

A Small Package

When the package first arrived at my doorstep it was small and nondescript. A simple brown package with an obscure return label scribbled in the corner. My name sat in the center of the package in dark bold sharpie, showing that human hands had touched this package at least once. The thought of anthrax bombs came to the forefront of my mind as I hesitantly stared at the box, but I brushed the crazy thoughts away as I brought the package into my home.

The insides were wrapped in delicate tissue paper, with a handwritten letter which sat on top.

To Matthew,

Size doesn't always matter. Fun can be still had with small packages.

No name was listed in the signature, but the handwriting seemed oddly familiar. My mother? My girlfriend? Well, now ex-girlfriend. I pulled the tissue paper apart and dug deeper into the small box. It wasn't until the couch was completely filled with the remnants of the packaging did I find what sat at the bottom. A thong.

It was black in color, with a thick strap that ran down the backside, and boy was it small. The straps looked barely big enough for me to fit around my robust body. But the smallest was the pouch. I had seen man thongs before and even worn some, but none of them had been this drastic when it came to size. I lifted the tag that hung from the pouch. It was an XXXS pouch. Who would even want this, I had thought.

I remember how I kicked my shoes from my feet, curious to how ridiculous I would look with my cock and balls as they overflowed from the pouch. When I looked into the mirror I had looked exactly like I had thought, ridiculous. My cock, even soft, hung out the side of the pouch while both of my balls hung out the side. Not even a single nut was small enough to fit into the minuscule pouch that comprised the underwear. I laughed and jiggled the pouch as my cock hung heavily out the side. It even grew slightly chubby at the movement, which made the thought of it fitting into the pouch even more far fetched. It was unknown to me at that point, but the change had already begun.

Something called me back to the thong almost on a daily basis. At first, I told myself it was a joke. I would put it on and walk around my house, feeling the thong ride between my cheeks and my

balls and cock bounce on either of my legs. It wasn't until two weeks later that I noticed myself wearing the thong every day. I wore it to work, the gym, to sleep, even to the point where I was wearing it in the shower. Never did I take the thong off, but something in my head said that it was normal. And not only was I wearing the thong continuously but my balls seemed to fit perfectly into the pouch the more I seemed to wear the underwear.

As time went on it wasn't just my balls that were able to sit comfortably within the pouch, but my cock was actually able to fit inside, partially. It bulged lewdly off my body, obviously overflowing to the point where it would fall out if I moved too quickly but everything seemed to fit. I told myself that it was my genitals stretching out the pouch, it was the only way my massive cock and balls would have fit. The only logical reason.

Before I even realized it, my balls and cock seemed to bounce loosely inside. They would move like they actually had room to spare. Like I didn't actually have enough to fill out the XXXS pouch. I pushed the thought to the back of my mind, it was crazy. How could there possibly be room? My dick is humongous, I told myself. My balls were the size of lemons, I laughed. But I never once thought to look at myself in the mirror. I never thought to take off the thong and stop my constant shrinking. My ego was too large to think that my crotch could be anything but monstrous.

Although there was a part of me that thought that my cock was actually shrinking. That my magnificent cock was no longer and had been replaced with a measly cocklet. That my huge balls had shrunk to almost nothing. But I couldn't make myself look. I always kept the thong on. I sat down to pee. I no longer had sex or jerked off. I tried to not look in mirrors but when the day came and I saw myself I nearly cried.

The front of the pouch was nearly flat against my body. The front looked more like the bottom of a female's bikini than a man's thong's pouch. I had brushed my hand over it and shivered as my oversensitive head leaked a drop into the silken underwear. I could feel that it was nearly empty. I opened the pouch and saw only the head of my cock as it pushed away from my body. There was no longer a shaft, just a head. Two grape-sized balls sat underneath the head. This would be a cock that would never fuck another woman and a pair of balls that would never be able to father children. I knew at that in the moment of realization I could either freak out and pull through the thong from my body in hopes of returning my size, or I could snap the pouch back into place and pretend I never saw what a pathetic cocklet my dick had become.