

No More Lonely Birthdays

(Story Commission)

“Ah, why do I bother?”

Said Isaac, stepping out of the elevator while carrying a birthday cake to his Boss. The frustration in the Siamese Cat voice was noticeable. Working for this company since his college days, Isaac was supposed to be in the manager position of his own sector by now. But instead, six months ago, he was forced to watch a newly hired, young, girly Canine named Roel quickly growing in the company and taking away the promotion from his hands.

Roel was smart and quite productive and knew how to operate under pressure. No wonder why he grew so quickly within the company. However, the fact that he was so young and got the promotion quickly awakened the anger of nearly everybody working in the sector. Especially now, as they all seemed to work under him.

The same could be said about Isaac himself, who right now was carrying a birthday cake to his Boss and most hated person on the office floor, as the young Doggy was just turning 22 years old today.

"What is it that he got, which I don't?!"

The 24 years old Siamese Cat thought to himself now that he was outside the elevator, walking through the biomes and superficially smiling at the other coworkers.

"Gosh! Next month I'll be turning 25, and I'm still fucking stuck in the same position for about two years now."

Finally, Isaac would stand by Roel's desk, carefully placing the cake on top of the Doggy desk and removing it from its box. A cute message saying "Happy Birthday Roel" could be read on top.

"Well, at least it isn't so bad, after all. Roel is quite gentle, and he is kinda cute. He is somewhat more girly than I'm, which is definitely a plus compared to our former manager."

The Siamese Cat remained standing by the side of his Boss's desk, wondering things to himself; meanwhile, the office floor was getting somewhat crowded. Many people from all other sectors were getting together for the small surprise birthday party they were putting together for the Canine boy. Not exactly because everybody liked him or not. In fact, it was much more of the contrary, but mostly because it was a mere formality and a good excuse to work lazy and slowly throughout the day. Some of them were there just because of the cake and soft drinks. They didn't even know Roel's name at all.

"OK, Perhaps I should give him a chance and invite him out today after work?"

Even if Isaac had a minor crush on his Boss, the Siamese Cat was concerned about the impact of such an attitude on his image towards the other coworkers. Especially because until Roel arrived in the company, Isaac was the younger boy working there and all the disdain that today falls upon the Canine manager used to fall upon Isaac's back. For the first time, Isaac was beginning to feel like actually fitting in within the company, and he didn't want to risk losing it by going out with Roel. Even if he actually liked him and really wanted to.

FLASH!!!

"WHAT THAT HELL!!! AHHHHHH!!! AAHHH!"

SPLASH!!!

"Whole shit! What happened?! Where am I?!"

Isaac would slowly sit up, turning on his back and preparing to get himself back on his two feet. But before the Siamese could even begin to realize what was going on, a strong smell of strawberry invaded his nostrils and almost immediately dominated his scents.

"Why so much strawberry? Where am...uhhhh!"

The Cat would try to stand up only to immediately feel his feet slipping on the slimmer surface resulting in him falling on his butt on top of the same super-soft surface that

resembled a lot more cream than anything solid. It was only then that the Feline boy would stop for a moment, realizing that not only was this cream-like surface extending itself for over kilometers long in almost any direction he could see, but it was also covering most of his fancy social clothes. Isaac was covered almost from head to toe in what seemed to be...

"Cake icing frost?..."

Slowly the anthro boy was putting things together. The strong strawberry smell in the air, the cream-like surface resembling cake icing frost, and finally, upon looking far up and away in the distance, Isaac could see a monolithic and truly gigantic monitor screen. A small, compact keyboard that could be anything but small and Roel's red wine color bag. The same bag that Roel could easily carry under a single arm was now large enough to fit the whole city inside of it, from Isaac's current perspective.

"Ah no! No! No! You got to be kidding me! Don't tell me that I'M FUCK SHRANK!"

"Uff! Well, well, just more 6 hours, and I'm free to go."

Roel said to himself moments before the elevator doors opened to reveal his office floor to be surprisingly empty.

The young, Canine with nice body curves dressed in a light pink social shirt and black social pants and wearing some fancy high black boots felt so astonished by the sight of the empty floor in the middle of the day he didn't even step out of the elevator.

"Ah!... Am I on the right floor?"

Roel spoke to himself upon checking the elevator screen, confirming that it was indeed his floor.

"Where is everyone?"

Unfortunately, the Canine mangar had no idea, but right now, the floor of his office floor was actually full of people. Nearly crowded with countless employees from the different sectors of the company. All of them were just shrank to the ridiculous size of zero point one millimeter tall! Right on the edge of what the naked eye could see!

“What fuck is going on?!”

"What happened?!"

"I don't know!"

"Where are we?!"

The accounting team members were all arguing, trying to understand the severity of their current situation. They all had just left the elevator to the marketing floor. All they knew was a birthday party was occurring on this floor today. In the Marketing sector, a guy they don't know the name was turning 22 today. They were too young to be managers, but they didn't even care. They just wanted to escape the numbers, eat cake and drink soft drinks for as long as possible, smile, small-talk, and avoid work.

But right now, they were all together in the middle of a blue alien surface. If accountants didn't know any better, they could easily assume they were transported to an alien world. But that theory quickly faded away when they started to pay more attention to their surroundings. Far in the distance, they could see massive, kilometers-long structures that could put any skyscraper they could even imagine shaming, yet those same structures had all very familiar shapes. If they didn't know any better, they could assume they were staring at oversized work biomes. But that would have been insane; working biomes that sized could only be used by creatures standing at divine proportions. Although it was impossible, the events about to happen in the next moment would quickly change their minds.

A loud *BLIM!* Signaled that the elevator door was about to open, the same one they had just stepped out of a moment ago. The twelve accountants were so lost in their arguing and trying to understand their situation that they didn't even bother to turn around and look back until now. The realization struck them all!

"Shit! We are tiny!"

That was the only thing one of the tiny members of the group managed to say before watching an ultra massive polished iron door opening up ahead of them only to reveal an even more terrifying sight. Behind the gargantuan pair of doors stood a titanic Canine. The boy was so massive that the only thing which allowed the group of twelve micros on the floor to realize it was an actual Canine was his fluffy Husky tail casually swinging very slowly behind his ankles and creating hurricane wind-like forces to those who happened to be as tiny as they were now.

Almost all of the accountants tilted their heads upwards to stare at the looming extension of the boy's fancy black jeans but only to find themselves unable to see anything above the Canine's waistline. It wasn't for less, compared to them, right now, that towering anthro must have been thirty-five kilometers tall at the very minimum! The fact they could at least see some out outlines of that boy's bulge between his powerful pillars-like legs was already a milestone.

All of them had no idea who the lower body they were all perplexedly staring at until one micro in the group picked up the familiar smell of Roel's perfume.

"OMG!!! THAT'S ROEL!"

At least one accounting team member knew who was this sector's manager. But even he had no idea it was Roel's birthday party they were all about to attend. Not that it would even matter right now, given their current situation. Upon wearing the titan's name, all twelve members of the group immediately begin to shout all together at him, yelling at the top of their voice and using everything their lungs could provide while jumping and waving in a futile attempt to the gain a giant's attention, even though they were all about twenty thousand times smaller than him!

“ROEL!!! LOOK AT US DOWN HERE!!! PLEASE HELP US!!!

It took them a couple of seconds to try until some realized it wouldn't work. There was no way somebody so massively colossus would even be able to hear their pathetic voices or imagine that their voices together would travel any further than his toe-claws height. Less yet to make it to his ears which were dozens of kilometers away.

But what sealed their fate was the herd effect, as most of the group insisted on remaining yelling, waving, and jumping. Staying right in the middle of the way and not moving even a muscle to find shelter. They would simply continue to repeat and repeat

until a loud and thunderous rumble forced all of them to stop and stare in awe at the lower half of that ominous giant, hoping to understand what was going on.

Unfortunately, they would never be able to realize that the same thunderous rumble they just heard was caused by Roel simply adjusting his standing position to check the elevator's internal screen and softly speaking to himself in a very casual and shy matter. When the god-made Dog confirmed he was on the right floor, he stood out of the elevator.

In a matter of milliseconds, the titan's right high black boot lifted off towards the sky! The loud rumble that simple action caused due to the massive amount of air displaced was nearly enough to stun most puny micros standing on the floor immediately below. All the accountants were left to stare, paralyzed by the gargantuan boot, large enough to obliterate a whole city fast moving through the sky, until its shadow felt upon their location.

"AHH!!! RUN!!! EVERYBODY RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!!"

The panic took over. Most of the group started to run, all in different directions, saved for a few ones who were simply too paralyzed in fear due to the sheer image hovering above their heads or the one who immediately realized that the massive black sole was descending upon them had enough area to cover a major city. Only micro out of twelve was smart enough to look back while running, trying to memorize Roel's grooves pattern and tried to the position he believed one of the gaps in the grooves would land.

The massive, gargantuan letter C making up the logo of the brand's name was his salvation as the gigantic sole of a living god continued to descend. No slow motion.

THUMMMPPP!!

Eleven souls were turned to fine red dust, barely managing to leave a noticeable stain underneath Roel's right boot sole. The lonely micro who managed to survive by placing himself underneath the gap formed by the gigantic C letter was disintegrated by the sheer power of the fast-moving air as sole got closer and closer to the floor. His furry burst into the flames moments before the sole made contact. By the time the Doggy boot was comfortable rested on the floor again, the carbonized dusty remains of his body were blown away. Never to be found.

After confirming he was indeed on the right floor, Roel simply shrugged and stepped out of the elevator, completely unaware that by doing that simple act alone, he ended twelve lives underneath the sole of his fancy boot. And that was only his first step into the floor.

Roel would walk around the many empty biomes but noticed that most of his employees' belongings were still left on their desks. At that moment, it occurred to the girly Doggy that maybe everybody was planning a surprise birthday party for him or something like that and that by the moment he stepped into his own biome, everyone would come out of nowhere to greet him.

“Fuck yikes! What I’m gonna do now? Dammit! This frost icing will destroy my clothes! This is a brand new shirt!”

The puny Siamese Cat was still grumbling about his current situation when he heard the loud, booming *BLIM* coming from the elevator at the far end of the room.

Never before had Isaac thought that the sound of an elevator would trigger so much anxiety and fear inside his soul.

“Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Please don’t tell me that is Roel! Please don’t tell me that is Roel!”

Unfortunately, to his dismay, it was exactly the birthday person standing inside the elevator far in the distance. Although Isaac couldn't tell that yet.

"Alright! The first thing to do upon shrinking!... If you are on the floor, get out of the floor... if you are on top of someone's else food, get out of the food!"

The mite-sized Cat spoke to himself as he looked over the edge of that beautiful strawberry birthday cake. Only the distance from his current location to the edge was a good ten minutes walking, and god only knows how he is even going to climb down from that massive cake. However, as the marketing designer's life wasn't already complicated enough, the first time Isaac tried to make a single step forward, his entire paw sunk into the cake's frost up to his knees, and no matter how much he tried to speed up the process, the faster the movements, the deeper his legs would sink.

"Ah!!! Shit!!! Now, is that what people living in Canada must endure every day?..."

Jokes are good to relieve the stress, but no much longer after finishing that last sentence, Isaac hears a very distant *THUMP!!!*

Immediately, Kitty's heart began to accelerate. The first indication that the person who had just come in from the elevator was indeed the birthday person, the person to who the cake Isaac was currently trying to get himself out of is addressed, was approaching made itself clear right now.

"OK, Isaac, stay calm. It could be someone else. This is not Roel...."

THUUUMMMPPP!!!

"This is not ROEL!!!..."

THUUUMMMPPP!!!

“THIS IS NOT ROEL!!!...”

Finally, with one final, overpowering *THUMP*. The divine form of the perfectly fit body belonging to the Canine boy entered Isaac's field of view. Roel stepped into his working biome and stood right in front of his desk. His entire, massive, impressive upper body loomed above his pathetic employee, who was currently standing on top of his surprise birthday cake.

“Ro... Roel... OMG!!!”

Isaac wasn't even able to finish his sentence before losing his balance and falling on his back upon trying to tilt his head enough to see his Boss's young face far above. Even if Isaac was standing around waistline height with Roel, the size difference between them

was simply so massive and impressive that Isaac felt his heart-stopping beating for a second.

Roel would peak at the breakroom upon approaching his desk only to find it empty. At that moment, the young Canine started to find this situation even odder than ever. He had never seen the business this empty before, but that was also when he glanced at his desk to spot a cake sitting there, its sweet shimmering icings drawing him away from his morning routine.

The young manager stopped before his desk, wondering if the head of HR had organized a party for morale purposes. Which was right, but little did he know she was currently half under his left boot at the moment. Her lower half no longer existed as she failed in a panicked spasm.

"What's this? D...did they get me a cake? I didn't think anyone actually liked me."

He said, grabbing one of the forks from the pile by his desk. As he wondered when and if the others were about to show up themselves for some sort of surprise.

"ROEL!!! RIGHT HERE!!! I HAVE BEEN RIGHT HERE!!!"

Isaac shouted at the towering figure, committing the same mistake the accountants committed a few moments earlier. Trying to make his insignificant voice get heard by a living god. And just like the other, the mite-sized Siamese Cat even tried to jump and wave at the looming colossus that he called Boss, but, unfortunately, the only thing Isaac managed to achieve was to get half of his body stuck in the delicious frost icing of that birth cake. The Feline boy sunk all the way up to his upper half.

"Isaac, you stupid creature!"

The stuck Siamese Cat said at himself, knowing that trying to get himself free now would be even more challenging. However, the next scene he was about to witness would give him all the stimulation to get himself free very quickly.

Isaac watched with wide eyes as his thirty-five-kilometer tall Boss leaned himself over the table and cake, reaching for the piles of forks and grabbing a single one out of the pile. With graceful perfection, the young, girly-looking boy executed the whole action movement. But, from Isaac's perspective, it felt like he was watching the high climax scene of a horror movie unfolding right in front of his eyes.

It didn't help the puny Feline at all that the boy's bulge was mere centimeters away from the edge of frosting, his musk mixing with the sweet smell of vanilla and sugar. If Roel weren't the fancy boy that he was, leaned more an extra centimeter, his massive manhood would be pressed into the cake and into Isaac, but cock crater wasn't what fate had in store for the puny Cat.

As Isaac immediately began to try to free himself, it occurred to him that he could use his phone to text his Boss or even call him for help. But it was exactly at the same moment that the Cat also realized that his phone was in his pants right pocket, that now was buried in cake frost, that a loud *RUMBLING* sound and small vibrations almost made the Siamese Kitty lose one of his nine lives out of fear.

Roel was simply taking a "small" forkful out of the cake, luckily to the left of Isaac's current location, as he was trying to flavor the cake to see what it tasted like. To the puny Cat, that same small forkful was as large as an entire city district. Isaac was left to watch in total awe as his Boss made titan lifted up an entire district worth of cake mass into the sky for kilometers using no more than two fingertips to do it!

In a matter of seconds, that same forkful would be laid in the confines of the Doggy's waiting mouth. With little to no effort, Roel's tongue began to roll that massive mass of cake about in the dark confines of his mouth, dissolving and liquefying the same cake that Isaac was currently stuck on with absolutely easy, allowing the sweet strawberry flavor to roll across his tongue and letting a world-shaking mur.

“OH MY... THIS IS AMAZING!!!”

That booming sentence was the last thing Isaac wanted to hear. Immediately after saying that, the young Doggy happily began to chip away at the cake scoop by scoop, driven by his young metabolism.

Meanwhile, a few Dozens of kilometers below, Isaac was being forced to endure the overpowering rumbles of massive forkfuls scooping entire districts away from the cake, knowing that at any moment, he could be turned into a tiny addition to one of those

forkfuls. Although eventually, the insignificant Feline made it to his cellphone in his pocket. The screen and the whole device were covered in the frosted icing from the cake, making it impossible for Isaac to access the fingerprint sensor on his phone's screen. The frustration feeling was so high the Cat almost felt like throwing his phone far away. And, adding to the pressure even more, that was the precise moment Isaac heard and felt overwhelming.

RUUUMMMBLEEEEE!!!

Roel was finally taking a nice scoop full with a healthy helping of Isaac on top of it. The minuscule Siamese Cat felt his fork slide down several **kilometers** under him before, suddenly, the ground heaved, and he began to move upward.

“SHIIIII! Come on!!! Come on!!! Faster!!! Faster!!!”

Not even bothering about his shirt being brand new or expensive, Isaac simply used the shirt's sleeve to clean up most of the phone screen that he could. By the time screen was finally clean enough for him to use the fingerprint sensor, Roel's lips were mere seconds away from him. Hot, moist breath washed over the poor employee with no mercy as the tongue extended, touching the bottom of the cake chunk.

Although Finally, Isaac managed to unlock his phone. Not wasting a second, the Feline opened his Telegram and texted.

"Roel, Don't move!!!" *sent.*

The colossus Doggy's attention was momentarily drawn away from the cake to the screen of his pro tablet on the desk.

“**HUH?...**”

However, the young manager still finished the motion of putting the fork in his maw, grasping the tongs with his teeth as he used both hands to pick up the tablet and open the message notification. To make matters even worse for the tiny employee, now almost having a heart attack out of panic and despair in the confines of his wet, hot

mouth, as the Canine read the message, his tongue began to probe the piece of cake which was slowly starting to liquify in his spit.

"Why?" *sent*.

All the while, Isaac was trying to prevent his mind from having a mental breakdown upon watching the fork passing through the gargantuan lips of the boy he had a minor crush on. He stared at the white teeth and fangs, which were taller than any skyscraper he could have imagined until the lips closed right behind with a loud *BOOM!* Leaving most of the cavernous mouth of his Boss in total darkness.

"Roel!! Roel!! No! please! I beg you! For the love of god! I don't want to be eaten alive!"

Isaac was left to admire the vastness of his crusher mouth FROM THE INSIDE!

"So this is how food feels?!..."

The puny Cat knew that he needed to do something and that he couldn't just stay there in shock and fear, but the sharp, canine fangs and teeth of his young Boss were so terrifying that Isaac was left feeling a severe fear to go anywhere near them. Even if it meant making it to safety to the silver fork and possibly even managing to make it to the Doggy's lower lips before that entire city district worth of cake were completely liquefied by the spit of the towering Canine.

However, that was when Isaac's phone rang with a pop-up notification. The insignificant Siamese Cat grasped his phone in the darkness of his Boss's mouth and began to type.

"Look! This is going to sound very weird, but I'll explain! For now, I need you to trust me, and please don't move a single muscle on your body, Roel!" *Sent*.

". . ." Three dots bounced as the titanic Canine type. All the while, the only light source Isaac had available was the light of his own phone's screen. The tension and the imminence of a psychological breakdown were as solid as the frosting surface the Cat was currently standing on top of.

"Ooooooooookay... Is this something to do with the reason this place is empty?!" The girly Canine texted, suddenly worried about the situation, and reflexively **swallowed**, but lucky, only sending spit and a few crumbs down his massive throat in a **thunderous gulp!!!**

Isaac was left to watch from a first-row seat as his Boss, without even noticing it provided him with such a supreme demonstration of power and also demonstrated what could be his fate if he failed to get this situation sorted out quickly. Even the few crumbs the Siamese watched going down the back of the massive Canine throat and esophagus were as large as their own company building itself! But to Roel, it didn't even register as nothing but liquid passing down his gullet.

"YES! YES! It has all to do about why the place is empty! OK, Roel... This might sound weird and crazy, but for reasons I don't know, EVERYBODY on this floor SHRUNK moments before your arrival!" *Sent.*

Outside the cavernous interior of the Doggy's mouth. The young, girly mangar would **roll his eyes** upon reading the text. "*Ug! Another one of these lame pranks*". Roel thought to himself before texting back.

"Suuuuuuure. And let me guess, you're climbing me or something?" *Sent.*

Sounding very ironic and not believing the Feline, the titanic Canine grabbed the end of the fork with two fingertips, pulling it out slowly from between his teeth while using his other hand to type more.

"Next, you're going to tell me I'm about to eat someone like that silly movie." *Sent.*

As for Isaac, while he read his Boss's message on his phone screen, his entire, pathetic world came crashing down! His little heart stopped beating, and the whole situation only **worsened** when he felt a minor earthquake. His whole world was now in motion, again!

"Oh shit! That young son of a bitch is pulling out the fork!"

Isaac spoke to himself in pure horror as he immediately got his phone and used the best of his millennial ability to type a text and press send as his life depended on it! Which was actually the truth.

"NO!!! NO!!! ROEL! This is REAL! and I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU! I can prove you! JUST PLEASE! STOP MOVING!" *sent*

The feeling of panic and despair in the Cat's last text was definitely quite real, enough to make the enormous Doggy stop and sigh. Unfortunately, Roel's breath blew across his mouth, and Isaac was like a hurricane.

"Fine. One chance, and if you fail, I'm gonna eat my cake while filling out a citation form for you. Got it?" *Sent.*

Isaac hated it when that stupid bitch he called Boss sighed at him. But, to witness that young boy signing from the interior of his **mouth** was a whole new level of power body and disappointment. And, of course, those hurricane forces didn't have any mercy on the poor employee as they made him fly away across the surface of the cake, only to hit back first against the massive, white wall of teeth holding that fork in place inside Roel's mouth. Luckily, Isaac was holding his phone tight to him as if it were his lifesaver, and it actually was.

And then, not wanting to waste or test even an extra sec of his Boss's patience, the minuscule Feline used the four pro cameras of his Cphone 13 Pro Max to take photos of the vast interior of the manager's mouth. Showing everything! The fact his phone was pro and so was the camera, despite the darkness and sheer size and distance of everything, Roel was able to see everything with absolute perfection from the tip of his tongue, fork, and even his own terrifying waiting dark throat and esophagus far away in the distance.

"You were about to eat me!" *Isaac sent.*

Roel would see the images of the insides of his maw, shocked! The cake, the small filling in the back... Everything was accurate.

"What the... Did you put a tiny camera on my fork?!" *Roel sent.* It was clear by the tone of the text that confusion was setting in for the massive Canine. But, for a tiny fraction of a second, Roel was considering that maybe his employee's crazy idea may be true...

But that doesn't make any sense. The next second, Roel's mind was telling him that had to be a better explanation.

As for Isaac, a new notification popped up on his screen. This time, instead of texting his Boss once again. The insignificant decided to use his phone face camera to record a short video message and send it to his Boss.

"what?! NO! These photos were taken by ME, Roel! I'm inside of your mouth RIGHT NOW! You were about to eat me alive along with this chunk of cake! Please don't eat me! I'm begging you!" *video sent.*

Roel could see the total despair on Isaac's face, his body 100% covered in the cake frost and his warm saliva. And, of course, the vast set of his own white canine teeth and fangs behind and all around the puny Feline.

Upon realizing all that, the Canine boy finally opened up his maw slowly, pulling back the fork and chunk of cake out of his warm, moist mouth and setting it down on the desk, still dripping with spit.

"W...what do I do... How... This is impossible!"

Roel spoke with his booming, loud voice as he started to hyperventilate in panic. His breathing was growing rapidly.

Meanwhile, Isaac was once again quite lucky that despite the fact he was stuck to the back of Roel's front set of teeth, the slow movement of the gigantic Canine boy opening up his mouth, even if slowly, was enough to cause a small vibration and a loud rumble sound that acted to make the insignificant 0.1 millimeters all Feline fall off the teeth only to land face-first on the soft icing frosting surface of that cake chunk once again.

Now that Isaac was back on the vast desk of his Boss. He was forced to tilt his head up to see Roel's face or at least try to since the girly boy's face was kilometers away. Even if the Cat was the same level as the Dog's waistline and bulge, just the height of Roel's upper body alone looming over him in all of its glory was more than enough to make the Siamese feel ultra pathetic before his presence and to leave him fighting against his mind to prove himself that Roel wasn't an actual living, young **god**. But at least the all-imposing manager made Isaac's life easier by starting to panic and hyperventilate like a little girl.

The puny, shrank Cat immediately used his phone to call Roel instead of texting. Isaac knew he couldn't let that godly being, who was now his only life saver, as the only normal-sized person who knows about his existence and predicament, go panicking. Even though the Siamese Cat really despised his Boss, despite having a minor strong crush on him.

Isaac's plan worked fine as Roel's panic attack subsided a little when he saw the incoming call on his tablet. The thirty-five kilometers tall Doggy would gently tap the screen of his table to answer the call as if being gentle was even possible for someone so titanic. The puny Feline would be knocked out of his feet to fall on his butt on top of the frosting of the cake chunk, now covered in spit leftovers.

“H...HELLO?”

Roel boomed from kilometers up above, standing in front of his desk and staring down at the table's screen.

"R... Ro... Roel! It's me! Isaac! OMG! Look at your size! You are way TOO close!!!"

The insignificant would say as once again he saw his Boss's bulge taking up most of the sky and the horizon; for a moment, Isaac was able to inhale the faint musk passing through the fancy fabric of the girly Canine.

"SORRY!" Roel said, shooting up quickly and almost creating a vacuum that threatened to drag Isaac up off the cake! Thankfully the icing kept him in place until the air pressure stabilized.

“IS THIS BETTER? AND HOW DID YOU GET LIKE THIS?”

Roel said while taking a few steps back as he unknowingly crushed the entire HR team who'd been trying to get his attention by gathering together to try and maximize the possibility of being seen on the floor below. About ten souls fell under the large sole of the Doggy's left high boot. The thirty-nine number was the last thing they saw.

"Yes! This is better. Also, Roel, please try to whisper. You have no idea how powerful your voice is now that... Now that you are... **Gigantic!!!**"

Isaac spoke through his phone as it was the only possible to communicate with a living god-like creature.

"And I'm not sure... All that I remember was finishing placing the birthday cake I brought for your surprise birthday party on your desk, and then I felt a little dizzy and found myself free-falling through the air to land face-first on the cake that had just rested on your desk. Roel! This floor was crowded with **people**! Nearly everybody from **all departments** was here! You know everybody loves a good excuse to work slow and drink soft drinks all day... But once I recovered my senses and realized I was tiny, I noticed the floor was empty! I immediately assumed whatever caused me to shrink like this also did the same to them! And then... Well..."

Isaac would even stop to gulp down some saliva before recomposing and continuing.

"Y... You arrived..."

As the tiny Cat explained everything, Isaac could barely look at Roel's face since it was so far up and away. But also, his body features were far more interesting, especially now that they had been magnified countless times. But the shrank employee daydream would be broken by the booming voice of his Boss once again.

"O...ON THE FLOOR..."

The massive Dog stammer before lifting one of his boots and turning it over to see the underside marked by barely visible red spots on the black rubber.

"I...I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...."

Roel immediately grasped his stomach, still feeling too much of a panic to keep his booming, all-powerful voice down to prevent poor Isaac from suffering.

And as Isaac watched that colossal young Dog god towering over him about to go sick and panicking again, he immediately took control of the situation even though he was only 1/20.000 of his Boss's size.

"Roel! Roel! Roel! Listen to me! Pay attention to my voice! None of this is your fault. You couldn't possibly know! OK... Alright... Pay attention carefully, for I'll open my heart to you now..."

Everybody who works in an office building knows how much of a mistake it's. To open yourself up to your coworkers. Not mention to your Boss as Isaac was just about to do now.

"I hate you, OK. I hate you for you are younger than me, more beautiful than I'm, sexier than me and even got the manager position before me. Alright. So, **I USED** to hate you, Roel. And why I'm saying this? Because Roel looks at you, from everyone here, you are the only one who still seems to be normal-sized. Roel, I was inside of your mouth. You almost ate me alive. Do you know what I would do if our roles were the opposite? Roel, the mere fact you didn't swallow me and that I'm still here talking to you now proves how much of a **GOOD heart person you are**, Roel boy. So please, listen to me when I say. None of this is your fault. You can't be blamed, OK?"

For a moment, it looked like Isaac's plan was working. The insignificant Cat managed to put himself in control of the situation and even in control of a looming, titanic creature. But that was quickly erased by the time Canine, dressed in fancy office clothes, would speak once again, as the first thing he said was.

“YOU... HATED ME...”

Roel's panic subsided as the massive girly boy momentarily looked saddened. The Canine realized he had mistaken societal obligations for friendship when Isaac brought him the cake.

“I... I GUESS THIS WASN'T MY FAULT. I CAN'T EVEN SEE YOU DOWN THERE, LET ALONE HEAR YOU... I COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN...”

At that precise moment, Roel sat straight, pulling his chair back and taking a seat. For a short, brief moment, an exhausted member of the IT team who had climbed up the Doggy's chair in hopes of better positioning himself to try and get the young boy's attention got a breathtaking view of Roel's massive bulge and perfectly shaped butt before becoming a permanent part of his black, tight jeans as a stain.

After taking a deep breath, the gigantic manager would look down at the fork and cake before speaking in a quieter voice.

"I'm calm now. Now about what you just said. Mind elaborating on what you'd do if the tables were turned?"

If Isaac was already feeling insignificant before, now that his titan made Boss take a deep breath, rose an eyebrow, and look "directly" at him before asking that last very specific question. The entire tiny Cat's micro world came crashing as panic began to install itself on his being. Especially now that he had the full attention of a living god directly at him!

"Y... you just said you... You can't even see me down here?..."

"And... What... What would I do if ... I were in your position?..."

The nearly microscopic employee spoke through his phone, sounding quite cynic as he would immediately begin to try and walk through the vast surface of that city district-sized chunk of cake. Isaac was trying to find a way to get out of that cake, get himself on the surface of his Boss's desk.

"Yeah. I mean, I'm no HR rep. But it sounded like you were implying that if I was in your scenario, you'd have eaten me. Am I right?!"

Isaac's tiny little heart almost jumped out of his neck upon listening to his now god-sized Boss speaking that. Instead of answering him, the Cat kept running through the hard surface of the cake frost.

Meanwhile, Roel continued to sit and tap his fingertip on the desk. One single fingertip, a light click of his claw, but the same action sounded like a defining crash to Isaac.

"Well, little man? Care to explain yourself?"

Roel threaten. Completely unaware that the innocent action of tapping that finger completely ruined Isaac's plans to leave the chunk of cake covered in Dog's spit. Without any option, the puny Cat was forced to answer his Boss through the phone.

"Ah... I wasn't implying I would eat you, Roel. Of course not. You misunderstood me..."

Isaac's forehead was sweating as he deliberately lied to his Boss. And worse, the Cat sounded fake and superficial as fuck due to nervousness. And of course, the gigantic Doggy didn't believe it one bit, as he would speak again, this time not even care to keep his voice low.

"Mmmmmmmhmm... WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT. BECAUSE I ASSUME GETTING EATEN WOULD BE SUCH A HORRIBLE FATE. PLUNGED INTO THE DARKNESS OF A HOT FLESHY CHAMBER WHOSE SOLE PURPOSE IS TO REDUCE ME TO NOTHING BUT SLUDGE TO BE ABSORBED BY THE BODY OF SOMETHING BETTER AND SUPERIOR TO YOU... IT SURE WOULD BE A SHAME TO HAVE TO ENDURE THAT. WOULDN'T IT?"

"oh yeah yeah! Absolutely, Roel."

Even though Isaac was still sounding fake, Kitty couldn't help but imagine in his mind everything his Boss said happening to him. And the fact he was still being forced to stare at the Dog's kilometers-long upper body didn't help the Cat calm down and regain his focus.

"Ah, Roel, do you mind stopping tapping your finger on the desk? Even if you are not tapping it close to the fork where I'm, the vibrations still feel like a minor earthquake to me...."

And by saying that, Isaac accidentally revealed his precise location to the young god, who was just growing angry at him.

"WHAT? OH, IS MY LIGHT TAPPING CAUSING A CATASTROPHIC EVENT FOR YOU? SORRY I COULDN'T HAVE POSSIBLY IMAGINED JUST HOW WEAK YOU MUST BE."

Roel taunts the insignificant and miserable subordinate before leaning down on purpose over the desk. Bringing his face and, most specifically, his mouth close to the fork, letting each word of his breath wash over Isaac, carrying the smell of morning breakfast and cake.

“SO LITTLE SPECK, WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU WANT ME TO DO, HUH?”

Right now, it became impossible to ignore that gigantic, colossal Canine was completely mad at the puny Cat. But Isaac was simply feeling so much fear, fighting an imminent mental breakdown to figure out exactly the reason. Plus, the fact that he was able and forced to inhale the smell of whatever food Roel had digesting away in his stomach didn't help.

“Ro... Roel... What's going on with you... Why are you acting up... And why getting so close again?... Omg! I can smell your breath... Actually, I can smell the contents directly from your stomach... Did you eat waffles with Nutella for breakfast this morning...?”

“HAHAHA! YES, IT WAS DELICIOUS.”

The looming Huksy said while licking his lips.

“AND WHAT’S WRONG IS THAT AFTER ALL THE WORK I DO AROUND HERE TO TRY AND HELP EVERYONE, YOU AND THE OTHERS JUST SEEM TO HATE ME. WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?”

Watching his Boss laughing from so close to him, to his face, and to his mouth was a whole new level of experience for Isaac. Kitty's ridiculous perspective turned a charm, warm laugh into a world-ending event.

But on top of that, things only got worse as Isaac’s Boss decided to be direct with him. That fact alone was already very imposing. But added to the fact Isaac was now 0.1 millimeters tall and standing right underneath the shadow of the Dog’s face, watching him licking his lips that loomed just overhead made the Siamese Cat feel super ultra inferior, pathetic, and insignificant. To the point, Isaac didn't even figure out what to say to Roel. And to be left so close to the same lips that the titanic Canine nearly used to eat the Cat alive only a few moments ago didn't help.

However, Isaac was wasting his time trying to keep his mind in his head and his soul in his body. Roel spoke once again.

"LOOK... I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU. EVER SINCE I TOOK THIS JOB, IT HAS BEEN A NIGHTMARE. WHEN I SAW THIS CAKE, I FIGURED THAT MAYBE..., JUST MAYBE, ONE PERSON HERE ACTUALLY CARED ABOUT

ME. BUT THEN, I FIND OUT THE VERY PERSON WHO BROUGHT ME THE CAKE WOULD HAVE HAPPILY EATEN ME IF I WERE SHRUNKEN ON IT. DO YOU KNOW HOW THAT MAKES ME FEEL?”

That young god-sized Husky boy was ANGRY. Meanwhile, Isaac was trying not to pee on his pants since it felt like he mostly talked to Roel’s lips due to close proximity. Not to mention the sheer power of his Boss's sweet voice and breath, all together... Not knowing what to say, the minuscule Feline simply remained silent while sitting on top of that chunk of birthday cake. Maybe the best was to let the boy vent it all out.

“... NO... OF COURSE, YOU DON'T... HOW COULD YOU? THE ONLY THING YOU EVER CARED ABOUT WAS A PROMOTION...”

The titan-made Canine would sit in silence for several minutes on his chair before finally sighing...

“MAYBE THIS COMPANY WOULD BE BETTER OFF WITH A COMPLETE RESTAFFING...”

Meanwhile, when the godly Doggy sat back on his chair, Isaac felt like his lost soul had returned to his body. Calming himself down, feeling he had just escaped a terrible fate. But then, when Isaac was about to open his mouth to figure out something to tell Roel. The minuscule Feline heard his Boss's last sentence.

"Complete restaffing, Roel, wait! What are you talking about?!"

Being a manager, Roel could fire them all, and being the good productive girly boy he was, the Dog could easily convince the company headboard to provide him a whole new team. Especially because Roel was very extroverted, and he used it right when creating networking. As for Isaac, although not very well successful as his gigantic coworker and Boss, he wasn't all that stupid and quickly put his tiny legs to work, resuming his original plan to get off that massive chunk of cake and down to the "safe" of Roel's desk.

“I MEAN... I’M AFRAID YOU’RE NO LONGER A GOOD FIT FOR THE COMPANY. I’LL HAVE TO TERMINATE YOUR EMPLOYMENT IMMEDIATELY.”

Roel said with a solid cold indifference before reaching down with his right hand for the fork.

"what?! Are you kidding?!"

Isaac spoke, sounding quite angry through the phone. But all that anger would be gone in an instant when he saw a city-sized hand approaching. The minuscule Cat heartbeat was jumping into panic once again.

"Wow, wow!!! Roel!!! Please wait!!!"

“NOPE! SORRY SPECK, BUT YOU’VE USED UP ENOUGH OF MY TIME. WE HAVE TO LET YOU GO DUE TO DOWNSIZING.”

"Alright, listen!... You wanted to level with me? OK! I'll tell you the truth!!!!..."

It was crystal clear that Isaac was speaking in shock and sheer fear through the phone. The Cat was scared down to the point that he could confess to the Dog even his deepest secrets.

"The truth!!! I promise you with my life!!!"

But by the time the poor Cat just finished his last sentence, he also felt a powerful **LURCH!** Roel had simply grasped the back of the fork, lifting both the cake and the pathetic Isaac along with it.

Forcing poor Isaac to endure the terrible G forces of being lifted up good dozens of kilometers into the air in a few short seconds. Before having to deal with the booming voice of his Boss says.

“FINE. BUT YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE. ”

To be continued...