

# Super Seed (Superheroine to Trophy Wife TF)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*In a world where everyone has superpowers, Peter is regularly bullied because he never developed one. Thankfully, he has become rich thanks to his tech company developments, attracting the attention of his old superpowered bully. This tomboy punk is about to discover that Peter does have a superpower; his super seed can transform any woman he likes.*

## Super Seed

Peter had been regularly bullied growing up. Having no superpowers will do that to you. While other teens developed the power to control paper, lightning, the ability to fly or conjure spirits from another realm, he was just . . . Peter. The only regular guy around. It was a minor new story, but not one that benefited him. He tried to accept it, but the constant taunts from one particular bully always got to him. Her name was Rachel, and she was a tomboy punk with all the best superpowers: flight, superstrength, laser vision, invulnerability. She was headed for the superleagues, and that wasn't enough for her: she mocked him for his weakness constantly.

Thankfully, things improved after high school. Peter invested, and found he was good at it. He began a tech startup, and soon that blossomed into a million dollar company, then a *multimillion* dollar company. He even sold gadgets to superheroes to help increase their own power. Unfortunately for him, he still didn't have any of his own, and part of him continued to desire some kind of power, even if it was a lame one like being able to change the colour of his skin like one of his classmates. Even that was a fun party trick and great on the dance floor.

It was a thought that was with him when he returned to his high school for the ten year reunion. He dressed up nicely, making sure to wear the finest clothes, looking cool and confident - at least outwardly so - as he entered. To his surprise, he was approached by numerous classmates, and they actually thanked him!

"Your inventions are the best, man! I can finally regulate my damn cold powers and how long they have remaining."

"You have no idea how grateful I am for your company's indestructible watches. Mine keeps blowing up as soon as I go explosive, y'know?"

"You're looking good, Peter! You deserve it!"

He was actually smiling and conversing, feeling good about himself. And then *she* arrived.

Rachel.

She still had her punk aesthetic - the pink hair, the black leather jacket, the tattoos - but something about her was more worn. She hadn't made it into the super leagues, apparently because of her attitude and bullying. And now she was heading straight towards him.

"Hey," she said. "Remember me?"

Peter gulped. "Yeah, Rachel, I remember you."

"You sure turned out cute. You're super rich, right? Lots of fancy gadgets and stuff?"

"Uh, yeah."

She smirked. "I can work with that. Glad I was able to mould you into success, make you resilient. I think you owe me, dude. I think you owe me big time. C'mon, get up on the dance floor. I wanna hear how much you're really worth."

She grabbed him and literally flew to the dance floor, where powers were going crazy. Peter was shocked at this, except that it soon became obvious that Rachel was just trying to seduce him to gain access to his wealth, likely for another bid at the super leagues - initiations didn't come cheap. Her every word was about how she was responsible for his success, and it made Peter mad. However, he couldn't deny that she was very attractive, and he liked her strength.

"Why don't we get out of here, somewhere private, rich boy?" she asked him.

Peter had no plans to make her life better, but he did want to have sex with her, so he consented. She picked him up and flew him out of the building and into one of the other, off-limits areas of the school. She clearly didn't care; they were in the teacher's lounge, and there was quite a plush couch there. She stripped his clothing off with ease, using her superstrength to push him into the couch. Peter found himself turned on, and allowed this to happen. Soon she was kissing him, pressing her naked form against him.

"Yeah, fuck me, rich boy!" she moaned, continuing to kiss him.

He did. He did fuck her. She bounced on his lap while he touched her breasts. They were not large, but they were lovely, and soon he was on the verge of cumming.

And that was when his power finally activated.

He could feel it growing within him, and like so many others who developed powers in their teens, he had immediate and total understanding of it. No wonder he'd never known he had superpowers all along; he was finally losing his virginity, much to his shame, and *this* was how his power was activated.

He had a super seed.

The power to use his semen to change the very DNA of the woman he was having sex with. Possibilities flooded his mind with what he could change Rachel into. But was it ethical?

"You owe me for this," she moaned. "For everything, Peter."

He grinned. He didn't care about ethics if she was going to be like *that*. So instead, he allowed himself to cum. He spent his seed inside of her, and her eyes went wide as she experienced the greatest orgasm imaginable, courtesy of his superpower. Instantly, he used his seed to change her: it melted into her system, altering her DNA. Rachel realised something was wrong, but was helplessly lost in orgasms as her breasts grew, becoming larger and larger. Her hair grew out, pink dye cast off, so that it was the natural black. But then he changed it to blonde. He had a particular image in mind for her.

"What are you d-doing?" she cried. "I thought you didn't have a s-superpower!"

"I do," he boasted, gripping her hips as he made them wider. "And I'm using it to make you my perfect trophy wife, Rachel. You're right, you *will* get to enjoy my wealth, but as my submissive bride!"

She moaned out loud, not wanting to escape because the pleasure was too great. Her features became more traditionally beautiful, and her body more delectable. Her thighs thickened, and her shoulders became more slim, along with her other muscles. As she thrashed, overwhelmed by bliss, he altered her mind as well: her independent streak was replaced by a submissiveness to him and him alone, and her desire to please him sexually and in all other ways was turned up to the max. He wanted her feminine, to wear beautiful dresses, and even for her super costume to be more like a super-dress, one that emphasised her traditional loveliness.

"Oh God, you're making me - you can't - mhm - I want to be your super wife! I want to be yours, Peter! M-make me your trophy wife! I need it s-so badlyyyyyy!"

She came again, and finally fell on top of him. She moaned, coming to terms with her new fate but already submissively clutching to him, her large breasts pressing against his chest. Peter could barely believe what had happened.

He'd just developed his superpower at last, and it had given him everything he wanted.

\*\*\*

Rachel did finally get into the super leagues. Her attitude problem was gone now, and her sweet demeanour and willingness to bake for the other heroes only added to her resume. She didn't much like fighting, of course - that was far too mean - but she helped put out wildfires, rescue people from earthquakes and natural disasters, and generally did her best to be gorgeous and appealing. She had a bit of a reputation as a 'blonde bimbo hero', likely due to her new bubblyness that confused everybody, but she didn't care, so long as she made her wonderful husband proud.

As for Peter? He was more than happy. He didn't mind that his wife still outshone him. She was incredibly popular, especially since she dressed tastefully in a way that showed off her voluptuous assets. But she always returned to him, making sure to use her superpowers to laser cook the roast to perfection, and her super speed to quickly clean up the house. And in the bedroom, she was utterly submissive in every way, moaning with delight as he came inside of her, begging him to make her all the more devoted to him.

She never stopped craving his super seed.

**The End.**