

Ben laid back in bed and absentmindedly bounced his tennis ball against the roof of his bedroom. It was a good thing no one lived in the space above him, or the steady thumping would have gotten on people's nerves. As it was the area directly above his room was just attic space. He had never bothered to go up there. His dad had expressly forbidden it, but Ben wasn't necessarily the type to heed parental warnings; he just had no real interest in rooting around in some dusty old attic. He doubted there was anything cool up there. His family was the most boring, middle class, suburbanites the world had ever seen. He figured his parents told him to keep out of there because that is where they liked to stash the Christmas gifts.

Finally Ben's phone chirped, alerting him to a new message. He turned the screen on and glanced at the name. He immediately perked up when he saw that the name on the screen was that of his best friend, Max. Ben had been sweating bullets ever since this afternoon in the locker room. Max had caught him staring a little too hard at one of the senior's dicks. Ben couldn't help it though. He loved huge dicks... Well, maybe it wasn't right to say that he loved huge dicks. It would be more precise to say that he was fascinated by dicks that were larger than his. Something about it really got under his skin and got him rock hard. Just seeing Roland's floppy foot long bouncing and bobbing around in the showers after football practice got Ben dangerously chubbed. He had to force his eyes away from the impeccable specimen in order to keep himself from sporting a full on bone in the middle of the locker room.

Which brings things back around to the nature of the text message. The electronic font read, "Hey. I'll be there in a few. Let's talk when I get there."

Ben grimaced a bit, but tried to relax. He knew he was pretty much busted, but at least Max seemed to be being pretty chill about it. He doubted anything bad would happen. They had known each other since kindergarten and so Ben didn't think a little thing like coming out would really rock their friendship. The worst that could happen was that Max would be a little too gung ho in his support and accidentally blew the story to everyone before Ben was ready.

After a few more minutes of arbitrarily flinging the tennis ball at random spots on the ceiling and then catching it, Ben heard the front door open and the encroaching din of hurried footfalls. Soon after Max came barreling into his room without so much as a knock, but Ben was used to this by now.

"What's the rush?" Ben asked trying his best to sound uninterested but only succeeding in sounding distant and irritated.

Ben's shorter, slimmer, black haired friend blew a quick burst of air upwards to push his long, shaggy bangs out of his eyes before pausing a moment to pick his words carefully. "We need to talk, and I know that you know that I know. So cut the crap." Max didn't seem angry. Quite the opposite. He seemed to be taking his time and scoping out every inch of Ben's body as the bigger, buffer bunny laid back in bed.

Ben was pretty good looking by all accounts. He tried to remain humble, but he heard the way people talked about him. He was by far the biggest dude on the football team, and word had gotten around that he was also well above average below the belt too. His thick cock swelled up to an impressive eleven inches when fully boned. To his knowledge the only person in the city who could beat

him in terms of cock size was none other than Roland, the same guy that Ben had been caught checking out earlier in the afternoon.

Ben wasn't just well off in the dick department though. His clean cut, blonde hair and crystal blue eyes seemed to drive the girls wild, and he took very good care of his body; he ate well, and even during the off seasons he worked out almost every day. The net result was that he was buff and cut like an underwear model.

Max wasn't nearly as big and buff as the huge, hunky rabbit, but he was by no means overweight. The brown furred mink had more of a slim, compact musculature which made him look a little silly when he had the heavy pads on, but once the gear came off, people could see that he was cut like a rockstar.

Ben continued to bounce his ball against the ceiling. He was trying to pretend not to notice his pal, but the glare that Max was giving him made it obvious that Max did not buy the act at all.

"Look. I saw you checking him out." Max said. His speech was slow and choppy. Not because he was trying to sound firm and forceful, but because he had to break up his speech so that he didn't have to yell over the steady *thunk, thunk, thunk* of Ben's tennis ball.

Ben began throwing the ball harder and faster trying to drown out the inevitable man to man talk. Max rolled his eyes in annoyance but went ahead trying to get through to his big, buff buddy. "Look." *thunk* "I just." *thunk* "It's cool!" *thunk* "I'm cool." *thunk* "Will you just..." *thunk* "No, seriously." *thunk* "Cut that shit out!" Max was getting more and more exasperated with each fragment he uttered.

Ben reeled back and lobbed the ball extra hard at the ceiling. He was expecting an extra loud "*thoomp!*" but he got something completely different. The section of the ceiling came dislodged and a large segment fell open. The foldaway ladder that was hidden behind the paneling fell out and unfurled itself right onto Ben's bed. Ben had just enough time to let loose a bellowing "JESUS CHRIST!" before he rolled off the bed and narrowly avoided getting beamed in the gut by falling hardware.

"Dude. You've got a secret door... passage... thing... in your room, dude." Max murmured. His eyes were wide and his jaw hung open in dumbfounded awe as he scoped out the new opening.

"No shit..." Ben muttered in a voice just above a hoarse whisper. After only a brief pause Ben added, "Let's check it out."

Ben quickly hopped back onto his bed and clambered up the ladder. He peeked into the dusty old chamber above his bed and let out a sigh. "Boooring. It's just the crappy old attic." He muttered.

"Well yeah. What else did you expect to find?" Max shot back sarcastically.

"I dunno. Something cool. Like maybe a secret treasure or a hidden window for stargazing or some shit. There's nothing up here but a dusty old box." Ben grumbled.

"Is it a cool box?" Max asked somewhat excitedly.

"Nah. Just a shoebox or some shit." Ben said. He reached over and pulled the box under his arm and fumbled back down the ladder.

"Anything in it?" Max asked excitedly.

"Dude. Chill. I haven't even looked inside it yet." Ben sighed in annoyance. He reached down and lifted the ladder back up with his free hand. After it reached the halfway point the ladder began to fold on its own. It quickly vanished into the ceiling. The secret ladder was once again completely invisible to the untrained eye.

"That's strange. I know how much you love stealing glances." Max replied playfully.

Ben flopped down on his bed and reached into the box. Inside was something that appeared to be a tiny, shriveled hand. He picked it up and turned it over in the palm of his hand a few times and studied it. He was so entranced by the strange object that he completely blew off his friend's snarky remark.

"So what. My dick not big enough for you?" Max teased playfully, completely oblivious to the strange talisman that Ben was inspecting.

"I'm sure it's fine." Ben said nonchalantly. "Not like me checking you out would do me any good. You're not gay." Then he added under his breath, "Although sometimes I wish you were..." He jumped a little bit as he saw the pinky finger of the small hand curl inwards.

"That's what I have been trying to tell you, asshole." Max grumbled. "If I had known we were batting for the same team I would have jumped that bone ages ago!"

"Wait, what?" Ben sputtered awkwardly. He was so surprised that he almost dropped the strange hand.

"I can't believe you hadn't noticed. I have been trying to drop hints for ages." Max said. Ben tried to search his memory. It was true that there had been several instances in the past that had made Ben question Max's sexuality, but nothing that would make Ben sure enough that he would make the first move.

"I guess I just didn't cross you radar. Huh, Mr. Size queen?" Max sassed playfully.

"I'm not a size queen." Ben huffed.

"Oh? You sure seemed to like scoping out Roland's huge piece." Max continued to tease.

"It's not about the size..." Ben muttered.

"Oh? Then what is it?" Max asked, moving in closer.

Ben had a strange idea. Somehow, he thought that it might be possible that the strange shriveled hand had granted his accidental wish, but it could just be a fluke. Max had tripped Ben's gaydar a few times in the past so it was a very real possibility that his black haired buddy had always been gay.

"It's hard to describe..." Ben said slowly. He was mulling over what to say so as to make it seem as natural as possible. "I love dicks that are bigger than mine, ok?"

"Wait... you actually like being the small guy?" Max replied incredulously. He furrowed his brow for a moment and then let out a sigh. "Well, I guess it's like they always say. The grass is greener on the other side and whatnot. I would kill to have a dick like that."

"I know, man. I wish your dick was bigger than mine. Hell, I wish everyone's was bigger than mine. Could you imagine? A world full of huge cocks." Ben replied.

Max cocked an eyebrow at Ben, but said nothing. Ben looked down to check on the shriveled hand. Sure enough the ring finger had curled inward. Ben began to smirk, but he was suddenly struck by a strange tingling down below. He hopped off of his bed and pulled his pants off in a hurry.

"Woah. You don't waste any time do you." Max said salaciously as he eyed Ben's big, well-maintained cock and balls. Ben liked to keep the fuzz around his junk nice and short to show off what he had to work with.

Max quickly peeled his shirt off and began to take his pants off too. In a matter of seconds, he was completely nude and was standing before his big, buff buddy who was also completely nude from the waist down. Max's eyes fell upon Ben's huge cock. Max could hardly believe that Big Ben had willingly whipped it out for him, but as much as Max loved looking at his pal's huge cock, he needed even more. Max quickly slipped his hands under the hem of Ben's shirt and pulled began pulling the article of clothing over his pal's head.

"Huh... that's odd..." Ben said distantly as he tugged at his cock with one hand and felt up his balls with the other. He didn't even seem to care that he was now completely nude. He was more interested in his cock and balls. They seemed off somehow.

"What's up?" Max asked. Then his eyes fell on the tiny shriveled hand that Ben had dropped. "And what's that!?" He scrambled over Ben's bed and scooped up the tiny, mummified limb.

"I wouldn't mess with that...." Ben said hesitantly.

"Why? It's just a gross little rotten thingy." Max replied flippantly.

"Well, yeah, but this is going to sound weird, but... I think maybe it grants wishes?" Ben said. He realized how absurd what he said sounded, and it came through in his voice.

"Oh? Wait... Like the story?" Max said. He recoiled slightly and dropped the tiny amulet.

"Story?" Ben asked.

"Yeah. There's this creepy-ass story about a cursed monkey paw that grants wishes, but it fucks up all the wishes and turns them into curses." Max replied. He cringed and wiped his hands on Ben's comforter. "Bleugh. I hope I didn't get any bad juju on me." He muttered.

"Huh... I am not so sure it is cursed, though..." Ben said skeptically.

"Why wouldn't it be? It's gross as shit." Max replied, still grimacing and wiping his hands.

"Well, I wished you were gay, and that turned out alright. Then I wished you had a bigger dick than me, and well... I don't know how that turned out." Ben replied with a shrug.

"Yeah, but I was always gay. Maybe it didn't screw anything up because it didn't have to change anything." Max replied with a shrug.

"Really?" Ben responded skeptically.

"I think I would know if I beat off to you yearbook photo last year, dude." Max replied. The mink had a noticeable amount of snark in his voice, but Ben could still tell that Max was telling the truth.

"Rreeeeallly." Ben replied salaciously.

"I guess it's just a dud then, because my dick is the same six inches it has always been."

"I suppose that's true, but..." Ben began to say but then trailed off. He felt the strange tingle again and looked down. His junk felt even more off than before, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"Wait... What if it does work?" Max suddenly said. His mouth was hung open in shock. "Quick. Start jacking off. I'll get the ruler."

"Huh? ... wait... you think...?" Ben muttered awkwardly. He was slowly starting to piece it together. He never had specified that he wanted Max's cock to grow. It was possible that the strange hand had instead made his dick shrink. The end result would be the same, though. Max would have the bigger dick of the two. Ben felt his cock chubbing up slightly at the thought. It had never occurred to him to try something like that before, and it excited him for some reason.

Ben reached under his bed and pulled out his trusty bottle of lube and began to slather it onto his big dick. His cock felt amazingly sensitive for some reason, but he attributed that to his extra aroused state. He started envisioning himself with a dick that was below six inches; not much below, mind you, but enough that Max would be the better hung of the two. It excited him to no end. In a matter of seconds he was already fully boned, and he had barely even been making an effort to stroke his cock.

Max was already kneeling before Ben with the ruler at the ready. "Ok... so you said that you were eleven inches, right?" Max asked skeptically.

"Kind of. I rounded down a bit, though." Ben replied sheepishly.

Max merely rolled his eyes. "Seriously, dude. Most guys round up." He sassed playfully and then checked the markings on the ruler. "Huh... You're actually just a hair below ten inches now." The mink murmured.

"Really?" Ben asked excitedly. Max shot him a questioning glance, but his eyes drifted back towards his pal's fully boned cock. Max wasn't sure, but he thought he saw it get ever so slightly smaller. Ben's cock wasn't just getting shorter; it was legitimately shrinking. With every little bit that vanished from the length, the thickness would reduce proportionally.

Max couldn't take his eyes off his bud's huge dick. Even if it had lost a little over an inch of length and a bit of thickness, the huge tool was still big even by porn star standards. Max found himself drifting ever closer to it until he was so close he could actually feel the heat emanating from it.

"Hey... uh... what are you doing?" Ben asked. His voice cracking into a nervous chuckle as he watched his friend slowly open his mouth. Max made no effort to respond. He merely wrapped his lips around Ben's big, thick, shuddering shaft. Ben's breath caught in his throat as he felt the warmth and wetness of his best pal's mouth around his cock. He could even feel Max's tongue rubbing against the underside of his fully-boned dick.

Ben had never been sucked off before. It far surpassed even his wildest dreams. The way the back of Max's throat seemed to grip his huge dick drove Ben wild. It was far better than his hand could ever hope to feel.

Max began to slide up and down along Ben's big dick. The wonderful sensations arcing through Ben's cock were so powerful that Ben couldn't even focus on anything else. He absentmindedly ran his fingers through Max's dark, curly hair while his pal continued to go down on him. Ben was getting so close to creaming that his abs were beginning to shudder and his cock was beginning to lurch.

Max seemed to sense that Ben was nearing his limit. He went down all the way and buried his face in his buddy's clean shaven crotch. Ben could feel Max's chin digging into his balls. He could feel Max's lips and tongue against his dick, but there was something else. It wasn't so much what he was feeling as what he wasn't feeling. His confusion slowly began to overpower his arousal. Something was definitely off...

It hit him like a ton of bricks. Max was as far down as he could go, and yet the tip of Ben's dick no longer hit the back of his throat. Just how many inches had he lost already? Ben's mind was racing. He had to know for sure. What if he was as small as Max now? What if... he was even smaller?

Ben's cock lurched hard at just the mere thought of it. He grunted and let out an almost feral groan as he struggled to hold back his wad. He didn't want to cum yet, not without seeing his new size first hand.

"Off... get off..." Ben groaned.

Max pulled back and flashed the bunny a saucy wink. "That's what I've been trying to do." He teased.

Ben completely ignored his pal's lascivious joke and asked, "How big is it..." Ben was all but pleading with his pal. His voice was little more than a breathless whisper.

Max cocked an eyebrow and then glanced back down at his pal's dick. What he saw made his jaw drop. How could he not have realized it was dwindling so fast? He had it in his mouth. He had it pressed against his tongue. He could feel it shrinking and thinning between his very lips, but he had been so enrapt in sucking off his crush that he hadn't even been paying attention. So called "Big Ben" no longer lived up to its nickname. Max doubted it was even bigger than his perfectly average cock at this point.

"Get the ruler..." Ben pleaded, but the mink merely shook his head no.

"I need to know." Ben pleaded again this time even more urgently.

"I'll do you one better." Max replied. Ben furrowed his brow questioningly but made no effort to push the matter further. Something about the way Max was looking at him made his hair stand on end, his pulse race, and his dick shudder with anticipation.

Max was grinning from ear to ear and staring giddily at his pal's reduced dick. He knew he shouldn't be enjoying this. This was pretty much any man's worst nightmare. To watch it befall his best friend should be absolutely tragic, but Max couldn't help but take some sort of sadistic glee in it all. He had long been jealous of Ben's huge, thick, porn-star cock. To see it looking so average filled him with a

rush of confidence, and it's not like Ben was terribly upset by it. The buff, blond bunny seemed to be enjoying the surreal experience more than even Max was.

Max slowly crawled forward until he was straddling his bigger, beefier pal. Ben's whole body tensed up when he felt it... the tip of Max's dick was pressing against his own. Ben's mind was reeling. There was no doubt in his mind what was about to happen. He wanted to look, but he resisted. It wasn't that he was afraid of what he would see. If anything he was worried that he'd be disappointed that it wasn't small enough yet. He was like a kid on Christmas who knew what he was getting, but there was always that nagging doubt in the back of his mind that maybe, just maybe it wouldn't be just perfect.

Ben's cock shuddered as he felt Max's balls pressing against his own. Ben's whole body trembled in anticipation. He could feel his pal's dick pressing hard against every inch of his own. He could feel the slight, warm trickle of pre oozing off of Max's cock and onto his own. They had to be close in size; he was sure of it.

Ben couldn't hold back any more. He had to see it for himself. He anxiously glanced down, and his heart leapt for joy and his dick lurched hard at what he saw. The tip of Max's dick was sticking out ever so slightly further than his own. Ben still had the upper hand in terms of thickness, but he knew that wouldn't last long.

Max could feel Ben's cock lurched and shuddering excitedly beneath his own. The sensation was maddening, but even more amazing was the sense of power that came with it. He had always lusted over Ben's huge, muscular body and his big, thick cock, but now Max had the bigger dick. Even if his dick still was a perfectly normal six inches, just feeling Ben's dwindling cock shuddering under his own bigger, thicker dick was getting him close to cumming.

"Hehe. You like that." Max taunted his pal in a deep, husky voice. Max was as shocked as anyone at the words that were coming from his mouth, but he was even more surprised by Ben's response.

Ben merely nodded weakly. His face had turned three shades redder. Max had never known Ben to be the type to blush, but he had to admit that it was surprisingly cute. He knew he needed to make Ben blush even more. He wanted to see the hulking stud make that adorable face for him over and over, and Max knew exactly how.

"How's it feel to be the little guy." Max teased. Ben was so overwhelmed by the sensation wracking him that he couldn't even reply to his pal's taunts, not verbally anyway. His body was saying plenty. Max could feel Ben's dick trembling beneath his own. It had no doubt shrunk even further. Their bases were lined up, but the tip of Ben's dick now fell just shy of the head of Max's own. Max did a quick mental estimate and couldn't suppress his lecherous chuckle at what he determined. Ben's formerly legendary tool had to be dipping beneath the five inch mark. Soon Ben would no longer even be able to pass as average. He'd have what could only be called a small cock.

"I can feel it getting smaller." Max teased. "Smaller and smaller... you can feel it too, can't you?"

Ben tried to look away and act like he was embarrassed by what was happening, but his body betrayed him. He was shuddering in anticipation. His cock was trembling with the desire to cum. Pre was flowing freely from his dwindling cock.

“You’re already smaller than me...” Max continued to tease. “... and yet, you’re still shrinking.”

Ben knew it was true. He could feel Max’s dick getting larger by the second. The mink’s bigger dick was now pressing down heavily against his own. His entire cock was buried under the longer, thicker, heavier shaft of his pal’s perfectly normal dick. Ben’s mind was reeling as he tried to piece together just how small he was now. He wanted to know, but he couldn’t bring himself to ask.

Fortunately Ben didn’t even need to say anything. Max was way ahead of him. “I wonder how small you are now?” Max asked. His voice was a mix of genuine curiosity and sarcastic taunting. He didn’t mean to be so vicious, but he did love to tease his friends and Ben seemed to be loving every second of it.

“Let’s find out, shall we?” Max growled seductively.

Ben let out a soft, pleading whimper as he felt his pal lifting off of him. He was loving the toying and teasing so much that he didn’t want it to end, but once he saw the ruler in Max’s hand Ben’s heart started pounding even harder in his chest. This was it. He was going to find out how small his dick really was now.

Max moved torturously slowly. He was making sure to take his time and let Ben suffer in anticipation at the great unveiling of his new size. Max was loving every second of it. The mink had never in his life imagined he could hold so much power over someone. His heart leapt with each and every shudder of his pal’s body and each and every labored breath his buddy took. Max laid the ruler beside his pal’s fully boned cock and had to stifle a giggle at what he saw.

“How is it...?” Ben asked anxiously.

“It’s small, alright.” Max teased. He had to stop himself from cackling like a madman upon hearing the pitiful, pleading whimper from his pal. Max was tempted to give the ruling right then and there, but he waited. He wanted to build up the suspense, but there was something else at work too. He could see it clear as day. Ben’s dick was still shrinking; still shortening; still thinning; still dwindling. With each passing second Max could see it eking ever closer to the next tic mark on the ruler. He held his breath in anticipation as he stared on. His heart pounded harder and harder by the second. His chest felt like it could burst from holding his breath so long. He could hear Ben’s pitiful, pleading whines getting more desperate and insistent, but still Max let the suspense build.

Finally it was time. The tip of Ben’s dick lined up perfectly with the next tic mark. “Four inches!” Max shouted triumphantly. Ben gasped. He had never dreamed it would shrink so much. He had thought he’d hit six inches or maybe close in on five, just enough to be smaller than Max, but four inches? That was crazy! That was terrifying! That was... exciting. Ben’s dick gave a hard lurch of arousal.

“Hehe. You’re even smaller than pencil-dicked Freddie.” Max teased mercilessly. Ben couldn’t hold back anymore. He let out a low, loud moan. His reduced balls pulled up and his shrunken dick lurched. A long, solid shot of jizz erupted from his tiny cock and arced through the air. The spray hit him square in the face. It had felt like the biggest, most intense climax of his life, but the pool of jizz on his face said otherwise. His face was splattered with jizz, but in the past he had done far worse while far less aroused.

Ben glanced down and looked at his still fully-boned cock. The true extent of his changes finally started to dawn on him. His dick was not just short but thin as well, but the real shocker was his sack. He had always had a nice, tight sack and that part hadn't changed, but now instead of being filled with two chicken egg sized testes his tight little sack was packed to the brim with two small balls that were just shy of the size of marble shooters. Max was right. Ben's dick was smaller than Freddie's. Ben had to have the smallest dick on the team if not in the entire school.

Ben's nuts seized up again and his cock lurched. A second smaller, waterier spurt of jizz spewed forth and splattered against his chest. He couldn't believe how turned on this was making him. Already his mind was racing. Was this it? Was he going to get even smaller? Part of him couldn't help but wonder if there was more shrinkage to come. Part of him was begging for it, and that frightened him as much as it aroused him.

"Well, you did say you wanted me to have a bigger dick than you." Max explained tauntingly. "But you couldn't stop there, could you?" The mink was chuckling lasciviously as he continued to tease his pal.

"You just had to go all the way. 'Oh. I want Max to have a bigger dick!'" Max mimicked in a mocking voice. "'Oh! I want *everyone* to have a bigger dick!'" he added. He made sure to really emphasize the "everyone" and Ben didn't miss the implication. He had said that. He knew he had said that, but he had forgotten. Had the monkey paw taken that into account? His dick was still shrinking after all. Would he keep shrinking until he had the smallest dick ever?

Ben tried to imagine himself with a super tiny dick. He had heard the jokes. "I've seen third grader's with bigger dicks than that." He tried to imagine how big his dick was in third grade. It was a pretty good size even back then, but still smaller than what he had now. That wouldn't last for long though.

"Hung like a toddler." That was another joke he had heard. How big is a toddler's dick anyway? Ben didn't know. It had to be tiny. An inch? Maybe two when fully erect. Ben's whole body shuddered as he thought about it. That's half what he currently had. His already puny dick was a mere four inches. Four inches! They made playing cards longer than his dick, and there was no telling how much shorter it would get.

"Tiny, little baby dick." That was another joke that was thrown around. Ben knew what a baby dick looked like. He had seen them first hand. He had changed his little cousin's diapers plenty of time. He had seen that tiny little nub of a newborn cock. It looked cute on an infant albeit a little silly, but he couldn't imagine what it'd be like on him. A big, buff, towering jock with a pathetic little nub of an infantile cock nestled between his burly thighs.

Ben came again just from thinking about it. It was so ridiculous. He knew he shouldn't be getting off on this, but he was. His dick was already so pathetic and tiny, and it was getting tinier by the second. What if he couldn't reverse it? What would the guys in the locker room say? He imagined himself showering with the bros, everyone taking turns commenting on his tiny, little dick. Ben's face burned redder and his dick lurched harder. He wanted to cum so bad, but his tiny nuts were already spent. He had nothing left to shoot but a weak, watery shot of cum.

“Three inches! Fucking three fucking inches!” Max shouted excitedly. “Jesus Christ! Your dick is so fucking tiny.” Max was almost cackling at this point. He was getting more and more turned on by the second. The bunny’s tiny dick wasn’t even half the size of Max’s tool. Just being so much bigger than his pal was doing wonders for his ego.

Ben glanced down at his now even smaller cock and chuckled silently to himself. It really was pathetic. He knew this more than anyone. Without a doubt he had the smallest cock in the school.

“Fuck. Where’s my camera. I need to film this!” Max muttered. “God. This is so fantastic. I wish everyone could see this.”

Max was so caught up in searching for his camera that he hadn’t even noticed the monkey’s paw which was still lying nearby. Yet another of its fingers had curled inward to denote the activation of another wish.

Max thrashed and rifled through his pants to get his phone. He was so excited to finally have his camera, but upon turning it on he realized that the battery was dying. There’s no way he could film anything with his battery in the red like that.

“I’m using your camera!” Max shouted. It wasn’t even a request so much as a command, but Ben was not in any condition to deny.

Max ran to the closet and pulled Ben’s digital camera off of the top shelf. He giggled as he powered it on and saw the full battery. This was even better than his original plan. Now he’d have vivid, hi-def pictures of his pal’s steady descent towards having a baby dick.

Max had borrowed the camera enough by now to know all the buttons and shortcuts. A few button presses and switches later and he had the thing set to record and upload it to his mobile storage... or so he thought. Max took aim and hit record all the while completely oblivious to the steady uplink with Ben’s own Facebook account. Being a hot guy and a star athlete meant Ben had a lot of Facebook friends. Anyone who was anyone had added him, and soon they would all be seeing Max and Ben’s private home video on their newsfeeds. Of course, no good gossip highchooler would be content to leave it at that. The vid was soon going to go viral without Ben or Max even knowing about it until later.

“Hey Ben! Is that you Ben!?” Max asked playfully while he zoomed in on Ben’s cum-coated face. “Wave for the camera, Ben.” Max said. Ben did as he was asked. His face was almost scarlet with embarrassment by this point, but he was enjoying it too much to stop now.

Max turned the camera back to himself and waved for the video. “Hey, guys!” He said excitedly. “I bet you’ve all wondered what Big Ben is packing between his legs, right? Well look no further! Time to finally put those questions to rest!”

Ben tensed up. Max wasn’t really going to show this video off was he? Max had a mischievous streak, but this sounded entirely out of character for him. Ben figured that this was all part of the game and decided to play along.

“There’s a rumor going around that you’ve got a big, thick dick. Isn’t that right, Ben?” Max asked playfully.

"That's the rumor at least." Ben murmured softly.

"Yeah. Rumors can be misleading though." Max added with a twisted chuckle. "Man. Won't everyone be surprised when they see what you've really got beneath your legs."

Max slowly guided the camera down lower and lower. Ben's cum-covered chest came into view followed by the top row of his abs. The camera panned lower and lower. The ruler came into view and began to slowly count down the distance to the base of Ben's cock. His belly button came into view followed by the lower rows of abs, but still no sign of his cock could be seen. The camera panned lower and lower. His fur lightened considerably when his crotch came into view. Ben liked to wear his swimsuit nice and low when at the pool, and it had given him a very defined, very low-riding tan line. The camera panned lower, and finally the tip of his still rigid dick came into view.

The ruler was still in the frame. Everyone watching could see clear as day that the tip of Ben's tiny, little shrimp dick didn't even hit the two inch mark. It was as long as a double A battery and almost as skinny. The two tiny nuts that accompanied the ridiculously tiny shaft were little bigger than M&Ms; plain, non-nut filled M&Ms.

"Stroke that little kiddie dick for the camera." Max growled lecherously. "Let's see that puny, shrimp dick in action."

Max's words were driving Ben wild. He had never imagined his pal could have such a kinky side. Ben couldn't help but comply. His whole body tensed up as he placed his fingers against the shaft of his puny little dick. He could barely get his thumb and two fingers around it, and once he did he didn't have much room to stroke.

"I can't see anything like that." Max chided playfully. "Only the pointer finger this time."

Ben silently complied. He had his tiny dick gripped between his thumb and pointer finger and began to stoke it for the camera. He looked down at his hand and could barely comprehend what he was seeing. His dick looked so tiny between his fingers. He had held pens thicker than his dick.

He watched intently while his finger pulled upwards. The foreskin of his tiny dick rolled forward and completely eclipsed the head of his minuscule cock. He held his grip and stared on in silent fascination. It was hard to even process that tiny clump of flesh between his fingers as a cock. There was no doubt in his mind that it had shrunk even more while he was stroking it on camera.

"Fuck." Max growled. "It's so fuckin' tiny."

Ben couldn't deny it. He knew more than anyone how small it was. His pal's words were just driving it home. Ben could feel his tiny cock shuddering between his fingers. He wanted to cum so bad, but his nuts ached from being drained so dry.

"Fuck it. Let's show the camera what a real dick looks like." Max growled lecherously. He quickly scrambled towards the dresser and positioned the camera so that it was pointed straight at the bed.

"Come on. Let's compare your baby dick to a real man's dick." Max commanded. Ben was not about to fight back. The radical change in Max's attitude was driving Ben wild. He had never had anyone boss him around like this. It was so exciting and erotic. He was loving every second of it.

Max strode over and sidled up beside Ben in the bed. "Come on. Let's get a good look at prick." Max commanded. Ben complied instantly. He got up on his knees and pressed his tiny little nub against Max's comparatively massive dick. Even just the thick, spongy head of Max's massive cock was longer than Ben's entire package. Ben stared into the pre-seeping hole of Max's shuddering cock. It was so huge compared to his that it was like staring into a bottomless pit. Ben's dick was now so small, so slender that it could easily slide right inside Max's slit.

Ben was snapped from his reverie by the sensation of icy cold liquid hitting his dick. He gasped in shock when he realized what was happening. Max was coating his big dick in a thick layer of slippery, slimy lube. Small droplets were dribbling off of Max's thick cock and dripping onto Ben's pathetic little nub. Each little droplet completely coated Ben's entire miniscule package.

"What...?" Was all Ben managed to utter before Max's lips against his own shut him up.

"You're gonna get fucked by a real dick." Max growled sensually into Ben's ear. "You're gonna look right into that camera, and you're gonna tell 'em how much you love a real cock. You're gonna tell em how much bigger, how much better, how much more awesome my big, thick dick is compared to your tiny, little nub."

Ben was so turned on that he couldn't even respond. His jaw went completely slack, and his dick lurched hard in approval. He could feel the soft, playful tugging on his lower lip as Max sensually nibbled at it.

"Turn and face the camera." Max whispered huskily into Ben's ear. Ben silently followed instructions. He stared straight into the camera lens and could feel it peering into his soul. It was more than just his body, more than just his pitiful little cock that was laid bare for it. The camera knew that he loved the humiliation that was being doled out on him. It knew that he was getting off on the teasing, on the torment. It knew that he was reveling in every second of it, and unbeknownst to Ben, the whole school was going to know it soon too.

Ben got down on his hands and knees and continued to stare into the camera. He could feel Max getting into position behind him. Ben sighed softly as he felt his pal's thick dick sliding into him. He had never been fucked before, and he couldn't imagine a better person to do the honors. Ben had never considered himself to be a bottom before, but it wasn't like he was equipped to top, not anymore anyway.

Max slowly ramped up the pace. His full, heavy nuts swung back and forth and slapped audibly against the empty expanse of Ben's puffy gooch. Max couldn't help but giggle. Maybe at some point his nuts would have slapped against Ben's own had they done this earlier, but that felt like ages ago. The tiny little orbs packed away in Ben's miniscule pouch barely even counted as nuts anymore. They had been further downgraded from M&Ms to M&M minis.

Max reached out Ben's waist and felt around for his buddy's tiny cock. He fingers fumbled blindly for a while before finally stumbling across the miniature nub. "Fuck. It's so tiny." Max chuckled. "I bet it's the smallest fucking cock in the world."

Ben looked down and stared at his tiny cock and balls. There was no denying it. It was even smaller than his baby cousin's tiny package. Seeing Max's immense, low hanging balls swinging behind his tiny package just drove home the fact even further.

"It is..." Ben croaked.

"It's what." Max asked. His smug sneer was audible in his voice.

"It's the smallest cock ever." Ben croaked. By this point Max was plowing him so hard that Ben's entire body lurched with each thrust.

"You sound like you're enjoying this." Max growled lecherously. Ben didn't reply, but he was moaning loudly.

"Answer me." Max barked. "Tell me. Tell the camera. Tell everyone. You love it when I tease you. You love it when I mock your tiny dick, your pathetic baby dick."

"Yes!" Ben cried out. "I love it. I want you to tell me how tiny it is."

"You do, do you?" Max teased as he continued to mercilessly plow into Ben's ass. He chuckled and added, "Then don't just say it. Beg for it."

"What...?" Ben murmured.

"You heard me. Beg for it." Max growled.

"Please..." Ben pleaded.

"Please what?" Max asked playfully.

"Tease me... mock me..." Ben pleaded.

"Mock you? Why? You're the hottest guy I've ever met." Max cooed softly into Ben's ear.

"My dick..." Ben muttered breathlessly.

"Oh? Your dick?" Max chuckled. "What about it? Tell me what about your cock makes you think it deserved to be mocked."

"It's tiny." Ben groaned.

"It's more than tiny. It's pathetic. It's the fuckin' smallest cock I've ever seen. It's not even a dick anymore, is it? It's a fuckin' tiny clit-dick." Max growled as he rubbed his fingertip against Ben's shuddering cock. It was so small at this point that Max could cover the entire shaft with just his forefinger.

Max dug his cock in deep and grunted. He came hard deep within his pal's thick, muscular ass, and judging from the small splatter he felt against his fingertip, Max could tell that Ben had cum too. The two of them slumped onto the bed in exhaustion. Ben was so worn out that he could barely even focus his eyes and steady his breathing. Max was a little bit better off, and decided to have one last little bit of fun before it was time to set things right.

He staggered over to the camera and picked it up off its perch. "Smile for the camera, babe." He said sweetly as he focused the viewfinder on Ben's face. The rabbit managed a weak grin and waved halfheartedly for the camera.

Max slowly panned down towards Ben's tiny, little cock. Now that it had finally softened it looked even more ridiculous. Ben's infantile cock looked comically out of place amidst the fuzzy, snowy white expanse of his well-groomed crotch. It looked less like a cock and more like a mole. The foreskin pooled at the top which somehow just made it look even smaller than it really was. Ben's once massive, jumbo chicken egg sized nuts had dwindled down to the size of mini M&Ms. Max couldn't get over how cute it looked, and he couldn't stop thinking about how huge and sexy his cock looked in comparison.

"What's up?" Ben murmured softly.

"Oh. It's nothing." Max replied with a wistful sigh.

"That doesn't sound like nothing." Ben responded.

"It's just... Well, I wish we could stay like this..." Max responded. He sighed dejectedly and turned off the camera. He still had not even noticed that the live feed option had been turned on. He was also completely oblivious to the last finger on the monkey paw silently curling itself inward as the cursed relic lay on the floor.

"Then let's stay like this." Ben replied happily. "We still have the paw. We can set it right in the morning."

"Yeah!" Max replied excitedly. He flopped down on the bed and cuddled up closer against the bigger, buffer, baby-dicked bunny and added, "We'll have to be careful this time, though. We can't afford to fuck it up again."