

SUPER IMPOSED

The Day I Swapped Bodies With Vortex Vixen

A body-swap story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4: Learning To Fly

"Okay, all you need to do is imagine it."

Rachel's voice cut through the stillness of the abandoned quarry, dry and matter-of-fact. She was leaning against the hood of her rusty Honda, her arms crossed over Dylan's chest, watching him with a mixture of impatience and exhaustion.

"I'm trying!" Dylan shouted back, his voice echoing off the limestone walls. He was standing near the edge of a sheer drop-off, fists clenched at his sides, in his underwear. Well, Rachel's underwear. "But I don't really know what that means! Imagine what? Being a bird? Being a plane?"

The quarry was a desolate place, a scar on the landscape just outside of Northgate. Weeds pushed through the cracked earth, and the remnants of rusted machinery stood like skeletons against the fading afternoon light. It was the perfect place for a superhero training montage, provided the superhero in question wasn't currently having a panic attack in the body of a goddess.

The drive over had been an exercise in frustration. Dylan had practically begged to drive, arguing that technically, he was the adult now. Rachel had shot him a look that could have withered a cactus and told him that as long as it was her car, her insurance, and her life he was currently hijacking, she was driving. He had spent the rest of the trip bombarding her with questions.

"So, how did you get your powers? Radioactive spider? super serum?"

"Not relevant."

"Is 'Rachel Winslow' your real name? Or is it, like, X-79?"

"It's my name. Stop asking."

“Are you an alien? You look kinda... perfect. Like, genetically engineered.”

“The less you know, the better, Dylan. Just sit there and don’t touch the radio.”

When they arrived, she’d made Dylan strip down to his underwear. He was confused and tepid at first.

“Why?” He asked, nervously.

She just rolled her eyes. “I don’t want you getting my clothes all messed up, duh. And I’m guessing you didn’t bring my Vortex Vixen costume?”

Dylan looked down at the body he inhabited and started to take the dress off before he looked over at Rachel staring at him and paused. She just rolled her eyes again. “Oh my god, it’s *my* body, Dylan. I’m allowed to see it undressed. And besides, I know you’ve already seen it since you got dressed this morning”.

Dylan blushed and just nodded as he continued to strip down. He stood there, wearing nothing but a bra, panties, and the shoes on his foot.

“And the shoes” Rachel said.

“What? But what if I hurt my feet?” Dylan replied, concerned.

“You’re invulnerable, remember?”

Dylan just chuckled. “Oh, right.”

They covered strength, which had been deceptively simple. Rachel had shown him how to brace his core, how to distribute weight so that lifting a two-ton boulder didn’t result in him sinking into the ground like a nail. It was all about leverage and understanding that the physics of the world no longer applied to him in the same way.\

They had also tested durability. That had been less fun, and it immediately clicked to Dylan why she made him remove his clothes. Rachel had produced a small handgun from the glove compartment. “Standard issue for emergencies, never leave home without it,” she had said, and without warning, fired a round into Dylan’s thigh.

He had screamed, cowering and waiting for the blood. But there was only a pinch, a sharp

sting like an angry bee. The bullet had flattened against his skin and fallen to the dirt, a useless piece of lead.

“See?” Rachel had said, picking up the deformed bullet. “Invulnerability doesn't mean numbness. You feel the impact. The kinetic energy has to go somewhere. But your skin is denser than kevlar, and your bones are harder than diamond. You won't bruise, and you won't break.” She had looked down at Dylan's lanky body then, a strange melancholy in her eyes. “It's been a while since I've felt... mortal. Since I've had to worry about... breaking.”

But flight was different. Now, standing on the precipice of flight, Dylan felt woefully unprepared. Strength was just more of something he already understood. Flight was entirely new. It was a violation of everything his brain knew to be true.

“I can't do it!” Dylan yelled, stomping his foot. The ground cracked beneath his boot. “I just... I feel heavy! I feel like a person!”

And then, without warning, the tears came.

It started as a wobble in his chin, then a tightness in his throat, and suddenly he was sobbing. Big, hot tears rolled down his cheeks. He gasped, wiping at them furiously. “What the hell?” he choked out. “Why am I crying? I'm not... I don't cry!”

Rachel sighed, pushing herself off the car. She walked up to the ledge, frustrated at how much harder even walking a small distance is in Dylan's body, the gravel crunching under her sneakers. She looked annoyed, but beneath the teenage scowl, there was a flicker of sympathy.

“What's wrong?” she asked, her voice softer this time, and a little out of breath.

“I don't know!” Dylan wailed, gesturing helplessly. “I'm just... frustrated! And scared! And everything feels... too much!”

“That's female hormones for you,” Rachel said dryly. “Welcome to the club. Everything is a little more... intense. But come on, get a grip! We both can admit I have it worse here. You're the one with the superpowers. You're the one in the body of a literal demigod. I'm currently dealing with acne and a voice that cracks every three sentences.”

She placed a hand on his shoulder. The grip was weak, but the gesture was grounding.

"Listen to me," she said, her eyes locking onto his. "You have the potential to be amazing. You saved me yesterday. You ran into danger when everyone else ran away. That wasn't the suit. That wasn't the powers. That was you. Now, stop thinking about gravity. Stop thinking about falling. Think about... will. Think of flight like a muscle. Flex the air around you. Move yourself through space not with your legs, but with your mind."

Dylan sniffled, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. He took a deep, shuddering breath. The scent of vanilla and ozone that clung to this body filled his lungs. He nodded.

"Like a muscle," he whispered.

He closed his eyes. He stopped trying to jump. He stopped trying to push off the ground. Instead, he reached out with his mind, searching for that hum of energy he had felt in the apartment. It was there, a dormant engine in his chest. He focused on it. He willed it to expand. He imagined himself lighter than air, untethered.

He felt a shift. The gravel ceased to crunch beneath his boots.

He opened his eyes.

He was floating. Three feet off the ground.

"I'm doing it!" he gasped, a grin breaking through the tear streaks. "I'm doing it!"

"Don't look down," Rachel advised, stepping back. "Just... up. Go up."

Dylan focused upward. The sensation was dizzying, a rush of vertigo that made his stomach flip. But he remembered her words. Invulnerable.

"I can't get hurt," he told himself. "I can't break."

He pushed harder. He shot upward, rising ten, twenty, fifty feet in seconds. The wind whipped his hair around his face. The quarry shrank below him until Rachel and the car were just toys.

He laughed. It was a pure, unadulterated sound of joy. He spun in the air, a clumsy pirouette. He dove, then pulled up at the last second, skimming the tops of the treeline. The power was intoxicating. He wasn't just flying; he was owning the sky.

He spent the next twenty minutes soaring, learning to bank, to accelerate, to stop. It was

freedom unlike anything he had ever known.

Eventually, he descended. He came in too hot, misjudging the deceleration, and hit the ground with a heavy thud, stumbling forward and nearly face-planting into the dirt.

Rachel laughed, a genuine, if slightly raspy, sound. "You'll have to practice your landings. But... not bad. Not bad at all."

She reached out a hand and helped him up. He dusted off his knees, beaming.

"Okay, what's next?" he asked, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "Laser eyes? Ice breath?"

"That's it," Rachel said, leaning back against the car.

Dylan blinked. "That's it? Strength, durability, and flight?"

"Oh, is that not good enough for you?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Most people would kill for just one of those."

"No, no, it's amazing! It's just..." He paused, looking at her. "Come on. I don't know anything about you. If I'm going to pretend to be you, I should know my story, right? Origin story? Secret weakness? Anything?"

Rachel grumbled, looking away. She kicked at a loose stone. "Fine."

She took a breath, her expression growing distant. "When I was fifteen, my parents died. Car crash. Drunk driver."

Dylan's smile faded. "Oh. I'm sorry."

"I bounced around foster homes until I was eighteen," she continued, ignoring his sympathy. "Saved up enough for community college, but I never really fit in anywhere. I was... invisible. Just a quiet, nerdy girl trying to disappear. Then, one day, I saw a building on fire. An apartment complex. People were trapped. The fire department wasn't there yet."

She looked at her hands... Dylan's hands. "I don't know what came over me. I just... ran in. I couldn't let someone else lose their family. I pulled three people out before the roof collapsed. I inhaled so much smoke I was in the hospital for a week. But I realized something. I couldn't just stand by."

“So you became a hero?”

“I tried. I started hitting the gym. Hard. I spent my days studying for my teaching degree, my afternoons lifting weights until I puked, and my nights... patrolling. Without powers. Just a mask and some pepper spray.”

“You fought crime without superpowers?” Dylan asked, incredulous.

“Yeah. It was stupid. But I was determined. I took self-defense classes. Karate, Krav Maga. It took over my life. I didn't have friends. I didn't date. My life was the mission.” She chuckled softly. “I actually got pretty strong. Not super, obviously. But capable.”

“And then?”

“That got the attention of The Vixens,” she said, glancing up at the sky. “An intergalactic peacekeeping force. They were looking for a protector for Earth. Someone with the right spirit. They chose me.”

“Aliens gave you powers?”

“More like... cosmic entities. They offered me the choice. Become the vessel for their power, become Earth's champion, but know that I would be forever changed. I might have to give up my old life. But... I didn't have much to give up. So I said yes.”

She looked him in the eye. “They imbued me with the Vortex energy. It gave me the powers. But it also... optimized me. It changed my DNA. Made me taller. Fixed my eyesight. Made me blonde. Made me...” She gestured vaguely at Dylan's body. “...this.”

“It made you... like this?” Dylan looked down at himself.

“Exactly.” She reached into her pocket and pulled out a small, worn photograph. Dylan figured she must have grabbed it from the car while he was flying around. “Here.”

Dylan took it. It showed a teenage girl, maybe 19? She had mousy brown hair, thick glasses, and a shy, awkward smile. She was shorter, plain, but also very fit. like a regular girl who practically lives at the gym and the running track. She looked like... well, like Ms Winslow without the incredible body.

On the other side, there was another photo attached. This one was a selfie of the same girl,

but she's wearing a makeshift superhero costume and she looks badly bruised.

"That's you?"

"That was me. Before." Rachel took the photo back, tucking it away carefully. "I keep it to remind me that these powers are a gift. That underneath my abilities and the... assets... I'm still just Rachel. I'm still that girl who wanted to help."

Dylan stared at her. It made so much sense. If someone had been born looking like Vortex Vixen, they would be insufferable. They would be vain. But Rachel... she didn't know how to be a goddess. She was just a nerd piloting a Ferrari.

"You had a much smaller..." Dylan started, then gestured to his chest.

"Chest? Yeah." Rachel chuckled. "They were annoying at first after my enhancement. Always getting in the way, and don't even get me started on trying to find bras that fit... but you get used to them. They're just... part of the package now."

She checked her watch, Dylan's cheap casio. "Shit. I gotta go."

"Go?" Dylan asked. "Where?"

"My date," she groaned. "With Francine. Or... your date."

Dylan grinned. "Figures. Takes someone else to have my body to actually get me laid."

"Hey!" Rachel snapped, pointing a finger at him. "I am NOT having sex as you! Don't be so crude, Dylan. And if you even think about doing anything as me..."

"Relax, relax," Dylan said, holding up his hands. "I'll be a saint. I promise."

"Good." She tossed him the keys. "Drop me at your place. Are you cool with me using your car? I mean... my car... wait, no. You keep my car. I need to get to your house."

"I'll drop you," Dylan said. "Can I use your credit card? For gas and stuff?"

"Pin is 8163," she said. "Use it for basics. Gas, food. Pay my bills if any come in. A teacher's salary isn't much, so don't buy anything you don't need! We need to maintain cover. If my enemies find out there's an amateur in there... or if Phantom finds out who you really are... it

could be dangerous for your family.”

Dylan swallowed hard. “Right. Cover. Got it.”

They drove back to town in relative silence, the weight of their swapped lives settling over them.

Rachel stood in the middle of Dylan’s bedroom, looking around with distaste. It smelled like teenage boy... a mix of deodorant, stale chips, and something unidentifiable. The floor was a minefield of laundry.

Rachel sat at the cluttered desk in Dylan Edwards’s bedroom and tried to ignore the smell. It was a specific, pungent cocktail of stale corn chips, body spray, and teenage hormonal sweat that seemed to permeate the very drywall.

"Okay," she muttered, her voice cracking mid-syllable. She cleared her throat, forcing it lower. "Just kill time. Be a normal boy. Do normal boy things."

She stared at the laptop screen. She had spent the last hour scouring the deep web for anything related to the technology she had seen the previous day. She typed in keywords with Dylan’s clumsy fingers. Quantum entanglement bio-transfer. Neural mapping energy signatures.

The results were sparse but telling. She found a series of abstract papers on "consciousness displacement" funded by a shell company called Janus Corp, which led to a holding company called Obsidian Dynamics, which eventually linked back to a subsidiary of Crane Revolutionary Technologies. She frowned. Cassian Crane was a legitimate tech mogul. Why was his company funding fringe science that sounded like a bad sci-fi movie? She made a mental note of it.

"Dylan, honey!" His mom’s voice floated up from the bottom of the stairs, cheerful and oblivious. "Someone is here for you! And she’s cute!"

Rachel rolled her eyes so hard it physically hurt. She slammed the laptop shut. "Great. Just great."

She walked to the door and saw Francine standing there.

"Hey Dylan!" Francine chirped. She stepped forward and, before Rachel could react, planted a soft, lingering peck on her cheek.

Rachel froze. The contact sent a jolt of panic through her. She pulled back awkwardly. God. I am not into women.

It wasn't just a preference; it was a fact of her life. Rachel Winslow had always been married to her work. First it was survival, bouncing between foster homes. Then it was academia. Then it was the Mission. Her love life was a barren wasteland by design.

She thought back to college. There had been one party, a desperate attempt to be "normal." She had ended up in a dorm room with a guy from her chem lab. It had been fumbling, awkward, and ultimately embarrassing. She hadn't known what to do with her limbs, let alone his.

And then there was Mr. Keen. The memory made her cringe internally. The school's PE teacher, handsome, fit, simple. They had gotten drunk at a staff Christmas party last year. One thing led to another. But in the bedroom, the disconnect between her appearance and her experience had been painfully obvious. He had looked at her... Vortex Vixen in her civilian guise, a woman built for sin... and expected a tigress. Instead, he got a starfish. He had been confused, almost disappointed by her hesitation and lack of skill. She hadn't dated since. She told herself it was to protect potential partners from her enemies, but deep down, she knew the truth. For all her power, for all her physical perfection, she was terrified of intimacy.

And now here she was. Trapped in the body of a seventeen-year-old boy, with a beautiful woman who clearly wanted to jump her bones.

"Hey," Rachel said, her voice strangled. "Come on in."

Francine breezed past her, her perfume filling the small space between them. "You're funny, Dylan."

They sat on the floor, textbooks spread out on the carpet like a shield. Rachel tried to focus on the physics homework, her mind racing through equations to distract herself from the girl sitting entirely too close.

"So," Francine said, twirling a strand of hair around her finger. "You're so... serious. For a guy

your age. You act like a teacher or something."

Rachel felt the blood drain from her face. She adjusted her glasses nervously. "What? No way. I'm just... you know. Focused. Gotta get those grades up. For... college. And... football."

"Football?" Francine raised an eyebrow, glancing at Dylan's skinny arms.

"Yeah," Rachel deepened her voice, trying to sound like the boys she overheard in the locker rooms. "Just... throwing the pigskin. Touchdowns. The usual dude stuff."

It was a painful performance, but Francine just giggled, her eyes glinting with a strange, predatory amusement.

Meanwhile, across town, Dylan Edwards was staring at a pile of purple spandex.

He stood in the center of Rachel's living room, his heart hammering in his chest. He had decided he couldn't just sit around. He needed to fly again. And if he was going to fly, he needed to look the part.

He picked up the Vortex Vixen costume. It felt heavy, substantial, the fabric cool and slick against his skin. It looked impossibly small.

"How the hell does she fit into this?" he whispered.

He sat on the edge of the couch and pulled the suit up his legs. It was a struggle. The material was incredibly tight, designed to compress and lift. He had to jump and wiggle to get it past his hips, the fabric snapping against his skin.

As he pulled it up over his torso, he gasped. It was like being encased in a second skin. It hugged every curve, every muscle. He slipped his arms into the sleeves and finally zipped it up the back.

He stood before the mirror. The transformation was absolute. The suit lifted the massive breasts, pushing them together and up, creating a cleavage that was dizzying to look at. The high-cut legs exposed the powerful, thunderous thighs. The gold accents shimmered in the dim light.

He pulled the golden mask over his eyes. He wasn't Dylan anymore. He was a goddess.

He decided to tie up his hair. Vortex Vixen didn't normally do that, but screw it, he was sick of the long hair getting in the way.

"Okay," he breathed, running his hands down his sides, feeling the slick texture of the suit.

"Let's see what she's up to."

He walked to the balcony, the boots clicking on the floor. He didn't hesitate this time. He launched himself into the night, the wind catching him, the suit allowing him to cut through the air like a knife. He banked towards the suburbs, a purple blur against the moon.

Back in the bedroom, the air had grown thick and heavy.

Rachel was mid-sentence, explaining a vector problem, when Francine cut through the pretense. She shifted, closing the small gap between them, and placed her hand on Rachel's thigh.

Rachel froze. The words died in her throat. "Uhh... Francine?"

"You're tense," Francine purred. Her hand moved higher, her fingers warm and deliberate against the denim of Dylan's jeans.

"I... I just really need to finish this problem," Rachel stammered, her heart rate spiking. What do I do? How do I say no? I can't blow my cover, but I can't...

Francine didn't wait for permission. She reached between Rachel's legs and cupped the crotch of the jeans firmly.

Rachel stopped breathing. Her mind screamed NO, but her body... Dylan's body... had a different idea.

The sensation was electric. It bypassed her brain entirely and went straight to the biological hardwiring of the teenage male. A jolt of pleasure shot through her, sharp and insistent. She felt a throbbing begin, a sudden rush of blood that made her lightheaded.

"Francine..." she gasped, her voice weak.

"Shh," Francine whispered, leaning in. Her other hand moved to the button of the jeans. "Just relax, Dylan. You want this."

She popped the button. The sound was like a gunshot in the quiet room. She lowered the zipper slowly, the sound tearing through Rachel's resolve.

Rachel watched, paralyzed, as Francine reached into the underwear and wrapped her hand around the rapidly hardening flesh.

"Oh god," Rachel moaned.

It felt... good. It felt incredible. The heat of her hand, the friction, the pressure. Rachel had never experienced anything like this. Her own sexuality had always been a muted thing, buried under layers of duty and anxiety. But this body was a live wire. It was demanding. It was hungry.

"See?" Francine smirked, her eyes dark. "I knew you liked me."

She pulled the waistband of the jeans and boxers down in one smooth motion, exposing him completely. Rachel tried to scramble back, to say something, anything, to stop this train wreck, but the words wouldn't form.

Francine lowered her head.

When her mouth made contact, Rachel's back arched off the floor.

"Oh!"

It was a sensory overload. The warmth, the wetness, the swirling motion of the tongue. It was blinding. Rachel's hands, which had been hovering uselessly in the air, fell to the carpet, gripping the fibers white-knuckled.

Is this what men felt? Is this why they were so obsessed with it? It was so direct. There was no buildup, no emotional negotiation. Just raw, physical pleasure that threatened to shatter her mind.

"Francine... wait... I..."

But she couldn't tell her to stop. The male hormones were flooding her system, drowning out

her rational mind. She was drowning in the sensation.

Outside the window, hovering silently in the darkness, Dylan stared.

He had flown up quietly, intending to just peek in and make sure everything was okay. What he saw was his own body, lying on the floor of his bedroom, getting the blowjob of a lifetime from a girl he barely knew.

His jaw dropped behind the golden mask.

"Damn!" he whispered, a mix of shock and jealousy bubbling up. "What a liar! 'I am NOT having sex as you!' Yeah right!"

He watched for another second, seeing the way his own hands gripped the carpet, the way his head was thrown back in ecstasy.

"Well," Dylan muttered, a devilish grin spreading across his face. He looked down at his own chest, encased in the tight purple spandex. He reached up and gave the left breast a firm, possessive squeeze. "If she can have fun... there's no reason I can't."

He turned in the air, banking sharply, and shot off into the clouds, leaving his teacher to her fate.

In the room, the pleasure was building to a crescendo. Rachel was lost in it. The shame was there, a dull roar in the back of her mind, but it was being drowned out by the sheer, overwhelming physical intensity.

Francine was relentless. She moved with a practiced, almost mechanical efficiency. As she worked, her right hand slipped quietly to her back pocket. She withdrew a small, silver syringe.

Rachel didn't see it. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her head rolling back. The pressure was too much. It was a tightening coil in her groin, a desperate need for release.

"I'm... oh god, I'm gonna..."

The climax hit her like a physical blow. It was quick, sharp, and intense. She cried out, her hips bucking involuntarily.

Francine pulled back abruptly just as it happened. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, looking down at the mess with open disgust.

"Hey!" she snapped, her voice losing its seductive purr. "A bit of warning next time!"

Rachel lay there, panting, her mind slowly rebooting. "I... I'm sorry... I just..."

She felt a sudden, sharp prick in her thigh.

"Ow!" Rachel looked down, confused.

Francine was holding the empty syringe, having just jabbed it into Dylan's leg.

"What... what was..." Rachel's words began to slur. The room started to spin. The edges of her vision went black. Her limbs felt like lead.

"Sorry, teach," Francine said, her voice cold and hard. "Nap time."

Rachel tried to lift her hand, to fight, but the darkness swallowed her whole. She slumped back onto the carpet, unconscious.

Francine stood up, brushing off her knees. She looked down at the unconscious boy with a sneer.

"God, I hate doing that," she muttered, wiping her mouth again. "But it really is the easiest way to get a man distracted."

She walked to the window and tapped a pattern on the glass.

"ASTRA," she commanded into a small communicator on her wrist. "Extraction. Now."

A moment later, a sleek, silent drone hovered outside. But before it could deploy, the bedroom door opened.

Francine spun around. But it wasn't Dylan's mom. It was the white android, ASTRA, who had entered the house silently while they were "busy."

"The perimeter is clear, Master," ASTRA said.

"Good," Francine said. "Grab him."

ASTRA walked over and effortlessly hoisted Dylan's limp body over her metallic shoulder.

Francine climbed out the window, followed by the robot. They descended to the waiting black SUV parked down the street in the shadows.

They dumped Dylan's body into the back seat. Francine slid in next to him, smoothing her hair.

"Step one is complete," Francine said, turning to the driver.

"The trap is set?" ASTRA asked, her eyes glowing blue in the rearview mirror.

"Perfectly," Francine said, a cruel smile playing on her lips. "Vixen has the gun. She doesn't know how it works. She thinks it's destroyed. But if she tries to tamper with the shards, or if she tracks the signal I planted... she'll come for us."

She looked down at Dylan, believing him to be just a hapless teenager caught in the crossfire.

"We use the boy as bait," Francine explained. "She's a hero. She won't let an innocent kid suffer. When she comes to save him... I'll use the reserve charge. I'll shoot her. Then I'll shoot myself. And finally... I will be Vortex Vixen."

She laughed, a low, menacing sound.

"Now drive," she commanded. "Take us home so I can rid this body of these cheap clothes. And get me some mouthwash. I can still taste dick."

High above the city, oblivious to the kidnapping, Dylan Edwards soared through the clouds.

The wind roared in his ears, and the city lights twinkled below like jewels. He felt powerful. He felt free. He felt like a god.

He did a barrel roll, laughing into the night, unaware that his own body was currently bound and gagged in the back of a supervillain's car, and that the woman inhabiting it was waking up to a nightmare.