

Blue Skies Indoors (ft. MeowDini)

It's a calm and boring Saturday, and I am procrastinating. I have a desire to write some size smut. The leather couch is too easy to sleep on, and I know that if I take a nap I won't get any writing done. I'm anxious and well, needy, but with nobody around to satisfy, writing is all I can do. But even that is so hard, y'know?

Thankfully, there's a housemate incoming. Laying around in my undies, I don't have enough time to put the clothes I stripped off to get more comfortable back on. To save myself some embarrassment, I toss both the clothes and myself under a large blanket with just my head and arms poking out. I don't quite pay attention to my housemate as he settles and sheds his bags and shoes and the like. "Hey hun, I'm back!" I hear him shout over from the other room. I'm a bit too distracted to respond, though.

"Geez...I wish I could at least think of something to get started on this piece." I bemoan my creative block, loud enough to be heard from the door. The house shakes a little as Dini walks over to me. His jacket is gone, as are his shoes – just the undershirt, pants and socks. More than I have on, but I fidget with the blanket to hide that a bit as he stands over me. I self-consciously realize I'm laying across the entire sofa and taking up a ton of room. I move my legs to free up a cushion for him.

Alas, Dini, big, soft, blue cat Dini, seems on to me, as he nabs the blanket and pulls it off me. I sit up a bit, knocking the rest of my stuff over as I squirm to cover myself.

"What's the matter, there? Are you having writer's block before you could finish writing up something risqué?" Dini knows exactly what I'm thinking, but isn't teasing about it – his voice is clean, calm, kind.

"Ah, um. Yes?" My hands become less protective for a bit. We know each other well enough. It's nowhere near a big deal for Dini to see me in my undies.

"Can I help?" the fluffy blue tail behind him poking from between his belt and shirt swivels and waves, and his eyes light up a bit.

"O-oh! Sure! Thanks a bunch!" I scoot over to make more room for the round-bellied kitty on the couch, expecting him to turn around and sit in front of me. Instead...

Dini spins around with the elegance and energy of a ballerina. A full rotation later, and from seemingly nowhere he's produced a grayish science ray with streaks and stripes of blue and yellow. I recognize it immediately – it's his prize, the trick he always has up his sleeve – Dini's high-power shrink ray! Before I can protest, he's fiddled with the dials and pointed the busy end of the zapper right between my eyes. "You don't mind, riiight?" It's a tricky question, but he knows me well enough to know my answer before I give it. I stifle a meek vocalization, and nod. "Perfect! Hold still."

ZAP!

With a bright flash, I feel the beam strike me. I close my eyes to avoid the brightness of it. The beam inevitably discharges through my glasses, too, but never quite reaches any of my clothes, including the little amount I'm wearing. I'm blushing already, but then –

ZAP ZAP! ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP!

Like a successive string of lightning strikes, I hear the ray discharge near to a dozen times, before Dini sets it on the coffee table across from the other end of the couch. With a smooth motion, he takes a seat, turning to watch me dwindle.

Not wanting to get lost in a sea of fabric, I brush my clothes out of the way before I shrink too much. The first zap is enough to make me a nude doll, and, because of the ray works, each shot takes the same amount of time to activate. So, a few moments later, after I was just settling in from the vertigo that took away a good chunk of my height, I shrink more, then more, then even more, as many times as he zapped me. Dini gets sparkles in his eyes watching his housemate and toyfriend rapidly shoot downwards.

I don't have the heart to open my eyes for a short while, even as I hear a booming "Ehehehehe! Look at you, you're so precious!" thundering overhead. What finally convinces me to open them is the smell. A funky stench hits me, and I stand and open my eyes to see what the heck it is.

It's Dini's paws. While he's watched me shrink, he's taken off one of his socks, airing out his work-tired paw as close to my body as possible.

Speaking of, I was small enough to stand on his clawtip like the middle of a stadium. He could probably just barely see me, even with his hyper-sensitive cat's eyes. His blue furstrands were pillars, his toes so utterly enormous...mountains that could wiggle. And they did, seemingly just to waft the air from between his toes towards me. "How's this, cutie?" he chuckles at me from miles away on the other side of the couch.

I take a breath to speak, but just get a heavier inhale of his intense footmusk. "Acckk...Dini!! Your toes stiiiink!" I whine, but admittedly the smell of them is only so troublesome because for me it's something of a stimulant. I don't back away, instead quickly pacing over near one of Dini's immense toegaps to breathe and smell it closer to the source. Inhale...exhale...inhale...exhale... I'm already sporting an erection in as little as a few breaths, and Dini's laughter echoes around me as he watches, spreading his toes out a bit more to let more out. Not satisfied, I take another deep breath and hold it in for a moment, feeling my lungs struggle to understand the musky air they're being given. I hold it in me for several seconds, before the ground beneath me shakes, and I gasp in surprise. Then gasping for air, I look down and am satisfied with the results of my experiment – edging myself with nothing but Dini's footsmell has put me close enough to orgasm that I'm dripping pre in almost regular stream, more with every throb, two throbs every second. "T-they're s-so potently and wonderfully...d-deliciously reeking."

Dini's voice shook me, rumbling through my utterly puny body. His voice was loud, but gee was it still cute! "Huh? This isn't the smelliest they've been, you know? Are you exaggerating, little cutie?"

"N-no! Definitely not!"

"Well...why don'tcha give my toes some worship, then? Show me how you like them!" He smiled his curly cat smile, you know the one – and his toes came crashing together again, nearly crushing me between. "It might be inspiring! It certainly seems like you're enjoying it!"

I wasn't about to turn down that offer, pressing myself against the pressed-together digits. I was nowhere near big or strong enough to push them apart, so I settled for digging my face into the paw pads. I stuck my tongue out and licked to wet the surface before smooching it on the same spot – Big

folks really could feel it better that way. It was like the skin was more sensitive when wet, so it was a bit of my signature move. I licked then smooched across the left toe, then the right, then pressing my tiny face in as far as it could go and lick-kissing the gap. Dini parted his toes a second later in response, and so close to him, the smell hit me head-on. Blushing and aroused nearly out of my mind, I humped his toes, feeling the give of soft flesh as my whole, speckish body pressed into his. Even when his toes compressed in again, I was short enough to see his toes enclose overhead like a ceiling, sweat squeezing through like drops of water from the top of a cave roof. He seemed to be urging me to climb, so I wrestled against the surfaces on either side, trying not to focus on the stench that begged me to just finish so I could feel relief in my crotch, if only for a second, or the exhaustion that came along with being this small and weak. I climbed, though, pressing my body against the walls until I could lay along the top of one of the toes panting for air that *didn't* make me drip like a leaky faucet.

“Aw, hehehe. You made it up! How was that?” Dini scooted his foot closer to the rest of his chubby body. I had a view of his groin and stuff from where I was, which didn't really help me focus on his face far, far above. “I-it was a tough time! I-it was fun, though!” There wasn't really any point lying about how much fun I was having. Lewd and embarrassing though it was. My willingness to go along did leave me unprepared for his next question –

“Want me to sit on you next?” he asked in SUCH an innocent tone, I almost thought my blue captor had offered to grow me back for aftercare. I'd already said sure by the time I realized!! I couldn't handle that! I was already edging as is!

But, it was too late. Dini scrunched his big blue digits, tossing me off and on to the leather cushion. “Great! Stay right there, speck.” He got up, taking a sliding step so his enormous buttcheeks were hanging in the sky overhead. His hands each lowered to a cheek, parting them as he crouched down a bit. “You want to get smushed under here, don't you? To be a little fleck in the wrinkles on my anus, a whole world~ Isn't that –” The view of his immense posterior suddenly got closer and bigger as Dini's weight shifted just enough that he lost his balance. With his cheeks still held apart by his hands, he accidentally fell backwards, landing directly on target, slamming the dot-sized me right against the flesh of his blue fuzzy butt, right at his tight but enormous rim.

He kept talking, but I could only make out the rhythm of his voice with so much of his butt all around me. I was pressed face-up against Dini's immense butthole, against a peak rather than a valley of his sheer enormity. It was torturously kinky, especially with his planetary weight smashing his sphincter right on top of me, and on top of my achy, eager member. I squirmed and humped, my willpower completely incapable of holding me back for even a minute. It was embarrassing to admit, but I repeated the lick-smooch against this small portion, in close-up detail, of his state-wide posterior. I kissed, gradually more passionately, and humped like I could cum any second.

Then, well, Dini started humping back. His butt ground and shook and twisted, pressing even further into the seat, and leaving me practically no room to breathe. The soft but ruthless surface of the blue catgod teased my groin, all the while his voice, rumbling and echoing, began to get less rhythmic and more loud...moaning. Since he was masturbating, too, I figured there was no reason to hold myself in my edging position any longer, and I worked myself, admittedly barely paying attention to him and his miles-wide anus. After all, it was paying plenty of attention to me, and more by the second. Dini briefly lifted up and dropped back down, bouncing in the seat with such cataclysmic force I thought the leather cushion would explode like the ground during an earthquake. I weathered the first crushing, immense

force of Dini's bouncy butt just fine, but a second and third bounce was more than I could handle, especially after having wound myself up so much. With an awkward twist, the superior body above me seemed to slow and calm at the same time, so while I unloaded and gasped against Dini's tremendously huge pucker, I wondered if he didn't reach orgasm at the same time. I couldn't really know, but the answer was almost definitely yes, considering he lifted one enormous buttock and reached down with one of his blue mitts to retrieve me a moment later.

NOW it was aftercare time. Dini didn't regrow me back until AFTER aftercare as a rule, so I was stuck a smaller-than-small dot until after his inescapable snuggles were over. Being hugged to his enormous tum was an odd experience, feeling his warmth completely surrounding me wasn't all too different from what I was just doing – but it was a lot less pressure, and a lot more intimate and casual. And I could hear him a lot clearer! Though, it wasn't a ton of help to what this whole endeavor was for...

"There we go. Let's just hang out like this for the rest of the night, okay, li'l guy? I'll grow you back tomorrow." His voice was still as light, airy, and gentle as ever. I could practically HEAR the :3 at the end of it, though. And...I still needed to write!!

"W-wait a second!! What about my story!? Diiiiiiii!"