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‘Mini’ge a Trois

Part 7

By Ziel.

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“Time to get you cleaned up, little man.” Dean said playfully as he nudged his tiny pal towards the edge of the sink. It wasn’t more than a soft tap to Dean, but at Rhys’s reduced size, the soft nudge was enough to send him staggering forward. Rhys only just barely managed to regain his footing right before he would have otherwise gone toppling over and into the sink.

Rhys stood at the edge of the sink and stared down into the basin. The bowl was looking less like a bathroom sink and more like a halfpipe at a skate park by the second. At Rhys’s reduced dimensions the sink looked to be the size of a backyard swimming pool and was getting ever so slightly bigger with each passing moment.

Rhys knew better than to hop on into the bowl. If he tried that he was sure to face plant onto the ceramic surface, and he would no doubt slide right on over towards the drain. He wasn't so small that he ran the risk of being washed right down the drain – not yet, anyway – but getting his foot or fingers caught between the small gap between the circular drain stopper and the metal ring of the drain didn't sound like his idea of a good time. Instead Rhys squatted down on the edge of the sink and slid down the side as if it were a play yard slide. He hopped back up to his feet just in time to stop himself from sliding over the drain and took a moment to take stock of his position.

Rhys had never felt tinier than he did in that moment. Dean looked even more massive than he had a moment ago, and it wasn't just because Rhys had shrunk even further since then. Rhys's new position at the bottom of the basin put him well below belt-level to his titanic pal. Rhys found himself staring up past Dean's smooth belly and flat chest all the way towards the titan's face which loomed above him like a parkway billboard.

It wasn't just the sheer scope of his pal that made Rhys feel so puny. Everywhere he looked he saw white walls all around him. He was so short that his head only just barely poked up above the rim of the sink bowl. At his current size he had no doubt that getting out of the sink would be a monumental undertaking, and that was even without the water running. Once the ceramic sides of the white basin got soaked, Rhys doubted he'd ever be able to get out on

his own. He was no doubt trapped down there until his pals decided to bail him out.

Rhys's cock was already chubbing up all over again. Just the thought of how puny and helpless he had become thrilled him. He was a veritable prisoner in his buddies' sink. He was trapped unless one of his two gigantic buddies stopped by to lend him a hand, and what a hand it would be. Even Dean's slender fingers were now so huge compared to the shrunken stud that they could wrap completely around his reduced torso. Rhys could feel the blood once again gravitating towards his groin. It wouldn't be long before he was fully boned all over again, but before he could get past half-mast his erotic reveries were derailed.

Dean reached over and casually turned the handle on the sink as far as it would go. It was a simple motion he had done countless times in the past whenever he needed to wash his hands. The stream never seemed a big deal to him, but at Rhys's small size, the jet of warm water that came rushing from the faucet was enough to send him sprawling. It was like being nailed by one of those power hoses they used to disperse rioters. Rhys was glad that he had not been standing directly under the faucet at the time. A blast to the shoulder was enough to send him sprawling onto his ass. He didn't even want to think about what a blow to the head would be like.

Rhys tried to stand up, but it just wasn't happening. The current around his feet was too strong,

and the ceramic basin was just too slippery. Try as he might all he managed to do was slip around a bit and then fall flat onto his ass once more. It was clear he had no chance of standing up so he instead flopped onto his back and let the warm water wash over him.

The warm water felt fantastic against his skin. The thick layer of spunk that had clung to his skin had long since begun to cool and crustify. It felt so heavy and gross, and every time he moved it felt like he had a layer of scotch tape stretched over his skin that was pulling the hairs out of his arms and legs. It had felt great when he had first been doused in his gigantic pals’ enormous loads, but now Rhys was more than happy to let the water rinse him clean. As an added bonus his resting place at the bottom of the sink gave him a great glimpse of what his two towering pals were up to.

Kevin had followed Dean into the bathroom and had sidled up behind his lean little lover. Despite the fact that the two of them had just cum mere moments ago they both seemed ready for more. Kevin had wrapped his big, burly arms around his shorter lover’s slim frame and had begun nuzzling against the nape of Dean’s pale neck. Dean wriggled and murmured at his lover’s soft, playful touches. He looked like he was in ecstasy, but Rhys could not make out what Kevin was saying in between soft kisses against Dean’s neck. The roar of the torrent of tap water and the water lapping at Rhys’s ears drowned out all other noises.

“I have a better idea of how to get our little buddy cleaned up.” Kevin said softly as he nuzzled against his boyfriend’s neck.

“Do you now?” Dean replied coyly.

“Yeah. He’s not the only one who got covered in your cum... maybe you should help me clean off in the shower, and you can bring our little friend with you.” Kevin whispered playfully into his boyfriend’s ear between kisses.

Dean chuckled in reply. After a moment he managed a more definite response. “Get the shower ready. We’ll join you in a moment.” Dean said.

Kevin didn’t need to be told twice. He gave his lover one more quick peck on the cheek and then made his way over to the shower. He had lived here long enough to know just the right temperature to set the knob to so a quick turn was all it took. Then came the waiting game.

Dean shut off the flow of water to the sink and stared down at his little pal. Rhys was looking a bit cleaner now than he had before, but he still had quite a bit of cum clinging to his tiny body. It had been almost a week since Dean had had a chance to bust his nut so his wad was extra thick and sticky. A quick rinse in the sink was simply not going to cut it. In fact there was a large wad of spunk that still clung to Rhys’s shrunken body. The spray of warm water had only really managed to cause the wad of jizz to clump together into a long, gooey string of cum. Thick strand

of extra-sticky spooze stuck to Rhys’s shoulder and clung across his chest like a sash worn by a pageant contestant. Dean reached down and playfully plucked up the strand of spunk between his thumb and pointer finger and dangled the soggy strand of jizz in front of his shrunken pal’s face.

Rhys tried his best to track the motion of his pal’s hand as Dean did so, but the motion was so fast that Rhys was left dazed and dizzy. Dean’s hand was the size of an industrial crane, but it moved like a humming bird. When Rhys’s eyes finally managed to focus he was staring down a strand of jizz that hung over his face like a gooey stalactite. Large, softball-sized droplets of water dripped off the tip of the gooey strand and dribbled right onto Rhys’s face. It was like being nailed in the face with a water balloon. The droplets splatted against his forehead and splashed across his face. It was yet another reminder of just how tiny he had become, and Rhys knew it wasn’t stopping yet. He couldn’t say how much smaller he would get, but he could still feel himself steadily shrinking by the second.

“The shower is warmed up enough, I think.”
Kevin called over to his lover.

“Oh, great. I’ll be right there.” Dean replied.
He looked back down at the sink and shook the strand of jizz free from his fingers. The sticky wad hit the side of the sink bowl with a splat.

Rhys was again stunned by the sheer speed at which Dean seemed to move. His titanic hand seemed

to be moving meters per millisecond. Rhys couldn't even keep track of the movement as Dean shook the wad from his fingers. It wasn't until the huge, thick strand of jizz hit the porcelain with a resounding splat mere millimeters from Rhys's face that he realized what was happening. For the first time all evening, Rhys really began to realize just how precarious his position could be. With a simple flick of his finger Dean had sent the wad sailing to the ground with enough force that the pageant-sash sized strand was reduced to a splatter against the sink-basin. Seeing the jizz hit the bowl was like seeing a bug splat against a windshield in vivid, high def. Rhys knew that the cum was goo-like to begin with, but it was still jarring nonetheless to see how thoroughly splattered it had become.

Rhys took his eyes off the cum-splatter and focused instead of figuring out why Dean had stopped the water. Rhys hastily scampered to his feet. The water had stopped running, but the porcelain was still covered with a wet residue that left it as slick and slippery as an ice-skating rink, and the curvature of the floor just made footing even more precarious. After spending a moment slipping and sliding and attempting to regain his balance, Rhys finally managed to stabilize himself in the basin.

Once he finally managed to stand up, Rhys noticed something about his surroundings. He was no longer tall enough to peer over the edge of the sink. The faucet which was once little more than eye level to him now loomed over him like an overhead lamp in

an interrogation room. It was low enough that he could still easily reach up and grab the rim of the faucet, but Rhys wasn’t sure how much longer that would last nor was he given the chance to really think it over. Dean was already once more on the move.

Dean casually reached down and plucked his little pal up into his hand with little more thought than if he were picking up the TV remote. Rhys was once more sent for a ride, and this time he doubted his dinner would still be in his belly by the time he reached his destination. Fortunately the ride only took a matter of seconds. The distance from the sink to the shower may have seemed like a mile at Rhys’s size, but for Dean it was little more than two steps.

Rhys slowly started to regain his senses after what felt like being chucked into a washing machine which was set to tumble dry for about five seconds. Once he managed to take stock of his surroundings he realized just how much smaller he had become during his time in the sink. His head now rested in the nook between Dean’s thumb and the side of Dean’s hand, and the other side of Dean’s palm came almost to Rhys’s knees leaving the lower half of his legs to dangle free. He could now comfortably rest in the palm of his pal’s hand with only just a little bit hanging over, and at the rate he was going he would soon be so tiny that he would completely fit in his pal’s palm without so much as needing to scrunch up.

Dean may have seemed like a titan to the tiny Rhys, but even Dean had to step up on his toes in

order to kiss his huge lover on the lips. The two didn't exchange any words. The gazes they were giving were enough. They held each other's gaze for a moment and then stepped into the crowded, glass cubicle.

The washrag had been draped over the curved, metallic neck of the showerhead and had so far managed to escape getting so much of a drop of water on it. The cloth was still stiff as a board and stuck in a taco-like shape from the dried soap residue that it had accrued since its last use, but that was just perfect for Dean. He had the perfect filling for the taco anyway. He chuckled softly as he dropped his little buddy right into the depths of the washrag as if Rhys were little more than beef and beans.

At Rhys's reduced size the washrag felt like cardboard wrapped in AstroTurf. The stiff bristles scratched his bare skin, and the sides of his soap-scale hardened hammock were so stiff that he couldn't so much as shimmy himself into a more comfortable position, but that hardly mattered. With each drop of the shower water that splashed onto the washrag, the fabric became softer and more malleable in the titan's hand. Soon the stiff walls of his washrag prison softened to the point where they collapsed in on themselves and left Rhys completely buried in the soggy bundle of cloth. In a matter of seconds Rhys had gone from being the filling in a washcloth taco to being the center of a washcloth burrito. Rhys tried to shove the damp washcloth off of his face, but the waterlogged rag was simply too heavy. Even his thick muscles were no match for soggy swath of polyester

fibers. Rhys was sure he was going to be stuck amidst the damp folds of the washcloth for the rest of the shower, but no sooner had he given up hope than he saw light above him. Rhys was glad to see the dingy overhead light of his pal’s bathroom, but his joy was short-lived. His joy gave way to shock as he stared up at the monolithic bottle of shower gel which was now aimed right at him.

Rhys braced for impact. He raised his hands over his face and closed his eyes at the last possible second to stop at least some of the gel from splashing into his face. He could feel the cool, damp gel slowly ooze over his body. He could feel the path of the downpour slowly make its way down towards his toes and then back up again. Dean was pouring the shower gel all over him as if he were pouring ketchup on a hotdog. The analogy was even more apt considering that Rhys was now shorter than the average hotdog and that his the sides of the once taco-shaped washcloth had softened and fallen into clumps on either side of him almost as if he was sitting amidst a bun rather than atop a rag.

Once he could feel the dense downpour of soap stop, Rhys hurriedly scrubbed his face as quickly as he could. Although the water stung quite a bit as it hit him, he was thankful for the warm droplets of water that were now raining down upon him because it made the process that much faster. Rhys finally managed to rinse his eyes enough that he could see, and as soon as his vision cleared he gasped at what he saw.

Kevin's burly chest loomed before him. At Rhys's reduced size, Kevin's chest looked more like the side of a building than it did the front of a dude, and his chest seemed to be getting bigger by the second! It wasn't just Rhys's shrinking that made Kevin appear to be growing though. Dean was steadily lifting Rhys closer and closer to his lover's huge, hairy chest. It was as if Dean was intentionally drawing it out to give Rhys a good look at what was in store for him, and given what Rhys knew of his slender friend, he had no doubt that Dean was doing just that.

Soon Rhys was so close that he could reach out and touch Kevin's fuzzy gut. In fact, Rhys could even see what little remained of the splotch of Dean and Kevin's cum that had been sprayed all over Kevin's chest and gut. The steady stream of water coming from the shower head had done an amazing job of washing most of it off already, but even so Rhys could still make out the general size of the splotch. The splotch itself wasn't so important as what it represented. It gave him a good benchmark to gauge just how much he had shrunk since then, and the answer astounded even him. Rhys had to be little more than half the size he had been back when he had been basking in the afterglow atop his buddy's midsection!

There was a brief moment where Rhys was wracked with conflicting emotions. Had he really shrunk so much in such a small amount of time? He had to have halved in size! Did that mean the shrinking was speeding up? The worst part was Rhys didn't

know whether he was excited or terrified. He was ecstatic that he had gotten so tiny and that he was still getting smaller, but was there such a thing as too small? He had always assumed the shrinking would taper off when he got good and tiny, but there was a brief second there where the notion that he might shrink and shrink until there was nothing left was a very real possibility.

Once the initial shock subsided, Rhys was able to think clearly again. His rate of shrinking hadn’t really sped up. It was just that he was now so tiny that every inch he lost felt like a foot. He may have nearly halved in size since he was resting atop his buddy’s gut, but that only really meant he had lost some three or four inches. Of course that also meant he had precious few inches left to lose. At the rate things were going he would soon shrink smaller than a G.I. Joe. Hell, at the rate things were going, he’d soon be knee high to a little green army man. The mere thought of it excited him to no end. His cock had already started stirring to life before, but now he was damn near fully boned all over again.

Rhys didn’t have too long to bask in his daydreams though. He soon found himself pressed face down against his humongous buddy’s gut. Rhys could feel himself traveling up and down and to the side as Dean dragged his soap-covered body all over his lover’s gut. Rhys clenched his eyes shut tight – in part because he knew it would help alleviate his motion sickness, but more because he needed to keep the suds out of his eyes. The constant motion had

caused the layer of soap that Rhys had been coated in to form a nice, thick lather over his entire body. Oddly enough, his newfound blindness seemed to have heightened his other senses. He could feel the warmth of Kevin's skin and the heat of the shower water permeating his whole body. Every breath Rhys took was filled with the bitter taste of soap and the hot, humid mist of the hot shower. Rhys could feel the soggy hairs brush against his face, and with each passing moment the hairs seemed to get thicker and coarser. At first Rhys assumed it was just a byproduct of his shrinking, but he quickly realized that there was another culprit at work. Kevin's hairs really were getting coarser. They really were getting thicker, and that could only mean one thing. Rhys soon found himself being brushed up against the dense, damp tangle of his buddy's pubes, but things didn't stop there. Rhys kept drifting lower and lower until soon he found himself facedown against his pal's soft cock.

Even in its soft state Kevin's cock was an impressive specimen to behold. Kevin was a bit of a grower but not by much. His soft cock was a solid five inches in length and was easily as thick as one of those fancy glass Coke bottles. Rhys couldn't admire the sheer size of his pal's dick though. His eyes were still too full of soap suds to dare try to open them, but he could sure feel the fat tool against his body. He could feel the veins on the shaft brush against his body as his was rubbed against the incredible cock. He could feel the warmth emanating from it even amidst the hot steam of the shower. He could even catch a vague

whiff of the smell of Kevin’s fantastic cock amidst the cloying scent of Ocean Breeze body wash.

Rhys tried to grip his pal’s phenomenal cock. He tried to hug it and nuzzle against it, but Dean wasn’t giving him the chance to really find purchase. Rhys wouldn’t have been able to grasp the amazing cock even if he had had all the time in the world though. Kevin’s cock was far too thick for Rhys to ever hope to get his arms around it. There’s no way he could even grip it enough to cling to it like a Koala in a tree. There was just no way Rhys could grab it. At his size it would have been like him trying to hug a U-Haul, but Rhys was so hot and horny that he wasn’t about to let anything as silly as the sheer impossibility of his actions stop him from trying. He buried his face against his pal’s cock and dug his fingers into the fat shaft as best he could. He soaked up the sheer size of his pal’s dick even as Dean kept sliding Rhys’s dwindling body up and down the length of the enormous shaft.

Rhys’s toes tended to bump against the tip of Kevin’s soft cock as he slid up and down the length of the fat shaft, but with each pass Rhys could tell that his feet hung past the tip of his pal’s dick slightly less with each dip. Rhys felt like he was hosting a rave for butterflies in his belly. He was so excited by the sheer notion that he was still shrinking and by how massive his pal’s cock already was compared to him that he just couldn’t help it. He was so giddy that his whole body was actually trembling which just made the full body hand-job that he was giving (with Dean’s

assistance, of course) feel even more amazing to the lucky, colossal recipient.

Rhys was so focused on his shrinking and how horny he was that he didn't even consider the real reason that Kevin's cock seemed to be getting bigger so fast. Sure, Rhys was still shrinking, but that wasn't the primary culprit. The feeling of Rhys's tiny body wriggling against his cock caused Kevin's libido to get its second wind. With each passing second and each successive stroke, Kevin's cock stirred to life anew. With each pump that Dean gave his shaft, Kevin's cock got thicker. With each pass that Rhys's body slid along the length of Kevin's thick cock, Kevin's shaft got longer and harder. Rhys couldn't tell because he was blind as a bat and completely disoriented from the motion, but Dean was no longer just stroking up and down along the length of Kevin's cock. Kevin's cock was already well past half mast and jutted out in front of him like a diving board so Dean's strokes were now gliding back and forth along the rigid shaft. It wasn't until Dean pulled his hand back long enough to shift position that Rhys realized what was happening.

Rhys quickly wiped the suds from his eyes as best he could and glanced around to see why he had been so rudely taken from worshipping that fantastic cock. His eyes stung from the residual soap. Tears flowed from his eyes, but he didn't dare close them. He had to soak up what view he could, and the view was totally worth it. He soon saw Kevin's fat cock once again come into view. The huge shaft loomed over Rhys's head like something out of Close Encounters.

The shaft was so huge that it filled Rhys’s entire field of vision, and as he was steadily lifted up and up, ever closer to the glorious schlong, it was like coming in for an approach with Star Destroyer.

On some level Rhys knew that his pal’s cock wasn’t really that huge. It wasn’t even longer than Rhys was tall, but the angle and the proximity and Rhys’s own blurry eyesight amplified the sensation and made Kevin’s cock feel even more massive than it really was.

As soon as Rhys was once again in range to do so he quickly began grabbing and stroking his pal’s huge cock with all his might. His hands kept gripping and groping up and down the slippery, puffy underside of his pal’s fully boned cock. Rhys fervently ground his own fully boned cock against the underside of his pal’s enormous schlong. Rhys buried his face into the soft, spongy head of Kevin’s fat cock whenever he came in range of it. Rhys was so into it that he was only vaguely aware something strange. It soon got to the point where even at the lowest point of his path along Kevin’s cock, Rhys’s toes no longer dug into his pal’s sack even though his face was buried against the lower ridge of his Kevin’s puffy cock head.

Despite how horny and excited he was, the gears were still turning in the back of his mind as some part of his consciousness attempted to decode this new experience. He was eye level with the tip of Kevin’s dick, but his toes still did not reach Kevin’s balls. What did that mean then? Rhys actually gasped

in shock when the answer hit him, and he sucked in a mouthful of suds in the process. He was now shorter than Kevin's cock!

Somehow this revelation was a major turning point. Kevin's fat beer can cock had been thicker than even Rhys's swole torso for a while now, but up until just a moment ago Rhys had actually been taller than his pal's dick. Now Rhys was so tiny that he was categorically smaller than even just his bud's dick. The thought of it hit him like a ton of bricks. Rhys bit his lower lip and braced himself as best he could, but it was no use. The muscles in his sculpted eight-pack set of abs flexed and trembled. His whole body shuddered in anticipation. His cock lurched. His nuts pulled up, and then it happened. A few, weak, watery spurts erupted from his cock.

Rhys had just cum mere moments ago. His tired nuts had nothing left to give, but that didn't stop them from giving it the good old college try. Even without a huge, messy cum shot, Rhys was still flooded with a rush of euphoria. He was so ecstatic that he didn't even notice that he was still burying his face against his pal's spongy cock head. He hadn't even noticed that Dean had stopped stroking.

"W-wait. Stop." Kevin gasped.

"Hmm? Why should I do that?" Dean asked impishly.

"Because I think it's time for round two." Kevin replied with a similar tone. The two lovers stared into

each other’s eyes. They both had a horny, devious glint in their eyes that said it all.

Kevin reached over and turned the knob to shut off the shower, but not before giving his boyfriend’s bubbly butt a good squeeze for good measure. No sooner had the shower stopped than Dean turned and traipsed out of the shower stall and over towards the sink. Rhys was once more unceremoniously discarded on the countertop while Dean and Kevin giggled and dried each other off with a nearby towel.

Rhys was once again left jarred and dazed by his rough landing. It took a moment for the room to stop spinning and another moment longer for Rhys to feel comfortable standing up. He shakily got to his feet and glanced around at the landscape around him. It was the same place he had been mere moments before, but it looks far different at his reduced size. The bottle of mouthwash which Rhys once reached the base of the neck of now towered over him like an oak tree. The stems of the toothbrushes on the stand beside him were now thicker than his neck by a good margin. The stick of deodorant beside him was now nearly as tall as he was. The top of the thing came up to his chin, and the stick was wider than even his broad shoulders. The fairly fresh tube of toothpaste beside him was now the size of an inflatable pool lounge. Rhys had to be little bigger than five inches tall and still getting smaller with each passing second. He had no idea how much smaller he would get, but he did know he couldn’t wait to find out.