

Justice Ladies of America

Part I: The Gathering of the Girls

Superman struggled valiantly, his arms over his head, hands twisting, twisting. He would get it. He had to get it.

“What’s up?” Batman said, walking into the otherwise vacant bathroom at JLA headquarters.

“What’s up is that I can’t get this braid done,” Superman said with a huff, pulling it out, letting his long black hair fall around his shoulders. “Stupid hair!”

“Let me help,” Batman said with a chagrined smile. He walked up behind Superman and dug his slender hands into the thick, glossy hair, then started plating it.

“Thanks,” Superman said, meeting Batman’s eyes in the bathroom mirror. He had such pretty eyes, it was too bad he had to half hide them behind that Huntress mask.... Stop! Superman taught. He hated how feminine his thoughts were becoming since the change.

“I’ve ruled out Mxylpltck,” Batman said, fishing a bobbie pin out of his utility belt and clenching it in his teeth as he worked Superman’s hair.

“It isn’t his style,” Superman agreed. “Just the braid is fine, you don’t need to—“

“Once I start doing someone’s hair, I go all in,” Batman said, a slight giggle in his voice. “I can’t help it. It seems to be part of being Lil Huntress.”

Superman rolled his eyes. “What kind of crazy mind came up with this stuff?” He self-consciously tugged at the top of his new costume. “At least you don’t have to worry about falling out of the top of your costume all the time.”

Batman smiled, looking at Superman’s bare shoulders, the way his costume lifted and pushed his breasts together. “I don’t see a problem with that,” he said. “If those puppies ever do pop free in public, Wonder Lass *will be* trending.”

“Great. So, there is an upside?”

“Oh, plenty of them. I mean, who doesn’t want to fight crime in heels?”

“At least you’re not half naked.”

“Might as well be,” Batman said. “Like this leaves anything to the imagination. And, done!” He threw Superman’s tight, perfect braid over the other man’s soft shoulder.

Superman smiled, running his fingers over the tight coils. “You are really good at this,” he said. “Ever consider giving up the hero thing and opening up a salon?”

“Everyday,” Batman said, fishing moisturizer out of the utility belt hanging low on his generous hips.

Superman picked up his golden tiara from the counter and slipped it on. Like his whole costume, it was a slightly more feminine and girly version of Wonder Woman’s outfit. His tiara was more slender, delicate, like a bridal tiara. “You have any lipstick in that magic belt of yours?”

“You do realize who you are talking to,” Batman said, handing the moisturizer to Superman, who rubbed it on his smooth face, then worked it into his hands and elbows. While Superman moisturized, Batman fished

three tubes of lipstick out of his belt. He looked at Superman's face, nodded and added blush. "Do your cheeks."

"You have any nail polish in there?" Superman asked, bemused.

"You really have to ask?"

Batman and Superman puckered up and started to do their lips.

Superman picked a darker pink than the one he was already wearing, figuring he could outline his lips, blend it a little but leave the lighter pink on the inner lip.

The bathroom door swung open. Canary froze, biting her lip, amused at the sight of the two formally macho heroes side by side, fixing their make-up. "Hey, girls," she said walking in, going into one of the stalls. When neither answered, she added, "Giving me the silent treatment?"

"It's hard to talk while I'm doing my *lipstick*," Superman answered as he examined his handwork in the mirror, flashed a couple different smiles, nodded and carefully opened the blush, not wanting to spill any of the precious powder on the counter. "Bats, do you have a—?"

Batman held out a camel hair brush before Superman could even finish.

"Boy Scout," he said.

"Girl Scout," Batman said, chucking Superman on the arm.

The gentle sound of Canary tinkling came from inside the stall. She leaned down to see the wedged heels the men wore, their shapely calves. "Lil Huntress," she said. "Did you try that Body Armor sports bra I recommended?"

"Oh, my God, yes!" Batman gushed. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Oh, was that, were they, um?" Superman asked.

“You have no idea,” Batman said. “After every mission! Every workout. But this new bra?”

“I told you,” Canary said.

“Life changing! I wear it all the time now.”

Superman, finished with his blush, once more examined his face, adjusted his tiara.

“Wonder Lass has no idea, still,” Canary said, sourly. “Do you, Superboobs?”

“Shut UP!” Superman said. He always felt kind of fluttery and embarrassed whenever people talked about his new curves. In fact, invulnerability included that, and he even though he pretended to relate when Batman complained about how much his calves hurt after a day in heels, his were always fine.

The sound of a flushing toilet drowned out any conversation for a moment, and when Canary came out of the stall she had a big smile on her face, dancing over to the counter, pushing herself between Batman and Superman, washing her hands. “You girls should come clubbing with me some night.”

Batman glowered. “Not gonna happen.”

“You need?” Superman said, gesturing towards the tubes of lipstick in an effort to change the subject.

“To fight crime?” Canary said. “No, thanks.” She couldn’t help but giggle. “You two are the girliest girls around here.”

“It’s not my fault.. we didn’t choose this... it’s the spell...” they both burst out, their voices rising in feminine rage as they planted hands on hips and scolded her.

“Okay, okay,” Canary said. “I’m just busting your... um.. chops. Lighten up.”

Alert! Alert! Alert! The JLA alarmed sounded. There was an emergency.

Canary headed toward the door. Batman paused to muss his hair. Superman turned to the side, adjusted his tiara once more.

“Ladies?” Canary said. “You do hear the alarm?”

“Omigod,” Superman and Batman said together, rushing to follow Canary to the meeting room, shoes clicking as they headed off to their next adventure.

Chapter 2 Green Arrow and The Martian Manhunter

“Unh!” Green Arrow squeaked as he strained to pull his bow. He threw it down, sending it clattering across the floor. Stomped his little, high-heeled foot in disgust. “I can’t even pull my bow now! What use am I?”

“Do you still think men and women are equal?” Martian Manhunter said, “There are plenty of women strong enough to pull a bow,” Oliver spat back, blowing his bangs out of his eyes. “This stupid change made me weaker than a child.” He looked down at his tiny arms, small, soft hands.

“Whatever you have to tell yourself,” Martian Manhunter said, tossing his long, blonde hair. The spell had made his default shape a gorgeous blonde, somewhat like a young Kate Upton, and even though he also had feminine arms, he picked up the bow and easily pulled the string back. “Seems pretty easy to me, girly.”

“Why don’t you just shapeshift into a guy?” Green Arrow rub his little forearms. Even the attempt to pull his bow had left him in pain.

“I can’t,” MM said, rapidly morphing through a series of gorgeous women. “The change has locked me in as female. But at least I am not a helpless little kewpie doll.”

“Isn’t there a MAGA March you should be attending?”

“I’m good,” MM said, returning to his new default shape and body. An impulse struck, and he went to a mirror to check his face, mussed his hair, checked his nails.

Green Arrow found himself compelled to the the same. “I’m so worried I’m going to break a nail,” he confessed.

“Me, too,” MM said. “I’ll have to ask Huntress or one of the others for some tips.”

“Who would do this to us?” Green Arrow asked as he slipped a thumb under his top and adjusted his bra strap, which had slipped.

“Some liberal,” MM said as he used his little finger to wipe away a little lipstick that had smeared off the corner of his mouth.

“Liberal? Some right-wing nut is more like it.”

“Hardly.” MM said, then, once more consumed with new impulses, he touched Green Arrow’s pretty hair. “Your outfit is so cute.”

“Thanks,” Green Arrow said, unable to stop himself. “It’s kinda cute, but yours is... *sexy*.”

Martian Manhunter had stiletto boots that came up to his knees and hugged his shapely calves, short shorts and red bands that wrapped around his breasts in an X pattern similar to his old uniform, strategically covering his nipples. Green Arrow looked like a Disney Princess version of Robin Hood, with a short little green dress, ankle boots. He had a chapeau

with a feather in the manner of Robin Hood, but it was tiny and pinned slightly to the side of his head for cuteness.

“Did those earrings come with the change?” MM asked, gently touching the lobe of Green Arrow’s ear. “They are so pretty.”

Green Arrow blushed and his knees went together. “They did. I— I wouldn’t wear them, but I don’t seem able to stop myself.” He glanced in the mirror and turned his head slightly so the light flashed off his earrings—he had three piercings in each ear. As part of the change, Green Arrow, like the others, had become *obsessed* with jewelry. He loved to wear sparkling, shiny things!

Manhunter’s gentle touch slipped down from Green Arrow’s ear and then along his smooth jawline. “You have a very pretty face,” Manhunter said.

Green Arrow felt— strange- new feelings. His fingertips tingled, and he curled his toes as he looked up into Manhunter’s big, green eyes, admired his thick, curly lashes. Manhunter leaned down, and Green Arrow’s heart leapt. “Is he going to kiss me?” Arrow wondered, terrified and excited at the same time. It was J’onzz, but she was gorgeous... and those lips! He found himself tilting his head back, his lips parting...

“Yes! Girl on girl action!”

Manhunter and Arrow shrieked and jumped away from each other, eyes askance, playing with their hair.

“Don’t stop, ladies,” Huntress said, sauntering into the room. “I may even join you.”

“We weren’t... I don’t know what you think...?” Manhunter said.

“Manhunter and Arrow sitting in a tree, K.I.S.S.I.N.G!”

“You’re so— full of it...” Arrow said.

Huntress thought it was pretty cute, the guys making out with each other. They were both really hot chicks now, and they both liked women, so it made sense. She loved the idea they might get more in touch with their feminine sides as a result of this whole experience. She touched Arrow on the arm. "It's okay if you wanna kiss Manhunter. You don't need to be ashamed."

"We weren't going to kiss!" Arrow squealed. "She's a guy!"

"You're so cute— and such a bad liar!"

"Arrow was having a hard time dealing with the fact she can't pull her bow anymore," Manhunter said, leaning against a wall, arms and legs crossed. He wanted to change the subject very badly.

"Why not just drop the poundage?" Huntress said, idly playing with Arrow's hair, as if he were a child. It had become common for the real women to treat the men as if they were little girls since the change. The men had gotten used to it.

"I don't get sufficient velocity," Arrow said. "I might as well just throw the arrows."

"Well, then you need to switch to a crossbow."

"Crossbow? I don't know." Arrow had always looked down at the crossbow. He considered it an inferior weapon for many reasons.

Huntress went and got one of her crossbows from the rack. "Come on. Give it a try."

Arrow shrugged. "I don't know."

"Or, are you afraid?" Manhunter said.

Arrow slit his eyes. "I'll give a try," he said.

Manhunter smiled. He figured implying Arrow was afraid would get him going.

Arrow took the crossbow, checked the sights. Fired a dart that popped right into the middle of the target.”

“You go girl!” Huntress said, high-fiving Arrow.

“You look like Katniss,” Manhunter said.

“Shut up!” Arrow said as he accepted a hug from Huntress. She was bigger and taller now, and he felt like a child in her arms as she squeezed and then lifted him off his feet for a sec.

“I have rapid load, rapid fire... we can retrofit your special arrow heads...” Huntress said.

“You are so cool!” Arrow said, gazing up at her in wonder. The thought that his hero days were over had him feeling down, and this was such exciting news.

“Too bad you can’t help us with our names,’ Manhunter said.

“Yeah, well, I would if I could, ‘Maiden of Mars’.” Huntress said, rolling her eyes. No one could say the hero’s former names. They were all compelled to call them by their new titles, as was everyone else.

“It’s better than Arrow Girl,” Arrow said.

“It is so not better. I mean, Maiden?” Manhunter said. “Am I a character in a Jane Austen novel?”

“But Arrow Girl just sounds dumb,” Arrow said. “It’s so stupid!”

“My name is worse! No, mine!” The two heroes shrieked at each other, sounding just like a pair of tween girls.

“Ladies,” Huntress said, trying to break it up. The sound of the men shrieking in their tea kettle voices was unbearable. “Ladies!”

Arp! Arp! Arp!

“The alarm!” Manunter and Arrow sang out, bright smiles spreading across their pretty faces. “A mission!” They took each other’s arms.

“How’s my hair?”

“On point, girl. Mine?”

“So good.”

“My makeup?”

“Girls!” Huntress shouted, exasperated. “Mission!”

“Omigod!” Manhunter said. ‘Yes!’ He and Arrow took off after Huntress, heels clicking. Both men, as they ran, checked their nails.

Chapter Three: Aquaman

Aquaman swam along the bottom of the ocean, struggling with his feelings. He just felt so— alone, and yet he didn’t want to talk to anyone, either. So, he made his way to a place he hadn’t been in many years— Amphritite’s Grotto. As soon as he entered the circle of stones, looking in wonder at the crabs busily crabbing about, an octopus sitting calmly like a buddha, schools of colorful fish darting this way and that, he felt his heart swell, and much to his surprise he found himself singing in his soft, pretty voice:

I once ruled Atlantis

I once stood as a King

I defeated foes so tyrannous

Now none of that means a darn thing

“Why am I singing?” He wondered aloud, then shrugged, assuming it was just another unexpected change.

Look at my arms, so pretty and small
Look at my waist so perfectly neat
Look at my chest— like two soccer balls!
And look at my face, innocent and sweet!

He covered his face. “Omigod.”

I want to have bulging biceps
I want to be tall and strong
I miss my big shaggy beard
I can’t say what I miss most of all!

He turned his little face toward the shimmering sunlight scattering down from the surface, his hair floating around him:

I want to be where the men are
Belching and farting galore
I want to be where the men swagger
A part of that masculine world!

Clapping and a silvery laugh broke Aquaman from his reverie, and he swam down to where Atlanna waited. “Oh, Missy Mera, why can’t you just enjoy being a girl?”

“I am NOT a girl!” Aquaman said, wagging his finger.

Atlanna looked over Aquaman's new costume, which was little more than a tankini, and she shrugged. "Biology was never my best subject, but I'm pretty sure you are a girl now."

Aquaman swam down and settled into the sand at his mother's knee. "I KNOW, but I mean, like, um, I am not a girl, girl?"

Atlanna ran her hand through Aquaman's long, wavy hair, looked into his big, innocent eyes. "Is that waterproof mascara?"

"I can't tell you how hard it was to find it," Aquaman said, then caught himself. "I'm obsessed with makeup now. It's part of the spell."

"I know," Atlanna said. She looked over her son, noting the earrings sparkling in his ears, the six or seven bracelets on his slender wrist, the thin golden chains draped around his slender neck. "But, since you're stuck like this, why fight it?"

"Omigod," Aquaman said, plucking at a strand of his long hair. "Because I'm supposed to be Mera's husband and not her— little sister!"

Atlanna found herself playing idly with her son's long, flowing hair. He really was lovely and quite delightful as a young woman, but she could see how finding himself turned from husband to junior female would play havoc with his sense of identity and ego.

Aquaman idly twisted his bracelets. "Mera wants me to attend a state dinner- in a dress!" He squared in feminine outrage.

"She wants you to wear a dress?"

"Yes. No. Well, she says it's not about what she or I want. It's expected and the delegation from Xebel will be offended if I'm not properly attired for a— um— given that I'm—"

“What?” Atlanna said, cupping her son’s soft cheeks, looking into those big, pretty eyes. Now that she had him like this, such a lovely daughter, she was starting to think she preferred him as a girl.

“Fine,” Aquaman said with a sigh. “I’ll say it. Now that I am a Princess!”

“Oh, dear,” Atlanna said, pulling him in for a hug, kissing him on the cheek. “Of course you are.” She hadn’t thought it through, hadn’t thought about the fact that the former man and King now found himself a princess, and how truly awful that would be for a man!

“Mother!” Aquaman pulled away, stomped a foot sending the sand swirling around his ankles. “You, too?”

“I don’t mean it in any demeaning way, but just it is factually true.”

“Well, I don’t care! I will not be a princess! I will not glide around the ballroom in a gown like some silly girl. I won’t! I won’t! I won’t!”

Atlanna hid her shock and truthfully amusement at seeing Aquaman acting exactly like the princess he denied being. It was a bit adorable, but she knew this was not the time. As much as she would like to see him in a dress. “What would you do, then? Mera is your queen.”

“She is my WIFE! And she should not ask this of her husband. I will go back to the surface. I will live as a normal— man.”

“But...”

Before she could finish, they both heard the subsonic alarm. A bright smile spread across Aquaman’s face. “A mission!” He squealed, clapping. “Gotta go! Bye, mom!” He swam toward the surface.

Atlanna watched him go. She decided she would send some of her agents to investigate what had happened. All the male superheroes had been turned into subordinate versions of female heroes and been given,

from what she's seen, very feminine personalities. Who had done it? Why?

As much as part of her liked it, it was not right for someone to make these kinds of changes in her family. She would find out. That was for certain.

Chapter Four Green Lantern

"I just wish it weren't so ...so ... PINK?" Green Lantern said.

"You're worried about the color?" Zatanna said. Green Lantern looked quite a bit like Star Sapphire now with what amounted to a pink, pleather leotard with a dangerously plunging neckline, stiletto boots that came to the middle of his shapely thighs. Even his ring now rested in a pink head dress that framed his pretty face.

"No kidding," Green Lantern said, smiling sheepishly.

"And you can't NOT wear it?"

"None of us can not wear it," Green Lantern said, tugging at the back of his leotard, which seemed to always be threatening to creep into his butt crack. "Unless we are in our secret identities, of course. I'm a model. Did I mention that?"

"No," Zatanna said. It was a lie. He mentioned it all the time.

"Okay. I'm ready. Come on over here, Gem Girl" Zatanna said.

As Green Lantern walked over, Zatanna couldn't help but marvel at how perfectly feminine he walked, heel to toe, gliding across the floor in his clickety heels, his little arms raised and at his sides, waving slightly as his hips swiveled.

Green Lantern walked into the center of the magic circle Zatanna had drawn on the floor and immediately struck a pose— one leg out to the side, a hand on his hip as he teased his long hair with the other.

“You’re really great in heels,” Zatanna said. “Was that a secret kink of yours?”

Green Lantern giggled at the compliment, lashes fluttering. Like all the men, he LIVED to be complimented on his femininity now. “It’s just a gift, I guess?” He said, eye twinkling.

“I’m gonna cast the spell now.”

“Wait. Is it totally safe?” Green Lantern asked, voice rising in pitch. “There won’t be any slime or anything? I just washed my hair.”

“No slime, girly girl,” Zatanna promised. “But it might cause you to go up a cup size.”

Green Lantern shrieked. “I’m already a D Cup!”

Zatanna gave him a look, and after far too many beats Lantern suddenly laughed. “You’re so mean! You shouldn’t tease me like that!”

“Okay. Just hold still.” All the men had developed extreme naiveté as part of their transformation. She and the other women were worried about them even spending two minutes in the world in their new secret identities. They were all so silly and trusting. Wonder Woman had even suggested keeping them cloistered in the satellite until they could be changed back.

Zatanna cast her spell, and a mist rose up around Lantern, a mysterious breeze tossed his hair. Eldritch symbols began to swirl about him, and complicated geometric shapes, all blazing with magic potency, even as the room began to smell of sulphur and— ambrosia?

“Yuck!” Lantern said, holding his little, upturned nose.

“Shhhs. Just wait,” Zatanna said as she jotted down notes as to what she was seeing.

“Wowsers,” a young woman dressed as an old fashion magician’s assistant— basically the slutty tux Zatanna had once more, right down to the fishnet stockings- said as she walked into the room.

“Hey, Little Z,” Zatanna said, addressing Dr. Fate by his new name. ‘Pretty amazing, right?’

“So, like— whoa!” Dr. Fate said, horrified and annoyed that he couldn’t stop talking like some airhead.. He looked and talked more like a teen girl — albeit a well-developed one— than the other men.

Green Lantern was dying to ask aaaallll about it, but a woman member of the JLA had asked him to be quiet and he found he had to obey them now. Finally, Zatanna’s spell fizzled and popped.

Feeling that freed him from his orders, Green Lantern rushed over to look at Zatanna’s notes, though the mystic scrawling meant nothing to him. “So, I mean, you can fix this, right? “ He said, breathlessly.

“Sweetie, why don’t you go, take a nice bath, do your nails? I’m going to talk this over with Little Z here. Kay?”

“Okay,” Green Lantern said, deflated for a moment before the idea of a nice, long bubble bath filled his head and sent him hurrying off excitedly for some me time.

“Am I that bad?” Dr. Fate asked, fishing his phone out of his pocket and using the mirror function to check his makeup.

“Not at all,” Zatanna lied. “Well, at least we know it is magic. Powerful magic.”

Dr. Fate saw texts from WonderLass and Hawkette. Texts were like crack to him now, and he started typing back answers.

“Young lady?” Zatanna said, using a newly found motherly tone.

“Phone.”

“But...” Dr. Fate whined...

“Now.”

“You’re so mean!” Dr. Fate said, Hading over the phone.

“I need you to focus, okay, honey?”

“Okay,” Dr. Fate said, pouting.

“So, look at this,” Zatanna said, pointing to different aspects of the complicated spells caging Green Lantern. “What do you see?”

As Dr. Fate studied Zatanna’s notes, he idly slipped a tie off his wrist, listed his arms and tied his hair back. It was a habit he’d developed when concentrating since the change. Now with a ponytail, he looked even younger. “I don’t see magic,” he said, now with a hand to his smooth cheek. “Omigod. This is so SPLURSH!” He’d also gotten in the habit of making up words. “It’s like a combo meal with five different distinct schools of magic and— I mean, yikes!”

“We aren’t looking for someone,” Zatanna said. “But someones. This was a group effort.”

Green Lantern, meanwhile, luxuriated in the tub, lifting his leg, watching the bubbles sluice from his glowing skin. He couldn’t help but run his hands over his calf. He had gorgeous legs, and it felt soooo good to get off his heels. He looked at his sparkly pink painted toenails, and wondered if he would have time touch them up after. It was a lot of work being a woman. His hair was piled on his head in a messy bun, and he lay back in the warm suds with a sigh. He just wanted to soak, and he was looking forward to doing his nails. It really relaxed him.

Arp! Arp! Arp!

“Nooooooooo!” Green Lantern shrieked.

Just as he was climbing out of the tub, wrapping a towel around his bouncy, swaying body, Zatanna appeared in the doorway, Little Z standing behind her. “We have to go now,” Zatanna said, seeing Gem Girl was not even close to being ready.

“I’ll just be a sec!”

“You stay here! Don’t touch anything! I’ll call if we need you!”

“But—“

Zatanna grabbed Dr’ Fate’s hand and the two ran off.

“Hmpf!” Green Lantern was quite cross. He didn’t like being left behind. But, he had his orders. With a sigh, he let the towel drop to his feet, and slipped back into the tub

Chapter 5 Hawkman

“It’s not safe for you anymore,” Hawkgirl said, looking at the now 5’ tall, 94 pound female Hawkman head become.

“I’m just as tough as I always was!” Hawkman shouted, sounding like a petulant little girl. He tossed his long, golden hair and stared up at Hawkgirl, eyes blazing with defiance.

Hawkgirl chuckled. She couldn’t help herself. He just looked so cute trying to act tough.

Hawkman seethed. Being laughed at was too much. “Bring it on!” He said. “You think I’ve lost my edge then—“

Whomp! Hawkgirl swung her leg and knocked Hawkman off his feet. Before he could react, she pounced, landing on top of him, pinning his arms

over his head. He struggled, trying to push her off, to twist free, but she was too big, too strong... He tried to headbutt her, but Hawkgirl his forehead banged against her armored helmet, and she saw him go cross-eyed and fall back.

“You cheated,” Hawkman said, refusing to believe this reality— that he was so small and— helpless?

“Hawkette,” Hawkgirl said. “You need to face fact.”

“Best two out of three.”

“Fine.”

Hawkgirl let him up. Took some paces back. They each assumed combat poses. Hawkman made some feints, finally tried an attack. Hawkgirl caught his wrist, twisted his arm back and had him on his knees. “Tap out,” she said. “I could break your arm.”

Hawkman struggled, squealed. He hated being controlled, bested, dominated— by a woman? He felt like a child, his tiny little body no match for Hawkgirl’s, and he felt sick as he tapped out.

“That’s two out of—“

Hawkman swept one of his wings at her eyes, thinking to catch her off guard, blind her.... But Hawkgirl blocked his wing strike and then feeling she had no other choice, she punched him in the guy, hard. Hawkman doubled over, and in an instant once more found himself pinned to the floor, Hawkgirl’s holding him down as he wiggled and squirmed and then... NO, NO he thought, but then the tears started to pour down his cheeks.

“It’s so unfair! It isn’t right!”

“There, there,” Hawkgirl said, letting him up. Hawkman knelt, covering his face in his hands as he sobbed. Hawkgirl still wasn’t used to his wild

mood swings, but she put an arm and a wing over his shoulder. "It isn't fair," she agreed. "But we'll fix this. We will."

She let him cry himself out, then sat back across from him as he wiped the tears away from his cheeks. His mascara had run, and in spite of herself Hawkgirl once more found herself admiring how sweet and adorable he was. "What should I do?" He asked in a small voice.

"Stay inside. Just let me and the others investigate this change. Maybe talk to Little Huntress? She's going through the same thing."

"*He's* going through the same thing," Hawkman said, getting up and heading right to the dressing table. Taking a wipe and cleaning off his mascara. Hawkgirl couldn't help but notice the way his new uniform hugged his perfect, heart-shaped rear, lifted to perfection by his spiked heels. It seemed the girls were all clinging to the notion that they were men, a thought Hawkman immediately affirmed.

"I'm still a man," he said. "And so is... he tried to say Batman, but whatever had changed them into girls had also made it so no one could use their former names. "Little Huntress."

"Of course you are," Hawkgirl said as Hawkman sifted through several tubes of mascara, smiled happily as he found the one he was looking for, and started to fix his makeup, mouth hanging open while he did his eyes. "Oh, and what about Aqualass?"

Hawkman shrugged. He was focused intently on brushing the mascara onto his lashes, making them longer, wetter, prettier. He had the worst anxiety and just couldn't function if his makeup was even a little bit off.

When he finished, he examined his face, decided he needed some concealer and blush. "Why Aqualass?" He asked. "We were never that close."

“Well, he’s a princess now, too, so you have that in common.”

“I am NOT a princess!” Hawkman said, with an imperious wave of his hand. Having worked a little concealer under his eyes, he picked up the big, fluffy camel hair brush and dusted his cheeks.

Hawkgirl let it go. In fact, he was a princess, but she regretted making that little comment. Instead, he got up and took a position behind him, adjusting his silver circlet, meeting his eyes in the mirror. “I know. You’re still a big, strong man inside.”

“Yes, I am,” Hawkman said, and now he giggled.

Hawkman’s uniform had changed along with his body. Instead of a fierce helmet that mirrored Hawkgirl’s, part of their uniform as member of the Hawk-police, he now had a circled with cute little angel wings, and a sparkling stone in the middle of his forehead. Plunging neckline that celebrated the swell of cleavage, and sleeveless, of course, to show off his slender little arms. It ended in what amounted to booty shorts, and of course the heels? It was all completely impractical, and Hawkgirl wondered ironically if these changes had been wrought by some comic book nerd from the 1970s.

“You look great,” Hawkgirl said.

“Thanks!” Hawkman giggled, getting up. His tears and sorrow had now been replaced by bubble enthusiasm, and he was all smiles and giggles. “Let’s go to the JLA satellite!” He said. “I can use our resources to figure out who did this! How to fix this!”

“That’s the spirit!” Hawkgirl liked the plan. Her little Hawkette would be safer there, she figured.

“Let’s go!” Hawkman said, pumping a fist in the air and lifting one knee, like an over-caffeinated cheerleader.

“You better pack first,” Hawkgirl said.

“Pack?”

Hawkgirl nodded toward the dressing table. “Your makeup?”

“Omigod!” Hawkman shrieked. “I can’t believe I almost forgot!” He grabbed his travel bag and started throwing lipstick and foundation and mascara and eyeliner...

Arp! Arp! Arp!

“There’s an emergency!” Hawkgirl said. “Let’s go.”

“Just a sec,” Hawkman said, throwing more and more beauty products into his bag. He caught Hawkgirl’s look. “It’s part of the change!” He said.

‘I know, sweetie. Just hurry.’

“I am!” Hawkman said, petulantly stomping one foot.

PART TWO: The Mission

Chapter 6

As the members of the JLA poured into the briefing room, the men, most of whom had not seen each other in their new forms and costumes, squealed and ran to hug and check each other out. “Omigod, you’re so pretty,” Batman said, brushing his fingers through Green Arrow’s hair. Superman found himself obsessing over Hawkman’s new look, and they were all just chattering away.

Wonder Woman and Canary exchanged a look, a little eye roll. It was sort of adorable but all those high-pitched voices girling out was hard on the ears. “Ladies! Ladies! I need your attention!”

The men, who found they had to obey commands from the women, instantly snapped to attention. “I need you girls to sit and pay attention so I can do this briefing.”

The men all hurried to sit, eager to please Wonder Woman. Huntress watched them, then smirked and added, “Knees together, hands in laps, shoulders back.”

The men all complied.

“Now show us those pretty smiles,” Huntress said, and the bright, happy smiles spread across the sweet, feminine faces.

“Let’s not be too mean,” Wonder Woman said under her breath.

“They’re so cute, though,” Huntress said with a shrug.

The women sat around the conference table and Wonder Woman stood at the head of the table, activating the view screen. “This broadcast went out over all bands, signals and networks just over a half hour ago.”

The screen lit up with what looked like a 1950s diner, but too bright, polished and in all cotton candy colors. A pink neon sign above the counter read GirlWorld. Upbeat, synthetic pop music started to play, and a group of girls dressed in school uniforms, little pleated skirts, knee socks, blouses, pranced onto the stage, spun and threw a tiny fist in the air, shouting, “Girlworld!”

A girl with pretty, grey blue skin stepped forward, made a peace sign, smiled a big, happy smile and said, “Hey, world!” The other girls formed a V behind her, one hand sassily on a hip, the other under their chins.

The men all found themselves seething with jealousy as they checked out her big eyes, perfect skin and curvy figure— those long legs! “Who does she think she is?” Superman whispered, tossing his hair.

Batman was so distracted with the threat these cute girls, he didn't see what was right in front of him, but Huntress was seeing clues. Although all of these girls wore pleated skirts, the color combos were different. She quickly deduced these were formerly male villains, and they were bound to Harley Quinn, Poison Ivy, Catwoman, and Cheetah, the last two given away by their kitten ears.

"Omigod," the girl in the lead said, putting her hands to her cheeks. "I'm not Darkseid anymore! I am so silly! My new name is Bright Eyes!" She blew up at her bangs. "So, good news and bad news, boys. The bad news is that the future is female! Girlworld is going to make sure of that!"

"Girlworld!" The Villains shouted.

"The good news is that in the next 48 hours, all boys will turn into girls! So cool, right?"

"So cool!" The girls behind him sang out.

"So, just so ya know! You're going to love being girls, guys! We do!"

The camera began to pan across the girls behind Darkseid, identifying each as who he used to be. Little Harley was Joker, Kitten was Lex Luthor, Ra's al Ghul was Little Cheetah, and Pretty Ivy was Doctor Light.

The music started playing again, and the men all made heart hands, heads bobbing from shoulder to shoulder as they started to dance and sing.

"They have choreography?" Batman hissed, filled with feminine fury that these villains were getting all the attention.

Welcome to Girlworld

No more boys

So much better so much joy

Say goodbye to those lumpy shapes
You're gonna be slender
Have a pretty face
Long smooth legs
Tiny waist
Being a girl is great great great

Skirts and dresses
The cutest shoes
Lipstick and powder
All for you
Jewelry and purses
Accessorize
Get ready to be cute
You lucky guys

Welcome to GirlWorld!

With that they pranced off the stage, skirts and ponytails flipping.

"I hate them," Hawkman said.

"They think they're so cute," Green Arrow agreed.

"What's the deal with those knee socks? I mean, ugh!" Batman said.

"Ladies?" Wonder Woman said. "Hush."

The men all grew silent, but their eyes were slit in rage.

Darkseid and Girlworld pranced off stage and gathered around two shadowy figures, sitting cross-legged on the floor. “You did well, girls,” one of the figures said.

Darkseid, Luthor and the rest clapped and smiled.

“This is a great start. You were cute, fun, full of pep,” the other said.

“Now, I want all of you to go and fix your hair and makeup.”

The men got up, heading excitedly off to do one of their favorite things in the whole world.

“Bright eyes,” one of the figures said. “Wait.”

Darkseid stood, hands clasped behind his back, chest out. “You did well pretending to be in charge.”

“Omigod,” Darkseid said. “It was soooo hard. I almost felt like a man.” “Just remember you are obeying and being obedient to me when you pretend to be in control. It’s important people think you are running the show, even though that is ridiculous.”

“I just want to please you,” Darkseid said.

“Very good. Now, you are excused.”

Darkseid plucked at the hem of his skirt and curtsied as he had been taught to do, then scurried off, eager to join the other men in the dressing room. He loved getting pretty with the other men. It was so fun. As he skipped down the hall, pony tail swaying from side to side, it suddenly occurred to him that this was all— wrong. He stopped skipping, and the smile melted from his face. Feeling faint, he leaned against the wall and put a trembling hand to his lips.

Why did I curtsy? He wondered. I am not, I don’t— and yet he did. It seemed right. And then, another thought— why am I taking orders from THEM? I am supposed to be in charge! I am a man! I am Darkseid! He

looked at his soft little hands. He put his hands to his soft breasts. This isn't right, this isn't...

But then he heard giggling from down the hall. The boys were having such fun! He needed to be there! Smiling and skipping once more, he made his way down to the dressing room, where all the guys sat, carefully applying blush, lipstick, mascara.... He bopped to his seat between Lex and Dr. Light. Grabbed a tube of lipstick. "I wonder how many likes our videos is getting?" He said.

Lex smiled and shrugged. "I hope a lot!" He giggled as he took a pair of tweezers and started to work on his eye brows.

Dr. Light was dusting his cheeks with blush. "The whole world is going to see it," he said. "Everyone! And we totally nailed our routine!"

Lex plucked a stray hair from his slender brow. "I bet Superman is sooo jealous!"

Chapter 7

While the men seethed with jealousy over how cute and pretty their enemies looked, how amazing their choreography had been, Wonder Woman, Huntress, Canary and Zatanna stared, shaking their heads. They gathered into a circle, keeping their voices low so the men wouldn't hear. "What was that?" Huntress said.

"I'm not sure what to make of all this," Wonder Woman said.

"They said the whole world was going to be female," Canary said.

"Is that so bad?" Huntress said.

They all glanced over at the men, sitting with their knees together, hands in their laps, pretty little females in cute costumes. They looked back at

each other. “Yeah. We need to stop this,” Wonder Woman said. “For their sake.”

“You sure?” Huntress said.

Batman raised his hand. “Pardon?” He said.

“Yes?” Wonder Woman said.

“Can we go work on some choreography?”

“Sure. You all go ahead.”

The men squealed and pranced from the room, giggling excitedly.

“Okay. Yes, this needs to change,” Huntress said, watching Batman prancing in his heels, long hair bouncing.

As soon as the men were gone, Zatanna revealed what she had learned. “So, it is a combination of different magics. At least two, maybe three magic users combing their powers.”

“Who would have that kind of power?”

“I can’t think of anyone. There has to be something else— some artifact or ancient site where they tapped into incredible power.”

Wonder Woman nodded. “Huntress, you and Zatanna start scanning the planet, the moon, see if you can locate the source of the power. Let’s also compile a list of probable perpetrators.”

“We may be able to pinpoint the source of the broadcast,” Huntress said.

“Very good. Canary and I will go planet-side to investigate. We need somewhere to start.”

“The male villains,” Huntress said. “They were all wearing colors associated with different female villains. I suspect they’ve been made into minis just like our— boys. Harley Quinn, Poison Ivy, Catwoman, and Cheetah.”

“We’ll start looking for them,” Wonder Woman said. “Let’s go.”

“What about the boys?”

“Let them work on their dance routine,” Wonder Woman said. “I don’t think they can be all that useful in their current— wait. Darkseid. Who is his big/“

“I don’t,” Huntress said. “He seemed to be wearing his same colors as always.”

“See if you can come up with a name. Let’s go.”

She and Canary left, while Huntress and Zatanna went to the lab, where they could start scanning the Earth, looking for the power source.

In the workout room, the boys had pulled up Kpop videos, and watched intently, dancing along, chatting about which moves they might borrow, copy, what they could do to make a better video than the one created by their rivals.

Back in Metropolis

The news room buzzed as reporters, editors, photographers met in groups, wondering about the strange video. Was it a fake? Could that girl actually have been Darkseid? And what about their threat that all the men in the world would turn into women.

Lois Lane, Jimmy Olsen and Perry White had gathered in White’s office. “How do we cover this?” White asked. “Do we have anyway to verify the video?”

“I’ve tried to contact Superman,” Lois said, “but so far nothing.”

“Jimmy?”

“No luck for me, either?”

“Lois, I need you to find an angle, something you can put out that’s newsworthy right now.”

“This can’t be real,” Jimmy said, rubbing his chest, which had started to ache. “Darkseid is one of the most powerful beings in the universe.”

“I find it hard to believe as well,” Perry said. “And the idea of all the men turning into women? How would that even be possible?”

“It’s pretty crazy,” Jimmy said, but even as he said it, he felt his shirt getting tighter and tighter, swelling under the hand he’d been using to rub the aching pecs, and he looked down to see a button pop off as firm, perky breasts blossomed on his chest. “What?”

Lois saw that both Jimmy and Perry now had breasts straining against their shirts. She didn’t even know what to say. Both men looked shocked, embarrassed, crossing their arms over their newly rounded chests. Their hair also changed, with Jimmy’s short, spikey hair rounding off into a glossy bob that came down to his chin line, while Perry’s short, grey hair grew out, turning thick and forming itself into a messy bun, strands hanging down and framing his face.

“I think maybe the men changing into women thing is happening,” Lois said, shrugging apologetically, almost as if it were her fault.

“Great Ceaser’s ghost!” Perry said. “This is impossible.”

“I’m going to go see if I can get some reaction from the street,” Lois said.

“Good idea. Jimmy, go with her. Get some pics.”

“But,” Jimmy glanced down at his chest. “I’m... I have...”

“Yeah. I know. Go. Do your job.”

“It’s okay,” Lois said, taking his elbow and pulling him along. “I’ve been doing my job with boobs for years.”

Jimmy followed Lois. All threw the news room guys stared down at their chests, tried to cover them. More than a few buttons had popped, and guys wearing polos and pull overs tugged on their shirts, trying to stretch the fabric so they didn't hug their new assets so tightly. Lois noticed that all seemed to have at least C cups, some even Ds, and they all now had bobs or ponytails or buns, just like the women who were all looking on, slightly bemused.

Jimmy felt awkward feeling his chest bobbling around as he walked, but once they go to the street his work ethic took over and he started to snap pictures, occasionally brushing his bangs out of his eyes. The streets were now full of shocked, embarrassed looking men— all well-endowed. A couple teen-age boys hurried by hunched over, their long hair framing their faces like curtains. Lois tried to stop a few men, eager to get their reactions, but the blushing boys were too chagrined and had no desire to talk about their changes.

Some women, however, were quite pleased to talk about the fact that men now had their own big, bouncing boobs. The reactions were mixed. "Love it," one woman said. "Finally."

"They love to play with them, so I guess they have their own is good."

"I like a hard chest on a man," one woman said. "It's gross."

Once Lois got enough quotes, she and Jimmy headed back upstairs. Lois, watching Jimmy with his arms crossed under his breasts, felt like she needed to offer him some advice.

"Good job getting the pics," she said.

"Thanks," Jimmy said, looking at her. She was so cool, so confident and pretty. He was finding himself wanting to be just like her.

"Sweetie, you know you're going to need to wear a bra now, right?"

“Should I?” Jimmy said, embarrassed by the idea of not just having breasts, but wearing a girly bra. “I mean, bras are go girls.”

“Trust me, honey. With boobs that big, you don’t want to go around commando all day.”

Jimmy just felt like he should listen to Lois, do everything she told him. So, he nodded. “Okay, Lois. I will. Thank you.”

The fact Jimmy would save himself a lot of pain and discomfort pleased Lois she was also disturbed at how meek and obedient he suddenly seemed. Was this part of the spell?

Chapter 7

Green Lantern climbed out of the tub, water slicing down his soft curves. He dried, then wrapped a towel around his body, girl style, of course, and looked at his nails. Zatanna had told him to do his nails after his bath, so of course he would, not like he really had to be told. He loved painting his nails, filing them, making them pretty. The biggest decision he had to make as he sat down at his dressing table and started to look through his collection of nail polish was— what color? He had a coral pink that perfectly matched his new costume, but since he wasn’t heroing tonight, he was thinking of maybe going out to a club, which would mean wine red? Hmmnnnn....

Just as he was lost in thought, trying to make one of the most important decision he would ever face in his new life, wishing Zatanna was there to tell hi what to do because, seriously? It was soooo hard for him to make decisions now, he heard a frazzle and a pop, like someone magically

teleporting into Zatanna's base. He smiled. Thank goodness! He could Zatanna to pick for him!

The smile melted from his face, however, when he heard a familiar voice call out, "You are gorgeous!"

"Star Sapphire!" Green Lantern gasped. He'd left his tiara with his ring of power in the other room, and he leapt to his feet, meaning to run off and grab it, but before he could Sapphire said, "Stop!"

Green Lantern froze.

"Look at me," Sapphire said. He obeyed. She was so beautiful, so confident, so strong. He wanted to be just like her, he realized.

"Smile, turn, let me see you."

Green Lantern smiled. In his new secret identity, he was a model, so he turned, posed, put a hand on his hip, dug the other into his thick hair, arching his back, thrusting his breasts out. He wanted to please Sapphire, needed to please her.

"You are so perfect," Sapphire said, shaking her head in wonder. She loved seeing her old enemy not only trapped in a voluptuous woman's body, with impressive and dangerous curves, but so utterly feminine, sweet, obedient. "You're my mini," she said.

"Yes," Green Lantern sighed, realizing the truth of it. Of course. No wonder his new uniform looked just like hers. Finding his mini, recognizing the woman he wanted to be, must worship, needed to please, filled him with joy. "Tell me what to do."

"Drop the towel," Sapphire said.

Green Lantern dropped the towel, his brain frazzled. He wanted and needed to please Sapphire, but the man he'd been, still lingering deep back inside him somewhere, was horrified for her to see him like this, to see that

he was now fully a woman. The cool air immediately made his nipples hard, as they rose, proudly pointing out and up, he blushed.

‘Oh, sweetie!’ Sapphire said. ‘You’re embarrassed to be a girl, aren’t you?’

“Yes,” Green Lantern admitted.

Sapphire took him in, caressing his whole body with her eyes, letting them linger on the empty space between his legs. “Good,” Sapphire said. “Good. I want you to feel humiliated, embarrassed. I want you to hate being a woman.”

“Yes,” Green Lantern said, feeling suddenly more uneasy, anxious, the weight of his breasts now like a badge of shame. He started to cover his breasts with his hands.

“No!” Sapphire said. Put your hands on the small of your back. Push your breasts out, that big, fat ass of yours back!”

Green Lantern did, hating the way he was standing, the feeling of his this new body.

“Now, I may have a few more changes for you, but for you go put on your costume. I have a mission for you.”

“Yes,” Green Lantern said.

“Girl,” Sapphire said.

Green Lantern stopped. “Yes?”

“From now on, when it’s just you and me, you shall address me as Mother.”

“Yes, Mother,” Green Lantern said, hating it, needing it, having no choice but to obey.

“Good girl. Now, off you go!”

Green Lantern scurried off, eager and compelled to obey. Sapphire's new commands filled him now with a revulsion for his new shape. He'd been contented, even pleased before, but now as he pulled on his bra, feeling the bouncy, soft breasts, it filled him with disgust. They were not right. He was not supposed to have these—growths. Pulling on his panties, feeling the soft fabric tight against his new sex likewise made him feel almost sick, reminding him not only what he'd lost, what had been taken from him, but what he now had— that mysterious flower, the one all women had, the one he shouldn't have, but he did because he was a.... Woman. A woman.

He hated it. It made him sick as he got into his costume, did his makeup, fixed his hair and finally, hands trembling, struggling against tears, he fitted that utterly emasculating symbol of womanhood into his hair— the sparkling tiara that now possessed his power, what little power he had.

Sapphire appeared in the mirror behind him, and he felt her cup his ass, squeeze, while another hand snaked around to cup his breast, lift it. "You are all woman, now. And look at your makeup! You are so good at it. I love your earrings, too," she said, tugging on his earlobe, and then whispering in his ear, "You're a dirty girl."

The words dirty girl sent a thrill through Green Lantern, tingles and clenches and feelings only a woman had when she was aroused. Waves of disgust filled him, fighting against the pleasure.

"Tell me. I want to hear you say it," Sapphire said. "How do you like being a woman?"

Green Lantern looked at himself in the mirror, at his delicate, feminine arms, his tiny waist, his bombshell figure, the mascara ringing his big, pretty eyes. "I hate it, Mother."

“Good,” Sapphire said. “Now let’s go raise some hell.” She slapped him on the ass and left, Green Lantern following behind, his heels clicking with every pretty little step.

Chapter 8

“It’s just so— blah!” Superman said, as he and the rest of the girls finished running through the dance routine they hoped would outclass stupid Darkseid and the villains.

“I know,” Batman said, stomping a little foot in frustration. “I just don’ t know—how do we fix it?”

The rest of the formerly male heroes waited off to the side, playing with their hair, checking their phones— Aqua Man, Hawk Man, Martian Manhunter and Green Arrow.

“I know!” Superman said, hoping up and down and clapping his hands. “We use our powers! Dumbseid and his girls just did a regular dance, but we can do so much more!”

“Okay, girls,” Superman said, unable to refer to his formerly male team mates as men or even by their old names. “Form a half circle, and let’s run through the routine.” He turned on the metronome, clicking out a danceable 4/4 beat. The others formed the half circle, and Superman took a position in front of them, hands on his hips. “Five, six, seven, eight...” He counted off.

They all immediately smiled their brightest, prettiest smiles, and while Batman and the rest started to dance routine, Superman rose into the air and soloed, improvising his own dance while flying, letting his golden lasso swirl around him.

“Wait, wait, wait...” Batman shouted.

“No! Keep dancing!”

The other men paused, looking back and forth between Batman and Superman. Batman was dressed in a cute little version of Huntress’ costume, while Superman was dressed like Wonder Woman.

“How come you get to solo?” Batman said. “You’re not the star!”

“Um, I can fly?” Superman said, tossing his hair.

“So?”

“So, I’m what makes our dance team so sparkly and fun,” Superman said, not even believing the words that were coming out of his mouth. “I bring the pretty.”

“Uh!” Batman said, slitting his eyes. “You’re not prettier than me.” Like Superman, he could barely believe what he was feeling, saying. But he was so vexed by Superman and his stuck up attitude.

“Girl, please,” Superman said, arching his back, thrusting his breasts forward.

“Slut,” Batman said.

“Slut?” The word send a surge of rage through Superman, and on impulse and he reached out and pulled Batman’s hair.

“Ow! Bitch!” Batman squealed, slapping Superman across the face.

Aquaman and Hawkman struggled, trying to decide if they should break it up, while Martian Manhunter grabbed Green Arrow’s hand and dragged him from the room.

Superman’s eyes had started to glow red, and he clawed his long nails, thinking to scratch Batman’s face, settling the who was prettier question once and for all. Batman knew he had no chance against Superman— he never had— and he seeing the blazing rage in Superman’s eyes, he took a step back.

“I’m going to give you a gross, ugly scar right across that little nose of yours,” Superman growled.

The thought of being scarred, losing his looks, terrified Batman, and he couldn’t help himself. “No! Please,” he said, putting his hands over his nose. “Not that!”

“You shouldn’t have crossed me,” Superman said.

“Young lady!” Huntress snapped from the doorway.

“Yes, miss?” Superman answered, immediately assuming his attentive young miss pose— hands clasped behind his back.

“I am very disappointed in you. Go to your room— and — and— “ Huntress found herself struggling to think of a suitable punishment, then just decided to have fun. “I want you to watch Snow White and write a report on what you can learn from her on being a proper young lady.”

“Yes, Miss,” Superman said.

“Oh! Um, can I do that, too?” Batman asked.

“I’d kinda like that, too?” Aquaman said.

Huntress grinned. It was too much. “Okay. No fighting! If you have some sort of disagreement, I want you to work it out.”

“Yes, miss,” they all chanted.

The men hurried off, chattering excitedly about Snow White. None of them had ever watched it, but now they felt like it was probably the best and most amazing movie ever made.

Huntress went back to the lab, where they’d been working to locate the origins of the super-villain broadcast.

Wonder Woman and Canary, meanwhile, had gone to Gotham City, thinking they might try and find Selena Kyle. She spent a great deal of time in her public persona, unlike Poison Ivy, for example, so they hoped they might find her at home and start working toward figuring out what was going on.

They dropped down through the skylight and did a quick sweep of the penthouse. There wasn’t any sign of Selena, and they were thinking it had been a waste, when Canary spotted the corner of a card sticking out from under the wine rack in the kitchen. She grabbed it.

“What’s that?” Wonder Woman asked, looking over Canary’s shoulder.

“An invitation to a fundraiser,” Canary said. “Tonight.”

“Hmnmnm. Too bad we’re not invited.”

“But you know who might be?”

Wonder Woman smiled. “Lil Huntress?”

“Breanna Wayne,” Canary said.

“Let’s find out.”

Meanwhile, Martian Manhunter had dragged Green Arrow back to a utility room, shelves full of supplies. “What is it?” Arrow asked.

“You know exactly what this is about,” Manhunter said, stepping close, cupping Arrow’s chin.

“You—“

Manhunter covered Arrow’s mouth with his own. They both had soft, full lips, and the kiss was divine, sending tremors through Arrow’s slender little body. As they kissed they moved closer, soft bodies pressing together. Each man began to feel things he’d never felt, never expected to feel, as his female shape grew enflamed with passion. Arrow, scared by what he was feeling, started to pull away, but Manhunter wrapped his arms around

Arrow, pulling him closer, lifting him off his feet and then pinning him against the shelving.

“I’m scared,” Arrow sighed between kisses.

“Just give in. You know you want it.”

Arrow wrapped his legs around Manhunter, and the two kissed some more, eagerly exploring each other’s body with their hands, lost in the other man’s hot, female scent. Arrow had always hated Manhunter, hated his politics, but somehow he found that hate now only enflamed his need, and made him hot for this gorgeous woman Manhunter had become all the more.

Chapter 9

JLA 5

“And there it is,” Huntress said, as the tracking system finally zeroed in on the source of the super-villains broadcast. It was a nondescript brick building nestled amidst the crumbling factories in the Industrial District of Gotham City.

Zatanna nodded. “But what do we do about it? They must have moved on by now.”

“Go look for clues,” Huntress said. “Like always. They always leave clues.”

“Meanwhile, look what’s happening to all the men.” There were a dozen monitors in the room, and on several news feeds from all over Earth were coming in, showing men turning into women, boys into girls. Just as amongst the superheroes, each man found himself assuming a subordinate position to a female. “Should we really be fighting this? Maybe the world would be a better place.”

“Maybe,” Huntress said. “But, as annoying as they can be, I kinda like men.”

“Hmmm. Plus, this seems like it must be part of some larger scheme.”

The security panel started to beep. “Gem Girl seeking permission to enter.”

“Gem Girl?” Huntress said.

“Green Lantern. He’s my mini.”

“I thought Dr. Fate was your mini?”

“I have two.”

“Aren’t you special.”

Zatanna smirked.

“Permission granted,” Huntress said.

Having finished searching Selena Kyle’s penthouse, Wonder Woman and Canary had paused to check out the scene on the streets of Gotham. The men were rapidly changing. Many had curvy figures, long, feminine hair. Their clothes didn’t fit at all, and they all had a concerned, confused and worried look on their faces. “It’s going to look like Paradise Island out here pretty soon,” Wonder Woman said.

“Yeah. But these “girls” are far from amazons.”

“So, what next?”

“I think we get Lil Huntress to come down, she If she can get into the fundraiser. If we can connect with Cat Woman, maybe we can get some answers.”

Wonder Woman called up to the JLA satellite. There was no answer.

“Wonder Woman to Huntress? Zatanna? Come in?”

Nothing.

“Do you think something happened?” Zatanna asked.

“No,” Wonder Woman said. “I know something has happened.”

Meanwhile, at the Daily Planet...

Perry White couldn’t stop checking himself out. Each time he looked, he’d last a little bit more of himself. His skin had grown smoother, his eyes bigger. His lips had grown more plump even as his chin had melted away. Now, he was batting his eyes, fascinated by his long, curly eyelashes. The whole world had gone mad, and they had put together the most radical version of the Daily Planet ever, with every single section of the paper now focused on the world wide gender swap that was occurring.

White, for his part, had found it increasingly hard to focus, and it had been a godsend that the women around the office had stepped in and taken over, making sure everything got done while he’d found himself alternating between staring at his new face and shopping online, drooling over skirts and dresses, heels and purses. He had’t bought anything— yes, but he was obsessing, thinking about how he’d look in that blouse, or how cute he’d look with those earrings.

Jimmy had found himself drawn into the same vortex of everything female, as had all the rest of the men in the office. Lois walked in to find him staring in awe at the Clairol website, creamy, wet lipsticks everywhere, while Perry was looking at Juicy Couture purses.

Lois couldn't help but think it was kind of cute. "You never struck me as a JC girl," Lois said.

"I never thought I was one," Perry grumbled, though his voice had already started to drift into a higher, lighter place. "But these bags are so—uh! So cute! I'm sorry. I don't know how to stop... omigod! Look at that one."

Lois came over and look at the handbag, all scrappy and with sparkling buckles. "That's cute," she said.

"Cute?" Perry said, eyes sparkling as he touched the screen, caressing the image of the purse. "It's everything."

Lois smirked. An impulse was building in her, and thought she felt it was kinda wrong, she couldn't help herself. "Why don't you boys take the rest of the day off? Go shopping? Get your nails done?"

It was one thing to shop online, and another to do it in real life. Both Jimmy and Perry felt instant resistance to the idea. "Shopping?" Jimmy said.

"Nails?" Perry said.

But they also immediately felt a need within them to obey Lois, to do whatever she asked them to do.

Lois doubled down. "Yeah. I want you both to get yourself a cute outfit to wear to work tomorrow. Something feminine but professional. And Perry—you need to get that purse." Would they actually do what she said? Lois couldn't believe it.

But the feminizing men nodded, pretty smiles spreading across their female faces. "If that's what you want," Jimmy said.

"Whatever you think is best," Perry added.

Lois grinned as the two got up and prepared to go shopping. "Boys?" Lois added, feeling wicked.

"Yes?" They answered in unison.

"Tomorrow you need to wear makeup."

It was the same all over. Women sensed their newfound power, and they also felt compelled to use it. Husbands came home from work to find their

wives ordering them to put on a dress and cook diner. High school boys found themselves putting on lipstick while the girls all watched, giggling. Executives found themselves ordered to obey their own secretaries, sitting and filing their nails while the women met in the conference room and restructured the company.

They were all bewildered, finding themselves both hating and loving what was happening, but most of all powerless to stop it.

Chapter 10

Superman and Batman wept in each other's arms. Hawkman leaned his head against Manhunter's shoulder, the two of them curled up in the corner. Aquaman knelt alone, covering his face with his hands, crying loudly. Green Lantern stood guard, torn with a desire to help his friends, but bound by orders from Star Sapphire as well as the extreme discomfort he felt now being a woman. He was hyperaware of the way his costume hugged his curvaceous shape, the way his long hair trailed down over his shoulders, and at the moment he was struggling with the feeling of being perched on his heels.

Huntress and Zatanna sat back to back, bound and gagged, unconscious. They made Lantern nervous. The others in their transformed state posed little threat, but Huntress and Zatanna were still their old selves, and would be very hard to handle if they were able to get free.

Lantern looking over the pretty little heroes, thought back to how his own change had unfolded. He'd been in the cockpit of a test plane at Ferris Industries, putting the craft, known only as Prototype 45, through it's paces. He'd reached toward the touch screen, and stopped, noticing that he now had long, pink fingernails. Pausing, he'd looked at his hand, noticing that it looked smaller, as did his now slender wrist. His first thought was- what the hell? Followed quickly by, my nails look so pretty!

That thought surprised him.

"Hal? Everything okay up there? You're off your flight path."

Hal had shook his head. Whatever, was happening, he needed to focus. "All good," he'd said. "I *just*—" his voice cracked, and when he spoke again,

it sounded *wrong*. “I just had to—” He sounded like a woman. “I just...” He stopped, cleared his throat, but before he could speak again his chest started to ache, and he looked down to see the top of his flight suit swelling.

“Hannah?” The flight controller called. “Hannah?”

Hannah? Why was he calling me— but then Hal Jordan suddenly realized his name was Hannah. His name was Hannah Jordain. But it wasn't. It was... Hannah? He knew that wasn't his name, and yet it was... He looked at his long nails again. At his chest. What's happening to me?

“Better abort,” The Flight Controller said. “Let's bring the craft home.”

“10-4,” Hal said, unnerved by the feminine voice coming from his mouth. He brought the plane back to the airfield and landed, surprised to see photographers gathered on the tarmac. As he climbed from the plane, he was surprised to find he now wore impractical high-heeled boots. The photographers snapped photos, and when he took his helmet off, long hair tumbled out over his shoulders, and he found himself smiling, tossing his hair. I'm a supermodel, he realized, though he knew he wasn't. “Not only is she gorgeous,” a man said, “but she can fly a plane!”

Hal had posed, smiled, giggled, until an assistant came and swept him along, away from the shoot. “Let's get you changed,” the young woman had said. “And your stylist will be along to check your makeup.”

“Makeup?” Green Lantern said.

“There may be paparazzi waiting.”

He was led to a makeshift changing area behind a screen. A short skirt and a blouse waiting there for him. They don't expect me to wear that? He'd thought, staring in horror at the sexy little outfit. He unzipped his flight suit, stepping out of it, shocked to find he was wearing a bra that hugged his large, firm breasts. A quick and embarrassing check confirmed he was now a woman in every way. The shock of his new biology distracted him from the fact he was wearing panties. Who was behind this? What was he supposed to do?

The assistant poked her head around the screen. “There a problem?”

Yeah, Green Lantern had thought. I turned into a woman? But instead he gestured toward the outfit. “Can I get something else? Some pants, maybe?”

“Sweetie,” the girl had said. “We don’t have time for this. Now, be a doll and et changed.”

“Yes, miss,” Green Lantern had found himself saying, as the urge to obey the woman overcome him. He needed to please her. To obey her. He stepped into the little skirt, and zipped it up. He pulled on the blouse. It felt like it was three sized too small, hugging his bust, the plunging neckline leaving some of his full, rounded cleavage exposed.

He really didn’t want to display his breasts to the world, nor his long, smooth legs, but he felt relieved. He had done what he was told, and when he stepped out from behind the screen, heels clicking, he didn’t even need to be told to sit down so they could do his makeup. The girl powdered his nose, touched up his lipstick. Mussed his hair. Then, she turned him around to face the mirror, and he saw a gorgeous woman looking back at him. That’s me, he’d thought. I’m Hannah Jodain, and I’m a model!

He’d been pretty, young, happy. Everything had been so right! And then Star Sapphire had ruined it all, making him hate his new sex. Why? He wondered. Why couldn’t she just let me be the happy girl I’d become?

The crying spells that had overcome the boys after they’d been captured were starting to end. Superman put a soft little hand to Batman’s cheek. He stared into the other’s big eyes, admiring his long, thick lashes. “You’re always there for me,” Superman whispered.

“You’re my BFF,” Batman whispered back.

Superman glanced over at Green Lantern. He was tugging on an ear ring, staring off into space, clearly lost in thought. “Should we try to escape?” Superman asked, keeping his voice low.

“We could get in trouble!” Batman gasped.

“Aren’t we kinda in trouble already?”

“But Star Sapphire told us to stay here,” Batman said. “And she’s a real woman and all.”

“I know,” Superman said. “But, I keep wondering what Wonder Woman would want me to do. I’m *her* mini.”

Batman thought about it, his pretty face looking extra cute as he concentrated. “Huntress would probably want me to fight back.”

Picking up a bit of the conversation, Aquaman crawled over and joined the two of them, nuzzling up to Superman. “Whatcya thinking?” He asked.

“Maybe our bigs would want us to...um... escape?” Superman said.

“But, Star Sapphire...?”

“We know.”

“I think we may need something more,” Batman said. “To overcome our — timid natures.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know yet.”

Green Lantern, who’d been thinking back on his first big fashion show, strutting on the catwalk while the cameras flashed, an audience of the rich and famous staring up in awe at him, heard the whispering. He slit his eyes. “What are you girls whispering about?” He said.

The three froze, looking guilty, but then Superman smiled and said, “We were just all, like, being so jealous of you.”

“Me?”

“You’re so pretty.”

Lantern frowned. Looking at Superman curled up there on the floor, holding Batman’s end, squeezed into his Wonder Woman costume and so — content? It made him jealous. So jealous. The tiara nestled in hair began to sparkle.

Chapter 11

“You think you’re so cute,” Lantern hissed. “I wonder how cute you’d feel with a scar on your pretty face?” Lantern’s tiara flashed, pink energy sparkling forth and taking the shape of a scalpel.

The threat to his beauty riled Superman, conflicting with his now feminine, submissive nature. It was one thing to cower here on orders from a woman, but another to allow someone to mar his face. “You wouldn’t dare,” he said, rising in the air.

“Wouldn’t I?” Lantern said. The scalpel lashed out. Superman shrieked and blocked it with his arm. The scalpel shattered, sending a flash of sparkling energy blinding everyone. The girls all screamed.

Superman flew at Lantern, who used his tiara to form a pair of arms that grabbed Superman. The two struggled, a test of wills.

Batman and Aquaman, seeing one of their BFFs under attack, found the courage they'd been lacking, the will to overcome the orders they'd been given by Star Sapphire. Batman hurled a batarang at Lantern. It spun around his legs, rope coiling, while Aquaman charged, kicking Lantern in the stomach. Lantern went down hard, and immediately Batman, Aquaman and Superman pounced, pulling his hair, pinning his arms and, most importantly yanking the tiara from his hair.

"No!" He screamed. "My tiara! Give it back!" But instead they bound him.

Lantern neutralized, the three men felt their new femininity re-asserting itself. "Um, that was kind of mean," Batman said.

"That's mine!" Lantern screamed, horrified to have lost his tiara. It suddenly seemed the most important thing in the world to him, and without it he felt tears burning in his eyes, shame and embarrassment even worse than he'd felt when Sapphire had defeminized him and made him hate his new body and life. "I need my tiara," he wept. "Please."

Aquaman bit his lip. "She seems to sad."

"Maybe we should give it back?" Superman said. He'd been the one to grab the tiara off Lantern's head, and he felt it now, staring at it, the way it sparkled in his hands. It was so pretty.

"I don't know what to do?" Batman said, a hand to his cheek. The three men stood, unable to make a decision, but just then they heard grunting coming from Zatanna and Huntress.

"Oh! Thank Minerva," Superman said. "They can tell us what to do!"

Batman hurried over and took the gags off Huntress and Zatanna. "Hold onto that tiara," Huntress said. "Do not give it back to him— her."

"Kay," Superman said, relieve to have someone tell him what to do.

"It's mine!" Lantern screamed. "It's mine! It's—"

"Hush!" Zatanna said, as Batman undid her bindings.

Lantern grew quiet.

Zatanna took the tiara from Superman. She and Huntress shook their limbs, getting the blood flowing.

"We need to break out of here and get control of this ship," Huntress said.

"Agreed."

She and Zatanna were talking to each other, not paying any attention to the pretty little men, who stood quietly listening and waiting for direction.

Superman tightened his ponytail, pleased he was getting better with his hair. Batman checked his lipstick.

Martian Manhunter and Green Arrow, only half aware they were holding hands, joined the group.

“I can create a magic passage through the door,” Zatanna said. “Maybe we can take them by surprise.”

“Surprise is good. Let’s see if we can sneak up on them.”

Zatanna began to cast her spell.

“Um, excuse me?” Superman said in a small voice.

“Wonderlass?” Huntress said, using his new name.

“What should we do?”

“I think you girls better just stay here,” Huntress said. “You’re, you know, not really well-suited to heroics like— like you are now.”

“I guess not,” Superman said. There was still some part of the old Superman lingering behind in the girl he’d become, and that part was ashamed and annoyed. And yet, he felt he couldn’t really argue. I mean, he had to admit, he was worried he might break a nail if he did get into a fight now.

“Wait,” Zatanna said. “Maybe there is a way the girls could help.”

“Seriously?” Huntress said.

“Seriously.”

Meanwhile, it was morning at the offices of the Daily Planet. Lois had gotten in early and filed a story on the changes that had occurred. All the men on Earth had now become women. Any and all males in positions of power, whether presidents, senators, mayors or heads of corporations had resigned and been replaced by women— born women, as some were now calling them, to distinguish them from the transformed men. She was looking for any additional sightings of the villains who seemed responsible, when a young woman walked into the office. She was cute and attractive, and Lois noticed right away that she’d styled her hair and was wearing clothes nearly identical to Lois’ own signature style.

The young woman looked familiar, and Lois looked her over, trying to place her. “Good morning,” she said, curious.

The woman smiled and said, “Good morning, Miss Lane. Just checking in for my assignment?” She seemed shy and insecure, but had a bright, pretty, innocent face.

“Yes... and you are?”

“Lois. It’s me? Penny White?”

“Penny?” Lois said, stunned to realize this was her former boss, Perry White, now completely transformed into not just a woman, but a much younger woman. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t even recognize you.”

“I didn’t recognize me, either,” Perry said, hooking a strand of his long hair behind his ear, his earring sparkling.

Lois took it all in. Perry was wearing light, professional make-up. Eyeliner, mascara, lipstick. He’d even brushed a little blush on his cheeks. He had earrings, plucking eyebrows, and long nails that glistened with pink nail polish. It shocked Lois to see him so totally feminized. “You’re clothes...”

Perry looked away, clearly embarrassed. “I imprinted on you,” he said. “I’m your mini?”

“Okay. Wow. This is going to take a moment for me to get used to—” Even as she found herself struggling to process that this sweet girl was none other than the once formidable Perry White, a younger looking woman with red hair and a cute, freckled face, came clicking into the office. This time, Lois recognized right away that the girl she was looking at was Jimmy Olsen. He’d already had somewhat feminine features, which had served him well during his not infrequent adventures in cross dressing.

Like Perry, Jimmy was well put together, and he, too, looked like he’d raided Lois’ closet.

“Morning, Miss Lane,” Jimmy said in a feminine, singsong voice.

“Jenni,” Lois said, using his new name. “You imprinted on me, too.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes, Miss Lane,” Jimmy said, though without the embarrassment. “I mean, you’re such an amazing woman. I want to be just like you.”

Lois felt like her whole world had turned upside down. But, for now, the only thing to do was go forward. The two pretty men were looking at her, waiting for her to give them direction. “Let’s get some more reporting from the street. Penny, go talk to some of your fellow minis. Jenni— pictures.”

“What should I ask them?” Perry said, feeling nervous and unsure of himself.

“Just figure it out,” Lois said. “Now, scoot, you two.”

Jimmy and Perry did as they were told. Lois watched them scurry from the office, surprised at how gracefully they walked now. They both had worn skirts that showed off their long, shapely legs and hugged their tone but plump rears. Looking around the newsroom through the glass walls of her office— formerly Perry’s office— she saw the same thing with all the men— curvy figures, not one of them less than a C cup.

She spotted Frank Young at the water cooler and smirked. He’d been their lead sports columnist and a fairly unabashed sexist. Now, he had D cups and blonde hair, and he was wearing a sweater with a plunging neckline that celebrated his now epic cleavage. His skirt came down only to his mid-thigh, and he was perched on a pair of stiletto heels. Big, shiny hoop earrings dangled from his ears. It was obvious from his outfit and his high bun that he’d imprinted on Marian Gloss, the fashion reporter.

Lois couldn’t resist. She made her way over to Frank, knowing his new name without asking. “Francine!” She said, checking him out. “You’re gorgeous!”

Frank giggled and tugged on one of his earrings. “Thanks, Miss Lane,” he said in a tea kettle voice. Even though the change had made him as feminine and sweet as any of the men, Lois thought she could see some shame in his eyes, some part of the man he’d been horrified at the woman he’d become.

“What are you working on?” Lois said.

“Um, well, I was writing a piece on changed athletes?” He said. Lois loved the feminine cadence to his speech, the little rise at the end, the uncertainty in his voice.

“Oh, sweetie,” Lois said, touching him on the arm. “I just don’t think you’re the right *girl* for sports anymore. I mean— look at you.” Standing closer now, Lois could see Frank had gone all out on his makeup— just like his big. He had eyelash extensions drenched in mascara, eyeshadow, and he’d done his lips in three different shades of red to give his already plump, kissable mouth even more depth and sex appeal. “I want you to write about fashion from now on. All the cute new looks for former men, and makeup tips and style.”

“Fashion?” Once more, Lois could see the horror in his big, pretty eyes. And yet, he quickly blinked it away, offering a big, bright obedient smile. “Yes, Miss Lane.”

“You know, pretty as you are, start posting makeup tutorials and outfit tryons. I want the whole world to see that lovely face of yours. One per day. Can you do that?”

“I can do whatever you want,” Frank heard himself saying, as his smile grew brighter and he screamed inside against it all.

“Good girl,” Lois said, taking a strange pleasure in the whole exchange. She felt a little guilty, but given what a-hole he’d been, it served him right.

“Okay. Off you go!”

Frank minced off, hips wiggling, his pretty smile glued to his face.

Lois then turned her attention to her work, and the two big questions: Why was this being done? And where was Clark?

She was dying to see him in a skirt.

Chapter 11

Zatanna cast her spell, and a magic passage through soundlessly appeared. Huntress walked through and then gestured for the men to follow. Superman led the way as they all started to run down the hall, screaming and laughing, creating a diversion. The two heroes waited, expecting to see Star Sapphire coming, but nothing happened. Cautiously, they made their way to the bridge. Zatanna cast her spell and Huntress rolled through, crossbow ready, only to find— “No one?”

Zatanna joined her. The ship was flying on autopilot. Checking the security cameras, they couldn’t find any sign of Sapphire. Then, they found a note. “Did you think I would let you catch me?”

Huntress looked at the note, puzzled.

Zatanna, meanwhile, was watching the security cameras. The men had run around screaming and laughing for a bit, but then being the airheads that they were had forgotten all about the plan, and they seemed to have paired off. Her attention was drawn to Batman and Superman—

How long were we supposed to do this? Superman had wondered, as he ran, screaming down the hall. It didn’t seem like— he turned, and Batman ran right into him. Despite his slender figure, Superman was still invulnerable, and the impact unbalanced Batman, who started to fall.

Superman grabbed him, wrapping his arms around Batman's waist.
"Careful!"

Batman's eyes went wide with surprise, both at the sudden rescue, and the fact that having Superman protect him made his cheeks blush. He touched Superman on the arm. "Thanks," he said, and when he spoke his already high pitched voice had slid to an even higher register. He lingered in Superman's arms, staring into the other man's eyes.

Superman stared back. He pulled Batman closer, each of the men enjoying the feeling of their soft chests pressing into each other. Batman's hair had fallen across one of his eyes, and Superman gently ran his fingers through it, brushing it away and then putting his hand to Batman's cheek.

Neither man spoke. They searched each other's eyes, feeling feelings neither had ever felt the way they were feeling now— Superman leaned closer. He felt scared. He knew that this girl in his arms was Batman, his old friend— his male friend— it would change everything if they kissed...

Batman was also afraid of what a kiss would mean, and they he and Superman both wanted it, needed it so badly.... Batman tilted his head back...

Superman, unable to think of anything else, leaned in and their lips met, their eyes closed... they sighed into the kiss, and Batman began to run his hands over Superman's body, while Superman did the same... they found themselves singing to the floor, kissing... touching...

"Holy hot and heavy," Huntress, who'd joined Zatanna at the screen said. "They are really.... Wow. Batman and Superman?"

"This is a show you will NOT see on the CW," Zatanna said.

"Should we stop them?"

"I don't know. I'm getting kinda hot watching this."

"And look over here—"

Zatanna looked, and they now saw that Green Arrow and Martian Manhunter were also going at it, making out like two teen-agers on prom night. Aquaman, meanwhile, was watching them from around a corner.

"Poor Aqualass," Huntress said.

"You know, as much as I appreciate the idea of letting these young ladies explore, we really should get them focused. The ship is about to land, and there may just be a welcoming committee."

"Right. Okay," Huntress said, pulling her eyes away from the screen.

She and Zatanna headed back into the ship. They walked into the hall where Superman and Batman were frolicking. Batman was on his back now, Superman on top. They were kissing, exploring each other's bodies... Batman had wrapped his legs around Superman's hips, and the top of Superman's costume had been pulled down, revealing his radiant skin, full breasts... he'd entwined Batman in his golden lasso, which was glowing as it wrapped loosely around Batman's arms and legs.

"Ahem," Zatanna said.

The men were too deep in the throes of passion to notice.

"Ladies!" Huntress shouted.

Superman looked over, his cheeks flush, his hair wild. "Please," he said. "I really need to ..." he didn't finish.

Huntress grabbed his wrist and pulled him off Batman. "Afraid not."

Superman pulled his top up, ran a hand through his long hair.

Batman got to his feet. His mask had come off during their making out, and Huntress noticed how really young and pretty he looked now—and how much like her. His makeup was smeared, his hair a sexy mess. He and Superman stared longingly at each other, smitten, hungry for each other's lips and bodies...

"Come with me," Huntress said, taking Batman's hand and leading him away. Batman glanced back over his shoulder as he was led away and called out, "Superman!"

Superman called back, "Batman!"

Oh, boy, Zatanna thought. She straightened Superman's circlet. Brushed his hair from his face. "He's so beautiful," Superman sighed as he wound up his lasso. "I just want to be with him- all the time."

"It's just a phase," Zatanna said. "And you'll get over it. Now, come on." Like Huntress, she took Superman's hand and led him away. Superman followed, but all he could think about was Batman and his soft lips...

Chapter 12

Darkseid did not like what he saw in the mirror, and what he was sparkle. A tiara sparkled in his hair, styled in dramatic curves and braids. Diamond chandelier earrings swayed from his little ears, catching the light,

flashing with even the most subtle move. His bare, round shoulder shone, and a diamond necklace nestled in his soft cleavage, which swelled from the top of his glittering corset dress. He put a slender hand to his cheek, the diamond bracelets drawing attention to his tiny wrists.

The corset had narrowed his already tiny waist, and flaring out from his generous hips a full, diaphanous skirt, which had been woven with more diamonds. The light danced with each swish and sway. The skirt swept to just above his ankles, revealing his diamond encrusted heels, his delicate ankles. His toenails had been encrusted with tiny plates of glass, giving them the impression of a disco ball.

His face had been expertly painted, with dramatic eyeshadow, thick, mascara drenched lashes, and sultry red lipstick, all infused with diamond dust.

No, Darkseid did not like what he saw. He loved it. He hated it. His heart fluttered, but the man he'd once been felt sick with shame. "Um.... Is it, a bit too much?"

Two women stood behind him, amused. They were the very authors of the changes in him, and the world. "Oh, why would you say that?" One said, putting her hands on his little shoulders. "You look adorable."

Why? Because I'm supposed to be a man. Because I'm supposed to be — threatening, strong... but he knew better than to confess to such forbidden feelings. Instead, he relied on his newly developing feminine wiles. "I just feel like I shouldn't be so bold?" He said in a small, little girl voice. "It isn't... ladylike?"

"Don't be silly," the woman said, playing with his hair, meeting his big, pretty eyes in the mirror.

"You're a princess!" The other woman said. "You should dress like one."

Darkseid winced. Princess? No. No. That was.... He wasn't...

"Let's see that pretty smile."

Darkeid smiled, his brightest, prettiest smile. He had no choice.

"Say it," the other woman said. "Look right at yourself in the mirror and say, 'I'm a princess.'"

The thought terrified Darkseid. He felt he was being erased, completely erased. Was this his fate. He shook his head, tiara flashing.

"Say it," the women said in unison, their voices hard and demanding.

Their tone scared Darkseid. He didn't want to get in trouble. "I'm a princess," he sang, smiling.

"I love being a princess. Say it." She squeezed his shoulders.

"I love being a princess," he sang, and as he said it, he felt it become true. He did love being a princess! His smile grew brighter. He giggled and did a little knee bend.

"That's my pretty girl," the woman said. "Now, time for you to meet the world, Princess Bright Eyes. Go." She gave him a pat on the butt and sent him on his way. The women watched, pleased at his feminine gait, his sparkly, pretty, pretty femininity.

In the hangar, he found the other villains. They also wore pink gowns, not as pretty as his, of course, but pretty enough to be seen with him, at least. Joker, R'as Al Ghul, Lex Luthor and Doctor Light, seeing Darkseid enter, all plucked at the skirts of their dresses and curtsied. "Princess," Luthor said. "We are your ladies in waiting."

"Oh, you are all so pretty," Darkseid said. He could see pain in the men's eyes, finding themselves not only women, but now subservient to him. He loved it. He was the prettiest girl, and the most refined and graceful!

"Come, girls," he said, enjoying the fact that among these transformed men, he was in charge. There was a silver sleigh with a team of white horses. Darkseid sat in the throne at the back of the sleigh, while his "ladies in waiting" knelt around him on risers.

The horses whined and pulled the sleigh forward. It was, of course, a magic sleigh, and rose into the air. The boys all giggled and clapped, and the sleigh flashed across the sky.

Chapter 13

"Where are we going?" Batman asked, staring out the window at the rolling hills below, visible through wispy clouds below their plane.

"Wayne manor," Huntress said.

"Ohhhhh. I don't want to go there. It's boring!" Batman crossed his arms and pouted. "I hate you!"

"We need to get you ready for a party."

“Party?” Suddenly, Batman’s whole demeanor changed. His big eyes lit up, sparkling with glee. “What kind of party?” He grabbed Huntress’ arm. “Tell me! Tell me!”

“It’s a formal awards ceremony, dear,” Huntress said.

“Omigod!” Batman squealed. “I get to dress up!”

“Yes, you do,” Huntress said, trying to hide her dismay at what had become of Batman.

After a quick shower— there was no time for a bath, Huntress had had to argue, over Batman’s furious objections, Batman had slipped into a padded, push up bra and panties, and he was now sitting at his dressing table, doing his mascara.

“You need to hurry,” Huntress said, watching. Everything about Batman was ultra feminine now— the way he sat, moved, talked, and seeing him do his face with a kind of intense, feminine joy, made her actually feel a little jealous of his effortlessly girlish demeanor.

“You can’t rush a girl,” Batman said. “If my makeup isn’t perfect, it will be such gossip!”

Huntress shrugged. It was true, she supposed.

Batman continued on, outlining his lips with a darker red, then filling them in with a lighter color. He dusted blush on his cheeks and the tip of his nose. Then, plucked some sparkling diamond chandelier earrings from one of his jewelry boxes and slipped them into his ears. “I love diamonds ever so much!” Batman said, smiling, touching one of the earrings with his palm, then turning his head to see how they sparkled.

“I’m so grateful,” Batman said, slipping a delicate necklace around his long, slender neck, “the spell made everything so perfect here for me. I have dresses and skirts and cute everything.”

“You ready?” Huntress said, as Batman slipped a bracelet onto his wrist.

“Almost!” Batman said, getting up. “You’re as bad as a boy!”

Batman stepped into his little black dress. It was sleeveless, plunging neckline but with a thin piece of semi-transparent lace across his cleavage. No sleeves, all the better to show off his dainty arms. He turned and smiled back over his shoulder. “Zip me up?”

Huntress grumpily got off the wall she’d been leaning on and zipped up Batman’s dress.

“Merci!” Batman sang out, then slipped into his pumps, grabbed his clutch purse and hurried over to the full length mirror, turning, admiring himself from different angles. “What do you think?” He asked, striking a pose with his hand on his hip, one foot stretched slightly out to the side.

“You look gorgeous,” Huntress said. Seeing Batman all dressed up had, intact, taken her breath away. He was radiant, his little dress celebrating his figure, his long legs, that lovely face. “I’m actually jealous.”

“Oh!” Batman said, looking away. “You’re too kind.”

“Okay, enough of the ‘I’m so pretty’ routine. Let’s go.” She grabbed Batman’s wrist and dragged him toward the door.

“Hey!” Batman said, fake pouting this time. “You didn’t give me a chance to take a selfie!”

“So, what now?” Superman said as Zatanna led him away from Batman. As much as he’d been so totally crushing on Batman, his little mind had already started to flit on to the next subject, like a little bird. “Do we attack Darkseid? He is such a slut! Or, I could work on my dance video!”

“Actually, maybe you should go and be in your secret identity for awhile? Stay out of the way while the women handle things?”

“What? No! I want to help! I want to fly around and shoot my laser eyes at people and make cool sayings like, ‘get ready for a special delivery of justice.’”

“Um, well, right now, in your condition, you are more a burden than a help.”

“Oh, can I go and make out with Batman, then?” Superman asked, his scatter-brained self ricocheting back to his new favorite thing.

“I’m afraid we have Batman on a super secret mission right now. Just, be a sweetheart, go and be Claire Kent for awhile? Okay, sweetie?”

“Okay,” Superman said with a sigh. He gave Zatanna a hug and flew off, feeling sad and — pointless? He couldn’t believe Zatanna didn’t want him to help. His new costume was so cute, and he had a lasso and everything!

Yet, as has even established, Superman was a flighty girl, and he soon found himself growing very excited thinking about being Claire Kent. He had not been her, having spent all the time since his transformation as Wonderlass. ‘I wonder what I’m like? What kind of girl am I?’ He imagined different styles— sporty, preppy, slutty. Punk... Oh! What fun it would be!

Flying down into Metropolis he saw the curtains blowing out the window to his apartment— they were gauzy and diaphanous, and his heart fluttered at the sight of them. He sped up and flashed into the apartment so no one would see him. Stopping in the middle of his modest living room, he planted his fists on his rounded hips and assessed. Muted pastel colors. Lots of pillows and knick knacks. Flourishing ferns. The whole room was ultra feminine.

“I love it!” Superman sang out.

Superman did have time for a bath, and so he put his hair up, filled the tub with steaming bubbles, and climbed in, sighing with delight as the warm water and subs caressed his slender body. He had a glass of wine resting on the edge of the tub, a copy of *Eat, Pray, Love*, which he began to read. “A girl deserves a break,” he told himself. “Besides, a woman told me what to do, so I have to do it!”

After luxuriating in the bath, Superman slipped into his comfy cotton robe, went out to the living room and turned on the TV, wondering what to watch, his eyes immediately lighting up as he saw *Gilmore Girls* was streaming on Netflix. “I think I’ve been dying to watch that!” He thought to himself, starting the first episode, nuzzling into a corner of the couch, his legs tucked under him.

He heard someone call for help, and for a moment felt a slight twinge of guilt, but then he remembered that a woman had told him to lay low. No doubt, a woman would handle the problem. He’d been told to be Claire, and he would. If there was one thing that Wonderlass prided herself on, after all, it was being a good girl and doing what she was told!

Chapter 14

Batman stood still while Huntress adjusted his hair. “Now, remember. Find Selena. Get her to talk. That’s you’re only mission.”

“You are so annoying!” Batman pouted. “You don’t have to talk to me like I’m some silly, airhead girl! Remember,” and as he delivered his famous line, he planted a hand on his ample hip and looked at his long, scarlet nails. “I’m, like, Batman?”

“I, like, remember,” Huntress said. “Now, scoot.” She turned Batman toward the door to the venue where the charity ball was being held, and gave him a little pat on that plump, sexy rump of his.

Batman giggled and sauntered in, giving Huntress a wink over his smooth, round little shoulder.

“Find Selena, get her to talk,” Batman was thinking as he entered. As Brene Wayne, he needed neither an invitation nor an introduction. Everyone knew that sexy little socialite. As Batman entered the lobby, his eyes went wide and sparkled. All the attendees now looked like women. The whole world looked like women. But, and he had to suppose this was part of the spell, he could tell which ones had been men, and he could remember who they were as well as their new names.

There was Mayor Quinn in a scarlet dress— or, rather, the former mayor. He was now Mayor Sandy Holmes personal assistant. There was Garrison Grant, who’d been CEO of Grant Enterprises, and was now a sight in a white dress with a tulle skirt, a tiara sparkling in his hair. His sister now ran the business, while he was a model named Giselle. And— oh, my! Holly Hughes, former publisher of Nude magazine, his D cups spilling out over the top of his corset dress, masses of golden curls framing his gorgeous face. He was now, of course, the star model of his magazine, which was run by his wife.

As Batman craned his long, slender neck trying to spot Selena— it was so annoying to be short!— he heard someone call his name. “Brene! Oh, Brene!”

He looked at saw Madge Miller, the photographer. He’d dated her for a time in his previous life. “Come here, you little vixen!”

Bruce did not want to talk to her. Seeing a woman he’d bene with before his change made him feel self-conscious about his newfound womanly shape. But, she was a woman, and she had told him to come over. He sighed and plastered a big, bright smile on his face. “Madge! Oh, my God! You look stunning!”

“Me? Look at you! Oh, I can’t believe this is you now. You have a gorgeous figure!”

“Thanks,” Bruce said, curling a strand of hair behind his ear.

“I love you like this. Such pretty skin.”

Bruce giggled. “Stop.”

“I have to shoot you. I must.”

“You must?”

“Yes, and I won’t take no for no answer.”

Of course, they both knew Bruce couldn’t say no. Not unless his big told him to, and she was nowhere around. Bruce found himself desperately wishing Huntress was there to protect him, but she wasn’t, so he did a little feminine shrug and said, “anything for you, love.”

“You’re perfect like this! Oh, I can’t wait. I’m thinking tropical island, leopard skin bikini.... Oh, you are going to be such a smash!”

“I can’t wait.”

“Okay, doll. I need to mingle. Bye.”

Bruce tottered off. Leopard skin bikini? That actually struck the new him as perfectly sexy. After bumping into a few more former flings, Bruce finally spotted Selena leaning on the end of a bar, stunning. She was so— mature. So powerful. He gasped in awe, immediately wishing he were like her, so confident and sexy and— oh!

She was talking to a pair of busty blonde boys— Bruce recognized them as former tech start up new money types, but they were now both just secretaries at the company. They were giggling, tossing their hair, eager to please Selena, to get her to take them away from it all. Bruce immediately felt self-conscious about his dark hair. He knew it was sexy, pretty, but there was just something about blondes! “I can’t compete with them,” he thought, losing his nerve. But, just as he was about to turn away, Selena saw him. Their eyes locked. Batman’s heart fluttered.

Selena didn’t have to say a word. Batman could sense the command in her eyes as she demanded he come to her. Bruce put a little extra wiggle in his walk, let his arms hang daintily out to the sides. Selena looked him up and down, brazenly taking in his bombshell body. Bruce tingled, loving every second of it. Having such a woman look at him like that, like she possessed him, made him so happy. He just wanted to spend forever in her eyes.

“Go,” she said to the perky blonde boys who’d been fawning over her. Crushed, they turned away, staring daggers at Batman, who smiled and said, “goodnight, ladies.”

As soon as he approached Selena, she cupped his chin and tilted his head back, planting a kiss right on his lips before pulling back, letting her

eyes drift across his soft features. “Well, pretty little Brene Wayne. You are easy on the eyes.”

Batman felt himself falling for her. He had no choice. He smiled and said, in a soft, almost whisper, “thanks.”

Selena started to play with the long string of pearls hanging around Batman’s neck, letting her fingers brush along his collarbone. Batman felt his skin tingle, his knees get weak. “You’re perfect. This is the way you were always meant to be.”

“You’re so tall, so confident,” Batman whispered.

“Come,” Selena said, putting the hand on the small of his back and leading him away from the bar.

“Where are you taking me?”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head about that,” Selena said. And then she leaned in, her mouth so close to his ear he could feel the heat and called hm, “kitten.”

The next morning, Superman woke up excited, nervous, anxious. He got into his leggings and sports bra and did his morning yoga, then meditated for 10 minutes, breathing deeply until he felt centered and ready to start his day, which meant— work?

Superman knew he still worked at the Daily Planet, though he dreamt sometimes of finding a rich wife to take him away from all that. He was most excited to find out what his style was now— what kind of girl am I?

He soon found out, and he stood in front of a full length mirror in a blue mini-dress with a Peter Pan collar. The skirt came down just to the tops of the sleek, silky stockings that hugged and shimmered along his long, sexy legs, perched perfectly in a pair of black pumps. He especially loved the big, stylish frames of his sexy, smart girl glasses, and the way the padded, push up bra he’s selected emphasized his sexy new curves.

Now that he was all fashionable and pretty, Superman couldn’t wait to get to the office and show off his new outfit. He double-checked his make-up. Grabbed his purse and trotted out the door.

Chapter 15

As Superman walked to work, heels clicking brightly against the sidewalk, he felt super excited. This was his first time out as Claire Kent,

and he was thrilled to introduce his new self to the world. The streets of Metropolis couldn't have been more different from the last time he'd walked these streets. Everywhere Clark looked, he saw what appeared to be pretty, well-dressed women in cute outfits. Thanks to the spell, Clark could tell which ones had once been male, and like him they all had a kind of sparkle, a feminine excitement and pride in their blouses, their skirts, their hair and makeup.

The women born, meanwhile, strode along with a newfound confidence, and a benevolent sense of superiority over the newly feminized males. More than a few let their eyes play over the men's curvy shapes, pleased to see them so altered, now enduring the realities of heels and hose.

Once at the offices of the Daily Planet, it took almost an hour for Superman to get from the lobby to the office. As he ran into his fellow male co-workers, he couldn't help but gush, exchanging hugs and air kisses. They all fawned over each other's outfits, their hair. They were all meeting for the first time as women, and it was like a surreal class reunion, where instead of seeing how everyone had lost hair and gained weight, it was a celebration of how their skin glowed, their waists slendered, and their voices grown high and buzzy.

Finally, high on all the chatting and hugs, Superman looked across the office to where Lane stood in her office, talking on the phone while tapping away at her laptop. Superman felt his heart leap. She was so confident! So strong! What if she didn't; approve of his outfit? He pulled his cellphone from his purse, nervously checking his hair and makeup.

Lois, looking up, saw Clark primping. Wow, she thought. He is a cutie. But she didn't have time to marvel over how changed the formerly studly if dorky was. She was busy. She stuck her head out of her office. "Claire!" She yelled. "I need you now!"

"Oh!" Clark gasped, his mouth agape. Shoving his cellphone in his purse, he teetered over as fast as he could manage in his tight skirt and pumps. Or, as fast as he could while still remaining graceful and ladylike. "Miss Lane," he said. "I'm so sorry I'm late! I-

Lois held up a hand, and Superman immediately grew silent. He put his arms behind his back and locked hands, like a school girl waiting for the principal. "Yes," Lois said into the phone. "Yes. No. When do I need it? Tomorrow. Get it done."

She's so commanding, Superman thought. Such a take charge woman! Ending her call, Lois turned her attention to Claire. "There are files on your computer that need your attention, and copies that need to be made."

Claire nodded. "Yes, Miss Lane."

Lois stared at Claire, who stood there at attention, smiling vacantly. "You need something?"

"I don't know where my desk is, my computer? My job?"

"Oh, right. You're my personal assistant, Miss Kent. Your desk is right outside my office door. Okay, sweetie?"

I'm Miss Lane's assistant? Superman was thrilled. There really wasn't anything a man could do that was more prestigious as serving as assistant to a powerful woman. "Just one thing before I get started. My outfit? Is it—"

"It's fine. You look very pretty. Now, scoot Get to work."

Superman turned smoothly on his heels and headed toward the door. He couldn't help but put a little extra swing in his hips. Lois was so—strong. "Wait. Get me some coffee. Stat."

"Of course, Miss Lane," Superman said, hurrying off to get his boss her drink.

As Claire Kent left, Lois felt very pleased with the new Clark Kent. He would make a good little assistant, and women would be jealous that her secretary was such a cute little thing.

Meanwhile, Darkseid and the villains had landed in Red Square, Moscow. The media had been alerted, so there were camerawomen and reporters ready. A "spontaneous" crowd had been organized by Ludmilya, the new leader of Russia. The "boys" all began cheering and screaming, Beatlemania-like display of overwrought feminine excitement.

"Girls, girls," Darkseid said as his ladies in waiting moved off the sleight and took position on the ground, one hand planted on a round hip, the other raised in the air.

The crowd grew quiet.

"I am here today to.... Um?" Darkseid batted his long, thick lashes and put his little hands to his cheeks. "Omigod. I can't remember?"

The crowd giggled and laughed.

"I'm such an airhead!"

More giggles, nods of empathy.

Darkseid was dying inside. The “airhead moment” had been scripted. Yet, he was also pleased. His big had told him to do all this, and he loved pleasing her, even as some part of him ached with shame. “Was it to get your nails done?” Luthor called out.

Darkseid examined his nails. “My nails are perfect.”

Cheers.

“Was it to get your hair done?” Joker asked.

“Please,” Darkseid said, tossing his hair. “My hair is perfect, though I do love my salon time.”

More cheers.

The sound of his mobile phone rang out. “Just a sec,” Darkseid said, adding a giggle that was echoed by the crowd.

“Omigod! That’s right! Thanks!”

Darkseid put his phone away. “That was my big,” he said. “She’s so amazing! I want to be her!”

Cheers.

“She reminded me of why I came here today! Do you want to know?”

“Yeeeeesssss!”

“First, just to announce to the world how happy I am that women are making all our decisions now.”

Cheers.

“I mean, it’s so much less stressful, right?”

Murmurs of agreement.

“And the second reason was to challenge Wonderlass to a competition to settle once and for all which one of us is better at jumping rope!”

“Yeah!”

“So, get the message out there, please? Tell Wonderlass to face me!”

Cheers. Clapping. Darkseid’s court pranced back onto the sleigh, which took off into the sky.

Chapter 16

“I need to get this right,” Superman whispered. “It’s so important. If I mess this up?” He had a finger at his lips, and with his other hand he reached toward a glowing button, admiring his perfectly, French tipped nails as he did so. Holding his breath, he pressed the button. The machine

rattled to life, and the copies began to churn out onto the delivery tray, perfectly collated and stapled. "Thank the stars," Superman gasped, going limp with relief and needing to brace himself against the wall to keep from sinking to the floor.

"You okay?" A petite "boy" waiting for the copier asked. He was only 5 feet tall, a pretty brunette with his long hair in a high, messy bun. Superman recognized him as Butch Bradley, formerly one of the obnoxious ad salesman. His name was now Betsy.

"Oh!" Superman said, regaining his poise. "Yes. I was just so worried about letting Lois down! She's counting on me to get these copies made and quick!"

"I know," Betsy said. "I would just die if Ann wasn't pleased with me."

"It's so important to have approval from the women," Superman agreed, but then his eyes were drawn to Betsy's earrings: like little dream catchers dangling from his ears. "Those earrings are so cute!"

"Thanks!" Betsy said, touching one of them and smiling brightly.

"You have such a great, boho thing happening," Superman said, looking over the other man's loose, flowing dress, sandal heels.

"Ann wants me to be a flighty, kind of ethereal boy now. I'm all about yoga and astrology! I thought I was supposed to be as much like her as possible, but she explained that she is too butch for a boy like me to emulate."

"That is so amazing!" Superman said, now feeling slightly insecure that he hadn't received a compliment in return. But, just as his feminine insecurity was beginning to rise toward Defcon 5, Betsy smiled and nodded.

"You have it all going on," he said. "So sexy, and yet cute and feminine. You're so pretty!"

Superman felt himself flush with pleasure. "Oh," he said, knowing that he was supposed to be modest. "It's just something I threw together."

"Well, I better get these done. Boss is waiting!" Betsy said.

"Oh! Here I am hogging the machine!" Superman grabbed his copies and hurried back to his desk outside Lois' office. Once he was back at the office, he went to his computer and started working on a report, but his mind was distracted as he kept thinking about something Betsy had said.

He'd mentioned that Ann, his big, had told him what to wear, had pushed him to get into yoga and astrology.

But, Lois hadn't given Clark any direction at all as to what sort of boy he was supposed to be? Now that he knew that other women were grooming and shaping their men, it made him feel neglected that Lois hadn't told him who to be. He worked on his report for a bit more, and then working up his courage, he went and knocked on Lois' door.

"Yes?" Lois said, looking up from a story she'd been editing.

"Do you have a sec?"

"Come in."

Superman walked in, his body language tentative. Lois couldn't help but notice how he moved in such a perfectly feminine manner now, how he smoothed his skirt as he sat, crossed his legs at the knees. Clark had really become the sweetest boy. But, she was seeing a downside to it all.

"So, I don't want to bother you, and I know you are so busy and important, and I'm just a secretary and—"

"Claire," Lois interrupted. "Please. Just get to the point, okay sweetie?" The downside was that he was so tentative, and so insecure. She missed the decisive man— though she did love seeing him so pretty.

"Yes. Okay. So, I was wondering who you want me to be?"

"You to be?"

"What sort of boy? Like, should I be basic, or maybe nerdy, or a rock chick, or a goth girl?"

Lois chuckled.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked!" Superman said, stunned by her cruel response. He started to get up and run to the bathroom, but Lois stopped him.

"I was chuckling at the idea of you as a goth girl," she said. "You are too sparkly and bright for that!"

"I'm sparkly and bright?" Superman chirped, his emotions pin balling.

"So sparkly!" Lois watched as the biggest smile ever spread across Clark's face. "So, what kind of girl should you be?" She asked.

"Should I be taking notes?" Superman asked.

"You'll remember, honey." Lois said. "Let me see? Holly Golightly? Maybe Lara Croft? Madonna?" She looked Clark over, shook her head. "None seem quite right."

Then, her eyes lit up. "Bridget Jones! You're Brigit Jones!"

"I am?"

"You are!"

"Oh, good," Superman said, relieved that Lois had given him an identity. "I'm si excited!" Then, he frowned.

"What is it, sweetie?" Lois said, seeing Clark's distress.

"Um, who's Brigit Jons?"

"A character in the movies. I want you to watch them tonight, and then you can read the books. Then, become her."

"I will," Superman said, delighted he had another way to please Lois.

Just then, there was sudden commotion in the newsroom, as people started to gather around the flat screens that hung around the room. "Come on," Lois said, rushing to the screens, eager to see what was happening. Clark followed, and they both arrived just in time to see Darkseid doing his airhead routine.

"I am here today to.... Um?" Darkseid batted his long, thick lashes and put his little hands to his cheeks. "Omigod. I can't remember?"

The sight of Darkseid dressed as a princess, looking soooooo good, surrounded by cheering fans, filled Superman with jealousy and disgust.

"Omigod?" He mimicked in a Vally Girl accent. "I can't remember! Look at me! I'm so cute!"

"Jealous?" Lois asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No. Hah. As if. I just think he's trying too hard."

Darkseid went on to issue his jumping rope challenge. Superman seethed. *He actually thinks he could beat me in jump rope?* He thought. *Or, anything?*

"The world has officially gone mad," Lois said. "Darkseid is a princess and he wants to jump rope with Superman."

"Do you think Superman should agree?" Clark asked, eager for Lois' guidance.

"Of course," Lois said, amused at the thought. "I can't wait to see his outfit."

Game on, Superman thought, grinning. *And we'll just see which one of looks cuter!*

Chapter 17

Huntress led Batman through the JLA satellite to the conference room. He instinctively walked slightly behind and to the side of her. Wonder Woman, Zatanna, and Hawkwoman sat at the table. Dr. Fate was sitting on a chair away from the conference table, filing his nails. "Go sit with Little Z," Huntress said, giving Batman a little pat on the ass.

Batman smiled. He liked it when she reminded him he was hers. Dr. Fate looked up as Batman approached, and immediately shrieked. "Omigod! Is Catwoman your big now?"

"Girls?" Wonder Woman said. "Keep it down."

Batman and Fate exchanged a chagrined look, then sat close together and began whispering.

"He does look super cute," Wonder Woman said, looking at Batman in his skintight Catwoman outfit. "You gonna keep him like that?"

"I don't know," Huntress said, sitting down, looking over at the pretty little thing that Batman had become. "He is adorable, but I sort of like having him as my little me."

"I know what you mean," Wonder Woman agreed. "I just love seeing Wonderlass in his little costume."

"Enough about the girls," Hawkwoman said. "Where are we with the whole forced feminization of all the men in the world thing?"

"Lil Huntress got the name from Catwoman: Circe and Silver Sorcerous."

"So, what now?"

"I can locate them," Zatanna said. "And then, confrontation seems the best option."

"And what about the girls?"

"I don't think they would be helpful, other than Little Miss Z. Maybe we should, I don't know, send them all on a spa day?"

The women all chuckled. "As much as I and they would love that, there's this whole ridiculous jumping rope thing. Maybe we can use that. Make it look like we are there, and catch our enemies by surprise." Wonder Woman said.

"I could put an illusion on some people," Zatanna offered. "Make them look like us."

"Sounds good. And as for Lil Huntress?"

“She can help Superman get ready. Hopefully, they can resist making out for at least a little while.”

“They make such a cute couple,” Huntress said.

“Lil Huntress?”

“Yes, miss?” Batman said, getting right to his feet, standing with his hands clasped behind his back.

“I want you to help Wonderlass get ready for he big contest. Make sure she is super cute.”

Batman’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “Thanks, thanks, thanks!” He gushed.

“And NO kissing until after the contest.”

Batman’s sparkle immediately diminished. “No kissing? But—“

“Lil Huntress?”

“Yes, miss.”

“Very good.”

Sometime Later...

Superman came out of the dressing room, smile beaming. He got in front of the mirror, turned and turned, posing. Batman looked on critically. Superman was wearing short shorts. His too tiny tank top ended just below his breasts, showing off his taut belly. His sports bra was visible in a “oopsy” kind of sexy way, and the wide, open sleeves offered a precious glimpse of side boob.

Batman knew how insecure Superman was despite his being, like, so pretty, and so he smiled and put a hand to his chest. “You look so cute!” He said. “Oh, that skin!”

Superman tilted his head to the side and twisted a lock of his hair. “But?”

“This is the biggest moment of your life!” Batman said. “The whole world will be watching! I think your outfit could be even cuter!”

“Ugh!” Superman said, pouting. “Fine!” He spun on his heel and marched back toward the dressing room. The previous 14 outfits he’d already tried on lay scattered on the floor outside the door.

Batman smiled to himself. As if, he thought, knowing that Superman LOVED trying on different outfits, looking at himself in the mirror. But, his little fit had been adorable. It was all Batman could do from getting into the dressing room with Superman and “helping” him out of his outfit. But, he had orders from his big, and he had to obey her. She was a woman!

Batman was glad he'd finally been allowed to change out of his Catgirl outfit. It had been fun, and his night as Selena's toy had been— Oh! But, he was Lil Huntress, and it had just felt wrong on some level to wear that outfit. Now, he felt pretty and conformable in a pair of leggings and an off the shoulder t-shirt that read "Too Pretty" across the chest.

They both would have loved to spend hours and hours more shopping, but the time for the big contest was approaching, and Superman still needed to get his hair done. So, vibrating with the thrill of the hunt, they finally settled super short shorts, a tiny little cut off tank top, and a push up sports bra that was more about emphasizing his breasts than really providing support because— obviously. Had either of them had even an iota of masculinity left, they would have snickered and said that Superman had settled on an outfit that looked pretty much exactly like at least 20 other ones he'd tried on, but they were both girls now, and they could see the chasm between one pair of shorts and another, one tank and another. Men were so stupid!

Superman had his hair blown out- he wanted as much volume as he could get! And then it was carefully arranged into a messy high ponytail that could only look so "thrown together" with intense effort. He practiced some jumps, and he and Batman both giggled and clapped, so excited with how pretty his ponytail bounced.

"All the other boys will be so jealous!" Batman said, his mouth dry, desperate to kiss Superman's plump, puffy lips.

"All the other boys," Superman said, admiring himself in the mirror. "And especially 'Princess' Darkseid!"

"Okay. Now— makeup!"

Both Batman and Superman had been gifted with a total ability to do makeup, but it just seemed like the thing to have it done professionally. As Superman's makeup was being done, they chit-chated with the cosmetologist. It turned out he'd been a computer engineer before the change. "But," he said, as he dusted Superman's cheeks with a rose colored blush that really brought out his cheekbones so perfectly. "Math and computers are hard and sooooo boring! It's really better for women."

"So true!" Batman said, nodding in agreement.

Superman stood, tugging down the back of his shorts, which had ridden up his ass cheeks. “What if these ride up like that while I am jumping rope?”

“Oh, no!” Batman said. “That would be so awful!”

They both giggled, but resisted the urge to hug. Neither believed for a minute they would be able to keep their hands off each other if they touched now.

And so, Superman primped and painted, he got ready to face what he now believed was the greatest moment of his life: a world wide televised contest jumping rope against HER.

Chapter 18

“Bigger!” Darkseid said, as Lex Luthor, a brush in one hand and a can of hairspray in the other, teased his hair. ‘Bigger!’

“Yes, milady!” Luthor answered, working tirelessly to get maximum volume for the big contest.

Joker, meanwhile, was kneeling before the once fearsome villain, holding Darkseid's delicate little foot in his hands, painting his toenails. Darklight was applying a dusting of glitter to Darkseid's breasts and shoulders, while Ra's Al Ghul held up a sparkling diamond bracelet.

“No. It's not enough, um, glitterous?” Darkseid said.

“Of course,” Ghul said, placing it back in the box, holding up another one.

“No! No! No! N—“ Darkseid's eyes went wide and his mouth dropped open. “Yaaaaasssss,” he held out his wrist. “Omigod, it's perfect!”

Ghul smiled with relief, pleased to have pleased his queen bee. “It's so you,” he said as he slipped the little tennis bracelet onto Darkseid's wrist.

Darkseid couldn't help but giggle as he moved his arm, letting the light sparkle in the sharp diamond faces. He loved jewelry! “It really is!” He said. “Omigod, I am going to be so much cuter than that dumb Wonderlass!”

As Darkseid's girls finished getting him ready, he stood and strutted over to the mirror. A tiny pleated skirt hugged his soft hips. It couldn't have been shorter, and he admired his shapely thighs, turned and almost squealed when he saw how the skirt rode on his big, firm ass. The skirt was torn, patched, distressed, as was the girl scouts top he wore. Of course, it was

too, too small, the top unbuttoned to allow him to show off his bust, and the sleeves cut off, the tails knotted to let everyone see his taugth tummy. Superficially, he looked like a slutty girl scout, but the colors were soft and the tears and patches so perfect, anyone who looked at him would think he was a cute girl just playing at being bad.

“Something isn’t right,” Darkseid said, primping his big hair, putting his hands on the small of his back and thrusting his chest out.

“No! You’re perfect! So sexy!”

“I got it!”

Darkseid hurried over to the makeup table, grabbing a tube of mascara and laying it on even thicker, then making his eyeliner thicker, more dramatic. Finally, he made just a little, perfectly pretty smear of his lipstick. Once again, it was pretty and suggestive, like he’d just been so totally making out with a cute woman, but of course it also suggested he was just a girlie virgin playing dress up. “I’m such a bad girl!” Darkseid reveled, admiring his makeup. He’d spent, like, days learning to do his face, and he was really proud of his makeup skills.

His girls all agreed.

“Wonderlass is so lame,” Darkseid said. “She’ll be all preppie looking and “look at me, I’m so cute. She is BASIC!” He screamed, “and I am complicated!”

A huge crowd gathered where around the stage where the great jump rope battle would commence— mostly all men and boys, because, um, of course they wouldn’t miss a jump rope contest? Plus, most of the women were too busy working. There were cameras everywhere, from 100 different countries, and two blimps circled overhead. It was the biggest event of the century.

In a special box, everyone could see the greatest heroes of the time— Wonder Woman, Huntress, Hawkgirl and Zatanna. They waved to the crowd and smiled. Only, they were actually four lucky men who’d been chosen to wear the allusion they were actual women, a special and magical moment they would never forget!

Meanwhile, the real Zatanna was working with Dr. Fate to open a dimensional portal that would take the team directly to Circe and Silver Sorcerous. “We need to hit fast and hit hard,” Wonder Woman said. “Don’t give them a chance to use their magic.”

“Agreed,” Hawkwoman said. “We’ve seen their power.”

“I want to know why they did this?” Huntress said. “What’s the endgame? Why turn all the men into such airheads?”

“Maybe that is the endgame?” Hawkwoman said.

“Let’s just focus on getting them subdued,” Wonder Woman said. “We can look for their motives later.”

The crowd roared as Superman soared over the stage, did a circle around the crowd, waving and smiling, before landing on the stage and taking a bow, the audience squealing, screaming. Jumping up and down with excitement. Superman loved being the center of attention; he knew he was pretty but it was also nice to have people remind him. The wide eyed adulation in the eyes of all the pretty, fresh faced boys in the audience was

The sound of trumpets. The eyes that had all been on Superman now turned to the sky, where Darkseid sailed across the clouds in his chariot, his court kneeling at his feet. The chariot roared down and landed, and Darkseid, in keeping with his “bad girl” theme got out of the chariot with a grimace on his pretty face, raising his middle fingers and strutting around the stage. “He’s so bad! What a badass! I can’t believe he’d even think to do that!”

Superman crossed his arms and blew up at his bangs. Ugh! He thought. What a jerk! Meanwhile, he couldn’t help but check out Darkseid’s outfit, his hair. Darkseid had great legs, and Superman couldn’t help but admire them as well as how that skirt!

Still. As Darkseid kept strutting around, his chariot took off. Luthor, Joker and the rest, back in their pink dresses but with wild hair and smeared makeup to mimic Darkseid’s look, all flip Superman off. “Bitch!” Luthor screamed.

I am so going to bring him to justice one day, Superman thought, frowning. And maybe I’ll just pull his hair really hard when I do it!

Batman, dressed in cute gym clothes— sports bra, leggings, head band — was in Superman’s corner. “Wonderlass!” He hissed, sounding urgent.

Superman looked over.

“Smile!” Batman whispered, making a smile shape with his fingers.

“Oh!” Superman had not even realized he was frowning! In a panic he plastered a big, bright smile on his face. Everyone knew boys should always be bright and bubbly, and he was mad at himself for forgetting.

“Ladylike!” Batman called, putting a hand out the side, wrist bent. “Be a lady!”

Superman steeled himself. Instead walking up to Darkseid and slapping him, Superman pranced across the stage, threw his arms around Darkseid and pulled him in for hug. “You’re outfit is so cute!” Superman cried out, very loud, so everyone would hear.

Darkseid flinched. He knew Superman’s little game, and as much as he wanted to drag his nails down Superman’s little arm and scratch him SO bad, he just smiled and giggled, kicked up his back leg and said, “Omigod! Thanks!” It was one thing to dress like a bad girl and throw up some fingers, but in the end he had to be cute and pretty, and that was just what he did.

Instinctively the two held hands, walking to the center of the stage. Green Lantern had been chosen to referee since he was a hero with a villain as his big. Star Sapphire had him dressed in his Gem Girl outfit. She had not lifted her commands that he should be ashamed of his hourglass figure, but he smiled and acted like he was loving every minute of it. “Okay, like, are you ready to jump?” He shouted.

“Yes!” Superman and Darkseid answered, clapping and hopping up and down with excitement.

“Here are your ropes,” Green Lantern said handing each of them a jump rope. “The rules are simple. The first one to miss, loses. If neither of you misses, after 30 minutes you will be scored based on your style and form, so show us your best tricks!”

As men, they might have faced each other for an intimidating stare down. Instead, they flashed their wicked smiles. Darkseid put a hand on Superman’s arm. Superman touched Darkseid’s hair.

“Good luck!” Superman chirped.

“You, too!”

The audience cheered. The boys took their positions. The clock clicked down to 0, and Green Lantern shouted, “Jump!”

The clock ticked down, neither Superman nor Darkseid missed a jump, both dazzled the crowd with a dazzling super speed display of flying rope jumping like nothing the world had ever seen. The buzzer sounded, and they both landed. Even supers like themselves could be taxed, and both Superman and Darkseid would have loved to just collapse on the ground and BREATHE.

But they also knew the judges were still watching, and proper young ladies were expected to do everything with grace. So, just like a gymnast completing the most grueling routine will smile and trot off as if it was nothing, each of them summoned all their will power, stood straight, flashed toothy happy smiles at the judges, then at each corner of the adoring audience.

While the judges tallied their scores, Superman pranced over to Batman and gave him a hug. Darkseid, not to be outdone, pranced over to his court and began to hug all the squealing villains.

“Ladies,” Green Lantern announced, taking the score card from the judges. “We have a decision.”

Superman and Darkseid took their places in the center of the ring. Neither could hide how nervous he was. Superman had rehearsed with Batman what he should do if he won, if he lost. They’d watched the endings of dozens of beauty pageants to get ideas, and it was clear— if Superman won, he would start crying. If Darkseid won, Superman would immediately give him a hug and then clear the stage, showing everyone how sweet he was.

“And the winner by split decision, is…….” Green Lantern paused, looking from one of the contestants to the other, “……. WONDERLASS!”

Superman put his hands to his cheeks as the tears began to flow freely. He’d discovered as a girl he could at will, and these were indeed super tears. The audience cheered. She was so dear! But, Darkseid did not offer Superman a hug an exit the stage, leaving the pretty, emotional hero the spotlight. Instead, he stomped his foot, making the whole stage shake.

“NOOOOOOO!” He screamed. “NOOOOOOO! IT’s because she’s blonde, isn’t it! Why do blondes always have to win everything? Noooooo!”

Luthor and Joker, horrified at the unladylike display, rushed to the stage and began to pull Darkseid away to the side. “Come on, honey,” Luthor whispered. “We all know you were better.”

“It’s not fair,” Darkseid screamed, as real tears began to roll down his smooth cheeks. “IT’S NOT FAIR.”

Circe raised her hands and they crackled with energy. “You should have joined with me willingly,” Circe said. “You could have ruled alongside me. Now, you will be— ahhhhhhh!”

Circe crumpled as Zatanna’s spell knocked her unconscious.

“What took you so long?” Wonder Woman said as the magic cage vanished.

“I wanted it to be dramatic,” Zatanna said. “Last minute rescue and all that.”

Huntress and Hawkwoman shook their heads as the spell faded, coming to their senses.

Wonder Woman took out her magic lasso and soon both Silver Sorcerous and Circe were entwined. When they woke, Wonder Woman commanded them to undue the gender spell. “We need the Tiresian Tablet,” Circe responded, enraged but utterly under Wonder Woman’s power. Huntress retrieved the tablet from the conjuration room, and the spell was undone.

“So they will all be changed back now?” Hawkwoman asked.

“Once they sleep. When they wake up, they will be restored to their former selves, as will their worlds.”

Wonder Woman found Superman and Batman in the Batcave. There were making out. Superman was dressed as Cheetah, with cute little ears nestled in his hair. Batman was dressed in his Cat Woman costume. “Ahem,” Wonder Woman said, as the two heroes were too busy to notice anything but each other.

“Oh!” They both sang out, separating and putting distance between each other, both blushing. “We were just,” Superman started. “I mean this costume, it was just, um...”

“It’s okay,” Wonder Woman said. “You look cute.”

“Oh! Thanks!” Superman said. He loved compliments.

“You, too, Bat Cat.”

“Thanks!” Batman said, thrilled.

She sat them down and explained what was about to happen.

“But, I love being Wonderlass?” Superman said.

“Me, too,” Batman said. “I mean, I love being Lil Huntress!”

“I know. But, it’s for the best. Trust me.”

They each nodded. Women did always know best.

“What now?” Superman said.

“Go have one last day of fun as girls,” Wonder Woman said. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

It was only the best command ever!

Giggling, the two ran off, frantically packing the rest of their day with all their favorite activities— facials and mani-pedis, shopping and yoga. They even gave each other makeovers, doing each others hair and makeup, trying on every kind of silly hairstyle.

And, of course, it all ended with wine and one last epic makeup session.

Epilogue

The next morning, Wonder Woman found Superman at the Fortress of Solitude. She took one look at him, tall and rippling with muscle, and she knew she’d made the right decision. “Hey, handsome,” she said.

“Diana,” he said, that deep, bass voice giving Diana just the little thrill she remembered.

They found themselves in each other’s arms, sharing a deep, affirming kiss. After, they sat and talked. “Do you remember being her? Wonder Lass?”

“I remember all of it,” Superman said. “I loved makeup, obsessed over shoes.”

“You were such a girly girl!”

“Don’t get me started on kittens! Oh, and don’t forget my greatest triumph.” He pointed to the jump rope champion trophy he’d put on the shelf.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” Wonder Woman said. “You were under a spell.”

“I’m actually not embarrassed,” Superman said. “I liked being Wonder Lass. Is that odd?”

“No,” Wonder Woman said. “I liked her, too.”

“So, why change us back? Maybe the world was better off.”

“Maybe,” Wonder Woman said. “But I missed all those muscles.” She went over to Superman and climbed onto his lap. “Men are annoying, but you are also a lot of fun.”

“Annoying?”

“Shut up and kiss me,” Wonder Woman said. “You big luck.”