

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 8: Confronting Phantom

The piercing shriek of the alpha-level alert continued to echo through the sleek penthouse of the Primewatch HQ. The heroes stared up at the broadcast, their faces hardening into masks of professional focus. Prism's eyes began to glow with a dangerous pink light.

Dylan glanced over at Blossom standing near the glowing console. He hadn't really spoken to her much, but he had spent more than a few late nights in his bedroom scrolling through extremely explicit, highly detailed fanart of her. Her powers allowed her to manipulate hard-light energy constructs through a glowing pink ring on her finger, but her popularity was entirely tied to her undeniable physical appearance. The skintight pink bodysuit rode up to firmly press against her crotch, and her breasts pushed aggressively against the fabric with a heavy, bouncy weight. But seeing her up close right now, Dylan noticed something incredibly jarring.

She did not carry herself like a glamorous superheroine. Despite the tense situation, she stood with a heavy, lumbering swagger. She slouched her shoulders, her stance wide and aggressively masculine in the tight pink shorts. She casually reached a white-gloved hand down and adjusted the crotch of her suit again with a distinctly brutish tug.

"Well this sucks," Blossom said, her voice a smooth, beautiful feminine alto but her cadence exactly like a frat bro complaining about a canceled party. "What's the play here, guys?"

The Phantom was still broadcasting. He was holding the terrified, bruised face of Dylan's own seventeen-year-old body right up to the camera lens.

"I will kill this boy," the Phantom threatened, "and I will level a quarter of your precious city."

Dylan's heart completely stopped. That was Ms. Winslow in there. He had let her get captured. He had let the villain steal his physical form. If the Phantom blew up that warehouse, Dylan's real body would be vaporized, and Rachel Winslow would die.

"Alright," Winged Guardian commanded, his white wings flaring out aggressively. "Prism, you do a perimeter sweep for the seismic charges. Mortar Man, you and Blossom breach the back walls. Vixen and I will take the front. We hit him hard and fast."

"Wait!" Dylan screamed, his feminine voice cracking with genuine panic.

Everyone stopped in their tracks, turning to look at the purple-clad heroine.

Dylan's massive, bare breasts heaved rapidly against the stiff golden edge of his plunging corset. He shook his head, taking a step back. "You can't go. None of you can go. He said if anyone else steps foot near there, he blows the bomb. He'll kill the... the civilian boy!"

"Vixen, we don't negotiate with terrorists," Prism snapped, rolling her glowing pink eyes. "It's either we try a tactical breach, or he potentially kills thousands more. We have to risk the hostage."

"No!" Dylan shouted, his voice dropping into a desperate, husky tone. "I need to go alone."

Prism scoffed loudly, crossing her arms under her chest. "Are you insane? You've been stumbling around all night. You couldn't even handle Elephant Man without putting on a peep show. You really think you can take down the Phantom solo?"

"She's right, Vixen," Guardian warned gently, stepping closer. "It's too dangerous. Let us back you up."

"I said I'm going alone," Dylan insisted, his fists clenching at his sides.

Mortar Man held up a massive, armored hand, silencing the room. He looked at Dylan with deep, unwavering respect. "This is Vortex Vixen's fight. The Phantom challenged her specifically. If she chooses to face this alone to save that boy, we must respect her decision."

"Yeah," Blossom chimed in, leaning heavily against the glowing bar and casually scratching her ass cheek. "Let the lady handle her business. We can run crowd control."

"What about all the lives in danger?" Evergreen argued, gesturing to the screen.

"It's our job to get everyone around the immediate area to safety," Mortar Man stated firmly.

"We need to let Vortex Vixen do her thing. I have absolute faith she can stop him."

Dylan wasn't so sure. He had barely learned how to fly. But what choice did he have? He couldn't risk his own body. He couldn't risk his teacher.

Prism, however, was absolutely furious. Her suspicion morphed into outright aggression. She stepped right up to Dylan, her face inches away.

"I don't buy this," Prism hissed venomously. "Why does the untouchable, prudish Vortex Vixen suddenly care so much about one random, scrawny civilian boy? Enough to risk her own life alone?"

"Prism, she just cares..." Guardian said, until Prism cut him off.

"No! This isn't like her!" She turned to Dylan and looked him square in the eyes. "You are compromised. I'm not letting you jeopardize this city."

Instead of backing down, a sudden, primal surge of dominance flooded Dylan's brain. He realized he was piloting a body that was physically superior to every single person in this room. He didn't need to argue. He needed to assert power.

Dylan took a deliberate, heavy step directly into Prism's personal space.

Because Dylan was significantly taller in this optimized body, he loomed over the telepathic heroine. He pushed his chest out aggressively. The sheer, monumental size of his spilling, bare breasts practically pushed right up under Prism's chin, the slick purple scales of the corset brushing against her white suit. Dylan stared down into Prism's eyes, dropping his voice into a low, commanding, incredibly husky register that vibrated with raw sexual and physical intimidation.

"You follow orders," Dylan growled, his painted lips curled into a dangerous sneer, "or you get the hell out of my way. Do you understand me?"

Prism's breath hitched. She was completely shocked into silence by the sheer, overwhelming alpha-energy radiating from the heroine. The aggressive, physical display of dominance worked perfectly. Prism took a slow, submissive step backward, her pink eyes wide with surprise.

Dylan didn't wait for a verbal response. He spun on his heel, his heavy gold cape whipping through the air, and marched straight out onto the balcony. He bent his powerful, thick thighs

and launched himself violently into the night sky, rocketing toward the industrial district to save his own life.

Back in the dark, damp concrete warehouse, Rachel Winslow was struggling to maintain her composure.

She was bound tightly to the heavy steel chair, the rough ropes cutting into the soft, unconditioned skin of Dylan's skinny arms. She was putting on a very realistic, terrified performance for the camera, weeping and begging. But internally, she had to admit she was more scared than she had been in a very long time. She had never been afraid of dying in battle. That was simply part of the gig. But she was deeply, horrifyingly afraid that the Phantom's twisted plan to steal her godlike female body was actually going to work. And God help the world if that happens.

The Phantom clicked a button on his wrist communicator, cutting the live feed to Primewatch HQ.

"She will be here any minute now, boy," the Phantom said, his synthesized voice echoing off the corrugated metal roof.

"Please," Rachel pleaded, pitching Dylan's voice into a pathetic, cracking whine. "Just let me go! I won't tell anyone!"

The Phantom ignored her completely. He reached up and pressed a release valve on the collar of his suit. With a hiss of pressurized air, he removed the skeletal mask, letting it drop to the floor. Rachel stared, trying to memorize the features of the handsome, older man with greying temples.

Cassian Crane walked over to a thick, rusted steel pillar supporting the ceiling. He pulled a heavy pair of high-tech handcuffs from his pocket and locked his own left wrist securely to the metal beam. Then, with his free right hand, he reached into his jacket and pulled out the sleek, silver body-swap gun.

"It's a tragedy, really," Cassian mused, admiring the glowing green energy pulsing in the weapon's barrel. "There are only three of these beautiful devices left in existence now. I'm

quite furious that I lost the first one to your stupid interference at the mall. Although, I suppose I should be glad Vixen didn't figure out how to destroy it. Otherwise, you and her would have swapped bodies by now, and my plan would be... more challenging."

Rachel played the moment convincingly, looking at the gun with wide, terrified eyes, hiding the fact that she knew exactly what the weapon did.

"The Shard Crystals required to power the displacement matrix are not from this world," Cassian explained, his ego forcing him to monologue to his captive audience. "They were harvested from a passing asteroid. There won't be another celestial body hitting this solar system with that specific mineral composition for at least a decade. These remaining guns are all there is. I need to protect them at absolutely all costs. Luckily, the others are safe in my lair."

Cassian checked the power gauge on the side of the weapon. A cruel, predatory smile spread across his face.

"And now, the final stage," Cassian whispered.

He pointed the silver barrel directly at his own chest. He pulled the trigger. A burst of crackling green energy struck him, sinking into his tailored suit. He gasped, his body stiffening.

Instantly, he spun the weapon around and aimed it directly at Rachel's face.

"See you on the other side, Dylan," Cassian sneered.

He pulled the trigger a second time. The moment the green beam erupted from the barrel, Cassian violently tossed the heavy silver gun across the concrete floor, sending it skittering far out of reach into the shadows.

The green light struck Rachel squarely in the chest.

The agony was instantaneous and absolute. It felt as though her entire consciousness was being gripped by burning, invisible claws and ripped forcibly through a tiny, suffocating tube. The world inverted. Colors flashed in a blinding strobe. A horrific, dual scream tore through the warehouse as both souls were violently displaced.

Rachel blinked.

The air smelled different. Her perspective had shifted. She was no longer looking up at the villain. She was looking slightly down.

She looked at her hands. They were larger, calloused, and attached to arms wearing a very expensive, tailored suit jacket. She felt a cold, heavy metal cuff biting into her left wrist. She looked down at her chest. It was flat and broad.

She was in the Phantom's body.

Rachel snapped her head up. Sitting in the steel chair across from her, bound by the rough ropes, was Dylan's scrawny, pale body.

But the expression on the teenager's face was completely wrong. The terrified, weeping boy was gone. In his place, a cruel, highly sophisticated, devilish smile spread across Dylan's lips.

"Lord," Cassian's voice said, echoing from Dylan's vocal cords. The villain flexed the skinny arms against the ropes, laughing a dark, chilling laugh. "This teenage vessel really isn't much to look at. It's incredibly weak. But no matter, it is only a very temporary vessel."

"No," Rachel gasped out, hearing Cassian Crane's deep, resonant voice erupt from her own throat. The realization of what had just happened paralyzed her.

"Now," Cassian said from the chair, his eyes gleaming with malicious triumph. "All we need is for Vortex Vixen to burst through that ceiling. She will see you, the notorious Phantom, handcuffed to a pole. She will incapacitate you immediately. Then, she will rush over to free the poor, innocent civilian boy."

Cassian leaned forward as far as the ropes allowed, staring hungrily at the spot where the silver gun had landed in the shadows.

"Once I am free," Cassian purred, "I can easily grab my device. Her back will be turned. I will fire it, and her godlike body will finally be mine!"

"I won't let you!" Rachel roared, using Cassian's deep voice. She pulled violently against the handcuffs, her former superhuman instincts taking over. But Cassian's human body was utterly weak. The metal didn't budge. "I'll tell her the truth! I'll tell them all!"

Cassian just laughed, a mocking, pitying sound from Dylan's mouth. "Who will they believe? The captured supervillain desperate to avoid prison, or the weeping, traumatized hostage? You've lost, Vixen."

Before Rachel could argue, a deafening crash completely shattered the silence.

The reinforced glass skylight high above them exploded inward. Shards of glass rained down onto the concrete floor like glittering diamonds.

Dylan plummeted through the opening. He didn't land very gracefully, coming down hard on one knee and cracking the cement beneath his golden boot, but he was definitely getting a little better at controlling the momentum. He stood up slowly, the heavy gold cape settling around his incredibly bare, muscular shoulders.

Dylan quickly scanned the room.

He saw his own teenage body tied to the steel chair, looking bruised and battered. Then, he looked across the room and saw a handsome, older man in a suit, handcuffed to a heavy pillar.

Dylan was deeply confused. Where was the mech suit? Why was the villain already handcuffed?

"Help me!" Cassian screamed from the chair, using Dylan's voice to perfection, faking absolute terror. "He's crazy!"

Dylan's protective instincts flared. He rushed aggressively toward the older man handcuffed to the pole, his massive breasts bouncing heavily in the plunging corset.

Rachel saw her own gorgeous body running toward her. "Wait, no!" she yelled, using Cassian's voice. "It's me! Stop!"

But it was way too late. Dylan assumed it was a villainous trick. He pulled his fist back and drove it forward, completely forgetting to hold back his superhuman strength. His knuckles connected solidly with Rachel's jaw. The impact was devastating to the normal human body. Rachel's eyes rolled back into her head, and she instantly slumped forward, knocked completely unconscious, held up only by the handcuff around her wrist.

Dylan quickly turned his back on who he believed was the unconscious villain and rushed over

to the steel chair. He grabbed the thick ropes with his manicured fingers and effortlessly snapped them like dry twigs.

Cassian played the part flawlessly. He slumped forward into Dylan's arms, burying his face directly into the massive, overflowing cleavage. He fake-sobbed against the soft flesh.

"Thank you, miss!" Cassian cried, his voice muffled by the huge breasts. "Thank you so much!"

Dylan froze. The adrenaline of the rescue faded, replaced by total confusion.

Dylan gently pushed the boy's shoulders back, looking down at his own face. "Miss?" Dylan asked, dropping his feminine voice into a lower, casual tone. "Why are you calling me that? Ms. Winslow, it's me. Dylan. Don't you remember? We swapped bodies after you destroyed the gun in your apartment."

Cassian's eyes went incredibly wide.

The villain stared up at the breathtaking, voluptuous face of Vortex Vixen. His brilliant, genius mind rapidly processed the impossible new information. She did destroy the gun. She swapped bodies with Dylan. The boy he had seduced earlier, who he had captured and spent the entire night with... it was Vortex Vixen inside there all along.

He looked over at his own unconscious body. *That means it's her in there... not this boy*, he thought. He looked back at Vixen's face. He could see it. It wasn't a powerful woman on the inside... it was Dylan.

Cassian quickly hid his shock, forcing his face into an expression of dawning realization. He thought to himself that this actually changed absolutely nothing. The teenage vessel was still just a stepping stone. Once he had the gun, he could easily trick this stupid boy and swap into the goddess body regardless. And this meant the real Vortex Vixen will be trapped to serve life in prison in his body for him.

"Dylan?" Cassian gasped, perfectly mimicking the stern, authoritative tone of a high school teacher. "Oh my god. I... I was so disoriented. The Phantom, he knocked me out. I... I didn't know who was watching."

"Are you okay?" Dylan asked, deeply relieved to hear his "teacher's" voice.

"I'm fine," Cassian lied smoothly. He stood up in Dylan's skinny body, pointing a trembling finger at his own unconscious form handcuffed to the pillar. "Quickly, you have to go and arrest him before he wakes up! He's a monster!"

Dylan nodded, turning toward the pillar. But then he paused. He looked down at the concrete floor near the shadows.

"Wait," Dylan said, his eyes catching the glint of silver metal. "Don't you want to change back first? Look, his gun is just sitting right there."

Cassian's heart leaped in his chest. This was absolutely perfect. The stupid boy was handing him the ultimate prize on a silver platter.

"Good idea, Dylan," Cassian said, trying to keep his voice from shaking with pure, unadulterated anticipation. "Let's swap back right now."

They walked quickly over toward the shadows where the gun lay on the dusty floor. Cassian practically salivated, his hands twitching with the need to grab the weapon and steal the godlike flesh standing next to him.

But as Cassian reached his hand out to grab the handle, the air around the weapon suddenly warped.

A bright, crackling field of pure pink energy violently wrapped around the silver gun. Before either of them could react, the energy field constricted with devastating, telekinetic force. The incredibly rare metal groaned and shattered loudly. The invaluable Shard Crystals inside burst, turning the entire device into a pile of useless, smoking dust.

They both jumped back in shock.

"No!" Cassian screamed using Dylan's voice, the cry filled with genuine, horrifying despair. His only chance. His masterpiece. Completely destroyed.

Dylan was incredibly confused. He spun around, looking for the source of the energy.

Stepping out from behind a stack of wooden shipping crates was Prism. She was glowing faintly with pink light, her arms crossed smugly.

"Do you two know each other or something?" She said, accusingly.

"Prism?" Dylan asked, his voice returning to a breathy, feminine pitch. "What are you doing here? I told you to stay back!"

"I don't take orders from you," Prism sneered, walking forward confidently. "I came to do a perimeter sweep for the seismic bomb. I surveyed the entire warehouse structure. There are no explosives. The Phantom was bluffing."

She looked down at the smoking pile of dust on the floor. "I saw that weird tech sitting there. It looked highly dangerous, like a remote detonator. I took the liberty of destroying it just to be absolutely safe."

Prism looked directly into Dylan's eyes, her gaze cold and highly suspicious. She was lying, and Dylan knew it. She didn't know what the gun was, but she explicitly didn't trust Vixen tonight, so she destroyed it just to spite Dylan.

Cassian stood frozen in Dylan's body, utterly horrified. He was incredibly close, mere seconds away from ultimate power. And now... it was gone. He was entirely trapped in this weak, pathetic teenage body. He had to clench his fists so hard his nails dug into his palms to keep from screaming and blowing his cover. He had to play the part. He had to survive.

"Well, come on, Vix," Prism said, gesturing toward the unconscious man handcuffed to the pillar. "Help me arrest this freak so we can go home."

Dylan nodded slowly, still trying to process the absolute disaster of losing their only way to swap back. He walked over to the pillar with Prism.

Cassian watched in furious, helpless silence from a few feet away. He watched as Prism used a pink energy blade to slice through the handcuffs. He watched as they dragged his real body to the center of the room. He watched as Prism pulled a small, glowing scanner from her belt and ran facial recognition software over his unconscious features.

"Holy shit," Prism gasped, looking at the data on her scanner. "Vixen, look at this. The Phantom... he's Cassian Crane. The billionaire tech mogul."

Cassian closed his eyes, his internal rage reaching a boiling point. His entire master plan was gone, and now his incredibly valuable secret identity was exposed to the world. His life was utterly ruined, and for nothing.

Just then, Rachel groaned loudly, waking up from the brutal punch. She blinked, feeling the cold concrete beneath Cassian Crane's body. She looked up and saw Prism and her own body standing over her.

"Wait!" Rachel yelled, using Cassian's deep voice in a total panic. "I'm not the Phantom! I'm Vortex Vixen! We swapped bodies! You have to listen to me!"

Prism just laughed cruelly. "Nice try, Crane. We've got you dead to rights."

Prism reached down and slapped a heavy, high-tech gag directly over Rachel's mouth, silencing her protests instantly. She hauled Rachel up by the collar of the expensive suit. Rachel thrashed and kicked, her eyes wide with desperate panic, pleading silently with Dylan, but nobody bought her story for a single second.

The heavy bay doors of the warehouse suddenly slid open. The rest of the heroes, including Mortar Man, Guardian, and Blossom, arrived with a team of heavily armored transport guards to clean up the mess.

They dragged Rachel's new body away, throwing her roughly into the back of a heavily armored containment van.

Dylan watched her go, feeling a deep pang of guilt, but he knew he couldn't blow his cover now. He turned and walked over to Cassian, who was still pretending to be Ms. Winslow trapped in Dylan's body.

"Let me fly you home, Dylan," Dylan said loudly, making sure the other heroes heard him using the civilian's name.

Dylan gently scooped the teenager up into his massive, bare arms. Evergreen walked over, looking highly annoyed.

"You're leaving already?" Evergreen complained, putting her hands on her hips. "You're not going to help us catalog his tech?"

"I need to get the hostage to safety," Dylan said, offering a tight, unconvincing smile. "Thanks for the backup, guys."

Dylan rocketed up through the shattered skylight into the night sky. He didn't notice Blossom

stepping out from the shadows, watching him fly away with intense, calculating curiosity. Blossom tapped a button on her glowing ring, turning completely invisible, and secretly flew up into the sky to follow them.

The flight to the suburbs was quick. Dylan tried to talk to who he thought was Ms. Winslow, but Cassian avoided the conversation, focused more on processing everything he had discovered and trying to figure a way out of this mess.

Dylan landed silently in his own dark backyard, carefully setting the teenager down on the manicured grass.

"It's okay, Ms. Winslow," Dylan whispered, placing a gentle hand on the boy's shoulder. "I'm so sorry the gun got destroyed. But Primewatch is going to impound all of Cassian Crane's stuff. We'll search his labs. We'll find the blueprints or the other guns. When we do, we can swap back. I promise."

Cassian kept his face perfectly innocent, but internally, his mind was racing. Ms. Winslow? That must be Vortex Vixen's secret civilian identity! He filed the invaluable information away for later.

Cassian nodded weakly, playing the traumatized teacher perfectly. "Thank you, Dylan. Be careful."

Dylan suddenly heard the back door of the house unlocking. His super-hearing picked up his mother's frantic footsteps approaching. He didn't want to get caught and have to pretend to be someone he's not around his own mother. He offered a quick wave and instantly flew straight up into the clouds, disappearing into the darkness.

A second later, the back door flew open. Dylan's mother rushed out onto the patio, tears streaming down her face.

"Dylan! Oh my god, Dylan, honey!" she shrieked, sprinting across the grass.

She threw her arms around Cassian, burying him in a cloying, suffocating, intensely emotional

hug. She sobbed into his shoulder, completely terrified that she was going to lose her son tonight after seeing the broadcast on the news.

Cassian stood stiffly, absolutely furious that he now had to endure this pathetic, mundane existence. He rolled his eyes toward the sky, forced to just take the hug. He realized that for now, it was simply a waiting game. As long as this idiot boy didn't get suspicious, the hero would eventually find the hidden guns in his lab and bring one right to him to swap them.

Cassian pushed the crying mother away, feigning teenage annoyance. "I'm fine, Mom. Just... leave me alone. I need to go to my room."

He stormed past her, walking into the incredibly mundane, depressing suburban house to plot his ultimate revenge.

High above the city, miles away from the suburbs, Dylan landed softly on the edge of a completely secluded skyscraper rooftop.

The adrenaline of the entire insane night finally began to fade, leaving him exhausted but buzzing with residual energy. He walked over to the concrete ledge and sat down, letting his legs dangle over the massive drop.

He took a deep breath, the cold night air filling his massive lungs. He couldn't believe he had actually pulled it off. He had rescued "Ms. Winslow," defeated the Phantom, and kept his cover intact. But more than anything, he couldn't believe he was almost forced back into his own scrawny, weak body.

A tiny, deeply secret part of his mind was actually a little glad Prism had destroyed the gun.

Dylan looked down at himself. He admired the incredibly slutty purple corset, the way the tight material dug deeply into his crotch, and the sheer, impossible perfection of his massive, overflowing breasts bared to the night air. He felt incredibly powerful. He felt impossibly sexy.

With a slow, highly uninhibited smirk, Dylan reached both hands up. He grabbed huge handfuls of his own heavy tits. He gave the soft, yielding flesh a firm, incredibly arousing squeeze. He rolled the stiff, dark pink nipples aggressively between his thumbs and forefingers.

The intense sensitivity sent a violent shock of pure electricity straight to his groin. He let out a soft, breathy moan into the quiet night, his thick thighs shifting against the concrete as a fresh wave of slick, hot wetness soaked the crotch of his high-cut suit.

"Haven't seen you touch yourself like that before," a voice called out casually from the shadows behind him. "You're starting to remind me of me!"

Dylan gasped loudly, completely startled. He dropped off the edge of the building, falling for a brief moment before he caught himself mid-air using his flying power. He spun around defensively, and saw Blossom hovering above the building using her magical pink energy to propel herself in the air.

Blossom floated down from the sky, her pink energy aura fading as her white, heeled boots hit the gravel roof, looking curiously at Dylan as he floated there.

Dylan tried desperately to play it cool, crossing his bare arms under his massive breasts to try and hide his obvious arousal.

"Blossom!" Dylan stammered, his feminine voice cracking. "I... I was just... checking for injuries! From the fight!"

Blossom laughed a loud chuckle. "Sure thing, Vix. Whatever you say."

She casually walked over to the ledge and sat down. Instead of sitting gracefully, she spread her thick, strong bare thighs wide in a highly aggressive, un-ladylike manspread, resting her elbows on her knees. Dylan flew over and sat next to her.

The tight pink suit rode up dangerously high into her crotch as she sat, completely displaying the muscular expanse of her legs.

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare ya," Blossom said, adjusting the crotch of her tight pink suit again. "Just wanted to catch you before I lost ya in the clouds. Figured you could use some company after a crazy night."

Dylan slowly sat back down, keeping a safe distance. They chatted for a few minutes about the fight and the Phantom's capture. Dylan tried his absolute best to sound like the stoic, mature Vortex Vixen, but he could tell Blossom was staring at him intensely. Blossom clearly sensed that something was completely off about Vixen's entire vibe.

Suddenly, Blossom scratched the back of her neck, looking slightly uncomfortable.

"Look," Blossom said, her voice dropping into a slightly awkward tone. "I know you're super busy being the perfect hero and all, but... I need your help with my college homework again, if that's cool?"

Dylan completely froze. He stared at the impossibly gorgeous, voluptuous woman sitting next to him. What does a grown superhero woman need with college homework?

Before Dylan could even formulate a confused response, a loud pop song started blaring from Blossom's hip. She reached into a hidden pocket in her tight pink suit and pulled out a standard cell phone. She looked at the caller ID and groaned loudly, rolling her eyes.

"Oh shit," Blossom grumbled. "It's my mom. She's wondering where I am."

Dylan was even more confused. Her mom?

Blossom didn't even hesitate. She casually reached over with her right hand and slipped the glowing pink ring entirely off her left finger.

The moment the metal broke contact with her skin, a blinding flash of pink light enveloped her entire body. The light rapidly shrank, condensing inward.

Dylan's jaw dropped open in absolute, stunned horror.

The gorgeous, pink-haired female superhero body completely dissolved into the light. In her place, sitting on the concrete ledge in a dark t-shirt and dark athletic shorts, was a tanned, twenty-year-old college guy with thick, wavy dark hair. A faint, crackling pink aura still lingered around his skin as he held the glowing ring in one hand and lifted the phone to his ear with the other.

"Hey Mom," he said, his voice dropping instantly into a completely normal, deep male pitch. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just out late studying with some college friends. We're at the library. Yeah, I'll be home soon. Love you too. Bye."

He hung up the phone, slipped it into his pocket, and casually tossed the glowing pink ring into the air, catching it in his palm.

Dylan sat entirely paralyzed, his mind rapidly connecting all the impossible dots. The

tomboyish behavior. The bro slang. The constant manspreading and crotch adjustments.

Blossom was actually a guy. He was a normal college guy who used that glowing ring to physically transform his body into an incredibly hot, incredibly powerful female superhero.

The guy turned to Dylan, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly as the last wisps of the pink aura faded away, and offered a casual shrug. "Sorry about that Vix. You know how moms are."

Dylan stared at him, his massive breasts heaving heavily against the plunging golden V-neck in the cold night air. The realization washed over him like a tidal wave. If there was absolutely anyone in the entire world who could possibly understand the insane, hormonal, body-swapped reality he was living right now... if there was anyone who knew exactly what it felt like to be a guy piloting a godlike female body... it was this guy.

Dylan took a slow, deliberate step forward, his golden boots crunching softly on the rooftop gravel.

"Blossom..." Dylan whispered, his feminine voice trembling slightly with overwhelming relief.

"I... I have something I need to tell you."