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Juiced 2: EKT

Boogaloo

Part 5

By Ziel.

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Connor woke up the next morning feeling invigorated and refreshed, but more than that he was feeling huge! There was no doubt in his mind that he had grown even more during the course of the night, and he had the second daily dose of Juice to thank for it.

When he had gotten home from football practice the day before he had been flustered and confused, but more than that he was horny as hell. Something about being teased about his tiny cock drove him absolutely wild which just made him even more uneasy. His nerves were shot and his dick was rock hard. He needed something to help soothe his mind and take the edge off his hormones, and he knew just the thing.

Connor balked just as he was about to unscrew the cap on the cardboard Juice carton. A rush of conflicting thoughts flooded his mind and inundated his senses. Was he sure he wanted to do this? Just that morning he had been trying to hype himself up to quit, but now he was contemplating upping his dosage?

Connor grumbled and yanked the cap off so hard he practically ripped it clean off the carton. What'd it matter? He was already tiny where it counted most. He had a pathetic little kid dick on the body of an Olympian. What'd it matter if it got even smaller? His dick wasn't going to be winning him any prizes – not anymore, and it wasn't like he had had a blue ribbon worthy pecker even in his prime. His average rod was as plain as they came. It wasn't the huge, thick sausage that David had. It wasn't the fat and floppy slab of meat that bounced visibly in his shorts with each step he took like Marcel's had. It wasn't the massive rod that commanded respect of everyone who even so much as saw the dick print on the inside of his pants leg like Everett's. Connor's cock had always been an underperformer so why should it matter that it was now even smaller than ever? Why should it matter that it would still be getting smaller with each passing day for as long as he stayed on Juice? At least this way Connor knew he could be huge in some other way even if his dick could never rise to the occasion.

As Connor greedily slurped down every last drop of the milky substance, he could feel his worries and irritation melting away. He felt rejuvenated. He

felt invigorated. He felt *pumped!* And that fantastic feeling persisted even as he drifted off to sleep.

The first thing he noticed the next morning was that his arms hung over the edges of his bed. This in and of itself wasn't such a big deal. He was a bit of a messy sleeper, and so it wasn't uncommon for him to wake up sprawled out in various positions, but this was something different. He was lying flat on his back with his arms down at his side – or rather as close to down at his side as he could manage. His thick, bulging lats jutted out so far that he simply could not put his arms down any lower. He had his arms pointing downwards at a 45° angle as if he was doing his best impersonation of the Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man, and yet his arms were still almost completely hanging over the sides of the bed.

As Connor slowly came to his senses, it started to dawn on him just how massive he had become. His lats were now so huge that his wingspan was wider than the bed itself. His thick, underarm muscles bulged out over the edges of his double bed, and his shoulders hung over even further.

The bed squeaked in protest as Connor quickly sat upright. He was quickly getting to be too big and beefy for his bed to handle, and it wasn't just a matter of his sheer width. This was a bed that was designed to easily hold a sleeping couple, and Connor weighed far and away more than that. He was getting so incredibly swole that his body was simply too hefty for conventional furniture.

Connor looked down at his body and took stock of his newest growth spurt. Even just his meaty ass was so thick that it was nearly as wide as the mattress. His enormous booty would have come dangerously close to spilling over a twin bed, and in fact may have even been wide enough to do just that. His quads were now so thick that his thighs were wider than even the king-sized pillows he had on his bed. His thick thighs were looking more like rock hard couch cushions. They had grown so much in fact that his once loose boxer shorts were now far, far too small. The sides of the shorts had split and frayed from failing to hold back his sheer, incredible mass. The sides of his shorts had shredded over halfway up to the waistband. Only a few inches of the sides remained intact.

Connor swung a leg over the side of the bed and started to get up, but he stopped upon hearing a very loud, very distinct shredding sound. He didn't even need to look to see where the noise was coming from. He had felt it happen, and the cool draft on his Netherlands made it even clearer. His shorts had split straight up the middle. The fabric just couldn't handle it. The crotch had blown out completely, and with it the single, solitary button that he been holding the fly shut popped clean off. Connor now had a waistband with a few errant tatters as opposed to a pair of boxers.

Connor wasted no time in tugging his shorts clean off his bulky frame. The waistband offered only the meekest of resistance. It snapped like an old and

crusty rubber band – the type that had long since lost its stretchiness and was only holding its circular shape by sheer force of will.

Somehow the act of shredding his clothes had been invigorating. It wasn't just how easily his clothes had been destroyed although there was certainly that. He was just so massive now that even the loosest of his old clothes were far too tiny on his enormous, sexy bod. He would no doubt need a new wardrobe, but finding the funds for that was another matter altogether.

Connor turned and posed in front of the mirror that covered the back of his bedroom door. He was so massive that there was no way he could see his entire bulky bod reflected in the mirror. His torso was so wide that even the sides of his thick, sculpted pecs spread past the edges of the mirror. Connor's burly body was far wider than the mirror. It was even much wider than the door the mirror hung on! Even curling his shoulders in wouldn't make it possible to squeeze through the doorway since even just his broad, barrel chest was wider than the door frame itself! If he wanted to get out of his room he had to turn sideways and sidle on through, but even that was proving to be a bit of a tight fit. His pecs jutted out so far in front of him that they had grazed the door frame just last night, but he had stacked on at least another five pounds per pec just since last evening.

Connor was absolutely massive. There was no doubt about that. He was as big and beefy as The

Incredible Hulk, and he was still stacking on the pounds with each passing day. In fact, he was sure that he'd be getting even bigger even faster now that he had decided to double up his dosage to two Juices a day. In fact there was only one area in which Connor could be described as not absolutely massive, and that area was now openly on display thanks to him having shredded the last stitch of clothing from his beefy bod.

Connor's cock looked ridiculously tiny. The lack of mass in his dinky dick was magnified by the thickness of his incredibly swole thighs. His quads were as thick as elm trees which just made his pathetic rod seem even more comically tiny, but even with the incredible size disparity between his reduced dicklet and his enhanced quads, it was clear that his cock had shrunk even more since the night before.

Connor's hands trembled as he stared at the reflection of his shrunken cock. He felt this odd gnawing sensation in his gut, but it wasn't the same as it had been before. It was strange, but he no longer seemed to be freaked out by the shrinkage of his cock. He had come to fully accept it, and now it was as if some part of him actually looked forward to it. He couldn't quite explain it. There was still the same dread that he had had the past few days. He was still feel the anxiety bubbling below the surface as he stared at his pathetically tiny cock, but at the same time staring at his tiny dick somehow filled him with excitement. It was as if he was simultaneously dreading and eagerly awaiting finding out just how small he would get.

As Connor tried to parse through his thoughts, he became aware of something else. He was actively thinking about how much smaller he would get. Whether he was worried about his final size or daydreaming about it, the fact of the matter remained that he didn't see his current measurements as the end of it. A strange sense of relief washed over him as he realized this. He was no longer worried about salvaging what little bit of size that he could. He had accepted his shrinkage. He was completely addicted to Juice and had absolutely no intention of quitting any time soon – or ever for that matter. He wanted more. He needed more. He needed more Juice. He needed more muscle. He wanted to feel the rush of vigor that came with his constant growth... and yes, some part of him even craved the shrinkage that came with it.

Connor stared at his rock hard, pre-dribbling rod. His tiny stiffy was thicker and longer than his thumb, but not by much. He had no doubt in his mind that it was smaller than it had been last time he measured it. In fact he was sure it was even smaller than it had been last night, but the question was just how much had it shrunk? He didn't know, but he needed to. He couldn't stand not knowing.

Connor rushed over towards his desk and pulled the spooled up tape measure out of the drawer he had slipped it in last time. His hands shook as he pulled the tape taut and lined it up with his dick. Even without looking at the actual ruling it was clear he missed his old four inch mark by a good margin, but as

he actually read the final ruling the pit in his gut grew deeper and his cock lurched with joy.

It wasn't four inches... not by a long shot... it wasn't even three. His cock fell shy of the three inch mark by a few millimeters. His dick was about half the length it had been when he had started, and it was far, far thinner.

The pit in his stomach continued to grow deeper. His hands grew shakier. Soon his whole body was trembling, but not even he was sure if tremors were from fear or excitement. His cock was small. It had been small the other day, but now it was beyond small. It was tiny! He had a certified micropenis. His rod was barely bigger than his thumb, and his berries were the size of cherry pits. He had the kind of cock he'd expect to find on a fourth grader not a college freshman. His dick looked like it belonged to a nine year old, not a nineteen year old! He had the body of a titan but the pecker of a smurf – complete with the bluest balls he had ever felt. He was so horny that he felt like he could cum at any second and he hadn't so much as laid a finger on his shrunken cock. In fact cum oozed out of his dick and onto the floor below as he ogled just how mind-blowingly tiny his pathetic pecker had become. He was so horny that jizz was seeping out the tip of his dick like creamy white cheese from a fondue fountain, but his cock was so small that the spunk that splattered at his feet was nearly negligible. The droplets at on the floor beneath him looked more like wet wax which had dripped off a birthday candle and not like a heavy load with had oozed out of a dick.

Connor's hands would not stop shaking. He was too excited and too freaked out to calm down. He needed something to take the edge off. He needed something to calm him down, and he knew just what he needed. He craved the smooth, sweetness. He longed for that rich, milky cream. He needed his morning dose, and he didn't care who saw him. In face he welcomed it. He wanted everyone to see how huge and sexy he had become. He wanted his frat bros to see how absolutely titanic he had become. He didn't care if they saw his shrunken dick. What did it matter? So what if they teased him? So what if they made fun of his pathetic micro-dick? His muscles were amazing. He had the kind of body that The Avengers could only dream of, and it wasn't like the rest of his frat bros really had room to criticize him. They'd be joining him soon. They were all as hooked as he was. Every last one of them was feeling the effects. Each and every one of them had seen their once mighty schlongs shrink away to painfully regular rods. In the next few days they too would be sporting small stiffies just like him. They too would know the shame and excitement that came from being so underhung.

Connor squeezed sideways through the doorway. His thick, sculpted pecs strained against the door frame as he did so. Theo, who just happened to be in the hallway as Connor stepped out of his bedroom, gawked at what he saw. His jaw dropped, and his eyes went wide as saucers as he stared at the impossibly muscular and comically un-hung beefcake of a frat bro.

There was a time when nude frat bros strolling the halls was not that rare of an occurrence. EKT had some of the hottest and some of the best hung bros on campus crammed into its halls. There had always been more than one dude in the chapter who liked to let it all hang out as he strode from his bedroom to the showers and back again, but that seemed like ages ago. Within a week of Juice being introduced to the frat house that practice had come to a sudden stop, and it didn't take a rocket surgeon to figure out why. Even though the dudes who drank the stuff got hotter and heavier with each passing day and the pounds upon pounds of raw, masculine muscle stacked onto their frame more and more with each passing evening, there was one area that saw the opposite happening. It was the one area that people dared not show their frat mates for fear that they alone were experiencing it. How could anyone face the frat and reveal that their prized cock had shrunk? Who would even want to let everyone know that? The sheer thought of it was social suicide, and yet here Connor was, striding down the main hall of the bustling frat house, naked as the day he was born and only slightly better hung.

Theo couldn't even begin to comprehend what was going on in Connor's head. Connor had hands down the smallest cock Theo had ever seen on an adult male. Theo helped out as a lifeguard and swimming instructor at the country club his family frequented. He had seen plenty of guys of various ages getting changed in the locker room at the pool, and many of the younger guys had Connor beat by miles. Simply put, Connor's cock was kiddie sized, but the

incredibly massive, muscular stud didn't seem to even care that his puny pecker was put on display for all to see. In fact it seemed like he even enjoyed it! Connor's ridiculously tiny rod was rock hard and drooling pre onto the still carpet that covered the hallway floor.

All Theo could do was gawk at the massive wall of brawn with the puny pecker. Somehow seeing Connor so smug and cocksure despite being so pathetic where it counted drove him crazy. Theo had always been jealous of those who oozed machismo. He longed to be one of those dudes that had the confidence and the charisma to do what he wanted and look good doing it. It was part of why he joined the frat despite being quite possibly the last guy on earth who excel in a Greek life setting. It was why he took to Juice in the first place. He had hoped that having a killer bod with big muscles would give him the confidence he craved, but the opposite had been the case. He had gained muscles for sure, but in doing so his dick had dwindled considerably. His once sizeable snake had been reduced to a rather lackluster six inch rod, and Theo knew that the longer he kept drinking Juice the smaller it would get. Even though his dick was still pretty respectable, the mere thought that it would soon be small was enough to shatter what little confidence his killer bod would have afforded him. Even when he sat on his perch in the elevated life guard chair beside the pool with his freshly tanned bod and his newly christened muscles on display for all to ogle, the fear that someone out there would spy the bulge in his speedos and find it lacking terrified him to the point that he couldn't so much as smirk when one

of the busty blondes by the pool gave him a flirty smile and an approving gaze.

Theo had what he had always wanted. He had a body fit for Baywatch and a dick that was still a bit above average. He had the killer body of his dream, but still he didn't have an ounce of confidence. Yet somehow Connor did. Somehow Connor could stride down the hall with his puny, pathetic pecker on display as if daring anyone to say something. It made no sense! It was a sick joke! Theo wanted to shout in Connor's face. He wanted to scream at the top of his lungs and demand to know what it was that made Connor so cocksure because it sure wasn't his cock. Connor's cock was tiny. It was pathetic. It was a joke of a nub. So where did he get his confidence? What did he take pride in? There was so much that Theo wanted to ask. So much he wanted to demand to know, but all he could do was silently gawk as Connor walked past.

Connor merely smirked at the stunned, smaller frat bro and strode down the hall. He had no idea the storm that was raging in little Theo's mind. As far as he knew, Theo was merely stunned by how incredibly hot his massive muscles were. Connor didn't have the time or interest to really think about it at the moment. At the moment all Connor really wanted was his fix, and with that in mind he made his way down the hall and into the kitchen.

Connor could hear the sound of some of the other bros talking as he approached. They were discussing something, but Connor really didn't care

what. All he wanted was to get his daily dose, and if he had an audience while he did it, then all the better.

“... man, Everett’s been missing since Monday.” Came the voice of Marcel.

“I saw him come in late last night. He had an arm load of prescriptions. I think he’s been at the doctor all day.” David replied.

“Strange. I didn’t know he was sick.” Marcel replied.

“If you ask me, I don’t think he’s sick.” David responded.

“Oh? Then what do you thi- ... holy shit!” Marcel broke his sentence and yelped in shock as Connor stepped into the kitchen. His eyes immediately fell upon Connor’s shrunken cock.

“Jesus Christ...” David murmured under his breath. His eyes darted down towards Connor’s crotch. Connor’s dick was even dinkier than before. It had shrunken even since just last night. A pit formed in David’s gut as he stared at the pathetic nub between his younger frat bro’s legs. As he stared at the pitiful nub that Connor called a cock, David’s hand shot towards his own crotch. He began to grip his bulge as if to remind himself that it was still there. It hadn’t shrunken away to nothing – at least not yet anyway.

Connor didn’t say anything to the other bros in the room. He merely smirked and strode over towards the cabinet to pull out his morning jug of Juice. He had

gotten so huge that he could barely squeeze between the row of cabinets and the center island in the middle of the kitchen. His thick thighs rubbed against the doorknobs and the sides of the countertops as he stomped heavily through the kitchen. Connor leaned back against the counter. His huge, beefy, bare butt pressed against the cabinet. His tiny dick, still standing at attention and still oozing pre pointed right at the two gossiping frat bros.

There was a tense moment where David and Marcel looked at one another as if to ask the other what was going on. Neither knew what to say. Neither knew how to react. By all reasoning Connor should be mortified to be seen with such a pathetic dick. Who cares how buff he was? His cock was a joke!

Marcel was the one to finally break the silence. He nodded towards Connor's tiny stiffy and sneered. "Ha! You call that a cock? If I were you, I wouldn't be showing that thing off." Marcel quipped. He gave of a short, strained chortle, but his forced laughter wasn't fooling anyone. It was clear how uncomfortable he was.

Marcel waited for some sort of response from the massive, micro-hung stud. He prayed that he stuck a nerve. He hoped for some sign that Connor's dinky dick bothered Connor as much as it bothered him, but there was nothing. Connor merely ripped off the top of the Juice carton and began greedily slurping down the creamy goodness inside. Connor downed the whole drink in a matter of seconds, and as he wiped the last

bit of Juice off of his lips and then licked that off his arm he stared right at Marcel and smirked.

Marcel's blood ran cold. He understood Connor's smirk instantly. It wasn't a threat so much as a promise. Both he and David would be as small as Connor someday – someday very soon.