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‘Mini’ge a Trois

Chapter 6

By Ziel.

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It didn't take long to figure out what his pals were talking about. Pretty much as soon as Dean had pulled back and lifted the weight of his huge cock off of Rhys's head, Rhys was able to make out a few of Dean's words.

“... oh... fuck...” Dean gasped between shaky breaths.

Rhys rolled over onto his back and looked up. His jaw dropped as he stared up at his titanic pal. Dean was absolutely massive. Dean was still on his hands and knees straddling his big, beefy lover. His chest loomed over Rhys like a solid wall. Dean was so huge that even just the rivulets of sweat that dripped off his brow were bigger than Rhys's entire ball sack. Even just the distance from Dean's head to his shoulders was longer than Rhys was tall. As Rhys stared up at the

grooves and contours of Dean's smooth, slender chest and belly it was as if he was marveling at the roof of the Sistine Chapel.

Rhys didn't have long to admire the view though. Dean was already shaking like a leaf, and the tremors just got worse and worse as he shifted his weight to one hand and snaked his free hand down towards his crotch. Dean wrapped his hand around his incredibly long cock and started stroking for all he was worth. The whole bed rattled in time with Dean's fervent pumps. The tremors reverberated through Kevin's thick body and caused Rhys to rock back and forth on his perch atop Kevin's midsection.

Rhys stared in awe at his buddy's cock which was aimed right at him. The puffy knob of his pal's huge dick was bigger than his whole head. Even just the slit of the enormous dick was larger than Rhys's mouth, and the beads of pre that trickled out of the shuddering rod were as big as Rhys's balled up fist.

Even if not for the gasps and moans coming from Dean's mouth, it was clear just from the shudders coursing through his cock that he was close to blowing at any second. Some part of Rhys knew what this meant for him, but he was too transfixed by his pal's enormous cock to do anything but stare on in awe. As Dean got closer and closer to blowing, Rhys could see the puffy tip of his huge cock flare up even more. He could see Dean's cock shudder harder and buck quicker. He could see Dean's enormous nuts, each individual nut far larger than Rhys's own head,

pull in tighter against the shaft in preparation for what was to come.

Rhys was too far gone to think clearly. It was purely thanks to some long dormant instinct that he raised his arm in front of his face to shield himself from the blast at the very last second. Spooge shot from Dean's cock like champagne from a fresh bottle of bubbly. The huge spurts of spunk felt like water from a fire hose to the much reduced Rhys. The first spurt hit him square in the chest with enough force to knock the wind clean out of him. Rhys tried to gasp for breath, but his mouth was quickly filled by the onrush of spunk. Dean fired a second and then a third spurt, but then his cock quickly ran out of juice. It all happened so fast that Rhys wasn't even aware that it had ended. As far as he could tell he was still getting rained on, but he was merely drenched from head to toe in his pal's spooge.

Rhys slowly managed to catch his breath and take stock of the situation. He was coated in spunk. The thick jizz clung to him like slime from an alien space craft. He half expected Ellen Ripley to bust in in an effort to save him, but there was no need for a rescue. Rhys was perfectly content to let the warm, gooey substance soak into his skin for a while longer. He loved the way the warm jizz felt against his skin. In fact he couldn't stop running his fingers through it. It felt so much different at his size. It felt much like the multicolored ooze that he used to buy for a quarter from the little vending machines in front of the super market back when he was a kid, but of course this stuff

was white and was warm to the touch unlike that cold gunk he played with as a kid.

If the thickness of Dean's spunk was any indication, it had apparently been a while since his last climax. The stuff was nearly tar-like to the tiny Rhys, but it was no doubt thick even by Dean's standards. It made some sense though. It was crunch time on campus so Dean no doubt had to skip some of his weekly whack session, and Dean also liked to save his loads for Fridays when he knew the three of them were going to be getting fun and freaky.

Rhys didn't have a whole lot of time to sit back and enjoy his cocoon-like coating of cum though. Already he could hear Kevin's deep voice reverberating through the room.

"Hehe. You always were one to finish fast."
The burly giant chastised his leaner lover.

"I got a little excited." Dean replied. Rhys wasn't in a position to see what Dean was up to – Dean had curled up beside Kevin on the mattress and was nuzzling against his beefier beau – but Rhys could tell from the tone of his giant pal's voice that Dean was being playfully pouty. No doubt Dean was putting on the puppy dog eyes for added effect.

Rhys wasn't at all surprised that Dean had already cum. It wasn't that Dean was a quick shot, but Dean had been edging almost as long as Rhys had been. It was a miracle that Rhys hadn't blown his own load yet, but he was sure that wouldn't last long. Just

the sensation of basking in his pal's warm spunk drove him so wild that his dick was tensing up and flexing in anticipation of his own climax and the constant taste of his buddy's slightly bitter spooge seeping into his mouth just made Rhys even hornier.

Rhys didn't even try to fight it. He closed his eyes, moaned softly, and let the cum fly from his cock. He had been holding it back so long that he didn't even need to give his dick a good tug or two to get it started. He just stopped fighting it and within the span of a second spooge was shooting from his dick without him ever so much as laying a finger on his cock all evening.

It felt like the biggest and most powerful load of his life. He came again and again; a third, a fourth, and even a fifth time, but by the time he got past the third shot, his loads were all but devoid of spunk. He was shooting little more than water, but that hardly mattered. Rhys was so coated in his colossal pal's cum that his own tiny loads were completely invisible amidst the massive tar-like splatter of Dean's thick spunk.

Rhys was feeling so peaceful that he almost drifted off to sleep. The afterglow felt so fantastic and the subtle rocking of Kevin's breathing was so soothing that Rhys wanted to just lie there and soak up the moment as well as his pal's spunk, but he wasn't given the opportunity. Soon the rocking of Kevin's body changed. It was no longer just steady breaths causing Rhys to bob up and down. There were certainly those,

but Kevin's breathing was getting heavier and quicker by the second, but there was another movement at work too.

What Rhys was unable to see from his cum-coated perch atop Kevin's belly was that Dean had wasted no time going from nuzzling to necking. He had curled up beside his burly boyfriend and begin gently nibbling on his lover's ear, which in turn led to Dean slowly kissing a path down the nape of his lover's neck.

Dean knew that always drove Kevin wild, and tonight was no different. Kevin instinctively fidgeted as he felt Dean's lips against the ticklish part of his neck. The soft kisses and gently nuzzling reinvigorated his already rock hard cock. Kevin had teased his boyfriend about blowing his load already, but the truth of the matter was that he himself had been on the edge for a while now. It was pure luck that he had held out longer, and with the newfound attention his lover was giving him, Kevin doubted he'd last much longer, nor did he have any reason to hold back anymore.

Kevin's hand started to drift down towards his dick, but Dean had already beaten him to it. Dean's slender fingers wrapped around Kevin's fat cock and began to slowly stroke the length of his meaty shaft. Kevin's whole body tensed up at his lover's touch. Dean knew exactly how he liked it, and today was no different. All Kevin could do was writhe and moan as Dean stroked Kevin's pre-slicked knob and teased his thumb against Kevin's oozing slit.

Kevin wanted to hold out longer – less out of pride and more so because he simply wanted to enjoy his boyfriend’s touch for a bit longer, but he had been at the limits of his stamina for a while now. There was no way he could hold back for long, and Dean’s masterful touch was just too amazingly good for Kevin to ever have a chance of resisting even had he not been close to blowing beforehand. Kevin gasped and moaned. His body trembled. His dick shuddered. There was a brief pause where it seemed like he would be able to regain control, but it was merely the calm before the storm. His dick gave a hard lurch, and then cum spurted forth from the tip. The jizz arced through the air. It was such a powerful shot that a few droplets even made all the way up towards Kevin’s face. A few flecks of jizz sunk into his stubble, but most of his cum splattered across his belly. He ended up with a sizeable splotch on his chest and the upper part of his gut where Rhys had been lying back and relaxing. Unlike Dean’s climax, Kevin’s had been one solid spray. It was over as quickly as it had started, but the one spray was enough to add another layer of spunk to Rhys’s cocoon of cum.

Rhys was caught off guard when the hail of Kevin’s cum had splashed down atop him. He hadn’t thought he was in the splash zone, but Kevin proved to have more range than usual. Rhys wasn’t about to complain though. He loved the feeling of being drenched in cum, and Kevin’s load wasn’t nearly as thick and tarlike as his lover’s. His watery wad felt more like a warm mud-bath than anything.

Rhys was content to lie back and enjoy the warmth of his titanic pal’s combined loads, but Dean had other ideas. No sooner had Kevin begun to catch his breath than Dean had hopped up from his bed and stared down at his shrunken pal. Dean couldn’t help but chuckle at what he saw. Rhys was a mess. He looked like the victim of some giant spider in a fantasy movie. It was hard to believe that the blob that bogged Rhys down was not spider web at all but rather Dean’s own spunk.

“We gotta get you cleaned up, little man.”
Dean said with a chuckle.

Dean didn’t wait for a reply from his shrunken friend, but he doubted he would have heard it even had there been one. He simply crouched down over top of his beefy lover like he had done earlier, but this time Dean made no effort to dig his dick onto his dwindling pal. Instead Dean leaned in nice and close as if he was about to kiss his shrunken friend, but instead Dean stuck out his tongue and licked a long swath across the cum coated expanse of his boyfriend’s belly.

Rhys gasped as he felt the warm, slick expanse of his pal’s tongue brush against his toes and then slowly slide up the length of his legs. It was such a strange sensation. It was like someone had taken an impossibly heavy, incredibly waterlogged sponge and dragged it across his body, but there was more to it than that. At Rhys’s reduced size he could feel each individual taste bud as it rubbed against his legs. He could feel the warmth emanating from his pal’s

tongue, and he could feel Dean's hot breath against his skin. It felt magnificent. It was simply breathtaking, but the sensations didn't take his breath away nearly as much as what he saw before him.

Dean had leaned in so close that his nose was scant inches from Rhys's face. In fact it was even closer. Dean's nose was so close that Rhys could reach out and touch it, and of course that meant that the rest of Dean's face was incredibly close as well. As Rhys stared up at his colossal pal, Dean's gigantic visage filled his entire field of view. Even just Dean's eyeballs were every bit as big as Rhys's entire head.

Rhys shuddered as he felt his pal's massive tongue brush against the extra sensitive space between his thighs. He had always been ticklish there, and Dean had never missed a chance to use that to his advantage. Today was no exception. Rhys knew that Dean was just toying with him. He knew that Dean was intention stalling on going just another inch forward purely so he could build up the anticipation, and he was doing a masterful job of it. Rhys's dick was already boning up all over again in anticipation of his pal's huge, hot tongue slowly sliding up against it. Rhys couldn't even begin to imagine what it would feel like. All he knew was that he was excited to find out.

Dean nudged forward a few more inches, but that was more than enough to hit his target. In fact the quick motion caused his tongue to completely eclipse Rhys's torso. Rhys was suddenly pinned under just his pal's warm, wriggling muscle. It felt like he had been

pinned under a warm, soggy waterbed mattress, and yet somehow it felt incredibly hot, and it wasn't just the way the Dean was playfully flicking Rhys's shrunken balls with the tip of his tongue. There was something amazingly awe inspiring about the fact that Dean could so easily pin him to the ground using just his tongue. Rhys could writhe and fidget, but there was no way he would win. There was no way he could even wriggle his way out from under his pal's tongue, but he had no intention of trying. He was too content just lying back and basking in the sensations.

Dean took a moment to playfully tease his shrunken friend's tiny dick with the tip of his tongue. Even just the very tip of his tongue was enough to eclipse Rhys's entire package. Rhys shuddered in ecstasy as he felt his pal's colossal tongue sensually bump and nudge his cock and balls. Rhys had already blown his load, but his dick was still amazingly sensitive. That coupled with the sheer, awe-inspiring view of having his titanic pal's handsome, humongous face so close to his own caused Rhys's dick to start stirring to life once more.

Rhys writhed and wriggled as Dean continued to tease his tiny dick. Rhys was so overcome by the powerful sensations that he felt like he needed something to hold onto or he would go crazy. He reached out and grabbed the only thing in range – the tip of Dean's nose! Dean had always had a cute little button nose, but at Rhys's reduced size, even just Dean's adorable schnozz was bigger than his whole

head! Rhys clung to it like he would a buoy while being tossed around at sea.

Rhys was sure he was going to get rock hard and blow his load all over again, but all too soon Dean pulled back. Dean licked up a thick wad of spunk and took a moment to savor the taste. He could make out the subtle differences from his own wad and his lover's, and he also had gotten a hint of the taste of Rhys's bare skin. Dean thought for a moment he could make out yet another flavor mixed into the thick soupy spunk, but it was too faint to be sure. What he was sure about was that Rhys had already cum. That much was evidenced by his tiny pal's semi-softened cock. Dean had felt his pal's tiny dick against his tongue as he had playfully flicked his pal's crotch. Rhys's shrunken cock was so small that it felt like a broken off quarter of a well-cooked Spaghetti-O. His pal's tiny chub was yet another testament to just how small Rhys had become over the course of the evening, and even as Dean pondered the changes that Rhys had gone through, he was sure that Rhys was still steadily dwindling.

Dean swallowed his load and went back in for another slurp. This time thought he didn't use his tongue. He tilted his head and brought his lips directly into contact with Rhys's thick, swole chest. His nose touched down right between Rhys's head and shoulder and nudged against Kevin's belly. Dean planted a soft kiss right on Rhys's cum-splattered chest and then slowly kissed a path down Rhys's sculpted abs and

down towards his crotch. Dean gave one last peck right on his pal's shrunken package.

Rhys could feel his pal's lips against his cock. For a moment he thought that Dean was going to try to suck him off, but there was no way that would be possible. Rhys could tell just from feeling his pal's lips against his crotch that there was no way that Rhys's reduced rod would be long enough to get past Dean's pouty lips. That new bit of knowledge once again drove home how absolutely tiny he had become.

Dean pulled back and stared down at his shrunken pal. Rhys actually looked pretty cute lying there atop Kevin's belly. Some part of Dean wanted to just sit back and admire his little buddy for a while longer, but he knew better than to do that. Rhys was still splattered with jizz. Dean had barely made a dent in Rhys's cum coating when he had been playfully licking at his little buddy, and now the jizz was beginning to cool and dry. Dean knew that if he didn't get Rhys hosed off soon, the shrunken stud would soon be covered in a caked on cast of cum.

Dean wasted no time. He didn't even bother to tell Rhys what he was planning nor did he ask if Rhys was ready. He simply reached down and scooped his shrunken pal up in his hand. Rhys had shrunken considerably even since Dean had plastered the little guy with his load. Dean could easily wrap his fingers around Rhys's tiny torso. Rhys had dipped below the foot tall mark. Rhys was even smaller than a Barbie doll now, and he felt even lighter than one. He was so

light that Dean hardly felt like he was carrying anything at all. Dean could hardly believe that this was the same guy that just this morning Dean would never in a million years have been able to budge even an inch no matter how hard he pushed and pried, but now he carried Rhys in his hand much the way King Kong carried Fay Wray all those years ago.

The motion had been pretty subtle as far as Dean could tell, but at Rhys's size the sheer speed at which he was moving was dizzying. He felt like he was going to be sick. One second Rhys had been lying back on Kevin's belly, and the next thing he knew he had a giant hand wrapped around him, and then a mere second later Rhys had been lifted into the air so fast that he felt his stomach drop down into his ankles. Rhys felt ready to puke, and the constant swaying from the way that Dean casually rocked his hands back and forth as he walked towards the restroom didn't help matters either. By the time Dean got into the restroom, Rhys was looking a little green in the gills, and he felt even worse than he looked! Rhys was so close to blowing chunks that he was actually grateful when Dean haphazardly dropped him onto the bathroom counter top with as much ceremony as he dropped his car keys onto the nightstand every night before bed. Rhys hit the faux marble hard enough to send him bouncing and rolling a few feet, but aside from a few minor bumps he was perfect fine and extremely grateful not to be on the carnival ride that had been his pal's grasp.

Rhys stared up in awe at his towering pal. Dean had never been the tallest dude, but even he was tall enough that the base of his dick was higher than the countertop as he stood before it. This gave Rhys a front row view of his pal's cock and crotch. Rhys couldn't see just how long Dean's dick was without peering over the edge of the countertop, but he wasn't too interested in doing that. He had never been a fan of heights even on a good day, and Rhys was still so shaken from the ride over that he was sure he'd lose his dinner if he went looking down.

The height off the ground didn't matter as much as the thickness of the dick in front of his face though. Dean's cock was thicker than Rhys's whole body! Rhys couldn't even begin to fathom how huge it must be at his size. Had he finally gotten shorter than his pal's dick? Given that Dean had a pretty skinny dick, Rhys had no doubt that that was the case, but the question was just how much smaller had he gotten? He was below nine inches, that much was clear, but that didn't really give him much to go off of.

Rhys glanced around the countertop to get a better feel for his new size, and what he saw made him feel even tinier than before. He was about eye level with the base of the neck of the huge bottle of mouthwash that Dean and Kevin kept right next to the sink. Even the pair of toothbrushes which stood propped up on their little racks came up to Rhys's shoulders. The bristly heads of the two toothbrushes were every bit as big as Rhys's noggin, and the stems of the two brushes were as thick as Rhys's neck.

Rhys was so tiny even just compared to his pals' toiletries, and yet he could feel that he was still getting smaller. The half-used brick of soap which sat on the tray beside the faucet looked to be the size of a couch cushion at Rhys's reduced size, but how long would that last, and how much smaller would he get compared to it? Rhys had been steadily shrinking all evening. Over the course of the evening he had gone from a huge, swole six foot tall hunk of a man to being smaller than his slender pal's cock, and Rhys could still feel himself shrinking. It was slight, but he could actually see the sizes of the items around him steadily creeping up around him as he got smaller and smaller. At the rate he was going it was a very real possibility that he'd soon be able to sleep atop that bar of soap as if it were a king sized mattress, and that was being generous. Rhys had no reason to doubt that the tiny, tic-tac sized remnant of an ancient bar of soap which was now stuck to the bottom of the tray would soon be as big as a surfboard to him. By that point Rhys would be as tiny as a gnat, and the mere thought of it excited him. Rhys's balls begged for a break, but his cock stirred to life at the mere thought of being so mind-blowingly miniscule. He couldn't wait to experience life at a mere millimeter in height, but more importantly he couldn't wait to see how fantastically huge his two best pals would be when he got to be that tiny.