

Bolt Up, Bosa Up (Chapter Seven)

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh



Joey awoke to find a broad arm draped around his waist, the heft of the muscular limb immediately making him feel safe and secure. He kept his eyes closed and remained as still as possible, enjoying the feeling of a warm body pressing against his back and the incomparable sensation of being held. Prior to switching bodies with Robin Cassler a full six weeks ago, Joey had never taken on the little spoon role. Now he simply couldn't get enough. In simple terms, it just

felt *right* - so right, in fact, that he had begun to dread the mornings when he'd wake up in the bed alone. Not only that, but his sleep was so much more restful when he was cuddled up against Porter's muscular body!

The college quarterback's warm breath rhythmically hitting the back of Joey's neck and the infrequent soft snores coming from the other man were guaranteed to start the body-swapped athlete's day on a good note. He was actually rather reluctant to untangle himself from his boyfriend's limbs, but nature's call couldn't be ignored forever. Once he was up on his feet, Joey glanced back at the bed and took in the sight of the still slumbering hunk. Porter was every bit as beautiful in his sleep as he was during the waking hours, if not even more adorable! It still boggled Joey's mind that such an undeniable adonis would ever settle for someone so clearly a physical lesser, but he was well past the point of questioning that. Instead he chose to be thankful for every moment he got to spend with Porter. Bizarre as it was, being in his boyfriend's company had already produced some of the happiest moments of Joey's life.

Boyfriend. The word swam around Joey's mind as he set about doing his morning business. It had been difficult for him to accept at first, but now it seemed as natural as when he'd referred to his girlfriends back in his days as a straight football player. Joey couldn't deny the attraction he felt towards the male form - and Porter, in particular - and he no longer felt like he had to. He already had too many conflicting emotions bubbling under the surface in relation to the unique body swapping scenario he was unwillingly participating in; he didn't have the emotional tolerance to bog himself down further with any internalized homophobia.

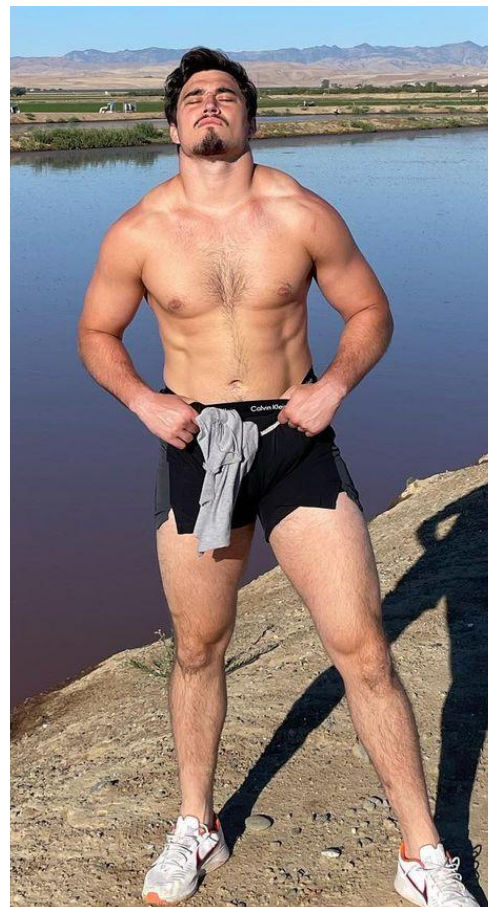
Although he had chosen to accept Robin's homosexuality as being his own for the duration of the swap, Joey hadn't immediately thrown himself into the deep end on the

night when he and Porter had first kissed. They hadn't done anything more than make out and watch anime together until exhaustion finally claimed the pair of them and pulled them down into the land of sleep. Despite the great leaps he had taken towards accepting his new sexuality though, Joey still found himself rather embarrassed the next morning when he had woken up with his smaller body completely snuggled around Porter's bulkier torso. This embarrassment was kicked up a notch when he realized that the jock had seemingly been awake for a while and was smiling fondly at Joey as the smaller man continued to sleep. While he was certainly rattled by what he had allowed to happen the previous night, Joey didn't freak out quite as badly as he had anticipated. He couldn't lie to himself and say that he hadn't enjoyed kissing Porter because there was simply no denying how good it had felt. He'd never known that a kiss could make him feel so *alive*.

For the first week of their relationship, the pair of college students had done nothing more risqué than cuddling together and making out from time to time. Their relationship was kept behind the closed door of Joey's dorm room at his request and although he got the sense that Porter wanted to be more public, the larger man never pushed the matter. Joey was quite honestly amazed at how patient the other was being with him. Porter truly defied every expectation of the 'meathead jock' stereotype, having the patience of a saint and the gentleness of a lamb, all packaged up in an exterior that was nothing short of jaw-dropping. The first time Joey saw the jock without a shirt on, his shorts tented in record time!

Although their relationship was still being kept quiet, Joey had finally agreed to start attending Porter's football practice sessions to cheer him on from the bleachers. It was a puzzling experience for Joey at first, as at no point in his own college career had he ever been relegated to the bleachers, but he surprised himself with how little envy he felt towards the players on the field. He definitely missed getting suited up in his uniform and running drills with his buddies on the Chargers, but he also felt strangely content to be watching and supporting from the sidelines. Plus, he got to enjoy the absolutely delightful sight of Porter completely caked in sweat and wrapped in tight athletic wear, which wasn't a sight he'd be forgetting any time soon!

It was only a few days before the one month anniversary of the body swap that Joey finally gave



in to the carnal desires that had been intensifying over the weeks. There had been nothing overly remarkable about the night up to that point, not until Joey plucked up the courage to make the first move and placed the palm of his hand on Porter's crotch. The college athlete had been half-hard already as a result of their close contact, but Joey was delighted to feel Porter's cock stiffen further as a result of his touch. There was something empowering about knowing he was the reason for that hardness. It was that moment that made Joey realize he was finally ready to take his relationship with Porter a step further.

The quarterback's eyes went wide when Joey expressed his desires and the corners of Porter's lips turned up into an excited smile for a brief moment before relaxing back into a serious expression. "Are... are you sure?" Now massaging the growing bulge beneath his hand, Joey simply nodded. Porter let out a brief groan of appreciation in response to the fondling before gathering his wits once more. "Have you... is this going to be your first time?" Joey nodded once more, although not without a moment of hesitation. Back in his own body he'd had more sex than he could possibly care to remember, but every single one of those times had been with a woman. This would most certainly count as losing his gay virginity, although Joey was also ninety-nine percent certain that Robin's body was completely virginial. He hadn't even found any toys hidden in the bottom drawer of the student's dresser!

"I'll take it slow," Porter assured him as he began to help Joey out of his clothes. "If it hurts too much or you just want to stop, all you have to do is say. I promise I won't mind." The earnestness in the other man's voice and upon his handsome face made Joey's heart flutter. Never in his life had anyone shown such care and concern for him! Had he not been so horny in that moment, he probably would have started to tear up out of pure fondness for Porter. It really did feel like the college quarterback had been plucked right out of Robin's dreams, with Joey being the one who got to enjoy being treated like a prince.

Porter stayed completely true to his word, frequently checking in with Joey to make sure that the smaller man was doing okay. To be completely truthful, having his hole filled for the very first time even after being lubed up was a painful sensation. Once he was able to get used to it though, Joey was quick to find the pleasure in it, especially as Porter started to slowly push deeper inside and then pull back. Joey was seeing stars and pre-cum dribbled from the top of his rock hard cock, his arousal being furthered by Porter's quiet grunts about how tight he was.

The orgasm that would follow shortly was perhaps the most intense that Joey had ever experienced. He melted like butter underneath Porter, achieving climax in tandem with the jock, who came with a mighty roar. There was absolutely no doubt that the occupants of the dorms on either side of Robin's would have heard them but, at that

moment in time, Joey really didn't care. The only thing that mattered in that moment was the proximity of his body to Porter's, and mercifully the bigger man had no plans of going anywhere. Given his own tendencies to "hit it and quit it" back in his original college days, Joey was relieved to find that Porter instead chose to cuddle up under the sheets with him until they both fell asleep in each other's arms.



Now that their relationship had been consummated, Joey's apprehension to go public had completely vanished. They didn't go straight into dramatic public displays of affection, but Joey felt butterflies in his stomach whenever Porter would hold his hand as they ventured around the campus, or give him a brief kiss on the lips after walking him to his next class. There was some whispering that followed them wherever they went, but Porter's protective presence at Joey's side made it easy to block out. He had continued to attend Porter's football practices in order to cheer him on from the bleachers and laughed as he overheard a gaggle of freshman girls lamenting about what a shame it was that the hunky quarterback had turned out to be gay.

According to Porter, the football team were largely supportive of his new relationship and a few of them had even politely introduced themselves to Joey at the end of one of the practice sessions, but the former professional player knew that not all of them were completely comfortable with taking orders from

a "twink-loving homo". So far Joey had managed to avoid any further close encounters with Max, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to hide from the team's obnoxious tight end forever. Out of his desire not to cause Porter any unnecessary drama, Joey had chosen not to tell him about the ugly sneering or rude gestures that Max directed towards him whenever their eyes met. Unfortunately, being in Robin's body for such a long period of time had made Joey much more of a sensitive person than he had been in the past. So while he would have easily brushed off the tight end's juvenile tormenting back when he was Joey Bosa, the new Robin found himself unable to shake the feelings of sadness and shame he felt.

His run of successfully avoiding Max came to an end during what had been a romantic moment for the pair of young lovers. They had left the college campus and walked to a local park where they started to play a non-competitive game of catch with a football that Porter had brought with him. Joey didn't have much going for him in terms of arm

strength but he still enjoyed the feeling of actually having a football in his hands again. Due to the weather they had even stripped off their shirts and although Joey was somewhat self-conscious about the pale and slender state of his torso, Porter made him feel as attractive as an underwear model. Their joy was short-lived though, as a familiar laughter would wash over the pair of them - *Max*.

"Aren't you two *cute*?" the new arrival remarked, his voice dripping in mockery. "Hey Porter, did you go for such a weakling just so you can feel like a real man?"

The comment made Joey squirm but Porter's approach was much more confrontational. Still holding onto the football, he turned so that he was facing Max and adopted a stern expression. "I'm going to give you a chance to apologize to Robin and then leave us alone," the quarterback declared, keeping his voice perfectly steady.

Unfortunately it didn't seem that Max was all that phased by Porter's democratic approach, as he continued to swagger forward and grin like a wolf eyeing up its prey. "Why would I do that, huh? I can be here if I want to. It's a free country!" By this point, Max and Porter were standing mere inches apart and the tension in the air was so thick it could be cut with a knife. "Free speech too, so I can say whatever I wanna say, like you're a pair of *fa--*"

Max had barely been able to get out of the first syllable of the slur before Porter's fist made contact with the side of his face and he went down like a sack of bricks. The violent display prompted Joey to gasp; he'd never seen Porter be aggressive anywhere other than the football field, so the sudden violence was severely at odds with the sensitive and loving young man that he had grown so attached to over the previous six weeks. Despite that jarring contrast, there was definitely satisfaction in seeing Max so completely defeated in such a short space of time - and there was also some surprising arousal mixed in as a result of Porter's aggression!

"You better get used to the bench, Max, because that's where you're going to be for the rest of the season when I tell Coach about this," the quarterback growled. "That is if he even keeps you on the team. Homophobia can be a real bitch for team morale." Max didn't have a comeback for that. Although his face was twisted in an ugly expression of rage, he kept silent as he got back to his feet, clutching at the side of his face. Joey might as well have been invisible at that moment, as Max only directed his glare towards Porter before finally scurrying away.

Then, as soon as Max was out of sight, Porter turned towards Joey and immediately relaxed, the aggressive attitude disappearing in an instant. "You okay, babe?" he asked in a soft voice, closing the gap between them. As soon as he was within arm's reach, Joey pulled his boyfriend in for a kiss and all but melted against the other man's strong body. They didn't break for several seconds, but when they finally did, both were quick

to smile fondly at each other. "Let's hope he gets the message and leaves us the hell alone from now on," Porter suggested before pressing a kiss to the smaller boy's forehead and wrapping his large arms around the other in a protective embrace. Despite the events of the previous few minutes leaving him somewhat shaken still, Joey had never felt so safe in his life.



Although he had quite clearly grown comfortable in Robin's body and life, Joey still struggled with how to feel whenever he heard news of what the real Robin was up to while pretending to be Joey Bosa. At first Joey had actively sought out updates on his former body, but they always left him feeling either sad or angry so he'd eventually decided it was for the best that he simply avoid it. It was easy for him to relax and enjoy his life as Robin when he wasn't being confronted with everything he had lost. Six weeks earlier he would have been absolutely mortified by the prospect of actually feeling settled in another man's body but the passing of time had softened Joey's perspective. He no longer flinched or felt confused whenever he looked into the mirror - in fact, he was actually starting to appreciate Robin's cuteness factor.

Now that their relationship was well known around the college campus, the couple had become a pair of local celebrities. Joey was used to adoring fans from his own time in the NFL, but what he experienced as Robin was a completely different beast. The vast majority of people were respectful, telling him how awesome they thought it was that the college had an openly gay quarterback. That said, there were also a few girls who had tried to recruit Joey to be their "gay best friend", something he had been quick to shut down. He'd been willing to accept and embrace his newfound homosexuality but he wasn't about to become some popular girl's accessory! Besides, Porter's friends on the team had made him feel welcome and Joey rather enjoyed being back in a college jock environment, even if he himself wasn't really one of them.

While he still felt some nerves at being surrounded by guys that were so much bigger than him, having Porter at his side gave Joey enough confidence to begin working out in the campus gym. He and Porter would complete a morning workout every day and while Joey was working with weights much lighter than the ones he had previously been used to, he didn't get too hung up on it. He was also spending a lot of time on the running machines which had the added bonus of giving him plenty of time to admire his boyfriend's hunky body (particularly the firm globes of his ass and the broadness of his back) as Porter deadlifted, bench pressed and squatted what had to be at least double Joey's bodyweight!

Getting Robin's body into the gym hadn't caused an overnight transformation or anything, but Joey was already starting to see some more firmness in his chest while

his arms were a little larger as well. Porter expressed his enjoyment about the progress his boyfriend was making and even joked that one day “Robin” would end up bigger than him. Joey was quietly amused by the fact that once upon a time he *had* been bigger than Porter. Truth be told though, Joey was actually enjoying being the smaller man for a change, not to mention the more submissive one in the bedroom. Letting Porter take the lead just felt *right*.

Since they were now open about their relationship with Porter’s teammates and fraternity brothers, Joey had even started to spend some time at the frat house. One Sunday he even accepted an invitation to watch the game with some of Porter’s friends, although to his great dismay it turned out to be a Chargers game. Joey squirmed when he saw his own body - his *former* body? - appear on screen, earning him a strange look from his boyfriend who was quick to show concern and query whether he was alright.



“I’m just not much of a Chargers fan,” Joey mumbled, hoping that it would be a good enough cover story. Whether or not that was the case, Porter didn’t ask any further questions and the smaller man encouraged himself to have a much more passive response whenever “Joey Bosa” showed up on screen. It was still a strange feeling to watch himself (but not *actually* himself) live on the television, but it at least came as a relief that Robin was no longer performing as sluggishly as he had in his first few games. In fact, according to the commentators, “Joey Bosa” was on his way towards breaking multiple career records by the end of the season!

Once the game was over - the Chargers sealing a victory with Bosa getting a last minute sack on the opposing team’s quarterback - and the sun had gone down, Joey and Porter moved up to the latter’s bedroom on the top floor of the fraternity house. The strange feelings that had washed over him during the game were quickly swept away as Joey stripped out of his clothes and then watched his boyfriend do the same. He missed playing football, of course he did, but the exercise that he and his boyfriend got up to when they were behind closed doors was perhaps even more fun than playing in the NFL had been!

After each of the young men had reached the point of climax and were completely drenched in each other’s sweat, they fell back upon the bed and settled into their usual positions with Joey as the little spoon and Porter wrapping his strong arms around him.

The couple relaxed into easy conversation and the topic soon became the upcoming football game between Porter's team and their loathed rivals. Joey could tell from the passion in the other's voice that this was a big deal and he couldn't help but reflect back on his own days as a college football player. He knew how important and heated such rivalry games could be, so Joey mentally vowed to do anything he could to help put his man's mind at ease.

"I can't wait to cheer you on," Joey said enthusiastically, leaning down to press a tender kiss upon his boyfriend's meaty forearm.

"You'll be like my own personal cheerleader," Porter replied, chuckling softly. "You know, you'd look hot in one of their skirts."

Joey was pretty sure that the remark had been made as a joke, but his heart had skipped a beat in response. Thinking about it further, the twink couldn't help but picture himself donned in a full cheerleading outfit, envisioning his skinny legs and somewhat perky ass being emphasized by the short pleated skirt. Even after almost two whole months in Robin's body, Joey was still being caught off guard by new discoveries. The thought of dressing up as a cheerleader for Porter was actually such an exciting prospect that Joey's cock had started to stiffen again, and given the extra pressure he suddenly felt against his backside, he was fairly sure that he wasn't the only one either!

"I'd do that for you," he replied, once he'd had enough time to dwell on the idea. "Maybe not in public but here with you... I'll wear whatever you want me to wear."

Porter held Joey a little tighter in response to that and chuckled once more. "Let's see if we can win this big game first, huh? That can be my motivation to get the win." It was no longer deniable that this conversation about cross-dressing had brought the two young lovers right back into the haze of arousal as each of their cocks had already returned to full hardness. *Well, it would be a shame to waste the opportunity*, the twink thought mischievously to himself.

Shuffling out of his boyfriend's grip, Joey flashed a playful smirk in the quarterback's direction before sliding under the covers and taking Porter's manhood between his lips once more. It seemed like they still had some energy left to burn off...