

***RT Sports: Gavkowski***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*



It was crazy to think just how much Rooster Teeth and, by proxy Achievement Hunter, had grown over the past several years. Gavin could still remember being one of only three Achievement Hunters along with Geoff and Jack, the original founders, but now they had a team of almost twenty individuals. The cast of their videos rotated constantly to ensure that every match-up felt fresh and the fans were never overwhelmed by too much of one of them. They all had their bit to play - Gavin's was mostly getting picked on in whatever game they were playing - and somehow they miraculously always managed to fit their puzzle pieces together perfectly.

Some days it wasn't even just the assorted members of Achievement Hunter recording new videos in their offices though. The surge of popularity over the past several years had brought in a number of celebrity guests: other online content creators like Critical Role's Laura Bailey and Travis Willingham, Hollywood actors like Robbie Kay and Jacob Batalon and even the occasional athlete. The latest guest to join their motley crew for the day was probably their highest profile name to date though and as such there was a buzz of excitement in the office that morning. Seemingly everybody was hyped for the man who would soon be arriving; everyone except Gavin. He figured it was just because he was British. American Football had never had the same appeal to him as it did for his coworkers.

As Geoff and Jack had frequently reminded them all, having recently retired New England Patriots tight end Rob Gronkowski with them to film a gameplay video in *Madden 20* was a "big fuckin' deal" and they were expected to be on top form. A small group had been selected to feature in the video with Gronk: the competitive Bostonian Jeremy, the cool-headed dad of the group Ryan and then Gavin himself. The Brit wondered why he of all people had been selected to be among the group and questioned as much but it soon became clear that both Jack and Geoff thought his lack of knowledge about the sport would make for some good content when placed across from a professional player. Gavin wasn't sure that was necessarily true but he was willing to go along with it, even if it was only because his bosses had all but ordered him to.

Almost immediately upon meeting the former football player Gavin knew that they weren't going to get along. Gronk was loud, his jokes were crude and he simply never stopped talking about himself. The fact that Gavin's coworkers egged him on definitely didn't help matters either as Gronk's ego swallowed the entire room and dominated their conversation throughout the recording. Gavin couldn't remember the last time he'd been so quiet while filming a video with

his friends, something Ryan unfortunately chose to pick up on in the worst way: “Hey Gronk, do you think you could bench press Gavin?”

“Gavin... that’s the skinny British one, right?” the football player grunted in response. He glanced around at the crowd gathered behind him, as if expecting to find the man in question among them.

“Oi, I’m playing this bloody game with you,” Gavin cried back from two desks over, bristling from the much larger man’s ignorance. “And I’m not up for being bench pressed, thank you very much.”

“Damn, it sounds like someone’s salty he’s surrounded by all this American *beef*, huh?” Gronk followed up his insult - if it could even be called that - with a booming laugh that only further fuelled Gavin’s dislike of the man. He even removed one hand from the controller to bring his arm up into a bicep flex, earning him a chorus of cheers from the group behind him as they admired the mountainous peak of the muscle and his general display of physical dominance.

“Gav’s just a little sensitive,” Jeremy chimed in, always happy to tease and torment his British friend whenever he got the chance. “They’re not made of tough stuff over there, you know?”

“Yeah, Gavin’s still real torn up about those teabags going into the harbour,” Ryan added, doubling down on the easy jokes. Gavin glared across the room at the older man and only received a measly shrug in response.

“I don’t get that reference at all but sure!” Gronk replied, booming out another loud obnoxious laugh again. “And to answer your question bro, I could probably bench press three Gavins stacked on top of each other,” he added with a broad smile. “With ease. He weighs, what, like ten pounds soaking wet?”

Gavin had to hold himself back from rolling his eyes if only because he was hyper-aware of the camera currently trained on his face. Gronk was proving himself to be every bit the brainless lump of muscle that Gavin had expected him to be and he personally had no time to waste on fools like that. His coworkers could be idiots, sure, but at least they had working brains. Gavin really wasn’t sure that could be said for the titan of a man sat just a few feet away.

Much of the recording continued in much the same fashion - Jeremy and Ryan seemed keen to pander to Gronk’s low-level humour and Gavin kept quiet for the majority aside from moments when he felt the need to defend himself from critique launched at him by the others. The fact that he had failed to score a single touchdown for his team throughout the game didn’t exactly



help matters, with Gronk lambasting him for abysmal performance and shouting over him when Gavin dared to suggest that *real* football was what the Brits played. His obvious preference for 'soccer' (as they insisted on calling it) was merely scoffed at by everyone in the room, loudest of all by his new least favourite individual.

By the time Geoff had signalled that their recording was long enough and could wrap up the video Gavin was itching to get out of his seat and get some fresh air far away from the meathead jock who everybody was bending over backwards to impress. Thankfully he was able to slip out relatively unnoticed as the crowd gathered around Gronk to applaud his easy victory and begin snapping selfies with him. No doubt he loved the way they stroked his ego but Gavin was disappointed in his coworkers for seemingly stooping to that lumbering troll's level. Why couldn't everybody else see what he could so clearly: that Gronk was nothing but an overgrown idiot with an ego the size of the moon? Surely they couldn't be *that* blinded by his fame!

Gavin hoped that if he stayed out of the office long enough then Gronk might have already left by the time he returned. Unfortunately even as he returned from his trip to the Animation department he found the retired athlete crossing the car park towards his equally obnoxious car: all sleek and stylish in bright yellow. Nobody would be missing him on the highway, that was for sure. Just when he thought about turning around and heading the other direction, Gronk happened to look in his direction and grinned.

"Oh hey dude," the football star called out, apparently not content to leave without bothering the Brit one final time, "It's... Gavin, right?" That was enough to stop the shorter man in his tracks. *Is he actually shitting me? Has he really forgotten who I am already?!* Apparently Gavin's stunned silence meant nothing to the athlete though as he continued casually: "All your buddies back there were wondering where you slipped out to. Glad I caught you though, otherwise I wouldn't'a been able to say goodbye. Bring it in, buddy!" Then, as if speaking to an old friend, Gronk opened up his arms wide, evidently anticipating a hug. Seconds passed and when Gavin didn't move in to accept the embrace, Gronk just chuckled and instead extended his fist. "Sure, we'll settle for a bump."

Not wanting to come across a total petulant asshole, Gavin reluctantly reached out his own fist and quickly bumped it against the larger man's. He had no idea just how fateful such an action would be as that fleeting moment of contact changed both men's lives for good.

The sudden heat that began rippling through Gavin's body seemingly originated from the hand that had ever so briefly brushed against the larger man's and he winced as the warmth began to increase to a burning fire. *What the hell was that?* he asked himself, even as his vision began to swim. The world around him seemed to pulsate and move as he stared down at his hands, desperately trying to focus on something. Unfortunately, even his own damn hands prompted yet another question: *Do they look... bigger?* It was as if every few seconds his fingers grew a millimetre longer and thicker and the skin of his soft palms began to look worn and calloused, as if he'd spent most of his life working with his hands rather than gripping an Xbox controller or holding an expensive slow-mo camera.

Gavin's gaze followed from his hands up to his forearms, watching with wide eyes as they grew thicker, the muscle becoming pronounced under his taut tanned skin. Most peculiarly the thin line of a scar began to form along his left forearm, although given its healed over state it appeared to be from some sort of surgery quite some time in the past. The unexplainable growth of Gavin's muscles continued further north as his stick-thin upper arms began to bubble up with strong muscles, his biceps rising into mountainous peaks while his triceps similarly gained clear definition, rounding out to provide him with upper arms the size of those precious footballs Gronk seemed to love so much. He couldn't help but flex the muscles in his arms, both terrified and in awe of the sight of the seventeen inch biceps that were so foreign to him.

While Gavin looked momentarily ridiculous with his skinny body and huge arms, that issue soon began to resolve itself as his slender shoulders widened and his undefined chest began to swell to larger proportions. His flat chest gave way to two slabs of meat: large pectorals that pushed his t-shirt to its limit. Underneath cobblestone abs began to pop out one by one until they formed a full six-pack, the likes of which Gavin had never even dreamed of having before. There was still a small layer of body fat covering the muscles but he was far more defined than anyone back in the Achievement Hunter office without question. With abs like those he could probably even give Rooster Teeth's resident hunk Blaine a run for his money! The hair that covered his chest even began to recede, leaving him with the appearance of somebody who regularly waxed - something he had most certainly never done.

Gavin's broad shoulders and chest were soon complemented by his waist pulling in further to give him the 'dorito' frame he had heard his coworkers Lindsay and Fiona discussing in relation to guys like Chris Evans and, just earlier that day, Rob Gronkowski himself. His glute muscles contracted for a moment and as he released the squeeze his ass indeed appeared to be perkier and more cushioned. The transformation his body was undergoing had already brought his cock to life and caused it to begin tenting his boxers but all of a sudden his sex drive took a massive leap forward and his cock grew harder, longer and thicker than ever before. A strange tickling sensation at the head of the shaft prompted a deep grunt to escape his lips as his uncircumcised British cock changed to a more typical American appearance with the disappearance of his foreskin. Everything felt so much more sensitive than he had ever realized it could and he couldn't help but begin oozing pre-cum into his boxer shorts.

The thin legs upon which Gavin's newly enhanced upper torso stood soon began to double in size, his quads packing on muscle with each passing second until they grew to the size of watermelons, causing his pants to start splitting at the seams as they fought back



desperately against his sudden growth. Gavin's once-tight hamstrings felt much more free too as he stretched out each leg and stood taller than before, reaching up past the six-foot mark. His calves similarly adapted just a moment later, the hard muscles blooming out like flowers in the spring. There was no doubting that these were powerful legs, perfect for sprinting downfield at a moment's notice. Indeed Gavin felt that itch, something he could safely say he'd never felt before. Physical exertion had never exactly been his *'thing'* but he couldn't deny the sudden urge inside of him to sprint like a racehorse, ready to catch a pass.

Even his feet weren't exempt from the changes, growing longer and wider as his tatty old converses began to rip apart. Thick toes protruded from the end of the material, busting out of their constraints like a convict in a prison break. Soon the trusty footwear that Gavin had owned for much of the past decade were in ruins, surrendering to the might of his new size sixteen feet.

The last part of Gavin remaining was his face but that too began to shift: his jawline taking on a more traditionally masculine square shape, his trademark 'beak' nose reducing in size to become less pronounced on his face and his thin lips gained a little more volume to plump them up. No part of him was safe from the changes: even the irises of his eyes lightened from dark brown to a gentle hazle and his neck widened to better suit his wide face. The scattering of facial hair that had previously adorned his jawline and mouth area retreated as his chest hair earlier had, leaving him a fresh clean-shaven look. His wild brown hair shifted to take on a more tamed appearance, losing some of its length as it stuck straight up from his head thanks to a healthy clump of gel that soon formed, carefully placed in it to create the perfect 'spiked' look.

Once the physical changes had been completed, the tattered ruins of Gavin's clothes then began to take on new appearances of their own. His torn jeans reshaped into a pair of loose-fitting basketball shorts and the shabby remains of his shoes formed into a pair of sandals that showed off his giant feet. The stretched Achievement Hunter merch shirt he had been wearing instead became a loose-fitting tank top that perfectly exposed his muscular arms and finally for words in white lettering began to fade onto the tank top: *PATRIOT TILL I DIE*.

Gavin's broad chest rose and fell as he took in several heavy breaths, still trying to understand what had happened to him. Although it had only taken no more than three minutes in total, it felt like every part of his body had been teased to the point of extreme pleasure over the space of an hour. He was painfully hard and all but ready to explode from the merest of touches.

All in all, Gavin had gained over one-hundred pounds in mass, taking him from his slender 150lbs frame to a muscle-bound 264lbs. His body had also shot up almost eight full inches putting him at six-foot-six, far above his usual five-ten. It was all so far from what he was used to but in a strange way it felt *good*, like nothing he had ever experienced before. He didn't even need to see himself in the mirror or look across at the man opposite him to know who he had become - he now had Rob Gronkowski's body!

For every muscle of Gavin that had inexplicably grown to amazing new proportions, the same part on Gronk had experienced the reverse transformation.



The recently retired football player watched as one by one his precious muscles dwindled right in front of his eyes in a manner that even he was smart enough to know should have been impossible. Initial confusion gave way to terror as his fingers became long and thin and the calluses on his palms faded into nothingness, leaving him with smooth skin he hadn't had since his tween years.

His cannon-like arms soon followed suit, the powerful muscle regressing until all definition had entirely gone, leaving him with two slender limbs either side of his large torso. Gronk's wide eyes watched as his chest soon followed suit: his large round pecs flattening, his delicious abs fading away into nothingness and his boulder shoulders pulling in to completely change his broad frame into something much skinnier. All of the changes left him with a perfectly flat upper body that lacked any definition at all, save for the growing of wild hair that sprouted across his chest like flowers in a meadow.

Loathe as he was to admit it, Gronk's transformation sent ripples of pleasure through his body just as it had for Gavin. As his body began to respond in its usual physical fashion though, it didn't quite feel as impressive as it should have. The football player's cock didn't quite reach its usual length, nor did it feel as girthy, even though he had reached full hardness and was leaking against the fabric of his boxer briefs. His underwear didn't quite sit right either - his waist didn't seem quite so slim but his quads also weren't stretching them out anymore either. Indeed his legs befell the same fate as his arms, the muscle dropping away with each second and a thick forest of hair spreading across the newly thin limbs. The ground appeared surprisingly closer too as his frame shrunk down to just under six feet, forcing him to look up at the man across from him, something he hadn't had to do for over a decade and a half since he'd hit his first growth spurt back in high school.

Finally the changes washed across Gronk's face, prompting his nose to enlarge and his square jaw to reshape into a more slanted angle. He no longer possessed his all American good looks that had made him so popular with the ladies but instead sported a face that would hardly stand out in a crowd; casually handsome but not drop-dead gorgeous. His close-cut hair grew out into a wild mane and stubble grew across the lower part of his face, saving him from looking like an awkwardly overgrown teenager despite being grown man in his thirties.

Once his suddenly oversized clothes had shifted into jeans and a shirt emblazoned with the Achievement Hunter logo that fit far better on his smaller body, Gronk's transformation into Rooster Teeth's resident Brit was complete.

The two men stared at each other - Gavin looking down at his former body while Gronk gazed up at his own, both equal parts shocked and horrified.

“Okay, I’m gonna--” Gronk cut off, raising a hand to his throat. “Fuck, my *voice*. It’s *your* voice!”

Gavin had to hold back an incredulous laugh. “Well no shit,” he exclaimed back in a deep-voiced American accent. “Okay, that *is* bloody weird.” The term *bloody* sounded outright wrong to Gavin’s ears when it was spoken in Gronk’s voice and he actively winced in response.

“Bro, this is fuckin’ weird,” the ex-football player declared. “Like I know I’m stating the obvious but this is some pretty fucked up stuff, y’know what I’m saying?”

“For once you might be onto something with that,” the former Brit grumbled, wringing his large hands out. Every part of him felt so *big*, a sensation he certainly wasn’t used to - and hopefully wouldn’t have to get used to either.

“What’s that supposed to mean, huh?” Gronk retorted, furrowing his brow in clear disapproval at the comment.

“Forget it. How about we focus on how we’re gonna... undo all this, yeah?” *Hearing myself talk in his voice... man, that’s gonna take a while to get used to.* Gavin had faked an American accent multiple times in the past but he had never anticipated speaking with one without ever having to put thought or effort into it. Having it come so naturally from his lips - or the lips he was currently in control of, at least - was downright bizarre.

After a moment of deliberation, Gronk outstretched his fist once more. When Gavin frowned, the now smaller man huffed in frustration. “We bumped and this happened, if we bump again then it’s gotta undo it,” he explained as if it was a simple truth. Gavin thought the other was being rather naive in his optimism but, lacking a better plan himself, clenched his large hand into a fist and bumped it against the other man’s.

Instead of the heat that had rippled through both men upon their previous contact, this time they were exposed to a sudden chill that caused every inch of their body to tense up at once. The motion also sent both of them in their heightened states crashing over the threshold and into their climaxes, shooting powerful loads into their underwear as a result of the most explosive orgasm each man had ever experienced. A deep roar escaped Gavin’s lips while a high-pitched moan slipped out of Gronk’s as they rode out their orgasms, stars momentarily swimming in their eyes as their faces flushed full of colour.





A minute passed and both men remained in silence, equally stunned for the second time in just a few minutes. Neither had quite anticipated their climaxes to come rocketing through as they had, nor did they quite know how to deal with it in the presence of another man, particularly one that they had no real fondness towards.

Gavin was the first to make a noise: a low dumb chuckle as he shook his head. "That was... not a switch back," he grunted, staring down at the wet spot spreading across the front of his shorts. *Fuck, I gotta clean this up. Don't want any of those dweebs seeing me like... wait, dweebs? Where did that come from?* He hadn't meant to refer to his coworkers and friends as 'dweebs' - hell, it wasn't even a word in his vocabulary - but his mind had provided the word so easily, as if deep down that was what he really thought of them as. He knew that couldn't be true though; he was one of them through and through!

"No it bloody well wasn't," Gronk replied in clipped tones before stopping short at the realization of what he had said. Gavin noticed it too, his eyes widening at the 'Britishism' the proud American had dropped in his response. "Okay, this is ten whole levels of fucked up. We gotta fix this, bro!"

"Please never say that with my voice again, *bro*," Gavin fired back, grimacing at how it sounded in his British accent from the other. His voice was definitely not made for 'bro talk', that was for sure. It sounded all wrong and if anybody heard him using it... well, he didn't need to give his friends anything more to roast him for. When saying it with Gronk's deep tones though it didn't even sound all that bad. Natural, even.

"Whatever," the man across from him groaned, "Can we just sort this out already?" He shoved his hands into his pocket, grimacing as he felt his softening shaft move against the soiled fabric of his boxer shorts. *I've got to clean myself up soon, this is disgusting.* That thought alone was concerning: Gronk had never been too concerned about getting some of his seed on him so why did it bother him now?

"Well I'm all ears," Gavin retorted, even moving his hand to flick at his larger ears and sporting a wide grin at his joke. It only earned him a roll of the other's eyes in response. "Seriously though dude, I haven't got a fuckin' clue. This is some B-movie sci-fi shit, y'know? Are we supposed to, like, run headfirst at each other or something?" He stopped to consider it before laughing again. "Maybe not the best idea: either this thick skull's gonna break you in too or that beak nose is gonna cost me an eye!"

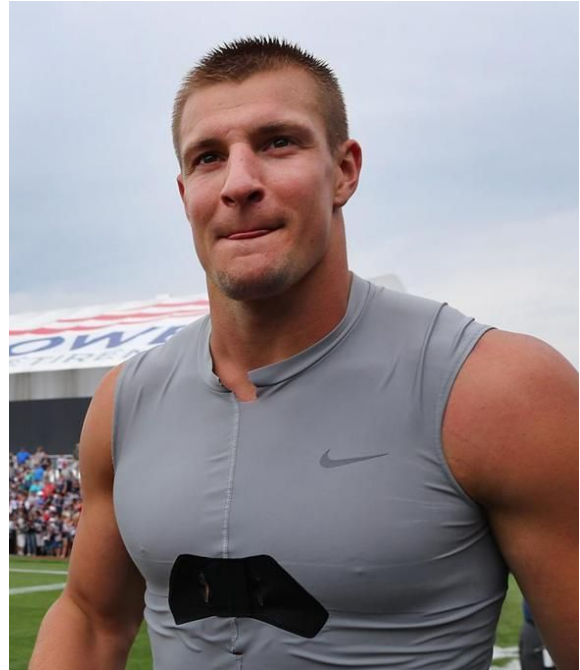
The joke at his own expense caused Gavin to pause. He'd always fought back against his friends when they joked about his large nose but didn't have a single hesitation when it came to mocking it now that somebody else had his face. *What the ever-loving shit is going on with me?*

"That was uncalled for, you... you *arse*." Despite the serious expression on the other's face, Gavin couldn't help but break down into childish giggles. The other just sounded so *silly* with that overdramatic accent and his weird way of pronouncing words. *No, not mispronouncing! It's the Queen's bloody english, for god's sake! What the hell am I thinking?* "Are you done laughing

at me?” The other’s voice - technically his own - had risen in pitch to something resembling a squeak and Gavin was shocked to find that he found it annoying, just as his coworkers had joked about it being so many times before.

“Look bro, we both know this is fucked up,” Gavin started, hating the words as they left his mouth, “But I ain’t got any smart ideas on how to fix it right now and I don’t think you do either. Maybe we gotta tell someone what happened.”

“What, like the guys back in the office?” Gronk pointed over his shoulder towards the Achievement Hunter office and let out a mirthless bark of a life. “Yeah, they’ll buy into the story for sure. If you want to get mocked for the rest of your life, then *sure*, let’s tell them!”



*Point taken.* “Well it’s not like your buddies will be much help either,” he fired back with a shrug of his broad shoulders, “They’ll just ask what party drug I’m on this time.” It wasn’t totally unknown for Gronk to indulge in a little recreational drug use since he’d retired from professional play after all, although Gavin wasn’t sure how he knew that. *He must have mentioned it back in the office. He didn’t shut up about himself, after all.* Despite that, it didn’t quite seem true. Why would he have even have brought it up in conversation? *The fact has to come from somewhere though.* The answer was obvious but Gavin didn’t quite want to face it. The thought of Gronk’s memories blending in with his own was nothing short of terrifying; it suggested there was a timebomb on their own sense of identity and that really wasn’t what either man wanted.

Gronk ran his fingers through his long hair and then brought them down to scratch at his stubble, still not used to feeling the whiskers on his face. “Then what are we going to do, huh? We can’t pretend like nothing has happened!”

“Can’t we?” The words slipped out before Gavin could stop them but he knew they were true. “I bet you ten bucks that if someone from that office came up to us now they’d never fuckin’ know what was wrong.” Well, they’d probably have questions about the dark patches on the front of each man’s pants but guessing that they had switched bodies and climaxed as a result probably wouldn’t be near the top of their list. “We’re not gonna solve shit just standin’ around in this car park like a pair of dumbasses but I-- you’ve got connections and stuff: Hollywood types, right? There’s gotta be someone who knows about this kinda wacky crap!”

“You want *me* to go back in *there* and pretend to be *you*?!” Gronk exclaimed, waving his arms wildly back towards the office he had spent most of his day in. “That’s absolutely bloody ridiculous and--”



“Oh cut the crap, Harry Potter,” Gavin interrupted with a scowl. “You and I both know that you could pull off being me in your sleep now whether you wanna admit it or not. Now I’ve got no plans to be *Gronk* for any longer than I have to be but I’m smart enough to now that we ain’t fixin’ anything right now and every minute is a waste of our goddamn time!” There was an intensity to his voice that had never been there before; a deep masculine boom that was hard to disagree with and the other man’s eyes went wide as Gavin took a step forward and loomed over him, two-hundred and sixty-four pounds of pure intimidating muscle.

Gronk had faced off against some of the biggest defensive linemen American football had to offer before but none of them had ever sent as much of a fraction of the fear rippling through him as his own body did under Gavin’s control.

“And you... you’re gonna go pretend to be me?” the smaller man asked feebly, exposing a vulnerability he previously would have done his damndest to hide. “Do I need to say how much I hate this idea?” He shifted on the spot, squirming under the other’s gaze.

“Like I said, I don’t get any enjoyment outta being you,” Gavin grunted, unconsciously scratching at his hairy pits; a crude motion that he never would have done in front of anyone previously. “But I can’t stick around here and you sure as hell can’t be hanging out with footballers without raisin’ questions. You know I’m talking sense, bro, you just don’t like it.”

The two remained in silence for the following thirty seconds before Gronk finally sighed and nodded his head. “Fine, you’re right,” he grumbled, “I don’t like it, I really don’t, but we’re not going to solve anything standing around like lemons. We’ll just have to... pretend. For a while.”

“You should probably clean up before heading back in though.” Gavin nodded towards the other’s crotch where there was still a noticeable wet patch that would certainly raise questions. He knew from experience that it was precisely the kind of thing his coworkers would delight in tormenting him for. They were a bunch of jackasses like that - although he had a feeling that Gronk had experienced much the same behaviour in football locker rooms over the years. “Don’t want them thinking you got yourself off over meeting the big famous Gronk, right?” He winked and nudged the smaller man’s shoulder with his large fist, almost pushing the other clean over as he underestimated his new strength.

Gronk smiled weakly and nodded, glancing over to where he somehow knew the nearest toilets were. "So, uh, you'll text me when you find something?" he queried, receiving a quick nod in response. "Cool. I'll - uh - do the same. Hey, at least you don't have to play football for me, huh?" He chuckled weakly, still none too happy about the events of the past ten minutes.

Finally the men parted and Gavin was left to slip into Gronk's ridiculously oversized jeep. Then again, given the gargantuan size of the body he now occupied he supposed that any vehicle the former football player owned would *have* to be big! Before he could bring the engine roaring to life though, he was distracted by the buzzing of the cell phone in his pocket. The caller ID read 'Coach' and upon seeing that singular word any hesitation Gavin might have had about conversing with somebody from Gronk's life that he didn't know completely vanished. A small voice in the back of his head - one that sounded a lot like Gronk himself - insisted that if the Coach was calling him then he simply *had* to answer. "Hey Coach, what's good?" he greeted, putting the call on speakerphone as he turned the keys in the ignition to bring the engine to life.

"Gronk, buddy! I hope you're sitting down for this one," a jolly voice replied, one that Gavin inexplicably recognised as that of Bill Belichick, the head coach of the New England Patriots. "I've got some big news for you!"

"Fire away, coach!" Gavin responded, sparing one final glance back towards the Achievement Hunter offices as he accelerated out of the car park and onto the Austin streets. Strangely he didn't feel all that nervous leaving his familiar life behind and stepping into one that promised nothing but surprises and challenges. "You know I'm all ears."

"Brady's asked for you back and I couldn't agree more. Our offense has been struggling without you this season... we need you, buddy."



Gavin's heart thundered in his chest. He'd never once played american football in his life and yet just the mere thought of getting out onto the field with Gronk's former team and proving that he was the greatest tight end of all time seemed to pull at every fibre of his being. He felt like a kid on Christmas Eve, stunned by just how badly he wanted what Belichick was offering him. *This is madness. Absolute bloody madness!*

"You still there, buddy?" That was the coach again.

"Shit, yeah. I'm in, coach; you can count on me!" Gavin exclaimed without a second thought, a broad grin spreading across his face as his heart danced in his chest. "When do you want me?"

"Think you can get to our training facility tomorrow? I'll be honest with you, bud, the sooner we get you back

in the game, the better. I know for a fact that Tom and Jules are missing you, bunch of drama queens they are,” Belichick replied, finishing with a raspy laugh.

As he turned onto the highway and moved further away from everything he had known, Gavin spared a thought for the man he had left back in his place. They both knew that whether they wanted it or not they were beginning to take on each other’s thoughts, feelings and even skills. As such, Gronk wouldn’t find life as an Achievement Hunter all that hard, even if being the group’s verbal punching bag was a long shot from his former identity as everybody’s best friend and the life of the party.

Did Gavin really want to stay as Rob Gronkowski? He didn’t think so, but he couldn’t deny there was a curiosity to experience it for a little while. He could still look into how to get back into his own body as he had promised the other, it would just have to wait until the football season was over and the Patriots had scored another big SuperBowl win. He was sure Gronk would understand though as it was something they both understand from very different perspectives: the most important thing in life was winning a game!

