

Summer hits. A macro vacation.

(Story commission)

Part 2.

Saymon, now standing tall, could hardly imagine how his smallest movements were tormenting the lives of his friends. From the perspective of the two micros, who were so tiny they could barely be classified within the millimeter scale, the vast surface of the titan puma's testicles was so immense that both Isaac and Kuzuro could easily fall into the canyon-like folds of the twink's scrotal skin.

Life for micros, trapped within the bodies of a mega macro, was sheer chaos. Streams of water still cascading down the black feline's fur were like enormous rivers to the two micros, and from their point of view, even the smallest trickle running along the finely defined curves of Saymon's physique felt like a raging torrent in both speed and volume. To worsen their predicament, now that the titan puma was upright, a fall from his body meant certain death. With Saymon standing at an easy height of 3.5 kilometers, a slip would be a plunge to doom. Despite being a typical submissive twink among his peers, meaning he was relatively short by mega macro standards, Saymon's size was still incomprehensible to those at Isaac and Kuzuro's scale.

"Kuzuro! Give me your hand!" Isaac shouted, reaching for the other micro feline amidst the overwhelming sound of rushing water. Worse still, while they struggled to keep their balance on the warm, soft skin constantly shifting with the movements of the titan puma, they also had to stay alert to avoid being swept away by the water still running down Saymon's body. And as if that wasn't enough, the entire world around them began to vibrate and quake. The sensation was eerily familiar to Isaac, though magnified a thousandfold! The source of the intense seismic tremors, shaking their small world of fur, skin, and masculine heat, was nothing more than the colossal thighs of their behemoth friend flexing in anticipation of a simple act—walking!

Yes, Saymon, the towering black puma, was about to perform something as ridiculously mundane as walking from the pool deck to the nearby spray area to fetch towels for drying off. An act so trivial that no person in their right mind would even consider the consequences of a single step on those infinitely small beings, barely noticeable to the naked eye. While Saymon was sweet and gentle, he would hardly concern himself if a tiny micro got caught unaware under the shadow of his city-sized paw—especially on a planet entirely designed to accommodate beings of his stature. Here, it was the micros' responsibility to stay aware of their surroundings and avoid accidents.

Speaking of surroundings, Isaac and Kuzuro, already feeling the effects of the impending motion of their friend's thighs, tried everything to brace themselves for what was to come, but it was too late. Contrary to popular belief about mega macros and their

kind, there is no slow motion in real life. The instant Saymon's right paw lifted mechanically over the vast expanse of the pool deck, his thigh and the rest of his glorious leg surged forward at spectacular speed. To any other tiny creature left on the ground, it would be like watching a 3.5-kilometer-tall mountain come to life and walk. It was nothing short of mind-blowing. But from Isaac and Kuzuro's perspective, Saymon's right thigh launched forward, dragging the rest of his body along, generating a force that glued the two micros face-first to the warm, soft surface of his scrotum due to the immense G-force.

As Saymon's inner thigh pressed forward, it naturally pushed his healthy ballsack between his legs, causing the balls to sway hypnotically between the muscular thighs. This resulted in a massive trench forming directly below the spot where Isaac and Kuzuro were desperately clinging for dear life.

What seemed like a minor adjustment of skin for Saymon—a natural occurrence when men walk—was, for the two micros, about to have devastating consequences. In less than a second, both Isaac and Kuzuro found themselves tumbling down into the depths of a single fold of hot, sweaty skin, saturated with the masculine scent that naturally permeated the groin of this divine anthro feline. Not long after the two micro felines hit the bottom of that canyon, they heard the explosion—**THUD!!!** It was simply the first of many footsteps their friend would take that afternoon as he wandered around the house. The sheer magnitude of the size difference between the three felines was so colossal that the pair of germ-sized beings inhabiting one of the many wrinkles of the titan puma's scrotum could feel the tremor from the impact of his paw hitting the ground. The shockwave traveled through the multi-kilometer expanse of his body faster than the deafening sound of that same impact. It was almost as if physics itself was reminding them of just how insignificant and pathetic they were compared to the body of the feline god they dared to call a friend.

With every step the titanic puma took towards the spa next to the pool, the muscles in his body swayed naturally, adjusting to his movements, while enormous droplets of water trickled down his sleek black fur, crashing onto the floor. Each of these individual drops was large enough to destroy entire city blocks if viewed from the perspective of the two minuscule felines, now lost and trapped among the immense folds of Saymon's scrotal skin. Kuzuro and Isaac were entirely unaware of the chaos unfolding outside their titanic friend's body. Imprisoned in the heavy yet soft, warm folds of the puma's sack, neither of them could even glimpse a sliver of daylight from within their dark, male prison.

Despite the divine ordeal they were enduring—an unconscious punishment imposed by the feline god they once dared to call a friend—the very prison in which Kuzuro and Isaac found themselves would turn out to be their greatest asset. It served as a protective

barrier against what was about to unfold. Saymon continued his walk towards the sauna, intending to grab a towel and dry himself off. It wasn't long before the multi-kilometer-tall anthro puma opened the glass door of the spa and grabbed the first towel he saw. The soft, light fabric of the white towel was promptly pressed against his body, rubbed against his fur. For Saymon, this was just a mundane act, but for beings as incredibly tiny as Isaac and Kuzuro, had they not been wedged and "protected" between two folds of skin in their friend's right testicle, their bodies would have been effortlessly pulverized by the friction of the soft towel rubbing against the giant puma's fur. Each tuft of fur on Saymon's body was like an enormous, silken tree, forming a vast black forest of unimaginable dimensions. If they had been caught in the towel's fibers, colliding with the fur—each as tall as a small building—would have been lethal for any mega micro.

Fortunately, the two tiny felines, now prisoners of their friend's intimate parts, were spared this fate. Saymon, being the considerate puma he was, gently dried his manhood with extra care, resulting in little more than intense tremors and jolts for the two tiny felines trapped in his scrotum. Not even the specific set of wrinkles they were lodged in was disturbed. It was terrifying to think that if they had been anywhere else on Saymon's body—his legs, thighs, abdomen, or back—both Kuzuro and Isaac would have been reduced to the thinnest speck of dust, either scattered on the white towel or clinging to their friend's fur until his next swim or shower.

“Kuzuro!!! Pay attention, I think Saymon stopped moving! This is our chance! We need to try and get his attention or find a way out of here!” Isaac shouted during the brief pause between Saymon tossing his now damp towel into the laundry basket in the sauna and picking up a pair of swim briefs he had left nearby. “And how exactly do we do that?! We're screwed! Isaac, we messed up bad! Do you not remember how riled up Saymon can get? I doubt we'll make it through the day alive!” Kuzuro's response made perfect sense. There was an entire universe of difference between being caught near the genitals of a normal-sized friend while he was getting frisky, and being lost in the endless folds of skin on a single testicle of a friend whose ears could collide with passing airplanes if he visited their home planet without the proper size manipulation tech. The first time Saymon and Kurt got intimate, the two mega micros could be utterly crushed out of existence with the first thrust Kurt made into Saymon, causing their colossal balls to collide, generating an apocalyptic earthquake for the tiny pair trying to survive on their friend's body. Ironical, but this was the reality Isaac and Kuzuro found themselves in.

Isaac, being a natural micro and having spent four years living in the shadow of macros and mega macros, knew better than anyone that micros in unaware scenarios rarely had a happy ending. He knew they had to get off Saymon's body—whether they ended up on the floor or caught in his clothes—anything was safer than being forgotten on someone else's body, enduring all the unpredictable natural processes. In that moment,

luck favored the tiny duo. Suddenly, the heavy, warm walls of skin pressing against their bodies shifted and stretched, transforming their cramped canyon into an expansive plateau in mere seconds. The reason soon became clear as they glanced downward.

The titanic puma, deciding that his fur was dry enough, picked up his blue speedo and raised his right leg to slip it on. A simple action, but one that would never cross Saymon's mind as a potential life-changing event for the micros stuck on his body. As the colossal leg moved through the opening of the speedo, it brought a moment of light and "fresh air" to the pair of tiny passengers. "Isaac! Look!" Kuzuro pointed out the vast expanse of the inner fabric of the speedo as it stretched over Saymon's massive paw, which could easily crush entire city blocks with a single step. As the puma stretched his briefs over his well-muscled legs, the two felines began to grasp the sheer immensity of the swimwear. It was large enough to cover an entire city if Saymon decided to toss his speedo onto a small, unlucky town near his feet.

"Kuzuro! Hurry, we need to find your size bracelet! Before..." **THUD!!!** Time wasn't on the side of the tiny duo. After all, putting on a pair of swim trunks—or any undergarment, for that matter—wasn't a task that took more than a few seconds for someone of Saymon's size. Before the small Siamese cat could even finish his sentence, the thunderous impact of Saymon's right paw hitting the ground echoed like a warning, reminding them that they had even less time to find the size bracelet. Only then could one of them grow large enough to catch the attention of this towering twink, who appeared more like a living Greek god to them.

"I don't know!! I don't know!!! I must've dropped it when Saymon started drying himself!! Ahhh!!!" A fierce gust of wind, followed by intense G-forces, came before the right testicle they were hanging onto collided with the inner thigh of the titanic puma. The impact felt like a wrecking ball smashing against a steel wall, though for Saymon, this was the most mundane thing in the world—having one of his testicles swing and hit his thigh as he slipped on his trunks. For Isaac and Kuzuro, however, it was a brutal test of endurance, as they nearly lost their grip and risked falling from what would be the equivalent of a kilometer-high drop.

Time was still running against them. Looking down, the two micros watched in both fear and awe as the puma's left paw gracefully slipped through the second leg hole of his swim trunks. This was it. Their time was up. There was no stopping the powerful black puma from pulling his trunks up over his legs and toward his waist. Both Isaac and Kuzuro could do nothing but watch from their precarious vantage point, dangling upside down beneath another man's scrotum, as the swim trunks—already a giant mass even from over a kilometer away—grew ever larger as they neared the titan's groin. The sound of the elastic fabric brushing against Saymon's fur and muscles was a low, rumbling roar, impossible to ignore. Soon, all they could see on the horizon was the

white, slightly damp inner fabric of the swim trunks, stretching out hundreds of meters in every direction. It wasn't long before even the last traces of light were blotted out, replaced by the dim, bluish glow filtering through the thick, heavy fabric of the trunks, marking the beginning of their new prison.

Both micros' hearts were racing. Though Saymon's swim trunks had already covered his manhood and enveloped their world, for Isaac and Kuzuro, the half-second it took for Saymon to pull the waistband up and snap the trunks snugly against his waist felt like an eternity. Inevitably, the inner white fabric approached, pressing against the poor micros and nearly squeezing them against the warm skin of the scrotum that had been their world until then. Kuzuro couldn't help but notice Isaac shift positions at the last second, ensuring that his body faced their friend's balls, rather than the fabric of the swim trunks. At first, Kuzuro smirked at what he assumed was a cheeky move by the Siamese cat, but the truth was far more practical.

Being a more experienced micro, Isaac knew that, given the colossal size difference between their bodies, having his face pressed against Saymon's swim trunks would be a dangerous invitation. A single fiber from the fabric, thick and coarse as steel cable from a micro's perspective, could easily tear at his face. Kuzuro learned this the hard way, ending up with one of those fibers wedged between his teeth, gripping so tightly that it was nearly painful. But worse was yet to come. Like any young man, once Saymon had finished pulling up his trunks, he casually reached down with his right hand to give his bulge a gentle shake, adjusting his powerful package inside. Unbeknownst to him, this simple act would scatter his two tiny friends, separating them and spreading them across the vast expanse of his bulge.

"Kuzuro! Pay attention! We need to find a way to climb his body, get out of these swim trunks, and catch his attention somehow!" Isaac managed to shout before being completely interrupted by the massive hand of the titanic feline. The micros barely had time to react or understand what was happening. As Saymon's hand approached his bulge, the already dark and confined world of the two micros became even dimmer. Before long, the two felines were forced to endure a crushing pressure. For Saymon, it was merely adjusting his bulge—just a casual adjustment. But for Isaac and Kuzuro, it was like having every bone in their body almost ground to dust. Luckily, neither of them suffered serious injuries, though they would certainly be sore for days. And this wasn't even the worst part—once the puma's hand began to rub his bulge, the two were carried along, inevitably separated, and left in completely different locations across the vast expanse of the divine feline's manhood.

Isaac got the worst of it. Positioned facing his friend's scrotum, his face was dragged for what felt like miles across the skin of another male, forced to taste and smell the testicles of yet another one of his friends. Yes, in just a single day—within the span of

less than an hour—the poor Siamese cat had become extremely intimate with the most private parts of two of his best friends. And this time, his second friend didn't even know the predicament Isaac was facing. When the dragging finally stopped, Isaac realized that the weight of his friend's testicle on top of him had increased tenfold, and both the heat and humidity of the environment had risen dramatically. As a micro experienced in surviving the male anatomy, Isaac was sure he had just ended up beneath the immense, mountain-sized, ultra-heavy scrotum of the titanic puma! If anything, Isaac was likely closer to Saymon's taint than to anything else.

On the other side, Kuzuro's situation was vastly different. While Isaac was enduring the oppressive weight of the puma's testicles, Kuzuro found himself pinned between a soft, moist wall of skin, enveloped in a familiar scent. In front of him, a rigid wall of fabric held him in place, rendering him almost immobile—even his tail was trapped. If not for the overpowering smell, which, despite Saymon just having showered, was intense due to Kuzuro's current location, the jaguarundi might have doubted where he had ended up. But no, the unmistakable masculine musk, strong and pungent, mixed with faint traces of feline urine, with earthy tones and a bitter, salty taste in his mouth, left no doubt. Kuzuro was pressed against one of the many folds of skin at the tip of Saymon's foreskin.

Completely unaware of what was happening in the most private parts of his body, Saymon began to walk. The twink, whose physique was so defined that he could almost be considered a twink, moved with grace, wearing only his slightly snug blue swim trunks—though not as tight as Kuzuro's green ones, much to the relief of the two intruders hiding in his groin. A pair of Cartier sunglasses with softly tinted red lenses added a touch of elegance to his semi-nude appearance. Saymon was heading toward the outdoor gourmet area of the house, not far from the marina where Kurt had just finished securing the jet ski. The black puma would find his boyfriend, the handsome feline with golden and white fur speckled with dark spots, struggling to light the gas grill in the gourmet area.

“Uh~ Did I steal all your fire back in the lake?~” Saymon teased softly as he approached from behind, pressing his body gently against his partner's in an affectionate, unintentional gesture. But this innocent act would once again spell chaos for the poor micros still struggling to survive in the perilous vicinity of his groin. A groin that was now firmly pressed against the backside of his boyfriend. While both felines were enduring constant danger, it was Kuzuro who suffered the most from this unknowing display of affection. As if enduring the overpowering musk of his best friend wasn't enough, the relentless trembling and swaying of Saymon's body as he walked, coupled with the sudden pressure of his bulge against Kurt's rear, pushed Kuzuro deeper into the folds of the puma's foreskin.

Before the tiny jaguarundi even realized it, he found himself slipping into the foreskin's depths, sliding through remnants of precum, warm and slick enough to send him deeper between the folds of skin, until he was face to face with the rosy, warm head of Saymon's penis, enclosed by a thick layer of foreskin that blocked out light and trapped the dense, heady musk inside. Kuzuro could move freely again, but he was surrounded by dense clouds of pure musk, as if lost in a thick, hot fog, breathing nothing but the most concentrated essence of masculinity directly from another man's manhood.

Now hundreds of meters away from the titanic puma's foreskin, Isaac's situation was slightly more optimistic. Despite the small Siamese cat needing to employ all his micro skills to avoid becoming nothing more than a minuscule red stain beneath someone's scrotum while that very same someone casually strolled through the house's gardens, Isaac was free to move and assess his surroundings. When Saymon finally stopped moving and leaned against his beloved, Isaac was flung toward the rear side of those towering, musk-filled mountains—producers of semen and testosterone—finding himself right behind the puma boy's balls and just below his taint. It was a breathtaking sight, made all the more impressive by the dim lighting within the vast confines of the giant feline's swim trunks. Even so, Isaac could both see and hear the overwhelming reminder that he was absolutely insignificant compared to his friends, who stood at the higher end of the societal size scale.

During his college years, Isaac had always been in the presence of his mega macro puma friend, relying on his size bracelet to avoid being reduced to mere insect-like proportions in front of the other divine titans attending the same institution. But now, standing before the most intimate part of his friend's body at his true size, Isaac was confronted with the crushing reality that he was utterly nothing—powerless against even the smallest part of his best friend's anatomy. The pubic hairs surrounding the puma's sack loomed like towering trees, and the constant sound of the vast quantity of semen sloshing within those testosterone-filled, musk-producing spheres made Isaac feel on the verge of declaring himself a worshipper of this divine being—a body so perfect it seemed worthy of adoration.

Despite this humbling reality, the insignificant Siamese cat still had the upper hand in one respect—he was free to move in any direction, even though he was confined in such an intimate and restricted space on his best friend's body. Isaac immediately focused on the other features of the puma's body surrounding him, realizing that if he could find a way between Saymon's massive buttocks and scale his taint, he might eventually reach the cleft of the feline's rear, where he could finally see daylight and breathe fresh air once more. Yet before the small feline could take his first step toward this new plan, a powerful rumble followed by an intense tremor—signaling the movement of the puma's thighs—shattered his hopes. It all happened too quickly. Saymon had simply pressed his legs together, squeezing his thighs tightly, ensuring that both of his insignificant

passengers in his groin would be unable to overhear the conversation he was about to have with his boyfriend.

“How are they doing?~ hehehe,” Saymon asked, leaning his muzzle over his boyfriend’s shoulder, barely able to contain his laughter, tinged with a hint of playful malice. Looking over Kurt’s shoulder, the black puma could see on a tablet screen two locator dots positioned on a map that perfectly outlined the figure of an anthro body. Specifically, his own anthro body. All of this was part of an elaborate sensual prank orchestrated by the three friends. Both mega macros were fully aware of Isaac and Kuzuro’s predicament, and while it was true that the normal-sized jaguar had accidentally ended up hitching a ride in the titanic puma’s intimate regions, Isaac was exactly where he was supposed to be—according to the plan from the very beginning.

The jaguar had simply lied to his Siamese friend. Kurt and Saymon had been using both their ear dots and magnifying contact lenses the entire time. Moreover, a high-end house like the one they had rented was more than equipped with sensors capable of keeping track of its smaller guests at all times. This was the minimum one could expect from such an expensive home, designed and licensed to accommodate occupants whose size scale could vary by thousands of meters! “Looks like Kuzuro isn’t enjoying being dragged to the tip of your foreskin, hehe. He’s been yelling at us to get him out of there, hahah,” Kurt replied, his tone full of satisfaction and mischief, while trying to stifle his laughter. Simultaneously, he moved his hand over his lover’s back, giving a firm squeeze to the puma’s bulge, just to watch the little dot on the tablet screen stop moving, as it became compressed between heavy, warm, and musky folds of skin.

“Think we should spring the surprise on them now? Or pretend we’re still unaware for a little longer?” the titanic puma asked, unable to resist purring with pleasure as his boyfriend gently massaged his bulge. His penis responded to the touch, pulsing and even threatening to release a large drop of precum right onto the micro trapped inside his foreskin. “Nah! I think we should take them for a little ride,” Kurt teased. And with that, the jaguar moved quickly, shifting his puma lover to the front of his body, pressing the young twink against the edge of the gourmet area’s counter, while purposefully grinding his still-clothed erection against the round, firm buttocks of the black puma.

Meanwhile, a little more than a kilometer above the waists of the towering twinks, deep within Saymon’s bulge, trapped inside his warm, humid foreskin, and inhaling nothing but the pure musk of another man, Kuzuro kept shouting and protesting. “Come on, guys! I know you can hear me! Seriously?! I only dropped my size bracelet by accident! I wasn’t supposed to be stuck here! We were just supposed to prank Isaac!” RUMBLE!!! However, the small, millimeter-sized jaguar’s protests were quickly interrupted by the intense earthquake caused by a simple pulse from the titanic puma’s penis. Kuzuro, no fool, understood what this meant—the two massive felines were

about to get too busy to care about his cries for help. At the same time, Saymon finally relaxed the muscles in his thighs, allowing a bit of space to open between them, which gave young Isaac, previously compressed between the hot, hard, and increasingly sweaty inner thighs of the gigantic puma, a chance to stretch out again, lying on the white fabric of the inside of Saymon's swim trunks. All he had been hearing for the past few minutes were the inner workings of his friend's body, like the sound of countless tons of cum sloshing around inside the puma's heavy, giant orbs.

But the micros' small victory didn't last long. As the gods whose bodies they were trapped in grew more excited, the space inside that slightly tight swim trunk became a premium commodity. And as if that weren't enough of a challenge, it didn't take long for the equally titanic jaguar to remove his own trunks. Exposing his penis to the world, and with the help of the tablet he had left on the counter next to the grill, Kurt made sure to press the semi-hard but already firm head of his cock against the taint of his lover, rubbing it just beneath the round, firm buttocks of the black puma. In doing so, he unknowingly forced the small, millimeter-sized micro painfully back into the warm, wrinkled folds of his lover's testicles.

Isaac, completely unaware of what was happening, suddenly found himself crushed under an overwhelming, brutal weight, dragged across the hot, hairy skin of his titanic best friend. At the same time, he could smell a new, distinct musk in the air. Even through the thick barrier of synthetic fabric, Isaac could sense the presence of another male. He could smell the head of Kurt's cock, despite not having yet been introduced to his friend's boyfriend in a more personal manner—he was already intimately connected with the jaguar's genitalia in a rather unique way.

Meanwhile, hundreds of meters away from Isaac's position, still trapped in the underworld of a young man's groin, Kuzuro was gaining a level of knowledge of his college friend's anatomy that he never thought possible. As the puma's penis pulsed, growing harder, Kuzuro watched in awe as the large, hot, and heavy folds of skin that made up the foreskin stretched and retracted, revealing the expanding head of Saymon's penis. The heat rose to nearly unbearable levels as blood pumped into the titanic twink's phallus. It wasn't long before a single drop of precum appeared at the slit marking the entrance to the puma's urethra. For a brief moment, Kuzuro felt a glimmer of hope—thinking that as Saymon's foreskin retracted, he might finally escape this pungent prison of concentrated masculine musk. But to his dismay, the puma had kept his trunks on the entire time! That meant that as soon as a small, timid opening appeared at the tip of the giant foreskin—like a tiny door to the outside world—the first thing Kuzuro saw was a massive wall of white fabric, stretched to its limit! Even semi-hard, Saymon's penis was clearly testing the boundaries of what the swim trunks could contain.

Kuzuro needed to make a quick decision. Part of his brain had already chosen the right course of action, but another part hesitated. Before him stood a solid wall, though it was made of fabric, from his perspective, it might as well have been reinforced concrete. Behind him loomed the entrance to a urethral ring, leading deep into the penis of another man. A ring so large from his point of view that it was more than ten times his own size—an entire office building could pass through it. A single drop of its fluids could crush a house. **RUMBLE!** The dilemma surged in the small feline's mind as his time ran out, the world around him trembling more violently as Saymon's throbbing erection intensified with his arousal. Meanwhile, both titans watched the unfolding situation of their tiny, insignificant passengers through the screen of the tablet resting on the counter. "Do you think Kuzuro will make the right choice?" The black-furred puma asked, his voice slightly breathless, tightening the muscles in his waist just enough to make his penis sway, deliberately creating chaos in his friend's tiny world. "Well, if he doesn't, we can always make that decision for him heheh," Kurt said, his voice reflecting the divine authority his body's size and power naturally granted him. Gently running his hand over the puma's chest, caressing and groping his lover's upper body, Kurt finally reached the puma's groin, using the tip of his index finger to make small circular motions on the head of Saymon's penis. The result was a soft moan of pleasure from the titanic puma.

But from the perspective of a mega micro, this event unfolded in an entirely different manner. Kuzuro barely had time to process what was happening before he felt an overwhelming force pressing against his back, pushing him face-first toward the inflating opening of Saymon's urethra. The poor jaguar managed to open his mouth to scream, but it proved to be a poor decision as he ended up swallowing a good amount of warm, salty precum, while every bit of light around him disappeared. Seconds later, Kuzuro found himself sliding down a terrifying water slide—an enormous tunnel coated in the freshest precum, leading him deeper into the most intimate organ of his gigantic friend. "Wow! I can barely feel him in there!" Saymon remarked as both titans followed the tiny jaguar's descent into his penis, all the way toward his cum-producing orbs. The puma felt proud, empowered by the sheer dominance his body exerted over those tiny micros, whom the two mega macros viewed more as toys than friends.

Kurt didn't waste any time either. Once he was certain that one of the two micros was safely stowed away, his attention shifted to the other passenger. After rubbing his own erection against Saymon's taint, butt, and balls, making sure that by now, Isaac must have been thoroughly stuck or pinned between the folds of Saymon's scrotum, the jaguar stepped back for a brief moment, allowing the tiny micro a fleeting sense of relief, only to then begin pulling down the blue swim trunks that had been the only barrier between their two bodies.

Isaac, who had been swimming desperately, trying to escape a single bead of sweat the size of a two-story house, was stunned when a flood of light suddenly invaded his

musky, sweaty world. The fabric that separated him from the outside had been casually removed by the enormous fingers of the second mega macro. The scene Isaac saw was nothing short of awe-inspiring. A massive pair of white balls swung between two towering thighs, hundreds of meters away, and above that, a monstrous, pink erection radiated heat and a strong, masculine musk. “Kurt!?” The tiny micro cat managed to call out after finally breaking free from the surface tension of the salty bead of sweat and stepping onto “solid ground.” It was ironic that, though Isaac hadn’t been formally introduced to Saymon’s boyfriend, he could now confidently say he knew the scent of the other man’s groin—and had become intimately acquainted with his genitalia—all before meeting him face to face. In a twist of fate, just as Isaac uttered Kurt’s name, the jaguar’s cock responded as if acknowledging him. Kurt’s penis pulsed, releasing a colossal, crystalline drop of precum, which fell from kilometers above to splash against the floor of the gourmet area below. A small reminder to Isaac of what could become of him should he fail to keep his footing atop his best friend’s balls during what was about to happen.

Moments later, using the same finger he’d pushed Kuzuro with, Kurt licked the tip of his index finger and the other fingers of his hand before lowering them to lubricate his lover’s rear sphincter. The act sent shivers through Isaac, who watched from a dangerously close distance. Positioned atop the back of Saymon’s scrotum, just below the beginning of his taint, Isaac saw three massive, saliva-coated fingers press against the puma’s anus, lubricating the passage in preparation for what was to come. Isaac knew all too well what was about to happen. Enveloped in the body musk of two different men, witnessing Saymon’s anus being lovingly prepared by his lover’s fingers, and facing the daunting sight of Kurt’s enormous cock and balls ready for the impending coupling, Isaac realized he was about to become just a tiny passenger amidst the mating of two mega macros. Worse yet, Isaac knew he was about to be battered—if not nearly crushed—once Kurt’s balls inevitably began slamming against the back of Saymon’s body.

At least Isaac was fortunate enough not to end up anywhere near his friend’s anus—though he was still perilously close. Close enough to feel like a participant in the intimate act between his two friends, even though they had no idea he was there, nestled among their genitalia? Absolutely. But at least he wasn’t so close that he would be dragged by the jaguar’s saliva-slick fingers and left wedged within the tight, wrinkled folds of Saymon’s sphincter. Just imagining the pain of being pulled into his friend’s rectum, along with his lover’s cock, was enough to remind Isaac that no micro would survive to tell that tale.

Fortunately, Isaac would be spared from being an active participant in the lovemaking of his gigantic, colossal friends, but he couldn’t escape being an observer—watching everything unfold far too closely, perhaps. Certainly close enough to feel the heat, the odors, the sounds, and even the vibrations from the impending impacts of the two titanic

twinks. And it didn't take long for a dark shadow to be cast over his world, positioned just below Saymon's taint. Kurt seemed to be moving slowly on purpose, and indeed he was. Unbeknownst to Isaac, the titanic jaguar was fully aware of the situation of both micros, and knowing exactly where Isaac was, he deliberately slowed his approach. Kurt imagined the imposing view the tiny Siamese micro must have had of his ominous phallus hovering above him, so he purposefully brought the pink head of his cock closer, letting it slowly press against his lover's wrinkled sphincter. The puma boy immediately responded with a soft moan, contracting his rectal muscles in anticipation of what was about to come.

From Isaac's perspective, the scene was far more imposing, potent, and impactful. The simple act of Kurt's cockhead making contact with Saymon's anus caused a resonating rumble that extended for several seconds, allowing Isaac a front-row seat to witness how the mushroom-shaped head of Kurt's titanic penis disappeared into the depths of the black puma's body. For the tiny Siamese, his entire world trembled, and worse still was yet to come. As Isaac's eyes traced the length of the massive cock now successfully docked at Saymon's airlock, his gaze traveled downward along the thick, veined shaft, only to meet with Kurt's balls swaying freely beneath. Worse yet, compared to just a few seconds ago, those jaguar testicles seemed much larger! This was no illusion—the massive orbs had indeed drawn closer, for as Kurt thrust forward, aligning his divine body with his lover, his heavy, destructive balls moved nearer to Saymon's equally formidable orbs. All of this occurred far too close to Isaac, allowing him to inhale the mixed musk of both sets of testicles, creating a new, intoxicating essence of pure masculinity.

"Kurt, please, no!!! I don't want to be crushed like this!" The insignificant micro Siamese shouted, knowing full well the two titanic twinkles couldn't hear him. Little did Isaac know, the two giants were suppressing laughter at his desperate pleas, which only fueled their desire further. This sense of being gods, beings of divine power, knowing they held their two tiny friends completely at the mercy of their colossal bodies, filled Kurt and Saymon with even greater passion.

Under normal circumstances, Kurt would have eagerly slammed his cock deep into Saymon's body. However, hearing Isaac's plea for mercy, the jaguar opted to be a merciful god. Instead of thrusting his cock violently into his lover, Kurt chose to push his shaft slowly into Saymon's rectum, taking care to avoid having his testicles immediately slam into the back of Saymon's balls. Yet, Kurt still ensured that his sack came dangerously close to brushing against Saymon's, allowing Isaac an up-close demonstration of what was soon to follow. Meanwhile, deep within Saymon's body, the micro jaguaradi was finally nearing the end of his journey down the vast urethral tube. After what felt like an eternity sliding through the warm, dark, and soft tunnel, Kuzuro landed face-first in a pool of hot, thick white semen. If his fur hadn't already been marked with the strong scent of the puma's urine after being rubbed by leftover pee

along the urethral tube, he would now carry the unmistakable scent of another man's cum for at least a week, as though he had become the property of someone else.

Though the lovemaking was beginning slowly, the passion and excitement of the two males would soon take control. Isaac could already see Kurt's thrusts into Saymon's anus gradually increasing in speed and intensity. With each swing of Kurt's massive balls, Isaac noticed how they drew closer to colliding with the firm, masculine wall that was Saymon's testicles—the very same testicles Isaac clung to for dear life, terrified of what was to come. Meanwhile, things weren't much better for the other micro, trapped within the depths of Saymon's seminal vesicles. Forced to summon all his strength, Kuzuro swam desperately to avoid drowning in the thick, white liquid surrounding him. Though it behaved like an ocean to the minuscule jaguar, the viscosity and surface tension of the cum were so dense it felt like being submerged in a molten amber of pure male seed. If Kuzuro allowed the waves of semen to pull him beneath the surface, he would have an incredibly difficult time returning due to the powerful surface tension of the liquid. Kuzuro knew all too well that his only chance of escaping his friend's genital organs would be when Saymon ejaculated. Given his insignificantly small size, climbing the length of Saymon's enormous penis would take days, if not weeks—if it were even possible at all.

Fortunately for both micros, the two titans had already been worked up from their earlier session by the lake. This was just round two for the enormous twink, meaning their lovemaking session would soon reach its climax. However, this didn't mean that just because their encounter was brief, the two micros trapped in their bodies would experience a moment's relief. In fact, Isaac was the first to feel the devastating effects of two gods making love. The space between the two sets of male testicles gradually diminished... until, moments before the inevitable impact, Isaac could even feel the rush of air displaced by Kurt's swinging scrotum. He knew no mercy would be granted this time.

THUD! The first of many impacts to come! Isaac was pummeled deeper into the warm, sweaty folds of Saymon's skin with each thunderous blow from Kurt's swinging balls against his lover's rear. **THUD! THUD! THUD!** The relentless pounding from the two colossal bodies sent waves of force through Isaac's minuscule form as he found himself trapped, battered, and squeezed between the massive male orbs of the two titanic anthros.

Deep within Saymon's balls, Kuzuro could feel the mounting pressure around him. The turbulent sea of fluids within the puma's massive gonads was building up, ready to erupt. Even poor Isaac, battered and tortured between the giants' testicles, could hear and feel the sperm factories clinging tightly to the base of each enormous shaft. The destructive weapons Kurt and Saymon carried between their legs were primed for

release. And it didn't take long for Kurt to drive his cock deep into Saymon's body, letting out a flood of semen that roared through the jaguar's shaft and out into the puma's depths. At the same time, a torrent of hot white cum spilled from Kurt's shaft, cascading down Saymon's taint like a tidal wave, washing over everything in its path—including the unfortunate Isaac, who found himself once again soaked from head to toe in yet another man's seed.

Kuzuro's fate was no better. Shortly after feeling his lover's cum fill his prostate, Saymon reached his own climax, sending the tiny jaguaradi hurtling out of his body along with a flood of thick, white fluid. Kuzuro was ejected with such force that he collided head-on with the glass screen of the tablet placed on the counter in front of the two towering titans.

The two giants basked in their afterglow for a few moments before Kurt began to slowly withdraw from his lover. He didn't immediately realize he was carrying a small, insignificant passenger with him—Isaac, stuck between Kurt's sweaty white pubes, held in place by the surface tension of the semen that had leaked from the enormous jaguar's balls. Meanwhile, Saymon, always the more tender and submissive of the two titans, immediately checked the status of their tiny friends on the tablet, quickly noticing that neither of the micros were still inside his body. The giant puma turned, gesturing to his lover, and knelt before Kurt's towering manhood.

“Oh no! Please don't tell me he's going to... clean him up now!” Isaac groaned as he watched Saymon's immense face appear on his horizon, the puma's piercing red eyes seemingly focused on his exact location. It was as if Saymon could see him, even amidst the sea of cum that had pooled between the countless wrinkles of Kurt's scrotum. But to Isaac's surprise, the towering puma gave a teasing smile before speaking, his voice booming like thunder across the landscape of flesh.

“IT WOULD BE AN INTERESTING IDEA, ISAAC~ BUT I THINK WE'VE TOYED WITH YOU AND KUZURO ENOUGH FOR TODAY~”

Saymon's deep, echoing voice reverberated through Isaac's sensitive ears, revealing the shocking truth—the two mega macros had known about their presence all along. Meanwhile, Kurt leaned in closer to the tablet, focusing on the tiny jaguaradi still stuck in the patch of cum on the screen. Thanks to their special contact lenses, it wasn't difficult for the two titans to spot Kuzuro, nor was it hard for them to hear what their minuscule friends were saying.

“This isn’t funny at all! This wasn’t part of the plan!” Kuzuro dared to protest, even in the face of Kurt’s proud and dominant expression. Kurt, still brimming with testosterone from their session, didn’t give the tiny jaguaradi a chance to finish. Without hesitation, the jaguar pressed his thumb against the tablet’s screen, carefully lifting the tiny feline from the cum-streaked surface and forcing him into silence.

“I can’t believe this was the ‘surprise’ Kuzuro kept talking about all morning! You guys could’ve killed me!” Isaac protested, still stuck to Kurt’s balls and staring into Saymon’s massive face. The puma nodded and responded with a smirk.

“WASN’T IT SO MUCH MORE EXCITING THIS WAY? I CAN SEE YOUR COCK THROBBING FROM HERE, ISAAC~”

There was no argument to be made against that. Isaac instinctively tried to cover his exposed erection, embarrassed that Saymon had noticed. But it was too late; the damage was done. The puma let out a playful chuckle as he brought his muzzle closer to Kurt’s testicles, where Isaac lay helplessly. In his defense, Isaac could have argued that after being subjected to the concentrated musk of three virile male felines for hours, it was only natural for his body to react. But his attention quickly shifted to the massive black muzzle approaching his location.

For a brief moment, Isaac thought the puma might be about to lick him off Kurt’s testicles or perhaps suck him up through his massive nostrils. But as soon as the colossal muzzle of his longtime friend stopped just in front of him, Saymon spoke, trying to keep his voice as low as possible. ***“Okay! I’ll try to rub you off by using my snout. Just hang on tight!”*** It was obvious that Isaac would stick to the puma titan’s nose—he was, after all, covered in a thick layer of sticky, white cum. But before Isaac could respond, the puma’s immense muzzle dominated the scene, rubbing against the warm, soft skin of his lover’s testicles. The subtle earthquake that followed dragged Isaac along with a small portion of cum, which now resembled a patch of snow on Saymon’s nose—a sight that somehow reminded Isaac of some of the wilder parties from their college days.

In any case, the towering puma soon stood to his full height of over three and a half kilometers—still a bit shorter than his equally imposing jaguar lover, who was approaching the four-kilometer mark. ***“WELL, SINCE YOU LOVE THE SMELL OF CUM SO MUCH, MY LOVE, HERE’S A GIFT FOR YOU~”*** Kurt teased, rubbing the tip of his finger, which he had just used to clean off the remnants of Saymon’s cum from the tablet screen, directly onto the puma’s nose. This left the second passenger of this journey—Kuzuro—right beside the tiny, cum-drenched Isaac. Both micro felines, equally irritated and completely coated in seed, shared a quick glance before Isaac

couldn't help but chuckle at Kuzuro's predicament. After all, even the one with the size bracelet hadn't managed to escape the lustful embrace of the two giants.

"This whole idea was a disaster! You could've crushed us, or worse, drowned us!"

Kuzuro protested, pointing accusingly at the enormous red eyes of Saymon. In response, Kurt gave the tiny jaguaradi a brief demonstration of his overwhelming power. He lifted Kuzuro into the air again, pulling him away from the relative safety of Saymon's nose, holding him at eye level before casually letting go. Kuzuro plummeted through the air, catching a glimpse of Saymon's powerful throat as he swallowed a mouthful of saliva, just in time to see the muscles contract in a mighty **Gulp!** He continued falling past the black puma's chest, abdomen, and navel—narrowly missing the two erect, pulsing phalluses of the titanic felines. He tumbled past their muscular thighs, knees, and calves until a gravitational shield enveloped his tiny body just before he would have hit the ground, allowing him to land gently on his feet, right between the paws of the two gargantuan felines.

Kuzuro craned his neck upward, hardly able to believe he had survived a fall from such a height, with the naked bodies of his towering friends looming ominously overhead like monolithic gods. ***"WE WOULD NEVER PUT YOUR LIVES IN DANGER,"*** Kurt explained, his voice filled with pride as he casually lifted a hand to cup and shake Saymon's balls, knowing full well that Kuzuro was watching in awe from kilometers below. ***"WE KNEW WHERE YOU WERE, WHAT YOU WERE SAYING, AND THE SYSTEMS IN THIS HOUSE WERE KEEPING YOU SAFE THE WHOLE TIME. DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD HAVE SURVIVED THIS ON YOUR OWN?"***

Saymon let out a soft laugh, causing the world around Isaac to tremble slightly as he struggled to keep his balance on the tip of the puma's nose. ***"THIS SYSTEM IS SO GOOD THAT EVEN WHEN WE'RE NOT LOOKING DIRECTLY AT YOU, WE CAN STILL SEE EVERYTHING YOU DO. RENTING THIS HOUSE WAS WORTH EVERY PENNY!"*** the puma added, his red eyes still locked onto Kurt's as he grinned, their connection enhanced by the nano-cameras embedded throughout the house, streaming real-time images to their contact lenses.

"Alright, since you two fancy yourselves all-knowing gods, care to tell me where my size bracelet ended up? The one I brought on this trip?" Kuzuro grumbled from far below, his arms crossed in irritation. The ground trembled lightly as Kurt lifted his paw to reveal that he had casually crushed the size bracelet underfoot shortly after Saymon had trapped both micros in his balls. The tiny device was so small and insignificant that it barely registered as dust beneath the jaguar's paw. Kuzuro was furious, but before he could continue his tirade, the booming voice of the colossal puma interrupted.

“OH, RELAX, KUZURO. WE’LL GET YOU A NEW ONE LATER. AFTER ALL, I DON’T THINK YOU OR ISAAC WILL NEED ANY BIG CHANGES TO YOUR ROUTINE FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS, RIGHT, MY LOVE?”

Saymon’s tone was infinitely teasing, full of desire, as if the fire between the two titans never died out. The puma shifted his posture slightly, just enough to make his enormous phallus pulse once more, sending a giant drop of cum cascading down—directly onto Kuzuro’s head, kilometers below. ***“YOU’RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE,”*** Kurt responded, grinning before nuzzling Saymon’s nose. This caused Isaac to finally lose his balance, slipping from Saymon’s snout and into the puma’s waiting maw. At the same time, Kuzuro barely had a chance to see a shadow darken the sky above him as he poked his head out from the cum drop covering him. It was none other than Saymon’s gigantic paw, descending from the heavens as the colossal feline couple, now holding hands, prepared to walk back inside their luxurious house, ready for a shower and a movie.

Of course, they were carrying their two tiny passengers with them, in whatever way they saw fit.

Kuzuro barely had time to sigh, “Ah, what a pain!” **THUD!** And he was promptly squished under the paw of the mega-macro feline.

The end.