

The Unfathomable Slob Squirrel Girl

It was an event of unfathomable, cosmic proportions. Different realities collided together, causing heroes and villains from numerous dimensions to clash with one another. As the lines between factions were drawn and rivalries were established, any regular person would marvel at the astounding battles that took place. However, the same story could not be said for someone that had gotten pushed to the sidelines in the wake of the superpowered power struggles.

Within the relative safety of her treehouse, Doreen lounged around on her couch watching TV. For most people, they only needed to glance at her bushy, brown tail and fuzzy ears to recognize her as the famous Squirrel Girl. In the past, her buck teeth had been in an almost perpetual smile as she used her unique abilities to fight for justice. No matter what came her way, there always seemed to be a way for her to use her wits, powers, or legion of tiny furry friends in order to come out on top. Unfortunately, her luck seemed to have run out.

As a news report detailing a scuffle between Spider-Man and Loki played out, Doreen couldn't help letting out a sigh. She had heard about the mission and had been so eager to help. However, her usual peppiness didn't overwrite her recent track record. Once a dependable, frontline fighter able to alter the course of victory with her fortune, her numerous failures had made her more of a nuisance to her allies than anything.

"That's enough of that," Doreen said aloud as she shut off the TV, just as the image of Venom crashing into Loki's throne was shown. "I'm only going to make myself more depressed at this rate. Maybe I should order a pizza and chug some soda to drown my--"

A hard knock at her door got rid of Squirrel Girl's lethargy. Springing off of her couch, she double checked her brown short shorts and orange tank top to make sure no misplaced nut

crumbs had been left behind. Putting on her boots and putting on her brown, leather jacket, she hurried to the door and put on a false smile to greet whoever was there.

Doreen's expression immediately faltered upon being met by an enormous, bulbous belly wrapped up in a yellow leotard. As the girthy gut squeezed its way past the door, she saw that it belonged to a woman with short, brown hair. Taking a few steps back, she finally recognized the visitor as Big Bertha.

"Hey, haven't seen you in a long time," Doreen said, her smile genuine as she rushed over to give her friend and former partner in the Great Lake Avengers a hug. Though the embrace was appreciated, there was only so much of the large woman's body her tiny arms could hold onto. "What brings you over here?"

"Boredom honestly," Bertha replied as she scruffed up Squirrel Girl's hair. "There's not much for me to do ever since they labeled me as a "sideliner" hero."

Doreen immediately fell back into her depressed state. "You too, huh?"

"I'm used to it," the husky woman replied, waddling her way into the living room and taking up half of the couch with her wide rear. "People tend to forget how useful my beautiful body can be. But you being given that title makes me wonder if they've all gone insane. Especially when you've taken down threats as big as Dr. Doom."

"That was in my old universe," Doreen said, squeezing into what little free space remained on the couch. "Here, I'm just a nobody."

"Hey, don't be saying that," Bertha replied, placing a hand on her friend's shoulder. "Things may have changed a lot around us, but you're still the go-getter heroine that never gives up. You just need to find a way to adapt."

“That’s what I’ve always done in the past, but I doubt being clever with an army of squirrels will help now,” she said, reaching out to grab a bag of roasted nuts to snack on.

Glancing around the living room, Bertha noticed the piles of empty bags similar to the one Squirrel Girl was munching on. As subtly as possible, she looked down to see the pocket of belly fat peeking out from beneath her friend’s top. “Have you just been isolating yourself here and stuffing yourself?”

“Didn’t think there was much else to do,” Squirrel Girl answered with a shrug. “Hey, don’t start preaching to me about putting on weight.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Bertha replied, a sly grin on her face the only indicator of the brilliant scheme she had brewing in her mind.

The Avengers campus was as frantic and noisy as ever thanks to the mix of super powered beings that inhabited it. While most of them were busy either working on their training or preparing for missions, others were keen to spend their time enjoying the free food offered by the cafeteria. The same could be said for Squirrel Girl, albeit not entirely by her own free will.

Doreen subconsciously winced as she saw Bertha waddling towards her. The hefty woman’s arms were busy balancing a tower of food that was precariously perched on top of a tray. The sight wasn’t too uncommon for those that were aware of Bertha’s usual eating habits. However, the staggering amount of food wasn’t for her.

With a loud thud, Bertha placed the indulgent feast in front of her companion. “Come on now,” she said, pulling away from the feast after dousing it in a splatter of different condiments. “Your body still has a long way to go before we hit our next milestone.”

Knowing that it was fruitless to try and argue with her handler, Doreen begrudgingly picked up a fork and shoved it into the pile. Bringing a helping of meat and potatoes to her mouth, her buck teeth tried to hold back the overabundance of gravy. Unfortunately, she had yet to develop a way to prevent her food from spilling down her two chins to drizzle across her heavier chest. Moments before she dug into slices of ham, she made a futile attempt to clean off the leftover stains that littered her chubby belly. Scared off by the gurgle she heard from within her gut, she sat back down on her bubble butt and tried to get through the rest of the feast as carefully as possible.

“Come on, you’re eating like a snail,” Bertha commented as she watched her friend’s methodical eating. “You really need to crank up your speed. How else are you going to improve?”

Swallowing a mouthful of an overstuffed burrito, Squirrel Girl hazarded to turn towards her friend. “I still don’t fully understand how this is supposed to help me,” she said, squeezing her thick thighs together in an attempt to keep her body stable. “The only thing we succeeded in doing so far in making we weigh over 300 pounds.”

“You make it sound like that’s impressive,” Bertha replied, giving a slap to her much larger belly. “Trust me, once my training regimen is finished, you’ll be a frontline vanguard.”

Squirrel Girl’s ears twitched. “A vanguard? What do you mean by that?”

“It means that our teams will have a designated fool to act as a meat shield.”

The offhand comment made Doreen and Bertha turn towards the sound of high heeled shoes clacking against the floor. More bright crimson was shown in the gaudy dress and headgear adorning the woman’s maroon hair. The unsettling feeling of magic energy surrounding the woman identified her as Wanda, otherwise known as the Scarlet Witch. While Squirrel Girl

knew her as a noble heroine in her old universe, that unfortunately wasn't the case for this version.

"Do you seriously think that this," Scarlet Witch began as she gestured towards Doreen's chubby figure, "is the proper look for a hero?"

"It's a work in progress," Bertha defended.

"More like a complete disaster," the mystic "hero" said, stepping up to pinch Squirrel girl's belly fat. "How is this supposed to help you fight?"

"C-cut it out," Doreen stammered, trying to keep herself together to avoid letting something out. "Or else."

"Or else what?" Wanda asked back. "I doubt anything you can muster can match the power of my--"

A PHHHHHHRRRTTTT squeaked out of Squirrel Girl's pudgy backside. Though the release was small, it had repercussions in the bright red blush that it brought to its owner's cheeks. Scarlet Witch's reviled look at the expulsion was interrupted by a series of coughs as she reeled from the strongly powerful aroma. Seizing the opportunity, Bertha sent the spellcaster tumbling to the ground with a single kick of her fat foot.

"Bertha what are you UUUUURRPPP doing?" Doreen belched, far too anxious to hold back her gas bubbles.

"Giving you a chance to practice your new fighting technique," Bertha replied, gently tilting over Squirrel Girl's chair to send her flailing backwards.

Doreen's inevitable fall to the ground was a lot softer than expected. Though the obvious cause was due to her chubbier rear, there was an extra layer separating her from the hard ground.

Looking over her shoulder and shifting her tail to the side, she realized that her ass was planted right on top of Scarlet Witch's face.

Before Squirrel Girl could even attempt to apologize, as light press into her mid-section from Bertha was enough to bring out a rumbling BRRRAAAAAAPPPP. Under the duress of the much stronger release, Wanda let out a series of muffled curses. Her string of insults ended up being her downfall as she was forced to take in the aroma of rotten meat down her throat. The smell was enough to keep the witch pacified for the moment, giving Doreen time to try and figure out what was going on.

"Hmm, still pretty weak," Bertha commented. "I think you need to really push it."

"What the hell are you UUUURPPP thinking?" Squirrel Girl asked.

"I'm thinking that my idea was right," the large woman replied. "We're leagues behind Scarlet Witch's abilities. Despite that, you've got her pinned to the ground sucking on your gas. Let's give her another dose."

Nervous, but urged on by Bertha's expectant face, Doreen attempted to unleash the storm brewing inside of her belly. Unfortunately, years of being polite kept her from unleashing her full potential. Though she did manage to release a few puffs of gas, they only managed to make Scarlet Witch progressively angrier.

"No, no," Bertha said, picking Squirrel Girl up by her arms. "Let me show you how to really do it."

"I swear, when I get out of here, you two will know the full wrath of my--"

Scarlet Witch let out a forced gasp as the full weight of Big Bertha slammed down on her. Wobbling her ass cheeks back and forth, the hefty hero managed to sink Wanda deep inside of

her butt crack. Once everything was in place, she gave Squirrel Girl a sinister grin before she gave her own gut a hearty slap.

The single press was enough to summon forth from Bertha's bowls a reverberating BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP. The fart easily dwarfed anything Doreen had managed in terms of both power and smell. Tremors that sent the large woman's flab into a shaking fit looked to be rattling Scarlet Witch's every bones. Any attempts for Bertha's victim to curse or fight back was undone by the powerful aroma that overwhelmed her nostrils and mouth. Only ending her barrage of butt slams and gas when she no longer felt movement from below, Bertha kept up her smile as she heaved herself into a standing position.

"Is she dead?" Squirrel Girl asked, hanging over Wanda's body.

"No, just unconscious," Bertha replied, her claim proven true as a puff of regurgitated flatulence rose up from the Scarlet Witch's mouth. "In any case, I think I've proved my point."

"And then some," Doreen said, unable to contain the sheer awe of the display. "Are you saying that I'll be able to do that too?"

"Only if you follow my training plan," Bertha said, gesturing towards the unfinished pile of food. "Aside from bulking you up, we're definitely going to need to find you a sparring partner of some kind. Maybe my old pal Mr. Immortal would be willing to lend a hand."

"Nah," Doreen said, her already shoveling food into her mouth. "Don't want to do that to a BWOOOOOORRRPPP friend. Best to do it to someone just as rotten as her," she added, gesturing towards the unconscious Scarlet Witch with her fork before diving back into the feast.

The residents of Shin-Shibuya were used to seeing super heroes partaking in the various eateries. However, the presence of Bertha's heavy body inhabiting the booth at a ramen restaurant was something else entirely. The large woman was content to ignore the crowd staring at her as she ate through her 12th bowl of the evening. She had to eat fast if she wanted to fill up her gut before she was beaten by her newfound rival and training partner.

Though Squirrel Girl was still the smaller of the two at a mere 600 pounds, she was trying her hardest to gain that extra bit of weight. Still waiting for a properly sized version of her outfit, she had borrowed one of Bertha's costumes for the evening in order to remain somewhat modest. Unfortunately, even the extra-large leotard did little in obscuring the fuzzy heroine's recent gains.

An obvious issue was how Doreen's tail sticking out of the back of the costume strained the fabric that was already struggling to contain her chunky rear. The front of her outfit wasn't doing any better, with each movement required for her pudgy limbs to grab more food threatening to unleash the flab rolls making up her doughy gut. Settling in her seat with several bowls positioned in front of her, she freely let droplets of broth slip down her three chins to spill across her melon-like breasts as she slurped up the delicious meal.

"So are you treating or BWOOOOOOORRRPPP me this time?" Squirrel Girl asked.

"Me obviously," Bertha replied, her time spent with her gassy companion giving her some resistance to the constant outbursts. "You really saved my ass during that last mission."

Squirrel Girl took over the conversation with a blubbery BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from her own ass. "Come on, you have to let me get this one. I've already had so many heroes BWOOOOOOOUUUURRRPP gift me food."

“That’s to be expected,” Bertha said, offering up one of her bowls of ramen to her friend.

“You’ve been on a hot streak ever since you took my training to heart.”

“You’ve been doing pretty well UUUUURRPPP yourself. At least you can hold yours in.”

With a smirk, Bertha gave a slap to her gut to produce a prolonged PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her own, thick rear. “True, but what I have in control, you more than make up for with your power. It’s still unbelievable that you were able to take down threats like Dracula and Ultron.”

“Dracula was pretty easy,” Squirrel Girl replied, modestly scratching the back of her head with her pudgy fingers. “He may be un-OOOOUUUURRRP-dead, but he still has a sense of smell.”

“How do you explain beating Ultron BWOOOOORRPP then?” Bertha asked, pausing to wipe her face clean.

“Sure he didn’t have a nose, but it was nothing a few hard bumps of my UUUUURRPPP ass couldn’t fix,” Squirrel Girl proclaimed, proudly giving her buttocks a smack to produce another rumbling fart. “Although, I am still a bit worried about that mission.”

“What do you mean?” Bertha asked, waving over the servers for another round of ramen. Though they were hesitant to enter the range of the pair’s gas, a quick grab from her wallet was enough to convince them to brave the danger.

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad I beat Ultron,” Doreen began, letting slip a PHHHRRRRTTTT as she leaned back in her seat. “But I’m concerned that we never found his minions.”

“You’ve got nothing to worry about,” Bertha said, eagerly accepting six more bowls from the employees. “It’s not like anyone can do anything with those buckets of bolts. They’re only really a threat if they’re controlled by someone with incredible-“

“BREAKING NEWS,” proclaimed the reporter on the nearby television. “We now go live to a broadcast from a former hero turned into a vengeful villain.”

The next shot displayed a grand throne room adorned in red rubies. Lined up in a straight line were the drones that had gone missing during the attack on Ultron. The machines’ red glare stayed locked onto the camera as their arms gestured towards Scarlet Witch sitting on her throne.

“Attention people of the multi-verse,” Wanda began. “I am here to right past wrong perpetuated by those who feel like they can extend beyond their station. In two weeks’ time, I intend to wipe from all reality the heroes and villains who do not deserve to be remembered. Unless...”

With a snap of her fingers, Scarlet Witch zoomed the camera close to her face. “The blob of gas who humiliated me so comes to face me. It will be oh so satisfying to show you where you truly belong before you are erased from reality.”

As the broadcast abruptly ended, Squirrel Girl dropped her bowl and erratically scratched at her head. “Oh BWOOOOOORPP nuts,” she said. “I didn’t intend to embarrass her into becoming a super villain. It’s not my fault so many people were recording in the cafeteria that day.”

“Hey, you have nothing to be sorry about,” Bertha said, letting a PHHHHRRRTTT slip out as she leaned forward to put a hand on Doreen’s shoulder. “If that’s all it took for Scarlet Witch to turn evil, than we’re better off knocking her down a peg anyway.”

“What are we going to do?” Squirrel Girl asked, her answer coming as Bertha shoved a bowl closer to her.

“We keep building up our bodies and gas,” Bertha answered, receiving an eager nod from Doreen before they slurped up the last of their current servings. “Hey waiter, we need another round of ramen if we want to take down Scarlet Witch.”

“Sorry, but you two completely emptied out our kitchen,” the owner called back.

“No worries,” Squirrel Girl said, slurping down her last bowl before squeezing out of the booth. “There are plenty of other places around here we can use to train for our BWOOOOOORRPP battle.”

“That’s the UUUURRPP spirit,” Bertha said, leaving behind a sizable tip and one more emptied bowl as she heaved herself up.

As the pair of women waddled away, a set of weary hands rose up from where they had been sitting. While the Invisible Woman had managed to shield off some of Bertha’s gas and girth with her barriers, her husband wasn’t so lucky. Stuck in a stretched out form thanks to Squirrel Girl’s ass, Mr. Fantastic only needed to get a whiff of the lingering gas before he fell unconscious once more.

“An intruder has breached the outer walls of the castle,” the Ultron drone reported to Scarlet Witch.

“Hmm, I would have hoped that Dracula’s old home would prove to be a more formidable fortress,” she replied, waving about her hands to summon forth a collection of

screens. Gettings visuals on her attacker brought a smile to her face. “Thankfully, I don’t think we have much to worry about with this one.”

Thanks to two full weeks of binging, Doreen had managed to surpass the 1000 pound mark and then some. Each labored step threatened to pop apart the re-sized version of her outfit that looked painted onto her body. When she had received the costume, it was under the premise that it would be able to accommodate her recent gains. However, no one could have predicted just how far she would take her new role as a vanguard of girth and gas.

With a lunge of the doughy belly sticking out from her exposed mid-section, Squirrel Girl managed to bust down the outer door. Though she managed to bring most of her body to a halt, the message didn’t reach her meaty mammaries until they nearly popped out of her top. Stopping for a moment to dig out her short from her elephantine ass cheeks, she turned her gaze towards the many robots that were coming towards her. In response, she showed off her buck teeth in a wide grin.

Using her tail to propel herself forward, Doreen managed to crash through the initial group of drones. In the wake of her assault, any robots that were left standing were sent tumbling to the floor as they were beaten back by her gut. Once the drones were brought down to the floor, their destruction was assured as she used her full weight to slam her ass on top of them.

“Impressive,” Scarlet Witch commented, “but you will need more than your obesity to get through my legion.”

With a snap of her fingers, Wanda summoned forth another horde of drones to surround Squirrel Girl. Outnumbered, the fattened up heroine showed surprising dexterity as she dodged numerous laser blasts. Through all of this, her gut was constantly shaking around like a sack of

overstuffed gelatin. Her efforts resulted in a blubbery BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP that momentarily deafened Scarlet Witch over the speaker.

“Your disgusting display won’t do much to them,” the villainess commented. “Robots cannot be affected by your atrocious fumes. That leaves you defenseless against their-“

Scarlet Witch was left silent as she watched a blob of yellow shoot across the screen. Knocking through the drones like a runaway truck, Big Bertha steadied herself to keep herself standing. Much like Squirrel Girl, she had put on extra layers of fat in order to prepare for the battle. However, she was the smaller of the two at a meager 975 pounds.

“Thanks for BWOOOOOORPPP coming,” Doreen belched out.

“No UUUUUUURRRPPPPP problem,” Bertha replied as she set her sights on the encroaching robots. “Now let’s show them what us rejects can BOOOOUUURRRP do.”

Using each other for momentum, the two blobby women proceeded to ricochet throughout the room. While the gas that slipped from their mouths and rears didn’t do any physical damage to the drones, the sound that echoed through Scarlet Witch’s throne room made the sight of her army getting turned into scrap metal that much harder to watch. Left with a pile of crushed and squashed robots beneath them, the two heroines were left sweaty, but more than eager to keep up the fight.

“Struggle all you want,” Scarlet Witch declared, snapping her fingers to bring out more drones. “There is no way a pair of flabby glaciers like them will ever make it to my throne room before I cast my spell.”

“Hey Bertha,” Squirrel Girl said, forcing herself to pause under the duress of a blubbery PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT flailing about her tail. “I’m going to take down the crazy UUUURPPP lady. Think you can handle the rest here?”

“You can BWOOOORRPP count on-“

While the rest of Bertha’s reply was drowned out by a thunderous fart propelling her forward, the act of her barreling through the group of drones gave Doreen her answer.

“Let’s speed things UUUURRPPP,” Squirrel Girl commented as she stared down the imposing corridor. “I can already hear my couch and a box of frozen BOOUUURRRP burritos calling my name.”

Giving a hefty smack to her belly, the slobby squirrel woman managed to create a belch that rocked the foundation of the castles. The earth shaking expulsion was followed by what sounded like a herd of fearsome creatures storming through the front gates. While that was partially true, the ensuing flood of squirrels that came charging forth was a shock to the witch. Even more so when they managed to lift up their leader and rush her towards the innermost sanctum of the castle.

“FINE!” Scarlet Witch shouted, shutting off the screens with a wave of her hand. “If that slob of a woman wants a fight, then I’ll give her one.” As intimidating as she tried to appear, the whiff of something awful that seeped into her throne room made a shudder go down her spine.

With a powerful crack, Squirrel Girl and her legion of furry friends came charging into the throne room. With bits of rubble mixed between her sweaty fat folds, she heralded her arrival with an echoing BWOOOOOOORRRPPP. Using up all of their strength, the rodents sent their lardy leader speeding through the air.

Seeing the living cannonball flying her way, Wanda quickly cast a spell at the last minute to get out of the way. Teleporting to the other side of the room, she watched Squirrel Girl make an unbelievable landing with her thick legs. Waiting until her allies were able to get away from

her backside, Doreen unleashed a rumbling PHHHRRRRRTTTTT as she wiped the sweat from her brow.

“You guys take BWOOOOORPPP five,” Doreen called out, the squirrels rushing out of the room in response. “They’re getting used to my body’s quirks, but it might be a while before they can handle my full UUUUURRPPP stench.”

Glaring at her rival’s buck toothed grin, Scarlet Witch held up one of her glowing hands. “They won’t get the chance!”

While Squirrel Girls’ body was exhausted, her tail was still able to act on instinct. As the witch’s orb of destruction careened towards its master, the added limb slammed itself against the floor. Springing up into the air, Doreen watched as the attack sped off through the room dissolve a hole into one of the walls. The moment she took to watch the leftover destruction, was also time spent making the villainess seethe with anger.

“NO!” Scarlet Witch shouted as she clenched her fingers. “I will not be made a fool by a loathsome nobody like you again.”

Landing to the ground with a room shaking thud, the tremors that traveled up through Squirrel Girl’s body helped to relieve her of her outer layer of perspiration and rile up her digestion. “Don’t know if you’ve BWOOOOORRPP noticed,” she said, swiveling herself around to stare down Wanda. “But us so called nobodies just broke through all of your robots and OOOOUUUURRPP walls. Better surrender now before you look even UUUURRRPP dumber.”

“Never,” Scarlet Witch muttered aloud as she raised her body into the air. “You will not win this day.” The red glow around her hands became more intense as her body was overcome with rage. “You will NEVER seize victory, nor a single one of my thoughts ever again,” she

continued as she hovered in the center of her throne room. “I am going to erase that disgusting body of yours from existence here and now!”

With her hands held aloft, Scarlet Witch began to take the necessary steps to cast her dreaded spell. The powerful alteration to reality required her utmost concentration. That was made even more difficult as the gassy belches of her enemy made their way up to her face. Though she tried to focus, the aroma that assaulted her nostrils kept eating away at her attention. Closing her eyes, she tried shutting out all other distractions to rid herself of the woman who had been at the center of her mind for far too long.

Wanda was forced to look as she heard an erupting BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP from below. Tilting her head down, she watched in horror as Squirrel Girl flung herself into the air once more. Stuck mid-cast of her spell, there was little she could do as the ball of gas and fat came careening towards her.

“That’s BWOOOOOOORPP enough out of you,” Doreen said, clutching Scarlet Witch with her pudgy limbs as they tumbled to the ground together.

Upon hitting the floor, neither of the women were harmed thanks to Squirrel Girl’s girth. However, the lingering tremors that jiggled through the slobby woman’s body kept Scarlet Witch stunned. Unable to move, there was little the villainess could do as she was laid out into the recently created crater. Slowly lifting up her head, she only had a moment to stare at Doreen’s chunky rear before it came slamming down on her face.

“Didn’t think I was letting you off that easy UUUUURPPP huh?” Squirrel Girl asked as she raised her backside.

The sound of Wanda’s scream became muffled as she was subjected to another intense slam of her rival’s ass cheeks. Though Squirrel Girl had intended to use this as a form of

punishment, she found the sensation of getting to squash and press up against the much tinier woman strangely alluring. It was something that had always lingered in the back of her mind that there was more enjoyment to be had with her big and bubble-filled body. Hearing her surplus of gas get riled up after a few more slams, she decided to see just how much she would enjoy righteous vengeance on the one who thought so little of her and her friends.

Squirrel Girl's butt slams came to a pause as she gave a hearty slap to her gut. The well-practiced movement helped to summon forth a storm inside of her gut. Clenching her teeth, she lifted up her tail to resemble more of a skunk than a squirrel as she unloaded everything she had on Scarlet Witch with a thunderous BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP.

The nuke of a fart was followed by another, prolonged PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT that seemed intent to let out all of the reserves Squirrel Girl had been saving up for this occasion. The barely conscious Scarlet Witch was forced to take it all in as her nostrils burned with a stench akin to rotting fruits and nuts. The constant vibrations of the massive rear were enough to make her skull rattle in unison with her tormentor's flabby body.

Wanda's punishment hit its peak as a momentary adjustment of Doreen's mass put her lips right against the puffed up, well-used anus. Mouth forced open by the sheer force of the bombardment; she ended up swallowing a torrent of flatulence. Once the fumes were finished filling up the witch's lungs, they spread out to any possible open space in her body that they could find. Much to her shock, a momentary rise of Squirrel Girl's body revealed a small bump in her mid-section. The swelling was swiftly remedied as the rear came slamming back down again to force the gas back out through a belch rolling up the villainess's throat.

Squirrel Girl giggled as she felt the regurgitated fart tickle against her. When her laughter dissipated, she paused as she no longer felt any struggling or even breath from below her.

Curious, she heaved herself up and looked down at her victim. The relief she felt at seeing the very slow rise and fall of the witch's face was overcome by confusion as she stared at Wanda's face.

"S-stupid, sloppy squirrel UUUURPP woman," Scarlet Witch belched from her flushed cheeks. "Why must I... desire...you..."

Scarlet Witch's voice trailed off as she fell into a deep slumber. Unsure of what to do with this new knowledge, Squirrel Girl let a lingering puff of gas slip out of her rear as she heard heavy stomps running towards her. Turning around her, she spotted Bertha waddling into the room with an entourage of squirrels following from a safe distance.

"Wow, you really did it," Bertha said, stomping her way over to the Scarlet Witch.

Squirrel Girl smirked. "Was there every any doubt?"

"Not with all the BWOORRPP training we went through," Bertha replied, looking over the fallen villainess. "Well, let's get her tied up and hand her over to the Avengers. They should know how to handle her."

"Actually," Doreen began, slumping the unconscious woman over her shoulder, "let's bring her back to the treehouse. I don't think I'm quite done punishing her yet," she said as she waddled forward, confident in her new title as the Unfathomable Slob Squirrel Girl.