

WORLD'S FINEST

DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

BATMAN - SUPERMAN



“You girls just go and have fun,” Wonder Woman said, grinning.

“So, you’re sure you have everything covered?” Superman asked. Batman stood behind him, arms crossed, his usual dour and arguably overly serious look on his face.

“We’re monitoring everything,” Wonder Woman said. Huntress, Power Girl and Zatanna stood behind her, and they all had a slightly bemused look on their faces.

“If we need you, we’ll pull you out,” Power Girl added.

“It’s Halloween,” Batman said. “The crazies come out and I don’t know that this is such a good idea.”

“Women!” Diana said, now putting on each of the men’s arms and guiding them toward the VR machine, located right next to her invisible jet in the War Chest of Nike, her own personal version of the Batcave or the Fortress of Solitude. “You’re such worriers.”

All around them were artifacts from Diana’s life and adventures including a whole wall of tiaras, but there were also artifacts from the ancient world— swords, suits of armor.

“We’re not women,” Superman said, though that was perfectly obvious.

“Yet,” Wonder Woman added. “Now, scoot. In you go. You both need some girl time.”

Chagrined, Batman and Superman climbed into the VR machine and put on the headsets. It had all started one night when the three of them had found themselves in the JLA satellite recovering after a massive battle with Brainiac. They’d all just collapsed into chairs in the monitoring room, where screens all around the space showed images from all over Earth as their security systems scanned for threats and dangers, lights softly blinking, the occasional bleep and boop.

The words had just come out of Batman’s mouth as if they’d emerged straight from his subconscious. “Sometimes I wish I could take a break...” he’d said.

“From being a superhero?” Diana asked, getting ready to commiserate.

“From being a man.”

Diana raised an eyebrow. “From being a man?” She sat up, impressed that Batman had the courage to admit such a thing, especially to a woman. “You’d like to spend some time as a woman?”

Batman paused, glancing at Superman, thinking he’d made a mistake, revealed some weakness. “Oh, well...”

“No,” Superman said, nodding, his own voice muddled and distant, as if he were half asleep. “I get it. I feel that way sometimes, too.”

“I know how we can make that happen.”

“Oh, I’m not so sure...”

“You need a testosterone detox,” Wonder Woman said, getting excited. “It would be so good for you.”

“Well, I was just...”

Rock. Paper. Scissors. I win, you spend some time as a woman.”

They played. Diana won. “Great,” Superman said. “Thanks, Batman.”

“Please.” Wonder Woman smiled. “You want this even more than she does.”

It became a running tease for the next few weeks as not only Wonder Woman but all the girls of the JLA started referring to Batman and Superman as “she and her.” They renamed Batman as Goth Girl and Superman as Girl Scout. The men put up with it, and though they each felt obligated to play it off, they both were looking forward to the experience.

The ladies of the Justice League worked together to designer their avatars, picked out their costumes and plan the scenario they would experience.. No matter how much the men bothered them, they refused to divulge any details. And so it was that finally the day came when Batman and Superman would get their wish and take a break from the pressures of being men.

Part II

The sound of a distant train whistle. The ground shaking beneath him. Superman opened his eyes and looked straight up into a high, pale blue sky. He tried to move, but his arms and legs were bound, and as he struggled, he made small, high-pitched chirping sounds.

“Superman,” he heard a soft, woman’s voice call. “That you?”

Turning his head he saw a brunette, also bound, her pretty face framed by thick curls. “Yeah. Batman?”

“Yup.” Batman struggled against his bonds, also making pretty little sounds. As each of the men struggled, he realized he was helpless. Completely helpless.

Superman lifted his head as far as he could and twisted, trying to get a sense of where they were, what was happening, which is when he noticed the bright steel rails that trailed off to either side of them. Train tracks. The sound of the train whistle. “We’re damsels in distress,” he said, his own voice sounding impossible soft in his ears, more like the voice of a girl than even a woman.

Batman followed Superman’s eyes, saw the smoke rising from the train, which was not yet in sight, looked back at Superman, who couldn’t help but notice Batman was really pretty. “So, what are we supposed to do?” He struggled some more, but the ropes were too strong.

Superman thought back to old westerns and then rolled his eyes. “Scream,” he said. “We’re supposed to scream.”

“Scream?” Batman’s pretty eyes slit and he looked doubtful.

“Scream.”

Batman turned his head and lay back, then turned to Superman. “I don’t know how to scream. I’ve never screamed.”

“Me, neither,” Superman said. Batman, much like Superman, couldn’t help but appreciate just how pretty the other man was now, with big, innocent eyes, a tiny little nose, red lips. ‘I think we just take a deep breath and then yell, “help. Help.”’

Batman nodded, took a deep breath then looked back at Superman. “It’s kind of embarrassing.”

“I know,” Superman said. The train was now close enough that they could see the smokestack, and the tracks and the ground were rumbling. ‘On three. One... two... three...’

“Help!” Each of the men screamed, their high-pitched voices piercing the air. “Help!” Once they’d overcome their embarrassment, they both kind of got into it. “Heeeeeeeelp!” Superman screamed. Batman looked at the oncoming train, the terrible tower of smoke rising from the stack. The conductor was sounding the whistle, again and again, and the wheels screamed as he slammed on the brakes, but it was obvious the train wouldn’t stop in time.

Eeeeeeeeee!” Batman now waited as a terrified, feminine scream escaped his lips.

Suddenly, a man seemed to swing down out of nowhere, appearing in Batman’s vision. He had slicked back hair, a little mustache and he looked quite a bit how Diana might have looked had she been born a boy. “Don’t worry, Ma’am,” the man said as he lifted Batman into his arms. “I’ll protect ya.”

Meanwhile, another man who looked suspiciously like Power Girl’s male doppelganger, picked Superman up and cradled him in his arms. “You just calm down little lady,” he said. Superman felt himself tingle and get all bubbly as he was carried to safety, a feeling shared by Batman. Neither had ever felt so light, so small, so safe and protected.

They rushed from the tracks just as the train rolled by, tossing the boy’s long hair and lifting their dresses with a gust of hot air. The men sat Batman and Superman on their feet and untied them. “I’m short,” Batman said as he tilted his head back to look at the man who’d saved him.

“You’re just about the perfect size, ya ask me,” the man said. He cupped Batman’s chin and stared into his eyes. Batman found himself staring back, his lips parted.

Superman, likewise, gazed up at his savior, and even went so far, as to put his hand on the man’s hard, flat chest. To his surprise, the gesture sent tingles down his arm and then even more to his surprise, as well as Batman’s, their saviors leaned down and kissed them. The men’s eyes went wide with shock, but they lingered in the kiss until their men broke it off.

“Ma’am,’ Batman’s paramour said in a deep, husky voice. “I aint usual like so forward with a lady, but you’re the prettiest little Philly I ever done seen.”

Batman’s cheeks turned pink. The tip of his nose turned pink. He put his hand to his chest, just like any lady might. Superman’s own instinct had been to put a hand to his soft cheek. Neither one of them knew what to say or do as he found himself growing warm, radiant, basking in the attentions of these men.

Superman, overcome, just smiled and batted his eyes. “You’re... quite handsome yourself...” he whispered, surprised by himself as much as he was by the kiss.

Batman shook his head, though, as he fought back against the feelings. He planted his hands on his generous hips and looked at the sky. “Diana!” He screamed, seemingly having overcome his reluctance to scream. “Come on!”

No answer, but the man who'd rescued him placed an arm on the small of Batman's back. "We'll escort you pretty little ladies back to town," he said. "Name's Hoss by the way."

"It ain't safe for a couple a fine phillies such as yourselves out here," the other said as he took Superman's arm. "You gals come along with us and we'll keep you safe. I'm Bo."

Batman was afraid of what he was feeling, so he turned, pushed Hoss' arm away and looked up at him, wagging a finger. "Just keep your hands and your lips to yourself," he scolded.

"She's a bit of a prude," Superman said as he nuzzled up against Bo. "Aren't you..." he thought about old time names for a girl, "Aura Lee?"

"Or maybe you're a bit of a..." Batman remembered the era they'd found themselves in, "a fallen woman, eh, Clementine?"

"Clementine?" Bo said, pulling Superman closer. "That is a lovely name for a lovely girl."

"Why thank you," Superman said, getting into the game, though the complement pleased him something fierce and he felt his cheeks growing warm again.

Batman rolled his eyes. "I'll find my own way, thank you." He stalked off, his dress swaying sassily from side to side. Then, he stopped, turned and, straightening his skirts, said, "which way is town?"

"Keep going that a way," Ho said.

"I better go with her," Superman said, though his soft little body ached at even the thought of leaving Bo's side.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head about it. I'll follow along and keep her out of trouble," Hos said, then, he added an exasperated, "women!"

Hoss went off after Batman, while Superman pondered how sweet it was not to have to worry his head, pretty or otherwise, over any such thing. The men in this scenario took care of everything, especially the women, which left him pretty much free to not concern himself at all with such matters as, getting into character, didn't concern women folks.

Bo led Superman around a bend, where he found a wagon waiting for them. "Let me help you up," Bo said, taking Superman's soft little hand into his own.

"You're quite a gentleman," Superman said. While his own hand was now as soft as butter. Bo had hard, calloused hands, big and powerful, and once more Superman felt his skin tingle and his heart flutter as this big, strong man helped him climb up onto the wagon. Of course, it would have been nothing had he not been wearing a dress, and even then he supposed he could

manage, but he found himself playing just a little helpless and dependent than he needed to be. It was, he was discovering, a bit fun to be a lady.

Batman, meanwhile, marched across the parched dusty earth. It was dry and flat, with cactus rising in clusters here and there, and a row of hills shimmering in the distance. Now that he was free of that man and his paws, he became more aware of this body as well as what he wore. Putting a hand gingerly to his belly, he felt hard, stiff material and confirmed what he'd suspected— he was wearing a corset, which he could also feel lifting his quite heavy and, based on what he could see looking down, impressive bust. In fact, he was so buxom he couldn't even see past the swell of his jutting chest. As he walked, he heard the sound of coyotes howling in the distance. "Am I supposed to be a scared little girl?" Batman called out, thinking Diana and the others were listening. "There's no reason to be scared because none of this is real." Just then, he stepped awkwardly on a rock, and, unused to walking in the heeled boots he now wore, he fell to the ground with a squeak of pain as he twisted his ankle.

Batman found himself on his side, his hip in the air. As much as Batman knew none of this was real, the pain shooting through his ankle felt very real. "Come on," he whispered, still talking to Diana. "The damsel twisting her ankle? Isn't that a little..."

He froze as a sidewinder slithered into view and found himself looking directly into its slitted eyes. Its tongue flickered in and out of its mouth. It wove from side to side as it regarded Batman, the sunlight glinting off its cold, brown scales. In spite of himself, Batman found himself growing tense, felt his heart racing. "Oh!" He gasped, frozen.

"Now just stay still, darling," he heard Hos call out.

Annoyed that he'd allowed himself to feel even a little bit afraid, he shouted "this isn't real" and tried to backhand the rattlesnake only to scream as the snake struck, biting into his forearm and digging its fangs deep into his soft flesh. "Eeeee!:" Batman screamed. "Get it off! Get it off!"

Hos came dashing into view, grabbing the snake and slashing the body free from the head with his Bowie knife. Batman shrieked as the snake's head continued to bite into his arm. He was afraid to touch it and without even realizing it he'd begun to cry, tears pouring down his smooth cheeks.

Hos grabbed the snake and pulled it free, throwing it aside with contempt. "I'm doing to need to suck the poison out," he said, holding Batman's arm.

Batman, in shock, just nodded. Hos then put his hot, wet mouth on Batman's arm. The snake had bit him on the inner arm, near the wrist, and Hos began to suck, his hot, wet tongue brushing against Batman's soft skin. He spat, then went back and once more planted his hot lips against Batman's arm.

Batman sighed as he felt himself growing calmer, his cheeks burning as he grew fuzzy headed, a little dizzy. Is it the poison, he wondered. Or something else? Just then, Hos looked up, and Batman gazed into the man's dark, green eyes. "Oh," Batman sighed as he felt his heart skip a beat.

"I got all the poison out," Hos said, tearing off a piece of his shirt and wrapping it tightly around the bite marks.

Batman, who'd been crying softly, now found himself wracked with massive sobs, his chest heaving as he wailed. "Now now... you're safe now..." Hos said, putting an arm around Batman's shoulder and pulling him in close, holding him, rocking him, kissing him on the head.

Batman felt so warm and safe... Hos smelled like MAN and leather. Batman had never noticed just how good a man smelled. He sighed as he buried his head in the man's shoulder, felt the warmth of their bodies merging. Well, he thought, I did say I was tired of being a man. He knew what he wanted, maybe even needed. Pulling his head back, he looked up at Hos and made his voice extra small, extra pretty. "Kiss me," he whispered.

Hos did not hesitate, but covered Batman's sweet lips with his own, their bodies pressing together, their tongues weaving together and against each other, Hos made a deep, bear-like grunting noise and Batman made a mousy little squeak in response. When the kiss ended, he put his rough hand on Batman's soft cheek. "It's getting late. We'll make camp and settle down for the night, start again in the morning."

Batman nodded, feeling a little thrill run through his soft body to have the man take charge like that. Just as Superman had earlier, he felt relieved, free to let someone else make the decisions for a change. "Help me up?" He said, offering Hos one of his little hands, batting his eyes, playing the damsel and loving it.

Hos just grunted, and then lifted Batman off his feet, cradling the slender little hero in his arms. Batman threw his own arms around Hos neck, and as Hos carried him across the desert, he couldn't help but think, "a girl could get used to this."

Superman, meanwhile, found himself safely in town, standing before a steaming bath tub that had just been filled with hot water and fragrant oils. He was standing patiently in his corset and stockings while a girl worked to unlace him. Once she'd gotten done untying the laces, he sighed with relief as he felt his ribcage expand, his lungs and he took the first full breath he'd taken since he'd found himself a woman. Thanking the girl, he lifted one leg and dipped a toe into the steaming water. It smelled so good, having been supplemented with oils and herbs, rose petals floating on the surface. He lowered his dainty foot into the water, then his ankle and calf, savoring every moment, his skin tingling and his hair even rising on end as his body ached in anticipation of the warm, fragrant water.

Finally, he slid his whole body into the water, closing his eyes and sighing. He'd never felt such

pleasure in a bath, and he wondered if this was the simulation or if with their soft, sensitive skin baths were just so much more for a girl. He suspected the latter. It would explain why women loved to take baths so much more than men.

He soaked, feeling every bit the pampered female he was, and when his bath began to get cold he rang a bell to summon the girl. She appeared with a fresh dress, bloomers and a new corset. "Your gentleman friend sent these up, and he requests your company for dinner and dance. She smiled and made a little woman to woman contact with Superman, who smiled back both of them knowing what a lucky girl he was to have such a handsome gentleman paying him such attention.

Dressed, Superman came down the steps of the salon, radiant, smiling, feeling as pretty as a peach and as all the eyes in the room turned to him and he could them all admiring his feminine flow grew impossibly brighter. "My darling," Bo said bowing.

"Mister," Superman said, offering his hand. Bo took Superman's hand and kissed it. They sat and talked and Superman was demure, lovely and sweet, allowing Bo to control the conversation, laughing at the man's jokes, finding excuses to shrug his smooth, bare shoulders and make his breast rise, or to toss his hair. Dinner ended, they danced, and Superman swirled and turned and found himself passed from one gentleman to another, adored and desired by all, but always ending up with Bo. It was such fun to be a girl.

Batman, meanwhile, cuddled against Hos. Batman had helped gather the firewood, then say prettily and watched as Hos started the fire then cooked up the snake he'd killed earlier for their dinner. The fire flickered, sparks flying up into the night sky which was dappled with more stars than Batman had ever seen in his life. As he listened to Hos talk, Batman could hear the man's heart beating in his chest, could feel it against his smooth cheek. He looked up at Hos and asked for a kiss with his eyes, and Hos obliged, curling Batman's toes with a kiss that shook him and made the tips of his fingers tingle.

Superman and Bo kissed as well, Superman in Bo's arms, his head tilted back as he squeezed Bo's big, powerful arms.

Bzzzzzt.

Batman and Superman opened their eyes back in the real world, each one feeling a sense of loss, an unfulfilled aching need, a surprising disappointment to find himself once more in a man's body. Sitting up, they felt the strangeness of having a flat chest, missed the weight of their breasts.

Huntress, Wonder Woman and Power Girl had gathered around. "You like to kiss boys," Power Girl teased in a childish sing song taunt. "You like to kiss boys."

“Yeah. I was a little surprised at how much you two got into making out with guys,” Wonder Woman said. “Maybe we should do some role-playing.”

“Don’t get any ideas,” Superman said, not liking the gleam in Wonder Woman’s eyes as she imagined him playing the damsel in some fantasy of hers.

“You rigged the simulator,” Batman said, pretending to be ashamed though he’d loved every minute of the experience. “Just admit it.”

“Yeah, really, why would anyone want to feel so helpless?” Superman said than added a manly grunt. “And I’m so not into guys at all.”

“Right?” Batman said.

“I know,” Superman added. They both had lowered their already deep voices and were putting extra macho swagger into their walk.

The women exchanged amused glances. Men. Deep inside each and everyone of them was a damsel just waiting to be rescued.

The End

WORLD'S FINEST

BATMAN - SUPERMAN
DAMSELS IN DISTRESS



SUPERMAN AND BATMAN TOGETHER inc.

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SUPERMAN! WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING HERE IN DISGUISE SO WE GOT YOU A LITTLE PINK KRYPTONITE!

I SHOULD BE MAD, BUT I JUST WANT TO KISS YOU SO BAD RIGHT NOW.

EXPLOSIVE! "INSIDE THE MAFIA GANG!"