

MASKED HERO

MIND-SWAP!

By Throne

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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios.

Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

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"I'm really glad you accepted me as your sidekick, Shadow Cape," the young woman said.

"Just keep in mind that this is only a probationary trial," the tall costumed figure told her. "And please just call me Shadow."

"Don't worry," she said. "I won't let you down... Shadow"

He wasn't so sure about that. The female who called herself Yellow Bird was only eighteen, with no experience in the hero business. While he boasted enhanced strength and speed, plus half a decade of honing his fighting skills, she possessed only a few martial arts moves. He was muscular and had a dark costume. She was slender, with a prominent bust and bottom that were shown off by her green, skintight outfit. His cape struck fear into the hearts of evil-doers. The emblem on her shapely chest looked like a flying canary. He wore a striking cowl, with optional night-vision lenses. She had only a small domino mask, with no extras at all.

He sighed resignedly. "I'll give you one month to prove yourself, Yellow Bird."

She looked up at the much taller figure from under her long eyelashes. "Please, just call me Bird."

As soon as they began their nightly patrols, he had second thoughts about accepting her as a junior partner. She was always a bit too slow and not quite strong enough. On the other hand, she was smart and clever. Often, she seemed to know the inner workings of the minds of the criminals they pursued. The rate of capture and convictions was excellent. To protect her from possible reprisals by the underworld, he was careful to keep her out of sight, once a mission had succeeded. She remained largely unseen by the public. When asked about her, he would stress the fact that she was weak, compared to him.

Near the end of her month-long trial period, Shadow summoned her from the small bedroom in his palatial home, where she was staying. The space was decorated in an overly girly manner, which she frequently frowned at and shook her head over, though never in his presence. When she reached the media room, where he was enjoying a health-shake, he voiced some misgivings about making her a fulltime assistant. She expressed disappointment, but asked him to wait the final few days before making a definite decision. Bird mentioned that she had been working to obtain tips about upcoming crimes and thought she was close to gaining valuable information. Sure enough, the very next evening, at dusk, she announced success.

"There's going to be a robbery at Stellar Labs. You know how villains from your Top Ten Wanted list are always breaking into that place."

"I do. And they've obtained some incredible weapons. Currently, the most powerful device being developed there is a mind-switching unit. But it includes two large transfer chambers and several attached computers, which make it impossible to move. So whatever fiend is planning a theft must be after something portable. I know there are some guns developed by Professor Zap."

"Ah, yes," Bird said with a nod. "The Zap Guns."

He got up, to pace back and forth with a thoughtful expression on his handsome face. "And a nerve-response suppressing system, though I can't see any practical use for that by criminals. Still, my major foes are a cunning lot. I hope you've reviewed the profiles I sent to your laptop."

"Yes, Sir. The Mocker, Half-Face, The Pelican, and that devilish woman, She-Feline, along with the other half dozen."

"Good girl," he said, and slapped her on the back. She was such a lightweight that he nearly knocked her off her feet, without intending to.

After she regained her balance, she informed him, "The break-in is due at midnight."

"Then we had better prepare. Let's head down to The Shadow Cave."

They went to the library of his mansion, where he lived in his cover identity of Wayne Brewster, a millionaire many times over. Accessing a secret panel, they descended the spiral staircase behind it, to his secret headquarters. Once there, he reviewed the layout of Stellar Labs. He had a keycard, provided to him by the facility, so entrance would be simple. He reminded Bird to be cautious and follow his lead. After doing some bending and stretching exercises, to limber up for any possible fighting, they were ready to leave. He drove them into the city, at which point he parked in an alley and hit a switch on the dashboard of his long sleek car. In seconds, the headlights had rotated, so that now they resembled two glowing eyes. Then a fin rose up on the rear deck; it had no purpose but looked impressive. Next, he hit the switch that made the engine sound supercharged. They roared to within a half mile of the lab, at which point he had to reduce the engine noise, so they wouldn't announce their presence. He was always disappointed when he had to turn down the volume.

Shadow parked on the street behind Stellar Labs. He and Bird slipped into the parking area, now empty except for the vehicles of a few security guards. Then he used his keycard to admit them. As they passed along the corridor, they found a uniformed man slumped on the floor, unconscious.

"Rapid-acting nerve gas," Shadow surmised in hushed tones. "A fast-dissipating type. Be alert, girl. And remember, we are the guardians of justice. My image is all-important. Never do anything that would reflect negatively on me."

"I understand," she whispered.

They crept along the hallways until they were at the entrance to the main lab. He told Bird to put on her compact gas mask, which fit over the lower half of her face, while he did the same with his. Then they burst into the room. With his heightened mental reflexes, Shadow was able to assess the situation instantly. There was not merely one of his foul foes, but four. The Mocker, Half-Face, The Pelican and She-Feline, the latter in a cat suit that fit smoothly over her impressive curves.

He snapped, "Bird, you take She-Feline. I'll get the rest."

As he raced across the room, Pelican raised his trademark walking stick. From its bottom jetted a stream of gas, which spread into a localized cloud. Shadow continued moving. As he entered the greenish miasma, he was stunned to find himself growing dizzy. His motion slowed to a stumble. Why wasn't his gas mask functioning? Seconds later, he toppled forward and was barely able to break his fall with his hands before sinking into oblivion.

When Shadow awoke, he was in one of the chambers of the mind-switching device. Across from him, Bird was in the other. They stared at each other through the plexiglass windows. He was still too drugged to stand, and assumed she was the same. Had her mask failed as well? She gave him a cheerful smile and a wave.

A mini-speaker crackled into life over his head, and her voice emerged from it. "Looks like we're in for quite a trade."

"Holy Personality Change!" he exclaimed. "Listen to me, girl. If they put you into my body, there are several things you have to remember."

"Whatever," she responded carelessly. "That is what they're going to do, and I've already considered how I would handle being you."

"Excellent. You anticipated this possibility and planned ahead. Kudos."

"Not exactly. It's more like I helped them plan it and wanted to be ready to inhabit your form."

"What are you saying, stalwart companion?"

She rolled her eyes. "Listen, Mister Truth and Honesty. I played the sidekick role just to get close to you. My tip on this break-in was part of a set-up. Since we couldn't take the mind-switching device out of this place, we had to bring you in. You fell for it perfectly. And then, me having tampered with your gasmask was a big help.

Suddenly She-Feline was in front of the incapacitated hero. She put her gloved hands on the window through which he was peering.

The felonious femme purred, "This is going to be so much fun. I can't wait to get up close and personal with the new you."

From across the room, The Mocker laughed, the sound high and disturbing. The Pelican and Half-Face were at the twin control panels of the fantastic device. They both began to press

buttons and turn dials. A steady humming filled the air and lights inside the chambers brightened and dimmed repeatedly.

A recorded voice declared, "Any unauthorized persons must leave the transfer chambers. If you are in one and there's a dog in the other, definitely get out."

Then the humming rose in volume until it was nearly unbearable. Shadow felt as if he were being stretched to impossible thinness and then snapped back to himself. Except that it wasn't his old form that he ended up inside. He turned his eyes down to see two firm breasts, the size of grapefruit halves, on his chest. Over them was a clinging top and on it was the unmanly image of a yellow canary. Shadow was staring at the emblem when he fainted.

Slowly he emerged from unconsciousness, still in Bird's costume. Long hair lay against his ears. When he sat up, breasts shifted slightly on his narrow chest. He was on a bed. As he put his feet over the side, he was aware that his bottom formed a soft cushion under him. His toes barely reached the floor. Sitting on chairs all around him were his four nemeses, as well as -- Shadow Cape? The familiar figure had his cowl pulled back and it was like Wayne Brewster was eyeing himself in a mirror. Shadow laughed his deep resonant laugh and stood. His ever-present cape swirled around his booted feet. He strode over to the bed and looked down.

"You know," he said, "I always thought the Bird outfit was kind of sexist, the way it showed off my boobs. Now that it's on you, I like it." He reached out and Bird tried to swat aside his hand. The effort was ineffectual. "Really? Are you forgetting how weak you are?"

When Bird tried to spring to her feet, Shadow effortlessly knocked her back onto the bed. Inside the smaller physique, Wayne drew back both legs and fired a double-kick. Shadow easily blocked it and grabbed her ankles.

The tall figure said, "Somebody's being a naughty girl."

"It's me," Wayne protested. "You can't do this to me."

"Of course I can, now that I've taken your body. And I have to say, it feels great to be in it. Plus," he added confidentially, "when I visited the bathroom, I found out that I gained not only muscular arms and legs, and six-pack abs, but a king-size muscle-of-love to go with them."

Wayne tried to do one of his athletic moves. He intended to roll back, curl up, and perform a handstand-flip. Landing on his feet, he would aim a roundhouse kick at Half-Face, before moving onto the other miscreants. Instead, he ended up in a tangle of arms and legs, then toppled off the bed at the villain's feet. The criminal's bizarre features, both halves of his face pleasing in themselves, yet poorly mismatched, smiled crookedly down at him.

He said, "Somebody is a slow learner. She needs a lesson in how to be good."

Grabbing Bird by the neck of her uniform, he yanked her to her feet. Wayne attempted to fight back, but lacked the strength. He knew all of his hand-to-hand combat moves, but couldn't make his limbs perform them.

Half-Face explained, "Before we did your mind-swap, I jiggered the settings to make sure that you couldn't do much to defend yourself. You can try to slap me, if you want to."

The Pelican made his often-heard gurgling sound, deep in his throat, behind his enormous dewlap. "And after the changeover was done, we used the nerve repressing device on you."

"Except," She-Feline gloated, "I had them reverse it from suppression to amplification."

The Pelican let out an annoyed glug, his fishy breath stinking up the air. "As I was saying, we used that on you and I -- with my usual genius -- focused it on the pleasure centers of your brain, specifically the sexual area."

Wayne wanted to know, "What are you saying?"

The Mocker stepped in and let out one of his braying laughs. "What he's telling you, Shadow-ski-boom-boom, is that now you're hardwired to be horny, and I mean ALL the time."

"That's not possible," Bird said.

Half-Face gave the front of one of her breasts a light tweak, rolling the nipple between his finger and thumb. She gasped and went weak in the knees. Her breathing grew deeper. She seized his arms and gazed into his mismatched eyes with undisguised passion.

"Sure," he said ironically. "It's not possible at all. Except that you're all of a sudden acting like a cat in heat." He glanced over at She-Feline. "No offense intended."

The cat woman said, "None taken. Just seeing her, and knowing it's The Caped Creep inside, is getting ME excited."

"You can do whatever you want to our new possession, Catty," said Half-Face, "but first I have to administer some discipline, so she won't forget who's in charge here, in our inner sanctum of crime. It's time for Bird to get a spanking, the first of many, I'm sure."

He took the transformed good guy by the wrist and dragged him along behind, to a plain wooden chair. Half-Face sat and dragged Bird across his lap. He got his fingers under her waistband and tugged down the seat of her stretchy pants, baring a round, pale-pink bottom. It was revealed that he had exchanged his male parts for a female mound, pink-lipped and hairless. As she kicked frantically, Half-Face held her steady with one hand on the small of her back. The other went to those exposed hemispheres to fondle them. Bird whimpered and squirmed but to no avail. Not even a little avail. Half-Face raised his arm and grinned crookedly, the only way he was able to. His hand flashed down and produced a loud fleshy smack. Bird wailed, a high and girly cry. Half-Face caught one wrist and bent her arm behind her back, rendering the desperate Wayne more helpless than ever.

Over and over, Half-Face's hand came down, each time answered by another yelp of pain. That smooth bottom brightened from light pink to a deep shade of red. It was painful just to look at. Worse than that, for Wayne, was the unbearable humiliation of not only being imprisoned in an inferior female figure, but having his backside exposed and then smacked repeatedly by that leering law-breaker.

"Now," She-Feline decided, "I'm due for a turn with our prize. I tried to hook up with him when he was still Shadow, but he was always too much of a do-gooder. But I'm not against some girl-on-girl action. Thanks for softening her up for me, Face."

"My pleasure," he assured her. "Just leave something for the rest of us, you alley cat."

"Alley cat? You say that as if it's a bad thing." She meowed suggestively and got Wayne on his feet. To him she said, "Let's go, catnip. I want to introduce you to my little strap-on friend. And get your lips acquainted with my pussy-puss-puss." She hauled him along behind her.

"Please," Wayne said. "I'm a famous hero. I won the key to the city two years in a row."

"And," Shadow reminded him, "don't forget how you have all those sexy society girls buzzing around you, in your civilian identity. I can't wait to take advantage of that. Soon, millionaire Wayne Brewster will have a reputation as a total playboy. And I'll have lots of time to keep it going, because I plan to cut way back on all your silly crimefighting. Of course, I'll eliminate some of our competitors for control of Gothic City. That should be fun."

Wayne was still protesting as She-Feline dragged him through her door. For the next hour, the others were entertained by his cries. At first, they were objections. Soon they turned to aroused squeals and exclamations. Finally, they became insistences that She-Feline not stop what she was doing. Those alternated with the cat lady's yowls of orgasm, as Wayne learned how to please her with his mouth.

"So," said The Mocker, "I guess we can draw straws to see in what order the rest of us get to play with our new toy, after Catty is finally done."

"No hurry," said Half-Face. "She's ours from now on."

"It's going to be weird," Shadow mentioned, "bedding someone who used to be me, and doing it with a tool that used to be his."

"I'll wait until last," The Pelican offered. "I always leave them smelling like a fish market."

"And then we'll start spending Wayne's fortune," The Mocker decreed. "By my calculations, with all his holdings and investments, the wealth should run out -- NEVER."

"And Bird will begin a solo career," The Mocker announced, "as a bumbling crimefighter. I'm going to arrange for her to find herself in plenty of shameful situations, nude or semi-nude, in bondage perhaps, having her picture taken again and again, until she's an online laughing stock."

They all laughed triumphantly. From the other room, Bird cried out helplessly to be used more... more... more.