

Weyland-Yutani Corporation. Date Log: 22.365 A.G.

(Story commission)

Part 5.

The lost planet.

Four years had elapsed since what could be considered one of the most significant discoveries in recent imperial history was made, and how did the corporation treat the matter? As if it were utterly inconsequential and mundane. Clearly, Isaac could not let an event of such magnitude go unnoticed, yet even for someone of his stature, with extensive contacts and resources, organizing an expedition to a planet—especially one lying entirely beyond the empire's borders and in completely uncharted space—was costly and exceedingly perilous. Despite all obstacles, the Siamese cat simply could not, and indeed had never managed to, sweep from his mind the essence of knowing that somewhere out in the galaxy, there existed a planet where an entirely anthropomorphic civilization had been able to develop for centuries without human interference, in a wholly autonomous manner. Nonetheless, it took four years for the Siamese cat to gather all the necessary resources and assemble a team willing enough to head into the deep space of uncharted sectors of the galaxy, just to lay his hands on the possible ruins of a society long extinct, whose technology might or might not be superior to theirs.

It was undoubtedly a challenging task, but eventually, Isaac managed to pull it off. Through his network of contacts, he was able to locate two individuals willing to form a new crew, whose required budget was within his payment capabilities. One of them was a young lab assistant, a scout bunny with brown fur and a slender, fit physique, appearing quite young, though only in appearance, as this particular rabbit had surpassed his centennial some time ago. His name was Bunson, Bunson Bunner, but Bunson for short. He was a laboratory assistant at one of the empire's major terraforming corporations, possessing more than a handful of decades of experience working with the selection and treatment of potential candidate planets for the terraforming process.

Bunson would play the crucial role of studying, evaluating, and especially locating the possible ruins of the said anthro micros civilization, that is if such ruins even existed. No one was better suited than the bunny for this task, as the process of terraforming an entire planet requires meticulous and intense preparation to ensure that the candidate planets are completely devoid of any organic material or points of interest that would inevitably be destroyed during the terraforming.

The second member of his team was named Raikano, or Raiko for short. Raiko was an anthro hybrid of fox and goat, with beautiful blond hair, blue eyes, and the distinctive

fur and tail of a fox. He was by far the youngest member of the team, being under a hundred years old biologically; all team members appeared to be twinkies in their mid-twenties. Raiko was a young freelancer, an entrepreneur, owning a small fleet of cargo ships for rent and also acting as a small-time mercenary in side hustles to make extra imperial pounds. Raiko had been recommended to the Siamese cat through his network of contacts as someone reliable in terms of delivering the service he was paid for and not charging exorbitant prices.

Raiko also happened to have a ship in his small fleet that would be essential for the said venture, an old Conestoga-class Starship which, incredibly, seemed to be in perfect condition and still flew well. Such class of ship had served the empire well as logistics and transport vessels and were quite modular, capable of multitasking and being employed in a variety of assignments. Though the Conestoga-Class ships had been out of service for over a hundred years, having been reassigned for civilian use and receiving constant updates, this particular ship brought feelings of nostalgia to Isaac, as the feline who had designed it was at the beginning of his corporate life more than two hundred years ago, roughly when he was the biological age Raiko is today. The goat twink himself had a personality that made the Siamese cat fondly remember himself at that time, so many centuries ago.

With this, the most minimalist team Isaac had ever worked with was formed, a different experience from his days working for the great imperial corporations. It was a different feeling, having as limited resources and personnel as now; but at the same time, it was a liberating feeling of working on a project completely his own, using his own resources. It was like being the big boss of his own mini corporation, in this case, quite mini considering Isaac only had two subordinates under his command. Well, technically only one subordinate since Raiko insisted on placing himself on an equal footing with the feline in the chain of command as the owner and captain of the ship that had been rented by Isaac, his client, for this journey. Areas of conflict of interest? Certainly. Something that someone like Isaac, who had more than two hundred years of navigating and hustling up the corporate ladder of some of the galaxy's greatest corporations, couldn't handle? Not at all.

The departure of the team from Mallow was nothing extraordinary, taking only a handful of days for the team. Time was necessary only for all three members to gather aboard the Conestoga-class ship, review the most fundamental and essential points of the mission at hand, and before the team knew it, all three crew members were each in their respective cryogenic capsules, in a state of suspended animation for approximately six months. Conestoga-class ships indeed had the capability to travel faster than light, but they could not compete with the more modern models that imperial technology had managed to provide. Given that Raiko had at his disposal a truly modern ship, the jump time through hyperspace from Mallow to the desired coordinates would have been no more than a few hours, resembling an executive flight, perhaps a standard commercial

flight. Given that such a ship also didn't have that many luxury amenities on board; not that Bunson would mind, but Isaac, being the corporate brat he was, definitely cared. And Raiko, being the arrogant, self-assured individual he was, definitely felt offended by the fact that the wealthy feline was not satisfied with the accommodation standards his ship had to offer. It wasn't as if they were going to kill each other over it, just ensuring a slight aura of animosity hung in the air.

However, although the team would spend more than six months aboard the said Conestoga-class ship, a good portion of that time would unfold in suspended animation; hence, from the perspective of both Bunson and Isaac, their stay there would, in fact, be rather brief. And six months slip by like a very short dream—one moment ago, Isaac was laying down in a not-so-comfortable cryogenic suspension chamber, and now, at this very moment, the Siamese feline was waking to the annoying sound of the reanimation and life support systems informing him and the other members, who were all waking up together and still quite disoriented, that the distance of fifteen thousand light-years had been successfully traversed and that the Conestoga-class ship was entering the gravitational field of the star belonging to the desired solar system.

Isaac loathed having to undertake his interstellar journeys via cryogenic suspension systems. This method always left all his technological implants desynchronized with his brain, resulting in a headache equivalent to the sensation of being hit in the face by a hyper-speed train. However, almost as a consolation prize, the Siamese cat had the chance to observe his fellow crew members as they dressed and donned their suits right after emerging from their respective cryogenic chambers. It was impossible to ignore the beautiful curves of the two young-looking twinkies around him, eyes excessively analyzing the smooth curves of the hips and muscular thighs of the young goat boy as Raiko donned his skin-tight synthetic cyber suit and then squatted to put on his boots of a very dark gray, almost black, that reached up to his knees and had elevated heels like high-heeled boots. Little did Isaac know that the young mercenary had already noticed the almost predatory glances of the feline and Raiko was now taking longer than necessary to finish his boots and put on a pair of gold kneepads over his knees, keeping his posture bent forward, hips raised into the air on purpose just so the Siamese cat could admire more of his beautiful body.

The goat boy's look was completed with his upper body being covered by the rest of the skin-tight suit, with the addition of a waist cloak behind his thighs designed to allow his long, furry tail to swing naturally and freely, making that waist cloak more akin to a tail coat. Such a coat had a beautiful golden finish in bright gold that matched the kneepads protecting the young mercenary's knees and with other small details carved in gold along his black suit accentuated by blue cyber-tech lines very similar to the cyber lines that ran through Isaac's body. However, Isaac did not need a suit to access his implants; his implants were in his body.

Soon, the hybrid goat boy finished dressing, striking a triumphant pose with his right hand resting on his hip while his left hand was raised into the air, snapping his fingers. At the same time, Raiko turned to Isaac and teased, "Done looking, kitty? If you keep staring at my body like this while I'm changing, I think I might have to start charging extra for that too~" Raiko said in a provocative and mocking tone, even blowing a kiss to the feline, who had not even begun to dress, incidentally.

Meanwhile, as Isaac and Raiko grew, for lack of a better word, more intimate with each other, the twink rabbit Bunson dressed without having to deal with any disturbance or prying eyes judging every curve of his body. But due to the nature of his outfit, which was equally form-fitting as Raiko's suit, albeit made of a much thinner material acting almost like a second skin, the moment the young-looking technician walked between the two members asking if they had finished wishing each other a "good morning" so they could head to the command bridge to start the initial tests and analyses in the planet's upper atmosphere, it was impossible for both Isaac and Raiko not to have their eyes naturally drawn to the beautiful curves of the slender, young, and seductive body of the rabbit as Bunson took the lead, their gazes naturally resting on the firm, beautiful thighs of the rabbit and his hips and cute, characteristic fluffy bunny tail bobbing with each step Bunson took. Those firm legs, naturally designed for running as all rabbits should, hypnotized both, especially Isaac, until the rabbit disappeared down the hallway.

In short order, both Raiko and Isaac joined the rabbit, who was already waiting for them on the command bridge. All the team members were now properly dressed, including Isaac, who was wearing his own suit as form-fitting as his teammates' but sporting darker, more purplish-gray tones near black. During his colleagues' absence, Bunson had taken the opportunity to perform the initial scans of the planet, and the first data collected by the ship's scanners were not very encouraging. "It's a standard M-class planet, capable of sustaining life although the atmosphere is quite chaotic. It seems there's some kind of perpetual storm in the upper atmosphere of this planet that prevents our transmissions or scans from properly penetrating the atmosphere," the rabbit said, keeping his eyes fixed on the monitors at all times.

At the same time, Raiko rolled his eyes, though he chose not to express his thoughts at the moment. The hybrid goat could already foresee that this would be yet another failed expedition led by an old, wealthy fanatic with ambitions of having his name on some new planet. Well, Isaac could still potentially have his name on a new planet since it was capable of sustaining life, though they still had to determine the real situation with the atmospheric anomaly and to what extent it could prove to be a problem. "Well, if we can't scan from up here; send probes," Isaac responded pragmatically, opting for a simplistic solution to the problem. Bunson agreed without objection, all the equipment brought by the team for the expedition was funded by Isaac himself, so there wasn't

much weight on the rabbit's conscience. Given the circumstances, using a probe was indeed the best course of action.

Raiko, on the other hand, felt somewhat displaced, his role was almost exclusively to provide transportation for the two clients, Bunson and Isaac. Despite this, the twink goat remained alert and observant to everything that was happening; Raiko knew all too well that the Siamese cat had not informed him about all the details and the nature of their little mission. He also couldn't understand much about the planet terraforming process or about the specific equipment that had been brought aboard his ship at Bunson's request, but it was safe to say that these two clients were here to do something far beyond just collecting soil samples, examining the atmosphere, and cataloging a new terraforming candidate planet for the empire.

After a short period of two hours, the time necessary to prepare the probe and send it to the planet's surface, this process had to be performed in a completely manual and conventional manner due to the technological limitations imposed by the age of the ship model. Isaac and Bunson were now in docking bay number 2, making the final adjustments to the probe, which resembled a large drone. The probe, nearly the size of a three-story house, was fully autonomous and even equipped with its own AI, capable of analyzing, studying, and cataloging vast areas of terrain on the planet's surface. Needless to say, such equipment was also extremely expensive, so Isaac was relying on his rabbit colleague to ensure that the probe would not be lost. A somewhat tricky task, but achievable.

Soon, the cat and rabbit were leaving the docking bay, collecting the last tools and ensuring that nothing was left behind besides the probe. It wouldn't be prudent to have tools or other items ejected into space the moment the bay doors were opened to release the probe. Once everything was in order, Isaac signaled through the ship's intercom system to the twink goat who had stayed on the command bridge to initiate the process of depressurizing the docking bay, but Raiko was waiting for him and the rabbit to return to the bridge before sending the probe.

"The nerdy rabbit, I think you'll want to see this," was the first phrase uttered by the young mercenary as he sat in the captain's chair of the old-class ship, just as the two occupants stepped back onto the bridge. "OHH!!! Fascinating!!! Truly fascinating!!!" Bunson exclaimed, sounding as delighted as a child beholding a bag of sweets, though he was staring at a monitor filled with graphs, indicators, and numbers that made no sense to either Raiko or Isaac. "What's it about?" The Siamese cat promptly inquired. "You see, these magnetic storms swirling around the planet's upper atmosphere are seasonal. The time we took to fix the probe was the time the computers needed to record the pattern. And, according to the data collected here, it's clear that this is not natural; it's an artificial pattern."

Upon completing his brief explanation, the Siamese cat fell silent. Isaac already had a notion of the implications of such information. Raiko, in turn, continued to observe the two older members of his crew with a look of someone listening to a conversation in a foreign language. "So? What's the deal? Is my ship safe here? Should I change the orbit pattern?" The fox-goat boy insisted, in an attempt to extract any extra piece of information from the two. Anything he could use to justify a hike in the fee for his services, after all, he was indeed a mercenary. "Ahahah! No, no! Your ship is safe here, this just indicates that these magnetic storms are not a natural phenomenon... the planet's core might be very rocky and contain active iron that could generate a magnetic field capable of reacting with the sun, or rather, with the suns since we have three here, resulting in these atmospheric anomalies we're observing. It's as if they were generated in a completely artificial manner! Almost as if someone didn't want the planet's surface to be properly scanned..." The rabbit concluded his explanation, almost as if he were giving a lecture to one of his dear students.

For a brief moment, Bunson had been a geology professor before being recruited by a major terraforming company. Not that this information was particularly relevant now, but the information the rabbit had just described to the young twink captain definitely was. Relevant to the point that Isaac could do nothing more than lean against a control panel on the other side of the command bridge, arms crossed and with a look of deep disapproval for what the rabbit had just done. Bunson, catching his mistake, felt chastised and lowered his ears with a sad look on his face. Though it was too late, Raiko now had a slight notion that these two strangers, a geologist rabbit and an old, wealthy cat, were here more than fifteen thousand light-years away from any empire frontier and open, unknown space chasing after contact with a possible alien species?... And the young mercenary's reaction to such information was to let out a loud, utterly mocking laugh.

"AHAHA! Hold on... I need to catch my breath..." Raiko said, covering his abdomen after laughing so much, clearly forcing the laughter in sheer mockery. "Let me get this straight, you said they were artificially generated? Like what, aliens down there employing some kind of technology we don't know about to keep this little planet off the Galactic Empire's radar? Are you serious that you're paying me a small fortune to come here, bring a bunch of equipment with you for this?" The goat finished, and although he was laughing in a forced and utterly mocking manner, Raiko simply couldn't stop laughing.

The reaction of the young ship's captain was, in truth, quite justifiable. Indeed, the Galactic Empire had successfully charted and colonized the vast majority of the galaxy, leaving only a few sectors like this one beyond the reach of its expansionist plans, merely because they were deemed to lack valuable resources. Throughout centuries of unbridled expansion, only two sapient civilizations had been encountered: humans and

the anthropomorphic civilization. The humans had managed to defeat and annex the furries into their vast empire several centuries prior. To suggest there might be intelligent aliens living under the Empire's nose all this time was almost akin to declaring one had stumbled upon Santa Claus's secret base. Indeed, this was why Isaac had never been able to convince anyone at Weyland Corp to fund this particular mission, forcing the Siamese cat to finance it out of his own pocket.

Despite the goat boy's mocking reaction, Raiko was genuinely thrilled by the possibility. Just imagine the astronomical amount of money he could demand from Isaac if they actually succeeded in finding... whatever it was they had come here to find. At this moment, Raiko was reconsidering his stance, contemplating adopting a more collaborative and interested attitude towards the project. Driven by purely personal interests, of course, not unlike what Isaac had grown accustomed to dealing with back in the corporate world.

"Alright, Bunson, how do you suggest we proceed?" the Siamese cat, taking the lead, inquired. "Well, we can use the pattern generated by the computer as windows of opportunity. This way, we can have brief moments for probing and observation on the planet's surface. We'll send our probe to a point of interest, rather than dispatching it to a random coordinate and hoping it stumbles upon something intriguing down there," the geologist rabbit concluded. The feline agreed without objection.

Soon, the dockbay doors opened, and the probe was positioned in high orbit, awaiting coordinates that swiftly arrived. With precise knowledge of the opportunities for scanning the planet's surface, it didn't take long for Bunson to detect what appeared to be the remnants of ancient structures left to the ravages of time. It was impossible to categorically state they were the ruins of a city, at least from this high orbit and with all the atmospheric interference. It was time for the expensive, technology-laden probe to fulfill its purpose. And off she went. However, to the dismay of the Siamese cat's budget, the probe quickly began to suffer from the effects of the planet's highly ionized atmospheric magnetism. The probe barely had time to descend through the outer layers of the atmosphere before the onboard team noticed the control signal weakening... shrinking, almost, until it became so feeble that, with the magnetic storm's movements in the upper atmosphere, it was utterly lost! A probe worth millions of imperial pounds lost in the blink of an eye! This was simply unacceptable and could not stand, it would not stand.

An emergency discussion was hastily convened among the three team members. While the Siamese cat, who was bankrolling the entire project, attempted to imbue the situation with a sense of urgency, neither Bunson nor Raiko seemed particularly concerned about the loss or destruction of the probe. After all, it wasn't their money that had vanished into thin air. But, as Isaac was the boss, devising a solution for the

potential recovery of the expensive equipment became imperative. The solution was straightforward and, ultimately, the only viable option: the cat and the bunny would have to descend to the planet's surface in a shuttle craft, heading to the last known coordinates of the probe in hopes of recovering it. Raiko was decidedly unwilling to leave one of the finest ships in his modest corporate fleet unprotected and orbiting an unknown planet in the middle of nowhere. In a way, it was preferable he stayed behind; after all, should anything go awry with the ground team, Raiko would be Isaac and Bunson's last hope for salvation.

"To what point have I descended, having to entrust my life to a young, inexpensive mercenary who hasn't even completed his first century of existence..." Isaac mused to himself while making final adjustments to his suit and personal equipment, alongside the youthful-looking twink rabbit, just before they entered the docking bay to board the shuttle craft and begin activating its systems and onboard computers. As soon as they initiated the auxiliary ship's onboard systems and synchronized with the orbiting mother ship, a transmission from the command bridge appeared on the small vessel's display, designed for up to five occupants. "Hey! Testing, one, two, three..." Raiko's voice and face appeared on the screen, but before the goat boy could continue his count to four, he was interrupted by the Siamese cat. "Hey! We're here and can hear you just fine! We haven't even left the ship yet!" Isaac interjected, only to be immediately replied to by the young captain. "Ah! Great! Just testing because the shuttle craft you brought aboard is so modern I thought my ship's transmission systems might have trouble establishing contact with you. But, great! Everything seems in order. Okay, let's go over the plan once more. You can take as long as you need down there; the magnetic storms in the upper atmosphere should make constant communication impossible. But, according to the model our nerd rabbit has generated, you should have a communication window every hour or so. Don't miss those windows because I'm not keen on having to come down there to rescue you two, nor am I interested in prolonging my orbit around this planet any longer than necessary. Understood?"

Raiko spoke confidently and somewhat imperiously, though sounding a bit immature due to being relatively younger compared to the other two members of his team.

"Alright, Raiko, we understand. Over and out." Bunson responded to the hybrid goat boy, his voice tinged with a hint of melancholy as he tried to mask his frustration before glancing at the feline beside him, who was about to finalize the engine startup sequence, and asked, "Do you think he'd really leave us here and take off?" Isaac promptly replied, "Absolutely not. Otherwise, he wouldn't get paid. Or do you think I gave him the payment in advance as he wanted? Never give a mercenary advance payment." Isaac concluded his response with a triumphant laugh as he steered the ship, now with the engines running, out of the docking bay and toward the mysterious planet's surface below.

With not much else to do, Raiko could only make himself comfortable in the captain's chair on the command bridge. He lifted his toned legs with firm thighs, placing his elegant platform boots on a part of the ship's console panel while keeping his attention on the monitors tracking the descent of the shuttle craft toward the planet. As expected, as the small auxiliary craft descended closer to the lower layers of the atmosphere, the signal grew weaker and weaker until it eventually disappeared from the screen. "Hmm! I hope they're still alive down there..."

To the young hybrid goat's relief and joy, the two occupants of the small shuttle craft were indeed alive. But that didn't mean they were okay. The effects of that magnetic storm were far more intense than the projections shown by the scanners in high orbit as soon as the duo penetrated the lower layers of the atmosphere. Furthermore, something else was going on. In fact, there were many more things happening! The sensors of the shuttle craft had gone wild! It was every type of radiation imaginable, and the computers showed that they were being bombarded with some sort of beam firing a highly concentrated energy pulse at them! For a moment, given the nature of the data, the hypothesis that they might be under fire from a suborbital artillery piece was considered by the duo aboard. But if that were truly the case, that small shuttle craft would have been obliterated and turned into pieces in a matter of seconds. Whatever it was, it wasn't a suborbital artillery attacking them. At least not in a fully offensive manner.

However, the navigation and communication systems were fried by the strong radiation pulse, causing the shuttle craft to plummet adrift and crash-land near the plain of a vast valley! The crash was brutal, but most of the ship's structure remained intact, allowing both Bunson and Isaac to survive. The duo took their time to assess the shuttle craft's condition; it was still in one piece, could even fly again, but would require extensive repairs. In the worst-case scenario, they could try to contact Raiko in orbit to have him teleport parts to them here on the surface. Why use the shuttle craft and not teleport directly? Because given the high degree of ionizing particles in the atmosphere, there were serious risks of interference with the teleportation process, which would result in a lethal accident for the teleporte.

However, it didn't take long for the rabbit to unlock the airlock of the shuttle craft and be the first to step outside the crashed auxiliary ship. Yet, Bunson's reaction was far from what Isaac expected. "My God! Isaac, you need to see this!" The Siamese cat considered ignoring the rabbit's request for a moment as he was still busy sorting equipment to begin a small reconnaissance expedition in the surroundings. However, upon hearing the alarmed tone in the geologist's voice, he promptly leaned his head out of the door, and what awaited his sight was nothing short of impressive.

Straight ahead, thanks to the way the shuttle craft was positioned, a vast plateau extending for several kilometers with a valley far below was visible. In the middle of this valley lay what clearly appeared to be the ruins of a great city, an ancient metropolis whose buildings and structures, abandoned for centuries, struggled against the local nature to remain standing, with most of their facades covered by trees and vegetation, and much of the streets and avenues almost entirely concealed by vegetation as well. The forest was gradually reclaiming what was rightfully its own, but beyond that, much farther back and nearly at the edge of the plateau where they stood, there were structures that were rather peculiar... stretching from the ground to the skies for dozens of kilometers, the structures were nothing less than... trees?... "Are those trees?" Isaac exclaimed after completing his visual scan of the landscape and surroundings.

However, Bunson had distanced himself a bit from the shuttle craft without Isaac even noticing. But he did so only to have the opportunity to use his handheld tricorder to analyze a piece of vegetation near the crash site of the auxiliary ship before responding. "Yes! They are! And worse..." The rabbit said, reading the readings from his tricorder, pointing to what appeared to be a type of plant typical of the area and apparently still in the early stages of growth, reaching just above the waist height of the slender, rabbit-shaped form. "This here is grass! A single blade of grass and still in its early growth stage!" Immediately, all the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. They weren't hit by an orbital artillery when entering the planet's atmosphere, well, they were actually, but it wasn't an offensive weapon... it was some kind of gigantic shrinking ray set up in such a way that it could act as an orbital artillery, shrinking anything and mainly ships and objects daring to enter the atmosphere of the said planet! Isaac and Bunson, as well as the shuttle craft, and now it was safe to say that the probe had suffered the same fate, were shrunk to a size insignificant! Possibly reduced to a scale much smaller than the smallest ants on their home planet.

The unfolding situation was shocking, especially for Bunson, though not so much for Isaac; since the Siamese feline was already aware of size manipulation technology having worked ardently on a project involving it in the not-so-distant past. Now, for the geologist rabbit, the situation was entirely different. Not only had Bunson crashed on a planet devoid of intelligent life and without any sign of civilization, but said planet also showed clear signs of remnants of alien activity, and he had been shrunk to an almost insignificant size, small enough that any normal-sized person could step on him without even noticing. How could they possibly return aboard their ship at that size? Raiko himself could crush their shuttle craft mistaking it for a mosquito.

Indeed, the state of panic that his teammate was on the verge of entering was visible. If Isaac didn't act quickly to reassure the youthful-looking rabbit, that state could easily spiral into a state of generalized emotional panic. But the Siamese feline intervened, as he must; after all, not only was Isaac leading that expedition, but it was also crucial that the most important member for that field operation was working at the peak of his

abilities, and for that, his emotional state had to be in order. However, calming the brown bunny was not necessarily a simple or straightforward task. The Siamese cat only managed to completely soothe Bunson when he disclosed details of projects carried out by Wayland Corp during his tenure at the corporation years ago. Knowing that the size manipulation technology was not an alien exclusive made Bunson much more at ease, but now the Siamese cat was in a tricky spot where he didn't fully have the trust of any of his team members, even if one of them was a mercenary like Raiko.

"Well, let's focus on the now, Bunson. We don't have an opportunity window to establish any kind of communication with Raiko in high orbit, at least not for the next hour. I suggest we explore the ruins, actually, I suggest we do more than that." At that moment, the feline took the liberty of showing the geologist the data on his suit's personal HUD that he had collected from the onboard computers of the shuttle craft. "According to this, the artillery that fired the shot that shrunk us shouldn't be more than a four-hour walk through the heart of the city ruins. An excellent route, we might be able to study what's left of this civilization and, with some luck, discover and study what might be the only piece of still-functional alien technology on this planet. What do you think? Sounds like a big-time plan to me." The feline finished with enthusiasm.

However, Bunson, in turn, was far from satisfied with the situation. "So, do you realize what we might be facing here?... Or in those ruins down there?... We have no idea what led this society to collapse, Isaac! What if they were decimated by a virus? Entered a global war and used biological weapons against each other? Or perhaps even nanotechnological weapons? We don't know the capabilities of their technology or why this planet turned into a wasteland!" The rabbit, clad in his suit that clung synthetically to his body, finished his sentence sounding quite irritated and frustrated. Isaac would surely need to employ diplomacy to reassure his teammate.

"Consider this, if it was a planetary-scale war... they didn't use nuclear weapons, because our high-orbit scans would have detected radiation, as well as a high concentration of nanotechnological mass wandering aimlessly through the atmosphere if they were using nanites. Regarding the use of biological agents, that's somewhat your field, and given the fact that you didn't include biohazard protection in our suits' modules, I believe you've ruled out that possibility as well, haven't you?" Indeed, with just a single argument, the Siamese feline assuaged a good portion of his teammate's concerns. Everything Isaac had said proved correct, and Bunson had no counterargument.

Still, it wasn't a friendly journey. Far from a walk in the park, descending from the mountain range where their shuttle craft had crashed was relatively easy. Walking through the ruins of a large, ancient metropolis, abandoned and left to the ravages of time, was exceedingly uncomfortable, to say the least. Streets and avenues overtaken by

almost entirely closed-off vegetation, buildings in ruins whose shadowy parts seemed to house dozens of ghosts, and the total lack of animal life, essentially because it was a city on a micro scale, made the whole scene even more desolate, where the silence could sometimes be deafening. It was a very sinister feeling, looking up on all sides to see oneself surrounded by buildings and skyscrapers, nearly collapsing, and yet facing a brutal silence that was definitely not expected in large metropolises. Not to mention that at every moment, both members of the ground team had to monitor the signal area with the mother ship in orbit. The last thing they wanted was to miss a window of opportunity to make contact when the time came. But, when the moment arrived, both anthropomorphic explorers would be taken by surprise.

It had been a little over an hour's walk, Isaac and Bunson were still in the heart of the city, surrounded by buildings and other high structures that had deteriorated so much over the centuries they were almost unrecognizable. "It's almost time to broadcast our situation to Raiko. The storm should give us a window of opportunity in a few minutes. It would be good for us to move to a clearing, somewhere with fewer buildings and less vegetation to avoid interfering with the signal, and we could also use the rest," said the anthro rabbit. Although both Isaac and Bunson were twinkles, with fit bodies, they were typical office workers. Totally unaccustomed to walking through forests or parks, let alone a hybrid city in the process of reverting to forest. Were it not for the tons of technology embedded in their bodies in various types of different cyber implants, their bodies would not only lack the musculature and appearance of someone in peak physical form, but they would also not be alive, considering that both had accumulated a handful of centuries of life.

Upon reaching an area that seemed akin to a Central Park, or at least had been one in a distant past, Bunson and Isaac quickly found a spot where the vegetation, significantly denser in this locale, opened into a small clearing allowing for a clear and unobstructed view of the sky above. Without buildings, skyscrapers, or "trees" to block the transmission of the all-important signal. It was even more astonishing to realize that here on the ground, there was no sign of the magnetic storm that plagued the upper layers of the planet's atmosphere; the day was clear and beautiful, much like the days with artificial and controlled atmospheres on the more sophisticated planets of the Galactic Empire, like Mallow. This was yet another indication that pointed to the completely artificial and fabricated nature of the said magnetic storm, but it was something the ground team had no time to spare and think about.

The signal strength they were receiving from the Conestoga-class ship in orbit was nearly one hundred percent. Indicative that they were precisely within the window of opportunity to transmit back, however, although the portable transmitters the duo had carried along with their personal luggage were pointed towards the sky and transmitting at maximum power, they not only failed to establish a connection with the Conestoga-class ship, but the small triangular-shaped antenna couldn't even capture the exact

location of the ship in orbit to angle its transmission towards it. Initially, the duo thought it was a problem related to the amount of vegetation around, but they quickly dismissed this possibility since it was equipment of almost military class designed to be used in conditions of dense jungle, and yet both Bunson and Isaac made sure to position themselves in such a way that they were clear of any vegetation obstruction. Soon, the reason for their failure to establish contact with Raiko in his orbiting ship was narrowed down to a single variable. "Isaac! We're too small to transmit!!"

Indeed, this realization was terrifying for both the corporate cat and rabbit. But it made all the sense in the world. It wasn't as if they were trying to perform a transmission to an orbiting ship with a portable device in the middle of a plain covered by trees. No! Their reality, which the duo had apparently forgotten because they were surrounded by buildings all the time, was that they were of a minuscule size in the midst of what resembled an overgrown lawn gone wild, within a valley! Literally, everything around them could obstruct the signal of the transmission, everything that was still in its actual size and scale! Details such as the true trees of the forest surrounding the plain, and even rocks that could be half the size of a normally sized person would now be like imposing mountains when viewed from Bunson and Isaac's perspective. The equipment was functioning as planned, but unfortunately, it was completely out of scale.

As the duo on the ground deliberated on their next move, hundreds of kilometers above their heads aboard the Conestoga-class ship, Raiko grew increasingly agitated and nervous with each passing minute. The window for transmission was open, yet he had received no signal from the ground team. Concerns over his payment were undoubtedly at the forefront of his mind. However, the pressure of never having lost a crew member weighed heavily on him, and Raiko had no desire to start now. Most of the time, the young goat employed bluffs to pressure his clients, as any good mercenary should, but deep down, the hybrid wasn't as malevolent and cruel as he appeared. Raiko knew he had to act, keeping the ship's signal active and the communication channel open until the end of the first opportunity window. Nothing! Not even a fragmented transmission was received. "This is it! I'm going down after those two idiots," the young mercenary declared confidently, rising from his command chair. However, at that very moment, Raiko remembered there was only one shuttle craft available on board, and it had already been used by Isaac and Bunson to reach the surface. "Okay, time to use my neurons a bit... hm..."

Back on the planet's surface, Isaac and Bunson had devised a plan. "I don't believe this will make much of a difference, Isaac," the rabbit expressed his discontent with the plan, continuing, "Not to mention it's absurdly risky. We have no idea about the internal conditions of these skyscrapers or what might be waiting for us inside." Essentially, the Siamese cat had proposed climbing to the top of one of the numerous abandoned skyscrapers in the city and attempting a new transmission from there. The idea was absurd, given that the duo had roughly an hour to position themselves so as not to miss

the next communication window and considering the scale at which they and the entire city existed at the moment. Although the said skyscraper might seem a kilometer tall from Isaac and Bunson's perspective, from the viewpoint of a normally sized person, it would be equivalent to a quarter the size of their smallest toe.

Despite everything and considering the risks, Bunson could not propose a better idea, and it wasn't as if the duo had many options. Climbing any of the trees, the true trees and not the grass foliage that seemed like trees, would take much more time and be an even more impossible task. Thus, after a brief survey of the remains of the city center, the two soon identified what seemed to be the tallest tower still standing downtown and headed towards it. Admittedly, the process of climbing the interior of the tower was extremely difficult, with several floors completely destroyed and sections of the staircases missing; but at least the duo was able to gather tons of information about the ancient anthro civilization that lived in the past. It was a pity, however, that very little had survived, able to withstand the effects of time for centuries.

Another hour had passed, and as the second window of opportunity arrived, the team was still far from reaching the top of the tower. This was problematic, as another hour had elapsed without making any contact with Raiko, left in orbit. Raiko, growing increasingly worried and anxious by the minute, realized drastic measures were necessary as the second window closed without any signal or news from the two crew members on the ground. Ordering the command bridge's computers to transfer all data regarding the magnetic storm to the teleportation room in real-time, Raiko walked confidently towards it. The soles of his boots echoed against the floor of the empty ship, a confident expression on his face; the young mercenary was about to embark on a daring venture. Raiko had a plan.

Meanwhile, back on the surface and finally atop the roof of what could have been considered a majestic skyscraper in its glory days, Isaac and Bunson were running behind schedule. "Isaac! Hurry! Our third window of opportunity is closing!" "I'm moving as fast as I can!" the feline responded, finishing the setup of the portable equipment and initiating the scanning process to try and establish a stable connection with the Conestoga class ship in orbit once again. The process was slow, often requiring multiple attempts. Meanwhile, Bunson utilized his geologist skills to map the city layout from their vantage point atop the skyscraper, soon noticing something of interest. It seemed to be the only functioning structure amid a sea of ruins of the great city, and more importantly, it appeared to be a sub-orbital artillery piece of the exact type that must have been responsible for shrinking the duo during their planetfall.

"Isaac! Look there!" Bunson exclaimed, pointing. Immediately, Isaac stopped his work to look in the direction the brown rabbit was pointing. The smile on Isaac's face was as if someone had just seen their lottery numbers announced on TV. "YES! Perfect! And it

doesn't seem too many kilometers away from here..." However, it was at that precise moment that Isaac's sentence and the group's endeavors were brutally interrupted by a bright flash of light followed by a loud, powerful **THUMP**! Then, another equally strong and resonant **THUMP**, this second one much closer.

Isaac and Bunson were obviously dazed, and before they could properly recover from the seismic shock, a wave of air displacement carrying dust and debris of all kinds swept through the city at high speed, causing several ruined buildings to collapse completely. Yet, this was nothing compared to the true origin of such a phenomenon. Looking towards the horizon, two monolithic and glorious structures seemed to have emerged out of nowhere, extending into the sky for tens of kilometers on end! Despite everything, Isaac had a deep sensation that he had seen these structures looming before him before... His eyes traced the contours of the said structures, black with a hint of gray, but as Isaac looked up along the curves of those structures, everything became even more familiar.

The colossal structures stood in parallel, and nearly the entire city seemed nestled in the space between them. Their shape was peculiar, reminiscent of... boots? Indeed, boots! And Isaac was certain he had seen this pair of boots before somewhere! It was as if his mind had locked away the information in sheer panic, refusing to recall it, but as the cat's gaze continued upward, it became impossible to ignore. The two gigantic "boots" were connected to a pair of structures resembling synthetic fabric, shaping what looked like... shins! Each shin featured visibly blue cybertronic entrances on the front, and above them, two plates that appeared to be made of solid gold! At this moment, everything started to make sense!

Isaac had indeed seen these structures before because they were none other than individual parts of Raiko's suit! More specifically, parts of the lower body of the gigantic mercenary's attire! It was all there: from the boots, golden knee pads, tailcoat, to the fur in shades of brown and white, until finally, the feline's eyes rested on the beautiful pair of thighs, inner thighs, and the prominent bulge of the absolutely gigantic and all-powerful, young hybrid fox-goat twink! He was seeing Raiko in person! Or rather, only a part of his body, since due to the absurd scale difference, all his upper body was out of focus because of the natural atmospheric distortion that occurs with bodies of absurd scales and colossal distances. But that was it, Isaac and Bunson, as well as almost the entire city they were in, were confined to the space between the two boots of the gigantic and all-glorious Raiko! And worse, Raiko had no idea about this.

The emotions Isaac and Bunson were feeling were a complete mixture. They felt terror and fear, gratitude and euphoria; and even a bit of arousal at the sight of the beautiful hybrid fox-goat boy's body looming above them, utterly majestic. However, while Raiko was doing this because he had come to rescue them, the giant mercenary could

very well exterminate them like the insects they would become by doing something as simple as adjusting his posture. And unfortunately for both Isaac and Bunson, that was precisely what was about to happen...

"UGH! I HATE TELEPORTATION!" The soft and elegant voice of the gigantic anthropomorphic resonated deeply and thunderously around them, vibrating the buildings and forcing both micros to cover their ears. But the worst was yet to come, even if Isaac and Bunson couldn't see from their vantage point tens of kilometers below at his feet, Raiko brought his right hand to his head as he felt slightly disoriented from the teleportation process. And at the same time, completely unconsciously, he adjusted his posture. Seen from Isaac and Bunson's perspective, dozens of kilometers below and at his feet, the two crew members were first presented with a slight shift of his left boot, rotating in place without leaving the ground.

The boot, equipped with a high platform in the heel area, gouged a trench in the ground that must have been hundreds of meters deep! It crushed dozens of blocks and districts of the already ruined city as if they were absolutely nothing! Had Isaac and Bunson been in that part of the city, they would be no more than dirt clinging to the sides of the left boot's sole of the gigantic being. And yet, the worst was still to come. Before Raiko could fully regain his balance, he casually lifted his right foot off the ground, causing his right boot to move forward a few centimeters before returning to the ground with the force of an asteroid impacting in collision.

From atop a tall skyscraper, the two micros had a privileged view to witness such a demonstration of power from the being who shared their environment. What seemed to be a slight change of posture for Raiko, a minor and minuscule distance to be covered by his boot from the perspective of Isaac and Bunson, was equivalent to hours of walking covered in less than a second! Raiko's Boot moved to impose upon its shadow dozens of blocks and districts of the abandoned city and worse! The entire complex where the sub-orbital artillery mounted along with the shrinking system that had shrunk Bunson and Isaac was now perfectly positioned under one of the numerous grooves in the sole of Raiko's boot. **"RAIKO!!! PLEASE DON'T..." RUUUUMBEEEE!!! KABLUM! Gone!** A strong gust of wind carrying clouds of dust swept through the financial center of the city and when the dust settled, that entire section of the city had been completely destroyed! Replaced by a wall, or rather a rampart of black rubber four times larger than any of the tallest skyscrapers that this tiny and pathetic city had to offer. A rampart that was nothing more than the base of the sole of the right boot of the gigantic being known as Raiko.

Almost disbelieving that he was looking at the same twink he had admired in the cryogenics section's locker room of the ship just a few hours earlier, Isaac looked up once again for confirmation and assurance that yes. All that power, all that force was

prominently Raiko's, from Raiko's body! While the fox-goat boy, in turn, now adopted a much more rigid and confident posture. Raiko had regained his balance, after all, it had been just a slight and fleeting dizziness caused by the old teleport system of his equally old ship. For the next few minutes, it was very likely that this titanic and all-glorious being would not move, yet Raiko was completely unaware of the situation of his teammates unfolding right at his feet...

Isaac and Bunson needed to act swiftly! Having already witnessed small displays of power that the gloriously muscular body of the twink could unleash, they were still, even with the giant and titanic mercenary relatively motionless and hovering above them, struggling to organize their thoughts for an appropriate reaction. Evidence of this was the fact that Bunson, the lab bunny himself, was shouting in a semi-desperate manner and looking upwards. "RAIKO!! RAIKO!!! LOOK DOWN HERE!!! WE ARE RIGHT HERE!!! BETWEEN YOUR FEET!!!" The rabbit repeated, all the while jumping, shouting, and flailing his arms in a futile attempt to catch the attention of a god! Even if Raiko were to glance at the ground immediately below him, from his viewpoint all that city ruin would appear no more significant than small rock formations on the ground, resembling porous sand semi-covered and mixed with grass and part of the vegetation naturally growing in that plain amidst the valley. Which, from the perspective of the gigantic Raiko, to the viewpoint of an average person, wasn't even a valley but rather a small flat spot in a space existing between two small hills. It was almost like when you purchase land too low to build your house on and are forced to do some land filling first.

"Bunson! Stop it!!! Can't you see this is futile! I mean, just look at the sole of one of his boots! Not even the tallest buildings in this city stand a chance of reaching the top of the base of his soles! Do you really think your voice is going to travel tens and tens of kilometers up to his ears up there?" The Siamese cat indicated to the rabbit while looking up in admiration at the noble body of the young mercenary once more; it was impossible to ignore how the muscles of Raiko's well-defined legs created small reliefs and palpitations in the synthetic fabric clinging to his body. However, despite having regained calm, the hybrid fox-goat boy would inadvertently remind them of the precariousness of their situation once again with his voice.

"ALRIGHT! LET'S SEE IF I CAN PICK UP THE SIGNAL FROM THOSE IDIOTS AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE QUICKLY." Raiko's voice was already enchanting, at least to Isaac, before. A voice soft, delicate yet masculine. But now, that same voice was simply amplified tenfold and to such magnitude that the mere act of talking to himself, giving voice to his thoughts, Raiko was capable of stupefying his poor crewmembers below his notice.

"Damn it, Bunson! He's about to start walking! We need to do something!" The feline said, looking at the rabbit and for the first time sounding desperate. "And you're telling me this?! I thought you were the one with experience in extreme size difference situations before!" The rabbit retorted, and in a way, Bunson was right. Now, Isaac had every reason to be desperate. Not just because they had both witnessed what the slightest movements of the gigantic being could entail in terms of consequences on their minuscule and shrunken world, but also due to the fact that the Siamese cat was thinking further ahead.

Isaac knew that the only way to even communicate with Raiko under the circumstances would be through communication devices. But it wasn't that simple, given that Raiko's height was equivalent to sixty kilometers from Isaac and Bunson's perspective. If that young and slender mercenary took just a single step forward, just one step, Raiko would have already traversed a distance sufficient to move out of the signal range of the tiny and equally insignificant communicators that both the cat and rabbit twink had at their disposal.

With the gravity of the situation pressing down upon them like the unfathomable weight of a celestial body, Isaac set himself to the task with an urgency that matched the direness of their circumstances. Instantaneously, he adjusted the triangular antenna of his device, which had previously been in a futile attempt to catch a signal from the Conestoga-class ship orbiting above, now directing it towards the colossal figure of Raiko that loomed over them. Coincidentally, or perhaps mockingly by fate itself, the antenna pointed directly towards Raiko's groin, aligning almost perfectly with the gentle bulge outlined against the fabric of his suit. Not that such a detail held any significance in the broader spectrum of their desperate attempt at communication, yet it was an element difficult to dismiss from one's attention. However, fortune, it seemed, favored the swift and mighty, for Raiko had already outpaced them. Or more accurately, the cybertronic enhancements woven into the fabric of his sleek, admirable black suit had; for the titanic mercenary had swiftly achieved what Isaac and Bunson could not in hours of traversing the ruined city. Raiko had located the signal of the lost probe.

"Ah, excellent! The probe is merely a few meters from here... In fact, it's less than ten meters directly in front of me?... What the...?!" The booming voice of the hybrid giant once again thundered over the minuscule beings beneath his grandeur. Yet, it seemed, Raiko himself was beginning to realize that the threads of reality on this planet were woven with far stranger fibers than he had anticipated, shifting his mood from assurance to apprehension, doing little to alleviate the plight of the micro duo.

Never in their wildest dreams had Isaac or Bunson imagined witnessing a display of power so terrifyingly majestic. And the fact that this colossal being was considerably younger than either of them only added salt to their wounded pride. Once again, they

were spectators to a show of sheer might, looking up to see Raiko's leg and thigh muscles tensing in preparation. The ground beneath them began to quake and tremble with overwhelming intensity, and all this without Raiko even moving. No, this was merely the prelude to a step, a gesture of a being preparing to stride forward with the confidence of a colossus.

And so it happened. In less than a heartbeat, Isaac and Bunson beheld the vast expanse of black rubber, a surface four times larger than the skyscraper they were atop, lifting into the air with the ease of a feather. Not even the most advanced carrier ships of the Galactic Empire could boast a takeoff as swift as witnessing a boot sole, capable of covering an area of ninety thousand square meters, ascend with such rapidity. A deluge of debris, fragments of buildings, and assorted structures rained from beneath Raiko's sole, accompanied by countless tons of dirt and dust, along with pieces of the sub-orbital artillery responsible for their diminutive size. The only piece of equipment that might have restored Isaac and Bunson to their original size was now nothing more than dust beneath the sole of a young mercenary who walked forward with the confidence of a deity, blissfully unaware of the perils faced by minuscule beings attempting to survive beneath his towering presence.

As swiftly as Raiko's sole had ascended into the air, it descended back onto the ground, a monumental distance away yet generating a resonant **BOOM!** The tremor extended from the impact zone to the skyscraper where Isaac and Bunson stood. With no time to spare, all Isaac could do was crane his neck upwards, catching a final glimpse of the majestic hybrid of fox and goat clad in sci-fi attire moving away from directly above him. This provided the duo with an unparalleled view of his bulge, the family jewels gently swaying, propelled by the movement of his inner thighs forward, forcing the fabric at the groin of his suit to deform and follow the motion of his genitalia, offering them a tremendous display of masculinity and virility. For reasons Isaac could hardly fathom, he felt an overwhelming desire to be lost within that bulge, confined to an eternity of servitude to the manhood of a young yet powerful mercenary, until the sound of Raiko's further footsteps snapped him out of this potent carnal reverie.

"Isaac! What are we going to do now?!" Bunson asked, sounding utterly terrified, while Isaac himself struggled to contain his arousal after witnessing such a scene. Finally, he turned his gaze to Bunson's face, just as another powerful footstep from Raiko impacted the ground with another **BOOM!**, albeit less intense than the first and decreasing in intensity with each subsequent step as Raiko moved away. Isaac realized he had botched the plan; with just one step, the gigantic mercenary was miles away! Ten kilometers at a time with each step! It would be impossible to transmit anything in the direction of the all-powerful Raiko in hopes that the electronics in his suit would catch anything. But it was at that moment that an idea struck the Siamese cat.

Meanwhile, Raiko walked calmly, unhurried yet confidently towards the coordinates indicated by the HUD of his suit. His attention was fully on the HUD projected by his suit's holodisplay, not wanting to deviate from the short trajectory it had calculated to the crash site of the probe. Yet, it was obvious to Raiko that something was amiss. His suit indicated he was just a few meters from the said probe, and if his memory served him right, it wasn't a small probe; on the contrary, the device was large enough to be the size of a house! It was clear that if his suit was correct and the probe was just a few steps ahead, Raiko should have already been able to see it. Unless the probe had suffered a critical failure upon entering the atmosphere, disintegrating in mid-air, and at that moment, all his suit was picking up was the control signal from its chipset. A small piece of electronic component that should be housed within the probe's black box, and because of this, Raiko continued to follow his suit's instructions, hoping to stumble upon the black box of the probe shortly.

However, to his utter astonishment, after taking no more than ten steps forward, the signal from the probe vanished from his radar! Raiko halted abruptly. "What?!" Perplexed and unable to grasp what had just happened, the young anthro twink had no idea that one of his deadly soles had just landed squarely on the very location of the said probe! Just as had occurred with the shuttle craft, the device had been shrunk to an equally minuscule scale! And now, it had been reduced to nothing less than dust and dirt, likely stuck forever between two of the countless grooves in the sole of the gigantic space mercenary's boot! Right under the sole of his left boot, to be precise. "Ugh, this makes no sense." Perplexed, frustrated, and with a terrible sensation of wasting time, Raiko used one of his hands to adjust his beautiful blonde hair, his furred tail wagging in pure anger and frustration. This not only stirred the tailcoat of his suit but also all the air around him, especially behind him, which had tedious consequences for the pair of micros left in the tiny city Raiko had passed. Yet, the worst was still to come.

It wasn't long before Raiko's suit picked up a new signal. This time something more hopeful: the signal from the shuttle craft's onboard computers! However, a quick analysis of the signal once again revealed the same strange phenomenon. The data showed that the shuttle was very close to him, close enough for Raiko to reach its location in just a few short steps. "Man, this can't be happening. This suit is so new, and I've already made repairs on it..." The twink spoke with frustration, before turning his body toward the signal indicated by his suit's HUD. Coincidentally, Raiko noticed that the route would take him exactly back the way he had come. "Argh!!! What a drag! I can see I'm going to waste my day on this stupid game... If I find those two alive, I'll kill them!" The gigantic being muttered to himself while using his fingers to wipe the sweat from his forehead and fling the collected droplets onto the ground before setting off again.

Little did Raiko know, he not only had a greater chance of killing both Isaac and Bunson before even finding them and without even realizing it. But also, those two

"fools" could hear every word coming out of his mouth loud and clear, thanks to his majestic vocal cords which alone could crush the pair of micros if they were torn from his throat and thrown upon them... Or like those two droplets of sweat he had just wiped from his forehead, which fell upon the suburb of another equally tiny city, obliterating the entire neighborhood in a salty, oily tsunami that no one would ever notice, not even the one responsible for such wanton destruction.

"Omg!! Isaac!" Bunson exclaimed, his brown fur turning white at the sight of the colossal and titanic figure of their team member, now returning but walking directly towards them! Boom! Raiko would take his first step.

"Isaac! We have to do something!" BOOM! A second step.

"Isaac, are you hearing me!?" **BOOM!** Third...

"Isaac, he's getting closer!!" **BOOM!** Indeed, at that exact moment, the tremors and thunderous sounds were resuming their former glory as the body and physical magnitude of the giant became more dominant and imposing on the horizon line. Yet, it was only when the powerful shadow of Raiko's body was once again cast over the tiny city that the Siamese cat decided to implement an idea he had earlier.

BOOM! This being the penultimate step Raiko would have to take before condemning the two crew members to a life as dust beneath one of his soles, Isaac pointed the triangular antenna of the transmission device towards the suit of the giant mercenary, not even worrying about the angle as before, and began to alter the transmission pattern. Isaac's idea was simple but with a high chance of success. Instead of sending a real-time holographic transmission, he would send a single text message. Something like what was done in the distant past when people used to communicate via text chat because it was an extremely efficient way to communicate and consumed little to no bandwidth.

The adjustments on the device were successfully completed just at the exact moment when Raiko lifted his left boot from the ground, about to take another casual step forward, unaware that at the same time the shadow already covering the world of the two tiny crew members had just become much darker and denser. The shadow of his body that naturally hovered over the entire city and, consequently, Bunson and Isaac was now replaced by the imminent shadow of the sole of his left boot! Allowing both Isaac and Bunson to see the little that remained of the so dearly expensive probe, now completely crushed and rendered useless under the sole of the gigantic twink goat-fox boy.

"Isaac! It has to be now!" Bunson screamed into his partner's ear while he himself braced for impact as if he could even dream of surviving the weight of 370 quadrillion tons; this already considering the fit and athletic biotype of a lightweight twink like Raiko himself. While Bunson despaired, Isaac typed his text message and pressed the send button. "RAIKO! STOP IMMEDIATELY! DO NOT MOVE A MUSCLE!" A message that was short and clear and at the moment it was sent was immediately captured and received by the electronics in Raiko's suit.

However, and unfortunately for the tiny group of micros, Raiko's boot was already mid-air, and even if the giant twink received and read their message now, he still had to place his boot back on the ground.

And that's exactly what Raiko did! Completing his final step, unaware that he had positioned himself almost exactly in the same spot as he was at the moment he was teleported to the planet's surface moments before. The impact force this time was infinitely more devastating compared to the previous moment when Raiko was merely adjusting his stance. This time, the duo of micros was even able to observe firsthand the muscles of his thigh, attached to that pillar-like leg, contracting and relaxing as the sole of his boot sank into the ground; all of this happening once again right in front of the duo of micros. Or rather, right in front of the minuscule skyscraper atop which they were and which by the way would now be one of the only structures still left standing amid what was once the financial district of the "great" tiny city...

Isaac had achieved his goal, Raiko was standing, motionless, with his muscles almost entirely tensed. But, this in no way meant that the two tiny anthros were any more relaxed. Quite the contrary, since unlike the first time what lay directly before them was not exactly a wall of rubber as solid as concrete. No! This time, what terrorized the view in front of the two insignificant beings was the entrance to a vast, dark tunnel! A tunnel whose diameter was almost the exact same height as the entire skyscraper they were now standing on, if not a bit larger. The tunnel that Isaac and Bunson were contemplating was none other than a single groove in the sole of the hybrid twink's boot. Yes! They were perplexed to contemplate what must be the entrance to an indeterminable labyrinth that formed the pattern carved in the sole of Raiko's boot. It was even possible to notice how neighborhoods, buildings, and even entire avenues had been preserved, saved from total annihilation simply by being ultimately minuscule and insignificant in the presence of a being like Raiko.

Speaking of Raiko, it wouldn't take long for a text message response to arrive on the small Siamese cat's device, sixty km below the giant's line of consciousness and existence. "Is this serious? You bring me millions of light-years away to send me text messages while playing hide-and-seek with me on an alien planet? What kind of madness afflicts your minds?" Obviously, the gigantic twink was nowhere near pleased

with the situation. If only he had any notion of the unfolding situation at his feet... "Raiko! Listen! I can explain everything! Seriously! But you must remain still!" Isaac immediately typed his reply back, which, upon being read by the colossal giant, forced Raiko to curb his impulses and prevent his body from lifting one of his feet off the ground only to stomp back down in pure anger. Isaac and Bunson didn't know this, but they could be eternally grateful for the giant twink's self-control for not having been completely obliterated in a fit of rage that would be equivalent to a nuclear strike from their point of view.

"You have three minutes, I'm a businessman, Isaac, and my patience is thin. You, of all people, should know this!" The response was swift. Three minutes was all that the two micros had to explain a situation to an absolutely colossal being, one that had them, quite literally, under his boot—a situation that from afar could be judged as absurd and lunatic at best, or in this particular case, a tasteless prank. Isaac, unsure how to convey the situation to the giant hovering above, looked sideways towards the rabbit. "What do I tell him?!" Bunson simply spoke through gritted teeth, "Tell him the **OBVIOUS**, **ISAAC!**" And just after he finished his sentence, the two micros were disturbed by the sound of impact! **KABOOM!!** Followed by a rumbling sound of **SPLASH!**

The two micros looked up immediately, fearing that the mercenary might have simply ignored the request to remain still. That was not the case. It was something infinitely simpler; Raiko was obeying the orders of his contractor as Isaac had asked. His beautiful body in skin-tight attire remained immobile like a living mountain. Isaac still had his minutes, a bit more than two minutes to be exact. What was happening was that even with the all-glorious hybrid twink remaining stationary, his body alone was a hazard to those too small and insignificant to coexist alongside. The impact and subsequent splash that both micros heard was the result of a mere drop of sweat that had slid from the divine and all-glorious being's body, finding its natural path to the ground and completely destroying the Central Park which Isaac and Bunson had had the opportunity to visit hours ago, transforming the entire place into a grandiose lake of hot, extremely salty, and slightly oily sweat. All this from just a single drop of sweat, and believe it, Raiko's body could produce much, much more!

"Hello?! Listen, why did you have to choose a planet with three suns? I'm dripping sweat here..." Poor Raiko, he had no idea that his two team members were fully aware of how he was indeed dripping sweat. "Okay! Look... Raiko!... This is going to sound a bit strange... but it's simple! Just... look down! Yes! Raiko, look down!!!" Upon reading the message, the gigantic Raikano raised one of his eyebrows and, doing as instructed, turned his gaze downward. However, certainly, this action from the perspective of Isaac and Bunson was far more monumental, starting with the fact that since the mercenary had been teleported to the surface, this was the first time the duo of micros had the opportunity to admire the semblance of his face. And there was only one way to describe what they were feeling: it was like seeing a god, an absurdly divine and

powerful being whose blue eyes looked directly at them with a stressed and piercing expression.

Isaac and Bunson immediately began to jump and shout, in a foolish attempt to draw the attention of a divine being. And soon their folly was made apparent when Raiko, in the same way, turned his gaze downwards, then returned to look at the HUD of his suit before completely removing his attention from the ground below. "Come on, is this some kind of joke? Believe me when I say, if you try to activate the hyperdrive of my ship without me in it, the whole set explodes!" Raiko responded, sounding utterly irritated and doing worse than that. Demonstrating that his patience had run out, just like his trust in whatever it was that the small feline had tried to communicate to him, the gigantic goat-fox boy lowered his arm and closed the communication channel he had opened with the small Isaac.

At that precise moment, the most complete despair descended upon the duo of micros, still completely at the mercy of the imposing boot. Their panic intensified when the other boot made a slight shift, a minor adjustment in posture followed by a powerful rumble that, upon looking up, confirmed to be the muscles in the giant being's legs preparing to move again. Raiko was about to walk once more, and this time the two micros he sought—unbeknownst to him, closer than ever—might not be so fortunate. The process began anew; Isaac and Bunson watched in horror as a tunnel, resembling an entrance to one of Raiko's boot treads, plunged into the earth, displacing tons of soil and air in a mere fraction of a second! Then, abruptly, all movement ceased, and the imposing sole of the boot was immobile once again.

Sixty kilometers away, or rather, up, Raiko received a new notification from the sensors installed in his suit. In fact, there were two notifications. The young mercenary had intended to resume his original plan, walking towards the coordinates indicated by his suit's inner systems as the location of the shuttle craft's crash. Simultaneously, leveraging his expertise, Raiko used the electronic warfare systems of his suit to trace the location of the emission point of the messages Isaac was sending him. At this moment, the small fortune the young hybrid had spent on his elegant, ultra-technological, and fancy suit paid off. The suit had precisely determined that the location of the message transmissions was... exactly where Raiko was standing! More precisely, from beneath him! To be even more precise, from just beside the sole of his left boot in the front section!

Raiko looked at the data and immediately thought, "Yeah, time for a complete reboot of this suit. It seems that either the teleportation or a magnetic storm messed with my electronics." Indeed, the gigantic being would have resumed his walk, completely disregarding that piece of information without giving it a second thought. But, it was the second notification generated by his suit's internal systems that saved the day.

There aren't enough pages to describe the technological sophistication embedded in the skin-tight clothes of the twink hybrid fox-goat boy. Beyond a full array of sensors for electronic warfare, personal shields against energy weapons, and even ballistic bullets, Raiko's suit also boasted a feature commonly referred to as a nanites cloud. The nanites cloud, as the name suggests, involves a small quantity of nanites that could be expelled by the body of the user who has the implants applied directly to the body, like in Isaac's case, or by the clothes of the user, as with Raiko. The idea behind the nanites cloud was to gain situational control of a small environment across multiple layers. For example, in a conference room or at a negotiation table, the nanites cloud could provide information such as the heartbeat of the counterparty you're negotiating with, levels of hormones in the blood, brain activity, and even whether the person was uncomfortable due to a need to urinate. The applications were endless, and it gave a mercenary like Raiko or a corp brat like Isaac an unimaginable bargaining power during negotiations over those who did not have access to such technology.

Back to the specific case, Raiko's nanites cloud not only located the shuttle craft but also relayed a live transmission of its conditions directly into the god-sized goat-fox boy's retina. What startled Raiko the most was the image in the background of this transmission. In the background of the crashed shuttle craft, Raiko could now see a figure that could only be described as titanic, absurdly colossal, and quite attractive. A figure he recognized as... himself... and as if still somewhat incredulous about the whole situation, the gigantic twink even waved his arms, gesturing towards the location where the shuttle craft lay just to be sure. Immediately, Raiko ordered his nanites cloud to perform a scan of the shuttle craft's dimensions, and the results came back instantly—it was indeed the real shuttle craft, but it was tiny!

Immediately, Raiko connected all the dots in his mind, from his brief walk towards the said probe that was nearby and suddenly vanished from the sensors; Raiko now realizing that he most likely stepped on and crushed his client's expensive toy, to the moment of the last instructions passed by Isaac to him, combined with the information provided to him by the immediate notification his suit had just given him, and finally, the giant Twink understood that two plus two made four.

"What's he doing?" Bunson whispered to the Siamese cat standing beside him while they were still atop that life-saving skyscraper tower. Isaac, on the other hand, found it amusing that the bunny murmured the question in his ears while they both looked at the glorious form of the twink clad in an expensive, skin-tight suit. Indeed, Raiko was close; perhaps too close, but it wasn't as if he could hear what Bunson was saying even if the rabbit shouted at the top of his lungs. Still, instinct prevailed, and even the Siamese cat responded in a whisper. "I don't know, he cut off the communication channel with me..."

However, as soon as he finished that sentence, the ground began to shake! The sole of the boot, which had begun the process of sinking into the earth a few moments ago, now sank completely into the ground, generating a powerful and loud rumble that caused the entire structure of the skyscraper to tremble, almost as if this time the already ruined building were going to collapse! Raiko was moving! But not in the way Isaac and Bunson imagined—the gigantic twink mercenary was merely crouching down...

Think about all the times Isaac and Bunson had the chance to see Raiko's beautiful leg and thigh muscles contract in preparation for movement; none of that could have prepared them for the scene unfolding in the sky just above their heads now. The entire lower body of the giant Raiko was being projected downward at unimaginable speeds; the fox-goat took great care to try to move his boots as little as possible and even raised his tail so it wouldn't touch the ground while keeping it as still as possible. But the real show was in his legs and his bulge; thighs whose muscles were contracted to the maximum, stretching the black fabric of his suit, allowing Isaac and Bunson to only imagine the sheer power those legs must exert just to propel that giant wherever he wanted to go. At the same time, his knees creaked under tremendous pressure! Of course, only pathetic and tiny beings like Isaac and Bunson couldn't even hear that. And lastly, of course, the genitalia of that young twink, which if it was already quite prominent and well-defined before, was now stretched to the maximum! Leaving almost nothing to the imagination, even areas of high humidity concentrated just below his two testicles and in the region of the young giant's taint were visible to the only two tiny spectators immediately below.

Isaac and Bunson were both once again paralyzed, gaping, and feeling everything, especially arousal. It was impossible not to be moved when a male had a body and an endowment of such proportions so close to their tiny selves. Meanwhile, Raiko used everything at his disposal, employing a mixture of his optical sensors and nanite clouds until finally his eyes, those twin orbs with blue retinas, focused precisely on the direction of the financial district of the ruined city, whereupon a holographic projection was made directly onto his retinas. It was his systems, his suit, performing the arduous task of zooming in toward the tiny financial district perilously close to his boot until through his eyes Raiko could see the rooftop of what had long ceased to be an imposing skyscraper specifically located in the center of said financial district and then zooming in further on top of that same rooftop, two equally perplexed but infinitely more terrified figures looking up as if they were staring at God himself. It was Isaac and Bunson.

"MAN! THIS IS MESSED UP!"

The subtle voice of the young mercenary, already powerful and thunderous, became even more commanding now that Raiko had squatted down, bringing his mouth closer

to the ground, causing his voice to resonate even more impressively. It was enough to shatter all the remaining windows of the already ruined city, and there weren't many. Isaac immediately seized the opportunity to shout while looking up. "RAIKO! MODULATE YOUR VOICE! TRY WHISPERING FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!" Only to be promptly rebuked by the rabbit. "I think you're going to have to type that to him, you were the one who said he couldn't hear us.." However, the scout bunny's speech was cut off, completely muffled by the voice of the giant being hovering above. "**Sorry!**" Raiko replied, now whispering as Isaac had requested, yet his voice was still thunderous and utterly powerful, just like the rest of his body. Bunson might not have noticed, but Isaac did. Raiko had moved his nanite cloud around them and the skyscraper where they stood; the young mercenary could not only hear them very well but also see them very clearly at that moment.

"Good heavens! This... is this a city? Look! I know you two have been keeping secrets about what's happening here, but if you want my help, you'd better start talking. And make it quick because my knees are killing me!" The gigantic fox-goat hybrid demanded; if just being in the presence of a titanic being was terrifying, interacting and trying to negotiate with someone infinitely larger than you in several magnitudes of scale brought an infinitely greater sense of smallness! After all, Raiko was orders of magnitude superior to Isaac and Bunson at that moment, a single rude snort or a drop of sweat could spell the end for the two germs beneath him.

"You!... It was you who put us in this situation! You young moron! You stepped on the only station that could bring us back to normal size, and now we're stuck like this!" Isaac replied, in a small burst of anger while pointing a finger toward the face of the enormous twink hovering above. Almost as if he were shaking his fist at God himself! "**FINE THEN, I'LL SAY THIS.**" Raiko spoke again in a normal tone of voice, not at all concerned about the well-being of his micro clients while making the ground around his body vibrate intensely again. He was simply standing up. "**I DON'T NEED AND FRANKLY WON'T RESCUE YOU TWO. I CAN VERY WELL MAKE SOME MONEY SELLING THE COORDINATES OF THIS PLANET AND THE TOPOGRAPHY AND ATMOSPHERE CATALOGS WE'VE ALREADY COLLECTED HERE. NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT I'M STANDING ON THE REMNANTS OF WHAT ONCE WAS A METROPOLIS OF AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION. OOPS.. PROBABLY SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL AROUND HERE... WOULDN'T WANT TO BREAK ANYTHING~"**

Raiko spoke loudly and clearly, while preventing himself from wiping another handful of sweat droplets from his forehead and throwing them to the ground where they could destroy a large part of the city below. At the same time, he made a point to lightly, and very gently, move the sole of his left boot, which was already dangerously close to the skyscraper where Isaac and Bunson were located, until the distance between the sole and the building's wall was as minimal as a small street or an alley between the two

objects. "RAIKO!!" Both Isaac and Bunson screamed, while the two clung beneath the imposing shadow of their new deity. **"SILENCE, YOU TWO BECAUSE I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET. COULD I WORK OUT A WAY TO RETURN YOU TO YOUR NORMAL SIZE? MAYBE. BUT I THINK I'D PREFER HAVING A CUTE TOY AND DOLL TO PLAY WITH HOWEVER I LIKE~"**

The giant twink towering over them finally concluded his utterance, glancing downwards with a triumphal gaze etched across his visage. Yet, there was a notable shift in the young mercenary's expression—an observation Isaac undoubtedly made first. The difficulty of missing Raiko's genitalia pressing increasingly against the fabric of his attire, gradually... enlarging... was nil. Initially subtle, the change soon became blatantly evident. The fox-goat hybrid was visibly aroused, his bulge swelling, becoming more prominent and, dare one say, glorious. "You... You can't do this! That would be kidnapping!!!" Isaac protested, yet maintaining composure proved challenging for the diminutive micro, previously caught sneaking peeks at the fox-goat boy's form, now struggling to conceal his flushed demeanor and, worse, his gaze darting frantically from Raiko's mesmerizing blue eyes to his compact, yet expanding bulge amidst the nanite clouds.

"OF COURSE! OF COURSE! MY DEAR ISAAC! *Btw, I know exactly where you're looking~* AND WORRY NOT, YOU'RE RIGHT. I CANNOT FORCE YOU TWO TO DO ANYTHING AGAINST YOUR WILL. JUST AS YOU CANNOT COERCE ME INTO ACTING AGAINST MINE. HAHHAH!!!" The giant's laugh, once more standing before the duo as if addressing mere servants or slaves, was both monumental and humiliating; a punch of reality to the faces of the micros through his mirth alone. Isaac or the rabbit could hardly compel Raiko, the cunning and villainous young mercenary, to do anything previously—let alone now, given the unfolding circumstances.

"SO, MY PROPOSAL IS THIS: EITHER YOU TEMPORARILY TRANSFER YOUR GUARDIANSHIP TO ME, AND I SHALL CARE FOR YOU AS ONE DOES THEIR PETS UNTIL A SOLUTION FOR YOUR DILEMMA IS FOUND, OR I CAN..." At that moment, the world around Isaac and Bunson shook again—not from Raiko moving his feet, but as he lifted his arm to bring the HUD of his cyber suit to his face. **"TELEPORT BACK TO MY SHIP AND LEAVE. THE CHOICE IS YOURS. MAKE IT QUICK~"**

As he finished, Raiko moved the same hand he had raised back towards his groin, casually scratching his manhood and adjusting his family jewels, the tight suit plus an erect member causing slight discomfort and tightness just below where his twin orbs lay. While Isaac was captivated by the scene—a distraction Raiko not only did deliberately but also because he knew it would ensnare Isaac—the twink was playing a

mind game with the corporate cat, and relishing every second of it. Meanwhile, as Isaac was lost in the moment, the rabbit spoke up. “I ACCEPT!!! I ACCEPT!!!” Bunson exclaimed repeatedly. “Are you insane? Bunson, you can't just hand over your ownership to a space mercenary! What if he decides to sell you?” But before the rabbit could retort, the divine being's commanding voice interrupted again. **“WELL, FINE BY ME. BUT A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH, ISN'T IT?”** And at that precise moment, the world around the duo of micros trembled anew. Raiko was crouching again, but this time something even more phenomenal occurred.

Utilizing the very hand that moments ago had been occupied in scratching and adjusting his nether jewels, the giant mercenary extended a single digit. This was the same finger Raiko had used to scratch and caress his own tip, now pointed towards the skyscraper's canopy. If sweat was trickling from his forehead, one might conjecture his entire body was similarly perspiring, groin and genitalia included. Naturally, a hint of that masculine scent, organically emanating from his groin, lingered on the tip of the finger he'd casually used to scratch his bulge. And of course, unbeknownst to the two micros, the giant twink, in an act of sheer malice, intended to give his two new playthings a small taste of what their time under their new master—or should we say, Overlord? Deity?—might entail. Raiko had yet to decide on a fitting title to declare himself to these lesser beings.

With surgical precision and dexterity, undoubtedly aided by the technology integrated into his suit, Raiko positioned his finger akin to a colossal cruiser docking beside the balcony where Isaac and Bunson stood. The warm, moist surface, thinly veiled in sweat which they could only assume was a residual from the fabric covering his manhood, seemed a perfect platform, a new ledge upon which the micros could tread and leave the building's canopy. Bunson, for his part, hesitated not a moment longer than necessary before stepping onto the gigantic, moist surface of Raiko's index finger. Isaac, however, remained stationary, contemplating his recent choices and pondering how he could find himself in such a predicament. Beyond that, the faint, virile aroma emanating directly from the twink fox-goat's genitalia, lingering on the surface of his massive index finger, subtly influenced Isaac's subconscious; almost as if Raiko's faint musky scent was manipulating Isaac's decision-making process rather than allowing him to choose freely.

Eventually, and finally, Isaac decided to look up one last time, a final glance towards the face of the titan-turned-mercenary while still in the throes of negotiation with his new deity, before accepting the inevitable. Raiko seized the moment to calmly blink one of his blue eyes and slowly purse his lips, directing a kiss towards the micro feline he now considered his new plaything. *“Time is ticking, Isaac~~”* The giant whispered in a tone of pure seductive provocation, making full use of his subtle and slightly effeminate voice while slowly beginning to withdraw his powerful finger from the building's balcony, taking with it the brown scout bunny now seated upon its surface.

With no more time to ponder, Isaac dashed towards the moving fingertip and leapt onto the surface of the finger, a decision he would soon regret. Due to the thin layer of slightly warm masculine sweat covering the colossal expanse of Raiko's fingertip, as soon as Isaac landed, his tiny body immediately adhered to the surface as flies to flypaper. And before the geologist bunny—or rather, former geologist now pet—could offer assistance to his fellow pet friend, Raiko set into motion. It was nothing too extraordinary; the giant twink merely rose to his feet, allowing his divine, towering stature to once again loom gloriously over the minuscule city, bringing the tip of his finger, now carrying his two passengers, close to one of his magnificent blue eyes. The right eye, to be more precise.

This unfolded in a terrifying manner for both micros, until Bunson and Isaac found themselves under the imposing and omnipotent gaze of a fox-goat boy who, just a few hours ago, was as tall as them, perhaps even slightly shorter. But now, such details were utterly and absolutely irrelevant. **“YOU ARE... TINY!”** the giant being observed, once again. But this time, at least, Raiko could see the two tiny former crew members with his own eyes, right in front of just one of his eyes, without the aid of any devices or equipment. From the other side, Isaac and Bunson could only see a vast blue globe whose surface clearly reflected their own images, centered around a large black hole that was Raiko's pupil, which contracted to its maximum trying to focus on the insignificant micros at the tip of his finger. And, eventually, the fox-goat succeeded in seeing the two micros, even without devices, as they were almost thrown into his eye.

Raiko could see the lips of the brown scout bunny moving, arms gesturing something, but as he had not brought his nanite cloud along with the two micros, their puny and insignificant voices were inaudible to the giant. Indeed, even standing closer to Raiko than ever before, directly in front of one of his eyes, the tiny voice of the bunny would never traverse the necessary distance to reach one of his ears. **“WHATEVER YOU’RE SAYING, I CAN’T HEAR...”** The booming voice of the young mercenary fell upon the pair of micros. From Raiko's point of view, all he could see was the facial expression of the bunny shift from enthusiasm to total humiliation and despair, and seeing the two micros in such a desperate state gave Raiko a sense of power and superiority that sent a pleasurable sensation coursing through his body, particularly causing the head of his penis to throb to life. This sensation was also known as arousal.

“WELL! WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON HERE? YOU CAN EXPLAIN NOW OR EXPLAIN ONCE WE’RE BACK ON MY SHIP IN ORBIT. IT MIGHT BE BETTER ONCE WE’RE BACK UP THERE; I CAN’T STAND SWEATING LIKE A PIG HERE ANYMORE...” Indeed, Isaac and Bunson could even see droplets of sweat rolling down the forehead of the gigantic being like tiny rivers and tributaries, tracing the beautiful curves of Raiko’s facial features now magnified to celestial scales. “Bunson! Bunson! Quick! You have to warn him about the teleport issue!!!” And immediately, the brown scout began to point in the direction of the poor

Siamese cat who hadn't even managed to stand up because his body was completely adhered to the surface of Raiko's index finger, thanks to that layer of moist sweat still drying. The ocular globe of their deity moved from one micro to the other, a simple act, a simple movement, yet it was marked by a thunderous **RUMBLE! RUMBLE!** As Isaac and Bunson could hear the inner muscles of Raiko's body as if they were inside him!

Raiko wasn't stupid, and just by looking at the deplorable situation Isaac found himself in, adhered to the surface of his finger, he understood what the micro Siamese cat was trying to tell him. **“AH! YES, OF COURSE! YOU TWO ARE AS SMALL AS PARTICLES COMPARED TO MY BODY NOW. IF I WERE TO TELEPORT BACK TO THE SHIP IN YOUR CURRENT STATE, THE SYSTEM WOULD DETECT YOU FOR WHAT YOU TRULY ARE; DUST PARTICLES, AND WOULD LEAVE YOU HERE TO FALL FROM A HEIGHT OF... HOW MANY METERS SHOULD I BE COMPARED TO YOU? TENS OF THOUSANDS? PERHAPS KILOMETERS IN HEIGHT WOULD BE THE MOST APPROPRIATE SCALE TO MEASURE A GOD BEFORE YOU~”** A satisfied chuckle echoed through the air around the two micros, trembling their small bodies. Raiko was definitely relishing having his ego and his villainous superiority complex fed in such a manner.

“ANYWAY, THERE ARE MORE THAN ONE VERY EASY WAYS TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM~” Indeed, the mercenary was not lying. There was indeed a very easy way to circumvent this issue. Raiko could simply deposit the pair of micros into some compartment of his fancy suit, such as pockets or even compartments specifically designed to store small soil samples. But no, that was definitely not what the titanic twink had in mind. Without even giving the two micros a chance to voice any form of protest, Raiko began to lower his hand and, respectively, his index finger. Ostensibly, he seemed to be guiding his hand towards the numerous compartments in the waist region of his suit, but no. Raiko halted his hand right in front of the prominent bulge between his legs. And using his other hand, which was free, he gently stroked the tip of his penis once again, a penis that was definitely hard and erect, confined within the confines of his suit fabric, before using that same free hand to pull the fabric, opening a passage that would lead into the interior of his bulge!

A cloud of hot vapor carrying properties of male fragrances from a male fox-goat immediately escaped from the depths of Raiko's bulge and hit the two micros at the tip of his finger head-on. The virile scent of a young male concentrated and this time coming directly from the source was incomparable to the slight sample Isaac and Bunson obtained when they came into contact with Raiko's finger tip that he simply used to scratch his member from the outside of his suit moments before. The scent here was real, hot, and fresh, carrying male hormones that screamed youthfulness while

being dominant and possessive! It was as if both micros were breathing in the pure essence of their new god in all his masculine glory.

And as he looked down, the scout rabbit could see a dense jungle! A jungle, humid and moist with sweat naturally produced in that region of the body of every being, a jungle that was nothing more and nothing less than Raiko's pubic hair. Worse yet! Raiko didn't even have that much pubic hair! Like any good twink, the effeminate fox-goat kept his body hair under control; nonetheless, from the viewpoint of insignificant and mediocre beings like the two micros, it was extremely easy for one of them to get lost in the midst of that dense and closed forest, the atmosphere entirely dominated by Raiko's musk.

Soon Bunson wouldn't have to imagine anything, for he would be the first to experience what it's like to be lost in the depths of the pubic hair in the crotch of a powerful being firsthand. With a simple act, Raiko shifted the center of gravity on his finger, turning it upside down and causing the small micro who hadn't adhered to the tip of his finger to fall screaming in despair, calling for Isaac's name into the depths of that dense and closed forest. It didn't take long for the scout rabbit to disappear from view, the sound of his diminishing cries fading from Isaac's perspective as the distance increased until the micro rabbit vanished among the pubic hair. Lost completely! Perhaps this would be the last time Isaac would ever see the brown rabbit again! But Isaac's fate wouldn't take long to arrive.

Next, Raiko moved his finger, pushing his index finger into the depths of his bulge, providing Isaac with a show as it passed over the entire length of the hard and casually pulsating cock, being able to see even the powerful veins running along the sides of the member pumping blood in vast and tremendous quantities to keep that sexual organ functioning properly. Isaac's fate began to become apparent ahead, with Raiko's index finger stopping right in front of the tip of his member. The twink's wrinkled foreskin was covered by a thick layer of a mixture of various bodily fluids that one might naturally expect to find inside someone's bulge. Precum, sweat, and given the specific location that Isaac was facing, even small traces of urine could be present in the rich mixture forming a moist and sticky layer ready to keep anything small pressed against those warm, gigantic, and wrinkled folds of skin glued and adhered together. And Raiko knew it very well.

A strong jolt forward was all Isaac could feel before having his face, as well as the rest of his body, brutally rubbed against one of the countless overwhelming folds of skin at the tip of the twink's foreskin. Although Raiko was using minimal force, just to give a slight scratch to his tip and detach Isaac from his finger and transfer him to his foreskin, from Isaac's point of view, it was almost as if his bones were being flattened and transformed into pizza dough.

Soon the objective was accomplished, and Isaac could only watch as that same finger that brought him here slowly moved away and departed. His only ride back to the outside world was leaving him behind! Until with a strong SNAP! Raiko closed his suit, sealing the fate of his two toys/servants. **"OH YEAH! MUCH BETTER~ SORRY GUYS, BUT IT MIGHT GET A BIT COMPACT IN THERE -- YOU KNOW HOW TIGHT MY SUIT IS. BUT YOU BOTH CAN ENJOY IT ALL YOU LIKE. KEEP YOURSELF BUSY DOWN THERE... MAYBE PUT YOUR TONGUE TO WORK AND KEEP MY COCK CLEAN IN THE MEANTIME, RIGHT~?"**

"Raiko! According to my calculations, you must be at least sixty kilometers tall if compared to us!... Do you have any idea of how many kilometers long your dick must be alone? .. do you really want me to clean it with my tongue?!"

"I DO. AND IT'S IN YOUR BEST INTEREST TO KEEP ME GLISTENING DOWN THERE, SINCE YOU'RE LIVING IN ALL THAT NATURAL MUSK~. PLUS... YOU KNOW... IF YOU -REALLY- WANT ME TO HELP OUT, YOU SHOULD BEHAVE AND TRY TO KEEP ME HAPPY, RIGHT~? BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU'RE CLEANING THE TIP. I DON'T WANT TO DROWN YOU..."

And at the exact moment the gigantic fox-goat finished that sentence, his body decided to give his little servant named Isaac a sample of his new reality from now on. A simple throb, capable of shaking and rocking the hot, humid world marked by male musk of the micro feline, caused the slit at the tip of the giant's member to widen just enough to release a small, for Raiko, but giant drop of precum that almost drowned Isaac as it was mostly absorbed by the inner fabric of his suit, and parts of the drop spread around the perimeter around the feline. A perimeter that was nothing but someone's foreskin! The foreskin of his new owner!

Closing the communication channel, in the blink of an eye, Raiko disappeared from the horizon of the alien planet's landscape in the same way he had arrived, leaving behind gigantic sin-shaped craters carved according to the scuff marks of the soles of his favorite boots as evidence of his visit to this planet. Taking with him two new toys/servants back to his ship and a great doubt about what to do about their future? But indeed, deep down, Raiko had no intention of helping the two micros who now struggled to survive in the most intimate confines of his body! Truthfully, Raiko didn't even feel them working diligently around and on his member~ The only reason he remembered that the two micros were still down there was because Isaac and Bunson's communicators still worked. Otherwise, he couldn't even hear them at all.

The end.