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‘Mini’ge a Trois

By Ziel.

‘Mini’ge a Troi Chapter 4

Rhys almost tripped over his fallen shorts as he staggered towards his pal’s massive rod. During the brief lurch his shirt almost completely fell off of his dwindling frame. It was only thanks to a last second save that Rhys was able to catch it before it slipped off his right shoulder. Rhys took a moment to roll up the sleeve of his shirt to the shoulder in hopes of making the garment stay on better, and as he did so he was once again struck by how tiny he had become. The hole which was designed to fit around his head could now fit around his torso. He had no hope of keeping the thing on both shoulders at the same time. The collar of his shirt angled from his neck, dipped down across his chest, and then came to a rest right below his defined lats on the opposite side. At his current size his garment looked more like a toga than it did a T-shirt, and it was just getting even more ludicrously

oversized on his tiny frame as he shrunk further and further.

Rhys couldn’t spend too much time fixated on his shirt though nor did he want to. Rhys wasn’t about to leave his giant buddy high and dry. Rhys had one of the most amazingly hot titans he had ever seen waiting for him at the foot of the bed on the far side of the room. Rhys had a fantastically huge cock just waiting for him to pay tribute with his hands and mouth. There was no way Rhys could say no to something like that.

Rhys plodded across the carpeted floor towards his towering pal. The trek across the room had been but a few quick hops for the excited titan, but for Rhys it was a bit of a trek – a trek which was getting ever so slightly longer with each passing moment. With each step he took Rhys could feel himself getting smaller. With each passing second the fibers of the carpet felt more defined against his bare feet. With each breath he took, Rhys’s shirt shifted slightly further off his shoulder, and Dean’s dick grew larger with each second. By the time Rhys reached the foot of the bed he stood eye level with the tip of Dean’s towering spire. Dean’s dick was fatter than Rhys’s fist! It was even fatter than Rhys’s incredibly muscular forearm!

There was no way in hell he was going to wrap a hand all the way around the fat shaft, but that didn’t stop Rhys from grabbing Dean’s dick with both hands and pulling it towards his face. The thick, puffy tip of

Dean's fat cock was far too big for Rhys to ever hope of getting it into his mouth. At Rhys's size, just the glans of Dean's huge dick was bigger than a softball. Dean's knob looked bigger than even a grapefruit, and it wouldn't long before it felt even larger than a cantaloupe in Rhys's dwindling hands.

Rhys planted his lips against the soft, spongy head of his pal's enormous cock as if Dean's knob was his long lost lover. Rhys could feel the enormous shaft shudder in his hands. Rhys could feel his pal's cock head flare up against his lips, and with each passing second he could feel it getting ever larger against his lips as he kissed and suckled the soft tissue. Warm pre flowed from the slit of Dean's dick and flooded Rhys's mouth and cascaded down his chin. Rhys felt like he was in heaven. He wanted this to last forever, but even as he stroked and suckled Dean's dick he could tell he was soon going to be too small to really do give the fantastic knob the attention it deserved.

Rhys and Dean were both suddenly jostled by the sudden lurch in the bed. Kevin had flopped his beefy butt down on the bed next to his boyfriend, and the resulting shockwave had caused even the seemingly godly titan Dean to fall backwards onto the mattress. The sudden movement caused Dean's cock to swing up like a freshly loosed catapult. The fat knob smacked Rhys right in the nose. Thankfully it was the soft part of Dean's dick that had slapped him, but Rhys was still momentarily staggered by the wallop he had received.

Rhys glanced over to the source of the commotion. His jaw dropped as he stared at how simply massive Kevin had become. In reality it was Rhys who had dwindled further, but that hardly mattered at the moment. Kevin was so mind and load-blowingly huge that Rhys could do nothing but stare at the titan in silent awe. Rhys was so transfixed on his pal’s massive body that Rhys had almost completely forgotten about his pal’s incredibly long schlong which now stood straight up like a telephone pole and loomed over Rhys’s head.

“What? Cat got your tongue? Heh. Obviously not since I see it hanging out like a hound dog.” Kevin teased his tiny pal. He let out a soft chuckle which rumbled through the room and nodded for Rhys to start servicing his own rod.

“If you’re gonna have that tongue of yours hanging out anyway, you may as well put it to good use.” Kevin teased.

Rhys didn’t need to be told twice. He trotted happily over towards Kevin’s lap and got ready to get to work, but as he got into position he began to notice a new problem arising. It hadn’t been so bad back when he was sucking on Dean’s dick, but now that he was staring down Kevin’s incredibly fat, beer can cock Rhys was beginning to realize just how much he had shrunk while sucking on Dean’s dick. Kevin’s cock was more than a handful. It was thicker than Rhys’s neck! The puffy glans was almost as big as Rhys’s whole head

and getting ever so slightly bigger with each passing moment.

Now that Rhys stood at the foot of the bed and stared down Kevin's monster, he began to realize another issue. He had shrunken so much while servicing Dean's dick that he was now just a smidge taller than the mattress Kevin sat atop. Rhys was now staring straight at Kevin's massive sack, and what a massive sack it was! Either enormous orb was bigger than Rhys's head. The combined mass of the two balls in their sack would have been enough to eclipse Rhys's entire chest had Kevin decided to rest those nuts atop him. The mere thought of it made Rhys's dick ready to explode at any second. Rhys had half a mind to suggest Kevin do just that, but he couldn't muster the nerve to say the words. He was so cowed by Kevin's sheer size. Rhys no longer felt like he had any place to speak up in the presence of such a god.

"What's the matter, little guy? Need a lift?" Kevin asked in much the same way someone would speak to a small puppy. The childish manner in which Kevin spoke to Rhys further reinforced the disparity between them. It was all Rhys could do to nod his head in agreement.

Kevin got up from his seat at the foot of the bed, and although he was only standing for a brief moment, it was long enough to blow Rhys away. In that brief moment that Kevin was standing, Rhys found himself eye level with Kevin's inner thighs. Kevin's low hanging fruit were dangling dangerously close to

slapping Rhys right in the forehead. Kevin towered over him like a tree. Rhys had to tilt his head back as far as he could go just to stare up at his pal, and even then he couldn't see much. Kevin's fat cock filled much of vision. It was like staring up at a diving board from the comfort of the waters of the deep end of the pool. The thick rod hovered so close to Rhys's head that he could easily reach up and grab the thick knob with both hands. Rhys had half a mind to do just that, but he wasn't given the chance.

Kevin knelt down, slipped his hands under Rhys's arms, and effortlessly picked up the little guy. Rhys's little legs were left dangling several feet above the ground. Rhys was now so tiny that the bottom hem of his t-shirt now dipped down to his ankles. It looked more like a nightgown than a t-shirt. That in addition to the way Kevin was carrying him as he would a small child made Rhys look more like Maggie Simpson than a member of the college lacrosse team.

Rhys could feel his pal's hands around his chest as Kevin carried him back to the bed. Kevin's hands were wrapped around Rhys's torso much the same way a quarterback wraps his hands around a football while eyeing the field in preparation for his pass. Rhys could feel the very position of Kevin's fingers digging into his back. He could actually feel the position of Kevin's fingertips shift ever so slightly with each micrometer of mass that Rhys lost. Rhys was now so small that the tips of Kevin's middle fingers were dangerously close to touching as they dug into the middle of his back, and Rhys could feel that distance

getting ever so slightly smaller with each passing second.

Rhys's sudden journey ended as soon as it had begun. Kevin dropped Rhys onto the bed with as much thought and ceremony as he put into chucking a dirty t-shirt into the clothes hamper. It really wasn't much of a drop at all – at least not to Kevin. Rhys was dangling only a few inches off the mattress when Kevin let go, but to Rhys it was quite a jarring fall. The drop was so sudden and so swift that Rhys was filled with the brief sense of existential dread that typically goes along with finding out that there was one more step on the stairway than anticipated.

All things considered, the drop was little more than a foot for Rhys, but he had been given no time to prepare to stick the landing or even brace himself for impact. It was fortunate that Rhys landed on the soft, cotton-stuffed comforter and not the stiff carpet –or worse, the hardwood of the front room, but the impact was still hard enough to send Rhys sprawling onto his back.

Rhys just laid there for a moment and stared up at his pals. Somehow being flat on his back made them see all the more massive. Seeing them like that got his mind racing. It got him imagining what it would be like when he got even smaller, and it got him thinking about just how much smaller he would get. He was already down to little more than a quarter of his former height, and his shrinking was showing no signs of slowing. He was already dangerously close to

being slimmer than Kevin’s incredibly fat cock, and it wouldn’t be long now until he would be even shorter than Dean’s impressive rod.

Just thinking about how small he had become and how much smaller he would get got Rhys worked up all over again. His dick was harder than he could ever remember it being. It shuddered in anticipation of what was to come. Rhys was so hot and bothered that it took every fiber of his being not to just paint his chest with his own spunk.

Rhys closed his eyes and chewed on his lower lip. He tried to bring himself down from the verge of climax. He tried to tune out his shrinking for just a little while so he could get his libido under control, but even as he laid there he could actually feel himself getting smaller. He could his shirt shifting around his dwindling frame. He could feel the individual fibers of his tight-knit athletic t-shirt getting thicker against his skin. He could feel the cotton filling of his buddies’ bedspread getting firmer underneath him as he steadily became lighter and lighter. It wouldn’t be long now before the fabric wouldn’t even buckle beneath his feet. How small would he be when he got to that point? An Inch? A centimeter? A millimeter? Rhys didn’t know, but his whole body trembled in anticipation at the mere thought of finding out.