

College Collision (Part Three)

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

“Now calling all first class passengers for this flight back to Los Angeles.”

Chris’ heart skipped a beat when he heard those words being called out over the tannoy system in the airport lounge. It was finally happening: he was leaving his college town behind and taking Drue Tranquil’s place back in LA! Even better, he was going to be enjoying the luxuries of first class travel for his journey, something that he hadn’t anticipated ever being able to experience given his relatively low income. The former college student couldn’t help but feel smug as he rose from his chair, collected his hand luggage and sauntered towards where a flight attendant was admitting the first class passengers.

It had been just under forty-eight hours since the collision that had prompted Chris to switch bodies with a professional NFL player, but he had already made himself feel quite at home. That first night he had feared waking up to find himself back in his comparatively weaker body. Now that he’d had a taste of operating such a strong and muscular body, Chris really didn’t want to give it up. He’d spent much of his first full day in Drue’s flesh putting those muscles to good use in the hotel gym. The real Drue Tranquil had arrived at the hotel that afternoon to confront him once again and beg for Chris to help him find a way to switch them back, but the new football player instead used that time to get more information he might need out of the man he was replacing before sending him on his way.

The real challenge would begin once Chris had landed in Los Angeles, as he would be put to the test by the people who knew Drue best: his teammates and his family. Chris still had incredibly conflicted feelings about the fact that he was now a married man - and to a woman, at that - but there was also a strange excitement building within him as he looked back over Drue’s text conversations with his wife Jackie. The two really seemed to be in love, if their almost sickeningly romantic messages were anything to go by, but these messages were mixed in with saucier exchanges that even included nude pictures sent by each of them. Chris was no stranger to Drue’s naked body, as he’d enjoyed everything it had to offer on that very first night, but he also wasn’t as repulsed by his new wife’s naked body as he’d expected to be.

As he boarded the plane, Chris passed by a handsome air steward and their eyes locked for a moment. The man appeared to be in his early thirties, with tanned skin, dark hair and stubble and even darker eyes. Their gazes were locked on each other

for only a few short seconds but Chris didn't miss the way the corners of the man's lips turned up into a delighted smile. *He wants me*, the former college student realized, immediately exhilarated by the revelation. It was an unfortunate truth that he never really felt all that desirable back in his own body, but now that he was piloting such a gorgeous body he knew it would probably be quicker to count the people who *didn't* desire him!

Given the air steward's obvious interest in him, Chris was hardly surprised when the man approached his private seating area in the first class cabin once the plane was in the air and had leveled out. He had been enjoying the glass of champagne that had been served to him after taking his seat, but he was also incredibly glad to have such handsome company arriving. The air steward's name badge identified him as Jay and although the man's dialogue was completely professional - "Are there any refreshments we can get for you, sir?" - his eyes told a different story. Jay's gaze trailed down Chris' body, admiring every detail before finally settling on his crotch. Once there, the air steward licked his lips and finally drew his eyes back up to meet Chris'. "Or is there something else I can offer you?"

"Yeah, I can think of something," Chris replied, delighted by how smooth he sounded when speaking with Drue's voice. While on the exterior he looked cool and collected, internally was a different story, as Chris had never been a confident flirter. In Drue's body though, all of the rules he thought he had to live by had been completely thrown out. He was a new man in more ways than one! "Do you think you could show me to the restroom?"

"Certainly sir," Jay said hastily, unable to hide the excitement from his face. "Please follow me."

In just under sixty seconds the two men had slipped away from the other first class passengers and Jay's coworkers in exchange for the privacy of the first class restroom, which was remarkably larger than the one that the passengers flying coach had to use. As soon as the door was locked behind them, Jay dropped down onto his knees and hungrily pulled down Chris' sweatpants until they were resting just below his muscular quads. The boxers quickly followed suit and suddenly there was a pair of lips wrapped around Chris' cock. The pleasure was so instant that he almost let out a cry that would surely expose them, but he had been able to bite down on his lower lip and stifle the sound at the last moment.

Oh I could get used to this treatment! Jay worked like an absolute pro, grabbing both of Chris' meaty ass cheeks with his hands and groping the firm globes like they were stress toys. Meanwhile he was putting his lips and tongue to good use with Chris's

new manhood (which was, as with all things about Drue's body, a step up from what he'd been possessing before) and the college escapee could do little more than grab a fistful of Jay's hair, thrust his hips forward to push himself deeper inside the air steward's mouth, and try not to moan too loudly.

The blowjob barely lasted two minutes before Chris hit the point of climax and filled Jay's throat with his full load, but it was what had happened fleetingly at the exact point of orgasm that captured Chris' attention. He had closed his eyes right as he felt himself building towards release and as he did so, he found himself imagining it being Drue's wife Jackie down on her knees in front of him. It was the first time Chris



had ever imagined a woman during a sexual encounter and he was stunned by how hot he had found the visual, even if it had only lasted for the briefest moment.

After the two men had cleaned themselves up, Chris returned to his seat while Jay went back to completing his various tasks on the plane. As Chris settled back down into the comfortable leather chair and looked out the window, he wondered to himself what the immediate future would hold. He already knew that Jackie would be waiting for him at the arrivals area of LAX and he'd have to start performing "daddy duties" as early as the next day. It was impossible for him to not feel intimidated by the notion, but that intimidation was also paired with cautious excitement. Chris had always considered himself to be good at adapting to new situations and there was probably never going to be a better time to see just how true of him that really was!

Los Angeles, here I come...