

## **Marvelous Mescal**

By Soul-Controller

Fresh off of his Oscar nomination, it was no surprise that Irish actor Paul Mescal was receiving countless offers from studios hoping to get the nominee to add a level of prestige to their upcoming films. Given his interest in intense character work, the 27-year-old found himself instantly drawn to offers that involved theater productions in the West End or arthouse independent films. As such, Paul was incredibly infuriated to currently find himself stuck waiting in a Marvel Studios boardroom.

Despite knowing that the MCU was a juggernaut in terms of box office and its impact in society, Paul had no real desire to join such a monolith that was more focused on an interconnected story rather than character studies. On top of that, he was a relatively lean guy who only really enjoyed going on jogs, so the concept of having to bulk up for a superhero role by doing countless hours in a gym sounded like hell. But his management team was unwilling to allow the actor to turn down the meeting with Marvel, stating that angering the huge corporation could have devastating long-term effects on his career. As such, they forced him to accept the meeting and at least hear the company out in what they were proposing.



As a result, Paul now found himself sitting across from a hunky executive named James in a boardroom as the Marvel employee did a presentation about possible characters that they'd like to see Paul portray. Throughout the entire experience of hearing intended storylines for each character, Paul tried to appear engaged with the material, but the whole time he was relatively uninterested in what they were proposing. Although there were certainly some plotlines that were intriguing to him, all of the concept art associated with the interesting heroes showed Paul with a bodybuilder-sized physique. Although he enjoyed being healthy, the concept of evolving into someone of that size seemed like a nightmare.

When the presentation ultimately finished and James returned to his seat across from Paul to ask his thoughts, the Irish actor wasted no time bringing up this point. "I appreciate the presentation and effort your team did with the concept art, but I don't

think I'm the right fit for this," Paul began. "You see, I *really* loathe the gym and the concept of turning into some burly muscular hero seems like a nightmare. Between the two of us, I feel like you'd be the superhero and I'd be the awkward sidekick," he joked, pointing out just how different their physiques were.

"Aw, well I appreciate the compliment Mr. Mescal. I certainly may have the physique, but I don't have an ounce of your acting prowess," James responded, flashing a pearly white smile as he leaned forward across the table. "This is why Marvel is quite interested in having you join our company. We like to view our relationship with our actors and actresses as a mutually beneficial one. Your name recognition helps bring more people out to the cinema, which causes our box office numbers to be huge and you to get more acting opportunities to do whatever your heart desires."

Upon comprehending what the man was saying, Paul's thoughts instantly began to ponder the legitimacy of what James was saying. It was true that several of the actors and actresses that had taken on Marvel roles had broken out and become big stars. But as he thought about it further, he also recalled countless actors who joined the franchise whose careers completely stalled to the point where Marvel was their only source of income. As he began to focus on the realization that the odds of joining the franchise weren't the greatest, Paul's attention was broken by the sound of wheels rolling. Upon focusing back on James, Paul watched as the buff executive pushed his chair away from the desk before sitting up and making his way around the long boardroom table.

"Mr. Mescal, I can tell that you're not entirely convinced yet, so I'd like to offer an opportunity to hopefully change your mind. If you say yes, I think you'll come to realize just how badly Marvel hopes to have you join our ranks. So, would you be willing to just give us a little bit more of your time to prove this to you?"

Although a voice deep in Paul's head was telling him to reject the offer and stay true to his artistic integrity, the actor found himself ultimately shaking his head yes and verbalizing his approval.

As soon as he did this though, the actor jumped in shock as the doors to the boardroom were suddenly ripped open and two burly security guards entered the room with haste. Although Paul frantically asked what was going on, he received no answer as the security guards approached the still-seated man and suddenly each grabbed him by one arm.

Now realizing he was being manhandled, the actor tried his best to flail and escape the tight grasp of the men. Unfortunately, he quickly found that his attempts were useless

due to just how strong they were. *Why is everyone who works here the size of bodybuilders*, he frantically thought to himself, beginning to grunt and grimace as his body was forcefully navigated out of the boardroom as the guards trailed behind James.

As they made their way down a long hallway, the sudden sight of other Marvel employees caused Paul to begin screaming and begging for help. But no matter how loud and emotional his pleas were, the employees entirely avoided eye contact and simply moved out of the way to allow the four men to continue their journey down the hall. After entering an elevator being cramped in the middle of the three burly men, a trip down four floors finally allowed the group to reach their destination. As the sound of a ding rang and the doors opened, Paul's eyes widened at the stark white lab that was suddenly revealed to him.

"Wha- what the fuck is this place?" He cried out, his head frantically turning as he looked around the huge lab and saw countless white coat-wearing scientists walking around. His question received no response, with the group continuing to carry him by the armpit until he arrived in the middle of two large upright glass tubes. As he continued to look at the tubes though, Paul noticed that one had an ajar door while the other one was already holding someone. As he leaned in and took a look at the completely nude individual seemingly trapped inside of it, the Irish man gasped and his eyes widened at his discovery. "Is that Chris Hemsworth?!"

Once again, Paul received no answer from his captors as he found himself shoved into the open tube with the door locked tight before he could attempt to flee. As he angrily slammed his palms against the curved glass, the actor began to hyperventilate over the claustrophobic space he now found himself inside. Although the glass obscured his view slightly, the turning of his head allowed Paul to see that Chris Hemsworth was also looking directly at him with an equally wide-eyed expression.

Before they could say anything, James made his way over to a large control panel and slammed down on a red button. Upon doing so, a mechanical whir emerged in both tubes as a calm female voice began to countdown from three. Unsure of what was going on, Paul closed his eyes and mentally prepared for some sort of pain to emerge as the counter reached zero. But as the voice finished speaking and several seconds passed, the actor found that no such sensations were emerging.

As such, the actor peeled his eyes open and found himself staring out to a large group of scientists who were staring at him in awe like he was a wild animal in a zoo exhibit. Creeped out by the weird attention he was receiving, the man tilted his head down to

the floor in hopes of avoiding eye contact. Upon doing so though, Paul gasped at the way the skin underneath his pants appeared to be throbbing.

Too stunned to speak, Paul maintained his intense stare on his upper thighs. Upon doing so, it quickly became clear that his thighs were somehow thickening with each contraction. Previously his slender legs had been completely undiscoverable by the starched yet billowy khaki pants he was wearing. However, the intense throbbing was now making it so his thighs were now snugly fitting within the fabric.

While he was too busy focusing on his thighs, the rest of Paul's legs had also begun to alter and shift beneath the surface of his pants and shoes. Although the man already had an impressive set of calves due to his affinity for jogging, the muscles had grown exponentially to the point where he could easily run a marathon with no problem. As for his feet, the actor's bones had cracked and altered to become even wider and longer as he was in need of a strong foundation to handle the rest of the changes that would soon affect his body.

Although there was clear panic and shock over what was happening to him, the concept of becoming muscular deep down was something that Paul was certainly enjoying. He hated the gym, so the ability to potentially bypass all of that hard work and just become a muscular man seemed like a dream come true. But as his thighs continued to expand and cause a tight pain to emerge as his muscles became constricted by the fabric, Paul quickly realized the downside of going from a lean man to a muscular beast.

Given how constricting the tube he was trapped in was, there was nothing he could do to provide relief for himself as his thighs and calves continued to expand and go into battle with the seams of his khakis. Gritting his teeth, Paul groaned loudly as the war between muscle and fabric seemed to reach its inevitable conclusion. After finishing his loud growl, the man exhaled as the shrill sound of fabric tearing revealed the clear winner. As he craned his neck down to see what had occurred, Paul gasped at the huge and meaty thighs that were now rubbing against each other and revealed through the wide tears in his pants. In hopes of preventing more discomfort, the actor widened his stance to prevent inner thighs from chafing. Although this worked, he quickly realized the larger size caused his outer thighs to now make contact with the cold glass of the tube.

Although it was clear that his pants were already quite useless given their tattered state, the changes that were affecting Paul were seemingly desperate to make them impractical. The reason behind this was because the man's waist area began to expand due to the sudden growth that was occurring to both his crotch and ass. While he

couldn't really turn his head back in the cramped tube to stare at the changes that were affecting his rear end, he could certainly feel the extreme growth as his ass grew in impressive haste. Formerly, his relatively flat cheeks allowed him to lay flat against the back of the tube, but this was clearly no longer possible as the inflated derriere now jutted out several inches from his body. While the transformation reached its conclusion, it was suddenly soundtracked by the shrill tearing of fabric as both his underwear and pants fell victim to his impressively plump ass.

Paul's underwear then underwent further assault as he looked down and watched his formerly average cock begin to turn into a thick fabric-covered mound. Although he couldn't see it clearly for himself, his manhood had gained an additional three inches to his former 5.5 along with widening to grow incredibly girthy. The man's tight ball sack also underwent its own changes as each testicle was inflated with virile seed. There was a moment of discomfort where his balls had become too big for their sack, but this was quickly remedied as the skin expanded and lengthened to give himself a pendulous set of golf ball-sized testicles.

Paul had no real time to react to what was occurring to him as the changes progressed upwards to affect his entire torso. The man felt his breath grow lighter as a slight twinge of discomfort permeated through his ribs. As he looked down to see what was going on, he was able to watch his ribs painlessly crack and widen to allow for a large amount of muscle to better fit onto his formerly lithe frame.

Due to the widening of his torso, Paul's polo shirt was now skintight and thus allowed the actor to get a good look at his relatively flat torso. When the sudden throbbing began around his stomach, the man watched in awe as his abs began to alter. One-by-one, thick sculpted rectangles began to breach through the fabric until a thick eight-pack revealed itself to him. While he wanted to take a moment to savor these new additions, this plan was quickly interrupted by the throbbing of his chest. As he moved his attention to the area, Paul watched in disbelief as thick muscle began to flood his chest and cause thick pectorals to form. In less than a minute, the man's shirt ended up in tatters as it was torn along the sides and across the thick pectoral shelf that he had suddenly gained. As he looked down to observe the bizarre new additions he had accumulated, he quickly realized that his view down to his feet was now forever hindered by the two bulging muscle tits he possessed.

Upon such a sizable change to his torso, it seemed as though the process that was changing him was eager to finish. As a result, Paul could instantly feel the intense throbbing occur in both his arms and neck. Although he couldn't see what was occurring to his neck, the throbbing was causing his neck to thicken and grow incredibly muscular.

On top of that, his Adam's apple was growing even larger to give his Irish tone a deeper and more intimidating volume. With his arms, everything from his shoulders down to his forearms were widely expanding as muscle invaded each area. Although the man had felt relatively claustrophobic in the tube prior to the changes, it was even more extreme now as his arms grew. With his shoulders cracking and expanding through his shirt to make him appear even wider, Paul found himself too cramped to move anything besides his arms as they dangled down to his side. However, this quickly became a thing of the past as well as his biceps and forearms began to widen. Impressive strength suddenly invaded the man's arms, trading in his modest biceps for muscles that resembled bowling balls. In order to make sure every piece of his new physique was uniform, his forearms and hands also cracked and thickened to solidify Paul Mescal's new status as an absolute beast.

As the throbbing sensation suddenly dissipated and left his head untouched, the sound of gears turning caused the glass tube door to suddenly unlock and become ajar. Such a reveal was a relief to Paul, as his heartbeat was ramping up due to just how constricted he felt in the tight glass tube. So despite the revealing state of his tattered clothing, the extreme claustrophobia he felt caused him to push aside his worries about decency as he pushed the door further ajar and made his exit from the tube.

As he finally escaped from the tight quarters and found himself surrounded by the sea of enamored scientists, the man took a moment to finally look down and observe himself. Although the concept of growing muscular was initially appealing, the broad and extremely muscular sights he saw made him feel panicked. He felt like an absolute freak! This observation was further aided by the realization that his gait had become a waddle due to just how thick his legs had become. Peering at the skin revealed through the tattered remains of his clothing, Paul was instantly grossed out by the intense vascularity that he witnessed. He felt and looked like a bodybuilder, which was quite the extreme from the lean runner that the Irish actor used to be!

"Wha- what the **fuck** did you do to me?" Paul growled, too enraged from his increased testosterone to even notice just how deep his voice now was. As he angrily looked through the crowd, the actor was finally able to see James and instantly made his way closer to him. Not wanting to get shoved out of the way by such an intimidating man, the other scientists in the area instantly scrambled away to leave the two men alone.

As Paul finally approached so they were now face-to-face, James appeared calm and collected despite just how imposing the actor now was. "I told you that Marvel was desperate to have you join. You talked about how much you loathed working out, so we solved that issue for you," the executive calmly explained, flashing a pearly white smile.

“I said I wouldn’t mind being a bit more muscular, not a goddamn freak! This is way too big,” Paul cried out, looking at his arms and staring in disbelief at just how large they were. “How did you even do this?!”

“Oh, we simply repurposed another Marvel asset to make way for your addition to the franchise,” James simply retorted.

As if on cue, the sound of gears whirring caused both men to turn and direct their attention to the other glass tube. The two burly security guards that had dragged Paul into the lab made their way over to the area, where they wasted no time reaching into the tube and roughly pulling out the man who was inside of it. Upon doing so, Paul gasped as he finally was able to stare face-to-face with Chris Hemsworth. But rather than the hunky movie star that he had seen in countless films and just prior to being thrown into the other tube himself, the Hemsworth that Paul saw being dragged out of the lab was a gangly and withered version of the actor. As he watched the skin and bones version of the Australian being carried out of the lab and then looked down at himself, Paul quickly put two and two together. Somehow they had stolen all of Chris’ muscles and given them to him instead!

Although Paul was certainly shocked by the reveal, James seemed to not care as he continued to explain the situation. “Although our relationship with Mr. Hemsworth had originally been beneficial, we recently realized that his services weren’t meeting our expectations,” James began, lifting an arm up to grab one of Paul’s burly shoulders to begin leading him away from the tubes. Eager for answers, the Irish actor allowed his broad body to be manhandled and thus walked slowly in front of James. “After the surprising disappointment of his latest film and his desire to spend more time with his family, we both came to an agreement about voiding his contract to allow him to take a break from the franchise. There was only one term necessary to prematurely end his deal: Marvel had the exclusive right to redistribute his muscles however we desired. So, we decided to invest them solely in you!”

While James was speaking and leading him towards an unknown destination, the continued movement was finally causing Paul’s tattered clothing to begin falling off of his body. In an instant, the man’s pants and underwear had finally torn and fell into the ground in a clumped heap. By the time James finished speaking and the duo had been stopped dead in their tracks, only Paul’s polo shirt remained on his body.

Upon being stopped, Paul was initially unsure of what was going on, but as he looked up, he found himself looking directly into his own reflection. Upon seeing the tattered sight of his shirt and the muscles that were bulging out of any tear, the man’s eyes

widened as he looked down and realized that he was now fully nude. As he noticed the thick cock that was dangling in the air that seemed to be a perfect accessory to his meaty and vascular thighs, the man gasped as he realized that truly every inch of his body from the neck down had been changed.

While he was shocked by the sight he saw, James had stepped off to the side and stared in admiration at his hunky new creation. “I know you’re certainly still trying to wrap your head around everything, so take a moment to get more acquainted with your new self. If you still hate the muscles afterwards, I can turn you back to your *weak* former self and we can just pretend that this never happened...”

Although his mind was instantly telling him to reject the offer and get his old physique back, Paul found himself nodding to James’ request and thus moved back a few inches so his broad frame could be better observed in the mirror. Given the fact that he already got a good sight of his new legs and waist, the actor was curious to see what had occurred to his upper body. As a result, Paul tried his best to pull his polo off. But no matter how hard he tried, his body was way too wide to get the shirt off successfully (plus there was the added hassle of how hard it was to lift his arms up over his head due to just how broad his arms and shoulders were). With no other options afforded to him, Paul gripped onto the collar of his shirt and used his new strength to tear the shirt off of his body and send it falling to the floor. Upon doing so, Paul looked in the mirror and was finally able to see his new self in its entirety.



Instantly, the sight of his nude new body caused a peculiar reaction to occur in his manhood. At first, the slight throbbing made him believe that he was about to change



again, but as he looked down and saw his cock beginning to harden and jut out towards the mirror, he quickly realized that he was actually turned on by what he had just done. Using his new strength to easily tear his shirt off left a lingering tingle to course through his body. He couldn't believe it, but it actually felt so good!

Such a revelation was peculiar to the formerly lean man, especially as he never felt a desire to be this big before. But as he used his wide new hands to grip his biceps and pecs and explore the firm muscle that he now possessed, the actor was realizing just how great it felt to be so imposing. Although he certainly would have a hard time adapting to his new gait and the intense vascularity he had, the intense thrill he felt as he flexed and watched his biceps firm up and his pecs bounce up and down was quickly brainwashing him into accepting his new situation. In fact, his mind couldn't help but wonder about just how much he could lift at the gym as he flexed and admired the sight of his reflection with a wide smile.

After allowing Paul to explore his new body for a good 15 minutes (and causing his cock to continue pre-cumming until he had made a small puddle onto the ground), James finally interrupted by asking if they had a deal. As Paul turned his head and flexed his biceps at the now much smaller man, the Irish actor flashed a cocky grin to the executive. "How soon can I start?"