

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 6: Dylan's First Battle as a Superhero

Rachel had just woken up, bound up in a strange dark location. Her head throbbed with a dull, sickening ache that she had not felt in years. She tried to blink away the confusion.

The room was dark. It was illuminated only by the harsh, blue glow of computer terminals and the flickering fluorescent tubes overhead. She realized quickly she was sitting in a heavy steel chair. She tried to move her arms, but they were locked down firmly. If she were in her normal body, this would be so easy to break out of. But as Dylan, she felt weak, fragile... stuck.

"Hello?" she called out into the darkness. Her voice echoed off the concrete walls. "Is anyone there?"

From the dense shadows across the room, a figure stepped into the flickering light. He wore a dark, tailored suit, but his face was obscured by a sleek, skeletal mask. It was the face of a ghost, a terrifying visage that Rachel knew all too well.

The Phantom.

But he wasn't wearing his massive, weaponized mech suit. He was just a man. He moved with a confident, arrogant swagger. Rachel stared at his body, his hair, his hands, desperately trying to take in any detail that might reveal his true identity. This was the closest she'd ever been to seeing who he is. *Why was he being so careless?* She thought. Still, all she had was the understanding he was a white male, but that much she could have guessed already. Without the context of his public persona, she had no idea who he was under that mask. Her senses, normally sharp enough to read a heartbeat from a mile away, were muted and sluggish in this human body. She felt blind and weak.

"Well, well," the Phantom's synthesized voice echoed off the concrete walls. "He's awake."

Rachel's mind raced. He? So he thinks I'm Dylan. He doesn't know about the swap. She figured this is why he was more confident appearing in just a mask. To him, she was just an innocent

boy named Dylan. She needed to play along. She needed to gather information. She let her shoulders slump, forcing her breathing to become ragged and panicked.

"What do you want with me?" she stammered, pitching Dylan's voice an octave higher to sound properly terrified. She cowered against the metal chair, an act that felt disgustingly unnatural to her warrior spirit.

The Phantom chuckled, a dry, humorless sound. He paced around the chair, his dark eyes studying her through the slits of his mask. "You are a very lucky, very stupid boy, Dylan. You got in the way of a weapon that was never meant for you."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Rachel cried out.

"Oh, I think you do," the Phantom sneered. "I used my latest invention to pay you a visit. A rather ingenious device that allows for the complete transference of consciousness. Body swapping, to put it plainly." He stopped in front of her, leaning in close. "I assumed the form of that beautiful young woman you met today. It's much easier to seduce a teenage boy as a pretty girl, you see. A simple biological exploit."

Rachel felt her stomach churn. Seduce? The memory of Francine's hands on Dylan's body, the overwhelming, non-consensual rush of male hormones, the degrading act on the bedroom floor all flooded back. He practically forced himself onto me! The sheer violation of it broke through her calculated facade. The anger boiled over, hot and reckless.

"So you're really a man?" Rachel blurted out, her voice dripping with disgust. "What are you, gay for teen boys or something?"

The Phantom froze. The silence in the room became thick and dangerous. He was completely taken aback by the sheer gall of the comment coming from a helpless captive. His posture stiffened, his fists clenching at his sides. He stepped directly into her personal space, the air radiating with sudden, violent anger.

"I'm not fucking gay," he snarled, his voice losing the smooth, synthesized calm. "It was a tactical necessity to capture you without drawing attention."

Without warning, his fist shot out. He buried his knuckles deep into Rachel's ribs.

The impact was devastating. In her true body, a punch like that wouldn't have even registered

as a tickle. But in Dylan's fragile frame, it felt like being hit by a sledgehammer. The air exploded from her lungs in a wet gasp. She doubled over as far as the restraints would allow, a blinding flash of pain radiating through her torso. She groaned loudly, her eyes watering.

The Phantom stepped back, smoothing the front of his suit as if brushing off dirt.

Rachel coughed, struggling to pull air back into her burning lungs. Okay, she thought, the pain sharp and grounding. Not invincible. I'm in Dylan's fragile body. I have to be careful. A broken rib could puncture a lung. I need to play the victim.

She looked up, letting genuine tears of pain well in her eyes. "Please," she wheezed. "Don't hurt me! Why me? I'm just a kid!"

The Phantom seemed satisfied with her submission. He began to pace again. "I needed to capture you because you were struck by the primary beam of my device at the mall. That blast was meant for Vortex Vixen. But because you leaped in the way like an idiot, you absorbed the anchor tag. The fact that you haven't swapped bodies with anyone means the secondary charge is still contained within the weapon. The gun is still out there, waiting to be fired a second time."

Rachel kept her face perfectly masked in fear, but internally, she was analyzing every word. He didn't know she had crushed the gun. He didn't know the secondary charge had hit her. He was completely blind to the reality of the situation.

"So why keep me here?" Rachel asked, her voice trembling perfectly.

"Because you are the bait," the Phantom explained, his tone returning to a smug purr. "Vixen has a well-documented weakness. She cares too much. She routinely checks in on the survivors of supervillain attacks, especially those impacted by uncatalogued technology. I have studied her patterns for years. I know her better than she knows herself."

Rachel felt a cold shudder run down her spine. The way he spoke about her, the intense, stalker-like obsession dripping from his words, made her skin crawl. She had always known villains held grudges, but this level of fixation was deeply deeply unsettling. She shuddered, and it wasn't an act. The thought of this absolute creep wanting to inhabit her body was horrifying.

"So what then?" Rachel asked, swallowing hard. "You're going to tell Vixen you've got me, and then what? She'll come here and she'll stop you. She always stops you."

The Phantom stopped pacing. He turned to her, and even behind the mask, she could feel his sinister smile.

"Oh, I plan on it," he whispered. "When I broadcast our location from this abandoned warehouse, she will come tearing through that ceiling to save you. And we both know my success rate against her in direct combat is less than stellar." He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a sleek, silver pistol. It was identical to the one Rachel had crushed. The backup.

"Which is why, just before I am apprehended, I am going to use this," he said, tapping the barrel against his masked chin. "I'm going to shoot us both. I'm going to swap bodies with you, Dylan. You'll be the one she captures."

Rachel's breath caught in her throat.

"Then," the Phantom continued, his voice echoing with absolute malice, "when Vixen is distracted, when she thinks she has won and is comforting the poor, traumatized boy... I will use my body swap ray again. I will use your body to shoot her. She will be trapped in your pathetic, weak body. And I will be in control of the most powerful being in the world."

He let out a dark, echoing laugh, the sound bouncing off the concrete walls. He turned on his heel and walked away into the shadows, leaving her alone in the dim light.

Rachel gulped loudly. The implication crashed over her like a tidal wave. If his plan worked, he wouldn't just take her body. She would be stuck in the Phantom's body, whoever he really was. And The Phantom would become her. The real her. There would be nothing she could say or do. Nobody would believe her if she tried to explain she wasn't him. Nobody would believe a known supervillain claiming to be the city's greatest hero. They would lock her away forever.

For the first time in a very long time, Rachel Winslow didn't need to pretend to be scared. As she sat shivering in the cold warehouse, feeling the throbbing pain in her mortal ribs, she was utterly terrified.

"Oh Dylan" she quietly muttered to herself. "I hope you're planning a way out of this mess. The

world is counting on you”.

“It’s not coming out!” Derrick yelled.

Back at Rachel's apartment, Derick was on his knees next to the coffee table, furiously scrubbing at the deep purple super suit with a damp, soapy towel. Hovering two feet above him, completely and utterly naked, was Dylan.

"You could help, you know?" Derick grumbled, scrubbing aggressively at the stubborn, sticky white stain that was plastered across the gold trim of the superhero suit.

Dylan floated on his back, his hands tucked casually behind his head. The massive, perfect breasts stood straight up, defying gravity, the dark pink nipples pointing towards the ceiling. He lazily kicked his powerful legs in the air, completely unbothered by his total nudity.

"Nah, dude," Dylan said, a smug, musical laugh escaping his lips. "I think I've already given you plenty of help tonight. You're welcome, by the way."

Derick rolled his eyes, his cheeks flushing red as he remembered the sensation of thrusting into the tight, wet heat of the goddess hovering above him. "Yeah, yeah. It was amazing. But if she gets her body back and finds her suit covered in my cum, she's going to literally throw me into the sun."

Before Dylan could offer another teasing remark, a massive, thunderous crash echoed from outside. The sound of rending metal and screaming tires filled the night air.

They both jolted upright. Dylan flipped in the air, landing gracefully on his bare feet. They rushed over to the glass sliding doors of the balcony and peered out. A few blocks away, thick black smoke was billowing up into the illuminated city sky. The distinct sound of panicked screams and blaring car alarms drifted on the wind.

They both looked at each other, a sudden wave of panic washing over their faces.

"Dude, come on," Derick said, pointing urgently towards the smoke. "That's your call."

"What do you mean?" Dylan asked, his eyes wide.

"What do I mean?" Derick threw his hands up. "Look at you!"

Dylan looked down at his naked body. He saw the impossible curves, the sheer, dense muscle of his thighs, the heavy, pendulous weight of his breasts resting against his ribs. The visual was staggering, a constant reminder of the raw power he possessed.

"You're a goddamn superhero," Derick insisted. "People need help."

"Yeah, but I don't know how to save people!" Dylan stammered, his voice laced with genuine nerves. "I just learned how to fly hours ago! I can't fight supervillains!"

"Well, if you don't do something, someone might die," Derick argued, his tone dead serious. "She's not here to do it. You are."

Dylan stared at the rising smoke. He thought about the people trapped down there. He thought about Rachel running into a burning building without any powers at all. He felt the hum of the Vortex energy vibrating in his chest, a deep, instinctual pull toward the danger. He swallowed hard, finding a sudden well of courage.

"Okay," Dylan said, his jaw setting with determination. "I'll... I'll do it."

He bent his knees, preparing to launch himself off the balcony.

"Wait!" Derick yelled, grabbing Dylan's arm. "Are you forgetting something?"

Dylan paused, confused. He looked down again. He realized with a sudden, blushing shock that he was completely bare. His plump, wet pussy lips were entirely exposed to the night air.

"Oh, right," Dylan said. He stepped back inside. "Her super suit... you... I can't wear that!"

They both looked at the purple spandex lying on the floor. The huge, wet white stain was still incredibly prominent across the stomach and thigh area.

"We need to find something else," Dylan said. He ran to Rachel's bedroom, his heavy breasts jiggling violently with every step, the sheer weight of them pulling at his chest. Derick followed close behind.

They tore open her wardrobe. It was mostly filled with sensible skirts and cardigans.

"She must have another suit somewhere," Dylan muttered, tossing hangers aside.

"Superheroes always have backups."

Derick dropped to his knees and pulled out a sleek, locked storage box from the bottom of the closet. He fiddled with the latch, and to his surprise, it popped open.

"Bingo," Derick said. He pulled out a bundle of shiny fabric. "Look at this one."

It looked similar to the original suit. It was made of the same iridescent purple material with gold accents. Derick tossed it to Dylan, who caught it and immediately began pulling it on.

As Dylan shimmied into the fabric, he realized it was completely different from the original costume.

"Whoa," Dylan said, struggling to pull the incredibly tight material over Rachel's massive hips.

"This has a lot less fabric."

He finally got it pulled up and turned to face the full-length mirror on the closet door. Derick let out a low, stunned whistle.

"Hmm, I haven't seen this version of the suit before," Derick said, his eyes practically bugging out of his head.

Dylan stared at his reflection, utterly mesmerized by the sheer, unadulterated slutty energy radiating from the glass. "Yeah, it's a lot more... sexy?"

The suit was outrageously revealing. It completely ditched the sleeves, leaving his slender, sculpted shoulders and arms entirely bare. A thick, heavy gold collar wrapped tightly around his throat, connecting to a shimmering gold cape that pooled on the floor behind him. But the torso was the main attraction. Gone was the reflective metal armour, and in its place was a purple, scaly fabric that acted like a rigid corset, but the front plunged into a severe, deep golden 'V' that reached all the way down to his navel.

Because it was strapless, the heavy, monumental weight of his breasts was pushed violently upward and together by the stiff cups. The sheer volume of his tits spilled out of the sides and the plunging center, leaving practically the entire upper half of his massive chest completely bare. The gold trim dug into the soft underside of his cleavage, hoisting the globes high. The leg holes were cut obscenely high, resting entirely above his hip bones to expose the entire

length of his thick, muscular thighs and the deep, fertile curve of his pelvis.

Dylan smirked, feeling a sudden surge of intense, hyper-feminine confidence. The way the tight material dug directly into his crotch was applying constant pressure to his clit, sending hot waves of arousal straight to his brain. He posed in the mirror, popping his hip and admiring the ridiculous, gravity-defying cleavage.

"Damn," Dylan said, running a hand over the smooth, exposed skin of his upper chest. "I already thought her normal outfit was hot, but she looks way hotter like this. Why doesn't she wear this all the time?"

Another loud crash echoed from outside, followed by the sound of crumbling brick and panicked screaming.

"Just go, dude!" Derick yelled, pointing toward the balcony.

"Right," Dylan said. He turned and sprinted through the apartment. He leaped off the balcony, the heavy gold cape billowing out behind him. The cool night air rushed over his highly exposed skin, chilling his massive, bare shoulders and the deep valley of his cleavage as he flew toward the chaos.

He banked around a high-rise office building and descended toward the street. He landed heavily on the pavement, cracking the concrete beneath his golden boots.

He stood up straight and surveyed the scene.

Standing in the middle of the street, casually tossing parked cars into storefronts, was a massive grey man with a long, thick elephant snout protruding from his face.

"No way!" Dylan said aloud. "Elephant Man!"

Dylan almost laughed. Elephant Man was famously one of the silliest, most incompetent villains in the city. He was just a mutated bank robber who relied entirely on brute strength. Dylan didn't realize the guy had escaped from prison, but he felt a wave of relief. This was the perfect training wheels fight for his new body.

Elephant Man turned around at the sound of the cracking pavement. He saw the purple and gold heroine standing there and let out a snorting laugh through his trunk.

He spoke in a slow, simple, booming voice. "Vortex Vixen here to stop Elephant Man? Ha ha ha. No stop Elephant Man. Elephant Man crush you."

The panicked civilians who had been running away stopped and turned to look at the standoff. Dylan floated a few inches off the ground, trying to project the confident, commanding aura of a seasoned hero.

"Stop tormenting these people," Dylan shouted, trying to deepen his feminine voice. "Or I'll whoop your ass! Buddy!"

The crowd went completely silent. People started whispering to each other, their phone cameras instantly clicking.

"Is that Vortex Vixen?" a woman asked.

"Look at her outfit!" a man gasped, zooming in. "You can see everything!"

"Did she just say 'whoop your ass'?" a teenager laughed.

Someone in the back of the crowd whistled loudly and yelled, "Love the new fit, Vixen! Looking hot!"

Dylan smirked, his ego inflating rapidly. He loved the attention. He loved the hungry stares tracking the heavy, bouncing sway of his breasts. He flexed his slender arms, feeling the satisfying pull of the tight corset against his ribs, and flew directly towards Elephant Man.

The fight began with a humiliating reality check.

Dylan threw a punch, aiming for the villain's jaw. But he misjudged the distance and his own speed entirely. He flew right past Elephant Man, spinning out of control. Elephant Man simply reached out with a massive grey hand and swatted Dylan out of the air like a fly.

Dylan crashed into the side of a delivery truck, denting the metal panel inward. He crumpled to the ground in a heap of bare limbs, purple spandex, and blonde hair.

The crowd gasped.

Dylan scrambled to his feet. He brushed himself off, expecting to feel broken ribs or a shattered spine. He felt absolutely nothing. The impact hadn't hurt at all. It just felt like a firm,

full-body push.

A wide grin spread across his face. This is incredible.

He launched himself back into the fight. He was clearly not practiced, flailing wildly and throwing clumsy punches. Elephant Man easily deflected them, knocking Dylan around the street. Dylan was tossed into a brick wall, slammed through a bus stop, and thrown onto the hood of a taxi. Every impact sent his massive breasts bouncing and jiggling violently, threatening to spill completely out of the strapless V-neck, putting on a spectacular, highly erotic show for the filming bystanders.

He got up from the rubble again, the absolute lack of pain slowly giving him total confidence. He wasn't afraid anymore. He was a flying, invincible sex symbol.

He charged forward again. Elephant Man swung his thick, muscular trunk like a baseball bat. It swept low, aiming directly between Dylan's legs.

Dylan saw it coming at the last second. His male instincts kicked in completely. He gasped, bracing himself for the agonizing, nauseating, world-ending pain of a direct hit to the testicles. He squeezed his eyes shut, his hands flying up uselessly, and waited for the agony.

The heavy trunk slammed directly into his crotch with the force of a wrecking ball.

But there was no pain. Oh, right, Dylan thought, his eyes popping open in surprise. No balls.

Instead of agony, the blunt, heavy impact of the trunk pressed intensely against his swollen, sensitive pussy lips through the thin spandex. The sheer force of the blow acted like a brutal, instantaneous thrust against his clit. The high-cut suit was already wedged deep in his crack, and the trunk just mashed the slick fabric harder into his most sensitive nerve endings. A shockwave of pure, electrical pleasure shot straight up his spine. His knees buckled slightly, a soft, involuntary moan escaping his painted lips as his inner walls clenched with sudden, dripping heat.

He stood there confidently, looking down at his crotch, practically vibrating from the unexpected sexual thrill. He looked up at Elephant Man, who seemed confused that his devastating nut-shot had completely failed to faze the heroine.

Dylan threw a clumsy but incredibly powerful uppercut, catching Elephant Man on the chin

and sending him stumbling backward.

"Take that!" Dylan shouted playfully, genuinely enjoying himself now. The adrenaline and the lingering, throbbing arousal from the crotch hit were a potent, intoxicating mix.

He flew forward to press his advantage, but as he moved, he felt a sudden draft on his chest. He looked down and gasped. The brutal impacts of the fight had shifted the incredibly tight corset of the new suit. The strapless fabric had slipped down completely on the right side, entirely exposing his massive, heavy breast. The huge, dark pink areola and the stiff, aching nipple were fully bared to the cool night air.

He heard the distinct sound of dozens of smartphone camera shutters clicking rapidly from the crowd.

"Oh my god," Dylan shrieked. He flushed bright red with a mix of embarrassment and an intense, slutty exhibitionist thrill. He quickly grabbed the purple fabric and hauled it back up, grabbing a huge handful of his own heavy tit to stuff it back into the restrictive, plunging neckline.

He went back to fighting, trying to be more careful with his wardrobe while still riding the high of being exposed. He got a bit better, managing to land a few solid knocks that actually hurt the mutated villain. But he just couldn't get the hang of the actual martial arts choreography. He kept leaving himself open, and Elephant Man kept punching him, sending him flying backward through the air over and over again.

Dylan hovered near a shattered streetlight, panting heavily, his massive breasts heaving up and down and straining the gold trim of the plunging V-neck. He needed a strategy. He couldn't just keep getting punched.

He got an idea.

He flew forward directly at Elephant Man, completely ignoring defense. The villain saw him coming and threw a massive, haymaker punch. This time, just before the unavoidable hit landed, Dylan reached out and grabbed the thick, grey elephant trunk with both hands, using his super-strength grip to hold on tight.

Elephant Man's fist connected with Dylan's stomach. The sheer kinetic force of the blow sent

Dylan flying backward at incredible speed. But because Dylan was holding the nose with an unbreakable grip, Elephant Man was violently yanked off his feet and dragged through the air along with him.

"Whoa!" Elephant Man roared as he was pulled into the sky.

Dylan used the insane momentum of the blow to spin in mid-air. He whipped his arms around, acting like a human centrifuge, and flung Elephant Man high into the night sky above the city skyline.

Dylan stopped his own backward momentum, floating in the air. He watched the heavy villain arc upwards. He started to fly up after him, not entirely sure how he was actually going to restrain the guy once he caught him. But this, at least, was a slight success. He had removed the threat from the street.

Suddenly, a brilliant flash of golden light illuminated the sky above him.

A man with massive, glowing white wings swooped down from the clouds at supersonic speed. He intercepted the soaring Elephant Man perfectly. It was The Winged Guardian, a highly respected hero from Primewatch.

Dylan paused midair, floating with his hands on his hips, his cape billowing around his bare shoulders. He watched in absolute awe.

The Winged Guardian pulled a set of glowing energy chains from his belt. He wrapped them expertly around Elephant Man's arms and torso in a blur of motion. Then, Guardian grabbed the end of the chain, spun in the air, and swung his entire body weight downward, hurling the bound villain back toward the earth like a heavy rock.

Elephant Man fell, screaming in terror, plummeting straight down into the narrow alleyway between two tall office buildings.

As the villain approached the ground, a strong, incredibly buff man in red and silver armor was sprinting across the rooftops. He leaped from the edge of the first building with insane leg strength, intersecting Elephant Man's fall perfectly. He caught the heavy villain midair, absorbing the massive impact without flinching, and landed gracefully on the roof of the second building. He hoisted the bound Elephant Man over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

It was Mortar Man.

"Quick, Prism!" Mortar Man yelled into his earpiece.

Standing on the exact same rooftop was another hero from Primewatch. Prism was a tall woman in a sleek white suit. She held her hands out, her eyes glowing pink. She used her telepathic powers to conjure a solid, shimmering pink projection of a heavy steel cell right in the middle of the roof.

Mortar Man dumped the struggling Elephant Man into the center of the projection, and Prism snapped her hands shut, closing the front bars of the cell.

Elephant Man roared, thrashing against the pink energy bars. The projection flickered and cracked under his immense strength.

"Hurry!" Prism yelled, sweat beading on her forehead. "My concentration is fading! He's too strong!"

Evergreen, a woman clad entirely in leaves and vines, ran up next to the cage. She placed her glowing green hands on the concrete roof. Instantly, thick, exotic plants sprouted from the ground around the projected cell. The flowers bloomed rapidly and began releasing thick clouds of purple spores directly into the cage.

Elephant Man screamed and panicked, coughing as he inhaled the dust. He cracked one of the projected bars completely, but his movements slowly became sluggish. The spores were a powerful natural sedative. He stumbled, his eyes rolling back in his head, and collapsed onto the roof, snoring loudly. In no time, he was fast asleep.

Prism let out a breath and dropped her hands. The pink cage shattered into light and faded away. Mortar Man immediately approached the sleeping villain and used heavy titanium cuffs to bind his arms and legs securely.

The Winged Guardian landed softly on the roof beside them, folding his glowing wings.

"Excellent timing, team," Guardian said, offering Mortar Man a high-five.

They all started congratulating each other, thanking Evergreen for the quick sleep spores and praising Mortar Man's catch.

Dylan floated a few dozen yards away, shaking his head. He had just witnessed a perfectly coordinated, highly trained superhero team take down a threat in seconds. It made his clumsy brawl look incredibly amateurish.

Mortar Man looked up and saw the purple figure hovering in the distance.

Prism followed his gaze. She took one look at Dylan's highly revealing outfit, the completely bare shoulders, the incredibly high-cut hips, and the massive, overflowing cleavage practically popping out of the deep V-neck, and her jaw dropped.

"What the hell is she wearing?" Prism muttered, sounding deeply offended and slightly jealous.

"Vixen!" Mortar Man yelled, waving a thick armored arm. "Come down here! Help us secure the perimeter!"

Dylan realized he was just staring awkwardly. He jumped slightly in the air. "Uhh, sure! Be right down!"

He floated toward the building, trying to look casual while basically wearing lingerie. He misjudged the landing again, coming in a little too fast, and stumbled forward on the gravel roof, his heavy breasts bouncing violently as he caught his balance.

Mortar Man approached him while the others were busy tagging Elephant Man for transport. Dylan felt incredibly nervous. He was a teenager in a woman's body about to meet actual, famous superheroes. He desperately wanted to act cool.

As Mortar Man got close, Dylan stood up straight and formally held out his hand for a polite handshake.

Mortar Man just laughed, a deep, booming sound that rumbled in his chest. "What are you doing, Vixen? We're not at a press conference."

He swatted Dylan's delicate hand aside, stepped forward, and wrapped his massive, muscular arms around Dylan in a crushing bear hug.

Dylan completely froze. He was super awkward. I'm hugging fucking Mortar Man.

The physical contact was overwhelming. Mortar Man's chest was like a brick wall, and he squeezed Dylan so tightly that Dylan's massive, bare breasts were completely flattened against

the cold hero's armor. Dylan could smell sweat, metal, and cheap cologne. The sheer masculinity of the embrace, combined with the intense friction against his highly sensitive nipples, sent a confusing, unwanted shiver of intense heat straight down to his wet pussy. He awkwardly patted Mortar Man on the back until the big hero finally let go.

"How are you lately?" Mortar Man asked, smiling warmly. He had a thick, bushy mustache that twitched when he spoke. It was so weird for Dylan to be seeing him up close like this, instead of on the news. "It's good to see you. You've been quiet."

"I'm, uhh, I'm good," Dylan stumbled through a reply, his feminine voice sounding exceptionally breathy from the lingering arousal. "Just doing hero stuff. Solo stuff."

The Winged Guardian walked up, folding his arms. He looked Dylan up and down, his eyes lingering heavily on the plunging neckline and the completely exposed thighs. "Good thing we showed up in time, huh?"

"Hey, I had him under control," Dylan protested defensively, putting his hands on his flared, bare hips.

Guardian laughed smoothly. "Really? You looked a little tired out there, Vixen. You were getting tossed around like a ragdoll. Normally you're a lot better than you were tonight. Your form was totally off."

Before Dylan could defend his terrible fighting skills, a loud rushing sound filled the air. A massive, sleek black VTOL jet flew past the building. A heavy magnetic hook descended from the cargo bay, latching onto the titanium cuffs around Elephant Man. The jet reeled the sleeping villain up and carried him off into the night, heading toward the max-security meta-prison.

Prism and Evergreen walked over to join the group.

"Yeah, you seem a little rusty there, Vix," Evergreen said kindly. She stepped forward and pulled Dylan into a gentle hug.

Dylan did his best to play along, awkwardly returning the embrace. He didn't know if his performance was convincing or not, but none of them seemed to realize he was an imposter. He looked at Evergreen as she pulled away. He had actually always had a crush on Evergreen.

Even though she wasn't very curvy and didn't have massive assets like Vixen, she was natural, and incredibly pretty. Her presence was grounding. Being this close to her made his female body react with a strange, confusing mix of jealousy and attraction.

"Okay, well, I should uhh, better be going," Dylan said, taking a step back toward the edge of the roof. "Thanks again for the help, guys. See ya around."

He started to hover, preparing to fly back to the apartment and tell Derick the crazy story.

"Wait, you're not coming out with us?" Mortar Man asked, looking genuinely disappointed.

Dylan paused mid-air. "Out?"

Evergreen shook her head and sighed, looking at Prism. "See, I told you she'd bail."

Guardian smirked. "Why don't you ever want to come out and celebrate after we take down a baddie? We always get drinks."

Prism rolled her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest. She was clearly not a huge fan of Vortex Vixen. "Because she thinks she's better than us. She doesn't want to mingle with the commoners."

"Hey! No!" Dylan said quickly, dropping back down to the roof. "I don't think that at all! I just..."

Mortar Man cut in, defending her. "Ignore her, Vixen. We all know you're not big into partying. You're sensible. You have responsibilities."

Prism snorted loudly. "Don't you mean she's a total prude? Look at her. She acts like a saint, but then she shows up wearing... that." She gestured disgustedly at Dylan's incredibly slutty corset and bare shoulders.

"Prism!" Mortar Man scolded sharply. "What have we said about the insults? We're a team."

Prism rolled her eyes again and looked away.

Dylan floated there, feeling the cold wind against his highly exposed skin. He should really be going. He needed to figure out how to get the body swap gun back. He needed to find Rachel. But then he thought about what Rachel was likely doing right now. She had used his body to get a blowjob from a hot girl. She had completely ignored his boundaries.

And now, here was Prism, calling him a prude.

Dylan felt his stomach rumble. The prospect of partying with the world's greatest heroes was incredibly tempting. And after Ms. Winslow had used his body like that... fuck it. He deserved a little fun. He was a teenager in the body of a goddess, wearing the sexiest outfit on the planet. He was going to enjoy it.

"What the heck," Dylan said, a bright, genuine smile breaking across his face. "I'll come!"

Prism groaned audibly, but the others seemed genuinely excited.

"Perfect!" Guardian said, clapping his hands together. "Meet us at the Primewatch HQ. First round is on me."

"Uhhh," Dylan hesitated, adjusting an imaginary pair of glasses out of habit before remembering he wasn't wearing any. "Where is that again?"

Mortar Man laughed, slapping his armored forehead. "My god, it has been a while, hasn't it? You forgot the coordinates? Here, just pick me up and fly me there. I'll direct you. My jump-jets are out of fuel anyway."

The others dispersed quickly. Guardian took to the sky, and Prism and Evergreen teleported away in a flash of pink light.

Dylan walked over to Mortar Man. He was extremely nervous about carrying the giant man. He awkwardly wrapped his slender, bare arms around Mortar Man's thick, armored waist. He engaged his powers, lifting them both off the roof effortlessly. Mortar Man wasn't heavy to Dylan at all, but the sheer bulk of the man meant Dylan was pressed entirely against him. The hard edges of the armor dug perfectly into the deep, exposed cleavage of Dylan's strapless suit, mashing his huge breasts flat against the metal as he flew them upward.

"Take us north, over the bay," Mortar Man directed, pointing a thick finger toward the dark water.

Dylan flew up, accelerating into the clouds, carrying the massive hero through the sky while relishing the intense, heavy friction against his chest.

As they ascended, miles away on the balcony of the apartment, Derick stood alone. He

squinted into the distance, watching the tiny purple and gold speck fly higher and higher into the night sky, clearly carrying someone with her.

"Hey!" Derick yelled out into the empty night, throwing his arms up in frustration. "What about me!"

But Dylan was already too far away, his enhanced hearing catching nothing but the rushing wind.

Derick sighed, looking down at his phone. "Well," he grumbled, swiping open the app. "Guess I'm Ubering home."