

Synopsis: Stephanie Brown gets a new cringy, well-endowed girlfriend.

"Maisy Mollar, get your butt down here before you miss your first class!"

Maisy's eyes snapped open before she shot up in bed. Her pale, freckled skin had a sheen of sweat that stuck to her lanky body.

For a moment, she wonders if what happened last night was nothing more than a dream. But as she remembers Stephanie Brown's face clear in that alley after kicking some ass, and more clearly her Spoiler outfit, she is delighted to realize that no, what happened was not in a dream and yes, she went to the same school as a SUPERHERO!

It totally made sense! Stephanie Brown was a social sweetheart at Gotham State Academy. Maisy sat at the complete opposite end of the social totem pole to her. She rolled with the likes of Trisha Macker, Courtney Blu, and Tiffinay Yovitz. She practically ruled the school with them, at least they did in Maisy's mind. She would love to talk to Steph to figure out more, especially now that she knew her secret identity!

Maisy let out a squeal of delight as she bounced around her bed. Her Supernatural blankets and Undertale pillows bounced around with her. Inevitably she ends up on her Toriel bodypillow, more specifically, she straddles it. The fan design looks up at her in a seductive but nervous glance, sending a spark of arousal through Maisy's lanky body before that compounds with thoughts of Stephanie Brown.

"OOOOOOooooohhhH!!!! This is so heckin awesome! Like, total BRUH moment."

Maisy lets out a silent squeal as she begins grinding herself across the body-pillow. She could already imagine it now, Stephanie Brown opening herself up to her once she tells her she knows her secret. Then, once they get to know each other long enough, she'll come to her room in the middle of the night, dressed in her Spoiler attire, where they will make sweet love until the morning comes.

She will pound her thick cock into the deepest parts of Stephanie Brown's holes, showing her all the love she possibly could so that she could love her more. The thought of it alone

sparked more arousal throughout her as she grinds herself down even harder against the body-pillow. Her already rigid cock leaked out a messy stain of pre that Maisy grinds down into Toriel's chest.

"T-Thank you, for getting me ready goat-mommy!"

Maisy's moans unironically as she stares into the anthropomorphic animal's nervous face. But all of that comes crashing down when there's a sudden knock at her door.

"Maisy! Are you awake yet!?"

"Y-Yes, mom!"

Maisy hops off her bed and quickly throws on the same t-shirt she had on yesterday before ripping the door open to look into the expecting but concerned face of her mom.

"Maisy Mollar, did you stay up late again?"

Her mother demanded an answer while Maisy could only nervously laugh, which tells her mom everything she needed to know.

"Good lord. Just get your butt downstairs already, your father's made pancakes!"

"Woo! Pancakes!"

Maisy bounces in place with excitement. For a single moment, her mind is taken off what she saw last night as she imagines the delicious goodness she'd soon have in her mouth.

"Ok! I'll be down in a second, ma'am!"

The young woman gives her mother an exaggerated salute before closing the door. She then barrels over the rest of the clothes she had on yesterday and quickly throws them on as well. While she might not have been popular at college, it wasn't because she didn't stand out with her lime green hoodie jacket, jorts, and purple and green leggings.

Sure, she might have been skinny in the chest and rear department as well, but Maisy felt

like she more than made up for that with her short head of orange hair that anyone could see coming from a mile away.

Now, with a mission in mind, all Maisy had to do was wait for the inevitable. But before she ran off just yet, just to be certain, she scrambles around her bedsheets and pulls out her phone and flips over to her gallery. Her heart beat a mile a minute as she scrolled over and nearly burst out of her all together when she saw it.

Stephanie Brown, AKA, Spoiler, taking her mask off.

"OHMYGOSH. I-I can't believe I go to school with Spoi-"

Steph hushes her and crouches down to make sure nobody was in any of the bathroom stalls. But once she knew it was just them, she took a step forward toward Maisy, who's still bouncing off the walls with excitement at everything that was happening. After all, its not everyday your coming out of the bathroom and get confronted by a super hero.

"This is like, totally EPIC-SAUCE!! Like, I knew you couldn't be an NPC, right? You've got that, like, totally badass aura. Oh! I think I can guess who Batman is now-"

"Maisy!"

Steph snaps her fellow-student out of her excitement. But once she saw that she was finally paying attention, she explained the most important thing she had to know.

"You need to keep this a secret. What happened there was a mistake, and I really don't want you paying for that. Your also going to delete that photo you took."

"Ah! Really? But what if I want something to remember that moment?"

"Maisy...."

"Fine! I can totally keep your secret. You can, like, trust me with a lot of things, I'm just big-brained like that."

Steph wants to throttle Maisy in that moment but stops herself. Despite the cringe that made her very soul curdle, Maisy was still a good natured person.

"But, like, I feel like I can totally keep your secret better if you become my girlfriend."

Maisy's sentence doesn't automatically register with Steph in that moment.

Girlfriend?

"Maisy-"

"But like think about it! This is totally like some anime or manga stuff, I'm the mysterious loner, and you're the popular girl with a badass secret. It would be, like, totally really super-duper cool and awesome if we're just together like that."

The more Maisy explains, the more concerned Steph becomes.

"Maisy-"

"But if you don't want to, that's totally fine. I'm a big-girl, I can take a rejection, even if I'll be totes bummed out dude. Just so you know though, sometimes I just can't stop talking and talking even when I'm not paying attention to what I'm saying and like, it might come out there, and just, I wanted to, like let you know that might be a problem. But it might not be a problem if you like hangout with me all the time, since, you know, you can watch what I say and stuff...."

Steph stared at Maisy and quickly realized that she wasn't quite as well-natured as she thought.

"What makes you think I can't just make you keep it to yourself."

Steph takes another step forward. She might have only been wearing a pair of jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers, but when you work alongside Batman for as long as she has, you pick up a few things on intimidation. Which in this case, doesn't prove to be enough as Maisy looks threatened for a second before stating something rather obvious.

"Ha! You won't do that 'cause you're a hero. While your fightings skill are SUPER cool, you don't use them on people like me. B-But, go ahead if you want to."

Maisy calls her bluff and takes a step toward her, presenting herself to Steph like she was about to punch her in the face. But once it was clear that she wasn't going to do that, she watched as Maisy's demeanor switched to instant relief.

"Phew. Thank you for not beating my tight little tushy, Steph."

"Shut up."

Steph groans as she turns away from her new blackmailer. A part of her wondered if she should go to the others about this, but how would that look?

Oh, what's that Steph? You took off your mask in the middle of patrol? You also let your guard down long enough to be seen by a classmate?

Steph did NOT want to get fired again.

But what exactly was her alternative here?

Looking back toward Maisy, she saw how she practically bounced around with excitement, knowing what Steph was about to say before she said it.

"Fine."

"Yay!"

Once Steph finally gives in, Maisy celebrates before suddenly pulling her into her arms, wrapping them surprisingly tight around her while she smashed her face up against the unsuspecting vigilante's. It was then that she smelled the sweat,

"Mnnmmnh!?"

Steph reaches up and manages to pry the woman's face away from her's. Maisy was still eager however, trying to press her lips back against hers.

"M-Maisy!- Mmmnh!"

Maisy manages to slip out of Steph's grasp and continue their already aggressive kiss. It wasn't Steph's first, thank God, but she could tell it was Maisy's by the way there was too much slobber, tongue, and everything else someone too eager for their own good would throw in there just for their own pleasure. It was disgusting and Steph felt her skin crawl from the way Maisy's clammy hands clung to her body, like she was the last thing she would ever hold.

The main problem was trying to get her off WITHOUT hurting her. Easily, Steph could pull some move and pry her clean off, but like Maisy said, she wasn't going to hurt her, even if a part of her really wanted to. Now, Steph had to work her ass off to separate their faces.

"MAISY!"

"C'mon, Steph! Please! Please! Please! I don't want to be a virgin anymore!"

Maisy's admission only disgusts Steph even more before she finally felt the massive bulge Maisy had in her jorts. A massive, bitch-breaker of a cock, at least as far as Steph could feel while Maisy rutted and grinded into her like a dog in heat. She wanted to scream, but could only choke out a disturbed groan when Maisy pushes her up face first up against the wall and begins dry humping her from behind. Meanwhile, like a damn leech, her mouth goes to Steph's bare naked and she begins nibbling and sucking, leaving behind a wide variety of hickies and marks that Steph herself knew would be a nightmare to get off.

"M-Maisy!"

Steph felt pathetic being unable to do something. Her head banged against the wall from Maisy's rampant thrusting, her warm breath washes across her neck as well, nearly pushing her to break right then and there if those self-control techniques taught to her didn't quickly pull her back in line, even with this cringy freak behind moaning into her ear.

"Yes! Yes! This is total legit sickness! Way better than my pillow! Steph! I love you!~"

Maisy words manages to worm deep under Steph's skin, even after dealing with the likes of Professor Pyg, Black Mask, Dollmaker, and plenty of other freaks out there that committed some of the worst deeds imaginable. Perhaps it was the way she seemed totally focused on her while her thick cock continued slamming up against her ass and more disgustingly enough, Steph soon feels a wetness begin to form. Not from herself, but from Maisy behind her who's cock pre leaks through her jorts and soon enough leaks through Steph's jeans.

"Fuck.... Steph, you feel so good! Your body is perfect for this."

Maisy buries her face in Steph's hair and inhales deeply, taking in the scent of someone so perfect. It only disgusted Steph further as she tried pushing back, all the while letting out more distressed groans from Maisy's shameless behavior. The bitch-breaker in her jorts on the otherhand made her nervous as she felt it get harder and bigger if that was even possible.

At the same time, Maisy's hands eagerly explored Steph's body. Her clammy fingers, sweat-slick from excitement dove underneath her shirt, going across her belly and soon enough begins pulling at her bra, eliciting new fear through her as Maisy's hands only grew more excited.

The vigilante found it difficult to think about anything else besides what was happening to her, but one thought kept crossing her mind, over and over again. Something she had forgotten to do when she first confronted Maisy.

She forgot to lock the door.

ALmost instantly while Maisy kept dry-humping into her from behind, panic began to fill every ounce of Steph's being. But her grip was tight around her was tight, tighter than anything she could pull herself out of without breaking something in Maisy's body. There was one idea that popped in her head when one particularly rough thrust from the woman behind her knocked her hard against the wall.

"C-Can we do this in a stall, please?"

Steph asks nervously which quickly snaps Maisy out of her fervor, at least for a small brief but peaceful moment.

"Y-Yeah, sure."

Without saying anything else, Maisy pushes Steph into one of the stalls, bending her over the toilet before turning around and closing the stall door behind them and locking it. From there, Steph was forced to look down at the toilet beneath while she felt Maisy continue to rut into her, the mess between their bodies only growing deeper while the overly excited virgin finds herself in paradise.

"This is so hoooooot.... I can't believe your letting me do this."

Steph wasn't. She didn't know if Maisy just didn't want to admit it was blackmail or was too brain-rotten to even know that it was. In eithercase her patience continued to burn away as each thought she had is punctuated by another firm thrust from behind. That and constant rough grinding pushed the vigilante to her limits as she had to fight the urge to turn around and beat Maisy's head in.

Thanks to her training and subsequent career as Spoiler, Steph had attained a pretty damn good body. It was funny. One day she went from being hardly noticed to being the center attention when she walked around with legs that could kill. Maisy, on the otherhand, looked like she hadn't walked a day in her life. She was almost skin and bones but still managed to pack a punch behind every thrust she launched forward into Steph.

A layer of sweat beamed across her body as she exerted herself. Steph could tell from the way her hands grew sweatier and somehow even more clammy the further things push on. Meanwhile, her covered cunt takes a pounding from behind. Maisy's straining cock in her jorts smashes up against her entrance, one way or another forcing some semblance of feeling to go through Steph's mind and body in this disgusting situation.

"S-Slow down!"

Maisy doesn't even notice Steph's request as she keeps thrusting. Her virgin-lust had her practically brain-dead, driven only by sick self-serving lust. She trembled at the feeling of the python in her pants, terrified with how close she was to getting fucked by it.

But as things appeared, her blackmailer seemed content for the time being as she continued to thrust her hips back and forth. The sounds of two clothed bodies smashing together along with hushed groans and gasps filled the room before it was joined by the sudden squeak of the door opening.

"So I was talking to Steph, right?"

"Oh, how is she by the way?"

"Oh, she's great. Said she really fucked up those muggers who tried to jump her last night."

"Yeah, I still can't totally believe that happened. Tell you what though, that bitch is fucking bolder than me."

A trio of voices filled the bathroom and Steph recognized them almost instantly. They were another pair of queen-bees, people Steph found herself calling her friends, and now they were standing outside the stall where she was currently getting hump-fucked from behind by one of the college's biggest losers. Steph wasn't afraid to call Maisy that now, after everything she put her through.

"Maisy! Stop!"

Steph spoke in a hushed panicked whisper but the wiry band geek was in another world. For her, she's living out a hentai protagonist dream. All those long nights gooning to all those scenes of an average looking dude getting to fuck a hot babe, it made her dick just that bit more rigid while she dry humped into her girlfriend's butt.

"Wait, you were talking to Steph, right?"

Trisha asks.

"Yeah! Yeah. Yeah. So, like, she said if we're open to it, we could like, go with her to this whole big Wayne function."

Tiffany explains, much to the delight of the other two women with her.

"Ohmygosh! That is so sweet of her. Steph's really just *her*, right?"

Courtney chirps.

"What do you expect when you got Bruce Wayne bankrolling you through school?"

Tiffany jokes and all three of them laugh. At the same time, the exact person they were talking about was getting dry humped in one of the stalls behind them. The thumping of their two bodies grew louder the more aggressive and aroused *Maisy* got. It grew loud enough that Steph knew it was only inevitable until it happened.

"Wait, what the fuck is that?"

When Trisha asked the question, *Maisy* could feel Steph stiffen even further under her grip. It only turned her on even more along with knowing that the top of the school's social hierarchy was just outside listening to her make love to one of their proudest members. She began thrusting her hips even harder, creating an even louder sound that only proves what all three of Steph's friends were thinking.

"Holy shit, who is that?"

Walking to the stall, Tiffany peeks underneath the stall and instantly recognizes *Maisy's* leggings.

"It's *Maisy Mollar*!"

"No fucking way!"

"Bullshit."

When Tiffany says who it is, neither of them believe her. The idea of anyone wanting to get intimate with Maisy Mollar in general was ridiculous.

"NYEH HEH HEH HEH HEH! It is I, mortals! The great Maisy Mollar has now found herself a girlfriend!"