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 reduced rod.