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‘Mini’ge a Trois

By Ziel.

‘Mini’ge a Troi

Chapter 3

Rhys’s shorts hit the ground with a plop. They had finally lost their fight with gravity. Not even Rhys’s solid rod could keep it up, but that didn’t mean he was left naked. He had shrunk so much that the bottom hem of his shirt now hung around his knees. His t-shirt looked more like a sun dress.

Rhys took a moment to compare his current height with that of his friend’s. He was amazed to see that he no longer even reached Dean’s chest. Rhys had to stare up past his pal’s toned chest to even see Dean’s face. Rhys was starting to feel like a little kid next to his giant pal, and Dean’s next move didn’t help matters at all.

“You’re so cute like that.” Dean said as he reached down and tousled Rhys’s reddish brown hair.

Rhys found himself blushing in spite of himself. Sure, his friends had never shied away from complimenting him before. Rhys had always been the most health-conscious of the trio and he liked to work out so he was often considered the hottest of the group, but this was different. This was a compliment from a giant which somehow made it more special, and not only that. The way Dean treated Rhys like some kid made the difference in their stature even more pronounced. Rhys was so overcome with joy that he found himself covering his face with his hands to hide his blushing cheeks. He felt like a giddy schoolgirl, but suddenly another voice interrupted Rhys’s thoughts.

“Ok you guys. You’ve had your fun.” Kevin said. His deep, rumbling voice sounded much more commanding and powerful at Rhys’s size. Kevin’s voice seemed to cause Rhys’s very bones to tremble, but it may have just been his excitement that had him quivering.

“Jealous of all the time our little friend gets to spend with little ol’ me?” Dean asked playfully.

“Hell no. I’m jealous of all the time you get to spend with that little guy!” Kevin quipped back. He then turned his attention solely towards Rhys. A huge, toothy grin spread across his face as he stared down at his shrunken friend. “I think I like you better down there.” Kevin said with a devious chuckle.

Rhys was too cowed to respond. Kevin had always been a big guy. He was pretty huge even when

Rhys was at his full size, but at his current shrunken size Kevin was absolutely massive! Rhys now stood eye level with Kevin's thick, slightly fuzzy muscle gut! Kevin's belly filled so much of Rhys's field of view that it was like watching it on a movie screen, and with each passing second it got ever so slightly bigger. At the rate things were going it wouldn't be long before Rhys could curl up atop his pal's huge belly like a cat on a couch cushion. Just the thought of it excited Rhys, but nearly as much as the huge cock which was now aimed right as his chin.

Kevin's cock had always been thick, but thanks to Rhys's recent reduction, Kevin's cock was as thick as Rhys's whole arm – beefy biceps and all! Rhys couldn't help himself. He had to feel it with his own two hands, and as it so happened two hands is what he needed to handle the beast!

Rhys wrapped his hands around Kevin's cock as best he could. His buddy's beer can cock was so thick as his reduced size that Rhys had no chance in hell of getting a hand all the way around it. In fact he was only just barely able to get his thumbs and the tips of his fingers to touch as he held the fat shaft in his hands. Kevin's cock felt like it was as thick as a NFL certified football, but it didn't get narrower on each side. The enormous schlong stayed thick and meaty all the way up to the pre-dribbling tip.

Rhys was so fixated on the fantastic cock that he hardly even realized that he had begun stroking it. He watched in awe as the thick layer of foreskin rolled

back and forth across the spongy tip like waves on the beach. At Rhys’s size even the folds of Kevin’s foreskin was as thick as Rhys’s own lips, and he was still getting ever so slightly smaller by the second. After only a few strokes the tips of his fingers could no longer touch on the other side of the fat schlong, and the gap between his hands grew steadily wider as the amazingly thick cock appeared to grow thicker in his hands.

Rhys was only vaguely aware of what was going on around him. He could hear the soft moans of his bigger, beefier buddy, but more than hear it he could feel it. Kevin’s deep sighs reverberated through Rhys’s whole body. It was as if the air around him was rumbling. Rhys could also feel Kevin’s fingers running through his hair, but he was too captivated by Kevin’s swelling cock to really focus on how heavy Kevin’s hand felt on his head.

Kevin couldn’t get over how drastically different Rhys looked now. He had shrunk so much that the top of his head didn’t even reach Kevin’s belly button. Rhys was little more than half his original height, but he looked far smaller. It wasn’t just that he had gotten shorter, Rhys had gotten proportionally slimmer as well. Rhys was still as muscular as he ever was, but he looked so frail standing there. Rhys used to pride himself on his ‘big guns’ but now Rhys had shrunk so much that even Dean’s slender arms were thicker. In fact even Kevin’s cock was fatter than Rhys’s beefy, upper arm but not by much. In fact if Rhys were to flex his bicep and put on a gun like he liked to do Rhys may have been able to reclaim the advantage,

but that wouldn't last long. Kevin could actually see his pal getting ever so slightly smaller. He could actually feel Rhys's small hands getting tinier as they struggled to hold his huge cock.

Kevin's dick had always been a handful for Rhys – quite literally in fact. Rhys had always had trouble getting his hand all the way around the fat, beer can cock, but now not even two hands could do the job. He had to grip it with one hand on either side of the thick sausage, but that didn't seem to deter the steadily shrinking dude. He was determined to stroke his friend's fat shaft, and he was doing a remarkably good job of it too. It felt amazing, but that may have had more to do with Rhys's shrinking than with his actual technique. Kevin could see and feel his pal getting smaller, and that just made Kevin hornier. He was so hot and bothered that even just Rhys's little hands softly stroking his fat cock was sending him over the edge. Kevin tried to hold out as best he could, but he could tell it was a losing battle. If he let things go as they were Rhys would soon get him to blow his load, and it was far too early for that.

Kevin pulled his hand back from Rhys's shaggy hair and ran his fingers softly along his pal's shrinking face. This seemed to snap Rhys from his trance somewhat, but Kevin knew his little pal would need a little more coaxing to get his attention away from the fantastic cock he was stroking. Kevin gently placed his finger underneath Rhys's chin and gently coaxed his pal to look upwards. Rhys was immediately compliant. He didn't make even the slightest attempt to resist.

Rhys slowly started to snap out of his trance when he felt his friends’ fingers against his face. At first Rhys couldn’t fathom what he was feeling. Kevin’s fingers just felt so incredibly thick. Rhys had shrunk so much Kevin’s fingers seemed as thick as sausages. Even Kevin’s finger was every bit as big as Rhys’s cock – an image that Rhys could not get out of his head. Just thinking about it made Rhys want to suck on his friend’s fat thumb as it brushed against his lips, but Rhys wasn’t given enough time to act on that thought. He felt a soft nudging on his chin guiding his view higher, and he was powerless to resist it.

Rhys stared in awe at his massive pal. He was shocked to see that he was now so short that even Kevin’s belly button seemed to loom over his head. Rhys’s stared up and up at his gigantic pal. It was like staring at a wall. At Rhys’s size Kevin’s slight paunch looked big enough that he could curl up on it like a cat in a pet bed, but as nice as that thought sounded Rhys preferred to just stand there and admire how huge his friend looked. Kevin was over twice as tall as Rhys now. Staring up at his friend was like staring up at an oak tree, but instead of seeing a large bough of branches, Rhys could see his friend’s huge face smirking down at him.

“That got your attention. Not that I don’t appreciate a good handy, but if you kept that up I would have busted my nut all over you.” Kevin said with a chuckle.

“That would have been horrible.” Dean replied in a sarcastically monotonous voice.

“I wouldn’t have minded.” Rhys replied.

Dean couldn’t help but grin, and it wasn’t just because of what Rhys had said. Even Rhys’s voice had shrunk along with him. His voice was getting softer as he got smaller. If the rate thing were going, Rhys was going to need to start yelling in order to be heard by his two much larger pals.

“Oh. I’m sure you’d love it, but we want to save our lounds for when you’re good and tiny.” Dean replied. He then knelt down and playfully pinched Rhys’s cheek. He couldn’t even really say why he did it. Rhys was just so cute at that size that he couldn’t help himself.

“Hey! Cut that out! I’m not a... kid...” Rhys sasses back. The beginning of his sentence was suitably defiant, but as he turned to look at his friend the wind left his sails and his voice trailed off into awed, breathy murmur. Dean had squatted down so low that his butt was mere inches off the ground. He was perched like a frog ready to pounce, and yet he stood a few inches taller than his pal.

Dean merely chuckled in reply. He once again tousled his pal’s hair and then stood back up. Rhys was already feeling puny before, but watching his buddy, who just this afternoon was shorter than he was, stand back up to his full height took Rhys’s breath away. Even the tip of Dean’s dick stood as high off the

ground as Rhys did. Dean’s impressively huge cock was as thick as Rhys’s forearm and quite a bit longer. Dean’s enormous schlong stood in its full upright and locked position which meant that Rhys was now eye level with the center of the phenomenal shaft.

Dean could tell his pal was enjoying the view, and he was more than happy to give his pal an eye-full and then some. Rhys had always admired Dean’s huge cock, and at his new size it was even more amazing. Dean put his hands on his hips and jutted his hips forward in order to further accentuate how incredibly massive his dick was. The pose itself looked absolutely ridiculous, but Rhys wasn’t about to complain. He was too busy soaking up the view of his pal’s amazing cock. Kevin was also enjoying the view, but unlike Rhys, he wasn’t content to just sit back and stare. He had other things in mind.

“Alright. Enough standing around and gawking. I think it’s time for the real fun to begin.” Kevin stated. It sounded like such a casual suggestion, but his words carried so much weight to them. It may have just been the sheer size difference, but Rhys was not about to question Kevin’s authority. Dean also seemed more than happy to move things along. In fact he was already on his way towards the bed before Kevin had even finished his comment. His bubbly booty swished back and forth as he strutted his stuff towards the queen sized bed that he and Kevin shared. Rhys couldn’t help but stare at his pal’s ass. Not only was it a great ass, but at his current size, Rhys stood little higher than his pal’s booty did. In fact Rhys was eye

level with the cute little dimples in the small of Dean's toned lower back.

Dean plopped his ass down on the foot of the bed and flashed his dwindling pal a sly smirk. His pose and his expression said it all. Dean sat with his legs spread wide and his rock hard rod presented for inspection. He was practically daring Rhys to try and handle his plus sized package, and Rhys was more than ready to accept his unstated challenge. After all he wasn't so small that he could give his pal's fantastic cock the attention it deserved... not yet anyway, but with each passing second he grew ever smaller. Rhys could already tell that it wouldn't be long before Dean's dick was bigger than he was. Rhys's body shuddered with anticipation just thinking about it.