

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 5: Let's Have Some Fun

The wind whipped past Dylan's face as he carved a path through the night sky. He was getting the hang of this flying thing. It was less like swimming and more like falling with absolute, pinpoint direction. But the exhilaration of slicing through the clouds was currently overshadowed by a burning, indignant frustration.

"I can't believe her," he muttered to the empty air. His feminine, melodic voice carried away on the breeze.

He pictured his own bedroom. He pictured his own scrawny, awkward teenage body. And he pictured that hot new girl going to town on HIS cock. Rachel had been so high and mighty. She had stood there in his kitchen, wagging a finger at him, strictly forbidding him from exploring the incredible, godlike female form he was currently inhabiting. She called him a pervert. She told him her body was a temple of justice.

And then she went and got her brains fucked out in his body on the first night.

"Such bullshit," Dylan scoffed. "Total double standards."

He looked down at himself. The purple spandex of the Vortex Vixen suit clung to him like a second skin. The material was impossibly tight and offered zero modesty. It compressed his massive waist and flared out violently over hips that were wide and thick. But the most prominent feature was, undeniably, his chest. The heavy, monumental breasts jutted out into the wind, the slick purple fabric straining against the sheer volume of them. The gold trim around the sweetheart neckline dug into the soft upper swell, creating a cleavage so deep it looked like a canyon.

"Two can play at that game," he said, a rebellious smirk crossing his perfect, painted lips.

He brought both hands up and grabbed his own chest mid-flight. He didn't just touch them gently. He squeezed hard. His fingers sank deep into the yielding, heavy flesh. A jolt of pure,

unadulterated electricity shot straight from his nipples down to his groin. He gasped, his flight path wobbling for a second as the intense wave of female arousal crashed over him.

"Oh fuck," he whimpered.

The sensitivity was off the charts. His nipples, pressing hard against the spandex, pebble-stiff and aching, begged for friction. The wetness between his thighs, a sensation he was still getting used to, flared instantly. He felt a hot, slick drop of nectar pool against the gusset of the suit. His body was a highly tuned instrument, and just a simple, rough squeeze was enough to make his brain fog with lust.

He let out a breathy laugh, feeling the power of the hormones coursing through his veins. If Rachel was out there having fun in his body, he was absolutely going to have fun in hers.

He was feeling bolder now. The fear of falling had completely evaporated, replaced by a reckless, giddy confidence. He decided to drop lower. He descended rapidly, the city streets rushing up to meet him. He leveled out just twenty feet above the pavement, treating the suburban roads like his personal racetrack.

He zipped past streetlights, the purple and gold of his suit flashing in the amber glow. Below him, a man was jogging on the sidewalk with a golden retriever. Dylan swooped low, the backdraft of his flight rustling the leaves of the nearby oak trees.

The jogger stopped dead in his tracks, looking up with wide, disbelieving eyes. He dropped the dog's leash.

"Oh my god," the man yelled, pointing a trembling finger at the sky. "Vortex Vixen!"

Dylan looked back over his shoulder, striking a mid-air pose that accentuated the impossible curve of his ass in the tight spandex. He offered the stunned jogger a playful wink and a salute before rocketing upward, leaving the man staring slack-jawed at his retreating form. The thrill of exhibitionism sent another hot pulse of wetness straight to his panties. He was a walking, flying wet dream, and he knew it.

Derick was practically screaming into a headset in his bedroom. He was mashing his keyboard, his face red with rage. He was clearly getting tilted in a game of League of Legends.

When suddenly he heard a sound. *Tap, tap.*

Derick froze. He ripped his headset off, looking around his room in confusion. He was on the second floor. It sounded like his window, but nobody should be tapping on his window.

"Must be a bird," Derick muttered, turning back to his screen.

Tap, tap, tap. "Dude, I'm bored, come here." A family female voice said outside his window.

Derick spun around so fast he nearly fell out of his gaming chair. His eyes bulged out of his head. Floating right outside his bedroom window, bathed in the pale moonlight, was the city's greatest superhero, her massive breasts pressed teasingly against the glass.

Derick scrambled out of his chair, tripping over a pile of dirty laundry, and fumbled with the window latch. He shoved it open, the cool night air rushing in.

"What the fuck are you doing, Dylan?!" Derick hissed, his voice a frantic whisper. He looked left and right, scanning the neighboring houses in a total panic. "Are you insane? What if someone sees you!"

"Relax," Dylan said, hovering effortlessly, crossing his slender arms under his heavy bust, which only served to push the enormous mounds higher. "Nobody is here. It's... it's hard to explain. My senses are dialed up to eleven. I can hear the hum of the electricity in the streetlamps. I can hear the neighbors down the block watching TV. I can just kinda tell nobody is around to see us."

He paused, his highly attuned ears catching a sound that Derick couldn't.

"Wait," Dylan said, his eyes widening. "Your door."

Derick whipped his head around just as the brass doorknob began to turn. Absolute terror washed over his face. He lunged in front of the window, trying to block the view with his body just as the door swung open.

"Derick, honey," his mother said, stepping into the room wearing a fluffy pink bathrobe. "I'm heading to bed. Are you all good getting to school tomorrow?"

Derick stood frozen, his arms spread wide like a human shield. He didn't dare turn around to see if his giant, large-breasted superhero best friend was still floating there.

"Uh, yeah, Mom! Totally good! Just... getting some fresh air! It's stuffy in here!" Derick's voice cracked, squeaking several octaves higher than normal.

His mom frowned, looking at his rigid posture. "Alright. Don't stay up too late on that game. Goodnight."

"Night!"

She closed the door. Derick let out a breath he felt like he had been holding for an hour. He slowly turned around, expecting the worst.

The space outside the window was empty.

"Thank god," Derick whispered, wiping a bead of sweat from his forehead.

"Boo," a voice whispered right in his ear.

Derick yelped, stumbling backward. Dylan rose up from beneath the windowsill, a wicked smirk on his lips.

"What if she saw you!" Derick whisper-yelled, clutching his chest. "I would have to explain why Vortex Vixen is hovering outside my window at ten in the night!"

"But she didn't," Dylan said playfully, leaning his forearms on the window sill, offering Derick a plunging view of his cleavage. "Anyway, come on. Let's go hang out at my new place."

Derick looked at the breathtaking, impossibly thick and curvy body hovering just inches away. He swallowed hard, his eyes lingering on the deep valley between the breasts. A slow, mischievous smirk spread across his face.

"At Ms Winslow's place?" Derick asked, his voice dropping an octave.

"Just come here," Dylan commanded softly.

Derick approached the window cautiously. He swung one leg over the sill, and before he could even register what was happening, Dylan grabbed him. The slender, feminine arms wrapped around his torso with a grip like industrial steel. Dylan pulled him out the window and into the air effortlessly.

"Whoa!" Derick yelled, instinctively grabbing onto Dylan's shoulders. "You're... uhh, you're strong."

As Dylan adjusted his grip, pulling his friend closer to stabilize him for flight, Derick's face was smashed directly into Dylan's chest. The sheer volume of the breasts acted like a pair of giant, firm pillows. Derick's nose was buried deep in the cleavage, the smooth, slick spandex rubbing against his cheeks. He inhaled sharply, smelling the intoxicating mix of ozone and vanilla that radiated from the superhero's skin.

Dylan didn't even notice the intimate contact. He was entirely focused on the mechanics of carrying another person. He banked away from the house, holding Derick cradled against his chest like a baby.

"This is... weird," Derick mumbled, his voice muffled by the massive mounds of flesh pressing against his mouth.

"You're telling me," Dylan replied, the vibration of his vocal cords buzzing directly against Derick's face. "I'm not used to being stronger than you. Or bigger than you. Usually, you're the one tossing me around the gym."

Dylan engaged his powers fully, rocketing up into the night sky. The sudden acceleration made Derick's stomach drop.

"Don't drop me!" Derick yelled, his arms wrapping frantically around Dylan's neck, clinging on for dear life.

"It's okay! I got you!" Dylan laughed, the sound bright and musical. "I'm literally unbreakable right now. And apparently, so is my grip."

As they reached cruising altitude, the fear slowly morphed into awe. Derick looked down at the sprawling city lights, feeling the incredible rush of the wind. Dylan explained the training session at the quarry, detailing how he had learned to manipulate gravity with his mind, and how he had tested his invulnerability by letting Rachel shoot him point-blank in the thigh.

They eventually arrived at the balcony of Rachel Winslow's apartment. Dylan floated over the railing and set Derick down gently on the concrete before landing silently beside him.

They walked into the living room, and Derick immediately collapsed onto the expensive couch.

"So let me get this straight," Derick said, shaking his head. "She ditched you. She didn't even bother to make a plan to get one of Phantom's other guns, assuming he even has more. And then, she went on your date and got some action in your body?"

"Yeah, exactly!" Dylan paced the room, the heavy sway of his hips a mesmerizing distraction. "What double standards she has! She lectured me for an hour about keeping my hands off this body. She treated me like some kind of degenerate."

"Well, technically they are her hands," Derick pointed out with a smirk.

Dylan paused, looking down at his manicured fingers, and let out a short, melodic laugh.

"Okay, fair point. But you know what I mean."

"So what are you gonna do?" Derick asked, leaning forward, his eyes tracking every bounce and jiggle as Dylan moved. "Surely you'll touch yourself. I mean, look at you."

Dylan stopped pacing. A deep, rosy flush crept up his neck, coloring his flawless cheeks. He bit his lower lip, a gesture so inherently feminine and seductive it made Derick's breath catch.

"You already did?" Derick guessed, his eyes going wide. "Dude! You fucked yourself as Ms. Winslow? As Vortex Vixen?"

"Hey!" Dylan said defensively, crossing his arms. "When I did it, I thought this was just some weird sex dream! I fell asleep looking at fanart of her, and then I woke up like this. I didn't realize it was real life until after!"

Derick stared at him, utterly fascinated. The silence hung heavy in the air for a moment.

"So..." Derick began, his voice dropping into a husky whisper. "How was it?"

Dylan looked away, the blush deepening. But the memory was too vivid, too intense to keep to himself. The female hormones flooding his brain were rewiring his modesty. He felt an overwhelming urge to share the explicit details.

"It was... insane," Dylan confessed, his voice turning breathy. He sat down on the armchair across from Derick, his knees falling open slightly, a deeply un-ladylike pose that only highlighted the sheer thickness of his thighs. "First of all, everything is just so sensitive. The

boobs are heavy, and when I touched the nipples, it sent this literal shockwave straight down to my crotch. It wasn't like getting hard. It was this deep, throbbing, wet ache inside."

Derick's mouth was slightly open. He didn't blink.

"I took the panties off," Dylan continued, his hands moving instinctively to his thighs as he recalled the memory. "And I was completely soaked. It was dripping. I found the clit, and dude... rubbing it was like a religious experience. The pleasure wasn't just localized. It took over my entire brain. I spread my legs, and I couldn't even see what I was doing because these massive tits were in the way, so I just went by feel."

Dylan's breathing was getting heavier as he spoke. He was turning himself on just by telling the story.

"I put a finger inside," Dylan whispered, his eyes locking with Derick's. "It was so tight, and so hot. I started pumping my fingers, rubbing the clit at the same time, and when I came... my god. It wasn't just a quick release. My back arched, my toes curled, and my whole body practically went into convulsions. I squirted everywhere. I was shaking for ten minutes after."

Derick swallowed audibly. A noticeable tent had formed in his sweatpants. He was rock hard.

"Jesus," Derick breathed. "So what now then?"

Dylan looked down at his lap, smoothing out the spandex. "Well. A finger was one thing. I'm obviously not attracted to guys, or to dicks. But... it feels empty. It's like this body is demanding to be filled properly."

"Dude, I'd be the exact same," Derick agreed quickly, eager to validate the thought process. "If I was a chick, especially a chick built like that, I'd wanna feel what taking a real dick felt like. You gotta try it."

"You don't think it's gay?" Dylan asked, looking up nervously.

Derick looked him up and down, taking in the impossible curves, the gorgeous face, the huge breasts. "Fuck no. Not like this. You look like a literal goddess. It's just... a new experience. Biology taking over. But... who? Does she have a boyfriend or a husband or something?"

"No," Dylan explained, shaking his head. "She's not very sexually active at all. She's basically a

total prude."

Derick looked shocked. "With a body like that? How is that even possible?"

"She didn't always look like this," Dylan explained. He recounted the story Rachel had told him at the quarry. He explained about the cosmic entities, the Vortex energy, and how it had mutated her DNA, taking a plain, average-looking girl and optimizing her into a hyper-sexualized weapon.

"Damn," Derick said, leaning back. "Do you think if a guy got those powers, they'd become a chick too?"

"What, you wanna look like this huh?" Dylan teased, flashing a grin.

"Not forever," Derick chuckled. "But... I don't know, it would be kind of hot to feel that kind of power. Anyway, so who are you gonna fuck then? You can't exactly go on Tinder looking like Vortex Vixen."

Dylan went quiet. He looked at his best friend. He looked at the noticeable bulge in Derick's sweatpants. The female biology he was carrying was screaming at him, a primal, overwhelming urge to mate. He could smell Derick's arousal, a musky, masculine scent that made his pussy clench and leak a fresh drop of slickness into the spandex.

"Well," Dylan said softly, his voice trembling slightly with a mix of nerves and overwhelming lust. "I was thinking... maybe you?"

Derick froze. The color drained from his face, then rushed back all at once. "Me?"

"Only if it's okay," Dylan rushed to explain, waving his hands defensively. "I mean... I trust you. And obviously I'm not attracted to you. I'm not gay. But like... you have the equipment. And I have the curiosity."

Derick cut him off immediately, not wanting Dylan to talk himself out of the best offer he would ever receive in his entire life. "Dude, you are giving me the chance to fuck Vortex Vixen? Are you kidding me?"

"You don't care it's me on the inside?" Dylan asked.

"Fuck no," Derick said emphatically, already reaching for the hem of his shirt. "Dude, let's do it."

"Alright," Dylan breathed, his heart pounding a frantic rhythm against his ribs.

Derick stood up and stripped instantly. He kicked off his shoes, pulled his sweatpants and boxers down in one frantic motion, and stood completely naked in the center of the living room. His cock was standing at absolute attention, thick, red, and twitching with anticipation.

Dylan looked at it. His brain, the rational, male part of him, felt a flicker of revulsion. "Okay, yeah, I'm definitely not attracted to dicks," Dylan murmured. "But it's so weird. It's like my body is responding to it completely independently. The thought of it stretching me out, filling me up... it's incredibly enticing, even though I'm mentally attracted to women. It's like a complete mismatch between the body and the mind."

"The mind probably just isn't used to dealing with female hormones," Derick rationalized, taking a step closer. His eyes were glued to Dylan's chest. "It's pure biology, man. Just let the body take over. Do you want to... suck it?"

Dylan scoffed, rolling his eyes. "Don't push your luck, dude. I'm drawing the line at oral."

Dylan stood up. He reached behind his neck and found the hidden zipper of the supersuit. He pulled it down, the sharp metallic sound echoing in the quiet room. He shimmied his shoulders, peeling the tight spandex down his arms.

Derick watched in absolute, paralyzed amazement.

The suit fell away, peeling off the massive breasts. They sprang forward, freed from the compression, settling heavily against Dylan's ribcage. The nipples were the size of quarters, dark pink and jutting out aggressively. Dylan pushed the suit down over his hips, stepping out of it and leaving it in a crumpled purple puddle on the floor. He took out his hair tie, stepped out of his boots and removed his eye mask.

He stood completely naked. He was even more stunning without the clothes than Derick could have ever imagined. The definition in his abs, the impossible flare of his hips, the thick, powerful thighs leading up to a neatly trimmed patch of blonde curls. It was sensory overload.

"Holy shit," Derick whispered, his voice trembling. He reached a hand out tentatively. "Can I?"

"Uhhh, yeah," Dylan said, a nervous flutter in his stomach. "Sure."

Derick closed the distance. He placed both hands on Dylan's breasts. His hands weren't big enough to cup them completely; the flesh spilled out between his fingers. He squeezed, kneading the heavy, doughy fat.

"Oh," Dylan moaned, a soft, involuntary sound slipping past his lips. His head fell back, exposing his long, graceful neck. "That feels... really good."

Derick felt like he was going to explode just from touching the goddess's tits. He thumbed the stiff nipples, watching Dylan shiver and gasp. He moved his hands down, tracing the tight ridges of the abs, before his fingers brushed through the blonde curls at the apex of Dylan's thighs.

He found the slit. It was completely soaked. The heavy lubrication was dripping down the inside of Dylan's powerful thighs. Derick traced the sensitive folds, finding the swollen clitoris and rubbing it firmly.

Dylan let out a loud whimper, his knees buckling slightly. The pleasure was instantaneous and overwhelming. He couldn't take the slow build-up. His super-strength took over.

Dylan reached out, grabbed Derick by the waist, and lifted him off the floor as easily as picking up a towel.

"Whoa!" Derick yelled as Dylan flew him across the room, hovering a few feet off the ground, and deposited him flat on his back on the expensive couch.

Dylan didn't land. He remained hovering in the air directly above Derick, his naked, glorious body fully displayed. He spread his legs wide, floating slowly downward. He positioned his dripping, wet pussy directly over Derick's rock-hard cock.

"I'm going to sit on it," Dylan said, his voice thick with lust, his eyes glazed over.

"Do it," Derick begged, gripping the armrests of the couch.

Dylan lowered himself. The tip of Derick's cock brushed against the wet entrance. Dylan gasped at the heat. He slowly released his anti-gravity hold, letting his immense physical weight push down onto the shaft.

The stretch was unbelievable. Dylan threw his head back and let out a loud, high-pitched

scream of absolute ecstasy. The thick cock pushed past the tight rings of muscle, invading the wet, slick tunnel. It filled the empty, aching void perfectly.

"Fuck!" Dylan screamed, sinking all the way down until their pubic bones collided with a wet slap. "Oh my god, Derick, it's so deep!"

"You feel amazing," Derick grunted, his hands reaching up to grab the massive, swinging breasts that were currently dangling right above his face.

Dylan didn't need to use his legs to ride him. He used his powers. He hovered an inch up, pulling the cock almost all the way out, then slammed back down with brutal, superhuman force. The impact rocked the couch.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

The sound of wet flesh slapping together filled the room. Dylan was out of control. The male mind was completely subservient to the female body's desperate need for friction. He flew up and slammed down, up and down, a relentless, piston-like rhythm. His massive breasts bounced wildly with every impact, a hypnotic display of jiggling flesh.

"Oh fuck! Yes! Harder!" Dylan moaned, his nails digging into Derick's chest. The sensation of the cock hitting the deepest part of his new anatomy was sending shockwaves of pure white light through his brain.

Derick was losing his mind. He was being pounded by a flying superhero. The sheer tightness of the wet pussy, combined with the impossible visual of the naked goddess above him, was too much.

"Dylan, I can't... I'm gonna..." Derick gasped, his hips thrusting up to meet the brutal downward strikes.

"Don't stop!" Dylan commanded, his voice a primal growl. He was close, the pressure building in his lower belly, coiling tight like a spring. He needed just a few more seconds.

But Derick couldn't hold on. The heat, the tightness, the overwhelming arousal broke him.

"I'm cumming!" Derick screamed.

He pushed up hard just as Dylan was hovering upward. The sudden movement pulled Derick's

cock entirely out of the slick pussy. A thick, heavy rope of hot semen shot through the air.

It missed Dylan entirely. Instead, the white fluid splattered directly onto the purple, discarded Vortex Vixen supersuit resting on the edge of the couch. More ropes followed, coating the gold trim and the shiny spandex in a sticky, undeniable mess.

Dylan froze in mid-air, panting heavily, his orgasm completely ruined by the sudden loss of friction. He floated there, looking down at his best friend, who was gasping for air on the cushions, completely spent.

Dylan looked from Derick's limp cock, to his own dripping, unsatisfied pussy, and finally to the ruined, cum-stained superhero suit.

The absurdity of the situation crashed over them both. Dylan let out a snort. Derick looked at the mess he made and started to giggle. Within seconds, the two best friends were laughing hysterically, the tension breaking in a wave of ridiculous, post-coital hilarity.

"Dude," Dylan laughed, sitting in the air floating above the coffee table. "You came all over her outfit. She is going to murder us."

Miles away, hidden in the labyrinthine depths of an abandoned industrial warehouse, Rachel Winslow slowly opened her eyes.

Her head throbbed with a dull, sickening ache. She tried to blink away the blurriness. "What happened?" she mumbled. Her voice was weak, the familiar, cracking teenage boy pitch sounding alien to her own ears. "Where am I?"

The room was dark, illuminated only by the harsh, blue glow of computer terminals and the flickering fluorescent tubes overhead. She was sitting in a heavy steel chair. She immediately realized her arms were pulled taut.

She flexed her muscles, a reflexive action honed by years of being the strongest being on the planet. She expected the metal to groan, to snap like dry twigs. She pulled her arms forward with everything she had.

A sharp, searing pain shot through her wrists as the heavy metal cuffs bit deep into the soft,

fragile skin.

"Gah!" she cried out, slumping back.

She looked down and saw the scrawny, pale arms of Dylan Edwards straining against the restraints, and it all came flooding back. The brutal reality crashed over her all at once. She wasn't Vortex Vixen anymore. She was a helpless, fragile teenage boy trapped in a supervillain's lair.

"Fuck", she muttered in Dylan's voice.