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The Next Big Thing

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 Johnny reclined in bed staring idly at his phone while he waited for that fateful call he knew would be coming. Sure enough, his phone buzzed to alert him that he had an incoming call. Johnny quickly swiped the lit up green button to start the face time and was quickly greeted by the smug, smirking face of his manager.

 “Talk to me, Buster,” Johnny said.

 “Heyyy. Johnny baby. Have I got some great news for you!” Buster replied.

 “It better be a new gig,” Johnny grumbled.

 “It’s better than a new gig! You see, I pulled some strings and I got in touch with a guy who knows a guy who can get you a spot in the new Crest ad!” Buster said.

 “A Crest ad? As in, the toothpaste? I thought you said you got me a gig!?” Johnny cried in shock and exasperation.

 “We all gotta start somewhere, Johnny baby,” Buster replied in that smarmy, almost whining way he always did when he was trying to smooth things over.

 “Do I at least get a speaking part?” Johnny asked.

“I said Ad,” Buster replied.

“Ad…? As in… not commercial? Wait. Is this just a magazine insert!?” Johnny cried indignantly.

 “Hey! Hey! Hey! I wouldn’t do you dirty like that. So, ok. No. No words, BUT. And this is huge. This is bigger than huge. Your face! Big! In focus! Front and center! Everyone will be dazzled by your pearly whites! Beautiful eyes! Charming Smile! Your poster will be all over town! Everyone will see you! You’re gonna be HUGE I tell ya! The next big thing, I swear!” Buster exclaimed.

 “What do I pay you for!?” Johnny cried.

 “You pay me to think of the big picture! And that’s what I do. Anyone can be a background extra in some commercial, but not you. No way, Johnny baby. You’re gonna be a star! Everyone in Hollywood is gonna look up to you. Your footprints are gonna be all OVER the walk of fame! You’ll be the talk of the town!” Buster claimed in that smarmy, placating whine of his.

 Johnny didn’t even wait for Buster to explain further. He hit the red button and dropped his phone unceremoniously on the nightstand beside him. Johnny resigned himself to being the face of the new toothpaste campaign. There were worst breakout gigs, he supposed. Still, he couldn’t help but dream of something a bit showier. How many people remember the face that smiles back at them with artificially whitened teeth on a subway ad? If he wanted to get his brand out there, he’d have to think bigger…

 The rest of the day stretched on with nothing much happening. Johnny had no modeling gigs currently booked, nor did he have any other work to attend to. He did his basic cardio at the gym and tried to block out his irritation.

 After a brief stint on the treadmill, Johnny felt a need to do something a bit heavier. The steady plodding of his feet just wasn’t enough to vent his frustration. He needed to feel the burn. He made his way towards the free weights and picked up a few dumbbells. He laid back on the bench and settled into a quite routine, but despite the exertion he couldn’t shake the thought from his mind.

“The next big thing.” He said to himself with an intense upward thrust of the weights. He steadily lowered the weights to his chest and braced himself for the next push.

“The next big thing.” He repeated again as he thrust upwards once more on the weights.

By about the fifth rep he was really starting to feel it in his pecs and biceps, but he continued on like a man possessed.

“The next big thing. The next big thing. The next big thing…” He chanted his mantra as he did rep after rep, and when his arms were finally too tired to continue, he took his frustrations and his mantra to the squat rack.

“The next big thing… the next big thing… the next big thing…” Over and over again he chanted and strained. His muscles ached and his thoughts raged. He wasn’t meant to molder in obscurity. He was going to show them. He was going to show all of them. Soon everyone would know his face.

By the time his body was finally ready to give out on him, the words had blurred together into a faint buzz in the back of his mind. He was still in a haze as he staggered towards the showers, unaware of the gazes he had garnered from others in the gym. It wasn’t until the warm water of the showers cascaded over his bare flesh that he steadily began to come down from whatever trance had overcome him.

Time seemed to slow down as the water soaked into his hair and washed across his body. Slowly, his mind stopped racing. Steadily, his breathing began to regulate. Eventually he had managed to almost forget the rage that had overtaken him earlier… almost.

As he left the showers, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He smirked at his reflection which of course smirked back. How could anyone deny that face? He was more than just handsome. He was *stunning*! This stupid print ad was merely a set-back, and he knew it. Who knows. Maybe that blowhard of an agent might actually be onto something. A full-page ad of just his smiling face? That was sure to turn a few heads. Maybe… just maybe, it could lead to something more.

Something caught Johnny’s eye. He saw a reflection of another man in the mirror. One of the guys who was changing out at the lockers was staring right at him. No doubt, the dude hadn’t intended to get caught peeping, but Johnny wasn’t about to let this moment go to waste. He winked into the mirror to make it obvious to his peeping tom that he was busted. The dude quickly averted his gaze but still couldn’t help but trying to sneak a few peeks at the nearly naked stud. He was obviously trying to hide his glances. Perhaps he was expecting Johnny to be angry at him, but Johnny merely chuckled. As Johnny turned away from the mirror, he let his towel drop and slung it over his shoulder. He casually sauntered towards the locker letting the halogen lights of the locker room reflect off his still slightly-damp skin. His fat cock rocked from side to side with each step.

Johnny knew on some level that he should be careful lest someone get the wrong idea. His dick was already getting pretty chubbed, but it wasn’t that he was interested in this guy. Johnny just loved the attention. The excited gazes, the horny glances, the stares of raw admiration – he loved them all! Just the feeling of eyes on him made him excited, and he couldn’t help but put on a show.

“If you think this is great, just you wait,” Johnny chuckled softly to himself.

Wait for what? Even he was not entirely sure. He just felt like he was on the precipice of something great. He was destined to be the next big thing, after all.

Johnny cocked his head and took a moment to ponder the thought that had just popped into his head. Destined? He had never thought of it in terms like that. He had always craved famed. He had always desired the gazes of enraptured onlookers. He always felt that he deserved it, but this new feeling was something more. It was like something deep in his core had shifted. It was no longer a desire. It was a *right*! He was destined for this. This was his birthright, and he would no longer be denied.

Johnny’s smirk spread into a wide, toothy grin as he unlocked his locker and began to change back into his clothes. He was practically giddy with excitement as he pulled his shirt on and stepped into his jeans. He took a moment to admire himself in the mirror as he finished buttoning up his shirt. His shirt was a bit snugger than he remembered. The fabric between the buttons bowed outwards as his chest strained against the front of his shirt. He felt like his body could burst free from the cloth confines if he so much as flexed too hard. Even his jeans seemed tighter than he remembered, which was saying a lot given how tight he liked to wear them. His bulge looked positively obscene against his button-up fly.

Johnny grabbed his bag and sauntered out of the locker room. A few more dudes turned to glance at him as he made his way through to lobby towards the entrance. With each pair of eyes on him, he felt a shudder of anticipation course through him. Johnny stood up a little straighter, a little taller, as he felt their gazes. His jeans seemed to creak in protest. His shirt seemed to strain tighter against him as he did so. Johnny was a little surprised. He wasn’t flexing. Why were his clothes protesting so?

Johnny gave a sly wink and a smirk to the person behind the check in desk as he passed by. The look in their eyes made it clear that they were taken aback by the specimen of masculine beauty that was walking past. Johnny felt another shudder of excitement course through his body and another series of strains from the fibers of his jeans and shirt. His short sleeves felt tight around his biceps. His jeans felt borderline stifling around his quads. Even his package felt crammed into jeans. Johnny was going commando which just made the outline of his thick sausage even more pronounced against the front of his jeans.

Johnny took a deep breath and soaked in the adoration of the crowd before stepping out into the crisp afternoon air. He was only vaguely aware that he had to stoop ever so slightly to avoid hitting his head on the top of the doorway.