

Bryce's Birthday Suit

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Bryce knew that there was something different about him even before he opened his eyes. He had anticipated waking up with a hangover, given that he'd spent his final night as a thirty-five year old in downtown Boston drinking with his friends. Why not see out what had been an otherwise uneventful year with a spectacular night of partying? The sensations he was experiencing as he began to stir the next morning were not the usual symptoms of a hangover though. Instead of the pounding head and the dry mouth, Bryce felt uncharacteristically heavy and, even more bizarrely, changed from his usual proportions. As he pried open his eyes and stared at an unfamiliar ceiling, the birthday boy began to piece the story together. For one, the ceiling confirmed that he wasn't in his hotel room and considering he was alone in the bed and also didn't feel any telling pains in his ass, Bryce was also fairly certain of the fact that he hadn't gone home from the bars with anyone. So how had he ended up wherever he actually was?

Pushing himself up to a seated position prompted the bedsheets to drop down to his waist and in doing so exposed a chest that the thirty-six year old was immediately able to identify as not being his own. He was staring down at a pair of pecs that were lightly decorated with a field of short brown hairs and below his pecs was a toned stomach without any sign of the extra padding that Bryce had put on during his early thirties. This beautiful torso was accompanied by a pair of muscular arms and a glance under the sheets revealed not just his robust thighs but also a thick seven inch manhood - whoever's body he had woken up in apparently slept naked!

The thought of occupying another man's flesh was actually something that had both fascinated and aroused Bryce for many years but it was something he never thought would proceed any further than his fantasies. He was more than happy to be proven wrong though and after untangling himself from the bedsheets and practically sprinting into the en-suite bathroom located a short distance away, Bryce finally came face to face with his new reflection. It was one that he recognized immediately and caused him to gasp. That was the gorgeous face of Julian Edelman, the retired New



England Patriot wide receiver! Julian was somebody that Bryce had lusted over for a long time; he was one of the few NFL players that Bryce actually owned the jersey of. More than once he had found himself daydreaming of a scenario where he would put the garment on and then transform into the football player, never imagining that such a thing could really happen. A delighted laugh forced its way out of his mouth as he continued to admire his new reflection, particularly as he tensed the muscles in his arms and watched the biceps and triceps flex.

After a morning of exploring his new body during which time he had climaxed on three separate occasions, Bryce turned his attention to the retired NFL player's cell phone and was pleased to see that the man had previously laid out all of his daily plans in the phone's calendar. The only event planned for later that day was a taping for that week's "Inside the NFL", a panel show that Julian had been appearing on since the end of his playing days. Bryce was a regular viewer of the show and not just because he enjoyed seeing Julian and his co-hosts dressed up in sharp suits. He appreciated football for more than just the hot players (although that definitely didn't hurt), he'd had a lifelong appreciation for the sport despite never actually playing it himself. Back in his freshman year of high school he'd tried out for the team but his lack of coordination, speed and strength had forced him to come to terms with the fact that he'd only ever be an onlooker. Now though it seemed he could continue watching from the sidelines while still having a delightfully hunky body!



A few short hours later Bryce was backstage in a private dressing room getting ready for his big debut. Of course nobody else would actually know there was anything different but for Bryce it was an absolutely momentous occasion. As a news broadcast producer, he had plenty of experience in the television industry but he'd never had the opportunity to be in front of the camera before. Considering he now saw Julian Edelman's reflection in the mirror and had his rough gravelly voice voicing his words, the man was confident that he'd come across as a star. Even if he made the most dumbass prediction possible for that weekend's games the fans would still love him for being hot and his (well, more like *Julian's*) career achievements!

Just as he was checking himself out in the mirror for what had to be the tenth time that

day, a knocking at the dressing room door captured Bryce's attention. Upon opening it, he discovered a meek-looking intern holding up a large black box. "Your custom suit for tonight's show has arrived, sir!" the intern exclaimed while doing his best to hide his admiration for the five-foot-eight muscle-bound man in front of him.

After flashing the intern a flirtatious smirk and offering a brief comment of thanks, Bryce took the box from him and retreated back into the private dressing room. The first thing he noticed about the delivery as he took the time to inspect it properly was the silver lettering on the lid with a brand name that Bryce wasn't familiar with: *CVNH*. Quickly brushing aside the importance of this, the man removed the lid and whistled in appreciation at the garment that was held within. The suit jacket was made of a plush brown velvet and a matching pair of pants was folded up underneath. Despite there being no price tag anywhere on the box, Bryce was pretty certain that the two-piece suit probably cost more than he'd usually make within a whole year at his regular job.

As he stepped into the pants, zipped up the fly and buttoned up the waistband, Bryce took note of just how comfortable they were. Not only that but they were tailormade in a style that complimented the muscular quads hidden underneath and while not being offensively tight around the crotch, still highlighted that he was working with some decently sized equipment. Unsurprisingly the suit jacket was much the same, settling perfectly on his shoulders and squeezing the muscles of his upper arms in a pleasant fashion. Stepping back in front of the mirror, the man whistled in appreciation at his reflection. The cameras were absolutely going to love him!

Before he could relish too much in his appearance though, an incredibly strange sensation swept over Bryce, as if there were chains wrapped around his body that were pulling him in opposite directions. Intense pain seared through his body and mind for a moment, so much so that he even thought that he might be dying, until it subsided as suddenly as it had started. Bizarrely though Bryce hadn't sprung back to the new normal he'd spent the whole day up to that point adjusting to, nor had he made a dramatic return to his former self. He was still looking at Julian Edelman's reflection in the mirror, only his perspective was slightly off. Even more troublingly, Bryce discovered that he was incapable of moving! No matter how hard he tried to command his body to raise his arms or lift his feet, he continued to remain completely frozen.



That was, at least, until the reflection opened its mouth and began to speak: “Oh damn, that was a pretty trippy experience.” The voice was incredibly loud and seemed to surround Bryce, reverberating unnaturally through his body. “To tell the truth, I actually kinda liked being in the passenger seat of my own body, especially with the kinky shit you got up to this morning!” As this continued, Bryce slowly came to a realization: it wasn’t just the image in the mirror talking but rather the real Julian Edelman who had seemingly regained control of his body! Whatever had happened hadn’t pushed Bryce into the metaphorical passenger seat that Julian had mentioned though - no, he had been deposited elsewhere...

“You make for a damn good fit,” Julian remarked, lifting his hands and running them down the front of the suit jacket. As he did so, every fiber of Bryce’s being sang in all-consuming arousal and the final puzzle piece was revealed: his consciousness had been split in two and pushed into each of the *CVNH* suit items that Julian now wore! With this in mind, Bryce was now thoroughly aware of the muscles that were not only pressed against his new fabric body but also actively tensing and flexing against him. Each little movement of Julian’s body felt like absolute bliss but perhaps none more so than when Julian moved a hand down to his crotch and gripped the bulge through the velvet pants. The act caused Bryce to experience an orgasmic sensation that was twice as strong as anything he’d experienced in his regular form. It felt like it would never end, nor did he want it to!

By the time Julian walked onto the set of the show (receiving multiple compliments about his new suit as he did so) and took his place at the panel desk, only three people in existence knew the truth of what had happened in that locker room: the man himself, the man who was now locked in the suit for the foreseeable future and the man who had designed said suit and filled it with his magic. Luckily for Bryce, he would be worn by Julian at regular points over the next year, allowing him to experience that incomparable pleasure over and over again. It would only end on the eventual day of Bryce’s thirty-seventh birthday, at which point he would discover that the CEO of *CVNH* had another surprise in store for him...

