

# **SUPER IMPOSED**

## **The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen**

*A body-swap story by JohnManTD*

### **Chapter 2: Am I... Ms Winslow?!**

The night air at this altitude was thin and biting cold against the skin, or at least, it should have been. Dylan stood on the edge of the concrete balcony, his toes curled over the precipice. The city of Northgate sprawled out beneath him like a circuit board of glittering amber and white lights. Cars were mere streaks of luminescence, crawling through the arteries of the metropolis. From up here, the world seemed silent, detached, and painfully small.



He swallowed hard. The lump in his throat felt distinct, tighter than usual. He looked down at the drop. It had to be twenty stories. A fall from here would turn a normal human into a wet smear on the pavement. But he wasn't a normal human. Not anymore. He was currently occupying the biological equivalent of a nuclear reactor wrapped in silk and steel.

"Just... lean forward," he whispered to himself. The voice was soft, rich, and undeniably female. It vibrated in his chest, a sensation he still hadn't adjusted to.

He had hovered earlier. Just a few inches off the hardwood floor of the living room. It had been instinctive, a sudden negation of gravity that felt as natural as flexing a muscle. But this? This was different. This was flight. He closed his eyes and tried to summon that feeling again, the weightlessness, the defiance of physics. He pictured himself stepping off, the wind catching him, his body soaring through the clouds like the comic book covers he had worshipped just hours ago.

But then the intrusion of his old life, his human instincts, crashed the fantasy. He imagined the power failing. He imagined flailing his arms like a panicked bird, gravity reclaiming him, the rush of air, the terrifying acceleration, and the final, bone-shattering impact.

"Wait," he muttered, stepping back from the edge, his heart hammering a frantic rhythm against his ribs. "She's invulnerable. Right?"

He tried to recall the specifics of Vortex Vixen's power set. Super strength? Definitely. Flight? Yes. But durability? He knew she could take a punch from a mech suit, but a terminal velocity fall? His memory was a fuzzy collage of internet forums and blurry fight footage. He realized with a sinking dread that he didn't actually know the limits. If he jumped and he was wrong, or if he didn't know how to 'activate' the durability, he would die. He would die in the body of his high school teacher, wearing nothing but a t-shirt and panties.

"Maybe later," he breathed, backing away until his spine hit the sliding glass door. He retreated into the safety of the apartment, sliding the door shut and locking it, as if that would keep the vertigo at bay.

He needed to know. He needed to understand the machinery he was piloting. He walked into the kitchen, the linoleum cool under his bare feet. It was a modern, sterile space, clearly the home of someone who didn't cook much. He pulled a wooden block from the counter and

withdrew the largest knife available, a chef's knife with a heavy, eight-inch blade. The steel caught the light of the overhead fixtures, gleaming with a predatory sharpness.

This was insane. This was something people did in movies before cutting their thumb off. But the curiosity was a physical itch, burning under his skin. He held his left arm out, the skin pale and flawless, the muscle beneath it resting in a state of deceptive relaxation. With a trembling hand, he brought the blade down to his forearm.

He pressed.

He expected the bite of steel, the sting of a cut, the welling of blood. Instead, he felt... pressure. Just a dull, localized pressure. He frowned. He pressed harder. The skin didn't even dimple. It was like pressing a butter knife against a slab of marble.

"No way," he whispered.

Emboldened, he gripped the handle with both hands. He planted his feet, feeling the power surge through his hips and shoulders, and drove the knife down with real force. He watched, mesmerized, as the stainless steel blade bowed, then kinked, and finally folded over on itself like a piece of tin foil. The metal groaned in protest, ruined. His skin remained unmarked, pristine, glowing softly under the kitchen lights.



He dropped the mangled knife onto the counter with a clatter. A shiver of pure ecstasy rolled down his spine. It wasn't just safety; it was power. He was unbreakable. He looked at his reflection in the darkened window. He wasn't just Dylan Edwards anymore. He was a fortress.

He moved to the living room, his movements becoming more fluid as his confidence grew. He paused before the large, L-shaped sectional couch. It was a heavy piece of furniture, solid oak frame, thick cushions. It must have weighed two hundred pounds, easily. He remembered helping his dad move a recliner once; they had both been sweating and cursing within minutes.

He approached the couch, his eyes tracing the lines of his own body. He had expected Vortex Vixen to be built like a tank, like Mortar Man with his comical biceps and tree-trunk neck. But Rachel Winslow's arms were slender. There was definition, sure, a graceful line of triceps, a subtle curve of the deltoid, but it looked like the body of a swimmer or a yoga instructor, not a titan.

He bent down, gripping the base of the couch with one hand. He braced his legs, preparing to heave, to grunt, to strain.

He pulled up.



The couch flew into the air.

It didn't just lift; it launched. It felt as light as an empty cardboard box. Dylan, unprepared for the lack of resistance, stumbled back, and the couch crashed down onto the floor with a thunderous THUD that shook the walls. A lamp on the side table wobbled dangerously.

From the floor below, a muffled, angry voice shouted through the floorboards. "HEY! QUIET UP THERE! SOME OF US HAVE WORK IN THE MORNING!"

Dylan froze, a hand flying to his mouth. "Sorry!" he whispered, though the neighbor couldn't hear him. He looked at his hand, then at the couch. He had lifted it with no more effort than picking up a pencil. The disconnect between the visual... the slender, feminine arm... and the reality of the godlike force residing within it was dizzying.

He stood in the center of the room, the silence returning. His attention turned inward. He looked down at his torso. The white t-shirt he was wearing hung loosely over his midsection but was pulled tight across his chest. He remembered the glimpse he'd had earlier. The impossible thighs. The waist that seemed too small to support the hourglass structure.

Curiosity, heavy and suffocating, settled over him. He reached for the hem of the t-shirt. His fingers brushed against the fabric, and he paused. A sudden wave of guilt washed over him. This wasn't his body. This was Ms. Winslow's body. She was his teacher. She was a person. Was this violating her? Was he being a pervert?

"It's a dream," he said aloud, the sound of her voice reassuring him. "It has to be a dream. I fell asleep looking at that art. This is just... a lucid dream. A really, really vivid one."

The rationalization worked. If it was a dream, there were no rules. There were no consequences. There was only the experience.

He gripped the shirt and pulled it over his head in one smooth motion, tossing it onto the floor.

He stood before the full-length mirror in the hallway wearing only the grey sweatpants and the silky frilled panties he had woken up in. The air in the apartment was cool but his skin felt hot and radiated a subtle internal warmth that seemed to emanate from his very core.

"My god," he breathed.

She was perfection. It wasn't just the size of her assets though they were undeniably spectacular. It was the architecture of her. Her clavicles were elegant arches framing a long graceful neck. Her shoulders tapered down to arms that looked deceptively pretty. Her abs were etched in high relief and formed a distinct six-pack that disappeared into the waistband of the sweatpants.

He pushed the sweatpants down. They pooled around his ankles and he kicked them aside.

Now he was clad only in the panties. They were a deep midnight blue and trimmed with lace. They cut high across her hips to elongate legs that seemed to go on forever. Her thighs were thick powerful columns of muscle capable of crushing steel yet they were wrapped in skin as soft as velvet. He turned to the side to admire the view. The curve of her spine flowed into the swell of her buttocks which formed a shelf of muscle and softness that defied gravity.



He felt a familiar heat pooling in his gut. It was a twitch. An instinctual reaction to visual arousal. In his old life this would have been accompanied by the hardening of his cock and the tenting of his boxers.

He looked down. There was no tenting. There was no hardness.

Instead there was a different sensation. It was a damp heavy heat between his legs. A throbbing that wasn't expansive but internal. It was a hunger. A desperate aching void that demanded attention.

"So weird," he murmured as his hands moved on their own accord. He reached down and his fingers traced the waistband of the panties. "So fucking hot."

He hooked his thumbs into the lace and slowly peeled them down. They slid over her hips and down her thighs. He stepped out of them and looked at the crotch of the fabric. It was stained dark. A thick slick patch of arousal fluid had already soaked through. The musk hit him then. It was sweet and heavy and incredibly potent. It was the scent of a woman in heat.

He was naked. He was a naked super-powered woman.

He brought his hands up to his chest. He cupped his breasts and the weight of them filled his palms and spilled over. They were firm and heavy and incredibly sensitive. As his thumbs brushed over the pink nipples he gasped. A jolt of electricity shot straight from his chest to his groin. It was a direct line of neural fire he had never experienced before. The nipples hardened instantly against his touch and became pebbled and aching.

"Oh," he moaned. The sound was throaty and desperate.

He couldn't stop. He ran his hands down his torso and felt the ridges of his abs and the flare of his hips. The skin was so smooth it felt synthetic. His hands moved lower and guided themselves to the apex of his thighs.

He stumbled back to the couch and sat down. He spread his legs wide. The flexibility of the body was effortless. His knees dropped open and exposed him completely to the cool air and his own hungry gaze. He couldn't see past the massive swell of his breasts without craning his neck but he didn't need to see. He could feel.



His fingers found the soft blonde curls. He parted the lips. They were puffy and swollen and slick with nectar. He touched the wetness. It was thick and clear. He rubbed it between his thumb and forefinger and marveled at the lubrication.

Then he found the clitoris.

"Fuck," he hissed as his knees buckled.

It was a button of pure nerve endings. He rubbed it gently at first but the sensation was too intense. It was sharper and more all-encompassing than anything he had ever felt as a boy. It wasn't just centered there. It radiated outward and flooded his belly and his chest and his mind with a white-hot haze.

He began to circle it. The pleasure made his toes curl. He used the slickness to circle faster and harder. His hips began to rock against his hand. He was panting now with short sharp breaths that made his heavy chest heave up and down.

"Please," he whimpered to the empty room. "Please I need... I need..."

The rubbing wasn't enough. The ache inside was growing unbearable. It was a feeling of

emptiness. A physical need to be filled. To be stretched.

Slowly and tentatively he pushed one finger inside.

The sensation was alien. It felt tight and incredibly hot. The walls of the vagina clamped around his finger like a velvet vice. He pushed deeper and gasped at the feeling of being invaded. It felt... right. It felt necessary.

He added a second finger. The stretch increased. He began to pump his hand and matched the rhythm of his rubbing thumb against the clit. The pleasure built like a tidal wave. It rolled over him and drowned out his thoughts and his confusion and his fear. There was only this body. There was only this sensation. There was only this heat.

"Yes... oh god yes..."

He drove his fingers in deep and hit a spot inside that made his vision blur. He hooked his fingers and curled them in a 'come hither' motion against the front wall.

That was the trigger.

He threw his head back and his hair cascaded over the back of the couch. His hips bucked violently and met his thrusting fingers with desperate force. The pressure built in his lower belly. It was a tightening coil of pure energy that demanded release.

"Oh god! Oh god I'm gonna... I'm gonna...!"

The climax hit him like a physical blow. It wasn't the singular sharp release of a male orgasm. It was a full-body seizure of pleasure. It started in his groin and exploded outward. It seized his muscles and arched his back. He screamed a long high-pitched wail of ecstasy that echoed through the apartment.

His inner walls clamped down around his fingers. They pulsed and milked and throbbed in a rhythmic spasm. A torrent of fluid gushed from him and coated his hand and soaked the expensive upholstery of the couch.

It went on and on. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed over him. It left him gasping and shaking and his skin flushed a deep rosy pink from the exertion.

He collapsed back against the cushions. His hand slipped from between his legs and trailed a

string of clear fluids. He lay there with his chest heaving and sweat glistening on his perfect skin. His mind was completely blank save for the lingering echoes of the most intense and earth-shattering orgasm of his life.

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Miles away, the atmosphere was far less euphoric.

The penthouse of the Crane Revolutionary Technologies building was a monument to ego. Floor-to-ceiling windows offered a wonderful view of the city. The room was sleek, cold, and dominated by a central workshop area where pieces of high-tech armor lay scattered like dismembered limbs.

Cassian Crane, the billionaire genius known to the terrified public as The Phantom, threw a hydro-spanner across the room. It smashed into a glass display case, shattering it.

"Garbage!" he roared, running a hand through his greying, disheveled hair. "Absolute garbage!"



He looked like a man on the brink. His eyes were rimmed with red, his expensive suit shirt was stained with grease and sweat, and his face was a mask of exhaustion. The Phantom mech

suit, his masterpiece, stood in the center of the room, missing its left arm and most of its chest plating. Vortex Vixen had done a thorough job.

A soft whirring sound announced the arrival of ASTRA. The android walked into the room with a gait that was mathematically perfect but uncannily human. She was designed to be aesthetically pleasing, white metal plating sculpted into the form of a curvaceous woman, glowing eyes, and a voice synthesized to sound like a polite secretary.



"Master Crane," ASTRA said, her tone level. "Analysis of your biological rhythms suggests you require sleep. Your cortisol levels are elevated by 400%. Additionally, you have a board meeting at 8:00 AM regarding the credit loan expansion, followed by a strategy session with Daniel from venture capital."

Cassian glared at the robot. "Can't you see I'm busy, you glorified toaster? I don't care about the board! I don't care about Daniel!"

"I can see you are engaged in repairs," ASTRA replied, unfazed. "However, the information was deemed high priority according to my protocols. Neglecting your cover identity as CEO will reduce your resource acquisition efficiency by 32%."

"Shut it!" Cassian snapped, turning back to the ruined suit. He picked up a soldering iron, his hands shaking slightly. "It was supposed to work. The plan was perfect. A simple extraction, a lure, and then the swap. It was flawless."

"Correction," ASTRA said. "I informed you that the probability of success was 78%. You chose to proceed despite the statistical variance."



"78% is good odds!" Cassian yelled, pointing the hot iron at her. "In any other world, that's a

sure thing! I can't believe it failed. I can't believe she ruined it."

"Humans have a well-documented inability to intuitively grasp probability," ASTRA noted dryly.

"To you, 78% feels like certainty. It is not."

"Remind me to remove your battery later," he grumbled, turning back to the armor. Sparks flew as he touched the iron to a fried circuit board.

"If it had gone to plan," he muttered, more to himself than the robot, "the Bodyswap Gun would have worked. I'd be in her body right now. I'd be Vortex Vixen. I could walk right into Primewatch headquarters. I'd have the strength of a god and the clearance of a saint. No one could stop me."

"Technically," ASTRA interjected, "Vortex Vixen is not an official member of Primewatch."

"I know that!" Cassian slammed his fist onto the workbench. "But she consults! She's there for every crisis! Like when she and Mortar Man dismantled my seismic generator last summer!"

"That was a significant tactical defeat," ASTRA agreed.

"Yes, thank you for the reminder." He sighed, rubbing his temples. "It doesn't matter now. She has the gun. Or she destroyed it. And the first shot... I don't even know who it hit. Some bystander. That weird, skinny kid."

He paused, a cruel smile touching his lips. "The idiot has no idea. The gun uses a quantum entanglement tag. The first shot tags the anchor. The second shot initiates the exchange. Whoever that kid is, he's walking around with a target painted on his soul. The next time that frequency is triggered... zap."

"I have taken the liberty of identifying the initial target," ASTRA said, projecting a hologram from her wrist. It showed a grainy image from the mall security feed: Dylan Edwards, looking terrified and muddy. "Name: Dylan Edwards. Age: 17. Student at Northgate High. Academic record: Average. Physical capabilities: Below average. No known affiliations with superhero support networks."

Cassian looked at the hologram, his eyes narrowing. "Well. Guess you're not so useless after all, ASTRA."

He studied the boy's face. Weak. Pathetic. Unassuming. Perfect.

"If Vixen has the gun, she might figure it out," Cassian mused. "But if I get to the boy first... I can control the playing field. I think we need to pay young Dylan a visit."

"A kidnapping?" ASTRA asked. "Shall I prepare the stealth transport?"

"No," Cassian said, shaking his head. "If I grab him, Vixen comes looking. We need to be subtle. We need to get close to him. I need to talk to him, mold him, maybe even use him as bait." He paused, looking down at his own grease-stained hands. "And I can't do that looking like Cassian Crane. He'd recognize me from the news. And I can't do it as The Phantom."

He turned to the reinforced steel door at the back of the workshop. "ASTRA, prepare the containment facility. I need a new suit."

"Excellent idea, Master. Which subject?"

Cassian walked to the door, placing his hand on the biometric scanner. The heavy locks disengaged with a series of mechanical clanks. The door swung open, revealing a room that hummed with the sound of life support systems.

Inside, lined up against the walls, were ten cylindrical glass pods filled with a suspension fluid. Floating inside each pod was a human being, unconscious, a breathing mask clamped over their face.

These were the "volunteers." People Cassian had erased. He had plucked them from their lives... a hiker in Peru, a student in Canada, a mechanic in Ohio... and staged their disappearances or deaths. They were his wardrobe. His inventory. Since he had perfected the technology a month ago, he had realized that swapping with random civilians was too risky. He needed bodies he could store, bodies he could control.

He walked down the line, his fingers trailing over the glass. He passed a burly construction worker, a frantic-looking accountant, an elderly man. He stopped in front of a pod labeled Subject 04: Francine Knight.

She was young, maybe twenty-one. She had been a track star in Vancouver before a "boating accident" claimed her and her family. She floated in the liquid, her dark hair fanning out around her face. She was fit, tight, with the lean muscle of a runner. Nice hips. A firm, athletic

behind. Small, manageable breasts.

"This one," Cassian said. "She's unassuming. Cute enough to get a teenage boy's attention, but not so flashy that she stands out in a crowd. She'll do nicely."

"Francine Knight," ASTRA confirmed. "Initiating extraction protocol."



The fluid drained from the pod with a gurgle. The glass door hissed open. ASTRA moved forward, catching Francine's limp, naked body as she slumped forward. She carried the

woman to a specialized medical chair in the center of the room and strapped her in.

Cassian sat in the adjacent chair. He strapped his own wrists and ankles down. The process was violent; he couldn't risk thrashing around and breaking something.

"Ready," he said.

ASTRA walked to the weapon rack. There were spaces for ten of the handheld devices, but only seven remained. The crystals required to power them were astronomically rare, harvested from a meteorite Cassian had intercepted two years ago. Losing the one to Vixen was a costly error.

She selected a sleek, silver pistol and checked the charge.

"Commencing transfer," ASTRA stated.

She aimed the gun at Francine and fired. A beam of green light hit her chest. She didn't react.

ASTRA turned the gun on Cassian.

"See you on the other side," he grunted.

She pulled the trigger.



The green light washed over him. His back arched, his teeth clenched. It felt like being pulled through a straw, a violent inversion of his very essence. The world twisted, colors inverted, and for a second, he was nowhere.

Then, he gasped.

The air tasted different. The light was brighter.

Cassian opened his eyes. He was looking across the room at his own body, slumped in the chair, head lolling to the side, drool forming at the corner of the mouth.

He looked down. He saw smooth, tan skin. He saw the swell of small breasts. He felt the tightness of the restraints on his smaller wrists.

"Success," he said. The voice was higher, lighter, with a natural cadence that was pleasing to the ear.



He grinned.

ASTRA moved forward and undid the straps. Cassian stood up in Francine's body. He

stretched, feeling the pop of joints, the elasticity of youth.

"God, I love being twenty-one," he purred, running his hands down his sides. He turned to look at his reflection in the glass of the empty pod. He turned sideways, checking the profile of his new ass. He gave it a firm slap. "Tight. Responsive. Much better than that creaky old man back there."

He cupped the small breasts. "And these. Aerodynamic. Vixen's tits are ridiculous liabilities. These are tactical."



ASTRA held out a bundle of clothes. "Your attire, Mistress."

Cassian dressed quickly... jeans, a fitted black t-shirt, a leather jacket. He checked the pockets. A fake ID, a credit card linked to a shell account. Perfect.

"What is the plan?" ASTRA asked.

Cassian checked his reflection one last time, flashing a winning, dangerous smile with

Francine's pretty face.

"I think it's time to enroll at Northgate High," he said. "Or at least, pay a visit to the administration office. We have a student to mentor."

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The sun was a cruel intruder.

It streamed through the uncurtained windows of the apartment, hitting Dylan squarely in the face. He groaned, rolling over and burying his face in the pillow. For a hazy, blissful second, he was just Dylan. He was in his bed, dreading school, maybe thinking about calling in sick.

He reached for his glasses on the nightstand. His hand patted the empty surface.

"Where..."

He opened his eyes. The room was sharp, vivid, drowning in detail. He could see the dust motes dancing in the sunbeams. He didn't need glasses.

Dread, cold and heavy, settled in his stomach.

He sat up. A curtain of golden blonde hair fell across his face. He blew it away and looked down.

The white t-shirt was on the floor. He was naked. And there they were. The massive, undeniable breasts of Vortex Vixen.

A scream built in his throat but emerged as a high-pitched squeak.

"It wasn't a dream," he whispered, clutching his head. "Oh god, it wasn't a dream."

The memories of the previous night came rushing back in a humiliating flood. He had touched himself. He had enjoyed it. He was a woman.

"Okay, okay, don't panic," he said, hyperventilating. "Breathe. Just breathe."



He scrambled out of bed and ran to the bathroom. He needed to pee. The mechanics of it were a logistical puzzle he hadn't fully considered. He sat down, the porcelain cold against his thighs. It was... different. Weirdly efficient. But as he sat there, he caught his reflection in the bathroom mirror again.

Even with bedhead, even with the panic in his eyes, the body was staggering. He felt that traitorous twitch of arousal again.

"Stop it!" he scolded himself, slapping his own thigh. "This is Ms. Winslow! Stop being a pervert!"

He finished up and washed his hands, splashing cold water on his face. He needed coffee. He needed a plan.

In the kitchen, he fumbled with a fancy espresso machine until it spat out something resembling coffee. He sipped it, the caffeine doing little to settle his nerves.

"Okay, facts," he muttered, pacing the living room. The lack of back pain, the spring in his step, the feeling of limitless energy—it was all distracting. "I am in Ms. Winslow's body. Which

means... Ms. Winslow is in mine."

The thought stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Oh no."

Ms. Winslow. The strict, serious science teacher. In his body. In his messy room.

He groaned, burying his face in his hands. "She's going to kill me. If I ever get back, she is literally going to kill me."

And was he stuck? Was this permanent? How did it even happen? The green light. The gun.

He couldn't stay here. He couldn't just hide in the apartment forever. But he couldn't leave either. He couldn't fly—he was too scared. And walking out the front door looking like this? He'd be mobbed. Vortex Vixen didn't just go for strolls.

"I need help," he decided. "I need someone who knows science. Someone who won't freak out."

Derick.

Derick was the smartest guy he knew. And Derick was in Ms. Winslow's AP Chemistry class first period.

"I have to go to school," Dylan realized. "I have to go to school as Ms. Winslow."

It was the only way. He could walk in, pretend to be her, pull Derick out of class, and explain everything. Derick would know what to do. Maybe they could track down his body. Maybe they could find the villain.

He ran to the bedroom and threw open the closet doors.

It was a wall of beige.

"Seriously?" Dylan asked, fingering a rack of shapeless cardigans. "You're a superheroine with the body of a goddess, and you dress like a... like a librarian?"

He pulled out a knee-length floral skirt, a sensible white blouse, and a grey knitted cardigan. He held them up. They were designed to conceal. The loose fabrics would hide the abs, the muscles, the curves. The cardigan would drape over the chest, minimizing the impact.



"Genius," he admitted. "Boring, but genius."

He wrestled the clothes on.

He looked in the mirror. He grabbed the fake glasses from the counter and slid them on.

The transformation was impressive. The goddess was gone. In her place stood Ms. Winslow, the terrifyingly competent chemistry teacher. She still looked good, there was no hiding a face like that, but the overwhelming, supernatural sexuality was dampened, hidden beneath layers of wool and cotton.

He found her purse by the door. Keys. Wallet. Phone.

"Okay," Dylan said to his reflection, squaring his shoulders. "You're Ms. Winslow. You love chemistry. You hate... loud noises. You can do this."

He took a deep breath, opened the door, and stepped out into the hallway.