



The deranged circus music had gone on and on, ear-splitting, making it impossible for Batman to think, while his agonizing menstrual cramps had made it impossible for him to act. He lay on his cot in a state of permanent pain. For how long? He didn't know. Time ceased to exist. All he'd been able to do was suffer.

Then, the music stopped. The sudden silence startled Batman, who realized at the same time his cramps had come to an end, though his abdomen still ached from the relentless clenching.

Dizzy, confused, stunned by the sudden lack of pain, he sat up, feeling his breasts sway with the movement. With the distracting agony gone, he felt cold again, shivering, his big, plump nipples growing hard in the cool air. His mind swam with conflicting memories—he was a boy, a girl, a man, a woman. His name was Hailey, no Bruce, or was it Hailey?

His eyes fell to the floor. At his feet lay a dress, a bra, panties. Batman looked at the clothes. Women's clothes. He cringed at the thought of wearing them, but at the same time, he was so cold. Some part of him, the male part, felt it would be a mistake to put on those clothes, that somehow it would eat away at whatever was left of the man he'd been—or thought he'd been, but another part laughed. He'd always been a girl, had been wearing dresses his whole life. Why should he balk at the idea now?

Batman picked up the bra. He needed the support. He slipped into it as if he'd been doing it his whole life, reaching back and hooking it on, adjusting his breasts in the cups, pulling the shoulder straps up. His mixed-up mind struggled with feeling ashamed, emasculated, but it also felt good, secure, better to have his breasts hugged by those soft cups, lifted, controlled. He stepped into his panties, slid them up his long, smooth legs, feeling the soft fabric pull tight against his new sex, the dental floss slide between the plump cheeks of his bouncy butt. As with the bra, he tugged and adjusted, felt deeply ashamed.

What would Selena think if she saw him wearing panties? A bra? He could almost hear her laughing. Batman wearing a sexy little pair of panties. He wondered how he looked, struggled against the desire, but in the end, he looked in the mirror and saw him, the woman he was now, in just that bra and panties. If the clothes made the man, the lingerie most certainly made the woman. He was gorgeous, stunning, sexy. He saw Hailey. He did not see Batman. The image brought up the same confusing tangle of thoughts as had the clothes: the sight of his full breasts, his round hips, the empty space between his legs, shamed him, and yet he felt a feminine pride in how beautiful he was now. A bright smile spread across his pretty face, as the girl won, the old Batman trapped behind that smile, squeezed into a bra and panties, impotent but seething with rage.



Pulling his eyes away from the woman in the mirror, Batman looked at the dress that had been left for him. It was red, with lace trim, and full length. Like his bra, his panties, it was a fully a woman's garment, and he knew now that stepping into it would take him deeper into this woman's world he'd been slipping into, would somehow change and solidify the mindset that had been implanted into him. Yet, he was cold. So cold.

Picking up the dress, he held it out, and a strange thought flickered through his mind: I wonder if Joker would like me in this? He didn't even recognize how wrong the thought was at first. It came to him as easily, naturally and innocuous as a thought about the weather, but he caught himself. It gave him chills to realize he was thinking about pleasing the Joker, wanting to be pretty for him. I have to fight this, he thought. I have to—

And yet, the Joker had saved him, protected him from the killer, from Alfred, wasn't it natural for him to want to please the man who'd always been there

for him? No. None of that was true, some part of him felt, and yet it seemed so real.

He couldn't think about all that anymore. He couldn't try and remember what was true, what Ivy had planted. He was cold. He stepped into the dress and pulled it up, feeling the loose, flowing skirt swirl around his legs



as he zipped himself up, the bodice pulling tight against his chest. He didn't even bother to fight the urge to slip into the heels, red heels that matched his dress. The floor was cold, too, and it would be better to protect the bottom of his feet.

Standing, Batman expected to feel unbalanced in his high heels, standing there with his heels lifted, his weight tipped forward on his toes, but no. He walked effortlessly to the mirror, dress swaying, as memories of learning to walk in heels as a girl came back to him. Once more, he looked at himself in the mirror, smiling, feeling pretty and

cute in his dress, and once more his mind betrayed him: Oh, yeah, he thought, plucking at his dress. The Joker would love me in this. A strange new feeling began to wash over him as he admired the way the dress flattered and celebrated his abundant curves: a feeling of power.

“You’re so pretty!” He heard Ivy call out, clapping as Batman gasped in surprise, turning on his heels. Look at you admiring yourself in your pretty



dress. And you thought you were such a man.”

Ivy. Batman withered with shame to have had her catch him admiring himself. “You made me like this,” he said, planting a hand on his hip and

sassing back at Ivy. As he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, he saw she'd opened a space in the glass walls of his cell and left it open. Closer, he thought. Come a little closer.

"That only makes it sweeter, doll face," Ivy said, and she did step closer.

Doesn't she realize she gave me Harley's strength? Batman wondered. He felt a different kind of power now, a masculine power like he'd once known, and he lunged at Ivy, grabbing her. "It's over, bitch," he said, his high-pitched rising an octave.

"Oh, no!" Ivy said.

Batman twisted her arm, grinned as he heard her gasp in pain. He could have knocked her out right then and there, made his escape, but he wanted to punish her for what she'd done to him, wanted her to feel pain. "You forgot one important thing," he said as he twisted. "You forgot that I'm Batman." Ivy, oddly, didn't seem to be trying to free herself, but instead wrapped her legs around Batman's legs, grabbed his dress with her free hand.

"And you forgot that I'm poison Ivy." Ivy twisted her head around and puckered her lips. Batman realized what she was about to do, but it was too late. Spores flowed from her mouth. He tried to pull away, but Ivy had her legs wrapped around his, and he stumbled and fell, trying to hold his breath but Ivy kept the spores coming until all the air in the room had turned a pallid green with them. Stars flashing, lungs burning, he finally had to take a breath, his head swirling, growing clouded.

"You're afraid of me," Ivy sang, triumphantly. "You will never use your strength against me. You will always feel as weak as a kitten in my presence. You will call me mistress, and you want me to dominate you at all times."

"Yes, mistress," Batman whispered as the mind control spores did their work. Ivy yanked him to his feet and grabbed one of his tits, pinching his nipple and twisting it.

Batman yelped in pain and shame.

Ivy grabbed his hair and pulled, hard. "I'm treating you like a girl," she said. "Because that's what you are, what you've always been. You have no



tolerance for pain now,” she added to her commands. “You’ll do anything to make me stop.”

She pinched his nipple even harder, twisted even further, Batman shrieking, struggling, but he was weak as a kitten.

“Beg me to stop,” Ivy commanded.

“Please stop,” Batman heard himself cry out. Unlike with the mind control machine, he knew everything Ivy had ordered him to do was NOT him, but her. “Please.”

“Admit that you’re a woman. Tell me you like need to be a woman.”

“I’m a woman!” Batman called out. “I need to be a woman.”

Ivy threw him to the ground. He lay there, broken, consumed with regret. If only I’d just knocked Ivy out, if only I hadn’t decided to punish her, he thought. My mother was right. I’m so stupid. Ivy planted a high-heeled boot in front of his face. “Kiss my foot,” she said.

Batman had no choice. Trembling, full of disgust, he kissed her foot, the taste of the leather bitter on his lips.

Ivy then planted a boot on his ass. “When I come back, I will torture you, inflict pain like you’ve never imagined. What I did before will be nothing. You’ll wish you were dead.” With that, she turned and walked away, hips swaying triumphantly.

Batman lay on the floor, broken, beaten.





“Hailey,” he heard a familiar voice whisper.

His heart fluttered. He sat up, looking around. A ghostly image materialized.

“Joker,” Batman whispered, his heart rising with hope.

“Shhh,” The Joker said as he reached down and lifted Batman’s chin.

Batman, on his knees, gazed lovingly up at The Joker. “I’m using a device to project this holographic image to you. Don’t worry, my love. I’m coming to save you. Just hold on for a little longer. I’ll crush that hag and take you away from all this.”

“Thank you,” Batman whispered softly. “You’ve always been there for me. You’ve always protected me.”

“And I always will.”

The image of The Joker faded away. Batman sighed. Those were the real memories. She’d always been a girl, and The Joker had always protected her through her whole life. All those false memories of her being a man, fighting Joker, it had all been an attempt by Ivy to drive them apart. Ivy just wanted her for herself, the jealous slut.

She would lose, though, Batman was sure of that. The Joker was so strong, so brave. No one could beat him, especially not stupid plant girl. They would be together again and for ever. They loved each other. “True love,” Batman said, putting her small, soft hands to her smooth cheeks. “True love always wins in the end.”