

(Warning: This story contains male muscle, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content.)

To many, Gotham City was a rotten thing. Old, dirty, polluted, riddled with crime and danger. A place that 'civilized' people should avoid at all costs. The city was a beast that chewed you up and spit you up, and then demanded money out of you for having done so. Indeed, to most people, Gotham City was rock bottom, and the only escape was to either flee the city or claw your way to the top, backstabbing all the way.

To Selina Kyle, however, Gotham City was a gem.

Or perhaps it was best to call it the lockbox.

Hidden in the grime, in the dark corners, every dangerous alley, lay opportunity. Treasures to be plundered, diamonds to be claimed.

Fun to be had.

You never know what you could find in this cesspool of a city, and that made it all the more *exciting*. Death could come anywhere, either from a Clown's mad rampage, a giant crocodile's jaw, or just a random gangbanger with a gun.

Cats were said to have nine lives, but Seline made sure to live them all to the fullest.

The cat burglar had recently leapt out of her apartment and was already jumping over rooftops. Green eyes brimmed with excitement, her well-fitting dark leathers showed enough cleavage to reveal a generous bosom, and the flawless brown skin underneath. She moved with the agility befitting of her moniker, jumping from roof to roof with multiple spins and high dexterity. Partly to keep her skills fresh, partly because she liked to show off.

A lot was going on in the streets, talks about some Venon knockoff making its way through the underground. Becoming popular with gangs and athletes. Selina did not pay much attention; that sort of thing did not interest her.

What did interest her was the newest exhibit at the Gotham Museum. A diamond dating back all the way to the American Revolution that used to belong to a rich british officer that would soon be returned to its 'rightful owners'. Let it not be said she wasn't a patriot. That gem could perhaps be better off in her hands than in the hands of some posh noble family.

The streets could fall into chaos for all she cared; that was not her concern. She had an appointment with a lovely gem, dozens of security measures, and a lot of guards to piss off. Let the Bats take care of their beloved city. Seline was going to do what she did best.

That was until she found a little wounded bird on a roof.

Selina paused in her tracks, eyes widening behind her goggles, which she pulled up to take a closer look.

Bright red, yellow, and green, a long black cape sprawled over the roof's surface. An athletic young body, currently groaning and shuffling around.

Robin.

And he was hurt.

Conflict welled up inside Seline. Her relationship with the Bat Family was... complicated at the best times. Her relationship with Bruce even more so. She wanted to think she didn't care, that she was selfish enough to walk away. The Bats had been through worse and always pulled through, sometimes without help. One of the birds did not need a cat's help right now.

Really, he was fine. She could just move on before she lost her time window.

Another groan, and a pathetic attempt at standing up, followed by his body tumbling down.

"...Fuck me," Selina muttered in resignation, and jumped down to the lower roof to help the bird.

The Robin tensed up as she landed, a birdarang held up in a weak grip. But relaxed upon seeing who it was. "Catwoman..."

She recognized the voice: Tim. One of the two who still carried the title, and the other one was far too small and young for Selina to confuse the two.

“Rough night, bird boy?” She casually asked, sauntering over to him.

“Had better, ugh.” He groaned, holding his side.

“Are you hurt?” She tried not to sound too concerned.

“Got a mean kick to my ribs. Long story,” He hissed, tenderly holding the bruised side of his body.

Selina pursed her lips, debating her next course of action. “You need help, a place to rest.” Ugh, she was really doing this. “My place is nearby, come on.” She walked closer, holding up his arm over her shoulder and supporting him.

“Your place, huh?” Tim gave her a pained grin. “That’s a big sign of trust from you.”

“Don’t make a big deal out of it,” She warned him. “Or I’ll drop you off a roof.”

“We know you’re just a bit softie-ow!” One of her metal-tipped claws may or may not have nipped his shoulder.

Reaching her apartment was not hard, thankfully. Robin’s grappling hood was strong enough to support both their weight as they moved from roof to roof; he endured the pain with nothing more than a few grunts or hisses. She helped him enter her apartment through the large bedroom window connected to her balcony and sat him down on the enormous king-sized bed.

Turning on the lights, she saw his white lenses squint, taking in his surroundings. “Nice place,” There was an underlying judgment in his voice. “Must have cost a mint,”

“You could say it was a *steal*.” Selina grinned, removing her gloves.

“Course it was...”

“Now shut up and let me take a look,” she said. She sat next to him and lifted the side of his shirt on the afflicted side. There was a nasty purple bruise between his stomach and his ribs. “Hmm, looks bad.”

“Could have told you that,” He hissed as she trailed a finger over the wound. “Nothing broken at least.”

“You got lucky,” Standing up, Selina went over her first aid cabinet on the wall. Well, one of them at least. With a life like theirs, she needed to keep extra.

It was not the first time she patched up a Bat. She had healed up Bruce a fair number of times, and Dick and Barbara, back when they were starting, for that matter. Ugh, curse this family for always bringing up her softer side.

It would be a first for Tim, though. How old was he now? He had to be in his early twenties. Honestly, it was hard to tell with them. With their Olympic-worthy fitness keeping them in amazing shape. She had to be at least... what, ten, fifteen years older than him.

Ugh, she did not want to start thinking of her age.

With a painkiller in one hand and ointment in the other, she casually asked, “So what managed to get one of Batman’s proud sidekicks beaten up like that?”

When she got no answer, she became concerned. She turned around fast, fearing he had passed out. “Tim?”

He hadn’t; he was still sitting on the bed. But he looked pained, more so than he already was. He was scowling, gritting his teeth as sweat dripped down his brow, a soft growl escaping his clenched teeth. “I ugh!”

He was shaking, his arms, his legs... and yet he still stood up.

“Don’t move!” She said, walking up to him, discarding the painkiller and ointment on the table. “Sit down so I can treat you.”

He did not reply, which only worried her even more.

“What’s happening? What’s wrong?”

“Feeling... argh!” He grunted, loudly, his body seizing.

Before Seline could ask what he felt, she heard a sound akin to leather stretching.

And Tim began to *grow*.

It was rapid, insistent, and *very* thorough. His body swelled on all corners, from his feet to his shoulders, the young man’s athletic build expanded. Selina watched in a mixture of awe and mortification as the muscles swelled with larger mass. The visible parts of his arms rippled with an even more defined tone while the biceps filled up the sleeves. His green pants, already very form-fitting, looked pained on as she could see all the muscle groups in his burgeoning quads, popping cord-like muscles that strained the material. Calves widened until they pushed beyond his shins, straining the material of his boots, which looked awfully constrictive around his expanding feet.

He kept rising in height, surpassing Selina’s by at least half a head, and kept rising higher still. It made Selina’s eyes settle on his chest, gasping at the sight of his pectorals pushing over the reinforced material of his shirt to the point it was struggling, groaning in protest as it desperately held for dear life to contain the onslaught of flesh.

All of his clothes did.

Rip-rip-rip-riiiiiip.

And all of them were fated for defeat.

Tears spread all over his outfit, from the seams of his shoulders to the sleeves of his pants. Toes burst through the material of his boots, ripping to the sides along with the fabric as the calves exploded outwards. Bulging quads unraveled the green fabric, leaving only tattered remains that preserved his modesty... for all it was worth, as a notable *bulge* stood out stuffed inside the torn remnants, pulling double-duty as a ragged loincloth.

Selina swallowed a heavy lump down her throat, licking her suddenly dry lips. She felt so hot under her leather. Why... Why was she feeling like this?

His gloves came apart around his large fists, which clenched tightly and made a dozen muscle groups dance along the length of his forearms. The split of his biceps was so fast and powerful that it ripped his sleeves, as the fabric around his shoulders came apart.

Tim growled, a bullish neck bulging with muscles, flexing so hard they snapped the cape's collar that was tightly wrapped around his throat. Traps rose and tore through the fabric; the cape fell to the ground as it had nothing to hold on to anymore.

His abdominal muscles were *jutting out*, so incredibly defined and prominent even under the shirt. Lats rose like wings, flaring impossibly wide with a stairwell of obliques leading to them. Tim moaned and grunted as he stretched his arms, his chest muscles flexing as a result. The 'rip-rip' pattern over his chest increased, showing the initial hints of skin and striated muscle.

Do it, Selina thought to herself in desperation. She had seen the effects of Venom, seen Bane turn into a hulking beast. Seen people change and become large, musclebound brutes. This shouldn't be any different, yet it was. It was awakening something so *primal* in her. Making her crave for more, *need more. Do it, fucking do it, show it to me!*

The shirt split open, showing the shredded pectorals whose striation was so deep it made them look like two slabs of rock grating against each other. Enormous blocks of pure solid beef, rippling with vascular power.

Selina bit back a moan, feeling her underwear grow moist. What was happening to her...?

Tim stood there panting, sweaty, large, *beautiful*. The tatters of his clothing fell to the ground as his chest inflated and deflated with each deep gasp of breath. The way his shredded abdominals coiled made her shudder. He smelled so... so *magnificent*. That sweaty musk was enough to make her body lit up with aroused flames.

"My god..." She muttered, moving closer despite herself. She almost moaned as she put a hand on his massive chest. He looked so huge, larger than Bruce. Larger than any man she's ever been with.

Been with... She's never been with Tim before. Not like *that*. Why did she think of *that*?

“Fuck,” He muttered in disbelief, looking at his extraordinary musculature. “I’m huge, it’s...” He slowly smiled. “It feels amazing.”

He flexed one of his arms, and Catwoman was regaled with the sight of a massive mound growing larger than her head. She placed her hand over it, fingers spreading over its vast vascular surface, feeling the sheer strength and solidness under her palm. *Oh god, he’s so hard.*

She wasn’t even questioning why this had happened. She was too focused on his body, his *godlike* body that smelled *so fucking good*.

“You’re not a little bird anymore,” She purred in delight as her hands delighted themselves by roaming over his massive torso.

Tim grinned, and his response came by tensing his muscles, flexing, and posing in ways to invite her to feel him up more. To explore more, to indulge.

Selina was not blind to the bulge in his tattered pants, *throbbing*.

She... She wanted to feel more, to explore, to *taste*. To wrap her arms around this hunk of a man.

She pressed herself close, enough that her breasts squeezed against his solid chest. Tim held her by the waist, pressing her closer, letting a leg press up against his bulge. “Selina...” He muttered, so seductively, so manly...

She wanted to feel his lips on her own. To unravel those torn ‘briefs’ and witness the hardest muscle of them all. She imagined she was even larger than... than.

This was Bruce’s kid.

This was *Tim*. He was *Bruce’s*.

They... They couldn’t do this.

Selina pushed him back. Or it was more accurate to say she pushed herself away, as she couldn't even move him. The two stared at each other in disbelief at what had *almost* transpired, panting, looking horrified.

Selina gulped, "You... You need a bath."

"...Right," Tim said, his voice tight and controlled. He turned around and walked away, not even asking for directions to the bathroom.

Selina bit her lips at the side of that *massive back*. And moaned in despair as Tim finally found the bathroom, disappearing inside. She let herself collapse against the bed, mortified at what had occurred, once she heard the shower turn on.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuuuuuuck.

She *dropped* on the bed with a stunned look, mortification feeling her every pore. She couldn't pretend otherwise; she *knew* what had happened there, what she felt. She was aroused; she had feelings of physical attraction for *Tim*. She had wanted their bodies to entangle in a mess of limbs as they ground over his hardened muscles.

Which was wrong on so many levels. Never mind the age difference; he was *Bruce's kid*. That was... ugh! That was so gross. She felt disgusted for even feeling that way. But it was like something had taken possession of her body. Flooding her sex with *want* until she was completely damp.

She panted, pulling down the zipper on her outfit and letting her ample breasts, still secluded under her black underwear, spill out. She trailed a naked hand over her firm abdominals, making her quiver. A lifetime of training and acrobatics had given her a nice fit physique, but *nothing* compared to Tim's body; he was even larger than Bruce.

There it was again, the guilt, the disgust. The shame of feeling so attracted to him that she was touching herself. Why?! Why did it feel like she had been hit with a heavy dose of Ivy's-!

Her green eyes snapped open.

The new serum on the streets. Tim's growth. The arousal they both felt.

It... couldn't be, could it?

Urgently, she reached for her nightstand and fiddled through her emergency phones with panic. She had too many. Private numbers she used and later disposed of to remain undetected, but some were specially designed to contact allies, partners, or old 'associates'. Titles that could change from one day to another in Gotham.

She clicked on Ivy's contact and waited as the phone rang.

"Pick up," She muttered, her leg bouncing up and down. "Pick up pick up pick up"

If this were true, then Ivy had an antidote, one she desperately needed so she wouldn't feel so *fucking* attracted to Tim's body.

Fuck, his body, just thinking about it sent a wave of arousal over her body, setting her nerves aflame. She wanted nothing more than to peel her outfit off and imagine his rough hands going over her.

So strong, so powerful, rippling with supreme definition...

She could just imagine his enormous arms lifting her like she weighed nothing. His stamina had to be *godlike* now, with a manhood capable of pleasuring her to oblivion.

Ivy did not answer, and Selina kept losing the fight.

But she still tried so hard to think about anything else. To hold to some semblance of morality that would keep her from doing something she'd regret forever. And it was hard to do so when the sound of the shower reminded her that the Adonis was right there. *Naked* and... and...

Tim, *marvelously, manly, muscular* Tim was naked in *her* shower.

He... He was probably suffering some effect of whatever had transformed him. She... She needed to check on him, make sure he was alright. Yeah.

Her suit was too uncomfortable now, so she discarded it, letting it fall next to her bed alongside her cap and goggles. She walked in naught but her underwear to the bathroom, guided by the light and steam coming from it. She heard the shower drain, she heard... Tim. Groaning, grunting.

With her heart beating in her throat, Selina opened the door fully and stepped inside. What she found there... was better than anything she could have imagined.

The see-through shower panel hadn't fogged up enough, letting her see Tim in all his naked, *soaking* glory. His muscles were bulging and vascular as though he had just finished an intense workout. His face, the mask long since discarded on the bathroom floor, was locked in an expression of immense strain and concentration. His shoulders bunched up, tightening, while his biceps and forearms rippled as they moved back and forth...

...as he gripped his thick cock and masturbated with ferocious effort.

The tool in his hand was mighty, long, *throbbing*. It made Selina's panties flood with absolute desire at the possibilities. Feeling it inside her, feeling its hardness in her hands, *tasting it* with her-

"Ugh!" He grunted, throwing his head back as he clenched his jaw tight. "S-Selina...!"

Selina nearly came right then and there.

He was thinking of her, *pleasuring himself* to her. She was his inspiration, the source of his arousal.

He redoubled his efforts, the growl in his throat increasing in volume alongside the speed of his arms. The red swollen head twitching, letting loose drops of pre-cum as he build himself up to the great release.

Selina rubbed her thighs together, biting back a moan as she placed a hand over her breast, feeling her hard nipple under the bra, while the other played with her lower lips over the damp fabric.

Tim gasped, letting out a *guttural* howl as he finished himself off.

His cock throbbed, shooting up his load in sporadic bursts. Thin ropes of white trailed in the air and lost themselves in the shower's rain, flowing down the drain between his feet.

Selina... needed this. He needed him. Right now, like she never needed something before.

A few pulls from her fingers, and her underwear fell to the ground. It was then that Tim noticed her; his expression did not shift, he still stood there panting, basking in the afterglow of his climax. But the sight of her naked body seemed to... renew him.

Selina opened the glass panel and stepped inside, letting the warm shower's temperature fall over her dark skin. It did not match the sheer inferno raging inside her.

The two stood there for a moment, completely nude before the other. The Boy Wonder, his herculean self, with his erection still raised like a flagpole, pointing at her. And Selina, the cat burglar in all of her naked beauty.

She suddenly jumped into his arms, slender yet toned arms latched around his neck, joining their lips together in a searing kiss while Tim's muscular arms held her up by the waist.