

presents:

## A nightly visitor – A Catwoman story

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### An adult action story with a LOT of fetish elements ;-)

(incl. a sexy catsuit, overknee boots, bondage elements, extensive unmasking scenes, fight scenes, some sex scenes and more)

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**Notes:** Please be aware that I only have limited experience in writing stories  
- English isn't my first language, but I try my best!

**Introduction:** I love masked women! Especially Catwoman and Batgirl. And in this first story I will start with Catwoman.

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-Originally I expected that the story would have around 4-6 pages, but during the writing I realised that I don't wanted to let out important (for me) details.  
And I'm pretty much obsessed with "unmasking struggles".

But you will see that in a matter of minutes ;-)

I know that it is a lot to read, but if you are interested in sexy masked women or any of the fetishes listed above...you...should...like it ;-)

**Take your time, don't rush through it, you would miss a lot!**

**!!!And be warned, don't read this story in a public place!!!**

**That would end in ...embarrassment ;-)**

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Finally the small window in the attic was open. A figure, completely in black, entered the mansion, carefully checking on the surroundings. As she carefully closed the window, her little flashlight provided just enough light in the dark. On the outside the moon had provided enough light, but up here it was pretty dark, as there were only a few small windows in the big room. Soft-footed the figure moved forwards, her final target was on the first floor, where the safe was hidden, according to the blue prints she had acquired.

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Selina Kyle did became a thief after she broke out of her personal hell. A facility were criminal juveniles were looked away from the public.

After she had spend some years on the street, the female supervisor of this place had chosen Selina to become the picture-book candidate for her educational methods.

But Selina wasn't the one who would play along her rules. She did escape and returned to the dirty streets of Gotham.

Dreaming about jewels and luxury, she became a thief. At first only small jobs with little pay off, but she was determined and learned quickly. In the last months she did finally made some jewelry heists.

Burglaries for which the "Catwoman" was held responsible for. That's how the newspapers called her. She had become quite famous, and a part of her enjoyed that.

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Now Catwoman was in this huge mansion. The security measures were good, but not as good she had expected. She had spend a lot of time preparing and scouting to be ready for her biggest raid yet.

After she went down the staircase, her attention went to the console of the alarm system which near the entrance. Her contacts to a troubled employee of the security company paid off as she deactivated the alarm for the doors and most windows.

Luckily the small windows in the attic weren't connected to it. Seemingly it wasn't expected that someone would climb up there and also get through the small opening.

It was time to get her hands on the treasures of this mansion.

Catwoman was heading for the safe.

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He couldn't sleep, staring at the ceiling of his bedroom, John was thinking about the future, his future. After his father had died in a car crash last year, he became a rich man over night. He had left the law studies and did enjoy the money he got so suddenly and unexpected. Since that day, he was drifting through life. He didn't know what to do with himself. Yes, he did enjoy the money and the advantages it presented. Of course it became even easier for him to get women. Something John never really had problems with, since he was a good looking guys in his late 20's.

Most of these women were only after his money, with none of them he made a real connection. He became one of the most wanted bachelors of Gotham. Pretty much like that Wayne guy.

John was looking for a special type of woman, a woman that he still had to find. Suddenly an alarm from a monitor near the bedroom door interrupted his thoughts. Quickly he got to the monitor. He noticed that the safe was open.

Perhaps the additional alarm he installed himself would pay off after all.

Through a camera he saw that intruder, it seemed to be a woman, but he couldn't see much details as the picture was pretty dark.

He laid down the phone he already had in his hand to call the cops, and grabbed the gun that was hidden in his wardrobe.

“That can get exciting” he thought and smiled. Still just in his white shirt and black boxers, he was heading downstairs to welcome the intruder.

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She didn't had much trouble to open the large safe, that was hidden behind some wooden panelling. Catwoman grabbed the jewels and enjoyed the feeling. Some of them would make a great addition to her collection. The rest of them would be sold afterwards. After all her pretty new apartment wasn't paying itself. She froze for a moment as she heard a familiar sound. The sound of a hammer on a pistol, which was pulled back. That wasn't part of her plan. But perhaps a nice challenge to make it even more interesting.

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John approached the room with the hidden safe very cautiously, trying to make as little noise as possible. After all he didn't wanted to destroy the surprise for the female thief. Finally he saw her, apparently completely dressed in black she was looting the safe.

He stood in the doorway, just around 4 meters behind her, and pointed the gun at her. As the hammer on the gun was pulled back, the thief stopped moving.

John: “Got you! Hands above your head, turn back to me, slowly, no sudden movements!” .

The thief raised her arms and turned to John, following his orders. It was time to get a good view on her. His fingers switched the light switch and the darkness, that was only slightly brightened by the flashlight of the intruder, vanished. His eyes widened as he saw the woman at his safe. He had never seen anything like her, at least not in person.

She wore a tight catsuit, made out of some sort of spandex, leather overknee boots with pretty flat wedge heels and long leather gloves. A whip was attached to a small belt. John noticed that her well trained body was tall for a woman, almost as tall as he.

Finally his eyes wandered to her head. A black rubber cowl with cat ears covered already big parts of her face, but underneath she wore a shiny black latex mask. Only her stunning blue eyes and her full lips weren't covered. “Oh my god, what a woman” he thought while feeling that his mouth was slightly open as he enjoyed the view the mysterious Catwoman offered.

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She turned to the guy with the gun and noticed that it was John Spears, the rich playboy who owned this place. In person he looked even better as in the magazines, and as he was just staying there in a white shirt and boxers she observed his trained body closely.

Catwoman had always enjoyed to wear her costume. The feeling of the tight catsuit, these boots and especially her masks, gave her a powerful feeling. And at the same time she always felt a little aroused.

But now she felt her heart pumping fast as the handsome playboy with his gun excited her even more. She felt sweat building up under her latex mask.

He was too far away for a fast attack, so she decided to play with him, seduce him a little to lure him closer.

“Oh come on John, you wouldn’t shoot at me, would you?” she said slowly while trying to sound as sexy as possible.

“Don’t try me lady! You won’t get away with this. Not with these jewels from my family.”

Catwoman studied John for a moment, observing every tiny movement in his face, his slightly shaking hand, that still pointed the gun at her. She noticed that the bulge below his shirt and boxers seemed to grow.

She swallowed because of her own arousal, despite the danger, it was slowly intensifying. But she needed to ignore that, as everything was at stake now.

“Ok, big boy, what is your plan? Keeping me here until the cops show up?”

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John started to enjoy this situation, as he was in control. In control about a stunning, very sexy woman. Her masks added a lot of eroticism to her, as her face was nearly perfectly concealed from his gaze.

I thought about how she might look behind all that rubber and latex. Perhaps there was a celebrity under these masks, perhaps someone he even knew personally. Ok, he just had to know it! Who was hiding under these masks?

“Perhaps. But for now....take off these masks!”

He noticed how her eyes narrowed, her playful smile changed into a slightly aggressive expression.

Some seconds past by.

“No....No, I won’t do that”

“You do know that I have a gun pointed at you?”

“Yes, but I won’t unmask for anyone, not even for you. I would rather take a bullet”.

John was surprised about that answer. He didn’t know what to reply. But she was right, he couldn’t shoot her, not Catwoman. That gun was of no use to him.

“If you want my masks....throw your toy away....and try it. Try to ...unmask....me!”

“Come on, you are a strong guy. You might even have a tiny chance!”

He saw how her lustful smile returned.

The thought about ripping these masks off, revealing the woman behind them, turned him on big time.

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Catwoman still waited for a reaction from John. She noticed how his view was completely focused on her masks, and how big his erection got in the meantime.

“Ok Kitty, but only if you take off your whip as well.”

She grabbed her whip and laid in on the ground. He carefully tossed the gun over on the same spot.

“Just one more question: Why are wearing TWO masks? Seems a little much to me....or did someone unmasked you and you needed some ...extra protection?”

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He was right about it. At her last job, she got into a fight with some other criminals. And these three guys were tough, she managed to knock out two of them. But the third guy took her by surprise, attacked from behind, grabbed into her cat cowl and ripped the rubber material, pulling it off her face forcibly. He tossed the destroyed cowl to the ground and saw the exposed face of Selina Kyle, the beautiful rich woman who was quite famous for her generous donations to animal help organisations. And she saw in his surprised face that he had realised, who the unmasked woman in the catsuit before him was. She always had been deadly afraid of that moment.

The moment when someone would find out about her secret identity as Catwoman. That guy would have ruined everything. Her days as Catwoman would have been over and Selina would have gone to jail.

And she wouldn't let that happen. After a short struggle she tossed him off the rooftop. She didn't had much remorse about it, since he was a real low-life, but in her dreams, the moment where the mask left her face, was hunting her.

She wouldn't let that happen again. After making a cowl with thicker material she tested several other masks. The latex mask was now her back-up mask and added the extra protection she needed to keep the Catwoman alive.

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“Something like that. And THAT won't happen again!”

She felt the danger. John could unmask and expose her, even if that chances seemed rather slim to her in a fight versus just him. At the same time she felt very attracted to the handsome playboy, wanted to play with him, perhaps even fuck with him.

But she couldn't let him that close...not without risking her unmasking, not without risking to lose everything. If he would find out who she was under these masks, she would be completely at his mercy, a puppet on strings, totally dependable on him.

And that was Catwoman's greatest fear.

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John felt how his pulse was accelerated, his muscles tensed. They started to circle each other. He couldn't wait any longer and attacked, rushed towards her. Easily he used his speed against him, grabbing one arm, tossing him on the couch nearby. John stood up, tried to grab her, but Catwoman quickly hit him with a skillful roundhouse kick, sending him back onto the couch.

“Come on, John, you can do better than that!”

He noticed that she seemed pretty sure about winning the fight, and that motivated him even more. Again he rose from the couch and launched towards her, feinted a attack to her left, while his right hand quickly reached one cat ear on her cowl.

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Finally an attack that surprised Catwoman. She felt how his left hand grabbed her other ear on her cowl. Before she could react both his hand yanked on the

cowl, pulling it upwards. Thanks to her strong chin strap the cowl only moved very little as the rubber material stretched. Her hands grabbed his wrists, while her right knee slammed hard onto his erection.

“Bad boy! You shouldn’t do such foolish things!”

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John screamed in pain as he was falling down to the floor. Yet he still enjoyed the feeling of his hands yanking on her cowl. The shocked look on her eyes and lips. A short moment of joy that fuelled his desire to unmask her even more. She stood just beside him, as he swiftly grabbed her booted ankle with one hand while pulling on her arm with the other. Both his hands reached out for her masked face, one hand was blocked, while the other managed to get a hold on the Catwoman’s latex mask. The fingers clawed into the stretchy material and started pulling on it, yanking at it with more and more force.

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Catwoman cursed herself for standing so near to him, having thought he would need much more time to recover. She had one of his hands under control while the other one was pulling hard on the latex above her cheek. The force of his grip stretched the material and she had troubles to get his hand off her mask. Finally she managed to slap his hand away, but immediately it returned. This time his fingers slipped into the hole above her mouth, trying to get a good grip to rip the mask there.

“Damn it, I underestimated him...” she thought while trying to stop his attack.

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He enjoyed the feeling as he stretched the hole over her lips slowly wider and wider. The material around the hole was reinforced so it wouldn’t rip easy. Also the latex on that mask was a little thicker than he had anticipated. John tried to free his other hand to get it on her mask as well, but her grip on that was strong. More and more of her lower face around her lips was revealed as the hole widened.

“Nooooo, stop that you bastard!”

“I’m just getting started...Kitty”

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Ok, she had to do something to stop him, before her mask would give in to the growing strength of his yanking.

Small metallic claws emerged from her gloved hand that was holding his second hand at distance from her masks.

She released her grip on the hand quickly, and the claws scratched his right thigh. Only superficial wounds, but more than enough to put an end to his attempts of ripping her latex mask.

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John cried in pain, while his hand covered the bleeding. He was relieved that he wasn’t hurt seriously but the pain had shocked him for the moment.

“Damn you! You cheated!”

“I will defend my secret with everything I have, so be prepared for a lot of pain if you try to unmask me again”

As John bared his teeth in pain, he felt some rage building up towards Catwoman. Only her unmasking would be an acceptable outcome for him. Playtime was over.

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She felt a little remorse for hurting him like that, but she just couldn't allow him to rip open her latex mask, even if her cowl would have still covered her secret. Her fingers pulled the stretched latex back in the original position. Catwoman thought about leaving now, if he had alerted the cops, they should be here very soon. Even if they wouldn't be a great danger to her, it was a risk.

As she was watching John's still clearly erected cock under that boxers he grabbed his shirt and ripped some of the fabric off. His now exposed trained abs aroused her. She couldn't deny it, John was a very good looking man.

In the weeks before she observed him, and even talked to him as Selina Kyle. She was fascinated by him since then, but her night job was a very dangerous secret, a secret she couldn't share with anyone.

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As John bandaged the scratch marks with the fabric, he noticed that Catwoman was still standing there, not trying to escape. He felt her gaze on his body and returned it. Her breasts filled that tight catsuit out very well and her stiff nipples were now clearly visible behind the spandex.

His lust for her overcame the rage he had felt only moments ago.

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Catwoman felt how he starred at her and moved above John, who was lying on his back. Her legs in the overknee boots gently pinned his arms parallel to his body. Slowly she moved to her knees while keeping control over his arms, her crotch now on his body, only some centimetres away from his bulged boxers. She smiled with a thrill of anticipation. Her hands in the black leather gloves were slowly moving over his upper body, exploring his muscles while she was playfully biting in her lower lip. Catwoman observed John, who obviously enjoyed that she was sitting on him, touching his body.

Carefully the claws on her glove ripped through the remains of his shirt, tossing them to the side. Like in slow motion she moved her masked face towards his, still controlling his arms as her knees were pinning them to his body. For a moment she stopped, only centimetres away from his lips, enjoying the tension, the sexual excitement.

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That stunning masked woman was on top of him. John couldn't believe his luck. This woman was so different from the ones he had met the last years. He knew the he couldn't let her get away without unmasking her, without finding out who was hiding under these masks.

Finally she pressed her lips on his lips, kissing him passionately. A long lasting kiss. Then her head moved back, her upper body was now again in an upright

position. As the claws from the other glove emerged John's pulse accelerated even more.

"What are you...."

Catwoman laid her right forefinger over her mouth.

"I don't want you to have ideas, naughty ideas like reaching for my masks, so behave John, and I won't have to use my claws".

He felt how she pushed her knees further below his hips, as her crotch was rubbing over his erection. His arms were free now.

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For a second Catwoman was sitting just on top of his erection, rubbing the spandex of her suit over his boxers. She sensed how his cock hardened a little more and a muffled moan escaped her lips. As she moved a little further down his boxers were now in front of her.

Gently her clawed hands entered his boxers, pulling it down, revealing his fully erected cock. He raised his arms laying them on both her thighs, starting to rub over the spandex. Catwoman reached for a well-hidden zipper between her legs, pulling it down quickly, opening the catsuit over her crotch. The claws on one hand vanished and her hand grabbed her black slip in the opening, yanking it hard aside, exposing her pussy.

Hastily she grabbed his cock and inserted the tip into her vagina. Catwoman closed her eyes and moaned in lust as he started to penetrate her.

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John bite hard on his lower lip as Catwoman started to ride on him. His hands started to move upwards over her trained body, slightly pausing right under her breasts, then moved onto them. Greedily he squeezed the full, firm breasts through her catsuit. She seemed to enjoy his groping hands and she leaned towards him, bringing the front zipper of her suit in range of his hands.

John accepted the invitation and started to pull down the front zipper of her suit, revealing her black sports bra underneath. His eyes widened as his hands wandered on the bra.

"Rip it off!" she groaned in his direction.

Lustfully he grabbed the fabric, violently pulling on it. The fabric started to tear and gave in to his yanking, the straps finally ripped. He tossed the destroyed sports bra to the side.

For a moment he admired her stunning breasts before he squeezed them roughly.

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Catwoman's muffled moans got louder. His dick deep inside her, his hands on her breasts. She felt more and more sweat building up under the latex mask. Her lust triumphed over her caution. She reached for his shoulders and pulled his upper body in an upright position. Again she kissed him, long and intensely. Then she noticed his hand on her shoulders as he pulled them to the ground, swinging her body underneath him.

She crossed her legs behind him as he started to thrust faster and harder into her.

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Johns lips covered her nipples and started licking them gently. Now on top of her, he felt that he was already close to an orgasm and he tried to calm down a bit. He watched her closely and suddenly HIS chance showed up as her eyes closed again, his hands were wandering on her arms, right next the openings of her leather gloves. He just had to do it!

Her arms were pretty relaxed as he suddenly grabbed the gloves, pulling the leather on her elbows from the inside to the outside.

John tossed the gloves with the deadly claws away from her.

Now he was in control.

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She moaned louder and louder as she enjoyed the sexual excitement, the pure joy she shared with John. Her guard was totally down.

What was he doing down there? As Catwoman opened her eyes. her gloves were gone and his hands were reaching for her cowl. Her mood changed rapidly to sheer terror as his right hand yanked with force on her chin strap, stretching the rubber away from her. The left hand reached for one ear on her cowl.

Before she could react he pulled the chin strap in his direction and then upwards, rendering it useless. With both hands he tugged hard on her cowl, while her hands reached his arms, trying everything to stop him.

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“NOOO, STOP!”

He ignored her pleading and pulled with all his might. After some seconds of struggling, John managed to pull Catwoman’s cowl away from her face, tossing it to the wall some metres away. The completely intact cowl would make a great trophy.

The panic in her eyes, as she realized that her cowl was gone, aroused him even more. His fingers clawed in her latex mask, stretching it. With the cowl out of the game, not protecting her latex mask anymore, he tried to pull off her last mask.

But the unusual thick material was skintight around her face, making it nearly impossible to pull it off. His hands wandered around the mask, until he found a zipper on the back of her head.

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His betrayal had shocked Catwoman deeply. That bastard pulled off her gloves and the cowl. It was a horrible feeling and she realised that she was into big trouble now. In a matter of seconds her life could be destroyed, if she couldn’t turn the tables. And her latex mask wouldn’t be a big challenge for him.

She couldn’t see much after the hard yank had stretched and displaced her mask. Desperately she tried to control his hands, to keep them away from the latex material. His cock was still inside her, but apparently he was fully focused on her mask for now.

She pulled her hips away from him, far enough that his dick wasn’t penetrating her any more. Finally she sensed the danger, his hand were at the zipper of her mask!

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The sound of the opening zipper was music in John's ears. Underneath the zipper was a latex piece that prevented that her hair would be caught in the zipper. And it held the mask together.

But with the opened zipper her mask was much more loose than before. Nothing could stop him now. Both hands crawled into the latex, forcibly pulling on it, trying to yank the damn mask off her face to finally reveal the thief underneath. The sound as the latex was stretched back and forth turned him on big time.

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Panic overcame Catwoman, as she felt how hard he pulled on her mask. It was only a matter of seconds until he either would pull the mask off her face or it would rip open. The mask was completely out of place now, she couldn't see anything now. And she couldn't break his grip on the mask, so she tried to pull the mask downwards to keep her face covered.

"NOOOO.... you bastard! LET GO!" she screamed.

...no reaction from John...

She could feel that his face was pretty close and right in front of her.

"Perhaps my only chance" she thought.

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His eyes were wide open, as the mask slowly moved upwards.

"YES, finally the Catwoman will finally be UNMASKED!" he said triumphantly smiling with anticipation.

The tip of her nose was uncovered as the latex was pulled a little higher.

Suddenly her head smashed right into his face.

He felt his nose cracking, blood was pouring down from it. The pain was overwhelming, John felt on his back, holding his nose, screaming in pain and frustration.

Again, she had tricked him, only seconds before his great triumph.

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As he heard him screaming his hands finally left her mask. Immediately she pulled the mask down and pulled the material back in place.

Catwoman was relieved, that the bastard didn't succeed with his sneaky attack.

"Why John? We could have had a great time... fucking each other for hours....but you....you stupid bastard ...went for my masks!

Damn you, you ruined everything! Obviously you didn't call the cops, what was your plan? Unmasking me, to get control over me, blackmailing me with exposing my secret?"

John was still holding his hands covering his nose moaning in pain.

She grabbed her slip, yanked it in place again, and closed the zipper over her crotch. Moments later she also closed the front zipper of her catsuit, covering her breasts under the spandex.

Her hands returned to her latex mask, closing the zipper on the back, enjoying the feeling of the tight encasement, the feeling that her secret identity was now well protected again.

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Finally John got a clear head again, he cursed himself, he had been so close in unmasking her, now that damn latex mask was back in place and she was walking over to pick up her cowl.

He pulled his boxers back up while trying to work out a plan. He was furious now, the sexual tension was gone, no romantic feelings left. That Catwoman had become an enemy. And he knew now that he was ready to do anything to stop her, to destroy her.

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She picked up her whip, the gloves and then her cowl, and held it both hands while she walked back to John.

“Nothing more to say, big boy?”

He looked at her, but said nothing, still lying on his back.

“Hmh, a real shame, I had high hopes in you...but I was wrong.”

She turned around and was bending down to grab the jewels.

“Time for me to l....”

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John moved to his feet and immediately jumped at Catwoman from behind, grabbing around her hips, as they landed on the couch. He pinned her down as he was laying on her back, her cowl, the gloves and the jewels fell to the ground nearby.

With grim determination his right hand moved in front of her face, grabbing into her latex mask on her cheek.

“You will not escape me, Kitty! Time to...”

His strong right hand yanked with force on the latex, stretching it hard.

“...UNMASK you”.

With some noise...the latex ripped.

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That damn bastard! He was laying on her back. The hard cock in his boxers pressing against her butt. The sheer weight of his body pinned her down.

She felt his hands on her mask, the panic returned and before she could react, the material gave in and ripped.

She touched her face to check how much of it was still covered. The lower part was exposed now, everything downwards from the half of her nose was showing.

Just enough was left to keep her secret from his gaze for now, but with that damage, she knew that one solid yank on her mask would expose her face completely.

One solid yank and Catwoman would become Selina Kyle.

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**The End**  
**(of this preview-version)**

The full story (with 5 more pages) can be found in the VIP-club on my  
[Maskripper-blog](#)