

The Shrink Pandemic.

The Fast Food Issue.

(Story Commission)

Even though it was Wednesday, Martinez felt like the week was only getting started. Picking girls and organizing tools, the muscles on the body of the tall, muscular and young zebra were sore after a long day working at the car dealership; his body, naturally designed to lift heavy loads, matched the perfect profile to work at the maintenance department. Martinez could easily move heavy gears, car parts, and even heavy engine parts with ease. Sometimes the muscular boy would even pull small hatchbacks cars without any jack whatsoever, relying on pure muscle power only. But, sometimes, it felt like the only consolation the herbivore anthropomorphic had was that now his mate also worked in the same place. Taylor was an equally young boy, a black, slimy, and girly lion boy. The lion wasn't short, he was actually average height, and his body perfectly fit, but whenever standing by his lover's side, the so-said Zebra, Taylor could easily feel like a garden gnome.

Both anthros were the only ones at the dealership after closing time. New cars coming direct from the automakers would generally be delivered to the shop by the middle of the week, and it would be the newbies the ones to be left overtime organizing the last details such as the paperwork, a job for the slime lion boy who worked at the sales department, and the tools after the new vehicles were unloaded from the stork trucks, a job under the responsibility of the zebra. Since everything felt like a new experience for Taylor, the cat considered it a joy to have a chance to smell the smell of brand-new cars all the time, so he got to love the Wednesdays. The same couldn't be said about Martinez, who would be left to deal with an extra messy garage and back parking lot each Wednesday.

It would be past 10pm when Taylor would finally shut off the last light in the office room, and Martinez was locking close the last truck dock door. The young couple would meet by the front parking lot of the dealership before leaving the place on the long walk back to their apartment.

"Enjoying the dealership?" The tall zebra asked the comparatively short black lion, tilting his head slightly to face his partner.

"Oh! It's good. Sometimes we get annoying customers asking millions of questions about a used car. If they don't want to buy a car with small little marks on it, why not go for a brand new one." Taylor answered with a small enthusiasm that could be noticed in his voice upon mentioning the new cars. It was no secret how much the young lion wanted

a car of his own, but being young and out of high school a couple of years ago, the couple could barely afford their rent, and they weren't left with enough savings even for a used vehicle.

"What about getting one of the used cars from the dealership?" Taylor asked the zebra, who immediately twisted his face before saying. "If you only knew all the tricks the makeups the mechanics do on the used ones in the back garage, you wouldn't even consider." By the time Martinez finished that sentence, his stomach had murmured loudly enough to leave the herbivore wondering whether Taylor had heard it.

"What about dinner tonight? Do you have any plans?" The zebra asked, but given the time, he knew Taylor wouldn't likely be able to cook anything upon arriving home. That said, the Lion boy immediately answered by saying. "Well, I planned a quick stop by the Bobe's burger. They are open 24/7 anyway." The lion said, knowing fully well how Martinez doesn't like fast foods, but once in a while wouldn't be enough to destroy the zebra's perfect muscular body. That said, the tall anthro agreed without a second thought, and in no time, the young couple stepped into the seemly empty burger place.

"What a miracle to find this place empty," The black lion remarked; a drive-through fast food place standing by the side of a federal road, that place was never empty, even during late night hours. "Well, let us go order something. I'm starving." Martinez said without a second; he rushed to the counter, followed by his mate shortly after.

A couple of moments previously, the fast food place was half crowded. Some truck drivers were inside, getting something to eat before leaving for a long night drive to another state. A couple of families, too, were probably on a long road trip to visit their relatives. As usual, the place worked with minimal staff during late night hours, making the costume experience a total hell. Some angry voices, among some children, crying, family costumes taking longer than they should decide what to order, leaving the drivers slightly irritated. However, all of that would soon be gone faster than one could blink their eyes.

Every single individual within the burger place felt the strange tingle sensation moments before realizing their new surroundings. For a moment, the people were left to believe they had been zapped to a brand new world or even a new dimension. The place felt almost alien, vast, endless plan surface extending as far as the eyes could see, and on top of that, some weird-looking, massive structures extending from the ground into the faraway sky above. Everybody felt helpless. It took a little while for them to begin recognizing their surroundings. Many of them didn't want to believe, but it became

impossible to ignore the frightful reality of their predicament in time. They were tiny! Really tiny! Barely ant-sized and still in the same place.

The half-crowded fast food restaurant became instantly empty, not a single life form inside from the perspective of a normal-sized individual. For the dozens of tiny people inside, they were left all scattered across the floor in groups. Those who stood next to each other could easily locate their fellow mates and move towards them, but it took a lot of work to make anyone else a few blocks of tiles away from their position. Of course, some micros took little time to draw their phones and start looking over the Internet and social media for answers. It was a great relief to realize that this is not an isolated, local event. The same situation seemed to have repeated itself across the world. But even then, that didn't mean they were safe at all.

Multiple videos show off normal-sized people brutally accidentally ending hundreds of bug-sized individuals' lives. Some of them simply and casually walked down the streets, causing an untold amount of damage with each step, such as a video of a fit young shark woman featuring a tight red bikini. The video in question was only a couple of minutes old but seemed to have happened on the beach area of a faraway country. That was something that placed part of the micros on the floor of the said fast-food place in a state of alert. How could they be sure that situation wouldn't repeat itself here and now...

THUMP! THUMP!

In a very cliché matter, two titanic and colossal figures stood by the entrance. Some micros who stood too close to the entrance dropped their phones out of the sheer realization of what was about to happen. If the amount of damage caused by a single individual walking down the street was so tremendous, imagine multiplying it by two! Unfortunately, the shrank people left on the floor wouldn't have to imagine as, in no time, the kilometers-tall zebra boy was walking past them and to the counter.

The strong body build of the young man was so impressive to watch; the tiny ones who were left in the space between the boy's legs got to see every single group of muscles working together to maintain that divine, titanic being standing and to propel him forward. The running shoes that Martinez was wearing had a tall, comfortable, malleable rubber material as for sole. But that didn't make the consequences of his steps any smaller at all to those on the floor. Each step caused earthquakes and low explosions followed by low rumbles as the rubber moved and compressed to cushion the countless weight of the towering boy.

Of course, only some were lucky enough to find themselves standing right between the two legs of the powerful zebra. Some of them found themselves just too close to the edges of those crushing, fancy soles to be sent flying away from their feet with powerful impact, displacing some much air. A few unlucky ones found themselves underneath the shadow of said soles; they got to see everything, from the brand of Martinez shoes to house-sized rocks stuck to the trenches between the grooves. Some micros shouted at the tall, imposing man as if their voices could somehow travel through kilometers into his ears; some tried to outrun a creature that could make in seconds the same distance that would take them hours. A few others even tried to put their hands up in the air if they could somehow prevent the impossible tons of fresh muscles and bones from turning into a smear beneath that sole. The end result of all of those actions was the same, alienation.

To the other groups of micros who were left to watch the horrible scenes unfolding before their eyes, for a moment, they felt relieved that young god didn't take the path leading to their location. But they seemed to have completely forgotten that there were two of them. The second god-like creature was a young black lion. Equally towering above the landscapes for kilometers, although not as muscular as the first god. In the end, that detail didn't matter as the combined weight of bones, muscles, and fresh could easily turn all of them into recognizable smears on the ground, and that cat sure proved it to them the moment he began to walk following up his mate.

Even if Taylor was girly and walked as gently and softly, the sheer size difference allied with the hard sole of his wine-colored derby shoes ensured that the slim lion footsteps were as destructive and shocking as the heavy footsteps of his muscular zebra companion. And the worse part was yet to come. If all the micros who survived the set of shoes from the zebra did so by being lucky or stepping and running out of their way. The free path left by the side of the athletic boy was about to be used by the "shorter," gentle boy to walk through. The same show repeated itself. Taylor's slightly tight dress pants allowed those watching from down below to witness its outlines shift and stretch to follow the curves of his package within each step. A great sight, but unfortunately short-lived as soon enough, it would be replaced by the vast, hard solid sole of his shoes! Unlike running shoes, Taylor's sole wasn't malleable and had fewer grooves for the micros to save themselves; they popped like grapes upon impact without adding even the slights of the discomfort for the owner. They went completely unnoticed by the pair of titans.

"Well, now... what?" Said Martinez leaning over the counter, looking right and left, but unable to see any staff member.

"Maybe they are in the back. I remember working the night shift at the fast food downtown; whenever the place was empty, the staff would go back and watch videos, check social media, and stuff." Said Taylor upon arriving right behind his mate. The young, black lion was the first to notice some extra odd things, such as one of the cashier machines left open, full of bucks of fifty and hundred, exposed to the eyes of anyone waiting at the counter. That was one of the first he was told during his time working at Mac Toddy's, never leave the Cashier machine open.

"Hello! You got customers over here!" Shout the tall zebra; his stomach was equally shouting too. The boy was hungry! And only Taylor could tell, but whenever Martinez was hungry, they got only about half an hour until the zebra turned into a completely different person.

"We better wait, Martinez. I think they got something going on back there. It could be a late-night load delivery of sorts". The black lion spoke, knowing fully well that the only reason for the attendant to leave without even closing the cash drawer was something off happened, or the employee was a novice.

Little did both titans know, but the attendant was actually trying to communicate with them right now. A group of two, novice and equally anthropomorphic, one a dark brown rabbit and the other a short red panda girl. The two employees were working on what seemed to be another boring, long night when the thing happened. The girl was lucky as the moment she shrank, the thing happened so fast the young woman found herself falling mid-air and right in the direction of the open cash drawer, but her fragile body changed course mid-fly going for a comfortable landing on top of a note of two bucks. She immediately shouted at the rabbit, who stood halfway to her position by the side of the enormous cashier machine. By the time they meet in the space between both machines, the two titans stand at the front door.

They couldn't do much rather than watch, nearly paralyzed in fear. The massive figure of the young couple only got larger the closer they got to the counter. Each step shook and caused minor tremors even though they were far from the ground. The brown rabbit was the first one to fall into despair. The man began to run, panicking, in a random matter. By the time he realized his mistake, it was already too late. The young rabbit only had a half second from the sky turning dark to the hard elbow of that gigantic zebra landing right on top of his location. The tiny man's fragile body was crushed and ground into a dark mass that remembered dirty play dough.

The red panda girl was relatively safe, watching the horrible fate of her coworker unfolding from a safe distance. She tilted her head upwards slowly as if forming a mental map of each muscle group making up the upper limb of the giant who had just ended the smaller man. The view was nearly divine, and she could have spent the whole night staring at the muscles of his upper half, but the powerful shout left by Martinez made her little bones shake to the core. Of course, the panda woman couldn't understand their voices, every sound their bodies made was closer to thunder than anything else, but even then, she immediately shouted back at them.

She jumped, shouted, and did everything in her power to try and communicate with the looming gods! It was of no avail; their eyes didn't even glance down to the surface the red panda was currently standing on. She even thought walking to the counter's edge to get closer to their bodies was a good idea. But the novice regretted that decision in no time. The mesomorph build zebra was already leaning over the counter, but the lion wasn't. The titanic, slim feline was standing right behind his lover, but after exchanging a couple of words, the black lion decided to change his stance. The tiny, red panda girl was allowed to see a pair of thick thighs moving toward the edge of the counter. The immense, tightly held package between these thighs swaying so graciously and dangerously approaching! A faint wave of warm, masculine aroma was the last thing she felt before her body was turned into a tiny red splat among the fibers of that stripped and fancy dress pant, soon to be washed away like nothing and to never be found.

"Ugh, I'm getting tired of waiting!" Gently outcry the zebra boy, although his stomach complained, was loud enough for his mate to hear it this time.

"Hmm!... I think I got an idea." Taylor spoke while approaching the counter to step closer to his lover. The black lion casually leaned over the counter, allowing his waist and bulge to press against its edge to look better into the back kitchen, and then continued to explain his plan. "Look, I say what if we go in there and prepare our own meals. We can leave the cash here, eat it and then leave". Taylor was more than trained in operating all of the machinery usually installed in fast food kitchens, so the idea of walking in there and preparing his own burgers was a piece of cake for the lion.

"Now you see why I love you~" Martinez spoke, placing a soft kiss on the cat's muzzle, and in no time, the young couple was walking around the counter and heading for the kitchen.

"OK, EVERYBODY, LISTEN! NO PANIC! I have just contacted the headquarters." Said mister Jonas, a chubby, middle age otter in charge of that restaurant subsidiary. Looking at the rest of the staff team from the top of a single olive, the entire team working in the kitchen was left bug-sized, just like all the others.

"And what did they say, asshole!" Shouted back one of the many members of the staff. Given the relatively high position, it took a lot of work to see who shouted said sentence from the middle of the crowd of employees. It could have been anyone from the security team to the cleaning staff.

"Who called me that?! Show yourself now, or you're fired!" The otter, dressed up in nice social clothes to match the management position, asked, furious. That was until the night shift supervisor poked him in the back and spoke silently behind his ears. "Who cares, dude? Just say what they said". Almost immediately, the angry face of the management turned into a face of frustration as he looked into the eyes of the avian supervisor and spoke. "They didn't say anything. I didn't manage to contact them. I call and call, but they never answer". Said the otter knowing fully well that they were left to their own devices to deal with the current ongoing situation.

Meanwhile, the group of employees around that big olive on the vast metal counter started to get agitated. They wanted answers, and some of them started to spread rumors it might be the new chemicals for the machinery and the side effects could be shrinking. Some others argued against it, claiming that such ideas were crazy and nonsense. The situation escalated out of control quickly until soon, a loud, rusty rumble broke throughout the vast kitchen. Immediately everybody turned their faces to the door; two massive, titanic-like figures had just stepped inside.

"LOOK AT THIS! THIS IS SO ODD! THEY LEFT EVERYTHING RUNNING! THE FRYERS, ROASTS, FREEZERS, GASIFIERS, EVERYTHING IS ON."

Spoke the kilometers all black lion dressed in fancy office clothes, slightly long hair whose tips colors were light purple, almost pink. The micro staff was left stunned by the deep, loud voice of a gentle, girly-speaking giant, and most of them couldn't even make out what he was saying, saved but just a few. The one who did understand immediately started asking. "Who are they? Were they sent from the headquarters? The lion dude knows the machinery! They must be from the headquarters!" Only the chubby manager standing on top of that green olive knew they were total strangers. From all the micros, he was the only who's face wasn't of hope but of despair.

"WELL, I'M GOOD WITH THAT. I GUESS IT MEANS LESS WORK FOR US TO DO. GOT TO FRY OUR BURGERS AND LEAVE AZAP." Spoke the equal colossus zebra, as the titan immediately moved his hand into the shelves to pick up

some fresh burgers. Meanwhile, the micro members of the staff watching the titans from the waistline level slowly realized that they weren't there to save them. "Oh shit! They are customers!" Shouted a staff member, now sounding equally desperate as their management. The small work meeting devolved into chaos; it was inevitable. Tiny micros barely the size of ants ran all around in different directions throughout the stainless steel extension of the machinery supports. Their behavior was completely random.

Some of them were running opposite the titans, probably afraid and trying to save themselves. Some others were running to the giants, shouting at them, waving their hands, completely failing to realize that even the crumbs of the bread stood larger than they were now. Some micros were just too desperate for their own good, falling off the edge of the stainless steel support, not into the ground but worse! A few of them fell into the boiling oil ocean of the fryers, immediately feeling their fur bursting into flames only to have their entire bodies melting into pure liquid fat less than a second later. Just more dirt to be cleaned out of the machine. Others accidentally stepped into the frying pan's vast, super hot surface, and they also got the fur immediately bursting into flames; although they managed to step out of it, they were left unattended to slowly die in flames on the steel surface. The terrible fumes of burnt meat their tiny bodies produced weren't even registered by the looming figures whose mere presence was enough to bring so much chaos and destruction.

"SO, WHAT ARE WE HAVING, MY DEAR?" Said the black lion with his booming gentle voice, already holding a spatula in his hand even though, given the operational nature of the machine, the spatula was of no need. **"WELL, I WAS THINKING OF A VEGGIE BUYER, BUT I'M SO HUNGRY..."** Ironically, Martinez is never the one to take time to decide what to eat; that role generally falls upon the soft lion. However, the zebra failed to realize that they had the entire kitchen for themselves. They could have whatever they wanted, literally. A detail which Taylor was just about to remark. **"THIS PLACE IS OURS. WE COULD EVEN COME UP WITH NEW RECIPES. ALRIGHT, I'LL BE THE CHIEF, AND YOU PASS ME THE INGREDIENTS. THE FIRST THING TO LEARN WHEN WORKING IN A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT IS TO KNOW YOUR DEPARTMENT, AND FOR NOW, YOU GIVE ME THE GOODS."** The fast food spirit was really taking over the lion. Aside from the pressure and the crowded environment, cooking was something Taylor didn't mind at all.

All the while, below the gaze of the towering deities, hell was breaking loose. Most of the micros who were trying to get the attention of the godly figures were slowly realizing that their attempts were doomed to fail, given the sheer size difference. The ones trying to escape noticed there was no way to climb down the machinery without risking a deadly fall into the ground. And, of course, there were also the ones who were too desperate to stop running around aimlessly. At least, in a given group of shrank staff

members, somebody draws their phone to shockingly realize. "Shit! It's happening all over the world!" Their live feed was flooded with videos, photos, and posts from people across the globe facing the same situation. They suddenly shrank down to bug-sized without explanation at all. Most of them suffered even worse ends than the staff members who failed to mind the danger of the oversized cooking machinery. "At least we know it wasn't the new chemicals." Finished a random member of the cleaning staff, as if he was trying to save his neck or job, not even knowing if they would manage to make it into the next morning alive. Certainly not without the help of the few normal-sized people left.

Shortly after, the looming titans began to prepare their meals. Unfortunately, not all the staff members were on the supports, but some fell on the shelves and the machinery. Now they were having a hard time escaping the incoming hands of giants, anxious to pick up the ingredients to cook something to eat and ready to pick them up along as well. Three micros found themselves stuck on a single piece of meat. The round piece of meat was as large as a football stadium, given their current scale, so large that one of them got their foot stuck between the ridges of the processed meat. They shouted at their companies, but to no avail. The other two were just too busy trying to save themselves that they couldn't care less about what happened to their surroundings. Sadly, none of them would make out of that meat. In no time, the zebra's massive hand lifted the thing out of the shelf; the titan lifted a stadium-sized burger as if it were nothing and, in the process, shook the whole world for the tiny anthro on board.

One of the micros out of the trial did manage to jump off the piece and land on the zebra's large fingertip. The tiny dog released a loud shout of happiness, thinking he was safe! If he only knew what fate reserved for him later. The two puny-sized employees left on the steak couldn't do much other than watch the second set of equally immense fingers coming into view. Martinez passed the burger to his mate, who would immediately flip it on the grill. The employee who wasn't stuck like the other tried to repeat the same action as the canine, running to the gigantic digit at the tip of the lion's finger, but unfortunately, he was out of time. Taylor flew the steak on the hot grill, a casual action to him, a nightmare to the tinies. The poor raccoon was running and was sent flying off the fresh burger right into the grill's black ceramic surface. His fragile body immediately burst into fire, and his agonizing yells of pain could be heard by the only micro left on said piece of steak. Stuck on the surface, the girl watched her coworker burn until he became a dark crumb indistinguishable from burned meat that naturally builds up at the corners of the grill, a lifeless crumb.

For a short moment, the girl had forgotten about herself, given how shocking the images which unfolded before her were. However, the meaty surface the tiny employee was stuck to in no time began to release powerful steam geysers! The grill was doing its work; it was cooking the food and whatever else was along with it. Before she could even try to force her leg free, a minor steam eruption formed right beneath her stuck leg,

setting it free but also causing third-degree burns all over her lower body. The girl landed face first on the other side of the steak, the thing was getting hot, and the landing wasn't all soft; but moments later gigantic stainless steel spatula landed on the entire stadium area, which was the burger. The tiny cooker body was compressed into the layers of the proceed meat as the gigantic lion pressed the spatula over it. Her spine broke into pieces in an instant, and she was left unable to move her limbs but still able to feel all the pain a hamburger supposedly feels during the cooking process. Shortly after that, the steel spatula was removed, and the steak was raised only so it could be flipped upside down and then compressed again. This time, the side on which her body was buried was pressed right against the hot grill surface, merging her lifeless body into the meat, making her into a tiny imperceptible addiction to it.

"OK, NOW YOU OPEN UP THE SLICES OF BREAD AND PREPARE THE SPICES AND VEGETABLES, AND DON'T FORGET THE CHEESE!~" Taylor added, making sure to put some extra emphasis on the cheese; for a lion, Martinez could make sure that his mate loved more the cheese than the meat itself. Without even thinking twice, the zebra went to the cheese shelf. **"THERE ARE SO MANY CHEESES; WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT?"** As if their voices were booming enough, Martinez was forced to softly yell over his partner, who was taking care of the grill. The burgers made a loud frizz noise as the lion pressed them against the grill. **"CHEDDAR, PLEASE!"** Rejoin the former fast food employee, and without any issues, the titanic zebra grabbed the strong color piece of cheese without knowing the danger he was just about to impose over the only survival from the previous massacre.

The only tiny member of the triol who managed to leave the piece of steak by holding to the fingertip of the young, muscular man soon found himself being buried face-first into the thick slice of cheddar. Their little legs were the only thing visible and able to move as the rest of their body was compressed inside the cold surface down to the thigh level. In no time, the entire structure began to move; the zebra was lifting the slice out of the shelf. Given their tiny stature, the cemented employee could feel nearly every individual layer of that slice of cheese deforming as it moved. Soon enough, the world was upside down, and the micro could feel a soft surface beneath his feet. Despite being stuck inside a gigantic slice of cheese, there were doubts that he was standing on bread! Frustration and fear begin to overtake the little man as he knows that the burger is practically finished and that it will soon be eaten, and having him along for the ride.

No matter how much he tried, that was little to nothing he could do to break free, especially now the slice of cheese was starting to melt. Luckily, it was then the poor man heard some voices. One of them said. "We can't just leave him here!" Spoke a woman's voice, probably other staff members who were also unfortunate enough to find themselves stuck in the depths of a hamburger, which was an ongoing preparation for a meal. "No way! We got to hurry! They are almost done preparing this one! If you don't want to become food, I tell you to forget it!" Spoke a familiar voice; it was the chubby

otter from before, the one in charge of the franchise. Luckily, the woman decided to pay her boss no mind, and she was soon using all her strength to try and free the poor man from the thick slice of cheese. "Well, then, screw you! You're all fired anyway!" Said the angry otter before turning and running.

“HERE YOU GO, A BIG RUMP STEAK FOR YA.” Spoke the booming and yet gentle voice of the lion. Less than a second after that, the two micros trying desperately to get free, felt a tremendous amount of pressure added on top of them as a gigantic piece of hot steak landed on top of that slice of cheese. From now on, it was game over. The slice of cheese began to melt, further entrapping both of their fragile figures and eventually getting into their mouth, nose, and lungs. They suffocated out of the air before Martinez grabbed the sandwich and brought it to his waiting mouth.

Meanwhile, the otter was the only one who seemed to have made it to the edge of the thing before the small river of cheddar cascaded right beside him. The middle age man faced another issue, how to jump out of that immense hamburger without dying, but in the end, he would never find the answer to that question. A dark shadow was the only warning before the world was set into motion. The zebra lifted the fresh meal out of the support and into his maw.

"HEY!!! YOU'RE RIGHT OVER THERE! DON'T DO IT! PLEASE DON'T EAT ME!" The manager shouted, gruffed, and insulted the owner of those large black lips. It was to no avail; the majestic, mountain-sized meaty lips continued to approach. Eventually, they would set apart, revealing the pink, dark, humid confines of the zebra's mouth. There were strings of saliva as thick as small commercial buildings connecting the mouth top to the vast tongue. There were streams of saliva huge like rivers on the tongue, and each white tooth was as massive as a small hill from the small otter's perspective. In no time, the zebra took his first bite out of the burger, a snap large enough, so half of the thing was already in his mouth. The hungry titan began to chew, and by doing so, he turned the world to all of those lost inside of his maw into a hell of tremors, loud rumbling noises of tons worth of food being crushed and cut completely effortlessly. The chubby otter would soon find out he was not alone; several others staff members could be seen and heard yelling for help, crying to the zebra to stop. Their pitiful voice would never make it outside the hungry mouth of that muscular boy. The otter witnessed some of the micros getting crushed by a single, simple twitch of the heavy tongue, others drawing in the pools of viscous saliva and having their small bodies carried away by the flow. A few others were too unfortunate to find their end between the powerful molars of that zebra, crushed and becoming indistinguishable from the rest of the messy meal all around.

The manager was able to survive all of that, but his luck was coming to an end. Soon enough, the chew stopped, and for a short second, the powerful jaws of that zebra remained still until the tongue began to propel all of that ball of meat, bread and vegetables, and cheese down toward his esophagus. This time there was no escaping, all

of the contents inside the boy's mouth were sent down his gullet, and the moment they were to pass through the thick, powerful muscles making up the walls of his throat, any micro who wasn't dead already would be mercilessly crushed without adding even the slightest of the sensations to the titan devouring them alive. That included the management himself; by the time the ball of meat arrived in the empty stomach of the zebra, his crushed, contorted body was alive no more.

"Good time," Said Taylor, mostly to himself, turning off the grill and placing the spatula right where it belonged, on the side support designed for it, before turning around to face his lover and grab his buyer. Little did the black lion know, but transposing the thick vegetation of lettuce and tomatoes on his own hamburger was Pamela. The shark girl was a former coworker of the lion during his time working at the downtown fast food restaurant. The tiny woman stood on the edge of the lettuce just in time to watch the now titan-made young man moving his hand towards her. "NO!!! TAYLOR!!!" Having only a couple of seconds, Pamela grabbed her phone and searched for the lion's contact among her old contacts, and by the time she finally found it, a strong hot wind like a soft hurricane hit her right in the face. A quick tilt of her head revealed the source; the hamburger was already face-level with the young man, and his powerful, parting lips were the only thing the small woman could see! Pamela pressed the send button and sent dozens of links leading to social media posts right into the titanic, messianic feline.

"What?!" The black lion intercalated. Taylor's phone began to buzzer frantically in his pocket, stimulating the cat's curiosity. Putting the burger aside for a moment, the girly-looking boy moved the other hand into his pocket, drawing the phone and unlocking it to read the spamming messages. "Who's Pame..." Taylor's eyes were wide, and his facial expression changed from confusion to surprise and shock in less than a second. On his phone screen, there were countless posts and news about a widespread shrink pandemic worldwide. Videos and posts from shrank people all across the planet showing their terrible predicament upon coming across the fewer normal-sized people left on the planet until, eventually, Taylor came across countless posts and videos about himself! Videos portraying him and his boyfriend, walking across the tile floor of the fast food restaurant only moments ago, crushing and destroying everyone on their path. Ultimately, the black lion clicked on a live video of fast food worker transmitting the gigantic black lips of a titanic zebra; there were no doubts; Taylor was watching a video from somebody super tiny about to be eaten by his lover.

Taylor immediately turned his head, facing his lover. But, unfortunately, the moment the lion was about to open up his mouth to speak, the zebra was already finishing chewing, swallowing down his food with a loud gulp and a noticeable bulge in his throat. In his hand, only half of the sandwich remained. Judging by how massively large Martinez's lips appeared on that live video, the lion assumed dozens or so people could have met their ends just now, right at that very moment. The girly, young lion was

visibly startled. Taylor simply didn't know what to do or say; in the next couple of seconds, he just stood by the side of his lover and watched as the muscular zebra ate the last half of his hamburger. Martinez failed to notice the bewildered state which befell the shorter boy, simply and innocently asking. "Aren't you going to eat your food?" It was only then Taylor was brought back into reality, deciding it would be for good to ignore the current ongoing situation of the world around them; the lion simply nodded and very slowly, somewhat oddly, brought his own sandwich into his mouth and took a very shy bite out of it.

"WHAT?! You piece of shit! You can't do this! You are aware! You do now know! Taylor, don't!!!!" Pamela cried out of his lungs as the rumbling sound of air displacement among soft, warm feline breath increased the closer she was brought to the titan's waiting mouth. The woman watched, terrified, as sharp teeth the size of a small mountain tore through the multiple layers of bread and spice with ease, even though the lion was biting gently. In the end, she couldn't believe this was going to be her end! She was about to be eaten alive by an ex-coworker on who she had a minor crush during their time working together. At least it didn't last long. With the first twitch, Taylor sent her fragile body to be deposited right on the surface of his right molar, and in no time, her body was no more. The tiny fragments of her form were too insignificant to add to the taste felt by the feline's taste buds.

After finishing their meals, the young couple left the restaurant and returned to an empty, dark, cold street. Although this time, Martinez was the one to notice something was quite odd with his lover. Throughout the whole walk back home, the black lion didn't speak or engage in any conversation of any kind. Taylor was too busy overthinking; inside his mind, the only questions running through his mind were; how many peoples did we crush already? How many people did we eat? Are there people fighting and dissolving away within the gastric juice of our stomachs right now? Gosh! How many people are we crushing under our feet by walking outside right now! Taylor could easily get the answer to most of those questions. He just needed to draw his phone from his pocket again and check social media. But he didn't want to. Instead, the lion turned off the phone and walked with his lover throughout the cold night. He thought it would be better to deal with the consequences of their mere existence over the world of the tiny people once they were back home, in the heating.

The end.