

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 7: How Superheroes Relax

The flight to the Primewatch HQ was an exercise in overwhelming sensory overload. Dylan carried the massive bulk of Mortar Man through the night sky, and the physical reality of his new outfit became glaringly apparent. The cold, high-altitude wind whipped against his completely bare shoulders and the incredibly exposed expanse of his upper chest. But the chill was entirely counteracted by the intense, grinding friction against his front.



Mortar Man's heavy red and silver armor pressed flush against Dylan's body. Because the new suit lacked any fabric across the upper chest, the cold, rigid metal plates of the hero's chest piece mashed directly against the soft, bulging flesh of Dylan's massive breasts. Every slight adjustment in their flight path caused the heavy globes to rub and shift against the armor. The stiff, aching nipples were trapped between the tight golden edge of the plunging V-neck and

the unyielding metal. It sent constant, electric shocks of pure lust straight down to Dylan's crotch.

By the time the sleek, high-tech penthouse of the Primewatch HQ came into view, the incredibly high-cut thong of the purple corset was completely soaked through with slick, hot arousal fluid.

Dylan banked sharply, the heavy gold cape fluttering wildly behind him, and descended toward the sprawling glass balcony. He touched down on the polished tiles with a heavy thud, his golden boots clicking sharply. Mortar Man stepped back, completely oblivious to the intense sexual awakening his armor had just provoked.

"Thanks for the lift, Vixen," Mortar Man said, clapping a heavy hand on Dylan's bare, slender shoulder. "Come on inside. I think Guardian is already mixing drinks."

Dylan nodded, taking a deep, shuddering breath to try and calm the raging female hormones flooding his brain. The tight corset squeezed his ribs, forcing his massive tits to heave upward practically to his chin with every inhale. He adjusted the fabric, tugging uselessly at the thong wedged deep between his heavy, bare ass cheeks, and followed the armored hero through the sliding glass doors.



The lounge of the headquarters was a sprawling, opulent space filled with leather couches, glowing holographic displays, and a massive, fully stocked bar. Winged Guardian, Prism, and Evergreen were already there, relaxing after the brief fight. Stretched out across one of the white sofas, snoring loudly, was Blossom. She was a newer member of Primewatch, wearing a skintight pink bodysuit with white side panels and tight booty shorts that hugged her strong thighs.



She cracked one eye open as Dylan and Mortar Man walked in. She sat up with a heavy, lumbering swagger, casually reaching a white-gloved hand down to adjust the crotch of her suit with a distinctly brutish tug.

"Where were you guys?" Blossom yawned, stretching her arms wide and making her firm breasts bounce heavily against the pink fabric.

Guardian rolled his eyes at her while pouring a drink at the bar. "You missed all the fun. We just bagged Elephant Man while you were drooling on the upholstery."

Mortar Man sighed, shaking his head at the pink heroine's apparent laziness. But the girls immediately jumped to her defense.

"Leave her alone," Evergreen snapped, crossing her arms defensively. "She patrolled the entire south sector last night. She earned a nap."

"Exactly," Prism added, glaring coldly at Guardian and Mortar Man. "Unlike some people who just flex for the cameras, Blossom actually puts in the hours. A girl needs her beauty sleep."

The moment Dylan strutted further into the room, the entire dynamic shifted violently.

The team was used to Vortex Vixen being a stoic beacon of pure, untouchable virtue. Sure, the old outfit wasn't exactly the most conservative costume, but it's a far cry from the one Dylan was currently sporting. The overhead lights caught the iridescent purple scales and the shimmering gold trim, highlighting every impossible curve.

Winged Guardian was pouring a bright blue liquid into a shaker. He stopped dead in his tracks. The shaker slipped slightly in his grip, his eyes dropping immediately to the plunging, golden V-neck that barely contained the sheer volume of Dylan's spilling breasts. He visibly swallowed, his gaze dragging down to the completely bare, thick thighs and the high-cut fabric exposing the deep V of Dylan's pelvis.

Evergreen looked shocked, her eyes darting from Guardian's drooling face to Dylan's incredibly slutty outfit. A flash of deep, unmistakable jealousy crossed her pretty features.

Prism, sitting elegantly on a white leather sofa, lowered her cocktail glass. Her eyes narrowed into calculating, suspicious slits. She looked Dylan up and down, her lip curling into a passive-aggressive smirk.

"Well," Prism said, her voice dripping with condescension. "Looks like someone finally decided to let the girls breathe. Did you lose a bet, Vixen, or are you just trying out a new career path?"

Dylan felt a flush of heat rise to his cheeks. He loved the attention, the raw power of having these gorgeous, famous and powerful people staring at his body, but he was incredibly clumsy. He tried to walk casually toward the bar to project confidence. However, the sheer width of his hips and the heavy, pendulous sway of his breasts threw off his balance. He bumped his hip hard against the corner of a glass coffee table, letting out a highly uncharacteristic, boyish grunt.

"Just trying something new," Dylan said, forcing his feminine voice to sound light and breezy.

He reached behind his back, blatantly trying to pull the purple thong out of his ass crack right in front of them. He loved the breeze on his bare cheeks, but the wedgie was getting distracting. "It's aerodynamically superior. Less wind resistance."



Prism raised a single, perfectly sculpted eyebrow, clearly not buying a single word of it.

Guardian quickly recovered, flashing a brilliant, white smile. He grabbed a crystal glass and poured the blue cocktail. "I love it. It suits you perfectly. Come here, let me get you a drink to celebrate a flawless capture."

Dylan walked over to the bar, his golden boots clicking, and took the glass. He was completely unaccustomed to superhero-level alcohol. As a teenage boy, his limit was three cheap beers in a basement. He knocked the glowing blue liquid back in one gulp. The alcohol hit his enhanced female metabolism like a freight train, bypassing his liver and rushing straight to his brain. A warm, fuzzy, highly uninhibited buzz washed over him instantly.

"Whoa... I thought superheroes were meant to have, like, a superhuman metabolism?" He said under his breath, recovering from the hit. Winged Guardian overheard him.

“Has it been that long already? You’ve forgotten my specialty superhuman cocktails.” He proudly chuckled. “These things would kill a regular mortal.”

“Uhh... right. Yeah, I forgot. Damn that’s good.” Dylan knocked back another and slammed the glass down, wiping his painted lips with the back of his hand, and let out a loud, booming laugh. "Hit me again, bird-boy!"



The room went dead silent.

Vortex Vixen did not drink like a frat boy. Vortex Vixen did not call the Winged Guardian "bird-boy."

Dylan immediately realized he had screwed up. He looked around, seeing the stunned faces of the other heroes. Prism slowly turned her head toward Mortar Man, who was taking off his heavy gauntlets near the door.

Dylan tuned into his super-hearing, focusing entirely on the telepathic heroine.

"Do you see this?" Prism whispered to Mortar Man, her voice barely a breath. "She's acting like she got a goddamn lobotomy. The outfit, the drinking, the complete lack of coordination. Do

you think Elephant Man hit her with some kind of mind-control spore before we arrived?"

Mortar Man shook his head slightly, keeping his voice equally low. "Don't jump to conclusions, Prism. She's just finally letting her hair down. We've been telling her to relax for years. Let her have some fun."



Dylan panicked internally. He needed to play it cool. He needed to act normal so Prism wouldn't get more suspicious. If she found out he was a seventeen-year-old boy piloting the city's most powerful weapon, who knows how they'd react. But "normal" for Vixen was being a frigid prude, and Dylan was currently a horny teenager trapped in a goddess's body that was absolutely screaming for sexual release.

Guardian leaned against the sleek bar, invading Dylan's personal space. He was incredibly tall, his costume clinging to a torso composed entirely of shredded, corded muscle. He had a chiseled jaw and piercing blue eyes. He had clearly been waiting for an opening with Vixen for years, and he saw the new outfit and the heavy drinking as a massive green light.

"So," Guardian said, his voice dropping an octave into a smooth, practiced purr. "I have to admit, I was surprised when you actually agreed to come up here. You usually rush off to

patrol the quiet sectors."

Because Dylan had the straight, oblivious brain of a teenage boy, he completely misread the situation. He assumed Guardian was just being friendly, engaging in some standard, post-game locker-room banter between bros.

"Yeah, well," Dylan said, chuckling loudly. "I figured I deserved a break. Plus, seeing you swing that elephant guy around was pretty badass. Good form, man."

Dylan reached out and playfully punched Guardian on the shoulder, entirely forgetting the limits of his super-strength. The punch landed with a loud, meaty thwack, rocking the massive hero backward a full step.

Guardian blinked, rubbing his shoulder, clearly surprised by the rough, masculine gesture. But he took the physical contact as Vixen playing hard to get, a rough, dominant challenge that he was entirely eager to accept.

"You like the form?" Guardian asked, stepping back into Dylan's space. He leaned in incredibly close. He brought his large, calloused hand up and gently traced the completely bare skin of Dylan's shoulder. His fingers trailed down, brushing agonizingly slowly against the edge of the heavy gold collar wrapping Dylan's throat. "I could show you a few other moves, if you are interested. Up close."

The moment Guardian's warm fingers touched his skin, Dylan's female biology reacted violently.

The rational, male part of his brain screamed that a man was hitting on him, but the body simply didn't care. The female hormones hijacked his nervous system entirely. A fresh, heavy gush of slick wetness flooded the crotch of the suit, dripping down the inside of his muscular thighs. His heart hammered a frantic, heavy rhythm against his ribs. The massive, dark pink areolas hidden behind the plunging V-neck hardened so violently they physically ached, practically popping out of the tight corset.

"Oh," Dylan gasped involuntarily, his eyes fluttering shut for a fraction of a second.

Guardian took the gasp as total surrender. He closed the remaining distance, pinning Dylan's massive breasts against his hard chest. He leaned in and pressed his lips firmly against Dylan's

in a hungry, passionate kiss. At the same time, Guardian slid his strong hands down Dylan's back, grabbing two huge handfuls of Dylan's completely bare, incredibly thick ass cheeks, squeezing and kneading the soft flesh.



Dylan's mind went completely blank with shock. He was kissing a man. A man had his hands all over his bare ass. But his body melted into the embrace like hot wax. The physical pleasure was blinding. His arms moved entirely on their own, wrapping around Guardian's thick neck, pulling the handsome hero closer, returning the kiss with a desperate, sloppy, hungry fervor.

Across the room, the sound of shattering glass broke the heavy atmosphere.

Evergreen stood near the sofas, her fists clenched, staring at the passionate embrace with pure, unadulterated rage. She had harbored a massive, unrequited crush on Guardian for three years. Seeing him groping the untouchable Vortex Vixen was too much. She spun on her heel, tears of jealousy pricking her eyes, and stormed out of the lounge, the heavy doors hissing shut behind her.

Prism remained seated, watching the entire scene with cold, calculating eyes. Her suspicion was reaching an absolute boiling point. She stood up slowly, her gaze locked on Dylan's

flushed, panting face.

Dylan broke the kiss, pulling back slightly. He was breathless, his chest heaving, his mind spinning in chaotic circles. He was not into guys. He liked women. He had a massive crush on Ms. Winslow just yesterday. But the burning, desperate ache between his thighs, the absolute need to be filled, was completely overriding his identity.

He caught Prism staring daggers at him from across the room. He knew exactly what she was thinking. She thought he was an imposter or mind-controlled. He had to dispel that suspicion right now. What better way to prove he was just finally embracing a wild, uninhibited phase than by completely surrendering to it? And driven entirely by the overwhelming hormonal lust of the goddess body he inhabited, the decision was incredibly easy to make.

Dylan grabbed Guardian by the collar of his tank top, pulling the tall hero down so their faces were inches apart.

"Show me your room," Dylan demanded huskily, his feminine voice thick with undeniable lust.

Guardian's eyes went wide with thrill. He thought he had finally cracked the ultimate ice queen. He didn't hesitate. He grabbed Dylan by the hand and practically dragged him down the sleek, metallic hallway toward the private residential wing of the headquarters.

They burst into Guardian's sprawling, luxurious bedroom. The door hissed shut behind them, locking automatically.

Guardian stood near the edge of the king-sized bed. He was incredibly tall in his white and gold armor, and his massive, feathered white wings were fully extended, taking up half the room. Dylan fell back onto the soft mattress, his incredibly thick thighs spreading naturally as he looked up, completely mesmerized by the magnificent sight.

Guardian reached up and unclasped his chest plate, letting the heavy armor fall to the floor to reveal his sculpted, corded muscles. He rolled his broad shoulders. With a deep, muscular flexing sound, the massive white wings folded inward. They shrank rapidly, sliding seamlessly into the smooth, tan skin of his back until nothing remained but a pair of long, faded scars.

"Whoa," Dylan breathed, his eyes wide with genuine, boyish amazement.

Guardian chuckled, stepping right between Dylan's wide-spread thighs. "Come on, you've

seen that before. I can't be walking around with wings all day. Plus, they definitely get in the way when I need to get close."



Dylan flushed, realizing he was acting like an awestruck fanboy instead of a seasoned superhero peer. But he didn't have time to dwell on the mistake. Guardian took absolute control, assuming Vixen wanted to be manhandled after years of playing the untouchable ice queen.

"I have wanted this for so long," Guardian breathed, his hands fumbling eagerly with the hidden clasp at the back of the purple corset.

Dylan just laid back, offering no resistance as the hot anticipation pooled between his legs. Guardian pulled the tight fabric down.

The corset peeled away, and the sheer, monumental weight of Dylan's massive breasts spilled out freely. They bounced heavily against his ribs, the huge, stiff nipples begging for attention. Guardian let out a ragged groan, completely worshiping the godlike body. He buried his face in the deep, soft cleavage, kissing and biting at the sensitive skin. He took one of the massive nipples into his mouth, sucking hard while tweaking the other with his fingers.

"Oh my god," Dylan screamed, his back arching off the mattress. The oral stimulation was making his brain completely short-circuit. It was a direct line of electrical fire straight to his dripping pussy. He grabbed handfuls of the expensive bedsheets, twisting his body, completely lost to the overwhelming female pleasure.

Guardian moved lower, kissing a path down Dylan's tightly muscled stomach, heading straight for the dripping, swollen folds between his legs.

When Guardian's tongue hit the highly sensitive clitoris, Dylan completely lost his mind. His eyes rolled back into his head. He screamed, his hips bucking violently into the hero's face. He had no idea oral sex could feel like this. It was an all-encompassing, mind-shattering euphoria that erased every single thought of his old life, his male identity, or his mission. There was only the tongue, the heat, and the desperate, coiling need for release.



Guardian expertly worked him up, making Dylan squirm and beg, before finally pulling back and stripping off his own clothes in a blur.

Dylan looked down the length of his own gorgeous body and saw Guardian's thick, rock-hard cock standing at attention. The male part of his brain braced for it to be weird, or repulsive, or

painful.

Guardian positioned himself between Dylan's wide-spread thighs. He grabbed Dylan's hips, holding him completely still, and pushed forward, burying the thick head deep into the slick, wet tunnel.

The moment the dick entered the aching void, Dylan's female biology took absolute, total control. It felt completely, undeniably right. The biological imperative completely overrode the mental mismatch. The stretch, the intense friction, the feeling of being entirely filled and stretched apart sent Dylan over the absolute edge.

"Fuck!" Dylan roared, his fingernails digging deep into Guardian's muscular shoulders.

"Holy shit," Dylan thought to himself through the haze of blinding pleasure. "I could definitely get used to dick."

The intensity of the penetration was simply too much for gravity to contain. Driven by pure, unadulterated ecstasy, Dylan's powers flared to life entirely on instinct. He wrapped his thick, incredibly powerful thighs entirely around Guardian's muscular waist, locking his golden boots together behind the hero's back.

With a sudden, weightless lurch, Dylan engaged his anti-gravity field and pushed off the mattress with his mind.

They rose directly into the air together. Guardian let out a startled, breathless grunt as his bare feet completely left the floor, but Dylan's super-strength held his heavy, muscular frame completely secure. They hovered three feet above the messy king-sized bed, perfectly suspended in the middle of the room. The heavy gold cape still attached to Dylan's neck fluttered gently in the ambient air currents, brushing against the back of Guardian's thighs.

Guardian looked down at the empty air beneath them, then back up at Dylan's flushed, gorgeous face. A wicked, highly aroused grin spread across his lips.

"God, I'm so jealous," Guardian panted. He gripped Dylan's bare hips tighter, using his core strength to thrust his hips up, driving the thick shaft even deeper into Dylan's suspended, wet body. "You get to fly and do this without huge wings flapping around knocking over the lamps."

"Shut up and fuck me," Dylan gasped out, his feminine voice cracking with raw, desperate

need.

Being suspended mid-air changed the entire sexual dynamic. There was no mattress to absorb the shock. Every brutal, upward thrust from Guardian sent a violent tremor through Dylan's hovering frame. To counter the sheer force, Dylan used his flight powers to actively slam his hips downwards in mid-air, meeting the hero thrust for thrust with devastating, superhuman rhythm.



The sound of wet flesh slapping together echoed loudly in the cavernous bedroom. Because they were floating, Dylan's massive breasts were entirely freed from gravity's pull. They bounced and swayed heavily in the open air, slapping wetly against Guardian's chiseled chest with every brutal collision of their groins.

The sex was wild, passionate, and incredibly explicit. Dylan surrendered completely to the role, letting the overwhelming female lust dictate his every mid-air movement, totally addicted to the feeling of being completely dominated while simultaneously holding a massive man suspended in the sky.

They were both reaching the absolute peak of pleasure incredibly fast, the intense superhero stamina entirely overridden by the sheer pent-up lust and the unique aerial acrobatics.

"I'm close," Guardian grunted, his mid-air thrusts becoming a rapid, chaotic blur of friction.

"Do it!" Dylan screamed, throwing his head back so his blonde hair cascaded into the empty space below them. His inner walls clamped down incredibly tight around the thick shaft, milking it violently. "Fill me up!"

They climaxed together in a loud, messy, screaming orgasm. Dylan's entire body convulsed, his flight field wavering slightly as his vision went completely white. Wave after wave of earth-shattering pleasure crashed through his nervous system. He felt the thick, hot jets of cum painting his deep insides, the sensation pushing him even further into total ecstasy.

Just as they finished, both of them still intimately entangled and hovering in the air, completely covered in sweat and gasping for breath, the heavy bedroom door suddenly slid open with a mechanical hiss.

Evergreen stood in the doorway, her arms crossed. She stopped dead in her tracks, her eyes going wide as saucers as she took in the highly explicit scene of the two heroes fucking in mid-air above the bed.

Dylan was completely startled by the intrusion.

With a loud, distinctly boyish, high-pitched scream of terror, Dylan's legs let go of Guardian. He instantly fell back down to the mattress crashing hard against it, his cock sliding out of Dylan's slick pussy. As he fell, his wings burst back out of his back, clearly a defense

mechanism. Dylan just froze staring at Evergreen, hovering wildly near the ceiling, completely naked except for his cape and boots, and dripping wet.



Driven entirely by pure, ingrained teenage male instinct from seventeen years of habit, Dylan immediately slapped both of his hands over his crotch to hide his "junk." He completely forgot to cover his massive, heaving breasts. The huge globes were left fully exposed, bouncing and jiggling freely in the air.

Evergreen looked disgusted, incredibly jealous, and deeply panicked all at once. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying desperately not to look at the massive hovering tits practically assaulting her vision.

"An alpha-level alert just came through on the main console," Evergreen said, her voice shaking with anger and urgency. "We're all needed in the briefing room right now."

Guardian groaned loudly, dropping heavily from the air and landing on his feet on the plush carpet. "Two villains in one night? Seriously?!"

Dylan slowly lowered himself to the floor, his face burning with an intense, fiery blush. He hastily grabbed the slutty purple corset from the bed, squeezing his sticky, highly sensitive body back into the tight fabric. He pulled the plunging V-neck up, struggling to contain the massive breasts, his body still humming powerfully with an intense, satisfying afterglow.

Despite the embarrassing interruption, Dylan felt a massive rush of adrenaline and excitement. Another villain fight! He was finally getting the hang of this superhero life. The sex was amazing, the powers were incredible, and he felt invincible.

He quickly zipped up the back of the corset, adjusting the gold collar, and rushed out the door behind Guardian, feeling like a total badass.

They jogged down the hall into the main briefing room. Prism, Mortar Man, and Blossom were already standing silently, staring grimly at the massive holographic main screen spanning the far wall.

Dylan strutted in, a confident smirk on his face, ready to crack a joke and show off his new bravado.

But he stopped dead.

The Phantom was broadcasting live on the screen. The whole city was watching it. He stood in the center of a dark, abandoned concrete warehouse.

"Heroes of Primewatch," the Phantom's synthesized voice boomed through the room. "And specifically, Vortex Vixen. I have captured an innocent civilian."

The Phantom stepped aside, the camera panning down to reveal a heavy steel chair bolted to the floor. "If anyone but Vortex Vixen steps foot within a one-mile perimeter of these coordinates," the Phantom threatened, his voice dripping with malice, "I will detonate a localized seismic bomb directly beneath this building. I will kill this boy, and I will level a quarter of your precious city, killing and injuring thousands more."

The Phantom reached out, grabbing a fistful of the terrified hostage's messy brown hair, and violently yanked their head back, pulling them fully into the frame of the camera. Dylan's excited, confident smile vanished instantly. The blood drained completely from his face, replaced by pure, ice-cold horror. His heart stopped dead in his chest.

The battered, bruised, terrified teenager crying weakly on the massive screen, bound to the chair in the dark warehouse, was his own, fragile, original body.