

Recruited To The Team (Part Two)

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Oh kid, you're gonna wish you left this alone, assistant coach Zachariah Quinn thought in the direction of the college freshman he was currently escorting to the athletics facility. This would have all been completely avoidable if the freshman had minded his own business and not attempted to launch an investigation into the football team's allegedly corrupt staff. He was completely right, of course, but Zach's boss had demanded that he eliminate the problem and so the assistant coach was tasked with making sure the kid's detective work came to an immediate stop.

It had been several months since the first and only time that Zach had made use of the school's "Jock Maker" and seeing how well things had turned out after that situation, the assistant coach didn't approach this situation with nearly as much hesitance as he had back then. Besides, should the investigation actually get anywhere then Zach would most likely be on the chopping block given he was the one acting as Coach Thompson's right hand man. This was just as much about self-preservation as it was about following out his orders.

Francis Taylor fit the stereotype of a white twink perfectly: five-foot-six, around one-hundred-and-forty pounds sopping wet, and multiple piercings in both his ears and nose. His naturally blond hair was dyed light blue in some places and deep purple in others, making him instantly visible and recognisable in any crowd. A badge that was permanently pinned to his favorite jacket proudly announced the college freshman was a member of the LGBTQ+ community, specifically as a gay man. He reportedly had aspirations of starting a journalism career after college and was evidently trying to get a headstart on that by exposing an on-campus scandal. Unfortunately for Francis though, he was just one kid going up against a ruthless institution. Everyone right up to the Dean of the college knew what Coach Thompson did in order to ensure that he had a championship caliber team and nobody on the faculty wanted to jeopardize that or bring disrepute to their respected establishment. As such, the freshman had become more trouble than was worth it and the Dean had given Coach Thompson special permission to deal with the issue.

Zach had managed to convince Francis to accompany him to the athletics facility by falsely promising a private interview that would help bolster the freshman's investigation. Once they were in the assistant coach's office, Zach handed the younger man a cup of coffee that was secretly laced with a drug that would knock him out cold. There was absolutely no way that he would have been able to get Francis to go into the Jock Maker willingly, so this was the only way.

As soon as the freshman was slumped back in the chair and unresponsive, Zach called in the offensive lineman who had been waiting just outside and instructed them to carry Francis down to the basement where he would be loaded into the high-tech device. The hulking jocks weren't exactly gentle with the smaller student but the assistant coach knew he couldn't really blame them; there was every possibility that Francis could have killed their credibility if he'd managed to expose the inner workings of the football programme. They'd have had a tough road making it into the NFL if people believed their skills on the field were enhanced by science that only the most advanced minds would ever understand. Besides, any injury they did to Francis while carrying him downstairs would be gone after his session in the Jock Maker so it was all fair game as far as Zach was concerned.

After Francis was stripped down to his y-fronts, placed into the Jock Maker and the door was closed and locked, Zach began carefully plugging in the instructions he had been given at a console attached to the glass chamber. Unlike the last time he had been responsible for overseeing a transformation in the Jock Maker, the assistant coach remembered to properly apply the Intelligence Limiter which would completely eliminate the possibility that Francis would remember his previous life. He'd become completely subservient to his coaches and that keen journalistic mind would be scrubbed completely clean, populated only by knowledge of defensive football plays and bodybuilding techniques.

While Zach was in the process of double checking the details he'd input into the system though, something unexpected happened - Francis started to stir! The assistant coach was absolutely flabbergasted and more than a little concerned. *They locked it, didn't they?* Eager to ensure that the aspiring journalist wasn't about to break free, Zach surged forward and double checked to make sure his helpers had properly followed his instructions. Mercifully that seemed to be the case, as the door didn't budge when Zach pulled on it, nor when Francis started to bang his fists on it from the inside. The younger man's panic had ascended rapidly after gaining consciousness and he looked up at the assistant coach with terrified eyes.

"Whatever this is, please don't do it!" the twink cried out, his voice muffled by the glass dividing them. "Let me go, I promise I won't tell anyone!" The desperate begging did cause a pang of guilt for Zach but upon reminding himself what was at stake, it was quickly washed away. There was no way Francis would keep to that promise. He'd be more determined than ever to expose them and Zach couldn't let that happen. He had to do this not just for the sake of the team but for his own benefit. If Francis took this to the cops, Zach wouldn't just lose his job, he'd no doubt end up behind bars for kidnapping and that really wasn't what he had planned for his future!

“I’m sorry, kid,” he sighed, “You really brought this on yourself.” Despite the harshness of his words, Zach offered up a vaguely sympathetic smile. “Don’t worry though, the team will take good care of you once you’re one of them.” Then, eager not to waste any more time, he returned to the console and activated the Jock Maker. A brief burst of bright blue gas inside the glass pod brought Francis’ frantic writhing to a sudden halt and a confused expression crossed the college student’s face. From that point forward though, Zach’s attention was drawn towards Francis’ body rather than his face, as the transformative effects of the Jock Maker started to manifest.

Even though it was now his third time seeing somebody undergo the procedure, it still remained as fascinating and arousing to Zach as it had been during the first time. Although Francis wasn’t quite as scrawny as some of the nerds who had gone through the transformation in the past, his twinkish body still meant that the muscle growth was incredibly prominent and impossible to ignore. The hint of pecs that Francis had already possessed was the first to bloat with newfound muscle, rising from his chest like a pair of balloons being pumped full of helium. The young man’s overall chest became much broader in order to accommodate these newly enhanced pecs, with his back matching this new width with the expansion of his lat and trap muscle groups. As he admired the powerful chest being constructed within the glass tube, Zach could already imagine Francis bench pressing triple figures and making it look easy. After all, those mountains weren’t the pecs of somebody who never progressed past baby weights!

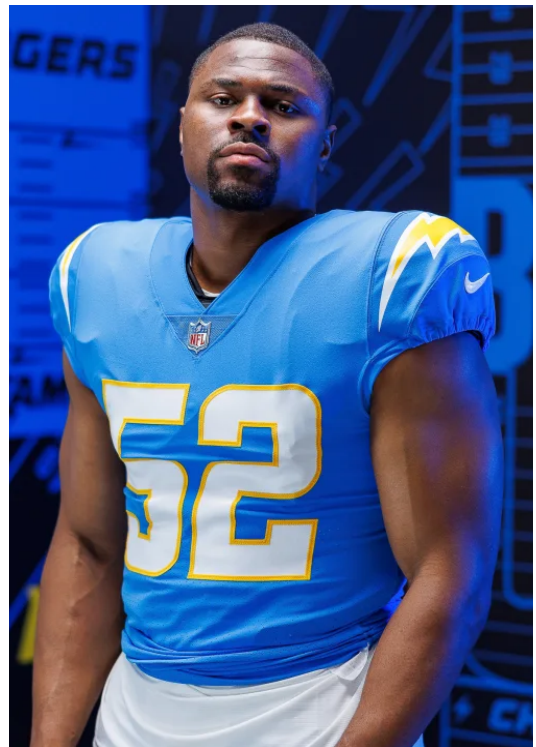
Francis’ skinny legs were the next part of him to change, rapidly bulking up from meager twigs to powerful tree trunks. Each of his quads became as wide as his waist had been just minutes earlier, forcing him to stand with his legs apart at all times. Within his brightly colored briefs, Francis’ manhood was also experiencing considerable growth, doubling in length and gaining notable girth until the former twink was packing nine inches of intimidating man-meat. Although he’d already been in possession of a plump backside, the college student’s glute muscles tensed and firmed up to become even more prominent than they had been before entering the Jock Maker.

Although the massive growth of muscle had definitely been a jaw-dropping sight to behold, the next stage of Francis’ transformation was perhaps even more fascinating for Zach to behold. Starting from a space between his meaty pecs, a deep shade of brown had started to spread across every part of the newly transformed student’s body. Within seconds it had reached the tips of his toes and the crown of his head, removing any trace of his original caucasian nature and instead affirming a new identity as an African-American man. He’d never seen the Jock Maker change somebody’s race before, in fact he hadn’t known that it was even possible until Coach Thompson had given him the instructions on how to make it happen. They couldn’t run the risk of anybody recognizing Francis so the decision had been made to transform him into a man as different from his original self as could possibly be.

That would extend even further into the inner workings of the man's brain, right down to how his hormones operated. His proud homosexuality was flipped into staunch heterosexuality to the extent that even the mere suggestion of kissing another man would make Francis' stomach turn in disgust. No, his arousal would only be awoken by women in short skirts and with ample busts. He'd have a particular interest in cheerleaders and given how hunky his new body was (a thought that Zach would be keeping to himself), he wouldn't have to try hard to seduce even the prettiest girl on the college's cheerleading team!

Francis' sexuality and intelligence weren't the only internal workings to be rewritten, as his personality also received considerable edits. Although the young man had always had something of a superiority complex, believing himself to be better than the jocks who had bullied him through high school, this would now be amplified to make him one of the most arrogant jocks on the football team. He perceived himself as a god among mere men and given how powerfully built his body was, very few people would dare call that into question. Those that did would most certainly find themselves being roughed up, after which they'd never make the same mistake. As such, It wouldn't be long before the new Francis garnered himself a reputation as something of a bully, although Coach Thompson would make sure those incidents got quickly swept under the carpet.

Even with his new skin color, Francis' unchanged face still made him somewhat identifiable - if not as himself then perhaps a relative. That wasn't what the Coach wanted though, so before the transformation completed, the college student's facial features would shift dramatically to make him truly unrecognizable. The young man's nostrils widened and both his lips and cheeks grew plump, while his head adopted an overall rounder shape that better matched his much thicker neck. While these new facial features were settling into place, Francis' colorful hair was retreating back towards his scalp while also darkening, eventually settling into a short cropped style. At the same time, small bristles of hair burst forth around the man's mouth and strong chin, giving him a badass goatee that completed his new appearance.



As the Jock Maker's work came to a close, Zach whistled in admiration for his latest creation. Francis had made an even hotter jock than he'd imagined, although really there was nothing left of Francis in the individual still laid out inside the device. Indeed,



he wouldn't respond to or even recognize that name anymore, instead answering only to Dameon Marshall. Although his memory was incredibly sparse and populated only by the most generic moments of a fictional past (due to the technical limitations of the Jock Maker, although Coach Thompson had told Zach that it was something the engineers were working on perfection), it never really bothered Dameon. He was the type who put all of his focus on the future - namely the upcoming championship game that would secure them as the most dominant college football team in all of North America and then his eventual career in the NFL!

Once he was finally released from the Jock Maker, Dameon rose to his feet and rolled his broad shoulders. His gaze met that of the assistant coach and he nodded his head in a display of respect. That was all the confirmation Zach needed to know that Francis was long gone and their football team was no longer in trouble of being exposed. As luck would have it, Dameon's mental changes had prompted him to develop a deep dislike of anybody who opposed the football team, particularly those nosy

student journalists who were desperate to get a scoop and ruin their perfect reputation. Amusingly, even years into the future (by which point Zach had become the new Head Coach), the former Francis would continue to insist that he had participated in the best college football programme available. He'd never have any idea that his participation in that programme had been anything but voluntary...