

One Week After (Story Commission)

With a sensation akin to encountering a specter, Isaac could scarcely believe the figure that had approached him. Blinking his azure eyes repeatedly, as if seeking confirmation for what he perceived, the Siamese feline adamantly refused to acknowledge the figure standing beside him amidst the bustling bar on Fifth Avenue.

It seemed like another ordinary Friday. The Siamese feline had managed to slip away from his duties a tad early, allowing him the chance to return home, freshen up, and change attire before heading towards the typical open-bar club on Fifth Avenue. Arriving dressed in a black blazer over a crisp white shirt, complemented by a dark blue skirt concealing a snug black thong beneath, and to finish, a pair of long fishnet gloves coupled with matching thigh-high fishnet stockings and black boots rising to mid-calf, completed the perfect evening attire.

Of course, Isaac concealed a shrink ray on his person as well, an essential device to ensure an entertaining night. Passing through the front door, the security, quite familiar with Isaac, spared the femboy-looking young man from inspection. If he had, he might have noticed the shrink ray cleverly disguised as a small hand pistol nestled among the tight clothes. Isaac headed towards the bar counter, ready to indulge in the venue's open bar when he was taken aback by a strangely familiar figure. None other than the fox boy he had played with, shrunk, and devoured just last week.

Spark! That was the name of the young fox whom Isaac had turned into a toy a few days ago. Isaac was utterly dumbfounded by Spark's presence since, after all, Isaac had shrunk and consumed him. By now, Spark should have ceased to exist in the world of the living. Yet, the fox interacted with the feline calmly, almost as if reconnecting with a long-lost friend unseen for years. The conversation between these twink-looking boys was cordial, while Isaac remained mostly silent, seemingly unable to shake off the expression of conversing with a specter. Spark went so far as to ask Isaac what his taste was, disclosing to the Siamese feline that he was indeed the toy who had been shrunk and devoured just over a week ago.

After several lengthy minutes of chit-chat leaning against the bar counter, Isaac finally gathered the courage to inquire, sounding genuinely puzzled and somewhat concerned.

'But if it's truly you... How are you alive?'

The fox requested the tiger bartender to bring two more drinks before beginning to explain, almost as though they both anticipated the explanation to be rather protracted. After a considerable delve into the intricacies of his personal life, serving as a subject test for a major pharmaceutical corporation, the fox concluded by saying,

'Basically, I've had this implant since then. The device essentially resurrects me every time I die. It works so efficiently that I spent a good deal of time shrunken and abused by members of the corporation, treated as less than human and subjected to the worst possible mistreatment. It was only due to a hiccup in the chip that one fine day, I had the opportunity to make an escape and later return to normal size.'

Meanwhile, Isaac listened intently to the fox's narrative, downing his shot of vodka, his eyes unwaveringly fixed on Spark. The feline's muscles tensed against the bar counter; it wasn't every day that one shrank and ended someone's life, only to have that very someone return the following week as if nothing had happened, conversing as if they were old friends. Intrigued, Isaac finally asked Spark why he had returned despite everything the feline had done to him. Spark, finishing his shot in a single gulp, turned his face to gaze directly into Isaac's eyes and stated that despite everything, Isaac hadn't even come close to the abuse he endured while in the hands of the corporation. And in the end, the fox even admitted that he had enjoyed it.

'You still have the shrink ray with you?'

The cat, confirming that indeed, he had brought the shrink ray along, subtly shifted his thighs to reveal the small pistol nestled between his inner thighs beneath the fishnet stockings and hidden under his skirt. Spark simply smiled warmly before asking Isaac if he could be shrunk again.

Isaac, in turn, acted highly suspicious. At this moment, the Siamese feline even began to believe that perhaps he was dreaming and none of this was real. It was surreal to have someone returning from the dead and asking to be abused, humiliated, and used once more.

"So... you want... to endure it all over again? But why?"

The femboy cat asked in a rather stilted manner, simultaneously tense as if preparing to be attacked at any moment, believing it could all be a trap, and that somehow all those micross he had shrunk in the past had been discovered, leading the police or some other entity back to him. Meanwhile, the fox, Spark, calmly took another sip of his drink

before explaining that he had indulged a bit too much the night before and was quite willing to have fun again.

Still somewhat incredulous but not wanting to miss the chance to add an unbreakable toy to his collection, Isaac smiled as he rose from the stool in front of the bar counter and led the fox boy to the restroom. Arriving at the dimly lit yet relatively clean corner bar's bathroom, the Siamese cat casually opened the door to one of the individual stalls and gestured for the fox to go in first.

"I thought..."

ZEEP!

Before finishing his sentence, Spark was shrunk with a point-blank shot from the shrinking ray pistol. The sensation of burning spread through every muscle fiber, every nerve ending in his body, akin to a very intense tingling. It was as if his body had been covered by jellyfish constantly injecting venom without mercy. However, it was a very brief sensation, terrible but lasting just under a second. Immediately after, the first thing the fox realized was that he was on the cold, dark floor of the dimly lit bathroom, when suddenly...

THUMP! THUMP!

Two earth-shattering tremors quaked the ground around Spark. It didn't take long for the source of the tremors to make its presence known. A pair of black boots, crafted from heavy and gleaming leather, descended on either side of the now miniature figure lying on the ground. Looking up slowly, the fox was greeted with the imposing sight of the rest of the figure. A pair of muscular shins, now towering to the height of a building, connected to impressive knees that led to firm, muscular thighs, which flexed and contracted their tendons slightly with the mere act of adjusting the posture of the gigantic being they belonged to.

Tilting his neck further, Spark could see the most intimate part of the giant figure, a conspicuous and taut bulge intricately detailed by the fabric of the feline's undergarments, even showing a slight lean to the left of Isaac's member. All of it concealed by a light shadow cast by the effeminate skirt worn by the feline. Spark could barely see anything beyond the waistline of the now towering Siamese cat, as the simple act of taking two steps forward positioned Isaac directly above the diminutive fox, confining Spark to the space between his feet. But soon, the giant, the young man

looming over the shrunken man, leaned forward gently, wearing a smile. Any traces of doubt or hesitation that existed in Isaac until that moment were gone; the feline now looked at the small, pathetic figure between his feet like a worthy predator eyeing its prey.

Isaac then brought his left hand to the bulge beneath his skirt, caressing it and adjusting himself while saying, 'I'M A LITTLE TIGHT, MIND IF I RELIEVE MYSELF A BIT? I'M SURE YOU DON'T.'

Subsequently, the giant cat returned to an upright posture, obstructing Spark's view of his upper body. Simultaneously, he lifted his skirt and pulled down his underwear to reveal his semi-erect and pulsating penis. It was only at that moment that Spark realized how small he truly was. Standing and comparing his height to the pair of high-heeled boots Isaac wore, the fox realized that he barely surpassed the height of the tips of Isaac's boots by a handful of fingers. This meant he was slightly taller than the tallest toe of the feline's paw, but not much more. Isaac's penis could easily be more than five times larger than Spark's current size, and even at a distance and semi-erect, it was an impressive sight from down on the ground; a symbol of masculine dominance in itself.

As the giant feline purred softly, relaxing its muscles and releasing its bladder to begin urinating. Despite the dim lighting and the distance, Spark had a front-row seat between the legs of the giant femboy to admire the gentle pulsing and relaxing of the Isaac's member before a powerful jet of hot, high-pressure urine was ejaculated in a continuous stream from the tip of its penis into the toilet bowl. The pressure was so great that if the Siamese cat had aimed its cannon in Spark's direction, it would have been blown backwards with the force of the hot jet. For a handful of minutes, the stream ran continuously and uninterrupted, the giant gently arching its back, allowing Spark to observe the gentle sway of its balls, which, despite Isaac having had time to go home before coming to the club, were already slightly damp with the natural sweat produced in its groin.

"IT'S BETTER IF YOU GET OUT OF HERE, USUALLY A FEW DROPS FALL WHEN HE FINISHES AND YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE..."

The sweet, subtle, yet now booming and commanding voice of the Siamese cat warned the micro, who seemed to be hypnotized by the scene of raw masculinity unfolding above him, to react. But his lack of reaction would soon have its consequences, as the feline femboy made no attempt to wait for Spark to move and, as soon as it finished relieving itself, shook its semi-erect roll up and down, causing small droplets of warm, slightly yellowish liquid to splatter all around the small micro lying on the floor. One of

them eventually followed a trajectory that led it directly to Spark's face, covering it with the heat and scent of the male who would be his new master for the day.

As soon as it finished, the giant feline lowered itself to collect what was rightfully its from the bathroom floor. But not before making sure to adjust its manhood in the confines of its tight thong to maximize comfort, even going so far as to use the tip of its index finger to lightly scratch the bottom of its sac and, immediately following, making sure to use the exact same index finger to pinch the small micro on the floor; ensuring that the finger would press Spark's body close to its face, allowing the aroma of its balls, now impregnating the surface of the finger, to find its way to Spark's nostrils.

Following this, the feline simply returned to its normal height, carrying its small toy along with it. If Isaac's shins were already the height of a building over five stories tall, being lifted into the air until he was at the same height as the feline's face was like being lifted to the top of a mighty skyscraper in less than a second. And yet, Spark was not given time to breathe or compose himself, as he was immediately bombarded by the sound of the feline's voice and the heat and moisture coming directly from its breath.

"AND NOW, WHERE CAN I PUT YOU~ SINCE I DON'T HAVE POCKETS AND MY POUCH IS A VERY PERSONAL PLACE~"

The giant contemplated his options, but to his surprise, his own toy took center stage, suggesting:

"You can take it home inside your panties~"

Immediately, the pair of deep blue eyes that had been gazing at the horizon turned to gaze fixedly at the small Spark, trapped between the index finger and thumb of Isaac's left hand. The feline's eyes were beautiful, but when magnified to an enormous scale and seen up close, they seemed capable of penetrating the depths of the fox's soul. A moment of silence fell over the two, Spark even began to sweat coldly as those giant eyes stared fixedly at him for a moment before the feline's lips parted and its mouth began to move.

"IT SEEMS LIKE AN EXCELLENT IDEA!"

And without giving the micro a chance to say anything more or consider any other alternatives, Isaac moved his hand carrying Spark down as quickly as he had moved it

up. With a deft movement of his right hand, the Siamese cat pulled both the elastic of its skirt and panties together with its right index finger, revealing the masculine, warm, musky confines of its bulge. Placing the poor micro in the dark, hot, and stuffy interior of its panties; without caring if Spark's face was being dragged against the pubic hairs, the twink anthro moved its other hand to lift its penis slightly and before the fox could realize it, he was pressed against the feline's snout! Left in position to be squashed and squeezed between the feline's flaccid penis and the warm pair of balls just below, THUMP! The head of Isaac's dick brushed against Spark, adding an entire layer of weight and heat and a hint of moisture, only to be followed by a second THUMP! As the panties were released by Isaac's hand and returned to stick to the feline's body.

Isaac was not yet satisfied. Before removing his left hand from beneath his skirt, he gave a firm squeeze to the exterior of the volume with his right hand. Ensuring that his masculine organ was securely in place and that his passenger would have no chance or opportunity to move, fall, or escape. In fact, all that Spark could see, feel, hear, or smell was Isaac! The darkness was complete, but the air was filled with the virile scent of the young feline, the heat was intense, and as he pressed against the body and organs of Isaac from all sides, the microscopic passenger could hear the internal workings of the giant's body. The pulsing of his heart, along with the slight contractions of his muscles and channels, and even the sloshing of his pleasure deep within his scrotum.

Soon, without further ado, Isaac turned to exit the bathroom cabin; marking the beginning of the first challenge that Spark would have to face on his new journey to reach Isaac's apartment. The simple act of turning around, already forcing the feline's inner thigh muscles to move, rubbing against each other, causing Isaac's genitals to move in response, which in turn generated rumbling quakes for the tiny passenger confined within his bulge. At least Spark knew that his location was not one of the worst, if he were beneath Isaac's testicles, at the mercy of the feline's inner thighs, acting as a wall of muscle on either side, the grinding effect would be much worse. However, the simple walk of the giant feline was sufficient to shake the world of the small Spark.

Each step of Isaac was preceded by a muffled rumbling and a tensing of his musculature that trembled the surroundings. This was followed by a powerful tremor, along with the sound of the powerful impact of Isaac's boot hitting the floor dozens of meters below, causing a seismic shock akin to an earthquake in the dark, musky world that Spark now found himself confined to. The path to the apartment of the feline was as usual, and Isaac walked nonchalantly, unconcerned in the least with fate or the consequences that befell his tiny, shrunken passenger. As time passed, the interior of the black thong grew increasingly hot, humid, and the natural, virile scent of the twink's masculinity grew ever stronger, dominating the atmosphere within. At one point, Spark could no longer tell if the salty liquid covering his body was his own sweat or if it was completely the sweat of the feline that held him captive. Most likely the latter.

For the most part, the giant's heavy penis kept the micro fox firmly stuck in place against the warm sac of the feline, but at times Isaac couldn't help but remember the small toy he carried in his thong, which caused his penis to stir to life, becoming slightly erect and pulsing. This, combined with the fact that Isaac was walking, caused the poor micro to slowly slip, until Spark found himself face to face with the tip of the head of the Siamese feline's roll. The wrinkled foreskin of Isaac, slightly open and forming a small ring around the glans of the head of Isaac's penis, allowed Spark a direct view of the feline's urethral slit. A faint scent of urine emanated from the spot, but the scent of precum was much stronger, and it didn't take long for a small drop of precum to form at the edge of the slit.

Spark could have tried to move out of the way of the droplet, but the crystal-clear and semi-transparent droplet of fresh precum coming from the feline's urethra that he loved so much was so inviting that in the end, the micro decided not to move a muscle. Waiting anxiously, and even holding on as best he could to Isaac's balls, until the droplet inevitably slid down the feline's pink, warm glans towards his face. The precious masculine nectar of the feline covered the fox's face completely, and obviously Spark couldn't help but open his mouth, allowing the droplet of warm, fresh semen to enter through his lips, roll over his tongue, and descend down his throat.

But, it was at this moment that Isaac finally stepped into the lobby of the apartment building where he lived, and as luck would have it, the elevator was out of service that night, so the feline twink had no choice but to climb the stairs. As soon as the giant lifted his leg to take the first step on the first stair, Spark felt the testicles, along with the fabric of the thong, shift beyond his normal height. This action caught the micro fox completely off guard, causing him to slip even further down the wet fabric towards the back of the thong. THUMP! The first of many steps that Isaac would take until reaching his apartment on the fifth floor, and with this first step, Spark could already feel the consequences of his lack of attention. The weight of the left testicle of the giant feline came crashing down upon his body, pressing him against the fabric in such a way that if someone were observing from the outside at an angle below the femboy, they could clearly see the outline of the small fox pressed against the fabric.

Beyond the weight, there was the heat, sweat, and smell; all of these factors were ten times more intense in this specific region of the feline's volume. As expected. And this time, Spark would not only have to endure the friction of each of Isaac's inner thighs rubbing against his body mercilessly on both sides, but he would also have to endure the weight of the cat's balls hitting his body just above everything else, until finally Isaac reached the hallway of the fifth floor, opened the door to his apartment, and stepped into his room. From there on out, things would become much calmer. With Isaac walking through his apartment, which wasn't very big, undressing from his few remaining

clothes, until he lay in his bed and reached his hand inside his bulge to retrieve his precious new toy that didn't break.

All of this happened in a short amount of time, but it was enough for Spark to feel the true weight of the feline's ball sac as the Siamese cat sat on its bed. Most of Spark's body was covered by the soft, warm, and wrinkled sac of Isaac, with his face being pressed against the damp foreskin covering the head of the penis. If Isaac were to remain in that position for an extended period of time, Spark would have nothing to complain about, the micro fox would simply have to get used to breathing air that passed through a heavy filter of masculine scent, as his face was almost stuffed inside the foreskin of the giant feline. But, to Spark's luck or misfortune, it didn't take long before Isaac reached inside his volume and "rescued" him.

"DID YOU ENJOY YOUR VIP RIDE? BETTER THAN TRAVELING INSIDE MY BOOTS LIKE LAST TIME~"

Isaac responded, holding Spark once again at the tip of his fingers, with a deep and booming, yet charming, voice. A strange thing to hear from Spark's perspective. How could such a large and powerful being have a voice that was both strong and sweet at the same time?

For Spark's part, he was still dazed and couldn't respond. The micro even seemed to need to get used to breathing pure oxygen again, despite the fact that his stay within the confines of Isaac's underwear had not been for more than an hour.

"WELL, YOU BEHAVED VERY WELL TONIGHT~"

Isaac spoke again, speaking with a dark and demagogic tone, yet with the same subtle intonation that marked his personality. Despite the deep, clearly masculine voice. His blue eyes focused on the poor micro the entire time.

"AND BECAUSE OF THAT I WILL LET YOU CHOOSE IN WHICH PART OF ME YOU WILL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE TO WORK TONIGHT~"

With that, as he finished that sentence, Isaac opened the palm of his hand and, with skill, moved the micro that was firmly pinned between his fingers to the palm of his hand. As he stood up and composed himself, looking at the horizon, Spark could see the entire beautiful expanse of the feline's naked body; from chest to the tips of its feet.

Spark even suffered from a slight daze, facing away from Isaac's face, admiring the beautiful naked body of the Siamese feline. Spark wouldn't respond until a finger came to gently tickle the back of his head.

"HELLO? YOU KNOW IT'S RUDE TO LEAVE YOUR MASTER WAITING~ IF YOU TAKE TOO LONG, I'LL END UP PLAYING WITH YOU!~"

The booming voice of the feline said, until then Spark decided to manifest himself.

"The paws! I choose to start with the paws!"

The micro responded, turning to look Isaac in the eyes and speaking in an excited and hurried manner.

"AH, SO YOU MISS THEM, DO YOU? THEY'RE ALL YOURS~"

And with that final sentence, Isaac simply moved the same finger he had used to tickle the micro, giving a rather violent flick, causing Spark to fly through the air with his naked body and land at the foot of the bed, almost falling off the mattress and coming face to face with the task at hand. A pair of enormous, hot, sweaty paws that demanded attention and whose toes alone were almost larger than the poor micro fox. Spark slowly got up, having a bit of difficulty walking on the bed and the tangle of blankets that were part of the giant feline's bed, until he was finally face to face with the sole of Isaac's right paw, or more specifically, facing the heel of the feline.

"But how am I going to..."

Before the micro fox could finish that sentence, Isaac's booming voice interrupted him as the huge sole came down on him without warning. THUMP!

"NEED HELP? I THINK THIS WAY I CAN MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR YOU~"

Isaac said, just after letting his huge paw rest on the small body of the micro. The mere stationary weight of the warm, heavy paw of the feline was enough to make it difficult for the tiny fox to move, without Isaac having to make any effort or add extra weight, his paw was already more than capable of subjugating Spark. Spark, not wanting to

disappoint his master, began to work; licking the heel of Isaac's paw as much as he could. It didn't take long before the fox could hear a muffled low rumbling coming from outside his warm, heavy prison. It was simply the act of the giant twink flexing his toes against the soft fabric of the bed, leaving the tips of his claws scratching the sheet lightly while in the distance it was possible to hear a faint, small purr from Isaac.

However, it wasn't long before Isaac's voice was present once again.

"YOU'LL HAVE TO DO A LOT MORE THAN THAT IF YOU WANT TO EARN A PERMANENT PLACE IN MY COLLECTION~"

Isaac responded, demonstrating his dissatisfaction with the little micro's lack of progress beneath the warm, musky sole of his paw. The effeminate cat, as was his custom, used his sweet, soothing voice to impose a strange sense of calm and dominance, all the while beginning to drag and rub the sole of his paw against the bed in a slow and gentle manner, saying the opposite through his body language.

Spark immediately understood that he needed to do more and work harder, positioning himself to stop beneath the colossal weight of that warm sole. He even went so far as to use the sweat that naturally formed on the sole to slip better, and with great effort and even using the movement of the paw itself, the micro made it to the central ball of the pad. It was almost like receiving a well-deserved reward, from Spark's point of view, as the central ball of the pad was extremely soft, smooth, and well-cared for. As a result, the heat also increased in that region, but it was a small price to pay. The scent of musk and moisture were also relatively more intense under the central pad of the paw, and the micro fox didn't waste any time and soon began to smell, lick, scratch, rub, and caress the enormous pink cushion.

It wasn't long before a powerful Purr from dozens of meters above Spark dominated the surroundings, just before Isaac said.

"HUUF! VERY GOOD WORK~ BUT YOU CAN DO MORE!"

And once again without warning, the giant dragged the sole of his paw against the bed, keeping the micro trapped and dragged along until one paw collided with the other, Spark was immediately pressed between the two central pads of each sole. Suffering from the pressure, as now Isaac was pressing one paw against the other with all his might and trying to see how far his new toy could resist, and suffering from the heat that had almost doubled now in his new tight, dark environment. The scent of musk was also

dominant, as was the taste of salt from sweat, since eventually when the micro struggled to breathe, he was forced to open his mouth and breathe in everything he could, which included ingesting a certain amount of feline sweat.

"SPARK!~ MY TOES COULD USE A LITTLE ATTENTION TOO~"

"WE'LL MAKE A DEAL, IF YOU REACH MY TOES I WON'T SQUISH YOU! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT ALONE AND WITHOUT HELP, AND I WON'T MOVE MY FEET FOR YOU~"

"STARTING NOW, VALIANT!"

For a moment, the micro, trapped in the middle of two powerful, hot, and enormous soles, didn't know what to do. Fortunately for Spark, the pressure remained constant at first, as Isaac gradually increased the pressure and pressed his soles against each other a little more each time. At the same time, the Siamese cat was constantly flexing its toes, and as Spark wasn't too far from the section of toes that were located just a little higher than his current position, he could even see the muscles and tendons of Isaac's feet moving, reflecting every movement of the cat's toes.

At the same time, the movement and flexing of Isaac's muscles were what would ultimately save the little micro from the imminent danger of being crushed, as he could use the small spaces and ridges on the sole to crawl towards his goal. It was a good strategy that had everything to succeed, although it was painful and as dangerous as it was, since Spark had to synchronize his timing with the movement of Isaac's toes. A misplaced position and at the wrong time, and the fox could have had one of his body members squeezed or even crushed by a tendon flexing or a muscle contracting.

Fortunately, Spark could breathe a sigh of relief when his fragile and tiny head popped out between two of Isaac's toes. From the micro's point of view, the space that existed between two of Isaac's toes was overwhelming, perhaps because most of his body was still trapped under the sole of the mattress of Isaac's bed.

"Isaac!!! Here! I made it!"

Spark yelled, with his head still trapped between the sweaty toes of Isaac, even as he could see that apparently the giant Siamese feline was beginning to work on his penis. Not long after, the cat's paws relaxed and moved apart, leaving the small passenger,

now covered in sweat from the soles, slightly dazed on the mattress. Looking to the north, the fox had an unobstructed view of the immense valley formed by the space between the two thighs of the naked body of the feline.

Isaac's penis, now almost fully erect and pulsing with desire, inviting the micro in an alluring manner, while its owner lightly ran his fingers over its surface from bottom to top. Spark could barely contain his desire to travel between the thighs of Isaac and throw himself towards the feline's balls, climbing that hard roll in an attempt to do everything possible to excite the giant man. After a few moments of admiration and composing himself, the fox finally mustered the courage to ask.

"Are... are you... can I...?"

But before the micro could finish his sentence, the effeminate feline was already smiling at him from the other end of the bed and interrupting him saying.

"YOU'RE MAKING ME WAIT TOO LONG ~"

Isaac responded, at the same time moving a finger to the bottom of his soft testicles and gently caressing and scratching them.

Spark moved nimbly through the hills formed by the bedsheets, while at the same time the space between the pair of legs on either side of him narrowed. But, the micro had only one goal in mind; to turn the hip of his master. And, it didn't take long, he found himself surrounded by the inner thighs of the cat and face to face with the feline's balls. As expected, the body heat of Isaac was noticeable, being so confined between his thighs, at the same time the musk smell was also strong; however, it was very different from the aroma that the Spark had been exposed to while playing between the legs of the young boy. Here, the smell was infinitely more virile and masculine, mixed with naturally produced ball sweat in the region along with the now light scent of pre-cum that had already begun to drip from the head of Isaac's penis, hanging directly above, fully erect.

Isaac considered teasing his new toy once more, but he was taken by surprise. Spark had been quicker, and before the feline could say a word, the small fox found himself rubbing his face right in the middle of the feline's balls. The sensation was simply too good - the softness, the warmth, and the aroma that emanated from that sac held Spark's attention completely. He didn't even notice the feminine moans that his master let out

above or the moment when a shadow fell over him. Isaac's hand came down slowly to finish what it had started, not caring about any micro that might be in its way.

Spark was taken aback, suddenly he felt an immense pressure coming towards his back as one of Isaac's fingers pressed him firmly against the testicles in front of him. The air was knocked out of his lungs, and as he tried to take a deep breath to recover, he was surprised by a handful of ball sweat entering his throat below, leaving a salty taste in his mouth. Immediately after that, the poor micro was dragged upwards along with the fingers, as if he were a sponge being used to soak up the excess sweat from the feline's groin. Spark could even hear the sound of great pleasure being churned inside the testicles that he was being pressed against.

Suddenly, with the rough action, the poor micro was rubbed, almost crushed, and his face grazed against the hot, pulsating, and hard veins that ran along the side of the feline's penis. The strong musk formed a thick mist that penetrated the snout of the micro fox, while at the same time he could feel the pulse and beat of the young giant's heart through his veins. With just a simple movement of his hand, Isaac was able to rub the tiny micro along the entire length of his roll, making sure to use his thumb to press Spark's face against his foreskin.

Spark could feel his own small roll struggling against the warm muscle that was the feline's roll, and at the same time, he noticed the muscles in Isaac's penis becoming harder, turning into hard rock. All of this, combined with the excessive heat and the increasingly loud moans, indicated that the hot masculine cannon was about to fire. But not before Isaac took advantage of the opportunity to constantly rub the small body of the poor Spark against his foreskin, covering his face in warm, viscous pre-cum that ended up covering his entire body from head to toe. He even pressed Spark's face directly against the slit of his urethra, allowing the micro to see firsthand the torrent of pre-cum that emerged from the muscular tube of his interior, about to become much more viscous and dense.

And as always, without warning, just moments before feeling the first hot stream Isaac moved the micro to the tip of his roll and used his thumb to press it firmly against the fissure until Spark felt a hot and viscous jet of semen enter his mouth and descend his throat, instantly filling his stomach with the masculine essence of the kitten. Most of the stream spilled out of the sides of the micro's face, covering his entire body with hot pleasure. The second stream, as Isaac's fingers were already too sticky, caused the poor micro to slip and fall back onto the bed between the giant cat's thighs. After the second, four more long streams of hot semen followed, coating the micro and leaving him completely covered in white and scattered in the middle of the cat's feminine hips.

Isaac remained lying down for a while, enjoying his afterglow and momentarily forgetting the presence of the small micro between his legs, allowing Spark to observe the glorious dick of the cat pulsing and gradually becoming soft and deflated until the tip, still dripping with pleasure, pointed towards his person as the penis eventually returned to its resting position on the pair of balls of the feminine cat. And almost as if he couldn't get enough, the feline took advantage of the situation by crawling along the bed, spreading himself out quite comfortably and positioning his face directly below and close to the tip of the cat's penis again, providing a view from an angle that made the curvature of the giant's penis resemble that of a monumental rock formation, even when flaccid.

However, this behavior would prove disastrously wrong, as the cat would soon move. The contraction of the inner thigh and hip muscles of the cat should have served as a warning to the micro, but the rapeseed failed to react in time. In a simple and casual action, the cat sat up in bed, causing the head of his penis to press against the bed and anything in its path, including the head of the Spark. With a low moan of pleasure, the head of the micro slipped into the urethra and passed through the still moist and lubricated fissure, the scent of his entire being being tenfold more potent than any other virile male scent that the Spark had ever smelled. The cat simply let out a relatively high moan of pleasure as he felt his toy, now with the head enclosed in his roll. But soon the giant cat moved his right hand and, with great delicacy, released the poor micro from his prison of pure musk and drying cum.

"I THINK YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS EVEN MORE THAN ME~"

The booming voice of the femboy said with a provocative tone and a subtle, light laugh at the end of the sentence, as Spark was once again lifted up to eye level with Isaac. Once again meeting the penetrating gaze of the feline, this time covered in bodily fluids.

"MAYBE I HAVE TIME... BEFORE THE BATH..."

Isaac argued, more as if he was arguing with himself than paying attention to the micro in his grasp. Spark, on the other hand, was confused. After all, what was there to do before the bath? But soon the micro fox had his answers as Isaac slowly opened his mouth.

The immense soft lips of the feline, covered in dark purple lipstick, parted to reveal the interior of his warm, wet mouth. A gust of hot air, carrying a considerable amount of moisture, hit the winged fox full on between his fingers. A long, soft tongue, covered in saliva that formed small pockets of warm saliva here and there, moved slowly and

gracefully in front of Spark, almost as if it was eager and at the same time inviting the micro to enter its domain. And in fact, it didn't take long for the small fox to feel a slight jolt as Isaac brought his fingers, carrying the toy towards his mouth, closer to it.

But, to the surprise of the predator itself, as soon as the paws of its little toy touched its lips, the micro itself jumped into its mouth, falling chest first onto its tongue, enveloping it and even slipping on the lipstick covering its lips, causing it to cut its ankle on its sharp lower fangs. Isaac, for his part, simply let out a light laugh as he closed and sealed his lips.

Now from within the interior of the giant's mouth, the sound of the feline's voice was infinitely more powerful, reaching the point where even a mere laugh was capable of forcing Spark to use his hands to cover his ears.

"YOU ARE DEFINITELY THE MOST WILLING TOY I'VE EVER HAD~ THIS IS GOOD~"

The cat said without a care in the world for Spark's well-being, now that the micro was inside its mouth and would be bombarded directly by its voice. At the same time, the young man got out of bed, still completely naked, and began to walk towards the bathroom to take a bath. But not before passing by the nightstand in his room and picking up the shrink ray, taking it with him to the bathroom.

Spark could feel the movement of Isaac's body and even the tremors and jolts caused by the impact of his huge paws against the ground, even though they were considerably far from them. In addition to the feline body movement, the micro fox had to deal with the movement of the tongue, as the giant muscle played with his body, easily tossing him back and forth inside the warm and wet mouth of the giant. There were moments when Spark was flattened against one of Isaac's cheeks and then brutally thrown to the other side just to be flattened against the other cheek. All of this while he was wrapped in a layer of hot, wet saliva constantly produced by the felines' salivary glands. For Isaac, it was like he was enjoying a candy in his mouth, perhaps a little too salty due to the fact that the micro was covered from head to toe in his own ecstasy. But Isaac wasn't complaining.

In some moments, Spark would be pressed flat against the sky of Isaac's mouth, in others he would be rubbed against the cat's teeth, dangerously close to the rows of white, sharp teeth that adorned the entire mouth of that carnivore. From the outside, if Isaac had any roommate, all the roommate could see would be the beautiful and thoughtful face of Isaac as he apparently moved a piece of candy in his mouth back and

forth. Carrying with him a towel, shrink ray, and some shampoo and cream bottles to ensure that his fur would smell good, sedated, and fluffy when he came out of the bathroom. Indeed, Isaac's thoughtful expression was justified, as he was still deciding what to do with his toy in his mouth.

Entering his bathroom, the cat began to use his tongue to provoke more of his micro. Using the muscular taste buds in his mouth with mastery, Isaac began to rub and caress the intimate region of Spark. Positioning the fox in such a way that the tip of his tongue could easily reach his balls while at the same time rubbing and licking the head of his penis with the tip of his tongue. The fox, on the other hand, simply used his arms to hold on and hug the daring tongue, positioning his face towards the dark and somber throat of Isaac. At all times, absurd amounts of saliva flowed towards the dark cat's throat, to the point that eventually Isaac was forced to swallow, allowing the Spark to see the muscles of his trachea contract momentarily before opening again, exhaling a strong burst of hot air directly from the giant's lungs. Not to mention the powerful sound of GULP! Characteristic every time Isaac swallowed.

For some strange reason, every time Spark witnessed the events unfolding before his eyes, he felt an intense excitement. This caused his small penis to grow even harder and press more firmly against the tip of the tongue that was excessively rubbing against it. It didn't take long before Isaac could feel a salty peak at the tip of his tongue, similar to the moment when a bursting bubble finally releases its filling and flows over the tongue. Spark had reached his orgasm, a pleasurable one at that, to the point where the fox even hugged tightly against the tongue of the giant feline and arched backwards as if trying to penetrate the tongue.

"MUUHHH!!!"

The wet and dark world of the fox trembled with the low and soft moan released by the feline as it judged the taste of its prey, as if it were a judge on one of those TV shows.

"NOT BAD, BUT COULD BE BETTER~"

Isaac responded, shaking the small micro in his mouth as his tongue needed to move to form the words, but Spark was still clinging to it. However, this was nothing compared to what the feline had planned for the small fox, he didn't know that yet; but, he was about to get even smaller. Much smaller! Orders of magnitude smaller!

Using the steel frame of the box, Isaac opened his mouth and using the reflection on the steel as a guide, pointed the tip of his shrink ray at the micro still enjoying its afterglow on his tongue. At that moment, Isaac remembered why it was a good idea to make the ray waterproof, he never thought he would use that feature, but now he was. Spark, didn't have time to react properly, as in an instant he felt that terrible pain again, inherent to the shrinking process, and in the next second, he opened his eyes only to find himself in a completely alien landscape.

Spark looked around, feeling complete confusion. It took him a few moments to realize that he was now lying in the same position as before, but beneath him was now the vast and powerful expanse of a single taste bud amidst a true forest of identical taste buds, similar to those that permeated the extension of the feline's tongue. It was a breathtaking landscape, combined with the immense columns of saliva in the distance connecting the tongue to the mouth's ceiling, which looked like static waterfalls from the tiny perspective of the small micro now. Spark couldn't tell for sure, but it was highly probable that he was now so small that it would be impossible to see him with the naked eye!

And, quite suddenly, the light that illuminated the world of the microscopic Spark vanished! The feline's lips closed, leaving the fox in a profound darkness, unable to see even a few centimeters in front of his view. He was left with only the sound of the internal bodily functions of the giant cat's body until... RUUMMBLE!!

The entire continent where Spark found himself was shifting! It was Isaac's tongue! It was in motion! All this happening just before the small fox could feel the vibration of Isaac's vocal cords, or even before the sound generated by them reached his body, or the blast of hot air, which, before was already powerful, now was like a worse tornado that Spark had ever had to face in his entire life.

"THE CHALLENGE IS SIMPLE~ YOUR WHITE TASTE LEFT A BITTER TASTE IN MY MOUTH, I WILL HAVE TO DRINK A LITTLE WATER DUE TO THAT. LUCKY FOR ME I AM IN THE BATHROOM AND THEREFORE I JUST HAVE TO OPEN MY MOUTH AND SWALLOW~"

Isaac said in a calm, soft, and measured way as always. But, from the point of view of someone microscopic and lost inside his mouth, such as Spark at that exact moment, thanks to the tremendous darkness of the interior of the mouth, the fox had no way of telling, but with just the simple act of pronouncing the first sibilants of the first words, Spark had already been moved kilometers across the extension of the giant's tongue, ending up landing in the space between two taste buds.

It was as if he was in a huge valley, a geological fault surrounded by the base of two walls made of pure flesh that formed the taste buds of Isaac around him. No matter how hard Spark tried or rubbed against those walls specifically designed to taste things, the owner of them would never even feel a small sample of his body or notice the presence of his body now. It was frightening to notice his insignificance, but at the same time, the fox felt satisfied and full of tension for feeling so insignificant and merciful before the giant cat.

However, shortly after finishing his sentence, the light enveloped the interior of the cat's mouth again. Isaac opened his mouth and, as promised, tilted his neck up in such a way as to position his mouth in the direction of the water. Gently sticking his tongue out, Spark was left to hear and observe, more to hear than to see given his location, the first droplets of hot water coming from the shower hitting the tip of Isaac's tongue and starting to flow towards his mouth. An action that would soon accumulate, forming an effect that in a few seconds would have the cat's giant mouth full, forcing Isaac to close it in fear that the water might leak and ruin what his toy could do by going down the drain and heading for the sewer.

Already inside his master's mouth, Spark could now swim freely, or at least try to. He was completely unable to fight against the overwhelming currents that made his insignificant body bounce from one side to the other, sometimes hitting the soft structures of the mouth like tongue, gums, and sometimes hitting the hard structures like teeth. Every time he ended up hitting a couple of teeth, he was forced to let out a painful cry because the impact was strong and painful, and the teeth were massive. The owners of those teeth, on the other hand, didn't feel anything at all.

Spark knew it was only a matter of time before he found himself on the way to his master's stomach now. Perhaps this time, given his insignificant size, his stature in the cat's stomach would be extremely short, the simple act of coming into direct contact with the acidic stomach juices of such a huge and powerful being could dissolve his tiny existence in the blink of an eye. But fate had different plans for the microscopic fox. And in the instant that the cat got tired of playing with the amount of water it had collected in its mouth, Isaac simply swallowed.

The action was simple but powerful. With just two powerful gulps, all the content inside his mouth had been drained, including his tiny passenger/toy. Spark didn't get swallowed right away, but his attempts to move towards the surface were futile and frustrating. Basically, despite all his efforts, the powerful difference in pressure caused by the diaphragm of such a colossally giant being dragged the insignificant micro towards the depths of that lake of hot water mixed with saliva.

In the second gulp, the fox had no chance. The entire lake he was immersed in had been swallowed whole! Spark passed through the powerful muscular walls of Isaac's throat in such a way that he didn't even feel it. The journey towards the cat's stomach was fast! In just a few puny seconds, the kitten had already passed through the sphincter that sealed the entrance to the stomach of the giant where he should have fallen headfirst into a pool of acid. But instead, Spark fell into a surprisingly soft, fluffy, and chocolate-scented surface?...

Cupcake! Or at least a piece of what remained of it, Spark had landed quite high. High above one of the giant chocolate droplets from an undigested cupcake that floated in the giant's stomach, along with an ocean of vodka and all the drinks they had consumed at the bar together. The cupcake being the last thing Isaac had eaten while still working.

"Looks like I'm lucky... Ahhhh!"

THUMP! THUMP!

But luck is fleeting for a micro, as soon as Isaac finished his bath and began walking to his room, each step was like an earthquake that caused the sea of alcohol in his stomach to become violently agitated. Fortunately, Spark wasn't thrown out of the surface of the cupcake due to being so small that he became stuck to the sticky sweetness that seemed to be made entirely of sugar. This allowed the tiny fox to watch as enormous waves of acid formed and crashed against the walls of the stomach with each step, constantly reminding him that if even a single drop of that acid touched him, it would be the end!

And it didn't take long for Isaac to finish drying off, refreshing himself, and getting ready for bed. Isaac jumped into bed in a lively manner without realizing that this would be the end of his tiny toy in his stomach; as the piece of cupcake that had briefly saved Spark's life would be completely submerged in acid as soon as Isaac's body hit the bed. Spark was immediately dissolved into a small cloud that would mix with the sea of alcohol and acid that inevitably would be absorbed by the giant feline's body.

Tired and completely naked in his bed, the Siamese cat looked up at the dark ceiling of his room with half-open eyes as he thought about his toy in his stomach struggling to survive the acid. He spoke to himself before falling asleep.

"See you in a week~"

The end.