

Chris shot awake, forcing deep, slow breaths through gritted teeth. A dull throbbing echoed at his temples, and his vision was engulfed by nothing but a blinding white. A high-pitched ringing plagued his ears as he sat there, disoriented and trying to make sense of his surroundings. The air was heavy, making breathing difficult. The smell was something he had never experienced before — unexplainable but far from pleasant. It clung to his sinuses, lingering in his nostrils, a heavy scent that hung intoxicatingly in the atmosphere, with a smothering effect. The ground he sat on was smooth and soft, yielding to his body, making a small impression into the ground from what he could discern through touch alone.

Taking deep, labored breaths of the air that felt hard to breathe, Chris tried to collect himself. Extending his arms out blindly, he desperately reached for anything to clasp onto or to make contact with a wall, hoping to find anything to aid him in climbing to his feet. But alas, it was all in vain, for all he felt was the empty air that surrounded him.

Trying to recall how he ended up in this situation, Chris found his mind drawing a blank. His memory was fuzzy and discombobulated, with the events of the morning barely discernible from fact and fiction. The distinct sound of shattering glass, along with hazy glimpses of paperwork, opened books, and vials filled with liquids, plagued his subconscious, leaving him unable to string a chain of events together. Even things he should vividly remember, like waking up this morning, were foggy and seemingly out of sync.

Sitting there, his vision still escaping him, and the unrelenting throbbing inside his head yet to cease, Chris searched for a silver lining in his precarious situation to bolster his spirits. He wiggled his toes inside his boots and shifted his legs side-to-side. Although despite the fact he was presently blinded and had one hell of a headache he seemed to be in one piece.

Slowly, the whiteness that obscured his vision began to relinquish its hold. Colors slowly seeped through, and blurry shapes began to form. Rubbing his eyes ferociously in a frustrated attempt to speed up the process yielded little results; his vision crept back painstakingly slow.

The distinct lack of light in his surroundings became apparent as the white-screen dissipated, replaced with the embrace of an overpoweringly smothering darkness. From his position on the ground, Chris began shifting in place and turning around to survey his surroundings. Through clouded vision, he noticed light breaking the darkness in the distance. Putting two and two together, Chris assumed he must have wound up in some kind of cave situated deep underground. How he ended up here was unclear at the moment, but... him being underground would explain the lack of light and the poignant smell.

A makeshift plan slowly began to formulate in the mage's scrambled brain. If he could make it to the source of the light, then maybe there was a chance he could find a way to climb out... or perhaps scream loud enough for someone to hear. With gritted teeth, he lurched forward into a kneeling position, craned over, taking deep breaths. The surface below melded to the light pressure he applied as his hands pressed into the strange dark substance beneath him, unlike anything he had seen before; it was neither dirt nor the hard rock one would find inside a cave, leaving him pondering if he really was, in fact, in a cave at all. But alas, now was not the time; he needed to push forth.

Putting the thoughts to the back of his mind, he continued with the arduous task of heaving his exhausted self to his feet. Balling his hands into fists and putting all of his energy into it, he raised to a knee and then to his feet. After ascending to his feet, he staggered, his legs like jelly as he tried his best to remain upright and not fall over with no wall to aid him or prop himself up with, looking like a newborn faun finding its feet.

After swaying and staggering to and fro, as if on a ship out at sea, he began his disheveled walk towards the light. His vision may have been blurred, but he could discern no solid obstacles that may lay in his path. The light offered promises of salvation as he felt his heart begin to race in anticipation as he drew ever closer. Unsteadily, he made his way across the strange ground, his feet sinking into

the floor beneath him with every step, only to spring back up as if walking on a tightrope or across a trampoline.

Finally arriving at the warm of the light, after trekking over the spongy landmass, Chris squinted his eyes to lessen the impact of the harsh light that flooded in. Slowly, as he locked his gaze upward, the ceiling above became clearer, and it all became evident—this was no crevasse, nor was he underground at all.

The springy floor, the unpleasant scent... how did he not realize the grave situation he was in earlier? He was in a shoe, and a very large one at that. Looking down at the floor illuminated by the light that poured into the shoe through foggy vision, he made out the printed words on the ground beneath him, "Size..." The circle with the number was too weathered and illegible, even if his vision was clear. This was not good.

Gazing from whence he came, he saw the outline of the imprinted paw half-illuminated on the insole. With what he now knew, he could see it all too clearly—the worn fabric showing clear signs of strenuous and continuous use. He had to get out of here before the owner of the shoe came back.

Chris began pacing back and forth, racking his still-scrambled brain for a way out of this. Climbing to the top was not an option, for the walls were too steep and the shoe's entrance was far too high up. Screaming his lungs out would prove most futile; perhaps when the shoe's owner came back, he could attempt that. Magic was also out of the question as he lacked parchment to conjure anything...A thundering sound caused the mage's body to tense, and the hair on the back of their neck stood on end. It was too late...

---

It was midday, with the sun hanging high in the crystalline blue sky. A crisp summer breeze sweeping through the air, creating ideal conditions for a day spent outdoors—perhaps enjoying a picnic, frolicking in the wildflowers that grew around this time of year, or simply some exercise. And that was exactly what the formidable wolf, Tiramisu, had planned for the day.

After finishing work for the morning and returning home, he decided he wouldn't let such a beautiful day be wasted indoors. Heading to his bedroom, the wolf perused his wardrobe and acquired a crisp, clean white tank top and a pair of athletic brown shorts. The outfit was perfect for a day like today—lightweight, comfortable, and airy, for he was about to work up quite the sweat on his planned jog.

After putting on his clothes, he took a moment to marvel at his muscled form in his bedroom mirror. The white tank top hugged his chiseled body, contorting to his well-toned form, with his prominent and well-defined pectorals peeking out from within the white confines of the tank top, and his rippling biceps on clear display. The brown shorts showed off his chiseled hamstrings, and the fabric of the brown shorts struggling to contain the prominent bulge between his tree-trunk-like legs. Dressed and ready, there was just one piece of clothing left for the wolf to adorn... his jogging shoes.

Making his way to the shoe rack nestled in the hallway, the wolf snatched up his pair of bespoke sneakers as he passed, heading for the living room. Specially made to order, they provided the snuggest fit for his sizeable paws while offering ample protection and the highest levels of comfort. Crafted from a special material, they ensured his claws wouldn't tear through as he put them through rigorous use.

Tossing his sneakers down in front of a chair that sat in his living room he took a seat and got ready to slip them on. Finding socks to fit his paws let alone not get torn to shred by his sharp claws was an impossible feat and so he was always bare-pawed.

Craning one leg over the other, he dusted off the bottom of his paw, all the while examining the expanse of his black paw pads to ensure no unwanted detritus would make its way inside his shoe and bother him on his run. Satisfied, he began sliding his left paw into the snug confines of the shoe,

using one of his thick claw-tipped fingers to aid with the task, propping up the back and sliding his paw in, wiggling and maneuvering his paw to find the most comfortable spot on the insole. Once content, he tied the laces tightly, rocked his paw back and forth, then began the same preparations with the right paw...

---

Chris was thrown into disarray as the world around him, or rather the shoe he was in, was suddenly jostled, shaking violently as it was lifted. As a result, he was thrown forward, sent free-falling deeper into its darkened confines. Falling for a few seconds, the mage landed crumpled in a heap, finding himself in the depths of a toe imprint, getting a face full of the worn insole in the act. He quickly turned around to the entrance of the shoe once more, his heart pounding in his chest, threatening to jump forth from his mouth. He watched awestruck as dark-colored, clawed fingers slinked over the rim of the shoe, partially eclipsing some of the light. It was too late; the shoe's owner had returned before he could escape.

The next thing Chris knew, weightlessness overtook his body as he felt himself lift off the insole as the shoe was thrown carelessly. Seconds felt like agonizing minutes as he careened off the roof of the shoe and ricocheted off the walls like a pingpong ball his insignificant body thrown around most ferociously. The sudden return of gravity came swift as Chris landed back down on the soft insole, the cushioning providing a moderately safe landing. Chris lay there, taking strained breaths, for the impact had winded him, staring upwards at the roof of the shoe. The confines of the shoe and the light pouring inside distorted as his head remained spinning.

The worst was yet to come, as the light was suddenly snuffed out, and the inevitable was about to take place. The owner of the shoe's foot made its grandiose entrance, streaks of light slinking through the small gaps, highlighting the brown furred paw in a faint glow as the immense four-toed paw encroached upon the mage.

First, the thick four sharp claw-tipped toes passed the mage, unrelenting in their advance toward the front of the shoe. Next, the dark pads of the wolf's sole hung ominously overhead, the pitch-black pads shining as the sole caught stray rays of light that slipped past the ankle. Chris reached an arm up, hoping—praying for anything to stop what was to come, letting out a guttural groan as he lifted his arms futilely attempting to stop the paw.

Then, it happened—the immense furred paw came down unceremoniously, smothering the mage under the coarse pad and flattening him into the spongy insole. The paw pinned the mage right in the center of the insole, directly central of the eclipsing black pad, unable to move as the paw shifted and ground him in place. The shoe's owner found the most comfortable spot on the insole, completely unaware of the bug-sized mage inside his shoe.

The scent of the wolf was now unbearably intoxicating, filling his lungs and stinging his nostrils. The temperature of the shoe climbed as the heat radiated from the paw above, quickly becoming stifling. This was going to be hell...

The sound of the laces being tugged to the brink of snapping was all the mage heard from beneath the wolf's pad, and he was soon about to learn that the wolf did not simply put his shoes on to stand around idly. The weight atop the mage suddenly increased tenfold, squeezing every bit of air from inside the mage's lungs like a sponge being rung out from excess water. His body pushed down by the rough pad and welcomed by the insole below, its surface melding to his form, leaving him alive but flattened under the compressing weight of the wolf.

The weight elevated briefly, and the world shifted as the pad of the wolf lifted from Chris's body. Given a brief respite from the unyielding weight of the wolf, which was short-lived as a strange feeling filled the mage, his stomach turning in on itself as he felt the shoe move upwards and a force holding him in place against the insole as the paw hung overhead. Chris knew what was happening and dreaded what was about to come next.

---

As if on cue, the paw came crashing back down, once again squashing the mage. Chris wanted desperately to scream, but there was no air in his lungs, nor enough room between him and the pad for his chest to expand that much.

The same weightlessness overtook him, but this time he found himself stuck to the sole as the wolf had already begun to perspire, the insole below leaving him briefly as he lifted away before he was harshly reunited with it. The warm black pads squished around his body, and he became plastered upon the sole of the wolf like a sticker as the wolf began to take another step...

---

Tiramisu rose to his full height and sucked in a lungful of air, stretching his arms before snatching his phone off the coffee room table. His rigid but nimble fingers tapped away at the screen, selecting the playlist he specifically designed for exercise. A smirk crept across his face as the joyful tunes began to play aloud before realizing he needed to get to the trivial task of unwinding the tangled wire of his earphones.

The thin wire slipped through his fingers, creating a challenge for his large, thick digits. After finally wrestling with the last knot, he placed them firmly in his furry ears as an upbeat tune began to play, filling him with energy—the perfect uptempo song to help him keep a fast pace on his jog. Brushing the disheveled hair off his face, he headed out of the living room and straight out his front door.

The constant motion of the wolf's steps left the mage reeling, the overpowering sense of constant rising and falling plaguing his stomach. Fortunately for Chris, he was relatively unharmed, and he didn't feel any pain in his present situation, albeit being in one of the worst places he could ever imagine winding up. However, with every rise and fall of the wolf's foot, the temperature inside the shoe began to climb, and the air became harder to breathe.

At first, the steps were slow and evenly paced, almost manageable. But after the distinct sound of the wolf's front door shutting, the true extent of Chris's nightmare became apparent. The pace of each step sped up, the short respite between pad and insole becoming nonexistent as the wolf began to jog. Almost instantaneously after setting off on his jog in the summer sun, the wolf began to perspire heavily, coating the small mage in warm, salty sweat. His impact with the insole created a dull, constant thudding as his whole world rose and fell with every step of the mighty wolf. Chris tried desperately to keep his grasp on consciousness but with every stride the wolf took it became harder and harder.

Desperately, Chris tried to keep his mouth closed, attempting to prevent himself from sucking down the wolf's salty sweat, gasping more of the musk-filled air with every ascension and small respite he was granted from the embrace of the insole.

The pace of the wolf slowed, each heavy step pressing down harshly on the trapped mage until coming to an abrupt pause in the jog. Now, the full brunt of the wolf's weight rested atop Chris, who struggled to draw any air from beneath the pad.

Then, the situation took a turn for the worst.

The wolf started grinding its foot from left to right, forcefully smearing the mage's body onto the slick insole. Chris could feel the wolf's sweat-slickened toes twitching and writhing violently in the muggy confines of the shoe. The paw swerved and twisted sporadically from side to side, as if trying to snuff the mage out of existence. All the while, Chris struggled to catch a single breath, feeling as if his lungs were on the verge of bursting from the lack of oxygen. His body groaned under the unexpected and merciless treatment, caught in the simple motion of the wolf scratching a troublesome itch caused by sweaty fur on the moist insole.

Chris descended into full-blown panic, each attempt to draw in a breath met with resistance, his heartbeat beginning to quicken. The grinding persisted until coming to a sudden stop; the wolf,

satisfied with the itch scratched, lifted his foot once more to continue his jog. In this momentary break, Chris seized the opportunity to gulp in as much heavy, hot air as he could manage. The oppressive atmosphere singed his lungs, forcing him to inhale more of the smog-like surroundings in a futile attempt to take in more oxygen. Despite his desperate efforts, his feeble grip on consciousness slipped away, replaced by a tingling sensation coursing through his body. A floaty feeling filled his insides, his head growing light as a feather. As the thudding of the wolf's strides faded into a dull rhythmic assault with each step, Chris finally succumbed to the intense heat of the shoe and the lack of breathable air, drifting into unconsciousness.

---

Tiramisu swung open his door and sauntered inside his house with gusto, reveling in the afterglow of a refreshing jog. His fur and hair were slick with sweat, and his once-white tank top clung to his body, nearly see-through from being soaked through. Plunking his phone onto the kitchen counter, he lifted an arm and took a whiff of his armpit, his muzzle contorting in both disgust and pride at the scent, a badge of honor from the rewards of working up a sweat and pushing himself on his jog.

An audible groan rumbled from the pit of his stomach, reminding the wolf that he had yet to eat lunch, and it had been several hours since breakfast. Formulating a plan, he decided to strip out of his workout clothes, make a protein shake, then hit the shower. Even if he was a little ripe right now, he needed to get something down his gullet. Clapping his hands together, he began to set that plan in motion and that first involved getting undressed...

---

Chris was jolted to awareness by the sudden clap of thunder roaring from above, sending him into a frantic panic, his mind racing unaware of where he was or how long he had been out cold. However, within mere seconds of regaining consciousness, he was reminded of his current dire predicament—drenched in warm sweat, pinned against a slick insole, squashed flat by an oblivious wolf's paw pad, suffocating in inhumane heat and the potent aroma of the wolf's paws. Hell.

The wolf took slow, relaxed steps that proved more brutal to the mage than the constant, fast-paced barrage of when the wolf was jogging. The insole was slick, almost wet, squelching as the wolf took his lethargic steps, now loftily plodding along toward his destination.

After a few agonizing footsteps by the wolf, the grueling weight pressed down heavily, making Chris grit his teeth in anguish, unsure how much more of this he could take. The thought of his turmoil was disrupted by the sound of a deep guttural groan, followed by distinct sounds of a symphony of springs moaning under duress as the hulking wolf sat down. It was a momentary respite, and Chris felt a glimmer of relief as the weight lessened, albeit with the wolf's paw still resting firmly atop him. The weight spread evenly, smothering him but allowing him to breathe, even if the air was borderline toxic and sweltering.

An overpowering sense of vertigo overtook the mage as the paw was suddenly jerked upwards and turned sideways, flipping his whole world on its side. The distorted sound of thick fingers lazily picking at the laces reached Chris's ears, and his eyes went wide as it suddenly dawned on him what was about to happen. Finally, he was about to be freed...

The vibrations of the thick laces relinquishing their knotted grasp on the shoe gave Chris goosebumps, a promise of freedom from this nightmare. Eagerly, he awaited the moment the paw would rise off him. The sound of rubber and cloth being slipped off slowly began to fill the air as Chris anticipated his liberation. Slowly, the light returned, and the muscles in the paw flexed as it began its exit.

Chris watched as the darkness of the shoe started to rise away—began to rise away! His heart almost jumped through his rib cage, beating uncontrollably. The sweat had plastered him to the pad, acting like makeshift adhesive. This was worse than being inside the shoe...

The cold ravished the mage's body, eliciting a shiver as the cold air met the slick sweat that covered him from head to toe. It was his first taste of bittersweet freedom. The light was harsh, and Chris closed his eyes tightly; the stark contrast shift was too much to bear.

Uncertainty filled Chris as he didn't know what to do. The thought of getting the wolf to notice him crossed his mind, but he had no idea how the wolf would react upon finding him. The alternative didn't look too promising either—lying in wait and hoping he'd fall off from the sole and be able to scurry away. Chris was certain of one thing though; he knew he would not make it past a step or two without the 'protection' the confines of the shoe offered.

Too lost in his own thoughts, Chris failed to notice the pair of clawed hands that encroached on his position from either side of the large paw, enveloping it in a comforting grasp. The thick digits began dexterously rubbing and kneading the soft, squishy, sweat-laden pads to ease the weariness whipped up from the prior jog. The fingers danced ominously around Chris, unaware of his current occupation of the expansive sole. The toes splayed and spread overhead sending ripples down the sole as if dancing to an unheard tune.

The wolf seemingly remained oblivious to the mage's presence, who clung to his sole like a piece of detritus. Chris bit his lip and clenched his hands, doing everything he could to stop himself from squirming, lest he draw attention to himself and get mistaken for a bug, risking being squashed. The hands continued their dance around him, working over the tired soles, coming increasingly closer by the minute to touching his minuscule form. The proximity made Chris's wince in anticipation, each passing moment heightening the tension as he tried to remain still and undetected.

The hands retracted momentarily, and Chris breathed a deep sigh of relief. However, that hope was quickly tarnished as the hands resumed their task of rubbing, the wolf being momentarily distracted by a leaflet being thrown through his door. This time, the hands paid closer attention to the dark pads rubbing harder and more vigorously. After long gut-wrenching moments of continuous rubbing, Chris felt his heartbeat calm as a hand was placed on top of the paw, holding it, while the other halfheartedly continued with the rubbing.

It seemed he had escaped detection, and Chris hoped the wolf would be finished rubbing his paws as he felt the sweat's hold begin to loosen. He could fall off at any moment to freedom. That is until...

A sharp claw prodded his leg, and as soon as the finger made contact, it froze. Chris held his breath as the claw remained jabbed into his leg, lacerating a portion of his brown pants slightly and almost piercing his skin with an insignificant poke. Grueling moments of stunned silence passed until the hand rose, and the thick digits began prodding and rubbing over the entirety of Chris's body.

Unexpectedly, the fingertip pressed down atop Chris, rubbing him deeply into the coarse pad for a moment. Then, Chris felt the world around him shift once more as the paw turned sideways, and he was brought in front of the looming brown wolf's face. He had been discovered...

The two locked eyes on one another, no words shared between them. The wolf's yellow eyes focused in on the micro as Chris panted for air, the feeling of a panic attack about to consume him. The brown wolf continued staring down, the expression on his handsome face stern. The intense stare off between them creating a palpable tension in the air.

The wolf did not utter a word as his gaze remained fixated on the bug-sized mage. Without warning, the wolf's snout lurched forward, and a few curious sniffs escaped the shiny black nose, currents of air flying up past the mage every time the wolf inhaled. The air being sucked up caused strong tugs at his being, almost freeing him from the pad's hold, as the two black holes sucked in his scent and the air around him. The wolf was clearly curious as to what he was, but Chris was unsure if the wolf would smell anything other than the smell of his own footpaws.

Satisfied, a devious smile crept across the wolf's face as he ran his thick red tongue across them, the gears were evidently turning in his head, hatching a plan Chris was unsure he would like. The wolf's

thumb and forefinger promptly swept in behind the mage and pried him free of the pad's embrace. The sharp-clawed digits carefully pinched the back of the mage's sweat-soaked tunic and dangled him in front of the wolf's face.

Chris, now suspended in the air, could feel the true intensity of the wolf's gaze as he dangled precariously between those formidable digits. The mischievous glint in the wolf's eyes hinted at an uncertain fate awaiting the tiny mage.

---

The tiny morsel that had found itself stuck to his sole, even surviving the jog, looked scared stiff as he was held in his grasp, practically trembling. Tiramisu had come up with a great idea, and this little micro was going to help him solve his earlier problem—lunch.

Slapping his leg with his free hand and standing up, Tiramisu made his way to the kitchen, leaving his discarded shoes by the side of the coffee table. His eyes remained locked onto the small mage in his grasp, who seemed disoriented by the passing air as he dangled in the wolf's grip. But Tiramisu didn't care, for as far as he was concerned, the trespassing mage was now food, and he had just the idea in mind.

---

Chris, still held between the wolf's thumb and forefinger, could only helplessly watch as he was carried towards what seemed like an impending culinary fate. The wolf picked up a glass and carelessly tossed the mage inside. Bouncing off the cylindrical walls, Chris found himself now at the bottom of a clear glass prison, rushing to press his hands against the wall to see what cruel fate the wolf had in store for him.

Trapped within the confines of the glass, Chris's heart raced as he assessed his surroundings. The large wolf scoured the cupboards in search of something unseen, his tail wagging idly behind him, clearly excited for what was to come. Having retrieved what he wanted, he turned to face the mage, an evil smirk now spread across his face as he laid down a tub on the countertop.

Chris, still pressed against the glass walls, couldn't help but feel a rising sense of dread as he observed the wolf's sinister expression. The anticipation of the unknown fate awaiting him intensified as the wolf crouched down and rummaged through yet another storage cupboard. The sound of things moving and pots and pans clanging rang out before the wolf peeked his head up to check if the mage was still inside the glass.

Ominously, the wolf placed the base of a blender and the jug for it on the counter, the evil expression not leaving his snout for a moment. Chris, feeling the weight of impending doom, could only watch helplessly as the wolf continued to prepare for whatever dark plan he had in store.

The wolf began filling the blender: a large scoop of protein powder, followed by hefty scoops of peanut butter and sliced bananas. Then came the milk, and finally, the ice cubes—all the ingredients you'd usually use to make a luscious peanut butter protein shake. Chris cautiously watched from the sidelines, his anxiety building with each addition of ingredients as the blender was loaded. Then he felt his heart drop to the pit of his stomach; the wolf had yet to put the lid on the blender after seemingly filling it with all the ingredients. He wasn't planning to... was he?

Was he about to become an unwitting ingredient in this protein shake? His attention was quickly brought back to the wolf as he turned and made a calculated approach towards the glass. The wolf sauntered over, pausing his advance briefly and looking down at the mage, who backed away to the other end of the glass, drawing a minuscule amount of distance between the two. The wolf let out a puff of air and reached his fingers into the glass, fishing out the trapped mage with two of his clawed fingers, before enclosing him tightly in a fist, ensuring a tight grasp of the small mage with zero chance of escape.

Chris, now trapped in the wolf's grasp, could feel the pressure around him as he was squeezed within those formidable digits. The coarse pad on the wolf's palm rubbed harshly against his skin as he tried to squirm free. The wolf paid zero attention to the mage's pitiful struggles. Ever so casually, he walked over to the blender and dangled Chris above the opening, not a single word yet to be spoken between the two.

"P-please... don't do it... just lemme go, please... you'll never see me again. I swear," the terror evident in his voice as it trembled. He was unsure if the wolf could hear him at all, but it was the only thing he could do.

The wolf's thick eyebrows furrowed as he seemed to be reevaluating his decision, leaving Chris suspended in the air over the blender. Without saying a word, the wolf pulled Chris from above the blender, much to the relief of the tiny mage.

That relief was short-lived as he was instead brought upwards and dangled in front of the wolf's lips, sharp pointed fangs protruding from beneath the top lip like enamel soldiers guarding the entrance to the red cavern. The sound of the lips smacking as the wide jaws parted made Chris gasp and squirm, a cold chill running down his spine. He shut his eyes tightly so he didn't have to gaze into the depths of the maw that eagerly awaited him. Hot, humid air, along with stray strands of drool, escaped from the cavernous maw, washing over the mage as the giant wolf took idle breaths. The wide, red, drool-laden tongue lulled from the mouth, hanging over the rows of sharp teeth and dangling between the white fangs that glistened with saliva, any single one of the the wolf's teeth easily able to tear the mage asunder.

Chris felt himself being ushered inside the maw as the wolf slowly and deliberately lowered him into the depths of his expansive mouth. The smell of a faint minty fragrance lingered in the air, likely from some gum the wolf must have chewed or the mouthwash he used this morning, hanging on the wolf's breath. Chris felt the slick, squishy muscle inevitably touch his boots, horror causing him to recoil and bring his legs up to his chest in a futile attempt to prolong what was about to come.

However, that meant nothing as he soon found himself falling a short distance and splatting down onto the drool-laden appendage, which compressed under his weight and melded to his form, welcoming his body like an expansive red carpet, twitching with excitement as his unusual taste began to fill the maw. Hot air raced from the back of the throat, swaying the glistening, bulbous uvula that hung as the centerpiece to the maw.

The stark realization of the situation quickly set in as his current predicament hit, enacting the mage's adrenaline to fill his body, his fight-or-flight instincts kicking into overdrive. Pushing off the squishy tongue, attempting to clamber to his feet, a makeshift plan formulated in this time of peril. He planned to potentially jump from the maw, not wishing to be swallowed whole, hoping to slide down the wolf. He stumbled forth and slid onward towards the opening of the parted jaws, as the tongue offered little traction from the coating of drool that only continued to build up.

Flailing and waving his arms, he flew forward aiming to jump forth from the maw. Inches from taking the leap of faith from the wolf's jaws, everything suddenly plunged into darkness as the blunt and sickening sound of the jaws snapping shut sealed the mage in the dark, moist confines of the red cavern. The forceful shockwave that rocked the jaws and made the tongue twitch on impact almost burst the mage's eardrums as the deafening sound of the two sets of jaws colliding reverberated through bone and flesh.

The mage stood there in front of the sharp canines, nestled between the incisors and enshrouded in darkness. A sickening sound, something no micro would ever want to hear, erupted from the depths of the throat, growing in potency as it traveled down the lengths of the snout. The wolf's stomach rumbled as if calling out to the mage, beckoning to him. Now trapped inside the wolf's maw, his stomach eagerly awaited Chris arrival.

The sound of the wolf breathing was all Chris could hear. Opting to inhale and exhale through his nose, he kept his jaws tightly sealed shut, not giving Chris another opportunity to attempt an escape and cutting him off from the outside world. Soon, the omnipresent breathing was drowned out by the buzzing and swirling noise of the blender, springing to life as it became apparent that the wolf had begun blending the smoothie he was preparing earlier.

Desperation overtook Chris as he began banging on the hard teeth, hoping to find a sensitive spot and force a wince from the wolf so he could escape. Forcefully tapping different areas of the fangs and kicking the hard surface of the teeth, Chris realized the wolf wasn't the biggest fan of his attempts. The tongue unexpectedly recoiled like a snake preparing to strike, and within a second of receding, it pounced. Chris found himself forcefully pinned against the inside of the wolf's teeth, the heavy tongue poking and prodding at him like a piece of food stuck between any of the number of teeth. The wolf seemed to take pleasure in pushing and dragging him along the length of the teeth, proudly showing off the rows of white teeth that could, at any moment, tear him to pieces.

The tongue practically rubbed Chris from the top to the bottom of the rows of sharp, pointed teeth and across the gums and roof of the mouth. The tightly clenched jaws parted slightly, allowing light to slip between the teeth and past the lips, faintly bathing the pink and red hues inside the maw in dim light. The tongue wasted no time in positioning the tiny mage between the set of molars, laying him out atop them. As quickly as the jaws shut, they closed, pinning the mage between the two sets of sharp teeth. The force wasn't strong enough to injure him but enough to stop his shenanigans while the wolf went about making his smoothie.

---

The blender finally came to a stop and whirled down after pulsing the ingredients into a fine slurry. Tiramisu rubbed his palms together and picked up the blender jug. The tiny human's struggling had provided ample entertainment while he went about making the smoothie. The frantic squirming and flailing inside his mouth were invigorating. Originally, he had intended to blend the littler intruder as another ingredient for the shake, but something else crossed his mind, and he always enjoyed the ones who struggled. At the moment, the human was firmly held in place between his molars, his small hands beating on the gums, making it hard for Tiramisu to keep a straight face at his feeble attempts. He had to give it to the small human; he had an interesting flavor and was quite the feisty one.

Pouring the jug's contents into a tall milkshake glass, Tiramisu took care not to spill a drop of the precious liquid. Opening his mouth, he fished out the small human. Looking worse for wear with his clothes a little torn and his hair covering his face, drenched in saliva, he smirked down at him. The tiny intruder now appeared defeated, the fighting spirit seemingly dissipated. Wasting no time, Tiramisu relinquished his hold and let go of his grip on the human, sending him plummeting into the cold shake below. The small human's body was so insignificant that it barely displaced any of the frothed liquid as he splashed down into it.

Dragging his tongue across his lips and his stomach, emitting a stubborn growl at the lunch ahead of him, he eagerly picked up the glass, all the while maintaining eye contact with the human that bobbed in the frothy slurry. The look of anguish was evident on his face even from this angle as the glass was slowly brought closer and closer to his lips. Parting his jaws teasingly, he washed the glass with his breath before bringing it to his lips. He took a sip, his eyes narrowed on the glass's contents, feeling a stir in his nether regions as he relished in the sight of the small human trying to swim against the flow the terror in his prey only turning him on the more. He tipped the glass a little more, the human's frantic attempts increasing until it was too much, and he felt the small lump of extra protein enter his mouth.

The urge to swallow the mouthful was ever-present as the sweet-tasting shake tickled his taste buds, along with the peculiar taste of the small morsel. But he wanted to have a little more fun and make this last as long as possible, for it was not every day you come across a micro, and they are a rare treat after all.

That's when the odd sensation caught him off guard, almost causing him to spit out the mouthful. It appeared the human still had some fight in him, much to Tiramisu's delight, for he had clasped onto his uvula. A devious smirk crept across his face as he swallowed down the first gulp of the protein shake. The sensation of the human clinging for dear life at the back of his throat lingered; he had survived the first chug by deviously clapping onto his uvula, causing him to huff out a deep breath as the struggles of his prey only turned him on more. His breathing now shallow and heavy, much to the protest of the tiny human who seemed to dig in deeper with his hold as he was swayed to and fro. Taking a bigger swig of shake, he tilted his head back, doing his best to loosen the human's grasp and extend this little charade just for a lil moment longer.

Returning his head to the correct orientation, he swallowed the mouthful once again, expecting to be rid of the small human. Much to his delight, he still felt the grasp of the human, albeit much fainter, as it seemed he was losing his grip on his uvula. A chuckle escaped from Tiramisu's throat as a familiar rumbling began bubbling inside the pit of his stomach. The cold shake met bubbling acid, the sensation flowing up from his chest and out of his mouth. He let out a sizable belch that appeared to do the trick, as he felt the small morsel in his mouth dislodge from his uvula and plop down onto his tongue. Tutting in disappointment, it seemed this would be the end of their little encounter, but like all good things, they must come to an end.

Tipping the rest of the jug's icy cold contents into his mouth, he felt the cold liquid crawl down his gullet. The human did his best to brave the current, but inevitably was swept away and took the inevitable plunge down his throat. The throat welcomed the small morsel, the sensitive skin at the back of his throat reacting to the kicking and flailing as the human began his descent down his throat. Waves of pleasure shot through the wolf's body, making him now as hard as ever, and his member stood on end.

Raising a clawed finger to his throat, he traced the still squirming lump down his throat, holding off on swallowing and allowing gravity to work its magic as the cold slurry and tiny squirming bump made its euphoric and slow descent to his stomach.

Feeling the meager struggle from inside the pit of his stomach and the cold liquid sating his hunger, Tiramisu placed the blender jug and milkshake glass in the sink and let out a content sigh. He was going to have to relieve himself before hitting the showers, as the micro's struggling and the still-present scent of the sweat from his jog had really made him pent up...