

The Lizard's Biggest Crush

(Story Commission)

Chapter one.

THUD!

With each powerful step, the ground quaked, sending tremors that left the small and huddled Zee in a state of desperation. He knew he had only a few seconds to address his current pitiful situation.

THUD!

His attention was immediately drawn to the colossal, solid wooden structure that he knew all too well to be nothing other than a door, the entrance to his roommate's room.

THUD!

Right in front of him stood another, equally massive structure, this one gleaming with a polished and impeccable metallic finish.

THUD!

The now diminutive green lizard was semi-paralyzed, his mind racing at full speed.

THUD!

His plump countenance began to struggle to stay upright as the source of the powerful tremors drew nearer and nearer!

THUUUD!

With the final earthquake being the most intense of them all, Zee watched in disbelief as the massive wooden structure that was once a door shifted and slowly revealed the absolutely colossal and imposing figure of his roommate!

"MATTY!"

That was the only thing the small, insignificant micro on the floor of the relatively messy room was able to say as he now gazed up at the towering multi-kilometric form of his roommate looming on the horizon.

A few hours earlier that same night, in a small apartment on the outskirts of the metropolitan area, two young men were discussing their dinner plans. One of them was a college-aged twink mouse boy named Matty. He was the kind of person who could be described as a prodigy, an engineering student who not only managed to get high grades without having to study much for exams but also had a part-time job that left him with enough time to work on his own... "home projects."

Zee, on the other hand, though also studying in the same campus as the mouse, didn't stand out as much. It's not that he lagged behind in any aspect; the green-scaled water lizard simply wished to have the same physical structure as his twink roommate and perhaps the energy that Matty had for working on so many side projects, just as the mouse did. But it was in this aspect that laziness always triumphed over the lizard's desires, both to work and to maintain a minimal exercise routine like Matty did.

"So, what are we ordering tonight?" said Matty himself. The mouse had casually stopped by the bean bag where the green lizard was sitting, engrossed in a video game in front of the TV.

"Ah, it's Friday, isn't it? How about pizza?" Zee replied, hardly taking his eyes off the TV screen. Although the lizard did his best not to let it show, he was smitten with admiration for his so-called roommate. The size of the crush Zee had on the mouse was immense, almost as big as his appetite.

"Pizza?! Again?" Matty exclaimed, shifting his posture so dramatically that the twink's expression showed astonishment, with a hint of disappointment, placing both hands on his hips. Matty was aware of his roommate's numerous not-so-successful attempts to go on a diet. However, he chose not to add any further comments in an attempt to avoid escalating the conversation into an argument. Not that their rapport was bad, quite the contrary. It was just a little frustrating to see Zee weigh himself almost every morning,

only for the scale to confirm the obvious - that the voracious lizard had neither lost nor gained any weight, or perhaps even gained a bit more.

Zee, on the other hand, even paused the game to look the mouse in the eyes for a moment. With a puppy-dog face, and almost whining with his lips, before the lizard even had a chance to respond or say anything, Matty was already rolling his eyes, turning his back, and putting on his favorite pair of boots. He conceded defeat.

"Alright, it's going to be pizza, right? Ah! Let me guess, the usual, correct? Beverage, Coke."

Zee, in turn, simply replied. "Exactly! You see, you're the only roommate who gets me."

Right after leaving a calm, slight smile, Matty exited the room, gently closing the apartment door and heading to the pizzeria located just next door. One of the few advantages of living in a cramped, expensive, and poorly renovated apartment in the city center was that everything you wanted was conveniently nearby, eliminating the need for a car. But it wasn't always ideal, since everything was almost always expensive, including the rent.

However, not wasting much time, as the twink mouse left the apartment, Zee saved his game and without even turning off the video game, he sprinted to Matty's room. As soon as he opened the door, he was faced with his friend's worktable, and alongside it was a jumble of tools, parts, papers, sketches that looked like unfinished schematics, and all sorts of things one might expect to find in the room of a prodigious inventor. Fortunately, the lizard understood his roommate's mess well, and he knew exactly what he was looking for. Despite Matty's efforts to keep his latest discovery a secret, Zee was almost a natural-born stalker. It didn't take him long to find out that the mouse had succeeded in developing a fully functional shrinking ray. That's right! A 100% functional shrinking ray! Just like in science fiction movies.

Zee knew he had to be quick; after all, it wasn't like the pizzeria was very far, in fact, it was literally right next door. Although the lizard was familiar with what Matty called a room, it was to be expected that the mouse boy wouldn't leave the shrinking ray out in plain sight, casually strewn atop a table. Indeed, Matty had tried to hide it by simply placing it in a drawer and tossing a used t-shirt on top in such a way that it blended and was "camouflaged" amidst the chaos of the room. Fortunately, for the lizard boy, the peculiar device that looked more like a toy gun was located relatively quickly and successfully. Now Zee had another problem on his hands.

"How do I use this?" the young university student asked no one in particular, as he was alone in the room. Although the ray gun had a rather peculiar design that made it resemble a toy, it also had some rather serious details. Take, for example, its side display that showed a series of information alongside various tiny buttons that looked like they'd been taken from an old car radio. Pressing the buttons, one could notice the information on the display changing, but at the same time, it didn't quite convey much. "It's just numbers!" Zee exclaimed. Without any kind of unit of measurement or anything else, it was impossible to grasp the real correlation between the numbers on the display and the numbers on the physical buttons of the gun. The simplest explanation for this was that Matty probably hadn't had the chance to fully complete the programming of the thing, and the gun's system merely presented the information in a raw and unrefined manner. In this way, that display must only make sense to the mouse himself, the owner of the weapon.

Nevertheless, Zee wasn't ready to give up. He truly wanted to see that thing in full operation. Despite all his impatience, the lizard wouldn't point a half-finished shrinking gun at himself and pull the trigger. Of course not. He chose instead to aim at a pile of Matty's clothes that had been lying in a corner of the room for a few days and pulled the trigger with force, expecting to witness the magic happen. But to his disappointment, nothing occurred. Zee persisted, pulling the trigger multiple times, but still, nothing. No sound, no light, nothing except the sensation that his roommate's toy seemed to be warming up in his hand.

"Oh, what a dull gun. I could have sworn that when I heard Matty celebrating last night, he had it working." Zee was now clearly sounding disappointed, ready to give up and put the shrinking gun back in its place, pretending none of this had happened. That was when, almost instinctively, he pointed the gun at himself, looking directly at the polished iron ball at the end of the peculiar weapon, and it was only then, due to his own slipping on the trigger from exhaustion, that the magic truly happened.

Zee felt as if his body had been brutally stretched and then compressed. It was an unpleasant sensation to say the least, thankfully it was quick. Very quick, to be honest. In less than a second, the green lizard found himself wobbling on the wooden floor, which now seemed like an endless plain from his current vantage point. For a moment, Zee himself had difficulty realizing where he was or what was happening, but as his eyes began to move, he started to grasp the first impressions of the environment around him.

Surrounded by massive and imposing structures, some covered with fabric resembling canvas tarps. Despite everything being so gigantic, the arrangement of the structures that now enclosed Zee seemed familiar; evoking a strong sense that he had been in that environment before. KABOOM!! The line of thought of the still bewildered and poor

Zee was brutally disturbed by an explosion! It was as if a building had collapsed right next to him! Shaking the vast expanse of the wooden surface, displacing the air and throwing little Zee back to the ground. However, it was from this moment that everything started to make sense for the lizard. Because the moment he immediately turned his head to look towards the source of the seismic shock, he came face to face with a very peculiar object.

"It can't be!" Zee simply couldn't believe his eyes, even going so far as to adjust the pair of glasses on his face. But the image in front of him remained unchanged. The small lizard was staring at nothing less than the shrinking ray gun he had held in his hands just seconds ago. Except now, this object he could hold and lift with one hand was much larger than the housing complex he and the mouse lived in together!

From this point on, it became infinitely easy to understand what was happening. But, if not, the heat and smoke emanating from the metallic and spherical tip that capped the gun's barrel spoke for themselves. The gun had been fired. And for the minuscule Zee, this was more than obvious.

The tiny micro began to feel a whirlwind of emotions, anxious that his plan was working, even if only partially. At the same time, he felt terrified because he had no idea how he would return to normal size, given the fact that the gun hadn't shrunk along with him! No matter what happened, Zee knew that the last thing he wanted to do right now was to go into panic mode. Now more than ever, he had to think logically and stay calm. Immediately, the small university student began to walk around the tip of the gun barrel, attempting to get a better view of the extent of the giant object on the ground and also as a way to better gauge his own size compared to normal objects. The initial conclusions were far from encouraging.

"Look at this! I must be at most 1 millimeter tall!" Judging by the length of the side of the gun body, which from Zee's perspective extended the distance of an entire city block, 1 mm in height was a very generous estimate. Regardless, this also meant that any subject of normal size would now be at least 2 thousand times the size of the small, minuscule, and insignificant Zee! In part, this was part of the lizard's plan, but being trapped at insect size and marooned in the middle of his roommate's room, which now could extend as far as the campus of his university or more, was definitely not part of the plan.

"Okay, Zee! Let's stay calm! No panic!"

THUD!

It was at that moment that all of the little lizard's calm had vanished. Matty had returned from the pizzeria.

THUD!

In a matter of minutes, the tremors generated by the steps of the now giant-sized mouse had increased considerably in intensity. Their apartment wasn't that big after all. With one final powerful THUD! Matty opened the door to his room.

"Zee? Huh, he's not in here either."

The rodent, who had just passed through the empty lizard's room, fully expected to find his friend in there, as it was the only place in the apartment he hadn't checked yet. But to his surprise, the room was empty and exactly as he had left it before leaving, except for one small detail.

"Who touched my shrinking ray?!"

Matty exclaimed the moment his green eyes landed on the gun lying on the wooden floor. Immediately, his first instinct was to approach and pick up the gun from the ground.

All of this occurred after Matty had taken the opportunity to take off his shirt and throw it on his slightly disheveled bed, near another pile of wrinkled clothes tossed there earlier. And now, wearing only his favorite pair of boots and a sporty blue shorts that clung more or less to his body, he walked towards his gun and his "missing" roommate.

From Zee's point of view, it seemed like time had stood still. Seen from the floor and from the relative height of just one millimeter, his roommate's slender and sculpted body looked divine. Displaying the countenance of a twink who engaged in the minimum scenario of physical activity to stay in shape, as soon as Matty took off his shirt, he allowed the little green lizard to observe the beautiful lines, curves, and contours of his abdomen and chest.

A chest that until a few minutes ago would have been nothing out of the ordinary or above average, was now a broad chest, and despite the relative distance of kilometers between the two anthros, Zee could see as clear as day how those upper body muscles of Matty expanded with the rodent's breathing.

All of this occupied the mind of the small anthro, until the thunderous voice of his god-like roommate shook him and brought his attention back to the overwhelming reality he found himself in. However, it was a little too late. Matty had already shifted his gaze in Zee's direction, or rather, in the direction of the gun. Slowly, the lizard's equally green eyes were redirected to the ground, analyzing every curve of the waist, bulge, thighs, inner thighs, knees, calves, until finally reaching the imposing black boots that Matty was wearing. Zee had never taken the time to examine his crush's boots in detail before, but given the current circumstances, they were impossible to ignore. Especially because Zee knew that very soon he would be very close to the soles of them.

Each boot extended to a height relative to the size of a building until it reached the top of the mouse's calves, with the finish relatively below knee height. Zee's gaze quickly passed over the immense buckled straps that held the boots in place, three giant buckled straps against Matty's shin area, which had the size of a small residential condominium in its own right. Until finally, his gaze reached Matty's paw region. The design of the boots allowed for a strategic opening right at the tip, allowing all four of the rodent's toes to be on display for the world to see. This kind of closed-toe footwear design with an opening for the toes at the tip was the preferred design for anthropomorphics, as it not only allowed for ventilation and mobility for the toes but above all, it could accommodate individuals with the most varied claws of various sizes and sharpness levels.

Last but not least, there was the base of the sole just below Matty's toe line, providing support for his entire immense weight; and perhaps this was by far the detail that frightened Zee the most, as it made it very clear just how tiny and insignificant he had become, since only the black rubber on the base of the sole of those imposing boots seemed like towering walls from his perspective. And all of this considering that Zee was already seeing them from a distance. But that was about to change very soon.

It wasn't possible to tell what hit the lizard first, whether it was the tremor or the sound of old wood creaking, mixed with the inevitable noise for normal-sized people but deafeningly loud for Zee of rubbery writhing under tons of weight. The fact was, Matty's boots were moving! In fact, one of them was rising! Leaving a cloud of dust and debris behind, visible only to someone as small as Zee. That single step forward from the mouse covered more ground than the shrunk lizard could cover in hours of walking.

THUUUD!!!

This time, imposing more devastating consequences on Zee, as for the first time, the lizard felt his own feet lose contact with the wooden surface, thanks to the powerful impact of the sole of that same boot returning to the ground. Zee had only milliseconds to look up and witness the full power of Matty's leg muscles contracting and adjusting in real-time, imposing merciless tons on the floor!

THUUUDDDD!!!

And the second impact occurred, much closer than before and stronger! It was only at this exact moment that the lizard's brain, which was already on the verge of a nervous breakdown given the immensity of the situation unfolding before him, went into pure survival mode. However, by now, it was too late. There was no way Zee would be able to run or move away in time from the third and final step of the gigantic mouse. So, all his brain could conclude was.

“MATTY!!! LOOK HERE!! PLEASE CUL...”

THHHUUUDDDD!

Before the tiny Zee had a chance to finish his futile cry for help, a wall of rubbery hardness, as solid as black cement, appeared from the sky right in front of him. The distance between the lizard and the sole of Matty's right boot was only a few centimeters, but from Zee's perspective, it seemed like a handful of meters. After wrestling with the relentless displacement of air caused by an object as massive as the boots of the gigantic mouse, Zee reoriented himself, looking around and realizing he was now in the small, yet immense, space between Matty's boots, along with the pistol lying on the ground. The pistol was still emitting heat from its metal sphere, but there was no longer the smoky haze coming from the said sphere, as there was at the moment of the accidental discharge.

However, it was when the little lizard decided to look up that his heart nearly melted. If the sight of Matty's beautiful legs, especially his muscular thighs, was impressive before, now it was like looking at paradise. Especially considering the fact that right in the center of those inner thighs of the mouse was Matty's powerful and beautiful bulge. Zee could spend the day admiring his crush and roommate's body in this way, like an insect beneath the mighty shadow of the mouse boy. But he was soon interrupted once again by the movement of the body of the god he admired so much.

“OH NO! MATTY, WAIT!”

Zee shouted as he watched in terror while the entire posture of the looming god adjusted, muscles subtly shifting in a way that only something as small as a lizard could hear. Matty was simply bending down, just to pick up his prototype from the ground. However, it was in that instant that Zee realized a new mistake on his part. In the blink of an eye, the giant mouse bent down, and before the small lizard could even react, the pistol, towering like a residential building, was effortlessly being lifted by the giant who immediately rose back into the sky, all imposing with a body that extended for kilometers, leaving poor Zee behind on the ground!

“MATTY! DON’T WAIT!”

The lizard’s desperation was clear! The fear of being abandoned and left to survive on the floor of his roommate’s room, now smaller than an insect, and at that moment, there was not much more that Zee could do besides observe the beautiful curves of Matty’s thighs, perhaps for the last time. Since the rest of the giant rat’s upper body was completely blocked by the beautiful sight of the now larger-than-ever volume between the rat’s legs. Seen up close, it was impossible for Zee to ignore every detail and contour of Matty’s flaccid genitalia. And perhaps that was the most impressive detail, knowing that the rat was not even erect or excited, yet it was still possible to see clearly his dormant member resting towards the left side of the fabric of his shorts with a slight outline of the pair of balls below. A total show of masculinity was on display for the small micro to watch.

“HOW STRANGE!? WHY WOULD ZEE COME IN HERE, MESS WITH MY STUFF, AND THEN LEAVE MY GUN ON THE FLOOR...”

Matty spoke to himself, at the same time trying to reach a logical conclusion to that situation without knowing that he was being watched by a tiny spectator very close by. Dangerously close. Zee had already realized that shouting would not lead to anything, being smaller than a miserable ant, he would never be able to make a giant of normal size perceive his minuscule presence.

Fortunately, the semi-god rat that now dominated the landscape above the tiny lizard was not stupid. Quite the contrary. Almost as soon as Matty touched the gun, he noticed several strange clues, one of them being the fact that it still seemed to be hot. He immediately turned his attention to the numeric display on the side of the gun to check the numbers, alternating the various modes with mastery and precision, it did not take

long for the giant rat to reach the conclusion that the gun had been fired, someone had been shrunk, and that all of this had not happened a long time ago.

Matty slowly moved the gun to the side, and without changing his posture much, he turned his gaze back to the wooden floor of his room now. Zee, on the other hand, began to feel a mixture of excitement, fear, and panic. Excitement for being literally under the shadow of someone he had an overwhelming crush on, admiring details of the body of that same person that he never thought he would be able to admire before. Fear of not knowing how Matty would react when he noticed his tiny presence on the floor, that is, if he noticed... Panic for feeling an immense urge to run and hide, even considering using the giant tunnels made of threads under the sole of Matty's boots as a hiding place; despite being a strategy guaranteed to be lethal.

But all of that, along with any further thoughts, were immediately swept from the mind of the small green lizard the moment he heard the powerful, thunderous voice of the god above him say.

“ZEE?...”

A minute of silence settled between the two. Both the micro and the giant rat did not move. Matty's glorious form hovered over Zee, imposing as never before. The lizard could see his roommate staring fixedly at him on the floor, or at least, in the direction of the spot on the floor where he was located. It was impossible to say for sure. Giant green eyes scanning the floor and stopping completely right in the direction where Zee was. The small lizard nerd even came to a little certainty that his roommate was staring at him deeply and immediately began to think of a thousand excuses he could say to apologize to Matty for what had happened. But before Zee could even open his mouth to say anything, the rat did it first.

“LISTEN! I CAN'T SEE YOU ANYWHERE! IF YOU'RE HERE ON THE FLOOR OR NEAR ME, TRY TO SEND SOME SIGNAL!”

That phrase alone left the green lizard white with fear! And once again, Zee had the harsh reality of his situation rubbed right in the middle of his face. Despite being literally under the shadow of the giant, with his imposing gaze resting almost exactly on him... still Matty had not seen him... the definition of Zee's current condition was “pathetic”.

Fear began to bubble through the small lizard's body, the same kind of fear that would leave anyone paralyzed. But Zee knew he couldn't afford the luxury, since he would never have the opportunity to find himself in such a favorable position to interact with his roommate again.

“AH! THIS IS USELESS. THAT DUDE IS AS USEFUL AS LOST BY NOW.”

Zee heard the divine being hovering over him say in a loud voice. Basically, Matty was giving up the search without even trying. The rat knew the final height that his ex-roommate should be now, that is, if he was not already stuck and crushed under the immense sole of one of his boots indistinguishable from a piece of dust like any other.

“AT LEAST THIS WAY I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT RESCUING HIM AND BRINGING HIM BACK TO NORMAL SIZE.”

If that last phrase coming from the lips of the all-powerful giant hovering over the lizard was not frightening in itself, what happened next would definitely be. Zee immediately noticed again, tremors; tremors that started small but soon escalated to the level of seismic shocks. Looking up, came the confirmation. Matty was repositioning his majestic body, leaning an arm and simply placing the gun on the table. What happened next was what would bring true terror to Zee's small world. Muscles! More precisely, the muscles of Matty's waist and thighs contracting and tensing! The giant rat was getting ready to... walk!

In all possible aspects, letting Matty walk away and go on with his life as if he had never met a green lizard before was the last thing Zee wanted to see happen. He already knew that shouting wouldn't work. Only one and last option remained to him. Almost as if he had been struck by a ray of wisdom, Zee remembered that during all this time his smartphone was tucked away in his pocket, awaiting the moment when his brain, in love with the beautiful curves and shape of the overwhelming rodent, would remember its existence. And such a moment had come, as the small lizard reached into his pocket with determination, grabbed the cell phone, and pulled it out. At the same time that the immense wall of black rubber resting in front of him rose into the air, reaching speeds and altitudes unimaginable for such a large object.

“Matty! I'm right here under you! Between your legs! Don't move!” Zee typed as fast as his fingers would allow him to type. However, as soon as he finished typing and pressed the send button, a powerful earthquake followed by a loud crash shook his wooden world on the floor, signaling that the boot that was just a few inches away from him had made touchdown on the ground again, several meters away from his location. But that

wasn't even the worst part, because immediately afterwards, without even giving the tiny lizard a chance to catch his breath, an even darker and denser shadow fell over Zee. Looking up, not even Matty's lower body was visible. Everything had been covered by the immense, slightly dirty, and powerful sole of the titanic rat's left boot.

Zee heard the deafening notification sound coming from the pocket of his ex-roommate's shorts, who had been elevated to the status of a divine being.

Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do now but hope that Matty would not ignore his message, since the lizard was completely busy running for his life! Trying like never before to run the equivalent of a marathon in less than a second! His goal was simple, to position himself under one of the threads of the incoming sole. Fortunately, at the moment when the tornado-like forces of moving air intensified to the maximum level, Zee was "safe" in the middle of a giant corridor formed of rubber and dust. He was safe, right under the countless tons that constituted the body of his crush and one of the boots that supported it all. Zee felt like a speck of dust.

To be continued...