

Tricks & Treats at NXT Halloween Havoc

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Congratulations, you've won two VIP tickets to this Saturday's NXT Halloween Havoc event!

Jensen read the short letter several times over before turning his attention to the tickets that had been enclosed in the envelope. While he was certain that winning a competition should have been something to celebrate, the young man was instead rather confused for the simple reason that he couldn't remember actually *entering* the competition!

Still, it was a free night out and thanks to one of his internet pen pals, Jensen had slowly started to find himself growing more and more interested in professional wrestling. There was absolutely no shortage of hunks in the NXT and WWE locker rooms and that was more than enough to capture his attention. All of those sweaty bodies in tight clothes pressing up against each other... did straight fans seriously not see how homoerotic the whole thing was?

It took a little bit of convincing for Jensen's boyfriend to agree to attend but eventually the other man relented and soon enough they were packing up their car for their unexpected weekend trip. The extended car journey was pleasant as the couple had the opportunity to sing along to their favorite hyper-pop songs at the top of their lungs and scoff on candy whenever they felt like it. After all, they weren't the ones getting nearly naked and brawling in the ring so they didn't need to be as vigilant with what they ate as the men and women in the NXT locker room did! Jensen of course fantasized about having a muscular body like Bron Breakker (especially since the NXT Champion liked to squeeze his musclebound frame into singlets, something Jensen had a particular kink for) but he'd heard horror stories about how restrictive their diets could be and he'd also always found local gyms to be packed full of intimidating meatheads. Being surrounded by such a crowd typically caused Jensen's anxieties to flare up, so he'd decided to be perfectly at peace with having a softer physique and merely lust after muscular bodies rather than strive to have one for himself.

Upon arriving at the NXT arena and showing their credentials to one of the staff workers, the pair were waved towards a special VIP entrance rather than having to join the mammoth queue that had already started to build. The two men were barely able to



keep the smiles off of their faces as they were led into the arena and given a backstage tour. It was still early afternoon, so a good portion of the wrestlers who would be performing on that night's special seasonal card were yet to arrive, but Jensen did spy a few that he recognized, although none of the ones that he had been lusting over as he slowly became more and more hooked on the NXT product, which was a great shame. *You'll see them later, Jensen reminded himself, And from a VIP booth too!*

After their brief tour, the couple were shown into the VIP bar and given a free glass of champagne each. There were only a few other VIP ticket holders present, some of whom were clearly bigger wrestling fans than others, if their merchandise tees were anything to go off of! Before they could get too comfortable though, the staff member who had given Jensen and his boyfriend the tour returned, this time holding a small rectangular box. "Excuse me, sir? I've been asked to give this to you and have you follow me," she explained as she placed the box into Jensen's hands. His initial instinct was to open the box right then and there but as he moved to do so, the kind-faced woman shook her head. "I was also told to not let you open the box until you're in private." She flashed an apologetic smile in the direction of Jensen's boyfriend. "I'll have your friend back with you soon."

Jensen's boyfriend opened his mouth, likely to sharply inform the woman that they weren't merely 'friends', but seemed to think twice of it after Jensen shot him a warning look. "I'll be right back," he told his boyfriend, leaning over the box to place a brief kiss on the other's lips. That got the message across in a much less awkward fashion and to her credit, the woman did look rather embarrassed by her apparent faux pas. Offering a reassuring smile to communicate that he wasn't offended by her mistake, Jensen encouraged her to lead the way and after a final glance back at his boyfriend (with a look in his eye that warned the other to "play nice"), he followed her out of the VIP bar and back through the corridors they'd been toured through earlier.

Bizarrely the end destination seemed to be a private locker room, although there was currently no sign on the door indicating who it was for. As they had walked, Jensen's nerves had started to build and he only grew more confused and concerned as he entered the room and was left alone in there. Had there been terms and conditions to this competition that he'd supposedly won? He was now more certain than before that he *hadn't* entered any competition as he'd been unable to find any sort of email confirming entry, nor was there anything in his browser history to suggest that he had visited any site with even a passing reference to a competition. His suspicions that there might possibly be something devious going on were beginning to peak, but his curiosity was simply too strong to stop him from gingerly opening the rectangular box and getting a good look at its contents.

The reveal of a pair of wrestling trunks - mostly cream, with a green and red waistband - took Jensen by surprise, but before he could inspect them closer, a note that had been placed on top of the garment demanded his attention. It had only five words written upon it: "Trick... or treat? Love, Henry!" Jensen's mind spun as he recognized the name on the letter. Had his internet penpal been behind this whole thing?



Henry was the bigger wrestling fan between them after all. Maybe he'd actually been the one to win the competition but had realized that traveling from the UK just for the weekend would be too costly a trip, so had put Jensen's details in instead. While that seemed to be a likely scenario, it didn't completely add up - Henry didn't know his address. How could he have redirected the tickets to Jensen without that essential knowledge?

Reaching for the cell phone which was normally stored in his pocket, Jensen experienced a jolt of alarm when he discovered that it wasn't there. He must have left it in the car! That was so unlike him, but he supposed that going to a wrestling event was too, so it was apparently a weekend of him acting out of sorts. Who knew what other bizarre choices and moves he might make before the weekend was over and he had returned home with his boyfriend! *I suppose it is the spooky season, things are supposed to get a little weird...*

Having been completely left to his own devices in the room, Jensen began to wonder what was expected of him. He stared down at the wrestling trunks and took notice of the finer details, such as the words emblazoned in gold upon the waistband: "Veni" and "Vidi". His limited knowledge of Latin suggested that the back should probably feature the word "Vici" to complete the famous phrase, but upon turning the garment over, he had to chuckle. Apparently whoever had designed the garment had made a spelling error, as it instead read *Vinci*. Although this detail was amusing, it didn't bring Jensen any closer to understanding why he had been brought to a private room and then given such an item. It wasn't as if he expected to put them on... was he?

Hoping to find the staff member who had brought him to the room, Jensen returned to the door and grasped the handle, only to discover that she had locked it after leaving. He was trapped in the room! Thundering on the door with his fists for a few minutes produced no results, prompting Jensen to eventually give up and return to the box. Although the thought of putting the skimpy garment on had initially seemed ridiculous to the young man, with very little else to keep him entertained, Jensen elected to strip down to his boxers. *Here goes nothing, I guess*, he thought to himself as he pushed down his final item of clothing and then stepped into the wrestling trunks. He pulled

them up over his crotch and ass then let the green and red waistband snap into place just below his pale and doughy stomach.

One of the walls of the private locker room that served as Jensen's temporary (and undeserved) prison was occupied by a giant mirror, allowing for him to get a thorough look at himself. Needless to say, the image was just as he'd expected: the trunks weren't nearly as flattering on him as they would have been on somebody carrying a little less weight or who wasn't as pale as a tablecloth! Despite being uncomfortably aware of how ridiculous he looked, Jensen attempted to keep himself in good spirits by striking a few poses that were designed to flex his mostly non-existent muscles. As he did so though, he found himself discovering that his arms weren't actually as skinny as he'd always perceived them to be. Sure, his biceps couldn't exactly be compared to mountains without serious bending of the truth but they could at least be described as modest hills, which was more than he'd been anticipating!

The longer Jensen stared into the mirror though, the more he began to notice how unfamiliar he had become with his own reflection. For example, how had he failed to notice how broad his shoulders were and the suggestion of trap muscles that connected them to his neck? That wasn't all, as apparently he'd developed some rather firm calf muscles. *Must be all that walking I do at work*, Jensen justified to himself. His attempts to justify the unexpected elements of his reflection would soon cease though as right before his very eyes, something that should have been impossible was beginning to happen: short bristles of hair were bursting forth from the lower half of his face! Jensen had never had to deal with anything more than a few whiskers on his upper lip and even then they had grown in slowly over several weeks, not all burst out at once in the space of ten seconds. He was shocked into stillness as he regarded the stubble that now dominated his jawline creating quite an unfamiliar image.

Jensen's confusion only intensified when he raised his hands to his face with the intention of feeling his new stubble, as his fingers found nothing but bare flesh despite his reflection clearly showing that they were pressed against neatly trimmed facial hair. *Okay, this is fucking weird*, he thought to himself as the hackles rose on the back of his neck. The absurdity of what he was seeing compared to actually feeling had caused a trickle of fear to begin creeping through his mind, encouraging him to tear his eyes away from the mirror. He had every intention of changing back into his clothes and then going back to hammering on the locked door until somebody came to his rescue but the string of bizarre occurrences continued, as the clothes he'd left in a pile on the floor were now completely missing!

"Yeah, *nope*, this is all a bit much," Jensen muttered to himself as he crossed over to the door and tried the handle once more. Unsurprisingly it was still locked but before he could begin beating his fists against it, he was overcome by a compulsion to look back

towards the mirror. Any attempt to resist was completely dominated and Jensen turned his head to look back towards the reflective surface. A gasp escaped his lips at what he saw - there had been even more changes to his body that left him looking completely different! The most obvious of these was that his stomach was now not only completely flat but also featured the subtle suggestion of abdominal muscles just under the surface, as well as a generally tighter waistline. Beyond this, he also had a pair of meaty thighs and a prominent bulge, as well as a golden tan that had eliminated his ghostly pallor. Upon glancing down at himself though Jensen was able to confirm that these changes were bizarrely exclusive to his reflection; he was still the same pale and chubby guy he'd always been!

“What the fuck is going on?!” Jensen desperately asked his reflection, only to be stopped in his tracks. The man in the mirror was no longer copying him. His reflection hadn't shown his mouth opening and closing as he spoke but rather his duplicate's bearded face had spread into a smirk. The expression was totally alien on Jensen's features but that soon wasn't the only thing causing an uncanny valley factor to occur, as he realized in shock that his mirror image's facial features were visibly changing! His cheekbones were higher and his brow more pronounced while his nose had lost some of its width and became slightly pointier. Soon it was like Jensen was staring into the face of a complete stranger - there was barely anything of himself left in his reflection!

The last part of Jensen that could still be somewhat recognized was the mop of sandy blond hair upon his head, but even that didn't last for much longer. As his reflection brought his hands - larger and more callused than Jensen's own - up to his head and began running his fingers through that forest of hair, the strands were being ripped loose from his scalp. Over the next few seconds more and more hair would drop down into piles that had formed around his reflection's feet until the unfamiliar man in the mirror was left completely bald, with his stubble and eyebrows being the only hair upon his handsome head.

Staring into the arrogant eyes of his transformed reflection sent a ripple of fear down Jensen's spine. He had been so distracted by the grotesque imagery of the hair being pulled out of his reflection's scalp that he'd failed to notice the blossoming of a pair of firm pecs like slabs of prime beef upon his chest. Clearly relishing in taunting the real Jensen, the man in the mirror began to bounce his pecs - one by one at first, then together. It was a visual that the real Jensen had always found incredibly arousing and even despite all the absurdity of his current situation, there was a notable rising beneath the fabric of the trunks. *Really? Getting turned on at a time like this?!* Jensen had to despair at his own subconscious - could it really not focus on the task at hand, such as working out what the ever-loving *fuck* was going on?

As the certified hunk in the mirror (because there was really no denying that he was an absolutely gorgeous specimen of muscular masculinity) beckoned him forwards, Jensen found his legs operating outside of his own command. Within moments he was mere inches away from the reflective surface and the stud contained within, who he could now see was actually an inch or two shorter than him, although carried *much* more muscle mass. If he had to guess, Jensen speculated that his transformed reflection stood at around an even six foot and was somewhere in the region of two-hundred and twenty pounds, which was a dramatic increase on his own one-hundred and ninety. There seemed to be very minimal body fat on this unfamiliar reflection too and the abs that Jensen had previously noticed forming were now prominent as a perfectly symmetrical six-pack, the likes of which the young gay man had drooled over so many times before but never believed he could possibly possess.

“Don’t you want to touch?” the hunk in the mirror asked, his deep and rumbling voice tinged with a slight Italian accent that sent yet another shiver down Jensen’s spine. He still wasn’t entirely sure if he should believe what he was seeing and hearing. It all seemed so impossible, like something he would dream about rather than experience, yet it also felt unmistakably real - he could feel the sweat on his palms and the throbbing of his cock within the trunks. The man in the mirror stepped closer and Jensen was compelled to mimic the action, bringing them practically nose to nose. Completely enthralled by the masculine beauty on the other side of the reflective surface, Jensen was helpless to do anything other than copy the man’s actions by raising his hands and pressing them against the cold surface of the mirror.

All of a sudden, the world around Jensen vanished into an intense orange fog. There was absolutely no telling where the thick orange cloud had come from but it mercifully began to dissipate almost as quickly as it had appeared. As the fog separated though, Jensen realized that the illusion had been broken and he was once again looking at his regular reflection in the mirror. Considering he had just spent the past five minutes



admiring a muscular man with a perfect tan and a confident disposition, to be suddenly reunited with his true self was more than a little startling for Jensen. In fact he felt somewhat embarrassed when he saw the tent he was making in the front of the trunks.

Upon tearing his eyes away from the mirror and glancing down at himself though, Jensen was met by a surprising sight: meaty pecs, rippling abs and a thick lower half, all covered in a golden tan! Slowly bringing his hands up to his face, Jensen shivered in delight as he felt the unfamiliar bristles of facial hair adorning a much more angular jawline. He next moved his hands up further and brought them to his scalp which was, as he had been expecting, completely smooth. Bizarrely, as he looked back at the mirror, his reflection was running its hands through the mop of hair Jensen had possessed mere moments before.

“I’ve got to be dreaming,” Jensen muttered to himself, only to be caught off guard by the deep Italian tones that he’d heard from his reflection prior to that strange orange fog. It was nothing like his own somewhat nasally voice, that was for sure!

There was every chance that Jensen could have remained in that spot for hours, using his hands to feel up the muscular body that was strangely not being reflected back at him, but he was interrupted by a knock at the door. “Mr Vinci?” a voice from the other side asked, which Jensen recognized as belonging to the staff worker who had brought him to the private locker room in the first place. “Your match is on in ten minutes. I’ve been asked to oil you up to get you ready for the cameras.”

My... match? Getting oiled up? Panic was beginning to return to the forefront of Jensen’s mind as he put together the pieces: he was in the body of one of NXT’s wrestlers! Although he was determined to explain that there was some big mistake and he was actually just supposed to be a member of the audience, when Jensen opened the door - *wait, when did it get unlocked?* - and caught sight of the young woman standing there, he was stunned into silence. How had not recognized her earlier for the beauty that she was? Her long blonde hair framed a pretty face with plump lips and glimmering verdant eyes. She looked like she’d be better suited as an Instagram model rather than a behind the scenes worker for the WWE. Upon seeing the bottle of lotion in her hands and remembering what she’d said prior to him opening the door, an intrusive thought entered Jensen’s head: *She’s gonna be the one rubbing that stuff all over my muscles? Fuck yes, I’m a lucky man!*

Jensen was so caught off guard by the thought that he couldn’t bring himself to say anything and instead just took a few steps back as the woman entered and closed the door behind her. When she’d turned to do so, Jensen’s eyes unconsciously shifted down to her backside and he marveled at the perky roundness being presented to him. It took him several seconds to remember that he was supposed to be exclusively

homosexual - hell, his boyfriend was out there in the crowd somewhere, probably looking for him - and yet here he was, objectifying a woman! What the hell had that been about? It was totally unlike him but he simply couldn't stop himself!

"Do... Do you see anything wrong with that mirror?" Jensen asked, attempting to keep himself distracted as the woman squirted lotion onto her hand and then began to work it in over the broad muscles of his back. In response to his question, the staff worker glanced around him and towards the mirror, where Jensen could see a frown spreading across her face. *She sees the real me*, he thought to himself, already preparing himself to receive an outburst of confusion and possibly even disgust.

To his surprise though, she merely shook her head. "Everything looks alright to me," she declared before turning her attention back to the job at hand, which was currently massaging the lotion into his triceps. "Are you excited for your match tonight, Mr Vinci?"

Jensen was so distracted by the bizarre visual being presented in the mirror as well as the fact that he was apparently the one who could see his true self in the reflective surface that he found himself responding without putting any thought into his words: "Please, call me Giovanni." As soon as the name had left his mouth, Jensen felt some of his confusion settle. Yes, that was right. He was Giovanni Vinci, one of the rising stars on WWE's NXT brand. He had an important match at that night's Halloween Havoc event. Despite these new certainties, Giovanni was still left troubled by what he saw in the mirror. Why wasn't it his muscular physique being reflected back at him? Why was he forced to behold such an unimpressive specimen rather than the prime Italian beef that he now knew to be his true self?

"Sorry, *Giovanni*," the woman corrected, crouching down to begin oiling up the wrestler's gigantic quadriceps. Doing so put her head at level with Giovanni's crotch and there was absolutely no doubt that she had noticed the tent he'd created with his thick nine inches of manhood. Still, she remained professional... as much as Giovanni surprised himself by wishing that she wouldn't! For a fleeting moment he considered grabbing her by the hair and forcing her lips against his crotch but he dismissed the out as quickly as it had occurred to him, knowing that he couldn't let himself get distracted with his match coming up. He needed to go out into that ring and prove that Giovanni Vinci wasn't somebody to be messed with but rather a future NXT Champion!

"It's going to be an easy win," he declared arrogantly, not having even the smallest bit of doubt in himself. Deliberately turning himself away from the mirror - curse that unappealing reflection being bizarrely forced upon him - the hunky Italian wrestler requested that the woman turn her attention to his abs and pecs next. "I never got your name, beautiful," he queried, not even bothering to hide the flirtatious tone in his voice. Why should he? It was obvious that she wanted him and he wanted her too, so it made

sense to express as such. Once his match was over, hopefully they'd be able to spend some more time alone in his exclusive private locker room.

The woman identified herself as Sophia - a beautiful name for a beautiful babe - and blushed as she massaged the lotion onto Giovanni's mighty pecs, particularly when he gave her a show by bouncing the powerful muscles. After another minute of oiling him up, Sophia suggested that he get the remainder of his gear on and nodded towards where Jensen had originally set the box down. Giovanni glanced in the indicated direction and instead saw an open rucksack, within which he found his knee pads, wrist wraps and boots. After placing each of these items on and winking at the gorgeous blonde who had remained in the room with him, Giovanni strode out of the private locker room and made his way towards the immediate backstage area.

Upon hearing his music begin to play through the arena's loudspeakers, Giovanni Vinci strode out onto the entrance wrap and struck the first of his poses to show off his glorious muscles. The crowd were raining down boos upon him but the Italian hunk didn't care in the slightest; they were all jealous of his awesome body, his gorgeous face and his undeniable sense of style. Hell, they wished they could be him but they couldn't, so they had to settle for booing him like the sheep that they were!

As he passed by the front row, Giovanni caught sight of a male fan sitting next to an empty chair. The fan's gaze was glued to Giovanni's oiled up muscles and the wrestler paused for a brief moment to flex his bicep in the younger man's face before proceeding to climb up into the ring. Almost as soon as he turned away, the wrestler forgot all about the drooling fan. To his knowledge there was no reason he should ever think twice about some unathletic loser sat on his own in the front row and with his mind mostly consumed by the persona of Giovanni Vinci, there was only a small whisper of Jensen's voice that remained to take note of the fact that just an hour earlier, that lonely fan had actually been his boyfriend of several years!

The match lasted only slightly longer than Giovanni's entrance had - as soon as the bell rang, the Italian wrestler delivered a swift kick to his opponent's gut and then got him in position to deliver his finishing move. After the outmatched individual's back slammed down against the mat, Giovanni took a brief moment to raise his arms in a pose that showed off his incredible physique before dropping down to cover the other man. The referee hit the mat three times with his hand and the bell rang while the crowd's negative response escalated into higher decibels. Giovanni relished in their disappointment and shoved his fallen opponent out of the ring so that he could have it all to himself to celebrate. As he stood on the middle rope and popped his pecs for the booing (and oh so jealous) crowd, a wicked thought occurred to Giovanni: *I've seen and I've conquered, so I guess it's about time I came...*

After returning backstage, the hunky wrestler immediately pushed his way past the ass-kissers who were attempting to get his attention and returned to his locker room. Since his departure only some fifteen minutes earlier, a clothes rail had appeared in the room, upon which were various items that looked designer in nature. Each part of the three-piece suit was jet black, as was the shirt and tie also included on the rail, and as Giovanni pulled each item on, he relished in how well tailored they had been to his muscular frame. Although he knew that he looked hunky as hell in his fine Italian-made suit, the bald-headed wrestler was frustrated to discover that his reflection was still showing him that same false image of some chubby loser. It was like he was being mocked and for what reason? Didn't he deserve to be able to admire his own beauty?

Growling in disdain at the unfamiliar face in the mirror, Giovanni grabbed his trademark shades from the inside pocket of his suit jacket and placed them on his face to complete his look. As he opened the door, the Italian hunk once again found himself face to face



with Sophia, who was looking up at him with an expression of desire. "How do you feel about dinner, champagne and the best sex you've ever had?" he asked, wrapping a strong arm around the woman's slender waist and pulling her body flush against his own. Just as he'd anticipated, she melted like butter against him. Was there any woman alive who could possibly hope to resist the charms of Giovanni Vinci? He didn't believe so!

Leading his beautiful date through the backstage area, Giovanni walked right past the same fan that he'd taken pleasure in taunting. This time though, Giovanni didn't so much as look in his direction; he only had eyes for Sophia. As they stepped out into the parking lot, the last traces of Jensen were stripped away for good, leaving behind only Italy's favorite son: the stylish and sexy Giovanni Vinci!