

Before Mac Jones' Control (Part II)

By Soul-Controller

Several days had passed since Henry found himself in the body of Nick Bosa, but in those days, Henry had been enjoying his new life to the best of his ability. Opting to spend his days inside given the impending date of training camp, Henry enjoyed talking with Nick's girlfriend, who was quite surprisingly intelligent. From what Henry knew about the real Nick, it didn't seem like he'd been the type to ever actually acknowledge her brains (preferring to keep the focus on her body), but Henry was certainly happy to engage with her in in-depth conversations about world issues and philosophy. Well, that and their incredibly frequent lovemaking sessions, because it wasn't like he could resist her physical appeals either. That was one of the few things he seemed to have in common with the real Nick Bosa.

On top of that, Henry had extended his kindness beyond Marcus towards Nick's maid and began to interact with them much kinder than Nick had ever had. He was more willing to engage in conversation and make small talk with them along with giving them plenty of praise and words of appreciation anytime they did their job. As a result, productivity in the Bosa household had reached its peak and Marcus was given the green light to experiment with his menu and try anything he wanted given that Henry learned that the chef was ultimately looking to start his own restaurant one day.

When training camp day finally arrived, Henry felt a mix of sadness and anxiety about the upcoming event. Sure, he was excited to explore California and play football as Nick Bosa, but he was a little reluctant to leave his girlfriend and his staff, who had quickly become his friends. He was also incredibly anxious about training camp and trying to mesh with his teammates given he'd never experienced anything of the sort before. He'd been one of the nerdy kids back in school and had deliberately skipped sports lessons; it was only in his adult years that he even started to care about getting fit. How was he supposed to cope with playing a sport he'd never played before and at a professional level no less?! Henry didn't want to embarrass himself and be a terrible player, so there was a lot of pressure he felt as he entered the facility and encountered his teammates.

To his surprise, a number of players were fairly ambivalent to his arrival, which was clearly due to Nick's behavior last season that Henry had no idea about. A few of the other defense team players gave him a gentle punch on the shoulder in greeting (he couldn't help but acknowledge how the punch would probably have hurt in his own body, but with Nick's meaty deltoid he barely felt a thing) while others only spared him a stiff nod of their heads before moving on. Even George Kittle, supposedly one of the

most happy-go-lucky guys in the whole NFL didn't seem to have anything to say to him! *Something tells me those media reports about Nick being an asshole weren't all bullshit*, Henry mused. The tension in the air was pretty thick; he felt like he was wading through mud just trying to sneak past his new teammates. While he had no idea just how long this crazy - but most definitely welcome - body swap would last, he decided that it was a priority to make sure he fixed up some of the relationships Nick had with his teammates. If this was going to be a long term thing, he couldn't stand being the number one enemy in the locker room. *Go figure that the conservative bigot would join a super liberal city's team and then start talking shit. Idiot jock!*

Taking this as a blessing though, Henry entered the locker room and began to pull on his gear. As he put on a jockstrap and cup, he felt his dick beginning to harden in response. While there wasn't really anywhere his dick could go with the cup in place, he could feel the dick squirm as he continued to get himself dressed in the football shorts decked out with pads. He had always had a slight fetish for football gear, so the thought of putting it on and officially becoming THE football star Nick Bosa was incredibly erotic to him. He couldn't help but keep glancing over his shoulder to make sure nobody was watching him. Given he was apparently going into this with a bad reputation as it was, the last thing he needed was for his team to think he was a complete narcissist... although given everything knew about Nick (and his own reaction to being in the athlete's body) that probably wasn't even untrue.

Pulling on the neck roll, he couldn't believe that he was actually becoming a football player. He had never been able to really do it in the UK, but now he was suddenly on the San Francisco 49ers and about to play with a bunch of talented guys who had made it all the way to the Super Bowl just two seasons ago. His heart was racing and he was pretty sure he was working up a sweat from nerves, so he sought out a distraction from his anxieties. Looking around the room, Henry received a stark reminder that these talented guys were also incredibly attractive as well, especially the intimidating yet sexy quarterback Jimmy Garoppolo. His gaze lingered on the team's quarterback for a few





moments, admiring the man's broad shoulders, the firm muscles of his arms and the tightness of his pants around those sturdy legs. Some guys might be described as a snack, but Jimmy was a whole goddamn meal.

As he watched Jimmy pass by, Henry's eyes soon found themselves staring into a full-length mirror. Moving closer to it, he stared at himself now almost completely wearing a football uniform. He grabbed his jersey and quickly pulled it over his head, slightly struggling to get it over the shoulders due to the neck roll. Looking into the mirror, he had truly become the hunkiest player in all of football. He felt incredible pride about his appearance and the fact that he was about to make his debut on the field, even if it was only for the team's annual training camp.

Despite knowing that he had somewhere to be, Henry spared a few moments to cave into the desires that were bubbling up to the surface. Letting his mind lead the way, he began to flex and show off his biceps while now completely in a uniform. It was incredibly erotic to watch such hunkieness in action, but Henry couldn't help but wonder if this was due to his own fetishes or Nick's innate narcissism. Figuring that it was probably just both of them working in tandem, Henry shrugged it off and began to continue flexing. Turning around, he looked at his perky ass that was clearly defined in his uniform. This body was everything he could want and it was such a fucking turn-on for him.



As the coach blew a whistle and called them out onto the field, Henry's heart began to freak out. He was certain that he was about to show himself up. Doing his best to quell the thundering pace of his heart, the former writer put his cleats on and jogged out onto the practice field. Reassuring himself, he reminded himself that as a big fan of Bosa, he

had learned all of the plays that the 49ers did so he could understand everything about the sport. Mercifully though, he wasn't thrown into the deep end as the first couple hours of the day were devoted to conditioning exercises. Henry was relieved to find that he wasn't too worn out from all of the drills and the physicality of it all had sent adrenaline pumping all around his new muscular body.

With the coach having all of the defensive players get prepared for specific drills and run-throughs of plays, Henry was eager to test out all of the knowledge he had memorized. But as the first sets of drills occurred, he soon found himself quite disappointed as he became lost and often kept running into other people. While most of the players that tumbled onto the ground were upset, they soon found themselves in shock when Henry offered them a hand and helped them back up. As he offered apologies each time that he messed up, the players were honestly surprised by Nick Bosa's behavior. Whenever he had messed up previously, he was quick to throw blame to others and cuss them out for messing him up. But the seemingly new and improved Nick Bosa wasn't the same man, as kindness had somehow invaded his body and turned him into an intimidating but sweet guy.

Of course, just acting a little more humble when he messed up wasn't enough to get the coaches off his back. After missing his mark for about the fifth time in a row, the defensive lineman coach bellowed out his name: "BOSA!" Considering his career as a teacher, Henry was used to being the one to yell, and hadn't had such volume or aggression directed at him for a long time. All of a sudden he felt like one of his own students, terrified of the punishment he would receive for his failures.

"Did you forget who the damn hell you are?" the gruff coach asked from behind a thick mustache. Given the dangerous tone of the other's voice, Henry thought it best not to point out that the man had sprayed him with spittle in the process.

"No, coach!" the imposter replied, doing his best to meet the older man's eyes despite the anxiety pulsating through every inch of Henry's body at that very moment. *Oh, if only they knew though.* How would they react if he tried to tell them that he wasn't actually Nick Bosa and had never played a single down of football in his life? They'd probably laugh him all the way into a padded cell. *Best not to say anything then.*

"Get your damn head right then," the coach ordered, "The office is paying you the big bucks right now but that don't mean your contract's protected. You better start showing us what we're spending that money on!" There was an intensity in the man's steely eyes that inspired both fear and determination within Henry. His own hatred for failure was starting to kick in too. *I can do this. Like the old man said, I've just gotta clear my head*

and remember... I AM Nick Bosa!

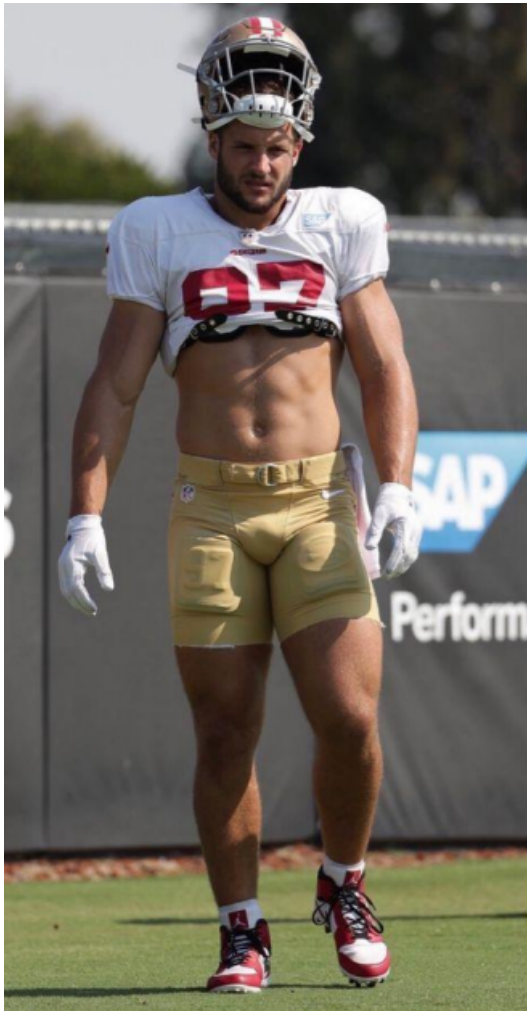
After that reminder Henry surprisingly did find it easier to get into the groove. He was still a little slow to his marks and his practice sacks were either too light or too rough thanks to his relatively minor understanding of his new body's strength, but considering he was no longer holding practice up with repeated bad calls, his teammates and coaches seemed a little more lenient than they would have been otherwise. Of course, the coach couldn't stop himself from making more remarks: "That injury and layoff has made you soft, Bosa! This isn't vacation time anymore!"

Upon finishing up for the day, Henry was shocked to find the players beginning to speak to him, with a few offering words of encouragement and props on a great first day. Giving them fist bumps and props in return, Henry relaxed into a genuine smile. He was surprised but most definitely delighted by just how easy the camaraderie felt. Sure, there were still a number of the team who were still frosty towards him and it would take more than one admittedly mediocre training session to heal any wounds Nick had caused in the locker room. Even Kittle and his best friend, the handsome fullback Kyle Juszczyk, both gave him a polite nod while passing by on the way to their lockers. Those were relationships Henry definitely wanted to work on, especially since Kyle was another member of the 49ers roster that he had always crushed on while Kittle was one of the best Tight Ends in the league. If he was able to win over those two who were also some of the most popular guys in the locker room, he'd have no issue winning over the rest.

Continuing to interact with the guys over the next few days of training, Henry was blissfully unaware as more mental changes began to unfold for the teacher-turned-athlete. The more that he made small talk and joked with his new teammates, the less frequently he found himself aroused to be among them and the less distracted he was by their athletic bodies. Even the once eternally hard dick that was imprisoned in a sports cup remained soft while he exchanged brief words with Jimmy. New emotions were invading the man's head instead, as his appreciation of the male form began to disappear until, after days of subtle shifting along the spectrum, he was left completely heterosexual.

Before long, a new kind of love began to invade Henry's mind: brotherly love. His teammates were becoming his best friends and that's all they would ever be. Sure, they had great bodies, but all that it could evoke in his mind was the drive to push himself to grow bigger and better than his teammates. So from that moment on, although he didn't notice it, the moments that he found himself getting rock hard were limited to the sex dreams he had about women pleasuring him or whenever he was interacting with his

gorgeous girlfriend. They had nightly FaceTime calls once practice had wrapped up for the day and more than one of those calls had evolved into some long-distance fun. Apparently she liked telling Nick what to do to pleasure himself, which was something that Henry quickly became a fan of. As much as he was having the time of his life out on the practice field, those calls were definitely the highlights of his day!



While Henry eventually began to notice his shifting towards exclusive heterosexuality as training camp went on, he truly thought nothing of it. He was enjoying this moment too much to care about his waning interest in men. This was meant to be a team, not a Grindr meet-up. As such, it wouldn't make much sense for Henry to thirst so severely for his teammates. He surely didn't want to get transfixed on his teammates' perky jockstrapped asses or their buff bodies, especially since it made him vulnerable to simple mistakes and he was all too aware of the fact he couldn't afford any more mistakes!

Although it was undeniable that the first few sessions of the training camp had been rough, Henry had taken steps to better prepare himself. His pre-swap obsession with Nick meant that he had seen most of the younger Bosa's professional career games, but when Henry wasn't in training or on a call with his gorgeous girlfriend he was watching old college games and practice videos. He'd even come across a copy of the team's playbook and committed to learning it from memory. Henry knew that he had been

gifted the opportunity of a lifetime and he wasn't about to let it go to waste. Besides, considering things weren't completely healed with the locker room, it wasn't as if there was much else for him to be doing in the evenings. The drinking celebrations could wait, becoming a professional level football player was a much more pressing issue.

Much to Henry's delight, the coaches sat him down in the days leading up to their first preseason game and told him how happy they were that they didn't need to evoke a process called "sensitivity training" on him, which was certainly something Henry hadn't even known Nick was potentially facing. In fact, the coaches had even told him that they

were feeling increasingly confident that this could be the year that they won the Super Bowl, especially after witnessing the levels of familial-like closeness that was slowly but surely forming between the players. With the season quickly approaching, Henry was incredibly hyped for what lay ahead for his first football season in his dream body!

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After several months since Henry found himself swapped into Nick Bosa's body, the former teacher had quickly found himself at ease with his new life. Sure, there had been some hiccups on his attempts to adapt to popularity and fame, but he finally feels as though he's at home in this body and using it for good.

In terms of the football team, his connection with his teammates was better than it ever has been for Nick Bosa. While many of the guys still found themselves in awe of Nick's sudden nice behavior, they were more than willing to tell Nick how much better "Nick 2.0" was in comparison to the man they had spent years playing with. It was nice to hear that Henry was doing good things with Nick's body, especially given how well it had paid off for the team. So far, the 49ers had been completely undefeated, blowing each opposite team out of the water.

When taking a look at the schedule for the next few games in the season, it seemed obvious to Henry that the undefeated streak was going to continue. He knew it was cocky to take all of the credit, but Henry couldn't help but feel like he was an important factor behind the team's sudden success. It was bizarre, but the former teacher's performances made him feel as though he had played the sport for years rather than a few short months! Not only had he worked tirelessly on the field to help break records for quarterback sacks, but he had also put in an extra effort towards helping the team itself feel more connected and like a second family. Henry was so dedicated to this that he had even gone as far as to use his incredible wealth to pay for the entire team to go on a team-building retreat with him after training camp to help them grow closer. To Henry's relief, all of his hard work at interpersonal communications had paid off as the players were treating Nick kindly once more and any previous animosity was remedied.

Of course, even though Henry had the best of intentions most of the time, there were still moments where he relished all of his new opportunities with a twisted glee. Knowing that he was successfully fooling Nick's teammates into not just believing that he was Nick but was also a better Nick than the real deal was an absolute adrenaline rush! It tapped into every fantasy he'd ever had about switching bodies, although strangely Henry no longer found that notion quite as arousing as he once had. Understandably, the man was perfectly content with the body he was currently occupying, so the concept

of swapping back or even being sent to an entirely new body would be nothing short of devastating.

Yet while fooling Nick's teammates was one thing, pulling the wool over his brother's eyes was a rush on a completely new high for Henry. Joey could tell there was something different about Nick of course, but there was no way he would ever predict the truth. Henry had learned that Joey was a fair bit nerdier than Nick, but liking anime didn't suddenly lead someone to believe that body swaps were the real deal. As far as Henry was concerned, it was going to stay that way too. He'd never had a brother before, or really any close and meaningful male friendships, so the man rather enjoyed the teasing yet supportive bond he had with the older Bosa.



During the dinner date with their friends, Joey had thrown an arm around Henry's broad shoulders and leaned in close to talk with his brother. Once upon a time that closeness would have prompted Henry to instantly get rock hard, but now that he truly saw Joey as his brother, that concept would have been *quite* inappropriate and weird. "I'm proud of you, little bro," his older sibling announced in his usual bassy tone, a few notches lower than Nick's own. "You've really turned your shit around. What happened though, man? Is it that new woman of yours?"

Henry was happy for the easy excuse. His girlfriend had joined him at his second property in San Francisco for the season and was in the VIP section for every one of their home games. "Guess it must be, bro," he replied with a gentle shrug of his broad shoulders. "Hard to get worked up when the sex is good!" Of course it wasn't just the sex that Henry appreciated about his girlfriend, but he couldn't stop himself from slipping back into Nick's more cocky behavior from time to time. It came so naturally that he simply couldn't help himself. Besides, he had a lot to be cocky about: he was a top tier athlete on a team heading for championship gold, had a gorgeous woman waiting at home, and barely a care in the world beyond that. He'd *earned* the right to have a little bit of an arrogant streak - just as long as he kept it in check!



While the previous Nick often had a rocky relationship with his fans, the new Nick was having a blast talking with them. He first encountered them at training camp watching him practice, so he made his way to them to talk to them and try to make that intense Californian heat a little less unbearable for them. After every game since, Henry would go and take photos with fans outside the stadium and even sign autographs for the sweetest of fans.

There only seemed to be one fan who didn't appreciate the new Nick Bosa, and that fan had made their presence known over Instagram direct messaging. Henry had

been rather amused to see his old username crop up in the messages folder, so much so that he had decided to check out what the attempted communications from the real Nick involved. Just as he'd inspected, they alternated between threats fuelled by the other's innate cockiness and the desperate begging of a man who was slowly slipping into despair. Every new message was a fascinating read for Henry and he took great satisfaction in not even gracing the other with a reply. He had no doubt that the silent treatment was driving Nick crazy, something that Henry now found himself relishing in.

While Henry was no longer attracted to other men, he could no longer deny that he had retained Nick's narcissistic streak. As such, it wasn't uncommon for him to start growing rock hard from just a simple scroll through his social media profile, especially given he had turned towards posting more 'thirst trap' style content since taking control of Nick's life. Sometimes he even posted suggestive pics with his girlfriend and the messages he received from his old account in response to those were some of his favorites: "*That's my girl, get your hands off of her!*" Henry was absolutely not attracted to his former body in any sense, but knowing that he was tormenting the other by showing off how great his life was never failed to get him hard. He could only wonder how many times the other man had jerked off to all of the shirtless and sweaty pictures he posted on his feed, only to feel guilty and grossed out by it later. Considering how fragile Nick's masculinity seemed to be, Henry imagined that it must have happened more than once.

Even though life was going about as well as it possibly could though, it wasn't completely without issue. In fact, the man had actually endured a rather serious controversy that had left the team worried about the man's image. In the end though,

Henry was able to successfully navigate the controversy to the point where it paid off with Nick gaining a newfound popularity with countless members of the LGBT+ community.

About a month into the swap, Henry decided to take his girlfriend out on a date to a top-tier restaurant in San Francisco. But on the way there, he caught sight of a man being viciously beaten by a couple of crazy conservatives who were throwing homophobic slurs at the defenseless man. Rushing over to save the battered man, Henry quickly threw two punches and knocked the two men until their bodies crumpled onto the wet concrete. With a body like Nick's, Henry knew that there was no way that he was going to let it go to waste. If he saw something go on, he was going to try his best to come to people's aid in any way he could.

Grabbing the man's arm and helping him get up, Henry made sure that the guy wasn't seriously injured before giving each of the two attackers a swift kick in the gut and issuing a warning. "Don't you ever treat someone like that again... or else" he menacingly said, his deep voice immediately eliciting the fear of God in the two men. In fact, it was so terrifying that the men began to cower in fear before quickly running away in tears.

While this act was clearly a good deed, one of the bystanders there actually took a video of the incident. Bizarrely enough, the uploader framed the video as a way to slam the athlete for assaulting two "everyday working-class Americans". Upon the video going viral, a sea of controversy soon came Henry's way as both sides of the political divide had different extreme reactions to the incident. As Democrats praised Nick for standing up for what is right and protecting those who often do not get proper protection, the Republicans were crucifying him by talking about how he was a fraud and a "defector" from the party Nick had once been a part of.

As more and more buzz began to build in the case, media outlets were beginning to push their own agendas and ask the athlete for a statement. The suits that ran the 49ers were nervous about how to proceed, fearing the repercussions of condemning the attackers but still wanting to gain the support of the more liberal area that the team was a part of. Unsure what to do, they soon came to Henry and asked what he wanted to do about the situation at hand. Thinking about it for a moment, he soon came up with the perfect idea.

While Henry was slightly afraid of public speaking and delivering a speech at a press conference, the man pushed himself to follow through to help be an activist for the community. In it, he condemned the actions of the two men and saying that they were

not like the “true Republicans” that he knew. Immediately, as the press began to ask him questions about his political orientation, Henry shocked the world by declaring that he was a proud liberal who believed that every individual of any size, gender, race, or sexuality deserved equal treatment in America. Upon an interviewer inquiring about what caused such a huge change from his previous statements about politics, Henry could only offer up a simple answer: “There was a life-changing scenario”.



To everyone’s surprise but Henry’s, the press conference went over surprisingly well in the press. News segments were dedicated to him and how the 49ers were now one of the most LGBT-friendly teams in athletics. On a more personal note though, Henry had received a swarm of texts from Nick’s family and friends, most of which were incredibly supportive. Even though the Bosa parents still proclaimed themselves as proud Republicans, they were happy that their youngest son was putting the family name in a good light for a change. Joey’s message had been even more heartwarming, as he opened up about his own liberal perspectives and confessed that he’d been nervous to share them with Nick in the past. Henry very quickly gave his older brother a call to apologize for being so stand-offish about politics and social issues in the past, promising to be more open with him in the future in hopes of strengthening their brotherly bond.

Of course it wasn’t long before gossip blogs began running a story that claimed that Nick Bosa was either a bisexual or closeted gay man. Eager to set the record straight while attempting to be the good ally he was aiming to be, the man jumped onto social

media to make a statement. After thanking his fans and followers for all of their support throughout the past week, Henry moved on to address the elephant in the room: “I know there’s been some stuff going around about my sexual orientation, so I just wanted to second the record straight and, well, tell you that I’m just a straight man who’s learning to accept and celebrate other people no matter who they’re attracted to. Oh, and sorry to the ladies out there, I’m already taken!” After posting the message, Henry was relieved to see that his plan had worked and most of the rumors had died down. On the flipside though, the man found himself annoyed by the fact that the media now had become transfixed on his relationship, calling himself and his girlfriend the “hottest couple in the NFL!”

Upon reaching a higher level of fame, Henry found himself constantly caught off-guard as he was hounded by paparazzi of all different networks. It was incredibly anxiety-inducing to be constantly on alert for people to take your photo, but to Henry’s amusement, every photo published of him always looked quite good. *At least I photograph well*, Henry amusingly thought to himself as he began to watch his image spread onto magazine covers and front pages of newspapers. Hell, it even made national news at one point!

Despite the constant appearance of paparazzi after every game or date night with his girlfriend, Henry couldn’t deny that his life was pretty great. Life as Nick Bosa was truly an incredible experience that allowed him to do amazing things. Given that the real Nick was a conservative asshole, Henry couldn’t help but feel happy that the swap occurred. The world didn’t need to promote bigotry like that, so if he wasn’t going to change his ways, it was a blessing to be put into this body and use it for good!



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By this point, Henry had been living the life as a king while in the body of Nick Bosa. While he originally had a struggle having to deal with newfound fame as an activist and football player, Henry was eventually able to find a balance that allowed him to excel in both aspects of his new life. He was able to go out on dinner dates with his girlfriend without having to be hounded by paparazzi, which allowed them to have more intimate moments and conversations. After being around her for months, Henry had come to

fully understand her and love her, which made him quite happy inside. In fact, he was so happy that he never even noticed about his vanished bisexuality. Why would it matter to him when he's the happiest he's ever been? In fact, it had gotten so serious that Henry was even beginning to prepare his own proposal to her. He was fairly confident that he was going to remain Nick Bosa for the rest of his days, so why shouldn't he start looking towards the future and devoting himself to her as her husband?



While the 49ers had remained undefeated the entire season and earned a spot at the Super Bowl, Henry still found himself getting nervous before every game. It was a ritual by this point, one that he remedied by going into the locker room and rubbing one out to his own reflection. By this point, Nick's innate narcissism had long since infiltrated Henry's mind, but the man was able to limit it for the most part and thus use it to his advantage. Despite being a straight man now, he still found himself springing a boner upon the sight of his hunky reflection. He felt slight shame as he waited for all of the teammates to head out before he did his pre-game ritual, but soon that shame melted away. Hell, if it helped him relax and get into the zone for the upcoming game, who were any of his teammates to judge? This could be the lucky trick that was helping the team stay on its winning streak, so it would make no sense to stop himself now!

In terms of his relationship with fans, Henry had loved every possible moment he had with any fans that screamed his name and displayed a look of glee on their face anytime he looked at them. Whenever he went over to take photos with the sea of fans, it caused Henry to feel a warm sense of contentment with each photo he took. He was unaware of the fact that his modesty about giving back to the fans that he used to be like was getting just as much enjoyment out of this as his newfound cockiness. Plus, when he looked that good in every photograph he took, Henry felt as though it would be a crime against humanity to conceal such a beautiful visage.

As soon as he got onto the field though, he was momentarily overwhelmed by the roaring crowd in the stadium. The packed out venue was by far the most fans he had ever competed in front of, but with his teammates at his side, his future wife in the stands and his pre-game ritual complete, Henry felt damn near unstoppable. All season long he had been perfecting his knowledge of the 49ers playbook, so with this information and this body's muscle memory, the man felt truly unstoppable as one of the most dominant defensive players in the whole NFL. He kept that thought in mind as the whistle sounded and the championship game got underway, psyching himself up for when it was time for him to get on the field and show everyone just what the brand new Nick Bosa could do.

For the next couple of hours both teams played like their lives depended on it and traded the lead multiple times over. Jimmy, George and Kyle did everything they could to keep their dreams of a Super Bowl win alive but the other team wasn't exactly a pushover. Eventually there was only six seconds left on the clock and the San Francisco 49ers had a six point lead, but their opponents were on the offensive. 4th down and long; it was now or never if their opponents hoped to win the big game. Henry's coach had called him to the side during their last available timeout and made it very clear to him: it was his job and his job alone to stop the other team's final drive.

After taking a deep breath in, Henry took a moment to ground himself before narrowing his eyes solely on the opposing team's center. The minute he saw the hulking guard snap the ball to the quarterback, #97 leapt into motion. One of the offensive lineman attempted to block him but Henry was able to dance around him with an ease that only came from hours of practice. With his route to the quarterback clear, he pushed forward like a general riding into battle and grappled his clearly terrified opponent, even managing to punch the ball out of the quarterback's hands in the process. While Henry dragged the poor soul down into the turf, the ball skidded several feet away until finally



a player dived on top of it. The moment Henry saw the red-and-yellow uniform, he knew it was over. They had won the Super Bowl!

The celebration that followed their spectacular win - a win that **he** had been instrumental in achieving - was like nothing Henry had ever experienced. He'd barely untangled himself from the quarterback when the rest of his team were pouncing upon him and lifting him into the air. The next day countless San Francisco newspapers featured images of him being held aloft by his team on their front covers, often accompanied by stories of how Nick Bosa had been key in turning the team's morale around and had gone from one of the most controversial figures in football to one of its most popular. As if that win hadn't been satisfying enough for Henry, he had even been named the Super Bowl MVP for his performance throughout the game.

At the raging afterparty, with all of his new friends and family gathered around, Henry knew it was the perfect moment to bring his plans into fruition and dropped down onto one knee in front of his girlfriend. The room was absolutely rocked with cheers when she accepted and Henry lifted her up into his arms, spinning her around while capturing her lips in a soft kiss. According to Joey, they looked like Prince Charming and a Disney Princess at that moment, and for Henry it certainly felt like the perfect end to a breathtaking movie. Looking around at his life, Henry truly felt as though he had become the best possible man he could be. He'd gained the body he's always wanted, a level of wealth that people could only aspire to get, and had an amazing future ahead of him with an incredible woman. By all means, he was living the dream life and it was one that fate had just simply surprised him with!

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Sitting in his bed one night with his sleeping fiancée wrapped around his side some six months after the body swap, Henry's mind suddenly drifted away from his perfect life and wondered about how the real Nick's new life was going. Unable to push his curiosity aside, the man quietly grabbed his phone from his bedside table and unlocked it. The first thing Henry did was check out Henry's former Patreon page, where he immediately began to chuckle upon seeing that new content was still being actively published onto the site. It was quite surprising for Henry to discover, especially since he believed that Nick would have been too proud and thus held out from the brand new desires and kinks he felt as a result of the swap.

But as he checked them out and read them, he couldn't help but feel sorry for the guy. Despite Nick trying his best to copy Henry's writing style, he definitely wasn't quite the star writer anymore. Scrolling through more of the stories, Henry smirked as he noted at least 7 different stories over the past couple months that fully revolved around swapping

bodies with Nick Bosa. On an even more interesting note, Henry found that he wasn't even aroused by any of the stories either - the only thing that had even stirred his cock in the slightest were the pictures of him featured in those stories.

Curious, he pulled up the man's Patreon stats and felt a slight bit of remorse as he saw that the man's registered number of patrons severely decreased since Henry had once been the one running the page. As a result, there was a level of sadness that Henry felt for the man trying his best to adapt to a life he was forced into. But at the same time, Henry couldn't care less and felt like the man deserved it. Clearly, based on the stories he had heard from his teammates, the real Nick Bosa was a dick to almost everyone he met. He squandered his potential as an all-star athlete with modelesque good looks and even used his platform to promote hurtful policies and platforms. Not only that, but the real Nick had severely mistreated his staff and wasn't even a caring lover to his wonderful girlfriend. With all of these reasons combined, Henry actually began to find it hilarious to see the man struggling. It was the harshest possible reality check that Nick Bosa could get, but damn was it an effective one!

Exiting out of the Patreon page, Henry instead opened up his Instagram app and navigated to the direct messages. Nick's messages had slowed down later into the season and some even indicated that he was growing uncertain about who he was actually supposed to be, which was an interesting twist. Henry hadn't replied to a single one of them, nor was he planning to. In fact, he had decided it was time to finally put Henry Cavanaugh behind him for good. After pressing the 'block' button on the other's profile, he wished a final farewell to his former identity and fully embraced himself as the one and only Nick Bosa.

With a smirk on his face, Henry closed his eyes and began to drift off into slumber. With the upcoming season's training camp just a few days away, the man was determined to be in the best possible shape so he could once again lead his team to a second successive Super Bowl win. Sure, the odds could become stacked against them once the pre-season started and the 49ers got to play against a fresh bunch of drafted players, but his first season in the NFL had taught the new Nick the importance of perseverance and determination. If he believed that they could make it all the way back to the Super Bowl and win again, then they would.

Making a note to head to the gym tomorrow for another intense workout, Nick soon began to clear his mind. After setting his phone back on the bedside table and laying down in bed once again, Nick wrapped a strong arm around his girlfriend's petite waist and cuddled tightly up against her incredible body. Knowing that by the time the next season finished up she would probably be his wife filled him with an incomparable joy.

Of course, Nick's big brother would be the Best Man at the wedding, and he'd probably invite his closest friends on the team to make up the rest of the groom's party. After all, his team was like family to him and it was the mutual support they had for each other that had led to their big win on the grandest stage!

As he finally fell asleep, a wide smile manifested onto Nick's face as he uttered one last phrase of complete contentment: "Life couldn't be better..."

