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Canis Drainem

Edit Part 7

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Even as he jostled amidst Harvey's spare change and keys, Wash could still not fully comprehend where he was or how he had gotten there. Sure, he *knew* where he was. He knew how he had gotten there too. He remembered every moment of his steady shrinkage in vivid detail, but even as he looked back on the events that lead to his current predicament, he couldn't quite bring himself to accept that they were real. Even as he felt the weight of Harvey's dorm key against him, Wash knew he should be freaked out, but instead he was merely fascinated and turned on. Harvey's key was now the size of a skateboard to the shrunken stud. Sure, it was still the size of a small skateboard and not a longboard, but that didn't change the fact that a dorm key shouldn't be large enough for him to place both feet on!

Wash wasn't sure if his detachment from the situation was some sort of survival mechanism or if it

was something a bit more carnal. He knew that he would most likely never recover the size he had lost. His life as he knew it was over, but at the same time, his dick hadn't deflated for what felt like hours. Even as he bounced and swayed in time with the titan's steps, Wash couldn't get over how hot the whole scenario was. It didn't help that Harvey hadn't bothered to change clothes or even shower after he had finished up in the gym. Harvey's pocket was warm and damp and filled with the smell of sweat and taint and cooled cum. It was like a sauna filled with dripping masculinity instead of just steam.

The smell and the heat were intoxicating – as was the constant reminders of his new, reduced size. It was all Wash could do to keep his hands off his dick. Wash found himself wondered why he resisted so much. He had already shrunken so much – what was a few more centimeters? But part of him already knew the answer. It wasn't enough to just get smaller. He wanted Harvey to see him. He wanted the titan to marvel at how tiny he had become and how much smaller he was getting.

Just the thought of being held in Harvey's hand as the titan stared down and marveled at how tiny he had become, sent a shudder of excitement through Wash's entire body. The shudder was so intense that he had to reach out and grab blindly for something to steady himself against.

His hand reached the side of the pocket, and his fingers slipped through the mesh. It didn't feel like

he had shrunk by much, but he had definitely dwindled a little bit more. The holes in the mesh were now so large that they seemed to be the same size as the holes in the wall back at Chipotle when he had been full-sized.

Wash took a moment to once again marvel at his new size. It was too dark for him to see anything, so touch was the only real sense he could rely on to hammer home how tiny he had become.

As he stood there and took stock of his size, his fingers brushed against something that caught him off guard – another layer of the mesh! The mesh wasn't so fascinating as what lay behind it, though. Just a few thin layers of mesh were all that separated him from Harvey's huge bait and tackle. Wash pondered for a moment. Just how huge would Harvey's cock appear to be at Wash's new and reduced size? Wash didn't think he was now so small that Harvey's cock would be bigger than his whole body, but it had to be getting close. Wash had to have been no more than ten inches tall when Harvey had pulled him from the locker. Wash vividly recalled how it felt to be effortlessly lifted by the giant with just one hand. Wash wasn't even shoulder high to a Barbie. How tall would he be now? Eye level with her tits? Her belly button? Was he still taller than an X-Men action figure? Would he have to look up to G.I. Joe?

As images rushed through his mind, Wash recalled a small detail that he had previously forgotten. He had seen Harvey as he got dressed. At

the time, Wash was so mesmerized by the sheer size and scale of the titan, that he hadn't paid attention to anything else, but now that he was looking back at the scene, Wash picked up a few details he had previously overlooked.

Harvey's gym shorts had their fair share of wear and tear. Unsurprisingly, the first part of the shorts to start to fall apart had been the mesh that comprised both the pockets and the built-in underwear. There were large gaps around the top of the mesh where the pocket and undies connected to the waistband. The gaps weren't "large" in the overall grand scheme of things. It wasn't like they were large enough to render the shorts unusable. The biggest risk was possibly losing a quarter or two when Harvey dumped change into his pockets, but pockets also aren't usually designed for holding small men.

Wash could scarcely believe he was contemplating this. Just this afternoon he would have scoffed at the idea that he would ever even look at another man's dick let alone touch it, but now he was considering scaling what was akin to a rope wall at a McDonald's play pen for the opportunity to get up close and personal with a cock that rivaled his entire body for sheer size!

Whatever fading protests the last dying embers of Wash's masculinity tried to muster, they were quickly fading to nothingness. After all, resting against the soft, supple flesh of the giant's cock and balls sure beat getting battered and bruised by the

jangling mass of jagged edges that he currently shared a compartment with... right?

Wash's heart was pounding in his chest. He felt dizzy and lightheaded, and the steady swinging and swaying of Harvey's shorts pocket that Wash found himself in wasn't solely to blame. He couldn't believe what he was considering attempting. Even as he grasped the mesh with his hands and pulled himself up rung by rung. This was madness. Wash was completely blind in the dark, dank fabric prison of Harvey's gym shorts. Wash wasn't even sure how deep down in Harvey's pocket he was! In some of these shorts the pockets went all the way down to the knees! At Wash's size, that'd be like scaling a 20-foot wall! Wash was as athletic as they came, but his training had been for the ball field and not scaling walls. Still, he continued to pull himself up inch by inch, and soon he found his hand grasp a large opening in the mesh which could only be the gap he had seen when he had watched the giant changing clothes in the locker room.

Harvey was far from oblivious to the motion in his shorts. It was hard not to notice something the size of a mouse trying to climb the side of his leg, but Harvey had been trying to ignore Wash's antics as best he can. Harvey was dead set on getting back to the dorms so he could get some aid from his pal, Cecil, before things got even further out of hand than they already were, but when he felt the mouse-sized form of his shrunken former foe climb out of his pocket and

into a neighboring pouch in his pants, Harvey was forced to take action.

Harvey was shocked as he felt the small but beefy bod of his former bully rub up against his cock and balls. The feeling of Wash's burly bod against his cock sent a shiver of pleasure up Harvey's body and a twitch of delight through his cock. Harvey had been slightly chubbed this whole time. He had tried to take his mind off of how hot and exciting it was to have a shrunken man in his pocket, but he was not entirely successful. Now that he had said shrunken man smushed against his cock and balls, it was even harder to keep his libido in check.

"What the hell are you doing!?" Harvey hissed at his crotch.

Fortunately, there was nobody else wandering around the campus this late at night otherwise passersby would have thought he was completely insane. Although, if he had tried to explain himself, they would have thought he was even crazier. The sidewalks were deserted, but still, Harvey couldn't risk someone stumbling upon him as he had a chat with the contents of his skivvies.

Harvey ducked behind a building and sat down. He pulled the front of his shorts away from his abs and glanced down at his dick. Harvey's heart skipped a beat as he beheld the shrunken stud. Was Wash even smaller!? Had he shrunk while in his pocket? It could just be a trick of the light, but Wash looked barely bigger than Harvey's fairly average semi-



boned cock. How big was he now? 7? 8 inches? Wash's whole body was now far smaller than just the jock's cock had been mere hours ago.

"How the hell did you get in there?" Harvey asked.

Wash looked up from his perch atop Harvey's nuts and stared up and up and up at the titan. The vast expanse of Harvey's shirt-clad torso was like a sprawling field of cotton. Harvey looked so huge that it made Wash a little dizzy trying to stare up at the giant's face.

Wash said something, but his voice was too quiet to reach. Harvey merely looked back curiously. Wash seemed to realize the issue and cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted. "Keys hurt!"

Harvey merely chuckled in response to Wash's comment. Wash couldn't quite get a bead on Harvey's response. It was too dark to really make out Harvey's facial expression. Not to mention, Wash had a lot of thoughts racing through his mind. It was a strange feeling to be so puny that he had to literally shout to be heard or noticed. There was once a time where his mere presence got the attention of everyone in the room. All he had to do was sneer and everyone would step back and give him the space he deserved. Now, he was crammed inside another guy's shorts! Not that he was complaining about that part, though...

Harvey tried to resist. It was as if his hand was moving on its own but seeing that tiny guy clinging to

his cock got him hot and bothered all over again. He reached down, scooped up his entire bait and tackle and fished it out of his shorts. His balls came to a rest on the waistband of his shorts, and Wash was left clinging to Harvey's shaft for dear life.

Watching the shrunken stud clinging to his cock sent another rush of excitement and arousal through Harvey and his cock, but there were some other emotions at play too. Harvey was horny as hell, sure, but seeing how tiny and defenseless Wash had become brought Harvey's nurturing instincts to the forefront as well. Harvey momentarily grappled with his own thoughts and emotions. He knew he should hurry up and get to the dorms. He was so close to Cecil's room already. He just needed to slip his dick back in his shorts and book it, but on the other hand, feeling Wash's small body grinding against his cock and seeing the tiny dude clinging to his dick drove Harvey wild, and judging by Wash's reactions, it was clear the tiny dude was just as excited as Harvey was.

While Harvey grappled with his own thoughts and arousal, his hand seemed to take the initiative. Harvey's hand reached down and wrapped around the steadily swelling shaft of his plump cock. Soon Harvey's fingers and palm wrapped around his rod, effectively pinning the tiny dude against his cock. It wasn't long at all before Harvey's cock was once again rock hard and drooling pre.

Wash found himself pinned between Harvey's hand and cock. Wash's chest and cock were pressed

against the puffy ridge along the underside of Harvey's fully-boned cock. At the highest point of Harvey's strokes, Wash was able to catch his breath, but as the steady pumps of Harvey's hand went down. Wash found his face buried against the thick, spongy head of Harvey's cock. Pre trickled down Harvey's cock and quickly coated the tiny stud. It wasn't long before Wash was completely coated in the stuff. The scent and stickiness of Harvey's pre permeated Wash's body and senses. The smell flooded his nostrils. The viscous fluid covered every inch – what few remained – of Wash's body. On some level, Wash knew he should be grossed out by the experience, but he was too far gone to think about that. He loved every second of being coated in the Titan's fluids, and judging by the shuddering of the giant's cock and the moans coming from the titan's mouth, it wouldn't be long before Wash had some new fluids to bask in.

The feeling of his tiny cock grinding against the soft ridge of Harvey's otherwise rock-hard cock felt amazing, but it was the sensations that really sent Wash over the edge. The sounds, the smells, the feeling... it wasn't long before Wash's tiny cock gave a shudder, a lurch, and a spurt. The load felt huge for the shrunken stud, but it was barely noticeable to the titan.

Harvey may not have noticed the splatter of spooge against his cock, but he sure did feel the aftermath. He could feel Wash's body shift and shrink in the palm of his hands. He could feel Wash's beefy bod dwindle against his cock. Wash had shrunk again!

The notion had managed to snap Wash out of his horny trance, but not soon enough. The notion that Wash was now even tinier also awakened some part of his mind that was enjoying the shrinkage on a carnal level. Harvey's cock gave a few powerful lurches. His nuts pulled inward. A wet, watery spurt of jizz arced through the air and splattered against Harvey's shirt and crashed down upon his cock and thighs.

Harvey slumped back against the brick wall and took a second to catch his breath. His head was spinning both with the afterglow and the shame of what he had just done. He was supposed to be getting help! Instead, he had rubbed one out and shrunk Wash even further! Now both he and the shrunken stud were splattered with cum. How could he go face Cecil like this? Yes, at the same time, the other option was to go back to his own dorm and get cleaned up, and there's no telling what would happen if he took a detour...

Harvey glanced down at his own exposed cock and balls and the tiny dude that lay beside them. A quick glance was all it took to tell that Wash was now very nearly the same length as Harvey's chubby. The former seven-foot-tall terror was now only around six inches! He was half a foot tall! That sealed the deal. Harvey would just deal with the embarrassment of being splattered and smelly when he arrived at Cecil's door. There were more important things than his pride.

Harvey scooped the semi-conscious stud into the front pouch of his short and pulled his shorts back up and over his crotch and ass. Wash suddenly found himself pinned under Harvey's nuts. Only his head was left exposed. Wash found himself face to face with Harvey's one-eyed monster. Huge droplets of cum dripped from the slit of Harvey's cock and crashed down on Wash's face like some sort of erotic water torture. At Wash's size, even just a drop of jizz was enough to cover his face.

Wash would have been fearing for his life had he not been so damn horny. Somehow, being completely at the mercy of the giant's package was so incredibly hot! Even just Harvey's balls were enough to bully him!

Wash didn't have long to enjoy his spot, though. He soon found himself swinging and bouncing from side to side. Wash was thankful for his new perch for reasons other than just the eroticism of it all. Harvey was now full-on sprinting towards their destination. Had Wash still been in Harvey's pocket, he probably would have been badly bruised by the keys and coins that jangled around with him.

Wash hadn't thought to look around at his surroundings when he was free from the pocket for a moment. He was so fixated on the titan towering over him and the enormous cock and balls that threatened to dwarf his whole body. Had he actually looked around he may have been overwhelmed by just how massive his surroundings were. It was one thing to

ogle a giant person, but it was quite another to see the entire world around him that he once knew transformed into an alien environment. He also may have noticed just how close to the dorms they were. It wouldn't be long now until they reached their destination.