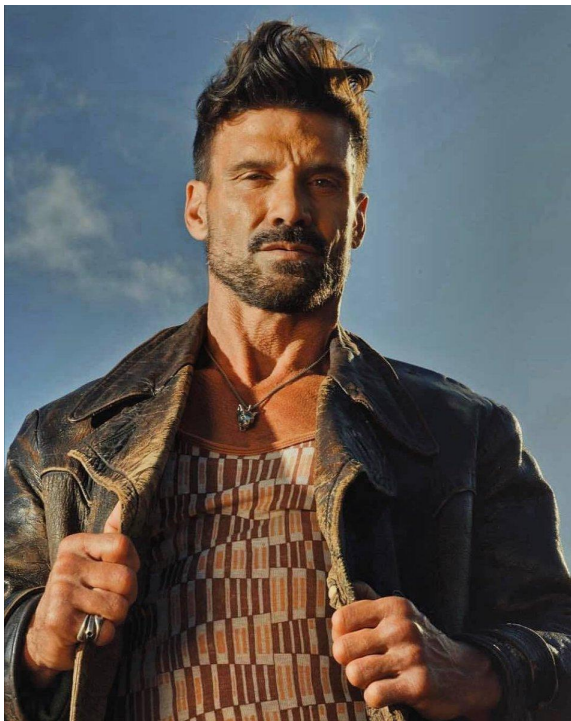


Finally In Front Of The Camera

By Soul-Controller

As Ernest Watkins weaved his way through the bustling backlot of the film studio he worked for, the 76-year-old man couldn't stop cursing in between his labored breaths. Not only was the man exhausted from having to show up at 5 AM after having intense insomnia due to his bad back, but he was also tired of constantly being mistreated by the cast and crews he worked with.

Ever since he was young, Ernest had always dreamed of working in Hollywood and having a crucial role in creating films. When he first arrived in California decades earlier, bright eyed and bushy tailed, the man had aspirations of lighting up the silver screen as an actor. But as time went on and no opportunities arose, the man was forced to shift his focus away from being in front of the camera to working behind it. With one dream career seemingly dead on arrival, the man prayed desperately that he could finally have a career as an influential and prominent director or screenwriter. Unfortunately for the man (who found himself prematurely balding and gaining extra weight around his midsection) these dreams didn't come to fruition either. As time went on, he eventually found a career in the lighting department - a department he now ran after over 50 years of hard work in the industry.



Despite being in charge of such an important part of the filmmaking process, Ernest still found himself constantly mistreated by the actors and crew that he worked with. Although such workplace-themed issues weren't necessarily a shock, it was always infuriating for Ernest to deal with given his desire to be a people pleaser. While most of these issues often worked themselves out in the end once everyone saw the final product and realized that Ernest knew what he was doing, one of the clearest examples of the actor being blinded by his own arrogance came from Frank Grillo.

For several years worth of film productions, Ernest had found himself constantly at odds with the 56-year-old Italian man. While it wasn't a shock that almost all actors and actresses had egos, Frank had no competition

as the most egotistical talent that Ernest had ever had the displeasure of interacting with. Whenever they worked together, there were endless arguments from Grillo's end about making sure that Ernest's lighting setup would properly showcase all of the man's well-defined features for the camera. While Ernest was more than willing to often accommodate such requests, Frank's demands often made no sense within the context of the films that he worked on. One of the best examples came from the last time Frank and Ernest had worked together, when Frank demanded bright lighting to show off his cheekbones and sculpted jawline for a certain scene. Given that the scene was meant to take place in near-complete darkness, such lighting would have made no sense and Ernest was quick to refuse the actor's idiotic demand.

Frank wasn't used to being told no (especially not by those who were clearly his inferiors) and so he was quick to lash out and send vitriolic attacks towards the good-natured man. While it wasn't the first time Ernest ever had to deal with people insulting him about his obese physique or old age, Frank's desire to publicly humiliate Ernest made him especially loathe his job. Watching as the slew of cast and crew accommodated Frank by chuckling at his offensive personal attacks, Ernest could only try his best to hold back his tears and finish the rest of the work day without any issues.

But as this new production job rolled around, Ernest's attempts at having an optimistic mindset were quickly dashed upon being informed that Frank was the lead actor for the film. Even worse for Ernest was the fact that Frank had demanded to have a one-on-one discussion in his trailer. So as Ernest made his way towards the trailer, he told himself to just be cordial and be a "yes-man" to get Frank off of his back. While he knew that the actor was wrong practically 100% of the time when it came to lighting suggestions, he was tired of having to deal with public humiliations and loathing his job (even more than usual).

So, upon entering the man's trailer, Ernest instantly found himself staring directly at Frank and his toned (and shirtless) upper body. While Ernest was completely secure in his heterosexuality, he couldn't deny that the man had an impressive build for his age. But even though he tried his best to divert his eyes as



quickly as possible, it wasn't fast enough for Frank not to notice. Moving towards Ernest, Frank toyed with the obese man by tensing up his muscles to showcase just how buff he was.

"Like what ya see huh?" Frank said with a smirk, breaking out into a small chuckle as Ernest's eyes couldn't resist staring at the sudden tensing of his muscles. "I don't blame you, it must be depressing looking at someone like me and realizing that you can still look *this* good at this age," he continued, using one hand to point at his rippling abdominals before erupting into extreme laughter. Although Ernest was understandably upset by such teasing, he tried his best to remain calm and not let the egotistical man see him cry.

"Yes sir, you look great," Ernest said in response, attempting to make his voice sound more robotic to hide the true jealousy he felt inside. Although he knew that the man was only able to keep such a buff body via private chefs and expensive personal trainers, it still wasn't fair that someone with such an ugly character like Frank Grillo was able to succeed in all aspects of life. The actor had everything he could possibly want, while Ernest was a perpetual bachelor who had bitterly devoted himself to his job due to his inability to find a woman willing to put up with his hectic work schedules.

Moving over to sit on the couch inside the trailer, Frank looked up at the portly old man and flashed a smile. "I'm sure you're wondering why I called you in here right?" he coolly stated, not even waiting long enough for Ernest to give a response before continuing. "Well, let's cut to the fucking chase then huh? Clearly, I don't like you and you can't stand me. While I don't really care if you like me or not, you need to make sure that you get on my good side, old-timer. I'm a fairly popular guy, so with just one phone call, I can absolutely have your entire career come to a pathetic end. So with this new film, I'm going to need you to offer up a little more respect when it comes to listening to me and incorporating my feedback. Is that understood?" Frank said, leaning further into the comfy cushions while extending his buff arms out against the back of the couch. As he looked up at Ernest, a smug smirk appeared on the man's face to just further inform the lighting crew member of the severity of the situation.

Clearly unnerved by the concept of having his career destroyed by the man, Ernest took a minute to formulate his response. While he wanted nothing more than to enact some form of revenge on the asshole actor, there was no way that Ernest could ever defeat Frank when it came to a physical brawl. Given the fact that he still hadn't saved up enough money to comfortably retire, the 76-year-old found himself with no other options but to agree to the man's demands and just try to play nice (no matter how hard it was). Tilting his head downward slightly, the man took on a more ashamed stance as he

quietly spoke once more. “Understood sir, I promise there won’t be any issues on this film,” he responded, forcing a smile as he looked up towards the actor.

“Good, glad you’re willing to play ball then. Now get the fuck out of my trailer so I can start learning my lines!”

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After the conversation between himself and Frank, Ernest was relieved to see that the first half of the day went off without a hitch. The actor remained rather calm throughout filming and, to Ernest’s surprise, the lighting suggestions he offered were actually beneficial and gave emphasis to the intended feeling of the scene. But as soon as they arrived after breaking for lunch, this ideal scenario quickly went belly up.

Within no time, Frank was automatically back to his old ways of yelling and screaming at the crew, but Ernest once again received the brunt of his anger. Insults directed at his age and ginormous body were hurled carelessly Ernest’s way, yet the man tried his best to just remain professional and incorporate Frank’s suggestions for the sake of on-set tranquility. Unfortunately, Frank didn’t find Ernest’s work to be satisfactory. A cry of “Fuck it, I’ll do it myself” burst forth from the actor, and Frank rushed over to the light fixture he had an issue with.

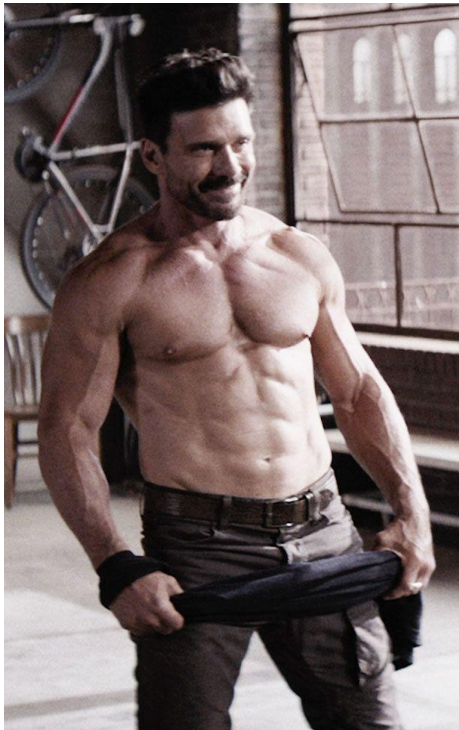
Fearing for the man’s safety given the slew of electrical cords running throughout the ground, Ernest hopped up onto his feet as fast as his sore body would allow and waddled over towards Frank in hopes of preventing a serious injury. If something terrible happened to the actor while he was messing around with Ernest’s equipment, the man knew that his days at the studio would surely be numbered. By the time Ernest had finally arrived at his side, Frank was in the process of attempting to unplug and grasp onto the light. Ernest tried his best to prevent the other man from unplugging the high-voltage fixture, but he could hardly match the actor’s impressive strength. But as the two men continued to fight over the plug, a sudden electrical surge rattled both of their bodies as they felt the numbing tingles of electricity rock throughout every inch of them. Just as Ernest began to worry about the threat of his heart stopping, both men suddenly fell unconscious as their bodies tumbled onto the ground.

As a slew of people circled around the two collapsed men, it didn’t take long before both of their bodies began to stir awake. When Ernest finally began to open his eyes, he was shocked to find himself completely surrounded by people asking if he was ok and trying to wait on him hand and foot. Although this was strange itself, the weirdest part was that people kept saying “Mr. Grillo” towards him as they slowly helped him back onto his

feet. With Ernest now on his feet again, the circle of people finally began to pull back as hysterical crying suddenly erupted from a nearby source.

With everyone including Ernest turning towards the source of the noise, Ernest's reaction was the most extreme as he gasped at what he saw. Instead of seeing Frank Grillo on the floor crying from the electrocution, Ernest instead saw his own obese body uncontrollably sobbing on the ground. Although his brain was a bit hazy still from the electrical jolt, it didn't take long before the man was able to put two and two together. Somehow, the shock had caused him to switch bodies with Frank Grillo!

Although there was a clear sense of confusion and shock running through Ernest's mind, an overall sense of cockiness was beginning to emerge as well. For years Ernest had been forced to deal with Frank's ego and hatred for him, so it felt like karmic justice for the overworked and underappreciated head of lighting to finally get the opportunity to one-up the asshole. While it was still crazy to find himself in the body of his tormentor, Ernest was more than willing to consider it a blessing in disguise. He could hardly hide the smirk from his face as he pulled up his shirt and admired those same sought-after abdominal muscles and pecs he had seen in the actor's trailer that morning. They made for quite the gorgeous view, especially compared to the pale and fleshy man tits and dome of a gut he had carried for years.



Emboldened by the switch, Ernest had every intention of immediately making the real Frank's life a living hell. As he'd swaggered forward though, the obese blob of a man that Ernest had once been suddenly fell back unconscious onto the floor. With a few screams echoing through the studio, someone called an ambulance while two other people on the set checked to verify that the old man was still breathing. Still feeling a connection to his old body, Ernest couldn't help but rush up to the man and make sure that the man hadn't just dropped dead from the shock of the swap. Mercifully it wasn't the case, and the former lighting director sighed in relief upon identifying that the other was still breathing. It seemed he had just had some sort of panic attack and collapsed from the shock of the electrocution - and likely the body swap too.

Before long, the former Frank Grillo had been wheeled away in an oversized gurney and into an ambulance. Barely thirty seconds had passed before the new inhabitant of his body was asked if he was ready to go back to work. Upon peering quickly through the script once more, Ernest peeled off the simple black t-shirt on his body and revealed his gorgeous physique to the entire crew.

“Absolutely, let’s get these cameras rolling!” Ernest said, smiling towards the director as he finally took the first step of living out his dream of being the leading man in the movies.

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In the six months since Frank Grillo had been swapped with the obese body of his least favorite crew member, the former actor had learned a lesson in humility practically every day. On set, he was forced to adapt to a career behind the camera and even watch as his former body seamlessly became him as if no swap had ever occurred. While the real Frank recognized now that he had been a fairly cocky asshole to everyone, Ernest had seemingly doubled down on the arrogance post-swap. Every day, Frank was forced to deal with the intense aches and pains of an elderly man, which Ernest loved to point out while watching the man struggle to bend over and set up the lighting fixtures properly.

Although this constant on-set ridicule was enough for Frank to understand the error of his ways and apologize profusely to the man who had stolen his body, Ernest was not accepting any apologies from the man who had tormented him for years. In fact, Ernest was eager to dish out further revenge by making Frank obey any order or demand he uttered. While this was mainly on-set when it came towards demanding specific lighting set-ups, these orders and demands also spilled into Frank’s new life as Ernest Watkins. As such, Frank was forced to purposely wear clothing that was far too tight on his body. Shirts that were a size too small couldn’t contain his large gut to the point where all of the dough flesh from his navel down was completely exposed to everyone on the crew. While this had caused several complaints to be filed, Frank refused to change his wardrobe due to Ernest’s very real threat of having him fired from the studio and fully exiled from Hollywood. Now on the receiving end of the threat, Frank realized too little too late just how harsh he had been when dishing up the same ultimatum to Ernest. Given this looming risk, Frank was forced to just accept and endure the constant ridicule as a lasting punishment for the behavior that he now recognized as being cruel.

While there was certainly an inner desire to get back to his original body, every possible attempt that Frank tried to get his body back failed miserably. He had purposely tried to electrocute both him and the imposter Frank Grillo on countless occasions, but no

matter how high the voltage, no swap back to their original bodies ever occurred. Hell, he had even consulted with sketchy online forums in hopes of finding any self-proclaimed wizards and witches able to swap their bodies back!

Every time Frank's plans were thwarted, Ernest was eager to dish out yet another punishment for his desperate behavior. Since he wanted so badly to get back to being Frank Grillo, Ernest thought that it was only fair then that Frank would have to worship every inch of his well-sculpted and mature former body. This wasn't enough though for Ernest though, as he would purposely put himself through a rigorous and sweat-inducing workout before bringing in the now-obese former actor to worship himself.

While this was at first quite disturbing and horrific for Frank to experience, it seemed as though the swap had caused not just Frank's body to change. With time, the man soon found himself getting turned on by the sight of his own body, feeling the slow drip of pre-cum ooze out of his wrinkled and shriveled up cock every single time.

Although this would have surely been a devastating blow to the man's toxic masculinity, Frank's new age of 76 meant that it was quite hard for the man to get his rocks off to anything. So when the ability to jerk off and feel some form of pleasure appeared, he didn't bat an eye at the fact that it required him to stare at photos of his former body on his shitty desktop computer at home. Just as he finally reached climax, the man would quickly clean himself before heading into the oversized bed that could immediately creaked under his new heft. Given how much energy he expended, it wasn't long then that the elderly man finally fell asleep - dreaming about the days when he used to be a 56-year-old hunk named Frank Grillo...

