

Symbol of Women's World

Chapter One

Diana of Themyscira was many things to many people. A beacon of hope for both her native island home, long hidden away, as well as for Man's World. To the average citizen, she was the strongest woman in the world (at least, if you didn't ask Power Girl), and a symbol of the strength, resilience, and beauty of women everywhere, an ambassador of peace yet also a deadly warrior. A hero to people everywhere despite her larger than life background and status, though her friends and colleagues on the Justice League often described Diana as surprisingly relatable despite a somewhat aristocratic demeanor.

At the moment, she was striding through the Batcave like she owned the place, with characteristic confidence. Bravery in combat was one thing, and perhaps easy for a woman who could trade punches with Superman. As she approached the central monitor and the short figure seated in front of it, Diana's entire demeanor made it clear that she was also brave enough to walk around with her fat, rippling ass nearly hanging out. She carried herself without the slightest trace of shame or self-consciousness, her body walking a fine line between lean muscle and sheer, raw, sexual appeal, with well-defined calves and thighs, yet a wide set of hips beneath her tight, trim waist and firm abdominal muscles. Her outfit was little more than swimwear, showcasing her massive, cannonball sized tits, each one nearly busting out of her tight red and gold top, which heaved with each small breath she took. The tiara and bracelets she wore only completed Diana's "look all you like" attitude, as the gorgeous dark-haired woman was happy to demonstrate that walking just fine in high-heeled boots with her dump truck ass sticking out was her *real* superpower.

Well aware of who was behind him (lots of women he knew wore high heels or boots, but few of them had a walk as straight-forward as Diana, as opposed to the sultry steps of Catwoman or the sharp, stomping sounds of Power Girl's shoes), Tim Drake, the current Robin was still staring at the monitors. Banks of computer screens showed local crime data, potential hotspots, the last known addresses of over a dozen dangerous criminals in Gotham, as well as one large screen with a rotating showcase of flowers. Still, it was rude to ignore guests, so Tim turned around in the large chair, which made him look even shorter. He was half a foot shorter than the statuesque Wonder Woman, and she no doubt outweighed him a fair amount as well, her blue eyes gleaming even more than her sun-kissed skin. It was incredible to him how she squeezed all that body and her thicc curves into one tiny little bathing suit-though he knew a little something about that same concept himself.

Diana simply looked down at Tim, as though expecting a punchline at any second.

"Ah, hello there, you." Diana knew that Batman had no shortage of sidekicks who all insisted on using the same codename, it honestly made it difficult to keep track of who was who. She placed her hands on her hips, feet naturally taking a wide,

shoulder-width apart stance. Her tone was polite, but in a dismissive way, like someone speaking on the phone to an annoying complainant.

“I’m here to meet my partner for this mission...young man. Have you seen them?” She *thought* his name was Timothy, but it might have been J...something. Her blue eyes gave him a quick glance and then looked away to the monitors, finding him not worth the effort, apparently.

“*Robin.*” Tim pointed out, annoyed by her attitude. *Leave it to a Princess to act all high and mighty*, he thought.

“And I’m going to be your partner. I’ve been doing my research-I know we’re looking for anyone smuggling or selling moly in and out of the states, and the Batcomputer’s database indicates it could be one of a number of existing plants, or a hybrid. Since we still don’t know how it would affect you or other individuals empowered by the Greek gods.”

Robin went on for a bit, but Diana mostly tuned him out. Eventually, when he paused in his briefing, she bent over at the waist, her legs perfectly straight as she leaned in a bit closer. The seated Tim was suddenly nearly face-to-face with Diana’s enormous Amazonian breasts, which seemed to hang in the air in defiance of gravity. Diana had a smile on her face like she was trying to hold back laughter.

“Well that all sounds great, Robin, but this is kind of an important job. I’m sure Batman trusts you with a lot, but chasing after purse-snatchers and mortal gangsters is one thing, and working in the arena of the gods is quite another.” Diana chuckled, despite herself. Batman must have set this up for some reason. He liked to act all aloof, brooding and serious, but to her, he often seemed quite funny. All mortal men did.

Tim didn’t seem to find Diana’s condescending attitude quite so amusing. “Listen you lesbian skyscraper, nobody else is coming. I’m your partner for this mission, and I’ve been doing this since I was fourteen, so you can save the ‘young man’ crap.”

Diana stood up suddenly, as startled by his insult and anger as if he had struck her in the face. More properly, since it wasn’t like someone like him could actually hurt her-she was a Daughter of Zeus after all. She glared down at him, her angular jaw set, flawless cheekbones looking even more defined than usual as Diana exhaled through her nostrils, trying to breathe through her anger.

“This must be a mistake of some sort. This is a Justice League mission and you’re well...a *teenage* titan, right?” Diana sighed, having lived hundreds of years yet still having found nothing quite so vexing as a man with an inflated sense of his own importance. But what could she do, really? It was the burden of women to deal with the follies (and there were oh so many) of men.

“I will...allow this, this time. However, in the field you will do as I say, and only-”

Robin suddenly stood up, the metal chair scraping against the stone floor of the Batcave. In an instant he was right in Diana’s face, or as close as he could be given their height difference. Still, he wasn’t backing down, showing a level of bravery that crossed the line straight into foolishness, according to Diana anyway.

“Shut. Up. I’m not following the lead of some jumped up dyke. You don’t fool me, you’re just an inferior version of Superman with huge tits. There’s nothing you do in the League that someone else doesn’t do better.”

Diana stepped closer, finding the insult to her prowess even more galling than his slurs and insults. Her pride was actually stung, though surely no one truly thought of her as a lesser version of Superman. Diana could talk to animals, after all. She’d like to see Superman do *that*. At this distance, her tits were nearly smothering Robin’s face, but his blue eyes were still locked onto her’s, showing more restraint than men older and wiser. Running after that Poison Ivy slut, Tim had obviously learned when to keep his eyes off even the most enormous, bouncing and perfectly shaped jugs.

“How *dare* you, I am Diana, Princess-”

“You’re a stupid whore, that’s what you are.” Tim shot back, cutting Diana off.

“I most certainly am not!” Diana said, actually stomping on the floor in a child-like fit of anger. Her red boot actually cracked the floor of the cave, kicking up a tiny cloud of debris and dust.

Whap!

“Hnng...you utter *bastard*.” Diana said, gritting her teeth. Tim had actually *smacked* his hand against her ass, squeezing her huge, plush ass with one surprisingly strong hand. Her rump seemed to wiggle of its own accord, in a most interesting way, even as the leather of Tim’s glove let out an audible squeak from how hard he was mauling her booty.

“Men like you are the reason Themyscira exists. You and your kind are not worthy of a place so pure. No worthy man would *dare*-”

“Oh spare me the Gender Politics speech, *Princess*. You’re just used to everyone, man and woman, kissing your ass because you’re a hot piece of ass. But you don’t just get to walk in here and tell *me* what to do. I might be Batman’s sidekick, but I’ve been doing what he does since before I could shave and he’d be the first one to tell you I’m even smarter than he is. Which means a tits-for-brains like you is nowhere *near* my level.” Tim nearly snarled, as his hand squeezed Diana’s body once more, gauging her response.

Diana's heart was strangely pounding in her chest, filling her ears with the thudding sound as she became aware of how warm she suddenly was. Blood rushing, she felt herself be distracted by Tim's actions, how completely sure of himself he was, giving her not a moment's worth of respect or deference, refusing to treat her like a Princess or an Ambassador or even a fellow hero.

That distraction was all Tim would need. Diana turned to walk away, letting out an angry huff as her hands curled into fists at her sides, face red with anger, shame and...something else. But the instant she did, Tim sprung into action, cape fluttering as he grabbed Diana's golden Lasso of Truth right off her belt, looping it around her arms and torso in one smooth motion.

"Ah, w-what are you doing?!" Diana exclaimed, as Tim dragged her over to the Batcomputer, her boots scrabbling for position on the floor as he turned and pushed her. She had more strength in her pinky than Tim did in his whole body, but with her arms pinned to her sides and the unbreakable Lasso wrapped around her body, there wasn't much she could do. She let out a shocked gasp as she felt something suddenly rub against her body, something long and thick and *hard*, huge even compared to Diana's fat ass. As her face was pushed against the cold surface of one of the many monitors, Diana gave a few fitful struggles, which only made her ass jiggle and her tits nearly fall out of her top.

"Unhand me at once, you bastard boy!" Diana said, just before Tim shut her up with a stinging slap to her ass.

Smack! Smack, smack!

For some reason it nearly made her jump, even though Diana knew she could take much worse punishment than this. Anything he wanted to do to her she could endure...not that she *wanted* him to do anything else, of course.

"Well, since you want to strut around in your skimpy little outfit, shove your huge tits in my face and look down your nose at me like you're not just a stupid whore, I figured I would borrow your lasso. Get to the bottom of things, you know?"

Diana opened her mouth to speak, but her voice cut off into a strangled squeak as she felt that huge bulge, Robin's massive throbbing crotch rubbing against her ass, making her fat cheeks slowly but surely part. He was grinding against her, harder than before, enjoying using her pillowy booty to hot dog his hard, enormous dick that was growing by the second.

Diana's face grew redder, incensed at how he was toying with her body. "H-How could you treat a woman like this? You should *never-agh!*"

Robin just smirked, tugging on the lasso harder, having now looped it around Diana's waist as well as her wrists. Her arms were wrenched hard behind her back even as he

took one handful of her soft, lush curly hair and just *ground* her face into the monitor.

“Why, are you enjoying this, you dumb dyke?”

Diana moved to yell at him again, her voice high-pitched and almost screechy. She was going to tell this bastard *Timothy*-a name she wouldn't soon forget-exactly where he could put his disgusting and offensive attitude. As she opened her mouth, Diana felt a strange tingle run through her whole body, something she had much experience with but always on the other end, forcing people to tell the truth while bound in her magical lasso. The indestructible rope glowed a brighter gold as Diana spoke, her words straight and to the point.

“My p-pussy is, yes.”

Humiliation burned in Diana's heart, her face suddenly flushed and hot. She didn't mean that, of course she didn't mean such a lewd thing. But Robin just laughed behind her, bucking his hips as his far too big bulge seemed to fit quite nicely with Diana's absurdly huge and wide ass, showing off that her hips were almost twice as wide as her waist.

“J-just take this off me already! Release me at once and...stop grinding against me so!”

Robin's eyes narrowed behind his domino mask, barking out one question.

“Why?”

Once more, Diana was compelled to tell the truth, even as she pleaded for this nightmare to end, rather than say what came next.

“I-I can't stop thinking about the size of your...your nasty, lewd *thing*. Why...how is that so...big?” She was totally flustered, her impotent fists bending slightly at her waist, wrists pulling and her legs quivering but completely unable to free herself from the Lasso. She was stuck like an amateur, out of sorts and suffering a more intimate, painful defeat at this teenager's hands than she'd felt against her own brother, Ares.

Hera, save me! Diana thought, though some part of her new that it would take a lot more than prayers to all the gods and goddesses to get her out of this. Behind her, Robin shuffled his weight a bit from foot to foot, rubbing that dick between her ass, still separated from him by their clothes and yet feeling dangerously exposed.

“Would you like a closer look, your Highness?” Robin mocked.

Diana clenched her jaw, a muscle in her cheek twitching just under the skin. With a trace of sweat trickling down her brow as well as her taut lower back, Diana shook her head from side to side as if willing herself to not answer. *Just don't say anything.*

Don't say it. Don't. DON'T.

Yet Diana was unable to fight it, huffing loudly in anger and frustration, seeing no way out but to speak. Even when everything she said only added to her indignities, making her feel less like a Princess and more like a foolish, sexy piece of eye candy.

“Yessss~” She hissed, unable to believe what she was saying and yet feeling the truth of it radiate in the very core of herself. Once the floodgates were open, Diana couldn't hold them back.

“I want to see that huge bulge, I want to see it fully exposed and naked. It's making my pussy feel good, so good and...my big, fat butt too. You're rubbing against me in a way...I just can't resist. HNNNGGG!”

Diana let out a wordless scream of frustration, feeling completely trapped. Her next words came out shaky, slow as her mind tried to navigate the ever-present influence of the Lasso.

“I swear, you will p-pay for-”

SMACK!

This time, Diana did actually jump, her feet leaving the ground in a cute little hop as Tim spanked her ass again. He smacked her again and again, and as he switched hands, Diana suddenly felt his raw, smooth and strong skin rubbing against her enormous ass, as Tim worked his gloves off to get a better grip on all that fat booty staring him in the face. As Diana rested her head fitfully against the monitor, she felt that astonishing bulge slowly withdraw, until another sound filled the room, even as Diana felt frustrated and confused.

Zii-iiip!

She felt weaker than she should, she knew that. And strange, girlish feelings were filling her head, emotions she hadn't felt in some time, some of them entirely new, making her feel downright soft and...squishy. It was as if she was no longer made of the stern, steely character Diana had presented herself as for hundreds of years, feeling her emotions and mind being reshaped in some way. At the moment, Diana just felt the overpowering urge to grind her thighs together out of some twisted arousal, all for this stupid...boy. This foolish male, a classic example of the depravities of Man's World and exactly why they needed an ambassador like the gorgeous, powerful Diana. Only she wasn't feeling very powerful as she looked back at Tim, who was staring down at her fat ass. Before he could notice, she looked away, feeling some kind of childish shame like she'd been a ditzy schoolgirl staring at her crush. Her cheeks were red again as she cursed Tim in her mind, for being a brute, a stupid...*man*.

Tha-wump!

With a heavy, hard sound of skin on skin, Diana felt another impact on her ass, hot and meaty. She knew what had happened, it was beyond obvious, but for some reason Diana just had to look. She slowly glanced over her shoulder, long hair cascading down her back as Diana's bright blue eyes suddenly widened in shock. What she was seeing...it made no sense to her long-lived yet somewhat inexperienced mind. A colossal, mammoth sized dick was resting on her ass, sitting like some kind of club, jutting out of Tim's crotch like a third leg. Diana had never seen a...penis so large, so weighty. There was no way that...*thing* could be a man's member, it was impossible!

Robin's cock seemed to suddenly flex, the pale and reddish member throbbing with arousal. He ground that dick between her fat asscheeks, sliding it up and down and leaving traces of dicksweat and precome all over Diana's ass. Her nose crinkled at the smell, her keen senses backfiring on her as her nostrils and mouth reluctantly opened, taking in more of that musky scent. Her brain had no frame of reference for such a thick, powerful manly scent...all the men Diana had been with had smelled like soap and a fresh shower, not the sweaty, trapped and pungent aroma of Robins' dick. His balls were enormous, each massive testicle surprisingly hairy given the fact that Tim hadn't yet reached twenty, and with a dark thatch of pubic hair just above the base of his pillar of dick. It was all too filthy, too overwhelming, too manly for Diana to try and resist. She opened her mouth to speak, but Robin yanked on the rope, pulling her back.

Diana yelped slightly as the tip of his cock pressed into the fattest part of her asscheeks, leaving small dimples as he tested and probed her enormous fat ass. Sliding it up and down between her juicy Amazonian ass, smacking her cheeks with it and watching them jiggle, or grinding against the hottest, wettest part of Diana's tiny underwear, making her heart skip a beat.

"Fuck, look at the size of this fucking thing. There's no reason a real hero should be walking around with this sort of dump truck ass. You look like a nasty ,cock-hungry *whore*."

Even as she felt that dick pressing against her body, touching spots that made Diana moan softly, she tried to speak once more.

"W-what do you think you're doing?" Diana tried to put some backbone into her voice, but her flushed cheeks and the way her lower lip was trembling just showed how flustered and out of her element she was. Even looking back at the monitors, out of fear she would just keep staring at Tim's dick, Diana could feel him ogling her ass.

"You know, for a stuck-up princess, you sure are a hot piece of fuckmeat." Robin said, gripping his cock by the base and grinding the fat, massive tip against Diana's barely covered ass before he slowly withdrew. Her hips swayed in response, moving slowly from side to side and making her cheeks clap without even realizing it. Diana tried to

straighten up, towering over Robin once more, her movements struggling before her hips thrust backwards, causing Tim's dick to brush right against her pussy, actually pushing in her slutty outfit.

Tim chuckled, realizing how wet Diana was, her pussy practically drooling, clearly leaking arousal down her thick, muscular thighs.

"Holy shit, you are absolutely *soaked*, Wonder Whore. Is this all it takes to get you dripping wet, just being tied up by your own lasso? You must be a real dirty bondage bitch."

Diana shook her head weakly, even as her pussy throbbed at his words. She wanted to deny it, but her body was feeling things, new and strangely powerful desires.

"J-just get that oversized c-cock away from my pussy~" Diana pleaded, stumbling a bit, feeling weak in the knees. She'd never actually used that word before, *cock*, but there didn't seem any better way, any more truthful way, to describe Robin's insanely long and impossibly hard, thick manhood. He was thicker than one of Diana's biceps, and well longer than her arm. Her movements showed how desperate she was for more, bucking her ass backwards until she felt that dick rubbing her in *just* the right spots, making her moan again, even as her hips lifted up a bit, grinding against that dick. Diana cursed herself for being so weak, wishing she could brace herself against the computers but with her arms still pulled back she felt helpless.

"Look at you, practically gagging for more already, *Diana*. Are you a virgin, that would explain why you're such a weakling when you see a real man's cock" Tim said, using her name for the first time, whispering it in a way that made Diana's spine tingle.

"N-nuh, no, I'm not. But s-sex isn't something to take lightly, not that I would expect a pig like *you* to u-oh, OH! AHHH!!"

Robin slammed straight ahead, his cock tearing right through the cloth of Diana's uniform and straight into her pussy. He pulled back on the lasso, looping another coil of the golden rope up near Diana's throat while her arms were *yanked* backwards. Diana was completely taken off guard, looking shellshocked and blank, Her eyes stared back at Tim, watching as he took off his black and yellow cape with one hand, holding onto the Lasso with the other. Diana couldn't decipher, describe, or even fully understand what she was feeling, it was so unlike anything she had experienced before. Her tongue stuck out foolishly as she sucked in a few rushed, shallow breaths, mumbling dumbly.

"How?...So *deep*. My...p-pussy~"

WHAM!

Robin slammed deeper inside Diana's clutching, grasping wet pussy, spearing her open with more than half of his length. The sheer girth of his cock made a bulge in Diana's

midsection, soon poking out just behind her bellybutton. Her rump jiggled from the impact, feeling like her body was being forced open wide, stretched nearly to it's breaking point. Diana opened her mouth to demand Tim to stop, to command him to pull out of her, but the Lasso's magic burned at her wrists and midsection once more.

"P-please...pull out, now. My...my tight little pussy can't take much more!" Diana's dripping cunt was still clinging to Robin, leaking juices down the length of his cock, practically trying to suck him in deeper. Robin barely responded, instead moving his hips from side to side, stirring up Diana's insides and making her tongue stick out again, mewling pathetically. He was hardly moving much and still wasn't balls deep inside her, yet the strongest super hero alive was already begging for mercy.

"Fuck, your wonder cunt is so fucking tight, it's trying to milk me dry you whore. Are you sure you're not a virgin, or weren't, cause you sure feel like it." Tim said, chuckling even as he pushed his cock a bit downwards, the bulge in Diana's stomach growing larger and making her feel like her tiny pussy was being stretched till it was paper-thin, making her eyes nearly roll back in her head.

Faced once more with a question, even an indirect one, Wonder Woman couldn't deny the truth.

"No, I've had sex before...mostly with women, but a few men. It was just...nuh-never like *this*~" Diana's head was pulled back as Robin pulled on the Lasso again, slower this time but also farther, making her spine ache as her body was bent into a rough 'C' shape. Robin slammed into her harder than before, making Wonder Woman bite back a *disgraceful* moan of approval, giving a weak shake of her head as if trying to deny her innermost feelings. Pain she could tolerate, and even the discomforting position Tim had her trussed up in was easy for the superhuman Diana, but the pleasure radiating out from her dripping pussy, centered around Tim's rock-hard and utterly massive cock, was unlike anything she'd ever even dreamed of.

Robin taunted her, varying his thrusts inside her, not letting Diana adjust to the thickness that was spreading her in such a deep, irresistible way. "Not like what, Wonder Slut? Not as fucking *big*?"

Wonder Woman bit her lower lip, worrying it between her teeth as she tried to hold onto her dignity, her sanity, unaware that each little tremor of feeble resistance only made her look more sexual, more wanton. She didn't want to say anything, but even as she shook her head, one sound filled the entire cave, her ass bouncing from Robin's motions. Diana's hips seemed to move with a mind of their own, the sound of it ringing in her ears as her pussy, even her fertile and suddenly oh so vulnerable womb throbbed in base approval.

Diana was skilled at so many things, but she'd never learned the art of deception, and even if she hadn't been constrained by the Lasso of truth, her body language spoke volumes to a veritable genius like Tim. The truth was desperate to get free, and Diana

hung her head in shame.

“Yes, alright, fine! None of them were even close to as HUGE as your donkey dick, you horrible, a-amazing...*man*.” Diana huffed once more, as if speaking some unutterable slur, but Robin simply took her words for the admission of what an inexperienced bitch Diana was. His pace increased, hips slamming against her’s, his dick pushing against her cervix and then beyond, spearing into her womb. Drool leaked from Diana’s plump red lips, unable to deny how good this felt inside of her.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

By all the gods, it felt so good! Deep inside her womb, Diana could feel her body changing, adapting, trying to become a better dicksleeve for Tim’s monster cock. For all her years of life, Diana’s past sexual experiences seemed woefully inadequate for the task of resisting this cock, and try as she might to deny it, it was having a clear effect on her mind and body.

To Diana’s surprise, Robin’s hand left the rope, even as his thrusts picked up the pace. The loops slipped from her wrist, though it was still wrapped around her waist, though not nearly so tight. Yet, for some reason Diana felt utterly weak, not the exhaustion of battle or pain, but something else. Robin’s thrusts were shaking up her entire body, her fat ass jiggling from the assault as his hips crashed into her enormous, plush booty. Her firm yet bouncy ass was soon a bright shade of red as Tim’s thrusts pushed her forward, making Diana feel nearly breathless, leaning against the computer console. For all her years as an emissary from Themyscira, a stranger in Man’s World, Diana had never felt quite this...feminine before. Her body was responding to Tim’s punishing, aggressive cock just slamming away at the back of her womb, making her toes curl inside her boots, hands thumping against the cold metal and plastic of the computer.

Robin’s thrusts grew faster and faster over the course of the next ten minutes, and Diana couldn’t help but notice the pleasure and force seeming to rip through her body like fire. Leaning over her, Tim grunted like an animal in Diana’s ear, which made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, a tremor of ecstasy ripping through her and almost making her cry out. His fucking had taken on a new energy, a new intensity and urgency, with Diana’s body giving in, her nipples hard as stone. Almost too late did Diana really notice what Robin was up to, his hands on her waist, pulling her body closer to him as his thrusts pushed her forward, clearly building to something.

No. NO NO NO NO! Not...that, anything but that! At this rate...my body won’t be able to withstand it!

Diana yelped out, even as her own orgasm grew closer and closer. The more she fought it, tried to resist the pleasure, the more it grew inside her. “Wait, Robin! T-Tim, don’t you fucking *dare* you little-“

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

His hips were a blur, every muscle in his body tense with anticipation as Diana trembled in front of him, her knees knocking together.

“Wait, nobody has ever...come inside me, not like this! Not anyone. Don’t!” Yet Diana’s pleas only egged Robin on, and his thrusts grew faster and harder, each time he pushed past the tight, sensitive entrance of her cervix making Diana feel like it might never close up. Her pussy was gaping around his cock, and she could only imagine the shameful, utterly whorish sight she would make if he pulled out of her completely, her body desperate to close up. Still, Diana didn’t have long to think about that, or anything else as Robin’s pistoning hips almost made her lose her balance, the pleasure inside her reaching a tipping point. Tim’s hands wound themselves in Diana’s hair, and in her frenzied mix of panic and pleasure, something stood out to her, a change. He was wearing...gloves? But he’d taken them off earlier, Diana barely remembered, and these felt slightly different anyway, the fingers bulging out with something hard.

“UGhh...fuck, here it comes. Get fucking pregnant, *dyke!*” Robin moved his hands just so inside his gloves, and as his cock buried itself inside Diana balls-deep, her head suddenly lit up as his gloves sparked with electricity. Blue flashes arced around Diana’s tiara, blasting right into her brain, making her entire body go stiff. Diana’s mouth opened and closed wordlessly, a small mercy for the Amazon as she was in the throes of a powerful electroshock orgasm and would no doubt have made embarrassing, animalistic noises. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her climax continued, squirting like a bitch in heat, her ruined panties quickly growing soaked before she blasted juices all over the floor, her heart racing like it might burst at any moment.

It’s too much, I can’t fucking take it! If he doesn’t stop soon...I’ll go crazy~ My body....my body is on fire ♥!

Robin’s thrusts pushed the suddenly helpless Diana forward, bashing her face against one of the monitors. Her head let out a series of loud, hollow-sounding thunks as Robin kept holding onto her, giving her enough juice to stop someone like Solomon Grundy for a few moments. Combined with the sheer bliss Diana was feeling from Robin’s dick, she was left a drooling idiot, her fingers twitching as her womb was left utterly defenseless. Robin’s cock seemed to impale her, leaving her midsection bulging out as he bragged behind her, sounding like a dumb jock exulting in victory.

“Take every last drop, Diana! I’m gonna knock you the fuck up, ‘Wonder Woman’! Just lay there and get fucked, you little slut!”

Splllrt! Splllrt! Splllrt!

Her mind’s weak and fading protests aside, Diana’s womb was suddenly *hungry* for

that jizz, her body helplessly reacting to the hyper-virile cum filling her up. The first splashes of spunk were high-pressure shocks to Diana's system, making her cum again and again, even as the electric gloves mercifully left her head. The smell of ozone filled the cave and Diana's heart skipped a beat as she was filled up like a living condom, her pristine, perfect and divinely sculpted body now turned into nothing more than a cum dumpster for this bastard, hung teenager.

Diana slumped against the Batcomputer, this angle and position only highlighting how fat her ass was, her face down and her legs straight, sticking that exaggerated heart shape up to meet Robin's continuing thrusts. As his thrusts slowed down, eventually, Diana couldn't believe it, her words leaving her all in a rush.

"Oh gahhd...you came inside me, you filled me up with your nasty, dirty semen! A man's seed is in my most sacred place...I can *feel* it, it's so hot, and thick, feels like it's gluing itself to my body, filling my stomach up. I've been fucking bred...like just a dirty, good for nothing *bitch*." Despite the panic she felt, there was an odd touch of...excitement in Diana's words, inexplicable yet undeniable. Robin's carefree attitude, using her body like a plaything, filling her up like a jizz trough...why did it turn her on? He filled her up like she was nothing to him, shocked her into a painful yet amazing orgasm, fucking her womb into submission more thorough than any defeat Diana had faced in combat, and yet, despite all that...

Diana looked back at Tim, her ocean-blue eyes shining with moisture. She tried to find the words to describe the strange, overpowering feelings in her mind, but they were still so new, nothing came to mind, especially as she was shocked that Tim was still cumming buckets inside her. His hands left her waist for a moment, squeezing her tits, playing with her nipples in an aggressive yet pleasurable way, with his small hands leaving red finger marks on her huge jugs, each one more than twice the size of Diana's head, firm yet soft and incredibly sensitive. Pink hearts seemed to shine in her eyes and foolishly, her mind nearly blank, only one phrase came to mind.

"Tuh-t-*thank yo-ieeee!!*"

ZZzaap!

Diana spasmed again as Robin shocked her for a second time, letting out a sigh of relief. Like a man taking a long held and sorely needed piss, Tim was letting his balls unload deep inside Diana's womb, filling her like filthy wankrag, even as her head shook weakly and her entire body seemed to rebel, having an even stronger orgasm than the first time, yet knowing that much more of this shock treatment might render her a drooling retard. The worst part is, Diana might just enjoy that, to be ruined by this cock and the cruel, impossibly hung **stud** it belonged to.

Only when Robin was finally done, for the moment, did he stop shocking her. His hands left her head and Diana suddenly collapsed, the aftershocks (quite literally) of her orgasms too powerful to resist. Her fat ass bounced as she landed in a heap,

though with how tall she was, she stared up at Tim, nearly eye-level with his dick as she panted.

“You...you just irresponsibly filled me up with your nasty, virile sperm, impregnating me like a stupid breeding sow. Wh-how could you-ahh!”

Diana’s words were cut off as Tim grunted, splattering her face with jizz. Hot, off-white ropes of the stuff piled up on her gorgeous features, as Tim found her defeated, helpless yet clearly pleasurable words too arousing to resist. Always such a mighty and proud womanly-figure, a natural born warrior with the heart of a champion, the mind of a diplomat and the body of some hentai artist’s wildest dreams, Wonder Woman just stared up with wide eyes as he came all over her. He wanked a few ropes right into her blue eyes, making Diana blink away tears before Tim squeezed the tip of his cock, working the last thick load out straight onto Diana’s tiara.

This is so...humiliating, he’s using me as nothing more than a dumping ground for his cum! What would anyone think if they saw this, all the women and young girls who look up to me? Princess Diana of Themyscira, Wonder Woman...now just a dirty, fucking ♥cumbucket♥?

Diana let out shaky breaths, doing nothing to stop Tim, not covering her face with her hands, not yelling at him, not even turning away, just sitting on her plump rear end and letting herself be used. Staring up at Tim until he was finally done, noticing that he’d taken his mask off at some point and finding his face handsome, despite the mocking, dominating expression he was wearing...or maybe she liked the angles of his jaw, his touseled dark hair and strong chin *more*, because of how he treated her.

Eventually, when Tim was done giving her a massive facial, Diana looked away, muttering.

“D-disgusting.” She wasn’t sure if she was talking about all that hot, sticky jizz, feeling it nearly boiling away inside her full, stuffed womb and coating her skin...or herself. Her tongue began moving nearly of its own accord, scooping up and swallowing every drop of spunk she could reach.

“Ugh, not bad Diana. Catwoman still has a better pussy than you, though.”

Her pride stung, Diana responded without thinking, obviously defensive and flustered as she glared impotently up at him. One of her hands had slipped free of the Lasso, still shoveling his cum in her mouth as she spoke.

“W-what?! How d-...I mean, I don’t care, of course you...utter bastard-”

Tim just shrugged, clearly not caring *what* Diana thought. “It’s just the truth. I bet you can’t even please my balls, you’re too used to licking your fellow Amazons hairy

twats. Raven, that thicc goth bitch, can swallow both.”

Wonder Woman was appalled at his words, his lack of respect not just for her, but apparently all women, seeing them as nothing more than sexual toys. And yet...Diana suddenly pushed her face forward, taking in a deep breath through her nose as she began nuzzling those fat balls, spraying spittle and hot breath all over the wrinkled, swarthy nuts as she kissed and licked at them with loud, wet lip-smacking sounds.

“Oh? And just what do you think you’re doing now, Diana?” Tim said, letting out a happy, if surprised, sigh as Diana left a thick lipstick ring along the middle seam of his fat, heavy testicles. He’d just cum enough to knock her up a dozen times over, and yet Diana could practically *taste* all that nasty, filthy, wonderful cum he still had swimming around in those huge sperm tanks.

She looked up at him, barely able to see past the enormous tower of Tim’s dick, her eyes shining as Diana hungrily slurped at his balls. Her tongue sticking out in a brainless yet sensual expression, Diana spoke as best she could, not stopping herself from licking those balls even for a moment.

“Hmm...mmmm-mwah~ I’m gonna show you that there’s a reason I am *Wonder Woman*.” Even though the act filled her with intense shame, Diana opened her mouth wide, trying to stuff Tim’s huge, fat nutsack into her greedy little mouth.

That’s right, put this asshole in his place! Diana thought, though at the moment she couldn’t exactly explain how giving Tim’s balls a tongue bath would accomplish that. Still, it echoed in her mind, wanting to show him that she was worthy of respect, even if it was only for her skill at sucking on his nasty, hairy scrotum. Diana’s tongue slid around those balls, gliding over his sweaty, wrinkled skin, tasting every inch of it as she attempted to do more, to completely swallow one fat, sperm-stuffed testicle. But it was no good, and Diana let out a childish moan of disappointment, even one of his balls proving too large to slide past her large, plump-lipped mouth. Diana just kept licking away, desperate to prove something to Tim even as she shamefully worshiped a man’s balls with more fervor than she’d ever prayed to the gods.

Allowing himself a moment just to enjoy the undeniable pleasure of Diana licking his fat, heavy nuts, Tim eventually grabbed Diana by the hair. Pulling her face back as she let out a soft, keening moan of disappointment, her tongue lashing out to catch one last taste of those suddenly out of reach balls, Diana stared up at him in lusty confusion. Catching her off guard, Tim just spat fully in Diana’s face, a big glob of the stuff nearly closing one of her eyes.

“Your ballsucking isn’t worth shit, Diana. But that’s what I’d expect from a dyke.”

Diana didn’t know why, but her pussy throbbed to be treated so horribly. Her mind chanted at her to resist lickign up Tim’s spittle, the way she’d so eagerly polished off his cum. Before she could fail at that self-imposed challenge as well, Tim’s hand shot

out, grabbing Diana by her slender neck. Still seated on the floor, her hands uselessly at her sides, Diana's legs began to twitch as Robin choked her harder and harder. As he throttled her, her face turned red, tongue sticking out past her flawless white teeth. Some part of her knew she shouldn't worry, a child of the gods against an eighteen year old...but something seemed to be making Diana more sensitive, undeniably weaker. Her feet kicked as Robin squeezed even harder, and as the cold metal contacts of the electric-gloves pressed further into her neck, leaving little dimples, even the immortal Diana felt a brief worry that her neck might just *snap*.

“HNNNG!”

As if compelled by that one dark, twisted thought, Diana threw her head back and let out a muffled shout, her face now an ugly, splotchy shade of red. She squirted-hard, her back spasming violently, cumming right on the floor of a dirty cave, all from being used as the cum-catching, ball-polishing, choked-out *whore* of someone she'd been looking down at less than an hour ago. Now, she just looked like a bitch in heat, her hands weakly thumping against the floor, flailing and flopping as Diana's head smacked against the nearby chair, nearly giving Diana a concussion-something it would normally take a small bomb to accomplish.

Finally getting to breathe as Robin released her neck, Diana wheezed, panting and letting out a low, animal moan of pleasure, body still in the throes of her nasty chokegasm. Robin was moving, stepping out of his pants and divesting himself of the rest of his clothes, all while Diana struggled to see straight. By the time she could, she was pushed back against the computer, and Robin was facing away from her, squatting low. Before Diana realized what was happening, Tim was sitting right on her face, having grabbed the Lasso once more. Snagging it around Diana's body and wrapping it around her stupidly oversized tits, he had her lashed like a helpless beast, which was only fitting considering the massive cowtits Diana walked around with.

“Alright you dumb cunt. Let's see you do this right instead. *Lick*. Pretend it was your girlfriend's hairy pussy and get your tongue right up there.”

Tim commanded her, grinding his ass against Diana's face, nearly smothering her as his sweaty pink asshole was presented to her mouth. Diana gagged at the very thought of it, once again drowning in the nasty scent of Tim's musky, masculine body, but her tongue slid out anyway, beginning to slowly lick at his ass, swirling around the little rosebud and swiping against the curly black hairs.

“Urk!” Diana sounded like she was trying to hold back a sudden, violent gag, nearly sick to her stomach at doing such an act. Her feet kicked against the floor childishly, even as Robin's body weight rested against her face, bending her head back as she braced herself with her hands. Muffled, she tried weakly to defend herself.

“Mmmh...mmmfff! I'm...I'm not a cunt!”

If she'd been expecting an acknowledgement or apology from Tim, she was to be disappointed. But maybe that wasn't what Diana was after at all, beginning to realize the role she was playing here...and loving it.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I mean, you're not *just* a cunt. You're a stupid fucking slut, really."

Diana blushed red, embarrassed and feeling a sting to her pride, before Robin yanked at the Lasso, squeezing it tight around her breasts and making Diana moan like a whore.

"Keep licking that teenage asshole, Diana. Show me you're not completely useless."

This was so horribly, completely humiliating, unlike any shame Diana had experienced. A feeling of total weakness unlike anything based in fatigue or normal exhaustion filled her, and Diana wondered if this was what mortal women felt like, helpless at the hands of a stronger, smarter, *meaner*, dominant male. Yet that feeling of weakness seemed to pulsing and throbbing from Diana's pussy, the heat making her thick thighs rub together. Shame filled her body, right up to her tongue, which stuck out even further, her mouth opened wide in a slutty expression as she continued to give Robin a lewd, aggressive rimjob.

He grunted above her, a kind of happy, if crude noise. It only made Diana lick faster and faster, sticking her tongue *deep* inside his ass, feeling it squeeze around her tongue. She felt the strangest sense of...pride, even from such a base, primal act of submission, being used as little more than a rag for Tim's pleasure. Maybe that wasn't so bad, really, even though Diana couldn't believe she was even thinking such things. Was she really...enjoying this? Why did it feel...fun, in a way similar to Tim's remarks about her past pussy-licking exploits, but different. This wasn't just about pleasing her partner (Diana felt her pussy throb again just thinking of Tim in that way), it was also about her submission to him, how he demanded it no matter what and she was helpless to do anything but give in.

"Just admit it, Diana. You're a slut, deep down."

Diana bit her lip in frustration, yet getting annoyed at herself for stopping. For some reason, she knew she should just keep going...a thought that would have been unacceptable to her yet now was hard to resist.

"LICK!" Tim commanded once again, and this time Diana complied, feeling a strange joy in just doing whatever she was told, the lewder the better. The rope burned on her skin again, just before Diana spoke, barely wanting to stop as she licked that asshole clean, cloudy ropes of spittle sticking to her lips and Tim's asshole like thick noodles.

"Yes, yes~" She agreed, nodding her head as she let out truly embarrassing moans and

muffled gasps, practically motorboating Tim's firm, muscled asscheeks. Tim's hands were moving again, that rope sliding around Diana's body, but she paid it no attention, not now.

"Mhm...I'm a SLUT." She kept eating that ass, practically feasting on the sweat of it, the traces of his nasty dark hairs, even swirling along his sensitive taint. Repeating herself, Diana found this admission more enjoyable each time the words left her lips.

"Yeah, I'm a slut. A total slut, ok?"

Not letting up in the slightest, Tim rocked his hips back, balls brushing against Diana's chin as her swirling tongue kept up the good work, growing faster and more insistent.

"Again! Tell me what you are!"

A feeling in Diana's womb nearly burned as she began to shout.

"Mmhh...I'm a slut, okay?! I'm slutting out for your huge fucking cock, I'm a ball-licking slut who *loves* the taste of your disgusting asshole, I'm debasing myself in the eyes of my gods and myself for a hung teenage hunk. ♥I'M A DIRTY FUCKING SLUTTTTT!!♥"

Just as she went back to eating that ass like it was her job, Robin let loose a deep groan. He grabbed her voluminous hair and shoved her face deeper in his ass, exulting in how much control he had over the sexy, long-legged and normally unflappable woman. Unable to breathe properly, yet seemingly unwilling to even try and pull away from Tim's asshole, Wonder Woman instead dug in deeper, her feet scrabbling for purchase on the cave floor. Her tongue pushed out as far as it could go as she made out with Tim's asshole like it was one of her former Amazonian lovers, and with a start Diana came again, squirting like a nasty fuckpig. Happiness of a more primal and dark, submissive sort filled Diana's head, nearly giving her a jolt as strong as Tim's taser gloves. Fireworks seemed to explode behind Diana's eyes as Robin slowly released her.

Panting heavily, Diana's breasts nearly spilled free of her tight red top, trying to catch her breath. Eyes reddened, hair a mess and with her makeup smudged especially on her drooling lips, Diana resembled some pathetic drug addict who had just gotten her strongest fix yet.

"Ah, not bad, Diana. At least you're done pretending you're some proud warrior princess or whatever. Though you do put the 'ass' in 'Ambassador'. It's always nice when a slut accepts what she is." Robin stared down at Diana, his youthful body now exposed, covered in lean lines of muscle as well as quite a few scars and injuries. Young compared to most heroes, Tim was far younger than the centuries old Diana, yet in his brief time he had clearly experienced a certain carnal side of life that Wonder Woman had been missing out on...until now.

“Ah, n-no, I’m not a slut, not really, even if I *do* like your big, huge...no, I mean, I was just...telling you what I thought you wanted to hear, what I told myself was *your* truth. It was the Lasso, that’s all, I swear!” Diana said, her words so emphatic that her breasts jiggled inside her top, her nipples still obviously hard.

But even as she protested, Robin held something up in his hands, the golden loops of the Lasso of Truth. Diana glanced down, realizing that she was no longer tied by the rope, and clearly hadn’t been for some time. That meant, all those things she said, the belief that they were right and true...they had just been what Diana thought. No magical compulsion at all. The sudden realization nearly made Diana cum again, right then and there.

“I-It *was* the rope, it had to have been. It...was, you have to believe me! I’m not...I would never say those things normally, I’m not a s-slut. It WAS-ahh!”

Robin cut off Diana’s embarrassing and clearly false ramblings the direct way, by taking his cock by the base and slapping it down on her pretty little face. Her pupils seemed to throb, the whites of her eyes shrinking as hearts pulsed in Diana’s eyes once again. Being dickslapped by a monster cock should have made her fight back, or yell, spitting her defiance at this handsome, devilish young man. Instead, he tongue slipped out of her mouth, licking at his flared, purplish tip which was larger than one of Diana’s fists, tasting like salty sweat, traces of old jizz and even the strangely sweet aroma of Wonder Woman’s own pussy juices.

“I bet you want to try sucking my fat balls again, don’t you Wonder Whore? You’re such a slut you want to try both at the same time, huh?”

All trace of her unconvincing ‘I’m not a slut’ routine was gone, and before Diana knew it she was nodding so fast she nearly gave herself whiplash. Her tongue was still sticking out as drool trickled down to the tops of her huge tits, with Diana staring up at Tim, totally enraptured.

“YES. Yes...daddy,” It was a strange thing for Diana to say, she’d never called any of her past sexual partners such a thing, but Tim was so much *more* than that, well beyond anyone she’d been with before, not just her sex friend or a fuck buddy, but a dominant controlling man with a cock that was ruining her for anything else. No one else could satisfy Diana, she knew, and it was her greatest privilege to get the chance to make Tim feel even half as good as she felt. Her entire body seemed to vibrate with pleasure as she went on.

“Yes, I want to suck on your huge balls, I want to feel them fill up my mouth, I want to swallow them and lick every last drop of spit and dirt off them, I’ll be your personal Amazonian tongue bath attendant. Force me to take them both, I don’t care if you have to fucking *break* my jaw open, daaaadddieee!”

In seconds, Diana was laying nearly prone, her fat ass nearly lifting the tall woman as high off the ground as if she'd been on a cushioned chair. Her arms were stiff behind her, palms spread on the cold stone floor of the cage her head was tilted back, staring up at Tim as he crudely teabagged her. Jerking his dick aggressively, Robin's fat balls were soon covered in spit and drool as Diana tried to cram them into her mouth. She was practically nuzzling his crotch like an animal, letting out low, whorish moans.

"Damn, not bad for a dyke, Wonder Slut." Tim said, which only made Diana try that much harder. She knew she should hate this, the feeling of his nasty curly hairs rubbing against her plump, soft lips, the way his balls seemed so large they completely obscured her gorgeous face from view...but Diana couldn't bring herself to hate it. In fact, each humiliating, degrading second that passed only made her love those powerful, strange feelings that were becoming more and more commonplace for her.

"Schluuurp, schlurrrp, schlooorp!♥"

Nothing else could compare to this feeling, laying prone underneath a strong man, servicing him like little more than his sex on legs plaything. The rush of excitement that she got from combat couldn't measure up to this, or the altruistic joy of saving others. Being an Amazon raised among an immortal sisterhood, being Princess and the daughter of Zeus, she'd give it all up if he asked. Nothing could compare to huffing on Tim's musk, feeling it coat her lungs and stay on her tongue like some thick film, the sensation of his sweaty fat nutsack and drops of brain rotting ass-sweat from her hung, cruel teenage *daddy!*

As Robin grabbed his balls, grinding them against Diana's lips, she couldn't help but moan as the first testicle slipped inside her mouth. Diana moaned deliriously, her cheeks hollowing out as she sucked greedily at Robin's fat, sperm-clogged ball, her tongue sliding out of her mouth to slather spittle and drool over his sweaty taint. As Robin bucked his crotch further against her face, Diana's mouth suddenly opened even wider, her mouth stretched to the absolute limit as she finally managed to swallow both of Tim's huge nuts, filling the leathery skin of his ballsack filling up her mouth. Practically drowning in his spunk, Diana humped the air without even realizing it, suddenly squirting hard, having a shameful hands free orgasm just from being Tim's slutty Amazonian ball polisher.

"HNNNGG! Mmmf, Mmmppphh!" Diana struggled to breathe properly as Robin grunted above her, her face turning red. He let out a satisfied moan, using his free hand to grab Diana's hair, knocking her golden tiara askew.

"That's right, you little fucking whore. Gag on my fat nuts, just like that!"

As Diana kept coming, she felt a strange sense of pride, overriding the shame she'd felt previously. What did she have to be ashamed of, after all? She was a good little slut for Tim, just how he wanted her to be. She let out another series of moans,

clearly satisfied with herself and lewdly overjoyed. Robin suddenly pulled back, and Diana felt her lips *pop* off of his balls, leaving a smudged ring of lipstick. Her jaw hung slack, looking like she'd just tried to swallow a sword, with an ache in her cheeks from being spread so wide open.

"Ugh, fuck, here it comes slut, keep your whore mouth open!" Tim commanded, jerking his dick faster and faster.

Spllrt! Spllrt! Spllrt!

"Mmm~" Diana gasped, her hands leaving the floor suddenly, grabbing her own tits. As Tim came all over her face, splattering her gorgeous features with a thick, chunky load of cum, so hot and pungent that Diana thought it was nearly all sperm, coating her skin like paint. She was squeezing her breasts, tugging down her top and letting her huge tits swing down, each one easily visible from behind Diana's leanly muscled back. Diana came again as she took Tim's fat load, staring up at him with twisted adoration and a mixture of depraved, wanton need. She let out hungry, greedy little moans, sounding like a child practically hooting for her favorite treat, animalistic moans that no self-respecting woman would make. Only when Tim was finished cumming in her mouth and face, piling up high in the back of her throat and leaving traces of his jizz coating her teeth did Diana finally calm down, still rubbing her breasts, living up to her declaration of being a slut for Tim.

As Tim's orgasm slowly subsided, he stared down at Diana, grinding his dick against her face. Diana practically *snorted* up his scent, feeling a last thick, worm-like rope of jizz be splattered up into her hair, matting it down and further marking her as Tim's good little cum catcher.

"Ah, what a good little Amazon cunt you are, Diana. And to think, you said that where *everyone* could hear."

Looking up at him through bleary eyes, still doing her best to gulp down the remnants of his last load, Diana could only let out a sound of confusion, her voice thick and muffled.

"W-huh?"

Robin just looked at her like she was an idiot, once again judging the powerful and widely respected Wonder Woman to be nothing more than a brainless bimbo with a body meant for sex and nothing else.

"This is the Batcave, you dumb slag, there are cameras *everywhere*. Anyone who watches would know what a slut you are-not that they wouldn't before."

Some small part of her was worried-surely, no one could be watching, could they? Yet a larger part of Diana, growing stronger by the second, wouldn't give a fuck if she was

being watched by Zeus himself. The horny old fucker would probably admit what a whore his daughter was, while even Aphrodite herself would respect Diana for taking cock so well.

“B...but it must just be the effects of the Lasso, from being exposed to it for so long.” Diana protested weakly, in a tone of voice that showed even she didn’t believe her own words. As she kept babbling, Tim just sighed and stepped forward, his log of cock still as hard as ever.

“It must be residual magic of some kind and-”

In a few seconds, Diana had once again lost to Tim, all her lies and feeble attempts to maintain dignity snuffed out by the sheer force of his cock.

“Oh fuck! Too much, too big!♥ I...I’ll be a good **whore** for you, *daddyyy!*!”

Robin was brutally slamming into Diana’s asshole now, holding her aloft as he folded her body in half. She threw her head back, screaming incoherently as she was fucked senseless, with Tim’s arms holding her by her neck, her legs kicking weakly with each thrust. Diana was stuttering and gasping, having never experienced anal sex before and now getting her asshole viciously fucked. Her lewd body was on complete display, with her tits crashing and bouncing together, large enough to nearly hit Diana in the face as she was easily contorted and controlled by Robin-which was no small feat, considering her height and the sheer weight of her insane curves.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

“Hmm...fuck you’ve got a nice tight ass, Diana! You should have been a porn star, not a superhero, but it looks like you’re gonna get your chance anyway. Are you ready for everyone on the planet to see this?” Tim hadn’t yet decided if he was going to release the footage or not, but a slut like Diana didn’t need to know that.

“Yes, yes yes yes! I don’t even fucking *want* to be Wonder Woman anymore! I want...to be your barefoot, knocked up bride! Fuck my ass, daddy, use every last bit of me to get off-*oh fuck that’s so fuckin’ deep!*”

Diana’s body was spasming, her pussy squirting while her ass clenched tight around Robin’s huge dick. He grunted in her ear, having to practically saw his cock in and out of her grasping ass now, the rest of his huge length being hotdogged by her big fat ass before he hilted himself again, fat nuts banging off her booty and leaving marks like a pair of fast, punishing wrecking balls. She had given away her anal virginity to a man she’d barely even met before today, and he was showing her exactly where she belonged: wherever he said, taking his cock like an obedient, *weak* brainless little woman. It made Diana’s heart skip a beat, even as she grunted and gasped like a dirty animal. Her fat ass was clapping as Robin utterly pummeled her ass, showing her absolutely no mercy as she took every last inch of that monster cock in her formerly

tight, pristine little pink asshole.

Diana's eyes rolled madly in her head, as she looked to the rows of monitors above the Batcomputer. Some were showing the various camera views of their lewd fucking, with close-ups of Diana's gaping asshole as Tim rutted into her over and over again.

“Ung! Ahh fuck, it's so deep! P-puh-please, watch, watch me get my ass fucking *pounded!*”

As every thrust further destroyed Diana's pride as an Amazon, she couldn't help but come over and over, never having thought anal sex could feel so good. Her pussy was still full of Tim's thick, hyper virile spunk, and as her brain nearly melted from the concentrated pleasure of simultaneous ass and pussy orgasms, she realized what was coming next with obscene joy.

“My ass...my ass is being used by a strong man's huge fucking dick...you're breaking me, I'm gonna die! I'm gonna be shitting your nasty hot *jizz for a week!*”

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Robin's dick punched into Diana's ass, pushing past the tight ring of muscle around her Amazon ass and not stopping until he was balls deep. As Diana babbled and moaned, her stupid if sexy expression was caught on camera for all time as Robin suddenly came. The muscles on his lean, young body stood out as his dick throbbed, expanding inside Diana's' ass. The beautiful blue-eyed woman twitched as spasmed as his cock actually *grew* from the sheer amount of sperm rushing through it, leaving her stomach tented out as Tim thrust the last few inches in and out of her ass, gouging her guts with his veiny, elephant sized dick. As he flooded her gaping asshole with his sperm, Diana simply flopped and twitched, coming herself stupid.

Eventually, as his orgasm finally subsided, Tim simply released Diana from the rough full nelson hold, letting her collapse to the floor like a sack of garbage. A fountain of sperm spurted out of her used and abused asshole, jetting nearly a foot into the air before it splashed back down on Diana's face. Her tongue lashed out, desperate to catch every last drop, pink hearts shining in her eyes. Her stomach was bloated and full of come, sloshing around along with her no doubt pregnant and equally full womb, while Diana used every last bit of strength in her sweaty, limp body to try and keep her fuckholes squeezed tight. She clearly didn't want to let any of Tim's superior jizz from leaking out of her body, even as Diana's full lips smacked open loudly, still hungry for come.

A short while later, Diana's head weakly rolled around on her shoulders, watching as Robin was holding up a large syringe full of some reddish liquid. Diana panted, trying to focus on what he was doing, which was hard when every fiber of her being was screaming at her to stare at his cock instead. The five and a half foot tall Robin took a step closer, pressing the syringe near a bulging vein in his oblique muscle

“Ah, w-what are you doing?” Diana asked, though Tim barely noticed she had said anything. He wasn’t interested in her conversation skills, after all.

“Product testing. Bruce and I worked up this formula for Venom, less addictive hopefully and largely synth-you know what, just shut up and look sexy, it’s what you’re good at.”

Diana didn’t need to be told twice, and she could only watch as Robin injected the syringe, letting out a soft, high-pitched gasp. For a moment, nothing happened, but then the veins in his body stood out, bulging as Tim leaned back, clearly undergoing some kind of transformation. His dick suddenly flexed as Diana could only stare, anything she might have thought to say dying in her throat, watching as Tim’s muscles expanded. Always in impressive shape, he was suddenly getting a lot bigger, his biceps bulging, pectorals expanding, even gaining a few inches in height, far more bulkier than before.

“A-ah..n-nuh...no way~” Diana said, suddenly sounding a bit shy compared to the woman who had been screaming herself hoarse while cumming like a dirty whore earlier. Robin’s cock had been huge to begin with, but now it was thicker, longer, with veins that stood out like steel cables, a single one of which was wider than one of her fingers. Even his balls grew, swinging between Tim’s thighs like twin boulders, as his cock finally stopped growing, sticking out from his waist like some obscene oil barrel. It had to be wider around than Diana’s own wasp-like waist, and maybe-impossibly-even longer than Tim was tall. Diana’s irises shrunk to tiny blue dots in her suddenly wide eyes, watching as Tim walked towards, a triumphant smile on his face, boots nearly crunching through the stone floor.

As his hands reached out for, surprisingly fast given his new bulk, Diana had just enough time to let out a tiny squeak of alarm.

“W-wait!”

But Tim had already grabbed her by the waist, using one hand to simply pluck her from the ground. Diana felt even more like a weak, slutty little girl as she realized how much stronger Tim was, and he had already seemed smarter than her, stronger and more commanding than she could even be. As Diana moaned, instinctively sticking her tits out like some ditzy trophy wife, Tim began simply mauling her body, pawing at her tits and ass like an animal. Diana couldn’t help but come alive under his grasp once again, even as that oversized cock began to poke and prod at her asshole.

“AGHHHH! OHH FUCK! Holy *fucking shittt!!*”

Diana screamed as Tim simply slammed into her sexy body once again, his cock *busting* through the meager resistance her ass provided. Her back arched as he held her aloft in his grasp, her legs going stiff, ankles shaking and twitching before Tim

began to aggressively pound into her. Each thrust made her teeth clench, tongue sticking out as Diana made a brainless, retarded face, feeling like her brain was rattling around in her skull. Her pussy absolutely gushed for him, even as Tim seemed more wanton than before, without the slightest trace of control or restraint in his thrusts.

Feeling a haze of lust cloud his mind, Tim's hips began pistoning like a machine's, crushing Diana's body against his.

"UNH...you sexy! *Fucking! SLUT!*" He growled, while Diana just mewled, her hair bouncing around the small of her back, asscheeks jiggling and shaking with each impact of his powerful hips. His mouth latched onto her fat udders, sucking, licking and even biting at her massive breasts, leaving them covered in drool as Diana's nipples positively buzzed with sensitivity. She trembled and gasped as he groped her chest, his hands making the skin of her tits puff out around his fingers as he rammed and pounded away at her asshole. Diana could only moan, completely lost for words as Tim fucked her brains out, using her heroic and world-class body like a plaything. Treating the world's strongest and sexiest woman like nothing more than a fleshlight for him to use up and toss aside.

"HNNNG!" Diana's eyes nearly rolled back in her head as she felt that cock slamming deep into her insides, bulging out her entire body as it felt like his dick was even squeezing and pushing aside her very *lungs*. Her hands shot up, flailing weakly as Diana ran her fingers over Tim's body, hungrily tracing his newly enhanced muscles, growing a bit more frantic and weaker with each heavy thrust to her insides. The nasty sounds of Diana's flexible body being pushed to its absolute limit filled the cave, no doubt captured by dozens of cameras as Diana squealed like a nasty little fuckpig. The hearts in her eyes seemed to grow with each thrust, her IQ dropping as her legs kicked up in the air, feeling Tim hammer away at her asshole. Her nipples were swollen by how forcefully Tim's lips and teeth were sucking on them, even worrying them between his teeth like a dog.

"Oh♥! Oh♥! OHH♥! Oh-wahhh~!"

The constant rutting was driving Wonder Woman crazy, her mind blasted with lust, pleasure and a dark, ecstatic submission she could have never imagined before this. Her moans and gasps of dumbstruck awe only increased when Tim suddenly shifted his grasp on her. Bending low, Tim actually *jumped* up into the air, making Diana's heart leap up into her throat as he held her close. With a crashing and cracking sound, Diana's back hit the floor of the cave, every ounce of Tim's new bulky body and his massive cock slamming against her. Digging a crater into the cave floor with Diana's sexy body, Tim smirked as Wonder Woman's amazing, lithe and toned Amazon legs shot straight up into the air, toes pointed to the ceiling as they shook and kicked weakly.

"Mmmff....blrlblrl!" Tim motorboated Diana's huge tits, completely focused on the

amazing, enormous fat jugs. Diana came again and again, even as every thrust threatened to wipe the last vestiges of her sanity away, as Tim was more focused on ever than reducing her to a pile of sexual rubble. His dick was punching throughout her entire body, bulging out her stomach so obscenely Diana seemed to stretch to twice her normal size and then deflate, utterly spent as Tim pulled back, threatening to fuck her inside out.

Wham! Wham! Wham! Kr-accckkk!

Already fucking her like a maniac, Tim's rutting, pounding thrusts soon grew even more frantic, slowly digging the crater a bit deeper one thrust as a time. Diana's eyes rolled back fully in her head, seeing nothing as she gave in to Tim completely, happy to be his brainless fuckdoll, used up like the slut she was. Her cries grew more strained, more ecstatic, and more clearly, weakly feminine as Diana was fucked harder and harder, knowing Tim could do anything he wanted to do and getting off on the fact that he barely thought about her at all.

What a brute he is. What a sexy, sexy man-♥

"HNGGGG! Ohh, glllchkk, glaggg, gllurkkk!"

Diana began to choke suddenly, feeling something strange happening to her insides, even more damaging yet blissful than before. One of Tim's hands dipped low, fingers blurring across Diana's sensitive, dripping pussy, thumbing her engorged clit and making her cum again and again, while his other hand slowly, reluctantly left her tits. Sliding up her chest, Tim suddenly grabbed Diana's neck, easily able to wrap his hand all the way around it like she was a child's doll, throttling Diana with more aggression and force than before. His cock hammered into her again and again, reshaping Diana's insides like a piece of weak scrap on an anvil. His grunts filled her ears, sounding more and more savage with each passing moment, making it hard to tell which of them was the more animalistic and brainlessly bestial. Seconds stretched into minutes, and minutes became fifteen, then twenty, then half an hour, as Diana received the nasty, full force, frenzied anal fucking of a lifetime, Tim's balls threatening to bruise her ass with the sheer force of each impact.

"Take it all. FUCKING. DYKE. FUCKSLEEVE!" Tim growled, losing any last semblance of control.

With a few more violent thrusts, Tim began to come, flooding Diana's insides with his largest orgasm yet, super steroid enhanced and hitting Diana's vulnerable body with more force than a firehose. The sheer pressure of all that jizz caused Diana's body to bulge out, spreading through her like cartoonish bulges, the proverbial golf balls through a garden hose-even if they were closer in size to baseballs in this case. Diana gagged as she felt all that come rushing through her body, reaching one inevitable location, bubbling up at the back of her neck even as Tim kept choking her, stopping that spunk with enough force to bruise even her demigod body. Diana thrashed

weakly, turning nearly as purple as an eggplant as she came, asshole clenching around that massive dick, pussy gushing even as Tim forced a few large fingers inside. He cruelly *hooked* her pussy, nearly pulling her up off the ground as Diana's legs kicked faster and faster, nearly having a seizure as jizz finally blasted out of her ears, a few tears of joy suddenly colored off-white. Diana squirted like the bitch she was, her entire body swamped with Tim's nasty, hot, glue-like ball batter.

Slowly, having to really work and grunt, Tim began to pull out of her asshole. Diana was limp around him, but her asshole still squeezed and milked his cock with a mind of its own. By the time he had pulled all the way out, Diana was coughing up his come while more leaked out of her shitpipe, filled and stretched out all the way. She almost imagined she could feel Tim's spunk rushing through her body like it was her life's blood. Tim grabbed her by the hair, tugging Diana around in the small crater he'd dug with her body. The second her face looked up at him, still laying prone on her back but with twinkling hearts in her eyes, Tim squatted low, slamming into her throat.

"GLRRRRK!" Diana gagged just for a moment before Tim's cock punched past the back of her throat, nearly slamming her uvula down into her stomach. He went deeper and deeper, pulling Diana's head towards his crotch, grinding her in his sweaty taint and balls as he suddenly hilted that cock inside her. Wonder Woman was utterly defenseless against Tim, against the power and strength of his god cock, reshaping her body from the inside once more. Diana's hands weakly slapped at his ass, knowing she couldn't deter him in the slightest but that was ok. They both knew that even now, with her body seeming to operate on random impulses and violent spasms, she was still trying to egg him on to use her more, fuck her up *harder* use her completely and leave her a worthless jizzsock. As Tim's balls smashed into Diana's face, threatening to bend her nose to one side, his cock suddenly *pushed* out of her ass, fucking the helpless, brainless Amazon all the way through. Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked the taste of her asshole off that cock, cumming from the strange, pungent flavor.

Diana's entire body was just a sextoy for Tim to use, and he happily did so, rutting inside her from slutty mouth to whorish ass. Diana's eyes were staring straight ahead, never blinking as the little hearts in her pupils seemed to pulse, growing larger and almost seeming to glow from within. Diana's asshole was forced open from the inside, Tim using her as just another hole, using her entire body. Wonder Woman could do nothing but lay there and get fucked, which was exactly the way she wanted it. Whenever Robin pulled back slightly, her eyelashes batted and fluttered up at him, giving him smitten, lovey dovey looks all while she let out muffled cries.

"MFFFF! C-CAWWKKK!! ♥DAH HHDDIEEE!♥"

Robin let out a conquering, triumphant roar, slamming his hips straight against Diana's face. Letting go of her hair, his hands grabbed her perfect jugs again, yanking and pulling her towards him, using those fat cow tits as handholds. The back of Diana's head crashed against and then through the stone, while another huge blast of Tim's

come filled her up, making the underside of his cock bulge out. This also made Diana's body and insides bulge out further, making her feel like something inside might give way permanently, though that didn't stop either of them for a second. Jizz spurting out of Diana's ass as Tim's throbbing cockhead pushed out of her shitpipe, so wide he almost couldn't pull it back inside. Wonder Woman was cumming harder than before, little spots of color flashing in front of her eyes, pussy squirting like a fountain.

This continued even after Tim yanked his dick out, having to actually brace himself for a moment and push at Diana's slender shoulders. Finally she fell away from his cock with a hoarse, obscene squelching sound, fingers twitching as her throat spasmed around that cock again. For a moment, delirious, unseeing and lost in the aftershocks of intense orgasms, Diana simply lay in the crater, being conscious of little else aside from the electricity running up and down her spine. For his part, Robin admired his handiwork for a moment, before deciding the little 'warm-up' was over. He lifted one foot up in the air, muscles tense before he slammed a heavy boot down on Diana's head.

"E-ieee-eeek!" Diana squealed, feeling the stone crack underneath her as her legs suddenly kicked up. Squirting like a pig, some of Tim's jizz was forced out of her ass like a toothpaste tube being harshly squeezed, but there were still countless liters left inside Diana's fucked-up body. Tim spoke, his voice a little deeper than before, still very pleased with himself.

"Don't go comatose on me just yet, slut. I'm not done with you by a longshot. I'm gonna doll your little body up, and you're gonna service me-because that's what you're *for*, right?"

Diana didn't even bother trying to answer-talking was too much effort, and thinking even moreso. Instead, her long tongue simply extended from her mouth, hopelessly trying to lick at Tim's boot as he ground her face into the dirt, finally put into her place the best and harshest way possible. As she lay there, spent, Tim eventually reached down grabbing Diana by her wavy hair and *dragging* her limp body from the crater, leaking jizz out of all her mouth, ass and pussy as he tugged her behind him like a caveman.

A bit later, the entire cave proper seemed to be coated in semen, puddles of it in the cracked floor, coating the keyboard and monitors of the computer, even on some of the costumes in their display cases, and a few dried stains on an old model Batmobile-along with a few deep dents in the shape of Diana's face. At the moment, Diana was crawling towards Tim, making sure to keep her face low and her ass raised high, swinging her hips from side to side. Her outfit was long gone, torn to sperm-coated shreds and leaving Diana wearing an old Batgirl costume. Meant for a much smaller and shorter woman, Diana's curves were exploding out of it, the dark cape fluttering around her massive ass, the bat-symbol stretched out around her huge tits, as the skirt rode up on Diana's hips and seemed like little more than a belt. She seemed like a fetish model version of her past self, hopelessly corrupted and twisted

into a lewd sex addict who was desperately Tim would give her more of what she wanted and so badly **needed**.

“I’m sorry I was so fucking stupid before, Robin.” Diana kept crawling towards him, her bootycheeks clapping and rippling as she got closer, her ass red from constant smacks and the impact of Tim’s balls, as she swooned and stuttered

“Y-you’re a true hero, I see that now. Not a dumb breeding sow like me...please, save me from being such a useless dumb *female*. Give me that huge fucking cahhhkkk~”

As she drooled on the floor, Tim’s bulging body seemed to expand as he laughed, looking down at the once high and mighty Diana, reduced to a begging mess.

“Come on, I know you can do better than that.” He said, taunting her and making Diana swoon like a lovesick teen. Eager to please, Diana rested her hands on the floor, her boots scraping in the dirt as she spread her legs wide. Her ass, so enormous it seemed to dwarf Diana’s upper body, was hoisted into the air, legs spread well past her shoulders as Diana took on a slutty and flexible jack-o pose. Her blue eyes, now clearly shining with pink hearts and even sparkles, looked up at Tim with naked adoration as she continued to play the helpless woman who needed big fat hero cock...it was a natural role for Diana now, one she was born to play.

“See! Look what a good acrobatic, Amazon fuckslut I can be for you daddy, all cause you’re a real, *hung* hero! Save me, Robin, save me!”

Robin stepped behind Diana, admiring her enormous ass she swung her hips from side to side, making those fat asscheeks clap and shake, rippling and bouncing in an almost hypnotic fashion. Tim took hold of her wide hips, fingers *digging* into Diana’s body as he spread his feet wide, suddenly slamming back into Diana’s ass. Her body was distorted once more with his size as he fucked her senseless, drilling down into her. Diana stayed in that pose as best she could, resting her face on the floor along with her forearms, willing to use every bit of villain-fighting, bystander-saving super strength just to be a better dicksleeve for her hung daddy.

As Diana drooled, Tim wound a large hand in her hair again, yanking back and making Diana let out a satisfied, happy moan, almost laughing like a debauched noble woman. He was using her body as a makeshift wank rag, the utter disrespect and dominance making Diana’s body and mind naturally and completely give in.

“OOooh, you’re *so strong*~♥”

Pulling back on her hair even as his thrusts threatened to drive Diana’s body through the stone again, Tim growled.

“What’s my name, you fucking SLUT!?”

“You’re my new daddy! I’m just a dirty Amazon cunt for you to use, a braindead bimbo, Wonder *Whore*! I need you to save me with your amazing cock, steal me away from all other men! You’re my fucking master, m-muh-*ohfuck!*’*mcumming!* Hannh...you’re my OWNER...MY OWNER!”

Robin continued to hammer away, alternatively tugging back on Diana’s neck and then switching to smashing her face into the dirt. In this position, his cock was tunneling through her entire body once more, making Diana’s neck bulge out from this raw, Venom-enhanced monster cock ass fucking. Diana’s screams never stopped, only growing more wracked through with pleasure and ecstasy, becoming a loop.

“M-master! DADDY! OWNER! HNGGGG!♥”

Clap-clap-clap!

Diana’s absurdly fat ass did little to cushion the blows of Tim’s thrusting, rampaging hips, his pelvis actually pushing her further and further along the stone floor. The tiny skirt she was wearing only highlighted how fat her ass was, how her thick thighs rubbed together as Tim kept railing her stupid, her massive cowtits smashed into the tight leather outfit. She was wrapped up so tight the lines of her lean, defined abs could be seen, along with her throbbing nipples, poking out through the costume and nearly hard as diamonds. Uncaring for Diana’s comfort in the slightest, Tim kept beating up her ass, pounding deep into her bowels. As lewd nasty squelching sounds left Diana’s ass, already flooded with sperm even as each thrust caused more to squirt out.

Finally grunting above her like a beast, Tim began flooding Diana’s ass with sperm once more. Diana was being yanked back and forth, yelling incoherently, words failing her as her tongue stuck out between her teeth, cumming and cumming helplessly. With another surge of his hips, Tim’s dick sunk deeper once more, beginning to push out of Diana’s mouth as she was used like some dirty pervert’s favorite body pillow.

As Diana choked down another thick nut from Tim’s hyper cock and slobbered on his purplish tip, she could only moan and beg for more. All the while, Tim just kept up his nonstop onslaught, slamming into her body and bulging out her body with ease.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

“Ung, ugh, ugh...fuggg meee, p-punish me, daddieeee-!”

Diana’s eyes pulsed with twisted, bright pink hearts even as her hands weakly slapped at the stone floor. The world’s strongest woman, Ambassador to Man’s World, was being used as a stupid fucking toy for a strong, brutish male...and she’d never been happier. There came a loud *schriip* as Diana’s bouncing, heaving breasts proved simply too large to be contained by the Batgirl costume, clapping on her chest as she showed how her walking fetish fuel body could simply not be hidden.

Nearly an hour later, Tim was still going strong, bending Diana over the back of the chair as he slammed into her pussy. Her womb was getting pushed up near the back of her throat with each thrust, that enhanced dick making Diana's ovaries helplessly push out fertile egg after egg, knowing she would soon have a massive *litter* of Tim's bastards in her womb. She had never dreamed of letting a man come inside her unprotected before and now just thinking about being Tim's knocked up, barefoot, double-digit IQ wife was enough to make her cum, hands wrapped around the back of the chair as her eyes rolled. Every inch of Diana's face was recorded in her fucked senseless bliss, recorded in perfect quality and saved for all time, ready to be transmitted anywhere and everywhere. As Tim treated her like a walking fucktoy, Diana was screaming in lust-maddened, eye rolling bliss.

“Oh fuck, I'm coming, I'm coming again! More daddy, please more, muh-HUWARRRK!”

The constant fucking and pounding was too much for Diana's already cum-stuffed body. With a cry, she puked up another thick load of jizz, splattering all over the floor as Diana cried tears of joy, spine stiff and toes curling in pleasure. Whatever mission she'd been on before, it was forgotten now, and Diana was happier for it, having found her new life's purpose in being a male-owned, knocked up breeding cow. She'd do anything for her new daddy, anything at all, and the thought of getting his spit in her face as a reward, or smacked so hard the taste left her mouth, was all Diana could hope for and everything she might ever want.

The End.