

GRIMMLORD



Criminals
once
feared him.

Now they
want to kiss
him.

GrimmLord

Fabulous First Issue!

by

Cooper Kadee

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Prologue

Welcome, Kadettes, to the first issue of what is sure to be the most pulse pounding debut of any superhero to ever grace the pages of a Cooper Comic. Meet Grimmlord, the most feared and ruthless vigilante in New Rotterdam. He loves terrifying the bad guys, and if he needs to break a few jaws as he brings them to justice, all the better. Only, life is about to get cute for our hero. Very cute.

-- Shanya Leah, Editor in Chief



Chapter One

New Rotterdam after dark, when the jackals come out to feed.

Melissa Goldberg walked along the frozen, winter streets of New Rotterdam without fear. That was her biggest mistake. Sure, when she'd moved to the big city from her little town in Northern Minnesota, her parents had warned her about criminals and thugs, had told her that a girl needed to take extra care. They had specifically said, "NEVER walk alone at night. NEVER!"

Melissa had snickered. Parents.

Melissa Goldberg believed in girl power, feminism and the fact that old people worried way too much. She was a modern girl who took kick boxing classes, and she could take care of herself.

Please!

Melissa hadn't come to New Rotterdam to cower in her apartment. She brought with her dreams of glamorous nights at the theater, stimulating afternoons wandering the city's many museums and a stellar career as a reporter for the world-famous Rotterdam Report. She came here to the Rott to LIVE!

Which is how she found herself walking home alone late one late night after a long day at work, her breath freezing in the cold winter air, coming out of her mouth in gusts of silvery vapor. As she walked down 42nd street, the city buzzed with the life of the city: cabs zipping down the street, honking, couples arm and arm, laughing as they headed to and from bars, a man dressed as a Rabbi on the corner holding a sign that read Jews for Jesus. A man with a huge bear and a t-shirt that read "No Kiddinski" shouting about Ragnarök. A couple of Drag Queens swanned by, trailing gorgeous glamour like a cloud of perfume.

Melissa loved it all, everything about this amazing city.

And so she, our ingénue — smiled to herself, feeling that city feeling; she was here, and she was making it.

So lost in thought was she that she didn't even notice as she turned off 42nd Street and started toward her apartment in the Old Dutch neighborhood, that the traffic thinned out, the streets grew quiet, and she found herself alone on a narrow twisting side street lined with ivy covered brownstones.

Or, almost alone.

"Hey, there, young lady," a man said, stepping out of the shadows, startling her. "I didn't mean to scare you. Got a light?"

The man looked— scary. Big, wearing dark clothes, he had a scarf wrapped over his mouth, leaving only his hard, angry eyes visible. Melissa froze, and she looked back over her shoulder. She almost turned and walked away, but the man looked ethnic, and she didn't want to seem like a racist. So, she shook her head, pulling her vape pipe out of her pocket. "Sorry," she said, trying not to sound nervous. "I vape!" She started to move past the man, but he took a step to block her.

"How about giving me some money, then? I'm a Gulf War vet, and through no fault of my own I got laid off from my job down to the factory. I haven't eaten in three days. Man, I am so hungry?"

"Um, well, maybe a couple dollars?" Melissa asked.

"How about all of your money? All of it." The man's voice and eyes turned hard.

Just then, three more men emerged from the alley behind Melissa, murmuring. She looked back, and they all smiled, their teeth bright in the light from the streetlamp.

Melissa grabbed her purse strap and started to run, but the man grabbed her. "Bitch!" He shouted. "Didn't you hear me? I'm starving!"

The men behind Melissa laughed. "Bitches come in and gentrify our neighborhoods won't even give us money for a biscuit?" One of the men behind Melissa pulled his hand

out of his pocket, and then there was a click sound as his switch blade popped open, the chrome-plated blade flashing in the streetlights.

The big man in the scarf wrapped his arms around Melissa and covered her mouth with his hand, dragging her back into the alley. She struggled, trying to reach the mace she kept in her coat pocket, but he'd pinned her arms. As the man dragged her into the darkness, she thought of her mom and dad. She felt tears come to her eyes as she thought about how they would feel when they found out that she'd been killed, how angry they would be that she hadn't listened, that they had let her go to the city. Mom! Dad! I'm so sorry, she thought.

The three men who'd come out of the alley advanced, snickering, the one still waving his knife. Melissa writhed, trying to get free, to kick the man, but she was powerless, and she knew it would all be over soon...

Something silver flashed through the air, and what looked like a star suddenly appeared in the eye of the man with the switch blade, a dark stream of blood gushing out as he screamed. Then, a dark shape seemed to drop from the sky, arms and legs flying, sending the other two men spinning, crashing into the brick walls of the narrow alley. "Scum!" A deep, whisky ravaged voice bellowed. "Attack a helpless woman? Not in my city!"

Melissa felt herself thrown forward, landing on her knees, and she looked back to see the man who'd grabbed her running. "Asshole!" She screamed, getting to her feet, finding her mace, chasing after him.

Glancing back, she saw the hooded figure turn to face her. "Stop!" He growled in a deep, raspy voice, and Melissa realized it was GrimmLord, the vigilante superhero!

Melissa saw one of the thugs GrimmLord had knocked down reach into his coat and his hand emerged holding a large gun. "Look out!" Melissa shouted.

GrimmLord spun. As the thug's gun barked, the whole alley lit up with flashes as the bullets spat at GrimmLord, who seemed to bat them away, the bullets slamming into the

brick walls with a “thwak” thwack.” GrimmLord advanced on the man. “I will cleanse the streets of your filth! I will purge you from my city!”

Melissa, seething with rage, spun and gave chase to her attacker once more. He’d reached the end of the alley and grabbed a garbage can, flipping it over so he could climb on and try to reach the ladder of a rusty old fire escape ladder. Melissa ran as hard as she could in her heeled boots, and just as the man jumped and grabbed the ladder, she dove, wrapping her arms around his legs, pulling him down, his head slamming into the metal garbage can. He fell to the ground, struggling to sit up, shaking his head.

“You hungry?” Melissa said. “Eat this!” She sprayed her mace right into the man’s face. He screamed and covered his eyes, started rolling around. Melissa kicked him in the ribs, until she felt arms wrap around her and pull her off her feet. She screamed, but then GrimmLord sat her down on the garbage can, and seeing it was him, she just said, “Oh!” She took him in. He was— big. Muscly big, and he had the squarest jaw she’d ever seen.

“I admire your spirit,” GrimmLord said. “But you should be more careful.”

“Okay,” Melissa said, hooking her hair behind her ear. “Sorry.” He was so much a MAN, she felt compelled to be more feminine around him. “Thanks for protecting me.”

The man who had attacked Melissa suddenly lurched to his feet and tried to run, but without even looking GrimmLord pulled a bolo from his belt and hurled it at the man, not even looking to confirm it had wrapped itself around his arms and legs. He fell on his face and lay there, moaning.

“That was pretty cool,” Melissa said.

“I know,” GrimmLord said. At the sound of a police siren, he looked back and then grabbed a grappling hook from his belt. “The police will be here soon. I have to go.”

“Wait!” Melissa said, her reporterly instincts kicking in. “I’m a reporter! Can I get a picture?”

GrimmLord smiled. He liked the girl’s attitude. “Sure,” he said.



Melissa managed to get a couple quotes and a picture of GrimmLord posing with the defeated criminal like a hunting trophy. Then, two squad cars appeared at the end of the alley, red and blue lights flashing. Melissa looked down the alley, and when she looked back-- GrimmLord was gone.

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GrimmLord watched from the rooftop just long enough to make sure the girl was safe, then he began making his way back to one of his favorite observation points: next to a

gargoyle on top of the Old Dutch Church. He could move quickly around the city from there, get to almost anywhere with ease. He didn't need to spot crime with his eyeballs like in the old days; he had satellite feeds watching every part of the city and could usually see the crimes coming long before the criminals struck. It was all part of how he got in their heads. They couldn't figure out how he could be everywhere at once, and it fed into the legend that he as a demon or a spirit.

He smiled, thinking about the years of mind games and intimidation he'd engaged in, a long-time game of psychic warfare so complete that a lot of criminals had left town, moving to other locations, while the one's that remained practically shit themselves at even the hint of his presence. Their terror made them even easier to defeat, and even easier to beat into confessions. He loved intimidating thugs, beating them, making them afraid, and especially the cowards who prayed on women.

### **Flashback!**

**A knife flashing in the darkness, his mother screaming. Her purse flying through the air, gold buckle flashing, blood on the thug's face, and then he stabbed her, and stabbed her, and stabbed her. She lay sprawled on the sidewalk, her blood pooling around her, lifeless eyes staring at GrimmLord, frozen, watching the whole thing, unable to act, unable to save his mother. The thug had laughed, still clutching his knife, now sticky with dark, red blood, that dripped and dripped onto the sidewalk.**

Night moved on. It was a quiet one, until right before he was about to head home, when he spotted one of his old foes, Daughter Despair, traipsing along an alley in the diamond district. Odd, he thought. Not her usual style. She normally stole industrial chemicals she needed to create the psychotropic drugs she used to torture her victims. She'd never robbed a jewelry store before. What tonight? The diamond district was in the

opposite direction to his mansion, and it would mean at least an hour delay in getting home, which he didn't love, but he would make the trip. He was a hero, and that's what heroes did. They put the safety and welfare of others before their own needs and wants. He prided himself on being that kind of hero, and he did it, as he often said, "On weekends and holidays."

GrimmLord made his way over to the Diamond District, covering his mouth with the filter he'd developed to protect himself from Daughter Despair's chemical attacks, watching DD as she lingered behind the diamond store. Just standing around, occasionally popping a capsule of something and inhaling it, but making no move on the jewelry store.

What's she doing? He wondered. What's she waiting for? He scanned all areas, wondering if this was some sort of trap, but spotting nothing, he dropped to the alley floor and said, "What do you want?"

Daughter Despair, who always wore a corset and fishnet stockings, put a hand on her hip and said, "Just to waste your time! Hahaha!"

GrimmLord shook his head. "Tell me why you're here."

"I told you. To waste your time. Anyway, I do have a question for you. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a pair of huge honkers?" She cupped her hands over her own chest, a smirk on her face.

"Goodnight," GrimmLord said. "Next time you commit a crime I look forward to wiping that smile off your face."

"Okay, Danger Kitty. Or, maybe we can braid each other's hair!"

Crazy, GrimmLord thought, annoyed. She had always had this weird idea about their relationship, like she thought they were a thing, but these latest comments just seemed nutty. He was too tired to worry about it, and he made his way back to the GrimmTank, and then to his mansion, stepping into the tube where his costume was automatically removed

by a machine he'd jokingly named, "The Costumator 6000." It was a pretty amazing machine. He could jump in a lift on any floor in his mansion and he'd be down in his cave in less than 10 seconds, fully outfitted and ready to go fight crime. Or vice versa.

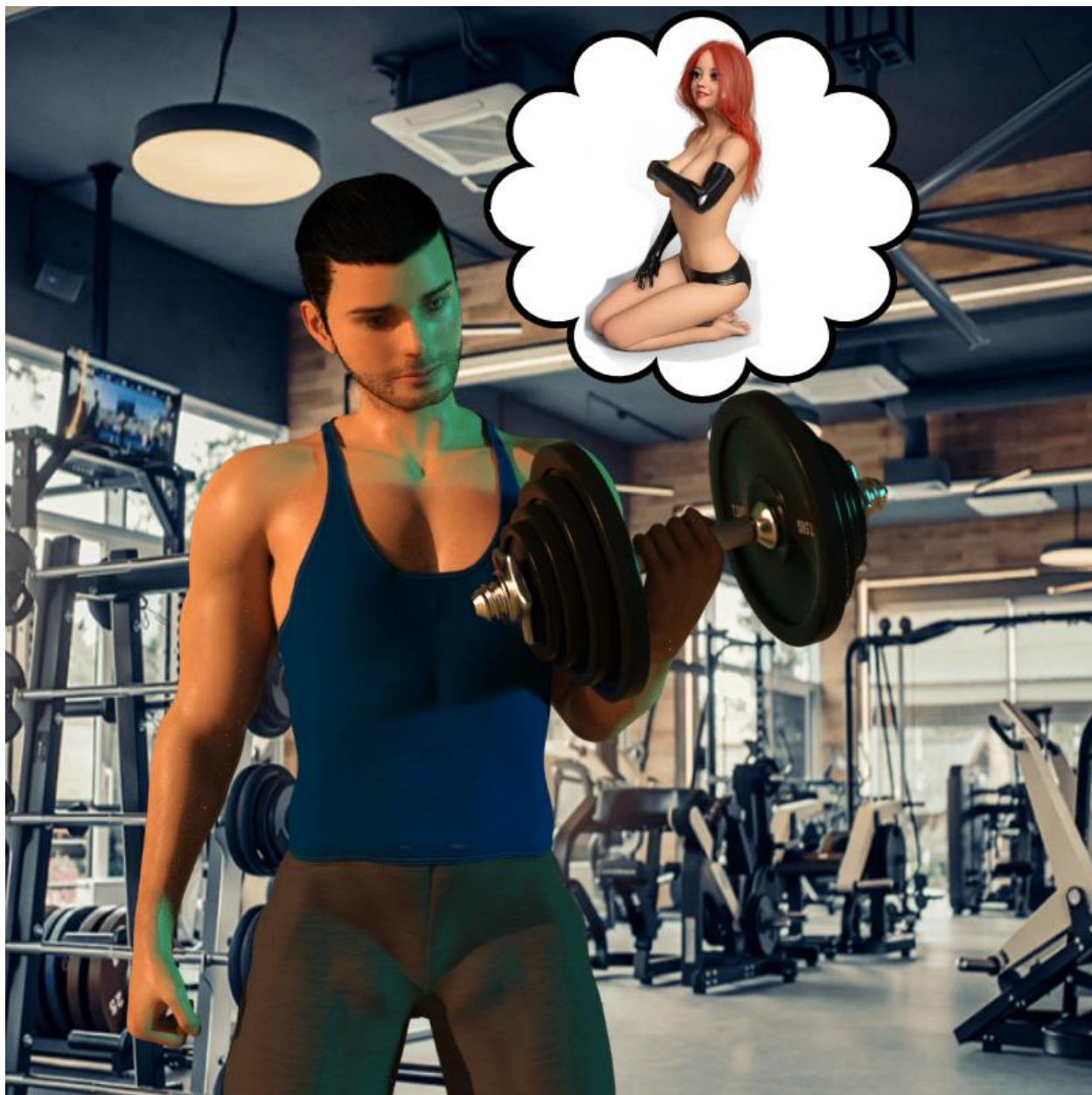
Arriving at the top floor of his mansion, Kevin Kim stepped from the machine and slipped on a Terry cloth robe. No one would ever mistake him for GrimmLord. Kevin had a long, lean body, rippling with lean muscle, like Bruce Lee. His costume not only made him look like an Olympic Power lifter, but he'd designed it to add four inches to his height, turning him from a modest 5'8" to a solid 6'. He liked himself, liked his body but sometimes he did wish he had GrimmLord's broad shoulders in real life. His shoulders were narrow, more like a boy's than a superhero's.

Daughter Despair's question about boobs stuck in his head. Could she have infected him with some sort of agent that was going to make him pop out boobs now? He wouldn't put it past the weird little freak.

The thought bothered him, a lot, so he ran some scans over his body, just to make sure she hadn't induced some kind of agent into his system, but he came back clean, and so he went upstairs to bed, putting it all out of his mind. Kayla, his latest supermodel girlfriend slept in his bed, and he admired the curves of her body beneath the sheets, the way her dark hair glistened in the moonlight slanting in from the window. She was beautiful, and he felt himself drawn to her, filled with his need to protect her.

He loved protecting women, and he loved winning them, too. He'd always had the hottest girl in school, and then he'd made it a point to always date the most beautiful women in the world— Victoria's Secret models, actresses, ballet dancers. Kayla was a supermodel who worked all over the world, had been on the covers of over 54 magazines, appeared in movies. He thought about her long, lean body, her perfect skin, the small sounds she made when they made love, and he smiled as he looked at the gentle rising and falling of her perfect breasts...

Daughter Despair's weird question came back to mind. Had he ever wondered what it would be like to have knockers. First, who called them knockers anymore, but, anyway,



what an odd question. For a moment, he did start to imagine what it would be like to have big, bouncy breasts, and he pictured some of the sweet racks he'd seen on girls, both real life and in girly magazines. Kayla had perfect breasts, though a little smaller than he would have preferred. Focusing on hers, he smiled. He loved the shape of a woman's breast, the full, fleshy nipples. All the thoughts of Kayla's body were getting him horny, but she hated being woken up for sex. He went to his private gym and started lifting weights, now picturing Danger Cat's perfect little body as he did so. He liked to imagine her wearing leather. There was just something about a woman in leather that drove him crazy. As he

lifted, he imagined the two of them making love, the feeling of her soft body against his. Imagining himself playing with Cat's tits, he thought about DD asking him if he ever imagined having his own. It would suck, he decided, looking in the mirror. He had a powerful, muscular man's chest, and that's the way he liked it. He couldn't even imagine what it was like to have to wear a bra all the time.

Why had Daughter Despair asked him that, though? He couldn't help but linger on the question.

She probably just wanted to flirt in her own crazy way, he decided.

Weirdo.

## Chapter Two

### **Meanwhile, in Old Dutch Town....**

Melissa Goldberg did not go right to bed as she had planned. Jacked up after her ordeal and eager to file her story, she hurried into the cramped apartment she shared with two other ambitious young women, set up her laptop and within 30 minutes had hacked out the story and emailed it, along with pictures, to the night editor, a 20 year old unpaid intern from Mount Saint Mary's College, who had replaced a grizzled veteran of 30 years due to "competitive forced beyond management's control." Whereas the grizzled veteran might have sent the story back for editing—the lead was sloppy—the intern looked up from his game of Fortnite, saw the picture of GrimmLord and immediately posted the story to the newspaper's website, thinking, "I can't wait to tell my friends about this."

Melissa sat for about an hour constantly refreshing the website until the story appeared, and then she did a little dance, barely restrained herself from waking up her roommates or calling her Mom, then sat down and read and re-read the story, staring with pride at the byline, her name, above the article. Her name! Hers! Above a story in the world-famous Rotterdam Report!

It was a dream come true. Sleep was not an option. She wanted to run outside and scream, shout from the rooftops, I am Melissa Goldberg, and I am kicking this city's ass!

Instead, she went to the stove and put on a tea kettle, watching the clock, looking at her article and waiting for a decent hour to call her parents and share the big news. Then she posted it all to Instagram. And then on Facebook, even though no one really Facebooked anymore. And Twitter.

As she social media-ed herself silly, an envelope slid under her apartment door, and shadowy feet slunk silently away.

### Chapter Three

#### **The next morning, a surprise awaits!**

Kevin woke with a start to the sound of the Grimm Siren. He'd trained himself for years to snap instantly awake, going from sound asleep to completely alert without the usual drowsy transition that slowed most people. He rolled out of bed at the sound and raced to the tube in his side office that would whisk him down to the Grimm Cavern and suited him up. The tube closed, and he felt himself plunging down at amazing speeds as his costume wrapped around his body, the g-forces being negated just a second before he landed on his feet and ran from the tube toward the GrimmTank, breasts bouncing.



What?

GrimmLord stopped and looked down to see large, firm breasts jutting out from his chest. “What the hell?” The massive breasts were molded onto his costume and made it look like he had hard, erect nipples.

“GrimmLord,” Danger Cat’s voice crackled over the transmission system wired into his costume. “Hurry! I need you!” Then, he heard an explosion and the telltale rat tat tat of a Heckler and Koch MG4, the signature weapon of The Zeppelin Syndicate.

GrimmLord cupped the breasts that seemed to be melded into his costume, and he remembered Daughter Despair’s taunt: Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have your own boobies?

“Help!” Danger Cat called again. “I can’t hold out much longer!”

Grimm Lord looked to the GrimmTank, looked down at the breasts swelling from his costume’s chest. He did not like the idea of going out in public looking like this, let alone not knowing who had done this, whether he could trust this costume, which was clearly not his, but then, — He had no choice. He would have to go out there and fight alongside Danger Cat even with big, fake breasts, because that’s what heroes do. Even if it cost them embarrassment, heroes do what must be done, no matter the personal risk, without regard for their own comfort.

He ran to the GrimmTank and jumped in, boobs once more bouncing annoyingly on his chest. “Grimmbot. Get me to Danger Cat’s location right away!”

“Yes, boss,” Grimmbot answered, and the GrimmTank’s jets fired. It rose into the air on a cloud of dust and smoke.

“Grimmbot. Scan my armor for any abnormalities, subroutines, monitoring programs,” GrimmLord said as he pulled up the satellite images from Danger Cat’s location,” seeing that, indeed, The Zeppelin Syndicate had Danger Cat cornered, coming at her from three sides. She was pinned down behind a Humvee by triangulated fire from the

rooftops, while a line of armored Zeppelinists advanced toward her. Once they got close enough to engage, she would be overwhelmed by sheer numbers. “Hurry!” GrimmLord commanded, and the GrimmTank lurched forward as the afterburners locked in, sending it blazing across the sky above New Rotterdam.

“Systems check complete,” Grimmbot said. “All armor systems are functioning within expected parameters.”

GrimmLord frowned. “Check security protocols,” he said. “Someone snuck into my Grimm Cavern last night and switched my armor.”

“Checking.”

As GrimmBot scanned, the GrimmTank slowed as it reached a position above the fight scene. All thoughts other than defeating The Zeppelins left GrimmLord as he pushed the eject button and found himself launched into the air, using his cape and the direction thrusters in his boots to guide him toward the shooter on the roof of the nearest building. GrimmLord gained speed, spinning and driving his legs into the man’s head, sending him tumbling off the roof screaming. Then, he felt his suit take over for a second as he raised on leg, thrust a fist in the air and his voice modulator, of its own accord, shouted “Kitty Cat Attack!

What the? GrimmLord, regaining control of the suit, shook his head, feeling stunned and ashamed. What would people think if they saw that? Gunfire brought him back to the task at hand. “No time to worry about it,” he murmured. He launched a grappling hook and swung across the building to the second shooter, who having heard the screaming of his fellow shooter, turned toward GrimmLord, firing in a panic, bullets lying all around GrimmLord who grinned and said, “Scum!” as he swung into the thug, knocked the gun out of his hands and then finished him with a quick one two punch. “Kitty Cat Attack!” His modulator once more shouted, and he struck the ridiculous pose.

“You got to be kidding me.”

The third shooter dropped his gun and ran, so GrimmLord turned his attention to the action on the ground. With the suppression fire eliminated, Danger Cat came leaping out from behind the Humvee and right into the middle of the Zeppelin line, spinning, kicking and punching, moving so fast no one could get a clear shot. GrimmLord wondered if she even needed his help after all and thought about returning to the GrimmTank before anyone saw his boobs, but then the street seemed to erupt and Zeppelin, himself, emerged from the sewers, his massive, bulky armor issues jets of steam even as he aimed his wrist gun at Danger Cat.

“Damn it!” GrimmLord howled, leaping off the building and diving toward the ground, hurling a series of throwing stars at Zeppelin as he fell. The stars bounced harmlessly off his armor with clanging sounds, but they did the job. Zeppelin turned around with clomping steps echoing against the stone pavement even as GrimmLord rolled to the ground, bounced to his feet and ran toward Zeppelin.

Bounce. Bounce. The huge breasts on GrimmLord’s chest bounced wildly up and down with each step, almost hitting him in the chin, and he wrapped one arm across them, slowing his run, feeling awkward and unbalanced.

“GrimmLord!” Zeppelin said in his German accent. Then, his eyes fell to GrimmLord’s bouncing breasts even as GrimmLord threw an arm across them, standing there in a typically feminine posture. “Well, well, well, you have certainly blossomed! Quite the Grobe Brustel!”

GrimmLord just grunted, then dodged as Zeppelin started firing his machine gun, peppering the streets and the cars, shattering windows. The machine gun smoked and spun as it was reloaded. Behind Zeppelin, GrimmLord could see Danger Cat struggling as she had gotten partially caught in a net and was now fending off two sword wielding attackers.

GrimmLord tossed a web grenade that exploded on Zeppelin’s helmet, temporarily blinding him, and then ran over to Danger Cat, once more thrown off by the feeling of the boobs bouncing and swaying. He would just have to ignore it, and he did as he leapt into

the battle, blocking a sword with his armored forearm, laughing as the blade shattered and the thug's face went white with terror. "You're filth," GrimmLord said, "And I'm the cleaner!" Then he smashed the thug's face, turning and standing back-to-back with Danger Cat as they finished off the remaining Zeppelins. As soon as they finished, once more GrimmLord found himself raising a leg, thrusting a fist in the air and shouting, "Kitty Cat Attack!"

"Um, what the hell?" Danger Cat sat, looking to see him standing there in a cheerleader pose, with his impressive bust bouncing on his chest. The rest of his costume looked the same.

GrimmLord turned to continue the fight with Zeppelin, but only saw the trails of his steam jets, Zeppelin himself far off in the sky, glinting in the sun, though they could hear his electronically enhanced laughter, "Hahahahahahahaha!"

GrimmLord turned to face Danger Cat. "You okay?" He asked. Her suit was torn in places, and she looked like she had some superficial wounds.

Danger Cat had a confused, bemused look on her face as her eyes fell to the swell of his breasts, and she reached out and squeezed one, saying, "Honk! Nice tits."

GrimmLord winced and pushed her hand away, shocked that he felt her squeeze, as if the breasts were real. He was about to answer her when he heard the sound of a cellphone snapping pictures, and turned to see, "Melissa?"

"Hey," she said a little nervously, her eyes also drawn to the strange sight of big, perky boobs jutting out from the chest of the hulking, Grimm Night Detective. "Care to share a quote about your, um, new, er, assets?"

"What are you doing here?" He asked, wrapping both arms over his boobs, feeling self-conscious as a crowd began to form.

"I got a tip from an anonymous source," Melissa said.

Meanwhile, the civilians who'd been cowering around the battle started to emerge, and people were noticing the "modifications" to GrimmLord's costume, shaking their heads in disbelief, snapping some of their own pictures.

"So, what's with the... um...?" Melissa glanced down at GrimmLord's boobs. "Jugs?"

GrimmLord felt annoyed and frustrated about all the attention being paid to the fake breasts on his suit, and he was about to tell the story when he groaned, putting a hand gingerly to his side. The suit had viciously tightened around his waist, crushing his midsection, under the ribs and above the hips, squeezing, squeezing, crushing. "Crap!"



"What's going on? Your waist it —" Danger Cat said, but before any of them could do or say anything else, the voice of Pronto came over their comm system. 'Folks! Need your help right away! Emergency! Datastream is on the loose!'"

“Let’s go!” Danger Cat said.

“Grimmbot!” GrimmLord called through clenched teeth, ignoring the pain from his crushed waist. Extraction!”

“Just come with me. The Cat Car is right here!”

“I’ll drive myself.”

“Men,” Danger Cat said, running to her vehicle.



Before GrimmLord could continue, his suit took over again. He plastered a bright smile on his face, lifted a leg and thrust one hand in the air, bending it at the wrist as if he were a cat extending her claws. ‘Kitty Cat Attack!’ He shouted, immediately groaning in shame. Freed from the control of his suit, he returned to action.

“What the--?” Melissa said, only to be surprised as GrimmLord wrapped his arms around her, crushing her against his surprisingly soft breasts. “Hey! What?”

“I need to ask you some questions about your anonymous tip,” GrimmLord said. “So, you’re coming with me.”

“Um, okay?” Melissa said, once more admiring his square jaw, though the fact that he now looked like he had D cups made him a lot less attractive to her than he’d been. It was a pretty big turn off.

The GrimmTank took position above the two of them, a golden ray descended, and they each swept up into the flying machine, instantly finding themselves belted into their seats. “Get us to Pronto! Now!” GrimmLord said. Then, putting a hand to his side, which was aching as the armor squeezed, he said, “Grimmbot, identify source of this armor. Where was it built? By who?”

“Scanning.”

Below, Daughter Despair sat in a hidden location, giggling. She turned on her own com link and said, “Phase One Complete.”

“How does she look?” A deep, obviously electronically altered voice answered,

“Busty and bewildered. Her tits are amazing. I’m jealous!”

“Hahahahahahaha! Don’t be jealous. You are witnessing the beginning of the end for GrimmLord!”

## Chapter Four

Back in the GrimmTank, GrimmLord turned his attention to Mellissa. “Now,” he said. Tell me about this anonymous tip!”

“It was, well, anonymous, and it said—“

“How was it delivered?” GrimmLord asked. “I should be able to track it.”

“A note slipped under my door.”

“A note? What is this, the 1990s? Damn. And you didn’t see who sent it?”

“I looked. The hall was empty.”

“And where is the note now?”

“Back in my apartment.”

“I want to see it, but we need to help Pronto first.”

“We?” Melissa said, excited.

“Danger Cat and me,” GrimmLord said.

“Oh. Darn”

GrimmLord once more found himself admiring the girl’s spirit.

“Search complete,” Grimmbot cut in. “The armor was designed by GrimmLord and manufactured in the Grimm Cavern.

“That’s not correct,” Grimmlord said. “I did not make this armor.”

“Statement true,” Grimmbot answered. “You did not design this armor. It was designed by GrimmLord.”

“But, I am— Wait.” GrimmLord thought. “Grimmbot, what is my name?”

“You’re the sassy new super girl on the scene: Danger Kitty,” Grimmbot answered.

Melissa giggled. “Danger Kitty?”

“Haha,” GrimmLord said, astounded. Someone had not only gotten into his cavern and substituted this armor for his, but they seem to have hacked into Grimmbot’s mainframe and hacked him as well. “Someone’s hacked all my systems. Comm Pronto,” he said, and the system immediately connected him to Pronto. “Speedster, my systems have been comprised, I can’t...”

“I’m so very sorry,” he heard Datastream drawl in his Boston Brahman accent. “Pronto is a bit indisposed at this time, and as much as he would like to, he just can’t take your—”

“Can it!” GrimmLord bellowed. “I’m coming to tear you apart!”

“Better hurry! I am about to lower Pronto into a vat of acid and burn those legs of his right off! The only place he’ll be running-- is from his wounds. Get it?”

GrimmLord howled with rage and once more gunned his engines, the G-forces slamming he and Melissa back in their seats. He felt his breasts smoothing out, pressing against his chest as well.

“What are you going to do?” Melissa asked.

“I have no choice but to fight.”

“But if someone comprised your armor, couldn’t it stop working or something right when you need it?”

“Yes,” GrimmLord said, taking a moment to have his suit resupplied with throwing stars, web bombs.

“But, then, why do it? You could be killed.” Melissa said.

GrimmLord nodded. “Why do it?” Because that,” he said, and as he spoke whiskers grew out of his face, “is what heroes do.” As he finished the nose wiggled, and the whiskers wiggled with it. His eyes also looked like he was wearing eyeliner now, and they

were actually popping, if Melissa did think so herself. As a final unwanted alteration, his stubble had faded as his whiskers had grown, and he now had a face as smooth as any girl's.

Melissa laughed, then quickly covered her mouth as GrimmLord's eyes burned with rage. "What?" He bellowed, not used to being laughed at as he delivered one of his catch phrases in his "superhero" voice.

"Don' yell at me." Melissa said. "Your nose wiggled, and you have— um, cute little whiskers."

"Whiskers? Grimmbot, let me see myself." The air in front and to the side of GrimmLord flickered and his face appeared with his new whiskers. As he looked, his nose and whiskers wiggled on their own. He looked ridiculous. It was like something a tween girl would wear, trying to be cute. He tugged on one, thinking they were fake, but winced in pain as he realized these whiskers were very much a part of him. "I am going to find out who did this and DESTROY them!" He raged, and then immediately his voice modulator made a rrrrrrrrawwwrrrr sound, like a cat's shriek. Or maybe a kitten's.

"I did not make that sound," he said, looking at Melissa. "The modulator did it. I promise you."

"I wouldn't believe you made that sound even if you said you did," Melissa said, confused and bewildered by what was happening, staring at the wiggly little nose and twitching whiskers. It definitely had cut back on GrimmLord's already fading sex appeal.

GrimmLord stared at his image flicking there in front of him. He'd designed his costume to strike terror into his enemies, the thugs and villains who polluted his city. And now, he was starting to look ridiculous. "Why not just give me kitten ears?" He mumbled.

"As you wish," Grimmbot said.

“No! No! RRrraaaaawwwrrrrr!” GrimmLord howled even as he watched in horror as cute little kitten ears emerged on top of his head. Pink, they also featured little ribbons and tiny bells. “Oh, hell,” he said, touching them. “Remove kitten ears. Remove kitten ears!”

“Error in subroutine. Order cannot be executed,” Grimmbot answered.

“Of course not,” GrimmLord said, shaking his head, frustrated his security featured had failed, frustrated someone was erasing his identity.



“Who would do this to you?” Melissa asked. She felt torn as GrimmLord had saved her, been nice to her, but she also wanted to rise up to be the #1 journalist in America, and she had a front row seat to a truly unique story.

“I don’t know,” GrimmLord said. “Daughter Despair seemed to know about it, could be part of it, but this tech is way beyond her skillset let alone breaking into my... lair. But who does have those skills and this kind of— kink? I just don’t know.”

“But you must have some suspicions?”

“Well, it might be...”

“Arrival at destination in 5 seconds,” Grimmbot said.

“I have to focus,” GrimmLord said. “In the meantime, think about whether there was anything on that note that might be a clue. He pressed the launch button, and heard his suit cry, “RRrraaaaaawrrrr!”

He felt himself launched into the air and went spinning, diving down to the roof of a deserted factory, landing as light as a feather, but not without some bounce from his boobs. “Danger Cat?” He asked, scanning the satellite images and not spotting her. He put a hand to his side, which continued to ache as his suit squeezed his waist tighter and tighter.

“Already inside,” she whispered. “Datastream has a bunch of his datadroides sound, and Pronto is tied up, hanging from a crane above a vat of something bubbling and yellow that smells totally gross.”

“Thanks for the olfactory details,” GrimmLord said. “I wouldn’t have known how to proceed without that information.”

“Ooooh. Getting tits has brought out your inner bitch.”

“Shut up,” GrimmLord said, struggling to suppress a wry smile. Unlike he and Daughter Despair, there had been something between he and Danger Cat off and on over the years. He’d never live down this ridiculous costume incident, but once he got out of it, he’d remind her just how much of a man he was, that was for sure.

“Where are you, Boobs McGee?”

“On the roof.” He knew he couldn’t say anything that would stop Danger Cat from teasing him about the boobs, so he just rolled his eyes. “I’ll secure Pronto so Datastream can’t drop him, then we’ll take care of him and the Droids.”

“Sounds good.”

GrimmLord used his computer system to triangulate the perfect anchor points for tethers, then rose up in the air and dove down through the glass of the windows that lined the factory roof, descending in a shower of glittering shards as the tethers shot from his wrists and angled to the walls while also wrapping around Pronto just as Datastream threw the lever that would have plunged him into the acid.

“Gracias!” Pronto shouted as he swayed in the tethers.

Below there was rattling and clacking and then the sounds of steel crunching as Danger Cat emerged from her hiding place, tearing into Datastream's spider-like droids. GrimmLord landed, one leg thrust out to the side and clawed the air screeching, “Rrrraaaaarwwww!” Then, he tore into the droids as well. The two of them made quick work of the enemy, and GrimmLord once more raised one leg as his suit shouted, “Kitty Cat Attack!”

Danger Cat laughed. ‘I’m sorry,” she said, “but that is too cute. And are those whiskers real?”

“Ugh,” GrimmLord answered, his nose and whiskers wiggling. “I am never going to live this down.”

‘No. No, you aren’t.”

“You are looking lovely,” Datastream interrupted from where he stood, still standing next to the lever from earlier. He waved his hands, making the hourglass shape men used to suggest a woman had a nice figure. “Such a pretty shape.”

“Yeah. Yeah. Hahaha,” GrimmLord said. “Please don’t surrender. I really want to smash your face.”

“Oh! She likes it rough!” Datastream laughed.

“Can it,” GrimmLord said. “Just for that, I am going to make this hurt.”

Meanwhile, Danger Cat was looking at GrimmLord’s body. In fact, he did have curves now. His waist swerved in dramatically, growing narrow before his hips flared out below.

She hadn't noticed during the fighting, but as she looked at him now, she had to admit he was shaped like a girl from the shoulders to the hips. He still had a man's arms, at least.

GrimmLord pulled out some of his throwing stars, preparing to hurl them in several non-lethal but very painful places. But then Datastream pulled out a gun and aimed it at Pronto, still dangling in the tethers. "Maybe I should kill your friend?" He said.

"Go ahead!" GrimmLord shouted. "Raaaaarrwwrrr!"

"Hold on now," Pronto said. "Don't listen to him!"

"Your friend doesn't seem to want to die. Oh, well," Datastream said. "It will be more fun to keep him alive. This stage of the game is done, and we win. Good bye for now, Danger Kitty!" And with that Datastream put the gun to his head.

"No!" GrimmLord shouted as Datastream pulled the trigger— and sent gears and sprockets flying in the air as the robotic head exploded and the body collapsed to the ground.

"One of his decoys!" Danger Cat said.

"Yes. What did he mean, this stage of the game is done?" Without even thinking, he put his hands to the small of his back, which had started to ache a little from the weight of his new breasts.

Danger Cat, noticing the feminine posture, raised an eyebrow. "Boobs giving you a backache?"

"What?" GrimmLord asked, not understanding what she was talking about.

She put her hands to the small of her back. "The way you're standing."

"Oh!" GrimmLord felt humiliated and pulled his hands away from the small of his back, then crossed his arms, first trying to cross them over the swell of his heroic bust and finding that almost impossible as well as awkward as he felt them squeezed and

smooshed under his arms, he then crossed them under his breasts, still feeling awkward and self-conscious, not knowing how to even stand with his current curvy shape.

“Kitten ears and whiskers?” Danger Cat said, shaking her head.

“Oh, yeah,” GrimmLord said. “Someone is having some fun with me. That someone will pay dearly for it.”

“You have— your waist is getting small now, too. I think— well, I wonder if this is more than just a prank.”

“My waist?” GrimmLord said looking down, but he couldn’t see much past the swell of his breasts.

“Yeah. You do have ....” She waved her hands in the hourglass gesture, “a figure.”

“The costume,” he said. “It started crushing me there, pushing everything in.”

“Like a waist trainer?”

“What?”

“Something the Kardashians got going to give girls a more waspy waist, supposedly. It sounds like your armor is doing that to you, giving you a woman’s figure and- “

“I HATE to interrupt you girls chattering about the Kardashians,” Pronto shouted. “But could you please GET ME DOWN!!!!???”

“Oh, crap,” Danger Cat said. “Sorry. Forgot about you.”

“Man, that does not make me feel better.”

Danger Cat and GrimmLord got Pronto down, and as he landed, he stumbled against GrimmLord, his body pressing against GrimmLord’s swelling breasts, which immediately tingled with pleasure, sending shockwaves through GrimmLord’s body and mind, as he felt

things his brain was not programmed to feel. He stepped away and draped one arm protectively across his breasts.

For his part, when Pronto had stumbled into GrimmLord he' felt embarrassed, but at the same time his head had filled with the most amazing scent, a deeply female musk, and his vision had blurred for a moment, and his eyes filled with stars, and he wobbled on his feet and when he looked at GrimmLord again, his eyes fell right on those magnificent breasts and then down to the swerve to his waist and hips, and Pronto felt the most powerful attraction he'd ever felt, his eyes coming back to rest on GrimmLord's ample bosom.

"You smell great," he said, only half aware of what he was saying. "Amazing."

GrimmLord, already thrown off balance by the way his breasts had responded to contact with Pronto, now saw the man staring at his breasts, his eyes getting a hard look, like a bull about to charge, and the tone in his voice? It all shook GrimmLord, made him feel vulnerable, uneasy, female. He felt his cheeks flush, and finding himself blushing may have been the most shocking thing of all. He decided to re-assert his dominance and shouted: "Stop staring at my tits," in his deep, superhero voice. Though it seemed almost comical, it also seemed to work.

"Shit! Sorry," Pronto said, looking away, his own filled with confusion at how horny he felt looking at GrimmLord, knowing he was really a man, but wow! What a rack! "That was... weird! Okay. Not cool."

Danger Cat watched the whole scene, bemused. "Well, you certainly are getting a taste of how the other half lives, aren't you?" She said.

GrimmLord shook his head. "I need to get home and get out of this costume."

☞☞☞

Hovering above the scene in the GrimmTank, Melissa had watched the whole thing, and recorded most of it with her phone. It really did have the most amazing camera. Now,

as she sat there, she wondered if she should post the story. She'd already seen things on social media, people talking about seeing GrimmLord with boobs, and there had been a couple blurry videos, but she had some super clear ones as well as the inside scoop on what seemed like a clear attempt to feminize and humiliate the dour and intimidating hero.

She weighed out the situation. On one hand, he'd saved her. On the other, this was a legit story. She was a reporter. She reported. It was what she did. Would it be ethical to share details he'd revealed to her here in the GrimmTank, probably thinking it was confidential? She decided to call her mentor at the paper, Jane Janet, one of the editors and an award-winning journalist who had not yet been fired on some lame pretense to "save money."

"Melissa. Great story last night. Tell me you have more."

"As a matter of fact, would you believe I am sitting in the GrimmTank right now and have a front row seat to what seems like a forced feminization of Grimm Lord?"

"Please tell me you are telling me the truth right now."

"Check it out." Melissa snapped a selfie and texted it to Jane.

"Details! Now!" Jane said as she looked at the material. "Send me everything!"

Melissa asked about the confidentiality issue. Jane told her they wouldn't print anything that he'd told her but would just report what she's seen and use the pictures and videos. "Do not tell him— or her— whatever, that you are reporting this," Jane said. "Just keep it going as long as you can."

"Okay," Melissa said.

"And send me anything you get as soon as possible!"

"Will do!"

"This is going to make you a star," Jane said. "You know that, right? Your life changes now!"

“Okay. Yes,” Melissa said, and as soon as she hung up, she sent Jane all the pictures and videos and notes she’d tapped out on her phone, then sighed, wondering if she’d just made herself a hero or a villain.

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Down below, GrimmLord’s plan to go back to the Grimm Cavern and get out of his increasingly embarrassing suit had been forestalled once again. This time, the crisis involved an attack on the Justice Collective’s base, a satellite that resided in orbit around the moon. Simulata was alone inside the base.

“I’ll take care of it. You can go and work on your costume issue,” Danger Cat said,



putting a hand on GrimmLord’s arm.

“You know I can’t,” GrimmLord said, and then he yelped in shock as he felt the pants of his uniform suddenly pull super tight against his crotch, even as he felt the area around his hips and ass swelling. “What now?”

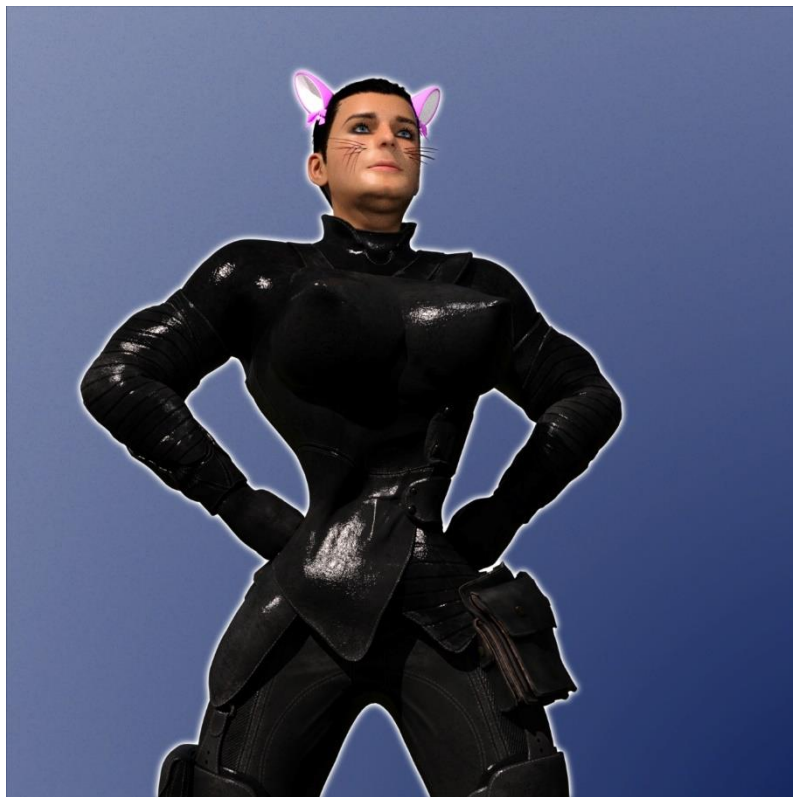
“You got all kinds of booty,” Pronto said looking at the big, fat

and perfectly shaped woman’s ass that flared out from GrimmLord’s narrowing waist even as his long, flowing cowl shrank, turning into a little triangle cape that came down only to slightly above his waist, giving the world a very clear view of the small of his back and his

shapely new rear. “Major league donk like a stripper, but a super-hot, high-class stripper with all that ass and...”

“Okay. Enough! Damn it. Raaaaaarrwww!” GrimmLord said, looking back to try and see his major league donk. He twisted, trying to look, but he couldn’t really see what he most certainly feel. He could feel his butt had swollen and now thrust out behind him, tightly squeezed by his new suit.

Danger Cat was looking at his front side. GrimmLord had built in a bulge in his uniform, as much out of ego as anything else, though he’d justified it on the grounds it was part of his “intimidation” psychology. But now his front was flat, and it looked like he had, well, it looked like he had what a girl has down there, plus a really gorgeous thigh gap. She decided not to say anything. He seemed to be having enough trouble dealing with his other changes. She didn’t even want to think about how much he’d freak if he knew it looked like he had a V. “You better go and take care of that costume issue. We’ll go protect the base.””



“No!” GrimmLord said, striking one of his heroic, dominant poses. He planted his fists on his hips, which were now wide and round, rising dramatically from his tiny waist. He didn’t realize it, but with his bombshell figure he looked more like an Amazon Princess about to deliver a speech than the old GrimmLord. “I will not be selfish. I will fight for what’s right no matter the cost, because that’s what heroes

do!” He was satisfied, at least for a half second, when he heard himself yowl like a cat, “Raaaaarrwwrrr!” Then, once more to his utter humiliation, he raised one leg and thrust an arm in the air. “Kitty Cat Attack!”

The GrimmTank lowered, and the golden beam appeared, drawing him up into the GrimmTank, which then whisked him off toward the sky.

“I guess I’m riding with you,” Pronto said.

“Looks that way,” Danger Cat said, summoning her vehicle.

“Man, that ass, though,” Pronto said. “I think he may have the hottest ass I ever saw. I mean, like that good and everything.”

“It did look pretty sexy,” Danger Cat said. “Who do you think is going this to him?”

“Hell. I don’t know. Who could do this to him?”

“I’m not sure, but it is pretty clear whoever they are is determined to keep us too busy to do anything about it until it’s too late.”

“If he ends up being stuck with that booty, I’d be okay with it,” Pronto said. “Nah. Just kidding. I think.” In fact, his head swam from the Grimm Lord’s scent, and he kept thinking about the feeling of those soft breasts pressed against his chest and wondering what it would feel like to squeeze that hot ass. But he wasn’t gay or anything, so he tried to push the thoughts away.

So odd, Danger Cat thought, wondering what he would do if he... was stuck looking like a woman for an extended period of time. But that wouldn’t happen. The whole thing was just... kind of ridiculous, and they would all laugh about it someday.

Wouldn’t they?

Chapter Five

Back in the GrimmTank, GrimmLord shifted uncomfortably. His butt felt crazy big— it was like he was sitting on a cushion, and his pants were pinching his crotch something awful. He even felt like he had something sliding between his butt cheeks, something that felt like a strip of floss. “I better drop you off. This is going to be dangerous,” GrimmLord said, plucking at his pants, wiggling from side to side.

Oh, shit. Melissa wanted, needed, to stay with the story. “I’ll take my chances,” Melissa said. “Your mission comes first.”

“You sure?” GrimmLord said, one of his kitten ears folding over.

“Hell, yeah. This is a dream come true.”

“Well, alright then,” GrimmLord said, punching the preset for the Justice Collective satellite. The GrimmTank tilted back, and the thrusters fired, pushing them both back into their seats.

They rose higher and higher into the atmosphere, the sun off to the right, glaring, a burning orb, the windows on that side tinting against the blinding radiance.

“What’s happening now?” Melissa asked. “How high are we going?”

“You ever been to the moon?” GrimmLord asked, turning to face her, his nose and whiskers wiggling.

Melissa stifled a chuckle. “The- we’re going to the moon?”

“Orbit around the moon, but you’ll get a good view. Someone is attacking the Justice Collective base.”

“Doesn’t it take, like, days to get to the moon?” Melissa said, wondering if this ship could really withstand the vacuum of space. I mean, she trusted it could pretty much, and

she was pretty sure that GrimmLord wouldn't be flying into space if he didn't know it would be safe, but then again she glanced at him with his D cups thrusting out from his chest, his kitten ears, and she didn't exactly see a man who had his shit together.

"Days for people with bad tech," GrimmLord said. "We'll be there in minutes!"

"But isn't that the speed of light?" Melissa said. "I thought that was impossible?"

"Hardly," GrimmLord said. "Light only takes a little over one second to get from the moon to Earth. I can, however, exceed the speed of light with my interstellar ship."

"You have an interstellar ship?" Melissa said.

"You don't?" GrimmLord said, feeling his sap rising. He always liked to impress women with how much money he had, all his amazing toys, and he heard the old awe in Melissa's voice, the sound of a girl impressed and interested. It made him forget about the weight of the breasts being pushed against his chest by the G-forces, his hips and ass, his whiskers. He stared into Melissa's eyes and then leaned over, meaning to steal a kiss.

Melissa put up both hands in a defensive gesture, and raised one leg, shrinking away.

"What?" GrimmLord asked, shocked. In his life, rare was the girl who ever turned down a kiss from him, but then the ship bumped as if moved from the last layer of the atmosphere into space, and he felt his huge boobs rise and then bounce. "Oh. Shit," he said, looking down at his boobs.

In fact, Melissa had been terrified about the idea of kissing him because she'd felt herself overcome with guilt for having reported on his embarrassing feminization, but she leapt at the proffered excuse. "Yeah," she said, shaking her head. "So sorry, I mean, I don't mean to be judgey or anything, but..."

"No. I get it," GrimmLord said, looking away, his body burning with shame. "I kind of forgot for a second how I— look— right now." As he spoke, he wiggled his shoulders, sending tremors through his breasts. In fact, his nipples were driving him crazy. They ached and kind of throbbed, and he could feel the real ones on his actual chest, but also as

if they were floating a foot away from his chest, as if the fake nipples on his fake boobs were real, and they were hard, and he had to fight against an almost overwhelming urge to squeeze or pinch them, something to make them stop— aching. He didn't want Melissa to see him playing with his boobs on top of everything else, so he just started thinking about baseball, which had always helped him calm down before. Even his own suit had been built with sensors so he could “feel” through the skin when he needed to— for example, the air movement when he was flying, so he had to assume that whoever had built this suit had done something similar, so that now he felt the bouncy breasts when they moved, the nipples as if they were his own.

But who and why?

What had Danger Cat said? Now you know how the other half lives? Something like that? Was that all this was? Could one of the growing number of self-proclaimed 5th generation feminist villains be to blame? Perhaps Wiccan Waif? Equality Now? But neither of them, to his knowledge, would have the skillset, and they both considered being female an improvement, not a punishment.

“What are you thinking about?” Melissa asked, finding the silence above the thrumming of the engines intolerable.

“Who could be doing this to me,” GrimmLord said.

“Any ideas?”

“No. None of my enemies could pull this off. None of them.”

“Maybe it's all of them?” Melissa said, looking sideways at his boobs, which jutted out from his chest impressively and were kind of gently bouncing to the rhythm of the engine.

“All?” The light went off, and GrimmLord couldn't believe he hadn't seen it before. ‘Of course,’ he said. ‘That's it! None of them could do this, but all of them working together? Maybe. That has to be it. It has to be. And yet—?’

“What?”

“Why this?” He gestured at his breasts. “Make me look like a stripper? Give me this bombshell body rather than just take me out of commission? They broke into my lair, hacked my computer, had this suit made. That’s a lot of effort for a prank.”

“None of them ever had a... I don’t know... a—sexual-- issue with you?”

Grimm Lord shifted again, trying to get comfortable, and he looked out the pilot’s side window as he thought. Melissa took the opportunity to glance down at his bulge, which had fascinated her since that first night, and her mouth dropped open. The bulge was gone, and it looked like he had a...?”

“All of my enemies have an issue with me,” Grimm Lord said as his fingertips began to tingle.

“I mean— like a kinky issue?” Melissa said, wishing she could get a picture without him noticing. “You know, like Fifty Shades or something?”



As they approached the moon, the Justice Collective satellite came around in its orbit, moving from the dark side to the light, the sun rays glaring off its crystal exterior. A series of small ships circled, and the satellite’s anti-aircraft guns barked, filling space with green and red blaster fire, while a

large space craft built to resemble an old-time water bound pirate ship hovered off to the side. GrimmLord’s tingling fingertips began to almost burn, and he raised his hands and

stared as his fingernails grew, longer and sharper until he had hot pink stiletto nails. “You have to be kidding me,” he said, staring in horror, even as the comm system crackled.

“Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!” The voice of Galaxy Gasparilla called. “Are you here to massage me with those wonderful breasts of yours?”

“Can it,” Grimm Lord said, still staring at his hands. The long nails made his fingers seem long, more elegant. More feminine. “Who’s doing this to me, Galaxy? Why?”

“What do you mean, Miss Kitty? You have always been a fille, no?”

“I’m going to smash your face to pieces!” GrimmLord bellowed. “I’m going to hunt all of you down and make you pay for this!” He slammed his fist on the console, feeling his breasts jiggle.

“Oh, pooh, pooh. So unladylike! Well, I will have to take a raincheck, Une Jolie Femme! I have to run, but I do look forward to a kiss sometime in the very near future!”

Even as Galaxy Gasparilla laughed, his attack ships pulled off, slipped into formation with the Galleon and there was a flash as they jumped to hyper space. “Damn it!” Grimm Lord said. “Another delaying tactic.”

“They seem to just want to keep you busy.”

“None of this makes sense,” he said, and then he started waving a hand toward his face as he realized he was perspiring heavily. “Why is it so hot in here all of a sudden? Grimmbot, lower the temperature.”

Melissa’s eyes went wide as she watched him fan his face with a taloned hand, looking like a stereotypical woman. It didn’t feel hot to Melissa at all, and looking at the way he was acting, she wondered, is Grimm Lord having a hot flash? The temperature had not changed, but she could see sweat on his chin, which was still his totally manly chin, at least. “Are you dying in here, too?” Grimm Lord asked, confused. Meanwhile, his face softened, growing younger looking and more feminine, while his eyelashes grew longer. His skin seemed to grow more radiant, softer, like a woman’s.



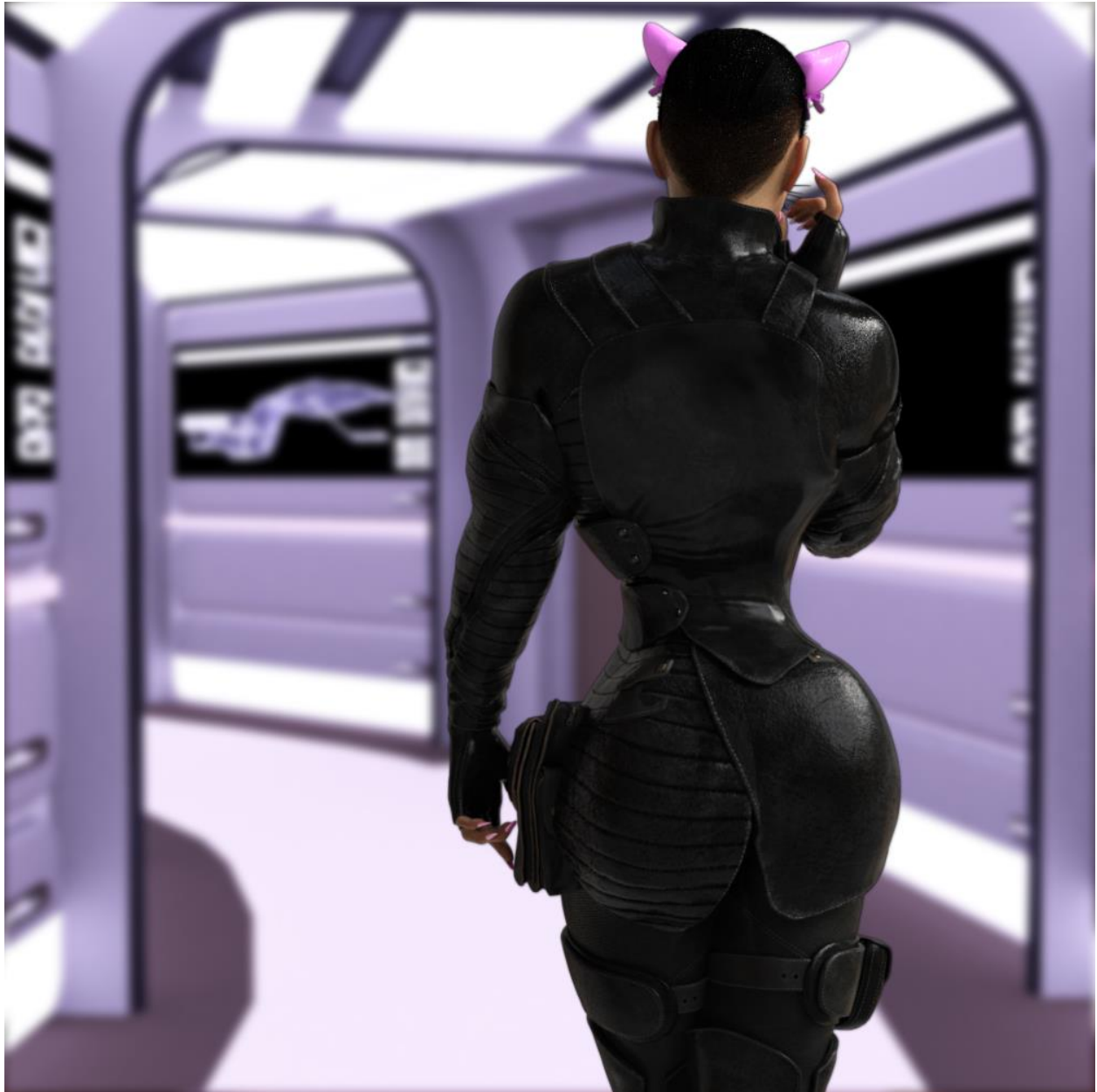
“So hot,” Melissa lied, fanning herself, trying not to gawk at his changing face. “So hot.” He actually looked kind of cute now. Poor guy.

GrimmLord took a deep breath and then let out a long sigh, his breasts rising and falling with a little bounce. With the suit corseting his waist, he found he had to breath all in his chest, and it exaggerated the rising and falling of his chest. “I have to get out of this suit,” he said. “Before the public finds out about it.”

Melissa nodded, wincing for him. He didn't know. Her phone had been buzzing non-stop, and the last time she'd taken a peek her story on his feminization had gotten over 400,000 hits, while memes of the picture of him with breasts had been created and were spreading like wildfire. Most of them were mocking him, making a big joke out of the whole thing.

She didn't know if he would ever forgive her once he found out what she'd done, but it was too late now.

Chapter Six



They docked without incident. Simulata, an advanced AI that had come back with them from a trip to the future, stood waiting for them in the docking bay. Simulata had a golden metallic female shaped body she used to move about and interact with people, though she was “housed” in a cloud that spanned the world.

GrimmLord had not walked much since he got his new hips and backside, having been ported up directly into the driver's seat of his vehicle, and as he walked down the gang plank to greet Simulata he felt hyper aware of how big his butt—or the butt on his suit, at least-- had gotten. He could feel it jiggle a little with each step. Meanwhile, his hands kept bumping into his round hips, which were now wider than his shoulders. It felt like his butt stuck out too far from his body on one side, and the jutting breasts sticking out from his chest were definitely too much on the front, making the whole sensation of walking feel wrong. He also felt acutely aware that his new shape seemed to be forcing a swivel to his hips that made him feel he was walking like a—he had to admit, like a woman.

Melissa, walking slightly behind him, stared. With the suit having compressed his waist and the now wide hips and firm swelling of his behind, he looked like a woman from the back— a hot one. In addition, the suit's legs had taken on a more rounded, feminine shape, and the way it all made him walk? She felt bad for him. Really bad. She couldn't even imagine what it would be like for a man— any man— let alone one like him, a butch, alpha male— to find himself trapped in such a womanly shape. At least he couldn't see himself from behind, she decided. If he did, she wondered if he would lose his mind. She slipped her camera out of her pocket and took a couple pictures as subtly as she could, positioning herself behind Grimm Lord where he didn't think that Simulata could see her. In a stroke of luck, he happened to reach up and touch his whiskers just as she took the shot, making his body language even more feminine.

Scanner beams shot out from Simulata's eyes and ran over him and Melissa, who pulled back, freaking. "She's just scanning you," GrimmLord said. "Relax."

Simulata focused on Grimmlord. "Your appearance resembles that of an extremely voluptuous woman," Simulata said, looking GrimmLord up and down. "Your breast to waist ratio suggests you would make a fertile mate. Men will seek to couple with you."

"Thanks for that information," Grimm Lord said, shaking his head, embarrassed that Melissa had heard all that. He turned to her. "Tact is not one of Simulata's strong points."

“Did I commit a faux pass?” Simulata said. “Is commenting on your admirable female figure in some way unacceptable?”

“Yes,” GrimmLord said. “It is. Men do not want to hear they look like fertile women.”

“Adding that information to my polite conversation database.” The three of them headed toward the conference room. Simulata had picked up some unusual readings from GrimmLord’s suit, including what she deduced was a false electronic signature indicating he’d designed it himself. But, since the readings involved additional feminine issues, she made a note to address it in private and set up a query program to see if she could track down the real designer and maker of the suit.

Simulata turned her attention to Melissa. “Welcome, Melissa Goldstein, and congratulations on your sudden fame.”

“What’s she—?” GrimmLord stared to ask, but Melissa quickly interrupted him.

“I put out a story about you— about you rescuing me. It went viral.”

“Oh.” GrimmLord said, finally holding his arms up and a little away from his body so they wouldn’t keep bumping into his hips, not even aware that it made his already feminine gait even more so.

Simulata, who had been following Melissa’s posts about GrimmLord’s feminization, detected that she was lying by omission, but she had learned that humans often lied, and that they preferred she not call them out on it in front of the people they were lying to. She made a note to speak with her about it in private, if given the chance.

The Justice Collective had all mustered to the satellite, thinking to defend it, so they decided they might as well meet in the Collective Chamber. They were all there anyway. GrimmLord and Simulata arrived first, with GrimmLord taking his usual position at the head of the table, as he served as the leader of the group. As he sat, his suit tried to cross his legs at length wise at the knee and ankle— like a woman, but this time he was able to force them to separate and just plant themselves wide, feet on the floor, not realizing he

was now giving a clear view of what appeared to be camel toe. His butt still felt like a cushion under him, and his nipples still felt hard, throbbing, driving him mad. He dreaded having the team see him like this, but he didn't have a back-up suit in the satellite, and they had already decided to meet. He would just have to endure their reactions, whatever they might be. Hopefully, his teammates would be— considerate. He thought about Pronto, though, how Pronto had reacted to his shape, and it made him feel almost sick to think about how it would feel if all the men—

But no. He wouldn't think about it. He needed to focus on the issues and not on his predicament.

The Collective Chamber was remarkably unremarkable, looking like the generic conference room of any corporation, with big, cushy captain's chairs of an institutional taupe color that matched the walls, numerous display screens and a glass, oval table. Melissa looked at it all and felt totally let down. "Can I take a picture?" She asked, anyway, thinking readers would still love a glimpse inside the famous space base.

"I don't see why not," GrimmLord said. "Simulata?"

"I do not detect any way a photo could lead to a security breach," Simulata said.

"Maybe a cool breach," Melissa said, laughing at her own joke.

GrimmLord and Simulata just stared. "What do you mean?" Simulata said, tilting her head to the side, puzzled.

"Just that— I mean— it's so lame? I thought it would look more awesome or something is all."

"I was not aware that my decorating skills lacked awesomeness," Simulata said, her robotic voice actually sounding hurt. "I will have to study and improve my design skills. Establishing routines."

"It's fine," GrimmLord said. "You did a great job. It looks great. She's just joking, right, Melissa?" He raised his chin, indicating she should play along.

“Oh, yes!” Melissa said, forcing a laugh. “Joking!”

Simulata knew they were lying, but she had learned to play along with the humans in these situations, so she barked out a robotic laugh. “Ha! Ha! Ha! Your jest was most hilarious. My feelings are not hurt.”

Melissa looked at GrimmLord who just shrugged— let it pass. His hair had grown slightly longer and had a messy bob look to it.

Melissa took a couple of pictures, and as she finished snapping her pics the doors to the conference room whooshed open, and her eyes bugged out as the whole Justice Collective walked into the room.

They were all there— Danger Cat and Pronto, as well as Apex, the super strong super everything man from the fourth dimension, Marksman, the master of the bow, and Spellbinder, the Gothic techno-witch, with her cyborg enhanced mystic powers. Marksman had been in the middle of telling a story as they all entered.... “Then, I said, that’s because you don’t have eyes in the back of your head, and...”

They all stopped, freezing, staring what looked like a shapely woman with GrimmLord’s face, albeit a younger looking version. The room was dead quiet as they stared, taking in GrimmLord’s kitten ears, his whiskers, the swell of those huge breasts. Instinctively, reacting to the female shape before them, the men’s eyes dropped, drinking in the curvy body, the slender waist and then to the space between his legs which looked like.... “What the hell?” Marksman said.

Having the men look at him like that stunned GrimmLord. He’d never had a man look at him brazenly, as if he were a woman, and he felt ashamed, vulnerable. He clapped his thighs shut, pulling his knees together and put an arm protectively across his breasts. He opened his mouth as if to say something. Closed it. Dropped his eyes to the side, too ashamed to make eye contact.



Poor thing, Melissa thought, taking a step forward, thinking to protect him, but before she could, the whole room shook with Apex's booming voice. "Jupiter's Rings! Is that really you?"

"Yes," GrimmLord said, forcing himself to look up, to meet Apex's eyes, then the rest of the team. "Someone snuck into my base, switched out my armor for— this."

"Talk about irony," Marksman said. "You have bigger tits than Danger Cat."

"Hey," GrimmLord said, getting up, annoyed at the way his breasts swayed. "Don't start."

“Marksman!” Spellbinder said, her tech picking up the signs of extreme shame emanating from GrimmLord. “Be kind.”

“I’m just saying,” Marksman said, taking in GrimmLord’s figure now that he was standing, seeing the swerve of his narrowing waist, the dramatic flair of his round hips. “You look like a stripper—”

“Shut your mouth, or I’ll shut it for you.” GrimmLord said, overcome with emotion, taking a step forward even as he reached for a web grenade from his belt.

“The hell you say,” Marksman said, raising his fists. “I’ve had it with your high and mighty—”

“Hey! Hey!” Apex said, stepping between them, then grabbing GrimmLord and pushing him back, away from Marksman, who found himself being grabbed and pulled back by Pronto and Danger Cat.

As Apex put his hands on GrimmLord’s shoulders, GrimmLord’s scent filled his nose and his head, and he felt himself getting... warm, feeling confused, his eyes dropping to GrimmLord’s chest even as he pushed him back against a wall.

GrimmLord looked past Apex and shouted, “asshole” at Marksman, his voice buzzing and rasping. “Raaaaaaarrrrrwwrrr!” “I’ll tear you...” His modulator buzzed again, and the next words he spoke came out in a high-pitched voice, like an anime girl... “apart!” His eyes went wide, and he clutched his throat. “My— my voice?” He said, shocked and appalled.

“Hahaha!” Marksman said. “You sound like a pixie!”

GrimmLord, writhing and wiggling, struggled to free himself from Apex, but Apex was super strong, far beyond GrimmLord’s enhanced strength. “Let go of me!” He pleaded in his tiny little voice, appalled at how much he not only sounded like a girl in terms of the tone, but the content of his words. His mind was burning with shame and anger, a muddled mess of powerful emotions he couldn’t control, and he raised his hand, clawed fingers spread, and clawed at Apex’s face, growling, “Raaaarrrrrwwrrr!” But now sounding



more like a frightened kitten than anything else. His nails dragged harmlessly across Apex' invulnerable skin.

“Calm down,” Apex said, grabbing GrimmLord’s wrist and pinning his arm against the wall, leaning in, pressing his hard test against GrimmLord’s soft breasts, instantly sending shocking waves of pleasure through GrimmLord’s body.

"Rraaarrrwww!" He growled again, and then made a hissing noise.

“Great Scott,” Marksman laughed, watching GrimmLord clawing at Apex, then making ridiculous cat sounds. “He even fights like a girl!”

“Come on,” Spellbinder said, getting annoyed. “Enough!”

Apex, meanwhile, found himself getting totally turned on as he held the struggling little figure of GrimmLord, the other’s firm breasts wiggling against his chest. He couldn’t help himself. He forgot who GrimmLord was, forgot who he, himself, was, everything. He just became consumed with an irresistible desire to possess this female in his arms. He leaned down and whispered in GrimmLord’s ear— “You smell so good.”

“What?” GrimmLord squeaked, still horrified by the way his voice modulator made him sound. Like a little girl. It was like his whole life had unraveled, his whole sense of who he was had been taken away. “What the hell did you just say?”

“I—“ Apex snapped free. “I can’t believe I said that. Sorry.” He shook his head, confused, but still extremely aware of how crazy attracted he felt to GrimmLord now, how badly he wanted to kiss him.

“Let go,” GrimmLord cried out, still struggling, feeling powerless, helpless as he stood there, pinned against the wall, feeling the heat of Apex’s body now, the emasculating sensations coming from his breasts, and even a feeling of wetness and heat growing between his legs, a feeling that was so foreign and impossible for a man to feel that once more his brain reeled. “Let me go! Let me go! Let me goooo!”

“Not until you calm down!” Apex said.

Looking over Apex’s shoulder, GrimmLord saw Marksman grinning, smiling, amused at the whole thing, and his fury rose to heights he’d never experienced as he thrashed with all his strength against Apex, glaring at Marksman. “I’m going to kill you!” He screamed in his piping little voice, and then against his will he heard himself cry out, “Raaaaarrrrrrrrrr!”

Marksman laughed, and Danger Cat chuckled, too, immediately covering her mouth, obviously ashamed, but it was too much.



GrimmLord's anger broke, all of it going out of him at once, just wafting away like steam, immediately replaced by a sense of despair and sadness that overwhelmed him even as the tears began to pool in his eyes and then roll down his cheeks. He sobbed out loud, consumed with shock and shame that he was-- crying? Me? Crying? He hadn't cried since he was 8 years old, when his parents had been murdered right in front of him. He didn't cry. He never cried, and yet here he was, body trembling as he wept like a—like a woman, he thought. Crying just like a woman. He reached toward his face and felt his fingers brush his whiskers, even as his upper arms pressed against the soft weight of his

chest. He stared at his long, pink fingernails as the tears rolled down his cheeks. Breasts. Nails. Whiskers. Tears. His mind whirled, unable to process all the strange sights and feelings he was experiencing.

“There, there,” Apex said, stunned, not knowing what else to say, putting his hand on GrimmLord’s head and then bringing it to his shoulder. “It’s okay.”

“No, it’s not,” GrimmLord said, trying to push Apex away. “I’m— crying! What’s wrong with me?”

The smile had left Marksman’s face. Even he did not this funny, and he felt bad he’d pushed GrimmLord— could that really be the Grim Night Detective? That he’d pushed GrimmLord to— this.

“We better give you some time,” Danger Cat said, appalled, as well, to see what had become of GrimmLord. She couldn’t stand seeing him like this, seeing the man she’d loved, pursued, reduced to the very image of a helpless, weeping girl. It made her sick, and she wanted to get away from the whole scene.

GrimmLord just nodded, not wanting to even look at them. Melissa, who’d recorded the whole thing, left with the team, but Simulata lingered. “Permission to answer your query?” She asked.

“Query?” Apex said.

“GrimmLord’s query: “What’s wrong with me?”” She repeated back, matching his kitten voice.

“Let go,” GrimmLord said, sniffing, disturbed by the things his costume was making him feel. “I’m okay.” Apex let him go, and he quickly moved away from the man, terrified Apex would somehow sense the way his suit was reacting to him. GrimmLord sniffled, wiped at his tears and said, “permission granted.”

Apex, realizing that as he’d held GrimmLord he’d gotten a little— hard, stepped behind a chair, shocked to feel himself blushing. GrimmLord stood with his back to Apex now, and

Apex couldn't help but let his eyes drop to that amazing ass, even as he struggled to look away. He was captivated by this mysterious person he'd known for so long and yet was meeting for the first time.

"There is nothing wrong with you, per se. Your behaviors are the result of normal biological reactions to the agents that have been injected into your blood stream."

"Agents?" GrimmLord said, not liking the sound of it.

"Your suit has been flooding your system with female hormones and androgen blockers, as well as compounds known to increase moodiness and anxiety. You are simply reacting to the hormonal imbalance in your system, which now resembles that of a hormonal girl going through puberty, but ten times more intense."

"What?" GrimmLord said.

"In addition," Simulata said, "your suit is emitting powerful female pheromones, which explains why the males are all aroused in your presence. That is why you are feeling so attracted to GrimmLord, Apex."

"What?" GrimmLord said, glancing back, catching Apex' eyes on his butt. "What the hell?"

"I don't know what she's talking about," Apex said.

"Oh. Have I committed a faux pass?" Simulata said. "Did you not wish GrimmLord to know of your sexual hunger for him?"

"Apex," GrimmLord said, shaking his head. "Come on!" He turned his attention back to Simulate. "Hormones and pheromones? What else is this suit doing?"

"I can't—you heard her! It's the pheromones!" Apex said.

"Based on my scans, I believe your suit is engaged in a complete and total body reshaping, which, if it runs its course, will result in you emerging as a biological female."

“Oh, shit,” GrimmLord said. “I need to get the hell out of this thing. Apex? Can you just shred this suit?”

Apex hesitated. No doubt, he could tear it to pieces, but he— the pheromones had done their work. He liked GrimmLord’s new shape.

“I do not advise that course of action,” Simulata said.

“Wouldn’t that stop me from turning into— stop the suit from changing me?”

“Yes, it would,” Simulate said. “Because it would result in your death.”

“Death?”

“I am 99.9% certain that you would not survive a forcible removal of the suit at this time. It is too integrated into your biological material for you to survive without it. However, there is good news. Once you have become a female, I believe the suit can be removed without danger.”

GrimmLord? Female? For real? Apex couldn’t help but feel happy about that possibility.

GrimmLord did not feel happy. He frowned, putting his chin in his hand, and his nose and whiskers wiggled. “Rrrrawr.” He caught Apex’s look and sighed. “It’s the suit. It has a mind of its own.”

“Oh,” Apex said. “Of course. Simulata, this suit— there can’t be too many people capable of creating a suit like this. The technology is— “

“Beyond the capabilities of anyone on this planet in this time. There is no entity in my database with access to this kind of technology. I do not believe the suit was created in this era.”

“It’s from the future?” GrimmLord said, hating how small and childish he sounded.

“Yes.”

“But who— “

“I am still seeking an answer to that question.”

“So, what now?” GrimmLord said. “I can’t just sit around and wait to become a female.”

“Let’s get the team in on it,” Apex said. “If we can find the person who did this, there’s a chance, at least, they can undo it. We can all attack his problem. That is, if you feel up to it? Or, we could meet without you if it would be too upsetting?”

“Too upsetting? Don’t start treating me like some kind of bimbo now just because of...” he swept his arm along the length of his curvaceous body. “This. I am still GrimmLord, I am still a man, and I don’t need you...”

“Okay. Okay,” Apex said, holding up his hands. He almost added, no need to get hysterical, but he thought better of it, as GrimmLord just kind of nodded and turned away, giving GrimmLord another view of his gorgeous behind.

“Call them back,” GrimmLord said. “Let’s fill them in on the hormones and stuff, but not the— um— female change? It’s kind of— “

“I know. I get it. I do.”

GrimmLord sighed. His chest rose and fell. He never realized how heavy breasts could be. He felt like he had 20 pounds strapped to his chest. As much as his body had become a constant distraction, he would just need to focus, keep himself balanced. Now that he knew about his hormonal issues, he would be on guard and prevent himself from getting so— emotional. Even if Marksman tried to provoke him, he would just need to be a man about it. Yes. Stay calm, he thought. Just stay calm. He felt himself calming, his breath growing deeper and more even, and a sense of well-being came over him, as well as a soft sound that made him feel content. Which is when he realized he was purring, and rolling his eyes, he sat down, ready to face the team.

Simulata excused herself as the meeting started. She could monitor it all and participate if needed through her hologram. She found Melissa, who'd been asked to remain outside during the meeting, sitting in the Meditation Room, tapping busily on her phone. Melissa immediately shoved her phone into her jeans pocket when Simulata entered. "What's up?" She asked, trying to act innocent.

"I trust you find the network adequate?" Simulata asked, having learned humans preferred to engage in some "small talk" before getting to the meaningful matters that needed to be discussed.

"Omigod, yes," Melissa said, relieved that Simulata hadn't asked her about her texts and posts. "I can't believe I can text Earth from here!"

"You can text Pluto," Simulata said. "But why would you? It's a frozen rock devoid of life. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Funny," Melissa lied. "You're funny for a robot."

"I am not a robot," Simulata said.

"You aren't? I mean, I didn't mean to— "

"I am not offended. We have engaged in sufficient banter. I must now ask you if you feel there is some ethical lapse on your part in secretly recording GrimmLord's feminization and posting details for the whole world to see?"

"Ethical? I don't know what you're talking about." Melissa said.

Immediately, multiple projectors emanating from Simulata's eyes projected images of the headlines and articles as well as the pictures and videos Melissa had posted. "I am talking about these postings, which have gained you great fame, but also resulted in GrimmLord being subjected to online ridicule and scorn. Do you not feel there is an ethical lapse on your part?"

“I’m a reporter,” Melissa said, standing. “I am just doing my job.” She started to walk past Simulata, wanting to get away from the conversation, but Simulata stepped into her path.

“I have in my database every tract ever written on human ethics, Melissa. You cannot undo what you have done, but you should tell GrimmLord what you have done, and what you are doing. This is my conclusion.”

“I never asked him to drag me along on this — day. He did it of his own free will.”

“He trusted you to respect his discretion, given that he had saved you from being mugged. Do as you will, human, but I will suggest that based on having watched many episodes of human television shows, the longer you keep the lie going, the worse you will feel when the truth comes out.”

Melissa shook her head and finally pushed past Simulata, who did not move to block her this time, but merely watched her leave, her eyes flashing as she drew in data on the suit that was changing GrimmLord. It was not yet enough to draw any firm conclusion as to who had trapped him. She allowed the search to continue. Humans, she had always felt, based too much of their sense of identity on their sex. It seemed to her largely unimportant outside reproduction, and in the future even that distinction had become irrelevant.

Chapter Seven

The team made plans to try and track down the person responsible for GrimmLord's Change. We join them moments after a long and boring discussion.

GrimmLord yawned as they adjourned the meeting, feeling overcome with exhaustion. It had been a long, emotionally exhausting day. Marksman walked up and said, "Grimm, I just wanted to apologize."

Grimm nodded, then braced himself for the ridiculous sound of his voice as he said, "We're good." He held out his hand. Marksman took it and shook it, firmly.

Apex and Pronto walked up as well, the three of them standing around GrimmLord in a semi-circle. He took a step back, finding himself in a corner. "You're handling this so well," Pronto said.

"Yeah. The word I would use for you right now is BRAVE," Apex said.

"I would probably have just curled up with my bow and hid under the covers," Marksman said. "Weren't you tempted to go to ground?"

The three men all moved slightly closer. They had always been taller than GrimmLord, even with his height enhancing costume, but he now realized he'd lost additional height, shrinking down closer to his real height, and he had to look up at the men—the other men. He felt uncomfortable having all the guys standing around him so close, but he didn't want to seem—girly—so he just stood there in the corner, trying to hide his discomfort and just be a guy. If he wanted to be treated like a guy still, he had to keep acting like one.

"You could have just hidden away, right?" Marksman continued.

“Never,” GrimmLord said, putting his hands on his hips, which was one of his standard heroic poses, but which now slightly lifted his breasts, sending a little tremor through them that resonated within each of the men as they found themselves lost in the cloud of pheromones that surrounded GrimmLord. “I stayed and fought, because that’s what heroes do.” He frowned as soon as he said it. It was one of his catchphrases, but in his title girl voice it almost sounded comical.

“That is what heroes do,” Apex agreed, clapping GrimmLord on the shoulder, letting his hand linger there, giving it a squeeze. It was a familiar gesture, one they had exchanged many times over the years, but it felt — different now- weird. Almost like Apex was coming on to him.

No. Stop thinking like a girl, GrimmLord thought. He’s not hitting on you.

Meanwhile, Danger Cat and Spellbinder stood off to the side, staring at the guys surrounding GrimmLord. Danger Cat leaned over to Spellbinder and whispered, “Is it me or are all the guys totally hitting on GrimmLord right now?”

“It’s not just you. I feel old and ugly. The guys are usually all over us. Now, not even a glance?”

“It’s the pheromones,” Danger Cat said.

“That and his Grim Melons,” Spellbinder said. “Men.”

“He doesn’t look like he knows how to get out it,” Danger Cat said, grinning. “It’s kind of cute, right? Let him see what it’s like.”

“Yeah, but at the same time, should we save the poor thing? I mean, I feel like he should be considered one of us now.”

“Yeah. Girls have to stick together,” she said, giggling. “But let’s him suffer just another second or two.”

“You’re bad.”

“I know, but I think Pronto is about to make a move.”

Spellbinder looked and saw what Danger Cat was seeing. Pronto stood to the side and slightly behind GrimmLord, staring at GrimmLord’s ass with what was clearly a twitchy hand as he struggled against his thoughts and urges. Then Pronto said, “What is this suit made out of anyway?” With that excuse in the air, he reached out and cupped one full, round butt cheek of GrimmLord’s costume, lifting and squeezing.



“What the hell?” Grimmlord, his face a mask of feminine outrage Spellbinder recognized all too well, reached back and slapped Pronto’s hand away. “Keep your hands off my ass.”

“What? I just wanted to see the— “

“Keep your hands off my ass,” Grimmlord repeated, his voice rising, that of a furious cartoon mouse.

“Come on, man,” Marksman said, dashing to the rescue, putting a hand on GrimmLord’s shoulder. “Show some respect.”

Apex also put his hand protectively on GrimmLord’s other shoulder. “You should know better.” He glanced at Marksman, sending a clear message. Back off, man. This one’s mine.

GrimmLord, suddenly finding himself with two men standing up for him, putting their hands on him, felt himself once more blushing as the reality of the scene played out in his mind and he realized what was happening. “Guys?” He squeaked, trying to shake their hands off, but they both stayed firm, actually moving closer, invading his space.

“Let’s go in,” Spellbinder said, striding ahead, smiling, Danger Cat trailing behind. “Sorry, boys,” she said, pushing between them, grabbing GrimmLord’s hand and pulling him away from the men. “We need to borrow the Grimmster for a bit.”

“But— Apex said, starting to follow.

“Just the three of us,” Danger Cat said. “Bye now.” The men all looked gloomy and annoyed, but Danger Cat did see their eyes drop to GrimmLord’s wiggling behind as he walked away. She rolled her eyes. It was just men being men, and she did think it was a little funny that GrimmLord was having to experience all this macho attention. She thought it would probably make him a better man— that is, if it didn’t destroy him.

Walking behind Spellbinder and GrimmLord, she marveled at how slender his waist had become, and once more it didn’t seem to her like the changes she was seeing could all

be explained by the suit. Not unless his body underneath had been a twig, and she knew from personal experience it wasn't.

Spellbinder led them to her private wing on the satellite. Each of the members of the team had a wing for themselves. Spellbinder's wing looked like a melding of Game of Thrones and Blade Runner, with ancient looking stone walls and distressed tech everywhere, a bookcase groaning under the weight of ancient vellum tomes standing next to a robot with wires pouring out of its open chest plate. She led them through some rooms like that until they came to a round room with hanging silks and baskets that looked like a gypsy fortune teller's lair, even down to the presence of a crystal ball and tarot cards.

"What's up?" GrimmLord asked as he took a seat on a cushioned chair.

"What? Oh, we just thought we'd better pull you out of there before one of those guys tried to kiss you," Spellbinder laughed as she sat, Indian style, and a vape pipe appeared in her hand, which she took a draw on, the tip lighting as the smoke poured out of her nose.

"Kiss me? I thought they were all going to grope me. What was that all about, anyway? I didn't even know what was going on," GrimmLord said, crossing his arms over, then under his boobs, shifting, trying to get comfortable. He had that alien wet feeling again, and his nipples just never stopped. "I swear."

"You didn't realize those guys were all hitting on you," Danger Cat said.

"Me? But, they must realize— don't they remember I am a guy?" GrimmLord said. Of course, he'd been feeling it, but he was still struggling with denial, not wanting to confront the reality that the men had been treating him like a woman. Remembering it all, he felt— vulnerable in a way he never had before. "It's— nuts!" He said. "I don't even know what to think."

"You're getting the whole gamut of the female experience today," Danger Cat said, looking at him sitting there, his eyes wide with shock.

"You've been objectified, groped, hit on, confronted with misogyny."

“I know. I was there.” GrimmLord broke in.

“Plus, you’re finding out what it’s like to have— boobs. Big boobs.” Danger Cat shrugged. “But, you know, women put up with getting pestered by guys every single day.”

“Everyday?” GrimmLord said.

“Every day,” Danger Cat said. “All the time. Guys are going to be hitting on you. Heroes. Villains. The cops. Random pervs. You name it.”

“So,” Spellbinder cut in, “how is it for you? How do you find being a woman?”

GrimmLord’s eyes dropped away. “Less than awesome,” he said.

The girls laughed. “I always said that there wasn’t a man alive who could handle being a woman.”

“Maybe we should call you Grimm Girl.”

“Hey.” GrimmLord said, starting to get up and storm out. “Come on.”

“No! No! No!” Spellbinder said. “Stay.”

“We’re just teasing,” Danger Cat said.

“It’s just- I think a lot of girls kind of think it would serve men right if they had to put up with what we deal with all the time, and now, well you...”

“I’m some kind of revenge fantasy?” GrimmLord said.

Spellbinder and Danger Cat looked at each other, then back at GrimmLord and nodded in unison. “Pretty much.”

“Well,” he said, deciding that he might as well own it. “Here I am.” He waved down the length of his body. “Enjoy your vengeance. Now, I need to be going. Despite what I look—and sound like— I’m still a man, and I am not going to sit around talking about my feelings.”

“Stay,” Spellbinder said, blowing vape rings. “You aren’t safe around those boys anyway. We can talk about—what? Football or something?”

“Yeah. We should probably talk about that—the boy thing.” Danger Cat said. “Some safety rules for you as long as you look like a stripper.”

“I can take care of myself,” GrimmLord said, annoyed at the suggestion that he needed to be worried about boys, as well as the comparison to a model.

“It’s as much about avoiding awkward situations as dangerous ones,” Danger Cat said.

“Stay. Let’s talk.” Spellbinder said.

GrimmLord looked at the vape pipe in her hand. “You have one of those for me?” GrimmLord said.

“Sure.”

The pipe appeared in GrimmLord’s fingers.

“What do you want to vape?”

“Cannabis,” GrimmLord said. “What else?”

“Oh! Pot party! I’m in!” Danger Cat said, and soon the little round room filled with the bittersweet smell of pot— and giggles. Lots of giggles.

“Doesn’t that violate your code?” Spellbinder said, seeing GrimmLord vaping weed.

“It’ll be legal everywhere pretty soon,” GrimmLord said, taking a toke on his pipe.

Meanwhile, in another part of the satellite....

Melissa found a charging station in the common room and plugged in her phone, then sat there monitoring all her social media as well as data from the web. Her articles had gone crazy viral, with millions of views and shares, as had the videos. The numbers kept

climbing, but she'd also looked at the comments, particularly from the video of GrimmLord throwing a hissy and then breaking down crying, and many of them were— mean. People calling him a pussy. A homo. Saying he was a freak. He'd been one of the most admired men in New Rotterdam, even the world, and now a lot of people were mocking and ridiculing him. Worse, she saw a lot of people expressing— pity. It almost seemed worse to her than being hated. Having people feel sorry for him.

She felt sorry for him.

And it was at least partly her fault. Maybe if she hadn't done what she did, there would be a few blurry videos or pictures of the first change, but the rest would never have come to light. She'd shown the whole world as the mighty hero found himself with boobs and then all kinds of ass, and then when he'd broken down and cried.

GrimmLord had cried, and she'd posted a video for the whole world to see.

Now, with a little distance and Simulata's scornful words ringing in her ears, she felt it was awful. Cruel.

Should she tell him? Was stupid robot girl right?

Melissa called her mentor, but the call went right to voice mail, so she texted: Feeling guilty. Should I tell Grimm?

"NO." The message came back. "REPORTERS REPORT!"

Well, that couldn't have been less helpful, Melissa thought. She wanted, needed to really discuss this with someone, but she was all alone— but then she remembered Dr. Hailey Watts, her journalism professor. She called, and old school Hailey picked up on the first ring. Melissa told her everything.

But what's going on with our baked heroes?

Let's change scenes and find out!



High, GrimmLord almost forgot about his suit, his predicament. Almost. He couldn't completely forget, of course, because of the weight of his huge breasts, the way they kept bumping into his arms. They were just so-- there— all the time. Being a man and one that had been a fan of busty women, it was an identity nightmare to have his own now. The weed helped. He felt more relaxed and at ease than he had since first finding himself with his own pair of puppies. “Seriously,” he was saying. “I don’t know how you put up with these things. They are just— in the way. Constantly.” He made the classic cupping gesture.

“Well, you do have really immense jugs,” Spellbinder said.

“Kate Upton would be jealous.”

“Dolly Parton would be furious.”

“They should put your face on Mount Titmore.”

“Not his face. His boobs.”

“Okay. Okay,” Grimmlord said, blowing out a trail of vape. He had to laugh—though it came out as more of a fairy dust giggle. “Who ever thought I would be hanging out with the two hottest lady heroes talking about my melon issues.” He shook his head.

Spellbinder and Danger Cat giggled, too. They were both well-endowed, but not quite as well-endowed as their friend. Still, they knew all the things only girls with large breasts knew. “I find stuff in mine sometimes,” Danger Cat said. “Change. Crumbs.”

“I once found a spare house key in my cleavage,” Spellbinder said. “And I still have no idea how it got there.”

GrimmLord sat slightly slouched over, and he could feel the weight of the breasts pressing against his ribs, which he’d found very irritating. Was that normal? He decided to ask about it. “They feel— heavy, and like they make it a little hard to breath. I feel them weighing against my ribs, and they ache? Is that normal?”

Both women nodded. “Plus, back aches and a lot of other wonderful things. Try running sometime.”

“I did already,” GrimmLord said, remembering. “My, I’m not sure what I want to call them—puppies-- almost hit me in the chin.”

“Just be glad you’ll be able to take that suit off one day,” Spellbinder said. “A least you’ll be able to go jogging without wearing ten bras.”

Stoned, guard down, GrimmLord took a long toke, made a decision, and blew the smoke out. “Maybe not.” He felt he would feel relieved to say it out loud. To just admit it,

and not feel a need to hide what he realized now was his greatest fear. He needed to tell them, the women, that he might be switching teams.

“What does that mean?” Danger Cat said.

“Well, ladies, Simulata’s assessment is that the suit is changing me into a woman, not just making me look like one. There is a chance I may be stuck like this.” He gestured at his body.

The women sat up and stared.

“That’s pretty serious, Grimm,” Spellbinder said.

“Don’t tell the guys,” GrimmLord said, drawing in a lungful of cannabis from his vape pipe, holding in the smoke.

“Of course not,” Danger Cat said. She was struggling with the desire to put a comforting hand on his arm, to give him a hug, but would he be offended that she was treating him like a girl? She didn’t know what to do, how to react, so she just said it. “I don’t know what to say.”

The Intercom buzzed. “Yup?” Spellbinder said, relieved to have the break, as she, also, didn’t know what to do or say.

“It’s Melissa,” a voice answered.

Spellbinder looked around. “Melissa? Who’s Melissa and what are you doing on our satellite?”

“Activate security protocols!” Danger Cat said.

Outside the door, a series of tentacles emerged from the walls and floor, grabbing Melissa, lifting her off her feet even as a giant, hulking robot came barreling down the hall, it’s laser range finders tracing over her body while its guns deployed with lethal “Clack Clack Clack” sounds. She screamed. “It’s me! Melissa! The reporter!”

“Oh!” GrimmLord laughed, his ears and whiskers twitching. “I forgot about her. She’s okay.”

They stopped the security system, and soon Melissa was in the little round room, looking sheepish and nervous, while the three, having hid their vape pipes, sat there with glassy eyes trying to keep from giggling. “What’s up?” GrimmLord asked.

“Um, well, I might as well do this in front of the whole group of you,” she said, feeling she needed to be brave, to come clean. She cleared her throat and said, “I betrayed you.”

“How?” GrimmLord asked, sitting forward.

She explained the whole thing, the reports, the pictures and the video. She said she was sorry, and then she said it again. And again.

GrimmLord had that 1000-mile stare as he sat there in complete shock. “So, the whole world? The whole world knows? About... this? Me?”

“I’m afraid so,” Melissa said.

GrimmLord felt the rage rising in him once more, his emotions flaring. He started to take long, deep breaths, his breasts rising and falling. And then, mustering all the will he could muster he said, “Get the fuck away from me before I kill you.”

“I’m so sorry I— “

“Get the fuck away from me!” He shrieked again, baring his claws.

“Raaaaarrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!”

Melissa turned and ran, while Spellbinder and Danger Cat hugged and tried to console their friend, who had once more burst into tears.

Once GrimmLord had regained his composure and wiped his tears, he needed to be alone. Against the objections of the girls, and after repeatedly and honestly assuring them he would be fine, he made his way back to his private wing. Alone in his room, he looked at

himself in a mirror. His nose twitched. He turned and looked back over his shoulder at himself, appalled at his womanly shape. He had more curves than most girls could even dream of—or want.

Crawling onto his bed, he laying on his back and stared at the ceiling. It had all happened so fast— was it just this morning he'd suited up to find the boobs on his suit? And now he had a figure, and guys had been hitting on him, old friends, and he was turning into a woman.

He hadn't had time or the privacy to think about what that meant. What that really meant. He would be one of them— a female. A woman. And not just a man wearing a costume that made him look like a woman, but even when he took it off, he would no longer be him. He would be her.

What would happen to his Lee Corp, his company? He couldn't just walk in the door and tell everyone he'd suddenly turned into a woman. No one would believe him. And even if they would, he didn't think he could face them. He couldn't let the men and women he'd employed for all these years see him emasculated. He could find a replacement. Of course. But what would he do with himself with this body? Become a go-go dancer?

Would he have to get used to these breasts? He wondered. Looking down at his chest, reaching up with his hands, he cupped them, squeezed them together. His breasts felt good in his hands, as firm and soft as any of the women he'd ever made love to, and they were big, so big. He would need a bra. He would have to wear a bra, just like a woman. But no, he decided. He would never wear a bra. He didn't care how big his tits were.

He had a sudden vision of himself wearing a white skirt and blouse, propped up on stiletto heels, a purse dangling from his forearm as he walked along the streets of New Rotterdam, long hair flowing behind him in the breeze, earrings sparkling in his ears. The vision terrified him, the sight of himself not only female but completely feminized, just another pretty female scurrying around in her skirt and heels. He shook his head, focusing his will. He would never allow himself to become THAT. No. No. No. Maybe they could

force him into a woman's shape, but they could never shape him into a woman's life. He would wear suits. Ties. He would still be a man.

He thought about his enemies. How they'd already mocked him. He imagined Daughter Despair seeing him like that, stopping outside Marie's display window, a hand on his hips as he admired a fashionable new dress. She would love to see him so much less than he'd been.

I can't let that happen, he decided. Somehow, somehow, I have to stop this, I have to save myself, remain a man, remain me— I can't allow this insult to go on. He let go of his breasts, wishing he could make them vanish, disappear, but he couldn't. Not yet. Exhaustion washed over him and his eyes flickered shut. He needed to sleep. But he didn't feel comfortable, not right the way his body lay on the mattress, with his butt feeling sooooo big and the weight of those huge breasts pressing against his ribs, making it hard to breath. He shifted, tried different positions— ended up on his side, trying to ignore the feeling of the big, soft cushiony boobs he felt between his arms, he drifted off to a deep, dreamless sleep. As he slept, his body changed, his bulging muscular arms melting away, his shoulders shrinking, his face continuing to grow prettier.

As he stirred the next morning, rising from a hazy dream, he felt like he was hugging a pillow to his chest. Then, he remembered. It wasn't a pillow. It was "the twins." All the changes from the day before came back to him, but before could think about them he became aware of something else that felt wrong. He felt hot air, gently gusting against the back of his neck. Something lay across his waist. What the hell? He turned to see. "Apex!"

GrimmLord rolled free of Apex, and landed on his feet next to the bed, wobbling uncertainly as he looked at Apex grinning, bare chested. "Spooning me?! Are you serious!"

Apex' smirky grin grew wider and he ran a hand through his tousled hair. "I couldn't stop thinking about you. I just had to see you and then once I saw you sleeping there, you were so pretty and..."



“Stop!” GrimmLord shouted, covering his breasts with his arms. “God! Show some self-control!”

“But you drive me crazy!” Apex said, sitting up, letting his eyes drift up and down GrimmLord’s body. “You’re hot as hell.”

“I’m a guy!” GrimmLord said, grabbing the sheet off his bed and pulling up to his chin, trying to hide his curves from his sex-crazed friend. “Your buddy! You know what? Get out.”

“No need to get all hysterical.”

“Hysterical! Hysterical!” GrimmLord screamed. “OUT! NOW!”

The sound of GrimmLord’s tea kettle voice hurt Apex ears, and he shook his head. “Whatever. I didn’t do anything, you know.”

“You snuck into my room and groped me...” As Apex stepped past GrimmLord he reached out as if to cop a fee, and GrimmLord quickly danced away. “Out! Out!” He said. “Don’t touch me.”

“I need some coffee,” Apex mumbled, wandering off, grinning. “You want some, babe?”

“OUT!” GrimmLord shrieked.

Apex left. GrimmLord sat down on the edge of the bed, knees together, hands in his lap, and shook his head, taking deep breaths, trying to calm himself, once more forced to be aware of the weight of his breasts rising and falling. It hadn’t been a dream. He was struck in this female shape with the wonderful bonus that he gave off chemicals that made men super horny. He looked at his hands, his long fingernails. Even sans fingernails, his hands--they looked wrong. Too small. As did his wrists.

More changes. His entire body, Simulata had said, would be feminized. It was one thing for her to say it, another for him to experience it. He had slender, delicate hands and arms. Looking down past his breasts to his feet he thought they looked dainty, too. He



stood, but before he could even take a step his boots transformed, pitching his feet forward so it felt like he was standing tippy toed, and his heels rose off the ground. “What now?” He wondered, twisting back, lifting one foot to see his boots now had tall heels— square, at least, not stilettos, but much higher than anything he’d ever

worn. Great, he thought. How was he supposed to even walk in these things? To test it out, he walked across the room. Awkward, unbalanced, he despaired. Impossible. He wouldn't be able to do anything in these shoes. He felt hobbled, restricted. He couldn't function in these— His suit's AI voice crackled to life, now sounding like an annoyed tween girl. "Compensating for male inadequacy." His suit took over, moving his legs, his feet, and he was soon striding heel to toe across the room as gracefully as a super model. His hips swayed and even without looking he could sense he was now walking with a feminine gait. "Thanks so much," he said to his suit, now also sounding like an annoyed tween girl. "I was just hoping I could walk more like a girl."

"You're welcome so much," the suit said, even more snotty than before.

"Shut up."

"You shut up."

Grimmlord rolled his eyes. AI.

Well, it was time to get back to Earth and start looking for some answers. Whoever had done this might also be able to reverse it, so his plan remained the same— find out who had done this to him, beat them to a pulp and then demand they turn him back.

Feeling his old sense of purpose return, he strode into action, boots clicking against the metallic floors.

Strutting into the common room, he found Melissa sitting there, talking to Simulata. "You," he said, crossing his arms under his breasts.

Melissa looked up, looking ashamed, but then her eyes went right to his chin, and she said, "Your chin," making a cupping gesture under her own. "It's gone!"

"What does that mean?" GrimmLord said in a panic, thinking the suit had disfigured him somehow, but reaching up he felt a smooth, soft chin. "What are you talking about?"

"It's— I mean, you used to have a square jaw, like a piece of stone, cleft, but now.... No. I'm sorry. I should have said anything."

“No. What now? What is it?”

“Would you like to see?” Simulata said.

“Yes! Yes!”

Simulata projected a holographic mirror, and GrimmLord stared in horror to see he now had a cute, little pointy chin, a chin like a woman. His whole face had taken on a more feminine aspect, from his big eyes to his tiny nose, plump lips. He looked like a girl. “My



face,” he said. “It’s gone.” Looking back at him was a young woman, pretty, beautiful,

even, with big, innocent eyes and kissable lips, though the man he had once been would have been thinking of other uses for those lips. He shivered at the thought.

As he tried to process the fact he now had the face of a pretty girl, his hair grew, pouring down past his jawline. It was not just longer, but had a rounded look clearly styled for a woman. GrimmLord sighed. He had bangs, and some of the hair had fallen over his eyes. Using one of long nails, he gingerly brushed it away. It was a gesture he would be repeating for the rest of his life.

“The changes advanced as you slept,” Simulata said, scanning him. “Your body is now 83% female, with the development of your womb and ovaries beginning.”

Ovaries. Womb. GrimmLord hadn’t been too focused on the idea he would have a female reproductive system. He turned to Melissa. “Not a word of what she just said goes out!”

“Okay,” Melissa said. “I’ll only report private matters with your permission from now on.”

“I’m serious.”

“I am, too. I will tell a soul that GrimmLord has ovaries. Scout’s honor. I need a ride back to Earth, after all. My spaceship is in the shop.”

Where is everyone else?” GrimmLord said.

“All but Danger Cat have gone off in pursuit of your target,” Simulata said.

“Apex?”

“Left moments ago.”

Thank God, GrimmLord thought. He did not want to have to deal with Apex’ pawing hands and endless come-ons. “Well, let’s go.”

Walking slightly behind him, Melissa heard clicking and looked down to see the high heels on his boots, which hugged his now shapely calves. Poor guy, she thought, again. Whoever was doing this to him meant to force GrimmLord into a fully feminine existence.

When they arrived at the GrimmTank, the ship would not even open its doors. “I am sorry,” GrimmBot said, “but you are not authorized to enter the GrimmTank, Miss Kitty.”

“I’m not Danger Kitty,” GrimmLord said.

“Incorrect. You are Danger Kitty, girl wonder, sassy sidekick to Danger Cat.”

GrimmLord rolled his eyes. “Girl? Sidekick?” There wasn’t time to worry about it now. He got on his communicator. “Danger Cat. You still here?”

“Yup, for about 10 more seconds,” she answered sitting in her ship, getting ready to blast off.



“I need to hitch a ride with you,” GrimmLord said. “The GrimmTank is out of commission.”

“Okay, Sugar Tits,” Danger Cat said. “But you better hurry that pretty little ass of yours over here because I am ready to launch!”

“On it,” GrimmLord said, not sure if he should be annoyed or amused by her taunts.

His mind turned to the new information as he ran down the hall to get to DC's hangar. His suit had taken over again, so he didn't have to figure out how to run in heels just yet, but he did feel the need to squeeze one arm across his furiously bouncing chest.

He thought about what the AI had said. Danger Kitty. Girl Wonder? Danger Cat's sidekick? Was that the identity they were trying to force on him now? Casting him as a girl and a sidekick was another way to try and diminish him, reduce him, humiliate him. But it all seemed so strange and specific. Could Danger Cat be in on it? He wondered. She had been quite amused and had even admitted seeing a man feminized was a fantasy of hers.

They arrived at the hangar and climbed into the ship, which immediately called out "Welcome, Girl Wonder."

"What the hell is that about?" Danger Cat said, smirking.

"Never mind," GrimmLord said, tapping her on the shoulder. "Move over. I'll drive."

"Not a chance," Danger Cat said. "This is my rocket. Besides, you're too young to drive, girl wonder."

Annoyed and chagrined to have all this happening in front of Melissa, Grimm just took the co-pilot's seat. "I'm not a child. I don't even look like one." He grumbled as Danger Cat pulled out.

"I know, right?" Danger Cat said. "Like a teen girl ever had tits the size of the Hindenburg."

"That's not what I meant," GrimmLord said, crossing his arms.

"Or an ass like that. No way does that body belong to a teen."

"You're pushing it," GrimmLord said. "This isn't funny."

"It kind of is," Danger Cat said as her thrusters ignited and the ship rose from the docking bay floor, "from a certain point of view. Also, there is no way you sound like a teenager with that voice."

“Really?”

“You don’t sound a day over 6.”

The docking bay doors slid open, and right there in the center of a dark, black sky GrimmLord saw the Earth, the big, blue marble, hovering in the distance, a soft glow surrounding it against the dark void of space. He felt butterflies in his stomach. It was like he was going there for the first time, and he didn’t know what to expect, how people would react to him.

He didn’t even know who he was anymore.

He supposed, as he sat there staring at the Earth, which grew larger and larger as they rocketed through space, that he would just have to find out.

“GrimmLord,” Melissa started to say, still feeling guilty, awkward over what she’d done, but he made a chopping gesture with his hand, cutting her off.

“Don’t even talk to me,” he said.

‘But I— “

“No. No. I don’t have anything to say to you, and I am not interested in hearing what you have to say. You apologized. Fine. That’s all there is.”

Melissa sat back and shrugged. She didn’t expect to feel this bad about everything. She didn’t know GrimmLord; it wasn’t like she’d betrayed a friend. She could even see some truth to her earlier position that it was his fault for inviting a reporter along for the ride. But the truth was, she felt like what she’d done was totally wrong. GrimmLord had saved her, had saved thousands, maybe even millions. He’d dedicated his life to saving people, and he deserved better than to be kicked when he was down.

She wanted to find some way to tell him that, to really make him understand how she felt. But he didn’t want to hear it, and she really couldn’t blame him. They rode the rest of the way in silence, and the Cat Car came to land on the roof of Melissa’s apartment building. For Melissa, it felt like the end of a chapter of her life, however brief it had been.

She'd been to outer space, met a robot from the future, the whole Justice Collective. It all seemed surreal.

And now she was just going to step back into her ordinary life as a struggling young woman trying to make it in the big city, with two roommates sharing a tiny apartment. What would she be now that she wouldn't have access to superheroes anymore, that she would just go back to being— Melissa?

"Please watch your step as you exit the Cat Car," Danger Cat said in a "conductor" voice, as always trying to keep things light.

Melissa stood and reached toward GrimmLord, meaning to pat him on the back, but he pulled away, sneering. Danger Cat nodded toward the exit. "We have to get going. Be safe."

"Thanks for dropping me off," Melissa said in a soft voice. She stepped out of the car, standing on the rough, black roof of her building, which was littered with cigarette butts that looked like they went all the way back to the 1970s.

GrimmLord couldn't hold it in, and he regretted it even before he said it. "You better hope you never need rescuing again!" He spat in his tiny little voice. "Next time I'll let the muggers have you!"

"Grimm!" Danger Cat said, shocked.

This time it was Melissa who buried her face in her hands, weeping, while the Cat Car rose into the sky and then jetted off into the clouds.

Chapter Eight

The Justice Collective had made a list of every person and location they could think of that might in any way be connected to what they were calling the “attack” on GrimmLord. This, of course, included the villains who given him the run around as well as many others.

It turned into a day of nothing.

Breaking into abandoned labs to find broken machines covered in cobwebs. Shaking down retired villains to learn nothing. Breaking into the lairs of active villains to find nothing. GrimmLord had expected a series of nuisance crimes to keep him busy all day, as had been done before, but there was—again-- nothing. Just a whole lot of nothing, with no trace of Daughter Despair, Zeppelin of Datastream.

As the day went on and the frustration mounted, he found himself starting to cry, but he took deep breaths and used his training to calm and focus himself. He was determined to master his new, more emotional predisposition. Hormones were no match for 2000-year-old Zen wisdom, he decided as he breathed deeply, and chanted his mantra. It worked. The tears stopped.

The Cat Car hovered in the sky above New Rotterdam as the sun set over the city, lighting the three rivers that met and flowed around it bright, burning gold.” I can’t think of any place else to check,” Danger Cat said. “You have any ideas?”

“No,” GrimmLord said, shaking his head.

“Maybe we should call it a day?”

“Maybe,” GrimmLord said. “Simulata?” He called, getting on his comm.

“Yes?”

“Where am I in terms of the change?”

“You have reached 90% female status.”

“I have to find a way out of this,” GrimmLord said to Danger Cat, feeling that sense of terror return, the feeling of being trapped in a box, in a life that he couldn’t live, wouldn’t live. “The change’s almost complete. If I go to sleep again, in the morning I’ll be erased. Gone. Trapped as a woman.”

“Incorrect,” Simulata said, and GrimmLord’s heart jumped with hope.

“Wait. You mean this isn’t permanent? The change?”

“Incorrect. I mean that the suit has stopped changing you, holding steady at 90% female biology.”

“I don’t understand?” GrimmLord said.

“What an airhead. I knew I should have made you a blonde,” Simulata said, then started to laugh.

“What?” GrimmLord said, realizing it couldn’t be Simulata. “Who is this?”

For a moment the connection was silent, just the crackling of a little electronic noise, and then a dry voice began to laugh: “Heeee! Heeeee! Haaaaaaa! Ha!” Maniacal giggles. “Or should that be Sheeee! Sheeeeeee!” Ho Ho?” More maniacal laughter.

“Shenanigans!” GrimmLord screamed.

“The one and only, Grim Gal, or do you prefer to be called Kitty?”

“Tell me where you are, and we can discuss it in person.” GrimmLord said.

Maniacal laughter. “Hahahaha! Heeeeeee hahahaha! I can’t decide if you sound more like a mouse or a gerbil! Hahahahah!”

GrimmLord glanced at Danger Cat, who motioned “keep him talking,” as she tried to track the signal.

“It doesn’t matter how I sound. I can still kick your ass.”

“Funny you should mention ass, as I know you now have plenty of that to spare! And how about those tits I gave you? How do you like those melons?”

“Even like this, I am more of a man than you’ll ever be.”

“Hahahahahah! Heeeheheheheheh! You win joke of the week! No, the month! No, the century! Hahahahaha! Well, time for me to roll, sweet cheeks. It’s been....”

GrimmLord looked at Danger Cat, who shook her head. She didn’t have a fix yet. Damn. He needed to keep the crazy fool talking. But how? “Who put you up to this?” GrimmLord. “Who’s your boss?”

“Boss?” Shenanigans said. “Pshaw! I don’t work for anyone. You know that. I have a problem with authority.”

“You don’t have the resources of intelligence to make a suit like this,” GrimmLord said, smiling. It was working. He knew he could use Shenanigans ego against him. “So, who put you up to this.”

“You arrogant little bitch!” Shenanigans screamed, losing his usual hipster cool clown vibe. “You dare to question my abilities? I turned you into a big titty bimbo, and I’m not even done yet.”

“You didn’t do this, and we both know it. So, why don’t you tell me who did?” GrimmLord grinned, giving Danger Cat a thumbs up. She nodded and held up 2 fingers. She needed twenty more seconds.

“You stupid cow,” Shenanigans said. “All these years you’ve always acted like you were better than me. You talked down to me, you condescended, even when luck went against me— and, yes, it was always luck— you acted all sanctimonious and superior, testifying at my trial, begging the state to send me to a mental institution instead of prison. I am not INSANE! I have NEVER been INSANE! I am a visionary, a prophet, a multi-media comedy stylist and a radical free thinker. You knew that! You did. You knew I was the

same as you, Kitten. We'd just chosen different sides is all, different ways to upend this polluted madhouse of a world run by the sheep for the sheep."

GrimmLord rolled his eyes. Danger Cat covered her mouth to stifle a giggle. Her tracker pinged, identifying Shenanigans' position.

"Oh, good," Shenanigans said, instantly growing calm. "You have my position. Good. I thought I was going to have to rant on like that for an hour with your backward second-rate tech. Okay. Come and get me, bootylicious."

"He knew?" GrimmLord said, annoyed and disappointed. "Where is he?"

"Eternity Square," Danger Cat said. "Looks like he wants an audience."

GrimmLord shifted uncomfortably. An audience? Well, it was what it was. He had to face him, and if Shenanigans wanted to be taken out by GrimmLord in front of the whole world, so be it. "Let's go," GrimmLord said. "I want to get this over with."

They flew to Eternity Square, but even as she put her Cat Car into hover position, GrimmLord was looking at satellite images. Shenanigans was standing on the stage, spotlights cutting back and forth over and around him. All the major news stations had cameras on site, and thousands of people packed the area, cellphones out, waiting for the show. "Why haven't the cops cleared the area?" GrimmLord wondered. "Damnit! And, he has a hostage!"

"I see," Danger Cat said. Tied to a stake on the stage, wearing a hood, was a struggling woman. Next to her was a post with a huge, red button on it.

"Come out, come out, pretty Kitty!" Shenanigans called into his megaphone. "Time to see if you really are a hero! Citizens of New Rotterdam. Annoying tourists. Do you want to see Danger Kitty come down here and prove whether she is really a hero or not?"

The crowd roared.

"Kitty! Kitty!" Shenanigans called into the megaphone, and the crowd picked up the chant, thousands of voices joining together shouting, "Here, Kitty! Kitty!"

“Come on, you sexy little minx. And come alone, unless you want this poor innocent to get murdered.” With his free hand he pulled a gun from his pants. It had a comically long barrel— nearly four feet, and he began to wave it around as he started crumping, his dance moved stiff and spasmodic. The crowd roared.

“How can they applaud this?” Grimmlord said, appalled at the reaction to Shenanigans dance moves.

“They’re all drugged,” Danger Kitty said. “Daughter Despair.”

“I should have guessed,” GrimmLord said, punching his palm.

The crowd was growing into more and more of a frenzy, and people began to hurl bottles from the audience, hitting the struggling hostage, who cried out in pain. “Help. Help.”

“I have to go in,” GrimmLord said.

“I’ll be ready to strike as soon as the hostage is cleared.”

GrimmLord jumped from the ship and used his thrusters to land on the stage. “Drop the gun.”

Shenanigans, who had the gun pointed right at the hostage’s head, pretended to think about it and then said, “I don’t think so. Folks, let’s give it up for the Grimm Lass! Isn’t she as fine a little piece of ass as you’ve ever seen? And I do mean little. Grimmie, you’re a shorty!”

“More than tall enough to beat you,” Grimmlord said, though it annoyed him to no end to have to look up at the fool of a clown.

A guy in the crowd shouted, “show us your tits!”

The crowd roared. GrimmLord stayed focused on Shenanigans, the hostage.

“They love your ass!” Shenanigans said. “How does that make you feel?”

“Drop the gun. Let the girl go,” GrimmLord said, hearing his magnified pixie voice echoing all over the square. A little girl cried out, Tinker Bell!

“Here’s the deal!” Shenanigans shouted. “You need to prove to the world that you really are a hero. If you do, the girl goes free.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Just push this button,” Shenanigans said, waving the gun toward the button, but quickly bringing it back around to target the hostage. “Push the button, the girl goes free. However, there is a price. If you push the button, your suit will finish its task—you will become completely and irrevocably a woman. To be a hero, you must choose to be a girl.”

“Forget it,” Grimmlord said, and he had to face the truth. The idea of becoming a woman, being forced to live his life as a woman, it terrified him. Just the small taste he’d already gotten had been enough to convince him, “Never gonna happen.”

“Then, the hostage dies and the whole world sees you are no hero! Heeee heheee. Hahahaha! “Start the timer!”

The flat screens all around Eternity Square, which usually constantly showed ads for fashion labels, all now showed the number ten, which began clicking down 9...

“Let’ reveal the secret identity of our victim,” Shenanigans said, yanking the hood off to reveal the terrified face of...

“Melissa!” GrimmLord called out, seeing her wide, terrified eyes.

“Help!” She screamed. “Save me!”

8...

“Ladies and gentleman, the betrayer!” Shenanigans screamed as the crowd roared.

7

GrimmLord scanned the area. He needed some way out of this, some solution.

6

Shenanigans pulled the hammer back, the click sounding throughout Eternity Square.
“You hate her, don’t you?” Shenanigans cooed.

5....

“No. No!” GrimmLord said, his heart starting to pound, his emotions rising, making him feel out of control as anxiety and fear and desperation mingled.

4...

“You want me to kill her! You’re no hero!”

3....

“Don’t make me do this!”

2. ...

“Push the button and become a woman, or she dies!”

1...

“No. No!” GrimmLord begged, his eyes filling with tears. He looked at the clock, saw the 1, seeming to hover, frozen, saw the evil glint of pure joy in Shenanigans’ eye as his trigger finger began to tighten.

“Mom,” Melissa screamed. “I’m sorry.”

She closed her eyes.

Just as the counter started to flicker and turn to a zero, GrimmLord lunged at the button, slamming both hands into it. A buzzer sounded as the air filled with Shenanigans’ laughter, the roar of the crowd, confetti and balloons. Pain like burning lightning shot through GrimmLord’s body, and he fell to his knees, hugging himself, a tiny and terrified scream escaping from him as he felt his skin tingle and burn. Melissa’s bindings fell away, and she ran to GrimmLord, who was kneeling on the stage, screaming. His body and

costume shimmered, and he now wore what looked like an unzipped catsuit that showed off all kinds of cleavage. He looked younger, and his hair had grown. He had a top knot ponytail that trailed all the way down to his ass. Looking at him, Mellisa Danger Cat couldn't think he almost looked like an anime girl now.



“Hahahahahah!” Shenanigans laughed. “GrimmLord proves he’s a hero by turning himself into a kitten. The irony. Or, should that be Iron-me? I’ve created another perv-formance art masterpiece. Eat your heart out Banksy.”

“How about this for irony?” Danger Cat shouted as she came swinging down, her boots smashing into Shenanigan’s chest, sending him tumbling across the stage, breaking apart into a mass of gears and sprockets. “Another robot?” She said, staring at the smoking ruins.

“A robot?” GrimmLord asked, looking in shock and confusion. “But then, who did this to me?” He was struggling to zip up his new suit, but the zipper wouldn’t budge, leaving him with his enticing flesh exposed to the world—and the cameras. The feeling of vulnerability he’d experienced since the changes started came back, stronger than ever. This was the first time his chest had been so exposed since he’d “blossomed.”

“Who indeed?” The robot head warbled as sparks shot from its ears. “Who indeed?” Then, its eyes went dead.

The crowd, drugged out of their minds and now driven into a frenzy, started to rush the stage. “We have to get out of here!” GrimmLord called, grabbing Melissa and firing a grappling hook, pulling them both free. Danger Cat did likewise, and soon they were climbing back into the Cat Car, jetting away into the sky.

“Omigod, thanks. Thank you! Thank you both,” Melissa said, still crying.

GrimmLord found he was crying as well, though he wasn’t even certain why.

“Grimm. Is it true? What he said? The button?”

“I don’t know,” he said softly, wiping his nose. “Simulata? Status?”

“GrimmLord. Scanning.” There was silence. More silence. Then, I’m sorry,” she answered. “You are now a fully functioning female. You have even begun ovulating.”

GrimmLord sat back with a sigh, feeling like he’d been crushed in the worst fight of his life. “It’s done,” he said. “Shenanigans— or whoever is really behind this— wasn’t just playing a prank. I am—“He looked down at his body, for the first time noticing that “Danger Kitty” now appeared, scrawled across his breasts in a hot pink feminine script. “This is who I am now.” He looked at Melissa.

“I won’t print a word,” Melissa said. “I promise, I won’t ever— “

“I want you to,” GrimmLord said, as the realization hit him. “It’s going to all come out eventually. I want to— I should own it. Let the world know who I am now. What happened.”

“Are you sure? I mean- maybe someone else should, given that I— ”

“No. You,” GrimmLord said.

“But why? I was terrible.”

“Because I believe you are a good person, a good person who made a mistake, just as we all do. Most of all, because I believe you will be a great reporter one day, and this town needs you.”

“Wow,” Melissa said. “I can’t—you’re amazing. You know that, right?”

“He knows,” Danger Cat said. “Believe me.”

Melissa started to pull her phone out of her pocket, but GrimmLord grabbed her wrist with his small hand. “Not yet. Tomorrow. I still need a day to— process.”

“Okay. Sure. I’ll— whatever you want. And if you change your mind—”

“I won’t.”

They dropped Melissa off once more, though this time she practically ran to the stairs that would take her back to her apartment, reborn, refreshed, ready to call her boss, set up the interview with GrimmLord. And then GrimmLord and Danger Cat set off for his mansion. GrimmLord looked forward to getting home and having some time alone to just relax and try to untangle his muddled thoughts.

Chapter Nine

“You are not authorized to enter the Lee Family Properties, Danger Kitty,” Grimmbot said while The Cat Car hovered outside the entrance to the Grimm Cavern.

“What about me?” Cat said. “I’ve been authorized for years.”

“You also are not authorized,” Grimmbot answered. “Your presence here threatens the security of this facility. Leave the area, or I will be forced to take defensive measures.”

“You don’t want to test my security. Trust me,” GrimmLord said.

Danger Cat cut off communications with Grimmbot and pulled out. “We can land over in the swamps, sneak back, break in?”

“Not now. I’m drained. I need to sleep. Just drop me off at the satellite.”

“No.” Danger Cat said. “Why don’t you come and stay at my place?”

“I wouldn’t—I don’t feel like being around anyone right now.” GrimmLord dreaded the idea of spending the night at Cat’s. He was sure she would try to get him to talk about his feelings. “Just take me back to base.”

Danger Cat gripped the wheel of her car, took a deep breath and said, “Here’s the thing. I don’t feel like flying all the way back to the moon. I’m tired, too. I’ve had a long day. I just want to go home. You want to come, or should I drop you off somewhere— on Earth.”

GrimmLord threw his head back and laughed. “And here I thought it was all about me. I didn’t want you mothering me. Yeesh. Fine. Your place.”

Danger Cat set course for home, shaking her head. “You and your ego. At least that hasn’t changed. No. Don’t worry. The only thing I want to do is put my head on a pillow and sleep the sleep of the dead.”

“Okay, then. That sounds like a plan.”

They flew across New Rotterdam and then, stealth mode activated, banked to the south, over the Emmanuelle family's private forest reserve, and then seemed to fly right into the side of a mountain, actually passing through a hologram that hid the entrance to the Danger Den. Cat landed and they climbed out of the Cat Car, making their way across a cavern floor crowded with other vehicles— four wheelers, motorcycles, three earlier versions of the Cat Car, as well as clusters of screens and computers, a modest lab filled with bubbling chemicals. Danger Cat walked across the den to a large tube that rose from floor to ceiling.

"This looks like a Costumator," GrimmLord said, examining the machinery.

"It is," Danger Cat said.

"When did you get this?"

"I don't know. A while ago. I saw yours and figured if you could do it, I could do it. So— tada! You want to go first?"

GrimmLord nodded. "Do you have clothes that will fit me?"

Danger Cat looked at him and cupped her hands over her chest, shaking her head. "Not exactly. No. But I can set it up with some of my stuff that will stretch enough to fit you."

"Nothing too— you know, feminine."

"Of course not. How cruel do you think I am?"

"You know, maybe it was all a bluff after all? Maybe once this suit is off?"

Danger Cat glanced at his tiny waist. She doubted very much that he was going to find himself still— himself. But she couldn't bring herself to destroy his hopes, so she just said, "Let's hope." She went to the machine and programmed in an outfit that she felt wouldn't be too bad— a sweatshirt, sweatpants. "I'm not trying to be funny, but what about a bra?"

“No. No, thanks,” GrimmLord said, resisting the urge to cross his arms over his embarrassing breasts.

Danger Cat nodded, wishing she hadn’t asked. She knew looking at the size of his chest that the day would come when he would realize he needed the support, but he would have to figure that out for himself. “Okay. Whenever you’re ready.”

GrimmLord stepped into the tube, crossed his fingers. Nodded. Danger Cat had set it for a change only, not transport, so he felt himself spinning, his uniform being removed and replaced with clothes, and then he stopped spinning and stood there as his long, silky black hair settled onto his shoulders, strands across his eyes, and he felt the sweatshirt stretched tight against his breasts, his hard nipples tenting the soft fabric.

He was a woman. He also still had the kitten ears, the whiskers. “I’m sorry,” Cat said.

GrimmLord brushed his long hair out of his eyes, then gently touched his whiskers with



his slender little fingers. He hadn’t expected to have whiskers and kitten ears in civilian life. He stepped out of the tube, feeling his breasts sway, his too big butt wiggle and jiggle. He hadn’t really expected to find himself still a man, but it still felt like a punch in the gut to find himself now outside his armor, wearing the body of a woman. This soft,

bouncy little thing was his body, and he felt the must crushing sense of despair he'd ever felt in his life at the realization.

He had a faint hope that maybe his voice had changed back. The modulator had always modified his voice. In his old costume, it made it deeper and raspier. He hoped that it would turn out that the new costume had made his voice smaller, higher, more feminine. He didn't expect to sound like a man, but he wanted, badly, to at least sound like an adult and not a child. He put his hand to his throat and said, "How do I sound?"

The voice was the same: The voice of a little girl, an anime cartoon voice, a pixie, a tea kettle. "Crap." Even swears sounded cute.

Once more, Danger Cat didn't know what to say. She would hate to sound like that, and she was a woman. She couldn't imagine how humiliating it had to be for the dark and threatening GrimmLord to find himself — squeak. "Let's get some sleep," she said.

The two of them tubed upstairs, and she showed him to one of her guest rooms. He closed the door, and immediately went to the bathroom, wanting, needing to see his face, to find out what he looked like now. He hadn't seen himself since the full change had happened. As he looked in the mirror, his mouth dropped open as he stared at the face of his-- "mom?" He couldn't believe it. He looked exactly like her, like he remembered her, and like she'd looked in pictures from her schoolgirl days. He was her now, her when she'd been a teenager.

He put his delicate little hands to his smooth, soft cheeks, his eyes wide, emotions churning-- seeing her in himself, his memories of her came flooding back to him— her making a cake shaped like R2 D2 for his birthday- spending hours to get it just right. Her sitting by his bed when he'd had a fever, gently singing lullabies until he'd fallen asleep.

Tears welled up in his eyes, and he turned from the mirror, running back into the bedroom and throwing himself into the bed, grabbing a pillow and burying his head in the soft fabric, his body wracked with sobs as he remembered it all, and the sorrow he felt at her loss mingled with his own sorrow and despair at having been emasculated, turned into

a woman, his sex stripped from him, his name, his everything. He cried and cried, until he cried himself to sleep, his long, black hair spread all around him on the white, silk quilt.

He woke with a start, slowly sitting up, confused at the long hair that tumbled into his face, at the weight swaying on his chest, and as he reached up with a slender little hand to brush the hair away it all came back to him, and he remembered he was a woman now, and he was in Danger Cat's mountain lair, and he didn't know who he was or what he should do anymore.

His nipples were still hard, still aching, and he sat on the edge of the bed, cupping his breasts, lifting them, wishing they would stop demanding his attention. But cupping and lifting them only sent disturbing tremors of pleasure through his strange new body, and he let go of them even as he became aware of a pressure that felt both familiar and wrong—he was pretty sure he needed to pee, and the thought filled him with dread.

Time to man up, he thought, rolling his eyes at the irony, and then he stood and made his way to the bathroom, taking his usual position in front of the toilet, legs spread, staring down at the water in the bowl. He knew better than to even try to do it like a guy, though he seriously considered giving it a try. Maybe all the women ever had been wrong, and he could still pee standing up?

But he pulled down the sweatpants, turned and lowered himself to the toilet seat. It was cold, and he wiggled a little, then stopped and thought, so how do girls do this? He wasn't sure, but he just tried to relax, to release, and once he was there in that position thinking to do what he needed to do, his body took over and he heard a tinkling as he felt—everything was wrong. Embarrassing. The way it sounded— not the firm manly flow, but a tinkling sound, squirts, fits and starts coming from a space he shouldn't have.

When he'd finished, he refused to even consider wiping himself, but stood, pulled up his pants and wiping his hands on the bottom of his sweatshirt and took three quick steps back toward the bedroom, wanting to get away from the whole thing as fast as possible, but with each step he felt his breasts— it still sounded like insanity to think of his breasts—swaying and bouncing, and he stopped, curious.

Turning, he walked back to the sink and looked in the mirror, once more shocked and appalled to see a pretty face looking back at him. He found his eyes drawn to his chin— he remembered Melissa’s reaction to it, and he understood. His square, chiseled jaw was gone, and he now had a cute, feminine little chin that was as awful as his boobs, his butt. He’d been proud of his chin, his face, and now it was just— ugh.

His eyes dropped to the breasts straining against his sweatshirt. Round, heavy, the hard nipples thrusting against the soft fabric. Oh, what the hell. Just look. He grabbed the bottom of the sweatshirt and yanked it up and over his breasts, and he then he looked at them— big, firm, gravity defying boobs with hard brown nipples, pointing up and to the side— perfect, and seeing himself like that in the mirror with his top pulled over his breasts reminded him of dozens of selfies he’d seen online from hot girls showing off their tits, and even imagined he felt himself getting hard as he looked at those perfect breasts jiggling on his chest, his pretty face above them, slender eyebrows raised in surprise, cheeks blushing pink, and he pulled his shirt down and hurried away from the mirror, his long black hair trailing behind him, those damn boobs bouncing with every step, nipples rubbing against the fabric, sending more pleasure chills through his confused body and frazzled mind.

I am one of them now, he thought. I am one of those girls, women. I am... but I can't be. It isn't possible.

He sat back on the edge of the bed, tossing his long hair back, annoyed at how it kept getting in his eyes, then stood, sat back down, sighed. He wasn’t going to be able to sleep— not now. He was too upset, and besides he felt hungry, thirsty. As if it could hear his thoughts, his stomach rumbled, and he decided he might as well go and get something to eat. Standing, he once more pulled his hair back, wishing he knew how to tie it back or something, and then he opened his door as quietly as he could and snuck down the hall, not wanting to wake Danger Cat— or Noemie Emmanuelle— her real name. He’d spent some nights here during their frequent flings over the years, so he knew his way around and made his way down the grand staircase, through the dining room and into the kitchen with all its gleaming stainless-steel stoves and refrigerators, looking more like the kitchen for a

large hotel than a residence. As he opened one of the refrigerators— as always stuffed with food-- his stomach growling greedily, he thought, I just hope this doesn't all go to my butt—

And then thought— that was weird—

But he was too hungry to worry about it and grabbed a plate with half a chicken on it, a tub of mashed sweet potatoes and a pitcher of tea, pulling a stool up to the cutting board table, grabbing a fork and a knife and gorging himself ravenously, surprised he could shovel so much food down given his now tiny, waspish waist.

“Hey.”

The sound of a voice so close surprised him, and he jumped with a cute little, “Oh!” Turning, hair swirling around, to see Noemie standing behind him in her silk robe.

“Couldn't sleep, either?” Noemie said.

“No,” Kevin said, flushing. He knew what he looked like now— how pretty he was— and he felt ashamed for Noemi to see him like this. “It's all yours,” he said, starting to leave.

“Stay,” Noemi said, putting a hand on his arm. Seeing the reluctance in his eyes, along with the shame, she added, “for me? I don't want to be alone right now.”

“O-okay,” Kevin said, still unable to walk away from a woman in need but feeling incredibly uncomfortable. He gestured for Noemie to take his stool, pulling up another for himself, but placing it far enough away that Noemie wouldn't be tempted to try and touch him. He didn't want to be touched right now— didn't want to experience any kind of intimacy. He didn't know how this body would react to anything yet, and he didn't want to find out at a time he already felt more emotionally vulnerable than he'd ever felt in his life.

They ate in silence for a time. The tension built. They both stared to fidget, shifting in their seats, not looking at each other. Noemie wanted to look, of course. She'd been stunned at how pretty his face was, how young he looked. But she didn't want to make him

uncomfortable, so she did her best to keep looking at her food, or around the kitchen, just catching glimpses of him out of the corner of her eyes. He was sitting so that she saw his profile—the tiny, upturned nose, the full lips, the shimmering curtain of straight black hair that pooled and then poured over his slender shoulders. The thrust of his breasts. Knowing that this pretty young woman was HIM, the man who'd been GrimmLord, a swaggering tower of testosterone who made love like a wild stag? It shook her mind, made her feel disoriented, confused, and she feared for him, even as she felt a cold rage building in her that someone had done this to HIM, a man she'd admired and even loved—at least in her way. And, yes, lusted after.

Was it selfish that part of her was angry and disturbed because, at least for now, there would be no more late-night booty calls with a man who was always so good in bed? Maybe, but she didn't care. She just knew a terrible thing had been done to him, and it hurt her in so many ways.

Kevin, also keeping his eyes on his plate, or around the room, took another bite of chicken. He'd slowed down, eating more slowly, chewing his food. He knew it drove Noemi crazy when he wolfed down his food, but as he started to chew, he realized some of his long hair had gotten in his mouth, and he swept it back, away from his face, with a tiny hand.

Seeing Kevin make such a feminine gesture, Noemi resisted the urge to comment. She sensed the last thing he wanted to talk about right now was anything to do with his new sex, so she wondered, what did we use to talk about before- this? Brushing a strand of her own hair away from her cheek— she'd put it up in a messy bun, but a few strands dangled on the sides of her face— she said, “Do you remember that time Shenanigans thought he could take over the world by cornering the helium market?”

Kevin chuckled— though it sounded more like a giggle— “That was one of the all-time dumbest of his plans.” He turned to face Noemi. “And he had all his henchman dressed as gothic clowns wielding those cream pies and seltzer bottles.”

Noemi laughed out loud. “And then he insists he's not crazy!”

“We’ll see who laughs last!” Kevin said, mimicking Shenanigans. “Attack, my Clown Army! Attack!”

“The Clown Army!” Noemi said, laughing out loud. “It actually almost worked!”

“We were laughing so much the clowns actually had us on the ropes for a minute or two.”

“And then, of course, we got “lucky,” Noemi said, making air quotes.

“I can’t believe you just made air quotes. I told you how lame that makes you look.”

“I am an air quoter, and I refuse to be other.”

Looking in each other’s eyes, they smiled, laughed, and then both sighed. It was like it had been, at least there for a few minutes, and it felt good they could still relate, still talk, still be friends. They both felt a sense of relief— and a sense of hope. It seemed now that everything would be okay. Maybe.

Kevin yawned and stretched his arms over his head, not worrying at all how it might look, the way his breasts rose and strained against his sweatshirt. “Now, I think I will be able to sleep.” He grabbed one more piece of chicken and popped it in his mouth.

“Me, too,” Noemi said. She wanted to give him a hug, maybe a kiss on the cheek. She needed it, and she thought he might, too. He slipped off his stool, tugged on his shirt, pulled up his pants, seemed to linger, but Noemi hesitated, and he turned, walking back toward the dining room, glancing back over his shoulder and saying, “Attack, Clown Army! Attack!” His big, pretty eyes sparkling with mischief.

Noemie laughed and threw a dinner roll at him. He turned away, long hair swirling around him, and left.

Chapter 10

“3... 2.... 1....” The producer said, then waved her hand. The studio lights came up, the lights on top of the three studio cameras turned red. They were on the air! Melissa felt her heart racing, but she plastered a smile on her face and read the teleprompter: “Welcome, New Rotterdam, I am Melissa Goldberg, and I am here today with hero, legend and local champion, GrimmLord, The Grimm Night Detective. Welcome, GrimmLord.”

GrimmLord nodded. He was wearing his new costume— black leather that hugged every curve of his new body, the name Danger Kitty in hot pink script across his chest. He sat with his knees together, his hands at his sides. Noemi had warned him about spreading his legs, and though part of him wanted to just sit there like a man as an act of defiance, he felt too ashamed of his new plumbing to show it to the whole city. Knowing he would hate the way he sounded, but wanting to seem calm and controlled, he focused his attention and said, “Thank you for having me on your show, Melissa. It’s great to be here.” He resisted the urge to wince, to put his hand to his throat. He didn’t think he would ever get used to this squeaky little voice. He didn’t think he wanted to. The words had scrolled down the teleprompter, and he had read them, thinking it sounded canned, planned— fake.

“So, the whole city, the whole world, watched yesterday as you did one of the bravest things I have ever seen,” Melissa said almost robotically, still reading the script rolling down the prompter. “Right there in Century Square you— “

“Melissa?” GrimmLord interrupted. “Can we just go off script and talk?”

Melissa glanced at the producer who nodded. Yes. Yes. Yes.

“Of course,” she said, keeping her demeanor calm, though the thought of improving terrified her. She’d never been on TV before, and she’d been counting on the security of just reading the words written by professionals. Just— be a grown up, she thought to

herself. You went to college. You know how to talk. “Should we just skip all the niceties and get right to the elephant in the room?”

“Yes!” GrimmLord said. “Let’s just get right to the fact that I am now a woman.”

Melissa went with her gut. “And a very attractive one.”

“Yes. I am aware.”

“So, you asked for this opportunity, and I want to let you tell our viewers why. Why did you feel the need to come here and publicly talk about it?”

“I— the reason....” GrimmLord felt himself getting anxious, his heart racing as he thought back on what had happened, so he paused and took a deep breath, then closed his eyes and took another. When he opened his eyes, he looked right at Melissa and said, “I want to own this. I feel whoever did this to me— whoever gave me this body— I think they wanted to humiliate me, to make ashamed, to hold me up to ridicule before the whole world.” He paused, searching for the right words.

“And how does that make you feel?” Melissa said, answering his tension with more tension, her voice rising.

“Angry.” GrimmLord said. “Violated.” I thought I didn’t want to talk about my feelings? He thought to himself, even as the words poured out of him. “But— I’ve been thinking about this, I have, and-- I REFUSE to be ashamed!” His voice modulator added his kittenish, “Raaaaarrwrrrr!” But it didn’t even phase him.

“Good!” Melissa shouted back.

GrimmLord looked right at the camera. “I don’t know who you are, but I have a message for you.” His eyes blazed. “Did you think I would curl up under the covers and hide my face from the world in shame? You were WRONG. I am here to tell you, to tell the whole world, that this man, this girl— this woman— does not back down!”

The crew actually cheered, breaking years of training and discipline.

“Hell, no,” Melissa said, punching her fist in the air.

“I am coming for you!” GrimmLord said as the camera zoomed in, so his whole face filled millions of screens all over the world. “I am going to hunt you down like the filthy animal you are, and I am going to make sure they lock you away in a cold, dark little cell for a long, long time! As long as I breath, you will never be safe. I will bring you to justice, because that’s what heroes do. Raaaaarrwwrrrrr!!!!”

“Cut!” The producer said into her headset, knowing this was the moment to end it, the crew all cheering, clapping. “Go to Good Morning Rotterdam for reactions.”

GrimmLord continued staring at the camera, teeth barred, pretty eyes burning with rage and determination.

“Oh, my God,” Melissa said, her blood pumping. She stood up, reached out her hand toward GrimmLord. He looked at it, reached out and gripped her back, shaking her hand.

“Be safe,” GrimmLord said, standing. “All of you, be safe.”

“Go get him, or her, or them.” One of the camera men said, making a fist.

“Get the bastard!” The producer shouted, caught up in the moment.

GrimmLord fired the jets in his boots, blasting across the room and through the exit doors, always conscious of the need to make a dramatic exit, his voice modulator screaming “rrraaaaaaarrwwrrrr!” As he left.

Blasting down the hall, past startled staffers, interns in their blue blazers, he smiled, feeling good, feeling strong, feeling free and ready to face the world. Whoever had done this to him had made a huge mistake. They hadn’t broken him. They had only made him angry, and he was not the kind of man you wanted to make angry. Or the kind of woman, either.

He blasted up the stairs, burst through the door to the roof, and then used his grapples and boot jets to hurtle across the city, landing on the roof of the Old Dutch Church, where

he lifted a leg, thrust a fist in the air and shouted, “Watch Out Criminals of Rotterdam, I am coming for you! I’m going to take you down and look cute as hell doing it!”

He lifted a knee and thrust a fist into the air. “Kitty Cat Attack!”



Epilogue

A cloud of smoke rose from the cigar clenched in the teeth of a shadowy figure sitting in a weathered leather chair in front of a bank of screens watching and re-watching the broadcast of GrimmLord making his threat. The image of GrimmLord filled half the dozen screens, while the other half showed talking heads from around the world reacting, discussing.

Everyone seemed quite impressed with the pretty little hero's bravado.

The shadowy figure chuckled, smoke pouring from nostrils, eyes gleaming in the red flame of the cigar, and murmured, "We shall see, Danger Kitten. We shall see. I will break you, yet, my darling. You will kneel at my feet and beg for mercy."

And then, his laughter filled the small, dark room.

GB Bulletins!

By Shanya Leah

Fortunata's Wheel whirls and a well-built man becomes a willowy woman. Who, we wonder, would work such worrisome recalibrations? Are your whiskers wiggling? Then, good news! Watch, wonderful ones, for clues in every issue of GB Comics published this month as we sprinkle cross-over fairy dust over every marvelous mag from Apex to Olympus, Danger Cat to Captain Zap!

Terrible of us to tease you so? Yes! But we will not prevaricate!

Lots of changes happening this month to lots of heroes, but don't miss out on the truly mind blowing, gender frothing adventures of Moon and Sun as they find themselves

transported to a world very much like our Earth of the 1950s, complete with the backward, sexist attitudes. But wait! There's one huge difference! In this world, women run the show, and men are expected to be good little homemakers. Let's just say Sun does not have any easy time dealing with the demands of being a good little helpmate!

Over at Thor, our own Gilbert Raylon has penned some of the most beautiful artwork we've ever published. And that's saying a lot because we've published the most stunning and scintillating artwork in the history of all comics. Don't miss out on Raylon's strong lines and dazzlingly dynamic layouts, especially as Thor remains disguised as Idun, and things get a little-- more I cannot say!

Oh, heck, why not? Things get a little steamy for our hero as Bragi wants to go all the way. And has Hela cast a little spell to complicate things? Read the ISH!

Hortari!

The End

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