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Canis Drainem

Edit

Part 9

The air around Wash was hot and humid. It felt like he was in a sauna and smelled like he was in a locker room. Yet despite this, Wash's current compartment was a huge step up from Harvey's side pocket where Wash had previously ridden. Wash no longer had to worry about being scraped by the sharp edges of Harvey's house keys or being bludgeoned by the heavy coins that jingled around in Harvey's pocket.

Wash now found himself surrounded on all sides by fabric and flesh. The thick layer of saggy scrotum pressed down upon Wash like weighted blanket. With each step that Harvey took, Wash could feel the titan's massive nuts shift back and forth. Each time Harvey's package shifted, Wash could feel the weight of those enormous nuts threatening to bare down upon him.

Wash was now so small that Harvey's cock completely dwarfed him. Even just one of Harvey's cojones could pin Wash down. In his current predicament, even Wash found it impossible to imagine that he had once been the Big Man on Campus. Wash had been the biggest, meanest, nastiest cuss around, and ostensibly the straightest too. Now he was mere inches tall, nuzzled against another man's nutsack, and loving every second of it.

Some part of his mind knew that this was insane. He knew that he should be at the very least freaked out. He had shrunk even more since Harvey had rubbed one out with Wash along for the ride. Wash was now covered in cock sweat and crusty cum. The smell was intoxicating. The scent, mixed with the hot, humid sauna of Harvey's shorts made Wash light-headed and hard-cocked.

Eventually, the rhythmic swaying of Wash's hammock and Harvey's sausage and eggs stopped. Wash could hear the sounds of heated conversation high above him, but he could not make out any of the words. He recognized one of the voices as being that of Harvey, but Wash could only guess the owner of the second voice.

Wash's heart pounded in his chest. His mind raced with thoughts. It was one thing to be in his shrunk state in Harvey's presence, but Wash wasn't sure he was ready to be seen by someone else. What choice did he have though? It was clear that his shrinkage was showing no signs of stopping. Even

during their journey, Wash could tell he had shrunk even further. The feeling of the soft, supple flesh of Harvey's scrotum getting thicker and heavier as it pressed down upon Wash drove the shrunken stud wild. Wash knew that with each intense shudder of excitement or arousal or fear that coursed through him, he would get smaller and smaller, but despite this, or perhaps even because of this fact, Wash was hard as a rock, and his heart was pounding in his chest.

Wash could not tell how tiny he had become. It was pitch black in the confines of Harvey's shorts, but just the feeling of Harvey's bait and tackle pressing down on him made it clear that he was pitifully tiny. Wash loved every second of it. Yet, even so, some part of him dreaded the future. What was left for him? He could not go back to his old life. Even if Harvey and his friend found a way to stop the shrinkage soon, Harvey had made it clear that Wash was not getting his size back.

Wash gasped in shock. His eyes went wide, but it was impossible to see anything in the dark cloth confines of Harvey's briefs. A loud low moan and a shudder coursed through Wash's entire body, and the weight of Harvey's sack pressed down even heavier upon the shrunken stud.

Wash struggled to clear his mind and catch his breath. As exciting as this was, if he didn't get his libido under control, there'd be nothing left of him by the time Harvey's friend found some kind of solution.

Suddenly light flooded into Wash's prison of fabric and flesh. Harvey's fat cock was staring right down at Wash's face. The slit of Harvey's one-eyed monster was so huge that Wash could have shoved his head into it as easily as he did a polo shirt. As Wash locked eyes with the fleshy eye of Sauron, his mind raced, his pulse raged, his head felt fuzzy, and Harvey's sack bore down on him even harder. It felt like the most intense case of vertigo Wash had ever experienced as he stared up past the titan's fat cock and up towards the giant's abs. It was as if Harvey's body was stretching and distorting before Wash's very eyes, but it was Wash that was transforming.

Wash tried to tear his gaze away from the seemingly endless expanse of man meat and muscle that towered above him. His mind swam with sensations of fear, excitement, arousal, confusion, anticipation, and a whole slew of other emotions. It felt like the whole spectrum of human emotion was running unchecked through his dwindling form.

And then... as soon as it had begun, the light vanished. It was as if Harvey had begun to reach down to pluck Wash from his hiding place but then thought better of it. Immediately afterwards, the conversation between the two titans resumed. Wash was once again trapped in darkness with only the heat, humidity, and musk of Harvey's enormous package to keep him company. The voices from the giants sounded so distant that they may as well have been miles away.

Despite the fact that nearly every inch of Wash's torso and legs were buried under another guy's nutsack, Wash felt incredibly alone. With each shudder and shrinkage, Wash felt his former life drift further and further away. Wash was no longer a "Big Man". He wasn't even sure if he counted as human at his current size. He had no idea how small he even was. The brief glimpse of light was gone before Wash really had a chance to take stock of his size, but he had to be only a handful of inches at this point – a literal handful in this case.

Wash silently chastised himself for his own overactive imagination. The image of being cradled in the palm of a titan made his head swim and his heart pound... as well as caused the butterflies in his stomach to flutter. The images in Wash's head then flashed to a view of Harvey's titanic face staring down at him. As Wash grew smaller and smaller, the world around him grew larger and scarier. The less control Wash felt he had, the more he found himself drawn to the titan to protect him. Almost instinctively, Wash shimmied lower into the hammock of Harvey's mesh briefs, causing the thick, supple flesh of Harvey's loose sack to cover him up to his chin.

Wash was strangely glad that he had no more masculinity left to protect. There was no reason to act tough. There was no need to pretend to be a "Big Man". There was no shame in burrowing under the giant's scrote like a scared child burrowing under his parent's bedding during a thunderstorm. The weight of the giant's balls baring down on him was oddly

comforting. The warmth and weight were soothing in a surreal way. Wash's heart rate steadily began to slow down back to more manageable levels.

Wash focused on his breathing. He had been taught breath control techniques when he was younger, back when his parents had been looking for more constructive anger management techniques for their boy – back before his family had realized that Wash's temper could make him popular and maybe even famous on the ball field. Wash never thought he'd ever need those techniques. After all, he was destined for greatness. He was huge, handsome, and hung. Everyone wanted to either be him or be with him. He was a star. A man of his size and skills didn't need to worry about lesser men... Now however, he was the lesser man. He was the *least* man. A mere few inches tall, buried under another man's nuts, there was nothing left of the former terror. He used to dominate the ball field, and now the balls were dominating him.

As Wash waxed introspective, his mind drifted from what he lost to what he still had left to lose. How much smaller would he get? Would Harvey still want to look after him when Wash was smaller than a dust mite?

Wash's blood ran cold. His breath caught in his chest. His heart skipped a beat. *When!?* Was his reduction to the size of a gnat a foregone conclusion? Was there really no hope for him? His heart once again began pounding. He once again felt light-headed. How

much had he already lost? He didn't know how small he currently was, and he couldn't really recall how big he used to be. He knew he was huge. He towered over his opponents, but he had lost all frame of reference for what it was like to be so huge. He was now the size of a green army man and it had only been mere hours since he had been tazed. How long would it take for Harvey's friends to find a way to stop it? What if it took him days to find a solution? What if it took *weeks!*? Would there be anything left of Wash to save? Would he be set adrift in the subatomic sea, or would his body lose all cohesion as he reached that size?

Wash admittedly didn't understand science. Harvey had given some sort of explanation, but how much of that was real, how much of that was pseudoscience BS that Harvey had spouted to intimidate him? Whatever the case may be, if what Harvey had said was true, Wash was losing mass, but his atoms themselves weren't shrinking – he just had far fewer of them. If he ever reached the atomic scale, the loose collection of atoms would no longer be human by any stretch of the imagination.

For the first time since the shrinkage had started, Wash felt genuine terror.