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# EKT Boogaloo

Part 3

By Ziel.

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Connor woke up the next morning and once again checked himself in front of the mirror. He was looking fit as fuck, there was no doubt about that. His thick, muscular pecs puffed up like pillows in front of him as he flexed for his reflection. His biceps bulged out bigger than softballs. His abs were so defined that his belly looked like it had been photoshopped. Even the mound of his traps was looking plenty thick. About the only place he didn't look all that thick was in his shorts. His briefs were stretched to their max as they struggled against his huge, muscular ass, but even then he hardly had anything resembling a bulge up front.

Connor cringed at the sight of his lackluster package. He knew he had to learn to accept it. He had a small cock. He was below four inches when fully boned. He had the kind of cock he had teased people about in high school. His cock size was the subject of

scorn and ridicule the world over. Even with his amazingly muscular bod, how could he claim to be a real man when he was looking like a kid downstairs?

Connor shook the notion from his mind. Moping about wasn't going to fix anything. The best he could do now was focus on moving forward. So what if his dick was a little small? It wasn't the end of the world. He was still built like an Olympian... right down to the comically small cock Greek sculptors liked to adorn their statues with.

Connor tried his best to tune out his own mind. He tried to ignore the pervasive thoughts that kept nagging at the back of his mind. He went about getting ready for his day as best he could, but he didn't have any real reason to be getting dressed yet. He didn't have any classes today, and football practice wasn't until the afternoon, but the act of dressing helped get him out of his head and helped him focus on the coming day.

There were a few other guys in the common area when Connor made his way downstairs, but he really wasn't in the mood to talk to any of them, and they in turn did not seem too keen on talking to him. There was a strangely tense air hanging over the frat house, and Connor had a sneaking suspicion he knew what was causing it. No doubt Theo's outburst at the communal chat had a little to do with it. Everyone had shushed him and shooed him off last night, but Connor was sure that just about everyone had taken the time

to take stock of their own endowments after they had retired to their own room.

The atmosphere in the dining area wasn't much better, but that was solely Connor's fault. No one else was in there with him to raise or lower the spirits in the room. It was just him.

Connor set about getting together a decent breakfast. He grabbed a few eggs out of the fridge, but before he could even fill the pan with water to start boiling them he changed his mind. He just wasn't feeling it today. He needed something different – something creamier. He instead chose to get out a jug of milk and pour himself some cereal, but again he hadn't even managed to get the cereal from the pantry before he grew tired of that idea as well. The crunchy flakes didn't appeal to him. As he stared at the shapes of the cereal on the box he couldn't help but think how much they looked like dandruff. How had he ever found those appetizing?

Connor was just about to shut the cabinet and call it a bust when his eyes fell upon something else stocked away in there – a small, cylindrical container. It wasn't right to call it a bottle, but he wasn't sure the best word for it. It was more like a milk carton only smaller and with a pour spout on the top. The official terminology didn't matter. What mattered was what was inside. Connor didn't even need to see the name of the stuff written on the side to know. He had drank from many such containers over the past week. This was Juice...

Connor's hand shook as he reached out to take one. His mind was racing as he considered his options. He knew he should stop or at least cut back, but he was absolutely famished. He needed something inside his belly. His gut was practically roaring at him he was so hungry, but the mere thought of other foods made him sick to his stomach. There was only one thing that could sate his hunger, and Connor knew this.

Connor held the small container in his hand. It was little more than a juice box, and yet this was the source of his troubles. He knew he should just put it back. He knew he shouldn't drink it, but even as he unscrewed the small cap on the drink he was already thinking over his next course of action.

"One more won't be so bad..." Connor said to himself. He tried to psyche himself up even as he felt the stuff wash across his tongue and slide down his throat.

"It's just one more... What can it hurt? It's not like I lost all those inches overnight. What harm can there be in one more? So what if I lose another inch? I'm already tiny..." Connor thought silently to himself as he finished the bottle.

Connor felt invigorated and renewed almost the second the stuff hit his gut. He felt his worries wash away. Sure he still had to deal with the aftereffects, but at least now he was going into it refreshed and revitalized. It was so much easier to quit on a full stomach after all, and that is exactly what he intended to do. He was already buff as hell so there

was really no need to keep on drinking the stuff... or at least that is what Connor told himself...