

GRIMMLORD 2



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Prologue

Welcome, dear readers. The saga continues, as the Grimmlord finds himself reshaped into a young woman and rebranded as Danger Kitty. Determined to regain his identity and his name, the winsome lass now finds himself seeking clues as to who changed him and why.

Chapter 1



Grimmlord crouched in the brush on a hill about a mile from his mansion and scanned the perimeter. He had no idea how cute he looked when he was feeling serious. Armed security guards stood sentry around the property. These were not his security people. Whoever had locked him out of the mansion's security systems had also replaced his people as well. He'd checked his accounts at LeeCorps, and he'd been likewise locked out of all of them as well, plus his bank accounts, credit cards.

He'd been erased, and not just as an entity, he thought, looking down at the swell of his breasts. They'd taken his face and body, his costume, turned him into a woman, and a hero no longer named Grimmlord, but Danger Kitty. He was now forced to live with and rely on his friend, Danger Cat, for everything.

Being erased might have crushed a lesser man. He could have hung his head in shame, hidden from the public eye, but that was what **they** wanted. Instead, he'd embraced his fate, gone on television and declared that he was a woman, and he was proud to be a woman. It was not really true, but it was the best way to deal with it, he felt while he worked on getting his life back. He needed information. But where to get it? Grab one of the guards? They would know nothing. Low level grunts.

He turned his eyes back to the mansion, scanning the windows, looking for any signs of occupants. There were lights on in various rooms, pouring golden light into the darkness, but he saw no evidence of people inside. Crouching, he prepared to descend, meaning to try and sneak into the mansion-- then, a sudden breeze, and he felt arms wrap around his waist-

Spinning, he tried to drive his elbow into the face of his attacker, and it felt like he'd slammed it into a brick wall, only to hear laughter as he was lifted off his feet. "Hey, Kitty." Apex laughed.

"Put me down! Grimmlord shrieked, hating how much he sounded like a flustered woman.

Apex set Grimmlord down, but let his hands linger on Grimmlord's wide, soft hips. "Relax," he said. "I'm just messing around."

Grimmlord knew he now gave off powerful pheromones that drove men crazy. "Just keep your distance," he said, not liking the way Apex was looking at him-- his eyes were hungry, and it unnerved Grimmlord to be the object of male desire. He turned his back to Apex,

once more focusing on the mansion. There wasn't any new activity, so at least the little incident hadn't alerted the guards.



Apex let his eyes drift down from Grimmlord's round shoulders along the length of his back and to his tiny waist and plump, firm behind. The sight of that plump, lifted rear filled Apex all kinds of dirty desires. Grimmlord could feel the other man's eyes taking in his curves but tried to just ignore it. "What're you up to?" Apex asked, his voice going deeper.

"Breaking into my mansion. Looking for clues," Grimmlord said. "If you would excuse me."
The wind tossed his high ponytail.

"Breaking in?"

Grimmlord, accepting he wasn't going to be able to get rid of Apex very easily, explained how he'd been locked out of his own mansion, his security system.

"Let me help," Apex said, his mind swimming with confusion. He knew this gorgeous female was his old friend and ally, Grimmlord, and yet she was so beautiful, alluring, he had never desired a woman as intensely as he wanted and needed her.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Grimmlord said. "You're not exactly known for your stealth."

"No. I'm known more for bold, decisive action," Apex said, putting his hand on Grimmlord's back.

"Come on," Grimmlord said, exasperated, shaking the hand off. He turned to face Apex.
"Please. I'm a man in here. I'm still Grimmlord."

Grimmlord's eyes burned with anger, and seeing those big, pretty eyes turn hot fueled the flames of Apex' desire. "I don't care," Apex said. In a flash he had once more wrapped his arms around Grimmlord, pressing his hard chest against Grimmlord's soft breasts and planting a kiss on Grimmlord's plump lips. Grimmlord put his hands on Apex chest, shocked, appalled, trying to push the other man away, making small, angry noises. Finally, he pulled his head back and slapped Apex across the face.



The blow did no damage, but it shocked Apex enough to make him push Grimmlord away, sending him tumbling to the ground even as Apex rose into the air, struggling to regain control of himself.

Grimmlord, laying on his side, pushing himself up with one arm, his long legs stretched out, rubbed his forearm over his mouth. "What the hell?"

"I lost control," Apex said. "I-- I'm sorry. Are you okay?" He flew back down, reaching his hand out to help Grimmlord back to his feet.

Grimmlord batted the hand away and popped back to his feet. "I'm not helpless."

Apex pulled back again. "Sorry. Sorry," he said. "It's just..."

"Just go away," Grimmlord said. "You can't control yourself."

"I think you're right," Apex said, rocketing straight up in the air and vanishing into the clouds, a sonic boom shaking the trees and echoing throughout the mountains.

Grimmlord looked at the mansion and saw security scrambling. So much for his sneaking in now. "Apex." He cursed. It was probably just as well. His mind was racing, shocked by what had just happened, and he was in no state to focus on work.

Apex had kissed him. He felt suddenly hyperaware of the wrongness of his body-- the femaleness of it, which he'd been able to ignore, but now he felt not just the weight of his chest and the sway of his wide hips, but a keen sense of being treated--no-- **mistreated** in a way only a woman could be.

Nothing like this had ever happened to him in his life. He retreated from the mansion, trying to calm his mind, to process what had happened. Things were much more complicated than he'd thought.

Chapter 2

Once he'd gotten sufficient distance from his mansion, Grimmlord pulled the hover board he'd borrowed from Danger Cat off his back and hopped on, skating his way back toward New Rotterdam. It took a minute or two to find his footing; he was still getting used to the high heeled boots he now had to wear, and balancing on a skateboard in heels was not something anyone should have to do—he'd never even seen a girl do it. Fortunately, he'd always possessed superior balance along with his other athletic abilities because in addition to wearing heels, he was now quite top heavy. How much do these jugs even weigh, he wondered, looking down at the twins jutting from his chest.

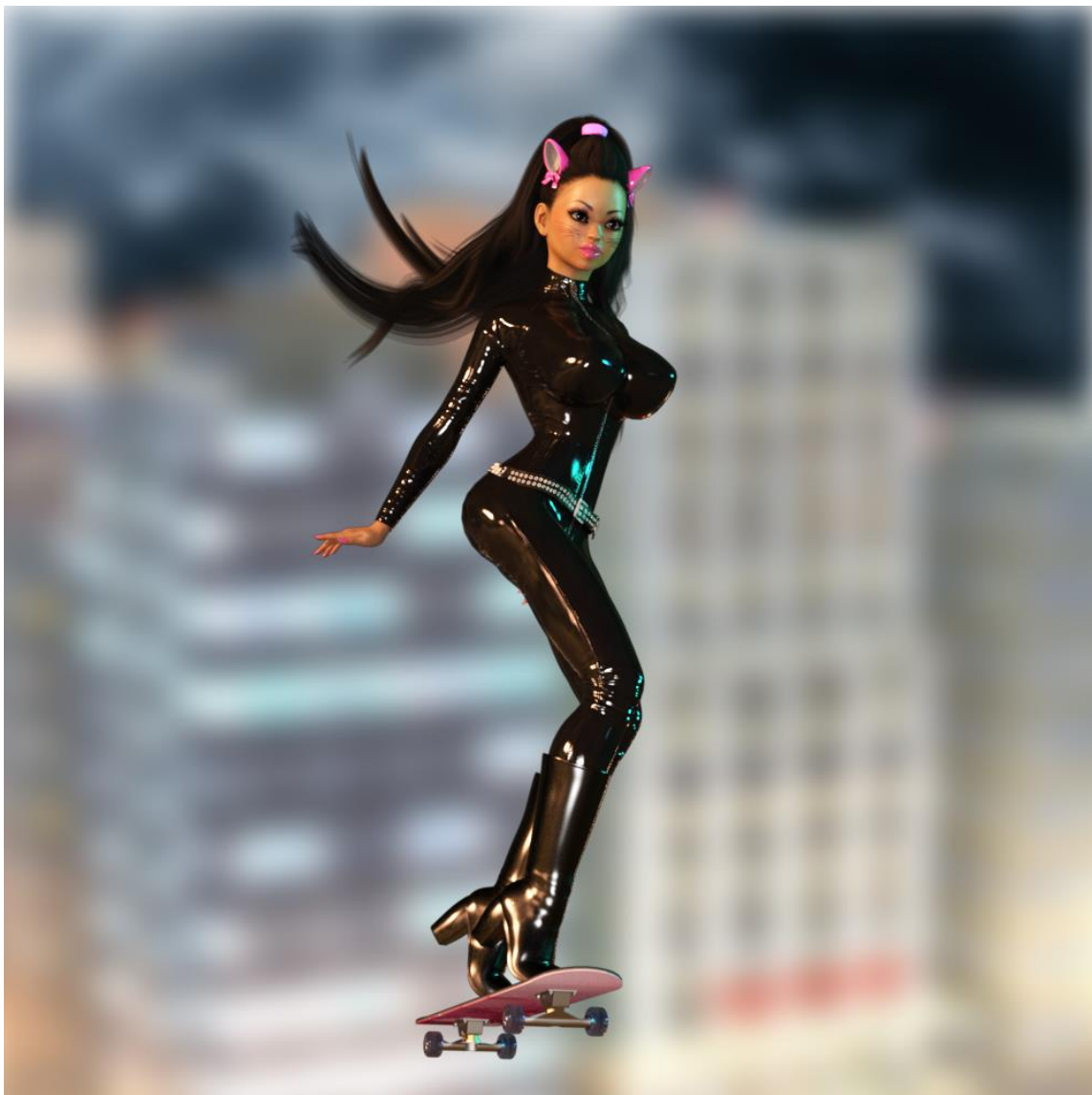
His mansion was a few miles outside the city, so he had time to think, which was not necessarily a good thing. In addition to turning him into a woman, his new costume was also feeding his system chemicals which increased his anxiety and made him more emotional. Simulata had speculated it was to mirror within him the emotional state of a teen-age girl, which was just icing on the cake. As he whizzed along Old Mill Road, his mind raced:

I can't get into my own house, my own lair. I can't use the Grimm Wagon. I can't use my own name. In fact, as long as he wore this costume, whenever he tried to say his name, the voice modulator changed the words. He tested it again, meaning to say My Name is Grimmlord, but what came out in a squeaky, high-pitched little girl voice, was, "I'm Danger Kitty," followed by a giggle. He'd lost his voice, his identity.

And the worst part was he had no idea who had done this, who could do this. In fact, Simulata, the Artificial Intelligence that worked with the Justice Collective, had found not a single suspect in her databases. No one, to her knowledge, could do this to him, and yet--here he was, a woman now, getting chased by men and—he moved to brush a strand of his long hair away from his face and accidentally scratched himself with one of his long, pink stiletto nails. And dealing with these stupid things! He added, looking at the nails, the nails he couldn't trim just as he couldn't trim his long, thick hair.

He fought back tears, battling with the teen within, who was a tangle of confused emotions. Right now, that teen-age girl was seething at Apex. It was not the first time Apex had crossed the line. Grimmlord had woken one morning right after becoming a woman to find Apex spooning him. It was creepy and weird and made Grimmlord feel something he had not felt since he'd been child - vulnerable.

Reaching the city, Grimmlord used the overboard to rise up above the rooftops, skating his way through the air back to his favorite spot - The Old Rotterdam Church. As he glided along, people sometimes spotted him, and to his chagrin he heard them call out, "look. It's Danger Kitty."



Have they already forgotten my true name? He wondered, his long ponytail whipping in the wind. Climbing onto the ramparts, between two learning gargoyles, Grimmlord put his hands on the small of his back and arched his spine, rotating his shoulders. He was getting back aches-- the weight of his breasts. Noemie, aka Danger Cat, had advised him to wear a bra under his costume, but he'd refused. It was too—feminine, he'd felt at the time, but he was rethinking that decision now. His suit provided some support, but not enough. No doubt, the designers wanted him to wear a bra, he decided. All part of their plan.

He remembered the morning they'd had the "bra talk." . He'd stayed the night at Noemie's. The two of them had revealed their secret identities to each other some years ago, and they'd become friends and slept together regularly as man and woman, but with neither desiring any sort of marriage or exclusive commitment.

Keith had woken to find his long hair in his mouth and pulling it out of his face and tossing it back over his shoulders, he'd decided to cut it off. Long hair was impractical and pointless, he'd decided, especially for a man who didn't want any more attention than his bombshell figure was already attracting. He'd gone to the bathroom off the guest room where he'd been staying looking for scissors or clippers, and not finding any had wandered downstairs, still trying to get used to how jiggy and fleshy his new body felt.

Noemi had been curled up on her couch, iPad in hand, reading. When she looked up, she'd smirked and said, "Morning, sugar tits."

"Does that have to be my nickname?" Keith had said.

"Oh, yeah," Noemi said. "Either that or sweet cheeks."

"Where can I find some clippers?" Keith had said, pushing his hair back over his shoulders. "I'm gonna cut all this off."

"Not too practical for fighting," Noemi agreed. She had a pixie cut.

"Or, anything else."

"I don't know. If you ever decide to become a stripper guys will love all that sexy hair."

"You're terrible."

Noemi told him where to find the clippers and went back to reading. She heard the clippers buzzing, and was surprised a few minutes later when Keith walked back into the room, long hair flowing down his shoulders. "Change your mind?"

"No," Keith said, sourly. "I cut it off. And it just grew right back. Like, that fast," he said, snapping his fingers.

"Nanobots," Noemi said.

"I figured the same thing."

"It's so puzzling. I can't get fix on exactly who is doing this and why," Noemie said. "I mean, could it just be some sort of sadistic payback?"

"Maybe," Grimmlord said. "I can't figure it out, either. I feel like I need more information."

"Well, come on, then," Noemi said, getting up. "Let's go."

"Where?"

"To my bedroom."

There was a time that phrase promised kisses and caresses, the greatest sex. Grimmlord actually felt his body tingling at the invitation. "Bedroom?" He said, his little voice getting higher, a rush of anxiety coming over him as he wondered what it would be like to sleep with Noemi as a girl, both of them women, would he be able to please her? Would he be the aggressor or-- submissive? Noemi was walking in front, leading him to her room, and he let his eyes caress her long legs.

Noemi glanced back, saw Grimmlord's cheek flush, his pupils get fat with lust.

"Um, not for that, sweetie," she said.

"Not for-- what? No. I didn't think--" Keith sputtered, blushed more, embarrassed not only at what he'd been thinking, but that, of course, she was rejecting him-- he was-- a woman. He couldn't please her.

Noemi could see the shame in Grimmlord's big, pretty eyes, and she wanted to re-assure him. "Keith, I don't want you to feel bad or anything. It's just-- maybe one day? But I am not feeling it right now. But I need you to believe I don't think any less of you because of -- you know."

"Okay," Grimmlord had said, wanting to melt away. It was so humiliating, and he did feel like she thought less of him. Or, was it that he was less or believed himself less? "Yeah. Of course, but then- what?"

Noemi nodded. "I need you to just deal with this," she said, sitting him down on her bed and shoving a brush into his hand.

"With what?"

"A crash course in hair care," she said. "If you're going to be stuck with all that hair, you're going to need to learn to take care of it."

Grimmlord had frowned, a feeling of disgust and self-hate coming over him. Not only did she not want to have sex with him, but she was teaching him how to be a girl? It was like having another piece of his masculinity cut out him, but he pushed down the torrent of emotions and the threatening burn of potential tears-- he'd been crying a lot since becoming female-- and said, "What do I need to know?"



"I'll show you," Noemi said. "But just some basics. I have to head into the office. Hair like this is no joke," Noemi said, digging her hands into his thick, soft hair, mussing and fluffing it. "Let's start with basic brushing. First..."

"I know how to use a brush," Keith had said, taking the brush and starting to brush down from the top of his head.

"Wrong and wrong," Noemie had said. "You've obviously never had long hair. You want to divide your hair into sections and then start at the bottom..."

Keith had listened, a rueful melancholy coming over him as the complexity of his girl life continued to astound him. Of course, some guys had long hair, but he never had because he'd believed it took too much time. He was right, but now he had no choice. He started to brush and right away the brush caught on a tangle. "Ow," he said, though it didn't really hurt that much. It was more an annoyance.

"Long hair tangles fast," Noemie said, especially for hero girls who run around fighting crime. That's why you should brush it at least twice a day."

"Twice a day?" Keith said as he worked out the tangle.

"The longer you wait, the harder it will be."

"Great."

"This is so fun," Noemia said, patting Keith on the knee. "It's like we're sisters."

Keith started to hit her with the brush, but then he saw the sparkle in her eyes and realized she was joking. "You should be a comedian."

It had been shortly after that and as she was rushing to get off to work that Noemi had made the suggestion about the bra. He'd immediately refused. "I'm not wearing a bra," he said. "No way."

"Okay," Noemi had said, but he could see from her facial expression that she was pretty doubtful he'd be able to stick to that pledge. "We'll see."

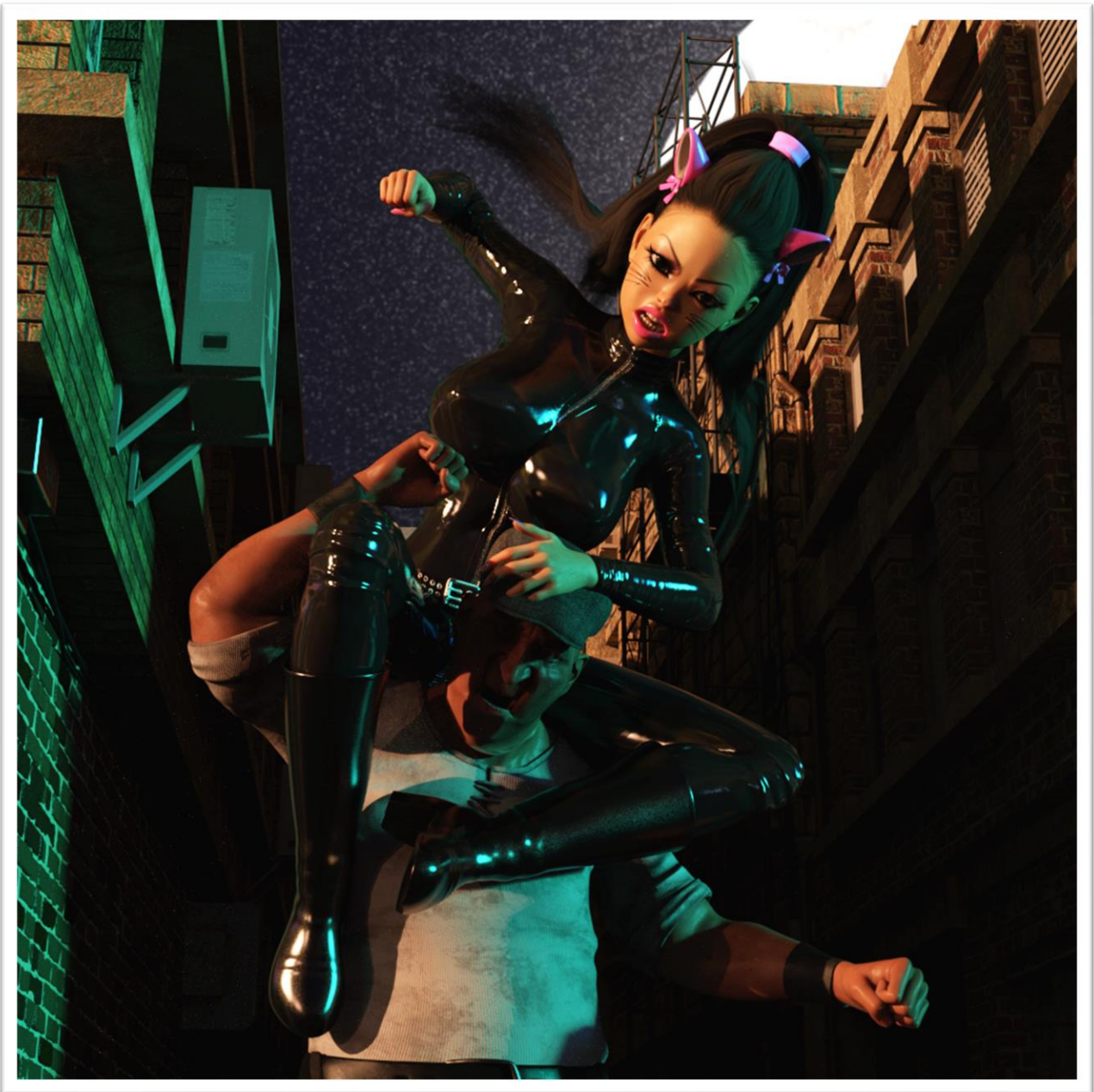
Thinking back on it now, the annoyance of having to hear Noemie say "I told you so" was more of a deterrent than the bra itself. He had to chuckle a little, thinking he was so ashamed of the thought of wearing a "support garment" when he had—what? D cups? *Dude*, he thought. *You got tits, deal with it.*

Maybe, he decided, he could get some and wear them without Noemi noticing. It felt like a further surrender of his masculinity, a giving in to this new body and this new sex, but he was really getting tired of the bouncing and jiggling and the back aches. There were a lot of bras now that weren't all lacy and girly like the old ones. Would it be so bad?

Just as he was thinking about finding a good bra, Grimmlord heard a scream and sprang into action.

Chapter 3

Grimmlord had heard a woman's scream coming from a block over, so he leapt onto his hoverboard and darted over, looking down to see three thugs surrounding a teenage girl. He recognized the thugs right away-- low level hoods from the Zeppelin gang, and he hopped off the board, dropping down to land on the head of one of the thugs, even as his modulator



once again screeched, "Kitty Kat Attack." He struck the Kitty Kat pose, no longer surprised or even all that irritated by his new "catchphrase."

The thug he'd landed on crumpled, while the other two pulled out their energy weapons, the air crackling with the smell ozone as they charged. The men's eyes prowled over Grimmlord's curves, and he saw each of them smirk as dark thoughts filled their minds.

The teen girl fled the alleyway.

Grimmlord clenched his fist, a smile crossing his face as his whiskers wiggled. He was in the mood for a good old-fashioned street brawl. Beating up these thugs was just the thing to relieve some tension. One of the thugs started to raise his gun, and Grimmlord could see it all in his mind- just how he would take him out with a kick, then drop low, knock the other off his feet and...

There was a whoosh, a powerful wind, and then the two men were disarmed, tied together with a steel cable, and then Grimmlord yelped as he felt a slap on his ass. He spun.

"Pronto." He shrieked, wishing he didn't sound so much like a munchkin.



Pronto, the super speedster, leaned against the alley wall, a toothpick in the corner of his mouth. "Figured I'd jump on and lend a hand," Pronto said. Like the thugs, he couldn't resist the urge to give Grimmlord a once over, sending chills through Grimmlord as he found himself being ogled. "Looked like you were in a little trouble there."

"I was fine," Grimmlord said, crossing his arms over his chest, or trying to. His breasts were so large he now had to cross them under his boobage. "I was looking forward to kicking some butt."

"Well, hey, you know, don't bother thanking me."

"For what?"

"Saving your ass."

"I can take care of myself. I'm still—I'm still— G—G- Danger Kitty." He sighed. When would he learn he couldn't say his own name anymore?

"You can't even say Grimmlord." Once more, Pronto's eyes caressed Grimmlord's figure.

Grimmlord's skin crawled. "By the way, keep your hands off me," Grimmlord said, feeling like he needed to set some boundaries, as much as it annoyed him.

"What?" Pronto said. "Just a friendly little slap on the ass between bros. Back when I played football we did it all the time."

"I said, keep your hands off me."

"Okay. Okay. I will keep my hands off you." With that, there was another whoosh, and Grimmlord suddenly found himself being kissed by Pronto, who even tried to slip him some tongue. Grimmlord overcame his initial shock, making a quick karate move and throwing Pronto to the ground. "Jerk."

Pronto laughed. "You wanna play rough, eh?"

Just then, another male voice called out, "The lady told you to keep your hands off."

"Marksman?" Grimmlord said, surprised.

"You okay?" Marksman said, stepping between Grimmlord and Pronto. "I decided to check in and make sure you were safe. Looks like it's a good thing I did."

"Oh, you think you're gonna shoot me with one of your little arrows?" Pronto said.

"Guys," Grimmlord said, shocked and worried to realize the men were fighting over him, each one trying to seem like the most protective alpha male. "Guys, just stop."

Pronto tried to quick strike Marksman, but he had some sort of apparatus to counter, a flash sending Pronto flying back and slamming into a wall. Marksman quickly hit him with an arrow that covered him in clumpy goop. "Speed advantage neutralized," Marksman laughed. He winked at Grimmlord with a clear—hey, babe intent. "What else ya got?"

Pronto started to vibrate, slowly shredding the goop. "You're about to find out."

"Don't worry," Marksman said, looking over at Grimmlord. He knocked another arrow. "This will take him out."

"Just stop." Grimmlord said, grabbing Marksman's arm. "You're acting crazy."

"You drive me crazy," Marksman said, leaning down, clearly intending to kiss Grimmlord.

"Ahhhhhhh." Grimmlord screamed. "Men." He decided he had no choice and went into action. Moments later, Pronto and Marksman each found himself hogtied, laying on his belly on the street. "Think about how you've behaved, boys." Grimmlord said, fists on his hips. "I'm outta here."

"Don't be like that." Pronto shouted.

"I love you." Marksman shouted. "I need you."

"Ugh." Grimmlord summoned his hoverboard, jumped on and took off, leaving the love struck men there to pine after him.

The repeated advances from the men had Grimmlord's head spinning. It was all so wrong. These men had been his comrades, his brothers in arms, and now they couldn't stop trying to kiss him, ogle him.... And he had never experienced the male gaze before.... He'd given it a bunch of times, but his body reacted when they looked at him like that, mostly in being grossed out, but was there some other part that was.... Interested?

No. No, he decided. He was Grimmlord. In his secret identity he'd slept with super models. He was all man-- or, at least, inside. He was sure of that. He needed time to clear his head, to process, to try and get the thought of guys kissing him out of his mind, so he went back to Noemie's place, got out of his costume and into more comfy clothes, fixed his ponytail and---- cried?

The tears came , a mighty flood, seemingly out of nowhere, just pouring out of him as he lay down and buried his head in his pillow. He wasn't even sure why he was crying; it was all

just so unfair and so wrong. He wasn't supposed to be a girl. He wasn't supposed to have to deal with-- men. The torrent of tears slowed, started again, got worse...

Just as they seemed to be slowing, starting to subside, he felt a gentle hand on his back, and looked through tear blurred eyes to see Noemi. "Oh, great," he said, wiping the tears from his cheeks. "Of course, you catch me crying like a little girl."

Men and their insecurities, Noemi thought. "You know the transformation made you more emotional. You probably need to cry now, honey. It's healthy."

"That doesn't make it less embarrassing," Grimmlord said, fully aware that the woman he'd made love to was now talking to him like he was just another female.

"Did something happen?"

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. I just—cry. It's all part of being a Kitty."

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?"

"Hmmmmn," Noemi said, brushing a loose hair away from his face, then cupping his smooth, soft cheek. "There is actually a simple answer to that." She paused, which she liked to do, especially when what she was about to say was either super cool or super not cool.

"And that answer is...?"



"Get a boyfriend."

"What the hell are you talking about?"