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# ‘Mini’ge a Trois

## Chapter 8

By Ziel.

## ‘Mini’ge a Trois – Chapter 8

Rhys wasn't given much time to sit and take stock of his surroundings. No sooner had his head cleared and he had begun to really understand just how tiny he had become than Dean once again reached towards the shrunken stud. Rhys instinctively recoiled at the sudden movement of a hand that was the size of a sedan. At Rhys's reduced size a clean smack from that massive palm could have swatted him clean off the countertop. Fortunately Dean stopped before his hand actually came near his reduced pal. Something else had caught his attention.

Kevin had sidled up behind his lean, lithe little lover and had wrapped his huge, muscular arms around his much smaller and slimmer boyfriend. He gave Dean a few quick, passionate kisses on the shoulder and moved his way up the nape of his boyfriend's neck before whispering into Dean's ear.

“Go ahead and lie down. We’ll be along in a minute.” Kevin said in a deep, rumbling voice. His voice was so soft and so sensual that it was almost a feral growl. It was music to Dean’s ears, but at Rhys’s reduced size, the deep rumbling of Kevin’s baritone voice seemed to make the air itself roil.

Rhys watched in awe as Dean turned around, gave his boyfriend a quick peck on the cheek, and then bolted happily towards the bedroom. The sheer speed at which Dean moved made Rhys sick to his stomach. It was like watching a mountain enter warp drive. Dean was easily the size of a skyscraper and he appeared to move fast enough to break the sound barrier. In the span of a few short seconds he had darted all the way across his apartment and into the bedroom. At Dean’s size that trek was little more than ten feet, but to Rhys it looked as if Dean had just crossed the span of a city in a few short steps.

Rhys was in for yet another jarring view when Kevin turned and looked down at him. Kevin had always been an imposing figure, and that had been back when he only had a few inches of height on Rhys. Now Rhys only had a few inches of height in total! Kevin now loomed over him like a god. Even Kevin’s cock was longer than Rhys was tall and as wide as a barn door, and at Kevin’s towering height said cock now loomed directly above of the reduced Rhys. Thanks to Rhys’s perch atop the bathroom counter, he now found himself eye level with Kevin’s massive nut sack with Kevin’s colossal, semi-boned cock sticking out over his head.

Rhys found himself staring up in awe at his pal's cock which was now so massive that even the veins that bulged out of the sides of the monolithic piece of meat were thicker than Rhys's wrist. Kevin's cock was so huge that even just the soft, spongy head of the now semi-erect cock could have eclipsed Rhys's entire torso and then some. His nuts were so enormous that the enormous orbs appeared to be as big as couches. Kevin's cock was so massive that pre-dribbling slit at the tip of his semi-boned wang was bigger than Rhys's mouth! And as Rhys stared up at the tip of Kevin's massive cock, all he could think of was how amazing it looked. That slit was the perfect size. Rhys had no doubt in his mind that his cock could easily slide right inside the pre-slicked slit of his colossal buddy's massive cock.

Kevin didn't even try to ask Rhys what he thought of the view, and it wouldn't have mattered even if he had because Rhys was now far too tiny for Kevin to ever hope to hear. Rhys was now little taller than four inches high. He was barely bigger than a G.I. Joe. He was now two inches shorter than Kevin's fat cock and less than half as tall as Dean's incredibly long schlong. Rhys was smaller than a mouse, and he was still getting smaller with each passing moment.

Kevin smirked as he noticed the intensity of Rhys's gaze, and blood began to rush to his cock anew when he noticed exactly where Rhys was staring. Thoughts started speeding through his mind of what Rhys could possibly have in mind, and even just thinking about what might happen next was enough to

get Kevin fully boned all over again. Kevin had half a mind to give Rhys unrestricted access to his cock and see where things went from there, but he knew better than to leave Dean unattended for too long. If Kevin didn’t hurry up and rejoin him in the bedroom, then Kevin could be sure that his lean little lover would be right back in the restroom with him and wanting in on the fun. It was just easier for everyone involved to move the festivities back into the bedroom, but that didn’t mean Kevin wasn’t going to have a bit of fun in the meantime.

Kevin moved his hand towards the countertop and held his palm up right next to the countertop and nodded for his reduced pal to hop on. Rhys was hesitant at first, but he quickly worked up the nerve and hopped right onto the Kevin’s outstretched palm and prepared for yet another bumpy ride like the previous excursions he had had in Dean’s hands, but Kevin had a completely different plan in mind for Rhys. No sooner had Rhys gotten settled on Kevin’s hand than Kevin tipped his palm to the side and sent the tiny jock tumbling down.

There was a brief moment where Rhys was sure that this was the end for him. At his current height a fall from the countertop was like a fall from the fourth floor balcony. He may as well be base jumping off of a mall rather than tumbling from his friend’s palm, but no sooner had he reached the edge of Kevin’s hand than Rhys landed on another part of his pal’s anatomy – Kevin’s rock hard cock.

Rhys was too awed to say or do anything at first. All he could do was stare down at the thick slab of meat that now carried his entire weight. There was once a time where Rhys had ridden Kevin's cock in a much different fashion, but the days of Rhys bottoming for his bros seemed like a distant memory at this point. Now Kevin's cock was so huge that Rhys could lay across it like a bed. His toes just barely brushed against the well-trimmed bristles of Kevin's bush and his outstretched hands only just barely managed to reach the ridge of Kevin's puffy cock head. Kevin's thick dick was so wide that it was even roomier than a king size bed.

Rhys didn't have long to admire his perch though. All too soon Kevin was on the move. It was all Rhys could do to grip the flesh of his pal's cock for dear life to hold on as his buddy's massive dong bobbed and swayed back and forth and he sauntered from the restroom and into the bedroom, but oddly enough the ride wasn't nearly as bad as the trip had been while held in Dean's hand. Even though Rhys was now even smaller than before and Kevin's cock was wobbling this way and that, Rhys still wasn't being slung around near as fast as he had been in Dean's hand. It was as if Kevin was intentionally taking things much slower than Dean had for Rhys's benefit, but the truth of the matter was slightly different.

Kevin was in no hurry to reach the bed or even the bedroom. He was enjoying watching his tiny pal resting atop his fat cock. He loved the feeling of Rhys's reduced body lying atop his huge cock. He couldn't get

enough of how amazing it looked and felt to have a dick that absolutely dwarfed one of his best buds. He wanted to make the trip take as long as possible, and the fact that Dean was staring straight at his cock and his tiny passenger as Kevin made his march from the restroom just made it all the more satisfying.

Rhys slowly managed to crawl forward like a soldier on the battlefield until he was right at the ridge of Kevin’s spongy cockhead. Rhys gripped the edge of the soft tissue and slowly peered over as if he was peeking up from the trenches, and what he saw took his breath away. Dean was lying on his back and had propped himself up on his elbows to stare right at Rhys as he rode atop Kevin’s cock. The look in Dean’s eyes could only rightly be described as horny as hell. Dean was no doubt cocked, locked, and ready to rock, and Rhys was sure he was going to be getting well acquainted with Dean’s recently re-boned cock in very short order, but what he didn’t know was just how close he already was to Dean’s massive cock nor did he realize how soon he and Dean’s dick were going to be reunited.

No sooner had Rhys managed to peer over the ridge of Kevin’s cock head than he felt the world shift out from under him. Rhys glanced back over his shoulder just in time to see Kevin’s enormous thumb press down against the base of his cock, causing his rock hard cock to suddenly angle downward. Rhys felt like his stomach had been launched into his throat as he suddenly tumbled head over heels right over the



ridge of Kevin's cock head and landed flat on his back atop something very warm and very firm.

It didn't take Rhys long to regain his bearings. Once he sat up and got a look of his surroundings it was clear that he was straddling the sensitive, puffy ridge along the underside of Dean's incredible cock. Even just the bulging mound along the underside of Dean's dick was wider than Rhys's torso. Seating atop it was like straddling one of those ride-on inflatable pool dolphins only without the annoying and itchy crease down the center and without the squeaky rubber rubbing against the insides of his thighs. Instead Rhys had the warm and supple flesh of his best bud's boner nestled between his thighs.

Rhys slowly managed to scramble to his feet and awkwardly staggered for a moment until he managed to get his balance, but it didn't last long. No sooner had he gotten his balance than he felt something slam into his back. He wasn't hit hard enough to hurt, but whatever it was definitely hit him hard enough to send him staggering forward. Rhys was once again sent tumbling forward, but this time he managed to stop his fall before he was left completely splayed out. Instead Rhys found himself on his knees and clinging to Dean's cock head to keep himself from rolling off the side.

Rhys was floored at huge the tip of Dean's dick was. The enormous knob was wider than Rhys's shoulders by a good margin. At Rhys's reduced size even just the head of Dean's dick appeared to be the

size of a large exercise ball, and yet Rhys knew that Kevin’s cock head was even larger. In fact, as Rhys slowly pieced things together he came to realize just what it was that had knocked him over. It had felt like he had been hit from behind by a soft-sided slow moving vehicle, and the truth had not been that far from the truth. He had been bumped by the pre-oozing knob of Kevin’s cock. The spongy tip of Kevin’s cock alone was easily the size of a smart car and had enough momentum behind it that it could send Rhys sailing if Kevin had really intended to do any harm.

Rhys managed to once again clamber to his feet. Once he did he stared up in awe at the beefy titan that smirked down at him. Kevin loomed over him like the side of a cliff. His burly chest looked to be as wide as a skyscraper and every bit as tall. Kevin’s humongous faced loomed over the miniature Rhys like a planet. Even the individual pearly whites that flashed in his massive grin were every bit as big as Rhys’s whole head!

Kevin smirked down at the ridiculously tiny, beefy jock and nodded towards his own huge cock. The gesture seemed benign enough, but Rhys understood the message perfectly. Kevin wanted Rhys to service his huge cock, and Rhys had the perfect idea of how to do it.

Rhys staggered forward and wrapped his arms around the tip of Kevin’s cock. Kevin’s fat cock was so thick that even though the underside of his dick was mashed against Dean’s cock which Rhys now stood

atop, the topside of his spongy cock head crested at almost Rhys's shoulders. Kevin's cock was so huge that Rhys could only barely get arms to wrap far enough around Kevin's cock head so that his fingers could grip the ridge of the soft, spongy tip.

Kevin's slit was at the perfect height. It lined up perfectly with Rhys's crotch so that Rhys could slide his cock right in as he hugged the warm, thick, spongy head. Kevin's cock provided only the most minimal of resistance. It was as if it wanted this as much as Rhys did, but the truth of the matter was that Rhys was just so small that his meager cock was too tiny to even fully fill the pre-drooling slit of his buddy's massive cock.

Rhys wasted no time settling into a rhythm. He rocked his hips back and forth and slid his cock in and out of his colossal pal's cock slit. The way the warm, slick pre oozed over his cock and cascaded down his inner thighs felt so wonderful. The way the inner walls of Kevin's cock gripped Rhys's dick like a warm, wet mouth felt so fantastic. Rhys felt absolutely fantastic, but no matter how amazing fucking Kevin's cock felt, it didn't feel anywhere near as amazing as the knowledge that Rhys had that he was now so tiny that what he was doing was even possible.

Rhys had lost even more height even in just the trip from the restroom to the bed. He had dropped below four inches in height and was quickly approaching three. Even as he slammed his cock in and out of Kevin's thick dick, Rhys could feel the sides of Kevin's dick gripping his cock less and less. He could

feel his grip on the ridge of Kevin’s cock head getting more and more tenuous by the second. He could feel his perch atop Dean’s cock shifting as the puffy ridge grew seemingly wider and wider beneath his shrinking toes.

Rhys held out as long as he was able, but his steady shrinkage soon got the better of him. His arms were soon simply too short to reach all the way around Kevin’s fat cock head. Rhys rocked his hips and slid his dick into Kevin’s cock. His crotch smacked against the tip of Kevin’s cock, and Rhys’s pinkies slipped from the ridge of Kevin’s knob, but despite the fact that he was now so tiny that he could only just barely get his fingers to reach the ridge of Kevin’s cock head, still Rhys held on.

Rhys wasn’t about to stop now. He felt too fantastic, and the sensation of shrinking just made everything feel even more amazing. He kept rocking his hips and slamming his cock into Kevin’s slit. Rhys was now so small that he was barely even touching the sides, and soon he was so small that his ring fingers slipped off of the ridge of Kevin’s cock as well.

Rhys was left holding on with two fingers on each hand. He was just too damn small to do more than that. His arms were just too short to reach across Kevin’s fat knob. Rhys was just too tiny to even handle merely the head of Kevin’s cock, but still he persevered. Still Rhys continued to rock his hips and hump his pal’s cock for all he was worth. His footing started to slip and so did his grip. He dug his fingers in

as best he could, but it was no good. His arms were just too short. He couldn't reach across Kevin's cock!

Rhys's fingers slipped free of Kevin's knob. Without his tenuous grip, Rhys quickly lost his footing too. He managed one last hump for the road before his feet slipped out from under him. He quickly fell flat on his ass and found himself staring straight down the slit he had been fucking mere moments before. The cavernous maw of his pal's cock was now so huge, that Rhys could easily get his whole arm in there. In fact it wouldn't be long before he could get his whole head in there too, and at the rate things were going he would soon be so tiny that his entire body could slide straight down the slit and into the shaft of his pal's colossal cock. Kevin's cock already dwarfed Rhys's whole body, but soon the behemoth would be so massive to the shrinking stud that it could swallow Rhys's brawny body whole! The mere thought of it made Rhys even hornier than he already was. Rhys didn't even know that was possible, but somehow staring down into the darkness of his buddy's cock was enough to get Rhys's fully-boned cock lurching with approval. Rhys was about to once again blow his load!

Rhys had no idea how many times he had cum this night already. He had counted at least three, and his nuts were pleading with him to stop. His balls were so thoroughly drained that they practically ached, but his dick was ready for more. Unfortunately Rhys wasn't given the chance to shoot once more. No sooner had he begun to accept that he was reaching his limit than he felt Kevin's colossal fingers close down around him.

Rhys was now so tiny that Kevin could effortlessly pluck the little guy up between his thumb and forefinger. Rhys was so small that even just the pad of Kevin’s thumb was big enough to eclipse Rhys’s whole chest. Rhys was dangerously close to the size of a green army man figure. In fact, he’d probably be as tall as one if he ever found one of those figures where the soldier was actually standing up, but that hardly mattered to him now. What did matter to him was that his whole world was once again topsy-turvy as he was sent careening through the sky in the vise-like grip of his titanic buddy’s fingers.

Rhys was once again dropped unceremoniously in a new location, but by this point Rhys was getting used to this treatment. It didn’t take him long to get his bearings, but that wasn’t really a matter of him clearing his head. He didn’t even need to see to know where he was. The steady rise and fall of the floor said it all. He had been dropped right atop Dean’s chest!

Rhys could hardly believe how tiny he had become. At Rhys’s reduced size Dean’s chest may as well have been a football field. The distance down to Dean’s dick was a full 100-yard dash, and that distance was growing larger and larger with each passing second as Rhys shrunk ever so slightly more. Rhys couldn’t help but wonder just how small would he get. He was already so tiny that he would be dwarfed by a mouse. There were even several insects out there that were bigger than him, and yet he knew he had a ways to go before his shrinking was done. He was going to

keep shrinking and shrinking with no end in sight, and by the time he was done, Dean's chest and belly being like a football field would be a far gone dream. By the time Rhys was done dwindling he was sure that Dean would be a veritable country to him – maybe even a planet! Rhys could hardly contain his glee as he imagined himself shrinking smaller and smaller until he was so small that even the pores on Dean's otherwise perfectly smooth skin opened up like chasms before the microscopic stud.

Rhys had no doubt in his mind that he was going to get good and tiny by the end of it all. He was already so small, and there was nowhere left to go but down. The sheer thought of it sent shivers of excitement down his spine, but as much fun as it was to fantasize about the future, Rhys wasn't about to let his daydreams detract from the now. He had an amazingly erotic dreamscape spread out before him, and a towering giant staring down at him from the far side of the field who seemed to be thinking up the next new and exciting game that the two titans were going to play with their bug-sized friend.