

Adam and Zac Need a Room

“And that’s a rap for the day boys and girls!” The director shouted to the crowds of people huddled around the set holding cameras and boom mikes while Adam Devine and Zac Efron acted in the center of the room. The two men high-fived one another before standing up from the couch, ending their scene together. “Everyone feel free to sleep in tomorrow!” The director shouted to the crew. The entire mob of workers let out a loud cheer of excitement at the thought of being able to sleep in for the first time in three weeks. “We will be shooting the scene on the beach with Zac and Adam playing bocce ball. “Denise make sure they are dressed and ready by noon tomorrow.”

“You got it!” A large woman shouted to the director as she undid the microphones from Zac’s and Adam’s sweaters. “Don’t stay up too late boys. We need to try on the singlets in the morning. I can see you have been packing on some of the pounds.” Adam chuckled and poked Zac in his hard, flat stomach.

“I don’t think she’s talking about me big boy,” Zac said as he slapped Adam’s ass. Adam pushed Zac away playfully as he turned back towards Denise to finish removing the sweater. Zac’s eyes immediately went to his co-star’s plump ass cheeks. Both of them looked ready to burst free from his pants, and Zac could barely contain his lustful thoughts.

When Zac found out that Adam and he were going to be co-stars he almost came in his pants. He had seen him at parties around Los Angeles and on Netflix and television. He was a great actor from what Zac had seen, but what he was even more invested in was those large cheeks that he was always showing off on camera. It wasn’t until Adam and Zac were together in the director’s office that he actually saw the heft of his cheeks. The way they stretched his dress pants to their capacity, the way they jiggled when he walked, and how they made him sit even higher than Zac even though he was taller than Adam. Zac was even happier when he learned that Adam was a very handsy guy with other men. Always shouting, “No homo!” Whenever he touched Zac in a suggestive manner. Which only opened up the doorway for Zac to feel and grope him as much as he possibly could. But the longer Zac stared at his co-star’s gorgeous booty, he could only imagine what he felt like pressed against his face or better yet, wrapped around his cock.

What made the whole situation even worse was the fact that Zac encouraged Adam’s overeating and lack of exercise. Zac found that Adam’s body easily gained weight, specifically in his ass. Over the last few months of Zac had watched Adam’s cheeks expand and grow larger, juicier, and even

more enticing. Zac didn't know how much longer he could wait until he went full force on that ass. Whether Adam wanted it to happen or not.

"What are you up too tonight?" Adam asked Zac as he turned around. Even though he was facing forward Zac could still see the outline of his hips on the edge of his body. The heavy pear-shape that Adam's body kept made Zac want to bend him over and fuck him until they both came.

"What?" Zac asked, still be-spelled by Adam's curvaceous body. Adam rolled his eyes.

"You always seem to be somewhere else whenever I'm talking to you." Adam laughed.

"Yeah. In your ass," Zac thought. He forced his eyes and his attention to pull away from Adam's lower body. "Sorry I was just running through the scene for tomorrow in my head."

"Did you wanna get together tonight and run through lines?" Adam asked as he and Zac walked towards the craft table. Zac took an apple from a fruit bowl on the end and took a hard bite. Zac wished he was biting into Adam's apple bottom as he watched Adam lean onto the table. His ass pushed out enticingly towards Zac and his dick grew hard with excitement.

"What did you say?" Zac asked once again mesmerized by Adam's bubble butt.

"Lord. Thank god you're cute or you probably wouldn't have any girls." Adam joked. "Lines. Tonight. Are you free?"

"Tonight?" Zac said, repeating Adam's word. A smile broke across his face when he realized the scene he would be practicing. Singlets. Wrestling. Adam's bet firmly plastered against his face if he worked the scene exactly right. "Yeah! Did you wanna meet in my trailer tonight? Say around 9?" Nine. The time when all the crew was usually home and it would just be him and Adam alone on lot.

"Sounds good Efron," Adam said between bites of pizza. Zac looked towards the large pile of food that sat on his plate. Ass is just gonna get bigger, Zac thought. He already knew that most of Adam's clothes didn't fit properly. Properly in the popular sense. If it were up to Zac, he would have him in even shorter and tighter clothes. On the rare occasion, they had been in the same room changing Zac couldn't help but pop a boner when Adam's large ass came into view. Both of his large cheeks were always wedged tightly into his underwear. Adam would always complain about them riding up, and Zac knew exactly the reason behind his perma-wedgie.

"Yeah. See you tonight," Zac said quickly, covering his rather obvious bulge with his hands. "I'm gonna go to my trailer and take a nap," Zac lied, knowing full well that he had to take care of his boner immediately. Zac took another large bite of his apple and tossed it into the nearest trashcan and ran off lot.

Immediately upon entering his trailer Zac threw off his clothes revealing his tanned, hairy, muscular body. His short trunks did nothing to hide his ample hard cock or his heavy balls. Zac fell back into his bed and plunged his hand into his underwear. His cold hands gripped his hard cock, feeling a wet spot already on his underwear.

“Fuck,” Zac moaned as he closed his eyes envisioning Adam’s butt cheeks pushed into the air. Zac fantasized about them being spread for him. Zac could almost hear Adam’s voice begging him to eat his juicy ass and virgin hole. Zac opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue as if he was just inches away from shoving it with Adam’s asshole. Zac imagined what it would feel like with his heavy ass pressed against his face. Sitting directly on his mouth so he could eat out his hole for as long as Adam wanted. In his fantasy Adam would back his ass up onto Zac’s face and tease him with his cheeks. He would pull his ass away just enough that Zac could only touch the top of his tongue to his hole.

Adam would finally sit all of his weight on Zac’s gorgeous face and squeeze his cheeks tightly around Zac’s head. Burying him underneath his rounded bubble butt. Adam would twerk on his face as he had seen him do multiple times on set, juggling his ample cheeks back and forth across his features until all Zac could taste or smell would be Adam’s ass.

“Sit on my face, Adam!” Zac groaned as his dick heavily leaked onto his hand. He had done this almost a hundred times now. The best sessions were the times where he was able to get ahold of a pair of Adam’s sweaty undies. His heavy assets sweat profusely into his undies. And when he was stealthy enough to swipe a pair between takes; his orgasms were quick and powerful. He worshipped the sweat stains that covered the underwear; sucking on the seam that ran between his cheeks, sniffing the pouch, even pushing the entire pair into his mouth until he was as close as he could be to tasting his huge ass. He wished he was able to have a pair right now, but he knew that if he played his cards right, he could get a taste of the real thing tonight.

“Fuck!” Zac screamed as his dick grew rigid and his balls grew right. The thought of finally being able to get a taste of Adam’s ass caused his orgasm to approach faster than anticipated. Zac’s cock launched his load all the way onto his toned pectorals. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as Zac’s balls unloaded.

“God I can’t wait for tonight,” Zac said as he wiped the cum off his chest and stomach. Sucking them clean, grunting in enjoyment at the sweet taste of his own cum. Zac hoped that Adam would enjoy the taste of his cum as much as he did, but Zac knew he could train him to enjoy it as he had with some of his supposedly “straight” co-stars. Now all Zac had to figure out was how could he get Adam to do what it wanted. That was the million-dollar question.

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An hour later after Zac had licked himself clean, he stood outside the door to the costume department, needing one thing in order to make his fantasy a reality. He cracked the door and looked inside seeing nothing but rows and rows of clothing inside. He slithered into the room as quiet as a mouse and began to search through the room until he found the rack labeled Adam. He quickly slid the clothes down the rack until he came to the selection of singlets that were for tomorrow's scene. Hanging on the rack were four singlets: each one larger than the next. Zac pulled the first, and tiniest stretchy blue uniform

"Too small," Zac said, reading the tag hanging from one of the straps. Zac's grin grew wide. "Smaller is Always better." He tucked Adam's singlet under his arm. "Fuck," Zac groaned as he found a jockstrap that hung from the last hanger. Zac hungrily snagged the hanging jockstrap. Immediately he pressed the pouch to his face, smelling the deep sweaty balls that he had grown accustomed to worshipping. He huffed the jockstrap multiple times, feeling his dick already begin to inflate once more in excitement for the upcoming evening. Zac shoved the jock into his pocket and went to his own clothing rack. Zac grabbed the first singlet from his own selection of clothes, knowing that his first choice was going to be just as tight as Adam's.

Zac sneaked from the main costume department and was back in his trailer. His hands full of clothes and his dick as hard as it could possibly be all Zac needed to do would be wait for Adam to appear at his doorstep like a gift from up above.

Adam appeared at the door sometime later with a loud, almost loud drunken raps at his door.

"Mr. Efron I'm your biggest fan can I please have an autograph!" Adam pleaded, putting on his best impression of a female. "Please I will do annnnything!" He cried.

"Anything you say?" Zac laughed to himself as he pulled himself from his couch and to the front door of his trailer. But before opening the door Zac lifted a stack of fake books that sat upon a shelf and pressed play on a hidden camera. Wanting to make sure that every moment of the evening would be memorialized for him to enjoy for the rest of his life. Zac strategically pointed the camera towards the center of the room and swung open the door and saw Adam, in all his drunken glory, leaning against the railing of Zac's trailer. "Hey man! Glad you could make it." Zac said, a little too excitedly. Adam grew a large goofy grin on his face that mad Zac's heart grow larger. He was so cute and all his. "Come on in buddy and we can get started," Zac stepped to the side and let Adam walk into his large trailer. Zac watched as Adam's large cheeks moved from side to side as he stomped his way into the trailer. "Fuck your thick," Zac groaned while staring at his friend.

“What did you say?” Adam said as he slid down onto his oversized caboose.

“Oh, I said, I asked are you sick?” Zac lied quickly as he slammed the door shut. He looked over his shoulder and saw Adam already face deep into his phone. Zac locked the door and pushed the key into the nearest drawer. Zac was giddy with excitement at the thought of finally having his way with Adam, and with him being drunk. The night would be going a lot quicker than he would have assumed. Zac turned around and gave his best “You’re watching Disney Channel,” smile.

“Ready to suit up?”

“Suit up? What are you talking about?” Adam asked, raising one of his overly bushy eyebrows. Zac walked over to his bed and lifted the two singlets into the air.

“Thought if we are going to practice lines. Why not go all the way and get into costume too?” Zac shrugged his shoulders in a nonchalant manner, hoping his indifference would win Adam over.

“Uh,” Adam said, his whole-body wavering slightly at the idea. Zac knew the idea was off since they never did that before. But then he had a much better way to win over Adam.

“Cause if we see that they fit tonight. That just means we can sleep in even later tomorrow!”

“Hell yeah!” Adam said, not even a moment later. He jumped off the couch and snapped his singlet from Zac’s hand.

“Here don’t forget your jock,” Zac said holding out the standard white cotton jockstrap to Adam.

“Thanks, man,” Adam said as he looked around the area. “Bathroom?”

“Bathroom?!” Zac laughed. “What afraid I’m gonna see your tiny pecker?” To push the matter Zac grabbed onto the edges of his shirt and lifted it over his head, revealing his hard-hairy abdominals to Adam. Zac gave a slightly seductive smirk and bounced his pectorals.

“I’m not afraid of shiiiiit!” Adam slurred. The alcohol giving him the courage that Adam very much appreciated. Adam haphazardly ripped his shirt over his head showing Zac his smooth soft body. His pale belly and heavy chest just made Zac fall even harder in lust for him. Zac was never a fan of muscles on his men. He preferred them to be a little on the chubbier side, enjoying the extra cushion when he’s pushin. “Dude stop looking! Fag!” Adam joked as he turned around and began to undo his pants. Zac felt his heart begin to race. Could he honestly be this lucky?

Zac watched as Adam undid his jeans and dropped both his pants and his underwear to the floor, unearthing the two large creamy scoops of ass that Zac had been in love since day one. They were both so smooth and round. Both of them sat perkily on his waist creating a large shelf while also hanging heavily to make them appear even larger due to the extra heft that had been added on in the last few months. Zac could feel himself begin to salivate the longer he stared at Adam’s cheeks, and his mouth

wasn't the only thing that was leaking. Zac had to begrudgingly turn away from Zac as he quickly undressed, dropping his trousers to trunks to the floor and immediately slid the singlet onto his thighs. The tight spandex was cutting into his muscles as he pulled the straps over his shoulders and over the rest of his body. He looked at himself quickly and saw how truly lewd the outfit looked; he now knew one of the many reasons this movie was rated R.

Not only could Zac feel the tight spandex stretch tightly across his groin, but he could also see a wet spot already begin to form at the tip of his cock. He hard monster slithered from the crotch of his singlet across his lap. He didn't know how he would hide such an erect cock, and he hoped that Adam would not notice.

Zac turned back to Adam and found that he was still undressed, but the view he was given was better than any before. Adam was bent over with both of his large cheeks pushed up into the air as he tried to step one of his thick thighs into the straps of the jockstrap. At this moment Zac had never felt luckier than he did this very moment. Seeing his cheeks pushed into the air, almost begging for Zac's attention. With a deep, calm breath Zac stepped towards his friend.

"Here buddy, let me help you," Zac said, keeping his voice as calm as physically possible.

"Sorry, bud. I'm a little . . . *hiccup* . . . drunk," Adam laughed.

"No problem man. I had a few earlier myself. Go ahead and step into this. And now this one." Zac instructed Adam. He stepped both of his feet into the straps and Zac gently pulled the jockstrap up his body. Zac let his fingers dance along the smooth skin of Adam's bulky lower body, before letting the straps cling to the underside of his cheeks. Zac moved his hands over both of Adam's cheeks, wanting nothing more than to push him over and shove his face in between his cheeks. He could practically taste his scent as it radiated from his crack. Zac bit down on his lower lip, not even sure he could control himself if he sat on his knees ass-level any longer.

"Enjoying the view down there muscles?" Adam asked as he pushed his ass against Zac's face. Zac felt his nose sink in between Adam's cheeks. Even though it was just for a brief moment he took the deepest breath he could, finally able to smell Adam's ass. But just as Adam pushed his ass against Zac's face, he pulled it away. "Sorry man! It was just too good to give up!" He laughed. Zac gave a nervous laugh as he looked at the large stain that now covered his entire penis. He was surprised that he didn't completely unload himself, but he was beyond happy to be able to continue to tease himself through the rest of the evening. "I think I can get the singlet on myself though."

“No problem,” Zac said as he pulled himself onto his feet as he watched Adam struggle to get the singlet onto his body. But after a few tries, Zac gave a quiet hurra as Adam was finally able to start working the singlet over his body.

“Fuck man! Did this thing shrink?” Adam whined as he pulled, tugged, and stretched the singlet over his beefy body, superficially his ass. Zac could see the blue spandex stretched almost to the point of being translucent over his cheeks. The longer that Zac stared the more he knew that Adam was the ass for him. “How do I look?” Zac said as he turned around showing the vastly too small singlet that was ready to rip over his bulky frame.

“Looking great man!” Zac said as he eyed his friend’s pouch, seeing that his cock had also grown to a slight chub. Interesting, Zac thought. “I thought we could begin with the wrestling scene, obviously. I thought maybe we could just improvise some tonight, so we are ready for tomorrow?”

Please say yes, Zac internally pleaded.

“Sure dude. But I gotta word you. I won’t go easy on you. This body is made for strength.” Adam joked as he slapped himself in the chest. “You ready?” He asked as he lowered himself into a squatting position.

“I was born ready.” Zac knew he would win. Not because he knew he was stronger, but because he had gotten a role as a high school wrestler a few years back. The show never made it past the pilot but having spent many hours training left him with some skills. Without saying go, Adam launched himself at Zac; a move which he was easily able to dodge. Zac swept himself low and made a ply for his legs. Zac went low and wrapped his arms around Adam’s lower body, grabbing ahold of both of his large cheeks and squeezed. Zac’s eyes rolled into the back of his head as he felt the soft squeeze of Adam’s fat ass in his hands. Zac unknowingly pressed his hands deeper into the between of his crack. His fingers pushed the seam of the singlet further into his ass, creating a perfect wedgie for Adam.

“Fuck man!” Adam grunted as he attempted to be free of Zac’s strong arms, but Zac couldn’t stop. He finally got a feel and wanted it badly. “Dude let go,” Adam said as he wiggled in between his arms but couldn’t break his hold.

“I’m sorry dude!” Zac said as he slammed Adam onto his chest, over Zac’s shoulder knocking the wind out of him. In Adam’s time of weakness, Zac moved around Adam’s body and stared at the luscious round cheeks that were pushed into the air. They were begging for Zac to free them and free them he did. Zac took to handfuls of the spandex and pulled his hands apart, splitting the seam in two, causing his ass to burst free.

“What are you doing back there Zac?” Adam asked, trying to bring himself onto his feet. “Did you just rip my singlet?” Adam looked over his shoulder. His face full of surprise and confusion as to what was happening.

“I can’t help it! I can’t stop myself.” Zac moved with all the quickness of a true wrestler. He swung his body around Adam’s body, looping both of his legs around Adam’s arms, pinning him in place to the ground. “I have to have a taste!”

“A taste? A taste of what? Stop playing around Zac and let me – OH!” Before Adam could finish his sentence, Zac plunged his face deep into the crevice between Adam’s cheeks. Zac could feel the warmth encompass his face as he pushed further until his nose was pressed against Adam’s hole. Adam struggled underneath Zac’s body as he took repeated hits of his Adam’s sweaty hole. Zac felt his own cock grow completely rigid within his singlet. He couldn’t help himself as he began to hump against Adam’s upper back. His oft shoulders and wide set body gave him the most erotic feelings as he humped his co-star.

“Fuck so good!” Zac moaned in between long sniffs of Adam’s hole. He wanted more. He needed more. Zac pushed his face back in between Adam’s ass cheeks and took one long, sensual lick of Adam’s crack. Zac could taste the days’ worth of sweat that had collected between his hefty cheeks. It tasted even better than the sweat he sucked from his underwear. To Zac’s surprise through his ongoing assault of Adam’s ass, he could hear his moans of terror turn more into moans of pleasure. His cries for freedom were broken by grunts of lust. Zac knew what it felt like to be eaten out and it was hard to fight against something that felt so good.

“Ready for more?” Zac asked, but before Adam was able to answer Zac spread Adam’s creamy cheeks apart and dove face first into Adam’s cheeks once more but this time with his tongue extended. Zac pierced Adam’s hole with his tongue, pushing it as far into his hole as physically possible. The taste was indescribable. With his tongue pushed into Adam’s hole and his hips bucking wildly against Adam’s squishy body. Zac felt his dick unload onto his torso on the inside of singlet. Zac humped through his orgasm, continually digging his tongue into Adam’s hole as he squirmed like a bitch underneath his body. Adam’s cheeks squeezed Zac’s head tightly as his hole opened, allowing him to go deeper.

“Fuck I’m gonna cum!” Adam moaned beneath Zac as his cock exploded underneath the two of them. Adam cumming was a happy surprise to Zac. He knew he could make Adam enjoy his advances, but not to the point of the boy cumming without touching. This opened up for many more ideas for Zac. Ideas that would allow him to get much more time with Adam’s perky cheeks.

The Morning After

Adam awoke the next morning with a splitting headache and a very raw butthole. The loud ringing of his phone awake him from the weirdest dream. The thought of him getting pounded by Zac was beyond laughable.

“That’s the last time I drink tequila,” He groaned as he blindly slapped at his phone, hoping that he would end its high-pitched scream of attention. “Fuuuuuck!” Adam moaned when he finally hit the button on the screen. Adam fell back into the small twin sized bed of his trailer and pulled back the blinds slightly. The bright sunlight shined through the small opening and blinded Adam for a brief moment. He blinked repeatedly until his vision returned.

Dozens of crew members ran across the lot, as they prepared for the shoot. Adam was able to make out a few people who he had seen over the last few weeks; cameramen, techs, one of the producers, and there was Zac with the -.

“Oh shit!” Adam shouted as he threw back the comforter of his bed. His morning wood slapped against his thigh as he ran towards his pile of clothes in the corner of his room. His boxers ran up his crack and deep into the crevice of his butt cheeks. Adam dug one of his thick fingers between his cheeks in an attempt to pull the underwear out, but as his fingers brushed his asshole, he let out a gasp of enjoyment.

“Fuck,” he grunted. The feeling was intense and foreign to him, but his body reacted as if it already knew what to do. He fell back into his fingers and felt them press against the spongy rim of his asshole. His finger sank, unknowing into his hole; much further than it should have by accident. Adam’s cock throbbed within his underwear, spewing out a thick glob of cum onto his upper thigh. Adam’s mind filled with memories of the night before, realizing what had happened was no dream. The fucking, the ass eating, the humiliation of being Zac’s plaything; it was all real.

“No!” Adam shouted as he pulled his thumb out of his asshole. Even though the boxers were a thin shield between his finger and his hole; it still sank deep enough for him to feel it. Adam would be lying if he had said that he hadn’t ever had a gay thought before about the occasional guy or had a fan or two below him. But never had he gone so far with a guy. Adam’s mind was reeling with everything that was going on, but he had a job to do. He couldn’t worry about his outside life. Adam looked at the clock and knew he didn’t have time to break down his sexuality at the moment.

Adam quickly dressed, making sure to not let his fingers drift anywhere near his hole. Even though something inside of his begged for that same overwhelming feeling as before. When he stepped from his trailer and began to walk onto set; his walk felt different, as if he walked bowlegged. He walked as if he was trying to not let his ass cheeks rub against one another, which was ridiculously hard for this bottom-heavy young man.

“About damn time!” The head of wardrobe shrieked as she ran towards Adam like a bullet ready to hit the bullseyes. “I had half a mind to go into that trailer and tare your behind out of bed!”

“Sorry Barb,” Adam muttered to the large costume mistress. “I overslept.” Barb took hold of Adam’s arm and pulled him over to the makeshift dressing area, which was a glorified tent, not unlike the ones that people would use to change bathing suits with at the beach.

“Don’t lie to me. I can smell the alcohol on your breath mister. If you are going to drink, then you better be prepared for an extra-long day of shooting. Zac was here on time. Why couldn’t you be more like him?” Adam looked over to Zac and watched as he adjusted himself within his own tight singlet. He watched as Zac squatted slightly and pulled the deep wedgie that had formed between his cheeks. Adam’s and Zac’s eyes met from across the small lot and Zac raised an eyebrow as if to ask, was Adam going to say anything?

“And you’re not even paying any fucking attention to me,” Barbara shouted before she flicked him in the head, bringing him back to reality. “If you would have woken up earlier then we could have done a proper fitting. But we are losing light, and we need you to get on set. So here, just wear the one we tried on when we first started shooting.” Barbara went over to one of her racks, which was full of clothes, and pulled off the only singlet that hung from the rack.

“Hope it still gets.” She said with a shrug of her shoulders. “It is a comedy, I guess.” Adam stared at the item of clothing that hung from the rack and recognized it as his outfit from the night before. But this seemed to be of perfect condition. Adam could have sworn he remembered the outfit being torn to bits in the back, but the seam appeared to be in perfect condition.

Adam stepped out the side and into the nearest room and hung the outfit on a hook. Halfway through his undressing, he heard the rustle behind him as the curtain opened.

“Oh someone is -,” Adam began to say but stopped when he saw who it was that came inside the room. “Zac!” Adam shrieked as he covered his naked lower body. Adam chuckled as he pulled the curtain shut.

“It’s not like I already didn’t see that, and more last night,” Zac said with a wink. Adam backed up to the side of the tent as Zac approached. Zac’s smirk grew into a wild grin as he reached out his hand

to his co-star. Adam shirked back as if afraid of Zac's touch which only further fanned the flames of Zac's desire. "What are you afraid?" Zac asked as he raised an eyebrow suggestively. "Something wrong?" His voice was smooth and seductive as if he were the Pied Piper attempting to lure Adam towards him.

Adam stood up straighter, as he attempted to assert some sort of dominance within the enclosed space with Zac. But Zac only closed the gap between the two until his pectorals pressed against Adams much softer chest.

"No, nothing's wrong," Adam coughed as the tension around them built. Zac's smile turned softer but kept the same mischievous glow along the dimples in his cheeks.

"Perfect. Here let me help you get dressed." Zac said as he grabbed the singlet from the hanger and tossed the hanger onto the ground.

"Oh I don't need any help," Adam said as he reached for the singlet. But before he could reach the singlet it was immediately pulled away from his fingers.

"Oh, I insist. Go ahead and finish undressing Adam." Zac said. It wasn't an offer. It was a command. Adam stood frozen in his footsteps unsure of what to do. Could he push past Zac and make his way out of the tent? Would Zac stop him if he tried to escape? Could what was going to happen if he was caught be any worse then what could happen right now? "Now!" Zac barked, startling Adam, and making him remove his shirt within seconds.

"Mmm. You are thick in all the right ways," Zac said as he dragged his hand along Adam's wide hips. "So very thick," He groaned as his finger took hold of the waistband of Adam's underwear. His finger swiveled around the edge of Adam's underwear until it reached his backside. Adam moaned when Zac took a deep firm grip of one of his cheeks to overtop his skintight boxers. "I don't usually like boxers on my men, but you fill out every inch of these."

Adam took another step forward, pressed his hand against Adam's other ass cheek, and gave another firm shake of Adam's opposing cheek. Adam groaned once more, enjoying the dominant feeling of Zac's manhandling of his ass. Adam's body fell into Zac's hungry hands. The fabric stretched even tighter as his cheeks parted slightly. His body craved the pleasure it was given the night before, even if Adam still felt uneasy.

"Oh no, we don't have time for such things," Zac said as he took hold of the elastic of Adam's underwear and pulled them to the floor. Adam's thick chub bounced free of its cottony prison and slapped Zac in the face. "Seems like someone isn't going to take a no for an answer though."

Zac gripped Adam's cock at the base and licked all the way to the tip, which had already produced a droplet of cum for Zac to savor. He twirled his tongue around the tip of Adam's dick, which

only made more precum drip from Adam's tip. Zac's hands took hold of Adam's cheeks once again as he engulfed Adam's cock. Though it was not as long as Zac's it was more than a mouthful for him. Adam squeezed the edges of the tent as Zac bobbed up and down on his cock. Zac squeezed both of Adam's cheeks as he thrust his cock into Zac's mouth. Zac moved his tongue up and down his cock expertly as his hands moved deeper into his crack.

"Please," Adam begged as he pushed out his asshole, obviously wanted the feeling of Zac probing his hole once again and it was a need that Zac was more than eager to oblige. Zac dove in between Adam's sweaty ass cheeks and pushed both of his thumbs against his opened hole. His knuckles rubbed against the outer ring of his asshole, causing him to wiggle his asshole around in place. Adam wanted, no needed more. Adam pulled his hands from the siding of the tent and grabbed onto his cheeks and pulled them apart for Zac, becoming even hungrier for Zac's fingers. He arched his back and opened his hole all while he pushed his cock and balls into Zac's face.

Zac's fingers pushed in and around his hole while he pulled Adam's cock deep into the backside of his throat. The tightness of Zac's throat and the thickness of his fingers was too great. The pleasure was unyielding, and Adam could not hold it in anymore. He let out a loud high-pitched moan of enjoyment as he balls pulled up against Zac's chin. His cheeks inflated as they filled with Adam's load. Zac swallowed not one, but two full mouthfuls of Adam's cum. Adam's chubby cock fell from Zac's lips. A string of cum stretched from Adam's cock and to Zac's perfect lips. The line only seemed to break when Zac pushed his lips against Adam's

Adam's mouth opened, accepting Zac's tongue and with it a hefty amount of his own cum. The two men's tongues mixed around with one another, pushing the cum from one mouth to the other. Adam could feel Zac's cock push against his thigh, begging for attention.

"Adam are you done yet? We need to get this shit shot!" A deep voice shouted from the other side of the curtain. "Jesus Christ where's Efron?! Am I the only one trying to work today? Because if I am, then I might as well go home today!"

"Time for you to get dressed sexy," Zac said as he smacked Adam's ass. "But like I originally said. I want to help." Zac picked up the discarded singlet and opened the bottom half open. "Come on. Left foot. Then right foot." Zac instructed to his costar as he pulled the singlet up his fat thighs and up the rest of his body. Zac snapped both of the straps into place over Adams fatty shoulders. "Now turn around. I need to inspect the goods." Adam did so obediently.

"Fuck you are just too thick." Zac groaned as he manhandled his beefy buns. Zac lifted both cheeks and let them fall. Zac took hold of the singlet and pulled, wedging the fabric deep into his cheeks.

“There, much better,” Zac said as he stood from the ground. “Now don’t bend too much. You don’t want this to rip,” Zac said with a wink. The tone of his suggested that Zac knew something that Adam did not, but the time crunch they were under made him push the thought to the back of his head.

Zac was first to exit the tent, quickly followed behind by Adam. The director was overjoyed and mildly aggressive at the start time of their Filipino for the day. Aubrey and Anna were sitting in sun chairs with drinks in their hands as if they had been waiting for many hours for them to arrive.

“Now guys this is the scene where you two prepare for the bocce ball game with the girls. You are driven. You are winners. And you are brothers. So keep that in mind,” the director said before he took his seat behind the camera. “Quiet on the set. And ACTION!” The director shouted.

It was a simple scene for Zac and Adam. Like most of the movie, it was them horsing around with one another, some witty banter, and then some sort of slapstick comedy. It was easy and fun most of the time, and then the days when they did the serious scenes were a much harder toll on everyone. But today would be fun. Zac and Adam began the scene with witty banter and positioned themselves ready for the scene to begin. But as Adam bent slightly over ready to serve the ball, did he feel the backside of his singlet tighten.

“Bro, you gotta get lower if we are gonna win,” Zac said as he placed his hand on Adam’s back and pushed him down into a deeper squat and that was when it happens. The loud sound of the seams popping filled the air and was quickly followed by the snickers and laughter of those surrounding the actors. Moments like this were what movies were made of; Adam wanted nothing more than for the director to call cut. But he knew that he needed to keep going unless told otherwise. No matter how embarrassing the situation.

“Dude I think I ripped my pants,” Adam leaned into Zac, whispering the words just loud enough to be caught by the nearest boom mic. Zac’s eyes had an unnatural focus for a split second as his true persona filtered through the perfect, boy next door, façade he had created on the years. Adam felt Zac’s hands slither down his back, unknown to the many stagehands, camera operators, and director. Adam could feel Zac’s fingers move in between his cheeks and press firmly into his asshole. “Ugh,” Adam groaned, closing his eyes as he leaned into the pleasurable feeling once again.

Zac leaned into Adam, covered his mouth with his hand, and whispered into Adam’s ear.

“Bet you love me touching your hole with all these people around us. I bet you can’t wait for everyone to know what a bottom slut you are.” Adam bit his lip, unable to speak. He knew that if he were to open his mouth only moans of pleasure and gluttony would erupt from his lips. Zac leaned away from his Adam and said, much louder, “Turn around. Let’s see the damage.” Adam’s cheeks grew red

with embarrassment as he turned around. His creamy white cheeks were on view for the entire crew. Zac looked towards the cameraman and saw the way the camera zoomed in on his exposed ass. Adam sheepishly looked over his shoulder and saw the snickering faces of the crew members as they all held in their laughter. Adam looked down at his butt and saw that the seam that ran between his cheeks, was split almost so perfectly that it was as if it were planned. Adam's eyes grew wide and looked to Zac. He didn't even need to speak. Zac just nodded as if he were reading his mind.

"Dude you must be putting on some weight. I hate to say it, but you got a fat ass," Zac said as he got onto his knees in front of Adam, wrapped his arms around his body, and grabbed onto the split sides of the singlet, and jiggled them aggressively. Adam's hands held onto Zac's thick shoulders as his ass bounced up and down for the enjoyment of the cast and crew. It was becoming too much for him. Adam's cock had already begun to grow chubby from the public humiliation, and his handsy costar. He looked out into the crowd and saw many people snapping pictures and whispering amongst themselves. His eyes glanced over to the director and saw him moving his hand in a motion, which meant to continue the scene, but nothing came to Adam's mind besides his unyielding need for Zac to his fingers deep into his asshole.

"CUT!" The director shouted. He pulled himself from the chair with a heavy grunt, but before he could come to talk to the actors, he was pulled to the side by one of the many production assistants that ran around the set. The director let out a moan of anger which flashed across his face before it was quickly rearranged into a smile. "Guys. We are going to need to pick up tomorrow. The girls are tired of sitting around all day," he said shortly to them. As he walked away both Adam and Zac could hear muttering of them being late, and if they were on time this wouldn't have been an issue for any of them.

"Looks like we got the rest of the day to ourselves. Maybe we can go someplace a little more...private?" Zac asked as he pulled himself up and pressed his body against Adam. His knees grew weak, his body grew warm, his groin grew wet. He could have just fallen into Zac and let him take him to some dark corner and have his way with him. But his brain for once held sway over his cock and urged him away from the man.

"No I need to...uh...go somewhere else," Adam said as he pushed away from Zac and ran across the set. He could feel his ample butt cheeks bounce and sway past one another as he ran towards his trailer.

"No problem Adam! I will make sure to drop by later!" Zac shouted. His promise sounded more like a threat to Adam but either way it excited him in an unexplainable way. What was happening to

him? Was he gay now? Could he possibly be falling for his costar? Or was some part of him opening up that he did not know existed before?

Time Alone

As Adam entered his room, he felt the weight of his actions fall onto his shoulders. A lot had transpired in the last twenty-four hours, and every minute of it made Adam question his identity. There was nothing that he wanted more in the world than just for his mind to be silenced. So he peeled off the ruined singlet, slid underneath his comforter, and fell asleep.

Many hours later he awoke to the sweet silence of an empty set. The sun had long been set, and the many hours of rest had quieted his racing mind. Adam pawed the table for his phone and saw many unread notifications flashed across his screen, each one begged for his attention; many of the notifications were news articles forwarded to him by friends and family. His stomach filled with butterflies as he read the title of the first notification.

“Adam’s Ass has Arrived,” he read to himself. He opened the article and continued to read. “Funny man, Adam Devine looks to have put on a few pounds. Current star of Workaholics was seen sporting a rather ill-fitting singlet next to teen heartthrob Zac Efron. Reports say that during filming Devine’s cheeks ripped through his singlet and ruined the shot. Now seeing those thick marshmallows he has been hiding, I would say it didn’t ruin anything. Looks like Mr. Devine is becoming thicker as the time goes on and I am loving it. Hoping to see more shots of your ass in the future.”

Beneath the article, were almost a dozen pictures of Adam’s exposed ass from every direction imaginable. Images of his ass spread wide as it recently burst through the singlet. Adam could see the mix of humiliation and pleasure on his face in every image. Even one image captured Zac with his hand behind his body. He knew what was happening but every person who would see, would only see one friend as he helped out another.

Adam flipped to the next article, and the next, and the next; each wrote about his voluptuous form. He couldn’t help but get aroused as he read how the reporters taunted him through their writings about his massive cheeks, the humiliating scenario, and how they wanted more. Adam’s cock pressed against the blanket as one of his hands moved past his cock and towards his sweat slicked hole.

He sighed in pleasure as his first thick finger circled the outside of his hole. Feeling the puffy outsides. His cock laid hard and untouched between his stretched legs, gushing forth more precum.

“Getting so big,” Adam groaned as he pushed his phone away and leaned back into his pillow. His now free hand took hold of one of his cheeks and squeezed tightly. “So fucking thick.” He said to

himself as he had more fingers, finally pushing one inside of his body. His finger dug deep into his hole until his knuckle brushed against his prostate, sending shivers down his spine and more precum to gush from his tip. The words of the many articles filled Adam's mind.

"Fucking thick. Fat ass. Bottom heavy. Fuck!" Adam squirmed as he sunk another two fingers into his hole. He imagined Zac in between his legs, pushing his tongue into his hole as he slapped his ass. He imagine Zac pushing his own muscular hands against his hole, spreading it wider. And for the first time, as he pushed nearly his entire hand into his hole, he wanted to feel Zac's cock inside of him.

"Fuck me Zac. Please fuck my fat ass. Fuck my hole. Fuck me like the bitch that I am. God! Fuck! I need it!" Adam screamed.

"Well since you asked so nicely," a voice responded from the doorway of his trailer. Lost in his own pleasure Adam had not heard the door open, nor did he hear Zac enter his room. He could only imagine what Zac thought at the sight of him finger fucking his own asshole. He didn't know how much Zac had heard, nor did he care. Adam pulled himself from his bed and bent over the edge. He grasped each of his beefy cheeks, spreading them wide for Zac to see. Adam felt his asshole gale open and close, hungry for the taste of its first cock.

"Fuck me. Please fuck me now!" Adam begged as he arched his back more and pushed out his ass like the bottom whore that he had become. As Zac stared at the luscious cheeks that enticingly called to him, he could feel his spent cock already begin to grow hard once again. Eager to be plunged into that virgin hole and fuck him until he shot a load deep within his hole.

"Well you don't have to ask me twice," Zac said as he locked the trailer door behind him and walked towards Adam's exposed body. He kicked his shoes to the side with each step, dropped his pants and underwear with one swift movement, and threw his shirt towards the head of the trailer. Zac fell to his knees and stared at Adam's ass as if it were the most delicious meal that he had ever seen. His mouth salivated as his stored into the winking asshole of his co-star. His vanilla white skin and his pink hole looked so innocent and virginal, and Zac could not wait till it was a perfect pussy craft by him. Zac took both cheeks in his hands and pulled them further apart, which spread his hole open that much more.

"Please! Zac! Just fuck me!" Adam moaned as he wiggled his ass from side to side. He flexed his hole and let it sit open before he clamped it shut once more. Adam's hole was hungry, and so was Zac. He dove face first into Adam's sweaty trench. His tongue darted into Adam's hole, it rubbed against the softening sides of his hole, it rubbed against Adam's enlarged prostate, it spread opened Adam's tight hole as it readied him for Zac's cock. Zac was intoxicated by the smell of Adam's ass. He rubbed his face

up and down his crack, enveloping his face in the mucky scent all while he rubbed and massaged his cock. Zac already had a thick coat of precum that covered his rigid member, and with every movement of his hand, he covered it in yet another layer.

“FUUUUUCK!” Adam groaned as he buried himself in his pillow, muffling his deep moans of pleasure. Even though his ass had been eaten multiple times in the last 24 hours, every time felt more intense than the last. It were as if new pleasure centers were exposed and explored by Zac each time he was touched. “Please, I can’t take it anymore! I need it! Just fuck me!” Adam begged as he clenched his hole tightly around Zac’s face. He took both of his large cheeks in his hand and pulled them as far as they could stretch, while Zac stood to his feet.

“This what you want?” Zac asked as he slapped his cock against Adam’s crack. Each slap threw precum onto Adam’s lower backside. Adam let out a grunt of enjoyment as he felt each slap of Zac’s cock against his hole. The quick pressure he felt was just a tease of what was to come.

“Ughh,” Adam moaned as he pushed his cheeks together, hot dogging Zac’s cock between his massive buns. Zac leaned his toned, muscular body, onto his thick friends and rubbed his cock along his cock. His cock continued to spew precum and covered the pathway, making it an easier slide every time he passed through the cheeks.

“God, if this is any indication of what’s to come then it’s going to be explosive,” Zac said as she whispered into Adam’s ear before he bit softly onto the bottom’s ear. Zac continued to rub his cock up and down Adam’s cheeks all the while Adam clenched his fatty cheeks tightly together. Zac fished one of his free hands around Adam’s thick waist and took his stout, cum covered cock in hand and slowly teased the head. His calloused hands rubbed around the shaft before he would move to the head. Adam’s body shook with unending pleasure as both were combined. “You ready for the main course?”

“Am I ever!” Adam said mindless, lost in the pleasure of his sexual experience with Zac.

Zac peeled his sweaty body from Adam’s back and stood behind him. He grabbed one cheek and pulled it against, revealing his pink virginal hole once more.

“Fuck,” Zac thought to himself. He couldn’t believe this had all happened so quickly. He positioned his cock at the entrance to Adam’s asshole. His dark, tan cock was a drastic contrast to the creamy buttock that sat before him. Zac was about to tell Adam to breathe in and expect some discomfort, but Adam’s movements were quicker than Zac’s tongue. Adam pushed his ass back onto Zac’s aching cock and swallowed its head and first two inches.

“FUCK!” Adam screamed. Zac felt a small twinge of worry. Did he just hurt himself? Was his cock too big for Adam to take? Should he have done more foreplay? Zac grabbed a handful of Adam’s ass and

prepared himself to pull out slightly to give Adam reprieve, but Adam only sank himself further onto Zac's cock. "YES!" Adam cried as his hole opened up and swallowed every inch of Zac's cock. Zac was surprised by the eagerness of his formerly "straight" costar as well as he ate his entire cock. And when Zac's cock was fully submerged within his hole, Adam's gently pulled away before he slammed his large cheeks onto Zac's toned groin.

"Shit! You are excited!" Zac said as he met Adam's next thrust with a quickly had jab.

"Stop talk Efron and fuck me!" Adam ordered, and that was all Zac needed to let loose. He took Adam by the hips and stabbed aggressively into Adam's hole, spreading his cheeks over his hips, until his balls slapped against Adam's taint. "Hell yeah! That's what I'm talking about. Fuck me like the bitch you want me to be!" Adam begged. Zac drilled his cock repeatedly into Adam's hole and slapped his ass in between jabs. The two men groaned and moaned as their pleasures mounted on top of one another. Adam moaned and begged for a harder fuck while Zac teased Adam about his mountainous ass cheeks and his freshly fucked pussy. Zac promised to fuck Adam between every take and to make sure that everyone on set saw his gorgeous checks every day. That his ass would be the biggest one in show biz and everyone would see and want it. Adam pleaded for it all to happen. Adam wanted nothing more than to feel Zac's cock buried inside his hole every day. And when the moment came that Adam shot his load, he deposited deep into Adam's body; much to his pleasure.

Adam's own cock unloaded onto his blanket from the sheer force of Zac's own load being deposited into his hole. Adam's body responded quickly and the muscles within his fuck hole milked every drop they could from Adam's balls. Zac let out a few deep coos of enjoyment as the oversensitivity of his cock was teased by Adam.

"Fuck that was great," Adam said as he collapsed onto his bed. His mind was reeling from the pleasure of the first of his many fucks.

"Agreed," Zac said as he gave a rough slap to Adam's cheek. "So glad I got that on camera."

"What?" Adam said, immediately invigorated by Zac's words. He looked to Zac's face and he nodded towards his phone, which was positioned just at the right angle so that it was able to record Adam's face and his ass while being fucked but nothing more than Zac's cock was visible in the image.

"Well, it wasn't so much a video, as a live stream online. You would be surprised by the number of people who were interested in seeing you get railed." Zac picked up his camera and turned off the live stream and showed the number of viewers who tuned into Adam's deflowering. "140,000 people to be specific. Oh, look it's your agent calling. I hope you got a good story for her," Zac tossed Adam's phone to the perplexed actor. He face said everything he wasn't able to communicate, what had he just done?

8 months later

“Come on Adam push that ass out more! There we go! Show us that big, luscious ass that all your fans love! Good now spread those cheeks. Spread them wide! We wanna see that gaping hole of yours.” The photographer shouted as he moved around the small classroom set as Adam was sprawled across a desk, with his ass framed by a single jockstrap. His upper body covered by a partially unbuttoned dress shirt and bow tie. Adam looked over his shoulder in surprise as the photographer groaned in excitement.

“There we go! That’s the freshly fuck me face that we love to see!” The photographer adjusted his more than obvious boner and gave further directions to Adam; lay on the teacher’s desk with his ass in the air, bend over with an apple on his buttocks, snap his jockstrap, pick up what roller and spank himself with it. “God you are one hot piece of ass Adam. If I was twenty years younger, I would go at you with everything I got,” the photographer teased. “Now if you could just take both cheeks in hand and arch you back. Oh, perfect! See you’re a natural at this young man. A fucking natural! That ass was made to be seen!”

These were what Adam’s days were like since the night of his live fucking. His agent was first pissed with that he had done, ROYALLY PISSED! She yelled at him for what seemed like hours about he had screwed not over his career but also hers as his agent. Who would want an over sexed up fuck boy like Adam now?! Well, from the flooding of emails that both of them received the following morning, it didn’t seem like it would be an issue for Adam to get work.

Hundreds of emails offering Adam work from high-end porn productions and websites. Everyone wanted a piece of the funny boy, and a want to own a piece of that ass. Adam wasn’t sure how he felt about going from major motion pictures and television and directly into a life of gay porn. But as his agent put it, “It was this or nothing.” She told him many stars dabble in porn for a few years and work their way back into Hollywood. And right now, with the live video fresh in everyone’s minds, it was the only offers he was going to get for a while, especially since every studio retracted any interest in having him be a part of any film or show.

So Adam Devine dove face first into the world of pornography, or better yet ass first. Zac stepped in and pushed Adam’s original agent out and took over the role of his agent. Zac agreed to every offer that came across his Adam’s line. When before he use to spend his time working on films and lounging around in expensive movie lots and sets. Now he was face down in a poorly decorated

classroom with his ass being eaten out by a man, whose face name Adam did not even know. He would be fucked mercilessly multiple times a day but a gaggle of men, every one of them more beautiful than the last. Each one of them worshiped Adam's body as if he were some sort of Hercules or god. Their faces would spend countless hours within his ass, which had become Adam's favorite pastime. Even when he was not at work, he would be on the prowl for men to eat him out while he sat on their face and played video games. Everyone wanted to get a taste of his fat ass, and he was more than happy to offer it up to any of his fans that were nearby and willing to get their picture taken with their face buried beneath his chubby cheeks.

Seeing the literal Herculean men that were now his new costars had made Adam slightly uncomfortable in his body if he was honest with his agent. He had offered his new powers that be, that he would be more than happy to tone up and gain more muscles. But nobody wanted him to lose an ounce of fat from that ass. In fact, they encouraged his gluttonous ways which continued to show in the juicy peach that never seemed to stop growing. The studio's loved it, but Adam was having an increasingly harder time finding pants that fit him properly. Not that it mattered, most of his days were spent with his cock encased in a tiny pouch with his ass on display.

Luckily for him it wasn't just the mind-blowing sex that he was given on the daily but also the money was life altering. For the amount of work he had to do four days a week and the checks that he was cashing the choice was pretty easy. Although sometimes Adam thought he had made the wrong choice in letting Zac into his room that night to fuck him, but whenever the random top of the day came in and plunged their massive cock into his pussy. Every worry that he had about his life decisions melted away.

"Okay Adam, now time to start filming. You are a naughty schoolboy who needs to be punished by his teacher. You know the teacher is already in love with ass. So go sit and that seat and walk up to him and act surprised that you forgot your pants. You got that?" Adam nodded and took a seat in front of the teacher's desk. He watched as the teacher walked in; a six foot plus, muscular, bald black man, whose cock had already grown hard and slithered down one of his pants legs.

Zac floated in behind the photographer with a bear claw in hand and a stack of papers in the other. Adam's attention immediately went to his scantily dressed agent. Zac gave Adam a thumbs up and tore into his donut. Adam's heart fluttered and his dick throbbed. When Adam's day was over, he would always be given a bonus fuck from his first lay. Zac would come to every shoot that he was able to come too, which made Adam's feelings for his co-star turned agent. Adam watched from his seat as Zac grabbed his cock lewdly and winked.

“Fuck he’s huge,” Adam groaned as he wiggled in his desk chair, wishing that it was Zac’s cock that was about to be pushed into his pussy and not the random man. But Adam’s hole did not care. It was already primed and ready for a fucking, and Adam was excited.

“Three. Two. One. ACTION!”

Adam's Part Time Gig

"So do you have anything for me – that's not, like porn?" Adam asked as he sat in his agent's, Zac Efron, office. He sat there in his typical Tuesday outfit, short booty shorts, a loose-fitting crop top, and thigh high socks with a pair of big, tongued sneakers. He hunched over slightly, trying to stay level with Zac's shorter stature but his ass lifted him up much higher than a normal person.

"What do you mean besides porn?" Zac laughed as he propped his feet up on his desk, showing off his expensive Gucci shoes and crisp Gucci suit. "What don't like getting that big bubble butt drilled anymore?" He jiggled his prominent mound that slid down one of his legs in his skintight pants and saw Adam basically begin to salivate at the sight or his forward movement.

"No – no, it's not that. It's just that...," Adam began to trail off as he wiggled in his seat as he felt the emptiness in his hole that only Zac's cock seemed to fill. He had been fucked by maybe a hundred different cocks in the last year, but none satisfied him as much as Zac's did; the thickness, the length, the aggressiveness that came with every one of fucks. It was the only way to truly satisfy him and make Adam truly reach an orgasm that made his toes curl, and his eyes roll in the back of his head.

"So you want to get fucked right now? Is that what you are telling me?" Zac asked as he slid his feet off his desk and began to undo this tie.

"What? No! What do you mean?" Adam stammered; his cheeks the ones on his face and juicy ones that were held tightly in place by his exceedingly form fitted shorts.

"Are you sure? Seems like you are getting excited from that wet spot," Zac nodded down towards the obvious stain that had grown unknown to him in the front of his lap. The sheer underwear offered little protection from such accidents and offered no protection when it came to his ass. But as Zac said, easy access was the best kind of access. Adam bit his lip as he watched Zac continue to undress, his body only seemed to get hotter with age; his hairy torso that stretched from his cock all the way up to his face; his tight toned body that looked like it was crafted from stone, and his chiseled jawline that made Adam's hole and heart flutter.

"Fuck I need it!" Adam cried as he flung himself from his seat and turned around, bending over with his ass pushed out towards Zac. He fumbled frantically with the zipper that lined the back of his shorts, until he fully released his cheeks. His full ass let out a visible sigh of relief as it expanded to its full form. Zac whistled at the sight. He too was enraptured by Adam's body, his wide hips, his thick beefy

build, and his overly plump backside. Zac fell to his knees and kissed the crest of both of the cheeks, changing between firm bits and soft ones. He ran his tongue around Adam's pale buttocks, teasing him every time his grazed over his crack. Would he dive in this time, or would Zac prolong Adam's pleasure with just a continuous teasing?

"Stop teasing and get in there!" Adam begged as he bent over further at his waist which spread his obnoxiously large cheeks wider and revealed his hairless hole. "I know you need it just as bad as I do?" Adam said flexing his hole open and closed, which Zac growled hungrily in response.

"I do!" Zac said nearly ravenous as he dove his face in between Adams's cheeks; his tongue was extended, his hands grabbed to fist fulls of Adam's ass, and he mouth immediately attached to Adam's hole. The two moaned at the connected as Zac's tongue buried itself into Adam's well-fucked hole. It massaged his insides as Adam squirmed in enjoyment; his cock was long forgotten in the front of his underwear, leaking away as usual. Adam had come to find out that with enough stimulation he could cum without even touching his cock, and he had come to enjoy it more that way. The sex was longer, and the orgasm was that much more intense especially when it was with Zac.

Zac's hands massaged that large round cheeks of his friend, digging his thumbs deep into the tissue while his tongue dug deeper in order to loosen him for his own cock. Zac broken the seal of his mouth around Adam's hole and leaned over Adam's body and pressed his lips to the moaning mouth of his bottom. Adam's tongue ran over Zac's lips and mouth, enjoying the taste of his own hole as the two kissed. Zac finished undress himself while the two kissed and dropped his boxers and trousers to the floor and placed his cockhead against Adam's hole. Then, without any hesitation, he plunged his cock fully into Adam's hole all the way to the base.

"OH FUCK ZAC! SO FUCKING THICK!" Adam cried without worry of anyone with Zac's office of hearing him. The two had fucked so many times within the office, that if people didn't expect the two to fuck whenever they had a meeting then they were plain ignorant.

"Yeah, you like it rough, don't you?" Zac said as he gave multiple stabs of his cock into Adam's hole.

"Yes!" Adam cried as he flexed his cheeks and hole around Zac's cock. His head rolled around his shoulders, finally feeling what he had been missing these last few days.

"Yes what?" Zac shouted back with a hearty smack against Adam's cheeks.

"Yes sir!" Adam cried.

"That's right bitch!" Zac brought his lips towards Adam's ear and bit his earlobe but not before a deep growl rumbled from deep within his throat and he said, "And don't forget it." Adam melted in Zac's

embrace as he fucked him on the chair, his desk, and on the couch. By the end of the fucking Adam and Zac both were naked, covered in sweat and cum. Adam had lost count how many times Zac had buried a load deep in his hole as well as how many loads he shot onto himself and the floor. And when Zac's cock had deflated for the final time and his balls were completely empty did Zac offer him an answer to Adam's original question.

"I did have something that came across my desk, with a few big names that I thought would actually interest you." Zac walked back to his desk and withdrew a folder and flung it over to the exhausted Adam as he laid on the couch nude. Adam pawed at the folder and gawked at the names that sat at the header; Chris Hemsworth, Henry Cavil, Tom Welling, and so many other celebrities.

"Am I gonna be in a superhero movie?" Adam said, barely able to contain his excitement.

"Well they want to meet you tonight. You current – resume, didn't scare them off. So I set up a meet and greet tonight. Just some of the guys and you. See if there is any real chemistry that they can play with on set. It's still is pre-production so if you get in now, who knows. Maybe you won't have to stay in porn the rest of your life?" Zac said with a shrug of his shoulders. Adam practically hummed with excitement at the thought of future.

"What time?" Adam said, as he already began to redress himself.

"I will have a company car at your place at 8pm sharp to pick you up," Zac said as he sat behind his desk once more still naked.

"Shit! I gotta see what still fits!" Adam said as he practically ran out the door without another word and with only one shoe on. He was excited but Zac was excited for a whole other set of reasons.

"Bubble Butt Boy gets taken by the Dicks of Doom? HmMMMM, title needs more work," Zac laughed as he typed away at his phone letting the men know that everything went exactly to plan, and that Adam would be there tonight by 9pm. "This is going to be the best movie yet!" He said as his cock already began to inflate from sheer excitement.

* * *

Adam arrived at the doorstep situated in the front of a mansion in one of Calabasas' most exclusive living communities. Adam didn't have to get through just one gate to make it to the back side of the neighborhood, but three! And the further he got the ruder the guards became. It wasn't until the last guard post when he was asked to exit the vehicle for a VERY thorough pat down. Adam wondered if the guy recognized who he was by the way his large hands manhandled Adam against the side of SUV.

The guard aggressively shoved Adam against the plexiglass as he patted down his upper body and then proceeded to go from his feet up.

“Hiding something in here?” The guard whispered into Adam’s ear as he squeezed and played with Adam’s buttocks. He could smell the whiskey on the older man’s breath as he played with Adam like he was a rag doll. Adam imagined the older daddy-type guard throw him onto the hood of the SUV and then fuck him as the celebrities would drive by into their home. But it was the driver’s words that broke the two from their lust driven stupor and back into reality. As the car drove through the final gate Adam watched as the guard sat back inside his post and withdrew his cock. It was thick and short, much thicker than Zac’s cock and it would have been a challenge for Adam to take such a dick. Before he was partially happy that the driver had said something but seeing that magnificent cock as they drove to his meeting; he regretted it.

So there Adam stood on the stoop of one of, if not the most expensive, houses he had ever laid eyes upon. Adam had brought his hand to the knocker several times but pulled it away before the action was finished. He was nervous. He felt like he didn’t belong in this world anymore. He took hole pics, not head shots. He was a bottom bitch not a leading man, or at the very least a sidekick. Adam felt his nerves begin to bubble over but as he turned around the door into the house opened up.

“Are you going to just stand there or are you actually going to come in?” A man with a thick British accent asked. Without even looking Adam recognized that voice and the man with who it belonged.

“Oh Mr. Cavill!” Adam said as he turned around and came face to face with one of his idols. But his words were lost as he stared at the muscular man as he stood in his doorway in nothing but a thin black tank top and a pair of short spandex shorts. The clothing was all soaked through and clung to his overly muscular build and showed the dark forest of hair that covered his entire body. Adam’s mouth went dry as he stared wide eyed at this man who was for all intense and purpose, Superman. Adam’s eyes could not move fast enough to take in the full vision that was Henry Cavill; his large pectorals, the ample mounds that that were his biceps and shoulders, even his sheer size was unmatched by any of Adam’s friends.

“Please. Call me Henry.” He smiled, showing two large rows of perfect white teeth. It was a smile that made Adam’s knees weak and his underwear wet. Adam stumbled forward with his hand outstretched and his head bowed, like some sort of maddened fan.

“MR. CAVILL – I mean Henry, I’m so glad to have finally met you! I’m such a big fan. Thank you so much for this honor and the opportunity -.”

“OH woah, clam it down. If your gonna kiss my ass that much you better buy me dinner first,” Henry joked as he turned around and shook his ass from side to side. While the front half made Adam’s

mouth dry the back made him drool. Henry's looked to have smuggled two large hams in the back of his shorts, and they looked ready to burst free at a moment's notice. They looked so firm and inviting. Like two slices of cake that Adam couldn't help but want to take a bite. His cock, it if wasn't already at full mast, had grown to its full erection which he attempted to hide by his hands, which he held in front of his lap. Henry looked over his rounded shoulders and grinned.

"Are you going to come in or just stand outside the entire time?" Henry asked as Adam blushed deeply.

"Inside," He gulped as he Henry turned back around and waved him into his expansive foyer. The ceilings were high, the art looked expensive, and the floors were so shiny Adam could practically see his reflection in the polished tile. "You're house is beautiful," Adam said as he was in awe of Henry's living situation. Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"Get a few blockbusters and some awards and you can be living like this too," Henry said confidently. The only award Adam could imagine getting would be best bottom of 2019 or most likely to take several cocks in one film.

"That's why I'm here!" Adam said hopefully as Henry walked to him a large wooden door that was located near the center of the house. The wood was ornate and deeply carved and looked like it was crafted from the same piece of wood. The door was more expensive than the bungalow where Adam currently lived. "Where's that lead too?" Adam asked.

"The man cave," Henry joked, and Adam laughed. "But seriously its where the guys and I hang out and watch the game, and where I keep all my movie memorabilia. Not that a. Giant Superman statue would go great with the overall theme of the house, I prefer to keep my super life separate from my normal life. Secret identity and all." Henry winked, furthering his joke. Adam nodded. Though it would be a little distasteful, Adam knew he wouldn't mind walking into this house and see a rippled man in spandex. But to each there own, he thought. Henry grasped onto a large wooden creation that sat in the middle of the door and turned. The door opened. "Fancy. Am I Right?"

"Super fancy," Adam commented as he gazed down the stairwell into a brightly lit room. He heart eased somewhat; he was glad to know that it wasn't some sort of Saw torture room.

"It's not a sex dungeon. Scouts honor." Henry held up his three fingers in the known scouts honor position before he descended the staircase.

"If only," Adam muttered under his breath as he followed him.

"Mr. Devine has landed!" Henry joked as they both reached the bottom cellar. The room was exactly as Henry had described, but it was more of a nerds oasis and less of a man gaze. Dozens of

articles and comics hung from the walls with Henry's depiction of Superman, the corner was occupied by a large mannequin that held his first superhero costume, while the rest of the area was covered in fan art and other Superman themed treasures. And the room didn't just hold these relics but also two particularly important pieces of the current superhero family.

"Tom. Stephen. I would like you both of you to meet Adam. Adam, here are the guys," Henry said as he collapsed on a large leather couch that was already occupied by the two other actors. Tom Wellings the original CW superhero and current reigning supreme of the superhero television genre, Stephen Amell. Both looked similar to Henry's; thin spandex shorts, a black tank-top, and a hefty bulge emphasized more by their spread legs. Tom and Stephen stood from their sitting position and greet Adam with a shake of their hands.

"Hey, how's it going?"

"Nice to meet you."

"Such a big fan of both of you! I used to watch you every week Tom, and Stephen I still watch your show every week!" Adam geeked out like a true fan, while the two more mature men just smiled.

"Glad to hear that people still remember me," Tom said as he patted Adam on his shoulder. His hand was so large compared to Adam's shoulder. Adam could only imagine what else was supersized on the original Superman.

"Thank you all for this opportunity. I'm really excited for the opportunity to join the universe that you all have created. I -."

"Woah buddy. No shop talk until after we play some poker," Henry nodded his head over to the table that was already set up in the corner. Cards, drinks, the traditional felt green topper, but around the table there was only three chairs.

"Are one of you not playing?" Adam said, not realizing the obvious. The three men merged together and looked at Adam.

"We have their current game going that's been going for a few weeks now. So we were gonna play and you could help if you don't mind," Henry said.

"Whatever you need!" Adam said truthfully, he was simply happy to be here with such an opportunity at his fingertips. He was honestly, willing to do almost anything to get his career back on track.

"We're very glad to hear that." Henry walked away briefly and returned with a large black box with a shiny white ribbon on top. The box was oversized and nondescript. Henry handed it to Adam.

“What is this?” Adam asked as he shook the box slightly. Nothing rattled and nothing ticked, so it wasn’t a bomb.

“Why don’t you open it, and try it on,” Stephen suggested. He bit his lower lip in obvious anticipation of Adam’s gift. Adam wondered, what exactly did Zac sign him up to do with these men? He had a few ideas, but they were too wild to be even considered.

Adam sat down on the coffee table and placed the box on his lap. He pulled the white ribbon which unraveled immediately onto his thighs. He ran his hands over the lip of the box before he opened it. He felt like Pandora and her box of sorrows. Could he just leave now and leave this box unopened? Would they even let him leave if he tried? Could he even get out if he wanted? Adam looked up at the overly eager faces of the men and felt like he was the bottom in a bukkake scene. A role that he had played several times. He looked to their crotches and saw their mounds throb and grow in front of his eyes as they all stared at him. Adam looked at the gift, and he felt that his earlier assumptions and fantasies were a possible reality.

He pushed the lid off the box as he heard the men’s deep giggles of excitement and he withdrew the contents. It was all clothes if he could truly call them that. The first piece was a frilly, black lace apron with white lace around the edges. The base fabric was nearly sheer or possibly even translucent. It was a cross between a maid’s outfit, a slutty maids outfit, and an apron. Underneath were long white stockings with small black bows on the top as well as a jockstrap of the same material with another bow on the pouch. What would be have been called the pouch.

Even though Adam wasn’t as blessed in the crotch as he was with his ass, even his normal sized cock may not have enough room in this jockstrap. Along with the stockings, and jockstrap there was a multitude of other toys, some he recognized and some he could only imagine what they would do.

“What is this all about. . .,” Adam asked, knowing that whatever he was thinking couldn’t possibly be the truth.

“When we have our weekly game night, we like to make sure that we are kept entertained the whole evening. Tom over here,” Stephen nodded to Tom who grinned like a wolf in the hen house, “saw one of your “movies” and thought you would be a perfect addition to the evening. Especially in this cute get up.” Stephen picked up the outfit.

“So this isn’t an audition?” Adam asked, feeling the corners of his corners tilt downward. It was just another sex party for him.

“Oh no Adam, don’t get me wrong. This is an audition. But just not your typical one. Make sure we have a good evening. Maybe you will see yourself on a scene that isn’t covered in lube and semen,”

Tom teased. Adam looked at the outfits and looked at the men. How bad could it really get? And if he could get back to movies by slutting a little then it would be all worth it in Adam's eyes.

"Where do I get dressed?" Adam asked, and the men's smiles grew even wider.

"Right here," they said in unison which made Adam's stomach drop. Their hungry eyes, their bulging cocks, and their eager hands told him that it was going to end with Adam on his back.

Adam stood up and placed the contents in the box and began to undress. He was happy that he choose to wear underwear today; not that it would make any difference with the appointed outfit. The three men removed themselves from their positions and sat on the couch and watched as Adam undressed. The three superheroes' rubbed and stroked their cock through their shorts as Adam dropped his pants and shirt and tossed them into the corner of the room. Adam looked over his shoulder and saw the three muscular men where hypnotized by his round ass. Adam was always told that his butt looked big on film but looked massive in person. And if Adam wanted to get the job, he knew that he needed to put on a little show as well.

He hooked his thumbs into the waist band of his underwear and bent over at his hips, pulling his underwear down to the floor in one swift movement, which caused his butt to pushed out to the hungry men and jiggle seductively at them. Adam could hear several deep rumbles of lust radiate from the men as he allowed himself to be bent over just a little bit longer than was necessary. He arched his back and pushed his ass out further which spread his cheeks just enough to give the men a glimpse of his smooth hairless hole.

"Fuck," Tom groaned as he viewed what treasure was nestled deep between Adam's crack.

Adam stood erect once more stepped into the knee-high stockings and snapped them against the meatiest part of this quad. One leg after the other, he stepped into the jockstrap. He wiggled his body back and forth as he placed the straps underneath his rounded cheeks which lifted them even more and made the already enticing view nearly irresistible. Adam tucked his dick into the small pouch and felt the pouch already begin to overflow with his cock, luckily when he placed the apron over his head and tied it around his waist it gave him some semblance of privacy. Though his ass was now on complete displays.

"One last piece and you will be perfect," Henry said as he fished his hand around the box and produced a jeweled butt plug. The toy was small, but the shaft was wide. "Now the question is, which one of us gets to put it in?" Henry cut his eyes back and forth between his friends as they all looked to Adam. "Your choice."

Adam couldn't believe what was being asked of him. Was this all some sort of test? Was it a joke? Were they all secretly gay? Was this even actually happening? Adam's mind was a hurricane of questions and concerns, and he was afraid to make the wrong choice. But he couldn't decide what was wrong or right. The hungry looks in the men's eyes told him, this was real, and they were serious. Adam bit the bottom half of his plump lip and looked at the three superheroes. His eyes went to Tom, and then to Stephen, and finally to Henry - who held the toy eagerly within his large meaty paw. Each of them looked eager to push the toy deep inside of Adam and explore what was hidden between his massive cheeks. But how could he decide?

Henry was sexy.

Stephen was dreamy.

But Tom was pure ecstasy walking. Adam remembered staring at him on Smallville a dozen years ago, and just being in awe at him. His star power, his masculinity, his muscles. He had thought it was admiration that he felt for Tom when Adam was a preteen but now as a fully grown adult, Adam knew that he wanted him.

"Tom," Adam said without another moment of thought. He knew the longer he considered his options the harder it would be to choose. Henry frowned at his choice, Stephen shrugged, but Tom grinned like the cat that just ate the canary. Tom jumped from the couch and snatched the butt plug from Henry's hand before he had a chance to ask Adam to reconsider his choice.

"Sit down Cavill," Tom said as he walked towards Adam. Adam felt his knees grow weak as the man towered over him. His goatee was speckled with gray hairs which matched the long streaks of gray in the front of his hair. Though his hair and the wrinkles near his eyes showed age; his body was still heavy with muscle from years of lifting and working out. The thin black shirt was plastered against his upper body and looked ready to burst through. Adam didn't know if he could hold himself together if he ripped through the shirt like he did so often on the television. The older Superman stared down at Adam and thumped the butt plug against his hand as he stared. "So are you going to bend over, or am I going to have to make you?" His eyes danced with the possibility of having to force Adam over.

"Oh - oh, sorry," Adam stammered as he turned around. He bent over slightly, pushing his ass naturally push towards Tom. A growl came from the group of men behind him as Tom placed a large hand on Adam's upper back and pushed him deeper into his bent over position. His ass was thrust out towards Adam and received a hearty smack to the underside of his cheeks. Adam let out an oomph of surprise and his eyes went wider as Tom's hands dug their way between Adam's robust cheeks.

Tom's meaty fingers wiggled along Adam's crack as they searched for his hole. Adam held onto the nearest wall as he looked over his shoulder and saw Tom had squatted down and grasped Adam's other cheek to fully expose his hole.

"Fuck boy, you got a great hole," Tom groaned as he leaned closer.

"Thank you," Adam gasped as he felt Tom press his face between Adam's cheeks and inhale deeply. The aroma of Adam's sweaty hole and hairless crack was like a drug for him. He took several long hits from his crack and groaned louder after every sniff. Tom's intense blue eyes gazed at Adam over his large buttocks. A connection was made between the two men. A silent one where one begged to be taken right there and another who wished to feast on his hole until he creamed.

But a deep pointed cough was made from the couch and Adam turned to the couch. Stephen looked like he enjoyed the action that unfolded before him, while Henry had a deep frown on his face even though his cock bulged in his too tight spandex shorts. In the lights Adam could not be sure, but he was fairly confident that the tip of his cock had leaked into the shorts.

"Just the plug Tom," Henry grumbled as if someone was playing with his favorite new toy before he even got a chance to touch it. Tom looked over his shoulder and gave a thumbs up. He pulled himself onto his feet and held the plug towards Adam's lips.

"You may wanna lube it up first," he said with a wink. "I don't mind going in dry, but I like my bitches to enjoy themselves as much as I do." A glimmer appeared in his eyes again as he spoke, but they truly came alive with Adam opening his lips slightly and Tom pushed the metal plug into his mouth. "Fuck," Tom groaned as Adam moved his tongue around the toy, pursing his lips around the neck he pulled the toy in and out of his mouth as if it were a cock. Tom wiggled the toy slightly around his mouth as Adam bathed it with his tongue.

Another cough from the couch urged Tom to pull the plug free, regretfully. Adam released it with a soft *plop* from his lips and Tom brought it to his own. He placed his lips on the tip of the plug and plunged it into his own mouth for just a brief moment, sharing the taste of Adam's mouth.

"We can pretend that was our first kiss," Tom said with another wink, which made Adam want to melt into the floor. "Don't forget to breathe," Tom instructed as he placed the toy between Adam's parted cheeks and watched as the toy slowly slid into his hole. Adam squirmed as the plug found its home within his hole, clenching his hole around the shaft in an attempt to pull it in deeper. But Tom held firmly as he slowly fed it into Adam.

"Fuck just push it in," Adam whined, and Tom was happy to oblige by quickly shoving the toy into his hole repeatedly, scratching his prostate with every insertion. Adam's mind turned hazy as he felt

Tom's massive body hovered over him, pushing, and pulling the toy in and out of his hole. Adam imaged this was what it would feel like if Tom was to fuck him. He would feel the heat from Tom's body, the masculinity radiating from him, but Adam knew that the feeling in his hole would be much larger than it was with the small, jeweled plug.

With a final push Tom sank the plug into his hole and pulled himself away. Adam stood up, breathless from the small amount of contact he received.

"Are we gonna play tonight or are we going to just have an orgy?" Stephen groaned from his spot on the couch. Though his cock was hard he was clearly in the mood to play cards and not play with Adam - for now.

"Just excited to lose again Armell? Tom asked as he walked over to the poker table, adjusting his cock slightly in between steps. Adam stood slowly as the toy shifted slightly around his hole. He could feel the gem at the base of the toy as his cheeks rubbed against the end.

The three men took their seats around the poker table and Adam was motioned to stand next to Henry. The cards were dealt, drinks were ordered, and Adam watched the game unfold. He held his hands in front of his apron, hiding the small bulge that had formed underneath and the leakage that had occurred during his fun with Tom. It was nearly twenty minutes before someone had even talked to him.

"Turn around," Henry instructed, making Adam jump in surprise.

"What?" Adam asked, unsure of what they were going to do.

"Just turn around Devine." Adam turned around hesitantly. "Now pick up your ass and place it on the table." Awkwardly, Adam gripped his cheeks and dropped them onto the table with a heavy thud. The other two men grunted in approval. Seconds later the coolness of a glass was felt on his cheeks and shivers ran up his spine. "COLD!" Adam gasped.

"Oh it's not that bad. Just don't move." Henry instructed. Adam looked around his body and was at a loss for words at the sight.

"I told you it would stay!" Henry said as he leaned towards his friends and high-fived Stephen while Tom shrugged. "I told you that a glass would stay on his ass. Literally! A. Shelf. Booty!" Henry laughed as Stephen took his glass and placed it on his over cheek. Another cold glass was placed on Adam's cheeks and he shivered once more. The game continued as Adam was no used as a table their glasses. The cool droplets of water ran down his cheeks and deep into his crack, cooling his ass as his cheeks and cock burned with embarrassment.

Every few minutes a glass would be removed, drunk, and placed back on his cheeks. Henry or Stephen would graze the side of his cheeks or drum their fingers along the side. Every touch seemed to

be like electricity shooting through him. The game continued with more drinks, more touching, and more use of Adam's ass. Adam had hoped that his evening would not be entirely used like this, but he would be lying if he denied that his cock remained hard the entire game.

"FUCK!" Henry shouted throwing his hands onto the table at the last hand of the game. The quick movements sent Adam toppling over onto the floor and the glass that sat so precariously on his cheeks onto the ground, shattering on impact. "You dumb bimbo," Henry swatted at Adam as he jumped over the shattered glass. Henry's words were slurred, and his accent was more prevalent as he stumbled towards Adam.

"I'm sorry!" Adam shouted as he backed away. Quick as a snake Henry's hand shot out and gripped his wrist and pulled him close.

"You trying to run away from me . . . boy?" Henry jumped onto the couch and pulled Adam over his lap. Adam slammed into Henry's heavily muscled lower body and squirmed against his lap. He could feel Henry's heavy bulge press against his beefy torso as he tried to escape the man's grasp. But he held him tightly with his one hand, pushing his face into the couch without any worry for his care of safety. Henry ran his hand down the curve of Adam's back and towards his cheeks. His fingers danced along the ribbon that kept the apron in place and towards his cheeks. Taking a single cheek in his hand, Henry squeezed the meaty sides of Adam's cheeks.

"I think you are getting a little too comfortable here already Ad-am," he said, overenunciating his name as he switched between both of his cheeks. "I think it's time to add a little roughness to our play time." Adam turned and looked at Henry as he pulled back his arm. Before Adam could ask what, he meant, Henry slammed his palm into Adam's cheeks and pain flooded into his body.

Red hot pain was Adam's first feeling. Stinging red hot pain in the shape of Henry's massive hand was imprinted on his ass and Adam could only scream in pain in response.

"YOW!" Adam shouted, lifting his head slightly from the cushion. Henry immediately pushed his face back into the cushion. Adam squirmed against Henry's overdeveloped quads, feeling his hard cock poke into his doughy sides as he attempted to break free of the actor's superhero strength. But he was stuck.

"Dumb bimbos, don't get away that easily." Henry slurred. Quicker than he could react Henry maneuvered Adam underneath his thigh and pushed his face into the sweaty underside of his thighs and ass. Adam felt Henry's leg press behind his neck, forcing his face into the Henry's buttocks. The manly smells and sweaty feeling that crawled across Adam's face made his cock throb.

"It was just an accident!" Adam cried, muffled between the man's beefy thighs.

“Didn’t look like an accident to me,” Tom said from his chair at the poker table. “What do you think Stephen?” Stephen shrugged his rounded shoulders as he took another drink of his beer.

“Does it matter? The boy was clearly trying to get away.”

“See, we all know what you were doing. I invite you into my home. Allow you to meet my friends. Give you an opportunity of a lifetime, and this is how you repay me? By breaking my glasses and ruining our card game? And then you try to run away from it, like it was some sort of joke? No. Not time tonight Adam.” Henry pulled back his hand once more and slapped Adam’s bubble butt, sending ripples across the two of them. Adam let out another cry of pain as Henry slammed his hand into the other cheek. Adam could feel the beat red handprints burn to the top of his skin as the pain radiated throughout the rest of his body.

“I didn’t mean to do it! Why are you all saying that?” Adam responded as he squirmed against Henry’s thighs, hoping he would be able to break free of Henry’s grasp in his inebriated state.

“Why do you keep lying?” Henry said as he slapped his cheeks back and forth in rapid succession. The pain was mild compared to the first round, but constant sting of his hand against Adam’s cheek still caused a yelp of pain to erupt from his lips.

“I’m not lying! It was clearly an accident!” Adam shouted back.

“Tsk tsk tsk. I thought we were going to be friends Devine. I guess I was wrong.” Tom said as he pulled himself from the poker table and strutted across the floor. He tore at the ribbon that held the apron in place and ripped the apron from Adam’s body, leaving him in only the jockstrap as a means of protection. Which offered truly little protection from the three a listers who were assaulting his beefy cheeks. Tom squatted down and stared at the curvature of his cheeks, and the roundness of the underside. He slapped the bottom half of his cheek upward and groaned at the masses as they jiggled and bounced.

“We can still be friends guys! It was an accident. Accidents happen!” Adam blubbered as he watched Henry’s hand lift up towards the ceiling and slam down on his cheeks again. “JESUS FUCKING CHRISTMAS TREE!” Adam cursed as the heat from his cheeks pulsed with waves of pain. “God,” He said as he buried his face into the couch. He lifted his face and stared at the chiseled features of his idol. Henry’s eyes were glassy from the alcohol and angled towards Adam’s cheeks. A wild clint was seen within his eyes as he stared at Adam’s pale pillows.

“We cant be friends with a liar,” Henry said, almost deranged as he returned to his assault on his cheeks. Tom sat level with Adam’s ass and watched Henry slam his large hand into his cheeks so many times that Adam lost count. He bit into the couch and screamed into the cushions. Every so often he

would look over his shoulder and see the damage and saw the dozens of bright red handprints on his cheek.

“We can be here all night long,” Henry gripped the bottom straps of the jockstrap and pulled them into his crack, wedging the theme deep into his crevice. He bunched them together and tugged and pulled, giving Adam the worst wedgie of his life. Adam felt an odd sensation run across his prostate as the gemmed buttplug was pushed further into his hole. Henry lifted Adam from his lap by the jockstrap, pressing firmer on the buttplug. Adam gasped in pleasure as it pressed against his prostate even firmer. He bounced up and down on Henry’s thighs as he was repeatedly lifted into the air and then dropped back down. Adam couldn’t believe the humiliation he felt from being treated this way. Spanked, wedgied, humiliated in a maids outfit. The night had not gone anywhere near what Adam had expected.

“Time for round 2!” Henry threatened as he lifted his hand once more, and Adam felt himself break.

“I lied!” Adam cried out to Henry - seconds before Henry’s hand slammed into Adam’s cheeks.

“Excuse me?” Henry asked, raising a suggestive eyebrow as he loosened the grip on Adam’s face. “What did you just say?” Adam bit into his plump bottom lip and weighed his options. He could continue with the truth, telling them that it was an accident and not sit for a week. Or he could tell them what they wanted. Nothing could possibly be this worse - he hoped.

“I broke it on purpose. I was tired of standing there being used like a piece of furniture and broke it on purpose.” Adam peppered his words with a slight tinge of anger and regret as he confessed the false truth. He prayed that Henry bought his story and freed him from the sweaty prison between his thighs.

“Hmmm,” Henry said as he lifted his quad off Adam’s body and sat Adam on his lap. Adam could feel Henry’s thick cock press into his bruised buttocks as Henry wrapped his massive arms around Adam’s beefy midsection. He pulled him close and nuzzled Adam’s neck. Henry’s stubbled face scrubbed against Adam’s soft skin as he moved his hands down to his thighs. He squeezed Adam’s thighs firmly and only tightened his grip.

“What are you - “Adam began to ask as he felt his entire lower half of his body be flipped upward, pushing his ass out towards Tom. As if he were being presented for Tom to inspect. Adam looked at Tom who stared at his jeweled hole and pushed he face back into Adam’s cheeks and moaned and animalist sound of lust

“God! It’s so sweaty! So tasty!” Tom cried as he dragged his tongue against Adam’s cheeks. He buried his muscular between Adam’s large ass and gripped his heavy cheeks. He bounced and jiggled them both around his face as he grunted and groaned in enjoyment. Adam felt Tom’s scratchy beard rub around his crack as Tom’s mouth gripped the plug between his teeth.

Adam tightened his tole as Tom tugged at the jeweled plug from his hole. With a soft *pop*, the plug pulled free of Adam’s loosened hole. Adam let out a soft gasp as his hole winked at Tom, missing the feeling of fullness that the jeweled plug brought. Quickly Tom pushed the toy back into Adam’s hole and it greedily swallowed the toy. Adam leaned into Henry’s muscular chest as the toy was pushed in and out of his hole. The moment his hole snapped around the neck of the plug Tom would immediately pull it back out and watched as it winked and attempted to close. Needing the fulfillment of fullness. The act was repeated again and again and again. Adam rocked back and forth against Henry’s body. His furry sweaty chest pressed into Adam’s face as he rolled it back and forth over his large heavy mounds of muscle.

“Ready to go into the playroom? Henry growled into Adam’s ear. Tom pulled himself from between Adam’s cheeks with eyes wide and excited.

“You think we can go?” Tom asked, like a child being told that he could open his Christmas presents early. His large paws squeezed and kneaded Adam’s cheeks, moving towards the plug. Henry nodded.

“Fuck yeah! I guess that means we won’t be needing this anymore.” With little care, Tom pulled the butt plug from his hole and tossed it aside. It was the look in Adam’s eyes, that made Tom answer the question they held. “We have a lot more toys for us to have fun with in there.” He nodded towards the mannequin dressed in Henry’s Superman outfit.

“Can I do it? I always love the secret room reveal?” Stephen asked as he pulled himself from his chair. His cock was hard and pointed towards Adam as he walked across the room. Stephen’s dick bounced with every step, spitting cum onto the floor. Adam licked his lips hungrily and wished he could have a taste of Stephen’s long member. It looked thinner than Tom’s or Henry’s, but it stretched much longer than either cock. Adam wondered if it was 12 inches, but a part of him said it was even bigger.

“Go for it,” Henry slurred as he let go of Adam’s thick thighs. His sore ass and tired legs wobbled as he stood from the couch once he was released from Henry’s grasp. Adam walked to the side of the room while Henry pulled himself from the couch and joined Tom and Stephen near the statue. Their cocks sat erect on their bodies and all three pointed at Adam. Adam felt the urge to drop to his knees

and worship each of his heroes. To take their cocks in any way that he could find. But a feat held him still as he wondered what was behind the mannequin.

“And then we reveal!” Stephen teased as he placed his foot on the base of the statue and pushed it aside. The podium and the mannequin both moved easily across the floor as the false back that they were situated in front of moved as well.

A dark room appeared behind the statue as it came to a halt and the three men walked inside, disappearing within the shadows.

“Are you coming Adam?” Henry called from within the secret room. The heat from Adam’s ass told him to not follow them. To run away, or at the very least to deny them his compliance to stepping into an even worse position. But the throb he felt from his empty hole. The throb that wanted him to walk forward, to see what it was that was so devious that it had to be hidden behind a secret entrance.

“Just for a minute . . . it’s getting late,” Adam added as his better senses overran his lust that he felt for the three men. His mind screamed and begged for him to escape, to run away from this. That no stardom was worth whatever these men kept hidden within a secret room.

Quietly Adam sneaked towards the stairs and walked up to the steps. Midway through the staircase, Adam’s foot missed a step and collapsed onto his knees with a heavy *thud*. The men within the room laughed at the sound of Adam’s misstep and spoke softly amongst themselves. Adam’s eyes moved from the door to freedom and the secret room. Crawling quickly, Adam pulled himself up the stairs and ascended on all fours like some wild animal. He could feel his ass bounce with every movement and when his hand grasped the handle and turned his stomach sunk through the floor.

It was locked.

This was never a choice for Adam. It was yet another piece of the game that Henry was using to play with Adam. He turned the knob both ways in a hope that he was wrong, but it was in fact locked. The loud back and forth sound of the doorknob caused more laughter to come from the shadows.

“Having a problem?”

“Can’t find the way out?”

“Door locked big boy?”

“Uhhh . . .” Adam began to say.

“Why don’t you come in here Adam? I’m sure there’s a key somewhere in here for that door.”

Henry teased in his silky smooth accent. A jingling noise quickly followed his taunt from the shadows. “Oh look, I think I found a key. Why don’t you come in here and we can see what you can do to earn your freedom my little star?”

Adam felt unsure about entering and felt even more unsure of sitting here, out of fear of making the three stars angry. Lifting himself from the stairs, Adam descended and walked into the shadows feeling as if he walked into hell itself.

The men in the room chuckled as Adam stumbled forward in the darkness. With hands extended, Adam attempted to find his way through the shadows. Regret and fear quickly followed when the door slammed shut behind him, taking away what little amount of light that he had and bathing him in the darkness of the room.

“Guys?” Adam called out to them as he raised his hands in a way to find his way through the darkness. “Hello?” He walked deeper into the darkness and felt hands grab at his cheeks. A finger dug deep into his heavy backside and pushed him deeper into the room. He stumbled and fell forward onto his knees.

“God, his ass is so thick!” Stephen growled,

“Tastes even better,” Tom teased.

“Bet it feels even better than it tastes!” Henry groaned. Adam heard clothing rustle and bodies collide as something happened in the darkness.

“Guys? Guys what are you doing? I don’t think I like this . . .” Adam wasn’t sure what was happening, but he was sure that he made the wrong decision. His worries were only slightly satiated when light sprouted along the room.

Dozens of dimly light LED lights sprouted around the room, revealing the reason that this room was hidden.

Well over a hundred toys sat on shelves around the walls. Nearly fifty different dildos of different lengths and girths. Some were human in shape while others stretched further into the world of fantasy, citing on that looked nearly the size of Adam’s own arm. Some shelves held only clothes and underwear while some held small mechanical devices that made Adam even more fearful. In one corner of the room held a large California sized bed with restraints and hanging from every corner. And beside the bed sat a large multi-colored wheel with different kinks and toys. It looked like some twisted game where the winner got a fist up the ass or an hour of tickle torture.

Adam’s flummoxed eyes moved from the items hidden within the room towards the three men that leaned against a far wall, next to an X-cross. Their simple, yet erotic, gym outfits were traded for outfits made of leather, of spandex, of rubber. Henry was dressed in a leather cop outfit, with his furry chest out for all to see. Stephen stood next to him in a singlet made of a material that seemed to shine against the light of the LEDs. Tom was on the far end, dressed only in leather harness that clung to his

overdeveloped upper body. While their upper bodies were slightly covered, each one had a bottom that held a massive hole in the front that allowed their cocks to hang loose and hard for Adam to see. Each one wore a matching metal cock ring, that pushed their already heavy cocks out towards Adam. Though he couldn't see the backsides of their outs, Adam had an inkling that their ass's were also bare for the world to enjoy.

"What is this?" Adam asked as he pulled himself from the floor.

"Let's just say - it's our playroom or more specifically. It's our game room," Henry said as he crossed the room. Adam caught a glimpse of his heavy muscular cheeks as they swayed from side to side as he walked towards the wheel. Adam's mouth grew wet at the sight of his large cheeks. The pale cheeks glowed under the dim light and Adam wanted nothing more than to bury his face and worship the place that few had seen.

Adam pushed his hand into his pouch and gripped his cock, teased it slightly as Henry bent over. His cheeks parted slightly, and a glimpse of his hairy hole was given to Adam.

"Fuck," Adam moaned to himself. "What I wouldn't give for just a taste," he whispered as his fingers found the tip of his cock and rubbed it, smearing cum onto the head of his dick.

It had been so long since Adam had ever thought about topping or fucking someone. But staring at Henry's big ass as it backed towards him, he never wanted something more than ever before. So much so that the hunger that he typically felt in his asshole was overshadowed by the hunger that he urge that he felt in his cock.

"So what is all this?" Adam asked, deepening his voice to try and take more control within the scenario. The difference in tone was not missed by the men who smirked at Adam's attempt to dominate.

"We are gonna play a game. All of us are going to play a game. We spin the wheel and wherever it ends, we get to choose another one of us to play with." Henry explained as Adam read the board.

The wheel was split into two sections. A middle section that listed the words "giving" or "receiving" repeatedly while the outside ring listed out different sets of time while the ring that situated between the two were what activity would be displayed.

Dildos. Fisting. Paddles. Ropes. Leather. Fuck machine. Rim chair. Whips. Strap on. Fuck.

The wheel listed out about thirty different options, and all made Adam eager to play.

"But how do we choose?" Adam asked as he played with his cock. The three guys laughed.

"You spin. It's gonna be one of us, and you every time. You can spin or we can spin. You're choice," Henry explained with a wink. "Either way, I think we are going to have some fun." He dropped

his voice to a deep rumble. His accent was more prevalent than before and made Adam nearly melt in the warm room. Adam licked his lips with anticipation at the thought. For once he may not have to be the plaything in his sexual escapades. He could be in charge, he could be dominant, he could have his heroes worshipping his cock for once. "Just choose who you want first and the fun will begin."

Adam gazed at the three men. Stephen in his oversexualized singlet, Tom in his harness that made him look like a dungeon master, and Henry; the one who watched over all like an authoritative policeman. Adam would start easy and move up to his idol.

"Stephen. I want to play with Stephen first!" Adam announced. Stephen smacked his two friends in the chest playfully before he stepped forward like a winner. He paraded over towards the board and stood beside it as Adam took the other side.

"Do you want to spin, or do you want me to spin?" Stephen asked as he leaned in an aloof manner on the wheel structure, moving it back and forth slightly. Adam looked at the wheel and counted quickly, both were even. The likelihood of being the giver was no higher than the receiver. But something told Adam that he would rather be the receiver when it came to Stephen. Something about the way that his long cock pointed out further than the rest made Adam believe that it would help him reach new pleasures.

"I'll spin," Adam decided while he stared at Stephen's cock. He wanted to be in control when it came to Stephen. The Green Arrow smiled at Adam, eager for his first time alone with Adam. Or at the very least, one on one time with him. He gripped the base of his cock tightly around his fingers, pushing a heavy load through his shaft and out onto the ground.

"Then let the games begin," Stephen said with a spin of the wheel. The rings moved around and around in a circle, clicking passed the stopper. The inside ring stopped first and the hope for control was quickly erased when the stopper ended on the word receiver. Henry and Tom cheered from behind Stephen in excitement on what was about to be seen.

"Big money. Big money. Big money," Stephen teased as the second ring stopped on "Dildo Tower," .

"What the hell is dildo toy?" Adam asked as the three men grinned like the cat that caught the canary.

"Oh just get ready! It's some of my own creations!" Henry walked over into an unlit area of the room and withdrew a massive toy from the shelf. It was a multi-tiered cone shaped plug. Every rung was thicker and wider than the one before and ended at a massive base. Adam had never seen a toy like it

before and had never imagined stretching something like that over his hole. And was worried if it would even fit.

“Oh it will fit,” Henry said as if he could read Adam’s mind in the worry lines on his face. “Or at least it will when we get done with you, or should I say Stephen.” Henry nodded towards Stephen, and he bounced on Adam like a predator that attacked its weaker prey. But Adam was surprised by the lustful approach that Stephen took, his arms wrapped around Adam’s heavy midsection and squeezed his meaty cheeks. His fingers dug deep into Adam’s crack and found his gaping hole. Stephen’s finger probed inward, finding it warm and inviting for whatever intruders dared enter.

“I’m gonna make that hole into a proper pussy that will never close,” Stephen whispered into Adam’s ear before he nipped his lob. Adam let out a moan followed by a deep grunt as his body was thrown into a wall that held restraints. Tom and Henry helped with that part as Adam attempted to flee from the potential shackles that moved like snakes against the wall.

Both were snapped around his wrists before Adam could even turn around.

“Guys! This isn’t what I had -”

“A lead roll,” Henry said shortly. Adam stopped talking. “That’s what you wanted isn’t it? That’s why you came here?” Adam remained silent. “You came here in hopes of jump starting your career once more. Getting off the casting couch and back in front of the camera.” Henry’s deep voice and British accent made him sound like some criminal mastermind explaining his devious plan. “Am I wrong?” Henry asked as he trailed his fingers up along Adam’s back as Adam looked over his round shoulder.

“No,” Adam gasped as Henry’s hands grabbed ahold of Adam’s meaty lats.

“What would you say if I had to the power to make YOU the next star of the superhero movie?” Henry massaged his fingers into Adam’s neck and shoulders as he spun a tale that was almost too good to be true - all while he rubbed his meaty cock up and around Adam’s bare ass. Adam was pulled between two things. His brain and his ambition that wanted his future back on track while his ass wanted one thing and one thing only - to be filled.

“If you play this game with us. And survive all three rounds and play no matter what happens. We will give you the roll. We will let you leave. And! We will let Zac know what an obedient little bitch you were for us tonight. How does all that sound to you?”

Adam chewed on what Henry had said to him, what he had offered.

“And if I don’t want to play,” Adam asked, curious as to the response.

“Well then, we let you go. We aren’t monsters. We’re your friends . . . remember?” Henry said as he pouted that plump bottom lip and tilted his face upward. His features seemed to soften as he gazed at Adam, making him believe the words that he had spoken.

“Yeah,” Adam said nearly mindlessly as he fell into Henry’s trap. He could survive three rounds. He could do it for his future. He could do it. He would survive - his hole may not. But there could be a chance that he would be able to be in charge at least one of the rounds of the games.

So maybe he could give them a taste of their own medicine? Maybe?

“Let’s play,” Adam said confidently. Henry pulled away from Adam’s body with a regretful groan. The heavy smell of sweat fell away from Adam and was replaced with Stephen. He slapped the massive toy in his hand. The toy had to be several feet long and looked heavy by the way that Stephen’s muscles tensed as he slapped it in his hand. To Adam, it appeared to be some twisted version of an orange construction cone. With a *grunt* Stephen dropped it onto the ground between Adam’s legs and positioned the tip at his hole. The tip barely grazed his hole as Stephen pushed the tip into his hole.

Stephen leaned close to Adam and whispered into his ear.

“You have no idea how much I love toys. If you were wondering. I am more of an observer than an active participant in my sexual activities. So this was exactly what I wanted to see. I’ll start easy for you. I will start the clock. Ten minutes. And you have that time to get to the fifth ring.” Stephen slid his hand down the shaft and ended about fourteen inches down, a third of the entire toy. “We wouldn’t expect for you to get the whole toy in your hold on a first try.” Adam squeezed his cheeks and felt the silicone-like toy press between his ample buttocks. “Understand?”

“How do I -”

“Time starts now,” Stephen said as he grabbed a remote off a nearby shelf and pressed a button. Large red numbers appeared on a clock at the head of the room and the time began to count down. Adam had ten minutes to get through the first game. He knew he could handle the size, but did his hole feel the same way?

With a heavy gulp of air Adam slowly slid himself onto the toy. The tip poked into his hole easily, sliding the first several inches into his body as if he were actually too loose for the toy. Squatting down, Adam’s hole swallowed another three inches. He could feel the girth of the toy widen as it pushed the edges of his hole as he forced more of it into his body. The first ring pressed against the entrance to his asshole. The ring popped through with little resistance and Adam sank himself lower onto the toy, bending at his knees.

He could hear the slick down of the men as they worked their hands over their cocks. Adam turned and saw Henry and Tom lazily stroking their dicks while Stephen stroked his cock as if he had been waiting for this very moment.

“Fuck yeah!” Stephen groaned. “Swallow that massive toy. Do it! Fuck!” He groaned loudly and deeply. This wild, dominant side of Stephen encourage Adam and he pushed his hole to continue to eat the toy. After the second and the third ring popped through Adam’s outer-ring he felt the feeling of fullness well up within his hole. The tightness that grew as the cone filled areas of his hole that had never been explored.

“Oh god,” Adam groaned as he sucked in a mouth of air and pushed himself a few centimeters lower. He clenched the cone between his cheeks and found the fourth ring was already nearing his hole.

“Just keep going Adam. Be a star. Ride that massive plastic cock. You can do it,” Stephen urged. “Fucking do it!” He ordered as his jerks became wild and aggressive. His own orgasm was coming close and so was the end of the time. The toy stretched him wider and deeper than anything ever before. Adam placed his head on the wall as the pleasure grew inside of him like a volcano ready to erupt. His meaty cock sat painfully erect as it pointed towards the wall, dripping a constantly stream of precum.

Adam realized he had never asked what would happen if he did not win the games with the three men, but something told him - he didn’t want to know.

Arching his back, Adam pushed down on the toy slightly and felt his foot slip. Several inches of the toy plunged into his already stretched hole. Adam saw stars as an unreachable depth was found inside of his hole. Adam curled his toes and tightened his hands around his bindings as pleasure flooded into his body and his cock jolted and unleashed a load onto the wall that he faced.

“Oh fuck! YES!” Stephen shouted as he shot ropes of cum over Adam’s butt cheeks and the toy. Adam fell into the wall as he felt several hot ropes of Stephen’s load decorate his large cheeks. His toes quivered as his own load leaked from his cock until his balls ran dry. Adam’s hole tensed around the aggressively inserted intruder and found pleasure in the pain and in the new depth that was found. Adam felt hands grasp his sides as they slowly lifted him.

Soft pleasures touched his insides as the toy was gently withdrawn from his body. Adam let out several gasps of enjoyment as the rings popped free of his hole until his hole was empty. The same hands that helped free the cone from his hole parted his cheeks and examined his hole.

“It’s perfect.” The voice said, pausing to kiss his cheeks. “A perfect boy pussy.”

The End

Zac sat in his mansion, overlooking the Hollywood Hills. Lazily, he swirled his glass of whiskey, wishing that Adam was back already to keep him company or at the very least—to entertain him. He looked at his phone, seeing the late hour staring back at him.

“He had to be done by now. They couldn’t possibly still be fucking, or god knows whatever those three get into.” Zac grimaced, shaking away the thoughts and the rumors that came to mind when he thought about those free. Henry and Tom had both bragged and showed pictures of their men—their playthings and what they had done to them. Though he wouldn’t wish it on Adam, or his delicious hole, they offered him a role he couldn’t pass up and a pile of money that was worth it.

Zac chuckled. “If only the world knew what their favorite superheroes got into in the shadows of their multimillion-dollar homes and the hidden rooms of their trailers.”

The hours ticked by with Zac sitting on his patio, watching the city move and turn in for the night as the sun began to rise on the eastern shore. With still no message from Adam, Zac felt less sure of his deal with the devil known as Henry Cavil.

Zac swallowed what pride he had and dialed Adams’ number. The phone rang twice, and Adam’s voice filled Zac’s ear. “Hi!” Adam’s chirper voice began.

Relief washed over Zac. “ Hey Adam, I was just-“

“Sorry I couldn’t answer the phone right now. But please leave a message at the beep, and I’ll get back to you as soon as possible. If this is an acting-related call, please reach out to my manager Zac, and he will set something on my calendar. Look forward to listening to your message!”

BEEP

“Hey . . . just checking in, haven’t heard from you or the guys and just wanted to see when I should be expecting you back. Give me a call when you have a free moment.”

Zac ended the call and drummed his fingers along the case of his phone. It wasn’t like Adam not to answer his phone, but Zac imagined Adam didn’t just have his hands full, but as time continued to pass, Zac couldn’t help the uneasy feeling in his stomach.

What were they doing to Adam?

* * *

Adam was through the second task staring at the cocks that lined the wall. Eight dildos lined the wall, increasing in size. The first one was an average-sized cock, stretching to a modest 5 inches but the

large, pink cock that wobbled slightly broke 12 inches, potentially even 13 inches. He passed the first three without any issue, easily bobbing his head up and down the required ten times without any gag or noise from him. The fourth was slightly harder, hitting the spot in the back of his throat that made his stomach tense. But the fifth, that one just stared at him with its plastic slit.

Nine inches of fat, red cock was the task sat out before him, and it wasn't even the hardest one. How easy it was for him to sit on a similar cock just under an hour ago. His hole pulsed with the thought, wanting to be filled with the cock.

"Tapping out already?"

"Nah! He is eager," Tom laughed.

"It is a big cock. Even an eager faggot has his limits." Stephen snorted. "Some would call him an eager beaver."

His fellow heroes groaned their disinterest in his verified dad joke.

"What, that was funny!" Stephen argued. "Right, Adam?"

Adam turned away from the dildo to face the group, but Henry's large hand twisted Adam's face back to the task at hand.

"Swallow it, or you lose." Henry squeezed the back of Adam's head and pushed it towards the dildo. "Open wide!" Adam's lips met the tip of the cock and parted as the dick passed in his mouth. The soft silicone widened his mouth, moving towards his throat. His stomach tensed a second time as the dildo stretched his throat, pressing firmly onto this gag reflex.

Don't do it. Don't do it.

Adam berated himself internally as his stomach continued to tense. He stopped his descent as the fake cock hit the back of his throat. Henry didn't allow that to stop Adam or the challenge. His grip hardened and took hold of the back of Adam's head, and pushed.

"UGH!" Adam gagged. His throat reacted, and bitterness rose. Hot, sticky bile flooded his mouth and spat out towards the last inch of the dildo and its overly swollen balls. Tom and Stephen groaned their disgust at Adam while Henry held his face around the dildo and laughed.

"Guess your eyes are bigger than your mouth."

Adam's hands found grounding in the wall, and he pushed. "MMPHH!" he squirmed, feeling his lungs burn with a need for air. He pushed harder, trying to battle the muscles that built a franchise and a dynasty.

“MMMPHHHH OHMMPHH UMPHH-“ Henry released his hand, and Adam fell to the floor, welcoming the air that inflated his lungs. He spit whatever appeared in his mouth into a shadowed corner of the sex dungeon. “Why . . . why did you . . .” he spit again, “. . .I couldn’t breathe.”

Henry shrugged his massive boulders, which then swallowed his neck.

“So, what now? You going to hogtie me up and fuck me until I can’t see straight, and then throw me back to Zac with a hole full of your cum?” None could miss the hint of interest in the potential “worst” case scenario. Tom and Stephen snickered in their faraway corner.

“No, nothing that fun- well, fun for you. Stephen, why don’t you go pick out your favorite one. You’ve been such a fantastic guest tonight. I think you deserve the honor.”

“Score!” Stephen ran to an opposite wall, one devoid of any light, but by the way, he searched through the shelves. Small clicks and clatters were made by whatever he moved, and what he returned with was small enough to be hidden in his hand.

“What is it?” Adam asked, trying to decipher their selected item of torture. As an answer, Stephen tossed it through the air, and Adam caught it. The plastic was hard, and the metal was cool. He felt the curvature of the item and knew what it was without looking at his hands.

“A cage?”

Henry squatted down and looked dead in Adam’s eyes. The intensity of his manly features burned away the top layers of Adam’s confidence and made him look at the item in his hands. It wasn’t like any he had seen before. There was no lock to the cage, but he could feel the two pieces mold together from the way he felt the grooves.

“It’s called a permalock,” Henry whispered as if stating a secret. “Once it’s on, it’s not coming off until we cut it off.”

Adam looked back to the item in his hands, seeing it in a different light. The cage was no longer an idea of pleasure and fun. A tool to emphasize his submission to his three heroes. It was, in fact, exactly what it was made to be—a cage.

“I don’t think I want to do this anymore.” Adam stuttered. He opened his hand and dropped the cage to the floor. “I need to leave.” He attempted a firm tone, but his voice was too soft to be believed.

“Oh, I don’t think you need to go anywhere.”

“This is your new home now.”

Stephen and Tom coiled around Adam’s sides like snakes, eager to strangle the last bits of the fight out of Adam.

Adam stood from the floor, feeling anger and fear bubble up inside his stomach. The enjoyment he received from submission was squashed by the genuine fear of how the men draped themselves around him. Their hands felt—tainted by their thoughts. Every finger, breath, and pair of lips on his skin felt wrong.

“I need to leave,” Adam said, pushing himself from the group. He backed away, his eyes never blinking as he stepped from them. His back found the wall where he entered, but he could not find the handle or any way to escape for some reason. He watched as the men’s faces contorted, and Adam watched as his superheroes became supervillains. The dark leather and spandex of the outfits seemed only to enhance the transformation, just as the bright heroic colors made them the good guys.

“I won’t be leaving, will I?” Adam asked. And in unison, the three men shook their heads.

“You think it just so happens that you ended up in a movie with Zac Efron? You think it was just luck that you found your way into being one of the most profitable porn stars on the west coast? You think it was just a coincidence that Zac was so eager to mold you into the perfect little fuck toy?”

Adam’s hands found his cheeks, squeezing through the layers of thickness. It wasn’t just a few inches that he added since that fateful day with Zac; it was several. He knew the way he looked, how he oozed sexual obscenity with just the simplest pair of pants. And it all made sense to him now; he wasn’t meant to be anything beyond a hole.

Desperation transformed into terror as Adam turned towards the wall and clawed at it like a wild animal, trying to escape. Seconds passed before the men descended on Adam. He kicked and screamed for his freedom, but the men were too much for him to deny.

He was held down as they massaged and rubbed his body. Large hands tweaked, pinched, and stroked his cock. Fingers wormed their way into his hole, widening and stretching his already ruined hole. His erection betrayed him, remaining hard throughout the entire torture. He begged for them to stop while also bucking his hips into their hands. To Adam’s surprise, Henry released him and turned his chiseled backside towards Adam. His rock-hard cheeks were formed without an ounce of fat on them but were still soft to the touch when he relaxed them.

“Fuck, it’s been so long since I had a cock in me.” He arched his back and pushed his ass towards Adam’s cock. Tom positioned Adam’s cock along Henry’s ass crack, and the man clenched it with his cheeks. He moved his hips up and down, squatting a few inches lower and then raising himself higher. The man’s puckered asshole rubbed back and forth against his cock, teasing Adam with the possibility of what it would be like to fuck his idol. “You wanna feel my hole grip your cock? Milk you? You want to feel it?”

“No, I don’t. Just let me gooOOOooOo!” Adam groaned.

Henry looked over his muscled traps and grinned; his dimples were deep, and his eyes were enchanting.

“You sure? Seems like you want it. Seems like you want it *bad*,” Henry pawed at his muscular cheeks, pulling them apart to show his hairy trench and pulsating hole. Adam’s cock released a heavy gush of precum as Henry teased him with his hole.

His asshole pushed out, puckering like a pair of lips to kiss the tip of Adam’s cock. Adam moaned loudly and grew louder as Tom and Stephen pressed their lips to his sensitive nipples and sucked. They edged him together, bringing him towards the edge of orgasm, stopped, got him back, and then stopped again. Every moment was a horrible combination of pleasure and pain. Each second was sores than the last but tinged with enjoyment that Adam silently begged he did not

“I need to hear you say it,” Henry teased, pushing down slightly onto the tip of Adam’s cock. His hold opened up slightly. Adam pushed his hips forward, but Henry pulled away. “Tsk Tsk.” Henry wagged his finger. “You need to say it. You need to beg for it.”

“UGHH! Please! I need it! Let me fuck you!” Adam pleaded. The unknown pleasures broke through the terror and the need for escape and made Adam fall exactly into the place they wanted. “Please let me fuck you! I have to do it! God!” Adam pushed his cock towards Henry’s hole, and Henry pulled away and continued to stand. Adam whined loudly, knowing that it was a trap. Henry twisted, showing his aching, dripping cock. “Now the fun begins.”

The process was difficult and quite painful for Adam, and they squeezed and shoved his hard cock into the cage. The plastic compressed his average-sized cock down and into something larger than a nub. He fought against them, pulling and pushing against them, but Adam knew it was a losing battle. When the cage gave a soft *click*, Adam knew that it was over for him.

* * *

When Adam went missing, Zac knew that Henry and his pals had done something to him. The police believed he only ran away from the horrors of Hollywood, but Zac knew differently.

He went to Henry’s house the day after Adam’s rendezvous and found equally concerned. They said that Adam had left hours before, saying something about wanting a new life away from fame. Zac called the police and demanded they search Henry’s home, and Henry allowed it without even a warrant. But even with Henry’s compliance and Zac’s knowledge of the secret rooms within the house, Adam was not found.

Adam was never found, and after six months of searching, Zac began to think that maybe he was wrong. Maybe Adam did disappear without notice. Just perhaps he had escaped to a better life, or at least Zac hoped.

But for Adam, his life was not good; it was not happy, it was not free—It was one of unbearable pleasure. When Zac stormed the house with the police, Adam screamed around the head of the cock-shaped gag that restricted his tongue and stopped his words. Behind the wall of the sex dungeon, Adam was able to see Zac and the cops as they looked through the lowest items of the room, gawking at his personal treasures—specifically the animalistic cocks.

Though he screamed behind the one-way mirror, nobody even thought to look at the ornate structure. Several times Henry acted as if he could see how Adam struggled behind the glass, begging for someone to notice him. And when the door was closed to the sex dungeon, Adam knew that his only chance for freedom was lost. He wasn't sure if it was hours or days when Henry came back. Time meant nothing within the darkness. Adam's only source of entertainment was the cone-shaped dildo that pierced his hole and the massager that sat on his cage.

With little else to do, Adam fucked himself and ground his cage into the massager, remaining at the peak of his orgasm the entire time. He sunk his hole around the cone, stretching it hole beyond what should have been humanly possible or ever wanted. But it felt good and clouded his mind enough so that he would not worry.

When the secret door was opened and the mirror was moved, Adam whined to Henry for freedom, but Adam knew he would settle for the allowance to cum.