Life proceeded for Seth in the strangest way. He continued dating Philip while simultaneously continuing his job dealing shrunken people for his boss, Frank. And Philip knew just as much about Frank as Frank knew about Philip: nothing. Zero. Seth had to keep those two worlds as far from each other as possible. Philip couldn’t find about him working in a criminal business that literally kidnapped, shrunk, trafficked, and killed innocent people. And Frank couldn’t find out that Seth was dating someone, because romantic partners meant the risk of someone getting too close and find about the cartel, he had spent years on building. Understandably, it was a never-ending struggle for him to balance on the thin thread between those two worlds. Sometimes Seth did not know if he could keep it up, but then he would see Philip, fall into his arms, kiss his lips, touch his body, make love to him, and everything made it feel worth it. He loved him; oh, how he loved him.

Having Philip by his side at almost all times made it manageable for Seth to keep his sanity, but it made it even more difficult when Philip had to travel back home to France for a week. It was just seven days, but Seth already feared those days were going to be tough for him now when he practically was his means of keeping calm. Philip had asked him if he wanted to come along to the airport to see him off, but Seth had declined, stating that he was not a fan of big crowds. In reality he feared they could be seen together by a gossiping customer in such a public place. Another reason why their secret relationship was almost exhausting. But Philip had nodded understandably and given him a big kiss before heading out his apartment.

And here Seth was, alone in his apartment. Philip was gone. He was laying naked on his bedsheets, staring absently at the ceiling fan while tugging at his semi-hard cock. He was trying to get aroused but his mind was too preoccupied for him to feel anything. He moved his free hand to his tight stomach and poked at his abs, annoyed. “Come on guys.” He muttered. “Struggle harder. You’re doing nothing for me right now.” Usually one guy was enough for Seth to reach climax, but now he had swallowed four shrunken men and he was still not really feeling horny. The four people inside his stomach were in fact putting up a great fight that usually would have made him cum a multitude of times, but now the issue seemed to be inside Seth’s head and not his belly.

Seth let out a frustrated sigh and reached into the box that stood next to his naked body, fishing up yet another little guy. The three-inch tall man wept loudly as he was randomly chosen by the massive hand. He was brought up above Seth’s giant face and with teary eyes he looked down and met his irritated gaze. Seth’s lips were sealed in a stern expression, but the tiny man knew that behind those lips awaited a horrible doom inside the giant’s digestive system. He was about to plead for his life, but Seth was quicker to speak – not that he would have listened to the little man’s words anyway.

“Can you tell the others to struggle harder?” Seth asked him. The tiny man was perplexed by his command. “Listen, these last few weeks have been tough on me and I’ve had a lot on my mind. ALL I’m asking for is just a moment of self-care and a nice fucking orgasm. But your friends in here are doing nothing for me!” Seth slapped his stomach angrily, so hard it briefly left a red imprint on his abs. The noise it produced must have sounded like a lightning strike to the prisoners inside. “So, tell them when you get in there that you all are gonna have to struggle harder or I will gulp down an entire bottle of hot sauce, and you will NOT like that.” Seth finished his explanation and before the tiny guy even had time to form a coherent sentence, he had opened his mouth wide and dropped him inside. Feeling him land on his tongue, he closed his lips and took a moment to mix him up with some saliva. Then, arching his head back and extending his neck, he swallowed. A faint bulge moved horizontally from the base of his chin and along his neck before disappearing between his collarbones. He felt the squirming lump move deeper inside his chest before it plopped into his stomach with the other four inmates. Seth felt the struggles in his belly pause for half a minute. Then the struggles resumed and at a much more intense level. The newcomer must have brought forward Seth’s threatening message. He smirked and started tugging at his dick again, but it would still not get hard. “Come ooon.” He grunted and looked down at his cock. “I know you can do this.” But it remained soft.

Seth sighed; he gave up. He let go of his cock and let it fall to its side. He rubbed both hands up and down his stomach, feeling the desperate kicks and punches inside. What a waste, he thought. He had swallowed five people – five different lives with their own hopes and dreams – when he could just have saved them for five separate occasions. His head was just too full of thoughts. And to make it worse, he felt alone with those thoughts. He wanted to just let it all out – but to who? He could not speak with Frank, nor Philip, nor a psychiatrist without spilling his secrets in one way or another. He glanced at the box next to him, thinking. He reached inside and browsed around the bottom, eventually finding a new guy to grab. Lifting him out, the new guy was certain that he would be a sixth addition to the giant’s meal, but Seth just dropped him onto his stomach. The guy landed with a thud on his abs and for a moment he was frozen in fear as he realized he was just a few inches above his friends inside the churning gut below. Seth looked down at him. “Hey. What’s your name?”

The little guy seemed confused by the question. “…Uh… Justin…?”

“Justin.” Seth nodded. “So Justin, I have this problem. And I don’t have anyone else to talk to. Hope you’re good at giving advice.”

The tiny Justin gulped. In his former life he had been an event manager, not a therapist. People’s emotions were not his forte.

“I’ve fallen in love with a guy.” Seth explained. “But as you probably realize I have a pretty secretive job. And I have a boss that doesn’t allow relationships because that could jeopardize the entire thing. If he catches me with this guy, both he and I are going straight down his throat – just like your friends in here.” He patted his upper abs in front of the startled Justin. “And I don’t want that neither for him nor me. Still, this guy is just so amazing. So beautiful. Whenever I think about him my heart races. It’s all new to me, but I know I want to spend my life with him. So…” Seth’s eyes locked on the tiny guy. “What should I do?”

Justin was trembling. As Seth spoke the abdomen below him shook, and at the same time he could faintly hear the despaired voices of his friends inside his stomach. He feared he would join them if he said the wrong thing. “Um… Um…” He staggered. “…How have you managed until now?”

Seth thought. “I’m discreet. We only meet at my place or his. I don’t respond to his calls when I’m at work. And I don’t show the slightest evidence of it to my boss. So far it’s been working fine, I just don’t know for how much longer I can keep it up.”

“…So why don’t you leave the dealing business then…?” Justin suggested.

Seth sighed. It’s not like he hadn’t thought of that idea before. “I can’t. I really can’t. Considering how criminal the things I do Frank would never let me go. At least not alive. I’ve pretty much sworn my life to this.”

Justin was thinking about what to say next but the looming threat of being eaten made it hard to gather his thoughts. “I think you can… Keep a secret.” It was the only compromising answer he could think of. He looked nervously at the giant, who – to his surprise – nodded approvingly.

“You know what – I think I can. I’ve been keeping all of this secret for so many years, I think I can find a way. Thanks Justin!”

Justin lit up a little. “D-does that mean I can go? You won’t eat me?”

Seth raised a brow. “Huh? Course not. You people always think the smallest gesture of kindness means I’m gonna spare you. Hah.” He scoffed as he grabbed Justin by his ankle and lifted him off his stomach. He opened his mouth and lowered the screaming little human inside, sealing his lips around his torso while still holding onto his leg, and started licking at him. That was when Seth got another idea. He gave Justin a few more licks before pulling him back out. The tiny guy coughed and spat, half covered in saliva, but was surprised that he had not been swallowed. “Actually, you know what? I won’t eat you. At least not with my mouth.” Seth gave him a mischievous smile before lifting both his legs up and bringing the tiny down towards his ass. Pulling one of the cheeks to the side with his free hand, he exposed his hole to the horrified Justin who now realized the giant’s intentions.

“You can’t be serious!!” Seth heard him scream. “You’re really not going to—?!"

Justin’s screams were blotted out as Seth pushed his head into the tight sphincter. The saliva helped guiding him inside and he pushed his entire torso inside, leaving only a pair of kicking legs on the outside. “Fuck.” Seth breathed. He clenched his anus and the guy was sucked in more, now only his knees and feet remained in the outside world. One more clench and only two wriggling feet poked out from his ass. Bringing his hand back he placed the tip of his middle finger against the tiny soles before pushing them all inside and far up his rectum. He gasped as he felt Justin move up his colon while struggling like mad. His cock sprung to life and became completely erect in an instant. “Oh fuck.” He moaned. “There we go.” He panted and grabbed his throbbing penis. Feeling the blissful struggles in both his gut and ass it did not take him long to reach climax. He tensed his naked body as waves of pleasure swept through him. “Fuuuuuck!” He gasped as ropes of cum pumped out of his dick and splatted onto his abdomen. He fell back into the sheets. His dick continued oozing semen onto his stomach and it started seeping between his abs and off his body. He smiled delightedly. He could still feel the five strugglers inside his belly trying to find a way out of him while Justin squirmed somewhere in his rectum. Though, the human dildo had moved deeper inside of him and Seth couldn’t exactly tell where he was anymore. He would come out eventually, probably. Seth didn’t worry about that right now, in fact his eyes were getting drowsy after the intense orgasm and he found himself dozing off. He closed his eyes and fell into the deepest sleep in a long time. His stomach gurgled and bubbled as it started producing acids to break down his living meal.

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“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Yeah’s that’s all.” Seth said as he counted the shrunken men inside the box. He pushed it across the table to Mitch who was sitting on the opposite side and who proceeded to put it into another – bigger – box. Mitch finished by covering the smaller container with car supplies so it would not get noticeable in case the wrong person would take a peek inside. He taped it shut and set it down on the floor next to the other boxes that were ready for delivery to their customers. In the secret basement of Frank’s Automobile Repair, its secondary business was going on as usual. Groups of eight shrunken men were packed into packages, ready for delivery to hungry men all over the country. Dealing with tiny men was a highly secretive business so they had to make sure the boxes looked as mundane as possible. It was as important as making sure customers actually ate the tiny lives so that any evidence of them could be destroyed. Luckily, it was never hard to get people on the hook after their first sample.

As Mitch received the next box from Seth he realized that there were not eight but nine guys inside. “Hey sleepyhead. You counted wrong again.” He sneered at Seth.

Seth looked up. “Huh? Again? Sorry. Here, just give me one and I’ll put him in this next one.”

“What’s up with you today, man?” Mitch asked. “You seem all preoccupied and shit.”

“Don’t worry about it, just give me one from your box.”

Mitch shrugged and grabbed an athletic guy from his box and lifted him out. He handed him towards Seth, but just as Seth was about to grab him, Mitch retracted his hand. “Sike!” He giggled before opening his mouth and shoving the screaming guy inside. He sealed his lips, and the puny cries became muted. “Com’ an’ ge’ him.” Mitch spoke around the living meat, leaning closer to Seth and opening his mouth to reveal the drenched little athlete on his slimy tongue. Seth sighed. “Come on Mitch, stop playing around.” He reached over with a hand towards Mitch’s parted mouth. The man inside was desperately reaching out with his little arms, crying for rescue. “Just give him to—” But just as his fingers were inches from Mitch’s lips, Mitch lifted his tongue and forced the guy back into his throat. With his mouth still open, Mitch swallowed and the tiny guy’s last screams disappeared down his esophagus. He leaned back in his seat, cheekily licking his lips. “Too slow.”

“You’re so fucking immature, you know that?” Seth snarled. “That poor guy is probably swimming around in a swamp of the Doritos and Cheetos you had for lunch right now.”

Mitch lifted his tank top and rubbed his washboard abs that Seth never comprehended how he could keep, considering his diet. “I’d say it’s a pretty nice way to go. Ain’t that right bro?” He gave his stomach a pat, resulting in a gas bubble rising up his throat. “Buurp.”

Right then, Frank’s door opened, and their massive boss stepped into the room. Frank, who already was a mountain of a man with his six feet and ten inches, was extra imposing today as he was not wearing a shirt and exposing his beefy torso to the world. His signature jeans were hugging his powerful legs and on his feet he wore thick leather boots.

“Snacking, are we?” Frank said as he stood in front of the table and his two subordinates.

Seth and Mitch looked up at their daunting boss. “Y-yeah, sorry boss.” Mitch stuttered. “Just got hungry.”

Frank grabbed a chair and sat down between them. “Hungry you say.” He said. He grabbed the box of people in front of Mitch and lifted it up. “You know what, I could go for a snack myself.” He brought the edge of the box up to his bottom lip, then opened his mouth wide and angled the box up. Seth watched as a tiny man slipped from the edge into Frank’s mouth. Another one followed but just before he entered, Frank closed his lips. A wet gulp echoed inside the room as their boss swallowed. Frank opened his mouth again to welcome the next victim into his maw. Another gulp. Frank continued the processes, swallowing morsel upon morsel, and his throat worked smoothly with every new arrival. After seven swallows, just one devastated guy remained, desperately clawing on the cardboard walls to avoid slipping into the horrifying chasm behind him. Frank let his tongue crawl out to reach him and as soon as its tip found its way under his feet, he lost his footing and Frank could let gravity do the job. The tiny man watched the world disappear as he slid backwards on the slimy tongue, soon seeing the outside world through two rows of giant teeth. The teeth clanked shut and he was enclosed in wet darkness. The gargantuan tongue beneath him rose and squeezed him against the hard palate. Saliva gathered and coated his naked body, and together with the pressure from the tongue he was pushed backwards into an unknown void. The haunting, amplified sound of the giant swallowing him signaled the start of his journey down to the most horrible doom imaginable.

One last bulge traveled down Frank’s thick neck and he let the box fall to the floor. He licked his lips and placed a hand on his muscle gut which now contained a full delivery load of tiny men. “Seems like I was a little hungry too.” He stared at Mitch, who seemed to realize he was in for some kind of punishment. Frank gestured with a hand at him. “Mitch. Come closer.” Mitch obeyed hesitantly. In a sudden move, Frank grabbed the back of Mitch’s head and pulled him off his chair. Mitch yelped as his knees hit the concrete floor and Frank, using brute force, dragged him closer. Frank pressed Mitch’s head against his stomach, pushing his ear against the bare skin. Seth could see that Mitch was distressed by their boss’s sudden move but none of them dared to protest.

“What do you hear in there, Mitch?” Frank asked his subordinate as he continued pressing him against his gut, his voice hauntingly calm.

Mitch grunted uncomfortably. Beyond the warm flesh of Frank’s stomach he could hear rumbles and bubbly groans. But in the midst of them all he heard another sound he knew his boss wanted him to say. “S-screams, boss.” He stuttered.

“That’s right.” Frank told him. “Screams. And I can also feel their puny little struggles in there. Those little fellas sure don’t want to be in there. And who can blame them? My stomach will digest them, and that’s a very painful experience. But kind as I am, I occasionally take pills to postpone digestion. You know, giving them a little more time to enjoy my warm, cozy guts. And if I’m even kinder I can continue taking those pills. Hell, as long as I keep taking them and swallow down fresh air to them, I can keep them alive for a day or two. Think the longest I’ve kept my meal alive for is four days. Of course, this means they won’t know WHEN digestion will start. That’s up to me to decide. And can you imagine how crazy you’ll go when you don’t know that? You’re trapped alone inside a stomach, completely cut off from the world without any sense of time, and at any moment those stinging juices could start pouring out the walls. And trust me, their struggles in my stomach right now feels good. But after two days inside that hot, stinking darkness they lose all sanity and start trashing out for real. And I tell you, THOSE struggles are something else.”

Seth shivered as he listened to Frank’s words. He knew his boss was cruel to tinies, but he had never heard of Frank doing this to them. He was not sure why he was telling Mitch all of this, but at the same time he was getting some inspiration and also a hardon.

“So, Mitch.” Frank said. He moved him away from his stomach and angled his head up to face him. “We have a big supply of tiny men. But not infinite. If you continue eating my products without my consent, I will have you shrunk and let you experience my stomach from the inside. And I’m telling you, I am curious just how long I can go without digesting my tiny meals.”

Mitch eyes widened in complete fear as Frank’s message sunk in. “Y-yes boss!! I promise I won’t eat a single one ever again!!”

“There, there. No need to exaggerate.” Frank stroked a hand through Mitch’s hair caringly. He was a strict man, but he was still like a father-figure to his subordinates. “When I offer them, you can eat them.” Mitch nodded carefully. “Go up to the lobby will ya.” Frank told him. “Tend to the shop. I will take over for you here.”

Mitch got up on his feet. “Y-yes boss.” He hurried out the room and up the stairs.

Seth and Frank were left alone with each other. Quietly they continued the work of packing the boxes with tiny men.

“That was some way of getting your point across.” Seth joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Frank sighed and shook his head. “Had to make him understand that this isn’t some freeloader job. If he wants to eat people he’s gotta pay for it too. You, Mitch, and the others already get your discount.” He held up the tiny, terrified man he was about to pack into his box. “Getting men into this size isn’t an easy process you know. I have my reasons for keeping it secret but I’m doing way more than you all think.”

Seth nodded. “And I respect you for that, boss.”

Frank’s stern expression turned a little softer. “You’re a good man, Seth. A good worker.” Frank said, staring into his eyes. “Our business wouldn’t be flourishing as much as it currently is if it weren’t for you. You know how to get new people on the hook, you know how to keep business under the radar, and most important of all – you’re loyal to me. I value that.”

Seth forced a smile. However, despite Frank’s words of acknowledgement, he got a bad feeling in his gut. He knew that staying loyal to Frank was not only for getting his approval, but also to stay alive. The fact that he secretly was dating Philip meant he was breaking those rules. A wave of guilt washed over him as he thought of the danger he was putting himself, but most importantly Philip, in.

“I know this job can be a bit lonely sometimes.” Frank went on while softly rubbing his stomach. “It’s not compatible with relationships. A one-night stand here and there I can look past, but nothing committing. What is important here is the cash. The money. Oh man, how much we’ve made these last years.” It was true, they were all practically millionaires.

Seth nodded. “Yeah. That’s right boss.” He said lowly, then realizing how he sounded like he was hiding something.

Frank identified the uncertainty in his voice immediately. He stared deep into Seth’s eyes. “You are staying single right?” Seth felt his heart in his throat. He wanted to confidently say yes, but Frank’s gaze burrowed into his very soul and he didn’t know if he could keep the lie. He knew that the slightest stutter, a blink too much, or any devious behavior could be enough to make Frank suspicious. And that would be bad. Very bad. Seth was just about to gather the guts he had and respond, but before he could he was saved by the bell when Frank’s face cracked into a surprised expression.

“Whoa!” Frank exclaimed, leaning back in his seat and patting his belly. “These guys just tried to wrecking ball their way out of there!”

“…Huh?” Seth asked.

“You know when they collectively throw themselves at one of the walls at the same time? Those little shits must have been discussing an escape plan together. I love when they do that.” Frank explained. “Oh! They did it again! Man, it has been a long time since I had a meal like them. Keep it up guys.” He laughed while rubbing his stomach.

“Oh yeah.” Seth nodded. “Has happened to me once or twice too.” He was relieved Frank’s meal had interrupted the previous conversation.

“Man, are they a sports team or something? They’re really coordinated.” Frank twitched blissfully as his meal once again hurled themselves at his stomach walls.

Seth eyed the box. “Yeah, think they were in the same rugby team.”

“Figures. You know what,” Frank said and stood up. “I haven’t properly enjoyed this in a while.” As he reached his full height a massive bulge in his jeans became visible. Seth could not take his eyes off it. For years he had lusted for what was inside that bulge. Frank reached into his pants and grabbed his erection, moaning loudly. “Me and the boys are going to have a little quality time for ourselves.” He said, patting his stomach with his free hand. “You can take the rest of the day off. You can bring a box with a fresh supply of tinies with you if you want. I’m feeling generous today.” He headed over to his door and entered the 12-digit code that only he knew. The mechanism behind the sheath of steel stirred and the heavy gate opened. “See you tomorrow kiddo.” Frank said before heading inside his secret room together with the eight struggling occupants of his stomach that would bring him to several orgasms throughout the remainder of the day.

As Frank’s door closed behind him, Seth could finally let out a relieved sigh. He fell back in his chair and ran a hand through his hair. That had been close. His heart was still beating fast from the interrogation and he was thankful that Frank’s meal had interrupted them. How would he be able to keep this lie up? It was just so tough on him. He wished Philip were waiting for him at home right now, so he could cuddle up with him and forget about the world for a moment, but he was still away in France. Seth missed him so much. He looked over at the boxes stacked in the corner and heard he small pleading noises. Well, at least there were other ways to distract his mind, he thought as he stood up and grabbed a box before heading home.

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Days passed. Seth blinked awake as rays of sunlight fell on his face. The morning sun felt warm on his bare skin. He yawned wide, briefly illuminating the mouth that had consumed hundreds upon hundreds of human lives. He looked over to his side and saw the face of the most beautiful person he knew. Philip was still asleep. He had returned from France the previous night and Seth could not be happier. He looked at his peaceful face as he slept. His golden-brown curls that usually were neatly pulled to the side were now laying messily over his closed eyelids and just made him so much more adorable. Seth smiled. No matter how many times he saw Phillip’s face – asleep as well as awake – his heart fluttered. He gave him a gentle kiss on the forehead and received a cute little noise in response. Quietly he got up from the bed and headed towards the bathroom, moving the work of art that was his naked tattooed body across the apartment.

Seth sighed in relief as he emptied his bladder in the toilet. A low rumble from his stomach indicated he was getting hungry and he was looking forward to a nice breakfast together with Philip. He was also looking forward towards morning sex before said breakfast, his dick was already getting hard at the thought. He figured it was a good time to pick out a tiny morsel to give him a little boost. He looked over at the cabinet under which his secret box of tinies was hidden. That was when his heart stopped.

The box was laying on the floor, tumbled over. And worse: it was empty. Fuck. FUCK.

He hurried over to the box and inspected it. It was indeed empty. Of course, why would the little shits not escape when they were given the opportunity. But why was it open?! Seth tried to come up with an answer, figuring he must have been too hurried getting down on Philip last night that he failed to reattach the box properly. Philip had probably not seen any tiny escapees the night before as he had been so jetlagged that he had fallen asleep right after sex, but Seth knew that if Philip saw them his deepest secret would be revealed. “Fuck!” Seth growled quietly. Of course he never made sure to close the bathroom door either, being the sloppy bachelor that he was. They were out there somewhere and he had to find them – quickly. Philip was asleep, but he could wake up any moment. How many men had it been inside the box? He tried his hardest to remember. He had swallowed one the night before, but he knew a few ones had remained. Was it five left? Four? He couldn’t remember. He cursed himself for being so careless with his biggest secret in life. “Fuck!” He growled again, slamming his fist into the floor. The punch was surprisingly strong and it sent a slight shockwave through the bathroom. To his luck this caused a hidden spectator to lose his balance and fall off the shelf that he was hiding on.

In the corner of his eye, Seth saw something fall down onto the floor. He looked over and saw a tiny, panicking man to get to his feet and try climb back up the shelf. In a swift motion Seth dove down to floor level and reached out for him. Before the man could reach the shelf a giant hand had seized him and he was brought up before a giant, angry face.

“You.” Seth said in a low voice, both haunting and furious. “How many are you? Where are the others? Tell me!”

“Like hell I’m telling you, you giant piece of shit!!” The brave little guy shouted at him. His body was built like a boxer’s and he was probably someone who didn’t back down from a fight when at his real size. Seth however was not intimidated by the little guy. He needed an answer, and fast. “You’re going to tell me!” He grabbed the man’s tiny arm and brought it up to his mouth, positioning it between his front teeth. Slowly he applied pressure. The man yelped and started screaming in pain as the giant incisors started sinking into his arm. “Agh! Stop!! Stooop!!” He screamed, fearing Seth would bite the limb off. “There are three others!!” He shouted. “Please don’t eat me!!”

Seth eased the pressure on the guy’s arm, allowing him to retract it. “Where are they?!” He growled.

“I-I don’t know!” The man yelped while caressing the red mark on his arm. “They went out from the bathroom! I don’t know where they are!! Please, just please don’t eat me!” The man cried.

Seth only registered the information he needed and did not even hear the man’s last plea. He had to find the rest quickly. Mercilessly, he shoved the devastated man into his mouth and swallowed him. Before the struggling morsel even had landed inside his stomach, Seth had put the secret box back in place and hurried out the bathroom.

Seth scanned the large main room. Having a large open-planned apartment where the bedroom, living room and kitchen shared the same space proved to be a disadvantage when three tiny prisoners had escaped. Luckily, he had secured it beforehand so that tinies would not be able to hide easily as he enjoyed a little cat-and-mouse hunting now and then. All furniture was raised from the floor, there were no cracks or holes in the walls to escape through, and neither the door nor the windows were possible to open at a tiny size. He would occasionally let loose a couple of tinies and take his sweet time to find them, but now he had to catch them as fast as he could before Philip woke up. Seth threw a glance at the bed over in the corner. Philip was still asleep - good.

He lay down on the floor tried to make out any small movements, but he saw no signs of the tiny escapees. Of course, they had all night to hide so why would they stay on the floor. Seth swore for himself again. He tried to think of the common hiding places that tinies usually chose, remembering one in particular. Quietly he hurried over to the TV and crouched down before the counter it stood on. The counter contained several open shelves containing his gaming consoles, vinyl player, DVDs and so on. A couple of wires connecting the electronics and the power outlets provided a climbing rope up to the shelves, one that he knew many tinies used. Seth searched through the shelves, looking behind his PlayStation and Nintendo Switch as well as his movie collection. Just as he was about to give up on it, he pulled out the last DVD and behind it a horrified little jock came into light. He was already on his knees and begging for his life, but despite his desperate words there was only one outcome of this. Seth grabbed the tiny man and shoved him into his mouth, swirling him around as fast as he could to build up enough saliva for the journey down.

"Looking for a movie to watch?" A newly awake voice said behind him.

Seth froze. Philip was awake. Fuck. Squinting his eyes he swallowed hard and forced the struggling jock down his throat despite not having produced as much saliva as he would have preferred. He stood up and turned around to Philip who was standing naked behind him, still looking a little tired. "Morning hot stuff." Seth said, trying to play cool even though he was stressing out about the two tinies that still were on the loose. He felt an uncomfortable pressure in his midriff as the jock was squeezed into his belly but he kept an unbothered face as he stepped up to Philip to embrace him in a hug. They browsed for each other's lips and started making out. Seth felt himself getting horny, and the two little people hitting the walls inside his stomach sure contributed. Philip’s penis was also getting hard and Seth wanted to fuck him more than anything, but he knew that now was not the time. "You still look a little tired. Why don't you go back to bed, babe?" Seth suggested, hoping Philip would. "Get some more sleep?”

Philip yawned but shook his head. "Nah I'm good. Don’t want to waste a whole day sleeping. I’d rather spend that time with you.” He ran both his hands down Seth’s chest and stomach before fondling his hard dick. Seth gasped. He wanted to give in to temptation so much. But, determined, he leaned close to Philip and started kissing him again. Philip gladly responded and their tongues started lapping at each other. Seth peeked open with an eye to see if Philip was keeping his closed, and when he could confirm he was he started throwing glances around the apartment to see if he could spot any of the other two tiny fugitives. He grabbed Philip’s body and turned him around slightly, trying to see from a different angle. He saw the kitchen and the many open shelves it contained. Crap, so many possible hiding places. He needed to get cabinets with doors to prevent this problem in the future. Just then he thought he saw something on the shelves beneath a counter, something beige-colored between the plates. Then, it moved out of sight. It must be a tiny!

Seth retracted his face a little from Philip’s. “Hey why don’t you head back to bed? I’ll just get something for us.”

Philip raised a cheeky brow. “You really want me in the bed, huh? I kinda like doing this standing up.”

Seth forced a smile but internally he cursed. “I like the way you think.” He said. “Why don’t we move over to the kitchen?”

He grabbed Philip by the shoulders and carefully lead him backwards to the kitchen. He positioned him with his butt against the counter under which he had seen movement. Seth gave the French boy a lustful look before lowering himself down before him, kissing his chest and abdomen along the way. He got down on his knees and positioned his face right before Philip’s rock-hard penis. Wasting no time, Seth engulfed it inside his mouth. Philip moaned and leaned his head back, panting blissfully. Seth ran his mouth up and down the length of the penis, and while he did he threw glances on either side of Philip’s body to try to see the man on the shelf behind. He saw nothing but plates. Fuck. Carefully, while sucking, he reached in with his hands behind Philip and blindly browsed around the plates. He felt around the circumference of every stack, but he felt nothing but the cold touch of porcelain. Fuck, where was he?! He tried to reach in a little further into a corner, and that was when he felt something different. Something soft, warm – and moving. On top of that, the object let out a squeaky cry as he touched it. Bingo. He snatched it in his hand and retreated it. He glanced over at his catch and saw a crying little twink-boy in his grasp. Fuck YES. Seth cheered internally. He glanced up at Philip who still had his head tilted back. Using the opportunity, Seth briefly pulled his penis out of his mouth and shoved the tiny boy into his drool-filled mouth. Before Philip even could look down, Seth took his cock into his mouth again and continued sucking, now with a tiny human squeezed between his tongue and the dick. As stressed as he was about getting the little guy down into his belly, Seth had to admit the situation was fucking hot. Philip too must have felt the intensified sensations as the twink’s struggles helped stimulating his cock even further. He gasped louder and louder and Seth could feel the dick starting to twitch inside his mouth. In the next moment Philip let out a loud “Aah!” and Seth felt an eruption of cum inside his mouth. The slimy ooze started filling the cavern and submerged the tiny twink inside. Philip breathed hard and his intense orgasm continued pumping into Seth’s mouth. The space was practically filled with cum and saliva and the boy inside was desperately hitting Seth’s tongue and teeth, as well as Philip’s cockhead, as he couldn’t breathe. Understanding his wish to be let out of the mouth, Seth sucked the twink and the cum back into his throat and swallowed it all down in one hearty gulp. He felt him getting flushed down his throat in a torrent of cum, moments later splashing into his stomach where the other two were swept off their feet from the sudden cascade. Three down, one to go.

Philip was still panting heavily and a few sweat droplets ran down his naked body. He looked down at Seth who still had his lips around his penis. “Wow… Did you swallow it all…?” Seth pulled his dick out and opened his mouth to show the empty interior, devoid of both of cum as well as the tiny man that Philip never knew about. “Wow, that was amazing.” Philip smiled. “Did you practice on blowjobs while I was gone? I’ve never felt your tongue work like that.”

Seth got up on his feet. “I have my little tricks.” He winked and kissed him.

Philip reached down and grabbed Seth’s erect cock. “Now what should we do with this one?”

Seth moaned at Philip’s touch. He was so incredibly horny, especially with the three occupants of his belly, but he had to find the last one. But Philip, oblivious of Seth’s hunt, had other ideas in mind. He grabbed Seth’s hand and pulled him with him to the living room couch. He laid down on his stomach and arched his back up to reveal his ass and the hole in the center. “Fuck me.” Philip moaned. Seth could not stop himself. No matter how important it was to find the last tiny, it had to wait. All he saw now was Philip’s beautiful body and the hole between his cheeks. He crept up on the couch behind Philip and brought his rock-hard dick up to his anus. Slowly, he pushed. It needed a few pushes, but eventually the tip of his penis slid inside and Seth could push the entirety of it inside. He gasped blissfully, as did Philip. Gently, Seth started thrusting back and forth, gradually picking up the pace. Fuck, it felt so good. However, he was not able to enjoy it completely as could not let go of the thought that there was one remaining tiny on the loose in his apartment. While thrusting his cock into Philip’s ass he let his gaze wander up as he thought of possible hiding places.

That’s when he saw him, the last fugitive.

Above the large industrial window behind the couch hanged a curtain rod, holding the long blackout curtains that reached all the way down to the floor. And crawling across that pole was a tiny figure. How the hell did he get up there? He must have underestimated the climbing skills of some of the tiny athletes. Just as Seth saw him, the tiny man realized he had been spotted. He was far up but Seth could see him starting to crawl faster to get to the other end. Seth knew he could quickly disappear and he could not afford to waste the chance, but he could not just pull out of Philip and start chasing him. Seeing no other possibility, Seth reached over to the curtain closest to him and yanked it, hoping Philip would think it was something he just was doing in the heat of the sexual act. The action caused the pole to slide a little to the side and sent tremors through the metal. Seth could see the tiny man wobble and almost lose his grip but managed to hold onto the pole. He yanked the curtain again and this time the tiny slipped and almost fell off the pole but managed to hold onto it with a hand. Not wasting the chance, Seth yanked a third time and he saw how the little man lost his grip and fell down towards them. Initially Seth thought he would fall somewhere where he could catch him midair, but he quickly realized that the tiny man was going to land further away, right in front of Philip’s face.

Like a near-death experience, Seth saw images of him and Philip flashing before his eyes. In a moment everything would be over when Philip found out about Seth’s terrible secret.

But then Seth worked as on autopilot. He put one foot down on the floor next to the couch, and with all the strength and adrenaline he could gather, he pushed into the floor.

The couch moved forward. Not a lot, but enough.

The tiny guy started flailing in midair as he realized he would not be landing softly on a pillow anymore. He landed on the back Philip’s neck but his descent did not stop there. As the giant below him was arching his back up, his entire body created a slide down towards his rear. Horrified, the tiny started sliding uncontrollably and the sweat on Philip’s back only helped reducing friction. Philip did not notice and probably thought it was just Seth running a finger down his back. Seth saw his chance. He pulled his dick out of Philip’s ass and moved his face down to it, starting to rim his hole. He was right on time as the tiny man slid into the crevice between Philip’s asscheeks. All Seth had to do was to open his mouth wide and the tiny was sent flying straight into his mouth. Sealing his lips behind him, Seth kept him inside for a moment longer while continuing to lick Philip’s hole. The tiny man struggled on his tongue but it only contributed to Seth’s arousal. In a gesture of mischief, Seth pushed the man halfway out between his lips and used him as a substitution for his tongue, shoving him up and down against Philip’s anus. The man shouted and grunted in disgust, and he also tried to call for Philip’s help, but Philip’s ears were too far away for him to hear. Seth gave the man one last push against Philip’s hole before sucking him completely inside his mouth. He became lodged at the back of Seth’s throat with only his upper body sticking up behind the edge of the tongue. In a last evil gesture, Seth opened his mouth slightly to give the man a last view of the outside world – which mainly was the other giant’ ass. The doomed man watched the giant’s hand appear outside the mouth and the middle finger was extended at him in a ‘fuck you’-gesture, sending the message that Seth had won the game. The tiny watched how the tip of the finger reached inside the mouth and dabbed the tongue a few times to pick up some saliva, before it retreated back out again and moved over to the asshole outside where the finger was inserted. That’s when the giant sealed his lips and left him in complete darkness. Unceremoniously he was completely shoved into the throat by the tongue. He could do nothing but scream as tight muscles gripped him and pulled him down into the abyss.

Seth felt the last of the tinies slide down his throat and he pulled his finger out of Philip’s ass. He could finally calm down from all the stress. He sighed and sat up on his knees. Philip looked over his shoulder at him. “What’s wrong?” He asked while turning over onto his back.

Seth shook his head. “Nothing.” His relieved smile was beaming. “You’re just so beautiful.”

With that, Seth lifted Philip’s legs to expose his anus and shoved his dick inside again. The two men moaned loudly as Seth resumed fucking Philip. Seth was so damn relieved he had managed to eat all of the tiny men before Philip discovered them, and getting to fuck him while feeling their wonderful struggles inside his stomach felt like the best reward ever. Eight desperate fists were hitting on every stomach wall inside him and it brought him closer and closer to climax. Then, as one guy hit the perfect spot inside his belly, he reached it. “FUUUCK!” Seth roared as he thrust his cock deep inside Philip and orgasmed inside his rectum. He stayed in the same upright position for a while, feeling the his seed pour inside Philip, before eventually pulling his penis out. He lay down next to Philip and softly caressed his face.

“I love you.” Seth said, staring deep into Philip’s eyes. He realized it was the first time he had said it out loud and for a moment he feared Philip would not say it back. But Philip’s mouth cracked into a beautiful smile.

“I love you too.”

They kissed. They kissed for a long time. Maybe for half an hour, maybe for a full – who knew. Everything was simply perfect right now and Seth did not want anything else.

Eventually one noise interrupted them.

“Gwwwwrrrrggggllll.” A loud gurgling noise emanated from behind Seth’s abdomen.

Philip giggled and looked down at Seth’s stomach. “Hungry?” He asked, circling his belly button. “Time for some breakfast?”

Seth rubbed his stomach, feeling the men inside squirm around in the swamp of cum. “There’s always room for breakfast in this belly.”

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“Thanks, man. I’ll see you around.” Frank said as the customer headed out the door with a bag of newly purchased tools for his car. “Just come by again if you need any help with those brakes.”

Frank was working his shift at the automobile repair shop, his secondary business that mainly served as a coverup for his primary, human-dealing, one. Usually he let Seth and Mitch run the shop but when they were out for lunch or delivering “wares”, Frank took their shifts. He didn’t mind though. It was nice to put his mind to other things now and then, and to sell normal – inanimate – items. Handling shrunken people usually involved a lot of squealy screams, pleas and insults which was nothing but annoying noise in his ears. A wrench just remained quiet no matter who it was sold to. Of course, it was not possible to snack on a wrench if he felt a little peckish, like a tiny little guy.

The bell on the shop door pinged as it opened. In walked Seth, holding a bag of food from a nearby burger joint. “Sup boss.” He nodded at Frank. “Any customers today?”

“Three.” Frank said, stretching his arms in the air. “Bought some tools and wires.”

“Great, great.” Seth nodded, munching on some fries.

“And where have you been?” Frank asked firmly. “It’s ten past 12. I tried to call you.”

“Huh? I didn’t…” Seth felt his pockets. “Shit. Forgot my phone at home.”

Frank sighed deeply. “You young ones. Always so preoccupied and forgetful. Better hope you don’t miss any important calls from our clients.”

Seth shrugged. “They can wait a day. Not like we have any competitors they can call instead.”

“Not that we know of.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Seth brushed it off and munched on some more fries.

“Oh well.” Frank shrugged. “Want to have your lunch here in the shop and take over for me, or down in the basement? We’ve got an important customer coming soon. That guy who’s a star realtor on TV.”

“Oh, him? Wow. I always sensed he’d like tiny, squirming meat.” Seth said, chewing. “You stay here. I’ll head downstairs and prepare.”

Seth would later regret that decision.

Frank nodded. “Do so.”

As Seth headed through the archway leading to the garages and the secret basement, Frank was left alone in the shop. A few minutes passed but no customers showed up. He kept a half-enthusiastic look on the TV and the reprise it showed of yesterday’s game. He scratched his belly, barely hearing the low gurgles from his intestines as they processed the last remnants of the five men that he had eaten the night before. That was when the phone on the counter rang. He grabbed it and brought it to his ear.

“Frank’s Automobile Repair – Frank speaking.”

“Hi! I’m looking for Seth. He works there right?” Someone with a French accent said on the other line.

Frank raised a brow. People wanting to reach Seth for purchasing tiny men was nothing unusual, but never on this number. It was strictly forbidden. “Who is this?” Frank asked sternly.

“Oh, I’m Philip. I’m Seth’s boyf- me and Seth are dating.”

Frank just stared ahead in disbelief. No. This could not be true. Not Seth. “I see.” Was all he could say.

 “Um, Seth left his phone here at home and I just wanted him to know that it’s safe.”

Frank was quiet. He took a deep breath. “Is it turned off?” He asked calmly.

Philip sounded a little confused by the question. “Hm? Um, let me check, yeah. It’s off.”

Frank sighed quietly, relieved. “Good. Good.”

“Yeah, that was all.” Philip said. “Just let him know.”

“I will.” Frank said and hung up. “I will let him know.”