

Watch What You Wish For

By Soul-Controller

“Alright then, well it seems like we’ve got a deal. It’s a pleasure to have you join the family Mr. Pratt!”

Watching as the man across the table from him sat up and extended out a hand towards him, Chris Pratt instantly replicated the action. As soon as their hands embraced into a tight handshake, the 44-year-old flashed a smile. “Thank you sir, I’m excited for our future work together!”



As Chris looked deeply into the older man’s eyes for a moment, the actor took a moment to think about how he had gotten himself in this situation. In the years since becoming a Hollywood heartthrob due to his inclusion in the Jurassic World franchise amongst many other mainstream things, Chris has gained a love for lavish things. Whether it was designer suits, sports cars, or top of the line cuisine, he wanted all of it.

So when he received an offer from one of the biggest watch companies in the world, Panerai, to be their new spokesperson, the actor instantly felt as though it was divine intervention for him. Not only would it allow him to get a multi-million deal to further inflate his wealth on top of even getting to help create his own line of designer watches, but it also meant he could flaunt his incredible body and rugged visage on billboards, buses, and televisions for years to come.

After all of the hard work he spent shedding his extra flab upon finishing Parks and Recreation, the man had found himself becoming quite the exhibitionist. If he was going to be forced to diet and do those intense workouts 24/7, he figured he better get something out of it for his own sake. Becoming the object of the general public’s affection with millions of Americans thirsting over him and wishing to either be or be with him seemed like a good enough way to inflate his ego. As a result, Chris instantly agreed to take a meeting with the owner of the company, which was why he found himself inside the owner’s lavish mansion and sitting across from the billionaire.

"Oh stop with that sir nonsense," the mid-60s man responded, breaking Chris out of his trip down memory lane via his raspy chuckling. As he focused once more on the owner, he watched as the owner softly slapped one of Pratt's burly hands. "Like I said, you're a part of the family now. You can just call me Leonardo from now on!"

Before Chris could even attempt to formulate a response, the older man with whom he had just signed a partnership deal looked down at his desk and reached his free hand towards one of its drawers. After pulling on the handle, Leonardo's fingers fumbled around the deep desk drawer for a moment until he finally found what he was looking for - a square, leather-bound box.

Upon pulling it out and holding it out towards the actor, the Italian businessman flashed a pearly white smile. "To thank you for your willingness to work with us, the company wanted to give you a little present," he softly said, allowing the actor to reach out and pull the box away to inspect it himself.

With the box now in his possession, Chris' jaw dropped in genuine shock as he hadn't expected to receive a gift from the man (especially given how many deals he had done in the past where the company viewed that the millions of dollars he received was enough of a gift). Intrigued though, the actor carefully opened the box to reveal a luxurious designer watch nestled within plush velvet. The watch gleamed under the room's dimmed lighting, its design a perfect blend of sophistication and modernity.

"Oh, wow," Chris exclaimed, his eyes widening with astonishment. "This is incredible. Thank you so much!"

"It's honestly a pleasure to have you on board, Chris," Leonardo replied, a genuine smile on his face. "Now, let me help you put it on."

Chris held out his wrist, and Leonardo delicately took the watch from its cushion. As the owner worked on fastening the clasp, Chris couldn't help but notice the intricate details of the timepiece. It felt substantial yet refined against his skin.

"Now, here's the special part," Leonardo said, a mischievous glint in his eye. He pressed a discreet button on the side of the watch, and to Chris's amazement, the watch seemed to come alive. Tiny mechanisms whirred softly, and hidden compartments popped open, revealing various features.

"Check this out," Leonardo said, pressing another button. A miniature screen emerged, displaying a digital readout of the time, date, and even notifications from Chris's phone.

In response, Chris's eyes widened with amazement and awe as he leaned in for a closer look. "Holy shit, that's incredible! This is more than just a watch; it's like some sort of gadget from one of my sci-fi films..."

Leonardo chuckled. "Indeed, it's a little something we created specifically for the newest addition to our family. A teaser of our work together, which will be a fusion of classic luxury and cutting-edge technology. Once again, welcome aboard Chris!"

As the owner continued to showcase the watch's impressive features, Chris couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and cockiness permeating through him. The extravagant gift not only symbolized his new role in the company but also hinted at the innovative and forward-thinking trendsetter that he desired to be. The watch, a masterpiece on his wrist, served as a tangible reminder to motivate him towards the exciting and lavish lifestyle he desired to have now that he was getting older. But unfortunately for him, he had no way of knowing that his plans for greatness would be quickly foiled soon enough...

Although Chris wanted nothing more than to admire the epitome of luxury wrapped tightly around his wrist, a quick look at the grandfather clock resting against one wall of the office caused Leonardo to interrupt him. "Alright, I think it's about time we go and move this celebration outside a bit. I've gotten a bunch of camera guys and reporters waiting in the foyer that I'm sure will be eager to hear the news," Leonardo cheerfully said, pushing himself away from the desk before standing up.

Upon tugging at the ends of his suit and making sure his tie was tightly fastened against his slight jowls, the company owner finally began to make his way towards his office door. Getting the hint, Chris opted to repeat the same process upon standing up, making sure he looked prim and proper, and then following closely behind the Italian businessman. As Leonardo then grabbed onto the doorknob and pulled the door open, the elderly man flashed a pearly white smile towards his new celebrity partner before extending a hand out and allowing Chris to begin the journey towards the foyer.

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"Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed members of the press," Leonardo began, flashing a pearly white smile to the large crowd gathered in front of him. "I thank you for coming to my estate today to celebrate this monumental occasion. Starting today, the Panerai company is pleased to announce that we have signed on the tremendous talent of Chris Pratt to be our new figurehead."



Instantly, the press conference room exploded into a thunderous applause as Chris found a slew of cameras and reporters turn towards him and blind him with their bright lights and loud questions. To his amusement, the 44-year-old found himself blushing from the instant acclaim he received. He was accustomed to the spotlight, but the immediate and overly enthusiastic response caused the man to move his hands towards his crotch to try and conceal the slight boner he was gaining.

Luckily though, the room fell into a hushed silence as Leonardo cleared his throat to regain the crowd's attention. "Whether it's a billboard or television commercial, your eyes will be graced with his presence as he displays our top of the line creations." While he spoke, Leonardo looked down at his wrist as he began to toy with his watch. Similarly to Chris' watch, it had a slew of secret buttons and knobs that he was currently messing

with. "On top of this, Mr. Pratt will help create a brand new line of watches with us that blur the lines between luxury and cutting-edge technology." As soon as he finished that sentence, the elderly owner then smiled at the camera before pressing in one of the pressed out knobs of his watch.

Suddenly, an odd sensation washed over Chris. It was as if reality had been momentarily suspended and he found himself disconnected from his own body. His surroundings blurred for a while, and the next thing he knew, things were back to normal. He could hear the sound of cameras shuttering and see the bright flashes nearly blind him.

As he looked down in hopes of shielding his eyes though, the man found himself quite confused. Rather than finding himself standing in the foyer, he found that he was now standing behind a large wooden podium. More horrifying than that though were the wrinkled and bony fingers that were resting on the podium and covering up the notecards that contained the owner's speech. Panic flashed in his eyes and he instantly looked up, shocking himself even more as he found a television screen in front of him that showcased the owner's face displaying the same look of disbelief that he was doing.

"What...what just happened?" Chris stammered, glancing around in bewilderment not only due to his new position but the raspy voice he now spoke with. The room seemed to have shifted and he couldn't shake the disorienting feeling that he was trapped in a dream.

Before he could gather his thoughts, a concerned assistant rushed up to him, eyes wide with urgency. "Sir, you need to continue the speech. We can't afford any disruptions right now," she whispered, barely concealing her anxiety.

Chris's mind raced, grappling with the surreal situation. Left entirely confused with no idea what was going on, the man had no choice but to go along with it, the weight of the impending announcement pressing on him. Swallowing hard, he squared his shoulders and peered down at the notecards on the podium to acquaint himself with a script he hadn't seen before.

"However despite this joyous occasion," he began tentatively, his voice now carrying the raspy timbre of age and experience. "I stand before you with a heavy heart and a bittersweet announcement."

Looking around the room still in a haze, the man's eyes met the female assistant who had just come up to speak with him. As he stared at her for a second, he watched as she nodded approvingly to give him the encouragement to press on. Chris then continued, the words feeling foreign on his tongue as he recounted a career that spanned decades, achievements that were not his own, and the challenges faced in a rapidly changing world.

"As I reflect on the years I've spent in service to this company," he continued, the lines on his borrowed face deepening with emotion as he furrowed his eyebrows, "I have come to the realization that it's time to pass the torch to the next generation. Effective immediately, I, Leonardo Panerai, am announcing my retirement."

A murmur of surprise rippled through the audience. Chris, or rather the elderly man he now embodied, maintained a composed facade, despite the internal chaos. The room seemed to spin as he spoke about the legacy he hoped to leave behind and the gratitude he felt for those who had supported him throughout his illustrious career.

The assistant, though still visibly concerned, nodded again, signaling that it was time to wrap up. Chris, feeling a sense of relief mingled with confusion, concluded the speech with a pained smile and a nod to the loud crowd bombarding him with questions and blinding camera flashes.

As he stepped away from the podium in a daze, the assistant leaned in to speak calmly and discreetly. "I can tell you're upset sir, but I promise we don't have to do this much longer. All you need to do now is answer some press questions and we can finish up."

Chris vigorously shook his head no in defiance, his mind a whirlwind of questions. What had just happened, and how was he going to navigate the consequences of a life not his own? The press conference had unveiled not only an unexpected retirement but an entirely new reality for him to grapple with!

In response, the man tried his best to tell his new assistant the reality of the situation. "I— This isn't right," he began, his voice overcome with emotion as he struggled to reveal the truth. "I'm not L—," Chris continued, his voice suddenly cracking and being unable to finish his sentence despite wanting so badly to scream that he wasn't Leonardo Panerai. "You have to believe me. This is all wrong, my name is C—", he attempted once more, his voice once again going mute and preventing him from revealing the truth. What the fuck is wrong with him and why can't he scream the truth!?

Understandably, the female assistant was quite confused by her boss's bizarre behavior. In fact, she couldn't help but wonder if it was actually a good thing that he was retiring now. Surely a man who couldn't properly string a sentence together couldn't be trusted to run a billion dollar company! "Sir, you're not making any sense," she cooed, attempting to appear as calming and understanding as possible.

But in response, Chris couldn't help but growl in annoyance as he realized how she wouldn't understand what he was trying to say. Desperate to escape the assistant and the still-loud crowd hurling questions at him, the man suddenly turned away and began to make his way out of the foyer. As he did so though in hopes of clearing some air, shock coursed through his body as he saw his former body embracing his wife, with one of the hunky actor's burly hands firmly squeezing one of the woman's perky asscheeks.

Despite his desire to instantly rush up towards the imposter and berate him, the intense anxiety and discombobulation he felt was more pressing in his eyes. As a result, he quickly exited the room and traversed down the long hallways of the Panerai estate in search of a bathroom. After opening and closing several doors in search of one, the former actor finally found one and turned on the light before closing the door behind him.

The flickering fluorescent lights hummed overhead as Chris stumbled into the dimly lit bathroom, still disoriented from the strange experience of finding himself in a body that

wasn't his own. His palms were clammy, and he could feel the unfamiliar weight of the body he now inhabited. The sensation was disconcerting, like wearing a poorly fitting suit that sagged in all the wrong places.

The bathroom mirror stretched across the wall in front of him, and he approached it cautiously, as if the glass might reveal some hidden truth. What greeted him in the reflection was not the face he had known for decades, but that of an elderly man with weathered skin and a fringe of thinning, silver hair. It was the face of Leonardo Panerai, the man who had just earlier signed him into a multi-million dollar contract just thirty minutes prior.

He raised a trembling hand to touch the wrinkled skin on his face, tracing the lines that told the story of a life he had never lived. The creases around his eyes seemed to hold the weight of countless smiles and sorrows, and the age spots on his hands spoke of years well beyond his own.

"This can't be real," he muttered to himself, the sound of the words foreign and coarse in the unfamiliar voice that emanated from his new throat. The man in the mirror mimicked his every move, his eyes widening with a mix of disbelief and horror.

With hesitant fingers, Chris used his new hands to move down and explore his new physique. Unsurprisingly, finding himself in the body of a new retiree meant that his new form was a far cry from his ripped and muscular physique created by hard work in the gym and the assistance of professional dietitians. His chest slightly jutted out in front of him, displaying conical features as they drooped down due to gravity affecting this weathered body for over 60 years. Traversing further down revealed a firm yet slightly pudgy stomach that seemed inescapable due to Leonardo's slowed metabolism. Worst of all was when Chris' bony fingers gravitated towards his crotch, which allowed him to feel the small, miniscule cock that was a far cry from the impressively long and girthy cock he had once possessed.

Horrified, the man tilted his head back up as he pulled his hands away from his new form. Upon doing so though he found his new reflection staring back at him, looking silent and stoic as if it was challenging him to come to terms with the reality of his situation. Chris took a deep breath, attempting to shake off the disorientation that clung to him like a persistent fog.

Leaning in closer to the mirror, he scrutinized the details of his new face. The texture of his skin felt different, less elastic than the smooth and angular canvas he was

accustomed to. He frowned at the pronounced lines etched across his forehead, evidence of a lifetime of expressions he had never made.

A sigh escaped him, a mixture of frustration and resignation. He ran his fingers through the thinning silver hair, wondering how he had ended up in the body of his newest business partner. The mirror offered no answers, only the stark reality of his altered appearance.

In response, the newly elderly man wanted nothing more than to just burst into tears and gravel over how he had lost everything. He wanted nothing more than to swap back to his old body, but it seemed as though he was incapable of saying what had actually happened to him!

Just as this realization hit him, the man gasped as he heard a soft knock on the door. "It's occupied," he cried out, his voice wobbling due to the intense mix of emotions he was feeling.

"Do you want answers about what happened to you or not?" the voice on the other side of the door replied, which instantly caused Chris to stand up. Not only was Leonardo there, but Chris could instantly recognize his own former voice talking to him now!

Despite wanting nothing more than to sob and shut himself off from the rest of the world, his desire for answers caused him to quickly unlock the door and allow the body thief to walk in. Upon doing so, Chris stared in awe as he found himself looking at his former body in its taller and more muscular glory.

Seeing the slack-jawed awe that the swap victim looked at him with, Leonardo chuckled as he closed the door behind him, a sound that felt eerie coming from Chris's lips. "I can't believe you didn't question anything about that watch I gave. It's not just a piece of luxury, my friend. It's a marvel of technology, a body-swapping device."

Chris's eyes widened in disbelief. "A body-swapping device? You can't be serious!"



"I mean look at yourself old man, surely this didn't happen for no reason," the boss replied, a glint of mischief in his eyes. "I've been itching for a change, you know. Tired of the corporate grind and all of my kids trying to fight to be my successor. Plus, getting old fucking sucks, as I'm sure you're already realizing," he continued, a manical laugh escaping from his lips. "So, I decided to mix things up a bit. And you, young man, happened to be the lucky recipient."

Chris's mind raced as he tried to comprehend the absurdity of the situation. "But why? Why me?"

The boss leaned forward, a conspiratorial gleam in his eyes. "Well, I always wanted to try my hand at acting, and you, my dear Chris, had the perfect life for it. A mid-40s actor with a promising career and an incredibly buff and manly body. What more could I want?!"

Chris's bewilderment turned to shock. "So, you just swapped lives with me for a career change?"

"Exactly!" the boss exclaimed, a devilish grin spreading across his new face. "And now, you get the golden years of retirement, the weight of a hefty fortune, and a bunch of conniving children. On the plus side though, you get to have some *adorable* grandkids."

Chris stared at him, a mix of anger and disbelief clouding his features. "You've taken everything from me!"

The boss shrugged nonchalantly. "Think of it as a trade, Chris. You get to live a life of leisure, and I get to chase my dreams on the big screen. It's a win-win, right?"

Frustration boiled within Chris, but he knew there was no reversing the irreversible swap. As he looked at the man who once held his own identity, a sense of resignation settled over him. The watch, once a symbol of gratitude, now served as a constant reminder of the extraordinary turn his life had taken.

To make matters worse though, the new actor smirked as he aimed to continue his torment. "At this point my friend, I think it will be better for you in the long run to just accept your new situation. Not only does the watch make it so you can never tell anyone what happened to you, but the biological features of the watch have allowed it to bond to your body so you can never take it off. There's truly no way that you'll ever be able to get out of this new body and life of yours."

In an act of defiance, Chris tried his best to reach down and rip off the watch in hopes of getting to prove Leonardo wrong and reveal the truth of what has happened to him. But as he continued to grip onto the clasp and try to undo it, the man found that his bony fingers refused to cooperate. He truly couldn't take it off!

Across the bathroom, the hunky new actor chuckled with his deep and manly timbre as he patted Chris on the shoulder. "I'm sure the wife is out there waiting for me, so I better get a move on," he said as he turned around and pulled open the bathroom door. "Enjoy the retirement though, my friend. And don't worry, I'll make sure to make you look good on the red carpet."

As the former businessman sauntered away to head home with his hot young wife in tow, the brand new Leonardo couldn't escape the bitter sense of betrayal that coursed through his body. Despite all of the countless agents and jealous actors he had encountered in his life, it was the mild-mannered and elderly businessman who had ultimately destroyed him and stolen Chris' body and career. Standing there in awe and confusion as he attempted to figure out what to do next, the brand new retiree couldn't help but wonder if the price of ambition and the pursuit of his luxurious dreams was worth the collateral damage it left in its wake...