

Jonesing About

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Tyler Segun, the talented and undeniably sexy centre for the NHL's Dallas Stars, was expecting his day to be just like any other that week. There was certainly no indicator that his life was about to undergo a monumental shift as he rose from his slumber that morning. Even if there had been signs though, could he have ever guessed that he would be settling down that night not just in a different bed but in another man's body?

The Dallas Stars were in the process of preparing for a deep run in the playoffs and that meant spending just shy of ten hours every day out on the rink to work on their skills, then straight home for food and sleep. Rinse and repeat all week long. If it wasn't for Tyler's devotion to the sport and desperation to get the Dallas Stars back to the Stanley Cup final, he absolutely would have gone insane from the stress of the situation. Every member of the team was expected to live and breathe hockey in their every waking moment; the coaches were incredibly tough on them, even those like Tyler who were veterans of the team and had proven themselves time and time again.

Everything was going as expected in the moments before Tyler's life changed. He was caked in sweat underneath his heavy hockey pads and a good number of his muscles were throbbing in protest at how hard they were being forced to work, but the coaches seemed impressed with his performance out on the ice. The hockey player was more than willing to put everything on the line to be the best athlete he could be. At thirty years old, he wasn't sure how long his body would hold up and therefore how much of his professional career was left ahead of him. As such, while he had always treated every season as if it could be his last, this time it felt like much more of a real possibility.

It was perhaps due to the intensity of his desire to be as dominant on the ice as he could be that led to Tyler making a silly mistake. They were running practice drills and yet he was taking things much more seriously than he needed to, moving across the ice at an impressively high speed. He wasn't the only one trying to prove themselves though and this ultimately worked against Tyler, as he was so focused on getting the



puck that he failed to notice the presence rapidly approaching his side. His teammate struck him with the force of a battering ram and absolutely everybody in the stands winced at the violent display. Tyler was robbed of his breath and launched into the air for a brief moment, before he came crashing back down onto the ice with his skull reverberating in his helmet as a result of the hard collision. Despite all of the bright lights shining down on him and the chorus of noise throughout the practice arena, Tyler simply couldn't keep himself awake and quickly slipped into unconsciousness...

When the studly ice hockey player finally rose from his unplanned slumber, he was immediately greeted by an unexpected sight. Standing tall above him was an unfamiliar man wearing navy shorts, a white jersey with the number fifty on it and a football helmet upon his head. "You okay, QB?" the man asked, his voice dripping with concern. "That was a nasty hit, dude. Nothing feels broken, does it?" The longer Tyler stared up at this stranger, the more things he picked up on that only added to the oddity of the situation. He was no longer inside of the Stars' hockey arena and the temperature was considerably warmer wherever he had woken up. Tyler also recognised the team logo that was emblazoned upon the man's shorts and jersey: whoever this was, they were a member of the New England Patriots roster. *How the hell did I end up here?*

The longer that Tyler went without offering up a reply to the stranger, the more people that started to gather around him. Unsurprisingly, the vast majority of them seemed to be wearing the

Patriots practice gear, although some of them were team coaches. Tyler instantly recognised Bill Belichick, although he wasn't used to the concern that was drawn onto the man's usually stony face. "Let's get you up and checked out," the coach declared, "Zappe can take over for a few drills. Strange, help him up."

"I don't quite know-- there must be some mistake," Tyler groaned, wincing as he was lifted up to his feet by the young player who had been the first at his side. Once he was upright though, Tyler finally had the opportunity to look down at himself and what he saw made him feel weak at the knees. His Dallas Stars uniform and the heavy padding that was required of every hockey player was completely gone, replaced by a red jersey with the number ten emblazoned upon it. *Patriots number ten...* Tyler couldn't see much



of the body underneath it but he could already tell that the proportions were all wrong and he wasn't quite as lean as he was supposed to be. That wasn't all. What was it that the other man had called him again? QB. "Am I... Mac Jones?" he asked the taller and thicker man in a weak voice.



The uncertainty of his question clearly caused further alarm for the man Belichick had identified as 'Strange'. Tyler searched his brain and vaguely recalled that the Patriots had drafted a player with the name of Cole Strange in the first round of that year's NFL Draft, something that the media had oh so cleverly dubbed a '*Strange choice*'. Cole had removed his helmet and held it in one hand while he used the other to support Tyler's weight, allowing the hockey player to see his new teammate's face. He was a handsome guy with the start of a bushy beard and thick curly hair. In some ways, he reminded Tyler of his best friend and the captain of the Dallas Stars, Jamie Benn, who he had secretly been crushing on for the duration of his time with the team. "Fuck, you must be concussed or something," Cole muttered with a

grimace. "I feel bad, man. I should have been better at blocking for you and you never would have taken that hit. Shit, I really hope it's not actually that bad."

"I'm not concussed," Tyler insisted, fairly sure that he was telling the truth. "There's just something very, very weird going on." That definitely wasn't his own voice emerging from his mouth: it was less expressive and more monotone than his was. Tyler had never actually heard Mac Jones speak but he felt pretty confident that his earlier guess was right. He was currently occupying the body of the young quarterback, or at least that was what appeared to be happening. *Maybe I'm in a coma and this is all just some wild dream that my brain made up to help me cope with the trauma.* Somehow Tyler doubted that was the case. He simply couldn't imagine how his brain would be able to magic up a scenario that felt so real. He could even feel the wind against his cheeks as it passed through the bars of the helmet upon his head; would his brain really go so far as to include such a tiny detail as that?

Cole helped Tyler all the way into the locker room and carefully lowered the man down onto a bench. "Wait here while I go and get one of the medics to come and check you out," the bearish man declared. Tyler couldn't help but find the younger man's clear concern for him (well, for Mac) actually rather cute. Back in his own body and life, it was something of a poorly kept secret that Tyler was actually bisexual. The only person who

didn't seem to know was the aforementioned crush, Jamie Benn, and Tyler had never been able to summon up the courage to confess his interest in the other man. Considering his belief that a relationship with his teammate would never actually happen, Tyler decided to take the easy route and never publicly address his sexuality. The world could paint him as a girl-hungry playboy if they wanted (and the media had definitely tried at times) but the truth was that Tyler's sexual interests actually leaned more towards guys with thicker and hairier bodies. Guys like Jamie and, yes, his new friend Cole Strage.

Once he was left alone in the locker room, Tyler reached up to undo the straps of his helmet and lifted it off of his head. Football helmets were remarkably different from the ones he was used to in his own sport, but they felt just as restrictive while being worn. Now that he had been freed of it, Tyler was quick to rise to his feet and begin hunting for a reflective surface as he was strangely eager to see another man's face looking back at him. However things ended up, this was a once in a lifetime experience and Tyler was open-minded enough to try and enjoy himself while it lasted.



Considering how engrossed he had been in his own sport, Tyler hadn't really had much time to keep up with the Patriots, especially after his friend Julian Edelman had retired before the previous season. As such, the team's new quarterback was something of an enigma to the hockey player. When he finally managed to find a floor-to-ceiling mirror on the back of one of the columns holding up the ceiling, Tyler paused for several long moments to take in his new appearance. He didn't think it was too unfair to remark that Mac's face was considerably more *average* than his own, although it wasn't necessarily displeasing. There was actually something of a "boy next door" charm to his plain and unassuming looks. His ears were a little too big for the rest of his features and there was something awkward

about the look of his smile, but Tyler felt like it was fair to summarize the other man as being 'cute'. He had a strong brow and a prominent chin although neither dominated his face so much as to make him look intimidating. Hell, Tyler was pretty sure that his real body would be more intimidating out on a football field than the one he was currently occupying, although he supposed that it wasn't really the job of a quarterback to frighten the opposing team.

Grabbing at the bottom of the red practice jersey he was wearing, Tyler curiously pulled it up towards his shoulder and hummed in interest at what he saw. He was no longer in possession of a defined set of abdominals, as Mac's torso was much softer in

composition. He was even a little pudgy around the waistline! While there was definitely a part of Tyler that missed his glorious six-pack, there was also another side of him that was excited by the thought of occupying a body without such definition. He'd be able to eat as much of the greasy junk food that he loved so much but usually had to ration for fear that it would ruin his camera-ready body. He was already beginning to imagine how nice it would be to wolf down an extra large pizza all to himself without having to worry about counting calories for a change! There was still some size to his pecs, although they weren't nearly as firm as Tyler's own and instead felt much doughier as he experimentally grabbed at one of them.

"This is so damn bizarre," Tyler whispered to himself as he lowered the jersey back down and instead turned his attention to his lower half. It seemed that his inspection of his new face and torso had actually awoken an unexpected arousal within him, as the front of his shorts had actually started to tent out. Lifting up the waistband of both his shorts and the boxers beneath, Tyler checked out what Mac's manhood had to offer and he wasn't exactly disappointed. Despite offering up average-at-best looks in the face and body departments, the quarterback was sporting an above-average length at seven and a half inches accompanied by golf balls packed full of virile seed. The former ice hockey player was absolutely delighted by this new discovery and quickly wrapped a lightly callused hand around his stiffening cock. After just a few experimental strokes, he was already nearing full hardness and pre-cum had started to dribble out onto his fingers. Ever the horny animal, Tyler hastily brought those fingers up to his lips so he could enjoy his first taste of this new body. *Damn, Mac! You've got it good.*

Now that he'd gotten started with pleasuring himself, Tyler couldn't bring himself to stop. Anybody that walked in would have been greeted by the startling sight of Mac Jones seemingly jerking himself off to his own reflection and sure enough that was what Cole Strange discovered when he returned to the locker room. "I wasn't able to find-- *oh my gosh*, what are you doing?!" the man exclaimed, his face twisted into an expression of shock - but notably not disgust. In fact, Tyler was pretty sure he detected a certain curiosity hidden below the surface...

A dirty thought entered the body-swapped man's mind as the two stood in frozen silence for a few seconds. "Remember how you said you felt bad about not protecting me from that hit?" Tyler asked finally, adopting his old trademark smirk, only on Mac's face. It was a strange fit at first, especially given how virginal the Patriots quarterback typically presented himself, but Tyler was the type of guy who could make anything and anyone adapt to his desires. "I think I know how you can make it up to me, big guy!" He was playing a dangerous game and he knew it, but the risk paid off as Cole quickly locked the door behind him and hurried forward like a puppy discovering that its food bowl had been replenished.

If Tyler hadn't already been fully engrossed in his arousal then the sight of the beefy Guard getting down on his knees and pulling Mac's lengthy cock out from his shorts definitely would have done the trick. Cole turned out to be rather talented with his lips and tongue - even more so than some of the few out and proud guys that Tyler had hooked up with back in Dallas. The younger football player had a hand on each of Tyler's ass cheeks and was groping them as he continued to go to town on the impostor quarterback's thick shaft. The fact that both of their bodies were drenched in sweat from what had evidently been a grueling practice session only made the whole thing so much hotter! Tyler had secretly always had a thing for sweaty bodies and musky scents, so this was like a scenario right out of his fantasies, albeit with a body-swapping twist!

Given how incredibly bizarre the whole situation was, it was hardly all that surprising that Tyler didn't manage to last as long as he usually would. Within a few minutes he already found himself rapidly approaching orgasm and so to prepare he grabbed hold of Cole by his curly hair and gave one last thrust into the man's mouth. Tyler came with the force of a rocket, filling the other athlete's throat with Mac's potent seed, while accompanied by the soundtrack of his deep moans and Cole's hungry slurping. It seemed not a single drop of his cum was going to end up going to waste!

"How's your head?" Cole asked once he had finally relinquished the softening cock from his mouth and risen back to his feet. Even then, he couldn't keep the grin from his face.

"Almost as good as yours," Tyler countered with a flirtatious wink, enjoying the chuckle that his joke elicited from the other man. It was amazing to Tyler that even after the salacious deeds they had just participated in, the other could still show such concern for his quarterback.

Although he still had no idea what had happened to cause his body swap with Mac Jones or if he would ever find his way back into his body, Tyler was quick to adapt to his new circumstances. He and Cole were eventually able to find a medic who confirmed that he wasn't concussed and he was even able to make it back out onto the practice field shortly after the lunch break. Much to Tyler's relief, he seemed to have adopted Mac's expertise in playing the quarterback position and had no struggle fitting in amongst his new teammates. The only thing that Tyler would be doing different from the real Mac was that he'd be taking his new beefy boyfriend home with him...

