

Bolt Up, Bosa Up (Chapter Eight)

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

“Bosa, you’re a fuckin’ *beast*, man! Three sacks in one quarter, you’re on fire!” the head coach of the Los Angeles Chargers declared proudly as he slapped his star outside linebacker on the back. It was by far the most dominant performance that Coach Staley had seen from number ninety-seven since taking over head coaching duties with the team two seasons earlier. It couldn’t come at a better time either, with the Chargers on the brink of locking in a place in the postseason!

Coach Staley’s praise for the man was echoed by the hometown crowd, who were chanting his name in a chorus: “*BOSA! BOSA! BOSA!*” The football player in question stood on the sideline of the field, soaking in the admiration he was so rightfully receiving. Robin had always known that he had the potential to be a world class athlete, it was just a matter of having a body that permitted him to live up to that potential. Six weeks after adopting the guise of Joey Bosa and settling into the life of an NFL pro, Robin felt completely vindicated in his beliefs. He had been absolutely dominating the competition in recent weeks and it was his ferocity out there on the field that had the Chargers in position to secure a much desired playoff berth. One more week of playing to that elite standard and he’d be a hero of not only the locker room but for the entirety of Los Angeles as well!



The Chargers offense was on the field thanks to Robin getting his third sack of the game, allowing Robin a few minutes to regain his breath and cool down a little. The rocky start that he’d experienced in his very first game was long behind him and although it had been humiliating at the time, Robin was actually glad for it in retrospect. It had lit a fire under him that continued to burn, pushing him to not just perform better than he had the week before, but better than Joey ever had!

Football journalists were even beginning to speculate that ‘Joey Bosa’ was one of the frontrunners to take home the coveted Defensive Player of the Year prize. Although Robin had shrugged his broad shoulders and expressed in interviews that he was merely playing week for week for the sake of the team and not thinking about any

personal glory, the truth was anything but. The thought of taking home an award that had eluded the real Joey in the first six years of his NFL career was almost enough to make Robin salivate. If he was ever going to make a case to Coach Addison that the two men should never return to their original bodies, winning the DPOY award would be a major feather in his cap, as would getting the Chargers into the playoffs (and hopefully as far as the Super Bowl).

The realization that he didn't want to ever return to his former body and life hadn't been some major moment for Robin, but rather a more passive acceptance over a long period of time. There wasn't one specific moment that made him stop and decide that *he* was now Joey Bosa, it was a result of everything he had experienced over the past six weeks. He was more than settled in Joey's cleats - he'd made them his own and loathed the prospect of having to step out of them. Remembering what he would be going back to only made Robin even more bitter about the thought. While he had definitely lacked confidence, Robin had never openly loathed his appearance or situation in life. Now that he was seeing through the eyes of a professional football player though, the former college student failed to see anything other than how weak and scrawny his original body was. How *pathetic* it was. Why would anybody in their right mind want to go back to being that?!

Turning to look over his shoulder, Robin inspected the roaring crowds with a bemused smile. He was actually scouting for one person in particular, although given just how many people there were packed into the stands, it was hardly surprising that Robin was having issues locating his girlfriend. *Heh, still feels a little odd... me, with a girlfriend*, the former homosexual thought to himself. Never in a million years would he have predicted that he'd be going on dates and sharing a bed with a woman, but being with Kelly felt like the most natural thing in the world. They had really hit it off on the double date with Nick and Becca, exchanging numbers at the end of the night and even meeting up the very next day for a more private second date.

By the end of that double date, Robin was quite simply besotted with Kelly. Just as Nick had told him, she was exactly his (or more accurately *Joey's*) type and he'd spent half of the night undressing her with his eyes. Unfortunately for him, she was the type who liked to play hard to get, and so he'd been forced to walk home alone that night with a severe case of blue balls. The same couldn't be said for their second date the following day though. Robin had taken Kelly to a little-known bar on the outskirts of the city that had good food, great music and a spectacular view of the city. It was everything the potential couple needed to get into the mood and much to Robin's delight, once they had finished their meals and drinks, Kelly agreed to accompany him back to his house in the hills.

Despite the fact that it wasn't just his first time with a woman but rather Robin's first time with anyone, man or woman, he wasn't actually all that nervous. He'd felt a little ashamed at being a college student and still a virgin, but that shame washed away once he was settled in Joey's flesh. The Bosa family had objectively good genes and Robin knew that if he'd wanted to, he could have used Joey's good looks to lose his virginity on his very first night in the other man's skin. He had been anxious to focus on football though and still very much experiencing homosexual urges, so he hadn't acted upon his desires for fear that Coach Addison would reprimand him for acting so out of character. Now that he was seemingly strictly heterosexual and was also making considerable progress in his football abilities, Robin knew that it was the perfect opportunity to finally prove that he could be as much of a man in the bedroom as he was on the field.

While time in the gym had allowed Robin to enjoy the superior strength that was packed into the bulging muscles of Joey's body, lifting weights could never compare to the sensation of holding a woman in his arms. Not only did Robin enjoy feeling Kelly's long legs wrapped around his waist, but the woman's sizable bust also added an extra layer of eroticness as they pressed against Joey's own prominent pecs. The two lovers were hardly able to keep their lips off of each other once they were behind closed doors, so the journey from the entranceway to the master bedroom took three times as long as it would under normal circumstances.

Once they had finally made it into the bedroom though, the pace quickly increased and it was a matter of mere seconds before they had stripped each other completely free of their clothes. The sensation of Kelly's nails grazing across his beefy muscles sent an aroused shiver down Robin's spine, especially when she traced the lines of his abs. For his part, Robin allowed his desire to fuel him and it resulted in him not simply removing the woman's clothes but ripping them free from her body. The fabric of her blouse and skirt dropped to the floor, revealing that she hadn't been wearing any underwear for their date. The aggressive display of Robin tearing the clothes off of Kelly's body was met by a whimper of delight from the woman and a hasty and passionate kiss. When she finally pulled back to regain her breath, the man used the moment to admire the sight before him and was immediately captivated. Kelly was objectively gorgeous and seeing all of her beautiful curves on display made the football player's rock hard cock twitch in anticipation.

Laying his lover down on the bed, Robin had wasted no time in climbing on top of her and peppering her breasts with kisses. He relished in the sound of her aroused gasps as he took one of her nipples between his lips and then transferred over to the second. Any hesitation that Robin might have expected to experience simply didn't manifest. It was as if Robin's new body was defaulting back to its original carnal urges, but given the absolute wonders it was providing for the pair of them, Robin wasn't too upset about allowing his body to run on autopilot! Running his tongue along the folds of Kelly's

womanhood prompted her to whimper in desperation, so Robin had done the gentlemanly thing by further acquainting himself with her wet pussy. Even weeks later he could still remember how delightful that very first taste of his girlfriend had been.

He'd managed to bring her to orgasm even before actually putting on a condom, taking hold of Kelly's hips and then starting to push his godly cock inside of her. The tightness of her pussy around his shaft caused Robin to gasp and he quickly fell in love with the sensation. He slowly started to build up a rhythm - pushing in then pulling out, over and over - with each thrust being faster than the previous. Kelly had been crying out for him to fuck her like the bad girl she secretly was and Robin hadn't disappointed, especially considering he was perhaps the most turned on he had ever been in his entire life. When he finally reached the point of climax, the football player came with an almighty roar that would have made even a lion intimidated.

"Bosa! Get your damn head back in the game!"

The familiar gruff voice of Coach Addison broke Robin out of the delightful memory and for good reason too, as his jockstrap was feeling a little tighter thanks to his heightened excitement. "Second quarter is about to start and once Herbie finishes this drive with a TD, you're on. Let's keep that dominance up," Addison continued, slapping Robin on the back. Considering his former neighbor was the one who had switched him and Joey in the first place and thus held the ability to switch them back at any time, Robin was eager to impress him as much as he could. *If I break all of Joey's records then there's no way Coach would ever swap us back*, Robin reminded himself. If that wasn't motivation enough to play at an absolutely elite level then nothing ever would be!

Sure enough, throughout the next three quarters of the game, Robin played like his life depended upon it - in a roundabout way, it somewhat did. Over the next three quarters he managed to sack the opposing team's quarterback a further three times, bringing him just shy of the all-time single game sack record. While he was definitely disappointed not to have broken or even tied that record, Robin was still proud of the numbers he'd put up. It was the best game of Joey's whole career and *he* was solely responsible for it!

As such, Robin swaggered into the locker room with his head held high and was even celebrated by his peers on the team as being the main reason the Chargers had stormed to such a dominant victory. Having never been the subject of such appreciation from so many people at once, Robin was initially somewhat overwhelmed but as with every situation that he encountered while in Joey's flesh, he quickly settled in and embraced his good fortune. No, fortune was the wrong word. He hadn't been 'fortunate' and left things down to luck, he had worked his ass off in both practice and in the game to be the best player he could possibly be! In fact, he firmly believed that the adoration



and respect he was receiving was not only deserved but overdue. He *had* played like a beast and it really had been his efforts that had won them the game. Of course they should be showering him with praise!

Despite requests from the press to interview him after the game, Robin made the decision to skip out on them and seek out his girlfriend instead. Playing such a dominant game out there on the football field had the surprising side effect of making him horny as hell and he couldn't wait to get Kelly somewhere private so he could pump her full of his seed and make her scream his name. Hearing his girlfriend cry out his name in pure ecstasy as he made love to her was absolutely one of his favorite things about his new life. Yeah, *his* name - after all, *he* was Joey Bosa. His performance during the game had proved as much, and he was putting on equally admirable performances during those private moments with his girlfriend!

Over the previous few weeks, Robin had learned that while post-game sex with his girlfriend was good, post-win sex was *great*. There was truly very little that could match the combined elation of winning a game and getting to fuck his sexy girlfriend. Robin felt like a damn king in those moments and Kelly certainly treated him as such. It was interesting, when they were in public and surrounded by friends, Kelly was unafraid to challenge Robin and even tease him, but once they were in private and getting hot

and heavy, her submissive streak came to the forefront. It would come as quite the surprise to her friends if they discovered that she secretly craved a certain kind of dominance, but the muscular man was more than happy to provide. He'd been performing the role admirably too - Robin had overheard her describing him on the phone to a friend as an "unbelievably incredible lover". That had put a pep in his step for the rest of the day.

The couple had settled for a janitor's closet as the latest location for their post-game activities, although truthfully Robin wouldn't have minded taking her back into the locker room with him and then letting whatever teammates were still around watch them go at it like bunnies. While he'd always known that he possessed certain sexual desires (although he'd never had the opportunity to act on them), the intense physicality of his new relationship had Robin discovering kinks that he'd previously never even

considered. Perhaps he'd broach the conversation of exhibitionism with Kelly in the future and if she was comfortable with it, they'd give the rest of the Chargers a show.

One of the ideas that Kelly had suggested for them to try out was a threesome and Robin had agreed, although he was also quick to insist that the third party be another woman. The thought of sharing his bed - or, even worse, sharing *Kelly* - with another man stirred up considerable displeasure within Robin. He was a long way away from the nights where he'd had sex dreams about the likes of the Watt brothers and now, no matter how hard he tried to be open-minded, Robin always found himself back at the point of discomfort in his attitudes towards guys kissing other guys. Even though he knew that it was something he once longed for, he could simply no longer understand why a man would gain pleasure from the touch of another man. The concept of letting another guy go down on him or spreading their cheeks for him actually stirred up something close to disgust within Robin, so much so that he was even ashamed of himself for having such fantasies in the past. *And over JJ Watt at that?* Robin shook his head in disbelief. *He's a damn scrub compared to me!*

With all that said though, the thought of Kelly making out with another chick was *hot*, so if he could engineer a way for that to happen, he'd be quite happy!

While he had escaped media appearances for one evening, it wasn't long before Robin was back in front of the cameras. The very next day he was scheduled for an interview with ESPN and they had requested a photoshoot to go along with it. Robin wasn't complaining; he'd grown fond of showing off for the cameras and a number of his post-tackle celebrations from over the season had gone viral on social media. He was to be dressed up in his full uniform for the photoshoot and although Robin no longer got turned on whenever he pulled up the tight pants and shuffled into the shoulder pads, he still appreciated how he looked like a total badass when he was all padded up!

The photoshoot took around half an hour and while he hadn't had much of an opinion on the photographer at first, Robin was soon beginning to suspect that the other man might be gay. Maybe he was just doing his job, but given the amount of times that the photographer had requested for Robin to flex his muscles in his pictures, and how he had insisted of getting shots from behind in a manner that would show off



Robin's perky ass in his tight pants, the football player felt like he had justified cause to draw such conclusions. He didn't necessarily *mind*, as long as the photographer remembered that this was a "look but don't touch" deal and didn't dare try to flirt with him. Mercifully that didn't come to pass and once the photographer confirmed that he had enough usable shots, Robin was free to proceed on to the interview.

Leaving the helmet behind, Robin made his way across the room to where the interviewer was waiting. To his relief, this man didn't seem to view Robin as a piece of meat like the photographer had, but instead as the top tier football player that he was. After a firm handshake and some quick introductions, the interviewer got straight to the task at hand and began quizzing 'Joey' on how he had approached his record-breaking season and how he had kicked his productivity up a notch from what the fans had previously seen in Joey's career.

Robin answered the questions just as Joey would: slowly and carefully, with humility and confidence each taking turns to shine as he gave his answers in Joey's usual monotone fashion. As part of playing the role he had now been performing for a full six weeks, Robin had carefully studied both tapes of Joey out on the field but also clips of him in interviews. He was determined not to let anyone discover the truth - which seemed to be working so far, so good.

Eventually the conversation shifted away from the topics of diet and exercise and instead towards Joey's life outside of football. "My research indicates you're a big fan of anime," the interviewer queried, smirking slightly. "That was something of a surprise to me... big guy like you, I didn't have you pinned as a lover of cartoons. How long has that been a thing?" There was a certain tone to the interviewer's voice that was either judgmental or teasing and Robin bristled at such disrespect. Despite this, he held himself back from letting his initial embittered thoughts air. This was a question he had to deal with very carefully, as he knew Coach Addison would be watching closely.

"That used to be the case," he began, scratching at the stubble that adorned his square jawline. "I dropped all that to keep my focus on football though. We all want a Super Bowl ring, so I've tried to eliminate every distraction that I can. I want to be a leader for our defense and I think I'm doing a good job of that." He broke off and shrugged his broad shoulders for a moment before making an addition: "I guess I just grew out of it too though, yeah. It was a big de-stresser for me back in my college days but... well, I've got a girlfriend for that now." A deep dumb chuckle followed that remark and it was mirrored by the interviewer, who flashed him a knowing smile in response.

The interviewer's next question was another interesting one, as he brought up the fact that the Los Angeles Chargers had recruited a new defensive coach in Keith Addison at the start of that season. Robin couldn't help but smile when the interviewer asked how his

relationship with the new coach was. “I respect the shit outta Coach Addison,” he replied honestly. “It might sound cheesy but he’s kinda like a second father to me, you know? He really took a chance on me this season and... well, I just really appreciate it.”

A short while later, the pair were starting to come to the end of the interview. Robin was thankful, as he was very much looking forward to heading home to collect Kelly and then head to the airport with her. They were planning to spend the rest of the weekend in San Francisco with Nick and Becca, going on more double dates and relaxing by the gigantic pool in the backyard of Nick’s mansion. Before he could get to that though, Robin was faced with one final question from the interviewer - “If you were to sum up this season in as few words as possible, how would you describe it?”

Robin didn’t even have to think about it. The answer was on the very tip of his tongue and he knew it was the absolute truth, even more so than the rest of the world (except Coach Addison and the *former* Joey Bosa) would ever know. With a proud grin on his face, he gave his honest answer: “**Life-changing.**”

