

Toxic Tease

By

James Lucien

Under the luminosity of a full moon, buffeting winds tussling my hair, I utilize an industrial suction-cup and a diamond-tipped glass cutter to remove a pane of Plexiglas, then slip into Dr. Isley's luxury penthouse.

Gripping a branch and swinging to another, I slow my descent of the thirty-foot drop from the glass roof, before landing softly in the underbrush.

It seems the entire residence has been transformed into a greenhouse. The doctor's own private botanical garden and botanist laboratory.

A velvety voice hisses, "You dare to enter my arboretum uninvited, Batboy?"

She must have better security measures than I anticipated. Simply entering from above wasn't enough. Reaching back over my shoulders, I grip my unbreakable-polymer shock batons, gifts from Lucius Fox. With daily training, I've gotten quite good at Escrima stick-fighting.

I growl, "I have a few questions. Don't make me use these. I'm warning you."

"If a few questions are what brought you here, you could have sent an email."

Parting foliage with my batons, I slink towards her voice.

"You're here on the Commissioner's behalf, aren't you? The man is relentless. I may have to do *something* about him, once I've dealt with you."

An almost inaudible vibration sounds, somehow twisted, and writhing vines wrap tight around my ankles and wrists. Before I can react, I'm bound to the trunk of a thick tree, more vines around my midsection.

Forewarned by Commissioner Gordon that Isley has a Doctorate in Botany, a Masters degree in Biomedical Engineering, and another in Toxicology, I came prepared with an assortment of antitoxins. Living vines is another matter altogether.

The unnerving noise ceases, and an alluring siren appears from the dark flora, barefoot in a little scarlet silk robe. Green strains of vine and bits of leaves are tangled into her rose-red hair, which cascades over her shoulders and flows down the length of her back. Her dazzling emerald eyes are accentuated by forest-green eyeshadow and liner. Her full lips are painted as deeply red as her hair, and her pointed fingernails sparkling green.

Yanking my batons from my clenched fists, she tosses them away. "Didn't your parents teach you not to hit girls?" Next to go is my utility belt, containing the antitoxins.

I grumble, "How did you do that with the vines?"

"Plants react to many stimuli, including sound and emotion. As I have genetically modified and more importantly *bonded* with all the vegetation in my home, they obey my will, once it has been translated into the proper tones of course."

"So you're as crazy as you are smart. How's that working out for ya? Ya damn dirty hippie."

She gives me a nefarious look more sneer than smile. "It looks as though I'm going to have to teach you some manners. Do you know where the pharmaceutical companies *marvels* of medicine come from?"

"No, but I'm sure you're gonna tell me."

"They're *stolen* from mother nature." Bending down, she pets the leaves of a small plant. "This one's native to Central America. It's first known use was by the Mayans to treat male impotence. It's what Viagra was formulated from." As she rises she pulls a small bottle with a push-spray top from a pocket of her robe. "This is a liquefied version, mixed with an empathogen and a psychedelic." She sprays it in my face repeatedly, until I can't hold my breath any longer, and I'm forced to breathe it in. "It's quite potent actually, and fast acting as well."

I blink my stinging eyes as my saliva thickens, and a refreshing chill flows over my skin while a tingling warmth spreads through my muscles.

Untying her scarlet robe, Isley turns around and slithers out of it. She isn't wearing anything underneath besides a frilly green thong that bisects her perfect rump. She hangs her robe over a low branch and turns back towards me.

I swallow hard before my jaw goes slack and my eyes widen. Her bosoms are bountiful and beautiful like none I've ever gazed upon before. The crotch of my pants is suddenly way too tight.

I stammer, "H-H-How did you kill the CEO's?"

"With a plant-based poison of my own concoction that specifically attacks cardiac muscle and leaves no trace." She brushes the back of her hand over my groin, causing my manhood to throb and my heart to thrum in my ears. "Have you any more questions before I administer your discipline?"

I'm so flustered with arousal I can think of nothing other than release via violation of the sociopathic deity that stands before me. Closing my eyes a moment, I breathe deeply to rein in my reeling mind. Motive! "Why? Why did you kill them? What was there to gain? Were you hired by rival companies?"

She explodes into laughter so vigorous she falls upon me, her mountainous peaks pressed against my chest armor. I pull against my bounds in an automatic reaction, wanting to fondle them with such extraordinary yearning.

Finally, her outburst subsides, and she pants, her breasts heaving. "Dear boy, you have a wonderful sense of humor. Rival companies, that's truly hilarious. Do I look as though I'm motivated by monetary profits? Money is an illusion to enslave the sheeple, which could vanish at any moment. Nature, on the other hand, is tangible and vital to all life. The men I put in the ground were responsible for a great deal of plundering and polluting of the earth."

My brain floating around in the clouds, I absentmindedly mutter, "Great, Gotham's got it's first eco-terrorist in the form of a fiery redhead. You know, there are other ways of protecting the environment besides murder."

"Now who's the dirty hippie? Petitions and protests are pointless and all politicians are purchased."

I know she's speaking because I'm entranced by the pronounced movement of her lush lips, but the words aren't registering in my gray matter. I wanna taste those lips. I wanna feel those lips kissing my naked flesh. I wanna see those lips stretched around the base of my masculinity.

She turns away, showing me her firm cheeks that beg to be spanked and nibbled. I lick my chops as I gawk intently, my breathing quickening, and I notice her smooth skin seems to be glowing with a greenish aura. Then I realize the entire garden is aglow with various shades of yellow and green.

Having retrieved what appears to be a smartphone from her robe, she turns back to me and thumbs at the screen until the eerie vibe sounds, causing the hairs on my neck to rise and thorned vines to worm into my armor. With a few more thumb presses, the unsettling tone alters and the vines dismantle my suit, tearing it into pieces and leaving me nude. The reverberation changes again and a thin vine slides under my bare scrotum and wraps tight around the base of my manhood, restricting the return flow of blood and causing my already engorged member to become stiff as steel.

Isley purrs, "Oh my, what a big stamen you have." And she slowly glides a slender finger up the underside, causing me to gasp with sensation. "I'm so thoroughly impressed with your package I almost didn't notice all these bulging muscles." And she drags her fingernails down my chest and abs, causing them to ripple, and up and down my thighs, driving me to gnash my teeth with ravenous need.

I snarl, "Release me now!"

She clutches me by the throat, slamming my head against the tree, and leans in close, her silken nipples grazing my chest. I inhale the sweet lavender scent of her warm breath and shudder with desire as her tongue slips from her parting red lips. With only the tip she traces the edge of my mouth, gradually swirling inward until her tongue is gliding along the insides of my lips.

I jut out my tongue to sample hers, but Isley pulls away with a seductive grin, releasing her choking grasp of my throat, and I snap my teeth in frustration.

She sinks into a crouch, the head of my member skimming along her stomach, between her bosoms, and smacking her chin. Turning her head, she flicks the tip of her tongue over my scrotum, pulled tight by the thin vine, and I groan with desperation.

Staring up at me with carnal craving, she grips my shaft and drums my erection on her puckered lips, sending joyous jolts throughout my body. Then abruptly, she smacks my member down hard and it springs back, slapping my stomach.

I winch and she pouts mockingly. "Would you like Mama to make it all better?"

I whine, "Yes!"

Her velvet lips close around the head in a tender kiss, and I inhale a sudden sucking breath as a terrific tremor surges through me.

Isley sweeps her heavy breasts up my body as she slowly rises, then spins around and bends over.

I lunge my pelvis, pulling against the binding vines, but she's just out of reach.

Pinching the straps of her frilly thong, she rolls it down, exposing her tight pink star and warm pink slit. I chew my bottom lip as she looks back at me with a lustful grin.

I plead, "*Please!* Please let me taste you! I'll do anything you want! I swear!"

She straightens and spins around, resting a palm upon my chest. "Is that so? Then tell me your legal name."

I blurt, "Robin John Blake!"

"Well, Robin. I now own you. Once you have flown from my nest you will not return unless I have invited you to do so. And you will in no way, knowingly work against any of my goals at any time. Or I *will* release your identity to every newspaper, news station, and news blog in Gotham. Do you understand?"

I cry, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

A wicked smile spreads across her face, and her hand upon my chest gropes at my pecs as her other hand glides down her flat stomach. Her pointer and ring finger spread her petals and her middle finger teases her tiny nub with delicate twirls.

My mouth salivates at the succulent scent of her natural musk drifting up to me.

Plunging two fingers inside herself, she bites the corner of her lip with a moan and works her wrist feverishly.

I beg, "Please! Please! Please!"

Her fingers come up, dripping with thick nectar, and she shoves them into my mouth.

My eyes roll back in bliss at the rich flavor of her feminine juices. I groan as I suck her digits clean with glutinous revelry.

Plucking her fingers free, she clutches my throat and kisses me hard, her tongue swirling around mine with famished moans as she grinds her oozing cleft on my rigid member.

After a short but sweltering moment of passion, she breaks away panting for air, and I gasp with vehement hunger.

I roar, “More! More! More!”

Employing the disturbing tones to manipulate the vines, the tree bark scraps my back as I’m pulled down level with her bounteous bosoms. Cradling my head in her palms, she presses a breast to my mouth, and I close my lips around her taut nipple.

Isley moans, “Ooh yes, my child. Nurse from my bosom.”

I greedily suck and nibble with unquenchable thirst, one breast and then the other, wishing she would lactate.

Before I know it, the vines are pulling me down farther, and then she’s humping my mouth and tugging at my hair with wild groans, while I lick and lave her delicious flower. She spins around, grabs her ankles, and press her cheeks to my face. I burrow my squirming tongue deep into her rosebud as her lips seal around the head of my manhood, and her tongue swirls round and round in jubilant pleasure.

Eventually, she rises and has the vines drag me to my feet.

Pumping my shaft with both her twisting hands, she purrs, “Tell Mama what you want.”

I growl, “I wanna throw you to the ground and mount you from behind like a furious wolf!”

She sucks at my neck, grazing her teeth across my throat, before whispering. “Beg Mama.”

I plead, “*Please*, Mama, release me so I may take you like a dog in the dirt! *Please!*”

She spits in my mouth and darts her tongue in after, draws mine out and sucks it with covetous moans. “You promise to be a good boy if Mama lets you out of the corner?”

I weep, “Yes, Mama, yes!”

The instant I’m free of the vines I spin her around, force her onto her hands and knees, grip her hips and thrust my pulsating manhood between her cheeks with a roar of satisfaction, causing her to rear up with a harrowing scream of ecstasy.

I catch her, hugging my arms around her and grasping hold of her buoyant breasts. I roll my hips, working her viselike cavity, and she cranes her head back and I kiss her deeply as she moans into my mouth.

Relinquishing her bosoms, I push her onto her hands, and I spank her rear with stinging slaps between each thrust.

She wails, “Spank Mama *harder!* Give it to Mama *harder!*”

I comb the fingers of one hand into her long hair, taking a firm grip, and I buck my hips hard and fast, pounding her rump as she squeals and thrashes like a wounded animal.

Finally, she shrieks and quakes, her rosebud clinching tight as she climaxes.

Once her euphoric aftershocks subside, her bottom relaxes, allowing me to pull out. I stand while yanking her around by the hair and jab my manhood into her panting mouth, gliding it over her tongue, driving into her taut throat.

She gags as I thrust my pelvis, plunging her throat, deeper and deeper until her nose is smashing my abdomen. And soon her choking coughs subside as she grows accustomed.

I grunt and groan as I assault her esophagus. “Ooh yeah, Mama, take it! Take it so good!”

Her eyes are rolled back, and drool is dribbling down her neck and between her gorgeous breasts when my testis pull tight. I tremble and howl as I erupt hot goo into her seizing throat.

When my explosion's complete, I collapse, falling backward spread-eagle, and wheeze with exhaustion and elation, the branches of the trees seeming to wave back and forth in a nonexistent wind.

With pearly white trickling from the corner of her mouth, Isley crawls up beside me, and I hug my arms around her, holding her close.

I discover I'm still erect *and* lascivious when she begins to gently stroke my manhood.

Isley pecks my cheek, and whispers, "You're such a good boy, Mama's going to keep you around for a while longer. Plus it'll be several hours before my love potion wanes." She nibbles my earlobe with a soft coo. "And I have plenty more. Perhaps Mama will keep you indefinitely."