Clueless Chroma

 ‘April showers, bring May flowers’ is the best representation of today’s scene. Shimmering morning dew, glistening rays from the sun through budding trees, and skies clear blue with little clouds in fun shapes. A spectacle of spring within the month of May, where bliss and beauty settle onto everyone. Almost everyone…

 “Just walk put the letter in the mailbox and leave…” Arminus says and struts on the sidewalk. “Wait, what if he doesn’t get it in time?” He ponders to himself. “Then leave next to the door. No, it might blow away?” Arminus is mentally battling himself, he has procrastinated on something that he should have settled sooner. “I could just text him. No, no, no everyone can text. There wouldn’t be anything special behind a message if it’s on a phone. Not many others do letters nowadays.”

 As Arminus argues with himself, he is delivering a Birthday Card to Virgil’s home. At the same time, another someone is also preparing something for Virgil too. A 7’7” protogen known as Chroma. 80% of his body is hair with two main colors. A dark grey for his tall triangle ears, the back of head, arms, legs, hips, lower back, and outer tail. And a light grey for his belly, inner thighs, butt, tall inner ears, undertail, and soft scruff circling around his neck. He has light grey claws on his 4-digit fore paws and 3-digit hind paws that are both off-white. He also has black with outer white trim pentagon plates containing a grey spade emblem. Two plates on his lower hips, two for his shoulders, and two skinnier plates on the temples that point out like wings. He also has an upper metal tank-top plate that reaches his collar bone, connects to his small shoulder plates, and leaves room for his light grey belly. Finally, his face is a black screen helmet with complimenting outer white fringe that extends from his temple to his rounded nozzle. He has grey pixels to represent his nostrils, mouth, eyes, and facial expressions. He can form dimples into any emoji face when he chooses.

 “Carefully, weigh, the powder.” His subtly techno voice reminds himself. He leans over on the kitchen’s island spreading his gut across the surface while delicately tapping pink powder from a bowl onto a scale. “Okaaaayyyyyyy, there. Now to transfer.” He uses his claw as a scoop to pour the pink powder into an open cylinder pill casing. He has the digital mark of his tongue sticking out of his cybernetic pointing teeth for his own concentration. He nearly fills the pill with his left paw as he grabs the casing’s cap with his right paw. “Aaaaannnnnnnndd… [i]click[/i]. Phew, done. Nearly an hour to make these four pills, but I did it.” Chroma claims confidently as he stands up. But his tall thick legs take up the walking space that his butt spills over the sink counter behind him. He is rather unaware of his lower half or contains blissful ignorance since he knows he’s high, husky, and hefty.

 Meanwhile Arminus is still ridicules and rambling. “Just slide it through the door and leave. No that’s just sleezy and improper. Just like this card, because I guarantee others have thought of something better than… (deeply breathes)… I need to chill.” Arminus recollects himself and verbally sets a plan. “Knock on the door, say Happy Birthday, hand him the letter, walk out, simple.” He concludes and walks on Virgil’s driveway.

 Back to Chroma, he begins to realize some things are not adding up with his experiment. “The pills need to be black not pink, and I have four extra pill capsules.” He brings over a bowl of colored jellybeans to compare their size to the pills he made. “Okay good, the pills match the candy. So where did I mess up at?” Chroma questions and makes a fist above his scruff so he can relax his chin to think. “I can’t remember what ingredient I’m missing. Uughh, I need to plug in.” He turns to the kitchen counter to grab a wire in his laptop. He flips a lever under his jaw and twists it clockwise to open a port to plug in the chord. Immediately his face goes dark, arms ‘A’ posing, his fluffy tail drops, and ears flap to the side. His face relights up and rapidly displays screens of images and words while having a static sound with the word ‘Loading…’ showing.

 KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at Virgil’s front door, but Chroma’s loading process has him unresponsive and unaware. “Hello? Virgil? It’s Arminus.” No response as Arminus continues. “I’ve got a letter for ya, with it being your Birthday and all.” No response, but Arminus hears something staticky through the door. This rings his curiosity as he places an ear on the door to hear the static louder. “I guess he’s gaming and can’t hear me. I’ll pop in and show the letter?” Arminus opens the door, he can see the living room but with the TV off. As the ongoing static still baffles him. “Virgil?” Arminus calls, still nothing.

 Things are becoming skeptical. “Virgil wouldn’t just leave something on, or the door unlocked.” Arminus enters and closes the door behind him and locks it. He carefully walks past the living room, places his envelope on a recliner, and enters the hallway to follow the static sound. Arminus peers around the corner and sees the kitchen island with candy on it. And a tall grey protogen on the other side of the island facing the sink counter. And the source of the static. “Hey, who are you?” Arminus calls, but they didn’t move. He walks around the island to inspect; he notices a chord connecting under the protogen’s chin and how the face was scrambling with pixels.

Arminus’ height reached the bottom of Chroma’s chest plate. And not only does Chroma’s torso out-width Arminus, but each of his thick thunder thighs outmatch him as well. Arminus is perplexed about the protogen’s size but interacts. “Hello?” Arminus speaks, but Chroma doesn’t respond. Arminus waves his hand near Chroma’s face, snaps, and attempts to scratch his scarf. “Hey you goo-oohhh.” Arminus interrupts himself from the sheer softness of Chromas scarf. But after scratching it, realizes its Chroma’s snug scruff. “Wow, hard to believe something this sof- (shakes his head) gahhhhh. Who are you?” Arminus breaks from his daze to ask, and still no answer. But notices a picture right of the protogen’s on the fridge. He sees the same protogen’s mug shot smiling creepily with the name ‘Chroma’ in a Halloween picture frame. Arminus gets a chill down his neck just looking at it.

“Eeh, scary. Must be another bud of Virgil’s.” Arminus concludes and examines the chord under Chroma’s jaw. “Guess he’s downloading something. I’ll just leave the letter before he wa-” As Arminus makes his way to the living room, he eyes some jellybeans on the counter along with the baking and measuring supplies near it. “Chroma’s making candy, huh? Must be his gift for Virgil.” Arminus assumes and spots the four pink candies near the bowl and takes one. “How good is it though?” Arminus pops the pill candy in his mouth but frowns in disappointment as he feels powder melt in his mouth. He swallows it and comments, “It’s just… dust. No flavor, no sweet, no sour. Nothing.” Arminus was disappointed in the taste.

“I’ll need one from the bowl just to wash out this taste.” Arminus reaches for the bowl, but misses. He leans onto the table, but still can’t reach it. He lifts his waist above the island’s edge to barely touch the bowl. He just crawls on the table to touch the jellybeans the size of golf balls. “How the hell is this growing?” Arminus palms a green jellybean which continues expanding, along with the bowl, the kitchen supplies, and the counter. It’s finally unraveling to him that the softball jellybean isn’t growing, he’s becoming smaller. “Oh no.” he beckons with dizzy fear.

Arminus’ world is stretching taller and wider. The green candy is now beach ball sized but weighs like a bowling ball. He drops the candy THUD on the counter, recoiling him from the volume of the impact. He can’t even stand on the counter as his body still decreases. He is smaller than the beakers and flasks on the island counter. Second by second, he kept diminishing bit by bit, finally reaching his height of 3 inches. Arminus stands up and begins to scale himself to the ottoman sized green jellybean.

“Crap! I’m small. I’m small! I’m Small!!” He kicks the jellybean but falls to the ground from the rebound. He is rocking himself and babbling. “I should have just left the letter at the door, the mailbox, sent a text message. But now I’m…this.” He complains and unlocks himself from his cradling to look at his miniscule arms and legs on the granite he sits on. He begins planning and proceeds to check over the eerily tall edge, examines the baking equipment on the table, but can’t find any way to escape safely. He is literally trapped on an island at his size. “There’s gotta be something I can do?” Arminus ponders as he walks back to the candy bowl. Completely forgetting about the plugged in Chroma who just found an unfortunate detail and unplugs himself.

“DAMNIT!!” Arminus here’s a giant’s gripe growl over him. Arminus didn’t bother turning, he just ran to hide behind the candy bowl. Chroma turns to the island top with his chemistry set to grumble more. “All that work for nothing…” SSLAAMM with two hands on the island shaking his equipment and bouncing Arminus and the candy up too. “…because I missed the frozen isotopes. Now I have ta start from scratch again.” Chroma doesn’t know about Arminus’ presence or his tininess, and Arminus wants to keep it that way. From Chroma’s pic, tone, aggression, and Virgil’s line up of ‘Full Fanny Friends”; Arminus doesn’t want to be seen at 3 inches tall. Unless he wants to be a tattoo for this now mad macro monster.

“The pink pills can only shrink. But adding the frozen will have Virgil shrink for a while, then he grows back to normal height later.” Chroma confirms to himself and the eavesdropping Arminus. “You gotta be kidding me. I’m stuck like this?” Arminus questions himself. “Why are there only 3 pills?” Chroma announces with anger. THOOM Arminus feels an impact from Chroma’s left hand. The four-digit grey paw that is left of the candy bowl crushes the green jellybean. The claws were as long as Arminus’ legs and Chroma’s palms alone could smush him. “I made four, where’s the fourth?” Chroma’s digital voice dredged lowly while searching for it. Arminus quietly shifts his body around the candy bowl as Chroma brought his face closer to the pink pills. “Don’t see me, don’t see me, don’t see me, don’t see me.” Arminus mutters to himself as Chroma investigates.

Irritation grows in Chroma over the missing pill but is also impatient to fix his mistake. “Ugh, must have knocked it off when I slammed on the island. Virgil’s gonna be back in 6 hours and I need these to be ready beforehand to surprise him. He won’t tell the difference between when the pills are mixed in with the jellybeans.” He reminds himself, ignores the candy bowl, and begins his pill process again. While Arminus stays hidden and distraught about what he has heard. “6 hours, really? (breathes). Ok, ok. Just wait for Chroma to complete his new pill, eat it, and leave. Easy.” Arminus has set up a plan and peeks from the candy bowl to find an opening when Chroma is facing away from the table.

 Arminus waits a while as Chroma takes his time to measure and mix elixirs, crushes ingredients in his mortar and pestle, and manages the flame of the Bunsen burner. Chroma sets the mortar and pestle down and turns around to the fridge. Arminus eagerly sneaks closer to the bowl while maneuvering through the containers, beakers, and bottles without making a sound. “I can just eat the powder before he puts them in pills.” Arminus hypothesizes as he reaches the caldron sized mortar. He was disappointed to see the pink powder inside. “He didn’t finish it. Why did he stop?” Arminus turns around to find Chroma, a prodigious proportion of him.

 Chroma is currently bending down since the freezer is the lower drawer of the fridge. He can’t bend his knees without getting stuck between the sink counter and island counter, so his legs are slightly bending as his upper half tilts over searching for his final additive. Giving Arminus a view that will stun him stupid. “Hoohhh my, that’s a HUGE HIND END.” Chroma’s single cheek out sizes Arminus 7 times over… A. Single. Cheek. Chroma’s colonizing keister convulses chaotically as he frisks the freezer. Thankfully there is no bad smell, his tail tosses side-to-side creating a breeze over the island. Which only flutters his light and dark grey fluffy flank under his tail. Arminus moves away from the mortar and makes his way to the candy bowl but is taking his time due to the…dynamic distraction.

 “Found it!” Chroma says and stands back up pressing his posterior onto the island again. Except this time Arminus was in its path. “Uh Oh!” Arminus squeaks and runs away from the avalanche of ass approaching him. He hears the booty barrage get closer, closer, and closer scaring Arminus to fall forward and roll. He collects himself to witness the rotund rearend rushing in. “Meep!” Arminus yelps and shields his eyes with his arms. He prepares for impact!

But nothing happens, and he peeps through his arms. Chroma’s butt stops an inch away from Arminus. “This is the finale piece to the puzzle.” Chroma speaks aloud, still oblivious of Arminus. Who is laying on his back trying to slow his heart from being entombed by an enormous end. “Thank the Earth. I almost go-” Chroma’s tail cuts off Arminus as it sweeps him up from its sway. “Two isotope baster drops to the mortar and mix. If powder isn’t black after 5 minutes, add another drop and mix more.” Chroma reads the instructions as he rotates and walks to the mortar and pestle.

 Chroma’s turbid tail tangles up Arminus. He attempts to free himself from it with only one free arm while his left arm, legs, and torso are trapped. “Just great, I need to cut myself free before he leans backwards.” Arminus worries as Chroma nonchalantly raises his tail, giving Arminus a petrifying death-drop view beneath him. “Second thought, I don’t know if I should.” He rethinks to himself. Chroma puts in two drops of the isotope into the mortar and mixes. “Mmmm, I like the sound of muddling.” He describes and drifts into natural bliss, causing his tail to wag from bum to bum. But Arminus didn’t have the same luxury.

 WHIFF WHOFF WHIFF WHOFF WHIFF WHOFF is the sound of a happy tail grazing through the air. While Arminus gets dizzier and dizzier from every toss from the tail. “HeYYY ChrOOOMmma sTTOOoop wWAAGgginNNGG.” Arminus yells, but his small size and the doppler effect prevents Chroma from hearing him. Arminus’s eyes roll in his head as he feels his left arm and torso escape the tail’s grasp. “CCrraaAAPP NNOooo nnOOO NNooo nnOOOO!” Arminus pleas to the wagging’s wind. His waist unsnarls, then his thighs, and knees. “SHHiittTT ssHHIITTtt shHIITTtt!” And everything stops, Arminus’ mind is still swirling, but he doesn’t feel the wind on his body anymore. “5 minutes and it’s only purple. I need another drop.” Chroma instructs himself.

 He sets the mortar on the table and grabs the isotope baster. He clears part of the island off and lays his torso on it to preciously put one drop in the mortar bowl. Chroma’s tail hangs over his head, with Arminus dangling from his feet off the tail. “This is my chance.” Arminus kicks his feet to loosen himself. He still doesn’t want Chroma to know about him, but being trapped on the tail is a worse option. “Done.” Chroma tells himself, and the trapped Arminus. Chroma starts to stand up. “Blast it. Just let go al-” FWIP. Arminus feels gravity pull him as he falls headfirst. But as Chroma begins to stand, Arminus doesn’t plop on Chroma’s head. He falls in Chroma’s scruff.

 LROFFFFF Arminus lands. And truly believes he broke his neck. But instead, is surrounded by softness within Chroma’s scruff. “Too damn close, but where am I?” Arminus pries and realizes the subtle sensation withing Chroma’s body scarf. His hands and feet disappears withing the fervent fleece fur as he readjusts himself. “I can’t see my hands, but… I’m not… complaining.” Arminus lazes as his body is slowly embraces the scruff. Chroma is unaware of Arminus still and is noticing the purple powder turn brown. “Closer, but I need to do this a little longer with more turning.” Chroma states and gets to it.

 His muddling action slowly warms his body temperature, especially areas with a lot of fur. And the scruff is the first of many. Arminus is underneath Chroma’s left jaw within the scruff. The hairy hideaway begins heats up for the humanoid to hibernate. “Need, need to leave… furry… flushed… fuzzy…feeling.” Arminus is sputtering his words as his escape from the nape beguiles him to stay. Chroma’s s left shoulder motion rocks his body as he continues to crush the powder. And his rotation reels in Arminus to relinquish his tired body to Chroma’s scruff. “aahhh… myyyiieee… mmmmmhhhhhh.” And Arminus subdues to the supremacy of the scruff while Chroma intensely muddles.

 A while later, Chroma finally mixes the powder enough to be black. “Phew, there we go.” Chroma titillates himself as he shakes his head and scruff to release the trapped heat and toss the placid Arminus on the island counter face first. Chroma doesn’t see Arminus near the island’s edge as he arranges the weighing scale. “Now to weigh the powder.” Chroma affirms. Arminus lifts his face off the counter still groggy from the 6-minute bedrest in Chroma’s neck fluff. “How did I get here?” He asks SSSPPRRUUFFFHHH Chroma sprawls his tremendous tummy over the counter, and unknowingly Arminus.

 “Carefully.” Chroma reminds himself as he taps the powder off the bowl and on the scale. For the time being, Arminus is again trapped by the incognizant Chroma. The tummy’s hair wasn’t longer or softer compared to Chroma’s scruff, but the weight of itself outmatched the scruff. “This sucks.” Arminus bickers as he isn’t hurt but can barely move his arms or legs. Chroma reaches his designated number on the scale.

“Good, capsule time.” Chroma initiates leaning in even more to really eye his claws scoop and pour the powder into each pill casing. Which also squishes his gut across the table and smothers Arminus further. The bristly bulging belly engulfs Arminus’ hands and feet. “This sucks even more.” Arminus moans out in strain. Thankfully, Chroma completes the pill and uses his elbows to lift his buffy belly up giving Arminus relief to see light.

Chroma: “That’s one down…” Arminus: “Good…” he begins to stand up on the counter. Chroma: “…three more to go.” Arminus freaks: “Wait what?” Chroma unbeknownst body SSSPPRRUUFFFHHH on Arminus again to hold him in place. Chroma continues to weigh the powder. Then he mashes Arminus more as he focuses on filling the pill casing. The series of sustaining pressure and smushing pressure volleys back and forth on Arminus. Slowly increasing his soreness as more and more of Chroma’s stomach smothers him. Finally, Chroma finishes his last pill and lifts his belly up using his elbows, with a little limp Arminus stuck to his upper waist. “There we go, and there’s about 4 hours to spare.” Chroma tributes his success and continues. “I need to clean this up.”

Arminus is battered on Chroma’s belly, but he begins to loosen himself as soon as possible. “Just (wiggles) need to (wiggles) shake.” As Chroma walks back-n-forth to place his stuff in the sink, Arminus frees his left leg, then right leg, and both arms. But waits until Chroma is near the island counter to remove his torso and land on it. Chroma turns his body and walks to the island and Arminus removes his torso to jump. “Oh, the chord.” Chroma remarks and turns away from the island. Causing Arminus to free himself too soon. Arminus tries to grab onto Chroma’s hair but wasn’t quick enough as he PLLAATTSSS onto the kitchen floor.

“Damnit Chroma.” Arminus banters from the pain. THUD THUUDD Arminus rotates on his side to observe three white digits and hind paw lowering above him. Arminus yelps, “NO, NO, N-” THOMP but Chroma indirectly silences Arminus with his pudgy left hind paw as he makes his way to the chord, wraps it, and puts it in a draw. “There, now for some R&R.” Chroma relays to himself, grabs his three pink and four black pills, and makes his way to the living room. Feeling proud with completing his surprise, Chroma puts some more pep in his step. Which works out only one way for Arminus, more compression. STOMP Arminus: “Chroma-” STOMP “Please-” STOMP “Look-” STOMP “Down.” STOMP. But Arminus’ calls are too far and quiet for Chroma to hear. And that paw is walking on a tile floor, giving Arminus no comfort with every squishing step Chroma takes.

Chroma steps into the carpet living room with a recliner facing the TV. “I’ll stream something until Virgil gets bac-” Chroma notices the letter on the recliner and grabs it. “Huh, cool cursive. But when was this brought in?” Chroma questions and becomes anxious because Virgil brought the mail in before he left, and this letter wasn’t a part of it. “Arminus? interesting.” Chroma reads aloud as he drags his left foot against his right calf to scratch an itch. And peels Arminus off his foot and onto the carpet. “I wonder…” Chroma debates to himself and walks back to the kitchen while leaving the pills on the recliner’s arm rest.

Arminus is on his back trying to breathe. “(Coughs) what a (coughs) himbo.” He groans and stands up to notice the carpet, recliner, and black pills peeking over the arm rest. “Of course they’re up there.” Arminus laments but makes his way to the recliner to climb it. Grip after grip, Arminus miserably makes his way up to the chair and to the seat cushion. His body is throbbing from the climb and previous smush session from the clueless Chroma. “Almost (pants) there.” He encourages himself and scales up the armrest to reach the pills.

“Jeez that’s (gasps) exhausting (gasps).” Arminus grabs one of the ottoman sized pills but is met with a problem. The capsule is hard as wood and Arminus didn’t have anything to use to crack it. “Just Great! All this time and I can’t even break it.” thud Thud THUD THUDD Arminus worriedly hears Chroma coming back. “Blast it, I don’t want to be crushed by him…” Arminus looks at the black pill and props an idea. “…or maybe he can crush the pill.” He hears Chroma coming closer and decides to toss the pill onto the hard ground so Chroma can step and break the pill’s hard casing. However, Chroma notices the pill on the ground before stepping on it. “Oops, don’t want you on the ground.” He comments.

“Son of a bitch.” Arminus curses himself but loses balance as the recliner jolts randomly. Well, the random occurrence is Chroma bumping the recliner with his butt as he bends down to grab the pill. Arminus falls onto the cushion as Chroma grabs the pill. Weary and upset, Arminus bickers as he gets pushes himself up. “Damn oaf and his big BU-BUUU-BUUUUUUT?” And like rain to a parade, two colossal clouds loom over Arminus as he is dead center of the recliner. “Me time.” The oblivious Chroma iterates facing the TV and begins bending his knees. That absolute ass was advancing onto Arminus. The fur frizzles outwards as that fat flank flies at him. Arminus runs to the back rest, with Chroma’s keister gaining on him. “Can someone on Earth help me!” He begs and reaches the backrest. But could only observe the brigade of booty barging at him as his body is against the backrest.

Chroma gently FWEMMPPSS on the recliner. His hips hug along the armrests changing his chunky cheeks from wider, to taller. Arminus has a mere hair space to view the towering tubby tushie 9 times his height. “I’m… I’m alive. OH THANK EARTH I’m ALI-” PPRREESSSSSS Chroma presses his plumpy posterior back to fill the last space for his seat. And smashes Arminus against the backrest. “Alright, movie, YouTube, or streaming?” Chroma ponders to himself while still clueless of the 3in Arminus against his bombastic backside. Chroma’s right cheek smashes into Arminus, having his arms and legs engulfed in Chroma’s almighty ass. “mrfmmrmfmrm,” translation “this is too much for me.” Is what Arminus is trying to say.

“YouTube time, I’ll just watch Virgil’s sub list.” Chroma decides and pulls the lever on the recliner to kick his feet up a little, lay his back horizontally, and drop all his weight onto his wobbling world-wide wagon. If Arminus isn’t seeing the light grey color, he can now taste the gravity of the grizzly light grey gigamax girthy glutes. Not only does his weight increase, but that substantial soft seat is squishing Arminus even further. If the recliner is transparent, you can only see Arminus’s torso as his head, arms, and legs disappear in Chroma’s dynamic dumpy.

And Chroma relaxes as he watches some Destiny 2 epic moments, Monster Hunter World speed-runs, and Monster Hunter Rise Spoof episodes. All while Arminus is muffling his breath and straining his muscles for the past hour. Arminus is lucky that he isn’t fully under Chroma’s weight, but this populous protogen is using about 60% of it on Arminus. Although those chubby cheeks are comfy, Arminus can’t going to abide any further. “Grmmf hfmnrmfgm hnfmgnfh” translation: “I am not staying under here any longer.” Arminus demands.

As Chroma naps relieve some pressure, Arminus uses every conceivable amount of energy to squirm free from this furry flank. He is making his way to the outer hip as he sees a sliver of light. Back to Chroma, he begins to chuckle in his sleep from Arminus’ movement. “Mmhh mmhh mmhh mmhh, stop it Virgil.” He deludes in his dreams and repositions his rotund rearend. BRISSHH BRUSSHH BRISSHH BRUSSHH Chroma brushes his bum against the chair and bruises Arminus in the process. The small shift for Chroma is a mudslide of massive mounds for Arminus. Thankfully Chroma stops and continues his dream.

Though beaten by a barbarous backside, Arminus sees a gleam of hope. “Almost there.” He wheezes and shimmies to the brightness. The pressure lightens, he can use his arms and legs in full motions even while Chroma’s plump presses on him. But widens his eyes finding out he isn’t at Chroma’s hip, but within a crevice of two chunky chock-full cheeks. “Huh, I’m just happy it smells of lavender than something else.” Arminus remarks but adds a compliment to lighten the situation. He begins to push against each bushy boulder to climb out. “Hehehe, hands off Virgil.” Chroma responds and rubs his rambunctious rumps together. Accidentally enclosing Arminus between his burly boulders.

Arminus endures the short shimmying by Chroma, who stops and sleeps again. Now waist deep in cheeks, Arminus started planning. “How can get out without tickling him?” He thinks and notices something looming over him. Arminus stares up at his answer, Chroma’s tail. He stretches out his arm but can’t reach it. He warily waggles himself out of this behemoth’s booty. After freeing himself, he uses the backrest to stand and grab the tail but is a hand short. Arminus can’t climb this colossus’s canyon keister without waking him up and can’t climb the backrest but only push off it. Then he will need to lunge off the recliner’s backrest more.

Arminus crouches while politely placing a hand on each cheek. “Push of the cheeks, then jump off and up on the backrest to reach the tail. Huh, I got this. I got this.” After situating and boosting his plan, Arminus initiates it. His hands sink but rebound off the cheeks, he explodes off his legs to jump, and grabs the tail. Arminus rejoices, “Yes, now to-mmrfffff,” for a short time. Because the tail is light and fuzzy it didn’t support his weight, and he landed high in Chroma’s butt and deeper between his mighty mounds.

“Gwah, Virgil I… oh jeez. That was a dream.” Chroma wakes and senses something off about his seat. “Ugh, something ain’t feeling right.” Chroma speaks and starts grinding his gargantuan grizzly glutes against one another. GRIFFF GRUFFF GRIFFF GRUFFF GRIFFF GRUFFF GRIFFF GRUFFF GRIFF GRUFF GRIFF GRUFF Chroma unnoticeably mangles the unlucky ~~lucky~~ Arminus helplessly. That Dynamix derrière devours Arminus completely. “Mmmmhh better, but…” Chroma puts a hand on each armrest to lift his hefty hips up. He then flings his arms out to WWHHAAAMMMMFFFFF his fuzzy fat flank to forcefully fit the tight chair and further crushing the critter between his chock-full cheeks.

“There we go. Now, where was I?” Chroma remarks as he lays back in the recliner and searches for more videos to watch. Arminus is out cold and impaired after Chroma’s final sit down. And he isn’t moving for another 3 hours after Chroma finds and chuckles at some hilarious memes. And throughout this entire endeavor, Chroma still doesn’t know about Arminus.

The hours pass and Chroma dozes off again until the door unlocks and opens. “Hey Chroma, don’t doze off before dinner.” Virgil remarks and closes the door behind him. Chroma wakes up and covers the pills with his hand. “Sup Virgil, Aegis nearby?” Chroma questions. “Naw, she’s out grabbing cake for me. Though she already has enough, if you know what I mean.” Virgil smirks at his joke. Chroma tells him, “Well, before your cake, you have a letter on the counter. Then I have a gift for you.” Chroma grips the pills in his hand to hide them. “Alright, I’ll be back.” Virgil responds and walks to the kitchen.

While sitting, Chroma counts the seven pills in his paw, three pink and four black pills. Virgil walks back to the living room with the letter in his hand. “It’s from Arminus, nice cursive too.” Virgil tells Chroma, who replies, “What does it say?” Virgil opens the envelope and reads aloud. “Happy Birthday Virgil!! Hope you are surviving your special day with it being Micro May too. I was scared celebrating your Birthday around the Aegis, Razor, Silva, and Wraith since they are ‘enthusiastic’ about you. I wrote this to get my message out and let you know I struggled to find a gift. So, anything you need or anytime you need me for something, NO MATTER WHAT, let me know and I’ll help. HAPPY BIRTHDAY VIRGIL. Sincerely Arminus.” Virgil puts the card in his pocket. “Sweet, I got some ideas when I see him.” Virgil remarks.

Virgil redirects back at Chroma, “Hey, this letter wasn’t in the morning mail. And did you lock the door when I left?” Virgil questions Chroma. “I didn’t lock the door. And the letter just appeared on this chair as I worked in the kitchen on these.” Still sitting, Chroma shows Virgil the seven pills and continues. “The pink pills only shrink, and the black pills shrink then grow you back later. It was gonna be a surprise, but I slept.” Virgil smiles and responds. “Dude, this is sick. But why are their only three pink and four black?” Chroma answers. “I don’t know, I guess it fell down in the kitchen somewhere.” Virgil was in the kitchen, and it was spotless, not even a crumb on the ground. Along with the door being locked and Arminus’ letter appearing randomly, something was off.

“You sure no one came in?” Virgil interrogates Chroma. “No one came inside. I was downloading info and making your gift.” He answers, increasing Virgil’s curiosity. “You realize you’re a statue when you download right? Anyone could walk up to you, and you wouldn’t notice them. And the door is locked, Arminus’ letter happens to be on the chair, and you are missing a shrinking pill.” Virgil explains. “So, what?” Chroma implies with confusion. Virgil asks one last question while looking at the recliner. “Did you feel like something was, off, in the recliner?” “Well yeah, some random crumb or bug crawled an…” Virgil smiles immediately at Chroma, who is baffled at first but then it occurs to him.

“OH SHIT!!” Chroma calls, pulls the lever forward, stands, and checks the recliner but didn’t see anything on it. As Chroma inspects the chair, Virgil can spot a white arm sticking out from Chroma’s cheeks. “Virgil, I don’t see anything. What does Arminus even look like?” Chroma desperately asks the calm yet giggling Virgil. Virgil responds, “Mmhh Mmhh mmhh, well he’s a plain white humanoid. And you may have checked that seat, but did you check yours.” Chroma replies while reaching back. “What does my seat have to d-… oh.” Chroma realizes Virgil’s question as he feels a small arm dangling within his dumpy. “HA HA HA HA HA, I’ve been gone for 8 hours, and you didn’t even know he was there.” Virgil wraps his arms around his stomach as he can’t contain himself.

Chroma begins to grow digital blushes from embarrassment on his glass face. “Hey, it wasn’t for 8 hours. It was like… 5 or 4 hours. That’s when the pink pill went missing. Anyways, I’m getting him out.” He declares and grabs Arminus’ arm. “Wait, I got a better idea.” Virgil disrupts, takes a black pill from Chroma, and swallows it. In mere seconds, he begins to shrink down to 3 inches too. Right between Chroma’s proportional hind paws. Chroma is staring down at Virgil. “Pick me up.” Virgil squeaks loudly and raises his arms. With Chroma’s left paw, he reaches down, gently grabs Virgil in his fist, and brings him up to his face. “Now place me on the recliner Chroma.” Virgil requests.

Chroma goes over to the upright recliner. He places Virgil on the cushion’s tall ark between the deep duff dents. “Now, bring Arminus down here without removing him.” Virgil inquires, bemusing Chroma. “But, I’d just be sitting on you.” Chroma explains. “Exactly.” And Virgil desires. “Um, ok.” Chroma agrees and rotates around. It’s not that he doesn’t like to be close to Virgil. But Chroma is worried his robust rear might be too rough on him. “Just hold still.” Chroma informs Virgil as he lowers his large luxurious lumps. Chroma has his arms on each rest as slows his descent, and Virgil shifts himself to be right between his protogen’s two powerful plumps. While Arminus is flailing his frail arm to get his head out of Chroma’s ass abyss.

Chroma gently SSSIIIITTTTSS down with Virgil’s waist under and in the middle of Chroma’s booty. While Arminus is sluggishly squiggling out from between Chroma’s cheeks. “Hey Virgil, are you ok? I feel a lot of movement back there?” Chroma anxiously asks. Virgil looks up to see Arminus’ right arm and head poke out. “I’m fine. It’s just Arminus trying to escape.” Virgil calls back in a high voice. Virgil now speaks to Arminus. “Hey Arminus, I got you letter, thanks for remembering.” Arminus sees Virgil’s and is relieved. “Virgil, you shrank too? Whatever, help me out of this. I’ve been in this agonizing ass for hours.” Arminus happily invokes. “Agonizing Ass, you mean Astonishing Ass. I shrank down to relish this rump like you did.” Virgil concurs.

Arminus bickers, “I don’t have time for this.” And continues to slowly escape. “Arminus, your present was on the card telling me you’ll do anything for me No Matter What. Remember?” Virgil reminds Arminus, who fears Virgil’s implication. “Virgil I’ll do anything else BUT this right now.” Arminus states in his sore condition. Virgil yells at Chroma. “Hey Chroma, shimmy your seat for me!” Arminus’s eyes pop open at Virgil. “You wouldn’t?” Arminus challenges Virgil. “Um, sure.” Chroma’s digitally low voice responds. “I would.” Virgil accepts. SWISH SWOSH SWISH SWOSH SWISH SWOSH SWISH SWOSH Chroma rubs his rear side-to-side on the chair spilling his hips over the arm rests. He stops after a couple minutes. Leaving Virgil’s head and arms out. However, Arminus only has his right arm out since Chroma’s cheeks chewed him deeper.

“Thank you Chroma, my perfect puffy protegen.” Virgil compliments and pats Chroma’s posterior. Which made Chroma giddy and reddish in his mask. “Of course, Virgil.” Chroma flirts back. Virgil sees Arminus’ right arm again and offers a deal. “Here’s your option. Enjoy the comfort of Chroma and join us for cake afterwards? Or keep fighting back and I’ll have Chroma mash you more? Say ‘Happy Birthday Virgil’ if you agree.” Arminus didn’t take a moment to argue. “Happy Birthday Virgil.” He muffles complacently.

Virgil grins knowing he has another micro to share his day with. “You should relax more as this happens. I’m a little jealous you were able to be under Chroma before me. Consider yourself lucky Arminus.” Arminus just gives Virgil a timid thumbs up. Virgil can see how exhausted Arminus is and just enjoys the warmth of Chroma’s wide whimsical wagon. That is until Aegis arrives with the cake, and she will be more than happy to play with micro-Virgil and micro-Arminus toys. “This is gonna be a good night.” Virgil thinks to himself.