

# ***Getting In Costume***

*A short story by Henry Cavanaugh*



Every year Halloween party invitations flooded into Chris Evans' inbox from all around the world. Movie producers, fashion brands, even old college friends... everybody wanted Chris there because they knew it would make their party the place to be. At times it could be a little overwhelming for Chris but he'd been in the fame game for long enough to know how to keep his anxieties in check. Besides, Halloween was one of his favorite times of year so he didn't really mind being in demand.

Out of all the invitations though, it was one to a "Supervillain Costume Party" that attracted his eye most, if only because it was being hosted by the one and only Mr Cavanaugh, a name that meant a fair bit to Chris and a number of other Hollywood hunks. It was an exclusive party, of course, and would no

doubt by the best party of the spooky season so Chris immediately sent off his positive response before even reading through the conditions of the invitation. A quick scan through the smallprint confirmed that he would be expected to arrive in costume as a supervillain and that the party would be strict on its "no plus ones" policy. That was fine though as Chris was a confirmed bachelor and wasn't too worried about dragging a friend along with him. Knowing Mr Cavanaugh's tastes, many of Chris' castmates would be invited to the private party anyway.

The search for a perfect costume came shortly after and although Chris knew that he could easily hire people to find or even make something for him, he felt driven to get something for himself without relying on anyone else. There was no doubt that everybody at the party would be dressed in elaborately detailed costumes, each seeking to outdo the other and garner Mr Cavanaugh's favor, and while Chris didn't usually like to participate in popularity contests even he felt like dressing to impress.

There were plenty of options for Chris to consider when choosing his costume even with a niche theme and the actor didn't want to rush into anything. His mind immediately turned to Captain America's gallery of rogues as it made the most sense considering his

career, but neither Red Skull nor Crossbones held much appeal to him. He did pause to consider the Winter Soldier for a short while but as always found himself stuck in a debate with his own mind about whether the Winter Soldier was truly a supervillain considering he'd been brainwashed by HYDRA at the time.

It was while driving through downtown Hollywood that Chris was finally hit with an idea that felt just right. Posters and billboards for the recently released *Venom* movie decorated the Los Angeles skyline, with Tom Hardy's handsome visage smirking down at him from everywhere he turned. The alien anti-hero had long been a favorite of Chris' from his early days as a comic book fan and a part of him had almost felt jealous of Tom for getting the opportunity to play Eddie Brock, even if he had to confess that he was the perfect pick for the role.

"Venom it is," Chris muttered to himself, already starting to think of who he could get in contact with to get a decent Venom suit. He'd worked with hundreds of people in costuming and makeup before and many of them had become good enough friends that he was sure they would help him out if he was to ask nicely. While he didn't exactly feel the need to don a muscle suit to reach the symbiote's massive muscular proportions, Chris was more than willing to shell out some money on a form-fitting suit that would highlight his own body's trim shape.

Sure enough, within just a few days he'd ordered a Venom costume made-to-fit from one of the lead costumers from the *Captain America* franchise and Chris was confident that his costume would impress both his castmates at Mr Cavanaugh himself at the party. Despite being much more of an introvert than people expected a big guy like him to be, Chris was actively looking forward to the Halloween get-together and had no doubt that there would be both tricks and treats awaiting him at the party, both of which would no doubt make great tales down the line.

With his usual public appearances and meetings eating up time over the next few days Chris had almost forgotten about his order when a box was delivered to him early on a Saturday morning just a few days before Halloween. Upon realizing what would be within the box, Chris eagerly signed for it and then locked himself away in his apartment, ready to try the costume on and maybe even send a few teasing pictures to his friends. He couldn't help but wonder who Hemsworth and Pratt had picked out for their respective costumes - likely ones that would show off their muscular bodies, as the two were wont to do.

Placing the box on his coffee table, Chris carefully removed all of the packing and then the lid. As he stared down at the contents of the box, his heart sunk. There was no costume within and instead he was greeted with a small pool of black liquid that he

supposed was supposed to represent Venom's symbiote. It was a deep black to an almost impossible degree, like looking into a void and just staring upon it made Chris feel strangely uneasy.

*This has gotta be a joke, right?* If that was the case then he certainly didn't find it funny. It was a few days out from the party and there was no way he could turn up without a costume for fear of mockery from his friends - and what would happen if he risked the ire of Mr Cavanaugh, who was not exactly known for his forgiveness.

Chris had barely had time to let out a small huff of irritation when the black substance launched out of the box and collided with the actor's chest!



The surprising force of the impact caused Chris to stumble back and trip over his own feet, sending him crashing down onto his back. Temporarily winded and with swimming vision, Chris was only minorly aware of the substance beginning to spread across his broad chest and further beyond, to his limbs and creeping up to his neck.

"Get off me," the actor croaked as his vision finally began to restore itself. He reached for the substance and attempted to pull it from his body but instead could only watch in surprise as it began to overtake his hand and advance up his forearms to meet the rest of the substance that had coated his large biceps. The black substance felt so smooth against his skin, like the finest silk, and exuded a strange and unexpected warmth that began to fill him up from the inside.

Writhing around on the floor, Chris did his best to fight back as the substance moved up past his neck and began to consume his facial features. His chest felt tight, particularly from the point of impact, and he struggled to breath in his state of panic. He could see nothing through the substance, only the pure blackness of whatever it was that now covered him from head to toe.

*Relax*, a voice hissed in his mind - one that certainly did not belong to him. *Relax and join with us. Embrace us...* There was something strangely comforting about the words, despite Chris' uncertainty about their source. *Go on, give in!* Every time the words

moved through his mind, Chris' nerves relaxed and his breath steadied. It was foolish to think he was dying, he realized that now. *That's good, relax and accept us...*

"I accept," Chris managed to croak out, allowing the symbiote - for that was all it could be, he realized - between his lips and into his body. He could feel it spreading within him, pushing and pulling in equal measure and causing just as much pain as it did pleasure. Despite the warring sensations in his body, Chris no longer felt scared and gave both his body and mind over to the symbiote. They were truly one now.

After what felt like days Chris' symbiote-coated body rose from the floor and moved back towards the box the symbiote had arrived in. Stepping into it, the black substance began to change shape until it had entirely lost its human form and returned to the liquid-esque substance that it had arrived as. As the folds of the box were closed above him, Chris allowed his mind to fall away entirely and embraced himself as just another entity belonging to the Venom symbiote. He wasn't alone in the symbiote as it had consumed men for over two-hundred years since its arrival on Earth in the early 1800s and a little piece of every one of those men still existed within the symbiote, fueling its desire to grow and spread and *fuck*.

Chris wasn't sure how long he remained in the box. Time was nothing more than an illusion to him in his current state as he continued to bond with the symbiote, feeding its cravings and sharing his innermost desires. Finally though, the box was opened once more and a familiar face looked down at him with an expression of confusion. The handsome features, a square jawline and chestnut hair were immediately recognizable but in his bonding with the symbiote, Chris struggled to attach a name to the face at first. It was only when the young man spoke in delightful British tones that the name finally came to him -

*Join with us, Thomas...*

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Tom Holland had been pleasantly surprised when he'd received the invitation to Mr Cavanaugh's exclusive Halloween costume party and he knew precisely which supervillain he wanted to dress up as. He'd always been a big fan of Venom but the recent film with Tom Hardy had pushed him over the edge - he'd watched the whole thing with a considerable tent in his pants and had even jerked one out in the bathroom cubicles straight after. Something about the Venom symbiote always got him so hot and bothered and when Tom Hardy was thrown into the mix it all become a little too much for the young Brit.



While he had been able to purchase a pretty good Venom bodysuit from a cosplayer he'd met at one of his convention appearances, Tom wasn't totally convinced that it was as good as he wanted it to be. This was to be his first appearance at a Mr Cavanaugh party and he wanted to make a good impression. He'd heard about how much effort people put into their costumes and was almost worried about how he'd been treated if people deemed his costume 'lazy'. Thankfully the morning of the party a box appeared in his home that would not only calm all of his nerves but also make sure he was truly prepared for the party.

Staring down at the pool of black liquid that he found in the box, Tom was both fascinated and confused. What was this stuff and how the hell had the box gotten into his apartment in the first place? Had his manager dropped it off while he was asleep? It

seemed unlikely - Tom was a pretty light sleeper - but things didn't simply appear out of thin air. There had to be some sort of explanation!

As Tom was busy contemplating these questions though, the symbiote was preparing itself to strike. Much to its surprise, the young actor placed his hand into the box and directly into the liquid form of the symbiote. At the moment of contact Tom felt a shiver run through him and his cock twitched in excitement. *Hello Thomas*, a voice hissed from an unknown location, startling him. It sounded familiar although he couldn't quite place where he'd heard it before.

Pulling his hand back, Tom was even more confused to find that the liquid had stuck to his skin and was even beginning to trail up past his wrist and along his forearm. *Don't panic*, the voice said, this time sounding much closer. *We've chosen you, Thomas. We want you.* Despite everything in his brain telling him to panic and attempt to pull that shining black substance from him, Tom remained rooted to the spot and watched as the blackness moved up his arm towards his shoulder.

"I- I'm dreaming still," he attempted to rationalize, despite knowing that this felt far too real to be a dream. A part of him already knew what the substance was but he also couldn't help but doubt himself. The Venom symbiote was the stuff of fiction - a Marvel creation - not something that actually existed! Despite those rational thoughts, there

was a striking similarity between the symbiote and the substance that was beginning to spread along his chest at that moment.

*Give into your desires*, the voice urged. *We want to help you. Want to better you.* As the substance move down over his crotch area, Tom realized that he was rock hard and perhaps even more turned on than he had ever been in his life. The character of Venom had been a sexual awakening for him in his teenage years and he'd always dreamed of a moment like this, bonding with another being. It was part of the reason he had taken the role of Spider-Man, hoping that he'd be able to act out the Symbiote arc at some point. That would be for a film though and this was very much reality.

Relaxing against the touch of the symbiote, Tom was rewarded by the building pleasure inside him. *That's it, embrace us.* He felt like he was about to burst at any moment but he also knew that he wouldn't be complete until the symbiote was all over him. There was no doubt in his mind now that he truly was having an experience with a real symbiote and he was beyond thrilled.

All it took was a few minutes and he was covered from head to toe in the shining black substance that seemed to massage his very skin, as if the layer of clothes between them had simply vanished. The symbiote was silky smooth and every time Tom moved he was rewarded with another wave of pleasure.

*Now... the fun part.* Tom barely had time to recognize Chris Evans' voice before he was overwhelmed by the sensation of his muscles rapidly beginning to expand. The distance between his head and the ceiling closed dramatically as his body stretched out to a giant eight feet tall, forcing him to hunch over in order to even fit in his own apartment.

At the same time his lean frame was beginning to pack on strong muscle - doubling or even tripling his size. Tom couldn't help but moan as he felt his legs expand, the thighs becoming as thick as tree trunks and his feet pushing out to what had to be a size twenty! He could see the defined muscle of his quads through the symbiote and watched it flex as he tensed and relaxed. Even his famous bubble butt began to grow thick with muscle and remaining just as shapely as ever.

His chest expanded to gargantuan size, thick pecs protruding and the definition of his six-pack abs becoming even clearer as his whole upper body grew to match his lower half. Reaching up to grope his pecs, Tom was met with a wave of pleasure and admired the sight of his arms rapidly packing on muscle to fit in with the rest of his humongous frame. He would put most bodybuilders to shame with his sheer size and embarrass powerlifters with the indomitable strength of his new body.



*You're getting so big*, Evans' voice broke through once again. *Imagine all those men you could overpower now - Hemsworth, Pratt, Hardy. They'd be on their knees for you after just a single flex.* As his former co-star painted the images in his mind, Tom was overwhelmed with the possibilities that his new form presented him with. Dominating the man who had portrayed Venom in the movie certainly sounded like a delight and he just knew that Tom Hardy would have some kinks he'd be willing to play out.

Truthfully the younger Tom knew that he could overpower anyone should he want to but there was no chance anybody would even want to resist him. He was raw physical and sexual power and there was no doubt in his mind that he would be the star of Mr Cavanaugh's Halloween party.

"No," Tom replied, his voice coming out as a deep rumble. "They'll be on their knees for *us*." He was no longer Tom Holland anymore after all; no longer one individual. Together - him, Evans and all the others that made up the symbiote - they were *Venom*.

