



Batman felt a cool breeze swirling around his bare legs. Looking down, he saw he wore a black dress with white polka dots, saddle shoes and white socks. He felt a rush of shame. Long hair fell across his eyes. "Am I a girl?"



His mental voice was high, sweet, innocent.

"You **are** a girl," he heard a voice say from somewhere high above him. It was a deep, mature, woman's voice, soothing, calming.

“I’m not a girl,” Batman said, plucking at the hem of his dress, blushing, ashamed. The voice he spoke with, like the one in his head, belonged to a little girl. The world around him was foggy, muted, swirling chaos.

“You’re so silly,” the woman’s voice. “Of course, you’re a girl. You’ve always been a girl.”

That voice. He recognized it, though he hadn’t heard it in years. “Mom?” He called into the fog. “Mom?”

The fog began to clear, the world came into focus. He realized he was holding someone’s hand, and looking up, he saw the smiling face of his father looking down at him. “Don’t tell me you’re about to start another Tom Boy phase,” his father said. “I don’t want to have to start calling my little girl Bruce again.”

“Daddy?” Batman said, feeling a mixture of joy, sorrow, loss. “How?”

“I re-scheduled some things at the office,” Dad said, amused.

“Your father knows how excited you are to see Swan Lake,” Mom said, tousling Batman’s hair. “He didn’t want to miss this chance to spend some time with his daughter. Did you, Tom?”

“Not on your life,” Dad said. He smiled and squeezed Batman’s hand. “Who are you?”

“I—I don’t know,” Batman said. He thought he was a man, a man named Bruce Wayne, but he was wearing a dress, and boys didn’t wear dresses. “I don’t know who I am.”

“You’re daddy’s little girl,” Tom said, chuckling. “Or, I thought so. Yikes. Talk about being knocked down a peg.

“I’m Daddy’s little girl?” It sounded wrong, at first, but then the idea made him feel warm, happy. Maybe he was a girl. Maybe he was Daddy’s little girl. It was so good to see his parents again. Had his whole life as a man had been a dream? Or, rather, some girlish nightmare?

“Hey, buddy.” A gruff voice from behind them. “You got a light?” Batman remembered that voice, too.

A wave of terror settled over him as he realized they were in the alley. The same alley. “Daddy,” he said, tugging on his father’s hand. “Don’t stop.”

“It’s fine, pumpkin,” Dad said, letting go of Batman’s hand. Batman tried to grab his father’s hand, to pull him away, to keep him safe, but his mother put her hands on his slender shoulders and held him back. “The nice man just wants a—”

Batman screamed as the gun bucked and a sound like thunder echoed up and down the alley. “Daddy!” He screamed as Thomas crumpled to the ground.



The attacker, his face in shadows, raised the gun toward Batman's mother, the barrel flashing in the light from the streetlamp. "Nothing personal," he said. "But I only get paid if I kill the whole family."

"Well then," a voice called as a man in a purple suit seemed to drop from the sky. "The joke's on you."

"Joker!" Batman cried out as The Joker kicked the man's gun from his hand, then beat him to the ground. Batman was sobbing now, barely able to see through the tears, broken hearted. His father was dead. Just like before.

He felt himself being lifted, cradled in the Joker's arms. "There may be more of them. I'll get you to safety."

The scene froze, Batman cradled in The Joker's arms, looking up at his pale white face. Safety. The Joker. Safety. The words echoed in his head. The Joker. Safety.



“You never felt so safe,” he heard his mother say, but it was the from on high again. “So protected. The Joker did what your father could not. He saved you. That’s when you fell in love with him.”

“That’s not how it happened,’ Batman said, struggling to understand what was happening. Was he in some kind of hypnotic trance? A virtual reality simulation? But, why? “None of this is real.”

“What’s your name?” The voice asked.

“My name is Bruce Wayne,” Batman answered.

“Your name is Hailey Wayne.”

“Who are you?” Batman demanded, but he sounded absurd to himself with his tiny little voice.

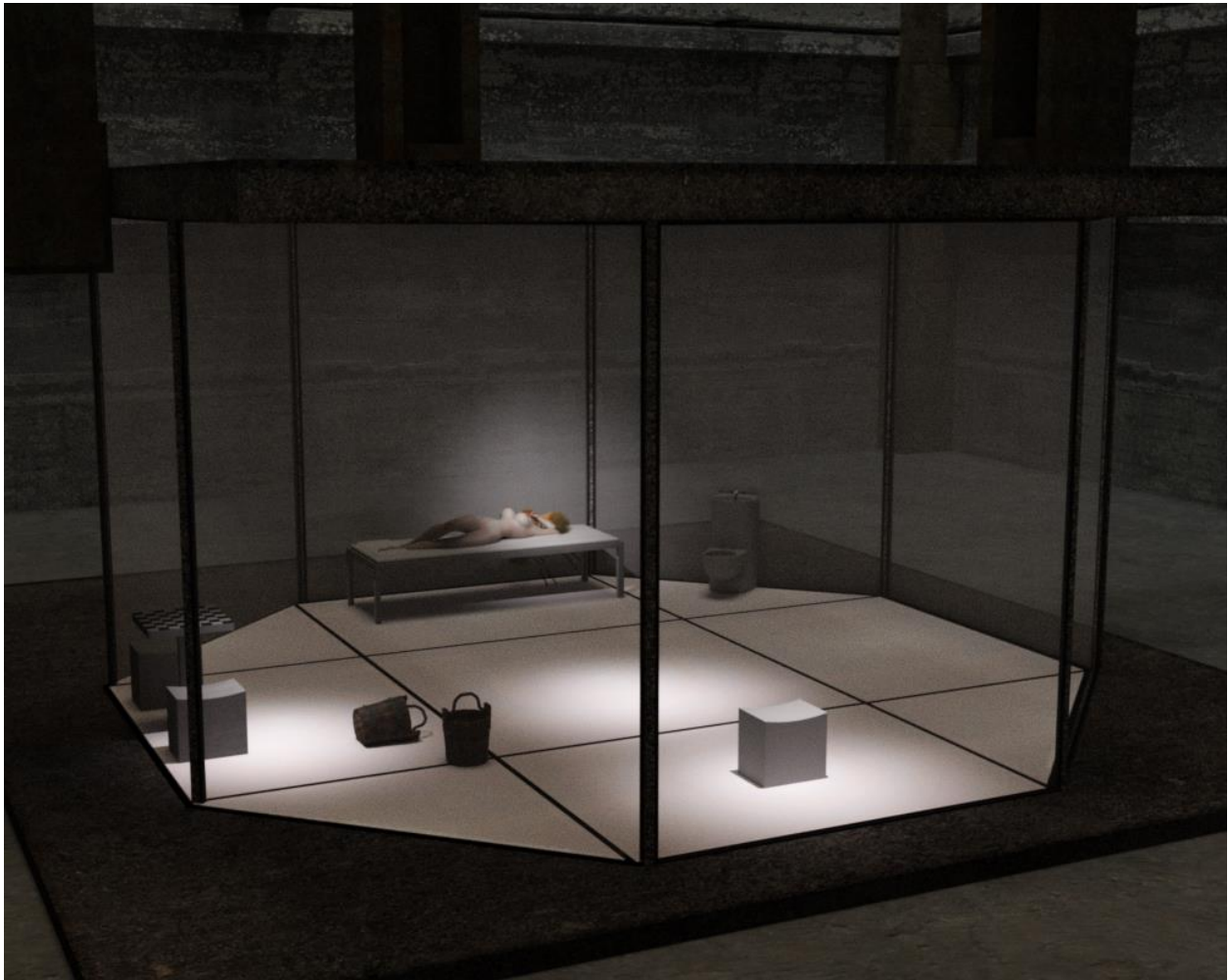
“I’m your mother, you silly goose. You know that. “What’s your name?” The voice asked again.

“My name is—” Batman stopped, his brain seemed fogged, muddled. He heard a clicking sound, like fingers tapping on a keyboard. “My name is Br—it’s Bru—no. My name is Hailey, and I’m a girl. I love horses, ballet and gymnastics. See? You can’t brainwash me. You can’t change me.”

“Of course not,” the voice said.

The world went dark.

Part 2



When Batman started to come to, the first thing he realized was that he was cold, very cold. The second thing was that he needed to pee. His head pounded like he had the world's worst hangover. He pushed himself up and felt something soft and heavy sway on his chest. Opening his eyes, he looked down to see large breasts. He reached with a small hand and cupped one, feeling the soft flesh yielding to his little hand, feeling his hand against his nipples, what he knew was his breast, because he couldn't deny he had breasts. His hand looked wrong, and it wasn't just his long, red and blue nails. His hand was—dainty, his fingers elegant, his skin an odd white color.

“What the hell have you done to me?” He called out, wincing in shame at the sound of his little girl voice, the same voice he'd had in—was it a dream? He didn't know. He didn't need to check to know he'd been made

BATMAN CLIPPED ONE OF HIS BREASTS WITH HIS SMALL, SOFT HAND.

WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?



into a woman, but he did anyway, slipping a hand between his legs, feeling the soft swell of his vulva. Closing his eyes, swallowing, he slipped a finger between the lips of his vagina, a high-pitched, animal sound of panic escaping his lips as he confronted the fact he was a woman, stripped of manhood.

“Why did you do this?” He called. “Who are you?”

No answer.

He rolled off the cot, and everything felt wrong as his large, heavy breasts swayed, his ass felt like a cushion, squishing beneath him as he rolled over. When he stood, he felt his ass bounce along with his breasts. His body was bouncy, jiggly, it distracted him. He struggled for a moment to get his balance, his legs feeling too long, his center of gravity off.

There was a mirror off to the side, seeming to float in the air. No. Don't look, he told himself. You don't need to see what they've done to you, but he couldn't resist. The mirror called to him, curiosity consumed him. He

needed to see himself, to see what he looked like now, so he walked tentatively toward the mirror, staying to the side so he wouldn't see his reflection until he felt ready. Then, taking a deep breath, feeling the weight of his breasts rise and fall, he stepped in front of the mirror. It was surreal to



see a woman looking back at him, and not just any woman. “Harley Quinn?” He whispered, his red painted mouth falling open in shock.

He had the same pale skin, blonde hair, blood red lips and blue eyeshadow. He had a pretty face. He was a pretty girl. Seeing his hourglass curves, the swell of his breasts, his plump nipples hard and erect, his wide, round hips, he felt, impossibly, like he was getting a boner. “Enough of that,” he thought, pulling himself away from his reflection, from the image of that gorgeous girl he **was** yet couldn't **be**.

He still needed to pee, and looking down at the toilet, he realized his days of peeing like a man were over, at least for now. Ruefully, he sat down, and

as he tried to tune out the feminine sound of his tinkling, he felt his anger rising. "I have friends," he yelled, annoyed at the shrieking, effeminate sound of his voice. "When I go missing, you're going to have to deal with Superman. Wonder Woman. Are you ready for that?"

No answer.

"Answer me," he shouted. His voice echoed around his glass cell, died



away, until the only sound was the fitful, feminine sound of him making water.

Finished tinkling, Batman got up, inspected his cell, looking for weaknesses, ways to escape. Harried or not, he was still Batman. How strong was he now? How capable? He needed to test out this body, see what she was capable of. He did some pushups, pleased to find them effortless, though distracted by the way his breasts pressed against the floor each time he lowered himself. He leapt in the air, surprised and

impressed with his vertical leap. It was much greater than even an athletic man could do, though he suffered a jolt of pain when he landed and his breasts bounced violently on impact. He did some jump squats, this time draping an arm over his massive chest to try and keep his girls from bouncing. It helped, but exercise was going to be a learning experience in this shape. It seemed like they really had made him Harley-esque. Just like Harley, he was stronger than the average woman, even the average man. Their first mistake, he thought, grinning. They should have made me weak.



Laying on his back and doing some bicycles in an effort to keep warm, he assessed his situation. What was the endgame? He wondered, thinking about the dream, the mind control experience. He was Hailey, but they'd tried to make him think he'd once been a man named Bruce Wayne, and that—

No. That wasn't right. He was Bruce Wayne. He was Batman.

Batman stopped exercising. It was a struggle to remember who he really was. Whatever they'd done, whatever they were doing, it was already working. He had to fight it, and he had to find some way out of here. "Joker, I know this one of your sick jokes. Stop hiding. Come out. Face me."

He heard a whirring and looking outside his cage, he saw an elevator. The doors whooshed open. "You?" He said as Poison Ivy stepped out of the elevator, an amused smirk on her face.



Ivy sauntered up to the cell, letting her eyes roam up and down Batman's soft, curvy new body. He felt self-conscious, embarrassed to be a woman, having another woman look him over like that, but he resisted the urge to cover himself, instead standing boldly and staring Ivy in the eyes. "You like my tits?" He said, still annoyed by the sound of his woman's voice.

"I simply adore them, though I'm more of a leg girl. I'm so offended you thought The Joker had these kinds of skills," she said, waving her palm at Batman. "And you call yourself a detective. Well, you are a blonde now, so I guess I'll forgive you for being such an airhead."

"So, Joker isn't doing this, but he's the one who put you up to it. You're working for him." Batman knew Ivy hated Joker, and he wanted to bait her. She would hate that he thought she was working with Joker, and that might just get her to talk about her plans.

"You really are a dumb blonde now," Ivy said, smirking. "I'm not telling you anything. You've already figured out that I'm brainwashing you, making you forget who you were, turning you into who I want you to be. That's all you need to know, Hailey. Oh, you know, maybe I will share with you one little secret."

Batman waited. He was trying to look tough, serious, maybe even intimidating, but each time he breathed he felt his soft breasts rise and fall, and the awareness of his big breasts, plump nipples undermined his confidence.

"All of this," Ivy said, gesturing up and down his body. "Is irreversible. Even if your friends rescue you, find some way to undo the brainwashing, you will be a woman for the rest of your life, Hailey. Welcome to the fairer sex."

Batman didn't answer, though the thought sent chills through his strange, new body. Female forever? It scared him. He didn't want to be a woman. Ivy was wrong, or bluffing. What can be done, can be undone, he thought, trying to push back the fear Harley had instilled in him. But, what if it wasn't? He imagined the headline, From Playboy to Playmate, pictured himself in a skirt and a blouse, high heels, announcing his new sex, all the comments, the snickering that he'd gone from ladies' man to lady. No, he couldn't--

Just then, he felt a massive spasm throughout the middle of his body. He almost doubled over, putting a hand gingerly to his belly. Then, another, and another.

“Menstrual cramps,” Ivy said, “you may want to sit down. They’re going to get worse. I made them extra intense—roughly 50% worse than what a woman would experience even on a very bad day, but since you’re a big, strong man I’m sure you can take it.”

You can’t—Ahhhh!” Batman cried out as a stronger, more agonizing pain struck. He felt like he might faint and struggled over to his cot, sank down, clutching his belly. His breasts began to ache as deranged and discordant circus music blasted from the loudspeakers around the room, ear-splitting, so loud Batman could feel it vibrating in his body.

Batman snarled at Ivy. Ivy laughed and waved. She said something, but he couldn’t hear her above the blaring music, then she turned and walked away as Batman suffered wave after wave of brutal cramps. He screamed, the pain was so intense, but it wasn’t just the pain. It was the humiliation of knowing he was experiencing a woman’s pain.

Nooo!

