

A Man Of His Word

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

It was amazing how something as small as a calf injury could derail everything good in Cole Boorman's life.

It had happened during his freshman year of college, as early as two months in, and Cole's hopes of joining the college's wrestling squad were seemingly postponed. It was a crushing blow, especially as he had been the prized star of his high school's wrestling team, but he was confident that it wouldn't be long before he was getting back onto the mat and forcing his opponents into submission.



Unfortunately for Cole his impatience would be his undoing and by rushing himself back into training, he soon caused further injury to his already damaged leg. It was serious enough for doctors to recommend that he never wrestle again and he learned the hard way after lying to the coach and then severely injuring another athlete during training as a result of his bum leg. He'd been kicked off the team after that and soon after, Cole dropped out of college and moved back home to live in his mom's basement.

Life had been miserable for the college dropout ever since. He found work as a plumber, perhaps one of the least glamorous jobs available, which was a far cry from his dreams of representing his great nation at the next Olympic Games. Back in high school he'd been tipped as the most likely to succeed and maybe even score the US a gold medal somewhere down the line but those dreams were now completely dashed.



Cole would never get the level of success he craved, nor would he receive all the attention he desperately craved.

Looking back at the glory days of his high school career made Cole increasingly bitter over the years and as he reached his thirties, his once muscular frame soon began to bloat from lack of care. A large gut became prominent over his waistband, while his scraggly beard did little to hide the extra chins he now sported. The few friends around town that he still had from his youth had nicknamed him "*Tubs*" and much to his misery, it stuck enough that even his parents began to use it.

The most humiliating part of his weight gain and the mockery he received because of it was that he too had once been cruel about the weight of others. As one of the most muscular guys in high school he had been notorious for picking on others that he deemed lesser than himself - and considering most physiques could hardly hold a candle to his own, that was a lot of people. The skinny kids were often shoved into lockers but it was the fatter kids, with flabby cheeks and love handles, that Cole had enjoyed tormenting the very most.

There had been one kid, chief among them, that Cole had gone out of his way to torment on a daily basis - and his name was Chris Pratt.

This was long before his Star Lord or *Jurassic World* days, back even before he'd got his big break on *Parks & Rec*. Chris had been nothing more than a teenaged boy who couldn't control his hunger and was miserably out of shape. It had made him such an easy target for Cole and he'd relished every opportunity he had to mock Chris, throwing snacks in his face and stealing clothes from his locker during gym class so everybody could see the other boy's sagging gut and laugh. Cole had never felt bad about what he had done and even in his own advanced age with an unsightly body of his own, he didn't regret it. Chris had been a punk with an attitude and needed someone like Cole to put him in his place. It was only a shame that he couldn't still do his rightful duty of tormenting the other and reminding him that he was never going to be a real man.

Unfortunately the circumstances of their adult lives had turned the tables on the two men and now Cole was an overweight and miserable nobody while Chris had ascended to the heights of Hollywood with a muscular body and all the attention a man could possibly want. Women threw themselves at him and his bank was neatly lined with more money than Cole had ever seen in his life. Jealousy didn't quite cover precisely how Cole felt towards the other man. He felt utterly cheated of a life that he knew he deserved and desperate to prove that despite everything he was still Chris' superior, the current shapes of their bodies be damned.

Upon hearing that his old high school punching bag would be returning to their hometown soon to visit his family, Cole became obsessed with the idea of once again showing the other who was the boss. His attempts to start working out again had failed thanks to his bum leg and cleaning up his diet had only lasted a few days before he gave up and returned to eating XXL-sized pizzas and any fast food that was cheap and easy to get his hands on. Cole was still disgusted by what he saw in the mirror but he had plans to change that. All he needed to do was prove that he was more of a man than Chris Pratt and he could turn his whole life around for the better.

Chris Pratt had been all too happy to move on from the small town where he was born. His road to success hadn't been an easy one and he'd had to sacrifice a lot along the way but at the very least he could look back and happily say that he'd come from humble beginnings. His family weren't extraordinarily wealthy and there hadn't ever been anything to make him special or put him apart from the crowd other than his singular determination to succeed in the arts. Acting was his passion and while he had received a number of disparaging comments from his drama teachers - some even thinly-veiled insults at his weight - telling him that he'd never make it, now he had proven every single one of them wrong.



Being invited back to his old high school to speak to all the aspiring young actors wasn't an opportunity that Chris could easily pass up. He had an inspiring story, he knew that much, and he felt a strange desire to return to the small town he hadn't visited in so long. It was no secret that his high school years hadn't exactly been the most positive of experiences but the people who had made his lives a living hell in the halls were long gone and he hadn't heard from any of them in a long time. He was finally living the happy life he'd worked so hard for and this was his way of giving back. He also wanted to make sure that the school was taking an active stance on bullying, especially towards those students carrying a little extra weight than the others. It was an issue close to his heart and this was the perfect opportunity to talk about it and make sure the next generation was being raised good and proper.

Chris received a hero's welcome upon returning to the small town and the opportunity to hear stories from his old neighbors and the kind elderly women who ran his favorite bookstore as a child was sorely appreciated. He received some smug satisfaction too at the groveling of his old drama teacher who humbly confessed that they had been wrong about Chris' prospects all along and he deserved every bit of his success. Chris didn't like to consider himself an arrogant man so he brushed the comments off with a wave of his hand and a polite smile, all while mentally rejoicing at the victory a decade and a half in the making.

Perhaps the last person Chris was expecting to meet during his visit was his high school tormentor, Cole Boorman. Truthfully, Chris hadn't even recognized the other at first due to the dramatic physical changes Cole had undergone since their high school days. Chris' last memory of Cole was as the buff star of the wrestling squad, snarling at him and hissing that he'd never make anything of himself except doubling his weight. The man before him was nothing like that Cole and indeed, it had been *Cole* that had clearly doubled his weight while Chris cut his down, getting shredded in the process to a degree that he was now considered one of the hottest hunks in Hollywood.

For a moment the two men stood in complete silence, dealing with the complex emotions that came with a reunion of former enemies after so long. Chris had hoped to never see Cole again but there was something awfully satisfying about seeing that Cole had not ascended to such heights as he'd always gloated he would and had instead fallen into the dirt and become the very thing he loathed. *Couldn't have happened to a nicer person*, Chris thought smugly, successfully managing to hide his smile.

"Hey man, I - uh - wanted to apologize," Cole began, his eyes tracing down the rippling muscles of Chris' form. He could see the envy in Cole's eyes and for a moment he pitied the other, before remembering every time the other had tormented him and made him feel like an outsider because of his weight. "The way I acted towards you in high school... it wasn't cool. I was a dick and, uh, I think we can both agree that karma caught up with me, right?" He huffed a weak laugh at that, reaching down to shake his overgrown belly for a moment.

Silencing his brain's attempts to launch a tirade in Cole's direction, Chris merely plastered a smile on his face and reached out a hand. "What's past is in the past, right?" he said, despite not buying into the words. There was no way he was forgiving Cole for the way he was treated all those years ago. "Seems trivial to dwell on them. We're fully grown men now, right?" *Some of us just grew in different directions*, the sarcastic part of Chris' brain remarked, once again putting him at risk of laughing right in the other's face.

As the other reached forward to clasp his hand, Chris barely had time to register the glint of something shiny in the palm of Cole's hand before contact was made and the two men gripped each other's hands firmly. The world seemed to stop at that exact moment and Chris was suddenly winded, left desperate for breath. His hand felt warm, as if whatever had been in Cole's palm was radiating heat, but his body was incredibly rigid as if the entire moment had been placed on pause. He was quick to panic but no matter what he tried, he simply couldn't escape the other's grip nor could he open his mouth to cry for help.

With his eyes locked in direct gaze with Cole's, Chris was given the perfect view to see the other's hazel irises began to change shade, eventually becoming blue. The face around it soon began to alter too - the strong Roman nose becoming less pronounced while his lips thinned out slightly from their plump appearance. The sagging cheeks and extra chins seemed to lose their baggage, revealing a strong jawline with a healthy dusting of light brown stubble. As Cole's rapidly changing features began to settle into a familiar visage, Chris' panic rapidly increased.

The other's grip on his hand only seemed to grow stronger as Chris' fingers developed each developed an extra layer of padding until they resembled sausages. That added fat quickly spread up his forearms, all the way up to his shoulders as the hard muscle of his biceps and triceps faded into nothingness, leaving him with sagging under-arms. His shoulders lost much of their broadness as his pectorals began to lose their firmness, eventually becoming nothing more than drooping man-tits. The six-pack abs that he'd worked so hard for were all but obliterated by the sudden expansion of his gut as a large round beer belly made its presence known, almost ripping Chris' clothes clean off in the process.

Soon Chris' lower half fell victim to the transformation spreading throughout him as his quads and calves softened, the hard muscle fading away under added layers of fat. His shoes began to feel tight around his large clown feet and would have caused him to physically wince if he hadn't still been frozen in place. The changes to his lower body weren't over though as, much to Chris' horror, his cock shrunk several inches and lost much of its girth, leaving him bulging in all places except the one where it counted most!

Perhaps the only thing that rivalled the misery of undergoing the transformation was watching Cole's body undergo its own changes, only these were far more positive than Chris' own. He wasn't an idiot, he knew what was happening and it terrified him.

The unsightly gut of the other man began to retreat, the fat seemingly fading away as his skin tightened to reveal long hidden muscles. Soon his stomach was entirely flat and boasted a full six-pack of abs, as well as v-lines leading down towards his much thinner waist. The other man's shorts were practically hanging off of him, giving Chris a direct view of the other's boxer briefs and the rapidly growing length that was contained within. Cole wasn't just growing hard though, it was clear that his cock was getting bigger - both longer and wider in girth.

Cole's shoulders soon took on a broader appearance while the flab around his arm converted to muscle, leaving the sleeves of his shirt straining for a whole different

reason. His biceps had to be no less almost twenty inches the whole way around, especially given their tensed state!

With both men adorned in ill-fitting clothes, whatever magic had overcome them saw fit to correct the matter. The impossibly tight clothes that barely clung to Chris' new flabby body re-shaped into an XXL-sized t-shirt and a pair of beige shorts, both of which were spoiled with grease and food stains. That combined with the shagginess of his hair and scraggly beard he now sported completed a rather unkempt look, far away from the carefully prepared Hollywood look Chris had adopted since his breakthrough.

Cole's own garments soon changed, the cheap fabric instead becoming designer threads. His shorts shifted into a pair of dark jeans that hugged his massive quads and presented his perfectly round butt like it was a delectable prize. His upper body was now stuffed into a shirt that Chris' fans jokingly referred to as a 'Smedium' which highlighted every curve of his strong muscles and only added to the inherent sex appeal of his body.



Time finally seemed to unfreeze and Chris felt himself regain control of his body - only he knew that it was no longer his own. The body he now occupied had belonged to Cole only moments before - he had switched their bodies!

"You're... *me*?" Chris honestly couldn't believe that he was staring across at his own face, a smug grin beaming back at him. This was the stuff of the wackiest sci-fi movie and yet it was all too damn real for him, as much as he wished it wasn't.

Cole ripped his hand out of Chris' grasp and revealed a small metal device on the palm of his hand, secured by rings around his index and pinky fingers and his thumb. A deep blue gem was set in the middle of the device and it seemed to glow with unknown energy which was all Chris needed to know.

Whatever it was, it was responsible for swapping their bodies and was the only way he could get his body back!

Unfortunately, before he even had time to react, Cole pulled his hand back and let the device drop to the ground. “What are you--” Chris started, already moving to pick up the device right as Cole lifted up his boot and brought it down straight on the device, crushing the blue gem at its centre!

All Chris could do was scream in horror as the reality of the situation slowly sunk in. Cole Boorman, his high school bully, had stolen his body and had now destroyed the only way back!

“Nice seeing you again... bud,” the new Chris Pratt said, relishing in how quick and easy it had been to steal the body of an A-Lister and get away with the crime with all evidence of the switch destroyed and far beyond repair. Tracking down the Draconian Katra had been a serious pain in the ass, for one thing. A little trinket like that with the ability to switch the bodies of two people making contact with it was understandably quite in demand and Cole had even had to raid his mother’s bank account to get the funds for one which he’d one in a ruthless bidding war. Rumor had it there were less than five left in the whole world and with one now destroyed... well, Chris was going to have a real tough time getting his body back, that was for sure.

Clapping the other on the shoulder and flashing him a brilliant smile, Cole made to move past the body he had left behind when Chris grabbed at him. “Please, you can’t--” the other started, voice warbling as the actor was overcome with emotions. It was a sign of vulnerability that harked all the way back to their high school days and filled Cole with a sense of satisfaction. Chris was still every bit the lesser man, just as he’d always expected him to be.

Shrugging out of the other’s grip hardly took much energy considering his newly superior strength and as Cole turned back to face the other, a mischievous smirk formed across his lips. “In case you forgot, *buddy*, I don’t owe you shit,” he drawled, the words laced with cockiness as he rolled his shoulders and tensed the strong muscles of his arms for a moment. This body cut an imposing silhouette and Cole was already dreaming of getting in front of a mirror and pulling a few poses. He was no homo but he could appreciate male beauty when he saw it and now that he had Chris’ muscular body, he wasn’t afraid to admit that he liked what he saw.

Pushing the other way, Cole began to retreat to the top-of-the-range sports car that he’d seen the actor arrive in earlier and fished the keys out of his pocket. As he settled into the comfortable leather seat and the engine roared to life, he spared one last glance towards the man now trapped in his overweight and unkempt body. Chris Pratt had

fallen a long way in a short amount of time but Cole believed that the other man should have seen it coming. After all, how many times had he warned the fat dweeb back in their high school days that no matter what Cole would always be better than him? He was a man of his word, that was all!

Both the switch itself and the sweet satisfaction of getting to put Chris down once again after so many years had managed to get Cole excited and with one hand he reached down to grope at the growing tent in his jeans while the other remained on the wheel. He sped away, leaving his old body in the dirt and heading off towards a life filled with every bit of luxury he had ever deserved.

“You seem happy,” Chris’ father remarked as Cole pulled up at the old family residence and announced his return. He had only ever known Mr and Mrs Pratt in passing, mostly from being called into meetings with the principal for his supposed treatment of their son. Cole had never been punished for it - he had always been too important to the school and its reputation to be painted in a bad light, so the claims of Chris and his parents largely went ignored.

“Well I ran into Cole Boorman,” he began to explain, unable to hide the grin from his face. He was in an incredible mood, and the lack of suspicion on part of Chris’ parents was really just another treat decorating his final victory over the other man. He didn’t have Chris’ memories but he’d seen enough television interviews and studied his social media enough to get by. Plus, with the rate Chris’ parents gushed about his achievements to anyone who would listen, it hadn’t taken much to learn about the other man’s upbringing either. It had all been too easy, really!

“Oh, *tubs!*” his father replied, a smile forming on his face as he no doubt remembered all those nights Chris had come home in tears due to the harassment he had received from the school’s wrestling star. The nickname didn’t even bother Cole any more, in fact he rather enjoyed the fact that the old man was unknowingly using it to describe his own son. “He got everything he deserved, didn’t he? Much bigger now than you ever were, son. Karma got him good.”

For once, Cole found himself in agreement. Karma really had ‘got him good’, although likely not in the way Mr Pratt expected. “Sure did,” he agreed, sharing a smile with his new father and even pulling him into a hug. It would be expected from a good son like Chris, after all. “Fat *and* off his rocker. Don’t be surprised if he comes knocking looking for me soon. Call the cops if he bothers you.” If Chris was stupid enough to start telling everyone that he was the real Chris Pratt then he’d no doubt be locked up under insanity charges. If wasn’t as if anyone actually believed that it was possible, certainly

not small-town folk like Chris' parents and their neighbors. They'd be calling the cops on their own son without even realizing!

"Look pops, I gotta cut my visit short. A new script came in and my agent wants a meeting in the city tomorrow. Kiss mom goodbye for me, yeah?" It was all a lie, of course, but so was everything he had said since the exchange earlier that day. Still, it was a convenient excuse to get away quickly.

Truthfully, the new Chris Pratt was eager to get back to Los Angeles to both explore his body and begin his journey as a Hollywood A-Lister. He'd be sure to document the experience on social media too, knowing that 'Tubs' would be religiously checking to see what his body was up to without him. He wouldn't be shy about showing off his muscles with a few flexing videos, that was for sure, and he could already imagine the other getting stiff watching them and jerking off that miserable three inch cock.

Maybe Chris would even be nice and invite him to be his guest on the red carpet at some point, showing Cole's embarrassing fat body off to the world and making himself look like a hero for forgiving his former bully in the process.

Of course, they'd have to get a tailor in to specially make a suit that would fit the other's bulging body while Chris got to wear a finely-made suit from some big-name designer. He'd even show off his muscular pecs with an open collar to taunt both his red carpet guest and his legions of fans a little more.

If the other behaved then in time Chris would even let him worship the body that had once been his - licking at his pits, kissing his feet and maybe even sucking his cock. That would be the final mark of his victory for certain.

Until then though, the spotlight was firmly on him - just as it always should have been!

