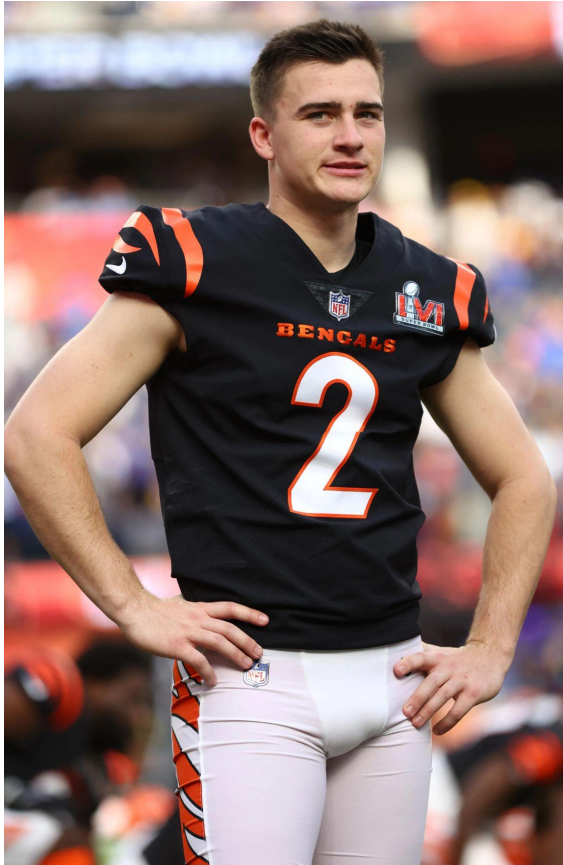


Putting The Fear in McPherson

By Soul-Controller



Ever since he joined the Cincinnati Bengals during the 2021 NFL Draft, Evan McPherson had been living the whirlwind life he had always dreamt of having. Not only had he been able to secure a position as the team's star kicker, but he had also found himself a stunning girlfriend who he had just recently locked down as his wife. But as the new football season began to approach, the newlyweds' attention was quickly stolen by the discovery that they were expecting a child.

Although Evan was certainly excited about the prospect of becoming a father to a baby girl, the revelation had quietly created a ripple effect that disrupted every facet of the 24-year-old's life. Had he been saving up enough money from his immense multi-million dollar football contract over the last two years to help fund the lavish lifestyle he dreamed of giving to his daughter? Was he even responsible enough to be a father, left not only

to take care of another human but have enough knowledge about the world to be a reliable source of guidance as his offspring made their way further into the world?

With all of those thoughts and many more constantly running rampant within his brain, it was no shock that his anxieties about the future left Evan unknowingly neglecting his present. The formerly confident and extremely talented player appeared to be sleepwalking through training camp, his performance through countless drills and scrimmages a far cry from the top-five ranking kicker that had been infamous for the past few years. Upon having several members of the staff check in on him and make sure he was doing alright, the kicker attempted to downplay his mental anguish. Instead, Evan just simply said that he was just dealing with a few small personal things and immediately vowed that he would be in top-tier form by the time the preseason officially began.

Unfortunately for the kicker, his vow was quickly determined to be a straight-up lie. Throughout the first game of the preseason, it was clear to both Evan and any football expert that the man's performance wasn't as great as it usually was. His attempts at field goals were not nearly as composed and seamless as they usually appeared, with the man somewhat stumbling in his cleats a few times and causing the ball to waver awkwardly in the air. Despite that, most of his kicks still allowed the ball to clumsily pass between the goal posts and tumble down the netting to score his team more points. However, there was one near the end of the game that was a colossal failure as it made direct contact with the metal goal posts. Rather than the curved metal causing the ball to ricochet and end up bouncing between the posts successfully, it horrifically flew up in the air from the impact and fell to the side far away from the posts themselves.

After such an unfortunate misstep, the man's confidence was finding itself utterly destroyed with each passing game as he found himself directly responsible for the failure of the team. A few wonky kickoffs on top of terrible field goal attempts led to each passing game getting worse for the young man as he grew less and less confident in his skills. In fact, for the first time he was feeling like he was completely out of his league!

This was especially true as the thin and frail young man found himself really taking in the stadium full of adoring fans and realizing just how small and pathetic he felt. This especially wasn't helped when he went out onto the field and found himself taking a look at the immense and burly defense players that were doing all they could to destroy him and his field goal attempts. So despite usually enjoying his size and feeling relatively confident with his body, there was something about being in a stadium full of behemoths that left Evan McPherson feeling incredibly small. In fact, had it not been for the fact that he was decked out with pads and a Bengals uniform, Evan wondered if he could would have just mistaken him for one of the male cheerleading twinks that pumped up the crowd on the sidelines.

With the fifth game of the season in the last few seconds of the second quarter and the Bengals still down by one point after scoring a touchdown, all of the team's hopes for a chance of going into the second half on an even playing field rested on Evan's bony shoulders as the lean man jogged out onto the field and prepared for the field goal attempt. As the holder looked towards Evan and they both gave a nod towards each other, the other player called for the snap and quickly grabbed onto the ball before positioning it perfectly for Evan's foot to propel it towards the goal posts.

But as Evan rushed towards the holder and his foot made contact with the ball, the man couldn't help but wonder if maybe he was better off becoming a cheerleader as he instead knew that he fucked up the kick. So as he looked up and watched the ball sail

through the air, he could only clench his fist and prepare for the onslaught of boos that would be hurled his way as the ball didn't even ricochet off of the goal posts. Instead, it missed the posts by several yards to the point where the large oversized net was just barely able to contain the ball before it dove into the sea of fans.

Although the humiliation he felt from the fans was already brutal enough, Evan received even more scolding from his teammates and coaches as the team headed into the locker room to try and figure out how to win the game back in the second half. To Evan's horror, the team's plan was quickly revealed to not have anything to do with the 24-year-old as the coaches told the backup kicker that he would be playing from now on while Evan was left stuck sitting on the benches.

The young man had initially expected that his time on the bench would be the brunt of his punishment from the coaching staff to hopefully convince him to get his head on straight, but the night before the team had a practice session Evan received a rather alarming text while watching TV with his wife. Not only was the text from the head coach asking him to show up several hours before practice usually began, but the message informed the player that the early morning meeting would allow everyone involved to "discuss his career moving forward with the Bengals".

Instantly, the man became a bundle of nerves as he tensed up and feared for what would surely await him the next morning. This seemed to catch the attention of Evan's gorgeous wife though, who couldn't help but snuggle up close to him on the couch and ask if everything was alright. Of course, he pretended to maintain his composure and vehemently promised his wife that everything was fine no matter how hard she would pry for information. Instead, he just simply said that his coaches had asked him to come to the stadium a few hours early to get a bit of one-on-one training and quickly changed the subject. Knowing that her husband was seemingly cosplaying as a brick wall, she had no other choice but to accept what Evan was saying as truth and go back to their cuddling as they watched some TV.

The remainder of the night was a relatively quiet and distant night for the couple, as they silently finished watching their show before making their way into the bedroom. Given her fresh status as an expecting mother, the brand-new pregnancy had quickly tired the woman out, which caused her to give Evan a soft kiss before turning away from her husband and falling into a deep slumber. While she turned and prepared to sleep though, the woman couldn't help but crave her husband's affection as she grabbed onto his hand and pulled his arm until they cradled her. Although it was a sweet and charming sentiment for the expecting parents to have Evan's hand rest delicately

against her stomach, this only caused the player's thoughts to wander and him to continue to ponder his future until they both had finally been consumed by slumber.

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After a terrible night's sleep, the early morning alarm that awoke Evan only made him dread the upcoming meeting that would await him. If he had no self-control, he would have surely just turned his alarms off and thrown the bed sheet over his head so he could get a few more hours of much-needed sleep. But luckily he knew deep down that showing up either late or not at all would only hurt his standing more with the coaches who had once held him in high regard. So for his own job security, he quickly got up and quietly pulled on some clothes before throwing his bag over his shoulder and exiting as to not interrupt his wife's deep slumber.

Upon sliding his lanky frame into the driver's seat of his sleek sports car and driving off towards the stadium, Evan's mind couldn't help but wander to the various end results that could occur from this meeting. Of course given how anxious he was about the meeting though, his mind instantly began to envision the worst case scenarios possible - either getting fired or traded by the Bengals. Although being traded was a better scenario on paper because it meant he could still play football, the worry about uprooting his life and wife while she's pregnant seemed like a terrible possibility for her mental well-being. However, given how piss-poor his performance had been thus far this season, he wouldn't be surprised if no teams wanted to touch him with a ten-foot pole.

With each mile passing by and drawing him closer to the stadium, he couldn't help but ponder what he would do with his life if he was actually fired from the sport he had been playing for three years now. Given how green he was to the NFL, Evan immediately knew that there was no way he was beloved or well-known enough to make the jump to being an entertainment correspondent. Plus, given how he had suddenly developed an intense bout of anxiety, he doubted he could even be a charismatic presence when he just envisioned himself sweating up a storm and constantly stumbling over his words on air.

With his mind continuing to ponder all of the various paths that his life could take after leaving the NFL prematurely, Evan's body had seemingly gone into autopilot mode. He had no idea of the fact that he had made his way to the gates of the stadium and gained entry from one of the security guards, made his way into the parking garage and exited with his bag in tow, and headed into the stadium while making a direct bee-line towards the coach's offices. In fact, it was only the firm and intense handshake he received from

the Bengals head coach which had broken the man out of his trance and caused him to realize where he was - just a few minutes away from learning the fate of his football career.

As he immediately sat down and took a moment to scan the office though, Evan's eyebrows raised in confusion as he realized that the head coach was joined by not only the special teams coordinator that Evan had worked closely with but also the offensive coordinator. Although he had certainly seen the man before around the locker room and knew his name (it was impossible not to notice him given his immense physique and thick beard), the player couldn't think of a time the two of them had ever had a conversation so his inclusion in the meeting only puzzled the 24-year-old.

"Alright Evan, I think we all know exactly why you're here today," the head coach began, instantly breaking Evan's focus away from the offensive coordinator and causing him to stare up towards the older man. As he clenched his fists in preparation, Evan refused to blink as the duo looked directly at each other. "Clearly you're a talented kid, but I fear that you've burnt too bright and too fast. So, I'm sorry to say this, but I don't think you're the right fit as our kicker moving forward."

The words hit Evan like a gut punch. Despite preparing for the worst, the news broke the man and he could instantly feel tears beginning to well up in the corners of his eyes. He knew that he wasn't doing that great lately, but he still had faith in himself that he could get back to the talent he had previously displayed. But before Evan could even start to pipe up and voice his impassioned plea for salvation, his coach began to provide some slight comfort.

"Luckily for you though, your contract was so damn expensive that we would be insane to drop you or trade you elsewhere. We were, I mean, we **still** are your biggest supporters Evan, so we want you to remain a vital part of the Bengals family."

The coach's words instantly caused Evan to undergo a severe bout of emotional whiplash as he comprehended what he had said. The Bengals weren't going to let him go or trade him after all! However, if he was going to stick around and no longer be the team's kicker, what did they have planned for him?

"Oh wow," Evan began, breathing in a sigh of relief as he looked around at the trio of older men and allowed his lips to pull back into a slight smile. "That's amazing! Whew, that's such a relief, I really thought my NFL days were over," he continued, letting out a slight chuckle as he allowed a hand to come up and wipe away the few beads of sweat that dotted his forehead.

After taking a moment to compose himself though, his attention went back to the looming mystery over his new role on the team. “But if I’m not going to be the kicker moving forward, what exactly do you have in mind for me?”

“Well, we’re wanting you to move away from special teams to instead join our offensive lineup actually,” the head coach began, craning his neck towards the offensive coordinator and extending a finger out towards him. “As you can see, that’s why Mr. Powers here has decided to sit in on this meeting here today. I know you two haven’t had much interaction together, but I feel like under his guidance, you could really elevate our offense to be one of the best in the league!”

Immediately, the reveal left Evan trying his best to stifle a chuckle. As he looked down at himself, he couldn’t even imagine his frail and weak body somehow playing an offensive role on the team. Given his build, the only possible position that he could do on the team was something like the quarterback. But not only did he have no experience with throwing footballs beyond just for fun in his backyard, there was absolutely no way that the Bengals would dare to switch out Joe Burrow, one of the best QBs in the league, for an inexperienced novice!

Before he could even begin to ask any questions though, Evan’s attention was captured by the gruff offensive coordinator as he reached underneath the table. For a moment, the man seemed to rustle around in a gym bag, but eventually he grabbed onto what he was looking for and instantly placed it onto the table. Before Evan could get a good look at it, the man instantly began to slide it along the desk and caused the kicker to instantly grab onto it to avoid it crashing onto the ground. As he held it up to observe it, the man adopted a confused expression as he found himself looking at a clear plastic bottle full of a mysterious brown liquid.

Upon pulling his eyes away from the bottle to look directly into Mr. Powers’ eyes, Evan stared in complete confusion as he pondered not only why he had slid a bottle his way but what the mysterious brown liquid was. Unfortunately for him, the offensive coordinator refused to provide much information.

“Well... what are ya waiting for, kid? You want to stick on this team or not? This is your only option, so what do you say you drink up and we go to work. It’s going to be a long process of retraining you, so the sooner we get started the better.” Without even taking a pause though, the man leaned forward and adopted an even more gravelly tone as he spoke directly to the bewildered player. “So are you in or not?”

As Evan and his boggled mind sat there for a moment trying to comprehend everything, the death glare that Powers was giving him made it clear that he only had a few more seconds left to make a decision. So despite his intense confusion over what was going on, he felt he had no other choice but to go along with what they proposed. Surely the concept of playing an entirely different type of role on the field felt daunting, Evan couldn't deny that he was quite intrigued over what his new role would entail. If the coaches and coordinators all thought that it would be a great move for him, who really was he to question that? Plus, if he said no, that would leave him fired without the remainder of his contract, and that was absolutely a no-go with a pregnant wife relying on him to take care of her.

With his mind now made up, Evan looked towards the man and softly nodded his head. "Yeah, I'll do it. I love Cincinnati and this team, so I'll do whatever it takes to stick around," he replied, which instantly caused a slew of hoots and applause to ring out. "Now that's what I like to hear, kid," Powers said, his meaty palms creating a resonant boom that resembled a thunderclap as it loudly reverberated throughout the entire room. "Go ahead and start drinking then, it takes a bit before it properly kicks in. With the amount of intense work you're going to be doing, you'll need all the help you can get!"

Despite his initial resistance to take a sip of the drink due to its chunky brown consistency, Evan was left with no other choice but to feign a smile and grab onto the bottle. Upon popping the cap off and lifting the container up to his lips, the man closed his eyes and prepared for the worst as he tilted it and allowed the liquid to flow into his mouth. But as his mouth was becoming quickly coated by the drink and flowing down his throat, those tightly shut eyes rapidly opened up and widened as he was caught off-guard by the flavor. It tasted incredible and unlike anything he had ever had before!

Evan couldn't help but feel as though his taste buds were being pleasantly electrified with each sip he took, which caused him to unconsciously refuse to pull the drink away from his lips to get a breath of fresh air. Instead, he just kept the bottle tilted up entirely vertical and allowed his lips to softly spread into a grin as he savored every last remaining morsel of the delicious drink.

After a minute of holding the bottle up and having no more liquid flow down his throat, Evan found himself disappointed as he finally pulled the bottle away from his lips and set it onto the coach's desk. With no liquid left to be consumed, the kicker found himself absentmindedly smacking his lips and allowing his tongue to secretly yet wildly traverse across the expanse of his inner mouth to savor every last vestige of flavor that he could find.

Across the room, Evan's more than enthusiastic experience left Mr. Powers equally amused as he whistled and loudly cheered for the young man. "Damn, you really enjoyed that, huh? Looks like someone's ready to put in some hard work on the field, boys," he jubilantly declared, flashing a pearly white smile towards the other two members of the Bengals staff. "Say, why don't you guys go ahead and give Evan and I some private time together. Big changes like this could be rather daunting," he continued, his voice trailing off as he narrowed his eyes towards the other two older men in the room. Instantly, each of them gave a curt nod towards Powers before making their way out of the room.

"It was a pleasure working with you Evan," the special team coordinator said with a relatively remorseful tone as he departed from the office first. Before he left though he extended a hand out towards the young kicker, who instantly reciprocated to say goodbye by a soft handshake.

Inversely, the head coach was extremely elated as he switched between roughly shaking the young man's shoulders and patting them roughly with his rugged hands. "Thanks for wanting to stick around with us kid. You're going to save this team and I can't thank you enough! Can't wait to see you on the field later," he replied, turning a way to nod his head one last time towards Mr. Powers before he too finally departed.

With the office now vacant besides the two of them, Powers and Evan turned to face each other on opposite ends of the desk. Yet given Evan's slight anxieties over this major career change, the room remained unnervingly silent as the duo just awkwardly made passing glances at each other. Instead, the young man just looked around at the coach's office and began to notice a slight sense of fullness settling in his gut. In hopes of trying to curb it, he softly rubbed it in hopes that the protein shake would settle in time before the workouts began. There would certainly be nothing more embarrassing than spilling his guts all over the astroturf on the first day of his new position on the team!

Luckily, Mr. Powers came to the rescue to not only save the duo from awkward silence but also Evan's slightly pained stomach cramps by beginning to initiate a conversation. "So, how you feeling about all of this kid? Nervous? Excited? Scared a little?"

As he comprehended the question, Evan wanted nothing more than to say all of the above! But his attention was almost immediately stolen by a deep grumble manifesting in Evan's gut. As the young man attempted to clench his fists and hope that he wouldn't end up vomiting in the boardroom, he tried his best to shuffle in his seat and find a

better position that didn't cause his stomach to undergo immense tension and discomfort.

"I- uh, I'm sorry I," Evan began to stammer, his words being suddenly interrupted as the tension in his gut reached a sudden and painful crescendo. With this tension in need of a desperate escape, the man's open mouth seemed to provide the perfect exit strategy as an earth-shaking belch suddenly erupted and echoed around the four office walls. Given Evan's small and lithe appearance, the hearty and deep belch felt oddly dissident and immediately caused the man's cheeks to begin reddening.

Across the desk though, Powers had a wide grin across his face as he began to enthusiastically clap his hands in amusement. "Oh yeah, you're gonna turn out **so** fucking good..."

Although Evan's eyebrows immediately rose and he wanted to ask what the other man was talking about, those plans were immediately discarded as he found himself overcome with an immense heat coursing through his body. As he looked down at himself, the man's eyes began to suddenly bulge out as he realized something was occurring to his body... he was getting huge!

When he had first come to the stadium to discuss his future with the Bengals, he had been wearing a baggy size large sweatshirt on top of a slim-cut pair of jeans. But as he looked down at himself, he realized that not only was his sweatshirt not looking as oversized, but his pants were beginning to grow incredibly tight. The reason behind this was that beneath the sweatshirt and pants, his torso had widened significantly and his thighs and calves now bulked up with rock-hard muscle to the point where it felt as though they were encased in the denim like sausage casings. As he looked down, he could watch in awe how his legs began to magically lengthen before his eyes, gifting the man with a new stature of 6'5" while also providing much more real estate for new muscle to magically fill.

"Wha- what the fuck is happening to me," Evan asked aloud, watching in absolute shock as more muscle began to quickly invade his growing frame. After watching his pants reach dangerous levels of ripping until he looked like he was somehow in possession of a pair of bodybuilder's legs, the man quickly pulled up his sweatshirt to see what was happening to his upper torso. Upon doing so, the man gasped as his waist had undoubtedly widened until he looked like he also had the frame of a well-built bodybuilder.

Given his form as a more twinkish man, Evan had never really had much muscle in his life. Of course his legs were usually the most muscular on him given his career as a professional kicker, but team workouts had given the man a set of abs and modest biceps on top of a relatively flat set of pecs.

So as he looked down at his torso, there was genuine shock as he saw an immensely cut eight-pack staring back at him along with some plump and prominent pecs that now proudly jutted out of his chest.

Although his arms remained sleeved underneath the sweatshirt, the man was able to witness them beginning to grow as well. Thicker and thicker his biceps got, which only caused his forearms to also widen and his shoulders to bulk up as well. As he lifted his hands up towards his face, he could watch firsthand as each appendage not only widened but grew more worn and used as a slew of calluses dotted his palms.



“Well, isn’t it obvious,” Mr. Powers interrupted, finally opting to answer Evan’s question as the man’s muscle growth seemed to tamper down for the time being. “We offered you a position on the Bengals offense, so you need a physique like one of those players. No offense, but one play with your normal body and you’d end up snapped in half like a twig!”

Although the concept of body transformation seemed like something out of some b-level science fiction picture, Evan found himself instantly a believer based on what had occurred to him. Despite initially being content with his original body for years, just a few minutes with the physique of a bodybuilder had caused Evan to realize the error of his ways. With a body like this, he felt amazing and intimidating for the first time in his life! Surely there was no way that he’d ever feel out of his league moving forward whenever he stepped onto the field.

“So uh, that drink did this to me I’m guessing,” Evan inquired, which caused the man’s attention to be stolen by the deeper and burlier voice he was now speaking with. His

youthful cadence had somehow been completely eradicated while he had been watching himself change, which wasn't necessarily a bad thing but certainly something that would take some time to get used to. As he moved one of his hands up to his throat, the man's exploration of the area revealed a thick and bulging Adam's apple.

"You're a perceptive kid," Powers replied, although he stopped himself to chuckle for a bit. After stopping and taking a moment to look the man up and down, he began to speak once more. "I guess calling you kid doesn't really work anymore though, huh?"

As Evan looked down at himself, he also couldn't stop himself from chuckling as he realized the man was right. This certainly wasn't the body of some young kid! "Yeah, I suppose you're right!"

"Well, I'm glad you seem to be enjoying yourself so far. Let's hope you enjoy stage two as well," Powers nonchalantly replied.

"Wha- STAGE TWO?!"

Immediately, that dull heat began to permeate throughout Evan's body once more. Confused about what would happen next, the man turned his head down towards his body as he pulled up his sweatshirt to see what was happening to his body. As he did so, he watched in horror as he watched his immense abs beginning to lose its rugged and sculpted look. But although he initially thought he would just gain a more off-season appearance, Evan could only watch as each ab lost more definition until there was just a barely noticeable six-pack (similar to the one he once had) staring back at him.

"Wha- Where did they go!?" Evan cried out, gasping as he looked and watched how more of his sculpted upper torso was losing their hardened edges. All at once then, a slight expansion occurred that caused a modest layer of flab to manifest over all of Evan's physique. His pecs began to droop and gain a more cylindrical look just as a soft layer of adipose tissue formed to cover Evan's former abs. To add more horror to the scenario, he could only stare in disbelief as love



handles formed to rest unattractively above the waistband of his already too-tight jeans.

Speaking of those pants, the office was soon filled with the shrill sound of fabric buckling as the stitching of his denim jeans finally tore. In between the areas of torn fabric, Evan's eyes widened as he watched the pale and pasty flab that concealed his formerly ripped thighs and calves beginning to peek through. Before long, there could only be one word used to describe Evan's once angular and sculpted arms and legs: round.

Despite just how round and relatively obese his body looked, it was still clear that the immense strength that he had initially had was still there deep down. This was especially evident as the man tensed his arms unknowingly, causing his sweatshirt sleeves to finally rip as his thick biceps with its healthy coating of soft adipose was too much for the fabric to endure.

The tearing along the stitching of his sweatshirt seemed to be the grand finale of the growth affecting his arms, as all of the remaining stages of his transformation localized straight onto his pudgy-looking torso. Out of nowhere, a small belch erupted from the young man's mouth, which seemed to trigger a domino-like effect as Evan's chest and stomach began to inflate in tandem. As more tissue invaded his chest and caused his chest to gain a droopy appearance, there was soon no more growth that his chest could take. As a result, the extra flab was left with no other option but to softly wrap around each pec around to the outer edge of his upper backside to create a soft yet prominent overhang that was relatively symmetrical to the pudgy love handles that rested along the bottom edges of his backside.

But unlike his pecs, the influx of extra weight that invaded Evan's stomach was unable to traverse anywhere else. In mere minutes, he had gone from a fledgling beginner belly to one that proudly jutted out nearly six inches in front of him. To make matters worse, the adipose mixed with his firm core created a belly that resembled a turtle shell - incredibly rigid and rock solid as if he was now meant to permanently conceal a beach ball sized dome underneath any shirt or jersey



he wore moving forward. Due to this, the sweatshirt had been hiked up several inches due to its inability to wrap around his immense sphere-like protrusion, which now had Evan looking as if he was wearing a tattered and torn crop top.

With his gut finally finishing its growth, it appeared as though the man's transformation had seemingly finished. But just as he thought about turning towards Powers and demanding some answers, the man's body was suddenly overcome with an intense itchy sensation that went from his face down to his feet. It was unlike anything he had ever experienced, even worse than the time he had fallen into a patch of poison ivy as a kid and given his torso an intense rash.

Looking down in abject horror at his gut, Evan's eyes widened as he watched bizarre black protrusions beginning to breach through his epidermis. But as more and more of these wiry protrusions continued to manifest and densely cover his flesh, he realized what they were - it was body hair! In seconds flat, the man's spherical gut had become adorned with a dense forest of fur that seemed to have no end as the growth continued to traverse across the rest of his body. Given the fact that he was still mostly clothed, the man could only watch through the torn sections of clothing like makeshift windows as his pale flesh was becoming overrun by the weed-like hair growth.

Ever since he had been a teenager, Evan had never been able to grow much body hair. In fact, this had been a common source of ridicule for the young man as the more muscular kids in his freshman year gym class constantly chuckled at him in the locker room while changing. They'd chortle and crack jokes with each other, taunting the young kicker with the notion that his balls hadn't dropped yet and that he'd be a better fit for the swim team than the football team. But luckily, those taunts quickly died down after Evan made himself known on the field as a talented kicker.

So as he darted his eyes down towards his body, the young man couldn't help but wish that his high school teammates could see him now as he watched a dense pack of wiry black hair beginning to push out of his chin and cheeks. Although this entire situation was a hellish endeavor for him as he had found himself tricked and gifted with what he deemed to be a disgusting form, this notion was one source of amusement for him as he watched a thick and bushy beard finish up manifesting onto his chubbier cheeks.

With the body hair finally finishing its growth and a minute or two passing without any additional changes beginning, the shocked and humiliated former kicker directed his attention towards the amused-looking Mr. Powers. "What the fuck did you do to me? I feel like a goddamn freak!" He cried out, the words coming out with a vicious-like roar due to his new deep booming voice.

“Oh you’re not a freak, you’re absolutely perfect,” Powers began, cockily smirking as he sat up and began to move around the coach’s desk. Upon stopping for a moment to reach into a drawer, the man grabbed onto something and pulled it out - revealing a hand mirror that he quickly extended out towards Evan. “Here, take a look at the new you,” he continued. But as Evan looked up to stare at the gruff older man’s face, the chipper tone was quite at odds with the stern and intimidating look he was now sporting. No, this wasn’t a suggestion but rather an order!

Left with no other choice but to obey, the man grabbed onto the mirror and slowly held it up to himself. As the first glimpse of his new visage was shown to him, Evan gasped in fear and turned the mirror away from him. There was no way this was actually happening to him! How could he possibly explain this to his wife or family? People just didn’t turn into immense overweight football players overnight, especially not thin twinkish men like him!



After shaking his head in confusion and attempting to brace himself once more, the man finally pulled the mirror up to himself to see what he looked like. Upon doing so, his eyes widened as he saw just how different he appeared. Although there were still several vestiges of his original appearance that remained like his eye color and his nose shape, the rest was almost completely opposite. Rather than his normally light brown hair, the hair that covered not only his scalp but his face too was now a dark black that matched the wiry body hair he now possessed. His eyebrows were also now much bushier while his hair was now thicker and wavier to the point where it seemed like it would look permanently untamable. As a result, the formerly adorable face was now much more manlier and rugged looking.

So while Evan was sitting there in awe pointing and probing his pudgier cheeks and feeling his thick and luscious beard, Mr. Powers was immediately going to work describing his new role moving forward. “So yes, as you can probably tell, we’re in desperate need to improve our o-line. Burrow is too much of a priority for us to be dealing with players that can’t tell the difference between a football and their own

asshole. With you on the field to protect him though, we're sure that your new build will be the perfect weapon to bulldoze any opponent that dares to go after our QB."

Upon hearing his new role, Evan couldn't help but look up in shock at the prospect. He has absolutely no experience being so physical! Hell, he couldn't even convince himself to throw a punch to save himself in a bar fight back when he was in college! "But uh, sir, I have no-"

Before he could speak further, Powers interrupted him. "Yeah, I know what you're going to say. I bet a wallflower like you has never been one of those rough and tumble types," he said, cockily chuckling as he envisioned the concept of the former twig of a man doing hand-to-hand combat. "But don't worry, once when I'm done with you, you'll be the most vicious player on the field. Hell, I'll make it my personal mission that you're so imposing that you're known as McFearsome by the end of the season!"

Despite just how much he dreaded the transformation he had undergone, something about the concept of being well-known as an intimidating force caused a rush of dopamine to rush through Evan's skull. The past few months had caused him to realize just how small and pathetic he was, so the concept of making sure that never happened felt surprisingly good. Although the former body he had certainly didn't look like the fatherly type, a quick look at the hand mirror showed that his new form absolutely did. With this body, there was no way he'd ever feel small ever again. On top of that, he could be the nurturing yet intimidating dad that would make any future boyfriend of his daughter terrified and be on their best behavior around her - a notion that caused Evan to silently chuckle to himself.

While Evan began to come around to the idea of his new role, Powers was starting to explain more about the magic that had affected Evan's body. "By the end of the day today, we can make it so the entire world will think that Evan McPherson has always been a bulky offensive lineman. It's going to take a bit of time and effort to alter all of those records you broke as a kicker back in college and high school, but we'll make it work. We want you to continue working with the Bengals with no need to feel as though you're somebody other than who you once were." After taking a moment to finish his sentence, the man slapped a hand down on Evan's thick and burly shoulder (which caused a twinge of amusement to course through the young player's mind as he realized just how he felt no pain from the rough contact anymore). "So what do you say Evan, are you ready to get out to the field and put the Fearsome in McPherson?"

By this point, the answer was a no brainer to Evan. As he turned around and stood up to face Powers, the man extended out a thick hand. "Let's get to work," he proudly

exclaimed, smiling widely as Powers' hand met his and they became wrapped into a rock solid handshake. "Although uh, before we get started, can I get some new clothes?"