

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 1: A Heroic Mistake

The walk home was a ritual of quiet dread. For Dylan Edwards, the path from Northgate High was a gauntlet of potential humiliation, a daily exercise in making himself as small as possible. Normally, he had Derick. Derick was a wall of muscle and quiet confidence, a simple, effective deterrent. But Derick was home sick, his formidable presence replaced by a void that bullies could sense like sharks smelling blood in the water.

The shove came without warning. One moment Dylan was navigating a crack in the sidewalk, lost in thought about the abysmal state of his calculus grade, and the next he was airborne. His trajectory was short and graceless, ending with a wet, sucking thud in a puddle of muddy water left over from the morning's rain. The cold shock of it stole his breath.

“Not so tough without your boyfriend, are you, Edwards?” The voice was Chase's, the school's star point guard and alpha predator. He loomed over Dylan, flanked by two of his sycophantic teammates, their shadows falling over him like a cage. “Don't you ever embarrass me like that again.”



Dylan's mind was a blank slate of confusion. Embarrass him? Then it clicked. Gym class. The basketball. The wild, uncontrolled shot that had sailed past the backboard and clocked Chase square in the temple while he was taking a drink, drenching his varsity jacket in lukewarm water. The explosion of laughter from the class had been mortifying. Now, this was the consequence.

Before he could form a word, a fist connected with his cheek. The impact was a bright, clean burst of pain that sent stars dancing across his vision. His glasses flew off his face, landing somewhere in the muck. His head swam, the world a blurry, nauseating swirl. By the time his vision cleared enough to see, Chase and his cronies were sauntering away, their laughter echoing back at him, a cruel punctuation mark on his misery.

"Ow," he whispered, the word a pathetic puff of air. He gingerly touched his cheek, his fingers coming back slick with mud. A deep, throbbing ache was already blooming beneath the skin. It was definitely going to bruise. He looked down at himself. His favorite jeans were caked in a thick, brown paste. His backpack had taken the worst of it, one strap completely submerged. A sickening dread coiled in his stomach as he realized the filth had likely seeped through the canvas. His laptop. His homework.

"Fuck," he muttered, the word swallowed by the indifferent hum of afternoon traffic. He fumbled around in the puddle, his fingers sinking into the cold slime until they brushed against the hard plastic of his glasses. He pulled them out, wiped them on a relatively clean patch of his t-shirt, and slid them back onto his face. The world snapped back into sharp, miserable focus.

He pushed himself up, his limbs feeling heavy and useless. The mud clung to him, a cold, humiliating second skin. There was no point in trying to brush it off. He was a mess. His only priority was getting home, getting the laptop out, praying to whatever deity might be listening that it wasn't completely ruined. He broke into a clumsy, squelching run.

Each stride was a fresh reminder of his own inadequacy. Dylan Edwards was seventeen years old, but his body felt like a pre-production model. He was trapped in a state of permanent lankiness, all sharp angles and limbs that seemed just a little too long for his torso. He hadn't inherited the sturdy build of his father, Ted. He wore glasses that perpetually slid down his nose, and his brown hair had a tendency to fall into his eyes, a constant, minor annoyance.

His family was a constellation of mild disappointments and awkward affections. His father, a man who communicated primarily through sports metaphors and inquiries about Dylan's non-existent love life, saw his son's interest in video games and LEGOs as a personal failing. Conversations with Ted were a minefield of thinly veiled suggestions to "bulk up" or "get out there."



His mother, Jane, was the opposite. She smothered him with a cloying affection that made him feel about twelve years old. She still called him her "baby boy," a term that made his skin crawl.



Then there was his sister, Elise. Twenty-three, a recent college graduate, and temporarily back in her old room while she figured out her next move. They weren't enemies, but they weren't friends either. They coexisted in a state of polite indifference, occupying the same space but rarely the same emotional wavelength.



His house came into view, a comforting beacon of beige siding and manicured lawn. He darted around the side, hoping to sneak in through the back door and get to his room unnoticed. No such luck. The kitchen door swung open just as he reached it, and his mother stood there, a wooden spoon in her hand.

“Dylan! What on earth... you’re tracking mud all over the patio!” Her initial annoyance melted into alarm as she took in his appearance. The mud, the wild look in his eyes, the rapidly darkening bruise on his cheek. “Oh my god! My baby! What happened to you? Who did this?”

“I tripped,” he lied, the word tasting like ash in his mouth. He couldn’t tell her the truth. It would result in a flurry of phone calls, a parent-teacher conference, and a level of maternal fussing that would make him want to crawl out of his own skin. He pushed past her, ignoring her protests. “I’m fine, Mom. Just need to clean up.”



He slammed his bedroom door shut, the sound echoing the frantic thumping of his own heart. He dropped his backpack onto the floor with a wet smack and immediately knelt, fumbling with the zipper. The inside was a disaster. Mud had saturated his chemistry textbook, turning the pages into a pulpy, unreadable mess. But that wasn't what mattered. He pulled out the sleek silver MacBook, a gift for his seventeenth birthday just a few months ago. Its surface was smeared with grime.

He wiped it clean with the sleeve of his t-shirt, his hands trembling slightly. He opened the lid and pressed the power button. Nothing. He pressed it again, holding it down. The screen remained stubbornly, terrifyingly black. The impact from the fall, combined with the moisture, had been a fatal combination. It was dead.

"Great," he said to the empty room. "Just great."

A wave of impotent fury washed over him. This wasn't supposed to happen. Derick was supposed to be there. With Derick around, Chase wouldn't have dared to look at him twice. They were outcasts, sure, but they were a two-man fortress. Derick was the brawn, a quiet giant who had shot up to over six feet tall in a single summer and had spent the last two years

diligently packing on muscle at the local gym. Dylan was... well, Dylan was the guy who stood next to Derick. Without his shield, he was just a target.

He replayed the gym class incident in his head. The feel of the basketball slipping from his sweaty palms, the improbable arc it took, the sickening thud as it connected with Chase's head. He could still hear the collective gasp, followed by the roar of laughter. He could still see the glare Chase had shot him, a promise of retribution that had now been fulfilled. Why did this shit always happen to him? It felt like the universe had a personal vendetta against him, a cosmic bully waiting for the perfect moment to shove him into the mud.

He glanced at the clock on his bedside table. 4:00 PM. The Apple Store at the mall was open until nine. There was a chance, a slim one, that they could fix it. Maybe it was still under warranty. He couldn't tell his dad. The lecture about being more careful, about responsibility, about the cost of things... it was more than he could bear right now.

He stripped off his muddy clothes, tossing them in a heap in the corner. A hot shower washed away the grime but did little to soothe the frantic, angry buzzing in his head. He dressed in a fresh pair of jeans and a clean t-shirt, the fabric a small comfort against his skin. He grabbed his phone and texted Derick.

You up for a shopping trip? Emergency.

The reply came a minute later.

No can do man. Still sick. Feel like death.

Damn.

He was on his own. He slid the dead laptop into a new, clean backpack, slung it over his shoulders, and headed out, leaving a note for his mom on the kitchen counter. Gone to the mall. Be back later.

The bike ride to the Northgate Mall was a blur of wind and self-pity. He pedaled hard, trying to outrun the humiliation of the day, but it clung to him like the memory of the cold mud. The mall was a cacophony of light and sound, a temple of consumerism that usually felt overwhelming. Today, it was just a means to an end.

The Apple Store was a sterile white box filled with sleek technology and cheerful employees in

blue t-shirts. After a short wait, a woman with a relentlessly upbeat demeanor took his laptop to the Genius Bar. He explained the situation, omitting the part about being assaulted and sticking with the more palatable “I tripped and fell” story. She listened with a sympathetic nod, then disappeared into the back.

She returned ten minutes later, her expression grim. “I’m so sorry,” she said, her voice dripping with practiced empathy. “There’s significant water damage to the logic board, and the impact seems to have cracked the display controller. It would cost more to repair it than to replace it.”

“So I’d have to buy a new one?” Dylan asked, his voice barely a whisper.

“I’m afraid so. We do have some excellent refurbished models if you’re looking for a more budget-friendly option.”

Budget-friendly. Right. His savings, painstakingly accumulated from birthdays and a summer job mowing lawns, would be wiped out. Goddamnit. Could this day possibly get any worse?

He wandered over to the display of refurbished MacBooks, his mind a numb haze of financial calculations and despair. He was tracing the edge of a price tag when a deafening crash echoed through the mall. It sounded like thunder, but it came from inside.

He turned, his heart leaping into his throat. Outside the glass walls of the Apple Store, a section of the mall’s ceiling, a massive skylight, had shattered. Glass rained down onto the pristine white tiles of the main concourse below. People screamed. An alarm began to blare, a shrill, insistent wail.

“I guess I spoke too soon,” Dylan muttered to himself.

Panic erupted. Shoppers and employees alike surged towards the exits. Dylan, caught in the tide of bodies, was swept out of the Apple Store and into the chaotic scene. He looked up, his eyes widening in disbelief. Descending through the shattered hole in the ceiling was a figure that looked like it had stepped out of a nightmare. It was a sleek, ghost-white mech suit, its design skeletal and menacing. It moved with an eerie silence, its thrusters emitting only a low, predatory hum.

Someone screamed a name that sent a jolt of pure terror through the crowd. “It’s The

Phantom!”



Oh god. The Phantom. Dylan’s blood ran cold. He wasn’t just a villain; he was a boogeyman, a ghost in the machine. No one knew his real identity. He was a super-genius, a man with no inherent powers who had built a suit of armor that put him on par with the city’s most powerful heroes. He was a terrorist, a thief, a phantom who appeared, took what he wanted, and vanished without a trace.

The mech suit landed softly in the center of the concourse, its metallic feet making barely a sound. A synthesized voice, cold and devoid of emotion, boomed through the mall’s PA system.

“Your attention, please. I have come for the diamonds in the vault of Bellini’s Jewelers. They are required for a project of mine. Do not interfere. Anyone who stands in my way will be... removed.”

The threat, delivered with such casual finality, sent a fresh wave of panic through the remaining onlookers. People scrambled over each other, desperate to escape. Dylan was right there with them, his own problems suddenly seeming laughably insignificant. His feet pounded against the floor as he ran, his only thought to get out, to get away.

A strange thought snagged in the back of his panicked mind. Diamonds? It seemed so... cliché. So beneath The Phantom. His usual targets were bleeding-edge military hardware, experimental energy sources, things that could be used to upgrade his suit or build some new doomsday device. Stealing diamonds from a mall jeweler felt almost theatrical, like he was deliberately trying to draw attention. It was... weird. But Dylan didn't have time to dwell on it. He was running for his life.

He was on the second-floor balcony, heading for the emergency exit at the far end, when he saw them. Below, on the first floor, a young mother was struggling with a stroller. A large chunk of fallen debris had pinned the front wheels, trapping it. The woman was frantic, her hands fumbling with the buckle of the harness, trying to free the baby strapped inside.

Dylan's eyes shot upward. A huge section of the ceiling directly above them, weakened by the initial blast, was groaning ominously. Cracks were spiderwebbing across its surface. It was going to come down. All of it.

"Hey! Look out!" he yelled, his voice lost in the din of alarms and screams. They couldn't hear him.

He should have kept running. Every rational instinct in his body screamed at him to save himself. It wasn't his problem. But he couldn't. He couldn't just watch them die. In a moment of what he knew was profound stupidity, he spun around and sprinted back towards the escalator, his sneakers slapping against the metal steps as he descended.

"Look up!" he screamed again as he reached the bottom floor, his voice raw. The mother finally looked up from the stroller, her eyes widening in terror as she saw him, then following his gaze upward to the groaning ceiling. A choked sob escaped her lips.

He reached them in a few short strides. The baby was wailing, its tiny face red and scrunched. The harness buckle was jammed. The mother was pulling at it with bloody fingernails, crying hysterically.

"Move!" Dylan said, his voice surprisingly firm. He fumbled in his backpack, his fingers closing around the small multi-tool he always carried. He flipped out the knife blade. It was small, but it would have to do. He sawed at the thick nylon strap, the blade catching and slipping. "Come on, come on..."

The strap finally snapped. He scooped the baby out of the seat, a warm, squirming bundle, and thrust it into the mother's arms.

"Thank you, oh god, thank you," she sobbed.

He looked up. The ceiling had given way. A shower of dust and plaster rained down, followed by a massive slab of concrete and steel rebar. It was falling in slow motion, an impossibly huge shadow that was about to swallow them whole.

It was too late. There was no time to run. Dylan squeezed his eyes shut, a pathetic whimper caught in his throat. This was it. This was how he died. In a mall, covered in mud, trying to be a hero. He braced for the impact, for the crushing weight, for the end.



But it never came.

There was a sound, a sharp whoosh of displaced air, and then a resounding BOOM that shook the floor. He felt a gust of wind, but no pain. Tentatively, he opened his eyes.

And saw her.

She was holding it. The entire section of fallen ceiling, tons of concrete and steel. Her costume was an impossible shade of iridescent purple, stretched taut over a body that defied belief. A golden cape billowed out behind her, and her long, blonde hair seemed to shimmer in the emergency lighting. **Vortex Vixen.**

He just stared, his mind completely short-circuited. She was here.



“Well, don’t just stand there,” she said, her voice a calm, melodic contralto that cut through the chaos. “This is heavy.”

The sound of her voice snapped him out of his stupor. He grabbed the mother’s arm and pulled her and the baby out from under the precarious load. As soon as they were clear, Vortex Vixen grunted and let the debris crash to the floor, the impact sending tremors through the building.

She turned to them, her expression a mixture of concern and amusement. She knelt down to the mother’s level. “Ma’am, are you and your son alright?”

The mother, still clutching her baby, shook her head. “My son? I... I don’t know this boy. He just... he saved my baby.”

Vortex Vixen’s gaze shifted to Dylan. She looked him up and down, taking in his muddy clothes, his bruised cheek, his gawking expression. A slow smile spread across her perfect lips. “Well,” she said, her voice laced with genuine admiration. “That was a very stupid thing to do. But also very heroic. I’m impressed, kid.”



She stood up and clapped a hand on his shoulder. Her touch was like an electric shock. He could feel the power radiating from her, a warmth that seeped through his t-shirt and into his skin. He felt his face flush, a hot, uncontrollable blush. He was standing so close he could smell her. She smelled like ozone, and something sweet, like vanilla and thunderstorms. Her body was a masterpiece of divine architecture. Her breasts, barely contained by the sweetheart neckline of her costume, were massive, perfectly round orbs that strained the purple fabric to its limit. Her waist was impossibly small, flaring out into hips that were wide and powerful, her thighs thick columns of muscle that tapered down to her knee-high purple boots. She was a goddess.

She gave his shoulder a firm squeeze, then turned away, her attention focused on the hole in the ceiling. "Alright, Phantom," she called out, her voice now a booming challenge. "Don't you know it's rude to break and enter?" With that, she crouched slightly and launched herself into the air, a purple and gold blur that shot up through the hole and out of sight.

Dylan was frozen in place. The mother mumbled another thank you before hurrying away with her baby, but he didn't even notice her leave. He was utterly transfixed. Vortex Vixen had saved him. She had touched him. She had called him a hero.

The sounds of battle from outside jolted him back to reality. He ran, following the path of destruction out of the mall's main entrance. The street outside was a war zone. Police cars formed a hastily assembled perimeter, their lights flashing uselessly. In the center of the street, the fight was raging.

It was a beautiful, terrifying dance. The Phantom was fast and deadly, firing blasts of concussive energy from his gauntlets, but Vixen was faster. She moved like a bolt of lightning, a fluid, graceful blur of motion. She weaved through his attacks, the energy blasts sizzling past her, and closed the distance with breathtaking speed. Every movement she made was a display of raw, sexualized power. Her powerful legs propelled her through the air, the muscles in her thighs and calves flexing with each turn. When she dodged, her massive breasts bounced and jiggled, a hypnotic, gravity-defying display that made Dylan's mouth go dry.



She wasn't just fighting; she was a spectacle of hyper-feminine perfection in motion. She met one of his energy blasts with a punch, her fist connecting with the bolt of light and dissipating it in a shower of sparks. The Phantom, momentarily surprised, left himself open. Vixen seized the opportunity. She flew at him, her body a purple missile, and delivered a devastating punch to the center of his mech suit's chest. The sound was a deafening crack of metal on metal. The Phantom was thrown backward, tumbling through the air before crashing into the side of a city bus with enough force to crumple it like a tin can.

He didn't move. The fight was over.

A cheer went up from the assembled crowd of onlookers who had gathered behind the police line. Dylan, caught up in the euphoria, found himself cheering with them. He pushed his way to the front of the crowd, his heart pounding. He had to talk to her again.

Vortex Vixen landed gracefully beside the downed Phantom, her boots barely making a sound. She placed her hands on her hips, striking a pose that seemed torn from the cover of a comic book. Dylan rushed forward, ducking under the police tape before any of the officers could stop him.

"Vortex Vixen!" he called out.

She turned, her eyes finding him in the crowd. A smile lit up her face. "Oh, it's the little hero!"

"You were amazing," he stammered, feeling like an idiot. "I just... I wanted to thank you. Again."

She laughed, a rich, musical sound. "You've got a lot of heart, kid. But try not to make a habit of running towards falling buildings. Bravery is nothing without brains." She winked at him.

It was in that moment of triumph, as the crowd applauded their hero, that Dylan saw it. The Phantom's arm was moving. Slowly, stealthily, his gauntlet was rising, not in a sign of surrender, but of attack. A small, previously hidden compartment had opened on the side of the wrist, and the barrel of a strange-looking energy pistol was emerging. Vixen, her back to the villain, didn't see it. She was basking in the adoration of the crowd, her guard completely down.

"Vixen, watch out!" Dylan screamed, a raw, primal yell of warning.

But it was too late for her to react. The gun was aimed squarely at her back. There was no

time to think, no time to plan. There was only instinct. Dylan lunged forward, covering the last few feet between them in a desperate sprint. He slammed into her side, shoving her with all his meager strength.

He knocked her off balance, sending her stumbling to the side. A beam of crackling, emerald-green energy shot from the Phantom's gun, missing her completely. And hitting Dylan square in the chest.

The pain was instantaneous and absolute. It wasn't a burn or a shock; it was something else entirely. It was like every nerve ending in his body had been set on fire, every cell screaming in agony. A violent convulsion seized him, his muscles locking up in a brutal, full-body spasm. He collapsed to the ground, his body twitching uncontrollably, the world dissolving into a haze of green light and unbearable pain.

Through the fog, he saw Vixen's face, her playful smile replaced by a mask of cold fury. She moved in a blur, a flash of purple so fast he could barely track it. The Phantom let out a cry of alarm. "What? No!"

She was on him in an instant, her hand snapping out and wrenching the strange gun from his grasp before he could fire again. "The plan!" the Phantom screamed, his synthesized voice filled with genuine panic.

"What plan?" Vixen snarled. But before she could get an answer, the villain slapped a button on his other wrist. His body dissolved into a cascade of shimmering pixels and vanished.

"Damn it!" Vixen cursed, looking at the empty space where he had been. "Gotta remember to rip off the teleporter before celebrating. Stupid!"



Her anger vanished as she looked down at Dylan. He was still convulsing on the pavement, the green energy flickering around him like a malevolent aura. The pain was finally beginning to subside, replaced by a profound, bone-deep exhaustion. His vision tunneled, the edges growing dark. The last thing he saw before he blacked out was Vortex Vixen's beautiful, worried face leaning over him.

The next thing he knew, he was waking up to the sound of hushed voices. He was on the

couch in his own living room, a soft blanket draped over him. His head was killing him, a dull, throbbing ache behind his eyes.

He blinked, his vision slowly coming into focus. His mom was there, her face etched with worry. And standing next to her, looking absurdly out of place in their mundane living room, was Vortex Vixen. He was confused.

“..he was so brave, Jane,” Vixen was saying. “You should be proud. Just be careful. I still don’t know what that beam was. Keep a close eye on him.”



“Vixen?” Dylan croaked, his voice raspy.

Her head snapped towards him, and her face broke into that same brilliant smile. She walked over and knelt by the couch. “Take it easy there, buddy. You did well today. Your mom’s going to take care of you.”



She stood, gave his mom a reassuring nod, and walked to the sliding glass door that led to their backyard. With a final wave, she stepped outside and shot into the sky, disappearing into the evening clouds.

His mom rushed over, hugging him tightly. “Oh, Dylan! You reckless, stupid, wonderful boy!” She alternated between scolding him for his foolishness and praising him for his bravery, her relief so palpable it was almost a physical force.

Dylan could barely process it all. The fight, getting shot, waking up to find his childhood hero in his living room. It was too much. His head was spinning.

Later that evening, back in the relative sanity of his own room, he felt a bit more human. The headache had subsided to a dull throb, and the terrifying convulsions felt like a distant nightmare. He sat on his bed and looked at the dead laptop on his desk. A sly thought occurred to him. He could blame the damage on the fight. No more lies about tripping. He was a hero, a victim of a supervillain attack. His dad wouldn't get mad; he'd probably be proud. He might even buy him a new laptop.

And he had saved Vortex Vixen. He had pushed her out of the way. If that beam had hit her, what would have happened? Would she have collapsed, convulsing and helpless, just like he had? The thought sent a protective thrill through him. He, Dylan Edwards, had protected the city's protector. He felt a surge of pride that momentarily eclipsed the memory of Chase's fist and the cold, clinging mud.

As the night wore on, he found himself unable to sleep. He got into bed, the events of the day replaying in his mind like a movie. He reached for his phone, his thumb hovering over the usual porn sites out of habit. But tonight, that seemed... inadequate. He paused, his mind drifting back to her. The way her costume strained against her chest. The powerful curve of her ass. The smell of her, vanilla and thunderstorms.

He opened his browser and typed “Vortex Vixen fanart” into the search bar. It was something he'd never done before, but it felt right. The screen filled with images, artistic renderings of his hero in various heroic and not-so-heroic poses. He scrolled through, his breath catching in his throat. They were exaggerated, of course, but they captured her essence: the impossible curves, the raw power, the overwhelming femininity. He found one that was particularly well-drawn, a depiction of her floating in the air, her expression confident, her body a testament to physical perfection.



He propped the phone up on his nightstand, the image of Vixen glowing in the dark room. He slipped his hand under the covers, his fingers closing around his hardening cock. He thought about her touch on his shoulder, her voice, the jiggle of her breasts as she fought. It wasn't just about getting off. It was an act of worship. He was jerking off to his savior, his goddess, and the intensity of it was more than anything he had ever felt before.

Miles away, in a modest apartment overlooking the city, Rachel Winslow flew in through the open balcony door.



Superhero work didn't pay the bills. Teaching high school science did. She peeled off the Vortex Vixen costume, the familiar magical fabric dissolving away from her skin, leaving her naked in the cool night air. She tossed the strange energy gun she'd confiscated from The Phantom onto her kitchen counter with a clatter and pulled on a pair of comfortable sweatpants and a worn t-shirt.

She microwaved some leftover pasta, her mind still buzzing from the day's events. God, there was never enough time. Why did villains always have to act up on nights when she had a mountain of papers to grade? It was a constant balancing act, protecting the city and trying to shape the minds of the next generation.



Ever since the cosmic entities had bestowed these powers upon her, her life had been a paradox. She had the body of a goddess, a physique that could have made her a fortune as a model or an actress. Most people in her position would do that, but not her. She just couldn't bring herself to do that. She didn't seem to have a selfish bone in her body.

The entities had been clear: the powers were a gift, to be used for the good of others, only fit for one with a "pure heart and soul." She wasn't sure what that meant, but she suspected it was divine code for "you're destined to choose low-paying but fulfilling jobs." And in truth, she wouldn't have it any other way. She loved teaching. It grounded her, kept her connected to the very people she was sworn to protect.

But tonight, thanks to The Phantom, she was behind schedule. She sat at her small dining table and got to work, her red pen flying across lab reports and essays. It was well past midnight when she finally finished. She stretched, her super-dense muscles groaning in protest, and turned off the light to head to bed.

That's when she saw it. The gun on the counter was glowing, pulsing with that same faint, emerald light as the beam it fired. She flicked the lights back on and cautiously approached it. What was this thing? Definitely new tech for The Phantom. It felt... alien.

She picked it up. It was surprisingly light. "Probably just a stunner," she mused aloud. "Good thing that brave, stupid kid took the hit instead of me." She examined it more closely and noticed a tiny digital display near where a sight would be. It read: 1/2.

"Huh. Only two shots?" she wondered. A two-shot, disposable weapon. Strange. Deciding it was too dangerous to leave lying around, she did what she always did with confiscated super-tech. She crushed it.

She wrapped her hand around the weapon and squeezed. Her grip could pulverize steel, and the strange gun was no match. It crumpled in her fist like a soda can. But as the casing cracked and splintered, something unexpected happened. The green energy inside didn't dissipate. It burst forth, not as a beam, but as a liquid, shimmering wave of light. It wasn't a gun; it was a container.



“What the...?” she gasped as the energy washed over her hand. It didn’t burn. It seeped into her, an invasive, tingling sensation that shot up her arm and into her chest. It felt wrong, a violation on a cellular level. A wave of intense pain, a feeling she was entirely unused to, washed over her. Her superhuman durability meant nothing to this. “Oh god, what is this?” she grunted, staggering back from the counter.

At that exact moment, across town, Dylan’s climax stalled. The pleasure that had been building

inside him curdled into agony. The same searing, convulsive pain from the afternoon ripped through him again. "Oh god, what's happening?" he cried out, his body arching off the bed. His phone clattered to the floor, the image of Vortex Vixen staring up at the ceiling. The green energy, invisible this time, surged through him, a phantom echo of the initial blast. His body seized, his vision swam, and then, everything went black.

When he opened his eyes, the first thing he felt was confusion. The ceiling was different. White and smooth, not the familiar textured plaster of his bedroom. He was on a floor, cold hardwood against his cheek. Did his mom move him? Where was he? And why was everything so clear without his glasses?

He pushed himself up, a groan escaping his lips. His whole body felt... off. Unbalanced. As he lifted his head, a curtain of hair fell across his face. He swiped at it instinctively, then froze. Hair. Long hair. He grabbed a handful. It was silky, thick, and cascaded well past his shoulders. And it was blonde.

What?

He looked down. He was wearing a white t-shirt, but it was stretched tight across a chest that was most definitely not his. Two large, soft mounds pushed the fabric outward. He sat up fully, his new center of gravity throwing him off balance. Hesitantly, he reached up and touched his chest.

His fingers sank into soft, yielding flesh. He wasn't just touching it; he was cupping it. A breast. A large, heavy, undeniably real breast. He let out a strangled gasp, his hand recoiling as if burned. He had breasts.



He scrambled to his feet, his legs feeling wobbly and strange beneath him. He lurched towards a full-length mirror leaning against the far wall. The reflection that stared back at him was a nightmare. A beautiful, terrifying nightmare.

It was a woman. A tall, stunningly beautiful woman with long blonde hair, wide blue eyes, and a body that was sculpted from a fantasy. And it was his body now. He recognized her, vaguely. She looked like... like Ms. Winslow? One of the senior science teachers at his school. He'd never had her for a class, but everyone knew who she was. She was the ridiculously hot teacher every boy in the school fantasized about. He barely recognized her without the glasses she always wore.

"What the actual fuck," he whispered. The voice that came out was not his. It was a smooth, feminine alto. Her voice. Why did he kind of recognize it?

He stumbled back, his mind reeling. This had to be a dream. A very, very weird dream. He spotted a pair of glasses on the kitchen counter. He picked them up and put them on. The world remained perfectly in focus. He looked closer. The lenses were clear glass. They were fake. Ms. Winslow didn't even need glasses.



He looked down at his new body again, a wave of dizzying vertigo washing over him. He slowly, deliberately, reached up and grabbed his new breasts again. They were heavy, solid, filling his hands completely. He squeezed them. A jolt of alien sensation, a tingling sensitivity, shot through him. Holy shit. He had Ms. Winslow's tits. He'd thought about them before, in the

abstract, juvenile way teenage boys think about their attractive teachers. Now they were attached to his chest.

His hands began to explore. He ran them down his stomach, feeling the taut, corded muscle of a six-pack beneath the thin t-shirt. He felt the sharp curve of his new hips, the impossible swell of his ass. His hands moved lower, between his legs.

Nothing.

The absence of what should have been there was more shocking than the presence of what shouldn't. It was a smooth, terrifying emptiness. He was a girl. Completely.

He felt strong. Incredibly strong. He lifted the shirt he was wearing and ran his fingers over his abs. Since when was Ms. Winslow so ripped? *How* is she so ripped? She didn't just hit the gym; she must practically live there.



He had to see all of it. If this was a dream, he was going to take full advantage. He scanned the apartment to make sure he was alone, then reached for the hem of the t-shirt. As he was about to pull it off, his eyes caught something on the floor. A pile of purple and gold fabric.

He walked over and picked it up. It was heavy, made of a material he didn't recognize. It was Vortex Vixen's costume. No way. Ms. Winslow was a cosplayer? He could almost picture it, the hot science teacher dressing up as the city's hero. But then he saw the debris on the floor near where he'd woken up. The shattered remains of the strange gun from earlier. The gun that had shot him.

The pieces started to click into place in his mind, forming a picture that was both insane and undeniable. The impossible physique. The hidden strength. The costume in her apartment. The fake glasses.

Ms. Winslow was Vortex Vixen.

He dropped the costume as if it were on fire. Holy shit. The woman whose body he was currently inhabiting was the city's greatest hero.

And that meant...

He had swapped bodies with Vortex Vixen.

He looked down at his hands, at his breasts, at his powerful thighs. A giddy, terrifying thought entered his head. He imagined himself floating. And then, he was. He lifted off the floor, hovering a foot in the air as effortlessly as breathing.



Holy shit. He could fly. This was real.

But if he was here, in her body... then that meant...

Back in Dylan Edwards's bedroom, his body bolted upright in bed. A groan of pain escaped its lips. "Ow... why do I feel so... weak?" Dylan's voice whispered, confused. "My voice..."

The body looked down. It saw a phone on the floor, its screen displaying lewd fanart of Vortex Vixen. It saw that it was naked. And it saw, with dawning horror, that it possessed a fully erect penis.

Tentatively, a hand reached down and touched the alien appendage. It was a clinical, curious touch, filled with revulsion.

The body scrambled out of bed and rushed to the mirror on the closet door. It stared at the reflection: a lanky, pale, bruised teenage boy.

“No,” Vortex Vixen whispered, her voice trapped in Dylan’s throat. “No, no, no, no!”