

College Collision (Part One)

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Chris Kenley had been so excited for the opportunity to continue his learning at college. Unfortunately the simple truth was that it was currently delivering far more stress than he'd ever bargained for. Sure, he relished the chance to study film to a higher degree than he ever had back in high school but did he really need a two hour lecture about the use of soundtracks three times a week? It was needlessly excessive and it really wasn't helped by the fact that some of his peers on the course seemed to have the same number of brain cells as they did fingers. *College is supposed to be a place of higher learning, not a place for lazy layabouts who want to escape adult responsibilities for a few more years*, the young man thought bitterly. He'd vented about his frustrations to the friends he'd made in online communities, but the sad truth was that his choices for intelligent partnership on the college campus seemed incredibly limited.

Of course, looming over his grievances towards his lecturers and classmates like a dark cloud was Chris's biggest gripe of all: attending Notre Dame hadn't even been his own choice but rather his parents'. Chris's relationship with his family was strained at best, but they had been insistent that they didn't want him attending a school that was too far away from the family home, and after countless arguments and a whole lot of tears he had eventually given in and agreed to put Notre Dame at the top of his application list. He couldn't help but wonder what his life would be like if he hadn't relented and was attending classes elsewhere. Sure, there was every chance that he would still have similar frustrations about the courses and the people but at least it would have been his decision. The freedom to make his own decisions was something Chris desperately longed for and he feared that he wouldn't escape from under the watchful eye of his family until he had his degree in hand and was on his way to Los Angeles to start his career as a screenwriter.

At twenty years old he was one of the older students in his freshman year of college (he had taken two years off after high school in order to build his savings) but very few of his peers had been able to identify Chris as being older than them thanks to his boyish looks. He had a round face with a button nose and a mop of hair that quite frequently fell in front of his verdant green eyes. It was fairly obvious to even a casual observer that Chris had never felt particularly inspired to work out, so his body was rather chunky and undefined compared to many of the other guys on campus. The school was incredibly serious about their college football team and the jocks that he had seen around the campus looked like they probably ate more meat in a day than Chris did in a whole year!

On the note of college jocks, there had been a particular buzz around the school campus over the past several days due to the upcoming visit of an alumni who had been drafted by an NFL team just a few years prior. To tell the truth, Chris had absolutely no interest in football whatsoever - well, other than the hunks in tight clothes - so he hadn't really seen what the big deal about it was. Hell, he couldn't even remember the guy's name! *Was it Andrew something?* It was all about as significant to Chris as the weather on Mars that day was, so he was quite content to just get on with his life and ignore the general chaos around him.

As luck would have it though, Chris was forced to take an interest in the alumni visit through a chance encounter. He had been hurrying back to his dorm building after his last lesson of the day when he'd taken a sharp turn around the corner and slammed into the hard body of a much larger man. While the collision was most definitely a surprise in itself, the fact that the impact prompted both men to crash to the ground (despite Chris's much smaller build in comparison to the six-foot-two wall of muscle he had collided with) was even more astonishing. The two men fell in tandem and made ugly contact with the ground, their heads bouncing off the sidewalk and causing their visions to blur and briefly fade into total blackness.

Chris was fairly sure that he had only been dazed for a few seconds at most but it was difficult to think when there was such a throbbing pain at the back of his skull. Another much stranger side effect of the unfortunate collision was how *heavy* he felt all of a sudden and that caused a brief panic in his mind; had he potentially concussed himself? As the world around him finally stopped swimming and settled into its familiar sharpness though, Chris discovered that his issues were much bigger than a potential concussion. The reason he felt heavier wasn't because of any potential brain damage but rather because of the fact he was now in a body that seemed to have almost an extra hundred pounds of muscle packed onto it!

Directing his gaze towards the fellow victim of the painful encounter, Chris let out a string of curses in response to what he saw. Somehow, some way, he was looking across at his own body: pale and thick but oh so familiar, only it was flipped from the visage that was usually reflected back at him in the mirror. *What in the holy Gaga is going on here?!* Chris was honestly surprised he'd even been able to string a coherent sentence together in his head because the sight in front of him made him feel like he'd truly fallen off of the deep end and entered into the realm of insanity. Going insane was a more reasonable explanation for his situation than the possibility that he had honestly and actually *switched bodies* with another man, right? That was the stuff of corny sci-fi movies that went straight to home release (and truthfully also the plotline of some of the student's most secret fantasies), not a possible occurrence in everyday life, and yet...



Stunned into complete silence, Chris merely watched as his body began to stir and then locked eyes with him. The confusion and terror was identifiable immediately and Chris suspected that the other man probably saw those exact emotions in his own face. “No, no, no, this is a nightmare!” the other exclaimed frantically, scrambling towards Chris and reaching out as if to grab at him. “I’m dreaming! This isn’t real, it’s a dream.”

Without thinking, Chris swatted the other’s hands away and as he did so he was greeted by the sight of a muscular forearm and beautifully tanned skin. It was a surprising sight to see - but not exactly an unwelcome one. If anything, it just made him eager to see what the rest of the body he now occupied looked like. He could already tell that it was packed with muscle but the majority was hidden beneath a long-sleeve tee that was rolled up to his elbows and a pair of faded gray jeans. The mere prospect of what might be hidden underneath those garments was enough to make Chris’s cock twitch in

excitement and *wow* did it already feel bigger!

“If it’s a dream then you’re sharing it with me,” the college student retorted, only to get caught off guard by the booming bass of the voice that left his lips. It radiated power and authority in a way that his own never had, but it also had a certain quality that reminded Chris of the loud fraternity boys that he’d usually find either charming or obnoxious; mercifully, this time the voice had a more charming tone to it. “Are you a student here?” He felt sheepish asking but it was a genuine question. He’d never been all that good at conversing with strangers and this just added an extra layer of awkwardness. *As if I needed it!*

“Am I a-- dude, I’m Drue freakin’ Tranquill! I’m not a damn student, I’m an NFL player!” the other man spat out, twisting Chris’s face into an expression of outrage. “Seriously kid, what the fuck did you do to me?!”

Oh my Godney! It’s him, it’s the alumni dude everybody’s been so hyped about... and I’m in his body. Holy freaking shit! The realization sent Chris’s stomach for a spin because *wow*, out of all the guys he could have crashed into and inexplicably switched bodies with, it just so happened to be a professional football player who made more money in a year than Chris’s whole family made in a decade. The other man’s

immediate shift from surprise to anger suddenly made a lot more sense: he was losing out on a lot more than Chris was as a result of their little switcheroo.

Then again, that also meant that Chris was gaining a whole lot...

"I... I didn't do this," he replied, admittedly not sounding all that convincing despite telling the truth. "Well, not intentionally. How do I know *you* didn't plan this?" *Okay, that sounds ridiculous even to me.* Evidently the fiery glare that was directed his way suggested that the professional athlete wasn't amused by such a suggestion. "Look, I honestly have no idea how we've switched bodies but that's clearly what's going on here so... wow, we might be experiencing a once in a lifetime kinda situation!"

"I don't *want* to be experiencing this situation at all!" the real Drue Tranquill exclaimed, his frenzy causing his softer voice to dramatically peak. Chris winced. Like most people, he wasn't particularly fond of hearing his own voice and considering what Drue was using it to say (or more accurately cry), it sounded extra whiny and unpleasant. "I want to be back in my own body - now!"

Holy shit, this guy is a DIVA, Chris remarked to himself. He'd known plenty of jocks in high school who had thought that they were God's gift to the world, but this guy seemed to be taking it to a whole other level. The disgust with which he looked down at himself - at Chris's body - so clearly displayed the fact that he thought he was a thousand times better than him and that left the college student not only feeling bitter but also uncharacteristically mischievous. Everybody had always told him that he played things too safe and never took enough risks; this seemed like the perfect opportunity to finally take that leap into the unknown.

Rising up to his feet, Chris rolled his new body's broad shoulders and smirked down at his body-swapped counterpart. "I don't remember asking what you wanted," he announced, raising his eyebrows in a cocky look that simply dared the other to challenge him. He would, of course, because arrogant jocks always thought they would triumph in any situation, but that would only end up providing Chris the chance to really flex his power over the other man and he was already looking forward to it.

"Wh-what the fuck does that mean?" the now-smaller man asked in a seething voice, pushing himself up onto his feet. A look of



distress flashed across his face as he discovered that he now only came up to Chris's collarbone and his eyes were directly parallel to the meaty pecs that he had carved through years of hard work in the gym and on the football field. Those physical perks had been taken from him and gifted to Chris, who was all too happy to puff his chest and place his hands on his hips. He felt like a real life Hercules with all of the muscle he was carrying around! As Chris tensed his arms and watched the muscles of his biceps bulge, the front of his pants only grew tighter. While he'd never cared about getting into the gym himself, he'd always had an appreciation for muscular bodies and being suddenly thrust inside one was beyond a dream come true. There was so much fun to be had!

"It means I don't give a shit what you want," Chris growled, delighting in the menacing rumble of his new Midwestern accent. The sudden escalation of his confidence was just as much of a surprise to the college student as it was to the NFL athlete that he'd replaced, but Chris kept that hidden under a calm and cool demeanor. A smug expression settled naturally onto his face as the opportunities now available to him presented themselves in his mind. He could finally be free of his overbearing family once and for all! "I was telling the truth when I said that I didn't cause this... but that doesn't mean I don't want it because *dude*, there's no way this is anything but an upgrade for me!" Just to prove his point, Chris brought his arms up and flexed his biceps, showing off the huge mountains of muscular power. His arm muscles were the same density as his legs had been back in his real body! "No offense, I'm sure there are guys out there who think that body is cute, but from my experience those guys are in pretty short supply around here!"

The shift in the power dynamic of their conversation stunned the real Drue into silence for several long seconds before he finally managed to snap himself back into a state of frenzied defiance. "I'll tell people! Nobody will ever believe you're me!" he insisted in a warbling voice, "I'm not being stuck in a homo body and I'm not letting a homo stay in my body either! I'm a straight married man with a kid, for fuck's sake, not some virgin queer!"

"Married with a kid, huh? That'll take some getting used to." Chris had expected to be disheartened by the revelation and perhaps even disgusted by the concept of being married to a woman but truthfully he was actually rather excited by the concept of playing husband to Drue's oblivious wife. *A hunky guy like this probably has some model-type for a wife*, he mused, picturing the jock-and-cheerleader couples he'd encountered back in high school. *I guess I'll find out soon enough!*

"You stay the fuck away from her!" the other man all but screamed, grabbing at Chris's shirt with both of his fists. It was an act that would have been intimidating if they were in their own bodies and Drue had still towered over Chris, but with them switched it was

nothing short of a laughable attempt. All Chris had to do was put a hand to the other's chest and apply a little force as he pushed; Drue's grip was easily broken and he was left to stumble back and almost trip over his own feet.

Chris had never tried drugs before but he was pretty sure this was what riding a high felt like. Swiping a hand along his square jawline and briefly resting at his goatee, he savored the other man's clear distress and the fact that he was the cause of it. He'd never held power over another person like this before; in a way he could almost understand why his high school bullies had loved tormenting him so much. Being such a dominating presence was an intoxicating sensation and while Chris knew he was tumbling down a slippery slope, he really couldn't bring himself to care.

"You think you can stop me from seeing *my* wife and kid?" the movie buff turned football player challenged, stepping right back into the other's personal space and leering down at him like a predator eyeing up its prey. "That's right, they're my family now, just like this is *my* body. *I'm* the one with the professional football career and you're just a college student too awkward to score a date or stand up to his parents. Good luck with that, buddy, because I'm washing my hands of it!" Upon spying the tears that had worked their way into the other man's eyes, Chris just chuckled and shook his head. "If you were a real jock then you wouldn't be crying right now, would you? Didn't your pops ever tell you that crying is for the girls and gays... but I guess you fit into one of those categories now, huh?"

Chris continued to press his advantage, spending the next several minutes taunting the other over every little thing he could. He was finally letting out years of tension from being walked over by his family and overlooked by his teachers, Drue just happened to be the unlucky victim of it all. Once the other's cheeks were wet with tears and he'd been backed all the way up against the wall, Chris finally decided to ease up a little bit and provide a small peace offering. "Hey, if you play your cards right and help me out, maybe I'll even let you babysit while I treat my wife to a hot date. I'll pay good money, you know I can afford it!"

After being on the receiving end of a verbal battering, the man who had once responded to the name Drue Tranquill had little choice but to mumble a miserable agreement. He knew that it was the only chance he'd get to see his kid and it would also probably be the only reliable avenue to remain close to his original body. He was hopeful that the college kid would quickly tire of having to pretend to be a straight football player. When that moment finally came and they had worked out how to switch back to their rightful selves Drue would hit the other with one hell of a restraining order. Until then though he was forced to endure whatever humiliation his replacement saw fit for him.

“You’re going to tell me everything I need to know to get by during this visit: give me all the important names and dates, tell me about any games people will ask you about, anything that could come up. If you fucking lie about anything or try and get me caught out I will fuck you up, do you understand?” Chris had lowered himself until his face was mere inches away from Drue’s. “You pull any funny shit, that babysitting offer goes out the window.” The other man meekly nodded. “Good. Oh yeah, you’re also gonna have to explain the rules of football to me and tell me what position you play. It’s never really been my kinda thing... well, until now. I’m pretty excited to see what this body can do!”

Moments later their private moment was interrupted by excited jeers from across the courtyard. A small collection of the school’s football team had caught sight of the local celebrity and were making their way over. They were of course confused as to why the NFL’s Drue Tranquill was wasting time with some nobody nerd but that was soon forgotten as the Chargers linebacker agreed to pose for selfies with them and took them up on their offer to go and meet the coach. As the jocks led Chris away he spared a final glance over his shoulder, caught his former body’s eye and mouthed a quick promise: *See you soon.*

