

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaauce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies - like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Wonder Woman universe, which is trademarked by DC Comics. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.

WARNING

This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONE MAN'S TRASH

(A Wonder Woman FanFic)



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Synopsis

When a trio of slum dwellers stumbles upon one of the world's most powerful women lying powerless in a random dumpster, intrigue, wonder and much more consumes them whole.

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One Man's Trash

A Wonder Woman fanfic by j.j. scriptease

A joyful whistle sailed along the dingy, dark and desolate alleyway. The light spirit of the tune soared above the backdrop of distant police sirens and drunk vagrants meandering in the dead of night. Skinny moseyed in the face of abject poverty, his boots tapping along to the rhythm of his whistles, dancing around puddles of piss, alcohol and God knew what else.

Mama always said every good man was due his day. She'd urged him to remember that, to use it as a beacon of light whenever darkness loomed. Not much got through Skinny's tough exterior, tattoos etched across rippling biceps and round the back of his tree-trunk neck. He had been branded 'Skinny' as a youngin', which made perfect sense then, perhaps not so much as a six-foot-three, 30-something year-old mountain of pure muscle. Keeping the name ensured he'd never forget his roots when his day finally arrived.

With three garbage bags slung over his bulging traps, Skinny walked through the shadows of the valley of death, fearless as he opened a dumpster and –

SHRIEK!

Like a little girl.

He dropped the lid in shock and stumbled backwards, tripping on his own feet before falling on his ass. The trash bags cushioned his tumble against the brick wall, albeit imploding on the impact of his massive back, spilling and seeping refuge in a foul pool beneath him. His thrashing heart distracted him from the stench as he struggled to process what he thought he'd just seen in there.

A knee-high boot, glimmering gold and crimson, dangled out of the dumpster. He didn't recognize the apparel, much too fancy to have originated from anywhere near here. The unfortunate carcass it was attached to must've met its end elsewhere before getting dumped in his backyard.

He didn't know what to do. But he definitely wasn't about to lift the lid on that can of worms again.

Notifying the police crossed his mind, but not before notifying his closest friends had.

"This better be fucking good," said Dougie, as Skinnie walked him to the entrance of the alleyway. "If you dragged my ass outta bed for some dumb shit I swear to God I'm gon' pop your big, goofy ass in this goddamn alley right here. Shiiit, try me, bruh."

"What the fuck, dawg?" Skinnie shook his head at his diminutive friend. For a man half his height and barely the width of his arm, Dougie sure loved talking smack. His oversized hoodie shrouded his features, save for the long, sharp beard poking out of its shadows. He lit a blunt and blew rings of smoke into the night air. "I hope that shit calms your ass down," said Skinnie. "You out here buggin' like I torched your Jordans."

"Fuck, dawg, you did worse than that." He puffed. "You denied me some WAP."

Skinnie rolled his eyes. "Is that all you live for? Some goddamn wet ass pussy? It's always 'pussy this, pussy that' with you. Pussy for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Don't you get tired of that shit?"

Dougie shrugged his shoulders. "No." He puffed again. "I got the appetite of an elephant."

"And the brain of a fucking dodo."

"Pfft! Just coz you scurr'd of the pussy you ain't gotta look down on us real Gs getting it err'day."

"Riiiiight. I only look down on you coz you 'bout as tall as my niece." Skinnie lowered his hand to mock the man's height. "And I ain't scared of no pussy. I'm saving myself for the right one. Self-control. You might wanna try it some time."

"Psssh. There you go again with that nice guy bullshit. Y'all motherfuckers finish last, you know that, right? Fuck off wit' all that. Err' big booty ho from here to Venus can come get some of this monster D," he spat, grabbing his crotch in a suggestive manner. "Shiiit. I finally convinced Dona to come to the crib, dawg. She was 'posed to be there 'bout five minutes before your stupid ass rolled up."

“Oh shit, Dona?” Skinnie remembered that name from the 72,130 times Dougie had mentioned it in the last two weeks, some high-class broad from the burbs he’d been dying to smash. If she was any woman worth her salt, she’d stay well away from a scrub like Dougie.

Skinnie loved his friends but he never pulled any punches. The sad reality was she’d probably go over to Dougie’s, probably get fucked till the crows came home, probably be forgotten before the end of the week. They didn’t make women like they made Mama anymore. Skinnie didn’t feel like he was missing out.

“Yeah, Dona,” Dougie reaffirmed. “I got places to be, cuz. So, if you don’t mind, can you tell me why the fuck we’re standing out here in the cold like a couple of clueless hobos?”

Skinnie checked his wristwatch. “Where’s Trey?”

“The fuck would I know?”

“He should’ve been here already.” Skinnie scanned both ends of the street, concerned.

Dougie flicked the last bit of his blunt and smeared it under his sneaker. “Look, bro, you’re welcome to sit up here and wait on that fool all night but I gotta vamoose. You can tell me whatever the hell it is you dragged me outchea for or we can just say deuces right now.”

Skinnie had sought both of their counsel on this startling discovery, but he didn’t have a shot in hell of keeping Dougie away from ‘wet ass pussy’ for much longer. “Ait, man.” He nodded towards the dumpsters. “It’s over there.”

Dougie looked down the alleyway, perplexed, then turned back to Skinnie, then down the alleyway again, then back to Skinnie. “You gotta be shitting me right now.” He stifled a laugh. “I know this goofy ass brother didn’t just bring me out here to show me what trash look like.”

“Just shut the fuck up and go check it out, would ya?”

“Ait, cuz.” He shook his head in bemusement. “This some bullshit,” he mumbled to himself as he walked down the dark path. “There better be a fucking leprechaun or some shit outchea. I want my three wishes.” Skinnie resisted the urge to correct the dimwit on his folklore. He stayed an extra step behind Dougie as they delved deeper into the backstreet, the latter grumbling about what a waste of time this all was. Any second the penny would drop. Skinnie waited for it – “Oh, shit!” exclaimed Dougie. *Ping!* “Is that a...?”

Skinnie nodded.

Dougie looked like he'd seen a ghost. "Goddamn, Skinnie, did you –"

"No! Of course not. I found her like that."

"Shit." Dougie reached for the dumpster lid.

"Whoa, you gonna open it?!" Skinnie panicked from a distance.

Dougie shot him a quizzical expression. "Uh, yeah? Duh. You still squeamish over dead bodies?" He chuckled. "Shiiit. Never seen pussy in your life, never seen a dead body either – for a big, mean-looking motherfucker you're one sheltered little pup."

"Pfft, naw. It ain't like that." Skinnie feigned a cool demeanour. "I just choose not to look at that shit. I ain't... I ain't afraid or nothin'."

"Then bring your gorilla-sized ass over here. I might need your help for some shit."

Skinnie popped his shoulders and brushed his nose as if the request hadn't fazed him. "Yeah, okay. No problem." Clearing his throat, he tentatively joined Dougie at the dumpster.

The hooded man pinched his nose and lifted the lid. "Good lord..."

A motionless figure lay sprawled out atop heaps of black, putrid bags. She was positioned rather awkwardly: one leg extended straight and dangled over the edge of the dumpster, while the other lay on top of it at a right angle, bent at the knee, where her armoured boots protected everything down to her toes. Her torso was twisted so as to leave her on her side, her arms stretching out horizontally from her body. Dark, mangled hair was strewn about from underneath cardboard covering most of her face. Her attire had seen better days; scarlet chest armour ripped in several places and a tiny loincloth hanging on by shreds.

Dougie whistled in astonishment. "Someone sure had it out for her."

"Yeah..." Skinnie squirmed at the large bruises on her thigh and arm.

"Such a shame." Dougie shook his head. "Such a waste of a wonderful body."

Skinnie recoiled. "What?"

"Pfft. Don't act like you ain't noticed, cuz."

He honestly hadn't. Perhaps he was weird or not a 'real G' for failing to see the sex appeal in a corpse. On second glance, however, Skinnie could maybe admit it wasn't terrible-looking as far as carcasses went.

For one, she showed no signs of decomposition; save for the bruises, her skin appeared clear and even-toned. And while he was on the subject of skin, she showed a whole lot of it, her shoulders and sternum bare of any armour. The tiny skirt left her long, toned thighs on full display and, if not for the awkward crossing of her legs, the would-be voyeurs might've been treated to more of her womanly wonders.

She was no ordinary-looking damsel; if her eccentric garbs hadn't given it away, it would've been her muscular limbs. Where did she come from? Skinnie presumed she had been an athlete of some sort, boasting lean but sculpted biceps and the powerful thighs of a runner. While he was content to make his deductions from observation, Dougie opted for a more hands-on approach.

The hooded man ran his fingers up her lifeless thigh, nearing the hem of her skirt when Skinnie shouldered him in the side. "What the fuck, dawg?"

"What?" Dougie played innocent. "The broad's gone. She has no fucks left to give if a couple good fellas wanna have a peek."

"Did your mama go wrong with you from birth or...?"

Dougie's phone rang before he could retort. "Oh, shit!" He gaped at the Caller ID. "It's Dona." He answered and put on his best phone-sex voice. "Sup babygirl... I was just about to call – whoa, you're already there? You been waiting for – whoa, word? Calm down, baby – I'm just round the corner – baby, wait! Baby, don't go..." Despite his coolest efforts, the crackling voice on the other end of the line sounded nothing like a baby girl and everything like an angry woman. Skinnie couldn't blame her; he'd be mad too if a date stood him up to fondle some corpse in a dark alleyway. Dona's call ended abruptly, spurring on Dougie's unbridled temper. "See the fucking bullshit I gotta deal with now?"

"Whatchu lookin' at me for? I ain't done shit." Skinnie threw his hands up.

"Man, fuck you. I'm outta here."

Dougie tried to bustle past but Skinny scooted in his way. "You can't just leave me like this, bro."

"What the fuck you want me to do with a dead body? Call the popo. Do I look like an undertaker to you?"

"No. More like a hornswaggle."

Dougie thrust two middle fingers in the giant's face. "You better stop with the goddamn short jokes, motherfucker. Shit's getting old. I'm big where it counts, son!" He pounded his chest with passion.

"Keep telling yourself that. Maybe one day it'll come true."

The two bickered back and forth in front of the loaded dumpster.

"HOLLA, HOLLA!" sprung a sudden voice from behind them.

Skinny and Dougie jumped at the same time, the former squealing, the latter cursing. Their spike in adrenaline nosedived after recognizing Trey's snickering face. His stupid durag, stupid nerd glasses and stupid gap-tooth smile annoyed them to no end. He was lucky Dougie hadn't been carrying; springing up on anyone in the dead of night in these crime-riddled streets was a good way to swallow a bullet or six. But that was Trey for you – as brainless as he could be brainy.

"Holy shit!" He spotted the body and squeezed between them for a closer look. "Did you guys –"

"No!" they bellowed in union.

"We just found her like this," added Dougie.

"Wow!" Trey's eyes lit up. "Oh my God! Oh my God! I can't believe it!" He fumbled for something in his pocket. The two men behind him exchanged befuddled expressions. Trey whipped out his phone and posed in front of the body for a selfie.

"Yo, Trey, what the fuck?" Skinny wondered why he couldn't just have normal friends.

"Like y'all fools didn't do the same."

“We didn’t.”

“Well y’all really are fools then,” Trey concluded, taking a snap. “It ain’t every day neighbourhood brothers like us stumble into Wonder Woman.”

“Wonder what?”

“You know this broad?” asked Dougie.

“Know her?!” Trey sounded amazed anyone could even ask the question. “I don’t know where you found the planet-sized boulders y’all been living under but y’all need to get clued up.” He web-searched ‘Wonder Woman’ on his phone and showed them the results.

Indeed, pages and pages of images whizzed past as Trey scrolled down, depicting their Jane Doe at the forefront of many a gala and would-be crimes, some monochrome photos dated as far back as the 1940s. Apparently, she stood against wrongdoings of countless forms and even went toe to toe with the Nazis. And yet, the most recent image results portrayed a young brunette at the pinnacle of her beauty. Either World War II didn’t happen as long ago as Skinnie was taught, or this ‘Wonder Woman’ person had a strong resistance to aging.

Whatever the case, she’d appeared to be more than a decent human being. It made her passing all the more devastating to stumble upon.

“Fuck.” Skinnie regarded the body with newfound sorrow and appreciation. “Who did this to her?”

“Huh, am I reading this right?” Dougie squinted at her wiki page. “Says here she’s a demi-god or some shit. That can’t be legit.”

“I don’t know,” said Trey, “It would explain her goddess-like powers. Look at this.” He played them a video circulating through popular news sites, capturing Wonder Woman flinging a full-on, military tank several feet into the air with her bare hands.

“Holy shit!” marvelled Skinnie.

“Yeah,” said Trey, remembering how impressed he’d been when he first saw it. “What’s even more extraordinary is how you illiterate fucks never heard of her.”

“Psssh.” Dougie shrugged. “I ain’t got time for all that negativity in the news, bruh. I’m tryna keep my vibes positive, ya know what I’m sayin’? Only take in what you wanna see out. All that good shit.”

“I bet you could name 50 pornstars off the top of your head though.”

“Your point being?”

Skinnie facepalmed. “Focus, guys! What we finna do with her dead body?”

“Dead body?!” Trey looked horrified. “I know it’s really hard to ignore her gorgeous legs but y’all really should’ve paid attention to her chest.”

Skinnie and Dougie took a better-informed look. Sure enough, the gentle rising and falling of her chest was evident, weak but present. Skinnie screamed and scampered away from the dumpster as fast as he could.

“Where the hell is your goofy ass going?!” Dougie shouted.

“I ain’t tryna become zombie food!”

“Zombie? Maaaaan. The bitch ain’t moving coz she’s a zombie. She ain’t never died, you dumb fuck. Zombies don’t exist!”

Skinnie stopped running and turned back. “Yeah... well...” said the big man, embarrassed. “Ten minutes ago we never thought demi-gods existed either. That’s all I’m sayin’.”

Trey put a hand on his forehead and shook it side to side. “I really need to stop hanging around you ignorant apes.”

Dougie’s phone buzzed. It was Dona again. “Shit!” He spent half a minute begging her not to leave, promising he’d be on his way soon. The call cut. “Dona? Hello... Dona?” He called back several times to no reply. “Fuck! This is all your fault.” He pointed an aggressive finger at Skinnie.

“Whatever,” said the big man. “We got bigger things to worry about than you gettin’ some.”

“Like what?” spat Dougie. “This half-dead bitch?”

“Yeah, actually. She’s done more for this planet than your sorry ass ever has. We need to figure out who done her dirty like this.”

“Yeah,” Trey agreed. “Hmmm... if only there was some sort of blatantly obvious clue pointing us in the right direction... oh, wait! There is!” He shined his cell phone’s flashlight on the discoloured brick wall behind the dumpster. Black spray-paint spelt out the word ‘ENJOY’ in big, bold letters, and underneath it signed off by ‘LOBO’.

“Damn, how did we miss that?” Skinnie thought out loud. “And who’s Lobo? Must be some bad motherfucker to take down a goddess.”

“No shit,” said Trey, “But I can’t seem to find much about him.” His web searches returned scarce results. “Maybe she didn’t know much about him either? Underestimated a new enemy and got her ass handed to her?”

“That’s a nice theory. But why not finish her off? Why toss her in a random dumpster and spray-paint ‘ENJOY’? What’s that even supposed to mean?”

“Heh,” Dougie cut in. “Even an ignorant ape like me can figure that one out. This Lobo motherfucker wasn’t tryna to murk the bitch. It’s all about humiliation. He must’ve figured a few nobodies like us would turn up and wanna *enjoy* the spoils of his victory.”

“That... actually might make sense,” Trey considered. “Takes a pervert to know a pervert, I guess.”

“Call it whatever you wanna call it,” said Dougie. “I, for one, ain’t passing up this opportunity.” He unfastened his belt.

“Whoa!” Skinnie and Trey cried out together.

“What? This broad done cost me pussy tonight. She finna make it right with hers.” Dougie tried to encroach but the other two formed a barrier between him and the dumpster, both attempting to talk some sense into the outraged horndog.

Meanwhile, Diana began to stir, a faint buzz ringing in her ears. Her nostrils twitched at the godawful stench of sour milk and rotting leftovers. She tried to move but all her muscles ached and lumbered twice as heavily. Her head was pounding, her thoughts spinning, her body rubbing against cold plastic. *‘Where am I? And why does it smell worse than a toilet?’*

Voices drifted in and out of perception. Somebody was there with her. More than one somebody. With what little strength she could muster, she shook aside the piece of cardboard on her face, freeing herself from the stuffy air it had imposed. She lifted her heavy eyelids to three blurry figures. Nothing about them struck her as familiar, even as her vision came into focus with every blink. Were they the reason she wound up here?

She wanted answers!

“Hey,” she tried, her feeble voice hoarser than she’d intended. They carried on their heated debate without noticing her frail attempt. She cleared her raspy throat and tried again. “Hey!” Their conversation ended abruptly as they all turned to her at once. That was more like the respect she was used to commanding! “Who are you guys? And where are we?”

“Oh, wow! She’s awake!” exclaimed the one in glasses. He rushed over and leaned his arms on the edge of the dumpster. “My name’s Trey. And these are my buddies, Skinnie and Dougie!” He was a little strange-looking, she thought, with the spectacles magnifying his eyes, making them appear semi-crossed and bug-like. His overenthusiasm was reminiscent of many folks she’d crossed paths with that had only seen her on T.V. Annoying as it could be, she assumed he’d be rather harmless. “Pleased to meet you, Diana!” He extended his arm in greeting.

She let it hang there, eyeing him curiously. Not to be rude but she didn’t feel like she could move her aching body if she wanted to. He gave her a onceover and recognised the awkwardness of her predicament too, withdrawing his hand with a nervous chuckle.

“You know me,” said Diana, more as a statement than a question.

“Oh, yeah! We’re big fans!”

“Yeah,” said the short one, with the opposite amount of enthusiasm. “Real big fans.”

She sensed a certain hostility behind his sarcasm. “And you’re Skinnie, huh?”

“No, no. I’m Skinnie,” said the towering figure next to him. “Well, I mean yeah, technically he’s *skinny* but I’m actually *Skinnie*. Wait – I mean – what I’m sayin’ is...” He rambled on in fumbled attempts to clarify the distinction. She got it the first time but it was mildly amusing listening to him untwist his words. “...so yeah, that’s me, know what I’m sayin’?”

“Yes. I know what you’re saying.” She put him at ease. “How did I wind up here?”

“Does the name Lobo ring a bell?” asked Trey.

“Lobo...” Her mind suddenly flashed with vivid images of battle... a bulky, ghoulish-like nemesis... skulls... red menacing eyes... spikes... her head bashed through a wall... chains lashing at her bare thighs... falling... falling... falling – she jolted. “Where is he?!”

Skinnie shrugged. “Not here.”

“I need to go find –” She tried to get up, only to be jerked back down by constraints. Her movement slid trash off of her wrists, revealing glimmers of a tight golden rope. The men appeared to be as puzzled as she was.

Trey shuffled aside more stray garbage until her arms and upper chest were uncovered. To their astonishment, rope shackled both her wrists and her upper right arm to the dumpster. The thick twine also secured her neck and bound her around the midriff of her torn armour.

She wriggled to no avail. “These are not normal ropes.” They glowed with an ominous aura. “If you kind sirs would please help me get undone, I must pursue that reprobate before he brings harm unto others.”

“Yeah, of course,” said Skinnie. He took a step forward before Dougie pulled him back.

“Hold on. Why should we do that?” The hooded man asked her. “You really want us to touch that weird-ass glowy shit? What if we get radiation poisoning or some shit? We ain’t demi-gods like you. Shiiiiit. We supposed to risk our lives outchea for nothin’?”

She highly doubted his fears would be substantiated but, by the same token, she knew nothing about the ominous energy laced into the ropes, except that whatever it was proved potent enough to hold her down. The long-term effects it could have on mere mortals might’ve been devastating, or nothing at all. She was reasonable enough to concede she could be asking a lot more of them than she knew.

Since they recognised her, they must’ve been aware of her considerable fortune. She figured it was only fair to loosen her purse strings if they loosened her binds. “What’s your price?”

They swapped uncertain glances amongst each other, surprised she'd even extended the offer, let alone were they prepared to throw out a number.

"I ain't said nothin' 'bout money," Dougie pointed out.

"No?" She was confused. "What do you want then?"

"Oh, what I want, baby, is something priceless..."

He threw back his hood, revealing the wide, golden-tooth grin under his fitted cap. Without another word, he brushed scraps of plastic and chip packets off her chest, exposing the extent of damage her apparel had suffered. Huge chunks of her red top had been ripped off, leaving her perky breasts out in the cool, night air. He bit his lip ogling the godly pair.

Diana rolled her eyes as all the men's stares descended upon on her bosom. She should've guessed. "Really now?"

Such perverts never got the time of day. Granted, she hadn't given any man the time of day, or night, in a long while. Between daily heroics and running her own business, she'd lacked the desire to entertain such carnal cravings. Not to mention, the men who could handle her, *really* handle her the way she liked to be, were far and few between. She could ragdoll all three of these goofballs if not for her restraints. "Trust me. You don't want that."

"Uh, yeah, I do." Dougie laughed at the opposing suggestion. "I've had more ass than a toilet seat in my lifetime, boo. Never had me some goddess pussy though..." He drank in the sight of her bound body.

She half-smirked. "You wouldn't be able to handle it."

"HOOOOH! Ha! You hear that, gentlemen? Sounds like a challenge to me. How 'bout we go ahead and see then?" He pried her legs apart and found extra rope to keep them that way.

"Yo, brother man," Trey whispered in his ear. "Ya sure you wanna risk pissing her off? I ain't tryna to get a tank tossed on top of my ass."

"Pfft, please. Does this broad look like she's in a position to toss anything right now?" Granted, Wonder Woman lying flat on her back, half-naked, spread-eagled and bound in a dumpster didn't exactly strike fear in one's heart, demi-god or not. "Only thing that's finna

get tossed is her pink, lil' salad," he whispered back. "I'm gonna fuck the shit outta her then we can be out. She'll never find us in these streets, dawg. Heh, maybe you and Skinnie can have a turn when I'm done too."

"Are you gossiping about me?" asked Diana, unfazed. "And you call yourself a man? Someone needs to put you in your place."

"And that's gonna be you?" Dougie laughed. "I missed out on a really good time tonight coz of you. You freaking owe me this. Mmm, yes..." A small piece of loincloth hung by a thread between her parted thighs, teasing flutters in the nightly breeze. "A pussy for a pussy." He tore off the dangling fabric with one swipe, revealing the crotch area of Diana's leotard, silver stars scattered all over her navy-blue spandex. "Patriotic. I like it."

"Good. You're not going to have much to like when this is all over." She didn't crack so much as half a smile when she said that. "Last chance – take the money and run."

Dougie pretended to consider it for a moment. "Naaaah. I like what I'm seeing here." He pinpointed a tiny gash in her leotard, perhaps a swipe from something sharp nearly catching her under the belt. That Lobo dude must've never heard of fighting fair. Dougie poked a finger into the tear, widening it the girth of his digit, before ripping open a giant hole in her leotard.

Through the would-be panties turned crotch-less panties, Dougie and Trey marvelled at Wonder Woman's exposed pussy, and even Skinnie peeked despite his feigned disinterest.

Dark pubes trimmed in the shape of a bold 'V' crowned an otherwise ordinary looking pussy. Only the fact it belonged to Wonder Woman exuded an air of mystic and awe. It wasn't every day goddess pussy fell from the heavens and landed in your backyard, not when you came from where they came from.

Diana remained unmoved by their drunken ogling. Nudity was not a cause for excitement where she grew up; she'd become comfortable walking around in absolutely nothing and seeing others do the same.

Granted, her homeland was renowned for its lack of male presence, and the complications that came with the insidious glint in their eyes. After leaving the nest, she'd learned how to turn men's lust against them, a skill that probably got her further ahead in

most aspects of life than her superhuman abilities did. She'd garnered almost a century's worth of experience dealing with vultures of Dougie's ilk descending upon her.

"What's the matter?" she taunted his dumbstruck expression. "Does goddess pussy frighten you already?"

Dougie questioned her sanity, the gall to throw around disses from her compromised position. She didn't know when she was beaten. "Now I can see how your crazy ass wound up right where it is." Her cockiness suited him perfectly. It was nothing to Dougie to fuck the attitude right out of a bad bitch. "I got news for you, amazon princess."

He leapfrogged into the dumpster so abruptly Skinnie and Trey flinched on the side lines. Not the one and only Wonder Woman though. She didn't blink as he coiled his callous fingers around her throat and steamed the side of her face with his pot-breath.

"I ain't no Lobo, you hear me, bitch? You dealing with a real one now," he muttered poison into her ear. "I ain't afraid to bitch-slap a ho for talkin' back. And my big, black cock sure as hell ain't afraid to beat that pussy up so good you'll be screaming loud enough for your lil' friends in Mount Olympus to hear."

She chuckled. "I'm not even from -"

He slapped the retort out of her mouth. "Bitch, what I say 'bout talkin' back?"

Her expression morphed from shock to anger as she turned back her stricken cheek to stare him in the eye. Forgetting her restraints, she sought to throw a punch but the ropes snapped her lunging body back into the heaps of garbage.

He winced at her swift reaction all the same, and a fearful Skinnie dragged him out of the dumpster by the scruff of his shirt.

"Ait, y'all." The big man exhaled a long, calming breath. "Let's all take a moment to chill the fuck out, okay?"

"We're so sorry about him, Diana," said Trey, clasping his palms together as if praying for forgiveness. "His mama never hugged him as a child."

"Ain't that the truth," said Skinnie. "Don't worry, I'll make sure he doesn't get anywhere near you agai-"

“No.” Her sharp interjection came swift and emotionless. “It appears your comrade has a point to prove.” She regarded Dougie with steely eyes, a silent glint of respect that hadn’t been there before. “I’ll allow it.”

Skinnie’s ears deceived him. “Are you sure?”

“Let him go.”

Dougie smirked. “Ya heard the lady.” He jostled out of the buff man’s clutches and dusted his shoulders off. “Now, where were we?” He leaned on the edge of the dumpster, overlooking the bound and bodacious beauty. “Ready to be tamed?”

She raised the corner of her lips in a cocky grin. “Do your worst. And oh,” she remembered, “Please make it quick. I still have a baddie to catch.”

“I got all the bad you need right here, mami.” He tugged his grey sweatpants by the waistband, forming a long, canister-shaped print in the tightened area. She glanced at the outline of his manhood but gave nothing away in the form of facial expressions. Yeah, she was impressed, he decided, like all the other broads lucky enough to get a load of him. She just liked playing the hardass. He’d fix that in a minute.

Starting from her knees, Dougie used the faint brush of his fingertips to trace the muscly curves of her inner thighs, drawing towards her pelvic area in slow, methodical strokes. She probably wasn’t expecting him to be gentle. He liked to keep them guessing.

Plus, he could feel Trey’s eyes following his hands, jealousy brewing as he watched his hero getting felt up by his best buddy. Dougie wasn’t sorry about it neither. He wanted her to want it.

Diana lay at the mercy of this stranger’s digits wandering the smooth terrain of her naked thighs. Every time he neared her nether regions, he teased around her womanhood, then caressed his way back along her upper legs, growing a certain frustration inside her. “What, now you’re scared to touch it?” She egged him on. “It won’t bite you know. Not unless I want it to.”

“Gal, please!” quipped Dougie. “I know whatchu doin’.” Dougie continued his feather-like strokes. “It ain’t gonna work. Ain’t no broad tell me what to do. I move at my own goddamn pace. You just sit there and take whatever I want, whenever I want, ait?”

“Fiiiine,” she huffed, throwing her head back. “I’m going to take a nap. Wake me up when you develop a pair of testicles.”

He clenched his jaw at the disrespect. Trey and Skinnie didn’t help with their ‘Ooooooh, snap!’ in the background either. If there was one thing Dougie couldn’t stand, it was a female disrespecting him, especially in front of his crew. He reached for her throat once more. “You testing my patience. Finna make me climb up in there right now.”

That was the whole point, thought Diana. “Whatever.”

“Whatever? Psssh. I’ll show you whatever.” He grabbed her bare tits with aggression and clasped his hot mouth over one of them, tongue lashing at her dark, perky nipple.

Diana refrained from giving him the reaction he expected. She looked to the side and sustained her poker face as he bit into the flesh surrounding her nipple. His aggression stirred something inside her, a puissant memory...

The time Kal-El took her on a tour on his Earth mother’s farm. They had bumped into each other by chance earlier that day and used the opportunity to catch up. The skies were a vibrant blue, the vegetation lush and plentiful, the pollen-scented winds welcoming. They found a clearing in the wheat fields and reminisced until purple dusk bathed over the golden crops.

She’d brought up the time Kal-El went rogue on them and forced their hand in fighting back, insisting she’d gone easy on him because she didn’t want to leave any marks. He laughed off her claims. She challenged him to an arm-wrestling contest right there and then. Well, what had started out as a playful competition between friends, soon turned into a full-blown wrestling match.

It wasn’t long till he had her pinned to the ground, their eyes entangled in a fierce and gripping hold, pheromones shooting off their sweaty bodies like fireworks. The heated staredown lasted all of five seconds before Kal-El shoved aside her skirt and undergarments.

Her sensuous scream sent the crows fluttering in a flurry. Not only was Kal-El well-endowed, he was well in control of every facet of her being, inciting a certain kind of vulnerability she’d never experienced with any man.

As hard as she fell for Steve Trevor, she'd had to restrain herself while having intercourse with the mortal, lest she rip off his dick during fellatio or break it in half from vigorous riding. The responsibility of keeping control took the rawness out of her sexual expression. But with Kal-El, no such fears or inhibitions tethered her passion.

She never imagined he'd had it in him, but somehow she had dug it out, the raging bull beneath his perfected façade of civility. Superman was indeed super between the sheets, or the wheat as it were, tangling her long tresses in a herculean fist, tugging and gnawing at all junctures of her body, slamming into her from behind at full force, thunderclaps of the gods lashing against the silence of the fields.

Diana found freedom in surrendering control, in vulnerability, in allowing herself to be pounded remorselessly by this heroic devil of a man. It was no wonder Clark was super into it too, expressing the pent-up lust he could not fully enact on Louise, not without rupturing her insides. He had needed Diana's durable body as much as she needed his. It wouldn't be the last time they rolled around in the harvest.

A sharp stinging sensation on one side of her chest snapped her back to the present. The barbarian nibbling on her breasts was no Clark Kent, but she realised why she'd been intrigued by his crass display, the rawness of it all. She'd achieved a passable level of vulnerability from the enchanted ropes. All the right ingredients were being jumbled together at the wrong time.

Dougie showed her breasts no respect, groping them like his own personal stress balls, biting and slobbering over the perky mounds as he sucked them hard. What an absolute pig, she thought, feeding on her like some famished beast. And yet, it was that same raw desperation that awoke something inside her, a tingle she hadn't felt in a long, long time, growing between her legs.

With a mouthful of breast, Dougie gave a muffled laugh. "You starffing to like fis, ain'tcha?" he garbled. The vulturous man released her tit with a wet pop, a long string of saliva breaking as he pulled back. "Yeah, you liking it alright. Look how hard these nipples are getting." He twisted them like little knobs.

"Don't flatter yourself," said Diana. "It's chilly tonight."

Dougie caught Trey frozen in position, his eyes wide open, his mouth agape, and his pants tent-stricken. “Ayo!” Dougie flung his hand towards the man’s hard-on, who grabbed it defensively after the faint contact. “Don’t just stand there, fool, weren’t you takin’ selfies? C’mon. Imagine all the pussy I’m finna get if the world sees me make Wonder Woman cum!”

“Uh, you want me to... record this?” asked Trey.

“Fuck yeah.”

He looked to Skinny for input. The big man shrugged with folded arms, refusing to involve himself. Trey questioned Diana with his eyes but her deadpan expression neither approved nor rejected the idea. “Uh... I guess... okay then... I will...” Trembling with nervousness and excitement, Trey raised his phone in a shaky hand and hit the record button, knowing full well the video would be for his own consumption.

“A little closer, bro.” Dougie directed traffic. “Make sure you get her tits and face in there.” Trey used both hands to steady his nerves, centring the frame around Wonder Woman’s bust. Her breasts stood like stout muffins between long threads of red armour – what was left of hers anyway. The back of his Dougie’s head ducked out of the picture and he shouted a second later, “Holy shit! Look at the size of this thing!”

“What?! What?!” Trey zoomed in on Wonder Woman’s ‘crotch-less panties’ where Dougie’s index and middle fingers flanked her pussy. He parted her folds to bring out a marble-like pink nub. The head of her swollen clit poked out of its long hood, bearing resemblance to a miniature penis. “Whoa...” Yeah, she was aroused alright! He could only presume high levels of testosterone had given her clitoris its buff appearance.

“Damn!” Dougie whistled, astounded. “Y’all amazons are freaks, huh?”

She half-smirked, taking it as a compliment. “Are you jealous because mine is bigger than yours?”

“Psssh! There ya go again wit’ that slick talk. Do I need to put you in your place some mo’?”

“As if you could ever tame me.”

“Let’s start with *tasting* you. How ‘bout that?”

Dougie didn't wait for her comeback. He dunked his face in her hot and ready pussy. Licked the wetness lining her inner walls, separated her labia with the breadth of his tongue. "Mmmm," he moaned his delight, "So *that's* what goddess tastes like."

Trey's camera phone panned from the back of Dougie's bobbing head to Wonder Woman's restrained visage. She tried hard not to react in any way that might give Dougie the impression he was doing something right.

But Trey picked up the sporadic tensing in her bound wrists, the way half her face twitched when the invasive tongue struck an inconveniently pleasurable spot. Trey captured her microexpressions in close-ups. Hot damn, was Dougie starting to break Wonder Woman?

Diana lay half in a dumpster and half in a faraway haze. The man was doing inexplicable things to her body, things she'd craved and ignored. She knew now her fight was not with him, or any man, but with herself. Self-neglect dressed up as duty. She swallowed back a rumbling sound threatening to climb free. Gods, how she'd needed this...

She had thought suppressing her weaknesses would make her stronger. It had accomplished the opposite, poisoned her energy flow, dulled her senses, slowed her reaction time. Lobo hadn't gotten Wonder Woman at her best, only a pompous, highly frustrated and overworked version of herself. If she faced him again in a similar state, she'd taste a similar defeat, or worse.

Damn Kal-El and his disappearing acts when she needed him most, needed his strong arms, needed that godly dick. She was going to have to make herself better all on her own. Well, perhaps not...

She looked down at the top of the fitted cap hovering over her nether regions. The man hadn't the decency to pull her from the rubbish before shoving his slimy tongue inside her. Under normal circumstances he'd be dead already. Luckily, he'd demonstrated some value – not much – but some, in how his deft licks helped her forget the stink of her surroundings.

Oh, he was a dirty boy. He didn't deserve to know she was getting warm in all the risqué places. But when the heat of his mouth bathed the crown of her sex, and a hard suction pulled at her swollen clit, Diana's lips fell open.

“Ohhh...” the low drone escaped her façade.

“Mmmm, yeah... that's a good gal...” He moaned into her pussy. “You like that, huh?”

“I... I was only yawning.”

He sucked on her huge clit even harder!

She pursed her lips in defiance, brow creasing as pleasure shot up her spine like hot electricity. The tip of his tongue skated around her sensitive nub. She breathed at a quickening pace, the glare of the cell phone's light adding pressure and intensity to the situation.

Her body writhed as much as the rope would allow, tensing around her wrists and knees. He flicked his tongue at her heightened bundle of nerves. Her lower back arched off the garbage bags. Tied hands balled into fists. Veins bulged in her long, slender neck as she groaned through gritted teeth, but finally, ultimately, broke her silence.

“Fuuuuuuck!” A surge of relief burst from her lungs, relaxing her curved back into horizontal position. “Damn you...” She hated that she'd loved it.

He continued to indulge, rolling her clit on his tongue like a little candy. Waves upon waves of pleasure washed over the aches in her bruised body. Her strength began to return, her muscles repairing themselves. If this kept up, she'd be ready for a rematch with Lobo before the end of the night.

“I... you... this is...” she stammered.

Dougie sniggered. “You're welcome.”

“A derelict like you shall never make me cum!” she declared fiercely.

“A what-now? Shiiiiit. I don't even know what that mean, bitch.”

“It means you're trash.”

“I'm trash?” He laughed. “Pssh. Have you seen what you lying in?” The irony. “That's ait, though. It's like they say – one man's trash...”

“Is another man's wonderland,” Trey completed the sentiment for him.

“My man!” They bumped fists.

She shook her head, unimpressed. “Children.”

“I think it’s ‘bout time I made you eat your words,” said Dougie. He spun his fitted cap backwards. “No more Mr. Nice Dougie.” He dropped his sweatpants, springing free a long, thin phallus, dark as the night itself. It would’ve been camouflaged if not for the peripheral cell phone light. “Yo, B, pass me that crate over there.”

Trey spotted said crate poking out from behind another dumpster and kicked it over to Dougie, who stood on it to elevate his height, raising his waist above the edge of Diana’s dumpster.

Grabbing the base of his long and nimble erection, he patted it on her slick folds, eliciting wet thwack after wet thwack as the pink, bulbous head bounced on her sex. “You getting all this, Trey?”

The starstruck cameraman, still overwhelmed with wonder, zoomed in just as Dougie inserted himself in the restrained woman, his dark meat contrasting against her peach folds.

“Wooooooo, boy!” Dougie hollered. “Ya’ll need to try summathis goddess pussy. Shit’s tight as fuck!”

Diana grimaced as more of the man reached inside her. It felt long overdue, unnecessarily pleasant. He pumped into her while his cameraman captured her jiggling breasts.

Using his free hand, Trey dug into his trousers and fumbled with his junk like a voyeuristic pervert.

Lost in the pleasures of the flesh, the cretins failed to notice her strength rebuilding, her wrists pulling in a tad bit more of the ropes binding her to the dumpster. While she enjoyed a good dicking down as much as the next hetero woman, Diana was far from losing her wits about her, far from crying out to the all gods on Mount Olympus.

“Is that it?” she asked the man breaking a sweat whilst pumping into her. He had been better off eating her out; at least then he’d bumble into a sweet spot occasionally. “This is the big, black cock you promised would take me to the heavens?” His adequate length

meant nothing if he was going to perpetuate unintelligent thrusts. "I'm disappointed," she said, voice as calm as reading a newspaper.

"Oh, it's like that, huh?" he panted the words between thrusts. "You gon' feel it now, bitch." He threw more stank in his pistoning hips, fucking the haughty amazon at full force.

A shame, she thought. Not everyone could pound her the way Kal-El did. "How much longer until you're done?" She feigned a yawn. "I told you I have places to be."

Dougie's eyes grew wide with shock, golf balls floating in the night. This bitch hadn't even flinched! The kind of pounding he was putting on her had been enough to make many-a-ho call him daddy. "Pssh. I... I'm just gettin' warmed up, ait? You'll see."

"I think I've seen enough."

He slapped her for talking back. "Shut your goddamn mouth and take this dick like a good lil' gal, ait?"

She surprised him with a crazed laugh. "You call that a bitch-slap?" Every foe she fought hit at least ten times harder than that, even the females. "Surely you can do better than _"

SLAP!

"Seriously. Stop tickling me."

SLAP!

"I said harder."

He swung one hand after the other.

SLAP! SLAP!

"Harder," she hissed.

He buried his full-length into her, again and again, smacked her thighs, her tits and her reddened cheeks with both the palm and the back of his hands. She ground her teeth, tightened her fists and took it more like a man than any man he'd ever known.

What a woman. In parallel with his growing frustration, an unconventional respect developed for the heroine. Let that be the last time he underestimated an amazon-looking bitch wearing a tiara.

Dougie thought he'd been beating up the pussy pretty good but it might be the first time the pussy had *him* beat. His hips tired from all the thrusting and his palms stung from all the slapping, all the while she lay there unperturbed with half his dick engulfed by her unscathed cunt.

"Goddamn, girl! Wooo!" Dougie tried to shake the sting from his hands. "What the fuck you made of?"

"Clay."

"...the fuck?"

"I thought you said you can handle goddess pussy."

"I can!" he insisted, despite resting hunched over on the dumpster, breathing through all orifices. "I'm just, you know, giving you a second to prepare yourself for the thunder I'm 'bout to bring. I ain't done with you yet."

She laughed him off. "It is I that's not done with you."

Diana kicked free of the ropes binding her legs!

Before Dougie could blink, her long, powerful limbs locked around his waist, one armoured-boot crossed over the other on the small of his back. He tried to wriggle loose but had lost all sensation in the bottom half of his body. "Wha-what is this?" He sweated.

"I'm giving you what you wanted," said Diana, nonchalantly. "Goddess pussy. Now take it." She yanked her interlocked legs, pulling him inside her by force. "That's a good boy." She smirked. "You like how nice and warm I feel inside? Here, bathe yourself in my godly wholesomeness." She tugged him into her again, harder this time. "Oh God, yes!"

"B-bitch, you crazy!" Dougie attempted to dislodge himself from her snatch, using her bare thighs as leverage to push against. His spaghetti arms were not strong enough. He could only squirm as far back as the laxity in her legs allowed. She let him draw his long, thin cock to its bulbous tip. Then a tap on his buttocks propelled him all the way back in. "Unh, shit!"

“Now do you understand?” asked Diana. “This is what I meant by harder.” She raised her lower back into the air and pulled him into her at a rabid and remorseless pace. Dougie clung onto the edge of the dumpster for dear life as his thighs were smashed against its side over and over again, his balls meeting Diana’s ass in mid-air.

“Hooo, shiiit!” he exclaimed in thrill and amazement.

“Ohhhh, yeah! Fuck me hard!” she cried out, despite seizing full control of the penetration. The amazon princess used his body like a ragdoll, impaling herself with a ferocity the mortal could never achieve on his own.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

His thighs slammed against the dumpster.

“Unh! Unh! Unh!” She moaned as the garbage container rocked side to side with the spike in passion. Her pussy swallowed his dick hungrily, a white froth building around her entrance. “Almost... there...” she panted, clenching her tied fists as she worked the lower half of her body even harder. In the throes of passion, Diana’s pussy lips clamped the mortal dick harder than she’d intended.

“Awwh fuck, girl!! I’m cummin’!” he growled.

Diana felt the all too familiar twitch in the embedded erection and uncrossed her legs with haste. She pushed him out of her with the bottom of one foot. He dropped on his ass. Jets of rancid gunk shot out of his upright penis, dousing his face and chest in sticky white.

He fingered thick goo off his cheek, disgusted. “Owh, hell naw!” His mouth flew open with a cuss lacing the tip of his tongue.

Golden boots clanked on either side of his seated form, chasing the spiteful words back down his throat. Looking up timidly, he gaped at her powerful, feminine frame; she might as well as have been standing seven feet tall, unravelling the last bit of rope from her arms. She dropped the enchanted twine next to him.

One word jumped to his mind – “Shit!”

His attempt to scurry was dashed at the onset. She grabbed the scruff of his shirt and hoisted him up high with one hand. His pleas for release met an abrupt end when she slammed him against the grimy, brick wall, thrusting all the air from his lungs.

“P-p-p-please... let me go!”

“Why should I?” she asked with a chilling calmness that went against her violent conduct. “So you can run off and mistreat more women?”

“N-no! Of c-c-course not! I won't – I w-wo I– I won't –”

She pulled him back and shoved his spine against the wall once more. “Won't what?”

“I w-won't touch another woman again!”

“Really?” That was far beyond the reassurances she expected. “You promise?”

“I swear! On – on – on my mama! Just, please...” His feet flailed on either side of her, desperate to reunite with the ground. “Please let me go. Your highness! Your holiness! Wonder Woman, please!”

She grunted, unmoved by his ass kissing. From ‘bitch’ and ‘ho’ to ‘highness’ and ‘holiness’ in 15 seconds? She didn't buy his sudden change of heart but the fear dripping in his large white eyes was palpable.

Her grip on his shirt loosened. His back scraped against the wall on the way down and, if that wasn't rough enough, he landed in the palm of her hand, quite literally.

“If I squeeze you know what happens?” She applied just a smidgen of pressure on his nut-sack. “Grape juice.”

He squeaked at the thought, sweat pouring down his face.

“I know how to find you,” she continued. “Don't make me come back here. Change your ways. Or I'll change them for you. Permanently,” she said, coolly.

“Yes, ma'am!” he squealed.

The amazon released his crotch and let him go. “Oh, and one more thing.” She turned back to him. “*This* is a real bitch-slap.” She smacked him across the face with less

force than she'd use to swat a bug. Nonetheless, his body twisted and went careening down the alleyway, rolling half a dozen times before coming to an unconscious stop.

A tense silence gripped the scene.

Then, suddenly, she whipped around with a swoosh of air, fixing her sights on the cameraman less than ten metres away.

Trey jumped. Shaking in his sneakers, he still had the phone pointing right at her, too petrified to move it, even as she sauntered in his direction.

Diana held the shaky phone steady. "I know you are all attached to these devices but I cannot let you keep this." She dropped the phone in a dirty puddle between them then crushed it underfoot, destroying any damning footage.

The shivering man still hadn't moved, his hand retaining the same posture despite the phone having been plucked from his grasp. He was a statue save for his chattering teeth. Was this his way of trying to get out of responsibility? It wasn't going to be so easy.

"And you," she said, putting a hand on his shoulder, "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," he mumbled to himself. "Wonder Woman is touching my shoulder right now. I can't believe Wonder Woman is touching me right now! I'd pinch myself to see if it's real but Wonder Woman is touching me right now!" It sounded as though his brain was malfunctioning. "I CAN'T BELIEVE WONDER WOMAN IS TOUCHING ME! OH GOD!! WONDER WOMAN IS... WONDER WOMAN IS –"

He fainted in a heap of jumbled limbs.

Diana scratched her head, perplexed. Oh well, that took care of itself. A rush of footsteps broke out from behind her.

Skinnie almost reached the alley's exit when a strong grip hooked the back of his vest. The momentum of his sprint carried him forward, even though his clothing got hauled back, choking him against the fabric before an inhumane force threw him from whence he came.

He barrelled into the wall shoulder first. "Argh!" He barely had time to massage the bruise before Wonder Woman set upon him.

The cold steel coating her forearm pressed against his Adam's apple, pinning his large body to the wall despite her considerably smaller stature. Under her star-encrusted tiara, a furrowed brow and vengeful eyes seared through his soul.

"Diana, I'm sorry," he wheezed through his compressed throat. "I wasn't with all that shit they was doing."

"Yet, you stood by and did nothing. Then tried to hightail it."

"I'm sorry," he sputtered. "I panic. I-I didn't mean to. I—"

"Relax." She lowered her forearm from his windpipe. "I like you."

He rubbed the front of his neck, relieved he could breathe. Confused, he could breathe. "You do?"

She gave him a onceover. "I get the sense you're a good man. But..." She glanced at the other two passed out. "Perhaps you need to choose your friends more wisely."

"Mama always tells me the same thing." He laughed. "I get the feeling you good people too, know what I'm sayn'? I appreciate you letting me go after everything that's —"

"Letting you go?" Her straight-face killed his hopeful smile. "I said I liked you, Skinnie. I didn't say I was letting you go."

Trepidation resurfaced on his laden features. "What's that mean?"

"That means today is your lucky day." In one swift tug, she yanked his belt out of its loops and sent it spinning down the darkness of the alleyway. "Your jokester of a best friend rambled on and on about his 'B.B.C'. But, in my experience, the strong and silent type have less to sell and more to wield." He took a sharp breath as she burrowed into the cramped space of his jeans. Her expression turned from curious speculation to astonishment. "Gods... it's massive, and so... thick."

"Stop, Diana." He held her rummaging hand still. "I ain't sure I wanna do this."

"Yes, I know. That's why I chose you."

"You *chose* me?" Skinnie had never thought himself special enough to be handpicked for anything. What were the chances a goddess would fall from the skies and take a liking to

him out of all people? Unless... *'it's your lucky day,'* she'd said. Could it be... could this be it?! "I can't believe it," he thought out loud. "Mama always told me this day would come. It's finally here."

"O...kay." It sounded like the ramblings of a mad man. Well, she'd accept whatever he needed to tell himself to be okay with what she wanted to do to him. She needed to see it. To know her hands were not deceiving her. Diana fumbled with the button in his jeans before ripping it out impatiently. His pants dropped to unveil an appendage as long and wide as her forearm. "Good gods, are you certain you're mortal?"

Only semi-hard, he far surpassed Trevor and Bruce whilst rivalling Kal-El in the trousers' department, if not surpassing him too. Though she doubted Skinnie had the strength to boot. Still, the bulging, veiny aesthetics were enough to rekindle the heat between her legs, the yearning that had yet to be fulfilled.

Diana dropped to her knees and took the mandingo into her mouth.

A deep, husky rumble vacillated in his throat, so taken by surprise he didn't know what to do with himself, how to receive a goddess bowing before *him*, worshipping *his* cock. And boy did she worship; Wonder Woman was not tongue-shy, lathering every inch of phallus she could twist the sopping organ around.

Sensing his uncertainty, she relieved herself of cock for a moment, uttering 'relax' before consuming him once more, gently pressing on his abs to ease him against the wall. *'Well, shit. Ait then,'* thought Skinnie, leaning back as his fingers combed through her brunette locks.

Any passers-by crossing the entrance of the alleyway right then would hear boisterous squelching from the darkness, the churning saliva of a stuffed mouth and the deep groans of a pleased man. If they took a few steps down the passage, they might've even made out a long-haired silhouette bobbing on the shadow of something huge, straight and rigid.

"Uuunnnhhh, sweet Jesus!" he roared as Diana engorged herself to the hilt, sliding him down that long, slender neck of hers. She held the position, saliva building at the corners of her crammed mouth, tears brimming in intense, golden-brown eyes.

After long seconds of nearly choking on his meat, the amazon beauty unsheathed his sword, having blacksmithed his impressive semi to an even more impressive full-blown erection, pointing at the stars, glistening with spit under the moonlight.

She stood and looked up into his eyes, a sinuous glint in her own while she stroked his lubricated cock. "You earthly men may have potential yet." She pushed him to the ground.

Skinnie found himself staring at the stars. Armoured boots circled him with heavy chinks, not unlike a vulture studying its prey. He could feel her thick stare on his erection, a black tower set against the backdrop of a sapphire hue. She planted her boots on either side of his head, replacing the stars with a generous view of her taint, showcasing taut underbuns and engorged pussy lips.

"This will help my strength return quicker," she said. "I thought turning off this side of me would make me strong. I was wrong. I've been weak. I must confront this challenge head on. No more hiding from the parts that make me most human."

"Oh... yeah?" It sounded like the ramblings of a madwoman. Well, whatever she needed to tell herself was all good by him.

As she lowered herself to a squat, excitement bubbled in his tummy, watching her pussy draw nearer and nearer the pink crown of his manhood. She reached underneath herself and held his shaft steady, lining him up with her entrance. Finally, her wet lips kissed his cockhead, and he blurted, "Wait! I ain't never done this before!"

She froze at the brink of entry. "Really?" Granted, she wasn't all that surprised. "It's okay. I'll try to be gentle." She winked.

Not many could say Wonder Woman was their first, Skinnie imagined, but a second later he joined the esteemed ranks of those who could. Her visage contorted as her creamy petals parted around his girth.

She hissed. Moved lower. Inhaled sharply. Sank deeper.

GASPED!

The look on her face was pure bliss.

Skinnie took great pleasure in splitting her white, little pussy in half, moaning his own appreciation of her tightness. More and more of her godly warmth coated him from the nightly chill, her 'V' of trimmed hair pointing at his afro pubes, descending still, more and more until her pussy swallowed him whole. She opened her half-lidded eyes and cast a sultry gaze upon him.

"Thank you," she whispered, and began to rock her hips. "Ahhh, yes... this is much more like what I'm used to." While Dougie had length, he'd lacked the girth she craved; Skinnie boasted both en masse.

Diana ripped his vest open and clawed at the slabs of dark, chocolatey abs, appreciating their rock-hard texture and the abstract ink etched across his shredded body. She dug into his bulging chest muscles for leverage then worked his cock like a randy cowgirl, pulling his length along to the rhythm of her gyrating hips. "OHHH, YES!!" she cried out in ecstasy. "Please don't cum!"

He was doing everything in his power not to, since she'd asked so nicely and all. She didn't make it easy though, not with the way she dumped herself in his lap, her ass smacking him hard enough to leave bruises, pussy squelching as she smeared divine honey into his afro.

The back of her skirt, still loosely intact, flapped in the wind behind them, flashing glimpses of her pert white peach bouncing on his dark scrotum. It was strange, being held down by a girl a quarter of his size, albeit with all the strength of a thousand men. He felt somewhat emasculated and it was only about to get more emasculating.

The amazon lifted his bulky legs in the air like they weighed nothing, the soles of his boots staring at the night skies as she fucked him in reverse missionary, sheathing his massive cock in and out with the frenzied swing of her hips.

She clenched her pussy like a vice-grip, squeezing the moans and curses out of him. Her big protruding clit revelled in the friction of his frizzy pubes, leaving her mouth hung agape and purrs tumbling out. His back scraped against the callous ground but he wasn't about to look weak by complaining. Besides, the clamp of her scorching wet pussy far outweighed the pain, driving them both towards climax.

Panting heavily, she pinned his thighs down and humped him until her muscles abruptly tensed, an explosion of pleasure assailing her all at once. An orgasmic howl careened down the alleyway, reverberated in the silent night.

Diana had been so wrapped up in her own moment of intense bliss, she hadn't felt the hearty spurts blasted into her womb. As soon as she stood up, buckets of hot white goo poured out of her gaping entrance, a few sticky dribbles clinging to her thigh.

"S-sorry," said Skinny. "I didn't mean to –"

"I feel revitalised," she cut him off, unconcerned. Facing the heavens, she shut her eyes and breathed in a second wind, forming a full-strength fist.

According to some legends, Zeus had originally assigned the amazons the task of softening men's hearts, keeping them humble and compliant. There was nothing more peaceful than a man who'd just unloaded the burden of pent-up male essence. Sometimes she pondered if her revitalisation was not a reward system encoded in their genes to inspire accomplishing such a task?

"Wow, that was amazing," said Skinny, pulling her out of her musings.

What? Did he expect to cuddle now? "You did a great job." She flashed him a genial smile and touched the side of his face affectionately. "Now, I need you to do one more thing for me, okay?"

"What's that?" he said, dreamily.

"Sleep." Her smile dissipated. "And forget this ever happened."

She headbutted him, as gently as a demi-god could ever headbutt anyone. The star on her metal tiara kissed his forehead. He dropped like a sack of bricks, laid out cold.

Diana glanced back at the three bodies she'd left in her wake. Luckily, her 'mama' had always encouraged her to clean up after herself. She lifted two bodies off the ground with one arm each and hauled them into the dumpster, then tossed the third on top of those. The lid fell partially closed on the heap of unconscious men.

"Good enough." She dusted off her hands.

Next order of business –

Lobo.

She found her shield and lasso dispersed further down the alley, not more than 20 paces from where she'd come to.

This time, Lobo wouldn't stand a chance; she was already plotting ways to humiliate him after seizing victory. Looking down at her ripped and mangled attire, she decided a change of wardrobe was probably first in order.

A drop of cum fell loose and splatted between her boots.

She probably needed a shower too.

Wonder Woman crouched to lower her centre of gravity, then pushed off the ground as powerfully as she could, soaring free to the rooftops.

END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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Special credit goes to *flowerxl* and *sabudenego* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic plot and cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/flowerxl>

<https://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/sabudenego/profile>

As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.