

Learning Humility

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Stephen Amell lived a fast-paced life and he didn't like slowing down for anybody. When he wasn't on set filming the latest season of *Arrow* then he was either sculpting his body in the gym, hanging out with his famous friends or fucking his beautiful wife.

He was aware of the privileged life he led but he was more than willing to take full credit for his own success. He'd never been gifted anything and had scratched and clawed his way to the top to be successful. It had meant pushing others down in order to get ahead - his cousin Robbie included - but that was just the nature of Hollywood. It was a violent world and one he had learned to keep up with when other's simply couldn't.

As such, he didn't think he had anything to apologize about at all.

When he received a request for a meeting with a certain Mr Cavanaugh through his close friend and co-star Colton Haynes, Stephen was irritated. Despite Colton's assurances that Mr Cavanaugh was somebody that Stephen would do well to acquaint himself with, *Arrow's* lead star merely saw the other man was some rich fan who would eat into time he could be spending doing something else. Rather than entertain the offer, Stephen all but ordered Colton to reply with a simple "thanks, but no thanks".

With the busy schedule that Stephen worked through that week, the request for a meeting was soon forgotten about. He had noticed that Colton appeared a little uneasy around him, as if expecting something but when confronted about it his younger co-star merely stammered out an excuse before hurrying away. Thankfully Stephen had his strict gym regime and even some in-ring practice for his next wrestling match to keep him busy enough, not to mention all the press work he had to do to promote the new season of *Arrow*.

Running on little sleep and starting to feel the exhaustion from hours upon hours of gruelling training, Stephen was somewhat miserable by the time he arrived at a press event in downtown Vancouver. Every time a producer told him to "put his smile on" only made Stephen's mood plummet further and as such by the time he got behind the table and started to meet the fans who had waited hours in the cold and rain for him, he



struggled to muster up much more than a smile and was rather short in tone with a number of them. The whole situation had been a recipe for disaster and the situation only got worse when Colton whispered into his ear, "Cavanaugh sent a rep down to meet you. He's really keen to work with you."

"Tell him to fuck off," Stephen growled in response, quickly excusing himself from the table to the disappointment of the fans that were still lined up to get his autograph. A number of producers called out in confusion as he escaped into the backstage area for a quiet moment but the only response they received was Stephen's middle finger. Finally he made his way into the men's restroom and let out a sigh of relief at the peace that greeted him.

Unfortunately that peace was quickly shattered as he was joined in the restroom by a man with highly-waxed blond hair and wearing a shirt that might as well have been painted on. The bold pink text on the shirt read "Future Mr Amell" and once it had caught his attention it had Stephen audibly groaning in despair. It would be just his luck that a crazy gay fan would stalk him into the restroom, wouldn't it?

"I'm taking a minute," he grunted before the fan could even get a word out. "Do your business or whatever, then get out. I'm not having a selfie with you and I'm definitely not signing that fucking shirt, got it?" The fan was clearly caught off guard by the aggressive tone he was greeted with and his eyes began to shine bright with fresh tears. The display of vulnerability only bothered Stephen further as he fixed his steely gaze on the other man. "Didn't you hear me? Stop fucking staring at me and get lost!"

Stephen was thankful that the fan knew better than to stick around and as the twink disappeared back the way he'd come, the actor was finally able to get some much needed peace. Hiding out in one of the cubicles, he pulled out his cell phone and opened up the folder of nudes he kept from his wife for extreme circumstances like this. Beating his meat always helped him calm down, especially after confrontations with gay fans which always made him feel somewhat uncomfortable.

The day seemed to pass with a blur after that and Stephen was sure as hell glad by the time he made it back to his hotel room and collapsed back onto the king-sized bed, ready to sleep off the bad mood that had overcome him earlier that day. After downing a couple of beers and getting off once again, this time to some hot leather-fetish porn featuring a couple that he liked to imagine as his wife and himself, Stephen finally started to feel bleary and sunk into a deep slumber.

The dream Stephen experienced that night was more vivid than anything he could ever remember experiencing before in his life. He found himself in a wrestling ring in front of

thousands in a roaring crowd, except they all seemed to be supporting his opponent. Every time he made so much as a move the place would erupt into boos and Stephen became more and more irate with every passing moment. *They're just jealous of my success*, he told himself, trying to rationalize to himself why he wouldn't be the object of the crowd's adoration.

Even worse than the crowd reaction was just how easily outmatched Stephen found himself against his opponent. The mountain of a man that stood across the ring from him wore a bright pink speedo that left nothing to the imagination and had a thick forest of hair spread across his broad chest. It was rare for Stephen to feel dwarfed by anyone but this man stood several inches taller than him and looked like he'd been power-lifting since the day he'd been born.

Every strike and attempted grapple from Stephen was shrugged off by his opponent with distressing ease. Time and time again Stephen found himself thrown down to the mat, the wind knocked out of him and his vision swimming. His opponent wasn't even going out of his way to get in offensive moves, he was simply allowing Stephen to bring the fight and then swatting him away like a fly.

Even with the odds against him, Stephen had never been the type to give up. His family always referred to it as his stupid and stubborn streak making itself known but Stephen preferred to see himself as brave. It didn't matter how tough a fight looked, he'd give it his all until every last bit was spent. Besides, he didn't like to think that he could be beaten, even by such a behemoth, and was certain that there would be a comeback for him anywhere around the corner.

Unfortunately for Stephen all it took was a go-behind followed by a chain of german suplexes and the actor was left utterly spent and vulnerable. His shoulders were pinned down to the mat and his opponent's bulge was pressed directly into his face as the larger man covered him for a pinning attempt. Stephen's lips were met with the salty



taste of pre-cum from the other's hard length through the pink speedos and disgust rippled through him at the intimacy of the moment. Every thought in Stephen's mind was telling him to kick out of the pin but he was completely exhausted and unable to power out, leaving him down for the referee's full three count.

As the giant pulled off of him, Stephen realized in horror that he was no longer wearing the black wrestling tights adorned with well-suited Green Arrow decorations but instead a matching pink speedo. Scrambling back to the ropes, Stephen pulled himself up and stared down at himself. The speedo revealed the surprising presence of his hard cock and everybody in the audience could see his shame, as evidenced by the roaring laughter that seemed to originate from millions of voices all at once.

Red-faced and furious, Stephen screamed out in rage but his voice came out much softer and effeminate than he was used to. "Stop laughing at me!" he practically whimpered, angrily stamping his feet. He felt uncharacteristically vulnerable and far more sensitive to the opinions of those around him. His opponent had remained in the ring, resting against one of the corners and the leer he gave Stephen sent a shiver down the actor's spine. The other had bad intentions in mind and Stephen didn't want to stick around to find out what he was planning.

Turning his back on the mountain of a man, Stephen made to slide out under the ropes and attempt to escape but in a moment he felt hands on his hips and a strong grip keeping him in place. Hot breaths against his neck prompted a pathetic whimper to escape Stephen's lips and a shiver rushed down the actor's spine. He felt incredibly small with the hulking frame of his opponent pressed against his back and, even more humiliating, his cock throbbed in desire. There was no doubt that the other could manhandle him without much issue and Stephen found himself surprisingly aroused by that thought, as much as he loathed to admit it.

"P-please," he whispered, his voice an effeminate shadow of the deep boom he was used to. It earned a rumbling chuckle from the big brute behind him and the other's fingers tightened around Stephen's slim waistline.

"Nobody turns down a meeting with Mr Cavanaugh," the giant murmured against his ear. "You should have listened to your buddy." Stephen thought about all of the troubled looks he had caught Colton giving him in the past few days and suddenly things were beginning to fall into place. He didn't want to admit that he had been wrong but Stephen was beginning to think that maybe giving Mr Cavanaugh the cold shoulder hadn't been the smartest decision he'd ever made.

Even as Stephen contemplated his mistake, the other removed a hand from his waist and then returned to push something into the front of Stephen's speedo. The actor glanced down and saw in humiliation that it was a single dollar note, as if he was some go-go boy putting on a show for a club full of horny gay men! He wanted to cry out in protest and curse the man out but instead found himself croaking a weak "Thank you, sir!" The words caught Stephen off guard but they earned another deep laugh from the other man and suddenly the actor began to feel a little more comfortable.

As Stephen glanced up and out at the crowd, he realized that he was no longer in the centre of a wrestling ring. Indeed he was now on the stage of a nightclub that seemed particularly popular with homosexual men in their forties and older, all of them big and burly with notes ready and waiting in their hands. Their eyes scanned over Stephen's lean body, hungrily devouring the sight, and the actor felt both horrified and aroused by the attention he was receiving.

"Go on," the muscular man behind him - *the boss*, Stephen's mind supplied - started, "Dance." It was much more of an order than a request and Stephen immediately complied, beginning to sway his hips and run his hands up and down his body, caressing the pale skin and faint lines of definition. The muscles he had worked so hard for in the gym to make sure he was the hottest hunk on the CW had all but vanished, leaving him petite and almost girlish in stature. It was both humiliating and exciting and Stephen knew that the front of his speedo was starting to show a slight wet patch where he couldn't control his cock from leaking a little pre-cum.

Left alone on the stage, Stephen was well aware that every pair of eyes in the club were fixated on him and for the first time in a long time he actually felt nervous. Every single man present could easily bend him over their knee and spank him until he was red raw and that thought actually excited him. He was disgusted by his own mind and the homosexual urges that had begun to bubble up inside, keeping him tenting his speedo as he gyrated on the stage as if his paycheck depended on it.

Stephen's last hope was that this was all part of some twisted nightmare that he could wake up from but that seemed to fade with every passing moment. No dream had ever felt quite this real, nor did he think his relatively straight-laced brain could come up with such a unique turn of events.

The final realization came as a new customer arrived and seated himself in a prime location right in front of the stage. Immediately Stephen was caught up in the man's rugged handsomeness, with his thick goatee beard and close-shaven head. There was something familiar about the man and the gorgeous younger gentleman he had arrived with, who now stood behind the seated man, smirking like a fox. The new arrival had the

expression of a predator eyeing up its prey and Stephen immediately began to fixate on him, dancing in his direction until he was all but in the other's lap, grinding his bulge down against the other's.

"What's your name?" the man asked, moving his hands to Stephen's hips. The action left the actor momentarily at a loss as he searched his memories for his name. He knew he was really Stephen Amell, lead star of *Arrow*, husband to a gorgeous wife and father of an adorable daughter, but he simply couldn't bring himself to say that. It simply didn't feel right - even if it was the truth, that wasn't who he was anymore.

"Stevie," he replied, the last shreds of his alpha male personality slipping away, leaving him trapped in the mind and body of an effeminate go-go dancer with a love of older men who weren't afraid to manhandle him. "What's yours, sir?" Stevie asked, running his hands up the other's firm torso and groping his meaty pecs. Whoever he was, he clearly spent a lot of time refining his body and it was a delight to explore. Stevie wanted more and he didn't care if they had an audience. In fact, he welcomed it!

"Oh, you know who I am," the man chuckled in response and Stevie felt foolish for asking in the first place. Of course he knew whose lap he was sat on - Stephen Amell, the gorgeous multi-talented hunk of *Arrow* fame. What he was doing in a stripclub for gay men Stevie couldn't quite work out but he presumed that the presence of Colton Haynes behind Stephen probably explained some of it. Colton was gorgeous for sure but Stevie's attention was entirely captured by the man who had such a firm grip on his waist.

As Stevie leaned in to attempt to capture Stephen's lips in a kiss, the actor turned his head and chuckled. "Nice try," he said mockingly, "But I don't swing that way and you know it." Unfortunately it was the truth and Stevie blushed, realizing that his humiliation would continue to be ongoing. "I must say though," Stephen declared, his eyes flashing purple for a moment, "It's nice to finally meet you, Stephen. The name's Mr Cavanaugh but please, continue to call me *sir*..."

