

Nomas.

(Story Commission)

Chapter two.

More than a year had passed since the unfortunate incident that doomed the nano-micro colonization ship, Nomas, to an unhappy end within the confines of the gigantic body of the anthropomorphic feline named Zephyr. As the powerful businessman that Zephyr was, over the course of more than a full year in his career, the blue-furred feline with dark stripes had watched his agency expand in scope, size, and gross revenue. The increase of just over 20% from one year to the next demonstrated how the financial strength of his growing agency was the result of a solid strategy allied with strategic partnerships involving the most diverse types of artists and influencers of all varieties. However, today was a very special date, as one of his managed influencers—the flagship of all this growth achieved in such a short time—was leaving the company. Adrian, the young human twink whose fame and popularity had more than doubled in this period of just over a year, was departing.

With the advancement of his career, Adrian saw new opportunities emerging to boost it in a more robust and solid way, as the anchor of a morning program specifically aimed at his target audience. It was a leap in transition seen as normal for all those who start as small, independent influencers, hire an agent, and reach stardom where they finally acquire their own independent programs on major broadcasters. Obviously, this was not something all influencers had the capacity to achieve; in fact, it was the kind of success on a level reserved only for a few, and Adrian was now part of that select category of the few. Thus, the young human who was now departing, leaving Korell and heading to Mallow, would have one last public event to attend in Korell before boarding a private cruiser with warp capability, courtesy of his new broadcaster with which the young twink had recently signed an exclusivity contract. In light of this, Zephyr opted to hold a farewell party, while also planning to announce renewals and new potential stars. An event much more geared toward pleasing his shareholders than properly honoring the great star who was now leaving his agency, but it still served as a way to combine the useful with the pleasant.

At the same time as these events unfolded in the outside world—the world entirely dominated by beings whose bodies had planetary proportions—in the confines of Adrian's body, another group of nano-micros and explorers was making the final preparations to try to return home. At that exact moment, in the depths of the mouth of the gigantic tera-macro human twink, the crew of a minuscule ship, microscopically tiny, was at the ready and carrying out the last preparations within the confines of the young twink's hot, enormous mouth, replete with saliva. Its crew, composed of anthropomorphic beings of the most varied types, ranging from carnivores to herbivores and omnivores, was working around the clock, since everyone was aware that the divine

titan named Adrian would probably never again have a new chance to interact intimately with the muscular anthropomorphic tiger feline named Zephyr. On the bridge of what could perhaps easily be considered the most advanced exploration ship that nanoscopic beings had ever been able to design—the Skopos exploration vessel—stood Terry, an anthropomorphic dog with yellow and white fur, messy hair, and a technological suit that clung to the curves of his body in such a way that it almost seemed intimate; the same suit featured tones of black, red, and notes of golden gold that accentuated his high rank as the commander responsible for that expedition and captain in charge of Skopos, the jewel in the crown of the exploratory fleet.

Right beside Terry, standing but leaning against the command consoles that displayed all kinds of real-time information from the most varied decks of the Skopos, was Elias. Elias, an anthropomorphic feline with white fur, a slender body, and wearing a black technological suit with polished silver details, also clinging to his body, was the ship's chief engineer. His suit covered much more of his body, differing somewhat from his captain's suit right next to him, which allowed the chest, glutes, and thighs to be exposed. Both high-ranking officers were coordinating among themselves the final adjustments needed to exit Adrian's body and head back to Zephyr's body, which could also be considered the home planet of all the Skopos crew members.

"Status on the stabilizers?" Terry asked, his voice steady and concise, cutting through the hum of the bridge like a well-honed blade. He leaned slightly forward, eyes fixed on the holographic displays, exuding that quiet authority that made the crew instinctively straighten up.

Elias spun around from his console, his tail flicking with barely contained energy. "Oh man, Captain, they're holding at 98%—prime condition, if I do say so myself! You know, these new phase modulators I tweaked last cycle? They're the real heroes here. Without them, we'd be bouncing around like a flea on a hot plate the second those tongues clash. Speaking of which, can you believe we're betting everything on a kiss? Back home in Zephyr, the nanos have tech that syncs right into the neural nets—seamless transfers, no drama. But here? In this human wasteland? It's like trying to dock in a storm with half the sensors fried!" He chuckled, waving a paw animatedly, his nerdy enthusiasm bubbling over as he dove into the details.

Terry nodded curtly, his reserved demeanor unshaken. "Focus, Elias. Why we're here: exploration. Zephyr's nanos sent us to scout Adrian—check compatibility, search for others. Found nothing viable. Human biology's hostile; we can't stay."

"Exactly!" Elias exclaimed, eyes lighting up as he paced a quick circle. "And returning via kiss? Risky, yeah, but genius! No direct exposure like that cock migration the old

logs mentioned—wait, you read those? Anyway, tongues entwine, saliva bridges, and bam—we slip across. Shields will handle the pressure, engines the turbulence. If I could just optimize the dampeners a tad more... oh, the equations for that fluid dynamics are fascinating, Captain. Viscosity alone—"

"Enough," Terry interrupted briefly, though not unkindly. "Prepare for launch. Time's short."

There was a latent tension in the air; the Skopos team had been assigned to conduct exploration and data collection in the body of this divine titan whose anatomy seemed unfamiliar to them. This was indeed confirmed as true from the moment the Skopos and its crew had the opportunity to enter Adrian's body during one of the numerous sexual encounters between Zephyr and Adrian over the past year. What the nanoscopic members of the nano-micro civilization seemed to have no idea about was that Adrian was not an anthropomorphic being like them, but rather a human. A titanic and divine being like all the colossal-sized anthros, but whose biology and cellular chemistry differed too much from their counterparts on the same scale as gas giant planets. Humans and their bodies were simply too hostile and alien for nanoscopic furries to develop and inhabit them in a symbiotic way as they did with every type of tera-macro anthropomorphic furry they encountered. Thus, the Skopos crew found themselves in the midst of a profound dilemma. They had to leave Adrian quickly, because the data collected via direct link with the giant human's nervous system pointed to the reality that this divine god, whose body and organism were prohibitive for nanoscopic furries, was changing to somewhere far away. So, if they didn't find a way to leave Adrian's body very quickly, they would be condemned to eventually perish there as they were relentlessly pursued by the young and healthy twink's immune system.

At the same time, since they were out of time, the two high-ranking commanders were deliberating about using one of the most insecure methods to transfer from one titan's body to another. Both Terry and Elias were placing their bets on the almost certain possibility that Adrian and Zephyr would at least exchange a tongue kiss at some point during the farewell party that night, and that would be the ideal moment for the microscopic exploration ship and its entire crew to return to their original titan. Despite everything, the situation itself was far from ideal; a tongue kiss between two monumentally colossal beings like Zephyr and Adrian was the equivalent of being a small boat positioned in the midst of two tectonic plates the size of entire continents moving, intertwining, and rubbing against each other while your boat struggles in the middle not to be crushed by two tongues belonging to two monumental gods exchanging heat.

Terry and Elias were well aware of this, well aware of how precarious and alarming their current situation was. Even if their intuition that Zephyr and Adrian would meet at

some point tonight was correct—since nothing could guarantee that such a kiss would happen—they knew that even for an exploration ship as advanced as the Skopos, built to withstand almost any situation and environment that those gods' bodies could offer, surviving a tongue kiss between entities whose bodies were measured on a planetary scale would be by far the greatest challenge the Skopos had ever faced. All this without counting the fact that at that exact moment, the Skopos was in a very risky position, since it would suffice for Adrian to decide to take a drink or ingest anything during tonight's party, and such an act could result in the Skopos and its crew being forcibly carried toward the depths of the titanic twink's stomach; thus losing their only window of opportunity to return to their "home planet."

Unfortunately, there was no time to explore other options; the crew of the nanoscopic ship Skopos could only count on luck now. Fortunately, during the party amid the titanic gods, Adrian didn't take long to seek a moment of privacy with the blue-furred tiger twink named Zephyr, and right after the elegant tiger finished his opening speech at the elegant party, Adrian took the opportunity to meet with his former business agent. To the luck of Terry and Elias, Adrian chose not to drink any drinks or eat any of the numerous chic and expensive appetizers being served at the party. Partly because he didn't want to smudge his makeup, and also because he was strictly following the diet established by his personal trainer, especially now that he was about to make the most important debut of his career as a celebrity.

The two titans exchanged a few simple words in the questionable privacy that exists right behind the main stage of the event, from which Zephyr had just descended after finishing his opening speech. "Adrian, you've come so far," Zephyr said, his voice a low rumble of genuine pride mixed with a hint of reluctance. "Congratulations on the new gig—it's well-deserved. Mallow's lucky to have you."

Adrian smiled, his eyes sparkling under the stage lights. "Thanks, Zephyr. Couldn't have done it without you. This is goodbye, but who knows? Maybe our paths cross again." The two titans soon approached each other, and it didn't take long for Adrian to slowly part his lips, revealing to the minuscule and nanoscopic micros inside the confines of his mouth the implacable and terrifying view of the outside world. Aboard the Skopos, everyone could watch with a mixture of admiration and reverence as the colossal mountains of pure white keratin that were the young twink's kilometer-long teeth parted, only to give way to his equally gigantic lips moving as the young human boy slowly opened his mouth, preparing to receive that hot, giant feline tongue inside his own.

Inside Adrian's mouth, positioned on top of a monumental plateau—which in reality was just one of the innumerable and almost infinite taste buds on his continental tongue—the Skopos watched everything unfolding almost in slow motion. Thick, viscous columns of saliva connected the roof of Adrian's mouth to the surface of his

tongue; even though the Skopos was flying at full speed with shields at maximum, those simple saliva columns from the young twink were so powerful in their scale and volume that they could cause serious damage to the minuscule nanoscopic ship if they dared to penetrate one of them in mid-flight. And yet, from Adrian's point of view, they were nothing more than insignificant elements constituting the natural internal environment of his mouth. And that was just the beginning; it didn't take long before the minuscule nanoscopic ship was hit full force by a strong current of hot air coming from the depths of the powerful and gigantic twink's muscular throat. A gust of hot air carrying Adrian's breath blew with such force amid what could barely be considered a mere sigh on the part of the titanic gods, but for the small nano-micros, it was enough to displace their minuscule ship despite their best efforts to maintain position.

The Skopos was blown like a wooden house flying in the midst of a tornado's storm, being pushed off the relatively smooth surface of a single giant taste bud on Adrian's tongue to end up falling and lodging in a valley, very similar to a giant Grand Canyon representing the space between the innumerable taste buds extending across the continental expanse of that young femboy's tongue. The despair of everyone was immediate; they knew that with just a simple flex of his tongue, or even a small movement of that continental mass of pure pink, viscous muscle covered by streams of pure saliva, the space where the microscopic exploration ship was located could end up completely crushed, destroying the ship entirely. Immediately, Terry ordered the engines to be activated; they needed to get out of that grand canyon made entirely of gigantic taste buds right away. But to their misfortune, while the Skopos was lodged in the depths of two monumental taste buds, Zephyr and Adrian were uniting their lips. The two monolithic lips of the two gods intertwined with a sound almost inaudible and imperceptible to all those of normal size, but for the minuscule nanos inside Adrian's mouth, it was the equivalent of a majestic thunder marking the end of the external light coming from the outside world. The two colossals were now interconnected, and this was the golden opportunity that the Skopos crew could not miss. But unfortunately, just to make their already nearly precarious situation even more difficult, it was at that moment that Adrian's tongue began to move, seeking to meet the equally continental tongue of the giant anthropomorphic blue tiger.

The sound that followed was overwhelming and terrifying, as the two continental masses of pure muscle collided with each other, rubbing together as the two young males exchanged a kiss of love without the slightest idea that in the depths of their mouths and right in the midst of their two powerful tongues, an entire crew of nano-micros was fighting to survive. The mastery of piloting by the navigator aboard the Skopos was exemplary, and even despite the overwhelming earthquakes and tremors, the ship was able to escape the immense labyrinth of taste buds, gaining altitude amid the confines of Adrian's monumental mouth, dodging immense columns of saliva extending for hundreds of kilometers linking the roof of the mouth to his tongue, only to be surprised by the immense, powerful, and gigantic feline tiger's tongue approaching on the horizon. Without enough time to react, since a continental mass of pure hot,

undulating muscle emerged from nowhere in the midst of the minuscule nano ship's flight, the Skopos was almost flattened against the rough, feline surface of a single taste bud on the surface of Zephyr's tongue before being propelled forward by its force and power, heading toward the dark, hot, and humid depths of Adrian's throat. Falling into the depths of the young human boy's throat now was the last thing the Skopos crew wanted; with the ship damaged and their only window of opportunity closing, there would be no chance at all of returning to the all-powerful tiger's body named Zephyr.

Fortunately, or perhaps not so fortunately, the impact against the taste bud was so brutal that even the Skopos's advanced shields couldn't withstand the power of the impact, thus allowing the exploration ship to suffer significant structural damage. Not reaching the point of a hull rupture, but definitely preventing it from taking off again until extensive repairs were made. Unfortunately, there would be no time for such a thing, given the fact that Zephyr's body seemed to have other plans for the minuscule and insignificant ship now lodged on some taste bud near the tip of his feline tongue. The Skopos was so absurdly small that even with the amount of debris and other fluids that leaked from it after the collision, Zephyr would never even be able to feel the slightest trace of a different taste that could indicate its existence or presence in his mouth. All the divine and gigantic feline twunk could feel in his mouth was just the sweet and soft taste of Adrian's lipstick now mixing on his lips and inevitably being carried by his tongue into his mouth.

Despite all this, moments before the gigantic tongue of the titanic feline returned to the confines of his mouth, a single minuscule drop of his saliva slid over the spot where the microscopic ship had made its crash landing. For an instant, the tension inside the minuscule nano ship was total, thinking they might be inadvertently carried off their god's tongue, Zephyr, and thrown back out of paradise onto Adrian's tongue. But reality proved otherwise; what seemed like a monumental flood from the nano-micros' point of view was no more than an almost microscopic droplet of his saliva, lacking enough volume to overcome surface tension and drip from the titanic tiger's tongue, and in fact achieving the opposite effect, acting as glue that ensured the minuscule Skopos would remain stuck to the surface of that immense taste bud while the titan's tongue slowly returned to his mouth, crossing the lines of white, powerful keratin mountains marking Adrian's teeth and his soft lips covered by a thick, sticky layer of dark lipstick, only to cross the giant, strong lips of the powerful feline followed by equally titanic teeth at least ten times sharper until finally the titan's tongue settled in the confines of his equally humid, hot mouth, replete with a unique and particular breath; allowing the minuscule nano-micros now to watch the outside world hide as Zephyr's lips closed, giving them one last glimpse of Adrian's face before closing completely with a thunderous and resonant THUD.

A few seconds after Adrian and Zephyr finished their colorful kiss, Rowan appeared almost by surprise behind the main stage of the event. The gray wolf, tall compared to humans and with a slender, defined, youthful body, was wearing an elegant gala outfit with black and dark blue tones as the primary colors bordering on purple—a very expensive pigment that highlighted the financial power of the anthro couple responsible for managing that celebrity agency. One of the most striking details in Rowan's outfit was a tunic in blue that extended from his waist to his knees, a small addition to his elegant attire that evoked details similar to the garments of ancient Egyptian pharaohs; that tunic could even be considered an element of provocation in his figure, as with the simple walk of the gray wolf, that tunic swayed along with the natural movement of his legs, inevitably drawing observers' gazes to his waist, legs, and thighs, instead of keeping the gazes fixed on the face and yellow eyes of the gray wolf. A subtle tactic of provocation that Rowan loved to adopt, perhaps as a mere reflection of his extroverted nature or perhaps as a symptom of something more happening in the privacy of his relationship.

"Ah! There you two are. Adrian, it was a pleasure having you with us, and I'm sure you'll be very successful in your new life in Mallow," Rowan said in a polite tone, but at the same time tinged with a slight falseness in his speech. Something that even for external observers was quite evident—a certain dissatisfaction on the part of the gray wolf with Adrian's presence. Something that might be expected, despite the open nature of the relationship between the feline and the canine; this act of relating to almost all the celebrities that Zephyr managed was starting to interfere in the private life of the couple.

"Certainly, Rowan, I... appreciate it. I... I'll leave you two alone, bye Zephyr." Adrian took that opportunity to exit the scene politely, now leaving the two anthropomorphics alone to discuss or talk about whatever they wanted. That night would indeed be the last time the blue tiger would have the chance to see that beautiful human body parading in front of him, as Zephyr couldn't help but admire the hard, fleshy glutes of Adrian's butt swaying gently with each step the young human twink took as he walked away. Soon after, the yellow eyes of the tiger with vibrant blue fur and black stripes turned to look fixedly into the equally yellow eyes of his beloved. Rowan was just observing his husband finish admiring the body of that young human as if he were admiring a piece of steak to be consumed. In turn, Zephyr rolled his eyes, averting his gaze and moving toward a small cocktail bar table positioned behind the main stage of the event to serve himself a drink, while saying, "Rowan, not now. We're in the middle of an important event, baby."

Already amid all this, but within the confines of the mouth replete with sharp teeth of the anthropomorphic tiger, the Skopos ship and its crew were going through hard times. The simple and mere act of casually talking to his boyfriend caused that tongue of continental dimensions to move with speed and force within the confines of his humid, hot feline mouth. The microscopic exploration ship, which was already relatively

damaged after sustaining the power of two monumental tongues of two mega-macro titans kissing, surviving the caresses and acts of love of the gods was no easy task. And even after such planetary-scale acts of love had ceased, the nano-micros aboard the ship were still caught by surprise and almost entirely at the mercy of the simplest bodily functions of the titans; where something as simple as pronouncing syllables and forming sentences could easily end up crushing the Skopos ship against one of those colossal mountains of keratin made of sharp teeth.

"Elias! We need to move! Now!" Terry said directly and decisively to his engineer, trying his best to keep control of his voice since shouting could demonstrate emotional loss of control—something unacceptable for someone in a command position. Even so, despite all the efforts of the minuscule crew aboard, everything seemed almost useless. With the engines and shields severely damaged after sustaining the weight of two entire continents on top of them, Skopos was now thrown from one side to the other within the confines of Zephyr's mouth as the titanic feline argued with his husband; and only the internal dampers were saving what could be saved from the ship's interior.

A choice was terrible; without engines, they would have no choice but to be carried by the deluge of alcohol toward the other side of the abyss that was the colossal and monolithic throat of the feline, dark, muscular, and powerful. A second GULP was heard, this time vibrating every screw and bulkhead of the ship, as this time, surrounded by total darkness, they were directed toward the esophagus of the tiger and only to end up in the empty but now awakened stomach after Zephyr felt the tasty flavor of that small olive, which ended up opening the appetite of the feline god. It wouldn't take long for the monumental walls of the twunk's stomach to start producing and expelling true cascades of pure acid, threatening to destroy the small exploration ship if they didn't manage in some way to get out of there quickly.

In light of this, the only thing they could do was to try to escape the stomach of the tiger titan without being noticed by his immune system. But with the navigation system partially operational, almost completely inoperative to be more realistic. The only lifeline being the fact that they had managed by luck to land on top of a grotesque mass of chocolate cookie that the tiger had eaten before. But even that was no reason to relax, since tigers being powerful carnivores that they are, that semi-digested cookie floating in the ocean in his stomach would not be a match for his stomach acid. For now, the liquid floating around the island of pure cookie mass was made almost entirely of pure alcohol from the drink that Zephyr had just drunk. But that wouldn't remain that way for long.

"Elias, I need an estimate of how much time until we can get minimal navigation to get out of here as soon as possible," Terry said assertively and with an air of command, but at the same time masking his concern and fear. As a high-ranking officer, he knew very

well how easy and quick the digestive system of a titanic anthro carnivore could digest them without even the slightest effort. To have just an idea, given the absence of specialized protection already in the fuselage of the ship, just the saliva in the mouth of those titans by itself could start the process of breaking the molecules that hold the structures of the ship in place.

"I'm doing the best I can, Captain, but at least I think we'll need half an hour." Elias responded. Being Elias himself a feline just like Zephyr, he knew what the stomach of his counterpart could do to anything that fell into its domain. Especially something minuscule and nanoscopic like them. Elias knew how when he was hungry, it was enough for him to eat just a few strawberries covered in chocolate, his favorite dessert, for the sensation of hunger to dissipate in minutes just like the minuscule ones in his stomach. Terry, in turn, promptly responded, "Make it fifteen!" Before leaving the bridge of the Skopos to join the various teams performing repairs throughout the ship; and also to help in locating and assisting the injured.

It wouldn't take long for the external sensors of the ship to detect the brutal change in atmospheric conditions external to Skopos. Before, the air that was primarily composed of carbon dioxide, alcohol, and other fumes from the digestion process of the giant tiger began to be replaced by acid and alkaline solutions as the pure acid waterfalls that flowed from the laterals of the true mountains that composed the stomach walls of Zephyr replaced and even broke the alcohol molecules of the drink that the blue tiger had drunk.

Eventually all the alcohol would be absorbed by the titan's organism, and soon his colossal walls of his stomach would begin to vibrate, move, and sway; threatening to break the small "island" that was nothing more than a small piece of poorly digested cookie in his stomach. It was impossible for the small nano micros to ignore, even with inertial dampers functioning at maximum, the power of the booms and tremors caused by mountains of pure muscle moving, twisting, and agitating the ocean around them.

"Elias!!!" Terry said gritting his teeth while at the same time trying to hold on to the console attached to his captain's chair. The feline engineer, in turn, quickly responded, "Just a little more... come on! Almost there..." And just as the chief engineer of the ship had predicted, the shields did their job in supporting the overwhelming pressure of the peristaltic movements of the esophagus pushing the food to the stomach until the moment when, without ceremony, Skopos was expelled by the colossal sphincter into the text of the stomach bag of the anthropomorphic feline equally titanic, falling in free fall for a few instants only to impact forcefully on top of an immense island that was nothing more than remnants of poorly digested cookies that the titanic Zephyr had consumed previously that still remained wandering through his stomach. Although the feline was not hungry, and even though he had eaten some cookies a short time ago, the

fact that that small and succulent olive had fallen into his stomach was enough to awaken the appetite of the feline god.

In light of this, knowing the risks, Terry who had immediately returned to the command bridge upon perceiving the increasing gravity of the situation made a decision that would save everyone's life. Making full use of his experience as a command officer and master of exploration, he ordered that Skopos approach as close as possible to the smooth striated muscle in the confines of the bottom of the stomach, despite the concentrated acid in the place that tested the resistance of the shields to the limit; the expectation was to be dragged to the next area of the titan's digestive system where they could be absorbed into Zephyr's bloodstream, an environment that would be infinitely less damaging to their survival than in his digestive system. And, fortunately, it didn't take long for that muscle in the confines of the stomach to open imposingly and allow a good part of the ocean of pure acid and others

nutrients to be dragged to the other side, and along with that nutritious soup, Skopos and its entire crew were also there.

Once on the other side, the order was clear and immediate. "We need to approach the walls and try to force absorption into the bloodstream." And following the captain's orders to the letter, the navigator quickly positioned the minuscule and nanoscopic ship. It didn't take long for the magic to happen, and Skopos found itself on the other side, now inside a capillary vein in the vast and almost infinite circulatory system of that god. The celebration and rejoicing of the crew was immediate, but they were still far from being completely safe. They had only escaped certain death by preventing leaving the body of that overwhelming and all-powerful feline from turning them into mere nutrients to serve as energy for a small handful of cells out of the innumerable ones that composed his body. For now, all they could do was buy time to perform more repairs before following the journey to the base of Skopos.

Zephyr, like a simple tiger, had a base of nanos, but with the special touch of being a carnivore. His body was replete with nanos that had adapted to his carnivorous nature, and the nanos in his kidneys were particularly robust, as the kidneys naturally are designed to filter all kinds of impurities from the body of the god feline and expel them through his urine. The relationship between nanos and macro anthros mirrored a symbiotic bond, with nanos posing no harm to their anthro hosts. Unlike the aggressive immune response in macro humans, the anthro immune system typically spared nanos, allowing peaceful coexistence. Yet Terry and Elias remained wary—they had just returned from Adrian, and the immune might mistake them for intruders, triggering an attack. They weren't keen on taking unnecessary risks. It was very unlikely that his immune system would find them if they opted to be sheltered temporarily in the capillary beds in the renal medulla. And even so, the crew of Skopos was looking at a

horizon of some days of travel to be able to move from their current location to the relative safety of Zephyr's kidneys.

While that would be dramas nanoscopies unfolded within the confines of the bodies of the anthro titanic couple, another drama unfolded in the world of the gods. It was already the morning following the party that Zephyr had organized with his celebrity agency of which the tiger was founder and CEO. Rowan and the feline with blue fur and black stripes were now together in the kitchen of their luxurious penthouse preparing to have breakfast, ironically Adrian also made himself present although not directly the young human now performing his role as host of a morning talk show program. "I wanted to talk to you, could you turn that off." The wolf with gray fur, bringing a mug of protein shake to the table where the feline was already sitting and pointing to the holographic display on the other side of the room, which Zephyr turned off and soon after positioned himself to look

directly at Rowan's face. "Something wrong, my love?" The two titans were engaging in a conversation about the status of their relationship again. It was a somewhat difficult maneuver to change the status of their relationship from open to a closed relationship after so many years living together like that. It was a new experience for both Rowan and Zephyr, although it was important for both that they have it anyway. And both started by putting their cards on the table, Rowan started by citing the numerous times Zephyr had sex with third parties. And Zephyr in turn soon said, "And you don't think I don't notice the way you do things? Like for example, the way you dressed last night? Did you need to wear an outfit so tight and body-hugging while flirting with almost everyone you interacted with at the party all night? Boys and girls alike?"

Nothing like a little couple's discussion first thing in the morning to start the day. It's the kind of thing that guarantees the CEO of the company will leave home already pre-stressed. Despite everything, meanwhile, in the confines of the tiger's body another drama was unfolding. After spending the entire night giving what Skopos could give of itself, the nano explorers managed to enter the structures that marked the interior of the feline's kidneys. Right there, upon arriving at the feline's kidneys, in addition to encountering the monolithic process of his entire body transforming all kinds of impurities present in his blood into urine that would soon be ready to be expelled out of his divine and powerful body as soon as Zephyr made a visit to the bathroom, the sensors of Skopos detected something strange and at the same time very familiar amid that vastness of tubules and capillary filtration structures.

"Status, what's going on?" Said Terry, the captain barely having time to put on his own body suit clinging to his body while stepping onto the command bridge. The nanoscopic canine being pulled from bed prematurely, before even the start of his shift when the sensors of Skopos detected what could only be some other ship, also nanoscopic and

apparently lost in the confines of Zephyr's kidneys, but even by nanoscopic standards that ship, whatever its purpose, was immense. The discussion that followed was about whether they should or not try to approach such an unknown ship. "A ship of that size could be anything, but sensors show they don't seem to have a robust weapons system. In fact, they appear to be anthropomorphics just like us, Captain. It's the equivalent to the population of a small city in there. Who knows how long they've been stranded here, we need to help them." Elias concluded. All eyes on the command bridge now fell on Terry. The canine responsible for the most impactful decisions on the outcome of everyone's lives aboard found himself in a dilemma involving great questions in his hands. With a population so large aboard that other ship, they ran the risk of being easily outnumbered by them and losing control of their own ship. At the same time, if they decided to return here after finishing their repairs and bringing with them a small fleet just as a precaution, they also ran the risk of never finding that lost ship again. The same could even run the risk of detaching from the confines of Zephyr's renal capillary tubes and end up being expelled from his body when the titanic feline urinated.

Being so, without much choice and not wanting to risk, Terry ordered that they try to open a primary channel of communication with the unknown ship and see if anyone would respond. And to everyone's surprise, even to the surprise of the original nano crew members of the other ship, there was a response.

"This is Orion, captain of the colonization ship Nomas. We can hear you loud and clear, although we can't see you since most of our systems are inoperative, including short and long-range sensors. Please identify yourselves." Said the deer with golden fur and white spots. And right beside him was Lysander, the rabbit with fur also golden but a bit closer to yellow.

After being ingested by Zephyr along with Adrian's ejaculation, the Nomas crew had a much harder time dealing with the potent digestive system of the carnivore. Fortunately, Orion and Lysander, along with the other command officers, had the idea of seeking refuge by escaping Zephyr's digestive system and falling into his bloodstream. However, since Nomas was a much larger ship, suffering extensive damage and severe failures, they didn't have as much luck passing unnoticed by the titanic tiger's immune system and ended up being naturally directed to the feline's kidneys where they should have been filtered and expelled out of his body along with his urine a long time ago. But that fate, which would definitely result in the death of everyone aboard, could only be avoided thanks to the Nomas crew betting all their chips on colliding their ship against one of the enormous walls of the internal capillary system of the feline's kidneys in such a way that the ship was almost completely splintered in the process. For all intents and purposes, Nomas was now stuck in the confines of Zephyr's kidneys, a place from which it would probably never leave, and if it ever did leave, it would only be to be expelled along with a potent jet of yellow urine from the all-glorious feline when he relieved himself.

"Whatever you are, we need help. We have families and entire communities in here, any kind of help is welcome." Orion added over the communicator. "I'm Terry, captain of the exploration ship Skopos. Your ship doesn't appear in our records, do you come from another titan?" The canine soon asked, already aiming to clear up his doubt about the origin of that strange ship. "Yes! Although we were never able to determine the species of the titan from which we escaped, we were forced to come to this feline because the organism of our previous host was extremely hostile to us." The deer with golden yellow fur responded. And immediately Elias leaned in close to his captain's shoulder to say "Adrian..."

That explained a good part of why a colonization ship so large and full of resources could have ended up permanently stranded here, in the confines of one of the least inhabited organs in Zephyr's body. It was to be expected that with all that personal and resources, they would be able to eventually bump into any one of the other ships from the same nano civilization that already inhabited the titanic feline's body. Deactivating the live transmission link to Nomas, Terry returned to his situation with Elias, discussing with the feline about the possibilities they had available. "What can we do to help these people? We don't have conditions to accommodate twenty-five thousand people aboard, not to mention we need repairs too. Maybe not as much as they do, but... anyway..." After a short pause, the engineer thought, rolled his eyes, and began to organize his thoughts. "Look, why don't we make them a proposal. Their ship, despite its bad state, has components we can use. Why not... propose to them that they give us what we need to repair the Skopos, we return to base, inform them of the coordinates and their presence here, and come back with more ships to transport everyone... It's not the ideal choice, but if they refuse the chances that we all perish here..."

Indeed, it wasn't a good option, especially because given the time to go and return, it could end up resulting in Nomas being expelled from Zephyr's body even before the other nanos could have the chance to return bringing more reinforcements to carry out a large-scale rescue.

All this unfolded within the confines of Zephyr's body, at the same time the blue tiger with black stripes, as well as Rowan, were now back at their penthouse after a long day, replete with the most diverse activities, and both were now retiring to their bed preparing to sleep. "Zephyr, I just wanted to say that I care a lot and that sometimes I do what I do out of neediness..." Rowan admitted, sitting on the bed next to the tiger with a puppy-dog face, as if he were a pup begging for affection from his owner. Zephyr, who didn't need any justification from Rowan's part, since the feline had already perceived a long time ago what it was about with his love, simply snuggled up in bed closer to the gray-furred wolf, starting to caress his broad back, defined with hard curves due to his athletic musculature. Taking advantage of the opportunity, instead of engaging Rowan in another long discussion similar to the discussion they had at breakfast, Zephyr took

the opportunity to perform small playful teasing tricks on his husband. Giving small bites around the shoulders, neck of the gray wolf at the same time using his very sharp feline claws to lightly scratch the thighs and waist of the wolf equally titanic. Zephyr's objective was clear, and Rowan was doing nothing to stop him; quite the contrary, the wolf was letting himself be carried away by the carnal desires of his beloved.

All this, of course, would have overwhelming consequences for the crews of both nanoscopic ships simply trying to survive in the confines of their bodies without suffering a cruel fate of being destroyed by the simplest bodily functions of the two titans. At that exact moment, both Orion and Terry had reached an agreement. The most needy part of Nomas' crew would board along with Skopos, all those who were most in need and requiring help or medical care and would be transported together with Skopos to the nearest nanoscopic civilization, while the other colonists remained aboard Nomas anxiously awaiting the large-scale rescue that would follow afterwards. But even that could only happen if the repairs on Skopos were completed and the ship returned to the necessary operational conditions to face the long journey that would be leaving organs located in the lower members of the powerful tiger's body and reaching his pulmonary alveoli within his thoracic box in the upper section of his body. From the point of view of the nano micros, it was as if they were preparing to undertake a journey from one end of the galaxy to the other. A galaxy that went by the name of Zephyr.

But, all that plan could easily be put to waste if the growing arousal of the giant tiger continued to grow along with his libido. And the first signs could be felt by all crew members of Skopos as the temperature of Zephyr's body rose, his heartbeats accelerated which consequently made his blood flow increase. It wouldn't take long for a flood of male hormones from mating to flood the tiger's organism, a male tiger who was putting himself on point to perform mating with the love of his life. Nothing better than a quick fuck after a long day of work to have a better night's sleep. And even, all the nanos aboard both Skopos and Nomas, even without having access to the neural link that gave direct access to the tiger giant's nervous system which could allow them to have confirmation of what was happening in the external world, knew more or less what was about to happen in the next instants. After all, all of them had already had sex in life before....

Zephyr was about to mate with Rowan, and that could impose a great challenge to the good repair operations and even to their lives given the situation they were in. Not only due to the change in his body chemistry or increase in his blood flow, but also the act of fucking itself. No one would like to be minuscule and insignificant, trapped in the lower members of a giant being about to fuck hard with his mate, especially in a situation that bordered on life or death. However, unfortunately, the nano crew members of Skopos and Nomas had no agency over the lives of their gods, they should just be grateful for being able to use their bodies for refuge and shelter, while they should endure the fury of their masters' affairs, including their love making acts.

To be continued.