

© 2016 Ziel

Juiced 2: EKT

Boogaloo

Part 7

By Ziel.

Juiced 2: EKT Boogaloo

Part 7

The rest of his classes had gone much the same for Connor. He would squeeze his bulky frame through the doorway and then take his seat as the other students and even teachers ogled his massive, beefy bod. He loved the looks he was getting. He was hands down the biggest, beefiest guy on campus. He had more muscles in his abs than other dudes had in their whole bodies, and the look of sheer awe in the eyes of guy after guy that he came across said it all. They all looked at him like he was hands down the biggest, most manliest dude they had ever come across... Although with each new gaze that Connor felt inspect his massive body, he had to wonder what they would think if they knew the truth – if they knew that Connor was barely half the man any of those other guys were where it counted most.

Once classes were done Connor was unsure what to do with himself. He had nowhere he really needed to be and no plans for the evening other than to hang out and let people admire him, but even that was losing some of his charm. It wasn't that he was getting over the rush of having people ogle him – quite the opposite. The problem was that it was getting dark and most of the people had started to trickle out of campus and go off to wherever they would be from.

Just when Connor was about to call it a day and trudge back to the frat house, an idea popped into his head. There was one place where there was sure to be a crowd – at the stadium! There was a big track meet tonight. He knew this because Marcel had not shut up about it for the past few weeks. Marcel was sure to be competing, and when Marcel competed, crowds gathered. People were not just there to cheer on the best runner the school had ever seen. They were also there to check out his huge, fat cock as it bounced in his skimpy track shorts. Marcel's dick had always been one of the biggest, and he was never afraid to show it off for anyone who wanted to see it. He was always quick to prove once and for all that his VPL was the genuine article and not just some trick of the light. It seemed no matter where he was competing he ended up with a crowd of admirers circled around him after a match and admiring his cock as he whipped it out and measure it for all to see.

Connor couldn't help but wonder what Marcel's once legendary schlong would look like after a week on the Juice. Had Marcel somehow escaped

the same fate that Connor had? Marcel had been strangely silent these past few days so Connor doubted it. The few times that Marcel had chimed in, he had not had his typical bravado. His humor seemed force, and his jokes seemed almost snide and cutting. No longer were his barbs all in good fun. His digs were now quick and ruthless, almost as if he was lashing out at anyone around him.

This change in attitude had piqued Connor's interest even more than the throngs of admirers he would no doubt see at the track meet. Just how much had Marcel shrunk? Would he still let his fat cock flop about in his tight shorts as he had before? Would he still even have enough cock to allow to flop about? The questions raced in Connor's mind. He could feel the blood rush to his own reduced rod as he imagined how Marcel would look with a puny, pathetic little nub much the size of Connor's own miniature pecker.

It wasn't very difficult for Connor to get a spot near the front of the track. Very few people wanted to try to shout him down when he pushed his way through the crowd. Not only was he a few hundred pounds of solid, masculine muscle, but very few people could disagree with the view from behind. His muscles filled out his shirt so well that every individual curve and contour of his dense, sculpted physique could be seen through the skin-tight fabric, and that was where there even was fabric to cover. Much of his upper body was left completely exposed due to how his huge muscles spilled out the sides of his muscle shirt. His muscle shirt was little more than a vertical

spaghetti strap struggling in vain against his immaculate muscles, and his lower body was just as exposed – if not more so. His jock strap left his big, beefy ass to hang free for all to see.

Connor stood by the track and watched the matches take place one after another. The racers would take their position, kneel down, and at the sound of the pop gun, they would haul ass around the track the same as always. Connor had a hard time focusing on the events though. It wasn't that racing was particularly boring – there were plenty of races that were neck and neck and had Connor cared about who won or lost he might have been there beside the throngs of fans shouting their heads off. The problem was that he was too excited to see Marcel take the field to care about anything else. As lithe after lean, slender runner took the field, Connor found himself getting more and more annoyed. Surely Marcel wouldn't skip out on one of the major track events of the season, would he? This was a grudge match against a rival school. Surely Marcel couldn't bring himself to sit this one out... even if it meant revealing that he had lost his 'biggest' draw with the crowd.

There was an air of tension that set in on the field. The bulk of the matches were over, and all that remained was the 500 meter sprint. It was quite possibly the most grueling of events, and one that really showcased the runner's stamina. Connor was starting to lose hope of seeing his frat-mate take the field. Not only were their no more matches after this one, but Marcel was never known for his stamina. He

specialized in short, rapid bursts of speed. He would blow his load early, as they said. There wasn't another man alive that could match him once he got moving, but he couldn't stay moving for very long.

Connor was just about to pack it in and head back to the frat when he saw him. Marcel was slowly making his stride to the race track like some kind of gladiator marching his way to the blood sands. The crowd erupted into cheers as he walked by, and it wasn't just because of his borderline celebrity status as the fastest guy on the team. Simply put Marcel was massive! He dwarfed everyone else on his team and the other. His broad, barrel chest was easily twice as thick as even the next largest guy on the track. His broad, meaty pecs looked almost comical compared to the lean, lithe runners that slowly took their place beside him on the field.

Marcel was nowhere near as massive as Connor – Connor still had a solid hundred pounds or so of solid muscle on the recently hulked out track star, but that hardly mattered. Marcel had something that Connor didn't have – a huge, thick sausage straining against the fabric of his running shorts!

Connor's jaw dropped. If his dick print was to be believed, Marcel's cock was every bit as huge as it had been before! In fact it looked even bigger! Marcel's cock had been easily a solid nine inches even when soft, and almost as thick as his wrist. His meaty schlong was incredibly thick even when factoring in its sheer length. Some of the other guys in the frat may

have had Marcel beat for length, but there was no one in the school who could beat him for girth.

Connor couldn't believe it. It didn't make sense. Had Marcel found a cure? Was he somehow immune to the dwindling effects of the Juice? Whatever the case may be, Connor was sure that he needed to investigate this further.

Connor watched like a hawk as Marcel took the field. Connor's eyes remained fixed on the impossibly huge outline of Marcel's fantastically fat cock. As Marcel charged his way around the track, Connor was transfixed by the way Marcel's thick dick bounced and wobbled within the overstretched confines of his track shorts.

Marcel's track shorts had always been a bit small on him. He preferred to wear the kind that were nice and short and were little more than booty shorts. They accentuated his ass and really showcased his cock as he ran which he knew the girls in the audience loved, but now that Marcel had packed on well over a hundred pounds of solid muscle in just the past week, his short shorts looked positively tiny on his massive body. His tree trunk thick quads strained so tight against his tiny running shorts that they looked about ready to split right up the sides. His massive, meaty ass filled out the back of his shorts so well that the shiny, green material looked more like it was painted on rather than stretched over his thick glutes, and of course his cock was so clearly visible that it was pretty much completely visible. The very shape and size of it

could be clearly seen. Even the thick veins which crisscrossed across his cock could be clearly seen. Even the shape of his fairly unremarkable balls could be easily seen.

Connor had a flash of insight. It hit him so suddenly that it felt like a lightbulb had switched on in his brain just like in those old Tom and Jerry cartoons. Connor couldn't claim that he kept a close eye on Marcel's cock back before they had started Juice. He couldn't claim to know the specifics of Marcel's cock and ball size, but he did know that Marcel loved to gloat about his size. He loved to flaunt his nine inches and he loved to talk about how his balls were the size of chicken eggs. "The girlies can't even get them in their mouths when they try to such on them," he used to gloat. The legendary low-hangers that Marcel loved to tout looked nothing like the strangely stiff pair of stones that were now scrunched into his shorts.

Connor's mind was racing. Memories from this morning started to flood back to him. He could remember seeing Marcel in the kitchen earlier in the day. Marcel's clothing had been tight on him – not nearly as tight as the lime-green laminate that he called clothes that he current wore, but so tight that Connor could see the shapes of Marcel's muscles... and his cock. Connor hadn't been paying much attention at the time, but he didn't remember seeing much of anything resembling a bulge in the flannel sleep pants Marcel had been wearing that morning. Connor wasn't particularly in the habit of staring at his frat-mate's bulges, but he was sure he would have noticed

something as huge as the massive monster that Marcel was currently sporting in his short little running shorts, and then there was the way Marcel had been acting lately. Marcel had always been a bit of a braggart. He was quick with a joke especially if said joke made himself look more amazing or virile. He would always talk about how huge his cock was and how much the girls loved it, but he hadn't said any of that lately. His jokes had been awkward, and rather than focus on how great he was, his japes tended to focus on taking down others. He seemed nervous and skittish, and he hadn't brought up his amazing cock and balls at all for the past few days.

All these things combined made Connor sure that Marcel had experienced the shrinkage just like he and David had. Which begged the question... what was that bulge in Marcel's shorts then?

Connor needed to know the answer, but he knew better than to confront Marcel about it right then and there. For starters, Marcel was on the field in the middle of a meet, and had Connor stormed the field it surely would have caused an unnecessary ruckus. There was also the fact that Connor wasn't actually there to start shit in the first place. If he made it known that the Juice was causing shrinkage in Marcel then it would quickly be discovered that he had dealt with it as well. It wouldn't take long for the topic to come around to him – the dude who had more than doubled in size in the past week or two. If he had hulked out to such extremes, and Juice caused such severe shrinkage then it stood to reason that people

would put two and two together and realize that Connor had experienced just as much shrinkage if not more than Marcel had, and unlike Marcel, Connor did not have a reputation for being particularly well hung in advance. It wouldn't take long for the rumors to spread. It wouldn't take long for the stories to take on a life of their own. It wouldn't take long for the whole school to start talking about how the biggest, beefiest jock in town was hung like a grade-schooler, and even then their estimates would be sadly larger than his actual size.

Connor wasn't sure how big his dick was nowadays. He hadn't measured it in a few days, but he was sure it had shrunk considerably since then. Four full inches – which seemed tiny by most dude's standards – was now impossibly huge for his shrunken stiffy. Connor wasn't even sure if his tiny tadger would even cap out at three inches now. He had a cock that would look more at home on a third grader not a college freshman, and he knew it was just going to get smaller the longer he stayed on Juice. He couldn't quit now though. He couldn't explain it, but the thought of quitting just didn't sit right with him. He had already gained so much and lost so much that quitting now just seemed like it would be a huge waste. For better or for worse, there was no getting off this train he was on. He was going to see this through to the end, and if that meant he eventually grew to be so big and burly that he put the Incredible Hulk to shame but was so poorly hung that he had a dick that would make a dormouse ashamed then so be it. He was already so

small below the belt. What'd it matter if he got even smaller?

Connor was so caught up in introspection that he barely even paid attention as Marcel did his laps. Marcel's former stamina issues were a thing of the past. He did his lap in record time and didn't even break a sweat. He was like a bolt from the blue, and even when he hit the finish line he didn't stop. He kept charging and charging like a rampaging bull. He had a body like The Juggernaut and a very similar propensity to keep moving once he had started. Marcel wrapped up his second lap before most of the other runners had even finished their first, and he went ahead and did a third lap just to rub it in.

It was during Marcel's victory lap that Connor first glimpsed something that helped corroborate his theory. It was only for a brief fleeting second, but while Marcel was hopping up and down and waving his arms to amp up the crowd, his cock started to poke out from behind the metallic green fabric of his overstuffed shorts. During that brief second before Marcel's hand thrust down to adjust himself, Connor caught a quick glimpse of the pinkish color of Marcel's cock. Not only did Marcel's dick look far lighter colored than the rest of his body, but it didn't even look to be a human shade of pink. It was the kind of color he'd expect to see on a Peppa Pig t-shirt, not the cock of a college athlete.

It wasn't long after the last racer staggered into the finish line that the crowd began to rush the

field. Throngs of guys and girls alike were quick to gather around their champion and shower him in adulation and questions.

“God. How did you get so huge?” A guy asked.

“My muscles or my cock?” Marcel quickly replied. He was all smiles, but his smile seemed forced and nervous. His eyes kept darting this way and that, and he kept maneuvering trying to avoid the groping hands of his admirers who seemed all too happy to feel up his huge dick.

“Both!” A girl said.

“How big is that thing anyway?” Another girl asked in a sultry, flirty voice.

“Maybe one of these days you can come back to my place and you can tell me.” Marcel quipped nervously. His voice cracked like a teenager saying a girl was pretty for the first time even though he had used that exact same line at least once a week for the past few semesters of his college career.

“Why wait that long. You can show me now if you want.” Another extremely flirty girl replied.

“Hmm... tempting, but I think they’d arrest me if I did that.” Marcel joked. He was full on sweating at this point. The three full laps of full on sprinting hadn’t given him more than a faint sheen of sweat, but the flirtations of a few very grabby girls were enough to have him sweating buckets. Marcel looked like a deer in headlights, and he was constantly maneuvering this

way and that to avoid the gropes of the few extremely hands-on admirers.

Marcel was nearly sprinting by the time he got to the edge of the field. He bowled a path through the crowds and made his way towards the locker rooms to escape the cluster of people that had tried to block him in. A few of the grabber people had tried to tug at his shorts and feel the massive cock that he had always bragged about, but the few that did get a brief grab of it were baffled by what they felt. Whatever they grabbed felt either too hard or too soft to be the dick they sought.

Connor watched from a few feet away as Marcel ducked into the locker room and slammed the door shut behind him. The thunk of the deadbolt was so loud that Connor could even hear it from where he stood. Marcel had locked himself in there – or rather he had locked all of his admirers out. Connor knew this was his chance to move. Fortunately the track was built onto the same field that they used for football practice. As such, Connor knew how to get in through the side door. He quickly pushed his way through the crowd and did just that. In no time at all, Connor had slipped in through the service door and pushed his way past the mops and buckets and staggered out into the main locker room just in time to see Marcel peeling down his skin-tight running shorts.

Marcel looked up just in time to see Connor staring right at him, but it was too late. His shorts were already down low enough that the truth was plain to

see. Nearly a full foot of pink plastic was openly on display for his frat-mate to ogle.

Marcel froze like a deer in headlights with his shorts shoved halfway down his hips, but the dildo Marcel had been passing off as his cock was nowhere near as immobile as its owner. The sex toy had been shoved into a pouch that was far too tiny for it for far too long. Now that Marcel had begun to push down his shorts, it took only a mere second for the precariously bent-over epoxy schlong to shoot right out of his shorts like a toy snake in a prank can of beans. The pink dildo hit the gym floor and bounced heavily against the tiles, but neither guy was looking at it. Marcel was still staring in shock at his frat brother, and Connor was staring in awe at the crumpled nub of Marcel's acorn cock.

Marcel's dick was nowhere near as small as Connor's under normal circumstances, but the situation had done it no favors. It was clear that it was on the small side even had it been fully flaccid, but having had to share the already undersized pouch of Marcel's running shorts with an oversized, plastic co-pilot had done Marcel's dick no favors. Marcel's vastly shrunken cock had gone into full-on turtle mode making his pathetic dicklet seem even tinier. The head of his cock was completely submerged beneath the loose cluster of foreskin that had bunched up around the tip of his dick like an unopened rose. The rose-like clump of loose skin was almost as long as the acorn-like nub of Marcel's shrunken cock, but even then his dick was still bigger than Connor's pathetically meager

pinprick of a dick. Connor didn't doubt that once Marcel's cock had time to loosen up and hang like it normally did Marcel's shrunken softie would still be bigger than Connor's entire raging hard-on.

Somehow this knowledge got Connor as worked up as he had ever been. Even compared to such a pathetic dicklet, Connor's shrunken cock was still absolutely tiny. Connor's dick was beyond ridiculous. He had a cock that would look more at home on a grade schooler than it did on a high school graduate. Connor couldn't help but wonder what the other guys on his team would say if they saw him? The biggest, beefiest stud on the team was packing a Vienna sausage that didn't even classify as a finger food. He had the biggest muscles the college had ever seen, but he had the smallest cock on campus outside of the day care.

Connor wasn't given too much time to enjoy the view, and it was just as well. How would he have explained how giddy seeing Marcel's tiny cock made him? How would he have been able to even explain why he was staring at his frat bro's shrunken nub in the first place? Fortunately those issues were the farthest thing from Marcel's mind.

"You can't tell anyone." Marcel hissed.

"You can't keep it a secret forever. Someone's gonna find out." Connor replied.

"Not if you don't tell them." Marcel countered.

“You really think I’d do that? And even if I don’t tell, you realize that it’s only a matter of time before some girl tries to get into your pants. What then?” Connor asked.

“I dunno. I’ll figure it out then.” Marcel sputtered in reply.

“How big will you even be by then? Imagine getting a girl in the sack who thinks you’ve got a foot long only to find that?” Connor said and pointed accusatorily at Marcel’s twitching nub.

Connor couldn’t help but notice the way Marcel’s dick was reacting. It appeared that not even Marcel had noticed it yet, but Connor’s words were having a very real effect. Connor knew he should leave it well enough alone, but he just couldn’t stop now. His own curiosity demanded to be appeased, and he had to admit it was kind of fun to make Marcel squirm like that. Connor had long been jealous of Marcel’s magnificent meat, but that incredibly fat cock was a thing of the past. Marcel no longer had the eight inch softie that was as fat as his wrist. Now his dick was barely bigger than his thumb. Connor estimated it to be little more than four inches fully hard, but he wouldn’t know for sure until he got Marcel good and boned.

“Look. I don’t need to hide it forever. Maybe just until I graduate. I get far enough away from my old reputation that people will no longer just know me for my cock.” Marcel replied. He was practically pleading

with Connor as if Connor somehow had the power to fix it.

“And how big will you be by then? You think you’ll be willing to part with the illusion once you’re left with a two inch kiddie cock?” Connor replied. The words were cutting, but the tone wasn’t. The way Connor was speaking made it sound more like he was trying to impart a life lesson rather than tear away what little pride Marcel had left. The tone didn’t do much to diminish the impact though. Connor could see the way Marcel winced at the mention of a “kiddie dick”, but he saw something else too. He saw Marcel’s dick twitch to life once more.

“I-it won’t get that small.” Marcel stammered.

“You can’t really believe that. You’ve seen what it’s done to me. If you stay on the Juice it’ll keep getting smaller.” Connor replied flatly. He risked a quick glance towards Marcel’s crotch to see Marcel’s nub steadily get stiffer. Connor had to suppress a smirk as he watched Marcel’s dick slowly swell to its full size.

“But I can quit. I can cut back. Maybe if I stop, it’ll grow back. That’s not too hard to believe is it?” Marcel pleaded.

Connor wanted to reply, but he wasn’t sure what to say. Should he try and play along and soothe Marcel’s ego? Should he crush Marcel’s false dreams before they could get out of hand? Connor knew there was no going back, and he couldn’t help but feel that Marcel knew it too. The look in Marcel’s eyes said it all.

It was as if he was pleading against all hope, but it was not to be. Maybe if he did manage to quit Juice his dick would stop shrinking. He could salvage what little he had left and move on, but they both knew he wasn't going to be doing that. Even just the thought of quitting made Connor's stomach turn, and he could see from the way Marcel cringed at the mention of it that he had no intention of quitting either. One way or the other, they were both hooked, and there was nothing to do for it but keep drinking until they could get no bigger... and no smaller.

"If you think you can quit, then be my guest."
Connor finally managed to reply.

"I will. I will quit... right after the playoffs."
Marcel stammered.

Connor tried to suppress his smirk once more, but he was less successful than before. "And how long is that? Another month? Two? Look what just a month did to you." Connor said. He even went so far as to nod towards Marcel's steadily swelling stiffy. Now that it was flying at half mast, it was noticeably bigger than Connor's own pathetic dick, but not by much. It was a pale shadow of its former glory. It still had a decent amount of girth to it, but that meant little given its new size. All in all, Marcel's dick was only a little thicker than a pack of quarters and only barely as long. Marcel's cock wasn't fully hard yet, but it didn't have to be. It was clear that it was very much on the small size. Fully hard Connor doubted it'd even hit a full four inches – the size Connor was the other night when he

had his revelation that he'd never be a man below the belt, but unlike Connor, Marcel had actually had something to start with. He had actually been hung from the get go. He knew how great it was to have a huge, meaty cock between his legs, and he would never feel that rush again.

Marcel was no longer saying anything. He was staring down at his crotch dejectedly. He knew he wasn't getting his size back. He knew he wasn't going to be quitting anytime soon – or at all for that matter. He knew his dick was tiny and getting smaller every day. He could barely even see the tip of his rigid rod poking out past his thick, muscular abs. There would soon come a day where his tiny nub would be completely hidden beneath the dense slab of his well-defined Adonis Belt. His massive, muscular V would form an arrow pointing directly at the shrunken nub of a micro-dick that was once the fattest piece of meat the school had ever seen. The super-sized schlong which once made all the girls in a five mile radius wet just from being in the same zip-code as it was soon going to be something that would make an infant laugh. Just the thought of it made tears well up in his eyes. Marcel was a big guy. He was a tough guy. He had never cried in his adult life, but even just the thought of how tiny his prized cock had become made him have to fight back tears, but no matter how badly his eyes stung, his shrunken dick was rock hard. The tip of his dick was actually leaking more than his tear ducts. He quickly wiped his bleary eyes on his track shirt, but while he cleared his vision, he couldn't get rid of the images that flooded his mind's eye. What

would happen when one of his would-be baby momma's got in bed with him to find out that he had a dick that was smaller than her infant son's? Marcel wasn't even sure what was more frightening, the idea of his dick getting that small, or the fact that the thought of his dick being the size of a newborn's didn't seem that surprising.

Marcel could see the faces of every girl he had ever banged, every girl he had ever so much as whipped his huge cock out for and had her ogle his thick meat, they were all gathered around and staring down at what was left of his once legendary tool. It was pathetic by any man's standard. Not even four full inches. Even his impressive girth didn't mean jack shit when his cock was that short, and thanks to his shrinkage even his amazing girth was looking rather sub-par. His three-inches-and-change chode looked absolutely pathetic, and his balls weren't much better. His sack which was once so huge that it would fill his entire palm and then some was so small that he could now cup the whole kit 'n caboodle with plenty of room to spare. His nuts which used to be the size of chicken eggs didn't even look like robin's eggs anymore. They were barely bigger than almonds, and soon they would be the size of peanuts, and not long after they would be the size of peas.

Marcel's imagination was running wild. All the girls he had ever so much as shown his bulge to were gathered around to stare at his shrunken cock. These girls who had once "oooh"ed and "Ahhh"ed now "coo"ed and "aww"ed.

“It’s so tiny.” A girl said in a cutesy baby voice.

“Just like a little baby’s dickie.” Another girl concurred in a similarly cutesy voice.

Marcel was beyond mortified, and yet he couldn’t bring himself to cover up. He was frozen in place with his shrunken rod standing at attention for all to see... provided they were close enough to actually see it.

“Can you believe he was proud of *this!*?” One girl scoffed. The scorn in her voice chilled Marcel to the bone, but his dick was loving every second of it. Somehow the fact that he was so excited to be so humiliated was almost more terrifying than the shrinkage he was experiencing.

“You know... he once said I’d never be able to deep-throat his monster.” One girl said.

“That’s because it’d never even reach your throat.” Another quickly chimed in. The entire army of women started cackling at the joke which struck another massive blow to Marcel’s already crumbling psyche. Marcel was an impressive figure of a man. Even before he had bulked up he was tall enough to command respect and the additional muscle just made him even more imposing, but he had never felt so small and weak. Now that his tiny dick was on display to the specters of his past, he felt so completely helpless. He was beyond helpless. He was puny and pathetic, and he could actually feel himself getting even more pathetic with each passing second. He

could actually feel his cock pulling in on itself. He could feel it getting smaller. He could feel it getting thinner and shorter.

Marcel's breaths were coming out in short, ragged gasps. His entire body was shuddering. His heart was pounding harder than it had ever pounded before. Not even after an intense marathon had his heart raced like this. Not even after the most intense sprinting of his life had sweat flowed from his brow like this. He glanced down at his crotch. His eyes went wide as saucers and his jaw hung open as he stared in shock at his crotch. His dick was rapidly dwindling. His cock was getting thinner by the second and pulling in against his crotch. It was like watching a flower bloom in reverse. The head of his cock slipped back beneath the folds of foreskin that had once pooled around the tip like a turtleneck. It wasn't long before his cock was looking more like a tulip than a sausage. The foreskin which clumped around the tip of his dick was now nearly completely loose. It looked empty, and that wasn't far from the truth. What little bit of cock he had left was scarcely bigger than a Tic-Tac. His balls had shrunken so much that his sack now pulled flush with his crotch – not that he could see them due to the short layer of curly pubes which covered much of his crotch. Even his empty foreskin just barely poked out from beneath the tangled matt of hair.

Marcel stared in horror at his nearly vacant crotch while the cacophony of cackles echoed in his ears. He could hear all their barbs. He could feel every joke and jibe like a knife to the soul. "It's so tiny! It's

not even a baby dick!” “It’s not even a clit!” “It looks like a mole!” “More like a zit!” But as humiliated and mortified as Marcel was, he was also horny as hell. His cock felt more amazing than it had ever felt in his life. It took every fiber of his being to fight back his need to cream, but it was a losing battle.

“Oh... f...fuck...” Marcel murmured under his breath. His cock gave a hard lurch and a shudder, and then the spurting began. Spurt after thick spurt of spunk erupted from his dick. It was without a doubt the most intense climax of his life. It was so powerful that the cackling died away to a dull ringing that echoed in his ears. It was so intense that his eyesight blurred to the point that all he could see was a dark kaleidoscope-like pattern that blotted out much of his field of view.

When he finally stopped spurting and his senses finally returned, Marcel looked around to see that he was back in the locker room with no one except his massive frat-bro, Connor. The girls were all gone. The cackling was gone. About the only thing that wasn’t gone was his cock, which had grown back to its previous pathetic size. His dick was now drooping past half mast and was little more than three inches, but at least it was better than the tic-tac dick he had had in his intense daydream.

As Marcel stared at his shrunken cock he began to notice something else too. On the floor by his feet were a few splatters of a milky white substance. It wasn’t hard for him to figure out what it was. It was

his cum. That part hadn't been a dream. He had really shot his load hands free while his frat bro watched in shock. To make matters worse, the splotches that dotted the tiled floor were barely more than a thimbleful of spunk. It had been the most intense climax of Marcel's life, but at his ball's shrunken size, even an amazingly huge load was little more than a few flecks of jizz. He used to cum like a firehose now he could barely cum like an eye dropper. It was yet another reminder of how small he had become... and how much smaller he would get.

Connor knew better than to say anything. He knew firsthand what Marcel had just experienced, and Connor also knew from firsthand experience that the last thing Marcel would want to do was to talk about what he had just experienced. Connor doubted Marcel would be interested in speaking to him anytime in the next few weeks, let alone at that very moment, so Connor did the one thing he could think to do. He quietly ducked out of the locker room to leave his stunned and staggered frat bro to sort through his feelings by himself.