

Saving His Bully's Wife

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh



Frank was nothing short of horrified when the picture had come up on his Instagram homepage as a “recommended follow” because he instantly recognized both individuals in the image and they were two people that he had never expected to see together twelve years after they had all been in the same graduating class together. How was it possible that Penny Hoffman - the girl who Frank had secretly pined for throughout high school - and Greg Jones - the meathead jock who had made Frank’s life a living hell - had ended up as a married couple with a giant house and a pet dog?

As he continued to stare at the image Frank’s thoughts drifted back a full decade and a half, when the three of them had been in the midst of their high school days. Greg was one of the stars of their football team and quickly on his way to becoming a

local hero considering how well he played his role as an outside linebacker. His success on the football field meant that teachers and parents were eager to overlook his absolutely abhorrent personality and so the victims of Greg’s bullying were always told to stop making a fuss and to toughen up a little.

Frank had been one of those individuals, if not the number one subject of the football player’s malicious wrath. It wasn’t as if Frank could have put up a fight - he was half the size of his tormentor so a physical response was off the table and given he suffered from a debilitating stutter (which he’d mercifully since overcome), he couldn’t even win the war through words either! The frequent tormenting hadn’t made him strong either, it had just given him an inferiority complex that he still suffered from even at thirty years old as well as a lot of pent up frustrations at how the world seemed to reward the worst people. The discovery of this photo of Greg and Penny only served as further evidence that the world was a cruel place!

How could she ever go for a self-absorbed gorilla like that?! It simply didn’t make sense to Frank no matter how many times he went through it in his head. His memories of Penny were just as vivid as those of Greg but for a much more pleasant reason. She had been a beacon of hope in his eyes, somebody who had shown that beautiful people could be kind and selfless rather than arrogant and shallow like the bimbo cheerleaders who were always

hanging off of Greg's muscular arms. He could even remember her standing up to the bully, calling him out for ruling the school through fear tactics. How could her opinion of Greg have changed so drastically? Sure, it had been twelve years but absolutely nothing about the oafish football player had suggested to Frank that he would ever be capable of developing into a better person. No, the only way he had developed was getting taller and broader - he had to be carrying almost an extra hundred pounds of muscle beyond what he'd already possessed back in high school, as if he'd needed to look any more like a human tank!

No, the only possible explanation was that Greg was manipulating Penny into being with him somehow. Perhaps blackmail? Even that seemed difficult to comprehend though because what on earth could Penny be hiding that would make her desperate enough to date (or at least pretend to date) somebody that she had so openly loathed? Things weren't adding up and that only made Frank more concerned for his high school crush. All he knew was that he had to do something to rescue her from Greg and that it was a matter of complete urgency. Just like Penny had stood up for scrawny nerds like him back in the day, he was now going to take a stand for her, even if it meant confronting the bully who had always struck intense fear within him.

After days of mulling over his options and obsessing over the social media profiles of both Penny and Greg, Frank made a fascinating discovery. He wouldn't need to confront his former tormentor after all, not when he could use black magic to get his way instead! Frank's desperation had sent him to the pits of the dark web and there he had found a sect of warlocks who were selling possession potions. These potions were no less than seven-thousand dollars a pop which had initially made Frank balk but after reminding himself that Penny's happiness was at stake, the man knew that it would be well worth the price. He had to sell off his car, all of his furniture and the vast majority of his possessions to be able to afford two potions - one that would get him into Greg's body and another that would let him escape once he'd successfully exposed the other man was the abusive oaf that he really was. Sacrificing so much of his own life on a mere chance made Frank nervous but the thought of how happy he would make Penny once he had gotten Greg away from her kept him determined. They were soulmates, after all. Frank had known that from the very first time he'd laid eyes on her and he was certain that deep down, she knew it too. In no reality was it right for them to be separated all because of a controlling, arrogant meathead!

The wait for the potions to arrive was nothing short of torturous - Frank was so unfocused at work that he'd been called into a meeting with his boss and warned that his job was on the line if he didn't get his act together! Finally after two weeks the parcel containing both potions arrived at his mostly empty apartment and the man very nearly shed tears of elation. The moment had finally come for him to fulfill his role as Penny's knight in shining armor, a moment that he had waited over a decade for! Frank took one more look at himself in the mirror - pale, thin and gaunt - and made himself a promise: *I won't be gone long*. His body would be held within a stasis during his possession of Greg which all but guaranteed

that he'd return to find himself fired for no-showing work but that was a bridge he'd cross when his mission was complete. Right now, all that mattered was saving Penny!

"Don't worry, soulmate, your hero is on his way," Frank whispered to the vision of Penny that had occupied so much space in his mind since he'd come across the photo earlier that month. As soon as the words had left his mouth, the man raised the glass vial to his lips and poured the glittering purple liquid down his throat. The sour taste caused him to grimace and shiver but within a moment his spirit had detached itself from his physical body and Frank found himself drifting into the air as an incorporeal being. His body remained on the sofa below, completely limp with its eyes closed. Anybody would be forgiven for thinking he was dead but that hardly mattered to him, he was too elated by the fact that it had actually worked! Now all he needed was to get to Greg and thanks to the weeks of internet stalking, Frank knew precisely where he was going!

Focusing his attention on the address that he had memorized and the house that had been pictured in so many of Greg and Penny's photos on social media, Frank was delighted to see the world around him shifting. His living room disappeared in a matter of seconds and was replaced by the luscious green lawns of the large suburban home back on the outskirts of the hometown that Frank had left behind rather rapidly after his high school graduation. He'd done his best to resist going back, only returning once or twice a year to visit his parents for holidays, but now he was actually excited by the notion. In his ghostlike form the man was able to float right through the walls and in no time at all he had located Greg in the en-suite attached to the master bedroom. The muscular giant was preening in front of the mirror, wearing a shirt that was stretched tight across his frame, and looked as in love with himself as Frank had always remembered him being.



Here goes nothing, the former bullied nerd told himself encouragingly before surging forward and ramming himself against Greg's broad back with all of his spectral might. The force of the impact prompted Greg's body to shudder and his limbs continued to jerk alarmingly for several seconds due to the battle that was currently raging internally. Although there was no question who would win in a physical fight between Frank and his high school bully, they were on a much different playing field at that moment and the suddenness of Frank's attack gave him a much needed advantage. Within moments he had wrestled Greg's psyche down and assumed full control of the other man's body. With Frank

firmly occupying the driver's seat, Greg's body ceased its twitching and its movement was limited to the rise and fall of his chest as he took in several deep breaths.

Locking eyes with the man in the mirror, Frank was immediately struck by the notion of how bizarre it was to see somebody else being reflected back at him. He'd grown very familiar with Greg's adult appearance thanks to his weeks of internet stalking and every time he'd looked at one of the man's pictures he'd been filled with nothing but grotesque loathing. Now that he was looking through Greg's eyes though, those negative responses had lessened and the man instead found himself tackling with a newfound curiosity. At no point in his life up to that point could Frank have been considered muscular - he was much closer to being described as underweight - but the body he was currently occupying more than qualified! His former tormentor had muscles piled on top of muscles and even the slightest movement caused them to bulge and protrude. Such behaviors formed an almost hypnotic vision in the mirror, so much so that Frank soon found himself purposefully flexing in front of the mirror and relishing in how strained the fabric of the sleeves became. If he flexed just a little bit more, he could easily rip the shirt apart at the seams!

Although it had been Frank's intention to get straight to work on his plan to expose just how awful a person Greg really was, the man continued to be distracted by his reflection for twenty full minutes after the possession was successfully completed. While flexing the various muscles of Greg's enormous body had taken up much of that time, Frank had also experimented with wearing different expressions upon his borrowed face. There was a strange appeal to the whole thing, like he was getting some long awaited revenge just by pulling silly faces. No, it was more than that. He had made Greg into a puppet, a puppet that was his (and only his) to control. For the first time in their storied rivalry it would be Frank pulling the strings and getting his way. Such a revelation was nothing short of bliss, so much so that it hardly even seemed strange that he had started to tent his pants with his borrowed manhood!

With his attention now firmly fixed on his crotch, Frank psyched himself up to take the next step in this bizarre adventure. Despite the consistent name calling he'd received as a teenager, Frank wasn't gay and would usually have no desire to look at another man's junk - and especially not *Greg's* - but given the circumstances, it felt like he simply had to! Tucking his thumb beneath the waistband, Frank gingerly pulled it forward and glanced down at the monster contained within. Having lived his whole life up to that point with four and a half inches (maybe five on a good day), to suddenly be in position of an eight inch girthy weapon was shocking to say the least! A deep-voiced guffaw escaped the man's lips as he stared down at the half-hard mast that was making his tightfitting jeans even more stifling. Under any other circumstance, Frank would have been distraught that the universe had seen fit to bless such an awful individual with a large cock but the current situation had him viewing things a little differently...

Maybe I'll let myself use this just once, he decided as he reached down into his boxers and gave the thick shaft a few experimental strokes. As he'd anticipated, the length stiffened

even more and pre-cum began to dribble from the head. *Just once and then I'll get back to the plan.* As he wrapped a hand around the shaft and elevated his strokes to slow tugs on the thick meat, Frank guided his thoughts towards Penny. He pictured her on top of him, bouncing on this monster cock he was currently in possession of and moaning out his real name. It was a fantasy that he'd spent many nights indulging in over the past several weeks (minus Greg's cock, of course) and had never once failed to bring him to completion in less than thirty seconds. To Frank's great shock though, he actually found himself getting *less* horny the more that he thought about Penny.

An unfamiliar noise pulled the man out of his momentary daze and he glanced over at the bathroom counter to see that Greg's cell phone had lit up with a notification showing at the top of the screen. Removing his hand from his pants, Frank let the waistband snap shut in favor of picking up the device. An alarmed gasp escaped his lips as he identified the app that the notification had come from - *why the hell does Greg have a message from*



GRINDR?! Being straight, Frank had never used it himself but he knew the app's reputation for being little more than a hive of thirsty gay guys looking for a quick fuck. It made absolutely no sense that a married straight man like Greg would be on there! Tinder, maybe, but Grindr?!

After finally snapping out of his surprised stupor, Frank hesitantly pressed his thumb down onto the notification to open the app. He was immediately greeted by a profile featuring a large muscular body - the same one he was currently occupying - in nothing but a tight pair of shorts, only the picture was cropped so that Greg's face was hidden. His profile handle was "MascMuscleHunk" and the short biography described him as a "discreet alpha looking for the pleasure my bitch wife can't give me". Frank's heart was doing two-hundred beats a minute as he stared down at the profile page. How in the living hell had Greg hidden the fact he was gay (or at least bisexual) from everyone, including his wife?

Swiping onto the next page, Frank came face-to-face with a wall of profiles, each featuring a different guy although most were dressed in a similar manner - minimally. There were skinny guys with no body hair, thicker guys with full manes on their chests, muscle guys flexing and everything in between. Many of the profiles were faceless but there were a good number that featured selfies showing handsome faces at carefully selected angles. To Frank's severe confusion, as he scrolled through the various profiles, his borrowed cock began to stiffen once more, particularly whenever he viewed the profile of the app's

plus-sized users. In fact it seemed the chat notification was from one such profile, that of “BigBoiJames”, and upon opening the message Frank discovered that the chat history went back several months. Not only had nudes been exchanged but there were also multiple messages inferring that they had met up in person, with James noting how sore his ass was after each session.

The more he read, the more Frank’s disgust (at Greg’s cheating on Penny rather than his closeted sexuality) turned into fascination and even arousal. His free hand had returned to the front of his pants and was stroking the hard outline through the fabric of his tight jeans as he started to picture having James bent over in front of him, presenting that large flabby ass to be used. Despite never having previously had a gay thought in his life, Frank was rapidly becoming consumed by this new fantasy and eagerly replied to James’ message from several minutes earlier to arrange their next meeting. Given how horny he now was, Frank insisted that they meet in less than an hour’s time. He simply couldn’t wait to make the other man worship him like the alpha god he now appeared to be!

By the time Frank returned to the home that Greg and Penny shared, he no longer merely “appeared to be” an alpha - he was one. Fucking James had unlocked parts of Greg’s mind, giving Frank access to a plethora of his former tormentor’s memories. He could even remember their high school days and how Greg had secretly crushed on him which was why he’d targeted Frank so frequently! That was quite the startling revelation but not an entirely unwelcome one. Although he remained completely aware of his true identity, Frank no longer felt any desire to complete his mission in driving Penny away, nor did he ever want to give up the sexy muscular body he had so quickly made himself comfortable in! No, he’d play the role of the reformed bully his former crush had wedded, all while having affairs with other men behind her back, just like the real Greg had been. He’d use her money to treat himself to whatever he wanted and spend hours each day in their home gym to keep



himself big. His new mission going forward was to make sure that the truth about his sexuality and infidelity was never revealed. Why risk ruining a good thing?

Living out the remainder of Greg’s life would be the perfect revenge against his high school bully. Sure, the other man’s memories suggested that he’d secretly longed for them to be together but he’d likely never considered nor would have wished for it to be under these circumstances. Truth be told, Frank couldn’t think of a more fitting end to their rivalry: he had finally won!