

Chapter 7



Hot and bothered. Bothered and hot. Back at Danger Cat's mansion, Grimm Lord paced. He threw himself dramatically onto his bed. He tossed. He turned. He got up and paced some more. He bit his thumb. Pulled the tie from his hair and shook it loose, then gathered it and tied it back in a ponytail. He sat down at his computer and tried to go over the notes for his investigation, but it was no use.

His mind kept returning to the kiss. The warmth of their two bodies, so close. The smell of Apex. His hard, bulging muscles. I'm Grimm Lord, he tried to remind himself. I am a man. I beat up bad guys. With my fists. I'm not-- I can't---

While he recognized he was-- enflamed with passion-- it felt different in certain disturbing ways. His skin tingled. All over. He felt flush, almost feverish. And he felt-- and this is what was shattering his sense of himself as a male-- he felt an all-consuming need to be FILLED.

Yes. Filled. In fact, while he and Apex had been kissing, he'd felt Apex junk press into his tummy, and though at the time it had been only one of a thousand sensation assailing his rationale mind, as he ached and suffered and hungered to be filled so badly now, his thoughts kept going back to that feeling, and sometimes an image of it even popped into his brain, all hard and ridged with veins--

"STOP." There was no way. No way.

Hot and bothered. Bothered and hot. Grimmlord paced. Tossed. Turned. Took a long, cold shower. Nothing worked. Finally, he knew he had to find some relief. And remind himself that he was still a man.

Noemi, Danger Cat, had gone down to the Cat Cave, and was running analysis on Grimmlord's new, curvaceous suit. What she was finding did not surprise her. The suit was rigged with many mind-altering chemicals, hormones, all sorts of things to manipulate and manage Keith's mental state. It was no accident he'd gone all mushy and kissy with Apex. It was certainly more evidence, but what did it mean?

"Hey," she heard a soft voice call, the new voice of Grimmlord.

"Hey," she said, glancing, "I found something you should--" but then she did a double take. Grimmlord was practically naked, wearing just a cloth bra and a pair of "boy boxers." His hair was down, a halo of glossy waves around his face. He looked like any average teen girl lounging around the house, and it surprised her to see him dressed like that, plus—well, there was tenting in his bra. "You okay?"

Grimmlord buried his hands in his hair, mussing it, then sauntered over to the desk where Noemi worked, propping himself on the desk. "I'm fine," Grimmlord said. "Just a little-- hot." He hooked his hair behind his ear and smiled.

Okay, Noemi thought, this is a little weird. It almost seemed like, but no. "I did some checking on your suit..."

"Oh?" Grimmlord said, moving next to her.

"Yeah. You probably should stop wearing it, it has all these..."

"You're so smart." Grimmlord said in a breathy voice, as he put his hand on the inside of Noemi's thigh and squeezed.

"Um, what are you doing?"

"I want you so bad," Grimmlord said, diving in for a kiss.

Noemi was shocked and pushed Grimmlord away. "Stop."

"I need you," Grimmlord said, lunging at her. Noemi dodged him, backed away, her palms out.

"That's what I am trying to tell you," Noemi said. "The suit. The Danger Kitty suit. It made you super horny."

"You make me super horny." Once more, Grimmlord lunged at Noemi, and this time she grabbed a book from the desk and held it between them, batting at his hands as he tried to grab her.

"Down. Down girl. It's your hormones."



"My hormones want me to kiss you all over your body." Grimmlord shrieked.

"You are being controlled."

"I don't care," Grimmlord said, now switching from aggressive pursuit to begging. "Please. Please. I just-- I am so horny right now, and it's driving me crazy. I need relief."

"I don't think it would be right," Noemi said.

"Why not? We've slept together. Is it because I'm-- this?" He gestured at his very female body.

"It's because you are being controlled by that suit. You aren't thinking for yourself. You need to get a grip."

"Uggghhhhhhh." Grimmlord turned away, going to the computer, reading Noemi's findings. Noemi watched him. He looked hot as hell, she had to admit. What a perfect body—and that skin. In fact, it might be fun to have a roll in the hay with him in this body, show him how much fun it was to be a girl. But no. He was in no state to offer anything resembling consent.

"Okay. Wow," Grimmlord said. "They totally turned me into a sex-crazed bimbo."

"See?"

Some level of rationality returned, but Grimmlord's body was still demanding to be filled. "Then, at least, tell me how girls deal with this-- " he gestured down at the space between his legs. "It's-- insistent."

"Maybe we should focus on what to do about the suit?"

"I can't think about anything else right now but-- her." He gestured once more to his thigh gap.

"Wow. You got it bad. I have an idea, but it might be a little embarrassing."

"Anything to make it stop."

Gentle reader. Let us return now to the mansion. As you will recall Simulata had hooked herself up to the computer system looking for clues. Initially, she simply probed, moving about various files and networks, all of which proved mundane workaday data from Grimmlord's various business dealings. And then, she came upon the answer.. "Eureka." She looked back at Spellbinder. "I am keeping my voice low for the purpose of stealth, but my state is one a human would call greatly enhanced."

"We would never say that," Spellbinder said, amused. "What did you find?"

"A quantum portal to a network that exists outside time."

"The enemy?"

"Indeed. I am entering now and---" Simulata began to shake, to distressed electronic bleeps and boops. "Danger. Resistance."

"What's happening?" Spellbinder said.

"The security protocols perceive me as a virus, and they are seeking to exterminate me. I am-- this not --- error-- error-- error ...I am being erased--- error--"

"We can't let that happen." Spellbinder began to weave her hands in the air, eldritch magic flaring, then encircling Simulata. The shaking stopped. There was a burst of static.

"I am inside the system. Your undefined science provided the necessary support."

"You're welcome."

"Interesting. Interesting. Most fascinating. There are some truly marvelous technological advances coming."

"Um, Grimmlord? Have you learned anything about him?"

"What?" Simulata was making a humming noise now. "Yes. I did."

Spellbinder waited. The computer screen in front of Simulata had gone to a swirling pattern of colors, interrupted by bursts of light. The lights on the tower were flashing frantically.

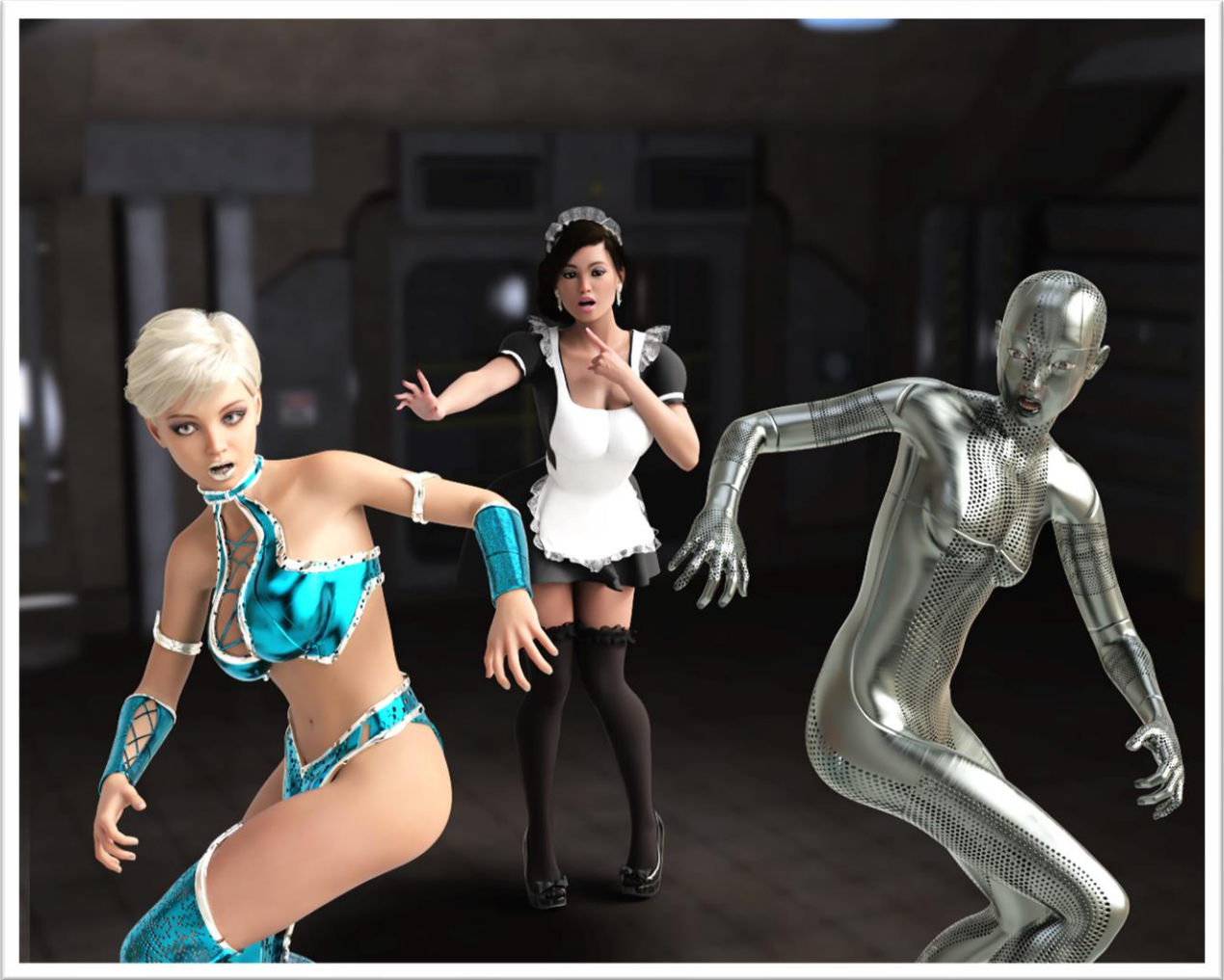
"And?"

"I know who has transformed Grimmlord into a girl, and why. It is actually both simple and complicated."

"Who? Why? Tell me."

"Grimmlord has been turned into a girl by--"

But before Simulata could answer, the door to the room burst open. A French Maid stood there, eyes burning with fury, and pointed at them with her duster. "Seize them." She cried. "Theeese are ze intruders."



Chapter 8

Grimmlord sat on the edge of his bed, legs spread, twisting his hair around his fingers. DangerCat had promised him she would be right back with a solution to his horny emergency, but it seemed to him like it was taking forever, and his mind kept drifting back to his first kiss as a girl, the feeling of his body pressed against Apex, the pressure of the bulge in Apex' pants pressing against his...

"Omigod." Grimmlord gasped. "Why can't I go more than two minutes without thinking about-- that."

Knock.

"Come in."

DangerCat walked in, and she was holding a white, rectangular box.

"What's that? Come on. I need to stop feeling this," Grimmlord said, grabbing at the box.

"Wow, you do have it bad," DangerCat said, laughing.

"It's NOT funny." Grimmlord shrieked, desperate, grabbing for the box. "Give it to ME."

"Okay, okay," DangerCat said, handing him the box.

Grimmlord ripped the lid off and threw it across the room, then stood, frozen, staring, his mouth hanging open in shock.

"Do you need some help with how to use it?" DangerCat said.

Grimmlord reached into the box and lifted out a pink vibrator. It was one of the sleek, modernist types that looked like a bullet. Grimmlord slit his eyes and pushed the button. It began to vibrate. "Come on. Stop joking."



"That's what I would use," DangerCat said. "If I were in your predicament." She shrugged. "I don't know a better way."

"Get out," Grimmlord said, still holding the vibrator, but now waving it at DangerCat. "Get out."

"You're a woman now, and there's no need to be embarrassed about your sexual needs," DangerCat said.

"What is this? An episode of The View?" Grimmlord threw the dildo across the room, sending it bouncing into a corner.

"Try it. You might like it."

"I would not like it. Goodbye. I'll find a solution of my own."

"Good luck with that," DangerCat said, leaving. Men, she huffed. You can't tell them anything.

As soon as she left, Grimmlord sat back down on his bed, crossed his legs and put his hands in his lap. "My brain is stronger than my body," he whispered. "I will simply will myself to stop wanting sex."

Buzzzzzz..... buzzzzzz.... Buuzzzzzz....

He had forgotten to turn the dildo off. It buzzed away in the corner, jiggling around on the carpet.

"My brain is stronger... my brain is stronger..."

Grimmlord looked over at the dildo, and he immediately felt the increasingly familiar clench, the need to be filled. The sight of it made him thirsty, and seeing it moving sent shockwaves through his mind.

"DangerCat," he cursed, getting up, grabbing the vibrator. He started to smash it against the wall, meaning to break it into a million pieces, then thought about tossing it out into the hall.

"Oh... wow..." His eyes caressed the phallic shape of it, and then he ran his hand over the length of it, feeling it in his palm, against his fingertips. His body began to tingle, and he was filled with the most delicious feeling of happiness even as his body heated up again and the hunger that had been consuming him doubled and his knees went weak as he sighed and walked, as if in a dream, over to his bed.

He could smell his hot, wet sex now. It was the smell of a woman, something he'd smelled many times as a man, but now it was him, and instead of filling him with a need to penetrate, he felt a need to be penetrated, a desperate urge to have this thing thrusting into him.

Hardly even aware of what he was doing, he desperately pushed his boy shorts down past his soft, wide hips, lay on his back and spread his legs. Manly fear trembled within him as he lay back, holding the sex toy with both hands. There would be no going back if he did this. Even if-- when-- he regained his true sex, he would always know what it was to be a woman, to have a--

"Just shut up," he whispered to himself, his needs overcoming his insecurity, and he brought the vibrating tip of the dildo to brush against the lips of his vagina. "Oh. He squeaked, a glorious new pleasure sending chills through his body. "Oh." He played the tip along the length of his new sex, teasing himself, gasping, panting, and when he could no

longer resist as he slipped the dildo between the lips of his vagina and pushed it into himself.

"Oh!"

Waves of pleasure crashed against him, a desperate hunger he'd never known, and as he worked to bring himself to climax, he lost all sense of himself. There was no Grimmlord. No more Keith Lee. There was only woman.

"I believe this situation calls for the use of tactics." Simulata shouted over the sound of incoming gun fire.

"No kidding." Spellbinder shouted back, holding up a magical shield that caught the impact of the Gatling Blaster mounted on the tower above them. The shield shimmered and flashed and seemed close to the point of breaking.

"I will refrain from kidding as you request," Simulata answered, blasting one of the guards who' foolishly run up, trying to engage her withs some sort of power blade. "Though I believe kidding to be a part of human--"

"Focus on the fight."

Battling their way through the mansion, they'd made it to the courtyard only to find themselves pinned down. While the guards had proven no match for the two heroes so far, outside they'd faced two obstacles that made what had looked like it would be an easy escape very challenging. First, there were extremely powerful Gatling lasers, clearly from the future, mounted above them and capable of inflicting great harm. Second, there was a robot between them and the door- shaped like a cube with hundreds of arms, it spun and fired, all the while protected by a force field neither Simulata nor Spellbinder had been able to penetrate.

"As I was saying," Simulata said, dodging a chuck of stone. "We need a strategy."

"And what would that be?"

"Call for help."

"Yes. Of course. I've been so busy trying not to die."

"Which I cannot fault as a short-term necessity."

"So, do it. Send out a distress signal."

"Done. And help is arriving in 10... 9.... 8...."

Before Simulata could even finish, a streak of red crashed into the Cube Bot, sending it tumbling across the courtyard. At the same time, another streak sent the soldiers manning the Gatling Laser flying off the wall, screaming as they plunged to the ground.

The Cube, sparking and smoking, rose and began to pummel Apex with a barrage of rockets and lasers, driving him backward in a cloud of smoke and flames, but as the Cube focused on him, Spellbinder and Simulata attacked, shattering it into a smoldering shower of scrap.

"What the hell was that?" Apex said, looking down in shock to see that not only was his typical impervious suit torn, but his chest was bleeding. "Am I injured? No one had been able to injure me since Galaxian."

"It is a robot from the future," Simulata said, spraying Apex with a healing agent.

"That's cold," Apex said with a wince.

"What are you doing here?" Pronto, the speedster who'd knocked the guards off the wall, said.

"We came to find out who turned Grimmlord into a female," Simulata said. "The answer was most surprising."

"Who was it?"

"We also found out how to change him back," Spellbinder said. 'I really can't believe who changed him, though. It's really so shocking."

"Who changed him?" Apex asked, though the thought that the woman he'd fallen madly in love with might be turned back into a man pained him.

"We must get to Grimmlord immediately." Spellbinder scanned the sky. "Now that we know the truth, he'll be in great danger."

"Yes, but who changed him?" Pronto shouted.

"No time for explanations. Urgency is of the utmost. Go with Simulata to get the transformation machine ready. Apex, you and I need to get to Grimmlord."

"You aren't seriously going to leave us hanging?" Apex said.

"I will tell you," Simulata said.

They all stared at her, the sound of sparking, dying technology all around them.

"And?" Apex finally burst out.

"Just kidding." Simulata said. "Ha. Ha. Ha."

"Let's go. There's no time to waste."

And with that, the heroes leapt into action.

Chapter 9

Grimmlord put his hair up and took a quick shower. He felt so much better. Having scratched that itch, he felt like hitting the street and beating down a few thugs. He'd been afraid that giving in to "her" would radically change him somehow, make him forever something less than Grimmlord. Instead, he felt like he'd almost hit a reset button-- mentally, he felt more like himself than he had in quite some time.

There was just one big problem - the things Danger Cat had discovered about his suit made any adventuring dangerous, to the say the least. It could power down. It could flood him with hormones, stimulants, depressants. It was a huge risk, but he really needed to hit someone. He undid the tie he used to put his hair up and shook it out, letting it once more fall softly over his shoulders and down his back.

Putting aside his concerns about his suit for the moment, he went to the underwear drawer and picked a bra out from the ones Danger Cat had gotten for him. Now that he'd done the nasty girl, he didn't feel like putting on a bra was any great danger to his male ego, and Danger Cat had been proven very correct. With breasts as large as his, support was a necessity. He was tired of them bouncing all over the place and didn't think he'd ever be able to look at a big-breasted woman again without feeling a sense of empathy for the burden she carried. Or, burdens, he chuckled.

He'd grabbed a plain, black sports bra, which made the most sense for a crime fighter, but his eyes were drawn to a black bra with lace cups, little bows on the straps. Feminine, mysterious, he found himself wondering what it would feel like to wear something like that. He wanted to see himself-- pretty? Sexy? His mind flitted back to his past girlfriends, and just how cute they'd looked when they put on the sexy lingerie, the soft swelling of their cleavage framed by the delicate lace. Then, he remembered the first time he'd seen some soft porn as a 12-year-old boy, and how his face had grown hot at the sight of that lace. It did embarrass him a little bit thinking of himself now being the one with the shadowy valley between his puppies, the pretty lace, but the truth was seeing a woman in a sports bra had also always turned him on like crazy.

How to put it on? He'd loved to watch his girls getting dressed, doing their makeup. So, he remembered more than once seeing them put a bra on backwards, hook it and then spin it around. He did that now, his heart racing with excitement, almost like he was dressing a hot girlfriend and not himself, and then he slipped his slender arms through the straps, lifted and settled his soft, heavy breasts into the cups. Slipping his thumbs under the straps, he adjusted them on his shoulders, becoming aware of the weight pulling against them, the feeling of the strap across his back, tight. He wiggled his shoulders. He could still feel his boobs jiggle, but they were definitely more secure than when he went bra-less.

He was about the head to the mirror when his eyes fell on the lacy, black panties that matched the bra. He picked them up, holding the delicate, semi-transparent little piece of fabric in his hands. In for a penny, in for a pound? He thought. Just to see what it feels like, he decided. This is the first and last time.

He stepped into the panties, wiggling his hips as he pulled them into place, feeling the soft fabric pull tight against his sex. "Oh." He thought. "That's different." Pensively, he went to the mirror.

Apex and Spellbinder streaked across the sky, heading towards Danger Cat's mansion. "I'll be right back," Spellbinder called. "I'm going to astral project to warn Danger Cat."

"Go for it. I'll keep flying here with your material form."

Spellbinder could essentially set her body to autopilot when she astral projected, leaving it to perform a function-- like, fly straight. Her eyes went blank as she sent her spirit out to find Danger Cat...

Who was beating the hell out of a sandbag, working out some insane tension. Seeing Grimmlord so horny, knowing it was HIM inside that super charged, sexy female, had gotten her a little worked up. And then, well, she'd done something bad. She'd waited outside the door and listened while he got himself off, and for some reason the idea of the big, tough,

bad ass Grimmlord satisfying himself with a vibrator? Well, it had lit her up in ways she'd never imagined possible.

As she'd been punching the bag, she'd been imagining Grimmlord in a corset, his face made up in sultry night colors, hot red lipstick, perched on stiletto heels, dancing for her, tossing his hair, giggling.

"Danger Cat." A voice suddenly shouted.

Danger Cat spun, her high-flying kick slashing right through Spellbinder's astral form. "Ouch." Spellbinder said, falling back.

"What? Don't sneak up on me like that." Danger Cat said.

"It's an emergency. Grimmlord may be in great danger."

"Why? What happened?"

"Just get to him. I'm on my way with--"

Spellbinder suddenly vanished.

"Shit." Danger Cat ran to the costumator and jumped into the tube.

Grimmlord 's mind shattered as bubbling femininity overcame him. As soon he'd stepped in front of the mirror and seen his dangerous curves, wrapped up so sweetly in those lacy confections, his brain short circuited. There she was-- a version of hundreds of girls he'd looked at via porn, a version of his hot girlfriends, dressed to seduce, and he was her now, and it was almost too much to bear as he found himself turned on both by the sight of this stunning woman as well as turned on being that stunning woman. He'd struck poses. Pouted. Smiled. Turned to the side, ass back, tits out, turned around and looked back over his shoulder at his tiny waist, the dramatic flare of his hips, the tone, heart shaped ass. Overcome, he'd gone to the closet and slipped on a pair of pumps, tottering, giggling, looking at himself, feeling so-- vulnerable and yet so powerful. His legs looked great in those heels, and though it didn't seem possible, his ass was even more heavenly.



As Grimmlord found himself lost in a cloudy haze of feminine pride, alarms sounded, There was a loud crashing, and the whole house seemed to shake. "Intruder. Intruder."

"Oh, shit." Not wanting to get caught in his bedroom boy toy outfit, Grimmlord took a few dainty steps toward the dresser, wobbling on his heels. He was just about to kick them off when the outer wall lit up and burned to ash. Grimmlord raised his skinny little arms in a combat position, only to gasp with relief. "Apex." His relief was short lived as Apex, seeing Grimm in lingerie, let his eyes drift hungrily

up and down Grimmlord's hourglass figure. "Stiletto heels," Apex groaned. "God help me."

“I need a sec to change—” Grimm said, blushing, but in a flash, Apex had picked him up and thrown the little man over his shoulder like a sack. Apex planted his hands firmly on the balls of Grimms’ ass cheeks, and the two of them rocketed off into the sky, Grimmlord kicking his legs, squealing, “Oh, my God! I’m nearly naked!”



Bonus

