

Wonder Woman's Nerdiest Fan

The Bat Cave was a place known by very few and visited by even fewer. In the dark caverns of the caped crusader's lair were a collection of state the art technology mixed in with various pieces of memorabilia he had collected over the years. This den dedicated to fighting crime was disturbed by the bats lurking inside as one of the walls opened up to let in the bat jet. While this wasn't an unusual sight itself, what was out of the ordinary was the person in the driver's seat.

Bringing the jet to a stop on the landing pad, Wonder Woman couldn't help letting her blue eyes wander across the hideout as she opened up the cockpit. Climbing out of the seat, she clashed against the drearier appearance of the Bat Cave thanks to her standard hero outfit of red, white, and blue spandex. Making sure her lasso was secure and her silver arm bracelets were out of the way, she set her mind to a more pressing matter. With her golden tiara keeping her long, black hair at bay, she was free to attend to her injured comrade.

Reaching into the backseat, Wonder Woman effortlessly picked up the unconscious Batman. She was used to him not being much of a talker, but it was rare for him to be completely out like this. Even worse, the bat cowl over his head made it hard to make out anything on his face, save for his mouth and lower jaw to try monitor his status. Considering how motionless he was, it was only by the slight rise and fall of his chest that she was able to confirm he was still alive. Swinging back his black cape, she carried him over towards the main area of the cave. Waiting for her there was his butler, Alfred, and a bed to place the unconscious hero on. Carefully placing him on the mattress, she kept her eyes focused on the red gem currently lodged in his chest. The object had torn through the bat symbol on his costume in the process of inserting itself into his body to infect him with its influence.

“Miss Diana, thank goodness you got him here when you did,” Alfred said as he examined his master’s body. “You weren’t clear about what happened in the call. How did Master Bruce end up like this?”

“It was my fault,” Wonder Woman replied. “We were fighting against a sorceress named Circe and I got careless. She shot out a spell and he ended up jumping in the way to stop it from hitting me.”

“My word, that’s awful. Do you have any idea what it does?”

“I’m afraid not. All I could tell was that it was some kind reality alteration curse. There’s no telling what it will do until it-“

“Mmmrgh,” Batman groaned out.

“Master Bruce, are you alright?” Alfred asked, hurrying to his master’s side.

“Yeah, I’m just UUURRRP fine,” he belched out as he sat himself up. “Diana, what happened after I passed out?”

“The rest of the team was able to restrain Circe with Zatanna’s help,” she answered, relieved to see him moving again. “While they were taking her away for questioning, I brought you straight here for treatment.”

Batman paused for a moment to look into Wonder Woman’s eyes. “Thank you, but there’s no time for me to reset.” Rolling out of bed, he struggled to keep himself standing.

“Master Bruce, you need to stay in bed,” Alfred said, trying and failing to keep her hero in place.

“I’m fine,” he replied, hobbling his way over to his computer. “I need to monitor the status of the city. I’ve been tracking the Joker for weeks and it looks like he plans to BWOOOOOOORRRPPP do something involving the water treatment facility.”

“Alfred’s right,” Wonder Woman said, placing her hand on Batman’s shoulder. “You’ve already done enough. You need to take it easy for a while.”

“That’s not something I can afford right now,” he shot back, as his fingers rapidly typed on the keyboard. “Gotham City needs Batman. It’s not like it’s going to defend UUURRRPPP itself.”

Grasping Batman’s wrist, Diana stood him up to lead him back over to the bed. “I’ll take care of the city while you’re out. It’s the least I can do to pay you back for saving me.” Placing him down on the mattress, she turned towards the main entrance. “I’ll get in contact with Commissioner Gordon and let him know. Think of me as your substitute while you take a long overdue vacation.”

Even with his cowl on, Batman couldn’t hide the begrudging acceptance on his face. “Fine. But make sure you BWOOOORRRRPP report back to me at every hour.”

“You can count on me,” Wonder Woman said as she headed towards the exit. Just as she was about to leave, she spotted something on one of the computer screens. It was very brief, but she swore she saw a text document labeled as “Wonder Woman Fanfiction”. Considering who owned the computer, she looked back to see Batman drinking a cup of tea in an effort to ease his digestion. Thinking it was just a trick of the eye caused by her post-battle exhaustion, Wonder Woman continued out the door to begin her patrol.

Despite having spent the past week fighting against Gotham City’s criminals, Wonder Woman couldn’t help feeling like it was a breeze compared to her regular rogue’s gallery. No ancient gods or tricky magic users. Most of the crimes she stopped were simple muggings and

back robberies committed by goons wielding crowbars to go with their poorly constructed insults. Sure there were run-ins with super villains like the Joker, but she still considered them trivial to take care of. Finishing up her patrol just as the sun was starting to rise, all that remained was for her to return to the bat cave to check in on how Batman was doing.

Going around the back of Wayne Manor to avoid detections, Wonder Woman tapped her knuckle against the stone to open up a secret passage. Though the path was mostly a stroll through complete darkness, she inevitably spotted a light at the end of the tunnel. As she emerged into a room containing multiple backups of the bat suits, she started to put in the access code to enter the inner chamber only to stop as she noticed something was off.

Amidst the various, bat themed, spandex outfits, she spotted a costume that looked eerily similar to hers. Stopping to stare at the near perfect replica, she noticed that it had been made at a slightly larger size than herself. Glancing back over to the bat suits revealed that they were made for similarly big proportions that fit neither her nor Bruce. Puzzled by why these were in the cave, she stopped as the locked door opened by itself to reveal Alfred.

“Hello Miss Diana,” the butler said with a bow. “Sorry if I startled you, but I was worried you had forgotten the code. I want to congratulate you on your recent endeavors in keeping the city safe.”

“Thank you, but I’m treating this as my own vacation with how easy it’s been,” Wonder Woman replied. “Besides, it’s the least I can do for Bruce since he saved me.”

“Who is Bruce?” Alfred asked as he scratched his chin.

Wonder Woman raised an eyebrow. “You know. Batman? THE Batman?”

“I wasn’t aware there was another bat themed super hero in this city,” Alfred said, gesturing for Wonder Woman to follow him into the cave proper. “I wonder if Mistress Bea is aware of this.”

Too curious to stop now, Wonder Woman followed Alfred through the corridor to arrive back at the caped crusader’s base of operations. At least that’s what she thought until she spotted the collection of posters on the wall showing off herself in various, heroic poses. She had seen similar displays at conventions, some of which she had personally signed during fan meet ups. It was obvious that these hadn’t been there before, only increasing her anxiousness to speak to Bruce about what was going on.

Wonder Woman found the indisposed hero sitting in a chair in front of the computer screen. Her pace slowed as she started to see the various changes that had been made to Bruce’s body, mainly the sizable amount of chub giving him a prominent potbelly and bubble butt. While a red robe wrapped around his pudgier form did an admirable job keeping the fat contained, it could do little to hide the set of fatty, sagging pecs hanging from his torso.

“How is the UURRRP city?” Bruce belched, pushing back his hair while his other hand fixed the glasses perched on his nose.

“I’m more worried about you right now,” Wonder Woman replied, eyeing the out of place spectacles. “What happened to you?”

“I have to assume that it’s the BOOOUUURRRP curse,” Bruce replied. Without hesitation, he opened up his robe to put his body on display. While Wonder Woman was still marveling at his doughy belly, he lifted it up to show something else he had gained since they had last met.

Wonder Woman let out a gasp. “Wait, is that...?”

Bruce nodded her head. “Yes. And for some reason, Alfred has started to call me UUURRP Bea. It leads me to believe that the curse is doing more than just altering me, but as well as reality itself.”

“I need to track down Circe and get her to reverse this,” Wonder Woman replied.

“I’ve spoken with the other league members, they’re already on her BWOORRRP trail,” Batman said. “What I need now is someone that can watch Gotham while I’m out of commission.”

Stifling her rage for the sorceress, Wonder Woman stepped forward to place her hand on Bruce’s shoulder. “I understand. I’ll do everything I can to make sure the city is safe until you can make a comeback. So, what’s my next-“

Wonder Woman paused as she noticed a tinge of red spread across Bruce’s face. The formerly stoic expression Batman carried was replaced with one filled with anxiety. The few seconds it took for Wonder Woman to finally release her fingers were just long enough for a squeaky fart to slip out from Batman’s rear.

“Sorry,” Bruce said as she turned back to the computer screen. “I... tend to get a little gassy when I’m nervous. It’s part of whatever new persona the sorceress is trying to push onto me. Just try to focus on keeping the city UUURRP safe while I look into this problem.”

“You can count on me,” Wonder Woman replied, leaving the cave to avoid any further awkward interactions.

It had taken two weeks’ worth of fighting crime for Wonder Woman to realize just how difficult it was to protect Gotham City. Having so easily gone through droves of goons ended up

being a call sign for the villains to step up their efforts. Their weapons were getting better, their tactics were improving, and more of the super powered criminals were popping up to try and stop her. At a loss of how she was going to be able to keep up, she decided to pay a visit to the Bat Cave to see if Bruce would have some advice.

Hopes weren't high as Wonder Woman entered the hideout to find more posters featuring her in different poses plastered across the walls. Most of the bat suits had been replaced with different, sized up replicas of her outfits that she had worn over the years. A glass cabinet that used to hold Batman's gadgets was now filled with figurines and recreations of her weapons like her sword and lasso of truth. Fearing what she was about to see, she pushed on to find Bruce in the usual location.

As Wonder Woman approached, Bruce seemed ignorant to her footsteps. The reason being was that the chubby woman adorned by a food-stained shirt and a pair of dingy sweatpants had her bespectacled, red eyes set on the screen in front of her. A flash of light accompanied each scroll of her pudgy fingers on the mouse or tap of the keyboard. The colors bounced off of her clothing to show off her bulged out belly and prominent bosom, free of any form of support other than the overburdened top. Stopping only to pull out the wedgie from between her chunky rear and brush back her grease-slicked, chest length hair, Bruce seemed absolutely obsessed with reading the erotic Wonder Woman fanfiction displayed on the screen in front of her.

"Excuse me, Bruce?" Wonder Woman called out.

The formerly fearless hero jumped in her seat out of shock. In the process, a foul smell filled the air thanks to the fart that had slipped out in the process. Quickly fixing her attire in an attempt to recover, Batman adjusted her glasses and wiped some of the lingering grease off of the pimples across her chubby cheeks.

“Sorry,” Batman said, bowing her head. “I tend to do that when I get UUURRP startled.”

Remembering that she was partially at fault for the way that Bruce was, Wonder Woman pushed through the noxious fumes. “It’s fine,” she said, trying to hide her disgust at the smell.

“My fault for not announcing myself when I came in. Um, what are you looking at?”

Batman looked between Wonder Woman and the smut displayed on the large screen.

“It’s, er, a romance novel I’m writing in my BWOOOORRRP spare time.”

“Featuring me?”

“Y-yeah,” Batman said, putting on a nervous smile as she scratched the back of her head.

“You’re a pretty big inspiration for UUURRP me.”

While it was strange, Wonder Woman accepted the compliment. “Thank you, Bruce. That’s very nice to hear.”

Batman tilted her head. “Bruce? I’m sorry, but that’s not my name. I’m Bea.”

Wonder Woman’s eyes went wide. “How long have you gone by that name?”

“Ever since I was born, of course,” Bea replied. “Although now that you BOOOUUURRRP mention it, Bruce was a name I thought of using for a super hero OC I had in mind. I’ll try to workshop it once I’m done with my work.”

“Wait, what work?”

Bea showed off a wide grin as she turned around to change the window on her computer screen. The vast collection of erotica was replaced with various live feeds spread throughout Gotham City. Other than live surveillance of some of the more active parts of town, there were files pulled up featuring the active criminals that had been giving Wonder Woman so much trouble.

“I saw how much you were struggling out there, so I thought I’d do my BWOORRRP part to try and help you out,” Bea said as she pushed up her glass. “While you’re out fighting crime, I can be like your sidekick and support you from UURRRP here. We’ll be a team.”

“That is pretty impressive,” Wonder Woman said, unable to deny the aid even if she was wary of Batman’s altered mind.

“Thank you,” Bea said, a flash of blush on her face mixing the red dots along her cheeks. “I’m just trying to do anything I can to help the best hero that this city-“

Bea’s praise was interrupted by a squeaky fart leaking out from her rear. Immediately her expression changed into frantic embarrassment as she lowered her gaze from Wonder Woman. While the smell was awful, the heroine regardless stepped forward to place her hand on Bea’s shoulder.

“So, how did you get this all set up?” Wonder Woman asked, trying to change the subject for the sake of the altered hero’s nerves.

“Oh, it’s actually very interesting,” Bea began. “Let me show you.”

Over the course of a long lecture about the use of drones and hacking into old city systems, Wonder Woman kept sneaking glances at Bea’s body. Centering her vision on the red gem still embedded in Bea’s chest that glowed through the shirt, she began to grasp the true nature of the curse. Other than Batman’s body, it appeared that his entire reality was being re-written to that of a nerdy, Wonder Woman fan girl. While she was concerned about how far this would go, the only thing she could do at the time was try to keep Bea happy while the rest of the Justice League searched for a cure.

The crack of dawn couldn't have come soon enough for Wonder Woman. Over the course of a very long evening, all of the city's villains had seen fit to put her through a gauntlet of obstacles. Everything from ice bombs courtesy of Mr. Freeze, balloons filled with Joker's gas, and even an army of penguins with guns had been sent out to fight her. While she had been able to hold off the attacks, it had come at a dire cost to her stamina and energy. It was due to this fatigued state that Wonder Woman didn't notice the new changes to the Bat Cave until she had managed to drag her drained body to the dead center of it.

Pushing back her hair as she sucked in a mouthful of air, Wonder Woman gagged at an awful aroma that seeped into her nostrils. Coughing to get the tainted fumes out of her system, she looked around to see that the hideout had lost most of what had made it the home of the caped crusader. Shelves upon shelves of figurines and comic books were scattered throughout the area that would put even the most diehard fans' collections to shame. Standees from various comic conventions and super hero movies acted as unmoving sentinels of the hideout. Walking past a cardboard cutout of herself, Wonder Woman once more sought out Bea to find out what was going on.

Bea could be found in her usual spot, resting her chunky rear atop a bed seated in front of her computer. The mattress had been brought in to replace the chair she had recently broken through thanks to her ever growing weight. Though Wonder Woman could see that the mattress was relatively new, it already stunk of the various, gassy expulsions that leaked out the nerdy woman's rear.

Dodging out of the way of a blast of flatulence, Wonder Woman approached Bea from a much safer angle. Bea didn't seem to pay much attention to Wonder Woman, her focus completely set on the multiple screens reflecting against her wide rimmed glasses. The constant

tapping against her mouse and keyboard was occasionally paused to shovel a handful of cheese puffs into her maw. The orange dust clung to her fingers and lips, with a few of the crumbs tumbling down her chins to further besmirch the Wonder Woman t-shirt tightly wrapped around her sagging, meaty bosom. Dragging her messy fingers through her hair to add to the strands' grimy texture, Bea finally took notice of her heroine and swiveled herself around.

"I watched BWOOOOORRRP everything from here," Bea said, an excited expression on her pudgy, pimply face. "You were absolutely amazing out there."

"I certainly don't feel amazing," Wonder Woman commented, hard to feel victorious as she looked upon the fellow hero's degraded form.

Bea tilted her head. "Is everything UUUURRRP okay?"

"Yeah, yeah," Wonder Woman said, figuring that it wouldn't be much help to attempt to tell Bea of her former self. "I'm just a little tired is all."

With a nod of her head, Bea heaved herself into a standing position. Waving away an errant fart that leaked out in the process, she gestured towards the mattress. "Have a seat, I think you've more than earned it after tonight."

"Thank you," Wonder Woman said, her sense of disgust overwhelmed by the feeling of exhaustion in her legs.

"Can I BOOOOOUUUURRRP get you a snack?" Bea offered. "Alfred makes these killer pizza rolls. They're pretty tasty."

Wonder Woman glanced at the bulged out gut that had been no doubt worsened by Alfred's cooking. "No thank you. Right now I just want to relieve the stress from my back. I caught a few too many vine whips to the back when I had to take down Poison Ivy."

"That was pretty hot."

“What?”

“Er, nothing,” Bea quickly recovered. “Um, hold still for a moment. I think I know something that can help.”

Climbing her way onto the bed, Bea shuffled her way over to Wonder Woman. Though there was a noticeable hesitation, eventually the nerdy woman pressed her body up against her hero. While Wonder Woman was confused at first, she let out a relieved sigh as she felt the plump girl’s fingers roll across her back.

“How does it UUUURRP feel?”

“Excellent,” Wonder Woman replied, her sense of relief outweighing any revulsion she felt from being exposed to Bea’s bad breath. “Keep going.”

Heeding the hero’s orders, Bea continued to put her thick fingers to good use working out the stress from Wonder Woman’s body. Over the course of the massage session, Wonder Woman could feel Bea’s blubber jostling against her. The constant pushing did bring out a few more expulsions from the nerdy woman’s mouth and rear, but the comforting touch was enough to make Wonder Woman overlook it. Finding strange comfort in Bea’s overweight, gassy form, Wonder Woman only came back to her senses when she felt the nerdy woman reach around towards her front.

Opening up her eyes, Wonder Woman broke out of her bliss as she saw Bea’s fingers creeping towards her inner thighs. “What are you doing?”

“Sorry!” Bea said, the question making her pull back and retreat to the other side of the bed. “You said you were stressed out and I UUUURRRPP thought that maybe I could... help you out in a more direct manner.”

“What made you think you could do that?”

“I-it always helps me out when I’m feeling BWOOOOORRRPPP stressed out,” Bea replied. “I’ve done it to myself so many times that I should be able to figure things out with you. I’m sorry if I made things UUURRRP weird.”

Wonder Woman pause for a moment to linger on the genuine look of concern and guilt in Bea’s eyes. As she continued to stare at the chubby woman, she felt something stir in her chest. Driven by this new feeling, she spoke, “Let’s do it.”

“What?” Bea asked as a surprised fart squeaked out of her rear.

“If you really think that it will help, then go ahead,” Wonder Woman answered.

Raising up a shaky hand, Bea fixed her glasses. “A-alright,” she said, slowly making her way back towards her hero.

Once more Wonder Woman felt Bea’s body press against her back. Watching the nerdy woman reach for her groin again, for a moment she thought to call out and stop her. That opportunity slipped away as Bea slipped her hand into her spandex to press her fingers against the heroine’s womanhood. For a moment she lingered there, waiting for some kind of response.

“It’s okay,” Wonder Woman said. “Just do what you think feels right.”

“Y-yes mam,” Bea replied.

Slowly dragging her fingers around, Bea attempted to tease Wonder Woman’s womanhood. This wasn’t the first time that the heroine had been through this, having repeated the act with multiple men and women in her past. However, there was a certain charm to how awkward the motions were. The amateur style did eventually find its mark, as evidenced by the moan that left Wonder Woman’s lips.

The euphoric cry strengthened Bea’s determination to pay back her hero for all of her hard work. Putting her all into pleasuring Wonder Woman, Bea lost control of the gas bubbles

rolling around in her gut. As Wonder Woman attempted to enjoy each motion of the plump fingers, she was subjected to an onslaught of burps and farts. Left smelling just as bad, if not worse, than the woman clinging to her, Wonder Woman sunk her fingers into the mattress as she was brought to orgasm. Shuddering from the after effects of her climax, all the heroine could do was sit here while Bea climbed off of the bed.

“I’ll... go get you some water,” Bea commented, clearly needing an excuse to buy herself time to come to grips with what she had just experienced.

“I would appreciate that,” Wonder Woman replied, equally thankful to have a moment to herself to evaluate why she had found the act of intimacy so liberating.

Walking in through the main entrance of the Bat Cave, Wonder Woman purposefully ignored the collection of pristine, framed posters depicting various heroes along the walls in favor of staring at the object in her hands. The small, silver amulet didn’t look like much as she turned it over in her palms. However, the trinket had been obtained after a solid month of searching out Circe’s various hideouts. If what they managed to get out of the sorceress was to be believed, the amulet held the power to undo all of the reality warping that had been thrust upon Batman.

Despite wanting to undo the harm Circe had caused, Wonder Woman still found herself staring at the silver object with indecisiveness. On the one hand, she had been the one partially at fault for turning Bruce into what he was now. He was far from the legendary dark knight that instilled fear into any criminals that heard his name. While she had done an excellent job keeping Gotham safe with the help of her sidekick, it was obvious that having Batman around again

would be a boon for the city. With all that on her mind, she had to keep asking herself why she was struggling to bring him back to his former glory.

As Wonder Woman struggled with these strange thoughts, she stumbled her way over to the main control console. While Bea was nowhere to be seen, the leftover crumbs of food along the keyboard made it obvious that she couldn't have gone far. Displayed on the screens were the usual collection of camera feeds from across the city mixed in with a splattering of fanfiction that ranged from tasteful romance to absolutely depraved erotica.

Driven by curiosity, Wonder Woman clicked in on one of the stories to zoom in. She was surprised to discover a story telling about her going on a mission with the normal version of Bruce. Between the strangely good suspense and description of the fight scenes, she found it hard to believe that it all came from Bea. That was until she reached an absolutely decadent collection of paragraphs depicting her and Bruce's post-mission celebration in the back seat of the Batmobile. So engrossed by the filthy writing, she was caught off guard by the sound and smell of someone waddling behind her.

Swiveling on her heels, Wonder Woman watched as Bea shuffled towards her. Everything looked to be the same on the nerdy woman with her chubby, acne-riddled cheeks and wide glasses. However, her locks of greasy, unkempt hair were given a semblance of control thanks to the familiar looking, golden tiara placed upon her head. A set of silver bracelets were fastened around her pudgy wrists that shook around with each flex of her plump fingers. With only a pair of familiar, red boots around her ankles, most of her thick legs were left exposed for Wonder Woman to gawk at. A tight leotard that mimicked Wonder Woman's own outfit looked practically painted onto Bea's over 400 pound body with the way it sunk into her belly rolls. While the costume did show off a generous amount of her cleavage and the red gem on her chest it also had

the misfortune of needing Bea to constantly reach back to rid herself of wedgies. Regardless, when the nerdy woman finally reached Wonder Woman, she greeted her with a nervous smile on her acne riddled face.

“So, what do you UUUUURRPP think?” Bea asked, doing a little twirl to show herself off. While the display was impressive, it was hindered slightly by a blast of flatulence rippling out of her plump rear. “Alfred helped me squeezed into it as soon as I saw you on the cameras.”

“Where did you get that?” Wonder Woman asked.

“I made it myself,” Bea proudly proclaimed. “Well, Alfred helped a little with the UURRRRP size measurements and sewing, but I did a lot of the BWOOOOORRRRP leg work getting the materials. I didn’t want to use some UUURRRRP bogus cosplay shop. Especially since I see the real thing on a regular basis.”

“It is... impressive,” Wonder Woman had to admit.

“Thank you,” Bea replied, her smile growing even wider as a bit of red clung to her cheeks. “So, what brings you here? I thought things were getting pretty quiet with most of the BOOOOOUURRRRP criminals locked up in Arkham.”

Uncaring of the miasma of Bea’s gas surrounding her, Wonder Woman took a deep breath. “I came here today to show you this,” she said, holding up the amulet.

“Wow,” Bea said, reaching out to pinch the trinket between her fingers. “It looks UUURRP neat. What does it do?”

“It’s supposed to be able to repair any fractures in reality,” Wonder Woman said. “I’m going to use it to change you back to normal.”

Bea tilted her head as she dragged her nails through her hair. “What are you talking about?” she asked. “I am normal. Or at least, as normal as I’ve always BWOORRRRP been.”

“That’s not true,” Wonder Woman said, gesturing towards the screen. “This person, Batman, that’s who you used to be. That was until a sorceress named Circe changed you into what you are now. Worst of all, it was my own fault that this happened. I got careless, and you were the one who came to my rescue. While you’ve been a great help to me these past few weeks, I need to make up for my mistake and change you back into Bruce.”

Crossing her arms, Bea tapped a finger against the red jewel in her chest as she released a puff of gas. “Do I have to change into this Bruce person?”

“Wait,” Wonder Woman said, understandably confused by the response, “what exactly are you saying?”

“I don’t see anything wrong with the way I am now,” Bea replied. “Being Bruce sounds dangerous. I’ll admit, swinging across rooftops and BWOOOOOORRRPPP fighting crimes is cool. However, it doesn’t take a UUUURRRP genius to realize how unsafe that is.” Waddling over to her bed, she sat down and helped herself to a bag of snacks from her stash. “No, I think I’d prefer to just keep being BOOOOOUUUURRRRPP me.”

Wonder Woman chewed on her lip. What was supposed to be a simple decision became a lot more difficult. Still on the edge of trying to figure out what to do, she put away the amulet and reached for her lasso of truth. With a single swing, she managed to ensnare Bea around her bulged out belly.

“I want to ask you again,” Wonder Woman said, tightening the restraints to make sure it was secure, “do you prefer being like this? Being an overweight, gassy, woman?”

“A bit rude to put it that way,” Bea remarked, venting out a puff of flatulence, “but yeah. Getting to do whatever I want in my little BWOOOOOORRRPP hideout is awesome. Whether

that's reading comic books, eating food, writing fanfiction, masturbating, or getting to hang out with my favorite hero. I couldn't think of a better UUUUURRP life."

For a moment Wonder Woman just stood there as she tried to process the response. Brought back to her senses by another blast of gas from Bea, she moved to undo the lasso from around the plump woman. Without the innate desire of the former hero to definitively answer the question, all that was left was Wonder Woman's own sense of morality to decide what she was supposed to do. While most of her mind was telling her it would be right to reverse the reality alterations to give the world back Batman, there was something admittedly selfish keeping her from activating the amulet.

"Sorry," Wonder Woman said, sitting down next to Bea.

"Aww, that's UUURRP okay," Bea said, daring to press her body up against the hero's for a hug. "You're Wonder Woman. I'm sure that you were just trying to BWOOOOORRRP do what's just."

Feeling Bea's pudgy press against her and the smell wafting into her nostrils, something inside of Wonder Woman snapped. Reeling back her hand, she tossed the amulet across the room and turned to face Bea. "Diana."

Bea tilted her head. "What?"

"I want you to call me Diana," she replied.

"Um, okay... Diana," Bea said, a shudder of excitement going through her body. "Um, do you want to hang out for a bit? Maybe watch a movie or BWOOOOOORRRRPP something?"

"No," Diana said, clutching Bea's hand. "Could you... give me some relief again?"

"Oh!" Bea replied, a squeaky fart leaking out in surprise. "I didn't think I did that good of a UUURRRP job last time. Sure just give me a sec to get the crumbs off my fingers."

“Actually,” Diana said, taking a moment to chew on her lip, “could you try using your mouth?”

Bea stared at her with her mouth agape. Momentarily taking on the role of the shy recluse, Diana turned away. The embarrassment she felt for having suggested such a ludicrous idea was stopped by the feeling of Bea climbing off of the bed. Getting down on her knees, Bea shuffled forward to nestle herself between Diana’s legs. Slowly pulling down the front of the heroine’s outfit to reveal her womanhood, she tilted her head up. Staring straight at Bea’s bespectacled, red eyes and seeing her own desire reflected back at her, Diana nodded her head as a sign to continue.

Holding onto Diana’s thighs, Bea moved in with her mouth open. Just like her fingering technique, her efforts to please the heroine with her tongue were obviously amateur. Nevertheless, the Diana got what she was looking for by letting her hands reach out to squeeze the soft fat encasing Bea’s body. The constant prodding led to a belch rolling up Bea’s throat to tickle the heroine’s womanhood. The expulsion mixed with the erratic fervor in which the nerdy woman tried to please her was more than enough to get Diana what she wanted. Reaching her limit, she tightly clamped her hands on Bea’s shoulders as she orgasmed.

Taking heavy breaths to recover from the experience, Diana took a moment to bask in the aftermath of her decision. While she was still trying to come to grips with the fact she had given into her desires, Bea was slowly pulling herself out from between her legs. Titling her head up, Bea fixed her glasses to properly see the expression on Diana’s face.

“How did I BWOOOORRRRP do?” Bea belched out.

Diana took a deep inhale of the burp and replied. “Get on the bed.”

“D-did I not do a good enough job?” Bea asked, pushing out another puff of gas as her formerly nervous state returned. “I’m sorry. I promise I’ll do better if you give me another chance.”

“It’s not that,” Diana replied, effortlessly picking Bea up to place her on the mattress. “I want to give you a turn.”

Bea’s mouth was left agape as she processed what she just heard. “T-that’s not really UUUURRP necessary. I’m fine with just the knowledge that I helped my favorite hero-“

“Please,” Diana insisted. “It’s the least I can do after all you’ve done for me.”

Though Bea hesitated for a few moments, she finally answered. “What kind of… position do you want for me?”

Diana’s response was to physically move the nerdy girl’s body around to have her down on all fours in the middle of the bed. With Bea in place, Diana instructed her to raise up her hindquarters. Though she attempted to pull down the back of Bea’s costume, the tight fabric tore apart at even the slightest pull. While Diana was apologetic, Bea insisted that it was fine and told her to continue. Pressing her hands on Bea’s meaty ass cheeks, Diana couldn’t help likening her backside to that of an overly plump pig. Eager to give her prized hog proper thanks, she opened her mouth and leaned forward.

In direct contrast to Bea, Diana knew exactly how to use her tongue to properly stimulate her partner. Going back and forth across Bea’s womanhood and anus treated her ears to the sound of cute, pig-like squeaks emanating from her partner. As the session went on, gas began to leak out of Bea’s rear to fully engulf Diana’s head. Undeterred, she kept up her movements until a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP echoed in her ears as Bea found her release.

“That was UUUURRRRPP amazing,” Bea said, her body slick with sweat.

“Was that enough for you?” Diana asked.

“I... could go for one BWOOOOOORRRP more,” Bea answered. “But would it be alright if we do something... together?”

“It would be my pleasure,” Diana replied. “Let me just make some adjustments.”

Helping each other up off the bed, Bea and Diana began to undress. Taking off their costumes let them gaze upon each other’s nude forms. Now more than ever, the stark contrast between their bodies was obvious. Diana with a toned physique she had obtained through rigorous training and fierce battles. Bea with a blob-like, gas bag of a body that had been created through countless hours of sitting at her desk, stuffing her face. As Bea took off her glasses to leave nothing in the way of their eyes meeting, they shared an unspoken conversation about the status of their relationship. Regardless of their differences, the two of them were absolutely obsessed with each other. This fact rang true as they came together to climb up onto the bed to fully indulge their desires.

Rolling onto the mattress, Bea laid down with her facing up while Diana got in position. Being the more limber of the two, Diana elected to seat herself on Bea’s face while she leaned past her partner’s belly to reach her nether region. Once there, she waited until she felt Bea’s lips press against her womanhood before she stuck out her tongue to resume her earlier work.

Perhaps having gained some insight from being on the receiving end, Bea managed to imitate Diana’s techniques as she dragged and sucked. In turn, Diana rewarded her with vigorous attention to her clit and labia while her hands groped at her fat folds. Their efforts had the expected result of surrounding them in a bombardment of Bea’s gas leaking out between belching moans. Left just as sweaty and greasy as the nerd girl in the process, Diana became

drunk on the feeling of depravity as she enjoyed Bea's body. Giving themselves completely to each other's urges, the pair inevitably signaled their release through a cacophony of moans.

Left to bask in the euphoria of their climaxes, the two of them laid together on the mattress for quite some time. Being the first to recover, Diana crawled across Bea's body to meet her face to face. Unable to resist the look of lingering desire on the woman's pudgy face, Diana pressed forward to lock their lips together. Able to experience the leftover flavor of Bea's junk food diet and passion, she managed to stay together even as her lover gifted her a burp. The only thing that could end their loving embrace was a ringing noise coming from the monitor.

Bringing her head up, Diana saw the alert signaling that a crime was in progress. "Why did it have to be now?"

"A hero's work is never UUURRRRP done," Bea replied, putting on her glasses as Diana helped her to her feet. "Looks like Clayface is stealing from the art museum." Waddling her way over to the control console, she rapidly tapped her fingers across the keyboard. "While I figure out the BWOOOOOORRRRRRP best plan, you go get changed. I have a few spare outfits that might fit you in the closet."

"Right," Diana replied. "When I get back... mind if I have another reward?"

Looking over her shoulder, Bea replied with a wide grin. Copying the expression, Diana hurried to get dressed and headed towards the museum. She moved as fast as possible, knowing that another session with her prized, slobby pig of a girlfriend was what awaited her when she returned.