

Rogues Gallery (Villains to Lovers TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

The Dark Falcon stalks the night of Mistvale City, meting out justice to villainy. The crusader's greatest foes meet to finally defeat the hero, intending the ultimate humiliation: a mystical love stone that will transform him into a sultry, lustful woman! But when a leak springs in their lair, it'll be the villains transforming instead!

Rogues Gallery

The signal was in the air, a dark bird with its wings extended. The great Wing Light told all that the caped figure who was neither man nor falcon, but something in between, was on the prowl, and villainy should beware. None had managed to unmask him, nor truly defeat him, though some had come close. In the last five years of Mistvale City's history, the entrenched mafias and mobs had taken loss after loss, their influence on the rich and powerful greatly diminished from where it once had been, and all thanks to the crusading avenger who by night struck their operations.

Of course, as is always the case when a costumed vigilante gains ground within a city, new threats rose to greet it, each with their own theme, many of them twisted and obsessive and insane, and almost all of them wishing an appropriate demise upon the Dark Falcon for ending their respective reigns of terrors and locking them up in the loony bin.

But not all of them. A number of the Dark Falcon's most powerful and elusive enemies remained uncaptured, and as he gazed upon the signal lighting the sky above, he rose from his perch upon a gargoyle extending from one of Mistvale's many skyscrapers.

"What are they planning?" he asked himself in his low, brooding voice. "Where are they? What wicked schemes are they concocting right at this very moment?"

He steeled his body and his mind, ready for the worst. Then, he raised his grapnel hook, fired it to a nearby building, and flung himself off of the tower, swinging through the city towards whatever emergency lay in wait for him.

His rogues gallery were out there, he knew it. And worst of all, he feared they had finally learned to set aside their differences, and work together to undo him once and for all.

The villains were all gathered, appropriately enough, in an abandoned warehouse. The sirens and traffic of Mistvale continued outside, the ordinary denizens unknowing that some

of the most wicked criminals in the entire city were seated around a table beneath an occasionally flickering light, as if fearful of the Dark Falcon's imminent arrival. Each viewed the other suspiciously, waiting to unveil their plans, though few were willing to go first.

Mister Fused.

Malice.

The Roman.

Questioneer.

Lady Vine.

Four men, one woman, each brightly costumed in their own way. Each wanting to be the one whose plan to undo the caped bird of prey was chosen among the rest. In the end, it was Malice who brought his fist down upon the table.

"ENOUGH!" he yelled in his Brazilian-accented voice. He was an enormous figure, easily twice as big as any other present rogue. All of it was muscle, however, which was shown off by his combat gear. He had trained in some of the worst hells of the most violent militias and paramilitaries across the globe, and been subjected to numerous tests to create the ultimate supersoldier. Project Malice, as it had become known, had resulted in a failure, but only because it was too great a success to ever repeat; the man now calling himself by that project name had escaped after killing all the project scientists. He was nearly seven feet tall, his body swollen with muscle, and his intelligence was even enhanced by the process. The end result was a rogue who wore a black visorless helmet and black tactical combat gear, all of which was custom-sized for his form. He had chosen Mistvale City for his battleground, and the Dark Falcon as the ultimate warrior to take down. He was also out of *patience*, his olive-skinned face a grimace of annoyance, his thin goatee bristling as he snarled.

"I will go first then, if you are all cowards! The plan should be simple; the Dark Falcon must be defeated in body before he can ever be defeated in mind. I shall use each of you as distractions, slowly wearing down the caped avenger until only I remain. Then, when he is alone and weary, I shall ambush him and . . . *BREAK HIM.*"

There was a stunned silence.

"Seriously?" the Roman said. *"That's your plan? Sacrifice all of us distinguished and debonair individuals on the altar of your own overly-testosterone driven violent appetites? I think not!"*

Lady Vine chuckled. "Yeah, what's next - you'll throw a rock at him?"

Malice folded his arms. "If it was a *big* rock, it could work."

The only woman at the table groaned.

"Well, what would do, Lady Vine?" Malice questioned, glaring at her.

The woman in green smirked. She was a beautiful looking woman whose blonde hair fell over the shoulders of her green catsuit, which had stylised vine themes upon it. Of course, as any who tangled with her knew, they were actual, real vines layering her suit. She had been involved in an accident as a labtech at a botanical experimentation facility, and the results had left her able to control plant life. Hunted by the corporation for her genetic powers, she had resorted to a life of crime to support herself, and tangled many times with the Dark Falcon, even working with him occasionally. There was a great deal of sparks between the pair, but always the Falcon pulled away first before she could claim her greatest prize. For Lady Vine, beating the hero wasn't about killing him, but ensnaring him within her tendrils instead.

"Brute violence will never solve anything," she purred. "In fact, I think we can get the hero out of the way in the most simple fashion: seduction."

The Roman guffawed, his belly wobbling. "I'd like to hear this!" he declared, before eating more caviar and fine graped.

She fluttered her eyebrows at him teasingly. "Simple. I have developed a lipstick derived from a rare Scandinavian flower. If used correctly, I will be able to have the Dark Falcon placed into a deep slumber. After several weeks, his resting state will be ready to be woken from its hibernation. And there I shall be, bringing him forth into my green lair to enjoy the fruits of what I have to offer."

The Roman seemed to weigh this idea, though Malice clearly didn't like it. Mister Fused, on the other hand, was having an internal argument.

"Stupid, stupid! I'd never go along with such a plan!"

"But it could work, my other half. It would bring him low for a month. A whole month!"

"Not violent enough. Not controlling enough. I reject it outright. The bitch just wants her honeypot dipped. We want revenge!"

"F-fair, I understand that. Um, it seems we are of two minds on the subject."

They always were. Mister Fused was not one individual, but two. Formerly a petty criminal and an engineer, they had quite literally fused to one another when a particle engineering accident occurred while one tried to commit an act of thievery and the other was checking on the pipe's condition. Now they were one individual, looking as if they had been split down the middle and attached to the other like Frankenstein's monster: the light-skinned crook on the left, the dark-skinned engineer on the right. They were unpredictable, dangerous, and brilliant, using advanced technology in the most criminal ways, but their own worst enemy as much as the Dark Falcon's.

"Then perhaps," the last remaining voice in the room, belonging to the Questioner, "you would like to explain to us your own plan, Mister Fused. Or would it be plans, hehe?"

The crook side grimaced, but the engineer side smiled, eager to share.

“Well, we’d *have to get really violent on this one*. The accident that made us can be recreated, scientifically speaking, and *the Dark Falcon could end up as ugly as us*. I’ve theorised that we could combine him with an innocent hostage, *meaning that no matter what, if the Dark Falcon comes out to play at night, he’s ALWAYS endangering an individual.*”

The two voices found a unity, one appreciating the cruelty of the plan, the other its scientific potential. The Questioner looked impressed, and so did the Roman, who giggled at the absurdity of it all. Lady Vine was less joyous, however.

“And ruin such a perfectly good hunk of a man? Why destroy a man when you can use him!”

At this, the Roman interjected. “I agree, though perhaps not as the lovely lady would aspire to. My concern is more with monetary matters than those of the flesh. You see, if there is one thing we can all agree on, it is that the Dark Falcon has great assets at his disposal, and I am not referring to, ahem, his pectoral and bicep-related attraction.”

Lady Vine frowned, aware she was being teased.

“Instead,” the Roman said. “I would like to target his powers of finance, his industry. Through my various arms dealing I have come into possession of a chip which, if installed in his Falconcar, would allow me to take control of it, and then home it back to its repair location. From there, I could seize control of his digital access, and transfer his wealth - much-needed to keep his equipment running - to me! Well, to us, provided a percentage take is worked out, of course.”

He sat back, patting his fat belly. The Roman was named appropriately; he was fat and lazy, at least when it came to physical action, and he was certainly no looker, either. But he was a dangerous foe, always hiding behind the loopholes of the law to continue his smuggling and arms business running. He attired himself in robes, hence the name, and his aquiline nose and curly hair also added to the moniker. Most of all, though, was his libertine lifestyle, one fuelled by hedonism and an enjoyment of pretty women and good food. A regular Caligula, in many ways.

Unfortunately, though he had dreamt up this plan for months, it was immediately clear that it did not impress any of the others.

“A carjacking?” Lady Vine said. “Seriously?”

“It would cause financial woe!”

“There is no greater woe than breaking a spine,” Malice grunted. “Financial ruin is for the capitalistic class. It is the actions of a weak vulture, not a revolutionary.”

“I rather like capitalism. It’s done my fat self well.”

“I don’t mind it,” Mister Fused started. “*But the other me hates it. It won’t put him out of commission. He’ll get it all back!*”

“Agreed,” the Questioner said, finally standing to look over them all. “We need something far, far more potent. Something that will not only defeat the Dark Falcon for good, but bring him to his knees in humiliating submission. Thankfully, I have just such a thing.”

He was a very tall, very thin man, but despite his non-threatening demeanour and purple-themed suit and top hat, he was in many ways the most dangerous and obsessive foe of them all, and perhaps the only intelligence to truly match that of the Dark Falcon. His riddles and cryptic messages confounded all but his ultimate nemesis, and his thrill-seeking knew no bounds. The Questioner had rigged banks to explode, docks to crumble, mayors to be assassinated, water wells to be poisoned, floodgates to be opened during high tide, and more, all to provide a race against time for the caped bird of prey. Each time he had been beaten, but always he was looking for an edge. Now, after much searching through old times, he had one that the Dark Falcon would *never* expect.

The purple-clothed man retrieved a lush red diamond from his coat pocket and placed it upon the table before them. The Roman’s eyes widened, dreaming of displaying such a ruby in his estate, while Lady Vine just scoffed; she had stolen bigger and more valuable stones already. Malice just frowned.

“You wish to fund an operation with this?” he said in his accented tone.

“Not at all. This is what funding has given me, in fact, my overly-muscle friend,” the Questioner said.

“Is it scientific in nature?” Mister Fused said, hopefully. *“Because we could construct a painful laser that would leave him in perpetual agony!”*

“Oh, this is far more fun. As you all know, I am a practical man, but we know that forces of mystic power exist in this universe: Lady Atlas over in Gate City is evidence of this, with her arcane powers gifted to her by the Gods. Well, this item has been touched by the gods too, ancient pagan gods of fertility, love, and *lust*, and further endowed with great transformative powers.”

Lady Vine leaned forward. This felt more like her specialty, rather than his, and from the gleam in the Questioner’s eye, it was obvious he enjoyed having one over her.

“Transformative . . . how?” she asked.

The brilliant rogue smirked, grabbing the ruby and flinging it in the air and easily catching it with his other hand like a showman.

“The kind of transformation that we can *all* enjoy, I’m sure, even you, Lady Vine. You do bat for both teams, don’t you?”

“What?”

“Oh, I’m not even being cryptic, my dear. I’m simply asking if you are of a . . . let’s say, Sapphic persuasion, at least in part?”

Lady Vine blushed, frowning at the purple-coated man. "I've had my college fun in the past at the sorority. How did you know about that?"

"My Lady, I know *everything*, including the powers of this crystal. Correctly attuned, it can be used to curse an individual so that they not only become entirely compliant with the desires of the gem's holder, but that they take on the *form* that the gem's holder desires."

"What kind of form?" Malice demanded. "We are turning him into a henchman of ours, yes?"

"Not at all, what a waste that would be! No, a far more humiliating fate awaits the Dark Falcon. I say we turned him into . . . *our concubine*."

There was a gasp - two gasps from Mister Fused, in fact - as they each processed this. It was the Roman who began to smirk first, however. He consumed some caviar and grapes, and then guffawed at the notion.

"Yes! The Dark Falcon made into our own lustful beauty! Yes, I can imagine the massages she would give as a busty beauty indeed, dressed up in a fine revealing Roman stola. Mhmm! The orgies we could have!"

"No!" Malice said, banging his fists and cracking his edge of the table. "He should become a fighting woman to match my own prowess. A sparring partner worthy of bearing me sons of honour to carry on my struggles towards power!"

"You both lack imagination," Mister Fused said in his engineer's voice, before turning his Caucasian side to them. "*We would need him to become TWO women, one for each side, you see*. Besides, it would yield terrific studies in biochemistry, which I've been studying."

"And I," Questionnaire said, "would allow each of you these forms, as you please and more! The ruby's power is changeable, letting me control who the Dark Falcon lusts for, and what form he takes each day. We could share him between us, or enjoy his dances for our shared amusement!"

The various rogues seemed to agree with this. *Seemed* being the operative word here, for Lady Vine's smile seemed slightly forced. Ever aware, the Questioner caught this, and frowned.

"Lady Vine, it seems you're holding something back from us. You know, I just realised you never shared with us *your* vision of the Dark Falcon's changed visage. Tell me, how would you have him?"

All eyes turned to her, and Lady Vine stood from her chair slowly and removed her glasses. "I wouldn't change him one bit."

A pregnant pause followed.

"I'm not sure I understand," the Roman said.

"It's simple," Lady Vine. "As much as I never quite catch him, the chase is ever so fun. I would love to defeat the caped avenger, but I would never reduce him. He's too much of a man, and I would never take that from him. Would I?"

The Questioner's eyebrows raised, the missing piece falling into place.

"She's not talking to us," he hissed. "She's talking to *him!* *HE'S HERE!*"

The light had been flickering for a reason, because now it shut off. The skylight smashed moments later, a shower of glass falling down upon the table as the Dark Falcon descended into the room, winged cape extended to break his fall.

"Took you long enough!" Lady Vine called out.

He grabbed her, hurling her aside as Mister Fused quickly provided some lighting in the room, specifically by brandishing a tommy gun and firing wildly in their general direction. The Dark Falcon just managed to get to safety, pulling Lady Vine with him, her body pressed up against his.

"Mhmm," she murmured. "*This* is rather fun, isn't it?"

"Thanks for the tip," he replied in his brooding tone. "I'd rather not be the Roman's latest girlfriend."

"What about my boyfriend, lover?" she purred.

But then a grenade landed at their feet, courtesy of Malice. Lady Vine extended a tendril, throwing it back where it came, and several screams rang out as the villains ran for cover.

"There's no time for this kind of banter, Lady Vine," the Dark Falcon said. "Let's wrap up here first."

"Sure, sure, never time for flirting with you! I swear, I was almost tempted by that ruby!"

"Then let's make it our priority. The Questioner cannot be allowed to have such power. None of them can!"

The pair leapt into action, jumping from the cover of the old, disused printing machines that lined the long-forgotten warehouse, each tackling the foes before them. Malice was a direct threat, and the Dark Falcon leapt into combat, using his eagle stars to slice his grenade belt, then engaging in a martial arts fight. Lady Vine easily subdued the Roman, who was calling for his minions to do his dirty work, unaware they had already been knocked unconscious outside.

"Help!" he squawked. "Someone attain the ruby before we are mired in defeat and incarcerated once more, I say!"

Mister Fused was on it: he brandished his tommy gun in Lady Vine's direction, firing a stream of bullets that barely missed the Roman, and only did so because of his short stature.

The Dark Falcon threw an eagle star at the combination villain, knocking him aside momentarily, but unfortunately it allowed Malice to land a devastating blow to his stomach.

“Watch out, Lady Vine!” he yelled right before the hit, and the woman managed to skid across the table, avoiding the gun fire. She was heading right for the Ruby, and the Questioner realised it. The villain went for the gemstone, his hand landed on it at the same time as her tendril.

“No! This is mine to use, you traitor!” he cried.

“I’d rather be in bed with the Dark Falcon - literally - than you, Questioner!”

He snarled as she pulled the ruby from his grip, the tendril depositing it in hers, but he quickly took a detonator from his sleeve.

“Poor, foolish woman. And you thought I wouldn’t have contingencies!”

The Dark Falcon realised what was happening before she did: in the tussle over the gem, the Questioner had attached a bomb to its underside, ready to blow. The villain was already running, but tripped on a vine that she lashed out to tie him up.

“Um, I’m no good with bombs!” she declared.

The Dark Falcon leapt up, kicking Malice in the head and knocking him down for now. Mister Fused was already reloading his weapon, but his engineer side managed to regain control for a moment. “Stop it, brother! Look at the structure of that bomb - if it blows, we all go! Don’t fire!”

The Dark Falcon grabbed the gem, and it shone brightly as he held it, as it did for any holding the magical gemstone. He wasn’t interested in this, however, so much as the bomb. It was ticking down, and there was little time remaining - just ten seconds.

“Damn,” he said. “Everyone, cover your heads!”

He attached the gem to his grapnel hook, and fired it through the skylight to his Eaglewing which waited, hovering above. The grapnel hook pulled, dragging the gemstone up above the warehouse.

Unfortunately, it detonated just as it cleared the skylight, sending a shower of ruby shards down upon those within the warehouse. Mister Fused screeched as his crooked side took several shards in the face, and the Questioner howled at the same. Malice took the shards with quiet dignity compared to the Roman, who blubbered and cried. The Dark Falcon acted quickly to protect Lady Vine, but she had already erupted a number of root tendrils to defend her, and they served as a barrier to his efforts. She gasped as several shards hit her arm. Only the Dark Falcon’s quick reactions and state-of-the-art body armour protected him.

Silence followed.

“What the hell just happened!?” the Roman exclaimed, still struggling against the vines. “Questioner, you bastard, what was that!?”

The Questioner startled, rising upon his beanpole legs. He felt over his face, and was startled to find that various shards of the ruby had embedded painfully in the skin.

“The mystic ruby! Dark Falcon, you nitwitted knight, you’ve ruined everything! Months of planning washed down the toilet!”

But then, something strange happened. As the various villains tried to pick out the shards embedded in their skin, the shards instead began to sink deeper, as if absorbing into their very systems. Lady Vine gasped, trying to use her root tendrils to remove them, but her plant powers were useless; the gem fragments were becoming part of her, disintegrating into her very form. The same was true of everyone. The Roman squealed in horror as he absorbed them, while Malice roared in fury, punching and scraping at his arms in order to get rid of this incursion upon his perfect body. Fused’s more innocent half was fascinated by the process, but his criminal half snarled, picking out as many pieces as possible and barely getting any. Only the Dark Falcon was unaffected, and he observed these events curiously, feeling a strange thrumming of power within him, which had occurred when he’d last held the mystic ruby.

“Questioner!” he yelled. “What’s happening?”

“Oh, you’d like me to give away answers, wouldn’t you!? But, Dark Falcon, this is one case where I *don’t* have all the answers, damn you! The gem was never meant to be shattered, but as far as I can tell it’s becoming part of ourselves, almost as if the power of the gem - oh no.”

The realisation hit just moments before the effects did. The purple-clothed villain grunted, then squirmed as a series of pressures rippled down his form. “No! No, he held the gem last! The Dark Falcon held the gem last! Ohhh!”

Mister Fused began to groan, clutching his chest which began to ripple also. spoke with both tones at once: “What does that mean? *Explain yourself!?*”

Malice crunched part of the table with his fists, stepping back as more of the shards absorbed into him and more energy rushed into his core. He tore at his combat uniform, struggling to deal with the odd sensations beneath his skin.

“It means our eternal foe’s sexual desires and whims were projected through the gemstone, you nitwits!” the Questioner screeched, voice becoming ever higher. His dark brown hair began to flow out from under his top hat, pushing it off to reveal just how long it was becoming.

The Roman’s beaked nose began to withdraw and flatten a little, and his bald spot filled out with hair. He managed to pull free of the vines, but only because his gut started to pull back into his body, his weight shrinking. “You don’t perchance mean to say that we’re - that we’re -”

“Becoming his deepest desires! Or at least, some variant upon them!” the Questioner yelled.

The Dark Falcon’s body language was one of surprise, particularly as Lady Vine moaned, her beautiful body thrumming to the rhythm of this mystic ruby’s power.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned, her hair starting to turn a fiery red from its regular blonde. “Wh-what are you doing to me?”

“I’m not doing anything!” Dark Falcon said, moving to her side to check her pulse. “I swear it.”

“You d-don’t like redheads, then?”

He paused, and that seemed answer enough.

“God, we’re becoming your fantasies!”

“How do I reverse it?” Dark Falcon yelled, moving straight to the Questioner and grabbing him by the collar, pulling him into the air. The tall villain had already lost some height, and his face was starting to shift around, becoming less gaunt and more lovely by the second. His jaw cracked, giving him a more feminine round shape to his face, and his misshapen teeth became perfect to look upon, framed by increasingly full lips.

“It’s magical art, you dark-winged dolt!” he cried, sounding more and more like a woman. “It took me months - ahhh - to learn it! What hope could you h-have!? Ugh!”

His nipples stiffened, throbbing as they grew, becoming more sensitive by the moment. He could feel his chest pushing out, and the sheer humiliation of it was enough to make him groan in shame.

“Give me something, then!” Dark Falcon said. “This is your fate, and everyone else’s! I’m the only one unaffected, Questioner, look!”

The villain did, managing to look past his own changes to see the others. Even for such a usually heartless individual, they were shocked.

Malice was roaring, punching at a pillar and smashing a printing press machine to smithereens as he tried to fight against the changes, failing at every turn. He had already shrunk down from his seven foot height, though he was still an immense six-foot-five, but his shaved head now had a thin coating of curly black hair, like a tactical female cut. His face was still fierce, but definitely softer, and lacked any facial hair whatsoever. His bulky form remained incredibly strong, but had a lithe muscularity to it now, more befitting an amazonian female warrior than a man with far too much testosterone. He had only a white singlet on his torso now that he’d pulled away his tactical gear, and in doing so was now showing how hairless and smooth his skin was, though the impressive latticework of scars remained. Muscles still bulged, but the overall shape of his figure was altering; hips widening impressively, his pecs beginning to swell.

“NO! I will not succumb to this foul bruja magic! I WILL NOT!”

The Roman was also struggling, moving like a penguin on the warehouse floor as he tried to disentangle the last of the vines from his feet. His stomach continued to recede, but it also looked like he was regressing in age as he feminised, from a man in his late fifties back into his forties, then his late thirties. His fat chest remained so, though, only his doughy man-bosom was starting to become pert and full, with nipples that stretched the front of his clothing.

“This is a fate worse than any from *Dante’s Inferno!* I demand you be our Virgil and guide us from it, dark avenger! I will not be unmanned like some common concubine!”

Mister Fused was of two minds about it, as he was about everything. His dark-skinned engineer half watched the transformation of his body with fascination, observing the genetic alteration and wishing this was more his field of specialty - perhaps a ray could be devised to recreate this effect? But his pale criminal half was trying to reach for a gun to end his own misery, only for his better to bat away his hand for this dramatic gesture.

“*Stop getting in my way! I’d rather die than end up some woman! Or perhaps it won’t be so bad - reversible, even! I can’t lead one of the most powerful criminal organisations as a woman! Why not? Many have, historically. BECAUSE IT’S HUMILIATING!*”

Last of all, there was Lady Vine. Already a woman, she was still changing, breathing heavily as the Dark Falcon’s gaze fell upon her, concern yet interest in the eyes behind his bird of prey cowl. She was flushed with heat, moaning sensually as she ran her hands over her body. It was a good thing that her catsuit and plant-coverings were able to grow and adapt to her form, because she was becoming quite . . . *enhanced*.

“Ohhhh, D-Dark Falcon! I never knew you liked such an - ahh! - ample ch-chest in a woman! Mhmm!”

Her breasts, slim yet lovely, rose to greater prominence, and her catsuit parted from her clavicle down to her cleavage in order to expose her lovely flesh further. Her hips widened, just a little, and her now-red hair - so red as to be delightfully unnatural - flowed further and further until it was the length of her waist. Her lips became ruby red also, just like the gem, but it was her breasts that she cupped with the most interest, pressing them together and savouring the sensations.

“It’s nice to kn-know you’re interested! J-just needed a boob job - ahh!”

The Questioner beheld all of these changes, including his own. His vision blurred, and he realised that he needed glasses as his form shrank. Good God, he was becoming some kind of sexy nerd fantasy! What could be more humiliating? Well, a blonde bimbo, of course - but perish that thought! Too bad his hair was already starting to turn a light blonde.

“Shit!” he exclaimed, still in the Dark Falcon’s grip. He’d stopped paying attention - the caped avenger was demanding a way to fix this. He could normally split his attention seven ways, what had gone wrong?

He quickly deduced the worst scenario: his mind was dimming, reducing his vast intelligence to that of the very blonde bimbo he’d just imagined in his head. Clearly his own inhibitions were having an effect on the proceedings!

“You’ve g-got to - ahhh - preserve us in your mind, Dark Falcon! Use that thick skull of yours f-for once! Mhmm!”

He moaned, feeling his breasts growing, his member shrinking. The same was true for all the other male villains in the room. Malice had collapsed to the side with an earthquaking *thud*, huge (if slightly smaller) hands now between his legs, gripping a manhood that was rapidly disappearing into nothingness.

“I will not be defeated this way! I am MALICE! I am the scourge of authority, the soldier who serves only his cause! No prison can hold me, and I will not accept a prison of *this* body! NGHH!”

But the changes were happening regardless, just as the Roman’s lips became plump and kissable, his rear no longer fat and drooping but, well, *fat* still, but in all the right pert and rounded ways.

The Dark Falcon hurled the Questioner away, and the changing villain landed with a girlish squeak, hair still falling down over his shoulders, his pelvis beginning to widen.

“Do it, you stupid bird of prey!” he yelled, voice cracking again. “Before you doom us all! This is a sym - symbio - this is a two-way process! We’re taking on features about ourselves but still warping to remain submissive and attractive to you! We need you to, like, focus that goody two-shoes willpower of yours!”

The Dark Falcon frowned. This was *not* the kind of night he’d hoped to be having, but he was still a superhero, still a man who sought justice. And besides, much as Lady Vine could be a criminal, he did have an attachment to her, and she had helped him this night. And right now she was writhing as her body gained new curves, becoming ever more sumptuous by the moment, her libido off the charts.

“Everyone be quiet!” he commanded, and they did so, falling to a series of murmurs and moans, their bodies still altering magically. “I need to concentrate. I’ll do what I can to refocus on what I want you to be.”

He did so, pressing his fingers to his temples, focusing within his cowled helm. He pictured each of the members of his rogues gallery in the room, as he knew them to be.

The Questioner: the purple clothed man with an intellectual chip on his black, tall and unassumingly scrawny yet deadly in his plans.

Mister Fused: the man split in two, whose schemes could be as erratic as his self-arguments, but whose twin obsessions with experimentation and wealth led to great danger.

Malice: the man who hunted heroes, who fought to dominate Mistvale City itself. Tall, strong, implacable, with a will like steel, and a desire to break all who got in his way.

The Roman: fat and ugly in personality as well as looks. A man who made his fortune off of smuggling weapons and drugs, who believed money offered him the ultimate security.

"It's working!" the Roman cried, his fat deposits reappearing, his hooked nose extending outwards, his member halting its retreat.

"Good, finally!" Mister Fused, said. "*And if anyone ever mentions this, we'll slit their throats!*"

Even Malice seemed to grit his teeth and nod to the Dark Falcon, as if recognising honourably that he owed him one . . . just this once.

But then Dark Falcon turned his mind to the last affected individual in the room. Lady Vine had risen to her feet and had her back pressed against a concrete pillar. She squirmed against it, moaning as she cupped her now-generously sized breasts. She had previously had lovely, slim proportions, but now she was busting out of her leafy green catsuit, her chest having seemingly tripled in size and still growing beyond the proportions of a Double-D cup size. And that was to say nothing of how her legs had become longer, her waist just that little bit thinner, her rear . . . delectable as derrieres can possibly get.

The Dark Falcon had always had the good fortune to date beautiful women, even if just for a cover. By day, he was billionaire Derek Lane, and so it was not surprising for the public to see him with a supermodel upon his arm. And while he secretly had a sacred mission by night, a holy devotion to defeating the evil of criminality in his city, there was no denying that allure of a beautiful woman. Sometimes they had been . . . a distraction to him, one might say.

Unfortunately for them all, Lady Vine had inadvertently *become* that very distraction, causing his thoughts to go sideways as he gazed at her deep curve of cleavage, her voluptuous form, the way her full lips pursed as she moaned and ran her hands through her red hair. There was indeed a two-way connection thanks to the shattered gem: they were affecting their own changes without realising it, drawn to the Dark Falcon's manly presence, but the Dark Falcon too was being pulled towards them, a series of compulsions pushing down on his mind to let their transformations continue. To let them be reformed in an altogether strange and very sensual fashion. His mind, normally a steel cage, was infiltrated with thoughts of these villains pleasing him, serving his mission rather than fighting against it, and doing so while looking . . . very attractive.

And, of course, there were even dirtier thoughts that the gem's fragments tugged his thoughts towards, such as how the Roman would *feel* with a pair of large, supple breasts, or how he could finally commit to Lady Vine and stop being so afraid of intimacy with the antiheroine.

The Questioner howled, his member shrinking further until it was just a nub. Even his clothes were magically changing now, becoming less of a thick suit and more of a tight piece of sexy office wear: a dark purple pencil skirt and a lighter violet blouse, the top buttons undone to reveal his swelling breasts. His hair was light blonde now, and his intelligence now in freefall.

"Like, no! It's happening again! You've got to, you know, get your thoughts in order and stuff, you stupid sexy hunk of a superhero! NGHH!"

It was too late, because suddenly the Questioner's member pulled back into his body, a new feminine tunnel forming in its place. He gasped, outraged at this alteration, but there was no stopping the changes now, nor the mental transformation that saw it impossible for the Questioner to think of himself - or *herself* - as anything but female.

"Are you freakin' serious!?" she cried in a valley girl voice.

Mister Fused was struggling as well: whatever restoration to manhood his two sides had experienced was now being re-reversed. His dark-skinned side had developed an attractive loose afro and gorgeous dark features, full-lipped and with prominent cheekbones. The Caucasian side had pale white hair and what appeared to be an albino-like complexion, complete with a rather hypnotic-looking red eye. The two halves appeared like two different supermodels; curvier on the engineer's side, and more svelte on the criminal side.

"This is s-strange feeling!" he said, looking at the way he now had a split dress: white and tight on one side, a flowing red on the other, but certainly showing off all the right features still. "I'd rather not be a woman, you know! *In fact, I say we kill him and be done with it! It'll save us all!*"

The Roman was now completely free, but his body had taken on wild changes. He now appeared to be a thick-bodied and very curvaceous maternal type, the kind that less mature individuals might even call a 'MILF,' which was exactly how he was thinking of himself at that moment. His age had thankfully halted in the late-thirties range, but he now had curly black hair and a domineering face that was as beautiful as it was steely. His bosom was impressive, but his truly noticeably asset was his pear-shaped body, with emphasised hips and an impressively-sized rear. It didn't hurt that the Roman appeared to be dressed like an ancient noblewoman in flowing attire that clung to those places; like a plump goddess of fertility, albeit one of mature age.

"Gah! This merciless fate cannot be countenanced. Attack the Dark Falcon! His death will free us before his rather handsome visage becomes the object of our lusts!"

Malice needed no further encouragement. She was a powerful, well-built woman with buzzcut hair and a mean expression. And because she was still built like a freight train - even if she was an athletically attractive one - she careened toward the Dark Falcon one stomping boot after the other.

“I WILL KILL YOU BEFORE I TURN! WE WILL DIE BEFORE WE MATE, MIGHTY FALCON!”

It took every force of will, but she began to trade blows with the Dark Falcon, who leapt out of the way of her fists and swept his leg beneath her. She stopped, but *Miss Fused* already had her tommy gun again, and was firing wildly. Lady Vine managed to become one with her new form, luscious and jiggly as it was, because once again she saved the Falcon's life, directing her tendrils to careen into the path of the bullets. In response, Miss Fused turned her gun upon the antiheroine. Thankfully, Dark Falcon threw one of his eagle wings at the combination villain knocking the gun once again from his hand. But he immediately had to use his grapnel and swing forward to avoid a strike from Malice, followed by an unexpected swipe from the Roman, who had pulled a sword from his cane and was brandishing it with surprisingly effective skill.

“I'll slice you to ribbons before I become your Roman wife, caped avenger!” she cried. Her ancient dress spilled around her feet, her thick body wobbling in surprising new places, and this worked against her; with one overly-quick spin to try and slash at the Dark Falcon, her bosom proved overly top-heavy for her, and she crashed down to the ground, unused to the change in her centre of gravity.

“This is inconceivable!”

But Lady Vine's tendrils covered over the Roman once more, and this time she would not be getting up. Dark Falcon leapt over the table and kicked Miss Fused in the side of the head.

“Sorry, but I don't have time to deal with this!” he said. “You're making me lose my concentration!”

It was true; each of the transformees was only getting worse. Malice leapt forward, attempting to pummel her foe, but the hero was ready for her, knocking her aside into a metal pole that clanged heavily against her head. She fell to the ground, clutching it, even as her clothing changed to an outfit that was still tactical and battle-ready, but consisted of a tight black sleeveless combat shirt and military camouflage pants.

“Ughhh, I can f-feel the change. Don't want to break you, except in . . . damn it all - in bed!”

Miss Fused was likewise struggling. She staggered across the ground, both parts of her arguing whether to fight or flee. *Fight* won, but neither part of her could pick up the tommy gun before them, at least not to hurt the Dark Falcon. Such an idea now seemed

impossible to consider. The stalwart hero was already facing off against the next enemy to come, and there was something *beautiful* in his movements. The pair shared little, but a fascination with this hero and a wet warmth in their new womanhood was definitely an experience they both felt. They collapsed backwards, panting from the mental effort, unable to fight these new feelings. Miss Fused appeared like two supermodels welded together down the middle - one light, one dark, both exquisitely beautiful.

“I want to make love to him.”

“I want to fuck his brains out.”

That just left the Questioner, who snarled, doing her best to fight her diminishing intellect. She had numerous mental programs and meditations and mind games to hone her brain, and she called upon all of them just to hold out a little bit longer.

“Turn me back now, dark avenger!” she cried in a haughty, even as her body became that of a buxom blonde beauty, her legs encased in pantyhose as if she were the most attractive and seductive office worker in the world. “If you don’t, I’ll end you now. You’ll either, like, turn me back, or I’ll at least take you out so I won’t fuck that sexy hero bod of yours every day and night that totally not cool gem makes me want to!”

The Dark Falcon couldn’t help himself; he actually *smirked*, not just at the notion of his ultimate nemesis being reduced to a brainless beauty, but also because the gem connection was making it hard for even *him* to resist the prospect of what she had just suggested. The Questioner even had a rather sexy domino mask to ‘hide’ her features, and the effect was it just made her all the more enticing.

“It’s over, Questioner,” he said. “Surrender right now and I’ll try to fix what I can - if I can fix it at all. But if you threaten violence, my mind will only be further distracted.”

The villain narrowed her eyes. There was logic in his words, but her emotion was starting to get the best of her as her own logic functions crumbled.

“You want to talk, like, about distraction!?! You’re not the one becoming a tooootal fashionista villainous here, sexy!”

She withdrew a second detonator, clicking it before she could hesitate. This time numerous pillars lit up across the warehouse; munitions carefully planted far ahead of time by the foe, just in case anything went awry.

“Say goodnight, Gracie!” she cried, her voice now a sweet soprano that failed to match up against the dastardly act she was committing.

The Dark Falcon lunged at her, but as he ripped the detonator from her grip, the device was crushed from the tussle, leaving the detonation sequenced primed and activated.

“EVERYBODY OUT, NOW!” the Dark Falcon cried. He grabbed Lady Vine with ease, hoisting her up in his arms as if he were a groom carrying a bride across the threshold. The now incredibly busty and desirable redhead cooed in arousal just from the sensation of it all,

and she placed her hands around his neck, as he vaulted from the building. Miss Fused followed, and free from the vines *yet again*, the Roman swiftly ran as well, large chest bouncing heavily against her stola.

The first detonation blocked the immediate exit, however, and the Dark Falcon had to leap back to avoid the flames.

“Malice!” he called. “I need you to find me a way out!”

Something in that tone willed Malice obey. The strong-armed woman wanted nothing more than to break the Dark Falcon, except now it was to break him in the bedroom, using her superior strength to pleasure them both.

“ON IT!” she cried, and she ran straight to a wall, crashing through it like a cartoon character and out the other side.

Dark Falcon smirked: Malice hadn’t changed *too* much, then. Still an implacable foe that could be pointed in the right direction with a simple challenge. He carried Lady Vine out and placed her on the ground outside the building, brushing her hair gently even as the others exited.

“Are you okay?”

“Mhmm,” she moaned, far more seductively than she ordinarily acted. “I will be, thanks to you. God, I think this whole ruby incident thing has made me much, much less scared of commitment, big guy.”

He smirked. “Me too. Unfortunately, there’s still one left to get.”

The caped avenger ran back into the warehouse, even as more explosions set off and the roof sagged. Fire was everywhere, and debris too, but the Questioner was still upon the ground, trapped beneath a fallen girder.

“Don’t you, like, dare rescue me!” she cried, her clothing ripped in some rather suggestive places. “This was meant to be your total defeat, dark crusader! I wasn’t, you know, meant to totally want to bang you every day and stuff!”

The Dark Falcon lifted the girder with ease, then looked at her, extending a hand.

“How about we just start you off as my secretary?” he suggested. “You might even learn my secret identity. How about that?”

She bit her lip. Her love of secrets evidently remained, and he got the sense through their mystical bond that she would also keep them. The Questioner always had. He hoisted her up over his shoulder, but before he could properly put her in place she adjusted herself and pressed her lips against his, moaning in embarrassment, shame, and deep, deep arousal.

“Mhmmm, my hero!” she said, without a trace of irony this time. “You better, like, totally make this flop of a plan worth it!”

He just smirked, unbelieving how the night's events had gone, then ran out of the burning warehouse, the last member of the altered rogues gallery in tow. He arrived to their safe spot and set her down, though she tried to cling to him, evidently already given over to her wanton lusts for him. The strangest part was that he *wanted* her to give in, because he wanted the same. He wanted the same of all of them, in fact.

The Questioner, with her sexy secretary look, her eyes intelligent in some ways and totally bimbo naive in others. Blonde and busty, and certainly aroused.

Miss Fused, appearing like a pair of supermodels Frankesteined together. Ice and fire, darkness and light, chocolate brown skin and porcelain white. Something about them seemed oh-so-taboo, but from the way they were staring at him, the intensity was a two-way street.

The Roman was acting very above it all, but it was clear even as she had her nose turned up high and her body pointed the other way that she was sneaking glances at the younger man, imagining all the libertine pleasures she could visit upon him.

Malice was simple: she looked like she wanted to crush the Dark Falcon between her thighs and dominate him, and the Dark Falcon wasn't exactly opposed to such a concept. He respected a strong woman, after all.

And lastly, there was Lady Vine. Many times in his life, the Dark Falcon had been forced to straddle the line between devotion to his duty and the desires in his heart, the distribution of righteous justice with a sympathy and connection to an antiheroic individual such as her. Many times they'd flirted, and many times one or both of them had broken away, their worlds overlapping but never fully connecting.

Now, the mystic connection he shared with her seemed to clarify a number of things. As bizarre as this entire situation was, he found that he truly wanted Lady Vine.

Melissa. Melissa Groves.

He'd known her name for some time, but not dared to hope that he would know her so intimately, not while so devoted to the cause.

Well, now the cause seemed to have a new dimension, and there Lady Ivy was, lying against the bonnet of his Falconcar, looking every part the most attractive and sensual woman he'd ever seen, and also the one who understood him the most.

"Found a new perspective at last, my knight?" she said coyly as he approached.

All the other villains watched as he loomed over her. Then, to their surprise and her delight, the Dark Falcon pulled her up against him and kissed her deeply, passionately, and for a long time. When he parted from her lips, she smiled.

And, for just a moment, so did the ordinarily brooding hero.

"No fair!" the Roman said.

"Should've been me," the Questioner muttered.

The Dark Falcon just turned to look at them with a smirk as the sound of sirens approached from the west.

“Hurry up, then,” he said. “Let’s get you all somewhere safe and . . . private.”

At that, there was a sudden mad rush.

The Dark Falcon had never met such a challenge. As hard as he fought, there was simply no way to escape. His foe had him trapped, his body beaten, his strength undone at every turn. He panted, unable to fight any longer, his implacable enemy clearly revelling in his defeat.

“No fight left in you, hmmm?” Mercy, formerly known as Malice, said. “Then it is time for me to break you, Mr Lane. Break you, and take my *prize*.”

Derek Lane, billionaire industrialist and secret superhero vigilante of Mistvale city, grinned.

“Looks like you win this round, *Mercy*. I’ll just have to best you tomorrow.”

“Good, because I intend to keep you on your toes. Now, make *mine* curl, Mr Lane!”

She lowered herself onto Derek’s rigid member, then grunted with satisfaction as he slid into her passage. Soon she was riding Derek with wild abandon, revelling in her own power and muscles. She had once wanted to dominate the entire city as its underworld leader, but now she had something even better: she dominated the city’s protector, and in doing so ensured that he was always at his best, and his estates secured against any threats as his permanent on-site security advisor. There were also *these* perks, too.

“Yessss, Mr Lane! Give in to the passion! Allow me to fuck you. Touch my body all you want, but know that it is *yours* that is mine! Mine to BREAK AND HOLD AS I WISH! AS I - AAAHHHHH!!!”

She roared like a lioness as she seized up in orgasm, and in that same moment Derek gasped as well, ejaculating into her depths as he gripped her muscular thighs, which in turn refused to let him go until he was entirely spent.

“Another victory,” Mercy declared several minutes later, after she had managed to get off of her comfortable lover and begin cleaning herself up. “I shall go see to your estate defences, Mr Lane. As always, it is a pleasure to ensure your skills, in every sense, are up to scratch, as you put it.”

Derek definitely had bruises in new places, but that was no problem. Romana would clean them up. She was a spectacular head caretaker for his estates, and an equally proficient medic when it came to his ‘nocturnal vigilante escapades,’ as she liked to elaborately put it. In fact, she was passing right down the hall once he exited, having dressed in a button up shirt and slacks for the day.

“Master Derek!” she declared, bowing a little at the sight of him in such a way that Derek wished he was on the other side of her, just to see the wonderful view that would be exhibited. “You do appear to have gained some rather fresh bruises on your neck and left cheek. Am I to assume there are similar marks upon your body following yet another ‘wrestling match’ with our Mercy?”

“You are to assume currently,” Derek said sheepishly, adjusting his collar to try to hide some of those marks. “I lost this time.”

“And here I had assumed that win or lose, you are never too despondent about the result.”

He smirked, then patted her on the rear, which made her give a delighted squeak.

“Don’t worry, there’s still plenty in the tank left for you sometime, Romana. I know how you older women are.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes. “And to think, I once ran an entire smuggling empire and did battle with you.”

“Well, you always did desire a life of riches. Now you have it. Any complaints?”

She arched an educated eyebrow. “Only that you never have quite as much time for one as one would like. Still, if you need me, I shall be sunbathing in the yard while listening to Beethoven. I shall *not* be wearing very much.”

Derek’s smirk was plastered to his face as he made his way through the building. Miss Fused was currently away but sending frequent messages to her phone, mostly her two voices arguing back and forth about their plans. The other rogues all had new identities to match their changes personas, but nothing could really be done to keep Miss Fused a secret, and so her gender change had been painted as an isolated incident to the world. Now she was fully reformed, a superstar model and scientist both, gaining the riches her criminal side desired while pursuing mad science . . . all under the auspices of Lane Technologies, of course. With a stoic amusement, he checked the messages.

‘Some fascinating results from our particle collider technology, Derek. I really do think our prototype will be even more efficient than Sweden’s, and far smaller and cheaper to boot!’

‘This modelling gig ain’t half bad either, though I wish my other half would be willing to get a bit more naughty. It’s all la-dee-da classic era this and demure that. Where’s the slink, damn it?’

“Which reminds us, we should be coming in via the private jet sometime tomorrow once this tour is over. We’ve just been photographed for the cover of Mistvale Montage! Of course, this is little compared to our technological work.’

'Little? Please, you're our muse, Derek. When we get back we're gonna put on a whole fashion show. Tell the others to step aside, because we have twice the appetite of a normal gal, I tell ya!;

The messages continued in this vein, along with numerous selfies sent by the pair of them in profile, as if trying to hide away their other half.

"Never change, Miss Fused," he said to himself. "Though I suppose you already have."

He descended to the main living room, and was instantly greeted by his favourite sight in the world (or perhaps, at least, equal to that of seeing righteous justice deal to the superstitious and cowardly criminals that haunted his streets): that of his wife, Melissa Groves-Lane, looking utterly glowing in the sunlight as it poured in through the immense windows of his manor.

She was singing to the many, many, *many* plants they now cultivated, both indoors and out, which had breathed new life into the place. Some were rather large, and others rather animated, not that they advertised this additional security to their other guests. Right now the woman otherwise known as Lady Vine was singing to the plants as she watered them, and controlling various other vines in order to repeat this action for those plants that hung from the ceiling or were located upon the walls. She didn't even notice Derek sneaking up behind her using his ninja-like skills and wrap her in a loving hug, kissing her long red hair tenderly as he held her.

"Mhmm," she moaned, pressing herself against his body. "Someone smells like sweat and workouts. Did Mercy win or lose this time?"

"This time I was the loser," Derek admitted. "Though she made sure I didn't feel like it."

"Ha! I bet she didn't. Still, she only knows the hard touch. Not nearly as tender as me, my dark avenger."

She turned her head back enough that they kissed, him bending forward in order to lock his lips onto hers. Her tongue snaked into his mouth, and she moaned with that seductive purr that he ached to hear each day.

"Oh! Little one is kicking," she noted, taking his hands and lowering them from her very full bosom to her belly. She wore a leafy green maternity dress as befitting her floral style, and with her stomach swollen so much, she looked like Mother Earth herself. In fact, it was quite the turn on in the bedroom for her lately, and for Derek therefore as well. Too bad she'd had to hang up her Lady Vine persona, so recently reformed. Well, she imagined she would be active again someday, fighting alongside her husband by night, when she wasn't feeding their little one after they arrived. A future little hero or heroine, no doubt.

“To think that it took me getting a bit of a bodily upgrade to finally snag you,” she quipped, kissing him again.

“While I certainly won’t complain about how you are, my love,” Derek said. “The truth is, I think the gem affected me more than it affected you. I finally was able to see past the black and white of heroism and villainy and see the woman you truly are, and how much I’d prefer to be with you than alienate you with too-rigid principles.”

“So you’re saying you had it bad for me, huh?”

He chuckled. “Very.”

They were about to embrace again, this time perhaps leading to far more sexual passion, when suddenly the doors flung open and Query Quizsmith stepped through, her gorgeous blonde bombshell body wrapped in a tight purple business shirt and a purple pencil skirt so short it left little to the imagination.

“Sir! Sir! We have, like, a total emergency! Some of the budgetary figures are just, like, not adding up, no matter how many times I question them! I know I kept my grasp on numbers, so there’s clearly, like, fraud in the accounts or something, and I’d really like you to look over the numbers in my office and also maybe please fuck my brains out . . . possibly?”

She gave a blushing smile, clearly still humiliated by her needs. More than any of the former rogues, the Questioneer/Query tried to rebel against her new nature, only to fail and find herself ever more submissive than before, serving as a very saucy secretary.

“We’re in the middle of something, Query,” Derek said, but then Melissa just slapped her husband on the rear.

“Go on! It’s not like we don’t have physical evidence you get it on with your wife more than the rest.” She pointed at her dome of a belly. “You go make Query here go all red-cheeked when you make her squeal, then find the time for me after your nocturnal adventuring. Got it?”

Derek kissed her again. “You are very understanding.”

“That’s because we’re all total gems,” she quipped. “Now hurry up. I get a lot of amusement from the Questioneer begging for you.”

The purple-themed former villain went even redder at this, but quickly followed dutifully after Derek Lane, eager to please him in every way possible.

It was a fine life for the man behind the cowl. There was still villainy and superstitious criminals to deal with, of course, and new threats always lurked upon the horizon. No doubt the Falcon Signal would be lit tonight, and the Dark Falcon would be needed again, soaring from the skyscrapers of the city to meet out justice. Derek looked forward to it, of course. It was his sacred mission.

But for now, he’d found another kind of mission. Pleasing and reforming five former members of his rogues gallery. The one that had been his greatest archnemesis moaned in

bliss as she went down on her knees and took him in her mouth, and the one who had been his most ardent love interest would be delivering his child in just four months time. And that was not even getting into the others, all of whom now lived to support him and his mission.

It seemed that the Mistvale superhero finally had allies, friends, and lovers.

Not bad for a supposedly lonely, brooding vigilante.

The End