

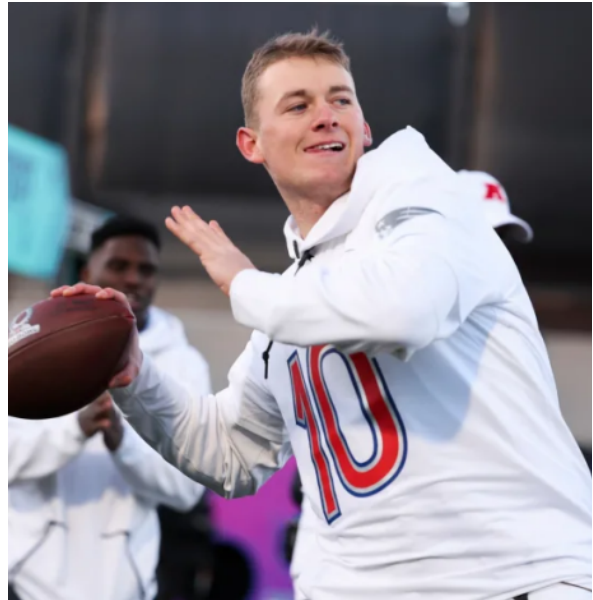
Feeling Seggsy

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Mac Jones had a *thing* for hockey players. That wasn't something he was ever likely to admit out loud, but it was a truth that he lived fairly comfortably with when he was in the comfort of his own home. As far as he was concerned, he was completely straight, but hockey players were a special exception.

He had been seventeen when he'd first stumbled across this bizarre interest and it had been under somewhat amusing circumstances. While he was going through his usual nightly routine of watching some porn to get a little relief one night, Mac had somehow stumbled upon a video set in a locker room. In it, the male pornstar portrayed a hockey player that had found himself seducing and quickly having his way with his female scene partner, who was described as being a "puck bunny". Considering Mac had dedicated his whole life up to that point to football, he hadn't actually known all that much about the sport of ice hockey or the "puck bunny" culture that came with it, but he had been intrigued by the thumbnail and clicked into the video. It was a pretty typical affair with some terrible acting, with the guy stripping down to just his pads and fucking the bleached blonde bimbo across the locker room bench.

It was only after Mac had blown his load that he realized he'd spent the entire video checking out the hockey player, with his sweat-soaked muscles underneath those bulky pads, rather than the busty woman he'd been having his way with. That had caused quite a considerable alarm for the high school quarterback, as he had been raised with strict conservative values and knew his family wouldn't hesitate to alienate him if they suspected him to be a homosexual. Considering his relatively meek nature, the thought of having his family turn on him was nothing short of terrifying. In the few days after watching the video though, Mac was relieved to discover that he felt no further attraction towards his teammates or best friends. His manhood remained completely soft while in the locker room, even though he was surrounded by an assortment of muscular bodies. Instead, Mac continued to ogle the cheerleaders in their short skirts and tight tops, but there continued to be a small seed of doubt in the back of his mind.



Since that fateful night, the young athlete had rewatched the video on numerous late night occasions. Each and every time he found his gaze locked on the hockey player, Mac couldn't resist sizing the man up. Even if his sexuality hadn't been wavering from this single video, the straight man couldn't deny that the actor was most certainly hunky given his broad hairy chest and the well-groomed beard that adorned his handsome face. As his admiration of the man continued to intensify, every single viewing of the video caused Mac to blow his load without paying even a small amount of attention towards his bimbo co-star. After the first few times of this happening, the shame lessened ever so slightly and Mac eventually grew to accept that maybe his heterosexuality had a small exception clause attached to it.

While Mac was still completely dedicated to football and was aiming to one day play professionally in the NFL, he had started to watch NHL games whenever he had spare time. It was through this curious viewing that the young quarterback discovered that his "exception" stretched beyond that one video and to the entire sport of ice hockey. There was something mesmerizing about the aggression that the players exhibited when they were out on the ice; the fights might as well have been porn considering the way Mac immediately tented his shorts when the gloves came off!

As such, ice hockey became quite the guilty pleasure for him as he entered his college years and even though he had various relationships with sorority girls during this time, Mac could never stop himself from jerking off to videos of various professional hockey players. The best videos were the post-game interviews, where the players were covered in their own sweat and either shirtless or wearing their compression gear and pads. There were so many times that Mac didn't even manage to make it a full minute before blowing his load due to his horniness, he had completely lost count! Even after years, it still boggled Mac's mind that he could get so worked up over a sport that he didn't even play. He wasn't even sure what those dark depths of his mind even wanted - was it to be a burly and intimidating hockey player (which was unlikely, given his slender build and awkward demeanor), or to have one thoroughly dominate him like that lucky "puck bunny" had in his favorite adult video?

One thing he was glad about was that neither his high school nor his university had an ice hockey team of their own, because he wasn't sure that he would have been able to hide his interest from the rest of the world if that was the case. As long as there was physical distance between himself and the sport that aroused him so thoroughly, he wouldn't have to think about it too much. He could pretend to be the vanilla straight guy that most people presumed him to be just by looking at him. If he was lucky, he'd find a sweet girl and settle down with her in his early twenties, with a house and children by the time he was thirty. That was the life that was expected of a professional quarterback like him, not one where he became the needy submissive of a hockey player...

Even after getting drafted into the NFL and playing a full season as the starting quarterback of the New England Patriots, Mac couldn't quite shake himself free of the grip that his hockey fantasies had over him. If anything, the situation only grew more dire as he suddenly existed in a world where brushing shoulders with professional hockey players was a real possibility. He'd managed to avoid it for the entirety of his rookie year, but Mac was silently dreading finding himself in close quarters with one of the few men who could get his heart racing and cock throbbing just as much as any gorgeous woman could.

With himself no longer having a distraction though after a messy breakup with his girlfriend early in the off-season though, the young quarterback was feeling particularly sexually frustrated. Being the good Christian boy that he was, Mac wasn't the type to start throwing himself at every available woman even though his carnal desires were beginning to weigh heavy upon his shoulders. There was also the fact that he didn't want to risk bringing any bad press upon his team by causing scandalous headlines, so Mac was forced to take his desires into his own hands - quite literally. Of course, the football player found himself navigating straight towards his secret fantasy, which in all honesty was snowballing towards a full-blown obsession! Barely a day went past without him jerking his meat to the thought of being in a hockey locker room and worshiping the sweaty bodies around him. Mac's cheeks would always burn with shame after he'd hit orgasm, but when he was swept up in the moment it felt like the most natural thing in the world!

It was during one of these not-so-innocent morning relief sessions that Mac stumbled across the Instagram profile of Tyler Seguin, a professional hockey player on the Dallas Stars roster. He was immediately captivated by the man's handsomeness but that was only escalated when he scrolled through the images and discovered that Tyler populated his page with numerous thirst traps showcasing his shredded physique! Mac's cock rose to attention almost immediately as his mind drifted towards images of being on his knees in front of Seguin, stripping the athlete out of his bulky gear and then cleaning the sweat off his ripped body with nothing but his tongue!

Oh fuck, oh fuck! Mac had barely had the chance to give his hard shaft a few soft strokes before he reached the point of orgasm and came all over his own pale and undefined chest. The familiar shame



crept through him as he looked down at the mess he had made of himself, but there was still some reluctance when he navigated away from Seguin's page (without following - he couldn't risk getting too distracted) and dragged himself towards the shower to clean himself up. He was due at the Patriots facility in just over an hour for an off-season workout and even though time was tight, there was no way Mac was leaving the house without having a cold shower first.

Unfortunately for the naive football player though, a simple shower wouldn't be able to completely eradicate the thoughts of Tyler Seguin and his sexy body that had now wormed their way deep within Mac's mind. It seemed that whenever he wasn't actively engaged in a conversation - and even sometimes when he was - Mac's thoughts turned back to those arousing images that had gotten him so hot and bothered just a few hours prior. It was difficult to stop himself from getting hard right there on the practice field, but it ultimately left the quarterback so distracted that he completely screwed up the play they were supposed to be trying out. As a result, he completely made all of the wrong reads on the play and left himself open to a massive tackle from an over-eager member of the practice squad. The collision was ugly to say the least and Mac went down hard, much to the fury of his teammates and the coaching staff on the sidelines. The impact of the back of his skull crashing against the inside of his practice helmet and the unforgiving turf below prompted Mac's vision to swim in nauseating fashion for a few moments, before he was sucked into a brief moment of unconsciousness...

When Mac's vision finally returned, he was surprised to find himself looking up at a closed roof and huge artificial lighting rigs rather than the cloudy Boston sky. Had he been moved into the training facility after getting knocked out? That didn't seem right though, as he felt like it had been mere seconds since the collision. His head was certainly still throbbing from the pain of it! After a few seconds though, Mac took notice of something else that wasn't quite right: the air hitting the exposed part of his face was icy cold rather than the more moderate cool he was used to. Not even the Patriots' indoor practice facility was this cold, which left Mac feeling even more disarmed. But as he attempted to push himself up to a seated position in order to get some answers, the athlete encountered the third and most obvious piece of evidence that something bizarre was happening. His hands slipped against a floor that was most definitely not turf, and a quick glance to his side identified that he was currently splayed out on a large field of ice. *A hockey rink*, he realized, with his brain juggling equal feelings of excitement, confusion and horror. *How the hell did I--*

"Seggy, you alright, dude?" A hastily approaching and distinctly Canadian voice interrupted Mac's thought process and when he redirected his attention towards the source of that voice, his heart began to beat a little faster. Skating towards him was a man dressed in a full green-and-white ice hockey uniform and there was clear concern



written upon the man's face. "Earth to Tyler!" the man exclaimed, still looking right at Mac, "That was a nasty hit. Are you concussed?"

"Are you talking to-- uhhh, *what?* Why do I sound like that?" Hearing an unfamiliar voice emerging from his mouth had prompted Mac to not only change the question he asked, but also to develop several more in his mind. How was it possible for the pitch of his voice to grow lighter and more expressive while also adopting a Canadian accent, all from a simple (if unnecessarily rough) tackle?

It was perhaps only due to Mac's extreme confusion that he wasn't breaking a sweat and stumbling over his words in front of the hockey hunk because *wow*, he was almost a perfect duplicate of the porn star who had started off this niche kink! Still at a complete loss for words, the

NFL quarterback could only stare blankly up at the handsome hockey player and wonder who the man was and why he was treating Mac so kindly. After several seconds of prolonged eye contact, Mac was only snapped out of his daze when he felt hands grabbing him under the shoulders from behind and hoisting him up onto his feet. Desperate to keep himself steady on the ice, Mac instinctively looked down and gasped at his latest discovery: he too was wearing a hockey uniform and a pair of skates!

"I'm very confused right now," he declared honestly, turning his attention back to the bearded man in front of him. "Like *super duper* confused. Is this a dream?" The hockey player's expression only became more alarmed with each new word and Mac's heart fluttered at the thought of such a gorgeous man fussing over him.

"Seguin!" somebody yelled from the sidelines, "Back to the locker room! We'll send someone to get you checked out!" The beating in the quarterback's chest intensified when he realized the name that had been called out. Was Tyler Seguin there as well? It wasn't until he felt himself being nudged on the back that Mac realized *he* was the one being spoken to. *Wait a minute, that guy called me Tyler too, didn't he? Holy shit, am I Tyler Seguin right now?!* The excitement and anticipation consumed Mac to such a degree that he didn't even notice himself skating to the edge of the rink with perfect form, as if he'd spent decades of his life on the ice rather than it being his first time like it truly was.

A staff worker was waiting on the sidelines to guide Mac into the locker room but he was in such a hurry to get in front of a mirror that he didn't even bother to thank them. It turned out that walking on a concrete floor in skates wasn't all that easy so he paused long enough to undo the clasps and slip them off before continuing to the mirrors in extreme haste. Sure enough, as soon as he was in front of the reflective surfaces, Mac was greeted by one of the most beautiful sights he had ever witnessed: rather than his own face being reflected back at him, it was the handsome visage of Tyler Seguin. The same undeniably sexy face and body that had brought Mac to the point of orgasm just hours earlier. *If this really is a dream then it's the best dream ever!* he thought to himself, quickly settling into an exhilarated grin.

"Well *fuck*, I'm sexy!" the athlete declared proudly, not even visibly concerned about the sheer insanity of the situation he had found himself in. "No... I'm *Seggsy!*" the man said, chuckling at his own (admittedly dorky) joke. As he tilted his head towards the mirror and looked at Tyler's jawline and well-groomed facial hair through the clear shield of his helmet, Mac remained in complete disbelief over what he was seeing. "Holy shit, if this is a dream, I hope I never wake up."



Wanting to get a better look at his new reflection, Mac hurriedly pulled the thick gloves off of his hands and then reached up to remove the helmet. Once it had been discarded, he whistled in appreciation at the NHL player's gorgeous face. He remained there for several seconds, admiring Tyler's face from every angle he could get. Mac knew that he'd never been an ugly guy, but he felt positively *pretty* while seeing the other man's visage in the mirror!

"Yeah, I'm a fucking stud," the body-swapped man continued as he felt a growing hardness in the front of his crotch. The hockey pants were far too bulky for the tenting to show, but that wouldn't stop him for too long. Mac's next objective was clear: he needed to strip down to nothing but the padding so he could live out his hockey gear fetish! Despite the obvious chill in the venue as a result of it being used for hockey games, Tyler's body had still managed to work up quite a sweat during their team practice, which left Mac quite eager to reap the benefits of his hard work. While continuing to look down at himself, the stench of

sweat quickly waffed up to reach his nose, and in his humble opinion it was absolutely the most arousing aroma in the world!

Grabbing the bottom of the green Dallas Stars jersey, Mac hastily shuffled his way out of it and then turned his attention right back to the mirror. Just as he'd anticipated, he was greeted by the beautiful sight of not just Tyler's hot body clad in sweat-soaked pads, but also the beautiful expanse of his washboard abs! "Best day ever," he growled as he sensually ran a hand over the hard muscles. In his own body, Mac had something of a bulkier midsection and had never once come close to having abs. To go from that to this tight studly body was unsurprisingly bewildering, but the quarterback had always prided himself on adjusting quickly under new circumstances. This definitely counted and he didn't think it would really take him that long at all to get settled if he had the opportunity!

Pushing down the heavy pants that made up the lower part of the uniform, Mac giggled in delight when he found the front of his shorts being tented out. Even without opening up the waistband and looking beneath he could tell that Tyler was packing some serious heat and now that cock was all his to enjoy! Mac was so incredibly aroused that he was actually starting to leak pre-cum into his shorts and it was perhaps a miracle that he hadn't already bust a load out already! "Thank *you*, Tyler," the quarterback mumbled as he moved a hand down to begin stroking the thick eight inches contained within those shorts. For a brief moment he wondered whether the real Tyler Seguin was tucked in the back of his mind somewhere or had found himself in Mac's real body. That thought didn't last long though, as it was of secondary importance to getting some much deserved enjoyment out of his current scenario!

Settling back on one of the many benches in the room, Mac raised one arm and then craned his neck so he could take a whiff of the scent coming from Tyler's hairy armpits. His cock jolted in excitement and Mac's hand became even slicker from the pre-cum, but he somehow managed to hold back from hitting his full orgasm just yet. His nostrils flared and his head swam all in response to the beautiful aroma but before he could guide himself into what would surely be the most rewarding climax of his life, he was interrupted by the sound of the locker room door swinging open.

Due to the surprise intruder, Mac didn't stand a chance at getting himself into a less compromising position. He had been caught with one hand down his pants and his nose as close to his exposed armpit as it could be - there was no mistaking what he had been doing. A



blush crept over his cheeks as he locked eyes with the new arrival and Mac wasn't sure whether he was relieved or mortified to discover that it was the same man who had expressed concern for him out on the ice. The man stood in the doorway with his mouth slightly agape and eyes wide while the hockey stick fell from his hands and clattered to the ground.

"Were you... sniffing your own pits?" the man - Jamie Benn, the captain of the Dallas Stars, Mac would later go on to learn - asked, his voice surprisingly neutral given the situation they found themselves in.

Despite still being uncertain as to whether he was dreaming or not, Mac figured there was little he could say that would successfully conceal the truth, so he just nodded. He wasn't sure how he was expecting the other man to respond, but Jamie's low growl and his bite down on his lower lip definitely came as a surprise, as did the other man's decision to click the lock on the door behind him.

"That's hot," the hockey player declared, sending a shock right through Mac's body and bringing him even closer to the orgasm that seemed undeniable now. Then, as if Mac wasn't already surprised with his response, Jamie reached a hand into his pants and began to stroke his own cock. "Keep going. I want to watch."

Holy fuck. Mac's working theory was no longer that he was living a dream - it was now that he had ascended to Heaven. How else could he possibly explain the delightful experiences he was currently having? It all seemed too good to be true, but Tyler's cock felt so real in his grip and the stench of sweat was so thick in the air that at least a small part of Mac was willing to accept that it was really happening. Ultimately though, that question could be answered later. He had more pressing matters to deal with in the meantime, such as bringing himself to orgasm and giving his new teammate the most arousing show he could provide.

"How about you come over here and help me out instead?" Mac suggested, while doing his best attempt at an alluring tone. He was pleasantly surprised at how the words sounded and his throbbing cock seemed to agree. "These stinky pits really need a tongue bath, don't you think?" The former football player was surprised at his own daring. He'd never thought he would be capable of such filthy talk, yet there he was! Much to his delight, his suggestion seemed to do the trick, as his new teammate crossed the room with purpose and dropped down on his knees without a word.

Never in a million years had Mac expected his most shameful fantasy to lead to him experiencing such transcendent bliss, and he certainly didn't feel ashamed anymore! When he was as sexy as Tyler Seguin and had access to all the hockey gear he could possibly want, why would he continue to fuss over if such fantasies were right or wrong? The answer was completely clear - this was where he was supposed to be...