

Halloween! The Party.

(Story commission)

The entire week had been filled with excitement, anxiety, and preparation. Valargent could hardly contain herself; the little fox spent the whole week imagining, thinking, and even dreaming about what it would be like to attend a party—not just any party, but the party. This particular event would be the party—the party of all parties! It was likely the most anticipated celebration of the entire year! On Saturday, October 26th, Halloween would finally arrive!

Certainly, this was no ordinary gathering. Beyond taking place at the club with the best dance floor in the small town, it would also welcome beings from all size spectrums. It was not common for the micros of the town to mingle with their normal-sized counterparts. For obvious reasons: when you are about half the height of a soda can, being surrounded by creatures towering dozens of times your size is a recipe for disaster. It was even worse if you happened to be one of those lucky micros who, depending on your point of view, were considered what many referred to as nano micros! Dust-sized micros! Creatures whose heights could only be measured in a few millimeters. In that case, normal-sized people wouldn't just be giants compared to you; they would be veritable deities! Imposing skyscrapers nearly two kilometers tall capable of traversing impressive distances with a single step, while simultaneously causing untold destruction and earthquakes with that same step. If you were one of them—nano micros—the world around you was not designed to accommodate your needs.

And that was precisely why Valargent was always seen accompanied by her size bracelet. The size bracelet, regarded as the best friend of any nano micro, allowed beings almost microscopic to pass for regular-sized micros... Life was cruel, and when you were born into a caste of people so insignificant in terms of size, even a powerful device like a size manipulator, capable of increasing your stature hundreds of times, could only elevate a nano micro by one rung on the social size ladder—from a ridiculous, bug-like creature standing just one millimeter tall to a regular-sized micro not much larger than five centimeters. For Valargent, it was as if she were fifty times larger! For Isaac, it was as though she had begun to exist...

Speaking of existence, and of Isaac: delicate, detail-oriented, and extremely vain—as any good Siamese cat should be—he couldn't simply attend a party promising so much without spending at least an hour getting ready in the shower. I mean, an hour getting ready if it were just a normal day for the young, flamboyant feline, which it definitely was not. In addition to preparing for an important party, the Siamese cat would need to put on his costume, style his hair, and apply makeup... There were so many details that the little blue-furred fox simply chose to lie down on the wooden surface of the nightstand beside the giant feline's bed, turning off her size bracelet for the time being

as a way to conserve its energy. However, it wouldn't be long before the small, insignificant fox could feel the ground around her beginning to tremble and vibrate.

THUD! The first impact sound only served to wake Valargent, who now found herself lying beside a gigantic humidifier that also glowed like a beautiful lamp atop the nightstand next to the femboy cat's bed. THUD! With the second step, the titanic, multi-kilometer Siamese feline entered his room. Isaac, already bathed and properly dressed, was now clad in an Egyptian bat costume. The outfit couldn't have felt much, logically speaking, but it was undoubtedly hot and provocative. The first thing Valargent noticed as she sat up on the wooden surface was the pair of red plastic wings affixed to the giant feline's sides, as well as the extremely tiny top that barely covered any part of his chest. Even both of the feline's nipples were exposed, with golden piercings standing out against the predominantly black fabric of the costume.

THUD! Isaac's room was not overly large; in fact, the colossal Siamese cat could cover the distance from the door to his nightstand in just a few small steps. However, the little blue fox, mesmerized by the overwhelming presence of the giant femboy she called her best friend, barely considered returning to a size where Isaac could better see her. After all, who could blame her? As the giant man approached the nightstand, more of his lower body began to dominate Valargent's field of vision, and it wasn't long before the rest of Isaac's costume caught her attention. Thigh-high, pure black latex stockings, securely held in place by two golden rings adorned with two fake red rubies—both of which were just a somewhat cheap and improvised costume that Isaac had scrambled to buy and assemble—perfectly matched the golden rings that held the warmhearts of the same material tightly in place on the feline's arms, as well as a torque, a collar around his neck that secured the top part of his costume: a black latex tank top, also golden and featuring a fake red ruby stone.

THUD! Finally, the gigantic cat took his last step, now standing before his nightstand with a somewhat confused expression. "VALARGENT?!" The booming, overwhelming voice shook the tiny world of the little fox, explaining everything: Isaac was having a bit of trouble locating that dust mite of a fox. It was no surprise, as Valargent had reverted to her original size—insignificantly small. Still, the little blue fox was simply too preoccupied admiring the last part of Isaac's outfit that had entered her field of vision, which was undoubtedly the hottest part and the one that drew the most attention from outside observers: Isaac's bulge. The tiny, tight, black thong held documents confirming that this feminine, well-defined figure was, in fact, a man, now hovering just above the tiny fox's line of sight, leaving Valargent wide-eyed and starry-eyed.

Valargent was lucky that her facial expression was far too small for Isaac to notice at his current size; gosh, her entire body was far too tiny for Isaac to properly see. "DANG! DID I TAKE SO LONG IN THE SHOWER THAT YOUR BRACELET BATTERY

RAN OUT?” Isaac exclaimed, his booming voice sounding genuinely concerned. Soon, the titan twink man in the femboy costume leaned over to bring his face closer to the nightstand and align his vision with the surface. Valargent knew that this would be a good moment to return to a more visible size in front of the gods who inhabited and truly dominated this world since, with a single breath from the gigantic nostrils of Isaac, the tiny fox could find herself celebrating her Halloween party in the depths of her best friend's nasal passages.

Without wasting any time, the tiny fox girl grabbed her size bracelet from her wrist and entered the correct sequence for her desired final size. But not before she caught a glimpse of the enormous, titan-like feline boy effortlessly lifting his Halloween costume with two fingers. “CANDY WRAPPER?!” Isaac exclaimed, puzzled, at the exact moment a blinding white light, which resembled a tiny speck on his desk, appeared out of nowhere and grew, making the hairs on the massive Siamese feline’s body stand on end. Startled, the giant feline fell back onto his bed, thankful that it was right behind him. Valargent, now “gigantic” at five centimeters tall, spoke up, “It’s not a candy wrapper! It’s my Halloween costume! Can’t you see the two holes for the eyes?”

Isaac, who by now had dropped the tiny piece of paper, straightened his posture, sitting upright on his bed and glaring at the small fox girl standing on his nightstand. Of course, the femboy cat couldn’t adjust his posture without—unconsciously—allowing Valargent a good glimpse of his taint and the ring of his anus, barely concealed by his thong, which turned into a thin strap as it passed over his rear. Isaac then bent down, picking up with two fingers what appeared to be the ghost costume of the tiny Valargent. “YOU MEAN THIS? ISN’T THIS JUST THAT LITTLE WHITE PAPER THAT COMES INSIDE THOSE STRAWBERRY CANDIES?”

The titanic femboy spoke in a soft tone, yet one tinged with indignation and superiority. Valargent, feeling somewhat embarrassed, had no choice but to admit the truth. “Yeah... it’s a candy wrapper... look... they didn’t have Halloween costumes in my size here in this part of town...” The small fox girl said, gesturing to her body, emphasizing her tiny stature with a sweep of her hand. Isaac, for his part, couldn’t help but laugh at the situation. The giant femboy started with light chuckles, which soon grew into an overwhelming, dominant roar of laughter in the eyes of the minuscule micro Valargent.

“HAHAHAHA! ARE YOU SERIOUSLY TELLING ME YOU TOOK A CANDY WRAPPER, CUT OUT TWO EYE HOLES, AND MADE A GHOST COSTUME OUT OF IT?! HAHAHA!” The giant feline said, laughing as he stood back to his full height. His imposing legs thudded against the floor like two muscular pillars, creating those characteristic THUDS! THUDS! from Valargent’s tiny perspective. Isaac continued, “Okay, I’ll give you points for creativity, and I admit, your costume is much cheaper than mine. And believe me, I did my best to keep my budget low while still

looking stylish in this costume. But let's be honest, where you're going, you won't need to wear any costume, will you?~"

The towering Siamese feline said this while a mere flick of his arm sent the tiny ghost costume slipping from his fingers, landing in the trash can beside his desk. The small candy wrapper joined a pile of identical wrappers, leftovers from the sweets Isaac had bought to hand out to the children who would be trick-or-treating that evening. It didn't take long for the tiny fox girl to realize that retrieving her little white paper with two cut-out eyes from the gigantic trash bin in the room of an equally gigantic being would be an impossible task. But as Isaac had mentioned, costumes wouldn't be necessary for where Valargent was headed tonight. Moments later, the macro Siamese slowly knelt before the nightstand in his room, letting his immense bulge dominate the entire field of vision right in front of Valargent. The fox girl could feel desire rising through her body, her heart racing, and her body heating up, especially as her cheeks flushed redder with the overwhelming display of masculine power positioned right in front of her, just a few steps away.

"TELL ME I'M LYING, VALARGENT~ I CAN READ YOUR MIND. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SPEND THIS PARTY INSIDE MY BULGE AND SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT SNUGLING WITH MY MANHOOD, TAKE JUST ONE STEP BACK, AND I'LL GET YOUR LITTLE CANDY WRAPPER COSTUME FROM THE TRASH FOR YOU~"

Isaac spoke, his voice clear but undeniably provocative. Valargent found herself paralyzed by tension and indecision. Standing before her was the most intimate and masculine part of the man she admired and loved. Yet, a small part of her mind was desperately trying to warn her that spending an entire night trapped inside a giant's bulge, while he danced at a party, might be a terrible idea. There were too many things that could go wrong. But even with such alarming thoughts, the sight of Isaac's manhood outlined in the fabric left her completely unable to move, much less take the step back that the towering femboy had mentioned.

"AHH!! YOU SEE! I KNEW YOU'D STAND THERE ADMIRING WHAT MY BODY HAS TO OFFER~" Isaac's booming voice declared. Before Valargent could tilt her head up to say anything, she felt an overwhelming force pushing against her from behind, pressing her face-first into the warm, soft black fabric. It was simply the finger of the gigantic feline, pushing her small body against the tight material of his thong, which encased his manhood. Despite the fact that Isaac had just stepped out of the shower, she could still detect the natural dampness that lingered in the groin of any man—especially one as young and hormonally charged as this twink feline, fresh from adolescence.

Valargent tried to open her mouth to protest, but it was far too late. The colossal femboy had given her the opportunity to speak, and she had wasted it. Now, there would be no more chances. As she struggled to form words, her face was pressed firmly into the heated bulge, making her involuntarily inhale the virile, masculine scent of Isaac, who was becoming more aroused by the second. Her face was pressed right against the very tip of his manhood, where the head of his cock lay hidden beneath the fabric, the epicenter of his intoxicating musk.

It wasn't long before Isaac himself began to feel the excitement of the situation. Slowly, he began to rub his finger in small, circular motions over the bulge, using the same finger that was now pinning Valargent's tiny body to his groin. She could feel the warmth increasing, as the femboy's obscenely large cock began to stiffen beneath the fabric. The heat in his crotch area began to rise rapidly, and soon Valargent could feel the subtle pulsing of Isaac's penis against her face. All the while, his heavy finger continued to press her firmly into the growing bulge, leaving her with no choice but to endure the full force of his virile, intoxicating masculinity.

"WELL! I THINK THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO GET YOU COMFORTABLE IN YOUR VIP SEAT, VALARGENT~ AFTER ALL, WE'RE A LITTLE LATE FOR THE PARTY." With those words, and without further warning or ceremony, Isaac applied even more pressure, dragging her tiny form upward, as if using her face as a damp cloth to wipe away the precum that had begun leaking through the fabric of his thong. Valargent's fur was instantly soaked, as the virile sweat of the massive man covered her completely. And just before Isaac used his free hand to pull aside the elastic band of his thong, creating the gap that would allow her to slip into the confines of his bulge, he paused.

First, he wanted to ensure that his little micro toy was enjoying the moment just as much as her giant owner was. And yes, once again, Isaac confirmed that Valargent, being the tiny, perverted yet shy fox she was, showed no signs of resistance or any indication that she wasn't interested in a VIP journey inside his costume. Seeing no reason to hold back, Isaac doubled down. He placed Valargent on the elastic band of his black thong, ensuring she hung securely from it. Then, pulling out his phone, he held it near the micro fox. "WHY NOT UP THE STAKES?" Isaac said, as Valargent noticed the controls of her size bracelet being transferred to the app on Isaac's phone. With a simple tap of his phone's NFC, Isaac had taken control of the one device that kept Valargent at a manageable size—safe for her to navigate spaces designed for beings who, if she returned to her normal size, would be walking gods towering over her by miles.

A moment of pure desperation gripped Valargent as she glanced up at the slim yet defined abdomen of the towering Siamese cat, only to see the massive young man smiling back at her. Isaac blew her a teasing kiss before saying, “DON’T WORRY, I WON’T LOSE MY LITTLE TOY. I’LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU ~ WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I’LL NEED MORE SPACE AT THE PARTY. IN THAT CASE, I MIGHT JUST HAVE TO SHRINK YOU EVEN MORE! AFTER ALL, I WOULDN’T WANT YOU GETTING CRUSHED IN THE MIDDLE OF MY... LOVER AFFAIRS TONIGHT~”

With that, Isaac tugged at the elastic band of his thong, creating an opening wide enough for the tiny micro fox to slip inside the confines of his bulge, disappearing from view. Valargent now found herself sharing the tight, warm space with Isaac’s manhood.

Immediately, Valargent was assaulted by the sweltering heat of the feline’s groin. She landed face-first into his pubic hair—despite the femboy’s careful grooming, there was always a bit of pubic fuzz left behind. For someone as small as Valargent, who stood at a mere five centimeters, the sparse hair was like a jungle. She was dwarfed by Isaac’s manhood, with no chance of fighting for space inside an environment dominated entirely by his cock. As soon as she tumbled in, Isaac let the elastic of his black thong snap back into place, sealing her inside. The world outside was now cut off—darkness enveloped her.

Pressed against the base of Isaac’s cock, Valargent could do nothing but breathe in the overwhelming masculine scent of the gigantic young man. Her face was squashed right between the base of his shaft and the top of his sack, her legs trapped beneath the hot, damp folds of his skin, feeling the oppressive weight of his left testicle nearly crush her feet. Worse still, Isaac soon began moving, leaning over his bed to grab his tight, dark purple lycra shorts, pulling them on with practiced ease. As his legs parted to slip into the shorts, Valargent lost her balance, sliding further down into his thong. Before she could react, another layer of fabric pressed down upon her tiny body, increasing the external pressure and further restricting her movements.

Now, Valargent found herself buried almost entirely beneath Isaac’s heavy, warm sack, with only her head free—though “free” might have been a stretch. Her face was pressed tightly against the wrinkled, moist skin of Isaac’s foreskin, which covered the head of his cock. Her snout was practically wedged into the very gateway of Isaac’s masculinity, leaving her no choice but to inhale the potent, concentrated musk radiating from his body.

As if things couldn’t get worse—or better, depending on one’s perspective—the massive Siamese cat lowered a hand to his well-outlined bulge, giving it a firm squeeze.

The pressure ensured that Valargent's face was glued to the foreskin of Isaac's cock, as if she were being pinned in place for the entire trip. "AH! MUCH BETTER NOW! I THINK WE'RE READY~" Isaac's booming voice filled the air as he gave a contented sigh and finally began to walk.

Each step Isaac took caused his thighs to shift, rubbing and squeezing Valargent further between the thick muscles of his legs. For her, it felt like being ground between the gears of some monstrous, flesh-and-blood machine—hot, dark, and filled with the virile, overpowering scent of a young man in his prime. For Isaac, it was as if he had a small, vibrating toy nestled between his legs, gently massaging his warm, heavy balls with every step. It was a win-win situation for both—though, naturally, Isaac was getting the better deal. While some might argue that the tiny micros were being exploited by the macros, Valargent was one of those rare perverted souls who secretly loved every second of it. The occasional pulsing of Isaac's cock against her face, the constant bouncing of his balls crushing her lower body, and the relentless friction of his foreskin rubbing across her snout—despite the discomfort, it was clear she had found herself in a paradise of feline masculinity.

But all good things must come to an end. After only a short walk, Valargent heard the unmistakable sound of a car alarm being deactivated. A shiver of dread ran down her spine. A car alarm could only mean one thing: Isaac was about to sit down and drive. It wasn't the driving itself that worried her; it was the act of sitting. Panicking, Valargent began desperately trying to push away the heavy folds of foreskin that covered Isaac's cockhead, aiming to reposition her face so that it wouldn't be directly aligned with the urethral opening when he sat. But, unfortunately, the femboy was quicker. With the grace of a diva, Isaac opened the car door and, in one smooth motion, bent forward, lowering himself into the driver's seat, letting his full weight crash down upon the cushion.

Immediately, Valargent felt an overwhelming increase in pressure around her as her face was pressed so deeply into the foreskin of the massive feline that her mouth was almost partially enveloped by the slit of Isaac's urethra. The best the tiny fox girl could manage was to tilt her head slightly upward, just enough to free her nose from being trapped in that damp crevice, allowing her to inhale the potent, musk-laden air, tinged with faint notes of semen and dry urine. Had she remained in her previous position, the stench would have been far stronger—overwhelming her senses with the unmistakable scent of masculinity.

With a few minor adjustments to his massive thighs, Isaac started the car and began to drive. The trip wouldn't be long, just a matter of minutes. Yet, inside the warm confines of his snug clothing, the temperature continued to rise. Even with the car's air conditioning, the environment within Isaac's bulge—smothered between his muscular

thighs—was becoming unbearable. His seated position only worsened the situation, eliminating any natural ventilation. And, inevitably, it was Valargent who suffered most from the heat. She could feel the temperature soaring around her, reaching almost absurd levels. But alongside that discomfort came a strange, undeniable arousal, knowing she was trapped in an unrelenting embrace with the head of her best friend's cock. This seemed to be her fate for the evening—locked in a permanent kiss with Isaac's manhood.

With little choice, Valargent tried to relax, her body gradually adjusting to the oppressive heat, the weight pressing down on her, and the slickness of sweat that soon began to coat her. Yes, sweat. It didn't take long for Isaac's body to start cooling itself, which meant the poor fox girl was now being bathed in the fresh perspiration of his intimate parts. Despite it all, Valargent remained calm, mentally accepting her role as a mere toy for this powerful young man—a submissive, silent witness to his night of revelry. Her purpose at the party was clear: she would be there to boost Isaac's confidence and libido while others admired his curves and the impressive bulge between his legs, utterly unaware that a tiny passenger was enjoying the evening just as much—albeit in a very different way.

However, things took an unexpected turn. As Isaac sat at a red light, not far from the club, he muttered to himself, “DAMN! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE BATHROOM BEFORE LEAVING. THIS LITTLE MICRO DISTRACTED ME!”

His words hit Valargent like a freight train. Though Isaac couldn't see or even know what was happening in the confines of his clothes, Valargent—her face still firmly pressed against the pee hole of his cock—stared ahead, wide-eyed, directly at the pink wall of Isaac's cockhead. One thought dominated her mind: Is he desperate to pee? And, as though the twink's body was reading her thoughts, the shaft of Isaac's cock gave a slight, unmistakable throb. This was no ordinary twitch; it carried with it a sense of urgency. Valargent, being pressed tightly against his genitals, could feel the subtle flexing of the internal muscles within his manhood. The temperature in her confined space spiked as confirmation flooded her mind—Isaac was holding back his bladder. His cock was working overtime to avoid any unintentional “incidents,” especially given his tight Halloween costume. And yet, despite his efforts, the balance of musky sweat and warmth had shifted—the air was now tinged with the earthy, pungent scent of male feline urine. Isaac's bladder was filling, and the exit was right beneath Valargent's immobilized snout.

Moments later, the car came to a halt once again, and Valargent could hear the engine shut off. Isaac had arrived at the club. But this wasn't exactly good news. Knowing Isaac, the Siamese would likely make a beeline for the restroom the moment he stepped out of the car. And that would spell a critical situation for his tiny passenger, still

nestled deep in his bulge. Valargent tried—one last time—to adjust her position so her face wouldn't be entirely mashed against Isaac's urethra, but her movements, no matter how small, only seemed to trigger more sensations. The delicate nerves of Isaac's sensitive cockhead registered her every shift, and she could feel his muscles tense in response. For Valargent, there was no escape—only the growing, looming possibility of being caught in a deluge if Isaac couldn't hold it much longer.

Valargent squeezed her eyes shut, clenching her jaw and holding her breath, fully expecting the worst. But fortunately, it was a false alarm. Isaac's cock had merely pulsed and then contracted its muscles even tighter. Nevertheless, this caused the femboy giant to exclaim, "VALARGENT! UNLESS YOU WANT A GOLDEN SHOWER TONIGHT, STOP MOVING!!!" His voice thundered, filled with playful dominance, and yet with an undertone of command that left little room for debate.

The world of the tiny fox girl shifted once more as Isaac rose from his seat. He hurried toward the restroom, attempting to maintain his suave, seductive composure, but every step sent shockwaves through Valargent's confined, musky universe. With each thunderous THUD THUD THUD, the inside of Isaac's bulge jostled, sending the sweat-soaked Valargent into a dizzying blur of motion. Her body, already slick from the mix of precum and the sweat of Isaac's balls, was now also suffused with the heavy, unmistakable scent of his impending need to urinate. Her nose, still pressed against his urethra, was filled with the earthy, virile odor of a young man's pheromones.

Only when Isaac finally stepped into the restroom, entered one of the white stalls, and pulled down his tight, dark purple shorts did Valargent get a breath of air that wasn't dominated by the raw, masculine scent of her friend's body. "OH GODS! I HAD NO IDEA YOUR NOSE WAS... THERE... THIS WHOLE TIME," Isaac said, sounding both surprised and amused as he realized exactly how precarious the tiny fox's situation had been. It was only now, as he prepared to relieve himself, that he understood why Valargent had been squirming so desperately throughout the entire drive.

Still, Isaac wasn't the type to back down from a little teasing, especially when his power over Valargent was so palpable. "WELL, YOU'RE LUCKY NOT EVEN A DROP HIT THAT PRETTY LITTLE FACE OF YOURS. MAYBE WE SHOULD CHANGE THAT? ~" His voice carried a mischievous tone, clearly enjoying the discomfort of his miniature passenger.

With slow, deliberate movements, Isaac lifted his semi-erect cock off Valargent's face, using his fingers to carefully hold the heavy shaft aloft. He took care not to disturb the rest of her tiny body, which was still firmly pinned under the weight of his warm, sweat-slicked balls, now radiating the deep, primal scent characteristic of every man's

groin. As he held his cock in one hand, aiming it toward the toilet bowl below, Valargent watched in awe. Isaac effortlessly pulled back the skin of his foreskin, revealing the glistening, flushed head of his manhood, now poised to release its pent-up pressure.

“READY FOR THE SHOW, LITTLE ONE? YOU MIGHT WANT TO CLOSE YOUR EYES~” Isaac purred, teasingly.

And with that final remark, he relaxed the muscles in his groin, allowing the sphincter of his bladder to release. Valargent could hear the rushing sound of a torrent building up within his urethra, the vibrations from the surge of urine reverberating through the thick veins of his cock, which hung above her like an enormous cannon ready to fire. She had spent the past twenty minutes with her face pressed firmly against that very opening, but now the floodgates were about to burst—and she had a front-row seat to the spectacle.

In just a few moments, Valargent watched as a powerful stream of hot liquid shot from the head of Isaac's thick, semi-erect cock. The sheer force behind the jet was so immense that if the tiny fox, standing at less than five centimeters tall, had been in the direct path of that male cannon, she would have been knocked back by the full brunt of the cat boy's golden stream. Fortunately for her, she was still firmly pinned beneath the heavy balls that made up the feline's sack, able to witness Isaac's relief from a front-row seat.

Isaac's cock, now expelling its urine with all the pressure his body had stored, sent tremors through Valargent's confined world. The air, once dominated by the thick musk of Isaac's sweat, was now overwhelmed by the sharp, distinct scent of male urine. While Valargent wasn't directly hit by the warm stream, she could still feel the radiant heat from the semi-transparent, high-pressure jet pouring from the tip of Isaac's cock. As the torrent finally began to taper off, what had seemed like an eternity passed before Valargent felt the powerful muscles of Isaac's shaft trembling and pulsing around her tiny form. The geyser-like stream from the head of Isaac's cock diminished until he was finally done relieving himself.

Isaac gave his cock a slight shake, ensuring that the last remnants of his hot urine wouldn't drip onto his thong or Halloween costume. Still, the femboy deliberately left a few lingering drops hanging at the tip of his foreskin. It was a calculated move. With a smirk, Isaac glanced down at his tiny passenger, still trapped beneath the immense weight of his balls. Flashing her a provocative wink, he began to tuck his colossal cock back into his underwear, moving in such slow motion that Valargent had the time to process every agonizing second of her world closing in once again. The glimpse of the

outside world was fading, replaced once more by the sight of the giant head of Isaac's cock inching closer, sealing her back into the depths of his bulge.

Valargent, heart pounding in her chest, could only gape in awe as the massive, warm head of Isaac's cock—now slick with moisture, its foreskin still partially peeled back—drew near. A bead of warm, pungent urine dangled from the frenulum, hanging just above her face, and she realized that this “small” drop, deliberately left by the playful cat, was large enough to cover her entire face. That's right—just one drop of urine, produced by the powerful, god-like body of this femboy, was enough to drench her completely. It wasn't long before the head of Isaac's cock, without any ceremony, pressed against the fabric of his thong, forcing Valargent's head into the warm, damp space between his foreskin and the bulge of his shaft with an audible *THUD*. A sound only she could hear.

Instantly, Valargent's face was engulfed by the warm liquid. Her nose was once again pushed into the opening of Isaac's urethra, but this time, there was little she could do to avoid the natural fluids from the body she admired so much. The strong, musky scent of male pheromones filled her nose—literally. A portion of the lingering drop of urine had been inadvertently inhaled by Valargent, burning her sensitive nostrils with its sharp, acidic sting. At the same time, the liquid seeped into her mouth, forcing her to become intimately familiar with the taste of Isaac's urine. It was a salty, pungent reminder of her tiny, insignificant role in the life of the young, dominant feline—almost like a seal of her devotion to his body.

Satisfied that he had tucked his now semi-erect cock comfortably back into his underwear, Isaac casually made his way to the bathroom sink, washing his hands, admiring the color of his nail polish, and preparing to head to the dance floor. It was difficult to keep from getting fully hard, knowing that a tiny micro fox was trapped inside his bulge, being forced to endure everything his genitals put her through. But Isaac wasn't one to shy away from attention. In fact, the entire reason he had kept Valargent confined within his bulge was precisely to attract that kind of attention.

There was nothing more gratifying to an extroverted femboy like Isaac than to start a conversation—or a flirtation—with the line, “Eyes are up here, sweetie~.”

It didn't take long for Isaac's strategy to work. Just moments after blending into the pulsating crowd on the dance floor, the feline twink had already spotted a potential partner for the evening. Across the room, an equally young and elegant goat boy, dressed as a devil, was dancing with provocative glances aimed straight at the Siamese cat. Hubert, his eyes locked onto Isaac, was sizing him up, clearly drawn to the feline's

form—and unmistakably unable to tear his gaze from the bulge that Isaac sported in his snug shorts.

The rhythm of the music and the steady eye contact drew the two young anthros closer. With each sway and step, they danced their way toward one another, closing the distance between them, magnetically. Meanwhile, deep within the confines of Isaac's tight shorts, Valargent had no idea what was happening in the outside world. She was merely a passenger, enduring the chaotic thumping of the dance floor. The noise was muffled by the layers of fabric that surrounded her, but the reverberations of the music were still overwhelming—deafening, even. The sound of Isaac's footsteps, usually so dominant in her world, was now drowned out by the unrelenting beat of the music and the vibrations of the floor.

Yet none of this compared to the challenge Valargent now faced. Previously, Isaac's mere walking had been enough to cause havoc in her tiny world. But now, with the feline swaying his hips and gyrating with the force of his dancing, the movements inside his bulge were exponentially more intense. Everything shook and swayed violently. It wasn't long before Valargent realized that Isaac had stopped walking. But that didn't mean he'd stopped moving—he was now dancing more vigorously, and from the shifts in motion, it felt as though he was engaged in some form of interaction. Valargent couldn't hear the conversation, but being pressed tightly against the head of Isaac's cock, with her face practically engulfed by his foreskin, she could feel his voice vibrating through his body as he spoke to someone outside.

Outside Valargent's enclosed world, Isaac and Hubert were getting acquainted. Hubert, already feeling the effects of several drinks, was loosening up. It didn't take long for the two young anthros to start dancing together, their bodies brushing and pressing against each other. Hubert's hands wandered freely over Isaac's body, and before long, one of those hands found its way to Isaac's bulge, fondling and massaging it through the fabric of his shorts. Isaac made no effort to stop him; in fact, he encouraged it, responding with teasing caresses of his own in time with the pulsating music.

The only one oblivious to the escalating situation was Valargent. Inside Isaac's shorts, she could only feel the pressure of Hubert's hand pressing against the fabric, forcing her small body deeper against Isaac's shaft. Her head was nearly shoved inside Isaac's urethra, the moist warmth around her intensifying as the unmistakable scent of precum began to fill the air. The potent musk of sweat and male pheromones that had dominated her senses was gradually replaced by the strong smell of Isaac's precum—a clear sign that things were about to escalate.

The two twink's were determined to make the most of the night. Evidence of their growing excitement could be seen by the stain of precum now forming on the front of Hubert's pants, mirrored by a less visible—but just as real—stain on Isaac's shorts. Unfortunately for Valargent, her face was directly in the path of the precum, forcing her to swallow some of the warm, salty liquid as it dripped continuously from Isaac's cock. The world around her, dominated by the heat and the thick, masculine scent of the Siamese cat, trembled and shook once more as Isaac began to walk.

With each step, Valargent could tell they were leaving the loud, pounding music of the dance floor behind. Whatever was happening, Isaac wasn't on the dance floor anymore. She could now clearly hear the booming voices of the two twink's speaking to each other, though it was hard to understand what they were saying—her head was coated in Isaac's precum, after all. Still, the tone of the conversation was light and animated, the kind that hinted at what was to come.

Everything about the situation—the constant flow of precum soaking her face, the now fully erect cock pressing against her with its increasing girth, and the swaying motion of Isaac's body—suggested that the two young men were about to take things to the next level. Valargent could even make out the faint sound of a door unlocking, confirming her suspicions: Isaac and Hubert were heading to a private room.

Inside that room, it was clear that Valargent was about to witness—and endure—much more than she had bargained for. Isaac's cock, now fully erect and straining against the fabric of his shorts, was mercilessly crushing the tiny micro's face as it swayed in time with his movements. What had started as a night of playful teasing was now rapidly spiraling into something far more intense.

Suddenly, Valargent's world was shaken violently as Isaac was pushed onto the bed of a motel room not far from the club they had come from. It was at that moment, as the tiny raposa girl struggled with all her might to push Isaac's monstrous cock away from her, that the Siamese feline seemed to remember he had a little passenger trapped beneath his manhood. Valargent had become so entangled with Isaac's balls, staying so still and quiet, that the feline had all but forgotten about her.

“UHHH! WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!” Valargent could hear Isaac's overwhelming, yet soft voice resonate through the fabric of his clothes. For a brief second, she thought Isaac might retrieve her from his underwear before engaging in whatever sexual activities he had in mind. But, to her surprise, instead of rescuing her, Isaac made the world around her even larger. That's right—rather than freeing his tiny passenger, he shrank her even further, ensuring she wouldn't be noticed by his partner on the bed.

Now, Valargent was reduced to her true, almost imperceptible size—less than a millimeter tall. She was utterly insignificant, lost amidst the slick, warm, and pinkish glans of Isaac's enormous cock. The masculine scent emanating from Isaac was now overwhelming, practically drowning her small senses in an ocean of pheromones. The heat was unbearable, and the humidity from this intimate area of Isaac's body enveloped her completely. Yet, just as the stifling confinement in Isaac's underwear seemed too much to bear, her world was flooded with light as Hubert, the goat boy, eagerly began removing Isaac's briefs.

In an instant, Valargent's dark prison transformed into a world bathed in blinding brightness. She only had a few moments to adjust her eyes to the new environment before she saw the vast landscape of Isaac's thighs stretching for what seemed like miles on either side. The feline, now elevated to nearly divine proportions, lay on his back on the bed, his body a colossal monument. Beyond the feline's form, Valargent glimpsed another giant—a second towering deity-like figure, equally undressed and moving toward Isaac, ready to claim his prize.

It was incredible to witness. Isaac, the same feline who dominated the tiny Valargent with ease, was now about to be dominated himself by the equally gigantic goat boy, whose cock was already erect, dripping precum, and approaching Isaac's exposed rear. Valargent, so tiny she was barely a speck, was helplessly stuck near the frenulum of Isaac's cock, at the point where the swollen glans met the folds of his foreskin. All she could see was the enormous shaft of Hubert's cock inching closer and closer, filling more and more of her field of vision. The heavy, swinging balls of the goat boy dangled dangerously close, like wrecking balls that could smash through anything in their path.

As Hubert's hips drew nearer, Valargent could hear the deep rush of air displaced by the sheer mass of the two titanic bodies. Then, all at once, the rumble of their movements was drowned out by Isaac's voice, a loud moan escaping his lips as the goat boy thrust himself into Isaac's rear with no restraint. Valargent, now a micro—or rather, nano—observer, was nothing more than a passenger in the mating of two titans. She could only watch as Hubert's gigantic balls swung closer with every thrust, each time threatening to collide with Isaac's cockhead where she was helplessly trapped. It would be no exaggeration to say that if those wrecking balls of flesh made contact, it would be the end of her fragile existence.

Understanding the imminent danger, Valargent struggled with all her might to move away from her precarious position at the base of Isaac's frenulum. She needed to escape before Hubert's balls inevitably made impact. Unfortunately, despite her best efforts, the sheer scale of Isaac's cockhead was simply too vast for her to traverse in time. And then, the worst happened: the sky around her darkened. The rush of displaced air was

deafening, and then, THUD! Hubert's massive balls slammed into the tip of Isaac's cock just as his own shaft plunged deep into Isaac's body. The two titanic boys were lost in the ecstasy of their night, while Valargent found herself at the mercy of their violent union.

The impact was brutal. Valargent was thrown into chaos as Hubert's balls collided with Isaac's cockhead. The force of the blow sent shockwaves through her tiny world. Isaac's cock, already throbbing with arousal, pulsed even harder, trapping Valargent between its slick surface and the immense weight of Hubert's swinging balls. For the two giants, this was a moment of pure pleasure. For Valargent, it was a nightmarish ordeal—caught in the throes of passion between two colossal beings whose power and size were beyond her comprehension.

The force of the impact was immense! Fortunately, it wasn't enough to crush the tiny raposa girl, but it sent her tumbling down the enormous, warm, pink curve of Isaac's glans, rolling directly toward the yawning entrance of the feline's urethra. At this point, Valargent had thought she was already familiar with Isaac's pee hole, only to be shocked by how much larger it appeared now—more than ten times the size of her minuscule, insignificant body! It was yet another stark reminder of the cruel fate of being a nano micro in a world built for beings of normal size. The very idea that she could be swallowed whole by the tip of someone's cock, worse yet, by her best friend's, was terrifying. And he wouldn't even know she was there.

There was nothing she could do. Accepting her fate, Valargent slipped into that hot, expansive tunnel, carried by the stream of warm, viscous precum. The salty, musky taste of Isaac's male nectar filled her senses, growing more potent and intoxicating with every breath as the light around her dimmed. However, her journey within Isaac's shaft would be brief. Valargent hadn't even made it halfway down the immense organ before she began to feel the muscular walls around her pulsing with greater force. The rhythm of the titans' intercourse had quickened, and the deafening sound of blood rushing through the veins surrounding her indicated one thing: Isaac was reaching his climax.

With a powerful, resounding moan, the Siamese feline signaled his impending orgasm, a roar that echoed through Valargent's minuscule world. The flood came swiftly—a torrent of hot, sticky semen rushing through Isaac's urethra. Valargent was carried helplessly by the sheer force of it, tumbling through the viscous, milky wave that had been building in the testicles that had mercilessly pressed against her tiny body for hours. Now, her greatest fear was not being crushed but drowning in this thick, potent seed, trapped inside the very essence of the godlike being she admired.

Isaac's powerful orgasm ejected Valargent, along with a deluge of cum, sending her flying several meters from the tip of his cock—meters that, to the two titanic boys, were mere centimeters. She landed among the fibers of the bedsheet, which fortunately absorbed much of the mess, leaving her stranded on an island of green fabric surrounded by a lake of warm, white cum. Looking back, she could still see Isaac's cockhead throbbing, a mighty tremor that shook the bed, as a cascade of semen continued to pour from the pee hole she had become all too familiar with.

Just when she thought the ordeal was over, a massive knee from Hubert rested near her on the bed, shaking her world once more. Then, Hubert's booming, masculine voice pierced the air. "BE A GOOD BOY AND THANK YOUR FANS, ISAAC~" Apparently, the goat twink had his phone in hand, recording the aftermath of the mess they'd made in the motel room. Isaac, still lying on the bed and not bothering to move, turned his head slightly, raised his left hand, and flipped off the camera. "NOT GONNA LIE, YOU CAN ALL SUCK MY DICK, *"FANS!"~"*

With that last sentence, the camera was turned off. Valargent, left in the chaotic aftermath of their escapades, watched helplessly as the two titans—these gods—rose from the bed, dressed, and began to walk toward the door. "Hey!!! Isaac!!! Wait!!! I'm still here!!! Isaac!!!! Damn it!!! Wait!!!" she screamed, but it was utterly futile. At her original size of just over a millimeter, it was impossible for these gods to hear her desperate cries for mercy. Slowly, the door to the room closed, and Valargent was left alone in the dark—stranded on a vast bed that stretched for kilometers, soaked in the drying cum of her best friend.

Her size bracelet vibrated, signaling that Isaac's phone had moved out of range, thus restoring her control over her size. She grew back to her "gigantic" five-centimeter form, lying amidst the now cooling, sticky mess that was slowly hardening on the bedsheets.

Valargent lay there, staring at the ceiling, letting her blue fur dry along with the mess surrounding her. A small smile crept across her face as she thought to herself, "I'll have to make plans to do this with Isaac again sometime soon."

The end.