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The Life and
Tinies of Trevor:
Degenerate Rex

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“You ever think about how lucky we are that I was towards the back of the class?” Trevor said suddenly. Simon perked up upon hearing his boyfriend’s voice in the earpiece he wore.

“Oh? How so?” Simon responded. He glanced over towards the desk where Trevor was lying atop a cell phone and typing away.

Trevor was so tiny that the cell phone screen looked like a play pen. The screen was over six inches tall which made it over three times taller than the shrunken guy. Tyler, after the mishap back at the chem lab, now stood a hair shy of two inches tall. He was only slightly taller than a Lego man! And despite his diminutive size, he had faired better than some others in the class. The closer they got to the epicenter, the smaller they became.

“Well, I’d been talking with Rex a bit lately,” Trevor began.

“Oh? Your ex?” Simon asked.

“Ex is not the word I’d use. Friends with benefits? I guess? We got along great, but he never seemed interested in romance. When we were together it was just guys being dudes... with a lot of sucking and fucking,” Trevor explained.

“Right. Well, that can be fun in its own way,” Simon said with a shrug. “How’s he been doing, anyway?”

“Well, he’s been looking to get back out into the scene, actually.” Trevor replied.

“Is he still looking to just fool around? Or does he seem to want something a little more serious?” Simon asked.

“It’s tough to tell, to be honest, but I think he’s looking for companionship more than anything,” Trevor replied.

“Ok. Well, maybe I can introduce him to some of my friends,” Simon replied.

“Really?” Trevor said, perking up noticeable as he did so.

“Sure. I know some guys who are available and may even be a good match for him,” Simon replied.

“That’s great news! I’ll go ahead and let him know. I guess you won’t be too surprised to hear that

dating can be kind of daunting for guys like us,” Trevor said.

“Like us?” Simon asked.

“Not us as in you and me. Us as in Rex and I,” Trevor replied and made a gesture with his thumb and pointer finger close together to imply something tiny.

“Oh! He was also in the lab that day?” Simon said in shock.

“Yeah. He was actually in the same class. He was towards the front of the room, too. Not ground zero, mind, but he still ended up a bit shorter than I did,” Trevor explained.

“Wow. How small is he, then?” Simon said.

Without really intending to, Simon found his hand drifting towards the front of his sweats. He absentmindedly stroked his swelling semi through the front of his soft pants. Simon had never really thought about it before The Incident, but having spent a lot of time with Trevor at his new shrunken size, Simon had come to learn just how much fun it was to have a guy several times smaller than his dick... and from what Trevor was saying, Rex could be a good deal smaller...

“I dunno. He’s been kinda cagey when I asked, but he was paired with Samantha for that lab, and she’s around a centimeter. He’s probably a bit smaller than that since he was sitting across from her.” Trevor explained.

Simon ran some numbers in his head. He couldn't claim to be an expert on the sliding scale of how small someone became based on how close they were to the blast. People towards the back of the classroom were reduced below a foot of height. People in the neighboring rooms lost a handful of inches or even a foot or two. Even people on the outer perimeter of the lab itself found themselves shy an inch or three. Meanwhile, the people at the point of explosion were reduced the microscopic sizes. If Rex was sitting across the lab table from Samantha, he could easily be half a centimeter or less, and that was assuming he was even in his seat at the time!

It was a miracle that they had been able to recover everyone from the site without any casualties. This was thanks in no small part to the students banding together and setting up their own search and rescue teams. It would not have been feasible for the full-sized people to scour every micron of floor space even with the aid of microscopes, but the students who were reduced to millimeters were able to scour the floor for things that would be otherwise invisible to the naked eye. The small students looked out for the smaller students who in turn looked out for the even smaller student. The search had taken several hours, but eventually, everyone who was in the room was accounted for.

"I was thinking of inviting him over," Trevor said suddenly.

“That sounds like a great idea!” Simon said a little too quickly.

Trevor laughed in reply. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say you had a thing for tinies,” he said between giggles.

“Don’t worry. I only have room in my heart for you,” Simon replied playfully.

“That’s a little worrying considering my size...” Trevor responded.

“You might be short, but you have a big personality and a bigger heart,” Simon teased.

“You are *such* a sap...” Trevor muttered, but he was making a very pointed effort to not look Simon in the eyes. Simon would have had a hard time seeing Trevor’s face even had they been looking at each other, but Trevor’s body language gave him away.

“Aww. You’re blushing. That’s so sweet,” Simon teased.

“Whatever...” Trevor muttered and continued plucking away at the large keyboard in front of him.

After a few back-and-forth text messages, Trevor spoke up again, “Well, it sounds like he can come visit tomorrow. He sounds eager to get out of the house for a bit. He’s probably going stir crazy.”

“Sure. It’s Saturday, and I’m off work. It sounds like fun,” Simon replied.

“Great! His brother will be by at around two to drop him off.” Trevor said.

With that, the duo went back to their Friday even fun. Simon wrapped up some homework and then the pair watched some dumb movies on the couch before turning in for the night. The next day came, and shortly after two, the doorbell rang.

“I’ll get it,” Simon said in a sing-songy voice. Simon didn’t look, but he could practically hear Trevor’s eyes rolling at the joke.

Simon opened the door to see a man standing there who looked to be a few years younger than him. If he was old enough to be out of high school, he had to be a freshman at best.

“You must be Noah,” Simon said.

“Uh... yeah... I guess that means this is the right place...” Noah replied nervously.

“Well, come on in,” Simon said and gestured towards the room behind him.

Noah nodded and muttered a reply.

“Is Rex with you?” Simon asked.

Noah panicked for a moment and slapped the various pockets on his flannel shirt before letting out a sigh of relief and reaching into the breast pocket. “Y-yeah. Man, that would have been so dumb if I came all the way here and forgot him at home, huh?” He said.

Noah and Simon made their way into the front room where Trevor was waiting on the coffee table for Rex's arrival. Trevor was hopping up and waving both hands to get Noah's attention. It took a moment, but Noah eventually spotted him and gave an awkward wave in reply.

"Wow. You're tiny..." Noah murmured as he knelt down beside to table to get down eye level with the shrunken Trevor.

"You say that like you're surprised," Trevor replied with a very obvious eye roll.

Trevor was so tiny that his voice would not have been audible to the massive Noah had Trevor not been standing atop the speaker for his phone. His voice was then amplified by the device so that Noah and Simon could hear him.

"Well, I mean. I knew you had shrunk, but it's always a shock to see. Last time I saw you, you were... you know..." Noah muttered and raised a hand over his head to indicate that Trevor once stood a good deal taller than him.

"Yeah, yeah, and apparently Rex is even smaller. So come on, let me see! I haven't been taller than someone in what feels like forever!" Trevor said excitedly.

"Well... alright..." Noah muttered. He reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a small, rectangular object. At first, Trevor thought it was a makeup compact, but the color was all wrong. The

object was a kind of garish blue and orange with a pronounced X carved into it.

“Woah. I haven’t seen one of those in years,” Simon replied, looking over Noah’s shoulders.

“Yeah. It’s from an old x-men toy from the... 90s? I don’t know. Way before my time, but my uncle had some. I think he was holding onto to them thinking they’d be a collector’s item someday, but when things happened with Rex, he donated it to the cause,” Noah explained.

Simon was only vaguely aware of the toy in question. It was an entire playset designed to fit in the palm of your hand. The micro figurines that went with the playset were less than an inch tall. Simon was already running the numbers. The figures that went with this set were maybe $\frac{3}{4}$ inch – maybe as tall as the upper joint of his pinkie – but they weren’t designed to stand up when the case was closed. They only fit if they were lying on their back. This means that Rex was either lying on his back in the case... or was so small that he could stand upright with less than a centimeter of clearance!

Simon tried not to look too excited by the prospect, but his dick was chubbing in his shorts as Noah set the compact down on the coffee table. Trevor scampered over to it and shoved the latch with all his might to try and open the case, but it was a no go. Trevor stepped back and gestured for Noah to do it for him. As Trevor stood there waiting, Simon took stock of the sizes. The shut case only reached up to

about Trevor's thigh, and it was a safe bet that Rex was a good deal smaller than that.

Simon waited with bated breath as Noah clicked the latch, which let the lid of the compact fold open revealing the playset within. Simon began to gasp when he saw a small figure come into view, but his gasp turned into a dejected sigh when he realized that the small figure was one of the toys that came with the set. Simon had overestimated the size of the figures. They were barely half an inch tall. However, the plastic figures weren't what Simon was interested in.

"Holy shit! Is that...!" Trevor shouted.

Simon glanced over to where his miniature boyfriend was standing and watched as Trevor stepped over the outer rim of the compact and began to traipse through the battlefield diorama to where the plastic figure was lying. Simon took note of Trevor's size. The small, colorfully clad superhero figure came up to maybe Trevor's knee. However, the superhero figure was not what Trevor was fixated on. Trevor was fixated on something far smaller. The tiny figure that Trevor saw was clinging to the foot of the toppled superhero.

The toy figure was half an inch tall, and Rex was even smaller than the toy's foot! He was so tiny that Simon hadn't even seen him despite looking right at him! Simon stared in slack-jawed awe as Trevor reached down and picked up the little guy in the palm of his hand.

Simon's mind was reeling. Trevor was so tiny that he fit in the palm of Simon's hand, and Rex was so small that he fit in the palm of Trevor's!

"Jesus Christ..." Simon muttered under his breath. "Just how small is he?"

"I'm not sure," Noah replied. "We can only kind of guesstimate. Less than a millimeter? Maybe about half, but without lab equipment, it's hard to measure things that small."

"No doubt..." Simon murmured in awe.

"Aww! He's so cute! Can we keep him?" Trevor said playfully, as he lifted the incredibly tiny guy up to his face.

Rex fell flat on his back as he stared up at his former fuckbuddy. Trevor's face filled Rex's entire field of view. It was like watching Trevor's face on an IMAX, and yet, Trevor was by far the smallest guy Rex had met since the fateful day at the lab. Somehow, the fact that Trevor was not incomprehensibly huge was a huge relief to Rex.

"Oohh... Is that a boner I see? I knew you were a size queen," Trevor teased. He reached down and stroked Rex's tiny stiffy. Rex was so small that even just Trevor's fingertip was big enough to cover his entire bait and tackle – and his entire body for that matter. This was a trick that Simon had done for Trevor many times in the past. Trevor always had fun when Simon did it, but he had to admit, it was a whole

different sort of excitement being able to do it to someone else!

“Should we leave you two to get reacquainted?” Simon said playfully.

“No! Stay! I think we’ll both have a ton of fun with you and your magnificent meat!” Trevor called back up to his towering boyfriend.

“W-what?” Noah and Simon sputtered in unison.

“Yeah. I told you that Rex said he wanted to get back in the ‘scene’, right?” Trevor explained. “Well... I may have suggested that we have a three-way with him.”

“A three-way...?” Simon replied, dumbfounded.

“I know you said you only have room in your heart for me but look at him! I’m sure you can find just an itty bitsy bit of room in there for him too, right?” Trevor said. He lifted his palm up above his head so that Simon could get a clearer look at the little guy.

Simon was glad that his darker complexion made it hard to see when he was blushing, but he doubted he could hide his arousal for long. His loose shorts were not doing his stiffening foot-long any favors, and his breath was getting noticeably shallower as he stared down at the tiny guy. Trevor was already so tiny. Simon could, and in fact many times already had, completely eclipsed the little guy beneath just the

head of his cock, and in Trevor's hand was a guy that was even tinier! Rex was so small that he was barely even visible to the naked eye. He measured less than a millimeter! He was so short that he'd have to jump to see over the rim of a nickel! He was about as big as a single character of the fine print on a quarter! Trevor was tiny, but this guy was absolutely miniscule! Simon could bury Trevor under his cock head, but Rex... Even just a dribble of Simon's pre would be like a garden tub to the miniscule man.

Simon reached a finger out towards his tiny boyfriend and gestured for Trevor to hand over his little friend. Trevor nodded and placed Rex atop the very tip of Simon's pointer finger. Simon lifted his finger up towards his eyes to get a better look. Rex was surprisingly cute. Simon had seen him around campus back when Rex was still visible without a magnifying glass, but he had never really given the guy a second glance. All he really knew about Rex from the before times was that Rex had a reputation for getting around. Pretty much every gay guy Simon knew had fooled around with Rex, and even several dudes who were mostly straight had been sucked off by him. With a list of sexual conquests a mile long, Rex had been a big name in the queer community around campus, but now Rex wasn't a big anything. He was barely bigger than a grain of sand. He was so tiny that he had to watch his step when walking atop Simon's fingertip for fear of tripping and stumbling over the deep grooves of Simon's fingerprint! One wrong step, and Rex could find himself up to his knee into the space between the ridges of Simon's finger!

Rex stared up in awe at the eyeball that filled his whole field of view. It was like something out of a sci-fi anime. An eyeball that filled the entire sky! Just the pupil of Simon's eye was as large as a swimming pool. If Rex fell into that dark pool, he doubted Simon would even blink. Rex would not make enough of an impact to even trigger Simon's reflexes. Barely bigger than a mote of dust, Rex would be just another floater on the giant's eye.

"Not gonna lie..." Simon mused out loud as he stared at the tiny speck which sat perched atop his fingertip. "I can already think of a lot of fun things we can do with a guy this size."

"Now w-wait just a moment," Noah sputtered.

"You don't have to watch if you don't want to," Trevor's voice came through over the phone speakers.

"That's not the issue!" Noah shouted indignantly. "If you drop him, we'll never find him! Do you know how hard it is to keep track of someone who is smaller than a gnat!? I have to keep checking his pen to make sure he didn't get blown away by the fan or something!"

"I think you're stressing too much," Trevor replied.

"I don't see how that's possible," Noah responded.

“One of the things Rex is always complaining about is the fact that he can never leave his enclosure,” Trevor said.

“Where would he even go?” Noah asked in a terse tone.

“Here? Another friend’s house? I’m sure there are lots of places he could go,” Trevor replied.

“None of those places are safe! I shouldn’t even have brought him here!” Noah protested.

“Yeah. None of those places *are* safe. Not even your bedroom is safe! So, you need to be willing to take some risks or he’ll never be able to live!” Trevor shouted.

“Look. We’ll be careful with him. If he’s anything like Trevor, he’s incredibly durable for his size. If anything, he’s probably even sturdier. Whatever happened to shrink these guys made them very tough. Like, we’re talking tougher than steel. I don’t think I could hurt him even if I wanted to,” Simon explained.

“Even if he can’t be hurt, he can be lost! I can barely even see him! How am I supposed to find him if he gets lost in the carpet!?” Noah protested.

“Leave that to me. He’s small but I can find him easy enough,” Trevor replied. “It’s just like when the blast happened. The small guys were able to find the even smaller guys and so on and so forth. If I remember correctly, Rex was considered a hero for

reacting quickly afterwards to find people who had shrunk even smaller than him.

Simon's mind was reeling trying to imagine people *smaller* than Rex. On some level he knew that Rex wasn't even the smallest of the bunch. Rex was not at ground zero. That was the TA and a pair of students that were working on whatever concoction that had broken bad. It was Rex who was able to find those students, and even then, he was just barely able to see them. The lab duo were reduced to the size of single cell organisms. They were smaller than blood cells! And even they were larger than the TA who had had the beaker in hand when it burst. He was now barely even visible to atomic microscopes!

"You can't control his whole life. You need to give him the chance to live!" Trevor exclaimed suddenly, effectively snapping Simon out of the rabbit hole he had found himself going down.

"I know... I know..." Noah replied dejectedly. "He has been begging me to let him leave the house a lot lately, and I finally caved because he said he could trust you two..."

"Oh. How do you even talk to him?" Simon asked. He was staring down at the little speck of a man on his fingertip. He could tell that Rex's mouth was moving, but he had no way of telling what the guy was saying.

"Oh. He texts me, mostly. I've rigged a microcomputer in his enclosure. He's got internet and

such, so at least he can still keep in touch with people,” Noah explained.

“Yeah, but texting is no substitute for face-to-face interaction,” Trevor replied.

“Look. I know that ok? That’s why I agreed to let him come here in the first place,” Noah explained.

Trevor hopped up and down and waved his hands to flag down Simon. Simon cocked an eyebrow at his tiny boyfriend but knelt down so that Trevor could speak to him without the aid of the speaker phone.

“Give him to me. I think he should have a say in this,” Trevor said. Simon nodded in agreement and passed the speck from his finger back to Trevor’s open palm. Trevor lifted his palm up to his ear and let the tiny guy crawl into his ear lobe. Rex was the right size that he could plop his bare ass down in Trevor’s ear lobe like the kid fishing from the moon in the DreamWorks logo.

“I’m sorry my bro is such a tightass,” Rex said.

“Yeah. That boy needs to get L-A-I-D!” Trevor replied with a laugh.

“Yeah. Tell me about it! I’ve been putting the word out to some of my old hits, but so far no one has popped that cherry,” Rex said.

“Huh. Maybe Simon could help with that. Believe it or not, I haven’t been able to top him as well as I used to,” Trevor said with a chuckle.

“Surprised he’s not as much of a tightass as my bro then!” Rex laughed.

“Oh, we have plenty of toys to keep him nice and limber,” Trevor replied.

“Yeah? Have you ever gone up there?” Rex asked.

“Up there? You mean...?” Trevor said.

“Yeah, man! You used to always tell me how much you love being up in the ass! It must be huge at your size!” Rex cheered.

“Huh... I’ve spent plenty of time between those cheeks, but I’ve not actually gone into the hole...” Trevor replied.

“You’re missing out, man! There’s so much cool shit you could do at your size!” Rex replied excitedly.

“And here I was worried that you would have trouble finding ways to have sex after shrinking!” Trevor laughed.

“Dude. No. Finding ways to get bizzay is easy! It’s finding partners that is maddening! Barely any of the other guys in class are even bi-curious! I know! I’ve been trying to get some of the others to fool around with me!” Rex cried out.

“Not even Devon? I thought you had finally gotten that boy to dip his toes out of the closet before this all went down,” Trevor replied.

“Oh. Yeah. I had sucked him off a few times between classes. The dude has a *nice* dick! I can only imagine how it’d look now!” Rex said excitedly.

“Oh yeah, he’d be huge to you now, right?” Trevor asked.

“I dunno. I guess? He always sat in the back corner, so I think he’s still like almost a foot tall? I’ve texted him a few times to see if I could convince him to come visit. I think he may be slowly warming up to the idea, but it sounds like his family are kind of keeping him around like a toy poodle.” Rex said.

“Oh, that sucks, but you gotta admit. He looks good in a collar.” Trevor replied.

“Like I always said, man. The best outfit for those emo boys is a collar and a cock ring!” Rex cheered.

“And nothing else,” Trevor agreed with a nod.

“And nothing else!” Rex cheered.

“You know... we could invite him here some time,” Trevor mused out loud.

“Oh? You want to climb that like a tree, too?” Rex asked.

“I mean, yeah. He’s cute as hell, and if he’s half as hung as you are saying, he’d be a lot of fun to play with. Not to mention, I think Simon would get a kick out of having a guy that’s almost as big as his dick running around,” Trevor said.

“Almost as big? You don’t mean...” Rex replied in awe.

“Yeah, man. I told you he’s *hung* right? Like capital H Hung,” Trevor laughed.

Trevor took a glance back up at his boyfriend and noticed that Noah was giving the pronounced bulge in Simon’s shorts an intense glare. It was at this point that Trevor realized that he was still standing atop his phone. His part of the conversation had been on speaker phone.

“God. So, he’s like a full footy?” Rex asked.

“Yeah! The solid twelve inches!” Trevor replied.

“Oh, fuck...” Rex moaned.

Trevor could hear the sound of Rex’s breathing and feel the vibrations of the tiny guy’s body as Rex fervently stroked his cock to the mere thought of Simon’s massive cock.

“Keep that up and you’re going to bust before we even have a chance to start really fooling around,” Trevor teased.

“No, you don’t get it! I’m always horny. I choked one out right before we left hoping that I wouldn’t embarrass myself too badly, but I’m still cocked, locked, and ready to rock!” Rex shouted. “I live in a world where literally every dude’s cock is bigger than I am, and yet nobody wants to let me play with theirs! And now you tell me your boyfriend has a rod

that rivals the toys on the shelf where I now live? Do you have any idea how maddening it is to be surrounded by my old dildos? Those fuckers are as tall as skyscrapers! I spend my days walking along the veins of those dicks imagining what it would be like to feel a real giant cock throbbing beneath my feet, and now you're telling me there's a real cock that's every bit that big in the room with me now!?"

"Well, if you put it that way. It makes it sound like I've been holding out on you," Trevor laughed.

"You think!?" Rex shouted.

"Well. Once we either talk your brother into joining us or going home, I can introduce you to Simon's meat," Trevor teased.

For the first time since Trevor had placed Rex in his ear, there was an awkward pause where Rex was pondering what to say next. Eventually, Trevor could hear Rex muttering, "he really, really, *really*, needs to get laid,"

"Yeah? I think it'd be a lot of fun to break him in," Trevor replied.

"Oh. No, absolutely. Punching a guy's V card is like the most fun you can have, but I mean. He's still my brother," Rex murmured.

"If it makes you feel better, he probably won't even know you're there," Trevor replied.

There was another awkward pause, but eventually Rex managed to croak, "That should not be hot,"

"But it is?" Trevor asked.

"Oh, absolutely!" Rex shouted.

Noah could only hear Trevor's half of the conversation, but he knew enough about Rex to fill in the gaps. Listening to those two talk about getting him laid was a surreal and awkward experience. He felt like he was under a microscope. He felt like the smallest guy in the room, which was saying a lot when his brother was too tiny to measure with a ruler.

"Should I leave?" Noah asked awkwardly.

"If you've got places to be, sure, but I don't think there's much need for you to leave unless you want to," Simon replied.

"Yeah, but you hear what they are talking about, right?" Noah asked.

"I can hear enough to guess, yeah," Simon replied.

"And that doesn't seem weird to you?" Noah asked.

"Not really," Simon said with a shrug. "I have a few brothers of my own, and so I kind of understand where Rex is coming from. There's a surprising amount of overlap between wanting what's best for your little bro and wanted to tease them mercilessly."

“*Little bro,*” Noah scoffed.

“You may be bigger than him now, but he’s still your older brother. Let him worry about you in his own way,” Simon replied.

“Worry about *me*? I should be worrying about *him*! And it’s so hard to do when I can barely see him and he’s constantly wandering off!” Noah cried.

“There has to be some way you can keep track of him...” Simon said.

“How!? I can’t chip him! He’s smaller than a microchip!” Noah cried.

It was at this point that Simon placed his hands on Noah’s shoulders and steadily guided the younger guy towards the couch. The two of them sat next to each other. Once seated, Simon placed a hand on Noah’s lap and rubbed Noah’s shoulder with his other hand.

“I can tell this is incredibly stressful for you. You obviously care about your brother a lot, but what about yourself? Have you been able to hang out with your friends since all of this? Do you have a life outside of caring for your brother?” Simon asked.

“I... no... I mean... I have friends, but we mostly communicate online or by text. I haven’t been getting out much... or, well... at all. I don’t even have friends over anymore...” Noah said.

“It sounds like you need this more than Rex does. Leave him with us for the afternoon. Take some

time off. I'm used to having tinies around, and Trevor can keep an eye on your brother much easier than you can. Besides, the two of them seem to have a lot of catching up to do, and it sounds like you and your friends do too." Simon said while giving Noah's shoulder and thigh a reassuring rub.

"I... I guess... It doesn't feel right to just leave him here, but at the same time... this is the most 'normal' anything has felt since... you know..." Noah said.

"How so?" Simon asked.

"Well, most people treat him as either an oddity or a science experiment, but he and Trevor just started chatting like old friends. It was nice to hear someone talking *to* him rather than *at* him... even if I was the subject of the conversation..." Noah explained.

While this was going on, the two tinies were watching Noah and Simon with interest. "Ooh. They went to the couch. Do you think they'll start making out now?" Rex asked.

"I dunno. Your bro doesn't seem ready for that yet," Trevor replied.

"Oh? You're worried about my bro and not your boyfriend?" Rex asked.

"Yeah. I'm fine with Simon having some new friends. I've been pushing for him to get some meat on the side since I can no longer dick him down like I used to," Trevor explained. "Don't get me wrong. We have

lots of fun together, but it's been wayyyy too long since he's been plowed into the mattress."

"Sounds like that could be a lot of fun for both of you," Rex said.

"Hmm. I don't know. As much as I want Simon to get some action, I am not so sure I'd want to watch... depending on how I feel about his partner, I guess," Trevor replied.

"Watch? Hell no! Make it a three-way!" Rex cheered.

"Haha! Now you're talking! Maybe I'll even invite you to join us!" Trevor replied.

"Would that still be a three-way?" Rex asked. "I mean. Two guys. One tiny, and one... whatever the fuck you'd call me," Rex said.

"I'd say we're both tinies as far as they are concerned," Trevor replied. "If I count as a full participant, then so should you."

"Man... I'm getting hard just thinking about it..." Rex moaned.

"Getting? Did you ever *stop* being hard?" Trevor teased.

"No..." Rex replied sheepishly.

At this point, Trevor started laughing. His laughter was so infectious that Rex started to laugh along with him. It wasn't really clear how long they were laughing, but the motion from the couch drew

both of their attention. After all, it was hard to ignore when a person the size of a skyscraper, or, in the case of Rex, a person the size of a planet, began to move.

Noah got up from his seat and knelt down in front of the coffee table so that he was nearly eye level with Trevor and lifted his fingertip up towards Trevor. "May I see my brother?" Noah asked.

"Do you want to go with him?" Trevor asked his tiny passenger.

"Sure. He's acting a bit different, so I'm kinda curious what he has to say," Rex replied.

Trevor gave a quick "OK," that was directed at both bros, lifted his hand up to his ear so that Rex could crawl onto his palm, and then lifted the tiny passenger up towards Noah's fingertip.

Rex suddenly found himself on his brother's fingertip. It had been ages since anyone had handled him like this before today, and now it had happened twice in the past ten minutes! It had seemed so natural when Simon had done it, but somehow being on the tip of his brother's finger was a new sort of surreal. It wasn't that Rex was unused to his new size. Rather, it was strange for him to be handled directly by his brother. Thinking back on it, Noah always had some degree of separation when handling Rex. Either he carried the micro playset that he used as Rex's carrying case or he did the paper and cup trick to scoop Rex up as he would a spider. Now, there was nothing separating him. Rex's bare ass rested directly on

Noah's fingertip. Rex could feel the bumps and ridges of Noah's finger beneath him. He could see the pattern of Noah's fingerprint spiral out around him like the grooves in a Zen rock garden.

The world shifted around Rex as Noah lifted his finger up towards his eye. Rex was once again staring down a surreal sci-fi-esque eye that filled his entire field of vision. One would think that staring at just an eye that seemed inhumanly large would make this feel less personal, but this was the first time in recent memory that Rex felt like Noah was actually looking at him and not just at Rex's surroundings.

Simon's easygoing nature and steady hand had put Rex at ease, but the intensity of Noah's gaze and the shakiness of his hand made Rex a bit dizzy. It wasn't just the motion. The combination of the Zen garden-like alien landscape which extended around him and the massive pupil that filled the entire skybox was jarring. Rex had never felt smaller, nor had he felt more *seen*. This was the first time in what felt like forever that he felt like there was some connection between the two of them.

Sure, Rex had seen A Lot of Noah since the events at the lab, but there was always a degree of separation. It was as if he was watching Noah through an oversized Skype call as opposed to sharing a room with him, and that was when Noah wasn't intentionally trying to pretend that Rex wasn't there. There were several times where Rex felt like a voyeur in his own bedroom, and that wasn't even factoring in

the way they ‘spoke’ to each other. Noah could not hear Rex, but Rex could definitely hear Noah. Despite this, Noah never said anything directly to Rex. If he had anything to say, he would text it to Rex so Rex could type out a reply on his oversized keyboard. Rex couldn’t help but wonder if in some way, Noah was acting like nothing had ever happened and that he was texting his “big” brother who was still away at college and not someone who was in the same room as him.

Noah took a deep breath to steady his nerves. Rex could feel the world beneath him tremble as Noah did so. The shuddering eased for a moment, and then Noah said, “I’m going to head out...” Even without the slight tremble in Noah’s voice, it was clear by how much Noah’s finger was trembling that Noah was incredibly nervous.

It was clear that Rex’s words would not reach his brother. He was just too tiny for the sound to carry more than a few centimeters. Rex would have stood up and tried to gesture or pantomime his thoughts, but the finger beneath him trembled so much that it felt like he was experiencing an earthquake that capped out the Richter Scale. The best he could do was stick up a dramatic thumbs up while he laid back on his bro’s fingertip and tried to keep from being bucked off.

Noah lowered his hand slightly and let out a sigh of relief. The slight change in hand position was enough to put Rex in the line of fire of Noah’s sharp exhale. The sheer force of the wind threatened to blow Rex clear off of his perch. He had to dig his

fingers into the gaps between the ridges of Noah's fingerprint to keep from being jettisoned.

Rex knew he would survive the fall if he had been blown off. He had fallen from great heights before. After all, stiff breeze could send him sailing, but no matter how far he fell, the landing never hurt. He was just too light to generate any speed. The wind resistance kept him airborne. He could float around like a dandelion seed, but it wasn't the fall that worried him. Rex held on more for Noah's sake than his own. Noah was finally starting to show signs of relaxing, and if something as simple as a sigh caused him to lose sight of his nearly microscopic brother, Noah was sure to start freaking out all over again.

Noah once more lifted his finger up towards his eye and watched as the impossibly tiny figure scurried back to his feet. Rex was putting on a good show. Even though the ground beneath him was shaking so much that he could barely remain standing, Rex still stuck out a cheesy thumbs up to ensure Noah that he would be fine despite... well... despite everything.

Noah turned and looked towards Simon. "Take care of him, will you?" he said.

"Take care of yourself," Simon replied.

While Rex and Noah had had their momentary heart-to-heart, Simon had retrieved Trevor from the table. Trevor was now standing proudly in the palm of his much larger boyfriend's hand. Simon lifted his hand

up towards Noah's. Trevor reached out towards Noah's fingertip and held out his hands.

Noah understood. He smiled at the small figure in Simon's hand and lifted his fingertip towards Trevor's outstretched hands. Trevor was so small that even had he pressed both hands against Noah's finger, Trevor wouldn't have been able to cover Noah's fingertip. Just the tip of Noah's fingertip was as large and as round as a prize-winning pumpkin, and yet, Trevor was impossibly huge compared to the mite-sized speck of Noah's older brother. Noah watched as the nearly imperceptible speck darted across his fingertip and leapt onto Trevor's open palm.

Noah stepped back and smirked at the strange view. Before him stood Simon, a guy who was slightly taller than he was, and in Simon's hand stood Trevor, a guy who was so tiny that he looked like a figurine. Trevor was barely taller than a Lego man! He was shorter than a green army man! And yet, in Trevor's palm stood an even smaller figure. A guy who was so tiny that he looked to be the size of a ladybug in the already bug-sized Trevor's palm. It was hard for him to wrap his head around it, but Simon and Trevor seemed so relaxed. This all seemed perfectly normal to them, and that helped put Noah's mind at ease.

Noah had been avoiding the truth. The way he had been acting and the way he had been treating Rex were not healthy for either of them. He and Rex both needed some normalcy, and Simon and Trevor were able to help with that.

“Just... call me if you need anything,” Noah said.

“Sure thing,” Simon said pleasantly. Trevor, meanwhile, was giving Noah the biggest thumbs up that a guy his size could muster, and as Noah glanced at the nearly microscopic spec of a figure that now stood in Trevor’s shrunken palm, he could see that Rex was waving his arms and cheering him on. It was the first time that Noah had seen Rex so happy since all this had happened, and for a moment, Noah was able to believe that maybe Rex getting shrunk down to the size of a grain of sand wasn’t such a bad thing for either of them.