she offered a show to Mr. Harson, and the older man could look down to see the shape of his leftover condom push out. She edged half of the condom itself out of her pussy with but a squeeze of her walls, and once it was there another squeeze pushed the cum out of it, forcing it to drizzle out of the open end that Mr. Harson had vacated. Like a maple tree tapped for syrup, Black Canary oozed cum out of the open condom, and she gazed up at Mr. Harson with her cheeks red and a growing desire lining her features.

“...next time, dear, put that where it belongs.” She murmured, her head spinning in desire. She moved a hand down to begin spreading her pussy, showing Mr. Harson just what she had in mind. As the older man stared forward in utter shock, it seemed like the two of them were in for even more excitement throughout the evening.

Technically they were right, though it wasn’t quite the excitement either of them had in mind.
Black Canary was still catching her breath, Mr. Harson’s condom still hanging out of her wet slit when they heard the scream fill the halls. It was piercing and sharp, and came accompanied by the unmistakable sound of a slap that was so heavy it could easily be heard through the walls. Mr. Harson was a little slower in realizing just what was happening, though Dinah Lance’s head jerked up in an instant, her eyes narrowed as she heard the call for help.

Whore or not, she was still a superhero, and the voice that called out was one that was familiar to her.

Lisa. It was muted through the walls but it had been unmistakable, a piercing cry that was panicked and terrified and yet so very familiar. Despite her outfit and despite the condom still dangling out of her sex, Dinah Lance was still Black Canary, and she still had a responsibility to protect people in danger. Especially if those were the same people she had first come to the brothel to protect.

“Stay here!” She hissed at Mr. Harson for his own protection, and vaulted over the portly man as she raced towards the door. Though her knees were weak from the fucking she had just received she was fueled by pure adrenaline in the moment, her blood boiling and her heart racing as she pushed past the door she had been forbidden to ever leave. It splintered as she kicked through it, and focused as she desperately listened to hear the next of Lisa’s panicked sobs. It wasn’t too long after, and immediately Dinah turned in her direction and began to run.

“No, no, please don’t!” Lisa’s voice was terrified, and it came accented with another stern slap that sounded through the frame of the door just two rooms down from her own. Though Dinah’s peripheral vision told her that Envoy’s goons were behind her; likely racing to answer the call themselves, the hero’s momentum was carrying her forward. The door that hid Lisa was suddenly splintered open by a sudden kick, and what she saw before her made her teeth clench in rampant fury.

Lisa was naked on her knees on the floor, her face bruised and her lip bloodied. The sight of red was enough to tell Canary that it wasn’t merely rough play gone wrong, and the fact that she had kicked down the door when a wealthy young man had his fist raised was all the sign she needed to continue. He was a cocky, arrogant little bastard wearing a varsity jacket and likely spending his father’s money, and he had decided to get too rough with the wrong girl.

“The fuck’s with this place?! Bitches don’t do what they say, then other cunts kicking down do-ugh!” The young man’s angry wail was replaced by a pained one as Black Canary lunged forward, snaked behind the young man and wrenching his arm painfully behind her back. Taken with an incensed fury the superhero turned prostitute worked out every inch of her frustrations in that moment; yanking the young man’s shoulder from its socket in a sudden, fluid motion. He instantly wailed with tears running down his eyes; no longer the tough man ready to beat a helpless young woman, now completely at the mercy of a woman in a pink dress with the dripping end of a condom still hanging from her folds.

“You don’t hit women!” Canary hissed through her teeth, squarely into the young man’s ear. He was sobbing openly, and when Envoy’s security rounded the corner to see what was going on, they both stared in absolute shock. Despite being metas they were mostly there to keep unwanted people out of the brothel, and naturally, weren’t entirely sure how to respond when one of the girls not only assaulted a client, but was entirely justified in doing so. Black Canary held the boy’s arm even harder behind his back, and she was breathing heavy with a frantic, furious look in her eye as she stared down the guards.

She was blowing her cover, but...in that frenzied moment, she didn’t care.

“So these pieces of dirt are allowed to beat us?!” She demanded, and suddenly launched the young man to the floor. While he staggered and tried to get up with a dislocated shoulder, Canary looked
down to Lisa and shared a short, meaningful glance. They recognized each other; that much was certain, but the swift shake of Dinah’s head told Lisa to wisely keep such info behind her teeth. Once that important message had been conveyed Black Canary lifted her head to the guards once more, clenching a fist as she glared at the two speechless thugs. “Well?! How much do they have to pay to give us a black eye?”

“...violence against my property is strictly prohibited.”

The voice that filled the room was chilling and cold, and sent even Black Canary’s spine to tingling. The two guards stepped aside as Envoy moved into the room, wearing an expression that was nowhere even remotely pleased. Drawn out of her own enjoyment from the evening by the ruckus, the woman seemed to carry an air of malice and hatred in the moment, an unbridled fury that was on the edge of utterly bursting.

It was clear that the chaos had drawn Envoy out in the middle of...playtime. She was only half dressed, wearing a pair of thigh-high leather boots marked with red and black. Her arms were covered in gloves that trailed to her elbows and her full breasts were openly exposed; sitting atop of an open bustier that ended just before her chest began. In the brief light Canary’s eyes flickered; noticing a pair of small breasts with nipples pierced with a black onyx gem in each, and a significant amount of scar tissue that caressed the inside of her left breast. Similarly, in that early hour of the evening the Envoy had come out without first attaching her mask, and as she slid it back into place Black Canary could clearly see the briefest glimpse of an eye that had gone white from a milky scar.

Though she stood with her breasts exposed the Envoy was nonetheless a woman of authority and power, and to emphasize it she held her arms out on both sides. The action was a command for one of her goons to strip out of his professional business blazer, and he hurried to draw it around his employer’s shoulders, closing it around her and hiding her chest once again. Then, and only then once her spectacle was done and her entrance was complete set to the tune of a sobbing, rich frat boy, did she finally speak once more.

“Mr. Malloy, your father isn’t so rich that you’re allowed to break my rules.” Envoy gazed down at the crying frat boy, quirking a brow from behind her mask. She sighed dramatically, and gestured to where Lisa was still naked on the floor, nursing her bleeding lip. “Would you so kindly quit your pathetic whimpering long enough to tell me what’s wrong?”

“I paid for anal, you bitch!” The frat boy cursed out, and sneered at the Envoy. “Cunt wouldn’t do it! So I fuckin’ gave her the beating you should have done yours-”

Envoy’s motions were seamless and fluid as she listened to Mr. Malloy’s words. It was almost like a ballet, and Canary watched, captivated, as the dominant force of the brothel moved. While the frat boy blubbered and ranted about what Lisa didn’t do, the Envoy turned towards one of her minions and lowered a hand to his belt, drawing something free. In the same fluid gesture she flowed back to face the frat boy, and with the barrel of a silenced pistol pointed squarely at his forehead, pulled the trigger without the faintest bit of regret.

Black Canary’s eyes went wide, and every heroic muscle in her body told her to lunge forward and attack the woman. She had killed a man in cold blood, and even if he had beaten Lisa for refusing him sex, the manner in which she had executed him without blinking an eye was both terrifying and infuriating to every moral fibre of Dinah’s being. She restrained herself; barely, and swallowed her nervousness as she continued to watch the scene unfold.

“Mr. Malloy, problems with the merchandise should be taken up the staff.” Envoy explained to a corpse after the fact, and while Canary and Lisa stood in utter shock, the Envoy held her hand back, dangling the pistol’s from a finger as she waited for her goon to take it. As the two men behind her
began clean up, Envoy looked to Lisa and Canary, explaining herself in a very smooth, fluid fashion. “My rules are so very simple, you’d think they’d be easy to follow. Don’t tell anyone about the brothel, don’t offer the girls drugs, and certainly don’t hit them.” She sighed dramatically, and adjusted the mask on her face. After a moment she gazed at Lisa and quirked a brow, sighing softly before waving a hand for one of her goons to draw near.

“I believe young Lisa has already been punished for refusing service.” She announced simply. “Have her fixed up, and get her some ice cream. You’re the one that likes ice cream, yes, Lisa?”

“Y...Yes, ma’am.” Lisa sniffled and nodded, and shook in her naked, terrified state. “M...Ma’am, I’m sorry, he...he wouldn’t let me use any lubricant, and...and I was scared it would hur-”

“Oh, that’s why you refused?” The Envoy arched a brow, and then gazed down at the dead frat boy at her feet. “...in that case I’m sorry I didn’t shoot his kneecaps first.” She gazed back at her goon, and clicked her tongue as she pointed to Lisa. “She can have as much ice cream as she wants.”

The entire time, Black Canary stood in utter shock at the display. The Envoy’s actions were brutal and merciless, but she had showed Lisa a kindness that Dinah genuinely hadn’t expected. It fit the ethics with which the woman had been operating her business so far; however. She was cold and calculating in all things, but seemed dedicated to her own standards and morals. It didn’t make Dinah any less nervous when the Envoy gestured for her to follow; however. After all, Mr. Malloy wasn’t the only one that had broken a rule.

Black Canary paused just long enough to grab the nagging condom hanging from her sex; yanking it free and throwing it in a nearby wastebin as she followed behind Envoy. As soon as they were out in the hall Dinah began to speak; not so much out of concern for herself, but for the cover she was seeking to maintain. It was still possible to get out of things without blowing the entire plan.

“Ma’am, I’m sorry.” She began, offering her a genuine, concerned tone. “I know I’m not supposed to leave the room, but I heard her scream, and…”

“Save your blubbering, Kelly, you’ll ruin the impression you made on me tonight.” Envoy’s voice was calculating and calm as she walked, and she seemed utterly unconcerned with Black Canary’s apology. While she walked she adjusted her arms within the frame of her sleeves; the jacket she had taken from her minion fitting her awkwardly and uncomfortably. Somehow, her fingers peeking out from oversized cuffs was a bit too “cute” for a heartless woman that ran a prostitution ring. “You saw what you had to do and you did it. You’re a good worker and you’ve made me a lot of money. You’d have to fuck up a lot more than that to make me want to dump your body in the sewer.”

Her words carried such weight and authority that it made Dinah glad she hadn’t crossed that line, and utterly convinced that it was a possible outcome for people that misbehaved. She continued to follow closely behind Envoy as they walked, listening to her owner employer’s words as they weaved in and out of the hallways. Envoy’s voice was short and curt, and the woman was clearly interested in getting back to her own evening.

If Black Canary wasn’t utterly convinced that the smell of sex was coming off of her own body, she’d guess that it was from Envoy.

“I’d ask if you’re interested in more responsibility around here, but I don’t need to. Of course you are.” She spoke the words matter-of-factly, and didn’t even look back at Canary as she made a beeline for her quarters. “In the morning you’ll start training under me. Your evenings will be the same, but you won’t have to kiss any more hungover Japanese businessmen that drift in at nine in the morning.” She chuckled briefly, and paused at the door to her room. She finally turned back towards Black Canary, and for the first time the superhero saw Envoy smile. Not a grin of cruel delight or of
some sort of fanatical, greedy glee, but a genuine smile pressed against her lips. Though the scars that started underneath her mask bled out to cross down the center of her mouth, it wasn’t enough to hide how utterly pleased she was with her new recruit.

“...good work tonight, Kelly.” She nodded, and spoke to Black Canary not as a piece of property, but as someone she felt a kinship for. She winked behind the mask, and spoke again as she opened the door. “But don’t think you can take my place just by breaking everyone’s arm; they still need to sign the checks.” A small grin laid against her face. “...go finish your client off. He’s got an extra hour for the disturbance. On me.”

And with that, the Envoy opened the door and stepped inside. Black Canary tried in that instant to get a glimpse of the Envoy’s room; to see inside for any hints or clues she could sneak into a relayed message to Oracle. Sadly, all that was there was darkness, and a strong reaffirmation that the smell of sex was not just on her own body. Whatever Envoy was doing in there, people were sweaty, exhausted, and very likely drained.

In the end, Black Canary was left standing in the hall, utterly stupefied by the past few minutes. In an instant of reckless violence she had not only risked losing her cover, but Huntress’ as well. And somehow, in some odd twist of fate, that impulsive decision had put her into a position of power within the very organization she was trying to infiltrate. A smile spread on her lips, and bit down eagerly on her bottom lip. If her new promotion wasn’t enough of a reason to be happy, there was a thick cock waiting back in her room, ready to fuck her until she was peeling off her ridiculous outfit in frantic desperation.

Black Canary made her way back down the hall, whistling as she was so fond of doing.

End of Chapter Five.

Chapter End Notes

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Meanwhile

Chapter Summary

Helena gets to enjoy a little more time teasing her young friend Peter. An undercover assignment in a brothel isn't such a bad gig, is it? (Just kidding we all know anywhere outside of erotic fiction that it'd be a fucking nightmare. Let's enjoy the suspension of disbelief together!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter Six: Meanwhile
-By Drace Domino

“No. I’m not doing it, and that’s final.” They were words that the guards at the Envoy’s brothel simply weren’t used to hearing. Most of the girls that were kidnapped and indoctrinated into her service eventually just went with things, and whether they liked it or not they eventually were turned towards serving. To hear one of them say no was simply staggering to the guards, and they exchanged glances with one another while they tried to think of how to respond.

If it was anyone else, it wouldn’t of been a problem. If one of the girls resisted, they had full rights to deny her food, threaten her, or even throw her in the way of something worse. But this one…? This one was almost too valuable to do that sort of thing with, and what made matters worse was that she knew it. Her name was Brooke, and she was a tall, raven-haired Italian woman that had a slender, daggerlike frame and a confidence that most prostitutes could only dream of. She was stubborn and fiery and had played well within the rules of Envoy’s brothel with no problems until that very moment. In fact, she had been a model employee. Ruthlessly dominant with the men that came to see her, Brooke had a way of bending them around her finger and making them pay for the privilege. Even men that didn’t have a particularly submissive streak left Brooke’s attention far more cowered than when they arrived, and most amazing of all they didn’t seem to have any complaints. She could manipulate and coerce with the best of them, and since arriving two weeks ago she had already brought a small fortune into Envoy’s pocket.

It was because she was so utterly capable of bringing in money that made her difficult to deal with. The two guards that stood before her knew that the Envoy wouldn’t be pleased to hear that a whore was talking back and refusing service, but they knew she’d be even less happy to see her prized pig with a black eye or a bruised stomach. And since so very little was known about Brooke, it was difficult to threaten her through the dominant, stubborn facade that she put forward. Simply put, she was too much for the two of them to handle.

In reality, it wasn’t that surprising. The woman that they knew as Brooke was in actuality Helena Bertinelli, the Huntress of Gotham City. Her dominant tone and her forceful presence was what drove the charm of her personality, and she wasn’t about to diminish her own strength just so a couple of goons could force her into something she didn’t want to do. Behind the two thugs there was a trio of young men, all of them looking to be of the same sort of “rich daddy” stock. They had arrived with the guards just a few minutes ago, and the guards had told Helena that there was a
change of plans in her evening.

“You’ll be spending the evening with the three of them.” One of them spoke casually, gesturing to the boys. All three of them were already excited; looking Helena up and down. The dark haired girl was wearing the comfortable cotton of a long, white bathrobe, a garment so long that it drifted near the bottom of the floor while she padded barefoot around. It clung to her body and gripped her subtle curves, though ultimately it looked like an outfit made for comfort over her naked body rather than any profoundly sexual presence. “Since your other appointment is late, these guys here offered to buy the two hour slot.”

“Tell them to go fuck themselves.” Helena responded curtly, before looking over the goon’s shoulder to the three boys beyond him. “You three; go fuck yourselves.” The boys looked back and forth at each other with mixed reactions ranging from anger to irritation to lust, and Helena knew immediately that if they were allowed to play the end result wouldn’t be fun. They were the type of cruel savage idiots that saw a working woman as something to be used and beaten, something that was as disposable as their father’s income. If the three of them were allowed to spend time with her in lieu of her usual appointment, she was afraid.

Not for herself, of course. She was afraid she’d have to break all of their arms one by one, and her cover would be blown.

The guard was completely oblivious to the danger the boys were in, and he proceeded to plead his case in a desperate bid to sound as collected and calm as ever. Inside, he was furious and confused, but he knew better than to threaten or strike the woman that brought in thousands for the Envoy on a daily basis.

“Look, these guys are paying good money for some fun. And you don’t have anything to do with your regular a no-show. So c’mon Brooke, be a sport.”

“My regular will pay for the time allocation whether or not he’s here.” Brooke responded with absolute confidence, and folded her arms across her chest. “If he hasn’t already.” The look that crossed both goons’ faces told her all that she needed to know; that he already had. They were already talking on purchased time, and what was before her now was a thinly veiled excuse for the goons to capitalize on an open spot and three open holes. With a coy smirk Helena arched her brow and regarded the guards, stepping forward upon them with hostility in her voice. “...oh, that’s it, isn’t it? My regular isn’t here, and so you two decide to do a little embezzling. Your boss doesn’t know anything about this, does she?”

The guards were looking nervous; frightened by the presence of a slender woman in a white, fluffy bathrobe. She was padding barefoot towards the two and making them cower by her mere words, letting them drip from her tongue with no small amount of venom and clever irritation. She was making them backpedal, their body language showing the two muscle-bound metas as visibly shaken. Whatever superpowers the Envoy had given them, whatever gifts they were cradling, it was clear that she was still in a position to take them away. Or simply have the men killed.

“Y...You don’t know a damn thing, slut!” One of them barked out, tightening his fist as he stepped forward. Helena just regarded the dramatic action with a little smirk, and rose a hand to press a fake yawn against her palm while he continued to rant. “You just do your job, and let us worry about all this! And if you won’t fuck these boys, we’ll just find someone that can!”

“Man, fuck this.” One of the young men blurted out, sighing as he folded his arms across his chest. He gazed towards the other two with a roll of his eyes, and started to walk back as he looked at them. “These idiots don’t know what they’re doing. I didn’t pay four thousand bucks to have to share some toothless crackwhore that they have waiting in the back. If we can’t have her-” He
pointed towards Helena, wrapped up in her robe. “-then I want my money back.”

“Yeah, same.” The second of the boys blurted out, and started to move back with his friend. They only got a few steps out before they turned back to the third boy, a young man wearing a baseball cap and having the same stupid frat boy expression on his face that he likely had plastered there twenty-four seven. “Hey Malloy, you comin’?” The final frat boy just waved a hand dismissively, looking back at his friends with a smile.

“Fuck no, guys. Every woman we’ve seen here is a ten. They can keep my money, I just wanna get a piece of ass!” He reached out a hand and tugged at one of the guard’s sleeves, arching a brow as he regarded them. “C’mon chubs, how about you take me somewhere I can fuck a bitch until she’s screamin’?” He pointed towards Helena afterwards, chuckling. “Don’t want none of that; she’s cold. Who wants a bitch that’ll fight back?”

The young man the others had called Malloy was clearly a spoiled sociopath of a human being, and Huntress found herself idly hoping that the little whelp would get what was coming to him at some point. Boys like that usually did, when they finally met someone that wouldn’t tolerate their shit. Once one of the guards led Malloy out of the hall and the other boys went up to get refunds, Helena was left with the remaining guard she had been facing a standoff with the entire time. He looked furious; with fists clenched tight and a fire burning in his eyes. Helena smirked, and when she pondered for a moment if he was going to be stupid enough to strike her, she pointed skyward to the ceiling of the room.

“Smile.” She chirped with a confident grin on her lipstick-clad smile. “And you better control that anger; don’t want the Envoy seeing you bent out of shape, do we?”

In truth, she was doing him a favor. By warning him that he was still in a recorded room she was actually showing him a fair bit of kindness; after all, he only would’ve earned a significant beating at the hands of Huntress anyway. After a moment of angry thought the man grunted and took a step back, nodding a little as he worked his way out into the hall. Before he disappeared entirely Helena waved a hand again, smirking softly at her new friend.

“Make sure to send Peter when he gets here!” She called out in a songbird-like fashion. “I’m sure he’s just been delayed a little...I can promise you he never would leave me hanging on purpose.”

And with that the door was closed, leaving Huntress alone. Alone to wonder just why Peter was late, and what had become of him. Alone to wonder if he was being delayed because of natural reasons, or because the Envoy had found out that he snuck surveillance equipment into the bedroom. She hoped the latter, and sat on the edge of the bed as she continued to wait for him. Her lips pursed and she swung her foot from side to side as she waited, sighing contently as the minutes passed.

Hopefully he’d be there soon, and she’d be able to forget about whores and goons and brothels for the evening...and just enjoy a night of endlessly tormenting what was becoming her favorite little pet.

It was nearly a half hour later that Peter finally arrived; a full hour after when he was supposed to. Huntress had heard his voice from down the hall profusely apologizing for being late, but since he had already paid in advance was still expecting to find his girl ready for the evening. Huntress couldn’t help but smirk, knowing that her refusal to service the three boys from earlier just saved one particular guard a rough time explaining why one of Envoy’s wealthiest clients was given the cold shoulder and his favorite girl was found unavailable. She’d have to make sure to remind the guard of his debt to her a little later, but for the time being the woman worked on getting herself ready.
She was still wearing her cotton bathrobe, never having changed out of it. In essence it was her sexy outfit for the evening; or at least, part of her plan for the next hour or so. It was soft and white and cradled her naked body quite comfortably underneath it, giving her a casual yet sexy look as it tightened around her bust and hips. Though her clothing was simple she had still gone out of her way to straighten her hair neatly to her shoulders, along with applying makeup accented with lipstick that would almost certainly smear. While she heard Peter getting ushered to the room by one of the guards Helena took the time to reapply her lipstick, smacking her lips together sweetly as soon as the knock on the door came.

She didn’t give them the call to enter, but instead Huntress stood up and padded barefoot over to the door, opening it with a stern look on her face. She stood with her hands on her hips and her eyes gazing forward in clear irritation; staring down the face of Peter’s apologetic gaze. The young man was standing along with one of the guards, and the Huntress rose a hand to keep the man steady for the moment. With the guard notified to stick around, Helena glared at her client for the evening while she tapped a bare foot to the floor.

“Well?” She asked, fully expecting an explanation. After all, he had made a lady wait for nearly a full hour; his excuse had better been worth it. Especially since she had almost been forced into sex with three random frat boys because of his failure to arrive. “Where the hell have you been, hmm? I would’ve thought you’d be eager to get here.”

“I am, I’m sorry!” Peter called out, still trying to catch his breath. He looked up to Helena with his eyes sincere and apologetic, shaking his head back and forth. He had clearly rushed there from wherever he was, his chest was still heaving and his hair was dishevelled from the run. “I was helping a friend out, it took longer than expected! She’s in a wheelchair, so—”

“Save it.” Helena barked firmly, hearing all that she needed to hear. Her hand waved up in front of Peter’s face and she sighed dramatically, rolling her tongue within her mouth. She flew into her dominant stride with ease before Peter, once again resuming her role as the controller, the teacher, and the master in their unique relationship. “I had something planned for you this evening. A little surprise. Now I’m not sure if you deserve it.”

“...no, please, I do!” Peter begged; his eyes going wide as he looked up at Helena. He shifted back and forth in place, his hands locking together in a begging gesture as he made his case. “Please, I’ll be better! I won’t be late again!”

“...hmph. You’ll have to prove you’re really interested in spending time with me.” She mused, and rubbed her chin idly as she gazed at the young man. He was eager to please and had been helping them out enormously, smuggling in surveillance equipment for Oracle and passing tiny notes to her as much as he was able. Still, there was something to be said for giving him a bit of a hard time...so long as it led to more fun for them both. “Next week I’ll expect to see you every day. For two hours. Jacob here will set a schedule when you’re leaving.” She gestured behind him to where the security guard stood and gave a simple nod, as well as an impressed smile.

Not every one of Envoy’s girls had the desire to work more than they did; let alone the authority and the prowess to demand a wealthy one keep seeing her. Peter didn’t even hesitate; however, and he quickly nodded as he worked at standing up straight again.

“Sure! That sounds great!” He smiled, and gave a hopeful smile to Helena. “So...we can spend some time together tonight?” The young man was restlessly eager, and it brought a small smirk to Helena’s lips. He was always so filled with energy and excitement, often to his own detriment in her presence. Over the past two weeks Helena had enjoyed Peter a handful of times; each time leaving him both spent and frustrated at the same time. There was much they had yet to do together, and Peter hadn’t
even felt the warmth of Helena’s pussy wrapped around his young cock yet. She had held it over him like a teasing owner, often making him settle for far less than he wanted, yet still thanking her for it. The furthest he had enjoyed to plunging himself deep within her hole was when she had closed her thighs around the side of his cock and allowed him to fuck them to completion. He was resting just underneath the panty-clad presence of her mound, and though he had felt its warmth and the silky smoothness of her nylons, the prize of her warm, wet valley had eluded him.

But maybe that was her surprise? He could only hope.

“Jacob. If you’ll lead us to what we talked about.” Helena finally spoke, and the guard nodded and turned on a heel, slowly working his way down the hall. With a small nudge Peter was encouraged to follow him, and Helena took up the lead behind the two, padding barefoot down the carpeted hallway. It had been the first time since her arrival at the brothel that she had been allowed outside of her room, and Helena took the opportunity to size up the brothel while they walked. Reinforced doors with locks on the outside, dark lighting around the corners, and a ventilation system with heavy bolts stopping anyone from prying the shield off. It would be a tricky place to infiltrate, but she was confident she could manage if Oracle or some other force could disable the cameras. She looked around while trying to hide the fact she was doing so; working hard to look distant and merely curious in the art hanging on the walls, doing her very best to convince whoever was watching that she was a working girl that wanted to see more than her four walls, and not an undercover superhero casing her escape.

When they finally stopped it was at a door several hallways down, far away from the rooms where the girls worked and stayed. As Jacob opened the door to let them inside Helena gave him a small smile, nodding gently to the guard while they worked past him.

“I’ll come and pick you up in an hour.” He reassured them, and as soon as they stepped inside the door closed with the sound of several locks sliding into place. For better or worse they’d be stuck there for a while, though from what laid before them Peter could honestly say he was alright with that. It was a dark room with candles lighting the corners and a small stereo in the back, playing music that was soothing and relaxing on a steady loop. A faint aroma of incense filled the air though Peter couldn’t spot a burning stick, and the room was kept a few degrees hotter than the others. In the very center of the room there sat a massage table, ready to be enjoyed.

“This...yeah, this is a great surprise.” Peter beamed, looking around. The room was half sauna and half massage therapy, and in the moment it was sounding rather enticing to lay back and relax while Huntsress worked her hands over him. He was already biting his tongue to avoid asking about getting a happy ending, knowing that as soon as he would say it he’d ruin any chance he had at getting one. Already he was moving his hands to his shirt, lifting it up while excitement rose in his voice.

“I haven’t had a massage in years! And even then it was when I played soccer, and the athletic nurse wasn’t...you know…”

“What the hell are you doing?” Helena’s voice was judgemental and curious, her brow arched as she watched the young man start to strip. He looked back at her with a confused look on his face and his shirt half up his chest, looking a bit ridiculous as he stared at the woman he had paid for service. “What?” He asked, blinking, and then gestured towards the table. “I thought you...me...massage?”

“Yes, there’ll be a massage.” Helena responded simply, and rolled her eyes in dramatic fashion. “Though why you think you deserve one is beyond me. You’ll be massaging me, Peter. I’m honestly surprised I even have to tell you that.” With that the woman sighed, and stepped forward towards the table as she started to remove her robe. The disappointment that crossed Peter’s face when he realized he wouldn’t be the lucky target was soon replaced by excitement again as he saw Helena
pull the cotton belt of her robe free, and the thing gently glid from her body. It was graceful and angelic; the perfect white fabric sliding off of lovely shoulders and slipping down a perfectly shaped chest, cascading down her impressive body with a soft flop to the floor. She stood naked before him and utterly perfect to his eyes; her skin given shadows from the nearby candlelight, and looking even better than she did in his memory.

“...kay.” Peter blinked, and nodded to the reality of the situation. Though his muscles were sore and his body could really use the massage, he’d be a damned fool to turn down the chance to give one to Helena. The older woman smirked in confidence as she slid her body down onto the table; laying on her tummy while her legs stretched out and her arms folded underneath her head. A sigh of contentment ran through her; the vinyl of the table feeling warm and smooth thanks to the heat of the room. She was sure that before too long it’d be sticky from sweat and desire, but for the moment she enjoyed its dry, comforting presence. And there she laid; her hair pooling around her shoulders and her perfectly sculpted, tight rear there for Peter to enjoy the sight of. Her lovely, long legs stretched down until her bare feet hung off the edge of the table, and as if the sight of her naked on the table wasn’t enough for Peter, she gave a near-orgasmic moan as she finally settled in with a smirk.

Peter looked around briefly until he spotted a small bottle of oil near the edge of the table, and he snatched it up with truly trembling hands. Excitement was already rolling through him at the invitation to give Helena a massage; like any good pet he had forgotten about his own need for one and was utterly convinced that giving it to the woman before him was the best possible scenario. His eyes studied the perfect form of Huntress laying on the table, and he moved the bottle over her body, squirting a soft, thin line across the slope of her shoulders. Another half-moan from Helena’s lips nearly made him drop the bottle, but he managed to endure long enough to set it to the side and move his hands forward.

Aside from a few random girlfriends, Peter had never given a massage before. As his hands sunk in he first worked at spreading the oil across the woman’s shoulders; moving it from arm to arm while he felt the warmth of the older woman under his grip. Her noises were soft but appreciative as he worked, and by the time Peter had the boldness to really dig his fingers in against her flesh she had already been well-coated from her neck to the midpoint of her back. Once his grip tightened into her shoulders; however, the evening reached a whole new level of excitement for him. There was something deeply visceral about pushing in against Helena’s muscles, working out the tension that flowed through every inch of the beautiful older woman. Her noises were a beautiful accompaniment to his actions and only made the heat in the moment more intense, and he soon found a rhythm in how deep he could press in to draw a noise from Huntress’ barely parted lips.

“Is that good?” He asked, his hands moving down the slope of her shoulders and into the firm, taut muscles in her arms. Helena just gave a little scoff, and when she spoke her voice was casual to the point of sounding near sleep.

“Don’t beg for approval, Peter.” She chided him. “If you mess up I’ll let you know.” Even then, the teasing nature in her voice clearly didn’t have all of her attention. She was lost in the brief massage as well; and every time his fingers pushed in against her body she could feel another wash of relief creep over her skin. Her own attraction to Peter aside, it simply felt good to be worked over with his hands, to feel each knot go undone and to let measures of joy quiver down her muscles. She had wrenched her shoulder whipping a particularly submissive client the past day, and only Peter’s firm grip would be able to restore her swinging arm to full strength. As she laid there enjoying the young man’s hands across her body, Helena mused to herself that she’d need to mention the event to the Envoy, and suggest she bring in a permanent massage therapist for the working girls.

At least until the Birds of Prey shut them down by force, of course.
Peter’s hands continued to work up and down the woman’s body, and before long they left her shoulders to trickle down to the small of her back. There his oiled, tender grip pressed in until Helena could feel a small pop from deep in her back, followed by a rush of joyful relief as she straightened herself out again. The noise that she made was simply a delight; sounding somewhere in between the cry she’d make with his head between her legs, and the satisfied whimper of a mouthful of rich cheesecake. Pure joy and satisfaction, all because of the young man’s naturally attentive nature.

And he was attentive, in ways Helena could honestly say no man had ever been with her. She had dated her fair share of mob cronies and men that used to suck up to her father, and even after becoming a superhero she had found herself occasionally embroiled in a romance or two. But of all the men she had been with, all of those that vied for a kiss from her coy, intriguing lips, none of them had treated her as kindly as Peter. Beyond risking his life to assist the Birds of Prey in their job, as a lover he was perfectly submissive and loyal. She could easily imagine him pushing aside other girls for the promise of visiting with her again, and he had the puppy-like enthusiasm that absolutely assured her that when he went home at night and took out his frustrations on his cock that she was eternally on his mind. When she told him to do something he was quick to see it done, and when given a task he had yet to phone it in. Servicing her orally, licking along her nylons, or massaging her naked body...Peter put forth every effort to please.

Helena couldn’t help but smirk, recalling the events of two nights ago. Peter had arrived for an hour session and had left with little more than a raging erection that went completely unserviced; when he arrived in Helena’s presence her command had been simple: to brush her hair while she masturbated. He had done it bravely with a steady hand and without complaint, even though when the night ended and she gave him a kiss on the cheek to send him away, she could tell he was sporting a painful throb within his jeans. Helena just chuckled softly to herself at the memory, and then sighed as she felt Peter’s hands move in against her waist. He was indeed a good pet...and perhaps it was time that she threw him a treat.

Helena let Peter work on her for a little longer, and through it all she continued to tease him with the sounds echoing from deep within her throat. While his hands moved up and down the outside of her thighs, ever so close to her sex, she made sure to let him know his proximity with the sweet murmurs coming from her lips. When he moved to hold one of her calves she extended her leg up from the knee, swinging it into his grip and brushing it idly along his arm. She delighted in the last lingering moments of the massage, not just for the relief of having her sore muscles worked of their tension, but for the unmitigated joy she got in knowing she was keeping Peter on the very edge. She knew that in that moment he was impossibly hard and straining against his jeans, but she also knew that he was so well trained at that point that he wouldn’t dare make a move without her permission. After all, he was a good boy.

When the massage finally ended Helena gave a content sigh, and simply stayed in her spot. Her chin was resting on her hands and she took a moment of quiet to let her body settle in, to feel how well her younger lover had worked out the grief in her body. It was a tense moment for Peter, who was forced to simply stand nearby wondering if he had done a good job, and if the older woman would be kind to him soon. Finally Helena’s lips parted with one last, happy sigh, and she spoke with an idle whisper as she beckoned him near.

“Stand over here, Peter.” She called out to him, and waited until the young man had moved. Once Peter was standing nearby her, right next to her face, Helena let her gaze lazily drift over to his lap. She opened her eyes and perched a cheek in her hand, gazing forward at the definitive bulge within and looking as if she was pondering doing something about it. While she thought it over Peter remained completely still; not wanting to rush the moment or push too fast and ruin things. His member was straining hard against the fabric of his boxers and jeans, and it was only getting worse the longer he stayed under Helena’s watchful gaze.
When she finally reached out a hand without a word, Peter gave a short sigh of relief, realizing what it meant. Her slender fingers drifted forward and she idly touched at his zipper, fondling it back and forth before slowly pulling it down. While she did so she didn’t bother to speak or even look up at Peter again, content to stare ahead at his lap while she slowly released her prize. As the zipper met the base and she could spot his member pushing against his boxers through the opened slot, Huntress simply grinned and licked her tongue pointedly across her lips. Peter wasn’t able to contain the groan that rolled through his throat at the sight of it.

It was a moment later that Helena had fished the young man’s cock from his boxers, and stood out from the front of his pants framed by the fabric of his pants. He was rock hard and as eager as ever, standing straight before her with all of his youthful energy. She could see a bit of precum glistening at the very tip of his cock and could see it surging against the air, practically throbbing as it hung there suspended from his and absolutely desperate for any level of contact. Contact that soon came in the form of Helena’s warm fingers as she moved her grip out, wrapping her hand around the young man’s rod.

She said nothing, but her gaze flickered up to watch Peter’s reaction at the contact. He trembled visibly with his eyes closed, and she could feel his pulse start to quicken through her grip around his member. Each heartbeat pressed a surge of excitement through his shaft, and he was clearly ready for anything the older woman had to give. For the moment; however, she was content to give him no more than the simple feel of her warm hand, idly stroking him in a teasing fashion. It was hardly enough to drive the young man to climax, a small push against his sheathe every few delayed seconds, but it was a taunting pressure that was certainly enough to keep him hard and fierce against her grip. While she worked Helena’s cheek continued to rest in her other hand, and though outside observers might think she was bored playing with the young man’s cock, nothing could be further from the truth. Excitement was rolling through Helena’s body just as much as Peter’s, but she kept it tightly controlled in a veil of disinterest. In many ways she had the harder of the two jobs; to want to give Peter all the joys he was hoping for, but forced to deny, tease, and frustrate him.

It was one such moment as she continued to tease his cock back and forth with her fingers, too kind to be cruel to him but not kind enough to give him release. She had made working Peter’s cock to a point of frustration an art form, and over the past two weeks she had learned his body well. She knew that after just a bit of teasing she’d be able to see his cockhead actually drooling precum; a steady leak that he was unable to control when he was edged near a breaking point. For now it was just the minor dot of glistening nectar at the tip, and Helena took care of that with a small swipe of her thumb, smearing it in against the flesh of it.

After a small pause and a dramatic sigh, Helena finally indulged herself for only a moment. She tugged Peter closer to her with a small jerk of his member, forcing him to take a half-step and leave his lap ever closer to the older woman’s face. With his member so near her cheek Helena was afforded a great deal more potential in teasing with her young lover, and the first wave of it came as she pursed her lips to blow a gentle breeze across his shaft. Teasing, chilling, and taunting, enough to make Peter whimper like a wet dog.

Helena’s smile only grew, and she licked her tongue quickly across her teeth. Any time she got to tease Peter to climax was fun, but she had been rather harsh to the young man recently. It was time to show him just how much she appreciated him, and give him a reward for all his service.

She wouldn’t fuck him, of course. At least not yet, such a prize was worthy of only the very best pets. But there were some things she could afford him that he had earned, and she had been long past due on delivering. Helena’s mouth finally drifted forward and she pursed her smearable lipstick-clad lips, squeezing a firm, sealed kiss against the side of Peter’s shaft. It left a visible kissing imprint while she held her mouth there, and as Peter trembled and twitched the young man’s cock throbbed
in mighty restraint against her mouth. A smile formed Helena’s lips as she continued to hold the kiss, and when she finished she pulled back to let her eyes fall against the shape of the lipstick that formed against his shaft. She had well marked him for the evening; sealed with a kiss against his cock.

The dominant side of her told her to send him away right then and there, that he had already received more of a reward than he deserved after making her wait so long that day. But at heart she was sweet on the young man for all his submission and his sweetness, and the kinder part of Helena won out shortly after the impulse came to her. She pursed her lips to blow gently against Peter’s shaft once more, and when he started to whimper in building desire she let her hand lock again around his shaft, squeezing him in the precursor of a slow and tender handjob.

Peter’s hands were fists as the wash of pleasure swept over him, every one of his senses alive with desire while Helena started to stroke him off. Her grip was warm and inviting and her eyes were endlessly seductive and teasing as she gazed up at him, staring up with a smoldering gaze that was enough to freeze a man in desire. The kiss that she had pressed onto his shaft was soon smeared by her own fingertips, and the firm grasp that she held on his shaft was soon barely enough to stretch around his growing girth. He was a young man with boundless potential and as his cock grew the bead of precum swinging from his tip grew longer and longer, soon bouncing back and forth with every steady pound of Helena’s fist. His whimpers and whines were a delight to her ears, each one of them proof of not only his affection for her, but the unmitigated control that she had over him.

Her free hand finally left from underneath her cheek, and she doubled Peter’s joy by sliding her hand underneath his sack. There she cradled his heavy weight in her palm, slipping her fingers underneath the sensitive skin and teasing back and forth with her thumb. Her touch upon his flesh was smooth and sweet; careful not to disrupt the steady handjob, but enough to make sure that Peter couldn’t ignore her presence. She was squeezing his shaft in staggering thrusts while delighting in teasing his pouch, keeping him racing ever closer to a moment of sudden climax.

In the past, she had always controlled and dominated where he could cum. On days she was feeling bossy he was allowed only to do it into his own hand, or on the bedsheets. On good days he was allowed to squirt it on her nylons, the edge of her blouse, or most scandalously of all, her wrist. Never had he gotten his cream anywhere near Helena’s face, though in the current situation it seemed like that was the inevitable conclusion to the stroking. Peter’s voice was breathing out in staggered gasps and the sound of flesh on flesh was filling the room, accompanying the soft music to go along with the massage. With the heat of the room giving both lovers a small glisten of sweat, the scent of sex and desire and wet lust in the room was simply undeniable.

Peter’s moment was approaching closer; Helena could tell by the tension in his rod and the staggered rate in which he was breathing. His hands were still locked into tight fists at his sides, and he was standing with a wide gait that kept his knees locked firmly in place. When she realized the time was drawing near Helena decided to keep teasing her young lover; eager to reward him and push him over the edge. His cockhead continued to drool precum as she continued to stroke him in hard, slow beats, and her thumb moved up to swirl against the spot where his sack met his rod, teasing the sensitive area with a gentle touch. Her brow arched as she looked up at Peter, studying the young man’s closed eyes and the tight clench to his teeth. And when his peak finally came, Helena’s face was there to catch it.

As if realizing he was being given a reward, Peter forced his eyes to open and his head to look down, ready to watch as it all unfolded. His cock was twitching in the grip of Helena’s smooth fingers, and his sack was drained as a rush of cream rolled through him. Part of the benefit of Helena’s ceaseless teasing was that every climax for Peter was enormous; every load having been sheltered away and tormented until it was ready to burst. So when Helena turned her head to the side and offered her cheek for Peter’s seed, what the young man witnessed was truly a delightful moment.
He groaned audibly as his cock began to twitch and spasm and ropes of white flowed out, instantly striking against the cheek that was offered as mere inch away. Ropes of white splashed against Helena’s skin, landing just at the top of her cheekbone and sliding down along her flesh. It barely had any chance to slither across her skin before another burst of cum erupted, this time forcing the woman’s eye to close slightly as it splashed against the corner of her lids. As Peter continued to groan he watched in amazement as Helena took his entire climax over her face, even having the insight to let no one part of her be painted too much. As soon as her cheekbone and temple were coated she guided Peter’s still-throbbing cock downward, letting him shoot one final, thick blast down the slope of Helena’s neck and against the smooth curve of her shoulder. She had briefly considered letting him cum on her lips, but...she didn’t want to spoil him, after all.

By the end of it, the left side of Helena’s face was coated in cream from the crook of her eye down to her shoulder, and it slowly rolled across her face in a gentle, oozing drift. Her fingers that had jerked the boy to climax were likewise covered in a web of white, and when she released his twitching member she unfolded her fingers, showing how a ribbon of it connected her digits together. Peter was left whimpering and breathing heavy in a shuddering post-orgasmic bliss, his body shaking so wildly and so utterly taken that his knees finally gave out. Helena was left with a coy smirk on her cum-marked features as she witnessed Peter fall back onto the floor, landing on his rear with his cock still hanging out and oozing cum. She laughed softly for the moment and finally started to stand up, pushing up from her lazy spot on the massage table as she looked around for a nearby towel. She gave her lover one last glance before bringing the towel up to her face, and idly turned her back towards him. Turning her back towards Peter was a calculated move, and the only way she could maintain her authority while still getting what she wanted. She needed to clean the cum off of her face and shoulder, but with Peter’s eyes unable to trace her movements, she had the chance to afford herself a taste. Just before she brought the towel across her face she slid a finger up through the cream, sweeping a heavy dose of the frosting past her lips and on her tongue. Silently she savored the taste, letting Peter’s young seed swirl around her tongue and fill her with his flavor. She wouldn’t make a moan of contentment at the taste were she not worried of compromising her domination, and so instead she simply kept her enjoyment to herself while she towelled away the rest of the cum. From her cheek, from her eye, and finally from her neck and shoulder, Helena wiped every trace of Peter’s seed away from her flesh. Every bit that she didn’t have the chance to guide onto her tongue and swallow, at least. When she finished Helena turned back to her young lover with a smile on her confident features, and her eyes flickered up to a clock that was situated at the top of the room.

“We could have more fun, but someone was late.” She let the words drip from her tongue with a taunting glee, and a hand braced against her waist. Peter’s cheeks darkened in embarrassment and disappointment, yet he still watched as the naked Huntress walked across the room and gently wrapped her fingers on the outside of the door. While she waited for a guard to answer her plea she pointed an elegant hand down to her bathrobe laying on the floor, and stood, waiting for Peter to retrieve it. He was eager; tucking his cock back into his pants and scrambling for the robe, bringing himself up to his feet and practically bouncing into place behind Helena. While the older woman stretched her arms out Peter made good on his goal of servicing her; stretching the smooth cotton garment around her arms and closing it about her. He even stretched his hands around her waist, and tied the soft belt firmly around her, keeping the garment in place. Once she was cozy and covered once more Helena turned to the door, which was slowly started to open in response to her knock. Jacob, the guard she had a fair working relationship with, nodded to the pair while he spoke.
“There’s been an accident down the hall.” His voice was immediately suspicious to Helena, and the hero took note of the bloodstains on the guard’s cuffs and the sweat lining his brow. Instantly she wanted answers, but was caught in the unfortunate position of having to play her part. Her heart immediately started to race, and her natural instinct to protect her young lover kicked in as she casually moved to stand between him and the guard. Jacob’s voice continued, his tone still curious and unclear. “One of our clients got sick. Made a mess right in the center hall. We’re cleaning it up right now, but afraid we can’t let you back to your room just yet.”

“I see.” Helena nodded simply, and arched an eye. She glanced casually over towards Peter, and spoke as she gestured to the young man. “What about my client? Can he go home?”

“It’s your lucky day, kid.” Jacob nodded towards the boy, and smirked. “Envoy’s cleared you for a free hour because of the inconvenience. Have fun.” And with that, the guard said no more, but slipped back into the hallway while the door closed and locked behind him. Double locked, to be exact.

Helena’s instinct was to talk about the suspicious turn of events, but she knew better than to think that the massage room wasn’t just as bugged as her bedroom. If she was going to maintain her status as one of Envoy’s favorites, she needed to continue playing the part. Brooke had to remain a good, loyal whore.

“Well, it seems like I’m yours for another hour.” Helena finally spoke as she turned towards Peter, refusing to show any trace of caution in her eyes regarding what the two had seen. She folded her arms across her cotton robe and a small smile crept up in her lips, her eyes narrowing as she regarded the young man. “Or, to be more accurate...you’re mine.”

Peter swallowed, and felt butterflies lift into his stomach. He wasn’t entirely sure just what the Huntress had in mind, but considering what she had just let him do, he expected he’d have a lot of work ahead of him.

Thankfully, it was work he relished. He stepped forward towards the older woman and nodded eagerly, ready to serve.

End of Chapter Six.

Chapter End Notes

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you’d like to see more of my writing.
Ties

Chapter Summary

In a time of need, Oracle turns to one of the Birds occasional allies. Renee Montoya under the guise of the Question might be able to help shed some light on the situation, but as she visits Oracle’s clock tower those keen detective senses might reveal more to her than Oracle is willing to admit...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter Seven: Ties
-By Drace Domino

Gotham City was not a subtle place. Sure, it was dark and foreboding and the city had more shadows than citizens, but it was hard to find a criminal or vigilante in the mix that knew the first thing about keeping a low profile. Hiding in the shadows and lurking in the darkness didn’t count when you were dressed like a clown, a stripper, or a giant bat. It was one of the lessons Renee had learned from Vic, before the mantle had been passed on. One of many, many lessons. The city was a place that would lead someone down the wrong corner at the wrong time of day if they weren’t careful, if they weren’t smart, if they weren’t aware.

If they didn’t ask the right questions.

Comfortable boots pressed into the asphalt while Renee walked; her hands tucked into the pockets of her navy trench coat. A matching fedora rested on her head and covered a ponytail of curly black locks, but underneath the brim of her hat there was nothing to remember. A blank face; the only thing any criminals would remember about the unsuspecting vigilante that didn’t dress like any of the others. Dress slacks with enough room to move in was her attire, not fishnets or thigh-high boots. A button-up brown shirt with a jet black tie covered an athletic chest, and her bra was designed to keep her modest bust out of the way, rather than elevate it. She was dressed to leave little impression on the people that spotted her from the corner of their eyes, the ones that lurked near a crime scene and were able to relay information to curious criminal goons. When those simple civilians were pressed under the thumb of callous evil-doers, they wouldn’t be able to tell them that the Bat was at the scene looking for clues, or the Canary, or the Huntress, or the Bird Boy. Who was it?

That was the question.

Renee lowered herself to a knee in the middle of the alley, a single gloved hand moving down to swipe a finger through the dirt that looked unnatural to the concrete hall. Even through the blank mask that hid her face she could instantly see the most noticeable clue, the biggest signal that something was up. She was used to spotting them; the clues that other heroes in the city had a tendency to look past. Only the Bat had the care to go over a place with a fine eye; the others were all too focused on rushing to the fight. They never paid attention to the story that the scene told, they never bothered to read the pages laid out before them. It was in those moments, when the Birds were at a loss and needed to clever eye of an outside detective that they called her. It was one such evening, and as she so often did, Renee answered the call.
The woman pulled the dirt from her fingers and slid it into a plastic forensic bag from her pocket, tucking it away to deliver to Oracle. The alley was still quiet save for the noise of a howling, horny cat near the front, a fact that Renee was acutely aware of. The cat was a natural alarm to tell her if she had been stalked down the alley; if the howling ended then it meant another warm body had disturbed the peace of the crime scene. So with the unpleasant serenade of a cat in heat, Renee continued to look through the alley of the most recent abduction, collecting the samples and clues that none of the others would’ve cared to look for.

It was in the dark corners of the city that she felt the weight of things the most. Young girls snared from the middle of the streets, things so bad that heroes were forced into undercover prostitution. It wasn’t the city that she had signed up to protect in the GCPD, but it was damn sure the one that had stabbed her in the back. The only thing that had stopped her from drinking herself into an alley as cold as the foreign dirt on the floor was a faceless man that had given her a calling, a new responsibility, a new outlook. And now, it was her job to carry on his work.

The woman gave a small grunt as she pushed up to her feet, adjusting the brim of her fedora as she gave one more brief pass over the scene. She had found what she needed; a picture of scratch marks taken on her cell phone, a bag full of dirt, and a snuffed cigarette that hadn’t been rained on during the downpour last night or stolen by a desperate bird for its nest. Enough to go on, for a smart one like Oracle.

She left the alley with one of her hands passing over the head of the alleycat, thanking it in a simple pet for a guard job well done. The yowling continued no more than a few seconds later, but even with the feline causing a ruckus the woman in the trench coat was far too understated for notice.

Renee had drifted through the crowds of the late night slums of Brideshead, though the darkened streets had been empty as of late, the bustling district that had a twenty-four hour convenience store and a porno theater was as alive as ever. The poor of the city poured into the sidewalks as they drank their cares away on cheap beer and stolen whiskey, and moving through the herd Renee was a silent, faceless protector that they would never remember. The Bat would always have a place in their memory if they saw him; even the most inebriated of civilians could recount the time they saw him standing on a ledge, his cape flowing in the breeze. But the ones that stumbled backwards into her and gave passing notice to the flow of a navy trench coat would never know just how close they had come to a hero.

At the end of the street, past the neon of the bars and the theater, Oracle’s clock tower stood near the edge of Gotham City proper. Just where things in the town started to get slightly better, she was in her fortress working to spread the purity. Silently the Question made her way into it and up the flights of stairs, handling them all with an easy grace and her hands tucked deep within her pockets. Though she was at heart just a tomboy cop that had been pushed too far by a broken city, the flights of stairs were nothing against the toned legs hiding within her dress slacks, and the woman didn’t break a sweat as she ascended. The blank mask covering her face was breathable and far less an obtrusion than any might think, as natural across her skin as Huntress’ simple mask.

When she made her way to the top floor she knocked four times precisely to let Oracle know it was her, and then moved inside without any other warning. Barbara Gordon was already turning in her wheelchair to face her, her back turning to the elaborate computer setup from which she ran her entire operation. The walls were plastered with maps of the city and newspaper clippings; billboards stuck with pins in corkboard detailing possible crimes going on around town. Oracle always had the impression when she stepped into Oracle’s den that the woman was fighting a dozen wars at once; trying to protect the city with each finger on a different pulse. Like her old man that way; one of the
few good ones left.

“Did you find anything?” Oracle’s voice was thoughtful and curious, a slender brow arched behind her glasses as she faced the other woman. The girl’s bright red hair framed her face, and though the Question hadn’t spoken up yet she was already bringing in clues. The scent of ramen noodles was lingering in the room, telling her that Oracle had been so hard at work that she didn’t have the time to go out for something better, and no one had been by to offer. The scent of stale coffee lingered in a half-brewed pot, suggesting that Oracle was, as always, pushing herself without necessary sleep. Neither situation was particularly surprising. The fact that Barbara was wearing makeup, however…

“Samples. Tell Lady Blackhawk to shake down Poison Ivy.” Question’s words were simple and matter-of-fact, and as she spoke she pulled free the bag of dirt. She drifted close to Oracle and allowed the bag to drop into the wheelchair bound woman’s lap, along with a second bag containing the cigarette butt. Seamlessly her hand moved into her pocket to acquire her cell phone, and she spoke while she proceeded to send Oracle the picture of the scratch marks. “The dirt’s not city sludge. Looks like it’s from someone’s garden. Or…”

“...greenhouse.” Oracle nodded with a sigh, and looked up to Question’s blank, expressionless face. She picked up the samples and turned around in her chair, moving to nab her cell phone as she did so. Already the picture Question sent her was making the device buzz, but she pushed it aside and started to dial for Blackhawk, already eager to make the call.

While Oracle called for Blackhawk, it left Renee free to look around the room more with her sharp, detective’s eye. The bed that Oracle slept on that was a mere dozen feet from her computer setup was easily within range, and a quick glance told Renee even more stories about just what was going on. The top drawer of the night stand; ajar. People closed their drawers unless, when their hands went to do so, they were too weak to push all the way. Whatever hid in the top drawer was a tool of passion. A toy, a pack of condoms, perhaps even a burner phone that she dialed up for intense, anonymous phone sex. Underneath her blank mask Renee had to smirk at the thought; little Barbara Gordon all grown up. She was only a few years older than Babs, but a part of her still remembered the days she was a rookie cop and Barbara would bounce into the station to see her father. Pert rear barely hidden by a tiny skirt, and a wonderfully girlish physique gripped by a tight fitting baby tee.

She’d be lying if she said she hadn’t thought about it back then, but thankfully no one was asking. While Barbara continued to talk Question kept casing the place for minor clues, giving herself the challenge of solving the mystery of Barbara Gordon’s new lover. Makeup, an ajar drawer, she was close. It typically only took her three clues to figure something out, and she just needed the eye sharp enough to spot it. It came for her as she glanced down to Oracle’s coffee mug, now as clear as the spark of a large signal flare. Two lipstick smears. Two different shades.

Interesting.

The Question stepped up behind Oracle just as she had finished giving Lady Blackhawk her instructions. The detective’s hands fit in against the pockets of her trench coat, and she tilted her head to offer her blank expression curiously to the redhead. Oracle’s face was the standard look of fierce determination, and as soon as Renee saw her face she immediately matched the tone of her lipstick to one of the marks on the mug. It was easy to calculate; Huntress and Black Canary were both in the field. There was no one else Barbara would trust to share the location of her inner sanctum; at least, no women. Unless Nightwing was leading a life that the Question didn’t know about…

“How long have you and Lady Blackhawk been sleeping together?” Question’s voice was sudden and abrupt, and her blank mask was hiding the coy smirk playing on her features. The blush that instantly rose on Barbara’s face was a pure delight for her; not only for the joy of seeing the
otherwise stoic and calculating girl utterly stunned and shocked, but for the confirmation that her detective work had been spot on. It was a satisfying feeling, being so very...right.

“How the hell did you figure that out?” Barbara scowled, glaring at the masked woman in the fedora. Huntress’ hands locked around the edges of her wheels and she started to roll herself away from the computer, a grouchy expression playing on her features. “Wait, wait, let me guess. You smelled her perfume from when she left a few hours ago, and...there.” She pointed across the room, to where a pair of bright, lacy pink panties were half-pinned under a heavy book. “You saw her panties.” Question simply glanced at the two clues that Barbara pointed out, her lips pursing under her mask as she shook her head.

“I assumed the panties were yours, Barbara.” She offered simply. The coy smirk was irrepressible underneath her blank mask, and she gazed at the redhead in the chair with a growing interest, and even excitement. As she spoke her words practically rolled from her tongue, dripping with the promise that she was speaking from experience. “I remember it as your shade back during your baby skirt phase.”

It was hard to tell which two forces were greater: the irate scowl on Oracle’s features, or the vibrant blush that turned her fury into little more than adorable outrage. Question chuckled a little as she shrugged; her trench coat swirling behind her as she stepped away, drifting over towards the panties. Stepping quietly and fully under the gaze of the wheelchair-bound girl, her words flowed only barely muffled by her mask.

“I was a closet lesbian and my boss’ daughter had a thing for ridiculous little college girl outfits.” She chuckled as her explanation for her behavior, and as soon as she drifted over to the pinned pair of panties she crouched down to a knee, one hand moving out to pick them up. Babs just watched, practically steaming with indignation as the detective idly sniff her panties in a proper and accurate identification. There was something in the moment that was building Oracle’s excitement despite herself; despite her stubborn refusal to let Question get to her, she could feel a moisture growing between her legs. In her current situation arousal was just about the only sensation she could still grasp below her waist, and as a result it had the weight and impact to force the girl’s cheeks to darken and her heart to start to race.

Oracle’s hands tightened; growing white-knuckled around the edges of her wheels as she turned to face the other woman, glaring at her with a scrutinizing gaze.

“And what clued you in on that, Renee?” The young girl practically growled, a few locks of her red hair falling before her gaze, even before her glasses. “Did you see wheel marks nearby?”

“Nothing so obvious.” The Question’s calculated response came, and she finally straightened herself up to stand. The flowing trench coat followed her and her fedora remained firmly in place, tipping its brim to Oracle as she decided to reveal her secret. In the...perhaps crassest way possible. “They just smell like fresh, young, redheaded pussy.”

Once more, the look on Oracle’s face was delicious on a level that Renee could barely fathom. She wasn’t the only redhead woman that followed in Batman’s likeness that Renee had the pleasure of teasing and tormenting, and as the seconds passed it was becoming increasingly likely that by the end of the night the Question might be able to add Batgirl to the resume of feminine bats she had shared a bed with. Like with all things, she had done the research, and hadn’t opened her mouth to say
something so obvious and blunt unless she knew it had a nearly guaranteed chance of working.

Subtlety in all things. In detective work, in hero work, and most importantly, in seduction.

The lack of Lady Blackhawk’s personal effects in the clocktower was enough to tell the Question that the relationship wasn’t serious; likely a fling or two women exploring a new level of their sexuality. Long term relationships didn’t fit Oracle’s personality profile; she was far too dedicated to her work and to her duty to let truly deep, beloved romance even dare to slow her down. She had identified almost instantly that though Oracle and Lady Blackhawk were sharing some nights together and more than a few excited moments, their hearts were firmly within the realm of closely bound friends. That meant she was available and open, and once the Question had determined that she began to analyze her chances with Barbara Gordon, the sweet young thing that she had licked her lips to when the girl would bend over her daddy’s desk at work.

From the clues she received, the chances were good. Damned good. Oracle was smart but predictable; she had a natural tendency to respond with hostility to truths that she didn’t like to admit. The fire in her cheeks and the heavy scowl she wore while Question had teased her were clear signs that she was getting hot and bothered; if the discussion hadn’t made her uncomfortable then there wouldn’t of been any opportunity to press her any further. The way the girl’s hands gripped her wheelchair, frozen and refusing to move meant that she was tense and invested in the conversation, so much so that she didn’t even have the presence to sweep back the irritating strands of copper red hair that were dangling so annoyingly in front of her face. Most noticeably; however, she could see Oracle shifting in her seat.

The greatest sign of all. It was no small feat for a paralyzed girl; in order for her thighs to rub together there was considerable muscle and energy that had to be used from the waist, with momentum driven from her arms and what control she had of her lap. Her numbed senses meant that she wasn’t prone to deep discomfort from sitting, which significantly lowered the number of reasons such a shift in her seat would be necessary. The chief possible one: she was wet, and she didn’t want to be.

Or at least, didn’t want to admit that she was. Thankfully, any good detective was skilled at getting information out of someone that would rather hide their secrets behind their teeth. While Oracle continued to stare daggers at Renee the detective just smiled behind her blank mask, strolling closer to the younger woman with a confident swing to her athletic hips. The trench coat flowed easily behind her as her boots squeezed down upon the clock tower's floorboards, creaking with a purposeful presence while she approached. When she drew up upon Oracle the Question finally drew a hand forward; her glove moving and a finger stretching out to idly push the rim of the girl’s glasses; squaring them once more on her face from where they had dropped to the tip of her nose.

“So what’ll it be, Barbara?” Renee asked, gazing down with an expressionless mask at the redhead. Her black, curling ponytail was looped over one shoulder and the brim of her fedora cast a shadow on her empty face, giving a look that was both mysterious and sexually intimidating in the same fell swoop. Barbara could feel her hands loosen around the wheels of her chair, a tremor of excitement rolling through her despite herself. She swallowed, and with a pouting scowl still pressed firmly on her lips, finally responded in a low and throaty voice.

“If you tell anyone…” She began, her voice sounding menacing and chilling. To anyone other than the detective staring into the girl’s trembling and aroused eyes, it would’ve been scary. To Renee, it was just the whispered promise that the young woman wanted something she was too ashamed of to ask for by name. A smile grew behind Renee’s mask, and she offered a soft chuckle as she suddenly pushed forward.

“Gotta give me something worth saying first, Barbara.” The Question’s foot suddenly rose up, and
for a moment it looked almost as if she was about to kick the wheelchair-bound girl. Barbara didn’t
flinch or raise a single hand to defend herself, and when Question’s heel came down it was on the
brake of her wheelchair, locking the wheels tightly into place so she wouldn’t be going spinning
anytime soon. The Question’s hands clapped together as she suddenly pushed in against the other
woman, a snort of arousal coming from behind her blank mask as she worked to swiftly and eagerly
peel aside her gloves. They flew to the corner of the bed and a bare hand moved eagerly down;
sinking into the locks of smooth red hair that she had envisioned holding in a firm grasp for years.
The gasp that left Barbara’s throat from the sudden rush of arousal was a clear sign for Renee to
continue, and as she held taut Commissioner Gordon’s daughter’s head in one hand her other
dropped to the edge of her dress slacks.

The snap of a leather belt and the twitch of a metal clasp sounded as she opened up the front of her
pants, and right before Renee’s eyes the detective lowered her zipper to show the sight of simple
black panties that were true to the woman’s conservative dress. Nothing fancy, and nothing lacy.
Nothing was needed...the sight of simple black fabric over the slightly dark flesh of an athletic Latino
body was exciting enough for any pair of eyes. Renee was quick as she snapped a foot up on one of
Barbara’s armrests, her hand pulling the redhead’s face squarely against the spot she had opened up
before her pants. A hiss echoed from the blank mask as she instantly felt the tongue of the eager
redhead; passing over the toned muscle of her pelvis and drifting across the fabric of her panties.
Barbara was more eager than she’d ever let on, but thankfully her body wasn’t so good at keeping
secrets.

“That’s it, Barbara...explore.” Renee rolled her tongue in eager desire, glancing down to see the
copper-red mass of hair hovering just above her waist. Her hips rolled as she offered herself up to the
young woman, and though the open fly of her dress pants didn’t give Barbara much to work with,
the restrictions forced the wheelchair-bound girl to be creative. She was a genius; after all, two hands
and the lower half of a fit woman should give her plenty of potential to work with. While she felt
Barbara press heated kisses across the line of where her waistband met her flesh she finally spoke out
in a sultry tone, licking her lips under the mask as she did so. “Have you been with any women other
than Blackhawk?”

“...no...” The voice that brought a heated whisper against her hips was almost ashamed of the
admission, though it brought a pleased smile to Renee’s lips. With only the blonde bombshell
offering Oracle any level of female attention, the redhead was prime for the taking and the teaching.
She let her free hand comb across the top of Oracle’s hair in an approving gesture, shortly before she
slid her fingers underneath a layer of her locks, securing both of her grips tight within the other
woman’s hair.

She was dominant in her stance and presence, though she didn’t control Oracle’s head to the point of
taking away the girl’s freedom. She was a teacher in that moment, standing nearly fully dressed in
her trench and tie and fedora, giving her student just enough rope to hang herself with, or please
herself with. Oracle’s motions were slow and soft while Renee’s boot remained locked in place on
the armrest, and the redhead’s hands were growing more and more bold. They went from idle
presences on Renee’s standing leg to smoothing up along each one, wrapped underneath the
detective and holding her rear from behind, her hands lost in between the fabric of her dress slacks
and the heavy leather of her coat. Meanwhile her mouth was content to tease and taste the flavor of
Renee’s panties; a simple fabric hinted with the nectar of an older woman that had taken girls just as
eager, hot, and ready as her. Oracle obediently licked a few times across the front of Renee’s thin
cloth, feeling the bumps of the other woman’s folds underneath the material but not letting herself
linger on them for too long. As she drew more comfortable and excited into the moment the woman
even pursed her lips and pressed a heady kiss against the front of Question’s panties, squarely over
the bump of her hood. While the detective hissed in delight and tightened her hands in Oracle’s hair,
the redhead simply held her lips pursed and suckled gently at the secret beyond. When she pulled
back there was a noticeable lipstick mark against the dark of Question’s underwear, smeared with the same signature as she had left on the coffee cup.

“Mmm...that’s good, Barbara.” Renee spoke in an encouraging voice, easing her hips forward and nudging her lap against the other woman’s nose. “But you need to pull my panties aside. I’ve waited too long to feel the boss’s daughter mouth on me. The bouncy little college girl...if you only knew the things I wanted to do to you back then.”

Oracle swallowed as a shiver ran through her; both for the delight of knowing she was so lusted after back in the day without ever even knowing it, but for the knowledge that Renee could live out every one of her fantasies in that evening. She did as instructed; one hand leaving the grip of Renee’s firm and athletic rear as it slid forward to hook against the fabric of her underwear. The lipstick mark on her panties smeared as Oracle pulled it away to reveal the edge of Renee’s slit; glistening on dark folds, rich with the scent of heady arousal. An older woman’s hungry pussy, there for Oracle to kiss. Though the pulled zipper and stretched fly only gave Barbara so much room to work with, she had easily enough to squeeze her nose in against Renee’s lap and move her mouth over the other woman’s hood, sucking forward and drawing in a short, sudden burst of flavor.

Renee felt a shuddering moan press against her blank mask, and the detective’s grip on Oracle’s hair tightened considerably in both hands. She pulled the girl’s locks just as she pressed down with her palms, forcing the girl to give a wrenching whimper as her momentary master yanked her red-stranded chain. The moan that flowed through Oracle’s mouth was an easy delivery to the wet folds that pressed against her tongue, sending a shudder of shaking vibration through the detective’s firm frame. The first taste of a woman other than Blackhawk that Oracle had enjoyed was distinctively different from her friend’s, but no less intoxicating or delicious, and no less heated or wild in the moment.

As her lips locked in around Renee’s hood the girl found herself in a rhythm of gentle sucking; managing to keep the Question’s reactions in check by slowing her pace and only delicately licking at the other woman’s hood. The deeper she went the tighter the grip on her hair became, and it wasn’t long before Oracle realized the pattern in the woman that was dominating her so effectively. Dominating...wasn’t the right word, and Oracle realized it as she sucked and teased and swallowed mouthfuls of flavor. She wasn’t being possessed; she was being taught by a woman that knew all the tricks, and was keen of coaching her as she worked.

Oracle paused to spend a second to lick along the length of Renee’s entire slit; going from as far as she could reach of the bottom back to the hood, which she then pressed forward on with a soft kiss. She looked up at Question with a curious brow arched, and when she spoke her lips were flush against the other woman’s pussy, sending quivering vibrations through Renee’s sensitive parts.

“...is this what you wanted so bad?” She demanded, every word spoken with a rush of flavor of Renee’s nectar, and the highlighted scent of sex in her nose. She still tried hard to look pouty and irate, but it was difficult to do so when you were flushed in the cheeks and smiling around a mouthful of dark-skinned pussy.

“It isn’t on your father’s desk, but it’s close.” Renee responded with a smirk, though it was hidden underneath the blank of her mask. The woman chuckled softly as she remained mostly clothed, sighing in complete contentment as she rolled her head back as her hips pressed forward. Each suckle and press of Oracle’s mouth brought her a new level of sweet joy, mixing the nostalgia of the days in which she lusted for Barbara Gordon with the new delight of having her in her new persona. She wasn’t the bouncy college girl anymore; she was a responsible and grown woman. The college girl might have been fun had Renee managed to coax her between the sheets years ago, but there was no replacing the fiery eyes in which the redheaded woman gazed up at her with now.
Utterly delightful. It was worth the wait.

Having a long-time crush service you was wonderful enough, but to have her doing it with such an eager desire was too much for Renee to bear. Though the tomboyish detective’s body was in prime athletic shape, she could do little to hold off the threat of a shuddering climax rushing through her body. She gave Oracle no warning of it coming; deciding in that moment that it was a lesson a teacher had to give, to know when a woman was about to release across her features. When the moment started her hands drew tight into Oracle’s hair and she held the girl’s face down against her; down until she could feel her nose pushing in hard against her lap, and the redhead’s mouth had nowhere to go but to secure a circle around her hood. She climaxed with a scream that was muffled into a moan by the presence of her blank mask, and when she shuddered with her muscles tense and her body alive with pleasure, she could feel the heat of her own breath rushing against the fabric of it. Her fedora had tipped back on her head; barely balancing at the back of it, and with one hand still holding Barbara's head against her sex she rose the other to grip it at the top, pushing it gently back into place.

All the while Barbara continued to lick, taste, and learn. She gently coaxed Question down from her peak, and even as the pull of her hair told her to leave well enough alone she was hungry for more, stretching her lips forward and even trailing her tongue out, hungry for another lick. Finally she was pulled too far away to reach, and all that laid before her eyes was the sight of a dark-skinned pussy wet with release and pressed with the smudge mark of a dozen lipstick-smearing kisses. Barbara swallowed, her own arousal obvious now, her nipples pushing against the fabric of her simple blue T-shirt and the shifting in her lap growing more and more by the second. She was almost afraid to look up at the Question’s “face” again, knowing that the shrouded mask would give her none of the answers that she was looking for, and even worse, might delight in teasing her again.

When she had the bravery to tilt her head up Oracle was surprised to see that the mask had been pulled away, and underneath the brim of the navy fedora Renee Montoya gazed down at her without any covering over her features. She had the strong, cut cheekbones of a woman that had dedicated her body to being fit and ready to defend, and the smoldering, dark eyes of an experienced lover. Her bronze skin made for a perfect backdrop with the curly black ponytail sitting beside it, and the brim of the navy fedora resting just above her eyes. Oracle swallowed, and visible shuddered underneath the other woman’s piercing gaze. If Renee was hard to read with her blank mask over her face, she was even harder with the presence of sex and lust burning within her eyes.

“...right.” Renee finally spoke, and licked her lips as she gazed down into Oracle’s eyes, studying the other woman through her glasses. “Think I’m ready to really enjoy you now.”

The older woman dropped down quickly to her knees, and after a hand moved to ensure that the wheelchair brake was still in place she let her grip reach down to the presence of Oracle’s tight fitting jeans. She wasted no time; a hand moving forward and pressing in against the center of the girl’s crotch, beaming as she felt the sudden wave of heat and desire that was tremendously present there. Oracle whimpered as two digits shoved against her folds through the fabric of her clothing, and Renee just watched the girl squirm as she rolled her digits back and forth.

“Let’s see if you still like that lacy pink stuff, Barbara.” She offered with a smirk, her brow arched as she gazed to the younger woman. While Barbara squirmed Renee slid her hand forward to grab the tip of the girl’s zipper, gently pulling it down. With her jeans still buttoned the most Renee could hope for was a peek at the girl’s panties, but it was all she desired while she spoke in a slow and sultry voice. “My suspicion is...there it is. Bright as ever.” Sure enough, in the tiny slit of Barbara’s jeans that she could see through there was the presence of a vibrant pink fabric, a clear sign that Barbara had a fondness for the girly, sweeter things at times. Renee just grinned, and clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth while her dark eyes gazed up at the younger woman, studying
her intently as she continued to tease.

“These must make you feel more feminine.” Renee observed with a sultry smile, and as her fingers continued to tease and toy between Barbara’s legs, the older woman drifted forward to move her mouth in against the other woman’s throat. Her voice continued while she started to press faint kisses across Oracle’s slender neck; each one accented with a heady press of her lips and the shivering breath of an aroused older woman. Her words came accented with the teasing of a single digit; slipped in between the open gap on Barbara’s jeans and rubbing, ever so gently, against her pink-covered hood. “You want me to fuck you, Barbara? Fuck you like the horny little girl you are? Like the slutty little short-skirted tramp I knew you were all those years ago?”

The words were at war within Barbara, and Renee knew it. They were infuriating her, but in such a way that they mixed with the edging touch of that single, narrow finger that it made the girl’s blood boil and her heart race. Her head was spinning and with every word of taunting appraisal of Barbara’s sexuality, that spinning grew faster and faster. Barbara’s hands had locked around the edges of her wheelchair’s handles and she whimpered; the brim of the fedora brushing up and down her cheek while the teasing mouth laid more and more kisses over her sensitive throat. She didn’t answer at first, and the genius within her told her it was a mistake. For better or worse, Renee’s expert teasing of a horny, embarrassed younger woman would only increase until she gave an answer. The next words that Renee spoke made Oracle practically sob from an aroused whimper; both for the heat of it, and the sheer humiliation of admitting it.

“Part of you just wanted bent over and fucked back then, didn’t you?” Renee hissed against Barbara’s throat, and teased her tongue from the girl’s collarbone to the edge of her chin. The finger at Oracle’s panties only slowed its rubbing while it increased the pressure; shifting her pace just enough to keep Oracle guessing at what it would do. With a wicked grin on her now-revealed face, Renee couldn’t resist but to keep pushing the buttons, but literally and metaphorically, of the sweet young redhead. “How does it feel knowing there was a woman ready to fuck you like that back then? Would you have let me bend you over my desk, fuck you until you were howling? Would you have let me lift that slutty short skirt high and spanked that tight college ass until it was sore?”

“Y...Yes…” The whimper that passed from Oracle’s lips was soft and sweet, but it wasn’t quite enough to convince the older woman. The finger that toyed back and forth over Barbara’s sweet pink panties turned upward, and she flicked her digit against the bulge of the girl’s hood through the fabric. Accenting the touch was a sudden press of Renee’s teeth against the spot where Barbara’s throat met her shoulder; just enough to leave an indent for the seconds after the bite was given. The whisper that came from the seductive older woman was heavy and filled with lust, and it only whispered something that Oracle already knew.

“That...isn’t...good...enough.”

The words trembled through Oracle’s spine, each one of them bringing a brush of breath that chilled the wet spot on her throat. She gave a pathetic whimper as she desperately wished to push her hips forward into the finger teasing her, though she knew that not just physical limitation but sexual submission was utterly preventing her. She had no other recourse but to play Renee’s game, to give in to her demands, and to sing of her deep admission to a truth that was unavoidable in the moment.

“Y...Yes…” She howled, her knuckles going white around the wheelchair’s handles. She bit down on her bottom lip and bucked her head backwards, her eyeglasses going eschew as she trembled in a rush of heated desire. “I would’ve licked you, let you fuck me wherever you wanted, any hole, any position, I would’ve been your willing slut!”

The words that Oracle wailed were finally enough to pull the fedora away from her chin, and the
mouth of the seductive older woman from the slope of her neck. Renee pulled back with a smirk, and just like that the teasing at Oracle’s nethers stopped. For a moment the wheelchair bound woman was desperate to beg for more, but it became clear very soon that Renee had better goals in mind for her hands. Jeans were little barrier to the horny desires of the Question, and she hooked her grip against the young woman’s waistband as she eagerly, readily pulled them away from her body. The girl’s limp legs were bare as the jeans were discarded, and in their escape Oracle was left wearing nothing but a pair of simple white socks and the pink panties that had given away her scandalous secret. Renee simply smirked, and licked her lips as she took in the sight of them.

“...I’m going to fuck you hard and deep, and I’m going to use the strap-on that you have in the top drawer of your nightstand.” Her voice was thoughtful and clear, and as Oracle rose a questioning brow the Question simply gazed at her with a knowing smirk. She had figured it out; and was confident at that point that it was certainly amongst the tools that was waiting for her to use. She wasn’t done yet; however, and her bare hand lowered to pull aside the fabric of Oracle’s bright, pretty panties. “But first…”

Oracle was suddenly left gasping as Renee darted her head forward, burying it in between Oracle’s legs and pressing her mouth full against the redhead’s tiny slit. Her tongue was a frenzied muscle of wild desire; flickering back and forth over wet folds and teasing across Oracle’s already glistening sex. The detective groaned, swallowing hungrily in the few seconds in which she serviced Barbara, the presence of her mouth remarkably brief. She pulled back with a bead of spit connecting her mouth and Barbara’s slit, and as the wheelchair-bound girl watched her with a stunned expression on her face, the detective simply smirked.

“...always wondered what you tasted like. Now I know.” She grinned, and stood up with a content sigh. Oracle was left whimpering and aroused; stewing in a heated moment as Renee stretched out, and brought a hand up to grab the top of her navy fedora. With a sigh she moved it away from her own dark, curly locks and dropped it easily on top of Oracle’s red hair, positioning it just right so that it looked cute and sweet when mixed with the sight of her glasses. From there, Renee’s hands drifted up, moving to her tie as she slowly started to undress.

“What’re you doing?” Oracle whined, looking up in her newly-clad hat. “I begged you already, go get the strapon and fuck me!” The words that came from Renee were enough to send chills down Oracle’s spine, and a shivering tremble of arousal straight into the core of her sex. The bronze skinned woman just quirked a dark brow at her friend, and spoke in a casual, curious voice.

“Already?” She asked, and shook her head as she pulled her long black tie free. “No no...you haven’t been tied up yet.”

As Renee descended upon Oracle with the black tie snapping in her hands, the young redhead gave a submissive, aroused whimper.

It was moments later, and Oracle’s situation was even more helpless. The brilliant woman’s legs had each been pulled back and up; her knees up to her chest with each one of her legs tightly secured by the end of a strong, black tie. Question had tied her ankles and pulled the material of the tie back; looping it around the rear handles of the wheelchair to keep her legs suspended in the air. It forced Oracle into the embarrassing position of having her wet slit completely exposed and spread; glistening as she could see in a distant mirror and showing just how wet she was for the detective that had come to ravish her. She still wore Renee’s fedora as well as her glasses; giving her the look of a dignified hipster slut; tied and positioned to be utterly claimed. Worst of all was the waiting, and Renee certainly loved to make her do it. The detective had positioned herself in such a way that
Oracle couldn’t catch sight of her in the mirror or even turn her head back far enough to see her; the awkward position that her legs had been bound in was such that her back had been slouched into the wheelchair’s vinyl. She was utterly helpless and left waiting while Renee hummed to herself, working on her clothes and rummaging in Oracle’s top drawer.

There were toys there...even more than before she had slept with Lady Blackhawk. A strapon had been recently introduced into their bedroom and Oracle was still getting used to it; it was large and thick and a deep marble onyx in color. The thing was perfectly sculpted complete with veins that pushed in against her walls, and it had nearly been too much for her even with Lady Blackhawk’s gentle fucking. Strapped across the front of Renee Montoya...it frightened Oracle as much as it excited her. It had lain there right on the top of the drawer’s pile when Renee went through it, laying next to vibrators, plugs for her ass, and a silk blindfold. The toys of an experimenting young woman.

When Renee finally came around to the front she wasn’t wearing her slacks or her trench coat anymore, though she had kept her dress shirt and bra on. The shirt was opened to show off the impressively strong physique of the toned older woman, and she stood before Oracle with a hand on her hip and a smile pressed against her teasing features. The ponytail had been yanked from her curly black hair and now it perfectly framed her bronze features, giving her the look of a tousled, fuck-ready older woman that couldn’t want to rip into the flesh of a supple, eager young lover. The strapon that hung from the front of her was testament to that fact; in all of the mighty, thick glory that Oracle remembered from when she tried using it with Lady Blackhawk.

Renee just smirked, and licked her lips as she gazed at the bent-in-half Oracle, her eyes flickering to the tie bound around the girl’s ankles to make sure it was holding still. She casually walked forward and lifted the weight of the thick onyx toy in one hand, letting it drop with a heavy, wet slap against the top of Oracle’s folds. Her hips rolled casually side to side, and she whispered to Barbara as she let her strong fingertips brush down the inside of the other woman’s thighs.

“I’m keeping those panties.” She announced with a smirk, gazing at the girl wearing her fedora. She let her hand drift forward to reclaim the hat; plucking it off of Oracle’s head to put it back in its rightful place. Once the navy trim of it was once again drifting above her eyes, Renee’s lips twisted into a content smirk, and she let her hand suddenly lash down, delivering a short spank to the spot just above Oracle’s sex. The redhead yelped; her cheeks red as her glasses slid down to the tip of her nose. “To remind me of the time I got to fuck you until you went hoarse.”

“I’m...I’m not screaming...yet.” Oracle glared at Renee from her bound position, her eyes narrow and her resistance flaring into place once more. Her toes quivered within her socks as soon as she said the words, and she instantly realized what a mistake it was. Renee was a firm teacher with a disciplined hand, and by making that cocky comment Oracle had doomed herself to be doing just that. Renee smiled warmly to her young longer, and with the sweetest sigh she could muster, she moved to push the head of the thick, onyx toy against the other woman’s fiercely tight entrance.

Oracle’s eyes went wide behind her glasses as the toy started to push inside; instantly remembering just how big it was from the other night. The pressure put behind it from Renee’s hips made it clear that she wasn’t going to be as gentle as Lady Blackhawk, or cared to ask her if it was too big. She was moving forward with experience; more so than Blackhawk could boast. Renee had pierced more than her fair share of women on the end of a surrogate tomboy cock, and she had the confident sway to her body that told Barbara she’d simply be the next one claimed by the beautiful woman with dark locks and smoldering eyes.

Barbara’s legs hung heavy against the tie suspending them, and she was completely unable to resist as Renee continued to push forward, grooving her hips against Barbara’s as she worked every inch of the remarkable toy inside of the smaller girl. Oracle was stretched tight; far tighter than she thought
would be comfortable, and it wasn’t long before she was moaning with her face mixed between nervousness and arousal. When Renee worked herself down to the hilt she gazed down to marvel at Oracle’s accomplishment, beaming as she gazed through the genius’ glasses at the sharp, slightly fearful eyes beyond.

“You took it all, I’m proud of you.” Renee cooed, and with the thick toy tight in Oracle’s folds she rolled her hips back and forth, dragging the weight of it side to side within her. The redhead was left with her senses reeling from the motions, biting down on her bottom lip and breathing heavy, trying desperately to maintain. Renee just chuckled softly, and pressed in close to squeeze a chaste, tender, almost condescending kiss on the top of Barbara’s nose. As soon as she delivered it her voice turned deeper and heavier, and she whispered to the young woman with an almost threatening passion. “...now take it until you’re screaming.”

At that, Oracle was given no other option. Renee’s hands locked in against the handles of the wheelchair, first flipping the brake up so the wheels could once more roll. Her grip flew down to the rim of her tires and she took full control of the other woman’s mobility, rolling Oracle away from her by six inches, and then suddenly back towards her with a stunning strength. Renee’s fit, athletic frame was tight as she controlled the young woman’s body, keeping her bound and manipulating her chair to fuck her with deep and steady strikes, each one sure to fuck down to the redhead’s very core.

And despite herself, despite the embarrassment in her submission, and despite the worry about the toy’s size, Oracle screamed with an enormous smile forming her lips. The woman’s eyes rolled back in her head and her joyful noises filled the clocktower; her arms hanging limp and her legs tied tight around the back handles of the wheelchair. Under Renee’s controlling grip Oracle was little more than a pussy on wheels to be claimed with fury and desire, and in the most shameful revelation of all the young woman realized she was entirely content with that fact. Her head rolled back and her mouth hung open, a line of drool escaping her lips as the squeak of her tires joined the noise of her wonderfully delightful cries.

All the while, Renee Montoya remained a fiercely powerful presence above her, her black longs dangling down across the young woman’s body and the presence of her fedora firmly perched atop her head. The older woman smirked knowingly as she saw Oracle wailing in almost instant desire, knowing full-well just how to thrust herself into the hole of a stubbornly willing girl. Her grip grew tight around the rims of her wheels while she continued to drive her back and forth, from time to time her eyes flickering down to see just how much Oracle’s sweet, tight pussy had to stretch around the presence of the marble onyx cock.

The Question grinned wide, relishing the sight. Every time Barbara Gordon had left her hot under the collar, every time she had seen that tight ass in pink panties, every time she had seen her kiss her father’s cheek and imagined what those lips would feel like wrapped around her clit...Renee threw everything into it. Her athletic physique grew taut and strong, sweat lining against her muscles as she rammed in heavy, powerful strokes against Oracle’s slender pussy. The sound of their flesh slapping joined just as readily in the air as the squeaking of tires and the howling of Oracle, just another melody to fill the air around them.

Her hands were too busy to force Oracle’s head, but Renee gestured for the young woman to roll her gaze to the side. Once she did, Barbara could watch in the distant mirror just how desperately she had given herself up. Bound with legs dangling in the air, fucked in the very tool of her mobility, cheeks red and mouth drooling. Her glasses were tilted on her face and her lips were parted in endless moans, and most shameful of all was that she relished the sight. The woman that controlled everything; controlled every step of the Birds of Prey, controlled every heroic act that her group performed, savored that moment of wonderfully bound submission. Just as Zinda had helped her realize in the days after their first joining, there was a part of her that was very hungry, and very, very
unwilling to wait.

Renee fucked her like an experienced veteran, each thrust given with the weight and fury of a woman that had made more than just mere Batgirls moan on the edge of a plastic cock. With the bronze-skinned woman’s body tight and firm, she let her eyes flash to Barbara’s as soon as Oracle had a chance to take in the sight. Once the redhead had seen just how slutty she truly was, just how far she could really fall, Renee finally leaned in for what she had wanted from the very beginning.

A kiss came to her while she still pulled the wheelchair’s wheels, fucking into the girl with a fervent passion. Their lips joined and Renee worked her tongue easily against Oracle’s, tasting the girl and forcing a moan steadily through her. She had waited some time to force that kiss. She didn’t want to kiss Oracle, the leader of the Birds of Prey. She didn’t even want to kiss Batgirl, the hero of Gotham City. She wanted to kiss Barbara Gordon, the slutty little college girl that could wail like a whore while getting fucked.

It only took her a few years and an hour of sexual submission to finally get it.

Barbara’s body recoiled in sudden climax as Renee kissed her, and it was enough to force the detective into her own thrashing peak. While Barbara’s legs remained suspended between them the two women were left moaning into each other’s mouths, and Renee snatched the girl tightly against her as their orgasms hit. She forced the thick onyx toy deep into Barbara’s wet entrance, holding it there through their trembles and their gasps, forcing it inside even as they both were left shivering and practically paralyzed in the shuddering aftermath of a climax. Renee groaned as their lips started to part, and she quickly started to realize the impact of the moment. Her thighs were wet from Barbara’s squirt and she could feel the young woman shuddering in a sweaty mess underneath her; both of them simply stunned at the wave of passion that had come over them. Oracle gazed up at Renee with her glasses eschew and her cheeks bright red, and she cleared her throat idly before she whispered in a thoughtful, quiet voice.

“...y...you...you happy now?” She hissed at the woman, showing just how resistant she could be. Even though the room was laced with the scent of sex, even though her entire body was throbbing in the bliss of an orgasm, even though her own squirt was rolling down Renee’s thighs...she still had to persist. The dark-haired woman pondered the question for a long moment, the entire time the thick toy resting within Barbara’s folds. She gazed down at the girl for a lingering moment, and when she finally spoke her voice sent shivers across Barbara’s flesh anew.

“...I never did get to bend you over a desk.” Renee’s whispered, and her gaze drifted up to where Oracle’s computer station sat. The brim of her fedora cast a small shadow down her face and half across Oracle’s eyes, cloaking the woman in the same look of mystery that she adhered so solidly to out in public.

The Question would always drift on the corner of people’s notice...but that night, she’d be impossible for Barbara Gordon to ignore.

End of Chapter Seven.

Chapter End Notes

I love Renee. :) One of my favorite characters in DC.

Thanks for reading!
Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Blackhawk Bound

Chapter Summary

With few other options, Lady Blackhawk has to rub shoulders with one of the seedier sides of Gotham City. Get it? Seeds? Because...Ivy...is a plant. It's a plant pun.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Caged Birds
Chapter 8: Blackhawk Bound
-By Drace Domino

Zinda took one last sip of her soda from the edge of a glass bottle, her eyes on the distant plot of land that was Poison Ivy’s domain. She let the sweetness rest on her tongue for a lingering moment, just as the press of the bottle’s glass neck hung against her bottom lip briefly, just as much a part of the experience. Glass bottles for soda were hardly the most friendly to the environment as people understood it these days, but there was a certain nostalgia to the weight of the heavy bottle that brought Lady Blackhawk back. She couldn’t help but smile with a quaint quirk to her brow as she tossed the empty bottle into a nearby bin, and smoothed her hands down the front of her outfit. She was going into enemy territory all alone this time; Oracle’s communications had been oddly quiet after giving her orders for the evening, and both Black Canary and Huntress were otherwise restrained in their own mission. The girls that were disappearing from Brideshead was turning out to be a big job for all of them, and they were all being called to go above and beyond the usual stretches of heroism.

Zinda adjusted her pilot’s cap as she stepped foot on Ivy’s territory; her heeled boot sinking into the soil as she moved. She wasn’t foolish enough to disregard the fact that Ivy knew she was there from the very first step; within the terrain of the greenhouse Ivy was less of a queen and more of a goddess, all seeing and all knowing through her close and unusual bond with the plants. Every blade of glass was a threat to Zinda as she marched ahead, and behind the bark of every tree she knew there were eyes that were upon her. People that wandered into Poison Ivy’s territory, heroic or not, only tended to walk out if she allowed it. Zinda could only hope that their interests aligned enough for the redheaded, villainous vixen to consider them allies for the evening.

Zinda’s outfit was as she typically wore; a short skirt that only barely covered the slope of her rear, exposing powerful thighs that flowed into thick and powerful leather boots. A sharp leather jacket covered her athletic upper body, and her stylish hat rested atop the locks of blonde hair that gracefully framed her face. She didn’t take towards the sort of cloak and dagger outfit that Huntress did, rather choosing to embrace her identity and letting the evils of Gotham City see her full-on. Not that it mattered, it was rare that any villains got past the short skirt and knee high leather boots.

While she walked, Zinda glanced from side to side to where the foliage around her was practically writhing. Ivy’s territory was unsubtle with threats; thick vines coiled around creepy looking trees, and it wasn’t too rare to see the large bulb of an oversized flytrap resting and waiting for a target. As far as villainous hideouts went, Poison Ivy’s was as hidden and obscure as it was safe. Zinda’s eyes stayed sharp as she continued to move, ever careful to avoid stepping too near any piece of green,
her eyes on the open door at the very edge of the greenhouse. Ivy was already expecting her; that much was a certainty. There was no point in being quiet or even daring to sneak around, it was a useless endeavor at best and at worst would offend her host. If Ivy had any patience at all within her green and sinister heart, Zinda had to be careful that it didn’t run out before she escaped with the information she needed.

“Poison Ivy!” Lady Blackhawk called out as soon as she stepped foot in the greenhouse, and the overwhelming scent of natural growth struck her. Contained within the glass walls the various nectars and pollens were wildly abundant, and it hit her so strong Zinda was forced into a sudden sneeze. As she whimpered and held her nose, pinching the bridge with her jet black leather gloves, she murmured to herself with a sigh. “...well, sneaking in definitely wouldn’t of worked now.” At least she had already called out to the mistress of the thorny lair, and it was abundant that she was trying to approach her on diplomatic terms. Her voice called out again, and she stepped forward so that her leather boot made a soft clicking noise against the tile floor. “I’m here to talk! We know you know what’s going on in Brideshead, and we can work together to stop it!”

There was silence for a long moment, before Zinda could hear the faintest sound of a distant giggle. It was Ivy’s voice, no doubt designed to sound just far enough away that Zinda had to strain to hear it. A tease, a taunt, and an invitation to proceed. Zinda sighed, and took a steady breath as she started to move forward, her leather-soled feet pressing to the tile floor as she started to move ahead. Her hands remained free and open in case she needed to defend herself, but this deep into Ivy’s lair on her own made that sort of endeavor a mission that would fail before it even began. She made it to the next room before she heard Ivy finally call out to her, the redhead’s voice flowing through the halls and carrying to Zinda’s ears.

“Stay right there, Bird.” She sounded unconcerned and quite casual, a good sign considering the circumstances. “I can’t have you flying about my home wherever you want. You’ll wait there for an escort.” Unable to protest, Zinda just froze in place and patiently waited as she had been ordered. She was expecting something ridiculous to come for her; a coiled vine or a walking rose, or some other sort of plant abomination that would silently lead her to Ivy’s inner sanctum. She was surprised when the person that came to claim her was a handsome, athletic looking young man.

Dusty brown hair was a shaggy mop across his head, and his youthful features wore a few tiny scars that were signs of life on the hard streets of Gotham. To Zinda’s surprise the young man was shirtless; his fit physique exposed in the warm greenhouse while his pants were covered by a pair of tight fitting jeans that had been cinched closed with a belt. The glisten of sweat that clung to his shoulders told Lady Blackhawk that he had been hard at work within Ivy’s greenhouse, but his face told her even more. She had seen that face in the past; and it was immediately known to her.

No one of importance. A pickpocket that they had let go because he was no real threat, or a young man they had once seen stealing a box of donuts from one of the bakeries in the early hours of the day. Orphans were no stranger to Brideshead, and even though it was well-known that many of the city’s unclaimed youth fell under Poison Ivy’s tender teachings, the Birds had never seen it worth the fight to stop her. After all, at least the young ones were eating, even if they had to steal to do it. Lady Blackhawk let her gaze fall on the young man before her, nodding simply to him as he finally spoke up.

“Poison Ivy’s through here.” He gestured down a long hall, to where the dim glow of faint light made the walls flicker with an ominous presence. Before he started to walk; however, he pointed to Zinda squarely at the tip of her nose. “But don’t try anything. She won’t need her plants to stop you when I’m around.”

Lady Blackhawk had to resist laughing at the gesture, and thankfully her mirth took the form of a
polite smile. She said nothing, simply because there was nothing she could think of in the moment that didn’t equate to “kid, you’re the least dangerous thing for two miles in any direction.” Instead she simply walked behind him, her head tilting as she studied not only the hallway, but the young man from behind. Strong shoulders and a muscular back; the body of someone that had to run, fight, and struggle to take care of himself. He had a long scar on his back that Zinda could almost instantly recognize as a knife wound; delivered with the sort of sloppy execution that only a half-stoned gang member could swing away with. The wound was old and the scar distantly faded, and it was with a bit of sympathy that Zinda realized it had to have met the young man’s body when he was barely moving into his teens. The city was damned harsh in the worst of times.

Lady Blackhawk moved politely behind her guide, only looking up as they came into what Zinda could only describe as a throne room. It was clear now why no vines came to greet her; they were all bus holding Poison Ivy up like the ancient goddess she fancied herself to be. The base of her hideout was like a great tree made of coiled vines of all shapes and sizes; everything from thick threads of green that were the width of a small car to ones that were as sharp and hard at the tip as the edge of a whip. They coiled within the walls and even made up the carpet of the floor, and in the center they held up with perfect precision the frame of Gotham City’s own home grown menace.

Lady Blackhawk swallowed, and clenched her teeth behind her lips as Ivy came into view. The woman was gloriously naked without any shame; her light green skin tone blending naturally with the tone of her vines to such a degree that it was hard to see if any of them had bothered moving forward to cover her breasts. It was with a small squint that Lady Blackhawk could tell that it wasn’t the case; for Ivy’s full and ample bust was exposed with just as much casual grace as her arms and legs. The only differences against the stark green background was a bright flare of red hair that dangled wildly to her shoulders, and the dull orange of a perfectly round pumpkin that she was holding in her lap with all the affection and tenderness than anyone else would cradle a cat. She even let her fingers stroke over the top of it, and her lips turned into a devious smile as she saw Lady Blackhawk standing nearby.

“Ah, I don’t get company very often.” She cooed with a teasing voice, and licked her lips in pointed fashion as she let her eyes drift up and down. She was unabashedly sexual in almost all of her dealings; and though Zinda had recently discovered the joys of a fiery redhead, it didn’t take a wise woman to know that Ivy’s allure was just one of her many, many deadly weapons. The villainess sighed contently and dropped her chin on her hand, gazing towards Zinda as she towered over her from her throne, suspended nearly ten feet in the air. “But I don’t suppose you’re here for gardening tips or to charm me with gifts, are you?”

“Can it, Ivy.” Lady Blackhawk glared, staring up at the villainess. She ignored her young ward simply because he didn’t matter in the moment; if things went down and there was danger to be handled, he was practically a helpless civilian that wouldn’t sway the battle one way or the other. Lady Blackhawk stared up at Ivy and spoke in a clear and crisp voice, her eyes focused and firm while she talked. She struggled to keep a balance in her tone; one that would ensure Ivy that she wasn’t about to back down, but not firm enough that it would trigger the supervillain’s instincts for self-defense. “There’s something going on that’s hurting everyone. You probably know more than anyone, and Oracle found some evidence that linked an abduction to this greenhouse. Now…” There was a furiously knit brow that came across Ivy’s face, and Lady Blackhawk was quick to force it away. “...when I say link, I mean as in one of your people were the victim. We know you’re innocent in all this; capturing young women isn’t your thing.”

“Of course it isn’t. Why would I capture young women?” Poison Ivy sighed contently, and slumped back in her chair. She made it a point to cross her legs and she did so in the most obscene way possible; forcing Lady Blackhawk to watch as a dark green slit tufted with soft red hair was squeezed between her legs. Her bare, green foot dangled after she crossed her leg over a knee, and
smirked after her gesture. “Why would I capture young women when far more experienced ones simply wander into my home? I’m sure you can do things that innocent little eighteen year olds can’t.”

“I’m not playing around with this issue, Ivy.” Lady Blackhawk remained focused; her eyes narrow as she glared at the vixen. She had seen the sight of Poison Ivy’s slight but forced it from her mind, and she took a deep, steadying breath as she set her gaze before her. Her hands gently tightened and she met the evil doer’s gaze, her voice smooth and solid while she spoke. She had to remain calm, she had to stay focused. “Your girls have been taken too, haven’t they? The orphans you adopt? We can help you if you work with us.”

As soon as she posed the question, she knew she was right. Not because of Poison Ivy; the villain remained just as sultry and unreadable as ever. The young man that served her; however, was as easy to read as an open book. His eyes flared with emotion when she mentioned the disappearance of young women from their lair, and Zinda could even see him tremble as she pressed the issue. Unfortunately, it seemed like Poison Ivy wasn’t feeling in a particularly helpful mood.

“Whether or not I’m missing some of my girls, that’s my business.” Poison Ivy rolled her shoulders, and licked her lips teasingly with the tip of her tongue. “Maybe you should go talk to Selina? I heard her pet went missing...and I don’t mean one of her little furballs.” She chuckled softly, and her fingers drummed with a bored tone against the edge of her vines. Vines that were shifting and trembling around her; moving in a constant state like a den of snakes. One of them even slipped up to offer Ivy some trace of affection; a tiny one that brushed against her cheek and moved closer to her as she turned her cheek to offer it a faint kiss. The tiny vine seemed to tremble at the faint contact, and it was enough to make Ivy raise her brow with a mischievous look on her face. “Though I’ve an idea for you, Bird. I’m terribly bored today. Maybe if you can keep me entertained for a few hours, I’ll be willing to offer you my help?” She quirked her brow, and looked up and down at Zinda’s figure as it was contained within her short skirt and jacket. “How badly do you want to find these girls?”

“I’m not sleeping with you, Ivy.” Lady Blackhawk was a no nonsense sort of woman, and she cut straight to the point. Her voice was deadpan and her eyes were glaring, and she practically growled as she stepped forward. “You’d really wager these girls’ lives just so you can get off with me? I’m flattered, but not interested.”

“Oh, don’t be flattered, that wasn’t what I was suggesting.” Ivy smiled sweetly, and gestured towards the young man standing near Lady Blackhawk. “My young friend here keeps me adequately satisfied most of the time...and for the instances when I want to spend some time with the fairer sex, Harley is more fun than you’ll ever be.” She chuckled. “Besides, I wouldn’t have to barter for you, Bird. If I wanted you naked against me, you’d already be sitting here and thanking me for the opportunity.” As much as Zinda hated to admit it; that part was true. Not for any desire of her own, but for the fact that few women could work in alluring toxins and pheremones as expertly as Poison Ivy. The villainess could’ve easily lured her in with a simple fragrance that would’ve had her giving up her ideals and morals for the chance to lick nectar from the redhead’s thighs.

In a way, even knowing that made her all the sexier. That sort of power was dangerous on many levels.

“Then what do you want, Ivy?” Zinda sighed, and pressed her hands to her hips. Her skirt bounced idly as she tapped a foot, glaring up at the naked woman showboating and teasing her. Ivy was relishing the game for a certainty, though Lady Blackhawk’s patience was starting to ebb. She glared at the villainess and shrugged her shoulders, sighing. “I’m afraid I can’t juggle. Want me to sing for you? Tell you some jokes? How about I go out and buy you a cup and ball toy. Kids used to love
“em.” The back and forth was pressing Zinda’s patience, but it only seemed to delight Ivy even more. She turned her head to snuggle with the errant vine once more, caressing and kissing it as nuzzled to her flesh like a needy cat. After a long, tense moment Ivy finally spoke up, and her dark green lips turned into a clever, somewhat cruel smile.

“You were closer the first time.” She spoke just barely above a whisper, only loud enough for Zinda to faintly hear her. As she spoke her hand lifted up, and with it her vines started to spring to life. The entire room was crawling in an instant; vines coiling and wriggling around Lady Blackhawk who was suddenly put on edge. The floor itself was rolling underfoot; however, and it made it difficult for Zinda to do anything but listen to the villainess’ words. “You simply failed to identify who’d be ruining your sweaty, naked body tonight!”

The entire room had come alive against Lady Blackhawk, and the hero knew that she wasn’t going to be able to fight it off. She had known as much from the second she was told to go and investigate Ivy’s involvement with the current situation; Oracle had basically sent her to have her body used and toyed with. A lone, busty, blonde hero deep in the heart of Poison Ivy’s territory? What purity Zinda still had left never had a chance. As the room came alive around her Zinda glanced to the side where she could hear the vines tightening about each other; growing taut briefly before lunging towards her with grasping and coiling tethers. She didn’t fight it; there was no point in doing so. As thin ropes of powerful vines wrapped around her boots at the ankles she simply stood tall, and she didn’t pull her hands away when she felt more go around her wrists. She simply looked up at Ivy with a hard and firm glare, knowing full well what was going to come. She’d be stripped and humiliated, fondled and taken advantage of. She wouldn’t of gone into the mission knowing what was going to happen if she hadn’t been prepared for it. Just like Huntress and Black Canary posing as prostitutes, Lady Blackhawk was willing and ready to sacrifice her own dignity for the cause.

Still, she had to at least get a few words in edgewise before the supervillain’s wicked plan took effect. She’d be happy to let Ivy use her body; a part of her even saw a small thrill in it. But she’d be damned if she went down without making her presence known with an appropriately scathing quip.

“If you were nicer, you could get women to come visit you without needing a crime spree.” She offered, and it was the last thing Lady Blackhawk said for a while. The vines took over as Ivy smirked, and the Bird of Prey was suddenly lifted up into the air by the elaborate tapestry of plants that surrounded her. In front of Ivy and her young male servant Lady Blackhawk was bounced around; the vines coiling and turning her so that the mistress of the lair could see the shape of the blonde’s rear as it barely hid behind her skirt. The ability to speak was stolen from Zinda by a particularly curious vine that pushed squarely into her mouth; holding down her tongue and filling her senses with the scent and taste of a sweet mint. It wasn’t unpleasant; far from it, and Zinda could only rate that Ivy had picked that particular vine to stuff her mouth because it was inoffensive and sweet. She’d have to thank her for that; or she would, if she wasn’t being bent from the waist and forced to push her ass out.

She could feel the breeze lifting underneath her skirt, and she was far enough up in the air to see the young man standing underneath her, a look of realization on his face. He was seeing something that Ivy wasn’t yet privy to; something her perch in her tall, vine throne hadn’t given her knowledge of yet. Specifically, that Zinda had prepared for this occasion. Underneath the impossibly short skirt she wore no layer of underclothes; her sex was bare and exposed and her folds were shaven smooth. Even further, she had taken steps to appease the woman that she was trying to pry for information. Using a bright green shade of lipstick and the clever application of a hand mirror, she had done a bit of drawing. As the vines lifted Zinda and her skirt flipped up and over her rear, Ivy could clearly see the little peace offering that had been made. Though Zinda was gagged, her message was clear. Just above her shaven sex, drawn with the tip of a tube of green lipstick, Zinda had drawn a small set of flowers.
Ivy arched a brow as she looked at the art, smirking softly as she folded her legs once more in the same taunting fashion. Zinda’s hat had fallen to the floor and her blonde hair was dangling down, and the woman could only look at Ivy upside-down as the vines suspended her, keeping her ass offered to their owner. Poison Ivy could only smirk as she realized the full desperation going on within Zinda. She so desired to find the girls, so yearned to stop the kidnappings, that she had turned her own pussy into a peace offering. She knew that she was going to have to offer it within her domain, and had beaten them to the punch. Ivy just grinned, and slowly clapped her hands together as the vines tightened about Zinda’s wrists and ankles.

“Very good.” She mused, and licked her lips as she studied the hand-drawn flowers just overtop Zinda’s pussy. She chuckled as she leaned back, and let her fingers tuck just underneath her chin as the vines started to lower. “Just for that, I really will help you after we fuck you senseless, Bird. That sort of dedication is rare, and should be rewarded.”

And with that, Zinda knew that she had succeded at her mission. She had impressed Ivy and shown her respect, to the point of knowing that stepping within her territory was tantamount to giving up her holes. And because of that foresight, Ivy was on board. The chances of the young women that had been captured being saved just went up dramatically as one of the most powerful women in Gotham City joined the cause. Knowing that even helped Zinda in her situation, and as the mint-flavored vine popped out of her mouth she gazed back towards the two, and purposely wiggled her rear as much as she was able to within the restraints.

“Wonderful.” She cooed, and her gaze flickered from Ivy to her friend. “So let’s just enjoy ourselves, hmm?” That part she certainly meant. Business had to come first, but with the arrangements in place and the cooperation of the other party secured, Lady Blackhawk was ready to let herself go. The vines lowered her down to the floor but they remained hard around her wrists and ankles; forcing her into a position on her knees. Even more of the ropey strands of green wrapped around her legs; covering her from toe to knee and holding her in that position, while others coiled around her arms and held her to her shoulders. She was frozen on her hands and knees; her skirt only barely containing the sight of her rear. One of the vines were even nice enough to pick up her hat and place it delicately on her head, no doubt specifically commanded to do so through Ivy’s subtle mental commands.

“I think that sounds lovely.” Ivy mused and sat back in her throne, gesturing towards the prone and presenting Lady Blackhawk. She looked to her young charge standing nearby, and smiled sweetly at him as she spoke. “I told you I would tend to your needs, didn’t I? She’s yours first.”

“Thank you, ma’am!” The boy smiled as he stepped forward, gazing up at Poison Ivy. There was a hint of hesitation in his voice; however, and he spoke up clear enough for Zinda to be able to hear. “Though I still wish I could have you instead. It’s been days, ma’am...it’s starting to hurt.” He whimpered some, and moved a hand down to press against an erection that was throbbing inside of his jeans. Ivy was a controlling woman that had strict orders to her young lover; for his determination and indulgence and for being so bold as to mark himself as her lover, he had to pay the price of saving all of his climaxes for her. No touching himself, and no other women unless she offered them. It was only fitting he made such a tribute, considering he had been boastful about his desire to seed Poison Ivy. She was nothing if not a demanding, teasing woman.

“I’m afraid I’m still a bit distraught over my dear lost girls.” Poison Ivy sighed; not seeming particularly upset. She moved her hand and with it one of the vines moved to ahold of Zinda’s skirt, lifting it up to expose the pink flesh of her delightfully tight rear. Ivy spoke up once more as one of her vines slithered up Zinda’s thigh, moving dangerously, trembingly close to her nethers.

“But all that cum you’ve been saving up can go in her. Bird, you don’t care if my dear friend here releases inside of you, do you?”
She didn’t give Zinda a chance to respond. Just when Lady Blackhawk was about to protest for the usual reasons, the mint-flavored tentacle moved forward once more and wiggled in against her tongue. It left her eyes shooting open and her arms and legs tugging at the bindings, which only forced her exposed rear to bounce and jiggle some more. Poison Ivy just gazed down at her young lover, and smiled sweetly to him before leaning back with a look of only casual interest.

“Go ahead, dear boy. She said she simply can’t wait for your cum.” She clicked her tongue idly to the roof of her mouth. “Perhaps your fantasy about breeding me can come true with this one.”

Her words had been thrown in to make her young male lover surge with desire, and to force Zinda’s eyes to open even wider. The Bird of Prey had thought she was going into Poison Ivy’s lair prepared, but it’d take more than mere lipstick and a willingness to fuck to completely satisfy the supervillain. After so many foiled plots and ruined schemes, there were things that she wanted from Lady Blackhawk. She wanted her dignity, and she wanted her consent in the evening to be dubious and unsure. Mostly, she wanted to savor the moment when her lover came inside of the blonde’s tight, wet pussy, and Zinda’s eyes rolled in a mixture of heat, shame, and fear that she had been seeded.

“Absolutely delicious.” Poison Ivy whispered at the thought, though her voice was too low for either of the other two to hear. Without further hesitation she gestured for her friend to drift close, and the vines tightened to restrain Lady Blackhawk further. She was forced into presenting like a dog in heat; her ass up and her sex practically drooling from arousal. Though her head was shaking frantically from side to side, gagged with a vine but refusing to accept the goal of the session, her desperate gestures did little more than make her look all the more tempting.

The boy stood behind Zinda’s full rear and unzipped his jeans, allowing the weight of his cock to slap down hard against the outside of Zinda’s rear. It left her moaning around the bit of mint vine, her eyes rolling back in her head as she tried desperately to keep her cool. She was afraid of the inevitable creampie, but there were precious few things in this world that excited her quite so much as the feel of a hot slap of throbbing cockmeat striking the back of her rear, ready to shove in deep and without any hint of mercy or restraint. She simply bobbed her head forward and gave a pathetic whimper, giving in to the battle of lust and seduction that had been going on from the first step her boots took on Poison Ivy’s soil.

The young man’s hand lowered, and he grabbed his shaft at the very base before pulling his hips back, lining up the tip of his powerful cock with the slope of Lady Blackhawk’s sex. She was already wet and he could feel her heat on the tip of his member, and to accent that fact he rubbed his cockhead idly back and forth, smearing the resin of his precum across her own glistening folds. It made both of them shiver in hunger and even the vines surrounding Lady Blackhawk tightened, likely eager for their own turn after the two were finished. The young man crouched behind Zinda and yet he waited for the official word; the signal that he was able to mount the girl and fuck her until they were both cumming and screaming in equal measure.

That moment came from a simple nod on Poison Ivy’s part; the signal for the breeding of Blackhawk to begin.

Zinda whimpered around the mint flavored vine that had pierced her mouth, filling her up and holding her tongue flat to the floor of her mouth. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she first felt the young man push inside; his member spreading her folds with an ease that was shameful to the older woman. Ivy’s friend was likely just recently past eighteen; far too young a boy for an older woman such as herself, and there she was enjoying the moment of penetration as he worked himself inside. She didn’t know his name and likely never would, and even that drew forth an illicit moment of joy for the woman. He pushed inside of her and her walls easily made room for it; fitting snugly
around his member until she could feel his lap push against the sculpt of her rear. He was groaning; she could hear as much but the vine in her mouth prevented her from looking back, robbing her of the chance to even see his face while she was claimed. The thickness surprised her; for as easy as he slid inside she had almost expected him to be a smaller man, but the fact that he had worked inside with such ease was a testament to her own arousal. Now that he had settled and hilted himself she could truly relish just how thick he was, and just how far he was spreading the entrance that she had prepared for the event. She had known that her visit to Poison Ivy’s lair would lead to her naked and submissive, but she didn’t suspect that it was going to include a cock that was a perfect fit.

The young man’s hands moved to take ahold of Zinda’s hips, holding her firm as if she could hope to move with the vines so tightly holding her. Her legs and arms were fully bound and controlled by Ivy’s own design, and she could hear even more of them creeping closer. It was a foregone conclusion that by the end of the night she’d see far more of Ivy’s vines, and they’d be exploring much, much more of her. If it was possible, the knowledge of that rough and hungry treatment made her even wetter, and she could feel her sex tighten considerably on the young man’s cock, giving him a squeeze he likely didn’t suspect.

It had been days since his last climax, and Zinda’s wet and tight entrance was second only to Ivy’s in the young man’s mind. The redhead had been the woman he had chosen, the one he had professed to marry one day. He wanted her, craved her, promised to one day seed her stomach and have her as the mother of his children. But in a pinch? This blonde slut that wandered into their territory would do. He lowered his gaze to see the woman still garbed in her jacket and hat, her skirt still lifted up around the edge of her rear. It would be nearly impossible to undress her while the vines were coiled around her arms, but that was inconsequential. As the grip on his throbbing and thick cock proved, the most important part of the older woman was revealed for his attentions.

With no more hesitation, he finally began to thrust. Poison Ivy’s delighted noise of mirth from her distant throne was inspiration for him, and he pushed himself hard from the very beginning. There had been times when he looked at some of the other girls that Ivy tended to, particularly the blondes, that he had fantasized about claiming them while pretending they were Poison Ivy’s dear friend Harley. She was a delightful and bouncy blonde but far too crazy for the common man to safely claim, though he had always wanted to fuck a blonde from behind and pretend it was that obnoxious jester. Oddly; however, now that he had that moment, the clown was nowhere near his mind. Why dream about fucking Harley Quinn when he had one of the Birds of Prey wrapped around his cock?

He just grinned, and locked his knees into place as the thrusting continued. Zinda’s moans were spread around the edge of a minty member, and she had started to drool around it helplessly while she was claimed. Threads of spit rolled from the sides of her lips and pooled on the carpet of vines below, watering the plants with her own lost arousal. When her hat would nearly swing off of her head from the pressure of the young man fucking her like a mad beast, one of Ivy’s vines was quick to correct the situation. Often it would press it on her head and give it a pat as if it was condescending to a child, but once or twice the vine stretched further to squeeze affection across Zinda’s face. A brush of her cheek with the edge of a vine, or the gentle grip around her throat. Promises of things to come, that much was a certainty.

The young man’s hands on Zinda’s hips were locked hard into place, and the sound of his grunting thrusts filled the air. He was shirtless and his cock had simply pulled through the front of his jeans, leaving him still half-dressed while he claimed the hero that had been reckless enough to wander. On each pull back he could glance down and see his cock, throbbing and glistening with Lady Blackhawk’s arousal, just before he slammed it back inside with a satisfying grunt. The noises of wet and sloppy lust started to match his own grunts, forming a sweet melody for Zinda to be claimed to. While she rested on her hands and knees; trapped and bound and fucked like a dog, all Zinda could do was try to control her raging desires and listen to Poison Ivy’s cocky and arrogant voice.
“My young charge has been practically obsessed with giving me a child of my own.” She sighed dramatically, and rested her cheek on her hand in a bored and casual fashion. “Despite my constant reminders to him that my...unique physiology precludes that possibility. After all, dear, plants don’t have babies like that.” She addressed the last line to the young man with a smirk. “We only have sex for fun. You’re just lucky my plants can’t satisfy the parts of me that are still, sadly, human.”

“I’ll knock you up yet!” The young man clenched his teeth and looked up at Poison Ivy, all while he was still fucking Zinda. His cock was wrapped tight in the other woman’s folds and each thrust made his body tremble in pleasure, bringing him ever close to a moment of release. The past few days had been long and hard and he had been loyal to Ivy’s demands, and as a result Zinda’s shaven and lipstick-smeared pussy was in for quite the surprise. Amidst his sexual fury he spoke to Poison Ivy with less respect than he usually did, his hormones driving his response and forcing him into a bolder statement. “Just wait, the next time I fuck you it’s happening!”

Poison Ivy just giggled, and dramatically sighed as she waved a dismissive hand to her young lover. Whether he was timid and subdued in her presence or enraged mid-sex, she still handled him with the same bemused joy that was appropriate for an older woman enjoying what was effectively a handsome boy toy. She looked over towards Zinda, watching as the other woman’s hair was bouncing from side to side, and she was drooling even more around the minty vine wiggling on her tongue.

“Whatever you say, dear. For now, our guest gets your cum. All of it in that dirty little heroic hole of hers.” She giggled, and passion flared in her eyes as she saw Zinda’s eyes open wide. The reminder of the boy’s endgame flowed back into her head, filling her with a twinge of hesitation that was just barely able to peek through the cracks of her intense arousal. Not that it mattered; whether she wanted it or not, at this point her hole was entirely at the boy’s mercy. A mercy he wasn’t likely to grant, especially with Poison Ivy coaxing him on. “Let’s see if she’s any more accommodating for that cream of yours.”

There was little the young man could do under such instruction. He had the pussy of one of the Birds of Prey wrapped around his cock, and his older, superpowered lover was openly encouraging him to cum inside of her. It would’ve been hard for him to resist such instructions even if he hadn’t spent the past few days tossing and turning in sexual frustration, but with that blanket of pent of arousal it was impossible for him to resist. When his moment came he pushed forward; one of his hands flying into Zinda’s blonde hair and wrenching her head back hard, so hard that the vine fell from her mouth and her scream was finally unleashed. It was so hard and so sudden that Zinda didn’t even have the chance to let a “no, not inside!” pierce the room, and instead all she had given was a lusty moan complete with threads of drool hanging from her lips.

His cock flared, and the cum that had been promised flooded inside of her. Zinda’s head was spinning as she felt him erupt within her, bursting with cum that flowed deep within her walls. His cock was pushed deep inside and his tip was flushed against the wall of her womb, ensuring that he was delivering his precious seed as deep and as intimately as he possibly could. He twitched again and again as he kept himself firmly hilted, his knuckles white as he clenched her hair and his expression locked in a relieved grin. The wait over the past few days had been worth it, and no one was more acutely aware of that fact that Zinda. Warmth was filling her belly with every passing second, and the young man’s cum filled her so completely that her sex felt puffy and pushed out from the load. Poison Ivy was clapping with all the dignity she would use while watching an opera, and when the young man pulled out to turn Zinda’s hole into a waterfall of white, the supervillain just laughed with delight.

“Oh, how beautiful!” She cooed, and licked her lips. One of her hands began to twist and a vine spooned through the pool of cum that drooled from Zinda’s sex, collecting a fair bit of it. With Ivy’s
command it drew near to her, and held out like a spoon as the wicked woman moved her lips forward, clearing the cream with a satisfied smile. She licked her lips as she swallowed the cum down, feeling it quiver down her throat. She tapped her still-sticky lips shortly after, and mused thoughtfully, her voice only barely loud enough for the pair to hear. “A familiar flavor, though laced with something else...I think it has just a pinch of idealistic bitch.” She smirked, and rested back within her seat, gesturing for her young lover.

“No more help from me, young man!” She called out, and in her simple gesture the vines that were restraining Lady Blackhawk started to slack. “If you want another round with her, it’s up to you! Be a man, boy, and make her yours!” The young man blinked in surprise at the sudden command. He had just watched Ivy lick his cum from a vine, which was more than enough to ensure that his length would soon be ready for more. And when the vines started to fall away to to leave Lady Blackhawk freed, he knew that he had to be fast. She was going to be a handful if she was let free, and more importantly, he had to make a good impression on Poison Ivy. The woman he loved, the woman he wanted to prove himself to.

Zinda was already planning on shoving the young man away; half wanting to focus on her mission and half still angry that she had been flooded with cum against her desires. He was, after all, just a regular boy with no particular powers to speak of, and she was one of the Birds of Prey. He had no chance against her once the vines drew free and her body was unleashed. At least...that was what she expected. There were two things that could drive a young man such as that to feats of great strength; the promise of more sex with a breathtakingly beautiful blonde, and the threat of disappointing a woman like Poison Ivy. Zinda realized the trouble she was in while the vines were still pulling away from her, and her plan of escape was struck from her mind almost instantly.

The hand had returned to her hair, and her hat was flung from her head as the young man tightened his grip and yanked her forward. Her body was twisted backward as he was suddenly shifted in her position; her bare knees digging into the vines as she was forced to face the man that had just fucked her to a rich and filling creampie. She barely had the chance to appreciate his athletic physique before her head was pulled down, her face suddenly meeting the wet and growing length of his cock. He seemed to take Poison Ivy’s words to heart as he held one hand tight at the back of Lady Blackhawk’s hair and the other at the shaft of his member, rubbing it against her face in swiping strokes, smearing the nectar of her own pussy over her face as well as the tip of a cockhead drooling cum. Lady Blackhawk was left gasping, her cheeks coated in a layer of sticky release and her lipstick smeared almost instantly, smudging to one side of her cheeks. When her lips parted in an instant whimper she gave the boy all the encouragement he needed, and the next breath she took was forced through her nose as her mouth was stuffed unceremoniously with cock.

Zinda groaned, and instantly the flavor of mint from the vine was replaced with something far richer. She could taste her own release on the boy’s cock but the flavor of his cum was also present, and as she started to suck him down in heavy strokes he was only continuing to drizzle with release. His climax had been moments ago but he was still so pent up that it had smeared on his cock when he pulled out of her, and even now the trace of Lady Blackhawk’s tongue was enough to coax lines of white cream from his tip. He was feeding her his flavor and she didn’t bother putting up a fight; if the young man wanted it so badly as to throw himself on a hero such as herself, he deserved everything he’d receive.

Besides...she’d be lying if she said she wasn’t having fun. Without Oracle looking over her shoulder and without Huntress and Black Canary nearby to judge, she was afforded a rare opportunity. A chance to unleash herself, and a chance to unwind. Poison Ivy and her young charge were a pair of sex-crazed lunatics, but in the heat of the evening Zinda figured that there wasn’t much harm in joining them in their madness. The tug at her blonde hair forced her eyes open and she gazed up at the young man fondly, looking across his handsome chest while her tongue moved back and forth.
She even drew her fingers up to take his base from his grip, offering to hold it as she worked. As she started to suck him down she could still feel his cum dribbling from her used folds, and the warmth that fell to her exposed thighs made her tremble. This was hardly the behavior of a hero, but...what the hell. Everyone had to have a little fun sometime. And just like the glass bottles she enjoyed drinking her soda from, sometimes a little naughty indulgence was enough to make her smile, and enough to remind her of old times.

The young man was enjoying the treatment on his cock, and he was grinning wide as his hands finally moved to start stripping down the woman he was getting to enjoy. First came the jacket; she’d have no need of it for the next few hours. It was peeled away with eagerness and hunger on both of their parts, and with the same rough treatment Lady Blackhawk could feel her shirt and bra ripped from her back by the young man’s eager hands. It wasn’t worth letting her mouth leave his cock long enough to pull the garments over her head. She was topless now and her full bust was hanging down as she remained on her knees; submissively letting her mouth run back and forth on the young man’s growing cock. A hard slap came to her ass and it made her moan around the member, her eyes rolling back into her head as she continued to work. The flavor was addicting and she only wanted more of it; wiggling her ass from side to side to convey such a message as the boy stripped away her skirt. She was down to her boots and her gloves, and that was good enough for all parties involved for now.

“That’s it, slut, get it ready for more.” The boy hissed through his teeth, bucking his hips as he fed his cock to Lady Blackhawk. He could feel the throbbing member press in deep to crash towards the edge of her throat, and each sudden thrust made the blonde give a little gagging noise as she struggled to take it. It was rough, but she was happy, and she didn’t even think about complaining.

The look of bliss that crossed Zinda’s expression at the shameful gesture told the young man and Poison Ivy all they needed to know; they had a hero that was utterly without shame in their midst. All theirs to enjoy for the night, a slutty do-gooder that was ready to suck and lick and serve until the morning light. Poison Ivy quirked a brow and looked to her young charge, waving a hand towards him as she spoke.

“You get one more climax with her, and then I want you to secure the grounds. Make sure none of the girls leave the premises, for their safety.” Her orders were firm and solid, and the boy nodded at his mistress’ commands. He was about to ask if he’d be able to join in later, but Poison Ivy was quick to predict his questions. “When you’re finished with your chores I’ll let you have her again, but only after I get to enjoy her. She may like your cock, but you’re not the one with the information she needs, after all.” She smirked, and her tongue trailed across her lips in a show of sinister glee. “...you’re not the one she needs to impress.”

“Yes, ma’am.” The boy’s respectful tone returned; likely because he realized that it was through Poison Ivy’s good graces that he’d be allowed to enjoy the beautiful blonde throughout the evening. He gazed back down at the woman sucking on his member and yanked her hair hard; firm enough to force his cock from her mouth and tilt her head up to look at him. His free hand moved to her chin, and he held her spit and cum-covered face with a steady grip as he spoke. “You ready for more, slut? You want to be bred this time?”
Zinda was utterly ashamed, but thoroughly excited by her own response. It was a simple wail of desire, and a whorish nod of her head. Given in to the madness of the evening, she just licked her lips and agreed to any terms the boy could propose. There was little she wouldn’t do with him and Poison Ivy in that night, and the two criminals would likely touch on everything within her potential to perform. The boy gave a smirk at the agreement of his new breeding bitch, and he threw his hand holding her hair backwards, launching Lady Blackhawk onto her back in a pile of comfortable vines. He was on her in an instant afterward, kneeling before her and slapping the weight of his spit-covered member against the lipstick drawing of flowers she had done to impress ivy. He rolled it back and forth and the lipstick began to smear, and all the while Zinda just looked up at him with hunger in her eyes; her legs spreading to offer herself further. By the time she got around to feeling his cock push against her walls once more, his member was smeared with green lipstick to accent the spit and cum and nectar that already clung to it.

He pushed inside, and once again Zinda was left howling in delight. She moved her arms up to wrap around his shoulders, and her bare legs stretched out to lock against the small of his back, her ankles fitting into place and her boots digging in against his strong body. She smoothed her hands across his muscular chest; tracing his scars and even daring to move a hand backwards to the knife wound she had seen, tracing her fingers over it as if she was promising to make all his past struggles worth it. The feel of her velvet walls around his cock could likely do many things; perhaps even erase some of the horrors he had endured growing up. Or even if they couldn’t...they could at least give him one hell of a night. Lady Blackhawk was grinning and moaning in equal measure as she felt herself pierced once more, and the two fell into a heated rhythm from the very first strike.

The boy was as dominant to Lady Blackhawk as he was submissive to Poison Ivy; fully respecting the chain of command and exactly where he fit into it. As such he showed Lady Blackhawk no measure or mercy as he hammered at her, forcing her full and lovely breasts to bounce with each heavy thrust and making her scream in joyful delight as his cock worked deep and heavy within her. Each time he pushed forward it was down to the hilt; and every time he crashed his lap to Lady Blackhawk’s body it drew forth another wild cry from the hero. In the morning she’d be back to being a hero; to saving people and to acting in a way with dignity and honor bred into every action. But for now? For this night? She was content to be a howling breeding bitch, eager to take this young man’s cream right before the eyes of the sinister supervillain that sat so close.

The entire time, Poison Ivy had been watching with interest from her vine-clad throne. She let her gaze trace over the naked chest of her young charge, comparing how he took their guest with how he was when they were alone together. He was certainly harder but he carried the same enthusiasm, and Ivy found herself wondering if she would enjoy cutting loose his chains the next time they were together. The boy had a dominant streak; that much was true. She had at one time thought it was simply his stubborn personality turned towards an extreme, but as she watched him pull Lady Blackhawk’s hair and make her admit to craving things she refused when she stepped in, she had to admit he had a knack for control. With a bit of not-so-gentle coaching, he could do great things with a heavy hand and a hard, stiff cock.

Ivy simply licked her lips, and settled back as she enjoyed the sights. Lady Blackhawk was bouncing back and forth, and Ivy’s brow arched in surprise as the hero’s hands suddenly reached out for the young man’s shoulders. She pulled him in unexpectedly and started to kiss him; throbbing her tongue against his own and forcing them both into a tight embrace. A less confident woman would feel threatened by seeing her boy toy kissing another, but Ivy could only grin in delight at the sight. The kiss was intimate and deep, perhaps even more so than being bound and bred, and the fact that Blackhawk had initiated it spoke volumes about the hero’s own desires. As it turned out, the Birds of Prey had a naughty streak that Poison Ivy was finding rather captivating. Perhaps after all this mess with the disappearing girls was over, she could arrange an annual picnic. Every girl brings their holes and things to stuff inside of them, clothes optional. She wasn’t sure about Catwoman, but she was
positive she could talk Harley into it. She could talk Harley into damn near anything.

The kiss ended and a rope of spit connected Lady Blackhawk’s mouth with the young man’s, their eyes meeting as the fucking continued. His hands had moved to grope her full breasts with a building hunger in his eyes, and Poison Ivy could tell with a smirk that he was nearing his second peak of the evening. He was a grabber when he got near; her own breasts could attest to that. She watched from her throne as the two lovers started to howl and twitch in wild desire, and once again the moment of their release came.

The boy shuddered as his cock started to pulse, and rope after rope of his thick, sticky cream battered the inside of Lady Blackhawk’s walls. She was flooded for the second time that evening, deep in her fertile valley with his aching, squirting member. It was more than enough to draw her into her own peak, and she was left screaming in delight until her voice started to go hoarse. Sweat clung to both of their bodies and the boy lurchcd his head forward, kissing the blonde once more as he kept his cock inside. Their tongues danced and twirled with each other while he rolled his hips from side to side, swirling the seed resting inside of her and helping it to dribble out in onto the floor below.

The kiss ended moments later and they were already gazing at each other with intent, enough for Poison Ivy to put her foot down. The villainess clapped her hands loudly to gain their dual attentions, and she rolled her wrist to force her vines to spring once more to life. The young man already knew what was to come, and he hurriedly pulled out of Zinda as he started to stand, not wanting to earn his mistress’ wrath by going back on the promise he had made.

“Chores. Now.” Poison Ivy gave a simple command, the vines swirling forward and creeping like a bundle of snaked towards Lady Blackhawk. The boy nodded eagerly as he started to tuck his cock back into his jeans, zipping up as he staggered forward. His knees were weak and he practically tripped on his way out, but he moved with an urgency that only spoke of his desire to please the woman that tended to him, raised him, and now let him explore her body and the body of others. Once he was gone Poison Ivy looked towards Lady Blackhawk, and a sweet smile spread over her features.

“Now...now you’re mine for a bit.” She mused, and the vines started to swarm. They were surrounding Zinda on all sides; none of them moving to grasp her yet, but all of them getting near. Lady Blackhawk had struggled to her feet in the aftermath of her climax and she looked towards Ivy, a brow suspiciously raised as the supervillain made her move. She had to take a measured breath before she spoke, since the cum that was drooling out of her sex and onto her exposed thighs was enough to make her a little lightheaded from joy.

“And...And what do you want to do?” Zinda asked, steeling herself for the worst. She was ready for anything and even eager to see, but that didn’t mean she had no trace of fear. Poison Ivy was the sort of villain that knew how to make an impact, and Zinda had practically promised to be her fucktoy throughout the entire evening. True to Zinda’s expectations, Poison Ivy wore a cocky smirk as one of her vines started to creep up once more. She offered Lady Blackhawk only the sweetest of seductive smiles as a vine lifted and perched Lady Blackhawk’s stylish hat back on her head. Her voice was just like her vines in that evening; sinister, sensual, and just a tad unsettling.

“...I want to break a Bird.” She whispered, her voice spoken with a hushed intensity that forced Lady Blackhawk to tremble to her core.

End of Chapter 8.
Here I am on Tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Roots

Chapter Summary

Still underneath the fierce attentions of Poison Ivy, Zinda does her best to endure the plant mistress’ desires. Meanwhile, Black Canary sees firsthand a glimpse into the mystery Envoy’s personal enjoyment.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

For the Birds
Chapter 9: Roots
-By Drace Domino

Lady Blackhawk was exhausted, but there was no rest in sight. She had just been used by Poison Ivy’s young male associate; used to be bred and cummed within for little more than the amusement of the supervillain and the joy of his young, thick cock. She’d be lying if she said she didn’t enjoy it; in fact, it had been quite some time since Zinda had enjoyed a young man fucking her with all of the energy and excitement that his age could muster. She had relished every thrust of his hips as he fucked her, and when he came inside of her Zinda could feel the rush of glorious warmth that even now still threatened to trickle outside of her wet hole and to the inside of her bare thighs.

She was practically glowing in the aftermath of her orgasms; she had been used and dominated and had thoroughly enjoyed it, but she knew fully that her evening wasn’t even close to over. While the young man had run off to handle his chores at Ivy’s lair, the supervillain herself still sat on what Zinda could only describe as a throne of vines, one leg crossed over the other and a calculating look on her face. Her green skin was completely bare and she made no attempt to cover it; and her copper red hair danced down to her shoulders in curls as beautiful as her smile was cruel. She was resting an elbow on the armrest of her throne, and her chin was perched atop her hand as she studied the nearly-naked Zinda on the floor of her greenhouse.

“Such a helpless thing, without your friends…” Poison Ivy whispered with a dangerous intent laying in her tone, and to further chill Zinda the vines all around her were starting to coil and shift. It felt less like a walk in the woods and more like being trapped in a snake pit; on every side of her there were coiled python-like vines ready to ensnare, bind, and ultimately fuck her. She had just been pinned down with Ivy’s mentally-controlled vines during the fucking from the eager young man, and from the sounds of the nearby shifting plants it seemed like she’d soon be tied up again. Lady Blackhawk gazed up at the woman sitting above her on her throne, listening as Ivy continued to taunt in an elegant and practically royal voice. “You’re brave to come here by yourself. Braver still to let me have my way with you in return for information.” To emphasize her point one of her vines slowly lifted, and idly brushed across Zinda’s cheek. It was chilling in its sheer strength; just the tiny press was enough to tell Zinda that the single vine had enough strength to launch her into the air...or to pierce deep down into her cream-filled sex. Ivy just continued with a sweet, almost comforting voice mixed only mildly with a threatening edge. “I promise I’ll help you to the best of my ability when we’re done. ...though no promises if you’ll make it until morning, dear.”

Lady Blackhawk just glared ahead, refusing to show Poison Ivy even a trace of hesitation in her
face. She had handled the villain’s young man quite well and had the cum-filled pussy to prove it, and all that was left was Poison Ivy’s vines... an army of vines... of all shapes and sizes... each of them under her mental control. Zinda swallowed, and perhaps let a squeak of nervousness cross her brow. She was truly at the point of no return now, and all she could do was hope that Poison Ivy made good on her word, and her own tender body could handle the supervillain’s passions throughout the night.

The first sweeping motion of vines came as Ivy twirled a hand through the air, and like vipers they struck from the floor to snatch around each of Zinda’s ankles. The woman gave a sudden grunt of surprise as she felt them coil around her with a vice-like grip, but she wasn’t even able to reach to pull them away as another pair moved out for her wrists. Each vine pulled her taut in a different direction and before long they were all moving up in the air; dragging the struggling Bird of Prey to bring her towards an eye-level with Poison Ivy. They held Zinda with her arms and legs stretched out to a point of discomfort, holding her almost as if they intended to draw and quarter her. Thankfully; the look on Poison Ivy’s face was merely aroused, and nothing more cruel than a bit of sexual teasing was dancing on her mind. With Zinda brought up before her the woman moved out one of her hands, and for the first time let her bare fingers move down Zinda’s cheek in a soothing and calm gesture.

She didn’t say anything at first; seemingly content to let Zinda whimper and shiver within the grasp of her vines. The redhead’s smirk was almost infuriatingly calm, her dark green lips pursed into a look of utter contentment. While she caressed Zinda’s cheek her vines coiled tighter around Lady Blackhawk’s wrists and ankles, and it wasn’t much longer before she realized yet another was working its way up one of her legs. Coiling around her like a serpent, before long the end of it was pressing against the entrance to Zinda’s folds, teasing the outside of her wet, cum-licked sex.

“Oh, look what I found.” Poison Ivy teased as the vine wiggled at the entrance, threatening to slip inside. She gazed once at Zinda’s indignant expression before she finally reached her hand out further, just enough to take hold of Lady Blackhawk’s hat. She plucked it square from the woman’s head and put it on her own, and as she did so she dropped back into her seat with a pleased look on her features. Her eyes trailed from Lady Blackhawk’s exposed breasts down to her wet, glistening folds, which by now were half-parted by the teasing flap of a smallish vine. There’d be bigger ones for her soon, but there was no reason to scare the woman.

Without her hat, Zinda was practically naked save for her calf-high leather boots and a pair of short pilot gloves that went to the edge of her wrist. Her fingers squirmed within the gloves as the vines started to tighten, but even the ability to curl her fingers was stolen from her as Ivy guided vines to fit in against each one of her palms. She forced Lady Blackhawk to hold a vine in each palm as if it were something far more intimate, and with a flick of her wrist the vine pushing at Zinda’s sex started to wiggle itself in. Slowly at first, probing in and out with its surprisingly smooth surface, teasing and tasting the warm, wet entrance of the hero.

“Is this how you get your kicks, Ivy?” Lady Blackhawk spoke with a smirk, trying to stay focused on her indignation. The last thing she wanted was to show Ivy how the touch of the vine at her pussy only made her wet, and that somewhere deep down her body was more than eager to be thrown into the situation. Poison Ivy was a dominant woman that took control of whatever she wanted, and in the instances where seduction didn’t work she had no issues resorting to brute force. That same force was pulling Zinda in all directions in that moment, and the hero was learning that Ivy’s technique... had some appeal. She was helpless before the green-skinned woman and her army of vines, and a dark part of her was dangerously hungry to explore that helplessness. She couldn’t help but goad Ivy on, fully knowing it would only make things harder for her.

Or at least, hoping like hell that it would.
“You’ve gotta sleep with the plants because anything with eyes won’t give you a second look?” Zinda’s words were harsh and laced with arrogance, an ego that was completely unfounded and uncalled for given her prone position. At her taunt the vines at her ankles and wrists tightened and pulled, and she was left groaning as her mostly-naked body was stretched a little further. The vine that had only been exploring the front of her pussy started to go deeper, wiggling its way slowly inside and pushing deep into her wet, hungry valley. It didn’t stop pushing forward until it touched the wall of her womb, and once there it flickered back and forth across her, gracing her body with a remarkably smooth touch. Zinda clenched her teeth and trembled; her hands tightening around the two vines forced into her palms, and her toes curling within her boots. She wanted to deny Ivy the chance to see how aroused she was, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that it wouldn’t be possible.

“The plants can do things boys can’t.” Ivy responded to Zinda’s voice in calm confidence, and another one started to drift forward. As it moved towards its target Ivy spoke again, and watched with great delight as Zinda’s eyes opened wide in shock. “...and the plants have no inhibitions.”

Zinda’s body erupted in goosebumps as she felt a particularly thick vine nuzzle against the pucker of her tight, cute ass.

“Kelly, I’m sure it might surprise you, but I firmly believe this place is a better home for some of our girls.” The Envoy spoke clearly and succinctly as she walked down the hallway, her hands behind her back and her footsteps slow and thoughtful. She was followed close at hand by a woman whom she called Kelly, but in reality was none other than Gotham City’s own Black Canary in an undercover disguise. She kept a close pace behind Envoy, listening to the older woman while she spoke in a very paced and measured voice. “There are some who’ve asked me not to make them leave. Others that I feel would be done a disservice to be put back on the street.”

“Well, we’re mostly prostitutes, aren’t we, ma’am?” Dinah Lance asked as she followed, her brow knit curiously. She knew for a fact that the kidnapped girls weren’t; she knew as much because of her former employee at the flower shop, Lisa. Right now Lisa was tending to a handsome middle-aged man in her room, doing the work of a whore without ever truly putting herself in that position. As much as it made Dinah’s blood boil she had to tolerate it for the moment; she had to be patient. It was just recently that the Envoy, the mysterious masked woman who ran the entire operation, had decided to make an assistant out of the girl she knew as Kelly. The two of them took a few more steps before Envoy paused, and looked idly over her shoulder to regard Dinah. Her raven locks were perfectly cut around her head, and her solid red mask covered the majority of her nose and eyes. In their proximity Dinah could clearly see the noticeable scar that drifted from underneath the Envoy’s mask; so far down as to stretch across her otherwise flawless lips painted with black lipstick. The woman simply stared at Dinah for a lingering moment; pointedly doing so until she saw the other woman shift in a moment of discomfort. At that point, she finally spoke with a smirk on her scarred lips.

“Kelly, I knew from the moment I met you that neither you nor Brooke were prostitutes.” She spoke simply, and turned back to walk again. As she did so she trailed her fingers along the wall, shrugging casually as she did so. “You’re two women in your early thirties, realizing that things aren’t quite as fun as you expected them to be. You’ve got the bodies of women still in their late teens and the sexual appetites of wild beasts...but you weren’t whores. You never were.”

Black Canary swallowed at that, and quickly followed behind the Envoy. It was odd to offer to the woman that had literally kidnapped her and forced her into a prostitution ring, but she almost wanted to apologize for the deception. Or at the very least, seek an answer as to how the Envoy had figured
“Uh...ma’am?” Dinah pressed her, her feet padding along the well-carpeted hallway. She was blushing brightly as the secret was revealed, and she was feeling a swell of fear build within her. Was it possible, however unlikely, that the Envoy knew the truth? That Kelly and Brooke were in actuality Black Canary and Huntress?

“I saw in the back of my limo two gorgeous women that were well dressed, had beautiful smiles, and no visible track marks.” The Envoy responded without looking back, continuing the inspection of her rooms. She didn’t pop her head into any rooms that had the sound of sex coming from them, but otherwise she’d open each door, give a smile and a wave to the girl within, and then continue walking. Black Canary had already counted ten doors, and it seemed like they weren’t quite half done yet. “I can only assume you were bored with your wealthy husbands that couldn’t satisfy you, and you decided to strike it out one night for a bit of romance and excitement.” Another door checked, and she continued walking. Her voice was deadpan and cold as she continued, and her voice nearly a flat level as she spoke with a harsh truth. “A word of advice, Kelly dear, Pretty Woman was just a movie. Imagine working for a man that never lets you rest, that never punishes the people that mistreat you if they can pay him off. One that keeps you perpetually addicted to whatever substance he introduced you to, and uses it to tighten the leash.”

She paused only at the end of the hallway and turned, her masked gaze falling on Black Canary. Her words were blunt and clear, and her tone was undeniably honest.

“None of the women here joined me of their own will, but I take better care of them than any pimp in Gotham. My girls are clean, sober, and well-fed and protected. My clients are wealthy enough to know that they get what they pay for, and every last one of them would rather pay me five thousand dollars to let you simply look at his cock before he pays a Gotham City street whore twenty to fuck it.” She moved a hand up and adjusted her solid plastic mask, and when she did so Black Canary could see her visibly wince. It ached on her face; like a corset worn too tight, and the tug on her lips made even Dinah cringe from the thought of it. The scars had to be leading to something horrific, and Dinah’s imagination ran wild.

After some of the twisted people she had seen wear masks in Gotham, she could only imagine just what the Envoy’s deal was.

“My girls are given free room and board. Free medical treatment when needed. And each of you earn a percentage of the proceeds of the men you service.” Envoy continued as she walked. “When I feel as if a girl is no longer a good fit, I release them with the money they earned and a stern promise to eliminate them if they ever speak a word of my establishment.” At that she paused, and glanced back at Black Canary with a small smirk. “...I have never had to do so, because every woman was left my employ wealthier and happier than when they signed up.”

Even if everything Envoy said was true, and Dinah certainly had her doubts, the fact remained that she was conscripting women into prostitution. She herself relished the chance to fuck Mr. Harson and his gloriously fat cock, but she never would have consented to it without the Envoy’s stern hand. There was something wrong about it all; whether she ended up enjoying it or not, Envoy was still removing free will from the picture. She was still committing her slew of crimes. As Black Canary followed her down the hall, she was left with building dilemmas. It was easy to take down crime in Gotham when all they wanted to do was spread fear toxin or turn into a clay monster and kill people. But Envoy...Envoy was unlike any supervillain that the Birds had ever encountered. She had no known superpowers save for reason and logic, and a business sense that was staggering. But most dangerous of all, at least to Black Canary...she made one hell of a lot of sense.
“As my assistant, you’ll be in charge of making sure the girls have everything they need. If a client is abusing them, let the guards know. If a client is offering them drugs, let me know.” Her words were solid and firm, and spoken with a deadly seriousness that could only conjure to Dinah’s mind the memory of how Envoy had effortlessly executed a frat boy without a moment’s hesitation. All because he had struck Lisa. “Most of the veteran girls understand that my way is best for them, but the new ones may need comforting.”

“And if they can’t be consoled?” Black Canary couldn’t help but ask, her brow curious as she followed along behind Envoy. Not every woman, even when they knew they were captured and without hope of escape, could be coaxed into prostitution. She had been curious for days about what happened to the girls that simply didn’t fit in. The Envoy offered her a response with a blank voice, her mask turning idly to face her.

“The girls that can’t stop sobbing with a client are returned to the streets.” She spoke simply. “And given the same warning to not speak. My agents in the GCPD monitor any reports and look for signs that someone is giving information about our activities. So far, I haven’t had to make any harsh decisions.” Her voice was of a nature that suggested that given the chance, she’d make such a decision without a hint of regret. It was nearly chilling in its dark tone and serious expression; the scar running down Envoy’s lips making her look all the more serious.

“But that's beside the point…” She quickly shook her head, and forced a smile as she stepped towards a door. “I’d like you to meet someone. A few someones, actually..” They moved to one of the rear doors where Envoy put her hand to the knob, and started to twist it open. “Consider them new friends, Kelly.”

New friends. Black Canary sighed quietly as she stepped in line behind Envoy, moving into the room and looking around. New friends were fine, but she couldn’t help but wonder how her old ones were doing.

“Yes, that’s lovely. Such a wonderful sight, my dear!” Poison Ivy smirked wide as she watched the vines do their work, one of her elegant green legs crossed over a knee. She kept her fingertips to the side of her cheek as she watched the scene unfold with interest, and her mouth pulled forward to nibble lightly against the edge of her thumb. Just a few feet in front of her Lady Blackhawk was enjoying the full affection of her vines, and she was rather enjoying the sight.

The Bird of Prey was suspended in the air; clutched now not just around her wrists and ankles but her elbows and knees, every joint in her limbs surrounded and drawn taut by the presence of a thick and powerful vine. They were easily strong enough to hold Zinda up into the air while keeping her rump lifted, and so very close to Poison Ivy’s face they were violating both of Lady Blackhawk’s holes. Threads of green were thick and throbbing inside of Zinda’s lovely entrances; the one in her ass noticeably thicker to give the girl a nice, firm stretch. It was to Poison Ivy’s great delight that she saw the two vines flail and thrust inside of Lady Blackhawk, her brow arched and her smile one of absolute desire and contentment. Having a woman that was so often considered her enemy in such a prone state before her was nothing short of absolutely delicious, and she relished seeing Zinda fucked and fondled by the vines more than a warm sunrise.

Zinda was moaning but not much else; for the vines took away nearly every opportunity she had to speak or struggle. They were forcing themselves into her palms as easily as her holes, and her mouth had been claimed by the same thick, mint-flavored unit that had pushed past her lips previously when the young man was in the picture. Her eyes were closed and she worked her best on the invading ropes of green, and if Zinda didn’t know any better she could almost imagine that the vines
themselves were enjoying it. She could nearly feel a tremble of excitement through the one in her mouth when her tongue flickered back and forth, and the one hammering slowly in and out of her ass had the measured pace of a cock that was enjoying its target. If they were all truly being controlled by Poison Ivy, Lady Blackhawk could only imagine that the woman’s control over plants was so powerful that it was a wonder that Gotham hadn’t been completely overgrown.

But then, there was always the possibility that Ivy had simply unleashed the vines, and with her gentle guidance the plants had taken to a desire for a human girl. Lady Blackhawk wasn’t entirely sure which was more unlikely but in that moment it didn’t matter; all that really mattered was that the vines were stretching her ass, her pussy, even her mouth...and they weren’t showing any signs of stopping.

Poison Ivy moved a hand up to adjust the pilot’s hat she had stolen from Zinda, and she grinned as the entangled blonde laid eyes on her, glaring with an expression that was mixed between equal parts irritating and pleasure. It was clear for Ivy to see just how much Zinda was enjoying being the center of attention, no matter how much Lady Blackhawk tried to hide it. Such enthusiasm from the slutty pilot was to be rewarded, and Ivy grinned as she lifted one of her hands, forcing even more plants to rise up to her command. Zinda’s eyes went wide and she tried unsuccessfully to spit out the vine nub in her mouth, her entire body shuddering as she saw the sight of even more vines rise forward to meet her. They had crept from every corner of the greenhouse to meet her, and even the ones that made up Ivy’s throne were stretching out as best they could, all of them eager to get a taste of the Bird that flew too close into their forest.

One of them lashed forward suddenly, and Zinda was struck with a sharp whipping caught directly on her backside. She yelped with the plant cock deep in her mouth as the strike came, and it forced both of her lower holes to tighten considerably on the plants. She gave a near-sobbing whimper shortly after the strike was given and another one soon lashed forward, crossing over her full and bouncing breasts with another swift whip-like crack. She struggled with her bound limbs but was utterly helpless, and she groaned with lewd pleasure as the same vine that left a red welt across her breasts slinked forward, wrapping around each full, fleshy orb separately and giving them each a powerful squeeze.

The entire time, Ivy watched while wearing Zinda’s hat, and smiling quite joyously. Her naked body had barely moved from the time Zinda stepped into her terrain, and she seemed unconcerned to be bothered away from her throne with the Bird of Prey so properly filled with the children minions of her vines. With one green, shapely leg crossing the knee of the other and her cheek lazily draped into an open palm, the expression on her face was mysterious and oddly alluring. Zinda couldn’t help but wonder as her holes were fucked with vines that Poison Ivy didn’t look terribly impressed by what she was seeing; and she could only reason that it was because the woman did this sort of thing quite a bit.

The same vines that worked inside of her holes now were likely straight and fresh from Harley Quinn’s criminal pussy, and the one pushing against her tongue likely had a bit of Catwoman spit still on it. Of the Gotham City Sirens Poison Ivy was the clear queen bee, no matter how independent Selina was and no matter how crazy Harley was. The only woman with the power and the authority to reign them in was Poison Ivy, and it’d be naïve to think that she didn’t force those two villainous harlots to go through the same obstacle course of ass-fucking vines that Zinda was now.

At least she wasn’t alone in her trial. She’d have to ask Harley about it the next time they met; she could only imagine that the jester would have quite a bit to say about how “Red’s wiggly plants made her forget all about Mistah J.”

Zinda’s eyes narrowed as she looked squarely at Ivy, and the green-skinned woman smirked as her
wrist rolled once more to command her plants. The mint-flavored unit popped from Lady Blackhawk’s mouth as the other vines continued to fuck her, and Zinda was left gasping and whimpering as the coils drew her close. They bent her from the waist and pushed her knees up to her chest; practically rolling her into a ball while they began to drift her closer to Ivy. Closer and closer, until the plant mistress’ green slit, glistening with a nectar not unlike sap, was a mere two inches from Zinda’s lips.

Zinda would’ve made a joke about not liking the taste of salad, but the idea of it likely would’ve enragd Poison Ivy. Besides...when Lady Blackhawk licked her lips with the heat of Poison Ivy’s wet hole mere inches from her mouth, she couldn’t possibly deny how curious she was to taste that sap.

The pressure in her holes continued with the vines, up until Blackhawk’s moans were muffled by the presence of Poison Ivy’s green pussy against her eager and waiting lips.

By new friends, Envoy had clearly meant “imprisoned men.” At least, that was all Black Canary could see in the tiny chambers that she had been led into. There was a small but comfortable bed that wasn’t too dissimilar to the one that the working girls used, and a simple nightstand with a few locked drawers. A nearby closet clearly had items of a sexual nature hanging up; whips and crops and other such toys, and most staggering of all was the wall of cages. Four of them; each one standing about four feet off the ground with enough room for a man to comfortably sit. Three of them were full, and Black Canary was looking at the contents with an expression of utter shock on her face.

Perhaps Envoy wasn’t quite as kind and compassionate as she made herself out to be after all. Each of the three men in the cages were bound and gagged; wearing leather masks that covered their eyes with a zipper squarely across the spot where their mouths would be in order to silence them. The noses of each mask were open to allow healthy breathing, but none of the men looked to be particularly comfortable in their submissive state. The two men closest to Black Canary were both chained by their wrists to the cage, and the third looked to be undergoing some sort of unique torment special for him.

Black Canary swallowed as she saw the third man’s plight, and though she was repulsed by the imprisonment that Envoy kept him in, she couldn’t deny that there was a point of arousal which she was edging towards. The man in question was masked much like the others; stripped naked to his dark skin tone and forced onto his knees within the confines of his cage. He was subjected to something the others weren’t; however, and it was clearly causing him no small amount of duress. Strapped at the base of his cock was a tight red ring; cinched where his member met his sack to prevent him from reaching a climax. It was clearly quite tight to the point of obvious discomfort, and it was locked tight around an enormous erection that instantly drew Black Canary’s gaze. At first she couldn’t imagine why he was so aroused kneeling in his shallow prison until she saw that he had two tiny vibrators taped to his throbbing shaft; one on each side and each buzzing at its lowest setting. Tiny toys each half the size of an egg, connected to torment a cock that was nearly nine inches long and richly chocolate in color. His cock was practically drooling precum; all he could possibly release, and a small pool had formed on the base of his cell from it. His dark member was glistening with the teased almost-cum, and when he heard Envoy step near his head lifted instantly, his voice whimpering through the gagging mask. His tone was muffled and obscured, though it made Envoy smirk regardless.

“These are my toys, Kelly.” Envoy finally spoke, and moved a hand down to unlock the first cage. The man with the tormented cock was soon freed, and Envoy was leading him over towards the
comfortable bed with a hand against the mask’s collar. As he walked on his knees his cock bobbed up and down; closely followed by Black Canary’s eyes. Dinah swallowed with a swelling arousal as she studied his glistening length, and a tremble of forbidden excitement ran through her. It was a sign that she was spending too much time with Envoy that her arousal at the sight of the man’s length was easily greater than her sympathy for his plight. His cock wasn’t the size of Mr. Harson’s monstrous member, but it still looked damned enjoyable in the secluded heat of Envoy’s room. The villainous woman continued to speak casually as she rolled her toy onto her bed, letting him lay face-up with his thick and drooling cock pointing towards the ceiling. “Like the girls, I send them home when they’re no longer a good fit...though they don’t get any payment. Their time with me is reward enough.”

The smile on her scarred lips was cruel yet seductive, and Envoy gestured to where the man’s member was sticking straight up from his lap. It was practically glistening with pre and it showed no signs of stopping from leaking it; the sticky nectar glazing the entire length of his rod from the tip to where his shaft eventually met his sack. It even continued to drizzle beyond; as the two tiny vibrators continued buzzing on his member, the lines of precum swirled down and encircled his undercarriage, leaving a tiny glaze. As Envoy smirked at the sight of his trembling member Black Canary was left more or less in shock; staring at it with an open mouth and a stunned expression on her face. The woman in charge sighed in utter contentment as she lowered a hand, and one of her bare fingers moved to tap ever so slightly at the tip. It was enough so that when her finger pulled up there was a ribbon of nectar connecting her digit to his cockhead, and the sight of it was accented by a whimpering moan that came from within the man’s mask. Envoy just smirked as she stepped even closer, addressing Black Canary as she did so.

“This one’s a powerful attorney that had been pushing for more police involvement in Brideshead.” She explained, and squeezed two of her fingers together against the glistening nectar, rubbing her touch against itself as she smeared and smudged the cream. Behind her mask she offered Black Canary a wicked little smile, and shrugged in a non-committal fashion. “When he goes home he’ll be singing a different tune, won’t you?”

All she received in response was the man’s masked head nodding eagerly, and a few murmured noises that sounded like him wholeheartedly agreeing. Envoy simply smirked, and looked back up at Black Canary with a wink.

“There’s a lesson for you, Kelly...with enough presence and a tight enough pussy, you can get everything you want.” She chuckled at that, and the woman swung a leg up onto the bed, preparing to climb forward. The action struck Dinah with even more surprise, and as she saw Envoy’s red-fishnet covered leg move forward to slip over the man’s lap, she found herself truly wondering if she was about to fuck him. She didn’t seem like the type to play around, and before long Envoy was sliding herself into position; her body settling in with the man’s still-trembling cock situated perfectly between her thighs. Her hands braced on her hips and she looked at Dinah with a lazy grin. “I need to take care of this, but stick around. I still have a lot to talk to you about.”

Dinah just swallowed and nodded, fidgeted in her place near the door. She was about to watch that poor, decent man get claimed by a woman that was by all rights a lunatic...and she was compelled to watch with interest, fascination, and a burning arousal growing within her core.

She couldn’t help but wonder just what the hell was happening to her. Things were spiralling more out of control with every passing minute.

Things were really getting out of control in Ivy’s greenhouse. Lady Blackhawk was moaning
endlessly around the green lips offered up to her, and her tongue was working back and forth while her holes were pressed and hammered with Ivy’s vines. She wasn’t even rightside up anymore; halfway through servicing Poison Ivy she had been spun around so her feet pointed the ceiling and her hair dangled down, her face then elegantly lowered so she could still service the green mistress of the house. Ivy sat with a cocky smirk and one leg up on her throne; making sure that the blonde bombshell whose mouth was fervently licking between her thighs had plenty of room to work.

Zinda’s cheeks were burning red, and she swallowed every couple of licks to avoid the sap of Ivy’s cum growing too thick within her mouth. Her flavor was oddly captivating and yet her runoff was truly like sap or honey; thick and sticky unlike anything Zinda had ever seen from wet and hungry pussy. Poison Ivy’s unique physiology was certainly an interesting distraction, as well as a tasty one. Mostly; however, Zinda didn’t have much chance to work on the woman’s green folds. Though her head had been guided in between Ivy’s legs and the supervillain certainly appreciated the licks and the suckles and the kisses, her primary focus had been on battering Zinda’s holes with the mighty of her vines. She had shifted them around so that the thickest one left Zinda’s ass with a pop, and the middle tier vein had left the Bird’s pussy to make room for a larger plant. Ivy had clutched Zinda’s head just underneath her chin; holding the woman’s mouth to her slit while she forced the larger vine inside of Zinda, spreading her walls and forcing the woman’s thighs to tremble and twitch. It was a slow and steady press that left the hero pierced on an enormous green cock, and Ivy could only smile in satisfaction as she watched the woman squirm against it. With Lady Blackhawk turned upside down and her entire body relying on the vines to hold her up, she had little option but to let the vine fuck her as deep and as hungrily as it liked.

Poison Ivy gave a shuddering sigh, and pulled her sticky lips away from Zinda’s mouth, just enough to grab ahold of the hero’s blonde hair and pull her head forward. The villain was still wearing the black pilot’s hat atop her red hair, and Zinda eyed it jealously before Ivy started to talk with a dominating tone to her voice, and a wickedly devious smile forming her lips. She pulled at Zinda’s hair with a smirk, and arched her brow as she hissed at her.

“My plants are enjoying your holes, darling.” She offered with a grin. “Almost as much as my young friend did. Tell me, did you enjoy his cock inside of you?”

“Yes, god yes, yes!” Zinda’s answer came faster than Ivy expected. As she spoke her lips were connected with a webbing of Ivy’s thick glaze, and she eagerly licked it away before she gazed up at the naked, green domme with a joyful look in her eyes. “He was great! So young and eager, and...it was so good!”

“Heh...I’d no idea that you were such a whore, Lady Blackhawk.” Ivy responded with a grin, and turned the woman around once more. The vines tightened and turned Lady Blackhawk rightside-up again, each coil that was tight around her wrist and ankles squeezing her harder to keep her steady. The vine that was stretching her pussy to nearly its limit pushed in hard and deep, and it kept doing so until Zinda’s sudden, intense wail forced it to stop. Ivy just smirked while Lady Blackhawk’s cry echoed off the walls of her greenhouse, and when she spoke again it was with a knowing, arched brow. “Though I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised, with the rest of your team offering themselves up as common sluts for the Envoy.”

Lady Blackhawk’s head was swimming, and with the thick vine that was stirring her pussy she had a hard time remembering what all had been said. Was she the one that told Ivy what Huntress and Canary were doing? Did she figure it out on her own? She hoped this wasn’t that talk Ivy had promised; she was fairly certain that getting fucked by a pussy-stretching vine wasn’t exactly the best time to be studying and memorizing new information. She whimpered as she looked at Ivy, who simply reached a hand up and held her chin delicately, her fingers smearing some of that thick nectar that now coated Zinda’s cheeks.
“Your slutty friends are in the same situation as some of my girls.” Ivy spoke calmly, and Zinda gave a sudden, sharp cry as one of Ivy’s vines lashed forward to whip her ass. The strike came without warning and Ivy herself didn’t seem to intend on it; the mere mention of her stolen girls enough to bring about her righteous rage. Regardless, she continued with her eyes burning as a red welt appeared over Zinda’s lovely, firm ass. “If I help you, I want my girls back safe and sound. And I want to know the person responsible is brought to justice.”

“Y-Yes...you know we’ll release them, Ivy…” Zinda groaned, and her fingers and toes wiggled helplessly. Her muscles were sore and her joints were still tightly gripped, and every time the thick vine pushed inside of her hole she could feel it battering against her womb. She had lost count how many times she had climaxed over the past few minutes; though the vines didn’t have the same personal and intimate appeal as Poison Ivy’s young friend, they had the ability to get...pretty much anywhere. All at once. It was hard to deny the joy in that. Zinda’s blurry vision opened to look at Ivy once more, and she spoke even with a line of drool rolling from the corner of her lips. “...we’ll send them back to you...I promise…”

“Good.” Ivy responded thoughtfully, tapping her chin as she continued. Her free hand moved from Zinda’s chin to her throat, and in a swift moment her mood seemed to change. In a stunning warning the vines suddenly grew remarkably tight, and the one inside of Zinda’s pussy stopped thrusting so it could hold her aloft with a steady pressure. Ivy’s hand had gone from teasing and tender to holding a firm grip around Zinda’s throat, half-choking her as she spoke in a serious tone. Zinda was left paralyzed for the moment; utterly claimed and dominated and unable to fight back as Poison Ivy’s interests took a turn for the harsh. She hissed through her teeth, and Zinda could clearly see the sort of rage in her eyes that only a Gotham City supervillain could muster. “I will be...upset if any of them are turned over to the GCPD after any of this. They’re my girls, Lady Blackhawk. Not pawns for your idealistic nonsense.” Her grip tightened, and Zinda’s eye twitched as something came over her. “Do I make myself cle-w...what are you doing?”

Even Poison Ivy couldn’t maintain her cold and villainous stare as she saw what happened to Zinda in that moment. The beautiful blonde had been fighting the rush of a heavy climax from the second the thickest vine worked its way into her pussy, and there had simply been something about the way Poison Ivy had manhandled her that drove her over the edge. The tight presence of the vines on her arms and legs, the penetrating push of the one in her pussy, and even the tight fingers of the supervillain around her throat...Zinda wasn’t entirely sure why, but in that moment the combination of the various abuses drove her to something truly incredible.

She was practically thrashing uncontrollably on the vine in her pussy, her boots twitching back and forth within the grip of green, and her arms struggling for the chance to flail. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she started to scream in blissful release, every last bit of the moment driving her to a breaking point. And through all the domination and all the punishment, all the vines in her mouth, pussy, and ass...she finally had a moment to get back at Ivy. Her body did it without Zinda even trying to; her muscles tightening and her sex releasing in the form of an enormous squirt. Her nethers had pulled off of the thick vine amidst her thrashing and she suddenly released; a bridge of nectar firing from her sex to splash squarely across the naked, green woman holding her so very near.

The shock of the sudden spray made Poison Ivy twitch; the pilot hat falling off of her head and landing in her lap. She looked utterly stunned; her villainous speech interrupted halfway and now her cheeks left dripping with Lady Blackhawk’s squirt. She pursed her lips together to spit out what had ended up in her mouth, and her eyes blinked rapidly as she worked to stare through the haze. Zinda was only blushing with a healthy glow on her cheeks; her entire body now mellow and relaxed as she dangled from Ivy’s vine grip.

“...sorry.” She murmured sheepishly, and looked at Ivy with a shy smile. “I guess I like being choke-
Poison Ivy watched as the vines uncoiled and Zinda was sent tumbling down; bouncing down the side of the plant-crafted throne to tumble seven feet to the floor below. The plants offered a soft cushion to fall against as she tumbled, and by the time Zinda landed she was face-down in the carpet of vines with her shapely ass up in the air like a bitch still waiting to be claimed. Once she saw the naked blonde groaning and whimpering, still clearly okay, the villainess flicked the pilot hat down to her. It landed nearby her peach-shaped rear, and once Ivy saw the woman reach for it she suddenly called out, beckoning her young male friend over.

“Chores are finished!” She cried out, her voice echoing through the walls. She didn’t care if he was finished with them or not; there was more for him to do in her main room. “Come fuck this slut’s face, I’m sick of listening to her talk!”

Naturally, Ivy’s young charge was practically tripping over himself to get back to the main room and oblige.

Dinah just watched as every inch of a long, throbbing black cock slid inside of Envoy’s tight, shaven entrance. She had removed the vibrators but not the cock ring, and the tormented man underneath her was forced to hiss through his full mask as she slid slowly down against him. The Envoy had practically been dressed for the event; her outfit under the best of circumstances was revealing, and at the very most it looked like little more than what her working girls wore. Red fishnet covered her arms and legs to her shoulders and thighs, and she wore a simple red corset that clenched tight her elegant yet short frame. Covering her lower half was a simple pair of red panties; panties she had been walking around wearing during her march with Dinah, and panties she pulled aside so she could squeeze that precum-slickened member into her sex.

Her press down was almost agonizingly slow, and Dinah felt equal parts sympathy and arousal as she watched. Though he wasn’t as large as Mr. Harson she found herself wondering if her own hole looked so stretched when he was inside of her, and the mere thought of her overweight lover’s ability in the bedroom to make her knees weak and her nethers moist. She swallowed nervously and fidgeted with her hands as she watched; a bit unsure of how to proceed. Whether Envoy expected her to do anything had yet to be said, and so Dinah simply stood nearby ready to obey whatever orders her new employer gave her.

As it was; Envoy’s orders first came to the man underneath her. While he whimpered with her pussy wrapped so tightly around his cock, she moved her hands out to pull his mask free from his head. It was a quick tug before Dinah could see him; a recognizable face within Gotham City’s legal circuit. He was one of the good ones; always on television talking about the corruption within the city. He struggled to make things better, and he worked hard to clean up the streets to the best of his ability. Dinah knew he didn’t deserve such a treatment; to be taken from his home and his wife and sexually tormented by the Envoy, but she wasn’t in a position to free him. Just like Lisa, she could only wait and stew, and use her indignation to fuel the hatred for Envoy that always seemed to fade every time the woman spoke.

“P...Please...let me...let me...” The man’s voice was weak and whimpering, and Envoy smirked behind her mask. She folded her arms across her ample chest and simply rested atop of him; letting her tight, warm walls tug and squeeze at his bound cock, letting him feel every inch of pressure along his member. When she spoke, her voice was soft and thoughtful, and hinged somewhere between a motherly, compassionate woman and a full blown sociopath.

“Let you what, dear?” She asked, and tapped her chin thoughtfully. “Let you return to your wife?
Let you return to your practice?” She quirked her brow, and reached down to lightly tap his nose. “Tell you what...I’ll grant any wish you want. Just tell me what you want most right now, and you’ll get it.”

Dinah didn’t believe what she was hearing. If the Envoy was telling the truth, all the man had to do was speak the name of his wife or his home, and the nightmare would be over. He wouldn’t be chained and caged anymore, and he wouldn’t any longer be the twisted plaything of a deranged woman. Unfortunately; as Dinah was about to learn, the conditioning that Envoy had put her men through was intense...and there were few things a struggling man wanted more than to end the throbbing of his member.

“Let me...cum…”

Envoy smirked softly, and looked over her shoulder to Dinah as if she had read the girl’s expectations and delighted in watching them shattered. She laughed softly and she rolled her hips from side to side, forcing from the man a whimpering grunt as he felt his cock squeezed and tensed by her wet, delightful walls. There were likely women at the brothel that were better in bed than Envoy, and judging by the mask there were certainly ones more attractive, but none of them seemed to have her authority, her control, or her sheer attitude.

Dinah swallowed nervously, watching as Envoy looked back at the man. His admission that he’d rather cum than leave his prison was all the proof she’d ever need to realize that Envoy truly owned her establishment. Every body, every cock, every hole...it belonged to her, and she would firmly reinforce her authority at every opportunity. Her voice continued to slip through the room, and as she did her hands moved up, reaching for her mask.

“I’ll let you cum, dear. Hnnng…” She hissed through her teeth; wincing as the mask was peeled from her face. Dinah couldn’t see from her position behind the two, but she could still see the expression of the handsome attorney that was being dominated. A look that suggested to Dinah that he wanted to turn away, but knew damn better than to do so. Envoy continued with her voice light and soft, sounding almost feminine and sweet once the mask was removed. “…but you know what Envoy wants from you first.”

“Y...You’re…” The man grunted, forcing himself to look forward at the unmasked woman. What he saw was clearly a struggle for him, but he made himself speak a lie in return for pleasure that had been tormented of him for hours. “…you’re beautiful, Envoy.”

“More than your wife?” The woman’s voice continued, and Dinah still hadn’t caught a glance. She was desperately curious to lean over and see just what had happened to the woman, but she knew better. Stealing a peek that wasn’t invited would likely end her in a cage, or depending on how demented Envoy truly was, worse. She simply stood quietly while Envoy continued, her voice nearly timid while she spoke. “More than your pretty daughter?”

“M...More than anyone.” The man admitted, still staring ahead. His cock was still hard from the torment he had endured; and no matter what Envoy looked like, her pussy was still a velvet delight wrapped around his dark flesh. He swallowed and nodded, speaking out once more. “…e-even more beautiful than my old prom date.”

“How sweet.” Envoy spoke up, sounding genuine in her thanks for the praise. She moved her hand back up to replace the red mask across her features, and once it was secured she looked back down towards Black Canary. She gestured for the girl, pointing behind her towards the mattress. “Kelly, dear, there’s a small latch on my friend’s cock ring. If you could unlock him I’m sure he’d be quite grateful.”
Dinah nodded and swallowed, moving a hand out to reach for it. Before her hand made it far; however, Envoy held a finger out to announce an additional thought.

“Careful; though.” She cautioned her, and smiled sweetly from her scarred and curious lips. “He’s a married man, after all.”

The attorney groaned; his mind likely filled with thoughts of his wife as Black Canary’s hand moved out to untwist the lock around his shaft. He gave a sudden groan of relief as the pressure was undone, and Envoy made sure to capitalize on it and give him quite the fitting reward. As soon as Dinah’s hand pulled away Envoy started to make good on her promise to the man, bouncing up and down on him with hard and heavy thrusts. His cock was tense and tight within her and his peak was fast to reach; almost a shame considering how long he had been tormented. After hours of vibrators he was only able to endure the loving grip of a warm pussy for a few quick thrusts, and before long he was already moaning as he started to release his load.

Envoy gave a content sigh as she felt him start to pump her full; his cock throbbing and spasming as he unloaded rope after rope of white within her. Dinah’s eyes were drawn to the union between the two and she watched with great interest while Envoy rode; each thrust into the man’s lap smearing his white cream against the background of his dark flesh. He was thrusting and spasming and Dinah could see the surges of his cock with each and every load, his voice moaning into a higher pitch as his peak simply continued. Though she didn’t know how long he had been tied up and tormented, Dinah rationed that if he earned ten seconds of climax for every hour of teasing, he likely had no regrets. His orgasm was long and drawn out and it literally filled Envoy with cream, so much so that when the woman lifted herself up off of his member a web of white connected his dark cock to the inside of her pussy.

It was snapped as she pulled her panties back into place, and she swung a leg up and over her friend, moving back up to her fight. Dinah was openly staring; and it was up to Envoy’s voice to draw her gaze back up to the mask and away from the panties that were seeping with cum from a pussy overflowing with it.

“Get my friend here back into his cage, Kelly.” She commanded simply, and pointed to another one of them. The white pet in the middle, bound by his hands with what appeared to be a pair of GCPD cuffs. “Then take the young man in the middle. I have a chore for you before bed.”

Dinah blinked in surprise but quickly did as she was ordered; rushing to take the mask and pull it over the attorney’s head, making sure that she was returning Envoy’s pet in mint condition. She let the cock ring and vibrator toys on the bed; fully expecting that they’d see a new target soon. As she put one pet away and moved towards the next, Envoy continued to speak in a content tone.

“That man there is GCPD, Kelly. Not only that, but I suspect he has some connections with the underworld.” She walked over towards her assistant and braced a hand on her shoulder, giving Dinah a little, sisterly squeeze. Dinah just looked back with curiosity knit against her brow.

“The mafia?” She asked, her head tilted. Knowing that she needed to continue playing dumb, she couldn’t help but add. “...is that a real thing in Gotham?”

“Yes, but that isn’t what I’m referring to.” She remarked with a smile, and her gaze trained on the masked man currently being uncuffed. “I’m fairly confident he knows Catwoman. Take him to the room at the far end of the southern wing, and see what you can get from him.” She smirked, and arched a brow as she looked to Dinah. “In fact, why don’t you get your friend, Brooke. The two of you haven’t seen each other in a few weeks, and I think you’ll find interrogation is a wonderful way to get to know someone better.”
The Envoy smiled her cruel, scarred lips, and gazed down at the young officer who was visibly trembling. Dinah just swallowed, her heart racing and her blood boiling.

If the person under the mask was who she thought it was, then Helena might have another mess to clean off of her glasses.

End of Chapter 9.

Chapter End Notes

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Interrogation

Chapter Summary

More Birds! What happens when you ask two undercover heroes to do something very, very dirty to an officer of the law? Well, this!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter 10: Interrogation
-By Drace Domino

Dinah had expected that being Envoy’s lieutenant would have a less...revealing uniform. Not that she should’ve been surprised; of course, Envoy herself had a tendency to roam about in stark red lingerie, and Dinah had already seen her moving about the brothel with her breasts hanging out when the situation called for it. As it so happened, the situation seemed to call for it an awful lot. Dinah’s outfit was a tad more modest than that, but she still felt a bit silly as she walked down the hallway of the brothel towards Huntress’ room. The fact that she was leading a naked, masked, blindfolded man by a leash certainly didn’t help.

The uniform she had been given was silly looking, but as Dinah moved through the halls she had to secretly admit that it didn’t feel terrible against her skin. It was mostly a simple mesh one-piece, tinted dark enough to hide the sight of her nipples and the cleft of her sex, stretching across her arms to the wrists and working down to end at her thighs. It gave her a sensual and erotic look; her entire body wrapped in a sleek fabric that felt rather smooth as it ran across her skin. She wore stockings made of an identical material that went to the midpoint of her thigh; but otherwise she was entirely bare and practically naked. Though the material was tinted just enough to hide the finer details of her privates, it perfectly gripped her ass with a very firm hold and had a way of accenting the curves of her ample bust. Though she was fairly certain that the guards at Envoy’s brothel had been scared into not “appreciating” the girls, she was sure she had caught one or two of them stealing glances at her as she walked by them.

“Come on, keep it up!” Dinah scowled, and tugged on the leash connected to the throat of the man staggering behind her. It was a man she had been given a mission regarding; a bit of interrogation in the most erotic of fashions. It was Envoy’s suspicion that the man was a member of the Gotham City Police that happened to have dealings with Catwoman, and it was Dinah’s suspicion that she was right. She had met the man briefly during their initial investigation of the disappearances, and she and Huntress had been forced to watch as Catwoman played with her naked toy until he came into the air. Dinah could still remember how his cum had taken an arc towards Huntress, and the memory flashed vividly in her mind. She wasn’t entirely sure just how the next few hours were going to go, but she was certain that they’d be interesting.

It was good to know that she’d be seeing Huntress again, and it’d give her a chance to at least see if Helena was safe. They’d have to be particularly careful about keeping up the fiction of Kelly and Brooke; the two lonely housewives that had tried turning a trick and ended up in Envoy’s employ, but being near her friend would give her a sense of security that she had missed for weeks now.
Since she had fallen into this deep undercover mission, she had only truly felt secure when she was underneath Mr. Harson and feeling his massive passions as he thrusted into her; it was the only time she could truly take her mind off of her worries and her complaints, and simply enjoy something sensual and depraved. She enjoyed it far more than she should have; she knew as much, but even thinking about her thick-cocked patron was enough to make her feel a glisten of arousal underneath the fabric of her unusual suit. She sighed a little and gave a tug to the officer’s collar as she continued to walk, shaking her head in dismissive fashion. Being forced to sexually interrogate a man truly wasn’t something she’d ever think that she’d have to do, let alone enjoy, but the more she thought of Mr. Harson and his enormous member, she found herself craving and needing some level of attention between her thighs. She just had to keep it in check; she could only imagine the teasing Helena would give her if she realized the effect that this place was having on her.

Dinah knocked on the door to “Brooke’s” room, and it opened briefly afterwards to reveal a stunningly beautiful Huntress, already prepared for action. She was dressed more conservatively than Dinah but oddly enough, more slutty at the same time. A ludicrously short business skirt was so tiny on her frame that it exposed the shaven folds of her slit, and scandalous black stockings went up just to the point below where the skirt ended. Sharp heels gave her a lifted and pronounced rear, and she was wearing little more than a lacy black top that was half business-suit and half corset. Crossing over her chest in various places, it perfectly accented Huntress’ curves and gave her a level of authority and precision. Her raven hair had been pulled perfectly back, and the same glasses she had worn previously were perched at the tip of her nose. When she saw Dinah, her first instinct was to assume they were making a break for it, but the sight of the officer behind Black Canary’s shoulder was quick to let her know otherwise. With that information in mind she beamed wide and put on a show; throwing her arms around her dear friend while calling her by the wrong name. “Kelly! I missed you!” She sighed contently and hugged her friend close, pressing their bodies tightly together. Black Canary trembled for a moment and her grip went white-knuckled around the end of the officer’s leash, and she held him firmly in place until Helena pulled back to regard her friend. Her hands moved to hold overtop Dinah’s mesh-covered shoulders, squeezing her fondly as she studied her dear friend’s eyes. “Are you all right? Have they been treating you as good as they have me?” It was a difficult thing to tiptoe around; checking up on a friend’s well-being while sounding like they had enjoyed the treatment. Few prisons had the same resort-level luxury and expectations that Envoy’s brothel did. “Better, considering I’m now Envoy’s right hand woman.” Black Canary smirked to Huntress, and in her grin she told the slender, tall domme far more than her words ever could. The two shared a coy grin as Dinah gestured for Helena to follow, and soon the two Birds were heading down the hallway, padding against the lush carpet and followed by the handcuffed officer. “And she has a job for us.” “Ohh, a job?” Helena practically pranced into place beside her friend, and gave a casual glance back to the man forced into submission behind them. She lowered a finger down to tease at his leash, plucking it like the string of a harp and watching as it forced his head forward to send a squirm through his entire body. “Does it involve your new pet?” Black Canary just smirked, and glanced over to Helena with a knowing, thoughtful look in her eyes. “Indeed it does, Brooke. Indeed it does.”

It was a few minutes later that they opened the door to the “interrogation” room that Envoy had ordered them to, and the sight of it practically made Huntress clap for joy. She responded to the sight
of it with such an enormous grin and an excited look in her eyes that it made Dinah question for the moment just how dedicated her friend truly was to their undercover act. She knew that as Brooke, Helena had made a name for herself already as an experienced domme that could bend her clients to her will, but playing the hard role was one thing. The look in Helena’s eyes as she saw the room was something entirely different. It was a simple room; barely big enough to hold the single waist-high table that sat in the middle of it. There were no chairs but comfortable pillows lined the floor, and at first it took Black Canary a moment to figure out why. It wasn’t until she inspected the table in the center of the room that she came across her answer; it was long and clear; made of plastic so one could see through it from one side to the other. And squarely in the center, or rather, perhaps a bit off to one side, there was a circular hole straight through it.

“I...I don’t...oh.” Dinah blinked, and looked over to Helena, who was practically giddy. “So...he lays face down and we...from the floo-”

“Yes!” Helena beamed as she turned towards her friend, and moved a hand up to gently tweak Black Canary’s nose. It was a cute gesture that she figured was afforded to them and perhaps even expected, since Envoy knew the two had some form of past relationship. In order to spice it up even more and play a more convincing role, she spoke up again in a casual tone, hoping the recording devices hidden throughout would pick it up. “It’s like that time we shared that booth at the theater on 17th, only the guy’s laying above us. I like it!” Surely, that would leave Envoy speculating on what sorts of mischief Kelly and Brooke had been up to before they became two of her best employees. Helena finally turned towards the masked and handcuffed man; sparing a glance down to study his half-stiff member before looking over to Dinah once more. “And what are we doing with our friend here, Kelly?”

“Envoy wants some information from him.” Dinah revealed as she stepped up to him, and her hands moved to the edge of the officer’s mask. She made sure to pull it up slowly as she spoke; hoping to soften the blow for Huntress if she were to recognize the same man from Catwoman’s den. They couldn’t afford even one slip-up, and she prayed that the officer knew as much as well. With her words slow and practiced she inched the mask up bit by bit, hoping to convince both other parties in the room to play it cool. “He might be some sort of undercover cop. She thinks he was working with Catwoman.” The words undercover and Catwoman were spoken with a slow measure of caution, and the mask pulled up from the man’s head as Black Canary swallowed a bit of nervous worry. If either of the two were to speak up and blow their cover, she’d have to be ready to make a rush towards the nearest guard and take him out before he was alerted of their deceit.

It was a tense few seconds as the officer was unmasked, and his familiar features came into the dim light of the room. He looked from the two with a worried brow crossing his face, and he swallowed deeply as his gaze trained from one woman to the next. Suddenly, Dinah was feeling like Renee might have had the right idea as far as masks went. Thankfully; however, the officer just remained quiet as Helena moved a hand up to hold his cheek.

“Oh yeah…” Helena mused; pursing her lips as she studied the officer. Her grip was gentle yet still stern; a trademark of how she had managed to carve a role out as the Envoy’s finest domme. She tilted her gaze and squeezed the man’s cheeks, before chuckling as she gestured towards the bed. “Looks like a cop. Look at those honest, pretty eyes. Let’s lay him down, and give those eyes something fun to watch, hmm?”

With that, Black Canary and Huntress shared a brief, knowing glance as they ushered the officer towards the table. They moved him forward and laid him flat on his stomach atop it, positioning him so that his member stuck through the perfectly carved hole in the middle. His hands still remained handcuffed behind his back and he was otherwise utterly helpless; able only to stare down at what was going on at the carpet below, and let his cock dangle from the underside of the table. Once they
had him in place Huntress moved to slip off her heels; and from there she crept down onto her knees and started to work her way underneath the table. His dangling member was a signal flare for her to follow, and she smirked idly as she prowled towards it like a hungry animal.

“So Miss Envoy thinks this cock has been inside Catwoman?” She couldn’t help but ask, knowing full well that Black Canary knew it had. She even glanced over her shoulder, and with a flop of black hair covering one of her eyes, gave her friend a mysteriously teasing smirk. “I’m surprised she didn’t use it as a scratching post. You know...like this.”

From her standing position, Dinah could only watch as Helena started to do what she was practically a master at. She had crept a single finger forward and brought it remarkably close; so close to the man’s stiffening length that she was able to touch him with but the tip of her fingernail. Her touch was feather-soft and her smile was lazy and casual, making it look as if she was able to tease and torment without a single care. It was all second nature to her, and she gently tapped at his cock with her nail to prove it. Each touch sent his member wagging gently from side to side through the perfectly sculpted cockhole, and the harder ones left him whimpering. Dinah just swallowed as she lowered herself down to the floor; scooping a pillow nearby to rest her rump on as she drew closer to Huntress.

The table was narrow enough that the two women had to be pressed close together, and as much as she felt like things may soon get awkward with one of her dearest friends, she was forced to draw one of her arms around the taller girl’s waist. The entire time, as Helena drew in against her warm and content, her eyes were fixated on the officer’s hanging cock that grew harder and longer with each little tap.

It was a fine length, and Black Canary was sure that Catwoman relished it. As he grew more and more Dinah was downright impressed; for a young and unassuming member of the GCPD the boy had a lovely nightstick. It was thick and long and looked youthful and plump; and it was even enough so that the sight of it and the speculation of what they’d soon be doing was enough to get her just a little wet. Still, Dinah couldn’t help but wonder what Mr. Harson would look like stuffed through the same hole...if he even could fit his monster through it. Probably not. She’d have to purse her lips and use her powers to carve the hole bigger and bigger for Mr. Harson’s thick and glorious cock, and once it was big enough she could open her mouth and try to stretch her lips around his drooling, delicious cockhe-

“Kelly. Kelly dear, snap out of it.” Brooke grinned, and elbowed the distracted woman in the ribs. Her free hand was still tapping at the whimpering cop’s cock, forcing him to an aroused state as he dangled mere inches before their faces. When Black Canary finally looked up at her friend with a dazed expression on her face, Helena was quick to give her a coy smile and a teasing jab. “If you’re tired, I can do this myself. But I’m not sure there’ll be much left if you want some later…” She waggled her brow. “I’ve been told I’m rather...demanding.”

The officer could only give a pathetic whimper at such a promise.

“Just been a long day.” Dinah murmured as she snapped out of it, and her gaze moved towards the officer’s member. She studied it for a second longer before speaking up to him; adding a hinted edge of seduction to her tone for the benefit of those that might be listening. “So...you’re not going to get to cum until you agree to tell Miss Envoy everything she wants to know.”

“I...I don’t know anything.” The officer shook his head and grit his teeth, knowing that it wasn’t the answer that the two demanding women wanted. The tap to his length with the tip of a fingernail was proof enough of that fact. He hissed through his teeth as he felt his cock teased once more, and then a soothing, yet still demanding voice broke into the air. It was Helena’s voice, offering her tone to the officer with a coy smile shaping her lips.
“If that’s truly what you want to claim, then fine.” She offered in a non-committal fashion. “We’ll just sit here together and have a bit of fun. And whatever happens...happens.” A small shrug came to her elegant shoulders. “Kelly? Does that sound fair to you?”

“More than fair, Brooke.” Black Canary smirked, and took a heavy sigh as she readied herself for what was to come. It was a surreal moment for the hero; realizing that she was on display with one of her best friends, under the gaze of one of Gotham City’s younger police officers. To think that their undercover job had taken them to such a degree that she wouldn’t only be servicing a man with her mouth, but that she’d be doing it alongside Huntress was an outcome she had never expected. One of Helena’s hands started to slowly trail down to grab onto Black Canary’s knee through the mesh of her stocking, and a small thrill went up Dinah’s spine that she couldn’t really quantify. Though she had never thought of her friend in such a light, much like the night that they had watched Catwoman enjoy the young officer in her bedroom, there was a certain aroused feel to the air that made everything just so..sexual and primal. Dinah swallowed nervously as she nodded towards Helena and started to move a hand up; reaching for the officer’s member only to be stopped by Huntress’ soft words.

“No no, not like that.” She spoke gently; soothingly, her head drifting closer to the officer’s stiff and throbbing cock. She glanced back at Dinah with a smirk before moving her own hand forward, her forefinger and thumb sticking out from the fist. “He doesn’t get a whole hand until he agrees to talk to Miss Envoy. You don’t want to spoil him, do you?” With that, Helena moved up and slid the officer’s cock in between her thumb and forefinger, a light grip that was barely tight enough to stroke him up and down. Right before Black Canary’s eyes she rubbed her fingers across the man’s length, sending him into a whimpering moan that showed that he was already practically desperate for release. It was hard to guess when the last time Envoy allowed him a climax was, but from the throbbing in his member and the echo in his tone Dinah could only imagine that it had been some time.

She watched as Helena’s free hand worked up and down the man’s cock in a teasing grip, her other locked against Dinah’s knee in a friendly yet sensual hold. She kept her fingers tight about her friend’s kneecap, one thumb sliding idly back and forth while Dinah’s arm remained around her waist. The blonde swallowed in a growing nervousness as she watched Huntress tease and tickle the cock before her; seeing first hand just how dominant and coy that Huntress could be. The man’s cock had already formed a healthy bead of pre that she completely ignored; letting it collect and collect until its weight could no longer endure holding on. Then, with Huntress’ fingers jerking him in tender fashion, the thread of his clear prerelease fell forward and snapped, landing a warm drop of arousal against the mesh of Black Canary’s thigh.

Dinah just swallowed, watching the growing wet spot darken her stocking and sending a shiver of temptation through her. Huntress only gave a sweet laugh, and looked up to their target through the press of the clear table.

“I bet even that little bit felt good, didn’t it?” She asked with a smirk. “Just think how good it would feel with us both kissing your cock, letting you cum all over us. That can be your evening, if you promise to behave for Miss Envoy.”

The officer’s stern expression, though faltering in his sexual torment, told them that he was still insistent on being stubborn. Huntress simply chuckled and turned her gaze towards Canary, shrugging as she released his cock.

“You try, Kelly.” She offered with a smile, and watched as his member swayed back and forth in place. “While you tease him, I want to...try something.”
Dinah wasn’t sure entirely what Huntress was implying, but she gave her friend a simple nod and moved her fingers forward to take over her duties. Instead of pinching the man between her thumb and finger Dinah took an even softer approach; sliding out just one slender finger and rubbing it along the underside of the man’s cock, slow and steady and with a gentle grace that could keep him stiff and tormented, but never bring him release. He groaned as he felt Black Canary’s solitary digit caress him; from the base of the table all the way up to just the underside of his tip, where her touch stopped and slid back down again. It was a stark difference from how she tended to Mr. Harson, which could only be described as unbridled enthusiasm. Rampant sucking of his wonderful cock, drooling across herself and his lap as she worked him into a frenzy. She would slave over his member and hold nothing back, waiting for the moment that he would reward her by stuffing her pussy full of every inch of him. To handle a cock so gingerly and delicate felt almost unnatural to Dinah, but from the whimpering sounds above she could tell it was certainly effective. She wasn’t sure when Helena had learned it, but the Huntress certainly knew her way around teasing a cock.

A case in point came to Dinah with a bit of surprise, as suddenly she felt the warm press of her friend squeeze in against her from behind. In an instant she felt Huntress’ hands moving around her with far more familiarity than ever before, one of them sweeping the blonde locks away from her neck to sweep over her shoulder, and the other moving to drift around her and move towards her stomach. Helena grinned as she felt Dinah tense up in her arms, and knowing full-well the possible awkwardness in the moment she offered her dear friend a bit of kind advice.

“Relax, Kelly.” She cooed gently; her breath rushing across the back of Dinah’s neck. “Just enjoy yourself while we give him a show. And don’t let him stop squirming for an instant.” At that, Dinah could feel the frame of Huntress’ lips move against the side of her throat, and the slightly-sticky layer that rested overtop told her that Helena had purposely overdone her lipstick. While the kiss lingered and Helena’s raven hair fell around the sculpt of her head, Dinah could only whimper and move her hand forward, continuing to tease the officer’s cock. It was difficult to maintain her level of authority, sweeping her digit back and forth and keeping him on the edge of heated arousal, but she did her best. Still, it was plain to see to anyone in the room that even though Kelly was the Envoy’s right hand woman, Brooke was the one with all the authority in the room. Clever fingers drifted over the mesh suit that Dinah was strapped inside, and at times Helena let her fingers hook inward to scratch lightly against it, leaving little snag marks against the dark fabric. Her lips finally left Dinah’s neck only to have placed a noticeable kiss mark in a crimson shade, and while Black Canary was still recovering from it Helena leaned forward with the tip of her tongue, licking the back of her friend’s neck in a long, savory stroke. She’d claim later that it was for the benefit of the officer, for him to watch and twitch in arousal at the display, but that was a half truth at best.

Half truth or not, it certainly worked, and the officer whimpered underneath the sight of the two women and the touch moving up and down alongside his cock. Another bead of precum had started to form and Dinah caught sight of it; her throat tightening in a burst of arousal as she saw it. It was thicker this time, his erection practically aching with the desire to cum, and she could clearly see his entire tip ready to drool a steady bead of pre release down from his tip once more. Coyly she tried to position herself so that when it fell, it would land closer to her pussy. Perhaps the inside of her thigh, or near her navel. Anywhere. She found herself craving it, and were it not for Helena’s presence she likely would have dipped her head right underneath it and drank as if it were from a faucet. The gentle coaxing of her elegant finger was enough to bring the officer’s twitching to a head, and his member leaked just enough pre for it to be too much to hold on. Then, as his cock throbbed and his head angled down, Black Canary’s eyes followed the sticky line of warning that started to seep off of his shaft.

She swallowed, watching it with a hungry bliss shining in her eyes. It was thicker than his last precum; a bit closer to a true tasty load, and she was desperate to find out where it would land. She even pushed her hips forward hoping that it would be a bullseye; a steady drip that would splash
squarely on her mesh-covered slit. She was so heated and aroused in the moment that she was positive she’d cum from just the touch of it; the mere promise that cum could be near her pussy soon. She closed her eyes and sighed contently, waiting to feel the drop against her mesh top, her stockings, or perhaps even the bare skin that separated the two.

And when she didn’t feel it anywhere, she opened her eyes in worried excitement. Did it fall to the carpet? Did it somehow still dangle from his tip? She was whimpering and worried until Helena’s voice spoke up again from behind her; her fingers drawing to the forefront with the stolen prize.

“Good girl, Kelly.” Helena purred, and pressed her breasts hard against Black Canary’s back. She rolled her hips in a gentle motion; arching herself into her friend’s rump and riding against her slowly and sweetly. The fingers she held before Black Canary’s eyes were coated in the officer’s thick precum; a sticky webbing that bound two of her fingers in a clear rope as she spread them gently apart. Helena couldn’t help but smile, and her free hand moved down; down to the center of Black Canary’s sex, down to violate their friendship fully. As Black Canary practically writhed against her grip through the mesh fabric of her outfit, Helena giggled as she showed her the precum she had so cruelly stolen. “It’s thick. Do you...do you want it, dear?”

Black Canary’s cheeks flushed a bright red in embarrassment, and she glared up at the officer that had dared to put her in such a position. She was whimpering and wiggling, her sex fondled by Huntress through her sheer top and the precum she so hungered for mere inches from her eyes. And though she knew Huntress would never, ever let her forget it, she couldn’t help but part her lips in a quiet gasp.

“...y...yes...” She murmured, and jerked her head forward, expecting her reward. Huntress just pulled her head back and left her whimpering, giggling softly as she pulled against Black Canary’s sex to hold her in place. The blonde practically groaned as she was teased and taunted, and could only listen to Huntress’ voice with the precum-covered fingers dangling ever-so-close to her.

“Not like that, dear. Here...” And with that, Black Canary watched as Huntress drew her precum covered fingers forward, and smeared them across the officer’s shaft. It was glistening now; the same spots that she had teased with her finger now wet and marked with the flavor that had been stolen from her. Huntress’ now free and clean hand lowered to join the other at Black Canary’s slit, and she soon cupped both palms to her old friend’s pussy as she pulled her in, rubbing her own hips forward against Canary’s rear and grinding in a circle as she teased her. Her voice made Black Canary moan in weak desire, but it was her hands and hips that made her weak to begin with. “Lick it clean. Don’t give him your whole mouth.” With that, Helena smirked and lowered her mouth to the edge of Dinah’s throat.

“Just.” Lick. “Little.” Lick. “Licks.” The one that came after was anything but; travelling from the base of Dinah’s throat up to her ear. Once there Helena bit down idly on her friend’s lobe, and as she moaned and nibbled against Black Canary’s ear, her hands continued to rub in slow and steady circles against the blonde’s tender, smooth sex through the fabric of her suit. She couldn’t help whisper; her voice soft and sweet, urged through her closed teeth and formed with a smile.

“...lick this cock clean with me.” She whispered, her voice so sensual and heavy that it made Black Canary moan, push her hips forward into the waiting hands grasping at her, and question utterly everything she knew in that moment. One of her best friends fondling her, a strange cock glistening with tasty pre dangling in front of her, and a tiny room in a small brothel that gave her endless supplies of intensely sexual moments. She was starting to hope that after everything was over, Envoy and Oracle could work out some sort of Canary sharing arrangement.

Dinah didn’t hesitate to follow Helena’s orders, and she leaned forward on her knees to stretch her
tongue forward. She still had it in mind that the whole point of the evening was to tease the officer; however, and it was the only thing stopping her from slapping her mouth over his cock and sucking clean every trace of flavor. She had to savor it; and from the very first moment her tongue touched to his precum-covered shaft a wash of joy ran through her just as a ferocious, horny ache trembled through the officer. His handcuffs jingled as he tensed up from the first lick and he gave a sobbing whimper, his length trembling from the teasing contact. As joyful as it was, it wasn’t enough. It would never be enough.

Dinah couldn’t help but giggle at the situation, a part of her finally drawing deep into the role of the dominant. She began to work her tongue across his dangling cock from side to side; cleaning first the precum that Helena had rubbed across his shaft, and then what remained clinging to the tip of his cockhead. The flavor of his prerelease filled her mouth with great appreciation, and she gave a content moan as she retracted her tongue for a single, solitary swallow. When she stretched her tongue back out she was given to a small gasp; the fingers from her dear friend behind her pushing forward and making her give a sudden grind into her touch.

Huntress just chuckled softly before she finally slithered away from behind Black Canary, creeping forward to join her friend at her work. With her nylon-clad knees rolling across the carpet the slender woman slid up alongside her friend, drawing her head forward and slowly sticking her tongue forward. The side of it nestled against the officer’s cock and worked idly up and down; barely enough for him to feel, but in the same breath far too much for him to bare. The edge of his cock was teased and tormented with the warmth of Huntress’ tongue, and just as she took in her first taste of him he was forced to feel the differences in how she would tease him from the other woman. The slow pace of her tongue was different from Dinah’s, and in the simple lick he could even tell that her tongue was narrower and longer; better for long-distance edging. The entire time she worked to collect his flavor she wore a subtle smile on her lips, and just a few inches away Dinah watched with wide eyes as she fought her arousal.

There was a part of Black Canary that wanted to be done with the teasing; to just grab his length and guide him inside one or both of their mouths. It was the same impatience that made her such a good submissive in some situations, and what had made her so perfect as a lady waiting for Mr. Harson’s cock. The thought of it at night would build her up to a point of crazed arousal, and it wasn’t particularly uncommon for Envoy’s security cameras to catch the sight of subtle movement underneath Dinah’s covers in the middle of the night. The same impatience was in her now as she watched Huntress edge the officer’s cock, as she watched him tremble back and forth and as she heard his pathetic whimpers. Her eyes trailed down to where he started to leak another line of precum again; his body subconsciously leaking it as he strained and ached for some sort of release. Huntress’ greedy hand was already under it, and Dinah watched with jealousy as it pooled against her open palm.

Black Canary whimpered, and licked her lips as she gazed at the upturned palm. Instinct and desire was overtaking her, and as the officer looked at the two women underneath him he was forced into a moan at what he saw next. Even Huntress was surprised as Dinah lunged forward, wrapping both hands around Helena’s wrist and pulling the precum-filled palm up to her mouth. The slender woman giggled as she felt lips and a hungry tongue swirling around in her palm, clearing the flavor of pre with a reckless abandon. Like feeding an animal at a petting zoo, Helena simply held her hand forward and allowed Canary to gobble it up gently. The entire time she continued edging the officer with her tongue, and eventually her eyes flickered over to the man through the clear plastic table, and she spoke with a teasing voice. So soft, and so faint, that were it not for the ushered breath against a wet spit streak on his cock, it’d be hard to tell she was talking at all.

“All of you ready to play by Envoy’s rules?” She asked simply, with a blonde head buried within her palm, licking in between her fingers and against the lines of her palm. The sight of the two women
underneath the officer was practically unbearable, and his purple-headed member was evident to that torment. Helena almost felt bad for him...almost. The two of them alone had already been rather teasing and cruel, and that didn’t say anything about what he had gone through before reaching their service. She raised a slender brow as she gazed at the young man’s face, and her voice slipped out once more with that same cocky, authoritative tone. “We can do this all night, you know. Hours upon hours of licking. Teasing. Touching.” She smirked, and arched a brow as she saw the aching look in his face. She moved the hand underneath Dinah’s lips forward and cupped her friend’s cheek, moving it along to guide the blonde’s head towards herself. It was remarkable with what ease that Huntress was able to guide Dinah from cleaning her open palm to kissing her throat; but as Helena was learning Black Canary responded well to a figure of authority. Helena just smirked as the cop while she felt Dinah’s tongue working up and down her throat, licking, kissing, even nibbling in a desire she couldn’t understand in the moment and would certainly regret in the morning.

“Perhaps we should just have some fun and leave you alone?” Helena asked in curiosity, and moved a hand up to brush her fingers through Canary’s soft blonde locks. She quickly amended that thought with a laugh; however, and her hand flowed from Canary’s hair just a few inches over, enough to brush the back of her fingers alongside the bulging, throbbing tip of his cockhead. “Not completely alone, of course.” She mused. “We’ll reach over every now and again. Just enough to keep it going. To keep it hard for you. We wouldn’t want you to lose your focus, would we?” Helena moved a hand up to adjust the glasses she wore for her in character persona, and gazed steadily at the officer through them. She felt a tinge of pity for him as she saw him finally break; his head dropping and his throat tightening as he gave a swallow. She couldn’t help but feel wistful for her own beau in that moment; the young Peter that she had spent the past two weeks forging into an obedient and eager pet. A boy that would do anything for a lick of approval from the older woman that had broken him in, a boy that would gladly drop to the floor and worship her for even a chance at catching her gaze. That sort of obedience and youthful energy was rare, and she couldn’t help but notice that the officer shared some of that same eager strength in his throbbing member.

The young men were just so much fun to tease.

The officer finally nodded, and he gave a whimpered acceptance to their terms while he watched the two women underneath him. Black Canary was still licking and suckling against Huntress’ throat like a good tease, but she had managed to catch the boy’s agreement to their terms, and it forced her head to raise. Though her cheeks were red and her passions were flared she was certainly onboard for a bit of release; her own eagerness at seeing the young man cum certainly fueling her motions. She grinned wide, and licked her lips of the flavor of the precum she had collected before scooting back towards his cock.

“Miss Envoy will be pleased.” She announced as any good villainous lieutenant would, and her hand rose up to wrap her slender fingers around the officer’s aching member. She could feel him throb and twitch within her grip, and her hand tightened gently about his shaft, squeezing him slowly as she felt him writhe within her palm. Her other hand drew forward and she beckoned Huntress closer, her brow arched as she called for her friend. “Brooke, I want you here. Just underneath him.”

There was that hint of domination again; the sudden spark in the otherwise submissive Canary. She was so aroused and inflamed that she could barely control her body; swinging from a whimpering, precum-cleaning mess to a borderline domme that dared to boss Huntress around. She was hot and aching down below; the mesh of her unique suit utterly soaked underneath. And when Huntress drew up towards her with a smirk of temporary obedience, Black Canary was demanding in moving a hand to catch Helena’s wrist and guide it down between her legs.

“Touch me while I jerk him off, Brooke.” She demanded, her voice just as bossy as when they were
out in the field doing hero work. It was a tone that Helena knew well, a tone that told her not to disobey. Still, she couldn’t hide her cocky grin as her fingers lowered to hook against the mesh of Black Canary’s suit. A small tug and there her fingers were; smoothly running up and down the folds of a woman she had never imagined she would be touching. This undercover mission had shattered more boundaries than she ever dreamed.

And from there, Huntress simply tilted her face up, and was simply...used. Her pretty face with glasses perched perfectly on the tip of her nose was little more than target practice for the officer as Black Canary stroked him, and her fingers were left warm and wet on the end of Dinah’s lips. Black Canary’s sudden burst of authority had turned Helena from the one in charge to the one on the bottom; a tool for fingering and receiving cum against her beautiful, tanned skin. And though she was thoroughly looking forward to taking this mark of embarrassment out on Peter the next time she saw him, she couldn’t deny that there was a thrill in it.

“Anything you say, Kelly.” She opened her lipstick-clad lips to reply, but it was poor timing on her part. The officer didn’t need much attention to release, and mid-sentence Helena could feel the rush of his warm, white cum splatter across her face. The first shot struck her squarely across her open lips, filling her mouth with his flavor and smearing his hot cream over her chin. The second that came was higher by Black Canary’s own pull, and it left several cords of white across the lenses of her glasses, slowly drooling down the slope of her nose or down her cheeks. Canary giggled softly as she pulled his throbbing cock even closer, and the third burst of cum was offered with his cockhead pressed tight against Helena’s forehead. More cum across her flesh, some in her hair, and some even rolling down her face underneath the rim of the glasses, forcing the beautiful tanned girl to close her eyes. She was left utterly surprised and stunned by the sudden release, but her fingers were treated to a similar shock as Black Canary reached her own peak.

“I barely touched you!” Helena gasped as she saw Canary shuddering and thrusting, her walls twitching around the invading fingers and trembling in wet heat. She was shocked at the reaction, but the proof of Dinah’s release was against her open palm and her slender fingers, and it was impossible to deny. Just like the officer, the poor girl had been on the edge that entire time. Needing contact, needing release. In truth needing cock, but she’d have that before too long. After all, the morning was close and pretty soon she’d be working again.

Helena simply tried to open her eyes through the web of cum that crossed her lashes, looking from the young man laying above her to the beautiful blonde beside her, both of them aching in joyous release that had been building within them for too long. They were relieved, they were happy, and they were clearly satisfied. And there knelt Helena, wet underneath her panties and cum smearing across her entire face. And neither of the other two in the room looked anywhere near stable enough to get a good fuck out of.

Helena pouted; cum dripping from her lips and chin, and even alongside the bridge of her nose as it scrunched up underneath her glasses.

...Peter was going to get it the next time she saw him. And he was going to get it hard.

-End of Chapter 10.

Chapter End Notes

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you’d like to see more of my writing.
Chapter Summary

Helena’s been taking this undercover prostitution thing pretty seriously, but at least she's enjoying it! She's taken a particular liking to a bit of schoolteacher play, which involves putting her favorite young man into a very special form of detention.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Caged Birds
Chapter Eleven: Teasing
-By Drace Domino

It had been a long night for Helena Bertinelli. The woman known as the superhero Huntress had just gotten back from joining Dinah Lance in the sexual interrogation of one of Gotham City’s police officers; kidnapped and enslaved by the sinister Envoy. Throughout the course of the evening Helena had found herself servicing a man she didn’t know right alongside her best friend, and she had felt her fingers and tongue work against Dinah’s body in ways she had never truly suspected they would. The evening had ended with a rush of cum from the dangling member of the officer, and Dinah had felt it smear across her face, flood over the lenses of her glasses, and stain across her cheeks and lips. She had been marked with cum in a rare moment of submission, with Dinah making an unexpected twist to fulfill her role as Envoy’s lieutenant.

Helena had been admittedly surprised; even proud of Dinah standing up for herself in such a way. Were the situation different she could even see a world where Dinah handled this sort of work well; the surrogate madam of a house while the proper master was away. It was good that Dinah had worked herself into a position of trust with the woman in charge, but there was something deeply enticing and exciting to Helena about the idea that Dinah was enjoying her work. The past few hours had been something she had never quite experienced, and though she made a show of acting nonplussed by it all, it had affected her far deeper than she let on. As she walked back to her room escorted by Envoy’s guards her sex was wet and her lusts were high, and she swallowed tightly as she was pushed back into her lavish prison. She trembled her way through a hot shower and into a warm cotton bathrobe, and slipped into bed after turning off the lights. Were it not for the fact that she knew she was under constant surveillance even in the dark, she likely would’ve dipped a hand below the covers and brought herself to a climax.

As it was, her stubbornness had led her to toss and turn in frustrated sexual energy, and her mind continued to spin throughout the evening over what she had seen. Dinah was in the same situation as her; set to service men sexually that they didn’t even know. To fuck and suck and charm their way through the brothel’s various clients, and to always look beautiful and sweet while doing so. The entire situation had been more exciting and enjoyable than Helena had ever even imagined, and for the first time she had confirmed that Dinah seemed to feel the same way. It was a dangerous situation when someone started to feel compassion for their kidnappers, but knowing the state of things didn’t change that there was a part of Helena that was wondering how great it would be to never reveal her heroic identity and break free. That in some oddly debased fashion, she could learn to love life at Envoy’s brothel.
Envoy treated her well. She was well fed and well cared for, and she knew that medical care and entertainment were only a request away. With just a sweet smile and a gentle ask, she could have a meal even nicer than the ones she was already brought, or a new set of silk sheets because she didn’t like the color of the current ones. All she had to do was service the men that Envoy told her to, and even then...she relished in; partially because she had found a particular knack for it.

A knack for control. For domination. Under her guise as Brooke, Helena had truly come into her own as a stern and sultry mistress of the brothel. She wasn’t an abusive controller that would whip and beat her visitors endlessly; frankly, she had her fill of violence in the streets of Gotham. Instead, she had learned how to bend her various male visitors to her demands through sheer force of will, and exploiting the gifts that she had been given. With a strong enough personality to keep even the rowdiest men in check, Helena had enjoyed the past few weeks of teasing and goading the men that visited her, and more often than not they left their meetings with her even more aroused than when they came.

Some might claim it was a poor prostitute that didn’t even get her clients off during the whole hour session, but she hadn’t heard any complaints yet. In fact, men were desperate to schedule a new appointment with her. Like fools dropping coins into a slot machine they continued to gamble on meetings with Brooke, always hoping that the next time they paid their fee she would have enough mercy and pity to give them their release. And sometimes...she did. Whether it was by a gentle teasing of her finger against a strained and tented pair of jeans, or the casual rub of a throbbing cockhead against the side of her calf...sometimes she’d let them cum. In the most modest moments they’d release in their pants without her even seeing their cock; brought to climax by her dry motions and teasing and forced to fill their boxers with cream. In those moments she could enjoy the look in their eyes, the twitching of their lips, even the guttural noises they made. Sometimes she could even feel the damp spot that formed in their lap through the layers of fabric; enough to add a small sheen to her fingertip. Enough to show them the glisten, and spread it faintly against her brightly colored, shimmering lips.

They couldn’t want to schedule their next appointment with Brooke after something like that, and she had learned to manipulate them well. She wasn’t sure just how many weeks mileage she could get out of “next week I promise I’ll let you fuck me,” but so far none of the men that visited her had called her out on the request. They were happy to be in her presence; to smell her perfume as she fondled them through their pants, or to feel her lips press a noticeable kiss mark against the side of their throat or the edge of their shoulder. In her most recent visit the previous day, she had purposely left a smudge of lipstick on a man’s white shirt collar even after he had revealed he had a wife at home, and told him that if he was a brave enough boy to go home without cleaning it, she’d fuck him the next time they met.

Truly, her role at Envoy’s brothel was drawing out a dark side of Helena Bertinelli, but it was a dark side that she was absolutely remarkable at fulfilling.

No man she spent time with; however, was quite as dedicated as Peter. The young man that knew her not as Brooke but as Helena, the volunteer at the church, had been back to see her nearly every other day. Sometimes he would be there partially to check on her for Oracle, while others it was clear he had no reason for being there other than a throbbing erection and a bit too much of his father’s money. Either way Helena relished each chance she had to see her young friend, always enjoying his presence, his kindness, and the feel of his cock in her grip. When she went to bed the night after teasing the officer’s cock with Dinah, she did so smiling despite all of her sexual frustration. A smile that was brought about purely because she knew she had an early morning...an early appointment with none other than Peter.

Envoy’s brothel was a lot like a convenience store; any time someone needed release, day or night,
they could find it for her exorbitant prices. Some girls worked standard shifts where they tended whatever deep pocketed men came in at the time, while others had reached a level of distinguishing service that merited their employ by appointment only. To Helena’s knowledge both she and Dinah had reached that point faster than most, and Peter was her first man of the day on a Saturday morning. Or a Sunday. She wasn’t entirely sure...the days stopped having meaning when they were all filled with barely restrained cock and the whimpers of men enamored by her authority.

Whatever day it was, Helena was more than ready to see Peter. Each time they met she became increasingly fond of him, and with the arousal running through her from the last night’s session, she speculated that it might finally be time to allow him to fuck her. For real this time. As she got ready for her date she pondered just whether or not the time was right, whether Peter had deserved to slip inside of her. She kept bouncing back and forth on whether or not she’d allow him, and if she did, if she’d let him complete. It’d be a sweet, sweet torture if she let Peter fuck her but stopped before he finished, only to tuck him back into his pants and send him on his way. She couldn’t help but giggle at the thought while she put on lipstick, smiling around it as she worked.

The poor boy. The poor, poor boy. If he didn’t have that wonderful combination of a sweet disposition and a cock that was just perfect for Helena, it was likely she would be far kinder to him. She would’ve sent him off with a handjob each time he visited, or maybe even let him fuck her by now. But as it was, he was just too perfect not to torment. She adored him, and he was reminded of that every time she pressed a kiss to his cheek and whispered “not today, dear, but next time.”

He had the cutest frustrated blush in those moments, and it only fueled her menacing desires towards him even more. The poor boy. Helena still hadn’t decided whether or not she was going to fuck Peter by the time the knock came on her door, and she decided to wing it as she rose to her feet and slowly made her way over. She had dressed in something of a classic outfit for her; a stern and hard appearance that Peter was becoming familiar with. In the past two weeks she had greeted him in various states of undress; from completely nude to a simple bathrobe, to in a pair of common jeans and a T-shirt. Envoy, after all, spared no expense when it came to the wardrobe budget of her whores. But that day Helena greeted Peter at the door wearing what was quickly becoming her favorite outfit. She wasn’t just Brooke as the door swung open; she was Mrs. Brooke.

Peter swallowed nervously as he took in the sight of her, his hands in his pockets and his pants almost immediately tenting at the sight. Helena’s thin and dagger like frame was at its best when she was standing with intimidation and authority in her eyes; whether she was fully dressed as the Huntress or in the defining clothes of Mrs. Brooke. A pencil skirt went down to just above her knees and her legs were wrapped in tinted nylons stretching into a pair of flat, sensible heels. A business blazer was wrapped around a dress shirt capped with a black tie, and her hair had been pulled back into a tight librarian’s bun. Glasses were perched on the tip of her nose; pulled down just enough to make her look almost immediately disapproving of her visiting “student.”

And most teasing of all, a special request that Envoy had fulfilled. A simple narrow yardstick, a measuring ruler made of thin and pliable wood clenched in one hand. It was thin and flexible; like a utilitarian riding crop...which was exactly how she planned to use it.

“Peter. You’re late.” He wasn’t, but that didn’t stop him from nodding in agreement. He had learned early on that when he disagreed with Mrs. Brooke, he was left even more frustrated than usual.

“My...I’m sorry, Mrs. Brooke.” He had been trained well indeed, forcing his gaze up to Helena’s as he fidgeted from side to side. He didn’t step into the room until Helena bid him to, and after he was standing near the side of the bed the woman slammed the door shut behind them. As an extra level of impact she made it a point to lock the door; implying to the young man that stepping into her quarters was fully giving himself over to her; that nothing he could do now would stop the sexual torment and
teasing that would follow. Peter bit down on his bottom lip as he gazed at Helena, and a nervous swallow echoed down his throat. “How are you doing today, Mrs. Brooke?” Manners and respect; just like she had taught him at great personal cost. Not to her; of course, but to the strain of his cock against the fabric of his jeans.

“I am well, Peter, but I require your assistance.” She pointed for him to sit down in a nearby chair before her desk, and waited for him to shuffle over before moving. As he sat down she started to approach him with a slow swat of her yardstick into her open palm; sending a slapping noise through the room that made him visibly twitch. A slender smile spread on Helena’s lipstick-clad lips, and she lowered her hand holding the yardstick to point it towards Peter’s frame. It idly touched against his chest before raising up to just underneath his chin, forcing his head to lift so she could study his eyes through the lenses of her glasses. Only when she had firmly secured his gaze did she finally speak, her voice ringing with authority and presence. “I’m afraid somebody left a job half-finished last night, Peter. And you’re going to complete it for me.”

Peter’s throat tightened and he gave an obedient nod, agreeing without even knowing just what it was that the woman required assistance with. His answer came soon enough as Helena stepped forward and lifted one of her legs; bringing one of those sensible heels to rest against the armrest of his chair, and drawing her skirt up around her lap. Peter just stared ahead at Helena’s exposed sex; shaven and pink and glistening in arousal. And just on the outside; pressed against the inside of one of her thighs, a bright red kiss mark from smeared lipstick. Dinah had dropped by at her request just minutes before for the expressed purpose of helping her apply the kiss mark...a request that made Black Canary balk at Helena’s nerve in asking. Still, she had done it even though she grumbled about it, and that alone told Helena that Dinah was just as far gone in the moment as she was. Now that bright red smooch against her thigh was there for Peter to see, letting the boy speculate on just what had been going on down below his pretend teacher’s waist.

“I’m horny, Peter.” Helena admitted, even though it was obvious. Not just by the glisten on her pussy or the scent of her arousal or the heat coming from below, but by how quickly she exposed herself to him. Typically she made Peter wait for such a moment, or forced the boy to beg. But now she was laid out and practically spread before him, showing him the spot at which her nylons stopped at the midpoint of her thigh, the kiss against her leg, and the slender, narrow valley that waited for his attention. Helena just moved a hand to the back of Peter’s head, slipping her fingers into his hair and practically yanking him forward. “Fix it.”

It was ironic that a woman that had built a two week sexual career out of teasing and torment, out of drawing out the moment, had very little patience herself. She had stewed in heated arousal throughout the entire night thanks to Dinah and her damned officer, and now finally had an opportunity to enjoy herself in wonderful climax. Peter was a capable young man that had always proven as easy to mold and teach as he was to torment, and over the past two weeks Helena had taught him quite a bit about the proper way to service her. It was that reminder floating through her mind that stopped her from simply mashing her wet and heated pussy into his face like she would with less experienced men; she knew that if she gave her student time, he would do the right thing. Her faith wasn’t misplaced, and Peter was wise enough to carry forward with the suggestion brought by the hand in his hair, his head drifting closer and closer until he could literally feel the heat of Helena’s sex against his lips and cheeks.

“Yes, Mrs. Brooke.” He whispered from below, his voice slightly muffled as his head dipped underneath the hem of her skirt. Helena just gave an aroused sigh as she straightened her back out; keeping her nylon-clad knee perched perfectly so she could offer her pussy to her student. He was slow in working towards her but diligent in his build-up, starting first by leaning his head to the side and softly pressing a kiss on the same mark that Dinah had just moments ago. He let his lips linger there, pressing poignantly forward, and even allowed his tongue to squeak forward and tease faintly
back and forth over her flesh. Helena groaned faintly at the teasing and started to roll her hips slightly forward; grinding herself gently towards him and encouraging him to continue. He still didn’t rush things after the press of her hips; however, and his mouth even pulled a bit further away from her slit. His teacher’s nylons were slightly askew, and he roped the hem of them in between his teeth with the tip of his tongue; holding them there for a moment before he pulled them back up with a slow bite. Once her dark nylons were perfectly aligned once more Peter allowed his mouth to finally draw back to Helena’s sex, and he put his lips, as well as all of his teachings, to work.

Helena gave a deep and hungry sigh, thankful in that moment she had taken the time to teach Peter over the past two weeks. He had been forced to earn every blessing that she gave his cock; every touch and fondle, every stroke and every brief kiss. She had only given his throbbing member attention when he had earned it through his dedication and his work ethic, and all of that training and teaching and most importantly, teasing, was truly paying off. In Helena’s already aroused state Peter’s lips were a true delight against her folds; sealed around the hood of her clit while his worked to find her clit. He found it with a soft nudge and pressed in just enough; not too much, just enough to draw forth a guttural whimper from the back of her throat. A slow smile spread on Helena’s lips as she felt him lick across her clit, and she gave a slowly drawn out sigh to show her appreciation. Her hand folded down the back of his hair and she spread her legs a little further, silently encouraging him to continue showing all he had learned. It was his two week test; a chance for him to prove what a very good student that he was.

And he did well? Maybe, just maybe, he’d finally get to slip inside of her. Maybe.

Helena, or rather, Mrs. Brooke, continued to roll her hips from side to side against the mouth of the young man so eagerly servicing her. His tongue flickered back and forth in casual licks after he had found a pace to his motions, and he had moved his hands up along her sheer, nylon-clad thighs to caress and hold her closer. The first time he had met Mrs. Brooke at Envoy’s brothel she had forced him to jerk against her silkily-clothed leg, though now he had aspirations for much more. With his tongue curling and his lips puckered, the young man was ready to prove himself. The flavor of the older woman filled his mouth and rested contently on his tongue; a taste he was all too happy to swallow away with a smile on his face. Every taste of Mrs. Brooke made him shiver and throb; his cock straining against the fabric of his pants as it was so used to doing. He had been conditioned to service her before the slightest pleasure came to himself, and the young man thought nothing of doing so in that moment.

If he did well, he’d be rewarded. It was as simple as that, and he knew it. Peter’s eyes closed as he continued to roll his tongue; flickering it across familiar folds that he practiced servicing even when he wasn’t at Envoy’s brothel. When he wasn’t helping out Oracle in their elaborate undercover mission he had been diligently watching videos online; eager to learn whatever tips and tricks he could about servicing a woman’s folds. The first time he had tried doing so he had made the fatal error of watching a video made by a man; something Mrs. Brooke had sternly corrected him on that very night. Afterwards he had been focused on watching tutorial videos by women, and his game had significantly improved. Mrs. Brooke had given him a gold star rating on more than one evening, with the promise that with enough gold stars her student would be able to feel her velvet walls wrapped around his throbbing length.

He wanted it; desperately. For two weeks it had been all that was on his mind, the chance to fuck and feel himself inside of Mrs. Brooke, to feel Helena’s entrance wrapped tightly around his cock. He had enjoyed success with most women he had gone for in the past; his combination of good looks and wealth making it fairly easy to charm most teenage girls into the bedroom. But such conquests were ultimately hollow and empty; sleazy college girls were a dime a dozen and none of them had truly known just how to manipulate his body with such precision. Only Mrs. Brooke, with her stern presence and nearly encyclopedic knowledge of sexual torment, had brought forth such a
wonderfully strong reaction in young Peter. He wanted to please her almost as much as he wanted to be pleased by her; and he knew that the latter would only come at the behest of utter mastery of the former.

Helena, Mrs. Brooke, Huntress, or whatever she wanted to be called was the most remarkable woman Peter had ever met. Sitting on the chair with his lips attached to her slender pussy, sucking in eager joy was the consistently greatest moment of his life. Whether he pleased Helena enough to fuck her that night, or even any night, was ultimately just an added bonus. The true joy for Peter, the true amazement, was that he was able to service a woman so utterly glorious in his eyes. A hero, a teacher, and an all around sophisticated beauty. He relished servicing her not for his sake, but for her’s.

And he was fortunate that such a dedication was easy to translate into his work. It wasn’t long before Helena’s body was writhing back and forth; her hips grinding forward as she smeared her wet, hungry slit across his lips. Her muscles were tight as she moved her hands down to Peter’s head, holding him against her lap as her peak started to roll forward. She knew it was going to be a large one; after so much buildup over the past night there was no way she would be satisfied with a small minor burst of release. She was bracing herself as if she was preparing to be shot in the stomach; steeling her stance and holding on for dear life. Her teeth clenched as Peter’s wet, noisy slurps against her folds finally drove her to the breaking point, and it was then that Mrs. Brooke allowed herself one brief moment away from her reserved and hard-edged stance.

“Fuck! Fuck yes, you obedient little bastard, right there!” She howled; a stark contrast to her typical control. She was bucking her hips as she jerked her head back and forth; the hair from her bun flying out to spread around her shoulders and her glasses falling from her nose and to the floor below. She ignored her chaotic state of disarray as orgasm ripped through her; obliterating her stoic presence and turning her briefly into the howling, horny bitch she had craved to be throughout the evening. “Right there! Lick that pussy, drink it, you’re my fucking pet!”

As orgasm continued to quake through her Helena’s forceful motions became almost violent; her fingers tight in Peter’s hair as she continued to release. She could feel her body erupt in a squirt that blasted Peter’s licking mouth directly at point blank, and she could feel the spray spread within her skirt with nowhere else to go. Against Peter’s face, the inside of her skirt, and across her nylons her nectar rolled in a sudden wave, and after the burst came the steady dripping of release falling from wet cloth and stained cheeks. She could even feel it soaking against her nylons in the aftermath, and as Peter opened his eyes he could see the kiss mark on Helena’s thigh smudged by her glaze. He had pulled his lips apart from her lips during her orgasm; not wanting to push her sensitive bud to a point of discomfort, but it wasn’t until Helena guided his head from underneath her skirt did he finally pull back with a smile on his face. He gazed up at Helena as her now-wet skirt fell back around her lap, sitting in the chair with a proud look in his eyes.

Surely, he got an A. Surely, he had earned the right to fuck his teacher as a reward for passing the test. His cock was desperately hard and pushing against the fabric of his jeans, and he was squirming in place through anticipation. More than anything he wanted to feel himself inside of Helena, to feel her walls close around him and maybe, just even, to release inside of her. To squirt his cum within the treasure of her tight pussy, to know what it was like when a sophisticated older woman, a hero of Gotham, took his seed. He was practically aching at the thought, but he wasn’t foolish enough to ask. Instead, he just watched as Helena pulled back away from him and began to tidy herself up.

Rushing Mrs. Brooke was never wise. He had learned to be patient with his teacher, to wait and know that if he was good, the rewards would come to him. And so he sat quietly and contently while Helena bent down to pick up her glasses and put them against her eyes once more. He squirmed obediently while she tucked her hair back into that refined bun, and smoothed her damp skirt down
the front of her lap. When her eyes finally fell on him once more he was throbbing so hard against
the front of his jeans he could barely handle it, and when Helena finally spoke the words made him
almost impossibly happy to hear.

“...fine, take it out.” She waved a dismissive hand, rolling her eyes from underneath the frame of her
glasses. “I suppose you’ve earned a bit of attention.” She made it sound like he was put upon her for
a favor, and not the other way around. In her authority as Mrs. Brooke Helena not only delighted in
teasing Peter, but making the young man squirm and thank her for the opportunity. She had
practically mastered the art in her two weeks as Envoy’s employee, but with Peter it was as easy as it
was addicting. There were few things she loved quite as much as watching him wiggle in his seat in
anticipation, and the moment in which he fumbled at the front of his pants to pull his cock free was
something truly glorious to her. Helena just watched with a slight smirk at the crook of her lips as
Peter dropped his pants, pulling them down and letting them rest around his ankles before he sat
bare-assed on the chair once more. His member was out; as large as Helena had ever seen it, thick
and long and with a tip that was glazed with clear pre release. She pondered it briefly; tapping her
chin as she studied his erection that swayed back and forth, eager for a touch.

It was the moment of truth for Mrs. Brooke. Did she fuck Peter? Did she give him what he so
desperately wanted? Did she, at long last, give the young man the object of his greatest desire? He
had certainly earned it after such a wonderful oral performance; a performance that had left his own
cheeks stained with Mrs. Brooke’s nectar. He had certainly done his part, but would Helena do hers?

...of course not. But he would leave happy regardless.

The look in Peter’s eyes was so happy when Helena reached for her skirt that she almost felt bad
knowing that she would soon be dashing his dreams. Almost. Surely, as she peeled the damps kirt
away from her waist only to toss it aside and reveal her exposed sex, it meant that she was prepared
to finally fuck him! Instead, as Mrs. Brooke stood there with only wet nylons and lipstick resting
below her waist, her grin was wide as she spoke and saw his look drop.

“You’ve done well tonight, Peter.” She beamed, waiting for the moment in which she left him
hanging. It was utterly delicious, and she was already wet and aroused at the thought of once more
-teasing him forward. She rose a finger as if she was about to give him that last gold star; that final
mark needed to earn the right to fuck her. And then, as his smile was growing and his eyes were
shining with all the joy of a child at Christmas, Helena let his fragile heart and even more fragile
body fall from a great height. “...and if you continue to do well, you might get to fuck me next time.”

He just whimpered, for lack of anything else to do. It was stunning news to learn that he still hadn’t
earned the right to penetrate Helena, but through the sudden cloudy, dark haze her words brought
another ray of light to him. It might not be all that he wanted, but she had every intention of giving
him all that he needed. After all, in the past twelve hours Helena had learned just how hard it was to
go without.

She had no intention of fucking him, but the elegant and refined woman turned around before him,
and gave him a lovely view of her tight and beautiful ass. She was a slender yet shapely woman in
all the right places, and as Peter sat with his legs spread and his cock sticking out, Helena moved
herself into a position to give him all sorts of delight. She nestled backwards until his cock was fit
just against the split in her rear; enough for him to feel the warmth of her body as she nestled
underneath him, but not enough to give him the true sensation of being gripped. As Peter moaned
Helena looked over her shoulder, and she pointed squarely at his nose while she spoke.

“You may hold my hips if you like.” She offered him simply, her other hand moving to brace on a
knee. “But if you put it inside me...in either hole…” She glared at him, and waggled her finger back
and forth. “...I promise it’ll be the last time.” Her words were threatening and genuine; she was putting a lot of trust in Peter by letting him so close to her nethers and her ass. After giving Peter the firm instruction Helena just smiled and turned her face forward again, slowly beginning to rub back and forth.

Peter groaned; his head rolling back as he failed to stop his hands from moving out. They latched around Helena’s waist and held her tight, fiercely gripping her as she started to rub back and forth. Each press of her hips down slid his cock in between the split of her rear; dogging him slowly and sweetly and giving him quite a bit of glorious, warm friction. When she pulled back up his cock peeled from her rear and tilted upwards, but for that lack of sensation he was rewarded by the feel of his pouch slapping against Helena’s warm, wet slit. There was no point in her repeated motions where a part of him wasn’t being delighted, and every time the woman bent from the knees to drag her rear back down across his cock pleasure ran through Peter with a frenzied bliss.

“M..Mrs. Brooke, t...thank you…” Peter remembered his manners as he held the older woman’s waist, swallowing as goosebumps erupted on his flesh and his body tensed in joy. Helena just grinned and pushed her glasses back up on her nose, keeping them secure as she continued. She could feel just how much the young man appreciated her presence with every slow thrust; he was throbbing and hard and almost painfully aroused. When she dropped down deep enough that the tip of his cock slipped in between the cheeks of her rear he left her with a smear of precum; a glistening kiss and a reminder of just how much he craved her. In similar fashion, in the moments in which his pouch pressed to her pussy she left him smeared in her own nectar. Each of them were marking the other in desire, yet it was Mrs. Brooke’s control and authority that kept things from going too far too fast.

The joy for Peter was slow but consistently, and just as he had spent hours of dreaming about Mrs. Brooke it felt as if he’d have hours of enjoying her. She was wonderfully warm and almost impossibly soft, and the sight of the woman half-dressed and rubbing back and forth against his cock was the sort of thing he could only otherwise muster in his dreams. Helena was still refined as ever from the waist up; her business blazer and tie and dress shirt all perfectly pressed, and her glasses and hair the image of a stern librarian. Even her nylons, were they not smeared with her own squirted release were pulled up to the perfect point of precision, and Peter whimpered as he trailed a hand down to feel the sheer fabric as it stretched across her flesh. He had come to grow very fond of Mrs. Brooke in nylons; she had the legs to pull the look off like no one else he had ever seen.

The pleasure rolling through Peter’s body was indescribable, and more than he ever would have speculated possible without penetration. The hold of her rear against his cock was just enough to keep him thrusting forward for more, and each time his pouch slapped against her wet sex he was reminded of just how hot he had made the older woman. Their motions were slow and steady and absolutely nothing was rushed; all for the purpose of drawing out their bliss and making sure that thick erection of his could last for as long as it possibly could. He was straining and aching from it, but it wasn’t a source of discomfort anymore so much as a source of power. The might of his cock was something to be enjoyed as it frotted against Helena’s ass, each rub not just a simply grind of pleasure, but a promise. His hands moved up to lock against the woman’s hips, and he simply...imagined. He imagined that each slow thrust was steadily pushing him inside of her holes; either one...or maybe switching after each thrust. He imagined just how tight she’d feel wrapped around him, and just how warm and wet she would be. He imagined the noises Mrs. Brooke, Helena, or Huntress would make while he fucked her...and he wondered if they’d be different depending on her identity at the time.

He wanted to fuck her; desperately, but getting to dog between her ass was a damned good runner up prize. Peter grinned with bliss clouding his vision as he continued to thrust; his hands holding tight to Helena’s waist as he pushed himself further and further along. Even Helena was getting into
it; the intimacy of the moment building her own arousal and the slap of his sack against her pussy easily enough to help rub her into joy. Before long their slow and measured pace drew quicker and quicker, and with a glance over her shoulder Helena confirmed that Peter’s moment was quickly approaching.

There was a small shiver that ran through her; a dark desire to pull away and leave his cock flopping helplessly against thin air. It was something that she humored only briefly; however, for the boy’s charming smile was simply too much to abuse any further than night. It was with a steady grin on Helena’s dark lips as she picked up her pace; perhaps even going a little quicker as a silent apology for her briefly pondered impulse. She bounced herself up and down against his member and kept him firmly placed between her rear cheeks, squeezing him tight between her muscles as she pulled back and forth against his flesh. Peter’s moment was approaching faster and faster and his breathing grew heavier and heavier, until finally there was a breaking point in which the young man could take no more. It was then that Mrs. Brooke once more flew into her commanding and authoritative voice, and he flew into his role as her quick to obey student.

“Hands on my ass. Spread me. Quick!” Her words were sharp and demanding, but she was thankful as Peter was quick to follow. Just as he moved his hands against the sides of her cheeks and spread her wide enough to see the dark star of her pucker, Helena’s hand moved back to snatch his stiff, erupting cock. At first she was stunned by the sheer firm thickness of it as it filled her grip, but she didn’t have much time to savor the warmth before he started to erupt. It was through Helena’s gentle guidance that his cum found a place to go, and the sight of the next few seconds would be forever burned in young Peter’s member.

His cock throbbed and twitched, and streams of white blasted against the tiny pucker of Helena’s rear. She moaned in lewd desire as she felt the warmth rush across her, rope after rope of thick white release battering against her entrance. She squirmed and moaned in her own lewd bliss as she felt the young man literally paint her ass with cum; squirting it in thick beads that then continued to smear downwards. It wasn’t long before she could feel that cum roll down over the folds of her pussy, and eventually past the lipstick smear to her nylons below. Helena simply sighed as she felt the warmth slowly cover her, and as a final kiss for Peter’s service she pushed the tip of his cockhead to the pucker of her ass; just briefly. Not enough to penetrate, but to hint that one day...if he was lucky, he would.

And with that she broke away; leaving the grip around her waist as she stood up from Peter’s embrace. The cum that pressed and smeared between the cheeks of her rear made her face flush red with arousal, but she tried to hide it by turning her head and gazing towards the nearby skirt laying on the floor. She bent down...carefully...to pick it up once more, and then slowly started to slip it back on as she gazed over at Peter with a calculating gaze on her face.

“Very well then, tomorrow.” She announced, deciding Peter’s schedule for him. “You’ll come visit me tomorrow. Work out the time with the men outside.” Peter just dimly nodded; his cock laying limp in his lap and a smile spread across his face. He was still thinking about the white painting Helena’s ass, and imagining just how it looked now that his ropes of white were smeared as she stood. He trembled at the thought, and barely heard it as Helena gave him another stern and fierce order.

“I want you to be dressed nicely tomorrow, Peter.” She ordered him, and raised a hand to adjust her glasses. She then folded both arms across her chest and glared at him, a slow smirk spreading over her lips. “No more jeans and a T-shirt. I’m going to introduce you to a friend.”

Peter blinked, and raised his head in a mild note of confusion. A friend? He hadn’t expected that. Helena just grinned and stretched out a hand, pointing squarely at the young man’s nose.
“And if you’re lucky…” She began, licking her lips thoughtfully. “...maybe I’ll let youfuck her.”

Helena grinned, watching the hopeful look on the poor boy’s face. He still hadn’tlearned, luck hadnothing to do with it. All that mattered was how much she felt like teasing him...and if she could talk her friend into letting him fuck her to begin with.

She had an idea to pitch.

End of Chapter 11.

Chapter End Notes

[Here I am on tumblr!](#) Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Hi there! Another chapter of Caged Birds for your enjoyment, and this one...whew, this is a long one! Caged Birds is a story I very fondly look to. It's actually complete, I just haven't gotten around to putting all of it up yet. It's a very long story and writing it spanned a year and a half, so I'll freely admit I don't quickly recall every chapter's dealings perfectly. (Side effect of writing -every- darn day. >.>)

In this chapter, though, you can expect a hell of a lot of femdom from Envoy, and the appearance of a certain kitty that likes to play with birds. Enjoy, and please let me know if you like it!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Caged Birds
Chapter 12: Envoy’s Favorites
-By Drace Domino

It had been a few months since Peter had to squeeze himself into a business suit. Usually it was because of his father that he had to dress nice; required to attend some sort of function be it social or the possibility of landing a secure job in the future once his college courses were over. There had been a time when the old man was practically obsessed with making sure that his son had a prime destination as soon as he was out of school, and it felt like every week or so there’d be new people at the house for whom he’d have to dress to the nines for. Not that he particularly minded the dressing up part; of course, he had always been told that he looked good in a suit and his family could afford to have the very best. It was simply that the people he typically had to dress up for were...dull, at the very least.

That wasn’t the case that night as he made his way out of the house to his car, dressed in one of the finest suits he had. A dark navy that gave him a professional look, complete with a pure white shirt and a solid black tie. His father had even commented that he looked “slick” as he made his way towards the front door, and had asked if he had a date with one of the girls in town from one of the “good” families.

“Something like that, Dad.” Peter had responded sheepishly, knowing he could never reveal to his father just what he had been spending thousands of the old man’s money on recently. As he slinked out of the house and behind the wheel of the car, he couldn’t help but reason that there was part of his Dad that probably wouldn’t of minded. Thousands spent on his own indulgence was, in the old man’s mind at least, probably better than money spent to help Gotham. Like most of the city’s elite his father had chosen not to follow in the footsteps of the Wayne family and instead focused more on himself and his holdings, to the point that during Peter’s more charitable phases he had met with harsh resistance at home. In a way, it was what led to Peter’s first meeting with Helena.

“If you want to help people so much, do it with your own time, too.” His father had told him months ago. “No more charity unless you spend your evenings helping out.” It was a thinly veiled attempt to get Peter to stop giving money to places like orphanages and churches in Gotham; fully expecting
that once his son had to start using his own time he would lose interest altogether in his more altruistic goals. He had been surprised when Peter made good on his word, though in all honesty he likely would’ve lost steam if he hadn’t run into the enchanting dark-haired girl that worked at the church as well. Helena had Peter wrapped around her finger from the first time she met him, and it was her presence that kept the young man sticking true to his ideals. He was charitable…but he was only truly giving if he could be near enough her to catch a scent of her hair, or have the hopes of brushing up against her.

Hell, for Helena, he was even willing to throw himself into the line of danger. As the car drove through Brideshead towards Envoy’s brothel, the young man flipped his phone open and dialed a number that was otherwise unlisted and impossible to find. While he waited for it to pick up, he couldn’t help but ponder the circumstances he had gotten himself in. Was he really so less selfish than his father? Sure, he was trying to help heroes and protect the city…but he was getting one hell of a ride out of doing so. Even while he waited for the phone to pick up, he could feel his cock straining through his jeans.

“Who’s this?” The woman on the other end of the line had an accent Peter couldn’t place, though it sounded vaguely Hispanic with a trace of gritty city life. He swallowed nervously when the voice answered the phone, and spoke with a vaguely trembling response.

“Uh...this is Peter.” He murmured, his eyes narrowing as he turned a corner. “I need to talk to Orac-”

“She’s tied up right now.” The voice responded simply. “But I’ll pass the message along.”

Peter hesitated for a moment, trying to remember what Oracle had told him about security and privacy. They were playing a dangerous game and she had given him the full routine to follow; to never give out information unless it was her voice. To recognize that if she said the word “significant” during a phone conversation, that it meant she had been compromised and was being held against her will. He had even been given a list of numbers to call only in the case her situation called for it; one was labelled “N.W.” while the other was simply marked “B.”

He had been told not to call “B” unless things were really, really bad.

“Sorry, no deal.” Peter responded into the phone, tightening his grip against it. “Oracle or I hang up.” The other end of the line gave a dramatic sigh, and she spoke back into the line with a soft grunt of annoyance.

“...kid, you’re really going to ruin what I’ve got going here, but all right.” She grumbled, and then there was a bit of silence on the line. He strained to hear, but it sounded like a strap was coming undone, and then a wet, sloppy noise that Peter could only liken to the music Helena made when she pulled the tip of his cock from her lips. On the instances he was lucky enough to have it inside. After a brief pause he finally heard Oracle’s voice, her tone exasperated and sounding almost...winded.

“Yes Peter, go ahead.” She breathed out, and Peter’s initial instinct was that she was in danger. He was eager to ask, but instead decided to give her an opportunity to slip in her code word. Real spy-level stuff.

“Sorry, bad time?” Peter asked, his voice thoughtful and his questions leading. “Should I call back later?”

“No, it’s fine.” Oracle’s voice was curt and short, and for a moment Peter could’ve sworn he almost heard a slapping noise on the other end of the line. When Oracle spoke once more, things finally started to come together. “What can I-ahhh…! What can I do for you?”
He had been spending enough time at Envoy’s brothel to know when someone was getting it. Hard. Peter’s cheeks instantly turned red and he swallowed nervously, the strain at his pants intensifying. He had only met Oracle once, briefly, but despite the wheelchair she had been utterly staggering in her oddly nerdy beauty. She wasn’t anywhere on Helena’s level, but the redhead had her own charm for a certainty. Combined with the sound of the earlier woman that sounded stern yet sexy in her own right, whatever Oracle was up to, it sounded fun. Fun enough that if he didn’t have a date, he might’ve even asked to visit.

“I’m going to Envoy’s place right now.” Peter finally spoke up, clearing his throat. “I’ve got a meeting with…our friend. Our dark haired friend. Our tall, dark haired fri.”

“Yes, Peter, Huntress. You can sa-ahhh say it.” Oracle grunted, amidst another brief, revealing cry. Faster slapping could be heard on the other end, and Peter’s member strained harder against his pants. “Ask her if she’s ready for us to move in with a rescue.” It had been weeks. She was well overdue for one.

“How do I do that?” Peter asked, finally coming to slow to a halt. Once he’d park it’d be two short blocks walk towards Envoy’s lair, and then…Helena.

“Ask her if she waxes or shaves.” Oracle responded simply, though he was fairly confident she spoke through clenched teeth and red cheeks. “If she says waxes, then she’s fine. Shave, and it’s time for us to move in.”

“Got it. I’ll take care of it.” He paused briefly, just long enough to listen to a few more slaps over the other end of the line. “Peter out.”

The young man opened his car door long enough to toss his cell phone inside, knowing that such things were frowned upon at Envoy’s place. The mysterious woman liked hard cash and plenty of it, and he was showing up that day with more than he had ever brought. It was insurance. Helena had left him high and dry time and time again, and if she did it to him that time he had every intention of turning around and visiting one of the other girls. Sure, it’d be an extra few thousand on an already expensive visit, but he was determined. That night, he’d get to cum inside of someone. Whether it was Helena or one of the other working girls, his cock would erupt in someone’s tight, hot sex…and he’d get to look into their eyes while they felt him flooding her.

...as long as she said it was okay. Through all of his frustration and straining, the bitch still had an unreasonable level of control on him. While Peter walked down the city streets on his way to the brothel he gave a trembling sigh, and slid a hand down the front of his pants. If the inadvertently teasing conversation with Oracle was any indication, it was going to be a long night. He could only hope that at the end of it there’d be a happy resolution for his poor, tormented cock.

Peter wasn’t expecting what he saw when he was led to Helena’s chambers in the brothel. The guards had been expecting him, and after taking his payment they had led him down the hall to the room that was becoming increasingly familiar to him. When the door slowly opened he could feel a tightness in his chest going into his throat, aching at him as his eyes adjusted to the dim light beyond. Helena had promised him something the last time they saw each other, that she’d have a special friend there to greet him. A new participant in their game, and Helena had even teased the thought that she would let Peter fuck her. He was nervous as hell about who it could be, but even more nervous that Helena had simply been toying with him. Did he believe she had the capability to taunt him so cruelly and wickedly? Absolutely. She had proven time and time again that as far as keeping him on the very edge of sexual sanity, Helena, or as she demanded she be called at the Brothel, Mrs. Brooke, had no hesitations or limits.
He learned in that moment that Helena was certainly as good as her word, though Peter wasn’t sure what to make of it. Two women stood before him; one Helena and one the “friend” that she had spoke of. They both wore the same smirk on their face; a smirk of absolute confidence and control. If walking into Helena’s room under normal circumstances was like walking into a lion’s den, in that moment it felt like he had two of them instantly set their sights on him.

“Well now, at least he dressed up for the occasion.” Envoy smirked; her black-painted lips turning into a cruel smile. She moved a hand wrapped in red leather up to her chin and stroked it gently, a brow arched as she set her gaze on the handsome young man before her. “So Brooke, this is the boy you were bragging about, hmm?”

“That’s right, Envoy.” Brooke beamed, and slowly approached Peter as he studied both women. Helena had been dressed to her standard form; that damnable teacher’s outfit that had come to haunt his dreams. Pencil skirts and nylons and button-up blouses barely holding in ample chests had become the phantoms that kept him up at night, all delivered underneath the gaze of stern eyes through a pair of thick round lenses. Helena had even pulled her hair up into a tight bun to depict herself in true authoritative librarian fashion, and as she stepped up alongside Peter she moved a hand up to critically pull a white thread from his suit and dust it aside. “In the short time I’ve worked for you, you clearly have realized that I’m a connoisseur when it comes to men that are...shall we say, obedient.” She clicked her tongue, and the two women shared a smile. “I present Peter here to you as my finest student. If you want to keep a fine young specimen on the very edge, make him whimper and beg until he’s ready to lose his mind? Peter here is the very best.”

Peter didn’t know whether he should preen at the high praise, or break down and cry knowing what this all meant. It was wonderful to know that Helena held him in such high esteem, but she was also presenting him for even more tormenting, this time at the hands of Envoy! He had only met the woman a handful of times but she had always struck him as downright scary at her absolute worst; she was intimidating and callous and he had never really seen her smile without the light of cruelty underneath her lips. She was an unsettling woman, even though she was...well, okay, she was ludicrously sexy. Peter swallowed as he looked her from top to bottom, taking it all in. He was starting to understand that he had a...fondness for women that knew how to embrace authority, but just like Helena, he was pretty sure Envoy would stack up just as delightfully even without her level of unreasonable control.

She was short but fuller figured than Helena, with larger breasts and a lovely, peach-shaped ass that Peter was desperate to sink himself against. She was dressed mostly in bright red leather; thigh-high boots that showed only a gap of pale flesh before her leather panties began, leading up into a tight corset that covered her breasts while at the same time poured their upper half out. Long gloves stretched well past her elbows and she wore a simple leather collar with spikes across her throat; all adding to the look of utter domination the woman possessed. Black lipstick matched the dark locks of her chin-length hair, and most mysteriously of all was the bright red mask perched over her face. She had a few scars running across the lower half of her face; faint marks that passed her lips and stretched beyond the mask, suggesting that she wore it for a practical reason. Peter swallowed nervously, and tightened his fists. So long as she kept the mask on, she was still one of the hottest women he had ever seen in his life.

Hell, even with it off he imagined she’d still be top ten.

“So…” Envoy finally spoke, moving forward as she teased a finger up, drifting it just underneath Peter’s chin. “The very best at being a submissive little dog, hmm? I like the sound of that, young man. And if you’re here, that means you paid for the privilege. I especially like that.” She chuckled softly, and her leather-gloved finger went from Peter’s chin down the center of his throat, with the sort of stern touch that made the young man tremble and ache in equal measure. He was under the
gaze of two of the strongest-willed, sexiest women he had ever met...and it was made very clear early on that they were going to gobble him up like a pair of spiders fighting over a helpless fly. “You know, Peter, Mrs. Brooke here approached me with the idea of letting you spend some time with me of her own volition. Of my girls she and her friend are certainly amongst my most thoughtful. She saw the weariness clinging to my lips. The weight on my shoulders. The labors that I must carry. And she thought you would be a...pleasant distraction.”

“Indeed, Envoy.” Helena bowed with a smile. That much was all true; though Helena still wasn’t sure why she had done it. At first it had been a tactic to get in good with Envoy for the inevitable goal of betraying her, to get closer to the source of the problem just like Dinah had done. Dinah Lance, or as Envoy knew her, Kelly, had already been promoted to the woman’s right hand girl. And Helena couldn’t help but deny that she was a little jealous at the thought. After all, Envoy had two hands! And so she had pushed the idea with the expectation of betraying the mysterious and dangerous woman, but as she stood there looking at Envoy as she teased Peter with an elegant, gloved finger...she had to admit. It was getting a little hot in the room.

“Envoy, I’ve been working with Peter about how to please a woman.” Helena finally spoke up, slipping a hand around the young man’s shoulders. “Perhaps, before we begin to break him down and let him drip helplessly on the floor, you’d enjoy a run with his mouth?” She slid a hand up and teased her bare finger down the center of Peter’s lips, as if inviting Envoy upon them. The stern woman smirked her black lips, and nodded as she gestured towards the bed. “Lay down, Peter.” She demanded with a smile. “I prefer to straddle my men’s faces when they pay me tribute. And after you help me relax, we’ll...how did you just put it, Brooke?” “Break him down. Drip helplessly.” Helena grinned, folding her arms across her chest. “Ah, yes. That.” Envoy nodded with a smile, and pointed to the bed anew. “There you go, now. Chop chop.”

Peter swallowed as he made his way over towards the bed. He wasn’t sure which he was more afraid of; of not satisfying Envoy to her fullest desires, or in making the woman so happy that she decided to “reward” him with a few hours of teasing. The only thing he knew for sure was that in the chain of command going on in the bedroom, he was at the very bottom. And an odd part of him enjoyed it there.

After Peter laid down flat on his back, Envoy slowly started creeping forward with a confident smile pressed against her dark lips. She paused at the edge of the bed to move her hands down to the leather straps keeping her sex covered, and she slowly peeled it away much earlier than she herself had anticipated. She had naturally expected that she and Brooke were going to tease the young man for a while before giving him even a sniff of either of them, but she had a hard time turning down the way Brooke had boasted about the young man’s ability to service them. Besides...she could still have a great deal of fun just watching him squirm.

“You know, it’s rather stressful doing this sort of work.” She announced to the pair as she crept forward, moving so that she straddled the young man’s face while looking towards his lap. Without any word of warning or transition she let her leather-clad knees settle in against either side of Peter’s face and her sex move down against him, pressing in hard on his nose and lips and naturally assuming he knew what to do. While she got comfortable by shifting back and forth briefly, her eyes
flashed up towards Brooke and she chuckled lightly. “I appreciate that you thought of my relief. That’s the sort of thing that helps a girl like you move up through the ranks. Not that you aren’t already doing good.”

Her hand lowered to grab the tie Peter had fixed with such great effort, sliding it up into her palm and tugging it. The hardest she tugged it the more she pulled at his neck; driving his face a little firmer into her sex and cutting off his breath a little more. Envoy’s dark lips turned upward as she realized the power of the fancy leash, and she chuckled lightly as she spread her thighs apart just enough to give Peter room to work. So far the young man was still getting adjusted, but Envoy wasn’t about to be patient for long. She was just about ready to squeeze her weight down against his face when he finally started to work, his hands moving up to cradle the older woman’s rear while his mouth drew up against her folds.

It was a different experience than servicing Helena. The obvious side of two women having slightly different flavors was there, but in the past he had been straddled in similar fashion by Helena almost every other day. She had worked with him extensively to show him how to service a woman, to coach him into knowing what he was doing. In that time he had gotten used to Helena’s feel; the weight with which she pressed down upon him and the strength she used to tighten her thighs. He could tell that Envoy was a slightly heavier woman that cared a little less for Peter’s well being; within the first few seconds he struggled to catch a breath that wasn’t filled with the woman’s folds, drowning in her aroma and her taste with every fought-for gasp. She wasn’t aggressive so much as powerfully present, counting on her authority and the sheer force of her nature to keep herself firmly on top. Once Peter realized that she was mostly static while Helena was prone to rocking back and forth the young man was able to adjust his strategies, and soon he was working his mouth and tongue back and forth across Envoy’s sex with it firmly in mind to bring the older woman the same sort of pleasure that he brought Helena. Sure, she was a bit of a monster that kidnapped women and forced them into prostitution, but it didn’t change the fact that she was breathtakingly sexy in her own right, and she had a sweet, wet sex hovering above his mouth that desperately needed service.

Envoy sighed contently as she tugged at Peter’s tie once more, jerking him to the right in order to encourage his direction. While she sat she gave a look to Brooke and the two shared a wicked smile, and Envoy pointed down towards Peter’s lap while she let one of her hands fish down into a pocket on her corset. Helena moved quickly to obey Envoy’s gesture; her slender fingers working down at Peter’s lap to draw forth his cock through the front of his dress pants. His zipper went down and his boxers were slid aside for his length to escape; having no trouble sticking straight out and pointing towards the ceiling. The two women grinned at each other as Envoy pulled her hand out of her pocket, bringing it forward to Helena’s open palms.

“I’m sure I’ve heard your name before, boy, but I don’t particularly care right now.” Envoy responded simply, bucking her hips back as she pulled the tie forward, forcing his nose to nestle deep within her wet, glistening sex. “But you’re about to experience something I used to do to another pet of mine. It’ll feel cold at first, and it’s far from the warm embrace of a little country girl’s pussy, but...if you keep behaving, I think you’ll find it quite enjoyable.” Helena held in her hand a foot and a half length of chain, sterling silver with subtle links and soft curves. The links were no more than a half-inch in length and the metal was cold to the touch, though Helena surmised that it was the sort of metal that eventually adapted to the warmth of anything it touched. It took her a moment to figure out just what Envoy had in mind, but her curiosity worked quickly and she soon had a solid idea.

Peter groaned into Envoy’s wet pussy as Helena drew her hands forward, looping the chain around Peter’s cock in a simple circle at the midway point. Envoy gave an approving nod as Helena took the two ends of the chain, crossing them at the base to secure their grip on Peter, and slowly starting to tug them in gentle flicks from side to side. Envoy sighed in contentment as Peter’s tongue worked over her amidst his moans, and through her mask she watched as the boy’s prick swung from side to
side, drug by the motions of Helena’s grip on the chain. He was thick and throbbing and the chain was doing nothing to satisfy him so much as it was teasing him; keeping his member hard through the outside stimulation while never able to grip him tightly enough to truly make him cry out. Helena was a natural; tugging the chains from the left or the right to make his cock swing down far enough to touch his thigh, or simply pulling at the sides in alternating fashion so it rubbed back and forth across him slowly and smoothly. It was a perfectly and precisely cut chain made for the exact same naughty purpose the women were using it, and the links fell into place around Peter’s cock without even a trace of binding or hurting him. It wasn’t about the strength of the metal; it was about the knowledge that his cock, for the moment, was leashed.

Envoy lifted her thighs up just enough for Peter to catch his breath, and she swung her body forward slightly as she started to speak once more. Her voice was the typical demanding and owning tone rife with authority and presence, and as she spoke her thighs pulled inward so that her rear pucker swung before the young man’s mouth. Peter swallowed tightly as she presented herself to him, and she gazed forward at Brooke with an arrogant smile on her face.

“Pull it a little tighter, dear...that’s it.” She grinned as Brooke pulled inward with both lines of the chain, tightening its grip around Peter’s cock and forcing his head to bulge a little. She pulled tight enough that a drop of delicious precum erupted from the tip of Peter’s cock, and Envoy was callous enough to just watch as it sat unattended at the very top. She gazed back at the young man as she continued presenting her ass, while Brooke held the tension of the chain to keep squeezing him.

“You know what you need to do to make it stop, young man.”

Peter nodded, and bit down on his bottom lip as he gazed forward at Envoy’s rear entrance. He wasn’t shy about what she was requesting...after all, Helena herself was demanding at times, but he had to seriously ponder whether or not he even wanted her to stop. The squeezing of the chain around the midpoint of his cock was half torment and half...remarkable pleasure. He could lay there and ooze precum all day and be happy. Ultimately though, he knew that the two wicked women would think of something new to do to him if he didn’t obey, and he drifted his head forward with his tongue rolling out.

Envoy groaned; her head flowing back and her hair settling around her chin as she sighed. She let herself move back down and her hand tightened on Peter’s tie, encouraging him to tease and lick deeper and sweeter once her ass had been aligned to his tongue. She gave Brooke the nod to give him slack with the chain and she did so with a smile; going immediately back towards swinging his cock from side to side, making a game of all the tricks she could perform with a foot and a half length of chain and one hard, precum-oozing cock. As it turned out, there was a lot she could accomplish with making Peter whimper without every even having to lay a finger on him.

Eventually Envoy moved her hips down and tugged the boy’s tie again; shifting his mouth back to the hole where his services were needed with greater intensity. She grinned as she lowered herself against him and smeared her folds back and forth across his lips, only occasionally letting him do his own thing. If a pet grew too confident in his abilities then that would lead to disobedience, and Envoy could already tell that Brooke was prone to spoiling her favorite client. Just so all that praise didn’t go to Peter’s head, Envoy made sure that she separated his admittedly skilled oral skills with the occasional hard press of her hips, smothering him in her scent and her taste until he was gasping for air. Only then would she raise her hips and let him go back to work properly, a dominant smile on her mouth.

Meanwhile, poor Peter’s cock was practically oozing precum, the nectar glistening down the front of his shaft and across the thin chain wrapped around him. Helena was looking towards his bulging cockhead with intensity; the presence of another dominant woman in the room allowing her to indulge her own sluttier side. Were it not for Envoy’s possessive presence she likely would’ve given
Peter a lick or two, or at least a lingering kiss that would leave her lipstick on the side of his cock, but she knew better than to act out of turn. If she was really going to charm herself into Envoy’s inner circle, she had to make sure she behaved and didn’t overstep her bounds.

In that moment, both Peter and Helena worked purely for Envoy’s pleasure. Sure, Helena was teasing and tugging Peter’s cock with the chain, but it wasn’t for Peter’s joy so much as a delight for Envoy to watch. Seeing his tormented member swing and slap against his thighs, watching as it throbbed and twitched and occasionally spit pre made her smile and forced heat into her chest. She gave a deep and shuddering sigh as she watched his lap shake and she felt him moan into her pussy, and it was nearly enough for the dominant woman to move her hands up and massage her breasts in excitement and heat.

Nearly. She still didn’t intend on making a spectacle of herself before these two, even if the whole purpose of the visit was to unwind and chip her stress away. The evening continued with Helena continuing to tease Peter with the chain while Envoy kept riding his mouth; letting him service her as he would Brooke in between sessions of simply smothering her pussy across his face. She was in no hurry and she drew out Peter’s torment even longer than Helena would, several times denying herself climax by lifting her pussy off of his face and letting herself come down from a near-peak. It was all a part of her dominant dance; forcing the young man to service her again and again until nearly release, only to deny it. Helena was speculating on Envoy’s policy by the time the woman spoke up, utterly confirming it.

“You’ve got skills as a domme, Brooke.” She spoke simply, adjusting her mask on her face. “But you need to learn…true control is about making him beg for his release. His release doesn’t matter.” She grinned, and licked her lips as she gazed down at his oozing cockhead. “You need to make him beg for yours.”

Helena blinked, her hands tightening on the chain and squeezing Peter’s cock briefly. The indignant part of her wanted to tell Envoy that she knew how to break a boy, but then she remembered how easily she had been coaxed into submission by Dinah just a few days ago. If there was anyone that could give lessons on domination and ownership, it was Envoy. Helena just nodded a little, and spoke in a polite voice.

“Will you clarify that, Envoy?” She asked, and smiled sweetly. “I want to be the best domme I can.” Envoy just grinned in response as she nodded; clearly pleased by not only the woman’s response, but by her willingness to listen to the woman in charge.

“Right now? This young man wants me to cum more than himself. Sure, his body is aching. His cock is throbbing.” She lowered a hand, teasing a finger along his shaft; the first contact he had with a human hand since the chain strapped across him. She glided her leather-clad finger across his cockhead, collecting some of the pre on the tip. “And given the chance he’d eagerly release his cum into his own mother’s mouth at this point. He’s that desperate. That hard.” She pulled her hand forward and offered the precum-covered digit to Helena, who didn’t hesitate to lean forward. Her mouth wrapped around the tip and she started to clean it from the leather, and there Envoy sat with her pussy on Peter’s eagerly licking tongue, dispensing both her wisdom and the young man’s nectar to one of her girls.

She’d have to work with her girls more often; it was fun being a career coach.

“And yet...for how hard he is, he knows who pulls the strings in this room.” Envoy smirked, and pressed her folds down against Peter’s mouth. “He knows that even if he were to cum, his torment isn’t over until I’m satisfied, and you’re satisfied.” Her hand pulled from Helena’s mouth, and she briefly trailed the back of her fingers down her employee’s cheek, almost motherly in her touch.
before her hand fell back to hold Peter’s tie. “I don’t subscribe to the belief men are dogs, Brooke. A man can and should break the right woman just as easily as you’ve broken this one. But once you have them broken…” She sighed, and ground her hips from side to side. She was drawing near her peak, and this time she wasn’t of a mind to deny him her release. “…you need to teach them that your climax is their climax. Are you ready for me to cum, young man?”

The voice with which Peter spoke, with his cock in chains and straining to release, resonated in Helena. He spoke with more desperation, more hunger, and just outright...more need than he had ever begged for his own release with her.

“Yes…yes please, ma’am, ye...g...god yes…” He was practically blubbering into her folds, sounding nothing short of woeful in need. The sound rolled through Helena and made her ache, and her hands tightened on the chain, squeezing his cock a little tighter. She would’ve been jealous, but she knew it wasn’t Peter’s fault. He was a victim in that moment, a victim of a master at this sort of work. And all she could do was eagerly sit at Envoy’s feet and listen. Learn. She wanted that same noise from Peter...and Envoy was the woman that could teach her how to draw it forth.

Helena just watched in absolute amazement as Envoy pressed her hips down; lowering herself against Peter until his muffled cries and whimpers were completely pressed into her sex. When she peaked the older woman’s face was hard to read; she was smiling on those black lips but her mask still covered half of her face and gave her a mysterious look. Her shoulders rose and she shuddered, and by the trembling going on underneath her it was clear she was giving Peter quite the display down below. Wet noises started to mix with sounds of gasping and choking, and Envoy just sat utterly content while Peter struggled.

Envoy pointed down to Peter’s cock, and Helena starred in shock. Usually the young man’s precum was clear or at the best milky, but sure enough rolling down the side of his cock and across his chains was something firmly in between pre and a full release. A perfect trail of cum, edged from the chain and Envoy’s pure presence, drizzling down the front of his member. And as if it add even more perfection, he was still fiercely hard and throbbing. Envoy clicked her tongue idly to the roof of her mouth; still sitting on Peter’s face with no element of consideration for his comfort. She smiled towards Helena, and moved a hand down to caress the young woman’s hair briefly. It was a motherly touch over a sexual one; from what Helena had gleamed of Envoy over the past few weeks the owner of the brothel wasn’t particularly into women. At least...not in the same fashion Renee was. Or in the same way she and Black Canary had played amidst a shower of cum. For Envoy, the women under her employ seemed almost...like her daughters.

And despite the nature of their position at the brothel, Helena had never seen Envoy treat her “daughters” with anything less than tenderness and counsel.

“You’ll learn.” Envoy finally spoke with a smile, and started to stand up from Peter’s face. His hair was a mess and his cheeks were red; his face glistening with nectar and his smile simply impossible to ignore. He was in utter bliss because he reached something better than his own peak; he reached Envoy’s. Sure, his cock was straining and was aching for its own relief, but he knew that would come soon...and he knew that since he had pleased the mistress of the brothel, that it would come to him in glorious fashion. An orgasm begged for was nothing compared to an orgasm well-earned through service.

“...you’ve got one hell of a lot to teach me.”

Envoy stretched herself out as she regarded the other two in the room, that same confident look spread across her features. She was watching as Helena was working to dutifully strip down Peter’s
clothes; removing his business slacks and blazer so he could be enjoyed in all of his young, strong glory. She watched silently save for a single moment in which her hand raised, and she squared her gaze on Helena as she worked.

“Leave the tie.” She ordered with a smirk. “I like it.”

Helena just grinned and nodded, slipping the tie away from the shirt so the latter could be pulled away entirely. Before long Peter was stripped down to just his tie and one other accessory; the sex chain that had still been looped around his stiff member. He was made to kneel on the bed as Envoy approached the pair, her hips swaying slowly and her hand moving up to adjust her mask as she approached. Her lips were pursed in thought as she regarded them; finally looking over towards Helena and gesturing towards Peter’s cock. Reading her employer’s motions as best she could, Helena took the chain and looped it across Peter’s thick and stiffened member again. And again. And again. Before long it spiralled around his cock from the base to just underneath the head, all one and a half feet of it wrapped tightly around his member and keeping a snug, firm fit. Envoy just smiled as she nodded, arching a brow as she looked up towards Peter’s face.

“Let’s see...I have…” Her attention was drawn briefly towards the inside of her wrist, where a slot in her glove revealed a watch face. “Ten minutes before I have an important meeting with a member of the Gotham Underworld. It’s not someone I’m afraid of, but being punctual were make sure they know I’m not someone to be trifled with. Can you promise me that you’ll make me cum within the next ten minutes if I let you release inside of me?” Her gaze was squarely on Peter, and in that moment he’d agree to anything. He nodded quickly and eagerly, biting down on his bottom lip as he took a wider stance with his knees.

“Yes ma’am! Definitely!” He agreed, his cock practically aching at the promise. Helena was out of the jurisdiction now; he didn’t need her permission! He could cum inside the woman in charge, the one and only Envoy, and Helena would just have to wait and stew in jealousy. It sent a thrill through him; as much as he adored Helena it’d be fun to have her on the outside for a change, to see her pout and to remind her of what she had denied herself. He didn’t even think about the terms of Envoy’s offer, though by that point it was already too late.

“Very well then.” Envoy responded with a smile, and walked over towards the edge of the bed. She crawled onto it and laid flat on her back, unlacing her corset so her breasts could finally go free. Peter and Helena watched as she revealed her chest; large breasts with soft nipples, and just a hint of the same sort of mysterious scars laid across her face. One of them crossed squarely over a nipple, yet it was faint. Almost imperceptible unless someone was practically on top of her, as Peter was soon to be. She laid with her legs spread and her knees bent, a hand lowering to touch to her sex and stretch herself out for Peter. Before the young man had a chance to react; however, the Envoy raised a hand and clicked her tongue idly to the roof of her mouth. “Two things, Peter. Number one…the chain stays on.” She pointed to the chain wrapped around his cock, and grinned wickedly afterwards. “…trust me. It’ll be fun for both of us.”

“Y-Yes Ma’am.” Peter choked out, and studied the beauty of the woman stretched out before him. “And number two?”

“Number two...if you don’t make me cum…” Envoy began thoughtfully, and Helena could feel a sinking presence in her belly. This couldn’t be good. Envoy was a wicked and deceitful woman, and she could make anything happen in her domain. The boy could be signing his death warrant by agreeing, or could end up in a cage in the back of the Envoy’s office. She almost called out to stop him, until Envoy spoke up with the finale of her terms. “…you have to pay me. Seven thousand. Twice the going rate, since I’m clearly a special circumstance.”
Helena just blinked. That wasn’t nearly as bad as she thought it was going to be. She had gone from wanting to rush to Peter’s rescue to quietly nodding him encouragement; having utter faith in the young man’s capabilities. When Peter drifted forward to mount the Envoy Helena crept forward against the side of the bed, moving to sit near her employer while she watched Peter begin.

“Deal!” The young man cried out, and moved to slide the tip of his cock against her entrance. From the very first inch he could feel the difference that the chain made, and his body shuddered heavily thanks to it. It was an odd sensation; a mixture of tension and delight that coiled around his cock, squeezing it in a way both tighter and more unreliably than the presence of the mysterious woman’s folds. As he inched himself down to the hilt more and more of the chain went with his cock, and he could feel it entwined around him just as Envoy’s pussy clamped against his shaft. The presence of the device wasn’t lost on the other woman; either, and Envoy gave a coy smile as she stretched back and allowed the young man to push inside. She even rose a leg and offered it for his shoulder, smiling as he slinked underneath it to find himself in a good position. While one hand moved out to hold the boy’s tie the other stretched out; offering Helena to curl up against her like the surrogate daughter she had the potential to be.

And then, with “Mrs. Brooke” drawing near Envoy and Peter pushing himself and the chain inside, the evening truly began with a series of powerful, heavy thrusts. Peter wasted no time; he knew that if he was going to save himself seven thousand dollars and earn the respect of the envoy that he had to drive forward with heat and passion, that he had to claim the woman with steady strokes that would push her to the brink. He had to fuck Envoy like she had never been fucked before, and with a woman of her experience, that was one hell of a task.

Helena rested against Envoy, a hand against the woman’s shoulder as she watched in utter awe as Peter worked. Her cheeks were raising in color and her throat was tight, and she watched as Envoy’s folds ached to stretch around the young man’s thick and probing shaft. While he worked Envoy was essentially cold and emotionless; showing him no sign of bliss or discontent, and simply wearing that soft smirk on her painted lips. At a certain point she leaned forward and moved her mouth to Helena’s ear; not out of a desire for intimacy, but rather privacy to dispense some motherly advice.

“You should let the boy fuck you; I know you haven’t yet.” She revealed, and her laugh was coy enough that it sent shivers down Helena’s spine. “You can only stretch something so far before it snaps. And I can tell he’s close.” She ended her brief advice by placing a chaste kiss on Helena’s cheek; hard enough that when she pulled away she left a faint black kiss mark where her mouth had drifted. Then, with the sweetest smile she could muster on scarred lips she gazed back up at Peter, and watched as the young man trembled and ached with every single thrust. Each one resonated deep within him; Envoy could tell by the knit of his brow and the tightness in his shoulders. The chain was squeezing him like a vise and her folds were a beautiful and elegant delight to his cock; both forces working in glorious tandem to give the young man pleasures like he had barely ever known before. She was giving him something Helena yet hadn’t; and though she was kind in that respect, she was also pragmatic.

No woman in her position got to her level without knowing how to hide her passions. In truth she had already cum twice; one of them while talking to Helena and the other while gazing upwards at Peter with a stoic expression on her face. Neither time did anyone notice.

It would be a damned easy seven thousand dollars.

Before long the young man’s hips were flying forward faster and faster, and his hands were tight as he held Envoy’s legs close to him. He was hammering away at her with mere moments to spare on Envoy’s clock, and he knew that he had to make one hell of a case for himself in his release if he was going to earn Envoy’s respect. Sweat lined his brow and his teeth were tightly clenched, and he
could’ve sworn he read a note of pleasure on the Envoy’s face as his climax finally begun. With the chain squeezing his cock he started to release; ropes and ropes of cum throbbing from his cock as he filled the criminal mastermind’s pussy with his spunk. He moaned aloud; his voice sounding glorious and triumphant, and his warmth rolling within the older man more and more with each passing second. She was staggeringly warm and tight inside, and as Peter pulled his cock free of her he couldn’t help but whimper in staggered panting.

But Envoy looked unimpressed. In reality she had enjoyed several orgasms, each one veiled and hidden under an unflappable facade. She clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth as she reached out, moving her hand to the edge of the well-used chain still wrapped around Peter’s cock.

“I’m afraid that’s seven thousand you owe me, Peter.” She mused. “My men will collect when you’re leaving. But I’m not heartless...I have a consolation prize for you.” The chain was unwrapping from his cock; glistening with her own release and layered with his cum. By the time she unwrapped it totally and held it over towards Helena, dangling it by two pinched fingers, the thing was revealed to be little more than a mess of juices; glistening and dripping in equal measure. Her “consolation prize” was revealed as Helena held an open hand, and Envoy gave a simple order.

“Clean it.” She demanded, and tapped a finger to Helena’s lips to make sure she knew how. As she stood up from the bed to leave the two together she started to refasten her corset, before moving to reattach the covering over her cum-filled and well used pussy. As she fit it snugly against her hole she gave a noise of contentment; feeling the cum shift around within the inside of the leather, coating her lips and finding a place to nestle against her in warmth. With a smile the Envoy pointed to the chain again, and gazed towards the pair still on the bed. “Let him take it with him. Goodbye, Brooke. Peter. Thank you for allowing me to join.”

By the time the Envoy slipped out of the room she had a spring in the step of her red leather boots, and a smile across her scarred features. All she needed now was for her next meeting to go without a hitch, and she would call it a very productive day.

She wasn’t the only one. Dinah Lance, the Black Canary, had been having a productive day in her own right. Just before lunch she had been made to service a client that was new; a young man that had shown up with his pockets filled with cash. All of the other girls were busy and so it had been on Dinah’s shoulders, as Envoy’s assistant Kelly, to handle him. He was fun...plenty of youthful energy and a charming smile, and he had even made her laugh a few times through the awkward “boy’s first prostitute” phase. Though it was unlikely she’d ever see him again as it was clear his visit was a few months’ worth of savings splurged on a single visit, he had been a pleasant way to spend the morning. A short hour of a handsome young man fucking her from behind, pulling her hair, kissing at her throat...it had been pleasant enough. Pleasant, but not earth shattering.

She had to wait for that moment later that night. After her first client for the day Dinah had returned to her duties, checking in on the other girls and making sure that they had everything they needed. The responsibilities that Envoy put on Dinah’s shoulders were impressive; and it dawned on the hero more than once that it felt like an actual job half of the time. There were quotas to be met and employees to keep happy, clients to deal with and fires to put out. In just the span of a day she had arranged some comfort food and television to be delivered to one of the new girls having a hard time coping, filled out the requisition forms for a restock of lotions and oils, and rather sternly handled a customer that wasn’t happy when Lisa “winced” when he came on her face. It was a minor conflict considering the last time a man was unhappy with Lisa he took a bullet to the head, but a promise that next time “we’ll put you with a girl that drinks it with a smile” was enough to send the customer away happy. After all, he had still been allowed to cum on Lisa’s face, and she was damned pretty,
wincing or not.

After all of that, Dinah had been ready for a well-deserved break, but she knew one wasn’t to come. In reality, something far better was on the horizon. After checking in on Envoy before the boss went to visit another girl’s room for some sort of meeting, Dinah slipped into her quarters and prepared for her favorite client. Mr. Harson had an appointment for her that night, and she had come to take those meetings very, very seriously.

Almost too seriously, but she had learned to compartmentalize those concerns. She was becoming a brazen whore that relished servicing him, a wanton slut that started to drool at the mere thought of his cock. The man that made it feel like her new role wasn’t so much a prison as it was a palace, and one of the few reasons she found it not only acceptable to be staying there for a few weeks, but downright pleasurable. And sure enough, when Mr. Harson stepped inside and she took in every inch of his fat, otherwise ugly presence...she was almost instantly wet.

Dinah had been naked that night to greet him; having tossed aside her usual fishnet suit for a much more direct approach. She greeted her client turned lover with enthusiasm; throwing her arms around his neck and drawing him into a welcoming, deep kiss. Even though she had been diligently servicing a man no more than ten hours earlier, in that moment she responded to Mr. Harson with more warmth and compassion than his wife ever had before their marriage ended. And he, in turn, enjoyed Dinah’s body with more enthusiasm. From the grip on Dinah’s ass to the kiss against her throat, the unlikely stallion had a way of making Dinah absolutely shudder in delight. And that night, she wanted nothing more than to get her hands and mouth wrapped around Mr. Harson’s fat, delicious cock.

As one would imagine, it was an easy thing to convince anyone of going along with.

It was only a few minutes after Mr. Harson stepped foot inside the brothel that he was laying flat on the bed with Dinah Lance stretched out across him, her head firmly entrenched within his lap. The naked superhero was laying over his wide stomach as she reached across him to his member; the impressively thick and large unit that had brought her such pleasure over the past few weeks. He was enormous; easily the largest that Dinah had ever seen or even dreamed about, and that evening she was slavishly dedicated to servicing it. One hand was stretched down underneath his shaft to cup his sack while the other had stretched her fingers as much as she could around the base, her fingers not quite about to touch each other thanks to the man’s impressive girth. Similarly, his cockhead was simply too large for her to hope shoving her mouth across...but that didn’t stop her from trying.

“It’s so big...I just...I want to lick it for hours...” There was no deceit in Dinah’s voice as she worked; speaking with the tone of a whore that had come to love her work. Her eyes were open as she studied Mr. Harson’s massive length, part of it glistening from her tiny licks while the head of it drooled an almost constant drip of precum. Precum that she was always quick to swoop up and collect against her tongue; a constant reminder of the man’s flavor. She wasn’t like Helena who let that nectar sit on her young stud’s member; each drop of clear pre was a gift that Mr. Harson presented her and one that she refused to squander. At one point the beautiful blonde slid her face forward and simply squeezed her cheek against Mr. Harson’s shaft, her hand sliding up to press against the other side. There she bobbed her head up and down in perfect harmony with her hand, effectively stroking him off as she cuddled against his thick and wonderful member. The softness of Dinah’s cheek was enough to draw a groan from Mr. Harson’s throat, and one of the middle-aged man’s hands moved forward to prod at Dinah’s sex with his pudgy fingers. She willingly spread her knees apart and shoved her rear forward a little, offering her wet, hungry slit for just about anything the older man could imagine. She didn’t care. He could have whatever he wanted, so long as he continued to let her worship his cock that she had grown so completely addicted to. With her lower hand teasing his pouch and the other working with her face to slowly stroke him off, the young
woman was in absolute bliss. She could feel how warm it was, she could feel it pulse and throb with
every beat of his heart. The pouch underneath his cock was practically filled with heavy cream that
he would be giving her soon, and Dinah couldn’t wait to suck it down, swallow it, lick her tongue
through the pool of it on the bed.

She adored the flavor of his cum, and she thought of just how often Mr. Harson fucked her. Her
walls were stretched across his rigid length more often than not these days, and each time she had
been denied his cream. Forbidden to take his load, thanks to the man’s own insistence on using a
condom. What was once by Dinah’s own estimation a chivalrous act from a man going to a prostitute
was now seen as little more than an infuriating habit; something Mr. Harson did that prevented her
from feeling the rush of his cream inside of her pussy. She had even told him to leave it off in the
past, but he had refused kindly with a kiss to her forehead, looking out for her well being.

Dinah had long since stopped caring about her well being; however. Part of being a hero meant
throwing that aspect of self preservation away. And if she was able and willing to toss aside that part
of her for the interest of the good of Gotham, surely she could do it for her own pleasure as well.
Surely, after servicing Mr. Harson so well and so often, she deserved at least one little load deep
inside of her pussy. Didn’t she?

The woman groaned, and turned her face in towards Mr. Harson’s enormous length, trailing her
tongue out and licking it from the very base up towards the tip. The flavor of it was familiar and
sweet to her, and as soon as she began to lick it she found it difficult to stop. Her hands moved to
link together in order to wrap around his base, and her mouth drifted up to that thick and pulsing
cockhead, that thing that was regrettably too small for her tiny mouth. All she could do was kiss it
again and again, and dream of the moment in which he crammed that ridiculously oversized member
into her folds that were, frankly, a few sizes too small for him. She was an athletic and tight woman
with a slender build, and he was a fat powerhouse with a cock to match. They fit together...but only
with him pushing so deep inside of her that a bulge appeared in her lap.

And despite that, all Dinah could really do is whimper and and wonder just how large that bulge
would be if Mr. Harson was kind enough to cum inside. The idea was thrilling; to be even slightly
bloated with his cream was enough to make her lick up and down his shaft with a greater and more
ferocious speed. She felt the warmth in his rod as she held it close, rubbing the spit-coated member
back and forth across her face, kissing and nibbling at it as she started to grow desperate. If she
couldn’t have his cum inside of her she was determined to have it across her face or on her tongue, or
even more preferably, swallowed down into her belly. The young blonde, her own pussy now
prodded and teased with Mr. Harson’s fat fingers, started to work her motions harder against his
cock. Quicker, more eager, and simply...hungrier. She bit down on her bottom lip as her cheeks went
red with a sudden blush, and she perched her mouth just over the tip of his cockhead. As she stroked
his spit-covered cock with a growing and burning passion she perched herself in the perfect position
to catch his cream squarely in her mouth, ready for the first load to strike her. Her eyes closed and
she gave a dreamy sigh, simply imagining what that initial rush of warmth would be like on her
tongue.

She was smiling as she waited, so very thirsty. So very, very thirst-

She was so surprised when the door opened up that Mr. Harson’s cock flopped from her grip only a
few strokes away from orgasm, and the massive man gave a horny grunt as he looked up from the
bed to see what the intrusion was. Dinah was just about to show her rage at whoever it was that
interrupted her near-treat, but as soon as she saw the figures before her her voice was stolen from her
throat and she gazed forward with utter shock on her face.

“M...Miss Envoy.” Dinah finally spoke up as she greeted the criminal, standing there in her red
leathers. The mistress of the brothel stood there looking quite satisfied; her hair slightly frizzled and a content smile on her face. Standing right behind her was another woman; one that Dinah hadn’t seen before. She was wearing dark clothing with a black leather trench coat, and a thick gray hood pulled over her face to the point of total obscurity. Clutched it one of the woman’s hands was a narrow metal briefcase, and the mere look of it made Dinah uneasy. She glanced from Envoy to the newcomer, and croaked out in a weak voice. She would’ve liked to have responded the woman with more authority and presence, but she felt like a woman that had just been robbed of water in the desert. “M-Miss Envoy, is there something wrong?”

“Mr. Harson, dear, so sorry to interrupt.” Envoy smiled, ignoring Dinah for the moment as she glanced over at the man. Her eyes fell on his member; still wildly hard and raging forward, covered in spit and leaking a drop of pre. She paused in her thoughts long enough to give the man a nod, and remark with a dry wit. “...impressive. At any rate, sorry to interrupt, and you’ll have your chance to use Kelly here to your heart’s content soon enough.” She gestured towards the girl with a smile. “And to show you my gratitude for your service, you can come and fuck Kelly tomorrow, too. On the house.” After all, she had just made an easy seven thousand.

“What do you need to do, Envoy?” Of all the people that visited the mansion, Mr. Harson had taken to addressing the woman by her chosen name. There were no ma’am or miss’ for her from the older man, save for the typical polite greetings. He was, after all, the customer. And the customer didn’t deal in honorifics. “It sounds like a good deal, but who’s that?”

“My new friend!” Envoy beamed, and gestured to the mysterious woman with the briefcase behind her. “Her name’s Bombay, and she’s an underground tattoo artist. And she’s here on a limited schedule, so I’m afraid I need to intrude on your session briefly.” She beamed, and gestured towards the woman she knew as Kelly. “Just long enough to mark Kelly for me. Then Bombay will be out of your hair and you can enjoy her as long as you like.”

“Mark me?!” Black Canary blurted out, before quickly catching herself from protesting further. Shock and surprise, and even fear ran through her at the announcement, and suddenly she felt quite nervous about the hooded woman in the back with a briefcase. For the moment she forgot her arousal over Mr. Harson, still looking forward at the pair of woman with nothing less than utter disbelief in her eyes. “I have to get a tattoo?!”

“Of course.” Envoy smiled simply, and snapped her fingers for Bombay to draw forward. The mysterious woman pulled up a nightstand and unfolded her briefcase, revealing a set of tools and ink for the job at hand. While she unpacked underneath Dinah’s frightened gaze, Envoy stepped forward and spoke in her most soothing tone. “Don’t worry, dear. Just a tribute to show you’re dedicated to my cause.” She allowed her hand to drift out and caress Dinah’s hair, before her gaze through her mask turned towards Harson. “Mr. Harson, you may stay if you like. Bombay, would that be an issue for you?”

“...the fat one can stay.” She grumbled in a shady town; her voice irritable and yet oddly familiar to Dinah’s ears. Her shoulders were hunched and her pose was sour as she worked, setting up a small machine with a needle attached to a tube. Dinah wasn’t sure what all went into the tattooing process, but from what she could tell these two lunatics were talking for real. She was about to be branded, and the only way out would be to reveal her identity. The one thing she couldn’t do; not only because of her comfort under Envoy’s current rule, but because Mr. Harson was literally at point black range.

She couldn’t resist even if she wanted to sacrifice the entire mission, since it would put his life in danger. For Mr. Harson; the thick cocked man sitting just nearby watching with interest, Dinah would have to take one for the time.
Besides...tattoos could be removed? Right?

“...yes, Miss Envoy.” Dinah finally relented, bowing her head a little. “I’m sorry, Ma’am, I was just startled. I’ll gladly get a mark for you.”

“I thought you would.” Envoy beamed, and turned on a heel as she gestured towards Bombay. “All right Bombay, she’s all yours. I leave things in your capable hands.”

“Pleasure doin’ business with you, Envoy.” Bombay murmured in response as she drew her needle up, and turned towards the frightened, naked Black Canary. Her voice was familiar; infuriatingly so, but it wasn’t until Bombay moved her hand up to pull back her hood that she could spot the woman’s true identity. An identity that made Dinah’s blood go cold, and her teeth angrily set against themselves. She hoped that the cameras didn’t pick up just how angrily she glared at Selina Kyle; for in that moment she was so transparent in her concern that she was almost positive that it could be seen and recorded.

The woman sitting on the stool beside the bed wore a lazy smirk underneath equally soft eyes, and shaggy black hair that simply fell around her temples in a dishevelled yet attractive state. Selina Kyle, the woman also known as Catwoman, had apparently infiltrated Envoy’s group underneath some sort of ridiculous disguise and was now prepared to tattoo her. Dinah had to admit; when she woke up that morning she hadn’t really expected that turn of events. She was cautious with her words in an attempt to not tip her hand, but she could tell that there was mutual recognition between the two women by the lazy smirk playing on Selina’s face. She ran a hand through her shaggy black hair and Dinah could see she had even laid in dark eyeshadow underneath her eyes; giving her an even deeper mysteriously goth look. She seemed to be rather taken with the role of Bombay, but then, Dinah had become quite comfortable with being Kelly.

“Relax, blondie, you look pretty sturdy. Good birthin’ hips.” Selina grinned as she drew forward, looking at the naked pair. Mr. Harson’s member had diminished somewhat but it was still remarkably hard and long; and quite thick by the judge of it. Selina looked over at it without a trace of shame and gave a low whistle, before pointing towards it with the tip of her tattoo needle. “Good thing, too, because I bet that monster leaves a mark.” She grinned, and tilted her head back to Black Canary. Before the hero had a chance to speak up Selina interjected with a smile, holding up a hand garbed in short, fingerless gloves. “Let’s show you what you’re getting, and where! You there, big fella.” She shot a glance to Mr. Harson. “Think you can super size that thing even more than it already is, and stick it in her? Don’t worry, I’m going somewhere with this. Blondie, feel free to help him out.”

Black Canary had a sinking feeling in her stomach, but she was in truly no position to offer any sort of complaint. Envoy, and by extension Catwoman, had her essentially over a barrel with no other option. And she could tell by the look on Selina’s face that the criminal was absolutely loving every minute of it. The sly smirk and the glint in her eye as she picked up her tools and gestured for Dinah to work on Mr. Harson’s cock was a look that Dinah would remember for the rest of her days; and if it didn’t go someplace that she liked, she was going to make Selina pay.

She shot Selina a short glare before softening her gaze, and moving her attention to Mr. Harson’s cock. For as infuriated as she was as she was at the sudden appearance of Catwoman, she could find solace in Mr. Harson’s member. At worst, Selina was there to torment her before revealing her identity to Envoy and at best she was trying to help while still interfering in an undercover job, and no part of her presence was welcome. Mr. Harson and his cock; however...she could bring herself to enjoy that even under the gaze of her occasional enemy. She was able to put Selina out of mind long enough to move her hands down, working them around Mr. Harson’s cock and squeezing him softly.

“...so she’s giving you a free day tomorrow? That’s exciting.” Dinah smiled with genuine fondness
towards the overweight man, feeling him stiffen at the mere thought of it. She started to slide closer while she tugged at his length with both hands joined; stroking him slowly while her legs stretched out, moving them on either side of him. She was sitting with her rear on the bed and his cock laid flat to the mattress; tugging at it with tender twitches meant to draw him into an even harder state. “I bet we can think of lots of fun things to do. Maybe I’ll wear something nice for you...I’m sure Envoy could find a maid outfit for me…”

“I find catsuits to be sexy.” Selina interrupted casually, her hood resting around her shoulders. When Dinah glanced over at her with a hard glare, the casual villainess simply shrugged. “What? They are.” Afterwards she pointed down to the length of Mr. Harson, which was already starting to swell. His girth was pushing against the sides of Dinah’s hands and he was groaning in a small state of bliss, and it was easy to see he was nearing his full length. Selina smiled as she pointed back towards the bed, looking at Dinah with a raised brow. “Looks like that didn’t take long. Lay on back for me and let’s squeeze that thing in, eh?”

The minute that followed was surreal for Dinah, and she would have a hard time admitting to anyone just how much it aroused her. Once the blonde leaned back on the bed and spread her legs out, Mr. Harson slowly moved forward and looped his arms underneath her knees. It left for a bit of required guidance for his cock, and Dinah realized as she looked at her lover’s face that he was finding that assistance with Selina. The clever thief had reached down with her hand wrapped in fingerless gloves and slid her grip underneath his cock, holding him steady as she guided him to her entrance. She watched with an undeniable grin as Mr. Harson started to push himself inside; sliding forward inch by inch until he was fully hilted inside of her. It made for a delightful bulge where the head of his cock pushed at her from the inside; a slutty bump showing not only how deep Dinah could take it, but how far she could be stretched with the length of an oversized cock. Dinah’s cheeks flushed bright red when Selina’s hand moved away from Mr. Harson’s cock and dropped down at that spot a few inches above her clit, her palm resting squarely above the bump, just overtop his cockhead.

“Riiiiight there.” Selina smirked, and pulled her hand away long enough to grab a stencil sheet. She moved it forward and laid it flat to Dinah’s body, that little area just under where her waist began that was now stretched with a thick member. Dinah couldn’t see just what the design was in the moment, and Selina didn’t seem like much in the revealing mood. “Big guy, you just hold yourself in there. Think you can stay hard for her for a while as I work?”

“Yes.” Mr. Harson didn’t hesitate, pleasure rolling through him. Even being motionless inside of Dinah was nothing short of unbridled bliss so deeply; he could feel his cockhead pushing against the depths of her, near the walls of her womb, and the joy running through him was simply indescribable. She was gloriously tight, her wet pussy stretched around his cock with the firm grip of a steady hand. And the look on her face; the blush on her cheeks and the parting of her lips, was enough to keep any man hard. He nodded again, reaffirming his voice as he looked towards Selina. “Do what you need to do, so we can be alone together.” If Dinah wasn’t already fueled with desire for the overweight man his words would’ve pushed her there, and she found them exciting and touching in the same breath. She bit down on her bottom lip, and moved a hand down along her body to hold onto Mr. Harson’s where he held her thigh aloft. She was still a little afraid, but she could find not only arousal but also strength in Mr. Harson’s presence.

“Guess that means no monster cock for me.” Selina pouted, exercising her ability to ruin the moment of sweetness for Dinah. She made a faux pout as she leaned in and started to work, one hand holding the sheet down while the other drew the tattoo needle down to Dinah’s flesh. “...all the same to me. Got some cock on the side. Haven’t seem him in a while, but I’m hoping that’ll change. I just need to snoop around the city for him, I’m sure I’ll find his ass, probably in some dive filled with losers and idiots.”
The memory of Catwoman’s officer friend flashed through Dinah’s mind, but not even the woman’s unsubtle teasing was enough to ruin what was turning into an unexpected moment of excitement for her. The needle stung against her flesh but that sting only translated to her walls tightening around Mr. Harson, squeezing his length as she felt the tattoo find its mark. She bit down on her bottom lip and trembled while her eyes met the overweight man’s, and she finally whispered with a voice that was heated and aroused, clearly meant to keep Mr. Harson nice and hard for her.

“Not what I expected for our first time without a condom.” Dinah whispered with a blush on her cheeks, ignoring the sting as best she can as Selina continued to work. She could feel lines being drawn against her flesh and she knew she was being permanently marked, but it was for a good cause. Whether that cause was to save women like Lisa or simply make sure she could stay at Envoy’s mansion forever...well...she wasn’t quite sure on that anymore. She was starting to see the perks of both.

“I’m pulling out whenever she’s finished.” Mr. Harson promised her, a slow smile spreading on his face. He kept himself hard as Selina continued to work, his member throbbing against every pulse and twitch from Canary’s hole, aching against her walls as he continued to stretch her out. “And when I do, I’m going to use your breasts...and shoot all over your face.”

“...oh.” Dinah blinked. She was almost disappointed when Mr. Harson started and explained that her hole wouldn’t be receiving her load, but it was hard to argue with what the eventual destination was going to be. She swallowed and nodded her agreement that it would be quite a fine destination, and then she tightened her throat and continued to maintain while Selina kept working. The hiss of the tattoo needle continued and she kept feeling a sting, and a random glance in Catwoman’s direction showed that the woman was still wearing an enormous smirk on her face. She was thoroughly enjoying this on a very delicious level to her. And as much as Dinah was rue to admit it, there was a certain level of excitement building within her that she couldn’t resist. Mr. Harson’s cock was stretching in her most delightful fashion, and her warm, wet walls were perfectly wrapped around him. Even the sting of the needle was a new sensation to be enjoyed, as was the fact that she was lewdly exposed with Selina tattooing literally overtop a cock bump in her lower half.

There was...a lot of intensity in that moment for Dinah.

The blonde’s hands moved up to hold onto Mr. Harson’s arms; tightening around the overweight man’s body as she tried her best to maintain herself. With his thick cock pushing hard against her walls she knew that the threat of a climax was a very real and true danger; it would be hard for her to keep her composure with the stimulation going on throughout her. Even though it wasn’t moving, there was a pure thrill of excitement echoing through her body, and every time the needle teased her flesh she felt goosebumps erupt on her skin. And then, when Mr. Harson pressed a finger in amidst the top of her folds, teasing her clit with his...slender...feminine...fing-

“DON’T TOUCH.” Dinah barked, glaring at Selina. The woman going by the code name Bombay whistled idly, and pulled her hand back towards the stencil, holding it flat as she continued.

“Sorry. Thought we were having a moment.” She murmured, and continued to work with her tongue sticking out of the corner of her lips. While she continued to work she could be heard to murmur just under her breath, in a taunting, mimicking fashion. “...wah wah I’m a hooker that’s super picky about getting fingered. Can’t let any women hotter than me touch my pussy, wah wah.”

As much as her words were set to infuriate and irritate Black Canary, they were having the opposite response. If it was Helena doing the tattoo work Dinah would’ve been embarrassed, yes, but underneath Selina’s gaze? The thrill was so much deeper. The knowledge that Selina would likely tell everyone when it was all over was a very real threat, and even the fact that one of her enemies
was tattooing her with...god only knows what sort of design was a thrill. She really hoped it wasn’t a cat. She was the Black Canary, it’d make no sense to have a cat tattooed just above her hole. What if she decided to go with a more revealing costume when this was all done with?

Dinah turned her gaze back to Mr. Harson, her cheeks bright red as the tattooing process continued. He was still rock hard within her without any sign of faltering, and his member was holding deep down to the depths of Dinah’s womb. He was pressed in to the hilt and his cockhead was nestled against her womb, throbbing and thick and leaking pre against her inner walls. It’d be an easy thing for the massive man to cast Selina aside and fuck Dinah to a quick completion, but he was rather enjoying the moment. She was wonderfully warm and tight, and for the first time he could feel just how wet she was without the condom getting in the way. Though it wasn’t appropriate to claim her without one in the future, he was certainly enjoying the brief reprieve he had from the blasted things. After all, it was getting increasingly difficult for him to find ones that actually fit around his enormous cock.

Eventually, Selina’s work came to an end, and it had only taken about twenty minutes. Twenty minutes of intimacy, in which Selina’s pussy was stretched and a bump was pushed forward, and twenty minutes of Mr. Harson’s cock staying hard and firm inside of her. Though it was never truly needed Black Canary had tried to offer herself up to keep him hard from time to time, caressing his arms or licking her lips, or sometimes even whispering naughty, dirty things under her breath. Most of them were met by snickers, or at the very least smirks from Selina, but Mr. Harson took them all to heart, and all to hardness. He kept firm until the tattoo was revealed, and his eyes gazed down, looking at it briefly. He kept his expression flat so as to not reveal it to Black Canary; even though Dinah deserved to see it soon, there were other matters that needed to be attended to.

“All done! Looks pretty good, if I do say so myself.” Selina leaned back, and dropped her needle back into her briefcase before idly closing it. “Now, it’ll probably sting for a bit, I’d tell you not to use your pussy for a few days, but let’s be realistic.” A brief pause, as she looked Dinah squarely in the eyes. “Because you’re a whore? Get it. You big whore.” Dinah would’ve lashed back at her had she the ability to talk in that moment, but it was then that Mr. Harson started to pull his cock free. She moaned as he removed it; his member covered in a glaze of her excitement, his thick cock trembling and twitching as he moved to cross her. Before Dinah had a chance to see her new tattoo Mr. Harson dropped down against her; his weight coming down on her sternum and his fat, remarkable cock slapping against her chest.

Dinah squeaked; Mr. Harson was not a light man and she could feel his weight fully against her on the bed, locking her arms to her waist and pinning her fully to the bed. His cock was covered with her own nectar as the massive thing slapped in between her breasts, and he lowered his hands to squeeze them both on either side of his member. With her breasts firmly pressed against his cock on either side he took a deep and savoring breath, only pausing as Selina tapped him on the shoulder and spoke up with an inquisitive voice.

“Mind if I help?” She asked, and pointed to Dinah. “Think you could use a girl to hold her head up. Make sure she’s looking down the barrel of the cannon, so to speak.” Mr. Harson gave his permission with a quick nod, and Selina giggled as she jumped at the chance. The clever thief snuck right in behind Black Canary and moved her fingerless gloves to the girl’s cheeks, lifting her head up just enough to rest it against her knee. Once she did so the wicked villain moved her fingers against Dinah’s face, teasing her cheeks and her lips, and squeezing her hands against the center of the young woman’s jaw.

“I used to have a cat I had to give pills to.” She explained. “So I’m good at keeping mouths open while medicine is being delivered. You be a good whore and keep those pretty lips wide for us.” She giggled, and as if to add injury to the insult she hooked two fingers on either side of Dinah’s lips;
stretching her mouth out awkwardly as she continued to hold the blonde’s face right in the line of fire.

Dinah just squealed. The moment was intensely exciting for her on more fronts than she could speculate; the weight of Mr. Harson against her while he fucked mercilessly at her breasts, and the presence of the infuriating Catwoman as she stretched her mouth out and tauntingly held her prime for her cumshot. It was almost a shame that in the twenty minutes that preceded the event Mr. Harson had drawn so close to climax; there was a passing moment through Dinah that wished she could be caught in such a filthy bliss forever. Her breasts ached as Mr. Harson gripped them and fucked forward with absolute determination and power; his teeth clenched as he bared down hard with heavy stroke after heavy stroke. Her mouth was sore from Selina’s yanking, and she could feel drool escaping the corners of her lips. In that moment, she knew she looked like a whore. Plain and simple; there was nothing else for her in that moment that sweat, cum, and desire.

And she adored it.

When Mr. Harson released his climax came in a staggering wave, shooting straight for the held-open mouth of Black Canary. Though she tried to shield her open throat with her tongue he still managed to shoot spunk right down into it, causing the woman to cough and gag from the very beginning. Despite her coughing Selina held her head firm, keeping her in place while Mr. Harson continued to paint his beloved Canary with layer after layer of thick, sticky white release. It seemed to have no end; flooding across her cheeks and her mouth and her nose, and spooning down in the muscles of her throat. Her breasts were coated and her entire face was thoroughly painted, and even Selina’s bare fingers weren’t safe. She giggled a bit as she released Dinah’s mouth long enough to let the girl stop gagging and start eating, and when she sensed that Dinah was ready she helped her out by spooning her fingers through the white, forcing it past the girl’s open lips and onto her tongue.

She didn’t expect to be eating her lover’s cum off of her enemy’s fingers that day, but that was exactly where Dinah ended up. As she worked diligently to swallow every bit that Selina fed her, Catwoman looked up to Mr. Harson and gave the man an impressed nod and a smile.

“Pretty impressive load. You must like this little whore.”

“She’s my favorite.” Harson gave a steady response, and patted Dinah gently on her cum-coated chest. With a grunt the overweight man hoisted himself off of Dinah and moved to collect his pants, bending down and slipping them back on, his work done for the night. “Kelly, I’m going to schedule another appointment with you tomorrow as per Envoy’s offer. Be ready for me, will you?”

“Y...Yes.” Dinah turned her cum-covered face towards Mr. Harson, watching as the man tidied up. Though she didn’t want him to go, she knew she was in no condition to keep going. She was used and spent and thoroughly exhausted, and she was starting to feel the soreness of the tattoo against her flesh. When Mr. Harson left the room he did so with a wave and the same sort of kind smile he used to give her in the flower shop, back when their relationship was far more innocent. And even after he left, for reasons she couldn’t understand, Dinah still kept contently licking cum off of Selina’s fingers.

“That’s it. Goooood girl.” Selina purred, and her free hand moved out to grab a hand mirror on the nightstand. She scooped up a healthy dose of cum on her front two fingers and dangled them just before Dinah’s mouth, waiting for the woman to stretch her tongue out and grab for it before finally offering it to her. She gazed down at the blonde with a smile, licking her lips as she couldn’t help but tease and taunt her further. “Someone was a hungry girl.” She had every intention of sitting there until Dinah ate every last drop of cum, simply because...when else would she ever have Black Canary in such a position? Seemed foolish not to make the most of it. And when she was nearing the end of the cum she stretched out the mirror, showing Dinah just what was marked against her flesh.
In red ink outlined in black, just a few inches above her pussy was nothing other than Envoy’s mask.

Solid and red, with the eyes blacked out and a white line crossing the center, showing the part of the nose. It was clearly Envoy’s, the thing she hid behind every day, the thing that caused her to wince in pain when it was removed. It was a simple of Envoy’s frailty, but also...her power. The unreasonable power that she had over her minions and her clients, and her girls as well.

Dinah swallowed, staring at the tattoo and cleaning more cum off of Catwoman’s fingers. It was in that moment she realized something about herself that filled her with shame of the greatest degree. Looking at the mark of ownership, the mark of loyalty across her sex...bathing in the essence of an event that could only happen at the brothel, Dinah knew only one thing about herself anymore.

Specifically, that she didn’t want to go home.

End of Chapter 12.

Chapter End Notes

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Lisa's Day

Chapter Summary

There was a flower shop girl named Lisa. Her capture was the catalyst that brought the Birds of Prey to pose as high class prostitutes. But what's life like for the little thing? Today's chapter takes a nice, long, intimate look at what a day in Lisa's life is like under Envoy's guidance.

Caged Birds
Chapter 13: Lisa’s Day
-By Drace Domino

Lisa laid in her modest room, staring up at the ceiling as she felt her body relax from the trials of the past day. Filling the room was a slow and calming noise; a wave machine that played the sounds of the ocean at a low volume to help lull her to sleep. When she had first come to Envoy’s brothel she had difficulty sleeping without it, but after nearly a month of doing everything she was told, the young woman was finding the bed more and more comfortable underneath her. She still had a very dim understanding of what went on outside the walls of her simple and tiny room; she had seen her friend Dinah from the flower show the day Envoy had murdered that boy, but after that day nothing else had been told to her. Even when she saw Dinah, apparently working under the leadership of none other than Envoy herself, her old employer was distant and not at all her typical warm self.

It had made Lisa wonder, was Dinah the one that had set everything up? Was it possible that her sweet employer at the flower shop had arranged for her to be taken? It would certainly explain why Dinah seemed to be Envoy’s second in charge, but Lisa had a hard time getting her head around that. Ultimately, she didn’t believe Dinah was anything more than another victim of their circumstances, trapped just as she was and forced to service a variety of men with a variety of cocks. The flowers were definitely going to be wilted by the time the two managed to get back to the shop; if they ever did.

The girl was laying naked on the bed as the ocean noise continued, filling the room and helping to soothe her to a place of relaxation. As far as nights at the brothel went it had been a relatively easy one; her clients were all sweet and one of them had even cared enough to go down on her. As just another orphan on the streets of Brideshead Lisa wasn’t a particularly demanding or assertive girl; she had a tendency to withdraw into herself and be timid when she wasn’t with people that she knew. Back at the greenhouse with Poison Ivy and the other orphans she had managed to thrive; perhaps not sculpting the greatest life for herself, but nonetheless finding a home there. Poison Ivy had always referred to her as a shy flower; quick to turn her petals away from the sun even when it would be good for her. It was hard to say that she was particularly repressed or sheltered anymore; with each new day came at least one or two new strangers that she had to service with her holes or hands, and every time she grew up just a little bit more.

The first two weeks had been the hardest. It was strange; for a girl that had no family she had desperately wanted to go home the second she was kidnapped. As a street rat in Gotham City she had seen just how dark and vile things could get, and though ultimately she had been turned into an unwilling whore her fate could’ve been far, far worse. Ivy had always told her children to stay away from Dr. Crane or the Joker, and to never, ever drift down into the sewers. She hadn’t said anything
about women like Envoy; however, and sure enough the woman had sunk her claws into Lisa’s young, supple flesh. For the first week Lisa had been almost inconsolable, and was barely able to service one client a day. Envoy had sent her the patient ones; the men that either understood the girls’ situation and enjoyed their sweetness, or the ones that simply liked seeing a young woman cry. Her enjoyment of those times were...mixed. Though most of the men fully understood that laying hands on the girls with violence or malice was strictly forbidden, to a young woman that had just been thrown into the situation she didn’t know just how far the brothel was willing to go to enforce that. And throughout the first two weeks young Lisa had lived in fear; each client bringing a new set of dangers. She didn’t know how far they’d be allowed to go, and she was constantly terrified that the next one would simply want too much.

It was, oddly enough, Envoy that had calmed her heart on the situation. At first she had been staggered and disgusted when Envoy shot a man dead right in front of her; plugging a bullet squarely into his head without anything even resembling a second thought. The young man had demanded too much of her too quickly, and when she didn’t oblige he had let her know his displeasure with a closed fist and an angry snarl. And when Envoy gazed at him with a calm, collected expression and pulled the trigger with absolute confidence...Lisa could feel her knees simply go weak. She reminded her of Poison Ivy in that moment, and Poison Ivy was the closest thing she had ever had to a mother. At least...until now.

The sound of the waves was broken up by a knock on the door, and Lisa lifted her head from the pillow as she stretched a hand to the noise machine. She switched it off and glanced briefly at the nearby blanket; quickly dismissing the idea of covering up. It was pointless, given her line of work. As it was, the young and shapely young woman was fully exposed as she called out, and she made it a point to slip her fingers up into her bangs, pulling back a few locks of sweet blonde hair.

“Come in.” Her tone was light and pleasant, the delightful voice she had been complimented on quite a bit over the past month. When the door opened a familiar figure clad in red stepped inside, and Lisa couldn’t help but draw a pleasant smile across her lips. “Mrs. Envoy, I didn’t expect you.” Again the urge to cover herself crossed her body but she dismissed it just as quickly. The need to feel like she had to be cloaked, that her naked body had to be shrouded and hidden, was an impulse she was trying hard to let go of. Envoy stepped forward into the room and closed the door behind her, her smooth black hair framing her features and her red mask affixed perfectly across her face. The woman’s ink-black lips turned towards a smile just underneath it, and she started to step gently towards the bed.

“The boss’ privilege, I suppose. Just stopping in whenever I feel like it.” She remarked with a grin, and stood a few inches before the young woman. “How are you doing today, Lisa? I understand you serviced two young men at the same time this afternoon. I trust it wasn’t a problem?”

Lisa’s cheeks burned bright red at the memory, and something akin to a wash of excitement crossed over her face. She pulled herself up further into a sitting position; crossing her legs underneath her and making room for Envoy. When the woman clad in red moved to sit beside her Lisa finally started to speak; her voice excited and sounding nearly to the tone of a teenage girl talking about a date.

“They were great, Mrs. Envoy!” She exclaimed, and practically couldn’t contain her giggle. “They were younger guys, about my age. They both went down on me and they knew when to stop. It was great!” Lisa was beaming at it, with an excitement the young blonde never would’ve imagined that she’d have considering the situation. “Near the end they were using my mouth and my...uh, my-”

“Your pussy, yes.” Envoy encouraged her with a smile, arching a brow at the young woman.
“You're not in Gotham Elementary, Lisa, you can say it.”

“Oh, yeah, right.” Lisa couldn’t help but giggle, and continued. “My mouth and my pussy, and they just hit this rythym where one was going in while the other was going out, and...mmm.” Her cheeks were practically aflame with a blush, and it was so vibrant and red that it ran down her throat and across her chest. The motherly Envoy just chuckled as she watched, and crossed one of her legs idly over a knee.

“I see. A far cry from the first time I told you that you’d be servicing more than one man at once.” The mistress of the brothel smirked, and she took great delight in seeing the slightly embarrassed face of the young woman. “I remember all the crocodile tears. But it isn’t so bad when you get used to it, hmm?” With that, she let a finger drift out and underneath Lisa’s chin, working to lift her head up a bit. The touch was strictly motherly and meant to bring the girl’s gaze up, to sit straight and look her in the eyes shrouded behind her mask. Unlike Poison Ivy Envoy’s interest in Lisa seemed primarily maternal in nature; at least, she hadn’t drug Lisa into a game of “hide the vine” like Ivy was fond of springing on some of her more mature charges. Lisa just gazed back at Envoy and nodded simply, her chest sticking out bravely as she responded.

“I was afraid of everything then, Mrs. Envoy. Now...not so much.” She shrugged a bit. “Just some of the rougher stuff, but I know you’re looking out for me.” The words clearly had an impact on Envoy as well, and the older woman preened in the knowledge that her girls were aware of such things. The hand from Lisa’s chin lowered and she moved it down to her own lap, folding her fingers against each other as she studied the young woman again.

“Lisa, it’s time that we discuss things.” The woman spoke, with no small tinge of sadness to her tone. It was enough to make Lisa show a bit of concern across her brow, though Envoy was quick to dismiss it. “No, dear, nothing’s wrong, but you’ve a decision to make. I told you before that I keep my girls under my service for a short time. Then, I release them with a portion of what they’ve earned, once they give me their promise they’ll tell no one of what transpired.” The words hung in the air, and Lisa could already feel goosebumps rising across her flesh.

“Lisa, dear, it’s time for you to decide.” Envoy finished, her head tilting as she regarded the young woman. “You may stay here with increased freedoms, or you may leave. Your decision will be final, until I decide to offer it again.”

“Y...You want me to leave, Mrs. Envoy?” Lisa asked, trying to get her head around things. In truth, despite how fond she had become of the woman that reminded her of Ivy, she hadn’t actually expected the brothel madam to be good to her word. She had resigned herself to that tiny room and those strange cocks for the rest of her life, or at least, until it all fell apart under the weight of the law or the superheroes. The idea that a decision was posed to her, a chance to escape and return to her home, was simply stunning in its scale and potential. And yet, she found herself asking with all the sweetness of a frightened child: “You don’t want me anymore?”

“Oh, that’s not it, dear…” Envoy was quick and motherly, nurturing the girl by slipping an arm up and around her shoulders. The fully clothed Envoy tugged Lisa’s naked body close against her, and she spooned the girl close with a hand lifting up into her hair. Lisa was indeed young and pretty; her features were smooth and her hair was silky and soft, and managed to find a sweet scent that even echoed within Envoy through her mask. The mistress of the brothel had a few girls that made her sometimes wish she preferred women, but none quite so much as the tiny, scared blonde she had picked up a block away from that ratty flower shop. Her voice was gentle as she held her close, and she continued speaking in her sweetest tone. “…if you want to stay with me, you are most welcome to. But this life has been hard on you, and you shouldn’t have to live it for longer than you have.
Here.” With that, Envoy slipped a hand into one of the straps of her silky red suit, and she came up with a small, folded piece of paper. She slipped it idly into the young woman’s bare and trembling hand, and whispered with a thoughtful tone underneath her voice. “This is how much I’ll give you at the end of the week if you decide to return to your old life. With a bit extra, depending on how much good work you do for me by Friday.” She chuckled a bit.

The slip of paper rested in Lisa’s hand, and the blonde girl simply trembled, studying the scribbled number before her. It was staggering to a street rat of Gotham City; a number so high that she had never really imagined having so much money at once. It was enough to leave Brideshead. Leave Gotham. Maybe even go to Metropolis and find a nice apartment, get a job at some quaint coffee shop, and start all over.

And that life was very tempting.

“Think it over.” Envoy pressed a kiss to the girl’s forehead before she stepped up, and started to make her way to the door. “Let me know by Friday, dear, but know that whatever you choose I’ll support you.” She paused at the door, and turned back towards Lisa, looking at the woman with a kind expression pressed on her ink black lips. For all her intimidating presence; for her mask and her authority and her confidence, she was downright gentle with her dealings with Lisa. The same sweetness was still hiding behind the mask, shivering in the older woman’s eyes as she looked to her young friend that night. “Maybe you’ll have enough fun clients the next few days to sway you towards staying with me. I would like that.”

And with that final statement Envoy stepped out of the room, leaving Lisa alone with a piece of paper and a promise that the young woman was still amazed had been kept. Her fingers gently tightened around the scrap of paper, and she took a long, deep breath before moving her hand back to the wave machine and filling the room with noise once more.

She had a lot of thinking to do, but she also had to work in the morning.

When a knock came on Lisa’s door the next day, it was a little past noon. The young woman had already prepared for her first clients of the day, courtesy of a piece of paper that had been slipped underneath the door with instructions. Typically she was informed of her clients beforehand, both of their likes and dislikes and any particularly special requests that they had. It was a bit of a surprise for Lisa that morning when she saw that she would be servicing not just one man, but a married couple.

“Two clients, man and wife.” Lisa read the words scribbled in Envoy’s shorthand, scratching her head curiously as she pondered it. “Wear something immature and cute.” In that regard, Lisa had absolute confidence that she’d be able to satisfy. One of the many favorable aspects of working for Envoy was the extensive wardrobe that she afforded her girls, considering them a necessary business expense. Over the course of the past month Lisa had been dressed up as everything from a nurse to a maid to even a fantasy barbarian, and each time she had been afforded a wonderful costume to take such a role with. Though the young woman was still typically stripped down to nothing by the time the session was over, there was typically a fun moment of exhilaration as she slipped into her newest outfit and assumed a new identity. It was one such case that early afternoon as she put the piece of paper down and went to look over her wardrobe, scanning for something appropriately pleasing.

As she stood at the closet looking over her clothing, a hand was stroking her chin in idle thought and she pondered just what was stretched out before her. In the past month of her new job she had never serviced a man and woman at the same time before, and her female experience had been a little bit lacking compared to everything else. She had already gone weeks without seeing another woman aside from Envoy or Dinah, and the few times in which she found herself in the employ of female
clients they tended to be stuffy business types that had little time to bother with anything longer than rubbing themselves across a woman half their age. The women that tended to frequent the brothel weren’t too unlike most of the men in that regard; terse and demanding and expecting to get what they paid for. For the most part Lisa didn’t mind it, though the short times she had spent with other women at the brothel had left her a bit underprepared for the task at hand. At that point, she’d have to merely draw on what she remembered when Poison Ivy would turn an affectionate eye to her.

It was still strange eating another girl out without vines coiled around her thighs, waist, and throat. Odd how the little things reminded her of home.

Ultimately, Lisa decided on an outfit that was exactly as the note described: immature and cute. A belly tee exposed her flat stomach and clung to her modest chest, underneath which she wore no bra. It was bright pink with baby blue highlights and was clearly the sort of thing a teenage girl would wear for attention, and the same could be said for the pleated white skirt that she slipped on after. The skirt was scandalously short and barely went up to the cusp of her rear, but it was soft and pleasant to the touch and showed off the young woman’s cream-colored thighs and calves. A pair of white socks and sneakers came after, and before long Lisa was gazing at herself in the mirror with her hands moving up into her locks of blonde hair. She already looked like a cheerleader in training, and she decided to complete the illusion by pulling her locks into a pair of cute pigtails that sat high on her head. A moment later and her work was complete, save for the final touch of bright pink lipstick with the faint hint of bubblegum flavor. The makeup section was just as extensive as the wardrobe selection, though that afternoon it seemed like she wouldn’t need any more than a pair of freshly soft, kissable lips. It was a stark contrast from two nights ago when she had spent nearly thirty-five minutes in the mirror, applying eyeliner and dark shadows on her face to give her the look of a mysterious goth girl. It had been a special request.

When the knock on Lisa’s door came she was quick to get up and answer, padding over in her sneakers and yanking the door open with the bright and sunny smile she was to greet all of her clients with. What stood in the doorway didn’t surprise her much; her ever-increasing whore senses helping her to get an idea for what was coming before she even saw them. A handsome couple stood before her, a pair of middle-aged sophisticates that looked like they were out and ready for a night on the town. The man of the pair was handsome for an older man; with distinguished tracks of silver in his hair and a strong jawline that reminded Lisa of some of the other boys staying at Poison Ivy’s place. The woman was a raven-haired older beauty; her locks pulled into a tight bun at the back of her head and her makeup done to an elegant expanse. She had a stern look on her gaze that was unapproving and strong, and Lisa shifted in place from the mere sight of it. Both of them were dressed in what appeared to be dinner party clothes; the man in a tuxedo and the woman in a charming blue dress complete with a string of expensive pearls around her neck. If she were still under Ivy’s employ, it would’ve been Lisa’s instinct to yank the pearls and run, to take them as a gift to the mistress of plants. As it was; however, she just smiled wide and prepared her introduction.

“Good afternoon, I’m Li-” Her voice was cut off abruptly as the man pointed a finger squarely at her nose. He spoke with an anger that was almost frightening to the young woman at first, but the more he spoke the more the young woman’s fears diminished as she realized just what was going on.

“Don’t give me that, young lady!” He growled, his eyes narrow as he stepped into the room. His wife followed shortly behind him and slammed the door loudly, before casting her cold, angry stare on little Lisa. “We hired you to take care of our baby, and that’s how you repay us?! Having a boy over, raiding the fridge, breaking into my liquor cabinet?”

“We’re extremely disappointed in you.” The woman was quieter than her raging husband, though she still had the same sort of dangerously low tone that made Lisa quiver to her core. The young woman stepped back as she pieced everything together, her tiny skirt flipping around her lap while
the older woman continued to speak. “Just what do you have to say for yourself? I’ve half a mind to call your parents and let them know their daughter is more of a thief than a babysitter.”

To some women at the brothel, the mere mention of parents might make them wistful or longing for home. As an orphan, Lisa had no such tremors of guilt or remorse run through her, and she was free to throw herself into the fiction. A rush of excitement came over the young woman as she stepped forward, and much to Lisa’s surprise she found herself having to repress a smile as she responded to the two before her. It was difficult not to giggle, but she worked hard to maintain the fiction.

“Please don’t do that!” She begged, giving the married duo her most pathetic and desperate look. “My Dad will take my car away, and my Mom will take my cell phone! You can’t, you just can’t!” The two parents of the imaginary child just glared ahead at Lisa, and the man of the pair snorted with his arms folding tighter across his chest. Irritation lined his brow as he looked at his wife, as if looking to her for a response. The stern and cold woman looked up and down Lisa’s body, and spoke in a clear and cutting voice.

“Well, seeing as how our night at the party was ruined because the neighbors called to report all the noise….” She began, rubbing her chin in idle thought. “I’d say you’ve only got one option, young lady, and that’s to make our night fun again. If you’re willing to do that, then maybe we won’t call your parents.”

“I can do that, I promise!” Lisa nodded and clapped her hands together, still playing the innocent role with absolute glee. She gave the pair an inquisitive look, and bit down on her lower lip before briefly speaking up. “H...How do I do that?”

She already knew the two were there to fuck her, but the look they gave her after the question was posed was still enough to chill Lisa done to her bones in a sudden rush of intimidated delight. It was likely a good thing that the two took their passions out on a working girl playing pretend, since she could only imagine what those two wolves would do to a real babysitter that fell within their grasp.

“This little whore isn’t even wearing panties, Michael.” The wife spoke with a condescending tone to her voice as she lifted up the back of Lisa’s skirt. “Not that I’m surprised, seeing as how quickly she started sucking you off.” The three had moved to the bed by then, and Lisa was on her hands and knees as the married duo started to work at her. The gentleman named Michael had opened up the front of his tux to unleash his member, and Lisa’s lips were working up and down his shaft while the wife started to explore their young pet for the next hour or so. Lisa’s fingers were deep in the sheets of the bed and her knees were spread as best she was able; her body shivering and her lips locking tight around the shaft offered against her. She had already smeared a bit of bubblegum lipstick across Michael’s cock, and each time she took him down to a particularly deep point the flavor tingled past her tongue.

He was a well endowed older man with a member that likely received quite a bit of attention from his stern looking wife, but regardless from the noises he was making he seemed to quite appreciate the presence of a pair of warm lips and a tight, young throat.

From behind her, Lisa could feel the pinch of two fingers squeezing inside of her slit, and she spread her legs a little wider to accommodate the older woman behind her. She was fingering her slowly with an exploratory touch, almost as if the woman on the bed was truly a young babysitter that had yet to be fully broken in. As Lisa whimpered with her mouth stuffed with cock, the woman spoke up once more in the same critical and demanding voice.

“Tight little pussy, I suppose.” She didn’t sound entirely convinced, and she let her free hand slap down against Lisa’s rear as she continued. The edge of the young woman’s skirt was resting around her hips while the older woman played with her, and after giving her a bright red imprint on her rear
from the slap, she drug her nails down the back of one of Lisa’s thighs, leaving long scratch marks to send her shivering. “You know the rules, Michael. You’re allowed to fuck as many of these neighborhood sluts as you want, but no kissing her on the mouth, and don’t you dare eat her out.”

“Yes, Natalie dear.” Michael responded, and groaned as he felt his cockhead push deep into the young woman’s throat. Lisa had throated him with ease; her nose pressing in against his lap and her tongue wiggling slowly back and forth. After a month’s worth of training she knew she sucked better cock than any teenaged babysitter, but she imagined that given the circumstances, the duo didn’t particularly care about that aspect of realism in their fun. The wet sound of her lips and mouth across his shaft started to fill the room, and she could feel Michael’s hands drift down to grab ahold of the two pigtails hanging off the side of her head. “Just keep sucking like that, and we won’t call your parents.”

“Yeshur.” Lisa murmured with a mouth stuffed with cock, looking up at the older man with bright, loyal eyes. As she was pierced from behind with Natalie’s digits and throated by Michael the young woman simply let herself fall into the moment, throwing herself fully into the fun and enjoyment of the play. Both Natalie and Michael were attractive clients; well dressed and cologned and clearly knowledgeable about what they were doing. They were the sort of people that Lisa enjoyed spending her working hours with, and to be under the weight of two of them at once was going to be a true delight.

The fingering continued with another hard slap, and still Lisa kept working her mouth up and down Michael’s cock. Her lips pulled back until she was practically nibbling the lip, and Michael took ahold of her pigtails to swipe her face back and forth, making his cock smear and spread across her face. Soon her cheeks were coated in spit and the trace of smeared bubblegum lipstick, and yet she still endured with that sweet and innocent expression she was so effectively selling the duo. Her mouth opened and she waited for Michael to place his cock back in its proper place, and when he let the tip rest against the very front of her tongue the woman behind them finally spoke up.

“Here, Michael. Let me help you.” And with that, she rose up to her feet on the bed and took a position standing over the young woman. She walked until her hands were able to reach Lisa’s head, and she straddled the other woman as she locked Lisa’s face firmly in place. One hand underneath her throat and the other across her forehead; the older woman held her babysitter tight as she leaned forward to kiss her husband. Lisa was just barely able to see the married duo’s lips meet as Michael started to fuck his hips back and forth; claiming the hole that was trapped in location by his wife.

Lisa gagged; her voice echoing through the room as the spit and the slop of the messy blowjob coated her chin and dripped down to the bed below. At one point Natalie hooked a finger on the inside of the girl’s mouth and forced her to open even wider; keeping her gaping opening there for her husband to continue to claim. Though the treatment was rough and almost abusive Lisa couldn’t help but tremble from the sensation, a dark part of her relishing in how the two worked together to so utterly and completely claim her face. Her cheeks stung as Natalie slapped her and her throat ached with every hard press of Michael’s cock, but still she remained on her hands and knees, content to take their rough affections.

The sound of her gagging mouth continued to fill the room, and it only drove Michael and Natalie into deeper states of arousal as he continued to fuck her face. The two were kissing in deep desire and Michael had moved his hands to his wife; fondling one of her breasts and sliding fingers down the front of her panties just underneath her skirt. Even from her position as a fucktoy Lisa could watch as he was fingering her wildly, her panties damp and her knees trembling and twitching. There was a certain passion between the two that was hard for Lisa to deny, and her cheeks darkened as a warm sensation started to overtake her. They were enjoying this moment deeply, and sharing it as a couple. And if that meant her mouth would be a little sore for a few hours, then so be it. She locked
her lips around Michael’s cock as he continued to ram back and forth, and her tongue flickered across his sensitive flesh as she begged him for his release.

“I’m going to cum…” Michael whispered, but the words weren’t meant for her, but rather his wife. He was whispering it against Natalie’s lips, his voice resonating with passion and ache and a hungry bliss quivering through him. “Baby, I’m going to cum in this little slut’s mouth…”

“Do it, Michael, that’s what she’s there for.” Natalie encouraged him with a strong voice, giving her husband permission for the moment. From what Lisa could tell it seemed like Natalie was in charge, though only just barely. The two gave her the impression of a team rather than a master and a servant, though not that it mattered. Whichever one of them was in charge still put little Lisa firmly on the bottom of the pile, with her knees aching and her mouth open to receive the husband’s load.

And what a load it was. Natalie held Lisa’s face down hard on Michael’s cock as the older man started to cum, and he pushed his hips forward to make sure he was cumming into her mouth down to the very depths. Lisa’s eyes went wide and her natural reflex tried to make her pull her head back, which she soon found was an impossible feat with his cream flooding her mouth. The already messy blowjob grew even more so as Lisa felt the warmth of his flavor rushing past her mouth and into her throat, and even past her sinuses. By the time she looked up at Michael and the older man started to draw his cock from her lips, her mouth was utterly filled with cum and streaks of white were running down her nose. She had been utterly claimed, and the married duo looked down at her with an expectant look.

“Well?” Natalie asked, and dangled in one of her hands a cell phone she had pulled from her dress. “...they’re only a phone call away, you know.”

Lisa shivered and nodded, and underneath the pair’s watchful gaze she sealed her lips and slowly swallowed. Though there was still cum across her face and her cheeks were simply a mess, she could feel the warmth of his cream slither down her throat and into her stomach. A soothing, ever-familiar sensation to a working prostitute, and one she was lucky enough to enjoy. After she had swallowed she opened her mouth up again, showing the two her clean tongue and lips as proof of her swallow. Natalie was convinced but still not content, and her hands locked again around the young woman’s head. She held Lisa’s head back with her mouth still opened, and pursed her lips as a long bead of spit slowly trailed from her mouth. It was centered squarely on Lisa’s tongue, and as soon as it connected the girl trembled from the dismissive and debasing action. Considering what she had just endured it was certainly more insult than injury, but an insult she still greedily swallowed. The blast of cum that had flooded her sinuses had made her wet, and the cocky spit into her mouth had only increased that intensity.

She didn’t know if the duo had any other rules, but she was really hoping Michael was allowed to fuck her. Excitement flooded Lisa’s body as the two gazed at each other and Natalie folded her arms across her chest, squaring her gaze on Michael. She leaned forward and pressed a faint kiss against her husband’s cheek, before she slowly moved away and hopped from the edge of the bed. Idly, she walked to the far end of the room and slipped into one of the comfortable chairs, folding one nylon-clad leg across a knee. From her vantage point she studied the two remaining on the bed, and she rolled a wrist as she offered her orders to the pair.

“Michael?” She asked, arching a brow. “Make her mount you. I want to see that little skirt flapping.”

“Yes, dear.” Michael was quick to respond, and gave his wife a tender smile. As he moved to straighten himself out against the bed, his voice broke through into the room once more, thoughtful and considerate and showing more emotion than Lisa had expected. “I love you, Natalie.”
“And I love you, Michael.” The woman responded without hesitation, but with a great deal of honesty in her voice. Lisa was watching for just a moment, taking in the affection between the two. By the time Natalie gave her a hard glare with a demand to continue Lisa was already moving to straddle her new client. Her cream-colored thighs moved to spread on either side of Michael’s lap, and she took ahold of his hilt, guiding it up towards her slit.

And she moved without hesitation, or any of the fear that she had when she first came under Envoy’s employ. It was hard to deny in the light of such evidence that there was a real joy in what she did, and that on some level, she was helping people. As she felt the pinch of Michael’s cock slide within her, and she started fucking the older man for the display of his stern and beautiful wife, Lisa’s eyes flickered to the crumpled piece of paper on the nightstand.

Envoy would give her a lot to start a new life if she left, but she wasn’t sure any amount could make her want to.

End of Chapter 13.
Of the Same Litter

Chapter Summary

When Envoy realizes that Catwoman has been sneaking around her brothel for some time now, it's time to pay tribute. How far will Selina go to prove she has professional respect for a fellow woman of crime?

Caged Birds
Chapter 14: Of the Same Litter
-By Drace Domino

It had been over a month now since Huntress and Black Canary had gone undercover. Over a month of servicing clients as prostitutes, over a month since they had even thought about their lives beyond the walls of Envoy’s brothel. They had gotten in so deep that the notion that they were too far in had certainly crossed Oracle’s mind more than once, but her two aides in communicating with the brothel always helped to bring back the message that they simply weren’t ready to move in just yet. It was probably a good thing that there was chaos elsewhere in Gotham that distracted Oracle; she had a tendency to never leave well enough alone and would likely have pulled the two girls out of their assignment had she not been working on other issues.

Huntress and Black Canary had been there a while, and as their undercover personas Brooke and Kelly they had easily elevated themselves to the ranks of Envoy’s favorites. Black Canary had been made a lieutenant while Huntress essentially had her pick of clients; always making sure to pick the ones she could tease, torment, and crack in all the right ways. They had put in their time and had hundreds of hours of servicing strange men’s cocks under their belt, and both of them had performed without a single complaint since they had started.

That made it...vexing, to say the least, when Envoy seemed to attach herself fondly to someone else. Not that Black Canary could really blame her; in the eyes of Envoy both herself and Helena were still nothing more than working girls; holes she had picked up off the street and forced into the service of sex for money. She had thought; however, that she had earned enough of Envoy’s trust and affection to be brought deeper into her inner circle. Deep enough to earn the woman’s trust, and perhaps even, her friendship. But it seemed like she and Helena still had work to do, and instead Envoy had found an unexpected friend in the form of a relative newcomer to the brothel.

Bombay. It was little more than a secret identity for none other than Catwoman, the infuriating Selina Kyle that so often managed to torment them throughout their adventures. In her leather trench coat and gray cotton hood she looked more like a Gotham Arms dealer than a sophisticate, but she had played herself off as a surprisingly skilled tattoo artist that worked solely for Gotham’s sleazier side. She visited the brothel not as an employee but as a contractor; one that was allowed to come and go as she pleased. And sure enough, Selina had put to use those charms of hers to win over Envoy’s friendship. The two were often seen walking side by side through the halls, discussing the various businesses that they were involved in. Certainly nothing incriminating, but enough to get underneath Black Canary’s skin. And the worst thing was she didn’t entirely know why. She wasn’t sure if she was mad because she was jealous of Selina or angry that it was her constant rival that took a spot of power, or that she was simply worried that Selina would ruin the whole thing. Ultimately she didn’t know, but she knew she didn’t like it.
And from beyond the door at the edge of the hallway, she could hear the two women laughing from within Envoy’s bedroom quarters. She was practically stewing as she thought about, her fingers clenched into fists and her blood hot and boiling. Every laugh shared between the two women made the hairs on the back of Dinah’s neck stand on end, and a jealous swell ache within her stomach.

Nothing the two could be talking about could possibly be that funny, anyway.

“So you’ve got a lock on the high class clients in Gotham.” Bombay smiled as she sat in a comfortable chair, her feet up on one of Envoy’s servants. He was a handsome and built man wearing a leather mask, confined to his hands and knees just before Bombay’s seat. The woman adjusted her legs and crossed her feet at the ankles; allowing the leather heels of her thick boots to gentle dig in against his flesh. Feeling him squirm and settle underneath her made her smirk, and she moved her hands up to finally pull back her dark gray hood. Short and shaggy black locks framed her face, and she gazed fondly across the room to Envoy. “It’s a good operation you’ve got. Tons of money rolling in, I imagine.”

“I do…” Envoy paused her words, long enough to draw in a long, thick drag on a delicately rolled paper against her lips. There was a soothing smell filling the room that spoke of just how well off the woman was, and sure enough as she pulled the paper away she held in the smoke, letting it drift slowly through her nose as she finally and softly spoke. “…well for myself.” She finally finished, and grinned as she held a hand out towards Bombay, offering her the ember-lit paper. “Gotham has more wealthy ammorals than it does clean and tight pussies. Arranging a meeting between the two seemed like a natural business decision.”

Catwoman’s eyes flickered to the joint offered to her, and for a moment she hesitated. Typically she liked to keep her senses acute and crisp, to have nothing holding her back. But she wasn’t Catwoman in that moment as much as she was Bombay, and she knew the importance of keeping her cover. Selina Kyle might not have taken the joint from Envoy, but Bombay, the tattoo artist from Brooklyn, certainly would. She moved to pinch it from her friend and rose it to her lips, drawing in a deep drag from the wet end Envoy had left her. And instantly, she felt relaxed. However much money Envoy was making, it was clear where a lot of it was going. Selina couldn’t help but break into a short laugh, looking at the ember-lit joint before handing it back to Envoy. Her senses were tingling and she already felt warm, and as she settled back into her seat she let her heels rest lower on Envoy’s slave’s back. Envoy herself was sitting with one leg folded underneath her on the edge of her bed, dressed in her typical red lace and leather and with her red mask perched perfectly against her scarred face. She took a drag and held it in appreciatively once more, and didn’t even bother to respond until she was forced to let it flow through her. A smile drew on her slightly scarred features and she practically melted back into the pillows, grinning at Selina as she did so.

“It’s from the east.” She explained simply, shrugging. “I’m not sure where...I don’t bother with those sorts of questions. All I care about is that it works.”

“Just like your girls?” Selina smirked, and let a few shaggy black locks dangle before her eyes. She gestured casually towards the nearby door, where a few snakes were sleeping just underneath Envoy’s nose. “You don’t care where they come from so long as they do their job? Even if their old job is at odds with you?”

She licked her lips, smirking a bit as she studied Envoy. The thin haze of smoke in the room was certainly relaxing, and Catwoman cast a glance towards the back line of cages in the rear of Envoy’s bedroom. There were a few young men there chained up and masked, all of them waiting for the
next time Envoy would use them. She recognized one of them; the officer she was so fond of playing with. Technically he was her property, but Catwoman wasn’t about to make a scene just yet. Besides...Bombay was having too much fun. Playing undercover, tattooing heroes and sluts, and smoking expensive pot in the heart of a brothel. Her pet officer could do with sore knees and the taste of a ball gag if it meant she got to enjoy the sweet life a little bit longer.

As for Selina’s words, Envoy simply gave a soft laugh as she rested back into the pillows. She folded her hands into her lap and stretched out; her nylon-clad legs crossing at the knee and her arms shifting to press just underneath her bust contained within the leather corset. Her smile was calm and relaxed, and she steadied her gaze idly on Catwoman while she spoke.

“I know more than I tend to let on.” She offered simply, her gaze following Selina as the other woman got comfortable. “It’s practically a requirement for women in our line of work, wouldn’t you say?”

And with that, Bombay simply stared blankly for a long moment. The gray hood was settled around her shoulders and her leather trench suddenly felt a bit tight. She had the distinct impression that she was being called out on her true self, but not in a way that was necessarily confrontational. A good thing; too, even though Selina imagined that Envoy wasn’t much of a fighter, she herself was bogged down in a heavy leather trench and a baggy hoodie that flowed around her arms. She wasn’t going to be doing anything remarkably acrobatic anytime soon, and Envoy still had her metahuman guards just outside down the hall.

Hell, if Envoy called for help, she wasn’t even sure if Black Canary and Huntress would help her. Those two seemed to have thrown themselves deep in the slutty, cum-filled mess they had gotten themselves into. As a result, Selina could only clear her throat and straighten her collar, before casting a short gaze towards the woman at the edge of the bed.

“Ah...well...” She began, drumming her fingers on the edge of the chair. “Being an underworld tattoo artist and all...it’s...you know, dangerous.”

“Save it.” Envoy spoke simply but smiled as she did it, and she slowly stretched forward once more. Her hand reached out to offer Selina another draw on her joint, the expensive goods that she was so thoroughly enjoying. Selina moved a hand out to tentatively take it, knowing full well that it wasn’t the sort of cheap stuff that someone wasted on someone they were about to kill. While Selina took another drag and felt the warmth rush through her again, she listened as Envoy spoke with a confident smirk pressed against her black lipstick-clad lips. “I’ve enjoyed spending time with you for the past week, Bombay. You haven’t stolen anything, even when you ‘knew’ you weren’t being watched.” She smirked softly. “So I’m left with a curious question for you, and I’m hoping the answer will be one that’ll allow us to still be friends.”

She took the joint back from Bombay and took another drag, before snuffing out the tip and setting it aside. Her lips pursed in sensual fashion and she blew the smoke in a wisp up into the air, letting the words settle as a moment of oddly relaxed tension grew between them. It was certainly the most comfortable showdown Selina had ever had. When Envoy spoke again her voice was still friendly, yet hiding behind it was the faintest edge of danger. A hint, a gentle promise, that she was still the master of the brothel and everything underneath its roof.

“Why did a stray cat walk through my door?”

Selina’s throat tightened, and she realized in that moment that she wasn’t nearly the undercover agent that she thought she was. Fair enough; she was always better at not even being seen rather than being seen as someone else. It didn’t terribly surprise her that Envoy had figured it out, though she was still a little worried that the otherwise relaxing evening would turn hostile. With a grunt Catwoman
adjusted her feet on the kneeling pet, and bit down on her bottom lip, idly. She needed an answer, and she had a damned good idea that lying wasn’t going to cut it. Even if Envoy wasn’t sharper than most, Selina could only suspect that the fantastic pot she had been intaking probably inhibited her ability to lie.

Tricky bitch, she probably meant it to be that way. Catwoman just sighed in resignation at her situation, and gestured towards the back of the room. Deciding to be completely honest, she stretched out a finger and pointed to the chained up officer, her voice slipping out into the room with a simple, matter-of-fact tone.

“Because that’s mine.” She blurted out, and glanced at Envoy. “That one right there, the one in the middle. That’s it. I got no other reason to be here.”

“Oh, him?” Envoy glanced over to look towards the officer, who had lifted his head in curiosity. Even though a leather mask was obscuring his vision, he clearly knew that they were discussing him, and he similarly knew that however the conversation went might have certain repercussions for a new rookie cop that had gotten in over his head. Envoy studied the young man for a while, her eyes drifting up and down his nearly naked form. She had been using him extensively as of late, both as her own entertainment and for certain trials, but there was little that could be down when the original owner came running about. Envoy drummed her fingers on her mattress, and then shot a casual glance back at Catwoman. “You can have him back. But one condition, yes?” Her voice was dangerous and had the taste of snake venom in Selina’s ears, though the cat burglar already knew she was too far in to decline.

“What condition is that…?” She let the words roll off her tongue, and she watched as Envoy slowly stood up, straightening herself out. She smoothed her hands down the front of her outfit and adjusted her corset idly, before her hands moved up to secure the mask perched across her face. It was with a surprising amount of restrained patience that she started to walk again, slowly moving around the edge of the bed and gradually approaching Selina. While she walked she finally spoke up once more, her hands gesturing simply towards Selina while she did so.

“You see, we are, of course, women of the Underworld. You’re one of the most refined burglars in the city, and I’m an entrepreneur. And I want you to know that I have the utmost respect for you.” It was with that that Envoy slowly knelt before Catwoman’s chair. She moved a hand up and rested it on Selina’s, offering it to her in almost a sisterly fashion. “And I truly want us to be friends when the sun rises. I don’t...have many. But you’ll understand that for you attempting to deceive me, I need...some sign that you’re apologetic. That you acknowledge that this is my home, my rules, and you’ll treat me with the respect a friend deserves.” It didn’t matter if she was the one to kidnap Selina’s property first, it only mattered that she held the cards now. Selina watched and shifted uncomfortably while Envoy walked and spoke, though she didn’t have the same black pit in her stomach that she would have given some of the other members of Gotham’s criminal element. Envoy wasn’t the Joker or Two-Face, she wasn’t deranged and insane. If she said she wanted a sign of respect, then she meant it.

And all things considered, it wasn’t an unreasonable request.

Catwoman chewed idly on her bottom lip for just a moment, and then finally gave Envoy a small, short nod. She wasn’t entirely sure just what sort of trial she was going to be put through, but she knew that until she passed it Envoy would be calling the shots. As soon as she nodded Envoy gave a big smile, and she stood up as she gestured for Catwoman to do the very same.

“Wonderful.” She chirped up, and motioned for Selina to move towards the bed. “In the morning I look forward to having all this behind us. You’ll have your property back, I’ll have proper tribute,
Selina believed her words. She knew she wasn’t in any danger, and she knew that Envoy was sincere in what she wanted. She didn’t; however, think it was going to be particularly easy to move forward after what was about to happen. She knew they’d be friends in the morning, but she fully expected they’d be friends with some crazy skeletons in their closet in just a few hours.

And she’d be right.

It didn’t take long for Selina’s penance to begin. It started with Catwoman being instructed to strip down to nothing; her gray hoodie and her trench coat all cast aside to the floor below. Envoy stopped her short of removing her thick leather boots; actually short combat boots that stopped at the ankle. The mistress of the brothel had commented that she found them cute and charming, and that meant they stayed laced and firm on Selina’s feet throughout the event. And once Catwoman laid naked on the bed, her slender and athletic frame exposed for Envoy to see, the woman that ran the show gave a wide smile.

“I have something for this occasion.” She finally spoke up, and turned her back to head towards a dresser. For a moment, Selina had the instinct to leap into action. She was naked and untethered now, and certainly Envoy would be an easy takedown with her back turned. But ultimately...Selina couldn’t do it. As she thought of it she felt a little sick to her stomach, so much so that a hand moved over her bare, flat belly. She wouldn’t attack Envoy from behind any sooner than she’d attack Ivy or Harley. If anything, she’d attack those other two bimbos first since she still had yet to see Envoy do anything truly malicious. At least...until she saw what the woman held when she turned back around.

“Oh, I should’ve kicked you in the back of the head.” Selina blurted out, unashamed that her words could be heard. Envoy just grinned as she drew herself forward and rose her hands up, moving to place something squarely on Selina’s head.

“Missed your chance.” She spoke securely, and made sure they were properly placed. When she pulled away she studied the sight of Selina Kyle in a pair of Halloween cat ears; big and fluffy and perched perfectly atop her dark locks. Envoy just clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth, and moved to idly straighten out her mask. “But let’s get started, shall we?”

Selina’s cheeks were bright red as the dominant Envoy turned her back once more, moving towards the line of cages in the very back. One by one doors were opened and one by one masks were removed, revealing men of fit physiques and handsome features, two of which Selina recognized. One was her beloved officer, and the other was a county board member that had been on TV several times talking about the dark parts of Gotham. It would seem Envoy cast a pretty wide net. By the time she had unmasked and freed her pets including the one Selina had been using as a footstool she was flanked in total by four men; each of them standing behind her and laying eyes on the girl in cat ears on the bed.

Even the officer looked at Selina with lust, though there was a tinge of guilt in his eyes. She wouldn’t hold anything against him that night, but she’d make damn sure that he thought she did. The four men looked towards Envoy for orders, and when the woman finally spoke her voice was filled with authority and presence, and laced with the sort of subtle domination that her tiny frame managed to muster so remarkably well.

“Go and play.” She gave them the gentle command, gesturing to the catgirl on the bed. “You each get to cum twice. After the second time, I want you back at my side.”
Selina’s cheeks darkened as the small swarm of men drew near, unleashed by Envoy as if she was the undisputed ruler of their desires. Within the confines of her room in her brothel in her very district of Brideshead, she absolutely was.

Four men moved towards the bed, and Selina’s throat tightened as she felt it shift underneath their weight. She could feel hands upon her almost instantly; grabbing her at her ankles and her elbows and moving her into a position that would bring each of them pleasure. She didn’t wrap her hands around stiff cocks so much as have them thrust into her grip, and similarly her mouth had barely opened into a gasp when it was suddenly stuffed with a thick, dark member. Her eyes opened wide as she was descended upon, and the second that she had eight hands and four lengths against her she felt a shiver of a hidden excitement running through her. As Envoy watched with a soft smirk against her half-hidden features in the background Selina just gave a tiny whimper of pathetic submission; she was fully at Envoy’s mercy now, and the woman seemed to have precious little even for her friends.

Selina quickly lost track of which one of the men was her favorite officer; her eyes closed as she felt the taste of cock against her tongue and her lips pursed halfway down the shaft. A hand took her short black locks and pulled her down along it until she was pushing her lips down to the base, the flavor of flesh and the tickle of a tip teasing the very back of her throat. She couldn’t maintain the deepthroat for long but the man held her there for as much as she was able to maintain; and when she pulled back with her lips wet and her throat aching he only gave her a half-second to catch a new breath before resuming. Maybe she could have handled throating him a little better if she wasn’t being otherwise overwhelmed; a hand on each of her breasts and a cock in both fists, and most heated the feel of her legs being lifted in the air. A heavy length fell against the top of her slit and she arched her hips forward in a lewd gesture of invitation, ready for whoever it was that wanted to claim her whether it was her pet officer or not.

Envoy just watched from a seat on the side, the same that Catwoman had occupied during their conversation. She was content to observe for the moment; one of her elegant legs folded over the other at the knee and her dark lips twisted into a dominant smile. She was pleased that Selina had played by her rules, as pleased as she was that she’d be able to look at the woman as a friend when the morning came, rather than a rival that needed an admittedly harsh lesson. Well...potentially harsh, but from the early few seconds it certainly didn’t seem like Selina was taking it that poorly. She was sucking down the thickest of the cocks with surprising endurance, and her wrists and hands were still working even as a tip was pushed against her pussy. Envoy waited with baited breath until she heard a distinctive whine come from catwoman; the pitched sound of a woman being claimed by a man she didn’t know.

Envoy just laughed softly, and licked her lips as she leaned back. She had to admit; when she bought them she almost wondered if they were too silly, but the cat ears made a nice touch. It softened the dark and mysterious woman’s appeal, making her look cuter and even more innocent. As innocent as a woman could look servicing four strangers, at least. The man inside of Selina started to thrust heavy and hard, his hands locking around her waist and holding absolutely nothing back. Envoy couldn’t blame him; or any of them, for that matter. She kept her pets always on the edge of arousal, oftentimes pulling them out of their storage just for the purpose of teasing them to near completion. Being allowed to treat themselves was something rare indeed, especially with three holes to work with and the permission to cum twice. Envoy had her theories about which of her men would exhaust his allotment first, but it didn’t matter. They’d all have more chances by the end of the night.

It didn’t surprise Envoy that the officer that Selina had a relationship with was the first one to cum, though it did surprise the brothel’s madam that he hadn’t claimed prime real estate for the occasion. He got off while being jerked by Selina’s distant hand, likely while the woman didn’t even know it was him. He was a sweet boy being an honest cop in the GCPD, and didn’t seem to have the same
aggressive demands as the others. As Selina jerked him he gave a sudden whimpering moan as he started to unload within her grip, shooting his cream across her full and lush breasts and down across the slender slope of her stomach. He was left breathing heavy but still hard, his stiff and now-slick cock still being jerked by Selina. For a moment Envoy almost pondered calling him back and advising him not to waste his turns with two handjobs, but that was his mistake to make if he so wished it.

The next man to cum was the one claiming Selina’s mouth; likely realizing that it was as skilled at sucking as it was at lying and seducing. His fingers were tight in her hair as he pushed himself deep into her mouth, unloading himself in several heavy pumps of thick cum. When his dark, black member pulled out of her mouth Selina’s lips shut closed from reflex, and Envoy watched as the burglar’s throat tightened and she gave a sudden swallow without even being told to do so. It was likely two full mouthfuls of cum she took down in a single gulp, and Envoy smirked softly at the sight of it. She knew she liked Selina for a reason; it was rare to find a friend so utterly willing to...let go. Whether it was giving in to a life of crime or throwing herself fully into an unexpected gangbang, Catwoman went full speed ahead at all things. Envoy had to respect that.

Another man started to erupt in Selina’s hand, and more loads of thick cream started to burst against her chest. It covered her nipples and smeared into the crook of her neck, pooling there with the past release that had coated her. And again Envoy watched in nothing less than pleased shock as Selina released her officer’s member, scooped her fingers against the pool of two men’s cum on her chest, and rose it up to her mouth to swallow it down against her tongue. She kept her eyes on the men fucking her at first before she let her gaze drift over to Envoy, her friend. The woman that had made her suck down cum and fuck four men while wearing nothing more than combat boots and a pair of cat ears. Okay, her best friend.

Not that there was much competition in that category.

The man inside of Selina managed to hold on long enough to be the last of the four to use his first load, but they all watched in delight as it happened. There was something particularly enchanting about the look on a fiercely independent womans’ eyes when she felt a rush of cum inside of her; her body relishing in the warmth while her mind spun with hesitation and worry. It all blended into an accepting groan that erupted from the back of Selina’s throat, and she let her walls tighten against the man inside of her, making sure to drain him of every last trace of his thick white cream. By the time he pulled free of her hole she was tight-lipped down below, barely even letting a drop escape despite how full she had become. The four of them all exchanged glances with the naked Selina laying before her, as if deciding just what to do with her. It was the officer, the sweet and sensitive officer that Selina had delighted in teasing for so long, that spoke up first.

“I get her ass! I’ve earned it!”

Oh, how Envoy was proud of him then, and she could tell by the look in Catwoman’s eyes that the burglar was too. None of the men challenged his claim and in fact they even worked with him to position her, the officer laying flat as they lifted up Selina and helped to lower her against his cock. She was sitting up facing away from her young lover as she felt the pinch of his cock into her ass, and there came a delightful moan from her as it slowly slid in up until she met the hilt. With her ass pierced with her lover’s familiar and throbbing cock she squirmed back and forth, and kept shivering in arousal until another man finally strapped her legs over his knees, and filled her front as well. Just like that Catwoman was claimed from both ends; sandwiched in between them while the other two men stood on either sides of the mess, tossing her head back and forth to force her mouth against their cocks.

Envoy continued watching with joy lining her eyes, and her excitement building deep within her.
She watched with glee as Selina’s hair was pulled back and she was made to lick across cum-marked balls, forced to clean them before being offered a fresh and salty pair. Her cheeks were red and her hair was a sweaty mess but her cat ears remained on, ensuring for everyone in the room that she was still a good, good kitty. Envoy’s arms folded across her chest just underneath her breasts, and she switched the leg across her knees, beginning to feel a bit of heat rising in her own right. It was a delight to see her pets work out all of their frustration just then, fucking Selina’s ass and pussy and taking turns rutting her mouth. Her cheeks were coated in spit and her breasts were still marked with cum, and every time the cocks within her shifted back and forth she erupted with another wonderful cry. She was being fully claimed by her trained and loyal pets, and Envoy was thankful for her service. They’d whine a little bit less for the next few days, at least.

One man wasted his final load in Selina’s mouth, though from the joy flowing from his throat the word wasted was likely a bit of an over exaggeration. He certainly looked like he enjoyed it as he kept Selina’s nose buried against his lap, his cock pushed deep down into her throat as he released his payload fully inside of her. When he finished her mouth was pulled off of his cock with a cough, cum drooling from her lips and her cheeks red and heated. It wasn’t long after that the man fucking her pussy met his second peak as well, and Envoy could hear Selina scream in wild delight as she received her second load of the evening. Thick waves of cum rushed into her and met with what was already there, and this time when he pulled out of her she was too full to keep it all in. A little bit of it squirted out of her pussy to the sheets below, and Envoy delighted in watching her cum-filled hole simmer while the officer’s member continued to steadily piston in and out of her tight, clenchd rear.

The other man that had been enjoying Catwoman’s mouth soon saw an opening, and realized that he had the opportunity to release his spunk inside of Selina as well. He was quick to take his fellow pet’s place by helping to double penetrate her, scooping up her sweat-licked legs and mounting them over his knees as he started to fuck into her. His thrusts were hard and rough and he held her hair tight in both hands as he fucked her, his motions so hard and forceful that the officer below couldn’t maintain his usual rhythm. Instead, Selina simply slammed her ass down to the hilt of her lover and held it there until the man claiming her pussy fucked her to a rough and heavy completion. Grunts filled the room and accented themselves with Selina’s own whimpering cry. Three loads in Catwoman, and the fourth and final was likely going to be going into her ass. Even Selina whimpered as the third man pulled out of her pussy and she drooled even more cum out of her hole, whimpering below her breath that it already felt like too much.

Envoy just smirked. She had three loads in her now, but Envoy was far from finishing proving her point.

The officer was the last one with a bullet in the chamber, so to speak, and his hands locked against Selina’s waist as he started to fuck up into her harder and harder. His member pushed in deep to her ass as he drew out of her every bit of frustration she had ever given him, every teasing word and every “I’ll get you off tomorrow” she had whispered to him. As he fucked into Selina’s ass her pussy continued to tighten and squirt; cum from the previous visitors landing against the sheets in between the officer’s legs. And when his moment came he pulled Ivy squarely down into his lap, piercing her deep and burying his cockhead against her very core as he started to erupt.

And it was glorious. Envoy watched with a brow arched above her mask as she saw his sack tighten and his cock throb; giving Selina a payload of cream that had clearly been building up for some time. He wasn’t wasting his first time in Selina’s ass, that much was sure. Selina moaned and whimpered and even squirted in a wild climax of her own as her ass was filled, every drop of thick white passion flooding into her and making her senses flare in desire. When they finally finished Selina rolled over onto her waist breathing heavy, drawing in the smell of sex that had come to absolutely dominate the bedroom. She was glistening in sweat and leaking cum from both holes, her breathing ragged and scattered and her fingers gripping the sheets. The four men that had just helped themselves to her
stood around gazing at Envoy, looking for instruction. They didn’t dare act without it.

Envoy clicked her tongue softly, and drummed her fingers on her chair. She was...ninety percent sure that Selina had learned her lesson, but there was still a lot she could do with that ten percent.

“Right, let’s get started.” She finally spoke, and stood up from her seat as Selina gave a whimper from the back of her throat.

“...you really remind me of Poison Ivy sometimes.” Selina murmured, though her voice was half-muffled by the press of Envoy’s folds against her lips. The other woman just chuckled softly at the accusation, and stretched herself out a little more against the bed. She was seated near the head with her legs spread just enough for Selina to gain access, as well as giving Catwoman the chance to lift her lower half up into the air. Envoy had been very demanding about the position; that Selina rest on her knees with her lower half lifted, and her mouth firmly pressed against the slender, shaven folds of the madam of the brothel. Envoy herself had only barely undressed; her panties pulled aside but otherwise still wearing leather and lace, the sheer fabric of her stockings every now and again rubbing against Selina’s cheek.

“I’ll take that as a compliment, I rather enjoy Ms. Ivy’s style.” Envoy responded simply, and moved a hand down to scritch the kitty idly behind one of her fake ears. In truth, she wasn’t into women, but that wasn’t what Selina’s current service was about. The thief had infiltrated her domain and dared to try to subvert her, and with that came a bit more shame that Catwoman had to endure. A bit more proof positive that it was Envoy in charge of the brothel, and anyone daring to do business with her would have to give tribute. Envoy smiled sweetly with her dark lips as she combed her fingers through Selina’s hair, sighing contently as the other woman licked and lapped and even nibbled at her folds.

Hell, even if she wasn’t into women generally, it wasn’t like the feeling of a warm, wet tongue against her pussy was unwelcomed. Besides, watching Selina get gangbanged had done quite a number on her own arousal, and it was up to Catwoman to clean the mess she had maid. Envoy laughed softly as she settled, and finally moved a hand into the air and gave a short wave to the four men still milling about.

“Alright, pets, she’s open for business!” She announced, and watched as Selina’s cheeks turned a bright red at the announcement. “But don’t you dare move her from this position, and you get her pussy only! Oh...and I don’t want to see any cum unless it fell out of her. Do I make myself clear?” The men all gave nods and grunts of approval while Selina’s cheeks simply darkened. Envoy didn’t give them a limit that time, and it let Catwoman know that she might be presenting herself for a while. Her toes wiggled within her boots and she made sure her knees were comfortable on the mattress, realizing that she was likely in that position for some time to come. She didn’t even see who it was that mounted her from behind first, but from the feel of the thick member pushing within her she could only guess it was the big, black cock that had already made her throat sore. She whimpered against the taste of Envoy’s pussy and kept her eyes up on her new friend, making sure to look at Envoy while she serviced her as a matter of respect. And in turn, she was afforded something of a treat that took the sting out of being used as a pleasure toy for Envoy and her pets.

“That’s good, just keep having at her like that.” The mistress of the brothel spoke up, her voice clear and loud as her hands drew up. “As many times as you like. No limits for you tonight, pets!” The words were chilling to Selina but also exciting in a very mysterious way, and she could only imagine the feel of rush after rush of warm cum flooding within her. It made her tighten against the cock inside of her that very second, and in turn she heard the man fucking her give a hungry groan from
the sudden clench. Selina kept licking her tongue back and forth over Envoy’s folds as the woman’s hands slowly moved up to the red mask covering her features, pinching it at the top and bottom as she started to move it. For a moment Selina thought she was simply moving its position but she soon realized the woman was fully removing it, and she couldn’t help but let her tongue flap harder against wet slit in anticipation. The face of Envoy hadn’t yet been seen by anyone she knew, and Selina did so very love mysteries.

Had she not had a tongue full of pussy and a pussy full of cock, what soon followed might have been enough to turn Selina away. Instead she watched with her eyes wide as she processed everything, reading the roadmap of pain that was Envoy’s face. The woman was badly scarred; even for a Gotham City criminal. The light scarring over her lips got much deeper before creeping up her face, moving alongside her nose and near her eyes. Even her eyes looked different, and as Selina continued to slobber her tongue back and forth and get steadily fucked, she pieced it together. The mask had lenses; forged to make Envoy’s eyes look like anyone else’s.

Underneath it, they were milky and blank.

“...you’re blind.” Selina whispered, her voice barely audible over the tremor of shock and the steady quaking of the bed. She wasn’t sure if it was possible to feel bad for someone at the same time that she was desperately aroused, but seeing Envoy’s face while being fucked by a big, black cock had somehow managed to do it. Her heart went out to her friend just as her hole clenched around his member. Envoy, in turn, spoke with a sweet voice as she let a hand move into Selina’s hair, encouraging her to keep eating.

“Only without the mask, dear.” She murmured, and gestured to two small indents on either side of her face that seemed to go deeper than the scarring. Places for the mask to attach that looked smooth and almost metallic, like the port on a computer device. Selina wasn’t savvy enough to even wager a guess, but knowing Gotham and the sort of tech some people had, she wouldn’t rule out just about anything. Envoy moved a finger to her lips after setting her mask aside, shushing her friend with kindness in her blinded, pained eyes. “Now shush. You’ve a long night ahead of you.”

Catwoman just groaned in response, as it came at about the same time as a thick load of cum filled her up. The man inside of her gave her a slap on the ass for her service as he pulled away, and Selina felt the first bit of cum drip out of her only seconds before a new cock had found its place. As she broke into an erupting scream she was pulled down into Envoy’s pussy once more, and she moaned and licked as she gazed up at her new friend’s face, studying it further.

There was likely a time that Envoy had Asian features, but the scarring had all but eradicated any trace of her lineage. It was hard to place but after her time in Gotham Selina had learned a few things about disfigured criminals, and what Envoy was displaying was unlike anything she had ever seen. It might not have been quite so bad as Two-Face, but where Harvey had been splashed in a clean strike whatever happened to Envoy had taken time. A lot of slow, painful time.

She stopped eating her friend out because she had to, and started doing it because she wanted to bring her joy in that moment. She even started to thrust back into the next cock inside of her, crashing her hips back into it eagerly as she hoped to drain him of cum. The mere sight of Envoy made Selina want to do all she could to please her new friend, even if it was putting on a show that she couldn’t see, and servicing her with a pair of lips that weren’t the same roughness she typically liked.

She had to see Ivy and Harley. She had to let them know. Envoy might have been alone in whatever goal she had, but she didn’t have to be. Catwoman had to let them know...the gentle moans and gasps that flowed from Envoy’s lips as she fed Selina her pussy were starting to sound a lot like a
siren’s song.

The evening continued like that for some time, and Selina’s position didn’t change much. Eventually Envoy grew tired of her climaxes against Selina’s mouth and she pulled her new friend against her, rolling Selina over and letting her lay back against her ample chest. From there, she held her tight while the men continued to take their run of her. And ultimately, Selina lost count of the loads she had taken. Underneath the weight of four different men and restrained by obligation and affection to Envoy, Selina was little more than a wet hole for the men to deposit their cum. They all took multiple turns, likely knowing that under Envoy’s rule that weren’t liable to get another chance so good any time soon. Each time they came Selina felt like she couldn’t be any more full, and each time a cock pushed into her she squirted out cum to make room.

She was...glad she had been up on the pill, and only hoped that it was strong enough for full-fledged breeding parties. With every load she took she was recoiled into Envoy’s arms, and Envoy held her with a friendly, almost sisterly grip as she combed fingers through Selina’s hair and even kissed the bridge of her forehead from time to time. It was an odd warmth that came over Selina that was different from the hot pies that continued to flood within her; an affection and camaraderie that even Ivy and Harley would be hard-pressed to generate in her. Catwoman had always been independent, partly because she could never truly agree with everything others wanted to do. But as Envoy held her as she was fucked again and again and bred like a bitch, she found herself hoping, truly hoping...

...please, don’t let Envoy’s motives by psychotic. It was a lot to ask for Gotham City, but she was hoping against hope that Envoy did what she did for the right reasons. She wanted a friend that wasn’t a clown obsessed with a worse clown, or a woman that would snap her neck for snapping a twig. Just one friend that wasn’t half fucking lunatic, was that so much to ask?! As the final load of a litany of cum was finally and slowly pumped inside of Selina she moaned and whimpered with her hips thrusting forward, and Envoy lowered herself to press a soft, sisterly kiss against the other woman’s mouth. It was chaste and pure; her tongue wasn’t present and when she pulled away she even let a bit of her black lipstick against the other woman’s lips. A smile came to Envoy, and as Selina laid in her arms exhausted and leaking cum like a split balloon, the madam of the brothel pointed to her pets.

“Alright, everyone, fun’s over. I want masks on and you all back in your cages.” Selina wasn’t particularly surprised to see how they obeyed. Each one moved to take their place and slip their mask back on, following her with an obedience that could only be earned. Once they were in place Envoy took her mask and rose it back up to her face, reattaching it with a clicking noise. The vision of cold green eyes returned, and she scanned to make sure all the pets obeyed before moving her hand to a remote control on her nightstand. A push of a button, and each cage closed and snapped tight with an electric locking mechanism.

“In the morning I’ll give you yours back.” Envoy whispered, and combed her fingers through Selina’s hair in sisterly fashion. “You sleep here for tonight, get some rest.”

“Mmmnnng...okay.” Selina nodded a bit; and even lifting her hips for an instant made her belly churn. So much was inside of her that every inch she moved came with a spurt of cum, and it wasn’t long before she felt like she was sitting in a pool of leaked cream. Ignoring the wet spot, her sweat-licked brow gazed up at Envoy, and she asked in a soft, weary voice. “...in the morning, can we talk about your plan? I...want to know your story.”

Envoy just smiled, her scarred features hidden underneath the red mask. She nodded slowly, and moved a hand to smooth her thumb before Selina’s lips, half-shushing her and half showing her a sweet touch of affection.
“Friends get to know who I am.” She promised Selina, and got comfortable as well. “No secrets between us anymore in the morning.”

Selina Kyle, Catwoman, and the tattooing thief Bombay all laid in Envoy’s arms as she slowly drifted to sleep, filled with both cum proving how she had earned the woman’s friendship, and hope that all of her work wasn’t for nothing.

Please, don’t be a fucking psychopath like everyone else.

End of Chapter 14.
Delayed Reaction

Chapter Summary

Envoy knows about the hidden sluts within her midst, and she knows that Black Canary isn't the woman she once thought. What sort of punishment might she have in store for her? And a better question...will Black Canary even see it as punishment?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Caged Birds
Chapter 15: Delayed Reaction

Envoy hadn’t spoken to Black Canary in three days, and the superhero was starting to figure out why. She had seen Envoy and Catwoman under the guise of Bombay leaving the Mistress’ quarters one morning, and when Dinah had attempted to talk to her Envoy gave her a few short words before returning to her quarters. From that very instant Dinah knew, or at the very least suspected, that the game was up. True to her nature Selina had likely revealed everything to the Mistress of the brothel, letting Envoy know that she had not just one, but two superheroes under her thumb posing as regular girls working underneath her.

For her part, Dinah tried her best to play things cool in the dim hope that perhaps she was overreacting. She continued to fulfill her duties towards Envoy even though it became increasingly difficult without any direct communication from her; she was forced to make tight decisions and speak on behalf of the woman running the establishment. More than once she had been forced into the guilty situation of arranging clients for young women to spend time with, often even when those women were Lisa and Helena. There was a certain guilt that ebbed within Dinah as she sent men off to fuck her friends, and though she had long since accepted the reality of the brothel, there still felt a violation nagging within her at being the one to make such decisions. But it was all a part of the ruse, all a part of continuing to keep up appearances. Whether or not she and Helena would be revealed or even attacked Dinah wasn’t entirely sure, but moreover she wasn’t even sure exactly why she was worried about it.

She didn’t know, deep down, what concerned her most. That their cover had been revealed and they might possibly face true danger, or that the months-long distraction would soon come to a crashing end. Dinah had long since given in to her situation; accepted it as just a role she was now there to fill. There was no more shame in what she did anymore and there was no more fear; only the ever present lust that filled her every time she was given men to service or a job to do around the brothel. The idea of returning to her life as a hero, as Black Canary, had become something admittedly distant within her. Every morning she would dismiss the thoughts of it, and every night she would say to herself “maybe tomorrow.” It had become a perfect circle of addiction for her, and she had been utterly unable to break it. There were always excuses for why she wouldn’t move forward with her plan, ranging from the legitimate to the ones that truly stretched the believability of her desires. “I can’t advance the plan today, there’s too many security guards in this room” certainly had merit. “Not today, I have a meeting with Mr. Harson” certainly didn’t. At least, that’s what Oracle would claim. For Dinah, the stakes had become that desperate and her desires had become that ravenous.
And not seeing Envoy for days made her worried. She hadn’t even seen Catwoman after that initial morning when she saw the woman leaving Envoy’s room, but she could still clearly remember the sinister smirk that had spread across the villain’s lips. She had given Black Canary a teasing look, her usual playful smirk that always had everyone guessing her motivations. That sort of fanciful nonsense might have somehow charmed Batman, but it only irritating Black Canary. Especially when there was so very, very much on the line. She had resolved to demand answers from Selina if the woman ever stepped foot in the brothel again, whether she was under the guise of Bombay or not, but to that moment she still hadn’t been given the opportunity. She was left essentially in the dark, her only daily duties to make sure the clients for the brothel were tended to, and occasionally taking those matters into her own slender hands.

It was one such evening, and Dinah’s throat was tight as she prepared herself for it. She had been given word from one of the guards at the brothel that she was to service a new client that evening, and that her attendance was a direct request from Envoy herself. It was the closest thing Dinah had gotten to hearing from her mistress in days, and naturally she had been eager to oblige. But as she sat there in her bedroom waiting for the client in question, she couldn’t help but feel ultimately nervous. The nylon suit she wore was see-through and remarkably sheen and sultry; leaving all of her skin visible underneath a dark layer of silky fabric that felt sensual and erotic to the touch. A simple leather collar with a dog’s name tag hung from the center, marking her name simply as “bitch” for the evening. She looked like a woman that was there to please and be pleasured, and as always she had gone out of her way to look her absolute best in it. Still, a tight fitting second skin of nylon wasn’t exactly the best thing to fight in, and Black Canary still didn’t know just who was coming to meet her. It was possible that the guards had been legitimate in their words, and that she simply had a new client to tend to. It was also possible; however, that the next man to open the door would be carrying a gun and be intent on ending the charade.

When the knock on the door came, Black Canary’s throat was tight, and her knees weak as she slowly stood up. She started to pad across the carpet towards the door, her breathing slow and measured as she moved. She knew somewhere within the room there was a spy device; not just for Envoy but for Oracle as well, and that she was likely underneath the gaze of both controlling women in her life in that very moment. She paused only to take one last glance at herself in the mirror, and smooth her hands idly down her hair, straightening it out. Whether cocks or bullets were waiting for her beyond the door she had no choice but to open it, but just in case she was already preparing a canary scream in the back of her throat. Just in case.

When Dinah opened up the door her cheeks went red, and the weakness in her knees only increased. The color drained from her cheeks and she stared ahead in awe; the scream dying in her throat as she padded back a step, staring ahead in relative disbelief.

“You’re Kelly, yeah?” A young man stared ahead, licking his lips as he studied the woman before him. “We all paid our twenty bucks, time to put out!” It wasn’t the young man himself that made Dinah tremble where she stood, nor was it the odd mask he held in one of his hands, clearly meant for her. It was the fact that she could see men his age lined up back behind him, until they wrapped around the corner. They were all young; likely only barely eighteen, and the one in the very front wore a T-shirt letting her know that Gotham High football ruled. As soon as she saw them all she knew just what she was in store for, and she wasn’t sure whether she should fight or flee, or simply cheer for what was likely going to be an interesting night. She opted for the latter as her eyes gazed down to the item clenched in the young man’s hand, and he quickly offered an explanation.

“We were told you gotta wear this, slut.” He held it up with a smile, exposing it to be a simple black strap meant to go around her eyes, with a simple bump in the side that would fit snugly against her ear. Dinah was still in stunned silence as the young man wasted no time; moving his hands out to slip the mask around her face, covering her eyes and securing the earpiece against her. Dinah could tell
as soon as the mask slid over her face that it was some form of comm device, and that suspicion was confirmed the second she heard a slow, sultry, and most of all dangerous voice slide forward into her ear.

“Get to work, whore.” It was Envoy’s voice, and she didn’t sound even remotely pleased. Dinah swallowed nervously, and stepped back into the bedroom only a few feet, before lowering herself down to her knees and waiting for the unseen army to come for her.

It was mere seconds after that she could taste cock against her tongue, and a young man’s strong hand was wrapped tight within her hair. She was drooling against a thick member that was pushing too deep into her throat, the result of a horny teenage boy that didn’t understand what was too rough and what was too hard. One of her hands had been pulled up to jerk at another cock, and all around her she could hear them making comments, talking about what a “hot piece” she was, and how they couldn’t believe what a deal they had gotten. A chance to gangbang a blonde slut in a classy place like this, and only for twenty dollars. What a deal.

Dinah’s tongue trembled underneath the member lying across her, and she shivered at the flavor of it. Though she was fully blindfolded she could tell the young man was enjoying it from the groaning vibrations that echoed through him, and the remarkable strength of his thrusts into her mouth. Had Dinah not practiced with a cock the size of Mr. Harson’s she likely would’ve struggled with what she was offered, but as a result it was merely a warmup for what she was capable of handling, and very likely what was soon about to come for her. As she continued to messily suck; lines of drool falling from her mouth and splashing across her nylon-covered chest, once again the sinister voice of Envoy filled her ear and her senses, speaking with the sort of menacing tone that was yet laced with a sultry presence, reminiscent of Poison Ivy. The only difference was that Poison Ivy had never had this sort of power over Black Canary.

“I want you to know that you very nearly had a different person behind that door, Black Canary.” With those words all of Dinah’s questions had been answered, and as cock flavored her mouth she cursed a breath against Catwoman. Selina must have revealed them, and that fussy slut was going to pay if Black Canary ever managed to get out of it. She was chilled to the bone; however, as Envoy continued in a patient yet dangerous voice, whispered only to Dinah through the earpiece. “It was very nearly one of my guards, holding the head of that oversized mammoth that comes to visit you. Huntress would be receiving a similar visitor, with her young lover’s face smiling up at her with cold...dead...eyes.” The words hung in the air for a moment, and Envoy gave a soft sigh over the other end of the line. As Dinah felt fingers teasing at her hair and forcing her motions even more, the mistress continued with a thoughtful tone. “But ultimately they’re both too good of customers for me to consider wasting like that. And I similarly know that they would stop spending their ludicrous disposable incomes here were I to simply make the two of you...disappear. As much as I deeply, deeply desired to in the moments after I learned of your true identities.”

“Look at those tits of hers! Man, I can’t wait to fuck those!” One of the teenage boys in the room called out, and was met with a round of laughter as well as other suggestions. She continued to suck and jerk off the nearest two cocks and before long she started to feel hands against her; exploring her hips and her breasts and her ass, smoothing over the nylon bodysuit. “Ha! Her fuckin’ choker says Bitch. Got that right, what a complete whore.”

The words made Dinah tremble from a very deep and erotic place that she had only discovered within herself recently, that she had only learned about since meeting Envoy and the brothel. While she continued to suck a thick teenage cock in her blindfolded dark Envoy’s voice continued, and there was a bit of mirth appearing in her tone underneath the layers of rage and villainous anger.
“Kids are smart these days, aren’t they, Black Canary?” Envoy spoke, simply. “They know a deal when they hear it. Only twenty dollars to use one of my prettiest girls. To fuck her holes, to cum inside of her, to use every inch of her. It doesn’t matter if she can see them, or if she’s twice their age...it doesn’t even matter if she wants to. For twenty measly dollars in my pocket, they get to use you like a napkin to wipe their cum on. And I promise you, Black Canary...I found plenty of young men eager to take me up on that offer.”

Dinah whimpered, her heart racing as a nervous wave ran through her. The motions of the first boy inside of her mouth were getting faster and faster, and she could sense that his peak was racing towards him. She made simple gagging noises from the speed and roughness of his thrusts, and the ribbons of spit smeared across her bodysuit as he started to get closer. When his peak finally came he wasn’t even remotely gentle with it; forcing himself to deepthroat Black Canary and pump his cum down into her throat. Dinah coughed and gagged and sputtered, and even tried to force herself away, but it was to absolutely no avail. Not just one teenager’s hand but three more suddenly pushed against the back of her head, locking her mouth against his lap as her throat stretched with cock and she was forced to choke on his cum. By the time she was finally allowed up for air her lips and mouth were a mess and her sinuses were burning, but she was given barely a few seconds to catch her breath before a new, even thicker cock took its place. Envoy’s laugh was simple and sweet, sounding almost friendly were it not for the woman’s capability for berserk malice.

“Oh, you can thank me for that.” She mused, and Black Canary could simply imagine Envoy’s smirk. “I might have given them the impress that you enjoy it particularly rough. I realize you never mentioned anything like that to me before, but...who knows? There seems to be so very little you told me, Black Canary. I was forced to guess.”

“Stop hogging her, you fuckers. Let’s flop her up on the bed, there’s two holes we ain’t even fucking using.” A few boys gave a cheer in unison, and Dinah realized that it was practically impossible for her to place just how many there were. There were enough laughs and murmurs of agreement to keep her guessing, but she knew at the very least that it was more than ten. However many she couldn’t be sure, but after the double digits it very quickly became academic. No matter how many extra boys there were, she was in for an enormously long night, and there was no chance of escape. Before she knew it Dinah’s mouth was yanked off the nearest cock and she was drug up by two hands underneath her arms, pulling her to her feet and practically throwing her over towards the bed. Soon hands were upon her; too many to count as they fondled and groped her, and even fought over the right to squeeze her breasts through the nylons. A new cock found its way into her mouth and she started to suck it promptly, smearing her tongue back and forth and whimpering in pathetic submission as a new pair of hands moved down to the lap of her nylons, grabbing both sides and tearing it in the front. Her sex felt the cold rush of outside air, and to complete that chill Envoy spoke up once more with an equally cold tone.

“I’m sure you guessed by now that my friend Selina told me all about you.” She mused thoughtfully, without any trace of emotion in her tone. “And similarly I can only assume that my rooms have been bugged by Oracle. She’s probably watching this happen right now, feeling helpless and completely powerless to stop you from fucking my army of young cocks. It’s too bad; were she to rush to the rescue they could claim her as well. Selina tells me she’s in a wheelchair? No matter, she wouldn’t have to get up off her back.”

The dismissive speech about one of Black Canary’s closest friends fooled something within the woman, though Dinah wasn’t sure if it was rage or an ever-burning lust that was getting more and more difficult for her to resist. She was wet despite herself, thanks to the hands and cocks of a dozen young men or more, and as a pair of fingers started to explore her moist slit she gave a pathetic whimper that couldn’t be faked. It was a clear sign of enjoyment, acceptance, and even exhilaration. Envoy just laughed softly, and continued in simple fashion.
“Perhaps another time. For now, consider this your punishment. But also a chance to earn my good graces once more. I’ll be watching this happen, Black Canary. And I’ll be in your ear the entire time, just as these young men are in every other part of you. And when they’re finished using you, we’ll see if I still have a place for you in my brothel.” There was a soft pause, and once again Black Canary could only envision Envoy’s confident, black-lipstick clad smirk. “If you understand, say ‘please fill my whore ass with your hot, young cum.’”

Dinah’s cheeks were red, and hesitation mixed within her. Though Mr. Harson and herself had enjoyed quite a few things together, she had still been somewhat new to that sort of play. At the very least, she wasn’t ready to handle an army of teenage boys in her ass. Still, it was an order given by Envoy, and whether she was on the outs with the woman or not, an order was an order. Dinah trembled and pulled her mouth from the cock that was pushing against her tongue, and her voice was quivering and weak as she murmured in a hot, wet mess.

“...p...please fill my whore ass…” She whimpered, and swallowed nervously before continuing.

“...with your hot young cum.”

The boys all applauded, and Envoy simply laughed.

“I am going to tell you what I plan to accomplish with this brothel, Black Canary. That is, if you’re able to still understand me through the haze of being used like the cum-soaked toy you are.” To be fair, the words that echoed within Black Canary’s mind weren’t received quite as clearly as they usually would. It was likely because in that very moment Dinah was lying flat on the bed with her head dangling off the edge of the mattress, her face upside down as a boy was fucking her deep with heavy thrusts into her mouth. Two other men were holding her legs up while a fourth claimed her pussy with his thick member, and a fifth had saddled across her chest and pushed his cock in between the flesh of her tits. She was being used by the swarm, and it was still the very earliest of waves. As two of her three holes were claimed with youthful enthusiasm Dinah could only whimper and whine, and yet Envoy’s voice continued over the sound of flesh slapping against flesh and the occasional young praise about what a tight slut she had become.

“Gotham City is unpleasant for everyone, most of all young women.” Her tone was thoughtful and clinical, and Dinah couldn’t argue that fact even if her mouth wasn’t filled to the brim with young dick. “The litany of usual dangers is cumulative with the threat of Gotham’s own unique type of lunacy. Fear toxin, Joker’s insanity, and the deep reach of the underworld. Men like Black Mask take whatever they want from whoever they want it from, and as you can imagine it is a horrible situation for someone as young and as pretty as your friend Lisa.” She let the words sink in, while Dinah’s eyes rolled back into her head. The men inside of her were alternating their thrusts to keep her constantly in motion, and all the while the boy straddling her chest was fondling her breasts hard, rubbing them up and down against his shaft. Envoy’s voice was an almost soothing noise in comparison to the torrent of passions being thrown at her, but there was no real comfort within it. “You might think your group of enterprising heroes is making a legitimate difference in the city, Black Canary...but in reality, you are turning it into a game. Do you think if Two Face caught you or Huntress that your fate would be any different than it is now? The only minor alteration would be that after your hour long gangbang, after being used and fucked and dismissed as nothing more than a few wet holes, your reward in his hands would be a bullet in your head.”

She sat on the words for a moment, letting them sink in. When she finally spoke up once more, it was with a certain clarity and perhaps even a consoling voice, her feminine tone somewhat softer for a second.
…I am better than him, Black Canary. Better than all of them.” She whispered, no small amount of anger sizzling underneath her voice. “I would much rather claim you in my stable than kill you. You are of more use to me as a few empty holes than as a hero, and I believe you are starting to understand such a thing. I will fuck that sentiment into your mind if I have to, though… I believe the seed has already been planted.” In that area, Dinah could not dispute her. In her brief time at the Envoy’s lair, she had learned that the woman wasn’t quite as bad off as some of the other notorious criminals in Gotham. She didn’t kill without a purpose and though she was essentially kidnapping women and forcing them into prostitution, she was treating them better than they could hope to be handled by any similar figure in the entire city. And for the rare few like Dinah Lance, the experience while at Envoy’s home might even open a few doors, and make the girl in question start to wonder just why she had fought against such things.

Dinah’s eyes were still rolled back in her head as she sucked down against a cock fucking her mouth; each thrust of it pushing against her throat from the inside and forcing her to gag. Spit and precum was drooling down the front of her face in waves; making the makeup on her cheeks smear and giving her a messy, sloppy look. Were she not blindfolded her mascara would be running in rivers, and even still there were a few faint black lines that had somehow slid down from underneath the cloth, trailing across her cheeks. The rough forced blowjob in and of itself would’ve been enough to drive Dinah wild, but the feeling of an equally thick young prick inside of her pussy was almost too much for her to bear. She had never been treated so roughly and so wildly by so many men, and it spoke to a very sincere part of her that ached for it. Though Mr. Harson was the best lover she had ever had and individually not a single young man in the room could compete with him, when the numbers started to come in a swarm it was hard to deny the power that they had. The boy bearing down on her breasts was the first to cum; his hands tightening on her tits as he started to groan louder and louder. To prevent creaming across the stretch of her neck and into his friend’s lap he made sure to announce it, and the man fucking Dinah’s mouth pulled out with a grin.

“Get ready, whore. Open wide for him!” He barked at Dinah as he jerked her head up and pointed her towards the tip of a cock pushed out from in between her tits, exploding in a sudden torrent of cream. Dinah’s open mouth gasped as she received it; a splash of warm landing squarely in her mouth and battering against her tongue with each and every squirt. The firm hands on the back of her head thought nothing about pushing her head forward until her neck ached; making sure that her mouth was perfectly lined up to drink from the spout. She sealed her lips against the tip of his cock and drank with greedy swallows; the entire time lines of black ran down her face from underneath her mask, smeared and messy mascara. And once she had swallowed the final load and her mouth was clear once more, the man holding her head pulled it back and started to fuck her anew. His sack crashed against her nose and eyes as the tip of his prick push down into her throat, making her gag and slobber across his length.

While she was pierced in both her mouth and her pussy, Envoy’s voice finally returned, and it sounded amused and sardonic.

“Such a whore you are, Black Canary.” She mused, the buzz of her voice shivering down Dinah’s ear and into her core. “Girls like you thrive in this sort of environment, and I can give you all of the cock you desire. I’m sure right now you’re practically aching for it… desperate to have each one of these boys fuck you, fill you up, and leave you as a wet, sticky mess on the bed. And you have me to thank for giving you that gift.”

Dinah trembled as she felt a rush of cum start to fill her; the boy in her pussy finally erupting. Load after load of white started to flood inside and no sooner did he pull out that another one took his place, this one wasting no time. Dinah had already openly begged for a fucked ass and she soon received it; the pinch of his cockhead pushing against her rear coming as soon as he found himself in position. While cum drizzled out of her pussy and another man kept fucking her mouth in crashing
waves she was pierced from behind, and soon a steady rhythm of heavy fucking came down to her very core. And through it all, Dinah knew she couldn’t deny what Envoy had said. Something about the brothel had enchanted her no matter how she fought it, and she had willingly given in to everything that Envoy offered. The luxuries, the comforts, and the job itself all spoke to Canary in a very intimate way, and as she laid there as the messy fucktoy for a dozen and a half horny young men, she couldn’t of been happier. She would’ve apologized to Envoy right then and there for ever trying to trick her, but her mouth was full as the latest cock to fill her mouth finally started to squirt. Again it was pressed deep in her throat to the point where she was forced to contend with it; her sinuses burning and her throat gagging as he painted the inside of her walls with white. When he pulled out the men all started to move her around; grabbing her hands and legs and spinning her, and it was very clear they were planning on making better use of all of her available holes. There was a lot of cocks that still didn’t have a chance to claim her, and there was only so much time in an evening.

“There was a time I enjoyed the work too, Black Canary.” Envoy’s voice slid back into the woman’s ear as Dinah was pulled into one boy’s lap, his cock pushing deep inside of her ass. As the blindfolded bitch still tried to get her wits about her another man soon drew in near, lining his member up against her pussy and pushing himself inside with ease. Her legs were forced to wrap around his waist as the two shortly started to fuck her; claiming both holes at the same time while a third cock drifted near to take her mouth. Pierced in three entrances by boys half her age, Dinah could only relish the attention and continue listening to Envoy’s story. “Though I wasn’t lucky enough to have an employer as kind as me. These boys know that if they were to harm you...to mutilate you...that their lives would be forfeit. You saw what I did to the boy that struck your friend Lisa. He was not the first.”

“She’s so fucking tight! Told you older women are the craziest fucks!” One boy cheered as he started fucking harder into her ass, laughing. Though Dinah was only in her early thirties to the group of teenagers she was practically of motherly age, and they seemed to relish in it. Two hands fondled her breasts in rough treatment as they all helped themselves, and soon she found both of her hands working an extra two cocks, all while Envoy’s viper-like voice continued.

“Every time I kill someone that hurts one of my girls, I pretend it was the one that hurt me. That took my eyes. That made me revolting to look at.” Though she hadn’t seen Envoy underneath the mask yet, Dinah had surmised as much was the case. Though in all fairness, the mistress of the brothel had the sort of body that could instantly make a man forget any face. She had even seen it in action, fucking against one of her many pets. “But you know what, Black Canary? It never takes the rage away. It never makes it all right that my handler at the time allowed it. ‘Just a whore anyway,’ was what he said.” There was disgust riddled in her voice, and Black Canary groaned from the cocks pistoning in and out of her. She was trying desperately to listen to Envoy, though the cocks dealing with her three holes and two hands were a hard bunch to manage.

“He died slowly, the man that did this to me. Though I never managed to get my hands on the one making money off of my body.” Envoy’s voice was quiet and thoughtful, and for a moment her rage subsided into something similar to an eerie, almost satisfied chill. As if she was content to merely chew on what she would do if she ever saw him, thriving off of nothing more than the speculative torture. “Thankfully, I’m a patient woman. And I’m content stripping his business into the ground, built on the backs of sluts treated far better than I was. You’re not just my assistant, or even my whore. You’re my revenge.”

And with that, the radio went silent without another word, and Dinah was left only with the army of cocks surrounding her. She could barely breath from the rough fucking into her throat but thankfully another load soon came, and this time it was splattered over her tongue to allow her to cradle it. The boys had been taught that she liked the rough treatment and hands went to hold her throat; tightening
just enough to make it a chore for Dinah to swallow her most recent mouthful of cum. Once she did she was given the brief praise of “good whore,” and soon a new cock took its place.

And so it went. Boy after boy cummed deep inside of Dinah and treated themselves to her holes; fucking her ass and her pussy and shamelessly claiming her mouth. Even her tits were fair game when the position allowed for it, and as the minutes turned into hours Dinah was feeling more worn out and more satisfied with every passing breath. She didn’t understand the part of her that came so hard when one of the boys pushed his cock down deep into her ass that it made her ache, but she merely tried to relish in it. They were brutal and rough, and they seemed to never, ever end. It soon reached a point where Dinah struggled to stay on her hands and knees from the weakness in her joints, and every time that a cock wasn’t stuffed inside of her pussy or her ass the muscular action of her body was forced to squirt some of it out. She was a sloppy and cream-filled mess, with only her mouth able to contend with the frequency of the loads she received. And even then, her belly was starting to feel awfully full, and her senses were reeling from swallowing so very much cum.

It was impossible for Dinah to know just how many boys had fucked her that night. It felt like hundreds, but in reality it was likely on a dozen or so that made sure to return for more. By the very end she was sore; impossibly so, and her joints ached just as her holes felt stretched and worn, and her belly bloated with cream. Her hair was matted and tangled and even the blindfold had fallen away by the end, making sure that her mascara had been fully smeared around her face and her eyes had been red and teared up. When near the end of the evening she lost the strength to fuck with her usual enthusiasm the boys lined up around her, and she watched as cock after cock started to squirm their seed across her.

The experience was...indescribable for her, and she never would’ve imagined such treatment would make her feel so amazing. She came during it without laying a single finger on herself; the dismissive treatment of all the boys cumming on her enough to drive her body to what was easily the teen-numbered orgasm of the evening. She tried to swallow what the boys shot into her open mouth but before long it was simply too much, and from there they were content squirting their members anywhere they could. Her face was the first to be painted white with ribbons of young cum, and before long she could feel the warmth crashing over her fully and ample breasts, torn free of her nylon bodysuit. A pool of it rested in her navel overtop her belly button, and a few enterprising young men came squarely in her palms, making sure that she couldn’t even wipe the cum away from her face without only smearing it more.

Dinah laid there exhausted after the boys had left; cum layered over her and her body too weak to get up. With a whimper she tightened her pussy and started to push, trying to evacuate some of the loads that still rested within there. When something made a crinkling noise she groaned; and forced one of her cum-covered hands to move down, reaching for whatever was there.

As she pulled it up, she was forced to narrow her eyes and stare through cum-marked eyelashes, straining herself to take a look. As every breath was flavored with the scent of a dozen boys’ lust, she studied in her hands a perfectly crisp, yet cum-soaked twenty dollar bill. A tip the boys had shoved inside of her for all of her hard work. A little bonus, squarely pressed within her own personal tip jar.

Dinah just stared up at the ceiling through the white painting her vision and marring her eyes, and she took a deep breath that forced her into a coughing fit as some of the cream flowed into her mouth. Once she had settled she closed her eyes and managed to find a place of calm, lying there surrounded by the proof of lust from a dozen men she’d never meet again. She had been used and mistreated, soiled and claimed. All of it had been a punishment from her mistress, though in that moment Dinah had a hard time seeing it as quite so much.

Whether it was really a punishment, or simply Envoy’s own way of begging her to never leave...the
result was still the same.

This was where Black Canary belonged, soaked in sweat and seed, exhausted on the bed after a long night of being a whore.

End of Chapter 15.

Chapter End Notes

Rawr. Dinah "I can take all these dicks" Lance.

Check me on tumblr!
Sneaks

Chapter Summary

We're back, baby! Gonna post several chapters over the next week or so and tidy up/finish this tale!

For now, we deal with two sneaky dealings: Envoy finding a new ally, and Dinah taking steps to get something she's always wanted...

Caged Birds
Chapter 16:

“I don’t know, Boss, you sure those new goons are trustworthy? We just picked them up a few days ago.”

“We don’t trust any of you idiots.” The voice that returned was rough and harsh, sounding half-burned, half-sadistic, and even half-human. It was a figure seated in the shadows that spoke, cast with a dark shadow that crossed halfway over the large conference table. One hand hung from the shadows drumming horribly scarred fingers on the table, balancing a half-scratched coin against its battered knuckles. The voice continued from the darkness, sounding hardly intimidated by the nearest goon’s concerns. “You’re all just a flip of the coin and a bullet away from getting gunned down.”

The goon in question tightened his throat and nodded without further complaint, quickly learning in no uncertain terms that it wasn’t best to question Two Face. For the conference in question the mastermind had picked up a few new guards to cover a recent slew of busts by the Bat, two men and two women that now stood outside of the conference room guarding the door. They were untested and unverified, but they were also at the very front line if things during the meeting went awry. The first to go down, if it came to it.

Two Face grumbled and pulled his wrist to his chest, gazing down at a watch with a cracked glass lense. A scowl spread over his twisted visage as he gave a strong sigh, and spoke out with the irritated tone that was enough to make his employed thugs nervous. Two Face was never known as the most patient of super villains, but at least he paid better than the Hatter, and there wasn’t much risk of getting chemicals on you like Crane. For obvious reasons, Two Face didn’t seem to mess with chemical warfare much, just cold hard cash.

“This bitch better show up soon, I don’t take kindly to waiting.” He grumbled, but it was about that moment that a knock came on the door to the darkened conference room. When the door opened it was one of the new guards; a woman with dark skin and high cheekbones, and mysterious chocolate eyes. She would’ve been attractive if Harvey was a different man, but as it was he just saw another goon there for a specific job.

“Boss, a limo just pulled up front.” She announced, one of her hands on the edge of her pistol. She glanced behind her to the sound of a distant car door, and then back to Two Face. “Looks like it’s Envoy and two of her men. Orders?”

“Let the bitch in, keep her boys out.” Two Face growled back, waving a hand dismissively. The
young woman gave a nod and turned back to the door, leaving Two Face and his most trusted goon nearby. Though “trust” was hardly a word that had much meaning in the darker parts of Gotham.

“What’s her name?” Two Face gestured towards the door, motioning to where the new female guard had left. “Seems like she at least respects the order around here.”

“Reya, Boss.” Came the response, and Two Face let it sit on his tongue until he heard the sounds of discussion from behind the closed door. His human hand lowered to grab the handle of his pistol; holding it just underneath the rim of the table while his scarred one continued to dance a coin back and forth over his features. Depending on how negotiations went, both the coin and the gun would be seeing plenty of action before the night was over. The muted sounds of conversation continued from outside the hall, until finally the door opened once more and the woman Two Face had come to know as Envoy stepped inside. Red mask, black hair, dressed like one of the women that she controlled. She was flanked to her left by Reya, who continued to keep her hand resting on the handle of her pistol. As soon as the two women walked inside Two Face gazed at them with a harsh gaze from the shadows, and finally spoke up with his eyes pulled towards the masked woman.

“So you’re the one pushing all the big time fuck dealers out of business.” He growled, a thumb pulling back against the hammer of his pistol, just in case. “You got a lot to answer for, girlie. And a lot of good reasons on the table why we shouldn’t let you walk out of here on two working legs...or even at all.”

Envoy simply rose a brow above her mask, and took her time looking around the room. She gazed to the shadows where Two Face sat, and then towards his trusted goon right by his side. Finally back behind her, to where Reya still stood ready to take her out with a well placed shot. One wrong move, and everything that the Envoy had worked for would be for nothing, and her brothel would become a rudderless ship there to be claimed by some of the worst of the Gotham underworld. Out of respect she finally straightened her back and even gave a small nod towards the shadows where Two Face lingered, her voice thoughtful and calm as she started to speak.

“I wasn’t aware that you had a hand in the prostitution trade, Two Face.” She spoke simply, calmly, keeping her voice level and her tone charming. The tricks she had learned while working the street herself were going to come in handy; the techniques of telling a man what he wanted to hear, of appeasing his ego, of making him feel like he was the most important person in the room. Even if he wasn’t even half that. “I was under the assumption that even the highest charging establishments were handled by...shall we say, men of much less sophisticati-”

The sound of Two Face’s hand coming down on the table hard cut her off, and Envoy simply arched a brow. The old tricks wouldn’t work with a man so unpredictable as Harvey Dent; there was little charm to be lavished on a mind filled with madness and anger, horrible anger. Harvey’s voice broke out into the room and he loomed out of the shadows, displaying the full, unsettling appearance of his visage. Envoy didn’t flinch, and for that, she likely saved her life in that instant.

“Those bastards launder their money through me! I bring in thousands a week because of them, and now they’re hardly bringing in a few hundred!” His coin was clenched tightly in his disfigured hand, squeezing it as if he could wring the blood from it. Envoy was calm in the face of Harvey Dent’s rage, even as she could heard Reya’s gun click from behind her, preparing to fire. The stakes were high, but as always the Envoy remained resolute and stoic.

“Which I didn’t know, and I apologize for.” Envoy stated simply. Time for a new negotiation tactic...no lies, no flattery. Blunt, upfront honesty. “Two Face, I’ve no intention of getting into a gang war with you, especially when you’ve got at least three guns trained on me from the very beginning. But I’m willing do all my laundering through you from now on, in the hopes that will satisfy you.
And I’ll even throw on an extra five thousand.”

“Five thousand, eh?” That had the gang boss’ attention, his brow lifted over his bulging, yellowed eye. “And what’s that bonus for?”

“Partly as my way of apologizing for not checking the proper channels, first.” Envoy calmly responded, and moved a hand up to adjust one of the red leather gloves pulled up towards her wrist. “And partly to compensate you for the fact my men have already dispatched your goons outside the door.”

Silence filled the room, and Two Face glared at Reya until the young woman turned towards the door, nervously lowering a hand to it. She opened it up just a crack, and when she closed it and gazed back at Two Face, the nod of her head was confirmation enough that Envoy was telling the truth. Two Face just sighed, growling from the disfigured side of his mouth as he finally pulled his gun up from under the table, nodding.

“...knew any bitch brought to me by Catwoman would be a pain in my ass.” He scowled. “She said you were looking to make a name for yourself, but it looks like you don’t need any help.”

“I am a skilled businesswoman, Two Face.” Envoy adjusted her mask calmly, and offered him a slow smirk on her black lipstick-painted smile. “But my skills will work to your advantage as you take over the laundering of my profits. I trust the lives of a few thugs between new business partners isn’t anything to merit concern about?”

Reya and Two Face’s central goon exchanged wary glances. The dangerous life of a gun for hire in Gotham. They both swallowed nervously, each one of them glad that they weren’t outside the door when Envoy’s men did their thing.

“Now, shall we discuss business?” Envoy finally smiled, and moved up to pull a chair forward. She slipped a hand into her pocket and pulled out a checkbook, slipping it onto the table as she sat and began to write. “I’ll make the bonus out to cash. Oh, and I’d recommend cashing this only at Gotham Mutual. We have an...understanding.” She looked up, giving him a slow smirk.

Two Face just sighed, slumping back in his chair as he glanced from Reya to his goon, to finally Envoy. His scarred hand moved up and pinched the bridge of his nose, rubbing it gently as he sighed openly to himself.

“...just what this city needs.” He grumbled. “Another bossy broad looking to control half the city.”

The negotiations went well...until they suddenly didn’t. It was hard for Envoy to really pinpoint just where things all fell apart, but she was inclined to chalk it up to Two Face’s broken mental state and that damned coin of his. The wrong flip on the wrong matter of negotiation, and suddenly Envoy’s seat at the conference table was a lot more deadly than she had anticipated. As that little disc of silver fell through the air only to be caught in Dent’s open palm, the disfigured criminal looked up from his hand, glared at Envoy, and slowly shook his head.

“Sorry, bitch.” He smirked, as he rose his free hand up, bringing his gun once more into Envoy’s line of sight. “Hope the check will still cash.”

Envoy simply arched a brow, her hands flat against the table and her mind suddenly spinning. All she had asked was to only pay Dent fifteen percent as opposed to seventeen, but that was enough to not only spin the madman into a frenzy, but have him utterly prepared to kill her over it. Not that it
was entirely unexpected, and as soon as the gun came into her line of sight Envoy spoke once more, her voice clearly sounding through the air between the four of them.

“The men outside are metahumans, Two Face.” She announced simply. “They both have a stabilized form of Venom in their veins, and I’m sure your rented thugs only drew their bloodlust further. Fire that gun, and they’ll stampede into this room and leave you, your goon, and this pretty little thing behind me flat.” She gestured over her shoulder to Reya. “The latter of which is truly a shame, as her dark complexion and sturdy features would make for a compelling draw in my brothel. Tell me dear, have you ever consid-"

“Shut up, bitch!” Two Face slammed his fist on the table once more, and held his gun up as he stood to full height. “I’ll be gone before they know what happened!” And with that, all hell predictably broke loose in Gotham. As soon as Envoy had wind of Dent’s intention her hand rose up to her mask, and she pressed a tiny button against the side of it. A sudden light filled the room as bright as a police grade flashbang, and it sent Dent and his goon howling in pain. Dent had the goon sense to scatter; to burst through the hidden backdoor he had waiting, darting down a long hallway. Unfortunately, his goon didn’t have such sense, and instead he rose his gun as his eyes burned, aiming at where he last suspected Envoy to be. And truth be told, his best guess was right. In a twist of fate the simply thug’s best estimation was indeed where Envoy was in that moment, and it seemed like her flashbang mask had failed to protect her. His finger pressed against the trigger, and began to pu-

A gunshot filled the room, and the thug was slumping against the wall, a bloodstain marking the shot. Behind Envoy stood Reya; her hands on her pistol and her pose precise and stoic. As soon as the gunshot was heard Envoy’s two thugs stormed in ready to tear apart Two Face, but all they saw was a dead goon, their healthy employer, and a new, unlikely ally.

“...I have so many-”

“Questions, I know.” Reya’s voice cut her off as she started to walk, pacing over towards where Two Face ran. Her back was turned as she closed the door to the crime boss’ escape path, and as she did she continued to speak. “How did I have the precision to take him out after your flashbang? Simple; I protected my eyes. Smell of phosphorus was enough to know you came in with some defense, knowing that they wouldn’t let you in with any convention weapon. The bulge in your left glove is likely a knife; fiberglass most likely in case there was a metal detector. You were nervous the second you saw it was more than just you and Two Face...a little tricky to take down three people with a knife in the few seconds a flashbang lasts.”

“...and why exactly did you help me?”

“That’s the question.” The woman spoke, her back still turned. When she finally turned back to level her gaze at Envoy, her gaze simply...wasn’t there. Reya’s face had seemingly disappeared, replaced with a blank wall of skin framed by curly black locks set against a lovely tanned tone. As she continued to speak she pulled a blue fedora from inside her jacket, raising it to fix atop her head as she gazed at Envoy and the two oversized, Venom-laced guards. The detective gestured to the two of them before speaking, and as a sign of good will she let the pistol drop on the table, sliding it over towards Envoy herself. “You can send your men outside, Envoy. Your real negotiations start now.”

Envoy just smirked slowly, raising a brow as she gazed at the mysterious woman before her. After a slight nod to give her minions the cue to leave, she swept a hand forward and took the gun, briefly checking to make sure there were still bullets in the chamber. She had heard of far too many would-be villains falling to the “empty gun” trick, after all. Once she confirmed it she levelled her gaze back at the faceless individual, and spoke with a thoughtful, yet sultry voice. The time for charm had
resumed.

“And what could I ever do for you?” She quirked a brow. “While you don’t necessarily need lips to enjoy the services of my girls, I’ve heard it makes the whole experience better.”

Question just kept her faceless gaze on Envoy, two women in masks prepared to talk.

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Though she didn’t know where Envoy had gone that evening, Dinah was doing her part to be a loyal lieutenant. Ever since the mistress of the brothel had educated the hero in no uncertain terms the truth of her situation, Black Canary had fallen in line underneath the woman’s seductively hard hand. Envoy had shown her things that she had yet to realize awoke within herself, and she had recently come to recognize a few hard truths about Dinah Lance. Truths such as her body’s own desire to remain at the brothel, how her values and her heroism had lasted only so far as the tip of a cock lining up against her entrance. Underneath the heroic bluster and tough talk, Envoy had stripped down Black Canary to the woman below, and that woman wasn’t just willing but eager to do as the mistress demanded. As Envoy’s lieutenant she was a servant as much as an assistant, and she still had her own duties to take care of at the brothel. Duties that, in that very moment, she was eagerly taking to task. In truth, she was taking them more seriously than ever, given her most recent revelations.

Mr. Harson’s voice was low as he groaned, laying back on the bed with his arms folded underneath his head. Though the oversized man’s belly was a bit too large to see anything more than the curls of blonde hair below, he could feel everything he needed to without having to see it go down. Black Canary, Dinah Lance was working there at his member, her hands wrapped around the impossibly thick unit while she sucked against his length with a building hunger. It had just been a random visit from Mr. Harson; a friend’s attempt to check in on a friend, but no sooner did he step into Dinah’s room that evening did the young woman practically tackle her favorite client to the bed. It was after a flurry of motion that Harson’s pants had been stripped away and the overweight man was shoved to the bed, and before he could barely get a word in edgewise Black Canary had dropped down to service him. She was dressed in her most tantalizing outfit; that body suit of nylon that added a sexy dark tin to her skin, trailing down to her toes and to her wrists, where it continued on just to hoop around her middle fingers. The entire thing ended in an elaborately silky collar, and was entirely skin tight around her impressive curves that Mr. Harson by now had well remembered after the weeks of visits. Weeks of seeing Dinah, and yet she was still able to leave him so utterly speechless with her mouth.

Mr. Harson’s groans continued, and Dinah just took each one as if he was begging her to keep going. Where she was toiling at his lap was covered in spit; the result of a hundred wet licks that left him soaked and throbbing underneath her attentions. One of her hands was holding just underneath the man’s sack while the other was wrapped as much as it could be about his cock, holding him tight at the base while she continued to slave licks up and down his thick, throbbing length. The beads of precum that appeared at the top didn’t last for long, as Black Canary was so helplessly hungry for the taste of his cream that she eagerly swiped each and every one of them away as soon as they appeared. She was left with a wicked gleam in her eye and her cheeks utterly covered in spit and mess, with some of her hair stuck to her forehead as she continued to desperately work. A smile remained on her face the entire time, and with each passing moment she only became more and more ravenous.

“I’ve been...mmmnn...waiting for you to show up again.” She murmured, slurping around his member as her passions continued to build. “I’ve been so hungry, so horny...only you can fuck me just how I want.” Mr. Harson was a modest man that only gave a grunt in reply, as his thick member
slapped against Black Canary’s cheek, leaving a wet streak down half of her face. He was tense and
trembling underneath her attentions, and went a small run of precum burst from the tip and ran down
his shaft, Canary was quick to lick it up in a single solid strike before whispering once more against
the edge of his shaft. “Want you to cum inside me tonight. I’ve been so good...I’ve done everything
you wanted...please...please cum in me tonight…”

It had long been a point of contention with Dinah that Mr. Harson had refused to release within her;
that a condom was as equal a part of their bedroom antics as a bed. Every time Mr. Harson filled her,
stretched her tight walls with the mighty presence of his member, she had to deal with that thin line
of latex keeping his rush of cream from her. In the moments that he filled a condom inside of her she
could feel how warm it would be, yet when he pulled it out everything was gone. The substance, the
heat, and that thrilling feeling of being Mr. Harson’s only prized slut. She had come to hate condoms
over the past few weeks, for keeping Mr. Harson’s load from her.

“Can’t…” Harson finally groaned, and he lowered one of his hands at long last. Perhaps to stop
Black Canary from protesting he slipped his fingers into her blonde locks, offering his member once
more to her mouth. Slowly he fed her his massive length, letting her lips stretch around his rod.
It was slow going as it was one hell of a tight fit, but soon he had enough rhythm and momentum to
feed his cock to the young woman while he breathed out in a hungry, heady tone. “Won’t risk
getting your pregnant. Not here.”

Dinah would’ve been furious were it not for the fact that Mr. Harson’s addictingly large cock was
resting on her tongue, or that she had a backup plan. Her eyes narrowed as she gazed at Mr.
Harson’s large stomach creating a bit of a wall between them, and then they suddenly stretched to a
bulge as her mouth was pushed down, forced to take more and more of his cock. As his head pushed
her down she started to deepthroat her beloved thick-cocked client, to the point where she could feel
her throat stretching to wrap around the meat that was offered. He kept the deepthroat for a lingering
moment, leaving Dinah completely and utterly paralyzed for the duration. In that second her senses
were full of his taste and her entire body was frozen in an aroused tremble; the wonders of just how
staggered she could be by a rough hand and a taste of cock. When he finally pulled free her thickest
spit coated his rod, and she broke into a coughing fit as ribbons of saliva connected his tip to her
mouth. As she was still recovering she heard something fall nearby against her on the bed, an extra-
sized condom thrown to her by Mr. Harson.

“Put it on me.” He gave her the gentle order, still sounding ever so much like a decent yet dominant
man. He was never abusive or harsh, but in the same breath would always claim what he wanted
from Dinah, and what he paid for. “Put it on me, and sit facing the wall. I want to watch your ass
bouncing on my lap.”

“...yes, sir.” Dinah licked her lips as she gazed up from his wet cock, her cheeks red and her eyes
practically watering from the deepthroat. While she kept herself up high enough to see past his
stomach she moved a hand out to take the condom wrapper, lifting it just high enough to hook the
strip at the top against her teeth. A small rip and she spit the remaining plastic to the floor, fishing out
the condom as she started to go to work. She dropped back down below the line of Mr. Harson’s
stomach, and therein came her stealthy, sneaky work.

Dinah had every intention of stretching that condom around her beloved Mr. Harson’s cock, but she
had expected from the moment she saw him that evening that he would once again rob her of the
cream she so rightly earned. After the things she had done in the past week she couldn’t abide by
such a foolish request, and in her desperation and craven lust for his cum she found herself doing
something that Black Canary never would’ve otherwise suspected she could. A hand lowered; below
the rim of the mattress, to where she found a secret she had hidden away for just such an occasion. A
simple pin; typically used for hemming her sexy outfits after a client tore them in a fit of lust, though
now it was for something far, far sweeter. Still hidden underneath the line of Mr. Harson’s oversized belly, Dinah grinned as she moved the pin up to the tip of the condom, and gave a slow, small press. A tiny hole, indistinguishable to the eye, a small break in the security of the garment. That one hole would be the kink in the condom’s armor that Dinah needed, and she could only imagine just how wonderful it would feel when Mr. Harson’s shaft throbbed its thick, rich cum right past the tiny entrance. With a coy grin the craven blonde slipped the pin back into the mattress where she got it from, and finally moved up a hand, gripping the edge of the condom to start her work.

Mr. Harson moaned in desire as Dinah slipped it onto him; her mouth moving to press and lick against his sack while her hands expertly slid the condom onto his shaft. Starting at the tip she smoothed it down slowly and seductively, pressing the oversized garment on an equally large and impressive member. When she pulled her mouth back she gave Mr. Harson a hungry smile, and with his member supposedly completely covered she turned to do as obeyed. She gave her lover a long, sweet look at her rear before she finally spread her knees, moving them to either side of the man as she grabbed the edge of his latex-covered shaft. With a deep breath and a hungry whimper she finally pressed her slit against the tip of him, preparing for her reward.

What she was doing was wrong; she knew as much. Tampering with the condom was a violation of Mr. Harson’s trust, but after all, wasn’t it him that betrayed her first by refusing to give her all that cum? So much had been wasted! On her tits, on her back, or tossed aside in the length of a latex prison. It almost made the young woman sad to contemplate how much had been lost from her affections, and as a result it spurned her on to push down against the tip of his member. Whether it was a betrayal or not she didn’t care in that moment; at least not as much as she cared about feeling her tight, warm pussy flooded with his cream. She had already felt other men cum inside of her because of Envoy, so why shouldn’t she be allowed to enjoy her favorite one?

With the right mindset, she could justify anything in her lewd, sweat-licked madness. She could justify stealing Mr. Harson’s cum, she could justify leaving the Birds of Prey high and dry, and she could justify joining Envoy’s harem officially. To say she made the decisions willingly would be a bit of a stretch, but it was no outside source forcing her hands. It was her own body calling the shots, for the first time since Black Canary could remember.

To hell with justice, she lived for pleasure now.

The blonde gazed over her shoulder as she slapped down with all her weight, forcing Mr. Harson’s thick and impressive cock to push up into her up to the hilt. Both parties were left howling in delight from the penetration, and Black Canary wasted no time in fucking her beloved favorite client. Her hands moved to brace on her knees as she started to ride him, thrashing up and down as she howled in absolute delight. The first time Mr. Harson had squeezed his cock inside of her she didn’t even know if she could handle it all; he was so thick and impressive that it had intimidated, even scared her. But over the weeks she had grown so accustomed to his girth that any other man felt like less, even when they had come in swarms like when Envoy had taught her a few valuable lessons. Mr. Harson’s length would always be her favorite, and the feel of her hole stretched so tightly around his shaft was something akin to paradise for the young woman. As Mr. Harson’s hands rose to brace against Black Canary’s hips it only gave her the strength to fuck up and down harder and faster, her voice calling out in absolute delight as she rode him in an absolute frenzy.

“Yes, yes, fuck me, you fat-cocked bastard!” She howled in delight, her hands locking around Mr. Harson’s wrists as she continued to bounce. Her large breasts were dancing with each thrust and her hair whipped wildly around her features, every so often a few of it sticking to the spit crossing her face from the sloppy blowjob. She could still taste his cock on her tongue and she savored the flavor with a hungry murmur, the entire time her body bouncing up and down on the same spit-slickened member. Dinah always fucked Mr. Harson with enthusiasm and glee, but that evening there was
something else behind her thrusts, a new frenzy and fury that was driving her motions. It wasn’t just the promise of Mr. Harson’s cum at the end of their fun, it was the lessons that Envoy had taught her at such great, painstaking lengths. Envoy had educated Dinah well in just what sort of woman she was, and Dinah lived up to those expectations in that moment in the most ferocious way possible. Every beat of her hips into Mr. Harson’s lap was more proof of what a whore she had become, how desperate for his cock and his lust and how craven she was to be claimed.

Envoy had taught her that Dinah’s place was with the harem, and specifically when she was stretched around some well-paying client that understood just how valuable her pussy was. To that end, there was no better client than her beloved Mr. Harson. The best fuck she had ever had, and soon, the man that would flood her body with cream. She could hardly wait.

The sound of passion continued to fill the room as well as the scent of their lust while they continued, both parties thrusting against each other as Dinah continued to lewdly ride her favorite client. Each press of the young woman’s body sent her breasts and hair to swinging, and each time she collapsed into Harson’s lap a wet, thick noise filled the air. The furious passion between the two only continued, with their hands locked around each other’s bodies and their blood boiling to exciting new levels. Dinah’s throat ached from screaming before too long but her muscles continued to hold out, her knees and her hips working every second they could to keep bouncing up and down on her very favorite cock. Each thrust, each bounce brought her joy she could never begin to understand, and all she knew was that she wanted more of it. More of his cock, more of his desire, and soon...the first, beautiful taste of his cum in her wet, sopping hole.

Words had failed her at that point, her voice breaking down into nothing more than a litany of screams laced with the occasional vulgarity. She was a thrashing mess of a woman in that moment, Dinah Lance stripped away and leaving only Kelly, the loyal whore lieutenant to a madwoman. She fucked with all the depravity that one would expect from such a position, practically a drooling, mindless hole that only existed to feel the press of a cock between her walls. Her mouth was open as spit trailed from the corner, ribboning back and forth before landing either across her chest or onto the mattress below. Her hips ached and her round, full rear slapped against Mr. Harson’s lap with a steady and thrilling rhythm, giving the overweight man the wonderful show that he had requested. He was oblivious of what was to come next, fully expecting that before too long he’d be pulling out of Dinah because he was too readily and too quickly filling the condom with his copious amount of cream. Typically he had to take the things off before he filled them too much and risked them bursting off of him, but that evening he was in for a truly delicious surprise.

Black Canary continued to bounce, her hands eventually flowing up to her chest and gripping a palm against each one of her full breasts. She squeezed them with a delightful moan erupting from the back of her throat, and bared down to ride even harder against the thick member pushing inside of her. She was close, so very close, and she could tell by Mr. Harson’s own murmured grunts that the man was reaching a peak of his own. It only drove Black Canary into more of a frenzy, a wide grin spreading across her lips as she tightened her muscles and pushed him all the way. Everything she had been craving was there in that moment, and nothing would keep Mr. Harson’s cum from her.

When the man finally gave a staggered grunt and found his climax, at first Black Canary didn’t feel any of his release. She was at the very edge of arousal; holding there, keeping her breath in check as she waited for her prize. When it didn’t arrive at first, she had a wave of disappointment...one that was immediately struck by a much more volatile burst as the pinhole in the condom finally did its job. It had taken a moment to really build up enough to seep through the leak, but once it did Black Canary felt a shot of warm, heavy cream that flowed squarely up inside of her. She was immediately sent into convulsions, her hips shaking and her hands crashing against the mattress, holding herself steady as her powerful orgasm rocked through her. She was sweating and drooling and scream as Mr. Harson started to fill her, his load releasing stream after stream of thick, thick cum, flooding her
with the warmth that she had been so desperately lusting after.

The two remained locked in the most intimate of fashions for some time, Black Canary looming over the mattress, sweating and moaning as she was still pumped with a few last squirts of release. Mr. Harson didn’t realize until the very end that something might have been wrong, partly because he didn’t feel the same tight pressure of the condom around his shaft like he did after some of their most notorious run-ins. Idly his hands left Dinah’s waist to move to her ass, and with a strong grip on either side of her rear pushed upward, enough to slide her quivering slit up and off his length, at least until he could see where her entrance was breached around his tip, and her thighs and lips were coated in cream.

“...hmm.” He observed quietly, thoughtfully, though not for a second suspected any level of foul play. He simply clicked his tongue to the roof of his mouth, and spoke in a quiet tone. “The condom must’ve broke. Sorry.”

“H...hehe....don’t mention it...” Black Canary was trembling and grinning, and she shot a glance back over her shoulder, levelling her gaze at Mr. Harson. “...since the damage is already done, want to go for another?”

The fire within Dinah was burning hotter and brighter, and she was hungry for more.

End of Chapter 16.
Chapter Summary

Things are heating up! In today's chapter, Dinah sets out on a dangerous mission with heavy risks, and the Question indulges herself in a bit of fun...

Caged Birds
Chapter 17: Incitement
-By Drace Domino

Things for Envoy’s brothel were never more lucrative, nor were they ever more precarious. The more money that the high end harem brought in the brighter its star shined on the radar of the various criminal syndicates in Gotham; everyone whose pocket had been literally picked by Envoy’s greedy and clever fingers. It was a ripple effect that bounced through the entirety of Gotham, having effects that perhaps Envoy herself didn’t truly expect or predict. For every dollar stolen from the hands of a low ranking pimp in the Gotham Underworld, a tiny percentage of that would’ve gone to the hands of Two Face, the Penguin, or Black Mask. Enough of those tiny percentages didn’t take very long to add up to a significant deduction in their monthly income, and only a few months after establishing her wildly successful venue Envoy was siphoning what would’ve been thousands from the hands of some of Gotham’s most notorious criminals.

Sure, there were allies...but they were few and far between, and Envoy had been forced to get desperate in searching for them. The inclusion of Catwoman as a companion had potential, and the brothel’s mistress had sent Selina to help her scour for other sources of help. There was a storm coming in the Gotham Underworld and her beautiful brothel was going to be at the very center of it, and if she didn’t manage to build up her defenses it would be all too easy to overwhelm her. Envoy, her thugs, and the precious women that she cared for and employed were all in danger...and the immediate-ness of that danger varied not just from day to day, but from hour to hour.

None of that registered in Black Canary’s mind. For days now the blonde had been fully lost not just in the role she had been given at the brothel, but the essence of slutty servitude that Envoy had forced her to embrace. Ever since she had been found out and ever since Envoy had done her best to break the woman, Black Canary had barely thought about her days before arriving under Envoy’s care. Every night was a glorious cock-filled delight, whether she was servicing some of her Mistress’ top shelf clients or riding Mr. Harson’s enormous length. Day and night blended together in a sweat-licked mess, and when the woman’s beautiful voice slipped out into the air it was almost always only to beg for more.

There was far more slut than superhero left to Black Canary, and that was why Envoy trusted her outside of the brothel’s walls.

She didn’t go unchaperoned; of course, two of the brothel’s thugs had accompanied her as was standard procedure when any of her girls made a housecall. It was in the early evening one night when they had come to collect, advising Dinah that she was to dress in some of her finest evening wear and slip into Envoy’s limo. For the night her client would be a wealthy Gotham businessman known as Jacob Doyle, one of the city’s man millionaire playboys that had more money than common sense. Her job as with any night’s job was simple; do whatever Jacob desired, and make
sure that the man got his money’s worth.

“I’m trusting this with you, Dinah.” Envoy had spoken the woman’s real name, tossing aside her fake monicker so she could address her accurately. Besides, it did the slut well to hear it referred to as the name of a whore. “This man’s pockets are deep...and if you make him happy, you’ll be making me a wealthier woman. And you want that, don’t you? More than anything?”

“...yes, Mistress Envoy.” The words had slipped from Dinah’s tongue as Envoy caressed her cheek, and the hero within Black Canary silently laid down in a sinful confession. Despite everything that had happened, despite Envoy’s actions in kidnapping women and turning them to such a life, she did indeed want to do right by the woman that had employed her. The woman that had made her a slut. The woman that had essentially broken her into a world driven mad with wet, sticky lust. “I won’t fail you.” Words that she once had spoken to Oracle, though the redhead in the clocktower was long, long forgotten by now.

As Dinah slipped into the limo to head to downtown Gotham, she was wearing the loveliest dress in her collect back in her room. It was a long sheer silver dress with a long slit up one leg; a slit that exposed her thigh held tight in the grip of fishnet stockings. A backless dress that only barely clung to her shoulders, it was a shimmering dance to even keep the thing covering Dinah’s beautiful figure, but by some magic it managed to maintain. And to make her look even more elegant Dinah’s hair had been put up in a classy style; a bun sitting low on the back of her head while the front bangs had been curled and teased to give her the look of an aristocratic beauty. To add just a hint of mystique Black Canary had administered a dark black lipstick to her lips, adding just a hint of danger to a blonde beauty with an intriguing figure. She looked like the sort of debutante delights often seen hanging off the arm of Bruce Wayne, and indeed, she was sure that Mr. Jacob Doyle would be quite happy when he saw his company for the evening. She was a date that would make the wealthiest men in Gotham jealous, and a sight that would remind the women not on her tier why they’d never land a man whose bank account was tallied in the millions. In the same breath she was a manifestation of what Dinah Lance hated about Gotham City’s elite, but still she shuddered with a hard to place desire at the idea of being treated as such a token. A toy. A trophy made to be stripped, licked, and fucked.

And with that in mind, Dinah’s evening didn’t disappoint.

As to be expected, Doyle was an arrogant prick of a millionaire; the worst sort of cocky born-into-money jerk that Dinah could imagine. He was also handsome and fairly charming; however, in the way that made the more righteous part of the woman want to smack him in the throat while bubbling with desire. A young man only barely into his thirties, Dinah could only assume that he was wholly unqualified for the job that had made him so wealthy, and that he was simply riding the coattails of a rich father. Not that it mattered...that evening she wasn’t there to analyze Jacob’s wealth or think for one second whether or not he was “worth” her time; she was only there to do a job. A job that she had fun doing...even if she didn’t have a trace of respect for the man she was doing it with.

To his credit Jacob fawned over Dinah throughout the evening, praising her beauty as he took her out for a long, joyful night on the town. Dancing at an elite club and enjoying some wine in a fancy tower, all to eventually lead to Dinah joining Jacob and some of his friends in one of the fanciest restaurants in Gotham. His friends; all young men of similar dispositions and age, all were utterly struck by the beauty of Dinah and kept praising how wonderful Jacob’s recent conquest was. Through it all Dinah maintained the vapid and smiling persona that she was sure Jacob expected of
her; smiling wide for his friends and talking openly of how charming he was. Deep down, she was eager for the chatter to stop and the fucking to begin. She wasn’t disappointed as the evening went on; however, as somewhere in between the appetizer and the main course Jacob leaned forward, and whispered against Dinah’s ear through the threads of the woman’s soft blonde hair.

“Under the table, slut.” He urged her, one hand lowering to squeeze Dinah’s knee as he did so. “Show me and my friends what a good slut fifty thousand dollars buys.” The order made Dinah’s eyes go wide and her cheeks burn bright red, looking first to Jacob and then to his three friends, all enjoying the restaurants fancy and difficult-to-pronounce appetizers. Her eyes then passed over the rest of the restaurant, looking over the sea of other, innocent faces that sat before her. As most high class restaurants operated there were no children permitted, but it was still somewhere close to fifty people enjoying meals with their families and loved ones. Elderly couples enjoying a meal they saved up for. Young people celebrating recent engagements. People meeting their in-laws for the first time.

“...here?” Dinah finally asked, though she knew the question was a silly one. Jacob Doyle just smiled slowly and tightened his hand against Dinah’s knee, giving her the order without another word spoken between them. Dinah just swallowed nervously, and started to slip down underneath the edge of the table.

It could have been worse; the restaurant’s tablecloths went down to very nearly the floor, and their table was close to the wall on Dinah’s end, making it fairly easy for her to sneak underneath without notice. Amidst the noise of the restaurant, chatter mixed with a distantly playing piano, Dinah’s elegant frame slipped down to the floor, and like an animal she crawled on all fours until she was hidden squarely underneath it.

The tablecloth was thick enough to muffle some of the noises from the rest of the restaurant, but there was still enough for Dinah to become acutely aware of just how out in the open she was. If a single person got too close and looked at the wrong angle, they’d be able to see the edge of her white heels in a clear indication of what was going on. The woman trembled a bit, the intensity in the moment easily striking her, and somehow touching that raw point within her that thrived on the things she had been taught how to do. Just as Black Canary had turned into a willing whore eager for cock, she was just as easily triggered to find the wicked delight in servicing a group of four men in the open public. But first, of course, came the man that paid for the entire evening.

Jacob Doyle was thick and throbbing through the front of his business slacks long before Dinah slipped a hand against him, but when she did the young man sat with his feet a little bit further apart, eagerly waiting for what he paid so much for. With her head bobbed to just underneath the line of the table and desperately trying to keep all of her body within the confines of the tablecloth, Dinah slipped her hands forward and began tugging down the zipper of his designer pants. When his member came out he was already glistening with a bead of pre at the very tip, and the sheer thickness of the young man surprised her. Jacob was a slender boy with an athletic build, and Dinah certainly had’t expected the meaty length that now hung before her, practically demanding attention. It was with goosebumps echoing down her flesh that she opened her mouth and slowly pushed forward, closing her black-painted lips around his head and beginning to lightly suckle.

As one of Envoy’s girls Dinah wasn’t paid to just look pretty but to be a woman with remarkable skills, and she endeavored to do just that whether or not she actually liked Jacob. As a result, from down below the line of the tablecloth Jacob received a blowjob far better than any the cocky little prick actually deserved, and it left him a little staggered as the rest of the restaurant continued its chatter. His friends certainly knew what was going on and were eagerly waiting for their turn, but as the attractive young waitress came up to ask if they’d like refills or any additional services, Jacob was left all but speechless. Staring dumbfounded into the waitress’ eyes while Dinah sucked down his
length in slow and tender strokes, Jacob managed to make a remarkably awkward impression on the young woman that had no idea what was going on just a foot away within his lap.

Underneath, Dinah only smirked around the length of cock she was given to treat herself on. Sucking up and down in rapidly increasing motions the flavor of Jacob’s cock filled her mouth, and she treated herself to it with a delightful hum in the back of her throat. The noise of the outside restaurant started to drown out as she sucked him down again and again, her tongue gently cradling his shaft as he throbbed against it, only occasionally giving her a spot of precum to savor the flavor of. Throughout it all her hands remained locked against the base of his shaft while her body was coiled underneath the table, ever careful to not move her head so fast that she risked banging it on the underside and disturbing the men’s fine dining experience.

After a while Dinah’s hand fished Jacob’s sack out from the front of his pants, and she continued to jerk his spit-covered cock while her mouth lowered to offer similar treatment to his undercarriage. She took the portions of his sack gingerly in her mouth and sucked them each in turn, feeling them churn and roll back and forth against her beautiful pink tongue, and leaving each one of them marked in the stain of her dark lipstick. The woman smirked with a growing delight as the flavor and scent of hot young cock filled her senses, and she couldn’t help but lick the spit from Jacob’s shaft before she started to take him faster and more urgently. Every time she heard a loud noise from beyond the tablecloth her body thrilled with a delighted shake; the constant reminder of just how publicly she was performing echoing in her mind. From the noise of distant couples chatting to the piano player switching to a more upbeat melody, she was surrounded by a persistent air of just how fall she had fallen. Black Canary, a hero of the city, eagerly and lewdly sucking cock underneath a table in a public restaurant.

She wasn’t sure how things had gotten that far, but she knew that Envoy was the only woman responsible. The only trouble was that Dinah wasn’t sure if she should be mad at the mistress of the brothel for turning her into such a hungry slut, or to thank her for awakening her to a life that the blonde had never known before.

As the evening continued and Dinah continued to slurp and suckle on Jacob’s shaft, the young man grew more and more excited. When he finally came it was when the waitress was standing mere inches away from them both, refilling his wine and commenting idly that she hadn’t seen Jacob’s “pretty girlfriend” in a few minutes. While the young woman’s voice echoed from above her Dinah could feel Jacob’s cock spasming as he came, feeding her rope after rope of white release against the presence of her warm tongue. Her lips were sealed; forming a tight seam smeared with dark lipstick around Jacob’s cock, and she continued to milk him with her hand until he had finally finished. It was enough for several mouthfuls which Dinah eagerly swallowed down, each one a creamy gift that made her feel warm and content deep within her. Though the boy was no match for the size or payload of Mr. Harson’s cock he was still an adequate offering, and as if he knew his alone wouldn’t be enough for the brazen whore Dinah Lance had become, he was nice enough to bring three friends.

Friends that Dinah turned her gaze to now, licking her lips of the last spot of cum clinging to them.

The woman’s dress drew taut around her as she advanced to the other end of the table, working towards the other three cocks that had been primed and ready. They were young men whose names she didn’t know nor would she ever know, but that was the last thing on her mind as she pulled one free to wrap her lips around a twitching cockhead. While she sucked the boy in the center her hands moved to fondle each other one through their equally expensive slacks, a smile forming on her lips as she worked them into a greater state of staggered and wicked arousal. Sure enough, each time the waitress returned over the next few minutes her experiences seemed to only get stranger and stranger, and while Jacob’s behavior seemed to have switched back to something normal his three friends now
seemed to be the ones acting oddly. Remaining completely oblivious, the young woman simply continued to chat them up and flirt her way to a higher tip, all while they were sucked and serviced underneath the edge of the table.

In all, the three boys were a fine challenge for Dinah, but not through the fault of anyone but herself. As she worked through the trio of young meat offered to her, she found it increasingly hard to resist the urge to make noise, to finger herself with her free hand or to groan in delight as she was fed their thick and gooey cum. The first two boys were kind enough to shoot squarely in her mouth, making sure it was all cradled on her tongue so she could drink of their nectar at her leisure. Above her she could hear the boys talking, and their words made her blush a shameful dark color to her cheeks.

“Probably just get her meal to go.” One of Jacob’s friends grinned, his voice low enough so only the secret cabal of elitist young men could hear. “Bitch has had plenty to eat already, and still one more to go.”

Dinah couldn’t deny as much, and the idea of eating another mouthful of young, white spunk was certainly more tempting to her in that moment than whatever pasta she had ordered that she could only barely pronounce. But when she started to service the fourth and final young man at the table he did the unforgivable; his cock released its cream before she had readied him by wrapping her mouth around the tip. It was partly her fault; she was in the middle of giving him a wet and sloppy handjob while she worked her mouth across his sack, and she was so enamored with the taste and scent of young flesh that she didn’t hear his impending release. Before Dinah knew it she felt the boy’s cock twitch and spasm in her grip, and when she looked up his cock was already spewing its release upward. It splattered against the underside of the table in several thick bursts, and though some of it was kind enough to fall down and splash on Dinah’s hair or cheeks or even the slope of her dark black lips, some of it yet clung to the marble underside of the fancy table.

Dinah’s cheeks flushed, and she rolled her thighs back and forth, fighting her dark and debaucherized instincts as she saw the cum clinging there, waiting for attention. Though some of it already crossed her face and clung to her hair it didn’t stop Dinah from suddenly leaning up and forward, parting her lips and stretching out her tongue. She moved it to the white spot dangling from the table’s underside, taking one long, appreciative swipe to collect as much of the boy’s cum as she could from it. Another lick, and then another, and soon she found herself lowered to the point of a desperate whore trying to draw water from a rock, or much more aptly, cum from marble. When it was finally clean she swept her fingers to her cheeks and gobbled up the remnants that she could find, savoring every last taste of cum from her fingers and trembling at the warm taste of it in her belly. When she was finally cleaned she waited for an opportune moment, and with the noise of the restaurant returning to her, slinked out from underneath the table and crept back up to her seat. Thankfully, most people at the fancy restaurant were focused only on themselves, and the waitress had her back turned in the moment that Dinah returned. Sure enough, she soon sat in her original seat at Jacob Doyle’s side, her smile content and happy and her cheeks red. She had enjoyed her meal thoroughly, but as Jacob’s hard and excited gaze was a firm reminder as they continued to eat, she still had more to come.

After all, he had spent good money...and he had all night to draw fifty thousand worth of wet desire from his purchased whore.

The limo ride from the restaurant to the hotel was a short one, but still eventful. Locked in the back of the stretched vehicle with four still-horny young men, Dinah was treated to a variety of friendly groping that ranged everywhere from the slope of her calves through her fishnet to the full frame of
her large, lush breasts. Though the ride was short enough that they could each wait to get a true taste of her, their intent was clear and proved as much through their hungry hands and their lewd, promising words.

“...can’t wait to see how she looks wrapped around my cock.” One of Jacob Doyle’s friends commented, grinning as he slipped a hand underneath the slit of Dinah’s dress to draw his fingers down the inside of her thigh. “She’s fuckin’ beautiful, Jake-o. Where’d you get her again?”

“I’ll give you the number.” Jacob grinned in response, one arm around Dinah’s shoulders as the other hand had stretched forward, groping one of her breasts. While Dinah stayed in the center of the torrent of affection she remained little more than a twitching and whimpering participant, squirming in delight as she was pawed at and fingered, her clothes picked at and her flesh teased. “There was another nice one in the headshots she sent me; some dark haired girl. But it said her speciality was taking control, so I figured she’d be good to save for another time.”

“Yeah, this was a good first run.” One of the other boys grinned, sitting in the back and eagerly shifting back and forth. “Way better than the girls we used to get.”

Therein lied the source of all of the things towering up against Envoy’s operation, but Dinah knew none of that in the moment. All she knew was that she was just as eager to get to the hotel as her small army of young friends, and when the limo driver stopped the car to open the door for them, she was eager to get out and wrap her various holes around each of the boys in turn. What she didn’t expect; however, was that as they stepped out of the car their feet didn’t land on the glittering pathway leading to one of Gotham’s finest hotels, but on the dark and shadowy streets of one of its many back alleys. Before Jacob and his friends realized just what was happening there was the sound of blackjacks swung through the air, and Dinah’s eyes went wide as she stepped free, not realizing what was going on until she met one of her very own. There was a heavy thud to the back of her head, some random goon taking advantage of their distracted and dazed state, and she fell heavily to the floor with her eyes pulling at her consciousness.

The hero that had been lying dormant within her desperately wanted to break free in that moment, but the impact against the back of her skull had been too great. All she could do was struggle, trying to push from the ground as she heard a sinister voice slip into the open air.

“Take ‘em alive, boys. All of ‘em.” He announced, and Dinah could just barely make out the fine Italian leather of a pair of top of the line shoes, the sort that Gotham’s Underworld would make a note of keeping polished and in top condition. “Make sure no one lays a hand on the blonde, too. Penguin wants all of them untouched, least until we can drag that bitch that runs their scene out into the open.”

Dinah’s muscles tightened and she struggled, trying to force herself to push away the ache at the back of her head. All she needed to do was part her lips, to unleash a Canary Cry, and they’d have an opportunity, a moment of escape. But as it was, she was out of practice from months of ignoring her heroic training, and the throbbing pain at the back of her skull was simply too hard to push away. When one of the thugs stepped up behind her, she heard his voice but was unable to take any action.

“Bosco, your swing is terrible.” He condemned one of his friends, slapping his own blackjack into his hand. “Let me show you how it’s do-”

And with that, another impact at the back of Black Canary’s head came, and darkness overwhelmed her.
It was about an hour earlier that Envoy’s brothel had an unexpected visitor all its own. At least, unexpected to Helena Bertinelli. Most of her clients were middle aged men that knew their bodies well enough to know that they enjoyed being dominated by strong-willed, raven-haired women, men that knew how to take a bit of teasing before being brought to a thunderous climax. Whether it was the young man Peter that had adored her for so long in her domestic life or one of Gotham City’s industrialists that needed a desperate escape from a coddling wife, “Brooke” was there with a firm hand of discipline and order to help guide them into a night of eroticism. And like most nights, Helena sat in her room waiting for a client for the evening, firmly expecting to be able to squeeze, lightly whip, and tease her way into another satisfied customer. Another thick cock, marked with lipstick and tight with tension, squirting all over its owner from little more than her harsh glare.

When the door opened for her evening client; however, she couldn’t of been more shocked.

“...you!” Helena hissed through her teeth, darting across the room with a look of surprise in her eyes. She was dressed for the purposes of greeting her evening’s partner; and by the looks of it she had a particularly kinky night in mind for them. Her full body was dressed in dark green camo fatigues that tightly clung to her frame, from dark green pants to a fully buttoned military blouse that was marked with a few fake medals. Her artificial officer’s outfit was completed by keeping her hair wrapped up in a tight bun at the back of her head, and to emphasize the level of her authority that evening she had even carried with her a riding crop under one of her arms.

...she was certain that high ranking women captains in the military didn’t actually use riding crops, but it was all a part of the fantasy. Regardless, that fantasy was dropped as Helena darted over towards the door, her eyes narrow and her voice accusatory as she practically hissed through her clenched teeth.

“What are you doing here?!” She demanded, and a part of her desperately wanted to say more. Truth be told, she wasn’t sure how things had been at Envoy’s harem lately. Dinah had been evasive at best, and she hadn’t seen Envoy herself in days. Not knowing where they were standing with their new home had made it fairly difficult for Helena to assume anything, but it was enough for her to suspect that the appearance of a familiar face wasn’t merely a coincidence.

...or rather, the lack of appearance of one.

“It’s a brothel, isn’t it?” The Question’s voice was slightly muffled by whatever material covered her face, giving it a blank and empty look. “You’re a whore, aren’t you?”

Helena simply blinked, resting back on a heel as she took in the sight of the woman she once knew as a trusted ally in the fight against crime in Gotham. In truth, she still didn’t know what was going on. Was the Question operating her own investigation? Was she working for Oracle? Was she planning on Helena to play her character, or was the jig up all over? Her heart was racing instantly, for the first time excitement running through Helena Bertinelli, the Huntress, that wasn’t purely driven from the lewd acts that she had relished in doing. The appearance of another hero, even the last one she suspected to see, was enough to make her senses alive and her blood hot once more. She bit down on her bottom lip for the moment, pacing back into the room on her combat boots as the Question looked around from side to side. Dressed in her long flowing blue trench coat and dress clothes underneath, the detective simply moved a hand up, adjusting her fedora atop her layers of curly black hair.

“Sorry, I don’t...do this much.” The slight stutter to her voice was enough to tell Helena they were working an angle; the Question didn’t usually say things with anything less than absolute confidence. Helena would’ve nodded her understanding to the con they were pulling off, but for now she was simply content to stand by and listen, waiting for the other woman’s angle. “Your employer said you
service women too, right?"

“Well, I…” In truth, she hadn’t yet, aside from a few close rubbings with Dinah or one of the other girls at the brothel. The Question would be yet another friend that she debased herself in front of, and if the night was going where Helena suspected she’d have a new, exciting memory to ponder in the morning. “…I do whatever Envoy likes. If she took your money under the assumption that Brooke would whip you into shape…” Helena cracked her riding crop within her hand, grinning. “…then Brooke will do just that, even if she can’t see the smile on your face.”

The Question moved a hand to her fedora, popping it off her dark locks and tossing it idly to the side. It allowed her dark hair to dance down her featureless face, framing the empty void that was her heroic identity. She then allowed her fingers to work down the front of her shirt, unbuttoning after moving her tie out of the way. Every motion was casual and confident, and despite their past alliance the Question thought nothing of stripping herself in front of Helena. Furthermore, she thought nothing of casting her gaze towards her friend, and announcing something new in a very firm and potent voice.

“...yeah, that’s not what’s going to happen.” She stated, matter-of-factly, and gestured towards the riding crop. “Here’s how it is, Brooke. I paid the money, and I picked you out because of an admitted weakness to making strong girls like you weak. You can fight me on it if you want, but…”

Her necktie snapped off, and she held an end in each hand before pulling it tight. The action practically made the fabric clap throughout the room, and Helena couldn’t help but swallow from the gesture ringing with authority and presence.

“...but I’m already holding your leash for the night.”

True to the Question’s words, Helena’s resolve didn’t last long in front of the detective. The faceless woman drew the dark-haired beauty into her very first exclusive experience with another lone woman, and though Helena delighted in taking control of the various men that visited her, she could certainly see the appeal. Renee Montoya was an attractive woman with a powerful frame and beautiful black hair of her own, and even though Helena wasn’t treated to the sight of her friend’s face through her mask as the Question, she could imagine what it looked like over the course of the next hour. She could envision how Renee looked while Helena was eating her own, tasting for the first time her friend’s body and driving her to the edge of a squirting, loud climax. She could just picture what she looked like under the mask when she stripped Helena of all of her clothing, only allowing her to keep her black combat boots and the bobby pins holding her hair in place at the back of her head.

And most chillingly, she could fully imagine what Renee’s face looked like when she pulled out a wide strap-on, just as thick as any of the men that Helena serviced.

And from there, the night continued with Renee fully introducing her dear friend to the intercourse she supposedly paid for. Helena was caught underneath the embrace of a beautiful dark-skinned woman, made to lick the excited sweat from Renee’s throat as the other woman claimed her with power and authority from above. Where Helena’s control over the men in her life came from her presence and her authority, Renee’s domination of her female targets was done through little more than a stern hand and a powerful body. True to her words she had leashed Helena with her necktie that evening; tying it around her throat and never sparing to give it a tug when she felt like Huntress wasn’t giving it her all. Every thrust from Renee pushed the tip of that enormous strap-on’s length deep into her friend, and each moment that the two spent together worked to redefine things between their friendship. Helena’s head was left spinning as Renee fucked her again and again, pulling her
hair and smacking her ass, and never once letting up.

By the end of their time together Helena was on her hands and knees, her makeup smeared and her long hair hanging in a sweaty mess, her cheeks wet from a recent facefucking from the pussy-flavored strap-on. As her knees strained and her hands struggled to keep her up, Renee was hammering her from behind, wearing only the thick member locked around her waist and the mask covering every trace of her expression. The faceless woman smoothed her hands down Helena’s thin frame, and finished her appreciation of her with a firm, bare-handed slap on her smooth, tight ass. Though her voice was still muffled through the mask, it was no less chilling or intimidating in her desires.

“Make it loud for me, or I’ll find the energy to fuck your ass next.” She announced, and began with heavy, stunning thrusts. Helena did just that, which she would’ve obliged to even without Renee’s orders, and before long she was sweating and screaming into her tiny brothel room while she was fucked by one of her best female friends. So hard and so heavy came Renee’s thrusts that Helena didn’t even realize when the door suddenly swung open, and a flurry of motion and activity burst into the room.

“All right, you revolting Capes, the fun’s over!” Envoy’s words were harsh and angry, and the immediate sound of them sent Helena’s mind spinning with sudden questions. “Question, quit fucking that Huntress whore, we’ve got problems!”

Question blinked underneath her mask, her hands holding Helena’s waist while the two remained on the bed. She gave Helena one last defiant thrust, pushing the tip of her toy deep into the woman’s hole, and then pulled back with her head tilted curiously. Helena just laid naked on the bed, watching the exchange as she tried to piece everything together.

“What’s the problem?” Question asked, voice muffled but admittedly curious. Despite her sweat-licked, sex-scented body she moved to get dressed once more, taking the strap-on off and slipping back into her panties and slacks. Even faceless with just her pants on her powerful figure, Helena couldn’t help but give her friend a look and swallow with a tightened, shivering arousal running through her. “I can only assume by your urgency that things transpired far quicker than you assumed.”

“You can say that, yes.” Envoy growled, and pointed towards Huntress with an angry finger. “You! Crossbow slut.” Helena was still reeling from the knowledge that Envoy knew by the time the woman continued her demands. “Time for you to get dressed and move your ass, your friend’s in trouble.”

“Y...you know I...” Helena blinked, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “...my friend...trouble...you mean Kelly?”

“Clearly if Envoy knows you’re Huntress, she also knows ‘Kelly’ is Black Canary.” The Question observed, buttoning up her shirt. She stepped over towards Helena and began untying her necktie from the woman’s throat, but not before giving it one last tug for good measure. “Perhaps it’s worth catching you up, to avoid confusion moving forward.”

“Nnnf...fine, fine, tramps, whatever.” Envoy grumbled, and drifted over towards Helena’s clothes on the floor. She scooped them up in her arms and practically launched them towards Helena, knowing that they were likely the best in her closet for the sort of work they were about to do. “I know you’re Capes undercover, slut. Catwoman pointed it out to me. But since you were both harmless and seeming to enjoy being such stupid fuckholes, I let it ride. I figured, why not keep you on staff since you were both so content with cock as your new life.”
“...fair enough.” Helena winced, rubbing the back of her head as she processed it all. After all, she and Dinah had put themselves in that situation, she could hardly blame Envoy for letting it ride. As the tiny, black-haired and red clothed woman went about her frenzy before the edge of the bed, Helena let her eyes follow her with curious caution. “But what about Black Canary? What happened to her?”

“I’ve made enemies, tramp. Powerful ones.” Envoy snapped, glancing back at Huntress with a brief twitch of one of her eyes underneath her mask. “Penguin, Two-Face, Black Mask...they’re all pissed off about the action I’ve been stealing from them. Black Canary and a couple of high end clients were out on the town tonight, and I just got a ransom demand for them.”

“...how much of a ransom-” Question’s words were cut off as Envoy turned on a heel, practically barking at her.

“It doesn’t matter! I refuse to pay those foul bastards a single penny!” She spun on a heel in elaborate fashion, moving towards the doorway as she stormed forward. “Five minutes and I want the two of you dressed and ready to fight! If these bastards want a war, they’re getting it tonight!”

The door slammed behind them, leaving Helena and Question alone in the moment. With still a lot to process on her mind, Helena gazed towards Question, swallowing curiously. She was worried about her friend for sure, but there was still so much she didn’t know.

“...and just how do you fit into this?” She asked, arching a brow.

“Independent investigation.” Came Question’s typically mysterious response. “Oracle and Lady Blackhawk have been following up on you, but they couldn’t infiltrate like I could. I offered myself up as a go-between with Envoy and street level heroes. My expectation was to work to foster a peace accord between her and the rest of you, since my investigation of her yielded...compelling results.” A slow shrug came to her shoulders, and she gazed at Helena. “As a result, this event moves things up. Looks like we’re working together earlier than expected.” She pulled her phone free, and began to tap while she spoke. “I’m contacting Oracle now. With all of us moving with Envoy’s forces, we should be able to rescue Black Canary with no problem.”

“Wait, so you’re friendly with Envoy now? And she knows we’re heroes?!” Huntress took a long, deep breath. “So what was all that about just now? Making me eat you out and fucking me with that thing?! You could’ve just told me that the jig is up!”

Question looked up from her phone, tilted her faceless expression to look at Huntress, and then shrugged.

“Conversely, I figured…” She mused, thoughtfully. “...why not take the chance to fuck you?”

Huntress folded her arms across her chest, practically pouting at that while she glared at her friend. As soon as she heard Renee talking to Oracle she finally looked down to her clothes, getting them strapped back across her flesh. Hopefully before too long she’d be in the proper attire of the Huntress once more, with a crossbow in her hand and flanked on all sides by allies. She wasn’t exactly sure what sort of forces that Envoy could marshall to her side, but she was sure it was better to move towards rescuing Dinah with them than without them.

Before long Helena was fully clothed and moved to stand by Renee’s side, waiting near the door. The two gave each other a simple nod, and Renee opened the door, speaking casually and thoughtfully as they stepped out.

“...if it’s any consolation, you eat pussy fairly well for a straight girl.”
“Oh, shut the fuck up, Renee.” Helena grumbled, and shoved her from behind. “Let’s go rescue Dinah.”

Everything was about to change. Their relationship with Envoy’s harem, and the face of the Gotham City Underworld forever. Envoy wasn’t wrong when she said they were going to war, and soldiers on both sides were fighting for the causes important to them. Whether it was the underworld’s money or the Birds of Prey’s friendship, or Envoy’s own twisted and still mysterious motives. Whatever the outcome was going to be it would be happening very soon, and Helena wasn’t sure how things would shape up after. She didn’t…want Envoy’s brothel going anywhere anytime soon. A part of her even wanted to stay on staff. Whether it was the victim sympathizing with her captor or something more Helena couldn’t be sure, but the fact that Envoy was rushing to rescue one of her girls even knowing she was a spy was an impressive moment.

When she met up with Envoy she gave the masked woman a small nod, the only gesture she could offer in the moment. And with calls made and forces galvanizing, the three women headed for the brothel’s exit.

The battle was happening…now.

End of Chapter 17.

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