

Eric took a seat on the couch and waited for the receptionist to call his name. He was impressed; this place didn't look at all like what he expected a porn studio to look like. He had expected some dingy back alley studio, but this place was a nice, well-lit, nicely furnished suburban house. The reception area was actually what would be the living room in a normal house, and it was furnished much the same way.

"Are you Eric?" Came the voice of a man from the other side of the room. Eric looked up to see the new arrival. He was surprised by how handsome the bear was. The new arrival was easily in his thirties and maybe even forties, but he was the pinnacle of athletic health. The bear's thick, sculpted muscles even showed through his button up shirt, and the few flecks of grey in his otherwise brown fur gave him an aura of maturity and virility. Eric could feel his own impressive cock swell up in his shorts as he scoped out the mature hottie. The word DILF rose to the forefront of his mind.

"Y-yeah... that's me, sir." Eric said.

"Great. Come with me." The bear said and then added, "Oh, and you can skip the 'sir.' We're not too formal here. You can just call me Dave."

"Oh. OK, Dave." Eric replied nervously. He then followed the bear into the next room which turned out to be a spacious bedroom which was furnished with a large, plush, king-sized bed in the middle and a desk against the far wall. There were also lighting stands and cameras scattered around the room.

"Please, have a seat." Dave said as he gestured towards the bed. Eric nodded silently and took a seat on the foot of the bed.

"So what makes you want to work with us?" Dave asked.

"Oh. Well, I've been told I've got what it takes to work in porn." Eric murmured nervously. "And I saw the ad for this place while checking online and thought 'what the hell?'"

"You do know what we do here, right?" Dave asked. He seemed shocked, but Eric just shrugged it off.

"Well, you do gay stuff, right?" Eric asked.

"Well, yes. We do do gay porn, but we're unique in our approach." Dave explained. "You see... most studios cater to size queens, you know, guys who think bigger is better, but we try to showcase the rest of the erotic spectrum."

"Oh. So you don't do big dicks?" Eric asked.

"No. We have some, but we generally prefer smaller guys here." Dave replied.

Eric was taken aback. The ocelot had never thought he would be turned away because his dick was too big, but that's how it sounded like it was going.

"No need to worry." Dave said. It seemed like the bear knew what Eric was thinking, but given Eric's reaction it wouldn't be terribly difficult to figure it out.

"We're more than happy to work with you." Dave explained. "If you don't mind me saying, you're very cute. You've got that look about you. Our clients will love you."

Eric found himself blushing in spite of himself. He wasn't used to being called cute especially not by hotties like this. Most people seemed to think he looked kiddy or childish. The ocelot's slim build and short stature didn't help him much when trying to prove his age. He was a sophomore in college, but people didn't think he was out of high school yet. Hell, most people didn't think he was old enough to drive, and his youthful, boyish face didn't help him either. About the only sign he had that he was an adult was the huge cock swinging between his legs.

"Here. Take a look at this booklet, and I'll be back with the paperwork. This will answer most of your questions. You can ask more when I get back." Dave said.

Eric silently accepted the booklet and began to skim through it. A lot of it didn't interest him. There was an incredibly huge section devoted to dick sizes and choosing the right one, but Eric didn't read any of that. He instantly skipped to the section about payment and contracts. It turned out that no one was expected to sign an exclusivity contract, but it appeared that nobody here really took jobs elsewhere. Eric assumed that was because most dudes were not equipped enough below the belt to get a job at any of the other companies. Eric figured once he did a few shoots here he could get enough of a portfolio that he could get to other areas, and all the small-dicked dudes would make him look even bigger and better.

A few minutes later Dave returned with some paperwork. Eric quickly filled out the forms without bothering to ask for any clarification. Most of it seemed pretty straightforward, but there was one section that threw him for a loop. He had to fill in a form that read "desired dick size." Eric stared at this for a moment. He was just about to ask Dave for clarification when he thought better of it. He figured it was asking him about the dudes he wanted to work with. Eric grinned and filled in the circle for "tiny." As he figured, working with the tiny dickd dudes meant that he'd look huge by comparison.

Eric scrawled his name on the bottom of the form and handed it back to Dave who took it and began to peruse the results. Dave seemed genuinely shocked at what he was reading which didn't help put Eric at ease at all. Eric sat nervously on the edge of the bed as he watched and waited. Finally after a tense couple of minutes Dave seemed pleased. The bear tucked the paperwork under his arm and extended a hand for Eric to shake.

"Everything looks great." Dave said. "When can you start?"

"Uh... whenever, I guess." Eric replied.

"Want to start now?" Dave asked.

"Huh?" Eric sputtered. The ocelot had not expected something like this - not specifically anyway. He had taken all the necessary steps the night before to make sure that everything was neat and tidy on the off chance they wanted to do a hands-on inspection of the goods, but he hadn't expected an actual gig on the first day.

"It's fine." Dave said reassuringly. "It's nothing too intense. Have you seen those casting couch videos that other studios like to do? I was thinking about having one of those. You know. Just a short little scene where we let our clients get to know you."

"Oh... That doesn't sound too bad." Eric replied.

"So... want to do it?" Dave asked.

"Sure! I've got no other plans today. What do you need me to do?" Eric asked.

"Well, for starters I am going to get the camera set up. Once that's ready just follow my instructions." Dave explained.

After a few minutes of gathering equipment and setting things up, Dave turned to Eric and signaled for him to stand up. "Ok. Now face the camera..." Dave instructed. "Great... now, take off your clothes."

This wasn't anything unexpected, but Eric couldn't help but blush. It was his first time stripping in front of a camera after all. His heart was pounding and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he slowly pulled off his loose t-shirt revealing the slim, slender torso that lied beneath. Eric's body was covered in soft, light brown fuzz which really seemed to accentuate his slim, slender physique. Dave gave a whistle of approval which helped spur Eric on to take the rest off too.

Eric kicked off his shoes and then pushed down his jeans. Even clad in just his boxers it was clear to see that he was packing. The thick tool bobbed and swayed heavily in his loose shorts. This elicited another whistle of approval from Dave.

Eric took a second to take a deep breath and steel his nerves and then dropped his boxers too. His huge cock swung loose and his heavy balls bounced and bobbed in their loose sack. Dave gasped in shock upon seeing it in its full glory.

"Wow..." Dave murmured. "And you signed on for tiny dicks?" He asked skeptically.

"Well yeah. I thought it'd be hot as hell." Eric replied. Dave's reaction had helped embolden him, and he was feeling pretty good about himself. If the cameraman at a porn shoot thought he was hot then that meant he had to be doing something right.

"Can't argue with you there." Dave replied. The bear's free hand drifted down towards his pant leg where he stroked the outline of his steadily boning cock. Eric couldn't help but smirk at this.

Dave suddenly stopped filming and began to get up and leave.

"Wait. Where are you going?" Eric asked.

"I need to gather some stuff for the second scene. I won't be long." Dave explained. Eric was fine with that response for now, but it just seemed so sudden that it was jarring.

Dave turned to leave the room, but before he left he turned back and called to Eric. "Oh. How would you feel about doing a short scene with some of our other guys?"

"Other guys?" Eric inquired.

"Yeah. Nothing too intense unless you want to. I just thought it'd be fun to have some of the guys welcome you to the studio in style." Dave replied.

"Sure!" Eric responded excitedly.

“Great. As it happens there’s a rather cute couple here that’d love to meet you.” Dave explained. “They’re supposed to shoot a scene together, but I think they can be persuaded to sit in on yours.”

The grin on Dave’s face could be best described as cryptic. Eric had no idea what to make of it, but he figured it’d all make sense soon. Everything seemed to be going so well so far so he doubted there was anything to worry about, but something seemed off.

“Sure. Send them in.” Eric replied with a shrug.

“Yeah. Just a sec. In the meantime...” Dave began to say something, but his words trailed off as he rifled through the duffel bag that he kept his camera and supplies in. After a brief pause he let out a triumphant, “ah ha!” and held up a small, clear brown pill bottle.

“What are those...?” Eric asked uncertainly.

“Nothing illegal, I can assure you.” Dave explained. “They’re just a little something to help with that beast between your legs. If you’re going to do a scene with our little guys you’re going to need some help getting ready first.”

Eric glanced down at his huge, thick cock. It had grown into a footlong semi during his little strip show, but he could totally see what Dave was referring to. Eric’s nerves were getting the better of him and keeping him from getting fully boned. Eric figured that those pills would give him the boost he needed to get cocked, locked, and ready to rock.

Dave strode over and set the pills and a bottle of water on the nightstand beside the bed and then turned to leave the room. Just as he was about to leave he looked back over his shoulder and gave Eric one last, cryptic word of caution. “Those pills are the real deal.” He said. “Once you take them you’ll start to feel the effects immediately and there’s no stopping the effects so be sure you’re ready before you take them.”

Eric was understandably baffled by this. So much so in fact that he just sat there in silence for a few minutes as he tried to wrap his head around what Dave was trying to tell him. So the pills were the real deal, so what? If they were just supposed to give him one hell of a boner then that would be a good thing, wouldn’t it? And then there was that other bit of warning. There’s no stopping it? What was it? The pills would just give him one hell of a boner, right?

Eric shrugged. None of it made sense to him, but he figured the director was just covering his own ass. Eric figured it was like those Viagra commercials where they warned against getting a boner that lasted too long. Although the warnings on that commercial never did make much sense to him. If he had a boner that lasted over four hours he’d tell a lot of people, but his doctor wouldn’t be one of them.

Eric furrowed his brow and stared at the pill bottle skeptically. Nothing about it seemed particularly sinister. It was just a standard issue pharmacy bottle except there were no labels on it. The pills inside were unremarkable as well. They were fairly large, chalky, white tablets. They could be aspirin for all he knew.

He shrugged and decided to just go for it. He was told they would help, and so far he had had no reason to distrust the kindly director. Eric popped the lid and dropped a pill into his mouth. He didn’t even bother with the water bottle. He just swallowed the thing dry.

Eric was surprised by how quickly he felt results. It seemed like almost the second the pill made contact with his tongue he began to feel a slight tingling down below. He quickly glanced down at his cock and waited for the medicine to work its magic.

Eric waited patiently for a moment, but the more he waited the more anxious he got. The pill made his dick seem more sensitive, but it didn't seem to help his libido at all. His dick was not hardening at all, in fact it seemed to be softening on him. It didn't feel any less chubbed, but it certainly looked slightly less large than it was a second ago.

Eric shrugged and popped two more pills into his mouth. He was just about to play the waiting game once more when he heard loud footsteps and giddy giggles coming down the hall. He instinctively shut the bottle and placed it back on the nightstand. The ocelot hopped across the bed and was back at his post before the door swung open revealing the director and two new guys that Eric had never seen before.

Eric's jaw dropped and his dick quickly sprung to attention upon seeing the new arrivals. The two dudes were hot as hell and completely nude. The way they clung to each other made it obvious that they were madly in love which somehow just made them seem even more adorable. Eric quickly scanned both dudes and took stock of their lean, toned physiques, but what really caught his eye were their cocks.

Eric knew he had signed on to work with the tiny dick squad, but even he had not expected them to be quiet so small. The otter on the left had a dick that was barely the size of a cocktail weenie, and it was already fully boned. His rock hard little tally-wacker was topped off with two equally tiny nuts. His tightly-packed sack was filled with balls which were closing in on the size of marbles.

The lynx on the right was even less equipped which when given his taller stature made his dick look even smaller. His tool was only slightly shorter than his lover's but was far thinner. His dick was the size of a double A battery, and his low hanger balls looked to be the size of gobstoppers. Eric couldn't help but gawk at the dude's tiny package. It was so surreal to see such tiny nuts hanging so loosely.

Eric couldn't believe his eyes or his cock. Somehow he couldn't imagine anything hotter than the two dudes standing before him. Their small cocks looked perfect on their fit, toned bodies. Eric tried to rationalize it. He liked to think of himself as a bit of a size queen, and he had always had the looks and the equipment that allowed him to be picky with his partners, but his dick was currently rock hard and dribbling pre at the mere sight of the two mini-dicked hotties. He tried to tell himself that he was just excited about how big he'd look in comparison, but his mind kept drifting to thoughts of how he would look with such a tiny dick of his own. He didn't want to admit it, but those cocks looked so cute and so sexy. His dick gave a hard lurch. Even just thinking about having a tiny dick of his own just about made him cream all over his face.

"Oooh. I like this one." The lynx on the right said. He then turned to his lover and nudged the short otter and added. "What do you say, Tucker? Want to have some fun with him?"

"Oh, we're going to have a lot of fun, Simon." Tucker responded. The lovers' eyes drifted towards Eric's rock hard towering ten inches.

"You weren't kidding when you said he was huge." Tucker said salaciously. He stared hungrily at Eric's cock as he strode over towards the bed.

"You better be filming this." Simon said to the cameraman as he too made his way towards the bed.

"I can't believe he opted to work with us little guys." Tucker said in a voice that was just barely above a hoarse whisper. The otter was so close to Eric by this point that he was all but growling the words right into Eric's ear. His husky voice was driving Eric wild. Eric felt like his extra-sensitive dick could pop like a champagne bottle at any second and he hadn't even been touching it. Whatever was in those pills was certainly doing their job.

"Yeah. We'll definitely need to do something about this though, won't we?" Simon whispered seductively into Eric's other ear as he ran his fingertips along the length of Eric's massive, fully boned cock. Simon's voice was every bit as sultry as his lover's. These two really knew how to use the one-two punch, and Eric was too lost in bliss to really comprehend what was happening.

Dave looked up from his camera and spotted the unopened water bottle. "He hasn't even taken any pills yet." The bear said. "Why don't you give him one, Tuck?"

Tucker leaned back and grabbed the pill bottle off the night stand and dumped the remaining pills into his hand. The otter then flashed a devious wink at the camera and said, "Have you seen what he's packing? One won't be near enough."

Tucker poured the three pills into Eric's mouth and then reached back for the water bottle. Eric was feeling so amazing and was so turned on that he wasn't about to turn down more of whatever was in those tablets, but the previous two dry swallows had left him throat too parched to down one of them let alone all three at once.

Tucker was a step ahead of him. Eric didn't even need to ask. Tucker uncapped the bottle and lifted it up to Eric's eager lips. Eric drank eagerly and swallowed all three of the remaining pills while Simon continued to stroke his cock. Eric's cock was still huge by all accounts, the thing was as long and as thick as a can of shaving cream, but something was definitely different.

"Now we wait." Simon whispered seductively.

"And watch." Tucker added.

Eric whimpered pleadingly. He was so horny that he just wanted to cream, but the two lovers seemed more interested in staring at his dick than actually getting him off.

"Woah..." Tucker said in awe.

"It's really going now." Simon added.

"I've never seen one go this fast." Tucker said.

Eric was beginning to get curious now. He glanced down, and what he saw made his jaw drop. His dick was actually shrinking before his very eyes. It wasn't like when it got cold and his dick pulled inward for warmth; his dick was still fully boned and judging by how sensitive it was, he could tell it was as hard and as big as it could get. His dick was legitimately shrinking right in front of him. The ocelot's

rock hard cock was looking very average and shrinking by the second. His dick had to be closing in on a solid six inches. Eric knew this because it looked just as big as his last boyfriend's dick. Eric had loved to tease the canine and lord his size over the guy, but if they met now the situation would be very different. Eric had no doubt in his mind that if he and his ex whipped em out right now, Eric would be sorely outclassed.

"What... the...?" Eric murmured. He was so horny that he couldn't really focus too much or even really make sense of what was happening, but he knew he should be worried. Things like this don't just happen. His heart began pounding, and he felt terror welling up inside of him. Part of him wanted to run screaming from the room. Part of him wanted to demand that these two baby-dicked assholes explain what they had done to him, but yet another part of him was excited by the changes. His mind was flooded with thoughts of how cute his dick would look when it was done. He couldn't help but wonder, how small would he get? Would he get as small as Tucker? As small as Simon? ... Would he get even smaller? Eric's entire body shuddered at the thought, and his cock gave a lurch of approval.

"How much smaller do you think it'll get?" Simon asked eagerly.

"Tough to say..." Tucker mused. "We gave him three pills, and each pill is a few inches..."

"Pills!?" Eric yelped. "I took three of them!"

"I just said that." Tucker replied. The otter seemed completely disinterested in what Eric had to say. He was more interested in watching Tucker's cock as it continued to dwindle.

"No... before you..." Eric moaned. Despite his shrinking dick, Eric was getting hornier by the second, and it seemed like his cock was getting more sensitive with each inch it lost. Already he felt like he was on the verge of the most powerful orgasm of his life, and the ocelot hadn't so much as laid a finger on his dick in minutes. Even Simon and Tucker were too busy admiring his shrinkage to stroke him off.

"Wait... how many pills were in the bottle?" Simon asked.

"I dunno. Five... six? Something like that? Why? How many are left?" Dave replied.

"They're gone..." Tucker replied. His voice was a hushed, shocked whisper. The otter finally understood what Eric was saying, and he didn't like what it meant.

"How big was your dick before?" Simon asked.

"Over a foot... Thirteen inches..." Eric moaned breathlessly. His dick was closing in on four inches. In just the past minute since his second dose of pills his dick had gone from the length of a can of shaving cream to the height of a can of Coke. His cock was but a third of its original size. Eric wanted to freak out, but at the same time he was so hot and bothered that all he could do was stare excitedly at his dwindling cock.

"Wow..." Tucker replied. The otter's awe was audible in his voice. "Why would you want to shrink *that*!?"

"I didn't want... to shrink..." Eric moaned.

"What...?" Dave asked. "Didn't you read the forms? You signed up for this."

"I... What!?" Eric gasped.

"Shhh... It's fine..." Simon cooed soothingly. "I happen to think you'd look perfectly adorable with a tiny dick."

"Yeah. That little baby cock will look so sweet." Tucker chimed in.

"Baby? How small will it get..." Eric asked breathlessly.

Simon and Tucker exchanged nervous glances. "Uhh..." Simon said. "It's hard to say..."

Tucker took a quick glance down at Eric's cock. It was hard to believe that the little dick that was nestled between Eric's slender legs was ever once a mega monster cock. It was now small by any man's standards. The little dick stood fully-boned at a full three inches in length. It was shorter than Tucker's pinky finger, and not much thicker.

"You took enough to shrink it all..." Tucker explained.

"All!?" Eric gasped.

"It's fine. I don't think it can remove it completely." Simon replied in an attempt to sooth Eric.

Eric was about to protest, but Tucker cut him off. "What are you complaining about?" Tucker chided.

"Tucker..." Simon admonished.

"No way. I'm not gonna coddle him. He signed on for this, and he's gonna have the cutest little baby dicklet. He's got no reason to be complaining." Tucker replied indignantly.

"I suppose..." Simon replied uncertainly. Eric was still too confused and aroused to say much in reply. He could only stare at his dwindling cock.

Tucker moved in closer to Eric and began to murmur seductively into Eric's ear. "That little dick is gonna be so hot by the time it's done. It's gonna look so good on you." Tucker was all but moaning the words orgasmically into Eric's ear.

Eric tried to protest. He wanted to get angry. He wanted to demand that these guys undo what they had done to him, but Tucker's words seemed to be echoing in his head and drowning out his own thoughts. Eric's mind was flooded with thoughts of how cute his little dick would be. The more the words echoed in his head the more Eric realized that he actually liked them. The ocelot loved the way they sounded and the way they felt. He wanted to hear it more and more. He wanted these hotties to fawn over his tiny dick some more. He knew that in no time at all he'd have the smallest dick in the room; a fact that had his dwindling dicklet chomping at the bit to unload.

"Fuck... It's even smaller than mine." Tucker moaned as he stroked Eric's fully boned cock with his pinky finger. Eric tensed up and the sheer intensity of the touch. Such a simple motion made it feel like his mind and his dick were about to explode.

"Fffuuuuck!" Eric moaned. His cock lurched hard and began firing rope after rope of jizz. He was amazed out the output his tiny balls were capable of. Already they had shrunken down from the size of

jumbo chicken eggs to the size of peanut M&Ms, and they were still shrinking rapidly. Despite their small size, the ocelot's nuts still managed to pump out several thick shots of jizz.

Eric's climax was so powerful that for a moment his eyesight blurred and his train of thought completely derailed. When he recovered enough to look around he saw that Tucker and Simon were staring at him and grinning from ear to ear.

"See? It's not so bad." Simon said soothingly.

"Yeah. You've got lots of loads like that to look forward to." Tucker added with a chuckle.

"Yeah. The smaller they get, the better it feels. I bet yours feel fantastic." Simon added.

"It does feel good..." Eric replied groggily. He glanced down at his once massive cock. The little nub was just shy of two inches long at this point, but at least it appeared that his shrinkage had come to a halt. He couldn't bring himself to freak out though. It could have just been the intensity of his climax and the subsequent euphoric afterglow, but having a tiny dick didn't sound so bad. Sure, he would be the laughing stock of size queens everywhere, but he could live with that especially if he had dudes like Simon and Tucker fawning over his tiny cock like they were doing now.

"You're gonna have so many fans." Simon said.

Eric's mind felt like it was swimming. Just how many fans would he have? All those people, all of them just there to see him and his tiny cock. All of them wanting nothing more but to fawn over his mini-dick. The mere thought of it was so intoxicating and arousing that Eric felt like he could cum again and again.

"They're right." Dave cut in. "Your cute face and that adorable dicklet, our clients will just eat you up."

Eric's cock gave a hard lurch. He had a dicklet now, a tiny little tool that couldn't even classify as a real dick. Some small part of his brain realized that this should be terrible, but the rest of his mind was ecstatic. He wanted to hear the word again and again. He wanted to hear people talk about the tiny little dicklet he had nestled between his thighs.

"I'm almost a tad jealous." Tucker cooed into Eric's ear. "That sweet little baby dick is even cuter than mine."

Eric's head was spinning. Not only was that the most powerful and most pleasurable climax of his life, but these three hotties were whispering such enticing things in his ears. He was sure that his monster cock had often been worshipped and vocally adored by other guys when he whipped it out, but Eric could not seem to recall what they had said or how he had felt when it had happened.

"Maybe we should take another pill." Simon moaned as he stroked his tiny cock between his thumb and two fingers.

"You want to get even smaller?" Tucker asked. Despite the incredulous nature of the question, the otter sounded excited.

"Yeah. Could you imagine having such a tiny dick?" Simon asked excitedly, but the question didn't seem to be aimed at Tucker. Eric was sure the question was directed at him. After all, Simon was practically moaning the words directly into his ear.

"I don't have to imagine." Tucker said. He was grinning from ear to ear now that he had caught on to Simon's game. "After all, we've got a guy right here with the sweetest little clit-dick I have ever seen." Tucker cooed playfully into Eric's ear.

"Oh, I wouldn't call it a clit-dick." Simon chided. "Not yet, anyway."

Eric's mind was still too hazy from the intensity of his arousal and the euphoric afterglow which still clung to his mind and body to comprehend where this was going. Had he been thinking clearly he might have tried to escape, but the drugs were having their way with his mind and his memories.

"You love your little baby dick, don't you?" Tucker whispered sensually into Eric's ear.

"yeah..." Eric murmured groggily. He did love his little dick. He loved the way it felt. He loved the way these hot guys were so enamored with it, and the ocelot had to admit, he thought it was pretty cute too.

"Even if it were possible, you'd never want to go back to having that big, clunky cock you used to have to lug around, right?" Simon asked.

Eric had to take a moment to process the question. He could hardly remember what it was like to have a big dick. How big had it been anyway? Seven? Eight inches? That's pretty big, right? He couldn't really say. It seemed excessive to him. He was perfectly happy with what he had.

Some small, rational part of his brain perked up and went into high alert. Something about what Simon had said worried him. If it were possible? Did that mean the changes were permanent? That part of Eric's brain that was still able to function rationally wanted to protest and make these two explain themselves, but that part of his brain was drowned out by the rest of Eric's mind which was loving every second of what was happening too much to worry about such trivial things as long-term effects.

"No..." Eric murmured.

"No what?" Tucker prodded.

"No... I love my small cock. I wouldn't want it big again..." Eric replied groggily.

"Exactly, and given the chance, you'd love for it to be even smaller, wouldn't you?" Simon whispered seductively into Eric's ear.

Eric could feel Simon's thumb brushing playfully across his lower lip. Eric was so horny that he felt like he needed something in his mouth, and since there were no huge cocks on hand, Simon's thumb would be a nice replacement.

The second Simon's thumb slipped past Eric's lips and bumped against his tongue Eric knew something was off. He recognized that chalky taste immediately. Simon had scraped the powdery residue out of the inside of the pill bottle.

Eric didn't have the will to resist even if he had wanted to. He passionately sucked the dust off of Simon's thumb until every last trace of it was gone. Once it was clean, Simon pulled his thumb back. Eric tried to lean forward and wrap his lips around the escaping digit once more, but he needn't have worried. The vacancy was soon filled by Simon's pointer finger which was also thoroughly coated in dick-shrinking residue.

Eric greedily sucked on this finger too. He could feel the tingling down below that let him know that his once mighty cock was shrinking even further, but Eric couldn't bring himself to worry. He was perfectly fine with however small his dick ended up being. In fact, he was excited to find out for himself just how small it could get.

Dave lifted the camera off the tripod and moved in closer. He had never seen anyone's dick get this small before. It was so small that even with the camera zoomed to the max, it was hard to see clearly enough to really showcase the next round of shrinking. The tiny little nub looked like it would be right at home on a newborn baby instead of nestled between the lean, slender thighs of this twinkly, college feline.

Eric happily suckled finger after chalky finger until every last trace of the pills was cleaned from the empty bottle. His dick tingled more than before, and it was so sensitive that it was driving him mad. All he wanted to do was cum and cum again.

Eric couldn't take it anymore. If no one else was going to jack him off he'd just have to do it himself. He slipped his hands down to his crotch and fumbled awkwardly for his dick. Gone were the days when he could wrap both hands around his enormous schlong and still have more than enough room for his lover du jour's lips to wrap around the puffy head of his thick cock. By the time Eric finally got his fingers around his dick he found that he only had enough room for his thumb and forefinger to grip the tiny shaft.

Eric was so shocked that his eyes shot open and his jaw went slack. He stared in silent awe at his miniature little clit-dick. There had been a brief period of time in high school where he had tried to get it on with girls and so he had seen a clit firsthand. The tiny dick that was nestled between his thighs was so small that it would even have been put to shame by his first and only girlfriend's little nub.

Eric tensed up. His body shuddered, and his cock lurched. Another powerful spurt of jizz erupting from his mini-dick and launched upward. His cum splattered across his chest, but it hardly made a mess. What felt like the largest, messiest wad of his life amounted to little more than a tiny splatter. Gone were the days where Eric could drench dude's faces and fill their mouths with spunk. Now he'd be lucky to fill a thimble.

The ocelot pulled his hands away and stared at his reduced cock with a mix of awe and confusion. How could it be that the tiny thing between his legs was once the biggest cock his college had ever seen? His dick now looked like it'd be comically small even on a newborn. Eric's still-boned shaft didn't even clock in at an inch in length and was literally pencil thin. It was in fact slightly narrower than the #2 pencil he used for classes. His nuts had shrunk immensely, but somehow they had not shrunken nearly as much as his dick had. His tiny ball pouch was packed to the brim with a pair of testes that appeared to be the size of skittles. The balls looked comically huge juxtaposed against his miniature cock which just made his dick appear even smaller.

"Fuck, that's tiny..." Eric muttered softly.

"I know." Tucker cooed sensually into Eric's ear.

"It looks so good on you." Simon added seductively into Eric's other ear. Eric couldn't even begin to argue with them. He couldn't even remember what it was like to have had a massive cock. The tiny package he was sporting now seemed just about right for him.

"Tuck. Take the camera." Dave commanded suddenly. Tucker didn't even reply. The otter merely got up and happily trotted the few steps over to where Dave was standing and took the camera. Simon also abandoned his post at Eric's side and strode up beside his boyfriend. Dave didn't even glance at Tucker as the slim, slender guy took the camera. The older bear was transfixed on Eric's now tiny cock. His intense gaze was making Eric even hornier. Eric's eyes began scanning every inch of Dave's beefy body, but the micro-dicked twink's eyes came to a halt when they came across the thick bulge in the director's slacks.

"I think you've forgotten what a real dick looked like." Dave growled seductively. Eric's face was burning red. He knew he was blushing, but he couldn't do anything to stop it. He couldn't even bring himself to speak. This huge, beefy ursa filled his entire field of vision and commanded his complete attention. It drove Eric wild the way the director didn't even need to speak to demand his full attention. It was as if he had a need to submit himself to this impressive specimen of raw masculinity. It was as if he had a need to be subservient that was coded into his very DNA.

Eric's breath caught in his throat as Dave pulled his shirt off. His muscles were impressive when covered, but somehow even his form-fitting, button up shirt did not do the true glory of Dave's sculpted brawn justice. Dave's thick, rippling pectoral muscles and dense, brawny pecs were coated in a dense layer of graying brown fuzz which just served to accentuate his raw machismo.

Eric's heart pounded even harder and his throat felt tight and dry as he watched Dave's hands fumble with his belt and begin to undo the zipper of his fly. As the metallic teeth pulled apart and revealed the dense, tussled bush of dense, grey-flecked brown pubes that lay beneath, Eric felt the trickle of warm pre cascading across his tiny cock. He was so horny that he felt like he could cum at any second just from being in this hot, buff bear's masculine presence.

Dave pushed down on the waistband of his slacks causing the beige pants to sink lower and lower allowing Eric a glimpse of his thick cock. At first Eric only caught a brief fleeting glimpse of the base of director's fat cock, and even that was far more dick than Eric currently had between his slender legs. Dave slowly pushed the waistband down revealing inch after inch of his huge dick. The sheer size of it was staggering. Eric had a hard time believing that a dick could be so huge, but it looked perfect on that big, burly dude.

Dave kicked off his pants, leaving him completely nude. His thick, seven inch chubby dangled enticingly in front of Eric's lusty gaze. Eric could do nothing but stare at it and whimper. His ass itched for a cock. He was practically pleading for Dave to take that huge dick and shove it deep inside of him. Eric had never been a bottom before, but now he couldn't even fathom topping someone else; he had neither the equipment nor the temperament to do so.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew that he had once had a cock even larger than that, but that felt like a lifetime ago. The tiny dicklet nestled in the bare expanse of his fuzzy crotch was just what he deserved. Thick cocks like that were reserved for the real men.

Dave flashed a smug smirk at the enamored, baby-dicked twink. "How that?" He asked with a prideful sneer. "That's a real man's cock."

Eric couldn't even reply. His mouth hung open stupidly, and he just stared at the thick dick that dangled in front of his face. He didn't need to respond though. Dave knew exactly what was going on in his mind. Dave had done this many times before. Eric had by far the biggest dick he had ever seen, but now the twink little feline had the smallest cock the world had ever known. There were infants fresh out of the womb who were packing more than Eric currently was.

Dave leaned in so that he was looming directly over Eric. Eric was so overwhelmed by the man's sheer size and masculinity that he couldn't help but recoil. He fell flat on his back onto the soft, comfy king-size bed and stared up at the beefy older bear that was now straddling over top of him. Eric glance down to see Dave's slowly rising semi was lined up directly over his own tiny cock. The size disparity was staggering.

"Come on. Line 'em up. Compare sizes." Dave growled playfully. Eric couldn't refuse a command like that even if he had wanted to. He reached down and fumbled awkwardly for Dave's fat cock. Eric's hands were shaking from the sheer intensity of his arousal and the mix of other emotions that were rampaging through his mind and body. Watching just how huge this man's dick was compared to his own was humiliating and terrifying, but at the same time it was the most amazing and erotic thing Eric had ever seen.

Eric couldn't believe he had once had over a foot of schlong. He once would have dwarfed this bear's cock by a good margin, but now even just the thick, spongy head of the mature ursa's fat cock completely eclipsed Eric's own. Eric felt a shock like a jolt of electricity course through his body as he felt the warmth of Dave's spongy cockhead mashed against his tiny package. The fat cockhead covered Eric's cock and balls completely. The steady trickle of pre from the older man's dick was so thick that it completely laminated Eric's tiny package in a matter of seconds.

"Who's got the bigger dick?" Dave asked teasingly.

"Y-You do... sir." Eric stammered.

"Don't tell me." Dave chided. "I already know. Tell him. Tell the camera." He added and nodded over towards Tucker who was now kneeling down directly beside the bed. The lens of the camera was trained directly on Dave and Eric's frothing cocks.

The camera was equipped with a small LCD screen that made it so that the recorder could watch the action unfold from a comfortable angle, but Tucker was not using that. The otter was staring directly down the viewfinder. The small screen was flipped around so that Eric could see what was being filmed playing out before him in real time. The small digital screen showed a close-up of Dave's fat cockhead mashing down on his tiny package. When Dave really dug in Eric couldn't even see that he had a dick. It was only when Dave pulled back between sensual grinds that Eric could see his miniature, pre-soaked package displayed in vivid Hi-Def on the small screen.

Some corner of Eric's mind knew that this was going to be sold on the company's website, that people all over the world would see his reduced cock teased and played with by this huge, handsome beefcake. Just thinking about all those people staring at his tiny cock made Eric so horny that he wanted to cum. He let out a loud, low moan. His tiny dick lurched hard, but he couldn't tell if he had cum or not. It felt like he had, but his cock was completely obscured by Dave's dick. When Dave's dick pulled back again to grant him a brief, fleeting glimpse of his miniscule little package, Eric could only see the thick layer of glistening pre. If he had cum his load was so insignificant that it was dwarfed by even the steady trickle of clear liquid from the older bear's fat cock.

"I guess that's as good of an answer as I'll get out of you." Dave said with a sultry chuckle. Eric had completely forgotten about the question he was supposed to answer, but that hardly mattered now.

"Now. I'm going to fuck you. Right here on camera." Dave growled. Eric couldn't argue. His ass felt so hungry and empty, and Dave's cock looked so huge and enticing. Eric needed it deep down inside of him. By this point he had completely forgotten about any agreements or contracts he would normally have to fill out for such a scene. All he could think about was being reamed by that gloriously huge cock.

Dave got up from his perch atop Eric and strode off back to his duffel bag to collect something leaving the slender twink feeling lost and confused without the strong bear's presence. Eric wanted to get down and his knees and service that buff bear's thick cock, but Dave seemed to have other ideas. Eric watched as Dave pulled a bottle of clear liquid out of his bag and began to squirt the contents onto his cock. Eric knew instinctively what was going to happen next, and he was so excited that he just couldn't keep his hands off of his dick and ass.

Eric gripped his tiny cock between his thumb and pointer finger and began to fervently stroke his little dick. There was once a time where he could wrap both his hands around his massive schlong and still have plenty of room left over, but now he couldn't even get two fingers around it. His forefinger all but eclipsed his little dicklet.

Tucker moved in closer with the camera and zoomed in even further to really capture the moment for their adoring public. Eric's own slender fingers were showing the world just how tiny his dick had now become.

Once ready Dave returned and scooped Eric up into his arms. Eric was so small compared to the big, burly man that Dave didn't even seem to be exerting any effort in holding the smaller twink in his arms. Eric felt so safe and secure in the bigger man's arms that part of him wanted to stay there forever, but at the same time he was still begging to be fucked senseless by that huge cock.

Dave didn't waste any time. Once Eric was in his arms the bear plopped back down on the bed and positioned himself in front of the camera. He then deftly flipped Eric around and positioned the short, slender ocelot so that his legs were spread wide, his tiny cock was plainly on display for the camera, and his hungry ass was poised directly above Dave's own massive dick.

Eric shuddered in anticipation. Not only could he feel that man's muscular chest and abs pressed against his back, but he could also feel Dave's strong arms wrapped around him and Dave's powerful hands gripping his legs and holding him up. Eric could also still see himself in the tiny digital view screen of the HD video camera that Tucker had trained right on him and his miniature dick. The barren expanse

of his light brown furred crotch made his tiny little nub of a dick look so cute and sexy that Eric couldn't wait for the video to go public. He couldn't wait for people everywhere to marvel at his little dicklet.

Eric tensed up upon feeling Dave's thick cock pressing against his tight ass. Eric had never been one to bottom before, but he was sure he'd love it. He knew he needed a cock deep inside of him, but Dave's dick was so thick that Eric found himself balking now that it came time to actually ride it.

"Just relax." Dave whispered softly into Eric's ear. Dave's deep voice was so melodic that Eric felt like he was melting like butter. The ocelot instantly relaxed purely from the soothing voice that was echoing in his ears.

Eric winced and grunted slightly as he felt the thick head of the director's cock sliding into him. Eric had done some anal play before, but never more than a few fingers. Having a huge cock sliding into him was something completely new to him. He had to admit, he loved the way that the director's thick cock felt and he loved the way his ass was being spread open wider than ever before.

Eric let out a contented sigh as he felt the thick head of Dave's fat cock finish sliding into him. The worst was over, and now he could enjoy getting reamed by that huge dick. Dave noticed that Eric was ready and threw himself wholeheartedly into plowing Eric's cute, bubbly butt.

Eric was jostled up and down as the burly ursa lifted him up and down upon his big dick. The ocelot wasn't about to complain though. For starters he couldn't even form any words. All he could do was moan and gasp for breath between deep dickings. Even if Eric had been able to protest he wouldn't have wanted to. Dave's cock had hit something deep inside of him, something which Eric had never had touched before. A wave of euphoria washed through his entire body with each plunge as Dave's fat cock slammed into that sweet spot over and over again. Each thrust felt like another orgasm in and of itself. Eric's cock shuddered and twitched, but he had nothing left to shoot. All he could do was moan contentedly.

Tucker was glad that the camera had an auto-stabilizing feature otherwise the video would have looked more like The Blair Witch Project than it did a professional porn shoot. His whole body was shaking from the intensity of his arousal. Watching the little feline get so thoroughly fucked by the hot studio owner was so fantastically sexy that Tucker felt like he could cream at any second just from watching, and Simon's constant teasing and licking wasn't helping matters either.

Simon was down on his knees in front of his better hung boyfriend and was happily licking at his lover's cock. Even though Tucker had the bigger dick of the two, the tiny little pecker was still barely over two inches in length and was only as thick as Simon's thumb. The small size was just perfect for Simon though. His lover's short dick made it so that Simon could playfully flick his lover's tiny balls with the tip of his tongue and still be able to rub his tongue over the entire length of his boyfriend's little dick.

Dave was nearing his limits. Eric was a small guy, but he was still well over one hundred pounds. Lifting the slender guy's entire body was draining his strength, and Eric's soft moans and tight ass were getting close to bringing the older guy over the edge. Dave's arm's trembled, and his cock shuddered. His breathing grew heavier and more labored with each passing second. He knew he couldn't last much longer, but he wanted to hold out as long as he could. Not just for himself, but for the sake of the audience at home as well. He could only imagine how cute Eric's cute little dick would look as it bobbed

up and down in time with the deep, powerful fucking Dave was giving him. Tucker knew his job well enough so Dave was absolutely sure that this video would be one of the best that the company had ever seen. Even without the most amazing shrinkage ever caught on film, Eric was a natural power bottom, and that sweet little clit-dick looked perfect on his slim, feline build.

Finally Dave reached his limit. He brought Eric down and thrust his hips in for once last deep plunge. Eric cried out in ecstasy as he felt Dave's thick dick slamming into his sweet spot harder than ever before. Dave's cock lurched and shuddered within Eric's ass and spurted jizz deep inside the slim twink's bubble butt. Dave's cock fired again and again pumping thick loads of hot spunk deep into Eric's hungry ass. Dave hadn't cum so much in years. He felt like a teenager again. So much jizz shot out of his cock that it began to ooze out of Eric's ravaged ass while Dave's thick dick was still buried deep within it.

Eric glanced groggily at the camera that was trained closely on Dave's cock which was buried deep in the ocelot's ass. Dave had literally gone balls deep. His huge, full bull balls were pressed right up against Eric's taint. Eric could see his own little package displayed scant inches above Dave's own. Even just one of the director's huge balls dwarfed Eric's entire package, and that's saying nothing of the enormous cock that was buried several inches inside Eric's ass. The image was so fantastic that Eric felt like he could cream just from witnessing it, but he had nothing left in his miniscule little balls to pump out. He was so drained of spunk and stamina that even his dick had gone soft which just made it look even tinier compared to the pair of massive balls beneath him.

"I think you'll fit right in here." Dave murmured into sex-addled new recruit's ear. Eric was too exhausted and overcome with euphoric afterglow to manage more than a stupid grin in reply. Dave lifted the slender ocelot up off his softening cock and laid Eric out on the bed for one last photo op. Tucker went to work and filmed the finishing scene of Eric passed out on the plush bed, cum oozing out his blown out ass, and his tiny, infantile clit-like dicklet openly on display.

Eric fervently stroked his tiny cock as he watched as the scene faded to black. Eric came hard, but even his biggest and messiest cum shot was but a small splatter against his fingers. No matter how many times he watched the video he never got tired of it. He had made a good chunk of change on that video as well. It had been the studio's top seller for the past three months, and just as Dave had predicted, Eric had acquired quite the avid fan base.

Eric smiled for his audience and gave one last wave to the webcam before getting up to turn it off. He made extra sure to tarry for just a second before hitting the power button so all of those watching from home would get an extreme close-up of his cute little baby dick before the live stream feed went blank.

Eric's cock had not grown back at all since that fateful day, but he hardly minded. The first few days were strange especially his first time back in the open air dorm showers. His massive cock had been the stuff of legends before, and he had never been shy about showing it off. He had gladly allowed anyone and everyone to get a good look at it when it had been a foot long while soft, but now he couldn't help but feeling embarrassed while showering. Everyone there had a larger dick than his by a good margin.

Just about everyone who saw his tiny dick couldn't help but comment on it. "Woah, what happened?" some would ask, but still others were more than happy to flaunt their newfound superiority.

“Hey, shrimp dick.” “How’s it hanging, baby dick?” “Are you kidding? That little dick doesn’t hang at all.” The jokes were constant and unrelenting, and with each comment made at his expense Eric’s face would burn redder.

Despite the comments and jokes made at his expense, Eric didn’t feel ashamed. He loved how his tiny dick looked and felt. It was so cute and sexy, and he was sure that those guys were just jealous. In fact he was sure he had found a few guys who would be willing to undergo the same process he had undergone.

Eric grinned as he twirled the little brown pill bottle in his hand. Dave had given him the bottle as a souvenir, but the label on it was no longer blank. Instead the bottle now had a business card for the porn studio glued to it in place of a prescription. Eric glanced at his private messages and what he saw made his smile grow even wider. Some golden lab had posted pics of himself and was asking if Eric would let him do a scene with him.

Eric chuckled softly to himself as he began to type his reply. Eric knew the Labrador from around campus and had long thought that the canine was incredibly hot. The only thing that would make him even hotter would be a cute little baby dick between those muscular linebacker thighs.