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Acorn

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Travis fidgeted in his seat while the interviewer looked over his resume. On one hand, it was a relief to know that someone was actually looking at his resume. More often than not, places he had applied had just thrown it in the trash without even giving it a second glance, but on the other hand, interviews were always stressful. The already tense situation was amplified by the abundance of incredibly hot guys all around. The interviewer himself was a smoking hot silver fox that Travis figured must be in his upper forties at least, yet despite his age and salt and pepper hair, the guy looked as fit as any of the jocks that Travis had seen at the gym.

“Impressive resume,” Dave, the interviewer, commented before setting the stapled stack of papers aside. “But truth be told, it was unnecessary. You came highly recommended, and, between you and me, you definitely look like you belong here.”

“Uh... thank you...” Travis replied awkwardly. He tried his best to keep the blush from overwhelming his cheeks, but it was clear that he was flustered by the comment. It was hard for him to believe that he belonged in a place like this, a place that was packed with the hottest guys that Travis had ever seen.

It was clear from the moment that he had stepped into the lobby that this place was something else. The greeter at the podium was an incredibly lithe guy clad in nothing but a tiny waist apron that barely covered the goods, and as Travis made his way into the dining room, he quickly realized that the rest of the wait staff was clad and cut in much the same way. Everywhere he looked he saw fit guys with aprons that were little bigger than post-it notes hanging around their hips.

The tiny aprons were roughly the same height and width as a fanny pack, but were much sleeker. The pockets on these garments were just large enough to hold a pen and a small pad of paper. The narrow strip of fabric barely even had enough space for the word ACORN, the name of this establishment, to be sewn in.

Dave waved one of the servers over. One of the hot guys in a tiny apron scurried over. Travis recognized the guy instantly. Curtis was a guy that Travis had in a couple of his classes. They had spoken a few times before, but Travis wasn't sure if he'd claim to be more than a passing acquaintance. Curtis seemed excited to see him there, though.

“Hey, Travis! I hoped you’d take us up on the offer,” Curtis said.

“Y-yeah. I’ll be honest. I’d never heard of this place before, but I could use the work,” Travis replied. He then quickly turned to face the interviewer and replied, “N-not to sound disinterested! I’m impressed with what I have seen so far!”

Dave laughed in response. “It’s fine. I understand. We don’t advertise, so we rely on word of mouth to grow our business. It doesn’t surprise me that you haven’t heard of us, but I believe that you’d fit right in here.”

Dave turned his attention towards Curtis. “Bring us some water,” Dave said and then gave Curtis a wave to dismiss him.

Curtis nodded and gave the pair a bow before turning to make his way back towards the kitchen. Travis tried to keep his attention on the interviewer, but as he watched Curtis turn and walk back towards the kitchen, Travis couldn’t keep his eyes from drifting towards Curtis’s exposed backside.

It wasn’t that Travis was checking the guy out – at least, that wasn’t the entire reason he was looking. He was trying to see if Curtis had some thong or something similar on under his apron, but as far as Travis could see, Curtis was freeballing.

“I think you’d look very good in our uniform,” Dave said with a chuckle.

Busted! Dave had clearly seen Travis checking out Curtis's bare ass. It was a fantastic ass, but Travis was trying to seem professional, here!

Travis quickly snapped his attention back towards the interviewer. "I... Sorry. It's just that I was thinking if I had to hang brain like that, I don't think the apron would be long enough," Travis replied with a nervous chuckle.

To his surprise, Dave found the comment quite hilarious. His loud laughter carried throughout the entire dining room.

"Don't worry. We don't expect you to 'Hang Brain' until you feel comfortable. We've got some things you can wear under your apron to keep your modesty... until you decide you don't need it anymore," Dave explained.

"The modesty or the... thing you mentioned?" Travis asked.

"Either one," Dave responded with another jovial laugh.

There was a tense moment where Travis waited for Dave to stop laughing. It wasn't a bad laugh. Dave seemed genuinely kind and well meaning, but Travis was extremely high strung even on the best days. Being in an interview just sent his nerves into overdrive regardless of how personable his interviewer seemed to be.

The sound of something metallic falling to the ground distracted Dave from his own quip. He perked up at the sound and began to clap. His clapping spread throughout the room until soon, all the servers except for one had begun clapping.

Travis winced. He had flashbacks to his previous serving job. He knew it was just a thing that people did. People would clap if a waiter dropped the dishes or something, but he never understood it. It seemed kind of mean, and it definitely didn't fit the atmosphere of a place like this.

Dave seemed to noticed Travis's reaction. "Don't worry. It's a rite of passage around here. That sound means that one of our new hires has graduated," Dave said with a chuckle.

"So that sound means an angel got their wings?" Travis asked.

"I like that one! I'll have to use it next time!" Dave said with another jovial laugh.

Travis waited for another tense moment for Dave to stop laughing before chiming in with, "I see... so... is there another interview? When will I hear back?" Travis asked.

"I think I've seen enough. You've got the job. You're welcome to start as soon as you are able," Dave said. He reached across the table to shake Travis's hand.

"Wow. Just like that?" Travis asked.

“Just like that. Do you have plans for this afternoon? If you have an hour or so, I bet Curtis would love to train you,” Dave said.

“Uh... I don't have any plans, but this is a little sudden,” Travis replied.

“Do you need time to think about my offer? I can give you my contact info. Just let me know what you decide, and we can probably work something out,” Dave replied.

“N-no! I'll take the job! I am just surprised at how fast things are going,” Travis said.

“Strike while the iron is hot, isn't that the old saying?” Dave said with a laugh.

“That is definitely one saying, yes...” Travis replied.

It was at this point that Curtis came back with a few glasses of water. As he was setting them down, Dave nodded to him and said, “Sounds like your friend has agreed to work for us.”

“Really? That's great!” Curtis said excitedly.

Curtis's enthusiasm was surprising. Travis had spoken to him between classes. They got along well enough, but he didn't think that he and Curtis were this close. Curtis was one of those guys who was so hot that Travis never dared hope that he had a chance. He doubted Curtis thought of him as more than just “some guy from his class.” Had Curtis really introduce him to Dave as a friend?

Curtis's huge grin and small clothes got Travis hot under the collar. Travis couldn't help himself. His gaze drifted towards Curtis's crotch. The lower hem of Curtis's small apron was just barely below the crotch. Travis was sure that if he looked hard enough, he could catch a glimpse of a bit of balls or even the tip of Curtis's dick, but before he could look too intently, Curtis redirected Travis's gaze upward.

Curtis glanced over at Travis and said, "I'm sure you'll fit right in! When do you start?"

"Uh... well... Dave here said that I could train with you..." Travis stammered. He tried his best to hide the fact that he was trying to track Curtis's package, but the impish smirk on Curtis's face seemed to indicate that Travis had failed miserably.

"That's great! I've got another hour on my shift. We can get you started right away!" Curtis said.

"Sure... I guess I can start now, if that's cool with you," Travis replied.

Travis didn't have any real plans today, and Curtis was so bubbly and excited that Travis was having a hard time coming up with an excuse to put his training off. He just hoped that he wouldn't be asked to snake it out today. Travis knew he was fit and hung. He should be proud of his bod and his rod, but he still hadn't had time to mentally prepare himself to let it all hang out especially not in a room full of certified hotties like this.

“Come on! Come on!” Curtis said excitedly. He grabbed Travis’s hand and pulled Travis out of his seat. Before Travis could protest, he was being dragged along towards the back rooms.

As soon as he went through the swinging doors leading into the back room, the attitude changed. The vibe here was much more chill. Travis could see a few of the employees hanging out and chatting and just taking their time to catch their breath before heading back out. A couple of the guys still had their aprons on, but one of them had taken it off and had it slung over his shoulder like a bandolier.

Travis glanced towards this guy without thinking and immediately caught an eyeful. The dude was as cute and cut as Curtis! And without his apron on, Travis got a good look at the dude’s package.

“Wow!” Travis blurted out in spite of himself.

The guy glanced up at Travis and shot him a playful smirk. “Like what you see, handsome?” He asked.

Truth be told, Travis DID like what he saw. The dude’s cute little nub sat atop a pair of equally tiny nuts. His softie couldn’t be more than inch long. The head of his cock was nearly completely covered by its foreskin. The short, slim shaft definitely made the dude’s dick look like the titular acorn that the restaurant was named for, and the dude’s balls were similarly small. His two tiny stones were each the size of cherries.

Travis was blushing beet red. If this was his first impression with his new coworkers, he had no doubt blown it spectacularly, but the nude dude didn't seem upset with Travis or his outburst at all. He just shot Travis a flirty wink and then slowly sashayed his way towards the door to the dining room.

Travis was once again amazed. Despite how small the dude's dick was, this guy was so cocksure that he hadn't even bothered to put his apron back on until after he had left the break room. No doubt the patrons had been given a good look at his small package.

Travis's attention was drawn away from the doorway when he felt an arm slung over his shoulder.

"Don't worry about him," Curtis said. "He's a big hit with the regulars."

"Big isn't the word I'd use..." Travis said. The words were out of his mouth before he even had a chance to stop them. He clapped a hand over his mouth and looked at Curtis in shock and horror.

"S-sorry. I didn't mean..." Travis stammered.

To his surprise, Curtis was laughing. "Don't worry! Little guys like us get a lot of attention here. It's what this place is known for!" He explained between giggles.

"Like us?" Travis asked.

"Oh, like you weren't looking," Curtis said with a playful wink.

Travis gasped as Curtis reached down and undid the knot on the waist strap of his tiny apron. The narrow strip of fabric fell away revealing Curtis's own cute little cock.

Curtis's cock was every bit as small as the other guys! In fact, it may even be smaller! Travis stared in awe at how tiny his friend's package was. Travis hadn't had a dick that size since grade school!

"Like what you see?" Curtis asked playfully.

Once again, the words were out of his mouth before he had a chance to stop himself. "Y-yeah!" Travis blurted out.

Curtis laughed in reply, but it wasn't a teasing laugh. Curtis's laughter was so sweet and playful that it just made Curtis seem even cuter. Before Travis knew what was happening, his cheeks were blushing beet red, and his dick was stirring to life in his slacks.

"C'mon. Let's get you geared up," Curtis said.

Curtis once again grabbed Travis's hand and dragged Travis along behind. Travis was too shocked and aroused to fight back as Curtis led him further into the back rooms. Soon, the duo was in the locker room. Once again, Travis was greeted by the sight of hot, naked guys hanging out.

Travis looked from one guy to the next in awe. They were all so sexy, and they were all so *small!* None were quite as tiny as Curtis, but a few definitely came close.

Curtis's fingertip pressed against Travis's chin, causing Travis's slack jaw to snap shut.

"Oh yeah. You're going to fit *right* in," Curtis said with a laugh.

Busted again! Travis knew he'd need to keep a better handle on his gaze if he was going to hang out here, but he was less worried about his gaze and more worried about his dick! He was already well past half-mast! There was no way he'd be decent with such a tiny apron trying to cover *his* meat!

"M-maybe I'm not ready for training just yet..." Travis said awkwardly.

"Nonsense! That attitude just means you need training even more!" Curtis replied. He once again grabbed Travis's hand and dragged Travis along. This time the pair made their way to the back of the locker room.

"Here. This locker isn't in use. You can stash your stuff here," Curtis said.

"M-my stuff!?" Travis yelped.

"Yeah! Get stripping! We can't have you out of uniform, can we?" Curtis replied playfully.

Travis froze like a deer in headlights. He was going to be nude in a room with all these hot guys? This was both a dream come true *and* a nightmare! Yet... he didn't want to bail. He wanted to go through with it if for no other reason than to impress Curtis.

“O-ok. Fine...” Travis murmured and began to undo the buttons on his shirt.

Normally, Travis would wear just the basic T-shirt and shorts, but this *had* been a job interview, after all. He was uncharacteristically dressed up, clad in a nice, fitting, button-up shirt, and a pair of nice slacks. As such, the disrobing process took longer than he would have liked. Every second he spent fidgeting with his buttons was one more second that he had to deal with the embarrassment of being the only clothed dude in the room as well as the anxiety of stripping in front of a bunch of certified hotties.

Eventually, Travis managed to remove his shirt. His lean torso was on display for his friend and co-worker to admire, and admire he did! Curtis gave a playful whistle of approval which caused Travis to blush brighter and get harder.

“No chickening out, now! Pants next!” Curtis cheered.

Travis made a half-hearted attempt to murmur some kind of comeback, but it was unintelligible even to him. Soon, he had his belt removed and was shimmying his slacks down his waist. Travis’s boxers were not the most flattering underwear, but even through the bunched-up fabric, it was clear that he had plenty of sausage stored away.

“Oh, wow...” Curtis said in awe.

This response got a smirk from Travis. Travis knew he was hung, and knowing that such a cute dude

like Curtis could appreciate it got him even more excited.

“You’re always so shy that I just kinda assumed you were one of us little guys,” Curtis said as he stared at Travis’s bulge in awe.

“Disappointed?” Travis asked.

“No! Not at all!” Curtis exclaimed. “I’m sure we’ve got some clients who will love what you’re working with.”

“Although, I don’t think those little aprons will cut it for me,” Travis replied.

“Especially not if you’re going to be hard,” Curtis replied.

Travis was once again blushing beet red. Flaunting his cock for Curtis had gotten him momentarily excited, but now he had another problem. He was nearly hard and already dribbling!

“It’s fine! We can work with this! One second, I got some things that might help,” Curtis said reassuringly.

Curtis quickly dashed towards a supply closet off to the side and came back with a small case. The case in question looked like a briefcase but far smaller. It would barely classify as a clutch!

Curtis pressed a button on the case which caused the latches to pop up with an audible rattle. The lid flipped up. Curtis glanced at the contents,

nodded, and then turned the case around so that Travis could get a look at what was inside.

Travis was confused at what he was looking at at first. These were cages. *Cock* cages! They were arranged from largest to smallest. The largest one looked almost big enough to house his impressive member... almost.

On the other end of the spectrum was a tiny little cage that was barely the size of a thimble. It was such a tiny cage that Travis wouldn't even be able to wear it on top of his thumb! He *might* be able to get the first segment of his pinky in it if he tried really hard!

"Here. Consider this part of your training," Curtis said.

"You want me to wear one of those!?" Travis yelled.

"Dress for the job you want, isn't that how the saying goes?" Curtis replied playfully.

"But I'm trying to be a waiter, not a gimp!" Travis sputtered. Once again, the words were out of his mouth before he could even stop himself. No sooner had he said it than he was mortified by his own barbs.

Curtis took it in stride. "Don't be such a prude. It'll keep that piece of yours in check, at least until you're ready to work without it," Curtis replied.

“R-right. Sorry... I *do* appreciate it. I just wasn’t expecting... well... *this*,” Travis said.

“You’re *fine!*” Curtis said with a laugh, “You are so high strung! We need to work on that!”

“Right... well, we probably need to work on *this* first,” Travis replied nodding down towards his stiffy.

“There’s a bathroom around the corner. You can take care of it there,” Curtis said. He then got a playful smirk on his face and a devious glint in his eyes. “By the way, what’s your phone number?” he added.

“W-what?” Travis yelled.

“Your number. El número de teléfono. Dengo banwhatever. You know. Your number?” Curtis said.

Travis stood there for a moment while his brain buffered. His phone number? How long had it been since anyone had asked him that? He’d have trouble remembering it on a good day, and today his brain was extra frazzled.

“Uh... you got touch?” Travis asked.

“Of course,” Curtis replied.

Travis fished his phone awkwardly out of his discarded slacks while Curtis turned and pulled his phone out of a nearby locker. A quick series of pokes on both screens followed by them tapping their phones together, and their contact info had been exchanged.

“Wait. Why are we exchanging?” Travis asked.

Curtis flashed Travis a playful wink while he backed up. “I’m going to send you some pics to help you deal with that monster,” Curtis said and nodded towards the painfully obvious, soggy tent in Travis’s boxers.

Travis’s eyes once again drifted down towards Curtis’s exposed body. Curtis’s firm pecs and sculpted abs sat above a defined V of his Adonis belt. The belt in turn pointed down towards Curtis’s crotch where the small nub of a dick sat atop his two tiny testes.

Travis’s jaw once again dropped. Was Curtis hard!? It was difficult to tell, but Travis sure was.

Travis’s dick gave a hard lurch in his boxers.

“ohjesuschrist” Travis moaned beneath his breath.

“Oh, you’re *too* fun,” Curtis chuckled. “I was going to let you handle this yourself, but I don’t think you’ll last that long.”

“W-what!?” Travis yelped.

“Lose the shorts,” Curtis said.

Travis just stood there in stunned silence, but Curtis wasn’t about to be deterred. Curtis stepped forward and hooked his thumbs on the waistband of Travis’s boxers and quickly yanked them down. Travis’s huge rod quickly slapped up against his abs causing an

arc of pre to spray forth. Travis's rod was so big that the tip of it reached well past his belly button.

Travis was so stunned and so horny that he could do nothing but stand there and moan as Curtis grinded his own tiny dick against Travis's own massive hog. Curtis's dicklet was so small that it was shorter than even just the head of Travis's huge rod. Curtis's entire package was so tiny that even just one of Travis's chicken-egg-sized stones could completely eclipse Curtis's twig and two berries.

Travis glanced down at Curtis's tight, fit bod and small, stiff rod. Curtis was so mind-blowingly sexy! And he was grinding against Travis's body in such a sexy way! Travis could feel Curtis grinding and shuddering against him. Chest to chest. Cock to cock... or well, cock to nuts in this case. Curtis's tiny package dug into the space between Travis's nuts at the base of Travis's cock.

"You're gonna fit right in," Curtis moaned breathily into Travis's ear.

Hearing that was the final straw on the camel's horned-up back. Travis let out a moan. His cock shuddered and lurched. Thick ropes of cum spewed forth and splashed against their chests. Travis's thick spunk oozed down his chest and tummy and spread to Curtis's own pecs and abs as their bodies ground against one another.

Travis slumped back against the locker and gasped for breath. That had been the most intense

climax of his life! It was hard to believe that he came here looking for a job and had blown his load before even starting his shift! Travis's mind was racing. Did this count as losing his virginity?

Travis glanced groggily at the guy who had just made him cum so hard. Curtis's chest and abs were dripping cum. Travis's thick load had oozed down Curtis's cum gutters and was now dribbling onto Curtis's tiny dick. Travis's load was so huge and Curtis's cock so small, that Curtis's nub and berries were completely coated in spunk!

"I'm gonna smell like jizz for the rest of my shift," Curtis said with a laugh.

"S-sorry..." Travis murmured.

"Don't be! I'm sure the regulars will love it!" Curtis replied.

There was a brief pause while Curtis eyed Travis up and down. An impish smirk played at the corners of his lips.

"Although... you did get me into this mess. You should help me clean up," Curtis said.

Travis was still riding high on the afterglow and a bit winded, so instead of asking Curtis what he meant, Travis tilted his head to the side like a confused puppy.

"God, you're adorable," Curtis said as he stepped forward so that he was once against so close

to Travis that Travis could feel the heat coming from Curtis's breath.

The two locked eyes. Curtis smirked impishly and placed a cummy hand on Travis's head. He ran his cum-coated fingers through Travis's head and pressed down. Travis instinctively began to kneel down. Soon he was kneeling down and staring down the barrel of Curtis's tiny rifle. Curtis's cock was so small it wouldn't even classify as a Derringer!

Curtis continued to guide Travis's head until Travis's face was mere millimeters from Curtis's cock. Travis could smell the sweat and cum which coated Curtis's cock. How much of it was his own, he wondered, but he was too horny to care.

Travis didn't even need guidance to know what to do next. He opened his mouth and began to suckle on Curtis's little dick. Curtis's package was so small that Travis could get the whole thing, cock, balls and all, in his mouth.

"Oh, you're very good at that..." Curtis gasped between moans.

There was so much cum that Travis could barely taste the faint salty tang of sweat on Curtis's cock and balls. Travis continued to nuzzle his nose against Curtis's crotch as he licked Curtis's tiny package clean of their combined spunk.

Curtis was so hot and his dick was so cute that Travis felt a strange pang of jealousy, but the thought vanished as quickly as it had come over him. Travis was

too horny to give it a second thought. He loved having a huge cock, after all... right?

Travis had licked the spunk clean from Curtis's cock and had begun to lap a path up Curtis's crotch towards his abs when a familiar voice interrupted.

"I wondered what was taking you all so long. I should have known," Dave said with a bemused sigh.

Busted yet again! Travis glanced up at his new boss. So much for his new job. He hadn't even managed to get into uniform before getting fired!

Dave didn't seem upset, though. In anything, it looked like he had expected this. Dave glanced at Curtis and said, "Go get cleaned up. I'm going to need you to stay later to make up for the time you spent 'off the clock,'" he teased.

"Sure thing!" Curtis replied. He even went so far as to give a playful salute.

"I should send you out to the dining room without a shower first, but I think you'd like that too much," Dave said. He shook his head as if disappointed, but his tone of voice and demeanor said otherwise.

"I'm game if you are, but we should at least let our new guy clean up first," Curtis said.

"Indeed," Dave replied. He then turned his attention towards Travis.

Travis gulped nervously. Despite how casual the interaction between Curtis and Dave had been, Travis was preparing himself for the worst.

Dave knelt down so that he was staring eye to eye with Travis. There was a tense pause as Dave seemed to run some numbers in his head and take stock of Travis's cum-coated chest and stomach as well as Travis's thick, soft cock and heavy balls.

"I have a motto... or maybe you should call it a business model," Dave said sternly.

Travis braced himself for the worst.

"Work hard. Play hard," Dave explained.

Travis tried his best to hold Dave's gaze, but his embarrassment quickly got the better of him. Travis sheepishly looked away, but Dave continued to focus on him.

"You've already played hard..." Dave said. There was a tense pause as he waited for his words to sink in. When it was clear that Travis wasn't going to respond, Dave added, "Now it's time to work hard."

Travis looked back in shock. "W-work?" he sputtered.

"Yes. You have a job to do, don't you?" Dave asked.

"I honestly didn't think I'd have a job after that..." Travis murmured.

Dave was once again laughing his loud, boisterous laugh.

“W-what? Didn’t I do something wrong?”
Travis asked.

“Wrong? If anything, I’d say you passed orientation with flying colors! I wondered how you’d react to the little guys we have working here, but it looks like my fears were unfounded,” Dave replied.

“Y-yes!” Travis blurted out. He then collected himself and said, “I-I mean. They’re all so hot.”

“Indeed. Now, how would you like to join them?” Dave asked.

“Y-yes sir!” Travis replied.

There was a strange smirk playing at the corner of his lips. Was he being playful? Proud? Travis couldn’t quite get a read on him. All that Travis could really tell was that this seemed to mean he still had a job.

Now then...” Dave said. He reached over and grabbed the small case that Curtis had shown Travis earlier. “What say you we get you geared up.”