

Meeting Mr Cavanaugh

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

“If you’d just like to wait in here, Mr Cavanaugh will join you shortly,” the handsome secretary informed Adam while holding open a door. “Please enjoy the view and the refreshments in the meantime.”

The room that Adam stepped into did indeed have quite the impressive view of downtown ATX, but the young man’s attention was mostly caught by the interior of the room. It was sparsely decorated, featuring only a yellow armchair with an end table beside it, upon which was an empty glass and a jug of water. The only other feature was a full length mirror on the far side of the room. The set-up seemed like an odd choice for such a spacious room, but Adam surmised that it must be some sort of private room that Mr Cavanaugh used for both metaphorical and literal reflection from time to time.

Truth be told, Adam didn’t actually know all that much about the elusive author. As far as he was aware, nobody really did. Mr Cavanaugh had made a reputation for himself in the transformation community as being the real deal: he didn’t just write transformations, he made them a reality. This was of course all rather *hush-hush* in the mainstream as Mr Cavanaugh did a successful job of staying out of the public eye despite somehow owning skyscrapers in numerous major cities across the globe! Adam had been thrilled to receive a letter inviting him to the man’s Austin building and was further elated to discover that travel had already been organized for him. He was of course curious as to why Mr Cavanaugh would seek him out personally for a meeting but he wasn’t about to say no. This could quite easily prove to be a once in a lifetime opportunity!

Feeling both eager and nervous for his first in-person encounter with Mr Cavanaugh, Adam forced himself to exercise a little patience and wait for the man in question to arrive. After taking a seat in the armchair and being delighted by how comfortable the seat proved to be, Adam turned towards the end table so he could pour himself a glass of water. It was strange, he’d felt perfectly fine as he’d entered the building and approached the reception desk but now his throat was incredibly dry all of a sudden. Having the means to quench that thirst certainly came as a relief, although when Adam brought the glass to his lips and took his first gulp he was surprised to detect a subtle hint of lime. *Not your average tap water*, he thought to himself as he took another long swig from his glass. *Somebody knows how to make a guest feel special!*

To stave off the boredom and irritation at having to wait, Adam fished his cell phone out of his pocket. Much to his surprise he didn’t seem to get any signal whatsoever despite

the fact he was in a densely populated part of the city. Although disgruntled by this discovery, Adam contented himself to play what few games he had downloaded onto the device while taking occasional sips from his glass of life-infused water. Minutes passed without any sign of Mr Cavanaugh's arrival and Adam even made it through his second full glass before he finally noticed that his body temperature had rapidly risen.

Setting his cell phone and empty glass down on the empty table, Adam wiped the sweat off of his brow with the back of his hand. He then turned to face in the mirror with the intention of seeing how flushed his face was, but what he saw in his reflection prompted a yelp of alarm and confusion to burst forth. While the man in the mirror wasn't completely unrecognizable, Adam was instantly aware of the fact that his body and face were in the process of undergoing physical changes. Had he been anywhere else in the world he might have thought that he was hallucinating but this wasn't just anywhere. He was in Mr Cavanaugh's domain. This transformation was *real*.

Rising from the armchair, Adam stumbled his way in front of the mirror and gasped at the discovery that he had grown several inches taller. He had to be at least six-foot-five now! It wasn't just his height seeing an increase though, as the mass he carried on his body had multiplied too. Adam was completely enamored with the sight of his shoulders broadening while his slender arms inflated like balloons until he possessed twenty-inch biceps. The young man's flat chest received a similar treatment, with a pair of meaty pecs protruding forth in a fashion that sent shocks of pleasure rippling throughout his body. Beneath those muscular hills was a toned stomach that hinted at the tight core underneath, although the new bulk of his body prevented the complete forming of a six-pack of abs.

Adam's lower half expanded in tandem with the improvements to his torso and arms. His legs had grown in length to help him achieve his new height but they soon blossomed into powerful tree trunks. Adam did his best to keep himself lean with regular cardio but now it looked as if he'd been performing heavy squats every day for the past decade - his quads were the size of watermelons and when he turned to his side, he was delighted by the sight of the two juicy globes that made up his ass.

While Adam had been understandably distracted by the massive changes happening to his previously slender physique, the changes had overtaken his face and warped his features so that not even his close family would recognise him as himself. That wasn't to say that his new visage was unfamiliar though, as it was one that many more people would know and Adam himself was rather fond of. He now possessed a sharper jawline and a heavy brow, with wider nostrils and thinner lips further differentiating him from his former self. This handsome new face was paired with a thicker neck and short cropped blond hair, all of which added up to make Adam a perfect duplicate of his favorite NFL player, JJ Watt!

“Holy shit,” the man gasped, giving himself another shock as the words emerged in JJ’s voice rather than his own. Adam felt a little foolish for being so surprised but he quickly discarded that feeling and focused instead on how hot he both felt and looked. “Thank you, Mr Cavanaugh!” he exclaimed, a grin forming on his face as he brought his arms up to hit a double bicep flex. After so many years of thirsting for the football player from afar Adam was almost completely lost for words. This was a damn dream come true! He was already thinking about how much fun he could have while occupying the athlete’s flesh, although he’d have to ask what had happened to the real JJ Watt. There couldn’t be two of them running around and causing confusion, could there?



The sound of the door closing temporarily pulled Adam’s attention away from the reflection but the noise didn’t seem to be a result of Mr Cavanaugh’s arrival. Adam was still alone in the room but there was now a pile of clothes resting on the armchair. Although confused at how somebody could have entered the room and left them behind without him noticing, Adam didn’t waste much time thinking about it and instead approached the armchair to better inspect the garments. It took mere seconds for him to realize that it wasn’t a normal set of clothes but rather a full set of JJ Watt’s uniform as a member of the Arizona Cardinals! It was all there: the XL jersey, the tight pants, even the jockstrap and the gloves!

Adam didn’t even hesitate before starting to strip out of his clothes, although that was much easier said than done considering his new muscular size had caused his size medium clothes to become almost indecently stretched across his sheer bulk. Once he was finally free of the garments (having caused his shirt to rip open at the seams in the process), it finally occurred to Adam that he was stark naked in a body he’d longed to see for years. Rather than immediately dressing in the clothes that had been delivered, he turned back to the mirror and took in the gorgeous sight of JJ’s naked body. It came as no surprise that his thick eight-inch cock was already beginning to stiffen in arousal!

Despite wanting to jerk off right then and there, Adam convinced himself that it perhaps wouldn’t be the most appropriate thing to do. Mr Cavanaugh was expected to arrive at any moment, after all. With some reluctance then he returned to the clothes and began

to pull them onto his body, although that wasn't without pleasures of its own. Just seeing the way his new cock caused a severe tent in the front of those pants brought a smile to Adam's face and he couldn't help but stroke himself through the fabric, causing a small amount of pre-cum to be absorbed by the garment.

Once he was completely encased in the uniform even all the way down to his cleats, Adam moved back towards the mirror. His heart was thundering in his chest at the simply gorgeous sight being reflected back at him, but his enjoyment was cut short as he found himself unable to lift his arms. He had been intending to hit another massive flex but his arms suddenly felt like they were made of lead. Understandably alarmed, Adam intended to hurry towards the door in the hopes of finding help but that only led to the discovery that his legs had been locked in much the same state. With that option eliminated, Adam attempted to call out and request much needed aid but even that proved to be an impossibility. His mouth had been locked shut and his neck had become as unmalleable as his limbs. He was frozen on the spot from head to toe!

Then, as if being held as still as a statue wasn't bad enough, the room around Adam seemed to expand in size. Given where he was though, Adam knew that the more likely scenario was actually that he was shrinking. Within seconds he had dropped below six feet, then five, then four... It seemed as if there was no end in sight! He continued to shrink for what felt like a lifetime before finally coming to rest at a final height of six inches tall. His hopes that he might at least regain the ability to move once his shrinking had finished were quickly dashed as he ultimately remained as immobile as he had been back at what now felt like a mammoth six-foot-five.



Apparently Adam's dream-turned-nightmare wasn't over yet, as he watched his flesh, hair and even the fabric of the football uniform he was wearing warp until he was entirely made of plastic. His face even underwent further changes to give him a more cartoon-style look, although still clearly recognisable as one of the greatest football players of the modern age. *I'm a goddamn action figure!* If Adam still had the capability, he would have screamed at the top of his lungs. Instead he was left completely silenced in his new plastic body. Hadn't it been cruel enough to tease him with having JJ's body before taking it away? There was a sick irony to this final state: sure, he was technically JJ Watt, but this wasn't how he wanted it to be!

Although he had been robbed of the ability to speak, Adam's other senses were still fully intact. As such, from his position in front of the mirror he could clearly see the door to the room open and an absolute giant of a man enter. It took him a few

seconds to realize who this new arrival was but once the giant had stomped over and scooped Adam up into his hands, there was absolutely no mistaking him. It was JJ Watt!

“Nice to finally meet you, buddy,” the athlete remarked, apparently well aware of the fact that the object he held within his hands was more than just a piece of ordinary plastic. “I know how much you love JJ here, so this seemed like something you might enjoy.” The reference to JJ in third person made it immediately clear that this wasn’t the real deal, but Adam was fairly confident he knew the true identity of the man holding him: *Mr Cavanaugh!* “You see, I’m a big fan of JJ too and I’ve been looking to spend some time in his flesh. There can’t be two of us though, so I had to think of something else to do with you. How’s the fit, by the way? I turned the real JJ into that uniform you’re wearing right now, so he’s technically locked in there with you!”

To say that this wasn’t how Adam expected his first interaction with Mr Cavanaugh to go would be an understatement, but he wasn’t completely enraged by how things had ended up. Sure, there was an element of frustration at being so close to the body of his dreams (and even wearing the real JJ as his uniform) while not actually having it for himself, but there were still some positives. For example, it seemed like he would at least get to stare at the handsome face and gorgeous body of his ultimate crush all day long, as Mr Cavanaugh declared that he would be used as a desk decoration. As for how long Adam would remain in that state, the man explained that he’d eventually be returned to his human form and even get to retain JJ’s appearance for a time, but only once Mr Cavanaugh was bored of living JJ Watt’s life for himself!

