

The Best of Both Worlds

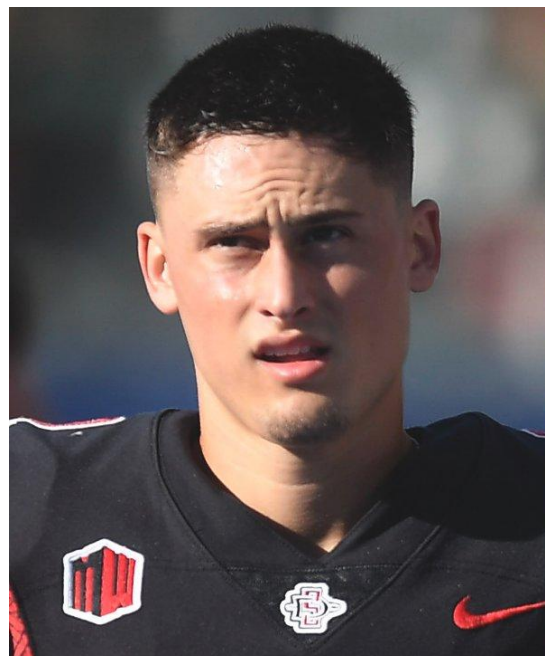
By Soul-Controller

As Robbie Hatton made his way out of his college's lecture hall, the man had an insanely wide smile painted across his face. Not only had he gotten his Physics test results back and found out that he had aced it, but in just a few hours he'd be heading to the Ohio-wide Dungeons and Dragons competition to play with all of his best friends that he had met on the internet. Despite the nuisance of the hot Ohio sun causing Robbie to perspire quite severely due to his all-black ensemble, the chubby nerd refused to let his high spirits be tampered with.

So as he continued to jollily make his way down the street towards the bus stop so he could get back to his apartment, Robbie couldn't resist allowing his eyes to wander and take in the wonderful sights of the city. Given the past few years of the pandemic, the man was understandably relieved and overjoyed to see individuals walking around mask-free, entering local shops, and returning the city back to the level of hecticness that he had once been used to. But as his eyes continued to scan the area, he soon found himself stopping dead in his tracks as he made contact with the football stadium.

Although he had no athletic abilities and couldn't understand the appeal of watching the sport, Robbie's eyes remained locked in on the area. The reason behind this was due to the fact that his crush John Stand was standing on the field chatting up some gorgeous blonde-haired cheerleader. As the starting kicker for the university, John had clutched so many last minute buzzer-beating wins via a successful field goal that he was viewed as a legend by both the students and the city's residents.

Of course, this had caused the man to quickly become corrupted by the constant high praise to the point where he was now an active womanizer and low-effort student who was just handed passing grades in exchange for his continued success on the field. While many people would potentially be turned off by this extreme ego, Robbie's attraction for the man had only increased after witnessing this behavior throughout his several years on campus. In fact, it only made him hotter as Robbie got to witness it first hand in several elective courses that they shared over the years. Despite the fact that they never said a



single word to each other, it was highly influential for Robbie and his growing attraction for the man.

To Robbie, this ego along with the man's gorgeous face, sly smile, and model-like body made John the constant subject of his wildest and most erotic sex dreams. Despite the size difference between them, Robbie's dreams often involved the lean and buff kicker being able to manhandle the overweight nerd and get him to do whatever he desired. Due to this, whenever he went about his day and passed the jock while on the way to classes, Robbie's mind couldn't escape the image of John's angular face and envision kissing those sculpted cheeks and feeling the scruff adoring the man's chin and jawline against his hairless face no matter how hard he tried to pay attention to the lesson. So suffice to say, Robbie was completely cockstruck and utterly in love with the jock.

As such, the man remained firmly rooted in place while observing the jock chat up the cheerleader and flash that top-tier smile that had even caused Robbie's own miniscule cock to get rock hard in an instant despite how far away he was. Continuing to observe, Robbie watched as his crush pulled the woman in for a tight hug, his gaze once again informing Robbie of John's heterosexuality as he ogled at the woman's perky ass in her cheer skirt. But as he pulled away, John seemingly made his goodbyes as the woman kissed him on the cheek and walked away immediately after.

Continuing to stare as the cheerleader made her exit, Robbie's eyes widened as he watched John quickly paw at his crotch and adjust himself through his pants. Just the concept of the jock being rock hard was enough to get Robbie's member to start leaking a miniscule amount of pre-cum, but it was most certainly enough fodder to fuel his jerk-off sessions for **at least** the next week.

But as he watched John turn away and begin to jog towards the locker rooms, Robbie took note of the fact that the man had left his helmet behind on the astroturfed grass. Although he at first thought nothing of it and began to walk towards the bus stop as he saw the bus in the distance a few blocks away, the lingering desire to be a good samaritan left him quickly turning back. As he weighed the options, Robbie began to think about how great it could potentially be for him to grab onto that helmet and deliver it to John. If he did that, it would showcase his kindness and also give him an opportunity to finally talk to the man of his dreams!

So after pondering the options for a bit longer, Robbie ultimately mustered up the courage and decided to go grab the helmet and give it to John. As he walked around the fenced exterior of the football stadium, the nerd was relieved to no longer have to walk any further as he found a conveniently ajar entrance in the fence. Pushing his way

though, Robbie made his way to the endzone of one side of the field and traversed the several yards to grab onto the discarded helmet. As he gripped his pudgy fingers through the holes of the metal face mask, the nerd finally began to make his way towards the locker room with the helmet in tow.

As he pushed open the door and started to make his way into the locker room, Robbie instinctively tried to be quiet to avoid terrifying the gorgeous jock by suddenly appearing and making a loud entrance. So as he slowly placed one foot in front of the other, the nerd made his way down the empty hallway that would eventually open up to the wide locker room. Hearing a slew of random noises occurring to his left, Robbie found himself peering around the corner as he finally arrived at the opening of the locker room. After doing this, Robbie quickly covered his mouth and tried to muffle his gasps as he witnessed John in the middle of changing out of his clothes. In fact, from his point of view, Robbie was getting the ideal sight of seeing John's muscular and sizable ass filling out a tight pair of designer underwear while bending down to pull his feet out of the white practice pants he was wearing.

Although Robbie had no intention of snooping on the man getting undressed and changing into normal clothing, the nerd couldn't deny that he wasn't upset at the view he was getting. This was proven to be even more true as John pulled off his shirt and removed his shoulder pads to expose his toned and tanned torso. Seeing almost every inch of the jock exposed to him, it wasn't much of a surprise that Robbie was understandably turned on to the point where his mouth was agape and his cock was throbbing in an intense desire for attention. In fact, the man was in such a shock that he didn't notice his fingers loosening their grip around this metal face mask of the helmet to the point where it had slipped out of his grasp and began to tumble down onto the concrete floor below. As John was in the process of pulling on a red compression shirt that displayed his player number (#40) in bold white lettering, a resounding loud clattering noise filled the empty locker room and caused both men to scream in shock.

"Wha- what the FUCK?!" John cried out, finally pulling on the shirt and looking around for the source of the sound. "Who's there?" he continued, his eyes quickly darting around the room to find the source of the noise. As his eyes eventually came across the overturned helmet that was on the ground, John directed his gaze upwards and locked eyes with the chubby nerd that seemed somewhat familiar to him.

"Oh fuck," Robbie said under his breath, his heartbeat ramping up as he took note of John's narrowed eyes and flared nostrils that indicated a clear sense of rage. "I um, I was heading to the bus stop after class and saw that you left your helmet out on the field after talking to that cheerleader. I just wanted to uh, drop this off to you so you

didn't lose it," he continued, trying to conceal his wavering voice as he spoke louder to his crush. Leaning down to grab the helmet, Robbie gripped onto the helmet once more and began to gingerly make his way over towards the still-stationary jock. As he continued to make his way closer to John though, he took note of the fact that the jock was now crossing his arms and staring with a very enraged and judgmental glare. After extending the helmet out to the jock, Robbie couldn't prevent himself from gasping as the jock angrily grabbed and tugged it out of the nerd's grasp.

"So let me get this straight," John began, the tempo of his voice moving so slow that it became incredibly menacing to Robbie when paired with his already low and dry tone. "You were stalking me from the street while I was chatting up one of those cheerleaders and decided to follow me into the locker room under the guise of giving me a helmet I left out there? Is that correct?"

In response, Robbie slowly nodded his head and tried to further explain himself. But as he opened his mouth and started to speak, he was instantly cut off by John's continued speech.

"But then instead of just coming in and handing it to me, you decided to just peer around the corner like a fucking pervert and watch me change out of my clothes? What, are you some sort of fag with a huge crush on me," he inquired, immediately chuckling as he observed the nerd and watched his cheeks instantly grow flush. "Ah yeah, that's what I thought. I mean, I don't blame you, I'm the total package," John retorted, flashing a cocky grin that immediately caused Robbie's cock to throb in pure lust. However, given the humiliation of the situation, Robbie instead prayed for it to disappear before the jock took note of it. Continuing to look at John though, Robbie found himself starting to back up as the jock slowly began to march towards him and grow even more intimidating. Before he knew it, the nerd had backed himself up to a wall of lockers and despite having no more room to go backwards, John was still fast approaching him.

"But given the fact that you look like some chubby genius," he continued, "I thought you'd put together the clues from watching me chat with that cheerleader that I'm not into dudes... especially fatass dweebs like you." As he finished the sentence, John couldn't resist laughing as he leaned down until he was face to face with the nerd's face. Although Robbie was certainly turned on by such close intimacy, the tone was not romantic in the slightest and instead he was feeling humiliated and terrified of what would happen to him. As such, he tried his best to keep his composure and stop himself from crying as he opted to try and explain himself again.

“No John, that’s not what was going on. I promise I wasn’t trying to snoop on you changing. I’m not some creep, I was just trying to be nice and help you out,” he cried out, his voice shifting back to an emotional warble that showcased just how remorseful he felt about the entire situation.

But the bull-headed jock just huffed indignantly in response, unwilling to convince himself that Robbie was telling the truth. This was made especially clear as he looked down and took note of the tiny cock that was proudly jutting out at the crotch of the nerd’s black khaki shorts. So upon seeing that, he decided to double down on his original accusation and further humiliate the nerd.

“Yeah bro, I don’t believe a single thing you just said. I mean, if you were really remorseful and were telling the truth, there’s no way that you’d be fucking rocking a boner right now!” he said, further amusing himself as he looked down at the man’s crotch and watched as more pre-cum suddenly shot out of his cock head and caused a slight stain to push past his underwear and onto the dark fabric. “Oh dude, your life here at campus is going to become hell on Earth now... I’ll be making sure of it,” John cockily said, further setting the nerd off by whispering the terrifying statement in his ear. “You won’t be able to go to class or some stupid ass science fair without everyone there knowing that you’re a fucking peeping tom that got caught staring at THE John Stand! You’re gonna be an even bigger outcast here at this fucking school than you already were,” John declared, his chuckling shifting to hysterical laughter that left Robbie shivering in pure fear.

Continuing to stare at the rage-filled eyes of his crush, Robbie was absolutely devastated at what was happening to him. When he had first decided to come give John his helmet, he had never even factored in the possibility that the jock would be a complete jackass to him. Despite knowing that John literally had a reputation as this cocky jock and bully, Robbie had foolishly thought that his interaction with John would be the exception to the rule. As such, as Robbie continued to stare at the jock as he droned on about how he was going to make the nerd’s life utter hell, his mind was going wild with a slew of regrets. *Please, let me find a way to escape this situation. I can’t deal with this any longer*, he mentally begged, feeling the tears beginning to roll down his pudgy cheeks. *I’ll do or endure **anything** to escape this constant ridicule!*

As Robbie’s mind continued to repeat these mantras, he tried his best to search for any potential escape routes to try and exit out of the locker room and John’s unviewed abuse. Although he was sure that escaping would result in John physically beating him up, there was a long shot chance that someone would witness this and help him escape and get home. In fact, it was the lingering thought of escaping and attempting to forget

about his trauma via some good old fashioned Dungeons and Dragons that caused Robbie to finally mentally encourage himself to try and flee for his safety as the jock stepped back to take in the sight of the blubbering chubby nerd.

But as he finally started to make the first few large strides towards the door, Robbie gagged in shock as John quickly gripped onto his collar and tugged him back until he was pushed up against the wall once again. "Where in the hell do you think **you're** going," John inquired, a sly half-smile forming as his intimidating eyes looked down at his pathetic prey.

Terrified of any potential violence being directed his way, Robbie instinctively threw up his hands to cover his face and began to yell unintelligible pleas of forgiveness. Closing his eyes and preparing for the first blow to rock his body, the nerd could only feel the sensation of both of John's strong and wide hands from gripping onto his wrists and pulling them down away from his face. But as they finally fell down to his side, a loud slurping noise suddenly filled the room just as a brief sense of pleasure suddenly manifested in Robbie's mind. Due to the shock of the unexpected sensation, the nerd was unable to conceal his emotions and instead let out a loud and audible moan that echoed through the empty locker room.

But just after Robbie let out a pleasurable moan, an ear-splitting scream suddenly escaped from John's mouth as he looked down at his hands. "Holy shit, what the FUCK is happening to me?!" he cried out, immediately caused the nerd to open his eyes and look down in confusion. Upon doing so, the sight before him caused Robbie to gasp in pure disbelief. Somehow after tugging Robbie's wrists away from his face, John's strong hands had pierced completely through the flesh, leaving no remnant from below the forearm visible.

"Dude, where did my goddamn hands go?!" John continued to cry out, looking up at the nerd and revealing the tears that were forming in the corners of his eyes. As he once again looked down at the sight of his extremities, those tears began their journey to the floor, running down his sculpted cheekbones and dropping down to the ground from his chiseled jawline like they had jumped from a sharp cliffside. Given his affinity for doing horror movie date nights to get the ladies to clutch onto his strong and chiseled body, the hunk realized a striking familiarity to what was happening to him. It was as if he was suddenly the victim of a Cronenberg body horror flick!

"I, I don't understand," Robbie stammered out, trying his best to remain calm while also trying to conceal the extreme amount of pleasure he felt from John's hands now being deep within him. Given his morbid curiosity to this lingering pleasure he felt, the

overweight student decided that he wanted to take a closer look and examine what had occurred to the both of them. So as he focused on moving his hands, he was relieved to find himself still in control of his body as Robbie lifted the merged hands up in front of both men so John could also take a look. "This is, totally insane," Robbie said with a chuckle, wiggling his fingers and noticing how his average-sized and doughy digits were no longer in existence. Instead, as he stretched his fingers out and took note of how broad his hands were and how far the longer fingers could extend, he quickly began to piece together that elements of John's football-handling hands were making their presence known.

As John himself also stared at the brand new hands, this concept also began to quickly dawn on him as he noted how the small calluses from his intense football workouts in the university gym were now clearly visible. "Bro, care to explain why the fuck your hands now look like mine," John angrily demanded, looking down at the shorter nerd as his face displayed a curious mix of hardened anger and tear-stained cheeks. "Are you one of those weird fucking goth nerds or something? Did you place a goddamn curse on me when you came in here?" he continued, his eyes growing wilder with rage.

Hearing such an asinine concept come out of the jock's mouth though, Robbie couldn't resist bursting out in hysterical laughter. "No John, I didn't put a curse on you," he chuckled, which only further unnerved the shell-shocked jock. "I don't know what's causing this to happen to us, I'm telling the truth man," Robbie continued, looking the jock in the eyes and refusing to blink in an attempt to prove his truthfulness. As John seemingly accepted this as fact though, the nerd opted to take a deep breath before deciding to tell him what he believed was happening to them. "The only thing I do know," he began, "is that I'm pretty sure our bodies are merging together."

As if their bodies had been waiting for their cue, an invisible force suddenly emerged at the elbows and heels of each man and pushed them closer together. Looking down to see what was happening, both men were able to witness the sight of John's forearms burrowing further into Robbie's as the nerd's shoed feet pushed forward until they had pushed against and then into John's bare feet.

Upon having this peculiar physical contact continue further, both men let out exasperated gasps that were a mix of horror and pure pleasure. Despite the lingering sensation of pleasure that John felt, he refused to even acknowledge as he instead focused on the strange faint pain that he felt through their continued merge. On the other hand though, Robbie was fully giving into the pleasure aspect of the merge. This was especially made evident by how the man bit his lip and moaned in pure pleasure as if he was being sexually penetrated.

By the time both of them finally opened their eyes and pushed away the sensations that were coursing through their bodies, John and Robbie were now sharing a single forearm, a pair of hands, two calves, and a pair of enlarged feet. As they moved from their arms down, each man took note of the fact that traces of both of their bodies had shown up in the new shared attribute. For their forearms, Robbie's pasty skin and thicker size had been chosen for their shared pigmentation and shape while John's thick and light brown body hair had quickly pushed forth from the skin and made the area look much more masculine.

Observing further down, both men were able to see that John's muscular calf muscles were the biggest influencing factor for their shared lower legs. Robbie's thick and undefined calves had quickly firmed up with John's athletic muscle, with this muscularity naturally causing their shared calf size to lose a few inches in terms of its circumference. As for their feet though, John's size 12 feet had won out over Robbie's size 9, which caused their new feet to grow large enough to the point where they had burst out of their shoes and left their toes openly wiggling without protection. Luckily though, Robbie's shoes were quickly reshaped to remedy this, growing to a larger size and turning the ratty old pair of tennis shoes into a brand new designer pair of Nike athletic shoes.

As the changes paused for the moment, each man took the initiative to curiously observe their new shared body parts. Given his own interest on how his body was changing, Robbie chose to admire their forearms and used their wider hands to feel up the highly populated arm hair and feel the firm and thick muscle that seemingly resided underneath their limbs now. As for John, his own focus on all things athletic, the man couldn't resist checking out his brand new feet and the top of the line shoes that were now wrapped around them.

"Holy shit dude, do you know what these are," John asked with a happy face, looking down to Robbie and finding the jock a simple shrug. "These are top tier kicks dude, I've been wanting them forever now but they were always too expensive," he continued, taking the opportunity to operate their feet and admire how the shoes looked from all angles.

"Out of all of the things going on right now, you're really going to focus on the shoes," Robbie asked, a clear hint of irritation in his voice.

"I mean, do you think I'm happy about any of this?" John angrily responded, shifting back to his intimidating angry face. "Believe me, combining with an overweight nerd is

literally my worst nightmare. Let me just try to like, find comfort in one thing at least. Like what the fuck dude!”

Trying his best to try and avoid any further drama, Robbie opted to say nothing and let the jock continue enjoying his new pair of shoes. But after a few more minutes, that invisible force once again returned to enforce more merging between the two men. Instead of their heels and elbows though, the force this time centralized around each man’s ass and thighs. All at once, each man was forced to thrust closer into each other, finally initiating more merging that would leave them looking like a permanent resident at a roadside freakshow attraction.

As their crotches and thighs began to rub up against and then into each other, both men had understandably varied responses. “Are you fucking kidding me,” John groaned in pure terror, turning his head away as he felt each man begin to merge once more. “This shit is so fucking gay,” he continued, which was proven to be quite accurate based on Robbie’s response.

Throughout the entire experience with merging thus far, the nerd had been rocking a full-on pre-cumming boner due to all of the pleasure he gleefully accepted. So as he felt the head of his cock press against John’s own dick and begin to burrow deep within it, the man was unafraid of concealing his moans and grunts due to just how hot it all was. “Oh fuck, that feels so good,” he groaned, throwing his head back in pure ecstasy. While he did this, his excitement caused his breathing to become more labored with each exhale he took.

Before too long, the changes had finished and both men finally returned their sights to assess the damage. Given the fact that John had just been in underwear during the merge, Robbie’s shorts remained intact while also shifting in quality to go from scratchy cotton to a soft silky texture. Underneath the shorts though, John’s own black designer underwear consumed Robbie’s well-worn pair of superstore boxer briefs and also grew two more sizes to accommodate for the new bulkier attributes they now shared.

Eager to explore these attributes, each man soon found themselves taking control of one of their hands and exploring everything from their crotch to their thighs. Of course given John’s own homophobia, he opted to focus on the less “faggier” of choices by feeling up the hairy and thick muscular thighs he now possessed. This then left Robbie in charge of examining his new crotch and ass, something that he was more than willing to do. Moving his hand back, he gripped onto their thick ass cheeks that were proudly jutting out and straining the fabric of the shorts. Curious, he gave each firm cheek a nice

squeeze, chuckling to himself as he caused John to gasp in shock due to the shared sensations.

As for John, he couldn't deny that he enjoyed the sensation of feeling up what had become of his thighs. Despite his smaller yet solidly swole physique, the jock had always longed to be a bit more buff than he was. So as he felt up the thighs and realized that he no longer would have to deal with a thigh gap or not have strong thick legs that could run for miles, a small smile began to emerge on his face. But as he yelped in response to his ass cheeks being squeezed, that smile quickly faltered as he remembered the fact that he was going to be stuck sharing this body with some fag that John had caught creeping on him.

All of the sudden, both men suddenly began to gasp a little as they could feel a burning sense of pleasure begin to rock their shared bodies. Looking down, they both found themselves staring at an extremely thick and long tent pressing out against their already too-tight shorts. Understandably both men felt a bit of discomfort as a result, so Robbie decided to act fast by reaching his hand down and reaching beneath the waistband of their shorts and underwear to adjust the throbbing manhood. As such, both men were suddenly groaning in pleasure as Robbie's fingers grazed along a girthy 8.5" cock that would surely satisfy anyone that the shared man decided to use it with.

"Fuck dude," John breathily said, "stop messing with our cock!"

Deciding to tease the man a bit though, Robbie refused to stop and instead wrapped his entire hand around the thick shaft and began to slide his thick hand up and down the long length. "Doesn't this feel good though John?" he coyly said, only being interrupted by the other hand operated by John that slapped Robbie's hand.

"Knock that shit off dude, I'm not gay!" he angrily exclaimed, "Even though this is our shared cock now, I don't want you fucking around with it!"

"That's not fair," Robbie angrily exclaimed, once again moving his hand back towards their manhood and beginning to toy with it. But before John could protest the action, the return of that invisible force returned and made its presence known by pushing the backs of each man closer together along with their upper arms. As that slurping sound once again filled the room, each man grew closer together as John's firm pecs and tight six-pack pushed into Robbie's hefty man boobs and prominent gut. Watching his torso slip further into the flabby expanse of Robbie, John likened the sight to sinking into a giant vat of deadly quicksand. As for Robbie, he was incredibly turned on by the

increased intimacy between them. In many ways, he felt as if he was giving the jock a much needed hug as he slowly consumed the man's muscular build.

Throughout this experience, the first contact between them occurred as their clothing began to suddenly mesh and merge together in a fairly unbelievable fashion. As Robbie wore a simple black graphic t-shirt, John was wearing a red compression shirt that clung to his body and boldly displayed the number 40, his player number for when he was on the football field. As these vastly different and clashing fabrics began to interact with each other, elements of both men's shirts found their way to be displayed in the new top. The bold white lettering of John's jersey number shifted onto Robbie's t-shirt while also ridding away of the geeky graphic that was promoting "Pi Day" on campus. Despite the compression fabric's best attempt to take prominence over the simple cotton t-shirt, Robbie's shirt was a fierce competitor and thus the two fabrics were forced to become a lovely mix of cotton and synthetic material. Although Robbie would have no idea about this fabric mix, it was something that instantly clicked in John's mind - it was what official football jerseys were made with.

With this clothing change finalized, the rest of the body merge finally finished up as their torsos became one and their arms also fully merged with each other. Due to the fact that everything beside their heads had merged, this had caused Robbie's head to move aside partially to allow room for John's head to take its place on their shared neck as well. Unfortunately for John though, the direction in which they merged had caused his head to be facing the opposite direction to Robbie, only giving him the depressing view of a white brick wall.

As each genetic element of their bodies continued to vie for dominance, the end results quickly began to show up in every inch of their new body. Although John's sculpted abs were a worthy contender, they weren't able to completely show up in the final product. As a result, their merged stomach was now fairly firm but kept Robbie's slight love handles and general softness. But when it came to his pecs though, John received one sizable win as each round, doughy, and droopy man boob quickly lost a vast majority of that flab. Instead, firmness quickly filled in for that loss and gifted this new man a thick set of pectorals that would surely be prominent in any shirt he wore from now on. With their arms, both men found themselves victorious as they now possessed a thick pair of upper arms that was a healthy mix of flab and firm muscle. Although John couldn't necessarily see the changes, he could absolutely feel the end result and honestly enjoyed just how tight the sleeves of the jersey clung to his new sizable arms.

Although previous instances allowed for the two men to take a minute to inspect the changes for themselves, it seemed as though the invisible force was getting restless

and thus wanted to get their merge over with. Before either of them could even attempt to speak to each other, that force once again made its presence known as it gripped onto each side of their skulls and began to push them closer together. Knowing that this would be the last time that either of them would ever be themselves, both men turned their heads towards each other and tried to say their final goodbyes.

“I don’t know what’s happening to us dude, but I’m totally terrified,” John began, instantly starting to let the tears run again as he stared at the chubby nerd’s face up close.

“I don’t know either John,” Robbie sympathetically replied, trying to take a moment to think of something to say to potentially make the man not so depressed about his impending change. “Hey, at least you’re going to remain a football player at least,” he said, looking down and seeing the bright white numbers that he had inherited from the jock’s shirt. “Well, it looks like we’re *both* going to be a football player,” he added with an uncharacteristic cocky smirk.

“That’s not what I’m terrified about bro,” John retorted, his eyes widening as he found himself only an inch away from the nerd’s face. “I just don’t want to be queer,” he cried out, the tears now falling like waterworks as he closed his eyes and tried his best to think about the good times of his life.

With John now having his eyes closed, Robbie was able to finally drop the terrified act and savor this moment. For years, he had been tired of being this bullied and overweight nerd, so the potential of becoming someone better and buffer sounded like a dream come true. Plus, as he found his nose starting to press into John’s cheek, an

overwhelming sense of ease overtook Robbie’s mind as he too decided to close his eyes. At long last, he had finally found a way to be with John forever...



Given their shared lack of sight at this given time, both men were able to avoid the rather horrific image of their faces pressing into each other and every aspect of their faces filling up the space of one unified head. Luckily though, the horrifying sight was quick to be remedied as elements of each man were cherry-picked to form this new visage for the burly football player. Due to this body’s general thicker build, Robbie’s thicker neck was chosen and finalized over John’s. But due to the fact that this new man was going to be a hunky football player, John’s more stunning attributes

were easily chosen over Robbie's more average features. As such, John's angular nose and gorgeous smile was picked over Robbie. While it seemed as though Robbie was getting the short end of the stick, elements of his body soon found a home near the top half of the skull - such as Robbie's dark blonde hair and wider eyes.

For the most part, this new man's transformation was done, but this mystical force decided that it still had two more things to do. Firstly, the two men had averaged to a solid height of 5'10", but that wasn't good enough to become a stunning football player. As such, the man's legs and torso shared the growth of four more inches until he now stood at an impressive 6'2". Along with that, the two college students' shared age of 19 wasn't quite a good fit with the concept of becoming a burly and impressive football player. This force was quick to remedy that though, adding a few more years to the man until he was now 27 years old.

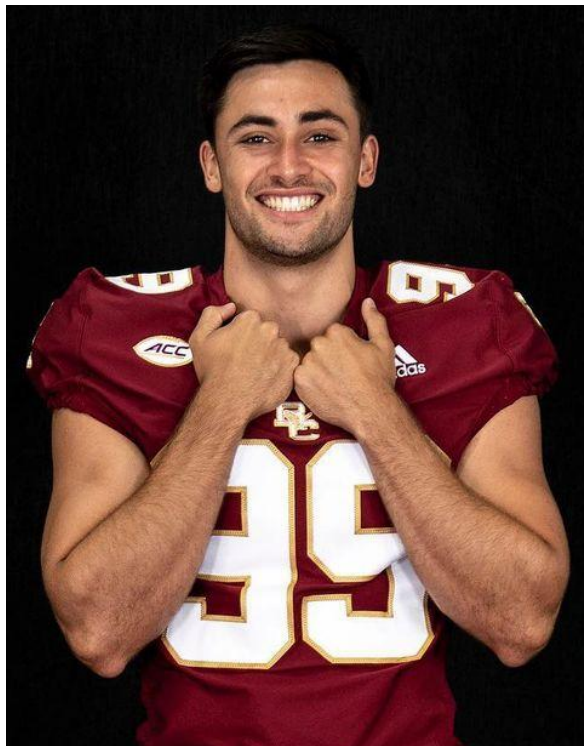
With this new male figure now finalized, the focus of the merged individuals' changes was now the burly jock's mind. Although John and Robbie were two distinct individuals who had vastly different personalities, the magic of their merge had caused certain aspects of each of their identities to be cherry-picked and included for this new individual. Given just how sizable John's ego was, it easily outweighed Robbie's own insecurities and anxieties to take dominance in their shared mind. As a side effect of losing every morsel of insecurity and anxiety though, this ego now was even more inflated as a result. From now on, this new individual was entirely content with themselves, so much so that they viewed themselves as a prime specimen and the poster child for complete masculinity.

Given the fact that John's personality viewed masculinity as both inner confidence and athletic skill, this inflated ego became a packaged deal with John's own prowess on the football field. So instead of retaining Robbie's extensive knowledge of scientific concepts and mathematical formulas, this merged man's knowledge almost exclusively relied on memorizing football plays and drills, dieting information, and exercise plans.

But while John's personality had already made a huge impact on this new man's identity, Robbie's mind also fought for some prominence and ultimately won out in several regards. Firstly, the man's undying love for Dungeons and Dragons seemed to be inescapable for this new man. Moving forward, this hunk would be a diehard DnD fan, playing the game constantly whenever he wasn't in the gym or on the field. Given this dominant concept, Robbie's own interest in science fiction and fantasy related content also filled up a large portion of the man's brain to turn him into a qualified expert that understood every possible magical creature that he could encounter during gameplay. On top of this, the nerd's innate ability to strategize helped elevate this new

man from being a total himbo. Although he most certainly wouldn't be the smartest man around, his ability to strategize and think two or three steps ahead was pivotal to helping him succeed just as easily on the field as he did during his DnD games.

As a few more smaller details quickly were picked to take prominence in the man's new personality, it wasn't more than a minute later that the brand new hunk had finally started to stir awake and sit up. Upon making his way back onto his feet, a sudden wave of dizziness caused the man to press his back against the white brick wall of the locker room and lean down and rest his arms on his knees. Although his mind was feeling incredibly hazy, there was a lingering thought in his head that he had never felt better. As such, he couldn't resist smiling slightly as he felt strangely at ease despite the lingering migraine.



But as soon as he had started to feel the migraine fading away, the man audibly gasped and gripped his head as a loud and deep scream suddenly filled the empty locker room. Turning to look towards the source of the sound, the man found himself staring at a wide-smiling college student that was eagerly gripping the collar of his jersey and trying his best to remain calm.

“Holy shit, you’re Jo-” the young player began, his voice going at a rapid pace before the buff older man suddenly stood back up and raised his hand to make the eager man stop speaking. Obliging with such a request, the #99 player’s body was shaking in excitement as the buff man began to walk towards him.

“Hi yes, I’m Johnny Stanton. It’s nice to meet you,” the merged man said with a smile, walking up and extending a hand out towards the player. Given the fact that the two men had merged, this shared body opted to take elements of both of their first and last names to create the ideal new identity. As the player eagerly grabbed the hand, the man now known as Johnny tightly gripped the hand and vigorously shook it a few times.

“It’s like, totally incredible to meet you dude. My name is Danny,” the young player said giddy. “I knew that coach had been bragging about getting a special top secret speaker to hype up the team before the championship game tomorrow, but I had no idea he’d be getting an ACTUAL NFL player to talk with us!”

At this point, Johnny’s mind instantly recalled everything that had led to his arrival at this college campus locker room. Given his status as a top tier player on the Cleveland Browns, there were always invitations from various colleges to come speak with up and coming football players to give them some words of encouragement and wisdom. At first, he struggled to remember why he had chosen to accept this university’s invitation to visit in particular. But as he took a look at the logo on the college player’s jersey, he quickly began to recall the fact that there was a DnD competition in town that was lasting the entire weekend that he had no desire of missing. So with the opportunity to get an all-expense paid trip to this college by the NFL along with some good publicity, the Browns player knew there was no way that he would pass up the opportunity.

Although he loved nothing more than recollecting his sly and strategic plan (which he mentally patted himself on the back for orchestrating), the enthusiastic young player’s sudden focus on praising the player’s most recent performance instantly caused Johnny to focus back up on what he was saying.

“Dude, that game that you had last week with the New York Jets was fucking insane! You were such a badass in that game, I can’t believe that you scored two back-to-back touchdowns!” Danny exclaimed, which caused Johnny to smirk at the praise. This moment of hero worship was a dream come true for the hunky 27 year old, so he said nothing and just allowed the man to continue with his praise. “Like the way you outmaneuvered that defensive line and dove in to score that last touchdown? That was a moment for the history books bro! I hope one day I could be as good at football as you,” he continued, looking up at the 6’2” jock with wide eyes of admiration.

“Aw well thank you for saying that Danny. It’s people like you that make me love this sport so much,” Johnny eagerly said, chuckling to himself as he finished his statement. While he was sure that Danny was just assuming that he meant the player’s devoted interest in the sport, the reality of Johnny’s words were much more egotistical. Johnny’s

ego had him believing that he was one of the best players to ever play in the league, so to hear that similar praise puppeted back to him by someone else only inflated his ego further. In fact, this near-constant stroking of Johnny's ego had caused him to grow quite narcissistic over the years to the point where the man constantly got off to his gorgeous physique and the knowledge of just how incredible he was at football.

As such, the sudden emergence of his thick boner wasn't surprising in the slightest for Johnny as he looked around for a place to quickly go take care of himself. But not seeing anywhere, the man tried his best to get his devoted fan to assist him. "Hey Danny, I actually have to go make a call with my coach real quick. Is there a place I could possibly go to get some privacy?" he inquired, flashing a pearly white smile towards the college student.

"Oh uh sure, you could just go into Coach's office real quick?" he proposed, pointing a finger down towards the office at the end of the hall. "He's not around right now and he tends to leave his stuff unlocked, so that's really the best bet for some privacy."

Taking a moment to gaze down the hall at the small rectangular office and its windows that had the blinds already pulled down, the muscular man was relieved to find the perfect place to get off to. As such, Johnny enthusiastically thanked Danny for his help, telling him that he'd be back eventually and giving a slight wink towards the player while dropping the potential to take some selfies and give him an autograph for his help.

As he quickly walked down to the office, Johnny breathed a sigh of relief as he grasped and turned the doorknob and watched as the door opened up for him. Turning back behind him, Johnny flashed a slight smile to the still-observing Danny before quickly shutting the door and turning the lock. Moving throughout the office in a haste, Johnny quickly pulled off his jersey and removed his remaining clothes until he was completely nude. Making his way around the coach's desk, Johnny took a moment to pause though as he caught sight of a framed photograph. Giving it an observation, he stared at the burly and incredibly hunky coach and his gorgeous and busty trophy wife to the point where his dick was throbbing and practically begging for release.

Although John and Robbie had two drastically different sexualities, Johnny was able to find the perfect balance between both with a newfound identity as a bisexual man. Despite the fact that he embraced who he was and had no qualms about being into men, Johnny opted to keep that part of himself away from the public eye due to his desire to keep his image intact. As a way to try and compromise though, he vehemently praised and promoted LGBT related organizations and causes, finding that he could make more impact as a "straight" ally rather than an outspoken bisexual man.

Despite the strategic choice to conceal his bisexuality from the world, it was on full display as Johnny finally found himself standing in front of a mirror that displayed his nude body back at him. Immediately upon staring at his gorgeous face and allowing one hand to explore his beefy body that was a healthy mix of muscle and flab, Johnny couldn't resist using the other hand to grip onto his sizable 8.5" cock and start rapidly stroking it.

He had teased himself long enough, after this much time he knew that he needed to cum and he deserved to admire his body the entire time while doing it! So just as he played with his nipples and gripped his pecs with one hand, his other hand finally achieved the desired end result as he rapidly shot his thick load. Bucking his hips, Johnny grunted and moaned in pure lust as he coated the full-length mirror and his right hand with his semen.



Taking a moment to catch his breath, Johnny's narcissism and inflated ego left him clamoring to enjoy the end result of his manly outburst. As a result, the man couldn't resist pulling his right hand away from his cock and up to his mouth so he could savor the taste of his thick and potent load. Opening his mouth and allowing his tongue to lick up some of the remnants, Johnny quietly moaned in delight as the salty flavor filled his palette and left him feeling even more accomplished with himself.

As the sudden chime of a wall clock notified him to the fact that it was nearly 6 PM though, Johnny's attention was soon captured by the intrusive thought about the impending DnD competition. Given his slight detour in the coach's office, he only had an hour or so left to return to his hotel room and change into a more reasonable outfit for the competition. Sure he wanted to have some level of comfort while playing, but there was also an inherent desire to show off his bulky build to all of these fellow DnD players with t-shirts that struggled to contain his sizable chest and biceps along with shorts that strained under the sheer size of his thick ass and beefy thighs. So desperate to get back to his hotel room and move onto more important things, Johnny felt no remorse as he slipped out of the back door in the locker room to avoid any further interactions with the die-hard Danny. Although he would have loved to talk about football all day and get

more acclaim from the adorable little player, Johnny was unwilling to compromise on missing out on such an important thing to him. Football and DnD were his two favorite things, and to his relief, he was able to have the best of both worlds as a result!

