

Curiosity Shrunk The Cat

(Story commission)

Part 3

Sébastien climbed the stairs of his small loft, his black leather jacket a size too small for his frame squeezing his torso. In one hand, he carried a croissant filled with melted cheese and ham, and in the other, a glass of chilled blackcurrant juice. The orange-furred bat with white inner fur struggled to adjust his large, thick-lensed glasses that completed his look as a typical, nerdy twink.

Even before opening the door to his room, while still on the stairs, the lean, well-maintained, somewhat anemic-looking bat could hear the sound of his friend Isaac grumbling aloud to himself. Sébastien might not have much luck finding a relationship; his introverted personality and love of reading ensured he spent most of his time alone in the dim confines of his rented loft, entertaining himself with books or listening to electronic music as usual. However, this lack of luck in relationships was balanced by his metabolism. One could say that Sébastien had the greatest luck in the world! The ability to eat anything he wanted, in any quantity, without gaining weight! His Siamese cat, Isaac, whom Sébastien considered a long-time good friend, envied him for this. The bat could always be seen at his study desk with a snack or drink in hand. From fast food to sweets, it seemed the bat ate as much as a small group of newly graduated interns.

And while Sébastien could hear his friend grumbling from a distance as he tinkered with the strange device he had brought for the bat to help analyze, Isaac, on the other hand, could smell the melted cheese oozing from the croissant in the bat's hand. It wouldn't be long before Sébastien nudged the door open with his elbows and entered the room.

"I'm back, brought a croissant. Want a bite?" the bat asked, placing his juice on the nearby side table to close the door, turning his back to the Siamese cat who was almost sweating after hours of prodding and examining the mysterious small orb that had shrunk him months ago and which he still understood very little about.

"No, I'm fine. Though your croissant smells good."

"Now that you said you're fine, I'm not sharing anymore."

Sébastien responded playfully, having already closed the door to the apartment building's hallway, bringing his third snack of the day to the table near Isaac.

"Still haven't figured anything out?"

"No..."

Isaac replied in a tone of defeat, leaning over the cluttered desk and letting out a deep sigh that spoke volumes about his level of frustration and exhaustion.

"Have you thought about taking a break? You've been here for two days and haven't taken your eyes off that polished steel ball."

The bat said as he walked towards the corridor leading to the bathroom in his loft.

"We've tried everything, really. Voltage tests, electromagnetic scans, radiation checks—nothing! It's almost as if this orb has a mind of its own."

It was quite noticeable from Sébastien's tone how much he didn't fully believe in the adventure Isaac had recounted, despite Nadyle, Jang, and everyone else involved confirming the story about this small, innocuous-looking object having the power to shrink people to microscopic scales. Despite this, Sébastien wasn't against the cause of micro rights; he was simply indifferent. More out of skepticism mixed with a sense that he hadn't been given much proof to support such claims. If only he could see the entire miniature city that the activist dragon couple had managed to build in the hidden basement of their apartment.

Feeling defeated and inclined to accept his friend's suggestion, Isaac decided to pick up the small sphere that appeared to be made of polished steel. At least the cat, with the bat's help, had concluded that whatever material it was, it certainly wasn't steel. Gosh, Sébastien even doubted that material existed on their periodic table. However, as he lifted the small sphere from its pedestal and brought it close to his eyes, as if staring into it to convey all his frustration, the object reacted.

A beam of blue light could be seen as the Siamese cat felt the sphere heat up around his fingers, a heat so intense that Isaac dropped it immediately. But, to his surprise, the sphere didn't fall. Instead, it remained floating right in front of his face. The slender, fit-

looking cat was terrified; yet, he found himself unable to scream or react. His curiosity was so overwhelming that all he could do was stand still and stare at the strange object as it began to unfold, forming circles with steel meshes that rotated around it like planetary orbits.

Witnessing this scene unfold before his eyes, the twink feline's blue pupils dilated! And just in time, because the next moment, the metallic object now floating in front of his face started projecting images into the air like holograms. A series of symbols dynamically and constantly changing appeared in mid-air. It was impossible for Isaac to discern exactly what he was looking at; but one thing he could notice was that not only was the information on display changing and updating constantly, but the language in which it was being projected was also shifting. It seemed that the metallic orb was searching for the perfect language—it was trying to communicate with Isaac! Could this be the result of the cat's deep frustration and dissatisfaction transmitted after days of fruitless work? It didn't matter, because soon, and for a brief moment, the metallic sphere hit the mark.

For a single, fleeting instant, the information projected in the air was displayed in English! In that moment, Isaac had to be quick to read and memorize as much information as possible, fearing that the sphere might switch languages again and he would miss something crucial, as the device was displaying information so rapidly that it was hard to read or even comprehend. All the cat could make out were details related to what seemed to be the serial number of the sphere: ZX-9876543-EFGH and the current scale ratio of the sphere compared to standard values. Admittedly, Isaac wasn't good with numbers; he wished Sébastien were here now to help him with this, but the bat had gone to the bathroom. Despite that, if the feline's understanding was correct, based on the numerical relations and info presented by the sphere itself, there were more than 25 million spheres like this one, and the second factor was the most alarming.

It appeared that this current size was not the actual scale of the object. In fact, the sphere seemed to be over a hundred times smaller than its real size. If such information were true, not only did the device manipulate size, but in its "normal" size, it would be larger than the tallest buildings in a major metropolis! It was an overwhelming amount of information for the confused feline to process all at once, and yet, a new detail was about to be introduced into this informational chaos: sound! Yes, upon letting out a small gasp of surprise, Isaac saw how the object reacted to his sounds.

At first, this made the feline believe that this piece of technology, apparently alien, could react to sounds. But, without realizing that the sphere was still in the process of learning his language, the fact that it reacted to sounds caused it to execute commands in an unintended manner. The final straw was when Sébastien, even offstage, let out a great sigh of relief from the end of the corridor, finally home and able to relieve himself

in his bathroom. Sébastien's relaxed sigh, different in tone from the cat's startled gasp, made the alien technology interpret this action as an affirmative command. And before Isaac could react to anything, his world was receding, his body tingling with an intensity he remembered all too well! Isaac was shrinking!

Falling through the air from a height that no longer corresponded to his current size, Isaac managed to notice a small array of details before his tiny body met the hardwood floor of Sébastien's loft. Among them was his friend's desk, now expanding into a vast, nearly endless expanse. Even the croissant that the bat had left on the table seemed, with its crispy, flaky exterior, to be made of pure concrete when viewed from Isaac's diminutive perspective in freefall. But the worst part was seeing the sphere, which he had been holding, replicate its previous behavior. The advanced technological orb had shrunk to match the scale of its last user and had landed squarely in the middle of the melted cheese oozing from the croissant's tip, the very croissant Sébastien was so eager to devour upon returning from his personal affairs in the bathroom.

Thud! With a hollow, hard thud, the Siamese cat, now no larger than a worker ant, landed face-first on the hard, cold, and relatively dusty wooden floor of his friend's apartment. Calling that loft an apartment would be more appropriate given its reduced size, but with today's high rent prices, Sébastien couldn't be blamed for the lack of space in his dwelling. However, he could definitely be blamed for not sweeping the floor occasionally; though he did sweep, it was just that the feline had become too small and too close to the ground to notice all the details he never would have dreamed of noticing before, like the dust bunnies scattered under and around the leg of the desk he had been leaning over moments earlier.

Disoriented and with his heart pounding, Isaac couldn't believe he was living through the same situation again! Shrunk to a minuscule size and worse yet, knowing that the device capable of returning him to normal size could accidentally be swallowed and digested by his friend without Sébastien even realizing it! The urgency to formulate a plan struck Isaac's mind, but at that moment, his thoughts were abruptly interrupted by a loud, overwhelming noise.

The distant yet continuous sound that reminded Isaac of a waterfall could be heard from afar! Colossal amounts of liquid seemed to be pouring from somewhere, impacting more liquid. The answer was obvious: Sébastien was simply relieving himself in the bathroom, emptying his bladder, which now would seem like draining an entire pond of pure urine from the tiny feline's perspective. Just hearing the sound of the giant bat urinating in the distance was enough to push the miniature cat's anxiety to the limit! A being capable of producing such an amount of liquid with his body and expelling it at such speed could only be considered a god or a divine entity. Immediately, Isaac swept these thoughts from his conscious mind. No matter what, the micro feline knew he

couldn't succumb to the desire to accept subjugation by beings who, though titanic and mighty, were just as ordinary as himself.

However, before Isaac could successfully banish these thoughts from his mind, the ground around and beneath his feet began to tremble. At first, it was a single distant tremor, but it was soon followed by another, closer and more intense. A sequence of repetitive, precisely spaced tremors indicated that the now gigantic Sébastien was returning from the bathroom! The internal tension within Isaac only increased; the tiny feline knew he didn't have time to devise a master plan! **THUD!** With each step, the giant bat drew closer, and knowing Sébastien, the only thing on his mind was that as soon as he stood before his worktable, he would grab his cheese croissant and take a big bite, likely consuming the only device capable of returning the tiny, shrunken feline to normal size!

THUD! Just thinking about this possibility left poor Isaac terrified. But unfortunately, his time was running out, as a powerful and impactful earthquake marked the entrance of the tip of Sébastien's left boot seconds before the rest of his body emerged from the corridor. The twink, now elevated to a colossal scale, casually and presumptuously entered the main room of his loft. Not even for a second did it cross the bat's mind that his friend, who had been standing exactly where he was headed, could be shrunk to a minuscule size and left at his feet, forced to view and admire his body from a completely different perspective.

Indeed, it was a new perspective experienced by few! Even fewer individuals could claim to have witnessed what Isaac was about to witness and live to tell the tale. To date, the number of individuals who had escaped such a scenario and encounter alive was zero. Sébastien had been elevated to the status of a god, a titan, and absurdly glorious. His orange fur swayed gently in the breeze generated by his own movements, tensing and relaxing with each stride of the divine bat. The fishnet stockings that covered his muscular thighs stretched to their limits with each step of the nerdy twink.

But none of this was the primary focus of the ant-sized feline's attention. No, Isaac's focus was squarely on the ground, or more precisely, on the colossal pair of boots marching across the wooden floor, crushing anything insignificant enough to be ignored in their path. Thanks to the old wooden floor and his new diminutive size, Isaac could hear the colossal weight of the bat being distributed across the vast expanse of the boot's sole. It began with the powerful, thunderous impact of the heel against the floor, followed by the strong sound of massive amounts of air being displaced, ending with the toe colliding with the floor. And just when Isaac thought the worst was over, there was a series of subtle tremors emanating from the impact's epicenter, resulting simply from the weight of the beautiful and gigantic bat boy's body being displaced through his

center of mass. All this happened in a single instant, summarized by the simple act of "taking a step forward."

This was what the tiny Siamese cat was witnessing—the simple act of his bat friend taking a step forward. An act that would repeat, and repeat, as the distance between them, though enormous from Isaac's perspective, decreased until the colossal, filthy sole of the giant bat's left boot hovered in the air, dominating the sky! Dust and dirt rained down from the sole, but fortunately, it wasn't on a collision course with the tiny Isaac. **KABOOM!!!** A powerful explosion left Isaac momentarily deaf, followed by an earthquake that toppled him over, accompanied by a strong gust of air that carried him away. When the tiny Siamese cat finally stopped rolling, he found himself lying on his back, with a full view of the magnificent expanse of the gigantic bat's body.

The bat's tall boots resembled imposing buildings from the feline's perspective, extending to the giant's knees. In total, Sébastien must have easily reached half a dozen miles in height. The view of Sébastien's lower body was completely unobstructed beneath the short black mini skirt, which complemented the rest of his slightly gothic, shy nerd look. Isaac could see a colorful thong, snugly and tightly wrapped around the bat's body, particularly his male genitalia. The colorful thong seemed to match the pride month theme. Despite the immense and absurd distance, Isaac could swear he saw a drop of what he could only assume to be urine marking the tip of the bulge, where Sébastien's tip would be resting at this exact moment.

Indeed, the situation left Isaac exhilarated, to behold his friend's body at such a magnitude, while being just a step away from being crushed by the soles of his enormous feet, located in the space between the two giant bat feet and completely below his line of sight, as if he were utterly insignificant. As if he were nothing. And although Isaac could see no further than the bat's waist, his view of Sébastien's upper body completely obstructed by his gothic mini skirt, the view he had was still awe-inspiring. After all, the tiny, insignificant micro could see every muscle pulsating with the mere adjusting of the bat's posture and rebalancing of his weight, and not only see but feel, as inevitably these muscle adjustments in his legs were distributed through his body via the soles of the feet to the ground around him; translating into small, gentle tremors that constantly reminded the cat of the tons of weight each sole of those boots implemented against the ground.

Everything was unfolding wonderfully until a deep, loud sound so profound that it even shook the bones inside the feline's body snapped Isaac back to reality. This was nothing less than the consequence of Sébastien speaking up above, a couple of miles up, the giant bat's mouth opening to utter the phrase, **“ISAAC? WHERE DID YOU GO, KITTY?”**

From Isaac's perspective, with his shrunken, diminutive ears, this same sentence was equivalent to torture due to the high decibel power added to Sébastien's voice now. The adrenaline rushing through the feline's veins was so immense that the micro could see the subtle movements of the giant bat hovering above, Sébastien looking from side to side, as if in slow motion. Even knowing that slow motion was a concept from the realm of fiction and not corresponding to reality. Despite everything, Isaac knew that all was not lost; all he needed to do was shout upwards towards the titanic bat boy's ears, and he was sure that Sébastien would be able not only to hear but also recognize his tiny, miserable voice, even from what amounted to miles in distance from the ground to the top of Sébastien's head.

Indeed, those ears, more effective than military radar systems, which the bat called his own, would be capable of hearing the screams of despair from the small, astonished micro, that is if Isaac dared to open his mouth to emit any sound, since so far his desire for a death wish spoke louder, and all he could do was stand still on the ground in blind admiration for the colossal body of his dear friend. When finally the tiny micro seemed to have gathered the necessary strength to make his first attempt at communicating with the bat, Isaac saw something that left him paralyzed with fear.

After receiving no reply, and seeing no one around, Sébastien decided it was best to call Isaac or at least send messages to inquire if he was alright. But not before finishing off the cheese croissant he had left on his desk minutes ago—after all, it would be a crime to let that croissant wait and cool any longer than necessary, and Isaac could wait.

Little did Sébastien know that Isaac was indeed waiting, yet closer than the nerdy bat could possibly imagine. From down below, the micro feline could see everything, his heart beating so fiercely that he saw in slow motion Sébastien's right hand lifting a napkin-wrapped croissant that was essentially the size of an entire city! Slowly, the bat brought the snack close to his face, his triangular nose typical of his species capturing and eagerly inhaling the delicious aroma of melted white cheese, which made his stomach rumble in anticipation. Soon, and quite casually, the moist lips of the youthful bat parted to allow his white, sharp teeth—large as buildings—to be revealed to the world, and with no ceremony, these same teeth crunched into the crispy coating of the croissant, resulting in all the melted cheese at the tip being expelled into the damp, moist confines of the bat's mouth, which savored the flavor of the snack. Sébastien had no idea that at that very moment, he held in his mouth the only device possibly capable of bringing his friend back to the world of titanic beings regarded as having normal sizes, like himself.

A couple of miles below, Isaac could observe, even though his vision was partially obstructed by the hem of the twink's mini-skirt, how the giant bat boy's lips drew long threads of melted white cheese from the croissant. Each of those threads of cheese

seemed to possess the thickness, and perhaps even the weight and rigidity, of a strong steel cable if compared to the poor and tiny Isaac. Yet, the feline was left to watch how effortlessly the enormous bat boy could pull and stretch those powerful “steel cables” to their limits! The melted cheese yielded and eventually broke, hanging from Sébastien’s lower lips only to be swiftly pulled inside by the deft, almost involuntary movements of his tongue.

Soon, Sébastien began to chew his snack, cementing in the feline’s mind the certainty that the shrink orb was now being crushed between the giant twink’s powerful and sharp teeth. Though on the ground and between the feet of the titanic being, the tiny feline could almost clearly see the giant bat boy’s powerful jaws at work; moving up and down for what seemed like an eternity from Isaac’s perspective until finally, without any ceremony, Sébastien sent the mass of dough and cheese down his throat. It formed a small bulge against the walls of his esophagus, only to be cruelly squeezed by the muscular walls and sent to the depths of his stomach—all without the giant bat boy having the slightest idea of what was happening around him.

At that moment, Isaac, terrified by everything he had just witnessed, realized he had to act immediately. It was now or never, especially as he saw the titanic twink above his horizon move again! Casually and effortlessly, Sébastien grabbed a glass of juice containing countless liters of cold beverage and lifted it from the table as if it weighed nothing. Watching this scene unfold from miles below, Isaac knew that if there was any chance his strange device had survived the bat boy’s chewing and had not been swallowed, that chance would be washed away to the depths of Sébastien’s stomach the moment the gigantic twink took a sip of that drink. Without further hesitation, Isaac raised his hands to his mouth and immediately shouted with all the force his tiny lungs could muster.

“SÉBASTIEN!!! STOP!!! DON’T TAKE A SIP OF THAT JUICE!!!”

The young nerd nearly jumped out of his skin. The bat boy’s keen and sensitive hearing was something to envy, and even though the tiny feline had been reduced to a minuscule size, the simple act of shouting was almost like he had screamed directly into the boy’s ear. Instinctively, Sébastien looked behind him, expecting to find a ghost or his friend; the first thought that came to mind was the possibility that Isaac had hidden somewhere just to scare him. But that possibility vanished as his giant eyes scanned the space behind him only to find the room empty once again. Sébastien was momentarily disconcerted by the strange situation that had arisen; he could have sworn he had heard his friend’s voice telling him not to drink the juice, loud and clear. But his eyes insisted he was alone in the main room of his loft.

The bat boy glanced at the glass of juice in his hand for a moment, seeing nothing unusual about it, and then moved his lips to say, **“ISAAC?...”**

Unaware of the tiny feline below him, Sébastien's booming voice was torturing Isaac. **"YES, SÉBASTIEN, IT'S ME! STOP DEAFENING ME!"**

"OH, YES, OF COURSE I'M NOT SHOUTING. WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH ME?" Although Sébastien couldn't see the feline, bats have an exceptional sense of geolocation, and his acute hearing played a major role. In other words, Sébastien had a clear sense that Isaac's voice was coming from directly beneath him... but how? Sébastien found himself momentarily denying the reality of the situation. Meanwhile, Isaac was at a loss for how to explain his humiliating and minuscule predicament to his giant friend, especially when he was positioned between Sébastien's feet, where each minor adjustment of the bat boy's posture could have massive consequences.

"ISAAC, LET'S PLAY SOMETHING ELSE? THIS IS GETTING BORING. ALSO, CAN YOU PLEASE STOP YELLING? THIS IS GETTING ON MY NERVES."

At that very moment, the giant twink lifted his boot, which had been dangerously close to Isaac. For Sébastien, it was a simple action, intended to express his annoyance and frustration. He was merely preparing to cross his arms and stomp his foot in irritation, utterly unaware that doing so could reduce his precious friend to a mere red stain on the dark gray sole of his black boot. Isaac immediately started to speak the obvious, trying to control his volume to avoid making the giant bat boy even more agitated. The last thing a micro wants is to be in the presence of a gigantic, powerful, and irate macro. **"Sébastien!!! Look down, for God's sake!!!"**

Almost instinctively, Sébastien's caramel eyes were drawn downward. He scanned the dusty wooden floor that hadn't been polished in years and looked beneath himself beyond the triangular nose bridge of his snout. He saw some dust clusters here and there, as well as a few screws scattered on the ground. When he looked between the soles of his feet, he noticed something... Was that an insect? It was shining, jumping up and down... and suddenly the young nerd put two and two together. Isaac saw Sébastien's entire facial expression and body language change immediately.

The orange-and-white-furred bat twink, who had been smiling a forced smile, convinced his friend was playing a trick on him, suddenly had his mouth drop open and eyes widen. His right arm, which had been resting on his waist, and his left arm, which

had been hanging loosely by his side, both shot up to cover his snout in a clear display of horror and indignation, confirmed by his exclamation. **"ISAAC!!! IS THAT YOU DOWN THERE? WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?!"**

Sébastien's voice, though still strong and thunderous, softened considerably, becoming gentler and more compassionate. Yet before the tiny feline could respond, the ground around him began to tremble once more. This time, the vibrations were far more intense, despite Sébastien's boots remaining firmly planted on the floor. Looking up, Isaac realized the giant was crouching, likely to get a better view of his minuscule friend. Little did Sébastien know that by doing so, he was bringing his immense body, particularly his lower half, infinitely closer to Isaac's field of vision.

Not that Isaac was complaining; quite the contrary. It was a breathtaking sight. The young bat's thighs, especially the inner ones, tensed up, the muscles bulging and testing the limits of the fishnet stockings he wore. The focal point, the masculine volume of Sébastien, now swung gently, hovering just above Isaac's head, so close that the micro could even feel the slight change in temperature caused by the proximity of another man's manhood.

A moment of silence settled between the giant and the micro, as both needed time to adjust to the new reality of their size disparity. Despite being gigantic and massive now, Sébastien still emanated an aura of timidity and introversion, to the extent that Isaac, despite knowing that even a drop of Sébastien's saliva could drown him, felt he could still command the giant bat. However, it was safer not to try; what if the twink realized his almost infinite power over the existence and tiny world of his micro friend?

"MY GOSH! ISAAC! WAS IT THAT ORB THAT DID THIS TO YOU?!"

"Sébastien, please control your voice! And to answer your question, of course, it was the orb! What else could it have been?" Isaac spoke with a huff, understandably so. After all, Isaac wasn't having a good start to his day. In fact, the cat was so agitated that he momentarily forgot that the orb they had just mentioned was now, at best, lost inside the confines of Sébastien's mouth, the same mouth currently communicating with him! Realizing this, Isaac's gaze shifted to the giant, soft, and moist lips of his friend, just in time to see them move and part as Sébastien spoke again.

"SORRY!!! I CAN WHISPER! BUT THIS IS THE BEST I CAN DO, UNLESS YOU WANT TO START COMMUNICATING TELEPATHICALLY FROM NOW ON. AND, WHERE IS THE ORB?"

It was somewhat endearing to watch a being of such imposing size and magnitude trying hard not to be a force of nature to his tiny and insignificant friend. Even though Sébastien was failing miserably at it, he remained oblivious to his own impact. Despite whispering, his voice was still deep, loud, and imposing. Not to mention, poor Isaac could smell the aroma of melted white cheese escaping from those very lips he was watching, as if he were inside the bat's mouth.

"Sébastien! The orb! ... Ah... listen!! This might sound strange! But... don't move!... yes, don't move your mouth! Don't say anything!!! And... I have my phone with me! Text me, but whatever you do, don't use... your... mouth..."

Hearing this, Sébastien looked utterly perplexed, his facial expression clearly showing he didn't understand anything. Tilting his head to the side, lowering one of his long, parabolic ears, his eyebrows furrowing, his nose twitching... Sébastien was utterly confused but chose to follow his friend's instructions. Unfortunately, involuntarily, and moments before standing back to his full height, Sébastien swallowed a build-up of saliva, further increasing Isaac's tension and the risk of the orb being swallowed along with that river of thick, hot saliva right at that very moment. Isaac nearly had a heart attack watching this, but there wasn't much more he could do to instruct the bat without causing more confusion and misunderstandings.

After witnessing the giant twink stand, reclaiming all his glory, Isaac observed and felt as one of Sébastien's feet repositioned a few centimeters forward. From Isaac's perspective, this distance was equivalent to dozens of acres traversed in less than a microsecond with the simple act of the bat stretching his arm and body forward. All this so the bat could reach his smartphone left on the table, bringing it to his face, which was now once again miles above Isaac, and sending his first text message.

BatTV: "You know I can't look at you down there and look at my phone screen at the same time, right? I'm not responsible if you become a decorative stain on my sole."

The giant bat typed his message to the feline with a mocking tone, even lifting the sole of one boot—ensuring it was the one farther from his cowering friend—to scratch the back of his other ankle.

Isaac was gradually forced to accept the twink bat's newly discovered superiority. However, the feline knew he was racing against time; with every passing second, the chances increased that the shrink orb would be accidentally swallowed by Sébastien. Who knew if the bat might roll his tongue around inside his mouth while breathing or

whatever? Ironically, it was Sébastien himself who questioned Isaac about why he couldn't use his mouth or even move his tongue.

BatTV: "So, are you going to tell me why I can't talk? You know I have an entire croissant sitting here on the table next to a cup of juice that makes me thirsty just thinking about it, right? If I were you, I'd speak up, and fast."*

It was a novel sensation for the nerd to know he had total control and power over someone. The life of a young nerd was not glamorous—he had suffered bullying throughout school, only to become a nobody in college, and was treated like semi-trash at work. The simple act of towering over someone with power and superiority, even if it was his dear friend, was enough to make the twink bat's day. To emphasize his point further, Sébastien moved his left hand toward the table, even grabbing the giant cup of juice and lifting it, threatening to bring it to his mouth. This maneuver worked, as it motivated an immediate reaction and response from the semi-desperate micro feline at his feet.

"Sébastien! The orb! The sphere!!! The sphere shrank!!!"

Isaac spoke, an unusual scenario where macro and micro could communicate normally without the use of phones or communication devices of any kind. At least, that should have been the case here, if not for the small detail the feline was desperately trying to convey to the bat.

BatTV: "Okay... I remember hearing that before as part of the story you and that couple of activists told me, but what does that have to do with the fact that I can't use my mouth?" And right after finishing typing and sending that sentence to Isaac's smartphone, the giant bat placed the straw of his juice cup into his mouth. The sight, even from a distance, nearly made Isaac's soul leave his body.

"The orb that shrank fell right onto the tip of your croissant! The same tip you bit into!"

This time, unable to control his tone, the feline shouted. Sébastien's caramel eyes widened once more, instinctively glancing down as if he could peer through his triangular nose and into his own mouth. Obviously, this was impossible, but it prompted the giant to immediately remove the straw from his cold drink. He spoke aloud, slowly and somewhat in shock.

"So... you mean I... swallowed it..."

Poor Sébastien, tears began to form in his eyes. Although he couldn't see this unfolding from miles below, the micro feline empathically sensed the sorrow radiating from his giant friend.

"Sébastien! Focus on me! You haven't swallowed anything yet! I think we can still find the shrink orb lost somewhere in your mouth! Think with me! Imagine how tiny the orb must be! It's surely stuck between your teeth or gums somewhere! Just don't move your tongue too much and we'll find it!"

Isaac laid out his plan to the titanic bat boy. A new silence settled between them. The plan was simple and straightforward, to say the least, but also immensely risky and incredibly foolish; the chances of Isaac ending up as mere calories for the giant twink were as great as Sébastien's sheer size compared to Isaac. After contemplating the implications of such a disastrous plan, the giant bat simply typed.

BatTV: "How do I handle you...?"

Isaac, upon reading the message, took a deep breath and said, "The way you already know, the way the two activists taught you..."

Without much ceremony, Sébastien placed the cup back on the table. He then brought his index finger to his mouth, gently licking the tip until it was well-coated with saliva. The giant bat squatted down again, scanning the floor until he spotted the much smaller twink, a mere speck compared to his immense form.

"ISAAC, DON'T MOVE." That was all the giant bat said, a faintly satisfied and slightly mischievous smile playing on his lips, knowing his dear friend was about to be covered head to toe in his warm, viscous saliva. Before long, the soft, drooling pad of Sébastien's index finger obscured the rest of the feline's body from view. Sébastien was gradually discovering and connecting with a new side of himself that he might not have even known existed.

In a few moments, Isaac felt the heat and weight of Sébastien's fingertip pressing him momentarily against the wooden floor. Despite the colossus's efforts to use no more than 1% of his strength, it felt to the micro feline as if his bones were nearly being crushed. The warm, viscous surface of Sébastien's fingertip began to recede, and Isaac

felt the tension of the saliva layer keeping his body pinned against the vast, cushioned pad.

Within seconds, Isaac was lifted an equivalent of over two miles into the air, coming face to face with the visage of his god—or rather, his friend? Former friend? It was difficult to maintain the perspective that just because an individual was vastly superior in almost every respect didn't make them divine, but merely another person like oneself. Isaac was fortunate, not because he alone believed this, but because Sébastien believed it too.

Before being immediately transported to his final destination, Sébastien's finger made a brief stop a bit higher up, positioning Isaac right in front of one of his gigantic caramel eyes. The tiny, bug-sized feline could see his pathetic reflection clearly in the dark opening of the giant's pupil. That pupil casually adjusted, narrowing and contracting as it tried to focus better on the ultramicroscopic being. **"ISAAC... YOU'RE SMALL!"**

"Yeah... tell me something I don't know, Sébastien!!!"

"By the way, your eyes are beautiful from here..."

A slight narrowing of the giant bat's facial features indicated he appreciated the compliment, confirmed by a subtle increase in the surrounding temperature—Sébastien was blushing. Yet, once his curiosity was satisfied, the giant's finger began moving again, this time truly heading towards Isaac's final destination.

It didn't take long for Isaac's view to shift, moving from the crystalline surface of Sébastien's caramel eyes to the soft, wet, and wrinkled surface of his lips. A shiver ran through the micro-sized being's body, knowing and imagining the situation he was about to face was one thing; being face-to-face with the gates of his final destination was entirely another. A sense of despair fell upon Isaac, intensified the moment his nerdy friend began to slowly move his jaw, gradually opening his mouth to receive his esteemed visitor.

As Sébastien's lips parted, they revealed a row of white, perfectly aligned teeth, the result of wearing braces through most of his adolescence. These teeth could rival buildings in their enormity. Beyond them lay the vast expanse of a huge tongue decorated with numerous taste buds and pillars, or rather, columns of viscous saliva stretching from the surface of Sébastien's tongue to the roof of his mouth. When his jaws finally ceased moving, resulting in his mouth fully open, the feline could see that

the space between the surface of the tongue and the roof of the mouth was equivalent to the ceiling of a large commercial airliner's flying limit. This should have been the moment for Isaac to realize how ludicrous the idea of exploring the confines of his friend's mouth was. Such an expedition could take hours, if not days, and it was foolish to think Sébastien could remain that long without even taking a sip of water.

However, while the diminutive Isaac was both perplexed and in awe of the challenge ahead, a cell phone notification caught his attention.

BatTV: "So... where do you want me to place you? On my lips, the tip of my tongue, in the middle?... Just decide quickly or I'll put you at the back of my tongue, closest to my throat."

It was obvious that the bat was merely jesting and teasing the feline with the latter part of his statement. Nevertheless, Isaac almost twisted his neck trying to look down, all to see a cell phone screen that could well be larger than an entire aircraft carrier. Observing the screen, something caught his attention distinctly. It was his nickname as Sébastien had written it in the chat with the feline, annoyingcat, displayed on the screen of the glorious bat's phone.

"Wait! You saved my contact as annoyingcat? Why?!"

At a moment like this, with all the questions Isaac could have asked, this one was by far the most unnecessary. Yet, it was almost an instinctive query; it simply slipped through the lips of the diminutive feline as he stared at the gigantic lips of his friend. Sébastien, for his part, simply rolled his eyes, now finding himself compelled to explain the reason behind the nickname. The reason was straightforward: Sébastien was an antisocial individual who felt his energies drain whenever he was forced to engage in tasks and social interactions for extended periods. And Isaac was exactly the extroverted friend who constantly pushed the bat out of his comfort zone of social self-exclusion. That was the motive, but Sebastian had to put it in simpler terms.

BatTV: "Because you know how much I hate having to interact with people, and you're the little guy who forces me to interact the most! Annoying cat!" Even though he had typed that message, the feline could almost distinctly hear the tone of social agony that Sébastien always exhibited when the nerd was cornered. It wasn't a tone of anger towards him; it was more of a tone of being left with no escape.

However, for the first time in his life, Sébastien's brain made the connection that this time, he was not the one against the wall. He was not the one without an escape. Goodness, Isaac was literally stuck to the tip of his fingers and in front of his mouth! If this wasn't the apex of his dominance over the feline, what else could it be?

BatTV: "Okay, so now you at least have to tell me what my nickname is," the giant bat typed in retort.

"What?"

Isaac pretended not to understand, but soon after, the tiny one felt a strong jolt as the giant's finger began to move towards the dark depths of the giant bat's throat! In a matter of seconds, Isaac saw the row of gigantic teeth of his friend emerge above and below him, and then vanish! Now, he could see the vast, lively expanse of the bat's tongue and mouth filling all sides until the gigantic uvula at the back of his mouth approached closer and closer. Finally, when Sébastien's finger ceased moving, the tip of his index finger was so deep in his throat that looking down, the feline could distinctly see the bottomless gorge that was the giant bat's esophagus. PING! A new notification appeared on the screen of his cell phone, which was almost the only source of light in this warm, super humid region of his friend's body.

BatTV: "I'm not joking, Isaac, and you know my patience is smaller than you~"

Sébastien was indeed just playing with the feline, but for some reason, he felt somewhat exhilarated by the immense power he wielded over the tiny creature. Something in his mind even suggested that he should indeed rub the tip of his finger right there in that area and leave Isaac "to his own devices" amid the confines of his mouth. He just needed some excuse to do so. Soon, Sébastien began to lower his finger very slowly! For poor Isaac, this was perceived as a new jolt that made him immediately exclaim.

"BATTV! BATTV! THAT'S THE NICKNAME I GAVE YOU! IT'S BATTV!"

Immediately, the movement of the finger stopped, close enough that Isaac could almost feel the somewhat rough surface of the posterior part of his friend's tongue, even though direct contact had yet to be made. Moments later, new notifications arrived on his cellphone screen.

BatTV: "BatTV? Why do you call me BatTV?"

Now the feline was in a tight spot. Should he explain the reason behind such a ridiculous, strange nickname? However, Sébastien's mere threat to start moving his finger again made the feline immediately begin to speak.

"Because you're the friend who always fixes the problems with my TV and video game whenever I need it?"

Frankly, Sébastien was not surprised by the response, and it's not like he was the super social guy who made the slightest effort to get along with people; quite the contrary, it was a situation where he couldn't complain much either. But the response was enough to serve as the excuse the bat had wanted to hear.

BatTV: "You know what, you deserve it."

"Hey! Sébastien, what?!"

And before the poor micro could say anything more, the giant made contact with the soft, fleshy, warm surface of the tongue, rubbing the tip against it, moving from the depths to about the midpoint of his tongue with his index finger fully pressing down, and by some miracle not transforming his little friend into ground meat against the rough taste buds that covered his tongue before completely withdrawing his finger from the warm, moist mouth and slowly closing his lips shut. Thus, leaving poor Isaac completely drenched in his thick, warm, sticky saliva and in utter darkness; all while the feline was perilously close to the depths of the giant bat's throat.

Moments after sealing his lips, the giant bat promptly sent a message to Isaac's phone: "You'd better hurry up; the smell of melted cheese is making me want to finish devouring that croissant~"

At this point, the tiny feline was beginning to doubt if his friend was merely teasing him or if there was a real threat behind those words. But soon after, a powerful, resonant sound emanating from the depths of Sébastien confirmed that at least his body was not in a joking mood.

BatTV: "P.S. Whatever happens, don't lose your phone. I can't hear anything you're saying with my mouth closed."

Annoyingcat: “Could you at least open your mouth so I can see something in here?”

The Siamese promptly typed his response. Simultaneously, the bat, thinking it over, agreed that it would indeed be safer. This way, he could also hear the desperate cries of his tiny friend each time he decided to disturb or scare the little cat a bit.

So, almost as if it were a canonical event in the history of every micro being exploring the confines of a macro's mouth, the soft, pink flesh beneath Isaac began to tremble as the colossal twink's jaws moved. Slowly, the bat's lips parted, allowing light to penetrate the humid, warm cave-like mouth once more. This gave Isaac a renewed sense of the tremendous distance between his current location and the tip of the enormous tongue upon which he could barely stand.

It was a terrifying and imposing sight, yet at the same time, unforgettable and breathtaking. The central groove of Sébastien's long tongue formed a natural valley, drawing saliva along its length and forcing Isaac to be careful not to end up in that central valley. Such a mishap would make his task of searching the mouth's confines for the device that might restore him to his normal size even more arduous.

With the light returning to the moist cavern and feeling calmer after being mercilessly dragged across the surface of Sébastien's tongue by the giant bat's fingertip, Isaac was able to get his bearings. He realized he was atop the left side of the giant bat's tongue, near the large keratinized molars at the back of Sébastien's mouth. Gazing more intently at his friend's teeth, the feline couldn't help but notice the remnants of cheese and ham wedged between Sébastien's teeth and gums. Each piece was tiny and insignificant to the giant bat, but to little Isaac, they were nearly the size of a large SUV. At least, the feline could feel somewhat reassured that his hypothesis—that the device might still be lodged somewhere here—seemed quite plausible.

However, as if to remind Isaac that he was inside a living organism, an entirely involuntary reaction from Sébastien brought a sense of urgency. A simple exhalation sent a strong, warm gust of wind from the bat's dark, humid throat, pushing the tiny feline several “meters” forward along the twink's long tongue. Isaac was powerless to do anything about it; he simply had to get used to these minor bodily actions of Sébastien's, which, from the bat's gigantic macro perspective, were mere trifles.

Isaac had once again been pressed against the saliva-coated, warm surface of a giant tongue by the friend he called his buddy. His primary concern was to keep his cellphone

securely against his body. It was a wise decision, for soon after this display of pure power—an act Sébastien hardly noticed—a new notification appeared on the phone.

BatTV: “You know, since you’re in there, I was thinking, why not test a few things?”

Coincidence or not, right after the bat sent that message, the production of saliva around Isaac significantly increased. The tiny micro began to wonder if he should even dare ask his nerdy twink friend what ideas he had in mind. But Isaac wouldn't have to ask, as the ground beneath him began to tremble and vibrate. Before the feline could comprehend what was happening, the vast plain of the tongue rose and writhed in the air, followed by a strong rush of air that once again disoriented him. The powerful sound of Sébastien’s voice filled the cavernous space and assaulted Isaac’s ears. All that upheaval, all that effort to avoid being thrown off or crushed by the moving muscle, just so the bat boy could utter a single word, a single syllable. Isaac could hear the deep, thunderous voice of his friend pronouncing, “**HI!**”

Just a word, two letters, a single syllable, and Isaac was hurled from one end of the giant bat's tongue to the other. Now, on the opposite side, drenched in saliva, Isaac doubted he'd ever rid his fur of the bat's breath. That is, if he even got out of this alive. Luckily, his phone was still in hand, and the tiny micro promptly typed a message to the giant bat.

Annoyingcat: “For the love of God, can you stop playing games with me?!”

All the little cat received in response was a thunderous, ear-splitting chuckle of pure pleasure and satisfaction from the giant, shaking his entire world. Moments later, Sébastien responded, “**AND WHY SHOULD I? IT SEEMS SO MUCH FUN~**”

This time, the introverted twink was bolder, daring to pronounce a whole sentence, knowing his tiny friend would have to deal with the consequences. Sébastien could even feel a twinge of satisfaction and pleasure emanating from his pelvis, excited by the newfound power he held over someone he once saw as superior. Becoming a macro, at least to this one individual, was the best thing that had ever happened to Sébastien in terms of dealing with his inferiority complex.

From Isaac’s perspective, the situation was quite the opposite. It was causing a burgeoning sense of inferiority. Feeling more objectified and less like an individual, perhaps just a toy for his friend's amusement, he also feared for his safety. Every time Sébastien spoke, his tongue was more focused on forming words than on where his tiny

passenger was being tossed and pushed. This meant Isaac was left to his own devices, though that was about to change as the bat decided to take things further.

Unable to precisely feel the cat's location amid the vast expanse of his tongue, naturally longer than average, Sébastien decided to give Isaac a tour of his mouth. Using all his dexterity to control the powerful muscle, powerful only to Isaac, Sébastien imagined the tiny feline was near the tip of his tongue. He began rubbing it along his long rows of teeth, behind his enormous and extremely sharp fangs, and all over the anterior part of his dentition. He didn't realize Isaac was actually closer to the central region of his tongue. This detail worked in Isaac's favor, as if he had been near the tip, he would have been reduced to a tiny red smear, washed away by Sébastien's saliva without the taste buds even registering the iron in his blood.

Yet, Isaac's position didn't mean he was entirely safe. This became apparent when Sébastien decided to end his showtime by pressing his tongue against the roof of his mouth. To Isaac, it felt as if the warm, wet, pink plain suddenly turned into a steep hill, connecting directly to the ridged palate of the giant bat's mouth. Thinking quickly, Isaac started slipping down the soft, rough papillae-covered surface of the giant's tongue towards the depths of his throat. It was only when he was dangerously close to the point of no return that Isaac managed to grip one of the large papillae. Around him, the powerful currents of saliva being swallowed were terrifying. The cat couldn't stop thinking about how easily he could have been carried along with all that saliva down his friend's esophagus without Sébastien even noticing or tasting him.

Isaac was overwhelmed with a torrent of emotions—anger, panic, and fear. Never had he felt so threatened and intimidated by someone's tongue or mouth. It was strange because Sébastien was the type of man Isaac found attractive; under different circumstances, he wouldn't mind kissing the bat and experiencing his long, extensive tongue. But not like this, not in this terrifying moment. Then fortune smiled on the tiny feline. Looking to the side, focusing on the colossal white wall of one of Sébastien's molars, Isaac spotted a small, familiar, shiny sphere of alien technology. It was the shrinking orb! At that precise moment, Sébastien decided he had tortured the tiny micro enough and rested his tongue back in his mouth, turning the steep hill into a semi-flat carpet stretching hundreds of meters with only minor undulations.

Annoyingcat: "Sébastien, I found it! The orb, I found it!"

Isaac immediately typed on his phone the moment he had the chance. Fortunately, the happiness was shared by the bat, who widened his eyes and kept his tongue as still as possible. Isaac could hear the giant's thumbs typing a response from outside the warm, moist world of his slightly open mouth.

BatTV: "Great! Now I can finally have a sip of my juice faster. But seriously, do you think you can grab that orb and get out of there? My mouth is really getting dry from keeping my lips open..."

This was indeed true. The longer the giant bat had to keep his lips open to let light into the cavernous maw, the more the humidity inside Sébastien's mouth evaporated. Not to mention the small ocean of saliva accumulating at the precipice of his throat, which would eventually force the giant bat to swallow—regardless of who or what might be inside his mouth at the time.

Isaac had one advantage: his friend's playful antics with his powerful tongue had left him extremely close to his objective. There was, however, one absurdly gigantic obstacle in his path. The narrow gap between the edge of Sébastien's tongue and his gum, which from Isaac's perspective was a massive trench filled with saliva. If he fell in, Isaac wasn't sure how he'd climb back up to the tongue's surface or the immense fleshy wall of the bat's gum. He needed a new plan.

Fortunately, the feline had a powerful device at his disposal—a smartphone. It was through this device that the tiny micro could explain his situation and make a simple request to the mighty Sébastien.

Annoyingcat: "Sébastien, listen! I need you to do me a favor! Pay attention: I'm on the right side of your tongue! The orb is wedged between the pillars of your two lower molars at the very back of your mouth! But there's this... moat between your tongue and your gum! I need you to, SLOWLY, move and press your tongue against the right side of your mouth so I can walk across and reach the gap between your molars. But for God's sake, move it SLOWLY because I'm already very close to your throat!"

As soon as he hit send, the world around him shook. The giant bat obeyed, but even with his best efforts to move his tongue as gently as possible, Sébastien still caused a minor earthquake. When his tongue impacted his gum, the jolt sent Isaac along with car-sized droplets of saliva towards the molars. Fortunately, the micro wasn't seriously hurt, but it was another demonstration of the unconscious supreme power of the bat, who wasn't even trying to assert his superiority over the tiny micro this time.

Regaining his balance, the feline promptly began walking towards the edge of the tongue now pressed against the bat's gum. When he arrived, he faced another small yet significant challenge. How to descend from the tongue into the enormous gap between two of Sébastien's massive molars? The simplest way would be to jump into the canyon

formed between the teeth. However, the micro decided to use the surface tension of the saliva-coated tongue to make a slower, more controlled descent into the valley flanked by the massive white walls. This was the option Isaac chose.

Soon, the Siamese cat found himself between two massive, white, tooth-like walls, and before him lay the small orb, which for some reason had not shrunk properly as before. This time, the orb was relatively the size of a motorhome compared to the tiny Isaac and was firmly wedged in the space between the two teeth. Using his phone, Isaac signaled Sébastien to relax his tongue just in time, as the bat twink was already feeling his tongue grow numb from holding it in such an unnatural position for so long. Simultaneously, the micro feline now had to explain the unusual situation unfolding in the depths of his friend's mouth.

Annoyingcat: "Ah... we have a problem..."

BatTV: "Don't tell me the device was crushed by my teeth..."

Annoyingcat: "Not exactly, almost that. The orb is stuck between two of your teeth, but it's too big... It's almost the size of a bus compared to me... Do you think you could use your tongue to dislodge it?"

BatTV: "Not without turning you into spit in the process..."

The nerdy bat was absolutely right. Even if he could somehow move his tongue to dislodge the orb from between his teeth, the end result would likely be both the orb and Isaac being crushed in the process. A moment of silence settled between them, with only the ominous sound of Sébastien casually breathing dominating the chamber, until...

BatTV: "OK! I've got an idea! Hold on tight, I'm going to move."

Before the feline could protest, the giant bat's lips sealed shut, closing off the passage of light and air from the outside world into the bat's cavernous mouth. Moments later, Sébastien began to walk. Each step, distant and muffled, was both felt and heard by the tiny cat as Isaac's entire world shifted. At least the darkness didn't last long, for soon the twink bat entered his bathroom, checking the cabinet above the sink for a box of dental floss.

BatTV: "Okay, here's the plan: I'll try to use dental floss to get the orb out, and that will also be your ride out. Pay attention because I can't see inside, so you'll have to guide me and tell me when the floss is in the right spot. Got it?"

The feline immediately confirmed. It wasn't the best plan, nor the ideal one, but it wasn't bad either. Almost as soon as he gave the green light, Isaac watched the exterior light flood the damp cavern again, this time accompanied by two enormous fingers with black-painted claws. They entered the bat's mouth, heading towards the right molars. Isaac was reminded once more of his extreme insignificance. What should have been a thin strand of dental floss appeared more like a sturdy rope meant for mooring ships at the dock. As it drew closer, it seemed even thicker and more formidable. The mere thought that Sébastien's teeth could snap this thick, powerful cord with ease sent a shiver down Isaac's spine.

Following the micro feline's instructions with surgical precision, the bat managed to wedge the floss into the small space between his teeth. Gently, he began to work the giant cord down until it reached the massive orb, where the tiny Siamese cat had to figure out how to hitch a ride. But first, he had to dislodge a considerable amount of croissant mass also stuck in that Grand Canyon-like crevice between Sébastien's molars.

After receiving another green light, the twink bat pulled the floss with utmost care to avoid snapping it with his razor-sharp teeth, which could leave his friend even more lost in the depths of his mouth. The effort almost failed as the floss eventually tore, leaving a small piece behind, wedged between the bat's enormous teeth. Yet, luck was on the micro's side once more. Isaac, along with his precious shrinking orb, ended up clinging to the piece of floss that was firmly carried by the bat's fingers back into the fresh, less humid air of the outside world.

Sébastien held the wet, slender end of the floss in front of his face, scanning it slowly until he found his prize—a tiny micro, along with his precious toy, hanging on for dear life, drenched in saliva and bits of half-chewed food. **“YOU'RE AN UNLUCKY INDIVIDUAL, ISAAC, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?”** The bat said, feeling somewhat relieved it wasn't him in the cat's predicament, despite knowing the feline was covered in fluids produced by his own body.

“It's not like it was on my to-do list for the weekend to take a trip through the depths of my friend's mouth and nearly get swallowed or crushed by his tongue...” Lucky for Isaac, Sébastien was a bat and not an eagle; otherwise, his vision might have been as sharp as his hearing, and he surely would have noticed the prominent bulge against the

fabric of Isaac's shorts, which told a completely different story than what the cat was saying. "Sébastien, could you... my arm is getting tired..."

All the cat wanted was for the giant bat to lower the dental floss and rest it somewhere so he could stop clinging to the saliva-soaked cord and avoid a fall that, given Sébastien's kilometer-high stature compared to Isaac, would surely be lethal. Instead, other ideas flitted through the submissive and introverted twink's mind—perhaps not so submissive anymore. Rather than complying, Sébastien simply raised an eyebrow and continued to stare at the tiny micro hanging from the ridiculous, wet floss in front of his eyes, mentally counting the seconds until Isaac would fall.

The poor feline's desperation was palpable, and the twink had to stifle his laughter, savoring the helplessness of those far smaller and inferior to him. Had Isaac looked down, he would have realized there was no need for despair; Sébastien had positioned his nose, covered in soft white fur, immediately beneath the dangling and panicking feline. Isaac could have simply let go of the floss and landed safely on his friend's cold nose. But instead of informing him, the bat preferred to quietly watch the cat's plight until, inevitably, the micro's hands tired, and Isaac released the floss. Before he could open his mouth to scream, he landed face-first on his friend's snout. The ground beneath him trembled with the restrained, booming laughter of the bat, chuckling in a shy but controlled manner that still shook the tiny micro's world.

"Sébastien, I hate you!" That was all Isaac managed to say, his face still buried in the bat's snout, not even attempting to lift himself or look his friend in the eyes, feeling utterly humiliated.

"AWW, I LOVE YOU TOO," Sébastien replied, his overwhelming voice interspersed with laughter, shaking his friend's world as he kept his brown eyes fixed on Isaac to ensure he wasn't accidentally flung off his nose bridge. Once the seismic tremors from the giant bat's speech ceased, the tiny feline stood up, facing the colossal eyes that gazed back with curiosity, happiness, and satisfaction. "well, what are you waiting for? slide the rest of the dental floss down so i can reach the orb."

"HMM, NOT SO FAST!" The titan responded, doing the exact opposite of what the feline had requested. He moved the saliva-drenched floss, with the shrunken orb attached, and placed it on a pristine piece of tissue paper, carefully rolling it up and tucking it into the pocket of his black jacket. All this while the small cat watched from the top of the giant's snout, entering a state of mild panic. Once Sébastien ensured the precious cargo was secure, his eyes returned to focus on Isaac, who now felt as if he were being scrutinized by a deity.

"WHY BRING YOU BACK NOW WHEN WE'RE HAVING SO MUCH FUN, AREN'T WE?" A brief, devilish pause in the twink's speech, accompanied by a mischievous smile that the tiny micro couldn't see but could feel as the bat's facial muscles shifted. **"IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, SOME TIME AGO WHEN WE WERE GETTING DRUNK OVER THE WEEKEND, YOU TOLD ME YOU WANTED TO KISS ME JUST TO FEEL THIS LONG BAT TONGUE OF MINE INSIDE YOUR~"** Isaac blushed instantly, his body tensing up as he was reminded of an embarrassing moment from his past that even he had forgotten. "Oh, dear..." muttered the tiny feline.

"HEHEHE! YES, THAT'S RIGHT! I HOPE TODAY'S EXPERIENCE HAS SATISFIED YOUR CURIOSITY ABOUT MY TONGUE AND MY MOUTH~" Indeed, Isaac had received a much larger dose of the twink bat's mouth and tongue than he had ever imagined. Returning to his friend's mouth was definitely not on the cat's agenda anytime soon.

"BUT... I'M CURIOUS, WHAT OTHER PARTS OF ME WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET TO KNOW MORE CLOSELY? PERHAPS MUCH MORE CLOSELY, HUH?~" Unconsciously, the bat felt the bulge between his legs crave attention, moving his hand down to gently stroke his arousal as he finished his provocative speech to his tiny friend... or toy... if Sébastien still considered Isaac an equal. **"THEREFORE, I THINK BRINGING YOU BACK SO SOON WOULD BE A WASTE OF OUR TIME TOGETHER, DON'T YOU THINK? NO NEED TO ANSWER, I'VE ALREADY MADE THAT DECISION FOR YOU~"**

With a gulp of fear mixed with anxiety and a touch of arousal, Isaac remained standing, observing his own reflection in the surface of the bat's dark pupils. Sébastien's gaze upon his diminutive form was reminiscent of a child's look of delight at a brand-new Christmas present under the tree. Isaac thought of saying something, of trying to argue, but deep down, he knew he didn't want to return to his normal size just yet.

The end.