

No More Lonely Birthdays

Part 2

(Story Commission)

“FINE. BUT YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE.”

Isaac was forced to immediately cover both his ears as, once again, a powerful gust of wind left the cavernous mouth of that god-made Husky. Threatened to be blown away, the mite-sized Siamese Cat could hold his position on top of that slopy cake thanks to the frosting ice. But that didn't mean the employee didn't need time to recover; therefore, the shrunk Feline remained silent, slowly trying to get back to his feet as his ears and every bone in his pathological body was in pain.

Unfortunately, that moment of silence was interpreted as a test by the eager boss. The young Canine was already out of patience, and he wouldn't tolerate having that germ like an employee further testing his already small bearing. Roel was holding the fork, sloppy cake, and Isaac in the middle of the air and a few short centimeters away from his lips.

"WHAT'S THIS? RENDERED SPEECHLESS AGAIN? I MUST SAY, WITH HOW YOU HANDLE YOURSELF UNDER PRESSURE, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DIDN'T GET THE PROMOTION. YOU'RE LIKE A DEER IN THE HEADLIGHTS. TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL GIVE YOU... TWO MINUTES TO GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T JUST FINISH MY CAKE AND YOU ALONG WITH IT."

Isaac knew Roel was right. The Cat was terrible at dealing with pressure and the fact that right now, he was in the presence of his boss, who was turned into an impressive GIANT, and under his direct, angry, ruthless, and cold gaze from his blue and massive eyes didn't help the poor Feline at all. It took the poor shrunk employee an entire minute out of the two Roel just gave him to calm down. Isaac got to his knees, even if the young supervisor couldn't see that, staring directly into the depths of the Dog's cold but beautiful, large eyes as he began to say.

"Ro... Roel!... Gulps Y... Yes... You are right. Everybody in this sector here indeed hates or deeply despises you..."

"Although I can't speak for the others, I can open up the contents of my heart to you... Roel!... The reason I hate you so much doesn't have and never had nothing to do with YOU..."

"It's, and it has always been, the result of self frustrating of mine. Internal frustrating of mine..."

"Roel, I WISHED I COULD BE LIKE YOU! I mean, look at you. You are so smart, so productive, so... Beautiful... So... Sexy..."

Isaac would blush super hard upon admitting this.

"And top of that, you are just turning 22 while I'm turning 25 this year..."

Before continuing, the Cat quickly moved one hand into his pocket to pick up two VIP cards.

"I don't know if you can see this... or even me from up there... But if you don't mind, bring me and the fork with cake up close to one of your... Pupils..."

Gulps! Isaac felt a bit of fear upon remembering how insignificant he was before you and your body.

"You might be able to see this I have on my hand... I bought us two VIP cards to the fancy gay club and pupe downtown... I was planning to invite you there today after work... To get to know you better... For I think...I have fallen in love with you, Roel..."

And after a short pause, Isaac finished his little vent by adding.

"Also, I was glad to see you enjoyed the cake... It's the same taste as mine. It's my favorite one too... Yes! I was the one to choose it ..."

And once the Siamese Cat finally finished his speech, the gigantic Doggy would notice he was speaking calmly, soft and sincere the whole time. Isaac was speaking to Roel from the heart. Telling the lovely truth from inside his being. A moment of silence was established between them before the massive and young manager said.

"HMMM... IS THAT SO? AND WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOU? YOU COULD JUST BE TRYING TO BUTTER ME UP, SO I DON'T EAT YOU... TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL ACCEPT YOUR GIFTS. MOST PASSES HAVE DIGITAL EQUIVALENTS I CAN USE, AND YOU CAN TAKE ME ON THAT DATE. IF IT GOES WELL, MAYBE I'LL REHIRE YOU AS MY PERSONAL BALL MASSAGER AND LET YOU FULFILL YOUR FANTASY OF BEING WITH ME, BUT IF YOU FAIL, I'LL USE YOU AS A TOPPING ON MY DINNER."

Isaac was already feeling a deep relief growing up inside his body when he noticed his boss considering his offer in silence, thinking that Roel would agree to find a way to bring him back to normal size. But the moment the tiny Feline listened to the booming sentences leaving the maw of his crusher, he was left devastated, especially within the very last sentence about the possibility of being used as dinner topping by the person to who he had just truly opened his heart a moment ago.

"What?! Roel, I thought you would be helping me out by finding a way to return to NORMAL size! And I don't see any option involving that on your last sentences..."

"You must really want to eat me, don't you?..."

Isaac spoke that out of pure frustration, not realizing he just said to a Canine, a young predator who was holding a fork with a chunk of cake, having him himself topping it while holding the same fork right in front of his face!

"HMMM... I MEAN, I'M A PREDATOR... BUT NO. YOU KINDA FORCED MY HAND. BUT DOES LIVING AS MY LITTLE COCK OWT ACTUALLY SOUNDS THAT BAD? A TINY BOYFRIEND I CAN CARRY AROUND WITH ME WHEREVER I GO. PLUS, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MAKING ANY HARD DECISIONS EVER AGAIN, BECAUSE WHAT I SAY GOES? BESIDES, I'VE ALREADY ENDED A FEW MICROS UNDER MY SHOES. IT MAY BE AN ACCIDENT, BUT IT WOULD BE CAREER-ENDING IF I ACCIDENTALLY CRUSHED HALF OF MY STAFF. SO AS FAR I'M CONCERNED, I CAN'T LET ANYONE KNOW ABOUT THIS EVER, AND THAT MEANS NOT GETTING HELP FOR YOU."

Isaac couldn't deny it. Roel had a very good point. Besides, living with him as cock pet wasn't so bad, wasn't bad at all! But part of the Feline felt bad about not helping all the others who shrunk, which made The Siamese Cat realize just how cruel and Evil that

young Dog could be. However, what made the tiny employee feel very nervous was that he would never be allowed to return to normal size again. Isaac felt like he was about to make a big life-changing decision, and he couldn't process it as quickly as he now. So the puny Siamese standing on top of that chunk of slopy birthday cake decided to go on silent one more time, fighting against his nervousness to get his thoughts straight. But, unfortunately, it gave the impression that he was further testing that young giant's patience again!

And as a direct consequence of making ex-boss now, new owner/god wait, Isaac found himself under a massive blow of a fast, warm air current as Roel sighed before speaking again.

"YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A BASIC DECISION. IT SHOULDN'T BE A HARD CHOICE. YOU KNOW I WON'T HELP YOU, AND THE ONLY OTHER PEOPLE COMING HERE ARE THE CLEANERS, AND I GUARANTEE THEY WON'T LEAVE EVEN ONE OF YOU ALIVE. UNLIKE YOU AND THE OTHERS, THEY ACTUALLY TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR WORK."

And with that, Roel would readjust his position, clearing his throat, bringing the fork and the poor Isaac along with it dangerously up close to his massive lips before finishing by saying.

"IF THIS DECISION IS TOO COMPLEX FOR YOU, THEN I'LL PUT IT IN SIMPLE TERMS. YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES. DIE NOW AS A SNACK OR TAKE THE CHANCE TO SURVIVE."

Again, Isaac was confronted by the powerful booming voice of his new boyfriend or just his former boss? It was so hard to tell. But something is certain, if the Cat doesn't make something soon, he'll be dealing with a lot more than just Roel's powerful, heavy scent breath and the vibrations caused by the shockwaves of each syllable leaving the imposing, moving wall made out of soft fresh also know as lips.

Sadly, the sheer power of said vibrations made the shrunk Feline lose his balance, falling on all fourths on the frost of the chunk of cake, dropping his smartphone. That device was the only thing allowing Isaac to actually communicate with the living deity he was considering to start calling boyfriend. Given the sheer danger of the situation and the tension between the two boys, the tiny employee immediately started to search for the phone among the soft frosting ice of the cake after recomposing himself from dealing with such powerful voice vibrations. Silence for nearly a minute, and then...

"OH, COME ON. DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SO AFRAID YOU CAN'T CHOOSE THE OBVIOUS CHOICE OF LIFE? OR... DO YOU REALLY HATE ME ENOUGH TO THINK THAT DEATH IS A BETTER OPTION!... OR MAYBE YOU SO PATHETIC MY VOICE WAS ENOUGH TO ATOMIZE YOU LIKE A SHOCK WAVE OF A NUKE..."

The young, skinny, slightly girly-looking manager said as he sat there, contemplating what to do. Roel was mad, but part of him, deep down, had hoped that maybe this strange sort of relationship would work out. Fortunately, that was about when Isaac managed to recover the lost phone, cleaning the screen quickly.

"Roel! I'm here! Sorry, you cleaning your throat sent overpowering shockwaves that made me lose my balance and drop my phone momentary!!!"

Isaac would gulp down again out of fear and nervousness upon saying that. After all, it was a solid statement of how pathetic he was before the young Dog. The gulping was loud enough, so Roel could hear it on the other side of his massive, fancy pro phone.

"Roel do Santa, I accept you as my boyfriend, as my husband, as my permanent boss, as my owner, as my living god! I'll carry the job to be your permanent cock owt and professional personal balls massager till the end of my days~."

The pathetic Siamese Cat said it all so fast and nervous, even blowing a deep kiss on his tiny phone for the titanic lover to be able to hear it. Seconds later, the thunder-like voice boomed.

"THAT'S SO CUTE... BUT NOT YOUR DECISION TO MAKE. I'LL ACCEPT THAT AS CHOOSING LIFE OVER DEATH, BUT YOU STILL HAVE TO PROVE TO ME YOU ARE BEING GENUINE. FOR NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH ME TILL IT'S TIME TO LEAVE WORK, AND WE CAN HIT THE CLUBS AS IT WERE. AND GOOD JOB RECOVERING THAT PHONE. I WAS TWO SECONDS AWAY FROM JUST EATING YOU AND SAVING MYSELF THE TROUBLE. THE ONLY QUESTION NOW IS WHAT TO DO WITH WHILE I FINISH THE SHIFT?"

Meanwhile, poor Isaac was still being tested by his new godly owner, left to both endure and observe the moving lips of that young Dog from super up close.

"you said you were only... Two... Two seconds from... Eating me alive?.."

Despite the Cat feeling terrified, something inside his mind told him to suggest Roel keep him safely secure in the confines of his somewhat tight bulge. The view of the Dog's fancy pants looming above him and cake when they were back on the desk was still very alive in Isaac's mind. The Siamese Cat indeed had a crush on his boss, after all. But before Isaac could actually say it, the puny employee would watch his former boss's gargantuan lips moving, rising to form a sneer before saying.

"OH, I'VE GOT THE PERFECT PLACE. I THINK I'LL TUCK YOU SAFELY AWAY IN MY FORESKIN FOR NOW. HOW DOES THAT SOUND, LITTLE GERM?"

Upon listening to that, Isaac immediately felt a discharge of excitement running down his body. The idea of finding himself tucked away inside the confines of his crush foreskin felt so hot that the puny employee didn't even realize that the life of something ridiculous tiny, such as himself, would be hell inside the foreskin of someone who was dozens of kilometers tall.

"Oh my, Roel! You are a genius! This way, I'll be safe, hidden, and I won't get lost, nor you'll lose me either!"

Isaac spoke with anxiety and excitement as his mind remembered the faint musk scent he was able to breathe the moment the enormous manager was simply standing in front of the desk moments earlier. The puny Cat couldn't help but imagine how many times stronger than same smell could be once he finds himself so close to its source. But then, the Siamese Cat train of thought would go to a full stop for a moment, as Isaac realized.

"oh hey, wait, is that all I'm to you now? Nothing but a little germ left to try to live and to survive on your divine body?..."

"FOR NOW, YES. FROM COWORKER TO GERM, AND IF YOU WANT TO BE ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT, YOU'D BEST PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT."

The gargantuan Husky said before lifting the tip of his index finger and placing it on the icing of that sloppy cake chuck, just on the edge of it. But for Isaac, the distance from his current position to Roel's fingertip was miles away.

“CLIMB ON SO WE CAN GET YOU INTO POSITION. I’M ALREADY WAY BEHIND ON WORK.”

"Awww, but Roel, to me, you are my lover, my boyfriend, my god, my reason to live, hehehe~."

Isaac spoke playful, already trying to play his card right in such a way in an attempt to establish a good mood between them both.

"Ah... and Roel... My boy, my boss, my God Roel boy!... You know your fingertip is literally **MILES** away from me, right?..."

"Also, how am I supposed to climb up your index fingertip once I get there?..."

The monumental Dog would roll his eyes before shifting his finger only a fraction of a centimeter closer, but unintentionally causing the tip of his skyscraper large, sharp claw to loom over the insignificant Cat and **pushing a tidal wave** of icing into Isaac’s direction.

"Wow, wow! Roel, be careful!!!"

But that was all Isaac managed to say before the loud ***RUMBLING*** sound of a tidal wave made entirely of cake icing drowned out any other sound the germ-sized could produce. The shrunk employee was hit on full force, face first by the imperceptible wave, immediately buried underneath it. The Siamese Cat felt so close to his lover’s claw, but at the same so far away! Isaac couldn’t barely even process how that was possible, to be so close to someone and yet so far from even being noticed.

Meanwhile, the looming Dog colossus looked down at the cake. Given that the Feline was now 0.1 millimeters tall, Roel couldn’t see him saved if Isaac stood right in front of the dark abyss of one of his eye pupils.

“YOU THERE YET?!”

Roel spoke with his booming ultrasonic voice. The young manager was clearly impatiently.

“THE GRAVITY OF MY BODY SHOULD LET YOU WALK ON IT EVEN IF SIDEWAYS.”

Meanwhile, Roel was blissfully unaware of Isaac's predicament. The multi-kilometer-tall Canine had no idea that right now, the insignificant germ-sized Cat was fighting for his life, doing his best to climb out of those tons' worth of cake icing frost and get back to the surface. Poor Isaac could hear everything the booming Dog said but couldn't answer anything back.

“ISAAC... CRAP... DID I CRUSH HIM?... WELL... I GUESS THERE’S NO POINT IN WAISTING THE CAKE THEN.”

Believing to have inadvertently crushed the poor Cat, Roel reached for the fork again. The thought of a tiny boyfriend to dominate had been a wonderful idea, but it seems luck wasn't on his side.

In the meantime, as Isaac heard the titanic Dog assuming to have accidentally crushed him, his pathetic little heart almost exploded out of pure fear.

Roel! No, wait! You didn't crush me! I'm still alive!

Isaac thought, as he still couldn't speak a thing without risking having large amounts of cake icing running into his mouth and suffocating him. But, by the time the tiny Cat finally made it to the surface of the new hill made entirely of cake frost icing, he saw a soul-shattering image! The same finger that had caused the tidal wave a few seconds ago was already moving away to reach the fork end and about to grasp it! And to make matters worse, only now did Isaac realize his phone was gone!

“ROEL! I’M STILL ALIVE! DON’T EAT ME!”

But Isaac's voice was so weak even an ant would struggle to hear it. In a matter of seconds, the minuscule Cat felt the familiar **lurch** as Roel picked up the fork and brought it up to his face. Not much time after that, the immense wall of fresh that was

the Dog's delicate, girly lips parted again, revealing his maw's cavern to the insignificant employee.

No! not again!!!

Isaac thought to himself and immediately began to look after his phone on the vast hill made entirely of cake frost while ignoring the breathtaking view of his lover and former boss, mouth wide open just ahead of him. A very difficult task especially considering the amount of fear that the living, humid and vast landscape was imposing over the Cat.

Unfortunately, not only The Siamese Cat would have to control his psychological but also fight against physics. The incredible amount of G forces as Roel simply gripped the fork and lifted it off the desk and up to his waiting mouth. This time, even before the shrunk Cat got the time to recompose from being underneath so much power, he already found himself paralyzed in awe as he watched the lips and cavernous mouth opening up once again.

Despite being his second time dealing with it, Isaac never really got used to that.

“ROEL! PLEASE, I BEG YOU! NO!”

Sadly this time, Isaac was powerless to prevent the gigantic Dog from sticking the cake into his maw and pulling the fork out through his teeth. The puny Cat was left to watch his entire world enveloped by endless darkness as white, sharp mountains closed behind, locking him in the fleshy expanse of Roel's maw. The rumbling sound of metal rubbing against the hard white bone until the teeth clicked together marked Isaac's doom. That was all the tiny employee-made germ heard before the whole city-sized chunk of the cake was smashed into the roof of the Canine's mouth, with the tongue's saliva immediately working to melt it down.

“NOOO!!!”

Isaac shouted from within a living cavern's dark, humid, and warm confines.

Alright, Isaac! Don't panic! Just like Roel, you can work under pressure!

The insignificant Cat thought to himself as he was about to resume his search for his lost phone. Needless to say, it was going to be a nearly impossible task given the harsh

conditions the poor Kitty was experiencing. On top of that, the massive tongue was moving, creating equally massive tremors and quakes.

"ROEL!!! HELP ME!!! SOMEONE HELP!!! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!!"

Right now, Isaac just realized he was experiencing the same fate as all the other coworkers who didn't even have the privilege of making their existence aware to the godly manager. And, all the same time, the immense tongue began to twitch and shift, pushing the slimy mass of sugar and cake towards the back of the giant's throat, where the pulsing flesh dragged gallons of spit into the dark cavernous abyss of Roel's digestive tract.

That was the moment the shrunk employee felt world-ending level earthquakes.

This is it! I would be sent to the back of his throat and swallowed alive!

Isaac thought, assuming that he could survive the sheer crushing power of Roel's esophagus muscles at his current stature. But, as if the universe seemed to be playing by the Cat's side for a moment, during the twitch and shift, the phone ended up falling out of nowhere and smashing into Feline's face! Hurting his precious nose!

Not even concerned about his nose, the *pocket-sized* boyfriend grabbed the device and yelled at it.

"ROEL!!! I'M STILL ALIVE!!!"

But unfortunately, the sudden realization of his tiny "boyfriend" still being alive made the canine swallow down out of nervousness.

GLP!

"WHAT!!!"

Roel coughed as he felt the small bulge of slime slide down his fleshy throat.

"you... WHY WERE YOU QUIET!!!"

Isaac was about to fall into the dark, thick, hot, and humid confines of Roel's esophagus the moment that over thirty kilometers tall Canine coughed. An ultra overpowering gust of very hot wind carrying the strong scent of strawberry and Nutella from the confines of the young manager's stomach and lungs hit the Cat in the face full force and sent him flying!

The Siamese Cat could already see the long, thick tube of flesh that would ultimately lead him to the confines of Roel's hungry stomach to be digested and become part of something better and superior, as the Dog himself described to the shrunk employee earlier. Before Isaac found himself flying, who knows how many meters per second far away from the esophagus entrance.

Isaac went over the extension of the entire massive and vast tongue. A tongue that could accommodate an entire city very easily on top of its surface until finally hit face first on the base of the soft, pinkish gums of the Canine. Resting above his new location was a massive, white, sharp fang! The massive towering structure was so imposing and powerful that it scared the hell out of the Cat. To think it was nothing but a single fang in the mouth of his new, godly boyfriend.

At least now, right behind this towering white structure, were Roel's lower lips and freedom! But even though Isaac had his cellphone still tight with him, as it was the only thing preventing the Cat from suffering the fate of a germ, he was so knocked out right now that Isaac was on the edge of passing out! To fly through hundreds of meters on the breath coming out of the throat of someone only to hit face first against their gum was a painful experience. The tiny employee would need some time to recover after surviving a single and mere cough out of that living god like a Dog creature.

But, by doing this, Isaac ended up leaving Roel unanswered, which in the end further added to test the young manager's patience, again!

Coughing still, the deity, like a young boy, doubled over in his chair. Roel looked up at the screen.

"OH, GOD! DID I SWALLOW HIM!"

The slightly girly-looking manager said in a panic. Assuming he'd accidentally swallowed Isaac, Roel rushed towards the bathroom to induce vomiting. Unfortunately, as the massive Canine spoke, his equally massive tongue was moving at speed the germ-sized Cat couldn't comprehend, striking the top of the teeth and drawing poor Isaac back into the relentless mouth.

Isaac's recovery plans were destroyed by the ultra volume of the Dog's sheer, overpowering, booming voice speaking in panic! **Hundred times worse** since he was now **INSIDE** of his lover's mouth! It was good to see Roel panicking at some point. It relieved the Cat that he knew the Dog truly cared about him and Isaac felt confident that he could trust Roel to live with him safely, even if the puny, ex-employee was living the life of a germ on his lover's body.

However, when Isaac was about to raise his phone to say something, a **loud rumble** and **earthquake** signaled that the powerful muscle of Roel's vast tongue was hitting the top of the teeth! The Cat's first reaction was to hold the phone tight against himself and right on time. The tongue carelessly drew him back into the mouth and carried him along its tip as if he were absolutely nothing.

Isaac was now lost somewhere around the tip of Doggy's tongue! Among a dense forest of papillae which were eight times larger than him! Trying to not drown in warm spit and looking for a papilla to grab hold of it and use it as dry land. But, unfortunately, the soft pink muscle around the puny Cat offered little chance for holding on, adding that river's amount of saliva running around the extension of that vast organ didn't help the shrunk employee either.

Meanwhile, in the outside world, Roel was rushing to the restroom. Haven't heard anything from Isaac again. The Dog intended to induce vomit. The young manager stepped into the restroom before the mirror and immediately opened his maw to inspect. As Isaac looked up through the bright opening, he could see the giant's cavernous maw, yet he was nowhere to be seen. Too small to even see himself in Roel's reflection. That fact again heavily affected Isaac's psyche, as he refused to accept that. To accept that He could be that insignificant!! The Cat was left in shock and **SPEECHLESS**.

As Isaac failed to speak, the Canine boy raised a finger, letting it soar past Isaac as he prepared to trigger his gag reflex... If he still had one, that is. Then, the Cat was finally standing solid on top of that single papillae to risk moving his phone one more time. Although Isaac didn't know, it was already too late, as he was left to stare at the huge shadow falling upon him. As he was left in shock once again as to watch the enormous

finger of his *boyfriend* soaring over him with all its gigantic glory heading to his **UVULA!**

"ROEL, DON'T!!!"

The minuscule Siamese yelled through the phone. However, Roel was too slow to stop as his finger finally struck the back of his throat... And **nothing** happened. Pulling his finger back, he looked at his phone.

"I...ISAAC?" He asked, voice still booming, despite speaking soft and whispering.

Lucky for Isaac, being the active, sexy, and beautiful femboy that Roel was, his throat was already more than used to be poked every now and then. Gage reflex is something the gigantic Dog lost a long time ago. But that also worked as a warning for the puny Cat. If his dear, godly boyfriend ever gulps him down one day, even accidentally, **THERE WILL BE NO COMING BACK!**

Still, the poor Cat would get no relief as the booming voice of the manager would force him to stop whatever he was doing to cover his ears and squirm pain. At least this time, Roel realized he might have been causing pain or danger to his lover. Deciding mercifully, he hung up the phone call and switched to text.

"OMG are you ok?!!" **Roel sent.**

*"OMG! Roel!!! Yes! I'm alright for the most part! OMG! I'm so sorry I didn't answer you before, but that was because I was buried alive underneath the tide wave of cake frost caused by the tip of your finger claw! I think the rest you already know, and right now, I'm lost somewhere around the middle of your tongue... Roel, my love! I'll do anything for you. You can keep me any body part of yours that you want to, **BUT PLEASE** just keep me far away from your mouth!!!"* **Isaac Sent.**

Isaac was trying to be cute, gentle to let Roel know he knew it was all an accident, but also trying to demonstrate some sheer fear and concern about the whole situation and his current location.

A low, loud HUM signaled a response as Roel saw the message. For a moment, nothing happened, then the three dots appeared.

"Ok... I have an idea... But Hold your breath, ok?" **Roel sent.** Trying not to scare his pocket-sized lover.

Isaac held his phone tight and even let go of the massive papillae for a brief moment giving the overpowering HUM from the depths of the throat of a god. Before finally reading the text. Roel's plan to not scare the puny Cat was a complete failure right off the bat. As the Siamese Cat was trying to imagine what the Dog could possibly be planning, but when he finally realized what it might be.

"Oh, no, no...no way... He can't possibly be thinking about doing this..."

Isaac thought to himself. Without texting his god and lover back. In an instant after that, the massive teeth began to close. As the lips followed soon, the former employee was plunged into darkness just as the tongue lurched back, pressing the germ-made Cat against the back of the maw and filling the chamber with a massive pool of saliva. The amount of liquid was quickly growing, dragging some mucus with it before finally, the young boy spat the poor Feline out onto a piece of toilet paper.

In a second, The Siamese Feline felt countless G-forces, nearly crushing every bone in his body to dust! The spit cushioned the fall, and soon the paper began to absorb the liquid until Isaac could touch the soft ground. It didn't take long until Isaac found himself staring at the lovely face of the living young Dog god he called lover.

"Never do that again!" **Isaac sent.**

The divine Canine read the text, but the Dog boy could tell that the Cat actually loved it to be spat by such a superior and divine being such as himself, like being nothing more than a little germ.

"WHAT? DON'T SAVE YOUR LIFE? Ok, HEHE, NEXT TIME, I'LL SWALLOW AND LET YOU EXPERIENCE THE LIFE OF A SNACK."

The gargantuan manager teased, swallowing and sending a massive bulge down his neck, eventually vanishing behind his collar bone to further emphasize his point, the insignificant creature now standing on toilet paper. As Isaac nearly had an orgasm watching this god, he called his boyfriend, teasing him casually and so simply swallowing and allowing him to watch what could have been his fate.

"Do you doubt my capability of having figured out another way out of your mouth? Even WI-TH-OUT YOUR HELP?!~" sent, trying to tease back a real living God, who was literally holding him and his fate in his hands. A single hand.

"DOUBT YOU? NO, NOT AT ALL. I JUST DON'T HAVE FORTY YEARS FOR YOU TO ESCAPE MY TONGUE."

"Hell you, Roel! You see, this is why I love you!~" sent.

"And... Do you really think it would take me all that time to go from halfway your tongue to the tip? You can be sincere~" sent.

"NO, OF COURSE NOT. I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, BUT YOU JUST WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT OUT. I'D HAVE SWALLOWED MOMENTS LATER, AND YOU'D HAVE BEEN DEAD."

"Well... Well... What if I tell you what, I don't believe you, and if you drop me back in there, I will prove you wrong!~" Sent.

Isaac was further teasing his boyfriend to see Roel's reaction. It sounded like The puny Cat was challenging the godly glorious Dog.

"ISAAC... SWEETY... NO... I'M NOT DOING THAT. BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PROVE YOURSELF, WE CAN PUT YOU THROUGH A DIFFERENT TEST."

Immediately the tiny and pathetic Cat brushed while standing in the white vastness of that toilet paper, holding his phone and quickly typing.

"Good! I can see you are indeed smart, and you can indeed control your emotions. No wonder why you got the promotion so quickly." Sent.

"And about this new test, why do I feel good about it?~" Sent.

And upon sending that last message, Isaac would blow a kiss. Even without knowing if Roel could see him or not.

"oh! But before you do anything to me. Let me ask you something I have been dying to ask! Can you... Even see me right here?... Please be sincere," Sent.

"NO, I CAN'T SEE YOU, AND I HAVE A FEELING IT'S A TEST YOU'D ENJOY. I'LL PUT YOU IN MY SHEATH AND SEE IF YOU CAN CLIMB OUT. HOW DOES THAT SOUND?~"

And right before finishing that sentence, the towering boy stood up again to reveal his true stature one more time and even more. Roel's massive, fancy, social pants bulge was level with the sink looming not too far away from where tiny Isaac was.

"YES! YES! I ACCEPT IT!... I mean, cough cough. Challenge accepted. I got to keep my posture even though in the face of a sexy, living god just like you~". Sent.

But that same Isaac posture vanished away when Roel stood to further tease his tiny boyfriend.

"HOLLY ROEL! LOOK AT YOUR BULGE! DEAR LORD! IT'S SO MASSIVE AND IMPRESSIVE! And... And... Do you know what the best part is? If you just keep standing up exactly like this and keeping your body and bulge this close to the sink. Boy, I can have a very good idea of what your masculine scent smells like as your male musk is now washing over me... Even though I'm not even inside of your bulge..." Sent.

"And for how long have you been wearing these clothes? Just curious~" Sent.

"O... ONLY SINCE THIS MORNING."

Roel said, sheepishly blushing, before smirking as an idea flooded his brain. The towering Dog began to sway his hips to create a current that pushed more air towards the sink and thus drowned Isaac in more masculine musk.

"I'll tell you what, sometimes it's easy to forget how truly huge and godly you and your lovely sexy body are, Roel! You should do this to me more often. I mean, to stand like this to talk to me more often so I can easily remember who I'm talking to. A GOD!~"
Sent.

And then Isaac would feel the somewhat gentle, strong breeze coming from his boyfriend's hips.

"Huff! Yes! Keep up that current blowing! It sends me more of your musk, Roel!~ And please tell me, since I'm about to be going inside of your looming bulge to prove myself~ How is it going to be your masculine odor in there? It'll be stronger?" **Sent.**

The divine Doggy was reading every one of those messages, feeling his member beginning to go hard inside his pants. As to finish his power demonstration Roel stood on the tippy toes letting Isaac see the dark sweat soaked underside of his balls before the young manager would lean forward and drop back to his feet, sending the two moons crashing down in the distance as the soft sack sinks on the toilet paper.

Isaac was left speechless upon admiring the breathtaking sight of the dark, sweat-soaked underside of his lover's **BALLS!** To Roel, it was nothing, but to the germ-sized Cat, it was enough sweat to ensure he would be **FOREVER** stuck in the same position among the fancy fábrics of that expensive black social jeans pants.

And that was just what happened when the titan leaned forward and dropped back to his feet, seemingly completely careless!

"MILLO!!!"

That was all the equally young employee managed to yell upon holding my phone tight to my body and about to turn around and run when... Lucky, Roel knew what he was doing and didn't allow those massive orbs to land exactly on top of Isaac. But there was something the divine Doggy didn't prepare for.

KABUM!!!

Poor Isaac was sent hovering in the air above the toilet paper due to the impact. The shockwaves and musky-loaded winds tried to blow the puny Cat away. But the massive, heavy weight of countless tons worth of man's sack closed the deal. The paper deformed underneath the monumental weight, making the puny Feline stumble down and roll back to the wet, warm base of those pair of testicles like living mountains. The puny Cat was nearly crushed by the orbs of his lover. It seems that the giant Dog also had a crush on Isaac in more ways than one.

As my massive sack rested right in front of Isaac, nearly atop of him and what seemed like kilometers of land, the thick, sweaty fabric began to drench the insignificant Cat in the salty and oily liquid. The musk was so intense that tiny employees were turned on the moment he took a single sniff. And, to either side of Isaac, the deep guttural sounds of the churning oceans of sperm reminded him how tiny and pathetic he was beneath his lover until suddenly the balls lift away, taking poor Isaac with them!

That said, it allowed Isaac to feel even punier and like an insignificant germ upon watching the sheer **DISTANCE** from the crotch of his boyfriend to the restroom floor, **FAR FAR AWAY** below! And, of course, being able to watch his godly boyfriend's thick muscles contract and adjust as he switched his stance firsthand! The entire picture was so mind-blowing, and Isaac knew it was all happening given a simple move from Roel, such as adjusting his stance, that he decided to stay quiet again. Not texting the titanic Doggy anything, testing his boyfriend's patience one more time, and worse. Isaac was putting himself in tremendous danger by deciding not to tell Roel where he was truly on his body.

But, from Isaac's perspective

, that boy's ballsack was simply the biggest mountain range on the whole planet. Even if Roel told the Cat that he was only wearing said clothes for very little time, only since the Doggy left his apartment this morning. To Isaac, the male hormones mixed with a natural scent created a **musk** that was simply **DIVINE!** Turning Isaac on and even making him **CUM** with a single sniff!

“HOW WAS THAT SEXY LITTLE GERM? HOW DID IT FEEL TO SEE THAT EVEN JUST MY BALLS AND FLACCID COCK WERE LARGER THAN YOUR PATHETIC WORLD!”

From what the Doggy was saying, it was clear that he was starting to get turned on, the musk growing stronger for the little Cat as Roel bit his lip.

“PART OF ME JUST WANTS TO JERK OFF RIGHT NOW AND COVER THAT TOILET PAPER IN CUM... BUT, I’LL SAVE THAT TILL AFTER OUR DATE~.”

"Roel! You made me feel like my place is beneath you! My existence is to serve you, Roel, my god! That your crotch is the place where I belong from now on! And even I know that you said you have been wearing these clothes only since this morning, I must not lie to my godly lord. Roel, your natural male musk down here is absolutely overwhelming! When you kept your bulge close, it felt like your genitals' odor became my atmosphere. Your musk was my oxygen Roel! And even before that, I could see that the thick, fancy fabric of your jeans immediately beneath your balls sack was completely drenched in your natural balls sweat, Roel! You see? That is your power, my love! Or should I call you god Roel from now on?~" Sent.

The insignificant, "pocket-sized" boyfriend texted the godly Doggy back. Trying to further tease his boyfriend despite the risk of suffering with increased body heat and musk strength. However, as if all such dangers were not enough, Isaac decided to not tell Roel his true location. Allowing the massive Canine to believe he was still on the surface of that white toilet paper when he was glue stuck to the fabric of his pants. The Siamese Cat was playing with fire down there.

In the end, Isaac felt good about himself, even if he was currently being humiliated by the weight of his lover's genitals, simply because he had managed to turn on a **GOD**. That said, it meant their relationship had a promising future, that is, if the Siamese Cat could survive their first date.

"WELL, THEN, MY SEXY LITTLE GERM. WHY DON'T WE LEAVE WORK A LITTLE EARLY AND HEAD TO THE CLUB. YOU'VE GOT ME ROCK HARD."

The moment Roel finished that last sentence in his booming voice, the titanic Dog placed his index finger on the edge of the tissue before pausing and waiting.

"CLIMB ON AND TELL ME WHEN YOU'RE SAFE, AND I'LL HEAD OUT."

Roel spoke, not knowing Isaac was no longer on the toilet paper in front of him.

"Well, my godly love, I don't have a world to say on your decisions~. After all, who am I to decide what a hot god just like yourself might or might not want to do x3" Sent.

From Isaac's location between Roel's ominous thick thighs, he could watch when Canine's finger landed on the edge of the toilet paper. At this moment, The insignificant had a choice to do.

One: To tell his boyfriend the truth about his location...

Two: To deliberately lie to him and face the consequences of playing with fire. But since Isaac was spacing out completely due to breathing nothing but heavy male Dog musk stuck to the source, he couldn't have the possibility chose anything else. And, upon waiting some minutes, to make it more trustable, the puny Cat would text.

"I'm ready, my lord," Sent.

And then Isaac holds himself and the phone tight. The show was about to start.

"GOOD HEHE. NOW STAY SAFE ON MY FINGER, LITTLE ONE. I PROMISE NOT TO STICK IT INSIDE ANYONE WHILE YOU'RE ON IT."

That was the last booming sentence Isaac heard before his entire world was set into motion. The Cat felt the world lurch as his monumental boyfriend started to walk, the massive and musky ballsack he was currently stuck to swaying with each step as Roel passed back into the main office. The first regret came right at this moment. Instead of using his hand to open the door, Roel used his hips to slightly hit the door open. The Canine was only trying to protect his little lover by avoiding using hands when unnecessary, but little did he know he was actually dooming the poor Siamese.

Isaac was left stuck to the underside of that sweat-drenched fabric, facing the floor dozens of kilometers below, and left to watch his smartphone falling away from him right to the floor below.

“NO!!! ROEL!!! WAIT!!!”

Too late, the phone, the only communication method with that living deity, was now gone. And that was only the first consequence of lying to his lover.

During the whole walk through the main officer, Isaac was left to endure the loud thuds generated by each footfall along with the rumbling sounds by the inner thigh muscles of his lover moving. Not to mention the vast amounts of male Dog cum churning around those impossible large pair of orbs. However, as soon Roel passed into the small lobby, he would stop by reception before entering the elevator, leaning himself over the countertop ever so slightly only to top tap his NFC card on the sensor. But, without knowing it, Roel was actually condoning poor Isaac.

The Siamese Cat barely had any time to screen. The moment the bulge landed on the countertop, Isaac's insignificant form was brutally pressed by the heavyweight against the hard surface of the grass. The entire action took Roel less than a couple of seconds. Still, it was enough to pull Isaac inside, forcing the near nano Cat through his pants' heavy, drenched fabrics only to leave the tiny boyfriend facing the huge wall of a mountain that reassembled a Dog's bulge.

"Oh shit! No! I'm inside! I'm inside!..."

The speck Cat was literally panicking, for he knew the moment Roel started to walk again, that massive mountain covered in fancy silk fabric would be propelled forward by the movement of his inner thighs, crushing anything on its path. Isaac included.

"ROEL! Please... I'm begging you... don't..."

Unfortunately, Isaac's pleas would never really reach his lover's ears as they were simply kilometers away from his position. His voice couldn't make it outside the heavy wall of pants fabric, to begin with. It was only when the rumbling noise of body muscles contracted started again that the Cat thought by trying to move. To try to get

himself somewhere "safe"... only to find out his body was actually in excruciating pain!

Looking down to the source of pain, Isaac saw his left leg completely turned to mush, crushed to the point the bone was left sticking outside. The amount of fear and panic the insignificant Cat was feeling and experiencing prevented his brain from realizing the amount of damage Roel had already caused him with such a simple action. And the next decisive.

Turning back to face the impossible massive testicle, the last sentence that would leave the Cat's mouth was.

"Roel... I'm sorry...."

Before that massive mountain of male masculinity was propelled forward by the very first step Roel took into the elevator. The Siamese Cat was crushed in an instant, a nearly painless death. For the next twenty minutes, Roel would walk from the office through the downtown area to the club, further dissolving Isaac's last remains under inconceivable pressure, weight, body heat, and sweat.

Upon arriving at the club, the Dog even tried to contact the Cat again. Even tried to call but always failed to complete the call. Roel would even spend some good minutes in the club's restroom searching around himself, the best he could given how tiny Isaac was, trying to the best of his ability to find the shrunk Cat. But he could only do so much. Eventually, he would give up, take an Uber back home, and after a couple of hours in his bedroom to reflect on the day.

"Maybe it was for the best. I never knew if that relationship would work anyway, and now I won't have to worry about the trouble either...."

And after moving the thoughts about little Isaac and the events that happened that day in the office, the young manager would take a shower and wash away the few remains of the Siamese Cat into the drain, forever lost now, waking up the next day and continuing with his work routine under a brand new staff, as if nothing had happened.

The end.