

SUPER LOVERS



By
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Super Lovers

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The legend tells of two super beings, one male and one female. Their powers were derived from their super suits and each other. The suits were designed for two lovers. Specifically, the two persons wearing their super suits had to make love in order to temporarily obtain their super powers.

Together they were invincible. Apart and alone, the two would fail...

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“THE BEGINNING”

I quickly got bored with the comic book-like story line on the single piece of paper. It was not worth reading. I looked up from the sheet of paper to look at the person who handed it to me. Mark and I had been roommates for a couple of months now, and good friends since junior high school. When we both decided to go the same college, we also decided to get an apartment together.

It was nice living with a friend. Since we were both new to the city and did not know anyone else, we spent a lot of time together. Most of the things that we did, I enjoyed doing. But Mark’s fascination with the comic book world was beginning to tire me. When we were kids, we both enjoyed reading comic books and discussing various events and characters in them. However, I grew out of that phase as I got older. But Mark still enjoyed reading such childish stories.

Usually I did not mind humoring Mark by reading the stories and even talking about them. But today, I wanted to do something a little more mature. It seemed to me that Mark spent too much time reading such garbage.

“It looks like a fun story,” I said. “But I’m in the mood to do something different. How about going to the coffee house and checking out the girls?”

“It’s *more* than a story, Tony.” Mark said.

“I know, it’s probably an epic saga, or something, but it’s a nice day and ...”

“You don’t understand. It’s more than a story—it’s *real*,”

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Mark said, jumping up from the couch.

“What are you talking about?” I asked.

“The super suits—I bought them.” Mark said, very excited now.

I knew that Mark could go a little crazy about super hero nonsense. He probably went to another one of those geek events known as comic book conventions and spent a fortune.

“How much did you spend this time?” I asked.

“That’s not important. I got the super suits!!!!” Mark exclaimed.

I looked at Mark with pity. He was a boy trapped in a man’s body. Oh well, I’m not his parent, I thought. What else could I do—he was an adult—and if he wanted to waste his money on stupid outfits, well...let him.

“Look Mark, I am sure these suits are interesting but I am not in the mood to talk about them right now. I’m going out to get some beer. You’re welcome to join me ...”

“Tony, just look at the suits first...O.K.?” Mark pleaded.

“Maybe later,” I said and walked towards the door of our apartment. “You coming or not?” I asked.

“Naah. I want to try on the super suit,” he said.

“Then I will see you later,” I said and walked out the door.

The bar was relaxing. I sat at an outside table drinking my beer while I checked out the girls. It was great living in a college town. Young beautiful girls were everywhere. If I could just get

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enough nerve to ask one of them out then I could spend less time with Mark and his comic books.

Today is the day, I thought. I'm going to approach the next girl who smiles at me. What do I have to lose. Taking another drink of my beer, I looked around the bar. Near my table I noticed three girls drinking their beer. The girl closest to me was facing away from me. She had beautiful long black hair that reached all the way down to the seat of her chair. She wore a tight black tank top and jeans. The girl sitting across from her had nice tits, and short blonde hair. She wore a short tight skirt that hugged her curvy ass and a long sleeved leotard top that left nothing to the imagination. I liked her best because she smiled a lot. The third girl had long blonde hair. She seemed a little too skinny for my taste. I could barely see the outlines of her tits under her yellow blouse.

“My favorite is Julius Caesar,” said the girl with the long black hair, “It has more than just one main character and the plot is something a common person can relate to.”

I will just make my way to the girls and join in their conversation. Although, I did not like Shakespeare (I always found his plays boring) I could pretend to like his work. As I approached the girl's table, the skinny girl said, “My favorite is Romeo and Juliet—give me a love story any day.”

“Excuse me, are you girls talking about Shakespeare?” I love reading his plays,” I lied. “He is such a genius when it comes to word selection.”

“We are just talking about our favorite Shakespearean

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plays,” the girl with the short blond hair said, “Do you have a favorite?”

“I enjoy all of them from comedies like *Midsummer Night’s Dream* to tragedies like *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*,” I said, “But if I had to pick one, I guess my favorite is *Henry V*. I enjoy reading about heroic characters.”

“That’s my favorite too,” said the girl with the short blond hair. She smiled at me and said, “Aren’t you in my Introduction to History Class?”

I did not recognize her from my class but this was a golden opportunity so I lied again. “Yeah.”

“My name is Susan,” she said, flashing me one of her dazzling smiles.

“I’m Tony,” I said, smiling back at her.

Susan motioned me to join her group, and I happily sat next to her.

The four of us spent a couple of hours talking about other authors and artists. As we talked, I started to really like Susan. Her smiles were intoxicating. Most of the time when I spoke, I said things that I thought that Susan would like to hear. After a while I felt a connection between the two of us. Although the other two girls were still there, my attention was directed solely at Susan.

I guess the other girls got annoyed when I agreed with what Susan was saying for the fourth time. Acting a little indignant, the brunette got up from the table and said, “We have to get back.”

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Following the brunettes lead, the skinny girl quickly agreed with her and stood up too, leaving Susan still sitting, looking up at her friends ready to leave, Susan reluctantly got up from her chair.

Susan then smiled and asked, “What are you doing this Saturday?”

“I don’t have any plans.” I answered.

“Great—come to our party.” I live at the Liberty Co-op.” Do you know where that is?” she asked.

The Co-op was near my apartment. “Sure.” I said.

“Then I will see you at around seven this Saturday.”

“O.K.” I said and smiled.

I smiled with happiness as Susan and her friends left the bar. It looked like I made, at least, a friend, and if I played my cards right I might even get a girlfriend. I walked back to my apartment in a state of bliss, thinking about Susan.

“THE TRAP”

Although it has been two months since I was temporarily changed into a girl by the super suit, I still could not get the nightmare of being a girl out of my mind. I still awoke in the middle of the night with flashbacks of me giving my friend Mark a hand job. But what else was I to do?

To save Susan I had to wear the suit. I just couldn’t have left Susan to die—I had no choice. After the ordeal was over, I

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swore to myself that I would never wear that suit again—never. No matter what happened.

But here I was looking at the damn suit and contemplating wearing it again. The handwritten note was still in my hands. It read:

I have captured your friend and his super suit. If you want to see him alive again, come to 3773 West Brook by 7:00 tonight. Make, suite you bring tile Second suit. Don't tell anyone and come alone.

What did Mark get himself into this time? Playing super hero, no doubt, put him in serious danger. The person that wrote the letter sounded serious. And I was afraid that even if I handed him my suit he would harm me and Mark.

No, there was only one hope for Mark. I had to rescue him. The best way to do that was to use my super suit. Even on empty, the suit would provide me protection from harm. I had to wear it again. With that realization, I picked up the suit.

The suit was made of a lightweight, shimmering, translucent material that fit like a second skin. After putting on the one-piece body suit, I put the leather waist cincher on and stepped into the matching thong. A silver studded leather belt completed the outfit.

As soon as I closed the clasp on the belt of the *costume*, my tits and ass started to fill out the skin-like body suit, while the rest of my body became slender and smaller—more feminine.

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Looking in the mirror, I could see that my lips had filled out into a pouty fullness.

