

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

Ever since she was shot, Barbara's Gotham City was reduced to a map on the screen. Streams of data and information flow charted, categorized, analyzed, and decrypted several times over every night.

Her Gotham was no longer the dark and gloomy rooftops, the alleys fraught with danger, where two people's relationship could be summed up as 'assailant' and 'victim'. No, that Gotham was feeling more and more like a memory.

Barbara was proud of her work. As Oracle, she kept an eye on the sky and an ear to the ground in the first place. She utilized all her talents and smarts to become one of the world's greatest hackers, and her abilities were invaluable to the Bat Family's war on crime.

Didn't mean she didn't miss going out.

Being Batgirl wasn't for fun; it wasn't for the thrills. She went out to strike out against crime and reclaim the night, inspired by her father's devotion to justice, and Bruce's mission to save their beloved city, so it could one day be the gem they all knew existed under all the tar and grime.

But with Batgirl came a sense of fulfillment, purpose, and strength. She took strength in the cowl; they all did. Bruce, more than anybody, understood what that mask and cape meant to someone. A shield, a symbol, incorruptible, unbreakable.

Outside of it, she was as human as anyone. Flesh and blood that could be bruised and cut.

No Kevlar to stop a bullet through the spine.

The old wound still ached some days.

She struggled so much, she fought and trained daily to recover, with the miracles of modern science and Bruce's high-endless resources and money to afford the best medical care possible. It was a testament to Wayne-Tec's sponsored medical procedures that she could even walk at all.

Her left leg sometimes didn't cooperate. Some days were better than others. She was still recovering; it'd be a while before she'd regain full mobility. Until then, she used a cane to get around instead of her wheelchair. Though sometimes when she forgot to take her pain medication, after an all-nighter as Oracle, her leg hurt too much and she required the chair again.

She hated the feeling of being bound, trapped in her own body and mind. For she knew the pain was partly trauma.

Of that *Clown*, his gun, his finger unbuttoning...

Barbara closed her eyes, taking a deep breath as she counted to ten, emptying her mind of all thoughts and letting the frustration wash away from her.

It helped, somewhat.

Seems like all she needed these days was help, when she wanted to be the one giving it.

Not just in here, behind the Batcomputer. Even if her support was critical.

But out there, as one of the Bats.

To feel unbreakable again, to strike against crime directly.

To be this figure the underworld would fear, once more, the Batgirl, take on the cowl, and fight. Fierce, unrelenting.

Like Cassandra.

Barbara shuddered, "Fuck..." The moment they had, the sex, the passion, the way they could open up to each other about their vulnerabilities in between the bouts of frenzied lovemaking.

Cassandra had always been a friend; she never expected their relationship to turn that way. She didn't even know she liked girls...

No, that was a lie, Barbara had stared at heroines like Wonder Woman and Supergirl a touch too long sometimes to know her interests didn't lie solely with men.

Regardless, it's not like she wanted to be romantically involved. Oh no, Cassandra was down bad for Stephanie, and she wished them the best... Things had turned weird around here. Ever since Cassandra got infected with that venom variant.

God, it was nothing like Bane. The villain's muscles could get very monstrous and sickly looking with his venom. But Cassandra? She had looked like the pinnacle of perfection, beyond human limits and into the realm of the amazons. Muscles carved out of marble, honed with absolute mastery...

Barbara envied her; that body had turned her into a much superior crimefighter. A walking fortress, a bastion, unbreakable.

Everything she wanted to be... the things she needed to feel like Barbara again.

To be Batgirl.

She pushed the chair away from the Batcomputer; there was no relevant data right now anyway. Robin and Huntress were going radio silent, Cassandra was on route to rescue Spoiler. And the computer was still compiling all the information they got from the gangs currently employing this new Venom, along with its chemical composition.

The air in the Belfry felt stifling. She needed to step back, to think.

She grabbed her cane and slowly made her way to the one place that could clear her head. The gym.

She kept replaying the events of Cassandra's transformation in her mind. So magnificent, so erotic, so powerful. She had to fight the arousal even now, hours after it was done.

Her leg ached at the sight of the treadmill; it was the one machine she used most of all. The one that could help her recovery. Barbara merely put on a grey t-shirt and shorts, setting her cane aside and turning on the treadmill. She grabbed both handles and began walking.

One step at a time. One day at a time.

It was the only way she could heal.

...Barbara was so tired of waiting.

Grunting, she dialed up the speed another level, forcing her pace to hasten.

Her muscles burned from lack of use; this type of training regime was nothing compared to her heyday as Batgirl, where she bench-pressed fifty pounds and could run for miles, forging her body into a slim yet muscular crimefighting figure. All her hard-earned muscles had melted away after so much time in recovery post-injury and post-surgery.

Barbara wanted it all back. Her confidence, her life, her *strength*.

She dialed up the speed again and started sprinting.

Her muscles in her bad leg protested..., but they did not relent. They tensed not with pain, but with determination and strength.