

## **Backing The Browns**

By Soul-Controller

As Henry Cavanaugh finally made his way into the San Diego Convention Center after hours of waiting outside in the warm Californian heat, the British schoolteacher couldn't help but grin widely and breathe a sigh of relief. For years, the man had often traveled to England-based conventions for the sake of proximity and low cost, but as he took in the sights of being at the official and original Comic-Con, Henry immediately knew that none of those smaller events could compare to the real deal regardless of the big names that he met at them. As such, the teacher believed that the extra expenses in terms of travel and hotel arrangements was more than worth the sizable hit that his bank account took.

Given how crowded the convention floor already was, Henry couldn't help but shiver in anticipation. Not only was it incredible to be in the room of so many people with a similarly strong devotion to their interests, but the concept of accidentally bumping into celebrities also left Henry quite hyper (and turned on in all honesty). Speaking of celebrity meet and greets, the British man was quite excited for his impending meet and greet with one of his biggest football crushes - Johnny Stanton.

Although the Browns player wasn't quite an A-lister in terms of success either on and off the field, Henry had a rabid infatuation with the man due not only his bulky physique but also his surprisingly nerdy interests. Just like Henry, Johnny was a huge fan of role-playing games such as Dungeons & Dragons and comic books, so much so that he was even a part of a DnD panel at Comic-Con this year. So when this event was first announced along with a limited quantity meet and greet with the hunky player, Henry was left with no other choice than to splurge a bit and travel to America for the convention and meet and greet.





While Henry had a huge appreciation towards the man for just naturally being himself and defying the norms of a jock NFL player, he was also quite impressed by the fact that Johnny had even been able to convince some of his fellow teammates on the Browns to fall in love with DnD as well! It was quite a bizarre (yet oddly hot) sight for Henry to look on social media and see Johnny playing DnD with equally bulky hunks such as Wyatt Teller and Myles Garrett.

Due to this admiration and unrestrained thirst for the player, Henry also found himself willing to dip a bit further into his savings to pull off a successful look for his meet and greet with the hunk. As such, in order to both surprise Johnny and also keep in the theme of Henry's usual cosplaying when it came to conventions, the British man went all out in terms of getting a replica uniform of Johnny's. Imagining himself decked out in the colors of dark brown, white, and orange, Henry spared no expense when it came to getting the exact uniform from the jersey, pants, helmet and even the gloves!

While it was certainly a commendable act in terms of being wholly authentic, Henry found himself quickly paying the price as the dark brown uniform and orange pants left his body feeling like his body was on fire while the helmet had his formerly styled hair flat and caked in sweat from those hours of waiting. As such, as soon as he was embraced by the comfort of the convention's air conditioning, Henry was quick to pull off the helmet and grip the grill with his fingers to hopefully cool down for a bit before putting it back on and committing to his unconventional cosplay.

With his vision no longer hindered by the helmet, Henry took a moment to look around the busy convention floor and try to figure out where his meet and greet with Johnny would take place. Since



the meet and greet would take place in just over an hour, Henry was eager to figure his bearings out and head over to the area as soon as possible to hopefully be the first one to meet Johnny. Upon catching sight of an information desk tucked away in a corner, the man quickly made his way over to the lone female attendant and inquired about the location of the meet and greet. After quickly flipping through a thick booklet of information on her desk, the woman smiled widely as she pointed in the direction of the photo op along with some verbal instructions on how to get there.

After thanking the woman for her help, Henry quickly turned around and began to follow the directions given. While doing so, the man began bobbing and weaving through the crowd while also profusely apologizing as the motion of moving caused the hefty helmet in his hand to continually bump into other people's thighs or backs and leave them gasping in pain. Upon pushing through the crowd and finally reaching the staircase up to the floor of the meet and greet, Henry was relieved to find himself free of close contact with others as he traversed up the stairs. After reaching the second floor, the man power-walked around the area until he finally reached a sign indicating that the meet and greet would take place there.

But as he continued to read the rest of the sign below, Henry's gleeful face began to quickly drop into a look of extreme disappointment. According to the sign, Johnny was experiencing extreme travel delays and thus would be unable to go through with the meet and greet. Although the sign stated that any purchasers would be immediately refunded the next day, Henry was still insanely disappointed. He had put in so much effort on his outfit and Johnny wouldn't even be able to see it now! Sure, Henry was planning on attending the DnD panel, but it wasn't as if the hunk would drop everything to meet him several rows back and admire his dedication towards his uniform.

With his hopes insanely dashed and his spirit completely destroyed, the man hung his head low as he slowly turned away from the area and began to return to the ground floor. Although he knew that he bought a ticket for Comic-Con and traveled to the US for panels and interests here beyond Johnny, the reality of the situation was that the NFL meet and greet was the tip of the iceberg that had made every dollar spent worth it. Now, the best he could hope for was somehow bumping into the man in passing as he checked out the exhibits before or after his panel that day.

After taking a good 15 minutes or so to sulk around in the empty bathroom and let out his frustrations, Henry returned back to the ground floor of the convention with a better attitude. He wasn't going to let one hiccup ruin his entire experience, especially with so many awesome exhibits, people, and outfits to encounter! So with this renewed

mindset, the man tried his best to forget about the Johnny disappointment and instead spend some time exploring the various exhibits and small shops.

After a few hours of doing this, Henry finally found himself stumbling upon a small DnD-related shop. While the pieces weren't quite top quality by any means, the man was amused yet appreciative of their dedication towards creating accurate replicas of in-game items and pieces of jewelry. As he continued to look around the shop though, it didn't take long before he eventually came across a peculiar item. Inside of a small glass container was a ring, which as Henry continued to look at it, found its center-placed gem radically shifting to countless different shades across the entire color spectrum. It was shocking to say the least, so much so that he found himself easily transfixed by it. While he had no way of knowing it, the reason behind this devoted attention wasn't just the ever-changing color, but rather a deep connection and bond that had emerged between himself and the ring upon just simply laying eyes on it.

As such, when the female shop worker noticed the football uniform-wearing man just standing over the ring and looking intensely at it, she couldn't help but smirk. It had been a slow day thus far despite the heavy foot-traffic, but finally one of her magically-infused items had made an impact with a customer. Now all she had to do was go introduce herself and secure the sale!

"Why hello there," the woman sweetly said, giving a slight smile to the man. "I see you've taken an interest in this ring, would you like to take a closer look?" she asked, keeping her cheerful grin as she remained in salesperson mode.



Upon hearing the voice of a cheerful young woman, Henry found himself suddenly jumping in shock as he was broken out of his entranced staring at the ring. Tilting his head and looking towards the source of the voice, the man found himself stuttering as he took in the sight of the worker behind the counter. Despite being a DnD themed shop, Henry couldn't help but notice how the worker was seemingly decked out in a cosplay of a newer survivor character from one of Henry's favorite games Dead By Daylight. It was a pretty well-done Mikaela Reid cosplay, so much so that the man decided to try and



break the ice by informing the woman of just that.

“Uh, hello there,” Henry responded, hiding his slight amusement as the woman was visibly shocked to hear the British accent coming out of his mouth. “I love this Mikaela Reid cosplay of yours by the way, it’s very well done,” he said, smiling towards the girl to make sure it didn’t come across as some snide or joking remark. To his horror though, Henry found himself biting his tongue as she responded.

“I’m not really sure who Mikaela Reid is, but thank you I suppose,” she replied, her smile wavering momentarily as she awkwardly shook her head.

“Oh shit,” Henry bruntly said, his face partially reddening due to the poor assessment. “She’s this character from this game that I play and she’s got a similar sty-, you know what it doesn’t matter,” he said, eventually stopping as it made no sense to further explain in fear of somehow offending. *I guess there’s more redheaded girls that wear glasses and witches hats than I thought*, he thought to himself. As he recalled the rest of what the woman had said to him though, he suddenly remembered the question she posed before he found himself putting his foot in his mouth. “But uh, yeah, I’d love to check this ring out if that’s ok,” Henry promptly said in hopes of changing the subject.

After nodding her head in approval, the woman quickly removed the glass case on top of the ring and pushed the box a bit closer towards Henry. “Go ahead and try it on. This ring is a special creation of mine, something that I can absolutely promise you will change your life,” she said, watching with amusement to see what would occur next.

With the glass case removed and the ring pushed closer towards him, Henry found the desire to wear the ring increased ten-fold. Upon looking up and receiving a secondary nod of approval by the merchant, Henry gingerly reached down and pulled the ring out of the box. As soon as the ring made contact with his fingers, Henry shivered as a cooling sensation rushed through him as if the touch of cold silver had somehow traversed across every inch of his body.

Gripping onto the ring with his left hand, Henry extended out his right hand to allow the ring to be put on. As it slid along his slender fingers before finally settling into place on his ring finger, Henry watched in complete awe as the colors began to rapidly swirl faster and faster. Bizarrely enough, it seemed as though the gem had the power of changing color based on human contact similar to a mood ring. Interested, his eyes remained trained on the ring as it finally began to settle onto a color - a deep orange that worked quite well in tandem with the orange football pants that he was wearing.

Wiggling his fingers as he continued to watch the now-stationary orange color shimmer against the convention lighting, Henry couldn't help but feel that intense desire returning to the forefront of his mind. But rather than just wanting him to try the ring on, he instead felt compelled to purchase it for himself. As such, his mind waged a war between the impulse of purchasing the ring or the realistic decision of putting it back. While it was surely a smart idea to not purchase the ring and save money given how much he had already spent for the trip and uniform, his mind couldn't completely push aside the idea of treating himself by buying it. His day had been a complete let-down so far, so the concept of purchasing a simple ring as a pick-me-up to boost his spirits seemed understandable. Plus even if it was just wishful thinking, the merchant's declaration of the ring somehow changing his life was quite appealing to the transformation enthusiast and writer.

With his mind finally made up, Henry turned to the merchant and began to speak. "Ok, how much for it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

As Henry found himself walking through the convention floor once more with a ring now adorning his finger, the teacher couldn't help but continue to replay the female merchant's parting message to him in his head. What had she meant when she had told Henry that he was now the *luckiest person* at the convention now? Was it just some joke due to her store having mystical products from DnD for sale? Or was it some sort of hint of something to come?

Before he could even begin to ponder the possibilities, Henry's distracted nature caused his thought process to be interrupted by accidentally bumping into somebody. But rather than easily rebounding off of them and apologizing, the impact felt as if the man had crashed into a brick wall. As he stumbled and teetered on the edge of falling backwards, the motion was suddenly stopped by the person reaching out their arm and gripping onto Henry's left arm.

Immediately upon making an impact against the broad and tank-like body, Henry found himself jumping quickly into apologies. "I'm so sorry, I got lost in thought and didn't even notice where I was walking," he began, his head slowly tilting upwards to look into the eyes of the person he ran into. Upon doing so though, the man's look of slight embarrassment shifted into one of pure awe. "Ho- Holy shit!"

Standing before him decked out in a set of high quality pedestrian clothes was Johnny Stanton himself. It was bizarre to see the man without his football gear on, but Henry was still more than happy with the view as he took in just how broad and impressive

Johnny looked. Not only was his body expertly filling out the tight pair of jeans and long sleeve jacket he was wearing, but he also clearly showcased his high-paying NFL salary with the fresh pair of Air Jordan high-tops that he was wearing.

Still in shock about the fact that he had somehow just bumped into his football crush on the convention floor, the man couldn't help but think about what the merchant had told him. Either she was the reincarnation of Nostradamus or somehow responsible for the chance encounter, but given the happiness and joy he felt, he couldn't care less about what option was correct. Instead, he just continued to look up in pure shock and admiration while taking in all of his manly physique.

For a moment, everything was silent as the two men looked at each other. So as Henry was momentarily too stunned to speak, it was Johnny that finally broke that silence as he commented on that outfit. "That's an awesome cosplay dude, it looks just like my own uniform back in Cleveland," he remarked, flashing a smile towards Henry that left him momentarily weak in the knees.

Like a little kid showing their parents their artistic masterpiece, Henry found himself making the obvious unequivocally clear. "Th-thank you so much! I was actually cosplaying as you," he said, too in awe to mentally scold himself for his idiotic words.

After allowing a deep chuckle to escape his throat, Johnny began to speak once more. "Yeah, I figured that was the case. I appreciate your support though bro, it's very sweet of you," he exclaimed, smiling gently and putting his hand to his chest to make sure he didn't come across as condescending.

"It's no problem Mr. Stanton! I've been such a big fan of yours for y-," he began, his voice suddenly being interrupted by an awfully nasally voice appearing behind him. Turning around, Henry found himself staring at a short mid-30s woman with a tight brunette bob and light blue pantsuit.



“Johnny, what the *hell* are you doing,” she inquired, staring at the football player before directing her attention towards Henry. “I’m sorry sir, but Johnny doesn’t really have the time to talk to fans right now. He’s running late and needs to get backstage to prepare for his panel in a bit,” she bluntly said, immediately reaching around Henry to grab onto Johnny’s broad and hairy forearm.

As Johnny found himself being pulled away, his eyes momentarily caught sight of the defeated and upset expression on Henry’s face. In response, the man found himself pulling away from the assistant for a moment. After telling her to wait a moment, the man turned back towards Henry. “What’s your name,” he asked, looking deeply into Henry’s eyes and immediately causing the teacher to shiver with pure lust for the man. In fact, it was taking everything in Henry not to rush towards the hunky athlete and wrap his arms around the man’s bulky torso.

“Oh, uh it’s Henry,” he said, his eyes lighting up as his frown disappeared for a moment.

“Well alright Henry, it’s great to meet you. I’ve got to get going, but I’d love to see you later at my DnD panel later ok? I’m sure you’ll be easy to find amongst the crowd, so I’ll be keeping my eyes peeled throughout the entire thing! I’ll see you later bro,” he sweetly said, extending out his fist in an attempt to make a quick fist bump.

Although he wasn’t quite well-versed in “bro-like” behaviors such as fist bumps, Henry was quick to go along with it. After lifting up his right arm and clenching his fist, he extended it out and softly bumped it against Johnny’s own fist. Immediately, the contact between their fists elicited a heated tingle that coursed through both of their bodies. But although Henry’s mind was all too quick to jump to his own experience writing transformation literature and thus wishing to find himself suddenly inside Johnny’s body, this never came to fruition. Just as quickly as it had occurred, that heated tingling sensation dissipated and Johnny was finally pulled away back into the dense crowd of attendees. Given both of their 6’ stature, Henry was able to watch the man’s tall head pass through the crowd for nearly 30 feet until he eventually turned into a blur with the rest of the distant crowd.

As soon as this occurred and the man found himself without the distraction of his hunky football crush, the sound of annoyed attendees trying to navigate around his stationary position finally caused him to move once more. While he continued to walk through the long aisles and traverse the crowded convention floor, Henry couldn’t help but reflect on the chance encounter he had with Johnny. It was an absolute dream come true to meet the hunk and have an interaction, but the small morsel of conversation that he had left the man eager for more. It was clear that there was some sort of connection between



them due to Johnny asking if Henry was coming to the Dungeons and Dragons panel, so that just left him more annoyed that he hadn't been able to develop that connection further. *Hell even a selfie would have sufficed!*

But as his mind began to move beyond the encounter and plan out what panels he would attend throughout the evening, he was blissfully unaware of the fact that his body hadn't moved on. In fact, the ring on Henry's right hand hadn't been able to forget about the encounter either.

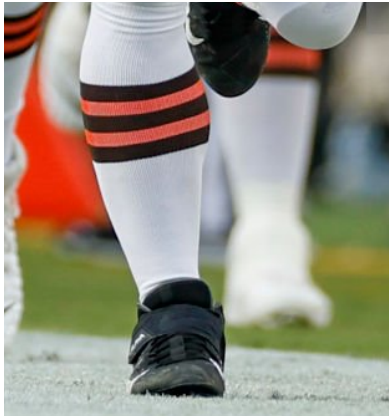
Ever since he first put the ring on, the power imbued within the gem tirelessly traversed through Henry's mind and recounted every inch of his body. It could even pick up on how severely he adored Johnny and thus thirsted for his bulky physique. So, upon making physical contact with the hunk in mind, the ring felt obligated to transfer some of its innate magic into the NFL player as well. Upon doing so, the same process of mapping out Johnny's personality, thoughts, and body occurred.

The fact of the matter was that the merchant was truthful when saying that the ring would make Henry the luckiest man at the convention. The ring that he had purchased was one that witches like the merchant called the "ring of desire". When in use by an individual, the inner desires of the wearer were able to be manifested as a result. But upon sharing physical contact with another individual at the same time of having this inner desire, the ring was required to take the inner desires of the other individual into account. For Henry, it was clear that his inner desire was to have not only Johnny's impressive body but his life and career as an NFL player too. As such, the ring was quick to go to work and make this a reality for him.

With the man continuing to be in awe at the sights and sounds of the iconic convention, Henry remained blissfully unaware as his body began to slowly transform. At first it started out small, with the man's feet slowly widening and growing in length until his shoes became several sizes too small. Luckily though, the magic of the ring was able to quickly remedy this by having Henry's shoes grow in tandem until they were once again a perfect fit. Despite the momentary discomfort though, Henry was simply oblivious to the fact that he now had a pair of thick and powerful feet that would surely help him easily traverse across the football field with his soon-to-be burlier physique.

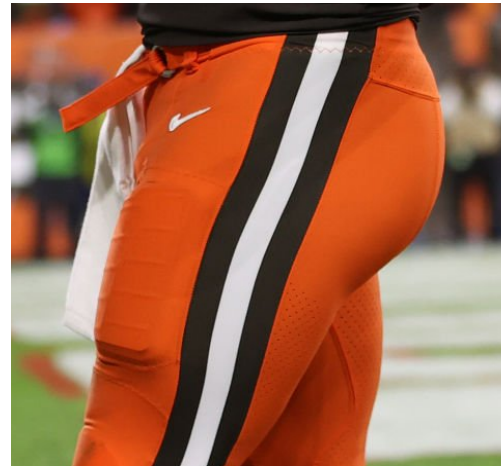
With the man's lowest extremities now transformed, the remainder of Henry's legs began to alter to better match his new feet. Although he had a pretty solid gym regime and loved to go on daily walks to get his steps in, Henry hadn't quite been blessed with any sort of top tier calf muscles. This didn't last for long though as the muscles suddenly exploded in exponential growth. Within seconds, the once loose long socks that he was

wearing began to be filled out impeccably well, causing the four stripes of dark brown and orange closest to his knee to begin warping from the sudden explosion of muscle. Just as the fabric began to painfully shrink around his muscles like a sausage casing though, the growth finally stopped and began to progress further upwards.



The next areas of transformation for Henry occurred to both his quads and glutes. Instantly, those muscles were magically yet painless put through the ringer as if they had undergone countless years of intense football training camps and workouts. Henry's modestly-sized thighs grew incredibly wide, filling with intense power that would both help him better fill out his football pants along with assisting in carrying the burden of his burly body along with his diamond-shaped calves.

As Henry's thighs finished filling out in both muscle and slight fat, the same occurred to his rather bony and flat ass. Immediately, two powerful yet soft globes pushed out from his rear end that would look so great and imposing bent over the line of scrimmage. Although Henry remained still oblivious about what was happening to him, this increase in his fatter ass caused him to start bumping into things more frequently. Not used to the clearance now necessary to squeeze between people through the crowded aisles, Henry's shifting in movement caused him to not only bump his wide ass into countless people but also ram into the various shop tables and leave them scrambling to keep the table from completely toppling over.



While all of this growth was more than impressive and incredible for Henry to gain, there was a small yet sizable increase in the man's crotch that would surely be beneficial when it came to messing around in the bedroom. All of the sudden, the small morsel of bulge in the man's pants began to swell, turning into a sizable mound that proudly finalized the shift of the man's lower half into that of a broad and beefy fullback. The changes weren't finished though, as the man's balls also underwent a transformation that left them swelling several sizes and growing quite heftier. It was fitting for such a masculine hunk like Johnny to have such a sizable package to help carry all of his potent jock seed, in fact it was something that Henry himself had often fantasized about

in the comfort of his bedroom late at night. As such, the man would have surely been overjoyed to not only find out that his assumption was true but also that he himself was now in possession of that often-desired manhood as well.

But while Henry found himself unaware of what had occurred to him, the crowd of people that he had interacted with had been unable to notice it. This was proven to be especially true as Henry left one aisle and found himself at a small shop that sold rare Funko Pops. As the man continued to mindlessly browse, the meek and bespectacled shop merchant sitting down found his eyes unable to divert away from the upclose look he had at the teacher's insanely large bulge and thick ass. While the man wasn't much of a fan of football, his intense thirst for the hunky cosplaying teacher was unable to be tamed. As such, when Henry approached the table and gave a charming smile towards the shop attendant, he was unable to stop himself from complimenting the potential shopper.

"I don't mean to seem like a creep or anything," he began, "but I just want to say you look absolutely great today!" With his eyes momentarily shifting towards the thick bulge in Henry's pants, the merchant continued to speak in hopes of distracting himself. "That uniform looks incredible on you, it almost looks as though you're a real football player," he exclaimed, his cheeks reddening while chuckling slightly.

Despite being slightly caught off-guard by the complimentary merchant who he had caught ogling at him several times, Henry was more than accepting of the feedback. "Aw, why thank you," he began, his British accent only causing the man to further grow more turned on from the encounter. "I was certainly going for realism," Henry continued, his hand moving up and down to showcase the details of the uniform as he explained how it was a game-accurate uniform that he had paid a pretty penny for. For a few more minutes, the duo exchanged more pleasantries and small talk as Henry inquired about how the man's Comic-Con was going.

After that brief moment of small-talk though, the teacher finally bid the merchant adieu before heading back into the hectic crowd to continue walking around. Upon doing so, Henry seemingly reignited the ring's magic as his body began to continue transforming once more. But rather than moving at a pace that focused on each body part piece-by-piece, the slight delay of the transformation had seemingly caused the ring to initiate countless transformations towards the man at once.

As such, Henry's torso and arms all began to undergo a series of changes that would surely get rid of the slim yet physically fit teacher he once was. In terms of his torso, the teacher's skeletal structure began to slowly evolve as his rib cage, shoulders, and hips

broadened all at once. Upon doing so, Henry found himself underestimating his newfound size to the point where his hips and shoulders found themselves constantly ramming against the bodies of people rushing through the crowd. Due to the man's pace slowly down due to his body increasing in bulk though, the impact left the other attendees ricocheting off his body and crying out obscenities as they bumped into more people or crashed onto the floor.

With his body now permanently widened, Henry's physique was suddenly gifted with an intense mix of both muscle and flab to further complete his shift into the beefy fullback that he adores. So while the man found his slim torso never gaining a six-pack, his new body more than made up for the slight flab that circulated around his gut and gave him a slight bit of love handles by also granting him an insanely strong core that would only help him dominate better on the field.

Moving further up his torso, Henry's pecs and biceps both began to undergo severe changes. As they both inflated, the man's chest soon found itself adored with two thick slabs of muscles that jutted out and left themselves clearly defined against his jersey. The thick and angular edge of his pecs stood out like a sore thumb on his beefy body though, so this was simply remedied by a slight increase in fat. As such, that angular nature was quickly lost as his chest rounded out to leave him with flabby yet intimidating pieces of beef.



With the man's arms though, there were no limitations to the growth for him to experience. As such, the man's already solid set of biceps only grew wider and thicker to fully stretch out the sleeve of his jersey. The curve of each muscle grew more and more sharp as his arms bulked out to sizes that would rival bodybuilders. This was proven to be even more true as a light layer of softness adorned his arms and only caused the muscles to appear even wider! While his forearms followed suit and not only grew wider to match his biceps, the man was blissfully unaware of the fact that beneath the pair of white gloves that he was wearing, his fingerprints were also altering to match his new identity. As the fingers changed and his hands widened to help him better hold a football

though, the reality of his new career manifested in the form of countless calluses that adorned his hands from years of severe weightlifting and brunt physicality on the field.



Continuing to walk through the convention, the man's body began to unknowingly alter itself to better accommodate Henry's new bulk. As such, his arms soon found themselves extending a bit out from his torso to prevent the constant friction and chaffing of having those burly biceps of him graze along the fabric of his jersey. This quickly backfired on the man though as his extended arms caused a frail younger woman to suddenly crash into them.

Feeling the collision though, Henry immediately reached out and grabbed onto the woman's arm to pull her closer and prevent her from falling. Upon doing so, the girl was just a few inches away from his incredible physique and thus given a perfect view.

"Usually I'd be mad at a hunk like you for not watching where he was going, but I've never seen someone fill out a football uniform so well before," she said, her eyes narrowing as she spoke in a sweet and sultry tone.

As Henry took a moment to look at her, the man was still oblivious to the insane transformations that had occurred to his body. So instead, he found himself just looking down at a smaller 5'5" woman dressed up in a cosplay of the Overwatch character D.Va. Although Henry was quite apologetic for what had occurred, he quietly forgave himself due to the impressive view he got in return. The woman had a hot and curvy figure, which was only emphasized by the skintight bodysuit that she was wearing for her cosplay. With a prominent set of breasts to feast his eyes on as well, Henry was quite turned on by the woman.

With his interest piqued, the bisexual man was more than willing to return the compliment as well. "You know, I was going to say I was sorry for bumping into you, but the view it gave me was more than worth it," he began, the woman chuckling slightly as he finished speaking.

"Oh wow, what a flirt you are," she said with a smirk. "What's your name?"

"My name is H-," he began, suddenly stopping himself as his voice cracked. As he continued to speak through the cracking voice though, the man's neck began to rapidly widen to continue his transformation. Upon doing so, this shift in anatomy also seemingly altered his vocal chords as the light and chipper British accent of Henry's was slowly being chipped away. "Sorry about that," he continued, his voice now growing several octaves deeper as his European lilt finally faded away. "My name is Henry," he finally said, his voice now permanently stuck in a deep voice that had an undeniable American accent now in place.

“Well Henry, I have to head out now so I’m not late for my panel,” she began, her expression shifting into a fake pout. “But I’m certainly a fan of what I see, so I hope we can bump into each other later and get a bit closer,” she continued, her voice growing even more sultry as she walked around Henry and gave a wink in passing.

“Oh uh- yeah, I hope we do too,” he responded, his cheeks reddening with lust as he watched the woman’s figure slink away back into the crowd of people and thus leave him with a raging boner.

Just as he finished staring and began to walk back into the crowd, Henry’s head was suddenly overcome with an intense heat. Although he tried his best at first to just brush it off, it quickly became too much to take anymore. Due to this, the man once again decided to ruin his football jock illusion by removing his helmet to allow some of the convention AC to cool him down. After pulling the helmet off and holding it in his hand by the grill once more, the man was unaware of the fact that this was now causing his face to alter in front of everyone.

Despite this fact though, no one began to pick on the fact that Henry’s dark and prominent stubble was suddenly retracting back into his flesh. On top of that, the man’s jawline suddenly found itself losing its more rounded nature as it became more square-like and brutish by the second to match his still-widening skull. Although the man had a somewhat prominent nose already, this too underwent a shift as it widened, his nostrils flared out more, and even the tip grew more pointed to appear more angular and manly.

With the lower half of his face complete, the top half of Henry’s head was quick to begin making up for lost time. Just above his stubble-free mouth, the man’s eyes found themselves suddenly pushing themselves closer towards his nose. While the eyes grew less wide as a result, the eye shape also altered to become more oval-like. As for the man’s eye color, the irises found their shades suddenly darkening with each corresponding blink from the man’s former lighter blue shade until it reached a more muddy brown color.

This darkening of shade continued further up to the man’s scalp, as his hair found itself also growing darker into a deeper brown color rather than his lighter brown shade. While this occurred, Henry’s hairstyle also altered, with the sides of his head magically being shaved on the sides and back of his head. With just the top of his hair left, the ring magically trimmed up the style until he was left with a more flattop like style. But this wasn’t it however, as a small slathering of styling gel suddenly appeared into his hair as

the imaginary hands of the ring's magic pushed the hair towards his face and gave it a more messy look that was much more contemporary.

Just as his facial features finished changing and Henry had now become completely replaced with a duplicate of the 240-lbs Johnny Stanton, it didn't take long before a few passerbys began to notice. To Henry's surprise, he suddenly found himself flocked with several individuals who praised him for his uniform and talked about how great he looked. Although he was used to this kind of feedback due to his previous experiences cosplaying at conventions, the man was caught off-guard by the few individuals who kept pointing to him and telling their friends that Henry was Johnny Stanton. Still not aware that something was amiss though, the man just chalked it up to likeminded cosplayers being dedicated to his commitment to the look and attention to detail in creating the perfect replica uniform of Johnny's.

Even as people began to ask for autographs though, Henry was still oblivious to the fact that these people truly believed that they were meeting the real Johnny Stanton. But due to this constant influx of attention and desire not to make things awkward though, Henry was willing to go along with their little game and sign autographs with Johnny's name for the few interested people. While doing so though, the man was unaware of the fact that his altered hands had also given himself Johnny's exact handwriting as well. So as he signed the various pieces of merchandise that the people began to extend out towards him, he couldn't help but smirk at how good he was at replicating the man's signature.  
*Maybe I should start charging for these autographs since they look so authentic...*

As the crowd began to slowly disperse after getting those autographs, Henry was surprised to find one female fan still waiting even after receiving his autograph. Upon asking if there was anything else that he could help the petite woman with, Henry was caught off-guard by her asking for a selfie with him. Although he was unsure why she wanted a photo so badly with a football cosplayer, Henry nodded and agreed to the proposition. Upon being told yes, the girl giddily jumped in place for a moment before pulling out her phone and unlocking it. Given the girl's speed, the man was able to smile just in the nick of time for the girl to snap the photo and immediately click on it to observe it. As she



smiled and talked about how great it turned out, she took the opportunity to turn towards Henry and ask about whether he'd like to see it.

Naturally, the man wanted to make sure he looked good and thus agreed to the offer of seeing the photo. As the woman slowly turned her phone towards Henry though, he found himself gasping in shock by what he saw. Instead of his average British self, the photo instead displayed the girl standing next to Johnny Stanton dressed in his Brown uniform. Clearly confused about what was going on, the man's best assumption was that she had somehow used some filter of some sort to replace him in the image with Johnny. As such, the man awkwardly returned to the camera itself to take a look. Upon doing so though, Henry found himself staring back at the reflection of Johnny Stanton with a confused expression on his face. Utterly in shock, the man finally took the opportunity to look down at himself. Doing so caused the illusion of nothing being amiss to finally break, as Henry found himself looking down at his bulky arms and suddenly feeling just how tightly the uniform fit him now.

"Holy fuck," he exclaimed, his deep booming voice causing the girl next to him to jump in shock. "Sorry, I uh- I just didn't expect the photo to look so good," he continued, trying to make up an excuse for his outburst. The concept of suddenly finding himself with Johnny's burly body was quite erotic, but it shouldn't be possible. Transformations were just the plot of cheesy b-level science fiction films or the bread and butter behind his private erotica writing career. But alas as the girl finally departed and Henry found himself poking and prodding against his beefy biceps and awkwardly feeling around his foreign-feeling face, the man realized that transformations were somehow real and he had truly just experienced one of his own.

With this revelation, the man was torn between two differing paths for him to undergo. Given his horny mindset, Henry wanted nothing more than to duck into some convention bathroom stall and undress to check out his bulky body and fondle the sizable manhood that he could feel constantly throbbing against the tight fabric of his pants. But with his curiosity piqued, the man couldn't help but wonder what had happened to the real Johnny. Was he still himself? Or had Johnny also undergone some form of transformation after their brief encounter together?

Before he could make an option though, Henry suddenly gasped in shock as a hand suddenly slammed down onto his shoulder and began to tug him away from the crowded area and into a more secluded location...