

How Could It Get Any Worse?

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Fandom: DC Comics (Green Lantern)

Characters: Hal Jordan/Kyle Rayner

Rating: R

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Summary: Kyle gets turned into a girl. What else could possibly go wrong? Written for [coldfire-dragon](#)'s Summer of Cliches Ficathon

Kyle stared down at himself, at the womanly curves and mounds that now filled out his GL uniform.

Stupid magical traps.

“It’s a fairly basic spell,” Enchantress said. “It should wear off in twenty-four hours.”

Kyle looked up at her. She was trying hard to fight off a smirk. He frowned. “You can’t just...wave your hands and fix it?”

“It’s usually better to let things like this resolve on their own. It may be a simple spell, but I could make it worse if I start messing with it.”

Kyle sighed. How could this get any worse? “Yeah, okay.” He slid off the bed in

the JLA's infirmary. "So, do I need to come back here or what?"

"No. The transformation back should be quick and easy. Though I would recommend staying on Earth, just to be close to magic users on the very slim chance something does go wrong or there are unexpected side effects."

Side effects. Great. Kyle nodded. "I'm staying with Hal while I'm on Earth. So that won't be a problem. I'll just ..." He smirked. "I don't know, spend the next twenty-four hours watching chick flicks and eating ice cream?"

June scowled and waved her fingers at him. "I can make this permanent, you know."

Kyle held up his hands. “Just joking!” He was going to need to laugh to get through the embarrassment of suddenly being a woman. Guy was never going to let him hear the end of it.

And just as he suspected, when they left the infirmary he was greeted by catcalls and hoots from both Guy and Detective Chimp.

“Lookin’ good, GL,” Bobo said. He smirked. “Just so you know, I’m open to inter-species dating.” Guy howled with laughter.

“Shut up,” Kyle growled. Or it would have been a growl if his voice wasn’t an octave higher.

“Sorry. I can’t take him anywhere,” June said, shaking her head. “Come on, Bo,” she said to her companion.

The two Shadowpact members left, leaving the four Green Lanterns in awkward silence. “So what happens now?” Hal finally asked.

“She said it will wear off in a day,” Kyle said. “So I just need to sit around and wait for it to happen.” He looked at Hal. “Hope you don’t mind me staying an extra day.”

“Not at all. I need to go talk to Supes real quick, and then we can get out of here.”

After Hal left, Guy snickered. Kyle frowned at him. “What?”

“You’re staying with Hal? Looking like that?” Guy snorted. “Better keep your knees together, kid.”

Kyle rolled his eyes. “Nothing is going to happen. He has a girlfriend.”

John shook his head. “He broke up with Jill a couple days ago. She was apparently fucking some Lt. Colonel whenever Hal had to go offworld.”

Kyle blinked. Hal had broken up with Jill? Not that it would matter anyway. “Yeah, well, I don’t think he’s going to be hitting on me, seeing as I’m normally a guy.”

“But you’re a woman right now,” Guy said. “And this is Jordan we’re talking about. I think boobs and a pulse are good enough for him.”

“Nothing is going to happen.” No matter how much I want it. Kyle crossed his arms over his chest, fumbling for a moment over the unfamiliar breasts. He sighed. This was going to be a long twenty-four hours. “I’m going to go find Hal. See you guys later.” He turned to leave.

“Keep those knees together!” Guy called after him.

Kyle flipped him off with a construct hand as he went through the door.

* * *

“This is not going to work.”

Kyle looked at himself in the mirror. His pants kept sliding off his hips and all his shirts were too tight and made it very obvi-

ous he wasn't wearing a bra. The only reason the boxers stayed up was because he'd found a couple safety pins in the medicine cabinet. He looked like a thriftstore reject.

He tugged the pants up one more time, then sighed in frustration. This was not going to work.

He stepped out of the pants, then opened the bathroom door and peeked out. "Hal? Do you have any sweats I can borrow? And a sweatshirt?"

"Sure. Just a sec."

Hal came out of the bedroom, gray sweats in his hands. "Having problems."

Kyle sighed and opened the door the rest of the way. "Nothing fits right." He looked

down and cupped the ample breasts the spell had given him, bouncing them in his hands. “Though I suppose I should be thankful the spell didn’t make me look like Power Girl.”

He grinned and looked up. Hal was staring at Kyle’s breasts. Kyle pulled his hands away and crossed his arms. “Sorry,” he mumbled.

Hal shook his head and handed him the sweats. “Don’t worry about it. It must be ... strange. Having ... um ...” He blushed. “I’ll let you get dressed.”

Kyle watched him hurry down the hall. He’d never seen Hal so flustered. Which was weird, considering he was around scantily clad, well-endowed women all the

time. Kyle shrugged and went back into the bathroom.

The sweatpants had a silvery Air Force logo on them and, with a couple safety pins on the pants, fit much better than his own clothes. The sweatshirt had the same logo and was baggy enough to hide his new ‘assets’.

He went out to the kitchen, where Hal was unloading the dishwasher. Kyle threw out his hands. “How do I look?”

Hal looked up at him and smiled. “Much better. Not quite so ... distracting.” But the way Hal averted his eyes so quickly, intent on the dishes, Kyle suspected he was still a little distracting.

Kyle leaned back against the counter. “So ... John said that you broke up with Jill.”

Hal sighed heavily and closed the dishwasher. “Yeah. Seems she got ‘lonely’ whenever I had to be away for for any length of time. Like more than a day.”

Kyle nodded. “I know how that goes. I came back from Oa and found a strange guy in my shower. Though I guess Jen and I were already on the rocks at that point. It still sucked.”

“And she’s not even trying to hide it! She’s been running around with the guy for weeks. Nobody wanted to be the one to break the news to me.” He leaned against the counter next to Kyle. “I was supposed to go to Crawford’s going away party to-

night, but I really don't want to see her and the new boyfriend.”

Probably hard on Hal's ego, Kyle thought. He's not at all comfortable with being 'second best'. Then an idea hit him and he smiled. “What if you had a date?”

“A date?”

“Yeah! Show up to the party with a girl on your arm and show Jill you don't give a fuck she's been fucking some other guy.”

“And where am I going to find a date in...” He looked at his watch. “In four hours?”

“Um ... right here?” Kyle held his arms wide. “I am a girl right now. Might as well have some fun if I'm going to be stuck this way for a while.” He grinned. “And I really

can't pass up an opportunity to stick it to Jill."

Hal frowned. "You never liked her, did you?"

Kyle shook his head. "No. Not really. Always thought you could do a lot better." Like me. He pushed that thought away. "Where's the party?"

"Some dance club that just opened downtown." He rolled his eyes. "Lieutenants. A beat-up pilot bar isn't good enough for the kids anymore."

A dance club? Kyle grinned. "Know anywhere I can get a dress?"

* * *

“Holy fuck, you make a pretty hot woman, Rayner.” Kyle smoothed his hands over his hips, looking over his shoulder into the mirror to check out his ass.

The dress was black, nearly skin-tight, short enough that bending over would be extremely revealing (hence the sexy underwear underneath), with a neckline that practically had neon arrows pointing at his cleavage. Hal wasn't thrilled with going to the club, and Kyle was pretty sure ol' “Cowgirl” was going to be out of her element, but he was going to feel right at home. He adjusted his boobs, double-checking the laces that kept them barely contained in the dress. Oh, yeah. This was going to be good.

He turned around to look in the mirror again and ran his fingers through his hair. He hadn't done anything with it. The transformation had made it shoulder-length and a little wavy and he wouldn't have known what to do with it anyway. At least the make-up had turned out easier than he thought—one of the advantages of being an artist, he supposed. He stepped into the strappy heels and checked his ass again—even better!—then took a deep breath and left the bathroom.

Hal was waiting for him in the living room and if they had been in a Loony Toons cartoon, Kyle was pretty sure Hal's eyes would have shot out from his face and his jaw literally hit the floor. “Oh my God...”

“What?” Kyle looked down, suddenly worried that maybe he had gone overboard.

“Too much?”

“No ... uh, no! It’s just...” Hal blew out his breath and shook his head. “You’re gorgeous!”

Kyle’s whole body grew warm and he smiled. He shrugged. “Thanks.”

They stood there for a moment, not quite able to look each other in the eyes, then Hal gestured towards the door. “We’d better get going.”

“Yeah.” Kyle turned to walk towards the door and stumbled. Luckily Hal was there to catch him so he didn’t break an ankle.

“Sorry. Not exactly used to heels.”

Hal held out his arm. “Well, hold on and we’ll get you downstairs.”

Kyle grasped Hal’s elbow, which meant that he had to walk right next to him, which resulted in his boob being pressed against Hal’s arm, which sent all sorts of tingly feelings rushing through Kyle. He sighed. This was going to be an interesting night.

* * *

“Everyone, this is Kylie.”

“Hi everyone,” Kyle said to the crowd around the table. The only people he recognized were Jill and Shane. All the men were gaping at him and half the women were frowning — including Jill. Score! He

primly sat down in the chair Hal pulled out for him.

They ordered drinks and, after the usual smalltalk, an already drunk Shane leaned forward and asked, “So how did a pretty kid like you end up with ol’ Highball?”

“We have mutual friends in Star City.” Kyle said. “I’m a cop there.” They’d worked it out earlier what to say, that “Kyle” had met Hal through mutual friends (Dinah and Ollie, if anyone asked), and she was on a special police task force that investigated extra-terrestrial crime (not much of a stretch from his real job).

Shane snorted. “You’re a cop? A little thing like you?”

Kyle shrugged and gave a girlish giggle. "I'm more than meets the eye, I suppose."

Hal winked at Kyle. "You got that right, sweetheart."

The blush that warmed Kyle's cheeks didn't require any acting.

* * *

A few too many drinks later, Kyle was having far too much fun flirting with the men at the table, most of them single young pilots who probably would have been all over him if he wasn't Captain Jordan's date. For one, it seemed to be making Hal jealous, because he kept moving his chair closer to Kyle and now had his arm resting across the back of Kyle's chair. Second,

Jill's boyfriend kept staring at his cleavage, which was obviously pissing Jill off.

“Shouldn't you tone it down a little,” Hal whispered in his ear, and Kyle shivered at the beer-scented warmth. He turned to look at Hal and their noses were only inches apart. It was so tempting to just close the distance...

But that would be a huge mistake. Kyle pulled back and smiled at Hal. “Wanna dance?”

Jill snorted. “Hal dance? That I'd like to see.”

Hal had looked like he was going to refuse, but he smiled back at Kyle and reached over to brush his thumb over Kyle's cheek. “Sure, babe. Anything for you.”

Hal stood up and took Kyle's hand to pull him to his feet. Kyle led the way through the club, thankfully much steadier on the heels now. He glanced over his shoulder at Hal. Hal's eyes seemed to be glued to his ass. Kyle grinned and added a little swing to his hips.

At the edge of the mass of dancers, Hal stopped and bent over to Kyle's ear. "So how do I do this?"

"Just do what everyone else is doing."

"Everyone else looks like they're having sex standing up."

Kyle swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his throat, at the mere thought of having sex standing up with Hal. "If it makes you uncomfortable, we can forget the dancing."

Hal gave him a crooked smile. “Never said it makes me uncomfortable. Just describing what it looks like.” Hal raised an eyebrow at him. “Does it make you uncomfortable?”

Kyle shook his head. Hal grinned and pulled him out onto the dance floor.

It took a few minutes to get used to dancing in heels, and it had the unintended (but not at all unpleasant) side effect of making Kyle stumble into Hal a few times.

More people came out to dance, pressing Kyle even closer to Hal. He glanced towards Hal’s friends. Jill was watching them, a scowl on her face. Kyle smiled and wrapped his arms around Hal’s neck. Hal didn’t say anything, but he put his hands on Kyle’s hips, pulling him closer still, close

enough that Kyle could feel Hal's erection grinding against him as they moved to the beat. Oh God...

He didn't know what made him do it. Maybe he wanted to gloat in front of Jill, or maybe it was the heat of bodies pressed together, or the pounding of the music, or Hal's scent overwhelming him and making his entire body tingle, but he slid his hand to the back of Hal's head, threading his fingers through his hair, and pulled him down to kiss him.

It was amazing. Warm and soft, with the occasional hint of teeth. Then the tongues got involved and Kyle moaned.

It wasn't until someone yelled "Get a room" that Kyle realized he was swaying

in the middle of the dance floor, enthusiastically making out with Hal.

Shit! Kyle stepped back, his hand automatically going to his mouth. “Oh God! I’m sorry!” He didn’t wait for an answer. He turned away, intending on getting out to the parking lot and lighting up his ring and getting as far away from Hal as possible, because this was not how he wanted Hal to find out. In fact, he’d never wanted Hal to find out that Kyle was in love with him.

But Hal’s hand gripped his arm, stopping him from fleeing. They walked off the dance floor together and back to Hal’s friends. Hal grabbed his jacket from the chair. “I think we’re going to get going.”

“You kids have fun,” Shane said with a big grin on his face.

Kyle really wanted to disappear, because it was pretty obvious by the grins on everyone's faces that they thought Hal was taking off early to get laid. At least the daggers Jill was glaring at him gave Kyle a little feeling of triumph in what was turning out to be a very bad night.

Kyle sucked in his breath at the cold ocean breeze hitting his skin outside the hot club. He wrapped his arms around himself as they walked down the sidewalk to Hal's Corvette.

“Here.” Hal put his jacket around Kyle's shoulders.

“Thanks.” Kyle slid his arms into the sleeves and pulled the jacket closed. He couldn’t help but turn his nose into the collar, into the scent of old leather and Hal. His stomach fluttered. Oh God oh God oh God...

They reached the car and Hal unlocked the door, opening it for Kyle. Kyle slumped into the passenger seat and did his best to curl up into a ball. Fuck. Fuckity fuck fuck! He’d just fucked up his friendship with Hal, and wouldn’t Guy get a good laugh out of that, that it was Kyle who couldn’t keep his hands to himself? And what was Hal thinking? That he’d planned this? That he’d offered to be his date so he could seduce him? Okay, so maybe it had

been a fantasy in the back of his mind, but not at the expense of their friendship.

Hal got into the car and pulled the door shut. He looked at Kyle, then his eyes drifted downward and widened.

Kyle looked down. He'd forgotten he was in an extremely short dress, which had pulled up to reveal the inside of his upper thigh and the swatch of cloth that made up the underwear. "Sorry." He shifted to pull the dress down as much as he could, his face hot. "I'm sorry, Hal. I promise you, I didn't plan on any of this to happen."

"I know. You don't have to apologize." He started up the car and pulled out into the street, heading towards his apartment. Hal kept his eyes on the road, allowing Kyle to

watch him. Hal's jaw was set, but Kyle couldn't tell if he was angry or what.

They turned into the parking lot of Hal's building and Kyle's heart started to pound. Should he say something. Or maybe Hal was just going to pretend it never happened?

There were other people in the elevator, so they just stood silently side-by-side as the car went up. Kyle kept the jacket pulled tight around him. Hal kept his eyes on the doors.

The first thing he did when he got back into the apartment was kick off the heels. How did women wear those things all the time? He reluctantly took off Hal's jacket and draped it over a chair. Then he plucked

up his courage and turned to Hal. “Do you want me to find somewhere else to stay?”

Hal shook his head.

“Are you sure? It’s okay. If I make you uncomfortable—”

“You don’t make me uncomfortable, Kyle. Not how you’re thinking anyway.” Hal sighed and ran his nervously hand through his hair. “It’s just the opposite, actually.”

Kyle opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. He frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I didn’t exactly push you away when you kissed me, did I?”

Their eyes met and Kyle saw the desire and need in Hal’s gaze. A thrill went up his

spine and his nipples hardened and there was an insistent ache between his legs. He'd never wanted anyone so much in his life. And right now, he didn't care about the consequences. "Would you push me away if I did it again?"

"I don't know." Hal took a step closer. "Maybe we should try it and find out."

Kyle reached up and put his hand on the back of Hal's head, then pulled him close for another kiss.

This time Hal's hands slid down to Kyle's ass, sliding under the dress to touch bare skin. He pulled Kyle close, grinding him into his erection again. "I want you so fucking much." He pulled back again to

look at Kyle. “You feel like moving this into the bedroom?”

“Yeah,” Kyle breathed, not quite able to grasp that this was really happening. But if Hal was up for it, he wasn’t going to complain.

They left a trail of clothing in their wake. By the time they reached the bed, both of them were naked and extremely aroused. Kyle wrapped his hand around Hal’s cock, his fingers smearing the precum around the head. He shuddered with need and dropped to his knees to take Hal into his mouth.

“Ah!” Hal groaned and his fingers pushed into Kyle’s hair. He thrust a few times into Kyle’s mouth, then pulled back. “No... not now. I want to fuck you.”

Kyle reluctantly let go of Hal and stood up. Hal's hands moved to caress his breasts and then he bent down to take a nipple in his mouth, sucking hard. Kyle threw back his head and moaned, his fingers digging into Hal's hair. "God, Hal..." It was an amazing feeling, the tingling from his breast that spread through his body. But as nice as it was, the ache between his legs needed attention more. He bent his head forward to kiss the top of Hal's head. "Fuck me, Hal."

Hal pushed him back until the backs of Kyle's knees hit the mattress. Kyle sat and took Hal's hands to pull him down on top of him. He opened his thighs to accommodate him and he suddenly remembered Guy's admonishment to keep his knees to-

gether. Guy had been warning the wrong person. He giggled.

Hal frowned. “What’s so funny?”

Kyle shook his head. “Nothing. Just ...” He reached up to run his fingers over Hal’s chest. “I’ve wanted this for a long time, but I never believed it would happen.”

Hal nodded, his brows still furrowed, and for a fearful moment Kyle thought he was going to change his mind about this. “I can’t ... I can’t promise anything. You know... after you change back. I mean, I’ve had the occasional dream, but—”

“Hal.” Kyle touched his finger to Hal’s lips. “It’s okay. I understand.” He traced Hal’s mouth lightly with his finger. “And I promise I won’t tell anyone about this.”

It hurt a little, when Hal's face relaxed with relief, but Kyle did understand. So he was going to consider himself lucky that Hal wanted him at all.

Their eyes met and Kyle's fingers strayed along Hal's cheek and into his hair. Hal smiled and bent down to kiss him.

* * *

Kyle woke up with Hal's leg thrown over his, his hand cupping Kyle's breast and his cock hard against his ass. Kyle sighed and wriggled slightly against Hal's body, trying to burn into his memory the feeling of Hal's arms around him, the feeling of his body pressed close, of his cock hard and ready.

It was going to be hard to give this up, and part of him actually toyed with the idea of asking Enchantress to make it permanent after all. But he already missed his normal body—how many times last night had his hand moved to where his cock should have been while Hal fucked him?

It had been quick and hard at first, and Kyle had just wrapped his legs around Hal's waist and enjoyed the ride while Hal pounded into him. He had thought that would be it, that Hal would have his lust or curiosity—or whatever it was that made him want to fuck Kyle—satisfied and it would be over. But Hal had rolled off of him, then started an exploration of Kyle's new body, eventually using fingers and

mouth to give Kyle a mind blowing orgasm.

Kyle smiled at the memory. He'd have to remember what he'd learned about female anatomy if he got another girlfriend.

Though, after returning the favor by giving Hal a mind blowing blowjob, the idea of having a boyfriend had become more appealing. He just wished it could be Hal.

He sighed. Well, now that he'd depressed himself, he might as well get up.

He headed straight into the shower and while washing between his legs had the sudden realization that they hadn't used condoms last night. The thought had not even crossed his mind, which was weird. But he supposed it didn't matter — they

both had the rings monitoring their health, so neither of them would have to worry about diseases. And being a woman was only temporary, so it wasn't like he could get pregnant.

The shower door slid open. "Want some company?"

Kyle stepped aside to let Hal in. Hal wrapped his arms around him from behind, his hands going to Kyle's breasts, and kissed Kyle's neck. Kyle pressed his body back against Hal and, feeling the urge to be self-indulgent since this was probably the last time he'd ever have sex with Hal Jordan, he looked over his shoulder at his lover. "Wanna do me in the ass?"

* * *

“You said it would wear off in a day,” Kyle complained. “It’s long past twenty-four hours. Why am I still a woman?”

June pointed at the couch. “Sit!”

Kyle did as he was told, sitting on the end of Hal’s couch. He’d been waiting for the past six hours to change back, and nothing had happened. So they’d decided to call Enchantress.

June closed her eyes. A light blue glow spread from her hands to engulf Kyle’s body. After a moment, the glow disappeared and she opened her eyes. She looked from Kyle, to Hal, and back again. “Oh.”

“Well?” Kyle asked, starting to get more than a little worried. “What’s wrong? Why haven’t I changed back?”

June glanced at Hal again, then looked at Kyle. “Not to be nosy, but ... have you had sex with a man since the transformation?”

From June’s glance toward Hal, Kyle figured she already suspected. He nodded. “Yeah. Why?”

“Well, whoever designed the spell apparently had a twisted sense of humor. It seems the spell had side effects after all — releasing pheromones ... and increasing fertility.”

Kyle frowned. Well, the pheromones explained Hal being all over him. But increased fertility? That could only mean...

Panic shot through him. “Wait, are you trying to tell me I’m ...” He couldn’t even say the words, but June must have guessed what he was thinking because she nodded. Kyle dropped his head into his hands. “Oh God!”

“What?” Hal asked.

“The spell won’t change Kyle back right now because he’s pregnant.” She smiled weakly and shrugged. “Congratulations?”

Hal sat heavily on the couch next to Kyle. Kyle just stared at June. “You’re sure?”

She nodded. “I’m sure.”

Kyle glanced at Hal. He was wide-eyed and pale. Kyle sighed. Well, he had wondered how this could get any worse.

This is a work of fanfiction. The source material belongs to DC Comics and is being used purely for fun.

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