

KIDNAPPING PAWS.

(Story Commission).

On a quiet Friday night, Spark entered a bar on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Freedom Square. It wasn't a dive bar, but it also wasn't one of the city's most upscale establishments. Nevertheless, it was always frequented and quite lively. The hybrid fox-wolf made his way through the entrance, trying not to bump into the other anthros around him. The place was dimly lit, with relatively loud music playing and a strong smell of cigarette smoke permeating the air.

Spark made his way, walking confidently and casually toward the counter. After a long and unproductive week of work, the fox just wanted to have a nice, cold beer and momentarily forget that he would have to start all over again on the coming Monday. It didn't take long for his eyes to fall upon a rather interesting figure. Just as he finished placing his order with the bartender, Spark noticed a feline, a Siamese cat anthro, with a slender, well-proportioned body and beautiful curves, sitting on the other side of the L-shaped counter. Although clearly male, the physical features of the said cat, along with his clothing, made him appear relatively effeminate.

Isaac was seated on the other side of the bar, already on his second beer. The Siamese cat was wearing a short denim jacket, along with equally short denim shorts, and underneath them, a tight-fitting cyber suit that left very little to the imagination regarding his beautiful curves. He also had a pair of striped socks and even long striped sleeves, giving his look a decidedly feminine touch. Although everything seemed perfect on the outside, it was clear that the feline was somewhat preoccupied with something, looking somewhat closed off, shy, and trying to avoid the crowd inside the bar.

Spark didn't fail to notice all these details, even from a distance. As the bartender brought his beer, the hybrid fox took his first sip, picked up the can, and stood up, walking toward the feline. The fox-wolf, who was also wearing a tight-fitting cyber suit, sat on the stool right next to the cat. "Is this seat taken?" Spark asked casually. "You can have it," Isaac replied, somewhat direct and speaking softly, sounding shy. A moment of silence settled between the two before the hybrid fox managed to break the ice. "So, do you come here often?" Isaac, in turn, took a while to respond but began showing more evident interest. "Almost every weekend," the Siamese cat said before taking another sip of his beer.

Isaac took the opportunity to sneak a good look at the physique of the wolf who had approached him. The wolf was definitely a twink, with well-maintained muscles, but not like a bodybuilder. He wasn't skinny or weak either. In good shape, with the tight suit hugging his chest, Isaac couldn't help but feel a slight warmth in his groin. "Well, I'm almost always here, and this is the first time I've seen you. My name is Spark," said the caramel-furred hybrid wolf, extending his hand for a handshake. "I'm Isaac, Isaac Konos, but you can just call me Isaac," the feline responded, mimicking the same gesture in return. It didn't take long for the two of them to engage in a casual

conversation, exchanging glances filled with suggestion as they secretly examined each other's bodies. Then the shy feline decided to take the initiative. "You know what, I know a small motel just down the street that's cozy and not too expensive. What do you think about spending the night there?" The feline said, simultaneously sliding his left thigh over the wolf's thigh, taking advantage of the fact that Spark had previously placed his hand on his thigh to caress it during their conversation.

Spark, on the other hand, was slightly impressed. He didn't expect the feline to be so forward, especially after displaying a relatively shy personality earlier. "Oh, please, lead the way," the fox-wolf said with an excited tone, receiving a subtle smile from the feline as Isaac lifted his warm and slightly muscular thigh off the wolf's leg, preparing to stand up. With the bar tab settled, the anthro couple walked down the street, engaged in relaxed conversation under the faintly blurred moonlight, a result of the light fog from the chilly winter weather. Before long, the warm air of the motel's reception greeted their fur. They swiftly checked in for a standard room for one night and entered the elevator. Spark could barely contain himself, despite his best efforts to conceal the bulge inside his suit between his legs. The Siamese feline standing next to him had already noticed that bulge from the outside while they were still walking and conversing on the sidewalk. Isaac, deciding to be a bit more proactive and taking advantage of the empty elevator, leaned in and kissed the wolf's neck. At the same time, the femboy used his nimble hand to lightly squeeze and caress the bulge below.

Exiting the elevator and walking to room number 12, Isaac opened the door and extended his arm for the wolf to enter. Just as Spark stepped into the room, he heard the door close behind him, and the feline wasted no time in locking it. "Wow, people always say that the shy ones are the most fiery," said the twink wolf as he began to undress the upper part of his suit, anticipating that the Siamese cat might pounce on him at any moment. However, to his surprise, the feline merely smiled as he pulled a tiny pistol-like object from his pocket. Spark, perplexed, looked at the object that appeared to be a toy gun. It had a somewhat peculiar shape. Small, with a very thin barrel, resembling a needle. At first glance, Spark even thought it was a cheap water pistol, the kind you can buy for your kids to use in the pool. But no, the thin barrel and the absence of a water reservoir made it clear that it was something else, or at least some other kind of toy. That's what the hybrid fox-wolf was imagining, just a toy. "Ah! I see, you're into BDSM. What else do you have there? Don't tell me you're going to pull out a whip out of nowhere and tie me to the foot of the bed while you ride me with that water gun. Not that I would reject it if you did..."

Isaac listened to it all with a slight smirk on his face, his eyes fixed on the wolf's. It felt slightly uncomfortable, and Spark's subconscious was telling him that he should get out of there, as something didn't seem right. However, it was too late. The Siamese cat let out a light chuckle before lowering the tiny gun that had been pointed at the ceiling directly towards Spark. Without any ceremony, Isaac pulled the trigger.

There was a significant shift in expectations for the twink wolf as he anticipated a thin stream of water coming towards his face, but instead, he only remembered seeing a bright flash. Now, lying on the ground and looking around, the fox-wolf struggled to identify his surroundings. The ground was soft and covered with what appeared to be...

red grass? And quite tall grass, at that. Still disoriented, Spark made an effort to stand up and get a better look at his surroundings. But as soon as he did, he wished he hadn't. To his shock, the hybrid wolf quickly realized that he was still in the same place, inside the motel room, but everything around him was absurdly different. Every detail, every object, and every piece of furniture had grown to overwhelming proportions. Wait! Even worse! It wasn't the room that had changed, but him! Spark himself had become smaller! Much smaller!!! A quick glance behind revealed that the foot of the bed had transformed into a pillar supporting an immense structure! Judging by the size of the bed's foot alone, Spark could confidently say that he was the size of a coin, or roughly the size of a normal person's toe. Speaking of a normal-sized person...

BOOM!!

Isaac made his presence known to the now tiny wolf. Not that it was difficult to notice someone who was nearly two hundred times your size. The white Converse sole of Isaac's shoe rested just centimeters away from where Spark was trying to recover on the ground. I apologize for the confusion. The immense weight combined with the enormous size generated a noticeable seismic tremor from Spark's tiny perspective down on the ground. Looking to the side, the hybrid wolf noticed that at that exact moment, he shouldn't be more than twice the size of the base of the gigantic cat's shoe sole. The white stripe on the base of the Converse shoe was slightly below his waist height, while the rest of the shoe extended above him like a building, not to mention the mechanical extension of Isaac's leg, connecting to his thighs and even higher to his waist. Spark was on the ground between the cat's two feet, and the view he had of Isaac's volume was insane. The tight jeans, combined with the new perspective, emphasized the fact that the femboy was well-endowed in that part of his body.

Looking up, it was somewhat possible to see the smile on Isaac's face. The now titanic feline looked down with a face of immense satisfaction and, without saying anything, began to crouch down, involuntarily bringing that powerful bulge even closer to Spark on the ground. "Look how lucky you are. You didn't have any side effects, and all parts of your body are still intact and in the correct proportions," Isaac said with a thunderous voice, although he was still speaking timidly and subtly as always, but now sounding extremely more dominant due to the enormous size difference. Spark, on the other hand, was silent, hypnotized by the power that the cat seemed to exert over his world with just his mere presence. The simple act of crouching not only brought his volume closer but also forced the muscles of the feline's thighs to contract and tense, resulting in a pure demonstration of strength and power without Isaac even making an effort.

"But... what is this? What did you do to me?" Finally, recovering a bit of his composure, the micro hybrid managed to formulate his first sentence after being shrunk.

Unfortunately, the reaction he received from the giant feline was not exactly what he expected. "And we can say that there was no brain damage either, now that you said something. Perfect!" And with a wicked smile on his face, Isaac stood up back to his normal size, once again demonstrating his magnificence and power to the tiny micro below, trapped in the darkness of the shadow cast by his body. It didn't take long for Spark to find himself observing those enormous pairs of Converse shoes moving again. Each one of them the size of a small building now, given his new perspective. Not only

was it possible to feel the power of the impact of each step, but it was also possible to feel the vibration of Isaac's leg muscles as he lifted his foot to take his first step while the right Converse was still dangerously close to the micro on the ground.

Isaac stepped back a bit, intending to remove most of his clothes, taking care to leave the shrinking pistol on a high shelf, making any attempt by the micro to reach it useless. In just a few minutes, the gigantic Siamese feline was wearing nothing but a green underwear. A small, tight piece of intimate clothing that could barely contain his semi-flaccid member within it. If the sight of the giant Isaac's body was impressive before, now that the cat was partially naked, it was even better. As he threw all his clothes into the corner of the room, the cat approached the still semi-paralyzed micro on the ground. Spark was still having difficulty believing the situation unfolding before his eyes. Each step trembled and vibrated the ground, increasing in intensity as Isaac approached. This time, being barefoot, one could observe subtlety and gentleness as the giant's toes spread apart when his paws rose in the air and then pressed tightly against each other as the paws impacted the ground, redistributing the weight of his immense body and undoubtedly crushing anyone or anything that found itself between those toes. Including Spark, since he was now smaller than any of Isaac's fingers.

With each step Isaac took, the small wolf could hear the impact sound, but what really caught Spark's attention now was the enormous green bulge swaying between the giant feline's thighs, following the rhythm of his walk with every step Isaac took. Even from the ground, it was possible to see the high-relief outline of the giant's cockhead, pointing from one side to the other until, with a loud crash and a strong displacement of air, one of Isaac's enormous toe fingers landed right in front of the micro.

Spark, once again finding himself on his back on the ground and looking up, was graced with the sight of Isaac's bare paw right before his eyes, allowing him to see every detail of his toes, every fold, and even the small imperfections of the sharp claw on the Siamese giant cat's toe. The strong smell of sweat emanating from the paw pads was perceptible, but only to someone the size of Spark; anyone of regular size would never have noticed that salty, warm scent. Despite the grandeur of the scene and the strong sense of imminent danger, the micro could feel a sensation of arousal within himself, something telling him to leap towards those immense toes, to lick them and do anything to massage and caress them. But it was at that moment that the daydream of the small hybrid wolf was interrupted by the powerful and thunderous voice of Isaac. "So, what are you waiting for?" Immediately after saying that sentence, a mischievous smile appeared on the cat's face as Isaac leaned slightly forward to observe the small one thrown at his feet. "W-What... what do you expect from me?" asked the small one, with a voice that was definitely terrified.

Isaac, in turn, simply rolled his eyes before correcting his posture, once again standing tall and imposing. Hovering even more dominantly over the micro, he crossed his arms before huffing a bit and saying, "Please, everyone knows you're infatuated with my toes. It's obvious from miles away~" The feline let out a slight giggle with that silly pun, a clear reference to the enormous distance between his face and the micro down on the ground. At the same time, Isaac took the liberty of starting to wiggle his toe fingers against the floor, displaying clear impatience and causing slight tremors that made

Spark sway from side to side, careful not to fall and end up with his head under one of those enormous paw pads. Maybe it would have been better for him to have moved away a bit, but now it was a little too late for that. "Please, can you stop?! You're shaking everything here!" Spark yelled, as if pleading for mercy, which sounded like music to Isaac's ears. The powerful bulge between his legs throbbed with pleasure at receiving confirmation that even the smallest of his actions had become so impactful for someone the size of that little wolf. After rolling his eyes once again, huffing a bit of air against one of the shiny strands of his hair, the Siamese would say, "Alright, I guess I'll have to handle this myself." And upon hearing that sentence, a cold chill ran through Spark's belly. "Wait! What do you mean by that ahhh!!!!" Without the slightest chance to react, the wolf was effortlessly lifted into the air by just two of the feline's fingers. Screaming continuously, he was thrown onto the bed, landing face-first on the soft and clean sheets of the motel.

Still slightly disoriented, Spark quickly acted to try to compose himself, looking around and quickly recognizing where he was. However, shortly afterward, a huge shadow loomed over him. With only a few seconds to look up, the micro could clearly see the vast expanse of the feline's rear, the tight green underwear stretched to its limit, holding the region of his taint, and heavy balls just below. Isaac was sitting on the bed. "NO! WAIT!" KABOOM! Once again, a devastating tremor, this time enough to make poor Spark hang in the air outside the bed for a few seconds. Falling face-first once again, but this time onto the soft fabric without suffering any harm. However, as he opened his eyes, the sight was more than impressive; it was marvelous. On his right side, a huge and muscular thigh, on his left side, another huge and muscular thigh, and right in front of him, a towering green wall, almost like a hot, cloth-covered mountain. It was Isaac's bulge, so close to his face that with the simple act of breathing, he could inhale the masculine scents and pheromones emanating from the fabric. But that blessing was short-lived, as immediately after sitting down, Isaac crawled backward, stretching his beautiful body and occupying the remaining space on the bed.

Powerful vibrations and slight tremors spread around Spark as he watched that huge green bulge slowly moving away from his face. When everything became smooth again, Spark had been left once again in the shadows of Isaac's paws. This time, as the feline was lying down, his paws were upright, with the toes pointing toward the ceiling. This only made them even more imposing from Spark's perspective, who could now see the entire length of Isaac's sole and marvel at the exposed detail. Small specks of dust here and there, and the gentle movement of the paws, causing the pads to fold and relax so smoothly. Small cracks could be heard as the toes also flexed and adjusted. All of this seemed as if those fingers and paws were inviting the micro, calling him to worship them. But Spark was too mesmerized by the scene to react in any way. Until the sound of Isaac's powerful and authoritative voice made itself present. "Do I need to say it again?" the giant feline said, sounding a bit impatient and rising slightly to look at the micro on the other side of the bed. Moving his left paw to bring it face to face with the insignificant micro on the bed. "I won't say it again." Isaac said with a seductive and authoritative tone, settling back on the bed and looking at the ceiling, relaxing.

But while Isaac might be relaxing, Spark's work was just beginning. The timid little hybrid fox slowly placed his hand on the sole of the paw, feeling its warmth and inhaling the scent of sweat emanating from it. Gradually, he brought his snout closer until the tip of his cold nose made contact with the sole. Immediately, a light but loud laughter escaped the Siamese's lips. Isaac had approved of the act, and the bulge in Spark's clothes also showed that his small member was now almost completely flaccid. As soon as the micro pressed and buried his snout fully into the paw sole and took a deep breath, he lost control. The strong smell of sweat and natural aromas produced by Isaac's body invaded his snout. In that moment, Spark embraced the entire sole of the immense paw, trying to hug the area of the sole that corresponded to the heel. It didn't take long for his curiosity to make him stick out his tongue, and soon Spark was taking rough sniffs against the sole while licking it. "That's right, good boy," Isaac said mockingly, with a hint of approval, as he lightly wiggled his paws, causing a slight tremor from Spark's perspective down below. Knowing that he had won over the micro now, the feline suggested in a commanding tone, "Why don't you try climbing it? Do you think you can make it to the point of my toes?~" As he spoke, Isaac flexed and contracted his toes, acting almost invitingly in Spark's eyes, who was too weak to resist.

Immediately, the small being started to climb. It wasn't too difficult to climb that raised sole, although it was the size of a small commercial building from Spark's point of view. The thin layer of moisture and sweat on the paw pads, along with the fur, helped a lot in the micro's progress. But of course, Isaac wouldn't make it so easy. Subtly, the giant cat would sway and readjust the position of his paws from time to time, causing slight tremors that challenged Spark's progress. At some moments, the hybrid wolf was almost thrown off the paw and back to square one, lying on the bed. But with great persistence, he covered as much area as possible, using his tongue to leave a saliva trail from Isaac's heel to the central pad of the paw. "That tickles~" the giant spoke, letting out a light laugh from behind, definitely enjoying the effort of his new toy.

Before long, Spark was already at the top of the paw, emerging through a crack between two of the enormous fingers, greeted by the sight of Isaac's partially naked body lying on the bed. His penis inside his green underwear causing a noticeable bulge as the gigantic feline was fully erect, just like the little one. At this point in the challenge, Spark had already lost a good portion of his clothes. His small, erect penis throbbed with intensity, surrounded by the scent of Isaac's sweaty fingers. Almost instinctively, he began to lick and rub against the side of both fingers, grazing his penis against them. Then, Isaac decided to demonstrate more of his power. Without warning, the Siamese cat pressed his fingers against each other, squeezing anything in between, including Spark. The smell, pressure, heat, and moisture combined were too much for the poor little one to resist. Inevitably, the wolf hybrid reached his climax, ejaculating his small load of white cum between the feline's fingers, leaving a bit of a mess between the toes, but nothing that the natural sweat in the area couldn't clean up.

Isaac, on the other hand, grinned upon feeling that his toy had just released his load, unable to resist the temptation, he immediately pressed his paw against the bed. Planting the enormous sole on the soft surface of the bed, his fingers tightly pressed, still holding the poor micro in place. Spark's heart was pounding, given the intense G-force of the movement, until finally, the fingers separated just a little, enough to allow the micro to

breathe. "Look at the mess you've made. What are you waiting for to start cleaning up this mess?" Isaac spoke in a seductive and commanding tone, prompting Spark to obey his powerful owner without hesitation. Despite his body being partially trapped under one of the fingers, the small fox hybrid put his tongue to work, licking and cleaning his own cum mixed with the salty sweat naturally produced between the paw's fingers.

In no time, the fingers were as clean as they could be, and as a gesture of gratitude, Isaac released the micro from the immense weight of his paw and fingers. At the same time, he sat on the bed in such a way that Spark was left in front of his paws, but able to admire the expanse of Isaac's now folded thighs, with his knees pointing toward the fingers as Isaac rose and reached for the bedside table next to the bed. With extreme delicacy, he picked up what appeared to be a blue vial of some kind, bringing the same vial close to the small wolf on the bed, all covered in sweat, and said, "I bet you have no idea what this is. Tell me, what was your name again, my toy? Spark! Would you like to return to your normal size someday?" Isaac's voice was more than just provocative, as he gently shook the tiny blue vial between his claws from side to side. "This vial here can do that for you," Isaac said, as he brought the vial right in front of Spark's face. The little wolf even jumped in the air, in a futile attempt to reach the vial, which resulted in the feline simply pulling his arm back and elevating the vial tens of meters high and far away, all while Isaac couldn't contain a hearty laugh, marveling at the wolf's futile efforts.

Not so fast. If you want to return to your normal size, you'll have to work for it and climb the entire length of the body until you reach... right here~" The feline said as he placed the vial on the tip of his tongue before retracting it back into his mouth. He then lay stretched out on the bed once again, leaving Spark to admire the vast expanse of the valley that had formed between his legs. "But hurry up, I might get impatient and be forced to take a drink of water~" Isaac responded one last time before fully relaxing and lying on the bed, speaking with a slightly strange accent as he must have been using his tongue to prevent the tiny vial from falling into his throat, for now.

Spark, still feeling sore, timidly began to walk between the legs of the semi-dozing giant. Although he had to be quick, as Isaac had made it clear that he was racing against the clock, the wolf hybrid couldn't help but take the liberty to admire every detail of that young twink's physique - the muscular lines of his calves, shapely thighs, and above all, his thighs. Given this new perspective and the proximity, even the subtle curves of the muscles in Isaac's thigh had their own seductive power. Moreover, it was impossible to deny the slight feeling of claustrophobia as the passage between the feline's legs narrowed and funneled towards the groin. The closer Spark got to the green thong, the more he could perceive the typical scent of male feline in the air. It didn't take long for the micro to come face to face with the lower curvature of Isaac's buttock muscles, facing the massive bulge. The young twink's semi-flaccid penis pulsed fiercely beneath the stretched and strained green fabric.

The tiny fox now had two choices. He could try to avoid the bulge by climbing the side of one of Isaac's wide and thick thighs, undoubtedly a route that would take more time. Climbing that powerful green bulge would be the most direct approach, but still presented risks as he could lose his balance with each throb of Isaac's cock and end up

falling back onto the bed. After thinking for a moment, Spark began to take small timid steps toward the bulge resting right in front of him. With each step, he squeezed himself further into the curves of the lower buttock, heat, humidity, and virile scent further dominating his world. For a moment, the micro even closed his eyes, letting his other senses guide him toward his target. It didn't take long for him to feel the tip of his snout making contact with the warm, moist fabric covering Isaac's taint. Almost involuntarily, Spark extended his arms and legs as if to embrace and rub against the expanse of the taint, despite the tight and confined space between the junction of the two thighs. Just above his head were Isaac's two balls, his first challenge on his climbing list. "If I were you, I wouldn't spend too much time down there. Unless you want to be my toy forever, in which case, you can stay as long as you like~ Who knows, maybe I'll even make you smaller and turn my thong into your permanent home?~" The powerful voice of the feline vibrated in Spark's ears, and after hearing what seemed to be his final warning, Spark got to work.

Stretching his right hand and grabbing a handful of warm fabric, he pulled his body up, using his feet to support himself at the junction of the thighs and buttocks, starting his climb. At first, everything seemed to be going excellently well, until he approached the base of the two testicles. For someone the size of a normal person's fingers, being face to face with a pair of balls that size and seeing them from below was impressively intimidating. Spark couldn't help but imagine the weight that scrotum would have if Isaac decided to sit and rest that pair of balls on him. However, he still had a huge challenge ahead - how to navigate around those massive balls as an obstacle? Spark could simply climb over them, but his body simply didn't have the necessary climbing ability to stick upside down on the underside of the testicles and go around them from below. The way would be to try to force his way past the side of one of the balls. Needless to say, Isaac's musk odor was overwhelming, mixed with the strong scent of ball sweat, creating a hypnotizing atmosphere in that area. Not to mention that the weight of the balls was equally as large as their size, Spark was forced to try pushing the feline's right ball to the side so that he could have a chance to force his way upward. The choice to try the right side instead of the left was also obvious, as everyone's left testicle hangs slightly lower than the right. The weight would be considerably greater on the left side, for a micro-sized creature, of course.

Eventually, Spark made some progress in the battle for space against the genital organs in the groin of another man. Until, without any warning, Isaac decided to intervene, and it wasn't to help the poor micro. The giant feline did something quite simple, giving a gentle stroke to the bulge, enough to make the balls tremble, trapping Spark and squeezing him between the inner thigh and the side of the scrotum. Barely able to catch his breath, smelling nothing but musk, drenched in sweat without knowing if it was his own or Isaac's balls, Spark tried to calm down and recover to resume his climb. Not even knowing if he could even move that immense ball again. "I think you like it there, it could even be your new home. What do you think? Giving up your old life and spending the rest of your days living on my body, specifically in my groin, alongside my balls. You don't need to answer anything, just stay there the way you are for a little while longer." Isaac said, mocking the micro's face and provoking him, while letting out another mischievous chuckle. It was obvious that the feline was taking advantage of the situation.

Upon hearing that, Spark gathered strength he didn't even know he had, pushing with both legs and arms to the side of the heavy testicle, creating the necessary space to pull himself up and eventually emerge at the top of the balls. Tired and in awe of the wonderful view of Isaac's semi-erect penis, like a partially erected circus tent. Even the smallest throbs were capable of causing sways and jolts in Spark's current position. Not to mention the fact that the tip of the head was hovering just above, and thanks to the tight fabric, the contours were almost in high relief. The mouth of the hybrid micro even salivated at the seductive sight. "Do you like what you see?~" Isaac asked, once again speaking seductively. At the same time, the giant Siamese cat would move one of his fingers to lightly scratch the tip of his head, revealing the fact that the fabric covering that region was well stained with pre-cum.

"Remember, if you like what you see, all you have to do is give up~" The cat concluded, removing his hand and returning to lying down without moving. Spark, on the other hand, was not giving up. Demonstrating determination, he began to navigate around that powerful cock, being careful not to fall or slip with every throb the penis gave. But he couldn't resist the urge to bury his face in the side of the shaft, near its base, to take a strong whiff of that intense masculine aroma before finally moving away from the area. Isaac responded only with more laughter. Finally entering the region of Isaac's upper body, Spark became aware of his lower abdomen. Given the feline's fit physique, it was possible to see some hint of muscles lightly defining the grooves between the abs and the belly button area. At that moment, the hybrid micro felt grateful for not having been shrunk even smaller, as trying to traverse that feline abdomen would be an almost impossible task.

Walking north, passing by the opening of the navel, which seemed like a dark and warm hole dug into the ground from Spark's vantage point, he was now on Isaac's stomach. The appetizers they both ate at the bar, along with the beer, must be finding their end within that part of the giant feline's body. If he paid close attention, the hybrid wolf could even hear the sounds of the stomach's inner walls at work, vibrating and digesting the food. Almost involuntarily, Spark found himself interrupting his walk toward Isaac's face to lie on the belly and place his ear against it, curious to hear more of the sounds it produced. "If you don't walk faster, that vial with your antidote will end up there." Isaac taunted him once again, causing the micro to jump back to his feet and resume his march northward. Until that point, walking through Isaac's trunk didn't seem so bad. He could feel the hairs brushing against his feet and ankles, almost like a gentle massage. Soon, the small wolf came face-to-face with Isaac's pectorals, a small trench right in the middle of them that seemed like the best place to advance. But before Spark could take a step in that direction, the giant reminded him in a subtle way just how dangerous that path could be. Isaac stretched, a simple and careless action for him, but from Spark's point of view, he was left to observe how those hard pecs of the Siamese cat contracted as he raised and stretched his arms towards the ceiling, crushing anything the size of Spark that happened to be in the trench between his pecs. "Okay! This is definitely not a good path." Spark commented before focusing on the task of climbing onto the surface of Isaac's right pec.

The climb was not difficult; it felt more like trying to climb a loading platform for trains, just an elevated surface. But as soon as he reached the top, he could see Isaac's nipple, as hard as a rock. The cat was as aroused as Spark himself. From Spark's point of view, the pink, erect nipple was only slightly lower than him. It was a scene to admire, until a familiar and distinctive sound caught his attention. Looking up towards the neck, Spark could see Isaac's Adam's apple moving. The cat had gulped, much to Spark's despair! However, immediately the feline said, "Don't worry, your vial is still safe, or maybe not~ There's only one way for you to find out." A clever way to draw the micro's attention back to the challenge. Moving away from the nipple, Spark resumed his walk towards his goal. Eventually, he reached the base of Isaac's neck.

Only being so close was he able to have a better sense of the power that Isaac's body possessed. It became easy to understand how the feline could swallow someone his size as easily as swallowing a pill. But Spark didn't have much time to dwell on that. All that occupied his mind now was the possibility that Isaac might have already gulped his only antidote intentionally! Gathering the last remaining strength he had, the micro wolf began to climb up the cat's neck. The climb up the neck might have been a little longer, but it was nowhere near as difficult as climbing Isaac's testicles. Now that Spark emerged at the top of the feline's face, a cold shiver ran down his body as he realized that he wouldn't have much choice but to enter the giant's mouth in search of the vial.

However, it was impossible to ignore the malicious expression on the feline's face, looking up at the ceiling with a cold and somewhat empty gaze as if he had been patiently waiting for a long time. As soon as he noticed his little toy reaching his destination, Isaac opened a huge smile on his face before speaking. "Congratulations, there were moments when I thought you would give up." The movement of the giant's facial features, along with the act of speaking, almost threw the micro back onto the feline's chest, but Spark managed to hold his ground. "Well, what are you waiting for? A hint, hurry up unless you want to deal with my sealed lips later." With that said, Isaac would open his mouth and leave it open for the micro to see and approach. The view was impressive, to say the least. The deep vastness of his mouth, the white and sharp teeth and fangs, not to mention the typically feline tongue, full of rough bumps along its surface. However, there was no sign of the blue vial containing the antidote. "Don't get discouraged, it could be hidden among the gums." Isaac said once again, trying to seduce and taunt his prey, but this time Spark seemed much more reluctant to proceed. That's when the feline decided to use his last curse. Slowly, the Siamese cat began to close his mouth, slowly closing the only and final window of opportunity for Spark to regain his normal size.

Seeing that scene unfolding right in front of him, without much choice, the hybrid wolf had to think fast and almost instinctively jumped into the giant's mouth before it closed. Isaac smiled with satisfaction before speaking with his mouth full. "My my! It's not every day that your snack jumps into your mouth so willingly." But once again, a strong chill ran down the micro's spine. Moreover, if before Isaac's voice tone was piercing and powerful, now it became even more overwhelming since Spark was hearing him from inside the giant's own mouth! However, the detail that didn't leave Spark's mind now was the last sentence uttered by the feline. "Was he really going to eat me?" The micro asked himself. However, it was at that exact moment that Isaac's tongue went to work.

Moving from side to side, rubbing the poor micro against the roof of the mouth as if he were a sweet candy. At the same time, it rubbed and grazed against the entire body of the small fox. It was an indescribable sensation, being sticky, covered in warm saliva from head to toe, feeling Isaac's warm breath passing over his body as the tongue inevitably grazed against his groin as it manipulated his small body from side to side within the mouth.

It didn't take long for Spark to start feeling aroused by it. His penis, which barely had a chance to rest, was now fully erect again, eagerly rubbing against the rough papillae on the feline's tongue. It was only a matter of time until Spark found himself involuntarily thrusting his hips against the immense tongue that pushed back and forth powerfully. The pleasure that the micro was receiving was so intense that he no longer felt any fear even when the tongue pushed him dangerously close to one of the feline's teeth. Spark had even forgotten what his goal was inside the mouth, consumed by pleasure. The warm and humid environment made the atmosphere inside the mouth somewhat cozy if it weren't for the terrifying aspect at the same time. At every moment, it was noticeable that Isaac was concerned about not allowing his candy to get too close to the back of his throat; he simply didn't want to swallow it before the time was right. And it didn't take long for Spark to start releasing small moans of pleasure, allowing all that warm saliva to enter his mouth until, pressing his hips violently against the feline's tongue, he released his climax for the second time, almost fainting with the afterglow. Lying on that huge tongue, with Isaac's lips slightly open, allowing only a few streaks of light to enter its interior, enough for Spark to see a white trail of his own cum heading towards Isaac's throat, carried along with the saliva.

Isaac, on the other hand, had secretly removed that monster-like penis from inside his green panties and started playing with it while savoring his new toy, now in his mouth, ejaculating his semen almost at the same time as Spark released his load, resulting in a strong gust of hot air exhaling directly from the depths of the feline's throat, hitting the micro right in the face. 'Now it's only fair to let me taste you since you rubbed and licked my groin so much while climbing up that I know~,' Isaac said in an afterglow tone with a booming voice that almost burst poor Spark's eardrums. 'Besides, I love filled candies.' And it was at that moment, without any ceremony, that Isaac's tongue rose, allowing the micro to be caught off guard and thrown into the darkness of the throat walls! It collided with Isaac's esophagus, which swallowed it whole in a single effortless motion.

Spark cried for help, but it was a completely useless act. He passed through the strong and tight throat with slight difficulty before heading deeper into Isaac's body. It didn't take long for him to feel the heat intensifying until he reached a larger opening! The smell was terrible; he had definitely reached Isaac's stomach. The strong smell of acid mixed with the alcohol scent of all the beers the feline had drunk, along with pieces of partially digested food and snacks from that night at the bar a little earlier, until eventually he came face to face with a blue vial containing his antidote. Miraculously, the vial was still intact and sealed. Spark quickly opened it and drank everything, hoping to return to his normal size quickly and repent Isaac's body if necessary. But despair and horror took over the expressions on his face when he realized that everything inside the vial was nothing more than sweet water with blue dye! 'HELP!

SOMEONE GET ME OUT OF HERE!' The poor micro screamed, but no one would ever hear him, not even the owner of that body who was now about to digest him.

A strong jolt tossed the micro [person] back and forth. Isaac was just settling down in bed, finding the most comfortable position to take a nap and let his body do its job. The next day, the feline woke up, hungry for an unremarkable motel breakfast. It seemed that he had gone to sleep on an empty stomach the night before, with nothing inside his stomach except Spark's bones, which would soon follow their natural course. Gathering his clothes and belongings, a closer look at the shrinking ray revealed that the small weapon had only one function: to shrink. The feline never planned to bring Spark back from the beginning. After taking a look in the mirror to confirm his appearance, he left the room, closing the door behind him, and said, "Time to find a new toy~."

The end.