

## Superman's Super Bottom

"Did you guys do something different to the costume?" Tyler Hoechlin asked as he examined the spandex suit. He had been ecstatic about being able to play Superman in the new Supergirl series but seeing the outfit he became slightly less enthused. It wasn't the fact that his body wasn't up to par; compared to most people he was someone fresh off the cover of GQ. His abs were tight, his muscles are large, and his pecs were firm; there wasn't one piece of him that he would change.

"Nope the same," the male customer designer said as he pulled the super-suit from Tyler's hands. Tyler raised an eyebrow. The last time he looked at the costumer there was much more to the costume; much, much more to the costume. "Go ahead and strip and we can try it on," the designer said forcefully. Tyler paused. "We need to make sure it fits properly." Tyler thought it seemed right especially with the changes that the designer was denying. He wasn't even sure he could fit his broad body into the form-fitting suit.

Tyler grasped onto the hems of his shirt and lifted it over his head showing off his hard furry stomach. Even though Tyler's head was covered by his shirt he knew the designer was staring at him. Tyler had caught Joey staring at him when he had changed in front of him before during their previous times together trying on other clothes or getting his measurements. His attraction was painfully obvious during the times when he had to be measured by the designer. Joey's hands would linger on his large pectorals or his inner thighs, pulling the tape measure far enough so that his hand grazed his cock. Tyler chopped it up to unrequited lust.

After Tyler tossed his shirt to the side, he turned his back to the designer and dropped his pants to the floor showing off a tight pair of boxer briefs. Tyler wasn't sure what was worse, showing Joey his front of showing off his backside. He had been told by many different women that his ass was his best feature. Tyler looked over his shoulder, catching Joey staring intently at his ass.

"Can I get the suit," Tyler asked, reaching out his muscled hand to the designer. Joey handed the suit over; his eyes never leaving Tyler's bare body. Tyler took the suit in hand and stepped his feet into the bottom of the suit feeling the tight spandex. The suit clung tightly to his calves as he pulled the suit upward, feeling the suit increase in tightness as he went further up his body. Tyler pushed his hands into the armholes, adjusting it onto his shoulders, and stood up straight.

"Ugh," Tyler groaned as he pulled the extremely fitted suit over the rest of his body feeling the spandex stretch over every inch of his body. "Can I get some help with the zipper?" Tyler asked, looking

towards the mirror. Seeing the iconic S on his chest made him feel proud and excited about landing such an iconic role.

“No problem. We need to adjust the backside some first,” Joey said as he pressed his hands onto Tyler’s cheeks. His cold hands causing gooseflesh to ripple across his skin. Joey grabbed firmly onto his cheek and pushed it into the suit with the other one following. He then grabbed onto the inner lining and pulled up, wedging the suit deep between Tyler’s cheeks. Causing a yelp to erupt from Tyler as he felt the spandex rub against his hairy asshole.

“Fuck,” Tyler cried as Joey quickly zipped the suit up and slapped him on the butt playfully. Tyler squatted down feeling the suit ride even further up between his cheeks – if that was even possible.

“Fuck indeed,” Joey said standing back to take in the full look of Tyler in his super suit. Tyler stared at his reflection seeing the way his muscles popped beneath the suit, but what caught his eye was how large his ass looked.

“How the hell is this happening?” Tyler asked as he turned to the side seeing both of his cheeks jut out unnaturally from his body. It looked like the suit had built-in implants. He knew his ass was impressive before but now it looked obnoxiously large, almost to the point of it being too large. Tyler pressed his hands to the backside of his suit expecting to feel extra cushion inserted into the suit but all he could feel was the soft supple flesh of his ass underneath the thin super suit. “I don’t know if this was really what they were looking for in a new Superman,” Tyler laughed uncomfortably.

“Oh let me make a slight adjustment.” The seamstress pulled a fabric tape measure from a table and looped it around Tyler’s waist, pulling tight around his hips. “Oh yes. I do see what is wrong here. Much too small.” Tyler let out a sigh of relief; happy that the seamstress and he were on the same page.

“These cheeks need to be much larger.”

“Hold on what?” Tyler stammered as he watched his cheeks expand outward, pushing the tape measure further apart. Tyler’s mouth dropped open as he watched his ass expand growing from the large butt cheeks, he already had to a real pair of cheeks that embodied the name gluteus Maximus.

“There we go. An extra five inches. What do you think?” The designer asked, stepping back from Tyler as he continued to stare disbelieving at the changes his body underwent. It had to be something with the suit, some sort of balloons or expander. But when Tyler touched his cheeks once more, he felt the same soft ass cheek he felt earlier.

“How the fuck did you do that?” Tyler asked as he began to fondle his monstrous butt cheeks, unable to fully grasp what was happening or his butt for that matter. The customer designer shrugged his shoulders, pushing Tyler’s question to the side as he grabbed each of Tyler’s cheeks in his hand. Tyler

let out a moan of pleasure as the designer's fingers dug into his dense thick cheeks. Tyler felt his knees grow weak as the man continued to grope Tyler's bouncy bubble butt.

Tyler's moan of pleasure grew louder when the man's hand grabbed a hold of Tyler's crotch, feeling his hard cock press against the thin spandex. The man worked his hand up and down the long shaft of his cock while his other hand grabbed something at the top of his ass and pulled. Tyler felt a release of the tightness around his ass and a burst of cool air on his cheeks. Unbeknownst to Tyler, it seemed that the designer had also put a zipper into the super suit. The freedom was appreciative but also caused worry. Why did Tyler need a zipper between his cheeks?

"God. It was already so perfect, and now. Fuck. I gotta take a bite."

"WHAT?" Tyler exclaimed as he saw the customer designer fall to his knees and roughly pushed his face between Tyler's exposed cheeks. His eyes flew open as the man's tongue pushed into his virgin hole. Tyler could feel his cock spurt out a stream of precum into the suit as his entire body filled with, what could only be described as, electricity. Tyler grabbed onto the man's head and attempted to pull him from his crack but fell forward into the mirror, grabbing onto the sides to steady himself.

"Oh god, it feels so good." Tyler groaned, subconsciously pushing his engorged ass cheeks into the man's face. This couldn't be happening, but he couldn't stop it. His heated breath fogged the mirror as his breathing became ragged. But then the overwhelming sensations stopped. Tyler opened his eyes and looked behind him, partially sad as to why the feeling stopped. But when he turned his head over his shoulder, he saw the designer unzipping his pants. Tyler thought he should run, he thought he should push him away, but all he could think about was that pleasurable sensation from earlier.

"Ready to get fucked Tyler?" The designer asked as he pulled his cock from his underwear, spit on the tip, and slapped it against his ass cheek. The two men watched as Tyler's cheek jiggled, almost begging to be fucked. Tyler swallowed hard and nodded. "Hold on bottom boy," the designer laughed as he shoved his cock deep between the cheeks, losing several inches before even hitting Tyler's hole. But when the tip of his cock entered Tyler's body it was like he was seeing the stars for the first time. His eyes rolled into the back of his head. Tyler squeezed the mirror so tightly that he was fearful that the mirror would shatter.

"Almost there," the designer groaned as his lap finally pressed against Tyler's ample ass cheeks. He kept his cock lodged deep within Tyler's body, allowing his body to accommodate the intruder. Tyler had never felt anything before, and it only got better when the fucking truly began.

The man thrust his dick so many times into Tyler's asshole that he felt empty the few times that he removed it entirely, missing the feeling of the man's cock rub against his prostate. Tyler couldn't

believe he had lived so far in life without ever trying something like this before. The sexual encounter crescendoed when their moans of lust intermingled, and both of their cocks gave one final pulse of pleasure and erupted.

“Fuck!”

“Oh shit!”

Tyler’s cock shot within the suit while the customer designer unloaded deep between Tyler’s cheeks. Once the designer’s balls were completely emptied within Tyler’s hole; he withdrew his cock, seeing the cheeks slam shut, sealing the cum within his body.

*Knock knock knock.*

“Tyler you are needed on the set,” a young male voice shouted from the other side of the door. Tyler peeled his sweaty body off the mirror, falling to the floor from his lack of strength and landing on his overly rounded cheeks.

“Give me a few minutes!” Tyler shouted back. He looked down at his body, unsure how he was going to explain this to anyone on set, or how he was ever going to even get the super suit off his body?

“Don’t worry hot stuff. They asked for some extra padding in the back so don’t worry too much about that. But let me give you this, bend over. I got something that will keep that leaking to a minimum.” The designer said as he motioned for Tyler to bend over. Tyler raised an eyebrow in confusion. “Go ahead. It won’t hurt. Honestly, you will probably like it will your newly...enhanced areas. Probably not as much as my cock, but it will still be fun.” Tyler bent over fearfully as he heard his clothing designer rustle around in cabinets behind him. He looked over his shoulder and couldn’t see exactly what the designer was doing behind him. “No peaking SuperBoy,” the designer joked and motioned for Tyler it turn around.

It wasn’t until Tyler felt a hard piece of plastic push against his asshole. His eyes widened as he felt the piece of plastic slip past the outer ring of his hole and into his canal. Tyler gritted as teeth and held in a moan as he felt his hole widen and stretch as the toy continued to slip into his body.

“Fuck,” he grunted as the toy felt endless. But the more that sank into his body the more his back seemed to arch and his cheeks continued to spread for the intruder.

“And...there...we...go!” The designer cheered as he slapped the base of the plastic toy which sent vibrations through my body and directly towards my dick. “See and you can barely even see that’s its there. Here let me help with the suit.” The designer took ahold of the bottom half of the super suit and tugged them up. Tyler was hoisted into the air by the skintight suit. He remembered how tight the original suit had even with his normal body, and with his now enlarged backside, he had no idea how it

could even fit. With the increased size of his cheeks, the suit dug deep into his crack and pushed the plug even deeper into his body. The designer gave another rough slap onto Tyler's cheek as a signal that he was finished. "Better get going. You don't wanna be late for set," the costume designer teased Tyler.

Tyler looked at himself in the reflection and when he looked at himself from the front he looked like his normal self, or how he was supposed to look like Clark Kent. The slick back black hair, the powerless hairless face, and the expensive superhero outfit gave him the appearance of the perfect boy next door and superhero. But when Tyler looked at his lower body, he saw something quite unexpected, especially when he turned around. His ass looked like it was pumped from bubble butt to obscene. Each of his cheeks looked like he was attempting to smuggle basketballs underneath the tight spandex.

"How the hell did this happen?" Tyler gasped as he continued to turn and continued to examine himself from every angle. He bent over slightly and looked and saw the base of the plug push against the back of the suit. To the unknown person, they wouldn't be able to tell that it was a sex toy, but to Tyler, it was blatantly obvious.

"Let's just say I found some very special thread and couldn't think of a better use for it." The costume designer held up a spool of thread which seemed to shine with an eerie blue light.

"What the hell?" Tyler asked as he walked, well waddled, towards the costume designer. His footsteps were staggered due to the pressure on his prostate, and his immense weight that bounced and jiggled with his every movement.

"Yeah. I guess the producers wanted to find some real "weird" stuff and stumbled on something with some real power. Go figure. Hollywood got it right," the costume designer said with a shrug. "I practiced on a few random pieces on a few other sets with some very similar results, but some as great as yours!" He exclaimed.

"But how do I...?" Tyler began to ask as he reached for the thread, but his hand was smacked away by the man before he had a chance to even touch the spool.

"No touching young man. This is mine, and you are needed on set." The costume designer stuffed the spool in his pocket and jumped out the dressing room trailer but before giving Tyler's enhanced butt cheeks one final look.

"Where the hell is Tyler!?" A deep voice shouted from the set. Tyler gave himself another uneasy look and hoped that everyone would think his gluteal transformation was nothing more than Hollywood magic and some additional padding.

Tyler stepped out of the trailer and walked across the small set. He could already feel the eyes of the production assistants and the other actors on him as he crossed into the staged area for the

scene. The hushed whispers of those who surrounded him were everything but quiet. The words; ass, cheeks, apple bottom; were only a few of the words that caught Tyler's ear. He didn't make any signal that he heard them talking about them, nor did he show any sign of seeing the way that they pointed or nodded towards his buttocks when he passed people's line of sight.

"Oh thank god! Come on get into place. We are going to be working with Supergirl and Green Arrow first. We just need you for blocking for the scene right now and then we will start working with you. Just go ahead and go over towards the desk next to Stephen." The director pointed towards a desk where Stephen, The Green Arrow, stood. He too was dressed in his superstition, but while Tyler looked like some gay nerd's fantasy Stephen looked ready to take the cover of GQ.

"How's it going Stephen," Tyler said nervously as he waddled towards his cast member. Stephen opened his mouth to say hello, but he must have seen the way that Tyler's hips swayed from side to side.

"What the hell happened to your suit? They put too much padding or something?" Stephen asked as he leaned around Tyler's body, completely ignoring him as a person, and looked directly towards his ass.

"Oh yeah. Um, they were saying that I needed some more padding for some scene I was going to be doing later today," Tyler said, lying to his costar. Stephen examined Tyler's ass for several long seconds, and swiftly scooped one of the cheeks into his rough calloused hand and gave it a hearty squeeze. "Ooo," Tyler groaned in surprise as his costar manhandled his cheek.

"Shit this feels real! They are getting good with these pads! I had to wear some under my suit while I was still trying to beef up. But I don't have to wear them as much lately," Stephen joked as he flexed his pectorals, causing them to bounce back and forth, and flexed one of his exposed biceps. "Not that you didn't already have more than enough cushion back there," Stephen said with a wink.

"What did you -?" Tyler began to ask but before he could finish his question Stephen was called away by the director to finish staging the scene. Tyler was shocked by his costar's blatant flirtations as well as his handsy ways. He leaned on the side of the desk, placing his oversized cheeks on the edge, which only seemed to accentuate his freakish growth. He looked over his shoulders and gave a soft grunt of unease. How was he even going to get through the rest of the day with an ass like this? People were only going to believe it was padding for so long, and what about when he wasn't in the costume any longer? How was he going to hide his newly massive cheeks? He had thought the hardest part of his day was hiding the massive ass that was attached to him, and it was until a small buzz began to radiate from between his cheeks.

At first, it was a gentle buzz, one which was just a gentle annoyance to Tyler as he stood and watched his costars stage their scenes and run through their lines with one another. He stood off to the side like some glorified trophy who was only meant to be seen and not heard. He knew he could hear the noise, and where the sound originated from but luckily his cheeks were far large enough to hinder anyone else from hearing its noise. He looked towards the costume designer as he fitted an extra in a tight yet formfitting suit, and knew he was the cause of the vibrating plug that was nestled in between his cheeks.

“You’re not going to win,” Tyler said to himself as he doubled down on pretending that nothing was happening and continued to watch his fellow actors while keeping the costume designer within his eyesight.

It was at least ten minutes into the plug vibrating that Tyler felt the vibrations begin to increase in intensity. The soft and unnoticed buzzing sound began to grow louder, and more aggressive as it rubbed and pulsed against his prostate. The already obnoxious-sized bulge in the front of his suit only became that much lewder as the pleasure from the plug became more uncontrollable. Tyler grit his teeth in an attempt to hold in any moans, but when the voltage was turned up once more, he could help but let out a yelp of enjoyment. Many of his surrounding cast members turned to the superhero and gave him many looks of concern.

“Sorry guys, I think I pulled something,” Tyler lied quickly as the voltage was turned up once more. “I thIIIInk I NEEed to sit DOOOWN for a secOND!” He said, raising and lowering his voice as the plug began to send voltages of electricity directing into his body which only furthered his problem. Tyler staggered to the seat behind the desk and sat his large, plush ass against the chair and was thankful for the additional coverage in the sound. But what he did not expect was with his new position the plug slipped slightly from his hole.

The slippage was not enough for the plug to fully escape his ass, but it’s enough that when he pushed down into his chair, he pseudo fucked himself with the pulsating toy. Tyler placed his hands underneath the desk and looked around as to see if anyone had noticed what was happening and still saw that the costume designer had not stopped fitting the extra.

“How is the – fuck – doing this?” Tyler groaned as he slowly raised himself and pushed himself back down onto the plug, enjoying the way his hole opened and then closed around the silicon intruder. The vibrations only added to the pleasure of the toy, and it only seemed to grow.

Every time the toy was plunged into his hole, he could feel the vibrations growing in intensity and it felt as if the toy itself was beginning to grow. His hole felt like it was being stretched far beyond

anything he could have ever imagined, and the length of the toy only continued to grow to the point where it was felt larger than even the costume designer's cock. Tyler could not help but let out a soft grunt every time he pushed his ass against the chair. The deep sound of vibrations was now being coupled with the soft squish of the toy as it slid from Tyler's lubricated hole and in between his robust cheeks.

"Tyler you're up!" A voice called out to him.

"Fuck. So thick. So deep." Tyler moaned to himself. His words were barely audible to himself as he was lost in his pleasure as he fucked himself on the now-massive toy that was lodged within his hole.

"HELLO! Earth to Superboy!" Another voice said as a hand waved in front of him, breaking him from the lust-induced trance.

"What?" Tyler refocused his eyes and saw Stephen and his director staring down at him as he froze in the chair.

"You're up!" The director shouted once more before he turned away and returned to his seat. "Start from the top of scene three on page eighteen Tyler. It starts with the line, 'But why are you here?' Do you know what I am talking about?" The director asked as he sat in his seat like a kind; legs sprawled to the side while slouching with a kind of air that he was better than anyone in his surrounding.

"Yeah, I think so." Tyler stumbled as he pulled himself from the chair. He could feel the toy begin to slip from his hole and into the back of the suit. He shot his around his body, and feigned scratching his ass but in reality; he had plunged the toy back into his hole and squeezed his cheeks together in an attempt to keep the toy from escaping once more.

"Perfect. I love it when my actors think," the director said condescendingly. "Okay and action!" He shouted.

Tyler stumbled through his lines and his scene with Stephen in an attempt to focus on something besides the monster-sized plug that was now plunged within his hole. The vibrations did not cease, oh no they not only grew worse but came in waves while Tyler spoke. Every few words the intensity would grow mind-numbingly aggressive which only caused Tyler to squirm, misspeak, and spaz out in between scenes. At times, the electric pulses and vibrations would grow so bad he would have to hold onto Stephen's arm for stability. Tyler attempted on several occasions to play it off as a choice for the scene, but it wasn't too believable.

When the scene was coming to a close Tyler could feel himself begin to tense up, as his cock readied to explode. He looked down at his cock as it ached from within his super suit, but that only



caused Stephen to look at Tyler. And the face Stephen gave me was pure malice when he looked back at Tyler. Stephen's eyes turned to slits, and lips pursed, but his face was one of enjoyment. Was Stephen the one doing this to Tyler? Did he put the costume director up to all of this?

"I have to take five!" Tyler shouted and ran off towards the nearest restroom. His large ass bounced out of control as he attempted a jog and could feel the toy as it bounced against the suit. With every step, he took he could feel it as it slid further from his hole bounce more and more. He knew it wouldn't fall out due to the tightness of the suit, but that didn't stop him from fearing what would happen if that ever did happen.

The moment he burst into the restroom Tyler felt a moment of freedom. He felt such relief from being alone that he didn't even lock the door, which was his first and only mistake. Tyler ran to the mirror and turned his back and saw that one small base of the plug which was easily hidden had been replaced with something that looked to be as thick as a beer can. He hooked his fingers into the sides of his tights and with much difficulty pulled them underneath his girthy ass. And when Tyler's ass was fully free, he felt the long toy slide from his hole and fall free of his hole and slap onto the ground with a loud PLOP.

"Damn that thing grew much bigger than I thought." A voice said from the doorway. His words punctuated by the loud sound of the door as it was locked from within. "The ass, and the toy." Tyler looked down at the slimy massive toy as it laid on the ground and then towards Stephen as he began to walk towards Tyler as he looked like a fox that was just let into the henhouse.

"It's not what it looks like," Tyler stammered, unsure of what other possible alternatives he could say besides the obvious scenario. "It's um...it's just a joke....yeah it's a joke!" Tyler said as he grabbed the dildo from the ground but slipped from his hands and slapped onto the ground again. He scrambled for the toy as it repeatedly slipped and fell to the ground as Stephen crossed towards him. The dildo flung so much lube onto the floor that Tyler ended up slipping and falling onto his huge ass, and for the first time he was happy about his abnormal-sized ass.

"Here let me help you," Stephen said as he extended a hand to Tyler and pulled him up to his feet and close to his body.

"Thanks," Tyler said as he felt Stephen's hands on his rounded hips. Tyler looked up at the much taller man as he looked down at him with a genuine smile. "Thank you," Tyler said again as he pressed his hands against Stephen's firm chest in an attempt to push away from his costar.

"No problem," Stephen said as his hands circled Tyler's waist. Tyler attempted a more forceful shove, but Stephen only strengthened his grip around Tyler.

“Please let go,” Tyler croaked as he felt Tyler’s hands take hold of each of his cheeks. Even the large manly hands of The Green Arrow could only grip but so much of Tyler’s fatty cheeks. Even in this moment of distress, Tyler could feel his cock grow hard in the front side of his superhero tights.

“Why? Seem to be enjoying it too? Almost as much as I am.” With an aggressive thrust, Tyler felt the massive cock that was hidden within Stephen’s thick leather pants. Tyler could not imagine how it stayed hidden while acting, but to him, it felt like it went at least halfway to his knee. Tyler felt his knees weaken as the thought of Stephen’s cock plunged into his loosened hole.

“Please . . . please just let me go,” Tyler said, his begging was barely above a whisper and barely believable. Even as Tyler’s better judgment urged him to break free, he fell closer to Stephen. Tyler’s hands instead of pushing away from Stephen’s body he now collect to his pectorals. Tyler kneaded the large mounds of muscle, while Stephen did the same to Tyler’s ass cheeks.

“Fuck!” Stephen grunted as he dug his thumbs deep into the fatty underside of Tyler’s cheeks. He lifted them and felt the way they fell back into place. “God damn! When did you get such a nice ass Tyler!!” Stephen growled as he released one hand and slapped Tyler’s massive cheek.

“Oooo,” Tyler cried in a mix of pain and pleasure as he arched his back like he wanted more. Tyler had never before enjoyed being spanked, even the light BDSM he used to do with his past girlfriends was a huge turn-off to him. But now, when Stephen’s large hand slapped against his butt cheek it was like being able to see for the first time. Such electrical pleasure ran through his body that he tingled with excitement for another.

Stephen saw the way that Tyler’s body reacted to his spanking and was greedy to give another. At first, he slapped Tyler’s butt cheeks in an uneven pattern; he slapped one aggressively, massaged the cheek with loving tenderness, and then switched to the opposite cheek. Each cheek was given his complete attention before he returned to the other. All while Tyler rubbed and massaged the mound that was hidden beneath Stephen’s tight leather pants. Tyler’s hands slide up and down the shaft at a quickened pace. He could feel it grow beneath his hands as he continued to rub Stephen’s cock.

Tyler felt Stephen’s hands slide closer into the depths of his butt crack the longer the spanking continue, which only caused Tyler to bend further down. It didn’t open up his cheeks by much, but it showed Stephen what Tyler truly wanted to happen and he was more than happy to oblige. Stephen ran his thickly calloused hands down towards Tyler’s hole and rubbed along his deep crevice. He lightly pressed against Tyler’s already gaping butthole slight before his fingers continued their trail to his taint and back to the small of his back. The continuous teasing was too much for Tyler to bare, even though

he had already come once today and partially multiple other times. His balls ached for release and his hole ached to be filled.

Tyler began to fiddle with the strings that held up Stephen's pants anxiously as he pushed out his ass as far as he could stretch. He didn't just want Stephen's cock; he needed it. The leather pants were hard to undo especially whilst Stephen began to finger fuck Tyler's hole, sliding one finger in after another until four of his fingers were sunk deep into his greased hole.

"Ohhhh fuck me!" Tyler cried as he wiggled his ample buttocks around Stephen's fingers, basically fucking him on the other man's large hand. Tyler pulled and tugged at the skintight pants of his costar until Stephen's cock flung out from underneath and into Tyler's gaping maw. He engulfed the cock to the base, swallowing every inch of the monster that would soon be buried into his hole. Stephen began to groan as Tyler's tongue massaged and wrapped itself around the base and dragged out his precum. Stephen took hold of Tyler's face and began to push his hips back and forth into Tyler's mouth as his other hand stayed within his hole.

Stephen's balls slapped against Tyler's face as the two found a rhythm and Tyler's throat became a second fuck hole for Stephen's cock. Tyler's hands gripped Stephen's firm muscled cheeks, and he remembered how he was once the same size as Stephen's. How his cheeks use to be strong and manly, but now they were wide and feminine. Tyler looked over and shoulder at the two massive mounds as he fucked himself on Stephen's hands. He remembered when they were two pert cheeks made fully of muscle, but from the way they felt; they were all fat and made to be fucked.

"Please fuck me! I need it badly! Please!" Tyler begged as he gasped for air as the cock poked him in the face.

"You want this?" Stephen asked as he waved his cock in the air. "You want daddy's big cock?" Tyler nodded eagerly. "Perfect. Then I wanna watch that hole swallow this." Stephen bent over and picked up the massive dildo that had recently fallen free of Tyler's hole. Tyler did not know if he could fit that same toy in his hole again, as it looked even bigger than it did just a few minutes prior. But the lust that Tyler felt was even stronger than the fear he had for the toy being too big for him. Tyler pulled free from Stephen's fingers and turned over towards the sink and pushed his ass out for Stephen to see. Tyler grasped onto each of his large cheeks and pulled as far apart as he could, and showed his winking, gaping, leaking, asshole to Stephen.

"Shove it in me!" Tyler cried. Stephen was more than happy to oblige. Stephen aimed the tip of the dildo at Tyler's hole and pushed more than half of the toy into his hungry hole. With every inch that

was swallowed by Tyler's hole he groaned and squirmed on it as he grew accustomed to the massive fake dildo. When all but the base and the massive balls were plunged into Tyler's hole Stephen let go.

"Now fuck yourself. I want a show. A good one," Stephen ordered as he stripped away his leather pants and shirt, revealing his perfect manly body which stood as a stark contrast to the new form that Tyler's body had taken. Tyler grabbed onto the base of the toy, squatted, pressed the base of the toy into the ground, and began to bounce on the cock with wild abandonment. He threw his head back in pleasure whenever the toy was fully engulfed by his newly christened pussy and when he lifted, he pulled himself as far as he could from the base before he slammed himself back towards the base. Tyler was much too preoccupied with the radiating pleasure that came from the constant pressure on his prostate that only grew with every thrust.

"Fuck! That is one hungry hole!" Stephen growled from his corner as he watched Tyler bounce up and down on the dildo like the whore that he had become. "What would everyone think when they saw this?"

"What?" Tyler asked mindlessly as he looked over his shoulder and saw Stephen holding his phone up in the air. "Are you recording this?" Tyler asked. Stephen nodded, and Tyler let out a high-pitched moan of excitement and pleasure.

"Fuck!" Tyler groaned as he fell back to the base and wiggled his ass around the base of the toy. The thought of everyone seeing what a bitch he had become invaded his mind and it was a thought that he could not disperse. He knew that if Stephen released the video his ass would be everywhere on the internet. His fans were already begging for him to show more of himself, and that was before his gluteal enhancements.

"Everyone is going to love seeing this Tyler. Tell everyone how much you love fucking that huge ass of yours!" Stephen instructed from behind the camera while he jerked his cock. Tyler bit his lip as he watched cum bead at the tip and wished that it was pooling inside his hole instead of on the floor.

"I love it. I love the feeling of cock in my hole. I love the feeling of huge fucking dildos as they fuck my asshole." Tyler confessed while his mindless fucking continued.

"No Tyler. That's not an asshole anymore. Let's show the fans what that really is." Stephen said as he walked closer to Tyler.

Tyler stood up and let the dildo slide from his hole with a slimy slap on the floor as it flung lube, cum, and anal juices onto the floor. Tyler bent over at a 90-degree angle and felt as Stephen's hands pawed at his cheeks until his hole was revealed to the camera.

"What is this Tyler?"

“Ugh! It’s my pussy.” Tyler answered winking his pussy to the camera and the millions of people that would soon be watching the video.

“And what are pussies good for Tyler?” Stephen asked as he touched the tip of his cock against Tyler’s cheeks. Just the feeling of his cock against Tyler’s skin was enough to make a surge of precum push from Tyler’s tip.

“Fucking!” Tyler cried as he pushed his pussy onto Stephen’s cock and Stephen pushed his cock inside of Tyler. Even though the dildo was far beyond the size of Stephen’s cock Tyler felt his hole stretch around Stephen’s cock and grow tighter the more it was buried into him.

“That’s right boy. Fat ass cheeks like these were made to be fucked by a man. These were made to be objectified by your fans. What do you think everyone is going to think of the new bottom-heavy Tyler Hoechlin? You think all those girls are going to still fawn over you with these massive girly cheeks? You think they are gonna wanna see pics of this obscene ass all over the place? Or do you think all those gay guys are gonna replace your fans? I bet all those men out there who already love are gonna wanna have a piece of these fat cheeks!” Stephen foretold as he fucked Tyler’s massive ass. He watched each of the cheeks as they shook in waves as he thrust his tone, leaned body against the inflated backside of his costar. Stephen continued to berate Tyler and his ass and teased him with what everyone would think of the newly changed teen heartthrob. Tyler’s face was red with humiliation the entire time, but Stephen’s words only pushed him towards an even greater orgasm.

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.” Tyler cried as he felt his asshole begin to tighten around Stephen’s cock. The man’s alpha dick. “I’m gonna cum!”

“Not before me you little bitch!” Stephen growled as he slammed his cock as deep and as hard as he could into Tyler’s body and unleashed a torrent of cum into his body. Tyler could feel Stephen’s load overflowed from his hole and onto his tights while his cock burped and spit its pathetic load onto the front side of his tights.

“See everyone! I told you he was a little bitch! Watch how his cock cum without even being touched.” Stephen moved the camera around to the front side of Tyler’s body and showed the small amount of cum fall from his tip and onto the floor. “And now this is a real man’s load.” Stephen pulled from Tyler’s hole and a gush of cum came rolling from his freshly fucked pussy and onto the floor. “Here let me help you a superstar.” Before Tyler could even look to see what was happening Stephen lodged the giant dildo back up into Tyler’s hole and pulled the tights quickly over his cheeks, firmly locking both the dildo and all the cum that Stephen had just shot into Tyler’s hole into place.

“Hope everyone enjoyed the show,” Stephen said as he moved the camera all around Tyler’s giant ass, showing how the cum leaked into his tights.

“You aren’t going to send that are you?” Tyler asked sheepishly.

“Send? This is live baby! Say hello to the 1.2 million people watching!”

“What?!” Tyler screamed as he threw himself up to his feet. Cum shot from his hole and ran down his leg as he moved to face Stephen. Tyler’s uneven body wobbled back and forth as the weight of his ass cheeks made his body lean one way more than the other until he planted his feet in the ground.

“Please tell me you are kidding. That couldn’t have been live!” Tyler’s world felt ready to crumble around him and tears formed in his eyes as he stared at the laissez-faire gleam in Stephen’s eye.

“I’m just kidding . . . or am I?” Stephen asked as his thin lips twisted at the corners, transforming into a smile that caused shivers to erupt along Tyler’s spine. Tyler’s hole tightened with fear at the thought of that video going out into the world. What would his fans think? What would his parents think? How would he explain his - transformation? Would everyone think that it was some strange prank? Or that he gave into some dark need to transform and alter his body. Tyler opened his mouth to beg once more for the truth and Stephen raised his hands in surrender. “Don’t worry Ty, this can stay between the two of us. So why don’t we slid this toy back inside.” Stephen lifted the vibrator from the floor, “And we get back to work.”

“I don’t think. I don’t know if I can work like . . . like this,” Tyler said as he turned around and looked at his clearly altered cheeks. They were freakish. Tyler touched tapped one and saw how it jiggled softly. Not an ounce of muscle could be felt underneath the layers of fat that had inexplicably swelled from his body. He looked to the wall of mirrors and let out a deep whine at the sight. It was even worse in profile. It was like Tyler was in a funhouse. His waist seemed overly thin and his cheeks looked so engorged with size. It was like a real-life morph of an image of him. Or some sort of freakish experiment by a doctor who knew no boundaries. Tyler’s large brown eyes moved over to Stephen as he stared at Tyler’s reflection. While Tyler’s eyes were self-conscious and uncertain, Stephen’s were full of admiration and lust. Stephen ran his hand along his shaft as it lengthened and hardened, eager for a second round.

Tyler felt Stephen’s lust for his new enhancements in his bones. Stephen was moments from jumping him and pushing his cock between his massive mounds for the second time. Tyler’s hole seemed to widen at the thought of being fucked by him a second time. Cum leaked down his inner thigh as Stephen approached him. Stephen’s cock grew erect and pointed towards Tyler like an accusatory finger that said: you are the one.

“Fuck,” Tyler groaned his cock began to grow. Stephen’s twisted smile tugged into his cheeks, deepening his dimples. Was Tyler gonna let it happen again? Did he want it to happen again?

Both answers were yes.

*Knock. Knock.*

“You’re needed on set,” a random Production assistant said from the other side of the bathroom door.

“We’ll . . .,” Tyler began to say in a higher than normal pitch. He coughed twice, deepened his voice, and tried again. “We’ll be out in five.”

“I’ll make a deal with you,” Stephen said to Tyler as he closed the distance between the two of them. Tyler hovered awkwardly between his feet as he looked up to Stephen. Realizing, for the first time, how much taller Stephen was than him. Tyler angled his neck upward to look him in the eyes and felt himself grow even small at the

“What kind of deal?” Tyler asked. A twinge of fear could be heard in Tyler’s voice as he asked, but that did not stop Stephen from wrapped his arms around Tyler’s thin waist, grabbing hold of his cheeks, and pulling him in towards him. Stephen’s cock pressed against Tyler’s abdomen, smearing precum across his flat stomach. While Tyler’s cock found its place between Stephen’s muscular hairy thighs. Though the motion went unnoticed, Tyler pumped his cock slightly between Stephen’s thighs as they talked. The secret pleasures Tyler felt made his legs weak and his mind soft.

“That is a secret. Just say that you will play along with whatever I say out there.” Stephen said.

“And what if I do?” Tyler questioned. His mind was more focused on the cock against his stomach and the hands-on his ass than the actual answer.

“I’ll begrudgingly make these babies smaller - if just for a little bit. Long enough that you will be able to finish the day without incident. I’ll even through in a sweetener. I’ll leave the butt plug out for the rest of the workday. ” Stephen squeezed his cheeks as if to emphasize their unnatural size. Even his meaty paws were not large enough to fully encompass Tyler’s buttocks.

“And if I don’t?” Tyler asked breathlessly as Stephen’s fingers moved towards his gaping hole. Stephen leaned down and pressed his lips into Tyler’s ear. A stream of hot air was blown into his canal, making his toes curl and his cock ache.

“I’ll make these cheeks so big you will never fit into another super suit again. And don’t think you can work them off. These babies are here to stay until I say otherwise.”

Tyler could not tell if Stephen was teasing, or if he was being serious. But the day had been full of surprises. Scientific and otherwise.

“It’s a deal,” Tyler groaned as Stephen swirled his finger around the entrance to Tyler’s asshole. Cum leaked onto his finger. Tyler flexed his hole, begging for the insertion of Stephen’s finger but another harsh knock on the door pulled the two men apart.

“Go ahead and put the suit back on,” Stephen instructed as he went towards his pants and pulled out a small device. It was the shape of a smartwatch and even latched around his wrist.

Tyler picked up his superman outfit from the floor. He stared at the tiny spandex onesie and had no earthly idea how he would squeeze his pillowy cheeks back into the tightfitting costume.

Stepping feet first into the costume was the easy part. Even getting it over his slightly wider set of hips was not difficult. But the moment the backside of the costume was meant to go over his ass cheeks, Tyler found great resistance.

“Here let me help,” Stephen said, slipping into the nice guy tone that Tyler had once associated with the man. Taking both sides of the costume in hand, Stephen pulled and tugged the spandex. The suit stretched thinly across Tyler’s augmented butt. Tyler’s feet were lifted off the ground as Stephen found gravity to be his greatest asset in fitting Tyler’ into the costume. “Fuck these babies are thick!” Stephen grunted. He grabbed one cheek and pushed it into the costume, forcing the cheeks to fit. Stephen knew the material would not rip, but it would not be comfortable for Tyler once he was pushed inside due to the tightness of the fit. With one final tug of the sides, Stephen lifted the costume over Tyler’s cheeks and let it snap into position.

“Jesus!” Tyler cursed as he pulled the remainder of the costume over the rest of his body. The costume was tight over his chest and his biceps, but nowhere as tight as it was around his lower body. Stephen grunted enjoyment at the sight of Tyler in his suit before he turned his attention towards the device strapped to his wrist. With a few *beeps* and dings from the device, Tyler felt a warmth envelope his cheeks. And as the warmth grew hotter, he watched as his cheeks deflated. “Fuck, you weren’t kidding. You can control it.” Tyler watched with shocked eyes as his cheeks deflated like balloons as the air was released. The warming sensation halted nearly as quickly as it started. Tyler’s ass had indeed shrunk. They were nowhere near their original taut muscular globes, but Tyler would happily take the appearance of butt implants as opposed to the silicone-obsessed freak he was moments before. Stephen quickly redressed himself as Tyler stared at his ever-changing body.

“Let’s get back on set before Gerald has a heart attack.” With a friendly pat on his left butt cheek, Stephen signaled for Tyler to exit the restroom. Stephen followed closely behind him and let out a soft grunt of appreciation stared at Tyler’s cheeks as they swayed as he walked out of the bathroom.



The remainder of the workday was processed without incident. Tyler could see the peculiar looks he would receive from his fellow actors and the production team. But not one said anything about his unusually large cheeks. Or how he continued to pivot away from the camera as if he were ashamed of them. The end of the day could not have come quick enough, and Tyler's constant worry about his deal with Stephen was a constant threat that loomed over him.

"And that's a wrap for the day everyone!" The director announced and every onset let out a resounding sigh. Tyler sat on a nearby crate, finding himself several inches higher than normal as he positioned him.

"Thank god, I made it," Tyler let out a sigh.

"Oh no, you two have work to do still," the director said as he looked at the script.

"That first scene you flobbered needs a lot more work Tyler. You need to stay back and run lines with Carol. CAROL!" The director shouted for his assistant. A mousey young woman in green scurried quickly across the floor.

"Yes?" She squeaked.

"You need to stay back tonight and work with Tyler on his -"

"I don't mind taking the lead on that Gerald," Stephen said walked into the conversation still dressed in his Green Arrow costume. He placed a hand on Tyler's shoulder, in a familiar manner. "You were going to come over to my house tonight anyway, weren't you buddy."

Stephen squeezed Tyler's shoulder.

This was the moment that Stephen had spoken of earlier, the deal that Tyler would have to accept.

"Tyler, weren't you already gonna come over and run lines with me tonight? I know it was a *tight squeeze* with your schedule, but you were able to open up for me. Weren't you?"

Tyler pushed his knees together and bit down on the moan that he was helping. A silence filled the small group of four. A noticeable silence.

"Sooooooo . . ." The production assistant began to ask as the awkwardness was visible. Stephen squeezed his shoulder again, prompting him to speak.

"We've got it covered!" Tyler said a little too overly enthusiastically.

"Perfect. Carol go home. See you at 6. And see you two at 7," Gerald said as he stepped from his chair and walked out offset without another word. Tyler waited until the area was clear before he whispered to Stephen.

"Your place?"

“Yup. I'll text you the place. Be there in say one hour?” Stephen asked as he tapped the device on his wrist. “Don't be late.” Stephen walked off towards his trailer with that threat.

“It's going to be a long night,” Tyler said as he hopped off the crate.

Tyler spent the next 45 minutes, peeling the extra tight super suit from his body. Luckily, the reductions made it slightly easier - only slightly. He searched through his belongings and found a loose pair of sweatpants. Or a pair of sweatpants that were once loose on him. Now it was nearly as skintight as his super suit.

With 15 minutes till the requested time, Tyler arrived at Stephen's rented home. His stomach twisted with uncertainty as he rang the doorbell and waited for Stephen to come to the door. Tyler's palms went wet as he waited for Stephen. Part of his told him to run, but the sweat that trickled down between his tight cheeks ordered for him to stay.