

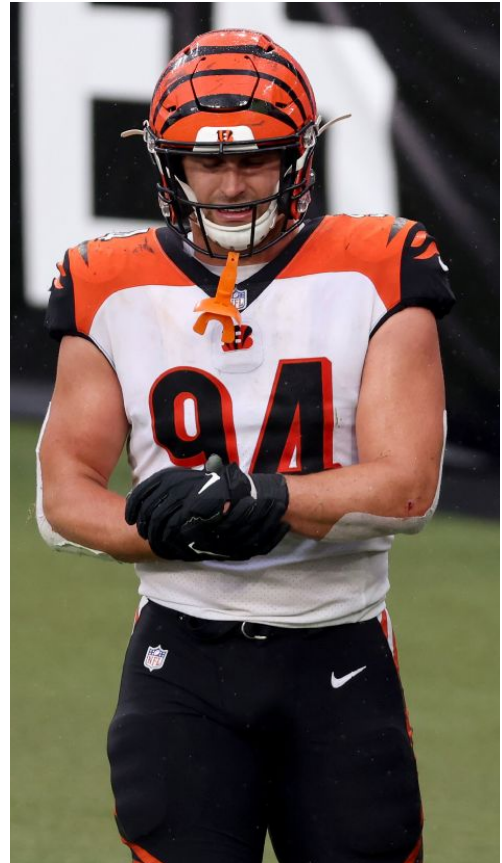
Henry At Twenty-Eight

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

As the seconds edged closer to midnight, I took one final look in the mirror at the body I had occupied for the past three-hundred and sixty-five days. It was never easy, knowing I was about to be forced out from a body I had occupied for a whole calendar year, but I was appreciative of the time I had gotten to spend as Sam Hubbard, the defensive end for the NFL's Cincinnati Bengals. What a year for it to happen too! I had helped the team make it all the way to the Super Bowl for the first time in decades, and even though we hadn't one, I still got to play football on the grandest stage of them all! That was a memory I would treasure for the rest of my life and I could only hope that my next body would supply me with similarly incredible experiences.

My unique situation started all the way back on my sixteenth birthday, when I had suddenly discovered myself awakening in a body that wasn't my own. During that first morning I had been understandably convinced that I was still dreaming. After all, people didn't simply wake up in a body that wasn't their own, did they? This theory that I was experiencing an incredibly lifelike dream eventually fell apart though, as I never found myself rising from that supposed slumber. For the entirety of my sixteenth year on Earth, I had lived the life of the one and only Chris Evans, the same man I credited as helping me discover my own bisexuality. Given it had been 2010, I had even been the one to portray Captain America in Chris' first Marvel solo film, which definitely set the standard high.

To find myself waking up in a different body on the morning of my seventeenth birthday had been quite the shocker; I'd been preparing a celebration of spending an entire year as Chris Evans, only to find myself disinvited from the celebration! Rather than being back in my original body though, I was now Zayn Malik, a singer in the popular boyband One Direction! I adjusted to the life of a popstar with relative ease. Whatever it was that caused me to jump from body to body each year (something I've never had an answer to, nor no longer trouble myself to worry about) allowed me to keep the memories and



attributes of the body I was occupying, so I had no trouble convincing folks that I was really Chris or Zayn. Besides, it wasn't as if anybody would believe me if I told them the truth - except you, of course!

Twelve years have passed since that fateful morning when I woke up in the body of a hunky actor and I've occupied twelve bodies since then, with Sam here being the most recent of them. Each and every one of them has been a rewarding experience and so far I've found myself being attracted to all of the bodies I've possessed. It was a pattern that I hoped continued, although I always found myself feeling nervous as my birthday approached and a massive change to my life loomed over me. It was daunting and thrilling in equal measure. Just whose face would I see in the mirror the next morning? What city would I be waking up in? What career would I experience for the next year? Would I be single? Married? There was so much left up to chance!

Once a familiar drowsiness came over me, I said my final goodbye to my football player reflection and settled back into the comfortable bed. Letting my eyes fall shut, I sent up a silent prayer for another incredible year ahead of me and slipped into the comfortable embrace of a life-changing slumber...

After a peaceful eight hours I finally began to rise back towards consciousness. My sense of smell was the first thing to activate that morning and I was greeted by a musky aroma that reminded me of a gym locker room. I had grown so used to Sam's natural scent over the past year that this new one immediately stood out to me, although it really wasn't that unpleasant. In fact, there was something arousing about having such a different scent surrounding me, and my cock twitched in excitement under the scratchy cotton sheets.

So I've still got a dick, that's good. There was some clear relief attached to the thought. While I wasn't totally opposed to the idea of living in a woman's body for a year, there was comfort in the familiar. I'd gotten to enjoy some great dicks - long, short, thick and thin - since my body-hopping journey had begun all those years ago, and I was eager to see how this new one would match up!

As I finally pried open my eyes, I first took in the sight of an unfamiliar ceiling and then turned my attention downwards. Even more relief flushed through me as I took in the sight of the powerful chest muscles; the two pectoral muscles made such a prominent shelf that they almost managed to hide the prominent tent forming under the sheet!

Shuffling back and resting on my elbows, I admired the collection of rippling abs under my mighty pecs and then pushed the sheet down so I could get a proper view of the manhood I would spend the next year working with. Needless to say, it didn't disappoint. I had to be rocking at least eight inches and it was plenty girthy too!

Reaching a large hand down and wrapping it around the thick tool, I gave my new cock a few experimental strokes and a low growl of appreciation escaped my lips in response. "Looking good so far," I grunted to myself, testing out the voice I'd be hearing for the foreseeable future. It was deep and distinctly American, although I couldn't place it regionally. All I knew for sure was that it was a long way from the English accent I'd had back in my original body, and in my humble opinion, it was much sexier.

Although I was enjoying getting acquainted with my new manhood, there was still much more that I needed to know, so I reluctantly pulled my hands away and swung my legs off the edge of the bed. Before rising to my feet I took a moment to appreciate the muscular quads and the bulging calves beneath them, as well as the well-proportioned hairy feet. Then, once I was out of the bed and had risen to my new height of five-foot-ten (which was considerably shorter than I had been while occupying Sam's six-foot-four football player body), I took in my surroundings. Whoever's body I had jumped into, they weren't the type of guy who kept their bedroom tidy. The amateur bodybuilding trophies grabbed my interest though; even after twelve swaps, I'd never experienced the bodybuilder lifestyle - until now!

Making my way into the en-suite bathroom, I braced myself for my introduction to my new reflection. The nerves were unnecessary though, as I was immediately impressed with what I saw. My muscular body was unsurprisingly paired with a handsome face. The square jawline was decorated with stubble and the heavy brow gave me an appearance that was almost thuggish and somewhat intimidating. I certainly wasn't complaining though, as it was a subtle change-up from Sam's more classically handsome features. On top of that, my new face (and thus my new life) was actually familiar to me too, which was another welcome relief!

This body belonged to Alex Gibson, a fitness influencer with a pretty decent sized following who happened to be a master of the thirst trap. That was *definitely* a lifestyle that I was willing to adopt because these muscles were certainly too awesome not to be shared with the world! Given Alex's various sponsorship deals, I'd be earning money easier than I ever had before. There was much less risk of injury than there had been while playing football as Sam, although truthfully I knew I'd miss playing the sport. *Maybe I can join an amateur team while I'm in this body.* While I didn't like to do anything that was too drastic a departure from whoever's life I was currently occupying, getting involved in sport didn't seem like too much of a stretch for a guy like Alex.



*I can think of something else that could probably pass for being in character too. My train of thought had proceeded in a more devious direction but I was already rather enamored with the idea that had blossomed inside my mind. Returning to the bedroom, I hunted around for Alex's cellphone and after locating it quickly set about downloading a new app to the homepage: *OnlyFans*.*

While I was waiting for the app to finish downloading, I returned to the bathroom and switched the phone over to its camera mode. If I was going to be making this bold new adventure then I'd need some spicy content to get the dollars rolling in! I'd grown used to the deep pockets that I'd had as Sam (million-dollar football contracts were an absolute delight) and while I probably wouldn't reach that level of wealth while living Alex's

life, I knew that with such a hot body, I'd have no issue making thousands of extra dollars every month from an OnlyFans account. I didn't even need to do anything too extreme, just go a little bit further than Alex's usual thirst traps. The horny girls and gays out there would eat it up!

As the notification popped up to confirm that the application had finally finished downloading, a smirk settled onto my handsome face. Even though I had just turned twenty-eight, I both felt and looked at least half a decade younger! "We've got another good year ahead of us," I told my reflection, relishing once more in the deep tones of my new voice. *Yeah, I'm going to enjoy myself in your skin, Alex. Now though, I better get started on recording some content... time for the birthday boy to have some fun!*