

# Super Swap (Male Hero & Villainess Body Swap)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Dixon Zhane

*Meta is a bully of a superhero who always goes way too far when it comes to subduing villains. Iceheart is the villainess daughter of Coldbane, a mastermind who has directed his daughter to use an artefact to switch bodies with Meta to infiltrate the Hero Society. But what if the switched individuals come to like their new lives and find them more appropriate to their dispositions?*

## Super Swap

Coldbanegrinned in his dry dark manner. The armoured supervillain was in his frosty lair, nestled secretly inside a mountain, and far from the prying eyes of the menace that was the Hero Society.

“Finally,” he said, frost emerging from his cold blue lips. “I have what I need. The Prism of Exchange. With this, I can finally infiltrate the Hero Society, gather their secrets, gain access to their shielded armoury, and destroy them entirely from within.”

He looked down from his icy throne to his daughter Elizabeth, who was otherwise known as the villainess Iceheart. She needed no armour to create beams and auras of intense cold. Thanks to some highly-paid genetic tinkering used to produce her as a test tube baby, her powers were part of who she was. It explained her pale blue skin and dark lips, her void-black eyes and frostbite looking fingertips and toes. She was lithe, with a gorgeous face and short white hair that ended in a frame around her chin. Her costume was skin-tight but functional, like a dark wetsuit, and it outlined her elegant form and pert breasts.

“But father, do we truly wish to destroy them? Surely we have enough within this lair to-”

“Silence!” Coldbane exclaimed, forcing her into submission. He stood from his throne. “My dear daughter, you need to realise what it takes to be a true supervillain. For all your chilly powers, you lack the true ruthlessness necessary to dispatch your enemies and rise above. That is why this mission is yours. You will infiltrate the Hero Society, and to aid you I have chosen one of its more . . . controversial members, whose fits of passion will help smooth over any lack of consistency in your behaviour.”

Iceheart frowned. She rubbed her other arm idly and tapped her foot on the ground. Her father was a powerful supervillain, and she knew that meant she ought to be too, but despite having all the pedigree and powers of a great villainess, she'd often fumbled her assignments and generally failed to impose much more than a meagre threat to her dad's

foes. And they *were* her dad's foes. She had nothing against Blue Trident, even if she *could* freeze his animated water creations, and Lightning Lass had been really nice to her once when they had fought, even trying to get her to come over to the other side. Still, she didn't really know how to get out from under her father's thumb, so she hung her head in a resigned manner.

"Of course father," she said. "I won't fail you."

"No, you won't," his voice boomed. "And neither will Meta, when you become him."

"M-Meta . . . *the man?*"

Coldplane grinned. "Like I said, this is your final test, daughter. A villain of any gender must be prepared to take . . . radical measures."

The rotating Prism of Exchange floated in his hand, and it began to shine brightly at his command.

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Meta pounded the Crimson Slasher into the street, pummeling him again and again with his fists. The feeble villain tried to call for help, tried to mumble some series of words or even prayers to help him survive, but it was all for nought. Meta's blood was up, and he wanted to make this little snot *pay* for the insolence of daring to pull off a crime in *his* city.

"Meta! META! STOP! STOP NOW!"

A hand grabbed his shoulder, but he smacked away whatever villain was trying to hold him back. He was Meta, known as Hank Harboard. He had fallen into a vat of chemicals and mutated to become incredibly strong, possessing the power of flight and telekinesis, which he used to supercharge his fists when he wasn't flinging rocks from afar. He summoned his energies to raise a street lamp, tearing it from its base and pointing it like a deadly lance right at Crimson Slasher's skull.

"Try to walk away from THIS!" he exclaimed.

But before he could send it flying, he was pulled backwards by watery familiars belonging to Blue Trident, and frozen into place by Ice Shard. Lord, he *hated* Ice Powers. They could shut him down more easily than any other.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Blue Trident snapped.

"You nearly killed him!" Ice Shard said, appropriately coldly.

"I was just going to scare him," Meta said, knowing it was a lie. The pair of founding heroes looked at him sceptically, and he did his most to present himself as the very pillar of truth. He was well-muscled, with a red and blue costume that showed off his muscles, with a large 'MM' in the centre of his chest. He puffed it up, as if indignant of being accused of such.

“This is your last chance,” Blue Trident said, the self-righteous goody-good shoes wagging his finger. “You show intimidation and bully tactics like that again, and you’re out of the Hero Society. That includes making a comment about Flame Dancer’s behind as well, by the way. Some members with super hearing passed *that* revolting truth onto me.”

“Fucking Meteor Woman,” Meta muttered under his breath. “This is a witchhunt!”

“It’s consequences,” Ice Shard said. “And I’ll be pleased to freeze you out. You’re a maniac, Meta. Go home and think on that while we deal with this man, who is unconscious from fear now, by the way.”

He just smirked. “Looks like my tactics worked then,” he said. “I’ll see you self-righteous sticks later then.”

He flew off before they could reply, straight to his apartment. He was angry, and wanted to destroy something, so he flung some tiles off some roofs telekinetically, not caring if they hit a bystander and caused some minor injury. He landed with a fuss, ready to remove his costume and imagine some perfect fantasy where he got revenge on the annoying heroes who were oh-so-moral and perfect and never willing to do what it really took to keep the streets clean.

And that’s when he began to feel quite funny.

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The Prism of Exchange was activated, and a doorway between locations was opening. The device had sensed that the targeted individual was alone, which was crucial. The connection was easily established: Coldbane had managed at great cost to secure a hair from Meta, as well as some blood from his . . . enthusiastic crime fighting. And, of course, his daughter had supplied her own hair and blood for the Prism’s satisfaction.

Now, the process began, and both affected individuals felt the ripples of the arcane object’s power come over them. Iceheart shivered, clutching herself as her form began to swell, her spine extending beyond her shorter height.

“Ahhhh,” she sighed, breathing quickly as her hair began to dark and pull back up into her scalp, and her breasts flattened against her chest.

Meta groaned as his muscle mass began to evaporate, his male form shrinking. He grunted, not even realising a portal had opened until a pair of armoured gloves pulled him through. He rallied, turning around to try and send forth a telekinetic wave, but for some reason it wasn’t happening!

“What - Coldbane! Iceheart! I’ll kill you both for what you’re d-arrgh!”

His shoulders collapsed, shrinking yet further. The brutal superhero grunted, shaking and struggling to maintain his footing as his legs altered, slimming and refining and

*feminising*. The same was true of his arms, both of which gained much more slender proportions. As Iceheart rose in height, Meta lost his. He stared at the changing woman, who grunted as her jaw cracked wider, gaining a surprising lantern look. Even her eyes changed, going from a light, icy blue to a hazel colouring.

“You - you’re becoming me!?” he gasped.

“I’m s-sorry!” she squeaked, though her voice cracked as she spoke, lowering in octave. “It’s n-necessary for my f-father’s plan! I didn’t want-”

“Silence!” Coldbane boomed.

Meta tried to escape back to his apartment, but he was grabbed again by the supervillain and thrown to the cold metal grating in the supervillain lair. Only it wasn’t as cold as before, nor as intolerable. Hank Harboard realised that *ice* was flowing out from his hands into the grating, and he tore at his costume, managing to pull off the gloves and part of the upper costume to see what was taking place.

It galled him when he finally realised.

“No! Oh God, no! I’ll kill you! I’ll kill both of you if you don’t stop this! *Painfully!*”

The impact of his words was lessened considerably by the fact that his voice became high and reedy, before settling into a raspy yet undoubtedly feminine contra-alto that easily matched that of Iceheart’s voice. Well, *had* matched, that was, because now Iceheart’s body was more male than female. She had gotten taller, lost her feminine curves and repose, and her costume was ripping to pieces as a result of her incredible growth. Her voice deepened into a heroic baritone in contrast to her changing opposite.

“F-father! We have to stop - this f-feels too wrong! I feel - uggghhh!”

Her voice deepened yet further, and she experienced the first stirrings of a new development between her increasingly muscular thighs. She squeezed her arms around her form, flexing her muscles further and nearly leaving her new male form naked as yet another part of her villainous costume tore apart at the seams.

“Nonsense, my daughter,” Coldbane chuckled. “Soon, you will be exactly what I need, while Meta here will remain in your form, trapped within my lair and safely contained.”

“I’ll pummel you to death with rocks f-first!” Meta cried, but he too was feeling strange developments occur to distract him, largely between his thighs but elsewhere too. His hips cracked wider, and his chest began to push forward, nipples growing with them. He moaned, and his voice took on an almost sensual tone by sheer accident in response to these developments. At the same time, Iceheart began to grow a large member, its long girth extending from and filling her female tunnel, and two testicles growing into place within a sac that bloomed out behind her new cock.

“Oh G-God,” she groaned. “Ohhhhh, ahhh, it’s - it’s t-too big! It’s - mmhmmph!!”

It hardened instantly, the changes having the sensation of the erotic. She had barely enough time to turn around as her chest and limb hair grew in before her member erupted with a font of semen, much to her humiliation. She wiped it away with the fragmented tatters of her costume, but the bliss stayed with her, leaving her grunting as several more streams poured forth.

Meta was repulsed, but he too was gripped by unwanted pleasure. The last of his impressive muscles fell away. His hair turned white, his breasts reached their new modest-yet-respectable size, and most of all was the development below his navel: organs shifted aside to make way for a new uterus, while his large cock - part of his pride and joy - slipped back into his body. It was an utterly alien sensation, and he would have preferred it to be painful. Instead, the former male was hit by waves of female pleasure.

“I won’t - I won’t - I won’t enjoy thissssssssss! Ohhhhhhh! Yessss!!”

His dignity was erased as his new vagina formed, tunnel and labia and clitoris and all, his cock and balls gone for good - at least for now. His rear became more shapely, his legs soft yet agile, his entire body slim and trim and very much female. And small. Certainly, comparatively, small.

Meta collapsed onto the ground, his form now an exact copy of Iceheart’s. He - or rather *she* now - panted vigorously, trying to catch hold of her breath and come to terms with what just the hell had happened. From her fingers, small shards of ice extended into the grating. She could feel a new power within her, one that was wilder and less refined than her telekinesis and super strength.

“What the fuck have you d-done to me?” she demanded, looking up at Coldbane. She tried to glare at him and push away the strange aftermath of bliss that the female orgasms - orgasms *plural* - had given her.

“It’s simple, really,” Coldbane said, his voice appropriately cold. “I have tasked my daughter with infiltrating the Hero Society in your body. And how well she has taken to the task, right dear?”

Iceheart had managed to cover herself with a rug from the floor. The new man was stunned. *He* had never been so tall, or so muscular, nor felt so . . . big. And that included *down there*, where his new equipment hung awkwardly like clothing on the line, swaying about slightly. It seemed to have half a mind of its own.

“Um, father. I don’t know that - I feel strange. My voice-”

“Is an exact replica of Meta’s. You must go into his home, *now*. Find out what you can. Enter the Hero Society. Gain their secrets. Find something that will weaken or destroy them. Go, my daughter - or should I say *son?* - go and wreak havoc. Become the villain you were always meant to be, and only then will I give you your body back. Both your bodies.”

With a look of regret, and feelings matching that expression, Elizabeth 'Iceheart' stepped through the portal into Hank Harboard's apartment. He looked back at the man who now wore her female form. The expression on the new woman's face was one of unbridled anger and rage.

"I'll destroy you," she muttered, and it was with more destructive conviction than Elizabeth herself had ever managed to muster.

The portal closed, leaving the new Meta in an apartment living room.

"I hope he has a spare costume and good clothes," Iceheart remarked.

He hadn't made it three steps before he accidentally began to float with his new telekinesis ability.

"Woah! That'll take some getting used to."

It all would.

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Elizabeth was nervous. He knew that, at the moment, he was meant to be Hank Harboard AKA Meta, the super strong hero with telekinetic powers. He had a reputation for bullying and intimidation and general thuggery which had almost gotten him kicked out of the society multiple times. He knew it was an act that he must keep up in order to play the right part and get access to the Hero Society's secrets.

But it was just so very damn hard when the heroes themselves were so lovely.

"Are you sure you're fit for duty?" Sphinx asked, the Egyptian heroine inspecting him as they flew to the Hero Dome together. "I mean, I know you're a tough nut to crack and you've got that whole macho thing going on, Meta, but I'd be taking a week off of the roster if I hit my head hard enough to get temporary amnesia."

"It's nothing, thanks. But I appreciate your concern."

Sphinx raised an eyebrow, her mask not necessary given that her heroine form literally gained fur and a sphinx-like appearance.

"I mean, um, *leave me the hell alone*. I can do this, and I don't need no second-rater to tell me what to do. Um, no offence though."

Sphinx just rolled her feline eyes. "Well, Meta, you sure are recovering alright, though that wasn't nearly as scathing as your best. Hell, that was almost an apology I think I heard."

"Sorry."

"And again."

"Oh, just . . . shut up!"

She just giggled as they entered the Hero Dome. Elizabeth was very grateful that s/he had decided to take a week to 'settle in' to his new male body and powers and general

situation. A staged accident had been the perfect excuse for some time off, though no doubt her father wasn't a fan of this measure. But it was necessary to train herself - himself - in his new telekinetic powers, and once he started to get the hang of them, they were surprisingly freeing and fun. Despite having cold-powers, Elizabeth had never felt like he had the proper 'cold' attitude to wield them. He didn't like freezing people or animals, or the unyielding nature of the powerset. But telekinesis could aid, reconstruct, rebuild, and lift people up - literally! So after getting to know Hank Harbour's life, the new imitator had busted some low-level robberies and aided some fireworkers - he had even gotten a cat unstuck from a tree, and that was something the do-gooders like Meteor Woman often did! It was a wonderful feeling. His father had always called heroes 'weak-willed and spineless', said that they were 'unable to do what was necessary to take power.' But there *was* power in what he was doing while pretending to be Meta. He was helping people, and that in turn felt *good*.

It was enough that a team had been sent to check on him and make sure he was okay, and after he passed the test (evidently, no one knew that much about Hank or he had poisoned the well enough that the questions weren't particularly deep) he was granted access back to the Dome.

And the Hero Dome was *magnificent*.

After a number of battles had caused damage to it, including some fight between heroes here about a year ago, the place had been rebuilt to accommodate even more recruits. Numerous unpowered staff helped run its administration, while heroes flew and skated and phased and moved about in their costumes. There were even school excursions here, and the grand chambers and rooms were full of life and splendour, natural light and greenery. It was a far cry from the cold of what Iceheart was used to. And stepping in one he landed at the entrance, he almost felt like his male form was *more* appropriate to this task. It had a tall, strong, and stalwart nature to it, and his rippling muscles gave him a surge of confidence. Part of it, no doubt, was also because of the testosterone in his system. The same thing, no doubt, that had embarrassingly made him 'experiment' more than once with his new, rather irresistible, member. *That* had also been an education, and not a bad one.

"Here we are," Sphinx said. "Let's get our amnesiac reacquainted, shall we?"

"It's . . . beautiful," Meta said, gasping up at the dome.

"Is he alright?" Lightning Lass said, passing him by. "He's been here nearly thirty seconds and hasn't made a gross crack about a woman yet."

"I - I don't want to do that," Meta replied. "I mean, yeah. I'm really into women. I like them all sexy and empowered."

She raised an eyebrow. "I'm into girls, dummy. And that was, like, somehow the least offensive thing you've ever said."

“Oh, I’m sorry! I didn’t realise you were - I’ll keep my thoughts to myself! I wasn’t really thinking that anyway.”

Sphinx and Lightning Lass exchanged a surprised look.

“I’m starting to think that bump in the head might have given him a good reboot.”

Meta could only grin sheepishly. Why not use that excuse, in fact? He was here to be a spy, but why not taste a bit of genuine herodom while he was here? Much funner to do that to the fullest, than play the part of a bully, and play it badly.

“Maybe I’ve just had a change of heart,” the former *Iceheart* said.

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“That’s it! More power! You could capsize ships, freeze entire beachheads with that focus! Yes, if only you were born my daughter, Meta.”

The new *Iceheart* couldn’t help but grin. What a strange situation to be in, and even more so for being stuck in the emasculating position of being a woman. She still wasn’t used to the womanhood between her thighs, though she had certainly moaned with pleasure in private while enjoying its . . . sensitivity. She had to contend with bras, boobs, and a slim delicate body upon which they sat, and her new contra-alto voice that, while wonderful to hear, shouldn’t be coming from her. There was also the fact that her mind was taking on a feminine identity - it was hard *not* to think of herself as a woman now.

And yet, for all that, *and* being a prisoner to the villainous *Coldbane*, she was also discovering a genuine release in her new chilling powerset. Ice erupted from her fingertips, conjuring storms and miniature blizzards, sheets of ice and carpets of snow, spiky icicles and dangerous shards that spat forth like rapid-fire hail.

“Hell. fucking. Yesssss,” she said, grinning as she fired off another set of ice-spikes and tore apart a group of test dummies. To make it even better, they had been dressed as the heroes she so hated: *Blue Trident*. *Flame Dancer*. *Ice Shard*. *Lightning Lass*. She focused more concentrated power upon *Ice Shard*, tearing her apart with hail and blizzard, sending her dummy flying across the chamber in smithereens.

“There can only be *one* ice-themed hero on this block,” she said coldly.

“Or perhaps, only one ice-themed *villain*,” came the booming voice of *Coldbane*. The armoured villain stepped down from his throne, his coldsuit whirring mechanically as it did so. He red-goggled eyes focused on the new villainess, and she had to respect his presence. It was the same kind of authority she had loved cultivating as *Meta*, but the *Hero Society* kept fucking it up for her.

“I never said I was a villain,” she sneered. “Just that I *maybe* wouldn’t tear you to bits if you let me practice my ice powers.”



“And you have adapted well. I see you’ve even altered my daughter’s costume.”

“Needed more icicles on the shoulder blades. The ice gauntlets will also cut a fucker up if they get close.”

He chuckled. “Take offence if you wish, but you are far, far more the villain in spectacle than my daughter was.”

The new Iceheart smirked. She knew she should spit at some compliment, and part of her wanted to snap Coldbane’s neck for making her a woman, but she couldn’t deny that there was something deeply affirming about *finally* having someone recognise her talents and style, and recognise and respect her brutality and power. The Hero Society had always kicked her down over this, and society had never respected her. Coldbane didn’t care for such ridiculous mores as morality and restraint. He respected *results*, and he praised her earnestly, without manipulation. When he had found her testing her power in the cell he had placed her in, he had been convinced to let her practice her powers openly. Sure, they had fought as she initially tried to escape, but Coldbane respected even *that*. Now, she could have escaped several times already, but the temptation to use her cold powers instead of crude telekinesis was too overwhelming.

Even the female form seemed to aid her in perfect control of her new powers. As Hank, she had always found telekinesis a bit tricky, perhaps that was why she relied more on her super strength and general flight over the rest. But ice had its own artistry, and her elegant body and the more acrobatic movements it was capable of made this for more creative demonstrations of raw and still-deadly power. She could imagine creating blizzard storms over cities, or cackling in her admittedly gorgeous low feminine tone as she battled scores of heroes, teaching them lessons for ever considering her less than them.

“No offence, Coldboss,” she said somewhat dismissively as she crafted snowflakes idly in her hands. “But your daughter was pretty weak sauce the few times I’ve battled her. If it were me in her body back then, half the Society would be quaking in fear.”

Coldbane paused as he scratched the chin-section of his faceplate thoughtfully. “Would you like to test that theory?”

The woman hurled another icicle at a target, smashing it dead centre.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean exactly what it sounds like. You have my daughter’s body, but not her mind. It has been a week and I have heard nothing from her. Perhaps she is ‘reforming’ you. The real you. I should have known this was a risk; she always was too soft for the power I inculcated within her. But you, my new *Elizabeth*, do you not feel a calling to enjoy the fruits of your new body and power? I know you wish to kill me for forcing you into a female form, but you seem to delight in it as well.”

She put her hand on her wider hips, feeling a bit sheepish at how much she had come to even sort of like her body. There was indeed a good feel to it, as if it was finally giving her the precision and targeted power that her muscled form lacked with all its overbearing bulk. And, besides, the female orgasm was pretty nice. As were having a personal set of breasts to play with. And the snow-white hair was cool, and styled easily.

“Well, I guess I could take this sexy body for a spin and see what it can do in action against a *real* threat. You know, before I kill you and take your lair.”

Coldbane chuckled. “That’s my girl.”

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Flame Dancer burst out laughing.

“Oh my God, that’s hilarious,” she said, wiping away a stray tear. “And you’re telling me that Coldbane really looks like that underneath the helmet?”

The others at the table laughed, and Meta chuckled along, proud to have made them laughed. Sphinx even patted him on the back. Normally, the former woman would have been knocked forward by such a powerful gesture, as she could be a bit of a wilting flower despite her cold powers. Instead, it was just a playful slap on the back.

“I like this new Meta a lot more than the old one,” Flame Dancer said, wiping away another tear. “We’re sure it’s not brain damage?”

“Just a change of heart,” the new Hank reminded them. “I dealt with some . . . issues. And I have some big news: I’ve decided to stick around, and become a member of the Hero Society. If, um, you’ll still have me.”

There was a brief pause at the table. It was in the evening, and the heroes not on shift were playing poker around the table casually, exchanging anecdotes and stories and jokes, and generally being comrades. It was alien to Iceheart, but then she wasn’t Iceheart anymore, really. It was over a week and a half now that she had been living as Hank Harboard and occupying his identity as Meta. She had enjoyed the less violent powers of telekinesis, and found her own voice thanks to her own booming brass tone and her tall, well-muscled figure. But this admission was something that was hard to make nonetheless. He was saying it to himself as much as them, and to his absent father as well. He wanted to be part of *their* heroic group, not his father’s villainous one.

But their reaction wasn’t as expected.

Flame Dancer chuckled.

Blue Trident looked at him with confusion.

And Sphinx, whom he had been slowly finding himself more and more interested in, realising his new male brain rather *liked* her feline and female form, just rolled her slitted eyes at him.

“For goodness sake, Meta, you’re *already* part of our group. No one’s kicking you out of the Hero Society!”

“At least if you keep behaving all the better like you have been,” Blue Trident noted.

“And keep up some of the funnier jokes,” Flame Dancer said. “And stop beating my hands at this damn poker games.”

“Now come on, you big handsome hung,” Sphinx said, fluttering her wings beside him and curling her tail along his back. “Stop being worried we won’t accept you and accept that we *have* now that you’ve finally turned a corner, alright? And deal us in, damn it!”

He blushed, feeling quite wonderful, and seeing something in Sphinx’s gaze and wink that excited him. He had to be wary now; it was harder to hide an erect member in a tight costume than it was to hide general arousal as a woman.

“Oh. Well, thank you, everyone. I know I was, well, a bit of a jackass before-”

“A massive jackass,” Flame Dancer piped in, making them all laugh.

“But I’m dealing with my issues. I want to be a better wo- I mean, a better man. And I think that-”

An alarm suddenly blared, and everyone in the room, including Meta’s hulking form, all stood to immediate attention.

“I’m getting an alert,” Blue Trident said, tapping his earpiece. “Enemies attacking the Eastfort Military Station. They’re requesting our aid. Coldbane is leading the charge.”

Hank frowned. His own father. Would he have to fight him? Could he?

Sphinx put a hand on his shoulder. “You okay?”

He looked down at her and smiled. He could do this. That man wasn’t his father anymore. He hadn’t ever been, not really.

“Just ready to kick some butt, telekinesis style.”

“Huh, so there is still some of the old Meta there in you.”

“Just when I need him,” he said. “Let’s go.”

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The heroes soared through the thick blizzard, astonished at its ferocity despite being the middle of summer. The military station was indeed under attack, and Coldbane’s armour could be seen down below, advancing into its top secret research facility, aided by minions in their own cold-resistant armour. Blue Trident and Flame Dancer peeled off in the air to follow him, disappearing into the wilderness of the blizzard. That left Meta and Sphinx flying

together, the two glad to have each others' backs as they approached the strange source of the storm.

The new Iceheart, confident in her power and coming to love her new female side, chuckled darkly as she saw the heroes approach. She was testing her power to its limits, hoping to raise them yet further, and she wanted to make her new father proud. He was, in many ways, the dad she never had.

*"You can do this, my daughter. I know you will prove your worth. You were always meant to be my heir, we just didn't know it."*

She grinned. "Thanks, Dad," she said. "I'll serve these so-called heroes up on a platter for you, and together we'll create a new ice age to teach them a lesson over their self-righteousness."

*"That we shall. Make me proud."*

"Oh, I'll do more than that. I'll be the villainess *she* should have been. No, I'll be *better* than even that."

Her father made a grunt of approval, which she already knew was his own way of affirmation, and then she launched forward, letting her own blizzard winds carry her higher. From the storm emerged two figures, which she launched spikes of ice towards. They dodged them, but only just. Another round of ice spikes, and these ones were redirected somehow. It was at that point that she recognised the costume she was facing on the larger, bulkier figure. The costume, and the symbol, and the booming voice direction Sphinx to go left while she went right.

"Oh my," Iceheart, "if it isn't my old self!"

"You!" Meta shouted, just as confused to be tearing towards the body that had once been his. Sphinx was out of view and thankfully out of hearing range at this point. "You're working for him!?"

"As a good daughter should!" Iceheart shouted, readying an explosion of cold. "And you're working with the heroes. Looks like we both found the bodies and roles we really needed, huh? Now let's get down to brass tax. Care to dance, big boy?"

Meta grit his teeth. He knew he should hate this moment, but what better way to prove how far he had come, and how much he had changed, than literally defeating his old self.

"You're on, villain!" he exclaimed.

And with that, they came together, ready to do battle, hero versus villain, man versus woman, telekinesis and superstrength against the command of cold itself. And regardless of which side won, both knew they had found where they belonged.

**The End**