

© 2018 Ziel

Accept No  
Substitutions

By Ziel.

## Accept No Substitutions

Keith and Taran had been friends for what felt like ages. They had met on an infamous dating app and had immediately hit things off. They were so inseparable that all their friends were convinced that they were dating, but there was one key detail that kept them from making the jump from BFFs to boyfriends – they were both bottoms.

“You sure this is going to work?” Keith asked as he skeptically eyed the bubbling green brew that Taran was carrying. Both buds were hanging out bare-assed naked. There was not a stitch of clothing to be found between them, but that was key for what was to come next.

“Hell no! This has never been tested before.” Taran replied.

“But I mean, you followed the recipe and everything, right?” Keith asked.

“As close as I could, yeah, but you have to consider, this recipe was scrawled into the margins of a musty old tome, and half the ingredients have gone extinct. Even if this stuff worked to begin with, there’s no guarantee that the substitutions will work.” Taran explained.

“I was hoping for a bit more confidence from the potions master,” Keith grumbled.

“Potions my ass! I do herbal remedies! Get it right!” Taran sassed back. “Why are you so dead set on growing your dick anyway. It looks fine to me, and it’s not like you’re using it that much.”

“Pfft. Not using it? It’s all about the cock, man. You know this. Even when riding someone else’s the way a nice, hefty cock bounces and slaps is half the fun!” Keith explained.

“Can’t argue with that,” Taran replied with a shrug and handed a mug full of the foul-smelling brew to his buddy. After both guys had a mug Taran glanced back at his friend and asked, “So how are we doing this.”

“On three?” Keith asked.

“Works for me,” Taran replied with a shrug.

They both lifted their mugs to their lips and locked eyes while Keith counted them down. “3...2...1... go!” They both lifted their mugs to their lips, and Keith quickly gulped the swill down, but Taran was less successful. He managed to take in a mouthful of

the stuff, but quickly spat it back out all over his pal's face.

"God, that's foul," Taran groaned.

"Whose fault is that?" Keith sassed back while he wiped the stuff off his face.

"Shut up!" Taran shouted, but then his attitude immediately shifted. "So... do you feel anything?" He asked curiously.

"Not yet... When should I start to feel it anyway?" Keith asked.

"Hell if I know. I don't even know if the stuff works." Taran replied.

The two friends sat in silence for a moment. Both of their gazes were firmly fixed on Keith's respectable cock. Suddenly Taran blurted out, "Wait! I think it's working!"

Keith shrugged. His cock didn't look bigger per se, but it did look a bit more plumped up than it had a moment ago. "I don't know if it's making my junk bigger, but it sure is giving me one hell of a woody." He said. It wasn't long after that that his semi grew into a fully-fledged hard-on complete with a bead of pre rolling down the tip. Keith couldn't believe how hard he had gotten so fast. His dick had never felt so boned up in his life. He was so hot and bothered that his cock felt like it could pop like an uncorked champagne bottle at the slightest touch.

“G-good god... you gotta feel this,” Keith said breathlessly.

“Forget that. I gotta see how huge your dick is now!” Taran replied. Taran quickly fumbled for his phone and loaded up the camera. “Ok. Now hold still...” He said as he prepared the app.

“Hold still...” Keith groaned sarcastically. He was so horny that his cock was twitching even though he hadn’t so much as laid a finger on it.

“Looking good!” Taran replied as he read the results on the digital ruler which had appeared alongside the image of Keith’s cock.

“C’mon. Give me the deets!” Keith exclaimed.

“Seven inches!” Taran read proudly.

“Don’t shit me, bro. What’s it really say?” Keith pressed.

“Seven inches. I just told you,” Taran replied, obviously baffled by his friend’s outburst.

“What a jank app. We both know my dick’s at least seven and a half,” Keith grumbled.

“Wait... it might not be the app...” Taran said suddenly.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Keith asked.

“Six point eight...” Taran read shakily.

“That app is a piece of crap. It’s times like these we have to do things manually,” Keith grumbled.

Keith got up from the couch where he and Taran had been sitting and stomped off across the room to his desk where he rummaged through the cluttered desktop and then through the messy drawer until he finally found what he was looking for – a ruler. The problem was that the ruler was only six inches long. There was no way that it would be long enough to measure his prized seven-and-a-half-inch schlong... that was... unless Taran's app was telling the truth and he had lost over half an inch in the past few moments. Keith shuddered at the thought. That would be a nightmare come true. Surely, such a thing was impossible, and yet...

Keith glanced down at his rock-hard cock. It could be just his imagination, but it did look a little smaller than he was used to. Even his nuts seemed a shade smaller than he was used to. He tried to chalk it up to his imagination running away with him, but he couldn't shake the fear that Taran's dick growing juice had backfired in a horrific way.

Keith's hands were shaking as he lined up the ruler with his twitching cock. Even without reading the exact measurement he knew the truth of the matter immediately. The six-inch ruler was plenty long to measure his cock. His dick had to have dipped below the six-inch mark while he was rummaging for a ruler. There was no denying it. His dick was shrinking, but the worst part about it? Some part of him found the changes more exciting than horrifying. Even as he watched his dick dip ever so slightly lower along the tick marks of the ruler, his cock remained rock hard and

ready to blow at any second. Even as the sense of dread gnawed at his gut, he still couldn't deny that there was something strangely hot about the situation. That didn't mean he was just going to take this lying down though.

"What did you do!?" Keith shouted.

"What did I do? This was your idea!" Taran shot back.

"Yeah, but you made the potion!" Keith retorted.

"I told you there was no guarantee that it would work." Taran replied.

"Yeah, but you didn't say there was a chance it would make my junk shrunk!" Keith argued.

"Well, don't panic just yet. We can maybe figure something out later, and maybe it's just temporary," Taran explained in an attempt to sooth his pal.

"But you can't guarantee that," Keith countered.

"Honestly, this is completely unexplored territory. I can't guarantee anything at this point," Taran explained.

There was a tense moment of silence where the two friends just stood there and stared at Keith's steadily shrinking cock. Even as they stood there they could see it ever so slightly creeping down in size. It



got to the point where Taran's curiosity got the better of him, and he lifted his phone up so that he could get a good view of Keith's cock with the measurement app.

"What's the verdict?" Keith asked nervously, but Taran was hesitant to reply.

"Come on. Tell me, I can take it. Either you tell me or I'm just going to measure it myself," Keith pressed the issue.

"Ok... if you insist..." Taran replied. After a brief moment he finally worked up the nerve to read off the results. "four inches," He said.

"Four inches!?" Keith yelled. He had always been proud of his big dick. He had seven and a half inches of fat cock. He wasn't super hung like a porn star, but he had a nice dick by anyone's standards. Now he was officially small! He hadn't had a dick that small since middle school, and at the rate things were going, his cock was going to be getting even smaller than that. He had already lost almost half of his size. He went from having a cock that was as tall as a 20 oz coke bottle to having a little dick that was only as tall as an 8 oz can! And yet despite knowing he should be horrified and mortified, his cock was as rock hard as ever. Keith was as horny as he had ever been in his life. Some part of him found the whole scenario astonishingly sexy. Some part of him couldn't wait to see just how small he got. The worst part was, the smaller he got, the less he was horrified by what he saw and the more excited he got.

Keith would have been stuck staring at his dwindling cock and caught in the throes of the sexual quandary for who knows how long had Taran not made a small comment that snapped Keith back from his trance. "You're even smaller than me now..." Taran murmured.

This got Keith's attention instantly. Keith wasn't even entirely sure why that got under his skin. He knew that Taran was always a bit self-conscious about his five-inch rod. He knew that Taran had always been secretly jealous of Keith's big cock, but to hear Taran almost taking joy in Keith's predicament was almost too much.

"You like that, don't you?" Keith sneered.

"W-what? N-no!" Taran stammered.

"You always were jealous," Keith continued.

"It's not that at all!" Taran pleaded.

"Oh, is it? Perhaps you're still jealous," Keith said. He put his hands on his hips and jutted his crotch forward showcasing what was left of his shrinking rod.

"W-what?" Taran sputtered.

Keith's gaze fell upon Taran's cock. He hadn't thought much of it because he had been so fixated on his own dick, but it looked like Taran's cock was ever so slightly smaller than he remembered. It was tough to say though since Taran's dick was harder than Keith had ever seen it. Taran may have spat most of his mouthful of the swill out, but he still ingested at least a

little of it. Whether he knew it or not, he had to be experiencing some of what Keith was going through. Which made Keith wonder. Did Taran also find Keith's reduced rod as incredibly sexy as Keith himself did? It drove Keith absolutely wild. He couldn't explain what it was for sure, but seeing his dick getting ever so slightly smaller with each passing moment made him hotter under the collar than he had ever been.

"You know..." Keith said as he strode closer to where Taran was seated on the couch. "... I've always thought that that little dick of yours was a good look for you," Keith said in a sultry tone.

"Don't say it like that..." Taran murmured. He turned away to hide his gaze, but Keith could tell that Taran was blushing beet red. Keith smirked. He knew he had hit on something.

"Why not? It's true, and like you said, it's not like boys like us need big dicks. We're not really using them," Keith pressed.

"What are you getting at?" Taran asked.

"Just sit back and enjoy it. Trust me. You'll love it." Keith said in a soft tone barely above a whisper. He was now so close to Taran that he was practically hovering over his pal. Their lips were so close that Taran could feel the warmth of Keith's breath on his face. Taran's heart was pounding in his chest. His cock was as hard as ever. He wasn't sure what Keith had in mind, but he was excited to find out. It looked like

Keith was leaning in for a kiss, and Taran instinctively closed his eyes to enjoy the moment.

Taran waited expectantly for the kiss which seemed to never come. He was just about to give up hope that it was going to happen when he felt Keith's lips against his own. Soon Keith's tongue had slipped its way into Taran's mouth, and Taran was quick to return the favor. Taran almost broke the embrace as soon as he caught a taste of that foul brew from before, but strangely enough, it didn't taste so bad this time. It was almost intoxicating in its own way. Even as he felt the swill pass from Keith's mouth to his own, Taran didn't try to fight it. Soon Taran had a mouthful of the stuff, but he didn't even try to spit it out. He was so lost in the kiss that he swallowed it and continued to passionately make out with his pal. It was the most intense kiss he and Keith had ever shared. Even when they had tried briefly dating, things had never gotten so hot and heavy.

Keith eventually pulled back to catch his breath leaving Taran breathless. As Taran steadily came down from the kiss, the truth of what had happened slowly dawned on him. "What did you do...?" He asked breathlessly.

"Nothing you didn't already want," Keith replied seductively.

Taran tried to argue, but he knew it was true. Ever since he had gotten a taste of the brew, he knew he would need more. It was intoxicating and addictive. It already had him in its thrall. Even though he knew

what would happen once he drank it, he knew it was only a matter of time before he went back for more. Worst of all? He wasn't at all worried about what would happen to his cock. He was already on the small side beforehand. He had gone through life with an underwhelming cock. It wasn't like losing a few inches was really going to change much, and there was something else. Somehow the mere thought of how small he might get drove him wild. He fumbled for his app and glanced once more at Keith's shrinking cock. It had already dipped down below the three-inch mark. Keith's once large dick was now barely bigger than his pointer finger. His once ping pong ball sized nuts were not smaller than sparrow's eggs.

"What's the word?" Keith asked excitedly.

"Three inches..." Taran replied.

Keith merely smirked at the news. He was beyond being horrified by the changes. He now found himself craving even more. His cock – if it could even be called such – was as small as it had been when he was in elementary school. He had a kiddie dick. That was a better term for what he had. He no longer had what could be called a cock by anyone's standards, and he doubted he'd ever have one again. All he had now was a three-inch kid dick, and Keith had no reason to believe that it would stay that way. At the rate things were going, he'd soon be reduced to a tiny, pathetic baby dick, and the mere thought of it excited him.

“Hehe, you like that?” Keith teased Taran who was still staring in awe at Keith’s dick through his phone app.

Taran refused to answer at first. He was too confused by his own feelings to say anything. Somehow it was the hottest thing he had ever seen, but he didn’t dare say so out loud. Somehow saying felt like it would make it true. It was as if resisting admitting it made it so he could resist the allure himself, but eventually his own hormones got the better of him. “Y-yes...” Taran said softly.

“Here. Let me see that,” Keith said as he reached for Taran’s phone. Taran didn’t even try to resist. He let Keith have the device even though he knew what was going to happen next... or perhaps because he knew what was going to happen next.

Keith stood back and aimed the camera at Taran’s cock. Almost instantly the ruler appeared alongside Taran’s shrinking dick. “Hehe, welcome to the little leagues,” Keith said with a chuckle.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Taran asked.

“Three and a half,” Keith said matter-of-factly.

The news shocked and excited Taran. How had he lost so much so soon? But the answer was obvious. He had been shrinking since the first attempt at drinking the potion. Even though he had spit most of it out, he was still experiencing some of what Keith had

been going through. The second dose had just sped things along.

“I can’t believe how small it is getting,” Keith chuckled as he watched the numbers tick down and down on the ruler beside Taran’s shrinking cock. 3.5... 3.4... 3.3... Just watching Taran’s dick shrink in real time got Keith so horny that he couldn’t keep his hands off his own shrunken cock. Fortunately, he only needed one hand to hold the phone. The other hand slipped down to his crotch to play with his reduced rod.

Keith was shocked to feel his dick between his fingers. Just this morning, stroking his cock would have been something he could do with both hands at once, but now just one hand was more than enough. His dick had shrunken down to barely bigger than a AA battery. He couldn’t even fit a full palm on it. He had to stroke it between just a few fingers, and even that was beginning to feel cramped. He could actually feel his tiny dick getting smaller against his fingertips as he tugged at it in short strokes.

Keith let out a low moan. His tiny dick bucked between his fingertips. It felt like the most intense orgasm of his life as cum spewed forth from his cock, but at his dicks reduced size, the cum shot was barely more than a small splatter. His M&M sized stones just couldn’t produce enough spunk to make more than a few droplets. It was hard to believe that just this morning he had nuts the size of ping pong balls. Now

his shrinking testes were the size of candies and still shrinking by the moment.

Meanwhile Taran's own cock was quickly catching up with Keith's shrunken rod. His dick had dipped below the three-inch mark and was looking more than size of a thumb than a man's fully-erect cock. He had never had the biggest dick, but now it was closing in on half its original size and still shrinking by the moment. Neither guy had any idea how small their cocks would get, but they didn't care. The feeling of their cocks getting smaller and smaller drove them wild. Seeing their dicks get tinier with each passing second was so exciting they couldn't believe they had ever wanted to make their dicks bigger. Now all they cared about was seeing how small they could get.

Even as Keith's cock dipped below the size of a AAA battery and his nuts shrunk below the size of M&M minis, he still kept tugging at it. He could barely fit his thumb and forefinger around it, but he didn't care. It felt so good, and it looked so hot, and watching Taran's dick get even smaller on the cell screen was making Keith even more excited. As Taran's cock slipped beneath two inches on the app, Keith's cock lurched and spurted out a smaller, waterier sprinkle of jizz. Soon, Keith's dicklet was so tiny that it was completely obscured beneath the tip of his thumb.

By the time Keith's dick finally stopped shrinking it was less than an inch long. It was only as long as the tip of his pinky finger but far skinnier. His



dick looked like a flesh colored tip of a felt marker, and his nuts were the size of Nerds candies.

Meanwhile Taran's own dick was quickly reaching its final size as well. Keith watched in awe as the numbers on the app slowly tapered off. 1.0... 0.9... 0.8... It was finally at  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch that Taran's cock finally stopped shrinking. Both guys were left with cocks that would look undersized on an infant. Their mini-dicks looked comically small on their adult bods, but neither cared. They loved how their mini-dicks looked and couldn't wait to show them off.