

## Austin Theory's #1 Supporter

By Soul-Controller

“Hey, this is the guy I’m thinking. He looks perfect right?”

Stuck in the backstage area of the arena, WWE superstar Austin Theory could only extend out a finger in hopes of guiding his confidante’s eyes towards the intended target - a late-20s average man sitting alone a few rows away from the wrestling ring in the middle of the arena floor.

In response, seasoned WWE star Sheamus couldn’t help but lean forward and narrow his eyes to observe the oblivious event attendee. “Ah I see,” he started, beginning to softly stroke the hairy mutton chops that adorned his face. “Ay, but are you sure this is a good idea? I mean, surely there must be another way for you to get your rocks off right?”

In response, Austin vehemently began to shake his head side to side. “Oh no, there’s no way that I’m scrapping this plan. I need it...” he started, his eyes training once more on the unsuspecting man in the audience, “and I just know he’ll be the best one yet!”



Before Sheamus could respond and attempt to dissuade the man from following through with his plan, the middle-aged wrestler watched as Austin rushed towards a raven-haired female assistant and got her attention. Upon watching the young wrestler point in the audience’s direction and seeing the woman nod her head in agreement, Sheamus could only stare and observe as she began to make her way towards the unsuspecting audience member. Knowing that there was no way of stopping Austin’s plan now that it was in motion, the burly Irish hunk could only exhale in disappointment before turning on his heels and returning to his dressing room to prepare for his impending match.

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Upon taking his seat in the still-unfilled arena, Henry Cavanaugh couldn’t help but smile as he looked around and took in his view. Initially he worried that he wouldn’t be close

enough to get a good view of the match, but he found that even being a good six rows back from the center ring still provided a good view. This revelation had been one that had only caused Henry's excitement to exponentially grow as it meant that he would now get an even better view of some of his favorite wrestlers! Given the fact that the WWE rarely traveled internationally, there was no way that the man would have missed the event regardless of who was fighting. But to his relief, the lineup was absolutely stacked with some of his favorite wrestlers! However, thinking about getting to have a great view of their sweaty and manly bodies thrashing in the ring, the man couldn't help but worry about the intense boners that he would be fighting against for the entire match. Why must muscular men be so goddamn hot!?

Although it seemed like the event was about to get underway based on the way the screens were beginning to flash along with an announcer beginning to hype up the audience, Henry's plans for the night were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a raven-haired woman who called to him from the aisle and asked him to come over to her. Upon sitting up and squeezing past the long row of crowd-goers who were standing up and loudly cheering for the start of the match, the man finally made his way into the aisle until he was standing right next to her.

"Uh hello there, is there something I can help you with?" Henry inquired, confused by this woman who was randomly calling to him.

Regardless of his visual confusion, the woman remained super cheerful as she introduced herself. "Hello there! My name's Vanessa and I'm one of the assistants here at the event. I know this sounds pretty bizarre, but I was told by one of the wrestlers working this event that they were wanting to meet you backstage in their dressing room."

In response, Henry's jaw dropped as he attempted to comprehend what the woman was saying. "Wait, one of the wrestlers wanted to meet **ME?!**"

"Yeah, I know it sounds a bit bizarre," she began, allowing a soft chuckle to escape from her throat, "but he saw you out in the audience and said that he liked your vibe and wanted to thank you personally for attending the event."

The man's eyes widened at the reveal that someone had been secretly observing him just looking around and waiting for the match to start. It felt both strangely unnerving but genuinely exciting about being recognized for his ample excitement about the event. With his curiosity piqued about this observant wrestler, Henry found himself curious

about who this mysterious man was. “What wrestler picked me for this little meet and greet then?”

“Oh, it was Austin Theory!”

In response, Henry loudly gasped in shock. “AUSTIN THEORY!?” The hunky wrestler was without a doubt his newest favorite WWE star, so the fact that he had gotten a personal invite from the wrestler to meet left the man struggling to keep his composure. He wanted nothing more than to squeal like a schoolgirl and collapse to the floor in disbelief!

But despite this intense desire that he had, Henry forced himself to keep his composure the best he could. So upon jumping out of his seat and flashing a smile at the event worker, the hardcore wrestling fan asked her to lead the way and thus merrily followed her as she led him to the backstage area. With each passing step he took though, his heart began to pound faster and harder as his body became overcome with nervous anticipation.

Before he knew it, Henry then suddenly found himself standing outside of the dressing room that proudly declared itself to be Austin Theory’s. As the woman softly knocked on the door, the sound of the deep and booming voice on the other side of the door asking who it was left the fanatic shivering in excitement.

In response, the female assistant pulled open the door to peek her head into the room. “Hello sir, I’ve got the man you asked me to get for you,” she said, pulling her head out of the doorway to look back at Henry and give a soothing smile.

“Oh really?” Henry heard Austin ask, his voice sounding surprisingly intrigued as if he had been looking forward to this meeting more than Henry himself. *That’s absolutely crazy though*, the man told himself though, refusing to allow himself to fall down the rabbit hole of assuming there was some sort of otherworldly connection that pulled the two of them together like magnets. “Go on and send him in then!”

As the door to the dressing room suddenly swung open, the wrestling fan’s knees nearly buckled from the sight of seeing his larger-than-life (both physically and metaphorically) standing mere feet away from him. Despite the fact that Austin was decked out in designer dress clothes, he still appeared ever so imposing to Henry due to the way the lux fabrics tautly clung to his beefy and broad physique.

Too stunned to speak or move upon making it a few strides into the dressing room, Henry could only stare in awe as the assistant closed the door behind him to allow the duo to have a private and intimate exchange. His hero and largest crush moved closer to him. On top of the clear horniness he felt due to how long he had thirsted for the handsome wrestler, there was also a genuine sense of excitement as his hero and biggest celebrity crush began to make his way closer. But as the distance between them closed, the young man suddenly felt a clear sense of intimidation as he was able to really recognize the wrestler's impressive physique and thus realize just how weak Henry was in comparison.



“Hey there, bro,” Austin Theory said with a wide grin, extending out a massive and well-callused hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you!”

As Henry began to extend his own hand towards his hero, the young man couldn’t believe just how lucky he was. *This is without a doubt the best day of my life!*

But just as their hands met into a tight-gripped embrace, Austin’s smile suddenly gained a devious quality as his lips pulled back to reveal his pearly white teeth like a predator taunting its prey. Underneath his breath, the wrestler began to recite the spell that he had spent the last 30 minutes fervently committing to memory to prevent any issues. “Bí i mo mhian, bí i mo chuid éadaí!”

Upon hearing the unintelligible words that his idol was speaking, Henry found himself wanting to ask what he had said. But as he attempted to speak, a sense of panic suddenly coursed through his body as he realized that no matter how hard he tried there were no words coming out of his mouth. *Wha— what the fuck? What’s going on?!* Henry thought to himself, growing increasingly panicked over the notion of him having some sort of panic attack or, even worse, a stroke.

But as he attempted to move away from Austin in hopes of heading out of the dressing room and finding help, panic turned into full-blown horror as he found his body

becoming completely rigid. No matter how hard he focused and tried, his limbs refused to cooperate with him – leaving him feeling as if he was a victim of Medusa turning him into a living statue.

However, his experimentation in search of movement ultimately revealed that he still retained motion of one element of his body, his head. He could feel his eyebrows raise and eyes bulge out in shock on top of being able to turn his head left to right in search of some help and answers. Left with no other choice but the wrestler in front of him, Henry turned back to face Austin and tried his best to emphasize the silent horror that his body was secretly going through. But as he raised his eyebrows even higher and opened his mouth as if he was silently screaming, confusion instantly set in as he watched the wrestler suddenly break out into laughter.

“Aw buddy, you should see the look on your face,” he roared, a dopey chuckle echoing through the silent dressing room. “There’s no use freaking out and trying to find help, I’ve already got your pathetic ass right where I want you.” As he finished speaking, the man’s lips then pulled back to develop the most devilish smirk that the frozen victim had ever seen.

With the wrestler beginning to tilt his head down to observe him, Henry couldn’t help but have his curiosity piqued and so he followed suit. As his gaze traversed down Austin’s torso before ending up on the floor of the dressing room, there was nothing that seemed to be amiss. But as he continued to look down, alarm bells rang in the man’s head as he found that his bare feet were now resting on the floor. Although the thought of losing his shoes and socks was alarming enough, it paled in comparison to the ultimate realization as he looked down directly at his body and found that it was now devoid of any clothing and thus left him fully nude.

With his gaze remaining around his stomach and thigh area, Henry’s continued viewing was perfectly timed as a sudden jolt of electricity coursed through his crotch area and caused him to silently gasp in shock. As he watched his average cock softly dangle in the air, Henry observed in horror as his manhood began to swiftly and painlessly recede into his crotch. With each inch of his shaft that disappeared back into his body, desperation and confusion plagued the young man’s mind as he questioned everything that was happening to him. *How was this even scientifically possible? Why was Austin even doing this to him?*

But before he could even attempt to theorize, Henry’s attention was suddenly stolen by the sound of Austin’s deep and booming voice.

“Aw, is someone afraid of losing their cock?” Austin chuckled with a troubling villainous tone.

Upon looking up at the wrestler, panic once again began to set in as Henry realized how he was now looking up at the man when they were once eye-level. Somehow, he was shrinking too! To make matters even more humiliating for the man though, it seemed as though Austin’s taunting tirade wasn’t quite done yet.

Leaning in closer to the still-shrinking man, Austin’s cock began to throb in pure excitement as he watched the weak and defenseless man struggle to comprehend what was happening to him. There was nothing hotter than seeing a man realize just how fucked he was...

“A loser like you is so pathetic that I don’t even think you’re worthy of one anymore,” Austin purred, his voice oozing in pure disgust at the now 3’ man. “Hell, with that slight belly of yours, I don’t even think you’re worthy of being a human anymore!”

In response, the magic imbued within the words that Austin spoke worked quickly to manifest the man’s statement. As a result, the cocky wrestler got a front row seat for the horrifically amusing way in which the fan’s limbs began to shorten and condense before his very eyes. For several minutes, Henry’s body behaved like an accordion the way in which each arm and leg expanded before folding in on itself. At first the man tried his best to wobble and retain his balance as he lost one arm and one leg, but as his remaining leg began to finally give in, the magic that had once kept Henry in place now allowed him to fall back onto the ground and groan as his back landed against the hard concrete flooring.

With his body, or what remained of it at least, laying back on the floor, Henry could only look up at the ceiling and pray for his suffering to finally end. Not only had he lost all of his limbs, but Austin said he wasn’t going to even be human anymore! It was a fate he wouldn’t even wish on his biggest foes, so Henry couldn’t believe that this fate was somehow befalling him. Who would have thought that being a big fan would screw him over so severely!?

As he continued to look up at the ceiling tiles, the realization of his gaze shifting alerted him to the fact that something else was changing to him. Upon craning his head down as far as it possibly could, Henry ultimately realized what was occurring as he found that his neck had completely disappeared and now his chin rested right in the middle of his chest. But rather than stopping, the sensation of his head sinking continued and before

he knew it, his mouth and nose quickly disappeared beneath his flesh until everything from the eyes up remained.

Just as the rest of his skull began to make its descent into his torso, the sound of footsteps approaching caused Henry to look up one last time to stare at his once-favorite wrestler. Upon doing so, his mind filled with rage and humiliation as he watched Austin smirk and amusement and wave goodbye before Henry finally was enveloped into total darkness.

After watching the fan's head disappear into his torso, Austin couldn't help but reach down and softly fondle his massive bulge as he watched the next stage of Henry's transformation begin. With the head now gone, Henry's torso continued to condense in on itself, with his shoulders and chest beginning its journey down towards his flat crotch. Once this was complete and all that remained was a shape that resembled a pair of wrestling trunks, Austin watched in excitement as the fan's skin began to not only darken but gain a shimmer that indicated a change in which his skin was traded out for lovely breathable spandex.

Upon having his skin transform fully into this new fabric, Austin hooted and hollered throughout the room in excitement as he watched his logo and various other stylish graphics manifest onto the fan-turned-trunks. The magic within Austin's spell then began to hollow out the still-solid pair of trunks, burrowing deep to create two leg holes that traversed up and widened until he was solely just his outer layer of skin-turned-fabric. With this stage then complete, the spell finished and Austin watched as the lifeless pair of trunks finally deflated into a heap on the floor.

For what felt like ages, Henry found himself stuck in that eternal darkness which deprived him of all of his senses. While there, he was finally given a chance to express all of the anger, fear, and confusion he felt. Henry had always thought of himself as a rather careful individual, yet he had instantly fallen for Austin's trap and found himself trapped as something completely inanimate for the rest of his existence... whatever that may be. As a result, the man-turned-object couldn't help but ponder the remainder of his existence. Would he ever die, or would he be trapped and fully alive despite how tattered and destroyed his new form may be? In all honesty, he couldn't decide what fate would be worse...

But just as he was about to accept his new situation, Henry began to regain one of his senses – touch. Although he couldn't see anything, he could now recognize that Austin was now holding him based on the tingling touch that had his entire being buzzing with unwanted anticipation. It was odd, because despite how angry and disgusted he was by

the wrestler's actions, his new form instantly caused him to recognize Austin as his owner and thus crave his touch.

One-by-one, each of Henry's senses began to return to him as Austin held onto him longer and longer. To his surprise though, he began to realize just how amplified those senses now were. He could taste the air that curved around his new form and smell the odor of the fresh and still-warm pizza that resided nearly 100 feet away in the event's break room. Although these were bizarre yet fun revelations, the restoration of his hearing caused the man intense rage as he heard Austin's disembodied voice loudly echo through his form with an intense boom. "You still in there, freak? I've got a lot more fun planned for you..."

Lastly, the man's sight began to restore itself as the image Henry could envision appeared fuzzy before beginning to grow more and more refined. Before long, the image finally cleared up and the man-turned-object grew shocked by what he saw. He was so close to Austin's face that it was all that he could see! For a moment, Henry was shocked by this as he could literally count each individual piece of facial hair that formed his trimmed beard and stare deeply into his murky blue eyes that were somewhat hypnotizing. But before he could stare too long, his attention shifted to the man's plump lips as Henry listened to what the wrestler was saying.

"Since you seem to be a big fan, I'm sure you could tell that it's been a while since I've gotten a new outfit," he began, frowning in a very animated way that just showcased how artificial and fake the man was. "When I saw you sitting there in the stands all alone and looking so pathetic and glum, a light bulb finally clicked on in my head. Surely, there's nothing that a weak and worthless man like you could come home to, so you were perfect for giving my wardrobe a revamp," Austin continued, chuckling as he looked down and narrowed his eyes at the new object.

All of the sudden, Henry experienced severe whiplash as he found himself suddenly turned away from Austin's face and moved elsewhere. As he heard Austin's footsteps begin, the new object attempted to stabilize himself and regain a clear sight of what was going on. After a bit of struggling, the walking suddenly stopped, allowing Henry's vision to settle and realize what he was now looking at. It was a reflection of Austin, who was smiling in amusement as he held out a black pair of wrestling briefs up in the air. *Holy shit, he turned me into his goddamn trunks!*

"I don't know about you, but I don't think you've ever looked better my friend," Austin chuckled, causing Henry to shiver in even more intense discomfort.



As he attempted to move his vision away from the brand new fate that had befallen him, Henry's eyes ultimately focused on Austin and his body. To his surprise, he found that his new owner was now completely nude, having seemingly shed his dress clothes while he was still transforming. Although he had no intense thirst for the rude asshole anymore based on his shitty behavior, the curious man couldn't help but scan the wrestler's physique and savor the sights.

After taking a moment to observe everything from his plump pecs to his imposing biceps, Henry continued to scan downwards as he traversed past Austin's six-pack abs. Upon doing so though, the man found himself shocked and incredibly alarmed by the 8"-long and girthy cock that was rock hard and proudly jutting out in front of the wrestler. Although such a sight should have been quite the turn-on, this was impossible for Henry as he realized his new situation... he was going to be forced to conceal that rock-hard monster on stage!

Upon getting one last look at the man's immense cock though, Henry found himself suddenly whisked away again as his vision blurred from the rapid movement. By the time he finally got his bearings over where he was now - being held just a few inches away from the floor of the dressing room - Henry felt an intense shiver course through his fabric form as he began to feel a leg slide through one of his large holes. So with just one leg providing overwhelming pleasure and an intense lust for more contact, the former human's mind went haywire as Austin slid the other leg through the hole and began to pull up on the fabric.

While doing so, the wrestler's intense muscularity provided Henry with tight and firm contact as the new trunks struggled to get past his knees due to his wide quads. But after a bit of shimmying and tugging, Henry's form was able to traverse higher until he found his



backside wrapped up tightly around Austin's own plump and perky ass cheeks. The same could not be said about Henry's frontside though, as the wrestler held the waistband out away from him several inches to toy with the former man and prevent him from touching his godly manhood.

"Pfft, I'm sure you want nothing more than for me to allow your pathetic self to feel my cock huh? You're just a worthless cock-hungry whore right?" Austin taunted from above, smirking as he imagined the former human begging and pleading for him to get a chance to fully wrap around his crotch.

But just as he planned to toy with the man longer, a soft knock on the door caused Austin to stop what he was doing and make his way to the door while still holding his waistband as far away from him as possible. Upon doing this, this just caused Henry's new form to burrow even deeper into the man's plump ass cheeks and pick up new senses such as a new potent odor and the bristle of Austin's ass hairs rubbing against his fabric form.

After opening the door just a crack and peering out, Austin chuckled as he found Sheamus standing there with his naturally stern-looking face. Despite this, Austin maintained a cocky smirk as he pulled open the door and invited him in. "Dude, get in here," he exclaimed, using one hand to wrap around the Irish hunk's broad back and push in hopes of guiding him.

As soon as Sheamus made his way in and Austin shut the door behind him, the middle-aged wrestler took one look at the man's waist and pointed towards the trunks that remained tugged away from his crotch. "So what's going on here," he inquired, before his eyes suddenly stopped to take a look at the clock. "Uh Austin, you know your match is about to begin right? Put the trunks on and get your ass out there..."

"But dude, I was just getting started," Austin complained, acting as if he was a petulant child the way he sulked before finally letting go of the waistband and allowing it to loudly snap against his taut waist and rock-hard cock.

Upon doing so, Henry's breath would have been taken away if he still had the function based on how overcome with shock he was as he felt himself grow skin-tight against the man's prominent bulge. It honestly felt as though he was vacuum-sealed to the man's crotch based on the way he could sense the rock-hard cock pushing against his fabric form and the way Austin's pendulous balls hung firmly in the pouch of the trunks.

To add more pleasure to the experience, Henry suddenly felt the man's hand wrap around the trunks and his bulge as Austin adjusted himself so everything was sitting and fitting properly. The tight grip of the man's hand plus the already extreme tightness of the trunks left Henry completely overcome with pure lust over the experience. *Goddamn, why does this feel SO fucking good?*

"Hehe, I bet you like that huh fag?" Austin chortled like a dumb frat boy, smirking as he looked up to stare at his confidante and mentor of sorts. To the wrestler's amusement, Sheamus' normally stoic and intimidating visage had shifted in the interim as it now displayed an uncharacteristic wide smile. In response, Austin came up to Sheamus and patted him on the shoulder. "Ayyy dude, looks like someone's finally seeing the light! I told you this would be fucking hot!"

Sheamus chuckled along in response, returning the favor by lifting up an arm and reciprocating the action on Austin's buff but much smaller shoulder. "No, that's not it my friend. I'm just happy to finally have the chance to teach your cocky ass a lesson." Just as Austin's eyebrows raised and he wondered what the older man meant, the Irish wrestler began to speak in his mother tongue. "Babhtáil comhlachtaí, babhtáil áiteanna!"

Throughout the entire encounter, Henry was quite caught off-guard when he heard the deep Irish voice in the room make such an ominous remark. Although this was alarming enough, the sudden foreign language being spoken caused panic to course through the young man's mind as he felt an intense tugging sensation occurring to his soul as if it was being vacuumed up like a crumb on the floor. But as he felt his soul be pulled up away from Austin's crotch, this then led to a shocking discovery - he now found himself staring directly at Sheamus.

"Holy shit," Henry exclaimed, gasping loudly and savoring the ability to breathe once more. "Wha- what the fuck is going on?!" he cried out, leaning down to rest his hands onto his thighs in hopes of catching his breath. But upon doing so, the sight of bulky and tanned quads and the sight of a black pair of wrestling trunks caused the man to scream as he put the pieces together. Despite not needing more of an explanation, Henry rushed towards the mirror in the dressing room and his jaw dropped in response. Staring back at him was the muscular physique and handsome face of Austin Theory, and rather than just being the accessory wrapped around his body, Henry was now the one fully in control!

Attempting to catch his breath from the shock of turning into shorts and then becoming his biggest wrestling crush, Henry's eyes couldn't help but get distracted by the way in which his prominent chest heaved up and down with each labored breath that he took.

“Fuck, I’m massive,” he muttered under his breath, his new hands instantly moving up along his torso to run along his washboard abs and grip onto his plump pectorals.

In response to the man’s statement, Sheamus chuckled and finally reintroduced himself to the situation at hand. “Oh yes my friend, you’re massive in more ways than one,” he slyly stated, which caused Henry to instantly turn away from the mirror and stare at the man.

Worried about undergoing more transformations somehow, the brand new wrestler was eager to figure out what was going on here. “What does that mean? What are you doing to do to me next,” he inquired, his voice wavering as he envisioned even worse fates somehow.

“Oh no my friend, you have nothing to worry about anymore. Theory was the big threat and now we’ve both taken care of that little problem...” Upon finishing up his sentence, Sheamus then began to slowly make his way closer towards Henry, who followed suit and backed up in response. “Ever since he won his first championship last year, the kid’s been an absolute menace to everyone here regardless of if it was staff or even other wrestlers. His ego had gotten so goddamn inflated that he started inviting fans backstage under the guise of a meet and greet and then just ridiculing them for an hour until they left sobbing so he could feel like this untouchable god or some shit.”

“But what about me? Why was it different for me?” Henry inquired, wishing that he would have just undergone that humiliation rather than turning into an inanimate object.

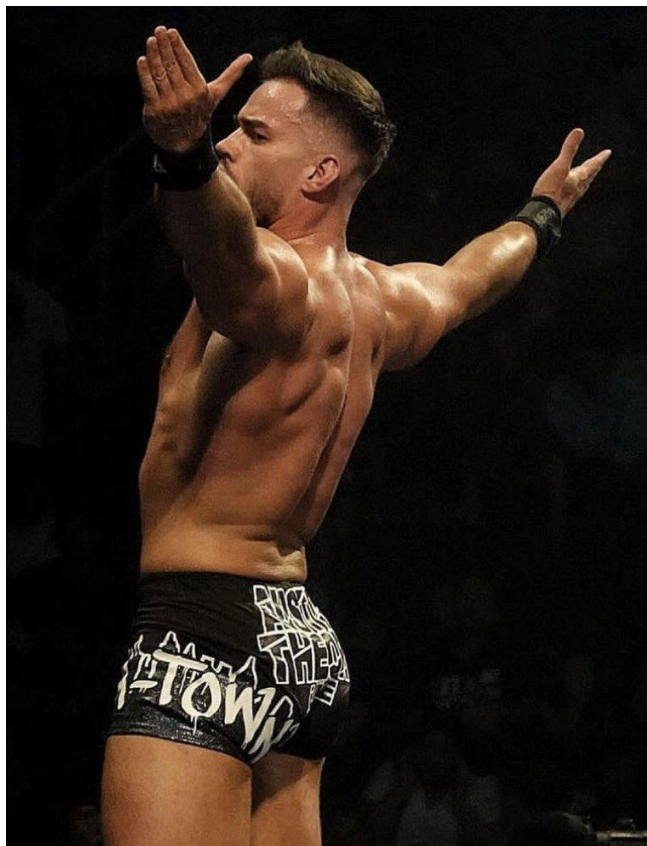
“Well, Austin was getting bored of the usual and he was complaining to me about how he wanted to “level up” the humiliation.” After taking a break to catch his breath and figure out what to say, Sheamus looked up intensely into Henry’s eyes. “Given how determined the kid was, I knew that if I didn’t help him, someone else would. So I offered him this Irish spell that had been passed down through my family for generations. Luckily for you, he didn’t do any research about what the spell really was and just listened to me without question. If he had, he would have realized that the spell was actually dark magic that made the person responsible for casting it immensely vulnerable to other spells. All I had to do was come in and cast a spell that would cause you two to trade places...”

Upon comprehending everything that the Irish wrestler said, Henry found himself increasingly enraged that not only was his biggest crush an absolute egotistical maniac, but he had easily fallen for the man’s trap! “So what do we do now,” Henry replied,

wondering about what his future would be now that he had found himself in possession of Austin Theory's marvelous body.

Sheamus' answer was a relatively simple one. "You can just be Austin Theory from now on." After taking a second to pause, the man then extended a finger up in the air. "However, there is one guideline you have to stick to if you want to keep his body - you cannot be rude to any of the staff, other wrestlers, or fans. I don't want this to be like killing a hydra and you're just the latest head to continue his shitty legacy. If you're able to do that, Austin Theory's life and body is yours for the taking! So whaddya say?"

Despite just how confused his mind was given all that he had been through the day thus



far, Henry's answer was one that was offered up with immediate swiftness.

"Well, I've got one thing to say then - let's get on stage and give the crowd a show," he exclaimed with genuine excitement as he looked at the mirror to observe his immense new form and his innately cocky yet handsome visage.

As Sheamus opened the door to begin leading the man out to the loud crowd cheering for the show to begin, Henry quickly moved down to adjust himself and smirked at the fate that had befallen the real wrestler. Thinking about how he had ultimately come out on top against him, the brand new Austin Theory exited the dressing room with an intense swagger in his step as he prepared to put on the best show of his life with his new favorite pair of wrestling trunks.