The rays of morning sun found their way through the gaps in the blinds and fell on Seth’s face. Slowly he woke up, opening his drowsy gray eyes and pulled back a few black hair strands that had fallen over his forehead. His marine-like haircut with trimmed sides and longer hair on top was usually kept neat but his bedhead was extra messy this morning. He yawned and stretched, shuddering slightly as he noticed his cover had been yanked off from him during the night, leaving his nude body on full display. Not that anyone would have minded a peek of him - he was proud of his naturally slender physique and his impressive tattoos covering almost every part of his skin – save for his face and another, slightly sensitive, region. He slid a hand down to his thick dick and gave it a tug. No, never there. That would hurt.

Seth was brought back to reality as he heard a small sigh beside him. He turned to his side to watch the peacefully sleeping guy next to him. He had such a cute face. Even though he was in his mid-twenties he had a certain essence of youth that had been just too hard to resist at the bar last night. His wavy hair was a beautiful golden-brown color and his body, although slim, had a sleek build to it. And those eyes behind his closed eyelids, oh those eyes. Their magical hazel color was still stuck in Seth’s mind.

Philip; that was his name. Seth was surprised he remembered It. Usually the only thing he cared about the guys he brought home was how good their asses were to fuck. But this guy, Philip, was special somehow.

The two of them came from two separate worlds and they couldn’t be any more different. Philip was a wealthy exchange student from France studying economy and entrepreneurship at Columbia University, Seth was a high-school drop-out. Philip lived on Upper East Side in an apartment his parents had bought for him, Seth lived in a rental studio apartment in Brooklyn. Philip was the kind of guy your parents would love for you to bring home, Seth was the kind of guy your parents would warn you about. Yet, somehow, here they were in the same bed. Seth fiddled with a curl of Philip’s hair and smirked. “You’re not doing this easy for me, stud.” He whispered. Philip remained asleep, but the gentle touch seemed to put a faint smile on his lips.

Quietly Seth got up from the bed, careful not to wake the sleeping beauty. Scanning the floor he spotted his boxers in the corner. He had thrown them further away than he thought last night. Pulling them back on, he headed out on the balcony. The air was a little crisp but the April sun was gentle on his bare skin. He lit a cigarette and leaned on the edge of the fence, taking a whiff as he gazed down at the people on the street seven stories below. He sighed deeply, exhaling a cloud of smoke as he did. He felt strange.

“Aren’t you cold?” A French accent said behind him. Philip was standing by the balcony door, also in nothing but his boxers. The sunlight highlighted his smooth build and made a few brown locks in his hair glow. God, he was gorgeous.

Seth smirked over his shoulder. “I was waiting for a hot French guy to come and keep me warm.” He took another whiff of his cigarette.

Philip walked up to him, embracing Seth from behind. “Better?” He whispered into his ear and gave his neck a kiss.

“Almost.” Seth said, putting out his cigarette in an empty beer can and turned around to the taller Frenchman. They kissed. Long and passionately. Philip’s lips were so soft and even his morning breath tasted good. Their tongues crept out and explored each other’s mouths. They could feel the bulges in their underwear growing harder and rubbing against each other.

Philip retracted his lips and gave Seth a seductive look. “Should we take care of something here?” He said, reaching down and cupping Seth’s hard-on through his boxers.

Seth moaned at Philip’s touch. This damn Frenchman really knew how to push his buttons. “You fucking bet.” He said and guided Philip back inside. They stood in the middle of the bedroom for a moment, continuing to kiss, and simultaneously they reached down to slide each other’s underwear off. With their nude bodies revealed, Seth gave Philip a last kiss. “Hold on for just a moment, sexy.” Seth whispered. “I just gotta take a leak.”

“So romantic.” Philip giggled. “You know where to find me.” He turned and headed over to the bed, throwing a smirk back at Seth on the way.

Seth nodded appreciatively before heading inside the bathroom. Locking the door, he pulled the toilet seat up and turned the tap on. With the constant noise of running water echoing inside the room he sneaked over to the wall cabinet across the room. He knelt before it and reached in under the bottom, browsing with his hand until he found a small switch. Pushing it, a small metal box came loose from a hollow cavity in the bottom. Quietly he brought it out and set it down on the floor before him. A collection of squeaky noises could be heard from inside the box but the running water overpowered them. Seth undid the code-lock sealing the box shut and opened it.

Any other person would have been shocked by the contents of the box, but Seth was more than familiar to it. His lips cracked into a sinister smile and his boner hardened even further as he eyed the inhabitants of the box: five men; no more than three inches tall. All completely nude, all of ages within their twenties, and all utterly terrified at the humongous sight of him. The tiny crowd was huddling at the opposite side of the box to get as far away from him as possible. Not that it not created that much distance between them. “Morning guys.” Seth whispered to the tiny men. “Thanks for your help last night. Oh wait, I don’t think it's you I that should thank.” He grinned. “Anyway, I know I usually don’t ask for your help two days in a row, but this guy is fucking hot and we’re having another round. So, I’m gonna need another little helper. Who’s up for it?” None of the tiny men took the initiative. In fact, Seth’s invitation seemed to put even more fear in them. Seth wasn’t going to wait for a volunteer anyway, and with a mischievous smile on his lips he reached inside the box.

The tiny men scattered in panic as the giant hand approached but there was nowhere to escape. It didn’t take long before a small 24-year old found himself forced into a corner with the open palm coming for him. “N-no!!” He screamed. He wanted to run for it but he was trapped by fingers in each direction. Suddenly the massive digits shot for him, snatched his foot and lifted him up upside-down. “NOO! HELP ME!!” The chosen one screamed to his tiny comrades but the remaining men in the box could do nothing but stare in silent horror as he was abducted. “PLEASE NOT ME!! PLEASE STOP HIM!!” The boy kept on screaming but his comrades disappeared out of view as the box closed.

Seth locked the box and hid it away under the cabinet again. He stood up and his attention returned to the tiny man in his grasp. The tiny life was desperately struggling and trying to get out of his grip. Seth smiled and brought the boy up to his face and stared at him intensely. “Now, remember to squirm.” He said before lifting the man up above his face and opened his mouth. “Noooo!” His squeaky little voice shrieked as he found himself dangling right above the haunting chasm. The ceiling lights illuminated the perfect white teeth, the metal piercing in the center of the slimy tongue, as well as the gateway of the esophagus at the far back. Figuring he had given the tiny boy enough of a preview, Seth let go of him and the tiny human fell helplessly into his wet maw. Seth closed his lips and sloshed the struggling human around to mix him up with saliva. He moaned at both the flavor and struggles on his tongue while stroking his erect dick. Figuring it was time to get going, Seth sloped his tongue and the boy started to slide to his doom. He could feel the tiny man trying stop his descent by holding onto his piercing. He loved when they did that. Soon enough the struggling morsel realized the piece of metal was just as slippery as everything else. He slipped and was sent screaming down into the esophagus. Remorselessly, Seth swallowed, and the little man was smoothly guided down his throat. Seth let out a pleased sigh and his eyes fell on his reflection in the full-length mirror on the wall. His eyes wandered down his chest while he felt the lump descending inside. There was a slight uncomfortable pressure right below his rib cage, then it vanished. The guy had entered his stomach. It didn’t take long before he felt it, those wonderful sensations of him hitting the walls of his belly. “Fuck yes.” Seth moaned, rubbing his stomach. “Squirm you little fucker.” He whispered, and the boy behind his abs kept fighting. It felt so fucking good. His raging hard-on pressed up against his abdomen and he gave it a few tugs while rubbing his stomach. Everything was prepared. Now to the main act.

Seth flushed the toilet and turned off the tap. Philip wouldn’t suspect anything. He stepped out into the bedroom in full nude and was delighted to see the Frenchman waiting on his bed. Philip was lying on his side, spreading his beautiful naked body on the covers. He was giving Seth a seductive smile while rubbing his hard-on. “C’mere.” He almost whispered, and he didn’t have to ask twice. Seth lay down on top of him and they began kissing again, slowly at first but then more and more ravenous. They grinded their bodies against each other and their hands started exploring the other’s skin. Seth’s hand found Philip’s cock and started stroking it, and Philip responded by doing the same. Seth moaned. It felt so fucking good. To make it even better, the boy inside his stomach was putting up an intensified fight. The initial shock of being eaten must have passed and now his survival instincts was kicking in. Of course there was no chance of the tiny guy escaping his belly and his struggles only contributed to Seth’s arousal. He couldn’t restrain himself anymore. Rolling Philip onto his back, Seth placed his legs up on his shoulders to expose the hole between his buttcheeks. The Frenchman was happily obliging and was biting his lips in anticipation of what was to come. Seth gave him a lustful look before pushing his cock into Philip’s hole. They both gasped in pleasure, the sensation being just as blissful for both. Seth started thrusting his dick back and forth. Philip’s hole was so tight and it put just the right pressure on his dick. While fucking the Frenchman, Seth could feel the boy inside his stomach increasing his struggles even more. Seth’s humping was probably roaring up a storm in his tummy, making the prisoner's struggles even more panicked and desperate. The sensations from both his dick and stomach were so fucking blissful. Seth couldn’t hold himself back. Just as he thrusted his dick once more, the boy in his belly punched just the right spot, causing him to reach climax. “Fuuuck!!” Seth gasped as he came in Philip’s hole. The orgasm went on for several seconds and he kept on thrusting, although gradually slowing his pace. Soon enough his erection started to soften inside the Frenchman’s ass. Seth stared intensely at Philip who was smiling back at him. “Now it’s your turn.” Seth whispered, carefully pulling his cock out of his ass, before laying down before Philip’s dick. Grabbing it, he brought the head to his lips. He slid its entire length into his mouth and Philip gasped loudly above. Seth rocked his head back and forth as he sucked his dick, his tongue and piercing only adding to the Frenchman’s pleasure. Philip’s moans and breaths increased with every pump, and to make it better for him, Seth slid a finger inside the Frenchman’s ass, massaging his prostate with the lubed aid of his own cum inside. Seth could feel the veins of the dick inside his mouth swell and he knew Philip was close now. With one final moan, Philip thrusted his hips and Seth felt an explosion of cum inside his mouth. He happily swallowed it all. Philip’s orgasm carried on and Seth continued gulping it all down. He felt the warm fluids slide down his throat and he knew the tiny man inside his stomach was being flushed in a cascade of cum right at this moment. It was so fucking hot to him.

With one last swallow, Seth seemed to have consumed the entirety of Philip’s load. He sat up on his knees and stared down at the beautiful boy. Right then he felt a bubble of gas rise up from his stomach and he let out a small burp. "Oops." He chuckled and patted his abs. Philip giggled. Seth proceeded to lay down next to him and the two men stared deep into each other’s eyes. Without a word Philip climbed on top of Seth and kissed him. They lay there for a long time, Philip on top of Seth, and the silence was only filled with the smacking noises from their lips. The guy in Seth’s stomach wasn't struggling as much now - the weight of Philip pressing down on his abdomen must have made it tight for him in there. He was probably also submerged in a lake of cum. Poor thing. Seth’s belly let out a gurgle and a flickering struggle inside indicated the little boy in fact was alive.

Philip seemed to hear the noise from Seth’s stomach as he looked down at it. “Hungry?” He asked and gave his abs a kiss.

“A little maybe.” Seth mumbled, internally laughing at the irony of the situation.

“So… How about breakfast? Maybe there’s some nice brunch place around here?” Philip said while caressing Seth’s belly.

Seth chuckled. Brunch. He and Philip really came from different worlds. “I really need to get to work.”

“Oh.” Philip pouted. “I get it. Um, what did you say you were working as again? Can’t remember if you did last night.” He sat up and scanned the stylish studio apartment. “It’s a pretty neat place you have.”

“Just at an auto mechanic shop.” Seth responded, “Nothing spectacular.”

“A mechanic shop.” Philip nodded. “Cool.” He didn’t sound very excited.

Seth shrugged. “I said it’s nothing spectacular. But it pays the bills.” He got up from the bed. “But first I need a shower. And I guess you do too.”

Philip smiled up at him. “Probably.”

The two men showered together. They took their sweet time washing each other’s bodies while kissing under the steaming water. Eventually Seth turned the water off and they dried themselves and got dressed. Seth pulled on a white V-necked t-shirt and a pair of black jeans while Philip put on the same ironed shirt and chinos from yesterday. Not that anyone would notice.

The date night was approaching its end. There was a strange silence between the two men and a feeling of uncertainty lingered in the air. It was that unavoidable thought of what would happen now. Was this the beginning of a relationship or was it just a one-night stand? What did the other one think?

While styling his hair by the mirror, Seth saw Philip putting on his shoes and jacket by the entrance. Seth got up to him to see him off.

“So, um.” Philip mumbled. “It was… It was nice meeting you. Do you think you want to… Meet again?” He looked so nervous as he asked.

Seth knew what he was supposed to do; to follow the same routine as always. Just say no, break the guy’s heart and then send him out the door. It was always the best thing to do. But then he looked at Philip’s insecure face. His cute face. His adorable curls. His hazel eyes. This guy just radiated beauty and innocence. He shouldn’t do this, this was all so wrong, but his heart was refusing his brain. He said the words he had never said before. “Sure thing. You can have my number.”

Philip’s face shone brighter than the sun. “N-nice…!” Was all he could respond with, and he quickly seemed to realize what an awkward response it was himself. As if the guy couldn’t get any cuter, Seth thought as he watched the curly-haired boy fumble for his phone in front of him. They exchanged numbers and as they simultaneously put their phones down they met each other’s eyes again. “Thanks for tonight.” Philip smiled. “Until next time.”

“Until next time.” Seth smirked. They exchanged a long kiss, long enough for their tongues to browse through each other’s mouths one last time. “Have fun at school, kid.” Seth grinned as he retracted his face.

“Have fun at work.” Philip responded before turning around and heading down the stairs. He threw Seth a last glance before he disappeared out of view.

Seth closed the door and sighed deeply. What had he done? He walked over to his bed and lay down on his back, staring at the ceiling fan while his mind was spinning with thoughts. He was so stupid. He wasn’t supposed to do this. He couldn’t just start dating someone like that. Yet, there was something about Philip. Did he like him? Was Seth in… Love? No, no. He shook his head. Philip was just a nice fuck, Seth explained to himself. He could see him for a few times before moving on to another guy. Easy. His thoughts were interrupted by a pleasant sensation. He looked down at his midriff and pulled his shirt up to reveal his toned stomach. The gurgles and groans coming from it indicated digestion had started and the little guy inside was putting up a last desperate fight. “Oh yeah. Had almost forgotten about you, pal.” Seth smiled, giving his abs a few pats. His hand slipped into his pants and massaged his cock that was growing hard once again. “Think I have time for another wank before work.”

Half an hour later Seth was driving down the streets of Brooklyn in his Mustang convertible. He was a hot sight in his leather jacket and pilot sunglasses. While driving he was eating a meatball sub he had bought on the way, unknowingly ending the life of the guy inside his stomach as he was crushed in an avalanche of chewed bread and meat. Seth had already forgotten about him though.

He entered a less populous part of town that was mostly made up of tired industries and old factories. It was the kind of area that probably would be gentrified in the future, where the gloomy businesses would be replaced by cafés and yoga studios. For now, luckily enough, those hipsters seemed to stay away.

Frank’s Automobile Repair wasn’t much to the world. It was a simple one-story building, made out of five adjacent garages, where the one furthest to the right had been converted into a shop selling different car supplies. Seth parked on the parking lot surrounding the business and headed into the shop. He passed a customer looking at washer fluid as he made his way to the checkout. His colleague Mitch was sitting behind the counter, feet propped up next to the cash register while watching last night’s football game on the wall-TV. He was eating from a bag of Cheetos and there were visible yellow spots on his grey t-shirt. Seth thought it was insane how Mitch stayed so fit despite being such a slouch. The colleague was a few years younger than him and Seth had taken somewhat of a big brother role to him, and he didn’t know how many times he had saved his ass from being fired for underperforming on the job.

“Morning Mitch.” Seth said. Mitch only nodded in response, too focused on the screen. Seth rolled his eyes. “Where’s Frank?”

“Basement.” Mitch grunted, mouth full of Cheetos. “Now shh, I gotta see who wins this.”

“Right.” Seth responded and headed for the entrance to the workshop. “Oh, and its Eagles who wins the game.” He called back at Mitch.

“Oh COME ON!” Mitch yelled after him. “Fuck you man!”

Seth chuckled for himself as he marched through the workshop. He passed Chuck and Brad who were working on an old Volvo. If Seth and Mitch were the skinny ones of the business, Chuck and Brad were at the other end of the spectrum. They were your typical industry workers with strong arms and big bellies. Both were in their 40’s with wives and kids at home. They were usually not much for conversation but after a couple of beers they usually warmed up to him.

“Morning guys.” Seth greeted them. “How’s it going with that piece of junk?”

“Boss’s been looking for you.” Chuck grunted instead of answering his question.

“Yeah, yeah. On my way.” Seth answered and continued through the garage. At the other end was a separate room with a smaller workshop, mainly used for the smaller fixes and repairs. A massive cupboard, filled with tools, made up the entire short side of the room. Seth stepped up to it and reached behind a couple of boxes. Pushing a few barely visible buttons in a specific combination, half of the cupboard swung inwards, revealing a smaller section of the room with a staircase leading down into a basement. He closed the secret door behind him and made his way down the steps. At the bottom was a metal door with a code lock next to it. He entered the ten-digit code and the door clicked open.

Behind the door was a dark, narrow corridor leading up to a bigger room. In the center was a table with a few chairs surrounding it. A lone light bulb dangled above the table and was the only thing providing the room with light. Around the periphery of the room were hundreds of cardboard boxes stacked on top of each other, some piles so tall they almost reached the ceiling. Lastly, at the opposite end of the room was another door, also locked with a code. However, that was the only code Seth didn’t know. Only one person did. Right then the door opened, and that person stepped out.

“Someone’s late.” A deep voice said. A tall, muscular figure stepped out of the shadows and came into the light. He had a stern face with dark eyes under a set of thick eyebrows. His well-groomed goatee was as dark as his short-kept hair. A light stubble covered the remainder of his sharp jaws. The man was a daunting sight at his height of 6’10’’, together with his bulging muscles stretching out his white tank top and jeans.

“Sorry Frank.” Seth said. “Traffic was crazy.”

“Traffic.” Frank, the massive man, scoffed. “I bet. Or maybe someone’s butt buddy was crazy.”

Seth cleared his throat awkwardly. Frank knew him too well.

“I hope you don’t let those boys distract you.” Frank crossed his arms. “You know what the consequences could be.”

A small shiver ran up Seth’s spine. Frank, although being somewhat of a father-figure to him, was an intimidating man. His boss had threatened a former companion of Seth’s similarly a few years earlier of what would happen if he didn’t follow the rules. The companion, however, kept on violating his directions and one day he just didn’t show up. Gone without a trace. Frank never spoke about it, but Seth was fairly convinced of what had happened. Just as much as Frank cared about his subordinates, just as careless was he if they didn’t follow his warnings.

“I’m not,” Seth told his boss. “Just need a good fuck now and then y’know.”

Frank sighed and shook his head. “Just get to work. We’ve got a lot of deliveries today. Do a quick re-count before packing the truck, will ya.”

“Got it, boss.”

Seth stepped over to the stacked boxes in the corner and grabbed the top one. He set it down on the table and opened the lid. Inside was a bunch of small plastic bags containing bolts and wires. But that was not all. Lifting the bags out, another item was revealed at the bottom. A cage. He smirked at the bunch of tiny men inside as they came into light. “Hey guys” He grinned. “Time to find you some new homes.”