

Chapter 4

Meanwhile, on the Justice Collective Satellite....

Spellbinder had laid out the parts to the robot on an examination table in the Justice Collective satellite. Gears and sprockets scattered over the table, along with bundles of wires and motors. At the top of the table was the robot's head-- looking exactly like Shenanigans (For full story, see last issue.). Carefully removing the face plate, she began to examine the "brain."

"I've never seen anything like this," Spellbinder said.

Simulata, the Justice Collective's AI, scanned the hardware. "I also have never seen anything like it."

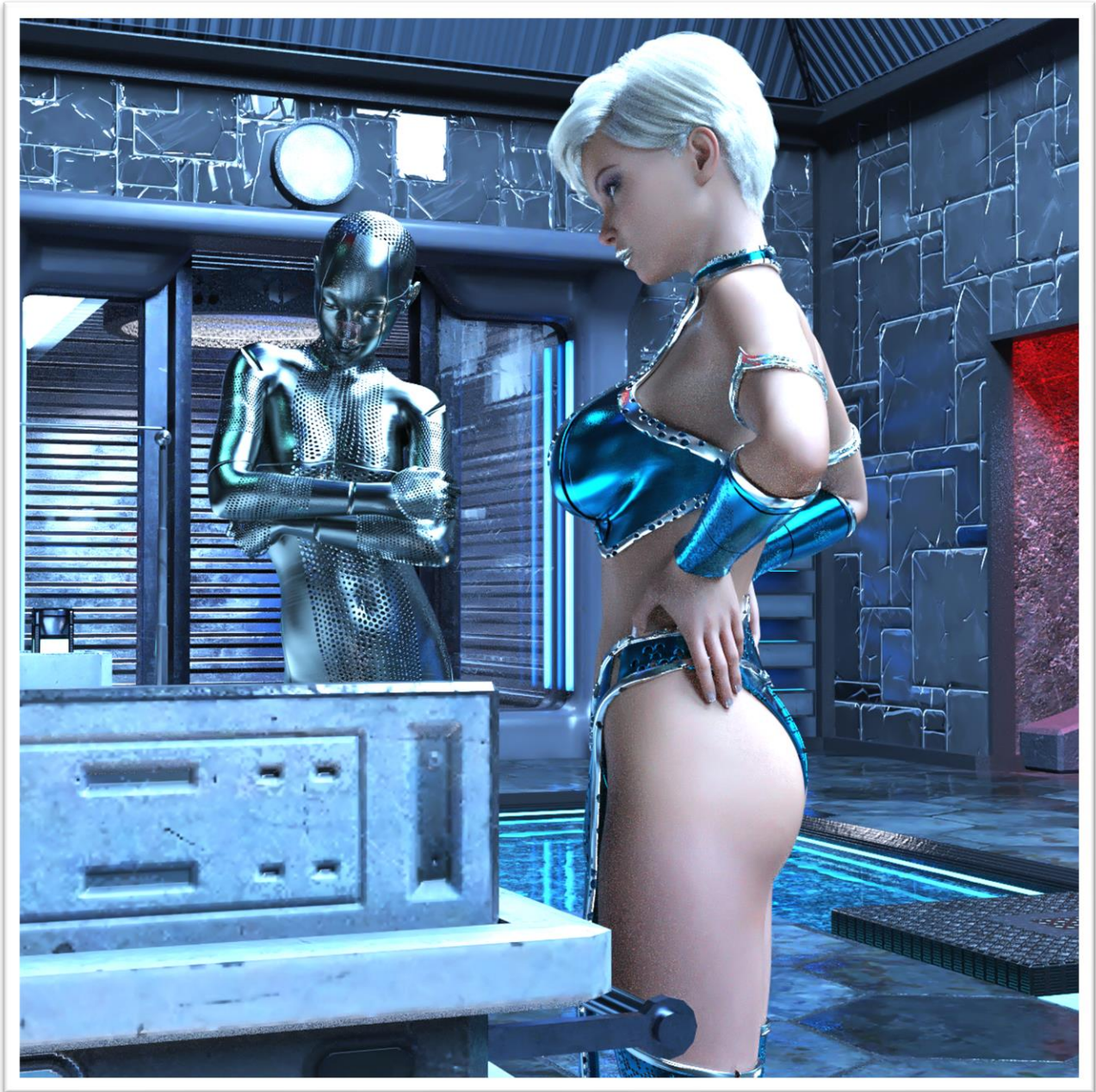
"I wonder if there is a way to search the memory? Find out what's stored in there?"

"I would say that we do not have the technological know-how to interface with a computer we do not even recognize, if not for the fact that you are able to function outside the normally recognized parameters of science."

"We call it magic," Spellbinder said.

"I refuse to use that word."

Spellbinder laughed. "Still?"



"Magic is just phenomenon that science has not yet found a way to explain."

"Keep telling yourself that." Spellbinder was a tech witch, a kind of quantum steampunk hero. She possessed multiple degrees, was a genius inventor who had built her own high-tech armor, and yet at the same time she'd also become a master of the mystic arts. It was actually confounding even to her that she was often able to do things working in a realm of

pure intuition, where she didn't cast formulaic spells as was often seen, but simply invited things to happen.

Now, trusting that intuition, she found an input on the electronic brain. She wired it up, and then, knowing that she couldn't use conventional means, asked it to talk to her. For a moment, nothing, and then the lights and diodes began to flicker and come to life.

Simulata took a step back. "Caution is advised."

"Of course."

The hands and feet of the shattered simulation on the table began to shake. Spellbinder focused on the brain, a screen floating in the air in front of her with lines of code scrolling down.... "I see time stamps in here from 2048..."

"Yet, the other components do not seem advanced," Simulata said.

"Whoever sent this knew it would be destroyed and examined," Spellbinder said. "They probably hoped a cursory examination would suggest it was made in this era. And, if anyone did look at the brain, it would be beyond them to open it."

Simulata processed. "Doubtful."

"Why do you say that?"

"In the future, they would no doubt be aware of you and your abilities."

"True," Spellbinder said. "But then, they could have left a.... Trap."

The hands and feet that had been trembling sprung to life, one of the hands flying right to Spellbinder's throat, locking on, squeezing. The other pinned her arm to the wall, while the feet slammed into her stomach, driving the wind out of her. She saw stars, struggled, but the robot had caught her off guard, and the world was rapidly growing dark.

Simulata yanked the wires Spellbinder had attached from the brain, then brought a stainless steel fist slamming down on it, shattering it into dozens of pieces that scattered all over the lab.

The hands and feet went dead, dropping to the ground, and Spellbinder fell to her knees, gasping for air.

Simulata scanned her. "You have suffered no major injuries. I am happy for you."

Spellbinder started to laugh, gasping and choking as she tried to catch her breath.

"Did I commit a faux pas?" Simulata asked.

"Pretty much."

"I am socially awkward," Simulata said. "It seems no amount of intelligence is able to save me."

"Said every nerd ever."

While Spellbinder and Simulata plot their next move, a sinister selection of conniving cretins congregates....

Daughter Despair, Shenanigans, Datastream and Zeppelin.

"I thought this meeting was supposed to start already?" Zeppelin grumbled.

"How ironic that a time traveler should be tardy." Shenanigans cackled.

"Do you have to laugh like that?" Daughter Despair said, holding her aching head. "I had a few too many last night and that high-pitched noise is, like, not something I want to deal with."

"Oh, druggie need a huggee?" Shenanigans said.

"I will knock you out if I have to, so help me God," Daughter Despair said, preparing to gas the cackling clown.

But, just as she was about to do so, a light started to flicker in the air, and a hologram appeared. It was a shadowy figure, a burning cigar clenched in its teeth.

"Finally." Datastream said.

"Adjust your tone," Holo said. "I will tolerate no impudence."

The villains all grew silent. Holo looked them over. "The plan is working perfectly. Danger Kitty is distracted and confused. Now, while she still reels from her transformation, we must put her under duress."

"Why can't you just send more robots?" Datastream said.

"Yes," Zeppelin grumbled. "I do not see the need for more risks."

"You do not need to think," Holo said. "I will do the thinking for you. However, let me say this much-- I am also sending robots."

"And what is the goal? The endgame?"

"All will be revealed in due time," Holo said, blowing a shadowy cloud of smoke into the air. "But, here's one part of it." He whispered something to the group.



There was silence. Then, Daughter Despair began to laugh, and then Zeppelin, Datastream and finally Shenanigans, his high-pitched cackle filling the room, until Daughter Despair shot him with a tranquilizer dart. He immediately fell to the ground, snoring. Even his snore sounded like a quiet version of his cackling, but at least it was quieter.

"His laugh is so annoying," Holo said.

And then they all laughed some more.

Chapter 5

Let us return now, reader, to Grimmlord, the now buxom lass. When last we saw him, he was struggling with the fact that the male heroes he once counted as manly comrades have now taken to hitting on him.

Grimmlord shook his head. There was no way he wanted to tell his former lover how he'd been freaked out by guys hitting on him. "No. It just-- happened."

Noemi, however, knew better, and she gently drew it out of him, getting Grimmlord to confess to what had happened and how confused and grossed out it made him feel. Finally, he finished with, "I don't know what to do. How do I get them to stop coming on to me?"

"Hmmmnn," Noemi said, brushing a loose hair away from his face, then cupping his smooth, soft cheek. "There is actually a simple answer to that."

"What?" Grimmlord said, excited.

"Get a boyfriend."

"Don't be gross."

Noemi shrugged. "It's the same advice my mom gave me when I started getting hit on all the time: Get a guy. The other guys will leave you alone."

If you aren't going to take this seriously, forget it," Grimmlord said, tossing his long hair. He started to get up and storm off, but Noemi put a hand on his arm. "Hold on. Sorry. I was teasing a little."

"It isn't funny," Grimmlord said, pushing his hair back over his shoulder in what had become an unconscious gesture.

"It is what I did, myself. Especially back in high school. A lot of girls did. I got tired of guys pestering me, so I got a boyfriend. Brad." She sighed as she remembered her younger days.

"I don't like guys just because I have this body now." Grimmlord felt more than ever that he needed to assert his manhood, especially given that he was not only a female now, but had a bombshell body that would make most women envious. From the time he'd started changing, finding himself with an impressive bust, he'd felt that his physical emasculation demanded an ever more aggressive demonstration of the true self he felt inside, which was all man.

"I know. I know. I didn't actually like Brad. He was pretty boring. But, once other guys knew I was going steady with someone, they backed off. Still, that may not be for you."

Grimmlord pictured himself on a date with Apex and cringed. "It isn't. So, what can I do?"

"Get used to it."

"No way. Why should I have to get used to guys being a-holes?"

"Because guys are guys. You're a hot girl now, and you have those crazy pheromones."

"They should show some will power."

Noemi shook her head. "Said every hot girl ever."

"I am NOT a girl." He shrieked, then spun and fled the room, slamming the door behind him.



"Teen age girls are such a handful," Noemie sighed. Of course, she empathized.

It couldn't be easy for a man, especially a man like him, to find himself with those round hips, the heavy breasts, the long hair. He'd been such a badass, actually as aggressive and pushy as any man she'd ever known, and for him to be trapped in such a curvy, female

shape had to be torture. Having all these guys treat him like a female? She couldn't even imagine. At least she might sleep with one or two. He was just a gazelle fending off the lions.

Grimmlord needed to work off the stress. took the elevator down to Noemi's training room. He'd hung with her a lot back in the day, and he knew his way around. She had money and was not afraid to spend it. Her gym had everything-- dead weights, machines, squat racks. Looking around, he decided to do some lifting. *I need to find out what this body can do*, he decided, looking at the rows of dumbbells, the stacks of heavy steel.

He soon discovered that this new body could not do much. He started off trying to pick up a 50-pound dumbbell, but his skinny little arms shook, and as he pulled the weight off the rack, it immediately yanked itself down, and he found he could barely even hold it, yet alone lift it.

His heart sank as he had to use both hands and strained to put it back on the rack. He worked his way down until he found he could only lift a 15-pound weight. He did some curls, some presses, ashamed, glad that no one could see how weak these tiny little arms really were.

Putting down the ridiculously small dumbbells, he got down and tried some pushups. He couldn't even do one. Even as he got into position and started to lower himself to the floor, his arms trembled and burned. He felt his breasts swaying from his chest, and then as his arms gave out and he collapsed to the floor, his soft breasts were crushed beneath him.

Without thinking, he slipped into a split. I am more flexible, the thought, sour. Lucky me. Maybe I should take up gymnastics?

He rolled onto his back and cursed at the sky. Not even one pushup?

Fortunately, his costume- even the new one he'd been stuck with-- enhanced his strength. But without his costume, he was weaker now than many women-- even teen-age girls.



His head swam with anxiety. His new body chemistry had been altered to make him highly emotional. What if I am stuck like this? What if this is for the rest of my life? He looked at his tiny hands, his slender wrists and those thin, pretty forearms. It was one thing to go out into the world as "Danger Kitty" with enhanced abilities, but what about the rest of his life? His real life? How was he supposed to face the world like this?

I'm not safe. The thought hit him like a hammer. I can't protect myself.

I'm helpless.

He felt tears coming, which only filled him with more self-loathing, his heart racing. I won't cry. I am not going to cry.

He battled with all his manly will, but the tears won and he sobbed softly thinking about what he'd become.



Start where you are, he told himself, remembering his days as a young man, when he'd first started working out. Start where you are to get where you want to be. Taking a deep breath, he got on his knees.

It was humiliating, but if he couldn't do a traditional push-up, he would have to start with what were once called and which he still thought of as girl pushups, even though girls didn't even do them anymore. Knees down, he put his little hands on the floor. The pushups were still hard. Even girl pushups were hard. But he did as many as he could before rolling



on his side, breathing, calming.

Pushups done, he got up and took a bar off the rack. It was a smaller, lighter bar of the type used by women. I am not a woman, he reminded himself as he took the cold steel in his hands, feeling the gnarl against his soft skin. He gripped and did some deadlifts with the empty bar, warming up. Then, not wanting to set himself up for another embarrassment, he put a ten-pound weight on each end. Gripping the bar, he lifted, pleased. The deadlift mostly used the legs, and he knew that women had strong legs. He added some more weight, and did a few sets, feeling a little better. More capable.

Once he'd done the deadlifts, he looked over at the punching bag hanging in the corner. He found some gloves. Got in position. He punched the bag as hard as he could, and while the action of punching was the same as always, the sensation was not-- his body jiggled. He felt his breasts bounce, his butt bounce.

The sensation was so wrong, he stopped, annoyed. He did a roundhouse kick, and once more felt his new body bouncing and swaying and jiggling. Just ignore it, he told himself. Power through. He hoped and expected that eventually, once he got used to it, he wouldn't be so aware of the soft, bouncy nature of his new shape. He punched and kicked, his ponytail flying, punched and kicked until his heart rate rose, and he felt a good endorphin rush.

Breathing hard, breasts heaving, he sat on a weight bench, peeling his gloves off, throwing them on the ground. I can do this, he told himself. I can get stronger. But there was something new. He arched his back. His breasts ached. Too much movement.

Once more, he found himself thinking he needed a bra.

"I'm Grimmlord," he said out loud, the words not carrying the gravity they once did when he'd had a man's voice. "I don't wear a bra." A bra was just panties for the chest, he thought with disdain. And yet, it seemed his breasts had a much different idea. He'd heard women talk about needing support, and now he understood. It just went so against every idea of being a man. And yet, if guys had melons like these, he thought, they would wear bras.

But what if the other guys found out? He wondered. What would they say? Did it matter? Was he going to put up with pain and discomfort just to try and prove what a man he was?

An alarm sounded. He looked up. The intercom crackled. "Come on, Danger Kitty," Noemi called out. "We've got action."

Grimmlord smiled and raced toward the elevator, one arm over his aching breasts to try and keep them from bouncing. "Yes."

Grimmlord raced to the nearest costumator, stepping into the tube, which immediately transported him to the Catcave, now squeezed into his new curve-hugging costume. He ran toward DangerCat, who waited next to the Cat Car. She couldn't help but notice that his run had changed-- with his wide hips and generous chest bouncing, he'd started to run with his arms lifted out to the sides-- in fact, looking very much like the stereotypical and usually inaccurate vision of someone running "like a girl." The way his ponytail swished from side to side did not lessen the impression.

"I'll drive," Grimmlord chirped excitedly, completely unaware of how feminine his body language had become.

Men, DangerCat thought to herself, mildly amused. But, when they climbed into the Cat Car and Grimmlord grabbed the controls, they both heard a voice say, "Negative, DangerKitty. You are too young to drive."

"Too-- what?" Grimmlord said. "How old do you think I am?"

"You are a mere girl," the AI responded. "Who has yet to pass her driver's test."

Once more, Grimmlord felt himself diminished. A mere girl? "I'm a man." He screamed at the AI, slamming a tiny little fist on the panel. "I'm a grown man."

"Okay," Danger Cat said. "Listen, we have a crisis. I'll drive. And don't hit my car."

"Listen to your mother," the AI said.

"Mother?"

DangerCat fired the thrusters and the car lifted off, rocketing into the sky. She'd received an emergency call from Apex-- the message had been garbled, but she's zeroed in on the location, and she knew she needed to get there-- fast.

Grimmlord, meanwhile, felt himself overwhelmed with a tangled knot of emotions-- his hormones were out of control, and he couldn't seem to help himself from ricocheting from one intense emotional state after another. "What do you mean-- mother?"

"Are you suffering amnesia?" The AI asked. "Commencing scan to determine wellness."

"I'm fine," Grimmlord said as the scanner projected across his body. "I'm just not her daughter."

"Why are you arguing with the AI?" DangerCat finally asked.

"Because I am not your daughter."

"No injuries identified," the AI said.

"This is all part of the mind game that's being played with you. Just-- don't play. Focus on the mission."

"But... well... um...."

"Listen to your mother, Jeanette." The AI said.

"Jeanette?" Grimmlord struggled not to punch to control panel.



DangerCat reached over and took his wrist, lowering his fist to his lap. "Hey, hey," she said. "Don't give in. We have a mission. Focus. I need you to be Grimmlord right now."

"Mission," Grimmlord said. "Yes. Focus."

He took some deep breaths, calmed himself.

"You good?"

"Yes," he said, feeling himself growing centered. "I'm-- I'm myself."

DangerCat smiled. "Good girl."

"Don't you start," Grimmlord said, closing his eyes, continuing his breathing. "I'm just getting myself to my calm place."

"Oh," DangerCat said, touching his cheek. "You know, I always did want a little girl."

"I'm not listening," Grimmlord said. "I am not listening."

They cleared a row of skyscrapers, and looking up at Millennium Tower they saw chaos. Apex, floating about 20 feet above the famous spire, fought against a swarm of drones-- thousands and thousands of them all firing hot blue lasers at him, smashing into him-- they didn't seem to be doing much damage, but he was harried, blinded, battering them and bashing them but completely occupied while a crew of Datastream's minions climbed around the spire, attaching cables and wires, boxes full of flashing lights.

Datastream's Mobile Attack Unit hovered nearby. It looked like a hard drive-- rectangular, silver...

"This looks like another distraction," Grimmlord said. He was remembering the series of villainous actions that had kept him busy while his suit transformed his body into its current voluptuous shape. "Something to keep us busy."

"I can't disagree, but let's end it. I'm going to dive toward the MAU. Get ready to eject. I'll follow."



Grimmlord smiled. He loved action, and distraction or not, the chance to break some skulls appealed to him. DangerCat dove, a series of tiny missiles laughed from the MAU-- they imploded against her shields, but the CatCar shook and rattled, the engines roared-- Grimmlord ejected, plunging toward the MAU, which started to pull away, trying to evade him. Using his boot jets, Grimmlord angled toward it... the ship moving away, fast.... He thought for a moment he would miss it, but he stretched out as far as he could-- claws

emerging from his gloves and just managing to dig into the alloy, his body slamming against the MAU-- ow. His breasts were sensitive, and the impact hurt like hell, but he ignored the pain, climbing onto the surface of the reeling ship.

Using his claws and grateful for the extra strength his suit granted him, Grimmlord worked his way toward a hatch. He heard a motor, and saw a canon rise from the ship, spitting at him, hard projectiles striking the MAU and cutting grooves into the steel.

Grimmlord began to execute catlike hops, digging into the steel each time, dodging the gunfire until he reached the canon and shattered it with a pair of viscous kicks. "Rarrwww." He heard his voice modulator shriek. He hopped into the hatch and ripped it free, tossing it off spinning into the air.

Dropping into the MAU, Grimmlord immediately found himself swarmed by a squad of Datastream's robots. He spun, kicked, punched... one of them managed to slash his side, cutting right through his armored costume, and another blasted him in the leg. Both areas flamed with pain, and he could feel blood seeping from his side, but he was Grimmlord, and he gritted his teeth, loving the pain, the action, viciously attacking and destroying the bots until he finally smashed his way through the door that led to the bridge.

"Digits," Grimmlord said, looking over to see Datastream's partner. "Is that really you, or are you another robot?"

"Oh, it's me," Digits said, giving Grimmlord a once over. "I must say you look scrumptious."

"Save it," Grimmlord said, advancing, meaning to take her out and question her later. "I don't have time for your monologue."

"Oh?" Digits said. She was not wearing her armor. Yet, she seemed strangely confident, and it should have given Grimmlord pause, but he was hot with adrenaline and violence. He strode purposefully toward Digits rather than pouncing.

"Now switching to helpless mode," the AI announced, and GrimmLord heard the sound of his systems powering down.



"Helpless mode?" He said, now attacking Digits with a sudden sense of urgency. As he swung his fist, she caught it, effortlessly stopping the blow.

"No, no," Grimmlord said. He meant to try a sweep kick, but his suit refused to cooperate. Instead, he sank to his knees while Digits twisted his arm behind his back. Grimmlord cried out in pain and shock, horrified to find himself powerless, weak, helpless.

"A pretty little girl like you," Digits said. "Why aren't you out chasing boys?"

Grimmlord strained, but his suit was now confining him, preventing him from even using his combat skills. And then, the voice modulator began to cry out, "Apex. Save me."

In his mind, Grimmlord raged. No. No.

Digits tied and gagged him, then sent the MAU into a cataclysmic dive toward the earth. Grimmlord struggled, and even though he was gagged, his modulator kept crying out "Apex. Help me."

Apex heard the cries of his crush. He saw the MAU lurch and then dove toward the earth. *DangerKitty!* Enraged that his female was in danger. In a surge of rage, his heat-vision flared and melted the drones, smoldering lumps of plastic raining down on the streets below.

Then, he launched himself toward the MAU, determined to save Grimmlord, his damsel in distress.

We cut now back in space and time to the Justice Collective Satellite.

Simulata, who'd gathered the shattered remains of the bot in a steel mesh bag, hurled the wiggling, writhing mass into the incinerator, the robot making a horrible shrieking noise as it was utterly destroyed.

"It looks like the robots are going to be a dead end," Spellbinder said.

Simulata did not believe the statement necessarily derived logically from what they had experienced, but having committed numerous faux pas and determined to be more "social" she demurred. Nodding.

"So, what next?"

"Perhaps you should select one of the numerous other leads?" Simulata said.

"Smart ass," Spellbinder said.

"I do not believe my ass capable of sentience."

Spellbinder considered, then nodded. Agreed. I know Grimm scouted his mansion, but the security was too tight. Maybe if we can get in there you can do some hacking. They have taken over all his systems with some kind of software, so there has to be a trail, right?"

"It is likely that they penetrated his software systems externally and if so I could seek to trace their location."

"Can you try now?"

"I can," Simulata said. She connected to the satellite systems and then to the WWW. Searching, locating nodes, she found the security protecting Grimmlord's network -- "exquisite."

"What?"

"Any attempt to tamper from the outside runs the risk of a total system wipe."

"From the outside?"

"Yes, but getting inside would require--"

"Magic?" Spellbinder said, tossing a ball of eldritch energy from hand to hand.

"There is no such thing."

"Right. Let's go."

While the Grimmlord's systems were secure, scans of the mansion showed grocery deliveries being made from the nearest Whole Foods. Simulata easily penetrated the network, and they found out when the next delivery was to be made.

Soon, Simulata and Spellbinder were making their way through the warehouse, dressed in Whole Foods uniforms, nodding as they passed workers. Spellbinder had cast a spell on Simulata to make her look like a crunchy hippie chick, with dreads and tattoos. "Have you located the driver's phone?"

"Got it," Simulata said.

The van was at the door, and the workers had just finished loading it. The driver was heading toward the door, when his phone rang. He heard his boss telling him to come by the office before leaving. Grumbling, he headed back into the warehouse, while Spellbinder and Simulata casually climbed into the van and drove away.

"Stealing is fun," Simulata said, barking out an electronic laugh. "Ah. Ah. Ah."

"We should have been villains." Spellbinder said, pulling her hat down lower on her head. Spellbinder then conjured up a joint, lit it and took a toke.

"As a hippie chick, should I not also partake?" Simulata asked.

"Dude." Spellbinder said, handing Simulata the joint.

Simulata took a toke, then scanned the web for an appropriate response. "That is what might be called good shit."

Spellbinder laughed.

"Did I express the right sentiment?"

"Oh, yeah, you did."

They both laughed.

When they arrived at the gate to Grimmlord's mansion, they got serious and tried to act natural. Both tensed, ready to attack if there was a problem, but much to their surprise the gates swung open and bored looking guards waved them into the grounds. It seemed that the security looked much more fierce than it functioned.

They pulled around to a back entrance, where a couple guards leaned against the wall, smoking. Spellbinder and Simulata climbed out of the van and went to the backdoors,

swinging them open. "Hey." Spellbinder called. "Can you help us? There's a really heavy pallet."

The guards looked at each other, uncertain. Simulata decided to help out. "You males are most masculine looking, and your muscular frames arouse me."

The guys laughed.

Simulata felt very proud of herself. "I am feeling a growing sense of warmth."

The guys started to walk over, much to the amazement of Spellbinder, who didn't think she'd ever heard worse flirting in her life. As soon as the guys came over, Spellbinder tossed a sleep spell on them. The guards were loaded in the van, and a new illusion was cast to make Spellbinder and Simulata look like the men.

"My arm is so hairy." Simulata said.

"Shhhsss. We need to be unnoticed until we get to a computer."

"Indeed."

They made their way through the mansion. Simulata had pulled up plans for the mansion from old building permits, and though they both knew the Grimm Cave and other modifications had not been on these plans, they were betting the rest was at least close. The mansion was fairly crowded with personnel, and Spellbinder wondered what they were all doing there. It was clear they were not only trying to keep Grimmlord out-- in fact, they seemed to be remodeling.

There was a small office of a guest room they hoped would be empty, and they had made it all the way to the guest room in a wing that seemed unused, when a soldier happened to come around a corner. "You," he called. "What are you doing in this wing?"

"Just a routine check," Spellbinder said, a little surprised at how deep her voice sounded.

The man reached for his walkie talkie. "What's your service number?"



"Um, 3478-12?" Spellbinder said.

The man frowned. "Just hold on," he said, slipping the walkie talkie from his belt, trying to pretend he didn't realize what they all knew he realized - that these two were not guards at all. He brought the walkie talkie to his mouth and recoiled as he felt dusty feathers against his lips and tongue. Surprised, he looked to see he was holding a feather duster. "Vat is these?" He said, eyes going wide at the sound of his piping soprano voice. He looked down to see breasts swelling from the top of his French Maid uniform, wobbled on his stiletto heels, and fainted into Simulata's arms.

"Quick," Spellbinder said, opening the guest room door.

Simulata carried the transformed guard into the room and lay him gently on the bed. "Why did you turn him into a French Maid?" Simulata asked, smoothing his skirt.

"Because it's fun," Spellbinder said. "Let's go."

They went into the office, and Simulata sat down, plugging into the UBS port.

"Help me." Grimmlord raged. He'd found himself bound and gagged, powerless. His suit had betrayed him, powering down and now the voice modulator that had once given him a deep, haggard voice was crying out alternating between crying out "help me." And screaming like some ridiculous female. He'd never felt so helpless.

In the dark, Cigar Man blew smoke in the air. "Activate Phase Two."

Chapter 6

Hands flickered across buttons. Gages jumped. On a massive screen, the shape of Grimmlord's new body appeared, areas lighting. Chemicals began to pour into Grimmlord's blood stream--

The normally calm and cool Grimmlord felt his heart begin to race, his breath grew quick and shallow. Even as his masculine mind rebelled against the coming panic attack, his mind flooded with chemicals as well, triggering the fear response, and his mind filled with panic, terror, as he became consumed with only one thought- I'm going to die. Tears formed in his eyes, and years of iron willed-discipline proved no match for the chemical cocktail flooding his system forcing him to feel panicked and afraid.

Apex flew toward the plunging MAU. He might have been able to fly under the MAU, catch it, prevent it from crashing. But he could think only of DangerKitty, the former Grimmlord. As you will recall, dear reader, Grimmlord's body chemistry had been altered so he gave off powerful female hormones that drove men wild with need-- they could not stop thinking about his new body-- and Apex had fallen under Grimmlord's spell.

He tore a hole in the side of the MAU and flew into the cockpit through a wall of fire and smoke.

"Phase three." Cigar Man shouted, and once more, lights flashed, the colors on the Grimmlord readout changing. New chemicals and hormones flooded Grimmlord's body and mind---

The emotional turmoil surged. Seeing Apex busting into the MAU, coming to rescue him, threatened every bit of Grimmlord's alpha male, tough guy personality. Part of him felt enraged, embarrassed, humiliated-- but the chemical cocktail flooding his system sent some shocking new feelings through his mind and body-- the panic, the terror he'd felt? As he looked at Apex, emerging from a cloud of fire and smoke, he felt a sudden sense of

warmth, of comfort and trust... his heart seemed to leap in his chest.... And if he could have put these feelings into words, he might have cried out, my hero...

Apex freed Grimmlord from his bonds and removed his gag before sweeping the little man into his arms. "Don't worry," Apex said. "I have you."



Once more, the man that had been Grimmlord felt -- emasculated. Here he was, cradled in Apex arms. It was like a scene from a romance novel, and he was the helpless maiden--

no... no... no... And yet, at the same time, endorphins swirled in his brain, and he felt his body growing warm, his cheeks... the sound of Apex deep, manly voice had given him chills, and he suddenly felt so safe, so protected.... He couldn't help but sigh...

Holding Grimmlord's slender body in his arms, Apex flew out of the MAU just before it slammed into the Earth, exploding into a ball of flames. Apex and rose above, Grimmlord looking down to see the blazing doom he'd been saved from.... He found himself staring at Apex face, suddenly fascinated by his cheeks, his lips... those eyes.

Apex landed, still holding Grimmlord. "Are you okay?" Apex asked, staring into Grimmlord's eyes. "Were you hurt?"

The jumble of feelings continued to swirl through Grimmlord's brain. The caring in Apex' voice, the concern, it just --- oh. He felt so--- he didn't even know... He started to answer, but he was still gagged... "mmmmppppfff...."

Apex chuckled. He gently set Grimmlord on his feet.... Part of Grimmlord felt regret--- he'd felt so good being carried by Apex, cradled, protected... it had made him feel so light and small. Grimmlord's knees went weak, and he stumbled, falling against Apex, who caught him. Feeling his soft body pressing against Apex' hard angles, once more waves of mysterious new feelings swept over Grimmlord... it felt so good.... He tilted his head back, looking up at Apex, his pupils swelling, so fat and full of need...

"Careful," Apex said, putting a thick, muscled arm around Grimmlord's waist, while he gently removed the gag.

"I-- I'm okay...". Grimmlord said, his voice rising higher, sweeter... breathy... Apex had built up a little sweat during the fight, and his manly musk now filled Grimmlord's head.... His body was doing things he was barely aware of, but which were sending him all kinds of signals as the heat built inside him...

Apex saw all the signs. He no longer saw any trace of his old friend. No. This was a beautiful woman, the most desirable woman he'd ever known.... "I'm so glad you're okay," he said, putting a hand to Grimmlord's cheek... "I would never forgive myself if anything happened to you."



Grimmlord sensed what was about to happen. His body wanted it, as did a growing part of his brain. He craved those lips, and he had a powerful urge to press his body closer to Apex, the thought growing in his mind.... Kiss me. Kiss me.

But he was yet a man-- an alpha. That part of him struggled mightily against all these terrible new needs and desires.... That part of him was terrified at the feminine desires he now felt, at the hunger he was in Apex eyes, at the possibility that he was about to.... Grimmlord didn't even want to think about it.... He had to pull away.... He had to break this spell....

"I can't..." he whispered, shaking his head. "I'm Grimm---"

Before he could finish, Apex smothered his objections in a powerful kiss, tilting him backward....

"Phase FOUR." Cigar Man called out, cackling with glee...

The chemicals surged, and Grimmlord felt pleasure like nothing he'd ever felt before... his whole body was on fire... his mind rising to a place of pure nirvana.... The incredible pleasure etched into his brain a whole range of new experiences.... Hands bound... helpless.... Being held... cared for... having a man take command, aggressively kiss him... dominate him...

The kiss went on.... He felt Apex tongue thrust into his mouth.... He moaned softly... loving it... needing it... who'd leaned Grimmlord back until he was parallel with the ground... lifted him back to his feet.... Apex ended the kiss.... Grimmlord had lost it, and he rose on his tiptoes, bringing his lips once more to Apex... he needed to kiss him and kiss him and kiss him.... Apex dropped a hand to Grimmlord's ass, lifted and squeezed... Grimmlord lifted a leg and started to rub the inside of his thigh against Apex.... He was all woman now... totally consumed with his need to be this man's woman... his struggled in his bonds... desperate to touch Apex.... But loving his feeling of helplessness.... Grimmlord was panting, making little sounds...

"Um, kids?" DangerCat said. She'd been watching the two of them making out, stunned, kind of a little turned on, not even sure if she should intervene, but she could see Apex was

about 10 seconds from flying off and taking Grimmlord's virginity, and she just felt like maybe it was too soon for that. Further, seeing Grimmlord go full on horny female, she felt something wasn't right.

Apex broke off the kissing, though he kept his hands on Grimmlord's hips. He looked at DangerCat with a-- are you seriously cock-blocking me right now? Look on his face.

"You have an audience," DangerCat said.

Apex looked around and saw people with cellphones. "Uh, oh," he said, suddenly a little embarrassed.

"Who cares?" Grimmlord said, trying to kiss Apex again.

Apex turned Grimmlord around so Grimmlord was facing away from him. Now standing behind the woman he'd claimed, Apex slipped his arms around Grimmlord's tiny waist, leaned close and nuzzled his ear whispering, "Smile for the cameras."

Grimmlord smiled, thrilled to have Apex tell him what to do.

"We'll pick this up later, but for now cool it."

"Okay," Grimmlord whispered, still in that even higher voice, loving that Apex was telling him what to do.

"Good girl," Apex said. Then, he waved to the cameras. "Better clean up this mess, people." He couldn't resist the urge to give Grimmlord's plump, perfect booty a pinch right before he flew off.

Grimmlord yelped and giggled, tossing his ponytail.

DangerCat shook her head. "I captured Digits," she said, pointing to the bound, dour villain at her feet.

Grimmlord was in a world of bubbly bliss, his mind replaying every second of his first kiss as a girl.... "okay," he said, playing with his ponytail, giggling. "That's cool, I guess."

DangerCat could see her former lover was in no state for a talking to or even to focus on anything. It was shocking, and she resolved to investigate. There was no way the man she'd known should have so quickly become such a --- man hungry girl.