

Little Secrets

Vignette by Rain - Dragonien

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Content Warning: Micro, Shrinking, Size Play, Bulge-stuffing

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“How was work, Hon?”

The cheetah asked his boyfriend. Not that he really needed to. He knew well enough how exhausting workdays were for them. But with questions like these it was the thought that counted. That, and the offered opportunity for the other party to vent if they felt like they needed to.

“Same as usual.” The cheetah’s ursine boyfriend replied with a sigh. “Some days I wish I could just curl up in bed and stay there for a week without having to interact with anyone like I was the only person in the world.” His expression froze when he finished, then twisted into a soft smile before he added “Well. Maybe there’s one person I’d be ok with interacting with during my self-imposed isolation.”

The cheetah felt for his boyfriend. They were a tried-and-true classic introvert. Like many they reflexively put on a confident outgoing personality when in public because the alternative was either going unnoticed or making people uneasy around someone so withdrawn. Sadly the former wasn’t really an option for his bear considering their seven foot height and powerlifter physique made them all-but impossible to go unnoticed. But just because they could act confident

and outgoing like any classic extrovert didn't mean it wasn't tiring for them. As a personal trainer it was their entire job to interact with people one-on-one daily which only made it that much more exhausting. People expected a personal trainer to be confident and in control, not a shy, reserved giant of a bear that wanted nothing more than to curl up under a blanket and read all afternoon.

"Well, if you want to go to bed early, I won't complain." The cheetah offered, not bothering to hide the coy smile tugging at the edges of his lips.

As expected, his towering ursine boyfriend's ears twitched and his cheek fur puffed out in their equivalent of a blush. Any confident, commanding presence the bear might have had left lingering from the day vanished as they reluctantly turned to look at their much smaller feline boyfriend.

"I mean..." the bear muttered under his breath shyly "I don't HAVE to go to bed just yet..."

His boyfriend just smiled wider. "And what do you want to do?"

Turning his head away, the bear's hands began rubbing their thumbs over the pads of their fingertips in a nervous gesture the cheetah was well acquainted with by this point. When they were clearly perfectly willing to leave the bear on the hook indefinitely he finally worked up a response. "Do I have to say it? You know damn well..."

Rather than respond, the cheetah patted the seat cushion beside him on the couch invitingly. As the bear lumbered his way over and eventually settled beside his much smaller boyfriend the feline's coy smile never faltered. Not even when the couch sagged so much under the bear's impressive weight that the incline caused the cheetah to slide over and press against their side. Unable to meet his boyfriend's eyes the bear looked away even as he raised his right hand, the one sporting a polished silver banded ring around one of his fingers, and held it out towards his boyfriend.

"No." The cheetah said softly, yet firmly. His boyfriend winced and turned to look at them only to flush again when he saw the stern look and devious grin on their face. "I'm not taking it off. You do it."

The declaration further flustered the bear, fully aware that the cheetah knew what they were doing to him. What they were demanding he do. As much as it made the bear uncomfortable, though, it also excited them in a way they were too embarrassed to express aloud. It was one thing for his boyfriend, or anyone else for that matter, to take the ring off. It was another thing entirely for him to willingly take it off, himself, for someone else. It wasn't something he would do for just anyone, and that's what made it so much more special and impactful when he did do it.

Reluctantly, the bear reached over with his free hand and gently grasped the ring between two fingers. After taking a slow, deep breath to steady their nerves a soft, quick tug was all it took to pull the silver band from his meaty finger. The moment the ring left the bear's finger his entire world changed.

The world zoomed out abruptly, everything stretching further and further into the distance. The seat cushion below expanded all around him until the cushion that had once barely fit his entire ass on it was like a small parking lot to his perception. Of course, all of these details were secondary to the main thing the bear's attention focused on the moment his world shifted. His boyfriend.

The cheetah, lean and athletic but nowhere near the bulk of his ursine boyfriend was a couple inches shy of six feet tall. That meant normally the bear utterly towered over them and weighed at least three times as much as they did. Now, though, the bear watched as his 'small' boyfriend rapidly swelled up into the sky as they grew along with everything else in the room. In seconds the feline that he could have picked up and carried around without effort with one arm now loomed over him like a living building. A minute earlier the bear could have covered nearly his boyfriends entire head in one of his meaty hands. Now, though, that 'small' cheetah could scoop his entire body up in a fist like a toy.

The shrinking had barely finished before fingers now nearly as thick around as he was reached down to pluck the now tire-sized cloaker from where it had fallen on the cushion beside the bear. All he could do was watch as his now-giant cheetah boyfriend lifted the ring and unceremoniously dropped it into his open mouth. The bear knew that the next part was for show, that it was safely stowed under the feline's tongue or against their cheek, but that knowledge didn't stop a shiver of excited fear from running down the bear's spine when his boyfriend tipped their head back and swallowed. That cloaker was the only thing

that kept the bear from spending all of his days at his real size, a size which could have used one of his shoes as a bedroom. Though the act was exactly that, an act, the implication was perfectly clear to the bear. His boyfriend had no intention of giving his cloaker back anytime soon.

“Well well...” the cheetah purred, causing his micro bear boyfriend to squirm hearing their voice sound so much louder and deeper thanks to the radical size difference now between them. “Looks like I’ve got a little toy bear all to myself for the night.”

With that, those same fingers that had moments ago snatched his cloaker up like it was nothing reached down and did the exact same thing to the bear, himself. His vision swam and stomach felt like it was dropping into his feet as he was raised what, to him, were over a dozen stories into the air in less than two seconds. When he finally recovered from the overwhelming sense of vertigo the bear found himself being dangled, upside down, by his legs in front of a billboard-sized spotted feline muzzle the size of a small house.

“Don’t worry, my little teddy bear.” His now-giant boyfriend rumbled as he rose to his feet, once again subjecting the bear to a momentary wave of dizzying vertigo. “You wanted to spend some time curled up in the dark without having to deal with people face to face, right?”

A cold sweat broke out on the bear’s forehead even as his body shivered with an embarrassing level of excited anticipation. The tiny glints of silver he had seen from the edge of his boyfriend’s lips when the spoke, brief glimpses of the cloaker still safely stored in his mouth went unnoticed as he focused on the cheetah’s words. When he reluctantly nodded his tiny head his boyfriend’s grin turned practically Cheshire-like.

“Wish granted.” He purred.

Then, with the same lack of ceremony the cheetah had used to ‘swallow’ his boyfriends cloaker, he lowered the bear down towards his waist. The feline’s other hand was already in place to pull the waistband of their pants and underwear open with a thumb and expose the musky, dark cavern below to the bear. Then, with no warning, the cheetah’s fingers simply relaxed their grip and the bear was left to freefall the last few ‘feet’ into the humid, warm cavern of flesh and cotton before a sharp

THWAK of elastic snapping back against the cheetah's waistband bathed him in darkness once more.

Only now that they couldn't see did the cheetah spit their boyfriend's cloaker out into their palm. Pocketing the device so he didn't lose it, he let out a soft sigh of contentment as the frantic squirming of his boyfriend trying to steady themselves in his underwear caused his libido to surge. His crotch swelled with the beginnings of an erection and it took an effort of will not to reach down and fondle himself through his pants. That could come later. For now, he was perfectly content to let his little ursine boytoy fumble around in there and get him good and riled up. There was no rush, after all. He had the little bear all to himself for the rest of the night. In fact, he was suddenly predicting that his poor boyfriend might be coming down with something and would have to call out sick from work tomorrow. It would do them good to get a bit more time away from things.

The fact that playing with a flustered little toy-sized boyfriend all day would be fun for him was just a bonus.



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