

Mini-Story: The Villain Wins (Superhero to Pregnant Villainess)

By FoxFaceStories

The powerful hero Red Magnet is captured while searching for the villainess Mind Witch. But her powers are even more terrifying than the hero could have imagined, because soon he is transforming in mind and body into her submissive female servant and lover. And that's not even getting into her new duty to carry an heir . . .

The Villain Wins

Red Magnet raced to find his target. He had no backup this time, despite called from Lightning Lass and a few others to join his pursuit over the rogue villainess. In fact, his comm activated at that very moment as he flew over a large swampy zone. It was from the Hero Society.

"Red Magnet, this is Flame Dancer. You've turned off your locator beacon. I advise you turn it back on so that we can help you."

Red Magnet chuckled. "What? So you can take all the glory? I don't want to be in the papers with some chick at my side, unless you've reconsidered my offer?"

He could practically *hear* Flame Dancer's fire powers sizzle on the other end of the line. He'd made a move on her a number of times, along with other heroes, and he'd nearly been kicked out of the Society itself when he tried to grope that new forest chick Gaia one time.

"For fuck's sake, Magnet. Keep this goddamn serious. Where are you? I can bring myself and Ice Shard. You need us: Mind Witch is no joke, and we still don't know the full extent of her powers."

"Nah, I'll be fine. Just you wait, lady, I'll show you what a *real* man is capable of when I bring this villain in. Try not to get too weak at the knees when you see me next."

There was no response, just an end to the call. To be certain, Red Magnet took out his earpiece and flung it into the swamp. This mark was his. He was considered a B-level hero at best, despite the sheer power of his control over magnetism. He could wrap someone in metal and make them weigh a ton, or send them floating up in the air like a steel-encased bubble. It was how he flew, and he made sure his red and black costume had a bad boy element to it.

"They'll respect me when I take this A-level threat in," he muttered to himself. "I might even get to squeeze Meteor Woman's big tits like I've been wanting to for ages. Try firing me for that when I bring in Mind Witch."

He spotted a series of lights nearly obscured in the swamp. His lead was right; her lair was here. With a grin, he dove down into the swamp, bringing enormous chunks of floating metal with him, ready to bombard the supposedly magical villainess.

“MIND WITCH!” he roared, smashing through what seemed to be some sort of secret Arthurian castle. “YOUR TIME IS UP!”

The announcement was for nothing: the chamber he entered was empty. Carefully, Red Magnet moved through the halls of this castle, seeking out his prey.

“You’ve got nowhere else to run!”

“I am not running, foolish man. I am waiting. Come to meeee.”

The voice was in his mind, and almost hypnotic. Red Magnet grimaced, and strode through the empty castle, trying to find her. As he did so, he felt a strange ache in his body. His muscles burned a little, softening, *thinning*.

“Whatever you’re doing, it won’t work. I’m stronger than that.”

Still, it felt like he was almost . . . getting shorter. He scratched his scalp beneath his hood, trying to ignore how it itches. His hair was pushing out of it for some reason, and it was hard to get it back in.

“So strong, are you? I’ve seen you on the news, Red Magnet. I’ve read the rumours; all the harassment of women. The sexual comments to your coworkers. The come-ons and crudity. Hardly fitting for a hero, hmm?”

Red Magnet winced as he passed a row of knightly armour. His chest was becoming pressurised, and his nipples were throbbing. He grunted, and his voice squeaked a little. Something was wrong, but there was this fog in his mind laid there by the witch, and it was making it hard to think properly. Had he always felt so short? He could have sworn he was taller! And why was his butt feeling so pressurised in this outfit.

“Hey bitch,” he said, annoyed at how soft his voice was in his presumed nervousness. “Don’t believe everything you read in the papers. Besides, it was, um, totally all just good fun.”

“Mhmm, I know something about good fun. Bring your metal to the throne room. We’ll test it . . . and you.”

He marched forward. The throne room, it made sense. He rose up the stairs, trying to figure out the byzantine paths. He almost tripped as his hips seemed to pop for a moment, and then his gait changed entirely, and he was placing one foot in front of the other. It left his hips swaying, and they were expanding slowly but surely, matching his expanding ass.

“What - what are you doing to, like, my mind?”

“Just rearranging a few things. You know, I call myself ‘Mind Witch,’ but I can do far more than just the mind. As you’ll see.”

Red Magnet grunted. His chest was pushing out. Why were his shoulders so, like, thin? Something was very wrong, but it was so, soooo hard to figure out what. It was like his brain was being compressed, his intelligence gradually diminished. He giggled with nervousness, then put a hand on his lips, which felt oddly puffy.

“Stop this! F-fuck you! I’m, like, going to bring you in! You’re going to b-be mine!”

“On the contrary, I’ve decided you’re going to be mine. I need a more . . . physical protector, but also one who is submissive to me. More to my tastes. Willing to help me sire an appropriate heir.”

Red Magnet laughed, even as he cupped his chest. Why was it growing? Mhmm, it was so d-damn sensitive!

“I’ll g-give you an heir, all right! I’ve seen, like, the pictures. You’re pretty totally hot. I’d do you. Or, um, let you do me?”

What the hell was that statement? He was acting all anxious for some reason. He squeezed his dainty little hands together. Why hadn’t he got a better fitting superhero suit? This one was, like, far too big and loose on him, except the ass and chest. He pulled off his hood and let his long black hair flow out. It left him sighing in relief in a most feminine manner.

Wait, feminine manner?

Something was *seriously* wrong.

“I intend to, my sweet Magneta. Come to me, and we’ll finish this. Just up the stairs now.”

Magneta? What the hell was this lady talking about?

“I’m not Magneta lady, I’m Magneta. I mean, I’m, like, Magneta! Ugh, stop this! Stop ruining my mind! I sound like a total woman!”

“But you are a woman, Magneta. My woman. My loyal pet. My lady love. The woman who will carry our child, a being able to manipulate minds, bodies, and metal all.”

Magneta’s breathing was rapid as she ascended up to the throne room. She could feel her breasts growing, her member shrinking. She was becoming a woman. She could feel it. It was totally happening. Why hadn’t she realised from the first?

“Oh God, why am I, like, imagining myself as a total woman?”

“Because you are a woman, my love. My sweet submissive woman. And when you see me, all will be clear. Let’s give you better fitting clothing, hmm?”

In moments, Magneta’s suit altered, shrinking down to conform to her new dimensions. She moaned, feeling it pull against her new large breasts and reveal her hourglass figure. It pushed up against her crotch, and that seemed to push her body over the edge, because it pulled up inside her, leaving her panting with shock and arousal as a pussy formed there, a vaginal tunnel burrowing up to her new womb.

“Ohhhhhh,” she moaned, clutching her body. “This isn’t - mhmmmm!”

She didn’t want to admit it, but it felt, like, soooo good. And besides, the new outfit showed off her sexy body wonderfully. It even bared her shoulders, like a tight dress, revealing her cleavage. The hem of her outfit was high up her thighs, and only the patterning and the large red M at her stomach revealed her to be a superpowered individual rather than a club-goer. That and a domino mask that formed over her eyes and across the bridge of her cute button nose.

“I look, like so good! I mean, I shouldn’t look like this!”

“You’re right, there’s one change yet to come, my love. Rise and meet me.”

Magneta flew up, utilising her metallic powers. Large chunks of metal carried in the air behind her. She decided to use those straight away on Mind Witch, the only way to be free. But the very second the villainess came into view in the throne chamber, seated upon the throne itself, it was all too late.

A lightning quick motion.

A long needle of green energy.

The metal dissolved into bubbles around her. Magneta couldn’t help but giggle at the ridiculousness of it all, only to catch herself. She realised there was other metal around the room - knightly armour, polearms, and so forth. She could summon these and attack her prey, but the moment she truly took in Mind Witch’s appearance, she halted.

This supposed villainess was the most gorgeous creature the former chauvinist had ever laid eyes on. Her skin was a rich dark chocolate brown, her hair in long stylish locs that fell over her left shoulder. She wore a black costume that was something of a mix between a witch’s dress and a stylish ball gown, and it had a long v-neck that revealed her ripe bosom. Her eyes had an unnatural greenness to them, and her lips were likewise done up with dark green makeup. She was, in every sense of the word, totally entrancing.

“Like, you’re beautiful,” Magneta said, stepping forward and forgetting her fight, her metal, even her powers. Her breasts bounced with every step, and her hips swayed. A big part of her wanted to show off her body for this woman, and so she did, her willpower diminished.

“As are you,” Mind Witch said. She stepped forward and cupped the new woman’s chin. She was so much shorter now, and it made her feel all cute and submissive to this taller, more dominant woman. “Do you feel it? The connection I have formed between us? You want me, don’t you?”

Magneta tried to fight it. She knew she could. But the power over her mind was too strong, and her own intelligence was now at positively bimbo-like levels. Her nipples throbbed with need, and she wanted this woman to direct her. To control her.

“I, like, really do.”

“You want a piece of me.”

“Y-yes. Ohhh, I do!”

“You want to be my superpowered mistress. My servant. My protector.”

“Mhmmm,” she moaned, rubbing her thighs together. “I c-can’t fight this. I t-totally want you. I want to be yours!”

“Then have a piece of me. Grow with it. Become my lover, and the maker of my heir. I’ve been looking for an appropriately karmic vessel for such a purpose. You will do perfectly.”

Magneta literally squee’d. She bowed before her new mistress, utterly pleased to be so honoured, even if things seemed, like, a little weird, right? Still, she could feel power flowing from Mind Witch, and it made her shiver as it entered her. For just a second, she could have resisted it, but her flailing male ego was too weak to resist it. She needed this, to please her master and be a good proper servant! To be like the hot girls she lusted after, to pay for her past sins!

It entered her, inhabiting her womb, and then, moment’s later, her belly began to expand. Magneta moaned, gasping in sexual release, exhaling again and again as not only her stomach ballooned, but her breasts as well. A child formed within her, a product of this magical union, one that was half her, half Mind Witch.

“Yessss! F-fill m-me up! Make me the m-mommy to our b-baby!”

“You will protect our daughter. You will use your powers to help further my cause, and give me a powerful heir. You shall be rewarded with succour in my bed, Magneta.”

She moaned again, cupping her belly as it finally stopped growing. It felt huge and round and - and - and totally wrong! And totally wonderful! And utterly humiliating. And utterly *perfect*. Her two halves warred in her mind, but the bimbo won out. Her screaming male resistance was imprisoned, there only to surface occasionally. In this moment, the very pregnant newly-christened woman and supervillainess looked to her master with adoration.

“Th-thank you,” she said.

“No, thank you, for all your chauvinism. I needed the karma to be just right for this spell. And now let me reward you, my servant. There is a month yet before our dark child is born, one who will overthrow the age of heroes entirely. Let us retire to our bed, and I can reward your loyalty.”

Magneta licked her lips, and waddled after her mistress, cradling her belly. It was just a shame that Flame Dancer hadn’t come after all; they could have been such great servants of the Mind Witch together!

The End