

# ***On the Road To Victory***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*

Being on the road three-hundred days a year was tough on anyone but it was worth it in order to do what you loved - at least that was what Buddy Murphy told himself. He was a professional wrestler finally getting some time in the big league's spotlights and he wasn't about to waste his opportunity to become the next big WWE superstar. He made it his mission to work harder than anyone else in the room and while that made him incredibly motivated, he had also heard from folks that it made him intimidating and even aggressive at times. That was something he could deal with though; he wasn't there to make friends, he was there to make a name for himself.

Besides, it wasn't as if Buddy had it bad with life on the road. Not only did he have some close friends travelling and in the ring with him night after night but his beautiful fiancée Alexa, a successful women's division wrestler in her own right, was along for the ride. Lots of other guys weren't as lucky as him - they couldn't check into a hotel on a random night and still enjoy a wild night with the love of their life. Of course that didn't stop some of them from trying but Buddy wasn't shy in telling them that none of them could match up to Alexa's perfectness. She was petite, easily dwarfed by his huge muscles, but was damn flexible and knew precisely how to drive him crazy in the best of ways.

The time that Buddy spent in the ring delivering powerbombs and strikes to his poor opponents was definitely his favorite part of being a professional wrestler but his training sessions in the gym were a close second. He loved being able to watch his muscles tense and flex as he performed bicep curls in front of the mirror and squat more than twice his fiancée's bodyweight, often to the cheers and encouragement of his fellow wrestlers. They didn't say anything but he could sense their envy of his strength and rocketing popularity and he damn well loved being the center of their attention.



By far the worst part of Buddy's job in his opinion though were the fan meet-and-greets. He had no problem with fans in the crowd either cheering him or booing him but whenever he was forced to meet them on a one-to-one basis he was always disappointed by how many of them were total losers. They were either disgustingly skinny or insanely overweight and often reeked of desperation as they stumbled over their words, all but confessing their love to somebody they had only ever seen through a screen before. Buddy was forced to put a smile on his lips and offer a few polite thanks but his skin crawled through each and every experience, particularly when the fan decided to get handsy with a hug. He wasn't exactly thrilled about having to make physical contact but the WWE wanted them to put on a squeaky-clean family friendly image so he'd have to do what the company expected of him if he wanted to continue his push towards an eventual championship match. He just had to remind himself that it was a moment of suffering for incredible future benefits although even that sometimes hardly felt worth it.

The WWE global tours were not only the most gruelling part of their schedules because of the constant travel throughout Europe and Asia but also because the company frequently booked them in for daily meet-and-greets. Being constantly tired and having to converse with fans - many of whom he couldn't even understand, their accents were so thick - was nothing short of hell for a guy like Buddy. The only tours he even enjoyed were the ones back to his native Australia and even then it was only because he was always treated like the biggest star of them all, something he truly believed himself to be.

The next stop on the tour was Germany but of course the whole roster were expected to plaster on fake smiles, shake hands and pose for selfies with their loyal fans. What followed was fifty minutes of monotony and clock-watching until Buddy was able to rejoice that there was only one person left in his queue and then he'd be able to make a swift exit. *Just this once I'll admit it must suck to be a top guy.* Folks like Finn Bálor and Seth Rollins would still be there for at least another hour, he was sure of it. *Then again, those suck-ups probably love it.*

Forcing a smile onto his face as the last guy in the queue stepped up to him, Buddy had to stop himself from letting out a mocking laugh. The dude was as thin as a rake with terribly-maintained skin, an unflattering mustache on his overbite and barely reached the wrestling superstar's broad pectoral muscles. Still, his lips spread into a genuine smile and his eyes shone in excitement as he approached and exclaimed, "Guten-tag, Herr Murphy! Ich habe mich darauf gefreut, Sie kennenzulernen!" None of the words made any sense to Buddy so he merely nodded and reluctantly offered out his hand which the other eagerly clasped and shook, albeit with an embarrassingly weak grip.

"Ich kann es kaum erwarten, deinen Körper zu haben!" the young man continued at a rapid excitable pace, "Ich: Buddy Murphy. Sie: Jonas Hauer!" And then, with a voice that was impossibly deep, four more words boomed out that seemed to echo inside of uddy's very brain: **"Jetzt lasst uns tauschen!"**

Being a wrestler meant that Buddy had experienced all manner of different aches and pains but there was nothing that compared to the sudden hollowness that encompassed his body in the

moments that followed. His vision swam and bile rose in his throat before a sudden sharp pain in his head provoked a cry of alarm. It lasted all of five seconds but those few moments had been blistering unexplainable agony. That physical pain was followed by the shock of his life though as Buddy's vision finally returned and he found himself facing two meaty pectoral muscles stretching out a tight-fitting shirt emblazoned with his name.

Lifting up his head, he allowed his gaze to move up past those large pecs, beyond the broad shoulders, sloping traps and thick neck until it settled on the obstruction's face. Much to his sheer terror, it was *his own*.

"That's so much better," his taller doppelganger declared as he rolled his broad shoulders and smirked down at him. The words had sounded strange to Buddy's ears, as if they had been spoken in another language. "I get it, you're... shock... sorry but... be done," his doppelganger continued, although it became increasingly more difficult for Buddy to understand him. He could identify that the other was speaking full sentences in English but the words failed to make any sense to him, as if he had suddenly forgotten everything other than the most basic vocabulary - and even that seemed in jeopardy as his double continued and more of his words seemed distressingly scrambled.

Although there were likely guys out there who thought he was all brawn and no brain - jealous beta males, in his opinion - Buddy wasn't an idiot. He had already begun understanding what was going on before he looked down at himself and confirmed the fears that were creeping up inside of him. He had lost all of his carefully crafted muscles, his bronzed skin had turned pale and the WWE merchandise he wore hung loosely around a frame that looked practically underfed. He hadn't been this small since he'd been a goddamn *child!*

As he thought back to what the fan had said to him just a minute earlier, Buddy was mortified to realize that he knew understood what had been said: "*I can't wait to have your body! Me: Buddy Murphy. You: Jonas Hauer! Now let us exchange!*"

The body thief's lips continued to move as he spoke but Buddy no longer understand anything more than the basic 'me', 'you' and 'for good'. He took a step forward to grab at his own body and received a rough shove in response that sent him crashing down onto his ass, a move that hurt more than it should have without the usual cushioning of his firm cheeks. Instead he was forced to stare up at his own form as it towered over him, those large muscles looking like lethal weapons from such an angle.

Despite taking some gnarly bumps in his time as a professional wrestler absolutely nothing had been as terrifying as that moment with his future quite literally slipping away in front of him. The smirk on the other's face showed genuine enjoyment as his replacement relished in the obvious panic Buddy was beginning to feel. His body all but convulsed as desperate sobs began to break forth from his lips, exposing weaknesses that Buddy had always denied having. He'd always claimed to be fearless but when forced into a body that wasn't his own that was exposed as a lie: he was seized with panic to the extent that he was struggling to breathe!

All of a sudden there were two of the WWE emergency medical staff at his side guiding him towards a chair. They spoke in soft tones but, much to his distress, in a language he couldn't quite understand anymore. He recognized them too: they were Americans who had travelled with the roster on the tour and not only could he no longer understand a word they were saying but they also had no idea how to translate the few words he managed to croak out in German between his erratic breaths. By the time he managed to slow the thundering of his heart and regain a regular breathing pattern the body thief had left the room and, with it, the chance to make his crazed fan see sense had gone too.

No matter how badly he tried to explain what had happened to the medical staff they simply couldn't understand him. Instead they guided him away from the event, one even buying him a coffee from a nearby stall. "Danke," Buddy muttered sourly as they finally left him alone to scowl at the WWE banner hanging just above him. His own face smirked down at him - a face he would no longer see in his own reflection - and Buddy was mortified to find his body having a physical reaction in response to it. There was a stirring deep inside of him and his pants began to bulge as his new cock sprang to life in excitement. As much as the notion revolted him, he was getting turned on by himself!

His one remaining hope would be that Jonas, the psychopath who had stolen his whole life from him, would come to his senses and realize he couldn't possibly wrestle in the show that night and would return to switch them back. No such moment came and Buddy instead found himself occupying the ringside seat that Jonas had purchased months ago alongside his meet-and-greet ticket. His body tensed as his entrance music began to blast across the loudspeakers and that familiar stirring returned as his body appeared at the top of the entrance and began to swagger down towards the ring. Their eyes locked and Buddy's heart sank, already anticipating the harsh truth that was about to come his way.



Sure enough, barely two minutes later Jonas was making sure that Buddy knew he had inherited every bit of his wrestling skills. He was dominating his opponent like Buddy had so many times before and using all of his signature moves as if they were his own. Not a single person in the crowd could tell any difference - nobody except Buddy. That also meant that nobody backstage had noticed anything either, placing yet another obstacle before the Aussie-turned-German. How the hell was he going to convince people of his true identity - ignoring that he couldn't even speak the same language as them anymore - without sounding like a crazy person?

Once the show was over and the fans started to file out of the arena, Buddy instead changed paths to head towards the backstage car park. He almost made it too, seeing his own vehicle just some twenty feet away,

before a security guard stepped right in his path and pressed a hand on his chest to keep him back. Buddy would have dwarfed the other guy had he still been in his own body but at five-foot-six and weighing in at one-hundred-and-forty pounds, he was now easily overwhelmed by the broad-shouldered and stern-faced individual who blocked his way. The other guy might as well have been a solid wall because Buddy already knew there was no way he was getting past. Yet another defeat for somebody who had considered themselves unbeatable just earlier that very day.

"You can't go through," the man said in a deep German rumble, applying a little pressure to push Buddy back. "Get on home, kid. The show's over."

"But I'm-- I was supposed to be in the show," Buddy attempted to explain, only to be met by the man's laughter. "Please, you've got to understand me. There was a fan and he-- there he is! That's my body!" At the sight of his own body walking through the backstage car park behind the security guard Buddy started forward again, only to be pushed back with even more force.

Most alarmingly, his body wasn't even alone. Buddy watched in silent horror as his body reached its arm around the gorgeous petite blonde next to it - *Alexa* - and groped her perky ass cheeks! She responded with a high-pitched giggle and a slap against the man's huge arms before cuddling in against his side. *How can she not know it's me?* The realization that even the woman he loved had failed to notice that he had been replaced crushed Buddy's last hope.

There was little Buddy could do but watch as Jonas guided his fiancée into the passenger side of his expensive sports car and then rounded towards the driver's side. Buddy's heart thundered as the other man finally glanced in his direction and met his gaze. A thousand hours seemed to pass within that one moment before his body disappeared into the vehicle and with a mighty roar of the engine it tore out of the parking area.

Watching it disappear into the night, the world came crashing down as Buddy finally understood just how unattainable his own body had become in just a few short hours. The very next morning the WWE roster would be flying over to England and in a few days they would be back in the United States, putting more and more distance between Buddy and his own life. A desperate sob escaped his lips as he began to break down into tears, finally accepting that he would be living Jonas Hauer's life for a long time...



When the idea to steal the body of one of WWE's brightest new stars had first occurred to Jonas Hauer he had thought it was an amusing but unachievable idea. Sure, his entire family possessed a unique gift - once throughout their lives they could switch their consciousness into that of another being - but how would he get himself in a position to take Buddy Murphy's body

for his own? The one catch was that the person they were switching with had to be within earshot as they cast the spell and it seemed nigh on impossible for such a moment to occur.

If Jonas needed a sign that it was the best possible idea he could have had then it came in the form of a flyer posted through his letterbox one morning: the WWE were coming to do a show in Berlin and not only was Buddy Murphy advertised right there among the likes of Roman Reigns and Drew McIntyre but the flyer mentioned that the wrestlers would be present for meet-and-greet sessions with VIP ticket holders before the show! Jonas leapt to his feet and let out a cry of excitement, knowing that his future was about to take a wonderful diversion.

Of all of the people Jonas could have chosen, Murphy was the perfect pick. Not only was he everything Jonas was not - tall, tanned, muscular - but he was also engaged to marry the woman of Jonas' dreams.

Alexa Bliss was someone that Jonas had fantasized about since he'd first laid eyes on her. He had believed himself to be gay throughout his teenage years, hell it was one of the reasons he had started watching the WWE even though he could barely understand the English they all spoke: all those sweaty muscular men, but something about Alexa just *clicked* for him. He'd been distraught to learn that she was engaged but that initial fury had given way to fascination when he saw what her fiancé looked like and began considering what taking over his life might be like.



That had led Jonas right up to the moment where he stood at the back of the queue, ready to meet the man whose body and life he would soon inherit. His entire being seemed to hum in excitement as the line dwindled quicker and quicker, the man taking very little time to give autographs, snap selfies and then dismiss the fans who had spent hard-earned money to converse with him. It was clear to Jonas that Murphy didn't appreciate the privileges he had in life and therefore he didn't deserve them. In a manner of speaking, Jonas would really just be doing him a favour, although he wasn't naive enough to think that the other would see it that way. Thankfully the difference in their physicalities would mean that keeping the enraged wrestler off of him post-exchange wouldn't be all that difficult.

Once they were alone in the room the moment was upon them. Jonas struggled to keep his voice steady as he addressed the much larger man who merely looked at him with an expression of disinterest and even annoyance. Within thirty seconds though those magic words had left Jonas' mouth - "**Jetzt lasst uns tauschen!**" - and the magic that had long laid dormant inside of the young German man was brought to life, giving his soul safe passage into his newly desired form. In the process the egotistical wrestler was ripped from his own perfect body and forced into the only one available: Jonas' much more diminutive body!

The process was quick and nothing shy of pleasurable for Jonas as he felt himself expand to fit a larger frame: five-foot-eleven and two-hundred-twenty-seven pounds of clearly defined

muscles. "That's so much better," he growled in a deep voice, the words sounding smooth and irresistible in his new Australian tones. He felt nothing short of godly as he rolled his broad shoulders and looked down at the body he had just left behind for good, relishing as a look of alarm and panic slowly spread across its face.

Jonas had heard stories from members of his family regaling tales of their exchanges and each one had stressed just how beautiful those first few moments were. He had to agree, looking down at his former body and knowing that he'd never have to go back was the single best moment of his life. Knowing that he had 'gifted' that unextraordinary life to somebody who hadn't even appreciated their own privileges was just the icing on the cake.

"I get it, you're probably in shock. I'd say I'm sorry but let's be honest, it had to be done," he explained, delighted that he was now able to communicate perfectly in full English. The confusion on the other's face suggested he didn't quite understand what he was being told and the low murmuring of disbelief that left the other's lips was in full German whether the other man realized it or not. The language barrier was going to work perfectly into Jonas' plans.

"This body belongs to me now, not you," he continued. "For good. Do you at least understand that?" Lording his victory over the other man fueled Jonas with excitement, especially when the other tried to grab at him. He soon learned that was a mistake by getting put down on his ass - and Jonas had done it with such ease too! How strong was he now? He'd definitely be testing that out as soon as possible!

Of all of the possible reactions Jonas had imagined the gifted professional wrestler of having upon realizing the true extent of the situation, he hadn't really believed that Murphy might burst into tears like a child whose favourite toy had been stolen. Seeing his own body down on the ground beginning to hyperventilate was a strange situation but it only confirmed that he had made the right choice in triggering the exchange. How could a man claim that he deserved everything he had - the muscles, the fame, the gorgeous fiancée - when he broke down crying like a baby so damn quickly?

As a pair of medical attendants rushed in to see to the young man who was clearly having a panic attack, Jonas excused himself and followed the signs that led him into the backstage area of the venue - somewhere he knew the other wouldn't be able to follow him. In the process he greeted a number of faces he recognised from his semi-religious viewings of WWE programming and was delighted as they all responded in a friendly manner, some holding out their hands to fist bump him and a couple of the younger guys even playfully slapping his ass as he walked past. In his old life he might have relished in such behaviour but strangely he didn't feel anything from it. It was just *guys being guys* after all and besides, he had Alexa.

It didn't take Jonas all that long to find his beloved soulmate backstage either - indeed all he had to do was question some of the female wrestlers he passed by on his journey and he was soon directed to find her in her private dressing room. The moment he had closed the door behind him to give them some privacy the petite blonde bounced forward and all but threw herself into



his arms, pressing their lips together to deliver a kiss that Jonas had been dreaming about for months. The real thing was even better than anything he could have possibly imagined.

“Someone’s happy to see me, huh?” he murmured once their lips had parted, wrapping his strong arms around her waist. “Not that I’m complaining, of course. What’s going on?”

Alexa’s hands moved to rest on Jonas’ large round pecs. “Ugh, just the usual gross fans out there. You know, the stinky overweight men who can hardly stop drooling to actually talk,” she lamented with a roll of her eyes. “I swear to god they make my skin crawl. I don’t think they’ve ever actually touched a woman before, let alone had sex.”

Jonas just laughed. He could think of one creepy fan in particular who was in attendance of the event and would love to get his hands on Alexa - not that it would ever happen. “You want me to go out there and rough some of them up?” he asked, deliberately flexing the muscles in his upper arms to show off a little.

His girlfriend giggled and lightly slapped his chest. “Don’t waste your time on them. They aren’t even worth thinking about, let alone breaking a sweat over,” she replied, relaxing back into his grip. “Besides, it’s a couple of hours until showtime and I’ve got a couple of ideas of what we can do until then...” Her eyebrows raised as she flashed him a mischievous look and Jonas surged forward impulsively to press their lips together once again. It seemed unreal that he could finally have the woman of his dreams just how he wanted her but there she was, totally aware that one of those fanboys she was grossed out by so much had actually assumed the role of her super macho protector and fiancé.

Being so intimate with Alexa without her ever noticing that there was anything different about her lover was the last sign that Jonas needed to confirm that he had well and truly taken over Buddy Murphy’s life for himself. His body seemed to move on autopilot as they made love - quick and rough at first but then tender the second time around - but he was present in every moment, relishing the experience of his fantasies coming true. As such, it was difficult to pull himself away when the call for the start of the show finally rang out across the tannoy system but it had to be done and besides, Jonas was looking forward to securing more than one victory when he made his way out to the ring.

One of the single best things about his family’s gift was that the physical and mental skills of the person whose life they inherited remained within the body, meaning Jonas didn’t even have to worry about stepping into the wrestling ring and embarrassing himself. He could visualize himself perfectly executing everything from the basics to Murphy’s own signature moves and was certain that come showtime he’d be able to do just that. It would make it so easy to continue his life without anybody noticing a difference, something that was essential to ensure that Jonas got to live the happy life he truly deserved. His family had been blessed with the gift for a reason after all and it was because some higher power - whatever it was up above the clouds - wanted them all to live their ideal lives, which was precisely what Jonas planned to do!

Seeing his own body sat there in the front row with a downcast expression decorating the face he had left behind was all the motivation Jonas needed to put on the show of a lifetime. He made quick work of his opponent and kept his shoulders down on the canvas for the three count after perfectly pulling off the Murphy's Law finishing move, much to the delight of the crowd.

As the referee raised his arm to signal his victory, Jonas locked eyes with his new body's former owner in the front row and mouthed a single word to him: *winner*. Even without being spoken he knew that the message rang out loud and true.

His ultimate victory was only furthered even more a short while later as he escorted his beloved out to Murphy's precious sports car, whispering promises into Alexa's ear that he would ravish her all night long. Just as he'd made sure she was safely tucked away in the passenger seat, Jonas happened to look up and catch sight of a familiar face some twenty feet away, being easily held back by a security guard. *How emasculating for him*, Jonas mused, although he could hardly stop the broad smile from spreading across his handsome face.

Certain that his victory was undeniable, the new Buddy Murphy wished a silent goodbye to his former self and slipped into the soft leather seat behind the wheel of his vehicle. His fiancée's hand moved to rest softly against his thigh as he brought the engine to life and within moments they were off into the night, ready to spend the rest of their lives together...

