

Summer hits. A macro vacation.

(Story commission)

Isaac was excited. The Siamese feline was about to embark on a trip to an outer world, a long holiday spent with his best friends. It was a rare opportunity to reconnect after college—each of them had gone their separate ways in life. But now, with the chance to rent a luxurious vacation home on one of the few planets where titanic life forms and micro life forms could coexist, sharing the same spaces and infrastructure, it was too good to pass up.

Sentient life across the galaxy wasn't uncommon, nor was it unusual for such life to come in various forms and, most notably, sizes. What was rare, however, was finding planets whose local authorities allowed the coexistence of beings labeled as macros, normals, and micros—all in the same place. The level of organization, oversight, and legislation required to make such a living arrangement possible, given the massive disparity in size, was something most governments and administrative bodies preferred not to deal with. Fortunately, there were a few exceptions.

One of these exceptions was during Isaac's college years, where he met Kuzuro San, Saymon, and Kurt. Kuzuro San had been Isaac's former roommate, Saymon was an old friend from before their college days, and Kurt was Saymon's current boyfriend. The college, being a top-tier institution, was more than capable of accommodating anthros of all shapes and sizes. But now that their studies were over and they had all gone their separate ways, it became difficult—if not impossible—for the young men to plan any social activities together. That is, until they each got established in their respective careers and saved up enough money to rent a fabulous vacation house in a district that accepted individuals of all sizes in the same space.

And today was the day—the long-anticipated reunion with the gang after several years. Despite how much Isaac had been looking forward to it, he couldn't help but find himself running a bit late. Maybe he could use the excuse that, of everyone there, the Siamese cat was by far the smallest, even smaller than Kuzuro San in his natural size. Although Isaac and Kuzuro had spent most of their college days sharing the same size scale, thanks to a device designed to prevent size stacking, it had been so long that Isaac had almost forgotten what it was like to be in the presence of someone who was just “normal-sized,” like Kuzuro.

Isaac's tiny private ship was now completing the final stage of atmospheric entry, immediately activating its beacon and establishing communication channels with the local flight control. Flying a ship that could easily be mistaken for a minuscule insect amidst the heavy air traffic of a planet inhabited by macros—or, from Isaac's

perspective, mega macros—without the proper transmitters on was practically asking to be flattened on someone's windshield, completely obliterated without the occupants even noticing. The mere thought of such an incident sent a shiver down the Siamese cat's spine.

It wasn't long before the feline's tiny ship descended to ground level, which meant Isaac was now flying just above the rooftops of the luxurious mansions below. But even though this was technically "ground level," if Isaac were to fall from his insect-sized ship now, it would be like dropping from a commercial airplane mid-flight—dozens of kilometers down to the ground.

“Hey! Kuzuro San! I can see the house from up here! Which window should I enter through?” Isaac typed quickly as he marveled at the stunning lakeside vacation home. Despite the scale difference in construction on this planet, the house was enormous. It was built for extended holiday stays, with 15 luxury suites, a pool deck, and its own marina for docking boats and jet skis, all designed for inhabitants of the mega-macro scale. “Around the back, second floor—the window facing the covered marina area. Fly through that. It's my bedroom window, and you should land right on my desk,” the jaguarundi feline responded promptly to the micro Siamese's text. Within seconds, Isaac was guiding his tiny olive-sized ship around the massive modern mansion and spotted the open window overlooking the marina, just as his friend had instructed.

Flying through the window frame was almost like passing through a grand portal for a hyperlane drive—except without all the jolts and flashes of light that come with traveling many times faster than the speed of light. As soon as the Siamese cat saw the vast, expansive surface of white wood, he carefully landed his ship—not too close to the edge, but not too far from it either. Isaac had no idea when the last time Kuzuro had been around a micro like him, so he feared that any clumsy movement from his friend could send his precious ship—one he had only just finished paying off—flying off the edge of the desk and crashing behind it.

"Okay, I've just landed and I'm shutting down the engines. I touched down pretty close to the window, but I still can't see you," Isaac typed while finishing the shutdown of the last systems, gathering his bags and backpacks, and making his way to the ramp of the ship. "No problem, I'll walk over to you," came the reply from Kuzuro. Not that it was necessary for the jaguarundi to inform Isaac of his approach—considering the hundredfold size difference between them, it would be impossible for the Siamese not to notice the colossal Kuzuro nearby. And indeed, no sooner had Isaac finished descending the ramp of his ship and stretched his legs than he began to hear distant yet rhythmic thumps, steadily growing louder as they drew closer.

Isaac felt a sense of anticipation welling up within him. The last time he had been around non-micros like himself was back in his college days. Thump! A mix of emotions stirred inside him, and being a bit of a pervert, it was impossible for Isaac not to admit that he had a strong fetish for macro-micro dynamics. Thump! Especially when it involved men who were hundreds or even thousands of times larger than him. THUMP!

With each approaching step, the massive jaguarundi grew nearer, and what had been distant, rhythmic explosions of sound now swelled in both intensity and magnitude, transforming into minor tremors that made Isaac acutely aware of his insignificance. He was in the presence of something immensely powerful—a giant predator capable of ending his life with a single, thoughtless step. THUMP! It wasn't until too late that Isaac realized, despite how close Kuzuro must be, he couldn't actually see his friend yet. Only then did the realization hit: the giant (normal-sized) anthropomorph was approaching from behind his now-stationary ship. But this realization came a little too late.

THUMP!

Before Isaac could even think to turn his body and move around the ship to gauge the distance and direction of his friend, one of Kuzuro's massive toes appeared out of nowhere, resting right beside the ship. The resulting thud was deafening, forcing the small Siamese, long unaccustomed to the presence of giants, to cover his ears. The sudden shock caused Isaac to lose his balance, sending him sprawling backward onto the wooden surface, his neck craning upward to take in the space between Kuzuro's two legs. The tiny cat was greeted with the towering sight of the titanic twink's calves, his gaze tracing the powerful legs upward—past the rigid knees, along the curves of the muscular thighs, before pausing momentarily on the impressive bulge Kuzuro carried between his legs.

The scene triggered memories from Isaac's college days, where he would sometimes position his sleeping bag directly under Kuzuro's bed, right between his sandals, so that when the massive twink stood up in the morning with his typical morning wood, Isaac would be treated to the same view he was now seeing, standing between his friend's two feet. It had been a perverted indulgence, but also dangerously thrilling—something Isaac was experiencing again in the present moment, standing unnoticed between Kuzuro's massive legs.

At the very least, the powerful impact of Kuzuro's paw had made the alarm of Isaac's tiny olive-sized ship go off. The jaguarundi's pointed ears—characteristic of his feline species—twitched slightly as Kuzuro's gaze finally turned downward, locating Isaac

and his ship, which, to Kuzuro, resembled nothing more than a child's toy, nestled between his feet. Isaac could see the shift in the giant feline's posture and expression as Kuzuro's casual, relaxed demeanor quickly morphed into one of rigid surprise. From far below, Isaac could both see and feel the muscles in his friend's legs tense with the realization of how close he had come to crushing the tiny ship of his micro friend. Kuzuro's right toe, now resting perilously close to the ship, radiated a heat Isaac could feel despite the small distance separating them. And with that heat came the faint scent of sweat emanating from the jaguarundi's paws.

"ISAAC! I'M SO SORRY!" Kuzuro's voice, naturally booming and powerful, despite the alarm and concern in its tone, felt like a battering ram to the ears of the tiny Siamese cat. It was becoming increasingly clear that neither of the two friends were used to interacting with beings whose size difference could easily range from hundreds of meters, or even up to hundreds of thousands of meters in height, as was the case with those considered mega macro-sized beings. "Kuzuro! It's all right!" Isaac shouted in response, just as he felt the ground tremble beneath him. The quake was caused by the giant feline shifting his right foot slightly to the side, moving his toes away from his diminutive friend to increase the margin of safety between the enormous appendage and the micro's tiny body. Of course, Kuzuro had no idea that by doing so, he was giving Isaac a small, stunning show. The tiny cat watched as a faint spot of sweat and moisture, which had formed beneath the pad of Kuzuro's toe, evaporated the moment the massive appendage was lifted into the air and pulled away.

It took Isaac a moment to fully grasp the situation, but judging by the still-shocked expression on his friend's face, it became evident that Kuzuro hadn't even heard the tiny Siamese micro shouting earlier. "How stupid of me," Isaac muttered to himself. "Of course, he can't hear me—just look at his size now! He must be at least 170 meters tall!" He immediately slapped a hand to his forehead. Back in their college days, all residents were required to use ear dots, a standard device that allowed micros to communicate with macros, making sure the micros could understand the powerful voices of even larger mega macros without their words sounding like deafening thunderous roars filled with bass. It was only then that the 1-centimeter-tall Isaac noticed that the shadow of his 1.76-meter-tall friend had grown around him. Isaac glanced upward just in time to see that Kuzuro was crouching down!

If the view Isaac had earlier had been impressive, it was about to become breathtaking. Before, he could barely see anything above Kuzuro's lower body, his vision limited by the imposing bulge of his friend's hefty package. But now, Isaac could finally catch a glimpse of Kuzuro's upper body—his flat, toned stomach perfectly aligned with the rest of his beautiful physique. Isaac also realized that the giant, normal-sized feline was only wearing his swimwear—a light green speedo that clung tightly to his body. To Isaac's astonishment, as Kuzuro crouched, he could almost watch in slow motion as the large feline's pair of balls got closer and closer to where he stood. The green fabric of

Kuzuro's speedo seemed to struggle with every fiber to contain the masculine package tucked within. By the time Kuzuro's powerful, muscular legs settled into place, Isaac found himself standing directly beneath his friend's enormous thighs, right in the valley formed between them, and just below the massive bulge nestled between those muscular legs.

To say the view was impressive from Isaac's perspective would be a huge understatement. Kuzuro's green speedo was so tight against his body that it looked like a second skin. Isaac couldn't help but wonder how someone with a package as large as Kuzuro's could wear such tight clothing without feeling uncomfortable. He spared his imagination the effort—it was enough to simply gaze upward and trace every small detail of his friend's masculine physique, especially his most intimate area. Standing face to face with the virility of his former college roommate, Isaac realized that perhaps he had never been this close during their years in college. Following the rounded contour of Kuzuro's cock head, resting gracefully on the twin mountains of his testicles, Isaac's eyes traveled further down, catching sight of the barely covered patch of flesh beneath his friend's taint. The green fabric of the speedo, stretched so thin it could have been dental floss, disappeared completely as it was swallowed between the twin, firm, muscular cheeks of the giant twink.

The boys had already jumped into the pool without waiting for the tiny Isaac. However, that wasn't exactly what was running through the micro feline's mind at the moment. Inside his underwear, his own penis was getting increasingly excited just from being in the presence of one that was at least fifteen times larger than his entire body. Even though his former roommate's member wasn't even visible. Just after crouching down, Kuzuro, with all the gentleness in the world, moved his right hand closer, extending his index finger, whose claw alone was nearly the size of Isaac. Isaac had long known what this meant, so he carefully climbed onto the padded tip of Kuzuro's finger to hitch a ride. But not before using his precious time to admire the unique view he had of his ex-roommate's intimate areas, given his current position before Kuzuro's gigantic body, which led the nearly 200-meter-tall feline to say, *"ISAAC! MY EYES ARE UP HERE! AND NOW I CAN SEE YOU BETTER~."*

Though Kuzuro had gotten closer to the desk's surface and, therefore, closer to Isaac, he couldn't see in detail which part of his magnificent body the tiny feline was staring at. He simply knew Isaac well, perhaps better than Isaac even realized, since almost every night in college when Isaac thought his giant, normal-sized roommate was asleep as he explored his glorious body, Kuzuro had been fully awake, monitoring his tiny companion's adventures across his body the whole time. Kuzuro had often wondered how Isaac didn't find it odd that every time he climbed Kuzuro's body, exploring the manhood up close, Kuzuro was always sporting an erection inside his underwear. Did Isaac really believe Kuzuro was having wet dreams every one of those nights?

Regardless, the tiny Siamese felt a bit frustrated by the comment booming from Kuzuro's powerful voice and even tried to shout something back to the massive feline. *"ISAAC! SORRY, BUT I DON'T HAVE MY EAR DOTS WITH ME. I MAY BE CLOSER TO YOU NOW, BUT I STILL CAN'T HEAR YOU OR MAKE OUT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING,"* Kuzuro replied, with a slight air of superiority that only made Isaac feel more frustrated and insignificant in the presence of his giant friend. The truth was, despite them all being felines, the fact that Isaac was the smallest of them all, at the lower end of the size scale, often made him feel like less of a person and left him with a hint of envy toward the other giants he used to be around daily. While that feeling had been greatly mitigated by now being surrounded by other micros, all the same size as him, he could never completely extinguish it. Still, it wasn't a major impediment in the tiny Siamese's life.

Finally taking the hint and concluding his admiration of Kuzuro's beautifully masculine curves, Isaac found himself standing on the padded tip of Kuzuro's index finger. A sudden forceful lift, accompanied by powerful G-forces, carried him from the floor to the level of the giant feline's eyes in less than a second. *"Look at you, still as small as I remember. Actually, you might even be bigger—or is it rounder?~"* Kuzuro teased, now whispering to avoid straining the tiny cat's ears, especially knowing Isaac was right in front of his face. *"Ahahaha! Kuzuro and his world-sized ego! Good to see you too,"* Isaac replied, trying to brush off the comment with humor, though knowing it was partly true—he had gained a few pounds since finishing college. But before Isaac could get another word out, he felt a sudden lurch forward, nearly knocking him flat on his back on the soft surface of Kuzuro's fingertip, only to see the giant feline's lips approaching at high speed.

"KUZU! WAIT! I'M STILL IN MY TRAVEL CLOTHES!" Too late. Despite Isaac's protest, all he could see was a wall of soft lips, entirely coated in dark wax from the lipstick that the slightly effeminate twink wore, rushing toward him. The warm, soft lips pressed against his body with enough force to generate a loud, squelching kiss that left Isaac's clothes smeared in dark wax, while an imprint of Isaac's upper body could now be seen on Kuzuro's upper lip.

"SORRY! I'VE JUST MISSED YOU SO MUCH! OH, AND SPEAKING OF WHICH..." Kuzuro's voice, though sweet and modulated to sound gentle, still carried the full power of his natural size, hitting the tiny Isaac, now directly in front of his lips, like a wave of sound. Isaac could easily smell the scent of pure alcohol mixed with a soft drink—an old Cuban cocktail, which was popular back in their college days—signaling that the guys had probably already had a few drinks by the pool while waiting for him. In a sense, Isaac had just conducted an impromptu breathalyzer test on his best friend, purely by standing in front of his mouth while he spoke a few sentences.

Moments later, Isaac was forced to hold on as he felt the giant move, only to see his tiny ship being effortlessly lifted from the ground by Kuzuro's thumb and forefinger. A chill ran down his spine as he realized how a slight misstep—a firmer squeeze from his friend—could crush his ship into wreckage. “Kuzuro, for heaven's sake! Be careful! I think you should put it back down!” Isaac's voice was tinged with worry.

“Relax, I might be a little rusty dealing with micros, but I'm not going to break your ship. Besides, wouldn't it be worse to just leave it lying around on the desk where I might step on it or walk through here again?” The "gigantic" feline, though technically of normal size, made his point, leaving Isaac with no argument. The two friends then navigated the “vast” surface of the small desk in one of the many guest rooms in the house. Kuzuro placed Isaac's tiny ship near the base of a trinket holder that was easily ten times its size. This was even more staggering from Isaac's perspective, as the giant feline could cover in a single stride what would take the micro-sized cat several minutes to walk. Trying to traverse the rest of the house without the help of another "micro," or at least someone of normal size, would be unthinkable for Isaac.

Although the house had been designed to accommodate both macros and micros, it was only meant to serve a certain range of size scales. Built on a planet inhabited by beings known to be true leviathans, the house itself was scaled for mega-macros, but it had been equipped to perfectly accommodate beings of normal human size. This last fact became glaringly obvious when Kuzuro used a small elevator, specifically designed to lift people of his scale from the floor to the top of the desk. Once on the ground, well-marked pathways indicated the "safe zones" where micros, or rather, normal-sized people, could walk freely without worrying about stepping into the shadow of an incoming giant. Of course, the most basic and universal rule of macro-micro worlds still applied: if you're the smaller one, it's your job to stay alert, watch out for trouble, and avoid accidents. For Isaac, those same marked pathways, which to Kuzuro seemed no wider than a narrow sidewalk, felt like vast avenues slicing through the center of a massive city. He could easily imagine skyscrapers lining the sides and picture himself walking next to the body of a rampaging giant.

Naturally, the so-called “giant” Kuzuro couldn't resist having a little fun with his small friend. Even though they had been roommates for four years, it wasn't common for Kuzuro to transport Isaac in this manner. This was only happening because, according to the laws in this district, only people of Kuzuro's size scale were allowed to use size manipulation devices. They were the only ones who could freely navigate between the extremes of the size spectrum since the size manipulators on the market had certain limitations regarding the sizes they could adjust. For instance, someone truly micro like Isaac could easily be scaled up to match Kuzuro's normal size, but never to the multi-kilometer heights of Kurt or Saymon. Likewise, those titanic beings could never shrink down enough to match Isaac's naturally tiny size. Kuzuro was literally the mediator

between worlds—the only one who could use the device to inhabit both Saymon and Kurt’s universe while also shrinking down to interact naturally with Isaac.

Because of these limitations, construction companies and their lobbying efforts pushed regulatory authorities to cut costs on construction projects. For example, a mega-macro house, in order to be regulated for normal-sized occupants like Kuzuro, had to meet a set of standards, modifications, and special access points so that individuals, who were relatively just 1 centimeter tall compared to the gigantic structure, could inhabit the house without major accidents. This made the projects expensive, and without such features, only beings over 1.5 kilometers tall or more would be allowed to rent the properties. Obviously, because this was a tourist area built in a district designed to host visitors of all sizes, the house catered to normal-sized beings, but not to those who were micro-sized like Isaac. As a result, in this district, Isaac couldn’t even use size manipulation tech and could only join his college friends on this trip thanks to the presence of a mediator with an intermediate size—Kuzuro. Kuzuro was literally acting as Isaac’s babysitter, and while it might seem contradictory that Isaac couldn’t use size tech to match Kuzuro’s size and take advantage of the house’s features more safely, this happened due to regulatory norms that tended to serve interest groups rather than protect people.

In any case, Kuzuro was loving this, as it was the only time he didn’t feel small when around Kurt and Saymon. Even though he could grow to match their size, the jaguarundi still often felt like an intruder in their domain. *“OKAY, I DON’T THINK WE PLANNED THIS OUT VERY WELL...”* The giant, though normally sized feline, remarked as his arm—locked in the same position to prevent Isaac from falling out of his palm—began to tire and grow numb. Isaac immediately turned around and looked up, catching the pensive expression on his friend’s massive face towering above him. Kuzuro was glancing down, not just at the tiny feline in his palm, but at his own body, which didn’t seem to offer many suitable places to put his small friend.

Kuzuro, aware that he still had to walk down a long corridor leading to seven of the mansion’s fifteen suites, descend a grand staircase to the double-height first floor, and navigate through a house scaled to two hundred times his own size, quickly considered the situation and said, *“ISAAC, I’LL GIVE YOU THREE OPTIONS.”* Before the tiny cat had time to react, Kuzuro shifted his hand, positioning Isaac right in front of his right nipple. *“OPTION ONE, I CAN LEAVE YOU HANGING HERE UNTIL WE REACH THE POOL DECK~”* He moved his hand again, sending a jolt through Isaac’s tiny body as the giant’s toned abdomen passed before him. The hand finally paused a little above the twink’s waistline, putting Isaac face-to-face with a pair of solid gold piercings, which, from his perspective, must have been impossibly heavy. *“THIS WOULD BE OPTION TWO, AND LASTLY~”* Kuzuro’s hand moved one more time, this time traveling a much shorter distance, stopping just in front of his well-fitted green speedo. Isaac now found himself so close to the bulge that he could feel the masculine

heat radiating through the fabric and catch the faint, virile scent of his friend. *“MAKE UP YOUR MIND QUICKLY, OR I’LL DECIDE FOR YOU~ MY ARM IS GETTING TIRED.”*

Isaac was flustered, nervous, and unsure of what to do. Glancing up, he could see the subtle movements of Kuzuro adjusting his posture, while glancing forward, he faced the sheer masculine power resting before him, separated by only a thin layer of fabric. *“HEY! IF YOU DON’T DECIDE SOON, I’LL JUST TOSS YOU ON THE FLOOR AND WALK AWAY. I LEFT MY DRINK BY THE POOL, AND IT’S PROBABLY WARMING UP AND GETTING DILUTED.”* The giant twink teased, his tone carrying a hint of impatience as he playfully added pressure to the situation, trying to sound annoyed but clearly enjoying Isaac’s frustration. Kuzuro loved seeing his tiny friend flustered, and in a playful attempt to hide his smug grin, he shifted his body, making his waist move in a way that caused his well-endowed bulge to sway—his green speedo stretching to contain both his balls and the flaccid penis that swayed naturally with the movement of his thighs.

Unfortunately, this display did nothing to help Isaac concentrate on his choice. Before the tiny feline knew it, another strong jolt hit him. He didn’t even have time to look up to guess Kuzuro’s next move before he found himself face-to-face with a polished golden ball piercing. Kuzuro had pinned Isaac gently against the piercing above the dimple of his twinkish waist, which, though masculine, was enviably shapely—something that could make many women jealous. *“TIME’S UP! THIS IS BETTER ANYWAY. IF YOU LOSE YOUR BALANCE WITH MY STEPS AND FALL, YOU’LL HAVE MY SPEEDO’S WAISTBAND BELOW TO CATCH YOU AND SAVE YOURSELF~”* The giant feline remarked, finally resting his arm and preparing to resume his walk. But not before blowing a playful kiss toward Isaac, who was now gripping the piercing and using Kuzuro’s body fur as ropes to steady himself. *“HOLD ON TIGHT, ISAAC. IT’D BE A SHAME FOR YOU TO HAVE SURVIVED FOUR LONG YEARS SURROUNDED BY MEGA MACROS, ONLY TO GET STEPPED ON BY A NORMAL SIZED GUY NOW, HEHEHE~”* With that final remark, Kuzuro turned his gaze forward and began walking once more.

With each step the giant twink took, Isaac found himself unsure whether to look down, up, or forward. Glancing down, the tiny Siamese cat could see the powerful, muscular legs and thighs of his friend, moving like solid pillars propelling the feline forward with great speed. Looking up, Isaac could observe Kuzuro’s abdomen rising and falling calmly with each breath the enormous feline took. Unfortunately for the micro kitty, though the “giant” could cover distances faster than Isaac could imagine, the journey through a house designed and scaled for mega macros still took a while, even for Kuzuro. The walk lasted several minutes—long enough for Isaac to feel the heat radiating from his massive friend’s body, smell the first hints of sweat, and, worst of all, long enough for Kuzuro to start sweating as he walked.

It was around the time the human-sized feline reached the mansion's ground floor that the tiny micro—only a centimeter tall—began losing his grip on the piercing as the golden sphere became slick with sweat. Isaac tumbled downward, past Kuzuro's waist as the enormous feline continued walking, helplessly watching as the dense forest of white pubic hair below the navel approached, extending into the confines of Kuzuro's tight green speedo. Isaac could only see those white, oily, sweat-dampened hairs, full of musk, growing closer until, as Kuzuro had warned earlier, the small Siamese collided with the waistband of his friend's speedo, becoming entangled. At that moment, Isaac felt a final "**thoom!**" followed by divine stillness. Looking down, seeking confirmation, Isaac observed his friend's legs and realized the giant had stopped moving.

Only when Isaac looked up did he see Kuzuro staring down at him, a satisfied grin on his face, almost as if he had expected the tiny cat to end up in this precarious position eventually.

"WELL, LUCKY FOR YOU, ISAAC, WE'RE ALMOST THERE~" Kuzuro teased, lowering his hand toward the waistband of his speedo as if threatening to pull it open. Both felines were fully aware that if Kuzuro even slightly loosened the waistband, the tiny Isaac could easily slip inside and become lost in the musk-filled world of the young man. *"WOULDN'T IT BE A SHAME IF YOU... ACCIDENTALLY... SLIPPED INTO MY SPEEDO?~"* Kuzuro pronounced each word slowly, provocatively, while his thumb hovered near the waistband, as if ready to tug it down, which would inevitably cause the micro to fall inside. But the giant feline's plans were a bit more mischievous than that.

Kuzuro merely touched his large thumb to the green speedo's waistband, an action that alone made the elastic vibrate noticeably. Then, with a gentle push, he lowered the waistband just slightly. That simple act, of course, felt much more intense from Isaac's perspective. The tiny cat could feel the entire green fabric, which had been acting as his lifeline, quivering and shifting. The mere lowering of the waistband exposed the small dimples on Kuzuro's hips—enough space for Isaac to potentially slide inside the speedo with the giant feline's very next step toward the pool deck.

Isaac even dared to tilt his head to the side, allowing the tiny feline to observe the depths of his best friend's speedo. Immediately, a wave of sweaty masculinity rose from the newly created gap, hitting Isaac square in the face. The scent was salty but also pleasant, carrying the pheromones of a sophisticated yet virile man. Beyond that, Isaac could see how the upper region of Kuzuro's groin was dominated by a thick, dense forest of pubic hair. Finally, the amount of sweat trapped inside was more than enough to ensure that if Isaac slipped down onto his friend's manhood, he would have no chance of holding onto anything to prevent his fall.

“OH WELL, BETTER KEEP WALKING~ WOULDN’T WANT TO KEEP THE GUYS WAITING, AFTER ALL~” Kuzuro remarked, his posture straightening once more, eyes focused on the horizon as the familiar vibrations and rumblings of the young, effeminate twink’s muscles prepared for the next step forward. *“KUZURO!!! WAIT!!!”* *Thoom!!!* The giant jaguarundi resumed walking as if nothing unusual was happening. As the first impact surged through his towering body, Isaac felt the elastic waistband holding Kuzuro’s speedo snugly around his waist shift, bouncing up and down. This movement caused the tiny Siamese cat to slip further, his face smacking against the warm skin of his former roommate before falling into the dense forest of pubic hair in the giant twink’s groin.

The white, soft hair cushioned Isaac’s fall, but as he brushed against them, his fur became increasingly soaked with Kuzuro’s virile sweat. Every brush against the jaguarundi’s pubic hairs felt like being painted with salty humidity until Isaac found himself face-first against the wrinkled surface of Kuzuro’s massive scrotum. Clinging as best he could, Isaac had little control as each step tossed him about within the sweltering, soft, and suffocating confines of Kuzuro’s speedo. Eventually, he slipped down the massive semi-erect feline’s shaft, feeling the intense masculine heat emanating from his friend’s penis. There was no way for Isaac to hold on, as the slick skin was coated in a fine layer of sweat from Kuzuro’s natural perspiration. Isaac’s face collided with the base of the mushroom head of Kuzuro’s penis, unknowingly planting a small kiss on his former roommate’s shaft, leaving a faint taste of male musk in his mouth before he slid further down, past the giant’s genitalia, while the towering feline continued his walk uninterrupted.

Thoom! The dynamics Isaac faced now, deep within his friend’s bulge, were far more overwhelming. Each step compressed Isaac beneath Kuzuro’s heavy balls, and to make matters worse, the accumulated sweat and moisture inside the green speedo offered no relief. Isaac was gradually forced downward by the weight of those orbs. *“KUZURO!”* the tiny Siamese cat managed to cry out before being dragged beneath the sweaty, hefty scrotum. His last view was a close-up of the imposing, glorious tip of Kuzuro’s penis, with a bead of pre-cum slowly dripping out just before Isaac was pushed beneath the weighty, musk-filled sack. For a fleeting moment, Isaac swore that the giant feline’s cock throbbed in response to his cry, just as he was shoved under.

For several minutes, Isaac’s world became total darkness, accompanied by intense virile heat, constant jolts, and the overwhelming humidity of masculinity. Then, suddenly, the world around him stopped. It was an eerie calm after the storm. Kuzuro had finally reached the pool deck, and the giant, normal-sized feline was now deciding whether to rescue Isaac from his speedo or settle down to sunbathe, as he had been doing earlier. After a few seconds of contemplation, a terrifying stillness enveloped Isaac’s world of

pure musk and sweat, followed by a sudden jolt, but this time the world was moving downward!

Isaac immediately understood what was happening—he didn't need to be a genius to know what was coming next. Kuzuro had reached his destination and was about to sit down. The tiny Siamese, trapped beneath the weight of his best friend's balls, knew he was about to be crushed by Kuzuro's manhood. Isaac tried to open his mouth to protest, but it was too late. With a loud **THUD!**, Isaac felt the pressure on his tiny body increase tenfold, and as his mouth was still open, trying to voice his complaint, the wrinkled skin of Kuzuro's scrotum pressed into his mouth, leaving Isaac surrounded by nothing but the taste, smell, and weight of the young feline's balls.

After sitting down, Kuzuro made sure to adjust himself on his towel, dragging his bulge back and forth over poor Isaac's body, almost as if he wanted to ensure that the micro feline would be marked by his virile scent for the rest of the day. Without realizing it, Kuzuro had maneuvered Isaac's face back toward the tip of his penis, pressing the tiny cat's face against the warm, precum-slick glans. Once Kuzuro had finished settling in and rested fully, Isaac was left completely immobilized, his face pressed against the tip of his friend's semi-erect cock, forced to breathe air that came directly from Kuzuro's urethra. The rest of his body lay trapped under the overwhelming weight of the jaguarundi's massive balls.

Kuzuro had no intention of letting his "new toy" suffocate inside his speedo or keeping Isaac trapped any longer than necessary. Yet, at the same time, he wasn't in any rush to rescue the poor micro feline either. Deep down, both of them were enjoying the situation. Isaac had always had a fascination with the beautiful curves of his best friend's body, and now he was getting a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to study every detail of the young twink's cock and masculinity up close—closer than ever before.

Finally, after several more minutes of resting from his long walk through the large house and sipping a bit more of his sweetened drink, Kuzuro gently moved his right hand toward his bulge. He could feel the tiny micro firmly pressed against the head of his penis, sensing Isaac's warm breaths against the slit. Before freeing Isaac, Kuzuro decided to play a little longer, using the tip of his fingers to massage his cock. The penis responded by throbbing harder, releasing a large bead of hot precum directly onto Isaac's face. Kuzuro, still toying with the small feline, rubbed Isaac's face into the sticky warmth, making sure to cover him in the gooey substance before delicately hooking his claw under the waistband of his moist, tight speedo and pulling it to the side.

Isaac fell backward between his best friend's inner thighs, his body entirely soaked in the fluids from another man's groin, from his toes to his head. But nothing compared to the sight of being nestled between the thick, muscular thighs of a gigantic twink, with his veiny cock pulsing lightly above Isaac's head, now free from the confines of the tight speedo. *"HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR TAXI SERVICE, ISAAC~ DON'T WORRY, IT'S FREE FOR YOU~"* Kuzuro's booming yet softly excited voice hit Isaac's ears just as the twink's penis throbbed at the end of the sentence, as if responding to his words. A small, hot, crystal-clear drop of precum fell to the towel a few dozen meters away from tiny Isaac, relatively speaking.

For a moment, Isaac was speechless, unsure how to react. The scene before him stirred a powerful mix of helplessness and pleasure. Kuzuro, noticing that Isaac wasn't making much effort to move away from his cock or groin, began pumping his now fully erect penis with his left hand. Isaac just watched in awe, mesmerized by how fingers larger than him could so easily handle a cock fifteen times his size. The micro feline made no move, only continuing to watch as his former roommate masturbated in the open air, mere steps from his enormous balls. Isaac even saw the giant's balls briefly lift before thudding back down with a heavy impact. If Isaac had still been beneath them at that moment, he likely would have had bones broken—assuming Kuzuro didn't crush him with his sack more than once, which was unlikely since the giant twink was jerking himself off faster and with increasing intensity. All of this was happening just above the tiny micro cat's head, who had the privilege of watching up close. Soon, large drops of precum began to rain down around Isaac like a warm, scattered shower.

It didn't take long for Isaac to feel the ground around him start to tremble. As he looked up, the two towering walls of muscle that were Kuzuro's thighs lifted! Kuzuro was adjusting his position so that his entire body loomed over Isaac, casting an immense shadow. But that wasn't the most imposing part. Isaac realized that he had been placed directly under the aim of Kuzuro's massive cockhead. With two loud thuds, Kuzuro's knees hit the ground on either side of Isaac. The fully erect penis, with its engorged, throbbing glans, pulsed rhythmically in time with the twink's racing heartbeat. Isaac realized he had become the main target of that towering cannon of semen, which was about to fire!

It wasn't long before Kuzuro's left hand moved toward his cock, ready to finish the job he had started. From nearly twenty meters away, Isaac could see the feline's huge balls bouncing as Kuzuro jerked himself off. Then, soft yet loud moans began escaping the giant twink's mouth, and those massive balls tightened inside his hairy sack. **THUD!** Without warning, Kuzuro pressed the head of his cock against Isaac's tiny body, leaving only the upper half of the micro feline free to stare directly into the slit of his friend's penis. A tsunami of hot, white, viscous cum was speeding its way toward him, ready to fire directly into Isaac's face. *"KUZURO! WAIT..."* It was a terrible choice to open his

mouth because, in an instant, a thick, hot rope of cum shot into Isaac's face with full force, forcing the tiny cat to gulp down gallons of his friend's genetic material.

Jet after jet of fresh cum, Kuzuro painted the towel between his legs white. The tiny Isaac was caught in the spray, covered in the sticky, viscous seed from Kuzuro. After four long spurts, Kuzuro had the pleasure of rubbing the tip of his cock back and forth against the towel's fibers, his thick penis throbbing again as the sensation of the towel's texture tickled the folds of his foreskin. Naturally, this forced the tiny micro, only one centimeter tall, to be rubbed along with that foreskin now slick with cum.

"WOW! THIS IS AMAZING! WHY DIDN'T WE EVER DO THIS BACK IN COLLEGE?" Kuzuro exclaimed, more to himself than anyone, lifting his heavy cock from Isaac. The poor micro was stuck to the soft folds of his foreskin for a few seconds before falling back into the pool of cum with a small splash. Meanwhile, as the normal-sized twink enjoyed the aftermath of his arousal, his hand accidentally brushed against the size manipulation device, causing the immense, glorious, and powerful shadow above Isaac to vanish suddenly.

Isaac, still dizzy and disoriented, his entire body covered in various fluids from his best friend's cock, heard another splash in the lake of cum that surrounded him, not far from his position. "Kuzuro?!" Isaac called out, noticing that the giant form of his friend, which had towered over him, had disappeared. "ISAAC!" came the response, not from a booming macro voice, but from a voice as small and normal as Isaac's own. The Siamese cat steadied himself on a small hill of towel fabric and spotted the now equally tiny micro jaguarundi, struggling to swim out of the warm, sticky lake of cum that he had just ejaculated himself.

The irony of the situation couldn't have been more satisfying to Isaac, who took a heroic stance near the edge of the white lake, waiting for the moment Kuzuro would crawl out of the pool of his own semen. And sure enough, as soon as the formerly giant feline, now micro, emerged from the lake, he found himself face to face with Isaac's paws. The Siamese cat stood, looking down at him with a smug expression, clearly enjoying seeing his former roommate getting a taste of his own medicine.

However, unknown to the two micros—or mega micros, considering the multi-kilometric scale of everything around them—two other members of the gang were about to arrive. The two truly macros, the mega macros responsible for renting and financing the luxurious vacation home, had only gone out for a short jet-ski ride and were now returning. Kurt, piloting the jet-ski, had just turned off the engine. Saymon, the black panther with sleek, silky fur, couldn't contain himself, having "lost" his swimsuit during the ride. He had no choice but to press firmly against his boyfriend's back, hoping no

one would notice him riding in the back of the jet-ski completely naked. As soon as they reached the marina and Kurt cut the engine, Saymon jumped into the water, swimming toward the infinity pool's access point, where lake water flowed into the pool, and hurried toward the deck, desperate to get inside and find some clothes to cover his naked body.

The problem was that neither the micros nor the macros were fully aware of each other's presence. But of course, the micros wouldn't remain unaware of their friend's mega-macro presence for long. In fact, this obliviousness on both Isaac's and Kuzuro's part was about to change within seconds.

"Oh! Wow, what bad luck, Kuzuro. Clumsy as always, you had to knock into the size bracelet right in the middle of your orgasm. Look at you, you just took a bath in your own semen! Ahaha!!!" Isaac teased, himself equally covered in semen from head to toe. "They say it's good for the skin~ hehehe," he added, just as two powerful **THUD!** **THUD!** noises shook the ground around them, accompanied by a slight earthquake that forced the two micros to steady themselves to avoid falling over.

Though impressive and attention-grabbing, what Kuzuro and Isaac had just witnessed was merely a small display of the true, immense masculine power that was about to manifest before and above them in the following moments. Majestically and with divine grace, Saymon placed both his right and left hands on the pool's edge and launched his body upward, intending to rise from the water.

Isaac and Kuzuro were graced with the sight of a Greek god, completely nude, rising out of the water. A true cascade, both in intensity and volume, streamed down the titan puma's upper body as more and more of his massive form emerged from the pool, towering mechanically above the two mega micros. The sound and sheer amount of water hitting the hard deck floor around the two diminutive felines was overwhelming. But nothing could distract Isaac and Kuzuro from the sight of that literally divine figure as he rose from the water—until Saymon's waist, and consequently his groin, stole the scene.

The reason the titan puma returned home completely naked, without a single piece of clothing, was because Kurt and Saymon, being the lovely couple they were, couldn't help but get distracted by their playful activities in the vast lake surrounding the vacation mansion. In the midst of their loving distraction, Saymon's swimsuit was lost, carried away by the lake's waters. However, those same waters had no effect on the fire that kept Saymon's cock hard as stone, pulsing between his legs, now high above the heads of his two minuscule college friends—whom the giant puma had no idea were directly beneath his groin, witnessing this display of masculinity on a divine scale.

As Saymon's limbs were still slightly numb from the combination of making out and the jet-ski ride, he slipped a little while making his triumphant exit from the pool. The result was a severe consequence for the tiny pair of micros below him.

Kuzuro and Isaac, each no more than a millimeter tall—if that—compared to the colossal black god rising from the waters before them, stood no chance. They were unable to react when that enormous, fur-covered pair of balls, soft and black, descended upon them like a pair of meteors. As large as the asteroid that collided with Earth to form the moon, Saymon's testicles collided with the pool's edge, momentarily allowing their immense weight, along with the girth of his erect cock, to rest on the deck. Tragically, they rested directly atop the millimeter-sized duo below. The moment the truly giant twink regained his balance and took another step forward, his enormous, heavy balls lifted with the rest of his body as he stood fully on the pool's edge, completely unaware that, nestled among the many folds of his wrinkled scrotum, Saymon was now carrying two nearly imperceptible passengers.

To be continued...