

## ***College Collision (Part Four)***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*

Despite his heart thundering in his chest, Chris walked through the arrivals area with a cool and composed demeanor. He had spent the remainder of the flight looking through the various photos and videos on Drue's cell phone as well as the contents of his text messages and Notes app. With this bout of intensive research into his new life completed, Chris felt somewhat more prepared to undertake what was certain to be the biggest (and most unique) challenge of his life. His biggest hang-up was the fact that he would be masquerading as a straight man, although that strange moment during his mid-flight tryst with the air steward where he had mentally pictured Drue's wife during his climax suggested that maybe it wouldn't be as difficult as he was expecting. Had some element of the football player's heterosexuality remained behind in his body? Chris wasn't sure how to feel about that - he was proud of being gay and it formed a large part of his personal identity, so he had been relieved to discover that he still possessed an attraction to men. The only question running through his head as he made his way through the exit terminal was whether that attraction was just temporary. While he was willing and more than happy to play the role of Drue Tranquill for an undetermined amount of time, the college student didn't want to completely lose himself.

After a few seconds of scouting the crowd of people waiting at the arrivals gate, Chris locked eyes with a beautiful blonde woman that he recognized from both the lockscreen of Drue's cell phone and the vast majority of pictures contained within. Jackie was an undeniable beauty and Chris was of the opinion that they made quite the gorgeous pair. Had she been the only thing that he had to adjust to, Chris probably would have felt more confident than he did. The married couple also had children though and that was going to be a whole new challenge in itself. Chris wasn't the biggest fan of kids as it was and hadn't really had any plans to ever have any of his own, so the thought of being responsible for two young tykes actually made him feel a little queasy. It was something that he'd have to put up with if he wanted to keep enjoying Drue's body though and given how much fun he'd had in the two short days that he'd occupied the football player's flesh, Chris wasn't looking for an early departure from his borrowed life.

As he started walking towards Jackie, Chris forced a grin onto his face and reminded himself to act precisely like any loving husband would. Upon reaching her, he leaned down and briefly met her lips for a chaste kiss, thankful that there were people

around so it was unlikely that Drue's wife would expect anything more intense. Even a brief peck on the lips had felt bizarre for Chris, although part of that was perhaps due to how he had unexpectedly visualized her while receiving head from the air steward just a short while earlier. Where *had* that come from? Chris didn't have much time to dwell on it though, as Jackie was starting to speak and her melodious voice immediately captured his attention: "I'm so glad you're home, Drue. I know it's only been a couple days but I've missed you so much. The kids have been asking for you almost every hour!"

Chris chuckled while also doing his best not to wince at the reminder that he was now the father of two young children. "I'm glad to be home too," he replied, glancing around the immediate area and taking note of the fact that Jackie seemed to have come alone. "Uh, did you leave the kids in the car?"

Jackie chuckled and slapped his arm, although given how muscular the limb was Chris barely felt anything at all. "I left them with a sitter, silly!" she explained with a smile, "You know they'd only cry the whole way here and back, they hate long car journeys!" Mercifully this didn't seem to be a big slip-up on his part so Chris merely spread his smile wider and nodded. "I know you're eager to see them though so should we get going, Mr Dad of the Year?"

Letting his new wife lead the way out of the airport and into the car park, Chris listened attentively as she covered what she had been up to while *Drue* had been visiting his alma mater. Once they reached the car - a newer model family-sized jeep that Drue's social media had informed Chris was an incredibly recent purchase - Jackie surprised him by holding out the keys. His slight moment of hesitation prompted her to frown and ask if he was too tired from the flight to drive.

"Oh! No, no, I'll drive. I just had a brain fart moment," he replied, scrambling to cover up the perceived stumble in his performance. Accepting the keys, Chris quickly used them to open up the trunk where he stored his luggage and then moved around to the driver's seat. Thankfully the college student was a confident driver in his own right but he was used to operating much smaller (and much less expensive) vehicles. The engine had a good rumble to it as it fired up though and Chris was delighted by how smooth the vehicle controlled in comparison to the beat-up rust bucket he was used to!

As soon as he was settled in the driver's seat Chris loaded up the built-in satnav and hastily pressed the on-screen button reading "Take Me Home". While he'd done his best to memorize the information on Drue's drivers license (which had obviously included his address) he had absolutely no confidence that he would be able to find

his way there without getting severely lost and raising suspicion from Jackie. He wasn't completely absolved though as part of the way through the drive the blonde woman questioned why her husband wasn't taking the usual scenic route home. Chris had to think fast. "The flight's tired me out," he bluffed, "I thought I'd take the fastest way home instead." Jackie hummed in acceptance, allowing Chris to relax once more. *Already too many close calls*, he chided himself. He'd definitely have to do more research into Drue, his marriage and his family once they arrived back at the Tranquill home.

After pulling into the driveway and stepping out from behind the wheel, Chris paused for a moment to take in the sight of the mini-mansion that he would be leaving in for the immediate future. The structure was a modern build with large glass panels and a roof made of solar panels and if Chris was to guess, the whole thing had probably cost several million. His college dorm room could probably fit into the building no less than a hundred times! As he admired the large building, Chris was vaguely aware of a faint voice in the background but thought nothing of it. A few moments later, Jackie's hand against the small of his back pulled the man out of his momentary reverie and he glanced down at her to see a confused smile decorating her pretty face. "Didn't you hear me? Gosh, you really are wiped out," she mused sympathetically, "Why don't you go for a nap while I do a bit of grocery shopping and then pick the kids up from the sitter?"

"Sounds like a plan," Chris quickly agreed, almost pulling away before remembering that Jackie would expect at least a little affection from her husband. Leaning down, he placed another chaste kiss on her lips before stepping away. Once he was inside the house and hidden behind the closed door, Chris let out a long exhale. Why on earth did he think he had been ready for something like this? He was in way over his head! Despite that, he also remained aware of the fact that being in the body of Drue Tranquill was a prime opportunity for vast amounts of fun. Part of this was definitely due to how lavish and luxurious the man's life was, which he got to see for himself as he took a look around Drue's mansion. It was abundantly clear to Chris that spending a few days masquerading as the NFL player was just too good of an opportunity to pass up. No, he just had to be better prepared. Stopping in front of a large mirror in the entranceway, Chris took in the beautiful face that he was growing quite fond of seeing reflected back at him and found it to be the perfect motivator. *No, I can do this! I'm Drue Tranquill now, of course I can do this!*

For the next three hours Chris set about exploring his new home and further familiarizing himself with any aspect of the football player's life that he could. Something that immediately caught his attention was the presence of a bible in

multiple places around the house - on the bedside table in the master bedroom, on the coffee table in the living room, even on a shelf in the kitchen. The religious nature of Drue and his wife had been one of the first things Chris had taken note of when investigating the man's social media accounts as he was quick to credit all of his successes to God and rarely posted without featuring some psalm or passage, but the college student hadn't really appreciated how dominant it was in the Tranquill family household until seeing those numerous bibles with his own - or at least his *borrowed* - eyes. As he himself wasn't a religious person in the slightest, Chris definitely felt some trepidation about this; not only was he now going to have to pretend to be straight but also a devout Christian? The demands of the role were really starting to pile up!

Following a bit of investigation in and around the master bedroom, Chris made another important discovery. Hidden at the back of the walk-in wardrobe was a small wicker basket containing a number of notebooks and Chris was delighted to discover that these contained pages upon pages of account information and passwords to various websites and services, including the online banking account that Drue and Jackie shared. Incredibly curious to see how much the Tranquill family were sitting on, Chris pulled the cell phone out of his pocket and navigated to the banking app. His eyes bulged in shock as he saw the eight figure number underneath the section entitled "Current Funds". *Holy shit, we're rich!* Coming from a small town family where nobody had really managed to get a career that provided little more than the minimum wage, Chris was absolutely flabbergasted. It seemed insane that one family should have so much money to spend on themselves and it wasn't as if Drue was earning nearly as much as some other NFL players. How much were the top quarterbacks earning?!

By the time Jackie arrived home with a pair of young children in tow, Chris was feeling much more settled in his role as Drue Tranquill but he knew the biggest challenge was still ahead. Deciding to face it head on, he walked down the stairs just as the children were marching into the living room. Upon seeing him, their faces lit up like they were meeting Santa Claus and the room was suddenly filled with repeated words being cried out in high-pitched voices: "Daddy's home! Daddy's home!" The pair of blond-haired kids all but threw themselves at him, wrapping their arms around his legs and clinging tightly onto him. Although his first instinct was to wince and mentally bemoan how difficult it was going to be to play the role of a doting father, he was able to keep this response from manifesting on the surface. He himself had never particularly wanted kids and always loathed how quick they were to get messy and how unnecessarily loud they could be. That being said, the Tranquill kids (a girl of eighteen months, the boy aged three) were unquestionably

adorable with their round faces, the bright blue eyes and the blond hair they had clearly inherited from their mother.

“That’s right, daddy’s home,” he responded, reaching down to ruffle their hair and then delicately pry their arms off of him. After a brief moment of hesitation, he knelt down in front of them and smiled. “Mommy said she left you with the sitter today. Did you guys have fun?” At this point Jackie had walked in the room and paused by the doorway, a fond smile spreading across her face as she quietly observed them. Chris did his best to listen attentively to the kids as they rattled through the various activities they’d been doing with the sitter but his gaze started drifting towards Jackie, particularly her long smooth legs... After realizing what he was doing though, the body-swapped college student snapped back to attention and turned his attention back to the children. “That sounds great! Now, who’s hungry?”

The next hurdle came a short while later, as Chris was tasked with getting the kids ready for dinner and setting the table while Jackie put the finishing touches on the meal. After it was served up and the family were all seated around the table though, Chris almost made another silly mistake by picking up his cutlery. “Aren’t we going to say grace, Daddy?” the son asked while the daughter giggled. His cheeks flushing with embarrassment at his oversight, Chris purposefully avoided Jackie’s gaze as he returned his cutlery to the table.

“You’re right, Timmy,” he agreed, “We always pray first. Daddy’s just very tired. Come on, we’ll say grace now.” There was a strange stirring in Chris’s gut as he closed his eyes, placed his hands together and tried to remember the rare occasions in his early childhood when his family had taken him to visit his great-aunt, a highly devout elderly woman. What was it that she had said? “Th-thank you Lord for the food on our table,” he began, doing his best to sound confident, “Thank you for this family and for... and for your mercy and guidance. Amen.” The last word was repeated by the three others at the table with him, after which they were finally permitted to pick up their knives and forks and begin their meal. Although he’d done his best to avoid catching Jackie’s eye, Chris briefly glimpsed a look of concern upon her face at various points throughout the next hour. Their sons led the conversation, telling their parents (or at least who they presumed to be their father) about the latest cartoon episodes they had been watching. Despite having absolutely no interest in what he was being told, Chris was glad that their conversation kept Jackie distracted for the duration of the meal. *Never thought I’d be thankful for having kids!*

As he glanced between each of his new family members, a somewhat devious thought entered Chris’ head. He hadn’t had much contact with the real Drue

Tranquill since the other had attempted to confront him back in his hotel room but it seemed like a perfect time to renew that connection. “Hey, why don’t we take a nice family photo?” he suggested as soon as their plates were all empty. He glanced in Jackie’s direction and added: “We can put it on our socials, show people how lucky we are.” The suggestion brought a smile to the woman’s face and she quickly started to clear the table while requesting that her husband use some paper towels to clean the food off of their kids’ faces. Not wanting to give Jackie any more reason to doubt that he was the real Drue Tranquill, Chris did as she asked without question, although that wasn’t without some irritation as the daughter refused to sit still and get cleaned up.

Once Jackie informed him that she had her phone set up in the yard for the photo, Chris lifted the Tranquill daughter from her high chair and carried her in his arms. Much to his relief she didn’t put up any protest and instead wrapped herself around



him as if he was a source of comfort. For the first time since the swap Chris actually felt momentarily guilty for stealing the children’s adoring father away from them, but it was merely a fleeting thought as a brief glance at his hunky reflection pulled him back on track. After ten minutes they had finally managed to catch the perfect photo (the son had continually pulled silly faces until he was promised a piece of candy if he just smiled nicely for one), Jackie sent the picture in a text to her husband’s phone before starting to go about crafting the perfect caption for the Instagram post. Chris’s intentions behind the photo hadn’t been to upload it onto social media though - instead, he typed in his old number and fired the picture off, delighting in the torment that it would no doubt cause the real Drue Tranquill once he opened the message!

“How’s it going kid?” Chris typed into the message box, smirking as he did so. “Hope you’re having as much fun as I am.” He paused to think for a moment and then continued typing with an even more wicked expression on his face: “Never knew being a husband and father could be so rewarding! I’m really thankful to the Lord for giving me all this.” Yeah, bringing up his family and his faith would definitely needle

at the real Drue! By this point Chris had left Jackie to get the kids settled into bed and was alone in the master bedroom's en-suite bathroom, which meant that there was nobody there to see the tenting of his shorts. Taunting the man whose body he had unwittingly stolen was an unexpected turn-on for Chris and he was relishing at the thought of how mad the real Drue would be once he saw the message, especially with the next addition. "Remember, if you try and get in contact with MY wife or anyone, you can kiss your chances of getting this body back goodbye!"

As soon as the texts had been sent off, Chris deleted the message history just in case Jackie knew the password to her husband's phone and decided to go snooping. After winking at his reflection, he returned to the bedroom and placed his phone on the bedside table right next to Drue's personal bible. Willing the hard length in his boxers down, Chris climbed under the sheets just as Jackie entered the bedroom. She smiled at him, her expression radiating love and devotion, but there was also deep concern in her eyes.

"Are you sure everything's okay, babe? You've been acting... odd today," she expressed, speaking in a gentle tone as she started to remove her clothes. Unsure of where to look, Chris picked up the bible and opened it to a random page. "Did something happen back in Indiana?"

*You gotta think of something*, the imposter urged himself. *Think, think, think!* "I'm... uh, yeah. I was helping my old coach run a drill and I-- well, one of the kids was a bit reckless. Knocked me down when I wasn't expecting it. Nothing more than a minor concussion but my head's still a bit scrambled I guess." The story was a complete fabrication but what little Chris knew about concussions suggested that it would probably be the best course of action. Strangely though, there was a small part of Chris that actually felt guilty about lying to Jackie, like he was breaking an oath he'd made to her back on their wedding day.

"Do you need to tell the team doctors? Should you really be going to practice tomorrow?" she asked as she climbed into the bed next to him, wearing nothing but a pair of panties. In doing so, Chris was given a full view of the woman's breasts and there was a sudden stirring deep within him in response, prompting the man to quickly avert his eyes. Once Jackie was in the bed though, the proximity of their bodies prompted blood to start pumping rapidly around Chris's body and to his great confusion, he could feel his cock stiffen under the sheets once more.

"It'll be fine," he assured the woman. "I'll be fine. I can't miss practice, the team's battered up as it is and the season hasn't even started yet." That was knowledge Chris had gathered while doing his research on the plane; it seemed like the Los

Angeles Chargers were going to have a rough season ahead of them! Even though he had no idea whether or not he could actually play Drue's position, the thought of being surrounded by numerous sexy athletes in a locker room was one that Chris had been visualizing ever since his first night in the other man's body. If he was going to be Drue Tranquill for any stretch of time, he couldn't completely ignore football. No, he had to be brave and tackle the challenge head on, just like he had with Drue's wife and kids!

Leaning forward, Jackie pressed her lips against Chris', only this time the kiss was much more tender than those from earlier in the day. Chris relaxed into it, briefly allowing their tongues to meet before his wife pulled away. "Just be careful," she whispered, "I love you." A shiver ran down Chris's spine at the delicate confession. Nobody had ever looked at him the way Jackie was at that moment!

"Love you too," he mumbled in response, only managing to hold her gaze for a brief moment. Turning his body away from her, Chris returned the bible to the table and hastily switched off the bedside lamp. As the couple settled down onto the mattress, with the woman wrapping her slender arms around her supposed husband's wide back, a warning thought entered Chris' mind: *Oh, you're in the deep end now, bud...*