

## **Intercepted!**

By Soul-Controller



With the upcoming NFL season soon approaching as the first pre-season games got underway, the Buffalo Bills were incredibly optimistic about their chances this season. Last year, the team was so close to making it to the Super Bowl if it hadn't been for a disappointing second and third quarter of the AFC championship game against the Kansas City Chiefs. While the team was bummed to have lost after making it so far into the playoffs, the Bills now

had an inner drive to finish the job in the 2021 season now that the entire team had gotten their closest taste of the Super Bowl yet.

As the coaches made plans to strengthen their plays to prevent any issues moving forward, they also had to adjust for the yearly influx of draft players and any newly-contracted players that were transferred during the off-season. There had been a lot of impressive players to join the team this season, but the coaches had their eyes on one guy in particular: Mitch Trubisky. While he was traded from a starting quarterback position on the Chicago Bears to become backup quarterback for the impressive Josh Allen, the coaches hadn't viewed this as a downgrade in the slightest. In fact, they were relieved to have a capable quarterback in their ranks that could hopefully excel better with a more fitting and well-oiled team.

But for Mitch Trubisky, he hadn't handled the result of the new deal well. He knew that his time with the Bears was coming to an end, so the starting QB was obviously desperate to sign a new contract that would allow him to continue playing the sport he was so immensely passionate about. Unfortunately for Mitch, he wasn't able to get many offers from many teams due to the fact that they were more focused on getting fresh young talent for QB positions during the draft. While he was incredibly happy with the one-year, 2.5 million dollar deal from the Bills, he wasn't too excited to essentially be demoted to a backup quarterback.

With the sting of his outing from the Bears still relatively fresh now tied with his demoted deal with the Bills, it was fair to say that Trubisky was quite the scorned man. As the man arrived at training camp, any joy that once filled up the Bills locker room was seeped away as Mitch's negative energy leached it all away. Despite Josh Allen's best attempts to relate to the quarterback and create a friendship with the man, Mitch immediately shut that possibility down, saying that he didn't want to deal with Allen's "pity friendship".

Upon heading out with the rest of the team to begin drills and practicing, Mitch's disdain for the slightly younger Allen only grew more extreme as the time passed. Mitch was trying his hardest to keep up with everyone else, but he constantly found himself struggling and confused on what to do. For his first day back on the field in months, he had such high expectations of making a good impression and immediately excelling at anything he was tasked with doing. But alas, he found himself cursing under his breath and screaming in annoyance after nearly every drill. To make matters worse, as his new coach told him to take a break and watch how the drill is supposed to run, Mitch had to stare at Josh as he completed the drills with ease. The man even had a smile on his face as he did them, a clear testament to how comfortable he felt about his skills.

After taking a breather and returning to the field, Mitch was eager to finally prove himself and even outdo the team's star quarterback. While the man was eventually able to match Josh's mastery of the drills, Mitch was eager to do better and be better. He had to prove himself to be a worthy alternative to Josh if he ever wanted any play time! With the coach's whistle signifying the end of the first day of training camp, Mitch quickly pushed his way into the locker room and began to change. He felt like an utter fool for being such a failure in comparison to Josh, especially as he watched the athlete stick around with the coaches to work on some additional training. Looking away to save himself from feeling even more incompetent, Mitch quickly jogged into the locker room. He didn't even shower to freshen up before grabbing his gear and rushing back to the small apartment that he had just rented for the move from Chicago to New York.

Throwing the gear onto the floor as he crossed the threshold of his front door, Mitch quickly stripped out of his clothes and began to shower. While the near-scalding water was beginning to redden his already tan skin, Mitch's mind began to shift from embarrassment back to his near-constant emotion of anger. But as this emotional state shifted, it also brought along with it a new emotion: the desire for revenge. As the water cascaded down his head and back, he thought back to an offer once proposed by his long-time best friend.

For years, he ranted about his concerns to his friend from high school Kade McClure, who actually was a player for the Chicago White Sox that was ultimately bounced between various minor leagues by the White Sox. Given both of them had to deal with their prospective teams and the looming threat of being demoted from a lead position to something lesser, they were able to give great advice to one another. In fact, Kade had even offered the contact information for an apparent “life revitalizer” that went by the mysterious persona of S-C. Given that he was actually considered a player for a major league sports team, Kade had the connection to S-C, who had seemingly created under-the-table deals with all of the major sports leagues to offer his services. Kade had no idea what S-C got in return for these services, but he wasn’t interested in the concept and never asked. Since he still had the connection, Kade offered to get in touch to help Mitch cope with the situation he found himself in. While Mitch had no interest at the time of using S-C’s services, Kade said that the offer was always open as long as he was still a part of the White Sox.

As he pulled the lever to turn off the shower, Mitch made up his mind and decided to see what S-C could offer him to help him cope with these intense emotions he had been feeling. After shooting off a text to Kade, Mitch’s friend quickly responded with a time and location for Mitch to meet with S-C the next morning. Luckily for Mitch, S-C was apparently nearby and able to pencil him in for a consultation! As the man fell asleep early due to the extensive workouts he had just done, he was cautiously optimistic that he could find a solution for his rage towards the Bills and Josh Allen in particular...

While Mitch was incredibly annoyed to have his alarm wake him up despite there not being even a hint of sunlight out yet, he ignored that thought as he remembered the reason for his early rise. With a pep in his step, Mitch quickly showered, dressed and devoured a small bowl of cereal. The man soon grabbed his keys and rushed out to drive off to the mysterious location that S-C told him to meet him at.

Upon his arrival, he was intrigued to find that the destination was in fact a large gym that only had a single light turned on. Getting out of his car, he gingerly walked towards the door as his eyes wandered to make sure there was no one attempting to sneak up on him. “Fuck!” Mitch gasped as the front door of the gym suddenly burst open in front of him without anyone around. Interestingly enough, the door refused to close either as it seemingly invited him to enter the building. Chalking it up to someone pressing the wheelchair button on some automatic doors to show that someone was here, Mitch took a second to compose himself before entering the dimly-lit gym.

“Hello?” Mitch called out, his normally booming voice cracking as slight fear began to creep into his body. Before he could ask again though, he jumped as the fluorescent

lights sprung to life and immediately illuminated the room. As his eyes wandered around to search for someone, he found slight relief to find a man sitting on a piece of equipment and staring at him. “Excuse me...” Mitch said as he began to make his way towards the man. “Are you S-C?” he asked, which caused a slight smile to form on the man’s face.

“Yes, that’s me” the man confirmed, which allowed Mitch to hear the man’s foreign accent. What could that be... British? Australian? Before he could ask the man’s nationality, the enigmatic S-C rose up from the seat and began to walk the remaining distance until he was face-to-face with the athletic jock. “How can I help you?” he asked, which caused Mitch to begin to rant about his life and the downward spiral his life had seemingly undergone over the past year. All while this was occurring, S-C was quite receptive, nodding his head as he took in the man’s dilemma.



“So, it seems as though you’re eager to get Josh Allen out of the picture huh...” he responded, which caused Mitch to nod his head in agreement before realizing the possibilities of that phrase.

“Wait, I don’t want him killed! I just wish that I could be the starting quarterback. I have something to prove and I want the opportunity to do it!” Mitch responded, his face twisting into a look of panic as he watched S-C realize what exactly the athlete was wanting.

“Ah I see,” the man said as he began to slowly walk around and encircle the panicked athlete. As he stared deep into Mitch’s eyes, he decided to continue with his offer of help. “Well, I still think I can help you then... although my methods could be deemed experimental by mere mortals like you,” the man continued.

“What kind of methods do you utilize then?” Mitch naturally asked, his curiosity piqued by the odd phrasing of the mysterious man.

“Magical methods of course, things such as ancient spells and enchanted items. I can bend reality at my whim and transform someone’s entire body and soul in any way I desire,” the man calmly explained, only to lose that calm demeanor in favor of slight annoyance as Mitch’s face cracked into a ludicrous smile and he began to hysterically laugh. “What’s so funny?” S-C angrily said, his Australian accent now being spoken through gritted teeth.

“Magic? Are you serious? That shit isn’t real!” Mitch said through parsed words interrupted by hearty chuckles. If he hadn’t been laughing so severely, Mitch would have been absolutely pissed off to know that he wasted time on some fake-ass man offering to use magic to get revenge. He could have slept in some more before going to training practice, which really began to irritate the man. “Why would you waste my time with this crock of shit?” the man quickly uttered, his mind beginning to become overwhelmed with rage.

Of course, S-C had expected this sort of response from unknowing mortals, especially since he had once been one of them. But luckily for the sea of people he had helped, S-C was able to tap into a locked realm of magic that had turned him into a powerful eternal being. It was crazy to think that it had been less than a year since he himself underwent his first transformation into the hunky trainer Royce Dunne. While he had continued to use the hunk’s body as his new base body to have some fun as a personal trainer in the Midwest as a safety measure to remain grounded and remember his humanity, S-C used his free time to experiment with his powers and shift into various people. He had tried out the bodies of his favorite male celebrities and even sometimes their wives just to keep the transformations fresh and exciting. But given his judgmental obsession with social media, he began to extend his shifting into various men he found attractive. With quite a repertoire of host bodies he could easily shift into, S-C made a plan to prove his powers to the still-fuming Mitch and also allow him to pick a new full-time host body. “If you don’t believe in magic, how would you explain this?” he said as Mitch looked intently to watch the man.

To his shock, he watched as the buff mystery man began to change before his eyes. The man’s body grew a few inches as his facial hair began to pull into his cheeks until he had a slight goatee. Feeling the changes begin, S-C pulled off the long sleeved shirt and revealed the man’s pale yet impressive physique that was coated in some body hair. But as the body hair began to pull into the follicles, the man’s torso just began to look like a buff block of chalk, which actually amused Mitch as the changes continued. But as the hair finally disappeared from his body, Mitch was understandably shocked to watch as the man’s skin tone began to slightly darken into a shade that signified an entirely new race.

While the majority of the man's impressive physique remained intact, there were some areas that showcased a vast change. While his biceps bulked up a bit more and his lower torso lost some of its intense musculature as his abs lost some definition and his waist was cinched in a few inches to create a more toned appearance, his chest was actually the main site of muscle construction. Looking down and smiling, S-C watched as his once modest pecs began to increase in size until they were at a size that were able to be fully cupped and create a chest shelf befitting of a male model.

As the transforming man began to look at his left arm, Mitch's attention shifted there as well. He couldn't believe it, but this man was actually able to change his entire body right in front of him. Now knowing the power of this man, Mitch couldn't help but worry about a fear of retaliation by questioning the man's skills and sanity. Returning his attention back to the man, Mitch stared at the now impressive sleeve of tattoos that ran up his bulging arms and looked up towards the man's face. While the man had basically shifted into a new man, the face of the Australian hunk was still affixed onto the man's shifting head.

Fortunately though, that soon began to undergo its own transformation as the features on the man's face began to shift. His prominent nose grew a bit smaller and more angular as his jawline also gained a chiseled look. The man's face also grew a few shades darker to match the rest of his body as his facial hair and eyebrows began to shift from a light brown to a dark black color. With only a few changes left, the man's hair began to recede both in terms of length and hairline as it completely revealed the fully lengthened and exposed forehead of the new man. While the sides of the man's head were originally trimmed, they soon pulled in to the point of having a razor-shaved look. This receding also continued on the man's scalp as the average length hair was yanked back by the follicles until he was left with essentially an extreme version of a crew-cut.

Finally, with the muscle growth that had slightly occurred in the man's legs, S-C wasted no time evolving the pair of sweatpants he was wearing into something that better showcased his new physique. Immediately, the pants grew tighter around his body as the material shifted and gained a more spandex-like appearance. Turning around and putting his hand towards his rear, S-C watched as the new perky muscular ass he possessed was now revealed by the tight pair of spandex workout gear that left little to the imagination. This was safe to say in the front as well as the spandex perfectly showcased his thick thighs and the firm boner proudly displayed.



With the changes finished now, S-C looked down at his changed body and smiled at yet another successful transformation. As he pulled his head up, he chuckled at the look of absolute shock painted across Mitch's gorgeous face. Wanting to have fun and toy with the dismissive man, the magical man approached the man and got up into his face. Sticking his tongue out in a cocky manner and flexing his impressive arms, S-C watched as Mitch looked him up and down and took in his new physique. "Fuck, you have no idea how badly I've been wanting to shift into him again..." he said, one arm leaving a flex position and beginning to explore the new built body he possessed. But remembering Mitch's behavior, S-C stopped the self-admiration

and jumped back into a cocky demeanor. With his new booming and Americanized voice, S-C wasted no time toying with Mitch, saying "So, you believe me now huh?" as he threw his arms up in Mitch's face and flexed.

Immediately, Mitch wasted no time apologizing for his behavior and vowing to never doubt him or his powers again. He had every reason to fear for the wrath of the man, but as the conversation progressed it seemed unlikely that he would fall victim to it. Instead, the man soon dropped the cocky demeanor and began to inform the man about his origin story behind gaining these abilities. After asking if S-C only worked with high-profile clients, the shapeshifting man revealed that while he does have connections to people in the entertainment and sports industry, he doesn't exclusively work for them. In his free time, he'd reach out into the world and search for the most passionate wishes he could find. While he loved to give the best possible scenario to important people, he did state to Mitch that he has a bit of a devilish side that loves to toy with people and twist their wishes. Granting wishes could be so time-consuming and uninspired, so his ability to defy expectations all while delivering was just a way to keep him invested in helping everyone he can.

Interestingly enough, Mitch became quite engaged in the response, pondering why he would sign deals and contracts to a sea of leagues when he could just bend reality to make him a millionaire. After taking a second to think about it, S-C stated that he only agreed to the contracts to retain a level of anonymity where he's only referred via word

of mouth. He knew that celebrities weren't often so eager to reveal their problems on the off-chance that people perceived them to be vain and unthankful (an unnatural side effect of the "curse of celebria"), so he knew that there would be no real threat of his secret being revealed to the world. For the benefits of these contracts, these various leagues and industry bigshots allowed immediate access to anyone S-C desires and protection should he ever want to take the form of one of the athletes or actors.

Returning back to the conversation of Mitch's problem, S-C shifted gears as he told Mitch that he has just the thing to help Mitch figure out a solution to his problem. After walking over to a box next to the machine where he was sitting earlier, the man quickly pulled something out and held it in his hand as he walked back over. As he dropped the item into Mitch's hand, he began to explain what it is and how it works. "So, this ring is how you're going to get a shot at starting QB. While wearing it, you'll need to shake the hand of your competitor. Upon doing this, the magic will begin to work and give you the abilities to be the leader of the team. Do you understand?" he said while speaking calmly and slowly for Mitch to comprehend everything.

As Mitch nodded his head in agreement, he caught sight of the clock that indicated that he had about 45 minutes until training camp started up. Apologizing for the need of a sudden departure, Mitch once again thanked the man, put the ring onto his finger and observed the small tiny gem located in the center of the metal. He held it up to the light, watching it sparkle and glisten in a mysterious glow. While beginning to head off, Mitch stopped dead in his tracks as he realized he had one lingering question in the back of his mind. Turning away from the door and back to the man, he asked a question that had piqued his curiosity. "Hey, what does S-C stand for anyway?" he said, which caused the man to chuckle in response. "It means Soul-Controller. I like an element of surprise before I reveal my name and what I do..." he said, a wide smile emerging onto his face as the football player turned and finally left the gym to enact his plan.

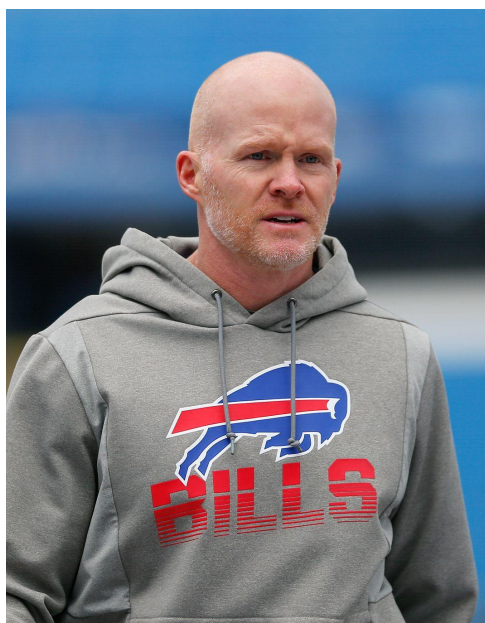
Upon driving back to the training camp practice, Mitch had a huge grin on his face as he practically skipped into the locker room while sporting his new ring. Of course, this new shift in Mitch's behavior was super off-putting to the team at first, but as the behavior refused to falter even during the intense drills they ran, the team was getting behind this new version of Mitch. Little did they know that he was just giddy with revenge consuming his mind as he waited patiently to unleash the power contained within this simple silver ring.

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Throughout the remainder of practice, the two quarterbacks were gaining a newfound synchronicity that allowed both of them to excel as they congratulated each other for a job well done. Since Josh was absolutely unaware of Mitch's plan, he was quite gleeful to hang out with his backup quarterback and watch the man finally begin to loosen up and enjoy the sport. The man recognized that the sport was quite intense and required an extreme amount of dedication, but he would hate his job if he wasn't able to have fun while doing it. It was a relief for Josh to watch Mitch seemingly adopt this same lifestyle he aspired to.

As Josh kept up the previous day's tradition of continuing to do drills as the rest of the team was dismissed, the man was quite happy to watch Mitch come up and ask if he could join him. "Of course man!" he merrily declared as he tossed the second-string athlete a football. For about an additional hour, the two men discussed their love for the sport and Josh graciously offered advice to help Mitch feel more included in the team. All while this occurred, Mitch kept a smile almost permanently displayed on his face. While Josh assumed this was just due to him being excited to be a part of the team, he had no idea that Mitch just found great humor in Josh giving advice that he wouldn't be able to give soon after his magical demotion.



With the sun beginning to set and Josh eager to get back to his girlfriend and her home-cooked meals, the two QBs ended their extended practice time and began to make their way back into the locker room. As they walked in, they both noted the eeriness of the empty room for different reasons. While Josh had a shiver run down his back as he felt as if he had found himself in some sort of horror film, Mitch was enjoying the fact that his plan could now work without any interference.

However, before he could begin his plan, the coach's office door opened up and Sean McDermott walked out in a gray Bills hoodie. Seeing him, Mitch

cursed to himself as he realized that he couldn't conduct his plan with him still around. To make matters worse, the coach had even asked Mitch to come into his office to talk for a bit. Realizing that Josh would surely leave, Mitch knew that the only option was to try and re-enact his plan on another day after everyone had left. Obliging the coach's request and giving a simple "Yes sir", Mitch waves goodbye to Josh as he begins to pack up and leave the stadium.

Entering the room, Mitch cautiously made eye contact with the coach that was now sitting across from him. He hadn't heard much from the guy after being signed to the team, but he felt as though the coach hated him solely due to his loyalties to Josh. However, as the coach began to talk to Mitch, he soon learned that the coach was just rather reserved and kept to himself while coaching. Sure, he would rant and yell after fucking up a play, but for the most part, he was just a quiet observer whose narrowed stares could intimidate even the bulkiest of men. Asking Mitch some questions, the coach inquired about how the man was adapting to the new team and if there were any problems he had so far. "Uh, no sir, nothing so far!" Mitch nervously said, his eyes meeting Sean's as he sat back and listened to what his newest player had to say. Upon seeing his clear interest, Mitch slowly began to let the walls down and express his concerns. "Well, I think the team seems great, although I don't necessarily feel like I'm quite liked..." he said, his voice going to a higher tone as he tried to be careful with his words to avoid ruffling feathers.

Upon finishing up, the coach wasted no time defending his players, stating that they were just naturally protective of anyone that threatens the unity of the team. His players were ride or die for Josh Allen, which only made Mitch grow more frustrated about his teammates' behavior. *I'm clearly not going to play much, so how am I a threat?*

But before Mitch could express those frustrations, the coach continued to speak, commending Mitch for putting in the extra work after practice with Josh. "With behavior like that, you're going to get all of those guys on your side in no time! Plus, it's always great for team morale when first and second-string players can get along well..." Sean said, his stoic expression shifted into a small smile. To Mitch's surprise, he actually found the smile rather calming. It was a relief to see that the coach didn't actually hate him. But was he being overly dramatic? Was it actually possible that he might play some this season by getting on the coach's good side?

Trying to keep the conversation going and to build rapport with his boss, Mitch continued to speak with the older man. "That's definitely fair sir. It's a bit humbling though being forced to be someone's understudy, so that's not much of a positive

thing..." he stated, which caused Sean to lean forward and begin to quash those statements immediately.

"Hey, Trubisky, don't say that. This position isn't meant to be demeaning in any way! All I want is a strong team and that applies to both the starters and the backup players. I was eager to bring you aboard! Hell, even Josh was excited about you joining the team after seeing your potential on the Bears," Sean said, which caused a huge revelation to emerge in Mitch's mind.

*Wow, Josh was actually excited to work with me,* Mitch thought to himself as he immediately began to feel guilt for his nefarious plan. Although he was eager to get play time, it didn't seem fair to fuck over a quality guy to get that. Mitch was determined, but he still had values despite the intense desire for power and status. Upon taking all of this new information into account, he knew that he couldn't go through with this plan. He would just have to put the ring up somewhere and save it on the off-chance that he truly did need it to teach someone a lesson.

As a tune began to play out of the wall clock in the coach's office, the two men soon realized that their departure was necessary before the janitorial crew came. Mitch didn't know about the coach, but he was extremely eager to get back into his apartment and fall right into his bed. Sitting up, they both said their goodbyes and began to head for the door.

But before they could leave, Sean quickly called out Mitch's name and stuck out his hand to offer a handshake. Thinking nothing of it, Mitch smiled and returned the favor by extending out his right hand. As the two of their hands clasped together though, Mitch suddenly gasped in shock as he felt the world around him slow to a halt. Looking around, Mitch watched as the coach's wall clock stopped ticking as it became permanently stuck at 9:01 PM. With his eyes shifting down to their clasped hands, Mitch cried out as he realized that he had shook the coach's hand with the hand wearing the ring from Soul-Controller. "Oh fuck!" he screamed, which caused Sean's mouth to curl into a knowing smirk.

On the other side of the coach's desk, Sean McDermott was completely overjoyed in regards to what was happening to him. Although he was frozen in place and couldn't break his hand free, his secret knowledge of Mitch's magical ring left him unwilling to pull away even if he could. Upon hearing Mitch cry out and curse, Sean looked up to see what was going on before chuckling at the sight before him. Mitch's face was shifting before Sean's eyes, going from something quite angular and handsome to a face that was increasingly... average. With each passing second, that youthful elasticity

was fading away as Mitch's skin grew weathered and wrinkled while gaining the attributes of Sean's face. Along with that, his facial hair was fading away as it grew shorter and also lighter in color. Sean was ecstatic through the entire process, but nothing made him more happy than to see Mitch's facial hair becoming extremely grey.

For Mitch though, his worst fears were coming true as he looked up at his coach and watched as his older face was quickly growing more youthful-looking. The weathered skin was growing smooth as his facial hair regained the dark pigment. With this youthful aspect returning to Sean's body, Mitch stared in disbelief as he watched his coach's bald head begin to quickly sprout Mitch's dark brown hair. On the flip side, as Mitch began to feel a slight breeze graze the back of his head, it was clear that he was losing his own hair and gaining the bald appearance of his coach. "This is a fucking nightmare!" Mitch exclaimed, which only brought forth a deep chuckle from Sean's mouth.

"No, this is a dream come true!" Sean exclaimed, chuckling as he flipped his left hand back and forth and stared as the youth returned to his weathered extremities. Pushing up the sleeve of his hoodie, Sean gasped as he fondled the growing biceps that were quickly filling out the article of clothing. In tandem with Sean's growth, Mitch was horrified as his biceps shriveled up and grew into a simple average set of arms.

With the changes progressing down his torso, Mitch's body began to lose its athletic nature as his slight pecs puffed out slightly to gain a droopy appearance while his abs were hidden away and replaced by a slight paunch. As this occurred in reverse for Sean, the man couldn't help but smile widely and laugh in absolute joy at his player's clear peril. "So, I'm going to assume this isn't what you were planning when you visited Soul-Controller huh?" Sean said, his free hand touching his voice as he immediately realized that his gruff and husky older voice had been replaced with Mitch's youthful tone.

In utter disbelief, Mitch asked how Sean knew about Soul-Controller and how he knew that he visited him. "Trubisky, I'm the head coach for one of the biggest teams in the NFL. Whenever one of my players meets with S-C, I find out about it. I'm still suspicious about how you got into contact with him, but it was clear to me that you did when you suddenly came into practice today with that ring on!" he continued, his voice extremely cheerful while Mitch's now-older face was beginning to well up with tears. He had been played... by his coach of all people!

"Please, let me swap us back! You can have the ring back then and I'll never use it again! I need my body back, even if that means I'm a benchwarmer permanently!" Mitch

pleaded, attempting to bargain with the man who was slowly turning into his doppelganger. However, those attempts fell on deaf ears as Sean gave a resounding “no” and returned his attention towards his new buff body. Feeling the changes progressing downwards, both men grimaced slightly as they felt their male anatomy begin to shift into each other’s. While Sean’s cock began to lengthen slightly into an average yet girthy dick, Mitch could feel his dick slipping through his fingers as it grew smaller and more wrinkled. With his free hand frantically searching his crotch, he groaned as he felt the stiff and wispy pubes of a middle-aged man that had sprouted a full bush in his pants. While Sean had no hair on the top of his head, it seemed crystal clear that his body made up for that in several areas by the prominent bush he now possessed.

“Unfortunately, **coach**, there’s no way to swap back. Once the swap is initiated, the ring is deemed completely useless and removed from reality” Sean said, which only fueled Mitch’s continued breakdown. As the two men finally finished their shift into each other, Mitch was relieved to suddenly find that he was suddenly able to remove his now-older hand from his former body. However, that excitement quickly dissipated as he looked at his hand and realized that Sean wasn’t lying: the ring was completely gone!

Slumping onto the floor in a heavy sob, Mitch looked completely ridiculous as his jersey was stretched to its limits to accommodate for the lax lifestyle of Sean’s that had seemingly ravaged his body of any morsel of athletic ability. “Cheer up **Sean**, you can still turn this team around!” the new Mitch responded, chuckling as he patted his new coach on the back. Heading out of his former office with a smile on his face, the new Mitch Trubisky reminded the new Sean to learn the playbook in and out before tomorrow’s practice before exiting the stadium and entering his new young and buff life.

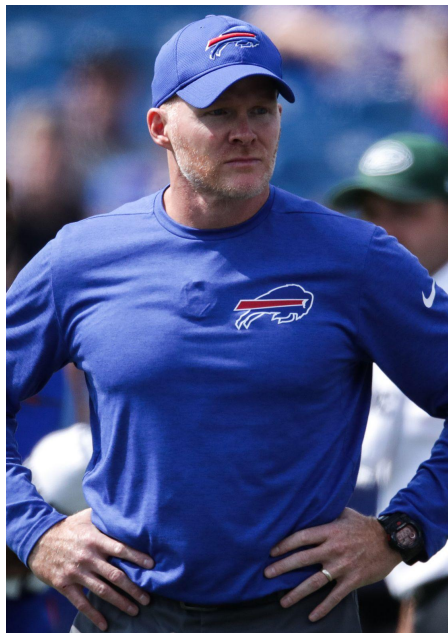
For the next few hours, Mitch sobbed in disbelief that he had actually been able to be so easily fooled. Now, he was going to be stuck living as an older coach that had to constantly interact with his former body. Despite not being sure where to go and what to do with his new life, the new Sean McDermott eventually made his way out of the stadium and drove towards the home address listed on his new phone. It was going to be a long night, especially since he was going to need to learn an entire playbook in and out before the onslaught of constant practices and games that he would now be in charge of running...

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In the few months since Mitch’s unfortunate swap with his Bills head coach, he had tried his best to adapt to the new life so rudely forced onto him. It was a struggle in the

morning as he had to deal with a myriad of body pain that seemed synonymous with being middle aged, but he eventually forced himself to cope with it. It was clear that his body wasn't as physically fit as his old one, especially when it came time to just do a simple jog a few yards onto the field to correct a player on a missed play. By the time he had made it over there, he found himself gasping for breath and taking a water break before he could even make his point.

Of course, the new Mitch Trubisky found great humor in the situation as he taunted his coach from the sidelines. While most players refused to humiliate or joke with his coach, the real Sean had a joy doing it to his cocky former player. He had no fears about being cut from the team, especially given that he knew that the new Sean would be desperate to be around his former body in any way possible. Even if it meant keeping "Mitch" as a permanent benchwarmer, the new Sean was willing to pay anything to have it happen. The new Mitch definitely didn't feel bad about the situation either, especially since it allowed him to make millions while just sitting on his ass and looking pretty. In Sean's eyes, it was Mitch's just desserts for attempting to ruin his team due to his humongous ego. He wanted to be in a position of power on the team, so it only seemed right to make him the new head coach.



As Mitch was stuck on the sidelines watching the young athletes run across the field, his mind quickly became clouded with intense jealousy and anger. Had it not been for his ego and desire for play time, maybe he wouldn't have so carelessly thrown away his life and youthful virility. By one careless action, he had lost over 21 years of his life in 10 minutes. Now he's just a walking stereotype of a grumpy middle-aged man, constantly remembering his own glory days which had now long since passed.