

© 2016 Ziel

Juiced 2

By Ziel.

Juiced 2: EKT Boogaloo

Chapter 2

The other guys around the frat were slow to try the new protein shake, but after Connor started seeing results the rest of the guys were quick to start hoarding bottles for themselves. The changes were amazing. Connor had noticed the pudge he had packed on – the so called “freshman fifteen” – melting away within the first couple of days. By Tuesday he had a flat belly, and by Friday he could actually see clearly defined abs forming on his midsection. He had gone from slightly chubby to fit as fuck in under a week! And as the days went on the changes became even more pronounced. By the time Sunday rolled around, the rest of the guys in the frat were starting to see some changes as well. Even the dudes who were already jacked before starting Juice were steadily bulking up every day.

Connor trudged back to the frat house late in the afternoon. He had spent a large part of the day just hanging around campus. He had finished his classes hours before, but he just hadn't felt like going back home yet. He was enjoying himself far too much for that. It seemed like no matter where he went or what he did people could not help but stop and stare at him, and it was no surprise why. Connor filled out his T-shirt and jeans perfectly. It was hard to believe that just a week ago the only place that his shirt had been tight had been around his belly, but nowadays his shirt strained and stretched across his thick, well-defined pecs. His shirt was still a little tight around the midriff, but that was only because of his eight pack abs which now showed clearly against the front of his shirt.

Connor filled out his jeans just as well as he filled out his shirt. His growing quads strained against the sides of his pant legs, and his beefy butt pressed hard against the seat of his pants. His jeans look like they had been painted onto his swole legs. Even his calves looked a little cramped inside his pants. In fact there was only one part of his lower body that didn't strain against the fabric of his jeans, but Connor was not at all surprised to find that he hadn't seen any gains down there.

Connor had been getting plenty of gazes from guys and girls alike for the past few days, and he loved every second of it. He didn't want it to end. He wanted to take his time and soak up the silent adulation for as long as possible, but he knew he needed to get back to

the frat house. Still, that didn't mean he had to run. He could afford to take a slow, casual stroll all the way back to his new home, and that is exactly what he did.

By the time Connor made his way into the front room of the large frat house, the weekly Monday evening meeting was already in full swing. Everett had been rattling on about one topic or another, but it was clear that no one was really paying much attention. They had all just been lazing about on the various couches and chairs as they waited for their fearless leader to get through his speeches and get over himself.

Everett turned and glared at Connor when he heard the door shut behind him. "Oh. I was wondering if you were going to show up." Everett said. His casual tone wasn't fooling anyone. There was plenty of derision aimed at the latecomer.

"Study session ran long." Connor replied nonchalantly. Connor could feel Everett's ire aimed right at him, but fortunately it didn't look like Everett was in the mood to start any shit which in and of itself was pretty rare actually. Everett merely sneered at him as he waited for Connor to take his seat.

Everett cleared his throat and moved onto his next order of business. "As you all know..." Everett began. He waited a moment for the chatter to die down and then he continued his sentence. "... this Friday is our first official frat bash of the school year." He added.

This time all eyes were on Everett, and all conversations had slammed to a halt. This was a topic that everyone had a vested interest in. Even Connor, who was not legally old enough to drink, was looking forward to getting absolutely shit-faced this coming Friday, and even if he didn't plan on getting completely bloated in the first five minutes, he was excited for the chance to show off his new bod for all the smoking hot co-eds that were sure to be cramming into their halls this coming Friday.

Conner looked around the room and took stock of his frat brothers. He was going to have a lot of competition this coming Friday. Plenty of the guys were just as buff as he was, and there were a few who were even more jacked than he. Even Everett who had never been the beefiest guy on the block filled out his clothes remarkably well. His pecs had grown so huge in the past week that he had to keep the top four buttons of his formerly perfectly tailored shirts left unclasped because there was simply no way to close the front of his shirt overtop of his enormously enlarged pectoral muscles, and his pants were every bit as packed as his shirt... or almost every bit as packed.

Everett's big dick strained against the inside of his pant leg. It was certainly huge, but something seemed off about it. Connor didn't have time to really study it in too great a detail though. The last thing he wanted was to be caught checking out another guy's package so he was quick to direct his attention elsewhere.

Everywhere Connor looked he saw huge, beefy guys just hanging out. Even Marcel had gone from lean and lithe to thick and swole in the span of a week. He was looking less like a runner and more like a power lifter with each passing day, and he was one of the slimmest guys in the frat nowadays!

“... so be sparing with your invites. We want this to look like we’re only inviting the best of the best. Of course the riff-raff will weasel their way in anyway, but we want to at least have the appearance of being selective with who we allow to attend.” Everett concluded.

Connor quickly snapped out of his lurid ogling of the rest of his frat bros. He had been so fixated on how hot and huge the other guys in the frat had gotten that he had completely missed most of what Everett had been saying. Connor wasn’t about to ask Everett to repeat some of it though. There was no way he’d admit to not listening, and he didn’t particularly care enough to hear it again anyway.

“Before we wrap up, did anyone else have something they wished to discuss?” Everett asked the rest of the frat. Most guys stayed silent. A few murmured a quick, “naw” or something like it, but there was one guy who actually stood up to speak.

All eyes were on the guy but not because he held any real power or prestige in the frat house – quite the opposite in fact. Theo was as meek and timid as they come. He stuck out like a sore thumb in the halls of dripping machismo that was the EKT frat

house. The only reason he was even there was because his parents had money and power. He was a legacy pledge, much like Everett, but that was where their similarities ended.

“Hey so... I know everyone here has been trying that new protein drink...” Theo said awkwardly. Theo had always been a short, scrawny, gangly little thing, but even he was starting to show some serious definition from his days on the juice. He had been one of the last guys to come around, but even in the three days he had been drinking he had gone from being a scrawny nerd to having the body of a professional swimmer. He had only just begun to pack on muscle, but it was clear he would be bulking up in no time. Yet somehow he didn’t seem too excited about the prospects.

Everyone waited intently for him to continue. There were none of the normal jeers and whoops one would expect when someone starts talking about the substance that had become an overnight favorite in the halls of the frat house. It was rare for Theo to stand up and say anything so everyone was genuinely curious about where this was going and what it had to do with their favorite drink.

“I just... well... if it’s just me then... I’ve noticed... well I think I’ve noticed...” Theo stammered awkwardly. Groans and murmurs of annoyance rippled through the room. Everyone was quickly losing interest in Theo and what he had to say, and no one knew this

more than Theo himself. He tried his best to choke back his anxiety and say his piece.

“It’s just... I feel like... It seems like... my dick... seems smaller... I don’t know... It could just be me...” Theo muttered nervously.

The attitude in the room immediately changed. There was an awkward silence that fell over the frat. All the guys stopped to look at one another as if trying decide what they should do with this new information. There’s no telling where things would have gone from there had Everett not been so quick to diffuse the situation.

“Now, Theo... You’ve always had a kid dick. You’re not fooling anyone by blaming it on Juice.” Everett chided in the most smug, self-assured tone he could muster. He was so haughty and snide that it was almost uncharacteristically assholeish even for him... almost.

“Hah! Yeah! Just because the rest of your body is finally looking like it graduated middle school that doesn’t mean your dick is gonna finally hit puberty too.” Marcel chimed in.

The barb was so sudden that Theo actually recoiled in shock. He had expected something like that from Everett but not from Marcel. Marcel was always quick with a joke and had a tendency to poke fun at people, but he wasn’t the type to go for such a visceral takedown like that. The few times he did actually say something unintentionally snide he would quickly

apologize for taking the joke too far, but today he was actually glancing around the room with a pained smile as if looking for some validation with his gibe. A few guys awkwardly chuckled along and a few more even made a few passing comments. Theo's already reddish cheeks turned a few shades redder as he took his seat

Everett grinned. His smug sense of self-satisfaction was clearly visible on his face. He could have called the meeting to order sooner, but he was enjoying watching Theo squirm. Eventually though, even Everett got bored of the commotion.

"If no one has any real issues to talk about, then I'll go ahead and declare this meeting adjourned." Everett said dismissively.

This time nobody bothered to step forward. In fact, nobody seemed interested in saying much of anything at all. An almost unnatural silence had fallen over the room and the occupants. The guys didn't even want to talk to each other. They all got up from their seats and went their separate ways with only a few furtive glances here and there.

Connor went right back up to his room after that. He couldn't get what Theo had said out of his mind. Could a guy's dick really shrink? And if so was it really related to the drink they all had been using? Connor wasn't sure what to believe or what to think. This was the first he had heard about it from anyone else, but then again, he had been using the stuff a lot longer than the rest.

Connor had noticed something odd the past few days. He wasn't sure, but he thought his dick might be looking a little smaller than before. He had chalked it up to it just being some trick of the light or an optical illusion. After all, his thighs were looking thicker than ever before. It only made sense that his dick would look smaller by comparison, right? His cock couldn't actually be shrinking, could it?

Connor didn't want to even think about it. He didn't want to even entertain the notion so he pulled out his laptop and did what he always did when he needed to clear his mind of everything else – he started stroking it to porn. Unfortunately that did little to take his mind off of his other problems. The second he pulled down his boxers and his dick flopped out his gaze drifted towards his cock. He tried to focus on what was happening on his screen and not what was happening with his peen, but the whole time he was trying to fap his mind kept drifting towards his cock. Soon his dick was rock hard, but even though it was as rigid as it had ever been, it just didn't seem as large as it should be. Connor was never the biggest guy below the belt, but he had had enough schlong that he could wrap a hand around his dick and have some space left over, but tonight he had his hand against the base of his cock and the tip of his dick just barely poked out past his palm.

Connor was so fixated on his own dick that he couldn't even enjoy the very loud porn that was playing on his laptop. He had completely tuned out the moans and groans and grunts and gasps as he stared

at the little bit of cock that he had poking past his palm. It couldn't just be an optical illusion. His dick had to have gotten smaller, but how? And how small had it actually gotten? Connor didn't want to know, but at the same time he knew he needed to. Some perverse fascination had taken hold. He just couldn't bear the thought of not knowing.

Connor hopped out of his bed and trudged across the room to his discarded gym bag. He rifled through the contents until he found what he was looking for, a small rolled spool of soft measuring tape. Connor felt a pit form in his stomach and a lump form in his throat as he stared at the numbered tic marks on the small roll of tape. He had bought the thing to measure his muscles. He had wanted to chronicle and calculate just how big his biceps were growing as the juice worked its magic. He had wanted to use it to measure his gains, but now he was going to use it to calculate his losses.

Connor stood in front of his mirror and lined the tape up with his dick. Despite the fact that his nerves were going crazy his dick was still as rock hard as ever. There was something strangely exciting about finding out just how small his dick had gotten, but he didn't want to say that out loud. He didn't even want to admit it to himself, but the proof was in the penis. His cock was rock hard and ready to blow as he lined the measuring tape up with the base of his cock.

Connor gasped as he looked at the final ruling. The tip of his dick fell just shy of the four inch mark.

There was no doubt about it. His dick had shrunk! Connor had never been the biggest guy at the frat house, but he had always been pretty secure in his size. Whenever he was asked about it he had always claimed he had a solid, respectable six inches, but the truth of the matter was that he typically missed the mark by a few tics. He was most assuredly well over five though. Even the most humble measurements put him at five and a half, but now he didn't even hit four! He was even pressing the little metallic bit at the end of the tape as hard as he could against his crotch to eek out a few more millimeters, and he still fell short of the mark!

Connor flopped dejectedly back onto his bed. His cock was officially small. He just had to accept that, but what did that mean going forward? Part of him knew he should quit Juice, but what would happen if he did? What would happen to his muscle? Would they melt away as quickly as they had sprung up? What would he have then? No muscles *and* a small cock? He'd be a joke, and he could kiss his spot on the football team goodbye. The coach was so close to making him a starter. If he reverted back to his old, slightly chunky physique there was no doubt that that position would be given to someone else. Connor knew he had a lot to think about, but for the time being all he really wanted to do was deal with his raging hard-on. Connor pulled his headphones back on over his ears, tapped the keyboard a few times to snap his laptop out of hibernation, and wrapped his hand around his cock – his cock which now only barely

poked past his palm – and set to work relieving at least some of the tension.