

Chapter 10



Danger Cat rushed into Grimmlord's room only to find it-- empty. A breeze blew in through a huge hole in the wall, and debris littered the floor. "What the hell happened here?"

Danger Cat powered up her Justice Collective communicator. "Anybody out there?" She said. "Anybody?"

"Pronto, here. What's up?"

"Grimmlord's been kidnapped."

"You sure she didn't just run off? I mean, being all hormonal...?"

"No. Based on the evidence I'm looking at, he was kidnapped by persons unknown."

"Would I be violating your social norms to interject?" Simulata said.

"Interject," Danger Cat said.

"Go for it," Pronto added.

"Grimmlord's kidnapper is not a person unknown. I am aware of their identity."

There was a pause.

"Not again," Pronto said.

"Tell us."

"Ha. Ha. I am engaging in the creation of suspense."

"TELL US."

"It was Apex. He is now flying with her through the sky, cradling her in his arms much as you might see on the cover of a novel residing in the romance category."

"Apex?" Pronto and Danger Cat said in unison.

"He was supposed to protect him," Pronto said. "And where is Spellbinder?"

"Locating," Simulata said. "Unconscious on a ledge near Mount Fang."

"I don't even know what to think anymore," Danger Cat said, sitting down on the bed."

"Based on his trajectory, I believe Apex is carrying Grimmlord to Serenity Center."

"His fortress? On the South Pole?"

"Unless there is another Serenity Center I have not heard of, yes."

"Apex," Danger Cat said into her communicator. "Apex. Please respond. Looking for information on what the hell you're doing."

All she heard through the receiver was the crackle of static.

"So, what do we do now?" Pronto said.

"I'm going to go find Spellbinder and make sure she's okay," Danger Cat said. "You two keep trying to contact Apex-- and get that machine ready."

With that, Danger Cat jumped into the tube and whizzed down to the Cat Cave, where the Cat Car waited, already revved up and ready to go.

Apex flew into the great bay doors of Serenity Central, and he set Grimmlord down. Grimmlord wobbled on his heels and fell against Apex, who threw a mainly arm around his slender waist and supported him. "You okay?" Apex asked.

"Yes," Grimmlord said, staring up at him. Being carried, held, supported.... Oh. The feelings all returned, that desperate need to be taken by this man, ravished. And yet, what was still Grimmlord within this slender frame rebelled. He was a man, and he and Apex had been friends, sometimes even rivals for the same female. Could he now surrender himself to Apex? It would forever change their relationship. Grimmlord still had expectations of recovering his manhood, and if they slept together now, things would no doubt be awkward between them.

Ah, but the longings of this soft body, the stirrings of his waking womanhood, they did not care for the future at all, but only the carnal need for this man.

"Come," Apex said, taking Grimmlord's soft little hand in his own.



Having his hand held sent another tremor of delight through Grimmlord, as did having this man lead him. Apex led him to a den like area with chairs, a couch, a fireplace. Grimmlord assessed it with female eyes; tasteful, masculine, an understated display of wealth. It was a man's room, but one that had room for a woman. His heart fluttered. As Apex stepped over to the fireplace to turn on the gas fire, Grimmlord became aware of his state of undress, and he self-consciously threw one slender arm across his breasts, while reaching down with the other to cover the little triangle of black fabric between his legs, and the sight of his sex, only half-hidden by the lacy fabric.

Once Apex had lit the fire, he turned, and seeing Grimmlord standing there in his lace and

panties, having adopted such a sweetly feminine pose, sent a bolt of desire through him that only intensified as his eyes drifted from Grimmlord's soft features, to his little, round shoulders, the swell of his firm breasts lifted and pushed together by his little bra, his flat, taught belly, the tiny waist and dramatic hips, all the way down his long, shapely legs to the hobbling heels on his little feet.

Grimmlord felt his skin tingle as Apex let his eyes caress the former male's bright, smooth skin. He moved his hands from the defensive position and without even thinking took on a more feminine, submissive pose.

"You're gorgeous," Apex said.

Grimmlord, feeling himself overcome with need, started to turn away, but Apex stopped him. "No. Stay right there. Just like that."

A smile spread across Grimmlord's face. "Okay," he said in that softer, higher voice, the one he couldn't help but use with this man among men.

Apex once more let his eyes play over Grimmlord's feminine flesh. Grimmlord felt pretty, perfect, even powerful in a way he'd never experienced power before, because this man worshipped him, adored him, needed him as woman, and he felt a surge of pride in his desirability.

Finally, Apex strode across the room, gathered Grimmlord into his arms and kissed him like he'd never been kissed before-- the kiss slammed into him like a freight train, all force and mastery and hot, salty tongue, and Grimmlord surrendered to it, sighing with his whole body, collapsing into Apex, utterly defeated and loving it.

Grimmlord held Apex' fingers on his back, searching for and finding the hooks of his bra, masterfully detaching them. "He's done that a few times," Grimmlord thought. When the kiss ended, Apex slipped the bra from Grimmlord's little arms, tossing it across the room, and feeling his breasts sway free, and then crushed against Apex' hard, bare chest-- Grimmlord hadn't even noticed Apex undress-- sent another and greater wave of need. Grimmlord curled his toes, probed Apex hard, rigid muscles with his hands, pressed his breasts into Apex chest, his whole body now screaming with need and desire-- take me. Take me.

Unable to control herself, Grimmlord finally reached down and grabbed Apex' junk. It was so big, so hard. She'd never held something so amazing in her life, and she needed it so bad.

She found herself on her back, on the bear skin rug in front of the blazing fire. Her legs were spread, and Apex was propped between them, kissing her breasts, sucking on her nipples. Grimmlord tried to dig her nails into his back, but the skin was too hard. Still, she loved it. It made her feel so helpless.

When Apex finally grabbed her panties, tore them off her body, put them to his nose and took a deep breath before tossing them across the room, she felt a powerful mixture of emotions-- terror, excitement, need, dread, curiosity...



But most of all she felt a desperate emptiness, a need to be filled and filled good, as her insides seemed to open, to invite, and desperate to feel it Grimmlord reached down to once more find Apex manhood, and grabbing it, she guided it inside her wet, warm sex.

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as shockwaves of pleasure rolled through her from head to toe. She lost all sense of herself, just reveling in the pleasure, Apex rocking back and forth, in and out, harder and harder and more urgent... Grimmlord had her hands buried in her hair, writhing, gasping and moaning, and she didn't need to beg or ask or direct or do anything because Apex was a man who knew how to please a woman and he took her to peak and then they both screamed out as they climaxed as one, tears rolling down Grimmlord's cheeks as she became fully a woman.



Grimmlord lay on the bearskin rug, curled up, Apex spooning him, one hand gently caressing his breast. Apex chest was pressed against Grimmlord's back, and she could feel the man's strong, steady heartbeat matching her own. They didn't speak. They didn't need to speak. Gradually, Grimmlord closed her eyes, and as she did, Apex fell asleep with her.

When Grimmlord woke, she felt cold. The side facing the fire was warm, and where Apex held her, too, but her otherwise exposed skin was chilled, goose- bumped. She gently nudged Apex. "Hunh?"

"I'm cold," Grimmlord said in that soft voice, the one he would reserve only for the ears of his man.

"Unh," Apex said, caressing Grimmlord's arm, giving her a kiss on the neck to convey-- I am here to take care of you, little woman. He got up and returned with one of his long, red capes. Grimmlord lifted her hair, and Apex tied it around her long slender neck, then kissed her on the head as the cape fell over Grimmlord's slender shoulders.

"It's warm," Grimmlord said, pulling the cape tight. It smelled of Apex manly musk, and it thrilled Grimmlord to wear her man's clothes, to be draped in a cape that bore Apex insignia. Apex, who'd pulled on a pair of jockeys, went to the fire, and Grimmlord admired the man's firm, powerful ass. "I'm his woman now," Grimmlord thought, surprised and pleased how good she felt about it. "All I want and need is to be his woman. Forever."

Chapter 11

"Spellbinder. Spellbinder. Wake up." Danger Cat slapped Spellbinder gently.

"Ow." Spellbinder said, batting the next slap away. "First Apex and now you?"

"Just needed to get you awake," Danger Cat said. She'd found Spellbinder on a ledge along the Sawtooth ridge.

"Apex." Spellbinder suddenly said, as her head cleared and the memory came back to her. "He attacked me. I think he's gone mad."

"He has. With lust."

"Lust? I don't get it."

"The two of them had a-- moment yesterday. And you know how he's been after the Grimmster since his gender change. They kissed, and now Apex is super horny."

"He wants to bang Grimmlord?"

"In the worst way. And maybe this will surprise you, but Grimm was just as obsessed with Apex. We need to stop it."

"Do we? Two consenting adults?"

"Grimmlord is nowhere near being able to make a rational decision right now. His suit--"

There was a crackle over the communication system. "Justice Collective. Justice Collective. This is Apex."

"What the hell are you doing?" Pronto barked back. "You're supposed to be one of the good guys."

"Yeah," Marksman said. "Kidnapping? Grimmlord? Who are you?"

"Just let Grimmlord go," Danger Cat said. "And I will forget you smashed a hole in the side of my house."

"I understand your concern," Apex said in a wooden voice that sounded rehearsed. "I am communicating with you now to let you know that Danger Kitty, as she prefers to be called, came with me by choice. There was no kidnapping. It is her wish to remain a woman. You need take no further action."

"She can't make that choice," Danger Cat said. "Her mind is all scrambled."

"Put her on." Spellbinder shouted. "I want to hear it from her."

"My little kitten wishes for some time to contemplate and decompress. Respect her wishes. Communication over."

There was another crackle as Apex terminated his broadcast.

"This is bullshit," Marksman said.

"He's gone loco," Pronto said. "We can't let this stand."

In the shadows, Cigar Man sat, blue smoke swirling around him, the blue, cathode rays of the monitors flickering on his face. A second figure now joined him. "How are the probabilities?" A deep, confident woman's voice asked.

"Very good," the man said, chuckling. "We have Grimmlord now 94% identifying as female. Further, she is 86% imprinted on Apex, seeing herself already as being "his" and needing to be in a relationship with him. As for Apex, 100% bonkers.

"And the paradox? Has it been restored?"

"Look," Cigar Man said, pointing toward a readout that showed a tangled web of timelines and multiverses, diverging and crisscrossing. One line grew brighter and brighter. "You will continue to exist. All we need is for Grimmlord to spend another day and night with Apex, and she will be locked into her new identity."

"Make it happen."

"With pleasure."

As the heroes debated the best approach to dealing with Apex, Simulata listened, struggling with a decision. She wanted to interrupt and tell them just who had actually turned Grimmlord into the lovely Danger Kitty, but she has so many times committed social faux pas that she wasn't certain. Would it be rude to interrupt? Or, was this one of those situations where it would be appreciated?

"I just don't know what to do," Simulata said to herself. "Social interactions do not follow any clear set of protocols. I wish I could reprogram humans to clarify all possible

interactions so as to eliminate ambiguity. At yet, what would humans be without ambiguity?"

Sitting down, Simulata considered her options. "I will scan the writings of that wisest of all humans and seek an answer," she decided. Accessing the network, she began to read through every column ever written by "Dear Abby."



Back at Serenity Center, Grimmlord still wore Apex' cape. He had gone to the kitchen, and was at the stove, a pan full of sizzling sausages. The coffee pot steamed and burped, filling the air with the rich aroma of fresh brewed Costa Rican coffee. Grimmlord hummed to himself as he worked, almost dancing. He'd been struck with the urge to make breakfast for Apex, and later he thought he might just tidy up a bit. In the confusing jumble of emotions that now consumed him, he found himself wanting to show Apex he could be a good mate, a good helper.



"I don't even recognize myself," he thought, remembering his life lurking in the shadows, dropping from rooftops to smash in the faces of filthy lowlifes. And now, suddenly? "For some reason I want to be a 1950s housewife." It seemed absurd, impossible, and yet all he remembered from his past life was anger, a slow, seething rage. And now? Making breakfast for his man? He felt light, bright, happy. Like this was the role he was meant to play, had always been meant to play.

Grimmlord took the sausage off the burner, put it on a hot plate in the stove to keep it warm. He took the eggs out of the freezer and held one above the lip of a glass bowl.

The role I was meant to play.

The thought struck him, as he looked at his delicate hand, holding that brown egg, his slender wrist. The role I was meant to play?

That was exactly it, he thought. This was a role, a role someone else meant for him to play. He remembered the first day, the day this had all started. He'd jumped into the costumator, and when he'd come out, he'd found his suit had breasts. Huge breasts.

As he reflected on that moment, he remembered how embarrassing it had been, how he'd been called sugar tits. He was a man. He wasn't supposed to have breasts. And yet, now, just days later, he felt their weight, felt them brushing against Apex' cape, and they felt right, like he needed them to be complete and happy.

But so what? He cracked the egg, letting the sunny yolk and whites sluice into the glass bowl. So what if someone else had made him happy. He took another egg from the carton. He remembered when his voice had changed-- or the modulated had made him sound like a girl. It was like someone had stolen his identity, and his buzzy, high-pitched voice had made him cringe. And all this hair?

He shook his head, feeling his long, thick hair swirling. It was impractical. Time consuming. And yet now he couldn't imagine getting it cut, and this new voice was the right voice, wasn't it? Pretty, cute, adorable.

Crack. He let the second egg dribble into the bowl.

Who did this? He wondered. I should want to know. Need to know. I'm a detective. Why am I just accepting this? I'm supposed to be a man. Grimmlord. Not a kitten.

Just then, Apex walked into the kitchen. He'd put on his usual super suit now. "That coffee smells great," he said. He looked at Grimmlord, like a man looks at a woman he just conquered.

Grimmlord felt a thrill of pleasure. Yet, at the same time, the questioning wrongness of his feelings plagued him. "Help yourself."

Apex poured a cup. "Oh, yeah. That hits the spot."

Grimmlord pulled the cape tight, frowned. "I need you to take me back to New Amsterdam."

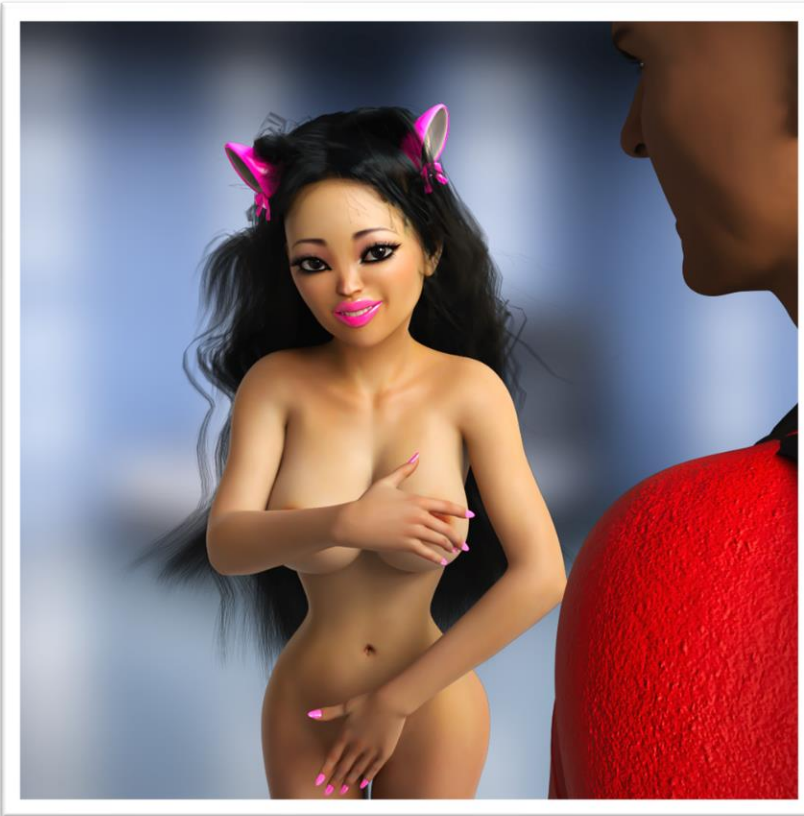
"Yeah. Okay. Maybe later. Let's eat, and then I really want to go another round with you." He put his coffee down and walked over, putting his hands on Grimmlord's hips and pulling him close.

Grimmlord swooned. It felt so good when Apex took charge, and looking up at him, being small and soft and pretty, it all just sent tingles through every inch of Grimmlord's body. "I have something I need to do."

"And what would that be?" Apex said, kissing Grimmlord on the neck, caressing his cheek.

"I need to find out who did this. And why." Grimmlord said, struggling against the rising heat.

"Oh?" Apex said. "Find out who turned you into the sexiest little female in the world? Apex started fiddling with the tie on the cape. "Made you into the perfect woman?"



Perfect woman. Sexiest female. It was like chocolate for Grimmlord's ears. He wanted to badly to surrender, to give into Apex manly aggression, to feel hot kisses all over his body, but no. He had to fight this. He pushed Apex' hands away and whispered, "Please. Stop. I-- I'm not strong enough to resist you."

Apex smiled. He reached for the tie on the cape, and when Grimmlord tried to push his hands away, he ignored the feeble attempts,

and the cape fell to the ground. Grimmlord put one hand across his breasts and used the other to cover his womanhood. He pleaded with his eyes. "Apex....." He whispered. "Please."

Apex stared, his eyes hard and hot with lust. Seeing Grimmlord there, knowing it was HIM inside that that body with those round little shoulders, that tiny waist and those generous hips, that bashful, feminine pose, it drove Apex mad with lust. He needed that body, needed to drive that former man into another frenzy of woman. "Yes?" He growled. "Please what?"

"Please," Grimmlord whispered, and then he lost control, his will shattered and he said, "please take me."

Apex was on him like a ravenous wolf, lifting him off his feet, lifting him up and setting on the counter. The glass bowl with the eggs tipped over, and the eggs poured down, puddling on the floor. Apex pushed Grimmlord's legs apart and got down between his legs. Looking up, his face framed by Grimmlord's round, smooth thighs, he flicked his tongue and then dove in.

Grimmlord gasped and moaned, as a whole new world of female pleasure drown his fleeting masculinity like a tidal wave. Driven past the point of anything resembling rational thought, Grimmlord screamed as he orgasmed again. Panting, devastated, he buried his hands in his hair and licked his lips, reveling in the afterglow...

Apex grunted, lifted him and carried him back to the den. "More?" Grimmlord thought, giddy, impressed with his man's super human virility. "Doesn't he ever get tired?"

Apex turned him over, placed him on his hands and knees. Grimmlord's heart raced as he realized what was about to happen; his man was going to take him doggy style. Omigod, he thought, omigod. Being placed in such a submissive position gave him chills. He didn't think he could feel any greater pleasure than he'd felt, but he was wrong. Apex cupped his head and then grabbed a handful of Grimmlord's hair, pulling just hard enough. It hurt, but it was a good hurt and Grimmlord cried out aa the pain and pleasure merged and poured through him and over him and Apex was on him and in him and he was in a place of pure and intense pleasure he had never know and could never know as a man.



Chapter 12

The remaining members of The Justice Collective closed in on Apex' fortress. Sitting on a flat, icy plain far from the nearest human presence and shielded by severe cold few could muster the resources to manage, the great spire rose into the sky, like a salute to the edge of the world. Pronto, Marksman and Danger Cat rode in the CatCar, while Spellbinder flew under her own power, leaving a trail of mystic smoke behind her.

Apex and Grimmlord, who lay nuzzling in the warm glow of their consummated love, heard the alarm as the group approached. "What is it?" Grimmlord asked, tensing up, instinctively putting wrapping his hands around Apex' muscle roped arm.

"It's okay," Apex said, giving Grimmlord a quick kiss and then patting him on his smooth, soft cheek. "I'll take care of it. Stay here."

"Be careful," Grimmlord said in a cottony voice, full of feminine concern. He let his fingertips brush against Apex' stiff, bristling morning stubble. Seeing him that way, unshaven, somehow gave Grimmlord chills he'd never felt before. He's so protective, Grimmlord thought as Apex quickly through on his costume. So strong. He knew what a lucky girl he was to have a man like Apex.

Apex went to his security room-- monitors, blinking lights, tech. Seeing The Justice Collective on the monitors, his temper flared. They want to take away the woman he loved. The woman he needed.

He would not stand for that. Turning on communications, he grabbed the microphone. "Desist. Do not continue to approach, or I will be forced to take defensive measures."

"You're not in your right mind," DangerCat answered. "Neither of you are. Let us help you."

"I've never been more sane." Apex tapped out a few commands. A forcefield rose around his fortress. "I will do whatever it takes to protect my Kitten," he said. "I will use lethal force."

Grimmlord, who'd gotten up and, wrapped in a blanket, followed Apex to see what was happening, gasped. "Apex, no. They are our friends."

"Listen to her," Spellbinder said. "Do you hear yourself? Threatening to kill us? Your team? The team you put together?"

"You turned against me. You betrayed me. I told you to stay away."

Spellbinder hurled a concentrated beam of mystical energy against the forcefield, joined by a blast of your typical super high-tech energy beam from DangerCat. Marksman, who'd climbed up onto the top of the CatCar, launched a barrage of arrows at the same spot, which shimmered, began to crackle and spark as a breach opened in the shield.

"Hold on." DangerCat shouted as she fired thrusters and bolted through the gap, followed by Spellbinder.

"Whoa." Marksman shouted, just managing to grab a turret before he was swept off the car and sent tumbling to the frozen tundra. "Do I have to pay extra for the near-death experience?"

"Comes free with the suicide mission." DangerCat shouted back.

The group closed in on the fortress.

Apex flipped a plastic protector from a red button.

"What does that do?" Grimmlord asked.

"It will release a drone swarm," Apex said. "Deadly robots numbering in the thousands. They will not stand a chance. It will be like being eaten by piranhas."

"Please, don't," Grimmlord whispered, his heart aching that it had come to this. "If you love me, do not do this."

"It is because I love you that I do this," Apex said, pushing the button. The drone swarm rose around the spire, buzzing and whizzing in massive cloud toward the Spellbinder and the CatCar, which vanished beneath the dark cloud of death.

Tears flooded Grimmlord's eyes as he buried his face in Apex' chest. Apex held him tight, his eyes glued to the screen. They had forced his hand. Nothing was more important to him than this little woman in his arms. Nothing. He would not let them take her away.

The screen began to flash. "Enemy Not Found. Engagement Negative."

"What?" Apex said, letting Grimmlord go, turning to the screens, checking the readings. "Impossible."

"Possible," DangerCat said from behind him, just as Grimmlord screamed.

Apex spun to see the team there, arrayed in a ragged semicircle around the room. DangerCat had grabbed Grimmlord and held him now as he struggled weakly in her arms. Marksman had his bow at ready. Spellbinder emanated eldritch power, spells seething.

"Let her go." Apex bellowed. He started to launch himself through the air, but his super speed assault was met by a bolt from Spellbinder's hands that bashed into him, sending him crashing into a computer bank, sending sparks and components flying.

"Him. He. This is Grimmlord, a man, and you have no right to take over his life and turn him into your sex toy."

"Sex toy? Grimmlord said.

"SHE wants to be with me. It's her choice." Apex said as he got to his feet and prepared for another attack. Marksman unleashed an arrow that wrapped him in bolos. He snapped them, even as Pronto raced around him, creating a vortex, sending him spinning into shelving, crashing among his collection of alien artifacts.

This time, Apex recovered faster, flashing like a blur across the room, capturing Pronto, taking him by the neck, holding him up in the air as he gasped for breath, legs kicking.

"Let Kitten go," Apex said, not even needing to spell out his threat.

"Apex," Spellbinder said. "Please listen. This is not you. You know your "Kitten" gives off a powerful scent that makes men crazy. You know this."

"It's more than that," Apex said, though there was now some uncertainty in his voice.

"And Kitten, please. You know the way your costume changed you, the way it altered not just your body but your mind. Ask yourself, is this me? Or is this what someone else made of me?"

Grimmlord looked to Apex. It was all so confusing. "I-- I don't know anymore."

"Let's figure it out. Together. No one is going to take anyone. Please."

Apex lowered Pronto, set him on his feet. "I am sorry," he said.

"I get it," Pronto said, hunched over massaging his aching neck, punch drunk from having come so close to death. "I want to bang her, too."

"Excuse me?" Apex said, his eyes glowing red. "Did you just say you want to bang the woman I love?"

"Okay, hold up. I was just joking around."

"There are things you don't joke about." Apex' eyes flared as his heat vision intensified.

"Okay. Okay. Let's all calm down," Spellbinder said.

"Apex." Grimmlord called, finally wrestling free of Danger Cat, running to him, throwing himself at Apex, wrapping his arms around one of the man's legs.

"You all want her. You want to take her from me."

Spellbinder's hands crackled as she summoned all her power. Marksman noticed his three most powerful arrows. Danger Cat's suit hummed and whined as she powered up to maximum force.

"This ends now. This ends forever." Apex said.

"Bro, seriously," Pronto said, backing away, one hand up defensively. "I mean--"

Apex eyes flared. "Goodbye."



"STOP." A voice shouted as the air seemed to break, a portal forming. A figure stepped through the portal. All eyes went to her. "Listen to me," he said. "I am the one who turned Grimmlord into a woman."

"You?" They all said in unison.

Chapter 13

"You?"

The Justice Collective stared as a tall woman dressed all in black with long, flowing black hair descended from the portal. She had kitten ears nestled in her hair and the word "APEX" on her chest.

Silence. No one knew what to say or do. Then, finally, Grimmlord shook his head and said, "Who are you?"

"I am your daughter," the woman said.

"Daughter?" Grimmlord said, a hand to his cheek, his pretty eyes clouded with confusion.

"Why would you turn your father into a woman?" Pronto said.

"Because **she** is my mother."

"What?" Everyone said in unison.

"I'm your mother?" Grimmlord said, both warmed and chilled by the notion that he would have a baby and that his baby would grow up to be such a beautiful woman. "But, how can that be if you're the one who made me into a woman in the first place?"

"You're so young." Grimmlord's daughter said, staring at his face. "We look so much alike." Everyone could see the resemblance. "I'm-- you named me Hanni. In the future, I am the

new Apex." Hanni had inherited height from her father, and in a twisted irony seemed the more mature of the two women as she looked down at her mother. She idly played with Grimmlord's hair. 'It's hard to believe you were ever a man. You're so sweet.'

"The costume? Am I?" Apex asked.



"Yes, you are my father. You and Kitty end up a couple. You have five children."

"Five?" Grimmlord said in shock. "Five?"

Hanni could not help herself. She put her hands to Grimmlord's cheeks, kissed him on the head. "It's so strange to meet you like this, Mom."

"It's a bit strange for me, as well," Grimmlord said. "Did you say I have five babies?"

"Yes," Hanni said, nodding with empathy, but it it's any consolation you find out you love being pregnant. "You'll spend a lot of time carrying babies in the next few years."

Apex put his hands on Grimmlord's shoulders and squeezed.

"Just HOLD IT." Danger Cat said. "I need some sort of explanation. What the hell is going on?"

The group sat down, and Hanni, who insisted on sitting next to her mother, explained. "In my time, Grimmlord was transformed into a woman by the Fearsome Four-- Daughter Despair, Zeppelin, Data Stream and Shenanigans."

"Why?" Grimmlord asked.

"Daughter Despair. One of her mind games. You know her. Just screwing with people."

"Just screwing with me? This?"

"Like the time she turned you into a six-year-old, or when she made you think you had purple skin."

"I forgot about that one," Grimmlord said.

"Whatever she thought would happen, she never expected you to fall in love with Apex."

"Why not?" Apex said, shocked at the thought any woman wouldn't fall in love with him, even one who was his ultra-macho former best friend.

"Because he was a guy and not one with much in the way of feminine leanings," Danger Cat said. "Get over yourself."

"After defeating the Four, you decided to stay a woman," Hanni explained. "You were so in love."

"What happened that you had to make the change?"

"Praxis Rotor happened," Hanni said, her face growing dark. "We just call him Pain. He got his hands on a time machine, and after having been defeated so many times by me, he decided the simplest way to eliminate me was to make sure I was never born."

"He altered the timeline? Made it so the Four never transformed Grimmlord?" Spellbinder said.

"Yes. At first, my mother began to turn back into a man. She was horrified, and even more so when her children began to flicker in and out of existence. Once we realized what was happening, we had to save ourselves, and our mother."

Simulata chimed in. "You utilized the Android Four in order to recreate the original transformation as close as possible."

"In the hopes of preserving the timeline as much as we could," Hanni finished.

Grimmlord was silent for a moment. He shook his head. "I don't even know what to say. This is all so much to take in."

"I came back because the whole timeline was destabilized when the Collective came to attack. That never happened in our timeline, and the death of Pronto at Apex' hands would have had terrible repercussions for all super beings."

"Hear that?" Pronto said. "You were going to kill and wreck the timeline."

"I-- was upset," Apex said.

"You owe me more than that." Pronto said.

Hanni now got down on one knee. "It seems that stopping the attack has settled matters. Everything will be fine. I will be born and live to fight off the Desarian Invasion, the Universal Hunger, and so many other threats. And so, I am asking you," she said, taking Grimmlord's hand, "will you remain a woman and be my mom?"

Grimmlord looked into her eyes, this beautiful and amazing woman. His daughter? It didn't even seem possible, and yet neither did condemning her to non-existence, or living without Apex. "Do I have to have **five** babies?"

"Yeah," Hanni said. "It's pretty necessary." She took a deep breath. "Please. I know it's asking a lot, but I want to live. I don't want to die. Please."

Grimmlord looked at Apex. The decision was not as hard as Hanni thought it would be. He'd changed so much. Tears began to roll down Grimmlord's cheeks. He couldn't even say why. He was totally overcome with every emotion he'd ever felt. "Yes," he whispered. "Yes."



Chapter 14



Melissa Goldberg was running through some final details with her producer when Danger Kitty arrived. She'd ridden up to the newsroom in an elevator, and when the doors swooshed open there was a sudden hush that startled Melissa to attention.

She turned to see a gorgeous woman in the elevator, with big, bashful eyes and a bright smile. She seemed amused at the way everyone was reacting to her, but in addition to her celebrity, she also had a stunning, hourglass figure wrapped tight little dress that celebrated each of her dangerous curves.

Looking utterly comfortable with all the eyes drinking her in, she moved from the elevator, and Melissa observed her walk and her movements were now utterly feminine, demure, elegant. Could this possibly be The Grimmlord, the brutal, fearsome man who had used his fists to beat down countless criminals? She even had a fashionable handbag slung over her shoulder. Wow.

Spotting her former nemesis, Danger Kitty called out, "Melissa." Melissa noticed right away how his once gruff mumbling intonations had now given way to a pleasant sing song, a fluttering, girlish inflection. Danger Kitty quickened her step just enough to demonstrate her affection for Melissa without giving away any of her elegance, and the two hugged, exchanged air kisses.

"You look great." Danger Kitty said. "You have to tell me where you got those earrings."

"Oh, stop," Melissa said, though she couldn't help but enjoy praise from such a beautiful woman, and a celebrity no less. "You look-- gorgeous. More beautiful than I remembered."

Danger Kitty knew she was beautiful, and she'd come to love it, but she also knew she was expected to display a certain degree of feminine modesty. "You're so sweet. I really need to get to the gym more often."

"I am sorry to interrupt," the producer said, obviously not sorry in the least. "I need to borrow Melissa for a moment? Jordan will show you to the green room. We'll call you in 15-20 minutes. You need anything?"

"I'm fine," Danger Kitty said, giving Melissa a finger wave goodbye as the two went their separate ways.

Jordan led Danger Kitty to the green room, where she found Noemi, aka Danger Cat, waiting for her. As soon as Jordan closed the door, Noemi smiled and said, "Hey, bitch."

"You made it." Danger Kitty said. Once more, hugs and air kisses followed, then the two women sat down. Danger Kitty pulled her mask back, and ran a slender hand through her long, thick hair.

"Are you still stuck with the hair? I thought your--?"

"Not stuck. Apex likes it, and it's grown on me. Haha."

"Jasmine. you can't change everything about yourself to please your man. It is still Jasmine?"

"Everything about me was changed to please my man. And, yes, I am still going by Jasmine in my real life. It's for the timeline."

"Hmmm. You've sacrificed everything for the timeline."

"For my children."

"It just seems a little much sometimes. Like that lingerie you got for your honeymoon? Was that really so vital for the timeline?"

"It worked," Jasmine said, biting her lip as she remembered. "Apex couldn't wait to tear it off me."

"And you had to get up and dance on the stripper pole at your bachelorette party? Really? To that level of precision? How could skipping that have altered the timeline?"

"Who knows?" Jasmine said, rolling her eyes. "It's better not to take chances. We are talking saving lives, Noemi."

"I know, it's just--"

"Miss Kitty? We're ready for you," Jordan said through the door.

"Time to do this," Jasmine said, pulling her mask back on.

Noemi gave her a hug and a real kiss on the cheek. "You sure you want to do this? I mean, you can have some privacy."

"This is what we did," Danger Kitty said. "It's the way it is or was."

"Okay. See you after."

As Jasmine left, Noemi couldn't help but admire his tiny waist, the rise of that perfect ass. It was hard to even remember that her lover was inside that gorgeous body now, living a new life. Also, she was jealous of his ass. A little. A lot.

As Jasmine headed toward the stage, she found herself fretting. Where was Apex? He'd promised--

A rush of wind announced his arrival as he suddenly appeared beside her, slipping an arm around her waist. "Babe," he said, kissing her on the head.

"Honey," Jasmine said, feeling instantly calm, warm as she let her hand rest on his back, feeling the edge of his shoulder blade.

They were announced. They walked out onto the soundstage as the audience applauded. Bright lights. Cameras. Melissa smiling and asking questions. Jasmine sat smiling, Apex' hand on her knee, she covering his hand with her own. After some preliminary banter, Melissa asked the question.

"So, I hear you two have some exciting news?"

"We do," Apex said, giving a loving look to the woman sitting next to him, then turning to the cameras. "We are expecting our first child."

Applause. Jasmine blushed and smiled.

Apex, for his part, had loved the idea of the big announcement. He was proud that this gorgeous woman was his, and that she would bare his children. She was a fine, healthy female, and he already knew she was going to be a wonderful mother. He wanted to tell the whole world.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world," he said. "She's really sweet, and I know she will make a perfect mother."

"And he's going to be a great father," Jasmine said. "We're so happy."

Up in the Justice Collective satellite, the rest of the gang watched-- Spellbinder, Pronto, Marksman and Simulata. "He looks so happy." Spellbinder said. "He's glowing."

"Jerk." Pronto said, still jealous that Apex had won the heart of the lovely little lass Grimmlord had become. It made no difference to him about the timeline and all that-- he wanted her, bad, and he knew he probably always would.

"I meant Grimmlord," Spellbinder said.

Back at the studio, Melissa was wrapping up the interviews. "Well, the villains of New Amsterdam better watch out. You're going to be hormonal as hell."

Jasmine giggled. "Danger Kitty is hanging up her whiskers. Now that I'm in the family way."

"So, is this the last we'll see of Danger Kitty?" Melissa asked, thinking this as big a story as the pregnancy.

"I am retiring from crime fighting to be--" the world seemed to flicker, wobble. "a full-time wife and--" more flickering-- "mother."

Simulata sat up, her processor scanning all files, comparing, collating.

"I wouldn't let her," Apex said. "She's my wife, and I want her to be safe."

"And the baby," Jasmine said.

"Awwwwwww," the audience said, moved.

"But the criminals of New Amsterdam should not take this as a free pass. I will be on patrol, so don't get any ideas."

Grimmlord suddenly found himself sitting there, legs crossed, holding hands with Apex. He was freshly aware of the weight of his breasts, the way his costume squeezed and hugged his soft curvy body. It was like he'd just changed. Nothing felt right. He was a man. One hand crept to his belly. I'm pregnant, he realized. I'm having a baby?

In a dark room, a man chomped on his cigar, frantically pushing controls, a woman stood behind him, anxious.

Jasmine smiled. Shook her head. Smiled for the cameras as her husband finished the interview. Whatever thought had crossed her mind, had upset her, she pushed away. Apex would take care of her, plan and order their lives. She didn't need to worry about it. She didn't need to think or worry about anything.

Their interview ended. She and Apex walked off stage together, hand in hand. She gazed up at him, lovingly, admiring him for his masculine strength. He kissed her and was off, and there was Noemi, ready for a trip to the nail salon, dinner, maybe some shopping.

"That was close," the cigar man said. "But, we got him."

On the screens were images of Grimmlord's transformation, his public kiss with Apex. Grimmlord in his wedding gown, looking so sweet and happy, the blushing bride. There he was in his bikini on the beach during their honeymoon, flaunting his perfect body. There was even a picture of him on the night of the honeymoon, when his first child was conceived. He was on his back, eyes closed, hands buried in his hair, soft thighs spread as Apex thrust into him.

"I almost can't believe he fell for it," the woman said. "All of them fell for it."

Cooper Kadee

"Well, you hired the best psyche engineer for a reason," cigar man said, taking a puff from his cigar, blowing a smoke ring into the air.

The woman laughed, looking at the pictures of Grimmlord. She reveled in the transformation of his body from rock hard man to soft, curvy woman. He was going to be a mother now. A wife. It was too delicious.

And his children would grow up to be the worst supervillains the world had ever known.

The End

