

## ***Winning The Math Trip***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*

The Mathlete Championship Finals took place in less than twenty-four hours and even though Kyle was pretty sure he should have been nervous, the eighteen year old high school senior actually felt rather calm and confident. He had excelled with numbers right from a young age and he was proud that he was able to represent his high school alongside five other students. They were in with a shot of winning their school's very first Mathlete national trophy and while all six of them wanted to win it for the glory it would surely be them, Kyle's primary motivation was wanting to bring a smile onto the face of Mr Hunter, the hunky math teacher who had also served as his gay awakening.



Kyle had realized he was gay in his sophomore year, when Mr Hunter had bent over to check the work of the student sat next to Kyle, giving him a perfect view of the man's ass. In the days that followed that gorgeous (but of course completely unintentional on the part of Mr Hunter) display, the student had grappled to understand why he felt such attraction towards the older man brewing inside of him. His parents had only briefly talked to him about the fact that some guys were attracted to other men and he'd never spared any thought towards the concept that *he* might be one of those guys. Given how the memory of his math teacher leaning over and inadvertently showing off that juicy ass continued to float to the forefront of Kyle's mind during his late night jerk-off sessions though, it seemed impossible for him to ignore.

Now two and a half years later, the high school senior felt sure of his sexual identity. While he hadn't made it public knowledge at school (although that didn't stop some meathead jocks from throwing homophobic slurs at him), Kyle had come out to his parents and was relieved to discover that they were as supportive as could possibly be. He of course hadn't told them what had led to the discovery of his sexuality, as the thought of them knowing that he was crushing so severely on a teacher was nothing short of mortifying, but he continued to secretly lust after Mr Hunter. In fact, his interest in the man was what convinced Kyle to take the plunge and join the Mathlete team in the first place. The teacher had recommended it based upon Kyle's grades which were

consistently near perfect and upon realizing that it meant he would get to spend more time in the hunky teacher's presence, Kyle had hastily agreed.

All of that history had led to the present moment, where recognition of his mathematical greatness was less than a day away! The Mathlete team had arrived in New York City by plane a few hours ago and were now at the hotel, where they discovered that the school had splashed out by getting each of them their own hotel room. Kyle was absolutely delighted by this discovery, as this meant he could jerk off in privacy later that evening, while remembering how good Mr Hunter had looked in his dressed down state on the journey.

Closing the hotel room door behind him, Kyle let out a sigh of relief at finally getting to rest his legs for a bit before he needed to head downstairs and meet Mr Hunter and the rest of the Mathlete team for dinner. Wanting to change out of the clothes he had been traveling in, Kyle lifted his suitcase up onto the bed and quickly unzipped it. Once he lifted the top open though, he was caught by surprise as he immediately recognized that the clothes contained within were not his own. That said, the red-and-blue checkered tie that sat at the top of the clothes pile did look familiar... hadn't Mr Hunter worn that in one of their classes earlier that week?

*Oh my god, I've got Mr Hunter's suitcase! We must have gotten them mixed up at the airport!* It hadn't escaped Kyle's notice that he and the hunky teacher had the exact same make of suitcase but he'd forgotten about it by the time they were collecting their bags, and so had simply picked up the first one he recognized. It was an honest mistake, as unlikely as it might have seemed! The young man remained completely frozen in place as he stared down at the suitcase's contents, his mouth open in an expression of surprise... and excitement. A thousand thoughts were rushing through his brain at once and the most logical and moral of which (*you should go knock on his door and return it*) was unfortunately being overwhelmed by the more devious possibilities.

To Kyle's great surprise, there was more than just a collection of polo shirts and formal pants packed into the confines of the suitcase. He also located a tank top and a pair of sweatpants, which seemed like a bizarre thing for his teacher to have packed, until he remembered seeing a sign for the hotel gym down in the lobby. *He must have planned to get a workout in after lights out*, Kyle realized, immediately conjuring up a visual in his mind of the hunky teacher working up a sweat. It wasn't a secret that Mr Hunter worked out regularly, anybody with working eyes would be able to identify that from just a single glance at him. Every item of clothing that the math teacher wore seemed to cling desperately around the large muscles of his arms and chest, not to mention his sizable quads and perfectly globular glutes! Kyle had always wondered how the man would look when stripped out of those tight-fitting clothes and it was one of the most frustrating things in the world to know that he would never get that opportunity...

As he stared down at the collection of clothes, a devious thought entered Kyle's mind, one that evoked both anxiety and arousal. It seemed like the teacher was yet to notice their suitcase switcheroo, although it probably wouldn't be long until that happened. Still, Kyle had a unique opportunity to dress himself in some of his crush's clothes and the mere thought of doing that had prompted his cock to start to stiffen. He was perfectly aware of the fact that all of Mr Hunter's clothes would look ridiculously large upon his short and slender body, but no matter how silly the idea might be, it was one that refused to depart from where it had parked itself at the front of his mind.

After quickly rushing back to the door to make sure that it was locked, Kyle proceeded to carefully dig through the clothes in the suitcase, neatly laying them out on his bed. He knew that he didn't have time to try on everything (as much as he wanted to), so he had to be really picky. Before long though, he had come across a garment that immediately captured his attention. It was a dark gray tank top with the image of a loaded barbell on it, which was pretty standard stuff for someone with an interest in fitness, but it was the rainbow colors of the barbell that caught Kyle's attention. *Could it be?* The wheels of Kyle's mind were beginning to turn rapidly. He couldn't recall Mr Hunter ever mentioning a wife or girlfriend, although some teachers were just extraordinarily private. Kyle had always just *presumed* that Mr Hunter was straight, but the garment he now held in his hands perhaps suggested otherwise.

*It's got to be this then*, Kyle realized, hastily placing it down and beginning to strip out of his own clothes. He was all the way down to his heavily tented boxer briefs when he finally paused, contemplating whether he was really going to go ahead with this. His decision was made for him when his eyes fell upon a pair of briefs nestled in the corner of the suitcase. The mere thought of having his cock resting where Mr Hunter's had so many times before was simply too much for Kyle to resist. He pushed down his boxers, stepped free of them and then pulled his teacher's briefs up around his waist, relishing in the loud *snap* as he released the waistband. With this first step complete, Kyle hastily donned a pair of white socks and the light gray sweatpants that had been near the surface, before finally pulling the tank top up and over his head to complete his outfit.

As expected, the items were all incredibly loose-fitting upon Kyle's skinny body, but the teenager wasn't too put out. His heart was racing, as if he was riding the most exciting roller coaster ride imaginable. Wanting desperately to get a full look at himself (and take some selfies so that he could enjoy the moment time and time again in the future), the high school senior fetched his cell phone and darted across the room to stand in front of the floor-to-ceiling mirror.

The reflection that greeted him prompted a sharp gasp to escape his lips, not because he looked like an absolute fool as he had anticipated, but because he looked better than expected! It surely had to be a trick of the mind that his shoulders appeared to be wider

and his chest fuller, didn't it? *My pops always said I had an over-active imagination*, Kyle thought to himself, although with each passing second he felt less and less sure that this really was something he was imagining. No, the longer he stared at his reflection, the more positive he was in the observation that he actually was getting more muscular by the second!

Kyle was nothing short of captivated by the images he was witnessing in the mirror. It should have been impossible for muscle to blossom upon a man's body at such a rapid rate and yet he was seeing it right in front of his very eyes, with his biceps and triceps bulging out to give him upper arms the size of footballs! The muscles of his shoulders meanwhile rounded out to become powerful boulders, while a pair of previously absent trap muscles rose to become mountainous peaks sloping down from a thicker neck.

"Am I hallucinating?" Kyle asked the empty room, although even his voice didn't sound quite right. "Did I get a contact high in the lobby or something?" Yeah, that really didn't sound like him. His tone was suddenly much deeper and more masculine than the high-pitched lilt that he was so often teased for. Strangely though, it still sounded vaguely familiar, although he was so overwhelmed in that moment that he couldn't quite place it. He had bigger things to worry about, after all. Could both his eyes and his ears really be playing such dramatic tricks on him, or was this really happening?

As the front of the tank top stretched out over a pair of wide and well-developed pectorals, Kyle watched in fascination as small bristles of hair began to poke out from the sections of flesh that the tank top didn't completely cover. As a completely hairless (besides under his arms) teen, Kyle was fascinated by the sudden appearance of chest hair. He quickly moved a hand under the tank top so he could see how it felt to run his hands over a pair of hairy pecs, but before he even made it that far up his body, his hands came into contact



with a firm midsection, upon which he could feel the hard ridges of a set of abdominal muscles. *Holy shit, I've got abs! Abs, pecs, body hair - this is freaking awesome!*

The transformation of Kyle's body had continued beyond his torso and arms by this point and although the rapid building of muscle in his quads was an awesome sight to behold, there was something else in the mirror that had caught the high school senior's attention. His light blond hair had shifted several dramatic shades darker until it was almost completely jet black, with his eyebrows following suit. This simple change of hair color in collaboration with the newly muscular body he possessed made Kyle almost

completely unrecognizable, bar some of his facial features. He looked like he was his own super-muscular cousin or something!

As the seconds ticked on though, even that was no longer accurate, as Kyle realized that his features were subtly beginning to shift. His cute button nose became longer and straighter, while his lips were notably plumper and his bright blue eyes descended to a chocolate brown hue. Seconds later, both his jawline and his brow adopted more prominent and traditionally masculine angles, completely changing the overall shape of Kyle's head. This sharper jawline soon became populated by thick dark stubble and with this final puzzle piece falling into place, Kyle realized why his ever-changing reflection had remained so familiar to him: he now had Mr Hunter's face!

"Holy *fucking* shit," he gasped, immediately recognizing the rich masculine voice that spoke the words. No, it wasn't just Mr Hunter's face he now possessed - he had fully transformed into a complete duplicate of his hunky math teacher, voice and all!

For several long seconds, Kyle didn't dare move. He was afraid that even the smallest motion might dispel the beautiful illusion in the mirror. Besides, there was something hypnotic about watching his teacher's massive chest rise and fall with each breath. His



hand was still underneath the tank top too, grasping onto one hairy pec and relishing in the strong muscle beneath his palm. It was this that pushed Kyle to the point of impatience - he wanted a better look at Mr Hunter's body, so that was what he was going to do!

Mercifully, the explosion of movement that happened when Kyle stripped out of the majority of clothes didn't shatter the illusion. It was still Mr Hunter's beautiful body being reflected back at him, only now wearing nothing other than a pair of white briefs that left very little to the imagination. Kyle was pretty sure he'd had a dream that featured this exact image! Not wanting the moment to pass without a souvenir, he quickly opened the camera app on his cell phone to snap a quick selfie. Now *that* would be an image he'd come back to (and *cum* to) many times in the future!

Before Kyle could really get the opportunity to explore the hunky body of his favorite teacher though, he was rudely interrupted by a dramatic thundering at the hotel room door... and he was pretty sure he knew who he would find on the other side!



An unpleasant shrill sound pulled Morris Hunter out of what had been a perfectly pleasant dream and thrust him into the waking world. The alarm clock on the bedside table proudly declared it to be six in the morning and the morning sun was just starting to poke through the gap in the bedroom curtains. Reaching out, Morris slammed his hand down on top of the clock in order to silence its screeching cry, just as a groan emerged from the man beside him in the bed. “Time to get up,” the Math teacher mumbled, lightly nudging his boyfriend in the ribs before swinging his legs out from under the duvet.

The coldness of the wooden floorboards prompted Morris to inhale sharply. Even two weeks after that fateful trip to the Mathlete Championships, he still wasn’t used to waking up in a room without carpeted floors. There were other days when he almost cried out in alarm when he awoke to find another presence in the bed with him! Such responses would have been unusual for Morris Hunter, who had lived in that apartment with his long term boyfriend for just shy of three years, but the Morris who was rising to his feet at that moment wasn’t the *real* Morris. Two weeks prior, he had been Kyle Danhausen, a closeted high school senior and one of Mr Hunter’s star students.

Although the theft of his favorite teacher’s body had been entirely unplanned, Kyle had known from the moment that he’d opened the hotel door to discover a copy of his former teenage self standing there that he had no intention of switching back. He had silently lusted after the man for years and now he had the man’s muscular flesh under his control... he’d be insane if he willingly gave that up! With his mind made up, Kyle had opted to pretend like he had no knowledge of the body swap. “All that travel must have really scrambled your brain,” the new Morris suggested to the teenager standing just outside his hotel room after he’d suggested that they were in the wrong bodies. “Maybe you should go to your room and lay down for a bit?”

Not being totally coldhearted, Morris did feel apologetic for attempting to gaslight the man whose identity he was in the process of stealing, but his own selfish desires won out over his moral compass. An expression that was equal parts alarm, confusion and anger spread



across the teenager's face and he opened his mouth to protest, but the words that emerged were sputtering and nonsensical: "But-- this isn't-- I'm..." Tears sprang up into the former teacher's eyes as he grew more distressed, but the new Morris remained strong and refused to drop the act. Instead he reached out, placed a hand on his student's shoulder and gave it a comforting squeeze.

"You're just tired, Kyle," he insisted, speaking in a tone of deep concern. Playing the part of the caring teacher was actually turning Morris on, which the tent in the front of the pants he'd hastily thrown on upon hearing the knock at the door could attest to. He'd been hard since first putting on the teacher's clothes and was eager to get better acquainted with his new manhood but he couldn't exactly do that with one of his students in the room, could he? He had a duty of care, after all! "Go get some sleep, I'm sure you'll feel better afterwards." That was a lie - Morris knew that the other man would likely still be in extreme distress but he was saying anything that might get the other to leave alone for a while. Not only did he want the time to explore his new body in more detail but he'd also benefit from getting the opportunity to plan how he was going to keep the new Kyle in check.

Two weeks later, Morris was still having some difficulty in getting Kyle to accept his new life. For his part, he hadn't once let the act drop and continued to insist that the suggested body swap was the product of nothing more than extreme exhaustion, severe self-esteem issues and an overactive imagination. He'd even gone as far as recommending that Kyle seek assistance from the school counselor for the identity issues that he was suffering from, like any caring teacher would. Aside from that though, he was doing his best to keep the other at an arm's length. That was easier said than done when Kyle kept showing up at his classroom door between lessons with tears in his eyes and persistent protests that he was telling the truth.

Unfortunately for Kyle, the longer this ordeal went on, the less sympathetic the new Morris felt towards him. He was quickly growing irritated with how stubborn his body-swapped student was being and finally his patience had run out. Approaching the school principal, the Math teacher informed the older man of Kyle's odd behavior and claims since the trip to the Mathlete Championship and expressed that he felt uncomfortable with the student remaining in his class given his apparent fixation with him. To Morris' delight, the principal shared his concerns and agreed to move Kyle into a different class group so that they would have less reasons to cross paths. The teen would also be forced to attend the counseling sessions that Morris had previously suggested he attend and the principal would be making contact with Kyle's parents to ensure they were aware of their son's apparent mental health issues. All in all, the meeting with the principal seemed like a step in the right direction.



Back in the present moment, Morris reached his arms high above his head and then stretched down to touch his toes. He could still feel the dull ache from the previous day's workout but he knew how important it was to be consistent if he wanted to maintain the beautiful muscles he was now in possession of.

"Come on, it's time for our workout," he called over his shoulder, glancing back to find his boyfriend pouting at him. Dean was as handsome as they came and he had a good body too, although he wasn't quite at the same level of muscularity as Morris himself was. The couple trained at their local gym every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings before traveling separately to their workplaces, which

always put the Math teacher in a good mood to start his day. There were very few experiences that were quite as fun as working up a sweat and having his boyfriend there to both admire him and be the subject of his own admiration!

As the couple got dressed into their workout clothes and left the bedroom behind, Morris took notice of Dean's unusual quietness. The other man was usually rather bubbly once he was out of bed, so this degree of silence stood out like a sore thumb. He'd been fairly reserved the night before too, although the Math teacher had presumed that it was just the result of a tiring day at work. Now he couldn't help but suspect there was something more to it than that. "What's up with you this morning?" Morris asked as the couple climbed into Dean's car and set off towards the gym. Although he had technically only been Dean's boyfriend for a couple of weeks, the new Morris already had incredibly deep feelings of adoration and protectiveness towards the other. It didn't matter that this was his first ever relationship, he wanted to be the best boyfriend he could possibly be.

"I got a weird phone call yesterday," Dean confessed with a gentle sigh, "Sounded like some kid but he... okay, don't laugh, but he said he was you and that you were an imposter pretending to be him." Morris' blood ran cold. *That little shit... I should have known he'd go after my man!* "I think it might have been one of your students, although how he got my number I don't know. He knew a fair amount about us too..."

"Like what?" the teacher asked sharply, feeling a mixture of anger and panic beginning to boil over inside him. "What did he say?"



“He knew where we went for our first date, for example. My middle name too and the name of my parents...” Dean glanced over at the man in his passenger seat and upon meeting his gaze, Morris detected a hint of doubt in the other’s eyes and his panic jumped right into overdrive accordingly.

“Ugh, I know who that was. There’s a student in my class who’s been getting creepily obsessed with me these last few weeks. I’ve tried to deter him and had him moved out of my class but it seems like he’s taken things a step further,” Morris explained, choosing to see his words not as outright lies but a mere twisting of the truth. “I’ve talked about you - about *us* - in lessons before so that must be where he got the stuff about our first date. As for our parents, he must have just stalked us online and found our Facebook pages or something.” Reaching over, he placed a hand on Dean’s muscular thigh and gave it a reassuring squeeze. “Come on, babe, don’t tell me you actually believed his crazy story, did you?”

Relief washed over the other man’s face as he listened to Morris’ explanation and his lips spread into a sheepish smile. “Maybe just a little,” he murmured, a faint redness rising to his cheeks. “I blocked the number anyway. It creeped me out, both what he said and the thought that maybe I was sharing the bed with a total stranger...”

“Is that why you didn’t want to do anything last night?” Dean answered the question with a simple nod of the head. Morris let out a disgruntled huff. “Just another reason for me to resent this kid.” The laugh that left his lips was hollow, even despite the fact he seemed to have won his boyfriend back over. “I’ll talk to the principal again, see if we can call in the kid’s parents. If he keeps this up, we might have to go to the cops.” It would be quite the dramatic end for their little saga but if a restraining order was the



only thing that would keep Kyle away then Morris was more than willing to go that far. He wasn’t going to let the other get in the way of his newfound happiness - for the first time in his life, everything was going right. He had a hot body, the respect of his peers and a gorgeous boyfriend! He even enjoyed his job as a Math teacher and none of his students had been able to tell the difference in the teaching quality since he had taken over.

As the vehicle came to a stop outside of the gym, Dean leant over and placed a kiss on Morris’ cheek. “Let’s forget about him,” he implored, massaging his boyfriend’s thigh. The Math teacher hummed in agreement, then kissed his boyfriend on the lips in response. *Yes, let’s... Goodbye Kyle!*