

Wonder Bra

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Submitted: May 22, 2003

Updated: May 22, 2003

Little Bra has hitten her head and now thinks she a super hero!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/KawaiiAmethyst/20/Wonder-Bra>

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WONDER BRA!!!

PROLOGUE:

Bulma Briefs had gone on a weekend long conference overseas, leaving her psychotic husband and son to take care of her daughter, Bra.

While Bra's father trained, and her brother checked out chicks with Goten, she decided to play "superhero" around her mother's equipment. Playing around with some buttons, she inadvertently activated a machine. Before she knew it, a mechanical hand had whacked her in the head.

After an hour, her father, who rushed her to the emergency ward, found her.

Bra received minor brain damage, but she was OK. Vegeta and Trunks, terrified to let Bulma find out they weren't properly caring for her, decided to let nobody know what had taken place.

As moonlight shot through Bra's hospital window, her eyes began to flicker. She meekly sat up, and looked out the window, glimpsing the city lights.

Bra grinned. "The world is not safe."

{ WON – DER BRA ~ BA – BUUM !!! }

"WHERE THE HELL IS MY DAUGHTER?!" Demanded Vegeta, shaking a doctor violently.

The doctor's eyes rolled to the back of his head. "In her room, sir." The doctor fainted.

Trunks nervously bit his nails. "Uh, no she isn't. Oh, God. Oh, God! Mum. She'll kill us. We'll get the blame. We're doomed. Doomed I tell ya!"

Vegeta threw the doctor against the nearest wall. "Shut up! Shut up! She couldn't have gone far. She's only five. Bra can't even fly."

"Right," confirmed Trunks, brightening a little. "It shouldn't take long. After all, it's Bra."

The two gave each other nervous looks, before flying through the nearest open window.

A blue sheet flapped in the wind. It was tied around the most awesome and coolest superhero the world had ever seen – Wonder Bra!

Wonder Bra stood atop a tall building. She wore her "Gloves of Glory" (a pair of washing gloves), her "Dress of Destiny" (her frilly nightgown), a "Cape of Crusaders" (a blue bed sheet), and "Boots of Bounciness" (the boots she wore when she was rushed to hospital).

Along for the ride was her trusty sidekick, Wonder Joy! Her life-long stuffed bear companion, given to her on her second birthday by her father at a circus when he'd punched a clown who was annoying her, and ruining the carnies' business. With Wonder Joy by her side, Wonder Bra could right all the wrongs in the world!

But where to begin...

"Aaaaaagh!" Cried a girl in distress. "Give me back my ball!"

Wonder Bra peered down over the streets, and spotted a girl her age crying, while an older boy laughed.

Wonder Bra growled. She grabbed Wonder Joy, and took flight off the building...

Trunks and Vegeta frantically flew through the air. They scanned the many crowds of insignificant Humans.

"I somehow thought this'd be easier," sighed Trunks.

Vegeta frowned. "This is useless. Bra's obviously blended in somehow, or hiding somewhere."

"Then what do you suggest, O Great One?"

Trunks felt a scratch on his cheek. A low ki blast had been fired at him. Trunks angrily eyed his father.

Vegeta scolded, "Don't get smart with me, brat. Now: Land. We will ask people if they've seen her."

Trunks began to laugh to himself.

Vegeta growled. "What do you think you are laughing at?!"

Amused, Trunks shook his head. "Sorry, Dad. I was just thinking about your People Skills. This should be interesting."

"I want my ball back," sobbed a little girl, while an older boy waved it in front of her mockingly.

He cackled. "Oh, poor baby. He-he! What a loser—"

Suddenly he was on the ground. The ball rolled toward the girl, who was both devastated and delighted.

After picking up the ball, she smiled at Wonder Bra, who had bravely landed on the mean boy.

"Thank you, miss," she giggled.

Wonder Bra proudly grinned. "That is OK, young citizen. It's all in a day's work for — Ba-Bum-Ba! — Wonder Bra!"

The awesome hero bowed to her, and dashed off.

"Isn't a wonder bra a —"

"Have you seen Bra?" Trunks asked a policeman. "She's five, and has blue-green hair."

The policeman shook his head. "Sorry, Trunks."

Vegeta had a group of school kids pinned to a wall. They all shook with terror, huddling together.

"Listen, brats!" He calmly commanded. "I know you attend Bra's school, so you'd BETTER tell me where she is!"

"We haven't seen her since Fr-Friday," one boy spoke up.

Vegeta blasted a trashcan in anger. "Fine. Go. If you see her, tell her to go home. GOT IT!"

"YES, SIR!" They all ran off.

Trunks glumly walked over to Vegeta. "Dad, I've had no luck. What about you?"

"Clearly I haven't either. Moron."

Trunks folded his arms, ignoring the insult. "We'd better try the mall next."

Vegeta felt slightly ill. "I despise that place. So many weak Humans — and I can't even waste them."

"Hi, guys!" Greeted Krillin, #18 and Marron.

Vegeta and Trunks spun around. "Yeah, hi," they mumbled.

Marron noticed Bra was missing. "Hey, where's Bra? I thought she was with you two this weekend."

"She's at her grandparents" Vegeta said quickly.

"She's at the park," Trunks said at the same time.

Krillin, #18 and Marron eyed them suspiciously. The two began to become nervous and agitated.

"Well, it's been great talking to you, but we've got to go. Bye!"

Vegeta and Trunks raced away. All Krillin, #18 and Marron could do was stare toward their direction in utter confusion.

Wonder Bra and her trusty side kick, Wonder Joy, triumphantly strode down the street. Everywhere she went, people stared at her in awe.

"Wonder Joy," she said, holding her bear out, "we must go to the mall!"

Wonder Joy squeaked as she pressed him.

"That's right! It's the center of the city's troubles. Uh, plus there's that toy sale. Come, so we may conquer! Lead on!"

{ WON – DER BRA ~ BA – BUUM !!!! }

Half an hour later, Wonder Bra and Wonder Joy arrived at the busy and crime-infested mall.

“Never fear!” She called out dramatically. “Wonder Bra is here!”

A woman pushing a pram stopped in front of her. “No, dear. They’re over there.”

“Huh?”

Wonder Bra began to stride down the mall. Everything seemed to be in perfect order. She began to become annoyed.

Suddenly, she spotted the evil Yamcha and Puar. They were flicking through magazines. What were they up to? Was it another fiendish plot to steal her mummy away? Did Puar have fleas? Only one way to find out.

Wonder Bra began to walk toward them, when –

“You’ll never catch me, coppers!”

Oh no! A hand swooped down and caught up Wonder Bra. Wonder Joy fell from her grasp. Surprised onlookers stared and screamed as Wonder Bra was hauled away by an overweight, goofy clown in velvet, wielding a gun and sling bag.

Wonder Bra kicked and yelled. “Unhand me, foul beast!” But to no avail.

“Is this the disastrous, unfortunate end to...Ba- Buum – Wonder Bra?!” Wonder Bra called out to the sky.

“The mall,” cringed Vegeta, looking on in disgust at the busy, weak Humans and their havens of female sanctuaries.

Trunks shrugged. “So what?”

“SO WHAT?!” He shrieked. Vegeta began to shake in terror, as he had flashes of savage women pushing, biting, kicking, and punching; doing whatever it took. And that was only to get through the door of the department store first. Bulma had victoriously shoved her opponents out of the way. What took place inside the sale, he couldn’t bear to remember.

He was only awoken from his state by the sound of sirens.

“What’s going on?” He demanded.

“Didn’t you hear,” replied Yamcha.

Vegeta and Trunks hadn’t realized they were there. “Hear what?” Vegeta barked out.

“Bra was kidnapped by a clown that just robbed the local bank,” Yamcha replied with an amused grin.

Trunks gasped. “Oh no! That poor clown. We’ve got to get Bra back before she sends him to the loony bin. Yo, Yamchowder, what direction did they go?”

Yamcha frowned. “Very funny. He took her to that cleverly convenient abandoned amusement park.”

Vegeta and Trunks flew off in a blur.

“What a couple of head cases,” commented Puar dryly.

{ WON – DER BRA ~ BA – BUUM !!!! }

“Where have you taken me, foul evil doer?” Demanded Wonder Bra indignantly.

Our brave and trusty hero was rudely blindfolded, and tied to a chair with uncomfortable, icky rope. She couldn’t quite figure out her bearings, but there was an odor close by worse than her mother’s cooking. She assumed it was her capture.

“Answer me NOW!”

“Excuse me, Wonder Girl,” he said rather sarcastically, “but I’m trying to count my loot.”

Wonder Bra growled. “I am NOT Wonder Girl. She’s just a cheap imitation. For I am bum-bum-bum...Wonder Bra!!!”

“Yeah, that’s very cute little girl. Hey, what’s your home number. I should probably set a ransom or something. Say, a hundred grand.”

Wonder Bra was indeed insulted. “A hundred grand! I’m worth more than that you creep! Do you know who my parents are? DO YOU!”

The clown sighed; he didn’t seem impressed by her. “Let me guess: Wonder Knickers and Wonder Boxers.”

“Very cute. NO. I belong to the Briefs family, and my father Vegeta is the Prince of the –“
“VEGETA!”

“You didn’t let me finish!”

“The shmuck who got me fired from my job? The guy who sent my life spinning into a vortex of misery? The one who destroyed my nose beyond repair?”

Wonder Bra shrugged. “Yeah, that sounds like him. Hey, wait a minute. You’re that clown? Aren’t you? Cool. How’ve you been?”

“HOW HAVE I BEEN?” He cried out. “I’ll tell you how I’ve been. It all began –“

Wonder Bra sighed. “Oh, great, it’s one of those stories.”

“It all began one pleasant evening. I was at the carnival entertaining little kids (stealing candy to sell to other naïve kids), and doing my part to round up business for the carnival (promising free booze if people bought tickets), when out of the corner of my eye I see a happy father and daughter (Vegeta being dragged around by Bra) who I decide to make their trip even more fun (decided to steal Bra for ransom)…”

Wonder Bra laughed. “Oh, I know this part. You followed us around all over the place. My dad gave you a lot of warnings. But you went too far, and he punched you.” Wonder Bra happily sighed. “That’s the day I received Wonder Joy.”

“With no job,” he continued, “I had to dabble in other things, like (shivering) birthday parties and retirement home banquets. A clown can only take so much! But now...oh, yes, now,...I’ve hit the jackpot.”

Wonder Bra couldn’t believe what she was hearing. I mean. Was she a superhero or a common damsel in distress? Meanwhile, that rope was giving her blisters. Gross.

Out of nowhere, Wonder Bra heard a loud crash. The clown began loading something (or getting out a tic-tac).

“What a dorky outfit,” laughed a familiar voice. Trunks! “Where’d you buy that? K-MART?”

“Let go of my brat or die,” stated another, harsher voice. Daddy!

Wonder Bra felt her ropes being loosened. Her weight was lifted up. But into marshmallowy arms.

“I don’t think so,” the rude clown laughed. Wonder Bra felt cold steal against her forehead. “Unless you’d like her in a doggy bag.”

Oh no! The evil, evil doer began running off with our favorite superhero!

“That jerk,” sneered Trunks. He and Vegeta were flying through the air, following Bra and her kidnapper.

“Why don’t we just ki blast him and take Bra?” Asked Trunks.

Vegeta rolled his eyes. “And you claim to be of high intelligence? If we blast him, we could get Bra. Would you want that?”

Trunks began to think about that prospect. “Hmmm, probably not. If she’d die I’d have to waste a precious hour at her funeral.”

The clown made his way out of the park, and into the city. It was peculiar that a scene wasn’t made. It wasn’t like the gun was concealed. Slowly, the wretched clown high tailed it into an office building.

Vegeta and trunks smirked. “We’ve got him.”

“Unhand me or I’ll use my superpowers on you!” Screamed Wonder Bra. As she was carried (still blindfolded) by the corrupt clown.

“Oh, yeah?” He barked out. “Well your Poison Breath is making me faint.”

Wonder Bra frowned. “There is NOTHING wrong with my breath. It is minty fresh, thank-you very much!”

Her head bobbed around as he began to run upstairs. Where was she? Where was her family? And what was up with that BO? Hadn’t he ever heard of deodorant?

Vegeta and Trunks awaited the clown on top of the building. And how did they know? Oh, come on. Classic suspense. The criminal ALWAYS goes to the top of the building. Watch some TV.

“Hey, Dad. How much longer do you think it’ll be?”

Vegeta replied, “Oh, yeah, I’d know.”

Right on cue, the clown and Bra popped out of the roof door. He gasped, as he laid eyes on Vegeta and Trunks. “Curse you both!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. You lost. Get over it,” urged Trunks. “Now hand over my sister and you’ll only mildly get hurt.”

The clown looked to them, then to Bra, then to the roof’s edge. He smirked, and thought to himself. ‘It’s not like I’ve got much to live for.’

Without any thought, the clown ran and hurled himself over the edge. Trunks and Vegeta raced to the edge and watched in horror as Bra plummeted to her death.

“Yamcha!” Shrieked Puar. “Is that a pornographic magazine?!”

Yamcha nervously giggled. “Oh, I swear, it’s only to read the articles!”

Puar perkily smiled. “OK!”

“Aaaaaaaaaggghhhhh!!!!!!” Two screams deafened their ears. Then...BBBBAAAAAMMMMM!!!

A crowd gathered around them. Wonder Bra had landed right on top of Puar, breaking her fall. Puar’s eyes spun around her head. As for Yamcha...well...he broke the clown’s fall, injuring every bone in his back. He moaned in pain, and kinda squirmed.

The clown received fifty years of community service, becoming one of those clowns you dunk balls in. Wonder Bra completely forgot the escapade, and was happily reunited with (Wonder) Joy. The only thing left was to face Bulma. Eeek!

Vegeta, Trunks, Bra and Joy awaited Bulma’s arrival at the airport. The boys were feeling nervous, incase Bra’s little adventure had made it into any newspapers.

They helped Bulma with her luggage. She so far didn’t seem to make any comments. All was great. Until...

“Hey, guys, did you have a WONDERFUL weekend? Because I had a WONDERFUL conference.”

Trunks bit his lip. “Oh, she’s sure saying wonderful a lot. What’s up with that?”

“Oh, yes. WONDERS never cease.”

“She knows!” Shrieked Vegeta.

“That’s right. Vegeta, expect a headache for a year. Trunks, don’t ever think you’re ever going on another date until you’re seventy. And as for you, Wonder Bra, you’ll have to be my taste-tester for all my latest concoctions.” The three fell to the ground, screaming.

Bulma smiled. “How wonderful.”

THE END! Or is it?