

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 3: A Day In Her Shoes

The white Honda Civic was a rusting relic that smelled faintly of old coffee and vanilla air freshener. It was a humble chariot for a goddess. Dylan Edwards sat in the driver's seat and gripped the steering wheel with hands that could crush the dashboard into powder. The seat was pushed all the way back yet his knees still brushed against the plastic casing of the steering column. Being Ms. Winslow was cramped.

He took a deep breath. The massive lungs in his chest expanded and strained the buttons of the sensible white blouse he had chosen. The grey cardigan did a decent job of muting the incredible topography of his upper body but there was no hiding the sheer scale of him. He felt the heavy sway of his breasts with every movement a constant reminder of the alien power he now possessed.

"Okay Dylan," he whispered to the rearview mirror. "You're just a chemistry teacher. A hot chemistry teacher. You can do this."



He stepped out of the car. The floral skirt swished around his shins and the tights hugged his calves. He felt exposed yet armored. As he walked toward the school entrance he tried to mimic Ms. Winslow's purposeful stride but he wobbled slightly in the low-heeled boots. He felt like a giraffe learning to walk.

"Morning Ms. Winslow!" a student called out.

"Yo," Dylan replied instinctively. He winced. "I mean... good morning. To you."

He hurried past them and kept his head down. He could feel eyes on him. He had always known Ms. Winslow was attractive but experiencing the gaze of the world from inside her body was a revelation. It wasn't just attention. It was a physical pressure.

He navigated the hallways and slipped into the teacher's lounge. He needed coffee. He was fumbling with the pot when a voice spoke from right behind his ear.

"Rachel! There she is."

Dylan jumped and nearly ripped the handle off the coffee pot. He spun around to face Mr. Henderson the young math teacher who always wore shirts that were slightly too tight.

"Oh! Uh... hi," Dylan stammered. He pushed his glasses up his nose.

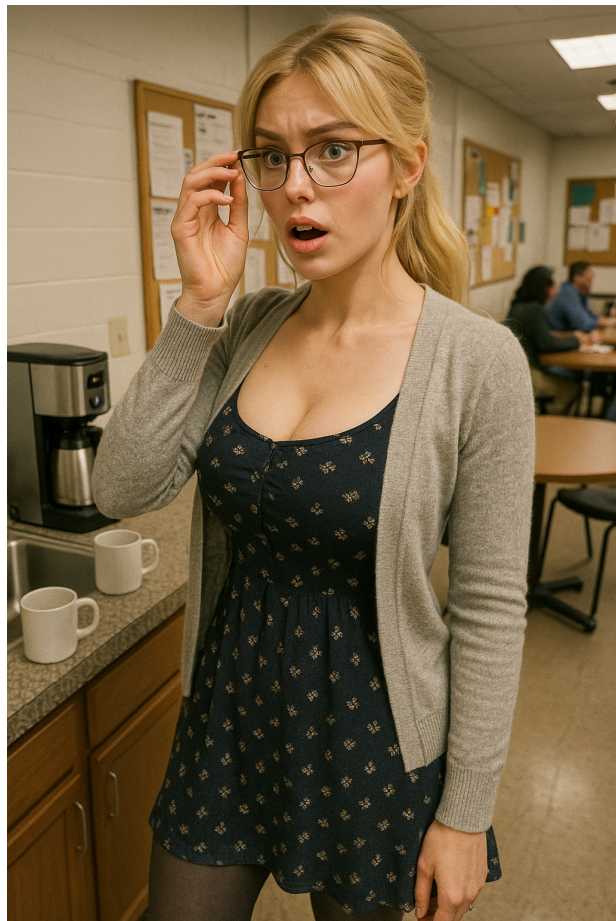
"How's the grading coming along?" Henderson asked, leaning against the counter with a practiced casualness. His eyes flicked down to Dylan's chest before snapping back up. "I know AP Chem is a beast this time of year."

"Grading? Oh right. The grading. It's... you know. Good. Lots of... numbers. And elements." Dylan felt sweat pricking his hairline. "I love elements."

Henderson chuckled, a smooth practiced sound. "You're funny today. I like it. Listen, I was thinking... maybe we could finally grab that drink tonight? Grading can wait right?"

He offered a wink that was probably meant to be charming but just made Dylan's skin crawl. This guy was hitting on him.

"Oh uh... maybe another time," Dylan said and backed away toward the door. "I'm feeling a little... ill. Feverish. Contagious probably."



"Playing hard to get," Henderson grinned. "One of these days I'll get you out on a date Rachel. Mark my words."

"Right. Thanks. Bye." Dylan fled.

He found her classroom and collapsed into the chair behind the big oak desk. He let out a long breath. Being a woman was exhausting.

A knock at the door made him sit up straight. Mr. Peterson the vice principal poked his head in. "Rachel? Sorry to disturb you but there's a student here who insists on seeing you. Says it's urgent."

"I'm really busy," Dylan said and shuffled some papers meaninglessly. "Can it wait?"

"It's Dylan Edwards," Peterson said.

Dylan choked on his own saliva. "Oh fuck."

Peterson blinked. "Excuse me?"

"I mean... duck. Duck him in here. Send him in. Immediately."

Peterson looked confused but nodded and stepped back. A moment later the door opened again.

Seeing himself walk into the room was an experience. It was his face, his messy brown hair, his lanky frame. But the posture was all wrong. His body was walking with a strange delicate grace. He held his backpack clutched to his chest like a shield. His knees were knocked slightly together.



"Uhh... Rachel?" the boy asked. His voice sounded uncertain. "I mean... Ms. Winslow? Can we talk somewhere private?"



Dylan stood up. He towered over his own body. It was a bizarre power dynamic. "Counseling room. Now."

They marched down the hall in silence and ducked into one of the soundproof counseling rooms used for students having breakdowns. Dylan locked the door and turned around.

"Dylan?" his body asked.

"Yeah," Dylan said. "Is that... are you...?"

"Rachel Winslow," his body replied. Her expression shifted. The nervousness vanished replaced by a look of stern, familiar authority that looked hilarious on Dylan's face. "In the flesh. Well. In your flesh."

She looked him up down and a smirk tugged at the corner of Dylan's mouth. "You're... me."

"Okay how the fuck did this happen!" Dylan blurted out.

"Do not swear with my voice!" Rachel hissed. She paced the small room and ran a hand through Dylan's hair in frustration. "And stop slouching! You're damaging my spine!"

"Are we stuck like this?" Dylan asked, panic rising in his chest. "Oh god oh god I can't be a woman forever! No offense."



"Get a grip!" Rachel snapped. She grabbed his shoulders and shook him. Her grip in his body was weak and pathetic compared to the power he now held but the intent was there. "By now I'm sure you've figured out my secret."

"What? That you're fucking Vortex Vixen?" Dylan whispered the name, glancing at the door. "That I *am* fucking Vortex Vixen?!"

"I said stop swearing," she scolded. "And yes. You **HAVE** to keep that a secret. Lives depend on it."

"Of course," Dylan said. He gestured to his outfit. "That's why I came dressed like a boring old librarian. I'm incognito."

Rachel looked down at her own clothes, the floral skirt and cardigan Dylan was wearing. She looked offended. "Hey! I like that outfit! It's professional!"

Dylan gave her a look over the top of the glasses. "Really? It hides... everything. It's like you're

ashamed of being a goddess."

"I thought it looked cute... never mind that," she cut him off, her cheeks flushing pink on Dylan's face. "Do you remember the energy gun from yesterday? The one Phantom used?"

"Yeah the knockout ray or whatever."

"It wasn't a knockout ray," she said grimly. "I analyzed the debris before... before I woke up in this bedroom of yours. It's a quantum entanglement device. A bodyswap gun. I think it requires two distinct shots to complete the circuit. The first beam hit you."

"And the second one hit you when you crushed it," Dylan realized.

"Exactly," she said. "The stored energy released and completed the swap."

"Great so it's your fault!" Dylan threw his hands up. "And you also destroyed our only way of changing back!"

Rachel's eyes narrowed. "Hey! I didn't ask you to push me out of the way! What were you thinking? I'm invulnerable! That blast would have just bounced off my aura!"

"I didn't know that!" Dylan defended himself. "I just saw a gun and... I moved. If I hadn't done that Phantom would probably have your body by now."

Rachel paused. The anger drained out of her face leaving Dylan's features looking tired and pale. She slumped against the wall. "You're right. If that gun was meant for me... and Phantom had used it... he would be Vortex Vixen right now." She shuddered. "I guess... I guess it is better you having my body than him. Even if you are... gross."

"Gross?" Dylan asked, offended.

"I saw your phone when we switched," she said, crossing her arms. "I saw what was on the screen. The fanart. You were... enjoying yourself to horrid photos of me."

Dylan felt a heat wave of embarrassment crash over him. "I... that was..."

"Violating," she said, pointing a finger at him. "This is my body Dylan! It is a temple of justice not a... a playground for your hormones!" She reached out and slapped her own breast which Dylan was currently inhabiting.

"Ow! Hey!" Dylan rubbed the spot. It didn't hurt of course but the shock was real. "Look I'm sorry. Okay? I promise I haven't done anything since... you know. Since I realized it was real."

Rachel looked at him skeptically. Then her eyes widened in horror. "Oh god... you didn't..."

"What?"

"You didn't... touch... anything else?" She gestured vaguely to her lower half.

Dylan bit his lip. "I mean... I thought it was a dream. I couldn't miss the opportunity to..."

"Stop!" She covered her ears. "I don't even want to hear what you did to my body. You are a pervert."

"Oh come on," Dylan scoffed. "Like you didn't get curious? You woke up with a brand new piece of equipment. You didn't touch my dick?"

Rachel turned a bright shade of red. "Absolutely not!"

"Well you should give it a try," Dylan grinned. "Jerking off is fun. You have my permission. Consider it a trade."

"We are getting sidetracked!" she yelled, though her voice cracked in the teenage boy register.

"We need to figure out how to change back. The only way is getting ahold of another one of those guns. Phantom is the only chance. He built it he must have more or at least the schematics."

"Okay," Dylan said. "So how are we going to do that? You don't exactly have powers in my body. No offense but I can barely do a pull-up."

"Yeah don't remind me," she grumbled. She stretched her arms above her head and winced.

"You really need to stretch more by the way. Your hamstrings are like guitar strings." She sighed. "But you're right. I can't do it. But YOU have powers."

"Me?" Dylan pointed to his chest.

"You're going to infiltrate Phantom's lair," she said with a steeliness that made him shiver. "And I'm going to help you do that. I'm going to teach you the ropes. I'm going to teach you how to be Vortex Vixen."

"Infiltrate the lair," Dylan repeated, the blood draining from his face. "Of a supervillain."

"It's the only way."

Suddenly the bell rang shrill and loud signaling the start of the first period.

"Crap," Rachel said. "We can't draw attention. Quick what's your passcode? I need your schedule."

"7777," Dylan said.

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Secure. Mine is the atomic weight of Tungsten. Just... get through the day. Don't do anything stupid. Don't use your powers unless you absolutely have to. And meet me at my car after school."

She grabbed the door handle.

"Wait!" Dylan called out. "What about me? I have to teach chemistry!"

"Fake it," she said. "It's just stoichiometry. Use the workbook."

With that she slipped out the door leaving Dylan alone in the small room.

"I have to infiltrate Phantom's lair," he whispered to the empty air. "Oh god what have I gotten myself into."

Rachel walked down the hallway, her mind racing. The sensation of walking in Dylan's body was jarring. everything felt loose, uncoordinated. Her center of gravity was wrong. She felt light, fragile. If she ran into a wall, she felt like she might break a bone.

She looked down at Dylan's phone. Math. Room 302.

"Ugh," she muttered. "Don't tell me it's that creep Mr Henderson again."



She turned a corner, her eyes glued to the screen, and slammed right into someone.

The impact wasn't hard, but in this body, it jarred her teeth. She stumbled back, barely keeping her balance.

"Woah! Careful there," a voice said.

Rachel looked up. Standing there was a girl she didn't recognize. She was striking, with dark hair tied back in a sleek ponytail, and eyes that seemed to sparkle with a strange intensity. She was wearing a leather jacket over a tight t-shirt, and she looked... older. More mature than the average high schooler.



"Sorry," Rachel said. "My bad." She rubbed her shoulder. Even a bump like that hurt. She missed her invulnerability.

"It's okay," the girl said, smiling. It was a predatory smile, though Rachel couldn't quite place why. "I'm new here. Name's Francine."

"Uhh... mine is Ra... Dylan," Rachel corrected herself quickly.

"Nice to meet you Dylan," Francine said. She looked him up and down, her eyes lingering for a second too long. "What class do you have?"

"Uhh... Math?"



"No way, me too!" Francine clapped her hands together. "Come on, let's go! You can show me the way."

Rachel hesitated. She had never seen this girl before. But then again, she had never really noticed Dylan Edwards before yesterday. She was a teacher; students were often just a blur of faces if they weren't in her class. She shrugged. "Sure. Follow me."

As they walked, Francine leaned in close. She smelled of expensive perfume and something metallic, like ozone.

"So I just transferred from Canada," Francine whispered, her arm brushing against Rachel's. "My family moved here suddenly. Kind of a whirlwind."

"That sounds... stressful," Rachel said, trying to navigate the crowded hall without getting shoved.

"It is," Francine said. "I don't really know anyone here yet. But you seem cool. Not like these other immature kids."

They entered the math classroom and took seats near the back. Mr. Henderson was at the

board, writing out calculus problems.

"Alright class," Henderson droned. "Today we're looking at derivatives."

Francine leaned over to Rachel. "Does he always stare at boobs like that?" she whispered, giggling.

Rachel looked down. "What? But I don't have boobs?"

"What? Not at you," Francine said, confused. "The girls at the front. He's totally checking them out. Gross."

Rachel snorted. "You have no idea."



For the next hour, Rachel actually enjoyed herself. It was strange being on the other side of the desk. She knew calculus inside and out since physics required it, so when Henderson asked a difficult question that stumped the class, Rachel raised her boyish hand.

"Edwards?" Henderson asked, sounding surprised. "You want to give it a shot?"

"The limit approaches zero because the denominator expands exponentially while the numerator is linear," Rachel said boredly.

Silence filled the room. Henderson blinked. "Uhh... that is correct. Very good, Edwards."

Francine nudged her arm. "Smart and cute," she whispered. "Dangerous combination."

Rachel felt a blush creep up her neck. It was exhilarating to be praised, even for something so simple, and it was nice to just be... a guy. No one was staring at her chest or talking down to her. It was nice to be looked at with respect for her intelligence, or simply ignored. It was a vacation from the constant, hungry gaze of the male population.

As the bell rang, signaling the end of class, Rachel packed up Dylan's bag. She stood up, stretching the lanky limbs.

"Hey, Dylan," Francine said, stepping into his path. She ran a hand through her hair, a calculated move that highlighted the curve of her neck. "You're fun. You want to hang out tonight? Maybe study? I could use your help with the physics homework. I don't really know anyone here, and I feel like we... click."



Rachel froze. A date? With a student? "Uhh... I don't think that's a good idea. I have a lot of... homework. And chores. My mom is very strict."

"Oh, come on," Francine purred, stepping closer. "It won't take long. Just a couple of hours."

Rachel was about to deliver a firm, teacherly rejection when a heavy arm draped around her neck.

"Well, well, well!" a loud voice boomed. "When were you going to introduce me to your new friend, Edwards?"

Rachel looked up to see Derick grinning like a maniac. Rachel recognized him as a student in her class. She figured he must be Dylan's friend. He looked at Francine, his eyes widening as he took in her leather jacket and the tight jeans that hugged her athletic hips. He looked back at "Dylan" with an expression of pure awe.

"I'm Derick," he said, puffing out his chest. "Dylan's best friend. And personal trainer, practically."

Francine smiled, a dazzling, perfect expression. "Hi Derick. I'm Francine. I was just asking Dylan if he wanted a study date tonight."

Derick's jaw dropped. He looked at Rachel, his eyes screaming Say yes, you idiot!

"Absolutely he would!" Derick announced, slapping Rachel on the back hard enough to make her stumble. "Dylan loves studying. He's a machine. Best studier I know."

Rachel glared at him. "Actually, Derick, I was just telling her that I'm busy..."

"Don't be silly!" Derick cut her off, gripping her shoulder with a warning squeeze. "You're free as a bird. His mom is totally chill. He'll see you at seven." He turned to Francine. "Your place?"

"My place is being renovated," Francine lied smoothly. "How's yours, Dylan?"

Rachel panicked. She couldn't have a strange girl at Dylan's house while she was trying to figure out how to save the city. "Uhh..."

"His place is great!" Derick interjected again. "7:00 PM. He'll text you the address."

"Perfect," Francine beamed. She leaned in and brushed her hand against Rachel's arm... Dylan's arm... sending a jolt of cold uneasiness through her. "See you then, Dylan."

She turned and skipped away, her hips swaying with a hypnotic rhythm that made half the boys in the hallway stop and stare.

Rachel watched her go, then turned to Derick with a scowl. "Why did you do that?"

"Are you insane?" Derick whispered, shaking her. "That girl is a solid ten! She's new, she's hot, and she wants to study with you! You were about to fumble the bag of the century, man!"

Rachel sighed, rubbing her temples. "You don't understand, Derick. I really don't have time for this."

"Make time!" Derick laughed. "You're welcome, by the way. Don't blow it." He punched her in the arm and walked off to his next class.

Rachel stood alone in the hallway, trapped in the body of a teenage boy who had just been set up on a date with a supervillain in disguise.



"God," she muttered, adjusting Dylan's backpack straps. "Being a teenager is hell."

A few hours later, across the campus, Dylan Edwards was sweating. Not from exertion, but from the sheer stress of impersonating a qualified educator.

He stood at the front of the chemistry lab, Ms. Winslow's body encased in the floral skirt and cardigan. He had written "STOICHIOMETRY" on the whiteboard in large, shaky letters.

"So," he said, his voice the smooth, commanding alto of Vortex Vixen, "just... read chapter four. And do the problems. All of them. If you have questions... ask the book."



The class stared at him. Ms. Winslow was usually a dynamo of energy, lecturing with passion and drawing complex molecular structures. Today, she was sitting on the edge of the desk, swinging her legs and looking terrified.

"Is everything okay, Ms. Winslow?" a girl in the front row asked.

"Peachy," Dylan said, forcing a smile. He shifted his weight, and the heavy breasts bounced

noticeably under the cardigan. He saw several of the boys in the back row exchange glances. He quickly crossed his arms. "Just... get to work."

He managed to survive the period by pretending to grade papers, which mostly involved drawing cool logos in the margins of student essays. Finally, the bell rang.

"Class dismissed!" he shouted a little too eagerly.

As the students filed out, the next class began to trickle in. And there, walking in with his usual lumbering gait, was Derick.

Dylan's heart leaped. Finally.

He waited until the class had settled and opened their books. He needed to get Derick alone.

"Derick," Dylan said, trying to sound authoritative. "Can I have a word with you? In the hall?"

The class went silent. A jock in the back snickered. "Ooooh, someone's in trouble."

"Hush!" Dylan snapped, pointing a manicured finger. The jock shut up immediately. Dylan felt a thrill. Being a hot, scary teacher had its perks.

Derick looked confused but stood up and followed him out into the hallway. Dylan looked left and right, then grabbed Derick's arm and dragged him into the small counseling room adjacent to the lab, locking the door behind them.

"Whoa, Ms. Winslow," Derick said, holding his hands up defensively. "If this is about me missing yesterday, I swear I was sick! I had this stomach bug and..."

"Derick, shhh!" Dylan hissed. He took off the fake glasses and looked his best friend in the eye. "It's me. It's Dylan."

Derick blinked. He looked at the tall, blonde woman standing in front of him. He looked at her chest. He looked at her face. "Uhh... what?"

"I bodyswapped with Ms. Winslow," Dylan said, the words tumbling out in a rush. "There was this gun... Phantom's gun... at the mall yesterday. I got hit, then she got hit, and we swapped. I woke up in her apartment this morning with... these." He gestured vaguely to his body.

Derick stared at him, his mouth slightly open. "Ms. Winslow... is this... is this some kind of teacher test? Am I being punked?"



"No!" Dylan groaned. "God, you're thick. Okay, look. Remember in third grade when you peed your pants during the spelling bee and we buried your underwear in the sandbox so your mom wouldn't find out?"

Derick's face went pale. "How... how did you know that?"

"Because I'm me!" Dylan said. "And remember last week, you told me you have a crush on... well, Ms. Winslow?" He gestured to his body.

Derick turned bright red. "Okay, stop! Stop!" He looked at the woman in front of him with a mix of horror and fascination. "So... you're Dylan? Inside Ms. Winslow?"

"Yes!"

Derick looked skeptical again. "I don't know. This is crazy. Maybe you just read my diary or something."

Dylan rolled his eyes. "Okay, fine. Would Ms. Winslow do this?"

He grabbed Derick's hand. Before Derick could pull away, Dylan pressed his friend's palm firmly against his left breast.

The contact was electric. Derick froze, his fingers sinking into the soft, heavy flesh of the teacher he'd fantasized about. His eyes bugged out.

"Dude," Dylan said, his voice deadpan. "Does this feel like a teacher thing to do?"

Derick didn't move his hand. He seemed paralyzed by the sensory overload. "It... it feels... big."

Dylan slapped his hand away. "Of course they're big! She's Vortex Vixen!"

Derick stumbled back, clutching his hand to his chest as if it had been burned. "Wait. What? Vortex Vixen?"

"Yes," Dylan said. "Ms. Winslow is Vortex Vixen. That's why she's so stacked. That's why she has..." He gestured to his figure. "And that's why I can do this."



Dylan focused. He pushed the sensation of gravity away, just like he had in the apartment. His feet lifted off the linoleum. He rose two feet into the air, hovering silently, his cardigan flapping slightly in the invisible energy field, until he lost control and fell back to his feet. He still doesn't quite know how to control his new powers.

Derick's knees gave out. He slid down the wall and sat on the floor, looking up at his floating best friend.

"Holy shit," Derick whispered. "You're flying. You're... you're her."

Dylan dropped back to the floor with a soft thud. "Yeah. It's a mess. We need to swap back. She's... she's in my body right now."

Derick's brain seemed to be rebooting. "Wait. So the Dylan I talked to in the hall... that was Ms. Winslow?"

"Yes."

"And Ms. Winslow is also Vortex Vixen?"

"Yes"

"My chem teacher is a superhero?"

"Yes"

"And she's swapped bodies with my best friend?"

"Yes!"

Derick scrambled to his feet, grabbing Dylan by the shoulders... Ms. Winslow's shoulders.

"Dude! This is insane! You have tits! You have her tits! Have you see them? Can you show me? Dude, we should have sex! It wouldn't be gay, it's her body!"

Dylan laughed, shoving him away. "Out of the question, buddy. Nice try though. And yes, I've seen them. They're spectacular. But we have bigger problems."

"Bigger problems?" Derick shook his head. "Bro, you won life. Wait... if she's in your body..." A look of realization dawned on Derick's face. "Oh my god."

"What?"

"Ms. Winslow is getting laid in your body tonight!" Derick shouted, then slapped a hand over his mouth.

Dylan stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

"The new girl!" Derick whispered excitedly. "Francine! She's a total smoke show. She transferred in today. She asked 'you' out on a study date. Tonight at 7:00."

Dylan frowned. "A date? With me? Why?"

"I don't know, man! Maybe she likes skinny nerds I guess. She was all over you... I mean, her. And I kinda... convinced her to say yes."

"You pimped out my body while my teacher is inside it?" Dylan rubbed his temples. "Look, I don't care about the date. She can handle it. I need to focus on learning these powers. After school, I'm meeting her at her car. She's going to train me. We have to infiltrate Phantom's lair to get the gun back."

Derick's eyes went wide. "Infiltrate Phantom's lair? You're going to get killed."

"I'm invulnerable, remember?" Dylan flexed a slender arm. "And I have super strength. I just need to learn how to use it."

"Okay, okay," Derick said. "So what do I do?"

"You cover for me," Dylan said. "Keep people away from Ms. Winslow... from me... I mean, keep people away from this body while I'm figuring things out. And keep an eye on my body. Don't let her do anything that ruins my reputation. Or my life."

"And don't let her cancel the date," Derick added helpfully.

"Derick!"

"Fine, fine. But dude... you have to promise me one thing."

"What?"

"Before you swap back... you gotta let me see. Just a peek. For science."

Dylan sighed, adjusting his glasses. "If we survive this, and if you help me pull this off... maybe. Now go back to class before people get suspicious."

Derick walked to the door, paused, and looked back at Dylan with a grin. "This is the best day of my life."

He left. Dylan slumped against the wall, the adrenaline fading.

"Francine," he muttered to himself. "Who transfers to a new school and immediately asks the quiet kid out? Weird."

He shook it off. He had to get through two more periods of pretending to know science, and then... then he had to learn how to be a superhero.

The rest of the school day was a blur of awkward interactions and terrifying close calls. Dylan managed to avoid answering any real chemistry questions by assigning "independent study," and he spent most of his lunch break hiding in the staff bathroom, marveling at the fact that he didn't pee standing up, avoiding the urge to touch the enticing pussy.

When the final bell rang, the relief was physical. He grabbed Ms. Winslow's purse and made a beeline for the parking lot.

He spotted the white Honda immediately. Standing next to it, leaning against the door with his arms crossed, was his own body.

Rachel looked annoyed. She was tapping her foot impatiently.

"You're late," she said as he approached.

"I got held up by Mr. Peterson," Dylan said, unlocking the car. "He wanted to know why I approved a field trip to the 'Particle Accelerator' which doesn't exist."

"I panicked," she muttered. "Get in."

They climbed into the car. The interior felt even smaller with two people who were essentially strangers sharing the space.

"Did you survive?" Rachel asked, looking him over. "You didn't expose my identity?"

"Derick knows," Dylan said casually, starting the engine.

Rachel whipped her head around, her eyes flashing. "You told him?!"

"I had to! I needed an ally." Dylan merged into traffic, the car groaning. "Don't worry, he's cool. He thinks it's awesome."

"He thinks it's 'awesome' that the city's protector is compromised?" Rachel groaned. "Teenage boys are so stupid."

"Hey!" Dylan protested. "Speaking of teenage boys... I hear you have a date tonight."

Rachel slumped in the passenger seat, sliding down until her knees hit the dashboard. "Don't remind me. That friend of yours... Derick... he practically signed a contract on my behalf. Who is this Francine girl anyway? She's aggressive."

"Derick says she's hot," Dylan said. "You should have fun. It's my body, remember? Maybe you can get me some action."

Rachel glared at him. "I am going to sit there, do algebra, and leave. There will be no 'action'. And if you so much as think about doing anything with my... parts... I will fly you into the sun."

"Okay, okay, relax." Dylan laughed. "So, where are we going?"

"The quarry," Rachel said. "It's abandoned. I can teach you how to fly without anyone seeing us. And then... we plan the mission."

"The mission," Dylan repeated, a thrill of excitement mixing with the fear in his gut.