

Curiosity Shrunk The Cat

(Story commission)

Part 2

In the days following Martin and Jang's discovery of Isaac's situation, significant events unfolded from the perspective of the still nanoscopic Siamese cat, whose world was confined to the limits of a small petri dish left in the bobcat's office. Day after day, Isaac was left to endure while marveling at the comings and goings of two absurdly gigantic beings that crossed his horizon. Despite being confined to a petri dish, Isaac could hardly feel "trapped" due to his ultramicroscopic size.

Being only the size of a dust mite, the Siamese feline might take days to traverse or even explore the entire area of the vast, yet small, petri dish. Indeed, while the giant couple of twinks were out at work or when no one was available to keep him company, the feline set about exploring the nearly infinite bounds of the transparent dish mounted atop the powerful and imposing lens of an optical microscope. Naturally, neither Martin nor Jang had forgotten about the nanoscopic feline; it was merely a matter of adapting their already hectic daily routines to face this new reality. A reality that, although minute, was overwhelming with information.

Each day, the gigantic feline dedicated hours after work to converse with his shrunken best friend, while trying to puzzle out how a mere object in his collection could have such significant shrinking power and capability. Worse yet, the information Isaac provided about the society of nano-micros—or more accurately, dust-sized micros—that lived in a box of cosmetic products available for purchase in any common pharmacy or perfume shop was even more alarming. Indeed, even though Jang and Martin were part of a societal caste referred to as gods, the sense of injustice and abuse committed against these microscopic beings was immense—immense enough to trouble even such gigantic creatures as the young couple.

On a day like any other, Isaac was tending to his minuscule tasks when the ground began to tremble. It was nothing out of the ordinary from the small feline's perspective; the Siamese cat was more than accustomed to dealing with the tremors caused by the footsteps of one of his caretakers walking through the apartment. Indeed, in the end, it proved to be a great advantage, as feeling and even hearing the great tremors caused with each step taken by either Martin, Jang, or both, Isaac knew he should stop what he was doing and position himself right beneath the focal point of the optical microscope lens mounted over the desk in Martin's office.

Several days had passed since Isaac began living in this new way—not within the body of the colossal bobcat but rather on his desk, afforded the opportunity to admire his best friend working tirelessly day after day. It was a peculiar feeling for Isaac; he knew his current micro state was unnatural, yet it had been so long since he'd been relegated to this existence that he harbored a deep-seated belief that perhaps this was how things were meant to be. Indeed, with each passing day, the idea that he once had been as gigantic as Martin felt more like a dream, a fleeting fancy, or a distant memory. Even as he shared these feelings with the mighty bobcat in person, Martin assured him that they were doing everything possible to reverse the situation; however, at some point, the giant cat began to suspect that the damages from such conditions might extend beyond the physical.

However, the ground began to tremble, each second growing stronger, a clear indication that someone was approaching. Undoubtedly, it was the bobcat, and yes, little Isaac had already memorized the difference between Martin's walk and that of his boyfriend. Jang, the beagle, had a looser and more outgoing stride, his steps commanding and powerful, shaking the ground even more. Martin, with his more shy and reserved nature, walked as if always treading on crystal slippers, his steps more delicate, making Isaac feel as if he might even bear the full weight of his best friend in the form of a footprint.

In a few minutes, the office door opened to reveal what Isaac had already anticipated: the glorious and colossal form of the bobcat with his extravagant fur, wearing only a black tank top and matching gym shorts. The dust-sized micro immediately positioned himself below the primary focus of the microscope lens, along with a handful of items he had gathered over the week. The feline was somewhat eager to share his "progress" with the superior and gigantic bobcat who was just a few steps from approaching his minuscule world. Isaac could no longer ignore admiring that form, still distorted, yet approaching that of his best friend. Although Martin did not particularly enjoy being regarded as a deity by Isaac, the tiny feline had to make a conscious effort to prevent his mind from automatically seeing him that way. His boyfriend, Jang, was somewhat indifferent whether the little micro feline regarded him as a beagle god or an equal.

THUMP! One step forward, and the shapes and curves of the giant feline's body became much clearer. THUMP! A second step forward, and the best part of the bobcat's body became prominent, the bulge situated squarely at the center of his legs, which, to Isaac's delight, was perfectly level with the height of his world confined within that petri dish.

THUMP! The last and mightiest step of all, now all Isaac could see in front of him was Martin's upper body—or more precisely, the lower abdomen and crotch of the giant feline. Above his head and hovering in the sky was the entire structure of the simple microscope, which from the perspective of a dust mite-sized micro like Isaac, resembled

a weapon of mass destruction more than a cheap microscope found in any high school chemistry classroom.

"HIGH, ISAAC!" The feline's voice echoed across all corners of the tiny world of the insignificant feline, while the reflection of a gigantic pupil was cast upon the imposing and overwhelming lens hovering above Isaac.

"Hey Martin! Look!!!" The small feline responded through his phone, while pointing at what appeared to be a well-crafted dome. The material used for the makeshift construction was nothing but fur that naturally fell from both the bodies of the beagle and the bobcat. The gigantic eye watching from above contracted slightly as it tried to focus and better understand the nature of the structure that the tiny micro had managed to assemble in so little time. Indeed, it was impressive how the little micro had been able to construct an entire shelter using only the strands of fur that naturally fell from the young couple's bodies over a few days as they passed near the petri dish left on the desk.

"DID YOU MAKE ALL THIS WITH JUST MY FUR?" Martin asked, his pupil dilating and his voice, though thunderous, sounding surprised. "Yes! Your fur and Jang's," the tiny micro responded via phone with hints of pride. "And how is the progress with the shrink orb? Have you managed to find a way to reverse the process?" Isaac said, forced to maintain a somewhat uncomfortable posture, craning his neck and tensing his muscles to look upwards, holding in one hand a few handfuls of orange fur that could only have come from the divine being he was now communicating with.

"SO, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT. I THINK WE BETTER SIT DOWN." In a few moments, the colossal figure looming over the entire horizon stepped back from the microscope on his desk and pulled up a chair to sit at the table. The simple act generated a loud boom followed by a powerful seismic tremor that even managed to knock down parts of the relatively large tent that Isaac had managed to erect. It was not often that the dust-sized micro had the pleasure of having one of his gods—or friends?—sit down at the table to talk with him, and thus he had not fortified the structure enough to withstand the weight of tons of feline posterior colliding against the hard wood surface of a chair from such a close distance in that manner.

"OH GOSH! SORRY ABOUT YOUR TENT!" was the giant feline's initial reaction as he refocused his right eye on the microscope's lens. "It's okay, don't worry about it." Soon, a second figure just as colossal appeared on the horizon to join Martin. It was none other than the beagle boy, Jang himself, also clad in typical gym attire.

Although genuinely willing to assist the micro, Jang still had to be reminded by Martin not to approach the petri dish too closely, especially since they had just returned from their morning walk. Unlike the bobcat, Jang hadn't dried his sweat with a towel before entering the office. **"LISTEN ISAAC, JANG AND I HAVE THOUGHT LONG AND HARD ABOUT THIS, AND DESPITE OUR BEST EFFORTS, WE DON'T BELIEVE WE WILL BE ABLE TO ASSIST YOU AND YOUR CURRENT SITUATION..."** For a brief moment, a hint of despair fell upon Isaac, contemplating the possibility of being left to live the life of a dust-sized micro for the rest of his existence. Yet, at the same time, the thought of continuing to live among the bodies of his friends came to mind—a thought that inevitably brought him a certain arousal, especially with the advantage of being able to communicate with these so-called 'gods'; something unthinkable months ago during his first adventure through Martin and Jang's bodies.

"BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE WILL BE LEAVING YOU LIKE THIS."

Just as Isaac's personal fantasies seemed about to be realized, they were dashed by the continuation of the giant bobcat's words. Martin went on to explain. **"WE'VE DONE A LOT OF RESEARCH AND OVER THIS PAST WEEK, WE CONTACTED ONE OF THESE ACTIVISTS FOR MICRO RIGHTS. HIS NAME IS KHAEL."**

With great calm, over the course of half an hour, Martin explained to the tiny feline that they had agreed with this couple of dragons, activists for micro rights, that it would be a better idea to send Isaac to their care. If anyone had better capabilities to take care of a dust-sized feline, it would be Khael and Nadélyn. **"THINK ABOUT IT, WE LOVE YOU AND EVERYTHING. BUT THIS WAY, YOU WON'T BE RUNNING RISKS LIKE THE IMMINENT DANGER OF BEING DROWNED IN A FLOOD CAUSED BY A SINGLE DROP OF SWEAT FROM OUR BODIES, RIGHT!"**

The feline spoke while his tone of disappointment grew, turning his eyes back to his mate who stood a step behind him beside the chair. Jang, for his part, simply gave a sheepish grin, scratching his neck and saying, **"IT ONLY HAPPENED ONCE AND I'VE ALREADY APOLOGIZED..."** Meanwhile, Martin grabbed a nearby face towel and used it to slap the thighs of the other twink, emphasizing the fact that once again, the beagle had forgotten to dry off his sweat before entering the office where the petri dish containing Isaac's small world was located.

That simple act of swiping the towel at high speed to hit his boyfriend's thigh, though the towel hadn't even come close to the desk or the petri dish, had been enough to displace sufficient air to send the poor nano-sized micro tumbling backward. In the not-so-distant past, on a morning just like this, the beagle had just returned from his exercise routine and decided to check on the minuscule Isaac, obliviously letting droplets of sweat that had run down his bulge fall right near the petri dish. Luckily, only one of the salty drops landed in the dish, yet it was enough to flood a vast area of it and even after

it had long evaporated, that spot in the dish still bore a distinct scent of doggy masculinity where the drop had impacted.

Even now, the simple fun act of hitting his boyfriend's leg with a towel, displacing air and forcefully pushing Isaac back, served as another small reminder of how his friends were not exactly qualified to handle and care for such tiny micros. Both twinkies were gentle macros, no doubt, but simply caring for micros wasn't part of their routine, and both could accidentally destroy Isaac in their learning process. The Siamese cat simply had no solid arguments to counter the proposal presented by the young couple.

"Okay, but how are we going to do this, exactly?" Isaac was referring to how they would transport the shrunken feline from the apartment to the activists' apartment. Fortunately, Jang might have been somewhat clumsy when it came to handling beings smaller than a flea, but the beagle had quite a knack for crafting things and objects. **"LIKE THIS!"** Martin responded with a voice full of enthusiasm as he carefully placed a large metal structure right in the middle of the petri dish for his tiny best friend to see. The structure, made of gleaming metal, featured a large globe seemingly made of polished steel at its tip, and within that globe Isaac could see something resembling a door that appeared almost as if it had been designed for someone his size. Indeed, the door was still rather large.

The truth was that the entire structure was nothing more than a small piercing that either the feline or the beagle could wear on their body and also use to transport the tiny Siamese feline along with them. The plan was quite simple: Isaac could enter the interior of the structure which, incredibly, was made of a translucent material as strong as steel, yet allowed both sides to see what was inside and anyone inside could see the world outside. "WOW! That looks great!" **"THANK YOU! KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT,"** boomed the beagle's voice. Once inside, Martin would position the said piercing near one of his nostrils and use the object as if it were any ordinary piercing, while it would suffice for Jang to look at his lover's face to monitor the situation with the tiny micro inside the metallic structure. A solution that was quite simple, practical, yet also ingenious.

Given that the couple had finished explaining all the details of the plan to the tiny micro, considering that Isaac had no position to oppose a pair of deities, Martin and Jang were about to take a quick shower, change clothes, and retrieve the piercing with the feline inside to head directly to Khaal and Nadélyn's apartment. But not before giving the diminutive micro one last overwhelming and imposing glimpse of their nearly prominently outlined volumes in high relief between their thighs, especially when the gigantic feline rose from the chair. Thus, Isaac was afforded one last view of the pair of bulges from two males hovering over his horizon, allowing the subtle, light aroma of masculinity from the two twinkies to bathe his universe for a brief moment.

Isaac cherished such moments and had never even commented on such pheromones to Martin or Jang, fearing they might move his petri dish further to the center of the table and away from the edge where the subtle scent of their manhoods emanating directly from their groins would be less apparent.

Half an hour was the time the dust-sized feline had to gather all his belongings that he deemed relevant. In reality, his belongings consisted only of a cell phone, which could only be charged by induction due to the minuscule scale of the device, and a tangle of hairs coming directly from the bodies of his two gigantic friends that Isaac had to cut using a thin elastic line he had removed from a section of the elastic band of one of the boys' underwear while he was still navigating Martin's body. Just before positioning himself inside the immense structure, which was nothing more than a small body piercing, Isaac decided to take with him a handful of hairs from the giant bobcat. Not out of sentiment or the like, but because he remembered that Khael and Nadélyn were dragons and would have bodies covered in scales; this would make the task of gathering material to construct shelter much more difficult.

There were moments when Isaac paused to reflect on how this was in some ways complete madness, living life this way, but also how the act of not living life this way was becoming more and more a distant memory in the mind of the tiny micro, soon he would no longer be able to discern the difference. Definitely being able to enjoy the scenery constituted by the immense and beautiful bodies of two glorious twinkles hovering over the horizon acted as more than a consolation prize for the little micro. Isaac had always had a bit of a crush on his best friend, but had never had the courage to admit anything to the bobcat. In fact, he was even less courageous now knowing that Martin was a true colossus who could end his life with something as trivial as a mere sigh. Not to mention that he had no idea how Jang might react if the equally glorious and colossal beagle were to have a bout of jealousy at any point.

Soon, such thoughts would be swept from the mind of the shrunken cat the moment he felt the powerful and violent earth tremors approaching again. This time they were quite strong, indicating that both macros were walking toward the office together this time. Isaac hurried, taking all the things he had deemed important not to leave behind, especially carrying his new cell phone with him since that device was his only way to communicate with the "gods" who inhabited and dominated this world. A world from which he had been abruptly banished and was no longer sure if he would be able to return to or even if he would want to return at some point.

Soon, Isaac would find himself in a new portable world, shielded within a sphere of polished and translucent iron, using his smartphone to give the green light to the pair of mega macros to handle the small/large sphere. The Siamese feline had only a vague notion that the sphere, though relatively large for someone like him, was minuscule

compared to the bodies of the two twinks. It was only when the fingertips of the beagle approached to lift it from the petri dish that little Isaac could better grasp his true insignificance.

Two gigantic fingers, the index and thumb of Jang, appeared on each side of his tiny "home." The immense pink pads pressed with the least possible force and in the gentlest manner against the iron structure, although the sphere was resistant enough to withstand even a stomp from the gigantic being. The canine did everything to not overdo it and at the same time tried not to frighten the tiny passenger now inside the said sphere. However, the last part was a relative failure because once the fingertips tightened and pressed the sphere in preparation to lift it from the petri dish, as gentle as the beagle could be, from Isaac's micro point of view he was forced to deal with the sound of tendons flexing inside the musculature of the two fingers while experiencing the G-force of having his entire world lifted hundreds of meters into the air in mere seconds.

It wasn't long before Isaac had a view level with the faces of his former friends, and yes, this time Isaac's mind was more decided to face the situation in such a way. Because, no matter how much Martin or Jang might argue that they are not gods and not all-powerful, everything their bodies did, however mundane and minute, testified against them. And now, in that brief moment when Isaac could see his two ex-friends eye to eye, perhaps for the last time, he realized that despite being handled through a small reinforced sphere of protection, their pupils at no time even turned their attention to his tiny form. Indeed, a mere twitch, a simple flexing of the fingers of the giant, and Isaac's life could be ended, and yet neither of them even looked directly at his tiny person, his tiny existence. There was no greater proof of his insignificance than that.

Subsequently, the horizon of vision for micro Isaac was once again replaced. The gaze of both twinks, close to the features of their faces, was replaced by the gigantic curve of a feline's snout approaching. This snout, which Isaac was more than familiar with, had disintegrated the life of another dust-sized micro much like him some months ago without even realizing it. Jang was now in the process of positioning the tiny piercing carefully on the snout of his lover, placing it so that the polished steel sphere, or at least material mimicking the resistance of steel, was positioned just below the upper curvature of the left nostril of the gigantic feline, swinging slightly in front of the hole also known as the nostril! This allowed Isaac an imposing and frightening view of the contraction of the internal structure of the nasal passage every time the giant twink inhaled or exhaled.

Isaac was more than grateful that the beagle boy had taken his handcrafted work seriously. He was well aware that the air currents outside his tiny sphere of protection might equate to tornadoes. Yet within that protective sphere, the environment remained calm. Not even the strong, humid, and warm breath from deep within Martin's body

could significantly raise the internal temperature of the sphere. It was a mixed feeling of security, proximity, intimacy, powerlessness, and insignificance that the micro felt in the presence of just a single part of a being infinitely larger than himself.

It wasn't long before the young couple stepped outside, bringing Isaac back into a world overwhelmingly dominated by gigantic beings which he could scarcely believe he had once been a part of. It was a completely new sensation to observe other anthros passing by Martin, walking towards their respective routines as if they were living monoliths of fur and flesh. The sounds of their footsteps, whether from Martin, Jang, or any of the other divine beings around, were impossible to ignore, much like the booming voice of the young bobcat as he responded to his lover or spoke about anything. Although he was close, perhaps too close, it was also a great feeling of isolation since Isaac could hear and observe everything that happened in the couple's daily routine while being utterly unable to react or opine in any way.

Soon, the tiny dust mite of a micro would witness the peak moment of this brief journey in the outside world. As the young pair took time to stop at their favorite café and order their favorite drinks, Isaac already knew what Martin would request; knowing his friend and how bobcats feel the heat for almost obvious reasons—immense amounts of fur over their bodies—Martin would surely ask for an iced mochaccino. No sooner had the gigantic feline heard his name called than he approached the counter to retrieve his order. However, nothing could have prepared him for the scene that was about to unfold now. The giant paper straw approached the lips of the powerful feline as if a shuttle approaches a spaceport to perform a docking procedure. It was semi-terrifying just to imagine the scale of that grotesque straw and the liters of cold drink that could pass through that megastructure just so his best friend could quench his thirst. And soon, the tiny micro would not need to imagine.

With a powerful RUMBLE and in less than a second, the white, semi-transparent straw turned red! It was dyed by the color of the liquid in the cup just below, hundreds of meters down! At that exact moment, Isaac felt infinitely grateful not to be inside Martin's mouth or even close to his lips. Just thinking about the pressure Martin's plump lips naturally exerted, capable of moving entire oceans, Isaac could feel the bones of his body being crushed to dust. The tiny feline decided to divert his attention from such thoughts. Nevertheless, even though he was protected inside the steel sphere, Martin's body would subtly remind Isaac of his insignificance.

The simple act of exhaling air after taking the first sip of the cold drink caused the warm air from Martin's lungs, passing through his throat, to carry the faint aroma of cinnamon present in the sweet, cold beverage the feline was drinking. This aroma was propelled at high speed and heavily humidified as it passed through the feline's nasal passages, only to be projected at high speeds onto the metal sphere where little Isaac was sheltered. It

filled the air around him with the scent and even the taste of the same drink Martin was having, and it would remain that way for the rest of the journey until the young anthro couple reached their destination.

Now, facing a modest part of an equally modest apartment, albeit on the other side of the city, the feline and the beagle waited for a few moments to be greeted by the young reptile couple. It wasn't long before the door opened to reveal a tall, slender, and fit male dragon, Khael, who promptly introduced himself and welcomed the pair of twinks inside. Once inside the apartment, the trio joined Nadélyn, a female dragon, equally fit as her husband. The two couples now nestled on the living room sofa discussed the entire situation involving Isaac, almost as if the feline were not present there. Although Isaac was not only present the whole time but also forced to watch two strangers conversing with his best friends, who now seemed more like his owners, about him without even glancing at him or at the tiny piercing fixed in the upper corner of the bobcat's left nostril.

It was only after a long conversation among the four giant members of the room that the beagle brought up the structure he had built to store and transport beings as small as Isaac in a safer and more comfortable manner than through the bodies of normal-sized beings. It was only then that Martin remembered to draw everyone's attention to his "Piercing" in his nostril and said in a sweet, cute voice, "Say hi to Isaac," as if introducing a small pet. In fact, such an attitude did nothing to boost the morale of the tiny feline. But what could Isaac himself even do? He was, for all intents and purposes, minuscule, insignificant, and completely at the mercy of all-powerful beings like Martin or like Khael and Naydélyn.

As soon as the feline drew attention to his piercing, the two colossal reptilian couples naturally leaned in, aiming to bring their faces close to Martin's snout to better observe the minuscule creature being transported inside the piercing. **"OH HI LITTLE ONE,"** Nadélyn was the first to speak, while Khael raised his right hand, performing a modest high five in the direction of the micro. Isaac, in turn, instinctively returned the gesture, even though he wasn't sure if either of the reptiles could actually see his tiny movements.

In the minutes that followed, the two pairs of youngsters finished discussing the last matters relevant to Isaac's situation while Martin handed over all the details of the narratives told to them by the tiny feline to Khael and Nadélyn. At the same time, Isaac was once again left to watch a pair of gigantic fingers rest upon his small world, perhaps for the last time seeing the beagle's fingers before the small sphere was transferred to rest on the scaly fingertips of Khael. In the final moments of the visit, Khael and Nadélyn held the poor piercing by the tip of its chain while together the reptile couple waved goodbye to the mammal couple. A feeling of mild despair ran through the mind

of the dust-sized feline. Would he ever see his friends again? Would he ever return to being “giant” again? In less than a second, the apartment door closed, the last image of his two friends forever etched in his memory.

Immediately, the gigantic anthro dragon lifted the tiny piercing to his eye level. It was only now that the reptile had the opportunity to truly observe with a bit more detail the features of the little micro who would become the new member of the small community that the anthro dragon couple had under their care and tutelage. In an attempt, not entirely successful, to appear friendly, Khael gave a small smile toward the tiny piercing he held at his fingertips while speaking in a tone so low it was almost a whisper. “BLUE!” he said, his smile clearly showing the small Isaac the size of his enormous white teeth.

At least Isaac had his indirect confirmation that moments before, while everyone was still in the room, the two reptiles couldn’t even see him inside that piercing. **“IT’S BETTER TO TAKE HIM TO THE BASEMENT, BUT IT MIGHT NOT BE A GOOD IDEA TO PUT HIM WITH THE OTHERS YET. WE NEED TO DO OUR OWN BRIEFING WITH HIM,”** Nadélyn said, speaking in her normal voice tone. Although she wasn’t near her husband, her voice carried powerfully. Then the light vanished from the small spherical world of the feline, only for the exterior of his sturdy, reinforced sphere to be covered by the scales of Khael’s finger. Soon, the typical tremors and synchronized explosive impacts dominated the ambient sound; the macro was walking.

In Isaac’s tiny world, despair was palpable. What did the two giants—no, gods! No, his two owners! No, his hosts—mean by taking him to the basement? To join the others? Had he fallen prey to a scheme? Isaac had no way of knowing, nor could he ask for help. Who in their right mind would aid a micro-sized anthro, a dust-sized creature? True, he still possessed his cellphone, but even so. Asking for help from Martin and Jang? What could the two twinkies possibly do? Storm Khael and Nadélyn’s apartment? These were thoughts mingled with dreadful emotions, no doubt. But alas, there was no immediate solution as those brief minutes of walking from the living room to the basement... basement? Didn’t Khael and Nadélyn live in an apartment? What did she mean by basement? Fortunately, to alleviate the anxious mind of the tiny micro, light once again filled the confines of his minuscule world the moment the gigantic reptile positioned his tiny sphere-like piercing on what Isaac could only assume was a table.

Still slightly disoriented from the fact that the small feline had spent the last few hours being transported, albeit safely, alongside titans, Isaac took a few moments before looking up. Again, he shouldn’t have been surprised by the view that now dominated his horizon in an imposing manner, considering that tables generally do not extend much beyond the mid-thigh height of normal-sized individuals. Looking forward and upward,

Isaac had a highly defined view of the waist, groin, shorts, and upper body of the dragon boy stationed before him. Khael was a model of athletic perfection, his body clearly and perfectly in peak physical shape, even from a distance. Isaac could imagine that giant dragon running a marathon or engaging in a triathlon without breaking a sweat.

It was only after some time, allowing his eyes to naturally adjust and memorize each clear curve from the junction of the male dragon's thighs with his waist, pelvis, lower abs, belly, lower thorax, and chest, that Isaac's eyes finally rested on the right hand of the gigantic reptile. Khael was holding an absurdly massive LCD screen, easily larger than an entire aircraft carrier, in his hand as if it were nothing! The dragon could maintain that object, also known as a normal-sized smartphone plus version, suspended in mid-air without his right arm muscles even beginning to tire! And finally, looking toward the screen, Isaac could read a sequence of numbers. Numbers! Of course! Telephone numbers!

The micro immediately took out his equally micro phone, adding a new contact. "Hello?" the cat sent, and with joy, he could see the gigantic device resting in the palm of Khael's hand vibrate and flash with a notification received. "Hello Isaac, it's nice to finally talk to you. I hope your journey here wasn't too agitated," Khael promptly responded, foregoing the use of his voice as a subtle way to demonstrate his expertise in dealing with tiny beings. A considerable turn of the page compared to his friends who, despite being concerned for Isaac's well-being, were unable to police themselves enough to not disturb the tiny world of the feline with their god-like, overwhelming voices.

Both macro and micro exchanged messages extensively, yet there lingered an odd sensation; after all, Khael stood directly before Isaac—or rather, over the table where Isaac's tiny form was situated. It always struck Isaac as peculiar that, despite being so close to another being, he still had to rely on cell phones and other devices to communicate effectively with these titanic entities. Some time later, well after Isaac had confirmed much of the story that Martin and the beagle boy had previously discussed with Nadéyl and Khael, a new rumble of tremors could be felt. This was merely the dragoness joining her husband in the secluded room they whimsically called a basement for reasons unknown to the feline.

The female dragoness, now taking the liberty to dress in more comfortable attire suited for privacy at home with her beloved, wore nothing but a pair of Calvin Klein bra and underwear. As she positioned herself to stand next to Khael by the table, Isaac felt as though he were amidst Mount Olympus, facing the gods themselves, beholding their splendid physical forms—or at least trying to, given the immense distance, and their scrutinizing facial expressions.

Soon, the tiny feline was no longer the focus of the deities' attention as the dragon couple began conversing among themselves, their voices booming and powerful to the point that Isaac cared little for understanding their words; he now focused solely on observing their bodies. More precisely, the parts of their bodies he could clearly and distinctly see, especially now that the dragoness was present. The view Isaac had was nearly perfect; he could see the curvature of their inner thighs and the distinct line of her intimate apparel somewhat struggling to cover her most private parts—the plumpness of her labia visible only to someone with the privileged viewpoint of a dust-sized micro, observing how the fabric lines strained to not be engulfed by her!

It was also evident, even from a distance, the natural moisture forming in that area of the dragoness's groin. Isaac felt a surge of daring, even contemplating stepping out from his protective enclosure in the hope that perhaps, as with his two friends, the natural and subtle body scents of Khael and Nadélyn might also envelop the area around the table closest to their bodies—closest to their groins. However, knowing that the dragon couple was more detail-oriented regarding micros than Martin or Jang, Isaac decided against any rash actions. At least not on his first day living here.

"OKAY, I SUPPOSE NOW WOULD BE THE TIME... I MEAN, HAVE YOU MENTIONED TO HIM ABOUT OUR CITY? HIS MISSION? IT WOULD BE GOOD IF HE COULD RESCUE THEM TODAY." The soft yet powerful voice of Nadélyn shook the world from above as the dragoness spoke, glancing at her husband shortly before both "gods" redirected their attention back to the tiny, dust-sized micro in his small, translucent enclosure. At that moment, Isaac's phone began to vibrate, signaling incoming messages once again. However, just before the diminutive feline could lift the device to his face to read the new messages being sent by Khael, his little world trembled, followed immediately by a surge of G-forces.

Nadélyn had picked up the small sphere, akin to a piercing, and lifted it to the height of her eyes where she graced Isaac with a warm, yet patronizing smile that once again reminded him of his profound insignificance. At the same time, an explanation of what was about to occur arrived via his cell phone. It was a phase of getting accustomed to new routines and customs. Unlike the couple of twinks, who treated Isaac somewhat immaturely, always notifying the feline moments before proceeding to handle him, Khael and Nadélyn were more used to handling micros and did not give prior warnings before doing so. They were also accustomed to dealing with micros that had been micros all their lives—a completely different situation from Isaac, who was still startled every time his person and his tiny world were casually manipulated by beings of infinite power compared to him.

"Isaac, we are now going to introduce you to the pinnacle of our project," the text messages from Khael buzzed on his device as the dragon couple turned to the part of the

room behind them, this time taking care not only to carry the small piercing containing Isaac but also whatever was behind them. However, Isaac was about to discover and see for himself. "We call it our city!" Then, Nadéyl'n positioned the "piercing" in such a way that the feline contained within could get a full area view of what indeed seemed to be a beautiful, dust-sized city. It was an entire city, the size and scale of a large metropolis, at least from Isaac's perspective. From the viewpoint of Khael and Nadéyl'n, it appeared merely as a well-crafted model of a real city, whose tallest skyscrapers barely reached the height of their ankles.

"Khael and I have been working on this city for some years now. It is largely built and maintained by dust-sized micros such as yourself. Here, the little micros can live in peace, sheltered from the elements of the outside world and protected from other macros who do not harbor such benevolent intentions towards lesser beings." The choice to end his sentence by calling micros like Isaac "lesser beings" did not sit well in Isaac's mind, especially being a proud feline, yet it was not as if he were in any position to do anything about it. And Khael continued to type and send messages.

"Despite all that you are witnessing, believe it or not, it is still exceedingly difficult to convince the general public that dust-sized micros, such as yourself, are intelligent and autonomous beings capable of organizing into societies just as normal-sized folks do. Many claim that it is we, Nadéyl'n, who build these models, and that we purchase dust-sized micros in stores and place them there merely for display when in reality we merely contribute a few materials and leave them at the disposal of the tinies to use as they see fit." Khael concluded that part of his message, while Nadéyl'n peered over her arms to read what the male dragon was typing.

"BUT YOU ARE NOT JUST ANY MICRO, ARE YOU, ISAAC?" Nadéyl'n's voice was subtle, yet still thunderous as it dominated the room. Even though the dragoness spoke softly and delicately, gods will always be gods. **"GIVEN THAT YOU REMAIN THE ONLY MICRO WHO CAN COMMUNICATE WITH US DIRECTLY, YOU CAN PLAY A CRUCIAL ROLE IN CAPTURING THE DAY-TO-DAY LIVES OF THE NANO MICROS LIVING IN OUR CITY. THE HELP YOU PROVIDE AND THE MATERIAL YOU CAN COLLECT USING YOUR TINY CELL PHONE CAN BE INVALUABLE IN SHOWING THE WORLD THE ATROCITIES THAT NORMAL-SIZED FOLKS HAVE BEEN COMMITTING AGAINST MICROS FOR YEARS."** The dragoness finished her sentence, before letting Khael continue the conversation with the tiny Isaac via text.

"Obviously, with the shrink orb that your friends left here with us, we will finally be able to shrink pieces of technology that could provide the dust-sized micros living in our basement with more efficient means to communicate with us and the vast world outside this apartment. Still, rest assured that we will do everything to return you to the

world of the 'giants,' so to speak, but before that, we will need your help in various matters concerning the lives of several nano micros such as yourself. Starting with a mission that we urgently need your help with."

At that moment, Isaac's world went completely dark. However, it was just a momentary darkness. For as soon as the light returned, Isaac realized that the dragoness deity had simply affixed his protective enclosure to her body as it had originally been designed to function. Like a piercing. However, the location Nadéyl'n chose to affix the small, nearly imperceptible body adornment was impossible for Isaac to ignore. In front of him, the cat could see the expanse of the grand/tiny city stretching across the floor of the room, behind him, a rosy wall of wrinkled skin. Around him, the feline could see the curves of what were none other than one of the breasts of the goddess dragoness. Indeed, Nadéyl'n had affixed the piercing containing the tiny Isaac right on her right nipple.

Isaac was gripped by a new sense of utter insignificance as he stared at the warm, pink wall of skin. From the base of the nipple to the top where his small sphere was affixed was a distance as towering as a skyscraper! Worse yet, unlike being transported on someone's snout as had been done with Martin, once the dragoness began to walk, her breasts inevitably began to sway in rhythm with her majestic strides. During these brief moments as her breasts oscillated up and down, they didn't just cause powerful quakes that shook the inner world of the feline; they also allowed little Isaac glimpses into the opening of the dragoness's nipple. It was an absurd scene! To know that even the relatively "large" piercing that housed him could very easily fall into the openings of the glands located at the tip of Nadéyl'n's nipples. And worse! For a brief moment, Isaac could have sworn he saw another micro! Just as insignificant as he was, hiding and sheltering—or at least attempting to shelter—within the interior of the goddess dragoness's nipples.

Yet, before Isaac could type any message or query the dragon gods about this, the center of gravity of his world shifted brutally as the dragoness lay down comfortably on her bed. A bed that could easily cover more than three-quarters of the territory of the dust-sized city that Isaac had just been introduced to. "We need your help with a very important task that we are unable to accomplish alone. You see, until yesterday, we had no other means of transporting other micros here except by embedding them in our bodies. But, unfortunately, despite our attempts to place them in safe areas, with movement and our walking, many of them always ended up getting lost. Some, unfortunately, even fell out of our bodies while we were walking through the streets; the fate of these remains forever unknown to us. What we need from you... this might sound a bit strange, but... is that you help us scour our bodies in search of survivors."

Slowly, the pieces of this “giant” puzzle were fitting together, pun intended. And the messages from Khael’s cellphone were incessant. “With your cellphone in hand, it should be easy for you to keep us informed. Nadélyn will try to remain as still as possible on the bed for as long as she can. She might even take a nap while you work. In any case, it’s important that you keep us informed and watch your cellphone’s battery; if you run out of ways to communicate with us, you can consider yourself as lost as the nanos we’ve been trying to rescue from ourselves for months...” The word 'months' at the end of Khael’s sentence sent a chill through Isaac. Facing another season of months surviving within the body of “normal-sized” beings would be an overwhelming ordeal for the tiny micro. After this, no matter what, nothing and no one would be able to convince Isaac that he was just another micro, a mere mortal being; rather, he was a member of the elite of our society, or yet another of the gods. No one could make Isaac believe otherwise again if he had to endure another season of months left to his own devices within someone’s body.

"When you're ready, just open the door of your sphere and start searching. You can begin at any area of her body you wish. Just keep us informed." At that exact moment, Isaac was added to a group chat containing the cell numbers of both giant reptiles, as a shadow loomed over his location atop Nadélyn's breast. It was simply the colossal Dragoness preparing to comfortably watch an episode of a series on a streaming app. However, she kept her cellphone ready to receive message notifications—a reminder to Isaac that he was only a text message away from communicating with the immense, powerful, and glorious goddess he was about to explore!

Without receiving new messages from Khael or Nadélyn, Isaac was left with the vastness and immensity of the dragoness’s body before him to explore. He firmly held his phone before opening the door of the massive sphere-shaped piercing and touching the goddess's body directly for the first time. The body heat was tangible, especially given that Isaac was atop a sensitive mountain—the nipple of Nadélyn. From this vantage point, Isaac had an enviable view down the dragoness’s crevice, her face, neck, and the rest of her body stretching across the vastness of the bed. The goddess was semi-nude, wearing only her undergarments.

While placing Isaac atop Nadélyn’s nipple, the dragons had thought to provide the micro with a commanding view, allowing him a broad perspective of all the goddess’s body features to better position himself for the task at hand. At the same time, there was the not-so-simple task of descending the large, warm, pink mound that was merely the tip of a nipple. Not to mention that afterward, the cat would have to face the descent down the dragoness's breast to reach other parts of her body. Isaac had no idea how much time the dragon couple planned to give him to execute such a task, but he knew that just from the tip of the nipple to the base of the breast might well take half a day or more. Regardless, the feline didn't even pause to consider such details; at the moment,

his primary attention was directed towards the micro he thought he had seen within the depths of that cavern leading into the interior of the dragoness's nipple.

After a short walk, already consuming a few minutes of his time, Isaac approached the entrance to Nadélyn's nipple; only to be reminded once again of the sheer scale of his insignificance compared to the body of someone of normal size. The diameter of that nipple opening alone was more than a hundred times larger than Isaac—far more than a hundred times! It was almost as if he were facing the entrance to a new world. However, there was a problem: the fact that Nadélyn was lying on the bed meant that this journey into the depths of her nipple was a one-way trip, with no chance for a micro as tiny as someone below the millimeter scale, like Isaac, to return to the outside world. At least not without facing arduous hours of climbing the warm, wrinkled walls of the goddess's nipple.

Fortunately, this time Isaac had a game-changing tool at his disposal: a smartphone. In just a mere sequence of text messages exchanged with the dragoness, Isaac was able to communicate with the living world he was exploring and convince the goddess to change her posture! Such an act would have been absurdly unthinkable and revolutionary in the situations Isaac experienced within the bodies of Jang or Martin in the past. With Nadélyn now assuming a more seated posture, not only could she continue watching her favorite show, but the small feline could also simply walk towards the depths of that immense, living, organic cavern.

However, despite having the power to contact the dragoness whenever he wished, this did not make his explorative task any less terrifying. With each step the tiny, nearly microscopic feline took towards the depths of the nipple, the environment became increasingly warm, humid, and claustrophobic. Luckily, it didn't take long for the feline to spot two figures that appeared to be relatively emaciated, hiding among the wrinkles of the inner walls of the vast duct of the mammary glands of the goddess. It was lucky because Isaac was beginning to doubt if he had really seen anyone here inside. Even for the feline, this was his first time exploring the interior of someone's nipples, and with every additional step Isaac took, the light from the outside world became weaker and more distant.

The two micros that the feline encountered explained that they had to take drastic measures to shelter themselves during the moments when the dragoness bathed and cleansed her body because being washed and falling into the sewers of a mega-macro city would be worse than a death sentence. Indeed, unlike when the feline was in the bodies of the two twinkies, dragons did not have fur for dust-sized micros like them to relatively build improvised shelters and protect themselves from their masters' baths. Fortunately, Isaac wouldn't have to spend much time explaining, as both micros already had an idea of who Khael and Nadélyn were. They even mentioned that they were stuck

to the dragoness's body when they were rescued from their previous masters about a week ago but got separated from the rest of the group when the dragon couple arrived home and were inadvertently left behind to survive the harsh life in the body of a goddess while they could do nothing but observe the other members of their group being relocated to the comfort and safety of the city that Khael and Nadéyl'n had just introduced to Isaac moments ago.

Fortunately, Isaac instructed the two micros on what to do. He showed them how his smartphone worked and asked them to remain in the surroundings of the nipple piercing located at the exit of Nadéyl'n's nipple, as this would allow them to be finally rescued. At the same time, Isaac was able to gather points of interest throughout that living landscape also known as the body of a goddess named Nadéyl'n. These points of interest marked possible locations where, according to the two micros he had just rescued, Isaac should be able to find more micros attempting to seek refuge in the body of a goddess! The locations included Nadéyl'n's left armpit, as well as the crevice between her pair of breasts, the depths of her navel, and the entire region of her groin. It would be a mission of days, but poor Isaac had only a few hours to scour each of these parts of the dragoness's body.

It must be a terrifying and frustrating sensation for the dust-sized micros who live here. To know they are so close, literally dwelling in the body of a goddess who is an activist and actively tries to rescue and help members of her race, yet at the same time be unable to communicate with said goddess or worse, end up accidentally crushed by her body or even swept away "miles" cold by a single drop of sweat only to find themselves now lost and at an infinite distance from the previously agreed upon rescue location with the gods in person. Fortunately, this time and for the first time, they had a man on the ground, actively searching for new survivors.

Immediately after leaving the micros in the vicinity of the dragoness's right nipple, Isaac turned his attention back to the next task at hand. Finding some way to descend the peak of the giant mountain and venture into the depths of that immense, powerful, and seductive valley known as Nadéyl'n's breast crevice. Obviously, the feline had already asked the goddess to return to her previous position, lying in bed, so that only then could Nadéyl'n make his life easier. But still, the task would not be easy. At least the cat had proven to the two micros that his technology works and that he could communicate and even command the "gods." Yet, one last glance towards the northern horizon revealed the beautiful face of the young dragoness engrossed in her headphones and watching her series before looking down again, kilometers below, to the crevice that awaited him.

In a bold and courageous manner, the tiny feline began its descent, akin to rappelling, albeit without the aid of ropes or any safety gear. The only piece of safety equipment—

or at least the closest thing to it—that the feline had on its person was its cellphone. Not that it would be of much help should the tiny creature suffer a fall; indeed, Isaac had yet to travel so as not to lose his device during a potential tumble. Fortunately, such a fall never occurred, and the dust-sized feline safely landed at the base of the gigantic areola that surrounded the equally massive base of the dragoness's right nipple.

It was impossible for anyone not to pause for a moment and contemplate the magnitude of their own insignificance. Well aware that the nipple of any female is a highly sensitive part of the body, the shrunken feline could not help but wonder how perhaps its tiny paws or even its minute claws might provoke some reaction in Nadéyl'n's nipple, but the truth was no matter how sharp its claws were; even if Isaac were to punch the base of that huge, pink flesh peak, the goddess would never feel even a tiny tickle on her nipple. It was daunting to come face-to-face with the confirmation of such immense insignificance.

However, Isaac had no time to spare. He had the body of a goddess to explore and only a handful of hours to do so. It wasn't long before the feline turned away to behold the immense vastness of the scales covering the body of the gigantic dragoness, or at least all that represented just the curve of one of her breasts. Looking east, Isaac could see in the extreme distance a mountain that was the twin sister of the one on which he currently stood. And situated right between both mountains was the valley toward which the feline must head. The journey was long, and Isaac simply could not take the most direct route as he might risk being displaced by the slightest movement of the goddess, or even, in the worst case, end up crushed to dust between her breasts without Nadéyl'n ever noticing.

Forced to adopt a strategy akin to someone lost on a trail, the tiny feline had to circumnavigate the massive breast of the dragoness, moving northward and descending layer upon layer of thick, imposing scales, until he eventually approached the bone collar at the base of Nadéyl'n's neck. This vantage point gave him a frightening view of the gigantic grand canyon formed by nothing less than the crevice between her breasts. It was even daunting to think that Isaac had begun his journey on the body of this goddess at the top of one of those mountains, considering his current position made it seem impossible that he would ever return to the top of Nadéyl'n's nipple, at least not within this week. He could not even see the imposing nipples now, since the curvature of the breasts was too colossal to allow any visibility above them.

With no time to lose, the little feline set out walking again. However, already being a nano-micro relatively experienced in dealing with the bodies of infinitely gigantic creatures like Nadéyl'n, Isaac couldn't help but notice how the space between her breasts was relatively moist and sweaty. Aware of the dangers that the sweat from normally sized people could impose on those minuscule and insignificant, and connecting the

dots with the fact that the dragoness had, until recently, been dressed in typical sports attire, it was safe to assume that the goddess had just returned from a session of exercise. Being hairless, unlike other anthro beings, Isaac knew that Nadéyl'n's body, and the sweat it naturally produced, could be a deadly trap. A single drop could be larger than entire city neighborhoods, and being carried by one of those oily, hot, and salty drops on a scale-covered surface like the body of the dragoness meant being transported tens of kilometers until the drop of sweat lost velocity, evaporated, or worse—fell off the body of the goddess, taking along any poor, unfortunate micro caught in its path. That is, assuming Isaac didn't drown first.

Isaac did not plan to give up on searching for survivors in the dangerous grand canyon formed by the small, warm space between Nadéyl'n's pair of breasts; he simply thought that once he was located at the upper part of the goddess's thoracic box, it would be smarter to go around the top of her melons and head for her left armpit. And it was indeed this route that the feline adopted.

The trek toward the left armpit would have been entirely monumental and uneventful if not for the dragoness's body constantly reminding Isaac and all the other lost micros of how infinitely tiny and insignificant they were. If mere droplets of sweat could be so formidable, imagine being accidentally swept along with a tide of sticky, warm saliva down the throat of that goddess lying in repose? That very scenario flashed through Isaac's mind at the moment he was caught off guard by a thunderous and powerful RUMBLE coming from upper north of his location. It was nothing more than Nadéyl'n inadvertently swallowing a bit of saliva that had accumulated in her mouth, and perhaps a handful of less fortunate micros who met their fate inside the mouth of the activist for micro rights.

Neither member of the activist couple had any idea, but the number of unlucky micros who ended up amid their meals or lost inside their mouths as a consequence of failed attempts at communication was vast! And yet, it was nothing compared to the countless other ways the micros faced death when lost within the body of that same macro couple who had offered them help and shelter. Such were the hazards of their undertaking.

However, despite having just seen, felt, and heard the overwhelming muscles around the dragoness's neck swallowing what the micro feline believed to be just saliva, Isaac did not lose focus. He knew he could not afford to, and he continued his march eastward. Eventually, it was possible to sense the environment around gradually changing, the natural heat one would expect to accumulate in someone's armpit region, not to mention a considerable increase in humidity—and this was before Isaac had even reached the actual armpit of the dragoness goddess. The moment the feline finally managed to stand atop the "hill," which was in fact just part of the muscle structure of Nadéyl'n's left arm,

he was struck with a full blow of the strong and mighty aroma naturally produced by the dragoness's body.

Obviously, Isaac knew that the smell of human armpits could naturally be strong, yet this was merely a small demonstration compared to what was to come, especially as the feline would make his way toward the more private regions of Nadéyln's body. Fortunately, it was not difficult to ensure that the goddess would keep her left arm raised; a few text messages to inform her of his current location and position sufficed, and the dragoness responded that she would keep her armpit exposed for as long as necessary. She merely lamented that she had not had the opportunity to bathe properly after finishing her latest and most intense training session, but the rescue of micro lives was far more important than delaying her bath for a few hours.

Even without the imminent danger of being crushed by a single goddess's arm, Isaac still had to proceed with great caution, for from his current vantage point, rivers and lakes made entirely of pure sweat were already visible. Unfortunately, no dust-sized micros were yet in sight. However, Isaac would need to venture through the pubic forest that existed in Nadéyln's armpit to find any survivors. It wasn't that the dragoness did not depilate her body; she certainly kept her few hairs under control. Yet, the scant pubic hair that could exist on the body of the goddess here and there, especially in the most critical regions like her armpits, was more than capable of forming dense, closed forests from the perspective of insignificant creatures such as the feline.

With each step the cat took, light penetrated less and less, struggling through that forest. It was hard to believe he was merely scavenging through someone else's armpit if not for the characteristic structure of each hair. Each hair strand was much wider than the base of a building and stretched for what seemed like hundreds of meters into the air! Moreover, their tips curved, forming a curly pattern that further impeded the passage of light or fresh air through that hot and humid forest.

Massive sweat droplets could be seen above the feline's head, sustained only by "thin" strands of pubic hair. Any movement, no matter how minute, by the dragoness could result in an avalanche of hot, salty sweat capable of carrying everything tiny in its path. And it was obvious that the heat combined with the natural perspiration of the goddess's body had managed to generate vapor clouds carrying the heaviest body aroma of Nadéyln. This permanently etched the most concentrated smell of the goddess's body into the memory of the feline, making Isaac, for a few moments, contemplate abandoning everything in the hope of being left to survive and live right here, in the wrinkled skin folds of a goddess's armpit who might in less than two forget his existence and even his name should he lose that single cell phone he possessed.

Fortunately, the powerful splash sound of a gigantic sweat droplet falling nearby snapped the feline back to reality, making Isaac realize that he was beginning to show the first signs of musk drunkenness. It was not for less, as armpits and groins were the most powerful natural musk production sites on people's bodies, especially if they were enlarged into magnificent scales compared to you. Despite everything and to Isaac's relief, he had found the refugee camp he had been told about, where they were trying to shelter from the outside world right in Nadéyl's armpit.

Despite his best efforts to avoid all the rivers and lakes of pure sweat during his journey, the Siamese cat was completely drenched in the salty sweat produced by the dragoness's body upon stepping into the perimeter of the small camp. Nevertheless, this would turn out to be the least of his problems, for Isaac would soon realize that all the micros living there did so simply because they were suffering from musky drunkenness! Their discernment was completely altered after spending days breathing a concentrated load of natural female pheromones produced alongside the goddess's body sweat. And all those present simply refused to leave their "sanctuary," or at least that was how they referred to the small camp built at great cost with the little body hair the dragoness produced.

Without alternatives, Isaac was texting Nadéyl, who ended up devising a plan with the diminutive feline to try to unseat the so-called sanctuary from her armpit. The plan was straightforward: it involved using the minuscule feline as a sort of emissary, speaking in the name of the goddess, and ordering the dust-sized micros to move toward her nipple. Should they resist or disobey, to prove that he could indeed communicate with Nadéyl in person, she would slowly lower her arm and press her musculature forcefully with the intention of crushing all the micros that lived there.

Of course, Nadéyl, being the activist she was, would not actually allow her arm to make contact with her armpit, which was still exposed at the moment. It was merely an attempt to demonstrate divine power and coerce the micros into believing Isaac's words. However, even with all the preparation and having previously communicated with the goddess, Isaac would realize that there was still room for much to go wrong; for as soon as the dragoness began to slowly and carefully move her arm as if to close her armpit, the ground beneath Isaac began to tremble. A massive, dense, and powerful shadow extended across the armpit, showing the imposing musculature of the dragoness approaching, but what really caught everyone by surprise were two wrinkled skin folds that split in the ground near the feline.

In seconds, Isaac and several nano-micros were swallowed by the opening in the wrinkled skin of Nadéyl's armpit. They fell into a valley much hotter, sweatier, and tighter than just a small space between two skin folds in the vastness of Nadéyl's armpit. Desperation gripped everyone, including Isaac, as the Siamese cat knew all too

well how easily they all could be crushed—a single stronger contraction of the muscles or tendons in that region of her body would reduce them all to red smears that would inevitably be swept away along with new drops of sweat.

Fortunately, it was precisely a drop of sweat that would end up saving the feline and the other micros. The powerful sound that might well be compared to a deluge cascading down alongside a furious river could be heard in the distance and was intensifying. Before long, a glorious, shimmering, giant drop of warm sweat made its presence known on the transverse horizon of that mini-canyon formed by the space between two completely musky skin folds in the midst of Nadéyln's armpit. The dragoness had no idea that her mere and simple movements could signify such a calamity for the same community of micros she was trying so hard to shelter.

It was a matter of time now, either the poor micros would be crushed as the space between the immense folds of hot and humid skin closed inevitably, or they would be swept away like dust with that water-trunk of sweat approaching on the transverse horizon of their small world. Fortunately for all, the sweat arrived first, and soon those who knew how to swim were doing their best to stay afloat as they were effortlessly carried unimaginable distances in a matter of seconds by the sweat flowing naturally through the dragoness's armpit. When everything finally calmed down, and the micros could afford to breathe again, beyond the strong scent of salty sweat dominating the air and now marking their bodies, looking north and straight ahead of them was an impossible sight to ignore.

Isaac, along with the other micros, now found themselves face to face with Nadéyln's pectoral base, carried through the beautiful curves of her upper body to the centralized area just below her lovely pair of breasts, and left to face the entrance to what could only be described as the world's grandest canyon! Yes, they were all now observing the space of the crevice between the dragoness's breasts. This reminded Isaac that there were survivors along that immense path, surrounded by a pair of mountains more than capable of crushing them.

Fortunately, the idea of keeping his cellphone tied to his body using the few hairs of his beloved friend Martin came in handy at crucial moments like the one the small feline had just experienced. It prevented the device from being lost or left behind in some fold of skin, scale, or pore of the titanic dragoness's body. With yet another brief exchange of text messages between the micro and the goddess whose body challenged the lives of micros at every turn, Isaac bravely set out toward what could well be considered the most dangerous part of Nadéyln's body for someone of his size. As for the other micros, they also had their own daunting task of climbing those same imposing and powerful female pectoral mountains in order to reach their peaks and wait to be finally rescued.

The trek toward the grandeur of the dragoness's crevice was both overwhelming and frightening. As the minuscule feline made his way toward the enormous canyon of scale and skin, it was hard not to be carried away by thoughts of how those mountainous forms were merely parts of a body; of a living being exuding absurd power on scales that bordered on the inconceivable from the perspective of insignificant micros like Isaac himself.

Nevertheless, the feline remained steadfast in his mission, keeping his eyes and ears open for any survivors and memorizing important landmarks such as the marks on the skin left by the bra and bikini that the goddess wore in her daily routine. It was somewhat terrifying to realize that the swath of scales, untouched by the sun's demarcation, was as wide as a wartime trench from Isaac's point of view, making the feline realize how easily even the elastic designed to keep the dragoness's garments in place could annihilate members of his lost class spread across her immense body.

Isaac tried to prevent such thoughts from occupying his mind, simply walking toward the depths of that canyon that could surely induce claustrophobia in anyone. Nadélyn might not be considered a female with an extraordinarily large pair of breasts; her breasts were not small, nor large, but comfortably medium, perhaps even slightly above average. Yet, with each step the tiny feline took toward the heart of her breast crevice, the heat, smells, and aromas of her feminine body intensified. Similarly, the relative size of the soft wall formed by the beautiful pair of breasts resting on either side of the minuscule dust-sized Isaac seemed like solid walls ready to crush his body without the goddess even noticing. And, speaking of approaching the heart, eventually Isaac began to notice an increasingly thunderous, rumbling beat of a very strong muscle that seemed to be right below his feet. Obviously, these were the resting heartbeats of the goddess Nadélyn. Even lying in her bed, merely resting and watching her favorite series, her heart beat in a way that kept that living goddess alive and reminded the insignificant micros spread across her body of how infinitely powerful the dragoness was.

After a long handful of minutes walking through that immense grand canyon, dodging one or another overwhelming droplet of sweat that naturally trickled down the goddess's breasts and found its way into the crevice's environment, Isaac was beginning to lose hope of finding anyone alive here and even came to believe that if he didn't leave soon, he would meet his end here. Isaac knew he could not be deceived; that beautiful pair of breasts was still and immobile now, but imagine the earthquakes the dragoness must generate with her immense and powerful body when walking—what must happen to tiny beings like him who were here the moment those breasts collided against each other. Fortunately, or unfortunately, Isaac would soon not have to imagine; for when the tiny feline was about to reach halfway through the crevice of the dragoness, he found what he had come to search for. Or at least, what remained of it.

It was the remnants of a small camp of refugees who had tried their luck by hiding in one of the hottest, most turbulent, and dangerous areas of a goddess's body. The remains of the camp were simply smeared against the walls of the breasts, with small, faint red stains of sweat already in the process of being erased by the natural perspiration of that environment. Had Isaac arrived a little later at that spot, he might have passed right by without even noticing that a settlement of dust-sized micros once existed there. It was disappointing and frightening, but at least now the micro feline was free to turn back and head south on the body of that goddess, where he knew there were two more spots of interest to be scoured for survivors. However, just as Isaac found himself at the foot of Nadélyn's crevice, with the base of those twin mountains behind him and the horizon of the dragoness's upper abdomen filling his landscape, he realized that he still had many challenges ahead on his journey.

The vista was indeed stunning, if not for the overwhelming and vast scale! Nadélyn could hardly be mistaken for a bodybuilder; at best, she might pass for a professional athlete. Her body, as beautifully sculpted as if by hand, boasted delicately defined curves that were neither excessive nor subdued, and it was precisely these curves on her abdomen that would now test the survival tactics, hiking skills, and exploration strategies of the micro-sized cat. Each of the beautiful grooves of Nadélyn's abdomen was like large hills that the tiny being named Isaac would need to navigate. He could certainly attempt to force his way through, traversing the valleys that naturally formed between each of the "small" muscle-made mountains on the goddess's abdomen. However, doing so would undeniably entail the imminent risk of being drowned or even swept to the confines of the goddess's lower body by one of her many sweat droplets.

The approach decided upon by the feline was simple: he would climb the first of the gigantic hills and, upon reaching the top, attempt to generate a mental image of the magnificent expanse of the goddess's body before descending and trying his luck through the salty valleys covered in the natural oily perspiration produced by Nadélyn's body. It was a risky gamble, but it was the best course of action available to the tiny feline. Climbing and descending each abdominal ridge on the body of the dragoness would consume hours and energy that the minuscule feline simply could not afford to waste. But, fate would soon mock Isaac; just as he neared the summit of one of the immense, beautifully scaled hills, not only grappling with his own body heat and sweat but also with the heat and sweat from a goddess's body, a minor earthquake struck! Yes, that's right. A mere innocent act by Nadélyn, the goddess simply wanting to adjust her arm in such a way to better position her equally immense cell phone to watch what could be the last episode of the latest season of her favorite show.

Unfortunately, such a simple action resulted in sheer hell for Isaac. The tiny feline was thrown from the top of the hot, slippery mountain he had so arduously climbed, only to be tossed down the side, his fur and body scraping against the hard, damp scales of Nadélyn's body amidst the spaces between her beautifully defined muscles that Isaac

had been trying to avoid. Despite the pain of having his body scrape against the scales of a dragoness's body, Isaac held his cell phone firmly beside him, as it was his main concern while more and more salty, oily sweat accumulated between the goddess's scales and his tiny little body.

By some stroke of luck, the sweat formed a layer that prevented the tiny cat from sustaining severe damage, yet at the same time, it served only to propel the little body across hundreds of thousands of chilly kilometers until suddenly the scaly ground beneath Isaac vanished! The Siamese cat found himself in free fall, and for a moment he thought he might be plummeting towards the activists' bed. Such a scenario would be disastrous, as it would be a formidable task for either Nadélyn or Khael to find the nearly nano-sized cat amid a sea of bed linens. Worse yet! Even the slightest movement from Nadélyn attempting to rise from her bed to aid the dust-sized micro could result in little Isaac being crushed, steamrolled by her hips, thighs, or even one of her arms. Nevertheless, the mere thought of those beautifully thick, muscular thighs of the dragoness crushing and grinding his body as if it were absolutely nothing found the minuscule creature slightly thrilled by the visual image he had formed in his mind.

It was only when the tiny feline noticed the darkness that had enveloped his body that he snapped back to life and realized that his destination was not the bed. Forming a ring of light above his head, similar to the viewpoint of someone falling into a black hole, Isaac indeed was on a trajectory toward a hole—a hole from which micros of his stature seldom had the fortune to emerge once they reached the depths! The considerable increase in body heat and moisture left no doubt in the air; Isaac was falling towards the depths of Nadélyn's navel. The depth of a navel in a person of standard size could vary, reaching up to a hundred times the height of the insignificant body of the tiny feline! At no point had Isaac planned to scour the dragoness's navel for survivors by going to the bottom of it! But now, unfortunately, it seemed the little feline had no choice.

Fortunately, the interior of a goddess-like Nadélyn's navel was more than clean. Nothing less than expected from a delicate dragoness like Nadélyn, who maintained top body hygiene as part of her daily routine. Yet, from the perspective of someone as diminutive as a dust mite, the world on the body of a normally sized person was another universe. That said, even the smallest particles of lint, dirt, and grime that could naturally be swept into the confines of the folds of skin at the depths of her navel, as Isaac had just experienced, could pose a significant challenge for any nano micro trying to return to the surface of the goddess's body. However, it was one of these very lint particles that ultimately cushioned Isaac's fall, dropping from a height of hundreds of thousands of meters, relatively speaking, had it not been for the fact that the tiny feline was enveloped in a layer of sweat and crashed into a similarly soaked layer of fabric lint deep within the navel of the dragoness, which prevented him from sustaining serious injury or even facing death.

Fortunately for the tiny feline, Isaac was not alone in this bizarre locale. The environment within the confines of the dragoness's navel was dark, hot, exceedingly humid, and permeated with the strong scent of her body's aroma. It was oppressive, almost a constant reminder of their utter insignificance in relation to even the smallest parts of a goddess's body. However, not long after recovering from his fall and shifting his attention upward, Isaac realized he could see—light? Yes! There appeared to be light emanating from hundreds of meters above! For a moment, the tiny feline even thought his imagination was playing tricks on him, but no! He could definitely see what seemed to be a small settlement of nano, dust-sized micros not far from where he had landed.

Safety first, before even attempting to think about how Isaac would climb a wall of scaly, oily, humid skin covered in sweat to reach the settlement above, he took out his phone in an attempt to send messages to the divine dragoness, the owner of this world he inhabited, only to realize that deep within her navel, there was no signal! It was somewhat terrifying to think that a small body feature such as a navel could pose such immense challenges when you become infinitely pathetic. It was as if with every second, Nadélyn's body wanted Isaac to give up, to recognize that this was his place! And that it would be here he would spend the rest of his existence until, at some point, the body of the goddess decided to end him! No! Isaac even slapped his own face! He could not allow himself to lose consciousness, he could not let the strong odors of pheromones mixed with the goddess's sweat overcome his mind.

Thus, despite all adversities, the tiny feline set forth on his march. Or rather, he began to climb the immense wall toward the surface. Time was short; it had been more than a few good hours since the feline began his journey of exploration on the body of the goddess, and worse, now that Isaac had no means of communication with Nadélyn, at least not while he was lost amid the depths of her navel, he needed to race against time. All this without taking into account how he would explain his situation to the survivors who were sheltered, or at least thought they were sheltered, within the numerous folds of skin inside the navel just a few meters above.

Fortunately, as soon as Isaac began to approach the encampment, a group of micros noticed him struggling to climb the navel wall and threw improvised ropes made from lint, snippets of the goddess's clothing, and even some of the sparse body hair that Nadélyn's body could produce. And given his current location and proximity, it was safe to assume that Isaac was now clinging for his dear life to scraps of pubic hair coming straight from the goddess's vagina until he finally reached the level where the rest of the encampment was located. Luckily, the other dust-sized micros inhabiting it were quite receptive to the newcomer; apparently, almost all those living on Nadélyn's body seemed to be victims of the same misfortune. They had been rescued by a case of macros, mega macros, who were activists for the rights of micros, only to end up lost on the body of one of them by some irony of fate.

Thus, convincing the micros that he was personally sent by the dragoness goddess to rescue them from their predicament was not very difficult. The harder part was persuading the micros that they needed to abandon their encampment altogether and leave the depths of the navel to return to the surface. Worse still, some of the micros questioned why, if Isaac could so easily communicate with a goddess—a being of such enormously greater size and power—couldn't he simply ask the dragoness to insert a finger into her navel and pluck them out? The feline could have wasted time explaining how cell phones work and why the immense scale walls that formed the confines of the dragoness's navel interfered with the signal. Instead, he adopted a more priest-like demeanor, demonstrating to the reluctant group why their idea was futile since the mere act of poking a finger into her navel would bring chaos to their world.

After putting his story to the test with the other survivors and refugees, the climb back to the surface was relatively easy thanks to the fact that the small community he had found was somewhat well adapted to live in such conditions. They had developed equipment akin to mountaineering gear which allowed them to scale the warm, humid, and massive walls of the navel with some ease and even agility. It was further proof of how adaptable the dust-sized micros were, capable of developing their own solutions and establishing societies even in the most inhospitable environments. Even within the body of beings whose size and power were infinitely greater than their world.

The return to the surface was a relief for Isaac, but definitely better for the others. Having grown accustomed to living in the depths of the dragoness's navel, they had completely forgotten what it was like to breathe fresh air! Well, perhaps not so fresh, given that they were standing on the surface of a goddess's body, and no matter how much wind blew over her scales, the subtle natural body odor would always be present in their atmosphere and in the nostrils of those lost and surviving amidst the curves of her being; fluctuating only in intensity but remaining a constant.

Despite being happy to return to the surface of the lower abdomen of the goddess, and with his cellphone still in hand now back to having an internet signal, Isaac realized that more than an hour had been wasted in his endeavor! A quick glance at the massive screen of the dragoness's cellphone would reveal that she was no longer watching her series, probably having finished binge-watching it, and worse! Nadélyn had, in the meantime, made unsuccessful attempts to communicate with Isaac to get updates on his progress. None of her messages had been received by the tiny feline's device that had bravely fought to escape the depths of her navel. It appeared that Nadélyn might be on the verge of deciding to get up from her bed and take a bath! But before doing so, the dragoness exchanged a handful of flirtatious messages with her mate, taking advantage of the free time before her bath. And unfortunately, there was no longer anything the poor micro could do to change the course of events that were about to unfold.

Moments after the group of nano-micros had managed to escape from the depths of Nadélyn's navel and return to the surface of the goddess's body, an immense shadow loomed over the expanse they inhabited. This shadow was none other than Khael, the male dragon activist who was now in the process of removing a small nipple piercing from his wife. Small for the gods, yet large enough to accommodate all the survivors that Isaac had found and who had managed to scale the vast mountain of the dragoness's breast in time. Isaac, along with the others, could only watch in terror as their sole ride "home" was being removed from the goddess's body, allowing the tiny feline to now firsthand experience the same sensation that all other nano-micros before him had felt when they realized they had been forgotten! Left behind to survive on the body of an activist who had sworn to rescue them and promised that they would never have to try their luck living on the body of another.

It was a whirlwind of emotions running through Isaac's head at that moment, but not all was lost. With his cell phone in hand, the feline could simply send messages to the giant couple and alert them to the mistake they were making. Unfortunately, the cat was caught off guard, for just as Khael finished moving his fingers containing the small artifact made of piercing from the nipples of his wife still lying in bed, the dragoness changed her posture. A simple and mundane act, Nadélyn merely sat up in her bed. But it was more than enough to make the entire extent of her upper body vertical! Including the area of her lower abdomen, so close to her groin. The dragoness, who until then had only been wearing her panties, was now completely nude in her bed! In her defense, Nadélyn might say it was a hot summer day, but indeed the couple of titans had ulterior motives in mind.

Isaac, along with the other micros, tumbled downhill! Being that the dragoness's body was completely covered in scales, there wasn't much surface where they could cling to prevent or slow their descent toward the south. Until eventually, every one of the dust-sized micros that the feline had just convinced to leave their relatively safe hideout had rolled out of sight and got lost amidst the beautiful curves directing the gaze towards her groin. And it wasn't long before Isaac himself found himself entering an immense forest, a forest consisting entirely of pubic hairs of various types! And as the feline ventured deeper and deeper into its depths, it became denser, more enclosed, humid, warm, and the aroma of this new region grew more potent. There was no doubt, Isaac was now lost in the midst of a new forest, a region of the bodies of giants that the feline was beginning to feel strangely familiar with... Isaac was lost among the pubic hairs of the dragoness's groin!

In such an intimate and feminine region of Nadélyn's body, it didn't take long for Isaac to find a clearing amidst that thicket of hairs. The scent was strong, overwhelmingly masculine and feminine—a natural expectation in such a locale of a young goddess's anatomy. But what would utterly stagger the feline's mind was the fact that the pink mountain before him was none other than the clitoris of the dragoness's vagina! Just the

mere base of her clitoris, viewed from above, sent chills down the spine of the minuscule feline. It was immense! The most sensitive part of Nadélyn's body, and so gigantic that Isaac was certain that even if he burrowed under the hood of that clitoris and bit, scratched, or poked with all his might, the immense goddess would scarcely notice his efforts, if at all. At best, all his efforts might register merely as a slight itch at the top of her profound presence.

To say Isaac was astounded to be so close, so near to the most intimate region of a female's body was an understatement. The potent mix of masculine and feminine pheromones, combined with all other factors, the memories of his friends, also giants and mating without the slightest awareness of his tiny presence, returned to his mind inevitably. Fortunately, or unfortunately, Isaac would not have to rely solely on his own memories. While Isaac wasted precious time, awestruck and adoring the most sensitive intimate organs of a goddess, her husband, an equally divine deity, positioned himself above the bed and soon cast the shadow of his equally naked body over the entire universe of pure virile musk where little Isaac was situated.

In a fraction of a second, the light was obstructed by an equally overwhelming sight, the pink and round mushroom-shaped tip of a penis hovering in mid-air, pointed directly at the vagina below. The penis, glorious, worthy of a god's phallus, throbbed vigorously in anticipation of what was to happen. As Isaac's ground trembled, the clitoris whose base was right in front of him swelled and filled with blood direct from the heart of the goddess. Both giants were aroused! Both were about to make love! And right in the midst of it was the lost, insignificant Isaac; about to once again fight for survival amid the ardor of love-making of omnipotent beings.

Isaac immediately grabbed his cellphone to begin sending desperate messages to both Nadélyn and Khael. However, tragically and to the despair of the little feline, both giants already considered him lost within the body of the dragoness. Nadélyn's cellphone, now tossed at the foot of the bed, even vibrated with the incoming messages from the now desperate and so close Isaac. But unfortunately, his messages seemed to vanish into the void. Khael even heard the cellphone vibrate, but excited minds cease to be thinking minds; all the young giant couple wanted was to satisfy their sexual desires.

Losing time and not paying due attention to the unfolding events around him, Isaac was startled by the strong tremor and thunderous noise caused by a gigantic impact slightly to the north of his position. It was only when the tiny feline tore his gaze from the screen of his cellphone and looked up that he realized what was happening.

Khael had simply collided his dick against the upper region of his wife's groin, crushing everything and everyone who was hiding, lost, or sheltering in the thickets of pubic hair

in her groin. From Isaac's point of view, it was a somewhat seductive as it was terrifying sight! To look up and see another man's veiny cock! The strong smell of Khael's masculine musk began to mix with the feminine virile scent of his wife's groin, creating a unique and intoxicating atmosphere. Poor Isaac couldn't resist much of it, even knowing that his life was at stake and that the slightest twitch of Khael's penis, the slightest movement of Nadélyn, could crush his tiny world. Yet, in the midst of it all, the minuscule one was hard, breathing in that strong virile aroma combined from two gods about to execute their act of love.

Soon, a powerful rumble sound could be heard, the ground below Isaac began to tremble! A quick look up confirmed to Isaac what was happening; Khael's enormous scrotum, with balls the size of the largest mountains Isaac could even imagine climbing, began to sway! It was obvious what was going on; the husband was teasing his wife! Rubbing the head of his penis amidst her pubic hair and preparing to direct the tip of his member towards the wet, warm, and hot entrance just below. But in the middle of the path was a micro who was crucial for the activist activities of the giant couple! Or at least, that's what Isaac thought was the truth, because the truth of his situation now was that he was tiny and completely disposable before the gods.

Isaac was running out of options. Behind him, a gigantic phallus, a monolith of pure masculine virile power, was approaching him. If Isaac were still around the base of Nadélyn's clitoris when Khael brought his penis close to that area, the feline would most likely be ground and crushed by the giant couple. The Siamese cat didn't need to be ultra-intelligent to have an idea of what the macro giant was planning to do to his female. Khael was just teasing his wife still. His next move would be to rub the slippery tip of his glans against the red and swollen clitoris of her vagina. Unaware that he would be carrying a tiny passenger along! That is, if Isaac didn't do something to get out of there. Unfortunately, the options for the tiny feline were quite limited.

The small micro who had lost the ability to communicate with the gods was now about to be punished by them, his existence threatened by their pleasure. With no time to run towards any other part of the giant dragoness's body, Isaac had no choice but to jump beyond the upper edge of Nadélyn's plump labia. And so he did, but not before looking beyond the edge of skin at what fate awaited him just below.

Looking down, an extensive and immense wall of wrinkled and extremely lubricated skin folds could be seen stretching as far as the eye could see! The imposing curves of Nadélyn's sexy inner thighs undulated the frame as if they were a painting of pure femininity and arousal. The dragoness was eager, or at least her pussy was. The inner walls of her labia pulsed, contracting as if pent up with sex for some time! And it would be down there, amidst that universe of hot and viscous vaginal fluids, with muscular walls capable of crushing entire cities, that Isaac would have to find his refuge

somehow! Without a second thought, the feline only looked back to see the posterior areola of Khael's penis head almost crushing his tiny being when a survival instinct spoke louder, and Isaac took a leap of faith!

Narrowly escaping being steamrolled by the incoming tip of the giant man's penis and heading towards the lower section of the enormous labial folds of a goddess's vagina, it didn't take long until Isaac's tiny form crashed against the skin folds at the bottom of Nadélyn's inner labia. The panic and terror that Isaac felt were real as every contraction of the goddess's internal vaginal muscles caused powerful tremors around his new world in the most intimate region of a dragoness's body. As soon as Isaac had his first opportunity, he looked around, the area continuing to pulse vigorously, generating true tremors, and realized that he was located just above the opening of the goddess's pee hole! It was scary to realize that even the entrance to the goddess's urethra, a bit below her clitoris, could swallow him whole without Nadélyn even noticing or feeling anything strange in one of her most sensitive areas.

But, worse than that was only the main entrance situated a little further down. The real orifice that pulsed with desire and produced female juices abundantly like a river, like a cataract of female juice that could make Niagara Falls jealous. That hole, indeed, from the point of view of a mere dust-sized micro like Isaac appeared to be a portal to another world! A world in which, if Isaac entered, he would never come out! At least not whole! It was during those few seconds of "peace and security" that Isaac used to grab his phone once more, and this time, instead of just sending messages to the mega-macro couple, the feline even tried to call Khael's phone. Unfortunately, the male's phone, which was moments away from penetrating the goddess with its imposing phallus, was not even in the same room. And even if it were, Khael wouldn't even bother to interrupt his carnal affairs to answer anyone. The tiny feline was alone and about to participate in the gods' mating now.

True to his words, moments later the earthquakes in the feline's small world intensified to near infinity! Looking up, Isaac was blessed with the sight of the tip of Khael's penis head maliciously rubbing against Nadélyn's clitoris and upper vagina region. A beautiful sight to behold, especially when the sexual organs involved are gigantic on a kilometric scale compared to you, but everything had its price, and Isaac was about to pay for the privilege of participating in the lovemaking of divine beings.

With just one movement, Khael was able to make the soul of the feline leave his body. The simple act of repositioning his dick showed that the giant dragon boy was no longer playing around, and it was time for the main attraction. Slow motion doesn't exist in real life; most tales of being shrunk where normal-sized people seem to be moving in slow motion were all fantasy. However, Isaac's heart was beating so fast, and there was so much adrenaline coursing through his veins that he could almost see in slow motion the

gigantic head of Khael's penis repositioning until the tip of his glans was all that occupied the horizon of the tiny feline. Only the slit in the tip of the giant phallus was more than a hundred times larger than the body of the tiny micro, perhaps even larger than Isaac could imagine. Just the thought that that slit, which at that very moment was dribbling rivers of pre-cum, would be capable of ejaculating jets of hot cum under high pressure capable of wiping districts off an entire city map made the minuscule Isaac feel paralyzed.

And yet, Isaac was having a relatively distorted view of the magnitude and girth of another man's phallus. Khael's penis head was close but not yet close enough, and the moment the giant dragon thrust his penis forward with the intention of effectively penetrating, the small micro had a real sense of the dimension of the challenge that would test his skills as a nano-micro survivor! Any view Isaac might have had of the outside world, of both Khael and Nadélyn's thighs, was replaced by the vastness of the extent and glans of Khael's penis. And in less than a second, Isaac's sexual world was shaken! Impact!

The wide member of the male dragon opened its way, forcing the vagina's labia to spread and mold around his member, causing the small micro to inevitably lose his footing and fall freely! The fall was short, but still, Isaac passing right in front and almost face to face with Nadélyn's urethral opening gave him small and slight notions of the smell of her urine for a brief moment before colliding head-on with the ring of Khael's penis glans. Falling right at the base of the gigantic penis head, the tiny feline didn't even have time to recover, stand up, or even try to understand his surroundings! In less than a second, his world was thrown into the deepest, warmest, dampest, and muskiest darkness! Isaac had been carried into the confines of the giant dragoness's vagina, along and basically glued to her male's penis! For all intents and purposes now, the small feline was just a small passenger in the lovemaking of the gods, and if Isaac didn't survive this challenge, he could be sure that his death was in virtue of providing pleasure and arousal to divine beings far above the comprehension level.

If Isaac weren't so absurdly small, he might even enjoy the sensation of being rigorously massaged between the hard dragon's male penis and the undulating muscular walls of the giant dragoness. But being just a mere dust mite micro, Isaac could only rely on luck, and luckily, he had lodged himself in an area of Khael's penis, just below the swollen glans mushroom to its maximum point due to the immense arousal the dragon was feeling. Thus, Isaac was much closer to becoming part of the smegma that would naturally get trapped along with the base of the giant's foreskin than being crushed and having his body irreversibly shredded for providing pleasure to the macro beings.

With luck, all the feline had to do was try to maintain that same position, hoping that the powerful earthquakes, which were nothing more than the throbbing of Khael's penis and

the pulsation of Nadélyn's pussy walls, wouldn't cause him to fall from there. Falling from there and being left in the midst of a deluge of pure cum ejaculated by Khael's penis into the depths of Nadélyn's vagina was the recipe for his minuscule body never to be recovered by either of the two giants. But fortunately, in these moments of greatest hardship, luck smiled upon the tiny micro, allowing him to endure the entire mating of the macros unscathed and safe until the moment he had to face the climax! The orgasm of the gods!

In a situation entirely different from witnessing Martin and Jang's mating, Isaac wasn't with the beagle's penis inside any orifice in the bobcat's body. Here was different, the tiny cat was about to experience at a nanoscopic level the orgasms of the gods and still have the pleasure of surviving to tell the tale! The flesh walls around him, though very soft and well-lubricated, stiffened to be stronger than concrete! The body heat of the two rose to unimaginable values! After all, they were mating. Finally, the new world in which Isaac was trapped, also known as Khael's phallus, trembled as vast oceans of hot cum were sprayed at high speed into the depths of his beloved's vagina. Just imagining being carried along by this avalanche, Isaac knew that the journey back out of the dragoness's body could take days, weeks, maybe more than a whole month!

Fortunately, when everything passed and the two titans finished enjoying their afterglow, Khael removed his still pulsating member, dripping cum from his wife's orifice, carrying with it a tiny passenger trapped between the folds of his foreskin. Isaac! And luckily, he had kept his tiny cell phone tied to his body and with him throughout that fabulous journey of pure love.

As Isaac recounted his entire story, describing his situation and location to the macro couple, both Khael and Nadélyn could hardly believe the immense power that a simple act of quick making out could have on the world of the tiny creatures they, as activists, fought so hard to protect. From now on, it would be impossible for the dragon couple to engage in acts of love without considering the possibility of a whole group of dust-sized micros struggling for survival around their sexual organs in full use.

Despite everything, Isaac could enjoy a happy ending, as later that same day, he had the opportunity to talk to both Khael and Nadélyn, looking them in the eye and sitting comfortably in a safe space in the young couple's apartment, dedicated activists for micro rights. Yes! It didn't take much more than an afternoon for Khael to unravel the secrets of the strange device, something the nerdy fiction-loving couple couldn't do in days of work and research. Perhaps shrinking devices in real life are simply much more complex than those in fiction? It could be that, combined with the fact that the activist couple was aware that situations like what Isaac survived were not so strange or uncommon.

There were some reports of normal-sized people who somehow mysteriously ended up micro-sized. Motives, explanations, and reasons were difficult to find since such reports were treated as total conspiracy theory by the large companies involved. However, after living on the other side of the coin for months, Isaac himself felt a twinge of nostalgia for living life through the danger of surviving within the bodies of other people, people so absurdly colossal that the smallest of their actions could be considered acts of the divine. Knowing very well what he had been through and feeling immensely grateful to Khael and Nadéyln for reversing his seemingly permanent case, the Siamese cat saw no other reason or motive not to join the cause. In no time, Isaac could count on his own refuge city in his own home. And sometimes he even relied on the help of Martin and Jan in his own endeavor to bring shelter to several dust-sized micros scattered around the world, although many of these said micros unfortunately ended up being lost forever within the very body of the cat who now worked hard to save them as well.

The end.