

www.frogwoman.org & www.maskripper.org

present:

Catwoman

- The masked scuba thief -

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

(incl. a rubber wetsuit, a masked woman, unmasking attempts, scuba peril, scuba fights, breath control play and various “drowning peril” elements)

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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: This story combines key fetishes from my two blogs, so it really fits well for both of them.

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

I know that “air” and “oxygen” are two different things, but mostly I use air here to keep it more simple...

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 ;-)

The scuba mask of the “thief”:



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Chapter I: The Cat who loved water

It was just after 2 AM. The boats and yachts in the marina were shaking gently in the water. The ringing of a moored buoy disrupted the calm night for a second. At the stern of an impressive yacht, a dark shadow surfaced and climbed carefully on the wooden diver's platform.

The diver moved very careful, trying to make as less noise as possible.

Corrugated rubber air hoses were connected to a scuba mask that covered the whole face of the intruder. Small drops of water were shining in the moon light on the black rubber wetsuit with an attached hood. But it wasn't a regular scuba hood, the rubber covered most of the face, in fact everything besides the eyes and the mouth area, so it was in fact rather a mask than a hood.

The mysterious diver was Catwoman, the professional thief, whose break-ins in Gotham made a lot of headlines in the last months. As her scuba mask was still in place, she was still breathing the air, that the intake rubber hose delivered. She enjoyed the feeling of being encased in the tight rubber suit, breathing from her scuba mask. Catwoman felt the growing arousal mixing up with the rush of adrenaline of the heist. As she exhaled deeply she heard the hissing sound from the regulator behind her head.

The Gotham marina was well guarded as some really impressive yachts were here as always. The entrance was secured by several armed men and there was even a small boat that patrolled the harbor from time to time. After she had found out about this particular yacht and the contents of its safe, she had made a plan.

Catwoman had used an underwater scooter to close in near to the yacht from the seaside, and had placed it on the bottom for the later use on her way back. Carefully she slipped out of her black flippers and placed them on the ground. She loosened the straps of her mask and pulled it off her face. Quickly she checked her rubber mask, but it was still well in place. Then she moved her right arm out of the harness of her scuba tank, putting it on the ground and closing the valve that controlled the air flow to her scuba mask.

The tank and her flippers disappeared under an expensive bench with white leather. She wouldn't take the chance that someone would discover her gear on the open stern of the yacht, even the risk seemed very slim at this hour.

Gently she moved on her rubber footlets as she climbed the stairs to the top deck, past the decadent big whirlpool and down another set of stairs. This was the safest way to reach her target, the safe with the diamonds. Outside, with the moonlight, she didn't need to use a flashlight. For the past days she had found out everything important about the yacht. Catwoman was sure that no one was on the yacht. The wealthy owner seemed to rely on the guards in the marina to discourage any thieves.

Catwoman heard the approaching patrol boat and laid quickly on the ground. A small searchlight focused onto the yacht. The light moved from the stern to the

bow while the boat was passing by. Catwoman enjoyed the adrenaline as her heartbeat was increasing. She knew, that she could only escape underwater and that it could be a disaster if someone would discover her on the yacht, while she would need to get to her scuba tank and mask in order to escape.

The sound of the boat engine finally got quieter and Catwoman crouched inside the yacht. Moving around on dry land with her rubber wetsuit for a longer period was a new experience for her, and she bit on her lower lip as the sexual arousal was getting stronger by the minute. She moved swiftly across the long, luxurious room which was equipped with a bar, a billiard table and comfy couches.

Thanks to her connections she knew that the safe was hidden inside the bar counter. Catwoman opened the small watertight bag on her weight belt and pulled her safe cracking gear out.

As she was extremely focused on working on the safe she didn't hear the quiet footsteps approaching from behind.

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Chapter II: The Cat who got caught

The shattering glass on her head nearly knocked her out. The numbing pain was overwhelming and Catwoman was holding her head and moaned with bared teeth. The rubber of her mask did soften the impact slightly but her vision was blurry and she felt helpless as she was laying on the ground with her belly.

“Got you!” said a male voice triumphant behind her.

The man turned on the lights and kneeled behind her and grabbing her right shoulder.

“Looks like I caught a thief!”

“Let's see who we have here!”

She felt his strong hands on her rubber wetsuit, pulling on her shoulder, turning her on her back. Catwoman could barely see the man, but she noticed the surprise in his face as he studied the intruder.

“Wow, looks like quite a catch!” he said as his eyes wandered over her sexy body in the tight rubber suit. He observed her masked face, the full lips and her blue eyes and finally noticed the short cat ears on the mask.

“Looks like my mysterious visitor is the famous Catwoman. Thank god, that I couldn't sleep and wanted to grab a drink. Now it looks like it will get a really interesting night” he said with a big smile on his face.

Catwoman tried to focus, tried to get a clear head again. She knew she was in big trouble already and it could get even worse. She could almost hear her own heart pounding, she felt so helpless and that was a nightmare. Finally her vision started to get better, she could see the attractive, young man kneeling before her.

He seemed to be in his late 20s or early 30s and had a well-trained body as she could clearly see as he was only wearing black boxers.

She noticed how he was studying her body and outfit closely.

“An interesting outfit, my dear! Not exactly a modern wetsuit, it seems like the cat really likes rubber, and stuff like that. Do you want todistract... men or do you have a thing for such suits?” he said still smiling.

Catwoman noticed how the bulge in his boxers got bigger while he was observing her. Her headache got better and she raised her upper body, leaned against the counter.

“Well, pretty boy, to be honest....you are right with both. And judging from your boxers....it seems to work”

She smiled back at him, starring at his crotch. His face blushed a little, but he remained relaxed and confident.

“Well, I never saw a woman like you, in such a ...sexy outfit. And the mystery of your mask...is ... thrilling. I wonder how you look like behind it!”

Catwoman swallowed and her eyelids narrowed, her smile was gone, quickly she changed the subject. Her right hand moved slowly towards her scuba knife that was strapped to her right upper leg.

“Why are you even on board, Max? I watched this little boat of yours for endless hours.”

“Well, Kitty, I just arrived half an our ago. It was a long, boring night and I want to cruise with this ...“boat” ...in the morning, so I wanted to sleep here. But right now.... I don't think I will be sleeping at all this night. Maybe we find a way where I won't need to call the cops.”

Max smiled playfully while he felt the overwhelming sexual arousal hardening his dick more and more. The desire to have sex with the amazing, mysterious woman in that rubber suit was too much, just as the thought of unmasking her, revealing the woman underneath.

Catwoman studied him and was fighting against her urge to have sex with him. Her rubber suit and mask, the diving earlier, all that have turned her on already....and this guy was very attractive. She felt the strong tingling in her crotch and seeing his big erection in his boxers amplified that even more. She knew that she couldn't let him that close. He would try everything to unmask her, and she wouldn't have a big chance to stop him if he would press his body onto hers. And she knew what it would mean, if someone would unmask her and find out about her secret identity.

She would be totally at the mercy of the unmasker, a puppet on strings, totally dependent. And that was the exact opposite of what she loved so much about being Catwoman. As Catwoman she could do whatever she wanted. That suit and mask guaranteed her the independence she was always looking for.

For some seconds she didn't answer to his sleazy suggestion, both starring at each other, making eye contact.

Slowly she stood up and pushed Max gently versus the wall behind him. Her hands in their rubber gloves grabbed his arms, controlling them.

Her red lips came very close to his left cheek, her voice was seductive and soft, almost whispering to him.

“You are very self confident, pretty boy! I guess you can get nearly every woman with that look and that money of yours, and yet you were alone on your yacht. And now flirting with a known criminal on whose head you smashed a bottle”.

Max didn't resist the grip on his arms and he enjoyed the little speech from Catwoman. He copied her tone, speaking with a playful voice.

“Well, honestly, I didn't expect to find a thief like you. And yes, I really had quite many women, but well, there I never met someone like you. And sorry for that, it was dark, and I saw only shadows. If I had know that Catwoman would pay me a visit, I would have gave you another welcome! How is your head?” Catwoman smiled and pushed herself onto him, pinning him to the wall. Her lips finally touched his cheek, kissing him passionately as she rubbed her wetsuit against his naked body. Her crotch pushed against the erection under his boxers and she couldn't suppress a soft moan. Finally she stopped kissing him, and started observing him closely before she replied.

“Hmh, that was a good hit, but I am feeling much better now. Glad that my mask was in place, that helped a little. And I had much worse hits than that one. It seems like most guys have a problem with me robbing them.”

Max pushed his hands on her hips, slowly moving them over the rubber, her hands still clutching his wrists. The smell of all that rubber in front of him aroused him even more, he could feel his erection pushing against the restraining boxers and also against her crotch.

He started to kiss her, and like before his face touched her mask. It drove him crazy that he could only see so little of her face. His curiosity to find out who was inside her sexy suit and under that damn mask grew by the second. Max pulled Catwoman around and pressed himself against her back. His hands moved on her belly, squeezing the rubber. Still her hands were on his wrists, but it seemed ok for her as she didn't resist.

She pushed her ass hard against his cock, rubbing over it. He moaned in lust, and his hand moved higher up on her body, still no resistance. They reached her full, firm breasts and begin to squeeze them roughly through her suit.

Catwoman bit on her lower lip to suppress her lust a little, she could feel that there was no way back now, she had to risk it. Sweat was building up inside her suit, that clearly wasn't designed for a longer period on the surface.

She let go of his hands, which still were greedily squeezing her breasts, and pulled down his boxers behind her. One hand starts to grab his cock, stroking it very slowly.

Max tried hard to calm down a bit, this woman was so different like any of the girls he had before, and he wanted it to last as long as possible. His right hand moved higher, onto her throat and then on the exposed skin around her mouth,

close to the mask. Immediately he felt how she greatly increased the pressure on his cock as she was squeezing it hard. He moaned in pain.

“Keep your hands away from my face, pretty-boy! Or you will loose your little Max down there...”

He could hear from her tone that she clearly was deadly serious about it and moved that hand back onto her breasts. Catwoman thought about the danger she was getting into. Could she control him enough to prevent any attempts at unmasking her? But as before, her urge to have sex with the man she wanted to rob, got the better of her.

She reached for the zipper that started below her throat and pulled it down until the lower end of her wetsuit jacket. His hands quickly reached inside her wetsuit jacket, one was groping her breasts through her bikini while the other moved down on her exposed belly. Catwoman disconnected the beavertail and fully revealed her rubber wetsuit pants below. But she couldn't remove her wetsuit jacket, since the mask was directly attached to it. She had problems to pull down the thick and tight rubber and grabbed her scuba knife, cutting the rubber over her crotch.

She turned around and was kissing Max passionately while her crotch pushed against his erection.

“Ok, pretty-boy, enough foreplay...fuck me! Seems like you are more then ready”

“Well, Kitty, you don't have to say that twice!”

He opened a drawer and grabbed a condom that he quickly pulled over his erection.

“You have condoms in your bar counter? Wow, how many women do you invite on your little boat?”

“There have been some for sure, but none of them had such a body and wore a rubber suit and a mask” he said smiling.

She pulled him to a couch nearby and he pushed her onto it. Breathing heavily he kneeled on the couch and pulled the cut in her rubber pants a little wider. He pushed her bikini slip aside and inserted his cock into her. She moaned loud as he started to penetrate into Catwoman.

Max grabbed her bikini and pulled it off, exposing her full breasts. Greedily he started squeezing and licking them. He couldn't believe what was happening right now. He was inside the famous Catwoman, and his eyes focused on her face. Her eyes were closed and she moaned while his dick penetrated her. Small lines of sweat were coming down from inside her rubber mask. He tried to imagine how she would look like behind that damn mask. Perhaps it was even a celebrity, who was hiding under it. The thought of yanking on that mask, pulling it off slowly turned him on even more, and he increased his speed, pushing his dick faster into her.

Catwoman felt that a big orgasm wasn't far away anymore. She had never fucked in a rubber suit or masked as Catwoman and the adrenaline of the situation was a great turn-on for her as well. She observed Max closely, his hand

were focused on her breasts but for most of the time he seemed to watch her face and thereby her mask. Hopefully he wouldn't make an attempt at unmasking her. That would turn this thrilling situation into a nightmare, if she couldn't fight him off.

Max continued thrusting into Catwoman, who moved her legs around Max's hips, pushing her legs in that smoothskin rubber tight around him. His hands began to fondle over the rubber. Max couldn't believe his luck, his plan to place the diamonds on his yacht to attract the Catwoman paid off perfectly. After some moments he felt semen leaking from his dick. He tried hard to delay the inevitable a little longer, so that this amazing experience would last longer, but after some more strokes he couldn't withhold it any longer.

Max moaned in lust as several shots of his semen filled the condom. Catwoman climaxed almost simultaneously, moaning heavily.

This night was developing quite unexpected, and she enjoyed it very much. But it was time to leave and she still had some work to do.

Max finally pulled his dick out of Catwoman, stood up and was walking towards a door nearby.

"Don't move Kitty, I will be back in a minute!"

She thought about a second round with him, but it was risky to stay and she had to escape in time, before the sun would come up.

She raised from the couch and was closing the zipper of her wetsuit jacket and the mechanism of her beavertail on her way back to the safe. Quickly she was kneeling in front of the safe, and started to work on it. She knew she could open it in time before he would be back.

"Now I'm really disappointed Kitty! We had such a great time and you still want to rob me?"

Max was standing in the door he just entered moments before. He was now completely naked as he had dumped the condom in the bathroom.

She observed him closely. He seemed pretty angry and she knew now that he wouldn't let her go without a fight. The safe was still closed and she felt very confident as she was a skilled close combat expert, he shouldn't be a real threat to her.

"Come on, pretty boy. I'm a thief, you thought I would stay the night and that we would cuddle till sunrise?"

She was smiling and stood up, moved slowly towards him.

"Will you let me go? Or do I have to beat you up before I leave with your shiny friends from that safe?"

Max observed her closely, trying to cover both possible exit routes that she could take. And the sight of her in that rubber outfit, most of her face hidden behind that mask, turned him on again. He couldn't let her get away.

At least not until he knew who Catwoman really was.

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Chapter III: The Cat needs to escape

Catwoman and Max waited for the other one to make the next move. She noticed that he was already horny again as his dick got stiff again.

“Ok, naughty boy, I guess you want the beating!”

Catwoman moved towards him and kicked him against the chest. Max stumbled back, but recovered quickly.

“Ok, Kitty, playtime is over!” he said and nearly landed a good hit with a fast punch. She countered with another kick, but this time he blocked it easily and grabbed her leg, holding onto the rubber. With force he pushed her to the ground.

Catwoman had underestimated him, he seemed to be a skilled fighter who would be tough to beat. She stood back up and tried to hit him with a high kick, but he ducked and kicked her standing leg hard, sending her to the ground onto her back.

Before she could react he pressed himself onto her, pinning her arms to the ground with force. She felt his erected dick pressing against the rubber over her crotch. With force she tried to push his arms away, but he was too strong.

“Get off me!” she shouted with bared teeth, trying to wreathe herself away from his well trained body.

Max pinned her left arm under her head and moved his right hand towards her mask. He grabbed the rubber material over her nose and his thumb moved inside the mask and started yanking hard on the rubber. He pulled with force on the thick material, while she started to shake her head to escape his grip on her mask.

“NOOOO! Stop! Don’t ...don’t unmask me!”

He noticed the growing panic in her voice as the rubber stretched more and more slowly. All her confidence had vanished completely and her eyes were wide open in terror. Max suppressed a moan as pulling on her mask turned him on big time. The thrilling anticipation to find out who was hiding underneath that mask was overwhelming.

Catwoman tried everything, but she felt helpless as he had her under control, she couldn’t get away from him with so much weight on her. And she didn’t had her usual cat claws and the other gadgets on this scuba outfit.

The rubber of her mask produced some squealing sounds as it was stretched further. She knew it would rip sooner or later if he would continue to pull on it like that. And then she would be exposed, with her secret identity gone, she would be totally at his mercy, he could blackmail her or send the cops after her at any time.

Luckily even with his strength he seemed to have problems with the thick rubber, until now it was stretched only 2 or 3 centimeter. She noticed how focused he was on unmasking her, and as he shifted his position on her a little

she pushed hard and both rolled over to the side. Now Catwoman was on top, and her left arm was free again. She thrust her right knee hard into his crotch at his fully erected dick and slapped the hand on her mask to the side.

The surprised Max writhed in pain, his hands covering his crotch.

“Damn you!” he moaned.

“I warned you Max! But you had to go for my mask. You are a bad boy!”

Catwoman pulled on the front part of her mask to adjust it a little. Her confidence returned as she realised that she escaped that dangerous situation. She walked over to the safe, smiling.

Max was still out of order for the moment and she thought about leaving immediately, but she started to work on the safe with haste. It didn't take long and it was open.

“Wow! Pretty boy, these diamonds are really.....”

Max grabbed her shoulders from behind and pushed her hard against the wall.

“You should have escaped when you had the chance.”

He pressed his naked body against her back, pinning her against a glass cabinet.

Max enjoyed greatly how her rubber suit was now pressing on his skin.

Again she had underestimated Max, who recovered much quicker than she had thought and was even able to sneak up behind her. And she felt his wild determination to unmask her as the erection she felt rubbing against her ass was getting stronger by the second.

She pushed hard against him and tried to land a good hit on him, but he was in a much better position behind her. His right arm appeared before her face and immediately moved onto her mask. Two fingers reached inside the mask at the left side, over her cheek. He pulled hard, violently stretched the rubber, but again the thick material made it very difficult to stretch it enough to rip it.

He moaned in frustration, still yanking on the mask.

Catwoman pushed her head backwards in a rapid movement, scoring a good hit on Max's face. But even he left out a painful scream he didn't let go of her mask.

She noticed another hard yank on her mask, but she was pleased how good the material stayed in shape.

“Come on, big boy. Just let me go....you can't know how I am!”

Again she pushed her head hard backwards, but this time he was prepared and dodged her try.

“Oh no! You won't get away until I know who you are!”

She noticed the growing anger and frustration in his voice as he grabbed her head and shoulders from behind and smashed her head through the thin glass cabinet.

Catwoman moaned as he pushed her on the ground, on her back. She felt a little numb and her head was hurting pretty badly, even the mask had softened the impact slightly. She saw Max standing above her, observing her while he still had a boner.

Then he saw it. A triumphant smile appeared on his face as his view reached her mask. Catwoman reached for it and realised that there were two cuts in her mask. The glass must have sliced into the rubber. She felt a little blood on her gloves where the glass had ripped through the mask material.

“Fuck.... No....” she mumbled while her eyes widened in fear.

Before she could finish her sentence he knelt besides her and launched his hands onto her mask, his fingers moved into the cuts of the damaged rubber. Immediately she grabbed his wrists to stop him. Max began to pull, stretching the rubber forcibly. This time the rubber started to rip more and more, slowly, but steady.

Catwoman started to panic, pushing hard on his wrists, desperate trying to stop him.

“NO! Pleasssse.....NOOOOOO!!!”

The tear over her forehead got bigger and bigger, the rubber made squeaky sounds as it ripped more and more. Max’s heart was racing, he enjoyed the situation highly. As the material gave in a little more he finally could see some black hair from the masked thief.

Catwoman felt weaker and weaker as her mask continued tearing open. All the strength and confidence that she has as the masked catburglar was decreasing rapidly. Desperate she tried to land a good hit with her right knee, but Max quickly blocked her movements by pressing his lower leg onto her leg.

Until now, Catwoman’s grab on his wrists had stalled the mask destruction, but it was only a matter of time until he would have a good view on her -then-unmasked face.

Catwoman released her grip on one of his wrists and was sending a quick karate chop to his throat. It had the desired effect, as Max moaned in pain, released the grip on her mask and covered his throat with his hands as he was falling backwards to the ground.

She quickly checked the damage on her mask. It was mildly torn, and he had exposed some skin on her forehead, but her secret identity was still intact.

It was time to leave for her, she grabbed the little satchel with diamonds and turned to Max.

“You are lucky that you didn’t see more of my face, pretty boy. I really don’t know what I would have done with you....”

Max smiled at her confidently, still laying on the floor.

“This isn’t over yet, Kitty!”

With surprising speed he jumped at her, but was stopped by a well timed kick, right to his face. Max felt to the ground, some blood was dripping from his mouth.

“Sorry, Max, no more time to play. Have to go now!”

Catwoman turned around, and finally was heading back to the stern, where her scuba gear was still waiting for her. She passed the outside door near the stern and could finally smell the ocean again. Her scuba gear was only some meters away.

But then one hand grabbed onto the rubber on her lower leg, while the other pushed her violently forwards, catching her by total surprise, Catwoman felt hard onto the ground and immediately Max moved upon her and was kneeling over her, left and right to her thighs.

“Oh, Kitty! You really should check if someone is really finished, before you leave!”

Max’s voice was triumphant and victorious. He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her upper body backwards against his chest.

Catwoman was still numb from the sudden and pretty hard impact on the ground and he used that quickly to his advantage. His hands reached inside the tear over her forehead and again he ripped violently the rubber of her mask, this time without resistance for now.

Max pulled with force on her mask, the tear got bigger and bigger. Finally she came to her senses and reached for his wrists to stop him, but his grip was strong. Her forehead was already exposed and now he reached inside the mask on her cheek, pulling hard on it towards the big tear above.

“Stop it! Please....NO!!!”

She screamed in panic as the rubber gave in and ripped. Max grabbed the rubber material and yanked it off her face, exposing it. She was finally unmasked, as the material that covered her face from the nose to the hairline was gone now. Tears ran down the face of Selina Kyle, the woman behind the mask. Her face showed terror and a lot of anger. Immediately she covered her face with one hand.

Max threw the big chunk of rubber to the floor. His head was still behind hers.

“Ok, Kitty now let’s see the face of the Catwoman”

He stood up and pulled her with him. He grabbed the arm covering her face and moved around her, now standing right in front of her.

Max saw some more details of her face, details that weren’t covered from her hand. With wide eyes he pulled on her arm while she tried everything to keep the hand in position on her face. Slowly it was pulled to the side.

“YES! Finally....”

Her right knee smashed hard right into his crotch, hitting the fully erected cock.

“You bitch!” he screamed in pain, covering his crotch with his hands.

Still covering her face with one hand she landed a strong kick right on his face, sending him the floor.

Suddenly a powerful light illuminated the stern. It was the spotlight of a patrol boat that was closing in fast.

A loud voice from a megaphone:

“Stay right where you are, Catwoman, you can’t escape!”.

Several armed men appeared on the jetty leading to the yacht. They seemed oddly well equipped for security guards guarding a marina.

On the patrol boat Catwoman spotted two men and one woman, in full scuba gear, almost ready to hit the water. The female diver had a black neoprene wetsuit with yellow arms. On her front she wore a small rebreather from which

two corrugated rubber hoses lead to a full face mask very similar to Catwoman's. The frogmen were dressed in blue wetsuits and equipped with pretty normal single hose regulators and backup regulators.

A really bad feeling overcame Catwoman.

Something was wrong.

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Chapter IV: The Cat and the scuba battle

Catwoman moved quickly to her hidden scuba gear, still covering her face with one hand. She needed to cover her face from all those eyes and she was running out of time as the patrol boat and the men on the jetty were closing in fast. She kned down and was covered for the moment. I thought about Max, she had hit him good with that strong kick, but he had proven to have a lot of stamina and was very determined. Hopefully he needed some time to recover.

She grabbed her scuba tank, opened the oxygen valve, pulled it onto her back and then she took the full face scuba mask and strapped it over her face. It felt so good to her to be masked again, her face hidden under her scuba mask. The incoming air made hissing sounds and she sucked in the air.

“You won't escape, I took care of that! It was all a trap for you... see you very soon, Kitty!”

“My god, he had planned all this” thought Catwoman in terror.

Security guards arrived on the yacht, running towards her. She grabbed her fins, and jumped into the dark water.

Some feet below she pulled her fins over her feet and checked hastily her rubber air hoses and the straps on her scuba mask. Only some meters away the divers from the patrol boat entered the water and their flashlight illuminated the water. Catwoman tried to spot her underwater scooter that she had left on the bottom as she arrived hours before. The divers were closing in very fast on her and she couldn't find the scooter with her small flashlight. That scooter was her only good chance to escape with these divers on her tail.

She felt the panic rising inside her and her breathing got faster and faster.

Massive formations of bubbles emerged from the regulator disc behind her head. Greedily she sucked on the air that her scuba mask gave her. She felt a growing tickling in her crotch, breathing from that mask and diving with that rubber wetsuit turned her on, again, as always.

There was no time left, the first diver was only a meter away. She grabbed her scuba knife and swam away with strong strokes from her fins. She knew that she couldn't let them surround her as she wouldn't have a chance against 3 divers at the same time.

She dove under the keel of the yacht and hid on the other side, above the keel and below the surface, hoping her hunters wouldn't stay together. Catwoman

spotted some bubbles and a flashlight beneath the stern in ten meters distance, then the beam of a flashlight appeared below her.

A diver appeared under the keel and Catwoman reacted immediately. With powerful strokes she came up behind him, grabbed his thin air hose and sliced through it in a quick move. A massive stream of bubbles was leaving the severed hose. He grabbed for his 2nd regulator, but Catwoman reached for his mask and ripped it off his face, blinding him for the moment.

Catwoman was surprised how thrilled she was about fighting underwater. The sight of his spewing air hose was a great turn on and she enjoyed it heavily. The guy fumbled his 2nd regulator in, cleared it and sucked on it.

Catwoman thought about playing with him, but the other divers couldn't be far away. With his cut air hose he would be out of air in one or two minutes so she swam away, still holding his mask in her hands.

After some meters the other frogman appeared from the side, already very close he had been sneaking around in the darkness with his flashlight turned off. He was coming at her with his knife in hand, ready to strike. Both grabbed the wrist of the others knife hand, trying to keep the blades of the enemy away from them. Catwoman felt the very strong grip on her wrist and moaned into her dive mask. He started to shook her wrist violently and she was forced to open her hand and letting the knife go.

Now he tried to free his own knife from her grip and they struggled hard, pushing each other, spinning around in the water. Catwoman knew she was in big trouble as she saw another light closing in on them. She had to finish him fast, otherwise it would be two divers against her.

With force she held onto his wrist, blocking his knife hand, but he used the other hand trying to force that hand off his wrist. Quickly she pulled him close and rammed her knee into his crotch and ripped his mask off with her free hand. He was stunned for the moment and she used that chance and diverted his own knife into his belly. A cloud of blood came from the wound and he was moaning into his regulator, writhing around in pain.

After some seconds his movements already slowed down until he finally let go of the regulator. Catwoman was locking out for her own knife on the bottom, but there wasn't enough time, so she grabbed the knife from his belly as the curvy diver reached her.

She tried immediately to go for Catwoman's vulnerable air hoses that were wobbling on both sides of her head. Catwoman blocked the knife hand and tried to stab her in the side, but at the last moment she swung around and the attack came to nothing.

Both women tried to get the upper hand and struggled hard to get their knives in position for a fatal strike. Catwoman felt the adrenaline pumping through her, this underwater struggle with that woman was highly arousing and exhausting. She sucked hard inside her mask to get enough air to met her increasing demand. She had noticed the fancy rebreather of her attacker and corrugated rubber hoses that were stretched from time to time in their fight. As they got

very close to the keel again, Catwoman smashed the hand of the other woman against the ship. She grunted in her dive mask and lost her knife, but reacted quickly and pulled the surprised Catwoman around, reached for her air valve and closed it completely.

Catwoman sucked for air and got nothing from her intake hose, her eyes widened as she realised that her opponent got the upper hand. For now she could hold her breath for a while, but her enemy was tough and managed to control her arms. More and more desperate she tried to break free from her grip, but precious time passed and the exhausting struggle made her lungs starving for air. Catwoman finally was forced to let go of her knife in the struggle, but finally managed to break free with one hand. Immediately she reached behind her, reaching out for her air valve. She felt the rising panic inside her as she was out of air for over a minute, fighting for her life.

Catwoman realised how close they got to the surface by now, it seemed that the other woman tried to force her out of the water where she would be an easy target for all those security guards. And that would be most certainly her end, as they would rip off her scuba mask and finally expose her face, destroying her career as a thief.

Finally she found the air valve and started to turn it around, but the other woman slapped her hand away, and held onto it. Greedily Catwoman sucked the air from her intake hose and got only little, but at least some life giving air. She tried to use her knee against the diver but she blocked her attempts successfully. With only very little air from each breath Catwoman started more and more hyperventilating, she moaned into her mask, starred at the other woman, screaming and begging for air.

- THE END -

Of this **PREVIEW** Version!

The **FULL** story (with 4 more pages) is available at the VIP-clubs of
Frogwoman

www.frogwoman.org

and

Maskripper

www.maskripper.org

(because it fits well to both blogs)