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‘Mini’ge a Trois

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‘Mini’ge a Troi Chapter 5

Rhys didn’t know how long he had been lying there just soaking up the view, but he couldn’t bring himself to sit around too long. As great as it was to imagine how awesome it’d be to be even smaller, it was even more amazing to experience the shrinking firsthand, and he had two totally hot giants that he had every intention of worshipping for as long as he was physically able.

When Rhys staggered to his feet, he could feel the hem of his shirt bunching around his toes. It was a miracle his shirt had managed to stay on this long. The neck hole was wider than Rhys’s whole body. The shirt was only just barely hanging on one shoulder, and the fabric had gotten so heavy that it was becoming a chore just to lug it all around. The shirt was so huge on him that the thin, airy fabric now felt more like a thick, down-filled quilt. At this point the shirt was more of a

hindrance than anything so Rhys did the only thing that made sense to him. He tilted a bit to the side to let the last bit of the collar slid off his shoulder. The shirt plummeted to the mattress and pooled around his feet.

Rhys stared up at his friends. Somehow the act of losing his shirt was a major turning point for him. He was officially now too tiny for any of his old clothing. He now understood why clothing was such a huge deal for house elves in the Harry Potter universe. The comparison seemed even more apt considering that Rhys was now every bit as small as Dobby. Rhys may have even been an inch or two shorter. Rhys was exposed and vulnerable. He was completely at the mercy of the two titans, and he couldn't have been more excited about it. Pre dribbled from his rock hard cock which now stood openly on display for all to see.

Rhys had never been the biggest guy downstairs. He had not had anywhere near Dean's impressive length, and he sure as hell didn't have Kevin's incredible girth. He had been on the small side of average before he had power slammed the potion, and now that Rhys was less than two feet tall his dick was even less impressive. His rock hard rod was only a little over an inch long and barely thicker than the prong on a power cable. It was tiny by anyone's reckoning, but it looked positively puny next to his pal's enormous cocks. Rhys's rod was barely longer than his pals' slits! His entire shaft was only about as wide as the bulging veins that adorned Kevin's fat cock!

“Hey there, little guy.” Dean said playfully as he eyed Rhys’s reduced rod. The comment made Rhys blush bright red and Rhys’s dick give a shudder of delight. It wasn’t the first time that Dean had had a little fun at Rhys’s expense. After all, Dean was hung as hell and he knew it, but Rhys’s new size made the comment even more exciting. Rhys’s cock wasn’t just smaller than Dean’s dick. Their cocks weren’t even in the same ballpark. It was like comparing a thumbtack to a sausage. Rhys’s dick looked absolutely pathetic compared to Dean’s incredible cock. It didn’t even seem fair to call them both cocks. Rhys had a nub he could stroke with one hand, and Dean had a behemoth that Rhys could barely get his arms around! The leviathan was half as long as Rhys was tall, and it appeared to be getting bigger by the second. At the rate things were going, soon Dean’s cock would be bigger than Rhys’s entire body.

Just thinking about it made Rhys so ready to cum that his dick was lurching in anticipation. He couldn’t believe how horny he was, and his arousal was dangerously close to getting the better of him. He knew he needed to focus and fight against his arousal or he’d blow his load way too early.

Rhys tried his best to clear his head. He tried to bring his hormones under control. He anxiously chewed his lower lip and focused on steadying his breathing as he struggled against his own arousal. He knew he was fighting a losing battle. He knew he wouldn’t last long without some help, but he doubted

he’d find any relief in the near future. Fortunately Kevin was there to diffuse the situation.

“Don’t tease him too much. I still want to have some more fun with him.” Kevin cooed softly as he nuzzled up against his boyfriend.

“I can’t help it. He’s just so cute like that!” Dean replied.

“Hehe. Don’t I know it. I kinda want to keep him like that.” Kevin responded.

“Nah. I’d love to see him get good... and... tiny...” Dean emphasized the last words so heavily that he was practically moaning each individual syllable. His tone sounded as orgasmic as Rhys felt, and the words sparked Rhys’s imagination anew. He pictured himself getting smaller and smaller by the second until he was so tiny that the very fibers of the sheet were like hills and valleys and his two pals were like planets.

Rhys trembled. His breaths became short “Oh... Oh... f-fuck...” He whimpered softly. It took every fiber of his being, every ounce of his willpower to stymie his need to cream. He was sure that that was it. He was sure that he would blow his load right there in front of his two towering buddies, but he resisted for a bit longer.

It took a moment or two, but eventually Rhys managed to steady his breathing and bring his arousal under control. He was fortunate that Kevin was keeping Dean otherwise preoccupied. The moment that the two titans spent nuzzling together gave Rhys

the time he needed to catch his breath, but he knew he needed to be a little more careful. He knew he needed to get his imagination under control. After all, it did him no good to focus on the future and neglect all the fun he could be having in the now. He was so amazingly small already. Even though his two friends now sat beside him, Rhys's head didn't even reach their shoulders. In fact, Rhys barely even reached Kevin's chest! He was smaller than he had ever dared hope he could get, and he was still getting smaller.

"I told you to stop teasing him." Kevin said in a playfully chiding tone to his lover.

"I can't help it. Just look at him!" Dean replied with a tone of mock indignation.

"Oh. I get what you're saying. Don't worry." Kevin replied. He flashed Rhys a disarming smile that said it all. He was just as excited as his lover was over how tiny Rhys had become. Kevin couldn't get enough of it. He couldn't get over just how cute Rhys was at his current size, and he couldn't wait to see Rhys get even smaller.

"He's barely bigger than the teddy bear I've got back at my mom's place." Kevin said excitedly.

Dean chuckled in reply. "You sleep with a teddy bear?" He asked playfully.

"So do you." Kevin replied. He even added a sly wink to really drive home his meaning.

“I know, and I love it.” Dean replied. He then leaned forward and planted a kiss right on his lover’s lips. Kevin was more than happy to return the favor, but he didn’t dare get too into it. After all they had a friend in the bed with them, and Kevin didn’t want to make Rhys feel left out.

After a brief round of passionate kissing, Kevin pulled back. “There’ll be plenty of time for that later,” he said. “For now, I don’t want to miss an inch of our buddy’s trek down.”

Kevin turned and quickly scooped Rhys up in his arms once more. He couldn’t get over just how small Rhys had gotten. Rhys was a strong guy. The two of them had been on the wrestling team together, and despite Rhys’s slightly shorter stature, Rhys had been able to pin Kevin to the mat more times than not, but now he was so tiny that Kevin could effortlessly lift the guy with just one arm. Kevin opted to use both arms though. It wasn’t that he needed the extra support to lift his little buddy, but he just couldn’t resist the urge to feel Rhys within his arms.

Kevin clenched Rhys to his chest in a big, tight bear hug. Kevin couldn’t get over how tiny his pal had become. He really was every bit as small as the teddy bear he kept at home, and he could actually feel Rhys shrinking ever so slightly within his grasp. At the rate things were going Rhys was soon going to go from being the size of a teddy bear to being the size of a gummy bear.

It all happened so fast that Rhys was left completely dazed and dizzy. He felt like he had been sent through a spin cycle. One second his titanic pal was lunging for him and then everything went dark. Rhys was able to piece things together pretty quickly though. He recognizes the scent of Kevin's cologne. He could feel the warmth against his skin, and the soft fuzz against his face.

Rhys was face down in Kevin's burly chest, and it was even more amazing that he could have hopped. Kevin's chest had just enough padding to it to make it soft and squishy, but there was still a definite packing of firm muscle just below the surface. Kevin had more muscle in just one pec than Rhys now had in his whole body, and if the sheer size of Kevin's muscles against Rhys's face didn't drive that fact home, the powerful grip of Kevin's huge arms sure did. Kevin's grip was borderline suffocating, but Rhys felt so safe in his big buddy's firm hug that he wasn't about to complain.

Kevin slowly lightened his grip. His hands drifted their way down towards Rhys's firm, muscular butt and begin to caress Rhys's sculpted ass. It was something that Kevin had done more than once in the past, but it was much different this time. Rhys was now so small that even just Kevin's palms more than eclipsed Rhys's shrunken cheeks. Kevin could have gripped Rhys's entire ass with just one hand had he wanted to, but he much preferred to use both.

Rhys was floored by how huge Kevin's hands felt. At Rhys's size even Kevin's thumb seemed bigger

than the largest cock he had ever experienced before he had begun shrinking. It felt thicker than Kevin’s cock and longer than Dean’s had felt back when Rhys was full sized. Kevin’s thick digit was easily three times longer than Rhys’s little dick and several times fatter.

On some level Rhys knew that comparing his pal’s thumbs to cocks was silly. He was the one shrinking, not them. All the dicks out there were the same size as they had been before. It was Rhys who was now a few hairs shorter than an American Girl doll. At Rhys’s size Kevin’s beer can cock was as thick as his whole body, and Dean’s incredibly long dick was nearly as long as his torso!

As much as Rhys enjoyed how warm and soft Kevin’s belly was, he didn’t want to miss out on what was going on around him. Rhys propped himself up on his elbows and looked out into his friend’s beaming face. Kevin was so huge that his face looked like it was up on a movie screen. Rhys’s whole head was barely bigger than Kevin’s nose, and as he looked around to take stock of his surroundings, Rhys began to realize just how small he really was! Rhys’s elbows rested right on the lowest part of Kevin’s padded pecs, and his toes just barely reached Kevin’s navel. Rhys wasn’t sure how just small that meant he had gotten, but it was clear that he had shrunken even more since he had ditched his shirt.

Rhys could feel Kevin’s hands leaving his butt, but he didn’t need to ask why. He could hear the creaking of the bed. Even from his perch atop Kevin’s

belly, Rhys could feel the way the mattress rocked and wobbled. By the time the shadow fell over him Rhys was already well aware that Dean was on the move. In a matter of seconds Dean was straddling his bigger, beefier lover, and Rhys was right in between them. Rhys craned his neck back as far as he could and looked up, and all he could see was Dean's smooth chest looming over him like a ceiling.

Dean and Kevin both leaned in and met halfway, and all Rhys could do was watch as the two giants very passionately and very vocally made out in front of him. He could not just hear their moans. He could actually feel Kevin's breathy moans reverberating through Kevin's chest. Rhys could feel the rise and fall of Kevin's chest as he gasped between deep, passionate kisses. The rising and rumbling made Rhys feel almost as much a part of the make-out as his friends were, but still Rhys wanted more.

It didn't take long before Rhys began to worry that his pals had forgotten about him. After all, at his size he was easy to overlook, and he was becoming even more insignificant by the second. Rhys wasn't about to be ignored so easily though. He was ready to crawl up across Kevin's beefy chest in order to get to where the action was, but Rhys had only just managed to prop himself up on his elbows and knees when he felt something pressing up against his ass. For a second he thought that Dean was going to try to fuck him, but there was no way that could ever happen at his current size. Rhys wasn't sure how small he was compared to his pal's cock, but he knew that it was far

too big for him to ride the old fashioned way, but at the rate things were going, Rhys was sure he could find other ways to ride it. It wouldn't be long before he got to be so small that he could ride that dick like a life boat... or better yet, like an aircraft carrier.

Rhys glanced back over his shoulder to see what was bumping against him, and his jaw dropped at what he saw. Dean's ball sack had bumped against his butt! That in and of itself wouldn't have been so amazing, but the sheer size of it was! The thing was wider than Rhys's hips! Each high and tight teste was bigger than Rhys's butt cheeks! The crease down the center of Dean's sack lined up with Rhys's ass crack as if they were two pieces of a puzzle! He could actually feel it brushing against the insides of his butt cheeks. The sensation sent a shiver of excitement up Rhys's spine.

Rhys was so fixated on Dean's balls that he was hardly aware of anything else around him, but that all changed the second he felt something warm and wet splash down in his hair. It felt like he had been hit upside the head with a water balloon, but the liquid was thicker and slicker than water. It didn't take Rhys long to figure out what it was. The smell was so distinct that he knew what it was even before it trickled down his cheeks and into his mouth. It was pre!

Rhys looked up to see the tip of Dean's dick hovering just above his head. Dean's incredibly long dong now stretched all the way from Rhys's ass to his

head and then some! Rhys now had to be below nine inches from nut-sack to noggin! He had to be no more than fifteen inches tall and getting smaller by the second! Dean's dick was now longer than his torso, and it wouldn't be long before it was longer than his whole body!

Rhys didn't have much time to ogle the sheer size of Dean's dick. Soon Dean was really getting into it. He had begun to rock his hips back and forth and grind his cock against his much smaller buddy's back. Rhys rocked back and forth in time with his gigantic pal's rhythmic thrusts. With each pass he could feel his pal's huge balls bump against his beefy butt. With each thrust he could feel Dean's puffy cock head brush across his already soaked hair. He could actually feel Dean's foreskin rolling back and forth as the monstrous cock glided against his body.

Dean's cock seemed to be the perfect size to rest atop Rhys's back. The puffed up ridge along the underside of Dean's cock lined up perfectly with the defined groove that went right up the middle of the muscles that adorned Rhys's back. Rhys's bulging lats and the thick muscles of Rhys's lower back were such a perfect size and shape that it was almost as if they had been created for the exact purpose of cradling Dean's godly cock, but that wouldn't last long. Rhys could still feel himself getting smaller. He could feel Dean's dick poking ever so slightly further up along his back with each consecutive thrust. The difference was so slight that it would be completely imperceptible to either of Rhys's titanic pals – Dean's cock would stick out a

mere fraction of a millimeter farther with each thrust, but at Rhys’s size he was keenly aware of the difference. He could actually see the tip of Dean’s dick protruding ever so slightly farther in front of his eyes with each pass. He could actually feel Dean’s dick getting ever so slightly thicker and heavier with each pull. He could feel Dean’s nuts getting ever so slightly heavier and slapping ever so slightly harder against his ass with each thrust.

It soon got to the point Dean’s cock was so heavy that Rhys could no longer keep himself propped up on his elbows, and it wasn’t just a factor of Rhys’s steady shrinking. Dean was getting more and more into making out with his boyfriend as the seconds ticked by. Something about having his tiny friend pinned under his dick drove him wild. Something about the way he could actually feel Rhys getting ever so slightly smaller underneath his cock with each passing second made him hornier than he could ever remember being, and as he got more and more into it, he became less and less interested in holding back. Dean was grinding harder against his boyfriend’s belly with each passing thrust which meant that his cock was bearing down on his tiny pal with more force with each pass.

Rhys couldn’t keep himself propped up anymore. His arms and legs were exhausted from trying to hold back against the enormous cock which was now as heavier than he was! Rhys’s arms wobbled and then gave out from under him. He flopped onto his chest and just laid there while Dean had his fun. It

wasn't like there was anything Rhys could do to stop him. His legs were now pinned under Dean's ball sack and his body was sandwiched between Kevin's chest and Dean's cock. Rhys wasn't about to fight back though. Something about being so small that he was easily overpowered by just his friend's dick was enough to get Rhys dangerously close to creaming, and Rhys knew that as he got smaller and smaller the disparity would get even more extreme.

Even Rhys could hardly believe that just this morning he could have pinned his burly buddy Kevin to the mat with relative ease, but at his current size, Kevin could pin him to the mat with just one hand. Even scrawny little Dean could literally single-handedly overpower puny, little Rhys. In fact he was doing just that with less than one hand! Just his dick was more than Rhys could handle, and as Rhys continued to get smaller it would be even easier for his already colossal buddies to completely dominate him. Rhys was already just barely over a foot tall. He was barely four inches taller than Dean's cock! He was twice as tall as Kevin's cock, but at Rhys's current size, Kevin's incredibly thick beer can cock looked wider than the bed Rhys had back in his dorm! At the rate things were going, being pinned under his pal's palm was just the beginning. At the rate things were going, thumb wrestling was soon to be a full-body event.

Rhys could still feel Dean's cock getting bigger and heavier on top of him. Soon Dean's dick would be bigger than Rhys's whole body. Soon Dean could not just eclipse Rhys's torso with his dick but Rhys's whole

body, and it wouldn't be long until Rhys was so tiny that even just Dean's tight little nut sack would easily eclipse his whole body.

Even as Rhys felt the force of Dean's dick pinning him down, Rhys's mind was drifting towards smaller sizes. He fantasized about Dean's cute, clean-shaven sack looming over him like a planet. Rhys couldn't hardly contain his excitement as he thought about getting so small that he could sit atop those spheres like he would a sunny hilltop, but his mind didn't stop there. He imagined getting even smaller and smaller. So small in fact that the tight, wrinkly skin of Dean's scrotum stretched out before him like a desert wasteland. The wrinkles of his flesh rose like dunes. The hot, humid air of Dean's slightly sweaty nuts filling his mouth and flooding his nose with every breath he took. Rhys knew it wouldn't be long now until he was that size. He could hardly wait to feel what it would be like to be so incredibly tiny, and he longed to be even smaller than that. That didn't mean he was just going to ignore what was happening around him though. There was so much more that he wanted to see and do at his current size. He wanted so much to feel the slow steady trip down to even smaller sizes, and as great as it felt to have his friend's cock weighing down on him, Rhys wished he could see what was going on around him. Fortunately it seemed like things were going to go in that direction.

He could hear his friends talking about something, but the words were muffled by the seemingly three hundred pounds of hard man meat

that were weighing down on top of him. That weight, however, was steadily decreasing. It was clear that Dean and Kevin were ready for something new, and Rhys was eagerly awaiting seeing what they had in store for him next.