

The Cheetah (Man to Anthro-Cheetah Hero TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Howard and his best friend Malcolm are brilliant astronauts on an exploratory mission in the near-future. But when Howard is exposed to strange energy, he is shocked to find himself changing into some kind of anthro-cheetah woman. Frail at first, Howard's body begins to take on new curves as it develops superpowers. Now, as Cheetah, the new woman can make a difference as a hero . . . but only if she gets used to being a furry female, first!

The Cheetah

The launch had proceeded smoothly. Houston Base was monitoring their progress, but Howard Hanson and Malcolm Reyes were feeling confident. They had left atmo, the booster rockets had disengaged exactly as they were meant to, and all instruments showed their flight pattern to be as planned. The Space Shuttle Frontier was now heading away from Earth, the planet shrinking rapidly behind them.

"Fucking A," Howard said, grinning at his companion. He was a strong, fit man - as was required of NASA's astronauts - with blonde hair and a square jaw that made him look like some kind of male pinup from the 1960's Space Race. "We are on our way, Mal."

Mal was a little more cautious, as per usual. He was slightly thinner than his friend, with short brown hair and slightly olive skin thanks to his Iberian heritage. He checked the instruments for what seemed like the umpteenth time.

"It's not being on our way that I'm worried about, Howard," he replied. "It's getting back that's gonna be the hard part."

Howard just chuckled and patted his friend's arm beside him, an act easier to perform now that there was not nearly so much gravitational force pushing them against their seats.

"Always cautious, aren't ya, buddy?"

"I prefer to think of it as *safe*," Malcolm replied. "We haven't even started the Kaleson Drive yet. For all we know, we're about to get turned into space soup."

"Nah," Howard said flippantly. "We'll be fine. Anything goes wrong and the Righteous League will be there to save us. NASA's in contact with the supers. We'll be fine."

"I don't trust 'em," Mal replied, checking the instruments obsessively again. "All it takes is one supervillain attack from Captain Destruction or a volcano eruption in Indonesia and they'll bounce, leaving us stranded in deep space."

Howard smirked. "You really don't like supers, do you?"

"I'm just saying that we trained for this. We honed our bodies for this-"

“Me more than you.”

“Hey now, none of that. Anyway, Howard, that only increases my point: supers just get *given* their powers. They don't earn them. They take away from the specialness of mankind.”

“Specialness? Is that even a word?”

“Fuck you, I didn't bring a dictionary.”

The pair shared a laugh, and then got down to business. Howard checked all the diagnostics on the Kaleson Drive, the entire point of their mission. It was a highly experimental engine design intended to fold space to create faster-than-light travel. It had even been invented by a super, which annoyed Malcolm, even if she was one of their colleagues: Dr Elizabeth Kaleson, AKA Dr Mind. She had super intelligence and technomancy as her powers, which came in handy whenever the goddamn NASA printers started jamming *yet again*. It also meant she'd found a way to circumnavigate the barriers to FTL travel. Repeated tests with drones had proven successful, but this was their first test with humans. Unsurprisingly, for all his bluster, Howard was a little nervous.

“Kaleson Drive is ready,” he confirmed.

“Ship integrity is full,” Malcolm replied. “All systems go. Hit the comms.”

Howard did so. “Houston, this is the Space Shuttle Frontier. We are ready for deployment of Kaleson Drive. Angled coordinates are right on spec. No celestial bodies in our path. All systems clear.”

“We read you loud and clear, Frontier. The Righteous League is standing by in case of emergency, but once you engage the drive, none of us will be able to act until you return. Do you read?”

“Copy Houston,” Howard said. “We read. Do we have clearance for launch?”

“Clearance given, Frontier. All the best to you boys. We're ready to break out the whiskey.”

“Save some for us, Charlie!” Malcolm cut in.

“Get back fast, and we might just. Okay, timer is active. Engage in one minute. Perform final checks.”

Howard was a confident man, but even he felt his heart race as he performed those final spec checks. Everything was green, which made him happy, and soon the buzzing nervousness in his chest was turning to excitement. Malcolm looked less enthusiastic, so he nudged his friend with his elbow.

“Come on, Mal. Aren't you ready to make history?”

“I'd just like to avoid the obits,” he replied.

“Obits, *orbits*, potato, po-tah-toh.”

Malcolm groaned, then gave the thumbs up that all was clear. Houston counting down the ignition sequence for the Kaleson Drive. It was already spinning up, barely audible but it filled the air with an electric hum.

“Let’s go kickass,” Howard said. “Show those supes what a *real* super act looks like.”

“Hell, buddy, finally something we agree on.”

“*Three, two, one. Frontier, Godspeed!*”

The two men reached forward and turned the specially-crafted keys at the same time; two people were required to activate the drive at the same time as a safety measure.

“Activating Kaleson Drive,” Howard said.

Suddenly, the world seemed to draw thin. The horizon out the window of the Frontier warped, light bending around the edges. Both men gritted their teeth, focusing on staying conscious as space quite literally folded around them. The world warped, turning in on itself, and then suddenly, just as their vision was little more than a tiny dot in the centre of their vision, light *exploded* outwards, and the shuttle was careening through space.

“Life signs good!” Malcolm yelled over the sound of the energy particulates. “Inside acceptable parameters! Organic cargo good as well! Everything’s going well - so far!”

Howard gave him a thumbs up. He was focused on the instruments now. As much as Malcolm often checked them, engineering was really *his* focus. Malcolm was a biologist as well as an astronaut, and he was responsible for cutting the Kaleson Drive if it negatively affected their physiology in any way.

“No radiation impact yet!” Malcolm called out.

Howard laughed out loud. “This is fucking incredible! Mal, we’re doing it! I told you it would be fine!”

As if calling upon karma with that sentence, everything suddenly went totally wrong. The ship began to shake. Metal crumpled somewhere behind them, and the glass ahead began to crack. Both men yelled, and Howard quickly activated the screen protector; a metal sheet that prevented dangerous radiation and the vacuum of space from leaking through.

“Our biosigns!” Malcolm cried. “We need to pull out of space-fold! We’re going to be irradiated, Howard!”

“I’m on it, I’m on it!”

But the screen shield wasn’t closing properly, at least on Howard’s side. Malcolm’s shut properly, but his only made it halfway. The glass shattered, causing them both to cry out. Mal was already opening the med kit and injecting himself with adrenaline; the pair were both shaking, their bodies overcome by the strange phenomena.

“Exotic matter!” Malcolm screamed. “Shut the screenshield!”

Strange formations made of crystalline light and glowing, fluidic substance began to enter the spaceshuttle. They were in a dimension between the space they had left and the

space they were intending to go, but their progress was halted. Howard unbelted himself and moved to the screenshield, hefting it physically, trying to pull it down. It began to budge, but the strange substance was floating in, attaching to his spacesuit. He had his visor pulled down to protect him from the vacuum, but the exotic matter passed *through* the lining of his suit. It seared into his skin and left him screaming from the pain.

“Aaghh! Malcolm! What’s happening?”

Malcolm was looking at his biosigns. “It’s bonding with you! You need to shut that, quick! All of your bio-readings are off the chart, Howard! Close it, now!”

Howard pulled the shield shut, and only then was Malcolm able to press the emergency de-activate. Howard fell into his chair, groaning and howling in agony. Something was happening to him; the substance was made of many colours that shifted endlessly, and it was flowing into him, as if he were a sponge soaking it up.

“Oh God!” he yelled. “What’s h-happening to meeee!?”

He grabbed his helmet, writhing, and to his own shock it ripped out of its lock, half-smashed. Malcolm gasped, but Howard could barely pay attention to his mangled mask, which now floated above him. The ship was unfolding itself from space, having moved nowhere; it was still in the solar system, in reach of Earth.

“Houston, we have a mayday! I repeat, a mayday! Get us the leaguers! We need superhero control here ASAP! Some exotic substance got to Howard! I advise caution - could be radioactive!”

Houston rattled off a professional yet anxious reply, but Howard couldn’t even pay attention to it. His skin was burning. He screamed, and his teeth seemed to extend, his incisors in particular becoming sharper. His skull made a cracking sound, and the man thought that he was going to die; it pushed forward, gaining something like a muzzle.

“I’m m-mutating, Mal! Get away from me! Don’t catch it! It’s ch-changing me! Aghh!!”

The pain continued, sweeping through his form, burning up his fat reserves to continue its passage. Malcolm was still agitating for aid on the radio, but Howard was busy tearing apart his astronaut gloves, only to find that his hands were shrinking, becoming daintier, and yet also developing sharp, almost feline claws at the end of them. Another hit of pain and those claws slashed at his suit, tearing it to shreds along with the control screen in front of him. Malcolm was looking in a panic, but keeping his cool.

“Howard! Calm down! You need to stop! Help is coming!”

“I - ahhh - can’t! It’s t-too much! AGH!”

His hip popped out, and then the other, only to reconnect, wider than it had been in configuration. A pain at the end of his tailbone made itself known, and with all this pain, Howard was like a hammer in a world of nails. He slashed at the rear of his suit, growling like a tiger to tear open the backside. Malcolm actually gasped at what spilled out: a tail with

yellow fur and black spots was pushing out from Howard's tailbone, making the man groan. He felt like he was giving birth, physically having to focus and push the tail, an entirely new limb that he felt was partly under his control, and yet partly instinctive. It surged out from him, coiling around his chair in a panic.

"Is that a tail? Did I just grow a goddamn - nghh! - tail!?"

Malcolm was already running readings. "The organic material in the shuttle. It had - we had some endangered animal DNA. The exotic matter - it breached there while we were dealing with the leak up here. Maybe it's linked-"

"I'm getting *cheetah* DNA!? I - AGGH! GET HELP QUICK, MAL! IT'S TOO MUCH!"

His limbs were thinning, losing fat and muscle fast. They were being burned up to fuel more of the changes caused by the exotic matter. His ribcage pulled inwards, his waist shrank, and amongst all the insanity he actually felt his chest grow a little; not in muscle, that was well gone, but some small bumps appeared, his nipples tensing against the inside of his astronaut under-clothing. He didn't have time to consider that, however, because another change was happening: his skin was growing fur.

He noticed it as he growled, voice cracking and snarling and hissing. He had developed a cat-like snout, and even his ears were shifting upwards and changing shape, but a horrible itchiness came over him, sweeping over his body. Malcolm was recording the changes over the radio, letting Houston know everything, but Howard just wanted him to shut up, because his skin was growing goddamn *fur*. It pushed through his pores, thin and first and then bursting with thick tufts that followed the yellow-black pattern of his tail - light fur, dark spots - just like those of a cheetah.

"Aghhh, Houston!" he cried, hitting his radio in. "I need immediate - what the fuck!?"

He'd smashed open that part of the console too; his claws had raked right through it. His fur continued to grow in as he grappled with his impossible act. His bones reshaped, cracking audibly as his feet took on a more digitigrade formation. His toes thickened, claws curling outwards, unsheathing and then sheathing, unsheathing and then sheathing, over and over again until they were clawing through the plating of the space shuttle floor. It was all wrong, and soon Howard was barely wearing any of his outfit at all; with each change, he found himself groaning in a high-pitched voice, growling like a big cat. His eyes shifted, and he went briefly blind, only for his vision to suddenly return with such crystal clarity that he could barely believe it.

"My God, you're becoming a biological hybrid," Malcolm exclaimed.

"What!?"

"You've got cheetah eyes! They're golden!"

"Are you telling me - nghh! Oh, f-fuck!"

He lost all concentration, forced to claw away at his pants. They tore to shreds, releasing his furry thighs, which were almost skeletal with how thin they were. The changing man's energy was depleting rapidly, falling away with each exertion. But something completely *wrong* was happening between his legs, and he needed to see it.

"What are you doing!?" Malcolm cried, moving to his side. "The leaguers are coming! Just sit still!"

"*RARGH!* I can't!"

He batted Malcolm aside with ease, knocking his friend across the shuttle. Something snapped, causing his friend to cry out, but Howard couldn't focus on that right now. The area between his thighs was furry, yes, but his penis was nowhere to be seen. He pawed at it, trying to find it, only to feel the last of its remnants slithering back up inside of him. The cheetah-man growled, then whined. It was the most alien sensation in the world. He'd always been so proud of his masculinity, his ability to be a great wingman for Malcolm, his natural charisma enabling him to woo just about any woman. His most proud moment in that sphere of his life was literally having the chutzpah to entice a hot Olympian babe away from Beast Man, who was *the* manly hero, massive biceps and abs and all. *That's* how much of a man Howard Hanson was.

Only now he wasn't a man at all. He whined, crying out loud in an increasingly feminine voice, his hair growing atop his head and obscuring his vision, all while a new form of genitalia replaced his member. A tunnel opened up inside of him, female and very real. Something bloomed in his emaciated stomach, and before he could even confirm it, an injured Malcolm was reading his biosigns, clutching a broken arm.

"Mal! I'm sorry!" Howard cried upon seeing it, but his voice was unfamiliar to him; hoarse and dry, a little raspy like a female smoker's. A *female* smoker.

"Forget it!" Mal shouted. The warning alarms were going off. The entire shuttle was compromised. Houston's signal was practically lost. "We're probably going to die, anyway!"

"I've lost my goddamn dick!" Howard whined. "I sound - ahhh - like a woman!"

"What? Lemme see your bio-signs." He floated over; that was Mal, trying to find the biological angle even among the chaos. "Wait, this doesn't make any sense."

"What doesn't make sense!?"

"Your readings, they're saying you're-"

But whatever Malcolm said next, Howard failed to understand. His vision began to go, and whatever was happening to his ears cut out his hearing for a time. The world was turning swirly again, but it was due to his own failing body. He'd lost too much of his own body in the change, burned up to make him into some kind of freak. He vaguely remembered a few other people getting turned into freaks, like that kangaroo-lady from Australia, and that frog guy down in Mississippi. Maybe he'd get superpowers?, he thought.

It was a dying thought though, really. A silly thought that was one last little synapse firing off right before he fell into a deep unconscious state.

As his body floated up from his chair, his torn seatbelts giving way, the cabin was suddenly filled with a brilliant white light. Howard blinked just for a moment, seeing three supers enter to rescue them.

A little too late, he mused to himself.

And then all was darkness again.

Howard fell in and out of consciousness. There were teams of doctors around him, including Doctor Elizabeth Kaleson; Doctor Mind herself. Others were in radiation suits, and others still in the supersuits of the Righteous League. He recognised Captain Wonder and Lady Olympia among them. He'd always had a crush on her, but Captain Wonder was a pretty impressive figure too, him being one of the co-leaders of the league and all. They were whispering something, but each time Howard blinked, it was clear a great deal of time had passed, because those present rotated: doctors, supers, analysts, even Malcolm, his arm in a sling. One sentence he was able to make out with clarity from his friend.

"Please, be okay, Howie. You got this. You can beat this."

"C-course I c-can," he said, though his own voice was alien to himself. "I'm g-goddamn Howard Hanson. The man for the mission, remember?"

It was an old saying between the pair of friends, but something in his friend's expression fell.

"Uh, we may need to alter that expression going forward, Howie."

The astronaut was confused, but then his vision went blurry just as he noticed all the tubes hooked into his arm. Why had they covered him in such a cheetah-spot blanket?

More flashes, more brief moments of consciousness. Howard Hanson caught other tidbits of conversation, though it barely made sense to his addled, recovering mind. He understood that there had been some kind of accident, and that he was obviously lucky to have survived, but what they were talking about, it didn't seem to come together.

"-changes seem irreversible. It's like her entire cellular structure has changed because of the exotic matter and the-

"-seems totally part of her, not unlike a big cat's tail, or a cheetah's in this case. The whiskers, the spots, the claws, all the evidence is there. What we don't know is-"

"-cure is impossible of course. Dr Mind is our best, and she can't seem to think of any possible way to bring-"

“-powers could be something to consider, but who knows? Ripping through metal? Are we sure? She doesn’t seem strong enough to rip through tissue paper right now-”

These extracts took place over entire days, but each time Howard tried to get answers - why did his body feel weird? What was wrong with his voice? What had happened on the shuttle? - he just fell back again, plunging into a deep sleep. He purred, not even realising he was doing it, and soon he was stroking his fur, not yet knowing that it was *her* fur, now.

This time, when Howard woke, it was with greater clarity of thought, focus, and awareness than ever before. And that didn’t just mean post-shuttle crash, but *ever*. He felt stronger than he had in the many days he’d been recovering in the hospital, enough to sit up and yawn and stretch. Just taking this action alone immediately told him that something was wrong: he actually *sarled* like a cat as he yawned, his mouth open and teeth sharp. Claws pushed out from his fingers, testing themselves, and the sound of his voice was far, *far* too womanly, even with its slight rasp.

“What the . . . hell?”

He inspected his arms. They were scrawny, much scrawnier than his burly body should have been, even *with* hospital stay. No, they were practically *slim*. Lithe, perhaps, would be a better word to describe them. But that wasn’t the alarming part, not truly. He poked at the skin, trying to remove the fur wrapping that was there, only to come up short. He tried to scratch it, only to realise he really *did* have claws, and that this fur was a part of him. When he pulled it, it caused him to whine, and the thick whiskers pushing out the sides of his snout bristled in response.

Wait, whiskers?

Wait, he had a snout?

Memories came flooding back in an instant. Howard ripped aside the blanket, shaking in horror as he looked down at his body. It was practically naked barring his hospital underwear, except that it wasn’t truly naked; he was covered in cheetah-spot *fur*.

“This can’t be fucking real,” he exclaimed, only to clutch his smooth throat. He really did sound like a woman. “I - I need to see myself!”

He ignored the button to call for help, and instead bounded out of the hospital room at rapid speed. His limbs were aching and still malnourished, but the cat woman - for he quickly remembered that he had slim breasts and a vaginal passage - raced down the halls. Several doctors gasped. A nurse screamed. Most seemed to recognise him,

“Miss Hanson! Miss Hanson! Please stop!”

“I’m not a miss, damn you!” he cried, though he sounded like one. He sped forward, moving at an inhuman speed, racing around to the nearest bathroom, his tail whipping behind him. Everything was wrong, from his feet to his gait to the longer blonde hair that shook with every leaping step. But he had energy, and he had speed. He crashed into the nearest bathroom, alerting some men already there. He spotted their uniforms: they were with the Super Protectorate, a human agency to help deal with superhuman matters. He was in a superhuman hospital!?

It didn’t matter. They yelled, calling on their radios for back up. One held up his hand.

“Hey there! I know you’re scared, but you have to return to your bed now!”

“Don’t touch me!” he screamed, whipping his hand to the side. To his shock, the man was launched into the tiles, falling unconscious immediately. It triggered a reminder that this had happened to Malcolm on the shuttle.

“What the . . . ? My strength . . . it doesn’t . . .”

The new cheetah woman blinked, unable to focus on his body. *Her* body. Instead, she moved quickly to the mirror of the men’s bathroom, the rest of the employees exiting to grab more help. It was only then that she managed to inspect herself, and it was truly *herself*, because the male ego could not survive the appearance she showed. Her figure was frail, scrawny, and her tufts of her were erratic from her hospital stay, but despite this, there were enough slim curves to show that she was a woman, from her petite shoulders to her thinner waist to the small breasts on her chest, not to mention the gap between her thighs. She lowered her underwear and felt herself there, only to grimace. She had a pussy, alright.

“A pussy on a pussycat,” she marvelled, chuckling darkly. “I really did mutate. God, that *did* happen.”

She leaned her face forwards, inspecting it. There was something oddly ethereal and beautiful about her, despite her tired eyes and gaunt features. The snout, the inverted triangle nose, the cute whiskers, the blonde hair that nearly fell to her shoulders; it all gave the appearance of a mystical catwoman. She even had triangular ears atop her head, and clearly fuller lips. It was a woman’s face, no doubt about it. A cheetah woman’s.

“Oh God,” she finally said, clutching her features, her claws sticking out. “This can’t be happening! This can’t be *happening!!!*”

She slashed at the mirror with her claws, and did so with incredible rapidity. The glass smashed into pieces, but in her rage she continued to destroy the wall, tearing it apart and moving so quickly that the tiles and pipes behind it were several and broken down to pieces. Howard screamed, bursting through into the other side, ending back up in the main hall which curved around this room. Dust and remnants of insulation were drifting onto her fur, which was raised in anger. People around her fled, but security guards were gathering, training their tasers.

“Why haven’t you fucking *fixed me!?*” she screamed.

“Howard, what’s going on!? Holy shit! Stand down, brother, stand down!”

She recognised the voice immediately, and it made her claws retract in an instant, that strange instinctive anger that was boiling over suddenly simmering to merely a frustrated heat. She could smell Malcolm before she even saw him, but when she did, she was surprised at how well her vision picked up his handsomeness, drinking in his good looks. It made her feel . . . strange, but in the frenetic confusion of all that was happening, she could at least set those odd feelings aside.

“Malcolm!” she said. “Tell them to put down their tasers!”

“Well, put away your, er, claws, girl.”

“Girl?”

“Sorry, it’s just . . . you’ve been out for two weeks.”

Malcolm’s jaw dropped, exposing her sharp, carnivorous incisors. “Two *weeks?* Why do I still look like this, then? Why haven’t NASA or you or any of the Righteous League fixed me by now?”

Malcolm approached slowly, gesturing for security to put down their lasers. “Dr Mind will explain everything, and a few other supers as well. I can do it too, if you like, since I’ve been following and studying your biology with them. Look, Howard, I don’t know how else to tell you this, but the exotic matter really did warp you, combining you with cheetah DNA, among other things.”

“I figured that,” she said, holding up her arm to show him the claws and spots.

“But the thing is . . . not even Dr Mind, our best scientist, can figure it out. I can’t, and I know a few things about biology better than her, though not much else. That was matter that disobeyed the laws of physics, Howie. I’m sorry to say, but you’re stuck like this. And that’s the bad news.”

Howard looked down at his body. It was still tall, at least, but it was female, and furry, not unlike some of the other so-called ‘anthro superheroes,’ the ones affected by strange fusions or mutations that made them more animalistic. Hell, Horse Girl was a well-known Leaguer, and she was literally a modern day centaur! But to actually become like this . . . it baffled her mind.

“Wait,” she said. “You said that was the bad news? Tell me there’s good news, Mal. You owe me that much.”

Mal smiled, and once again Howard was struck by how handsome that smile was. It made her new body feel very odd indeed, and her tail developed an odd kink to it in response to these thoughts.

“Okay,” Malcolm continued, scratching his brown hair on the back of his head. “The good news is that your body is completely healthy as far as we can tell. Scrawny, in need of

nutrition and exercise and all of that, but there's no disease, no conditions, nothing. So you appear stable. And the other thing . . ."

Howard crossed her arms below her chest. The security team were still flanking her, but their tasers were away. "The other thing?"

Malcolm grinned sheepishly. "Well, let's just say that the dream you had of joining the Righteous League one day as their first astronaut member could well become a reality. Howard, you appear to have *superpowers*, buddy."

The new cheetah woman turned her eyes to the enormous hole she'd savaged through the wall with utmost ease, and then up to the passage she'd traversed twice as fast as the world's fastest Olympian.

"Well," she said. "That's one hell of some kind of news, that's for sure."

It took a month for Howard to be discharged from the Super Ward, the aptly named hospital for superheroes and power-impacted persons, as they were sometimes called. During that time, the new cheetah woman had to become used to her new body, both the female portions of it as well as the animalistic ones. Suffice to say, she wouldn't be on NASA missions anytime soon, not given that she now *shed* fur regularly, which would play merry havoc with their instruments. It had crushed Howard's ego something fierce to learn that, no matter how gently it was broken to her. She knew she'd have to reapply for missions, but this was a cruel blow, and thanks to her new female hormones, she cried much more easily . . . then slashed her bed apart in a rage with her claws.

Because that was the other thing; she was a cheetah woman now, infused with exotic matter which made her faster, more agile, and with seemingly indestructible and unstoppable claws for weapons. Even her tail could function as a whip, and she knew this because the Righteous League, particularly Dr Mind, checked up on her, relying on Malcolm to test her. She told him more than once to go rejoin the missions since he was unaffected, but he told her to go suck an egg.

"We've been friends almost since we were in diapers. Besides, I owe you for helping save *my* life."

"I broke your arm," she said, sheepishly, glad that her cheeks only blushed *beneath* the fur. "You saved me, really."

"Well, potato, po-tah-toe, as they say. Besides, I get to meet the Righteous League around you."

The cheetah woman narrowed her new golden eyes with their vertical black pupils. "But you hate superheroes, Mal."

“Well, I have to start liking them, if you’re gonna be one.”

“Uh-uh. No way. Don’t get me wrong, having powers is swell, but look at me. I’m a woman, which first off I don’t appreciate much. I’m also furry, and I don’t much like that either. It’ll attract the kind of fan I don’t want, too. Plus I’m scrawny as hell. I don’t trust this body, but it seems I’m stuck with it. Peeing sitting down and licking my lady parts to stay clean.”

“You - you lick your lady parts?”

Howard smirked, whiskers twitching and tail swishing. “Gotcha.”

“Good Lord, you’re still you. At least you’re adaptable.”

“Not enough. I don’t know how to adapt to this, Mal.”

But still, she had to. Over that month, she had to get used to new clothes (and to her despair, she liked crop tops and a skirt or short shorts best, since her fur didn’t exactly love being covered). She also had to get used to her tail when she sat down, or how it rubbed up against Mal in particular whenever she noted his handsomeness. She didn’t appreciate that her body was apparently keen on guys now, but she told *no one* that, especially Dr Mind, who visited often as both superheroine and doctor.

“You are definitely a metahuman, that’s for certain,” the big-brained doc said. Her hero costume was doctor-themed, but it made her look rather sinister given that her cranium was literally fifty percent bigger than a regular person’s, and totally bald at that.

“Look, doc,” Howard said, gesturing to her cheetah-like body beneath the frumpy hospital gown she was wearing. “I always did think it would be swell to be a super. But no offence, I don’t exactly want to stay like this. As a woman. Can’t we at least do something about *that*? I could stand being a hairy weirdo if it weren’t for having tits and no sausage between my legs, if you know what I mean? Don’t you have Oscillate on your roster right now? Can’t he/she help me out?”

But Doctor Mind just shook her large head. “I’m afraid that Oscillate’s ability to change gender, appearance, and power is magic-based, not scientific. We can’t synthesise anything off of her/him.”

Howard sighed, holding up a thin hand and extending her claws. “So I really am stuck like this, huh?”

“I’m afraid so. But I wouldn’t count things out just yet. Your friend Malcolm Reyes truly is a gifted biologist. I’ve given him some of my research and backing, and with the League’s funding he may be able to help you. But just don’t count on it.”

Howard sighed, his small but present female chest rising and falling. His tail flapped sadly. “I guess this is the new me, then. Not an astronaut, just a weirdo.”

“You could always consider joining the League?”

The thought *had* occurred to him, but while once it had appealed, it didn't now. He was too torn up about no longer being able to go to space or fly experimental aircraft thanks to his shedding fur, and the idea of being a famous hero, of people *knowing* that he was once a male astronaut . . . it was humiliating! Especially since he looked and felt so mangy and scrawny now. He didn't want to get wrapped up in any hero or villain business, frankly.

"Well, just consider that the offer is open," Doctor Mind said, passing along a Righteous League card to the furry cheetah-woman. "You've already demonstrated super speed and strength, not to mention incredible power with those indestructible claws of yours. We've had to use increasingly powerful tools just to take samples of your blood, indicating that your body might have some level of invulnerability as well. This isn't even getting into your enhanced senses. Just think about it."

And Howard did. She did as his appetite returned, and she adjusted to having to deal with feminine hygiene, not to mention brushing her hair. Malcolm stayed by her side, and she was shocked to learn that he was currently rostered off any space missions.

"What the hell is wrong with you, buddy?" she asked. "I may have turned into a goddamn furry, but did the radiation melt your brain or something?"

Malcolm just chuckled and put a hand on her shoulder, causing her hair to stick up a little from how oddly soothing the sensation was. "No way, Jose. I just wanted to make sure I could get my friend back to his old self. Plus, I can finally say I told you so about the mission going wrong.

"Oh, come off it!" she said, pushing his arm off with a smirk. The truth was, she needed to get his hand off because it felt too lovely. Too strangely . . . sensual.

"You know," she continued, "they're letting me out. I'm being paid but off-duty, so I gotta find something to occupy me."

"Hero work?"

"Absolutely not. I don't want everyone seeing me as a female freak. I'm thinking I could go back to design specs, engineering. My first love."

"Okay, that sounds like a start. I'll help set you up at our place."

Howard paused. "Wait, our place?"

"Well, I have to stay with you to keep monitoring your biosigns and do tests to change you back. I figure it's easier."

"You're a real one, Mal."

"Damn well am. Oh, by the way, these forms came for you."

He passed them over to Howard, who sighed deeply, whiskers drooping noticeably.

"What is it?"

"Oh, just the documents to change my name. I'm a woman now, and it's been 'suggested' to me to take on a new name while I'm stuck like this."

“What are you thinking of going with?”

Howard paused. “Well, I had this one idea . . .”

Hela bolted along the track, faster than she'd ever gone before. Faster than any human had ever gone before. Her digitigrade cat legs had once felt so uneven to her, but now she was amazed she had ever gotten long on human legs, when these were so, so much more *powerful*. She raced around the athletics track under the starry night, moving with intensity. It had been another month, and she was looking far, far healthier, even if she was still a cheetah woman. Her speed had also increased, as had her power. She vaulted over the obstacles on the course, using her claws to gain traction. Her leaps were massive, and as she approached a literal *van* placed in her way, she vaulted up over it, ascending easily fifteen feet into the air and landing twenty five or more feet away on the other side. Her claws dug into the ground again, allowing her to keep on racing without losing her balance. Her senses were sharp, allowing her to adjust to the quickly changing landscape with ease.

“This is incredible!” she shouted, utterly elated at her own raw power. “I feel like a wild beast!”

“You practically are!” Malcolm shouted from the bleachers, but he needn't have bothered shouting at all, because Hela's ears could pick him up with ease, even from a far distance. “Are you getting tired?”

“A little!” she shouted back. She performed a double-front flip in the air, and despite an initially awkward flail, she landed on all fours, scurrying upwards into a bipedal stance and then surging forwards again. “Woah, that was close!”

“I guess a cat always lands on her feet, huh?”

She launched across the track, then jumped all the way up to the bleachers. Malcolm flinched, momentarily afraid, but she landed perfectly right next to him, standing as if she were a master gymnast completing her circuit.

“I guess so,” she boasted, placing her hands on her hips. They had expanded outwards a little recently. In fact, she had gone from looking like a frail catwoman to one with identifiable curves now. Given that she was wearing grey gym shorts and a supporting crop top (it was still awkward to wear too much clothes thanks to all her damn fur), it was easy to see how much her body was ‘filling out’ now that she was eating more healthily. To her embarrassment, her breasts had grown a little as well. They had been flat A-cups before, but now she was reliably informed she had an average B-cup - hence the sports bra beneath her crop top. There was a slight . . . jiggle now. She didn't much appreciate it.

“Have you got a towel?” she asked.

“As always,” Malcolm responded. He threw her a towel way off to the side, clearly testing her. Hela’s arm shot out rapidly and caught it with ease.

“Can’t beat these super reflexes,” she noted.

“So I’m realising,” her friend responded. “You’re definitely getting more powerful. I mean, you’re beating all your records in every category, and you look a lot-”

“Curvier?” she said sarcastically.

To her surprise, Mal actually blushed. “I was going to say ‘fitter.’ But, uh, yeah, I’ve noted that you seem to be a bit more . . . womanly.”

She rolled her golden eyes, sighing as she scratched her fur idly. Her tail swayed behind her, betraying the strange warmth she felt at his words. She hadn’t told anyone, especially not Mal, but her ridiculous cheetah body was *definitely* attracted to men, now. She knew this particularly because, just a few days after being discharged from the Super Hospital, she’d given in while watching *The Mummy*, staring at Brendan Fraser’s fine form, and lowered her hand down to tease her new pussy lips. She’d ended up gasping and moaning, temporarily rejoicing at her female form and the multiple orgasms it produced. She’d literally roared like a lion when she came, then purred happily in the aftermath. Lately, she’d been feeling herself up when she got aroused in private, and sometimes those thoughts were directed to more . . . familiar company.

“Y-yeah,” she noted, looking down at herself. “Better be the last of these changes. Don’t want to become some kind of furry bait at this point. Not that I plan on heading out in public anytime soon.”

Malcolm frowned. “Surely at some point you’ve got to get out a bit more, buddy. It’s not good for anyone to be holed up, especially not you; you’re a total extravert and always have been.”

Hela scratched her furry stomach idly. The fur was thinner there, making her growing abs more obvious. “Look, I won’t lie, it’s driving me insane. But I’m holding out hope of a cure, you know? I’m not gonna head out and be humiliated by everyone seeing me as some crazy cheetah chick. I’m just glad NASA and the Righteous League have kept a lid on this.”

“Still, at least consider it. What’s the risk, really?”

At this, Hela barked out a laugh. She placed a furry hand on her friend’s shoulder, enjoying the feel of his manly muscles there a little too much.

“You tell me, fella. You’re meant to be the cautious one, remember?”

Hela really *was* going mad, and it was only thanks to Malcolm’s presence in the now-shared apartment and her training at the Hero Grounds that she could stay sane. It was now four

months into being a cheetah woman, and there was little change to her condition. Well, little change except for that her body seemed to be embracing her new form even *more*. With each passing week, she seemed to be becoming stronger and healthier, fitter and, alas, *curvier*. Her body had quite the hunger, adding to these gains: just like a cheetah, she had quick bursts of speed and power, then needed to replenish her energy with meals. Malcolm had even ordered their shared apartment a second fridge, and then a third.

“At least your appetite hasn’t changed after becoming a chick!” he joked.

“It’s gotten - mmmm - worse!” Hela replied, scoffing down some sausages and hamburgers, followed by the leftovers of last night’s takeaway. “I think my body is storing more of this energy than I’m using, though. I’m getting more powerful. At the Hero Training Track yesterday, I lifted a whole Hummer with ease!”

This was part of Dr Mind’s effort to get Hela to join the League, of course. She was accompanied by Captain Wonder, the red-suited, blue-caped hero and very, very handsome dark skin and tight black curls that made her damn female body go absolutely gaga. Hela was pretty sure she’d actually agreed to go along with the training program just because his molasses-like voice was so damn hypnotising. She doubted she was the first woman to pleasure herself privately to the thought of the world’s most handsome and powerful hero, but it was unlikely that many other former men had done so!

“That is damn impressive,” Mal said. “Of course, uh, the pounds appear to be going elsewhere, too.”

They were chilling for the day, taking some rest from their research and practice, and keeping one another company. Hela was confused at his words, however, until she realised that his eyes were lowering further to her top, which was starting to display some furry cleavage. It was just a simple tank top with a short cut to expose her midriff, but despite her need to wear smaller, more airy clothing, she was getting more aware of what she was starting to *show off*.

“Oh, uh, yeah. Is it that obvious?”

“It’s getting *more* obvious, is what I’m saying.”

“Goddamnit. They’ve grown again. C-cups. I swear, I’m outgrowing these bras faster than I can buy them. And my ass just keeps blowing up with my hips, I swear.”

“I didn’t want to comment, but when you were walking away the other day to head to speed off to the Hero Training Grounds, I did notice that your hips were starting to, uh, *sway*.”

At this point, Hela could have shrunk into herself. “This is why you need to get me a cure, dude. I’m almost starting to miss when I was pencil thin and needed help doing shit. Now I’m getting stronger, but my body is . . . it’s just too much. It looks wrong, doesn’t it?”

Mal paused.

“Doesn’t it?”

Mal bit his lip, considering his words. “Look, call me crazy, but I’d say it suits you.”

“What? How? I’m meant to be a wide-shouldered, handsome astronaut, man! I was pulling beautiful women left and right. I was *your* wingman, remember? The guy getting *you* dates and having to convince them not to go out with me!”

Malcolm took another bite of his sandwich, a clear avoidance tactic. Hela knew her friend well enough to know when he was delaying.

“Go on, say what you wanna say, buddy.”

Her friend sighed. “Okay, just bear with me, but I think the look suits you. You were a handsome guy before your change, right? Makes sense that, having become a cheetah woman, you’d become incredibly beautiful as well, wouldn’t it?”

Hela’s jaw dropped, exposing her sharp incisors. Her ears pricked up, soaking in his words, and her tail went suddenly straight with alarm, a clear tell of her emotions. She hated how much her body gave away her thoughts now, right down to her fur ruffling a little with discomfort.

“You - you think I’m beautiful?”

Malcolm blushed a little, but he kept his voice and expression level. “I’m sorry for saying it outright, and I know it makes things awkward, but . . . yes, buddy. I really do.”

“I . . . shit. Really?”

“Yeah. Sorry if that makes things weird. I’m not saying I’m into you, man.”

“Of course not!” she said, laughing a little *too* loudly.

“That would be ridiculous.”

“Just too much.”

“And I am working on a cure, after all.”

She swayed her tail, trying to remove its rigidity. “Exactly! I’d rather not have fur thank you, or breasts.”

“I imagine you’d want your dick back, too.”

“You have *no* idea, buddy.”

The conversation seemed to end, and the two ate in silence. Still, Hela found herself tapping her pawed foot on the ground, and occasionally smiling despite herself. She remembered how good it felt to be handsome, to dominate a room with her impression. Now, Mal was desperately trying not to look at her cleavage, where her fur was thinnest to show off her growing bust. Despite her embarrassment over her changing anthro-cheetah body, she licked her lips, enjoying the attention.

Hela felt quite powerful in a different way.

Nearly half a year had passed. Hela's body continued to change across that time, but had started to plateau. Her breasts had not gained much; she was on the cusp of a D-cup chest, but not quite there yet. She definitely needed a constant sports bra given her running powers. Her hips had widened more considerably. She remembered dating a lovely Latina airforce pilot back in the day, and while her hips had been bigger, Hela's own seemed on their way. Her ass was getting bigger, and she was having to increasingly rely on Malcolm's help to go out and buy things for her. It . . . wasn't working out well. For one, she needed to customise her clothing thanks to her tail and fur, and for two, Mal was really bad at this.

"Are you kidding me? I need space for my tail!"

"Cut a hole, then!"

"But there's not enough space for that! It'll destroy the band, Mal!"

"Well, come out in public! Or better yet, visit the special SuperStores that help order you customised clothing. That turtle guy who got warped by that villain last year, Mega Morphosis, I see him around. He goes there."

"No way!" Hela said, sweeping out her clawed hand. "I'd rather stay in."

"Buddy, you're clearly getting depressed by this. I understand it's frustrating-"

"Are you kidding me? I can't go on space missions! I can't be in the airforce! I can't follow my dreams-"

"You could be a super. Doctor Mind and Captain Wonder spoke to me the other day when I presented my latest findings on your biology and ways to reverse-"

"You talked to them behind my back? Buddy, this whole thing has destroyed my confidence! Putting on a damn cape won't help it. I'm not me anymore!"

"Maybe if you get out and find a date. I'm sure lots of ladies would love-"

"I'm not even into ladies anymore! This stupid body finds *men* attractive, including you, damn it!"

The silence that followed was borderline deafening. Mal's jaw dropped, and Hela's chest rose and fell dramatically; she was only wearing a sports bra, and she now realised that worn it for *him*. God, what was wrong with her? She was only wearing little red gym shorts too, and she hadn't even tied her hair back. It was hanging nearly to her shoulders, looking *cute*. She'd been showing off her body to Mal without even thinking, and now she'd *admitted* that she was attracted to him.

"Um, so . . . I didn't realise that," Mal said.

She put her head in her paws. "Please don't make anything of it. I shouldn't have said a damn thing. Fuck. It's not like I'm *into* you. It's just a reaction."

"Hey, I feel the same way."

"You - what?"

“Well, you’re very attractive. Very attractive, Hela. You’re also my friend. It’s just natural reactions, right?”

Hela stood up immediately. “I’m gonna go.”

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“Just - just get me some fucking clothes, okay? And a D-cup sports bra. My size.”

“I still don’t really know what si-”

But Hela was already speeding from the room, too embarrassed to continue talking, too libidinous in that moment to feel comfortable staying. She shot out of their rental with such speed that she was little more than a rapid blur. She moved faster than she ever had, like a speeding bullet, uncaring that it was daytime. People saw her pass and gasped, but they couldn’t make out what she was, she was simply *that* fast. She shot past cars, vaulted over semi-trucks, climbed up the side of a building and then leapt across the rooftops. Overhead, she could see a formation of the Righteous League flying off to some disaster or villain attack. She didn’t care. She needed to get out of the city.

It barely took her ten minutes.

And when she stopped, she felt *mighty*.

Hela was astonished. How had she allowed herself to be so cramped up? Sure, her place in the city was pretty damn extravagant by most people’s standards: the pay of an astronaut was damn good, after all. And yes, she’d had the Righteous League’s Training Grounds to practice her powers. But by hiding away for so long, she’d never truly realised how much freedom she’d given up.

Hela *raced* through the wilds beyond the city and the farmlands that fed it. She vaulted up the mountainside, leaping into the air, climbing the vertical and even *inverted* cliff faces with incredible ease. Her speed was legendary, her power magnificent. She levelled whole trees with a single swipe. When she came into a clearing she nearly screamed as she skidded to a halt right before a big mama and papa bear and their young cubs. But despite rearing up and growling, it was like they recognised her as a creature of the wild, too. Or more . . . an equal.

Somehow, that spurred Hela to do something more dramatic. She found a notable tree and climbed up it like a true cheetah. She placed her clothing - all her clothing - within its upper branches. Then she leapt from it, landing to the ground with a heavy boom but without injury. She tested her powers to the fullest, naked and wild, snarling and growling and embracing her cat-like aspect. Just to test herself, she launched her body against the cliff faces overlooking the city, only to find that she was uninjured.

“Well, I’ll be,” Hela said, touching her muscles, which were increasingly obvious. “I’m a damn powerhouse. I feel like a rocket myself.”

She grinned, stroking her fur free of the dirt and dust that had covered her. She lowered her body like an animal and lapped at a nearby stream, for the first time truly embracing her body. It felt . . . right. Hell, it felt goddamn *glorious*.

And that’s when the explosion happened. A loud blast was like a firecracker in her ear thanks to her heightened senses. She turned, and with her increased eyesight she was almost able to ‘zoom in’ on the distant Lucius City. The explosion was in the downtown area. A small contingent of heroes were flying in, and she could see lasers, bright powers activating, and more miniature explosions going off.

“Mal . . . he’s there!” she cried.

She launched off the mountain, uncaring about the fall. Her powers were stronger than ever before, and she could feel her curves growing, her muscles developing, her body changing in response to the danger. She embraced it.

Time to be a damn hero, it seemed.

Mal was calling for help, and doing his best to evacuate the nearby citizens. Other supers were helping - he recognised Gestalt and Miss Foresight doing their best, but the whole scene was absolute chaos. This was a massed attack by the Harbingers, and from the dialogue of their leader - the black-clad flying knight *Sovereign* - they were here for revenge.

“The Righteous League will pay for opposing our strength! As will all of Lucius City for bowing to them! You venerate these so-called ‘heroes’? Then you shall die in a river of blood WITH THEM!”

More explosions. They had a pyromancer with them - Hot Blood - as well as some new creature, a metahuman like a gigantic six-legged rhinoceros and numerous eyes, with an upper body like a grey-skinned rhino-centaur or something. He was blitzing through buildings, easily bigger than an elephant, and his plating was regrowing faster than even Captain Wonder could rip it off.

“Haha!” the monster cried. “Give me your best! I’ll only grow stronger! You cannot take on Leviathan!”

Mal kept his head down. He didn’t have his service pistol with him, just a goddamn bag of women’s clothing that probably wouldn’t even *fit* Hela’s body. Was she a 32D or a 34D or what?

“Everyone, follow me!” he cried to a group, directing them through the nearby mall. “This leads to the other side of town! Get across the bridge! Don’t stop running whatever you do!”

Suddenly, the glass of the mall rooftop smashed, and the black knight descended, floating menacingly, a red glow where the eyeslits of his helmet were.

“Good advice. But remember, you can run, but you cannot hide, people of Lucius City!”

Mal threw the bag of clothing. It bounced ineffectually off of Sovereign’s cuirass.

“You coward!” he yelled. “Killing innocent people! Why don’t you take on me, huh?”

“And what makes you special?”

“I’m a goddamn biologist, that’s what! Not to mention I’m a NASA astronaut. You wanna get in the headlines, take someone like me!”

The figure descended, drawing out a large and terrible glaive. Above, heroes and villains fought, and cloud plumes shot into the sky where the thickest fighting was from the ground. No one was coming to rescue Mal. He knew it.

“As you wish,” the black knight said. *“Your death will be painful, astronaut. I shall scatter your remnants among the stars.”*

“That’s a goddamn compliment, asshole! At least my buddy won’t be angry I didn’t get her sizing right.”

Sovereign tilted his head, clearly confused for a moment, but then he pulled back his glaive, ready to impale the man. Yet the distraction gave just enough time for a speedset to come out of freakin’ nowhere and *smash* Sovereign far across the mall, crashing across the tiled floor and then into one of the shops. Mal was amazed, and then his jaw dropped. A naked figure was before him, curvaceous and beautiful and sleek and powerful, standing like a goddess.

“Hela?” he gasped.

“Get to safety!” she cried. “I’m joining the fight, Mal!”

“Took you long enough!”

She grinned. “Well, I guess you were right. Can’t believe I was the cautious one. No more.”

“That’s the Howie I know!”

“Hela, remember? Now get to safety! And forget my clothing!”

“I can see you already have!”

She grinned, then launched into battle. Sovereign was already up and screaming with rage, swinging his glaive and tearing apart the shoe store he’d been catapulted into. Hela - now thinking of herself as Cheetah, already adopting the superheroine moniker - used her dexterity to duck under his blade and then tear at his armour plating. A burst of red

energy shot her through three ceilings and up into the sky, and then Sovereign launched into her. Her tail snaked around his neck, yanking him to the side and careening them through another building. She was thrown five stories to the ground, but used her claws to arrest her fall against the wall of the nearby Second State Bank. She fell to the ground alongside Captain Wonder, who was battling the enormous multi-eyed beast *thing* calling itself Leviathan.

“Well, look who just joined the fight!” Captain Wonder exclaimed, his dark eyes roaming briefly over her form. It was a reminder to Cheetah that she was, currently, quite naked. Though, in a way, she didn’t really feel so. After all, her nipples were covered up by her blonde fur, and the same was true of her womanhood. She was, arguably, clothed in the way an animal was. She turned her slight snout up at him and smirked.

“Yeah, yeah, you were right, Wonder Man. How can I help?”

“Leviathan here is the heavy-hitter,” he explained. The beast charged, and Captain Wonder flew over him while Cheetah leaped well over his head. He crashed into the Second State Bank, and the corner of the entire building - two stories in height - crumbled. Leviathan roared, and spikes shot from his back. Cheetah dodged all but one which grazed her arm, causing her to meow in a high tone. Captain Wonder was hit in the stomach, but only took minor damage.

“He’s getting more powerful,” he said. “I can’t get through the armour. Bludgeoning it does nothing, and when I try to rip it up, it’s too smooth. Omni-Lass has used her deduction to determine it’s his weakness beneath that matters; soft flesh and all. But we can’t get under that damn hide!”

Above, Sovereign was now clashing with a floating Doctor Mind in her Monitor-Chair, fending off strikes from Gladius as well. Hot Blood was torching more buildings, but Abominable had arrived to combat him; she was like Cheetah, a furry hero, albeit more like a shaggy, massively powerful monster than anything. Yet Leviathan remained; he was on another level.

“Leviathan will destroy you!” the creature roared. “Leviathan was once a man, but now Leviathan is stronger than ever!”

“Third person talk,” Captain Wonder said idly. “Never a good sign. Not ever.”

Cheetah unsheathed her claws. They looked almost silver, a new development. In fact, as she embraced the surges of power within her, she couldn’t help but notice that her body was slightly taller, certainly more muscles (in a lithe, cat-like way), and definitely curvier. Her breasts had grown, and her thighs were thicker. She didn’t want to think about how her ass looked as she crouched.

“Give me an opening,” she said. “Distract him so he couldn’t stomp me to death or use the spikes. I think I can do it!”

“On it!” he said, trusting her straight away. “Welcome to the League.” Then: “Hey, ugly! You’re doing a lot of talk for a guy who’s not put a scratch on me, yet!”

“RARGH! LEVIATHAN WILL DESTROY YOU!”

The monster launched forward on all six - no, *eight* legs, two more having grown. It screamed, but Captain Wonder rose to the sky with ease, dodging the villain’s attacks.

Or so he thought.

Leviathan roared, only for his human-like face, plated and all, to suddenly distend and push outwards, growing an elongated jaw. The creature screamed, and its upper half glowed a powerful green. Suddenly a laser-like blast shot forth from its mouth. Captain Wonder was too slow to dodge it, and it blasted him from the sky with ease, causing him to careen down with a cry. His body was burned, his arm visibly damaged as well as his shoulder. Leviathan turned, its blast smashing into Abominable; she let loose a horrid howl as the energy seared her shaggy hair. Hot Blood attacked her from the other side, and it was clear that she wouldn’t last long unless something was done.

Cheetah wanted to save her, but needed to stop this monster first. The distraction was still there. She growled like a tiger about to attack, then ran on all fours like a wild beast, sliding under Leviathan and slashing at his stomach. Her claws tore through his plating, and when he tried to trample her she clawed up his side, tearing chunks of armour away as she did so, exposing soft, pink flesh.

“Captain Wonder!” she cried, ripping his back plating from his more humanoid upper half. “Now! He’s vulnerable!”

Thankfully the hero was launching forward again, his injured arm at his side, but his right arm thrust forward as a fist. He smashed into the side of Leviathan, then crashed into his upper back. The creature howled.

“YOU DARE!?”

“Oh, we do!” Wonder exclaimed, hitting him again. The plating was regrowing rapidly, but Cheetah was faster. She was flexing muscles she didn’t even *know* she had, tearing the creature’s protection to pieces. The villain roared in anger, but the tide was turning faster than his body could adapt. Tentacles began to expand from his sides, but Cheetah just sped faster, tying them in knots and then slashing them apart at the stems. She reared back her fist and belted him in the side at the same time as Captain Wonder hit him from the other side. Leviathan did not cry out this time, but instead a loud gurgle escaped his throat, and the villain toppled to the side, clearly unconscious.

“Nicely done, hero!” Wonder announced, and hearing such a powerful and, admittedly, *very handsome* hero say that about her left Cheetah feeling quite good about herself. They raced towards Hot Blood, and she slashed apart his fire-tanks and left him powerless. More heroes were joining the fray, and Sovereign, floating above, cursed.

“Next time, Leaguers!” he spat, before levelling a finger at Cheetah. “And *you* most of all. You’ll pay for this.”

His armour glowed red, and then he was gone, having teleported away in an instant.

“We’ll see him again, no doubt,” Wonder said. “Okay, everyone! Finish the mop up and begin immediate search and rescue! Hela, can I-”

“Call me Cheetah,” she said, smirking. “While I’m, uh, on the job, I guess.”

His eyes gleamed. “Cheetah it is. Can you move fast to see where we’re needed?”

“I can,” she said. “I just need to check on someone first.”

She raced off without explanation, zooming through the damaged city centre and over the south bridge. She found who she was looking for in mere seconds, skidding to a stop that sent sparks into the air and her chest wobbling more than she would have liked. Strangely, any pain from the jiggling wasn’t painful anymore, as if her body had *adapted* to her new quasi-nudity. That wasn’t even remotely a concern for her at the moment though, nor the fact that onlookers were amazed at the appearance of a new, and rather furry, heroine in their midst. Instead, her focus was on Malcolm, who was clutching a clearly broken arm. He grimaced at her, a look of dark humour on his face.

“Second time’s the charm,” he said, holding up the fractured limb.

“You’re okay!” she replied, pulling him into a hug.

“Ow! The arm! The arm!”

“Oh, s-sorry!” She gripped her friend, though, not letting go completely. “Goddamn you, buddy, I was worried about you.”

“I wasn’t, once you arrived.”

“Why are you still on the bridge? I told you to run, you fool.”

Mal gave that pained smile again. “I had to make sure everyone got to safety, Hela. I wasn’t just gonna run to safety without doing what I could save-”

Hela pounced, pressing her lips against him. It was a different kiss than what she was used to; she was not only kissing a man, but her lips were upon her small snout. And yet it was a wonderful kiss anyway, particularly as the startled Malcolm settled and returned the affection, slipping his hands over her curves, resting them on her furry hips, and then stroking her gently. Her tail looped, expressing her comfort, and her body tingled with desire. Hela couldn’t resist pawing at his chest slightly, very carefully so as to display affection but not hurt him.

Finally, she pulled back, looking away a little. “Well, that was . . . impulsive of me.”

Malcolm grinned. “So, *you* in a word. Worth the busted arm, I’d say.”

Hela gave him a light punch on the other one. “I was just worried about you.”

“Well, I’ll just go out on a limb and say it; I’d kiss you again anytime.”

The crowd of civilians around them put up a cheer, and the two couldn't stop grinning with all the support. Malcolm kissed her on her furry cheek, and much to her embarrassment she actually purred in response, feeling warm. He slipped a hand down and brushed her tail, and it stood on end.

"Okay, that's enough!" she declared. "Otherwise the news copter up there will feature us. I may be back in the centre of attention, but not that much."

Malcolm nodded, scratching his dark brown hair nervously. "Good point. I'll call an ambulance and - WHOA!"

Hela was already grabbing him, holding him easily like paper in her arms, and soaring through the city. Malcolm screamed but she just laughed, revelling in being a damn hero, and in being confident and outgoing as she had been before the change. She dropped him off at the hospital, gave her friend a daring peck on the cheek again, and then took off at a zoom, off to help the heroes.

It was her first day as The Cheetah. She already knew in her heart that it would not by far be the last.

Some relationships occur in big, spontaneous moments. This is how it could have been after the incident on the bridge, but Hela was still nervous about her body, and when she came down from it all, she wasn't sure how much she was willing to commit. Malcolm didn't want to take advantage of her either, and so the pair returned to their roommate and friend status, albeit in a closer way, occasionally flirting with one another, giving a back massage, even commenting on how they found each other attractive now, or how the hero forums were going nuts over the new heroine, and the furry followers as well. 'The Sexy Cheetah' one paper reported her as, and she was astonished to see how big her ass had gotten, and how wide her hips were. She was a DD-cup now, and needed no support for her breasts; they jiggled, but not as distractingly as she thought they would be, and there was no pain now that her invulnerability had increased. She increasingly walked around naked, and now was out in public, waving to people, signing autographs for children, and more eager to do her own shopping rather than rely on Malcolm, who now had more time for his work on a cure.

But it also meant that their relationship, rather than finally starting, took another two whole months to boil over. The innuendos slowly grew, the little comments about her 'nice spotted butt' and hers about him having 'damn sexy shoulders.' The way she purred when sleeping, even resting against him when they watched movies or the latest NASA launch. When Mal was stressed after another test failure, they went on nature walks together, and she went fully nude and leapt around above him. Later, they would roll around in the grass,

teasing one another and playfighting. It was during one of these incidents, looking out at Lucius City, that the two finally, *finally* consummate the steamy relationship that had been building between them.

“See how much stronger I am than you, now?”

“You were always stronger than me, buddy,” Malcolm replied, gritting his teeth as they rolled in a wild meadow. “But you might recall, I was always much more skilled!”

He twisted out of Hela’s hold and moved to pin her down, but she easily pushed back against him, pressing his back against the warm grass. He struggled to get up, but she straddled him, placing her thighs on either side of his body and then holding his arms down as well. Her breasts, now very impressive and amazingly pert E-cups, a real pair of palm-fillers, hung from her chest. Her hips were wide, her tail swishing from side to side in this moment of triumph.

“Are you gonna say Uncle?” she said, grinning her sharp teeth at him.

Mal whispered something, but it was so quiet that even her cat ears couldn’t pick it up at close range.

“What was that?” she said, lowering her face right up against his. Her breasts slid along her friend’s chest, causing her nipples to stiffen with arousal.

“I said,” Mal said. “Nice bod.”

They stared at one another, both breathing heavily.

“Not so bad yourself, big guy,” she replied. His hands were now on her, sliding over her waist and down her hips.

Again, they continued to stare, as if playing a game of intense chicken.

“Ah, fuck it. I’m going for it,” Mal said.

“Me too.”

“How about we count down from ten? Like the old days.”

Hela nodded. Her heart was beating heavily, but her body was so aroused. Her animal instincts were so damn strong; she wanted to *mate* with this man. She wanted to feel that hardness against her, the hardness she could *smell* thanks to his aroused state.

“Okay,” she said. “Ten.”

“Nine.”

“Eight.”

Her blood raced faster. His breathing did too.

“Seven.”

“Sex,” she said. “I mean six!”

“F-five,” Mal said, lowering his hands to squeeze her increasingly peachy rear.

“Ohhhhh, four!” she replied, placing her hand on his crotch and rubbing it.

“Three.”

“T-two.”

“One.”

“LIFTOFF!” they both declared, and that was that, because they were immediately making out with one another. Hela was so in a rush to feel her friend-turned-lover that she tore his shirt to shreds and then ripped his belt buckle in twain. He went slack-jawed at this, but then she was pressing her naked, furry body against his, and any reluctance he might have had disappeared as her breasts slid against him. They kissed, and she scratched him lightly. He stroked her tail, causing her to moan softly in response. The pleasure only heightened as his hard dick pressed against her entrance. The man was playing with her full breasts, squeezing them, feeling their furry fullness, and it made her purr with bliss.

“Ohhhh, that f-feels damn good, Mal.”

“All of you feels good.”

“Fuckin’ A, I do. Ahhh, I think I want you.”

“I want you too,” he said.

“Then get your rocket to the launchpad, buddy! I want to generate some *thrust*, if you know what I mean?”

The pair of them laughed for a moment, before immediately returning to their lovemaking. She kissed him passionately, their tongues intertwining, but then she raised herself up again, still kneeling, her thighs spread over him. He gripped her hips, helping her down onto his hard member, and with her help the impossible happened: he entered her, causing the furry heroine to moan in pure ecstasy.

“Eight m-months!” she whimpered as he slid further into her. “Eight goddamn m-months! Why did I w-wait so long! Ahhhhh, you’re b-big, Mal! I’ll give ya that, buddy!”

“I’m not all the way in - ahh - yet. Feel this.”

She began to work up and down upon his rigid penis, feeling his girth and length, the way it pushed her wet walls apart. She was milking his cock, and it was magnificent, even better for how they were doing it out in nature. He cupped her breasts, playing with them, and she found that she was starting to *love* her curves. Sure, the internet had gone way too wild over them, particularly with her busting more of the Harbingers lately, but it was filling her with confidence; good looks once again, just in a more furry-anthro-heroine way.

Most importantly of all, it turned on Mal, just like he turned her on. He was so real. Her own personal Captain Wonder, a guy who’d never given up on her, not once.

And God, oh God, he was a magnificent lover.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, almost meowing. “I’m getting close! I’m getting fucking close, Mal!”

“Hold on! I’ll take you there.”

“You better! I was your wingman! I didn’t - ohhhhhh - talk you up for n-nothing!”

“And now you’re my hero, I gotta be worthy of The Cheetah!”

“You - mhhmm - are! You very much - ahhhh - are! Ohhhh! So close!”

She was riding him aggressively now, mounting him in a primal fashion, rising and falling upon his stiff member with increasing rapidity. She lowered herself to kiss him, her very large and furry breasts sliding against his chest again, and it was in this very sexy embrace that she could finally take no more, and orgasmed explosively, far more powerfully than she ever had in her entire life. She squealed, her voice rising higher, transforming into a bestial cry that probably scared away half the forest life in a five mile radius. She didn’t care; she was clutching Mal, holding on for dear life as he climaxed with her. He shuddered within her, his seed pouring into her body. It was wonderful, and she was sick of fighting it.

When she collapsed against him, the two held one another, skin on fur, each finding comfort in the other. She purred joyfully, and for nearly fifteen minutes they rested there, lost in the comfort of one another, in their respective touch. When Hela lifted her head, the words poured out of her without thought.

“I love you,” she said, and it just sort of came out of her. “Er, I mean-”

“I love you too,” Mal said, holding her tight.

She felt like the belle of the ball, because she gave the biggest female grin on could imagine, curling her tail around his leg and squeezing him tight.

“T-too tight! Too tight!”

“Sorry!” she squeaked. “I don’t know my own strength.”

Mal kissed her. “I like that about you. But you do know your own speed, right?”

“Yep, and getting faster each day.”

Mal nodded. “Good, good. Because now that we know we love each other . . . perhaps you’d do me a loving favour of running back to the apartment to get me more clothes? You ripped mine apart.”

Hela chuckled sheepishly. “I was just passionate. I was like that as a man, and now even more as a woman. What can I say? This cat was hungry. And you’re like catnip to me, Mal.”

“But . . . you can get the clothes, right?”

She nodded. “Maybe in a few hours. After I’ve had my way with you a few more times.”

She lowered her hand down to fondle his balls, and slowly he stiffened, his arousal returning. Mal began to squeeze her breasts and feel her elaborate curves, which had definitely increased after this magnificent exchange of sex and love.

“Well, how can I refuse the woman I love?”

Over the next couple of months, Hela and Mal more than made up for their previous months of denial over their feelings for one another. Hela was *ravenous*, and oftentimes Mal had to be the one to tap his hand on the floor and say, "Sorry, babe, I'm out! I'm spent!" much to her amusement. She didn't mind; she liked to dominate him, to squeeze him with her inner muscles, to make him hers. Occasionally, after a battle, or a weary interview while going through the hoops for Righteous League membership, she would hang up her Cheetah mantle, come home, and throw off her clothes (the League did require that she *at least* wear some gym shorts and a sports bra as her 'costume,' and she accepted this. She went with a slight NASA theme to the clothing, in honour of her old occupation). She would wait until Mal was done with his laboratory work on her biological material, and then she would seduce him to bed. In those more vulnerable moments, she would let him take charge, enjoying how much of a man he was, his larger size, his own dominating power, even if that meant pretending she wasn't slowly turning into one of the most powerful superheroes on Earth. She would lie on her back, legs spread wide as Malcolm thrust into her, and all was right in the world. Plus, it was a nice excuse to put some light scratches on his back, too.

Of course, she was a full-blown superhero now, and had quickly become famous. The Righteous League had her as an honorary member while she was being processed, and that meant accompanying Doctor Mind, Omni Lass, and Captain Wonder on different League business. That ranged from crowd control after disasters to dealing with natural disasters to helping take down lowlifes, criminals, fugitives, and rogue supervillains. None were as powerful as the Harbinger she'd faced, but a particular reality warper calling herself The Queen of Mysteries was a damn tough nut to crack. Speed and ferocity meant very little when your enemy could rearrange the laws of physics. Thankfully, Omni Lass had been able to get to her while Cheetah was on distraction duty.

In many ways, superhero life was the most 'ordinary' part of her existence. She used to be a fighter pilot, had flown experimental aircraft and used her engineering degree to push them to the limit. She was used to risk, danger, helping civilians, and working within an organisational framework like the Righteous League. It was everyday life, on the other hand, that was the big adjustment. Now that she was out and about, Hela Hanson had become a true celebrity as The Cheetah. She sometimes wore clothes, and sometimes didn't; she was considered 'clothed' thanks to her fur, but she tried to wear the annoying articles when she was in spaces where it might definitely be more appropriate . . . such as the DMV! People recognised her now, and not chiefly as an astronaut. Kids swarmed her, wanting to feel her fur. Little girls and boys told her how much they wanted a tail like hers, or to be able to jump and leap and fight like her. It made her laugh, and she let them touch her tail or tap her claws if they wished.

The everyday life was like that; lots of adjustments. Brushing her fur, getting stains out of it, getting her desired catnaps in. Learning how to accept that she walked like a woman, her hips swinging almost seductively, her breasts noticeably bouncing. Haircare was another; she had wavy dark blonde hair to match her colours, and she now knew how to put it in an array of styles, though leaving it loose over her shoulders or in a ponytail was most common. She liked to use her superspeed to head into the wild and be one with it, and in a way it was an exploration not unlike being a NASA astronaut; it had its own rules, its own changes to one's lifestyle, and a sense of being beyond civilisation. She took Mal there more than once, carrying him in her arms. She liked to make love to him there where he could see her most wild side; even more than her player boy wild side from her college frat bro days.

But even as she got used to much of her new life, some parts of her were still adapting and . . . growing. Getting new clothing was a total chore because her powers were continually increasing. Her bust size had become whopping F-cups, and while they were wonderfully pert upon her chest, she could definitely understand the League's rule about all their heroes wearing clothing now, even if they were furry, because she was now capital B *Busty*. They were more sensitive too, which made for some wonderful lovemaking with Mal, and he certainly didn't mind it either, especially when she suffocated him in her sexy catlady bosom. They weren't the only enhanced curves either: she now had the kind of hips that would make Shakira blush, not to mention powerful legs that were both feminine and athletic, thickly corded muscle in her thighs and yet still looking damn good in a high-slit red dress (she took Mal as her date to a Righteous League dinner event, and she knew she looked fabulous, and even more so when she rode him later than night still wearing it. Of course, she did also later tear it to shreds upon reaching orgasm). Her ass was wonderfully impressive, the kind that could bounce a quarter to the moon, and just as she had once had a male swagger that showed off her fit form, now she had a walk and sway to her, a bounce to her various curves, that was raw female sensuality incarnate.

And she was goddamn *owning* it. She even smirked when she caught Captain Wonder looking at her with interest, but thankfully he was a really good fella; he knew she was taken, and respected that. Multi-Tool? Well, he was a bit of a tool.

"Tell me, Cat," he once said to her. "How's the pussy?"

He wasn't counting on her being as powerful as she was, because she tore apart all the high-level combat tech he had on him in that moment and left him running scared, the back of his pants ripped open so his ass was hanging out.

"Anyone else want to see the cat's claws!?" she shouted. "Because I'm more powerful than I've ever been?"

She had a lot of HR meetings over that, and promised to report it next time. But it caught Doctor Mind's interest; the big-brained super genius was looking over all of Mal's biological research.

"Fascinating," she said to Cheetah while the latter lay down on the laboratory table beneath a whole lot of gizmos that read her biological state. "Your powers are increasing."

"Yeah, so is my bust size."

"Yes, that too. I've heard that Omni Lass is quite jealous. But your powers interest me more. Do you realise how much more power you've gained? Once, you could climb up buildings. Now, you can run up them. Before, you could leap fifteen feet into the air. During that last fight with Bonesaw from the Harbingers, you leapt one hundred feet into the air, taking out his flyer with no damage to yourself. Hela, you could well be on your way to becoming the most powerful hero on this planet."

Hela blinked. She knew she was getting strong, but that strong!?

"Sorry, are you running a machine or something right now?"

"Just the one above you."

"Oh, I thought I heard . . . but isn't the curve tapering off? I mean, not *my* curves, though God knows I'd rather not go up too many more cup sizes, doc. But my power is tapering, right?"

Doctor Mind gave a 'so-so' gesture. She floated over to a graph she'd plotted through a hologram. "Obviously, 'power level' is not a strict science to chart, but your base physical abilities seem to be scaling together fairly equally. If we look at this chart, we can see indeed that your powers are tapering off, but only in the sense that your power growth is slowing gradually. It will still be another eighty years before we see the true height of your power."

Hela chuckled at this, her furry bosom shaking. She got up from the chair and removed her hospital gown, pleased to be naked again. She needed to get out of her; she had this strange feeling of being watched in such a room.

"Well," she said, brushing her fur and adjusting her hair. "Looks like we'll never see that. I'm already thirty five, doc. I doubt I'll make it another eighty years."

That's when Doctor Mind dropped the bomb.

"I'm immortal?" Hela said, still trying to come to grips with it. She hugged herself, trying to ignore the strange sensation of being watched. It was just her own nervous state, she knew.

Mal rubbed his jaw. They were back at their shared apartment, and she'd just burst in, accidentally cracking the door straight off its hinges in her hurry.

"Hello to you too, love."

"I'm serious, Mal. Why the fuck didn't you tell me this?"

Mal stood and placed his hands on her shoulders. "Because I wasn't sure. I had to send the samples forward to Doctor Mind to have her confirm what I was seeing. Your cells revitalise, Hela. It doesn't make sense, but they aren't dying. Your body rejuvenates. You're not aging, not in the sense we understand it. I don't know if this makes you truly immortal, but you know you've been regenerating from injuries lately, not that anything short of a Harbinger attack can hurt you."

"That laser was a bitch. I swear, I can still feel the hum of its tech in my ear right now."

"And you healed right through it," Mal said. "Hela, I needed to confirm it. I was just literally reading the email from Doctor Mind now. She agrees with me: at the very least, you'll live hundreds of years, if not thousands."

Hela flopped back onto a seat, her tail drooping in shock. "Thousands of years," she muttered. "That's . . . that's so much to think about."

"I know, babe. I know. I was going to talk to you about it over dinner tonight."

Hela found tears forming in her eyes. That was another change; for all that she was now embracing her femininity, and even looking forward to the upcoming one year anniversary of her transformation, she still couldn't stand how much her emotional state could get to her, especially when her blood ran hot or she was close to her period, which ran monthly like any human woman's.

"Immortal . . . or near enough. Jesus, Mal, what am I supposed to do with that? I don't even know if I want to live that long. And God, what about us? I love you. Goddamn it, I love you. I've even gotten used to saying it! I love, and . . . what? I'm just supposed to watch you grow old and die?"

Mal gave a wan smile. "That's still a long time away, honey."

"Don't 'honey' me, you know I still prefer 'babe' or 'buddy.' And you're dodging the question."

"I'm just saying we have time, and, well, you have an option."

Hela cocked her head to one side. She could have sworn she heard something click, but Mal's words were more important. "An option?"

Malcolm gestured to his computer screen, which showed a complicated formula she barely understood.

"Wait," she said. "Is that what I think it is?"

"A cure for your condition," he said. "A way to be Howard again."

Somehow, it didn't much appeal. Hela knew instantly that it didn't. She had learned to love her new body, and would never give it up.

"You can make this?" she asked.

Malcolm paused. "Would you want it?"

"No. Not for a long time. But if you grew old, and I didn't . . . it would be good to keep as an option, wouldn't it? A way to be me again? Just for us to stay together all the way? So I could . . . I dunno, die, guess?"

"My thoughts exactly."

In the split second that followed, Hela's reactions become The Cheetah's reactions, because all the strange little clues of things being wrong: the sensation of being watched, the whirl of technology she could swear she was hearing, the slight sounds in the background.

The black-armoured form of Sovereign appeared right between her and Malcolm, phasing out of its invisible, half-dimensional state, glaive already extending to stab her through the heart. It caught her in the shoulder, causing her to screech, but her main focus was her boyfriend and love, because Sovereign was swinging the weapon in a wide arc straight towards his head.

"No!" she screamed, pulling her along the glaive. She punched Sovereign, sending him backwards, destroying an entire wall of the home. Malcolm was falling backwards in slow motion; the Cheetah caught him and began to run, but Sovereign was already firing red energy blasts from his palms in the apartment. Her shoulder was healing, but it caused enough of a stumble to catch her by surprise. Her fur singed and the flesh beneath it too as she launched into the air, carrying Mal to freedom.

"It's Sovereign!" he cried.

"I know!" she replied, landing down the street and running. "Why the fuck is he here?"

They both looked around, searching for his return, but he didn't appear in the sky at all. Mal grabbed her arm even as they reached the outskirts of town thanks to her superspeed. "My research!" he exclaimed.

"What about it?"

"He's a technomancer, remember? He can reverse-engineer a cure and put it in dart form and sic any future Harbingers on you. And . . . God knows, with enough time, he might be able to make something of your blood samples, too. Something to make himself more powerful."

Hela's eyes went wide. She kissed her lover.

"Stay here, and I mean it!" she yelled, racing off back towards her home. Just as Malcolm had suggested, Sovereign was flying from their apartment, Mal's entire computer system, hard drives and all, floating with him. He was starting to flicker, going invisible, and something in his body language was smug as he rose into the air.

"I told you I would kill you, Cheetah," he proclaimed, saluting her mockingly. "I'll be back to make you human again, and take everything you love."

She reared up, getting ready to leap, even as he soared to two hundred feet in the air over the city.

“Go ahead, jump,” he mocked, disappearing entirely. “But how will you find a ghost?”

Cheetah’s mind raced. She needed to take this monster down for good, but she couldn’t see him *and* he had teleportation tech if he needed to make a getaway without the harddrives.. She needed to make this count, and would have only *one* chance to do it. She kept her eyes on the last place she’d spotted him, and then closed them.

Sense.

Supersenses.

She could hear disturbances. Car alarms. Traffic. Arguments. Police Sirens. People running for help. But she could *also* hear slight disturbances in the air, small shifts of micro-electronics and advanced technology that were *nearly* silent, but not completely.

“C’mon,” she murmured, focusing further. There was so little time.

There.

She opened her eyes, trained them upwards. Her cat’s eyes focused far, far above, where the merest ripples in the air could be seen. The low clouds blurred just slightly as something entered them, and her amazing insight caught the exact trajectory.

The engineer in her was pleased.

The superhero in her *jumped*.

Concrete cracked loudly as she launched up into the air, harder and higher and faster than she’d ever been. She felt like a rocket taking off, like she *was* the kind of rocket she used to ride. Her fur flattened from the sheer speed, and her eyes watered, but she kept her focus on where she knew Sovereign would have to be.

One chance.

One fucking chance.

Collision.

She gripped instantly to a body, grinning like the cat who caught the canary.

“There you are!” she roared, slashing at the man’s armour.

“What - how!?”

The villain fought back, his palms firing lasers and singeing her skin, melting parts of her flesh. It was agony beyond belief, and he had the home field advantage in the clouds, but she used his brief confusion to tear at his plating like she had with Leviathan. She ripped parts of his suit to shreds, ripping apart weaponry and circuitry and even the anti-gravity device on his back, causing all of them and Mal’s computer to drop. They began to fall, descending through the clouds. His suit generated heat, melting bits of exposed metal, the computer too, and causing the pain to become almost unbearable.

“BURN!” he screamed. “AND THEN I’LL BURN YOUR BOYFRIEND, TOO!”

She snarled, tearing at his suit more, uncaring if she was dying or not. No one threatened Malcolm. No one. She had been his wingman in bars and in space shuttles, and now that he was her lover, she'd never, ever let anyone hurt him. She didn't even have words, just a primal scream as she slashed apart at his suit.

"Screw this! I'll get you later!" he yelled, voice scrambler beginning to fall apart.

His helmet lit up. Hela realised that was the key: she tore her claws into it and tore it asunder, but in her rage she buried her talons too deep: Sovereign screamed, his face revealed as a bloody mass: she'd stabbed through both eyes.

"You bitch! You fucking-"

She grabbed him, muffling his voice, and lifted him above her head. The ground was approaching and death with it. She stretched out her legs, ready to absorb the impact. She imagined she could tank it usually, but in such a state of injury she doubted-

A pair of arms caught her, arresting her fall slowly and making sure Sovereign was unhurt. Hela looked in surprise at Captain Wonder, just in time to save her bacon.

"Don't worry, I've got you, and it looks like Sovereign is finally going nowhere too."

Hela steadied her breath, and finally managed a smile.

"Captain, there's a lot to do, and a lot to explain, but would you mind letting me go rescue my boyfriend while you deal with this piece of trash? I may have left him stranded."

The world's most powerful hero (for now) gave a gentle and reassuring smile. "I think he'll be fine. You need the infirmary first."

But Hela held up an arm, and the hero blinked to see her flesh and even her fur now healing.

"Well, in that case . . ."

"You'll be okay with this asshole?" she said, gesturing to Sovereign in his other arm, who was moaning in impotent pain."

"Don't worry, the other Leaguers are below as well. Sovereign would have gotten away if not for you helping tear apart your own place. As far as I'm concerned, you've earned a rest."

"It's not the rest I'm looking for."

By the time Hela arrived with her superspeed back to Malcolm, he was sitting on an overturned log looking anxious. She didn't even bother to completely slow down; instead she slammed into him lightly, causing him to yelp as he fell onto his back on the soft grass. She was immediately upon him, kissing him gently and holding him with love.

"Thank God," he said. "I saw figures falling, I feared the worst."

“Well, I was never one for caution. We got him, Mal. Sovereign.”

He breathed a heavy sigh of relief. “And you’re safe.”

“And healing. And stronger than ever. And . . .”

Malcolm looked up at her, perched upon him. “And?”

She smiled, lowering herself to kiss her lover gently, enjoying his warmth in this private space. “And I think we can hold off on that cure, Mal. I just kicked a supervillain’s ass. I don’t want anyone to know about that cure to weaponise it against me. Or you.”

Malcolm slowly nodded. “And the immortality thing?”

She bit her lip, her whiskers drooping a little. “I need more time to think about that, but I guess more time is what I’ve got, right? But I spent too much time already cooped up, not learning to love my new change. Maybe that’s a new change I can learn to love as well, just like I’ve come to love you.”

He brushed the fur of her cheek. God, she loved it when he did that. It made her tail flick so very suggestively.

“I love you too, Hela. And for what it’s worth, I’m more than okay with being an eighty year old man and still having the hottest catlady girlfriend decades from now.”

That made her giggle. “Please, I’m not gonna be your girlfriend.”

Matt paused. “You’re not?”

She rolled her golden eyes. “Of course not. Because you’re gonna propose to me in ten minutes, buddy.”

“I am? Wait, of course I am. Why wouldn’t I? But why ten minutes?”

She licked her lips and began to undo the buttons of his shirt.

“Because this cat wants a nice meal,” she teased, moving her hands down to the buckle of his pants. “And that meal is you. What do you say? Do you want to fuck your hot, superpowered cheetah girlfried? Because I’m feeling really, really in the mating season, Mal.”

The man couldn’t get his pants off fast enough.

Hela yawned, stretching her powerful limbs and meowing just like a cat waking up. Beside her, Malcolm still slept peacefully. She leaned over and kissed him gently on the cheek. He murmured something in his sleep and smiled. It melted the catwoman’s heart every time, even now after twenty years of loving this man.

She made her way down the stairs silently, an easy thing to do with her cat-like nature. She was naked, as was usual around the house; her fur was her clothing in her mind, and her friends and family were all used to it. As she moved towards the living room,

she observed herself in the hallway mirror, stepping back so she could take herself all in. Sometimes, usually in the mornings, she still couldn't believe the form she now possessed. Not just the fur and the cheetah spots and digitigrade legs, or even the tail, but the sheer curves her body now contained. It was practically impossible *not* to move in a rather sensual way these days, what with her wide, childbearing hips and perfect hourglass figure, not to mention her prominent F-cup breasts, each of which were about half the size of her own damn head. Thankfully, they were wonderfully pert upon her chest, and thanks to her super body, she didn't have to suffer any back pain or strain from them. She turned to the side and smirked at her profile. Jesus, she had an ass these days. No wonder all the online forums and websites had often declared her one of the hottest superheroines around, if not *the* hottest. *That* had taken some time getting used to, but now she took more than a little cheeky pride in it, especially since she knew it drove Malcolm wild to know he was the husband to the most attractive supergal around. Being ageless also meant she'd keep those curves for him for life.

And yet, there was that annoying cowlick on her head. Cheetah-lick? Hela sighed, extended a claw, and simply sliced it off. Her fur would regrow, after all, and hopefully flat this time. The super woman made her way to the kitchen and opened the cupboards. No league business for her today - in recent years, she had gone part-time out of necessity, despite her great powers. She wanted to be here, and each day with her family was precious, especially now that Malcolm was in his early fifties.

She began cooking up the bacon and eggs, purring constantly at the wonderful smell of the bacon sizzling in the pan. It was, appropriately enough, like catnip to her. It was while she was sniffing that wonderful flavour that her ears pricked up and caught the slow breathing of everyone in the household; a benefit of her enhanced hearing. Something shifted though, and suddenly there was a rush of air as a figure moved rapidly down the stairs and literally *launched* themselves into her arms.

"Mommy!"

Hela laughed and caught her eldest child, her daughter Melody. She was furry and cheetah-like just like herself, only with bright red hair as a contrast upon her head, and no miniature-snout, though her face was still furred.

"Mommy, I moved faster than ever!"

"Shhhh," Hela cautioned her little twelve-year old. "Not too loud. Your siblings are still sleeping, remember?"

"But it's super late in the morning!" Melody in an excited whisper. "They should be awake by now! I can smell bacon!"

"Ah, but not all of your siblings have quite your sense of smell, little one." Hela kissed her daughter on the head and lowered her to the ground. She was wearing loose pyjamas

that didn't irritate her fur, though Hela suspected that when she came of age she'd prefer to go 'fur only' like her mother.

"Okay," she said. "Go wake your brother and sisters."

With a grin, her daughter took off at literally superspeed, and just a few minutes later the rest of her children were all racing about, laughing, fighting, grabbing toys or demanding breakfast. It was one thing to be a parent, and certainly another to be a mother (she certainly hadn't expected to ever fall pregnant, let alone snarl and roar as she gave animalistic birth), and yet even more out there to be a mother to a whole bunch of super babies. Melody was closest to her, and her son Robert was quite cheetah-like, with cat-ears and a tail and claws, not to mention the golden eyes and sharp teeth, though he lacked the fur on his body. He was also seriously strong, something they were having to really instill responsibility in. Tara was the most human out of all her children, her eight-year old daughter looking totally human. Much to the shock of Hela, Malcolm, and everyone else though, she could somehow *fly*, not to mention go *invisible*. Doctor Mind theorised that inheriting the effects of the exotic matter could produce some occasional random super effects. And while Tara occasionally expressed annoyance at not being cheetah-like like her mom, she *loved* her powers.

Such as now, when she was trying to snatch bacon while no one was watching.

"Tara, I've got super hearing and senses, remember? Put that bacon back!"

"Awww!"

Lastly, sleepy little Roslyn arrived. She was like Hela, but she had her father's hair and normal human eyes. Being only four years old, she was still quite attached to Hela, and like her mother, she enjoyed her cat-like sleep-ins.

"Oh, my little girl," Hela said. "Come here, honey. Come here."

She lifted up her sleepy daughter, holding her easily while she finished breakfast one-handed. Her other three children played and ran about the room, and occasionally she had to raise her voice or even invoke her superspeed herself.

"Melody, don't move that fast in the house!"

"Robert, don't break your sister's things! I know you're trying to fix them, but you're bashing them together too much."

"Tara, can you fly up and clean that stain on the ceiling for me? Thank you, love."

Slowly, breakfast became ready, and she served up the portions to her ever-hungry children. It was a good thing she and Malcolm were set for life - between her League career and his NASA retirement benefits, they now had an expansive and well-protected household, even from supervillains, or *worse*, superpowered children. If they weren't so well off, these kids would eat them well out of hearth and home.

"Morning everyone," came a gruff, yet loving voice.

“DADDY!” several of the children shouted. Tara flew down to him, nearly knocking Malcolm over.

“Honey, please be visible when you do that!”

“Oh, sorry!”

They clung to him, and once again Hela had to remind her little ones not to overwhelm their father; he didn’t have powers like them. Still, he didn’t complain.

“It’s alright, love!” he said, holding his children and laughing as they pulled him slowly to the carpeted floor. “They’re just enthusiastic!”

Hela smiled. She found herself falling in love with him all over again whenever she caught these little moments; the way his eyes twinkled and gleamed as he held their children. The first pregnancy had been a major surprise, and quite a shocking thing to feel her belly grow and fill with life, to move and shift from her baby’s movements. She hadn’t been sure if she was ready to be a mother, but now she didn’t regret it one bit. The fact that she’d been pregnant four times was evidence of that.

Still, a small part of her felt a twinge of sadness. Malcolm was a very healthy man, but now that he was in his fifties, she could see the first grey-white hairs appearing at his temples, and creeping in on top as well. He was getting older, and it reminded her that she would outlive him. It had been a conversation that had been revisited more than a few times in the past years, especially now that they had children. But she’d made her choice to stay as she was, and though she occasionally raised the idea of ‘curing’ herself one day to be old with him, they both knew it wouldn’t be the same. She wasn’t Howard, and couldn’t be again. That argument had been lost twenty years ago.

Finally, Malcolm freed himself from his prison as the kids ran to the table to devour their breakfast. It allowed Hela to stride over to her husband and help him up; she put a little extra sway in her hips to entice him.

“Morning, beautiful,” he said.

“Morning, sexy,” she whispered.

“Ewwww, mom!” Melody cried.

Hela bit her lip sheepishly. She kept forgetting Melody had her super-hearing now. “Block your ears honey!”

She kissed Malcolm, and he held her lovingly. She always enjoyed the way her large, naked, furry breasts pressed up against his chest. It made her want him all the more. But that was parenthood; there were other priorities first.

“Okay, children! It’s off to Super School for you! I’ve got your bags packed, so let’s get you all quickly cleaned and brushed and dressed and ready, alright?”

There was a collective moan, except from Roslyn, who would be going to daycare, and adored her caretaker, who was a superpowered being herself. Over the next forty

minutes, Malcolm and Hela helped one another, until finally their crazy bunch of kids were out the door. She used her superspeed to drop Roslyn off to daycare, while the others were trusted to use their own speed (or flight, in Tara's case) to get to school on their own. Still, Hela used her speed just to make sure they made it, just in case, as she always did. Once she'd confirmed they'd arrived, though, she sped back to her house with lightning alacrity. She closed the door behind her just as Malcolm was finishing his own breakfast.

"I love our babies," she said. "But thank God we've got some time to ourselves."

Malcolm smirked. God, he was still so damn handsome. Older, less physically able, but aged like fine wine. She had little doubt he'd get that sexy silver fox look one day. Mhmm, the cheetah and the fox. It was a nice thought, and it made her turned on all the more.

"I know what you mean," Malcolm said. "You didn't have to get up with them this morning. I could have done it, you know."

"I wanted my sexy man to have a sleep in," she replied, kneading his back with her hands, which caused him to grunt in satisfaction.

"Well, I appreciate it."

"You were working hard last night."

"Just tinkering. I thought I should mention that your 'cure' won't work soon. Your body is still getting more powerful—"

"And curvy," she teased.

He chuckled. "Yes, and that. But the cure won't work at all, soon."

"I could still take it, you know."

"We both know that's a stupid idea, honey."

"I just . . . I don't like the idea of not growing old with you."

"Whereas I want you to live forever. I want you to be happy, to find someone else one day - maybe after mourning me for ten thousand years."

She giggled. "Just ten thousand, huh?"

"Okay, maybe nine thousand. That seems fair."

They laughed together, but he turned in his seat to kiss her, stroking her cheek fur with one hand as he knew she always loved.

"I just thought I'd tell you, because it was the right decision. I love you, Hela. Not Howard. You, *Hela*. I have for twenty years, and I will for all the decades that remain to me. Besides, the kids love their mother too much to see her go."

"I know," she said. "I want our time together to be as much as we can make of it. Which is why . . . the house is empty, Malcolm."

"Yes, it is."

"And you've got a very, very sexy and curvy super cheetah goddess as your wife."

“I do that.”

“And she’s not on League business today.”

Malcolm grinned. “I think I’m picking up what you’re putting down.”

She grinned, smooching him on the lips.

“Why don’t we spend the whole day in bed fucking one another’s brains out?”

Malcolm could still surprise her, sometimes. He was in his fifties, but when he grabbed her hand and began pulling her back up the stairs, she could have sworn he was the youngest man alive. They jumped onto the bed together, and she was all over him, riding on top of him, pressing her furry breasts into his face and moaning as he stroked her sensitive skin. It was love, it was lust, it was perfect.

And for as much as she was called The Cheetah, she wasn’t going to rush this. They had the whole day, and they were going to milk it for all the loving sex that it was worth.

The End