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The Adventures
of Leit

Part 1: Yahahaa~!

Leit staggered into town. This wasn't the first time he had had to drag his weary bones to the nearest tavern after his adventures, but it had never been like this before. It was more than just exhaustion or a battered body that weighed on the wandering swordsman, and the nature of his woes was all too obvious to the townsfolk who stood back and gawped at the elven warrior as he made his way slowly and laboriously toward a needed respite.

During his most recent adventure, Leit had – for lack of a better word – *befriended* a powerful spirit in the neighboring woods. Normally, Leit would welcome the favor of one of the lesser gods. After all, boons and blessings were a large part of a hero's repertoire, but this... Leit still wasn't sure *what* to make of his "Blessing". The forest spirit that Leit had befriended was a god of nature and fertility, and it was

the fertility aspect of the god's blessing that made life so difficult for the wandering swordsman.

The makeshift sling Leit had crafted groaned under the weight of his massive endowments. He had had to convert the treated leather tent that he carried into a super-sized jockstrap in order to keep his junk from dragging on the ground. His cock now rivaled his own hips for sheer girth. His nuts were so massive that either orb would fill a wheelbarrow and then some. The sheer weight of his battering ram and boulders would have crippled a weaker warrior. Leit's years of toil and travel had given him strength greater than that of most men, but even he felt fatigue setting in with each slow, shuddering plod through the muddy streets.

Leit was already nearing the limits of his stamina as he approached the battered wooden doorway to the local inn and tavern. He knew if he could just get through that door, he could find a warm meal and a passable bed for the evening. Yet, despite this knowledge, he was so tired that he was ready to just collapse face down atop his own leather-clad cock and balls and nap right there in the middle of the thoroughfare.

Leit balked as he approached the doorway. This was the first time entering what could be considered polite society since receiving his most recent Boon. He had expected the stares. He had anticipated the comments and catcalls. He had even steeled himself against the jeers he knew would be

forthcoming, but what he had not prepared himself for was the doorway itself! The narrow passage would have given your average half-orc trouble entering. Had Leit been at his prior size, his lithe form would have easily passed through the entryway without so much as a second thought, but now... his package was just too thick to fit! He could get his cock through, sure, but either one of the engorged orbs of his massive sack was far wider than the dried out, wooden frame of the tavern entry.

Leit was not one to be defeated so easily. He had solved a seemingly endless array of mind-bending puzzles and had evaded seemingly impassable traps for years now. He was *not* about to be done in by a mere tavern door. He steeled his resolve and took stock of his surroundings. Sure, his package was too wide to get through as it was, but he would handle this puzzle the same way he had done all the rest – one step at a time.

Leit grabbed his sword by the scabbard and swung downward. The pommel of the blade caught on the handle of the door causing it to unlatch. For a blessing, the door was one that opened inward. With the latch released, he could count on the sheer force of his massive cock to handle the rest. His bulge pressed against the wooden panel and pushed the door open further and further with each step. Soon, Leit's leather-clad cock was halfway through the doorway.

Leit could only imagine the spectacle on the other side of the door. He could hear the cries of shock and confusion as the patrons and staff tried to make sense of what they were seeing. A long, thick, vaguely cylindrical shape covered completely in a water-resistant hide now filled the entire doorway and jutted a good two to three feet into the foyer. Given the comments crying out from the peanut gallery, at least one of the current occupants thought a baby bulette had stumbled into the tavern.

Leit took a moment to catch his breath and prepare his muscles for the next step. His shaft may be more than halfway through the threshold, but his work was just beginning. He reached down and grasped both sides of his massive, leather, ball-pouch; took on a wide, low, lifting stance; dug in his feet; and lifted with his back. He groaned and grunted as he struggled against the weight of just *one* of his enlarged orbs. His teeth gritted. His veins bulged in his neck, but slowly and surely, he managed to hoist one colossal cojone up and over the other. Once his stones were stacked, he let gravity handle the rest.

The wooden frame creaked audibly as he leaned against his oversized sphere and shoved it through the threshold. His shoving was most likely unnecessary. The sheer weight of his gigantic gonad was enough to force it through the doorway. Leit was thankful for the slight squishiness of his supersized semen-tank. The slight give of his gonad was just enough to get it through the doorway. Thankfully, the immense size of his bait and tackle also granted him

increased durability. He quite literally had thick skin – at least as far as his cock and balls were concerned. Had his cock not been hidden beneath a layer of treated leathers, it would have been obvious that his foreskin alone was thicker than even the reinforced, studded armor that he wore on his torso.

Once free of the tight confines of the narrow doorway, Leit's unleashed teste landed on the wooden floor of the dimly lit tavern with a dull thud. By this point, Leit had amassed quite a group of looky-loos on both sides of the entryway. Some were staring on in awe. Some were ogling him with lust in their eyes, and some were even cheering on the hapless adventure as he tackled his most recent challenge.

With two thirds of his encumbrance through the doorway, Leit was free to focus his attention on the last remaining appendage. He placed a foot against the door frame, reached forward and grabbed onto the leather of his makeshift jockstrap, and pulled with all his might. Once more he groaned and grunted. His muscles and veins bulged. Some members of his audience cheered him on as he endured in his Sisyphean struggle against his own girth.

The door once more creaked in protest as his massive sack squeezed through the entryway. The audience waited with bated breath as Leit's gigantic stone seemed to lodge itself in the doorway. The crowd went deathly quiet as they waited to see which side would give first, but then, with one last, strenuous

heave, Leit managed to get his gigantic nut through the thickest point.

Leit suddenly found that his balls had shifted from immovable object to unstoppable force. He staggered backwards just in time to avoid being smothered by his own sack. He stumbled backwards, and had it not been for the immense weight of his own enormous bait and tackle, he would have landed flat on his ass, but his lean, lithe body was just not heavy enough to budge the rest of his endowments, leaving the lean swordsman leaning awkwardly backward.

Leit regained his footing and let loose a long sigh of relief, but his sigh was stifled mid-stream when he heard a familiar chime ring out through the tavern.

“Oh... oh no!” Leit gasped in shock. There was no way. Surely his new friend wouldn’t consider *that* a puzzle deserving of a reward! But Leit was not given a chance to ponder the question. A poof of smoke erupted in the air beside him, and a familiar, leafy imp appeared, suspended in mid-air.

“Yahahaa~!” the imp cackled. “Another puzzle solved! Another gift of seed earned!”

“Th-that’s really not necessary...” Leit replied meekly, but he knew his protests were wasted. After all, the hovering figure in front of him was merely a messenger.

With another puff of smoke, the imp vanished, and Leit almost instantly felt the changes. He could do nothing but stare on in shock and awe as a strange mix

of horror and excitement welled up within him. He could already barely move with all that mass! Just how much larger was he going to get?

It was like watching some sort of erotic balloon swell up before him. The tough leathers of his roughly crafted sack strained as his cock and balls swelled in size within. The treated leathers themselves were pretty strong, but the same could not be said for the custom stitching Leit had done. The strands that held the pouch together stretched and strained. Large swaths of cock and balls became visible as the sections of the pouch steadily pulled further and further apart, and yet, despite the audible protests from his pouch, the stitching held. Soon, Leit's cock and balls were so huge, that they bulged through the gaps of his overstuffed pouch. The stitching dug deep into the soft flesh of his flaccid cock and massive nuts. The supple flesh of his own enlarged cock and balls bulged through the gaps like warm dough through the fingers of a baker until a loud snap rang through the air followed by another... and another... and another. With each snap, the remaining threads struggled harder against the growing bulk of Leit's cock and balls. Soon, the remaining stitches burst in unison, causing the treated leathers of his pouch to burst outward like the tattered remnants of a popped balloon.

Leit's massive cock and balls were now openly on display. His pouch had done little to hide his sheer mass before, but now that he was denied even the most basic of modesty, Leit was suddenly keenly

aware of the crowd his growth had garnered. Try as he might, though, there was no way his hands could cover it all. Even if he had thrown his whole body onto his swelling package like a hero soldier onto a grenade, he would not have been able to hide it from view. His cock and balls were now so massive that they dwarfed his whole body. His nuts alone were like a king-sized mattress except far thicker. His cock was now easily as long as a horse-drawn cart and almost as wide, and to make matters worse? His already enormous cock was getting even bigger as it steadily stiffened before his very eyes.

Leit hated to admit it, but the growth process felt so fantastic. It was like that feeling one gets when their cock starts to get pleasantly plumped when it begins to harden, except the plumping didn't stop until the growth did. Even if he had been rock hard, he'd still feel like he was getting harder and harder and more and more mass surged into his schlong, and the blissful feeling wasn't just limited to the shaft. His balls too felt fantastic as they became larger... heavier... fuller... He could practically feel the spunk roiling in his oversized stones. His turgid reservoirs of cum were begging to be played with, but he lacked the ability to do so.

Soon, Leit was rock hard. He found himself staring out across the length of his massive shaft which now stretched almost ten feet before him. His dick was almost twice as tall as he was! His rod was about as tall as an ogre and every bit as thick!

Despite being mortified by the ordeal, Leit was as hard as he had ever been. Pre oozed from the slit of his monstrous rod. Each massive bead dripped from the tip of his cock and crashed down like a water balloon on the tavern floor below. As his pre seeped into the floorboards, the wood soon became so saturated, that the liquid began to pool on the floor below.

Leit's cock bucked and lurched. It was now so huge that with each shudder, the tip of it slapped against the ceiling above. Each lurch caused a spray of pre to arc through the air.

Leit could hear sounds all around him. There was someone yelling, but he couldn't tell if they were yelling at him or at others in the room. He was so hot and bothered that he could only focus on the massive, dripping rod and enormous, heavy nuts that protruded in front of him, but even as horny as he was, he could definitely tell when a bunch of hands began to grab at him and his package.

Leit suddenly found himself surrounded by tavern patrons. The owner had seen what was happening and had called his patrons to action to prevent a mess. On all sides of him, people of all races and backgrounds had gathered together to grab his nuts and attempt to maneuver his bloated baggage back towards the door. Leit could feel all those fingers digging into his sack as they all grabbed handfuls of supple scrote. The crowd lifted with all their might, and yet they were not strong enough to lift his cock

and balls. The best they could hope for was the manage to pivot Leit's package so that it was now facing directly at the door.

Leit was getting close to cumming. The feeling of all those hands on his sack was maddening. His nuts were already more sensitive than normal thanks to the growth, but the feeling of so many people gripping and groping his nuts drove him wild.

After a few collective heaves and hos, the crowd managed to shift Leit's cock and balls around so that his dick was now aimed at the doorway he had just entered through. Suddenly, Leit felt a series of new sensations. The crowd was no longer focused on his sack. They were now focused on his cock! Hands gripped and grabbed his massive rod, but there was another sensation that was so amazing and so baffling that Leit forced himself to open his eyes and stare at the scene that was playing out in front of him.

Leit found himself staring up the length of his massive rod and up at the backside of a burly orc. The orc had scrambled up his shaft and was now attempting to grapple the tip of Leit's cock. The feeling of the orc's burly arms wrapped around the extra sensitive tip of his cock drove him wild. Leit cried out. His cock gave a hard lurch which threatened to launch the orc clean off. The orc managed to maintain his grasp, but only just barely.

There were more shouts and more activity around him, but Leit was still too far gone to comprehend any of it. The orc gestured towards the

patrons around him. The tavern customers quickly regrouped and tossed some ropes over the sides of Leit's enormous cock and began to pull down almost as if they were trying to tie down some logs for a long journey. However, their true goal was quite different. With the orc providing a counterweight against the tip of Leit's cock and the other patrons pulled down on the ropes, Leit found himself being lifted off the ground and up onto his own nuts as the massive seesaw that was his own cock was pulled downward on the other end. Leit was soon staring down the length of his own rod and out the doorway into the main thoroughfare of town. His cock was far too thick to ever fit through that door. However, it wasn't his rod that the crowd wanted out the door.

The sensation of the orc clinging to his cockhead and the grips and gropes from the rest of the peanut gallery soon became too much for Leit to handle. He let out a loud cry. His whole body shuddered, and his cock trembled. His enormous nuts shifted inward, and after a brief pause which was merely the calm before the storm, cum erupted from the tip of his colossal cock.

The tavern-goers held on with all their might against the bucking bronco as it struggled to tear free from its bonds. Leit's cock shuddered and bucked and lurched with him and the orc along for the ride. Jizz fired in thick, massive, warm, sticky ropes out into the cool night air and crashed down on the muddy streets of the town square. With each spurt, the massive mire and spunk and mud grew thicker and wider. Soon, his

wad flooded the street in front of the tavern and was seeping into the grass on either side.

Leit had no idea how long he was cumming, but eventually, even his colossal nuts were completely drained. It was a wad for the record books. Yet, thanks to the actions of the tavern patrons and staff, Leit had avoided making a mess of the establishment... a fact that had not gone unnoticed...

With his load spent and his stamina exhausted, Leit began to drift off atop his own enormous package, but before his exhaustion could completely overtake him, Leit heard a familiar sound. A telltale *poof* of one of the forest sprites arriving on the scene... followed by another... and another... and another! Suddenly, everyone who had gathered to help Leit had their own leafy imp hovering over them. The sound of what came next was deafening.

“Yahahaa~!” they all cheered in unison.

Part 2: Sissel

Leit gripped the reins of the oxen he had rented and struggled against his own exhaustion. He had ridden through the night to get to his destination, and despite his fatigue, he dared not stop. It wasn't just that he was in a hurry to find the nature spirit that had "blessed" him before. He was worried that any action he attempted other than driving would be rewarded by the nature sprites that harried him at every turn. The sprites were nothing if not overzealous in their gift-giving. Even just tying his shoes had warranted fanfare and a reward, and each "reward" added more mass to his already impossibly huge package.

When Leit had reached the inn the night before, he had thought he would have a little time to rest and recover, but he quickly realized that was not

to be. Even just the act of entering the tavern had summoned the spirits. He suddenly found himself immobilized on a massive set of cock and balls that dwarfed his whole body! It had taken twenty other patrons to get him out of the tavern.

Someone had had the bright idea to use a bunch of old, hardened baguettes to set up a roller belt to slide him across the tavern towards the back entrance. The extra wide doors were primarily used for unloading barrels and bags of flour and rice for the kitchen. However, the loading dock was only barely wide enough to get Leit's massive nuts through them. Each of his massive stones was far larger than the whiskey and ale barrels that normally passed through. His nuts were so massive that they rivaled the size of wild boars, and his cock was easily as long as the bar counter but far wider!

As soon as the crew got him through the doorway, the tell-tale sound of popping and cheering preceded the arrival of yet another nature spirit. "Yahahaa~!" it had cheered as Leit's cock and balls grew even larger. Leit watched in horror as his cock and balls grew and grew, but even as he fixated on his own package, his gaze drifted towards the pronounced bulges in the pants of the other tavern goers. They had shared in his rewards as well. With each successful "challenge" they too saw pronounced growth below the belt.

The crew had managed to shove him off the loading platform and onto a cart. Another poof. Another cheer. Another surge of growth.

The wooden cart creaked beneath him. The spokes cracked. The axels splintered. The cart shattered under the sheer weight of Leit's swelling package.

The crew redoubled their efforts. Using the now wheel-less wreckage of the cart, they managed to pull Leit and his package through the mud like a dog sled through the snow until he reached the docks.

Another poof. Another cheer. Another round of growth for everyone involved. Now, even Leit's saviors were looking indecent. Many were clad in loose, ragged, peasant attire which barely contained their swollen cock and balls. The sheer weight of their packages on the crotch of their loose pants caused the waistbands to dip well past their hip and halfway down their thighs. Their cocks were so thick that they rivaled their throats for sheer girth, and their balls were the size of pumpkins! Yet they persisted.

Leit ponied up the funds to rent one of the larger merchant carts – one that would hopefully hold his weight and then some. He needed to be sure that he didn't outgrow *this* cart somewhere in the countryside far from the aid of others.

The team got him loaded onto the cart using a nearby crane. Another poof. Another cheer. Another surge.

The tavernkeeper's clothes had been nicer than many of the other people who had stepped up to help. His tight slacks had long since torn away. Now his cock was so huge that the head of it scraped the dirt even after draping over his massive, beer barrel sized nuts.

The team gathered enough oxen to pull the cart, handed Leit the reins, and sent him on his way. Another poof. Another cheer. Another surge. As Leit was pulling away from the town, he glanced over his shoulder at his saviors. Every last one of them had long since outgrown their pants. Nuts scraped the dirt. Cocks draped over their nuts and splayed out for a foot or two in front of them. Even the smallest of the bunch had a cock that rivaled their waist for sheer size. Leit just hoped that once he got out of range, they would be spared further "rewards".

He had ridden for hours since then. The sun had long since set and risen once more. Evert turn in the path, every fork in the road, he worried that his choices would warrant a prize. He dared not stop. He dared not sleep. All he could do was focus on traveling farther in hopes of reaching his goal before he outgrew his vehicle.

His oxen were exhausted as he turned down the dirt path through the forest. The cart, even reinforced to handle oversized load, groaned perilously beneath his weight. His nuts were so huge that either massive boulder was the size of a covered wagon. His soft cock snaked in front of him like a sea

serpent. It was thicker than the mightiest oak and as tall as a pine tree. Some part of his mind noted the size of his cock compared to that of the tree trunks that filled the old growth forest that he wandered through, but he quickly shoved the thought from his mind. The last thing he wanted was to let the spirits think he actually *enjoyed* his new size... even if on some level, he secretly did.

Orgasms felt amazing. With each surge in size, his climaxes had become more amazing, more intense, more blissful, more intoxicating! He could feel himself getting addicted to the sensation, and some part of him craved the next release. The dark thoughts gnawing at the back of his mind worked their way into his cock, causing the thick trunk of his cock to stir to life. Soon, his rod jutted out in front of him further than even his ox team.

As he made his way deeper and deeper into the forest, Leit fought a losing battle against himself. He was getting hornier by the moment! At first, he tried to chalk it up to how sensitive his massive cock and balls were. The steady rumbling of the cart was like a deep-tissue massage for him caravan-sized sack, but as he made his way deeper into the forest, his mind was flooded with thoughts of growing and cumming and cumming and growing. Sure, he was a horny guy, but the sane part of his brain resisted with all its might. He was horny, but he was not *this* horny! Something else must be affecting him, and Leit had a pretty good idea what – or who – that something might be.

“I know you’re there, Sissel,” Leit called out.

“Perceptive, are we?” Came a voice from the forest. “Perhaps, I should reward you?”

A chuckle reverberated through the trees. Leit could once again feel the pressure growing in his already supersized sack and schlong. His cart was already straining under the wait of his massive package, and he could tell he had another growth spurt coming.

“T-this is what I wanted to talk to you about,” Leit struggled to speak. With every syllable he uttered he had to fight back the urge to moan. The growth felt so fantastic. Part of him craved more. Part of him wanted to get bigger and bigger, but he had to keep that part of him in check. If he succumbed, he’d soon be trapped on a package far too massive for even his cart to handle. He’d be stranded in the middle of nowhere on a set of cock and balls that would dwarf a yeti.

“And what was it you wanted to say?” The voice replied. The voice seemed to be coming from every direction at once. It was as if the speaker had him surrounded on all sides. It was as if the words themselves came from every tree in the forest.

“These gifts... I appreciate the gesture, but I can’t move at this size!” Leit protested.

“You seem to get around just fine to me?” Sissel replied playfully.

“You know what I mean! I can’t continue my adventure like this! I don’t mean to sound ungrateful, but is there any way we can discuss a different reward for my services?” Leit asked.

“Hmm... A different reward? I may have something in mind... I actually was going to suggest it sooner or later, but you took the initiative and sought me out.” Sissel replied cryptically.

Leit wasn’t about to take Sissel’s offer at face value, especially when the tricky nature spirit hadn’t even said what it was yet, but anything was better than being trapped atop his own immense schlong... right?

“I’m listening...” Leit replied skeptically.

“Well. You’re carrying around so much of my *little* blessing, wouldn’t you say?” Sissel teased.

Leit’s eye twitched slightly, but he didn’t reply. He merely waited to hear what Sissel had in mind.

“Don’t be so dour. Think about it as a sort of... Oh, I don’t know. A fundraiser? You collect points, and you can turn those in to me for some fun prizes!” Sissel said. There was a strange sort of manic glee to his voice that made Leit more than a little uncomfortable. Sissel was one of the “good” lesser deities, but gods had a different definition of good and evil than people did.

“And what are these points, you speak of?” Leit asked.

“Isn’t it obvious? You’re sitting on it right now?” Sissel replied with a giggle.

Leit glanced down at his enormous package. Was Sissel really implying that he was willing to trade the mass Leit had accumulated for something else?

“And what kind of ‘prizes’ are you offering?” Leit asked. He was skeptical to say the least, but he was already treading dangerous ground by asking for a god to rethink his boon.

“Oh. The usual things you adventuresome types crave. Would you like to be a little stronger? A little taller? A little smarter? Mortal bodies are so easy to shape, as I’m sure you’ve noticed,” Sissel said with a cackle.

“So, I give up the size that you’ve granted me, and I get a... for lack of a better word... an upgrade to some other part?” Leit asked.

“Of course, but I’ll tell you now, I don’t have time for hashing out the minutiae. Well, ok. You got me. I’ve got plenty of time. I just don’t want to. So, I’ll tell you what. I’ll take all the size you have gained so far, and give you a boon to match,” Sissel explained.

Leit was running the numbers in his head. He could boost one of his attributes? All it would cost was the unwieldy mass of cock and balls that he was currently trapped atop? This seemed too good to be true, which meant it probably was.

“What’s the catch?” Leit asked.

“Catch? What’s the catch!? Oh, you wound me so...” Sissel replied. His voice dripping with mock indignation.

“I don’t mean to be ungrateful. I feel like you were a little too generous with your gifts before, and I want to be sure that this trade is fair for you,” Leit replied.

“Hmm... maybe you are right. I was a bit *liberal* with my gift, wasn’t I?” Sissel mused.

“Right. I appreciate the gesture, but I’d like to make sure we approach the table as equals if we’re going to negotiate,” Leit said.

“Oh, alright. I suppose that’s allowed,” Sissel replied. “Right then. Full disclosure. You give me all the size you’ve gained in your mortal dangly bits, and I’ll grant you a boon of strength befitting what you have given up. Once that’s done, I’ll send you merrily on your way to do more good deeds and gain more ‘points’. Then once you’ve saved up enough, come find me again, and we can do the trade again. Rinse and repeat as nauseum ipso facto lorem ipsum yadda yadda whaddya say?”

Leit was already trying to think one step ahead. Sissel wouldn’t lie, but he wouldn’t necessarily tell the truth. The trouble with a trickster god was that they tended to be tricksters. Yet, Leit couldn’t see anything necessarily wrong with what Sissel was saying. Leit picks a reward, his dick goes back to how it was before all this began plus. Then he’s free to earn

more size which can later be traded in for more buffs? It sounded like a great deal, and if Sissel was going to continue to grant Leit size with each puzzle he solved, he'd soon once again be too encumbered to move. Which meant that Leit knew exactly what his first request would be.

"Alright. I think that's agreeable," Leit replied.

"Ooooh goody. I was hoping you'd say that," Sissel said excitedly. His voice sounded honest enough, but his voice always had that impish glee to it that made it impossible to trust anything he said.

"So, I can pick one... I guess attribute? Let me carry more without being weighed down. I would like to be stronger," Leit said.

"Easy enough," Sissel replied. Leit still couldn't see the spirit, but he could hear a sound like the snapping of fingers.

Leit suddenly felt his body surging with energy. He looked down and noticed that he was glowing! Leit was already pants-less, but the energy coursing through him quickly burned away his shirt and cloak leaving him completely nude atop his own immense balls. His already dense, defined muscles seemed to tighten. They weren't getting much bigger, but his whole body felt denser and stronger.

"Huh..." Leit mused out loud as he flexed his pecs. With each passing second, his muscles grew denser and more defined. He used to have a strong, flat midsection, but he could now see his mostly flat

belly tensing into a well defined 8-pack set of abs. His biceps were bulging so much that he looked like he was flexing even though he was completely relaxed.

“What? Did you want them to get bigger too? I thought we both agreed that you didn’t want to be weighed down,” Sissel teased.

“No. This is great, actually. I won’t even need to get a new wardrobe!” Leit replied. Although, even as he said it, he knew that wasn’t true. He traveled light, and his main outfit had been thoroughly obliterated.

Leit was so fixated on his muscles that he didn’t notice the mass draining from his package at first. His dick was rapidly dwindling. It had once been so huge that he could sit atop his schlong sidesaddle and not even have his feet touch the ground, but now it was only barely thicker than his dense, muscular midriff. The shaft was barely longer than he was tall, and his nuts had gone from the size of the large massive ale kegs they kept in the basement of taverns to a much more manageable pumpkin size.

Leit already felt so powerful, that he was half tempted to ask for Sissel to stop right then and there, but Leit knew that if he called for this to stop too soon, Sissel might get offended, and it was better to abide by their agreement than try to make any changes this late in the game. After all, it had been so easy to gain all this mass, Leit had no reason to doubt it would take him long to get back to the same predicament he had been in mere moments before.

Leit's cock and balls continued to dwindle down to more manageable sizes. Soon his schlong was shorter than his arm and as thick as his now very defined quads. His nuts were now closer in size to watermelons than prized pumpkins. Again, Leit thought about asking Sissel to stop, but thought better of it.

Leit's cock and balls continued to get smaller and smaller. Soon it was only as long as his forearm and thick as his wrist. His impressive pecker was topped off with a pair of grapefruit sized stones. An enormous rod by most people's standards, but Leit was starting to have second thoughts...

Yet Leit could do nothing but stare as his dick got smaller and smaller. Soon it was barely longer than his middle finger. He was approaching his old size in a hurry, but his now perfectly average softy was still shrinking.

"H-hey, Sissel...?" Leit asked nervously.

"Don't tell me you're having second thoughts," Sissel said impishly.

"It's already smaller than I started!" Leit protested.

It was true, his dick was now shorter than his pinky and a hair thinner than his thumb. His nuts had shrunk down below the size of peach pits and were now closer to the size of cherries!

“I already told you, I would reduce it down to the size you started with,” Sissel explained.

“But it’s already too small!” Leit protested.

“But you were much smaller before,” Sissel explained with a devilish cackle.

The realization hit him like a ton of bricks. Sissel never said he would reduce Leit’s dick down to the size it had been before Leit had first encountered the spirit. Sissel had said he would reduce Leit’s dick down to the size “he had started with”, and in this case that meant the size that Leit had born with!

Leit stared in shock as his already puny pecker dwindled and dwindled. His dick was now shorter than his thumb and thinner than his pinky. His nuts had gone from the size of cherries to the size of cherry pits, and still it was shrinking!

Down and down it went. His dick was so short that he could measure his dick against the knuckles of his pinky instead of the digit itself. His rod didn’t even reach the first knuckle. It was as skinny as the stem of a dandelion. His nuts were now so small that the entire tightly packed pouch was now the size of a macadamia nut.

“There. That’s a good look on you,” Sissel said with a cackle.

Suddenly a gust of wind surrounded Leit. He raised his arms to cover his face as leaves and twigs blasted around him in all directions. Sissel’s laughter

seemed to get farther and farther away as Leit was buffeted.

“Sissel! What are you doing!? Get back here!”
Leit shouted.

“Why should I? I’m fulfilling our arrangement. Didn’t I tell you? I’d shrink it down and send you on your way? Think of it as a head start on all those good deeds you have to do,” Sissel voice echoed playfully in Leit’s mind.

“Sissel! Get back here!” Leit shouted.

“Get back here? But I never left?” Sissel words echoed in Leit’s mind.

“What? But?” Leit sputtered.

The winds had stopped. The raging torrent had been replaced by other noises. Noises that Leit would rather not hear right now. Leit could hear mutters and gasps all around him. He lowered his arms and realized that he was now standing dead center in a crowded market. Sissel had sent Leit back to the main hub of the continent... sans equipment... sans clothes... sans dick.

Leit was too stunned to cover himself. His newly empowered muscles and his newly miniaturized cock openly on display as the people in the market stopped to gawk at the fully grown man with an infant sized dicklet who was fully nude in the middle of the market.

“Sissel!” Leit yelled in a harsh whisper.

“Oh, don’t be so dour. I already told you you can earn it back by doing more deeds,” Sissel’s voice chided.

“Yeah. Ok. I gave the town a good show. That’s got to be worth a little, right?” Leit hissed.

“Oh, that would have been worth a bit back in the day, but weren’t you the one to say I was a bit too *generous* with my gift? You’ll have to try much harder to impress me...” Sissel said. His voice fading away into nothingness as he finished his parting barb.

“Sissel!” Leit hissed, but his cry was met with only the sound of murmurs from the crowd who were now engrossed in the sight of the man who still hadn’t bothered to cover up.

“Sissel...?” Leit pleaded, but again there was no response from the spirit.

With his attention no longer fixated on the nature spirit, the reality of his situation slowly dawned on him. Leit glanced around at the crowd of onlookers. His face burned beet red, and his micro-dick twitched from all the attention. As Leit glanced around, he realized that he hadn’t just been dropped in the center of the market. He had been dropped at the doorstep of the adventurer guild where he had gotten his start. Leit now stood there unarmed and unhung before his friends and former colleagues. Leit noticed the looks on their faces and the gestures they were making. He reached down and covered his dick. His package was now so small that he didn’t even need both hands. He

didn't even need one. He could cover his package with just the tip of his thumb.