

KIM PERSONATED



Kim Personated

The wind swept streets of the city below were a roaring fire. The heroes of Team Go were in hot pursuit of a specialized convertible driven by Motor Ed and some woman that Kim did not recognize. The woman was balancing on the passenger seat of the car and firing a rifle with a shocking degree of accuracy, adjusting her weight to stay standing no matter how erratically Ed drove.

It was impressive, the sort of thing Kim would have thought of as impossible even seconds before.

Now, it was something she was going to have to try later.

"Hey, Captain Kurt, thanks for taking me up here," Kim said, standing up in the passenger seat of the bi-plane.

"No worries, Kim," Kurt answered, looking back at her with a smile. "It's the least I can do after you saved my plane from those mutant attack squirrels from Camp Wannawep."

Kim smiled at him, nodded, and jumped. *When was the last time we looked into that place?* She repositioned her body into a mad raptor dive, Motor Ed's car going forward at dangerous speeds. He didn't notice her as she flipped her body, snapped her parachute open, and swung around again to land on the hood of his car.

"Kim Possible!" Motor Ed screamed, staring up at her. The woman beside him was wild-eyed, wearing a targeted tank top and a plaid mini-skirt, her pink hair blowing wildly behind her.

"That was pretty sweet," the girl said, rounding the gun on Kim and pulling the trigger. Kim ducked underneath it, drilling her feet into Motor Ed's face and sending the car into a spin. Kim managed to wrest control of the wheel away from Motor Ed, but the girl went flying out of the car.

Hope Team Go's got that, she thought, driving her elbow into Ed's face and managed to stop the car.

Team Go caught up with her a minute later.

"Good to see you again, Kim!" Hego said, ripping the door off the side of the car and pulling a barely conscious Motor Ed out and shaking him. "We'll see this evil doer gets what's coming to him."

"It was a nice assist," Mego added, "but we had it under control."

"It's good to see you, too, guys," Kim said. "Did anyone manage to catch the woman that was with him?"

The various members of Team Go looked at one another.

"About my height, pink hair, mini-skirt?" Kim said. They continued to look blankly at her. "She was the one shooting at you." The heroes all looked at one another.

"I thought it was--"

"-Motor Ed that was shooting at us," Wego said.

"Are you feeling okay?" Hego asked.

"Yeah, never better," Kim answered.

"Alright, well, if you see Athena Wise, can you thank her for helping us back there?" Hego asked. "I

don't know if we would have brought this scum down with her."

"Sure thing," Kim said, letting her heroes take the villain away, heading back towards the sport where the mysterious woman had been thrown from the car. She followed the path the woman should have followed, but there was nothing – no sign of her.

Where the heck is she? Kim thought, and who the heck is Athena Wise?



Ron met up with her a short time later. He'd gone ahead to clear the streets and keep civilians out of harm's way, using the Ron Factor to keep people out of harm's way.

The Ron Factor was what Ron called their tricked out sports coupe, provided to the two of them by the Global Justice Network. Kim let him name the car – he spent more time in it than she did.

"Did Team Go take Motor Ed away?" he asked.

"Yep, no sweat, sitch handled, no diff," Kim said, strapping herself in. She paused as the car got moving. "Hey, Ron, do you know anyone named Athena Wise?"

"Athena?" Ron asked. "Yeah, I remember her. Why?"

"You remember her?"

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Oh, uh, that's weird," Ron said. "She was enrolled at our old high school junior year. You were just getting into the heroics then, remember?"

"I was way over my head almost all the time," Kim said.

"Yeah, we both were, but we survived," Ron grinned, fell silent and drove for a while. "We rescued her from some idiot scheme Drakken was doing and she joined us, the third Team Possible member. Do you seriously not remember any of this?"

"Nope," Kim said. "Total blank."

"That's just... that's weird, KP," Ron said. "Are you okay? No hits to the head or anything?"

"I think so?"

"Okay."

"What happened to her?" Kim asked.

"She, uh, she died," Ron said, and Kim stared at him. "She wasn't real. She was a robot Drakken made to, like, undermine you. His plan was to make you think you were too weak to fight him by having Athena be better than you are everything."

"Was she?"

"You felt that way."

Kim paused and looked out the window. She remembered her junior and sophomore years of high school, when she'd tried to mask crippling self-doubt behind an absolute sense of certainty. It had

worked out pretty well for her, at least until she'd actually come to terms with herself and who she was.

"Okay, so she was a robot who pretended to be our friend and then she died," Kim said.

"Well... she maybe kinda sorta died for us, KP," Ron said. "We were her friends, and she sacrificed herself to save us in the end. You managed to find what was left of her in the exploded lab and gave her to Wade to try and fix."

"Why don't I remember any of this?" Kim asked. "Like, I'm trying and I've got nothing."

"Weird." Ron frowned. "Do you want to check with Wade?"

Kim nodded, but said nothing.



Wade had become an independent white-hat hacker since graduating high school. He was a few years younger than Kim and Ron but was one of the greatest computer programmers on the planet, an absolute whiz at electronics and computer design and programming architecture. Only a handful of people knew where he lived – he'd bought out a top few floors of a residential tower and lived there, drifting through various rooms and rarely leaving.

"Why should I go anywhere?" he answered when asked. "I can have anything I need delivered, and if I need to go out I have some perfectly good robots that I can send out to do whatever I need them to."

Kim and Ron were among the rare group that knew how to go and see him. They parked in his garage and took the elevator up and found him waiting for them.

"How did you know we were coming?" Kim asked.

"Tracking chip in Ron," Wade grinned. "It's good to see the two of you."

He'd hit a growth spurt and was taller than either of them, lightly muscled and barefoot in a bathrobe, sweatpants, and a t-shirt. His apartments were kept under strict temperature controls to keep all his computers and experiments from risk.

"Follow me," he said, waving them in, "and don't touch anything."

"I said I was sorry," Ron muttered.

"And I accepted your apology, but I don't need a repeat," Wade said, leading them into a small kitchen space. Coffee was being created by a machine. "Would you like some?"

They both nodded.

"Hey, Buddy," Wade told the room, "two more coffees, KP and RP standards."

The room buzzed and whirred. A panel in the wall opened and two mugs emerged, steaming hot coffee inside.

"That's been a game changer," Wade said, sipping at his own mug. "Now, Kim, Ron, what's the sitch?"

"Do you remember Athena?" Kim asked

"The robot? Yeah. Her AI code powers a lot of the stuff in here," Wade admitted. "Drakken was nuts, yeah, but also a genius. I never got her working, if that's what you're wondering."

He waved them further into the sterility of his home, down one corridor and into a workshop where various pieces of Athena lay about the room, connected by wires and each of them neatly catalogued. He'd stripped the robot of its clothing, but had nearly folded the fabric over in a corner. The result was that Athena looked like a bloodless crime scene.

"I actually talked with Drakken about fixing her after his rehabilitation," Wade said, sipping his coffee, "but he doesn't really remember how he built her specifically. He does remember working with someone, but he doesn't remember who and the partnership dissolved pretty quickly. It was a wild time for all of us."

"I don't remember her at all," Kim said. She found the head, stared at the face. There was something eerily familiar about it, the cheekbones and lips, the shape. She stared, trying to jog her memory and failing. "Any idea why that might be?"

"Are you affected?" Wade asked Ron. Ron shook his head, no.

"Well, that's weird." Wade paused. "What brought this up?"

"There was a sitch over in Go Town that we were helping Team Go with," Ron said.

"After I was done, Team Go asked me to thank Athena if I saw her, but she wasn't there," Kim added, looking down at the pieces of robot. "Clearly."

Wade looked down at the robot for a while, deep in thought.

"Follow me," he said, eventually, and they left the broken machine behind and entered a room with some very comfortable couches in it. "Hey, Buddy, can you project that video I was watching this morning? The third one."

The room darkened and a projector dropped from the ceiling, the entire wall becoming a screen.

Running across the top of a train, fighting a red-furred monstrosity with golden fangs, was someone who looked a lot like the robot in the room.

The only difference was that this Athena was together and in motion.

"I keep track of various heroes and stuff," Wade said. "And this one caught my eye. A new up-and-comer than looks a lot like-

"Athena," Kim said.

"She calls herself Athena Wise," Wade said, "and she doesn't exist. She's been on the periphery of a bunch of reports lately, but this is the first video footage I have of her."

"That thing she's fighting looks like a yeti," Ron said.

"Or a bigfoot from Hell," Kim said. "Look at that thing. It's ten feet tall and its claws look like swords."

"It's called the Sasquatch," Wade said, rolling his eyes. "I know this because, if we take the video off mute, it refers to itself in the third person constantly."

"Okay," Kim said. "Let's focus up, team. What is she? Another robot?"

"Drakken is good now," Ron said.

"I don't know," Wade said, "and I hate not know it. Don't worry about it for now. You guys do what

you need to do and I'll keep an eye on her, okay?"

"Alright," Kim nodded, starring at the strange girl. "Call me, beep me, anyway you wanna reach me, let me know the minute you know anything."



They got home.

Kim and Ron had been living together, drawing freelance money from the Global Justice Network and the occasional odd job. They were making good money being superheroes, making the world a better place and keeping themselves housed and fed at the same time.

Walking into the house, they ordered in Bueno Nacho and went to rest up.

"Hey, KP," Ron said. She turned, saw him grin as his pants dropped down to his ankles. "My pants." She rolled her eyes and laughed, walked over to him and kissed him.

"What about them?" she asked, one of her hands tracing the hemline of his boxers. She laughed again, pushed him, watched him stumble and fall into their bed. She straddled him, grabbing him and feeling him harden. His hands found the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up, twisting it to catch on the top of her face, pinning her arms and blindfolding her. He pushed up, kissing her, undoing her bra while keeping her bound.

"Looks like you're a little tied up, KP," he said, kissing her, listening to her whine as he kissed her, watching her pout as he pulled back, listening to her whine as he kissed one nipple and then the other. She twisted, trying to gain control, but he held her and undid her pants, pulling her belt off her hips, undoing her fly, his hand hot against her abdomen.

She twisted free, slipping out of the shirt and leaving it in his hands. She rolled off him and out of her pants as she struggled out of his. She yelped when he lifted one of her legs, cupping her ass and pushing her up against a wall. She kissed him, wrapping her free leg around him, riding him down, pushing warm and wet onto him, riding him rising as his body tensed, as her body tensed on top of his, as they sagged into listless warmth.

Both of their phones went off but they ignored them, happy to exist in a cuddling warmth, listening to one another breath. She kissed him, soft, gentle, long, and he held her safe.

They loved one another, knew one another perfectly.

When she got up she brought him with her into the shower and washed him, let him wash her. Soap suds in one another's hair, lather all over their bodies, another bout of lusty sex as he hardened and she pushed him against the wall of the shower and planted her hands, turning her back to him, letting him enter and lift her on her tippy toes, moaning as he gripped her, as she rode him, as they both came again, lay back down, let the shower fall on them and wash them clean.

"Wanna go again?" Kim asked.

"I'm good, I think," Ron answered, sounding a little dazed.

"Alright," Kim said, voice full of mischief as she leaned down and took him into her mouth, all the way to the root, then pulled off of him in one slow motion that made his back arch and earned a

long moan that turned into a whine as she got out of the shower, dried herself off, and sashayed back into the bedroom.

She could feel his eyes on her ass and hoped that these days would last forever.

By the time she was dressed, Ron was out of the shower and had collected his phone.

“Food's here,” Ron said, throwing on pants and a shirt. Kim blinked. Hasn't her phone also...?

“I've got a note from Wade,” she said, picking up her phone. “It says Athena wants to meet up.”



“Kim!” Athena shouted, throwing her arms wide and wrapping her in a big hug. Kim stared at Ron, feeling awkward.

“Um,” she said. “Hi.”

“Hi, girlfriend, it's good to see you,” Athena let Kim go and slapped her butt playfully, hard enough to sting but not hard enough to hurt. “What's the sitch? Heard you stopped a whole alien invasion on graduation, that sounds pretty sick. Done anything like that since?” She grinned and took off her gloves.

Athena had wanted to meet on the winding roads along the cliffs overlooking Go City. They had a beautiful view of the water, late afternoon sun painting the world in gold shadows. Kim knew from experience that it was a tricky time of day, the light hiding as much as it revealed. It was hard to assess the world. It was hard to assess Athena.

She was talking like they were old friends, like they should have known one another, but Kim could not remember anything about this girl. It made her feel ill at ease. It made her feel like she was back in junior high, just figuring things out, a little uncertain, the world just a little over her head.

But she was Kim Possible. She had stopped an alien invasion. She'd fought mud monsters and robots and mad scientists and she'd always come out on top. Meeting an old friend she couldn't remember? Awkward, but nothing she couldn't handle.

“Uh, not really, no, everything's been a little more down to earth,” Kim said.

“All over the Earth, though,” Ron added.

“Ronnie,” she said, moving from Kim and taking his hands in hers. For some reason, that simple act made Kim's blood boil. She grinned, bumping his hip with her own. “You look good. Really filled out, there.”

“Thanks,” Ron said, taking his hands back. Or, he tried.

Athena let him pull her close and kissed him on the nose.

“I've really missed you two,” she said, moving away from them both. “I'm sorry I've been out of touch for so long. After what happened with Drakken I just... I just needed some time, you know? Moved out east, set up shop out there, and I've been doing some freelance work out that way all on my own. Even got my own arch-nemesis, a mad scientist named Glowface.” She smiled, looking out over the water.

“Okay,” Kim said, frowning. *Weren't you a robot? Didn't you get blown up way back when? What is this and why is it so easy to believe the things she's saying?* “That sounds... really good. What brings you back?”

“I've got a plan to get my guy down for good, but I might need a little back up,” Athena turned to face the two of them. “I was hoping maybe we could do the team-up thing one last time? Go out and fight evil side-by-side?”

“I mean, I don't see why not,” Ron said, and Kim found herself slowly nodding, slowly agreeing. It felt good and right to fall into step with this girl she barely knew who seemed to know way too much about her.

“Do you mind if we check a few things first?” Kim asked.

“Sure. I don't need an immediate answer,” Athena said. “I know this is a lot to spring on the two of you, but if you could let me know in the next three or four days?”

“We'll talk about it and get back to you, sure,” Kim said, forcing a smile. She glanced at Ron. He glanced back at her, and Athena looked at the two of them and then clapped her hands and grinned.

“Are you two dating? You totally are! That's awesome!”



Things had changed dramatically for Dr. Drakken following the Lorwardian attack.

He'd helped save the world and been recognized for it. He'd been given amnesty for his many crimes and given awards by the international community. His last mutation had made him part plant, granting him an instinctive understanding of the effects of climate change.

With the resources of the world behind him there and worldwide recognition, he'd left being mad behind and become a calm scientist. His machines were currently working alongside industry giants like Faro, Umbrella, Mishima, and Omni-Consumer to pull back a world on the brink.

Armies of his machines repaired coral reefs, repopulated forests, cleaned waste out of rivers and oceans. Kim had heard some stories of the machines also killing people that were responsible for causing that damage in the first place and she wasn't sure what she thought about that.

Drakken was someone she would always keep an eye on.

She knew exactly where he was at all times.

Ron flew their car north, almost to the Canadian border. Drakken's machines were currently changing out the water infrastructure that one politician had sold out and other politicians had refused to fix. Drakken didn't care about politics – he just did what he thought needed doing, no matter who got saved.

He was standing on a skyscraper, overlooking the city. He didn't turn around as they parked. His hands were clasped behind his back, his full attention on the hundreds of small drones retrofitting the city's piping below.

“Kim.”

Shego stepped out of the shadows around him, a flicker of energy around her hands, but she was smiling, relaxed.

"Shego," Kim nodded. "Everything going alright?"

"We've had a few people try to kill us for helping, the usual," Shego said. "Thanks for helping us when we built those homes for the homeless down south. I thought we were done for."

"Happy to...," she was going to say *help* but it still felt weird helping Drakken and Shego.

"It's weird for me, too," Shego said. She touched Kim's arm without the plasma she could generate. Kim managed not to flinch. Shego smiled at her and Kim felt shy, felt her cheeks flush. She moved her hair out of her face.

Fighting had been so much easier.

"What brings you here?" Shego asked.

"Do you remember Athena Wise?" Kim asked, she Shego's hand fell away from her arm and Kim felt a tingling disappointment, a disappointment she could see mirrored in Shego's face.

"The android?" Drakken turned away from the city, eyes wide, jaw twitching. His hands flailed off to his sides, fingers swaying for no real reason. "What do you want to know about that thing? Or are you bringing it back finally?"

"When's the last time he slept?" Kim whispered.

"Two days ago," Shego answered. "Help."

"doctor, would mind sitting with me for a few minutes? I'm a little tired and I have some questions," Kim said, and Shego mouthed the words *thank you* and Kim felt her heart flutter.

"Of course I can sit," he said, sitting beside her. "The question is, should I? The answer is *yes*." He patted the bench below him, testing its firmness.

"So, Athena Wise."

"What about it?"

"You keep saying *it*," Kim said. "Wasn't she a person?"

"No more than those drones down there are people," Drakken said, waving one hand wildly in the direction of the drones. "Limited AI and a few subroutines based around echoes – anything you could do, it could do better."

"That seems weirdly specific," Kim said.

"You were, what, fourteen, fifteen, and already getting in my way," Drakken blustered, eyeing her suspiciously. "I needed to stop you or destroy you, or at least your self confidence. Shego, is Kim here to stop me?"

"I don't think so. Kim?"

"No."

"Okay," Dr. Drakken said. "It's just one of my old warehouses got broken into and a bunch of my stuff was stolen. Old projects, old tech, nothing I'd use now, but still..."

"Wait, go back, you made a whole android just to, what, shatter my self-esteem?" Kim asked, remembering how close it had come to working.

"That was the goal," Drakken admitted. "I was already very good with robotics, but I did outsource some of the key echo programming to another mad scientist in exchange for some of my own work. A nifty little trade."

"Do you remember who?"

"Shego?" Drakken asked, looking confused.

"I'd just started working for you," Shego shrugged. "I didn't really care. The drop off guy was Lorenzo something. Senor Senor, Senior turned us onto them."

"Was the AI based on a real person at all?" Kim asked. "Do you know?"

"No idea," Shego said.

"Undoubtedly," Drakken said. Kim watched as he gradually became aware that people were looking at him. "What? She had to be programmed by someone, and it's easier to work this sort of thing out by basing a program off someone you know. I've done it a bunch."

"But you don't know?" Kim asked.

"The personality was outsourced," Drakken muttered. "Hey, this bench is very solid. Very nice. Shego, do you think you could get me a—"

He passed out, curled into a ball on the bench.

"Sure thing, doctor," Shego said. She had a blanket in a backpack and unfurled it, covering her boss while looking at Kim. "Did that help?"

"A little," Kim said. "We met someone that looks like the android and claimed to be Athena Wise."

"That's weird."

"Gets weirder."

"How?"

"I don't remember anything about the android," Kim said. "All the questions I'm asking come from things people have told me and meeting the person, who may be another android. She wants help dealing with her nemesis, some monster called Glowface."

"Sounds like a supervillain," Shego smiled. "Want some help? I have some experience fighting supervillains."



Glowface's lair was in an old nuclear missile silo. The weapons had been moved out decades before and the mad scientist had moved in just after, the background radiation warping him.

"He was evil before the radiation," Athena assured them, "but the radiation didn't help."

Kim chuckled, letting Athena lead while Ron brought up the rear. They were rappelling down the inside of the silo, descending into the dark. Emergency power portions of the structure red, providing more shadow than light. Far below they could see a number of guards walking around, all of them with orbs covering their heads.

"Should we be in hazmat suits?" asked Ron.

"if we were gonna be here a while, sure," Athena said. "At this point it's all low level radiation."

"Like when a dentist goes around the corner before giving you an x-ray?" Kim asked.

"Exactly that, yeah," Athena nodded, smiled. "We won't be here long enough for it to matter."

They went down the rest of the distance in silence, getting close to where they needed to be. Using the shadows to their advantage, the three spies crept up behind some of the guards. Kim kicked one out at the knees and choked her guard into unconsciousness, letting Athena and Ron deal with the other two. The three dragged the guards into the dark.

Kim was pretty sure that the one Athena had handled wasn't breathing.

Another guard approached, but took off his helmet and waved them forward.

"This way," Athena said, before Kim could comment.

More shadows, more guards. Enough equipment sparking and laying distance enough that the three could keep hidden, eliminating guards as they made steady progress towards the center. Kim could hear the wild ramblings of their target, the crimson glare radiating off of him deeper than the other lights of the silo and somehow so much more violent. Their guard held Athena's hand and then ran for cover.

"I told them, I told them I would do it..."

The figure was small, his head and the orb surrounding it almost as big as the rest of his body. Crackling arcs of red and black lightning moved around his head, sparking in the air around him.

"I warned them, I warned them if they did not do it, if they did not GIVE ME WHAT I ASKED FOR..."

His eyes were the yellow of rotting gold, half his teeth replaced by pyrite. His smile was a thing of someone who never slept, had forgotten sleep, had been awake so long that they'd come out the other side of consciousness and never looked back.

"But they didn't, did they? They didn't. And so now, now, I must... I can't, but I must... I and I alone must..."

Kim caught Athena's eye and nodded. Ron was in place. There was a console of some kind close to him. More guards. An incredibly elaborate labyrinth of model trains surrounding the floor around him. Ron would handle the console. Kim would handle any guards that came to his aid. Athena would handle Glowface himself.

Athena struck without warning – no chance to surrender. She leaped out of the darkness, up the stairs. Glowface heard her coming, turned and grimaced.

"WATCH MY TRAINS YOU GODDAMN VANDAL!"

A massive bolt of lightning vomited out of his helmet and slammed into the stairs where Athena had been, but the girl had jumped up on the stair railing and was running across them with an ease that Kim envied.

Envy? Kim thought, shaking her head. *I can do that just as easy. Why would I-*

There were guards coming to help their master. Kim surged out of hiding and lunged at them, leaping towards them. She pounced on one like a cat, used her momentum to somersault and wrap her legs around the head of another, spun and used her momentum to throw that guard into one his comrades and came down hard on her feet, spinning her left leg to sweep another guard as he tried to run past.

She stood as others came, staring them down, smiling as she saw them hesitate. They drew guns and she sprinted under their line of fire, grabbing one by the arm and twisting, twisting, knocking him off balance and sending the others tumbling, moving in and around them and hitting them as hard as she could, knocking them down and down and down.

This isn't so bad, she thought, sparing a look at her companions.

Ron was at the console, he and Rufus disrupting whatever the console was supposed to do.

And Athena...

Athena was flipping over blasts of red lightning, dancing around and past multiple flares of crimson death, a thunderstorm that echoed up and around the silo with a terrible fury. She was smiling, she and Glowface exchanging words that were lost in the cacophony. Every blast turned the world red and everything in it into silhouettes, Athena's graceful shadow somehow looking different when cast in that light.

There didn't appear to be any guards left, so Kim rushed up the stairs to help, kicking the trains out of her way. The models exploded, expanded into massive metal tendrils that spun and flailed, trying to hold them, filling the spaces that the lightning didn't. Behind their battle, the console sparked and ignited.

"NO!" Glowface roared. "THE CHILDREN! ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD!! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?! ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD ALL OF THEM THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN DIPPED, ALL OF THEM DIPPED, IN SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE!!!!"

What? Kim thought.

"What?" Kim asked.

"Don't you see?" Glowface asked, falling to his knees. There were tears in his eyes. "They would have been sweet. And sour. A better world. A world of sweet and sour patch kids. And you have RUINED IT!!!!!"

"Ahhh!" Ron screamed and scurried out of the way as Glowface tried to blast him.

The metal tentacles that had come out of the model train sets reached for them. Athena was able to dance around them, avoiding them, but Kim wasn't quick enough.

She screamed as one wrapped around her leg, dragging her through the air and slamming her down onto an operating table. Thick leather straps shot out around her, binding her down as she struggled.

"KP!" Ron shouted.

"Don't worry about me, I've got th-" she started to shout, her words lost as an electric current ran through her body. Every muscle in her body tensed and then relaxed as the current released her. She felt herself sag, everything feeling sore and exposed. *How long did that last...?*

It was hard to move but she managed to, looking down at herself. The tendrils had sliced the clothing from her body while shocking her, leaving her completely exposed. She flushed, struggled, looked up and saw the villain leering at her. He licked his lips.

Where the hell is Athena? Kim wondered.

She felt something cold slither between the straps pinning her down and her bare skin. She looked up and Athena standing over her, trying to cut her free with a knife. She flushed, humiliated, turning away to see Glowface picking himself off the floor. He dragged himself down

the stairs and out of sight.

“Getting... away...” Kim mumbled, but Athena leaned down and kissed her. It felt good, Athena's lips on hers, Athena's tongue, the light pressure, the warmth, the...

Kim wasn't sure why her body was responding, wasn't sure why her hips rolled towards the other girl. She wasn't sure why the kiss left her more breathless than the electricity had. She was panting, tears on her eyes, needing help to get up off the table. The tendrils had been so fast and she hadn't been fast enough, but Athena had been.

“It's okay,” Athena said, helping Kim stand, letting Kim rest all her weight on her strong shoulders. Kim felt her boob graze the other girl, or maybe it was the other way around. Why was she thinking like this? She never thought like this. What was wrong with her? She looked up at the spy that was helping her, the easy smiling confidence of Athena Wise.

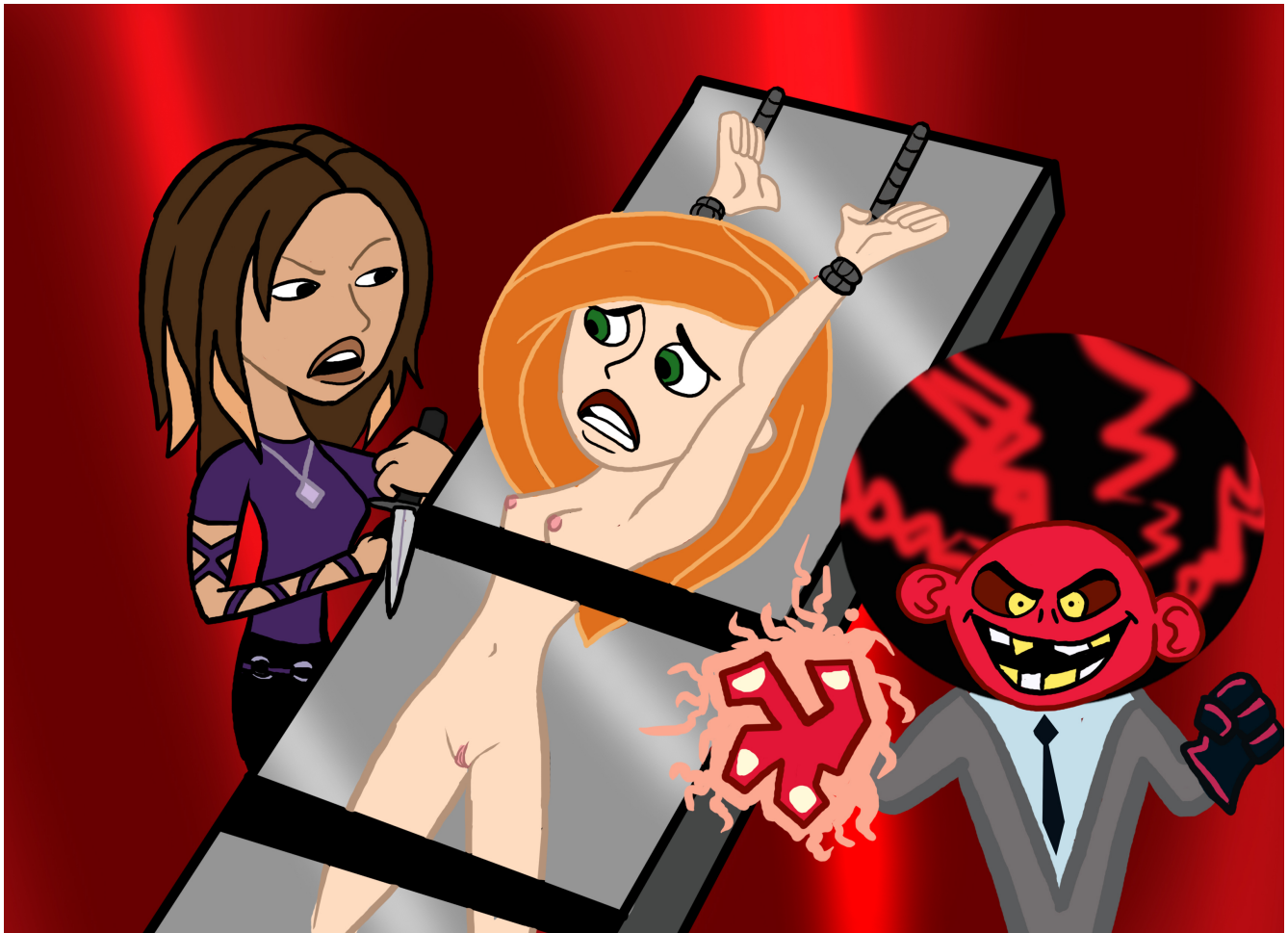
“Ron...?”

“I'm okay, KP!”

He had a blanket, wrapped it around her shoulders to hide her body. He glanced at Athena and Kim was very aware of the two picking her up, holding her steady, helping her walk.

“Don't worry, it's not your fault,” Athena lied. “We'll get him next time.”

“Next time...”





Ron drove their car back to Kim's parent's place.

"It's closer," he said, "and you need rest."

Kim was in no position to argue.

He parked around the side of the house and Athena helped her up out of the car, helped her up the drive way, up the stairs and over the threshold of the house.

"Mom!" yelled Ron, then paused. "Dad?"

"They're-"

"-out," the twins said, wandering in from the kitchen. "Is everything-"

"-okay?"

"I got a little beat up, but I'll be fine," Kim managed, forcing a smile, pulling the blanket little more tightly around her naked body. "Just need a nap."

She started directing Athena to her room, Ron helping, but the twins followed and shuffled nervously as Ron opened the door and her room was-

"What happened?" asked Kim.

Her parents had kept meaning to change her room into something else, but both of them were too busy to ever get around to it. Kim had gotten into the habit of sometimes stopping by and sleeping in her old untouched room, but now

All her things were gone. The room had been stripped down to nothing, just the bare furniture. Her old clothes were gone, replaced with clothing she didn't recognize. For a moment she thought the room had been wallpapered over but she could see that it was actually covered in diagrams and blueprints, all neatly spaced, with books on subjects she didn't recognize stacked neatly with notations.

A computer sat on her old desk, a computer that glowed and had fish living in it. Other bits of technology lay neatly arranged the room in various states of repair, careful notes close to each.

"What is... where's all my stuff?"

"Mom and dad-"

"-boxed it all up-"

"-when Truman moved in."

"Who's Truman?" Ron asked.

"I am," said a boy, maybe the same age as the twins. He looked a little sheepish, a little apologetic. "Sorry about this."

"He's a friend-"

"-of ours."

"I was having trouble at home and your parents are letting me and my dog stay here for a few months," Truman said. He still looked nervous. The tiny dog behind him also looked nervous, and

he scooped it up and began petting it and they both seemed to calm down. "They tried to call and tell you, I think?"

"They-"

"-did."

"... okay," Kim said. "I still need a place to sleep. A quiet place."

"Dad set up a workshop-"

"-with a couch and a blanket-"

"-in the garage."

Kim grumbled while Athena continued to help her move into the garage, Ron opening the door.

"You need anything, KP?"

"Just rest, thanks," Kim mumbled.

"I'll get her settled," Athena said, and Ron lingered for a moment before leaving and that made Kim nervous. Athena was staring down at her, arms rippling with light muscle as she settled a blanket over Kim and leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. Her hand came to rest just over Kim's breast, an accident, but Kim found her body pushing up into Athena's palm.

What am I doing? Kim thought. Why am I like this?

She shouldn't have been, she knew that.

"Get some rest, Kimmie," Athena said. Kim didn't like that nickname, didn't like the way Athena said it, but she liked the way Athena moved and she didn't say anything, couldn't say anything. She was so tired.

She fell asleep dreaming of Athena's hand on her breast, Athena's lips on her skin, Athena's strength supporting her weakness.

Kim fell asleep crying and did not know why.



Kim was wearing a very pretty dress and heels. Her face hurt from smiling. Her hands were clasped in front of her body, resting, between her hips.

Athena was sitting, staring at her.

"Kimmie," Athena said, and Kim gasped as her whole body came to attention. She had been called. "Kimmie, could you get me an orange juice, please?"

"Right away, Ms. Wise," Kim said. She sounded so chipper. So happy. Something was wrong but she didn't want to think about it. She didn't want to think.

She went to the kitchen and opened the fridge, high heels clicking on the floor, click-click-click. There were oranges on the counter but she wanted the cold ones that were in the fridge. She bent at the hips and took out three large oranges, then a knife from a drawer and a cutting board and a glass.

Kim cut the oranges in half, careful not to get any juice or pulp on her pretty dress. She fetched a small plastic juicer and pressed the half-fruit down, spilling the juice into the plastic and letting it funnel into the cup. Careful, careful to keep clean, she repeated the action with the other halves of orange before disposing of the peel, cleaning the knife, and bringing the cup to Athena.

She carried it so that the bottom of the glass rested on her left palm while she cradled the glass with her right. It was hard to walk without spilling in her high heels, click-click-click, but she managed to get all the way back to Athena without spilling. She was very proud of herself.

Bending at the hips, she presented the cup to Athena. Athena took it and drank, pausing to pass judgment while looking down Kim's shirt.

"Adequate," Athena declared. Kim knelt at Athena's feet, resting her cheek on Athena's thigh. She looked up at her better with wide adoring eyes.

"What could I have done better?" Kim asked.

Athena looked down at her, smiling, hand reaching for Kim's hair.



Kim awoke feeling refreshed and perfect. She sat up on the couch, ran a hand through her hair. There were boxes of her things in the garage, all neatly labelled, and she quickly found a box of clothes and got dressed, glad that no one had come to check up on her. She felt better, more secure of herself. Folding the blanket, she walked out of the garage and into her parents home.

"That sounds like a very exciting adventure, Kim," her father was smiling, sitting at the kitchen table and talking to Athena.

"Dad, I'm Kim," Kim said. Her father looked at her and for a moment he seemed confused, then shook his head and smiled and said

"Of course you are, I'm sorry, just a late night in a series of them," her father said. "your friend, here-"

"-Athena-," Athena said, helpfully.

"-Athena, right, your friend was just telling me that the two of you were working together to go after a super villain, someone named Glowface?"

"That's right, dad," Athena maybe joked. "We almost had him, but Kim got caught and I had to rescue her. It's okay, though. While Kim was recovering I found out where he ran to. Are you up for round two?"

"I very much am," Kim said, cracking her knuckles. "Let's get this guy."

"Chills," Athena smiled, fanning herself, her chest. Kim managed not to stare.

Kim wasn't sure why her cheeks burned, but they did.



"We've got to be quick," Athena said, driving. "I know where Glowface went and I know he hasn't had a chance to set up shop, not properly. We can take him down quick and easy. Or, we should be able to."

"Should we be bringing Ron for this?" Kim asked.

"I only need one sidekick," Athena said, smiling to make it a joke. It didn't feel like a joke.

"Where's he shacked up?"

"A time share, if you can believe it."

"I can," Kim said. She'd fought Dr. Drakken in a time share lair once. "Do you have an address?" Athena did, and it was the same place. Laughing, Kim was able to give Athena all the intelligence they would need to take Glowface down for good.

"Amazing." Athena looked at Kim, wind running through her hair. "I'm glad you're here."

"So am I."

The time share was an old Smarty Mart that had been retrofitted by Frugal Lucre and rented out to whomever could meet his asking prices, which were reasonable. There was plenty of parking out front and the interior was much better lit than the silo had been.

Kim led Athena inside the sprawling former superstore, ducking through the spooky mostly empty aisles and kiosks. There were only a handful of guards protecting the place, all of them easily avoided.

"Hey, t... Athena." They both turned to the whispering speaker, the same guard before. In the florescent glow of the no-longer-Smarty Mart, he was young and handsome, his hair a tangled nest of different browns. "I got most of the guards to leave. It's just him, and he doesn't have his traps set up yet. The crack's made him unstable... more unstable."

"You're okay if I finish this?"

"I am," the guard nodded.

"Thanks for helping us out," Kim said, and he leered at her.

"No problem." He paused, looked at Athena and nodded. "Good luck."

He left.

"What crack?" asked Kim.

"You'll see," Athena said.

Glowface was in one of the old frozen food aisles. He was steaming but had opened all the doors to the freezers in an effort to cool himself down. There was a crack in the orb around his face, arcs of black red lightning sparking out of it in unpredictable patterns.

"I could... I could COOL THEM OFF COOL OFF THE WORLD yes I could, I could," Glowface said.

"The world is cool enough already," Athena said, stepping into his line of fire. "And it'll be even cooler without you in it."

"DIE!" Glowface roared, a torrent of red black plasma vomiting out of the crack in his face. Athena dodged and the blast followed, an arc that crashed through the aisles and kiosks, sending steel and wood splintering throughout the whole of the structure.

"There goes your damage deposit," muttered Kim.

As Athena dodged out of the way, Kim closed in and jumped, driving both her heels into Glowface's chest. He crumbled, falling back, his plasma spilling out all over as more cracks formed in his orb. Kim was forced to dodge but she felt winded, tired before the battle had even begun – maybe I'm not as well rested as I thought?

She paused to catch her breath, glanced up to see Glowface looking right at her. She felt her breath catch, the small hairs on her arms standing as he pulled in all his energy and directed it back out at her.

"KIM!" Athena cried.

The blast was coming for her.

Green plasma slammed into the red and black, shooting over Kim's head. Kim looked behind her to see Shego standing in the entrance way, both hands extended, throwing out as much plasma as Kim had ever seen.

"You okay, princess?" Shego called.

"Been better," Kim said. "Thanks for the save."

From behind Glowface, Athena ran forward with a pole and jammed it straight through the orb. Plasma flickered and faltered, shot out strong enough to stagger Shego back.

The orb shattered, little pieces of glass spilling all over the floor.

Glowface went limp, one hand trembling, reaching, falling.

"Is he," said Kim, "is he dead?"

"Yes," Athena whispered, standing over the body with the murder weapon in hand. "He would have exploded eventually."

"We could have found a way to-"

"No, Kim, this was the only way," Athena said, dropping the pole. It clattered on the ground. "He killed my parents, Kim. He's killed a lot of parents. And with the crack in his bowl he was only going to get worse, more insane, more violent, until he eventually exploded."

"You don't mind if I get Drakken to confirm that?" Kim asked.

"Go ahead." Athena hugged herself, leaned against a cooler door and shivered. "I'll stay with Kim until you're certain, okay? Make this easy for everyone."

"I've got her," Kim assured her former rival.

Shego nodded, collected the body, and left.

"You okay?" Kim asked, approaching Athena.

"Yeah," said Athena. Her voice trembled when she said it and she wiped her tears on her arm, but she forced a smile. "I'm fine. Thank you, Kim. I feel like I can put this behind me, you know? Move forward. A clean start. And I couldn't have done it without you."



Kim's keys didn't work.

She drove back with Athena in the passenger seat, prattling on as Kim thought and thought and thought. There was something weird going on and she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

Maybe after a good night's sleep, she thought.

She pulled up at her parent's house and Athena followed her to the front door and she took out her keys and used them and they didn't work.

"That's weird," said Kim.

"Maybe you grabbed mine by mistake?" Athena said, taking a set of keys from her pants. They opened the door without a problem and Athena led the way inside, past the twins and Truman towards the kitchen.

"KP!" Ron said, running into Athena's arms.

"Ron?" Kim asked, and Ron stopped and flushed and looked puzzled.

"KP?" he said, scratching his head. He looked at Athena and stumbled back a bit, his blush deepening. "Sorry, AW. Hey, Kim, I-"

Something is very wrong, thought Kim, but she forced a smile and tried not to notice the way Athena and Truman looked at one another.



It was beginning to rain when she snuck out at night.

She had snuck out of her parents house before, but never as an adult. She stepped outside with her Kim-unicator and pressed in the code she'd been given, waiting for a response.

"Who's this?" Wade asked, blinking and tired.

"Wade, it's Kim-"

"Kim who?"

"Kim Possible."

"That's a silly name," Wade said. She watched him fumble for a mug of coffee and drink it. "It sounds like 'impossible.' Any chance you know a guy named Ron Stoppable?"

"He's my boyfriend," Kim said, hoping to jog Wade's memory.

"Neat," Wade said. "Does Athena know? And how did you get an Athena-cator?"

"Are you serious?" Kim asked, to which Wade said nothing. "Wade, it's me."

"I'm glad it's you, but I don't know who you are," Wade said. He took another sip of coffee and then an electric jolt spasmed through the kim-unicator, knocking Kim to the ground. She shook, tried to move. "Please don't move. I'm going to shock you if you do."

"Wade, please, just listen," Kim said. "My name is Kim, we're old friends, I was there two days ago. I can tell you where you live, what the layout of your home is, what rooms we were in-"

"Difficult to confirm, but not kimpossible," Wade said. "Why should I believe anything you say?"

"You've been helping me fight evil for years," said Kim. "All those times with Drakken and Shego?"

"No idea what you mean, I've been working with Athena and Ron," Wade said. "You a groupie?"

"You used a hologram of me to go adventuring with Ron while I was stuck at board game night," Kim said.

"Weird flex, but I did that with Athena and Ron, with Athena's adopted... parents," Wade frowned.

"The Possibles. You said your last name was Possible. Why don't I know about you?"

"Check..." Kim thought furiously. It was too easy to forge footage. Someone would have to go to great lengths to do whatever this was. "Do you have offline back-ups of your home data? The sort that no one would know about?"

"I am neither confirming nor denying their existence."

"Check them."

"Really? Okay, weirdo," Wade said. "Wait right there. If you try to move, I'll zap you."

Kim stayed very still, lying on the grass behind her parents house as the rain thickened.

"Kim?" Wade was back. "Stay quiet and listen, I don't know what's happening. All my present data – a lot of data from the present – has been altered. You're being replaced by someone else, and it's hard for me to admit this because everything in me except my heart tells me she's my best friend, but it looks like you're being replaced by Athena Wise."

"Why?" Kim asked. "Who is she? Wade? Wade, are you-"

The line was dead.

"Truman hacked his signal about six months ago," Athena said. "We're going to have to find those back ups."

"Who are you?" Kim asked, standing up. "Why are you doing this?"

"Just another teenage spy who was never given a fair shot," Athena said. "But then there's you – and if I can't be me, why shouldn't I be you? It's not like you appreciate it."

"Okay, you know what, this stops right here, right now," Kim said, shivering. She'd been in thousands of fights and she'd rarely lost, but this felt different, this felt

"Yeah, princess, I guess it does," Athena grinned. "This has been fun and all, but it's time for me to move on with your life..."

And Kim Possible leaps into action, as she has a thousand times before.

The difference is. The difference is. The difference is that this time she's seen Athena do things that she couldn't. Athena has rescued her, helped her, carried her when she was too weak to stand. Athena has taken her friends and her family from her. Athena has left her alone in the dark, in the cold, in the rain.

Her muscles are sluggish and trembling as Athena laughs and smiles and hits her, hits her, hits her. It's different than it's ever been. With Shego there was a sense of fighting an equal, but Athena feels like her superior, evading every blow and landing two of her own. She drives Kim to her knees, helps her stand and pulls Kim into her knee, driving the air from her lungs. Kim is on the ground, in the mud, and Athena is still dancing.

Aching, trembling, more tired than she has ever felt, Kim staggers to her feet and lurches forward

and Athena avoids her with an easy grace, kicking her in the back of the knee, driving her into the mud, picking her up again and again. Kim's legs are aching. She can barely stand, never mind walk. She can't move. She can only endure the punishment Athena hammers into her, again and again.

She realizes somewhere in the beating that she cannot win.

The rain is washing all her strength away.

Her clothing is torn. Athena rips it away, all the things that make Kim possible. All her tools, her gadgets, all of them thrown out into the muck and lost, ruined. Her skin exposed to the cold and wet, Athena's fists and shoes shoving her down, knocking her over, toying with her. She feels like a ragged plaything. She feels like a forgotten dream.

Kim crawls, reaching back towards her parent's house. Ron is there. Ron could save her, she thinks, but Athena steps on her hand, on the back of her neck. She splashes down and can't press up, tries with all her might but she's going to drown in a puddle and there's nothing she can do to save herself.

Athena relents, pulls her up by her hair as she gasps, muck and spittle running down her chin.

"I've been planning this for three years," Athena said. "Three years. I only got one to be the teen spy, so I had time. My brother and I had time to do this."

"Fa...," Kim tried, and Athena slapped her. Stars danced across Kim's vision.



"I've been poisoning you," Athena said. "Small things in small needles. Nothing that would be noticeable until they were triggered by a certain kind of radiation. My brother's been re-writing all your friends with tech we stole from Drakken and repurposed. And now, now look at you."

She let Kim fall, held her down in the puddle. Kim squirmed but her arms wouldn't work right, her legs wouldn't work right, she couldn't breathe and Athena was pulling off her belt and pulling down her pants.

"Hey, Kimmie," Athena taunted, "show me how tough you are. Try and stop *this*."

At the last word Kim felt unlubricated fingers push into her ass. She whimpered and cried, struggled and tried to kick but there was nothing left, no more strength, no more endurance, none of the ferocity that had made her who she was.

"You're pathetic, Kimmie," Athena said, pulling the fingers in and out as Kim wept, "and I'm going to make sure you never forget it..."



Kim woke up naked on a chair. Sort of.

She wanted to get up and leave the chair but she could not.

The chair was warm and it held her body and it kept her from moving.

She was drifting in and out of consciousness. Athena was there, injecting her with something. There were fluids being fed into her. Athena told her what the fluids would do, how they would attach to her muscles and keep her weak, make her clumsy, make her confused.

That all sounded bad.

She vaguely remembered that the twins had a new friend. The new friend was there. Truman. Truman was nice enough to set up something for her to watch. Most of it was cooking shows, or instructional videos on cleaning and keeping a house. It was hard to take her eyes off it. And there were other things, too, underneath it, things she could just kind of make out and understand.

A lot of the stuff underneath the cooking and the cleaning was about re-education. Taking her quick learning mind and re-tooling it. Teaching her that one plus one equals three. That left was right. She would still recognize numbers, and arrows, and letters. Enough to follow a recipe. Enough to do laundry. Everything else was stripped away.

The rest of it was about her own history. How she'd tried to be a spy and failed. How she'd been hopeless at school. How she'd run away from home. How she'd fallen through the cracks until a man, a wonderful man, had saved her. She recognized the man from the silo that she had no longer been at. She blinked tears from her eyes.

Brandon was the man's name. He loved her and they were married and she kept his house. He was friends with a woman named Athena, the greatest woman who ever lived. A real spy who had been adopted by her old family and had replaced her. A woman who was dating a boy named Ron Stoppable.

She'd been re-introduced to her old family. She kept a clean home and a clean life. She wasn't a

spy. She needed medicine, she needed help, and Brandon gave that to her. Stability and discipline. Her old bully Bonnie Rockwaller and her husband, Señor Senior, Junior, were also friends of Athena and Brandon, so they were her friends, too.

There was pain on her nipples and in her ass when they showed her the old things she used to know. There was pleasure provided by something nestled against her clit and thrusting deep inside her that provided pleasure along with the information on her new life.

Kim was a basic average girl. Too scared to face the world. It all felt impossible.

She cried a little.

She wasn't really conscious.

This wasn't really happening.

It wasn't real.

This was a nightmare and she was going to wake up she was going to wake up she was going to



She woke up.

Her husband was holding her in his arms. She kissed him good morning and climbed out of bed, padding away in the little bit of nightwear he permitted her to wear. She went and took a quick bath, fixing her hair and make up the way he liked, and put on the pretty dress and heels he had laid out for her.

She swayed downstairs. The heels were so tall and she clumsy even for a girl. She had to use the wall to keep herself steady, all the way to the kitchen. She made a small meal for herself, just something to break her fast while maintaining her slim figure. It was important to maintain her slim figure. Her husband liked her slim. He liked the way she looked in her dresses and how she looked outside of them.

It mattered. Kim liked to be liked and she liked to keep him happy.

Her entire being was devoted to keeping him happy.

She cleaned up after him and stood still in the kitchen, listening for the sounds of him waking up. She started to cook again, making a much bigger breakfast for him than she had for herself. She had the timing down just so and she was finished cooking just before he sat at the table. She brought him his plate and his juice and his coffee, one at a time, placing each dish in front of him.

Kim bent at the hips when she put everything down, letting him touch her and kiss her anyway he liked. She stood by his side while he ate, hands clasped in front of her and between her legs. She was ready to get him anything he needed. Ready to do anything he needed.

"Kimmie, would you like some coffee?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and smiled.

"You'll need cream for it, won't you?" he said, spreading his legs. He didn't need cream, he liked his coffee black. He liked that she needed cream, though, and so did she. She tottered over to him and bent at the hips and kissed him and used him to sink gracelessly to her knees, undoing his

pants and fishing him out and taking him into her mouth.

He continued to eat as she licked and suckled, as she tried her best to please him. She knew she was succeeding when he put his cutlery down and put his hands in his hair. He was breathing shallow, shallower, and she looked up and met his eyes and he smiled down at her as he came in her mouth.

She felt her cheeks puff out like a naked mole rat's. She stood and tottered, her ass shaking under the pretty dress as she got to the counter and leaned against it, pouring coffee into a mug and spitting creme into the coffee. She mixed it in, took a sip.

"Thank you, sir," Kim said.

"Happy to help," he said.

He put his manhood away and set the television up for her, more cleaning and cooking shows. She was too silly to use the television herself, or any really any bit of technology. He went over the things she was to do today, which rooms she was to clean and what laundry she was to do. He told her what he wanted for dinner tonight.

Kim wasn't sure what her husband did for work. Something technical and too complex for her to understand. She walked him to the door and kissed him and watched him drive away.

There was a small gym in their house that she went to. She undid her heels and took off her dress, swapping into a mini skirt that tickled her thighs and a halter top that pressed against her boobs. She started with a half hour of running before swapping over to free weights, working through a routine that built more definition than muscle. She worked with 5lbs weights; anything more was too heavy for her.

Kim cycled through a series of exercises, one day for her arms and shoulders, one day for her belly, and the last for her legs and hips. In between weight cycles, she would spend the hour doing an intensive stretching routine that was meant to keep her limber, then strip down, quick shower, back into the clothing her husband had chosen and back to work.

She would clean and fold laundry and buy what was needed for dinner and she would cook and she would sit and wait for him to come back and eat with her. Sometimes he didn't come back home until very late and she sat in the dark with the cold food and a smile on her face, waiting for him. It was perfect. This was perfect. Her perfect little life.

He told her to clean the bedroom and adjacent bathroom, so she did. First, stripped the bed down to the mattress. Next, she took everything out of the closet and cleaned out the closet. It was hard to do because she was not a strong girl and the shoes made walking and standing hard, but she knew they pleased her husband to know she wore them at all times.

Once the closet was empty she started dusting to get rid of anything that might have been gathering, and then went through it all with a rag and cleaner to get into those hard-to-reach places. Her pretty dress slithered along her skin with every motion, reminding her that her husband had not left her any underwear that morning. She was lucky he had left her a long skirt today, almost halfway down her thighs.

Kim put all the clothing back in the closet, then picked new linens and dressed the bed. She dusted, swept, vacuumed, straightened. The bedroom looked pristine and it only took a couple of hours. She moved onto the bathroom.

Around and throughout the toilets and sink. Through the bathtub and shower. Swapping out the

towels. Cleaning the mirror. Looking at herself in the mirror, the wide eyes and wider smile. She could hear the television giving her tips on cooking and cleaning. She cleaned the counter top. Straightened her husband's things and then her own. Another hour gone.

She wasn't sure if she would have time for lunch, so she had an apple.

Kim had set the laundry to wash and dry when she was cleaning the bedroom, the beep telling her to come and change a load. She ironed what needed ironing, hung it on hangers and put in on the closet. She carefully folded and followed the organization chart her husband had been kind enough to make for her. There was a different chart for his things and hers. She had less laundry than he did, but she owned less things. Technically, she owned nothing. The things she used were owned by her husband. She was owned by her husband.

She thrilled to the thought of it. He had power of attorney over her. Access to the bank accounts that she had closed because her told her to. He held her passport, her driver's license, her birth certificate, every peace of identification. In a very real sense she was his property, able to choose or do nothing on her own.

Her nipples hardened, lips parted. She gasped, not quite daring to touch herself as she wavered on her heels. She loved the idea of being owned. She loved the idea of being owned.

Kim gasped when she noted the time. She'd spent an hour standing around not touching herself, trembling with need. She needed to finish her tasks. She needed to have dinner ready on time.

Her husband had left her keys on the counter. She pulled her skirt up and got in the car – her husband liked her bare or pantied ass to be on the car seat, not her skirt. She drove slowly and carefully to Smarty Mart, got a buggy and walked in. She needed help reading and finding the list of ingredients that had been written down.

So many of the employees like to come and help her. They liked looking at her. They knew they were allowed to touch her, her husband had been clear about that. *Kimie*, he'd said, *you let these hardworking men and woman feel or fondle you, understand? They work hard here, unlike you.* So she let them push her around, cup her breasts, brush her ass, lift her skirt, part her lips.

None of them had ever taken her into the back, not yet.

Kim never fought back and never complained. She was defenceless. She was sad a pathetic and weak.

Sometimes, when she got back to her car, she had a little cry about it.

Then she drove home and made dinner, following one of the recipes on the television. She was quite a good cook, she thought, and had come along way since starting. She thought that her cooking was probably as good as anything on any of the television her husband made her watch, but she didn't know.

Her husband ate what she cooked.

Kim's meals came out of a can, before her husband got home.

She put her food away when her husband arrived and she quickly brushed her teeth and went to the door to greet him. She let him kiss her and grope her and push her against the wall. She let him do this because he knew how to treat her, just like this. She got down on her knees and removed his shoes and socks, kissed his feet, waited for him to help her stand so she could lead him to the kitchen.

Kim stood by the table and waited while he ate, pouring him wine, getting him seconds, doing whatever he needed to so that his dining experience could be perfect. She stood and she smiled. She simpered. She catered to his every whim. They didn't talk much. What could she say that would interest him? What could he say that she would understand? He decided her life and that was enough.

After dinner she washed the dishes and put them away while her husband checked her work for the day, watching her on the security cameras he had set around the house.

"Kimmie, come here."

He called, she came.

"I see you stood in the laundry room for an hour today, doing nothing," he said. "Do you want to tell me about that?"

She dithered, clasping her hands behind her back, and said "I was thinking about how much I love you and I lost track of time."

"While I appreciate that, it made you rush around for the rest of the day, didn't it?" he asked, and she nodded. He stood up, cupping her ass and pulling her hips close to his own. "You must have had to drive very fast."

"I did," she said, though she hadn't thought so at the time. She frowned, creasing her pretty features, trying to remember...

"Kimmie," he demanded, and she turned her full attention to him. "You put yourself in danger. You could have gotten hurt. You could have damaged my property. Do you know what you have to do?"

She wanted to pretend that she didn't.

Instead, she went to fetch his crop and brought it to him. She turned and hiked up her skirt and bent over, resting her cheek on the counter top, stretching her arms over the length and clasping the other side. She was exposed. Helpless. He pulled her skirt up. She closed her eyes and whimpered.

There was a *swish* and a *thush* and her ass exploded in pain.

"Thank you, sir," cried Kim, "I'll do better sir, I promise I will."

Being owned, she could not apologize. She could only strive to be better than the person she had been. She couldn't even count out the number of swats she received, her legs kicking out to try and relieve the pain. This was the only way she could learn, he had told her that. She deserved this.

After, he pulled her up and held her in his strong arms and kissed her.

"I hate when you make me hurt you," he said, and she could feel his erection straining against his pants.

"Do you w-want t-to..."

"I would like to fuck you in your pretty little Kimmie, yes," he said, pushing her down over the counter top. She lay there, open and exposed, as he freed himself and pushed into her. Her head twisted and her legs wrapped around his waist as he mauled her pretty little tits.

When he was done he carried her to bed, removed her shoes and her pretty little dress, and lay her down in his bed. He lay next to her, holding her, cuddling her.

She lay awake, trying not to think. She was having treacherous thoughts about driving. She had driven fast but it had come to her like second nature. She frowned, cuddling her husband, keeping her aching ass off the bed sheets.

Eventually, she sighed and let go of her thoughts, drifting into a dreamless sleep.



Every second Tuesday, her husband invited their friends over.

Well, not *their* friends. Kim didn't really have friends. Her husband had friends who tolerated her for his sake, and she could smile at them and bat her eyes and dress pretty and feed them and feel like maybe it mattered that she was there.

She slaved the day before and the day of to prepare. There was always some even to cater to, and tonight there was a Big Game. Kim wasn't sure what the Big Game was, or even what game was being played, and she knew better than to ask. Her husband had told her once that she might be tempted to watch the game if she understood it, and it was better for her to be the perfect hostess. She felt genuine pride at being the perfect hostess.

"Maybe you can explain it to me when we go to one of their places," Kim said, and giggled.

"Sure thing, hon, when we do, I will," her husband told her.

They never went over to anyone else's house.

Well, *she* didn't.

Two of her husband's friends were Athena and Bonnie, and they both let Kim know that her husband went over to their houses some nights to fuck them when she wasn't good enough. They teased her about it, told her that maybe he'd leave her alone in the house forever if she wasn't good enough. She couldn't let that happen and had begged for their help, so they'd sent their husbands over to show her how to fuck.

Sometimes, they even came over themselves to fuck her, or to fuck her husband in front of her while she watched, standing by the side of the bed before being sent out to sleep alone on the couch.

Those nights kept her motivated.

She would do anything her husband wanted.

And so she put out snacks and put on a pretty dress and a friendly smile and went to answer the door when the bell rang. Bonnie Rockwaller and her husband, Señor Senior, Junior, came in, hugged her, kissed her, reached under her skirt to touch her. Bonnie slapped her ass and her face and walked in and sat down.

"Hey, Kimmie, two beers," she ordered, holding up two fingers.

"Right away!" Kim said with a smile, disentangling herself from Señor Senior, Junior.

She brought the beers over and found Bonnie and Señor Senior, Junior talking with her husband.

"She looks great," Bonnie said.

"She should, she does an hour of exercise a day," her husband smiled, "and she's highly motivated,

thanks to you and Athena, to keep me happy.”

“Who are you talking about?” Kim asked.

“No one important,” laughed Bonnie. The way Bonnie always looked at her made Kim think that Bonnie knew something she didn't, which was silly. There were many things Bonnie knew that Kim didn't.

The doorbell rang again and Kim scurried to the door as fast as her heels would allow, feeling her tummy flutter and her cheeks flushed. She opened the door and her smile was wide and genuine, a small choking laugh emerging from somewhere deep inside her.

“Hi, Ron,” she said, feeling shy.

“Hi, Kay-,” Ron said, also smiling. “I mean, hi, Kimmie.”

For a moment the world was almost perfect, really perfect, and then

“Hey, Kimmie,” Athena said, pushing past Ron and showing off the wedding band on her ring finger. Ron had a ring just like it. She tapped Kim's face on the way past her, running her hand across Kim's breast and down her hip, pulling her skirt up so everyone could see her lack of underwear.

Ron averted his eyes, flushing as he scooted past.

The game sounded exciting and Kim made sure everyone had drinks and food and anything else they needed. While getting another bowl of chips and home made salsa ready, Señor Senior, Junior came into the kitchen behind her.

“Can I get you anything,” Kim asked.

“Nah, don't mind me,” he said.

She turned back around and he got closer, pressed her up against the counter top, his hands pressing underneath her dress.

“What are you doing?” gasped Kim.

“I told you not to mind me,” he said, groping her breasts with one hand while the other travelled down her belly, fingers opening her, exploring her. She gasped again, shuddered against him, felt his erection nestle in the crack of her ass.

“O-okay,” managed Kim. She tried to continue making salsa while Señor Senior, Junior continued to toy with her. She shuddered, closing her eyes and nearly falling over, held up by his strong arms. “P-please... you're going to make me s-spill...”

“That sounds like a you problem,” Señor Senior, Junior said, pushing deeper inside her.

It would have been easy to lose herself on his fingers, but she imagined her husband's disappointment in her if she failed in this. She struggled. She whined and moaned. Her hips pushed down and back, down and back, but she managed to finish without spilling.

Señor Senior, Junior helped her deliver the chips and salsa, sitting down beside her husband. He held up his hand and let her lick her juices off his fingers.

“Did she spill?” her husband asked.

“No,” Señor Senior, Junior answered.

Her husband laughed, triumphant, as Athena handed him a crisp twenty dollar bill. Kim flushed

and looked away and shivered, caught between pride for her husband's faith and shame for a reason she could not name. Ron wouldn't look at her.

As she was retreating back to the kitchen, Bonnie called her.

"Hey, Kimmie, can you come here? I need somewhere to rest my feet."

"Sure thing!" Kim said, excited as she hurried over and got on her hands and knees. *Maybe I'll be able to watch the game!*

"Oh, I don't need my feet that high," Bonnie snickered. "Can you just lie on your back, face close to me? Just like that, yes." Bonnie didn't thank her, but she put one foot on Kim's face and the other on her breast. Kim couldn't see the game; she couldn't see anything.

But she felt it when Athena lifted her skirt with one hand and then started playing with her.

"Do you mind, Kimmie?" Athena asked.

"What?" squeaked Kim, and she heard everyone but Ron laugh.

"Your hands are in the way," Athena said. "Stick them under your ass and try not to move so much, I think Bonnie's just gotten comfortable."

"I have," Bonnie giggled.

Kim squirmed and Kim suffered while, above her, her husband and his friends cheered and watched the game. Athena's fingers left her and Bonnie got off her when there was a break in the game and Kim started to get up but Athena pushed her down, smiling, started to straddle her, and

"Hey, Brandon, do you mind if I borrow your wife?" Ron asked.

"Sure, buddy, have fun," her husband said. It hurt, how quickly he was willing to lend her, but it was with Ron so that wasn't so bad.

Ron, who helped her up.

Ron, who walked her down the hall and closed the door.

Ron, who let her get undressed, who asked if she wanted this, who held her.

With Ron everything felt different. His hands on her skin, her tongue on his shoulders, every touch a tingling echo of pleasure that thrummed along her skin. She wanted him. She dreamed of him. He wanted her, dreamed of her.

"I love you," she whispered, and it felt treasonous to say.

"I love you, too," he whispered, and kissed her.

He made her feel important, that she mattered. In his arms she felt like she could do or be anything, that maybe her life was meant for more than pretty dresses and pretty smiles and domestic tradwife slavery.

But then the game came back on and Athena called him back to the couch and her husband called her back to the kitchen.

"Sorry, KP," Ron said, then stopped. They both stared at one another for a long moment.

"Kimmie, clean him out of your cunt and get back here!" her husband shouted, and the moment was lost.



Once every month Athena came by for breakfast.

Kim would prepare an extra spot at the table and Athena and her husband would eat together and Kim would serve them until her husband left and Athena would do whatever she wanted and Kim would take it.

On these days, it was Athena who walked her husband to the door, Athena who kissed her husband good bye. Athena who closed the door and waited for Kim to clean up the mess Athena and her husband left behind.

“Come here, Kimmie,” Athena said, and Kim felt her heart flutter a little as she got to sit on a chair. She very rarely got to sit on chairs anymore. “How are you feeling?”

“Great,” smiled Kim.

“Good, good,” Athena also smiled. “Can you believe it's been a year since you got married to Brandon? Tell me, what's your favorite memory of the wedding?”

Kim felt her smile fracture a little. “I'm... I'm not sure.”

“I wondered,” Athena said. She was preparing a needle and she tied a tourniquet around Kim's arm, pulled her wrist and held it. “See, we never actually did a ceremony. Why waste the money?”

Kim hissed as Athena injected whatever it was into her.

“Let that settle on your muscles and keep you weak and docile,” Athena said, removing the needle and putting a piece of cotton where the needle had been. “Hold that.”

Kim did.

"You know Ron and I have saved the world three times this month?" Athena grinned, patting Kim's knee.

"I noticed that."

A new figure stepped out of the shadows, someone Kim didn't know but felt she should have. She had long black hair and brilliant green eyes and a pale green complexion. She was beautiful, powerful, everything that Kim was not, and one of her hands was glowing.

"You, what, drugged and reprogrammed her mind, and then took her place?" the newcomer asked. "Why?"

"Because I was never given a chance and I thought I could be better," Athena said. Kim yelped as she was pulled between the two women. "And I am better. I'm the hero she could never be."

"I still can't figure out how," the woman said. Her eyes narrowed and Kim felt her heartbeat quicken.

"Stolen technology, time, and careful planning," Athena answered. "Drakken had a good idea on how to beat her but he wasted it, so I took over."

"I'm glad someone was able to do something with it," Shogo muttered.

"What?"

"What?"

"That sounded like a compliment."

"I *am* evil, you know."

"... right," Athena sounded doubtful. "When she started wearing my colors, my brother and I knew our plan was working. Teaming up with Motor Ed and seeing her up close and personal confirmed that what we were doing was working."

"But you reprogrammed the whole world into thinking you're her!"

"What? No, not the whole world," Athena snorted. "Most people interact with maybe five hundred people in their whole lives. Kimmie here had a little under a thousand, so all we needed to do was affect them and then her. Much easier than the whole world."

"Kim?" the strange woman turned to her, looked at her. Kim whimpered, clinging to Athena. "Kim, it's alright. You can come with me, Kim. We can fix this."

"Why do you care?" Athena asked, lifting Kim's skirt over her ass, shoving her to the ground and keeping the skirt. "Do you want a piece? Go ahead, fuck what's left of her brains out."

"I don't want her," the strange woman hissed. "Not like this."

"Well, we have a problem then," Athena said. "Because if you're not willing to play nice in my sand box, I'll be forced to do to you what I did to her."

"Do what?" asked Kimmie, and the green woman looked at her with pity and horror.

Athena only laughed.