

A Night At The Movies

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Aaron could hardly believe his luck when he'd matched with Dean on Grindr earlier that week. The other man was a ten out of ten in the looks department and judging by the messages they'd exchanged, he was pretty charming too. They'd arranged for a date to the movies that upcoming Friday and Aaron had even agreed with the other man's suggestion that they should watch the recently released *Top Gun* sequel. Although he hadn't been intending to see the film (especially as he hadn't even seen the original), Aaron had been quick to agree. The last thing he wanted was to spoil the early flirtation period by coming across as some sort of cinema elitist!

Now that he was standing alone in the lobby of the cineplex a full thirty minutes after he and Dean had arranged to meet, Aaron was starting to believe that it really had been too good to be true. Had Dean decided to bail on their date in favor of somebody who could better match his good looks? Alternatively and potentially even more humiliatingly, had Aaron been exchanging messages with a catfish for the past week? Whatever the answer was, it was clear that he had been stood up. Dean hadn't responded to any of his messages since earlier in the day when he'd confirmed the time and place, even though the app told Aaron that the other man had seen all twenty of the messages he'd sent in the past half an hour.

What a fucking jerk, the dismayed thirty-something thought to himself as he pushed his cell phone back into his pocket and shook his head. For a few moments he paced back and forth, grappling with the various emotions battling it out in his head, before letting out a huff of disappointment and walking towards the cineplex's serving counter. While Aaron had been contemplating walking home and feeling sorry for himself for the remainder of the night, he decided that a distraction might be a healthier choice. He was already there so what was the harm in catching the film after all? It would hopefully prevent him from overthinking everything and working himself up into a frenzy, as he was almost certain to do if he walked home on his own!

Upon approaching the counter, Aaron was greeted by a pretty dark-haired girl wearing the establishment's uniform. "One ticket for *Top Gun Maverick* please," he grumbled, praying that he'd at least enjoy the film so that his night wasn't a total waste. "Regular popcorn and a large soda too, thanks."

The girl flashed him a sympathetic smile. *Did she see me waiting there like a loser?* To his great relief, the server didn't address it and instead set about getting his confections ready while he waited. After handing over a few scrunched up dollar bills, Aaron

received his popcorn, drink and ticket, but paused before accepting that last item. Every ticket he'd ever received from the cineplex had been printed on regular receipt paper, but this one emerged from the printer in shining gold. Aaron was more than a little perplexed by this unusual event but when the server motioned for him to accept the golden ticket, he finally did so. As his thumb and forefinger made contact with it, a shiver ran down Aaron's spine and he found himself nervously chuckling.

"I hope you enjoy your film, sir!" the server exclaimed before turning her attention towards the patrons who had started to line up behind Aaron. Having failed to notice that his hesitation to take the receipt had already slowed down the line, the man quickly shuffled off to the side while carefully trying to make sure that none of his popcorn spilled out of the bucket. The journey from the lobby to his seat was a tense one but he finally made it after dropping only a few kernels and mercifully without spilling any of his drink too. It was only once he sat down in his seat with the drink in its holder and the popcorn on his lap that Aaron realized the golden ticket had somehow disappeared from his hand. Had he dropped it somewhere in the lobby? While he was disappointed by the discovery that it was no longer in his possession, the man wasn't about to leave his seat to go look for it - the leather recliner was much too comfortable to leave any time soon now that he was settled!



As he waited for the movie to begin, Aaron popped a few pieces of popcorn into his mouth and then fished his cell phone back out of his pocket. Bringing up the IMDB page for the movie he was about to watch, Aaron scanned over to the cast list and much to his delight, he saw a face that immediately caught his attention. While there was no denying that Tom Cruise was the main star of the film, Aaron was much more interested in seeing the hunky actor Glen Powell on the big screen. He'd first seen the actor several years previously in the short lived *Scream Queens* television show and had thought he was attractive then but the pictures on the actor's IMDB profile confirmed that he'd only gotten better looking with age! If Dean had been a ten out of ten in the looks department then Glen was definitely a *twenty*. In fact Aaron's pants were starting to get tight just looking through his pictures...

When the theater lights dimmed and the trailers started to roll, Aaron reluctantly put his phone away and focused his attention on the screen. Before long, the main event had started and it was only a short while before he was greeted with the beautiful sight of Glen Powell's handsome face! The actor was playing Jake "Hangman" Seresin, a rival character to one of the protagonists and Aaron was utterly captivated by what he was seeing. While he wasn't exactly familiar with what Glen was like in real life, he seemed perfectly suited to play the role of an arrogant fighter pilot. There was a magnetism and charisma about him that was simply undeniable and even though the narrative was doing its best to make the audience dislike Hangman, Aaron unsurprisingly began rooting for him instead. More specifically he was rooting for the character to get shirtless more often because that brief beach scene hadn't been enough!



Considering he was sat in a dark theater and his attention was completely captured by the admittedly thrilling events on the screen, it was hardly surprising that Aaron had failed to notice his body beginning an unexpected transformation. With his starting point of an even six foot and one hundred and eighty pounds, Aaron had always been fairly average in appearance. He'd played tennis back in high school but the demands of working life meant that he didn't get to play all that much anymore and an exercise regime was otherwise all but absent. This had resulted in a gathering of weight around his midsection - not so much that anyone would call him fat but enough for him to be somewhat self-conscious that it might show through his shirt. More than one person had told Aaron that he had a "forgettable face" which had done wonders for his self-esteem, but he supposed he could see where they were coming from. He didn't have any particularly distinguishing features that would make him stand out from the sea of faces on the front page of Grindr. That was part of why he'd been so surprised that Dean had responded to his first message!

The man's self-confessed average looks were soon to be a thing of the past though, as the bones of his face had been subtly shifting while the movie played. His softer jawline became more angular and bristles of facial hair soon decorated the lower half of his face, surrounding a thinner set of lips. Beneath these lips, Aaron's teeth brightened to a blinding white while also straightening out to eliminate the minor imperfections and grant

him a perfect Hollywood smile. The rest of the man's facial features were undergoing their own slight changes: his bulbous nose thinning down, eyes shifting color and brow becoming slightly more pronounced. These changes happened in tandem with his skin smoothing out, losing the various pockmarks left over from his teenage battles with acne and instead adopting a beautiful golden tan that gave him a healthy glow. Next, Aaron's shaggy black hair (he'd been needing a haircut for at least a month but hadn't managed to get round to it yet) quickly retreated towards his scalp with the sides and back only stopping once they were incredibly short. The hair on top remained several inches longer, with the hair swept back and held in place with styling wax.

While he was now a perfect doppelganger for Glen Powell in terms of his face and hair, his physique was still a clear indicator that he wasn't quite the real deal. That would soon be remedied though as the changes progressed below Aaron's neck, starting with his shoulders which extended a couple of inches on each side. His arms then began to see considerable growth, with his biceps doubling in size and his forearms adopting a newfound brawniness, both of which resulted in severe strain to the man's shirt sleeves. This was quickly matched by the bulging pectorals which made a dramatic entrance on the upper half of his torso, while the lower half inherited a mouth-watering display of cobblestone abdominals.

The rapid expansion of Aaron's glute muscles caused him to shift slightly in his seat, resulting in him sitting with his legs further apart. This proved to be for the best as the bulge in the front of his pants became much more prominent, with his cock growing to eight inches even while soft and a set of testicles the size of golf balls. At the same time, Aaron's skinny legs were quickly building muscle, resulting in a firm pair of quads and diamond-shaped calves. Even his feet were not exempt from the effects of the transformation, growing two inches longer and widening slightly.

In his fully transformed state, the outfit that Aaron had dressed himself in for the failed date was something of a poor fit. The shirt and dress pants were both tight around his new muscles but this didn't last for long, as they subtly changed into not just better fitting garments but also items that were much more finely crafted and thus expensive. To match these new designer items, a navy blue blazer formed over the open-collar shirt that Aaron was wearing, looking like such a perfect fit for his body that it might have actually been tailored to his - or more accurately Glen Powell's - exact measurements.

Although his body had undergone a literal transformative experience over the past twenty minutes, Aaron's eyes hadn't strayed from the film once. He was completely enraptured by the jaw-dropping action being presented on the big screen and desperately wanted the characters to succeed in the dangerous mission they were attempting. As he continued to watch though, Aaron's enthusiasm underwent its own

subtle change and elements of pride began to creep into his mind. He glanced around the cinema, taking in the fact that the place was nearly booked out despite the film having been out for a month. *Hard work pays off*, a voice in the man's head declared, further amplifying his newfound sense of pride.

Before he could even realize what was happening, the newly transformed man was no longer watching the film from an outsider's perspective but rather as somebody who had put their sweat and tears into the production. Glen could hardly keep the smile off of his face when he saw himself up on the big screen and his mind instantly flashed back to the day when they had filmed that scene - his last before wrapping on production. They'd had a party at the hotel bar later that night and Glen had ended up taking one of the cute extras up to his room for some more carnal fun. *Good times, good times!*

When the credits finally began to roll, the actor rose from his chair and made his way back into the lobby. As he walked he could hear whispers mounting up behind him and a smirk appeared on his face as one of the audience members who had just been in the screening with him finally dared to approach. "Uh, excuse me sir, are you Hangman-- I mean, Glen Powell?" the teenage boy nervously asked.

Chuckling softly, Glen slapped a friendly hand down on the boy's shoulder. "Why yes I am," he confirmed, offering the growing crowd a winning smile, "I hope you enjoyed the film!" The actor didn't get to leave the cineplex for an hour due to the crowd of fans who wanted autographs and selfies with him but he didn't mind it one bit. He enjoyed his life as a celebrity and he was thrilled that so many people had enjoyed his latest work. Now he just needed to follow it up with an even bigger role to really prove himself as the next big Hollywood leading man!

