

Batbabe

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Before I begin this story, I have a confession to make. I am a geek. Not the kind that bites the heads off chickens in the sideshow, but the kind that does something almost as weird. I collect comic books and related memorabilia. Yes, I know that this isn't considered too strange anymore, but you're probably thinking about what is called the accidental collector. That's the guy who amassed a few boxes full in his childhood and can't stand to part with them for fear of parting with some of his youth as well. I'm referring to the hard core collector who has dozens of boxes, in climate controlled storage where each magazine is carefully encased in sealed plastic bags and the entire lot is inventoried and cross referenced by title and issue number on meticulously kept spreadsheets. I definitely fall into the second category and if that isn't enough, there's something else that sets me apart even from my peers... I'm a woman.

Oh, I'm not saying that I'm the only collector with two "X" chromosomes. I do see other women at conventions and the like though most of them are the wives or girlfriends of collectors. However, we are greatly outnumbered by the guys. Now this wouldn't be such a bad thing, except that most of the guys are geeks too, lacking in even the basic social skills. Gee, I guess that makes me even more different. I'm a female comic collector who can carry on an intelligent conversation about things that aren't related to my hobby (passion?) and I'm well versed in the social graces.

Please don't misunderstand me. It's not that I look down on my fellow comic enthusiasts. In their own way, they're a really fun group of people. And I'll admit that I've taken advantage of my gender at more than one event. During the last several conventions I've attended, I've had virtually all my meals and a few snacks bought for me by adoring fan-boys who are just itching to brag that they had a conversation with a woman who understands and appreciates their collection. Yes, it's shallow and inconsiderate of me to use them for a free meal but I assure you it's never something I initiate. It always starts as a straightforward invitation for me to join them and they just pick up the check. (Gee, maybe they do have a few social skills). I, of course, always protest and offer to at least pay for my own meal but invariably lose the argument.

This particular story that I want to tell you about took place at the Mid-West Toy Faire, a gathering of dealers, collectors and enthusiasts from several states. I'm not a toy collector, per se, but I often find these are good ways to make contacts among those who collect comic related memorabilia. Plus you usually get a sneak preview of the new stuff the toy companies have on the drawing board, just to whet your appetite. .

And that's where it all happened. I was looking at a table of items that were part of the silent auction. My primary fandoms are Spiderman and Batman. Unlike some of my fellow collectors, I didn't mind crossing over between publishers. DC and Marvel both have titles I like and ones I don't like as well. Spiderman has long been a favorite of mine because he's still so human despite his superpowers. As for Batman, well, there's something about that dark, brooding, vengeful demeanor that really appeals to me. And as luck would have it, there on the table was the newest Batgirl action figure, donated by the toy manufacturer.

I scanned the auction sheet, trying to determine how the bidding was going. It was nearing time for the auction to end, about an hour left before the bidding sheets would be collected and the winners tabulated. At this point the toy wasn't out of my price range but I saw that one bidder in particular seemed very interested in it also and I wasn't sure I'd be able to survive a bidding war. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound, and I certainly wasn't going to get it if I didn't make a bid. I quickly wrote my badge number and bid amount on the sheet and then left to look at some other items.

When I came back around to the figure, I noticed that #69 had out bid me; not by much but enough to keep it interesting so I upped my bid and walked away. This time, I kept an eye on the table from across the room and saw someone over at that table; I made note of what he was wearing and waited until he left before I perused the bid sheet again. Yes, that was him, #69. Glancing once more at the bids, I could see that the amount was nearing my limit. I thought about pulling out of the running for the other things I wanted and just concentrating my resources here and then an idea hit me.

I looked around for #69 again, hoping I could make a deal with him. I'd done it at other cons. After all, every geek has his price and this one didn't look like he'd be too hard to negotiate with. So I scanned the room looking for the guy and not having much luck. In most circumstances spotting a man who is 6'2" tall, has stringy brown hair, horn rimmed glasses and wearing an Incredible Hulk T-shirt wouldn't be hard to spot.

However, in this crowd, he might just as well be wearing camouflage out in the woods. Finally, I spotted him, put on my best fan girl smile and walked up to him.

"Hi, I'm Babs," I said.

"Ty," he sort of mumbled as he nervously looked past me.

"So Ty, what's it going to take to get you to pull out of the bidding on the Batgirl figure?" I pointed vaguely in the direction of the table where the toy waited for a winner.

"Pull out?" he repeated as if he didn't really understand what I was asking.

"Yeah, stop bidding so I can make the winning bid and take her home. I've got a pretty extensive collection of stuff in various fandoms and I'm willing to barter some of it if you agree to pull out."

"Oh," he said, comprehension finally dawning on him. "Sorry, but I can't do that."

"Can't?"

"Yeah, I'm not really bidding for myself. My buddy's in a seminar on toy design and I'm keeping an eye on his auction items for him. You'd have to talk to him about pulling out."

Shit! I was dealing with a damn proxy holder. I looked at my watch and wracked my brain trying to remember what time the seminars ended for the day. It dawned on me that the auction would most likely end first or he wouldn't have sent this geek to take care of business for him. Only one way to approach this situation

"So, Ty, what's this guy's limit?"

"Limit?" Again he sounded like he had no clue what I was talking about.

"Yeah, I know he's got you watching several items. He must have told you that there was a certain dollar figure to not go above. Or is this person you're bidding for filthy rich?"

I was surprised that he actually laughed at that. "No, he's not filthy rich but he did mention a priority list and Batgirl is his number one priority."

Damn the luck! I could pull out of the bidding on the other items which would allow me to pour all my resources into this one item but without knowing how high he was prepared to go, that wasn't the best move. I could potentially end up with nothing. I needed to find a quiet corner and think through my options.

"Well, Ty," I said, unable to hide my disappointment and sarcasm, "thank you very little. You've been most unhelpful."

I turned and walked away without looking to see if my words had had any impact on him. Once I made one more scan of items I was interested in, I developed my strategy. It might not get me the action figure I so desperately wanted, but at least I wouldn't go home empty handed either.

The next 20 minutes were terribly frustrating. I'd make a bid and then good old Ty would come along right behind me and make one that was just slightly higher. There were 'auctioneers' strategically posted to make sure that no one simply camped out on an article and intimidated people from bidding on it. You placed your bid and you moved on or you were asked to leave by an auctioneer. After a while I felt like I was in a weird game of musical chairs and I kept wondering when the music would stop next. At one point I actually saw him grinning at me and my temper flared. How dare he mock me with that impudent smile? It made me wonder if his story about bidding for someone else was even true but I didn't want to get close enough to him to check out his badge number.

When the moderator announced that there was only 5 minutes left until the bidding closed, I knew that the crunch time was at hand. I was teetering on the edge of my spending limit and I had to hold fast to my strategy. No one else had bid on the Batgirl for quite a while and it was now down to the two of us. He'd made the most recent bid I decided to bide my time until the closing seconds and outbid him by even a few cents. Nervously, I glanced at my watch, hoping that the moderator was keeping track of time as closely as I was. At the final 30 seconds I walked over to the table and began to place my bid. I finished writing my badge number

and was just beginning to write a dollar amount when the moderator called for the auction to close. Hurriedly, I scribbled in the amount I was willing to pay and hoped that it would go through.

The auctioneers began moving people out of the room so that the results could be tallied and posted. As I walked out of the room, I saw Ty in the hallway. He was talking in an animated fashion with another young man and I wondered if this was the mysterious Mr. 69 or if he was just bragging to one of his buddies about pulling one over on the fan girl.

"Hey, Babs!" I heard someone call from down the corridor.

I turned around and saw Mike, the moderator of a comic based email list that I belong to, waving his arms like he was trying to take flight. I waved back to signal that I'd seen him and began walking in that direction.

"A bunch of us are going out for pizza. Ya wanna join us?" he called out.

"Sure. When?"

"We're meeting in the lobby in 15 minutes."

"See you there."

It was nearly two hours later when I returned to the great hall of the convention to pick up my auction items. I stood in line for about five minutes, waiting my turn to get to an auctioneer and pay for my goodies. I gave her my badge number and she collected a bag with the bidding sheets attached to it. As she ran down the list of items I noticed one thing was missing. At the same time I heard another auctioneer rattling off the purchases of the man in the line next to me. More importantly I heard his badge number.

"Sixty-nine," I said, not too quietly.

"Yes?" he said as he turned to me.

"You're Mr. Sixty-nine?" He smiled broadly; a wicked twinkle gleamed in his eyes. "Well, you can call me Six."

I pulled my attention away long enough to hand over my money to the auctioneer and take my bag of goodies. Then I stepped aside but stayed next to him; assuming he'd somehow gotten the Batgirl and hoping I could still acquire it. When he was finished with his transaction he turned and saw that I was still there.

"Hi, I'm Babs," I said as I extended my right hand.

"Ooh, you're the lady Ty was telling me about."

Great, so I wasn't going to be able to blindside him with my charm and humor. "He did?" I asked, trying to figure out my strategy.

"Yeah, he said you were the only other serious bidder on the Batgirl action figure."

I chuckled at the understatement. "Yes, I was bidding on her."

"That is so cool. You wanna see it up close, out of the packaging?"

"Oh sure, taunt me. Tease me. Rub my nose in the fact that you got her and I didn't." I tried to temper my sarcasm with a smile but I'm sure it looked as fake as it felt.

"No, really, I thought maybe you'd be as excited to get it out of the packaging as I am."

I took a moment to really look at this guy. What I saw surprised me. Although he was apparently a grown man, there was a little kid inside him. He hadn't made these purchases for their collectable value. He really wanted to play with them. That was virtually unheard of amongst our kind. There was a very real excitement behind his brown eyes that instantly attracted me to him.

"Yeah," I heard myself say. "I'd love to. Say, you wanna come back to my room and talk?"

He seemed as stunned to hear my invitation, as I was to hear myself give it. Admittedly, in our circle there weren't many women, as I've already mentioned and those few could hardly be called aggressive or even assertive when it came to the opposite sex. Yet I had just invited this complete stranger to spend some time alone with me.

"Cool."

"Okay, I need to speak to a friend before I duck out, Why don't you meet me by the elevators in five minutes?"

"Sure," he responded before he took off towards the doors of the hall.

I went in search of Mike and explained my predicament as briefly and succinctly as I could, knowing that he was sharp enough to pick up on the nuances of what I wasn't saying.

"So you want a safe call?" he asked.

"Yeah, if you wouldn't mind."

"Not a bit. I'll call you in one hour and then hourly after that. If you're in trouble, you say 'raspberry'. If you want me to stop..."

"I'll work the word 'batbabe' into the conversation."

"Batbabe?"

"You got it."

"Be careful, Babs."

"He's probably harmless but I'd rather have a deep cave when I didn't need one..."

"Than not have one when you did," he finished for me.

"Yeah, thanks, Mike," I responded giving him a grateful swat on the shoulder.

I sauntered out of the hall and noticed that Mr. 69 wasn't standing by the elevators. For a moment I wondered if he had blown me off but then I saw him walking quickly down the hall, now carrying a backpack. I gave him a quizzical look as he hurried towards me but he didn't seem to notice.

"I grabbed my computer. I thought you might like to see some of my other toys. I've got pictures of them burned to CD."

"Great, I'll have to show you my collection when we get to my room," I answered as I pressed the button to call the elevator.

It was only a few minutes later that we were on the second floor of and heading for my accommodations. This particular hotel was located next to a historic old train station and they'd built their theme around it which included taking about a dozen old Pullman cars and converting them into suites. It was towards one of these, The Diamond Jim Brady, that I directed Mr. 69.

"Wow! How did you score this?" he asked as we climbed the steps to the car.

"The hotel lost my reservation. I had my confirmation number and they acknowledged that it came from them but that there was no such number in the computer. I raised holy hell with the desk clerk and I think she put me here just to shut me up."

"This is so cool!" he responded as we stepped inside and he took a look around.

"Well it's home for the weekend."

I directed him to set up his computer on the desk and then pulled up another chair to sit it so I could see this toy collection. He slid a CD into the drive and took me on a virtual tour of his toy collection. I was amazed at

the scope of his horde, which spanned many different fandoms and interests. There were Transformers galore as well as action figures from both DC and Marvel. I wasn't surprised to see Lord of the Rings toys but the Matrix toys took me completely by surprise.

"Holy spit!" I exclaimed. "That's Trinity."

His excitement seemed to triple. "You like The Matrix?"

I blushed a bit. "Well, actually, I'm a Carrie Ann Moss fan."

"Nothing wrong with that," he confirmed.

I was completely engrossed in his pictures when the ringing of the phone startled me. Fortunately, I only had to reach across the desk to pick it up.

"Hello?"

"Babs, it's Mike. You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I'm just sittin' here lookin' at pictures."

"Okay, I'll call you in an hour."

"Later," I said absently as I hung up the phone and went back to perusing the photographs.

When the picture show ended I flipped open my computer and showed him my collection. Admittedly the toys and memorabilia weren't nearly as large as his but he was still impressed. I showed him my method of cataloging my comics as well as the related items and a curious look came over his face.

"This is amazing. There's something very different in the way you've set this up."

"Occupational hazard."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I'm a librarian."

He tried to hide his shock but failed. "Librarian? Babs the librarian? Sorry, it just doesn't sound right."

I laughed so he knew that I found it funny too. "Well, actually my name is Barbara but I'm known in the fandoms as Babs."

"Oh, okay. That sounds better."

I steered the conversation away from our collections and tried to get to know him better as a person and not just a geek with a toy that I wanted. I learned that he was the training director for an insurance company and that he had grown up in Hawaii. In fact, I was so caught up on his life story, I didn't realize how much time had passed until the phone rang again.

I nearly jumped out of my skin at the sound and quickly grabbed the receiver.

"Hello?"

"You okay, Babs?"

"Yeah, I'm just sitting here with the guy who got the Batbabe."

"Say again."

"Remember me telling you about the action figure I was bidding on? I'm talking to the guy who won it."

"Did you mean to say your code word?"

I stole a long sideways glance at my new friend. "I sure did."

"Okay then I won't bother you anymore tonight but please check in with me as soon as you get up in the morning."

"Sure thing."

"Good night, Babs"

"Night, Mike."

As I hung up the phone I could feel that I was being watched.

"Boyfriend checking up on you?" he asked.

I laughed mockingly. "Not likely."

"How come?"

He seemed genuinely interested.

"Well, in order for that to happen, I'd have to actually have a boyfriend. And if I did he'd probably be here with me cuz I just can't see getting involved with someone who didn't appreciate my hobbies."

"Yeah, I know how that goes. The mundanes just don't understand us."

He had a rueful smile on his face and I wondered if he experienced the kinds of rejection that I had from members of the opposite sex.

"I figure the right guy will come along eventually. And if he doesn't, well, there's always masturbation."

I could tell that my frankness surprised him. I considered being even more frank and simply blurting out that I wanted the Batgirl enough to pay nearly any price but something held me back. Something told me that he might actually enjoy this more if I made a game of it.

I stood up and stretched for a moment before shutting down my computer. He stood up too and looked conflicted. I could tell that he wasn't sure if I wanted him to leave or stay so I walked to the small fridge on the other side of the sitting room.

"Can I get you something to drink? I've got Coke, ginger ale and bottled water. Oh, and I picked up some interesting wine this afternoon from a local winery. It should be chilled by now."

"Thanks, water would be fine."

I tossed him a bottle before grabbing one for myself and then settled on the sofa. He joined me and let his head roll forward and side to side, stretching out the muscles.

"Stiff?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Would you like a neck rub? I'm told I'm very good at them."

He smiled mischievously as if he discerned that my true intent was to get my hands on him.

"Sure."

I moved back into the corner of the sofa and let him sit in front of me. Once he was settled I rested my hands on his shoulders for a moment to let him get used to my touch and then began to slowly massage.

"Um, Six, would you mind taking your shirt off? It would make this a lot easier."

He hesitated before answering and then didn't address my question.

"DK"

"Huh?"

"I'm known around the fandoms as DK."

I waited for a few minutes but he didn't take off his shirt nor did he say anything about it and so I went back to rubbing his shoulders and worked my way toward his neck.

All right, DK."

It was several minutes later before I finally felt him relax under my touch and even longer than that before I got the idea that he was truly comfortable with what I was doing. Taking this as my cue, I gently pulled him back by the shoulders into me and wrapped my arms around him in a loose embrace. While I hadn't thought about seducing him when I invited him to join me in my room, now it seemed like a fun idea. In the back of my mind I wondered how he would take such an advance. Would he consider this a ploy to make sure that I went home with the Batgirl figure?

I took a moment to consider my own impulses. Was this something I really wanted to do or did I have subconscious ulterior motives? I felt him sigh and that assisted my decision. Obviously he'd become comfortable with me and seemed to like the fact that I was idly running my fingers over his chest. Amazingly enough I felt comfortable around him too, even though he wasn't the kind of guy I normally found myself attracted to. His dark hair, pulled back into a ponytail, was far longer than I usually liked and yet this was so silky that I found myself wanting to feel it brush against my bare skin. He wasn't exceptionally tall, and yet it made me feel less diminutive at my short 5'3" tall.

In for a penny, in for a pound. I began to slowly unbutton his shirt. He didn't protest verbally and I waited to feel how body would react to my silent proposition. When he made no move to stop me, I continued, even pulling the shirttails out of his jeans, completely baring his chest and abdomen to my gentle touch. His breathing became more rapid and shallow as I concentrated my caresses on his chest, neck and ears, which gave me the courage to be bolder and I gently, kissed the top of his head.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," he responded, his voice low and guttural.

"You like?"

"Oh yeah,"

"Then maybe you'd like to take this into the other room where we could be more comfortable?"

He turned and kissed me with rough passion. His hands filled their grasp with my hair and he held me tightly as his tongue slid between my lips. I responded by opening my mouth wider and letting him explore. He used my hair to pull back my head and began to kiss and gently bite my neck. I could feel myself responding to his insistent touch and it amused me that while I had initiated this contact, he now seemed to be the aggressor.

When we finally parted I took his hand and practically dragged him to the bedroom. It was only a few steps away but I couldn't get there fast enough. And it seemed he felt the same as he was discarding his shirt along the way. Then he began pulling my shirt off me as we fell on the bed in a heap. By some act of providence I had chosen to wear a bra with a front closures and he had this opened within seconds.

My nipples were already hard and stood out from my breasts like toy soldiers standing at attention. The normally pale areolas were now flushed pink from the blood flow that seemed to be concentrating there. I felt his lips wrap around my left nipple, his teeth just pulling on the flesh. I arched my back in pleasure and moaned. His tongue was flicking the very tip of the nipple and I thought I would pass out from the pleasure.

I gently raked my fingernails across his back and heard him gasp for breath. His mouth released my breast and then claimed my lips in a long, deep, passionate kiss. Our tongues intertwined and explored each other. I've often said that I can tell a lot about a potential lover by the way he kisses and this told me that I was with a very skillful and passionate young man.

I let go of his shoulders long enough to reach under my denim skirt and pulled off my panties. I was so hot for this guy that I didn't want to bother taking the time to undress. I simply wanted to get fucked hard and he must have felt the same way as I watched him unfasten his jeans and push them and his briefs down out of the way.

Scooting up further on the bed, I hiked up my skirt and spread my legs wide in an unspoken invitation. He needed no words and began pressing his throbbing cock against my pussy lips I could feel my wetness coat the shaft. His head dipped down to my chest again. His tongue flicked the nipple as he suckled my breast. I don't know if he could tell or not but I was getting wetter by the second, practically leaking in my excitement.

Then he rubbed the head of his cock along the inner lips of my cunt and teased my clit with it. I raised my hips and arched my back, desperate to get him inside me.

"Do you want my cock, sugar?"

"Oh, God, yes, please give me your cock. Fill me with it."

"Oh fuck!" he exclaimed as he slowly began to sink his cock into my hot, tight pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I answered as I felt my cunt give way to the invasion.

When he was all the way inside me, I squeezed and released his cock, milking it with my pussy and I reveled in the expressions on his face. He began to fuck me, not particularly fast but hard and deep. Slowly he slammed his hard cock into me and I raised my hips to get the maximum depth out of every thrust. I could feel his balls slapping against me and then I felt his teeth on my nipple again, biting harder this time, sending me into a frenzy.

"Oh! God! Fuck me harder!"

"Oh, yes baby."

I felt him grab my ankles and pull my legs up then spread them wide apart. How he knew that I'd find this position even more erotic and pleasurable I don't know but I was on the edge or an orgasm. I saw him look down and watch as his cock slid in and out of me, glistening with my juices. My moans of pleasure joined with the hot, wet sounds of his cock pounding me harder and harder until they almost became an inaudible keening. And just when I thought it couldn't get any more intense, he released my ankles, leaned forward and started sucking hard on my right nipple.

That final act sent me over the edge. Feeling his cock slamming into me, stuffing me full while his mouth attacked my breast was all it took to send me to a powerful orgasm. My body tensed for just a moment and then shook hard as the convulsions took over. Noises that can't be described came from my lips as I rode the waves of pleasure.

He continued to fuck me hard thru the climax. "Yes," he hissed. "Cum on my cock, baby."

As the spasms grew less intense, I begged for him not to stop. "Fuck me."

He yanked my hair back, exposing my throat. "You want more?"

"Fuck me hard."

"You want more, slut?" he asked again. This time he licked my throat as if he were preparing to devour me.

Then he pulled his cock out of me and I whimpered weakly. "Oh, please fuck me more."

I felt him gently roll me over onto my stomach and position me in the middle of the bed. I felt his hands softly stroke my back, ass and legs and marveled at the tenderness he displayed when moments ago he had been so

fierce. For a few minutes he gently caressed me and I felt utterly treasured. I hadn't been kidding him about lack of male companionship. My last exclusive relationship had ended well over a year ago and even then I'd been virtually celibate. With an appalling lack of interest in me by the men where I lived, I was beginning to develop a complex. This feeling, generated by someone I barely knew was completely foreign to me.

Whack!

"Ow!" I protested feeling his hand come down sharply on my ass.

Whack! Whack! Two more blows fell in rapid succession. Then a gentle hand tenderly rubbing the welt, caressing the flesh that I knew must be red after that. He stopped and I mentally prepared myself for more but instead he slowly dragged his fingernails across my back.

"Mmmmmmm." I couldn't believe how sensitized my skin was.

One arm reached under my hips and pulled me up on all fours. The other grabbed a handful of hair and yanked my my hair back.

"Do you want my cock?" he whispered fiercely in my ear before he licked my neck again.

"Oh god," I whimpered.

"Do you?!?" he roard as he spanked me again.

"Yes, please, fill me with it," I cried.

With no preparation or warning he slammed his cock into my pussy and then ground his hips against me. "Ohhhhhh," he moaned.

"Oh, sweet Jesus, it feels so good!"

The assault continued for what felt like hours. He rammed me hard, hips pounding my ass, balls swinging forward to bump my clit. And with every few strokes his hand would slap my butt hard. Though I'd never been treated so roughly before, I was completely into this. I found myself shoving back towards him, impaling myself on his shaft.

"Harder! Deeper!" I urged and then felt my head being yanked back by my hair.

"You like being my cum-slut?"

"Yes, Sir."

"My toy?"

Whack!

"My whore?"

Whack!

"Yes, I am here for your pleasure."

"Good. Then take it all, slut."

I felt him slam his cock into me and then hold it there. It throbbed wildly inside me and I knew he was as close to cumming as I was. I shoved back into him, pressing my ass against his hips and then wriggled to feel him even more and that was all it took to set us both off.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed as he shot deep into me.

"Arrrrrrrrgh!" My pussy was contracting hard on him, milking his cock, pulling the cum up out of his balls.

For several long minutes we stayed locked in that position, neither of us wanting to move or break the exquisite contact we'd found.

Finally, my arms could take no more. I grabbed 2 pillows and shoved them under my body just before collapsing. I smiled wanly and looked back.

"Was it good for you too?"

His answer was a huge smile that seemed to stretch from ear to ear. "Fuck, yes! I think I'm still dripping cum inside you."

It was a long time until I felt like I could move again. Six pulled out and rolled over on his back. The sight of him lying there was sweet and vulnerable and spurred me to do something I'd never tried before.

I shifted position on the bed to lean over him and then took a short, tentative lick of his cock. I heard him moan softly and did it again; tasting his cum and my juices mixed together. Deciding it wasn't at all what I'd expected I continued to lick him clean.

"Oh fuck!" he cried out just before his hips spasmed.

I instantly pulled back. "Did I hurt you?"

"Oh no, it's great. So many sensations."

I continued where I'd left off and now began to lick his balls as well.

"Oh damn, taste us, baby."

I was certainly doing that. When I took his softening cock completely into my mouth he grabbed my hair, more gently this time and directed my head, leisurely pumping my mouth. When I was finished, I used his thigh as a pillow.

"Hey you," he said softly, reaching for me. "Come here."

I move up next to him and sighed in contentment.

"That was... Wow, that was incredible."

"Glad to hear it."

He gave me a sweet kiss, tracing the outline of my lips with his tongue, tasting the traces of us that remained there. His hand softly rubbed my back and my skin felt hot under his touch.

"Jeez, you tuckered me out," I sighed.

He answered with a chuckle. "I don't think I can move."

"I don't think I want to move."

For several more minutes we simply kissed and cuddled. I felt his nails drag lightly across my back and I responded by stroking his arms and chest with my fingertips.

"DK, hmmm, are those your initials?"

"No, just a nickname. Actually, my name is Ray."

"Ray," I repeated.

"Ray Momotaro."

That didn't surprise me as he was obviously of Asian descent.

"Barbara Gordon," I added and then waited for the inevitable giggle that always accompanied any introduction to a comic fan.

He didn't disappoint. It started with a chuckle and turned into a full belly laugh. Soon I thought he might end up in hysterics. While most people find humor in my identity, this was going further than I'd ever seen.

"You mean I just fucked Batgirl?" he asked.

Now, as I mentioned earlier, I'm only 5'3" tall. I weigh in at a stout 125 pounds and have very short brown hair. No one in their right mind would ever confuse me with the comic book superheroine. But before I could contradict him, he continued.

"And you're a librarian too. How cool is that?"

He hugged me tightly and kissed my forehead before rolling back on the other side of the bed.. "M'lady, you are delightful."

"Thank you, good sir."

Now that he knew my name, I decided to make my bid for the action figure. Surely he must realize how much it would mean to me to have this icon of my alter ego. I started to prepare my pitch in my mind, figuring out just what I wanted to say and after several minutes of mental rehearsal I was ready.

"Ray," I began. "There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

When he didn't answer me, I turned my head to look at him and realized he'd fallen asleep. Oh well, there was always tomorrow. I rolled onto my side and within a few deep breaths I was sound asleep too.

The sound of a telephone's insistent ringing woke me up from the magnificent dream I was having. Still groggy and uncoordinated, I fumbled to find the phone in the dark. I grabbed the receiver but then dropped it before finally bringing it to my ear.

"Hello," I mumbled.

"Babs, it's Mike. Are you okay?" He sounded upset.

"Yeah, Mike, I'm fine. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Because it's after 10:00. You didn't call me when you got up as you promised. You didn't attend the fanfic writer's breakfast. You didn't show up for your first session this morning and no one has seen you since you left the hall last night."

I don't know whether it was his worried tone, his announcement of the time or his litany of my offenses that broke thru my hazy brain but suddenly I was wide awake.

"Oh shit!"

"No kidding. Were you planning on doing a 10:30 session?"

"I was. But it looks like I'm not going to make it now."

"Hey, it's only five after ten. Run thru the shower. Throw on a pair of shorts and t-shirt and come on down. I'll have a cup of coffe and a bagel waiting for you in the vendor room.

"Thanks, Mike. I'll see if I can pull it together fast enough."

I didn't want to tell him that getting myself ready wasn't the problem and that I had ended up with a temporary roommate who would have to be worked around.

"See ya in a bit," he said before hanging up.

I put the receiver back in the cradle and then rolled over to face Ray. When I turned, all I saw was an empty

bed with the covers pulled up where there had once been another body. A wave of sadness swept over me. He had hardly seemed the type to just 'cum and go' but the evidence was proving otherwise. Oh well, it wasn't that large of a convention. I was certain I'd be able to track him down later.

I was wrong. Though I kept my eyes peeled for him and even had a few friends look for him too, he seemed to have disappeared. Back in my room before dinner, I took a chance and called the hotel operator.

"Would you please connect me to Ray Momotaro's room, please?"

There was a brief pause before the bad news.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, that guest has already checked out."

Checked out? There was still another half day left for the convention. Why on earth had he checked out?

"Thank you kindly," I managed to acknowledge before hanging up.

I sat at the desk and just stared at the wall. It was inconceivable that he would just leave and not even say good-bye. I wondered if the convention organizers would be willing to give me his email address so that I could contact him. Aside from the utterly mind blowing sex and the fact that he had a toy that I wanted, I really did like him and wanted to keep in touch.

I was very subdued for the rest of the evening and some of my friends even commented on it at breakfast Monday morning. I told them that I was depressed over not getting the Batgirl toy and they accepted this without question. They all had their own stories of 'the one that got away'. I didn't mention that I felt like I had lost more than a toy in this deal.

At noon, I dragged my butt and my luggage down to the desk to check out. I presented my keycard and told the desk clerk my name.

"Oh Ms. Gordon, there's a package here for you. I'm sorry we didn't get it up to your room yesterday. There was a mix-up. Please accept my apologies."

A package? I couldn't think of anyone who knew where I was who would be sending me anything. After all I was only here for a 4 day convention. I signed the receipt to pay for my room and the clerk handed me my paperwork and a small tissue stuffed giftbag. I walked to my car and loaded everything before I looked to see what I had been given. First I pulled out a small card that had a flower picture on the front. I opened it and read.

'M'lady. I had a marvelous time with you last night. I hated to have to leave so abruptly but I needed to catch the early bus back home. Please accept this as a token of my thanks and my esteem. You deserve it far more than I do. And if you would be so kind as to send me a picture when you get it home in your collection, I'd be most grateful.'

I could feel tears prickling behind my eyes that threatened to leak out as I read the signature. 'Dark Knight'.

"DK," I nearly whispered to myself. "He's a Batman fan too. No wonder."

I had seen the action figures in his collection, but since they didn't represent a huge portion of it, I never made the connection and now felt like a fool. I reached into the bag again, feeling certain I knew what was there. It was. The latest Batgirl figure to be released was now mine.

I could no longer contain myself as my tears were now of joy mixed with sadness. Such a sweet, sweet man who seemed so compatible. A brief encounter but one that would always hold a special place in my memory. Wait a minute.

He said he wanted a picture of her. I looked at the envelope for the card and saw that he had given me his street address as well as his email address. I blinked several times to clear my eyes and make sure that what I wanted to see was actually written down. After staring at it for several minutes I was convinced and a wicked grin broke out over my face.

Ray lived about twenty minutes away from my house and near the University where I work. I decided to make a

brief stop on my way home. The three hour drive seemed to take no time at all and before I knew it I was standing on his door step.

The windows were open and I could hear music coming from inside. With a slightly trembling hand I rang the doorbell. When he opened the door a huge grin splt his face from ear to ear. He invited me in at once... But that's another story.

This story is dedicated to my friend and Literotica chat buddy Dark Knight. Happy birthday, my friend!