

© 2016 Ziel

‘Mini’ge a Trois

By Ziel.

‘Mini’ge a Troi Chapter 2

Rhys looked down at himself and tried to see if there was any difference yet, but as far as he could tell everything was the same as it ever was. His t-shirt still stretched across his toned, fit chest. In fact his shirt stretched so tight across his torso that the contours of his abs could be seen through the thin fabric.

“So. Is it working?” Dean asked excitedly.

“I dunno... I think so. I mean, I definitely felt something, but I don’t notice anything yet.” Rhys replied uncertainly.

“This stuff takes a moment to really kick in. Just give it time.” Kevin chimed in.

Thus began the waiting game. The three friends were all watching and waiting intently. The tingly feeling that Rhys was feeling was driving him

mad. He wanted to pull his clothes off right away, but he also wanted to experience the changes while still clothed. Not only was he sure it'd be awesome, but he didn't want to deprive his pals of a good show.

Kevin and Dean were watching Rhys intently. They were waiting with baited breath and ‘bated cocks. They both had one hand draped over their lover's shoulder and their other hand wrapped around their cock. Their dicks looked ready to pop like a champagne bottle at any second. Pre oozed out their slits, cascaded over their knuckles, and dribbled onto the floor below.

“I think it's working.” Kevin said suddenly.

Rhys was just about to ask what his buddy meant when he started to notice it too. The changes were still pretty slight, but he could already see a few wrinkles forming on the front of his shirt. His shirt just didn't stretch as taut across his pecs and abs as they had before, and that was only the beginning. With each passing moment Rhys could see more wrinkles forming as he filled out his shirt less and less.

“Oh my god. I need to see this.” Dean said all of the sudden. He ducked out of his boyfriend's side hug and trekked right on up to his pal. He smirked as he stared Rhys right in the eyes.

At first Rhys was confused, but then it slowly dawned on him. They were eye level! He was now as short as his pal Dean! Dean wasn't the shortest guy around, but Rhys had been taller than him since they

had started high school. For them to be the same height, Rhys had to have already lost a good five inches.

Even as Rhys processed how much height he had already lost, he was still steadily losing more. Rhys soon realized he had to look up ever so slightly to look his pal in the eyes. There was no doubt about it. He was definitely shrinking and doing so faster than he had anticipated at that.

“How small do you think I’ll get?” Rhys asked excitedly.

“Tough to say...” Dean mused out loud.

“Yeah. It varies from person to person, and we have no idea how powerful the dose you took is.” Kevin added.

“Yeah, but I’m gonna be pretty small, right?” Rhys asked excitedly. He was positively giddy as he looked up at his now taller friend. This was a dream come true for him – a wet, wild, raunchy dream come true.

“At the rate you’re dropping. I wouldn’t say ‘small’ is the right word.” Dean replied cryptically.

“So... Not small? Maybe smaller? How much smaller?” Rhys asked. He was so excited that he was shaking. He just couldn’t keep still. He felt like if he didn’t jump up and down the excess enthusiasm would cause him to explode.

“Smaller.” Dean said softly, so softly that it was almost a whisper. Rhys’s hairs stood on end just from the sound of his friend’s voice, but what Dean said next was even more amazing.

“Much... much smaller.” Dean said. He had leaned in and whispered the words directly into Rhys’s ear. Dean’s soft, sultry voice made Rhys’s legs to feel like Jell-O, but the actual words made Rhys’s dick feel like cast iron. He almost creamed his shorts just thinking about it.

Rhys’s mind was racing with thoughts of how small he would get. The more he thought about it the hornier he got. He was so caught up in his reveries that it wasn’t until he felt Dean’s hands grasp his ass that he realized that his now bigger buddy had wrapped his arms around him.

Rhys snapped out of his daze and looked up at his pal. It was then that it hit him. He was looking up! Dean stood a solid head higher than him. Rhys was eye level with Dean’s Adam’s apple. Rhys had lost so much mass that his clothes now hung loosely on his dwindling frame. His once skin-tight t-shirt now hung off of one shoulder like a stylish slip, and his shorts were in even worse shape. They were now dangerously close to falling completely off. In fact it seemed that the only reason his shorts hadn’t dropped down to his ankles was because the waistband of his shorts had caught onto his rock hard boner. The front of his shorts clung to his knob like a coat on a rack. Rhys’s basketball shorts had slipped so low that his ass

was now hanging out for the world to see – a fact which Dean was taking advantage of.

Dean dug his fingers into the firm flesh of Rhys's thick, toned, muscular booty. He could actually feel Rhys getting ever so slightly thinner in his arms. He could actually feel Rhys's immaculately shapely mound of hot ass slowly shrinking on the palms of his hands. He looked down into his pal's handsome face and smirked as he watched Rhys's height drop ever so slightly with each passing second.

Rhys was so overcome by emotions that he didn't even think twice about what he did next. He craned his neck and stood up on his tippy toes and planted a kiss right on Dean's lips. Dean was more than happy to return the favor, and it was a good thing too. Rhys never would have made it had Dean not craned his head down a bit to meet him halfway. In fact Rhys could actually feel himself slipping away with each passing second. He had to stand up straighter and push himself further and further up on his toes to keep their lips locked, but soon the strain on his toes and his neck was too much.

Rhys stepped back and took a moment to catch his breath and regain his senses. That kiss had been intense, and there was more to it than just casual attraction. The feeling of his buddy's arms growing longer, thicker, and stronger around him was driving him wild. He could actually feel his friend getting comparatively more powerful with each passing moment.

Rhys could actually feel himself getting smaller. With each second his clothes fit looser. With each passing moment the fabric felt thicker, heavier. With every breath he took he could feel his shirt slipping further and further off his shoulder. With each passing moment he could feel his shorts hanging heavier from his fully-boned cock. It was a miracle that they had stayed up that long, but at the rate things were going he would soon be too small for his clothes. He had already shrunk so much that he was eye level with his pal’s chest! Rhys was now as short as he had been back in middle school, and the tingling that coursed through his body hadn’t dulled in the slightest. If anything the heat that bristled through his skin felt more intense than before. He could tell he was nowhere near reaching the end of his shrinking.

Rhys’s mind was racing. How small would he get? Would he keep shrinking down to the size of a toddler? The size of an infant? An ant? ... Would he get even smaller? Rhys chewed on his lower lip to stifle his moan. His whole body shuddered in anticipation. He didn’t know how small he was going to get, but he knew he couldn’t wait to find out.