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‘Mini’ge a Trois

Finale & Epilogue

By Ziel.

‘Mini’ge a Trois
Part 10: Finale

The whole evening had felt like a dream, but this was by far the most surreal thing that Rhys had experienced thus far. He wasn't so much falling so much as he was sinking. He was drifting deeper and deeper by the second, but he couldn't really tell up from down. Everything was so dark, and he was suspended in something akin to syrup. Rhys knew what he was sinking in, but that knowledge didn't help him. If anything, it just amplified the dreamlike feeling. He wasn't sinking in a pool or anything like that. This wasn't water that surrounded him. This was slick, slimy pre, and Rhys was drifting deeper and deeper down his pal's cock. Rhys was now so tiny that there was plenty of room for him to wiggle inside his pal's cock, and as the seconds ticked on, Rhys could tell he was still getting smaller.

At first his shoulders pressed against the sides of the narrow passage down his pal’s dick, but it wasn’t long before he had enough room to move his arms, and as he sunk deeper and deeper the free space grew and grew. Soon he was so tiny that he could actually roll around inside his buddy’s cock. Rhys pulled into a fetal position and tumbled this way and that as he sunk steadily deeper. Soon he couldn’t tell left from right or up from down. All he knew was that he was sinking in the thick fluid.

All things considered, Rhys enjoyed the feeling. It was strangely peaceful just drifting off into the abyss, but at the same time he knew he couldn’t stay there. His lungs burned for fresh air. If he didn’t get out soon he was sure to suffocate. Of all the ways that Rhys had thought the night would end, drowning in pre as he floated inside his pal’s dick was definitely not the way he had foreseen it. Although even that didn’t sound so bad. He had heard drowning was one of the most peaceful ways to go, and if it was his time, at least he got to go out living his deepest fantasy.

Rhys was just about to surrender himself to his fate when he suddenly felt the flow of pre around him speed up. Soon instead of drifting downward, Rhys was sliding upwards. It wouldn’t be quite precise to say he was buffeted by the current. Rather he was now so tiny that the stream of pre carried him along. Rhys was so weak and insignificant by this point that the river of pre that surrounded him held him in place as if he was a fly trapped in tree sap only to someday be

excavated in thousands of years as a specimen encased in amber.

“Ok... You’re doing great...” Kevin said reassuringly to his boyfriend who was lying on his back atop the bed. Dean was shuddering like a leaf and had both hands wrapped around his huge cock, but he wasn’t exactly stroking it. His hands were around the shaft, but they were only ever so slightly moving along the length of his big dick. Dean was caught in his own sort of predicament. Knowing that Rhys was sinking deep down his cock was a huge turn on. He never could have imagined how exciting it would be to have a tiny guy wriggling around in his cock, but it didn’t take long for him to realize that he could no longer feel Rhys inside of him. What could that mean? Was Rhys now too tiny to sense? Or had something worse happened. Whatever the case may be, Dean and Kevin both knew that Rhys could not remain there for long which is why the two of them set to work on getting him out. The real problem that was despite the sensitive nature of Rhys’s situation, Dean could feel his need to cream rising. He was so hot and bothered by the mere notion of having a tiny guy inside his cock that Dean felt like he could bust his nut at any second, but that could be disastrous. At Rhys’s size, there was no telling what would happen if that happened. In the worst-case scenario, Rhys could be fired from Dean’s cock like a human cannonball only without the array of safety devices commonly used in such a stunt.

Dean gripped his shuddering cock in his hands and moaned softly. Having to balance himself between

oozing pre without actually cumming was maddening. He had never been the best at edging, and the added knowledge of having Rhys inside of him just made it worse, but Kevin’s steady cheering helped keep Dean grounded. Dean powered through his own desires and steadily let his shuddering cock drain pre onto his flat, smooth stomach.

“Wait... wait...” Kevin said soothingly as he stared intently at the trickle of pre oozing out the tip of his lover’s huge cock. Suddenly Kevin’s steady coaxing came to a halt. There was a moment of deafening silence and then Kevin suddenly shouted, “I see him!”

Rhys was jolted from his daze by a sensation he had never experienced before. His goeey prison began to rumble. It was like he was stuck in a bowl of Jell-O during an earthquake. The goop that held him in place was wriggling and rumbling all around him, and all the while he could tell there was some loud sound around him. Rhys couldn’t hear the sound per se. He was too tiny for his ears to really process what he was hearing. Rather it was as if he felt the rumble of his pal’s booming voice rattle his very bones. Rhys felt like he was vibrating like a silenced cell phone.

Kevin stared in awe as a single, small droplet of pre dripped from his boyfriend’s cock. The droplet clung to the tip of Dean’s dick for a moment before slowly dribbling off the tip of his dick. The bead dripped lower and lower. The strand of pre that connected it to the cock grew thinner and weaker until

it dangled like a piñata from the tip of Dean's cock. Kevin had to move in so closely that his nose almost bumped against the bead of pre and sent it splattering to the base of Dean's cock before he could get a good glimpse of what was inside. Inside that small, bead of pre which was no bigger than a drop of dew on a blade of grass was suspended an even smaller man. Rhys wasn't even a millimeter tall by this point. He looked knee high to an ant. He was so tiny that Kevin couldn't even make out any real features other than his copper-red hair and muscular body.

Suddenly the strand snapped, and the bead of pre came tumbling down just like all the others which had come before it. Rhys's stomach felt like it launched into his throat as he felt the entire world around him begin hurtling downward. Had the fall lasted more than a split second, Rhys may have started to panic, but as soon as the lurch downward had begun, it came to an equally jarring end. The bead of pre made landfall on the expanse of smooth, pale flesh between Dean's crotch and belly button. The drop was barely more than an inch for the titan who viewed it from the outside, but for the nearly microscopic Rhys it had felt like he had taken a tour on the Tower of Terror. He felt like he had just been slam-dunked several stories. Fortunately, the gelatinous blob that surrounded him cushioned his fall so that he was only rattled and not wrecked.

The sudden, jarring drop had been enough to knock Rhys out of his trance. His lack of air felt became apparent all at once. His lungs burned. He started to

panic. He clawed furiously at the gelatinous goop that encased him. At Rhys's tiny size the pre that surrounded him was so thick that it felt like he was trying to swim through rubber cement. It wasn't so much sticking to him so much as it was wrapped around him. He was too tiny for the stuff to even cling to his flesh, but that didn't make escaping it any easier. Even Rhys's toned and tested muscles were screaming at him as he clawed his way towards what he assumed to be the top. It wasn't swimming so much as it was like pulling himself through thick sap. By the time his head finally broke the surface of the bead, his muscles were starting to cramp up, and he was nearly ready to pass out from lack of air.

The second his head poked through the goop, Rhys gasped for air. It was as if it was the first time he had ever tasted clean air in his life. The crisp air burned his oxygen starved lungs. Rhys waited there for a few moments as he struggled to catch his breath. It wasn't so much that he was treading water as it was that he was buried up to his shoulders in the pre. He was so tiny that he was held in place by the otherwise thin liquid. By this point in the night Dean had cum so much that he pre was barely any thicker than water, but even that was too thick for Rhys to sink into.

Once Rhys had recovered enough, he mustered his strength and pulled himself the rest of the way out of the tar-like trap. Much to his surprise, his hand didn't sink into the goop even as he pushed and pulled the rest of his body out from beneath it. Once he was finally free he flopped onto his back and

stared up into space. He was so tiny, so insignificant by this point that he wasn't even heavy enough to break the skin of a droplet of water. He sat atop it like a mosquito skittering across the surface of a pond. The water-like pre beneath him felt almost like a giant water bed. It jiggled ever so slightly beneath him while he laid there, but it wasn't his breathing that caused the motion – it was Dean's! The small droplet which sat atop Dean's belly jiggled in time with the shudders that coursed through Dean's titanic body.

Rhys let the rocking motion of the small bead of pre rock him to sleep. By this point he was so exhausted both from cumming more times in one night than he had in the past month and from the extreme physical exertion it took to pull himself out of the gelatinous prison. Rhys felt like he was in another world. There was no way he was still on earth. Everything looked so strange and so foreign. The ceiling of Dean and Kevin's small bedroom looked hundreds of miles away. It was so massive and so far away that it seemed more like a sky than a ceiling. The grey sky seemed to stretch on forever with a dingy orange light where a sun should be.

As much as Rhys wanted to drift off to sleep on that water-bed-like bubble, he knew he couldn't live with himself if he didn't look around. He shakily pulled himself to his feet and glanced around at the terrain around him. The ceiling-sky had seemed surreal, but it was nothing compared to the sight that awaited him below. Rhys looked off into the distance. From atop the seemingly mountain-sized bead, Rhys

could see the pale flesh of his lean, lithe pal stretching out for miles and miles. It was almost as if he was staring down at an endless desert. The pale skin stretched on for miles and miles. Far off in the distance Rhys saw a gaping pit that rivaled even the largest Lunar oceans. The bottomless pit in the Siberian wastelands had nothing on the colossal crater that was Dean's cute little belly button, and as Rhys stared further and further out into the distance he was even more in awe of the sheer scope and scale of his pal's slender body. Far off in the distance, what seemed to be hundreds of miles away, rose Dean's colossal face. Dean's head may have been its own planet. Even just Dean's nose would have dwarfed mount Everest. Dean's forehead could have housed the entire District of Columbia. Dean's sheer scope and size was so overwhelming that Rhys very nearly collapsed to his knees in awe, but before he could let himself be overcome by the wonder of his tiny he had become, Rhys knew he needed to see something else firsthand.

Rhys unsteadily turned around. Even before he managed to look upward, he was completely cowed by the sheer size of Dean's megalithic shaft. Just the shaft of Dean's cock looked wider than the Grand Canyon, and as Rhys tilted his head further and further back he could see more and more of Dean's cock looming over him. Rhys was so overwhelmed by how massive even just Dean's dick was that he fell flat on his back. All he could do was stare up in awe at the planet-sized knob of Dean's huge cock. Dean's dick had been pretty big when Rhys had been full-sized, but now it was like the size of an entire city and then some! Dean's schlong

may as well be Staten Island. Even just the slit of Dean's dick was enormous. Rhys could hardly believe that he had been inside of that just mere moments ago. He wasn't even a gnat compared to his pals. Rhys was now so tiny that he was barely a microbe. Rhys was so awed by what he saw and so overcome by how astoundingly tiny he had become that his dick was as hard as it had ever been, but Rhys couldn't bring himself to stroke it. His own release seemed so insignificant by this point. All he wanted to do was lay back and admire the godlike visage of his titanic pal.

Rhys couldn't even imagine what it must be like to be so huge. The very notion of being 'normal sized' seemed so foreign to him. Even though on some level Rhys knew that Dean was pretty small compared to most people, he just could not comprehend anyone being even larger than Dean. Even though some part of him deep down remembered that he was once even taller than Dean, the thought that anyone or anything could come close to even rivaling the sheer scope and scale of the reclining god seemed physically impossible.

Rhys was so fixated on Dean that he had all but forgotten about the existence of another titan in the room – one that was much bigger and broader than even the planet-like Dean. If Dean was a planet, Kevin was a star – a celestial body so massive that Rhys could never hope to fully understand the sheer magnitude of it. Even just thinking about how huge Dean was made Rhys lightheaded. He was dealing with numbers and extremes that existed outside of his puny

reckoning. It was not his place to try and fathom the existence of such godly beings.

Rhys was too caught up in his existential crisis to notice the motion around him until he was once again buffeted by a force so powerful that it sent him sprawling. The entire mountain that Rhys sat upon was moving, and at speeds fast enough to break the sound barrier it felt like! The jarring motion lasted mere seconds but the force was enough to leave Rhys so shaken that for a moment he couldn't even tell up from down. Had he not been sitting atop such soft surface he probably would have been badly bruised by the trek. Once the motion finally stopped, Rhys clambered shakily to his knees and glanced out at his surroundings. He was once again at a loss for words. The view before him was unlike anything he had ever seen. He couldn't even fathom where he was. It seemed like pink crystal stretched out in all directions as far as the eye could see, and miles and miles away, far over the horizon, Rhys could see a gigantic wall, a wall that put the fabled Wall of the Night Watch to shame. This wall was made of the strange, semi-translucent pink substance that the ground beneath him was comprised of, and the wall encircled him on all sides. It was as if he was in his own country. A country with towering walls around it to seal it off from the outside world.

Rhys couldn't even fathom where he was or what had happened so he stopped even trying. Instead he looked down at the bead of pre that had become his home. It was clear he had shrunk even more since

being dropped from the tip of Dean's dick. He now barely even bent the surface of the spunk. It had gone from having the consistence of tar to having the consistence of hard, gym-floor rubber. He could hop and bound with all his might and still not even dent the surface, but that wasn't what really had him so awed. There was something in the clear, gel-like mountain. It was more than just one thing. There were several. At first he had written it off as a trick of the light, but as he stared it became clearer and clearer that what he saw beneath his feet was a genuine shadow of something massive that lurked beneath the surface. Rhys stared down at his feet as he trekked up and down the length of the massive shadow. It was so far beneath the surface that he couldn't quite make out the exact size and shape of it, but it seemed massive, and the rough shape of it reminded him of a fish. It was like something out of Jaws. The camera pans out to show the small fishing boat, and then beneath the water a giant shadow appears. A shadow that dwarfs the little fishing boat. A shadow that looked much the same shape and size as the enormous shadow which now loomed beneath Rhys's feet.

It took Rhys a moment to process what he was seeing. The idea first popped into his head, but it seemed so ludicrous that he quickly dismissed it. It was impossible. There was no way he had become that tiny already, had he? Whatever he saw was probably a piece of lint or something that had gotten caught in the blob of pre, nothing else, but even that was enough to make Rhys's cock give an excited lurch. Rhys

had become so tiny that even a piece of lint would look like an asteroid. A dust bunny would be a kaiju class creature. If he kept dwindling like this he would soon be able to ride a water bear like a rodeo bull. The mere thought of how tiny he would have to be to even see a tardigrade let alone ride one, made his gut sink and his cock rise. He would be microscopic by that point. His pals wouldn't even be able to find him with a magnifying glass. If he were anywhere near that size then he would even be able to make out the shapes in the spunk of...

Rhys once again stared at the shadow below him. It was thick at one end and tapered off like a tail on the other side. It was shaped like a tadpole but was the size of a whale. There was no way, right? Surely he couldn't be so tiny... but even as he tried to talk himself out of it, he knew the truth. He was so small that water felt like a solid object. Even were he to cannonball onto the bead of pre he now stood atop, he wouldn't even make a ripple. He wouldn't even break the surface. He may as well be stage diving onto concrete. In order for him to be so tiny that water wouldn't even bend beneath his weight he would have to be smaller than a gnat – much smaller!

Rhys once again collapsed to his knees. He knew what was beneath him, and as he looked deeper down into the murky liquid he could see other such shadows further in. They were spread far apart, but that was to be expected given how much Dean had cum during the course of the night. It was probably a miracle his balls even had enough stamina left to crank

out a few more of them. The whale-sized shadows which rested within the bead of pre were none other than Dean's sperm. Rhys was now so tiny that a he had mistaken a micro-organism for Moby Dick!

Rhys stared up at the ceiling – or at least he stared towards what he assumed was the ceiling. It was so far away that he couldn't even see it. Whatever it was he thought he saw far above him loomed lightyears away. It may as well be another galaxy instead of just the ceiling of a small bedroom. As Rhys stared out into the abyss that was his buddies' bedroom, he couldn't help but wonder how much smaller he could possibly get. Part of him wondered if he would slip below the molecular level. He wondered what it would be like to be so tiny that atoms whizzed around him like solar systems. He wondered if he would get so tiny that he could verify the existence of quarks with his own two eyes, but even as he daydreamed about what it would be like to shrink below the size of electrons, he could feel the steady sinking start to taper off. He was nearing the end of his journey. For better or worse, he wasn't going to be getting much smaller, but it was probably for the best. He was already at the size where he would have to fight off bacteria with his fists.

Rhys flopped onto his back and stared up into space. It had been the best night of his life. He had lived out his wildest dreams, and lived to tell the tale. All that remained now was for him to wait out the serum. As he drifted off to sleep he couldn't help but

wonder when he would grow back... or if he even would.

‘Mini’ge a Trois Epilogue

Rhys fidgeted and groaned. His back hurt like hell and his shoulder was cramping up on him. Wherever he had slept the night before had been the most uncomfortable bed he had ever experienced, and he had once passed out on the floor of Kevin and Dean’s apartment after a particularly booze-filled party. Whatever it was that Rhys was sleeping on was too tiny for him. His neck was tilted at an annoying angle and his shoulder mashed against the outer rim.

Rhys sat up and looked around at his surroundings. His ‘bed’, if it could be called that, was little more than a pink, circular disk with walls around it that stood maybe six inches high. It was quite possibly the least practical bed he had ever seen.

“Good morning, sleep head,” came a rumbling voice that was so loud it made Rhys’s ears ring. Rhys clasped his hands to his ears and looked towards the source of the voice only to see his pal Dean smiling down at him... only Dean was very different than how Rhys remembered him. Rhys used to stand a good head taller than Dean, but now Dean loomed over him like a skyscraper.

Rhys jumped to his feet. All his memories came rushing back to him. It hadn’t been a dream! He had really shrunken so small that he could stare down microbes and lose. He had really experienced his friends’ bodies in ways he had never imagined.

Rhys glanced around to get a feel for his location. From what he could tell he was atop Dean’s dining room table. Off in the distance Rhys could see the small counter that separated the dining area from the kitchen although at Rhys’s size that ‘small’ counter may as well be a few city blocks. Rhys slowly soaked in the sheer size of his pal’s apartment. It was so cavernous he half expected his voice to echo, but as he looked around he began to realize something was missing... or someone.

“If you’re looking for Kevin, he went to bed. He stayed up all night baby-sitting the coaster to make sure you were fine. Once I woke up I sent him to bed and took over guard duty,” Dean explained.

Rhys looked around him. The pink disk he had been sleeping in was little more than a coaster – a small pad for resting drinks atop. This same coaster

had been the size of an entire country last night. The small rim of the disk had seemed to be an impossibly tall wall that towered into the heavens. In reality the 'wall' was little more than a centimeter high rim.

"How long have I been growing!?" Rhys asked. He shouted with all his might, but his voice just didn't carry. Dean didn't even register that Rhys had said anything. Dean just kept absentmindedly chewing his cheerios. Rhys had to jump up and down and flail his arms to even catch Dean's attention. When Dean finally glanced Rhys's way, Rhys tapped his wrist in an exaggerated gesture to ask about the time. It took Dean a while to catch on to what was Rhys was asking, but when he finally realized he was quick to reply.

"Well. It's about 9 am now. I don't know how long you've been growing though. Kevin said he couldn't even see you til 6, and he was sweating buckets all night. He was really freaked out that you might be gone for good," Dean explained. He let out a sigh and then stretched and rolled his shoulders. "Man... you really gave us a scare though. I mean, I realize that this is your 'thing' but when you vanished it kinda freaked us out." Dean grumbled.

It was then that Rhys noticed the bags under the titan's eyes. Kevin may have been the one to stay up all night doing guard duty, but it didn't look like Dean really slept all that much either. For a brief moment Rhys felt a twinge of guilt for having worried his friends, but the twinge was quickly replaced by another more powerful emotion. As Rhys took stock of

his surroundings he was able to guesstimate his size to be only a few inches high. If what Dean said was true, Rhys had only grown about three inches in as many hours. At this rate, it could take him days to grow back all the way... if he even did fully grow back. It looked like his fun didn't have to end just yet. He had a long way to grow, and there was still plenty of time left in the weekend.