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# ‘Mini’ge a Trois

By Ziel.

## ‘Mini’ge a Troi

### Chapter 1

It started as a typical Friday night for the three friends; Kevin, Rhys, and Dean. There had been plenty of drinking so they were all pretty buzzed by this point, and Kevin and Dean had been making out more and more as the night went on. It was clear it wouldn't be long before the two love birds were full on boning each other in front of their mutual friend, but this was nothing out of the ordinary. In fact their hang outs usually culminated in the three of them rolling around naked under the covers. Tonight however Rhys had something different in mind.

Rhys stared at his two friends and slammed a small bottle down on the table in front of him. The smack of the glass bottle hitting the wood of the coffee table was enough to snap the two boyfriends out of their mutual make-out session and get them to focus on their pal for a moment. It didn't take long for

their gaze to drop down towards the table and the small container that now sat atop it. The clear, glass bottle looked only big enough to hold a few ounces, and it was filled to the brim with something that looked like a slurry of gold glitter and cough syrup.

“Is that...?” Dean began to ask.

“Yep.” Rhys replied. The huge shit-eating grin on his face said a lot more than his words did.

“How did you...?” Kevin began to ask.

“Oh, I know a guy who knows a guy.” Rhys replied.

Dean and Kevin exchanged a glance. Neither of them were sure what to make of this latest development, but their initial skepticism steadily gave way to excitement. If this stuff was the real deal then they were in for quite a night.

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?” Kevin asked, but he didn’t sound particularly worried. If anything he sounded excited, and the way his hand had slipped down to his crotch and was now stroking the hardening bulge in his slacks said it all.

“Well I dunno... I’ve only been talking about this sine, like, for forever.” Rhys replied. It was obvious he was just being a smartass. Had his sarcastic tone not given him away, his playful smirk sure as hell would have, and the tent in his shorts said a lot too.

Dean suddenly hopped up from the couch and raised his hand as if waiting to be called upon by the

teacher and said, "All in favor of moving the evening of hot fucking up by an hour say 'Aye'!"

"AYE!" Rhys and Kevin said in unison.

Kevin hopped over the back of the couch and was halfway out of his shirt by the time he reached the door to the bedroom. Rhys was close behind and had had his t-shirt pulled up enough to expose his toned midriff when Dean suddenly clapped a hand on his shoulder and held him back.

"Dude?" Rhys asked while giving his pal a questioning glance.

"Leave the clothes on for now. I think it will be so much more fun that way." Dean said with a sly wink.

At first Rhys was confused, but it slowly began to dawn on him what his friend was saying. "Oooooohhh.." Rhys said when it finally clicked. Pretty soon he had a grin that mimicked his friend's in every way.

By the time Rhys and Dean made their way into the bedroom, Kevin was already down to just his boxers, and those weren't going to stay on for long by the looks of it. Kevin already had his thumbs latched onto the waistband and was beginning to push them down which gave Rhys and Dean a good look at the well-trimmed patch of dusty brown bush he was rocking. Rhys and Dean stopped dead in their tracks and took the moment to soak up the view as Kevin stepped out of his boxers.

Kevin was by far the biggest of the three friends. He had hands down the worst eating habits, but he made up for it by spending much of his free time at the gym. The net result was that he had a broad, burly frame with just enough pudge packed onto his thick muscles to smooth out the ridges and give him the slightest trace of a paunch on his belly. He carried his weight well though, and the slight bit of fuzz he had both on his face and on his crotch suited him to a T.

Dean was practically salivating as he eyed his boyfriend's recently released cock. Kevin's thickness extended below the belt as well. He didn't have the longest cock the world had ever seen, but he certainly had one of the thickest. His six solid inches were almost as fat as a beer can and his hefty golf ball sized nuts swung loosely in their sack.

Kevin noticed his pals staring and puffed up his chest dramatically. The maneuver just made his burly bod seem even more impressive. "You ladies just gonna stand there or are you going to join me?" He asked playfully.

"Oh, we're going to join you alright." Rhys replied.

Dean on the other hand didn't say anything. He merely began undoing the buttons on his plaid shirt as he sauntered over to his beefy beau. It didn't take long for Dean to fling his shirt off to the side and add it to the pile of discarded garments. Dean's tight jeans were next to go. As he pushed the waistband down

across his butt, it quickly became clear that he had been free-balling the entire evening. His cute, bubbly booty spilled out over the waistband for all to see.

By the time Dean was at his boyfriend's side, he was as completely nude as Kevin was, but their choice in attire was about where the similarities ended. Dean was a bit shorter than his boyfriend. The top of his head only came up to about Kevin's shoulder, and Dean was much smaller in other ways as well. He had some muscle definition to him, but his build was slim and slender. The sheer size of Kevin's beefy body made Dean look downright scrawny, and Dean's clean-shaven handsomeness stood in stark contrast to Kevin's scruff. Dean was also clean shaven below the belt as well which just made his dick seem even larger.

Dean's cock stood straight up at attention for all to see, and what a cock it was! Dean may not have had near the girth that Kevin was rocking, but his nine inches of solid schlong was by no means small. The whole 'slim and tight' look that Dean was rocking carried over to his nuts as well. His tight sack was filled to the brim with a pair of ping pong sized balls which pulled high and tight against the base of his incredibly long schlong.

As Rhys stared at the two nude hotties before him he was overcome by an urge to leap straight out of his clothes like Lupin the Third. He couldn't wait to get in the sack with them and get to bumping and

grinding, but there was one small matter he had to attend to first.

Rhys fished the bottle out of his pants pocket and showed it once more to his friends. They were both eyeing him intently as he pulled the stopper off and lifted the small bottle to his lips. Dean and Kevin were both so horny that their cocks were as hard as they had ever been. They looked about ready to cum just from watching their pal sip the strange concoction, and they felt like it too. They couldn't even keep their hands off of their cocks. They stroked their big dicks and eyed their pal intently as they waited for him to get on with it. Fortunately Rhys didn't keep them waiting long.

Rhys didn't even need to take a moment to steel his nerves. He didn't even give the strange concoction an experimental sip to see how it tasted. He tilted his head back, turned the bottle upside down, and drained every last drop of the strange fluid as if he was doing shots at the bar. The stuff wasn't that bad actually. It had a strangely fruity taste to it, but that wasn't what Rhys was really noticing. No sooner had the stuff passed his tongue and dribbled down his throat than he started to feel the changes. His skin felt warm and tingly. Everything felt more vivid than before. His skin was so sensitive that it was like he could actually feel the individual fibers of his shirt.

Rhys stared down at his skintight T-shirt. His toned pecs strained against the front of the fabric, but he doubted that would last long. He could feel the



serum coursing through his body. All that was left was to watch... and wait...