The Specter of Death
by crimsonhawk

Summary

After the death of Ron Stoppable, Kim Possible finds herself so ostracized that she finally cracks under the pressure and runs away. Four weeks later, Shego finds Kim nearly starved to death in the Oregon woodlands. They begin their journey into an unusual new relationship as Shego confronts her own past and they track down the nefarious machinations of Electronique. -KIGO-

Notes

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Chapter 1

Kim Possible trudged through the thick forest absent-mindedly, long since having lost track of where exactly she was. She did know that she was three days travel by foot away from the tri-city area of Lowerton, Middleton, and Upperton, Colorado. But she only knew that because she’d watched the sun set as many times. She had forgone any modern conveniences like a watch, a cell phone, or even her Kimmunicator. She didn’t want them. She didn’t need them.

Kim fought back tears as she walked along, lifting her glasses and wiping her sleeve across her eyes to clear her vision. It was early October, so she was dressed for it; a dark green sweater under a camouflage Autumn jacket, as well as a pair of camouflage cargo pants, a camouflage hunter’s cap, and a pair of dark green combat boots. Green wasn’t her favorite color—that color belonged to someone else, after all—but it was effective in the environment. She didn’t need an overhead satellite getting lucky and capturing an image that would identify her as Kim Possible.

In fact, Kim had gone so far as cutting her hair. It certainly wasn’t one of those mall salon jobs, either. She had literally taken a pair of dull garden shears and butchered her own hair. Her hair was maybe three or four inches long now and looked more like it had been lobbed off by a dull knife. But it made it a lot easier to simply slip her distinctive hair under the hunter’s cap.

That just left her olive green eyes as the only thing that marked her as Kim Possible when fully dressed. Even then, she wore a pair of cosmetically tinted eyeglasses just to be on the safe side.

She didn’t want to be seen or found. Not now.

Kim looked up and noticed the sun setting over the distant horizon above the trees. She sighed and shook her head. She was going to have to find a place to set up camp. Someplace where setting up a campfire wouldn’t be noticeable by satellite surveillance. Perhaps even a place to dig a Dakota fire hole....

After all, satellites were one of Wade’s favorite tracking tools, and he would be trying to find her.

Dr. Anne Possible strolled morosely through the grocery section of the Smarty Mart just down the street from the Middleton General Hospital. It was three days since her daughter had gone missing. Of course, the police hadn’t been able to officially do anything until at least 24 hours had passed, since Kimmie was over the age of majority. Even then, it seemed to Anne that she was being stonewalled by some people within the department.

Fortunately, several off-duty officers—men that gave Anne the distinct impression that they were conspiracy theorists or survivalists—had discreetly rallied together to search in their off time. Even though they began their search immediately, it came to naught. When the minimum 24 hours had passed, the rest of the officers accepted Anne’s report of a missing person, but had given her some excuse of being unable to search. After three days of alleged searching, no one could find her, so those officers who had tried to help had been forced to call off the search.

The scariest thing, in Anne’s mind, was that it wasn’t a surprise to her. At all. For over four years, her little Kimmie had been serving as a teenage superspy, and she was a damned good one at that. Her now college-aged daughter had more field experience in crimefighting, reconnaissance, stealth, and recovery missions than most of the Middleton Police Department put together. Only a couple of top Global Justice agents, mercenaries, and evil adventurers could claim to come close to her
daughter’s skills.

Given that, of course a team of concerned Middleton police officer wouldn’t find Kimmie. Kimmie probably wasn’t going to be found until she wanted to be found.

Anne stopped her grocery cart in front of the meat shelves, staring blankly at the ground beef beside her. She didn’t really want to cook any “brain loaf” that night, even if it was Jim and Tim’s favorite. In all honesty, she didn’t want to cook anything; she just wanted her Kimmie back. But she knew that if she didn’t buck up and carry on as best as she could, the rest of her family would suffer for it.

As Anne reluctantly reached down and picked up a package of ground beef, she noticed something out of the corner of her eye. Glancing up, she saw that last thing she had wanted to see at that moment.

She saw Ron Stoppable’s mother, Lonnie Stoppable.

Lonnie had seen Anne, as well. They both stared at each other like two deer caught in headlights for several moments.

Anne tried to be the first one to break the silence. She tried to open her mouth to say something, anything, to make the agonizing awkwardness go away.

Lonnie beat Anne to the punch, though, but she didn’t speak. She narrowed her eyes and scowled. It was a look that would have froze the entire ninth level of Hell in an instant. It was a look that warned Anne of the consequences if she had the abject stupidity to say even a single word at that moment.

With a growling humph, Lonnie spun away, jerking her shopping cart around and stomping briskly away from the famed brain surgeon.

Once Lonnie was out of her line of sight, Anne’s legs finally gave out and she collapsed to her knees behind her grocery cart. As several Smarty Mart associates ran up to offer assistance, Anne broke down and began to sob uncontrollably.

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Monique Rochon, Zita Flores, and Felix Renton approached the memorial. The pain of their loss was intense and fresh in their minds. Each of the girls stepped forward and placed a bouquet of flowers in front of the memorial. Monique remained kneeling for a moment, reaching back to accept Felix’s bouquet, since Felix couldn’t kneel due to being wheelchair-bound. Monique placed that third bouquet before the memorial. She then stood and stepped back beside Zita and Felix, wiping the tears from her eyes.

“It seems like... like we all spent a lifetime... together,” Monique whispered softly to the memorial, her words strained by the grief she felt. “I am so, so sorry it couldn’t have been a lifetime longer.”

Felix, fighting tears of his own, reached up and took Monique’s hand as the dark-skinned girl turned and buried her face in Zita’s shoulders, sobbing uncontrollably. Zita wrapped her arms around Monique and cried quietly into dark-skinned beauty’s shoulder, as well.

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“Hey, Doc!” Shego yelled as she stepped out of her quarters, slipping her gloves on. “I know we’re supposed to have turned over a new leaf and all that, but I’m feeling kinda restless. I think I’m going to go harass a few environmentalists and club few baby seals. I’ll be back in a bit.”
With that, Shego stalked down the hallway of Dr. Drakken’s newest lair, which wasn’t a secret lair by any stretch of the imagination. It was a fully registered and legal laboratory, all done through Global Justice to keep worry-worts off of their backs. As such, it was just outside of Middleton; that not only made it easier for Global Justice to keep an eye on them, but kept the public safe when Drakken tinkered with his more... unorthodox experiments. The only real stipulation that Global Justice said it would enforce was that any inventions Drakken produced had to somehow benefit mankind and that Drakken couldn’t use them to try to take over the world.

Since Drakken really had no need for a bodyguard or thief at that point, Shego had almost ended up unemployed. Fortunately, the head of the United Nations Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, Dr. Betty Director, had shown seemingly uncharacteristic wisdom when she’d set the deal up with Drakken. Instead of letting Shego run loose, Global Justice had offered Shego a position as a freelance operative, much like her former arch-rival, Kim Possible.

However, unlike Kim, the agency reserved only the most “black op” kinds of missions for Shego, which suited her quite well. She didn’t go out to save the world from grandstanding supervillains like Professor Dementor or Monkey Fist; what she did was the jobs that needed to get done but no one wanted to talk about afterwards. And Shego was just fine with that. It was the closest thing to the rush she felt when doing capers against the plucky teen superspy as she could possibly get in the post-Lowardian Invasion world.

As Shego continued down the hallway, she noticed that Drakken had yet to respond to her bellow. Intrigued, she paused by the lair’s common room. Drakken and several henchmen were seated in the various sofas and loveseats, intently watching the gigantic plasma-screen television in front of them. Once Shego got a focus on the news story currently on the screen, she understood why she hadn’t been heard.

“It was a month ago today,” the news anchor began, glancing at the camera with a look of compassionate neutrality, “when beloved hometown football star and recently acknowledged worldwide teen hero Ron Stoppable was pronounced dead at the Global Justice Regional Medical Center of Middleton, Colorado. His death was due to injuries sustained in assisting teen heroine Kim Possible on a classified mission for Global Justice.”

Shego folded her arms uncomfortably in front of her and quietly leaned against the door jam, remembering the day she’d learned of the buffoon’s death. Apparently, Kim and Ron had gone on a mission of their own at the same time. Although the details of the mission itself were classified, it was confirmed that Ron had died on the mission.

Shego knew that had to have hit the Princess pretty hard.

“Middleton Police have confirmed today,” the news anchor continued, as if nothing were amiss, “that Kim Possible herself has gone missing.”

What?! That got Shego’s attention.

“ Possible allegedly went missing over four days ago,” the news anchor explained. “But since she is now of the age of majority, police could not begin an official search for her until a little over three days ago. The Middleton Police Department, while promising to put as much manpower to the task as they are able, is unfortunately unable to dedicate as much manpower as they’d like to the search...”

A three day head start, Shego thought ruefully, tuning out the rest of the announcement that seemed to be airing on one of the big cable news networks. Yeah, right. With that much of a head start,
you’re not going to be able to find her, you fucking jackasses... Even if you were able to ‘dedicate as much manpower’ as you’d need!

As the thought finished, Shego snarled and punched the door jam. The impact crumpled a solid six inches of metal and stone under her fist. Drakken and the henchmen jumped, startled.

A view of what was supposedly Kim’s most recent photograph appeared on the screen in place of the anchor. She was wearing a nice, long sleeved blouse and jeans, her scarlet hair flowing in a breeze and her olive green eyes sparkling. It then shrank into place over the anchor’s left shoulder, revealing the compassionately neutral expression on the anchorman’s face.

“If you see Miss Possible or have any information that may lead to her location,” the anchor continued, “please contact the Global Justice hotline below immediately.”

“Doc,” Shego growled, “call Betty and let her know I’m taking a personal leave of absence.” With that, she turned and stormed out of the room.

Dr. Drakken watched Shego leave. He then glanced at the television, then back at the doorway. Finally, he turned to one of the henchmen, his tone as worried as the anchor’s a moment earlier. “Gary, go open up the storeroom and make sure Shego has everything she needs for her leave of absence.”

“Yes, sir.”

As the henchman scurried out of the room, Drakken called back to him, “And for pity’s sake, do not ask her where she’s going!”

[END CHAPTER ONE]
Chapter 2

It was a slow day at Club Banana, as it usually was approaching lunchtime during the business week. The evenings and the weekends, when the teenagers were free to do their shopping, were the prime times for Club Banana revenue. Monique was taking advantage of the calm moment to restock some winter wear racks.

“Monique, may I speak with you a moment?”

Monique froze for a moment before spinning around. Standing there with a fashionable violet jacket, black slacks, and sunglasses was a pale, statuesque woman. Her raven hair was in a high ponytail which was tied to her right and trailing down over her right shoulder, a red and purple bandana tied and jauntily canted in the same direction as her hair. The disguise would probably fool the casual observer; Monique, however, knew the voice as soon as the other woman had spoken.

“Shego!” Monique growled, her eyes almost alight in fury. “After everything we’ve all gone through lately, you have the gall to show up here? I know you’re supposed to be working with Global Justice now, but with everything you’ve done to Kim in the past and with her missing now... How dare you...”

“Is that how you spoke to Kimmie, too?” Shego asked calmly, lowering her sunglasses and holding Monique’s glare.

“Is that how...?” Monique seethed, nearly yelling as she spoke. “What? What kind of question is that?...” There were more heated questions ready to fly, but something in Shego’s calm, steely gaze caught Monique’s attention and she immediately calmed down. “Oh. I get it. Hold on.”

Monique walked up to the Club Banana associate behind the front counter. “Clara, I’m taking my lunch break early. Do you mind?”

“Don’t mind at all,” Clara said, eying Shego suspiciously. “Is everything alright?”

“No,” Monique admitted, glancing back at Shego momentarily. “But I’m going to get it cleared up, don’t you worry.”

With that, Monique motioned Shego to follow her out of the store. They went to the food court and placed an order at the Bueno Nacho counter, for which Shego insisted on paying. The two women then sat down to eat.

“To answer your question,” Monique sighed after swallowing a bit of taco salad, “no, it wasn’t. But, to be completely honest, I think Felix, Wade, and I are the only three people, outside of Kim’s family, who didn’t talk to her like that.”

“I was afraid of that,” Shego admitted simply, sipping on an iced tea.

“I...” Monique started to speak, before pausing a moment. She then took a deep breath and continued. “Everyone blamed her, Shego. Everyone blamed Kim for Ron’s death. If Ron hadn’t kept running after her into mission after mission, taking on supervillain after supervillain, he might still be alive. At least, that’s what everyone keeps saying.”

“We both know that those people are full of bullshit!” Shego growled, making Monique pause to look at the slightly older woman. “I mean, those two would never have given up their precious missions no matter who said what to whom. The bu..., um, Stoppable’s dumb luck even got the two
of them out of a really tight spot more than once. And if either of them had quit, I really doubt I’d be working for Global Justice today.”

“I know, right?” Monique agreed. “And no one said anything about it. At least not until Ron died. Then, all of a sudden, it was all like, if Kim was so much better than Ron, why did she constantly drag Ron on missions and risk getting him killed. It didn’t seem to matter to anybody until after he died.”

Shego nodded, being intimately familiar with how hypocritical people could be. But she reasoned now would be a terrible time to ruffle those particular feathers with Monique. It seemed that Monique wasn’t one of those hypocrites anyway.

“People stopped talking to Kim,” Monique admitted. “Even my parents told me not to talk to her. The only three people who would give Kim the time of day without a slap in the face or a lecture were Wade, Felix, and I. The worst blow came when the Stoppables put a restraining order against Kim so that she couldn’t even attend Ron’s funeral.”

“What?” Shego snapped, far more harshly than she’d intended. Her sudden anger was accentuated by her ice tea cup hitting the table hard.

“Oh, it gets better, GF!” Monique replied, understanding the tone. “The restraining order extends indefinitely. Kim can’t go anywhere near the Stoppables’ house or Ron’s grave. From now to eternity.”

A light seemed to flare in Shego’s eyes and she grit her teeth, taking a deep breath to center herself as Monique continued.

“So, honestly, GF,” Monique concluded, “AFAIC, given all of that pressure, I don’t blame Kim for finally snapping and running away.”

Shego nodded and bowed her head. “Any normal person could be forgiven for having a breakdown after all of that.” She then looked at Monique. “The thing is… this isn’t a normal person we’re talking about. We’re talking about Kim Possible.”

“QFT,” Monique nodded, pointing at Shego. When she noticed the older woman’s quizzical look, she quickly added, “Um, Quoted For Truth. But, seriously, you didn’t personally see the flak she was getting. Even the Girl Who Can Do Anything couldn’t have stood against it forever.”

Shego nodded. “It still leads me to believe there’s more going on than meets the eye.” She then stood up and looked at the dark-skinned beauty. “Monique, thank you for letting me buy you lunch. You’ve been a lot more helpful than you may realize.”

“Girlfriend, I’m Kim’s BFF. She couldn’t have gone through life without me,” Monique countered, “and it’s going to be a whole lot harder for her with Ron gone. I can’t back down now. TYVM for not blasting me back there when I tried to get all up in your grill.”

Shego smirked knowingly. “You’re lucky. That would have been a violation of my pardon if I had.”

Monique chuckled and shook her head. “So, what now? You’re going to try to find Kim?”

“Someone has to,” Shego replied, slinging her purse over her shoulder.

“FWIW, you’re probably the only one who can match wits with Kim well enough to pull it off,” Monique agreed, having grudging respect for her best friend’s arch-rival if nothing else. “But are you really going to try to pull it off alone?”
“Doy,” Shego replied. “I mean, I probably could go break into Kimmie’s house and steal her Kimmunicator so that I can pull the Nerdlinger into the hunt. But I’ve got a feeling that would lead to a whole lot more headache in the long run. Nothing personal against the boy genius, but he’s way too heroic for my taste.”

“Yeah,” Monique nodded, “and I’m certainly not going to get into your way. I will pray for the both of you, though.”

“Yeah,” Shego nodded before turning to leave. “Something tells me that prayers aren’t going to be especially helpful at this point. But I appreciate the thought. Thanks.”

“NP,” Monique replied, shrugging as she gathered her own purse and drink. “B4N.”

As Shego walked away, she waved a hand casually and said, “Yeah. Bye for now.”

Electronique sat in her cell at the Global Justice holding facility, touching the restraining collar around her neck gingerly. It had been almost a year since she had been released on “good behavior.” Unbeknownst to Global Justice, the effects of the attitudinator that Ron Stoppable had used against her had worn off; as soon as she had gained full use of her faculties, she had launched into another scheme for revenge and world domination. She had been captured, of course, but not before she had achieved her main objective.

Now, it would only be a matter of time. That made Electronique smile.

Suddenly, there was an Earth-shattering, primal roar as a pulsing blue light flickered distantly down the cell block. Electronique glanced casually at the bars to her cell as she listened to DNAmy’s gurgling screams. Then, the ear-splitting screech of metal separating from metal rang through the building.

By now, Global Justice agents and prison guards were scrambling up and down the cell block to investigate the disturbance. This rewarded Electronique with the heavenly sound of the guttural screams and cries of said agents as they met fates of which the villainess could only imagine.

Finally, everything went quiet. Electronique folded her arms and waited. This was the moment of truth. Either she would be free again tonight or not. Either way, the world was going to face a terror unlike any it had ever encountered.

As if on cue, a man of average height and build, with distinguished features set off by bushy sideburns and hairy, monkey-like hands and feet, appeared at Electronique’s cell door. He was pulsing with pale blue energy as the faint, primal screams of simians could be heard as if from the distance. One of the man’s rather large hand latched onto the cell door and yanked it off of its hinges as if it were nothing but tissue paper.

Electronique stood up and approached the man with a confident, seductive strut.

“Monkey Fist,” the villainess purred in her faux Eastern European accent, “it is an absolute pleasure to finally meet you in person.”

“With the death of the accursed Ron Stoppable, I am now possessed of the entirety of the Mystical Monkey Power!” Monkey Fist growled in his aristocratic British accent. “With it, I was able to free myself from the stony tomb into which the Yono had cast me. I am to understand that I have you to thank for this miracle?”
Electronique smiled knowingly at the former British explorer and adventurer.

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Kim glanced down the innocuous room she’d just entered with a confused twist of her eyebrows. This room was metal, like the floors of the previous hallway. But, unlike the hallway leading to it, which was tilted at about 45 degrees, the room perfectly flat. At the three quarters point of the hallway, they’d been sprayed with an odd smelling, slippery substance, some of which she wiped away from her face to fling onto the room’s metal paneled floor.

Luckily, the new, non-slip soles of their boots had held firm, allowing them to stay upright. Nonetheless, she was troubled. What’s going on? she pondered, As a trap, it’s good, but we’ve beaten far more deviou—

“KP! Look out!”

Kim Possible spun around as her partner, friend, and boyfriend, Ron Stoppable, screamed. The message had caught her off guard. Usually it was “KP! Wait up!” or “KP! Help!” or even “KP! I’ve got Drakken! Go get Shego!” But he had just yelled...

It took only an instant to react. The entire room lit up as electrified panels that covered every square inch of the floor, walls, and ceiling charged up. The trap became obvious: they were to have slid down the prior hallway and into the room, where their clothing would have afforded them scant protection from the arcing discharges. Kim was in mid flip without a conscious thought, having launched into the maneuver barely an instant after Ron had shouted his warning. She looked over at the doorway at the other end of the room; i i was a fair distance, but Kim was confident she could make it.

Ron stopped at the edge of the doorway. He watched helplessly as Kim pulled out her hair dryer grappling gun and fired it through the doorway on the far side. Ron knew what Kim was doing: using the momentum of retracting the grappling hook, she hoped to pull herself through the doorway before she landed on any of the electrified plates.

The problem was, the momentum imparted by her acrobatics would prove too great to overcome. The excess sparking of the gel she’d scraped from her face was the last clue he needed to know she was still in mortal danger. Everything, even her lineman rated combat boots, was covered in the electronically conductive gel, and Kim didn’t realize the danger she was in! Even if Kim retracted the grappling hook right that instant, she would still land on the very last electrified plate and the gel would conduct the electricity over her boots and across her entire body!

That would also leave Ron in a world without Kim Possible, the woman that he loved. It would also leave Ron and Rufus alone to deal with Electronique and Aviarius before the villains launched the EMP missiles intended to knock out all electronic devices all over the world. There would be a good chance that current civilization would collapse and death tolls could easily rise into the hundreds of millions. Finally, it would mean he’d break his promise to Kim’s parents: to always have her back. All of those combined would break him and what little control he had of the Mystical Monkey Power. What would happen to the world if he truly lost it, without direction, without purpose? And even if the Power kicked in with what he was about to do, could he survive? Not likely...

The realizations flashed across his mind in an instant before hardening into resolve. Seeing the look in Ron’s eyes, Rufus quickly jumped out of Ron’s pocket with a squeak of “Uh-oh.”

“Rufus,” Ron said quickly, a blue aura forming around him, “tell Kim that I love her. With all of my heart.”
With that, Ron launched himself across the room.

Kim felt Ron slam into her, giving her the momentum she needed to get through the doorway, momentum that the grapple gun would not have given her. She tumbled into a crouch on the other side of the doorway. It only took an instant to see that the coast was clear. It only took an instant longer to realize a very basic law of physics applied to this situation.

For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction.

Kim spun around to see her absolute worst fear realized. When Ron had slammed into her, he had rebounded off of her. But his momentum had not been great enough to carry him back through the former doorway. As Rufus screamed in terror on the other side of the doorway, Ron stood on one of the electrified plates, convulsing violently as sparks flew everywhere off of his body.

“Ron, no! NOOOOOOOO!”

Finally, the electrified plates shut off, their charges spent, allowing Ron to collapse into a heap onto the floor. Kim ran back into the room and pulled Ron’s body through the doorway she had just come from, feeling Rufus jump onto her shoulder. Once she was safely in the hallway, she slumped to the ground and scooped Ron’s charred body into her arms.

“Oh, God, Ron, why? Why, God, why?”

Kim broke down into hysterical sobs, burying her face into what was left of Ron’s shoulder. Rufus cried quietly as he watched his best friend’s mate grieve for Ron’s death.

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“Ron! No! NOOOOOOOOOO!”

Kim bolted upright, clenching her sleeping bag to her chest, looking around her in blind panic. She wasn’t in a villain’s lair with electrified plates. She was in a forest, the stars twinkling brightly through the mid-Autumn branches above her. She wasn’t keeping track of whether she was still in Utah or had made it all the way into Nevada, Idaho, or even Oregon yet.

It didn’t matter. She would keep going west by northwest, then due north. She would keep going north until she was well into Canada and into Inuit territory. Hell, she would probably keep going north even after that.

It just didn’t matter anymore.

Her best friend and soulmate was dead. Her second mom had basically disowned her. More than disowned her. Her own family was being treated like social pariahs. None of her old schoolmates were speaking to her. Everyone around her accused her of killing Ron.

And they were right...

It had been her idea to go on all these freelance missions helping people. Ron had gone along because he was Kim’s best friend. He had stuck with her through thick and thin, no matter what she had decided to do. Even when she treated him poorly, like when she tried to cock-block his attempt at becoming a cheerleader or when she got mad at him for trying to be frugal on their dates, he had stuck with her.

He had done it all for her.
He had even made the ultimate sacrifice... for her.

If she had not dragged him into her missions, he would still be alive today.

It was all her fault.

And it was too late now. She couldn’t fix it.

Anything is possible for a Possible. The family motto danced through Kim’s head.

Kim flopped back onto the ground, running her fingers tensely through her butchered, crimson-colored hair.

Yeah, right, sure it is... she thought right before she began to sob loudly, choking out between sobs. Except... not anymore...

[END CHAPTER TWO]
Kim Possible packed up her camp and slung the backpack on her shoulder. She had been on the run for several weeks now, traveling from Colorado through Utah, Nevada, and the southwestern-most corner of Idaho, before finally moving into Oregon. Living off of the land wasn’t really all that hard, if one knew what she was doing. Kim had made the conscious decision to live solely off of foraging, though.

First of all, she was traveling mostly through national forests and park lands; hunting on national parks was illegal without proper licenses or permits, neither of which she had. Second of all, she’d had pretty much all she wanted of death. She knew beyond any doubt that she, personally, couldn’t handle killing an innocent creature, even for sustenance. Not after seeing the sort of death she had seen.

The problem was that foraging through a national park in mid Autumn wasn’t exactly productive. Kim felt that she was finding enough to get by, but something in the back of her mind kept telling her that such an assumption was a bald-faced lie. She knew that she was closing in on malnourishment, if not already suffering from it.

And? Kim spat at herself derisively, I deserve it! Ron’s dead because of me, so it’s only right that I die, too.

Her sense of self-preservation, however, was stronger than her guilt. It had to be, given the work she had done for that last four years. How many times had she almost died bringing down one supervillain after another, only to survive simply because she had willed herself to live? Now it was instinct. She couldn’t let herself die mostly because she didn’t know how to do so.

With that, she stumbled forward. She was dizzy and mildly delirious. She knew it was from improper eating, but she couldn’t help it. She had to keep trudging forward. She had been traveling the back country for two, if not three weeks now; she could only guess, though, having lost count after the first nine days of travel. She was finally heading more or less due north, for which she was thankful. The further north she traveled, the further away she’d be from the people she’d hurt the most. If the Powers That Be had decreed that she would live while her... her better half had died, then she was damn well going to make sure no one else would ever be hurt because of her again.

After another hour’s travel, Kim’s mind began to swim incoherently. She zig-zagged several strides before collapsing on the ground face first. Good, she sighed aloud with the lazy, barely coherent thought. Maybe I can finally die in peace...

She had barely managed to turn her head to the side as she fell, but thanks to that small bit of self preservation, the panorama before her swam lazily into focus. Aside from making sure no one could see her, she hadn’t paid attention to her surroundings since starting her trek. Now, she had no choice, and the sight took her breath away. So beautiful... the thought managed to push to the fore of her mind despite her soul’s deep melancholy. She smiled softly as tears she’d thought she’d forgotten how to shed made her vision swim, Ron would have loved to have a picnic here...

Without consciously ordering her body to move, Kim forced herself to her feet, as if trying to outrun the knowledge that she would die sooner or later... despite the fact, to her mind, that she wanted it, that she needed it. As one foot dragged itself in front of the other, she begged for death to claim her, praying for its cool embrace. When begging didn’t work, she forced herself to her knees and screamed for it, demanding that she could join the man she loved more than her own life.
But Fate, and perhaps that part of her that was a *Possible* first, and *Kim* Possible second, refused to listen. That part of her, at the core of her being, that had pushed her to save the world countless times throughout her high school years, told her to get back up and keep moving.

Then the timbre of her internal voice changed. Instead of pleas of desperation, the tone became more forceful, ordering her to listen! Telling her not to give up, not to *quit*! It tried to make her remember that it was Ron, the man she loved, that had always pushed her on. That he would not have saved her life if he thought she would throw away his gift so carelessly.

Sobbing quietly, Kim forced herself upright and again stumbled forward. She knew she was bad off, probably hallucinating now, because when she thought about the voice, it had sounded like Shego’s voice. She shook her head to fight the dizziness. She wanted to sit and rest, but couldn’t! She stumbled, almost falling again, but shot a hand out. Knowing that if she stayed still for too long, she’d have no choice about living or dying, she used the trees as support, leaning against them as she moved to keep herself upright. It was clumsy, but allowed her to trudge onward.

A few minutes later, however, Kim’s dizziness was finally overcoming her. It was so bad that the sharp decline was essentially invisible to her. She stepped forward as she had since waking, expecting to step onto earth. When her foot met air, she lost her balance and fell forward with a scream. She tumbled and rolled violently several dozen feet down the steep incline until she finally smacked into a large and, luckily for her, dirt and grass covered outcropping.

Kim laid on the ground, gasping for air after having had the wind knocked out of her. She felt her stomach tie up in knots. She wanted to vomit but couldn’t. There was almost nothing to vomit, maybe a small handful of roasted pine nuts and a swallow of water. She struggled to pick herself up... at least to her hands and knees, but couldn’t.

*Maybe this is it,* Kim thought.*Maybe this is when I finally get to pay for killing Ron.*

Kim’s reverie was short lived. She stopped struggling to stand when she heard the odd, sliding footsteps of an experienced free runner making their way down the slope towards her.

With a titanic effort, Kim looked up at the person. Kim’s cosmetic glasses were shattered. Her camouflage cap had fallen off somewhere, revealing how scraggly and matted her close-cropped red hair was. Her face was covered with cuts, scrapes, and bruises, and she couldn’t keep either swollen eye open more than halfway.

Kim blinked her eyes in confusion as she beheld one of the last people she had expected to see.

“God damn, Princess!” Shego barked in shock as she looked down at the veritable wreck of a woman lying at her feet. “You look like fucking shit.”

“Imagine how I *feel*...,” Kim deadpanned before she allowed herself to collapse onto the ground in exhaustion.

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“So, this is the place...,” Monkey Fist smiled, his words obviously more a statement rather than a question. He resisted the urge to laugh as he gazed about at the cybertechnological paradise of a building he and his companion had stepped into.

“Indeed it is,” his beautiful companion explained, electrical spark coursing up and down her body. “This is where Ron Stoppable died.”

“Tell me again how he died?” Monkey Fist asked again. He was *not* going to get tired of *that* story.
anytime soon.

As the two continued into the building, Electronique smiled patiently and explained again how she had concocted the complex trap-trap. She drank in Monkey Fist’s appreciative grunts as she showed him the first part of the trap, how the angled hallway and electrolytic gel was, while subtle, easily countered with the right footwear or equipment. She went on as they walked into the room that was the heart of the trap-trap. All of the plates in the room were pressure sensitive and would only go off if someone of a human child’s weight or heavier stepped on them for more than a couple of seconds.

“And,” she concluded with unrestrained glee, “thanks to the electrolytic solution saturating their beings, the discharge would have bypassed any protective footwear they wore!” She sighed as she stared about the room, a faint sound of displeasure to mar her enjoyment of her victory. “I had intended to get both Kim Possible and Ron Stoppable with the trap... Unfortunately, at least for Stoppable, he nobly sacrificed his life to make sure that Possible made it to the other end of the room unharmed.”

“He died a hero,” Monkey Fist smiled. “Not stabbed in the back or strangled in his sleep. He died taking fate into his own hands and fighting for his ideals. I had hoped for nothing less for my ultimate nemesis.”

“That does mean that Kim Possible is still alive,” Electronique pointed out. “But her life is shattered and her will to live sapped, hopefully forever! Not only did watching her ‘one true love’, her tone derisive, as was the air-quotes she threw up mockingly by her chin, “extinguish her drive to do good... without the so-called Ron Factor to help her, she should be helpless against the likes of us.”

“Do not be so sure!” Monkey Fist cautioned smartly, turning to the villainess. “You yourself have encountered how resourceful that girl can be in the most dire of situations. She is not to be underestimated.”

“Indeed!” Electronique smiled, pressing a series of buttons on a panel, opening a nearly invisible door. Inside were lush living accommodations decorated to emulate a rain forest. “That is why I wish to partner with you, Monkey Fist. My partnership with Aviarius was a fluke, a matter of convenience. He was an obsessed crackpot with a few cute gizmos.” She turned away from a beautiful cascade of orchids next to an indoor waterfall, her gaze intense, “You, on the other hand, are not only intelligent and patient, but now have earned the mantle of the Mystical Monkey Master. A truly formidable force of nature.”

“And given such high accolades, why should I be convinced to partner with you?” Monkey Fist asked, cocking a brow at the villainess.

Electronique smirked, expecting such a question. In truth, his question pleased her immensely; if he was cautious in merely partnering with her, he would be cautious in their mutual endeavors! To answer him, she raised a technologically gloved hand and allowed it to charge, the sparks of electricity dancing along her costume in a chaotic ballet.

“For one, I am nearly as powerful as you. For two, while your knowledge of ancient artifacts and magic is beyond reproach, my knowledge of technology knows no equal. Together?” She clenched a fist, the electricity flowing hypnotically about her glove coalescing into a vicious tangle of powerful arcs, “Together, we would be a force unparalleled! For three, I am the one who succeeded in killing one half of Team Possible. No other villain has ever succeeded in doing that.”

“Three very convincing arguments indeed,” Monkey Fist agreed. “Shall we begin our scheming, then?”
Electronique doused her electricity and smiled as she lowered her hand. “Indeed, we shall.”

Shego landed her hovercraft through the roof of a brilliantly concealed hangar just off of shores north of Vancouver. The ceiling of the hangar closed as the hovercraft settled onto the floor, the slightest creek of landing gear the only evidence of the craft’s arrival. After the hovercraft came to a complete stop, Shego opened the hatch on the vehicle.

“Okay, Cupcake, we’re here...,” Shego mused, standing up to gaze about.

Shego knew the announcement was wasted on her audience. Kim had woken a few times on the way back to the hovercraft, but had been far from lucid. She’d finally stayed passed out within an hour of taking off and was still unconscious. Shego turned around and scooped Kim up into her arms. Shego leapt from the hovercraft and landed deftly on her feet despite the dim lighting.

“Are we there yet, Mommy,” Kim mumbled in her sleep, nuzzling her face into Shego’s shoulder and smiling contentedly.

This caused Shego to pause and look at Kim for a moment. The former teen hero, now adult hero, had grown even more wildly beautiful than she had been in high school. And the contented smile on the girl’s face....

*This must be the first time she’s slept with a good dream in God knows how many weeks, Shego thought to herself. Lord knows I know what that’s like.*

When Shego had gone out to hunt for Kim, she had originally done so because she knew Kim needed help. Shego had always respected Kim Possible, even if the two of them rarely saw eye to eye. Shego could not stand to know that someone had completely uprooted and destroyed Kim’s life by doing something as underhanded and cowardly as killing her buffoon of a boyfriend. Shego had to get Kim back on her feet if for no better reason than for Shego to continue to have an equal in this world.

Looking down at Kim now, though, as the crimson-haired hero snuggled into her chest, Shego could see that something greater might have been driving her. That Shego may have needed Kim in more ways than as a rival. A feeling that she’d thought long-....

Shego shook her head violently at the idea, chuckled, and walked into one of the elevators leading down to the main area of the lair. This wasn’t Drakken’s main lair. That one was much, much closer to Middleton. This was a holdout lair, one she’d demanded he make about a year earlier as a place she and Drakken could have gone to ground had something horrific happened. But it was easy enough to bring the lair back online, since the lair had its own power and water. It could tap into a multitude of satellites for entertainment and communication, and was only an hour’s drive to Vancouver.

The observation about Vancouver drew a sardonic, if quiet, bark of laughter from the former thief, *Hell, it’s closer still to smaller villages if a food run or something is all we need!*

All in all, it was perfect, in Shego’s eyes; Kim could hold up here while Shego nursed her back to health, and no one was likely to bother them.

Two floors down, Shego exited the elevator, walked down a hallway, and entered one of the master suites of the lair. There was one for Drakken, one for Shego, and a barracks room for whatever henchmen Drakken chose to have. Well, Drakken was busy inventing crap for Global Justice back in
Middleton, so it wasn’t going to hurt anybody to give Drakken’s suite to Kim. Plus, she’ll be close..., Shego concluded, entering the bedroom as soon as she reached it. The room was well kept and clean, the bed made to hospital standards and already turned down, so she had no problems as she gently laid Kim on the bed.

Shego looked back down on the sleeping form of Kim Possible. Of course, Shego had administered first aid to Kim once she had loaded the hero onto the hovercraft. Most of the more serious cuts and scrapes had been properly cleaned and bandaged, leaving Kim looking more beat up and bruised than anything. Her rhythmic breathing told the ex-villainess that Kim was still contently sleeping.

Shego spent several more moments admiring Kim: the contours of her body, the definition of her muscles—what few could be seen in a long sleeve shirt and cargo pants—the soft skin, the ragged red hair...

Damn, Princess, Shego thought as she considered the practically mutilated state of Kim’s much shorter hair. Remind me to never let you cut your own hair again.

Shego was startled a moment when she heard Kim’s voice speak, “You... you go on ahead, Ron. Go... find... go find Drakken and... stop him. I... I’ll... take care of... of Shego.”

She’s only talking in her sleep, Shego thought, catching her breath and recovering her center. Calm down, girl! Everything’s alright.

As Shego watched, Kim settled back down into a deeper sleep. And she settled into it with a smile!

Kimmie isn’t having a nightmare. She’s having a pleasant dream. A dream of finding me so she can fight me. The smile that came to Shego’s face could have given Kim’s a run for the money. Maybe she finds her fights with me as much fun as I do? That’d be...

Shego couldn’t help but chuckle softly at Kim’s actions and her own thoughts, before carefully tucking the exhausted teen in. Then, before she fully thought it all the way through, Shego reached over and caressed Kim’s cheek with two fingers. Kim’s soft smile brightened slightly.

“That’s right, Princess,” Shego whispered, “come and find me. I’ll be ready for you.”

With that, Shego stood up and strolled quietly out of the room.

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Kim woke up to the smell of bacon.

Bacon, Kim thought to herself. I haven’t had bacon in so long....

Kim bolted upright in bed, looking around in a panic. Several thoughts flashed through her mind immediately, Unfamiliar surroundings, unfamiliar bed... She paused when that drove another fact into her consciousness, No forest!

Kim got out of bed and had another realization: she was wearing pajamas! She hadn’t packed any pajamas when she had left her house. To add to the drama, these were pink silk pajamas with the Cuddle Buddy logo on the left breast. Glancing back to the bed, she saw that there had indeed been a Cuddle Buddy in bed with her. It was an Otterfly instead of her usual Pandaroo, but it was a Cuddle Buddy nonetheless.

Okay, Kim thought to herself, this is freaky-deaky weird and so the drama.
Glancing over, she noticed a robe folded on the nearby dresser. It was a full-length, pink silk robe with the same Cuddle Buddy logo on the breast. Tentatively, Kim donned the robe and stepped out of the room. It took her a moment to navigate the suite and realize she must be in some villain’s lair. In fact, the decor looked like one of Drakken’s personal suites. It was then that Kim remembered seeing Shego right before she had passed out.

Following the smell of bacon, she went down a hallway and descended a short flight of stairs. At the end was the doorway into the commissary room. There, Kim found Shego busy in the kitchenette area, cooking what looked to be a full-spread breakfast of pancakes, eggs, bacon, sweet rolls, and milk.

Kim’s mouth watered in spite of herself.

“Um,” Kim finally got up the nerve to say as she approached the kitchenette area. “Hi, Shego.”

“Ah, Princess,” Shego looked up and smirked. “About damned time your lazy ass woke up.”

“So, um,” Kim asked, looking around. “How long have I been...?”

“About two and a half days since I found you, give or take.”

Kim nodded solemnly.

Shego turned towards Kim, emptying a couple of fried eggs from a skillet onto a plate already laden with pancakes and bacon. “And before you ask, yes, I was the one who bandaged you up and changed your clothes. It’s just you and me here right now, Cupcake. I was the only one who got a free show.”

Kim chuckled softly at that one. “That... does make me feel a little bit better.”

“Good,” Shego smirked as she cracked two more eggs into the skillet, “cause I liked what I saw.”

“Hey!” Kim yelped, wrapping her arms in front of her chest and blushing furiously as Shego burst into laughter.

It took only a moment for Shego’s laughter to subside. “Well, I liked everything I saw except that hair. I mean, come on, Princess! What the fuck?”

“Yeah...” Kim absently ran some fingers through her short and butchered hair. “I kinda grabbed my dad’s old garden shears when I did that. But I didn’t want anyone recognizing me. I... I didn’t want anyone finding me.”

“Well, I found you,” Shego pointed out, flipping the eggs in the skillet. “But, to your credit, you did a good job. I was probably the only person on Earth who could have found you without the help of someone like Nerdlinger.”

Kim panicked slightly. “Wade? Does he know where...?”

“Nope,” Shego cut in, adding some salt and pepper to the eggs. “I found you all by my little lonesome. The only two people who know you’re here are you and me. Doctor D doesn’t even know.”

Kim nodded solemnly. “Okay, good. I just don’t want to be around anyone who I can hurt. Not like I did...”
“Uh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh!” Shego admonished, turning and waving a finger negatively at Kim. “Self-pity party wasn’t scheduled until after brunch. Even then, I picked up some hair clippers while I was out earlier. You’re going to look a lot more butch after I’m done, but at least that hair is going to be fifty shades of better than that. Damn!”

“Is my hair really that bad?” Kim asked the ex-villainess incredulously.

“Worse!” Shego confirmed as she turned and emptied the now fried eggs onto a second plate of fixings. Putting on a more serious face, she pointed at that plate. “Now, near as I can tell, Kimmie,” Shego admonished, “you were trying to live off of berries and nuts during the asscrack of Fall for nearly four weeks, with no real fats and limited proteins, to boot! You’re eating some real food. Now.”

“Um, uh,” Kim stammered, then gingerly took the indicated plate and a fork. “No arguments out of me.”

“Good,” Shego said as she dumped the skillet into a nearby sink and grabbed the other plate. ”’Cause I want your cute little ass back up to full health for when I go to kick it.”

Kim stopped in the middle of chewing a mouthful of pancake and bacon and just looked at Shego. “Efkoof meh?”

“You heard me, Cupcake!” Shego replied, circling the kitchenette island and sitting down at the table that Kim was leaning against. “I’m not losing the best sparring partner I ever had just because she’s given up on life. Whether you like it not, you’re needed... and not just as my sparring partner! Remember that.”

Kim simply nodded and swallowed the food in her mouth. She immediately shoved some egg and bacon into her mouth, watching as Shego cut off a piece of pancake larger than her mouth and ate it.

That particular sight brought the faintest of smiles to Kim’s lips....

[END CHAPTER THREE]
Kim stood in the snow, the early November sun scattering thousands of shards of light from the snow and the waves as it set beyond the mountains to the west. It was beautiful, in a rather surreal, desolate way.

Kim tugged on the heavy jacket she was wearing, fluffing much like a bird would its feathers on a chilly morning. It was cold, that was certain! But that was to be expected, since she was standing on a beach that was a couple hours drive north—if you ignored the time taken on the ferries, anyway—of Vancouver. She wasn’t sure where, exactly, but she knew that there was a series of inlets a bit northwest of Vancouver, and the layout of where she was at made that seem about right. It was so peaceful...

She shook her head slightly as a few stray memories surfaced in her mind. Peaceful was something she hadn’t enjoyed in well over a month.

Peaceful was something she still felt she didn’t deserve...

Kim ran her fingers absently through what was left of her hair. She had butchered it completely with her dad’s dull garden shears, trying to make herself as unrecognizable as possible. Now, thanks to a proper trim, it was neatly styled, but looked a lot more butch than her preferred look. It was tapered short on the sides and the back and a little bit longer than Mr. Barkin’s Marine regulation ‘high-’n’-tight’. What was it Uncle Slim called it? she thought, smiling slightly as she remembered one of the Army stories he’d told the Tweebs. Regulation short! That’s it! Considering the alternative, though, Kim agreed that the look was quite attractive.

“Kim?” came a feminine voice from behind the red-head.

Kim didn’t turn around, the voice being quite familiar to her. Oddly enough, at this point in time, it was probably the only voice which wouldn’t send Kim into a state of abject panic. What did worry Kim, though, was the fact that the voice’s owner had just addressed her as Kim. Not some juvenile pet name like Princess, Pumpkin, or Cupcake. Not even Kimmie. Just Kim. That meant...

“I’m okay, Shego,” Kim said. It was only a minor lie. “I’m just getting some fresh air. And the sunset is beautiful here.”

“It is,” the slightly taller, slightly older, slightly greener woman agreed, stepping up beside Kim. Instead of the heavy autumn jacket Kim was wearing, Shego had on a simple sweater and a pair of jeans. She was even barefoot. But she also had herself sheathed in a mild plasma aura. It not only kept her warm, but managed to take out some more of the chill that Kim was feeling. “Especially this time of the year. It’s one of the reasons why I conned Doc to have the fallout shelter built here.”

“Fallout shelter?” Kim asked, glancing at Shego.

“Yeah,” Shego said. She gazed out over the river towards the forested sunset. “When things went south between Doc and Warmonga, we thought at first we weren’t going to weather the upcoming alien invasion very well. So we had a fallout shelter built. One we hoped the Lowardians wouldn’t find. This is it.”

“Yeah, I bet they’d never think of looking for you in Canada!” Kim joked, causing Shego to chuckle softly. Kim then turned to look back at the sunset. “Shego? How hard was it to stay true to your pardon, really? I shouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth, but really? With all of the times you and
Drakken tried to take over the world, it takes only one alien invasion to make you go completely straight?"

Shego smirked and looked at Kim. “Oh, I wouldn’t say completely straight.” Shego laughed softly at the queer look she got from Kim and continued. “Trust me, Kimmie. A part of me will always and forever be evil. That kitten stuck in the tree is just as likely to be punted like a football as rescued. And Betty knows that. So when I freelance for her, she gives me the jobs that don’t exactly fit into the ‘Truth, Justice, and the American Way’ image. I get to indulge in moderated versions of my little fantasies, get paid to do it, and still not have Global Justice hounding my ass for it at the end of the day. I don’t know why I didn’t think of that sooner.”

Kim nodded. It made sense. She didn’t like the idea that Global Justice had to handle jobs like that, but she felt she was now much more of a realist than she had been two months ago.

“You enjoy the sunset, Pumpkin,” Shego said after a few moment’s silence, turning back towards the hidden elevator nearby. “I’m going to go back down and get dinner started. I’m sure as hell not trusting you in my kitchen again. Not after how you blew up a pot of mac & cheese like you did.”

Kim chuckled at the image, in spite of herself. At the time, the incident had been horrifically embarrassing and had cost her a whole afternoon’s worth of cleaning. But in hindsight it was rather funny, and Kim could tell from Shego’s tone that she was bringing it up in good humor, attempting to lift the redhead’s spirits.

“I’m... I’m sorry I’m still so mopey,” Kim said as Shego walked away. “I’m still not... over that yet.”

“Shego would have none of that. Kim was placed on a strict high protein, high carb diet, fortified by nutritional supplements and an intense workout regimen. The workouts progressed in stages, growing more intense as both Kim and Shego agreed that Kim was ready for the additional challenge. Kim, as they had both suspected she would, took to the challenge like a fish to water. With Shego as a sparring partner and personal trainer, Kim learned that she was discovering herself again. With her attention focused squarely on her own physical recovery, Kim found she could push the events of Ron’s death to the back of her mind and concentrate on the adrenaline and endorphins her workouts and sparring sessions gave her.

For Shego’s part, she was warming to the challenge of whipping Kim back into shape. For the first time since Warhok and Warmonga tried to take over the Earth, Shego felt like she could be herself again. The intensity of their sparring matches grew to the point where they felt like
the fights during the “old days” when she was still a villain.

It was shortly after one of those sparring sessions, during a much needed shower, that Shego realized Kimmie was coming back. She chuckled and hugged herself, all but squealing in delight She was finally winning her Kimmie back.

Wait, my Kimmie? Shego thought at that point. Where did that come from?

“Thank you for calling Club Banana,” Monique chirped, trying to sound as chipper as possible. The truth was, she was drop-dead exhausted. It was the week before Christmas. All of the last-minute shoppers were keeping her and her staff overworked in restocking and selling the latest fashions. “Home of the ‘Banana-Greeting For Ladies’, sure to win the heart of any... Huh? What? Really? You did? OMG, GF! Is she okay? You’ve got to tell me everything! What? OIC! Yeah, business. Sorry. What? Well, I could do that, but I can’t guarantee... Oh, okay. Yeah, I can do that. Yeah, TM GF, I kno-... ‘Trust me, girlfriend’. Yeah, I know... Anyway, yeah, I know her fave colors! What’s your payment info? Okay, got it. Hold on. Okay, yeah, that checks out. Let me get right on it, then. Yeah. ISWICD. You’re kidding me, you don-... I guess you’re right! Anyway, it’s ‘I’ll see what I can do,’ GF. Yeah, so everyone tells me... Yeah, you too! TTYL.”

“Need any help with anything, Monique?” Clara asked of her manager while she absently rang up items of clothing at the register.

“Naw,” Monique hung up the phone and giggled, far happier than any person working retail the week of Christmas had any right to be. “I just got a special request, ultra-priority mail order that I need to get picked out, wrapped, and shipped ASAP. If any of the temps have any questions you can’t answer, Clara, still send them over to me. But otherwise, I’m going to get that order done as fast as I can.”

A cadre of monkey ninjas came scurrying out of the research lab in Montgomery, Alabama. One of them carried a small box in its paws. They leapt and scurried silently through the nearby woods for well over a mile until they came to a clearing. Monkey Fist stood in the clearing, arms folded across his chest.

“Well?” Monkey Fist asked gruffly. “Did you get it?”

The monkey ninja holding the box approached Monkey Fist and opened the box for him to see. Inside the box was what appeared to be a small circuit holding what looked like an unremarkable—and unmarked—CPU-style chip.

Monkey Fist smiled wickedly. “It appears exactly as Electronique said it would. Come then, my faithful companions, we shall return to headquarters. Slowly but surely, we are drawing closer to a world where mankind cannot interfere with our quest for mystical power.”

“How is she doing, Will?” the woman asked as she approached the Global Justice agent peering into the hospital room. “Has she regained consciousness yet?”

Special Agent Will Du glanced at his supervisor, Global Justice Head Dr. Betty Director. Her gaze, coming from one eye due to the eye patch draped over the other, was usually stern and intimidating. Today, it was soft with concern and worry.
“DNAmy regained consciousness a little over an hour ago but lapsed back into her coma shortly thereafter.” Will Du reported, turning to gaze back through the small window in the hospital door. “From what we were able to gather during that short period of time, the statue of Lord Montgomery Fiske had suddenly begun to radiate a blue glow before he returned to a flesh and blood form. He then lashed out at DNAmy, incapacitating her and severely crippling her. The rest of the story we were able to garner from security video footage.”

Betty Director sighed and turned her gaze to the same open window. Simply stating that she had woke up briefly and lapsed back into her coma, but her life signs were stable would have sufficed. But this was Will Du. And, to be honest, the extraneous details were still important in this case.

“That means Monkey Fist got the rest of the Mystical Monkey Power when Stoppable died,” Betty said simply. “And if Stoppable was able to use it to throw two Lowardian war masters a mile high into the air and crash their mother ship, I do not want to imagine what someone like Fiske would be capable of doing with it.”

“Indeed,” Will agreed.

Betty braced herself. “Contact Hego.”

Will Du looked back at Betty curiously. “Ma’am?”

“Contact Hego,” Betty repeated, looking away from the window to Will Du. “Tell him we need to have all of the Team Go men on standby. Monkey Fist by himself still isn’t someone we can send just standard agents against. And if he is still with Electronique...”

“Right,” Will replied, nodding in understanding. “But why are you emphasizing that we need the Team Go men to be on standby?”

“Because,” Betty answered softly with a sigh as she turned to walk away, “if you try to tell him that we need the entire Team Go to be on standby, you’re going to open up a can of worms you will not be able to close again.”

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The two women flopped down onto the plush sofa in the lair’s common area. In the past, Shego had always ridden Drakken’s case to get quality, comfortable furniture for their lairs. Now she was glad she had gone through all of the effort. At that moment, both women were exhausted, and for good reason. They had sparred for the last two and a half hours at peak intensity.

The exercise had not been a matter of testing stances and practicing moves. Shego and Kim had gone at each other balls-out, full strength. If there was a single surface in the lair’s training gym from which each girl had not leapt or rebounded, Shего was at a loss to name it. Every strike, every dodge, every sidestep, every counterstrike, every flip, every kick had been pure and real, yet neither woman had managed to gain a significant advantage over the other. For over two and a half hours. And—despite both women realizing they were still short of their own top forms from back when Shego was actually fighting Kim—it had felt like Heaven on Earth.

Shego glanced over at the beautiful redhead on the sofa beside her, who was dressed in one of Shego’s spare catsuits. It had taken some coaxing to get her to wear it, but Shego had reasoned that there would still be too much emotional trauma associated with Kim’s old mission outfit and Shego sure as hell wasn’t going put the Princess in one of those ugly henchmen uniforms.

And, God, Kimmie looked fucking hot in that catsuit.
Kim sat there, still breathing hard from the exertion ten minutes after the fact, her breasts rising and falling in a rhythmic pattern as she tried to take in as much oxygen as she possibly could. She glanced over at Shego and smiled. “Was it as good for you as it was for me? God, I hope so.”

Shego gulped and blushed as the words fell from Kim’s lips.

“HAH!” Kim laughed victoriously, slapping her hands together and pumping a fist into the air. “You blushed! I got you to blush! HAH!”

“I... you... I...,” Shego stammered as Kim laughed. Then she finally centered herself and smirked. “Okay, score one for you. But remember to watch your back, Princess. I’m not going to even the score right now. I’m going to wait until you least expect it.” Shego’s smirk then softened as she leaned back and let her body relax in the premium, plush padding of the sofa. “Someone is apparently feeling their emotional Wheaties today.”

Kim nodded and leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees and she laced her fingers in front of her and looked back at the ex-villainess. “You were right, Shego. The thrill of our fights is nice. It does help me to focus and to keep me in a better place in my mind. Thank you.”

“Pah! You don’t have to be so polite about it,” Shego snorted, waving a hand dismissively. “Oh, and to answer your question... Yes, it was. I’d argue even better.”

Kim smiled happily, then turned to the television. It was a giant screen plasma television similar to the one in Drakken’s lair in Middleton. The smile faded and she sighed softly.

“I don’t think I’m still quite ready for television yet.”

Shego nodded knowingly. It had been over two months since Ron’s death but it was still fresh on everyone’s minds. However, both Ron and Kim were international heroes. The fact that Shego and Kim were in the wilds of Canada didn’t diminish the chances that some worldwide news organization like CNN or the BBC might bring the subject up again.

“Well,” Shego replied, “as you already know, we have board games, video games, books to read... Sweet Jesus, do we have books to read... I’m a book freak... a karaoke machine, and you can always train some more in the gym. I’d opt for that last one, frankly. After we rest for a few moments.”

Kim thought about it for a moment. “A karaoke machine?”

Shego turned and narrowed her eyes at the redhead. “I was hoping you wouldn’t zero in on that one. Yeah, we have a karaoke machine. Doc loves karaoke. I hate it.”

“Is it because you can’t sing?” Kim asked, cocking her head like an inquisitive puppy.

“No, that’s the thing,” Shego sighed, shaking her head at Kim’s expression as much as her own issues with karaoke. “I’m a passable singer. Or at least I think I am. But Doc thinks he’s God’s fucking gift to Nashville. And your damned naked mole rat can sing better than he can. Trust me, I’ve heard them both sing. And if he thinks he can sing but actually can’t, imagine how I must really sound!”

“Can I be the judge of that?”

Shego simply looked queerly at Kim for several moments.

“Please and thank you? It is Christmas Eve, after all. Let’s have some fun!”
When Shego failed to reply immediately, Kim’s lower lip began to poke out and quiver, her eyebrows drooping and eyes pleading, all of it adding up to a sad, forlorn gaze. Shego recognized the onset of the dreaded Puppy Dog Pout that Kim was famous for using. Hell, Shego had even used it against Kim once.

“Um... Uh....,” Shego said brilliantly before shaking her head to throw off the dazed feeling the Puppy Dog Pout was inflicting on her. “Okay, Princess, let’s try this: you go first. If you’ve got a passable voice, I’ll give it a go. If you suck ass, I’m not embarrassing myself on that mic. Does that sound fair?”

Kim nodded and smiled impishly. “And we can crack open some of that German lager and have some cheese and crackers while we enjoy karaoke night.”

“That’s actually a good...,” Shego began thoughtfully, shoving herself off of the couch. She then stopped and spun to look at Kim. “Hey, wait a minute! How did you know about the German lager? I hid that where no one should have been able to find it.”

Kim bit her lower lip in a very pronounced expression of chagrin, muttering “Oops!” under her breath.

“Kimmie....,” Shego scolded, folding her arms in front of her.

“You weren’t going to expect me to stay in a Drakken lair without my checking for every hidden weapon and possible escape route, were you?”

Shego closed her eyes and shook her head before finally smirking. “Damn, Princess. I’m actually starting to rub off onto you.”

“That happened a long time ago, trust me.”

“And you actually like German lager? It’s absolutely nothing like what they make in the United States.”

Kim shrugged. “I’ve ate roast beetles in South America and raw snails in Southeast Asia. I think I can try a decent German lager with an open mind.”

Shego chuckled and turned to leave the room. “The karaoke machine is in the far end cabinet. Go ahead and get it set up. I’ll make the snacks and get the lager. Jeez. I’m contributing to the delinquency of a minor now.”

“I’m almost 19 and we’re in British Columbia,” Kim said as she sprung up from the chair. “I’m almost legal!”

Shego froze at the doorway. “Okay, Kimmie, now you’re starting to scare me.”

Kim smiled inwardly as she skipped over to the storage cabinet.

[END CHAPTER FOUR]
Kim tapped the microphone. "Is this thing on? Testing, one-two-three, testing?"

Shego shook her head as she placed the snack tray on the coffee table and set a small cooler on the floor next to it. "It's on, Kimmie. Trust me. You might want to drop the volume a tick or two. Don't want to wake the neighbors."

"We're in a Drakken lair in Canada. The nearest neighbors are fifteen minutes away by hovercraft!" Kim retorted, sticking her tongue out at the ex-villainess. "We're not waking anything up besides our endorphins. It's Christmas Eve, Shego. Even if we don't have a Christmas tree and Christmas music, I at least want to have fun tonight."

Shego sighed in exaggerated exasperation as she took one of the lagers from the cooler. "You are such a needy child!" she laughed. She then flopped onto the couch and looked up at the redhead. "Okay, Prima Donna Possible. Show me what your lungs have got."

"Okay," Kim said, turning to the karaoke machine. "This is kinda from my parents era rather than mine, so I'm assuming it was in Drakken's collection and not yours. But I think it works out really well."

The music began to play, an early-80s, synthpop-style mix of drum and bass filling the room. Kim turned back to Shego and let the slow rhythm guide her feet and her hips. As the opening solo led into the lyrics, Kim closed her eyes and opened her lips, drawing a breath to sing...

Oh, the night is my world
City light painted girls
In the day nothing matters
It's the night time that flatters

Shego's eyes widened and her mouth slowly dropped open as she watched the young woman in front of her sing and move to the music. Kim's lithe body swayed perfectly to the beat of the song, somehow subconsciously accentuating every curve.

In the night no control
Through the wall something breaking
Wearing white as you're walking
Down the street of my soul

You take my self you take my self control
You got me living only for the night

Before the morning comes a story's told
You take my self you take my self control

And Kim's voice... Shego had known that Kim could sing or otherwise she never would have been able to enter American Starmaker, even with the Nerdlinger's help. But now Shego was hearing Kim's voice. That voice... Oh, God, that voice!

Another night, another day goes by
I never stop myself to wonder why
You help me to forget to play my role
You take my self you take my self control

I, I live among the creatures of the night
I haven't got the will to try and fight
Against a new tomorrow
So I guess I'll just believe it
That tomorrow never comes

Shego took another cracker, rather absently, and stuck it into her mouth. She chewed numbly on the cracker, her eyes transfixed on the beautiful woman in front of her.

A safe night
I'm living in the forest of my dream
I know the night is not as it would seem
I must believe in something
So I'll make myself believe it
That this night will never go

Ohoho, ohoho, ohoho, ohoho, Ohoho...

And Shego was finally ready to admit that Kim was a woman now. Before, she was still the plucky teenage cheerleader that she had fought more times than she could count. Princess, Pumpkin, Cupcake... They were all pet names geared towards teasing her about her young age and to goad the young adventurer to react rashly. But what Shego saw in front her? Yeah, that was definitely a woman. A full-grown, adult woman. One that held Shego absolutely transfixed.

Oh, the night is my world
City light, painted girls
In the day nothing matters
It's the night time that flatters

I, I live among the creatures of the night
I haven't got the will to try and fight
Against a new tomorrow
So I guess I'll just believe it
That tomorrow never knows

Kim's eyes were still closed, so she couldn't see Shego's reaction; she simply allowed the music to fill her and guide her. All of the rigors of the past days, all the sorrows in her heart... It was forgotten, however temporarily, as the music chased everything away. Everything except for the moment at hand. Her, Shego, the music. Those three things had become the entirety of her world...

A safe night
I'm living in the forest of my dream
I know the night is not as it would seem
I must believe in something
So I'll make myself believe it
That this night will never go

Ohoho, ohoho, ohoho, ohoho, Ohoho...

Kim found she could no longer stand still and she began dancing around in the small area around the
karaoke machine. She blindly trusted her feet to carry her around as the music dictated every step for her. Every twirl, every skip, every step was guided by the beat and the rhythm of the song. For the first time in months, Kim felt as if her soul was light and carefree.

You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control
You take my self, you take my self control

As the song wound down, Kim took a deep breath and smiled before opening her eyes to look at Shego. The green hued woman sat there, slack-jawed, and Kim's heart sank. "That bad?"

Shego shook her head and held up her hands in front of her. "What? No! Oh, my God, no! What the hell, Princess? Where did you learn to sing?"

Kim shrugged offhandedly. "I saved an Italian maestro from one of Professor Dementor's more unusual schemes one time, so he offered me some free lessons."

Shego's mouth worked a few times before she blurted, "Wow, Kimmie, it really shows!"

"Thanks!" Kim chirped, her eyes shining brightly as she stared at the older woman. Surprised by the open thankfulness in that gaze, Shego tore her gaze away and stared at the German lager in her hand. After a moment's indecision, she knocked it back, drinking the whole bottle in several quick swallows.

"Shego?"

"Ah!" Shego breathed as she shook her head. "Okay. I gave you my word on this, damn you. So now I gotta reciprocate and sing you a song, too."

Shego stood up and accepted the microphone from Kim, who then skipped over to the couch and sat herself down. She took a lager from the cooler as she shoved some cheese and crackers into her mouth. Shego knelt down in front of the karaoke machine and began browsing the CD collection on its shelf.

"What song did you have in mind?" Kim asked innocently.

"You'll see," Shego said, the smirk apparent in her voice, even as she let out a slightly frustrated sigh, "Okay, I'm going to be a few moments. You got me. I didn't really expect you have such a good singing voice, so I hadn't thought of what song I'd sing. Gimme a few moments."

"Okay!" Kim smiled, reaching over to take another cracker and a small hunk of cheese.

"Are you even human, you evil woman?" Shego growled, not really sounding all that upset.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," Shego replied, "you save the world all of the time, you went to school and got top marks in all of your classes, you were cheerleading captain, you had Global Justice desperate to recruit you and monkey boy, you can match me in almost any fight, you can sing, and you're making me feel
comfortable enough to sing to you in return.” Shego rounded on the red-head and placed her fists on her hips, “Is there anything you can’t do?”

Kim thought about that a few moments. “Um, cook? I can't cook, as you already found out.” Shego snorted and turned back to the case, her nimble fingers tensing slightly as Kim continued, “That, and I apparently can’t..."

"Ah, here!" Shego said quickly, hoping she caught the conversation before Kim went down that particular dark road. Thankfully, it was a song she liked. "I'll sing you this song."

"Okay!" Kim chirped as if she hadn’t said anything. She was, however, quite happy for the distraction.

Shego put the CD into the karaoke player, hit play, stood up, and turned to Kim. "This is from the 80s, too. You're right, this is mostly Doc's music. But I do like this song. It's my favorite from that era."

Shego closed her eyes and allowed her body to sway to the soft rhythm of bass guitar and cymbal taps as she began to sing.

-Baby, don't understand
Why we can't just hold on
 to each other's hands?
-This time might be the last I fear
 unless I make it all too clear
 I need you so
 ohhh

Kim blinked for a moment as she watched Shego sing and dance. Her moves seemed so genuine, so passionate... And so startlingly erotic she was left as wide eyed and slack jawed as Shego had been minutes earlier.

-Take these broken wings
 And learn to fly again, learn to live so free
 When we hear the voices sing
 The book of love will open up and let us in
 Take these broken wings

-Baby, I think tonight
 We can take what was wrong
 and make it right

-Baby, it's all I know
 that you're half of the flesh
 And blood that makes me whole

 I need you so

Kim had never noticed it before, yet found herself wondering how she could have missed it! Shego was about five years older than Kim, so of course the older woman had greater experience in the world. That probably even meant sexual experience, which showed in how Shego moved her body, flaunting her figure, her grace, and her agility.
So take these broken wings  
And learn to fly again, learn to live so free  
And when we hear the voices sing  
The book of love will open up and let us in,  

yeah, yeah  

Let us in  

Let us in  

And her voice; Kim had never heard Shego's voice. At least, not like this! In fact, at *American Starmaker*, Shego had gone so far as to refuse to assist Drakken in his own act, let alone perform herself. So to hear her voice now...  

*Baby, it's all I know  
that you're half of the flesh*  
*And blood that makes me whole*  

Yeah, yeah, yeah  

Yeah, yeah  

Kim felt like she... No, she *knew* she was being given a special gift. Something that Shego rarely, if ever, gave to anyone, a part of the ex-villainess' self that she refused to bear in front of anyone. It made Kim suddenly feel special. Appreciated. Even...  

*So take these broken wings  
And learn to fly again, learn to live so free  
And when we hear the voices sing  
The book of love will open up and let us in*  

*Take these broken wings  
You got to learn to fly, learn to live and love so free  
When we hear the voices sing  
The book of love will open up for us and let us in*  

Yeah, yeah  

Yeah, yeah  

Oooh  

Shego took a deep breath and opened her eyes. She was scared too. She was scared she had rushed and had picked the wrong song. She looked down and saw Kim sitting on the sofa, gazing up at Shego with wide eyes.  

"Wow..." Kim finally said, her voice soft and awed.  

"Wow?" Shego asked. The slight buzz she was feeling from the lager wasn't exactly helping with coherent thought.  

"You have a very nice voice, Shego," Kim finally said, her hand fumbling slightly as if she had forgotten where the snack tray was on the coffee table, "and I could feel it."
"F-feel it?" Shego stammered. She gripped the microphone tightly, worry gripping her heart as she clarified her words, her tone perhaps a bit sharper than intended. "Feel what, Princess?"

"You put emotion behind your singing," Kim said, finally finding the snack tray, "I mean, wow! I could feel you pouring your heart into that song, it... It was incredible."

"Um, yeah," Shego smiled weakly, fighting a blush she knew was visible on her cheeks and nose, "I... Um... It's one of my favorite oldies songs. It means... A lot to me. I... I guess I get carried away while singing it."

"No, Shego..." Kim smiled softly. "It was beautiful."

Shego found herself staring momentarily into Kim eyes. Those deep olive eyes could draw a person in and hold them hostage so easily...

Shego closed her eyes and shook her head.

"You okay, Shego?" Kim asked with concern as she stood up.

"I... I think I drank that first lager too fast," Shego finally laughed, handing the microphone back to Kim, "I don't normally get buzzed so easily, but I've got a really good buzz going now. Here, it's your turn to sing."

Kim smiled brightly. "I knew you'd get into the spirit. Thank you!"

Shego flopped down onto the sofa and rubbed her face as Kim traipsed over to the karaoke machine. When Shego looked back up, Kim was bending over in front of the machine... Without bending at the knees.

Okay, you evil little minx! Shego growled within her thoughts. Now you're doing it on fucking purpose.

Shego sighed and quietly chuckled her herself, shaking her head. She reached over and grabbed another lager from the cooler and popped the cap. Smirking softly, she took huge swig, determined not to look a gift horse in the mouth and enjoy the view her Princess was offering while it was available. Finally, Kim selected a song and began to sing it. As the words began to flow from Kim's lips, Shego almost spit out her lager.

The song was *Lost In Your Eyes*, by Debbie Gibson.

It turned out to be a longer night than either of them had intended. There had been about six lagers for each of the girls and all of them had been consumed. The cheese and crackers had been especially delicious; Shego admitted that she refused to skimp on cheese and had bought it from a special deli in northern Vancouver. And after a couple of songs each, the girls had gotten into the rhythm of the music. Shego admitted that she had been wrong about karaoke, that she had let her experiences with Drakken dampen her view of how much fun it could actually be.

Shego had also been six lagers drunk when she made the admission, so Kim held no illusions of Shego agreeing to the admission later when she was sober.

Kim stumbled into her suite, set the remaining tray of crackers on the center chamber's table, and stumbled into her bedroom. She knew she was every bit as drunk as Shego was, if not more so since her exposure to alcohol was a few sips of New Years champagne the prior year. But she was feeling
rather good right now. She just didn't look forward to the hangover she may -- or may not, if she were so ‘gifted’ -- have in the morning.

She paused as she gazed at her bed. On it was a relatively large gift-wrapped box.

"Merry Chrishmash... To me?" Kim asked, then giggled hysterically at her own slurred speech. She stumbled to the bed and flopped down beside the package, teetering dangerously from her own skewed balance.

"It... It'sh after mi'night," Kim reasoned and reached over to the package.

Rather clumsily, she ripped the wrapping off of the package. Inside were two boxes and an envelope. One box was another Cuddle Buddy; a brand new, still unopened Pandaroo. Kim smiled and felt tears well up in her eyes. She did indeed miss her old Pandaroo, but this new one would serve very, very nicely. The other box had another pair of Cuddle Buddy pajamas as well as some of the latest Club Banana fashions in Kim's favorite colors.

Kim picked up the envelope. Inside was a Christmas card and a postcard. The Christmas card had a Pandaroo and an Otterfly in Santa hats wishing the reader a very Merry Christmas on the front cover and a Happy New Year on the inside. Shego's signature flowed across the bottom of the inside of the card like beautiful calligraphy. It made Kim smile though the still welling tears, a few passing unnoticed down her cheeks.

Picking up the postcard, Kim admired the picture. It was an aerial photo of Middleton Mall at night, making it perfect to showcase the brilliant holiday lights for which the mall was world-famous. On the other side was a note in Monique's handwriting.

Hey, GF! Shego said she found you and that you're doing okay. I hope she isn't lying. I miss you something terrible! I don't care what anyone else says. You're still my best friend and you're one awesome woman. Yeah, I know where you're at now. I couldn't exactly send Shego's gift to you without knowing. But I promised Shego I wouldn't tell anyone where you were at, not even Wade or your family. I DID tell them that you were found and had asked for some time alone to sort through your emotions. I hope that's okay. Anyway, I hope you have a Merry Christmas. I love ya like the sister I should have had. TTYL!
– ♥ Monique ♥ –

Kim clutched the postcard to her chest and began to sob uncontrollably.

[END CHAPTER FIVE]

Chapter End Notes

The lyrics in this chapter are from Laura Branigan's Self Control and Mr. Mister's Broken Wings, respectively.
Chapter 6

Monkey Fist gazed curiously at the gigantic machine. It looked like a cross of a laser cannon and an observatory telescope. And the Master of Mystical Monkey Power couldn’t make heads or tails of it.

“How long will this take to complete again?”

“At least another six months...” Electronique admitted as she used an electron microscope to study Monkey Fist’s latest acquisition, another microchip from another research lab.

“It occurs to me that if we went after the components for your doomsday device more often than once every two or three weeks, we might be able to complete this faster,” Monkey Fist ventured.

Electronique adjusted the setting on her microscope and continued observing her find. “That is very, very true, Lord Fiske. But we would lose the element of surprise.”

“Excuse me?” Monkey Fist asked, turning away from the doomsday device and looking at Electronique.

“By going at the pace that we are going,” Electronique explained, still studying the microchip, “we are far less likely to draw attention to ourselves. Law enforcement is far less likely to piece together that the robberies are being committed by a single party. And the world will be far less prepared for its inevitable fate once we unleash it upon the unsuspecting masses!”

“I see,” Monkey Fist nodded, “I see indeed. That does make sense, now that you explain it. And I do suppose that the old adage is true... Good things come to those who wait.”

“You see?” Electronique purred, looking up from her microscope. “Now you’re getting into the spirit of things.”

“I have also noticed that there are some things you have asked me to steal that you have not even used yet.”

Electronique thought about that a moment and smiled. “Give it another couple of weeks and quietly fence those items off for as much money as you can get. Finance an expedition to release some stress or something.”

Monkey Fist cocked a brow at that. “You didn’t even need them?”

Electronique shrugged. “Red herrings. If the authorities do try to piece all the robberies together as being committed by one party, those unneeded items will throw the authorities off the trail of what the components will actually be used for.”

Monkey Fist smiled. “Then please forgive me my persistent inquiries. You’ve done well in the foreplanning of this caper. I am truly impressed.”

Electronique purred and turned back to her microscope. “As a full partner, Lord Fiske, your questions are always welcome. I want a partner who is on the same page as I am and fully prepared for what we are doing. Aviarius was a blind idiot who didn’t question anything I did and simply wanted cold-blooded revenge against Kim Possible. I got captured as a result.”

“No need for concern, then, Electronique,” Monkey Fist smiled, turning back to the doomsday device, “you have an intelligent and fully capable partner in me. Capture is not an option this time.”
Electronique grinned wickedly as she studied the microchip. “Indeed it is not.”

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Shego stumbled into her room and started to strip out of her catsuit. The karaoke night she and Kim had enjoyed in lieu of a Christmas Eve party had turned out a lot better than she could have hoped. She normally didn’t like karaoke, but Miss “Anything Is Possible For A Possible” had somehow made it really fun. It was also the first time she had been able to tease and flirt with Kim without her getting upset. In fact, Kim gave as good as she got, once she had two or three lagers in her system.

It did leave Shego wondering where exactly she stood with the teen adventurer.

Shego knew she had been crushing on Kim for quite some time now, despite the hero being five years her junior. It was perhaps the night of Kim’s junior prom that had forced Shego to realize it. The memory rang through Shego’s drunken skull like a shout across the Grand Canyon...

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Rain pelted Kim and Shego, plastering their hair against their rain slicked bodies. Kim had been glaring at her for several long moments, before finally asking, “Do you know what I really hate?”

Shego, the fight almost beaten out of her, still hadn’t been able to resist needling the redhead before her. Her tone, despite her physical and emotional exhaustion, had been filled with her typical snark. “That your boyfriend melted?”

That’s when the teen had said the words that had almost shattered Shego’s world. “No, you!”

Shego had been so stunned that the flurry of punches that followed had gone unblocked. The kick that sent Shego into the radio tower had been essentially unnecessary. Even so, the punches, the kick, even the electrocution and tower falling on Shego, had hurt far less than those two simple words...

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Shego shivered at the memory as she stepped naked out of her catsuit. The words were still burned into her soul, still burned as freshly as they had that night. It was the first and perhaps only time that Kim had openly declared such abject hatred for the villainess. And, in hindsight, Shego couldn’t really blame her. Shego hadn’t known that Eric was a synthodrone until Drakken had used him to kidnap Kim, but Kim had no way of knowing that. As far as the Princess was concerned, Shego had been a co-conspirator in a plot to completely dismantle Kim’s emotional health, to use her own heart against her. And it had nearly worked.

Under the hot, therapeutic spray of the shower, Shego’s thoughts continued to drift. After that prom night, Shego took a long, hard look at herself and her relationship with Kim. She had hurt Kim in the worst possible way, if even tangentially, and the words that Kim spoke in response wounded Shego just as deeply, if for different reasons. Shego imagined that if she were to broach the subject with Kim today, the hero would be falling over herself apologizing to Shego. That thought in and of itself only made Shego reevaluate her feelings about Kim even further.

After that incident, Shego and Drakken had what was perhaps the worst argument in their semi-
professional relationship. Shego swore she would never again be party to such an underhanded plot to ruin anyone, Kim especially. Shego had said some things to Drakken that had truly hurt the man’s feelings, even more so than usual. And then had refused to bust Drakken out of jail. It was probably one of the many reasons that Drakken had fallen so easily to the charms of the Lowardian amazon, Warmonga. But Shego had sworn to never again hurt her Kimmie at such an intimate level.

The thoughts were still fresh in Shego’s mind, swirling about like a swarm of angry bees, when she stepped out of the shower. Suddenly, she heard the redhead sobbing in the suite across the hall from hers. The sound sobered Shego, so much so that she was left in a state of panic, something to which she was far from being used. Without a second thought, she ran across the hall, towel in hand, to make sure Kim was okay.

Shego almost literally launched her way through the open doors into Drakken’s old bedroom to see Kim sitting on the bed, still in her loaner catsuit, sobbing loudly, clutching a postcard to her chest.


Kim looked up at Shego, her lips trembling, tear stains drenching her cheeks. Shego’s heart verged on completely shattering, thinking, knowing, she had done something wrong. “Sh... Shego?” Kim stammered.

Shego, suddenly aware of her own nakedness, quickly wrapped the towel around her body. “What is it, Princess? What’s wrong?”

“Thank you,” Kim choked, showing Shego the postcard. “I... I don’t know what I ever did to deserve you, but thank you. If I ever told you I hated you, I am sho, sho shorry. I love you, Shego. I love you.”

Shego stepped forward and took the postcard from Kim’s hand. Sudden comprehension dawned upon her as she read the note, being careful to read it thoroughly considering her inebriated state. She glanced over to see that Kim had indeed found the Christmas gifts she had asked Monique to send.

Shego smiled softly and sat down next to Kim. She took the heroine into her arms and held her tight, the redhead’s sobs increasing as she leaned into Shego’s shoulder. After a moment, Shego began to run her fingers gently across Kim’s back, knowing from personal experience how good that felt through the catsuit.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about, Cupcake,” Shego soothed. “That’s all in the past. This is now and we’re moving forward. Ain’t that right?”

Kim nodded into Shego’s shoulder, in spite of herself.

“You are my equal and opposite in every way,” Shego said, smiling, giving her embrace on Kim a reassuring squeeze. “Now that we’re both freelancing for Global Justice, I don’t want us to fight because we hate each other anymore. I don’t hate you, Kimmie. I want us to fight because we love the thrill of matching wits against each other. I want us to fight because we have fun doing it.”

Kim lifted her head enough to look at Shego. “You shaid a couple of monthsh ago that you were my worsht enemy.”

Shego thought about that a moment, then remembered their conversation on the beach. “I said that because I thought I was, at least until the Lowardian Invasion.”

“You never were my worsht enemy,” Kim said, holding onto Shego tighter. “I am. I’m my own worsht enemy.”
“Maybe you are,” Shego chuckled, patting Kim on the back, “and maybe you’re not. But it’s certain that you’re drunk as a skunk. Now’s probably not a good time to be confessing sins and dropping the L-bomb on someone. Let’s wait until we’re both sober and try it again from the top.”

“I wash such a fucking bitch that night,” Kim muttered viciously. The unexpected use of foul language startled Shego. To hide her reaction, she urged Kim to lay down, then helped her pull her feet up on the bed. “I shouldn’t have said those things to you. When you’re not trying to take over the world, you’re the most loving, caring person ever!”

“I do my best, Pumpkin,” Shego admitted, unpacking the brand new Pandaroo doll and handing it to Kim. “But you really should get some sleep. We’ll talk more in the morning. Okay?”

“Thank you, Shego,” Kim mumbled sleepily as Shego pulled the covers up and tucked Kim into bed. “Thank you for everything.”

“You’re welcome, Kimmie.” Shego replied. Then, before she even thought about what she was doing, she leaned down and kissed Kim softly on the lips. It wasn’t until after the fact that she realized what she had done.

It was a long moment later that Shego realized that Kim had accepted the kiss. Shego blinked and looked down at Kim in bewilderment; the redhead’s eyes were closed, but she had a content smile on her face.

“Merry Chrishmash, Shego,” Kim yawned. She then giggled, “I’m drunk.”

The next morning, Kim walked into the lair’s commissary to find Shego cooking brunch. She glanced at the clock and grimaced slightly; it was well past 10 a.m., so brunch was appropriate. But it was Christmas, so a little bit of sleeping in could be forgiven.

“The next morning, Kim walked into the lair’s commissary to find Shego cooking brunch. She glanced at the clock and grimaced slightly; it was well past 10 a.m., so brunch was appropriate. But it was Christmas, so a little bit of sleeping in could be forgiven.

“G’morning, Shego,” Kim yawned, stretching in her Cuddle Buddy pajamas. She had changed into them shortly after waking up, finding the loose silk a lot more comfortable than the skin-tight material of the catsuit. Kim had decided to not bother with a robe.

“Merry Christmas, Pumpkin,” Shego smiled, placing a ham steak and some eggs onto a plate. “You’re not fighting a hangover, are you?”

“Oddly enough, no,” Kim smiled, sitting at the nearby table. “I’m feeling really good today. You doing okay?”

“I’m doing more than okay,” Shego grinned as she placed another ham steak on the griddle. To Kim’s surprise, it wasn’t a sarcastic smirk or a predatory grin. It was a warm, friendly grin. “I kinda...
felt a huge weight lifted off of my chest last night.”

“You... you’re not talking about...?” Kim started to ask, stammering.

“Talking about what?” Shego asked, flipping the steak in the pan.

“Um,” Kim mumbled before she got the nerve to speak more clearly. “You know I meant everything I said last night, right?” Kim was trying not to blush.

“Oh?” Shego said, cracking two eggs next to the ham steak. “You remember what you said last night?”

Kim nodded. “I think I do. After I read that note from Monique, I was feeling really bad. When you found me in Oregon, I had wanted to die because I’d thought I’d lost everybody in my life. I couldn’t have been more wrong even if I had tried to challenge you to a lockpicking contest.”

Shego flipped the eggs on the griddle then looked at Kim. Her eyes prompted the hero to continue.

“I...,” Kim continued. “I needed a slap in the face to realize that and you gave it to me, Shego. I never lost Monique, Wade, or Felix. I never lost my family. And I never lost you.”

“We won’t always be on the same side of the argument, you and I,” Shego agreed, taking the food off of the griddle and placing it on a second plate. “But I’ve always respected you, even if I did a shitty job of showing it. You won’t ever lose me, Princess. I guarantee it.”

“When... when I realized what I’d done,” Kim said, trying hard to casually cover her face to hide her blush, “I think I said some things to you that may have sounded weird. I’m... I’m sorry if I scared you with them.”

Shego picked up the plates and circled the kitchenette island. She handed one of the plates to Kim, then sat down at the table opposite from Kim.

“Why would I be scared by what you said?” Shego prompted. Let’s see if she really remembers what she said last night, she thought to herself.

“Well, um...,” Kim stammered before suddenly shoving a huge piece of ham steak into her mouth.

“Kimmie,” Shego smirked, taking a bite from her eggs. “You’re stalling.”

“Um...,” Kim said, swallowing her bite. “I... uh... I may have said... that... that I loved you... and I hadn’t meant that... in... in a sisterly way...”

Shego paused at that and looked at Kim, trying to force down the trademark smirk that was threatening to cross her face. “So... are you saying that you meant it in a...?”

“I’m bi-curious,” Kim mumbled, looking away from Shego. “I... I think.”

“So, you were being serious last night when you said that?”

“I have trouble lying when I’m sober. Getting drunk doesn’t magically make me able to lie. I think it makes it even harder for me to lie.”

Shego had to set her fork down at that point. She then looked down with her eyes closed and sighed deeply.

“Shego,” Kim pleaded, tears starting to well up in her eyes. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to upset you.
Please don’t hate me.”

Those words got Shego’s attention. She looked up and shook her head violently. “What? No! Listen, Kimmie, I was drunk last night, too. So what I said to you was every bit as true. I told you last night I don’t want us to hate each other. I meant it.”

Kim nodded, calming down visibly and absently wiping an eye with a hand. “It’s just that... I don’t want you to feel offended... or uncomfortable. Although I won’t blame you if you are uncomfortable.”

Shego looked at Kim for a moment, only blinking twice. She then started laughing so hard that the table shook. Kim could only look on with a concerned expression on her face.

As Shego’s laughter calmed down, she wiped the tears from her eyes and smiled mirthfully at Kim. “Me? Uncomfortable? Because you’re wondering if kissing a girl is everything Katy Perry makes it out to be?”

Kim could only nod dumbly at that assessment.

“Pumpkin,” Shego laughed. “I’m full-on lesbian! I have been since before my periods started. It’s everything I can do to behave myself around you. I’ve been worried about making you uncomfortable.”

Kim’s brows shot up on that one. “What?”

“Yeah,” Shego sighed and smiled as she managed to calm herself to soft chuckles. “I mean, between it being so soon after, um, you know, and me not knowing about your bi-curiosity, I’ve been working hard to respect you and your space. Every time you bent over the karaoke machine last night in that catsuit, I had to bite my tongue to keep from growling and cat-calling at you. Especially after my fourth lager. I damned near raped you after you sang I Touch Myself by the Divinyls. Especially with the way you were dancing to it.”

Kim laughed. “I was doing that on purpose, by the way. But I thought I was getting you back for all of the teasing and flirting you’ve been giving me all these years.”

“I knew you were doing it on purpose,” Shego chuckled, eating some more egg. “I mean, if you were trying to be subtle about it, you failed spectacularly. Doesn’t mean I didn’t enjoy it.” She then winked at Kim as she took a sip from a nearby glass of orange juice.

“So, if you’re lesbian,” Kim ventured, taking another bite from her food, “then, does that mean that it’s possible that you, uh, like me?”

Shego nodded. “Yeah, I do. I think it really hit home the night of your junior prom. After I hurt you as badly as I did and you responded in kind. I think that’s when I finally realized I was attracted to you. And, by then, I thought it was too late.”

“And you’ve been carrying the guilt of that night for almost two years,” Kim reasoned solemnly.

“Yeah,” Shego agreed. “Ironically, I was thinking about it last night when I heard you crying. So when you told me that you didn’t hate me...”

“You were finally able to let go of something that had been haunting you for all that time,” Kim finished, nodding knowingly. “God, Shego, I was so young back then. I know better now how much words like that can hurt. I wish I had never said them to you.”
“I don’t,” Shego admitted, looking at Kim.

“Why?” Kim asked, looking back at Shego.

“Those words made me think,” Shego replied. “Made me think about who I was and what I was doing. They hurt like a motherfucker, don’t get me wrong. But they made me change for the better. And now that you’re telling me that you wish you hadn’t said them, I can enjoy those changes without feeling the pain of the words.”

“Wow, Shego,” Kim admired. “That’s... really deep. I kinda like it.”

“I do my best,” Shego smirked.

The two girls ate quietly for several more minutes. Kim was especially enjoying the food. That made Shego happy. Shego knew that Ron had been an exceptional cook, so knowing that Kim could still enjoy even Shego’s cooking was something of an ego boost.

“Did you like what you saw?” Kim suddenly asked.

“What?”

“That first night, when you brought me here. When you bandaged me up and changed my clothes. Since you’re into girls, I’m finding myself curious. Did you like what you saw?”

Shego thought about it a moment, then grinned wickedly. “Kimmie, I’m insulted you even feel the need to ask. I specifically remember telling you the morning you woke up that I liked what I saw.”

“That’s right! You did! My bad,” Kim admitted, running her fingers absently through her now crew-cut style hair.

“And I meant it, too. You’ve got a really nice body, Cupcake. Cute and petite, with just enough curves in all of the right places.”

“Th-thanks,” Kim replied, trying hard to not blush furiously. She failed.

The two of them ate some more in silence for several more minutes before Kim spoke again.

“I... I liked what I saw, too.”

“What?”

“Last night. When you ran into my room, you didn’t take the time to wrap yourself in your towel until after I saw you. If I was questioning my bi-curiosity before, I stopped questioning it then. You’ve got a really nice body, too.”

“That’s right. I forgot I’d done that,” Shego mused, shaking her head. “And thank you. I take great pains to keep it in shape so that I can kick your ass in a fight.”

“Speaking of,” Kim said, cleaning the last bit of food off of her plate. “Want to spar again today? Yesterday’s match left me feeling really good and I think I could get addicted.”

“That desperate to get your hands all over my body, huh?” Shego joked as she stood up and collected the plates.

“Um, no. I’m... I’m sorry, Shego, but I don’t know if I’m ready for that kind of relationship again just yet or not,” Kim admitted as she stood up. “But... knowing that I’m not going crazy, that the
physical attraction isn’t necessarily one-way...”

“I know what you mean,” Shego agreed as she placed the plates into the sink. “Okay, that’s two huge weights lifted off of my chest today. Maybe I’m the one who should be wondering what I did to deserve you.”

“Oh, God,” Kim mumbled, covering her eyes with a hand.

“What?” Shego panicked, spinning around to catch Kim, if need be. “What’s wrong, Princess?”

“You just said ‘two huge weights lifted off of your chest,’” Kim admitted. “And my first impulse was to look at your...”

“Kimberly Anne Possible!” Shego laughed. “Okay, you’re not bi-curious. You’re at the very least full-on bisexual.”

The two of them laughed long and hard as Shego took Kim into her arms and held her tight.

[END CHAPTER SIX]
Chapter 7

The two young girls ran frantically through the barren metallic corridor. As they rounded a corner, they narrowly avoided several blast attacks... one made of earth and stone, one made of fire, and one made of wind.

The younger of the two, with pale green skin, long raven black hair, and brilliant green eyes, could not have been any older than thirteen. She glanced behind her to confirm her worst fears. The villain known as the Alchemist was right behind them, running after them at full-tilt. One hand was surrounded by water while the other was surrounded by earth and stone.

“We can’t outrun him, Gloria!” the young girl screamed.

The other girl, maybe a year or two older, with light brown skin, long, braided dark brown hair, and dark brown eyes, kept running, not daring to look back. “Just keeping running, Sheila. I’ve got an idea.”

As the two of them kept running, Gloria punched a control panel as she passed by it. As she did, a thick blast door dropped down behind the two girls, separating them from the advancing villain.

The two girls stopped, out of breath, and looked behind them. Even as they did, they could hear the blasts wailing against the door, dents forming from the other side.

“That’s not going to stop him forever,” Sheila panicked. “Where are Hank and Myron? This was supposed to be a simple distract-and-capture. We did the distracting. They were supposed to do the capturing. Where did they go?”

Gloria looked sympathetically at Sheila. Sheila’s brothers had failed to appear in the Alchemist’s control room at the time that they had planned. So now the two girls were running for their lives with nothing to show for it.

“Sheila, I need you to escape, love,” Gloria said in grim determination.

“What?” Sheila breathed, looking at her companion.

“I need you to escape,” Gloria repeated. “I’m going to try to rapid-fire teleport him around the room for as long as I can. But you need to escape. Go find out what happened to Hank and Myron. Devise a new plan to capture the Alchemist. But I need you to live.”

“No!” Sheila screamed, tugging at Gloria’s arm. “You’re coming, too. I won’t let you die. I won’t. You’re my... you’re my everything!”

Gloria looked at the just-barely-a-teenager and smiled. “I know I am, love. So promise me something, okay? Whatever happens, I want you to be happy. Don’t let my memory drag you down. Promise me.”

Sheila was sobbing uncontrollably. “I promise I’ll be happy! Just come with me! Please!”

Gloria leaned down and lifted Sheila’s chin, kissing the young girl tenderly on the lips. She then punched another control panel beside her and a blast door dropped right behind Sheila.

“What?” Sheila breathed as realization dawned as to what Gloria was about to do.
“I love you, Sheila,” Gloria said, tears welling up in her eyes. “Always and forever.”

With that, Gloria held out her hand. Sheila felt a cool, tingling sensation. Suddenly, she was on the far side of the blast door from Gloria.

Sheila blinked. Once she realized what had just happened, she screamed incoherent obscenities at the door as she pounded her fists uselessly against it.

Back on the other side of the blast door, Gloria turned back to the blast door keeping the Alchemist at bay. Th at latter door finally gave way to the Alchemist’s relentless attacks. In a cloud of smoke and debris, the Alchemist emerged, pure malevolence in his eyes.

Gloria dropped into a defensive stance, priming her teleportation powers in each hand. “Come on, then, you lousy son of a bitch. Let’s see how long you last against the power of Sidestep.”

“Oh, for the love of... Come on, Shego! Nana Possible kicks better than that!”

Kim Possible ducked backwards, arching her back gracefully and throwing her head back in such a way that Shego’s kick missed the plucky hero’s chin by less than an inch. As Shego followed through on the kick, Kim’s hands hit the mat and she brought her legs up to wrap around Shego’s overextended thigh. A twist and a flip of Kim’s body and the hero was sending the ex-villain flying through the air. Shego hit the wall feet first, crouching to mitigate the impact, then sprang over the hero’s head.

“And I bet you wrap your legs around your Nana just as seductively, don’t ya, Pumpkin?” Shego smirked as she landed several yards away with cat-like grace. She licked her lips as she considered her opponent.

“Ew with a double wrongsick!” Kim groaned as she dropped back into a defensive stance. She brought a hand up and motioned it with a come at me gesture. “You know that your legs are the only ones allowed between these luscious gams.”

“In my wet dreams, they are,” Shego admitted as she charged the hero.

Kim made a motion to sidestep Shego’s charge. But she knew the ex-villain would be expecting the dodge. So Kim used the sidestepping motion to instead spin herself around and bring a leg up in a makeshift clothesline maneuver attack. Shego, expecting the feint, used Kim’s leg like a vaulting bar, flipping herself up and kicking Kim in the shoulder.

Kim flowed with the momentum of the kick, cartwheeling three times until she came to rest on the other side of the sparring mat, again in a defensive position.

Shego finished her aerial maneuver with a triple backflip and landed in a cat-like crouch where Kim had originally been standing. She then stood up and brushed herself off.

“We’re closing in on Hour Three, Princess,” Shego admitted. “We’re both getting tired. It’s really starting to show.”

Kim rose to a more relaxed stance and nodded in agreement. “Yeah, it is. But I don’t feel quite so rusty anymore.”

“Yeah,” Shego agreed, grabbing a nearby towel and dabbing the sweat off of her body. “Four weeks of abuse like the kind you put yourself through before I found you is enough to wreck any body.
You’re recovering faster than anyone else I know... other than myself, of course.”

Kim grabbed her own towel and briskly scrubbed the sweat out of her short hair. “I’m beginning to think I somehow got your healing factor through osmosis or something.”

Shego laughed. “Well, I got my healing factor by being at Ground Zero of a meteor impact, so I suppose weirder things could happen.”

“Tru’nuff,” Kim admitted, tossing the towel aside and grabbing a nearby sports bottle. “Hey, it’s New Year’s Eve. You want me to whip up some cold cut snacks for dinner tonight so we can watch Seacrest rock in the New Year?”

Shego looked up at Kim with a playful smirk. “Naw,” she purred. “I know there’s nothing official between us or anything, but I’m still thinking about taking you out on the town tonight. Go shower up and put on something nice. We’re driving to Vancouver within the hour.”

Kim cocked a brow at that. “Bold much?”

“Damn straight.”

Kim chuckled at that. Shego couldn’t help but notice the sparkle in Kim’s eyes as she considered the ex-villain’s words.

“Spankin’. I’m on it, then.”

“Good,” Shego purred. “Because tonight is going to be a special night.”

Kim stood in front of the full length mirror and adjusted her top. She felt stunning in her outfit. She had decided to accessorize around her short hairstyle. She was wearing a pink silk blouse under a black vest, a pair of black silk slacks (with hose underneath) and black low-impact heels. A pair of modest black earrings set it off nicely.

“Looking sharp, Kimmie,” she suddenly heard Shego’s voice from her suite doorway. “Very becoming.”

Kim turned to thank Shego and lost all will or desire to speak. Shego stood in the doorway, leaning seductively against the door jam. The ex-villainess was wearing a slinky strapless black dress that accentuated her curves. There was a slit exposing the left leg from hip to hem. Long, dark green gloves, green stiletto heels, green earrings, and a green purse set off the outfit. Shego’s long, raven black hair was done up in a voluminous ponytail that still cascaded in waves past her shoulders.

“You like?” Shego smirked in a husky, seductive voice.

Kim nodded numbly. “I... am definitely not questioning my bi-sexuality now.”

Shego gave Kim a satisfied smile on that statement. “Come on then, Pumpkin. The most cosmopolitan city in Canada awaits us.”

Kim watched from the passenger seat of the rental car that Shego was driving. Vancouver was an incredible city. It was so big! Even Upperton didn’t compare to what Kim was seeing today. And that was saying a lot.
On the drive down from the lair, the two girls had enjoyed some comfortable, casual talk about Vancouver itself. Much to Kim’s surprise, what Kim thought was Vancouver was actually known as Greater Vancouver. Vancouver itself was actually quite small, comparatively speaking. But when one considered all of the districts and municipalities that were governed by the body known as Metro Vancouver, Vancouver became one of the largest metropolitan areas of North America.

Shego and Kim drove through Electoral District A and West Vancouver, taking in all the sites along the way. The Sea-To-Sky Highway had held a gorgeous view of the ocean for much of its stretch. They then jumped onto the Upper Levels Highway until they reached Taylor Way. Crossing the Lions Gate Bridge was one of the most breathtaking views Kim had ever seen. With the Pacific Ocean to the right and the Vancouver Harbour to the left, the golden setting sun to the right, the Greater Vancouver skyline to the left, it was an experience Kim would never forget. Shego took quite a bit of private pleasure from seeing Kim’s wide-eyed wonder.

“Where are we going again?” Kim asked as they left the Lions Gate Bridge and headed down Stanley Park Causeway.

“It’s called the Five Sails,” Shego grinned, keeping her eye on the road. “They have the most delicious oysters and the view of the Harbour is spectacular.”

“Sounds expensive,” Kim breathed, looking around her as they drove down the Causeway. Stanley Park by itself was a wonder to behold, with all of the natural trees.

“Pah,” Shego laughed. “Admittedly, it is expensive, even when you consider that the Canadian dollar isn’t as strong as the American dollar. But I’m good for it and you get what you pay for. Hell, just the view of the Harbour is worth the price of the food. This ain’t no mom-and-pop grease spoon, Kimmie. You go to the Five Sails for special occasions like anniversaries and things like that.”

Kim’s eyes went wide. “Wait. If it’s that high class... how did you get a table on New Year’s Eve on such short notice?”

Shego couldn’t hide her smirk any longer. She knew how Kim was going to react to this. “I didn’t, Cupcake.”

“Then how are we going to...?”

Shego turned and looked at Kim. The toothy grin took Kim back to the days when she and Shego would face off against each other during one of Drakken’s insane schemes.

“I didn’t get the table on short notice,” Shego laughed. “I booked the table a little over two months ago. Although, even then, I had to pull in a few favors. Booking for New Year’s Eve isn’t easy unless you plan several months in advance.”

“Wow!” Kim breathed, turning back to the scenery as Shego turned off of the Causeway onto West Pender Street. “So... so you’ve been planning on this for a while.”

“Don’t get the wrong idea, Princess,” Shego shrugged. “I wasn’t planning on seducing you, if that’s what you’re thinking. Well, not really. Anyway, I just wanted to do this, regardless of what happened. The idea came to me after I saw during that first week how fast you were recovering from your little leave-me-the-fuck-alone spat. I wanted to treat you to a really special night on New Year’s Eve, even if it was just a girls’ night out thing.”

Kim smiled softly as she turned to look at the green-hued woman. “Thank you, Shego.”

“Oh, don’t thank me just yet,” Shego grinned deviously. “This is as much about me as it is about
you. Oh, yeah, by the way, I also booked us a suite in the Pan Pacific Hotel, so we don’t have to drive all the way back to the lair after the ball drops.”

“I take it that it’s close to the Five Sails?”

“Five Sails is in the Pan Pacific.”

“Wow, Shego,” Kim laughed. “You thought of everything, didn’t you?”

“Force of habit,” Shego nodded. “You tend to learn to think of everything once you’ve worked with Doctor D for a couple of years.”

Both girls laughed merrily at that as Shego turned from Thurlow Street onto Canada Place.

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Kim stretched as she and Shego entered their suite in the Pan Pacific Hotel.

Shego had said it was called the Topaz Suite. It was on the 10th floor, giving the patron a spectacular view of the Harbour. As the hotel guide gave Shego and Kim the tour, Kim could see that the room was designed specifically to take advantage of that view. Three balconies, two off of the living room and one off of one of the bedrooms, overlooked the Harbour and offered very comfortable looking lounge chairs from which to enjoy that view. The living room and dinette area were spacious, given that they were in a hotel, as were the two bedrooms. Shego already declared that the bedroom with the balcony was Kim’s. Shego wanted the master bedroom, which, instead of a balcony, offered an upgraded bathroom with a Jacuzzi tub.

Kim looked around the suite in awe. This was far nicer than anything she had ever seen before.

It didn’t hurt that she was feeling rather nice from the dinner. After the two of them made it to the restaurant, the maître d’hôtel had ushered them seamlessly to their table. Appetizers included glazed veal sweetbread in caper butter sauce, topped with shaved Parmesan, and white asparagus soup. Kim then enjoyed a main entree of roasted breast of Fraser Valley duck with potato mousseline and caramelized port wine sauce. Shego ate an Atlantic lobster with weathervane scallops and glazed baby vegetables. They each ordered a glass of Jackson Triggs Riesling Icewine to casually chase down the main course. Then they each enjoyed a desert; Kim savored a Chocolate Opera Slice, a Bailey’s truffle with caramel ice cream demi-sel and a hazelnut garnish, while Shego had a Chocolate Ahhh!, a chocolate parfait with mangos. The two of them spent almost four hours enjoying the food, the view, and the conversation, before finally retiring to the hotel suite.

After the guide left, Shego strutted over and flopped down onto the couch opposite of Kim’s. She then smiled and presented the suite again an a grand flourish.

“And this, dear sweet Kimmie, is why one becomes a villain.”

Kim nodded as she looked around. “I am beginning to understand the appeal. This... this is going to be very much a once in a lifetime experience for me. And you can afford this, even after the pardon?”

Shego nodded, understanding the question. “Yeah, even after I had to hand over all of my ill-gotten gains. Not only are the missions that Betty sends me on lucrative, but I did enter a few contracts during my villain years that would be considered legal in the strictest sense of the letter of the law. I invested those earnings into foreign stocks through a Swiss bank account. Not only that, but the paycheck Doc gave me was technically legal, even if what he asked me to do wasn’t. So I got to keep all of that, too.”
“Nice!” Kim agreed, still admiring her surroundings like a little kid at a city zoo.

Shego stood up and offered Kim a hand. “Come on, Princess. It’s closing in on midnight. Let’s head out and watch the fireworks.”

Kim accepted the hand and surprised Shego by not letting go of it after the slightly older woman hefted the hero up onto her feet. After a moment of Kim smiling softly at Shego, Shego nodded and smiled softly in return. They then walked hand-in-hand out onto one of the living room balcony.

As they gazed out onto the Vancouver skyline across the Vancouver Harbour, they could see a lot more window lights were on than normal. It would be mere minutes before the city would ring in the New Year. Everyone was getting ready for the toast.

Shego cocked a brow when she heard Kim chuckle to herself.

“Kimmie?”

Kim half-grinned at Shego. “I was just thinking about tonight and how it compared to other nights of my life.”

“What do you mean?”

Kim sighed and looked back out over the Harbour. “This is by far the nicest date I’ve ever been on. And yes, I’m calling it a date.”

Shego shrugged nonchalantly, even though she was failing to hide her knowing grin. “Meh. I’ll allow you that luxury, I suppose.”

“The next nicest date I was on, well, aside from my prom nights, was with Ron. Would you believe that he actually asked me to tell the waiter I was 12 years old so that we could order from the kid’s menu and thus be able to afford our dinner?”

Shego did a double-take on that. “Say what? For real?”

Kim nodded. She was smiling, despite the water forming in her eyes. “We both realized that night that we really needed jobs. That’s when I got my job at Club Banana and Ron got his job at Smarty Mart. Even then, we weren’t able to afford anything like... like this. This is... beautiful. Beyond beautiful.”

Shego carefully wrapped an arm around Kim’s shoulders and pulled the hero close to her. The air was crisp and Kim wasn’t wearing her coat. So Shego sheathed them both in an aura of soft plasma, just warm enough to stave off the chill of the December Vancouver night.

“I’m sorry, Shego,” Kim sighed as she buried her eyes in the ex-villainess’ soft, bare shoulder. “I shouldn’t have brought him up. Not on our night.”

“It’s okay, Pumpkin,” Shego soothed. “I know a part of you will always belong to him. I’d question things if that wasn’t the case.”

“What?” Kim sniffed, looking up at Shego.

Shego caught herself gazing into the hero’s olive eyes, their intensity matching that of her own emerald eyes. “I don’t want you to ever forget Ron. If you can love and forget so easily...”

“Yeah, I see what you mean,” Kim smiled weakly. “I... I don’t ever want to love anyone who I can
ever forget. Ever.”

Kim then wrapped her arms around Shego’s waist and held her tight. Shego felt her heart flutter. Not only that, but feeling Kim’s body against her own...

The two stood there for what seemed like forever, gazing out over the Harbour as the moon shone high in the sky. Suddenly, from the floors both above and below them, Kim and Shego could hear people chanting numbers loudly.

“The countdown,” Shego smiled, looking down on the hero.

Kim looked back up and smiled back. “I’m going to go for a New Year’s tradition this year.”

“And what tradition is that, Cupcake?”

“Three...” Kim replied, matching the chant of the people in the balconies around them.

“Kimmie?”

“Two...,” Kim continued, arching a brow and smirking wickedly.

“Um, what...?”

“One...,” Kim breathed softly as her smirk broke into a full grin.

“Oh...,” Shego said as she realized the tradition to which Kim had been referring.

Suddenly, everyone on the balconies around the two women screamed “HAPPY NEW YEAR!” as champagne bottle corks and confetti exploded into the air.

Kim said no such thing. Instead, she scooped her hand behind the back of Shego’s head and brought the ex-villain’s lips down to her own. Their lips met, deeply, and Shego found that she couldn’t help but melt into the warmth and emotion that Kim was pouring into the kiss.

As Shego closed her eyes and folded her arms around Kim, exalting in the kiss, fireworks began to go off over the Vancouver Harbour. The two of them could not have cared less about the brilliant pyrotechnical displays. They were enjoying fireworks of their own within their minds and bodies.

The beautiful woman stepped out into the Middleton Municipal Airport, a duffel bag slung over one shoulder. She was dressed simply in black slacks, black flats, and a black t-shirt. Her short raven black hair was held back with a simple black plastic hair band.

She stopped and gazed out of the nearby windows to see the fireworks going off over Middleton High School. She sighed and nodded to herself.

“It would appear the Westerners are celebrating their New Year,” the woman muttered to herself.

She approached the window and continued to gaze out into the night sky as brilliant flashes of flowery lights burst into being, obscuring the stars and clouds.

“Very well, then,” the woman continued. “Then I shall make a resolution of my own.”

The woman shrugged the duffel bag off of her shoulders and allowed it to drop gently onto the floor.
“I resolve that I shall investigate the tragedy that has befallen this city this year. And once I have uncovered the who, the what, the when, the where, and the why....”

She then narrowed her eyes in grim resolve.

“It shall become my honor to avenge the death of Ron Stoppable-san.”

[END CHAPTER SEVEN]

Note: Both the Five Sails and the Pan Pacific Hotel are real businesses in Vancouver. Do some Google searches. They’re beautiful.
Kim and Shego went to sleep in separate beds that night. They both knew that the New Year’s Eve kiss had heralded a new stage in their relationship. But they both also agreed that rushing things could possibly destroy what they had gained thus far.

That didn’t mean that Shego didn’t have needs. The kiss had been hot... extremely hot. So, when she had gone to bed, she was left with an ache she decided she couldn’t ignore. She tried to be quiet as she brought herself to some desperately needed release. But moans did escape her lips. And Kim’s name was uttered once or twice.

Kim, as it so happened, had been awake, thinking about everything that had transpired in her life since she had ran away from home. She heard Shego start to moan. Worried, Kim crossed the suite to check to see if Shego was okay. The bedroom door was ajar, so Kim peeked in and saw Shego writhing on her bed in beautiful agony. Kim found herself enraptured by the sight until Shego moaned Kim’s name. Startled, Kim crept back to her bedroom.

Kim, now facing conflicted feelings over what she had just seen and how she felt about it, quietly cried herself to sleep.

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The next morning, Kim woke up to the smell of bacon. She slipped out of bed and donned a robe. As she left her room, she saw Shego in the dinette area, setting the table with some very delicious-looking room service food.

Shego looked up and smiled at Kim. “Hey, Princess. Good morning.”

“G’morning.” Kim yawned, stretching. “I hope there’s coffee amongst that.”

“You know I don’t tackle my mornings without coffee black enough to choke out the night,” Shego laughed. “You’ll want your usual cream and sugar, I assume?”

Kim shook her head as she sat down at the table. “No, I think I’ll... I’ll take it black today.”

That made Shego pause. She slowly placed the plate in her hand down on the table, then turned to look at Kim. “Okay, Kimmie. What’s wrong?”

“I...,” Kim started to speak, then paused. She then reached over for the coffee pot and poured herself a cup of coffee.

“Remember, Kim, you don’t lie very well,” Shego reminded the hero. “And I can tell something’s wrong.”

“I... I didn’t sleep very well last night,” Kim finally admitted, taking a sip of her coffee and cringing her nose.

Shego sat down on the other side of the table. “Are... you having regrets about last night? The kiss?”

Kim shook her head. “No, no. That... that was the most wonderful kiss I’d ever shared. It’s... it’s just...”

The worry on Shego’s face was pronounced. “Kimmie, please, tell me.”
Kim nodded and took a deep breath. Then she poured it all out as fast as she could so she wouldn’t stop. “Shego, I was awake last night and I heard you moan. I checked on you to make sure you were okay and I saw what you were doing. I’m sorry, Shego. I didn’t mean to lead you on like that. I...”

“Lead me on?” Shego exploded, startling Kim as Shego stood up and threw her napkin down on the table. “What the fuck, Princess? Seriously? So the kiss didn’t mean anything at all?”

“No, that’s not what I...?”

“Don’t talk to me right now,” Shego yelled, storming towards the nearest balcony.

“Shego, wait, please!”

“No!” Shego screamed back at Kim, slamming the balcony door behind her.

Kim winced as the door slammed shut. She looked at the door for several moments before she gave in to the tears.

“Dammit, Shego,” Kim choked as she buried her face in her hands. “How is it that you can make me cry so easily?”

Outside, on the balcony, Shego stormed to the railing and glared angrily over the Harbour. Plasma erupted on each of her fists and she scanned the sky around her. A bird, a seagull, a kite, something... she needed something to vent her anger out on. But it was a clear sky. A clear, beautiful sky. With a bright, shining sun. The air was cool and crisp, perfect for a January morning. It was a beautiful day.

Shego bit her lip and lowered her fists, allowing the plasma flames to be dowsed. She then collapsed onto the balcony floor, crying softly.

She rocked herself on the floor of the balcony for nearly an hour, even though the crying had stopped long before then. So many conflicting emotions were rolling around inside of Shego that she didn’t dare move from where she sat, out of fear of doing something violent and stupid.

“God, damn it, Princess,” Shego finally whispered to herself. “I was actually beginning to think we meant something.”

I love you, Sheila. Always and forever.

“I know, Gloria,” Shego breathed raggedly as the words of her former lover rang through her head as if they were being spoken right there on the balcony. “I love you too. Always and forever.”

So promise me something, okay? Whatever happens, I want you to be happy.

“I’m trying!” Shego yelled, louder than she had really intended. “But... but I keep finding people who want to toy with me. Who misunderstand me. Who want to see me in misery.”

Do you remember our very first fight?

Shego smiled, in spite of her tears. “Yeah, that was a beaut, wasn’t it?”

I was so angry with you because I kept trying to get you to notice me and you kept turning me away, calling me names and making me mad.
Shego sat back and curled her knees under her chin while she hugged her legs. “Yeah, that was one of the stupidest things I ever did, huh?”

I thought it was because you hated me. That I somehow did something to make you hate me. And when I confronted you on that, we started yelling at each other.

“But we both learned otherwise, right?” Shego sighed, looking through the clear glass railing to watch the cruise ships in the Harbour below.

It turned out to be a simple misunderstanding, didn’t it? It wasn’t that you hated me. It’s that you thought I already belonged to...

“Him,” Shego hissed, her eyes darkening. “But that wasn’t the case after all, was it? And once you were able to prove that to me, you were the most beautiful girlfriend a teenager could ask for.”

It turned out to be a simple misunderstanding, didn’t it?

Shego’s eyes went wide with understanding as those last words echoed through her mind. “Oh, God. Kimmie. What have I done?”

With that, Shego scrambled to her feet and ran back into the suite.

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Shego ran back into the dinette area and didn’t see Kim. Kim’s breakfast plate was empty, however. Shego looked around the living room area and didn’t see her there, either.

She looked over to Kim’s bedroom and noticed the door was open. But from where Shego was standing, she still couldn’t see Kim.

Shego’s heart started to sink. Then, she noticed that the stereo was on.

And a particular song was playing. Mr. Mister’s Broken Wings. The same song Shego had sang to Kim on Christmas Eve.

Baby, I think tonight, we can take what was wrong and make it right.

Shego stopped and looked at the stereo. She bit her lip softly as she listened.

Baby, it’s all I know that you’re half of the flesh and blood that makes me whole.

Shego closed her eyes and choked back her tears.

I need you so.

“I’m sorry, Kimmie,” Shego whispered, loud enough to hear herself over the music. “I’m so, so sorry.”

“Me too, Shego,” came a soft voice from off to the side.

Shego glanced over in the direction of Kim’s bedroom. It became apparent why Shego hadn’t seen Kim. The hero had been in the shower. Currently, the beautiful redhead was standing in the doorway of her bedroom, clothed only in a terry cloth towel, looking softly at the ex-villainess.

“I... I reacted too quickly,” Shego said softly, working hard to make her emerald eyes meet Kim’s own olive eyes. “I think I misunderstood what you were saying.”
“Yes, you did,” Kim replied, just as softly, stepping towards Shego. “But I can’t blame you. We’re both kinda, um, trying to figure all of this out.”

“So, uh,” Shego stammered, involuntarily checking Kim out as the hero stepped up to her. “What did you mean by leading me on? And mind you, Cupcake, that towel isn’t making things easier.”

Kim chuckled softly. “That’s what I mean, Shego. I’m still grieving over Ron. So, part of me doesn’t want to just jump in bed with you like some harlot. I’m better than that and I know for a damned fact you’re better than that, too.”

Shego nodded, biting back the impulse to...

But Kim caught the glint in Shego’s eyes. “Oh, come on, Shego. I know you want to say it,” she smirked playfully.

Shego gave in and laughed like an obnoxious adult cartoon character. “Heheheheh! You said damned.”

Kim laughed and draped her arms around Shego’s neck. This elevated her arms slightly, accentuating the contours of Kim’s breasts from where they lay hidden in the towel up to where her arms met her shoulders. “There we go,” Kim cooed softly. “We’re slowly getting the old Shego back.”

“Thank you, Kimmie,” Shego smiled. “I’ll try to be more like my snarky, badass self from here on out. But seriously, you still haven’t answered the question.”

Kim nodded. “Well, I don’t want to be like a harlot, but I also don’t want to hurt you, Shego. And I left you hanging last night. I love you, Shego. There, I’m saying it. I’m saying it while I’m sober and I don’t give a damn what you think. I love you. With all of my heart. But if I’m going to keep leaving you in sexual frustration like that... I don’t want to hurt you, Shego. Not in any way. Not ever again.”

Shego’s heart melted completely and before she thought it all the way through, she scooped Kim up into her own arms and pulled the hero into a passionate kiss. This caught Kim by surprise at first, but she didn’t fight it. In fact, after only a brief moment, she returned the kiss in earnest.

Once they broke the kiss, Kim found Shego laughing nervously. She recognized it as the act of someone finally letting go of a lot of tension.

“God, Kimmie, I should have listened to you before I stormed out,” Shego whispered. “If I ever do that again, you have full permission to kick my ass and beat sense back into me.”

“Oh, I planned on doing that anyway the next time we sparred,” Kim laughed. “But, I am still worried about...”

“I love you, too, Kimmie,” Shego whispered, kissing the hero on the forehead. “I’ve loved you for years and now I can say it openly without being afraid of you rejecting me. And that makes me feel so... so free. I’ve waited for this day ever since you were 17, Kimmie. I think I can stand to wait a little while longer for you to be ready for the next step.”

“But I don’t want you to be hurt or frustrated because of me,” Kim whimpered.

Shego smiled and held up her hand. “You promise to not get jealous of Rosy Palm and her five sisters until you’re ready?”
Kim paused, blinked three times, and blushed fiercely.

“Hah!” Shego laughed loudly and clapped her hands victoriously. “That’s for your Was It Good For You comment back on Christmas Eve. The score’s even now.”

The two women laughed as Shego returned to her embrace. Kim tightened her own embrace around Shego’s neck reassuringly.

“Yes, Shego,” Kim finally admitted. “I promise to not get jealous of Rosy. She better not hurt you, though. I don’t want our first time being me doing the sexual healing thing, all Marvin Gaye like and stuff.”

“Then we’re all good, then,” Shego nodded. “I will wait for you, Princess. Because I know you’re going to be worth it.”

“So,” Kim ventured as she started tracing a finger along the lapel of Shego’s pajamas. “Does that... mean... we’re girlfriends now?”

“Is that what you want, Kim?” Shego asked softly, raising a brow.

Kim thought about it for a few moments, then finally nodded. She then looked up at Shego with dramatic innocence on her face. “Shego, would you be my girlfriend?”

Shego laughed and smiled. “Princess, it would be my absolute pleasure.”

With that, the two of them kissed again.

So promise me something, okay? Whatever happens, I want you to be happy.

“Oh, trust me, I am happy,” Shego whispered to the voice inside her head.

“So am I,” Kim agreed, nuzzling her nose against Shego’s, gazing into the woman’s emerald eyes.

And neither woman wanted the moment to end.

Kim had been surprised to learn that the suite had actually been booked for five nights. To celebrate their new relationship, Shego took Kim sightseeing throughout Vancouver for the rest of those five days. They visited the Canada Place convention center, strolled through the Historic Gastown district during an evening (that had been especially romantic), made an evening at Granville Island, hit up the Vancouver Aquarium, and spent some time in the Dr. Sun Yat-sen Gardens.

When they were not out on the town, they returned to the suite, played soft, relaxing music through the suite’s built-in stereo system, and sat on the couch. Usually, Shego would hold Kim while the two of them touched and caressed each other—nothing overtly sexual, merely sensual and romantic. While they spent most of that time talking idly about anything or even nothing at all, more than once the touching led into a session of passionate kissing that they both found enjoyable.

The fifth night (the evening they spent in the Historic Gastown), they spent so long on their “couch chat” that they fell asleep in each other’s arms and did not wake up until the next morning. And neither felt any regret about it when they left Vancouver to return to the lair.

A month and a half later, Kim was walking down the hallway of the lair, half awake. She had just
woke up later than usual, and she was on her way to the commissary for a cup of Shego’s atomic-black coffee. She was crossing the doorway to the monitor station room when she heard a voice ring out from within.

“Hello? Shego? Is that you?”

Kim froze. She had just crossed the doorway, so she was now out of sight of whoever was inside. Two things frightened her. One was that she was standing there in a t-shirt and panties. The second thing was that she recognized the voice.

“I know I saw you pass that doorway, Shego,” Drakken’s voice continued. “Come on! Why aren’t you talking to me? Why must you always be so mean to me?”

Kim thought for a moment. From the slight distortion she heard in the voice, Drakken must have been speaking over a video link to one of the monitor room consoles. Which meant he actually didn’t get a very good look at who had passed the doorway. On top of that, he allegedly didn’t know that Kim was there.

Oh, God, Kimberly Anne Possible, Kim snickered to herself. You’re evil. Shego is rubbing off on you even more than you should be proud of.

Clearing her throat, Kim deepened her voice slightly and called back into the room. “Really, Doctor D? You’re calling me at this ungodly hour to whine to me about how I don’t talk to you? After how many years? You’re just now figuring out I don’t talk to you?”

“Ungodly hour? Shego! It’s nearly 11 o’clock in the morning!”

“And I normally sleep until noon,” Kim replied, trying not to break down into snickering. “You know that already. And you also know not to mess with me until I’ve had my coffee. I haven’t even made it to the commissary yet! Now, what the hell do you need?”

“Um, well, first off, can you come into the room? I kinda feel like you’re trying to hide from me.”

Kim covered her eyes and stomped her foot to try to quell the laughter that was threatening to erupt from her throat. Finally, she took a deep breath and managed to speak again with a hint of mirth. “Maybe, Doc, it’s because I am trying to hide from you. I mean, come on! I’m in my bra and panties. Are you a frickin’ voyeur now?”

“What? What? No! No! I’m sorry! No, I’m not a voyeur! Please, by all means, go get your coffee and get some clothes on. We’ll talk about the use of the lair later.”

“Okay, how about we stop running Drewbie through the ringer now, Princess. Although that was funny as fuck.”

After a moment, Drakken’s voice muttered softly, “Um, what?”

Kim looked across the doorway and started laughing hysterically as Shego leaned against the wall and offered up a smirk and a golf clap. Shego, wearing a full set of green silk pajamas, then sauntered into the monitor room.

Drakken’s face looked up in bewilderment from a console monitor as Shego approached the keyboard. “Um, wow, Shego. That was fast. When did you learn to dress so fast?”

Shego sat down and smirked mirthfully at her former employer and current good friend. “That’s because I didn’t dress fast, you moron. Most of your conversation was with Kimmie jacking your
chain, not me.”

Drakken blinked a couple of times. “Wait, the Possible is there? Oh! You found her! That is wonderful news, Shego! I do hope that she is all right.”

Kim snaked up behind Shego and draped her arms affectionately around Shego’s shoulders. “I’m fantastic, Drakken. Thank you for asking.”

“Good. Good. So, is that the reason why you activated the fallout lair then, Shego?” Drakken asked, turning his attention to his former sidekick. “To aid the Possible in an epic quest to save the world?”

Both Shego and Kim laughed pleasantly at that.

“If it comes down to that, it may well happen,” Shego admitted. “No, actually, Kimmie damn near killed herself running away from home after she started getting treated badly in Middleton. I brought her here so she could find herself again and get a fresh start.”

“Kim Possible? Being treated badly in Middleton? That doesn’t make sense. Why would she be treated badly in Middleton?”

Kim buried her face in Shego’s hair, more to hide her exasperated laughter than out of any real offense she may have felt from Drakken’s slip.

“The buffoon, you moron!” Shego snapped, feeling the offense that Kim herself should have been feeling. “They’re treating her like shit because of what happened to her sidekick!”

“Oh, yes, yes!” Drakken replied with a matter-of-fact tone, as if suddenly realizing that truth on his own. “Oh, what was his name again? I... tend to forget.”

“Ron Stoppable,” Shego seethed, rolling her eyes. Kim had collapsed onto the ground in an uncontrolled fit of hysterical laughter. “His name was Ron Stoppable.”

“Right, right!” Drakken nodded. “Very well, then, Shego. Carry on. I was just curious as to why the lair had been activated.”

“Really, Doctor D?” Shego asked, raising a brow. “It only took you three and a half months to notice I’d activated it? Your observation skills are improving.”

“Indeed!” Drakken agreed. “I have become like unto a hawk! Wait! That gives me an idea of a diabolical new device that can aid Global Justice in its never-ending quest of criminal oppression! HAWK GOGGLES! I need to get back to work, Shego!”

“Oh, just one more thing, Doc,” Shego said, interrupting Drakken’s train of thought. “I got something to tell you.”

“Oh?” Drakken asked, pausing to look at Shego.

Shego turned to look at the girl who was lying on the floor and wiping tears of laughter from her eyes. “Princess, pick your cute little ass back up off the floor and resume the position.”

Snickering softly, Kim got back up onto her feet and got back behind Shego, draping her arms lovingly over the ex-villainess’ shoulders.

“Doctor D,” Shego admitted, reaching up to stroke one of Kim’s arms. “You’ve been like a father to me since I left Team Go. Well, as much of a father as an addle-brained, absent-minded, moronic
genius of a mad scientist could possibly be. So it’s only fair that you knew. Kim and I started going out on New Year’s Eve.”

“Excellent!” Drakken squealed... yes, squealed... as his eyes lit up. “That means she can be brought over to our evil family! Together, the three of us will be unstoppable! We will rule the world...”

“Doc, we work for Global Justice now, remember?”

“Of... of course, I remember,” Drakken replied, pulling himself together and coughing softly to himself. “I was... just testing you. That’s all.”

“Uh-huh,” Shego nodded. “Right. Well, you seem okay with it, so I’ll let you get back to your work. And, Drew?”

“Yeah, Shego?” Drakken asked, raising a brow to the ex-villainess.

“Thank you.”

“Oh? Oh! Yes, you’re quite welcome,” Drakken nodded. “Tell the Possible she better take good care of you and not hurt you. I can think of at least eight truly fascinating experiments I can conduct with the ashes you would leave behind!”

At that, Shego ended the call. Quite abruptly.

“Remind me to lock down the monitors so Doc can’t activate them remotely like that again,” Shego growled.

Kim smiled softly to her new girlfriend. “You loved my impression of you and you know it.”

“My voice isn’t that deep!” Shego protested. “I’m insulted that Doc fell for it!”

They both laughed for several moments before looking at each other again. On impulse, Kim slipped around the chair and slinked down onto Shego’s lap.

“So, it’s official enough to tell our families, huh?” Kim smiled, gently placing her forehead on Shego’s.

Shego gazed into Kim’s olive eyes. “I sure hope so, Kimmie. Otherwise, I just screwed up royally.”

“Naw, you didn’t,” Kim admitted, beginning to stroke Shego’s long, raven hair. “So, you want to go visit my family sometime?”

“We probably should clear the air with them, huh?”


“How about we head out there tomorrow, then, Pumpkin?” Shego asked. “You’re about back up to full strength, both physically and emotionally. We should get all of our affairs in order so we can go back to freelancing for Betty. She’s probably chomping at the bit by now.”

Kim laughed. “Yeah, that’s probably true.”

After a few moments of the two of them sitting there gazing into each other’s eyes, Shego finally broke the silence.
“So, um,” Shego began. “Are... are you going to let me up so I can fix lunch?”

“I’m having fun eating you all up with my eyes,” Kim purred.

“Dammit, Kimmie!” Shego growled before she planted a long, passionate kiss on the hero’s lips.

[END CHAPTER EIGHT]
“So, there is really nothing to report, then?” Dr. Elizabeth Director asked, cocking her visible brow at the senior agent standing in front of her desk.

“Indeed,” Special Agent Will Du replied, standing at-ease in front of the desk. “There have been no sightings of Electronique whatsoever. What few sightings there have been of possible activity from Monkey Fist have involved his monkey ninjas and not the man himself. They have been witnessed at a select few disconnected robberies that have no apparent pattern whatsoever.”

“Hmph,” Betty sighed, turning her chair to gaze out over the landscape from her office window. “I don’t like that, Will. That means that they’re both laying low for some reason. Monkey Fist is powerful—too powerful to be ignored. But at least he has a set modus operandi and short-term goals. Electronique, on the other hand, is a supervillain of the first order. She’s capable of extended planning and schemes within schemes. Something is coming up, Will. We just need to figure out what it is.”

“Perhaps if I had one of our criminal psychologists prepare a profile on Electronique based on her past capers,” Will Du offered, “we can see a pattern and anticipate her next plot.”

“I doubt that would help, Will,” Betty admitted. “Electronique is too smart to fall back on the same-old time and again. She’s up to something, I’m sure. Something big. The fact that she somehow knew that Monkey Fist would revive himself is testimony to that. We’re just missing something.”

“With your leave, I could form a special task force to investigate the matter,” Will Du replied. “We could bring in the best brain trust of criminal investigators and criminal psychologists to research all of the recent events, both connected and disconnected, in order to gain some level of insight.”

“That would take a lot of resources for something that’s not guaranteed to produce results,” Betty sighed. She then stopped and thought about the idea for a moment. “But it is better than doing nothing at all. See that it’s done, Will. I’m going to keep going over my own notes to see if I can catch something I’m missing.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Will Du replied, snapping a salute before turning to walk towards the door.

“Perhaps I could be of some assistance on this task force.”

Both Will Du and Betty spun, startled, at the sound of the feminine voice. Will Du instantly had his special issue pistol in his hand, slapping a magazine into place, while Betty stood up at her desk.

A shadowy figure, clad in all black except for her eyes, dropped down from the ceiling into a cat-like crouch. The melee and thrown weapons strewn across her back and waist signified that she, at the very least, packed efficiently for an extended fight.

“Stand down, intruder,” Will Du snapped, aiming his pistol. “Or, under the authority of the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, I shall be forced to neutralize and detain you.”

“Truly?” the female ninja smirked under her mask. “Very well, then. It shall be your honor to prove that your abilities are equal to the task.”

The ninja darted deftly to the side as Will Du opened fire. Bolts of electricity erupted from pieces of furniture and pottery as the taser rounds landed, missing their mark by mere fractions of an inch. The
ninja tucked into a roll and emerged with one arm extended in front of her.

Will Du reacted quickly. Snapping his tonfa reflexively from his belt, he brought it up to meet the three shuriken that had been thrown at him. In the same motion, he ducked to the side, matching his opponent’s moves so that he kept himself at a perfect 180 degree angle of the battlefield from her.

Still in motion, the ninja ducked back into a roll, but then sprang straight up towards the ceiling.

Will Du, keeping his attention in all directions, fluently dropped the taser magazine from his pistol and slapped another magazine into place. He then spun around, barely dodging the ninja as she thrust suddenly from the side, her ninja-to sword just barely scratching the fabric of Will Du’s micro-kevlar uniform. Will Du, bringing his pistol to point blank range of the ninja’s face, pulled the trigger. He was rewarded with a blinding flash of light. Letting the momentum of the spin carry him, he tucked backwards into a roll and sprang back to his feet.

The ninja, momentarily blinded by the flash round that Will Du had just used, spun back around to face Will Du anyway. Her eyes closed, she quickly stowed her ninja-to and brought out two tonfas of her own. She then stepped backwards into a shadow and disappeared.

Will Du kept himself centered, looking in all directions, as he changed magazines again. Which shadow would the ninja emerge from...?

Will Du felt the tonfa clobber him in the back of the head, causing him to stumble forward. He fell to his hands and knees as the ninja disappeared again into another nearby shadow.

His aim wasn’t quite good enough to make the taser rounds effective, the flash rounds had failed to effectively ‘blind’ the ninja’s overall senses, and Will Du knew that standard rounds would be too fatal when all he wanted to do was apprehend the ninja, not kill her. A smoke round would prove just as ineffective as a flash round, so he had only one other choice. And he had to time it just right.

Closing his own eyes, Will Du took a deep breath and focused out the sound of his own heartbeat. Betty was sitting perfectly still. Good. That meant that the next sound he heard, however minute, would be...

Will Du suddenly fired into the floor below him, pushing himself to the side just as the ninja dropped from the ceiling to attack him. Instead of meeting the senior agent, the ninja landed onto the expanding mass of Will Du’s glue round.

The ninja found herself caught in an gooey morass of an entangling trap, fighting to extricate herself.

“Now, Miss Ninja,” Betty said, standing up from her desk and approaching the woman. “Before you produce some magical ninja powder able to dissolve that glue, perhaps you might humor me with some answers.”

The ninja looked up at Betty a moment, then glanced over at Will Du, who was casually unloading the magazine from his pistol and stowing his weapon. The ninja then nodded.

“You are a most capable warrior, Du-san,” the ninja stated in a matter-of-fact tone. “It was my honor to have battled you.”

Will Du simply shrugged. “It was nothing more than the training Global Justice has provided me.”

“Indeed,” the ninja replied. “It is a shame that you were discovered by Global Justice and not by the Yamanouchi ninja clan.”
“Yeah, your loss, our gain,” Betty said, shaking her head. “But now answers. Wait. Did you just say... Yamanouchi?”

“Yes, Director-san,” the ninja answered, looking up at Betty. “I am a senior disciple of the art of Mystical Monkey Kung-Fu, Tai Shing Pek Kwar. My name is Yori.”

“Yori...?” Betty prompted, motioning with her finger for Yori to continue.

“Simply Yori, Director-san,” Yori replied. “I surrendered my family name when I became a member of the Yamanouchi clan.”

“Very well, Yori,” Betty replied, stepping back behind her desk and sitting down. “I have read your name before. Will, would you please be so kind as to release Yori from her binds?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Will Du said, producing a capsule approximately the size of a vitamin supplement. He stepped up to Yori and snapped the capsule in half over the ninja. The dust that floated down onto Yori caused the glue to turn into dust itself and fall away from her body.

Properly freed from the glue trap, Yori stood up and dusted herself off.

“I know of you, Yori,” Betty continued, eying the ninja. “I am giving you the benefit of the doubt for the moment because you have proven yourself a valuable ally to Team Possible in the past. But please understand that right now, you could be charged with breaking and entering an international peacekeeping force installation and with assault and battery on an international peacekeeping officer. So it would benefit you greatly if I liked what you had to tell me.”

Yori nodded. “I have traveled from Japan to investigate the death of Ron Stoppable-san and to see that his death is properly avenged.”

Betty sighed and leaned forward, cupping her chin in her hands. “You do understand that you’re a couple of months too late, right? His death was ruled to be at the hands of international terrorist and supervillain, Electronique, and her partner at the time, the supervillain Aviarius.”

“That is not the story that reached the ears of the Yamanouchi clan,” Yori responded, narrowing her eyes. “Nor is it the story that is being told by residents of Middleton.”

Betty shook her head. “The residents of Middleton are still grieving over Ron’s death, Yori. It is easy... too easy... for them to blame Kim Possible for dragging him into the mission. The fault for his death should be placed squarely on Electronique’s shoulders.”

“Do not get me wrong,” Yori said, folding her arms. “I intend to see that Electronique-san’s actions are answered as well. That is why I offered my services to your task force. But my issues with Possible-san have become personal. First, she betrays my trust by seducing the man I had grown to love. That alone I was able to forgive. I even conceded that Possible-san was Ron-kun’s destiny. But then she leads that man to his death. It shall be my honor to see Possible-san pay for her crimes.”

“Well, Yori,” Betty sighed dejectedly. “I was hoping that you would not say something like that. You see, Miss Possible is a freelance agent who works closely with Global Justice. I cannot allow you to pursue your vendetta.”

As if on cue, over two dozen agents poured into the room from the doorway to Betty’s office. They surrounded the ninja, bringing their rifles to bear. Yori simply stood there and glared at Betty.

“Surrender yourself peacefully, Yori,” Betty stated calmly. “And I can promise you a painless extradition back to Japan and we can all forget that this conversation ever happened.”
“I apologize, Director-san,” Yori replied flatly. “But I do believe it is not for you to dictate my destiny.” She then turned to Will Du. “Until we meet again, my newfound equal.”

Before anyone could react, Yori crunched something in her hands. The room immediately filled with smoke, causing several agents to erupt into convulsing coughing fits. As the smoke cleared, both Betty and Will Du looked around. There was no sign of Yori anywhere.

“We’ve lost her, Dr. Director,” Will Du spat angrily, demonstrating his unerring knack for stating the obvious.

Betty sighed again, burying her face in her hands.

This was one more thing that she did not need on her plate.

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Kim Possible and Shego drove down the highway. Shego had rented a dark green Mustang convertible for their trip. Kim leaned back in the passenger seat, letting the wind blow through her hair. It was a week before Valentine’s Day and Kim’s hair had grown somewhat since Shego had trimmed it back in early November. She was starting to get her bangs back. But, at Kim’s request, Shego kept Kim’s sides and back tapered. Kim was starting to like light feeling of having short hair.

Shego, for her part, was really starting to appreciate how Kim’s hair was turning out. She really liked the way it undulated in the wind. Her ex-nemesis was so incredibly beautiful. Especially now that she was an adult. Kim would be turning 19 in a few short weeks. Shego resolved to figure out something really special for that day.

Kim glanced over and noticed how Shego was appreciating her. Smiling warmly, the hero leaned over and pecked Shego softly on the lips. Shego, curling her lips into a satisfied smirk, turned her attention back onto the road ahead of them.

They were crossing the Rocky Mountains at that point, heading into Colorado where they would find the tri-city area of Upperton, Middleton, and Lowerton. The road they were on curved gracefully around a mountain, offering a spectacular view of the pine-forested slopes below.

This was a trip with which both women had mixed feelings. Kim was looking forward to seeing her family, Monique, Felix, and Wade again. But she was not looking forward to seeing anyone else. Not with how everyone had treated her before she left.

Shego, on the other hand, was looking forward to some nice, quiet time in a down-home town with which she was intimately familiar. But she was nervous about meeting Kim’s family. The last time she had met Kim’s family was while she was under the influence of Electronique’s improved attitudinator. Shego had no idea if Kim’s family was going to react to Shego the Villain or Miss Go the prim and proper school teacher. She didn’t relish either prospect.

“Hey, Shego?” Kim suddenly asked, breaking the silence. “May I ask you a question?”

“I reserve the right to be a smartass if I don’t like the question,” Shego smirked, glancing at the hero warmly.

“Fair enough,” Kim laughed. But then she sobered slightly. “You say you’re a lesbian and have been for a long time. Yet, a lot of times I’ve caught you, you’ve been with guys. Hot muscle-bound guys, most likely with little to speak of upstairs. It was as if you preferred them over all others. And that’s not even counting your times with Mr. Barkin, Martin Smarty, or Dr. Drakken. Are you lesbian? Or are you bisexual?”
The look on Shego’s face grew dark, much darker than Kim had ever seen it before. For a long moment, Shego simply glared out onto the road in front of them. Her silence, as they say, spoke a thousand words.

Kim nodded and turned her gaze away from Shego, looking out onto the road in front of them as well. She took a deep breath and steeled herself.

“I’m sorry,” were the words that left both of their lips at the same time.

Kim glanced quickly back at Shego just as Shego glanced back at Kim. They both looked incredulously at each other for a moment before they both cracked soft smiles and laughed gently at each other.

“Ladies first,” Shego said mirthfully.

“I’m waiting then,” Kim replied, trying to effect as sultry a voice as she could muster.

Shego sighed again and smiled patiently at her girlfriend. “I appreciate the compliment, Pumpkin, but I am definitely no lady. You go first.”

Kim nodded slightly before taking her own deep breath. “You’re fine, Kimmie. The question didn’t insult me, per se. It did take me to a very dark time in my life, though.”

Shego nodded and smiled patiently at her girlfriend. “I appreciate the compliment, Pumpkin, but I am definitely no lady. You go first.”

Kim nodded and took another deep breath before beginning. “That was uncalled for on my part, Shego. I thought I was exploring parts of your life, learning by asking questions. I didn’t stop to think about how my words may have insinuated that I felt you were lying to me until after you went silent on me. The last thing I want to do is call you a liar. Not after I’ve finally found you.”

Shego nodded slightly before taking her own deep breath. “You’re fine, Kimmie. The question didn’t insult me, per se. It did take me to a very dark time in my life, though.”

Kim nodded and reached over to Shego’s free hand with her own. Kim was surprised to find Shego gripping Kim’s hand with a possessive, almost needful, strength as their fingers laced together.

“While I don’t want there to be any more secrets between us,” Shego continued, her eyes now back on the road ahead of them, “I’m still not ready to talk about that part of my life... the part I told you back in November made me able to understand the pain you were in. Let’s just say something bad happened to me. Something very very bad. And it had to do with me being a lesbian.”

“I’m so sorry, Shego,” Kim said, squeezing Shego’s hand reassuringly.

“Don’t be,” Shego replied. “It happened and it’s in the past. But, for the longest time after that event, I wanted to not be lesbian. I wanted to be... normal.”

Kim started to open her mouth, to argue that there was nothing abnormal about being a lesbian. To soothe and comfort her girlfriend. But she realized that Shego was talking about the past and interrupting her was probably not the wisest courses of action. Instead, Kim simply nodded, prodding Shego along.

Shego sighed. “I did everything to try to prove to myself that I could be normal... could be straight. I surrounded myself with the beefiest, dumbest men I could find. I replaced my porn collection with lots of straight sex with men with huge pecs and washboard abs. I even tried dozens of trysts just to prove to myself that I could enjoy straight sex.”

“You had a porn collection?” Kim asked, honestly surprised.

“Pumpkin, my collection would have made Hugh Hefner blush,” Shego laughed. “And that was before I turned thirteen. But it was mostly girl on girl stuff. After the, uh, incident, I started collecting
“Do you still have that collection now?” Kim asked innocently.

Shego laughed. “With as many times as you sent me to prison? No, Kimmie, I don’t. I do have a small collection in my room at the lair, but it’s nothing compared to what I used to have.”

“Oh, okay,” Kim replied, sounding almost disappointed.

“What I do have is good, though,” Shego grinned wicked at her girlfriend. “Maybe sometime we can watch it together. I mean, you’re bisexual, so you might enjoy it even more than I do.”

“You do enjoy it now?” Kim asked.

“It... grew on me,” Shego admitted with a sigh. “I mean, just because I’m lesbian doesn’t mean I’m grossed out by straight sex. It just doesn’t turn me on anywhere near as much as lesbian sex does. It’s got to be good, though. It needs a lot of soft and sensual foreplay in it. Not only do I need to see a lot of the girl’s body, which normally isn’t an issue with mainstream porn, but I need to see her face, too. If the girl is actually enjoying herself, you can see it in her eyes. And a beautiful pair of horny eyes is a guaranteed turn-on for me.”

Kim blushed furiously and covered her mouth with both of her hands. “I can’t believe we’re talking about this!”

“You brought it up, Princess,” Shego smirked.

“Good point,” Kim laughed nervously.

“And do you want to know something really kinky about me?” Shego offered tantalizingly.

“What’s that?” Kim asked, honestly curious but still blushing deeply.

“Some of the porn that I have is gay,” Shego grinned.

Kim cocked a queer look at Shego. “So you got some girl-on-girl videos back into your collection?”

Shego laughed. “Well, yeah, I did. But that’s not the gay I’m talking about.”

Kim’s eyes went wide in realization. “You mean...?”

“Yeppers,” Shego replied slyly. “Guy-on-guy. You might think it’s weird. But if you really think about it, guy-on-guy isn’t any weirder than girl-on-girl. And if there can be guys who get their rocks off on seeing girl-on-girl action, even though they’re straight...”

“Then there can be girls who are into guy-on-guy action,” Kim agreed, nodding her head. “Good point. Maybe we will have to make a movie night out of it sometime, then.”

“That’s the spirit,” Shego purred appreciatively.

“So, that’s the reason you went for Martin Smarty, Mr. Barkin, and Dr. Drakken?” Kim asked, looking at Shego carefully. “To try to not be lesbian?”

Shego shook her head. “Those were special cases, Pumpkin. For one, you don’t have to be straight to appreciate the value of someone who is loaded with money. Martin Smarty was just looking for a trophy wife anyway, which was fine by me as long as I had access to his money. We were both most
likely going to have affairs, anyway.”

“Cynical much?” Kim asked, raising a brow at Shego.

“Villain, doy!” Shego replied, rolling her eyes. “Come on, Kimmie. Get with the program.”

“Good... point...,” Kim said slowly. “Wait a minute. If you planned on having an affair on Mr. Smarty...”

“Don’t even go there, Princess,” Shego growled, causing Kim to tense up visibly. When Shego saw that, she sighed and smiled patiently at the redhead. “I mean, please, trust me. I didn’t love Martin. I loved his money. You, on the other hand... I love you. I could never cheat on you.”

“Thank you, Shego,” Kim said softly and sincerely. “That means the world to me.”

“Just please trust me in the future, Kimmie,” Shego said, casting a pleading look to Kim. “I understand I’ve not been the most trustworthy person in the past. But that all changed on New Year’s Eve. I gave myself to you every bit as much as I claimed you. Trust that if you can’t trust anything else. I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Kim replied, closing her eyes and leaning her head on Shego’s shoulders. “I’m sorry for doubting you for even a moment. I promise to never do that again. Well, then, what about Mr. Barkin?”

“My desire to not be lesbian must have really kicked into high gear with that attitudinator blast,” Shego confessed. “Whereas before I was trying to run away from my problems, with Steve I was trying to prove myself to be all prim and proper... an honest, Southern Baptist, Republican-voting, productive member of society.”

Shego ended that statement with a gagging sound that suggested that she was trying to not throw up.

“You think being a productive member of society is sick,” Kim laughed as she sat back up and looked at Shego, “Imagine what Ron and I felt about the two of you being together. We were gagging every time we saw the two of you together.”

Shego looked at Kim curiously. “Why? For a guy, Steve was actually pretty good looking. And he conducted himself like a perfect gentleman.”

“Only because he was trying to get in your pants,” Kim mumbled darkly. Shego swore she could sense just a little bit of jealousy in her voice. “Most of the rest of the time, he’s nothing a big bag of hot air... especially in the brains.”

“Well, fortunately for you, my love,” Shego purred, “it didn’t work out. Stoppable hit me with the attitudinator, changing me back to normal, and Steve tried to show me his singing voice after stalking me back to Doctor D’s lair. Let’s just say that Herman Munster had nothing on his hairdo after I was done.”

“So that’s how that happened,” Kim whispered to herself. She then blinked and turned quickly back to Shego. “Hey, Shego! That moment. The one right before Ron zapped you back to normal. You...”

“I was about to confess to you,” Shego sighed. Her face spoke volumes about her regret. “That I really liked you and really liked spending time with you. That our battles—and how well you fought in them—meant something to me. But then I turned evil again and I gave in to the impulse to toy with you a little bit longer. I still hadn’t grown up yet.”
Kim nodded gently to that one. “Well, it all worked out in the end, right?”

As Kim spoke, she gently put her head on Shego’s shoulder, making the jade-hued woman smile.

“Yes, yes it did,” Shego agreed as she draped an arm across Kim’s shoulders.

A comfortable silence settled onto the pair for a short while as they drove along, enjoying the forest scenery at the bottom of the mountain. Suddenly, Shego spoke again.

“Doc and I never were.”

“What?” Kim asked, glancing up at Shego.

“You asked about Doctor D, too,” Shego replied. “He and I were never an item.”

“Oh,” Kim chuckled. “I’d completely forgotten about asking about him.”

“All too easy to do,” Shego smirked. “But, no. You have to understand. I was about 14, maybe 15, when I first met Drewbie. He took me in, gave me a home, and made me the badass villain that I am today. He’s too much of a father figure to me for me to be able to have feelings for him... and too much of a bumbling dumbass to really find attractive. Why do you think he kept trying to perfect those damned robots?”

“Yeah, and those BeBe robots got scary, too,” Kim agreed. “I guess I got the wrong impression after that U.N. assembly to honor you and Drakken. That vine that he had sprouted pulled you two together and...”

"...embarrassed the shit out of me in front of international television,” Shego finished. “Seriously, that damned vine just sensed the affection I had for Doc as a father figure and assumed it was romantic affection. The talk Drewbie and I had that night was awkward... as... fuck!”

Kim hissed pensively at that. “Yeah, I could only imagine.”

“So, yeah, nothing between me and Doc except quality slapstick comedy,” Shego said with a great deal of exaggerated confidence. “So you needn’t worry your pretty little ginger head off about that one.”

“Ginger?” Kim asked, sitting up and raising a brow at Shego. “Really?”


“Copper Crotch?” Kim gasped, feigning shock at Shego’s words. But then her eyes darkened and Kim smiled wickedly. “And what, pray tell, makes you, Miss Shego, think that my carpets match my drapes?”

Shego’s eyes went wide on that, her mouth slightly agape. For the first time in a long time, she found herself at a loss for words.

Kim smiled smugly at Shego and then leaned in to kiss her hotly. Despite the kiss and its distraction, Shego managed to keep the convertible on the highway. Finally, after several moments, Kim released the kiss.

“Thank you for answering my questions, Angel,” Kim smiled. “I’m sorry I reminded you of such a bad time in your life. That you were able to talk to me about what you did makes me feel trusted and
loved. I promise to never hurt you like you obviously were back then.”

Shego nodded and smiled softly, regaining some modicum of composure. “Tha... thank you, Princess. I... Wait a minute. Angel?”

Kim sat back in her seat and nodded at Shego. “I’m your Princess. Can’t you be my Angel?”

“I’m hardly an angel, love,” Shego warned.

“I’m not talking about the chibi little Cherished Occasions angels on all of those greeting cards,” Kim corrected. “I’m talking about Book of Revelations style flaming sword wielding heralds of judgment.”

Shego grinned at that. “I knew I loved you for a reason, Kimmie.”

Kim cocked a brow. “You sure it wasn’t for my copper crotch?”

Both women laughed loudly as they continued to drive down the highway towards Middleton.

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Shego pulled up to the driveway of her house. It had been several months since she had been here. She had a separate bank account devoted entirely to automatic payment of the utility bills and real estate taxes, so she knew all of that would be okay. But she suspected that quite a bit of dusting and air conditioning would be in order.

That was something to worry about tomorrow, though. It was close to midnight. While they did stay overnight at a motel in Colorado the night before, Shego was tired and was ready for a good night’s sleep.

“Kimmie,” Shego whispered to the hero, who was quietly asleep in her passenger seat. “Cupcake. We’re home. Wake up.”

Kim stretched and slowly opened her eyes. Sitting up, she rubbed the sleep from her eyes and blinked.

“This isn’t my house.”

“Nope,” Shego smiled. “It’s mine. Come on, Princess. Let me give you the nickel tour before I let you go back to sleep.”

Kim got out of the car, stumbling slightly as she did. The car ride had been long. It would have been more convenient... and perhaps even cheaper... if they had flown in to Middleton Municipal Airport. But they had both agreed that would cause too great a chance of Kim getting spotted by someone other than family. Neither of them was really in the mood for dealing with people with attitudes about Kim’s alleged crime, so they chose to drive in instead. Now Kim just needed to regain her legs.

Shego waited patiently at the front door for Kim to get there. Opening the door with a flourish, the ex-villainess allowed the hero to step into the house first.

Despite the apparent lack of housekeeping, the house was modest yet gorgeous. It was a single story house, with a spacious living room, a dinette area, a modest kitchen with a breakfast bar, and a hallway leading off to what Kim could assume was the bedrooms and the bathrooms. The walls sported off-white and beige colors with black trimming. The paintings that adorned the walls were
either Impressionist or Art Nuevo.

“Welcome to my home,” Shego purred as she slinked past Kim. “This is where you could have found me if you’d have stormed into one of Doctor D’s lairs and didn’t find me there.”

“This is... very comfortable looking,” Kim admitted, walking up to a plush sofa that sat before a large screen plasma television. “This is very nice. I’ll admit I was expecting something bolder and grander, but this is...”

“Very relaxing?” Shego finished, smiling as she came back out of the kitchen. “Yeah, I guess I shouldn’t blame you for thinking I’d go for one of those Snob Hill sorts of homes. But a place like this keeps me off of the radar and gives me someplace that doesn’t remind me that I’m a villain 18 hours out of the day.”

“Okay, that makes sense,” Kim agreed.

“It also isn’t as tempting a target for burglars while I’m gone for months at a time,” Shego continued as she stepped past Kim and towards the sofa. She had been carrying two cans of something out of the kitchen, so she handed one to Kim. “Which means that the beer I stashed here before I left is still here.”

Kim looked at the can of beer in her hand, shrugged, and popped the tab.

Shego sat down on the sofa and patted her hand on the cushion beside her. “It’s mass-produced American beer, not that micro-brewed German lager we had on Christmas Eve. But it’s better than nothing at all.”

Kim sat down next to Shego and leaned comfortably into her girlfriend, sipping the beer carefully. Shego was right, it tasted quite a bit differently than the lagers. Kim involuntarily wrinkled her nose. “Would you believe that Christmas Eve was the first time I ever drank in my life.”

Shego laughed. “With as sloshed as you were, Kimmie, I would definitely believe it.” She then took a sip of her beer.

Kim took a deep breath and swallowed a large gulp of her beer, shivering at the taste. “Damn, Pumpkin? Is it that bad?”

“Not used to the taste,” Kim admitted. “At least the lagers had some smoothness and sweetness to latch onto. This stuff is really bitter.”

“Shego agreed, taking another sip of her beer. “Well, that’s going to be the only one you’re getting tonight, anyway. Just enough to help you fall back asleep. I don’t need you drunk off of your ass when we greet the ‘rents tomorrow.”

“Right!” Kim replied, laughing.

Kim then leaned her head back in such a way that the back of her head rested on top of Shego’s breasts. Kim gazed up into Shego’s emerald eyes, smiling impishly.

Shego glanced down curiously at Kim’s deep olive eyes. “Yes? May I help you?”

“Kiss me,” Kim smiled, effecting a very convincing ‘baby girl’ voice.

Shego rolled her eyes. “You are such a needy child.” Then she leaned down and pecked Kim gently
on the lips.

“Yay!” Kim cheered, still doing the ‘baby girl’ voice.

“Okay, get up,” Shego huffed, more from the exertion of trying to stand up than from any real exasperation. “I gotta show you the guest room so you can get back to sleep.”

“Please and thank you,” Kim laughed as she sat up, dowsing the rest of her beer.

“Damn, Pumpkin,” Shego laughed as she watched Kim chug down the beer. “Hit it like a pro, why don’t ya? Did you even taste any of that?”

Kim wiped her mouth on her sleeve. “Nope.”

Shego smiled and shook her head, standing up before offering her hand to Kim. “Come on, Dingbat. Let’s go see your bed.”

“Dingbat?” Kim laughed. “That’s a new one.” She took Shego’s hand and stood up. “Don’t know if I’ll like it if it sticks. But at least it’s variety.”

“Hah, hah!” Shego scoffed. “Come on. I think you’ll like your room.”

Kim wrapped her arms around Shego as they walked to the hallway. “I already do like it. You’re here.”

Shego patted the top of Kim’s head and chuckled as the two of them disappeared down the hallway.

[END CHAPTER NINE]
Monique took her lunch and sat down at a table in the food court of the mall. It was a fairly brisk day at work at Club Banana, what with it being nearly a week until Valentine’s Day. But it wasn’t harsh and Monique was enjoying the day. A nice, light salad and iced tea from the Healthy Eats counter would prove to make an excellent lunch break meal.

As Monique started to bring a forkful of salad to her mouth, she heard a voice chuckle behind her. “So, what’s a girl gotta do to get herself some of that chocolate?”

Monique dropped her fork and spun around in her chair faster than any human should have been capable of moving. “Ki... Girlfriend!”

Monique caught herself before blasting her best friend’s name across the entire food court. Instead, she just threw her arms around the figure standing right behind her and held her tight.

“Hi,” Kim smiled under the colorful silk scarf she had draped around her head and across her shoulders. “I missed you too, Mo’.”

“GF!” Monique whispered, nearly in tears. “You have no idea how worried we all were for you.”

“All?” Kim asked incredulously, even as she was patting Monique’s pat reassuringly.

“Everyone who’s important,” Monique replied, pulling back to look at Kim in the eyes. “Your family. Me. Felix. Wade. Pardon my French, but everyone else can go fuck off.”

“My sentiments exactly,” came a third voice from behind Monique.

Monique quickly looked behind her to see Shego sitting down at other side of her table. On her tray were a taco salad and a couple of veggie wraps from the Buenos Nachos counter.

“I hope you don’t mind us joining you for lunch,” Shego said, looking at the dark-skinned woman. “Of course not!” Monique chirped, sitting back down in front of her salad. “Please, please, please. Both of you sit down.”

Kim skipped around the table and sat down next to Shego, quickly grabbing the taco salad from in front of the ex-villainess. Shego seemed to accept the sudden grab with good grace.

“Although, GF,” Monique admonished as she pointed at Kim, “if you want to go for the African headwrap look, I can so do you up better than that. Your color coordination is way off. Must be a product of you traipsing through the woods for weeks like you did.”

“I tried to tell her that,” Shego chuckled, ignoring the baleful look she got from Kim as a result. “But that was the only scarf I had that could pull the look off. And even with her shorter hair, she still needed to cover up in order to not be recognized.”

“Shorter ha...?” Monique started, glancing at Kim. “OMG, girl! WTF happened?”

“I happened,” Kim admitted, absently scratching at the edge of her scalp. “It’s... a long story.”

“Well, I am all ears, GF,” Monique said, settling in for a good tale, her chin on her hands and a pleasant gleam in her eyes. “I bet it’s quite a story.”
“Well, Monique,” Kim said as she took a spoonful of taco salad and shoved it into her mouth. “Shego and I are heading over to my parents’ house later for dinner. Did you want to come over, too? I’ll tell you the story then. And I want you to be there when Shego and I dropped the bomb on them?”

Monique blinked at Kim for a couple of moments before cocking her head to one side. “The bomb? What bomb?”

To answer the question, Kim held up her left hand. She had her fingers laced lovingly with Shego’s right hand. Shego continued eating one of her veggie wraps as if nothing were amiss.

Monique clapped both her hands over her mouth and started giggling excitedly.

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Shego pulled up in front of the house of the Doctors Possible. Pulling up into the driveway, Shego put the convertible into park and smiled at the woman in her passenger seat.

“Here we are, Pumpkin,” Shego said. “Your home sweet home.”

Kim quickly kissed Shego on the cheek and jumped out of the car, skipping up the walkway to the front door. Shego casually stepped out of the car and followed Kim.

“This is going to be interesting,” Shego admitted. “The last time I was here, I was...”

Shego’s statement was interrupted by a loud, crackling noise ripping through the air, followed by a split-second VOIP sound. Then silence.

“Hicka-bicka-boo!” came a male voice from an upstairs window in the house.

“Hoo-sha!” came a similar voice immediately thereafter.

Both Shego and Kim stopped at the front door. Shego didn’t dare turn around.

“Please, Kimmie,” Shego breathed. “Please tell me that wasn’t the convertible.”

Kim turned around and bit her lip. “Um, Shego, I... I can’t tell you that.”

Shego’s left hand suddenly found itself laced firmly with Kim’s right hand. Shego didn’t know if she had done it consciously or if it had just magically happened. The ex-villainess didn’t care either way.

“I’m going to need your strength today, Kimmie,” Shego muttered.

“Trust me,” Kim replied, giving Shego’s hand a reassuring squeeze. “I’m going to need your strength, too.”

Shego closed her eyes and took a deep breath to steel herself. As she reached for the doorbell, Kim suddenly grinned impishly and squeezed Shego’s hand reassuringly.

“Hold on, Angel,” Kim smirked. “I just got an idea. Don’t panic, but I’m going to disappear for a couple of minutes. Go ahead and greet my parents.”

“Um, okay,” Shego said cautiously as Kim disappeared into the bushes next to the door. She then rang the doorbell.

After a couple of moments, the door opened, revealing Dr. James Possible. He considered the lone
woman standing in front of him.

“Ah, Shego!” James smiled. “It has been quite some time since you’ve graced us with your presence. How is my favorite villainess?”

Shego blinked for a couple of moments, caught off guard by how casual Kim’s father was conducting himself considering their past. “Um, I’m fine, Dr. Possible. May... may I come in?”

“Of course, of course,” James replied, stepping aside to allow Shego through. He then called back to the kitchen. “Anne? Shego is here to visit us!”

Shego paused in the foyer, glancing around. She felt so out of place and alone all of a sudden. She noticed all of the family portraits hanging on the walls nearby. She recognized most of the people, if even only vaguely. She definitely knew Kimmie’s parents and her little brothers. The old man and young girl in a couple of pictures looked familiar... probably from that caper Drakken had tried to pull up in Montana.

The pictures that caught Shego’s attention the most, though, were those of Kimmie herself. One picture frame in particular had various school pictures of Kimmie, apparently arranged to show her as she grew up from first grade to twelfth grade. Shego could see, and appreciate, just how Kimmie grew up and grew more and more beautiful with each passing year.

So enraptured was Shego in the picture that she did not hear James shut the door behind her. Nor did she (or James) hear it open back up again.

“Shego?” Anne’s voice called out from the kitchen, waking Shego from her reverie. “Well, bring her back here, then, James. I have some coffee already brewing. Would you like some, Shego?”

“Yes, please,” Shego called back as she followed James towards the kitchen. “Straight black, if I may.”

Shego entered the kitchen and was immediately greeted with a piping hot, very delicious looking mug of black coffee. Purring softly at the caffeine-laced nectar, she sipped it and smiled.

“It has been forever since we’ve last seen you,” Anne said, wiping down the counter before picking up her own mug of coffee. “I mean, James saw you on the night of Kimmie’s graduation, if I remember correctly, but I haven’t really seen you since the attitudinator incident. How have you been doing, now that you’re yourself?”

“I’m doing well,” Shego said, grateful for how considerate Anne was trying to be. “I’ve been doing freelance work for Global Justice since the Invasion. Stuff that I’m not supposed to really talk about. But it pays the bills and I’m happy with my work for once in my life.”

“That’s good,” Anne said, smiling warmly as she nestled into the loving arm of her husband. “So what brings you to our home today?”

“Well, you see, I...,” Shego began. She was interrupted by two twin teenage boys suddenly bursting into the kitchen and looked rather abashed at the ex-villainess.

“We’re sorry for what we did to your car, Shego.”

“It’s in the back yard. We didn’t disintegrate it. We teleported it.”
“That was wrong of us to do. We'll fix it.”

“We'll put it back in the driveway, where we found it.”

And then both of them together: “Please forgive us?”

All three adults blinked at the two boys for several moments. Finally, Shego found her voice.

“Um, okay,” Shego said. “As long as you put it back in the driveway and nothing is wrong with it, I... I think I can find it in my heart to forgive you.”

“Thank you,” both boys sang in unison.

“That was very thoughtful of you to apologize,” Anne commended, pointing at the boys. “But you should go fix the problem now. It’s not right to inconvenience Shego any more than you already have.”

“Yes, ma’am!” both boys replied before running back out of the kitchen.

“They’re very good boys,” James smiled. “Just a bit high spirited. That’s all.”

“Just a bit,” Shego grinned, taking another sip of her coffee.

“I wonder what made them apologize like that so suddenly, though?” Anne asked of no one in particular.

“I think I’ve got a guardian angel watching over me,” Shego smirked, raising a brow knowingly at Mrs. Dr. Possible.

“Well, I could use a guardian angel like that watching over me,” Anne laughed, taking a sip of her own coffee.

James mouth dropped open as he glanced over to the side and nudged his wife gently. “Um, Anne, I think Shego is being literal about the ‘guardian angel’ thing.”

Anne and Shego glanced over at the kitchen door at which James was staring. Standing there, leaning against the door jam with her arms folded, was one Kimberly Anne Possible. She had changed into one of her older outfits while upstairs, a pearl-white sweater with black jeans and black tennis shoes. Her playful smirk set Shego’s heart on fire.

“Hi, Mom. Dad. Love ya lots.”

“Kimmie!” “Kimmie-cub!”

Both Doctors Possible tossed their coffee mugs down on the counter, not caring a whit about the splashing mess they made in the process, before almost literally flying over to the waiting hero and enveloping her in a massive two-parent glomp. Tears were streaming down Anne’s face as James made sure his embrace took in both his daughter and his wife.


Kim tried to return the embrace as best as she could, which basically entailed placing her hands across her parent’s enveloping arms. Shego could see that the emotions were starting to overwhelm her Princess; tears were starting to form in the hero’s eyes, as well.

“I’m sorry, Mom, Dad,” Kim said as she nuzzled her face into her father’s chest. “I’m so, so sorry. I
got too weak and I gave up. I should never have done that. I should never have hurt you like that.”

“You’ve been going through Hell, Kimmie-cub,” James replied, kissing his daughter gently on the forehead. “We can’t blame you. I’m just glad you’re safe.”

“Me, too,” Anne agreed.

Shego stood by and sipped at her coffee, taking in the whole scene. Her own family would never act like that with her. Well, maybe the Weegs would, but...

“Oh, Shego,” Anne suddenly said. “We’re forgetting our manners. It’s just that...”

“Actually,” Shego said, cutting the brain surgeon off before the apology got too deep. “Kimmie’s the reason I’m here. She’s been staying with me and she asked to come visit you guys.”

Before Shego could get the words “you guys” out of her mouth, she found herself engulfed in a glomp of her own as Anne threw herself on the ex-villainess. Shego’s reflexes managed to help her keep from spilling her coffee.

“Oh, my God, Shego!” Anne said. “Thank you! Thank you for taking care of our Kimmie!”

“Um, well,” Shego replied shakily, patting Anne’s arm reassuringly. “I... I’ll admit. I did have ulterior motives. More than one, as a matter of fact.”

“Oh?” Anne asked, breaking the hug and taking a careful step back from the ex-villainess.

“Oh, yeah,” Shego admitted, nodding gently and scratching the back of her head. “The first motive, and at the beginning the only one, was that I recognize Kimmie as my one and only true equal on the battlefield. Our battles were the only thing that brought me any sort of happiness and satisfaction. A world without Kim Possible would have made me a sad puppy, let alone what it would have made you guys.”

“Well, that’s understandable,” James stated, his arm still draped affectionately around his daughter’s shoulders. “The two of you have always had a certain dynamic as a hero and a villain that I’ve seen few other people share.”

Shego nodded affirmation. “But, as we spent more time together, well...”

Anne’s brow furrowed. “Well, what?”

“Mom? Dad?” Kim interrupted, looking at her two parents with concern. “Um, how open-minded are you guys about stuff?”

“Well,” James considered thoughtfully. “I’m an aerospace engineer who designs rocket ships intended to provide for manned missions to Neptune. I think that’s rather open-minded. And your mother works with open minds all day long.”

“Really, James?” Anne gasped, her mouth agape. “How many years have you been holding onto that joke before you could actually say it like that?”

“Well, let’s see,” James considered again. “How old is Kimmie-cub again?”

Shego was covering her eyes with her hand, trying hard not to laugh.

“Well,” Kim finally added, smiling playfully. “The reason I’m asking is because of Shego’s other ulterior motive. Which is this.”
With that, Kim stepped across the kitchen. Shego, anticipating the next move, carefully placed her coffee mug onto the counter and greeted Kim’s incoming embrace with a hug of her own. Kim then brought her lips up to Shego’s and kissed the ex-villainess deeply.

“Oh, my,” James breathed. “That... that would certainly explain the need for an open mind. Anne, sweetheart, did you happen to bring a couple home today?”

“JAMES!” Anne snapped.

James then cleared his throat, prompting Kim and Shego to break their kiss with soft giggles. “Well, ladies, I think you understand what’s next. Shego, would you accompany me to the family room? Kimmie-cub, I’m sure your mother would like a few words with you.”

“Yes, sir,” Shego gasped, breathing heavily as she looked down at Kim. Then, more softly into Kim’s ear, “Good going, Princess. Get me riled up right in front of your parents.”

Kim giggled mischievously as Shego followed James out of the kitchen.

After the two of them had left, Anne took a deep breath and then turned to her daughter. “Well, luckily for you, young lady, your father and I do have open minds. This is rather sudden, and she is your former nemesis. But we’re not going to judge you for loving a woman. It just means your father and I are going to have to place our dreams of grandchildren on your brothers.”

Kim tried to hide the shudder she felt from envisioning the Tweebs having children. “If that’s an issue, Mom—and if Shego and I do take our relationship that far—I’m sure we can adopt or find some way to have children. I’m sure Drakken could invent some sort of retro-virus or something...”

“How far have you taken your relationship, if I may ask?”

“We haven’t consummated it, if that’s what you’re asking,” Kim replied, trying to keep eye contact with her mother. “Our relationship officially started on New Year’s Day, so it’s just not even a month and a half old. Plus I think it’s too soon, given Ron’s death.”

“And she’s willing to wait for you?”

“She says she is,” Kim nodded thoughtfully. “But I think I might want to come to terms with Ron’s death before too much longer. I mean, Shego is strong and I can see it in her eyes how madly in love she is with me. But I know I’m frustrating her, too. You know, on that level. So...”

“And she hasn’t hurt you?”

“No!” Kim snapped, a look of shock etched on her face. But then she quickly recovered. “I mean, no, Mom, she hasn’t. In fact, if it wasn’t for her, I wouldn’t even be alive today. She found me almost starved to death in Oregon and she nursed me back to health. I know she and I have had our differences in the past. But she really cares about me. And I her.”

Anne nodded. “Now, I know this next question is going to sound rude, but I have to satisfy my curiosity. How long have you been, um...?”

“Bisexual?” Kim offered a guess.

“Oh, is that what it is?” Anne asked, surprised. “So you bat for both teams?”

Kim couldn’t help but smile mirthfully at the euphemism. “Yeah, I do. I kinda started feeling the girl thing shortly after graduation. I don’t know what really started it or why. But I definitely started
noticing it while I was with Shego.”

“And you’re not under any sort of mind control?”

Kim pointed at her forehead. “Do you see any sort of mind control chip up there?”

Anne carefully felt along Kim’s forehead. She neither saw nor felt any microchip and told her daughter as much.

“I don’t blame you for checking,” Kim said, smiling at her mother. “But I honestly believe that what I’m feeling for Shego is real. And we didn’t rush it, honest. I was in the lair for two months before we even admitted our attraction to each other. It was another week before our first kiss. That was on New Year’s Eve. We haven’t done anything more than cuddle and kiss since then. We don’t even share the same bedroom.”

“I see,” Anne smiled. “Well, it does sound like it’s for real and that you’re trying to take it slowly and responsibly. I appreciate that.” She then paused and looked at Kim. “By the way, um, what happened to your hair?”

Kim nodded. She was mildly surprised it took her mother this long to say something about it. “I butchered my hair with Dad’s garden shears before running away. Shego didn’t like it so she trimmed it. It’s had a little over three months to grow back out.”

“Well, I think it looks beautiful,” Anne smiled. “I mean, I loved your hair when it was long, don’t get me wrong. But this is a refreshing change of pace. I love it.”

“Thank you,” Kim gushed in response, giving that appreciative little girl look that she knew her mother loved so much.

“Well, then, do you want to go see how many times your father has threatened to blast Shego into the sun?”

Kim laughed and followed her mother out of the kitchen.

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Shego followed James across the dining room and into the family room. James motioned towards the couch as he strolled up to a nearby easy chair. Shego dutifully sat down on the couch and folded her hands into her lap.

James held up a finger as a way of asking Shego for a moment, then he picked up the landline phone sitting next to his chair. Dialing a number, James waited for someone to pick up at the other end. A moment later, someone did.

“Tim,” James started. “Son, do me a favor. Do a deep synaptic alpha wave scan over... oh, you boys already did? Really? I see. Well, did you find...? Really? You’re absolutely sure on that? The machine isn’t malfunctioning or...? I see. Well, then, good job, boys. And do you have Shego’s...? Yes, thank you. Yes, I promise you two can still have ice cream tonight. Thank you. Talk to you later. Love you too.”

Shego simply cocked her head and looked at James curiously.

“If you’re curious as to what a deep synaptic alpha wave scan is,” James began, setting the phone back down on its base, “it’s a machine the boys invented, with Wade’s help, following that time when they had to save you and Kim from Drew’s attempt to mind control you the two of you. In
short, I just had the boys test to see if Kim was being mind controlled.”

Shego sighed, bowing her head. She then looked up at James angrily. “Really, Dr. Possible? You really think I’d...?”

“Yes, I do,” James replied calmly, meeting Shego’s glare with calm eyes.

Shego bared her teeth and began to growl, before she caught herself and counted to ten in Mandarin Chinese.

“Shego, you have to understand,” James continued, unperturbed. “For most of the time we’ve known you, you’ve been a villain. Quite admittedly, you’ve had the potential of being the one villain who could succeed out of all of the villains that Kim has faced. I’ve seen that potential first-hand several times. If it were not for that strange sense of honor you seem to possess when it comes to my daughter, you might have actually succeeded.”

“And you didn’t trust that strange sense of honor to know I wouldn’t mind control your daughter like that?” Shego asked dryly.

James smirked at the question. “Shego, I am her father. My job isn’t to trust her erstwhile lovers. My job is to sit in the nearby tree with a quantum-phase blaster rifle with ocular-enhanced infrared targeting and fire that weapon at the erstwhile lover if I so much as see a hand twitch. Then I’d take the corpse and blast it off to Jupiter.”

One of Shego’s eyes narrowed slightly as she considered James. “Dr. Possible, I’m an adult and so is your daughter. Do you truly think those childish threats actually scare me?”

To that, James simply leaned back comfortably into his easy chair and held Shego’s gaze.

“I mean, really,” Shego continued. “What are you capable of doing to me?”

James rose a brow to that, but did not answer.

“Yes, what few times you and I met, you defeated me,” Shego admitted, holding her hands up as a way of admitting concession. “But Kimmie was there each time and she was the real hero, not you. All you did was...”

“Raise her?” James offered, finally speaking. “Taught her right from wrong? Trained her in everything my mother taught me about being a teen hero? Helped make her into everything she is today?”

Shego paused with a forefinger in the air at that.

“Good point,” Shego finally admitted.

“Let’s get one thing perfectly clear, Shego,” James continued, leaning forward. “I forbade Kim from dating boys all throughout high school because I knew what they were capable of and what they could try to do. I will do anything... anything... to make sure my Kimmie-cub is not hurt on that level. The only reason Ronald got away with being Kim’s boyfriend is because I’d known him for twelve years prior to their dating. I helped raise him. So I knew I could trust him.”

Shego simply nodded in response.

“You on the other hand, are a former villain whom I have known for only four or five years,” James added. “Do you understand my apprehension here?”
“Actually,” Shego sighed, looking down a moment before looking back up at James, “I’m glad that’s your concern and not the fact that I’m a...”

“Woman?” James finished. “Honestly, Shego, that’s the part I’m quite comfortable with. That means that Kimmie-cub isn’t going to get pregnant prematurely and have all of her life’s ambitions derailed.”

“Really?” Shego laughed, forgetting the position she was in. “That’s your take on it?”

“I’m not homophobic like some of my peers,” James replied. “Plus, this is Kim’s life. It’s her decision to like women, not mine. It’s my job to make sure she doesn’t pick a woman who will ultimately hurt her.”

“I promise to not hurt your daughter, Dr. Possible,” Shego sighed, shaking her head. “That’s the very last thing I want to do right now. She’s finally given me her heart as strongly as I’ve given her mine. I don’t want to break it and lose it. Ever. It means too much to me.”

James nodded sagely as Shego spoke. “Honestly, Shego, those words were all I needed. You have my blessings, now that we’re both at an understanding.”

“Thank you,” Shego replied, allowing herself a small smirk.

“I am curious, though,” James said, looking thoughtful. “You said she’d been staying with you. How did you find her?”

“Well, you see...,” Shego began.

Kim and Anne crossed the dining room and up to the doorway of the family room. What they found there caught them both off guard.

Shego and James were sitting, James in his chair and Shego on the sofa, laughing heartily.

“And,” Shego continued between laughs, “that’s... that’s when I told Doctor D—Dang it, Doc! We’re in suborbit. Atmospheric drag isn’t that big of an issue! So put the blasted petroleum jelly away!”

James roared mightily in laughter at that. “Hahaha! Leave it to Drew to think of using petroleum jelly to counteract wind drag. Oh, my goodness!”

“We won’t even go into the time he thought of inventing a cellophane wrapping that could act as a shielding for cosmic radiation.”

“Seriously?”

“ Seriously as Motor Ed,” Shego laughed. “We’re talking about Doctor D here. The man has a few screws loose upstairs.”

James wiped a tear from his eye. “Shego, my dear, I’ve known that for longer than you’ve been alive, I’m sure.”

“Ahem!” Anne’s voice cut into the room. “Well, it seems you two have hit it off quite handsomely.”

“It would seem that Shego is quite an accomplished aerospace pilot,” James admitted. “After I gave her my standard speech, we started talking shop.”
“Of course we get along handsomely,” Shego smirked. “I am the only other woman who’s ever seen him in his underwear, after all.”

“WHAT!” Anne squeaked.

“Shego, really?” Kim sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose before she kicked into damage control mode. “Ron told me about this, Mom. Apparently, on the night of the Lowardian Invasion, Shego took Dad’s spacesuit away from him so that she could be the one to go up into space and save Drakken.”

“His reaction was priceless,” Shego grinned.

“Well, ahem,” James responded, trying to hide his blush. “I will have you know, young lady, that I am completely and utterly devoted to Anne. Just throwing it out there, to be on the safe side.”

“I don’t blame you,” Shego nodded. “I can see where Kimmie gets her looks from. And don’t worry. Even if I myself weren’t completely and utterly devoted to Princess, I don’t swing your direction.”

“Ah, I see,” James nodded thoughtfully.

“Yeah,” Anne smiled nervously, stepping behind her daughter.

Both Kim and Shego laughed out loud at that.

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“Oh, man!” Monique groaned as she took another bite of the chicken enchiladas that Anne had prepared for dinner that evening. “I can’t believe I missed it.”

“I talked to the Tweebs about it,” Kim smiled. “They caught it all on surveillance cameras. We can watch it later. In fact, they have our kiss on loop as their computer screensaver.”

“What?” Anne gasped, nearly choking on the food in her mouth. She then turned to her twin sons. “Jim? Tim? What exactly were you thinking when you did that?”

“We...,” Tim started to respond.

“Um...,” added his brother, Jim.

“They were simply being natural teenage boys,” Shego smiled sweetly. She then turned to the brothers. “Nothing’s hotter than two lesbians kissing, amirite?”

“Hicka-bicka-boo!” Tim agreed.

“Hoo-sha!” Jim added.

Both boys then gave Shego a high-five.

“Young lady,” James admonished, pointing a fork at the ex-villainess. “I would appreciate it if you did not corrupt my children. At least, not my sons. It may be too late for my daughter.”

“Dad!” Kim exclaimed in shock.

Monique shook her head. “I’m just glad this is all working out so well. I was scared that the reason Kim invited me over was to run damage control.”
“Well, there is one more thing to clear up,” Kim admitted after swallowing some refried beans and rice. “But that’s going to have to wait until later. And I’ll need Shego’s help for that.”

“What’s that, Pumpkin?” Shego asked, looking at her girlfriend.

“Let’s just say that I should finally close out a chapter in my life,” Kim explained nervously. “But in order to do it, I’ll need the guidance of the world’s greatest thief so that I don’t cause waves.”

Shego looked at Kim queerly for a moment, then understanding slowly set in. “Ah, I get it. Yeah, Kimmie, I can get you in and out of there without the police being any the wiser. No problem.”

James and Anne were still utterly confused until Monique mouthed two words silently to them. They then nodded knowingly.


“Thanks, Dad,” Kim smiled. “I want tonight to be special for all of us. No drama whatsoever.”

Anne smiled at that. “Thankfully, this is going to be a relaxing family night. So, who’s up for a rousing game of bridge?”

Monique bit her lip a moment as she considered everyone at the table. “I guess that means that the Tweebs are my partners? Oh, well, I can think of worse fates.”

[END CHAPTER TEN]
Chapter 11

Three figures, each dressed in a black catsuit and mask, slipped silently into the Middleton Municipal Cemetery. After climbing over the short stone wall, the leader crouched and held up a slender hand. The other two stopped and crouched as well. The leader looked both ways, then turned to one of the figures behind her. She pointed at her companion, then pointed deeper into the cemetery. The second figure moved up beside the leader, then pointed in a particular direction. The leader nodded, then moved in that direction. The other two figures fell in behind the leader.

Eventually, the three figures approached a particular grave. The third figure approached the gravestone and read it carefully.

Ronald Stoppable
1989-2008
Beloved Son, Brother, and Hero
He Shall Be Missed

The third figure collapsed to her knees in front of the gravestone. Pulling her mask off, the third figure revealed herself to be Kim Possible.

“Hey, Ron,” Kim whispered tenderly as she softly touched the gravestone. “It’s Kim. I know it’s been a long time since we talked. But your mother is really angry with me. Part of me can’t blame her.”

The leader figure humphed in derision as the second figure placed a reassuring hand on the leader figure’s shoulder.

“But, I needed to come and see you, if only for one last time,” Kim continued, trying to keep herself together. She was on the verge of crying. “I love you, Ron. A part of me will never, ever stop loving you. I hope you understand that.”

As if to answer, the breeze blowing through the cemetery shifted slightly. Before, it had been uncomfortably chill, given the wintertime, post-midnight time frame. Then, it was suddenly cool and comforting for a brief moment before becoming uncomfortably chill again. The leader figure and second figure looked around in bewilderment.

“But I think it’s time for me to move on, Ron,” Kim whispered, tears running down her cheeks now. “No, we’re not breaking up. I did promise you that nothing would ever come between us. But you’ve been forced to move on to a much better world than this one. And I know you would want me to be happy, no matter what.”

So promise me something, okay? Whatever happens, I want you to be happy.

The leader figure removed her mask, revealing herself to be Shego. She closed her eyes as her childhood girlfriend’s voice and words rang through her mind once again.

The second figure also removed her mask, revealing herself to be Monique. Kim and Shego had not known where exactly Ron’s grave had been, so she had offered to show them. She gave Shego’s shoulder a reassuring squeeze.
“I don’t want this to freak you out,” Kim whispered. “Especially since you and Shego never really got along. But I fell in love with her, Ron. I guess I’m bisexual now. No, you didn’t do that to me. I’m sure you would have made a wonderful lover had we given ourselves the chance. I... I don’t know how it started. I just know how it’s going to end. Shego’s a good woman, Ron. She’s saved my life, multiple times. She’s taken care of me. Treated me like the lady I deserve to be treated. And she’s protecting me. I think you would approve.”

Shego and Monique watched as Kim paused and took in a deep breath, trying to regain her center. Kim then smiled sadly at the gravestone.

“Like I said, a part of me will always and forever love you, Ron. But I think it’s time for me to come to terms with the fact that you’ve passed on. I can’t keep making you responsible for me not living my life. I know you would want me to live my life instead of keeping myself stuck in the past. I promise to come and visit you as often as I can. But for now, this is goodbye. Please rest in peace, Ron Stoppable. I love you.”

Kim finally collapsed onto the ground in a sobbing fit. Shego held herself tight as Monique wiped a tear from her eye. However, all three figures were greeted by a sudden shift in the weather. The same warmer breeze blew around them as the clouds in the sky parted slightly and allowed a single shaft of moonlight to filter down onto Kim and the gravestone. As Kim looked up, the combination of her tears and the airborne dust around the gravestone created a twinkling effect that was quite surreal.


Shego knelt down behind Kim and wrapped her arms around the hero. Kim turned slightly to clutch at Shego and bury her face in the ex-villain’s shoulder. Monique knelt down beside the two, taking Kim’s hands into her own in a show of comfort and support.

“So, allow me to understand this correctly?” came a voice that belonged to none of the three of them. “Not only do you steal a man from the woman who had confessed her love to him long before you did, you lead that man to his death and then bed down with your most dangerous enemy in a vulgar lesbian love affair?”

Kim gasped as Monique scrambled behind the hero. Shego was immediately to her feet, her fists ignited in a fiery display of plasma.

“Yori?” Kim whispered, huddling back into Monique’s frightened embrace.

“Come out and say that to my face, you fucking bitch!” Shego growled.

From a nearby tree, Yori dropped down to the ground into a cat-like crouch. “It shall be my honor to do so, Shego-san.”

Shego narrowed her eyes and growled from the back of her throat.

“Yori?” Monique asked, both confused and scared.

“She’s from Hirotaka’s school in Japan,” Kim explained quickly to her best friend. She then turned back to Shego. “Shego, be careful. She’s a Yamanouchi ninja.”

“She’s going to become a Yamanouchi order of French fries if she keeps popping off at the fucking mouth,” Shego hissed, stepping towards the ninja. The tone in Shego’s voice made it clear how irrationally angry she was at that moment.

Yori narrowed her eyes and smiled humorlessly. “Truly, the words of truth must be painful. It will be
your honor to feel the purest extent of that pain.”

Shego launched herself at the young ninja. One of her plasma sheathed fists landed a terrible blow against her opponent; the aim was dead-on. Yori flew backwards violently, shattering several gravestones before she finally tumbled to a stop several dozen yards away.

Shego stomped towards the ninja menacingly, the plasma surrounding her fist flaring brightly. “Stand up so I can punch you like that again,” she demanded.

Instead of standing up, Yori somersaulted backwards and disappeared behind a gravestone.

Shego stopped and crouched, glancing around furtively. “Okay, what do you think you are? Some sort of fucking ninja?”

Shego was surprised when Yori suddenly appeared backwards in a crouch on Shego’s shoulders. The ninja latched her hands onto Shego’s shoulders, did a handstand, allowed her feet to fall to the ground, and used the momentum to launch Shego back towards Kim and Monique.

“I believe the proper response in your Western slang is... doy! Did you not hear Possible-san call me one?” Yori deadpanned. She then launched three shuriken at Shego’s tumbling body.

As Shego tumbled across the ground, Kim met her halfway. Kim ducked under Shego’s tumble and latched hands with her girlfriend’s hands. Kim then kicked out, using the heels of her shoes to skid herself to a halt. Shego’s momentum caused both both women to drop prone to the ground, allowing the shuriken that Yori had just thrown to fly harmlessly over their bodies.

Monique ducked to the side just in time to avoid the shuriken herself. The deadly ninja stars embedded themselves deeply into Ron’s gravestone.

Kim and Shego tumbled sideways, is if two halves of a greater whole, to stand simultaneously side-by-side. They both dropped into a battle stance as Yori disappeared again into a nearby shadow.

“Let me guess,” Shego growled, moving around as she kept her eyes and ears open. “This bitch was there when Monkey Boy went to Japan and she fell in love with him while he was there?”

“Yeah,” Kim nodded, keeping her back to Shego in perfect synch to her partner’s motions. “But Ron was oblivious to it. I had to spell it out for him. He still chose me over her. I thought we were cool, though. Yori even called me Ron’s destiny after she found out we were together.”

“Sounds like she was just trying to be a good sportsman more than anything else,” Shego mumbled, glancing around while she turned in tandem with Kim. “While deep down inside she was imagining all sorts of ways for you to die.”

“Yori’s not like that,” Kim replied. “At least I thought she wasn’t. She was always so demure and polite. I don’t know why she’s like this now.”

“It’s always the quiet ones,” Shego scoffed.

Shego’s statement was met with a primal scream as Yori suddenly appeared in front of Kim and performed a vicious uppercut on the redhead’s chin. The momentum of the attack sent Kim up in a backflip over Shego’s head.

Instinctively, Shego spun around. Kim’s hands found a perch on Shego’s shoulders. Shego spun around and landed a vicious roundhouse kick into the ninja’s abdomen. Yori stumbled backwards from the force of the blow. Kim flipped down, landing heel-first into the palm of Shego’s hand.
Shego spun around again and used her greater-than-human strength to launch Kim straight at the off-
balance Yori. Kim flipped in midair and connected with a flying kick straight into Yori’s face. Yori
was once again sent flying several yards back.

Kim finished her flip and landed gracefully on her feet. “Listen, Yori, I’m sorry. I know he died
saving my life. But that was a decision he made for himself. Just like it was his choice to get with me
instead of you.”

“That ‘Monkey Boy,’” Yori spat as she regained her feet, glaring at Shego as she spoke, “was a
master of Tai Shing Pek Kwarand the master of the Mystical Monkey Power. He saved the world
from the Lowardians. It is ignoble and dishonorable that he should die for the likes of a woman who
could never love him as much as I do. I believed myself to have conducted myself with honorable
behavior when I declared Possible-san to be Ron-kun’s destiny. I now wish I had never bestowed
that honor upon her.”

“Yori...,” Kim breathed.

“Do not even begin to argue with me on that matter,” Yori seethed angrily. “It is barely four months
from the day of his death and already you are in bed fucking the woman-slave of the man who had
attempted to take over the world multiple times. How can you claim to have loved Ron with whorish
behavior such as that?”

“Lady,” Shego growled, her entire body erupting in an aura of plasma. Her eyes literally glowed of
irrational angry energy. “You just crossed a line you’re gonna wish you had never fucking crossed.”

Kim’s face had changed expressions, as well. Before, Kim had been trying to be sympathetic to
Yori’s pain, since she knew the ninja really had loved Ron every bit as deeply as she had. But Yori’s
declarations of Kim’s alleged insensitivity and promiscuous behavior had indeed crossed a line. And
Kim knew now that she was fighting for her life against the ninja. Kim’s eyes lit up in anger as her
brow furrowed deeply.

Both Kim and Shego launched themselves at Yori. Yori tumbled backwards and began a series
of blocks and dodges to counter both women’s relentless assaults. Going in Yori’s favor was that now
both Kim and Shego were extremely upset. She could tell that it was affecting their strategy, making
them sloppy. The two heroes had completely forsaken any sort of defensive maneuvering in favor of
an all-out attack. Going against Yori’s favor, however, was the fact that despite their anger, the two
heroes’ attacks were still somehow in perfect synch with each other. It was as if the two of them
could somehow read each other’s bodies before they even moved. Thus, as Yori moved to block or
dodge Kim’s attack, Shego would land a vicious blow of her own. And vice-versa.

After Yori suffered several moments of vicious pummeling under those circumstances, she suddenly
leapt up and into the tree that Kim and Shego’s attacks had driven her under.

“Shit!” Shego spat, looking up and failing to see the ninja.

“Eyes and ears open,” Kim said, even though she knew Shego didn’t need the reminder. Kim
immediately had her back to Shego in perfect synch. “She could appear anywhere.”

Laughter filled the air as Shego’s shoulders lurched violently. Kim flowed with the motion, ducking
and rolling under Shego’s shoulder to kick out at Shego’s assailant.

But no one was there.

“She got me with a damned needle,” Shego spat, pulling something out of her shoulder.
A tranquilizer dart, to be precise, Shego-san,” Yori’s voice explained from somewhere in the tree tops. “A little something to even the playing field.”

Shego blinked and stumbled back as the tranquilizer started to take effect.

Kim turned to look at Shego, concern in her eyes. “Shego!”

“Don’t worry... about me..., Princess,” Shego stammered as she stumbled and leaned against a nearby tree. “My healing factor... will eat... this shit up... for lunch. Just kick... that ninja bitch’s... ass for me.”

A shriek from off to the side caught Kim’s attention. “Oh, no!” Kim whispered in horror as her eyes went wide. “Monique!”

Kim spun around to head towards her best friend. Standing behind Monique, with a ninja-to sword blade to the dark-skinned beauty’s neck, was Yori. There was a hand crossbow in Yori’s free hand.

“Yori,” Kim pleaded, dropping out of her battle stance. “Please. Let her go. She’s innocent. It’s not her you want. It’s me.”

“You are, of course, correct on all counts, Possible-san,” Yori replied, pressing the ninja-to against Monique’s neck. “She is indeed innocent and it is indeed you that I want. However, she is also precious to you. So now she has become my bargaining chip. Submit to an honorable death, Possible-san, and I will set her free.”

Kim’s shoulders slumped as she considered her options. “Do I have your word of honor, as a member of the Yamanouchi clan, that you will set her free afterward?”

“No, Kim! Don’t!” Monique screamed, flailing helpless before Yori reminded her that she had an extremely sharp sword blade pressed dangerously against her neck. “This world needs you more than it needs me, Kim! Take her out!”

“That is an honorable sacrifice that you offer, Rochon-san,” Yori admired. “I will remember you. You are far better than these two... these two whores.” Yori then nodded to Kim. “You have my word of honor, Possible-san, as a member of the Yamanouchi clan. Once I have executed you, Rochon-san will be set free.”

“Just... one... clear... shot...,” Shego mumbled drunkenly to herself as she stood slumped against the tree, her fiery hand held clumsily up and aimed at Monique and Yori. “Fuck!... What... is this... stuff... she hit... me with...?”

Kim either did not hear Shego or chose to ignore her. Kim spread her arms out in a show of vulnerability. “Then take me, Yori. Just leave Monique and Shego in peace.”

“With pleasure,” Yori grinned as he brought her hand crossbow up and took aim.

“Halt! Who goes there?” came a man’s voice from off in the distance.

“It would seem that my plans for avenging Ron-kun’s death have been delayed,” Yori sighed, lowering both her hand crossbow and ninja-to. “Until we meet again, Possible-san.”

With that, Yori threw Monique to the side, ducked, and dove into some nearby bushes. Monique scrambled quickly to her hands and knees.

Two police officers approached the trio. Flashlights in hand, they examined the three women from a
short distance.

“What are you girls doing here?” one of the officers asked, glancing around. “You do know that the
cemetery grounds are closed to the public after 10pm, right?”

“Hey, aren’t you Kim Possible, the girl who let Ron Stoppable die?” the other police officer asked,
shining his light on the redhead as she collapsed to her knees in a fit of sobbing tears.

“And isn’t that Shego, the reformed criminal?” asked the first police officer, who was shining his
light on the delirious figure leaning against the nearby tree.

The second officer turned and shined his light on Monique. “Ma’am, do you mind telling us what is
going on here?”

Monique could only bite her lip softly as she stared at the officer.

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Kim and Monique sat in the holding cell of the Middleton Police Department. Monique was huddled
in the hero’s arms, crying softly.

“My parents can’t afford a $100,000 fine,” Monique sputtered, clutching onto Kim. “And now they
know I lied to them. I told them I was going to visit Felix and Zita, not you. They’re saying that if I
can’t abide by the rules of their house, I have to move out.”

“Let me talk to them, Mo’,” Kim soothed, trying to calm her best friend by rubbing her back. “I’m
sure they’ll understand if I explain to them....”

“No, they won’t,” Monique wailed. “They didn’t want me talking to you at all. Ever. I broke that
rule and then helped you break the law by violating the restraining order the Stoppables had against
you visiting Ron’s grave. They’re saying they can’t trust me anymore, Kim.”

“This is my fault, Monique,” Kim admitted. “I’ll make it up to you somehow.”

“Just like it was your fault Ron died?” Monique snapped, pushing Kim away slightly and looking at
the shocked hero in the eyes. “No, GF. I made my decision. I can take responsibility. Besides, I did it
because I love you. You’re the best sister-from-another-mother a girl could ever have. And I did it
because I knew it was right. You deserved to be able to say goodbye to Ron.”

Kim blinked for a couple of moments before she smiled softly and pulled Monique back into a hug.
“Thank you, Mo’. Thank you.”

Monique bowed her head into Kim’s shoulder and sighed. “I... I just don’t know what to do or
where to go from here.”

Kim considered Monique sympathetically for a moment. Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by a
familiar and very welcome voice.

“Okay, you two. Get up. We’re leaving.”

“Huh?” Monique stammered as she rose to face Shego, who was on the other side of the bars. The
ex-villain was still dressed in her black catsuit, but now had her purse slung over her shoulder. A
police officer next to Shego was unlocking the holding cell door.

“You didn’t...?” Kim asked guiltily.
Shego smiled smugly. “Oh, yes I did. I knew exactly what the judge was doing when he gave each of us a $100,000 dollar fine. He knew I could handle it. Yes, it hurt and $300,000 is enough to make me think twice before pulling a stunt like that again. But I could handle it. It also put a shitload of funds into the Middleton law enforcement coffers and allowed the judge to claim to the Stoppables that he stiffed us hardcore for violating their privacy like that. It’s a win for both the judge and I. I’m just required to get you out of town as soon as we leave here.”

“Thank you, Shego,” Monique mumbled sadly.

Shego smiled thinly and ruffled the dark-skinned beauty’s hair. “Hey, you were as much a victim of this as anyone. I kinda owed this to you. Kimmie, on the other hand, will be making this all up to me tonight.”

“Oh, yes, I will,” Kim smiled knowingly.

“I just need to go and get all of my stuff from my parents’ house and figure out where to go from there,” Monique said. “I’m... I’m no longer welcome there, after helping you guys out.”

“They straight kicked you out without even checking to see if you had someplace else to go first?” Shego asked in disbelief.

Monique nodded sadly, looking down at her feet.

Shego thought about it a moment, then turned to Kim.

“Hey, Pumpkin, you remember that idea we were toying around with a couple of weeks ago?”

“Oh, about...? Yeah, I remember,” Kim grinned. “You think we’re ready now?”

“More than ready,” Shego agreed. She then turned to Monique. “Okay, here’s the plan. I’ll drop you off at your parents’ house so you can get your stuff. Call me when you’re ready and I’ll come get you. In the meantime, Kimmie and I are going to go hit up Nerdlinger.”

“Where are we going?” Monique asked, looking at the ex-villainess curiously.

“To Vancouver,” Kim smiled, placing a gentle hand on her best friend’s shoulder. “We’re pulling Team Possible back together.”

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Yori opened the door to her motel room and stepped inside, locking the door behind her. It was on the outskirts of town, practically closer to Lowerton than to Middleton. And it was a room at what the Western culture would lovingly call a ‘roach motel.’ But that served Yori’s purposes well. It meant that she had privacy and few questions were asked of her.

She stepped over to her bed and placed her ninja pack on it. Reaching to the hem of her nightsuit top, she pulled the top up and over her head. Her skin was a beautiful and smooth dark cream color and her breasts were sheathed in a simple, utilitarian bra.

“While I am preparing for my shower,” Yori said suddenly, as if nothing were amiss, “would you like to ask me your questions?”

Will Du stepped out from the shadows of the corner of the room, a stern yet professional look to his face. “One would wonder where exactly to begin. Perhaps I should start by asking you why you desire so deeply to kill Kim Possible. As you attempted to do several hours ago.”
Yori unlatched her bra, shrugged it off of her shoulders, and tossed it unceremoniously onto the bed. She made no indication of being uncomfortable with Will Du’s presence as she untied the lacing to her nightsuit breeches and pushed both it and whatever might have been underneath it down past her slender hips.

“I have already explained that to both you and Director-san, Du-san,” Yori stated. “I loved Ron-kun. Possible-san stole him from me and then led him to his death. It shall be my honor to see that Possible-san pays for Ron-kun’s death in kind.”

Will Du nodded simply as Yori tossed her ninja breeches onto the bed. Yori then stepped over to the room’s dresser and retrieved a simple camisole and a pair of panties. She still wasn’t making any effort to hide her nudity from Will Du. She also wasn’t making any effort to draw attention to it.

“That would explain your very understandable anger at Kim Possible,” Will Du agreed, seemingly nonplussed about the scene before him. “But, I would imagine that the ninja code of honor that demands an eye for an eye would be decidedly outdated, especially for the Yamanouchi, who are renowned for their progressive thinking.”

Yori stepped past Will Du, entering the bathroom and setting her change of clothes on the bathroom counter. “I had come to Middleton simply to find answers concerning Ron-kun’s death,” Yori admitted as she turned around and bent over to start the water flowing for a shower. “But once I arrived at the Middleton airport, I realized that I had to do more. I had to avenge his death.”

“I see,” Will Du said, his back still to the bathroom door, since he never turned to follow Yori. “What made you come to that realization?”

“It was a feeling that I had,” Yori replied as she stepped into the shower. “Your Western culture might refer to it as ‘woman’s intuition.’”

Will Du turned towards the bathroom as he heard the door to the shower click shut. “But you did not experience this bout of intuition until you had arrived in Middleton?”

“That is correct, Du-san,” Yori called back from over the sound of the shower. “Why do you ask?”

“Simply investigating the circumstances of last night’s events,” Will Du replied back loudly. He then pulled a cell phone out of his pocket, punched a few buttons, and held it to his ear.

“Yes, Will, report,” came the voice of Dr. Betty Director from the other end of the phone line.

“My investigation into last night’s events has hit a dead end, ma’am,” Will Du replied softly, hoping he could not be heard over the sound of the shower. “However, I would like permission to investigate a lead I’ve uncovered about possible events occurring in Middleton.”

“Will this lead directly to the capture of Monkey Fist or Electronique?” Betty asked.

“I do not know for certain, ma’am,” Will Du answered honestly.

“Then I cannot grant you that permission,” Betty said. “I need you focused on the matter of tracking down Monkey Fist and Electronique. Wrap up your investigation into last night’s attack and then report back to headquarters.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Will Du replied, nodding his head even though he knew Betty couldn’t see it. “I will be returning shortly. Will Du out.” Will Du then snapped his cell phone shut and returned it to his pocket. “However, that does not mean I cannot investigate the Middleton matter on my own time.”
“Du-san?” Yori suddenly called out from the still running shower.

“Yes, Miss Yori?” Will Du replied, turning back towards the bathroom.

“Since you are still here investigating my actions,” Yori said. “Would you kindly accept the honor of scrubbing my back for me?”

Will Du rose a brow curiously at Yori as the shower door cracked open and Yori’s hand emerged, holding a back scrubber.

[END CHAPTER ELEVEN]
Kim Possible leaned back into the passenger seat of Shego’s rental convertible as it pulled away from Monique’s parents’ house. She and Shego had just dropped Kim’s best friend off to collect her belongings. Kim still felt bad... as much as Monique wanted to argue personal responsibility and accountability, deep down Kim knew that if Kim hadn’t dragged Monique to the graveyard last night, Monique wouldn’t be facing eviction from her parents’ house. How could any parent turn their backs on their child like that?

And then there was the fight with Yori.

“Wanna talk to me, Princess?” Shego asked from the driver’s seat of the convertible. The concern in her voice was apparent.

“I was just thinking about the fight last night,” Kim replied, closing her eyes and wincing. Shego was a fair masseuse and had tended to Kim’s aching muscles while they were in their holding cell and Monique was facing the judge. But Kim still hurt in places she didn’t know she had. “Neither of us had our heads in the game, did we?”

Shego shook her head. “That bitch is good and you did warn me,” she admitted. “But you’re right; we didn’t have our heads in the game. I let my anger get the better of me and I’m suspecting that you were still reeling emotionally from your talk with Ron. Which just ups my respect for this ninja’s skill, though. She waited until we were both emotionally at our weakest and used that weakness against us just as easily as any sword or club.”

Kim nodded. “We can’t let that happen again. Not if we’re going to move forward with this.”

“We’re not going to let it happen again,” Shego agreed harshly. Kim could tell that Shego was admonishing herself just as much as anything else. “We’re almost four months out of practice, Kimmie. We’re going to get back into the game, we’re going get back on top of the game, and we’re going to kick some major league ass along the way.”

Kim nodded and smiled. She was actually looking forward to this. Looking forward to getting back into the world-saving game. Having Wade at her back. Having a partner with which she could trust her life at her side. Taking on the challenges of supervillains, criminal masterminds, and mad scientists. Not only taking her life back, but taking it by the horns and leading it where she wanted it to go.

Shego looked over at Kim and couldn’t help but smirk knowingly. There it was. Something Shego hadn’t seen in over four months. That spark in Kim’s eyes when the hero knew she was facing a challenge that only her wits and skills could overcome. That same spark that Shego always saw when Kim fought Shego in her attempt to stop one of Drakken’s many insane attempts to take over the world.

Shego fell in love all over again.

“Turn left here,” Kim said, pointing down a street. In doing so, she didn’t lose that spark in her eye. If for anything, it got stronger. “We’re almost there.”

Shego nodded and made the turn. She was getting as excited as Kim was.
“Kimberly!” Mrs. Load smiled as she opened the front door to her house. “You’re alive!”

“Hi, Mrs. Load,” Kim smiled as the dark-skinned woman greeted the hero with a tight hug. “Is Wade in?”

Kim knew it was a rhetorical question. But she wanted to be polite.

“Oh of course he is, silly,” Mrs. Load laughed, stepping aside to let Kim and Shego inside. “When is he not in? In fact, he already has some guests. Please, please, come in.”

Kim cocked a brow at Mrs. Load as she stepped into the house and kicked her shoes off. “He has guests?”

“Yes,” Mrs. Load nodded. “That lovely young man, Felix, is here with his girlfriend. Apparently, Felix and Wade are working on some project or another.”

“Felix and Zita are here?” Kim asked. “Spankin’! Talk about killing two birds with one stone. Oh, hey, Mrs. Load, I’m sure you know of Shego.”

“Hello, Mrs. Load,” Shego greeted, nodding her head politely. Kim could tell Shego was working very, very hard to be on her best behavior.

“No worries, Mrs. Load,” Shego sighed, waving a hand dismissively. “I keep forgetting that Ner... er, I mean, Wade... has his finger on the pulse of the world. You can’t be expected to keep track of the sensitivity of the information he talks to you about. I will be speaking to him about discretion, however.”

“Of course, dear,” Mrs. Load agreed nervously. “I... will he be...?”

“I won’t hurt him, I promise,” Shego assured the older woman. “Even if I wanted to, I can’t afford that kind of hit against my pardon. Not now. I’m just going to talk to him and make sure he understands that he can’t just talk about anything he wants to, even to his mother.”

“Oh, okay,” Mrs. Load breathed, obviously relieved. “Well, everyone is up in Wade’s room. You remember where that is, right, Kimberly?”

“I sure do, Mrs. Load,” Kim replied, hugging the woman mightily. “Thank you so much.”

“You’re very welcome,” Mrs. Load smiled, patting the hero gently on the back.

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“KIM!” all three people cried as Kim and Shego entered Wade’s bedroom. The teen genius, Wade
Load, was sitting predictably as his ultra-hi-tech computer station. Felix, in his wheelchair, was sitting nearby with a similarly hi-tech laptop in his lap. Felix’s girlfriend, Zita Flores, was sitting on Wade’s bed, using yet another advanced laptop (most likely playing the *Everlot* online computer game). However, as soon as Kim and Shego entered the room, Felix, Wade, and Zita were immediately setting aside whatever they were working on. Zita literally launched herself off of the bed and attacked Kim with a flying tackle glomp.

“Hey, guys!” Kim laughed, hugging Zita warmly. “I’m so glad to see you too.”

Felix rolled up next to Kim and his girlfriend. “Are you feeling any better now, Kim?”

“As opposed to how I felt when I ran away from home?” Kim asked, considering Felix’s look of concern. “A hell of a lot better. Some things have happened that’s made my life so much better.” Kim then turned back to Zita. “Girl, I have to tell you...”

“No, *chica,*” Zita replied, literally bouncing up and down. “Me first!” She then showed Kim her hand.

Both Kim and Shego’s eyes went wide. On Zita’s finger was a gorgeous solitaire engagement ring. A single 1/5 carat diamond in a starburst cut sat upon a white gold band.

Kim looked back up at Zita with wide eyes. “For real?”

“For uber real, *chica!*” Zita exclaimed excitedly. “Felix even got onto Everlot and got both of our guilds together to witness his proposal. *Fue tan romántico!*”

Kim looked down at Felix in disbelief. The wheelchair-bound whiz simply smiled and shrugged.

“What can I say? As the commercial says, Every Kiss Begins With Kay.”

“When?” Kim asked excitedly at Zita.

“No date set yet,” Zita admitted. “But trust me, *chica,* you’ll be one of the first ten people to know once we do know that date.”

“I better be,” Kim smirked. Both girls giggled excitedly while Shego could only smirk and shake her head mirthfully.

“By the way,” Zita said, sobering somewhat. “I was wrong to say the things I said to you a couple of months ago. Felix and I had a long, heart-to-heart talk about that...”

Felix cleared his throat dramatically at that.

“Okay,” Zita admitted as Kim looked at Felix curiously. “It was the first really big, drag-out fight we had in our relationship. But Felix was right and I did you wrong.”

“I’ve been hearing way too many apologies lately,” Shego laughed softly, shaking her head.

Kim responded by simply sticking her tongue out playfully at her girlfriend. She then turned back to Zita. “It’s okay, Zita,” Kim said softly, squeezing the girl’s shoulders reassuringly. “We were all hurt by Ron’s death. We all had our coping mechanisms.”

Zita could only nod softly at that.

“Now, my turn!” Kim smiled. “I know it’s only been five months since Ron’s death, but I’ve found someone new with whom I’ve grown madly in love.”
“Wade!” Felix laughed teasingly. “You dog!”

“What?” Wade yipped in wide-eyed shock. “Hey! No! I haven’t even spoken to Kim in the last four months!”

“It’s not Wade, you goof!” Kim laughed, slapping the back of Felix’s head playfully. “It is someone in this room, though.”

A silence fell upon the room for several moments. Then, every set of eyes turned slowly to Shego.

“You mean...?” Zita started to ask.

Shego smirked and waved flirtatiously at the group.

“Chica!” Zita gasped, looking back at Kim. “I didn’t know you...”

“Neither did I,” Kim admitted, shrugging. “Not until after graduation. And things just kinda fell into place.”

“And, in Shego’s defense,” Wade added, “She’s been doing some great work for Global Justice since the Lowardian Invasion. As much as she’d probably hate to admit it, she’s one of the good guys now.”

“That reminds me, Nerdlinger,” Shego growled playfully. “You and I need to talk about what you talk to your mother about. Especially when it comes to my missions.”

“Oops!” Wade winced.

“Don’t worry, Wade,” Kim smiled. “It’ll only take a couple of days to heal up afterwards.”

“Thanks for the reassurance, Kim,” Wade deadpanned dryly.

“No big,” Kim replied, shrugging.

“So, beyond relationship news,” Felix said, slapping his hands together. “What’s up with you guys.”

“Well,” Kim said, stepping over to Wade’s bed and sitting down. “I’ve taken a couple of months to get my head back on straight and get myself back together. Shego’s been a great big, huge help in that. Now, we’re wanting to put Team Possible back together.”

“That’s music to my ears,” Wade exclaimed, spinning around to one of his keyboards. He began typing furiously. “In fact, Felix and I have been working on a few projects in the hopes you’d find yourself again.”

“Really?” Kim asked, astonished. Zita sat down on the bed next to Kim, smiling and watching the procession with pride.

As if to answer Kim’s question, a portion of Wade’s closet slid out like a display panel. Inside the display case was a battle suit very similar to the one that Kim had worn against the Diablo robots and against Warmonga. However, this one was aesthetically different. While it was still white with blue trim, the gloves and boots were noticeably bulkier. The kneepads and elbow pads were bulkier, as well. A short sleeve, open face jacket, itself white with blue trim, hung on the shoulders of the battle suit.

Kim stepped up to the suit, gazing on it with wonder in her eyes. “Wow! Is this what I think it is?”
“The Centurion Battle Suit Mark II,” Wade agreed, turning back to the group. “The jacket, gloves, boots, and pads are all enhanced with the new micro-kevlar fabric that Global Justice has been using in its uniforms lately. The suit, including the jacket, are still self-repairing. And the suit itself still enhances your strength and reflexes.”

“Spankin’!” Kim breathed, tracing her fingers along the jacket.

“I’m not done,” Wade continued. “The suit’s strength is enhanced. While you have its micro-graviton enhancers active, you should be able to lift as much mass as a small jet or an elephant.”

Shego raised a brow to that. “Wow, Princess. That’ll put you at just about my level.”

“Which was my intention,” Wade agreed. “Not only that, but the suit’s self-repair system can extend somewhat to the wearer herself. While it’s not going give you any sort of healing factor like Shego’s got, you’ll be able to stave off pain and fatigue for far longer than a normal person.”

“Nice!” Kim smiled, turning to the boy genius.

“And I’ve incorporated a limited version of the speed shoes into the battle suit. While you’re not going to be able to go so fast as to run across water or get lost in the speed zone, you should be able to keep pace with a speeding car quite easily.”

Kim’s eyes went wide at that.

“Yeah,” Wade smiled humorlessly. “After the whole Electronique thing, I kinda worked overtime to make sure you would be able to contend with villains like her if you needed to again.”

“Thank you, Wade,” Kim said, stepping across the room and kissing the boy genius on the cheek. “As always, you rock.”

“Thanks, Kim,” Wade smiled, blushing slightly.

“I am really impressed, Nerdlinger,” Shego said, admiring the suit. “What’s a girl gotta do to get a toy like that for herself?”

“As fate would have it,” Wade said, turning back to his keyboard, “I’ve been working on a little something for you too.”

The inside of the display case spun around. In place of the Centurion Mark II suit, a similar suit revealed itself. Instead of being white with blue trim, it was black with green trim. Otherwise, it was aesthetically the same.

Shego’s eyed the suit curiously.
“I call it the Malefactor Battle Suit Mark I,” Wade admitted, pointing to the suit. “I didn’t pour as much ingenuity into it as the Centurion suit, given that you’re already superstrong, have an innate healing factor, and can generate plasma. But it is still a self-repairing suit and the bulkier portions are still reinforced with micro-kevlar fabric.”

Shego nodded. “I can’t argue against that. And you designed the look yourself?”

“Um, no...,” Wade admitted, scratching the back of his head. “I kinda got Monique to help me with that part.”

“I knew I was hiring that girl for a good reason,” Shego smirked.

“What you’ll want to look at, Shego, is the gloves,” Wade pointed out.

Shego looked at the boy genius curiously for a moment, then stepped up to the suit. Carefully lifting one of the gloves into her hand, she noticed that the fingers and thumb each ended with a small but vicious looking talon.

“Those claws are made from a substance that was recently invented at the Space Center,” Wade explained. “It’s a synthetic diamond substance they call ultra-diamond, harder than almost any other known material.”

Shego smiled and nodded appreciatively. “You already know how much I love my claws. I take it from the tone in your voice that you’re ready to impress me even more?”

“Well, ultra-diamond was developed to withstand the rigors of atmospheric reentry without material degradation,” Wade continued. “They wanted to use it to coat the noses of the manned rocket ships they were building. But, oddly enough, it goes a step beyond that.”

Shego turned and considered the boy’s words.

“Not only does it withstand intense heat and friction without material degradation,” Wade said, “it grows even denser and harder when influenced by intense heat.”

Shego’s eyes went wide.

“That means that your new claws, while you have your hands enveloped with your plasma, become the strongest and sharpest melee weapons on the face of the planet.”

“Oh, okay, how does Kimmie say it?” Shego grinned, turning back to admire her new suit. “Nerdlinger... no, wait... Wade, you rock!”

Wade smiled proudly and shrugged. “It’s what I do. And one more thing. I ran some computerized trials and I believe that those ultra-diamond claws can also channel your plasma. What that means is that, given some creativity and practice, you might be able to come up with some neat new tricks to pull with your plasma.”

Shego looked back at Kim. Both women had the same look in their eyes. The look of children on Christmas morning.

“Don’t forget about the new Kimmunicators,” Zita exclaimed, pointing at the suit.

“New Kimmunicators?” Kim asked curiously.

“Oh, yeah,” Wade said, punching a few more keys on his keyboard.
Suddenly a tiny holographic screen with Wade’s image appeared out of thin air about half an inch over the glove that Shego was holding. Shego gasped involuntarily from being startled.

“Each of the suit’s left gloves has a dedicated Kimmunicator unit built in,” Wade explained, waving at Shego through the holographic screen. “Each one can connect with me or connect with each other via separate channels. I can even establish a multiple user connection via my control station. And each one has every other function I’ve built into previous Kimmunicators.”

“Spankin’!” Kim smiled.

“The fun’s not over yet,” Felix smiled, turning his laptop around to show the screen to the women. “Check this out.”

Shego knelt down in front of Felix and studied the screen carefully. Finally, she let out a low whistle. “I forgot your mother was a mechanical genius.”

“She is,” Felix smiled. “And I’d like to think I picked that up from her. So, you like it?”

“Like it?” Shego breathed, looking up at the wheelchair-bound technical genius. “Renton, if these specs are for real, I’m surprised you’re showing it to me and not trying to sell it to the government for billions!”

“Honestly,” Felix said, looking at Shego. “that’s already in negotiation. I know I could use the money. But the prototype is already built and sitting at the Space Center. I was kinda hoping that Team Possible would put it through its paces. Showing it in action would make selling it a lot easier.”

Shego smiled knowingly. She was liking this kid more and more. Shego then turned to look at Zita. “Girl, don’t you ever let go of this man. Do you hear me?”

Zita’s response was to show off her ring again. “Chica, that was never on the agenda.”

Shego considered Felix and Zita momentarily. “Hey, what do you two feel about relocating?”

Felix and Zita looked at each other curiously.

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Kim watched as the clouds moved swiftly underneath her. Gazing out from one of the passenger seats of the Team Possible’s new supersonic transport jet, the Firebird, Kim had a spectacular view of the landscape below.

Getting to the Firebird had been an interesting task. As it turned out, several of her father’s coworkers at the Space Center had the same negative opinion of Kim as much of Middleton did, especially after records of Kim, Shego, and Monique’s arrests the night before went public. So the scientists had disagreed to allow her or any member of Team Possible access to the Space Center grounds. Dr. James Possible, Dr. Cynthia Renton, and Dr. Vivian Porter (the only three scientists at the Space Center on speaking terms with Kim) had to pilot the Firebird to the helipad at Dr. Drakken’s lair outside of Middleton. After offering promises to all four scientists present that she and her allies would be careful and take care of themselves, the whole of Team Possible set off in the Firebird towards Vancouver.

Well, almost the whole of Team Possible.

“Are you sure you don’t want to come along?” Kim had asked of Wade before they had left.
“Trust me, Kim,” Wade had laughed at the question. “That fallout lair of yours has computers. I’ll already be there waiting on you guys when you get there.”

“Good point,” Kim had agreed, hugging the boy genius and kissing him one more time on the cheek before taking her leave.

So now Team Possible included Kim and Shego with support from Wade Load as mission control and gadget inventor, Felix Renton as their resident mechanic and engineer, Monique Rochon as public relations, mission uniform designer, and backup field agent, and Zita Flores as den mother, backup pilot, and backup mission control.

“This is a such a major change,” Monique said suddenly, taking a deep breath. “I mean, I’m really looking forward to having more time to work on my fashion design degree and career. But it’s going to feel so weird not waking up each morning to open up Club Banana.”

Kim smiled at her best friend. “Well, Clara seemed to take your resignation well.”

“I’ve been grooming Clara to take over the store for me once I did go full-time to college,” Monique admitted. “She was already up to the challenge and was actually looking forward to it.” She then looked at Kim, a bit of a frightened expression in her eyes. “I just hope I can live up to your expectations, GF.”

Kim took Monique’s hands into her own and held Monique’s chocolate-kissed eyes with her own olive eyes. “Monique, you already have, a hundred thousand times over. You may not be a technical genius or a badass battle powerhouse, but you always know just the right thing to say at just the right time. You’ve got a head for common sense and right versus wrong that few other people have. Something tells me that you’re going to be the heart and soul of this team.”

“Thanks, Kim,” Monique smiled.

“We’ll have to do some remodeling or at least some rearranging,” Shego admitted from her place in the pilot’s seat. “Originally, the lair was supposed to only support me, Drakken, and a handful of henchmen. That means there are only two private suites.”

“Well, I figure,” Kim said, thinking for a moment, “that we can let Felix and Zita use Drakken’s old suite. It’s only fair, since they’re a couple and all that.”

“Wow!” Zita said, looking over at Kim. “Thanks! I appreciate that.”

Felix, seated at the co-pilot station, smiled and nodded in agreement. “Yes, thank you.”

“And you and Monique sleep on bunks in the barrack room?” Shego asked quizzically. “Um, Pumpkin, I don’t know if I like that idea.”

“We can convert one of the unused labs into a private room,” Kim countered. “Monique is a designer at heart. I’m sure that with a little bit of time and resources, she can make it feel just like home.”

“You know it, girl,” Monique smiled.

“She’ll just have to use the common shower room for her restroom facilities,” Kim smirked at her best friend.

“Just no peeking at my luscious body, Miss Thang,” Monique admonished the redhead. Kim simply laughed in response.
Kim then stood up from her seat, snaked gracefully behind the pilot’s seat, and draped her arms affectionately around the ex-villainess seated there. She leaned in and nibbled playfully at Shego’s earlobe before stage whispering in her ear, “And tonight, I planned on negotiating on where I would be sleeping from here on out.” She then added huskily after a moment’s pause, “I’m ready.”

Shego’s face turned a deep shade of green as she stomped violently on the jet’s floor. “God damn mother fu... Kimberly Anne Possible! Not while I’m piloting! Damn it! Now I’m all worked up!”

The entire group laughed loudly at the scene. As they did, Kim snuggled into her hug around Shego and smiled.

This was going to be a great team.

[END CHAPTER TWELVE]
Chapter 13

The *Firebird* lowered through the hidden hatchway the fallout lair. It gently touched down in the underground hangar, a couple dozen yards or so away from Shego’s hovercraft. After a few moments, a ramp lowered from the belly of the *Firebird*, allowing its passengers to disembark.

Shego held out her hands to show off the hangar. “This is the hangar level, the topmost level. Renton, this is your kingdom when you’re on the clock. You’re in charge of both the Firebird and the hovercraft, as well as any other vehicles we might get.”

“Sweet!” Felix Renton smiled, looking around the room as his wheelchair zipped across the floor.

“Well, except my motorcycle,” Shego quickly amended. “No one touches my motorcycle except for me. Not even Kimmie.”

“Awww!” Kim Possible groaned playfully. She looked dramatically hurt at her girlfriend.

“Don’t worry, Pumpkin,” Shego smirked and winked. “I’ll take you for a ride sometime.”

Kim snickered at the implied double entendre.

“This is also the most vulnerable level of the lair,” Shego continued as she escorted the group to a nearby elevator. “So it’s laced with some pretty heavy hidden firepower. If Nerdlinger is worth his wage, he’s already checked all of it out and made sure it works like Drakken intended it to.”

The group then entered the elevator and went down to the next floor. It took a lot longer than any of them had expected.

“The hangar level is separated from the rest of the lair by thirty feet of earth, stone, concrete, and steel,” Shego explained as the group stepped out of the elevator and walked down the hallway. “This is the research and strategy level. We have several labs on this level. Doc would have built his latest doomsday device on this level then moved it via mobile platform to a tower located about half a mile down the coastline. The war room is also on this level; this would have been the room where Drakken would have spent hours popping off at the mouth about how his latest scheme was the greatest ever and how some nameless, beautiful, yet annoyingly persistent redheaded hero and her blonde sidekick could not possibly be able to stop him this time.”

Shego smiled at the audible chuckle she got out of Kim on that one.

“That war room will now be our briefing room,” Shego said, stopping at the open doorway to the room in question. “If Nerdlinger needs to talk to us as a group, we’ll gather in there to hear him out. The table in the center has a holographic projector in the center. It was intended for global maps and three-dimensional schematics, but I’m sure the boy genius can project his image as well. And we’ll probably convert the doomsday device room into some sort of danger room or obstacle course for Kimmie and I.”

“And me,” Monique added quickly. “I’m pulling my weight too.”

Kim looked at her best friend with concern, but said nothing.

“We’ll take *that* one step at a time, ‘Nique,” Shego smiled sympathetically. “In the meantime, the labs are open to whoever needs them... which I’ll assume will be mostly Renton and Nerdlinger.”
“Most likely,” Felix smiled.

“Back to the elevator,” Shego declared, leading the group back.

Another thirty or so feet further down, the group disembarked the elevator again. The assembled heroes (except for Kim and Shego) were surprised. Despite the fact that this level was most likely over a hundred feet underground, it felt open, spacious, fresh, and inviting. Instead of the Hermetic techno-noir feel of the previous level, this level featured a plethora of potted plants, green carpeting, paintings and artwork of various sorts, the sound of a stream or waterfall somewhere in the distance, and motes of light in the ceiling that felt comfortably like natural sunlight.

“This, ladies and gentlemen,” Shego presented, “is the residential level. It features my suite, Doc’s old suite, a henchman barrack room, a commissary, a common room, a library/study, a hot spring room, and a couple more labs just for good measure.”

“And, like I said before,” Kim added, “those extra labs can be easily converted into bedrooms.”

“*Muy bonito!*” Zita breathed, glancing around at the scenery. “Wait, did you just say hot spring?”

Shego grinned. “It was always a part of my contract with Doctor D. Every lair had to have one. Honestly, my ability to escape to its warm comforts was the one thing keeping me from mutilating the blue idiot at times.”

“And it does feel good,” Kim agreed, smiling mischievously at the others.

“Well, guys,” Monique yawned, stepping forward. “I hate to be a party pooper, but I haven’t slept since 7am yesterday. And that was Mountain time... this is Pacific. I think I’ll just crash on one of the barrack bunks and worry about my room tomorrow.”

“I don’t blame you, ‘Nique,” Shego nodded as she motioned the dark-skinned beauty down the hallway. “My healing factor is probably the only reason I’m still on my feet right now. Let me show you where the barrack is at and get you some bedding. Then I think I’ll hit the hot spring myself. Anyone care to join me?”

“Actually, Shego,” Kim replied, taking Zita by the arm, “I was wondering if Zita and I could take the hovercraft down to the village for a supply run.”

“*Que?”* Zita asked curiously. A nudge and a grin from Kim got her back into the game. “Oh! Yeah, you know, in case there’s only enough food for you and Kim here and all that.”

“That’s actually a good idea,” Shego nodded. “Okay, you two make sure not to get any scratches on my hovercraft. And behave.”

“Yes, Shego,” both Kim and Zita chorused, smiling impishly. The two of them then ran back to the elevator.

“That’ll give me a chance to unload Monique’s, Zita’s, and my stuff off of the Firebird,” Felix said, nodding to Shego. “With the recent upgrades to my wheelchair, that’ll be a cinch.”

“Thank you, Renton,” Shego nodded. She watched as her new chief engineer rolled up to the elevator and accompanied the girls upstairs.

“Now, about your bunk,” Shego said, turning to Monique.

A very tired looking Monique smiled gratefully at her new boss.
A few hours later, Shego sat in the soothing, hot waters of the indoor hot spring. This one was especially elaborate, which Shego appreciated. It felt more like a Japanese garden and a natural hot spring combined into one. Soft new age music wafted through the room, adding yet another layer of calm to the atmosphere.

Shego closed her eyes and smiled. This was one of the few rooms within which she could truly relax if Drakken was actively pursuing a mad scheme to take over the world. During those times, she was the only one allowed in this room. Not even Drakken would go inside. Now, Shego was sharing the lair with three other women. She was going to have to learn to share.

 Damn, the things I do for my Princess, Shego thought to herself.

Shego couldn’t help but laugh out loud at that thought. With everyone else women, Felix Renton had that whole anime harem thing going on. Good thing Kim and Shego were absolutely devoted to each other and Felix and Zita were absolutely devoted to each other. And Shego suspected Monique would never think of getting between any of them.

We need to find someone for poor ‘Nique, Shego thought to herself. I wonder what her tastes are.

Shego’s mind then wandered over the last couple of hours. Kim and Zita left on that supply run. Shego was worried about Kim. Kim had been awake for nearly as long as Monique. Shego’s healing factor countered the lactic acid buildup that some scientists believed caused fatigue, so Shego could carry on without sleep for longer periods of time. But Kim must be running on fumes right now. Shego hoped she’d be okay.

While the girls were gone, Felix unloaded the Firebird just as he promised he’d do. Shego felt somewhat bad about leaving a handicapped person to do the major grunt work. But Felix had a sharp mind and knew just the right way to use his tricked-out wheelchair to get the job done quickly. At the one point at which she did try to help, Shego quickly learned that she was just getting in Felix’s way. Not only did he unload his, Zita’s, and Monique’s stuff, he delivered all of the goods to the appropriate rooms (his and Zita’s stuff to Kim’s old suite and Monique’s stuff to the lab room that Shego decided would become Monique’s room). He even packed up all of Kim’s stuff from her old suite and moved it to Shego’s suite.

Shego was going to enjoy having Felix here.

Suddenly, Shego smelled something in the air. It smelled very, very good. And it reminded the ex-villainess that she had not ate since right before dropping Monique off at her parents’ house to collect her stuff.

Shego rose out of the hot spring and dried herself off. She was in a bikini swimsuit, so she grabbed a nearby robe and draped it over her body. Normally, she wouldn’t care—Felix was the only man in the group, after all. But she didn’t want to make either Felix or Zita uncomfortable. At least, not until the teasing could be taken in good humor and fun.

It was a short, brisk walk from the hot spring room to the commissary. As she stepped inside, she saw Felix and Monique sitting at the table that Kim and Shego always sat at, watching Zita as she scurried about the kitchenette area.

Shego stepped up to the table and glanced at Monique with concern. “You doing okay, ‘Nique?”

Monique nodded tiredly. “I got a couple of hours sleep. I’m still exhausted. But Felix is right. If I
don’t eat now, I’ll feel like ass when I do wake up.”

“Just trying to take care of my girls,” Felix smiled playfully, eliciting a giggle from the kitchenette.

“So, what’s on the menu tonight, beautiful lady?” Shego asked, turning to Zita.

“For Felix, Mo’, and me, it’s beef stroganoff with baby carrots, a side salad, and grape juice to wash it down,” Zita replied, taking a moment to stir whatever was in the pot on the stovetop.

“Sound deli...,” Shego started to respond. She then paused. “Wait. That’s for just you three? What about me and Kimmie?”

Zita then turned to Shego, spatula in hand, sporting a grin that seemed to scream out that she was privy to some sort of inside joke. “Go back to your room, *chica*. You’ll see.”

Monique couldn’t suppress a giggle, which made Shego worry even more.

“Wow,” Shego said, laughing nervously. “I invite a bunch of people into my home and their first order of business is to send me to my room.”

Felix smiled reassuringly. “Trust us, Shego. You’ll like this.”

“Um, okay,” Shego drawled, turning to leave the room.

It better not be like this every night, Shego thought to herself. *Or me and Kimmie are having words.*

Shego walked into the living room of her suite, still trying to decide if she should feel dejected, angry, confused, or just plain hungry. That beef stroganoff sounded absolutely divine, and Shego was starving.

The ex-villainess stopped in her tracks as she took in the sight in front of her.

Two throw pillows had been placed strategically across from each other by the generously sized coffee table, which itself was covered by a beautiful Oriental silk tablecloth. A single stemmed candle sat, lit, in the center of the table. Dinner settings for two people surrounded the candle. The overhead lights were dimmed down low, allowing not only that candle, but the several other candles lit around the room to cast a warm, flickering cascade of light around the room. Soft, romantic music was flowing easily through the room.

“Welcome home, sweetheart,” came a voice from off to the side.

Shego glanced and saw her Princess. The redhead stood there, dressed simply in a silk blouse and slacks that somehow made her look even more stunning than she already was. In each hand, which were both clothed in oven mitts, she held a casserole dish.

“Kimmie?” Shego asked breathlessly, suddenly feeling *very* underdressed.

“I remember you telling me one time your favorite foods were curry dishes,” Kim replied, her soft, pleasant voice somehow sending delightful chills down Shego’s spine. “So while we were out, I stopped by a Thai cafe in the village and picked up some food. We’ll start off with coconut curried mussels and a rose petal salad. Our main course with be red curry chicken with jasmine-scented rice. And, for dessert, I have the fixings for fried bananas. We’ll be making those *together.*” Kim then looked at Shego with a mischievous grin. “There’s even chocolate sauce and whipped cream for
Shego’s heart melted right there on the spot. Kimmie seemed to have put a lot of thought into this. The coordinated dishes, the romantic setting, the way she dressed. It was all too perfect. Shego really did love her curry. And she was starting to love Kimmie even more... if that were even possible.

Then again, it seemed to be as they say... Anything is possible for a Possible.

Kim strolled over and carefully placed the casserole dishes on the table. Shego took a moment to consider Kim’s ass with a smile, since the hero had gone to all of the trouble of bending at the waist to set the dishes down.

“You are going all out tonight, eh, Princess,” Shego said, finally finding her voice.

Kim turned around to look at Shego, walking over to the ex-villainess and crossing her arms across the back of the ex-villainess’ shoulders. “I did tell you that I would be negotiating for my place to sleep tonight, did I not?”

Shego grinned a toothy grin. “Oh, Kimmie, I think you’re doing a splendid job so far.”

Kim leaned in and whispered huskily in Shego’s ear, “Just wait. It gets better. I know it’s a couple of days early, but... Happy Valentine’s Day, my love.”

Before Shego could say anything, Kim’s lips began to play teasingly on Shego’s earlobe and down the side of her neck. Shego’s eyes fluttered shut as she leaned her head back, allowing Kim to kiss gently across the side of Shego’s neck. Kim’s hands trailed gently across Shego’s shoulders and down the front of Shego’s robe. Kim’s fingers laced firmly into the lapels of the robe, allowing Kim to kiss and lick gently down past Shego’s collarbone and...

“Gyah!” Shego gasped, finally finding the willpower to push Kim slightly away. She smiled weakly at the hero, hoping that it would indicate that Shego was not mad at her. The playful look in Kim’s eyes and smile told Shego that she need not have worried. “Dinner, Cupcake. Let’s... let’s eat dinner.”

Kim smiled mischievously. “Let’s.”

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Kim collapsed onto the bed, exhausted and dripping with sweat. The afterglow coursing through her body was overwhelming. Tonight had to have been one of the most spectacularly wonderful nights of her life.

New Year’s Eve took an extremely close second place, given that it was profoundly romantic and had opened up the doors to the journey that had ultimately led to tonight.

But Kim had never enjoyed sex with another person before. Even by herself, Kim had never really felt the need to pleasure herself.

Tonight made Kim wonder what the hell she had been thinking, waiting this long.

Kim glanced over at Shego. The wicked, evil, green-hued woman had made Kim reach her peak several times... more often than Kim had thought possible. But the glazed look in Shego’s eyes spoke volumes about Kim’s ability to give as good as she got.

Shego was clearly the more experienced lover. What had shocked Kim the most had been the trick
that Shego pulled with her plasma. The ex-villainess had draped both of their bodies in a shroud of plasma. Kim then felt something akin to a hundred heating pads performing a tantric massage across her entire body. Kim would learn later that Shego had learned to focus during lovemaking so that her plasma could form dozens of tiny motes of heat, just hot enough to warm the skin pleasantly. With that and Shego’s very experienced fingers, the sensations had catapulted Kim into her first few climaxes. From the way Shego was reacting to Kim’s convulsions, the ex-villainess must have been getting rather turned on by the sight.

Not to be outdone, Kim had explored every inch of Shego’s body with her fingers, her lips, and her tongue. Shego had been surprised at how boldly Kim had tasted around her entire body, setting off one chain reaction after another in spite of her inexperience. Feeling a warm tongue in certain places for the first time in over a year had nearly caused Shego to black out from the resulting climax.

And the caution with which Kim had tasted... there... for the very first time had been ridiculously cute.

Now the two of them lay on the bed together, gazing into each other’s eyes. Despite their half-lidded, fluttered appearances, their eyes had an intensity that spoke volumes about the love for each other that they were continuing to explore. And there was something profoundly erotic about the eyes...

Kim’s naked body convulsed suddenly, an aftershock of the plethora of climaxes she had enjoyed.

Shego chuckled softly at the sight, causing Kim to smile and chuckle in return. Propping herself up on one elbow, Shego gazed down at her Princess. “So, it was that good, eh?”

Kim took a moment to catch her breath before responding. “Shego, why did I make you wait so long for that? Oh, my God, why did I make myself wait for it?”

“Because,” Shego replied with a soft, gentle seriousness. “When you love, you love with every fiber of your being. I’ve noticed that about you. Your missions. Your fights with me. Your friends. And Ron. You’re never half-assed about anything, Pumpkin. Especially not with who you give your heart to. You had to be ready to move on from Ron before you could come to me. And I hope that you’re the same way about me, God forbid something should ever happen to me.”

Kim nodded as she felt Shego trace an affectionate finger around her chest. “You’re right, Shego. Now that I’m ready to move forward with life, I’ve given everything to you. Everything except for that one portion of myself that will always belong to Ron. And I had to be ready to do it before I could. Thank you for waiting for me.”

Shego leaned down and kissed Kim on the forehead. “Princess, you were already well worth the wait even before tonight. Why do you think I so easily accepted your friends into my home?”

“True dat,” Kim smiled. She brought a hand up to caress Shego’s cheek before leaning up to kiss Shego deeply on the lips.

After they broke the kiss, Shego grinned wicked. “Now, come here.”

“Oh?” Kim asked, intrigued, as she snuggled in closer.

“Now it’s time to sleep,” Shego sighed contentedly, wrapping an arm around Kim’s body. “And I think you did quite a good job negotiating for the privilege to sleep here.”

Kim smiled warmly as she turned slightly, allowing Shego to spoon her from behind. Closing her eyes, Kim quickly drifted off to sleep, a smile on her face and a pleasant dream in her mind. Pulling the young redhead in close, Shego settled in and quickly fell asleep herself.
Neither Kim nor Shego would wake up for nearly twelve hours. Neither of them wanted an excuse to leave each other’s arms.

[END CHAPTER THIRTEEN]
“Wow, GF,” Monique gasped with a smile. “Check out that glow!”

It was just past lunchtime and the members of Team Possible were still in the commissary, playing card games and discussing various plans that they were entertaining now that they were residents of Drakken’s fallout lair north of Vancouver. Well, Felix, Zita, and Monique were. Kim and Shego had just then wandered into the commissary as if they had just woke up. Which was true.

“Oh, hush, Mo’,” Kim chuckled, blushing deeply and shuffling into the kitchenette to pour herself a cup of coffee. Thankfully, Zita had the foresight to keep a full pot in the brewer. Kim then absently checked the refrigerator for cream.

“I’m sorry, chica,” Zita laughed. “But I have to agree with Monique. You have that ‘I just had sex’ happy glow to you. And since none of us have ever seen it on you before, it’s deadly obvious.”

Kim tried to ignore Zita, but it was obvious that she had heard every word, since her face was as deep a shade of red as her hair. Kim tried to look down to hide the blush as she held up a large mug. “Shego, darling, here you are. Straight black, like you like it. And it looks as thick as ale.”

Shego purred like a kitten as she stepped up to her lover and accepted the mug. “Pumpkin, sweetie, if you wanted to go for Round 2, you don’t have to bribe me with such divine gifts. But I’ll gladly accept it anyway.”

“Shego!” Kim gasped, even though she was finding it hard to not laugh.

“You think it’s bad right now,” Felix smiled, winking at Monique. “You should have tried sleeping across the hallway from them.” This earned him a poker chip in the face from his fiancé.

“You... you guys heard us?” Kim asked, suddenly turning ghost white.

“No, they didn’t,” Shego growled menacingly at Felix, even though her delight at Kim’s discomfort was all too apparent in her voice. “I make Drakken soundproof our suites for good reasons.”

“If that’s the case,” Kim wondered, looking at Shego with concern, “then how did you hear me crying on Christmas Eve? You said you’d just stepped out of your shower when you heard me in my bedroom.”

“All the doors were open, remember?” Shego reminded the redhead. “With all of the doors closed, our rooms are completely soundproof. And trust me, I made sure at least our doors were shut.”

“Oh, good,” Kim sighed in relief, taking a sip of her coffee.

“That is good,” Felix grinned mischievously. “That means you didn’t hear Zita and I, either.”

Zita and Monique busted out laughing loudly as Kim spit out the coffee she had just sipped, missing Shego by a hair’s breadth.

“Okay, children,” Shego half-growled, half-laughed, as she jumped back from Kim. “We almost enjoyed a wet t-shirt contest there. Playtime’s over.”

“Lunch is in the fridge, by the way,” Zita pointed out, still chuckling. “Corned beef, lettuce, and Parmesan cheese sandwiches with a secret family dressing. I hope you like it.”
Kim and Shego looked at each other for a moment before setting their mugs aside and diving into the refrigerator. As each of them lifted up a generously sized and delicious looking sandwich, Shego looked at Zita.

“Okay, Chapter 909 of the Cinematic Hispanic Housekeepers’ Union just called, Flores,” Shego laughed. “They want their cliche back.”

“Hey!” Zita smirked. “Before you start going there, Miss Thang, let me point out... One, I love cooking. I’d like to think I’m just as good as Ron was and I really enjoy doing it. So, nyah! Two, Wade is going to teach me how to hack into computers and security systems so that if he can’t do something remotely I can do it locally. Three, Felix is going to teach me how to fly the Firebird in case he has to join you guys in the field for whatever reason.”

Shego turned to Felix with a quizzical look to her face.

Felix, understanding the concern, smiled and rolled his wheelchair away from the table. Once he had sufficient room to work with, he uncovered a hidden mini-console in his right armrest. Punching a couple of buttons, the wheels of his chair turned up and inward, activating their hover-VTOL function and lifting Felix gently into the air.

“Nice?” Shego said, folding her arms. It was an impressive feature of his wheelchair, but she had seen it several times the day before while he was unloading the Firebird.

Felix nodded and entered another command into his min-console. A shimmering blue field of energy suddenly surrounded both Felix and his wheelchair in a sphere.

Shego’s brows rose to that one. “A force field? Okay, that’s new.”

Felix grinned knowingly and entered yet another command into the mini-console. Suddenly, two laser cannons dropped out of the chair’s armrests to settle onto the side of the chair. Two more laser cannons flipped up and over Felix’s shoulders from behind the back of the wheelchair. This display caused everyone in the room except Shego to duck behind something.

“Oooookay!” Shego breathed. “So, in the event of an emergency, we bring you in with Kimmie, ‘Nique, and I. Nice! I love having all the bases covered.”

“I thought you’d like it,” Felix replied. Another few taps on the mini-console turned everything he had just revealed off again and allowed the young genius to settle back down onto the ground.

“Okay, how do I compete with that?” Monique asked, motioning to Felix.

“Don’t worry, chica,” Zita smiled softly, reaching across the table to take Monique’s hand. “You’ll find your niche. We all have talents. You’ll find yours soon enough.”

Monique nodded softly. It was obvious that she wasn’t thoroughly convinced, but she chose to not argue the matter.

“There is a concern I wanted to express while we’re all here,” Felix said as he rolled back up to the table and picked up his hand of cards.

“What’s that?” Kim asked, stepping out of the kitchenette and sitting down in a chair next to Felix.

“Right now,” Felix began, “there is only one person in this room with a solvent financial base.”

Everyone turned and looked at Shego, who merely shrugged nonchalantly.
“We really should think about how we’re going to handle the team’s financial needs,” Felix continued. “I’m pretty sure Shego would like to not have to pay for everything out of pocket.”

“True enough,” Shego replied, sitting down next to Kim. “But I figured that once Kimmie and I started back into doing contract runs for Global Justice, we’d start breaking even at the very least.”

“Let’s talk to Wade about this,” Kim offered.

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“I already had a few ideas on that front,” Wade’s image grinned.

The team had migrated to the briefing room and called Wade. The five physically present team members sat around a war room style table. Wade’s holographic image, which featured him from mid-torso on up, floated eerily above the center of the table, facing Kim and Shego.

“Why does that not surprise me, Nerdlinger?” Shego smirked, folding her arms and leaning back into her chair.

“Because Wade is an honorary member of my family,” Kim smiled playfully. “And you know the family motto.”

Shego chortled. “Yeah, I know. Hey, if and when we get married, Pumpkin, can I take your name so that anything can be possible for me, too?”

Kim paused for a moment, looking at Shego with a blank look. It had been a joke, she knew, but the idea still caught her off guard. Ron had never once mentioned marriage. He had been too worried about the possibility of Kim breaking up with him for one reason or another to think about marriage. And here was Shego, not even two months into their official relationship, already entertaining the possibility, if even in jest...

“Princess?” Shego asked, snapping Kim out of her reverie. “Kimmie? You alright?”

Kim shook her head and smiled weakly. “Sorry. So many dreams just flashed through my brain all at once.”

Shego rose a brow to that, but smiled softly as she suddenly realized what must have been going through her little Kimmie’s brain. If her guess was right, she liked the idea, too.

“Well,” Wade’s voice chimed in, getting everyone back on track, “I have enough patents under my name that my resources outstrip even Shego’s by a wide margin. I took the liberty of setting up a trust fund for the team’s financial needs. It’s jointly owned by Kim, Shego, and me and covers the operating costs and wages of the team quite easily. And since what we do can be considered community service, I can write it off on my taxes.”

“Spankin’!” Kim smiled, turning to Shego. “That means you’re not paying to support us anymore, Angel.”

Shego grinned and shrugged. “I ain’t complainin’.”

“Oh,” Wade added, “I also transferred $300,000 into the account you have set up for your house in Middleton, Shego. I’d set up a similar trust fund a few years ago for Kim and it still had enough in it to cover that fine the judge levied against you guys for violating the Stoppable’s restraining order.”

Shego was visibly surprised at this. “You... you really have that much money?”
Wade laughed. “Shego, I have the most advanced computer station in the world, my family’s financial needs are already covered for the rest of their lives, and I live in a bedroom that has the same capabilities as a Star Trek holodeck. You do the math.”

“Not wasting my time,” Shego smiled, shaking her head and holding up her hands. “I’m just going to accept that I’m finally part of the winning team and roll with it.”

“What about the lair?” Zita asked, looking around the table. “It still belongs to Dr. Drakken, right?”

“Yes and no,” Shego replied, nodding to Zita to let the girl know that it was indeed an excellent question. “I’ve entered into a rent-to-own agreement with Doctor D. And that’s going to continue coming out of my pocket since I want to own the place personally.”

“Good idea, Shego. Oh, Monique,” Wade said, turning to the dark-skinned beauty. “Did you get my email?”

“Huh? Oh, um, yeah, I did,” Monique piped, suddenly realizing that she’d been pulled into the conversation. “Sorry. Uh, red with gold trim. Please?”

“Nice combination,” Wade agreed. “Okay, I’ll get to work on that, then. And I already have Felix’s and Zita’s answers. Anything else?”

Kim thought about it for a moment. “Hey, Wade. About that holographic technology you use in your bedroom. How hard would it be for Felix to reconstruct it here at the lair?”

Wade and Felix looked at each other and grinned.

Several weeks went by after that meeting.

The weekend after the meeting, which was Valentine’s Day weekend, the team drove down to Vancouver to go shopping. It was mostly downtime for the team members to enjoy their first paychecks. However, it also doubled as ‘settling down shopping.’

Monique’s room, in particular, needed a full bedroom set, a full office set, and all of the material trappings a fashion designer needed to ply her trade, along with dividers to separate out all of the different areas of her room. Shego helped pay for all of it with the money that Wade had given back to her. A beautiful oak canopy bed, California king sized, served as the centerpiece from which the rest of the room was outfitted. A dresser, vanity, and chest completed the sleeping area while stuff of equal quality rounded out the rest of the areas.

Felix and Zita bought stuff to personalize their suite. It was a combination of technogeek swag, framed Everlot fan art and toys, and traditional Hispanic decor. Kim and Shego could tell that Felix and Zita were going to have fun putting everything away.

Kim also bought stuff for herself, but she and Shego had come to an agreement. The living quarters suite itself was Shego’s to decorate (and it wasn’t as if Kim disliked the way the suite was decorated), while Kim commandeered one of the upstairs labs as her personal office to decorate as she saw fit. That office was also set aside as Kim’s bedroom for those nights when the hero would find herself sleeping on the proverbial couch (which she hoped wouldn’t happen often, if at all).

Shego placed an order to HenchCo to have all of the furniture delivered to the lair. That evening, after a fantastic dinner at a local restaurant, Kim insisted on visiting the Historic Gastown District again. Seeing the two other couples holding hands through the romantic district made Monique feel
lonely, but she sucked it up and worked on simply enjoying the ambience. At the end of the evening, the team returned home.

After that, the team worked on building up their skills and resources. Felix, with Wade’s supervision, installed the holographic technology into the former doomsday device room. Kim and Shego used the room to practice fighting each other in various dangerous situations. Kim spent time with Monique teaching the fashion designer basic martial arts moves. While Monique was a competent student, she was not a spectacular combatant like Kim or Shego, which distressed the dark-skinned beauty. But Kim kept up with the positive reinforcement, knowing that her best friend was doing her best. Zita proved to be a quick study to the lessons of both Wade and Felix. While she wasn’t a genius hacker like Wade or a crackshot pilot like Shego or Felix, she proved quite competent enough to be able to step up in any of those roles if needed.

Over the course of those weeks, not only did the team members train and improve their individual skills, both combat and non-combat, they practiced hard at coordinating their actions with each other through full mission simulations designed by Wade. Because they were all friends with Kim and with each other to various degrees, falling into their respective roles and drawing on each other’s strengths and weaknesses proved far easier than any of them would have expected. The five active members of Team Possible proved a formidable fighting team.

And for the first time in over half a year, Kim felt like she and Shego were back up to full strength.

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Kim approached Monique carefully. Monique was outside of the lair, on the beach on which Kim herself had stood several months earlier. It was early spring and the weather was starting to warm up nicely. This had allowed Monique to set up a hay bale which she used as an archery target. As Kim watched, Monique stood approximately 100 yards from the target, slowly nocking one arrow after another, and firing said arrows at the target.

“I remember doing this back at summer camp,” Kim finally said, smiling softly.

“So do I,” Monique said sadly. “I remember how relaxing I found it. How much it helped me focus my mind. So I thought I’d give it a try, see if it could help me feel better.”

Kim looked sympathetically at her best friend. It was true that Monique was not as good of a fighter or tactician as Shego or Kim, as good of a hacker or pilot as Zita, or as good of a mechanic or engineer as Felix. The one skill that Monique was good at—fashion design—would carry her far in the world at large, but was a secondary support skill at best in a team like Team Possible. And Kim could tell that Monique was feeling the pressure, feeling out of place and useless.

“You’re also our team diplomat and public relations specialist, Mo’,” Kim pointed out. “Your people skills outstrip all of ours by leaps and bounds. Especially if you consider Shego.”

Monique laughed softly to herself. “Okay, I’ll accept that. But I still feel kinda useless in a team that focuses on action, adventure, and combat.”

“I know, Mo’,” Kim replied sympathetically. “We’ll figure out something. I promise.”

With that, the two girls fell into a comfortable silence as Kim watched Monique nock another arrow and let it fly. Monique then nocked another arrow and fired it as well.

Kim curiously watched the arrows fly. What she was seeing was...

“You do this as a hobby? To relax?” Kim asked, sounding perplexed.
“Um, yeah? Why?”

“Do it again. Fire another arrow.”

“Um, okay,” Monique replied, looking curiously at her best friend before complying.

As soon as the arrow hit the target, Kim nodded. “And again.”

“What are you up to, GF?” Monique asked, looking at Kim queerly before nocking another arrow and letting it fly.

“Hold on,” Kim said, holding up a hand. But she wasn’t looking at Monique. She was looking curiously at the target.

Monique lowered her bow and followed Kim to the target.

Kim knelt down in front of the target and ran her fingers along the arrows that were imbedded in it.

All of the arrows were within an inch of each other, impressively close to the bullseye.

“And you do this to relax?” Kim asked, pointing at the target and looking up at her best friend.

Monique shrugged. “It also helps me focus my mind. I do it all of the time when I hit a designer’s block while working on clothes. Why?”

Kim didn’t answer Monique’s question. Instead, she stood up and pulled her old Kimmunicator out of her pants pocket. Flipping it open, she dialed the number she’d memorized five years ago.

“Hey, Kim!” came Wade’s voice. He was sipping a soda as he turned his monitor on. “What’s up?”

“Wade,” Kim replied excitedly, “you’re into comic book superheroes, right? I’ve got a project for you that you might like.”

Kim then glanced up, winked, and smiled knowingly at the dark-skinned beauty. Monique bit her lower lip softly as she looked at her best friend curiously.

Kim woke up to the sound of rustling in the bedroom. Lifting her head up slightly, she glanced at the digital clock on the nightstand next to her side of the bed. 2:30am.

“You’re just now getting home, Angel?” Kim mumbled, sounding far less awake than she had intended.

“Yeah, Pumpkin, sorry,” Shego’s voice replied.

Kim could hear the sound of cloth peeling off of flesh as she imagined Shego stripping nearby. Kim was too tired to open her eyes and watch.

“I can’t talk about the mission,” Shego continued. “But I’ll admit it was on the other side of the world and it went a little worse than Betty had originally expected. Everything’s fine now, but I’m glad I’m home.”

Kim smiled inwardly. She and Shego had finally called Dr. Director and told the Global Justice leader that they were back up to speed and ready to handle missions. Betty had wasted no time putting Shego back to work, given the tumultuous state of affairs in the Middle East and the
Communist Far East. The supervillain scene was already being covered by Team Go and the mad scientist and villainous superspy scene was already being covered by Team Impossible, so Kim had been spending her time training with Felix, Zita, and Monique.

“Well, then, come here and let me make it all better,” Kim mumbled sleepily. She wasn’t after sex. She knew Shego loved it when the redhead held her tight at night.

Shego understood what Kim was doing. She slid, naked, under the covers and was pleased to find that Kim was equally naked. She nestled down under the covers and pressed her back into Kim, allowing the smaller hero to spoon her and wrap her loving arms around her body. Kim’s body was noticeably cooler than Shego’s, since Shego’s higher body temperature was due to her plasma powers. But, to Shego, Kim’s body was like a cool fan on a hot summer night. And Shego knew that her warm body was pleasant and soothing to the redhead.

Kim snuggled up to the ex-villainess and kissed her gently on the back of the neck before laying her head down and falling back asleep. Shego’s warm body was such a wonderful sleep aid.

It was not long before Shego fell asleep herself. The pale-skinned beauty had been with many lovers throughout her life, but none had been as comfortable or as comforting as her little Kimmie. Shego was growing addicted to the nightmare-free nights’ sleep she enjoyed in her lover’s arms.

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“We ready?” Shego asked, tugging at the hem of her glove as she walked into the briefing room. It wasn’t the first time she’d worn her Malefactor Mark I battle suit, by any stretch of the imagination. She wore it all of the time during training sessions and she wore it on her black ops missions. But every time she donned the suit, she couldn’t help but exalt in how comfortable it was and how much she loved her new claws. Wade and Monique had outdone themselves.

“Yep, we’re all here,” Felix smiled, motioning around the room.

Monique stood across from Felix at the briefing table. She looked comfortable and, for the first time in a long time, proud in her new Valkyrie Mark I battle suit. It was an exact match of Kim and Shego’s uniforms, except that it was red with gold trim.

Zita was there as well, in a similar uniform, but it was yellow with orange trim. Felix’s uniform also looked like the combat suits, only his was navy blue with white trim. Shego knew that neither of their uniforms had any combat reinforcement or capability. Felix didn’t need a combat suit since his wheelchair was so tricked out. Zita’s role would be as a backup pilot and hacker; if Zita saw combat at all, it would be with her fingers on the Firebird’s weapon controls. But the group had agreed that keeping the combat suit aesthetic theme across the entire team was desirable.

Kim looked up, smiling at Shego, looking resplendent in her Centurion Mark II battle suit. The look in her eyes reminded Shego of the days when the two of them fought against each other—of the days when the fate of the world rested squarely on the redhead’s shoulders. And Shego fell in love yet one more time.

“Well, Princess,” Shego smirked. “Let’s get this show on the road. I’m sure you want to kick off the proceedings, of course?”

“Damn straight I do,” Kim grinned, punching a button on the briefing table.

Wade’s holographic image shimmered into being at the center of the table. He smiled at the team. His eyes told a story very similar to Kim’s. Team Possible was back in business.
“Hey, Kim!” Wade chirped.

“Hey, Wade,” Kim smirked, knowing that the next thing out of her mouth was what everyone was expecting... what everyone was hoping for. “What’s the sitch?”

“We got a hit on the website. It seems an European aristocrat has gone missing off of the coast of southern Spain,” Wade explained as his image disappeared and an image of a map of southern Spain replaced it. A red blinking dot indicated a small island off the coast. “He’s believed to have been kidnapped and you, Kim, have been specifically requested to find and rescue him.”

“Wait a minute,” Kim breathed, studying the map. “That island. Is that...?”

“It sure is, Kimmie,” Shego laughed. “I swear, that boy is as smart as a box of rocks in a lava flow!”

Wade chuckled at the reference. “Well, I wouldn’t be quite so harsh myself, but... yeah... you’ve got the picture pretty much dead-on, Shego.”

“Oh, yeah, a rescue mission!” Zita chimed in. “You have no idea how many of this type of quest I’ve done on Everlot. This is going to be a cinch.”

“You know I’m ready, GF,” Monique smiled, looking at Kim knowingly. “AFAIC, it’s go time. Let’s do this.”

“The Firebird is prepped and ready to go,” Felix confirmed. “We can leave in the next ten minutes if we wanted. And it would only take a couple of hours to get there.”

“Well, then,” Shego nodded, turning to her lover. “How about it, Princess? Ready for adventure?”

Kim grinned at the rest of the group. “Team Possible, you know the sitch. Let’s head out!”

[END CHAPTER FOURTEEN]
Chapter 15

The lone figure stood vigilant on the helipad, a safe distance from the actual landing zone. He watched as the Firebird flew into view and lowered itself onto the helipad. It was a gorgeous machine, absolutely. The figure leaned into his cane and studied its curves and contours with his steely gray eyes. Finally, the ramp on the supersonic VTOL jet lowered and the figure smiled.

Señor Senior Sr. was certainly looking forward to meeting the new and improved Kim Possible.

The elder villain’s brow rose noticeably as he watched Kim disembark from the Firebird. The girl was now 19 years of age and showed every ounce of self-confidence befitting an adult. She looked stunning in her white with blue trim battle suit, complete with a matching short-sleeve, open-faced jacket, boots, and gloves. What caught Senior’s eye the most, though, was Kim’s hair. He remembered the plucky young girl with radiant red hair that cascaded well down her back. Now, she was cutting it short, tapered on the sides and back, with bangs that played teasingly at her brows. The look was very different—very becoming, certainly, but very different.

Senior then got another surprise. He knew of Ron Stoppable’s death, so he had assumed that Kim would be coming here alone. She would have certainly taken precautions to ensure that her webmaster, Wade Load, knew of her location at every second, but otherwise unaccompanied. However, not only did she have a new partner, she apparently had four new partners.

This did not displease Senior. In fact, it aided his cause.

Senior strode up confidently to the redheaded hero, a wondrous feat considering his need for his cane. But, he also knew that Kim would not be surprised by his confidence. He was capable of feats of agility far outreaching his age or infirmity.

“Kimberly Anne Possible,” Senior smiled, clasping the hero’s outstretched hand with his own. “Gracias for responding to my call so quickly.”

“It’s my pleasure, Señor Senior Sr.,” Kim replied, careful to use the villain’s full honorific. “Team Possible is here for anyone who needs aid. So long as this isn’t a trap, we’re here for you.”

“As wise as you are beautiful,” Senior smiled, pointing a knowing finger at the hero. “Please, my dear, rest assured that as long as my son is in danger, you are not in danger by my own hands.”

Kim nodded. “I would expect no less, Señor,” she smiled.

Senior then turned to Shego, wearing a similar battle suit to Kim’s, only in black and green. “Ah, Shego!” he greeted, taking the ex-villainess’s hand into both of his own. “You, of course, are always welcome on the Senior estates. The work you did for the caper my son committed for my birthday a couple of years ago will always be remembered fondly, even if I did do a poor job of showing such at the time. I assume, now that you do freelance work for Global Justice, you are here as Miss Possible’s partner?”

“Yeah, Pops, I am,” Shego smiled, breaking the handshake long enough to step in closer to hug the elderly villain. “Don’t you worry, you old coot. Between me, Kimmie, and the rest of our team, we’ll get Junior back for you.”

“Spectacular!” Senior agreed, stepping back after he returned Shego’s hug fondly. “Speaking of your team, may I have the pleasure of meeting them as well?”
Kim stepped aside to present the other three members. “The one in red is Monique. She is our team diplomat and ranged combat expert. The one in yellow is Zita Flores, our computer guru and copilot. The one in blue is Felix Renton, our mechanical genius and pilot.”

“A pleasure to meet all of you,” Senior greeted warmly. All three junior team members were surprised at how genuine his greeting felt. “I do look forward to the entertaining challenges you all will provide me on future dates. But for now, you are my honored guests. Please, allow me to entertain you at dinner before you embark on your quest.”

Monique crossed her arms and looked suspiciously at Senior. “This is your son we’re talking about, right? Shouldn’t you want to us to leave immediately?”

“Most certainly,” Senior admitted as he turned and motioned for the others to follow him. “Do not be mistaken, Miss Monique. The safety of my son is paramount amongst my concerns. However, you just arrived from a Trans-Atlantic flight. It will not do him, me, or any of you any good for me to rush you back out of the door before you’ve had a chance to rest, eat, and be briefed.”

Shego nodded. “I understand the need to be briefed on the details. If dinner’s already spread on the table, then I won’t argue against the food either. Trust me, kids, Pops hires the best chefs Europe has the offer. You want to at least taste this stuff.”

Senior laughed. “Yes, Shego, you remember your stay here very well. Indeed, we shall enjoy a warm meal while I fill you in on what you need to know on your mission. Besides, there is someone else to whom I wish to introduce you.”

“Oh?” Kim asked, stepping up to keep pace with Shego and the elderly villain. Monique, Felix, and Zita fell in behind the three.

“Yes, Kimberly,” Senior smiled, lifting his cane for emphasis. “Señora Senior Junior.”

Kim and Shego looked at each other curiously as the group walked through a short hallway into a grand hall. A long, gorgeous oak table sat in the center of the hallway, featuring a beautiful tablecloth, a series of very comfortable oak chairs, and a large, sumptuous feast.

“In fact, there she is now,” Senior smiled, pointing to a young woman standing by the chair at the head of the table.

Shego’s eyes went wide as she took in the appearance of the woman. She wore a gorgeous, glittering silver gown, shoulderless on the left side and legless on the right side. Beautiful and tasteful jewelry adorned her fingers, wrists, neck, and ears. Her piercing hazel eyes considered the group with a knowing smirk. Her sandy brown hair was tossed about her head in a playful and seductive manner. And her stance—she stood with such utter confidence.

To Shego, this woman represented the epitome of the femme fatale. Two years ago, Shego would have been seeking a woman exactly like this for her bed. Kim would forever fill that spot now, but for a brief moment, Shego reminisced about what it was like to bed a truly wicked woman.

“She...?” Shego whispered to Kim, still astounded that Junior could score such a brilliant, confident, and seductive looking woman. “She’s Señora Senior Junior?”

When Shego turned to look at Kim, the redhead’s look of utter confoundedness was even more pronounced than Shego’s had been. And Shego knew she had been fairly obvious.

Señora Senior Junior smiled playfully at the two women before her eyes settled like a predator on Kim. “Hello, K. How’s tricks?”

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As the group ate dinner, Señor Senior Sr. filled the group in on the details of the mission. The night before, Junior had gone outside to woo Bonnie with a serenade. It was a traditional thing for Junior to do, given his desire to be a musician and pop idol; plus Junior saw it as a romantic gesture towards his wife.

Kim had considered Bonnie with a mixture of sympathy and pride at that point. All throughout high school, she and Bonnie Rockwaller had been practically at each other’s throats. They were always in direct competition with each other in all matters dealing with school and social status. While Shego had been Kim’s greatest adversary on missions and in the battlefield, Bonnie had been her greatest adversary in the halls of Middleton High School. To see Bonnie come into her own as Junior’s newlywed wife and a femme fatale villain in her own right was—oddly liberating.

To her credit, Bonnie chuckled mirthfully at the antics of her husband. Kim got the impression that Bonnie not only tolerated Junior’s childish shortcomings but enjoyed them. Plus, her marriage to Junior had opened the door to a whole new world of possibilities. Senior had made it quite clear that Bonnie had easily become the daughter he had so wished his dear late Juanita could have given him. She was intelligent, driven, possessed of a raw talent for the arts of being evil as Senior understood them... essentially, everything Junior should have been but was not.

If Junior could not carry on Senior’s legacy of evil, the elderly villain could proudly pass that legacy on to Bonnie—and to the grandchildren that Bonnie would no doubt provide to him someday.

While Kim was not relishing adding yet another archvillain to her rogue’s gallery, she still could not help but feel happy for Bonnie for finding her calling in life and seizing it with a vengeance.

Kim’s reverie was interrupted as Senior continued with his description of the prior night. As Junior serenaded Bonnie from the courtyard, a mysterious figure appeared. Calling himself the “Great Blue One,” the mysterious man had easily abducted Junior and defeated the many henchmen sent out to protect Junior’s life.

“Drakken,” Shego growled as Senior told his story. “I knew that blue idiot couldn’t stay on the straight and narrow.”

Kim took Shego’s clenching hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

Senior continued with his story. Before the Great Blue One had disappeared, he made it clear that he required one of two things in return for Junior’s safety. Either a one billion euro ransom... or the appearance of one Kimberly Anne Possible.

“Oh, great,” Kim groaned, burying her face in her arms on the table. “Now I’m putting my enemies in danger simply by existing.”

Shego patted the hero’s back gently.

“Please, K,” Bonnie scoffed. “So he asked for you. Big deal. Father, Junior, and I are in the business of Evil. With a capital E. Days like this are part and parcel with the package.”

“Plus, he gave me the option,” Senior added, taking a bite of the food that Kim had found was every bit as delicious as Shego claimed it would be. “I would much rather give that one billion euros to your team for saving my son than to some upstart scoundrel for putting my son in danger.”
Shego let out a low whistle. One billion euros was not an amount to laugh at.

Kim, knowing what was going through Shego’s head, gently laced her hand through Shego’s hand and squeezed it warmly. Shego, understanding the message that goody-goody Kimmie was conveying, groaned softly and lowered her head.

“Your son will be safe, Señor Senior Sr.,” Kim assured the elderly villain. “We’ll leave straight after dinner and your son will be returned before the night is over.”

“I’m coming with you,” Bonnie declared, giving Kim a challenging glance.

“Huh? Are you serious, Bonnie?” Kim said as she looked at Bonnie in surprise.

“Yeah, K. I’m serious,” Bonnie growled, slapping her napkin unceremoniously onto the table. “This is my husband we’re talking about. And thanks to all of the training that Father has paid for, I’m every bit as capable as you are. You’re not going to stop me from coming with you.”

“Actually,” Kim said, a playful smirk gliding across her lips. “I was going to ask you to slip into something more appropriate for an adventure mission before we left.”

Bonnie blinked a moment, glanced down at her silver gown, and sighed. She then looked up at Kim with a sarcastic smirk on her face.

“Felix, Zita,” Kim said, turning to her teammates. “I’ll need you two to stay on the Firebird and monitor us for Wade. Monique, you’re with Shego, Bonnie, and me.”

“Right,” came the response of all three teammates.

“Then, I’ll go get changed,” Bonnie agreed, excusing herself from the table.

As Bonnie changed, Felix and Zita left to prepare the Firebird. Señor Senior Sr. asked a house servant to show Kim and Shego the guest accommodations he had prepared for their arrival; they would need to be expanded, but since there were two couples amongst the five of them, that expansion would be painless. And Senior insisted that the team would get a full night’s sleep and a sumptuous breakfast before they made their journey back to the States.

That left Monique with Senior. Senior elected to entertain Monique personally, escorting her to a beautiful orchard beyond the manor’s courtyard. The sun was setting off of the western shore of the island, casting a surreal reddish-orange glow throughout the orchard.

“So, you are the team’s diplomat, Miss...?” Senior began, looking at the dark-skinned beauty.

“Monique,” Monique clarified sadly. “Simply Monique. That’s my professional name as a fashion designer. And it’s now my given name as far as I’m concerned. My family has forsaken me.”

Senior considered Monique for a moment and nodded. “I had heard unsavory rumors of the reactions the townsfolk of Middleton had towards Miss Possible concerning the death of her partner, Mr. Stoppable. My daughter assured me that the rumors did not surprise her, but I had held out hope...”

“That people were not so inhumane?” Monique seethed, trying not to meet Senior in the eyes. She was not mad at him and it would not serve the team well if he thought she was. “Trust me, they are. My own parents disowned me for talking to and helping Kim.”
Senior sighed sadly and continued to consider Monique. “Young lady, what I am about to say will no doubt seem to be the ultimate expression of impoliteness. Especially if you are even half of the woman I suspect you to be. But I do feel compelled to speak my opinion.”

Monique steeled herself. The man was at least warning her rather than just blurting out his venom. The least Monique could do was hear the man out. “Please, Señor, continue,” she said shakily.

Senior nodded solemnly and continue. “Monique, it would seem to me that you have fallen victim to the ultimate form of evil.”

Monique frowned at that. “How... how so?”

Senior turned to look out over the treetops towards the darkening sky. “I consider myself a major player in the field of villainy, Monique. I’ve plotted to take over the world many times over. I have captured your friends and put them in deathtraps that would have surely killed lesser men or women. I have laughed maniacally and waxed philosophical about my master plans to subjugate the human race as Miss Possible looked on in what I had hoped was abject helplessness. Regardless of my ingenuity, Miss Possible has defeated me time and again. And I have sworn undying vengeance against her every time.”

Senior turned to Monique. There was a steely glare in his gray eyes that caught Monique off guard. The dark-skinned beauty could almost feel the hairs stand up on her skin.

“But there is one evil I have never committed, one evil that I will never commit, no matter how driven one may think I may be in doing so.”

“And,” Monique dared ask. “what evil is that, Señor?”

Senior poked Monique gently with his cane with each word he spoke, to emphasize his point. “I have never, ever forsaken my son.”

Monique could only stare blankly at Senior. Her very soul felt completely off balance.

“Children are our future, Monique,” Senior continued. “Junior may not be as smart as I could have hoped him to be, but he is still my future. He is my hope and my dream. Even as he forms dreams of his own, he does so carrying the legacy of the noble Seniors with him. He is an adult now, Monique. And while he still chases childish dreams of being a pop idol rather than the evil mastermind I had hoped he would become, I still love him from the very bottom of my heart, the very depths of my soul. He is my life and my reason.”

Monique felt herself biting her bottom lip. Seeing the tears forming in the young hero’s eyes, Senior escorted her to a nearby bench and helped her sit down.

“Any parent worthy of being called such will feel for their child exactly as I feel for my Junior,” Senior said, sitting down next to the dark-skinned beauty. “And look at me. My faith in my son was vindicated. He himself may not become an evil mastermind, but he has gifted me with a daughter-in-law who will. And the two of them will no doubt gift me with grandchildren who will carry on their mother’s legacy.”

Senior stopped to consider his guest for a moment before continuing. “I firmly believe that your parents have committed the most heinous form of evil by forsaking their daughter like this. Especially since you were acting with such conviction and confidence in the rightness of your actions. Miss Possible is a noble woman and one who deserves friends such as you at her side. I will pray that your parents will realize how wrong they were. And I will pray that, once that day comes, you will find
the strength to forgive them. It will take a tremendous amount of strength, I am sure.”

Monique couldn’t help herself. She threw her arms around Senior and sobbed quietly into his shoulder. Senior was not taken aback. Instead, he smiled sadly and patted the young hero’s back gently.

Once Monique collected herself enough, she looked up at the villain. “You know, Señor, for a master villain, you’re a damn good man. For the first time in my life, I’m actually finding myself jealous that Bonnie has something that I don’t—in this case, a damn good father figure.”

“And I plan on savoring that jealousy like a fine wine,” came Bonnie’s voice, causing Monique to lurch upright and dust herself off as if nothing were amiss. Bonnie smirked knowingly and turned to Senior. “Father, have you seen Kim and... um, Shego, was it?”

“Yes, her name is Shego,” Senior smiled to his daughter-in-law. She was dressed in a mission outfit very similar to Kim Possible’s old mission gear, except the top was of a looser cut and was beige while the pants were more form-fitting and were a very dark gray. Senior then continued, “I had Jose show them their accommodations for tonight. The rest of their team is preparing their jet. They have the coordinates the so-called ‘Great Blue One,’ left for them.”

“Thank you, Father,” Bonnie nodded, turning away to head off towards the guest wing of the manor.

With that, Senior stood up and offered his hand to Monique. “Come then, Monique. I have taken up enough of your time and it would appear your team will be leaving shortly. I bid you good luck on this mission. For both your sake and my son’s.”

Monique smiled softly as she accepted Senior’s hand and stood up. “Thank you, Señor. For everything.”

“Okay,” Bonnie began as the Firebird flew along to its destination. “I’m familiar with this place, so I’ll lead the way in. Shego, you’re obviously the strongest amongst us, so I need you on rear guard. Kim, I’ll need you at my back. Monique, you and Felix can...”

“Wait just a minute!” Kim snapped, looking at the femme fatale. “Who died and made you boss?”

“Hopefully not my husband!” Bonnie snapped back.

“So, you’re in charge because we’re rescuing your husband?” Kim asked in exasperation.

“Not only that,” Bonnie growled, matching Kim’s cold and angry glare with an equally cold and angry glare, “but we’re going to the Chateau de la Senior, a private hot spring resort in northern Miskaslovia that happens to be owned by my father-in-law. I know its layout. The lot of you jokers would only get lost while my husband got bled to death.”

“Really?” Kim gasped. “With all of the times I’ve saved the world, you really think I would just let Junior die like that? I’m a lot better than that, you know!” She then held up her left forearm. “Besides, Wade’s already got full floor plans of the place uploaded into our Kimmunicators. We’re not getting lost.”

“Oh, yes,” Bonnie shrugged sarcastically. “Anything is possible for the great Kim Possible. The high and mighty all-powerful teenage hero. News flash, Kim! This isn’t high school anymore. This is my husband! The love of my life. And his life is in danger!”
“And you think I don’t know that?” Kim yelled.

Up in the cockpit, Felix simply shook his head and checked his instruments while Shego tried to focus on the flight controls.

“And here I was worried that Bonnie was going to replace me as Kimmie’s beautiful and witty archenemy,” Shego said softly, taking a deep breath. “Instead, they’re trying to claw each other’s throats out. Are they always like this?”

Felix smirked knowingly at Shego. “You should have seen them during cheer routine planning back in high school. It gets worse, trust me.”

Shego nodded solemnly and checked her instruments.

“Okay!” Shego called back. ”’Nique? Flores? And those two bitchy little schoolgirls I keep hearing back there? We’re ten minutes out from our destination. Get ready to deploy.”

Kim and Bonnie stopped in the middle of their argument to turn and look in astonishment at the archway leading to the cockpit.

“Did she just...?” Bonnie started to ask.

”...call us ‘bitchy little schoolgirls’?” Kim finished.

”’Fraid so, ladies,” Monique smirked as she took her position by the loading ramp, carefully wrapping her hand inside a holding strap on the ceiling.

“That little bitch,” Bonnie seethed, glaring at the cockpit.

“Hey, that’s my little bitch you’re talking about,” Kim smirked at the femme fatale.

“How does that even work?” Bonnie asked, never noticing as Zita moved up into the cockpit. “I mean, neither of you have a dick. Do you use a strap-on or something?”

Kim thought about that a moment. “You know, we haven’t tried that yet. That sounds like fun. Given your experiences with Junior, I’m sure you know of a good store here in Europe where we can get a quality strap-on, right?”

Bonnie’s face skewered in disgust as she looked at Kim with disbelief. “Eh?”

“What do you think, babe?” Kim asked as Shego walked up to the duo while tugging absently at the hem of her glove. “Wanna try a strap-on sometime?”

“Well,” Shego replied, smirking knowingly at Kim, “I was thinking tonight it would be more along the lines of seeing if we can move up from two fingers to three. But I’m willing to try a strap-on. Will that be with or without handcuffs?”

“Three fingers?” Kim asked with an intrigued smile. “Trying to challenge me, eh? Spankin’!” She then turned to Bonnie. “Hey, Bon-Bon, have you ever tasted your fingers after...?”

“Ew! Ew! Ew!” Bonnie shrieked, finally breaking out of her shock. “Wrongshick! No! Ick! Don’t want to hear it from you guys! TMI! Not my business! Fine! I’m sorry I asked.”

Monique, still by the loading ramp, was trying so hard to not laugh.

“Okay, ladies,” Felix’s voice came over the PA system. “This is your interim captain speaking. We
are now on location at the Chateau de la Senior. Deployment will begin in 3... 2... 1...”

As the four girls secured themselves, the loading ramp lowered, revealing a snow-covered battlement. All four girls leapt from the Firebird, landing in cat-like crouches on the battlement below. Kim and Bonnie rose into defensive battle stances. Shego remained in her crouch, baring her claws and engulfing her hands in eerie green plasma flames. Monique stood up straight and drew a device from a harness on her back; with a quick yet firm flick of her wrist, the device snapped out to reveal an elaborate compound longbow.

Kim and Bonnie nodded to each other. Silently, Bonnie stepped forward, keeping a quiet, stealthy stride along the battlement. Kim followed quickly behind, followed by Monique, and finally Shego, watching the rear as she crept the most silently along.

Monique glanced out across the landscape, noticing first the dense copse of evergreen trees, then the large glacier beyond them. “You think that the Great Blue One is going to somehow make that glacier slide down and take out that village at the bottom of the mountain here?”

“I hope not,” Kim muttered. “That would be nasty.”

Once they reached a lower section of the battlement, Kim leapt down to the courtyard. Bonnie used a whip she was carrying to swing down to the courtyard. Monique fired an arrow to a nearby terrace, providing herself with a swingline to lower herself down into the courtyard. Shego flipped out and down into the courtyard, deftly landing next to Kim.

“So far so good,” Bonnie whispered. “It’s quiet. If this ‘Great Blue One’ is as megalomaniacal as he seems, he probably has Junior in the banquet room. It’s up those stairs over there.”

“Then we move,” Kim nodded. “We need to get there quickly before we’re noticed.”

“Um, too late,” Monique said, pointing to the nearby walls.

Henchmen began to pour into the courtyard from every doorway, window, crack, and crevice of the castle. Every available mode of exit was suddenly blocked... except for the stairway leading up to the banquet room.

Shego’s eyes went wide as she considered the sheer number of henchmen. “Dear Lord. I’ve never seen Doctor D hire this many henchmen before.”

“Maybe he’s compensating for a lack of you,” Monique breathed sarcastically.

“You’re dead set on it being Drakken, aren’t you?” Kim said, considering her girlfriend with a bewildered look.

“Well, doy,” Shego growled. “Name me one other villain who would call himself the ‘Great Blue One.’”

“Point taken,” Kim mumbled, turning back to the advancing henchmen.

“Okay,” Bonnie seethed. “Kim, can you and Shego make it up those stairs? Monique and I will take care of these goons.”

Monique grinned mischievously as she pressed a button on her belt then reached behind her shoulder. A whir and a click greeted her as she drew an arrow and nocked it.

“Right,” Kim replied. She nodded at Shego and the two of them took off for the stairway.
Monique drew the arrow back on her bow as Bonnie cracked her whip in one hand and drew a pistol with the other hand.

“You better be as good with that bow as I am with this tranquilizer pistol,” Bonnie said between clenched teeth.

“I’m better,” Monique said, letting the arrow fly.

The arrow slammed into the wall next to eight advancing henchmen. A billowing green gas erupted from the arrow, enveloping the henchmen. All eight henchmen collapsed onto the ground, unconscious.

With that, the battle was joined. The henchmen leapt at the girls. However, none of them were prepared for the ferocity that Bonnie brought to bear with her whip and her pistol. Bonnie kept the closest henchmen at bay as Monique fired off trick arrow after trick arrow, gluing one henchmen, blasting a flare in the eyes of another, and bowling a third henchman over with a sonic stun effect.◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Kim and Shego ran up the stairs into an antechamber right before the banquet room. As the two of them ran through the antechamber, a ricochet sound echoed through the room. Shego felt a sharp pain in her chin as she found herself lifted off of the ground, spinning, before landing in a heap on the ground.

“Shego!” Kim screamed, turning around to head back to her girlfriend.

“Keep going!” Shego yelled, waving Kim away. She then wiped blood from her mouth and shook her head. “I’m fine. I’m going to find the asshole firing this weapon and take him apart. Go take care of Drakken and save Junior.”

Kim nodded solemnly and turned to run into the banquet room.

Shego scrambled to her feet and lit her fists again, only to hear another ricochet sound before feeling another sharp pain in her chin as she found herself lifted off of the ground, spinning, before landing in a heap on the ground.

“Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee,” The Great Blue One began. “And I detest all of my sins, because I dread the loss of Heaven, and the pain of Hell. But, most of all, because I love Thee and I want so badly to be good.”

He slowly turned and smiled at Kim.
“Ah, Miss Possible,” the Great Blue One said, extending his arms as if in presentation. “Thank you for coming here by yourself, as I had hoped you would. We do need to talk.”

Kim gulped, not knowing what to make of the situation now.

“He....,” Kim finally breathed, not truly believing what she was saying. “Hego?”

[END CHAPTER FIFTEEN]
Chapter 16

Will Du strode into the lair, a special Global Justice agent flanking him to either side. His confident stride carried him down the hallway at a quick pace. His stiff professionalism helped disguise the mild fear coursing through his being. He had never intended to walk these halls. The indescribable insanity that echoed through the halls would chill a normal man to the bone.

But Will Du was not a normal man; he was one of the most elite agents of the United Nation’s Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, or simply Global Justice for short. And the man that Will Du sought was certainly not a normal man, either. He was....

“Dr. Drew Lipski?” Will Du asked dryly as he and his agents strode into the lair’s main laboratory.

Doctor Drakken hit his head on the chamber door of the giant robot he was working on before he spun around and greeted the Global Justice special agent with a smile.

“Ah, Special Agent Will Du,” Drakken greeted, rubbing the back of his head and sounding much more pleasant than he should have. “To what do I owe the honor of your visit?”

Will Du and his agents stopped about fifteen paces away from the former villain and still current mad scientist. Will Du considered the giant robot for a moment before turning his attention back to Drakken.

“Dr. Lipski,” Will Du began unemotionally. “Have you been conducting research into mind control again?”

“What?” Drakken gasped, his face contorting in astonishment. “No! Even if Shego is halfway across the continent, she would still kill me if I did anything with mind control. Or cloning. She hates cloning. With a passion.”

Will Du cocked his head slightly and raised a brow. “Kill you?”

“Metaphorically speaking, of course,” Drakken corrected himself, tapping two fingers together as he tried to reign in his abashed look. “Um, it would probably be something more along the lines of making me wish I was dead. Begging and pleading for it, actually.”

“Mm-hmm,” Will Du said casually, looking about the room. “Then, Dr. Lipski, would you mind explaining to me why the entire town of Middleton is under a mild mind control effect.”

“Um, what?”

Will Du sighed. This wasn’t getting him anywhere. But Drakken’s look of confusion looked genuine. And Will Du prided himself on his ability to read a person and his character.

“Apparently, there is a subtle, subsonic, subliminal mind control effect permeating the entire town of Middleton,” Will Du explained. “I began investigating it independently of Global Justice after the Yamanouchi ninja, Yori, attacked Kim Possible and Shego at the Middleton Municipal Cemetery. It struck me as odd that the people of Middleton would be so passionately against Kim Possible, even in light of Ron Stoppable’s death.”

“I was thinking the same thing, after Shego told me about it,” Drakken mused out loud. “Wait. Who’s Ron Stoppable?”
Will Du sighed. “Kim Possible’s partner. The one who died half a year ago.”

Drakken blinked twice and then smiled brightly. “Ah, yes! The Possible’s blond sidekick. I never could remember his name...”

Will Du simply shook his head and continued. “At any rate, I conducted my research and discovered that the abject hatred was isolated to the town of Middleton. Even if you go into Upperton or Lowerton, the public reception of Kim Possible becomes that of remorse for her partner’s death and gratefulness that she is finally returning to conducting world-saving missions.”

“That’s my Shego!” Drakken laughed triumphantly. “I knew she would come through for me. Er, I mean, us. Um, I mean, the Possible.”

“Ahem,” Will Du cleared his throat. “After some further investigation and some consultation with top scientists around the country, I soon discovered the subliminal signal. As coincidence happens to have it, the signal’s strength fades shortly before reaching your lair.”

“I... I see,” Drakken said shakily, suddenly realizing why Will Du was interrogating him.

“We have not been able to nail down a source of the signal,” Will Du explained, studying the ex-villain’s reactions. “In fact, according to all satellite readings, the entire town of Middleton itself is the source of the signal. Attempts at jamming the signal have thus far met with failure.”

“Hmmm,” Drakken replied thoughtfully, cupping his chin in one hand and his elbow in the other.

“Thoughts?” Will Du asked, curiously of Drakken’s current reaction.

“Maybe the town itself truly is the source of the signal,” Drakken explained. “Middleton is one of the nation’s greatest regions of theoretical science and technological development. It requires a sophisticated power grid system to service its power needs. I tried using that power grid system to my advantage once, but the Possible was able to intuit my brilliant master plan and stop me before I could implement it to its full glory, curse her!”

“Can we focus, Dr. Lipski?” Will Du reminded Drakken.

“Oh, yes, right,” Drakken laughed nervously before clearing his throat and launching back into his monologue. “Anyway, if someone were able to access the full extent of that power grid system, they might be able to cause the very power lines and electrical wiring of buildings to resonate the subliminal signals needed to maintain such a mind control effect.”

Will Du’s brows rose to that. “Impressive. And I may safely assume that you are not the one performing such an ingenious feat?”

“Special Agent Du,” Drakken pleaded. “If I even believed for one moment that Shego thought I was doing anything of the sort, I would be seeking sanctuary at a Global Justice prison to protect myself from her retribution.”

“Well, then, I owe you an apology and my gratitude,” Will Du explained, nodding. “I came here believing I would collar the culprit of this caper. Instead, I was gifted with information that may well crack this case wide open. I will ensure that you are given Global Justice’s standard consultation fee for your time and trouble today.”

“Of course, of course!” Drakken smiled happily, waving his hand as if the conversation had been of no trouble to him at all. “I find my relationship with Global Justice to be quite amicable to my needs and I intend to continue being of value to your crusade to oppress, er, I mean, to put a stop to all of
the criminal scum of the Earth.”

Will Du risked a smile to that one. Dr. Betty Director was handling both Doctor Drakken and Shego quite well since the Lowardian Invasion. Instead of forcing the two former villains to outright change their very inner natures, Betty was utilizing their quirks to the advantage of Global Justice. Shego’s need to be petty and evil at times worked well with her black ops missions while allowing Drakken to serve Global Justice as a consultant at mad science allowed the eccentric inventor to continue his odd experiments while still serving the cause of truth and justice. Will Du had to wholeheartedly agree that such decisions were why Betty led the organization.

“Very well then,” Will Du nodded. “I will take my leave and allow you to return to your work, Dr. Lipski. Thank you for your time.”

“Of course,” Drakken replied cheerily. “Come back again anytime.”

“How about you never leave,” a strange feminine voice tore through the lair’s PA system.


Will Du and both of his agents drew their pistols and looked around. “Surrender, villain! Come out into the open with your hands above your head! The outcome will be a lot less pleasant if my agents and I have to hunt you down.”

“Ah, but you see,” the mysterious voice replied, “chasing me down would be a waste of both your time and mine. So let’s not be so wasteful, shall we? Now, I know that it is a rule of villainy to use a discernible countdown device on any explosive that we use. But, gosh darn me, I seem to have left all of my countdown devices at home.”

“What?” Drakken squeaked. He panicked and dove for a nearby table of gadgets.

Suddenly, Doctor Drakken’s entire lair exploded into a high-rising, fiery inferno. Off in the distance, various Middleton townsfolk turned to notice the reddish-orange mushroom cloud rise up over the horizon. After a few moments, most of them simply shook their head bemusedly and returned to their business.

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On the other side of Middleton, Dr. James Possible sat in his easy chair, flipping the pages of a newspaper, when the shockwaves of the explosion rocked the foundation of his house. Lurching upright, James gave a wide-eyed glance at the archway leading from the family room into the dining room.

“Jim! Tim!” James yelled. “What are you two doing? What have I told you about conducting rocket experiments inside of the house?”

“That wasn’t...,” one voice came from the other side of the archway.

"...us, Dad!” came another, similar voice.

“It came from outside,” the first voice clarified.

“From across town, in fact,” the second voice added.

James was quickly on his feet and running from the family room, through the dining room, and into the living room. There, his two twin sons, Jim and Tim, stood at the window. Tim held the curtain
open while the two of them peered outside. James strode quickly up behind his sons and looked out the window.

To his shock and horror, he saw the bright, reddish-orange mushroom cloud reaching its crescendo.

“What would have caused that explosion?” Jim asked, bewildered.

“What’s even out that direction?” Tim added. “The Global Justice base is to the south...”

"...not to the west,” Jim finished.

“That was Lipski’s laboratory,” James breathed, clutching his newspaper in his fist. He then looked to his two sons. “Jim, go get me my cell phone off of the stand next to my chair.”

“On it, Dad,” Jim replied, turning and running back towards the family room.

“What’s wrong, Dad?” Tim asked innocently.

“I need to call someone,” James replied, glancing back out of the window. “I need to make sure Lipski and his henchmen are okay. I also need to make sure Kim and Shego weren’t there.”

“Kim...” Tim breathed shakily, turning his attention back towards the explosion.

“They’re probably in Vancouver right now,” James assured his son... and himself. “But... but I just want to... want to make sure.”

“Here’s your phone, Dad!” Jim said suddenly, running into the room.

James snatched the phone from Jim’s hand and quickly dialed a number. After it was picked up at the other end, James spoke quickly, not giving the other person a chance to greet the caller.

“Dr. Director, this is Dr. James Possible,” James snapped. “We need to talk.”

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“These damned henchmen are endless!” Bonnie cursed as she cracked her whip in the face of a nearby henchman, causing the henchman to fall backwards off of the crates that Bonnie and Monique were standing on. “Father’s the only man I know who could afford this many henchmen. And he never needs this many!”

“And they all seem to be coming from nowhere,” Monique growled, firing another arrow that exploded in the center of a nearby cluster of henchmen. It was only a slight exaggeration. All of the henchmen were coming out of doorways, grates, cracks, and crevices nearby. But there was no way physically possible that this many henchmen could have been inside the chateau when the heroes had arrived.

Monique looked around quickly. “We’re getting a better vantage point.”

“Where?” Bonnie growled, whipping a nearby cluster of three henchmen off of the crates while firing her tranq pistol into the face of a fourth henchman.

“There,” Monique replied, pointing to a nearby balcony. There was no immediate way of accessing it, as there was no exit onto it from the building behind it.

“And, how, pray tell, will we get there?” Bonnie snapped, looking at Monique queerly.
As if to answer, Monique nocked and fired another arrow. A slender rope trailed behind the arrow. After the arrow embedded itself next to the balcony, Monique gave it a firm tug to test it and then grabbed Bonnie by the waist.

“Hold on,” Monique yelled as she activated the miniature winch on her belt.

Suddenly, the rope retracted and both women flew across the courtyard, Bonnie screaming like a maiden in distress. Monique deftly swung herself around and dumped herself and her payload onto the balcony in question. All of the henchmen in the courtyard below looked up at the two women.

“Okay,” Bonnie smiled as she stowed her whip and drew a second tranq pistol. “This I can handle.”

“I thought as much,” Monique grinned before tapping the com link on her visor. “Felix? We could probably use some assistance down here!”

“I’m on it,” came Felix’s voice over Monique’s Kimmunicator link.

Monique readied another arrow and let fly, catching a henchmen in a bola trap. “And bring my backup quiver. I’m almost out of shafts.”

“You got it!” Felix responded.

As if by magic, a backup quiver pack dropped onto the balcony from above the women. Bonnie looked up and was amazed to see Felix Renton floating above them in his hover-converted wheelchair, a pale blue nimbus surrounding him.

“Oh, wow,” Bonnie breathed. “Color me impressed, Felix.”

“Color me engaged,” Felix smirked as he lowered himself to even level with the women, facing out towards the henchmen.

“And color me married, jackass,” Bonnie snarled as she cocked her twin pistols.

“No, I meant engaged in combat,” Felix clarified as twin mini-cannons flipped up and over his shoulders. Taking quick aim, he blasted six henchmen off of a nearby pile of crates.

“Oh,” Bonnie replied, mollified, before turning to take shots at nearby henchmen.

“So,” Monique grinned, firing another arrow at a nearby cluster of henchmen. “Are you really as innocent as you made yourself look back there on the Firebird, while you were talking to Kim and Shego?”

“Please,” Bonnie laughed, firing two more tranq shots at nearby henchmen. “Are you kidding me? Ricky’s got an appetite like you wouldn’t believe. I just didn’t feel the desire to discuss K’s sexual business that deeply, that’s all. The taste of their girl juices is between the two of them. That was K pushing her riposte a little too far.”

Monique smiled at she watched Felix fire a laser blast at one henchmen before she let another arrow fly at a cluster of nearby henchmen. The explosion sent bodies flying. “Okay, I’ll agree with you there. You might want to remember that, though, the next time you ask them how lesbian sex works,” she joked. “Wait. Ricky? That’s Junior’s name?”

“Yes,” Bonnie smiled. “Ricardo Senior Jr. But I only call him that when I’m alone with him or when I’m with friends. Father very much prefers he be addressed as Señor Senior Junior in formal matters.”
Both Monique and Bonnie spun around the balcony, switching sides so they could draw a bead on different targets. Bonnie smiled as she considered the chocolate-skinned hero.

“Good point on asking K questions,” Bonnie said as she leaned into Monique. “As for Ricky and I, let’s just say...” Bonnie then whispered something into Monique’s ear.

Monique’s eyes went wide before she nocked another arrow and let it fly. “Wow! Um, wow! TMFI?” She then fired yet another arrow into another nearby cluster of henchmen.

“Oh, it gets better,” Bonnie growled playfully as the two women switched places again. In transition, Bonnie whispered something else into Monique’s ear. Whatever was said not only made Monique’s eyes grow wide, but also caused a definable blush to crash over her face.

“OMFG, Bonnie!” Monique gasped as she fired another volley of arrows into a nearby group of henchmen. “Is Junior really that...?”

“And then some,” Bonnie laughed seductively firing two more tranq darts into the crowd of henchmen below. “And then the night before last, he...”

Bonnie whispered something else into Monique’s ear as they traded places yet again. Whatever was said was profound enough to cause Monique to momentarily lose the ability to breath.

“WTF, Bonnie!” Monique cried as she fired an explosive arrow into the center of a nearby cluster of henchmen. “Seriously? Wow, I need to find myself a man to try all of that out!”

Bonnie smiled smugly. “Don’t worry, Mo’. You’re a beautiful girl. You’ll find someone soon enough. And hopefully, they’ll be every bit as kinky as you are.”

“I hope so,” Monique nodded, still blushing ferociously.

“What’s that, sweetheart?” Bonnie and Monique suddenly heard Felix’s voice say. The two women turned to look at the hero queerly.

“Right, I’ll tell them,” Felix continued as he held his finger on the communication console on his wheelchair. He then turned to Bonnie and Monique. “Um, girls, we’ve got a weird problem.”

“What’s that?” Bonnie asked as Monique released another volley of arrows.

“Zita ran a scan on the henchmen,” Felix explained. “There are only two unique DNA signatures amongst the whole lot of them.”

“What?” both Bonnie and Monique gasped, looking at Felix incredulously.

“Out of the dozens of bodies out here in the courtyard,” Felix explained, pointing out to the henchmen, “There are only two unique individuals amongst them. Multiple copies of them.”

Shego slammed into the wall behind her with an audible cracking sound. Shaking off the bright flashes of light going off within her head, the ex-villainess dropped to her knees. Looking down, she saw droplets of blood dripping from her nose and her mouth.

Her healing factor was keeping up with the damage, but just barely. The pain was getting to the point where losing consciousness was going to become unavoidable.

“I don’t have time to play these fucking games,” Shego growled as she ducked. The whizzing sound
that greeted her ears told her that the “weapon” she was trying to avoid had just missed her by a fraction of an inch.

“Let’s see,” Shego scowled, tumbling to the center of the room and glancing around. “These attacks are either too small or too fast for me to see. That means...”

Shego closed her eyes and took a deep breath to center herself.

That’s when Shego heard it. The brief split-second build up to the whizzing sound that accompanied each of the attacks thus far. Growling softly, Shego snapped backwards into a reverse somersault, reaching up and snatching something out of thin air as she did so. She followed through on the somersault, using the momentum of the object she had just caught to carry her backwards to the wall again. Without skipping a beat, Shego stood and spun, slamming her hand, open-palmed, into the wall behind her.

Shego grinned sardonically as she was greeted by a man growing from action figure size to full adult size in a matter of seconds from underneath her hand.

“You need to quit using the same attack over and over, Mego,” Shego growled. “That makes you predictable. Able to be countered.”

The purple-haired, purple-clad man stumbled backwards drunkenly as Shego let go of him. “The wheels of the bus go ‘round and ‘round!” he sang drunkenly before collapsing onto the floor.

Shego’s eyes flared with a bright green flame as she reached down and scooped Mego up by his costume, glaring at him with hateful eyes. “Okay, you prima donna half-twit,” she snarled. “You have exactly one and a half seconds to explain to me exactly what’s going on. One-thousand-and-one...”

“Heeg said that you were the one responsible for everyone in Middleton hating Kim Possible so he asked the Weegs and I to help him carry out this plan to lure you in. It made sense given your past dealings with the Senior family. The Weegs were supposed to fend off anyone else you brought with you and I was supposed to handle anyone who got past the Weegs. I didn’t know that Kim Possible was going to be with you honest!”

“Why the hell would Heeg give such a damn about my Kimmie’s hometown that he would stage a kidnapping of a notorious villain to lure me here to be captured?” Shego snapped, causing Mego to wince.

“I don’t know!” Mego wailed. “He just said that... w-wait a minute...” Mego looked up at Shego with wide eyes. “Did... did you just say ‘my Kimmie?’”

“That’s right,” Shego snarled. “My Kimmie. As in she’s mine. I love her. She loves me. I protect her. She protects me. She’s mine. I’m hers.”


Shego’s eyes narrowed at her older brother. “What do you mean, not a...” Then her eyes went wide. “Oh, my God. No. Please tell me you don’t think...”

“It... it makes sense now,” Mego whispered, shaking with fear under his sister’s clutches. “He wasn’t trying to lure you in. He was trying...”

Shego dropped Mego unceremoniously onto the floor as she straightened into a standing position, her eyes glazed over in disbelief.
“It has to be that all over again,” Mego said, looking up at his sister. “It... it has to be. Why else...?”

“NO!” Shego screamed as she tore into a sprint towards the doorway that her Kimmie had ran through a mere few minutes before. “Not again! Not fucking again!”

Mego scrambled to his feet, shrank back down to the size of an action figure, and then bolted at superspeed towards the doorway as well.

Before either superhero could make it to the doorway, a large steel door slammed shut in front of them. Shego stopped at the door, leaned into it, and pounded ferociously at its thick resilience. Mego slammed full-force into the door, staggering back and collapsing onto the floor.

“GOD DAMN IT, HEGO!” Shego screamed before she lit her hands in plasma flames and began scratching at the door. Each swipe left a noticeable mark on the steel metal. “OPEN THE GOD DAMNED MOTHER FUCKING DOOR, YOU GAY ASS MONKEY FUCKING ASSHAT! OPEN THE GOD DAMNED MOTHER FUCKING DOOR!”

Mego scrambled to his feet and took a couple steps back from his sister. He knew better than to be within arms’ reach of her while she was in this state. He then tapped something in his ear.

“Hey, Weegs, stand down,” Mego said, apparently talking into a hidden microphone. “I just found out Sis wasn’t the target after all. She never was. I need you to surrender to whoever you’ve got left there and try to get them to meet us at my station.”

Mego sighed and turned back to his sister, who was raging incoherently at the steel blast door in front of her.

“Tell them that Kim Possible’s life may be in danger,” Mego added solemnly.

Kim watched as the large steel door shut in front of her girlfriend. She then spun around to look at Hego.

Hego simply looked on Kim with a sad smile, his arms still extended in a presentation form. The smile slowly faded as he took a deep breath.

Señor Senior Jr. continued to look at Kim with wide-eyed fear from his tied-up and gagged spot at the head of the banquet table.


Aside from the crimes he has committed in the past for which he has yet to answer?” Hego qualified quietly. “Nothing.”

Then why are you doing this?” Kim asked, flabbergasted. “If he’s done nothing, then why are you doing this? Even he doesn’t deserve to be treated like this.”

Junior nodded emphatically at that.

Hego sighed, closing his eyes and touching the bridge of his nose with two large ham-fingers before glancing back up at Kim. “Because this is not about him, Miss Possible. This is about you.”

“About... me?” Kim asked, confused.
“I needed to speak to you, Miss Possible,” Hego explained. “I needed to speak to you without my sister present.”

“Wrong answer, Hego!” Kim spat, storming up to the large man. “Whatever you have to say to me can be said with Shego standing by my side. Now open that damned door before...”

“That’s the thing, Miss Possible,” Hego said apologetically. “What I have to say can’t be said with Shego present. It concerns the dangers she represents. You see, I’m trying to save your life. And your soul.”

Kim cocked her head and considered the large superhero curiously.

Mego turned to see Bonnie, Monique, Felix, and the Wego twins run up to him. All of them stopped when they saw Shego slashing ferociously at the steel blast door, snarling and growling like a feral animal.

“Do... do I even want to know?” Monique whispered.

“Miss Possible is on the other side of that door,” Mego explained, turning to the others. “With Hego and Señor Senior Jr. And I will no longer vouch for my brother’s sanity,” Mego took a deep breath and steeled himself. “I should have stopped vouching for it ten years ago.”

Mego then turned to the Wego twins. “I assume you caught the others up to speed?”

“We explained it as best as we could,” the first Wego said.

“Considering we each had a pistol held to our head,” the second Wego added.

“Please,” Bonnie huffed, rolling her eyes. “The tranquilizer darts would have knocked you out, not killed you. Grow some balls.”

“They had no way of knowing you were using tranquilizer darts, Bonnie,” Monique countered, earning a nasty glare from Bonnie in return.

“We need to get through that door,” Mego said, trying to bring the focus back to the problem at hand.

“How thick is that door?” Monique asked, reaching for the controls on her belt buckle. “I might be able to blast our way through...”

“If it were that easy,” Felix replied, “then Shego’s ultra-diamond claws would have cut their way through it already. We need to do something else.”

Felix tapped a few keys into the arm of his wheelchair and brought a holographic screen up in front of him. Wade was on one side of the screen while Zita was on the other.

“Hey, guys?” Felix began. “I’m in front of a steel blast door. Is there any controls that either of you can override?”

Zita began typing and looking over data immediately while Wade replied, “Give us a few moments, Felix. We’ll see what we can do.”

“Thanks, bro,” Felix smiled.
“Are you sure this is about...,” the first Wego twin began.

“that incident, Meeg?” the second Wego twin finished.

Mego sighed to himself, but didn’t immediately answer. Part of him deep down inside wanted it to not be true. But, if it was true, and Kim stood firm on the feelings that Shego claimed the hero held for his sister...

...there was no telling what Hego would do.

[END CHAPTER SIXTEEN]
Chapter 17

Thirteen year old Sheila Goldberg furrowed her brow for a moment as she considered what was in her hands. She glanced up at the girl sitting across the bed from her.

Fifteen year old Gloria Whitedove was beautiful. Her raven black hair, tied back in a low ponytail, set off her dark brown eyes and richly tanned skin. Her face, with its high cheek bones and full lips, expressed Gloria’s impish smile easily. Sheila could get lost in that face forever. Happily.

Finally, Sheila took a deep breath and sighed. Cocking one brow, she carefully asked her erstwhile opponent, “Do you have any 3’s?”

“Go fish,” Gloria laughed. God, even that laugh was divine.

As Sheila drew a card from the deck sitting between the two girls, she shook her head. “Gloria, what was I thinking?”

“About challenging me at cards?” the Native American beauty smirked.


Gloria stopped and looked at Sheila. It was true that Gloria had to fight hard to win Sheila’s heart. She also knew why.

“You were thinking that Hank and I were an item,” Gloria reminded the young plasma wielder. “You were thinking that you were protecting your brother and his feelings. Do you have any 6’s?”

“Well, it seemed so obvious,” Sheila said, shaking her head and handing Gloria two cards from her hand. “I mean, he talks about you every day, even now.”

“I know!” Gloria laughed, rolling her eyes. “He completely smitten with me. Do you have... any kings? Anyway, yeah, he’s a sweet boy and all. But, I don’t do boys. And even if I did, he’s got too much of that comic book superhero mentality for my taste. I like my partners to be a bit... um... more adventurous. More fun.”

“I know!” Sheila smirked, a playful twinkle in her eye. “Go fish, by the way. Do you have any 2’s? So, yeah, I’m glad you didn’t give up on me.”

“Me, too,” Gloria agreed. “I mean, what would you do without the heroic inspiration of...” Gloria drew a card from her hand and with a twinkle of sparkling energy, the card disappeared and reappeared on top of Sheila’s head. “The Sensational Sidestep?”

“You’re really going to keep that name?” Sheila laughed, taking the card off of the top of her head.

“Why not?” Gloria shrugged. “It’s way better than the name Hank gave me.”

Sheila groaned. “Please tell me he didn’t try to tag a ‘Go’ name on you.”

“Hah,” Gloria laughed apologetically. “Since my teleportation powers can be used to teleport other people against their will if need be, I was going to get the extremely imaginative name of Yougo. I politely disagreed.”

Sheila nearly choked on her laugh. “The fuck?! Yeah, I like Sidestep a lot better.”
“Me too,” Gloria smiled. “You know, Sheila, you don’t have to be stuck with the name Shego just because you’re the only girl on your team. You could go with something like Firebrand. Or Infernia. Maybe even Emerald Flame.”

Sheila cocked a brow at Gloria. “Emerald Flame? I kinda like that one. I kinda REALLY like that one. But I better stick with Shego. I don’t want to hurt Hank’s feelings.”

Gloria leaned towards Sheila, grinning playfully. “Or, you could go with my personal favorite. Hot As Hell.”

Sheila smiled darkly back at Gloria. “Oh? And what will the Exceptional Emerald Flame fare against the overwhelming wiles of the Sensational Sidestep?”

“Hopefully,” Gloria breathed huskily, “she will surrender herself completely. I am the hero, after all.”

With that, the two girls’ lips met. Deeply. Subconsciously, Sheila’s hand rose up to tenderly touch Gloria’s cheek as they continued to explore the kiss.

“Hey, Sheila, have you seen Gloria? I wanted to give her these...”

*THUD* *WHUMP*

Both girls sat up straight, startled, and looked at Sheila’s open bedroom door. Standing there was seventeen year old Henry Goldberg. His eyes were wide as saucers as he considered the two girls. On the floor, at his feet, were a box of candies and a bouquet of flowers.

“Um,” Sheila mumbled brilliantly, staring like a frightened puppy into her brother’s brilliant blue eyes.

“Wow,” Gloria mumbled just as brilliantly, staring down at the gifts on the floor.

Henry blinked twice. He then clenched his teeth and fists before dashing down the hallway of Go Tower.

“HANK!” Sheila cried, starting to get up off of the bed. “WAIT!”

Gloria grabbed Sheila’s arm quickly, causing the emerald-hued girl to glance quickly back at her girlfriend.

“No, Sheila,” Gloria soothed, gazing up at Sheila with soft eyes. “Not yet. Let’s give him a few minutes to calm down. Then we’ll talk to him. Together.”


“No, lover,” Gloria said, pulling Sheila down and folding her arms around her. “He’s hurt, yes. But it’s nobody’s fault. We’ll work through this together. All of us. Together.”

“Yeah,” Sheila nodded, leaning into her girlfriend. “Together.”

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“You see, Miss Possible,” Hego said, considering Kim Possible as if he were admonishing a wayward child, “my sister’s seductive ways will only lead you down the road to Hell. She will have you easily and happily sinning before the eyes of God, lead you to believe that the forbidden fruits of which you partake are most delicious and safe. And then, once she leads you to your death, there
will be no returning from the road to Hell for your soul.”

“So, let me get this straight,” Kim replied, pinching the bridge of her nose as she cupped the respective elbow in her other hand, “Because Shego is a lesbian, you think my relationship with her is going to damn my soul to Hell. And then she’s going to kill me to ensure that I don’t have a chance to get right with God.”

Hego smiled broadly. “I knew you were as intelligent as you were beautiful, Miss Possible. I knew you would understand once I explained it.”

Kim sighed solemnly.

“So this because I fear for your eternal soul, Miss Possible,” Hego continued to explain.

“Oh, I understand, Hego,” Kim growled, looking up at the large superhero. “I understand that you’re a homophobic, egotistical asshole.”

Both Hego’s and Señor Senior Jr.’s eyes went wide at that proclamation.

“Seriously, Hego,” Kim snapped, stepping up to Hego and punching her finger into the large hero’s chest with each statement. “One, I’ve finally found someone that I love who is my perfect match in every way and I sure as hell am not going to let anything get in between the two of us. Two, Shego’s been working overtime keeping herself on the straight and narrow in spite of her natural tendencies and I think she deserves a little bit of happiness for that. Three, you honestly think she’s going to fall in love with me and then kill me?”

Hego rose a brow to that last statement. “Do you honestly believe yourself to be able to question me on that last point? After what happened with you and Ron Stoppable?”

Kim’s eyes went wide on that. All color drained from her face.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure dropped down from the ceiling, landing softly in a cat-like crouch on the banquet table. Señor Senior Jr. panicked in his bindings and fell over backwards out of his chair and onto the floor.

“Yes, she does, Hego-san,” the figure growled. “She is completely blind to the crimes that she herself has committed. Of course she is going to ignore the crimes of your sister, as well.”

“What the...?” Hego snapped, looking over at the figure. “Who are you?”

“Yori?” Kim gasped, turning to look at the Yamanouchi ninja. “Oh, for the love of... Great! This night just keeps getting better and better.”

“NOOOOOO!” Shego screamed, slashing two more times at the blast door separating her from her lover, before collapsing onto the floor onto her knees. “No.”

“Just one more code and...,” Zita Flores’ voice filled the room. Her fiance, Felix Renton, was in the room, conversing with her over a holographic connection. “Got it! I think I got the door open, guys!”

Shego blinked and gaped up at the blast door as it slowly began to rise. Realization crept across Shego’s face as a wicked, knowing grin formed.

Shego stood up into an offensive battle stance, willing her hands to erupt into brilliant balls of plasma
flame. Monique stepped up next to Shego’s right side, standing resolute with an arrow already nocked on her bow. Mego stepped up to Shego’s left side, smirking and cracking his knuckles.

“Okay, kiddies,” Shego growled, sporting a wild, dark, toothy grin. “It’s showtime.”

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“I don’t know who you are, Miss Yori,” Hego bellowed, pointing a dramatic finger at the ninja. “But you appear to want to kill Miss Possible. I want to save her soul before she dies. So...”

“Then let’s dance, Hego-san,” Yori replied unemotionally, drawing two ninja-to swords from their waist-level sheaths on her back.

Kim stepped back from being in between the two antagonists. She dropped into a defensive stance, keeping her eyes on both of them.

Junior squirmed frantically on the floor nearby, trying to avoid being caught in the crossfire despite being inescapably tied up.

“Indeed, Miss Yori,” Hego growled, dropping into a boxer’s stance. “We shall da...”

Hego’s words were cut off as a bolt of green plasma flame shot across the room. It caught Hego squarely in the chest, hurtling the superhero several yards backwards and smashing him through the wall there.

Both Kim and Yori glanced towards the other end of the room. Standing there were Monique, Mego, Bonnie, the Wego twins, and Shego. Shego had a maniacal grin on her face.

“HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERE’S JOHNNY!” Shego screamed.

“Yes!” Kim exclaimed, pumping a victorious fist, as Yori’s eyes went wide.

Shego turned and looked at Kim, cocking her head slightly. The effect was incredibly creepy, not unlike a scene from a splatterpunk film. “Why, hello there, the love of my life, the whole of my world. I am so glad you are well. Please excuse me. I have a brother I need to sodomize with his own castrated genitals.”

With that, Shego leapt forward, charging with both fists ablaze. Yori attempted to intercept Shego, but was caught blindsided by Kim, who hit the ninja with a flying kick attack. As Kim engaged Yori in intense hand-to-hand melee, Shego closed in on her brother.

Hego sat up as his sister charged at him. “Shego, your evil ends today. You have already killed one woman that I loved. I will not allow you to kill another.”

“Another?” Shego seethed, her head twitching violently as she stopped just beyond ten paces of her brother. “Are you saying you’re in love with my Kimmie? Your day just keeps getting worse and worse, doesn’t it?”

“I am merely saying that I will not...,” Hego began.

Shego jumped up suddenly and slammed her flamed fists onto Hego. Hego blocked the attack by crossing his massive arms in front of him. He then countered with a haymaker punch that sent Shego flying upward and crashing through the ceiling. Hego stood up and jumped after the green ex-villain, going through the hole she created.
Mego turned to Monique. “The Weegs and I are going to go help Sis with Heeg. You guys help Possible with that ninja chick.”

“Ricky!” Bonnie gasped, seeing her husband laying helpless on the floor. She ran quickly over to him.

Mego rolled his eyes. “And Señora Senior Jr. can go help her husband.”

“Right!” Monique replied, firing her arrow.

Mego and the Wego twins jumped onto the banquet table and jumped up through the hole in the ceiling. Felix floated up and took aim at Yori. Yori ducked a roundhouse kick from Kim with a spinning twist. In mid-twist, Yori caught Monique’s arrow in mid-flight. Following through on the spin, Yori held the head of the arrow to Kim’s face and allowed the explosive to go off.

Monique lowered her bow and cursed herself under her breath.

As the smoke of the explosion cleared, Yori stood there looking very pleased with herself. Then, suddenly, from underneath the ninja, a slender fist shot up and delivered an uppercut that sent Yori flying into the air.

“You think I don’t know my own teammate’s arrows and how to avoid them, bitch?” Kim growled.

Yori didn’t get a chance to respond. Felix fired a concussive blast from one of his shoulder cannons and caught the ninja square in the midriff. As Yori flew into a nearby wall, Monique followed through with an arrow shot that secured her with a entangling bola attack.

Bonnie finished untying Junior and scooped the well-built man into her arms, holding him tight. Junior returned the embrace gratefully.

“Forgive me, the flower of my soul,” Junior muttered into Bonnie’s shoulders. “I should never have allowed myself to be captured by the likes of him. I will forever endeavor to prove myself greater than tonight has shown me to be.”

“Oh,” Bonnie laughed, leaning back to look into Junior’s eyes. “Shut up your sexy mouth and kiss me already.”

As the two lovers kissed, Kim limped over to Yori. The ninja seethed angrily at the hero, squirming erratically.

“Since I know it’s only a matter of seconds before you produce something that can cut those binds...,” Kim growled. She then lashed out with a vicious roundhouse kick, catching Yori straight on the side of her head and knocking her out cold.

“Remind me to not piss Kim off,” Felix whispered to Monique.


Kim then turned around and looked at her teammates. “We need to get topside and help Shego and the others.”

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As Shego crashed through the roof, she arced and landed painfully in a tumbling and skidding roll
across the shingles. A mere moment later, Hego leapt through the hole that Shego had created, landing several yards away from the ex-villainess.

“Really, Shego,” Hego seethed, flexing his biceps as he strode up to Shego. “Your lustful and sinful behavior already killed Gloria. I had hoped that you would have learned your lesson after that. But no. You had to go and prove yourself to be the demon-possessed succubus that you are. You weren’t content to damn just Gloria to Hell, you psychotic bitch. Now you want to condemn Kim Possible to Hell, too.”

Shego stood painfully up onto her feet, teetering slightly as she assumed a defensive fighting stance. Shego was superstrong herself. She could easily lift an elephant or a small jet. Her punches could deliver that much force for devastating damage; only well-places blocks and dodges like Kim knew could counter her attacks. But Hego was stronger still, by a magnitude of degrees. While 6,400 kilograms was Shego’s lifting strength, Hego could lift 50 metric tons with casual effort, 100 metric tons if he put his back into it. Picking up a space shuttle or a couple of standing stones was not out of the question for the large blue hero. And he could punch with that much force.

And Hego had just punched Shego with that much force.

Shego growled and sheathed herself with her plasma. She had been stupid and she quietly chided herself for that stupidity. In her blind rage, she had allowed herself to close in on melee range with Hego. The trick to fighting the big blue idiot was to keep him outside of melee reach.

“Damn Gloria to Hell?” Shego screamed, launching a volley of plasma blasts into Hego’s face. Each blast knocked the blue hero back a footstep, causing Hego to grunt loudly. “I damned Gloria to Hell? Me? Fuck you, Hego!”

Hego recovered and began blocking his face with his arms as he advanced on Shego again. “Yes, Shego! You! You damned Gloria to Hell with your homosexual perversity! Then you lead her to her death and left her behind! You condemned her to Hell then you condemned her to die! I know you planned on doing the same thing to Kim Possible. I had to save her. I had to save her life. I had to save her soul. It would have torn me apart to watch yet another wonderful, pure, and beautiful woman to die at your sinful, perverse hands.”

Hego’s advance came to a standstill as Shego opened up an even stronger volley of plasma blasts on the intrepid blue hero.

“ME?!” Shego screamed, continuing her volley. “I KILLED GLORIA?! FUCK YOU, HEGO! I DIDN’T KILL HER! SHE WAS KILLED WHEN WE WERE SENT INTO THAT LAIR THINKING THAT MY BROTHERS WERE GOING TO BE THERE TO STOP THE ALCHEMIST AFTER WE DISTRACTED HIM. YOU SET HER UP TO DIE, YOU GOD DAMNED MOTHER FUCKER! YOU DID!”

“I DIDN’T SET HER UP TO DIE!” Hego screamed back at Shego, slamming his fists into the roof and causing a shockwave across the shingles that knocked Shego off of her feet. “I set her up to understand how dangerous and evil you were! She was supposed to see how dangerous it was to follow you into the lair of one of the most psychopathic villains of our time and flee to me, realizing you to be the evil succubus that you are! But you abandoned her to die instead! You took Gloria away from me twice, Shego! And now you’re set to take Kim Possible away twice, as well!”

As Hego stepped up to stand over Shego, Shego scrambled back uselessly, still on her back, glaring angrily up at her eldest brother.

“You deluded, selfish, son of a fucking bitch!” Shego growled. “You don’t understand the first thing
about being a hero. You go traipsing off all of the time to save the day, to help the helpless, to stop the evildoer. But you don’t do it for the right reasons. You want accolades. You want praise. You want the girl. That’s not a true hero, you asswipe! A true hero is someone who is willing to sacrifice her life to save the life of someone she loves! I didn’t abandon Gloria. Gloria teleported me away from her so that she could stop the Alchemist long enough for me to escape. She didn’t give me a choice!”

“There is always a choice!” Hego replied angrily, lacing his two hamfists together and bringing them up above his head. “You could have gone back for her! You didn’t! And now her soul is condemned to Hell for your perversity! I will not allow you to do that again! Not to Kim Possible! NOW DIE, YOU DEVIL-WORSHIPPING SUCCUBUS-BITCH!”

Shego closed her eyes and braced herself for the inevitable impact of her brother’s crushing blow. She folded her arms in front of her and the claws on her battlesuit formed a plasma shield right above her body. She still expected to feel an incredible amount of pain, but at least she’d live... maybe. However, instead of feeling Hego’s hamfists slam violently into the plasma shield, Shego heard a ricochet sound, a dull thud, and loud grunt from Hego.

Opening her eyes, Shego saw Mego backflip and land on his feet as he grew back to human size. Hego was stumbling the other direction, having obviously been slam-kicked by his supersmall, superfast younger brother.

Mego glanced at Shego and smiled humorlessly. “You’re right, Sis. Sidestep is the true hero here. She saved the life of one hellavu woman.”

Shego smiled ruefully at her next elder brother. She then struggled to her feet and stood next to him. “I’ve got a lot of making up to you to do,” Mego admitted to Shego, keeping his eye on Hego. “I’m going to start by standing by you today.”

“Me too!” came the first Wego twin’s voice as he scrambled up next to Shego.

“Me three!” came the second Wego twin’s voice as he scrambled up next to Mego.

Shego nodded to her brothers then turned to Hego. “All of this time, I knew you’d somehow set us up for that trap, Hego. I just never wanted to believe that your jealousy of me and Gloria would drive you to do something like that. And now, here you are, trying to do it again. Trying to tear me and my Kimmie apart. Why, Hego? Are you jealous again. That I’m getting the pretty redhead and you’re getting nothing?”

“Homosexuality is a perverse sin in the eyes of God,” Hego replied, stabilizing himself and dropping into a boxer’s stance.

“Quit blaming God for your problems, you spineless cunt,” Shego hissed. Her fists erupted violently into green flames once again.

“This is going to be a fight,” the first Wego twin warned.

“Hego’s really, really strong,” the second Wego twin added.

“We can do it,” Mego replied. “On my mark, we attack from all sides in a cross formation. Three... two... one...”

Before Mego could finish his countdown, a slender hand reached up and tapped Hego on the shoulder. Hego turned to see Kim standing next to him. As he turned, Kim held a trick arrow up to
“What is this?” Hego asked curiously.

“A gift from Monique,” Kim smiled mischievously. She clicked something on the shaft of the arrow and a large cloud of green gas exploded into Hego’s face. Kim backflipped out of the way as Hego coughed violently and tried to wave the gas away from his face. But it was too late. Within moments, he collapsed onto the roof, snoring loudly.

Mego blinked a couple of times and then dropped out of his battle stance. “Well, um...,” he stammered. “That... that works, too.”

Monique and Felix ran up to the group and looked around.

“Is everyone okay?” Monique asked, flicking her wrist to collapse her bow so that she could stow it away.

“We’re all okay now,” the first Wego twin began, smiling brightly.

“Thanks to you and your arrows,” the second Wego twin added, just as brightly.

“Those are some neat trick arrows you have.”

“Maybe you could show us how they work sometime?”

Monique considered the Wego twins for a moment, then smiled. “I don’t see why not.”

Shego ran across the roof and threw herself onto Kim. Kim caught Shego and wrapped her arms tightly around her girlfriend.

“Oh, God, Kimmie,” Shego gasped, visibly shaking. “When I saw that door shut and knew you were trapped in that room with Hego, I thought I’d lost you forever. I thought I’d never get to see you again. I thought...”

“No, Shego,” Kim replied, holding Shego tight. “You thought the impossible. You forget. I can do anything, including having wonderful friends and lovers who don’t give up on me no matter what. Thank you, Shego. Thank you.”

As Mego took a couple of Monique’s bola arrows and made sure that Hego’s wrists and ankles were tightly bound, Kim and Shego stood there and held each other. Each refused to let go of the other.

Back at Señor Senior Sr.’s manor, Kim and Shego settled down for relaxation. The guest room was gorgeously appointed. It blew the Topaz Room at the Pan-Pacific Hotel clean out of the water. A huge, richly appointed king-sized oak canopy bed served as a centerpiece of a room that featured some of the most exquisite furniture and art pieces that Kim had ever seen. And it had its own private, full-sized jacuzzi!

As the two women sat naked in the jacuzzi, exalting in the hot, flowing, bubbling water, Kim looked at Shego. Shego’s healing factor was already working wonders on the injuries that Hego’s god-like strength had inflicted on her. She was still badly bruised, but she no longer looked badly beaten up and broken.

“So, this Gloria Whitedove, this Sidestep,” Kim asked carefully, “was the reason you knew the pain
I was going through when Ron died?"

“I’m sorry you found out like this,” Shego said softly, scared to meet Kim in the eyes. “I... I should have told you sooner. But... but I didn’t want to remember. I still feel like I lost myself the day Gloria died. After Hego and Mego failed to show up to save Gloria, I quit Team Go and ran off to become a villain. Without Gloria, I didn’t see any reason to be a hero anymore.”

Kim nodded thoughtfully. She said nothing. She simply scooted closer to Shego and took the green-hued woman’s hand into her own.

“But then I met you, Pumpkin,” Shego added, daring to look up at the hero. “At first, I just liked the challenge that you finally brought into my life. You gave me a reason to enjoy being a villain. But, as time went on, you also gave me a reason to believe, to hope, that I could love again.”

Kim smiled softly and squeezed Shego’s hand reassuringly.

“Right before Gloria died, right before she teleported me to the other side of that blast door so that the Alchemist couldn’t get to me,” Shego continued, “She made me promise her that I wouldn’t let her memory hold me down. She made me promise her that I’d find someone to make me happy.”

Kim scooted up right next to Shego and held her girlfriend tight. Shego finally broke down into a sobbing fit. It was the first time Kim had ever seen Shego so weak and vulnerable and it absolutely broke Kim’s heart. All of the things that Kim wanted to do to Hego for hurting Shego like this were too dark and indescribable.

“It took me ten years to finally keep that promise,” Shego choked in between sobs. “Ten God damned, motherfucking, selfish, wasted years.”

Kim gently stroked Shego’s hair and kissed the woman gently on the forehead. “And are you keeping that promise now?”

Shego looked up and saw Kim’s olive eyes, gentle and loving, gazing down into her own emerald eyes. Slowly, Shego dared to smile up at Kim.

“Yes,” Shego finally said. “Now I am. I’m finally keeping that promise to her. I’m finally happy.”

“You don’t know how happy that makes me to hear that, Shego,” Kim smiled, caressing her girlfriend’s cheek. “I lo...”

“Sheila,” Shego suddenly said, still holding Kim’s gaze with her own.

“Huh?” Kim blinked.

“That’s my real name,” Shego explained. “I’ve tried to forget it for the last ten years, but now I don’t want to forget it anymore. My real name is Sheila Marie Goldberg. Meeg is Myron. The Weegs are William and Edward. And I’m Sheila.”

Kim didn’t miss the significance of Shego not mentioning Hego’s name. Quite frankly, right at that moment, Kim couldn’t have given a fucking damn what that asshole’s name was.

“Sheila,” Kim smiled, considering the name. “That is a beautiful name. Hmmm. Sheila Marie Possible. That has a nice ring to it.”

Shego’s eyes went wide on that note. “Are you saying you want...?”
Kim smiled mischievously at Shego. “Don’t make plans for Independence Day, babe. You just might need to be available for a proposal.”

With that, Shego smiled brightly and the two women kissed.

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The next morning, the team enjoyed an incredible breakfast with the Seniors.

True to his word, Señor Senior Sr. did not attempt any diabolical, evil scheme against them. Instead, they enjoyed a warm, friendly breakfast with some of the best food Kim had ate in her entire life.

Kim and Bonnie bantered back and forth about which of them had been the better cheerleader in high school while Shego and Junior reminisced about some of the capers they had pulled together. Felix and Zita giggled and fed each other like two love-struck newlyweds. The Wego twins bombarded Monique with questions about the fashion world; as it turned out, the Weegs were aspiring actors just out of high school and had done some modeling work since Team Go’s original disbandment, so they could ‘talk shop’ with Monique, which the dark-skinned beauty enjoyed. Senior and Mego watched it all with amused looks and chuckles.

Shortly after the breakfast, Felix loaded Hego and Yori, both still unconscious, onto the Firebird. The team, including Mego and the Wego twins, boarded the supersonic VTOL jet and left to go back to the United States.

“Attention, passengers and prisoners,” Shego laughed from her pilot’s seat as the Firebird flew through the sky. “This is your captain speaking. We’ll be crossing the Atlantic Ocean, then proceeding to the Crate, the maximum security super-prison ran by Global Justice in southern Florida, to drop off our cargo before proceeding on to Go City and then Vancouver. Meals and entertainment are provided in-flight. Please enjoy your trip and thank you for flying Shego Skies.”

Kim looked at Mego apologetically from her passenger seat. “I’m sorry it came to this, Mego.”

Mego smiled softly at Kim. “Don’t be. I’ve known Heeg’s been unstable for over a decade. I’ve just been too scared to do anything about it. I guess I let my own self-centered nature get the better of me there, what with everything always being about me and my safety. But now I’m married, Kim. And my wife is pregnant with our first child. I can’t afford to let Heeg run amok anymore.”

“Wait just a damned minute,” Shego suddenly spouted from up front. “Did you just say that Kris is pregnant?”

“Yeah, she is!” the first Wego twin, William, replied, suddenly turning away from his conversation with Monique.

“She’s six months pregnant now,” the second Wego twin, Edward, added.

“They say it’s going to be a boy,” William continued.

“You’re going to have a nephew, Aunt Shego!” Edward declared.

Kim’s eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. “Mego! Congratulations!”

“Thank you, thank you,” Mego smiled, holding up his hands in a victory pose.

“Wow,” Shego breathed. Felix, sitting at the co-pilot’s station, watched as Shego sank back into her chair. “I’m going to be an aunt.”
Felix smiled, knowing the feeling. Zita’s older sister-in-law had just given birth a couple months ago to a bouncing baby boy. The glow that he saw on Zita every time she had held her new nephew was intoxicating. He tapped a few keys at his controls and Wade’s image popped up on a holographic screen above the controls.

“Hey, Felix,” Wade said grimly.

“Hey, Wade,” Felix replied, eying Wade’s somber mood curiously. “I wanted to let you know that the mission was a success. Turns out that Hego needs a nice long vacation in a loony bin. And we caught Yori. So we’re dropping them both off at the Crate and dropping Mego and Wego off in Go City before heading home. Um, what’s wrong?”

“Change those plans,” Wade said, his serious eyes causing Felix to pause. “I need you guys to fly straight to the Global Justice headquarters outside of Middleton.”

Felix rose a brow to that. “Why? What’s wrong?”

“There was an explosion last night,” Wade explained. “At Dr. Drakken’s lair.”

“What?” Shego screamed, startling everyone on the jet.

“It critically injured all of the henchmen there,” Wade continued, undaunted. “Drakken and Will Du were found alive but comatose under all of the rubble. Apparently, Drakken had used a super bouncy bubble ray gun to save Will Du and himself just as the base exploded.”

“GJ headquarters in Middleton it is, then,” Shego growled as she changed course. “And Drew *better* be alive when I get there.”

“I’ll pass the word on to Dr. Director, then,” Wade noted. “See you guys there.”

After Wade signed off, the team was oddly quiet for the rest of the flight. Which was quite all right in Shego’s opinion. Someone had tried to kill Drakken and now she wasn’t in a good mood. She wanted to know who and why. And she wanted to know now.

[END CHAPTER SEVENTEEN]
Chapter 18

Team Possible, along with Mego and the Wego twins, strode briskly into the lobby of the Global Justice Headquarters Medical Center outside of Middleton. Shego was at the forefront with Kim just to her right and rear. The look in Shego’s eyes spoke volumes about the foolhardiness of anyone who dared approach her at that point.

“Welcome to the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement International Medical Center,” the receptionist greeted from behind her desk, oblivious to Shego’s mood. “How may I help you today?”

Shego stopped at the desk and seethed at the receptionist, grinding her bare teeth. The receptionist’s face turned white as she scooted back slightly.


“Wh... Who?” the receptionist stammered.

“NOW!” Shego screamed, leaning over the desk to glare at the receptionist.

The receptionist nearly fainted. As it was, she turned pale as a ghost, staring helplessly frozen at Shego’s scowling face.

Kim placed a gentle hand on Shego’s shoulder in the hopes of calming her. She then turned to the receptionist. “Dr. Drew Lipsky,” Kim answered softly.

“D... Dr. Drew Lipsky?” the receptionist repeated, unintentionally testing Shego’s patience. “He... he’s in the ICU wing. But... but only family members can...”

“That’s fine, Karen,” a voice came from over to the side. “Anna here is Dr. Lipsky’s daughter.”

The heroes glanced over to the double doorway from where the voice had came. Dr. Betty Director stood with two agents flanking her.

“Anna?” Mego started to ask, before having his foot stomped on by Monique.

“Miss Lipsky,” Betty continued. “If you’d accompany Hernandez and Johnson here, they will escort you to your father.”

Shego nodded curtly. “Thank you, Dr. Director.”

Shego turned and kissed Kim gently on the forehead. “I wish you could come with me, Princess. But this whole ‘family only’ bullshit...”

“I understand,” Kim replied, touching Shego’s hand with her own as the ex-villainess pulled away. “Besides, I’m sure Betty will want to talk to me.”

Shego nodded, turned, and strode for the double doorway. As she passed by Betty, she glanced at the head of Global Justice.

“Anna?” Shego whispered bemusedly. “Cute.”

Betty bit back the smug, self-satisfied grin that threatened to cross her face. After she watched Shego follow the two agents through the double doorway, Betty turned and strode over to Kim.
“Good guess, by the way,” Betty commended the young hero. “It would indeed please me to no end to hear your explanation as to why the one asset we had that could actually stand up to most of the supervillains of the world had to be put down like a rabid dog.”

“Hey!” Mego yiped. “The Weegs and I are here, too!”

Betty simply considered Mego curiously for a moment before turning back to Kim. “Would you accompany me to a conference room so we may speak, Kim?”

“What?” Mego yelped in response to that. “Hey!”

Kim face grew dark, but she nodded. “Trust me, Doctor. I would love to fill you in on everything that’s happened.”

“Where are the prisoners, by the way,” Betty asked.

“They’re still aboard the Firebird,” William, the first Wego twin, explained. “Still unconscious.”

“Eight of our copies are standing guard over them right now,” Edward, the second Wego twin, added.

Betty nodded and tapped something on her wristwatch. “Delgado, I need 20 agents to the Firebird immediately. Transport the prisoners on board to the holding cells. Be sure to keep them sedated. They are dangerous and our holding cells won’t hold either of them.”

“Understood,” came a male voice in response.

Betty nodded then looked back up at Kim. “Shall we, then, Miss Possible?”

Kim nodded. “Yes, let’s.”

As Kim and Betty walked off, Mego stretched with his hands behind his head. “Well, I guess we all just hang out here, then,” the Violet Crusader muttered darkly.

“There is a cafeteria open to the public if you need something to eat or drink,” the receptionist pointed out. “It’s just down that hallway to your right.”

Zita’s eyes lit up as she smiled. “Felix, why don’t you and the boys head on to the cafeteria and find us seats. Monique and I are going to go freshen up.”

Felix nodded and smiled. “You got it, sweetheart.” He kissed Zita softly before turning his wheelchair around and leading the other men down the hallway.

“We’ll have the seats ready when you get there,” William said to Monique before taking off after Felix and Mego.

“Don’t take too long, okay?” Edward smiled, punching Monique playfully in the shoulder.

“I won’t, Eddie, I promise,” Monique laughed, ruffling Edward’s hair before the young man turned and ran down the hallway after Felix and his brothers.

Shego stepped into the ICU room where Drakken lay in a hospital bed. He was hooked to an elaborate life-support system and had an oxygen mask on his face. Shego bit her lower lip at the sight. The blue idiot was an addle-brained mad genius and often cowered in the most ridiculous
positions when Shego lost her temper. But she had never seen Drakken so... helpless before.

She sat down next to the bed and took Drakken’s hand in her own. The more she considered Drakken’s infirm condition, the angrier she got.

“I swear to fucking God, Drew,” Shego seethed quietly, her voice barely a whisper. “When I find out who did this to you, there will be nothing... nothing that will protect that person from all the little things I plan to do to him or her.”

“She... Shego?” Drakken rasped suddenly, startling Shego. “Is... is that you?”

“Yeah, Drew, it’s me,” Shego replied softly, smiling sadly. “It’s me. It’s Sheila.”

“Sheila?” Drakken asked, opening his eyes slightly, weakly, and turning to look at Shego. “But... you didn’t ever... want me to use...”

“Thing’s’ve changed,” Shego smiled bravely, squeezing Drakken’s hand. “We just got done taking down Henry, Drew. He tried to do Kimmie like he did Gloria. We kicked his fucking ass and handed him to Betty on a silver platter.”

Drakken smiled at that. “So that goody-goody hero got his just desserts?” he whispered raspily. “That... that alone makes this... hospital stay worth it.”

Shego chuckled softly at that and gave Drakken’s hand another squeeze.

Drakken glanced up. “Are... are you crying, Sheila?”

Shego wiped at her eyes. “No. No, I’m not. I... there’s so much damned equipment in here, something’s got in my eye. Do you really need all of this just to keep your lame ass alive?”

Drakken laughed at that. “Have... you spoke to... my doctor?”

Shego nodded. “Just before I walked in here. You got a mighty big concussion and a shit-ton of internal bleeding. But nothing major was damaged and they were able to stave off the bleeding and give you some transfusions. You’re going to be okay, Drew. You just have to stay here in ICU for a few weeks to heal up.”

Drakken nodded softly to that.

“God damn it, Drew,” Shego suddenly choked, holding Drakken’s hand to her lips. “Why couldn’t you have a healing factor like me?”

“Because,” Drakken laughed. “The... lab accident that... gave me my... beautiful blue skin... only gave me supreme intelligence... and the capacity to... use it for evil.”

“And made you resistant to certain types of damage,” Shego laughed softly. “Much to my chagrin, you old coot. Probably how you survived that explosion.”

“I have ideas... on that front, Sheila,” Drakken rasped. “But I need... you to steal something... from one of DNAmy’s... old labs.”

“Drew,” Shego said softly. “You get out of here and I’ll give you one free robbery just to celebrate you being alive. I promise.”

Drakken sighed softly on that one. “Will Du?”
Shego closed her eyes. “Your bubble ray gun saved his life,” she explained. “When GJ dug you guys out, he was passed out from asphyxiation, but his internals were okay.”

Drakken grinned weakly at that one. “Imagine if I could... have used that weapon... on the Possible. To watch her squirm... for breath as I... revealed my latest... master plan.”

Shego smirked. “Those days are gone now, Drew,” she laughed. “You leave my little Kimmie alone.”

Drakken nodded. “So I saved Will Du, huh?” he laughed softly. “I’m a hero... again.”

Shego squeezed Drakken’s hand again. “Yeah, you are. In spite of yourself.”

“Sheila,” Drakken said, looking at Shego softly. “I think... I think I’m going to rest up... a little bit more. Okay?”

Sheila leaned down and kissed Drakken softly on the forehead. “You get all of the rest you need, Drew. Give me a call when you’re up to talking some more. I want to hear all of the details of your next great plan.”

Drakken smiled at that.

“One thing, though,” Shego said suddenly. “Do you know who blew up your lab?”

“Ele...,” Drakken started to say, before he slipped into a gentle sleep.

Shego’s brow furrowed deeply as her eyes lit up in brilliant green flames.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

“So,” Zita said as she and Monique went up to the bathroom mirror to check their make-up. “Spill.”

“What’s there to spill?” Monique smirked, trying to hide her blush.

“Oh, nothing,” Zita mused. “Except that when we all crashed at the Seniors’ place, you asked Felix and I to let only Mego crash on our couch. And I know for a damned fact that Kim and Shego didn’t let anyone else sleep in their room.”

Monique tried to hide the thin smile that threatened to creep across her face.

“So,” Zita added with a knowing smirk. “What’d you guys do?”

“Oh, nothing,” Monique sang. She couldn’t hide her smile.

“Chica,” Zita warned playfully. “Remember that glow we saw on Kim the first morning we were in the lair?”

Monique bit her lower lip and glanced at Zita. Monique was on the verge of giggling hysterically.

“I saw you at breakfast this morning,” Zita continued. “So... What... Did... You... Do?”

“OMG, Zita,” Monique finally laughed. “Yes, we slept together, okay? It’d been over a year, GF. And it felt so good! It felt so damned good!”

“Which one?” Zita asked, getting giddy. “William or Edward?”
“Yes,” Monique smiled before she broke down laughing.

Zita was speechless for a moment before her eyes went wide. “You... did both?”

“I sure did, GF,” Monique laughed. “I mean, even if it had been only one or the other, what is their superpower again?”

Zita’s eyes went wide when she realized where Monique was going with that.

“Plus they’re mind-linked,” Monique explained. “What one feels, the other feels. We tried out some really interesting things, too. I think there were like eight of them out at one point.”

Zita nearly choked as she covered her mouth and stepped back to consider Monique wildly.

“And they’re both so affectionate,” Monique continued. “They’re so sweet and considerate. I mean, there were things we tried that I didn’t like and things we tried that they didn’t like. But they listened to me and they were willing to try things I liked. You know how hard it is to find a man like that? Let alone two?”

“Eight?” Zita croaked, still fixated on that fact.

“Not all at exactly the same time doing exactly the same thing,” Monique laughed, enjoying the look on her friend’s face. “Some of them were caressing me and massaging me while others were busy with... other things.”

“Wow, Monique!” Zita finally gasped. “I know I wanted details. We’ve all been so worried about you and your happiness since the night at the Gaslight District. But I didn’t expect...”

“For last night to have been this good?” Monique grinned. “Oh, trust me, GF. IGMB. It Gets Much Better.”

“Fifteen minutes,” William smiled as he looked at the clock.

“How much of it is she going to talk about?” Edward laughed.

“About what?” Mego asked after swallowing the bit of sandwich in his mouth as he looked at his younger brothers.

“Oh, nothing,” both Wego twins mused simultaneously.

Felix just shook his head bemusedly.

“We’re here!” Monique’s voice chirped as she pulled Zita Flores to the table with her. Zita down next to Felix and began to whisper excitedly to him. Monique then sat herself down between the Wego twins. “And we didn’t talk too much about it. I saved all of the best parts for myself.”

Monique then kissed each Wego twin on the cheek. “So, whatcha get me?”

“We got you an extra-large Mountain Crash soda,” William declared, handing Monique a very large foam cup.

“You said it was your favorite soda,” Edward added.

Monique smirked at Zita as she happily accepted the soda. “I told ya they listened.”
Zita grinned wickedly at Monique, causing Felix to pause, consider Zita, smile, and shake his head bemusedly.

“Oh?” Mego asked, curiously eying Monique and his brothers. Then realization set in. “Ooooooh!”

The Wego twins simply grinned facetiously at their older brother.

“So, we just sit here and wait, then?” Monique asked after taking a sip of her soda.

“Pretty much,” Felix added, taking a bite out of his hamburger. “And eat lunch. I got you a pastrami sandwich, love.”

“Gracias, lover,” Zita replied, accepting the sandwich from her boyfriend.

“Hopefully I didn’t make you guys wait for too terribly long,” Kim said as she walked up behind Monique and slapped the girl playfully on the back of the head. “And you better not be wearing William and Edward out.”

The Wego twins, Zita, and Felix laughed heartily at that. Monique just smirked knowingly at her best friend. Mego simply took another bite from his sandwich, trying to act like nothing was amiss.

Betty stepped up beside Kim. “It disheartens me that Hego is the one ultimately responsible for Sidestep’s death and driving Shego to villainy,” she mused. “But things will get better. Shego’s a hero again, if even for darker missions. And Hego will get the best psychiatric care Global Justice can bring to bear. We need him well again to help take on the world’s villains.”

Mego grunted disapprovingly with food in his mouth, pointing at himself.

Betty rolled her eyes. “Yes, Mego, I know. You’re here too. But we can use all the help we can get.”

“Thank you for helping our brother,” William said, looking up at Betty.

“It really means a lot to us,” Edward added.

“You’re very welcome, Wego,” Betty nodded. “But there is a more immediate problem on my mind. Who attacked Drakken’s lair? Why would anyone even do that? And why was Will Du there in the first place?”

“I can’t answer the why’s,” Shego’s voice chimed in. “But I can answer the who.”

“Oh?” Betty asked, turning to Shego as the ex-villainess stormed up next to the Global Justice leader. “Drakken spoke to you on the matter?”

“If I’m interpreting what Doc was trying to say right,” Shego growled. “It was Electronique.”

Kim furrowed her brow. “That doesn’t make any sense. Why would Electronique blow up Drakken’s base.”

“I dunno, Pumpkin,” Shego shrugged. “Unless he knew something dangerous.”

Betty sighed. “And it seemed awfully convenient that Will was there when it happened. According to Delgado, Will was investigating a lead he said he had about events in Middleton on his own time and was visiting Drakken concerning that matter. After I’d forbade him from doing so.”

“Well, let’s put the pieces together,” Kim started. “Something is happening in Middleton. Something so subtle that none of the rest of us noticed it.”
“But Will noticed it,” Betty added. “And whatever it was led him to believe that Drakken either had something to do with it or could help solve the problem.”

“And if Electronique thought it was necessary to shut Doctor D up about it,” Shego continued, “then it had to be something electronic and something dangerous to her plans.”

“But the only thing electronic Drakken’s ever been able to come up with that has had any level of viability or success was...,” Kim said.

“Mind control!” all three women chimed in at once.

“Middleton’s under some sort of mind control,” Shego snapped. “That would explain why everyone in town is so dead set against her right now.”

“And Will Du must have thought Drakken was behind it,” Kim agreed.

“But when Will found out that Drakken wasn’t behind it,” Betty added, “but could instead help counter it, Electronique tried to snuff both Drakken and Will.”

“Which means the mind control is still active,” Shego said. “And that bitch is still in control of it.”

“Oh, my God,” Monique gasped. “That’s why my parents turned against me!”

“It makes sense,” Shego nodded.

“But if this mind control effect is controlling everyone in Middleton,” Mego asked, swallowing the food in his mouth, “then why not us? We’re in Middleton right now, right?”

“We’re just outside the city limits of Middleton,” Betty agreed. “But GJ Headquarters is shielded against such things. Even then, it would have to be a subtle effect to have gone undiscovered for so long. That means that anyone with a strong enough willpower could shake its effects.”

“That explains why Monique, Felix, Zita, and Wade didn’t fall for it,” Kim ventured. “But I’m pretty sure Wade has his house similarly shielded. As do the Tweebs at my parents’ house.”

“But not my parents’ house,” Monique mused sadly. “Now they’re being used like puppets by Electronique. Who knows what she’ll have them do next?”

Kim’s eyes grew wide at that. “Oh, no. We need to get our families out of Middleton!”

“Why?” William asked.

“What’s wrong?” Edward asked.

“Think about it,” Shego growled. “Electronique just blew up a major structure just on the outskirts of Middleton. That drew a lot of attention to the problem. She’s going to up the ante now. Before, she was just making sure that my Princess had no support base. Now she’s going to make sure that all of our lives are destroyed.”

Kim tapped the Kimmunicator on her left glove. Wade’s image greeted her.

“Hey, Kim!” Wade greeted. “I see you made it to GJ HQ. Is everything okay? How’s Drak?”

“Bigger problem,” Kim snapped, throwing the young genius off-balance. “There’s a mind control effect on Middleton. And we think Electronique is going to start going apeshit with it. I need you to get packed and get you and your mother ready to meet us here at GJ HQ. I also need you to get in
contact with all of our families. The more of us Electronique knows, the more those families are in danger right now.”

“Right,” Wade agreed. “I don’t like it, but I’ll start getting ready. Your family is easy. The Tweebs are in school and your parents are at work. When I call the Space Center, I’ll talk to both your dad and Felix’s mom. Zita’s family is already in North Vancouver; I helped them with their visas a couple of weeks ago so they could live closer to Zita. Monique’s parents…”

“Don’t worry about them,” Monique snapped.

Everyone at the table turned to Monique, shocked.

“They’re already caught, hook, line, and sinker with this mind control,” Monique continued, softer and more sadly. “I mean, I can see how everyone else’s families were stronger or more protected. But my parents didn’t have that sort of strength or protection. If we take them, they’ll be like sleeper agents for Electronique.”

Betty nodded. “A very difficult decision to make, Monique. But I fear it may be the right one.”

Kim looked sympathetically at Monique. Monique simply smiled sadly up at her best friend. The Wego twins each took one of Monique’s hands in a show of support.

“Then here’s the plan,” Shego said, getting the ball rolling. “Nerdlinger, start the phone chain. “Nerdlinger, start the phone chain. I want at least six copies of the Weegs with each of us as we head out. Renton will head to the Space Center to get Dr. Possible and Dr. Renton. Meeg, I need you to go to Middleton General Hospital to get Kimmie’s mom. ‘Nique, you’re going over to get Nerdlinger and his mom. Kimmie, you’re getting the Tweebs from school, since you probably have legal authority to do so. Zita and I are going to make sure that the Firebird is prepped and that there’s room for everyone.”

Everyone nodded at their assignments and started to get up from the table.

“Dr. Director,” Kim asked, turning to Betty. “May we borrow some agents to help Zita prep the Firebird?”

“Oh, my God, James,” Anne sighed, holding her husband tight. “Wade told me what was going on. I’m so scared.”

“As Felix floated down from the sky and close to the Firebird, he gently placed Dr. James Possible and Dr. Cynthia Renton on the ground using the extendable arms of his wheelchair. As James’ feet touched the ground, Dr. Anne Possible ran up and embraced her husband.

“Oh, my God, James,” Anne sighed, holding her husband tight. “Wade told me what was going on. I’m so scared.”

“It’ll be all right, hun,” James replied, patting Anne on the back. ‘I’m just grateful that the boys’ little...
inventions saved us from this mind control.”

Anne glanced over at the chain link fence several hundred yards from the *Firebird*. Two rows of Global Justice agents in full riot gear stood vigilant at the fence. Several dozen Wego copies formed a third row, cracking their knuckles in unison. It was a good thing, too. A riot mob of Middleton citizens were starting to form on the other side of the fence, shouting obscenities.

“My God,” Anne gasped. “Some of those people are friends and coworkers.”

“I know,” Mego sighed, stepping up to the two Doctors Possible. “I mean, I’m not from around here and it still looks creepy. I’m sorry you’re going through this.”

“Thank you for getting me here safely, Mego,” Anne nodded. “You and your brothers really are the heroes Kimmi says you are.”

“Kim said I was a hero?” Mego stammered. Then he bucked up and puffed out his chest. “I’m a hero!”

“But where are our boys?” Anne asked, looking at her husband.

“I’ve got them, Mom,” Kim’s voice replied. A hovercraft lowered down near the group. Kim, six Wego copies, and the Tweebs leapt out of it.

“Mom! Dad!” Jim cried, running up to his parents.

“We’re okay! We’re okay!” Tim added, running up to his parents as well.

“The kids started getting really really mean at school.”

“But Kim got there and we were able to avoid a fight.”

“Good,” Anne breathed, relieved.

“Just two more parties and we’ll get the hell out of here,” Kim said.

“Kimberly Anne!” Anne snapped, shocked. “Language! Your brothers....”


“Who are we missing?” James asked.

“Not us, anymore,” came Wade’s voice.

Another hovercraft lowered down. Monique, six Wego copies, Wade, and Mrs. Load disembarked from it.

“I got everything the hovercraft could carry,” Wade started to explain.

“I’m on it,” Felix declared, rolling over and starting to unload the hovercraft with his extendable arms.

Dr. Cynthia Renton poked her head out from inside the *Firebird*. “Zita says we’re ready. We just need Shego and we can leave.”

“What did Shego go and rescue?” James asked, turning to Kim. “Monique’s family?”
“No,” Kim sighed. “We have to leave Monique’s family behind because we think they may already be compromised. Like them.” Kim then pointed beyond the fence.

“Oh, my,” Anne gasped.

“Yeah,” Monique said, sadly.

“I’ve got him,” Shego said suddenly, pulling up on a GJ issued motorcycle. “Let’s make like a shepherd and get the flock out of here.”

“Right,” Kim nodded, turning to dart towards the Firebird.

“But, who did you rescue?” James started to ask, before his wife started pulling him towards the Firebird.

The Firebird lifted off. And not a moment too soon. The riot gear agents had pulled back to the headquarters building, allowing the Wego copies to hold the fence until the Firebird lifted off. As the VTOL jet rose into the air, the GJ agents locked down the building and the Wego twins dismissed their copies. The citizens of Middleton tore through the chain link fence and stormed the building. Clouds of smoke began to billow through the riot crowd as GJ agents shot tear gas grenades into the mix.

“Oh, my goodness,” Mrs. Load gasped, watching the scene in morbid fascination.

“I know,” Wade agreed, typing furiously away at a laptop sitting in his lap. “Electronique’s outdone herself this time. I can’t find a central control for the mind control anywhere in Middleton. It’s like she’s using the entire power grid as a transmitter.”

“She probably is,” Felix nodded. “And that’s scary.”

“At least we’re all out of that mess,” Anne sighed, leaning into her husband. “I just wish there was more we could have done for more people.”

“We’ll get Electronique,” Kim affirmed, looking at the others. “And we’ll put a stop to her scheme. Whatever it is she’s doing, she’s desperate enough to not only kill Ron but to also try to put me out of commission by endangering my family and friends. It’s something big. And we’ll stop it.”

“We’re still missing someone,” James pointed out. “Where is the person that Shego rescued?”

“Oh, yeah,” Shego laughed from up in the cockpit. “Hold on. Felix, take the controls a moment.”

“Right,” Felix replied, punching a few buttons and grabbing the nearby flight control stick. Shego then got up from the pilot’s chair and strode into the passengers’ chamber. Kim was crouched on the floor near her parents.

“Oh, Cupcake,” Shego smiled. “Are you ready for this?”

“Oh, yeah,” Kim smiled, nodding enthusiastically. “It’s been too long.”

“You’re absolutely sure?”

“Oh, yeah! Absolutely sure.” Kim was practically bouncing in her crouch.
“Absolutely, positively sure?”

“SHEGO!”

Shego laughed. “Okay, here we go.”

Shego grabbed her belt and pulled it around. A belt pouch swung around to her front. She then grabbed the zipper and paused, glancing into Kim’s eyes. Kim was practically chomping at the bit for this. Shego had to bite back the urge to smother Kim in kisses, her look of expectation was just so damned adorable. But Shego managed to reel herself in and unzip the belt pouch.

A hyper bundle of pink flesh sprung out of the belt pouch and landed on the floor in front of Kim in a dramatic pose.

“TADA!” the figure squeaked happily.

“RUFUS!” the rest of the passengers cried as Kim scooped the little naked mole rat into her arms and hugged him tight.

“Oh, and he was not in Ron’s old bedroom like you said he was,” Shego sighed.

“Huh?” Kim asked, blinking.

“They had him shoved in a small cage in the basement with no lights,” Shego pointed out. “And from the look of the supply of water, hamster feed, and salt lick that was on the cage, it looked like the Stoppables didn’t intend to check on him for at least a week or so.”

“Oh, dear Lord,” Anne gasped. “That’s horrible!”

“In the Stoppable’s defense,” Shego shrugged. “they have Hana’s bedroom decked out like a royal princess in a Disney made-for-TV movie.”

“Don’t you worry anymore, little buddy,” Kim soothed, still hugging Rufus tight. “You’re with me now. Shego knows this deli in North Vancouver that has the most delicious cheese. We’re setting you up like a prince.”

“Yay!” Rufus squeaked happily.

“And there you have it,” Shego smiled. “For tonight, everyone is getting bunks in the barrack room. Well, everyone except for Wade. We already have a lab on the research and training level decked out per his specs in the event something like this would happen. Tomorrow, I’ll call around and get some townhomes down in the village rented for the Possibles, Mrs. Load, and Dr. Renton. We’ll probably get the other labs on the residential level converted for Meeg and the Weegs later on this week, too.”

“Thank you, Shego,” James said sincerely. “Thank you for everything.”

“Hey,” Shego smirked and shrugged. “Just keeping my Princess happy. Besides, I plan on making Electronique repay me in blood.”

With that, Shego turned and returned to the pilot’s seat, taking the controls back over from Felix. The rest of the passengers settled in for the long flight to the lair north of Vancouver.

[END CHAPTER EIGHTEEN]
Chapter 19

Several ninja monkeys skittered along the techno-utopian corridor in eerie silence. They took turns running and leaping, jumping over one another, or jumping from one wall to the other as they proceeded like a cascade. Eventually, they entered a large chamber with a gigantic device that appeared much like a laser cannon.

Monkey Fist turned from where he was admiring the doomsday device and smiled as his ninja monkeys approached him.

“Do you have it then?” Monkey Fist asked expectantly.

One of the ninja monkeys stepped forward and offered up a small glass case. Inside the glass case were several phosphorescent crystals, pulsating with a gentle glow.

“Very good, my companions,” Monkey Fist said, very well pleased as he accepted the glass case. “I will see that my partner receives this immediately.

With that, he turned and walked to an adjacent chamber. Pausing at the door, he heard a gentle chime ring from inside.

“Enter,” Electronique’s voice barked from inside the room.

*Interesting*, Monkey Fist thought to himself. *She sounds distracted.*

As Monkey Fist entered, he noticed that Electronique was indeed quite distracted. She was working diligently at an elaborate computer station, enraptured by whatever it was she was doing. Monkey Fist chose not to disturb her work. Instead, he simply walked up to the desk next to Electronique and placed the glass case on the desk.

Electronique chanced a quick glance at the glass case and smiled before returning her attention to the computer screen. “Excellent. Your companions continue to serve us well, as always.”

Monkey Fist glanced at the computer screen. In one ‘window’ of the screen was a video of a fancy VTOL transport jet flying along. In another ‘window’ was an indecipherable stream of characters to which Electronique was furiously typing along.

“Interesting,” Monkey Fist said softly, trying not to disturb Electronique.

Electronique grinned evilly. “That is the Firebird, my dear Lord Fiske,” she explained. “Kim Possible’s new team jet.”

“Indeed?” Monkey Fist asked, raising a brow.

“Apparently, Possible has been hiding somewhere other than in Middleton. Now that I have the Firebird on surveillance,” Electronique gloated, “I can track Possible back to her new base of operations. Then the elimination can begin!”

Suddenly, the VTOL jet on the computer screen wavered and disappeared.

“How did that happen?! I just lost it! That’s impossible!”

Electronique screamed, typing furiously at the keyboard. “WHAT IN THE...?!”

Monkey Fist decided this was neither the time nor the place to point out that Kim Possible’s family
motto was ‘Anything Is Possible For A Possible.’

“I understand that Kim Possible’s webmaster is a certified genius,” Monkey Fist offered in way of an explanation. “I would even risk claiming that his intellect might come close to being comparable to yours.”

“Yes,” Electronique hissed, cupping her face with her hands as she rested her elbows on the desk. “Wade Load. Why did I overlook his significance? And he is on board. Of course he would cloak the damned thing.”

Monkey Fist turned and paced to the door, deep in contemplation. Electronique slumped back into her chair and sighed in exasperation.

“I was this close to finding Kim Possible,” Electronique groaned.

“Perhaps we still can,” Monkey Fist offered.

“Oh?” Electronique asked, turning to Monkey Fist with a raised brow.

Monkey Fist turned and grinned at Electronique. “I’ve been hearing rumors from our little moles in Global Justice. We would be tracking Kim Possible the old fashioned way and it would require that I dance a little with the Devil. But, as long as I can keep your involvement in our plans a secret, I just might be able to procure the perfect little tracker from the most unconventional of places.”

Electronique smiled widely at that.

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Shego eased herself into the flowing, hot water and hissed pleasantly. After everything that had gone down in the last couple of days, a bit of time soaking in the hot spring room was exactly what the proverbial doctor ordered. She closed her eyes and basked in the wonderful heat.

Shego was dressed in her green and black bikini outfit. She was no fool. Not only did she now have both Wade and Felix in permanent residence, but Mrs. Load, Dr. Renton, and Kimmie’s family were all in the barrack room, the common room, or the commissary. The last thing that Shego needed was to be naked when one of the men or non-teammate women walked into the hot spring room.

The last two days had been hectic, to say the least. Fortunately, there was a townhome project under construction in the village fifteen minute’s drive from the lair. The management was practically chomping at the bit to sell Shego the three leases she asked for. The paperwork was finalized and the payments made; Shego was grateful that Wade ate the costs of those, even though Shego could have handled it. And the townhomes were fully furnished, so the families could move in as soon as tomorrow.

While Shego handled all of the paperwork, Kim handled all of the shepherding. Keeping the Tweebs in check, especially with the Weegs present, was a full-time job in and of itself. Mrs. Load, Dr. Renton, and the Doctors Possible kept themselves busy with card games, but sometimes some heated discussions over what they were going to watch on television did came up.

At least Anne offered to handle the cooking so that Zita could focus on her training. Shego’s soon-to-be mother-in-law was such a wonderful cook....

Shego chuckled at that thought. Kimmie hadn’t yet officially sprung the question, but had promised to do so on Independence Day. So Shego was already looking to Anne as her mother-in-law. And Shego was oddly comfortable with that.
Shego’s brothers were another thing. Everyone agreed that once the Associated Press got a hold of Hego’s fall from grace, the backlash in Go City would be astronomical. So it was decided that Team Go would be temporarily integrated into Team Possible, at least until the heat of the scandal blew over.

Unsurprisingly, this pleased Monique to no end; she seemed to enjoy the Weegs’ company and looked forward to spending more time with them. Shego was surprised by how quickly the Weegs and Monique had bonded. In retrospect, though, it rather made sense. All three had adventurous imaginations, kind hearts, a thirst for life, and (apparently) a decidedly kinky side to their personalities. And it didn’t hurt that the Weegs were almost Monique’s age; they were only a year younger than the fashion designer, having just turned 18 a few weeks back.

Which reminded Shego—she was going to have to arrange to have the Weegs’ high school diplomas mailed to them here at the lair. G’ah! Another piece to the shitstorm of paperwork with which she was already dealing.

But the biggest surprise of all had been Mego. Much to Shego’s surprise, Mego immediately busied himself with all of the bureaucratic footwork needed to get his wife moved up to the lair and was actually being diligent about it. He took it upon himself to booking the flight, confirming Kris’ visas, getting Anne’s advice on prenatal and postnatal care, scouting out the local village for baby supplies, and so forth. Basically, he was doing everything a father needed to do and not actually let himself get stuck in front of a mirror all damned day.

People say that becoming a father changes a man. That was apparently true.

Wade had settled nicely into his quarters upstairs next to Kimmie’s office. It seemed to suit Wade just fine; he wanted to be closer to the research labs and he preferred the sense of seclusion that the move would afford him. He claimed it would help him to focus better. Both Kimmie and Mrs. Load claimed that Wade had agoraphobia.

Mego and Kris took the other converted lab room next to Monique’s on the residential floor. Shego and Kim had offered to go “baby shopping” in Vancouver this coming weekend so that Mego, Kris, and the pending baby could all have comfortable furnishings in that room. Mego gratefully accepted the offer and Kimmie seemed excited to do something like that. The Princess seemed to have such an eye for what a baby needed.

Kimmie would make a wonderful mother.

Shego sighed at that thought. She and Kimmie would most likely have to adopt, robbing both her and Kimmie of the joys of bearing their own children. But something like that was so far down the road at the moment....

Shego forced her mind to other matters. Like the Weegs. At first, Shego was fighting with herself over what to do for them. Outfitting a room for them on the research level was just fine for Wade, but was rather rude and anti-social for the more gregarious Wego twins. But there were no other rooms on the residential level. Fortunately, the Weegs had offered to officially take up residence in the barrack room.

Shego chuckled. The fact that the Weegs had used the word “officially” wasn’t lost on her. And she was pretty sure that it wasn’t lost on Monique, either, who had simply grinned playfully at that the time.

The whole situation wasn’t perfect, by any stretch of the imagination. Shego preferred her privacy. It had been so perfect when it had been just her and Kimmie. But now it felt like she had a family
again... for the first time in over ten years. A family that pulled their weight and made sacrifices for each other. A family that loved each other.

Shego could get used to that...

“Do you mind if I join you, Shego?”

Roused from her reverie, Shego cracked open one eye to identify the voice. Standing there, wrapped in a towel and smiling gently down on the ex-villainess, was a statuesque woman with pale cream skin, brilliant blue eyes, and short, dark red hair.

Shego smiled up at her. “Anne. Please do,” she replied. “I am in desperate need of sane conversation and company.”

Mrs. Dr. Possible chuckled softly at that, stepping gingerly into the hot water as the towel fell to the floor behind her. Shego had to bite back a low whistle. For a woman in her mid 40s, Dr. Anne Possible was extremely attractive. Anne was wearing a navy blue and white single-piece swimsuit with a diamond-shaped cut exposing much of her abs. And Anne’s body! Either the brain surgeon exercised daily or half of America’s women wanted her genes right now.

Shego closed her eyes, hoping that Anne hadn’t caught her staring. Then she growled quietly to herself as her brain started paraphrasing the song, Stacy’s Mom by Fountains of Wayne, involuntarily.

Anne settled into the hot water and smiled at Shego. “It’s been a hectic couple of days, I’m sure. I hope we’re not being too much of a burden.”

Shego shook her head, refusing to open her eyes. “No, not at all. Besides, Kimmie’s handling the people-interface portion of it all, so it’s not anywhere near as grueling as it could have been. I’m just not used to being... this open... this...”

“This friendly? This not-evil?” Anne offered. “By the way, Shego, you don’t have to keep your eyes closed like that. I know my initial reaction to your lifestyle was less than polite, but I’ve moved past that now. You’re not going to offend me.”

“Gah!” Shego sputtered, opening her eyes and trying to give Anne a snarky smirk. “I haven’t had to deal with that Mommy Mind Reading shtick since I was 10.”

Anne nodded. “I just remember what you said to James about me and Kimmie’s looks that night we first found out about you and Kim. I figured that was why you were keeping your eyes closed. To keep from making me uncomfortable. Which I’m not, by the way.”

“It’s just...” Shego sighed, resigning herself to having been caught. “You look more like Kimmie’s older sister than like her mother.”

“I get that a lot,” Anne agreed. “But hearing that from you makes me happy.”

Shego arched a brow at that. “Oh?”

Anne nodded. “I know you’re attracted to women in general and to my little Kimmie particularly. If you find me attractive, that means that this old mom still has it going on.”

“Aaagh!” Shego screamed, splashing Anne playfully with some water. “I was just trying to get that damned song out of my head!”
Anne laughed at that, shielding herself from the attack. “Seriously, though. Thank you for the compliment.”

“Ask Kimmie,” Shego replied, settling down and smiling knowingly. “I don’t say or insinuate nice things unless it’s well and truly deserved.”

Anne smiled appreciatively and settled back into the water. A comfortable silence fell between the two women for a while as each allowed the soothing heat of the water to penetrate their muscles.

Suddenly, Anne broke the silence. “Shego, may I confess something to you?”

Shego raised a brow and considered Anne carefully. When Anne didn’t hear an objection, she took a deep breath and continued speaking.

“Ever since you stayed with us as Miss Go, I suspected there was something going on between you and Kimmie,” Anne said. “You two had so much in common and spent so much time together. It made both Ron and Monique jealous.”

Shego chuckled at that. In hindsight, it had given Shego a great deal of private pleasure to know she’d made Ron jealous. But that was something she had intended to keep to herself.

“When James said there was a dynamic between you two as enemies, he wasn’t joking,” Anne continued. “Everyone saw it. Kimmie was the hero and Ron was the sidekick. Yet, she always chose to battle the evil sidekick and allow Ron to confront the villain. And there were several times when Kimmie came home from a mission and had this... this glow to her that shouldn’t have been just from a job well done.”

Shego sat up at that point. Anne had her full attention now.

“I think,” Anne said, taking a deep breath, “that Kimmie’s been in love with you for a lot longer than she realizes, despite her love for Ron. But I think it’s like comparing apples to oranges. Ron was the safe bet, the wholesome, down-home boy who always strove to do his best. But while his heart was always in the right place, he never was Kimmie’s equal physically or mentally. You’re the edge, the thrill, the allure of the dark side that each of us has. Kimmie felt challenged by you and she loved it. And you are Kimmie’s equal physically and mentally. Both of you and Ron are fulfilling different needs, different roles in Kimmie’s life.”

Shego nodded thoughtfully. *So Princess has been in love with me this whole time and she didn’t even know it herself until now,* she thought to herself. *Wow.*

“And, now that you’ve given up villainy, for whatever reason,” Anne said. “I honestly think Kimmie is both happy and safe with you.”

“If I don’t have my oldest brother trying to trap her for one of his damned sermons,” Shego growled sarcastically, snarling at the thought as she turned her head away from Anne.

“That was not your fault,” Anne pointed out. “That was Hego’s. And you were there to save her. Your actions spoke to me much more clearly than your association with your brother ever will.”

“Thank you,” Shego muttered softly. She really didn’t know what to say to that.

“I guess, what I’m saying,” Anne said, breathing in and leaning back against the edge of the hot spring pool, “is that I’m happy for Kimmie and I’m glad that she chose you.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Shego replied, absently running her hands through the hot, soothing water. “I’ve
never really been concerned about the opinions of others. Especially after what Hego did ten years ago. But you’re Kimmie’s mother and that’s different. What you’re saying means a lot to me. I mean it.”

“Shego?” Anne asked, cocking a brow. “Did... did you just call me...?”

Shego’s eyes bugged out as she clapped her hands over her mouth. “Oh, shit! I did! Oh, God, Anne, I’m sorry. I didn’t...”

“Shego! Shego! Calm down!” Anne laughed, reaching out to take Shego’s hands in hers. “I don’t mind at all. I’ve been a second mom to so many of Kimmie’s friends that it’s second nature to me now. I don’t mind at all. Especially with you.”

“More like the first mom in over almost fifteen years,” Shego muttered, still trying to avoid Anne’s eyes.

Anne’s brow furrowed with concern. “What? Where’s your mother now?”

Shego took a deep breath. “In heaven. I hope.”

Anne squeezed Shego’s hands gently. “I’m sorry, Shego.”

“It’s okay,” Shego sighed. “Both Mom and Dad died when that meteor landed. The cruel humor of fate, I guess. A meteor hits a treehouse and gives the five kids inside of it superpowers instead of killing them. The two people in the house next to the landing spot don’t get superpowers and die when their house collapses in the shockwaves of the impact. I was barely ten at that point.”

“Well,” Anne said softly, taking Shego’s chin and gently forcing the ex-villainess to look her in the eyes. “You’re with Kimmie now. That makes you part of my family, Shego. I’m proud of both you and Kimmie. Of what you have.”

Shego paused and looked at Anne, unable to form words.

“I found a very similar thing back in college,” Anne continued. “And now James and I are closing in on our 23rd anniversary. It has been a most wonderful journey and I wouldn’t trade it for the world.”

Shego sat back down into the water, trying to hide the soft smile forcing its way across her lips.

“And I see what you and Kimmie have,” Anne said, “and I can’t help but see the same thing. You have a beautiful thing, Shego. And, if it ever comes down to it, I would be proud to call you my daughter-in-law. I would proud to be your mother.”

Shego nodded and smiled. “Thank you, Anne. So much. That means the world to me. Um, by the way... don’t tell Kimmie I told you this,” Shego then leaned in with a conspiratorial whisper. “But I think she’s planning on proposing on the 4th of July. Or the 1st of July... I haven’t quite figured out which ‘Independence Day’ she was talking about. But anyway, we might be mother and daughter a lot sooner than you think.”

Shego sank back and basked in the look of shock and excitement that ransacked Anne’s face.

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“Where’s the rat?” Shego asked as she snuggled in close to Kim in their bed. It was a couple of days since her talk with Anne. Knowing that she had Kim’s family’s blessing was a huge relief and Shego was feeling especially affectionate. “I thought he was going to sleep at our feet again.”
“I think Rufus took the hint after last night,” Kim laughed, turning around to look at Shego as she snuggled in even closer still. “Last I saw him, he was rolling a wheel of cheese down the hall. I think he’s going to sleep in the hot spring room for a while.”

Shego chuckled at that. “Well, between the heat of the hot spring and the sound of the waterfall in there, the rat’s probably going to sleep better than anyone else on the team.”

Kim snickered at that, shifting slightly as her eyes sparkled. “Sheila, you do realize that if your hands keep rubbing my backside like that, neither of us are going to get any sleep tonight.”

Shego cocked a brow at that. “My healing factor let’s me run on less sleep than normal people, Cupcake,” she pointed out. “What’s your excuse?”

Kim grinned devilishly. “I’ve gone a couple days without sleep before. So not the drama.”

Shego then kissed Kim on the lips gently before trailing her lips down the front of Kim’s neck. “Shall we test that theory, then?”

“I’m... I’m game,” Kim breathed, cupping her hand around the back of Shego’s head and arching her own head back as Shego’s kisses trailed down Kim’s chest.

Shego suddenly disappeared under the covers.

“Sheila?” Kim asked breathlessly, looking down the covers with a concerned look. Her eyes then went wide.

“Sh-Sheila,” Kim breathed. She arched her back in response to what Shego was doing under the covers. She then let out a loud gasp and a moan.

“Oh, gawww—nngghhh! There! Right there. Oh, God, yes! Sheeeiilllllaaa!”

A sharp looking woman, with long brown hair, hipster-style glasses, a conservative sweater-dress with a matching vest, and comfortable flats disembarked from the hovercraft with the help of eight Wego copies. The size of her belly spoke volumes. She was quite pregnant.

Mego was right behind her, making sure she was okay.

“Looks... homey,” the woman smirked, looking around the room.

“Oh, this is just the hangar,” Felix Renton replied, rolling up to the couple in his tricked-out wheelchair. “Welcome to Team Possible’s lair, Dr. Goldberg. I’m Felix Renton, the team engineer.”

“Thank you, Mr. Renton,” the woman smiled. “But I’ve never liked formalities when I’m off the clock. I’m Krista, though I prefer just Kris.”

“You got it, Kris,” Felix smiled. “Then I’m just Felix.” He then turned to Mego. “Want me to start getting her stuff down to your room?”

“Yes, please,” Mego said, nodding to Felix before turning back to his wife to help her along. “Here, sweetheart, let me give you a grand tour.”

Kris laughed and swatted Mego’s hands away playfully. “Stop it, Myron, you goof. I’m one of the world’s leading biochemists. I’m not going to be a complete invalid just because I’m with child.”
Mego smirked at that. “Well, you want me to just ignore you outright?”

“Hell, no,” Kris laughed, pulling her husband in and kissing him deeply. “Just don’t baby me. Now, about that grand tour.”

“Right this way, lover,” Mego gestured with a sweeping bow. “I think we’ll end the tour in the hot spring room. You’re going to love it.”

Kris chuckled. “I’m thinking more along the lines of the kitchen. I’m craving a cheese and anchovies pizza right about now.”

“Hoh, boy,” Mego laughed as he lead his wife away.

Felix rolled up to the hovercraft and began to accept the luggage that the Wego copies were handing down to him.

“So that’s Mego’s wife, huh?” Felix said, looking after the couple. “She’s a lot different from what I was picturing her.”

“Yeah,” one of the Wego copies smiled. “He’s scored a hottie on that one.”

Felix accepted a couple more pieces of luggage, placing them on the platform that his wheelchair’s extendable arms were holding. “So, she’s the one that gave Mego his superspeed?”

“Well, not so much gave it to him,” Wego replied, hefting another piece of luggage down to Felix, “as she unlocked it for him. It turns out that Meeg’s metabolism increases as he shrinks. Something about making up for there being so much of him in such a small space. So Kris concocted a serum that Meeg takes on a regular basis. It let’s him use that metabolism for some really neat tricks. Like running faster than sound itself.”

“That is so cool,” Felix said, putting the last of the luggage on his platform. “I wish I had a hidden superpower like that.”

“Dude!” all eight Wego copies bellowed at once. The lead copy then continued, “Your wheelchair can blast the smithereens out of a Sherman tank before it can scream ‘I’M OUTDATED!’”

Felix laughed. “That’s very true. Thanks, Weeg. I’ll get these down to Meeg and Kris’ room then.”

“Okay,” the lead Wego copy smiled. “We’ll finish cleaning up here and then... oh, wow!”

“What?” Felix asked, turning back to the Wego copies in concern.

“Um,” the lead Wego copy stammered. “We just accidentally caught Monique in the shower. And she... Okay, gotta focus, gotta focus.”

Felix smirked as the Wego copies leapt out of the hovercraft and began scurrying around the hangar. He could tell they were trying to hide their red faces—much redder than usual. Shaking his head, Felix turned and took his payload towards the elevator.

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The cloud between unconsciousness and confusion swirled within Yori’s mind as she slowly opened her eyes. Her body ached horribly and a dull thud pounded in her head. How hard had Kim Possible kicked her?

Yori’s eyes shot open on that thought. She looked around. She was no longer in Miskaslovia, of that
she was certain. She was in a modern American prison of some sort. Both her hands and feet were encased in powered shackles that kept her hanging on a holding ring in a vertical ‘spread-eagle’ position. She was dressed in prison-orange rather than her black nightsuit.

*So, Kim-san turned me over to Global Justice, Yori seethed quietly. Better for those mindless lackeys to deal with me than for Kim-san to face her just punishment for her crimes. Well, she can’t hide behind everyone who loves her forever.*

Yori thought for a moment. In any other prison, she would be able to escape in seconds. But the shackles made it impossible for her to move her hands and feet.

*At least they’re smart enough to treat me like a supervillain, Yori laughed inwardly. But it will only slow me down. Not stop me.*

“Miss Yori?” came a voice from deeper within the cell. An all-too-familiar voice.

Yori turned in shock to look at the last person she expected to be in a cell with her, holding keys in his hand.

“Monkey Fist?” Yori gasped quietly, trying to not draw attention from the guards. “I thought you were petrified after Hana-chan defeated the Yono.”

“Yes, I was,” Monkey Fist explained. “But, as you can see, I got better.”

Yori simply glared at the villain.

Monkey Fist smiled confidently and held the keys in his hand up to Yori’s face. “Do you see these, young lady? I was kind enough to liberate these off of a nearby guard for you.”

“So, tell me, villain,” Yori hissed in Monkey Fist’s face. “Why would I accept such a gift from a treacherous soul such as yourself?”

“Ah,” Monkey Fist smiled, twirling the keys in his hand. “And here I thought that your quest to avenge Ron Stoppable’s death was important to you.”

Yori narrowed her eyes at Monkey Fist.

“But I suppose that even I could be wrong on assumptions such as that,” Monkey Fist shrugged, turning away from the captive ninja.

“I do not need your help to avenge Ron Stoppable-san,” Yori seethed. “I will escape here on my own accord. Then I will kill both the woman who killed Ron-kun and the woman who lead him to his death.”

Monkey Fist stopped at the cell’s window, glancing back at Yori. “And interesting proclamation. And how many months have you been trying to find Miss Possible again?”

Yori hung her head in shame at that point. It was true. Since she attacked Kim and Shego in the cemetery in Middleton, it took Yori several months to realize that Kim was no longer in Middleton anymore. It was only by sheer luck that she had uncovered Hego’s plot to lure Kim into a trap using Señor Senior Jr.

“I cannot judge you for that,” Monkey Fist continued. “I myself cannot find Miss Possible as well. But I do know some interesting tidbits that will aid you in tracking her down.”
Monkey Fist smiled as he stepped back over to the ninja. “So, Miss Yori. I do understand that you and I have from suffered differences in opinion in the past. But, at the present, we both have a common enemy. That enemy is Kim Possible. And I am prepared to scratch your back if you are willing to scratch mine in return.”

Yori considered Monkey Fist through narrow eyes for several moments.

“I am not a villain,” Yori clarified. “I am on an honorable quest to avenge the death of the man I love. That is a far cry different from your mad quest for mystical power.”

Monkey Fist nodded knowingly. “That is quite true. But regardless of our divergent paths, we both possess the same goal. The elimination of Kim Possible.”

Yori said nothing.

“I could also sweeten the pot,” Monkey Fist conceded. “If I were to, perhaps, offer my assistance in tracking down Ron Stoppable’s killer....”

“Electronique,” Yori hissed, pure hatred dripping off of her voice.

“Or, I could leave you in peace,” Monkey Fist smiled. “unsullied by being associated with me. You could escape on your own, of course. But you would not have the information I have that could lead you to either Kim Possible or Electronique. You would effectively be at Square One.”

Yori bowed her head in shame and defeat. “Master Sensei, please forgive me the sin that I am about to commit.” She then rose her head back up to meet Monkey Fist in the eye. “Very well then, Montgomery Fiske-sama. We have an allegiance to each other.”

“Smashing,” Monkey Fist smiled, turning up a key in his hand. “I do believe that this one will do the trick.”

Dr. Elizabeth Director leaned back in her chair as she watched her computer screen. She brought her hands to her mouth and tapped two fingers together as whatever was on the screen played out in front of her. Eventually, she nodded, turned, and picked up her phone.

“Delgado,” Betty said, speaking briskly. “What can you tell me of Special Agent Du’s condition? He checked out this morning? Wonderful. That’s fantastic timing, in fact. Let Duck Lucky know that Turkey Lurkey just liberated Chicken Little. Foxie Loxie may find herself on our radar yet.”

[END CHAPTER NINETEEN]
Kim Possible, Shego, Monique, and Rufus ran up to the Seattle Space Needle. Shego already had her fists sheathed in plasma flame and Monique already had her bow drawn. As they ran, explosions rocked the landscape left and right, forcing the heroes to dodge, duck, and weave through the mess.

“The rest of you hang back,” Shego muttered under her breath, mocking the instructions Kim had given the rest of the team ten minutes prior, as the heroes ran along. “The four of us will be able to handle it. Geez, Princess, what the hell were you thinking?”

“I was thinking,” Kim explained, as the four of them stopped suddenly to avoid an explosion that erupted right in front of them, “that this was only...”

The explosions stopped and a legion of oddly dressed henchmen closed in on the heroes.

“We are caddies!” the henchmen sang as they began to dance and close in on the four heroes with vicious looking nine-iron golf clubs in batting position. “Caddies in kilts!”

“...Duff Killigan,” Kim finished in a muttered tone, dropping into a battle stance.

“Hoh, boy,” Rufus squeaked, clapping a paw over his eyes.

“Since when did Killigan have an army of dancing caddies and enough SSM golf ball cannons to obliterate half of West Seattle?” Monique asked, firing explosive arrows into the henchmen’s ranks.

“He’s always had both,” Kim replied, ducking under a henchman’s wide swing and uppercutting him in the chin. “But he’s never had so many of both before.”

“First, Frugal Lucre succeeds in taking over the U.S. Treasury Mint in Denver in an attempt to bring the U.S. economy to its knees,” Shego started as she lit up her hands and shot plasma in a cone-like effect at a group of henchmen in front of her.

“Then, Camille Leon somehow makes everyone in Portland look like Justin Beiber and has them sing until she’s paid a billion dollars to make them stop,” Shego continued as Rufus ducked and weaved between several henchmen, tricking them into knocking each other unconscious.

“Adrena Lynn leads an army of monster trucks in taking over Hollywood so she can shoot her own movie,” Shego added as Kim tumbled behind a group of henchmen and handstand spin-kicked the lot of them to the ground.

“Then, Gill and an army of alligators lay siege to Miami in order to kidnap all of the beach babes,” Shego said as Monique shot a knockout gas arrow into the middle of a large group of henchmen.

“Professor Dementor somehow creates a doomsday cannon powered by all of the greed in Las Vegas,” Shego continued as Kim and Rufus ran past each other, causing the two groups of henchmen following them to collide into each other.

“And now Killigan is using the Space Needle as a tee to shoot an Epcot Center-sized golf ball of fiery doom at Japan because they wouldn’t let him build a golf course in Kyoto,” Shego finished, lighting up the tips of her claws with plasma flame and then throwing those miniature flames like vicious darts at a nearby group of henchmen.

Monique fired another arrow into a nearby group of henchmen, creating an oil slick that forced them
to slip and fall. “Yep, that pretty much sums up our life in the last month.”

“Come on,” Shego seethed, punching a poor henchmen with her fiery fists before looking back at her three partners. “Who’s riling up all of the loonies like this?”

“We’ve got a bigger problem at the second, ladies,” Kim admonished her companions as she dropped the last of the minions in front of her.

In front of Kim, several dozen yards away, stood Duff Killigan at the base of the Space Needle.

“Surrender now, Killigan!” Kim cried to the villain, dropping into her fighting stance. “Your plans have fallen into the sand trap today.”

Shego, Monique, and Rufus all groaned at that.

Killigan laughed heartily before speaking in a thick Scottish accent. “Och, lass! Ye cannae kin hoo wrang ye ur!”

Shego shook her head and blinked. “Can you repeat that in American English, please?”

“Th’ coontdoon has awreddy started,” Killigan laughed. “An’ yoo’re awreddy deid.”

Suddenly, six golf ball cannons erupted from the ground in a perfect circle around the girls, bringing all of their barrels to bear at short range against the heroes.

Shego’s shoulders drooped. “Aw, poopy pants.”

Killigan laughed maniacally as the cannons began firing in rapid succession, creating a blazing inferno of explosions where the heroes stood. After several minutes, the cannons finally relented.

“An’ thaur goes th’ mighty Kim Possible!” Killigan laughed. “Cheerio th’ noo an’ guid riddance!”

But, as the smoke of the explosions cleared, Killigan was shocked to see that the four heroes still stood, relatively unharmed. Shego stood in the center of the blast radius. She was channeling her plasma through the claws of her Malefactor battle suit gloves to form a fiery, spherical force field around the four heroes. Shego’s maniacal grin was disconcerting.

“Whit th’ heel?” Killigan gasped, stumbling back a step.

“Nice shot, Duff,” Kim smirked as she dropped into a pouncing stance. “Now it’s my turn.”

Shego dropped the plasma shield as the redheaded hero sprang forward. Kim punched Killigan in the chin and caused the villain to spin in place. She followed through on her attack, using the moment to tumble behind the villain and crouch kick him in the back. This cause Killigan to stumble forward.

“Enaw!” Killigan screamed, pulling a remote control from a belt pouch. “Ah can launch mah golf baa missile noo wi’ jist a flip ay thes switch!”

Before Killigan could touch the keys on the remote, however, an arrow struck it. The device was bathed in an electrical shock that caused Killigan to drop it.

“Tut, tut, tut,” Monique admonished with a finger in the air. “I don’t think so.”

“Gyahhhh!” Killigan seethed, clenching his fists in fury. “’en I’ll detonate th’ damned bomb haur!”

Before he could move, though, pieces of his giant golf ball bomb began to rain down onto the
ground from above in tiny, harmless chunks.

“Whit th’?” Killigan yelled. He then looked over at the Space Needle and saw Rufus standing there on the ground with a single, large bolt in his paws. Rufus smiled proudly.

“Tee time’s over, Killigan,” Kim smirked as she advanced on the villain. “And the score shows you way over par.”

Killigan glanced over to the golf ball cannons to see if he could still fall back on them. Unfortunately for him, Shego had just got done ‘dismantling’ them with her ultra-diamond claws.

“Mummy?” Killigan squeaked right before Kim performed a handstand spin kick to knock the villain out cold.

“So, all of Killigan’s weapons have been neutralized and the villain has been taken into custody?” Dr. Elizabeth Director’s voice came over Kim’s glove Kimmunicator.

“Yes, ma’am,” Kim replied, smiling in spite of her exhaustion. “The Seattle police already have him in custody. Your boys should be hearing from theirs any moment now.”

Kim, along with Shego, Monique, and Rufus, were in the passenger area of the Firebird. Felix was piloting the VTOL transport jet while Zita was copiloting it. They were already in the air, heading back to the lair north of Vancouver.

“As always, Kim, good job to all of you,” Betty replied. “The bounty should be transferred into your team’s account by the end of business today. You’ve earned it.”

“I just wish I knew why everyone has gotten so active all of a sudden,” Kim said, shaking her head. “It was so quiet until the start of May.”

“Part of the problem is that there was a prison breakout at the Crate around that time,” Betty explained. “We don’t know how it happened or why. We’ve basically had to rely on you to round up all of the villains who should have already been in our custody.”

“Gee,” Shego snorted from the other side of the passenger chamber, sitting cross-legged and cross-armed. “Team Possible doing Global Justice’s job. Whodda thunk it?”

“And you can tell Brunhilda over there that she still owes me $50 on that bet about the nature of Dementor’s doomsday device back in Vegas,” Betty added.

Kim chuckled softly at that.

Shego caught the laugh. “I’ll remember that one, Cupcake. And you can tell the Cyclops that I’ll have that $50 to her the moment she’s close enough for me to see the whites of both of her eyes.”

“Woah, burn!” Monique hissed, wincing.

“Wow!” Rufus squeaked.

Betty laughed. “Very well, then. I’ll keep that in mind. Tell the witch I’ll place another bet with her once she’s gotten some sun and a nice, healthy tan.”

“WOW!” Rufus squeaked even louder, drawing a smirk from Shego.
“In the meantime,” Betty went on, “you guys get home and get some well deserved rest. And thank you all once again.”

As Betty signed off, Kim looked up at Shego and smiled playfully. “I wuv ‘oo, hunny bunny,” she said in a child-like voice.

“I love you too, sugar plum,” Shego snorted, smirking. “You’re still not getting any tonight.”

“Aw!” Kim replied. She then took a deep breath and...

“And if you give me that puppy dog pout,” Shego added in a challenging tone, “I swear I will take a random arrow from Monique and snap it in your face.”

“You wouldn’t,” Kim dared.

At that, Shego held an open palm out to Monique. Monique proceeded to draw an arrow from her quiver and hand it to Shego.

“What? Two on one?” Kim gasped. “What did I ever do to you, Mo’?”

“I’ve been a victim of that pout before, too,” Monique smiled sweetly.

“Uh-huh!” Rufus added, crossing his arms and nodding knowingly.

“Gyah! Three on one? Okay, fine. No sex tonight, then,” Kim sighed dejectedly. “Man, this is so the drama.”

“But if you’re a good girl for the rest of the night,” Shego added, “I might allow for some snuggle time before bed. We’ll see.”

“All because I laughed at one of Betty’s jokes,” Kim huffed. “Meanie.”

Shego smiled smugly. “I told you part of me will always be evil, Princess. I bet now you believe me.”

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Yori stood in a room that looked more like the treasure chamber of an ancient ruins rather than the command center of a master villain. But she was in exactly the latter. The command center of one Lord Montgomery Fiske, aka Monkey Fist. The walls were hand-hewn stone and were adorned with a plethora of archaeological treasures that the explorer turned villain had collected over the years. The floor was littered with piles of treasure, ornate tables, ancient sarcophagi, and various other forms of wondrous treasures. All of that treasure was currently being diligently guarded by a couple dozen monkeys all dressed in ninja nightsuits.

Monkey Fist himself stood across from Yori at the command center table, his hands planted firmly on the edges of a modern map that he had spread out. Marker pins adorned the map of the United States in various places.

“It would seem that the other villains have accepted the honor of being quite visible in their exploits,” Yori commented unemotionally.

“Indeed,” Monkey Fist smiled. “Proclivity for grandstanding has always been a trait with which I could not relate with the others. I’ve always preferred subtlety and guile, even when I was allied with the Yono. But, in this case, their vanity has proven most advantageous to us.”
“So, Fiske-sama,” Yori asked, looking up at the villain. “What are we looking for?”

“Well, the markers themselves do not tell us much.” Monkey Fist admitted, running his fingers along the pins. “But when you add in the response time Team Possible showed at each event...”

“We can triangulate the approximate location of their new base of operations,” Yori nodded approvingly.

“As it so happens,” Monkey Fist pointed out, moving his fingers over the map of southern Florida, “they took the longest amount of time to respond to Gill’s scheme. But...,” he then moved his fingers across the map to Seattle. “They took the shortest amount of time to respond to Duff Killigan’s scheme.”

“Judging by the response times of the other schemes,” Yori added, studying the map carefully, “it would appear that the new base is somewhere in the southern part of British Columbia.”

“Indeed,” Monkey Fist smiled. “Given their needs, I would wager that they are somewhere near Vancouver.”

“Then I will begin my search there,” Yori agreed, looking at the villain with a stone-like gaze.

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“This is going to be so weird, after the last couple of months,” Kim said, packing her bags.

“I know, Princess,” Shego smiled, adjusting her top. “Finally, some time to ourselves.”

Several days had passed since the team’s adventure against Duff Killigan. Kim and Shego were now in their suite inside of the lair, packing for a trip. Well, Kim was, anyway. Apparently, Shego was already packed. Now, the ex-villainess was dressing herself and admiring herself in the full-length mirror in their bedroom.

Shego was sharply dressed in a green lady’s denim slacks with a black cotton blouse and black hiking boots. She had drawn her hair back into a low ponytail and had applied softer makeup than usual. Kim knew Shego had done that for her; Kim loved Shego’s more natural look over the stark contrast of black lipstick and eyeliner that she normally wore.

“Well,” Kim said, folding a blouse and placing it in her suitcase, “Mrs. Load is watching Wade, Rufus, and the Tweebs for the weekend. Felix and Zita are spending the weekend with his mother. Mego and Kris are spending the weekend with my parents, since my Mom can give them pointers for the upcoming baby. Monique and the Weegs are in Vancouver...”

Kim then turned to Shego with a mischievous grin on her face. ”...painting the town red.”

“Oh, you so punny!” Shego chuckled sarcastically.

“Which just leaves us, babe,” Kim pointed out. “By ourselves. For ourselves. To do whatever we want to do.”

Kim crossed the bedroom to stand behind Shego. Kim wore a similar outfit to Shego, except that her slacks were a dark red rather than green. Kim wrapped her arms around Shego and embraced her tightly.

“I am so looking forward to this Memorial Day weekend,” Kim gushed, enjoying the heat of Shego’s body through the cotton blouse.
“Me, too, Cupcake,” Shego replied, turning around to face Kim. “And I know you don’t like surprises, so I’m glad you’re humoring me about this trip.”

“It’s about trust, Sheila,” Kim reminded the ex-villainess, running a finger teasingly across Shego’s breasts. “Yes, I don’t like surprises. But I trust you with everything. Even my life. So I can cope until you reveal this surprise.”

Shego smiled at that, trying not to shiver delightfully at Kim’s touch. “Are you finished packing then, Kimmie? Or are you just feeling horny?”

“Heh,” Kim chuckled. “That last one became a 24/7 thing after you woke up my sexual appetite. But, yeah, I’m finished packing.”

“Since I woke up your sexual appetite?” Shego gasped dramatically. “If I remember correctly, Little Miss Possible, you were the one who seduced me the first night we had sex. That’s not even mentioning that our kiss on New Year’s Eve was one you gave me and it was hot enough to make me want sex with you right then and there.”

“Yadda yadda yadda,” Kim laughed, rolling her eyes. “I see your lips moving....”

Shego laughed softly and pecked Kim lightly on the lips. “Well, if you’re finished packing, then let’s get going, Pumpkin. We don’t want to be late to the airport.”

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Yori stepped off of the airliner she had taken to get to Vancouver International Airport. Stepping into the airport terminal proper, she looked around. The terminal was especially busy today. But, then, Yori reminded herself, Vancouver was considered one of Canada’s most cosmopolitan cities for a reason.

Yori was dressed as incognito as she possibly could. A simple, American-style outfit of a plain sweater, jeans, tennis shoes, dark glasses, and a baseball cap made her look much like your typical tourist. Which was the effect that Yori wanted.

Now to start scouting the area and asking questions, Yori thought to herself. If Team Possible does indeed operate out of Vancouver, the locals will definitely know something.

Just then, a familiar voice rang out from within yards of Yori.

“Oh, wow, Sheila!” the voice gasped as the couple strode past Yori unawares. “This is the surprise? A trip to Hawaii? Spankin’!”

“That’s only part of the surprise, Princess,” a second familiar voice responded. “The main surprise happens once we get to Hawaii.”

Yori stopped to consider the two women as they continued walking on down the terminal corridor.

The Shinto spirits smile warmly on me today, Yori thought to herself, grinning, as she lowered her dark glasses to consider the short crimson hair and long raven hair of her two marks.

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“Oh, my God, Sheila!” Kim squealed as she stepped down from the trail they had been walking for the last couple of hours. “This place is absolutely gorgeous!”
Kim and Shego had indeed flown to Hawaii. Once they got off of the plane in Honolulu, they had taken a chartered boat to a remote Hawaiian island that Shego claimed belonged to Drakken. The island was untouched and lush with rainforest flora and fauna. The two women were now at the center of the island.

The beautiful, natural grotto that lay before Kim included a three-story tall waterfall that cascaded playfully down into a crystal clear pond. The lush green foliage was highlighted delightfully with a dizzying variety of brightly colored flowers, all in reds, yellows, oranges, blues, and violets. Exotic birds and insects chirped in the background to a cadence that was both mysterious and soothing.

Kim skipped up to the edge of the pond and ran her fingertips gently along the surface of the water. “And this is all Drak’s?”

“Yep,” Shego smiled, stepping up to stand next to Kim. She shrugged the impossibly large backpack she was carrying off of her shoulders and set it gently on the ground. “This is where Drewbie and I were when the Lowardians decided to invade. The lair, if it can even be called that, is on the far side of the island. But this is my favorite place on the island.”

Kim looked around in awe. “This is so beautiful. So, we’re spending the afternoon here and then heading to that lair before nightfall?”

“Nope,” Shego said, pulling a large package out of her backpack. “We’re camping here. I’ve got everything we need to set up camp. Including food.”

“Oh!” Kim said, marveling once again at the size of Shego’s backpack. “That’s why that thing was so huge. Why didn’t you ask me to carry something, Sheila?”

Shego laughed and splashed Kim with some water from the pond. “Goof. I can carry over 7000 pounds without getting tired. What can you carry? Not clean and jerk, mind you, but carry for a couple of hours.”

“Oh, yeah, good point,” Kim said, suddenly sounding rather sad.

Shego paused from setting up the tent (which was rather large and attractive, in and of itself). She looked up at Kim with concern. “What’s wrong, Kimmie?”

“That just reminded me,” Kim said as she took off her shoes and rolled up her pants legs. “I’ve been thinking a lot lately. I feel like I’m not pulling my weight in our relationship.”

“Okay, one,” Shego replied, pounding a tent stake into the ground with one strike of her fist, “that’s bullshit. You’re very much an equal half of our relationship. But, two, go ahead and explain what you mean by what you’re saying.”

Kim sat down at the edge of the pond and dipped her feet in. The water felt cool and refreshing. “You’re the one with the money. You’re the one treating me to all of these wonderful things. You’re the one who owns the lair, has all of these places to go, knows all of these cool secrets and tips. I don’t have any money; my only income is the paycheck I get from Wade’s trust fund. I don’t have all of these secret vacation homes and out of the way locations. I can’t treat you to a fancy dinner and hotel stay like you did me on New Year’s Eve. Not only that, I don’t even have any superpowers without my suit. I feel like I’m mooching off of you for everything.”

Shego stopped after pounding the final tent stake into the ground and looked over at Kim.

Kim sighed. “It feels like the only thing I can offer is to say that I love you and mean it.”
Shego stood up and strode over to Kim.

“Okay, Princess,” Shego said flatly as she looked down at Kim. The look on Shego’s face was blank and emotionless and it frightened Kim. “My response to that is....”

Shego suddenly used her foot to shove Kim on the back, causing the redhead to tumble into the pond with a splash.

Kim kicked herself back into an upright position and broke the surface of the water, gasping for breath. “What the hell, Sheila?” Kim yelled as the ex-villainess laughed uproariously.

“Don’t you think that those three words are all I ever want from you?” Shego laughed. “Well, that and the fact you’re absolutely fantastic in bed.”

Shego then jumped, fully clothed, into the pond and swam over to Kim. Kim just glared at Shego, but the grinning green woman still wrapped her arms around the hero.

“Really, Kimmie,” Shego continued more softly. “Yes, I have the superpowers. I have the money. But my powers have given me more heartache than pleasure. And money doesn’t buy me everything. You’ve given me the one thing I can’t buy. I can’t even earn it. And there’s a huge part of me that still feels like I don’t deserve it.”

“And what’s that, Sheila?” Kim asked, her frown softening as she listened carefully to what Shego was saying.

“Your love, Pumpkin,” Shego said, stroking Kim’s cheek gently. “That’s something that can only be given. One doesn’t buy love. One can’t even work to earn it. It’s simply given. And you’ve given me yours. As far as I’m concerned, that makes me the richest woman in the world.”

Kim couldn’t help but gush at that point, burying her face into Shego’s waterlogged shoulder. “You’re right, Shego. I have given you that. And I know you’ve given me yours, as well. And that means the whole world to me. I need to look at that more than the fact that you’re the one showering me with gifts and all I’m doing it receiving them like a child on Christmas morning.”

“Well,” Shego grinned, stroking Kim’s hair. “you are a needy child, after all.”

Kim simply stuck her tongue out at Shego at that.

Shego smirked. “Put that back in your mouth unless you intend to use it.”

Kim considered that command thoughtfully for a moment. “Hey, Sheila?”

“Yes, Kimmie?”

“Have I ever mentioned how long I can hold my breath underwater?”

“Come to think of it,” Shego replied, cocking a brow at the redhead. “No, you haven’t.”

With that, Kim took a deep breath and ducked her head under the water.

“Oh? You not. Are you?” Shego said as both of her brows rose. She then felt her belt unfasten and her pants start to be tugged down. “You... you are. I...” Shego’s eyes fluttered shut and she leaned her head back as her body responded to the sudden invasion. “You arrrrre. Oooooooooh, fuck!”
The rest of the day was spent exploring the island. It was covered mostly in rainforest, which meant food was plentiful once Shego showed Kim which fruits were safe to eat. And it was all so beautiful and serene.

Shego showed Kim the old secret lair, which was really nothing more than a series of tree huts. They spent a little while laughing at how Drakken had expected Shego to unpack all of the techno gadgetry and supplies when all Shego had needed was a lawn chair and a magazine. The crater from the Lowardian beacon was still there, a grim reminder that even the most out-of-way places could still hold unforeseen dangers.

After exploring the island for most of the afternoon, the two women made their way back to the waterfall camp to eat and settle in for the evening. They spent a good portion of the evening naked in the pond, either relaxing or showering under the waterfall. On more than one occasion, an innocent sneak-attack kiss led to something much, much more.

Finally, after drying off, warming themselves by the fire, and eating a delicious meal of local fruits and trail jerky, they crawled into their tent, onto the air mattress inside, and settled down to sleep.

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Off in the distance, a pair of chocolate brown eyes peered onto the tent from the shadows.

“Soon, Possible-san, your reckoning will be at hand,” Yori whispered to herself.

As she spoke, several more pairs of eyes, much more simian-like in nature, opened to reveal themselves.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY]
Kim Possible snuggled up next to her girlfriend, Shego, on the air mattress within their tent. They were camped on the shore of a beautiful waterfall grotto on an uncharted Hawaiian island that belonged to Doctor Drakken. Night had fallen and the two lovers had settled down for bed.

Kim wanted to say all sorts of wonderful things to Shego in return for the day they had just spent together. As far as Kim was concerned, Shego deserved every ounce of love that the hero’s heart was giving to the ex-villain. And Kim wanted to scream it to the world. But Kim also knew that there was only so much sugar Shego could stand in one day. So Kim contented herself in holding Shego and snuggling up with her.

The warmth of Shego’s body was a sharp contrast to the air outside. Being on a small tropical island next to a cool, fresh water grotto meant that the air was comfortable, if not cool. Shego’s body was unnaturally warm, as if the woman were running a fever. In Vancouver, this was a blessing from on high. Here, it was like adding heat to a hot summer night.

That wasn’t helping Kim out any on the hormone front. Despite the fact that the two of them had made out with each other throughout the afternoon and evening, Kim’s libido was still running amok. And Shego’s warm body was only making matters worse.

Kim tried to settle down and go to sleep. It was only fair to Shego. Shego had given today to Kim and did everything that Kim had wanted to do. Kim was fairly sure that Shego was ready to sleep now. She didn’t want to upset her lover by keeping her up all night. Again.

“Your engine’s still revved up, eh, Pumpkin,” Shego’s voice said, cutting through Kim’s reverie like a knife. The hint of amusement in Shego’s voice was very pronounced.

“My body’s responded to today something fierce,” Kim admitted, letting go of Shego and rolling onto her back. “But I don’t want to keep you up.”

Shego rolled over onto her other side so as to face Kim. “Kimmie, if you constantly worry about things like that, we’ll never...” Shego then leaned in seductively so that her lips was mere inches away from Kim’s. “...get...anything...done.”

“Sheila,” Kim whispered, as if in protest. But she knew her body was not protesting anything at all.

Shego gently licked at Kim’s lips with the tip of her tongue, the ex-villain’s fingers gently gliding down Kim’s neck and over her collar bones.

“My motor’s running, too,” Shego whispered huskily.

Shego planted a series of gentle kisses on Kim’s lips as the older woman’s fingers traced along the contours of Kim’s petite breasts. Kim arched her back involuntarily to accept the sensations that Shego’s fingers were offering. Kim moaned softly, her eyes now shut, as she reached her arms up and around Shego’s shoulders.

Kim tried to return Shego’s kiss passionately, but Shego broke the kiss with a gentle nibble at Kim’s lower lips. Shego then started to kiss and lick gently down Kim’s chin and neck. Shego’s fingers ended their ministration on Kim’s breasts and started to trail teasingly down Kim’s hard abs. Kim moaned more loudly and arched her back further in anticipation of Shego’s hot breath and warm lips on her breasts.
The electrical feeling of desire ransacked Kim’s body as Shego’s tongue met its target. Shego kissed first one breast, then the next, as the ex-villain’s fingers glided over Kim’s womanhood. Kim’s hips bucked slightly to the touch, her arms tightening her embrace of Shego’s head as she leaned her own head forward to bury her lips in the mass of raven black hair.

Shego positioned two fingers over Kim’s warmth then looked up into the hero’s olive eyes. The glint of mischief shone brightly in the woman’s emerald eyes as she paused and considered her lover’s reactions.

Kim’s hips began to buck slightly against those two fingers, her wanton desire perfectly clear in her eyes. “Oh, God, Sheila,” Kim begged plaintively. “Don’t stop there. Do it. Do me. Please.”

Shego grinned evilly. Kim knew that even though Shego was technically a hero once again, the idea of having Kim begging the ex-villain for mercy was something Shego thoroughly enjoyed. Kim allowed herself to play the role of the submissive every once in a while since she knew it was something that really turned on her partner’s more dominant personality.

“So you really want it?” Shego asked for clarification, making the matter no easier as she teasingly licked at one of Kim’s breasts again.


Shego gave a satisfied purr as she leaned her elbow up, prepared to drive her fingers deeply into Kim’s moist warmth...

...and then she collapsed onto the air mattress.

“What?” Kim gasped hoarsely, her body raging in frustration as her mind reeled with fear and concern. “Sheila?”

Then Kim noticed a tiny sliver of moonlight, like a pinpoint, on the wall of the tent. Kim’s eyes followed the beam of moonlight from the tent wall down to Shego. That’s when the redhead noticed it.

A tiny dart, implanted into the back of Shego’s shoulder.

Kim quickly sat up in a panic, all of her sexual tensions disappearing in an instant. She plucked the dart from Shego’s shoulder and rolled the older woman over onto her back. Kim quickly checked for a pulse.

“No pulse,” Kim muttered shakily. “No pulse! Oh, God! No! Sheila! No!”

Kim immediately started to administer CPR on Shego, the bed bouncing violently with each pump Kim performed on Shego’s chest. After each repetition, Kim checked for a pulse and still did not find any.

“Sheila! Sheila!” Kim screamed. “No! Don’t leave me! Don’t leave me like this! Please!”

“It would not be the first time someone you allegedly loved has died because of you,” a familiar voice cut through the night from outside of the tent. “Is it not, Possible-san?”

“Yori,” Kim growled, rolling off of the bed and grabbing a robe before thrusting her way out of the tent.
As Kim emerged, donning the robe, Yori stood several yards away, surrounded by a small cadre of monkey ninjas, all of whom were in battle stances.

Kim studied the scene with wide eyes, not believing what she was seeing. “Your vendetta against me has gotten to the point that you’ll kill innocent people and ally yourself with... with Monkey Fist?” To Kim, it all seemed too incredible to believe, even considering Yori’s recent actions.

“Shego-san is anything but innocent,” Yori growled. “And Fiske-sama merely provided a means through which I could finally avenge Ron-kun’s death.”

“You may avenge his death,” Kim hissed, dropping into a battle stance of her own. “But it will have been done without honor. Is that what you want?”

“Typical prattle of a scared child begging for her life,” Yori commented dismissively. “Considering for what you were just begging mere moments ago, that does not surprise me at all.”

“You fucking bitch!” Kim screamed, charging at the Yamanouchi ninja.

Yori backflipped out of the way as eight monkey ninjas leapt in front of Kim and then sprang forward onto the hero. Kim went tumbling backwards, the monkey ninjas hanging onto various parts of her body as they tumbled along with her. Kim kicked two of the ninjas off of her legs before rolling back and regaining her footing.

Yori cleared her backflip with a cat-like crouch, throwing three shuriken in a smooth flick of her wrist.

Kim spun slightly, allowing two of the monkey ninjas hanging on her right side to catch the shuriken in their backs. Those two ninjas dropped off of Kim in a groggy slump, freeing Kim’s right arm.

Kim hefted herself into a handstand as Yori charged forward with two tonfas in hand. Kim performed a spin-kick at the Yamanouchi ninja, forcing Yori to arch her back as she slid past the hero. Kim used the momentum of her spin to extend her left arm out and clock Yori in the back of the head with two of her own monkey ninjas. Those two monkey ninjas fell off of Kim’s left arm unconscious as Yori tumbled haphazardly across the shore of the pond.

The two remaining monkey ninjas latched onto Kim’s back and tried to maneuver themselves to better aid their leader. One scrambled onto Kim’s shoulders and wrapped its hands around the redhead’s eyes. The other dropped down and wrapped its arms and legs around Kim’s ankles.

Yori spun around and charged at Kim again. Despite the monkeys’ chittering, Kim heard the sound of Yori’s footsteps on the grassy shore. Kim desperately spun her back in Yori’s direction, forcing Yori to accidentally clobber the monkey ninja on Kim’s shoulder into unconsciousness. Kim then did a handstand flip to drive the monkey around her ankles onto the top of Yori’s head. Yori’s chin hit the dirt as the final monkey ninja collapsed onto his leader’s back.

Kim kicked back to her feet and assumed a battle stance as Yori rolled out from under her minion into a cat-like crouch.

“A brilliant performance, Kim-san,” Yori commended. “Much better than when we fought in Middleton. But it will avail you not, as I will still kill you and avenge Ron-kun’s death.”

“Before... before you kill me,” Kim asked, clearly out of breath. “Answer me one question.”

“You do not deserve such an honor,” Yori said simply. “But I shall grant it to you nonetheless.”
Kim took a deep breath and steeled herself. “Did you know that Middleton is currently victimized by a mind control effect ran by Electronique?”

Yori stood up from her stance, looking at Kim in confusion. “What?”

Kim pressed the matter, still maintaining her stance. “Electronique currently has control of the entire town of Middleton’s electrical power grid and she’s using it as a transmitter for a subtle mind control effect. It’s causing everyone in Middleton to hate me.”

Yori narrowed her eyes at Kim at that point. “You lie to preserve your own life.”

“If you just killed Shego,” Kim spat, “then why would I want to live? I tried to run away and kill myself after Ron died. I’m alive today only because of Shego. Who’s going to stop me from killing myself now that Shego’s gone?”

“You... you tried to kill yourself?” Yori asked, even more confused. “Because Ron-kun had died? But... but that makes no sense. When I landed in Middleton, I could sense it clearly in the very air. You were to blame for...”

“That’s Electronique’s mind control talking, Yori!” Kim yelled, snapping the ninja out of her reverie. “She’s trying to play you against me so that I can’t stop her from whatever it is she’s doing.”

Yori said nothing. She was looking down and to the side, as if considering something off in the distance.

“After Ron died,” Kim continued, “I was able to defeat Electronique and Aviarius. It took some doing without Ron’s help but I did it. I sent them both to the Crate.”

Yori looked back up at Kim, the hate in her eyes boiling over.

But Kim pressed on. “But Electronique escaped not even a month later. You know who helped her escape?”

Yori narrowed her eyes at Kim again. “Dare I ask?”

Kim looked around at the littered bodies of monkey ninjas on the shore of the grotto. She then looked back up at Yori.

“Monkey Fist.”

“You lie,” Yori hissed.

“Think about it, Yori!” Kim said, tapping her temple with a finger. “What was the deal you cut with Monkey Fist.”

“He broke me out of prison and gave me the information I needed to track you down,” Yori answered. “He also promised to help me track down Electronique.”

“How do you think he knows where Electronique is, Yori?” Kim asked.

Yori paused at that. The look of confusion settled back onto her face.

“How do I know you’re not just making all of this up, Possible-san?”

“Isn’t there some mystical ki method of searching a person’s soul or something,” Kim responded.
“There is,” Yori nodded, sheathing her tonfas. “It calls upon the inner spirits of the people present, as well as the spirits of the deceased and the Shinto spirits nearby.”

Kim rose up from her battle stance. “Then I submit myself to that ritual.”

Yori nodded gravely before stepping up to Kim. Kim stood resolute against the ninja, her body tensed up to respond to any betrayal. Yori’s chocolate-kissed eyes looked up into Kim’s olive eyes, then closed as she performed a series of elaborate *kata* hand gestures between the two of them.

Kim was momentarily blinded by a flash of light. Cursing her own gullibility, Kim tried to shake off the blindness and drop into a battle stance. But, as her vision cleared, she was shocked at what she saw.

The two women were no longer in the grotto. Kim wasn’t entirely sure *where* they were. The landscape seemed flat and featureless, what little of it could be seen through the thick haze of supernatural fog wafting about. Kim felt an unnatural chill, as if she didn’t belong there. Motes of dark light swirled around each of the women, as if driven by curiosity to investigate these new presences.

Yori studied Kim carefully. “Ron-kun did mention one time that it was difficult for you to tell a lie without it being easily read upon your face,” Yori admitted finally. “Your soul speaks plainly as well.”

“It’s... speaking?” Kim asked, looking around.

“For one who knows how to read a soul,” Yori replied, “it is a simple matter of listening to it much as one listens to a book as they read it.”

“Oh,” Kim breathed, holding back her blush as best as she could. “So, I’m an open book now, huh?”

“Much more open than your average soul,” Yori agreed. “It would seem that you feel that you have little to hide.”

“That’s because I don’t,” Kim pointed out. “Everything I’ve said is the truth to the best of my knowledge. I wish you’d’ve listened to me before you killed Shego.”

As Kim spoke that last part, her voice cracked and her eyes began to well up in tears.

“She’s always been one to heed her own words before others, KP,” came an eerily familiar voice from nearby. “You’ll get used to it, trust me.”

“Ron?” Kim gasped, blinking the tears from her eyes and looking around.

“That’s my name, don’t wear it out!” Ron laughed as the blond-headed boy emerged from the mists near the two women. He wore a white Yamanouchi *gi* uniform and that boyish smile with which Kim had fallen in love over two years ago.

“Ron,” Kim breathed, taking a step back involuntarily. She could scarcely believe what she was seeing.

“I did not know your spirit was nearby, Ron-kun,” Yori admitted, visibly less shaken than Kim was.

“Yeah, I’ve been kinda watching over KP since my death and all,” Ron said, scratching the back of his head. “I can’t leave my best friend hanging like that, right?”
“Is it really you?” Kim asked, stepping towards Ron. “I mean, really, really you?”

“Yep, it’s really, really me,” Ron laughed, arms open in pride. “100% bonefide Ron-man in da house.”

“It can be a disorienting experience the first time one enters the Spirit Realm,” Yori said, stepping up next to Kim. “But this truly is the spirit of Ron-kun.”

“If it makes you feel any better, KP,” Ron said, stepping up to the two women, “I can tell you exactly what we were doing the moment I confessed to you.”

Kim nodded. It was common knowledge that Ron confessed to Kim the night of their junior prom during the Diablo disaster. But it was not common knowledge exactly what the two of them were doing the moment Ron spoke his confession—or what exactly he said.

Ron leaned in and whispered something into Kim’s ear. After a few moments of whispering, Kim’s eyes went wide and her sudden smile threatened to snap her head in half. “RON! IT IS YOU!”

Kim wrapped her arms around Ron and hugged him tightly. She didn’t want to let go. Ever.

“Oh, my God, Ron,” Kim sobbed softly into the boy’s shoulder. “I’ve missed you. I’ve missed you so damned much.”

Yori cocked a brow at that proclamation. “And she speaks truly. How can that be? She moved on so quickly to Shego.”

“Because I gave her my blessings,” Ron pointed out, patting Kim on the back. “I mean, sure, a woman loving a woman like that is freaky-deaky weird, doubly so when the other woman is evil fiery-hands-of-death Shego. But KP seems so happy with her. And Shego hasn’t done her wrong yet.”

“So, you’ve been watching over me?” Kim asked shakily. “You’ve seen... everything?”

“Well, I do try to give you some privacy, KP, sheesh!” Ron laughed while he rolled his eyes. “The Ron-man ain’t that rude. Mostly. But, yeah, I have seen some of the freaky stuff you’ve done with Shego. How come you and I never tried any of that stuff?”

Kim hugged onto Ron even more tightly on that note. “Oh, Ron, I’m so sorry. If I’d known sex was that good, you’d’ve had me every single night. And my dad would have killed us both. But I let you die a virgin. I feel so bad now.”

Ron and Yori looked at each other and each bit his or her lower lip pensively.

Kim caught the glances. “Um, you did die a virgin, right?”

“Um,” Ron muttered, scratching his head.

“You see, Kim-san,” Yori breathed, looking away, shuffling slightly on her feet.

Kim looked between Ron and Yori and her eyes went wide.

“It happened during one of my trips to the ninja school long before you and I became an item, KP,” Ron admitted. “Yori and I gave our virginities to each other. That’s why it was so hard for me to admit to her about our relationship at first.”

“Because of that,” Yori added, “A part of me will always and forever be with him. Even here, in the
Spirit Realm.”

“And you never said anything to me about this... why?” Kim asked Ron as she looked at him in disbelief.

“Before we started dating, it was something that was just between Yori and I,” Ron confessed. “It wasn’t really anybody else’s business, even yours. Then, after we started dating, I was... well... um...”

“Scared I would get angry with you about it?” Kim offered, subconsciously stroking a couple of fingers across Ron’s cheek. “Break up with you over it?”

“Yeah, something like that,” Ron agreed, sighing. “I mean, how do you even confess to something like that without sounding like a total douchebag?”

“By being straightforward and honest,” Yori said, stepping up to Ron and Kim. “Something like that should not be difficult for someone as brave and strong as you, Ron-kun.”

“Yeah, brave and strong, we’ll run with that,” Ron replied, rolling his eyes.

Kim chuckled at that. “Running is how you got to be so strong, Ron,” she laughed.

“Ha! Ha! It is to laugh,” Ron muttered.

Yori couldn’t help but chuckle herself. “It is so good to see you again, Ron-kun. It has been good for my soul, to say the least.”

Kim laid her head on Ron’s shoulder and patted his chest. “So, are we all good here?”

Yori nodded. “Perhaps I have been wrong in my vendetta against you, Kim-san.”

“Perhaps?” Ron said, his voice carrying the sarcasm very well. “As in, kinda-sorta or maybe? No, girl, you were totally wrong. But I can’t blame ya. I’d like to think a part of me will always be with you, too.”

“You do not know how much those words mean to me, Ron-kun,” Yori smiled.

“Speaking of confessing love to each other,” Kim chimed in, glancing around with sad eyes once more, “I just thought of something. If this is the realm of the dead, shouldn’t Shego be somewhere nearby, too?”

“Oh, she’s not dead,” Ron corrected. “Speaking of which... INCOMING!”

Suddenly the fog lifted as if it had been a linen sheet torn violently from a bed. Kim stumbled back and shook her head from the disorientation. She was back at the grotto.

And Yori was flying across the shore, away from Kim, carried along by a fiery green plasma blast. Yori hit a nearby tree and slumped to the ground.

Kim spun around to see Shego standing there, ragged and groggy, holding herself up with one hand on a knee while the other hand was outstretched.

“Shego!” Kim cried, running up to the woman. The she spoke more softly. “Sheila, you’re alive. Thank God you’re alive.”

“Please,” Shego laughed raggedly. “A tranq dart, even one that powerful, is nothing against my
“Why did you shoot Yori like that?” Kim asked, helping Shego into a sitting position on the shore.

“You two were just staring at each other like you were in some kind of Mexican standoff or something,” Shego explained. “I had to get the battle going somehow.”

“Oh, you ‘got it going’ quite nicely,” Yori hissed, stalking towards the two women. Her tonfas were back in her hands.

Kim stood up quickly and jumped in front of Shego. “Yori, wait! Shego wasn’t in the Spirit Realm with us. She doesn’t know we came to an understanding!”

“Oh, we came to an understanding, all right, Kim-san,” Yori agreed, her eyes twitching with a maniacal glint. “But I still have to report back to Monkey Fist with photographed evidence of your death!”

Kim looked queerly at Yori for a moment. She then got a stern look to her face as she nodded grimly.

With that, Yori charged and tackled Kim, causing the two women to tumble violently across the shore of the grotto.

Shego stood up unsteadily and looked on after the two women. “Did I do that?”

Kim kicked Yori off of her and then kicked up into a battle stance. “Yori, I don’t want to fight you. I never did want to fight you.”

Yori smiled. “Then that makes things so much easier for me.” With that, Yori charged Kim again.

“Oh, no you don’t, bitch!” Shego yelled, unsteadily firing a volley of plasma blasts at the back of the ninja.

In mid-stride, Yori leapt into a backflip, allowing the plasma blasts to sail harmlessly underneath her.

Kim’s eye’s went wide. “Oh, shit.”

Before the she could dodge, the first plasma clocked Kim in the gut, sending her flying across the pond into the waterfall. The remaining blasts of the volley soon followed, knocking the hero unconscious.

As Yori landed, she threw several shuriken at Kim. They all embedded into the rock around the hero’s body and exploded. The explosions sent Kim’s body flying back across the pond. Kim tumbled into a heap on the shore several yards away from Shego.

“KIMMIE!” Shego screamed. She then spun on Yori. “You’re going to pay for that, you fucking cunt.”

“Really now?” Yori smiled. “How will you accomplish that when you’re still so drowsy from my last dart that you haven’t even noticed that I’ve attacked you with a second dart?”

Shego blinked and looked down at her leg. Sure enough, another dart was imbedded in her flesh.

“The first one was a tranquilizer dart, meant to draw Kim out into the open,” Yori explained, walking up to Shego. “This one is a cyanide dart. And with your body still fighting the poison of the tranquilizer dart, you will succumb to the cyanide.”
Shego stumbled a step forward, growling and clenching her teeth. “You cock-burgling fuck damn badger-cunt whore of a bitch. You’ll pay for this, I swear.”

“Oh, I’m sure I will,” Yori smiled ruefully as she watched Shego drop to her knees.

Shego struggled to get back up onto her feet, but it was useless. The poison was running its course through her bloodstream. The darkness was closing in on her.

“I’ll... get... you... for... this...,” Shego growled, right before her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she collapsed onto the ground.

The monkey ninjas, who had apparently regained consciousness, carefully approached Shego. One ninja checked Shego’s pulse and gave a thumb’s up signal as a second ninja took a picture using an instant camera. Another pair of monkey ninjas did the same with Kim.

“We leave their bodies to rot, then,” Yori stated flatly as a monkey ninja handed her the two instant photos. “Let us take these pictures back to Fiske-sama.”

With that, Yori and the monkey ninjas fled from the grotto as quietly as they had arrived. As promised, she left both Kim and Shego lying on the shore of the pond.

Monkey Fist sat on his throne in his lair, somberly considering some unknowable subject. He was roused from his reverie as Yori and eight of his monkey ninjas strode into the chamber.

“Ah, Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist said pleasantly, standing up and approaching the Yamanouchi ninja. “You’ve returned. I do hope the gifts I’ve bestowed upon you have born fruit.”

“Indeed they have, Fiske-sama,” Yori agreed, handing the two instant photos to the master villain. “Team Possible has lost its two leaders. They will not be a bother to you, or anyone else, anymore.”

Monkey Fist studied the pictures carefully and smiled. “Indeed. It would appear that both Kim Possible and Shego are now dead. My monkey ninjas would not lie about the lack of a pulse. Stoppable’s death has now been avenged and my plans may now proceed unhindered.”

“What would you have me do, Fiske-sama?” Yori asked, drawing the villain’s attention away from the photos.

“Oh?” Monkey Fist asked carefully. “I had assumed that once your quest to avenge Stoppable’s death was complete, you would deign to not associate with me any further.”

Yori shook her head. “For one, Fiske-sama, I have now committed murder. Do you truly believe me to still be the hero I have been claiming to be?”

Monkey Fist only smiled knowingly at that one. Ah, the uses one could have for a rogue Yamanouchi ninja.

“For two,” Yori continued, “Ron-kun’s death has not been completely avenged. There is still the matter of the woman whose hands actually killed him.”

“Indeed,” Monkey Fist smiled maniacally. “I did promise you Electronique, didn’t I?”

Monkey Fist began to laugh maniacally as Yori watched the villain without emotion. All of the monkey ninjas in the room began chittering along with Monkey Fist’s laughters.
Dr. Betty Director sat at her desk, glancing over the paperwork for the morning. Resource requests, mundane arrest reports, various status updates from undercover agents—it was all stuff Betty needed to see, but she found difficult to remain awake reading. Just the mere idea that the agents were alive and well enough to make their reports was enough for her. She had more pressing matters on her mind.

Suddenly, Betty’s desk phone beeped, indicating that her administrative assistant was paging her. Betty picked up the phone.

“Go ahead, Kate.”

“Your 10 o’clock appointment is here, Director,” came the voice of Kathryn Assistant, Betty’s administrative manager. “Shall I send him in?”

“Please do, Kate. Thank you.”

As Betty set her phone back down, a man stepped into her office and shut the door behind him. He was quite the model of a man. He was just over six feet tall and broad shouldered. He had dark brown hair with hints of gray at the temples. His gentle, dark brown eyes sat behind a modest pair of eyeglasses. His sweater and slacks spoke for his casual professionalism. And his slightly rough skin only hinted at his age, although Betty knew the man to be a good ten years older than the forty-something he appeared to be.

“Dr. Stuart Pendus,” Betty smiled, standing up to greet the man. “You are a sight for sore eyes.”

“Thank you, Dr. Elizabeth Director,” the man smirked in return, hugging the woman warmly.

“Come, Stu, sit,” Betty said, motioning to the chair in front of her desk before circling back around to her own chair. “Care for a drink?”

“Please and thank you, Betty,” Stu said, sitting. “A Scotch on the rocks.”

Betty opened the wet bar that she kept behind her desk and smiled. “You sounded just like a teen superspy hero I know just now.”

Stu cocked a brow. “Kim Possible drinks Scotch on the rocks?”

Betty laughed as she poured the drink. “No, silly. The ‘please and thank you’ part.”

“Ah,” Stu smiled as he accepted the drink from Betty. “She is quite a specimen, you have to admit.”

“Yes, she is,” Betty agreed, turning back to her friend. “I hope I can groom her to take over Global Justice whenever I retire.”

Stu chuckled. “I’m afraid Possible herself will be of retirement age before you finally retire, Betty.”

Betty smirked and folded her arms. “A professional assessment, my dear Doctor?”

Stu rose his glass of Scotch as if in a toast. “A professional assessment borne of twenty years of personal observation.”

Betty chuckled. “Well, I’m afraid that with the way things have been going lately on the professional
front, I may well drive myself to an early grave due to stress.” She then paused to consider the attractive man sitting opposite of her. “I’m actually hoping you have some good news on one of the problems I’ve been having to deal with.”

Stu smiled and leaned back. “Then please allow me to shine at least a little bit of sunshine into your morning. I am making definite progress with my patient. I have a very good feeling about him.”

Betty breathed a definable sigh of relief right before she took a sip of the coffee that was already sitting on her desk. “That does brighten my morning.”

“I hit a definite breakthrough during our last session when he admitted to feeling betrayed by his sister following the deaths of their parents,” Stu continued. “One of the problems with being a metahuman is that you tend to start losing touch with your own humanity. Without reassuring, positive human contact, a metahuman risks feeling above and separate from humanity.”

“Because metahumans can do things normal humans cannot?” Betty asked.

“Yes,” Stu affirmed, sipping at his Scotch again. “It becomes rather easy to think of yourself as being, well, godlike when you can do things like lift oil tankers or conjure titanium-melting fire.”

“That would explain why there are so many more supervillains than superheroes,” Betty ventured, shaking her head sadly.

“That’s true,” Stu nodded. “It takes someone with tremendous morale fiber to be able to hold onto his or her humanity in the face of such things. It’s a testimony to the wonders of humanity that rest of Team Go is only mildly psychotic.”

Betty chuckled at that. “And Mego has improved tremendously since his marriage to Dr. Krista Novak.”

“Ah, yes, the noted biochemist who developed his superspeed serum,” Stu said, making the connection. “Yes, the unconditional love of a true life partner would do wonders in helping a metahuman to center his humanity. I believe the lack of one has been a major factor in the problems that my patient is facing.”

“And it would go a long ways towards explaining our new and improved Shego,” Betty added off-handedly. “I’ve grown to like her a lot better since she got together with Possible.”

“I think, with a little more work, and perhaps some support from his family,” Stu said, leaning forward to capture Betty’s eyes with his own, “We can make definite progress in my patient’s rehabilitation. Even now, he is already to the point where I feel comfortable allowing for supervised community service.”

Betty smiled as her eyes met Stu’s. “You’re right, Stu. This made my morning. I doubt anything could possibly happen to dampen my day now.”

All of a sudden, Betty’s phone beeped again. Betty quickly picked it up. “Go ahead, Kate,” Betty said, far too happily.

“You want to turn on the news, Director,” Kathryn replied ominously.

Betty frowned slightly in confusion, turned her chair to the flat-screen television sitting on a nearby wall, and turned it on. As Betty and Stu watched the news feed, Betty’s eyes went wide as saucer plates.
“Oh, my God.”

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“Oh, my God.”

Dr. Anne Possible collapsed into a heap onto the floor of the common room of the fallout lair north of Vancouver that Team Possible was using as their headquarters. Her husband, Dr. James Possible, could only stare at the television screen in dumb astonishment. Mego sat on a nearby couch, trying to open his mouth to say something but finding nothing would come out. Mego’s wife, Kris, simply stared at the television screen silently, holding her husband’s hand in a show of sympathetic support.

The two couples had come to the base to visit Kim and Shego after a relaxing Memorial Day weekend. Finding that the two lovers had not yet returned from their trip, the four visitors had simply gone to the common room to watch television until Kim and Shego arrived.

No one had been ready for what was on the television news.

“After their bodies were found on an uncharted tropical island,” the news anchor continued, “they were pronounced dead on the scene by Coast Guard officials. Their bodies have been taken into Honolulu police custody and are being kept under extremely secure guard.”

Anne finally erupted into a sobbing fit.

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“EXCELLENT!” Electronique screamed, laughing maniacally into the depths of her lair. What she had just seen on television could not have been sweeter music to her ears even if it had been sent down from the Angelic Host itself. “With both Kim Possible and Shego out of the way, there is nothing that can stop me from completing my master plan!”

Electronique smiled and turned to the gigantic doomsday device sitting before her.

“I knew that choosing Monkey Fist as my partner was the right choice,” she laughed. “Everything is going according to plan. Everything is going better than planned. Soon, the world will be mine!”

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Seven days passed after that day. Mego stepped up to take control of the situation at Team Possible’s lair. He was going to be damned if he was going to let the death of his sister and her girlfriend go in vain... or unavenged. At a time when the team needed it most, Mego brought them into focus. He forced the team to focus on training, learning to coordinate their tactics with those of Mego and the Wego twins. The three former Team Go members proved remarkably compatible to the four remaining Team Possible members.

After spending a couple of days grieving for Kim, the Possible family began visiting the lair daily. Wade, Monique, Felix, Zita, and Rufus were links to Kim that Anne, James, and the Tweebs desperately needed. And Wade and Felix kept the Tweebs’ technical minds quite busy on projects upgrading the lair.

Mego’s wife, Kris, proved to be a remarkable team player, as well. As a biochemist, she was a great professional partner for Anne. The two of them together drew out extended health care contingencies for the team that blew the minds of everyone else on the team.

James busied himself helping Felix revamp and upgrade the Firebird. Space flight capability was in
the works, in case Electronique’s base was in outer space.

Wade kept rather quiet during the entire week, only emerging from his bedroom during mealtimes. As this was not abnormal behavior for the boy, few of the rest of the team thought anything of it outside of his uncharacteristically somber mood.

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Felix, Wade, and James were going over some technical schematics of the Firebird in the lair’s hangar when a chime rang through the chamber.

“A delivery?” Felix asked queerly, looking at the side delivery door. “Did anyone order anything?”

“Get the rest of the team up here,” Wade replied simply. “Just in case.” He then spun around in his chair and pressed a few keys at a different terminal than the one he had just been working at. “Yes, may I help you?”

“HenchCo Delivery Services,” the delivery driver sitting outside said to the security speaker. “I have a delivery for one Dr. James Possible and one Dr. Anne Possible.”

“They’ll be up here momentarily,” Wade concurred. “Give us a moment.”

James rose a brow to that as Wade cut off the speaker. “That is strange. I don’t remember ordering anything.”

“Mrs. Dr. Possible might have?” Felix offered. “I’ve got the others all coming up, by the way.”

“Thanks,” Wade smiled.

As if on cue, the elevator door opened and the rest of Team Possible emptied out onto the hangar level. Anne and Mego led the charge, followed by the Wego twins, Monique, Zita, and Rufus. Monique was fully dressed in her Valkyrie battle suit and her bow was already in her hand.

“Okay,” Wade nodded. “Let’s let this guy in and see what he has in store for us.”

As the delivery door opened, James turned to his wife.

“Honey,” James asked carefully. “Did you order anything from anybody?”

“Not from anyone who would need HenchCo’s delivery service,” Anne replied, the confusion apparent in her voice.

The delivery truck backed up into the hangar. The driver then got out and opened up the back of his delivery truck. The driver had to use a forklift already set up in the back of the truck to bring the large crate out onto the hangar floor.

“Who do I ask to sign off for this,” the driver asked as he got off of his forklift.

“I’m Dr. James Possible,” James volunteered, walking over to the driver.

One of the Wego twins, Edward, approached the crate. “Look, there’s a card on it.” He took the card off of the crate and handed it to his twin.

“To Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Possible,” the other Wego twin, William, read the card aloud. “Congratulations on your 23rd wedding anniversary. May many more years of blissful marriage carry you through your days.”
William then went pale. Well, even more pale than he already was.

“What is it, Weeg?” Mego asked, suddenly concerned.

“Signed,” William gulped. “Señor Senior Sr.”

“Okay, that’s not good,” Mego replied. “Felix, Monique, I need you guys on my ten and two to my twelve. Weegs, I need nine of you on the other positions. The rest of you stand back.”

Felix fired up his force field and assumed the ten o’clock. Monique nocked an arrow and took the two o’clock position. The Wego twins made eight copies of themselves, taking the remaining nine positions while the original Edward kept examining the crate.

“There’s a button,” Edward said. “Looks like it opens the crate.”

“Get ready for anything,” Mego replied. He glanced around to make sure his combatant teammates were prepared and that the non-combatants were clear. He then turned back to Edward. “Okay Weeg. Hit it.”

Edward hit the button and jumped back in time for the four sides of the crate to collapse onto the floor. Inside of the crate was a gigantic wedding-style cake.

“Wade?” Mego asked, refusing to take his eyes off of the cake.


Anne, who was standing near the boy genius, couldn’t help but notice just how happy Wade seemed as he announced that.

“Well, that’s weird,” Mego said, relaxing out of his battle stance. He then turned to the two Doctors Possible. “Um, happy anniversary?”

“Well, it’s not until this weekend,” James replied, confused. “But thank you.”

Monique collapsed her bow and stowed it. “I’m just glad this was a false alarm. I don’t think I can handle any more surprises right now.”

“Same here,” Felix agreed.

“Well, since it’s clean and all,” Edward began.

“Might as well not let the cake go to waste,” William finished.

The Wego twins and their eight copies began to approach the cake in a predatory manner, licking their lips in unison.

“NO, DON’T!” Shego suddenly screamed, erupting from the top of the cake. “IT’S A FAKE CAKE!”

There was dead silence in the room as everyone on Team Possible looked at the cake like it had just grown mutant appendages. The Wego twins and copies all stopped and blinked at Shego.

“Way to blow the surprise, Shego!” came a voice from inside the cake.

Shego looked down past her waist into the cake. “My brothers were about to eat us!” she protested.
“I’ve never heard Monique complain about that happening to her,” the other voice joked from inside the cake.

“Kimmie!” Shego gasped. “Your parents are in the room!”

Suddenly, Shego found herself involuntarily flipped out of the cake, landing very painfully on the floor. Kim Possible popped up out of the top of the cake in a flourish.

“TADA!” Kim yelled, as if presenting the surprise untainted.

“Don’t worry,” Shego mumbled from the floor below. “That was only my nose.”

There was dead silence again as the entire group considered the scene in front of them in abject astonishment. Finally, Anne broke the silence.

“KIMBERLY ANNE POSSIBLE!” Anne screamed at the top of her lungs. “God dammit, young lady. You... you’ve got a lot of fucking explaining to do! I thought... we all thought... dammit, Kimmie, we thought you were... you were dead!” With that, Anne broke down in a hysterical fit of sobbing, collapsing onto the floor in a heap as her husband followed her down to fold her into his arms.

Mego turned to Wade and folded his arms threateningly. “Yeah, I think more than one person is on that chopping block right now.”

Wade merely laughed nervously at the interim team leader.

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“And so when I flew back across the water from the explosion,” Kim continued, “I called on a trick that Master Sensei had taught Ron about disguising his heartbeat. Thankfully, Yori lied through her teeth about using cyanide; she’d used the same paralytic poison in the second dart that she’d used in the first one. So the monkey ninjas all thought we were honestly and truly dead.”

The team had migrated to the commissary after it was revealed that Kim and Shego were practically starving. Zita and Kris were busy in the kitchenette preparing a large pot of chili con carne while everyone else sat at one of the large tables nearby.

“My God,” Anne whispered, scarcely believing what she was hearing. “So... so you saw Ron?”

“Saw him, felt him,” Kim nodded. “Smelled him. It was so surreal. Even in death, his spirit has been watching out for me. I think it was because of him that so many of us escaped the mind control like we did.”

“And you really believe that Yori is going undercover on our behalf into the enemy fray,” Mego asked. He was sitting protectively next to his sister, who in turn was sitting protectively next to Kim.

“I know she is,” Kim replied. “I saw it in her eyes. She was putting on a good show, but I could see the truth in her eyes. She was no longer being influenced by that mind control. I think she finally shook it.”

“All of the present Team Go members shuddered at the thought. They had all felt the effects of the villainess’ weaponized good/evil polarity switcher... it was something they did not want to experience again. And the thought of a Yamanouchi ninja falling prey to it...
“I just wish my Princess had explained the plan to me before it all went down,” Shego mumbled, latching onto Kim’s arm like a small child. “I honestly thought she was dead after those shuriken exploded.”

“How do you think I felt after that first dart stopped your heartbeat,” Kim countered, reaching over to stroke Shego’s hands softly. “I was practically blind with rage. But I didn’t have time to explain it. The moment Yori made her decision, the monkey ninjas were starting to wake up. We needed to make it a believable performance.”

“Oh, yeah, it was believable, all right!” Shego sighed sarcastically. “Even I believed it.”

“As did the rest of us,” James added sternly. “Your mother was beside herself after the news reports, Kimberly. I wasn’t exactly happy, myself.”

“None of us were, Mr. Dr. Possible,” Mego growled, looking at his sister, who merely winced.

“Sorry, Meeg,” Shego whispered softly. “I’m still not used to you giving a damn.”

“Well, get used to it,” Mego said sternly.

“I’ll take the hit on this, guys,” Wade said. “But we did it like we did for a reason.”

James, Anne, and Mego all turned to look at Wade crossly, but Kim took a deep breath and plowed on with her explanation.

“After Shego and I woke up, we contacted Wade discretely on a triple-secure channel that only he and I knew about. All three of us agreed that we needed to keep up the illusion that Shego and I were dead, so that Electronique would not only let Yori near her, but she would also tip her hand early and become careless. Wade contacted the Seniors, who still owed us for having saved Junior from Hego. Senior was more than happy to provide a discreet means for Shego and I to get back here to the lair.”

“I kept silent,” Wade added, “because Kim, Shego, and I wanted to keep up the illusion of the rest of us grieving over Kim and Shego’s loss, in case any of us were being monitored by Electronique outside of the lair.”

Mego nodded solemnly at that. “Okay, that does make sense. I don’t like it, but I understand it. I’m sorry for getting mad.”

“Don’t be,” Wade replied. “It was perfectly justified.”

“Oh, God,” Anne breathed, leaning into her husband for both physical and emotional support. “I hate all of this espionage double trickery. I spent a whole week crying my eyes out.”

“Mom,” Kim whispered softly, looking at her mother with concern.

“Oh, Kimmie,” Anne choked, clutching at her husband now. “I’m so glad you’re alive. I don’t think I’m done crying yet.” She then buried her face into James’ chest.

“Okay, yeah,” Kim sighed dejectedly. “I’m a class act heel.”

“Don’t, Cupcake,” Shego said, giving Kim’s arms a reassuring squeeze. “You did what you had to do. Yes, it hurt a lot of people on the short-term, but now they know we’re alive and well. And it’s because we did what we did.”
“Much as I hate to do so,” James replied, pointing to his daughter, “I have to agree with Shego. It’s a very dangerous game you’re playing and it did indeed hurt us all to be tricked like that. But if it was the only way to make Electronique let down her guard, it needed to be done. Let’s just hope she bought it like all of us did.”

“She had to have,” Mego replied. “We’re family. It’s our responsibility to hold onto hope about the lives of the people we love. And we bought it. Surely, she did, too.”

“Excuse me,” Shego said, turning to her brother. “Who are you and what did you do with my egocentric big brother?”

“Aliens abducted him and replaced him with a happily married man with a child on the way,” Mego smirked.

“I know that’s right!” Kris called from the kitchenette.

Shego rolled her eyes and went back to snuggling against Kim.

“I have the lair fully secured electronically now,” Wade said, nodding to Kim and Shego. “It’s going to be tough for even someone like Electronique to break through.”

“Don’t underestimate her,” Shego growled.

“Trust me, I’m not,” Wade agreed. “Zita, the Tweebs, and I have set up a looping security code that morphs itself every ten minutes. It takes a special key that I’ve developed to decrypt any communications we make to each other.”

“Good,” Kim said. She then turned to Mego. “Mego, for the time being, you’re still leader of Team Possible. We need to keep maintaining the illusion that Sheila and I are dead.”

“Right,” Mego nodded. He certainly wasn’t averse to staying the leader, even if it was under a pretense.

“I guess that means Kimmie and I are under house arrest until we find Electronique,” Shego sighed. “I’m not looking forward to being cooped up.”

“I’d rather you be cooped up than dead,” James reminded the green heroine sternly. Anne was still silently crying into his shirt.

“Yeah, I guess you have that point,” Shego said dejectedly. “I just hope I don’t go out of my mind doing nothing but sitting around and filing my nails.”

“Just means we get to use the training room for recreation if we start feeling cabin fever,” Kim smirked. The twinkle in her olive eyes spoke volumes to Shego’s emerald eyes.

Shego suddenly spun to look at Wade. “Hey, Nerdlinger, can you, Zita, and the Tweebs design an sci-fi alien world for Kimmie and I to explore in the training room?”

Wade’s grin got huge as Zita’s voice rang out from the kitchenette, “Hell, yeah!”

“So,” Kim said, “the only thing really missing is finding a way to get in contact with Yori.”

“Oh, I think I’ve got that covered, too,” Wade smiled.

“Nerdlinger,” Shego sighed, “quit making everyone look bad.”
“Sorry,” Wade laughed.

“Anyway, that should cover everything except the hurt feelings, which I promise to make up for in any way I can,” Kim said, looking at everyone at the table.

“Even my hurt feelings?” Shego asked, looking plaintively at the redhead.

“Down, horndog,” Kim laughed. “Yes, even yours.”

“Ahem,” James interrupted, reminding Kim that her parents were indeed still there. “Perhaps a nice family dinner is called for, then.”

“Speaking of dinner,” Zita’s voice rang out from the kitchenette. “Chili’s on!”

“YAY!” everyone yelled at once as they all started getting up from the table to storm the serving counter. Kim and Shego couldn’t move fast enough.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Yori crept from tree to tree, on the outer perimeters of the grounds surrounding Monkey Fist’s lair, watching the intruder carefully. He was good, very good. If Yori had been a henchman, a monkey ninja, or even a lesser Yamanouchi ninja, he would have gone undetected. Unfortunately for the intruder, she was Yori.

Yori dropped down from the tree right behind the intruder. A ninja-to was quickly and silently in her hand and thrust in front of the intruder’s throat. The intruder tensed up, but did not panic.

“Young lady, get your knees in,” Yori hissed venomously.

The intruder did as he was bade, lowering himself carefully onto his knees while holding his empty hands above his head.

“What would you have me do next,” the intruder asked in a calm, professional tone.

Yori knelt down behind the intruder, keeping the ninja-to to his throat. Slowly, she leaned in, brushing her lips gently against the intruder’s ear before speaking.

“Du-san,” she whispered, barely loud enough for even the intruder to hear, let alone anyone outside of the conversation. “Let us discuss how Load-san wants to handle this.”

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO]
“Thank you both for seeing me today.”

Dr. Betty Director, head of the United Nations Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, was genuine in that sentiment. In light of recent events, the two leaders of Team Possible could be forgiven for refusing to see her. Far more pressing and personal matters were at hand.

But here they were. Mego and Wade Load, walking along with Betty down the corridor of the former Drakken lair that Team Possible now used as their headquarters. The lair was impressive, to say the least. Wade and his cohorts had been quite busy adding to and upgrading the already impressive technological array of equipment that Drakken had installed.

Betty honestly believed that it would take nothing less than a nuclear bomb to crack the security of this place. As far as Betty was concerned, that was a good thing.

“It is only fair that you be kept in the loop, Dr. Director,” Mego replied as the three of them approached a large double-door.

“Please, Mego, call me Betty,” Betty replied, nodding to the Team Possible leader. “Unless any of my men are present. Then it’s Ma’am, yes, Ma’am.” She winked at Mego.

Mego chuckled and shook his head. “Well, Betty, this here is the pride and joy of our headquarters.”

“Have you ever seen any of the later Star Trek series episodes?” Wade asked.

Betty turned to the chubby African American lad. It was still hard to wrap her head around the fact that he was barely 15 years old and possessed of multiple doctorate degrees and enough money to buy the town of Middleton, despite the years she had already spent working with him.

“What do you mean by ‘later series,’?” Betty asked carefully.

“Um, The Next Generation onward,” Wade clarified.

“I did manage to catch a few episodes of that one back when they first aired while I was in college,” Betty replied. “Why?”

“You remember the holodeck on the Enterprise?” Wade continued.

“The room they could make look like anywhere and anywhen that they wanted?” Betty asked.

“That’s the one.”

“Yeah,” Betty replied, suddenly wondering where this was going.

“Well, our training room works on similar principles,” Wade smiled proudly. “Using a combination of holographic imaging and force field technology, we can recreate a huge array of environments for our team members to train in. It makes for excellent real-time training.”

“I can only imagine,” Betty admitted, impressed. She was already a firm believer that anything really was possible for a Possible. Now she was becoming convinced that it was possible even for people who were even tangentially associated with a Possible.

Mego punched a few keys into a touchpad next to the doors and the two large doors slid open.
Beyond the doorway was a lush and vibrant landscape unlike anything Betty had ever seen. It was like a tropical jungle, except that pinks, whites, greens, and blacks were all dominant in various haphazard schemes amongst the foliage. It all seemed so surreal and alien. And it was somehow beautiful.

The three individuals stepped through the doorway and was amazed by how real it all seemed. Betty reached out to a nearby tree and touched it. She felt it. Even though it was a force field with a computer-generated image rendered over it, it felt like a tree.

“Right now, it has its limits,” Wade said as he watched Betty. “We can only really render inanimate objects or simple machinery. Anything like a realistic animal or a human is a bit out of our processing power range. Also, I can’t make the room larger than it actually is. I can give the illusion of it with background imagery, but you can’t keep walking beyond the edge of the room.”

“Makes sense,” Betty replied, turning to look back at Wade and Mego.

“However,” Mego smiled, folding his arms, “since this is the room that Drakken was originally going to build his doomsday devices in, there is plenty of room in all directions.”

Betty’s gaze followed Mego’s as the Team Go hero pointed upward. Betty gasped as she saw that primitive-looking huts and bridges criss-crossed well above their heads.

“Come on,” Mego smiled, walking over to a nearby tree. Betty and Wade quickly followed.

The tree that the trio approached had definable handholds with which to climb the tree easily. Mego began scaling the tree and Betty, curious, followed the hero up. Once Mego and Betty got to the top, they were both surprised to see Wade already on the hut platform waiting for them.

“How...?” Betty began to ask.

Wade held up a little handheld remote. “I programmed a virtual elevator and took it up.”

“Show off,” Mego grumbled, offering a hand to Betty to help her up onto the platform.

Mego then led the way as the trio followed the criss-crossing pattern of the huts and bridges until they got to the far end of the room. Once there, they saw a hut that was larger than the rest. On the far side of the hut was an open patio with an ocean-front view. Three moons lay scattered across the greenish-orange dusk sky. Soft, soothing alien chirping wafted through the air, along with the sound of the surf washing onto the beach below.

And there, in a hammock towards one end of the patio, lay the two objects that were the real reason for Betty’s visit. Kim lay on top of Shego as the two of them appeared to be dozing peacefully in the alien summer paradise. They were both wearing bikini swimsuits and looked quite comfortable as the hammock swayed gently in the breeze.

As the trio approached Kim and Shego, Shego glanced up and smirked at the older woman. “Ah, Bets. How’s my favorite anal retentive goody-goody?”

Kim nuzzled Shego’s chin gently. “I thought I was your favorite goody-goody.”


Despite the implied insult, Betty couldn’t help but smile. Ah, to be young and in love again.
“I’m doing well, all things considered,” Betty replied. “Thanks to your little theatrics, we may actually be close to busting the Electronique case wide open. Yori is back on our side and has been maintaining discreet contact with Will Du...”

Kim and Shego looked at each other and giggled as if enjoying some private joke. Betty suspected what that joke was. It was no coincidence that Will Du had allegedly met a “dead end” when investigating Yori’s attack on Kim and Shego back in Middleton before Valentine’s Day. It was extremely uncharacteristic for the by-the-books agent to have gone behind Betty’s back in his private time to investigate Middleton’s mind control problem. But Betty suspected that Yori’s feminine wiles had some part in the act.

Not that Betty could blame Will Du. Yori was a cute girl. And maybe it would loosen Will Du up a little, make him open to more flexible tactics and better thinking outside of the box.

Maybe make him more like... well, more like Kim Possible.

And it wasn’t like the results of Will Du’s odd foray into unconventional thinking hadn’t borne fruit. Yes, he’d almost died and taken Dr. Drakken along with him. But those near deaths were what had opened up Betty’s eyes to the whole mind control problem. Kim, armed with that knowledge, had been able to win Yori back over to the side of angels.

Now, with Yori as an undercover mole, Team Possible was very very close to discovering Electronique’s whereabouts. And it was all because Will Du had “taken one of the team” and nearly died for his troubles.

Betty chuckled at the girls’ giggling. “Yes, well, I do hope _that_ sort of discreet contact is happening, too.”

Kim and Shego stopped giggling and turned to look at Betty like they had just heard their grandmother talk about sex.

Betty shrugged and smirked. “What? Last I checked Will’s medical records, he was human. And Lord knows he could stand to get laid.”

Kim, Shego, Mego, and Wade all busted out laughing at that point.

“Hold on,” Wade chuckled as he punched something into his remote control. Three lounge chairs rose up from the floor as if by magic.

Betty nodded in appreciation at Wade and sat down on the chair closest to Kim and Shego.

“Thanks, by the way,” Kim said to Betty, shifting slightly to get more comfortable on her girlfriend. Shego wrapped her arms softly around the redhead. “Thanks for getting the Coast Guard and the media to play along with our game.”

“Kim,” Betty said, pointing to the young hero, “when it comes to matters of international security, Global Justice trumps both the United States Coast Guard and the international news media agencies. They’re required by law to cooperate with us. So it was very smart of Wade to contact me as immediately as he did after you contacted him. It allowed me to run damage control on the appropriate agencies and to get Will Du in contact with Yori.”

“As much as I enjoy it, patting us on the back while we’re practically making out in front of you isn’t what you had actually planned to do today, is it?” Shego ventured, looking at the older woman suspiciously.
“You are correct that I had other goals as well,” Betty admitted, nodding.

“What goals were those?” Mego asked, more to remind everyone that he was still there than anything else.

“Actually, I’m glad you’re here for this, too, Mego,” Betty said, turning to the hero. “Do any of you remember Dr. Stuart Pendus?”

“I remember Stu!” Kim chirped, practically bouncing on Shego. “He’s the psychiatrist who was working with Gill when he won that Nobel prize for his essays on the psychological ramifications of metahuman powers.”

“Wait,” Shego said, raising a brow and looking at Kim. “He’s the quack who popped off at the mouth about how superpowers make people think they’re gods? Why are you getting so excited about that, Kimmie?”

“Because,” Kim said, smiling brightly, “he’s really, really smart and really, really hot, especially for an older man.”

“He’s wha...?” Shego started to ask as she scrunched up her face. Then she chuckled. “That’s right. I keep forgetting you’re bi, not lesbian.”

Kim stuck her tongue childishly out at Shego, prompting the pale-skinned beauty to quickly lean in and trap the offending tongue between her lips. Kim pulled back and meeped, blushing softly. That made Shego smile.

“Yes, he is very attractive,” Betty agreed, perhaps a bit more girlishly than she really should have.

Kim and Shego considered Betty a moment then turned to each other. Shego mouthed the words “Off Limits?” silently to Kim and Kim nodded in agreement.

“So, what about Dr. Pendus?” Mego asked, somehow being the one level-headed enough to get the conversation back on track.

“Ahem, yes,” Betty said, regaining her own composure. “Well, he’s the psychiatrist working with Hego.”

All four present Team Possible members groaned at that.

“We are making great strides in his rehabilitation,” Betty pressed on. “The more that Stu talks to him, the more he’s realizing that he is the one that was wrong, that he is the one who needs help, that he can be so much better than he currently is.”

“And what’s that got to do with us?” Shego growled, subconsciously hugging Kim tighter to her. The redhead found herself with a face-full of pale green cleavage, with Shego unaware of the development.

“Mego, Shego,” Betty replied, looking at the heroes each in turn, “Stu believes that if we can rally Hego’s family to give him moral support, it would do wonders in the speed of his recovery.”

“Recovery to what?” Shego snapped angrily, squeezing Kim so tightly that the redhead cried out softly in pain. “Oh, Kimmie, I’m so sorry. Are you okay?”

Kim leaned up and caught her breath. “I’m okay, love. I may need one of your magical massages later, though.” With that, Kim rolled off of the ex-villainess rather than remain within arms’ reach
while Shego was this worked up.

Shego’s attention snapped back to Betty. “Seriously, recovery to what? The cock-sucking asshat killed Sidestep over a decade ago. What are we going to do, regress him to a 16 year old? Which, don’t get me wrong, would still be an improvement, but...”

“I’m afraid I have to agree with Sis on this,” Mego added. “I lived in Hego’s shadow almost all of my life. He constantly robbed me of my self-esteem and my self-confidence. It wasn’t until I came to Team Possible that I was finally able to grow into my own man. And you want us to help Hego?”

“Isn’t that what heroes do?” Kim suddenly interjected, still stretching in odd directions in an attempt to pop her spine back into place.

“I’m not a hero,” Shego growled, looking crossly at her girlfriend.

Mego opened his mouth to say something but couldn’t find the words.

“I’m not saying you should forgive him for what he did,” Betty sighed, looking at both Mego and Shego. “But with the sort of escalating threats we’re facing every single day, do you really want as powerful an asset to the forces of good as Hego to be locked away in cold storage instead of out on the front lines?”

“Yes!” both Mego and Shego snapped loudly in unison.

Betty sighed and shook her head. “He just needs a little bit of support from his family. He could become a much better person, better than either of you could ever remember him being, if we could work together on his therapy.”

“He signed his pink slip when he killed Gloria, as far as I’m concerned,” Shego huffed, slumping back into the hammock. “And that’s not even counting what he tried to do to my Princess.”

“And I’m finally out from under his shadow,” Mego added. “And you’re asking me to step back into it? I’m sorry, Dr. Director, but I have a family to look out for now. I can’t afford to regress back into the old me whose ego was constantly compensating for that shadow.”

“I’ll talk to him,” Kim said suddenly.

“What?” Mego, Shego, and Betty all said in unison.

“I can see where you two are coming from,” Kim explained. “There’s a lot of pain he’s inflicted all around. I’ll even accept that the Weegs are nursing some sort of pain that they’re not willing to show. But Betty is right. If we can get Hego back out on the front line of fighting evil, we owe it to ourselves to do it.”

“For Jesus Fuck’s sake, Kimmie!” Shego cried, now looking like a shocked, scared child. “He tried to kill you!”

“No,” Kim corrected. “He tried to kill you because he thought you were a demon trying to steal my soul. He was trying to save my soul before I could die. He was even going to defend me against Yori before you blasted him!”

Shego bit her lip on that one.

“If he can be made to realize that he can’t lord his view of life over other people,” Kim continued, “if we can make him see that he needs to take responsibility for his own actions, if we can make him see...”
that he shouldn’t keep himself trapped in the death of Sidestep like he’s doing, we might be able to pull him away from the razor’s edge of villainy that he’s on. And he might actually become a tolerable person to be around.”

The ‘trapped in the death of Sidestep’ comment got Shego’s attention. She suddenly realized that she had spent ten years of her life as a villain because she blamed Hego for Sidestep’s death. And Kimmie had somehow broke through to her and lifted her from that darkness. It made sense that Hego had been caught in that same trap that Shego had been caught in and he had simply coped with it differently.

*Dammit*, Shego thought to herself. *Why does Kimmie have to be right all of the God damned time?*

“Besides,” Kim smiled finally, gazing lovingly down at the now thoroughly humbled ex-villainess. “Would I be Kim Possible if I didn’t try?”

Shego huffed. “Fine. But I’m coming too. And if he so much as twitches the wrong way, I’m kicking him in the nads so hard that he chokes on his own semen.”

“Shego!” Kim gasped.

“I will and you know it!” Shego snapped back. “But otherwise I promise to be on my best behavior. Dammit, Kimmie, I’m doing this for you, so you know I’m not going to do anything to fuck it up.”

Kim’s eyes softened and she smiled gently at her girlfriend. “You’re right, Shego. I know you won’t. I just think Wade may have been caught unawares by the semen comment.”

Everyone turned around to look at poor Wade, who was looking at Shego with eyes that were as wide as tea saucers. He had clearly never heard a threat quite like that one before.

As Betty moved over to comfort the boy genius, Mego turned to the other two women. “Okay, then, I’m coming along, too. I mean, if we’re going to do this, we’re doing this right. We’re taking the Weegs, too. And if he does or says anything out of line, I’m shrinking down and providing the rocket power to Shego’s kick while the Weegs hold him down.”

Shego smirked fondly at her older brother and gave him a high five while Kim looked on and shook her head bemusedly.

Suddenly, a chime went off, disturbing the gentle peace that had fallen between the five heroes. Betty grumbled softly and pulled a cell phone out of her pocket.


“What’s wrong?” Kim asked, concerned, as Betty closed her cell phone.

“A very dangerous someone escaped from the Global Justice Medical Center earlier this morning,” Betty grumbled.

Monkey Fist and Yori moved through the thick jungle underbrush of the Southeast Asian country of Moolanga. The going would have normally been rough, but these two were no ordinary travelers. Monkey Fist had monkey-like hands and feet and Yori was a Yamanouchi ninja. Brachiation made travel through a jungle so much swifter and easier.
Eventually, the two villains landed on the ground in front of what could best be described as an Oriental pyramid/temple. Statues and carvings of monkeys lined the now marked and manicured walkway. Chinese markings adorning the statues and archways warned trespassers of fates worse than death. An aura of unease settled on Yori’s soul.

As Monkey Fist and Yori stepped forward, a couple dozen monkey ninjas lit on the ground behind them. The ninjas fell quickly into place behind the two villains, being careful to keep their eyes forward and to not let anything distract them.

“This is it!” Monkey Fist declared joyously. “The Temple of the Monkey Messiah!”

“This is the home of the weapon that will defeat Electronique?” Yori asked quizzically.

“Let us call it... a contingency measure, Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist clarified, folding his hands together behind his back and walking towards the stairs leading up to the temple proper. Yori and the monkey ninjas fell in quickly behind him.

Navigating the temple’s defenses was a challenge, but Monkey Fist would have felt unfulfilled if it had not been so. All of the typical traps were there; the spiked pit trap, the thrusting spears trap, the rolling boulder trap, the flaming pooftha trap, even a piranha tank trap. But Monkey Fist and Yori worked in perfect tandem to overcome each trap. A few monkey ninjas fell victim to a couple of the traps, which upset Monkey Fist, but the party otherwise navigated the traps unscathed.

As Monkey Fist and Yori entered the antechamber preceding what Monkey Fist claimed was the final chamber, he paused to consider Yori.

“You know, Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist admitted, “I am beginning to see the fascination that Drakken had in Shego.”

Yori paused and blinked as she looked at Monkey Fist. “I beg your pardon, Fiske-sama?”

“I dare not compare you Shego directly, Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist clarified. “That would be an insult to you of which I would never forgive myself. However, I am now beginning to understand how having a competent assistant allowed Drakken to stay in the game for as long as he did. You are a most capable assistant, Miss Yori. Thank you.”

Yori bowed respectfully to her new master.

“Now, come,” Monkey Fist said, turning to the final chamber. “Let me show you the fruits of our labor today.”

Monkey Fist, Yori, and the remaining monkey ninjas strode into the final chamber. It was a large and grandiose room, with a single large altar. Sitting upon the altar, sheathed in a single shaft of sunlight, was a bejeweled golden goblet.

“A cup?” Yori breathed in disbelief. “This is our contingency plan against Electronique? A cup?”

“Not just any cup,” Monkey Fist grinned. “This is the Chalice of the Monkey Messiah!”

Yori narrowed her eyes at the expensive looking yet still unassuming goblet.

Monkey Fist strode up to the altar and lifted the goblet high into the air. “With the Chalice, I shall become invincible!”

Monkey Fist allowed himself a moment of maniacal laughter before he took a long drought of the
liquid that was already in the goblet.

“Is that so?” came a very different yet depressingly familiar voice from the other side of the chamber.

Monkey Fist was caught off guard by a missile weapon of some sort knocking the goblet from his hands. He spun and looked at his aggressor.

A portly, homely woman, maybe in her mid-forties in age, with natty black hair and thick glasses, glared down at Monkey Fist. She was riding atop a creature that looked like a cross between a snow owl and a black bear. To either side of her were similar creatures; one looked like a cross between a kangaroo and a razorback boar and the other looked like a cross between an ostrich and a crocodile.

“DNAmy,” Monkey Fist mumbled under his breath dejectedly. Then he spoke more clearly. “Ah, my dear Dr. Amy Hall. What a pleasure it is to see you today.”

DNAmy simply glowered at the villain. “Don’t give me that crap, Monty. I still remember what you did to me when you first woke up.”

Monkey Fist shrugged. “I expected to wake up in the Temple of the Yono, not in a lady’s private quarters in a Global Justice penitentiary. So perhaps I overreacted just a little.”

“Overreacted just a little?!” DNAmy screamed. “God dammit, Monty, I almost died! And you were in my cell with me because I loved you. And that’s how I get repaid for my love?”

“Excuse me, Fiske-sama,” Yori asked, striding up next to her master. “Is this lady bothering you?”

“And who is this bitch?” DNAmy cried, pointing at Yori. “Are you robbing the fucking cradle now?”

“Amy, allow me to introduce you to my able assistant and sidekick, Yori,” Monkey Fist said, stepping aside to present the ninja. “Up close and personally,” he added with a villainous grin. He casually snapped his fingers and Yori leapt forward for the attack.

“Crocemu! Razoroo! Teddyhoot! Attack!” DNAmy screamed as the three creatures lunged forward to meet the swiftly advancing Yori.

“Teddyhoot?” Monkey Fist asked with a queer look to his face. “Could you not have just called it an owlbear and been done with it?”

DNAmy screamed incoherently at the commentary as the three creatures joined battle with Yori, Monkey Fist, and the monkey ninjas.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE]
Yori sprinted into the fray, sliding under the crocemu (the alligator and ostrich mixed creature) and kicking upwards to knock the beast off balance. The razoroo (the boar and kangaroo mix) tried to jump over the crocemu to attack Yori, but it tripped in midair on the crocemu’s elongated, reptilian neck. Yori hooked her tonfas around the razoroo’s neck like a pair of tongs as the creature tumbled at her. The ninja then redirected the razoroo’s tumble into the teddyhoot (the bear and owl mix), which had ducked into the fray to try to snipe a bite at Yori.

“Come on!” DNAmy screamed from off of one side of the battle, hopping from one foot to the other. “It’s three against one! Get your acts together, children!”

“It is three unnaturally created amalgam creatures against a highly trained rogue Yamanouchi ninja,” Monkey Fist smiled from off to the other side of the battle. “Suffice it to say that your Cuddle Buddies will not provide a sufficiently pleasant challenge for my sidekick. And, alas, I’m afraid that time is simply not our friend today. I must call this battle to an end.”

As Yori continued to guard, turn, parry, dodge, spin, and thrust against the mix of strange creatures, Monkey Fist assumed a standing meditative stance. His skin took on a bright blue pallor and a brilliant blue aura of energy began to pulsate around him. The sound of hundreds of primal simians hooting and hollering in the background suddenly filled the room.

Properly primed, Monkey Fist lunged at the altar and yanked the entire platform it sat upon from the ground. It would have been quite a feat had anyone seen it—the platform and altar themselves must have weighed several dozen tons at least and had not been separate from the floor.

“Yori!” Monkey Fist yelled, hefting the altar up on its end over his head.

Yori spun around in mid flip to see what Monkey Fist was doing. Landing on her feet, she waited for a split second for the three amalgam creatures to attack her simultaneously. As they lunged in, Yori ducked and tumbled under the crocemu, thrusting herself away from the battle.

And Monkey Fist dropped the platform violently onto the creatures.

“Noooooo000!” DNAmy screamed furiously, dropping to her knees in convulsions.

Monkey Fist rose slowly into the air, the sounds of simians growing louder.

“My dear Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist’s voice rumbled, hollow and distant. “I would suggest taking our cohorts and leaving the premises.”

Yori looked up at Monkey Fist for a moment, then nodded dumbly and sprinted for the doorway.

DNAmy attempted to scramble to her feet to do the same, but found herself stumbled back onto her hands and knees as a seismic rumble tore through the temple.

“As for you, DNAmy,” Monkey Fist sneered. “You have vexed me one too many times. The last time we met, I attempted to kill you. I assure you, my dear, that I will not make that same mistake again.”

DNAmy’s eyes went wide as the room exploded in brilliant blue energy.

Yori and the monkey ninjas ran out of the temple and down the long stairway down to the jungle.
grounds below. As they ran, shafts of blue energy broke through the walls of the temple and began to spread and widen. Once Yori and the ninjas reached the edge of the jungle, all of the shafts of blue light coalesced into one large beam pointing up to the sky and then flashed brilliantly.

It took several moments for Yori to be able to clear her vision. Finally, she looked up and saw that the temple had essentially imploded unto itself. It lay in shambles and rubble. Monkey Fist was walking towards Yori and the monkey ninjas, his hands folded behind his back as if nothing were amiss.

Yori started to open her mouth to say something as Monkey Fist approached, but she found that words were escaping her.

“That might have drawn the attention of Global Justice,” Monkey Fist admitted as he walked past Yori. “We must leave immediately.”

“But, Fiske-sama,” Yori finally said, turning to follow her master. “Your Chalice.” She dared not ask about the fate of DNAmy.

“It is now lost, curses be onto our now late Dr. Amy Hall,” Monkey Fist explained dryly. “We will simply have to continue on to Electronique without it.”

Yori nodded as she fell into step behind Monkey Fist. She was certainly amicable to finding Electronique.

“I wonder if he’s doing okay,” William, one of the Wego twins, began.

“I bet he is,” Edward, the other Wego twin, smiled. “A warm bed at night, three square meals a day...”

“And he’s serving the side of justice by serving his time,” William laughed.

“Yeah, he’s doing okay,” Edward agreed.

The Wego twins then gave each other high fives.

“That’s not very nice,” Kim Possible chided the twins.

The group, which included Kim Possible, Shego, Mego, the Wego twins, Monique, and Dr. Krista Novak-Goldberg, were inside of a Global Justice transport on their way to the Crate, a highly advanced maximum security superprison located in the Everglades. Each person was, of course, sitting close to (if not snuggled up against) their respective romantic partner.

“I thought it was funny,” Monique smiled.

“I’m with ‘Nique on that one,” Shego smirked, glancing at her lover playfully.

Kim just rolled her eyes. “Remember, guys, we’re doing this because we were told that it would help Hego get better. If we dump all of our pain and anger onto him, it’s going to backfire on us. He could regress back into his God-Fearing Great Blue One personality.”

“We’re not going to dump pain and anger onto him,” William countered.

“We’re just going to tease him... a lot!” Edward agreed.
“And I’m going to hold both of their hands at the same time,” Monique laughed. “Just to get his goat.”

“Whose side are you on, Mo’?” Kim asked.

“Sounds like she’s on my side,” Shego laughed.

“So not cool, Shego,” Kim huffed.

“Oh, by the way, Kimmie,” Shego said, suddenly donning a gentle yet serious look on her face. “Look around you. Do you see anyone who is not either family or the partner of family?”

Kim cocked a brow to that but looked around. Shego was right. Kim was Shego’s girlfriend, Kris was Mego’s wife, and Monique claimed both of the Wego twins as her boyfriends.

“You’re right, Sheila,” Kim nodded, looking over at her girlfriend.

Shego purred in satisfaction. “Much better.” The ex-villainess pecked Kim lightly on the lips as a reward.

“Speaking of partners,” Mego said, looking to his wife. “Why’d you bring that bag, sweetheart?”

“Oh, yeah,” Kris said, smiling, as she hefted what appeared to be a large purse into her lap. “You guys remember those blood samples I got from you guys last week?”

“You mean, including the blood sample you had Edward steal from me?” Shego growled, looking at Edward malevolently. Edward simply smiled and shrugged apologetically.

“I didn’t give a blood sample,” Monique pointed out.

“Neither did I,” Kim added, suddenly intrigued.

“That’s because you two don’t have a healing factor like the Goldbergs,” Kris admitted. “I did this for Myron, Sheila, and the Weegs.”

“What did you do, Ray?” Shego growled at Kris.

“Oh, shit!” William gasped.

“It’s the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man,” Edward added somberly.

Kris simply shook her head at the antics of her siblings-in-law. She reached into the bag and pulled out four vials filled with a glowing green liquid. She then handed a vial each to Shego, Mego, and both of the Wego twins.

“And this is...?” Shego asked carefully, staring at the test tube.

“Liquid Shego Hatred?” Kim asked jokingly, admiring the glowing green color.

“That would rock,” Shego laughed. “But I doubt that’s it.”

“Well, I took samples of each of your blood to see if I could isolate the healing factor and add slightly to its functionality, if only on the temporary,” Kris explained. “You’d have to take regular doses to benefit from it on a continual basis, much like Myron has to take doses of his superspeed formula.”
“And what will our healing factor do now?” Shego asked, turning her attention back to Kris.

Kris shrugged. “I’m basically inoculating you against that paralytic poison that Yori keeps hitting you with.”

Shego couldn’t drink the serum fast enough.

Kim watched, an amazed and amused look on her face, as Shego not only quickly doused the entire contents of the test tube, but stuck her tongue up into the vial as best as she could to reach every drop of the serum that she could.

“Hit it like a pro, why don’t you,” Kim said. “Did you even taste any of that?”

Fortunately, Shego had finished swallowing the serum, as Kim’s comment sent the woman into a tizzy of laughter that Kim quickly joined.

The Wego twins watched Kim and Shego laugh. They then looked at each other, shrugged, and drank their respective vials.

Mego looked at his test tube cautiously and then glanced at his wife. “Will this have any side effects on the superspeed serum, hun?”

“It shouldn’t,” Kris replied, placing a gentle hand on Mego’s knee. “But I do want you to tell me immediately if you feel anything strange.”

Mego nodded. Of course he trusted his wife completely. So he took a deep breath and drank the serum.

“Finally,” Shego gasped as she calmed down from her laughter. “Now I won’t be getting my ass handed to me by rogue ninjas just because they’re a crack shot with darts.”

Kim wisely bit back her response and simply kissed Shego on the cheek.

“You’re amazing, Kris,” Monique smiled from her seat between the Wego twins. “I feel a lot better knowing they’re a little bit safer.”

“I’m a biochemist,” Kris smirked. “It’s what I do.”

Suddenly, the intercom chirped. “Okay, guys,” came the voice of Dr. Betty Director, the head of the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement. “We’re almost to the Crate. So you might want to get your clothes back on.”

“Get our clothes back on?” Kris asked, aghast at the announcement. “What sort of people does that woman think we are?”

Kim, Shego, Monique, and the Wego twins all started looking around nervously, trying to look at anything in the room other than each other or Kris. Finally, Shego reached down between her legs and zipped her fly shut while Kim quickly adjusted her top.

All Kris could do was cup her face in her hands while Mego patted his wife sympathetically on the back.

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Hego walked down the large, metallic corridor. His wide girth ensured that there were no guards to either side of him. However, there were three guards in full riot gear in front of him and three similar
guards behind him. There were no doors or windows whatsoever down the entire length of the corridor. Only the occasional recessed fluorescent light allowed for vision.

Hego himself had a large electronic collar strapped around his neck. His hands and forearms were completely sheathed in cumbersome looking electronic shackles. His skin and hair both looked darker than usual. Hego remained silent as the group proceeded.

The group finally reached the only door at the end of the corridor. One of the guards swiped an ID card through a scanner and an audible click echoed down the corridor. As two of the guards entered the room beyond the door, the cardholder guard turned to the large fallen hero.

“You have one hour,” the guard said pointedly before stepping into the room to allow Hego to enter.

Hego merely nodded and stepped into the room after the three guards.

Inside of the room was a simple table with two simple chairs. Standing at the far side of the table was an attractive woman with short red hair and deep olive eyes.

“Miss Possible,” Hego said in way of a greeting, stepping immediately to the chair on his side of the table and sitting down. “Thank you for coming to visit me.”

“Oh, I’m not doing this for you, Hego,” Kim said, looking at the large hero. “I’m doing this for my fiancé.”

Hego blinked. “Fiancé?”

“Yes,” Kim nodded, leaning onto the table to look at Hego in the eyes. “Fiancé. Well, okay, it’s not quite official yet. I plan on proposing to Sheila on Independence Day. Less than a month away. So close enough.”

Hego took a deep breath. “I see. I do hope that works out well for you. It’s not my pla... Wait. Sheila?”

“Yes, Henry,” Kim said. “Sheila. We’re going to be married, or life partners, or whatever you want to call us. So, yes, I know her secret identity. And those of her brothers.”

Hego started to say something, but realized that Kim had just used his real name. He sighed again.

“So, how does your visit today benefit Sheila?”

“Because Kimmie dragged me down here to visit your lame ass, you buffoon,” another voice answered from the far doorway.

Two guards had flanked the far doorway as it had opened. Several more individuals filed into the room, including Hego’s psychiatrist, Dr. Stuart Pendus. Hego immediately recognized the rest of his family: Sheila (Shego), Myron (Mego), William, and Edward (the Wego twins). He also recognized his lovely sister-in-law, Kris. He remembered seeing the black girl during the altercation at the Seniors’ castle and assumed she was one of Kim Possible’s friends.

Hego looked around in disbelief at everyone who filed into the room. “You... you’re all here to visit me?”

“Yeah, we’re all here to visit you,” Shego huffed, wrapping her arms lovingly around Kim. “Princess here thought it would be a regular party if we all spent some time with you.”

“Sheila,” Kim chided softly, trying not to sound too gruff.
Shego didn’t respond. She just cupped her hands over Kim’s hands protectively and kept staring at her brother, as if to dare him to say or do something about it.

Hego glanced down at the intertwined hands, closed his eyes, and spoke. “Look, I don’t think I’m comfortable with...”

”...with what?” Shego growled, leaning over the table and glaring at Hego.

Hego’s eyes went wide. He leaned back in his chair in an obvious attempt to move away from Shego. All of the guards in the room tensed up and repositioned their hands on their rifles. Dr. Pendus cleared his throat audibly. Everyone else stood by nervously.

“Sheila,” Kim chided again, so softly as to barely be heard by anyone other than Shego and Hego.

“Say it,” Shego growled, baring her teeth at Hego.

Hego found that he couldn’t. After staring into Shego’s glaring emerald eyes for several moments, he finally closed his own eyes and bowed his head.

“Sheila, you promised...,” Kim started to whisper.

“That’s it!” Shego snapped, letting go of Kim and spinning around. “I’m done!”

Hego’s eyes shot open wide. Kim gasped and took a step back. The guards all brought their rifles into ready position. Dr. Pendus sighed.

“Sheila, please,” Kim started to plead.

“No!” Shego growled as she walked towards the door. “I knew that asshat wouldn’t open his mind to our relationship. I’m so done with him. Done!”

“Sheila Marie Goldberg!” Kim snapped, glaring at her girlfriend.

Shego spun around, about to snap back a retort, but caught the look in Kim’s eyes.

“Woah, busted out...,” William said.

”...the full government name,” Edward added.

“She’s in trouble!” both Wego twins stage whispered to each other.

Dr. Pendus watched the whole proceeding with a mixture of concern and fascination.

“Kimmie, please,” Shego said, taking a step back from the obviously angry redhead. “You... you don’t understand. You never lived with Hank. You don’t know what it’s like to try to convince that hardass anything beyond what he thinks he knows. You don’t.”

“No, I don’t,” Kim hissed quietly. “I’ve never had to walk a mile in your shoes. But think of this. We used to be enemies, too. Polar opposites, always against each other. Neither of us able or willing to give in to the views of the other. I even tried to kill you after I thought you helped Drakken break my heart completely!”

“Kimmie...,” Shego breathed, her eyes went wide. She’d known that Kimmie had hated her on the night of Kim’s junior prom, when she kicked Shego into an electrical broadcast tower. But she’d never known that Kim had intended to kill Shego when doing so.
“But we both came around, didn’t we?” Kim continued, unaware of the thoughts going through her girlfriend’s head. “We finally found each other, forgave each other, and trusted each other. You’re willing to do that for me, but you’re not willing to do that for your own brother?”

Mego sighed and closed his eyes, shaking his head. “Three…,” he whispered to Kris, who was standing next to him. “Two… one…”

“You…,” Shego finally gasped, looking at Kim with wide eyes. “You… you tried… to kill me?”

Kim’s eyes went wide on that. She clapped her hands over her mouth when she finally realized what she had just said and how it was affecting Shego.

“You tried to kill me?” Shego screamed, dropping into a battle crouch and willing her clenched hands aflame.

All of the guards suddenly had their rifles to their shoulders and aimed at Shego.

Kim took a step back. “Sheila, wait! Let me explain!”

Shego’s face contorted with pure rage. “Yeah, that’ll be a neat explanation!” she snapped angrily. “Explaining how it’s okay to try to kill me! Little Miss Goody-Goody Hero!”

“Okay, that’s enough!”

All eyes followed the voice and fell onto the stern-stanced form of Dr. Stuart Pendus. The older man sighed deeply and looked at Kim.

“I remember reading the dossiers of that night, Miss Possible,” Dr. Pendus began. “Dr. Drakken used a synthodrone disguised as a teenage boy to try to steal your heart and keep you distracted during his attempt to use his Diablo robots, am I correct?”

Kim twitched slightly, but took a deep breath. “Yes, sir.”

Dr. Pendus then turned to Shego. “According to Dr. Load’s notes on the event, you were not aware of the full extent of Dr. Drakken’s plans, including the use of the simulacrum. Am I correct, Miss Goldberg?”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Shego seethed. “And the name’s Shego.”

“Well, Miss Goldberg,” Dr. Pendus continued, undaunted. “Are you also willing to concede that Miss Possible was at the time unaware of your lack of complicity in the situation?”

“That’s already been established a long ass time ago,” Shego snapped back, turning her angry eyes back at Kim. “Ancient history.”

“Then why are you angry about it now?” Dr. Pendus asked.

“Because up until now, I knew that Kimmie hated me on that night,” Shego growled, keeping her eyes locked on Kim’s eyes. “But I was never aware that she had intended to kill me that night. That…”

Suddenly, Shego dowsed her flames and collapsed to her knees. All of the guards breathed a collective sigh of relief. Kim stood by, torn between rushing to her girlfriend and staying out of her arms’ reach.

“That destroys everything I thought I loved about Kimmie,” Shego choked, cupping her face with
her hands. “The hero isn’t supposed to want to kill the villain.”

With that, Shego broke down crying.

“What have I done?” Kim asked, her own voice choking as she too collapsed to her knees.

“You proved yourself to be something that everyone here suspected you to be but you never allowed yourself to show,” Dr. Pendus ventured, stepping between the two women.

Shego’s tear-stained face looked up at Dr. Pendus queerly while Kim gave the psychiatrist a confused look.

“You proved yourself human,” Dr. Pendus concluded. “Heroes may be larger than life and held to higher moral standards than us normal folk, but at the end of the day they are just as human as the rest of us. They can be hurt, both physically and emotionally, and are just as capable of lashing out at that pain as any of us.”

Kim nodded solemnly, looking down at the floor. She dared not look at Shego.

“Now,” Dr. Pendus added thoughtfully. “There is the matter that you just confessed to conspiring to commit murder. Technically, I need to report that to Global Justice and...”

Suddenly, Shego was back to her feet, her hands ablaze. “You lay one hand on my Kimmie and I swear to fucking God...”

“Then you forgive her?” Dr. Pendus asked, cocking a brow at the ex-villainess.

Shego blinked a couple of times before dowsing the flames once more. “Oh, you sly son of a bitch. You just played me like a fiddle there, didn’t you?”

“I am a psychiatrist,” Dr. Pendus smirked. “Part of my job is to read people and to understand their problems.”

Shego looked over at Kim, who was still looking at the ground in shame. Shego sighed and looked back at Dr. Pendus.

“I don’t know, Doc,” Shego replied. “That was a pretty deep confession. If she’s capable of wanting to kill someone, even in the heat of anger like what she must’ve been feeling that night, I...”

Suddenly, both Dr. Pendus and Shego stopped when they heard Kim’s voice begin to sing chokingly.

“Baby, I think tonight,” Kim began singing, still staring at the ground and barely able to keep her notes in check because of her emotions, “we can take what was wrong and make it right.”

Shego’s eyes went wide. “Kimmie...,” she breathed.

“Baby, it’s all I know,” Kim continued, her teary eyes finally lifting up to look into Shego’s eyes, “that your half of the flesh and blood makes me whole.”

Shego couldn’t help herself. She stepped over to Kim and knelt down in front of her girlfriend. Kim braved a smile as Shego cupped her hands over Kim’s cheeks and brought their foreheads together.

“I need you so,” Kim finished singing, almost so softly as to not be heard. Then, in a straight, if choked voice, “I’m sorry, Sheila. I never meant to hurt you.”
“I know, Princess,” Shego replied, closing her eyes. “I know. That was a horrible night for us both. I should have expected that your anger had reached that far.”

“Do you...?”

“Yes, Kimmie, I forgive you,” Shego replied. “If you’ll forgive me for snapping like that.”

“I do,” Kim said, smiling and nodded enthusiastically. “Now, will you...?”

“I’ll try to do the same for Hank,” Shego said, finally understanding. “If I can do it for you, even in light of all of that, I suppose it’s not too much of a stretch for me to do it for him, too.”

“Please and thank you?” Kim asked, gazing into Shego’s eyes.

Shego simply chuckled softly before kissing Kim on the forehead and rising to her feet.

“Well, Hank,” Shego sighed, striding up to the table and glaring at her brother once more. “I’m not going to apologize. But I will promise to not get bent out of shape over your bigotry anymore.”

Everyone heard Kim sigh at that.

Hego chuckled and shook his head at that.

“What’s so funny?” Shego asked, obviously annoyed.

Hego smiled and looked up at Shego. “Miss Possible is the first person since Gloria that I’ve seen you give so many concessions to. I was wrong, Sheila. I was wrong about you and I was wrong about your relationship with Miss Possible. I wish I’d’ve seen that back when it was you and Gloria.”

That caught Shego off-guard. She stared at Hego for a few moments before suddenly huffing and glancing to the side. “Um, yeah, me too.”

“Before, just now... I was about to say,” Hego said, taking a deep breath, “that I wasn’t quite comfortable with admitting to what I did wrong. But what I did was wrong. Sheila, I’m sorry. I was jealous and hurt. I didn’t know how to deal with the pain and I got carried away. Because of that, Gloria died, I drove you into becoming a villain, and made Mego feel like less than he deserved. I know nothing I say or do can ever bring Gloria back. All I can do is serve out my time here and keep working with Dr. Pendus.”

“You’re right, Henry,” Shego replied, her voice having regained some firm conviction. “Nothing you say or do will ever bring Gloria back or make up for what you did.”

Hego, for his part, simply kept eye contact with his sister.

“But I’ll be damned if I’m going to stoop to that level myself,” Shego added. “Whether I like it or not, you’re my brother. And I love you. Doesn’t mean I have to like you, but I do love you. And whether I like it or not, you’re also one of the most powerful heroes on the face of this God damned planet. So, it would do us all a lot of good if you got better.”

Shego closed her eyes and took in a deep breath, trying the ignore the obvious look of relief and gratitude that had crashed across Hego’s face. Shego could feel Kim’s fingers gliding across her back, the massaging sensation through the silk blouse working wonders on Shego’s nerves. Finally, she opened her eyes again and looked at the fallen hero.
“And, if you behave yourself,” Shego added. “and I mean really really behave yourself... as in, no damned obsession with getting Team Go back together, no smartass comments about my love for Kimmie, no making Myron feel like a useless Ken doll, no making the Weegs do eighteen million things at once, and no damned God-fearing sermons about anything... I might... might... let you walk me down the aisle and give me away at the wedding.”

Hego’s eyes lit up like a Christmas tree on that.

“Might!” Shego emphasized, pointing a finger threateningly at Hego.

Hego simply nodded ecstatically.

Mego walked over and patted Hego on the back. “You’re making great strides in this treatment, Bro. Dr. Pendus says you’re doing great. I’m really proud of you.”

William and Edward circled around Mego and glomped onto Hego. “We love you, Hank!”

Suddenly, Edward reached out and pulled Mego into the group hug. After a moment of shock, Mego finally relented and wrapped his arms around the large hero. William looked up and used his head to motion at Shego.

Shego looked at Kim and shrugged. As Shego circled around the table, Kim smiled.

“Family group hug!” the redhead laughed as she bounded across the table and wrapped her arms around Hego’s neck.

Hego laughed, his eyes watering from the overflow of emotion as Shego draped her arms around the group. “That’s right. You’re going to be my sister-in-law soon. That does make you family.”

At that, Kris smiled and entered the fray, hugging onto Mego and Hego. Monique watched for a few moments and smiled, folding her arms in front of her. Suddenly, William looked up.

“You’re our girlfriend, Monique,” William declared.

“You’re family, too,” Edward added.

Monique chuckled and entered the group hug, wrapping her arms around William and Hego.

As the group stood there around Hego, holding the hero in a large group hug, Dr. Stuart Pendus watched. The tears that were flowing from Hego’s eyes are cathartic and healing, he knew.

This was exactly what Hego had needed.

He had needed family. Family who loved him no matter what. And now he finally had it.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR]
The Global Justice transport landed in the hangar of the Team Possible lair north of Vancouver, lowering itself through the opening in the ceiling with VTOL functionality. The transport was not nearly as advanced as the *Firebird*, Team Possible’s experimental transport jet, but it certainly did its job.

Waiting for the transport were Felix Renton and Zita Flores, the members of Team Possible who had remained behind during the trip to the Crate. Standing with them were the two Doctors Possible and two Global Justice agents wearing full uniforms and full-head helmets.

The side hatch of the GJ transport opened and a ramp lowered. Once it was secured, several individuals disembarked. In the lead was Team Possible leader, Mego, with his wife, Dr. Krista Novak-Goldberg. Behind them were the Wego twins and Monique. Behind *them* were the Global Justice leader, Dr. Elizabeth Director, and noted psychiatrist Dr. Stuart Pendus. Taking up the rear were two Global Justice agents in full uniforms and full-head helmets.

The hangar roof slowly closed. Once it was completely closed and a loud, deep clicking sound was heard, Wade Load’s voice piped in over an intercom system.

“Okay, electronic security has been reengaged and the scramblers have been reset. We’re safe, guys.”

At that, the two “Global Justice agents” who had just disembarked from the transport removed their helmets to reveal themselves to be Kim Possible and Shego.

“Gotta love the legerdemain we have to pull just to go see family, eh, Angel?” Kim smirked at her girlfriend.

Shego rolled her eyes. “Ledge... erduh... what? Try using English words, Pumpkin. Not all of us are so smart that only a Stephen Hawking wannabe can pass them up for senior Valedictorian.”

“I *am* sitting right here, you know,” Felix smirked, waving from his wheelchair. His fiancé, Zita, just shook her head and chuckled.

Betty turned to look at the others. “Thank you all for what you did today.”

“Don’t thank me yet,” Shego noted, a very serious tone to her voice. “I’m still reserving judgment for when we see whether this actually works or not.”

“I think it will,” Kim said, touching Shego lovingly on the arm.

Shego flinched slightly at the touch. Anne, Kim’s mother, couldn’t help but notice the flinch. No one else seemed to notice it beyond Kim herself.

“Um, listen, Kimmie,” Shego said softly, touching her arm where Kim had just touched her. “I... I need to go freshen up, okay? Three S’s and all that. Meet you in the hot spring room in about an hour?”

“Oh,” Kim replied, obviously trying to reign in her fear and worry. “Um, okay.”

Shego nodded, then turned to head towards the elevator.
“For what it’s worth, Kim,” Betty said, looking at the redhead, “I think it will, too. Not only did all of your support lift his spirits and make all of his efforts worthwhile, Shego even offered up a tangible reward for his continued diligence.”

Dr. Pendus chimed in at that point. “I agree with Betty. Hego was already making great strides towards making himself into a better person. Not pretending to be one, but actually being one. That’s not an easy thing to do for anyone to do. And seeing that his efforts mean something to the people he does honest and truly care about did wonders for him today.”

Mego shrugged. “I do love Hego. I do. I think this isn’t going to be easy on any of us. Especially me with as long as I had to put up with his self-centered, egotistical...”

Mego’s wife, Kris, nudged him slightly.

“Huh? Oh, yeah, right,” Mego corrected himself. “And it probably wasn’t fun for Shego, either. But the point is, we’re all going to have to work at this. Hopefully, it’ll bear fruit.”

“I think it will,” Dr. Pendus smiled. “Your actions today cemented the deal.”

“I think I can safely speak for all of us by saying that we were more than happy to help,” Kim smiled.

Betty nodded. “Well, Stu and I will be taking our leave now, Kim, Mego. Thank you again.”

As Betty turned towards the transport, Stu approached Kim. “Kim,” he said, handing Kim a business card. “If you or Shego need to talk for any reason whatsoever, please feel free to give me a call. As long as I’m not already in session, I will always make time for the two of you.”

“Um, thanks,” Kim replied, accepting the business card and wondering if she may already need to call him before he’d even left.

With that, the two Global Justice agents who had been standing by Felix and Zita joined Betty and Stu as they all boarded the GJ transport once more.

James, Kim’s father, stepped over and placed an affectionate hand on his daughter’s shoulder, directing her to the elevator. “Let’s get you downstairs, Kimmie-cub. We don’t want you up here in full view when those hangar doors opens.”

“You’re right, Dad,” Kim replied, following James to the elevator. “Wait, where’s Mom? I thought she was here too.”

James nodded. “She left a couple of moments ago. Didn’t say what she was doing. She just left me instructions to take you to the commissary and fix you something to eat.”

“Food does sound really good right now,” Kim smiled.

Part of her was worried about Shego, though. That thought made her smile fade.

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Shego stepped out of the shower and stopped in front of the bathroom mirror. She examined her reflection carefully, subconsciously touching various parts of her body to ensure herself that everything was okay. She then stepped back and sheathed herself in a gentle aura of plasma flames, allowing the heat to dry her skin and hair. Once she was satisfied that she was dry, she grabbed a robe hanging on the back of the bathroom door, donned it, and then stepped out into the bedroom.
Shego stopped cold at the sight of the gorgeous blue-eyed redhead sitting on her bed.

“Um,” Shego said brilliantly, biting her bottom lip. “Hi, Mom.”

Anne Possible, the woman who was for all intents and purposes her mother-in-law, was fully dressed and sitting casually without any sort of innuendo in her stance or motion. But that still didn’t make the fact that she was sitting on Shego’s bed while Shego had been in the shower any less uncomfortable.

Anne examined the item in her hand, a large pink compact. “One of Kimmie’s old Kimcommunicators,” the older woman noted. She then looked up at Shego. Shego had never seen such a gentle, sympathetic look in a person before. Let alone a gentle, sympathetic look that still commanded respect and attention. “You had this out for a reason. Who were you planning on calling, sweetheart?”

“Um,” Shego stammered again. “Uh, Drew. Not that it’s any...”

“Dr. Drakken?” Anne asked for clarification. When Shego nodded, Anne scooted over towards the foot of the bed and patted the mattress beside her. “Come, sit down.”

Shego nodded and shuffled over to the bed to sit down next to her mother-in-law.

“Yeah,” Shego continued. “I, um, I wanted to check in on him and see how he was doing. I mean, it’s been quite a few weeks since that explosion that almost killed him. I know he’s been moved from ICU into a normal room, but he’s still under observation.”

“And...?” Anne prompted. Shego could tell from the look in those sapphire eyes that the older woman knew something was up.

Shego sighed in defeat. It wasn’t even the infamous Puppy Dog Pout and she was caving in to the look on the woman’s face. Was she really getting that soft? “You’re right, Mom. You’re probably a better person to talk to about the other subject than Drew is.”

“Especially considering the fact that Drew is still recovering from life-threatening injuries,” Anne added. “Shego, sweetie, I saw you flinch back there when Kimmie touched you. Do you want to tell me what’s wrong? Did Kimmie do anything to you?”

Shego took a deep breath. “She... she tried to kill me, Mom.”

Anne frowned at that. “Kill you? Proverbially or literally?”

Shego shook her head. “Literally. I mean, it was a long time ago. But that doesn’t change the fact that she had actually tried to do it.”

Anne didn’t say anything in response. She was caught as much off guard as Shego had been. She simply took Shego’s hand and squeezed it reassuringly, hoping that this wasn’t just some trick.

“It was the night of her Junior prom,” Shego whispered.

“The night that Dr. Drakken tried to use those Diablo robots to take over the world,” Anne said, indicating that she understood to which night Shego was referring.

Shego nodded. “And the night Doc tried to use a synthodrone to jack with Kimmie’s heart. And it wasn’t the first time Doc had tried to jack with Kimmie’s love life. There were the embarrassment ninjas. The mind control chips. Various attempts to drive Kim and Ron apart after Warmonga broke
him out of prison. Mom, I didn’t know that Eric was a synthodrone until after he revealed himself to Kim. I didn’t even know he was one of ours in any way until that point. I thought he was just a kidnap victim that Drew was using as bait for Kimmie.”

Anne pulled Shego close and let the ex-villainess to rest her head on the redhead’s shoulder.

“But Kimmie couldn’t have known that,” Shego admitted. “And, even when I did find out, I just shrugged and went with the flow. I mean, Doc’d done stupider shit in the past, and we were close to winning this time. So why jack with a good thing, right? But that really messed with Kimmie’s head.”

“I know,” Anne whispered softly, rubbing Shego’s back. “Kimmie told me about it the next day.”

“At the end of our fight that night,” Shego continued, “Kimmie told me that she hated me. And the look in Kimmie’s eyes when she said it. Oh, God, Mom, I made Kimmie hate me.”

Anne remembered how angry she had been at both Dr. Drakken and Shego for what had happened to her Kimmie that night. But it had also led to Kimmie and Ron finally admitting their love for each other. And now Shego was making great strides towards being a better person. Anne wasn’t the kind of person who held grudges. She wanted Shego to know that she didn’t hold that grudge. So she simply moved the conversation forward.

“Is that when Kimmie said she tried to kill you?” Anne asked carefully.

Shego sighed and braced herself. “We were talking to Hego. He started to say something and I thought I knew what he was going to say and I got all pissed off about it. Kimmie snapped at me about it and... and in the heat of the moment, she confessed to it....”

“Did she apologize later for saying that?” Anne asked.

“She apologized almost immediately,” Shego admitted. “I was beyond livid and she could see it. I think that scared her more than the confession scared me... and that’s saying a lot. Up until now, I thought Kimmie was this unbreakable bundle of Good Ol’ American moral values. Never say die, never stoop to the villain’s level, and extol the virtues of Mom’s Homemade Apple Pie.”

“How did you two resolve the problem at the time?” Anne asked carefully. “Because Kimmie seemed rather chatty for someone who had went through all of that just a few short hours ago.”

Shego sneered at the question, causing Anne to involuntarily tense up. Shego felt the tensing and quickly wiped the sneer off of her face. “Sorry. I, um... that quack, Pendus, happened.”

“What do you mean?” Anne asked, relaxing again and absently stroking her fingers through Shego’s hair.

Shego closed her eyes and relaxed to Anne’s touch. She could definitely get used to this. “He stepped in and talked us through it.”

“What did he say?”

“Mostly that Kimmie was only human,” Shego answered. “But that doesn’t make me any less scared, Mom. Someone managed to push her so far as to want to break her own iron-clad moral code. Worse yet, that someone...”

”...was you?” Anne finished softly after she heard Shego’s voice trail off.
“Yeah...,” Shego sighed.

“Shego, sweetie,” Anne began, sitting up straight and coaxing Shego to do the same so that they could see each other eye to eye.

“Please, Mom,” Shego replied, softly, taking the redhead’s hands into her own. “If we’re really going to be doing this... if we’re really going to be playing the roles of mother and daughter like this... my name isn’t Shego. That’s a superhero name Hank forced on me and I kept through my villain career just to spite the dolt. If I can call you Mom, you can call me Sheila.”

“Sheila, then,” Anne agreed, nodding. “Sheila, sweetie, you might think that Stu is a quack, but he’s right. Kimmie really is human. Far more human than most people give her credit. I’ll clue you in on a little secret.”

Shego blinked. “What’s... that?”

“I already knew she had intended to kill you that night,” Anne replied rather matter-of-factly.

Shego’s eyes went wide at that. “What?”

“She confessed to it the next day when she told me all about what happened,” Anne continued. “I’ll clue you in on another little secret.”

Shego was visibly shaken. “It... it gets worse, doesn’t it?”

“Depending on whose point of view you’re considering,” Anne replied. “Kimmie cried herself to sleep for two weeks straight after that night because of what she thought she’d done.”

Shego blinked, again, at that.

“It was the one and only time she’d ever really felt that sort of anger,” Anne added softly. “It scared her beyond belief, Sheila. She never forgave herself. It wasn’t until you returned in that caper with Señor Senior Jr. that she finally started to become herself again.”

Shego paused at that, turning away slightly and staring blankly at the floor.

“Sheila,” Anne continued, squeezing Shego’s hands reassuringly. “It’s okay to be scared. You had a particular understanding of Kimmie’s character that got shattered. That’s not something to take lightly. The question is... what will you do about it? Does it really change everything you feel about Kimmie? Are you in love with the hero or are you in love with the woman?”

Shego opened her mouth to say something, but paused momentarily before actually speaking. “You’re right, Mom. Kimmie deserves better than that. I was in love with the hero. I need to fall in love with the woman.”

“I think you’ll find her a fascinating person, dear,” Anne smiled. “Well worth the effort of getting to know.”

“I know you’re right, Mom,” Shego smirked, glancing back up at the redhead. “I think I’ve already met her. On several occassions. I just need to quit wrapping my fantasy around her.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that fantasy, dear,” Anne corrected. “She’s worked hard to live up to it, after all, even before you two got together. Just don’t be afraid on those days when she doesn’t quite live up to it.”
Shego nodded. “I guess Kimmie and I are going to have our days where we’re fighting our inner demons a lot, huh?”

“More than you know, Sheila,” Anne agreed. “James and I have been together for 23 years now. Do you think we’ve never fought? Especially after the twins were born?”

Shego smiled thinly at that. “Yeah, I bet that was stress city right there.”

“In a word, yes,” Anne grinned. “But those boys are so worth it. To be honest, sweetheart, I really do hope you and Kimmie have kids of your own someday. Somehow. So, while you still have your young adult lives to enjoy, it would be a good idea to get used to the idea that you’re going to have fights. You should learn how to cope with the pain and frustration, find ways to moderate each other’s anger, and learn how to compromise with each other.”

“So, that’s the secret to a good marriage like yours?” Shego grinned facetiously.

Anne smirked in return. “Well, yeah, that and having a lover like James who is as creative in bed as he is at the Space Center.”

Shego snorted in laughter at that thought and Anne quickly joined in that laughter.

Once their laughter had calmed, Anne glanced at Kim’s alarm clock and nodded. “You said you were going join Kimmie in the hot spring room about now?”

“Oh, yeah!” Shego gasped, jumping up and heading for the dresser. “Why don’t you join us? And Dad, too. I’m suddenly feeling like more family time, as if I didn’t get enough of it with my brothers earlier.” She chuckled at that last part before lifting up a black and green bikini swimsuit and considering it carefully.

Anne nodded and chuckled at Shego’s sarcasm. “You’ll need some privacy, then. I’ll go grab James and we’ll go get ready, too.”

Anne stood up and placed a reassuring hand on Shego’s shoulder. Shego looked at Anne and smiled softly, to which Anne smiled and nodded. Anne then turned to leave.

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Special Agent Will Du sat on the bed in the roach motel room he was in. He didn’t let the torrential rain, the bright flashes of lightning, or the booming claps of thunder outside bother him. He reached into the drawer of the nearby nightstand and pulled a journal book out of it. Quickly, he flipped through the pages of the journal.

“No new entries,” Will Du muttered to himself. Sighing, he returned the journal to the drawer and shut the drawer.

Will Du turned and lay back on the bed, putting his hands behind his head as he did so. He knew the risks of the assignment that he was on. So why was the fact that no new entries were in the journal worrying him so badly?

In fact, there were quite a few things about the last several months that didn’t make much sense to the very rules-oriented Will Du. He had allowed himself to express sympathy towards a woman who had been quite clearly trying to kill one of the greatest heroes with whom Global Justice had the honor of working. But he realized now that he had allowed himself to chase a guess, a feeling, something born of trust and faith, rather than concrete evidence and procedure.
Dr. Director had called it a “hunch.”

So that’s what hunches were. Both Dr. Director and Kim Possible seemed to rely heavily on hunches, but Will Du had not known what a hunch would have felt like.

Not until he had met Yori.

From the moment he had met her, fighting her in Dr. Director’s office when she had stole in to try to offer her services to Global Justice, he had felt a ‘hunch’ that something was not quite right with the woman. When news of her attack on Kim Possible and Shego had reached Dr. Director’s desk, Will Du had personally requested the assignment of investigating the attack, even though his attention should have been focused on tracking down Electronique and Monkey Fist.

When Will Du had spoken to Yori that morning, he could tell that something was guiding the woman other than her own decisions. Both Kim and Ron Stoppable had spoken highly of Yori in the past, vouching for her skill, trustworthiness, honor, and morality. Everything Yori was saying she wanted to do to Kim went against every report he had received about the young ninja.

And that didn’t even touch on the subject that the whole town of Middleton shouldn’t have just inexplicably turned against Kim as quickly and violently as it had, even in light of Ron’s death.

Once Will Du had contacted various experts across the country who specialized in subliminal mind control, he was able to ascertain that Middleton was indeed being mind controlled somehow. Will Du’s first impulse was to question Dr. Drakken on the matter, given that he’d attempted several ways of mind controlling people in the past (the shampoo on a national talent show had been especially interesting).

Electronique’s attempt to kill Will Du and Dr. Drakken had simply put all of the facts into a nice, organized stack for Will Du. Electronique had killed Ron Stoppable, by far the easier of the two Team Possible members to kill, and then turned everyone in Middleton against Kim Possible in an attempt to neutralize the one person who would be capable of stopping her.

It had almost worked, had it not been for Shego.

Will Du allowed himself a smile at that thought. The world’s most dangerous woman—the world’s best thief and Kim Possible’s archrival—was also one of the individuals that Electronique hated the most. Both times that Electronique had been captured, Shego had been working in tandem with her brothers on Team Go to subdue her. Now, to add insult to injury, Shego’s rather selfish act of rehabilitating Kim Possible so as to continue having an archrival worthy of her attention had just put the ex-villainess at odds against Electronique yet again.

And now that Shego was in love with Kim Possible—not just appreciating Kim Possible’s fighting skills and tenacity, but actually in love with the hero—she was sure to do whatever she could to protect Kim. Up to and including helping to recapture Electronique.

The foundation had been laid for that confrontation. Once Kim Possible had successfully broken the mind control effect from which Yori suffered, Yori voluntarily returned to Monkey Fist’s service to serve as an inside mole, feeding information back to the good guys. And hopefully, that information would eventually lead to the whereabouts of Electronique.

Before Electronique could execute whatever plan to take over the world that she had begun.

A plan that required that Kim Possible be destroyed emotionally before dying.

And that was where Will Du was now. Thumbing through a journal that had not been updated in
over a week, hoping to find some clue as to where Electronique might be.

“Will-san? You are here?”

Will Du opened his eyes and glanced at the door of the motel room. Standing there, drenched from head to toe from the thunderstorm raging outside, stood Yori. Her soaked ninja nightsuit clung to her skin, leaving little to the imagination. A flash of lightning outside caused her form to become a silhouette momentarily before the clap of thunder announced her visage once again.

Will Du stood up from the bed and motioned Yori inside. “Please, Yori, come inside. You don’t want any of Monkey Fist’s minions seeing us together.”

Yori shut the door behind her and sighed. “Of course not, Will-san. Thankfully, I was able to distract the minion that Fiske-sama had assigned to tail me.”

Will Du approached the window of the motel room, ensuring that the drapes were completely closed. He then turned to Yori.

“Shall I step outside so that you may change into some dry clothes,” Will Du offered. “I do not want you falling ill due to those wet clothes.”

Yori smirked at Will Du as she began to strip out of her nightsuit. “You have seen me naked before, Will-san. Besides, wouldn’t stepping outside cause you to become wet, yourself?”

Will Du smiled at Yori as the girl continued to strip naked. “I thought of respecting your modesty. A few drops of rain is nothing compared to the respect of one’s peers. The respect of a friend.”

Yori shook her head in amusement. “So, that is what we are? Friends?”

“Well,” Will Du responded thoughtfully, “I certainly do not see us as enemies. And I would like to think of us as more than associates.”

A huge thunderclap shook the motel room, causing the lights to flicker slightly. The rain outside began to fall even harder. The sound of the rain falling almost threatened to drown out all other sounds.

“I do not think either of us are going anywhere tonight,” Yori admitted, stepping over to the bathroom to hang up the nightsuit to dry.

Will Du nodded in agreement. “It would be dangerous to walk in this weather, let alone drive. I shall take the floor so that you may have the bed.”

Yori laughed as Will finished speaking. “My dear Will-san. I am standing in front of you, completely naked, as if nothing were amiss. Do you truly think I am going to make you sleep on the floor tonight?”

Will turned to consider Yori’s gaze for several moments. Yori didn’t miss the fact that Will Du kept eye contact with her. He didn’t gaze anywhere else on her body except her eyes.

“Or,” Yori ventured, worried, “do you not find me attractive?”

Will Du closed his eyes, finally understanding the situation he was in. “Yes, Yori, I do find you attractive. Very much so. I suppose the term ‘married to my work’ would be fit to describe me, though. Sometimes, I am so focused on business before pleasure that I forget about pleasure altogether.”
Yori crossed the room and stepped up to Will Du, placing a gentle hand on his chest. “You are an honorable man, Will-san. You seek to respect your job, your superiors, your peers, and your friends. But, tonight, I do not want to talk to Will Du, Special Agent of the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement. I want to spend time with Will Du, the man. To learn about who he is, what he likes and does not like, what makes him happy... what turns him on.”

As Yori spoke, her hands danced down the front of Will Du’s uniform, deftly unbuttoning his jacket and shirt before he had even registered that she was doing so.

“I also do not wish to disrespect Ron Stoppable, a man whom you love,” Will Du admitted.

“He has passed on,” Yori said sadly. “And his spirit guards Kim-san so that she is safe as she protects us all. While I do love Ron-kun, I understand now why Kim has so easily given her heart to Shego-san. Kim-san knew it was time for her to move on. So it is for me, as well. And I find you an attractive man, Will-san. And the fact that you had risked your career to aid me is not lost on me.”

At that, Yori grabbed both lapels of Will Du’s top and forcibly yanked them down off of his shoulders. Will Du’s chest now exposed, Yori traced her fingers back up his defined pectoral muscles. She leaned up and grazed Will Du’s lips lightly with her own lips. When Will Du’s lips parted slightly in response, Yori leaned in and kissed the man deeply, cupping her hands behind his head.

Will Du drew his arms out from the sleeves of his top and wrapped them around Yori’s naked body. Yori kept her kiss strong on the man’s lips, darting her tongue in to meet his while one of her legs snaked up Will Du’s side and wrapped itself around his hips. Finally giving in to the moment, Will Du growled lightly into the kiss, turning Yori towards the bed and laying her down as he straddled her beautiful body.

A clap of thunder roared through the motel room and the power died completely. In the darkness, the rain and the thunder provided cadence for the two lovers.

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Both Kim and Shego collapsed next to each other onto the bed, breathing heavily. Their sweat soaked bodies glistened in the dim light of the nearby candles. They glanced at each other and smiled warm and sincere smiles.

“Make up sex is the best, isn’t it, Pumpkin?” Shego chuckled slightly, turning over to admire Kim’s body.

“We’ve had some intense sex before, but wow!” Kim agreed, scooting in close to snuggle with her girlfriend. “I’m glad we had the talk we had earlier.”

Shego smiled down at the cute redheaded girl underneath her. It was hard to believe that not even ten hours ago, Shego was pissed at Kim for admitting to having wanted to kill her in the past. Thanks to Kim’s mom, though, she and Kim were able to talk through the issues of that morning and come to an understanding.

It also helped that the hot spring room had hosted a wonderful afternoon. Just Shego, Kim, Anne, and James enjoying the hot water and Japanese garden-like setting. Shego even caved in on the impulse of breaking out some sake to drink. A form of rice beer/wine usually served warm in Japan, it added a touch of ethnic flavor to both the setting and the afternoon. They sipped the sake, talked about all sorts of stuff, laughed, and carried on. Shego thoroughly enjoyed herself and it had looked like her Princess had done the same. In no time at all, the two of them were back to cuddling with
each other and stealing kisses when they thought the parents weren’t looking.

All four adults had felt especially good by the time Zita had served dinner. In contrast to the exotic flavor of the afternoon, Zita had opted for a very traditional American meal: hamburgers and hot dogs on buns with potato chips, potato salad, baked beans, and soda. Zita had reasoned that a ‘picnic’ would lift the spirits of the entire team and she had not been wrong. They moved the meal into the training room, calling up the ‘alien world’ program so that they could all watch the sunset as they ate.

That had led easily into what was occurring now. Once everyone had broken off into couples (with the Doctors Possible leaving to pick up the Tweebs from Mrs. Load’s house), Kim and Shego had retired to their suite to continue to ‘apologize’ to each other.

And what an apology it was turning out to be. The sex had been especially delicious since they were both still feeling good from the sake and were both trying to outdo each other to make up for how they had hurt each other earlier.

If making up felt so damned good, they were going to have to fight more often.

Kim had started off the proceedings, demonstrating some techniques that she had learned from researching on the Internet and talking to some friends. Apparently, one of Kim’s past missions involved capturing Motor Ed when he went violently gay-bashing through downtown San Francisco in a souped up monster truck.

*Good thing I never told that dolt I was a lesbian,* Shego thought to herself.

As a result, Kim was able to reach out to the LGBT community in San Francisco for tips and ideas. Kim had apparently made fast friends with a couple of high-profile lesbians who were more than happy to teach her some tricks that were sure to make Shego happy in bed.

Hot damn, had those tricks made Shego happy!

After Kim had coaxed a couple of multiple orgasms out of Shego, Shego finally forced Kim to stop so that she could reciprocate. Shego had just made Kim orgasm for the third or fourth time, if she remembered correctly. Shego didn’t care. She was having too much fun watching Kimmie’s expressions.

“What did I do to deserve you, Sheila?” Kim finally asked, looking up at her lover.

“You’re Kim Possible,” Shego replied, smirking. “You’re the girl who can do anything, including turning a bitchy villain sidekick into a bitchy anti-hero partner. Just remind me to never take your mother out into public. I’ll be damned if I’m going to be caught dead cracking under her mother’s gaze like I did this afternoon.”

“You know,” Kim smiled, wrapping her arms around Shego and pulling her down next to her on the bed. “I kinda thought that’s where she had disappeared to when Dad dragged me into the kitchen to fix lunch.”

“Yes,” Shego nodded. “She met with me to talk about what happened this morning. You never warned me that she didn’t need the Puppy Dog Pout to make me do or say things.”

“Oh, yeah,” Kim replied, stifling a laugh. “Um, you might want to watch out for my mom. She’s got that mother’s gaze thing going on.”

Shego rolled her eyes. “Thanks for the warning, Kimmie.”
“Anything for you, lover dear,” Kim laughed, kissing Shego on the cheek.

Suddenly, the old Kimmunicator sitting on Kim’s nightstand started beeping.

“Well, good thing we both got our turns, huh?” Shego growled and rolled off of the bed as Kim turned to retrieve the device.

Kim flipped the Kimmunicator open and was greeted by her beloved webmaster, friend, and teammate. “Hey, Wade, what’s the sitch?”

“He fucking lives right upstairs!” Shego yelled as she entered the bathroom. “He can’t get off of his lazy ass and knock on our God damned door?”

“Oh, wow,” Wade’s voice responded. His face on the screen looked overly concerned. “I caught you guys at a really bad time, didn’t I?”

“Naw,” Kim smiled. She could literally feel the glow that went with just having had sex. “We were already done. Shego’s just being the beautiful woman that she is. What’s up?”

“I just got a report from Will Du. Apparently, Monkey Fist had tried to retrieve an artifact called the Chalice of the Monkey Messiah.”

Kim cocked a brow at that. “Is that anything like the Holy Grail or something?”

“After a fashion,” Wade admitted. “Two thousand years before the time of Christ, an ancient Chinese cult had worshiped a particularly powerful monkey who had saved their village from a despot conqueror. At least, that’s how the legend has it. Anyway, the villagers pitched in together and crafted the Chalice to honor the monkey hero. It was said that any liquid in the Chalice would act as the Monkey Messiah’s blood. What that blood could do no one can say.”

“But you said that Monkey Fist had tried to get this Chalice?” Kim asked.

“Yeah,” Wade replied. “Yori was with him when they reached the Chalice. But before Monkey Fist could fully claim the Chalice, DNAmy showed up and picked a fight with them.”

“Oh, how terribly inconvenient,” Kim cooed sarcastically. She heard Shego laugh from inside the bathroom.

“Yeah, for DNAmy,” Wade said, his expression darkening. “According to Yori, Monkey Fist brought the full strength of the Mystical Monkey Power down on DNAmy.”

Kim’s face went expressionless at that point. She remembered what Ron had been able to do with his Mystical Monkey Powers when he fought the Lowardian masters, Warmonga and Warhok.

“DNAmy is dead, Kim,” Wade confirmed, before Kim could even ask. “He buried her completely in the shambles of the temple that the Chalice was in. A Global Justice team is on their way to excavate her body now.”

“The fuck?!” Shego yelled from inside the bathroom.

“Oh, my God,” Kim said, shaking slightly. DNAmy hadn’t been evil, per se. Simply misguided. And she had never thought of Monkey Fist as someone who was capable of killing.

Shego was already darting out of the bathroom, her hands sheathed in plasma to dry them off quickly. She then dowsed the flames and leapt onto the bed, pulling Kim into an embrace. Shego
knew that the news was going to hit Kim like a sledgehammer, especially in light of their argument earlier. Kim wasn’t really a killer, in spite of that one incident. Kim never really wanted to see anyone die at all, let alone die the way DNAmy apparently died.

“Is Yori okay?” Kim asked shakily as she huddled back into Shego’s embrace.

“Apparently Monkey Fist is fond of Yori,” Wade answered. “He calls her his sidekick and yammers on about how he now understands how Drakken was able to last so long in the villain game.”

Shego would have laughed at that, if not for Kim’s current emotional state.

“Yori just reported to Will Du and brought him up to speed on everything,” Wade continued. “She’s hoping that Monkey Fist will take her to Electronique soon.”

Kim closed her eyes and nodded. “Okay, Wade. Thanks for the update. And thanks for getting it to us as quickly as you did. As always, you rock.”

“Just doing what I do,” Wade smiled. With that, he saluted and signed off.

“You okay, Pumpkin?” Shego asked, stroking Kim’s hair softly as Kim placed the Kimmunicator on her nightstand.

“I will be,” Kim replied shakily. “My God, Sheila. Amy’s dead.”

“Welcome to being a villain,” Shego said gently. “It’s not always fun and games.”

“We need to stop Monkey Fist and Electronique before they kill again,” Kim said, far more darkly than Shego had anticipated.

“And we will, Kimmie,” Shego said, pulling Kim in to a tight hug. “We’re almost there. We’ll get them. And we’ll make them pay for what they did Ron and Amy. And to your friends with the whole mind control bullshit. We’ll get them.”

Kim nodded solemnly as she lay her head on Shego’s shoulders.

Yes, we will, Kim thought to herself. We’ll get them.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE]
Monkey Fist and Yori disembarked from the specialized personal jet in which they had just finished flying. They were inside of a techno-noir style hangar with plenty of glowing, light blue streamlines. The roof doors had just finished closing and the slight shudder that could be felt indicated that the hangar was now in motion. Yori knew from what she had just seen while flying into the lair that the hangar was now in the process of submerging back underwater.

“The middle of the Hudson Bay,” Yori growled, looking around. “And Electronique simply allowed us to land and enter?”

“Of course she did,” Monkey Fist smiled as he continued down a corridor with Yori by his side. “She is my partner, after all.”

Yori stopped dead in her tracks, a look of betrayed astonishment on her face. Of course, she had already suspected the partnership to be true, after the evidence that Kim Possible had tried to point out to her. But she wasn’t about to let Monkey Fist know that she had been onto him.

“Fiske-sama?” Yori breathed in shock.

Monkey Fist chuckled and glanced back at Yori with a smirk, pausing in his walk to enjoy the look on Yori’s face. “How else did you think I knew where to find her? I didn’t send my monkey ninjas out into the middle of the Hudson Bay unprotected to scout for her, I am certain.”

Yori began to shake with emotion. While she was long past the feeling at betrayal of this news, the feelings she had for what she was about to face were still fresh. “You... you are in league with Ron-kun’s murderer?”

“Indeed,” Monkey Fist replied, approaching Yori. “Because of her, I was able to claim the entirety of the Mystical Monkey Power, the power that had been rightfully mine to begin with. Why would I not join forces with her?”

“She... she killed Ron-kun,” Yori spat, glaring at Monkey Fist with absolute hatred. It was hatred that she had been feeling for quite some time, but now she could freely express it without blowing her cover. “I loved him! And... and by all rights, his life should have been yours to claim, not hers.”

Monkey Fist shrugged. “Well, considering that I was a statue thanks to my ill-advised pact with the Yono, his death by my hands was not forthcoming anytime soon, wouldn’t you agree? I consider myself something of a pragmatist. Certainly I would have enjoyed feeling his life drain from his body as my hands and feet pummeled it out of him, but I would call the current situation an acceptable alternative.”

Yori seethed quietly, glaring at Monkey Fist with eyes that could kill instantly had they had been weapons. Monkey ninjas skittered about the pair of villains quietly, as if expecting hell to break loose. They could have certainly been forgiven for their caution.

“But, come,” Monkey Fist said, turning and continuing down the corridor. “Let us not allow these revelations to sour our professional relationship. You are no longer a hero and I would like to continue to offer you sanctuary as my sidekick. You are an exceptional warrior, Miss Yori.”

Yori growled softly and bit back her retort. As in-character as it would still have been had she attacked the maniacal villain at that point, pragmatism dictated caution. They were surrounded by at least a dozen monkey ninjas and they were all inside the lair of the woman who was currently
considered by Global Justice to be the most dangerous villain on Earth. In the middle of Hudson Bay. With no way to escape. Attacking Monkey Fist now would lead to a no-win situation for Yori, no matter how one considered the situation.

Sucking in her anger and pride, Yori fell into step to the right and the rear of Monkey Fist as they continued down the corridor.

“Oh, and for both of our sakes, but especially yours,” Monkey Fist added quietly, “you might consider not cluing Electronique in on the fact that you would like to kill her. It would be much wiser to wait and catch her unawares at a time when she is weakest.”

In spite of herself, Yori nodded in the affirmative. If for nothing else, that advice was certainly sound, even if it was from Electronique’s erstwhile partner.

Soon, the corridor ended at a set of large double-doors. Monkey Fist swung the doors open dramatically and strode into the room.

Inside was a gigantic observatory-style room with a raised dome ceiling. While there was room in which to move around, much of the floorspace was taken up by a large silo of missiles set upon a launching mechanism. A large electronic countdown timer on the silo gave just less then 24 hours before the missiles were set to launch.

Before the silo was a light gray skinned woman with spiky hair and goggles, wearing a dark gray catsuit with light gray flared gloves and boots. The woman turned and considered the two individuals.

“Ah, Lord Fiske,” the woman cooed in an exotic European accent. “You have finally returned from your quest for mystical artifacts. And you brought your new charge with you? How lovely.”

“Indeed,” Monkey Fist smiled. “Electronique, I would like you to meet Yori, the rogue Yamanouchi ninja of whom I have spoken fondly.”

Yori tried to meet Electronique’s eyes with an impassive expression, despite the fact that she wanted nothing more than to launch herself at the villainess and pummel the life out of her body.

“A pleasure, I’m sure, my dear Yori,” Electronique smiled, stepping down off of the platform that the silo sat upon. “In fact, your timely arrival could not have been more perfect. Would you be a doll and summon Kim Possible and Shego for me, please?”

Yori narrowed her eyes at that. “Excuse me, Electronique-sama?”

The question was answered with a deft snap of Electronique’s fingers. A large viewscreen lowered from the ceiling towards the floor near Electronique. Another snap of the villainess’ fingers caused the viewscreen to light up and a video to start playing.

The video caught Yori completely off guard.

The video showed Yori sneaking up on a lone figure in the jungles surrounding Monkey Fist’s lair. Drawing her ninja-to swords, Yori snuck up behind the lone figure and placed the sword to the figure’s neck. Yori leaned in and whispered something into the figure’s ear.

Most damning to Yori was that the video captured the whisper perfectly.

“Du-san, let us discuss how Load-san wants to handle this.”
In Electronique’s lair, Yori bowed her head in defeat. She’d been found out.

“You do understand how much I do not appreciate being played like a fool, Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist said pointedly, looking at Yori with a rather cross look on his face.

Yori rose a brow to that. “Who was playing at it, Fiske-sama?”

The question was answered with a blast of lightning to Yori’s torso. The force lifted Yori up off of the ground and sent her hurtling back into the wall behind her. After Yori crumpled onto the floor in a heap, gasping for breath, she lifted her head and was not surprised that Monkey Fist stood passively by, a smirk etched on his face.

“Do not think to play games with us, Yori!” Electronique growled loudly, threateningly, her palm still outstretched from having delivered the attack. She then turned to Monkey Fist. “Do you have the tracking device?”

Monkey Fist displayed a small metallic dot between his thumb and forefinger. “I lifted it off of her uniform not even five minutes ago.”

Yori’s eyes went wide at that. How had he done that without her noticing?

“Excellent,” Electronique purred, accepting the tracking bug from Monkey Fist. She then turned and paced the floor thoughtfully, considering the tracking bug as one might consider a found penny. Her eyes then lit up with an eerie electric blue glow. “Wade. Oh, Wade. Wade Load! Yes, my dear boy genius, I am speaking directly to you. I have your precocious rogue ninja and her darling lapdog boyfriend. You might want to consider passing that on to your lords and masters. You know, the ones who are supposedly dead. You have my location now. I will be waiting.”

With that, Electronique fried the bug in a spectacular display of electricity.

Yori was already on her feet, her two ninja-to swords in her hands. She took a battle stance warily. “You have me and my what?”

Electronique smiled humorless at Yori and snapped her fingers once more. A doorway on an upper balcony, across the room from where Yori stood, opened and five figures emerged. Two of the figures were humanoid in the vaguest sense of the word; they had metallic chestplates, bracers, greaves, loinplates, and helmets but had pure electricity where flesh should have been. Two other figures were dog-like in appearance, but had a similar metal and electricity anatomy.

The fifth figure was Special Agent Will Du, badly beaten and bruised.

“Will-kun!” Yori screamed.

“Y... Yori?” Will Du muttered, lifting his head painfully so that his dark eyes met Yori’s chocolate-kissed eyes. “Don’t... don’t worry about me. Take care... of... of Electronique.”

“With two of my lightning hounds and two of my lightning henchmen ready to kill you in an instant?” Electronique laughed. “I think not, Special Agent Du.”

“You see, my dear Miss Yori,” Monkey Fist smiled, “Electronique and I have been onto your game ever since she caught that surveillance footage. You may have thought you outsmarted me with that photographed evidence, but Electronique is quite talented with electronic devices. Also, I am fully aware that whatever Yamanouchi techniques Ron Stoppable learned had assuredly been passed on to Kim Possible as well. I too am learned in the techniques of stopping one’s pulse and appearing to be dead.”
Yori merely growled at Monkey Fist.

“You probably were not aware that I had one of my monkey ninjas plant a tracking bug on Kim Possible during your fight,” Monkey Fist continued. “So that we could be assured of the destination of the corpse, of course. From the movement of the bug, Electronique and I surmised that they were indeed still alive. Sadly, the bug ceased functioning shortly after entering Vancouver airspace. So, we fell to Plan B.”

“You counted on the fact that I was in contact with Team Possible and now intend to use Will-kun and I to lure them into a trap,” Yori guessed. She knew she was right. It was too painfully obvious.

“That’s right,” Electronique laughed. “When Team Possible comes to rescue you, they will be walking into the most devilishly planned trap ever devised by man or woman. It will be glorious.”

As Yori considered her options, a couple dozen more lightning hounds strode in from doorways off to the side. They surrounded Yori and glared at her, growling in a hollow, electronic voice, daring her to do something stupid, just to give them an excuse.

Yori sighed. The ball was now in Kim and Shego’s court. She could only hope that the women knew what they would be getting themselves into.

Monique stirred slightly from her sleep, her long curly black hair splayed in a haphazard mess across her face and head. Opening her eyes, she smiled at the sight of the sleeping Wego twin in front of her, snuggled up against the front of her body. By the subtle, barely noticeable scars along his chin and forehead, Monique could tell that this one was Edward. That meant that William was the one spooning her affectionately from behind. William’s scars were more pronounced but were more along his arms and back; William had always been the more adventurous of the two, being the elder by ten minutes.

Monique sighed happily as she pulled Edward closer to her. Edward didn’t wake up, but he did subconsciously smile in his sleep. At the same time, Monique snuggled back into the warm arms of William, who responded in his sleep by nuzzling Monique’s back gently with his face.

Monique couldn’t help but feel warm, loved, and protected at that moment. Maybe it had been her abject loneliness that had compelled her to reach out to the Wego twins after the mission against Hego. She had just lost contact with her parents at that point, after all, and she had been the only member of Team Possible without a romantic counterpart on the team. But, in hindsight, Monique was very glad she had reached out to the twins. They were the most well-adjusted members of Team Go. They were adventurous and mischievous, yet polite and considerate at the same time. And they shared so much in common, from their artistic inclinations (she was a fashion designer while they were aspiring models) to their tastes in food, music, and television. She had fun with the twins, in or out of bed.

Through most of her high school career, Monique had always wondered what men’s obsession was with twins. Hot blonde twins had been a favorite fantasy of the men that she had dated; which was sad, all things considered, when they confessed such fantasies to their African-American date. But now Monique understood the fantasy. She was living it now. Hot redheaded twins.

Monique chuckled softly at that thought. Maybe Monique was now uniquely qualified to understand what Shego saw in Monique’s best friend and soon-to-be sister-in-law, Kim Possible.

At the thought of Kim being her sister-in-law, Monique rose her hand and studied the ring that was
on her finger. It was a beautiful white gold wedding band with a large onyx stone flanked by two smaller ruby stones. It was the mark of the consensual union into which Monique, Edward, and William had chosen to privately enter. All three of them were cautious about it, considering the current controversy in Canada over polygamous marriages. It was rather silly in Monique’s mind; Kim and Shego were going to be able to get married in Canada since theirs was a same-sex union, but Monique couldn’t marry her two boyfriends because it was a polygamous union. So the three of them had decided to not formalize their union. If anyone outside of Team Possible asked, they were still simply dating. But as far as the three of them were concerned, they were husbands and wife.

When Kim had found out about the faux union about a week ago, the redhead had made a much bigger deal out of it than Monique had expected. But she had done it in a positive way. Kim had insisted on holding a mock wedding for the three of them. Shego had rolled her eyes, but played along, since it made her Princess happy. Mego, being the current leader of Team Possible, officiated the wedding, while Kim served as maid of honor and the Tweebs served as best men. Wade’s mother, Khianna Load, gave Monique away while the rest of Team Possible and their families witnessed the wedding. Fortunately, Monique already had several wedding gown designs she had made to choose from and she, Kim, Shego, Zita, and Kris were all dressed to turn heads. The reception was wonderful, with Zita and Kris going above and beyond the call of duty on the dinner served. Everyone laughed at the Tweebs’ attempt at being cute with their toast. And Monique had enjoyed her first dance with her “husbands”; the three of them had deliberately chosen a particularly seductive salsa tune so that each Wego could have their turns in the spotlight without crowding each other out. And the honeymoon was especially cute; Wade made some quick adjustments to one of the mission training programs so that the three of them could enjoy a romantic evening in a portion of Paris.

Monique sighed happily about her memories of that night. There were probably very few people outside of Team Possible who would understand the relationship she had with the Wego twins. But that didn’t matter to Monique anymore. She had her “husbands” and her friends in Team Possible. That was all that she really needed.

“Good morning, sunshine,” Edward suddenly whispered.

Monique blinked from her reverie and glanced from her ring to Edward’s ruby eyes. Despite their deep red color, his eyes somehow came off like beautiful gemstones rather than unnatural demon-like eyes. William’s eyes were the same way, Monique already knew.

Monique smiled. “Good morning, gorgeous,” she whispered back, kissing Edward lightly on the lips. She then reached around behind her, found William’s hand, and squeezed it lovingly. Monique knew that if Edward was awake, then William was awake, too. The two men’s mind link was almost scary in its completeness. Almost.

“We better get up and get showered and dressed,” William said, leaning up and kissing Monique on the side of the neck. Tingles trickled pleasantly through Monique’s body at the feeling of William’s soft lips against her skin. “I promised Sis I’d clean out the hot spring today and Eddie’s supposed to power clean the commissary.”

“Don’t remind me,” Edward grumbled. “Even though each of us can duplicate ourselves a hundred times, I’m still not looking forward to the work.”

“I’ve got monitor duty,” Monique gloated, enjoying the groans she got out of her husbands.

Suddenly, alarm klaxons began to rip through the entire lair, nearly deafening the three lovers.

“Don’t tell me we’re in trouble....,” William started.
...because ‘Nique’s late for her shift,” Edward finished.

“No,” Monique said, rolling deftly over Edward off of the bed and sprinting, naked, to the closet. “This is different. Something’s come up. Something bad.”

As if on queue, the klaxons died down just enough so that Mego’s voice could be heard clearly over them. “This isn’t a drill, ladies and gentlemen. I need everyone geared up and in the briefing room in five minutes.”

“Oh, shit...,” William muttered, rolling out on his side of the bed.

”...it’s on,” Edward finished, rolling out on the other side of the bed.

Monique and the Wego twins ran into the briefing room. Mego, Kris, Kim, Shego, and Rufus were there already. Shego, as had become tradition, was standing to one side, adjusting her gloves. Rufus was curled up on Shego’s shoulders, dozing lightly. The head of the briefing table, where Monique was used to Kim standing, was currently occupied by Mego. Kim sat in a chair just to Mego’s right. Mego’s wife, Kris, was in the chair to his left. Monique walked over to the chair next to Kim and sat down. The Wego twins sat down in the two chairs to the right of Monique. Shortly thereafter, Felix and Zita came into the room, taking the two places to the left of Kris. As Zita sat down, Wade Load’s image shimmered into being at the center of the table.

“Okay, Wade,” Mego said, a no-nonsense look on his face. “What have we got?”

“We’ve got this, Mego,” Wade replied. His image typed at a what everyone assumed was a keyboard in front of him. Suddenly, a recording filled the room.

“Wade. Oh, Wade. Wade Load! Yes, my dear boy genius, I am speaking directly to you. I have your precocious rogue ninja and her darling lapdog boyfriend. You might want to consider passing that on to your lords and masters. You know, the ones who are supposedly dead. You have my location now. I will be waiting.”

Kim’s eyes went wide upon hearing that. Shego stopped adjusting her gloves to look at Wade in disbelief.

“Electronique destroyed the tracking bug we had planted on Yori immediately after allowing that to be transmitted,” Wade confirmed grimly. “And I’ve confirmed that Will Du has been captured as well. He failed to report back to Dr. Director after he submitted Yori’s report to me.”

“So much for the element of surprise,” Shego growled, turning her head away.

“We’re going to be walking into a trap if we do this,” Zita pointed out. It was fairly obvious to everyone in the room, but hearing it from the veteran gamer made it that much more real.

“We have no choice in the matter,” Mego countered, looking at Zita. “Yori’s one of ours. I’ll no sooner leave her behind than I’d leave you behind.”

Shego smiled softly at her older brother as he pronounced that. He truly had grown up in the nearly twelve years since Sidestep’s death.

“But we’re going to do this as a team and we’re going to do this on our terms, not Electronique’s,” Mego added. “Wade, can you get a schematic of Electronique’s lair?”
“Already have it,” Wade replied, pulling up a map. “The firewalls Electronique had blocking me from her systems were practically insulting. It’s as if she wanted me to get all the information we needed.”

“The fucking bitch is baiting us and gloating over our taking it,” Shego growled.

“Well, we’re not going to take the bait,” Mego replied, studying the map. “We have some surprises of our own to spring on Electronique.” He then turned to Monique. “Don’t we?”

Monique smiled and nodded. She knew to what Mego was referring. “Yep!”

“Okay,” Mego said, turning back to the map. “Looks like there are two ways into the lair. One is through the retractable hangar that rises above the water. If Electronique is playing her game as fully as I think she is, she’s going to have that hangar rose and ready for us to invade. Monique, Weegs, that’s your theater. You’re going to storm that hangar with everything you’ve got.”

“Right,” Monique, William, and Edward all said at once.

“Felix and Zita are going to remain on board the Firebird to provide mission control support and air support,” Mego continued. “The air support is going to be especially important, since Global Justice is going to be covering the seafront around the hangar tower. Any henchmen who try to engage us from outside of the tower are going to be greeted by two companies of Global Justice agents fully trained in SEAL-style combat. Dr. Director is already en route with those two companies.”

“Right,” Felix nodded, taking Zita’s hand and squeezing it reassuringly.

“Kim, Sis, Rufus, and I will sneak into the lair through the second way, the waste vents at the bottom of the lair,” Mego added. “Once inside, we’ll split into two teams. Rufus and I will form the stealth recon team; we’re to find whatever doomsday device Electronique has and disable it.”

Rufus, who had woke up for the meeting, stood to attention on Shego’s shoulder and saluted the Team Possible leader. “Uh-huh!”

“Kim, Sis,” Mego said, eyeing his soon-to-be sister-in-law and his sister in turn. “You two already know what you’re going to be doing.”

“Finding Monkey Fist and Electronique...,” Kim started, looking at Shego with a fire in her eyes. Shego smiled wickedly at the fire in Kim’s olive eyes, matching that fire with equal fire in her own emerald eyes. ”...and kicking their fucking asses,” Shego growled delightedly to finish.

“I’ll be providing primary mission control from here in our lair,” Wade added, looking at each of the Team Possible members in turn. “Each of you, including Rufus, has a tracking device on his or her person. If I lose track of any of you, I’ll contact Dr. Director, who will crack that lair open like an eggshell. With all due prejudice.”

“Okay,” Mego said, looking around the room. “Monique, how’s our surprise going?”

Monique looked up from her cell phone, which she had apparently been texting on, and nodded. “All set up and ready to roll as we speak,” she replied. The Wego twins, who had been watching Monique texting, nodded in the affirmative.

Mego smiled and looked back at the rest of the team. “Okay, then. We all know our assignments, then. Let’s go kick that shocking bitch’s ass!”
As the rest of the team stood and proceeded to exit the briefing room, Kris stood up and gently placed her hands on her husband’s chest.

“**Myron,”** Kris whispered softly. “Please. Please be careful. She’s proven already that she’s willing to kill for what she wants. I don’t want to lose you. I don’t want to be without a husband.” Then Kris then placed a hand on her nine-month-along belly. “And little Jesse doesn’t want to be without a father.”

Mego smiled softly, placing a gentle hand on his wife’s belly. They had settled on their son’s name several months ago. It was deliciously ironic that the son of one of the greatest heroes of the twenty-first century would bear the name of one of the most notorious villains of the nineteenth century. Jesse James Goldberg.

“I will be back, I promise,” Mego replied softly. “I want to be here to help raise JayJay. He’s going to grow up to be an even bigger hero than his father, if that can honestly be achieved.”

Kris rolled her eyes and laughed. “Oh, you.” She then leaned in and kissed Mego soundly.

“Now, you,” Mego smiled as they finally broke the kiss. “You keep Wade out of trouble. I need our resident genius in case the training room goes on the fritz.”

“Go lead your team, you numbskull,” Kris laughed, swatting Mego on the butt as he strode past her to the door.

[**END CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX**]
“We’re approaching our target, Director,” Hector Delgado reported. The Hispanic Global Justice special agent was in the pilot’s seat of the large military motor boat as it sped along the water. Behind him were twenty specially-trained agents... one of whom was Dr. Betty Director herself.

Betty strode up behind Delgado and gazed out across the water ahead of them via her one good eye. As she did so, dozens of similar boats pulled in alongside and behind her boat. They all traveled along in the same direction... towards the same target. And they were indeed getting close.

If one’s skill in navigation had not made their proximity to their target obvious, then the fact that a gargantuan metallic tower rising slowly out of the ocean waters in front of the speeding boats made it painfully clear.

“In the middle of the God damned Hudson Bay and no satellite surveillance picked it up,” Betty growled under her breath. “I’ve got to hand it to Electronique. She’s good.”

With that, Betty held up her hand with a halting signal. Delgado slowly brought the boat to a stop. All of the other boats slowed to a stop around Betty’s boat.

Betty tapped the com-link in her ear and spoke. “Okay, boys and girls. This is it. We’re storming the lion’s den. Our objective here is to support Team Possible. We will be breaching Electronique’s lair. It will be a matter of when, not if. Electronique will not make it easy for us, so our secondary objective is to keep as many of her lackeys as possible occupied while Mego and his people infiltrate the lair. We will be focusing our efforts at sea level while Team Possible will provide air support and focus on the hangar at the top of the tower. We all know what we need to do, so let’s go save this world of ours!”

Betty glanced behind her and smiled at the several dozen boats that held the over two companies worth of men and women ready to risk their lives to bring down a villain capable of snuffing the life of hundreds of millions of people in a single stroke. The looks of grim determination on each of their faces made Betty proud.

“We have incoming, Director,” Delgado suddenly said.

As Betty turned back around, she blinked at what she saw. A swarm of individuals were literally spilling out of a side hatch of the tower that had risen out of the water. As the individuals drew closer, it became obvious that they were not human. They were animated suits of steel breastplate armor, with matching metallic greaves and metallic bracers and electricity where flesh should have been. And they were all riding anti-gravity hoverboards.

They looked like they came straight from a cheesy sci-fi film... but they were horrifically real. And they began firing bolts of lightning at the assembled Global Justice boats.

“HIT ‘EM WITH EVERYTHING WE’VE GOT!” Betty yelled as boats sped forward and artillery round began to arc through the air.

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“We’re about two minutes out,” Felix Renton said from his position at the pilot’s station on the Firebird. His fiancé, Zita Flores, sat in the co-pilots seat. Normally, it would be Shego in the pilots seat and Felix sitting at the co-pilot’s station. But Shego had needed to prepare for her part of the mission.
“Thanks, Renton,” Shego called back, tugging subconsciously at her glove again. Kim would think it was a nervous tic if she didn’t know her lover better. “Okay, ladies, we ready?”

As Kim nodded enthusiastically, Mego blinked. “Um, Rufus and I are going along, too!”

Shego smirked. “Okay, then. Ladies and rat, we ready?”

Mego rolled his eyes while Rufus snickered from his perch on Shego’s shoulder. Kim stifled a chuckle of her own.

“We’re approaching the drop point now,” Felix called back.

“Let’s do this, then,” Mego replied, regaining his composure... and reminding himself that he was currently the leader of Team Possible, not Shego.

The Firebird approached the sea level of Electronique’s hangar tower and began to arc slightly upward and to the right. As it did so, Kim, Shego, Mego, and Rufus dove out of the bottom of the Firebird and into the icy water below.

As the four heroes’ bodies hit the water, they became extremely grateful for the modifications Wade made to the micro-Kevlar material to make their wetsuits waterproof, insulated, and heated. With rebreather units in their mouths, the heroes swam down to the sea floor, where they were greeted with the full glory of Electronique’s lair.

*My God,* Kim thought to herself, gazing out over the full expanse of the silvery steel building. *It must be over a mile wide!*

But, thanks to the floor plans that Wade stole (more like practically been gifted by Electronique, given how easily Wade had got them), the heroes knew that the base did not sit flush with the sea floor. There was space underneath the lair, large enough for a man to stand up straight. And towards the center of that space was the waste disposal hatch... which emptied into the mind-bogglingly deep chasm that the lair sat across.

With Shego leading the way, the four heroes swam down towards that crawlspace. They were greeted halfway by lightning henchmen who came pouring up from underneath the lair. However, as the lightning henchmen attempted to engage the heroes, two dozen Global Justice agents swam past the heroes in full SEAL-like scuba gear and engaged the henchmen. So, the heroes swam past the battle and swam underneath the lair.

The four heroes approached the waster disposal hatch. It was a round hatch, about as wide as an industrial-sized garbage bin. Mego looked at his watch and started counting down with his fingers. 3... 2... 1... then pointed his finger at the hatch. As Mego pointed, the hatch opened and spewed out a disgusting mixture of garbage and fecal matter.

Before the hatch could close again, the heroes were through it and into the lair.

Once inside, the four heroes broke the surface of the water and looked around. The stench was overpowering, but they tried to fight it off. There were several chutes leading deeper into the lair, but the schematics that Wade possessed let the heroes know which ones were safe to use.

As Mego helped Kim and Shego onto a nearby ledge, he glanced around.

“Okay, Rufus and I are going to go free Yori and Will Du before we track down the doomsday device,” Mego said as the little naked mole rat jumped onto his shoulder. “You two find Monkey Fist and Electronique.”
“Knowing Electronique,” Shego muttered dryly, “we’ll all probably meet at the doomsday device. She’s fond of the personal touch in her schemes.”

The four heroes nodded to each other then turned to leave, one pair going up one chute while the other pair going up another chute.

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After watching Kim, Shego, Mego, and Rufus dive into the water, Felix pulled up and to the right, narrowly avoiding the hangar tower. He guided the Firebird into a gentle circle around the tower, rising towards the top. As he did so, he glanced down and watched in amazement at the pitched battle in which the Global Justice agents at the sea level were engaged.

“Those are like lightning elementals or something,” Felix heard his fiancé, Zita, say. Of course, his gorgeous gamer girl would find some gaming reference for the creatures.

“That’s a fair analogy,” Wade Load’s voice crackled over the speakers in the dashboard of the Firebird. “Somehow, those suits of armor are projecting force fields that are containing the pure electrical energy that is animating those automatons. Plus the bracers allow the creatures to project lightning as a missile weapon. And God forbid one should get its hands on you.”

“And there are so many of them!” Zita breathed. Felix was amazed that Zita was able to hold a conversation at all. She was also busy coordinating all of the Firebird’s weapons systems, shooting down one lightning henchman after another with air-to-surface laser shots that were scarily swift and accurate. Felix simply chalked it up to Zita’s hundreds of hours of experience as a raid coordinator on Everlot, the MMORPG she loved to play.

“And there is going to be even more of them inside,” Wade warned.

As the Firebird approached the top of the hangar tower, Felix called back. “Okay, Monique, Weeg, we’re at your drop-off point.”

“We’re ready,” William, the first Wego twin, responded from his position at the Firebird’s loading hatch.

“In position now!” Edward, the second Wego twin, added, standing next to his brother.

“We’re RWA, Felix!” Monique smiled, standing behind her ‘husbands.’ “Ready, Willing, and Able.”

“Drop-off is... now!” Felix called back, hitting the button to lower the hatch.

Monique and the Wego twins leapt out of the Firebird and tumbled into the hangar tower through the hangar entrance. As they approached the floor, the Wego twins began to summoning and dismissing duplicates in such a way that they formed a sort of ‘stairs’ for Monique to mitigate the speed of her descent. As a result, the three of them were able to tumble onto the floor of the hangar relatively unharmed. All three of them immediately got to their feet in battle stances, Monique’s bow already out, extended, nocked, and drawn.

The three heroes found themselves surrounded by not only dozens of lightning henchmen, but also dozens of lightning hounds.

“Wow, Electronique is pulling...” William began.

“...out all of the stops for us today,” Edward finished.
“Let’s show ‘em what we’re made of,” Monique grinned as she fired an explosive arrow into the middle of a large group of lightning minions.

Each of the Wego twins summoned several dozen duplicates each. All of the Wego copies then dove into the midst of the lightning minions, thrashing henchmen and hounds left and right.

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Felix pulled the Firebird away from the hangar tower and circled around to focus on the sea battle between the lightning henchmen and the Global Justice agents.

“Keep the firepower going, hun,” Felix said to his copilot. “The more we can free up the GJ agents, the more they can get into the lair and help out Kim and the others.”

“You got it, love,” Zita replied, her fingers dancing across the keyboard at a furious speed, keeping up the heat on the battle below. “Wait a minute. We’ve got unidentified bogeys coming in on our nine!”

“Those are Monique’s surprise,” Wade clarified from the speaker in the dashboard. “Trust me, they’re friendlies.”

“Oh?” Felix asked quizzically, circling the Firebird around so that Zita could have a chance at another strafe at the lightning minions below.

“Let’s just say that we’re affording them an opportunity to repay a debt they owe Electronique,” Wade responded with a hint of dark humor in his voice.

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Will Du moaned softly as he slowly regained consciousness. Glancing painfully around, he noticed that he was in a non-descript holding cell... probably still within Electronique’s lair. Sitting next to him, on her knees, was Yori. Yori was naked from the waist up except for a strip of black cloth tied around her bosom like a form of makeshift tube top. Her eyes gazed on Will Du with soft concern.

“You are awake, Will-kun,” Yori smiled. “That makes me happy. I hope you are not in too much pain.”

Will Du glanced down and noticed why Yori was dressed as provocatively as she was. She had used the rest of her ninja nightsuit top to bind all of Will Du’s wounds. Will Du sat up, painfully, and grunted.

“It only hurts when I breathe,” Will Du admitted, accepting the gentle hand that Yori put on his shoulder. “I will be okay. You?”

“I am unharmed, thank the spirits,” Yori replied. “After I saw how you were in danger, I chose not to resist. That somehow appeased Electronique-san’s temper and kept us both alive.”

“You should have taken out Electronique while you had the chance, Yori,” Will Du said, gazing into Yori’s chocolate-kissed eyes and finding it hard to keep an edge to his voice. “Her doomsday device is a computer capable of controlling all of the other computers on Earth. Personal PCs, smart phones, electronic locks, missile defense systems, and more. And Electronique will be able to...”

“Barely defend herself against the wrath of Team Possible,” Yori interrupted, placing a gentle finger on Will Du’s lips. “They know where we are. Both Kim-san and Shego-san have a quarrel with Electronique. Their impressive bond to each other is now unbreakable. Electronique-san will be hard
pressed equal their ferocity this day.”

“I do hope so, Yori,” Will Du breathed, gently reaching up and taking Yori’s hand. “For all of our sakes.”

Yori smiled encouragingly at Will Du as he accepted her hand. She leaned in to kiss Will Du gently on the forehead before she pulled the man gently into a hug.

“Blech!” a voice squeaked suddenly from outside of the cell. “Mushy stuff!”

“Rufus-chan?” Yori gasped, turning towards the door.

“And the Mighty Mego, Hero of Go City!” another voice announced from the other side of the door. “Hold on. I’m every bit as strong as Shego, so I should have this door off in a jiffy.”

“Mego-san! Wait!” Yori tried to warn, but she was too late. She winced as she heard Mego’s voice convulse violently while electricity crackled noisily just outside of the door. “...the door is electrified.”

“That didn’t hurt!” Mego’s voice declared weakly.

Just then, Yori heard several clicks as tumblers fell into place. In short order, the door swung open, revealing a naked mole rat at the doorjam.

“Tada!” Rufus squeaked, his paws spread wide.

Yori smiled and scooped up the mole rat into a warm hug. “Rufus-chan! You have no idea how lovely it is to see you again. You are my hero!” She then glanced over at Mego, who was painfully picking himself up onto his feet. “And you are my hero as well, Mego-san, for simply being here and doing your best.”

“All... in a day’s work... for Team Possible,” Mego muttered unsteadily, trying to keep his feet.

“I don’t suppose you have our gear?” Will Du asked, stepping up beside Yori.

“I was able to find this pistol and a pair of ninja swords, at least,” Mego replied, finally finding his stability. He pointed to the weapons sitting on the ground nearby.

“That gives us an excellent starting point,” Will Du smiled, picking up his special-issue Global Justice pistol and checking it over. “What is the current situation?”

“Doctor Director is leading two companies of agents on the waterfront while Team Possible is infiltrating the lair,” Mego said, watching as Yori strapped her ninja-to swords to her back. “Monique and the Weegs are doing the obvious hard drive in through the hangar while Kim, Shego, Rufus, and I did the sneaky-sneaky stuff. Kim and Shego are hunting down Monkey Fist and Electronique as we speak.”

“We need to go help Kim!” both Yori and Will Du blurted in unison. That caused Mego to blink at the two of them with a dumbfounded look on his face.

“Electronique is insanely powerful right now,” Will Du continued. “She has control of not only legions of lightning minions of one sort or another, but she has diabolical plans for a set of three ultra-powerful lightning lieutenants.”

“And Monkey Fist-sama is still the current Mystical Monkey Master,” Yori added.
“Then we better move,” Mego nodded. It was apparent that whatever damage Mego had taken from the brief electrocution he had just suffered were already healing up. “Are you two fit for combat?”

“Never better.” “It is my honor to be ready.”

“Then let’s get moving,” Mego said grimly, turning to head down the hallway. “Kim and Shego have probably found Electronique already. And we all believe she’s at the doomsday device, which is where Rufus and I need to be, anyway.”

With that, the four heroes sprinted down the hallway.

Monique continued to fire explosive arrow after explosive arrow into the fray of lightning minions surrounding her. Eight Wego copies had formed a perimeter around Monique, allowing the chocolate-skinned beauty to fire her bow without hindrance. The rest of the Wego copies, almost 200 of them, from Monique’s quick count, were engaged in hectic hand-to-hand combat with the lightning minions.

Despite the heroes’ numbers, they were barely holding the battlefield, as two more lightning minions would pour into the room as a Wego copy would drop one.

“We could use something to turn the tide of this battle,” Monique growled, firing another explosive arrow into the fray.

“How about me?” a familiar feminine voice called from above Monique.

Monique glanced up and nearly cried out for joy. A well-tanned brunette tumbled down from a strange-looking carrier and landed in front of Monique within the Wego perimeter. Decked out in an very flattering explorer-adventurer outfit of tan and black, the brunette stood up slowly, seductively, before brandishing two large pistols. Taking aim, the brunette shot out over the heads of the Wego copies, plugging and dropping one lightning henchman after another in rapid succession for several seconds. The brunette then ejected the clips from both pistols and slid the pistols grips across her belt to automatically insert fresh clips.

“BONNIE!” Monique cried, nocking and firing another explosive arrow. “You made it!”

“Considering what Electronique did to my husband before I even got a chance to meet him?” Bonnie smirked darkly. “I owe that fucking bitch. I love my husband to death, he is so wonderful to me. But imagine what he would have been like if Electronique hadn’t fried his brain for trying to woo her. I wouldn’t miss this party for the world.”

Monique startled slightly when she felt another thump next to her. As she glanced over, Señor Senior Junior stood up and smiled at her.

“Hola, señorita,” Junior smiled impishly, shrugging six or seven fresh quivers off of his well-built shoulders. “I come bearing gifts.”

Monique smiled. “You do your wife proud, Junior. Thank you.”

“By the way, Junior,” Bonnie added, firing several more rounds at nearby lightning henchmen. “Monique’s a señora now, not a señorita. I heard about the ‘wedding,’ young lady. Congratulations on scoring two of the better superheroes in Team Go.”

“You told me I could it,” Monique smiled, firing a couple more explosive arrows. “You had faith in
As Monique, Bonnie, and the Wego twins continued to fight, Junior switched out Monique’s empty quiver for a fresh one. But it seemed to be to no avail. The flood of lightning minions pouring in the room was easily keeping pace with the damage that heroes were inflicting.

“Time to call in the cavalry,” Bonnie growled, tapping at the watch on her wrist.

Suddenly, ninjas began pouring out of the carrier above the heroes. Dozens upon dozens of ninjas flooded into the hangar, joining the Wego copies in inflicting vicious melee damage on the lightning minions pouring into the room.

“Wow!” Monique breathed as she continued to fire her arrows.

“You think that’s badass?” Bonnie asked, dropping several more lightning minions in rapid succession. “You’re going to love who’s leading these ninjas into battle.”

“Oh?” Monique replied quizzically as she continued to fire arrows into the fray.

One of the ninjas backflipped over the Wego perimeter and landed deftly between Monique and Bonnie. He turned to Monique and quickly removed his mask.

“Hirotaka!” Monique gasped, skipping a beat in the barrage of arrows she was firing. “I... I haven’t seen you since we were sophomores in high school. I didn’t know you were a ninja!”

The handsome Japanese man smiled warmly at Monique. “How else would I have bested Possible-san in combat so handedly back then? It is my honor to assist you in your battle against Electronique. Even if Bonnie-kun is no longer my #1 Girlfriend, I will come to her aid every time she calls for me. There is also the matter of my sister-in-arms within the Yamanouchi Clan.”

Monique shrugged her empty quiver off of her back and picked up a fresh one. “Wait. Sister-in-arms? Yamanouchi? Yori?”

“Wait a minute!” Bonnie suddenly gasped, turning to Monique and Hirotaka. “There’s one of yours being held hostage here? What the fuck are your still standing here for? GO!”

“Indeed,” Hirotaka agreed, nodding. “It is my honor to go and assist in the rescue of Yori-sama. Thank you, Bonnie-kun. My clansmen are at your personal disposal in this battle. May honor and glory be yours.”

With that, Hirotaka dashed over the Wego perimeter, drew two katanas, and flipped over both the perimeter and the mass of lightning minions and Wego copies that were battling just beyond it. He then dashed deftly through a nearby doorway.

Monique returned to firing arrows into the mass of lightning minions, but took a moment to smile at Bonnie. “You remember when you, Kim, and I fought like cats and dogs over that man?”

Bonnie smirked at that as she continued firing her pistols into the fray. “Do you blame us?”

“Hell, naw!” Monique laughed before turning back to the task at hand.

Kim Possible and Shego ran through the corridor. As lightning minions greeted them, the two heroines danced a beautiful, deadly, coordinated dance through the opposition. Kim’s athletic grace
and precision strikes served as the perfect set-up for Shego’s vicious aggressiveness and sheer power. Had there been any third-party observers to the fights, they would have wondered why the minions even tried. None of them were quick enough to land a blow on either Kim or Shego. And the way that the two women moved in perfect harmony, perfect tandem, perfect opposition, as if they were telepathically communicating through their very motions, would have instantly demoralized any sane opposition. Unfortunately for the opposition, they were emotionless automatons immune to fear, fear that might have given them a chance to avoid destruction.

As Kim and Shego cut a swath through each group of minions, each of them could see the proverbial fire burning the other’s eyes. They were finally feeling it again, after almost a year. They were feeling the thrill of the challenge that they had only ever previously felt fighting each other in battle. The two women had long since resigned themselves to the idea that now that they loved each other and were on the same side, they would never feel that rush again. But now... now, in the midst of the swarms of minions pouring out against them, they could feel it. The sensual thrill as their bodies twisted and turned around each other, the exhilaration of the challenge that only the two of them could possibly meet, the joy of meeting that challenge and beating it with only their wits and their skills. And each other.

In a way, the thrill was similar to the kind they had felt when fighting each other. But it was also different. It was different in that they were not challenging each other; they were learning to rely on each other to overcome a challenge great enough to test the both of them put together.

And both women were loving every second of it.

Having finished off another group of minions, Kim and Shego hit the floor in perfect unison and sprinted forward through the large, open double doors in front of them. Once inside, they saw the large doomsday device... the silo of dangerous-looking missiles. In front of the device stood Monkey Fist and Electronique.

Kim glared at the two villains with a stony, grim expression. Shego’s expression was far more feral and expectant. Both held their battle stances, ready to act at a moment’s notice.

_Twitch, bitch_, Shego thought to herself. _Just breath the wrong way. Please, I beg you, give me a fucking excuse to unload. You hurt my Kimmie in a way I will never, ever forgive._

“Ah, welcome, Kim Possible and Sheila Goldberg,” Electronique cooed pleasantly. “Welcome to my humble abode. I am so pleased that you accepted my invitation.”

“You killed my boyfriend,” Kim growled. “Then you destroyed almost everything that was precious in my life. My friendships, the faith of my loved ones. Shego is the only reason I’ve been able to cling on to a wire. How could we not accept your gracious invitation?”

“Well,” Electronique replied thoughtfully, tapping her chin. “You might have refused, expecting this to be a trap. Of course, it is. Yet you came anyway. That makes me so happy.”

“Yeah, we knew it was a trap, Electronique!” Shego growled, her hands enveloped in bright green flames. “It was too damned obvious. What sort of trap did you have planned for us, anyway?”

Monkey Fist laughed heartily. “Let us show it to you rather than explain it to you,” he cackled.

“Yes,” Electronique purred, removing a remote control from her pocket. “Let us show you how I will channel the Mystical Monkey Powers into my lieutenants so as to destroy the rest of your precious team.”
“Yes! Let us... what?” Monkey Fist paused, staring at Electronique in disbelief as he suddenly realized what the villainess had just said.

But it was already too late. Before Kim, Shego, or Monkey Fist could react, Electronique pressed a button on the remote control. Dozens of tendrils suddenly shot out from a nearby cabinet-like device and ensnared Monkey Fist before he could move. Monkey Fist’s eyes lit up with an unholy blue light as the tendrils snapped him back into the coffin-like cabinet. With Monkey Fist thoroughly ensnared, the chamber began to pump a massive amount of electricity through Monkey Fist’s body.

“Not on my fucking watch, you’re not!” Shego yelled as she began to throw volleys of plasma blasts at the chamber ensnaring Monkey Fist. However the plasma blasts bounced harmlessly off of an invisible barrier surrounding the chamber.

“Like my new anti-plasma force field technology?” Electronique cooed pleasantly. “A fairly recent development of mine. Made especially for you, Shego. You should be flattered.”

Kim ran across the room towards the chamber while Shego scowled at Electronique. Kim could see Monkey Fist’s body convulsing violently within the grips of the tendril. She could smell the acrid scent of burnt flesh and fried hair. She had to get to chamber and use the strength of Centurion battle suit to rip Monkey Fist out of there before he died!

As she closed in on the chamber, though, Kim felt herself slow to a dead stop. She was then sent hurtling across the room, smacking violently into Shego in the process.

“Oh, I forgot to mention,” Electronique laughed. “The force field absorbs and reflects kinetic energy. I suppose that would have been useful to know.”

In one final, primal scream, Monkey Fist’s skin turned a pale blue and a bright blue aura erupted around his body. He attempted to use the strength of the Mystical Monkey Power to rip himself free, but it was to no avail. Monkey Fist’s last thought, before he finally died from acute electrocution, was admitting to himself that he was indeed not the intended Mystical Monkey Master. Ron Stoppable had been.

Electronique laughed maniacally as Monkey Fist’s body slumped lifelessly in the tendril chamber. But the blue aura of the Mystical Monkey Power never faded. Instead, it began to filter up into the chamber and out through three very large and obvious electrical cables leading off to who knows where.

Kim and Shego lay on the ground, nearby, watching in horror as the Mystical Monkey Power channeled off into three different directions.

“What is going to happen now?” Kim asked dreadfully, holding onto Shego’s hand as she knelt back up into a battle stance.

Monique and Bonnie were now back to back, each of them firing their respective weapons into the fray of lightning minions. Nearby, Señor Senior Señor Junior danced and frolicked through the mass of minions, knocking several in each turn and twist as if it were a casual accident. Meanwhile, dozens of ninjas and dozens of Wego copies mixed it up with lightning minions. Now that Bonnie and the Yamanouchi Clan had joined the fray, the tide was turning in favor of the heroes.

Suddenly, a roar ripped through the hangar. A side door opened and revealed a gargantuan, reptilian figure. It was a lightning automaton, like much of what Monique and Bonnie were fighting. But it
was easily the size of a basketball court and reptilian in shape. As it emerged into the main hangar chamber, it spread its electrical wings wide and roared mightily.

“TTTTEEEESSSSLLLLAAAAASSSSAAAAUUUURRRRR!”

“Oh, shit,” Bonnie breathed, her eyes wide from the sight of the creature in front of her.

Monique didn’t say a word. She simply stared at the creature.

Why was it glowing a pale blue color?

The Teslasaur glanced down at the two women and growled deeply. It was a deep, hollow, unnatural, electric growl. Then it spread its wings and took flight, flying out of the hangar and into the sky.

Reason finally returned to Monique. She tapped the Kimmunicator unit in her Valkyrie battle suit glove and shouted into it. “FELIX! YOU’VE GOT INCOMING! BIG AND NASTY!”

“I see it,” Felix’s voice replied. “Yeah, big and nasty is a good description. Zita and I will keep it occupied. You guys keep doing what you’re doing.”

“Right,” Monique said, calming down visibly as she tapped the Kimmunicator off.

“Well,” Bonnie sighed, firing several more shots into nearby lightning hounds. “At least we don’t have something like that gunning for us.”

As if to correct Bonnie, a large figure erupted from the floor near Bonnie and Monique. It was humanoid and looked very much like a lightning henchman. However, it was easily twelve feet tall and nearly as wide. It, too, crackled of untapped energy and glowed a pale blue color.

“GIGAWATT!” the large figure screamed, flexing into its primal war cry.

“You just had to open your mouth, didn’t you, Bon-Bon,” Monique breathed, taking several steps back away from Gigawatt.

Bonnie bit her lower lip as she inched away from Gigawatt right beside Monique. “Um, yeah, I did. My bad.”

As Mego, Yori, Will Du, and Rufus ran down the corridor towards the doomsday device chamber, Mego rounded a corner and screamed. Before the others could reach the corner, Mego sprinted back around the corner, his face white as a ghost.

Yori blinked at this. “What is it, Mego-san?”

“You... you don’t want to know,” Mego stammered, sprinting clumsily behind Yori and Will Du.

That was more than enough information for Will Du to understand that he needed to have his pistol cocked and ready to fire. Both he and Yori dropped into a battle stance for whatever it was the heroes were about to see.

They did not wait long. A tall figure strode confidently around the corner towards the heroes. It looked much like a lightning henchmen. However, it was a head and shoulder taller than a normal lighting henchman and much more slender... almost athletic in its build and grace. And it gripped two wicked looking scimitars made of pure lightning, one for each hand.
“VOLTAR!” the figure hissed menacingly in a hollow, electronic voice.

“Let us do battle, then, Voltar-san,” Yori replied, drawing her two ninja-to swords and stepping forward. “You shall not keep us from your vile mistress. It shall be my honor to put you down like the lifeless machine that you are.”

“And she’s not going to do it alone,” Will Du growled, standing up in a stiff sideways stance and taking aim with his pistol.

“Um, yeah, what they said,” Mego added, finally regaining his composure. “I’m not going to let you frighten me. We’re taking you down. You’re not beating Team Possible.”

“Uh-huh!” Rufus squeaked in agreement. “Grrrrrrrr!”

Voltar simply gazed unemotionally at the four heroes for a moment before erupting into a primal scream. A blue aura erupted around Voltar while the sounds of hundred of primal simians began to chitter in the distance.

“No!” Yori breathed in disbelief, her eyes going wide.

“What?” Will Du asked, glancing warily at his erstwhile lover. “What is it, Yori?”

“Voltar-san...,” Yori hissed, grinding her teeth in barely restrained anger. “Voltar-san... has the Mystical Monkey Power.”

“That’s bad, isn’t it?” Mego asked, stepping up beside the two other heroes.

“Yes, it is,” Will Du sighed. “It is very bad.”

In the doomsday device chamber, Electronique laughed maniacally at the holographic video displays that had popped up near the top of the missile silo. Each screen showed a different scene. Teslasaur giving chase to the Firebird. Gigawatt lumbering towards Monique and Bonnie. Voltar leaping into the fray of Will Du, Yori, and Mego. Kim and Shego could only watch in horror at the sights on the screens.

“You see, I have been planning this for well over a year,” Electronique explained. “When I first discovered the existence of the Mystical Monkey Power, I knew I had to have it. But I knew I had to kill every known person attuned to it. So I started with Ron Stoppable. I knew killing him would be easy. But I knew that his share of the Power would transfer to Monkey Fist. So I worked to gain his confidence and trust so that I could kill him, as well.”

Electronique turned towards the two heroines in the room and sneered at them. “Kim Possible was supposed to be incapacitated by grief and isolation, unable to interfere with my plans. But you had to enter the equation, didn’t you, Shego? Who would have ever thought that the world’s greatest thief would fall in love with the one woman who could beat her in a fight? That required some adjustments to my plan, adjustments that took well over six months to implement.”

Electronique then turned to a nearby control panel and brought up another screen. This one was filled with technical schematics and data. “You see, with my genius in electronics, building my lightning minions was sheer simplicity. But they lacked a certain... spark. I could build an army of minions, but they would still be no match for the likes of you two. But then it occurred to me.”

Electronique turned back to Kim and Shego. “I had originally intended to claim the entirety of the
Mystical Monkey Power for myself. But what if I shared that power with particularly strong lightning minions specifically designed to house such power. Even if I possessed only one-quarter of the totality of the Mystical Monkey Power, I would still be strong enough to easily overpower the likes of you. And I would have three minions who could do the same. In case you brought friends.”

“You are a sick, sick woman,” Kim growled, getting up to her feet.

“Being under the sway of an attitudinator will do that to a woman, wouldn’t you agree, Shego?” Electronique laughed.

Shego stood up next to Kim. “While I’ll agree that I hated every second of being under that attitudinator effect, doing things the real me would never think of doing, I also have to admit that it opened my eyes to how much Kimmie here and I have in common. In a weird, sick sort of way, I guess I have to thank you for hooking us up.”

“Too bad the two of you will not live long enough to thank me properly,” Electronique laughed.

Suddenly, bolts of lightning shot out of nowhere and enveloped Electronique. Electronique rose into the air, cackling maniacally as a pale blue aura began to emanate from her.

“Oh, no!” Kim whispered, horrified.

“Isn’t...,” Shego asked, dropping into a battle stance, “Isn’t that... the same aura that Stoppable had when he... when he kicked the shit out of the Lowardians?”

“Yeah, it is...,” Kim breathed in way of a response. “And we’re in trouble. We’re all in trouble.”

Electronique grinned viciously down at Kim and Shego. “I... HAVE... THE POWER!”

Shego’s face scrunched into a sneer. “You couldn’t think of anything more original to say than that?”

“AND WITH THIS POWER,” Electronique continued. “I WILL DESTROY YOU!”

Both Kim and Shego broke into a dodge just as Electronique dove to attack them.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN]
“Santa Madre de Dios!” Special Agent Hector Delgado breathed as the dragon-like lightning creature erupted from the top of the hangar tower. It spread its wings... a span that could easily cover a football field... and roared mightily. The blue aura that emanated from the creature was eerie... nearly as eerie as the sound of thousands of primal simians that suddenly filled the air.

“Yeah, what you just said,” Dr. Betty Director, leader of the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, said, staring at the creature in awe. “With a healthy serving of ‘Holy Shit’ on top of it. Does that thing have the Mystical Monkey Power?”

“I’m afraid it does,” Wade Load’s voice suddenly cut in from a speaker in front of Delgado. “I’ve been monitoring all of the Team Possible combatants. I just found out that Electronique killed Monkey Fist and siphoned the Mystical Monkey Power into herself and three lieutenant-grade lightning henchmen. That creature you’re seeing, the Teslasaur, is just one of them. Monique, Bonnie, Junior, and the Weegs are facing another one, a brute calling itself the Gigawatt, while Yori, Will Du, Meeg, and Rufus are facing a ninja-style one calling itself the Voltar.”

“Where are Kim and Shego?” Betty asked, turning to her right to shoot down a lightning henchman who proved stupid enough to get within firing range of the veteran Global Justice agent. She somehow knew she wasn’t going to like the answer.

Delgado was doing everything he could to keep the boat that they were in steady and moving.

“In the main chamber of the lair, where both Electronique and the doomsday device are located,” Wade’s voice replied. “By themselves.”

“That’s sure as Hell not going to fly on my watch,” Betty snapped, turning back to the dashboard of the boat. “Are the boys ready for their role in the battle?”

“Ready!” came the voice of Tim Possible, one of Kim Possible’s younger brothers, through the speaker.

“And rarin’ to go!” added the voice of Jim Possible, the other younger brother and twin to Tim.

“Has Mr. Load given you the two coordinates that you need?” Betty asked.

“He sure has,” Tim replied. “They’re locked in and ready to go.”

“Don’t worry, Dr. Director,” Jim added. “We’ve perfected this device since we tested it on Shego’s car back before Valentine’s Day. This’ll work.”

“Good,” Betty smiled humorlessly. “Let’s drop our secret weapon into the war zone, then.”

Suddenly, a beam of white energy shot up into the sky from the Possible residence north of Vancouver. It sped up at lightning speed through the stratosphere and hit a satellite in orbit around the Earth. The satellite channeled the beam and shot it back down to Earth in two different directions. One beam connected on a target within the Crate, the Global Justice-ran superprison in the Everglades in southern Florida. The other beam shot into Electronique’s lair in the middle of the Hudson Bay in northern Canada.
“Let’s see how this baby really flies,” Felix Renton, resident mechanical genius and pilot for Team Possible, smiled. Pulling onto the flight controls, Felix brought the Firebird, the Team Possible transport and combat jet, into a sharp upward arc, narrowly avoiding the vicious bite of the Teslasaur.

“Okay, people,” Zita Flores shouted over the comlink in her ear. “Felix is going to tank this son of a bitch. I need Squads 4, 11, and 18 on DPS. I’m going to handle CC. ¡Maldita sea! I wish we had healers!”

Felix banked the Firebird to the left, dodging a lightning breath weapon from the Teslasaur. As the Firebird fled off to the east, the Teslasaur arced around and regained its pursuit of the transport jet. For good measure, Zita fired a volley of laser blasts at the Teslasaur, if for no better reason than to piss it off and keep its attention.

Down below, at the sea level, Betty growled. “Okay, people, whoever understood what Flores just said, fall in and support the Firebird!”

With that, three boats circled around and got within range so that they could hit the Teslasaur with artillery fire.

Voltar swung its two lightning swords in a perfect arc at Mego. The strikes should have connected. However, Mego was a master of dodging blows by shrinking down at the last second. Now the size of an action figure, Mego sprinted forward at the speed of sound. With a clap of sound not unlike the sound of a bullet ricochet, Mego tripped Voltar and caused the lightning creature to land on its face.

Well, Voltar would have landed in its face, had Yori not stepped in, swinging one of her ninja-to swords down, around, and up like a golf club, and clobbered Voltar on the face. This attack sent Voltar into a whiplash backwards, its back arcing in a way that would have been painful had it been capable of feeling pain.

As Voltar’s body reached a near-standing position once more, Will Du emptied several conventional rounds into its face. This caused the lightning lieutenant to stumble backwards several steps.

Then, suddenly, Voltar vanished.

“Did... did we just destroy it?” Will Du asked, looking around.

Yori narrowed her eyes and dropped into a cat-like crouch. “No, we did not, Will-kun. It is trying to use its cloaking capabilities to emulate a ninja’s stealth. Keep your eyes open.”

Will Du stepped back and started to turn around to look the other direction. But he was instead greeted by Voltar materializing in front of him. Before Will Du could react, Voltar’s hand was over Will Du’s face. Voltar slammed the Global Justice special agent head first into a nearby wall.

“Will-kun!” Yori screamed, spinning around and pouncing like a tigress at the construct.

Voltar took two steps back as Yori swung her ninja-to swords in rapid succession, narrowly missing the construct with each swipe. As Voltar stepped back, he dragged Will Du along the wall face-first.

As Yori brought her ninja-to swords in for an X-cross attack, Voltar reached up with its free hand and grabbed the blades. A quick flick of its wrist, it snapped both ninja-to blades in half. Voltar then
opened its palm in Yori’s face and fired a lightning blast at the ninja.

As Yori flew back from the force of the blast, Mego ran at sonic speed underneath Yori and attempted to trip Voltar. However, instead of falling, Voltar kicked Mego like a miniature football. Mego went flying down the corridor and landing on Yori with a thud.

Rufus stood nearby, his eyes wide. What could he do to save his friends? What?

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

As Monique and Bonnie stepped backwards away from Gigawatt, the large construct stepped towards them menacingly. Both women kept firing their weapons at Gigawatt, to no avail. And with Junior, the Wego twins, and the ninjas all engaged against the massive flow of lightning minions, it was up to the two women to face down Gigawatt.

“Wade just said that Gigawatt has one quarter of the Mystical Monkey Power,” Monique growled, nocking another arrow and firing it at the giant lightning creature.

“Isn’t that Ron’s superpower?” Bonnie hissed, emptying another clip of hollow-point shells into Gigawatt. “Fantastic. Are we going to be thrown a mile high into an alien mothership?”

“Not on my watch,” Monique replied, nocking an arrow and firing it at Gigawatt’s feet. The arrow exploded into an oily slick on the floor.

Gigawatt started to stumble, but quickly righted itself. But it stopped advancing.

“At least we have some breathing room now,” Monique sighed.

“INSOLENT WHELPS!” Gigawatt suddenly bellowed. “LET THE STORM CONSUME YOU!”

Gigawatt then flexed and arcs of electricity began to dance like tendrils all over the construct’s body. Both Bonnie and Monique felt a tingling, not unlike that of static electricity, begin to build up in the air.

“He’s about to explode!” Monique screamed.

“FRY! FRY IN THE MAKER’S STORM!” Gigawatt bellowed.

Both women dove in opposite directions just in time as a torrent of electrical energy erupted from Gigawatt, bursting like a explosive ring and thrusting outward. By hugging the ground, Bonnie and Monique narrowly avoided the attack.

Both women scrambled to their feet and looked around. Apparently, the attack didn’t project itself too far, as all of the men were still standing against the lightning minions. Bonnie and Monique turned quickly back to Gigawatt, who glared menacingly at the women.

“YOUR CHARRED HUSKS WILL SERVE AS FUEL IN OUR QUEST TO CLAIM THIS WORLD!” Gigawatt bellowed.

“You talk a lot of trash,” Bonnie smirked. “Care to actually try and deliver?”

At that, Junior ran past Bonnie in the distance, screaming incoherently, followed closely by eight or so lightning minions.

Bonnie simply hung her head.
“ARISE, SOLDIERS OF THE TEMPEST STORM!” Gigawatt bellowed, flexing its arms up and arcing electricity from its fingertips. “THE MAKER’S WILL BE DONE!”

Looking around, Bonnie and Monique watched in horror as pieces of demolished lightning minions began to reassemble themselves and reanimate with new lightning lifeforce.

“This isn’t going to end well,” Monique growled, firing an arrow at Gigawatt in an attempt to stop the reanimation of the minions.

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Kim Possible ducked and somersaulted backwards as Electronique swung a rapid punch-kick combo at the redhead hero. Shego dove in behind the villainess, attempting to capitalize on the opening. But Electronique was prepared. Electronique spun around and punched Shego in the midriff right before Shego’s plasma-sheathed fist would have connected with the villainess’ head. A quick follow-up kick sent the green-skinned hero tumbling backwards across the floor.

“So,” Electronique cackled delightedly. “This is what Tai Sheng Pek Kwar feels like! This surge of life and power is intoxicating! I love it!”

Electronique then deftly sidestepped an incoming flying kick attack from behind her by Kim. Electronique grabbed onto Kim’s ankle and spun around, using the momentum to hurl Kim across the room at Shego.

“You do what to a pecker?” Shego growled, stumbling to her feet, holding her midriff in pain. Right at that point, Kim’s body slammed into Shego’s, causing the two women to tumble painfully further away from Electronique.

Electronique laughed maniacally as she began to right up into the air. Wind began to gust violently around the room. Paper, small devices, debris, and small furniture blew through the air, forming a dangerous ring around the villainess.

“Tai Sheng Pek Kwar,” Kim added softly, standing up and helping Shego to her own feet. “It’s the mystical martial arts you have to master to be able to tap into the Mystical Monkey Powers. The statues that Ron and Monkey Fist found granted the knowledge magically.”

“Oh, fucking great,” Shego growled, looking up at Electronique. “So, you mean to tell me that not only does Electronique have all of her original powers, she has super-strength, super-agility, and enough martial arts skills to make the two of us look like kindergarten amateurs?”

“Yeah, that’s pretty much the sitch,” Kim grumbled in way of a reply.

“You think that’s going to stop us from beating this bitch like a redheaded stepchild?” Shego asked, dropping into a battle stance.

“Not a chance,” Kim replied sternly, dropping into her own battle stance. “And please don’t use that analogy again. Ever.”

“What?” Shego glanced at her lover, smirking. “You’re not a stepchild. And you were definitely never beaten... except by me.”

Kim rolled her eyes. “Whatever.”

“I am still here and very, very dangerous,” Electronique declared irritably. She then launched herself at the two heroes, landing between them.
The three women began a deadly dance the likes of which mankind should never have had to bear witness. Electronique swung, kicked, dodged, parried, feinted, and blocked at a speed that was practically inhuman, alternating between Shego and Kim in rapid succession. Each of the heroes would deftly block or dodge each blow, counter-striking after every attack. But none of the women made any headway in the battle for several minutes.

Suddenly, Electronique spun like a top with her arms extended, knocking both Kim and Shego back several dozen yards away from the villainess. The spray of electricity that had accompanied the attack stunned the two heroes, leaving them groaning on the floor.

Electronique rose up into the air once more, laughing. “And now, the coup de grace!”

A blinding flash of light and a weird “VOIP” sound interrupted Electronique’s declaration. As the villainess looked towards the center of the doomsday device chamber, the color (what little of it was there, due to her light gray complexion) drained from her face.

“You have no grace while on my watch, evil-doer!” the large, muscular, blue-clad figure now standing in the center of the room declared. “Surrender now, Electronique, or face the full wrath of Hego!”

“When in the hell...?” Shego began to ask weakly, raising her head to gawk at the sight.

“The Tweebs’... teleportation... device,” Kim muttered softly from the other side of the room. “Way... to... go..., Betty...”

“Seriously, Hego?” Electronique laughed, finally regaining her composure. “I’m fighting both Shego and Kim Possible, who are both wearing ability-enhancing battle suits, into the ground. How do you plan to...”

Before Electronique could finish her statement, a large mainframe console flew into her, driving the villainess back into a nearby wall.

Hego stood there, dusting his hands. “I’m sorry, Electronique. I was so busy throwing things at you that I didn’t quite catch what you were saying.”

The console exploded into tiny bits of debris in a violent, electrical burst. Electronique, looking extremely irate, glared down at Hego.

“You have now earned my full wrath, Hego,” Electronique hissed. “I have the Mystical Monkey Power. I will not be defeated. Not again. Not by the likes of you... or anyone!”

With that, Electronique dove down and performed a move-through attack on the large hero. The two of them flew across the room and into a nearby wall, leaving the wall in a pile of rubble.

Kim stumbled to her feet and walked over to Shego. Shego, whose healing factor was already kicking in, stood up more steadily and looked at Kim in concern. “You holding up okay, Pumpkin?”

Kim nodded, rubbing her arm painfully. “My suit has that function that helps me to recover from pain faster. So I’m okay. So not the drama. You?”

Shego nodded. “Yeah, my healing factor is keeping up with the damage so far. I’ll be scared of when the bitch really starts to unload on us.”

Suddenly, Hego went hurtling back from the hole in the wall, flying past Kim and Shego like a limp rag doll. A sickening thud reported Hego’s sudden stop at the opposite wall behind them.
“You mean, like that?” Kim asked.

“Yeah, like that,” Shego growled. She then turned to Hego. “Hey, moron! You okay?”

“Never better, Sis,” Hego replied weakly, giving Shego a thumbs up signal. “Just... just let me find my feet.”

“They’re at the ends of your legs,” Shego snarked back at her brother.

“Shego,” Kim hissed looking towards the hole in the wall.

“What?” Shego asked innocently. “I was just helping He...”

“No, look!” Kim yelled, pointing at the hole in the wall.

Shego turned around and looked at where Kim was pointing. She sighed as she saw Electronique stepping confidently out of the hole, grinning maniacally at the heroes.

“So, who’s my next dance partner?” Electronique laughed.

The Firebird lowered itself towards the water, to the point that the transport jet was leaving a wake behind it. The Teslasaur followed suit, its wings beating slowly despite the intense speed at which it was traveling.

“We need to defeat this thing somehow,” Felix grunted, pulling the controls back suddenly so as to cause the Firebird to fly almost straight up. Felix was pleased to see that the Teslasaur couldn’t react as quickly and had to circle up and around to catch back up with the transport jet. “Maybe we can trick it underwater and short it out?”

“No can-do,” Wade’s voice replied. “The force fields that are holding it together also make it waterproof. We have several squads of GJ divers who can already attest to that from the lightning minions they’re fighting.”

Felix gritted his teeth, thinking. He banked the jet to the right quickly, narrowly dodging another lightning breath attack and forcing the Teslasaur to compensate its flight once more.

“Too bad we can’t short out the circuitry that’s generating those force fields,” Zita commented from her position as co-pilot and weapons control. “That would rock.”

“Wait a minute!” Felix said suddenly, banking the jet again to confuse the creature. “Short it out. That gives me an idea. Wade, you think we could modulate the electrical flow in Electronique’s base in a certain way as to make the hangar tower into a...?”

“Great idea!” Wade’s voice began to respond. The pause spoke volumes. “Oh, my God, Felix! Why didn’t I think of that before! Let me get to work on that!”

“Please and thank you!” Felix laughed, mocking Kim Possible’s trademark expression of gratitude. “Okay, Zita, lover. Hold on tight. We need to get this thing as close to the hangar tower as we possibly can.”

With that, Felix turned the Firebird around and began a Quixote-like charge towards the hangar tower.
Will Du emptied a clip of conventional rounds into Voltar before ejecting the clip from his pistol and slamming another clip into the weapon. He then emptied that clip, as well. “I’m out of ammunition! We need to finish this quick!”

Yori and Mego were trying to keep the construct’s attention occupied with pot-shot attacks. They were also trying to avoid the creature’s grasp. It was rather difficult, in spite of Mego’s miniaturized superspeed and Yori’s ninja reflexes. More than once, Voltar had got a hold of one or the other’s ankle and slammed the hapless hero into his or her partner.

As Rufus watched, he grew angrier and angrier. He wanted so badly to help. He really, really did. But Voltar was not a synthodrone. Rufus couldn’t just bite into the creature’s big toe and watch with satisfaction as goo drained out of it.

Rufus needed a strategy for this creature. An advantage. Something. But what?

Suddenly, another figure suddenly entered the fight. As Voltar rose both Yori and Mego into the air by their throats, intent on the kill, a blur dove in from behind the lightning lieutenant. The blur knocked Voltar’s feet out from underneath it, wrapped an arm around Voltar’s neck, and supлексed Voltar’s head into the floor. Both Yori and Mego tumbled away haphazardly, falling into pained heaps nearby.

Rufus and Will Du blinked as the new figure rose to his feet and turned to look at the lightning lieutenant.

“Hirotaka-san!” Yori gasped, unsteadily rising to her feet. “I am so very glad to see you!”

At first, Hirotaka didn’t acknowledge Yori. He simply looked at Voltar queerly as the creature began to stumble to its feet. He then turned to Rufus with an equally queer look.

“Rufus-chan?” Hirotaka asked. “This creature is possessed of the Mystical Monkey Power. Why have you not claimed it?”

Rufus simply looked at Hirotaka and blinked. “Huh?”

“Hirotaka, behind you!” Will Du suddenly yelled.

Without even looking, Hirotaka snapped his hand and grabbed Voltar’s wrist as the creature attempted to attack the ninja from behind. He then spun around, throwing Voltar like a ragdoll down the hallway. Yori and Mego quickly ran down the hallway after Voltar.

Hirotaka then turned back to Rufus and Will Du. “You? Are you proficient with the tonfa?”

Will Du nodded. “I most certainly am.”

Hirotaka quickly removed to two tonfas from his belt and tossed them to Will Du. “These will not run out of ammunition, my friend. Use them with honor.”

Will Du nodded, readied the tonfas in his hands, and darted down the hallway after Voltar, Yori, and Mego.

Hirotaka then turned his attention to Rufus. “Think about it carefully, Rufus-chan. When the four Jade Monkey Statues imparted the knowledge of Tai Sheng Pek Kwar, who all were present?”

Rufus thought carefully before answering. “Ron! Fist!”
“And...?” Hirotaka pressed.

Rufus’s brow furrowed in confusion. No one else had been there. Kim had to deal with other matters while Ron had attempted to stop Monkey Fist from gaining the knowledge of Tai Sheng Pek Kwar and thus access to the Mystical Monkey Powers. So only Ron and Monkey Fist had been present.

Except...

Rufus’ eyes suddenly went wide with understanding.

“Indeed,” Hirotaka finally said, seeing that Rufus was understanding. “There was indeed a third individual present. A third individual with knowledge of Tai Sheng Pek Kwar. Now you understand what must be done.”

“Uh-huh!” Rufus saluted the ninja.

Rufus then followed Hirotaka down the hallway to the battle. With a determination that few people outside of Kim Possible and Ron Stoppable knew that the naked mole rat was capable of mustering, Rufus bounded forward past the others and into the fray.

Will Du, who had just tumbled back from being blasted by Voltar, saw Rufus run past. “Rufus! No! It’s too dangerous! Get back here!”

Voltar, who was in the process of choking the life out of Yori and Mego, glanced down at the advancing naked mole rat and laughed. Tossing the two heroes aside, Voltar crossed its arms across its chest and considered the little pet.

Rufus stood up in front of Voltar and muttered an incomprehensible stream of naked mole rat vulgarities at the creature. He then locked his eyes with what he assumed to be Voltar’s eyes. He then began to concentrate.

Voltar began to laugh humorlessly at the display. Until a stream of glowing blue energy began to drift from the construct to the naked mole rat.

“What... in... the... world...?” Will Du started to ask.

“Rufus-chan?” Yori asked, slowly sitting up from off of the floor. “Of course! Why did I not think of that! Rufus-chan was also present when the Jade Monkey Statues imparted their knowledge of Tai Sheng Pek Kwar. He too is attuned to the Mystical Monkey Power!”

Voltar rose its hands in an attempt to blast the naked mole rat with a stream of electricity. But Hirotaka caught the creature before it could begin the attack, pinning it in a painful armlock instead.

For several minutes, Rufus stood there in front of Voltar, siphoning the Mystical Monkey Power out of the construct and into himself. Voltar, paralyzed by Hirotaka’s attack, could only convulse slightly as the Power was slowly drained out of it.

Finally, Rufus rose up into the air, a hurricane of wind forming around him and Voltar. As the last of the Mystical Monkey Power in Voltar trickled over into the naked mole rat, Rufus screamed a primal scream and lunged at the construct. Grabbing Voltar by the neck, Rufus spun it around and threw it into the nearby wall. Voltar went crashing through several walls and several chambers before finally coming to a stop.

As Voltar picked itself back up onto its feet, it considered what it saw in front of it. Rufus still stood in midair, his normally pink, hairless body a pulsing blue color. Yori and Hirotaka stepped up to one
side of Rufus, dropping into martial battle stances. Mego stepped up to the other side of Rufus, cracking his knuckles. Will Du stepped up beside Mego, dropping into a martial stance of his own.

“The odds just fell into our favor, monster,” Mego smiled. “Care to reconsider your options?”

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“You got it, Wade!” Kim replied as she dove into a tumble, narrowly dodging one of Electronique’s attacks.

As Electronique stalked closer to Kim, a plasma blast caused the villainess to stumble a step. Electronique spun around to see Shego, bloodied and sour, glaring at her.

“That’s my Kimmie,” Shego growled. “Only I get to spank her. And only at night. When no one is watching. Except the rat. The rat can watch. That kinda turns me on, actually.”

Electronique screamed and fired an intense blast of lightning at Shego, which the ex-villainess narrowly dodged.

As Electronique’s attention was diverted, Kim stumbled towards Hego. Hego, who was finally picking himself up onto his feet, glanced at Kim.

“Hego, I need you to do something,” Kim whispered. “It’s something that probably only you would survive.”

“And what is that, Miss Possible?” Hego asked softly.

Meanwhile, Electronique continued to fire blast after blast of lightning at Shego. Shego continued to dodge, dive, and tumble out of the way of each one, slowly gaining ground on the villainess.

“HOLD STILL SO I CAN KILL YOU!” Electronique screamed. And then something occurred to her. “Or come closer and taste the fruits of the Mystical Monkey Power.”

Shego paused and narrowed her eyes at Electronique. That statement certainly encouraged Shego to reconsider her tactic of closing in on the villainess and choking the life out of her.

As Electronique and Shego stood, glaring at each other, Kim struck with a flying kick attack across Electronique’s face. Shego merely grunted and popped her neck, stepping back to allow her healing factor to kick in.

Kim tumbled through the attack and spun back into a battle stance while Electronique bounced and rolled across the floor into a nearby wall.

“You’ve already done enough killing, Electronique,” Kim hissed. “I’m putting you down before you can kill again.”

Electronique was quickly back onto her feet and grinning maniacally at Kim. “I would love to see you try, little girl.”

Kim brought her feet up, each in turn, and tapped her toes on the floor. The soles of her boots began to glow a soft blue glow. She then narrowed her eyes at Electronique. Bursting forward at a surprisingly swift speed, Kim punched Electronique with a vicious move-by attack. Before Electronique could regain her bearings, Kim swept back in with a second move-by punch. A third move-by punch within a mere second knocked Electronique completely off of her feet.
Before Kim could perform a fourth attack, Electronique screamed in rage and exploded in a burst of electrical energy. This knocked Kim off of her speed shoes enhanced feet, causing the redheaded hero to tumble violently across the floor and slam into a mainframe console.

“You THINK TO PUT ME DOWN LIKE A RABID DOG?” Electronique screamed. “I WILL... no! No! NOOOO!”

Shego, frowning from her place over to the side of the battle, followed Electronique’s suddenly shifted gaze to the doomsday device. Shego refused to fight off the knowing smirk that splashed across her face as she saw her brother, Hego, standing there with his fist drawn back.

“FOR JUSTICE!” Hego bellowed before plunging his fist deep into the console of the missile silo.

Kim was quickly across the floor of the chamber, scooping Shego into her arms. With all of the velocity that her speed shoes enhanced boots could muster, Kim ran for the chamber doors.

Just as the explosion from the laser cannon-like device rocked the lair.

Junior and Gigawatt stood, their hands locked, glaring into each other’s eyes. Bonnie could not have been prouder of her husband than at that moment. Somehow, the man’s ADD had saved the women. After tripping over the remains of a lightning henchman, Junior had gotten the bright idea of trying on the breastplate, greaves, and bracers, as they surely would have made him cut a dashing figure. He then discovered that the armor could absorb electrical attacks so as to reactivate and enhance the armor’s force field systems. Now, Junior stood before the huge monster, locked in a wrestling move against it, using his armor’s force fields to attempt the match Gigawatt’s strength. Despite Gigawatt’s access to the Mystical Monkey Powers, Junior was making a fair go at it.

Junior’s knowledge of Pankration, a form of Greek wrestling, didn’t hurt, either.

As Bonnie and Monique continued to pump bullets and arrows into Gigawatt in the hopes of breaching its armor and inflicting damage, the whole hangar suddenly shook. Violently.

“What was that?” Monique gasped, trying to maintain her footing.

That’s when the lights went out.

As Monique looked around, the hundreds of lightning minions in the room dropped like flies, their lightning flesh dissipating in puffs of smoke and their armor clattering around on the floor. Soon, Gigawatt was the only lightning creature still standing.

But it was obvious that whatever happened to the lightning minions also affected Gigawatt. Gigawatt bellowed out in pain as it stumbled backwards. Junior used the opportunity to grab onto the creature’s wrists and fling it over his shoulders, throwing Gigawatt across the room and into the far wall.

“That is for deigning to lay a hand on my Beautiful Blossom of the Summer!” Junior yelled at the creature.


“What just happened, though,” Monique asked. “I... the only reasons we can see in here is because of the open hatch at the top of the hangar and the glow off of Gigawatt’s body. Nothing electronic is working now. Not even my Kimmunicator.”
“Someone must have thrown an EMP attack at us or something,” Bonnie muttered.

“An electro-magnetic pulse?” Monique asked for clarification. “Well, whatever it was, it just gave us the advantage. If it weakened Gigawatt, I’m happy.”

Monique then smiled, drawing her bow back with an arrow already nocked.

With that, Junior, Bonnie, and Monique slowly advanced on Gigawatt, with almost 200 Wego copies and several dozen ninjas following suit.

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“Um, Felix, what are you doing?” Zita asked carefully.

“Playing a game of Chicken,” Felix smirked from his position at the pilot’s station.

“Um, with a stationary hangar tower?” Zita asked incredulously, turning to stare at her fiancé.

“Just watch and see,” Felix laughed. “By the way, strap yourself in and reroute the Firebird’s anti-graviton generators for internal projection. Otherwise, the G’s that I’m about to generate from my next maneuver are going to kill us.”

“Um, right,” Zita replied, turning back to her weapons station to enter in the necessary commands.

Just as the Firebird reached the hangar tower, Felix yanked the flight control back violently, causing the Firebird to shoot straight up with a nearly 90 degree angle.

The Teslasaur, which was in close pursuit of the Firebird, could not perform the same acute maneuver that the Firebird could. The creature went crashing into the hangar tower with a violent explosion of electricity.

Just as the electro-magnetic pulse that Wade had programmed and that Hego’s attack had activated exploded through the lair.

As the Global Justice agents on the nearby boats watched in dismay as their boats sputtered to a halt and their instruments went dark, they watched as the army of lightning henchmen on hoverboards died off and fell into the water. Cheers erupted amongst the GJ agents as the Teslasaur exploded in a spectacular display of electrical pyrotechnics. And eerie blue energy drifted out from where the Teslasaur had been and then sank into the water.

On a nearby boat, Betty breathed a sigh of relief. Wade had warned her that the electro-magnetic pulse going to be set off and that the result would be a black-out amongst the heroes and their communications. But if the fate of the Teslasaur was of any consideration, things were starting to look up for the heroes. Finally.

The Firebird, which had survived the electro-magnetic pulse by virtue of the fact that it was flying upward at supersonic speeds when the explosion occurred, swooped down and across the sea level battlefield, eliciting another round of cheers from the GJ agents present.

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A blast of plasma energy quickly cleared the debris from in front of the chamber door, allowing Shego and Kim to step back into the chamber. The two women glanced around at the utter devastation, marveling at the wreckage.
“Do you think Electronique survived this blast?” Shego asked warily.

“If Hego survived it, Electronique probably survived it,” Kim sighed. “But they’re both probably hurting pretty badly right now.”

Shego nodded. “Let’s find Hego and then Electronique,” Shego muttered. She was worried about her brother now. She still hated him with a passion unknown to mankind. But she also loved him and she didn’t want him to die.

Kim nodded and stepped up to the shambled remains of the missile silo, lifting and clearing the debris as best as she could, despite her battle suit being knocked out of commission. Shego, who possessed super-strength of her own, quickly joined her lover and began lifting larger portions of debris.

Soon, they uncovered Hego, who sat up groggily. He looked fairly badly injured, but alive.

“Hego, you damned stupid lug,” Shego breathed, trying to disguise the relief in her voice. “Can’t you fucking do anything without nearly killing yourself?”

Hego smiled knowingly at his caustic sister. “True heroes sacrifice their lives for the people that they love,” he smirked.

Shego rolled her eyes, knowing that Hego was using her own words against her.

Kim simply chuckled and shook her head. “Well, let’s find Electronique’s body and try to get out of here.”

“I’m right here, darlings!” a raspy voice declared from behind the two women.

Hego’s eyes went wide. He suddenly took his two large hands and threw both Kim and Shego off to the sides as Electronique pounced onto the large hero.

“DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK ME TO BUILD THAT ELECTRO WAVE MANIPULATOR!?! TO BUILD MY MINIONS!??” Electronique screamed. “I WILL MAKE YOU PAY!!! I WILL MAKE YOU ALL PAY!!!”

With that, Electronique planted the palm of her hand on Hego’s chest and discharged everything she could muster into the large hero.

“HEGO!” Shego screamed, reaching out to her brother in vain.

Kim stood up and attempted to run at Electronique, but tripped on her own two feet as she discovered that the EMP pulse had knocked out her speed boots.

“Do you know what happens when hundreds of thousands of amps of electricity pass through the heart, Hego?” Electronique growled.

Hego’s eyes grew wide and dilated as his body convulsed violently.

“That’s right, Hego,” Electronique purred. “The heart goes into cardiac arrest.”

Electronique suddenly found herself blasted off of Hego with a powerful bolt of plasma.

“GET OFF OF MY GOD-DAMNED BROTHER, YOU FUCKING BITCH!” Shego screamed.

Kim ran over to Hego and checked his pulse. “No,” she whispered to herself. “No, no, no!”
Shego’s eyes grew wide in disbelief as she considered Kim’s reaction. She then turned to Electronique with a scowl on her face.

“What?” Electronique shrugged. “After taking the brunt of that explosion like he did, did you honestly expect him to survive an attack from me?”

“You’re going to fucking pay for this, Electronique,” Shego hissed as Kim stood up and took a battle stance next to her lover.

“I’m going to hold you down while Shego pummels you into a coma,” Kim growled.

“And that coma is if Kimmie manages to stop me before I pummel you to death,” Shego added, clenching and unclenching her plasma-enshrouded fists.

Electronique chuckled. “My master plan may be undone, but I still possess the Mystical Monkey Power. So, come at me, sisters. See if you can overcome my power!”

With that, Kim and Shego leapt to the attack.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT]
“YOU SHALL ALL PERISH IN THE CLEANSING STORM!” Gigawatt bellowed. It slammed its two hamfists onto the floor in front of it, knocking several dozen Wego copies and HenchCo henchmen off of their feet with the resultant electrically charged shockwave.

“Gigawatt is still kicking our asses even after that EMP pulse,” Bonnie Rockwall-Senior, aka Señora Senior Junior, snarled, firing several hollow-point rounds into the towering brute of a lightning construct to no avail.

“I’ve got an idea,” Monique replied. “But I need him occupied.”

Bonnie brushed the grips of her two pistols along her belt, thereby putting fresh clips into them. “Keeping him occupied is about all we’ve managed to pull off so far, so... um... sure, why not?”

Señor Senior Junior was once more standing with the two women. They had all discovered shortly after the EMP pulse that his new “battle armor” had shorted out along with all of the other lightning minions, so the women wanted Junior behind them where he was safe. The Wego copies and the ninjas handled the melee while Bonnie and Monique handled the ranged attacks.

Monique narrowed her eyes at Gigawatt as her fingers danced nimbly across the miniature control panel that served as her belt buckle. A whir and a click emanated from her quiver and Monique drew the newly assembled arrow out of said quiver. She then nocked the arrow, drew back her composite longbow, and let the arrow fly.

Monique was an excellent marksman. Kim had seen that on that cold March morning several months ago when Monique had been trying to use recreational archery to clear her head and come to terms with her role on Team Possible. That marksman’s aim served Monique well here. The arrow hit true, clocking Gigawatt straight on the forehead.

And shocking the creature, causing it to convulse.

“Monique! Are you fucking nuts?” Bonnie screamed, staring at her ex-schoolmate in disbelief. “That thing FEEDS off of electricity. Your taser arrows are going to MAKE IT STRONGER!”

Monique ignored Bonnie. Instead, she nocked and fired a second taser arrow, then a third, then a fourth, then a fifth... She kept firing one right after the other in rapid succession.

Bonnie could only watch in horror as Monique kept firing the taser arrows, hitting her mark each time, causing Gigawatt to pause and exalt in the fresh surge of energy, each arrow causing the construct to grow brighter and brighter...

That’s when it hit Bonnie.

“You’re going to overload the battery,” she breathed in disbelief. She then laughed. “You’re going to fucking feed him until he explodes!”

Monique smiled knowingly, never once ceasing her rapid succession of taser arrows.

Bonnie turned to the ninjas nearby. “You there! I need you to figure out a way to...” She paused and looked around. “Wait. Can any of you reach those power mains on the ceiling over there?”

“It would be our honor to do so, Senior-sama,” the nearest ninja declared before over a dozen of
them tumbled past the creature.

Suddenly, Gigawatt found itself not only facing the Wego copies’ relentless assaults and Monique’s taser arrows, but also several dozen ninjas pushing the offensive. The ninjas who had tumbled past Gigawatt leapt up toward some power lines skirting the ceiling and severed them in several different locations... causing the lines to drape from the ceiling. The Wego copies and the rest of the ninjas pushed Gigawatt into the lines as Monique continued her assault.

“I don’t get it,” Monique said without missing a beat in her attack. “The EMP pulse knocked out the power. How is that going to help...?”

“Wait for it...,” Bonnie smiled, training her pistols and resuming her attacks on Gigawatt.

Suddenly, the power to the tower kicked back on. When it did, Gigawatt found itself caught within the tangles of the draping power lines. The monster began to convulse uncontrollably.

“What the...?” Monique breathed.

“EMP pulses only disable major power systems for a short while, depending on their strength,” Bonnie explained while still firing her pistols. “Minor shit like the lightning henchmen are probably permanently fried, but the electrical infrastructure to the lair... not so much.”

As Gigawatt continued to convulse, the Weegs and the ninjas continued their assault, keeping the monster in place. Monique continued to pummel it with taser arrows, amplifying the electrical discharge from the power lines. Bonnie continued to fire her pistols, keeping the monster off balance. Finally, Gigawatt’s glow grew so bright that the heroes all had to cover their eyes to avoid the pain. The armor holding Gigawatt’s force fields together first cracked, then shattered. With a primal scream, Gigawatt exploded in a pyrotechnic display of electrical discharge. It was all the Wego copies could do to shield everyone else from the resultant explosion.

Then the power flickered out again.

“Well, so much for the lights,” Bonnie muttered as Junior helped her to feet.

As the smoke cleared, Monique glanced around in a panic.

“William!” Monique screamed. “Edward!”

“We’re okay, ‘Nique,” one of the Wego twins’ voices rang out.

As Monique spun around, she saw the Wego twins. All of the copies had apparently been dismissed, whether by obliteration or not Monique didn’t know. Only the two original Wego twins remained standing, scorched from the explosion but otherwise no worse for the wear. William and Edward stumbled into each other, shoulder-to-shoulder, for support. They looked at Monique with weak smiles.

“Oh, my God!” Monique breathed, running to her ‘husbands.’ The three of them stood there in a deep embrace, each of them happy that each of the other two were still alive.


Junior blinked, looking at the loving trio. “Oh, yes. It reminds me of the time Father and I vacationed at the Beach of Famara on the island of Lanzarote. The brilliant colors of the sunset over the ocean
horizon was...”

Bonnie elbowed Junior playfully and smirked. “No, I mean the way they’re behaving! Kinda reminds me of how I fuss over you after you’ve pulled something stupid.”

Junior looked at Monique and the Wego twins again and then chuckled, scratching the back of his head. “Well, yes, I do suppose it does look like that.”

Bonnie chuckled and stood up on her tip-toes to kiss the bottom of Junior’s chin affectionately. “I love you, you big, sexy lug.”

Junior could only smile lovingly back down at his beautiful wife.

Voltar ducked and weaved between the four combatants that it faced. It was easily faster than the Global Justice special agent, Will Du. It even managed to out-maneuver the Yamanouchi ninjas, Yori and Hirotaka, and the shrinking speedster, Mego. It’s true opponent, if one could believe it, was the naked mole rat, Rufus. Rufus had just stolen its share of the Mystical Monkey Power. Voltar was powerful in its own right, even without the Mystical Monkey Power. But the Mystical Monkey Power made the naked mole rat a near equal to the lightning construct.

The kata of dodges, feints, blocks, and counterstrikes were wearing down its opponents, Voltar knew. But its own defenses were weakening, as well. And Rufus was relentless! More than once, the naked mole rat had got a hold on a wrist or an ankle and threw Voltar into a door or a wall as if it were a baseball bat that had struck a batter out.

Realizing it needed to command the battle, Voltar jumped back into a nearby shadow and cloaked.

The five heroes were immediately together, back-to-back with each other. As they glanced warily around themselves, Rufus chittered angrily.

“Breath,” Mego admonished himself. “Stay calm, Myron. You’re a hero. Heroes handle these sorts of things all day long.”

“It’s healthy to be afraid,” Will Du corrected. “Just channel that fear productively and don’t let it blind you.”

“Indeed,” Yori agreed. “This Voltar is formidable indeed. Had it been an human warrior rather than a heartless machine, it would have been an honor to engage it in battle.”

“I agree,” Hirotaka concurred.

“Grrrrrr!” Rufus said simply.

“We just need to keep our eyes open,” Mego said, more to himself than anyone else, “and not let anything freak us...”

At that point, an explosion rocked the lair to its core and the lights flicked off.

“HOLY FUCKING SHIT, WE’RE ALL GOING TO DIE!” Mego screamed.

Rufus tapped into his portion of the Mystical Monkey Power, the portion he had just stolen from Voltar, and rose up into the air. His body glowed a faint blue color, providing a minimal amount of light for the heroes to see by.
Suddenly, Voltar lunged forward and struck!

The melee between Voltar and the five heroes began anew, every bit as intensely as before. But now the lighting put Voltar at the advantage. With Rufus and Voltar as the only sources of light, the other four heroes were hard pressed to keep up with the melee. The battle raged for several more minutes until finally Hirotaka landed in a battle crouch nearby.

“Yori-sama!” Hirotaka suddenly yelled. “Mangūsu Tokei Za Sunēku!”

“Hai!” Yori yelled back.

Yori grabbed Will Du and Hirotaka grabbed Mego and the four heroes disappeared into the nearby darkness.

That left just Rufus and Voltar, standing there, staring at each other as if in some sort of Mexican standoff.

“It would appear that your friends have abandoned you,” Voltar said in a menacing, electronic voice. “It is dark, I am strong, and you are flesh and weak. You shall lose and I shall prevail.”

Rufus simply floated in place, glaring at Voltar and chittering in aggravation.

“And now,” Voltar said, smoothly hauling its hand back, “you die.”

At that, Voltar stumbled back a step and its ethereal electrical eyes went wide. “What the...???”

“Now, Yori-sama!” Hirotaka yelled while he held fast to Voltar’s offending arm.

As Rufus grinned maniacally at the monster, Yori leapt over the naked mole rat, ninja-to swords drawn, and landed feet-first on Voltar’s shoulders. With one deft motion, Yori completely severed Voltar’s head from its shoulders and then backflipped away. Voltar’s body began to convulse and spark violently at that point. Hirotaka took a step back, putting Voltar’s body further off-balance, right before Mego’s shrunk form ricocheted off a nearby wall and slammed into Voltar’s body.

Voltar’s body tumbled wildly down the hallway. As it did, Will Du stepped from the shadows and glared at the villain. “I lied earlier. I have one bullet left.”

With that, Will Du drew his pistol, aimed, and shot. His shot was answered with a violent explosion from Voltar’s body, the shockwaves from which were narrowly avoided by a shimmering blue force field that Rufus threw up around the heroes at the last second.

“Good thing all of us can kick butt with just our powers and training,” Mego smiled. “Come on, let’s go save Kim and Shego!”

Another explosion rocked the lair, causing the heroes to stumble slightly.

“Now what?” Mego whined.

“I do not know,” Yori said, looking up. “But it did feel as though the second explosion came from above us, rather than to the side as the first explosion did.”

As Yori spoke, more pale blue energy began to trickle down through the ceiling towards Rufus. Rufus spun around, startled as if seeing a snake. But once he recognized the energy as being more Mystical Monkey Power, he began to absorb it much like he had the energy from Voltar.

“That must mean either Gigawatt or Teslasaur are dead, too,” Mego mumbled in amazement,
remembering what Wade had told him during the fight with Voltar.

Yori smiled. “This puts the odds even more in our favor,” she said. “Just one more lightning lieutenant and Electronique and Rufus-chan can claim his rightful place as the Mystical Monkey Master. As Ron-kun would say, Rufus in da house!”

Rufus posed proudly.

Then a third explosion rocked the lair.

“Hoh, boy,” Mego sighed, not even bothering to freak out this time.

“That felt like it came from further away,” Will Du commented.

“Yes,” Yori agreed. “From further up into the hangar tower. I would like to assume that one was the death throes of the creature that Monique-san and Bonnie-san were battling.”

Rufus squeaked with joy as a third wave of Mystical Monkey Power drifted down through the ceiling, allowing the naked mole rat to claim it.

“So,” Mego paused to consider the implications of what had just happened. “Does this mean... Rufus as three quarters of this Mystical Monkey Power and Electronique has only one quarter of it?”

“Indeed it does, Mego-san,” Yori grinned.

“Let’s get going and find Electronique, then,” Mego smiled. “Take care of her and the major threat will be done and over with!”

With that, the four heroes ran down the corridor, turning the corner that Voltar had originally emerged from.

Electronique danced backwards and grabbed Kim Possible’s wrist, using the momentum of Kim’s attack to throw the redhead hero off balance. With the same motion, Electronique spun and kicked upward, her foot catching the descending Shego by the throat and sending the pale-skinned beauty backwards into a painful tumble. Kim fell with her imbalance, using her momentum to flip up into a spinning bird kick that forced Electronique to stumble forward. Shego used the momentary opening to tumble forward and commit a vicious uppercut from underneath the villainess. Electronique rolled with the punch, backflipping and performing a drop kick that forced Kim to face-plant onto the floor.

Electronique spun around with a vicious roundhouse kick that was narrowly blocked by Shego. Shego dropped into crouch, punching outward, aiming for Electronique’s crotch. But the villainess had anticipated the move and shifted slightly, wrapping her legs around Shego’s over-extended arm and flipping herself so as to send Shego flying across the room.

“We can keep this up all day, children,” Electronique purred. “It would simply be easier for the two of you if you surrendered yourself to your inevitable deaths.”

Kim stumbled to her feet. “I’ve never gone for ‘easy,’” she growled. “If I wanted ‘easy,’ do you think I’d be dating Shego?”

“Hey!” Shego yelped as she kippuped onto her own feet at the other end of the room.

“Oh, please!” Kim smiled, rolling her eyes. “You’re not easy. You made me work for your lovin’.
Besides, I like the challenge. I like my lovin’ hard.”

Shego smirked knowingly, dropping into a battle stance. “Yeah, I know. Hard and rough.”

“All night long, baby,” Kim laughed.

“GYAHHH!” Electronique screamed. “You two make me sick!”

With that, the villainess spun and charged at Kim. As Electronique closed in on Kim, Kim kicked back, performing a backwards somersault kick into Electronique’s chin. This sent Electronique into the air slightly. Shego wasted no time exploiting the opening. A powerful plasma blast hit Electronique in the back, hurling the villainess into the wall behind Kim.

As Electronique fell to the floor, Kim sprinted over and began a vicious series of kicks and punches that kept Electronique ‘juggled’ off of the floor and repeatedly against the wall behind her.

“ENOUGH!”

Suddenly, Electronique lashed out, grabbing Kim by the hair and spinning around to slam Kim’s face into the wall behind her. Electronique ducked two blasts from Shego then threw Kim across the room and into Shego, sending the two heroes tumbling backwards even further.

“Ouch, that hurt,” Kim mumbled, laying across Shego’s lap as she touched her bloodied nose tenderly.

Electronique stalked towards the two heroes, her hands clenching and unclenching, sparks of electricity trickling off of them.

“I’m no longer in the mood for fun and games,” Electronique hissed.

“Aw, shucks,” Shego deadpanned, trying feebly to emulate Kim’s patented Puppy Dog Pout. “And here I was, hoping we could play Snakes and Ladders next.”

Electronique raised her hand towards Kim and Shego, the sparks of electricity intensifying. “Not tonight, darling. Tonight... YOU DIE!”

A ricochet sound cracked through the room right before Electronique tripped sideways and fell to the floor.

On the far side of the room, Mego grew from the size of an action figure to the size of a full-grown man. “How about we don’t die and say that we did? I like that plan. Sound like a plan to you?”

“How about your follow your big brother to the grave, Mego!” Electronique growled, blasting a bolt of lightning across the room at the violet-clad hero.

“Follow Hego to the what?” Mego gasped, right before he was clobbered by the bolt of lightning.

“That’s right, Mego, I killed...” Electronique bragged, starting to stand up. But she paused to look around her. A pair of tonfas, two conventional pistols, a bow and arrow, two pairs of ninja-to swords, two pairs of fists, and a plasma enshrouded hand all were aimed her head. Electronique looked around to see Will Du, Bonnie, Monique, Yori, Hirotaka, Junior, Kim Possible, and Shego standing in a perfect formation around her. That there were several dozen copies of the Wego twins standing nearby in a battle stance didn’t settle well with her, either.

Shego stood there, staring coldly at Electronique, tears starting to well up in her eyes. Her teeth were
clenched and her chin was trembling slightly. The plasma surrounding her extended hand began to glow brighter and brighter.

“First you kill Ron Stoppable, absolutely devastating my Kimmie’s life,” Shego whispered painfully, angrily. “Then you kill my brother... OUR brother... just as he’s making great strides at becoming a better person than he ever was. I am pissed as fucking hell right now. So don’t you fucking start bragging about your kills right now. Give me one reason, one God-damned fucking reason, why I should fucking let you live. And trust me, Kimmie’s altruism ain’t the answer this time.”

Electronique glanced quickly at Kim’s face. The redhead stood there, a cold, emotionless expression carved into her face. Electronique couldn’t tell if Shego was bluffing or not. Kim’s eyes seemed to suggest that it wasn’t a bluff. Kim Possible would actually let her lover kill Electronique, the villainess quickly decided. Morals be damned.

Electronique bit her bottom lip and turned her attention back to Shego. The ex-villainess’ eyes were almost literally ablaze in fury. Under any other circumstance, Electronique was sure Shego would be more than capable of killing Electronique.

It was time to press the one trump card Electronique still held.

“You can’t kill me,” Electronique offered. “Not while I still possess the Mystical Monkey Power and have the foreknowledge needed to defend myself.”

Electronique then blinked as she noticed a naked mole rat appear on Shego’s shoulder. Rufus’s normally pink skin was a pale blue. And his eyes glowed of a pale blue light.

“What in the...?” Electronique breathed incredulously.

“You didn’t do your homework well enough, Electronique,” Kim explained dryly. “You thought that if you killed Ron and Monkey Fist, the Mystical Monkey Power would be free and yours for the taking. But Rufus was also present when the Jade Monkey Statues gave them the secrets of Tai Sheng Pek Kwar. So, right now, there are two individuals in this room with Mystical Monkey Power. One of them has the proper knowledge to tap into the Mystical Monkey Power. One of them doesn’t.”

“And neither of them are human,” Shego growled.

With that, Rufus let out a ferocious scream as he focused his attention on Electronique. The villainess gasped in horror as her body locked up in a rigor mortis-like paralysis. The pale blue energy of the Mystical Monkey Power slowly leech out of Electronique’s body and into Rufus’ body. Electronique finally screamed while her body convulsed violently, the last ebbs of Power drifting over to the proper Mystical Monkey Master. Completely spent, Electronique slumped down to the hands and knees in front of the assembled heroes.

“No...,” Electronique whispered, trembling on the floor. “I was so close... so close... 18 months of planning and implementation, down the drain. I had the Power. I could have ruled the world. I could have...”

“Your first mistake,” Kim hissed, leaning down to grab Electronique’s electric-blue hair viciously, “was killing someone I loved with all of my heart.”

“Your second mistake,” Shego added, bringing her plasma-enshrouded claws close to Electronique’s face, “was letting Kimmie live long enough for me to find her.”

“You haven’t won yet, heroes,” Electronique growled.
Electronique’s eyes glowed brightly for a brief moment. Suddenly, a loud electronic voice surged through the air.

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS TEN MINUTES AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

Shego rolled her eyes and turned to Electronique. “Really, Electronique? You figure out you can’t win, so you decide to kill yourself along with everyone else?”

Electronique simply glared at Shego, still on her hands and knees on the floor.

Shego glanced over at Kim. “So, Princess, what do you think? Grab Heeg’s body, leave Electronique here tied up, and skidaddle?”

Kim crossed her arms and rose a brow in response, tapping her toes.

Shego shrugged. “Yeah, you’d never forgive me for that, I know. Hell, I’d probably never forgive myself and just stay in denial about it.” Shego then turned to Electronique. “So, guess what, bitch?”

Electronique glanced up at the ex-villainess. Suddenly, Shego’s fist lit up brighter than the midday sun and clocked Electronique across the jaw so hard that the Wego copies in the back of the room heard bone shatter. Everyone winced as Electronique fell unconscious on the floor.

“You get to live,” Shego finished, a sickeningly sweet tone to her voice.

Will Du just stared down at Electronique’s prone form, blood drooling out of the villainess’ shattered jaw. “Excessive much?”

Shego glanced up at Kim, her emerald eyes easily meeting Kim’s olive eyes. The response came from both women, humorless and in unison. “Nope.”

Will Du sighed and carefully lifted Electronique up into his arms. He then turned and followed Yori, Hirotaka, Mego, Rufus, Monique, Bonnie, Junior, and the Wego copies out of the room.

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS EIGHT MINUTES AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

“I’ll get Heeg’s body,” Shego said, softly.

Kim reached and gently took Shego’s hand, squeezing it reassuringly, before letting Shego turn to walk towards the paragon hero’s body.

Suddenly, the room shook and the ceiling collapsed.

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“Come on, guys, where are you,” Felix Renton seethed, glancing at the collapsing hangar tower. “Those explosions didn’t do wonders for the lair’s structural stability. You need to get out of there. Now!”


Felix nodded. He did need to be patient. But he couldn’t help but be scared for his teammates. He should have been in there with them. Not safe and sound on the *Firebird.*
“There they are!” Zita suddenly exclaimed, pointing out the front viewport.

Felix glanced up and saw them. Monique, Bonnie, Junior, the Wego twins, Mego, Yori, Will Du, Rufus, Hirotaka, and several dozen ninjas. Bonnie, Junior, Hirotaka, and the ninjas were already being picked up by a second carrier that had flown in after the EMP pulse blast. As the carrier lifted away from the slowly collapsing hangar tower, Felix brought the Firebird in to pick up his teammates.

As Mego and the Wego twins helped the rest of Team Possible onto the Firebird, Felix glanced back. “Where are Kim and Shego?”

Monique turned with an absolutely frightened look in her eyes. “We were on our way out when the main chamber collapsed onto Kim and Shego!”

Felix spun around to face the dashboard in front of him. “Did you hear that, Wade?”

“Yeah,” Wade’s voice reverbed back. “I’m on it now. Got some satellites scanning the lair now and... yes! They’re still alive!”

The collected members of Team Possible cheered at the news.

“The bad news is that they’re trapped under dozens of tons of steel,” Wade continued.

Everyone’s shoulders slumped at that news.

“How will we excavate them in time at this point?” Monique asked.

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS FIVE MINUTES AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

Shego lit a finger with a wisp of plasma flame, looking around in the darkness. She saw Kim a couple of feet away, lifting herself painfully into a sitting position. Further study of the premises showed that they were completely surrounded by debris and shrapnel. Even with Shego’s super-strength, they weren’t going anywhere anytime soon.

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS FOUR MINUTES AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

Kim glanced up at Shego, a strange calm on her face.

“Kimmie,” Shego whispered, reaching across to brush wisps of red hair from the girl’s olive eyes.

“We did good, Sheila,” Kim smiled. “We got Ron’s killer and we saved the world. You and I. Together. With our friends.”

“Yeah, we did,” Shego replied, risking a smile of her own. “I’m not good with the whole team thing, but your friends... our friends... they play nice together. And they have a positive effect on my brothers. My life became so much better after I found you, Pumpkin.”

“My life got so much better when you found me, babe,” Kim added, scooting closer to Shego. “You know, I was scared of my bi-sexuality before I confessed to you. I’d been fighting it for months. Probably years, I dunno, even though I only noticed it after graduation. But yeah, after I confessed to you, my life got so much better. Every bit as good as it was with Ron. Maybe even better.”
“I don’t want to die, Kimmie,” Shego said, wrapping her arms around her lover.

“I don’t either, Sheila,” Kim admitted, settling into Shego’s embrace. “I’m scared. But, if I am going to die, I’d rather die here, in your arms, knowing that we saved the world from a powerful psychopath.”

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS THREE MINUTES AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

Kim glanced up into Shego’s emerald eyes. “I love you, Sheila. Now and forever.”

Shego glanced down into Kim’s olive eyes. “I love you too, Princess. Now and forever.”

With that, the two women kissed deeply.

“I swear, you two. Not even out of the evil-doer’s lair yet and your paws are already all over each other. Can’t you even wait until you can get a room?”

Kim and Shego broke their kiss, blinked, and spun to look in the direction of the voice. Hego was crawling towards them, looking scorched and bloody, but otherwise no worse for the wear.

“Hank!” Shego smiled, literally throwing herself on her brother.

“You’re alive!” Kim smiled, crawling over to the big hero.

“Of course I am!” Hego laughed, patting his sister on the back. “If Sheila can survive a transmitter tower full of electricity by virtue of her healing factor, I can surely survive a simple attack from Electronique.”

All of a sudden, the blue highlighting of Kim’s Centurion battle suit began to glow blue.

“What the...,” Shego began, looking queerly at Kim. “I thought the EMP pulse... oh! The suit is self repairing. I forgot about that.”

“We’ve got a problem, Henry,” Kim said, turning to the paragon hero. “We’re trapped under tons of metal and debris.”

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS TWO MINUTES AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

“And the base is set to self-destruct, thanks to Electronique,” Kim added.

“Fear not, heroes,” Hego smiled. He then pointed towards where the doorway should have been had the ceiling not caved in. “We’re going old-school, Sheila. X-Cross Maneuver 9.”

Shego smiled. “This I can do,” she said.

Shego leapt forward, charging up the gloves on her Malefactor battle suit with intense plasma energy. She swiped with the claws of both hands across the debris in front of her, forming a glowing X mark on the surface. Hego then bellowed loudly, drew his fist back, and slammed it mightly into the center of the X mark that Shego had left.

The debris shattered violently, leaving an opening for the three of them to exit.

Kim tapped her toes on the floor, one foot then the other, causing the souls of her boots to glow blue. “Did anyone order a taxi?”
“There’s a taxi in this lair?” Hego asked, confused.

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS ONE MINUTE AND COUNTING. PLEASE EVACUATE THE PREMISES.”

Before Shego could respond to the inane question, Kim sped past the to Go heroes, scooping them both up in her arms and running forward at full tilt, going as fast as her speed boots could carry her.

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“Something just happened.” Wade’s voice came over the speaker in the dashboard of the Firebird. “A hole was just created in the room that Kim and Shego were trapped in. And there’s a third life sign.”

“Third life sign?” Felix asked.

“Yes!” William, the first Wego twin, cheered from his position just outside of the pilot’s chamber.

“Hego’s alive!” Edward, the second Wego twin, cheered, giving his brother a high-five.

Suddenly, a new voice cut through via everyone’s Kimmunicators.

“Felix? Zita? Wade? Can you hear me?”

Everyone on the Firebird cheered loudly as Felix leaned in and activated the com in front of him.

“Yeah, Kim, we can hear you. Loud and clear. The EMP pulse didn’t knock your suit out?”

“No, it self repaired,” Kim’s voice replied. “We’re on our way out as fast as my speed boots can go. But we’ve got a problem.”

“Yeah, the self-destruct,” Felix nodded. “We know. I’m still boggled at how Electronique had the self destruct shielded but not her army. How screwed up is that?”

“That’s Electronique for you,” Kim’s voiced responded. “But listen. We’ve got less than thirty seconds left. I’m almost to the top and I’ve got Shego and Hego. I’m going to try to jump aboard the Firebird, if you can get it into position.”

“I’ll do you one better, GF!” Monique replied, drawing her bow and snapping it into position. “Felix, turn this bird around and give me a clear shot of the tower. William, Edward, hang onto me and don’t let go.”

Where there were two Wego twins, there were now eight Wego copies. They formed a hand-to-hand chain from a handhold at the back of the Firebird to Monique. The Wego copy holding Monique wrapped his arm around her waist and held her tight.

Monique nocked an arrow and shot at the collapsing tower. Her aim was true, catching the bottom edge of the top of the tower. Monique smiled and tapped the control on her belt. She had fired a swingline arrow. She was now using the miniature winch on her belt to pull the swingline tight. The Wego copies held onto Monique tight to keep her from pulling herself off of the Firebird.

“Hope you’re into tightrope walking, Kim,” Felix said into the com. “Cause we’ve got a lifeline set up for you.”

“Spankin’!” Kim’s voice replied. “Here we come!”

Monique glanced down and saw her. Kim leapt out of the opening at the top of the hangar tower and
began speeding her way up the tightrope that Monique had set up. Hego and Shego were flung over Kim’s shoulders as she ran. The weight of the three individuals almost caused Monique to lurch out of the Firebird. But the Wego copies had a firm hold on their wife. She wasn’t going anywhere.

Kim sped up the rope and leapt onto the Firebird, dropping Hego and Shego to either side of the passenger chamber before crashing painfully into the wall separating the passenger chamber from the pilot’s chamber. Wego copies were immediately glomping both Hego and Shego.

Monique released the swingline just as the hangar tower finished collapsing.

“SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. T-MINUS 2 SECONDS AND COUNTING. PLEASE ENJOY THE REST OF YOUR DAY.”

A bright point of light lit up from deep underwater before expanding out quickly. Thankfully, the Global Justice boats had been rowed quickly out as far as they could have gone in the time they had available. That meant that none of them were in the blast radius when Electronique’s lair blew up in a gargantuan mushroom cloud.

As Dr. Elizabeth Director, leader of the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, gazed into the mushroom cloud, she smiled. A silhouette against the bright lights of the explosion sped towards the assembled boats. As the Firebird flew over the boats, the collected agents of Global Justice roared a mighty cheer.

Betty smiled inwardly. You did it again, Kim Possible, she thought to herself. You and your team saved the world, just like you always do. Just like you always do. And thank God for that.

[END CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE]
Thankfully, Doctor Anne Possible, Kim Possible’s mother, was a medical doctor. A neurosurgeon or (as lay people like to say) a ‘brain doctor,’ yes, but a medical doctor nonetheless. That had a upside and a downside. Once Team Possible got back to the lair north of Vancouver, Anne saw the wounds that Kim, Shego, Mego, Yori, and the Wego twins had suffered and she flipped out. But once the neurosurgeon got past the ‘Oh, my God, my daughter got hurt!’ stage, Anne got to work mending those wounds. And she did a spectacular job.

Shego chose that moment to not tell Anne about how she had shattered Electronique’s jawbone.

Special Agent Will Du had reported back to his supervisor in the United Nations’ Division of Global Justice and Law Enforcement, Dr. Betty Director, after promising Yori he would have his wounds looked at. Will Du spent another week at the GJ medical center, something he had not been relishing after his previous stay following the explosion at Dr. Drakken’s lair.

Hego had immediately reported back to the Crate to continue his incarceration and rehabilitation. The large hero actually enjoyed his sessions with the famed psychiatrist and therapist, Dr. Stuart Pendus. The doctor somehow gave Hego a perspective on life he had never considered before and it made Hego feel like he could become a much better person. Dr. Pendus, for his part, enjoyed the sessions, as well. He knew Hego was a good man, once he worked past his traumatic experiences. And the indirect association with Team Possible was a plus.

The next several weeks were a whirlwind of activity. Each and every hero associated with Kim Possible was a witness against Electronique in her international trial. And what a short and brutal trial that was! Despite the list of charges, which included:

- **Escape From Incarceration** (from the Crate; USA)
- **Terrorism** (the mind control of Middleton; USA)
- **Conspiracy To Commit Terrorism** (with the doomsday device; Canada on behalf of the whole world)
- **Conspiracy To Commit Murder** (of the members of Team Possible; USA/Canada)
- **Murder** (of Lord Montgomery Fiske; Canada/Great Britain)
- **Grand Theft** (the materials stolen for Electronique’s lair and doomsday device; USA, Canada, China, France, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, Saudi Arabia, and South Africa)

...and those were just the charges that the public media chose to focus on... court testimony and arguments lasted only four weeks and jury deliberation lasted only six hours.

The main jury contention was not whether Electronique was guilty or not (the trial had simply been more of a dog and pony show of ‘due process’ than anything else), but what to do with her after she was found guilty. She had already proven herself capable to long-term planning that included escape from incarceration in spite of power-negating collars. The death sentence was proposed on the public forum and immediately created an international controversy. ‘Hot sleep,’ or a medically induced coma, was also proposed, but ramifications on the definition of humane treatment and ‘cruel and unusual punishment’ were hotly debated. Ultimately, the ‘hot sleep’ option was chosen, as it was considered more humane than isolating Electronique deep underground without any human contact.
or electrical convenience whatsoever. Plus it offered a veneer of public safety.

Team Go was permanently disbanded in light of Hego’s fall from grace. However, Mego and his wife, Dr. Krista Novak-Goldberg returned to Go City to administer Go Tower as a museum of superheroic history, a tourist attraction, and (secretly) a secondary base for Team Possible. Mego stepped down from leadership of Team Possible, returning the reigns to Kim and Shego, even though Kim had given the man high praises concerning the team’s performance under his leadership. Mego argued he had his pending fatherhood to worry more about, something Kim could definitely respect. But, Kim made it very clear that Mego would not only be considered her family, but a member of Team Possible, no matter what happened.

The Wego twins chose to remain with Team Possible proper, so as to be with their ‘wife,’ Monique. Yori and Hirotaka returned to Japan and the Yamanouchi clan grounds to report of their adventures to Master Sensei and their brothers and sisters within the clan. However, Yori made it very clear to both Kim and Shego that she would forever be available to Team Possible whenever her services were required. Yori also made it very clear that she wanted every excuse to return to the United States as often as she could, so as to spend more time with Will Du, a man she found very fascinating.

With Electronique’s defeat and the destruction of her lair, the signals that were mind controlling the citizens of Middleton ceased. After a couple weeks of Global Justice agents sweeping the area to ensure its safety, the families of the Team Possible members were invited to return home. Most of them did. Zita Flores’ family remained in North Vancouver, having established their lives there before the discovery of the mind control. However, Wade Load and his mother, Mrs. Load, Felix Renton’s mother, Dr. Cynthia Renton, and the Doctors Possible and the Tweebs all returned to Middleton. The Team Possible members helped their families move back.

Kim and Shego decided that it would be nice, for a change, to spend a holiday in their old hometown. So, after helping everyone move back, Kim and Shego cleaned up Shego’s old house in Middleton and settled in for a nice quiet vacation at what they considered their house.

Michael Rochon stepped from the living room to the front door of his house after the doorbell rang. Opening up the door, he got the shock of his life.

“Um, Yolanda!” Michael called back into the house. “Could... could you come to the door, please?”

Yolanda Rochon, who had been busy in the study with graphic art designs she had been commissioned to do, stood up and set down her computer tablet and stylus. The tone of her husband’s voice had been concerned and shaky, almost demure. That frightened her. Rounding the corner of the hallway and stepping up to the front door, Yolanda looked past her husband, stopped cold, and gasped.


“Monique,” Michael breathed, shaking. A storm of emotions were rippling through the man at that point. Anger was not one of those emotions.

“Can... can we talk?” Monique asked, looking at her parents plaintively.

Michael was at a loss for words for several moments until he finally found his tongue. “Of... of
course we can talk, baby-girl. Please. Please, come in.”

“Um, I brought a couple of friends with me,” Monique said, looking between her father and her mother. “Is that okay?”

“Of course it is,” Michael replied, still shaking. “They can come in, too.”

With that, two young men stepped into view. Identical twins with fiery red hair. They smiled gently and confidently at the Rochons. They were dressed in men’s business attire to match Monique’s outfit.

“Wego, from Team Go?” Yolanda asked, as the three young adults stepped into the house and removed their shoes.

“Mom, Dad,” Monique said, stretching out her left hand to the Wego twins in a show of presenting them. “This is William and Edward Goldberg. Yes, they are the Wego twins.”

Michael nodded thoughtfully at the Wego twins. But Yolanda’s eye caught something.

“Monique, baby,” Yolanda said, pointing to Monique’s left hand.

“Yeah,” Monique smiled softly and offered her left hand to her mother.

Yolanda stared at the beautiful wedding band on Monique’s ring finger, the ring with the onyx stone flanked by two ruby stones. “Who...?” Yolanda finally asked.

Michael’s eyes went wide as he suddenly realized what his wife was asking.

Monique, still smiling softly, quietly returned her left hand back to presenting the Wego twins, who both smiled and waved.

“Which one?” Yolanda asked carefully.

Monique sighed. This was going to be the hard part. Well, one of the two hard parts. “Both of them, Mom. They are both my husbands. It’s a polygamous relationship. We’re technically not married, although we consider ourselves to be.”

There was a moment of silence between the five adults until Michael finally spoke.

“Why... why don’t we move this into the living room and I’ll make us all drinks,” Michael offered. “William, Edward, do you have preferences? Tea, coffee, juice, soda... something harder?”

“We’re too young to drink alcohol,” William started.

“But we would both like some tea, please,” Edward finished.

Yolanda stared at the Wego twins a moment and blinked. Monique couldn’t help but chuckle softly at the sight, in spite of the tension in the room. “You get used to that after a while, Mom. Trust me.”

“Five cups of hot tea, coming right up,” Michael said, excusing himself quickly from the room.

The other four adults shuffled into the living room. Monique sat down on the sofa, with William to one side of her and Edward to the other side of her. Yolanda sat down in a nearby chair. Monique’s mother was trying very hard to hide the tears welling up in her eyes. Monique could see them, though.
“There... there’s a lot to talk about,” Yolanda finally admitted, softly.

“Yeah, there is,” Monique agreed, sighing.

There was a moment of silence that seemed to drag on forever. Neither woman knew where to begin. Both William and Edward took one of Monique’s hands each and offered some comfort and support.

“Monique?”

“Mom?”

“Baby, I’m... I’m sorry. For everything.”

“Me too, Mom,” Monique replied with a soft smile.

It was a good start.

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“Yeah, Mom, Sheila and I are getting dressed now,” Kim said over the phone. She was busy crossing the floor of her and Shego’s bedroom in Shego’s house in Middleton. At that moment, she was wearing nothing but a pair of panties. She was still trying to figure out what to wear that night.

Shego was apparently better prepared mentally. She already had a nice pair of jeans and a comfortable black t-shirt that read ‘Kiss Me, I’m Green’ in green letters on the front picked out and laying on the bed. Kim decided maybe it would be a good idea to dress down, too.

“Hi, Mom! Love you!” Shego yelled so as to be heard over the phone, picking up the t-shirt and slipping it on over her head.

Kim smirked back at her lover after hearing her mother’s response over the phone. “Mom says she loves you too, Sheila. She also says you better have that green bean casserole you promised and that you better not be just sucking up. This is a pot luck event, after all.”

Shego rolled her eyes. “Well, doy! You saw me making it earlier this afternoon, Pumpkin. Tell Mom that if she wants some ‘sucking up,’ she has to look to Dad for it. And that’s between the two of them and their bed.”

“Sheila!” Kim gasped as she heard her mother laughing loudly at the other end of the phone. Kim quickly picked out a nice pair of jeans and a pink t-shirt that read ‘I’m With Gorgeous’ in red letters on the front. “Yeah, we’re almost ready, Mom. We should be there in half an hour or so, okay? Spankin’! Yeah, love ya too. Okay. Bye.”

“You ready to rock this night, Cupcake,” Shego smiled, tugging at the waist of her jeans to get her hips completely into the garment.

Kim took a moment to appreciate how Shego’s ass looked in said jeans. “You keep wearing pants like that, babe, and the night isn’t going to be the only thing that’s rocked,” she grinned.

“Yeah, well, you’re also prejudiced,” Shego purred playfully. “These pants make my ass look fat.”

“Damn straight they do,” Kim smirked with a twinkle in her eye. “Pretty Hot And Tempting.”

Shego rolled her eyes at the pun. “Well, as much as I love your naked ass like you love my clothed ass, you need to get dressed or we’ll be late.”
Kim giggled. “Okay, okay, whatever you say. You just want to eat some of Dad’s barbecued
frankfurters. They’re the only wieners you ever seem to want, anyway.”

To hell with being late, Shego decided, smiling evilly. That deserves a tickle attack.

With that, Shego spun and pounced at a squealing Kim.

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Kim and Shego sat at a table, talking pleasantly with Dr. Anne Possible and Dr. James Possible.
Rufus was on the table in front of them, snacking politely on cubed cheese. They were at a park
shelter in Middleton Central Park, enjoying a pot luck picnic supper. The sky was slowly darkening,
with the setting sun offering a deep orange light that was romantic in a way.

Around the two couples, others were milling about and socializing. Everyone in Team Possible were
there. Monique, her parents, Mrs. Load, and the Wego twins were sitting at one table, chatting it up. Kim
had been pleasantly surprised to see Monique’s parents there; they were good people, in spite of
everything, and Yolanda’s gelatin-and-fruit salad was to die for. Dr. Cynthia Renton, Dr. Vivian
Porter, Felix Renton, Zita Flores, Wade Load, and the Tweebs sat at another table; Kim could only
assume that the conversation at that table was full of technobabble with which no one else could
keep up. Mego, Kris, Yori, Will Du, Dr. Betty Director, and Dr. Stuart Pendus sat at yet another
table, enjoying light conversation as well.

“I’m almost jealous,” Shego continued in her conversation, pulling Kim out of her reverie. “No, I
take that back. I am jealous. I mean, Renton pulled a near 90 degree turn straight up to trick the
electro-dragon thing into crashing into the tower. And he did it without so much as scratching the
paint job. I wish I’d’ve been the one rocketjocking on the Firebird that day. Renton had the cush
job.”

“I’m just glad you all made it back alive, Sheila,” Anne smiled, gently patting Shego’s hand. “And
I’m glad that chapter in our lives is finally closed.”

“Me, too,” Kim smiled, gazing at Shego lovingly. “Knowing that we finally caught Electronique and
that Ron can finally rest in peace puts my heart at ease.”

Shego nodded, smiling at her beautiful lover. “Yeah, me too. And Gloria, too. I mean, I still probably
couldn’t go more than five minutes without punching Hank in the nose. But at least I can forgive him
now and move on. And I’ve got you now, Princess. Gloria’d be happy.”

Kim smiled at Shego as she gazed into the ex-villainess’ emerald eyes. Her own olive eyes caught
and commanded Shego’s attention, which Shego seemed to gladly give.

Anne chuckled at the sight as James affectionately took Anne’s hand into his own. “Later, children. I
remember giving James those sorts of googly eyes and I know where it leads.”

Rufus chuckled before biting down onto another cube of cheese.

Kim and Shego couldn’t help but laugh at that, resting their foreheads together before returning to
their eye-gazing.

“It’s almost dark,” James commented thoughtfully. “The fireworks will be starting soon.”

“Yeah, they will,” Kim and Shego replied in unison, still gazing into each others’ eyes.

“In the sky, girls,” Anne laughed, pointing out beyond the park shelter towards the rising moon.
“The fireworks in the sky, for Independence Day.”

Kim and Shego laughed at Anne’s pretend exasperation before Shego kissed Kim on the forehead and leaned back into an upright position.

“HANDS IN THE AIR! THIS IS A STICK-UP!”

Kim was immediately to her feet, crouched in a battle stance. In her peripheral vision, she could see that Betty and Will Du had stood and drawn their firearms. Felix had turned his tricked-out wheelchair towards the sound of the voice. Mego and the Wego twins had stood as well. Even the Tweebs had somehow mysteriously produced pulp era-style gizmos in their hands and turned around.

Who the hell would be stupid enough to try to rob OUR gathering? Kim asked herself silently. It’s tantamount to robbing the bank on the police force’s payday.

Cackling maniacally, a man stepped into view from the nearby trees. Clad in a long, navy blue double-breasted coat and black gloves, his yellow eyes gleamed with a mad glint, a sharp contrast to her light blue skin and scarred face. As the man smiled insanely on the gathering, dozens of henchmen came pouring out from behind the nearby trees, surrounding the gathering.

Kim’s shoulders slumped slightly.

Of course. It was Dr. Drakken. Only he would be stupid enough.

“You may be wondering, Possible, why I chose today of all days to finally avenge myself of all the years of embarrassment you have inflicted upon me,” Drakken said, beginning his typical monologue.

“Something like that crossed my mind, yeah,” Kim replied, never leaving her battle stance. “Halfway between laughing myself into a coma over your stupidity and dying in exasperation at your relentless attempts to prove yourself something you’re not.”

“Tut, tut, tut,” Drakken admonished, wagging a finger at the hero. “There is no need for such unpleasantries. Especially with a couple dozen henchmen pointing weapons at your family and friends. Besides, we all already know you’re not all that.”

“Yeah,” Kim smirked. “Just ask Electronique.”

“Ah, but we all know that it was the naked mole rat who did that, not you,” Drakken countered. “But enough chitchat. You all will submit now to my will or face a Secret Weapon so profound that even you, Kim Possible, will be left speechless by its utter... um... profoundness!”

“Riiiiight,” Kim replied in a long drawl. She kept her peripheral vision active. Everyone still had weapons drawn but hadn’t acted yet. Good. In Kim’s mind, it was better to wait for a better opening, so that no one got hurt.

“I take it you refuse to bend to my will?” Drakken asked, grinning knowingly.

“When have I ever bent to your will on my own accord, Drakken?” Kim asked.

“Well, there was that time with... oh, yes, you just said of your own accord, didn’t you?” Drakken replied thoughtfully. “Yes, yes, I see your point. Well, my point is that I’m glad you’re not bending to my will. That means I can show you the profound profundness of the Secret Weapon! Bwahahahahahaha!”
Kim couldn’t help but raise a brow to that. Risking a glance back, she could see that her parents were leaning into each other for emotional support, but were otherwise calm. Good. Kim didn’t want to think of what she would do to Drakken if he had frightened her parents.

“Shego! To my side!” Drakken suddenly barked.

“You got it, Doctor D.,” Shego cooed, slinking out of her chair and standing up.

This caught Kim completely off-guard. She dropped her battle stance. “What?”

Shego shrugged nonchalantly as she walked past Kim. “What can I say, Kimmie? A part of me will always be evil.”

Kim could only watch in utter bewilderment as Shego strolled casually over to Drakken and stood next to the villain.

Drakken produced a device from his lab coat, a small, round ball not unlike a monster-hunting trap like in one of the popular video games, only it was a gleaming black in color. Drakken handed the device to Shego.

“Shego, since Kim Possible has been your nemesis... our nemesis... for so many years,” Drakken began, “I shall give you the privilege of inflicting the Secret Weapon upon her.”

“With pleasure,” Shego purred, accepting the device and then glancing at Kim with seductively evil eyes.

Kim immediately dropped back into her battle stance. A whirlwind of emotions were ripping through her heart at that moment. Confusion, sadness, anger, betrayal... Kim didn’t know if she wanted to lash out in murderous rage or break down into sobs of crushing depression.

Shego stepped up to Kim, just beyond an arm’s reach of the hero, and held up the device as if to aim it at Kim. Kim stood tensely in her battle stance, glaring angrily into Shego’s eyes.

Then, suddenly, Shego dropped to one knee and held the device up as if to present it to Kim. The device popped open like a jewel box, revealing two very beautiful rings in a red satin bedding. Both rings had platinum bands. One featured a ruby cut in the shape of an angelic princess; the ruby held a small diamond at its waist level. The other ring featured an emerald cut in the shape of an oriental dragon coiled around a similar small diamond.

“Kimberly Anne Possible,” Shego asked confidently, as if nothing were amiss. “Will you marry me?”

Kim blinked three times, trying to take in what all had just happened in the last five minutes. “Um, uh, um,” She was trying to speak. But she couldn’t find the words.

“YES!” Drakken laughed maniacally. “The Secret Weapon has left the Possible utterly speechless. This has got to be the best day of my life!”

Kim shook her head, pulling herself out of her stupor. She then spun around and looked at the gathering of family and friends behind her.

“Oh, I want a show of hands of everyone who was not in on this!” Kim demanded accusingly.

One of Drakken’s henchmen rose his hand. No one else, not even among Kim’s family and friends, rose their hand. Not even the Tweebs.
“I knew you’d raise your hand, Larry,” Kim replied, finally finding her smile again as she pointed at the errant henchman. “You’re always asleep in the bathroom stalls when I break into Drakken’s lairs, so I knew you’d probably be left out of the loop.”

The other henchmen laughed as Larry simply smiled sheepishly and shrugged.

“But no one else?” Kim asked, turning back to her friends and family. When no one rose their hand, Kim turned back around and crossed her arms, glaring accusingly at her girlfriend.

“I was the one who was supposed to propose to you, you know,” Kim admonished. “I have the ring and everything.”

Shego rose a brow and smirked knowingly. “Shoulda beat me to the punch then, Pumpkin. I’m still not going to refuse your ring, though. That’s for sure.”

Kim rolled her eyes and sighed in resignation. “Okay, fine. Yes. Yes, Sheila Marie Goldberg. You wicked, evil woman. I will marry you.”

Everyone assembled stood up and started clapping and cheering as Shego sprang up and wrapped her arms around her girlfriend... her lover... now her fiancé...

Shego wrapped her arms around Kim Possible.

“And don’t ever do that again, Sheila,” Kim whispered, holding her embrace on Shego. “I almost punched your nose into your skull.”

“You would have tried,” Shego replied teasingly, leaning back out of the hug to look at Kim with a knowing smirk on her face. “And then I would have had to show you who was the better fighter of the two of us.”

“In your dreams,” Kim laughed, rolling her eyes. “I’ll kick your ass any day of the week. So not the drama.”

Both women laughed softly at that.

“I love you, Kimmie,” Shego said in a humored yet more subdued tone.

“I love you too, Sheila,” Kim replied, casually brushing the raven locks out of Shego’s eyes.

As the Fourth of July fireworks began to explode in the air above them, Kim and Shego took a moment to stare into each other’s green eyes before finally leaning in and kissing each other deeply. This prompted another round of clapping and cheering.

The moment was broken when Mego’s wife, Kris, suddenly spoke.

“Um, uh, guys... uh... I think... I think my water just broke.”

Mego was immediately to his feet and picking his wife up.

“Which one of us parked the closest?” Anne asked, standing up and snatching up her purse.

“My hovercraft is just on the other side of those trees,” Drakken declared, pointing behind him. “Let’s go!”

With that, everyone began scrambling for their respective vehicles, with Mego and Kris hot on Drakken’s heels.
[END CHAPTER THIRTY]
Epilogue

Approximately a Month Ago – Shortly After The Explosion of Electonique’s Lair

The body came crashing down violently onto the southern shore of Coats Island, a large island in the north of the Hudson Bay. It flopped, crashed, skidded, and tumbled across the cold beach for several minutes before finally coming to a rest near a treeline. The body was burnt crisp, barely recognizable as a body at all.

As the body lay there, several figures approached it carefully. The figures were monkeys dressed in black parka jackets and mittens. One of the monkeys nudged the burnt body carefully, ooking softly. It then turned to its companions and shrugged its shoulders.

All of the assembled monkeys startled as the burnt body suddenly groaned.

The monkeys took several steps back as the burnt body started to prop itself up on its hands and knees. The process was obviously painful. The sound of bone and flesh cracking and peeling could be heard for several dozen yards. Black dust fell from the figure as necrotic flesh disintegrated from the burnt body.

Slowly, carefully, painfully, the body forced itself in an upright, standing position.

The monkeys watched in absolute amazement as the blackened flesh fell like sand off of the burnt body, only to be replaced by fresh, pink flesh. First muscle tissue, then blood vessels, then skin reconstructed itself in rapid succession. The body shifted its shoulders, popping reconstructed bones back into place and wincing in pain.

Finally, the body flexed backwards and screamed in primal agony.

The monkeys present began to skitter about in circles and chitter in a panic.

Once the body finished screaming, its eyes settled onto the sight of the panicked monkeys.

And the naked form of Lord Montgomery Fiske, aka Monkey Fist, smiled.

“Calm yourselves, my minions,” Monkey Fist said softly, painfully. “I am... I have returned.”

The monkeys did as they were instructed, calming down noticeably and turning to consider their leader. One monkey stepped forward, presenting Monkey Fist with a winter jumpsuit and a parka.

“Thank you, Elijah,” Monkey Fist said, accepting the gifts. After he donned the blessedly warm clothing, he turned and gazed out over the oceanscape. Off in the distance, the explosion of Electronique’s lair was still dying down, although it was in its final throes.

Monkey Fist smiled evilly at the sight.

“It would appear that my decision to partake of the blood in the Chalice of the Monkey Messiah had been a wise decision after all,” Monkey Fist admitted.

With that, Monkey Fist erupted into a fit of maniacal laughter. The assembled monkeys chittered and hopped and carried on around him, as if laughing along with him.

[END EPILOGUE]
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