

## 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 just 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 some time 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 Adam as he quickly undressed, dropping his trousers 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 had a 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 slowly 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 hurray 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 round luscious 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 him 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 very 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 asscheeks 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 than 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 Adam 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 flash across his screen, each one begged for his attention; many of them 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 Enron. 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, we’re 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 turned on as he read how the reporters tainted him through their writing 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 loosened hole.

He cooed in pleasure as his first thick finger circled the outside of his hole. Feeling the puffy outsides, wet with sweat. 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 dig 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.