

Nomas.
(Story Commission)
Chapter one

It seemed like it was going to be just another ordinary day in the life of Adrian. A young human, living a life that many his age within the Galactic Empire would envy; Adrian resided in a luxurious penthouse atop a famous high-rise in the bustling heart of one of Korell's cities. He made his living as a popular influencer, shaping the opinions of billions of young people across the galaxy within the social norms dictated by the Empire, blending all of this with the latest trends adored by the younger generation. Naturally, there was a fortune to be made in this niche, something not unnoticed by his producer and personal agent, Zephyr.

Zephyr was an anthropomorphic Bengal tiger, with vibrant blue fur and black stripes, and a white inner fur that perfectly matched his hair. Zephyr had a long career in the entertainment industry, acting as an agent and intermediary for contracts between major studios and big celebrities for more than a century. He had already established his own studio and record label, but old habits die hard, especially the habit of exchanging favors with his newly discovered young stars for small sexual fantasies—a practice long known in the entertainment industry as the "casting couch." And with Adrian, it was no different.

The young human twink had been attending a series of auditions and rehearsals at Zephyr's studio for about six months, hoping to secure a new contract. A big contract with a top-tier company could be the crucial step needed to launch his career into professional stardom. However, during ninety percent of these rehearsals and scheduled visits, Adrian spent most of his time satisfying the personal carnal desires of his future boss, Zephyr, rather than actually rehearsing or undergoing trials. Or perhaps one could say he was undergoing a different kind of trial.

In any case, there was no coercion or undue pressure from either side; quite the opposite. Both the young human and the masculine, muscular tiger were infinitely satisfied engaging in the sexual activities that occupied their work hours. The fact that Zephyr was a committed man wasn't enough to stop Adrian from constantly coupling with the blue tiger; if it secured the contract he desired, and because it was also pleasurable.

Beyond the interactions and developments between Adrian and Zephyr, there were other actors directly interested in their relationship. Indeed, there was an entire micro universe of individuals deeply invested in the carnal acts between the two men; even though the existence of these individuals was entirely unknown to the aforementioned lovely birds. For, deep inside Adrian's body, there existed a small colony of nano-micros struggling to survive in this strange body, in this strange cosmos—the body of a human being.

Orion knew this well, being one of the smartest and bravest captains the small colony of nano-micros had ever produced. Orion was a deer with vibrant yellow fur, a white inner fur with white spots along his thighs and hips, and crystal blue eyes like an untouched river conserved by nature's hand. Orion had been responsible for exploring and mapping much of this strange physiology of the host they were currently inhabiting. Unlike any other anthropomorphic being they had encountered, this macro being was peculiar; its body, though similar to that of furies, had fundamental differences in various aspects that prevented the full development of the nano-micros.

The truth, unknown to both Orion and the rest of his people, was that they were not inhabiting another anthro, but an alien being to them; they were inhabiting a human. This brought forth a myriad of

dangers and challenges imaginable for the nano-anthropomorphic beings, starting with the simplest: there were no nano-human beings. Therefore, there was no scaled-down organism mirror for the tiny anthropomorphic beings to study and base themselves on in depth. For example, if Adrian were a giant anthropomorphic rabbit, they could easily use a nano-anthropomorphic rabbit as a basis to better plan their cities, locations for resource extraction, how to better protect themselves from the immune system, how to deal with hormones, and so on. All of this because, save for the size proportions, they could categorically assume they were dealing with the exact same organism. The body of a nano-anthropomorphic rabbit would be identical to the body of a normal-sized anthropomorphic rabbit, or universal-sized if you prefer. And the same would apply if they were inhabiting the body of a deer, a canine, a feline, or any other possible animal, but not a human.

Only some general details, such as the fact that humans are mammals and share a lot of similarities with primates, prevented the few colonies the nanos had managed to establish at such cost from being completely wiped out of Adrian's body. Of course, they could also adopt a more aggressive stance, causing uncontrolled destruction throughout the human's body, which could lead to fever, infections, and easily escalate into bigger problems such as multiple organ failure and even potentially leading to the host's death, forcing them to migrate to a new host or perish, left at the mercy of the elements in the outside world. Thus, adopting a more aggressive attitude towards the organism they inhabited was neither intelligent nor desirable for this particular society of nano-micros; the solution to their problems lay in migrating to another body.

Orion, the cervine captain, was in charge of this mission. The nano community inhabiting Adrian's body had been preparing for this project for some time. The plan was to migrate from the young human's body to that of an anthropomorphic host. Though they didn't know they were inside a human, they simply referred to it as migrating to a "macro cosmos of a compatible host." The mission was challenging for several reasons: not only because Adrian's body was hostile to the nano-micro colony, which stunted their growth and meant there were fewer people available for development, monitoring, and research, but also because it was much harder for the nano-micros to establish a symbiotic relationship with the human organism, preventing them from having good situational awareness of the external world.

Fortunately for the nanos, the strange being they were stranded in had regular interactions with another equally giant being, who happened to be a compatible host for them. It took some time for the nanos to notice the pattern and map out the exact days and times Adrian interacted with Zephyr at work. It also took time to realize that Zephyr was a large feline, most likely a tiger, before they could finally decide on the right moment to carry out the long-awaited migration. And today would be the day.

The nanos had been lucky that the secret relationship between the macro human and macro tiger had lasted for almost a year; otherwise, they would never have had the time to adequately prepare for the arduous process of migrating to the body of another giant being. Due to their inability to establish any significant colonies or cities within Adrian's body, they were still basically confined to the same colony ship they had used during the migration process from the previous macro cosmos—the body of their previous host.

At this very moment, while the young human twink was taking his morning hot shower before heading to Zephyr's studio, a tense meeting was taking place deep within the seductive body's depths. The main members of the colony ship's crew were all gathered, reviewing the final details of their plan before proceeding. In an oval conference room, seated around a large round table, were Orion, the captain and chief commander of the entire operation; Milo, a mouse with pastel yellow fur whose profile as a pilot

was more than formidable, dating back even before being assigned to this current operation; Theo, a rather short bull with a burly physique, befitting his species' genotype—Theo was the chief medical officer responsible for all hospital operations aboard the ship and thus indirectly responsible for the lives of the approximately 100,000 nano-micro crew members on board. And finally, but not least, there was Lysander, a slender rabbit with a physique similar to the twink they currently inhabited. Lysander had vibrant yellow fur with orange spots, blonde hair, white inner fur, and deep blue eyes. Lysander was responsible for engineering and also served as the ship's chief scientist.

Together, the four nanos formed the critical center for control, command, and decision-making for the entire operation. Besides them, there were two crucial individuals who, although not present in the meeting room, Silas and Cedric—a black and white feline and a white and brown dog, respectively—played fundamental roles as Lysander's right and left hands in the ship's engineering.

Thus, everyone knew what they had to do and that today would be the day. They were all gathered to go over routine reviews before heading toward the most direct escape route from the macro cosmos made up of the giant twink's organism: Adrian's testicles.

"General status of the ship and subsystems," Orion asked, his commanding and somewhat imposing tone resonating.

"All systems are operational within norms, no anomalies in the last 48 hours," Lysander replied in his typical somewhat monotonous, unmotivated, and slightly arrogant tone. After all, there was nothing new in conducting these routine meetings like the one happening now. On the contrary, every day since they arrived here, the four top command members were forced to gather and conduct these boring proceedings almost daily as a precaution due to the fiasco that was the unsuccessful choice of migrating to a macro human's body in the first place. The rabbit simply hated the excessive, bureaucratic meetings he deemed semi-useless and wished they were held less frequently.

"Good, very good. And what about mapping this giant's reproductive system, Theo? Any news?" Orion addressed the medical chief, who responded. "Surface analyses indicate that, essentially, the individual is a young male, and his reproductive system is quite similar, if not identical, to ours. However, we do not have direct access to specific details, such as which enzymes and hormones are produced in his testes or their concentrations. In other words, his ejaculate could be pure acid, not to mention we have no idea about the exact content or concentration of urine residues that might be present in his urinary tract during our evacuation." The stocky bull spoke with a mix of clarity and concern, as all the points he raised were quite valid. The truth was that almost everyone present wished more time could be dedicated to studying the giant Adrian's body before attempting a forced migration out of it. However, since Orion's career was at stake, the deer believed that relocating to a new host would be best and would help the other crew members quickly forget this terrible ordeal.

Naturally, given Theo's information, all eyes at the table turned to Milo, as he was the mouse and pilot responsible for navigating the massive colony ship through the confines of Adrian's seminiferous tubules towards the interior of the new macro cosmos, which was merely another being's body. The mouse began to speak, "Well, I can only promise to do my best within the conditions and limitations we have at our disposal. However, Captain, don't you think it would be better to extend our stay here for a bit longer, so we can complete a more detailed biochemical analysis of this giant's scrotum before venturing into his testicles?" Milo used his extroverted nature and verbal dexterity to attempt to persuade the supreme commander to reconsider. However, Orion quickly retorted, "Negative. We cannot waste any more time in an environment that has proven hostile to our presence. We are inside an

organism completely alien and unknown to us, unlike anything we've encountered before. We can't risk the chance that he might abruptly stop interacting with that feline, leaving us stranded here. We must leave today."

Orion had made his final decision. Without further delay in the already tedious meeting, the four high-ranking command members stood from their seats and each returned to their respective command posts. The deer was partially right; from the nano-micro perspective, it was impossible to tell how much longer Adrian would continue his "trial period" with Zephyr. It was also impossible to explain how such a colossal error, putting the entire monumental colonization migration operation at risk, had gone wrong so early in the planning stage, placing all members aboard the colony ship inside the body of an entirely incompatible host. However, it made no sense to question such a mistake now. All one hundred thousand nano-micros present knew the risks and understood they were embarking on a journey into the unknown, never to return.

With everyone devoted to their posts and with the scant external data the nano-micros could capture from the outside world through the sensory stimuli they could obtain from the giant human's nervous system, it was easy to determine that Adrian had awakened. The young twink was no longer in his jacuzzi, taking a bath, but likely heading to his workplace. Or rather, to his date mate.

Meanwhile, inside his body, the vast and microscopic colony ship moved with all possible speed through his bloodstream toward his scrotum. Milo was forced to do his best with the limited navigational information available, comparing charts of this unknown macro's body with numerous charts of other male anthropomorphic beings, hoping to reach Adrian's testes as soon as possible. This wouldn't be their first migration via a giant's ejaculation; everyone knew that timing was crucial. But before, they could rely on real-time data and information from the nervous system, directly from the stimuli of the macro they previously inhabited. Here, however, it was uncharted territory, and without a stable, direct connection to this giant human's central nervous system, they were essentially flying blind.

For Adrian, the day brought nothing out of the ordinary or unexpected. The young twink entered the reception of the immense skyscraper in the heart of the megapolis as usual, identified himself at the front desk, and headed straight to Zephyr's office. The tiger, who could barely contain himself in his office despite being well over a hundred years old, still had the libido of a young twink, thanks to technological marvels.

On his smartphone, the blue tiger was engaged in a constant exchange of messages with his new protégé, flirting with the young celebrity to the point where his penis, poorly contained within his boxer briefs under his elegant executive suit, began leaking precum. This resulted in a small, warm, and damp stain forming on the fabric. Simultaneously, Adrian indulged in the cheap game of seduction with his boss, future boss, biting his lips while alone in the elevator and taking the liberty of the brief privacy to frequently adjust and even scratch the head of his member beneath the tight jockstrap he wore. The jockstrap had proven to be quite practical for his "work routine" over the past six months.

As the young human's penis grew to a semi-erect state, naturally demanding an increased blood flow, the tiny crew found themselves being carried towards their primary target. They needed only to follow the continuous and growing flow of blood, and soon they would locate themselves within the gigantic boy's male genitalia. In no time, the vast and microscopic colony ship would reach its destination, being deposited amidst the extensive labyrinth of the caput epididymis in the young twink's testicles, the very site where Adrian's countless spermatozoa were constantly produced and stored. Confirmation

that they had indeed reached the testicles of this immense god came at the exact moment when the doors of the turbolift opened and Adrian stepped out, already entering the private office of the large blue feline, who could barely contain himself as he awaited.

"Why did you take so long, sugar? You know you shouldn't keep the boss waiting," Zephyr said as soon as he laid eyes on the young human stepping out of the turbolift and crossing the spacious office. "You know how seriously I take getting all ready just to see you, daddy~" Adrian replied, closing the distance between himself and his boss with eager strides. He sat on the beautiful, modern marble desk in the center of the room and immediately began helping the blue tiger remove his tie, using it to pull Zephyr's neck closer and plant a kiss on the tiger twink's warm, luscious lips.

While this scene played out in the macro world, the nano-micro crew inside Adrian was now racing against time. They needed to traverse the entire length of the immense testicles, aiming to reach the giant's seminal vesicle if they hoped to be ejaculated along with the human's semen into their new host's body. This task was not easy, especially without a detailed understanding of the young human's genital anatomy to guide them. Traversing from the caput epididymis, through the cauda epididymis, convoluted vas, corpus epididymis, and finally ascending the LONG straight portion of the vas deferens could take months, if not years, from the perspective of beings so small that even the smallest cell in this body was orders of magnitude larger than them. Navigating through the caput epididymis alone would be akin to traversing a dense star-forming nebula in mere minutes. This description aptly described the conditions the nano ship faced, with the only difference being that Adrian's scrotum was not forming stars but rather absolutely gigantic spermatozoa!

To further complicate matters for the nano-micros, each step the giant human took outside, and the movement of his legs and thighs, shook the universe within his testicles; and Adrian had no idea of this. He couldn't possibly imagine that each step he took, leaving the elevator, brought chaos to a world of beings so insignificant compared to his body that his body could serve, and indeed did serve, as an entire galaxy to them.

Meanwhile, the two giants in the outside world were now intensely engaged. Zephyr, stripping off his expensive clothes, was almost careless enough to tear them with his feline claws—a sight that elicited small, satisfied chuckles from Adrian. The satisfaction of knowing he had more control over his boss with mere presence than Zephyr could ever admit. This personal satisfaction, the knowledge that he could easily command the carnal desires of powerful men, caused his penis, still tightly confined in the now hot, damp, and sweaty jockstrap with the distinct masculine scent of a young human, to pulse powerfully and with desire! These pulses only added to the chaos experienced by all one hundred thousand members of the microscopic crew within the colony ship nestled in his ballsack. And this was not to mention the potent hormonal surge produced by the divine twink's biochemistry, hormones, and enzymes that tested the colony ship's shields, especially in the densest region of the testicles of another man, the region where his sperm originated.

As the nanoscopic crew of the colony ship made their slow but steady progress through the dense and seemingly endless organic tubules of the caput epididymis in the giant human's testicle, a brief moment of relief arrived. Zephyr, with a casual but deliberate hand, moved aside his future employee's underwear, allowing the twink's hard penis to spring free with force and rigidity. This simple act reduced the jolts caused by Adrian's member straining against the confines of his jockstrap, which in turn lessened the turbulence within his scrotum and the microcosm contained therein. With this newfound stability, the crew seized the small window of opportunity to traverse the vast expanse of this nebula-like environment, aiming to reach the cauda epididymis in the young human's right testicle. Yet,

time and the rising passion of the giants worked against them. It wasn't long before Zephyr's hand was pumping the hot, thick, and veiny shaft of Adrian's penis.

The blue-furred tiger, now semi-nude, like Adrian, who was stripped down to his jockstrap, positioned himself in his office chair behind the imposing marble desk and brought the young human twink onto his lap. Handling Adrian with ease, the large feline placed the human as if setting a trophy, simultaneously licking Adrian's neck with his warm, naturally rough tongue. The sensation of a tiger's tongue grazing his neck sent chills through Adrian, spikes of dopamine and arousal coursing through his body, directly impacting the situation experienced by the tiny crew of nano-micros within his testicles. The building desire in the young human's body became increasingly evident as the colossal colony ship found itself surrounded by gigantic spermatozoa, all journeying from the depths of Adrian's right testicle towards the convoluted vas ducts, heading towards the seminal vesicles of the twink, to be finally ejaculated in the race of life. "Race of life" was the most fitting term for the one hundred thousand nano-micros within the Nomas ship, as the sheer amount of enzymes and hormones produced by the genital machinery of the giant boy Adrian only intensified. Should they fail to reach their goal during the young influencer's main orgasm, they could be destroyed by the potent hormonal surge released during his ejaculation or, at best, be left adrift in the vastness of his massive testicles, having exhausted all their ship's energy maintaining shields during the orgasm. Such a scenario was unacceptable for Orion and the rest of the crew, as it spelled a slow, painful death, being digested by the naturally produced enzymes within the giant human's balls.

Despite being aware of the risks, the nano-micros' luck was running out, as, still within the convoluted vas ducts inside Adrian's scrotal sac, they felt the force of impacts and the giant's movements growing stronger and more intense. This escalation occurred because, outside their world, Zephyr and Adrian were truly warming up. The enormous blue-furred tiger was thrusting his thick dick into the small human's tight ass while Zephyr used his hand to pump Adrian's thick, veiny penis; both males were now racing to bring each other to orgasm. Competing in a little contest to see who would ejaculate first, unfortunately for the crew aboard the colony ship, Adrian was the first to shoot thick, warm, white jets of cum into the air, his mouth open in soft moans, trying not to draw too much attention, as they were still in a corporate environment.

Inside his testicles, chaos reigned. A massive surge of sensory stimuli, followed by a flood of hormones and other biochemicals naturally produced by a giant male's body during orgasm, swept through the microscopic cosmos in which the tiny nano-micros struggled to survive. In a race for their lives, it seemed they would be left behind, stranded within Adrian's body, with their ship slowly dissolving, either by the enzymes in his sac or by his immune system defenses.

Whatever fate awaited them, this would not be the end of their journey. Unexpectedly, the colony ship, nearly exhausted of all resources, found itself swept away by a current of sperm cells! A flood of spermatozoa, all making their way from the convoluted vas ducts of the young twink towards the straight portion of the vas deferens, carried the immense/minuscule ship along as if it were not even there. It wasn't long before the chief medical officer, Theo the bull, reported the obvious to the command bridge: the young human was full of lust and his libido was high; Adrian was ready for another round! He might have just ejaculated, but his fire still burned bright, and the beautiful boy wanted even more satisfaction. This presented a new opportunity for the nano crew of the minuscule colony ship, a new chance they couldn't afford to miss, no matter what.

As the nanoscopic crew of the colony ship struggled through the dense and seemingly endless tubes of the caput epididymis in Adrian's giant testicle, they encountered a new challenge. Their vessel became

stranded roughly midway through the colossal straight portion of the vas deferens ducts within Adrian's scrotum. They were so close! This was literally the last section of ducts connecting any man's testicles to his penis. Beyond this point lay the seminal vesicles, where Adrian's body produced his warm, viscous, and highly nutritive ejaculate, and where the tiny ship would undoubtedly be expelled from the massive and glorious twink's member as if it were just another of his countless billions of sperm cells. That is, if they could cover the short distance remaining, which, from their minuscule perspective, was equivalent to the distance between solar systems—a considerable journey, especially for a ship already so severely damaged that it might not survive another ejaculation from the young human.

Yet, all was not lost. Lysander and the chief medical officer were able to provide some encouraging data to Captain Orion and the rest of the crew. To everyone's surprise, this giant anthropomorphic being they were currently trapped inside had a relatively weaker orgasm compared to other similar beings. In simpler terms, the pressure, hormonal load, and other aspects surrounding Adrian's orgasm were less powerful and intense than those of a typical macro anthropomorphic being. It was only due to this particular detail that the colony ship had not been completely destroyed and dissolved within Adrian's testicles. Had they been inside a macro furry, a good portion of the crew, if not all, would have been reduced to their most basic protein forms and used by the testicle's machinery to fuel the production of new sperm cells.

Meanwhile, in the exterior world, Adrian rose from his boss's lap, producing a resounding pop as the hard, pulsing, and now slick with feline cum, penis was removed from his rectum. "Oh, I'm ready for another round, and you know the rules, big cat," Adrian said, standing up and letting Zephyr's white cum drip between his buttocks, down his legs, and onto the tiger's lap and thighs, which were fortunately bare, though the chair was beyond saving. Not that Zephyr cared; the chair could be easily replaced. "I can't believe you still have more where that came from," the tiger remarked, looking at the mess Adrian had made on the floor of his office, finding it hard to believe that the young, small human could have more cum stored in his scrotum. Adrian, however, simply nodded with a mischievous grin on his face. The rules were silly but clear; participants couldn't finish themselves off alone, meaning the big tiger would have to suck the young celebrity off until Adrian was satisfied.

Thus, Zephyr, now kneeling in front of the fully naked young twink, prepared to take that thick, veiny penis into his mouth; and soon, the pair of macro males were once again engaged in providing pleasure to each other. This, too, was felt within Adrian's reproductive organs, thanks to the rise in temperature and increased hormone production. This was the last warning the nano micro crew of the colony ship had before the inevitable happened again, before they missed their second ride, their second chance to escape this human body—one not prepared to sustain nanoscopic anthropomorphic life—into the body of a truly gigantic tera anthro.

Thanks to the combined efforts of all crew members, especially Lysander, Silas, and Cedric, along with the engineering department, the microscopic colony ship managed to hitch a ride from one sperm cell to another until they finally traversed the remaining distance within the vas ducts of Adrian's scrotum, eventually arriving in a sea of warm, freshly produced white semen in the depths of his seminal vesicles. Once there, the crew's primary concern was to keep the already heavily damaged ship intact to traverse the remaining millions of relative light years of the giant's urethra during his second ejaculation. Despite the pressure not being the same as that from an anthropomorphic ejaculation, it would still be immense. We're talking about covering thousands of relative kilometers in mere seconds, or even a single second! At least the crew could breathe a slight sigh of relief knowing that the semen solution in the giant human's seminal vesicle was far less aggressive than the powerful load of

hormones and enzymes present in the earlier sections of his reproductive system. For the minuscule crew of the colony ship, it all came down to patience and luck.

Outside the colossal universe that constituted the body of the human twink, Zephyr found himself at eye level with the young celebrity's waist. Adrian, with his thick and still erect penis, stood before the muscular blue-furred tiger, even taking the liberty of grasping his boss's white hair to guide the large feline's head, encouraging him to suck and savor his member. Zephyr showed no hesitation, pressing his body against the young human's waist, so much so that his snout nudged Adrian's groin, while the pink tip of the young human's penis probed the back of his throat. Adrian could feel the smooth, round head of his cock rubbing and flexing against the walls of the feline's trachea, sending sparks of pure joy throughout his body and down his spine.

The combination of all these stimuli, along with the movements of the tera macro giants, did not go unnoticed by the crew of a hundred thousand nano micros within the microscopic Nomas ship. They were acutely aware of what was about to happen, with the inner ocean of hot, white cum becoming increasingly agitated, resembling a stormy sea as the sexy young twink's body produced more and more semen to supplement what had recently been ejaculated during Adrian's first orgasm. From the perspective of the nano micros, the human twink's resilience and ability to continue playing with his boss even after a powerful orgasm felt like a blessing. And soon, the crew realized they wouldn't have to wait long; the tremors, waves of semen, body heat—all were intensifying. These were clear signs of what was to come!

Soft, feminine, restrained, and muffled moans emanated from Adrian's trachea, reverberating through the dimensions of his body. If the young human wasn't already on the verge of climaxing, he was very close! For the nano crew, it would be beneficial if he could reach his second orgasm quickly, as the waves of semen inside his scrotum were reaching dangerously absurd scales, like true tsunamis! Finally, with a final loud moan, unable to contain himself, Adrian pulled the tiger twink's hair forcefully, pressing his snout so hard against his white groin that Zephyr could not only smell the masculine scent of his employee but also feel Adrian's sparse pubic hairs tickling his snout and the edges of his nostrils. Moreover, the round pink head of Adrian's penis was pressing against his uvula, poised like an imposing cannon of masculinity aimed at the depths of his throat. In less than a second, the slit at the tip of the human's penis widened to allow the passage of a phenomenal amount of human white gunk, and in an instant, that phallic cannon fired.

For the nanos and their ship within the confines of Adrian's seminal vesicle, it was as if the vast Nomas ship had entered a network of high-speed travel, traversing distances equivalent to thousands of light-years through the almost infinite length of another man's penis, only to finally emerge from the slit at the end of Adrian's urethra. They would now be part of a torrent of semen that would end up painting the uvula swinging in the tiger's mouth pure white. The crew and their ship would now be stranded in a pool of semen slowly dripping down the surface of the giant feline's uvula; they had made it! They had escaped the body of the strange host and were now within the body of a true anthropomorphic being. However, it was too soon to declare victory, as the body of Zephyr would soon demonstrate to the tiny micros who planned to become his new tenants.

Before Zephyr could fully swallow the massive amount of white gunk mixed with saliva in his throat, the thick, veiny penis of Adrian gave its final pulses, allowing the last drops of semen to drip from the giant slit of his urethra, past the imposing glans, with some getting caught between the overwhelming folds of his foreskin and the rest mingling with the feline's saliva and on his tongue, ready to be swallowed. It was as if the god-like human body was bidding farewell to its microscopic passengers,

likely the last time the micros would witness any part of Adrian's body in such detail. Slowly, with his penis still pulsing, the young twink began to withdraw it gently from the tiger's mouth, a stark contrast to how he had gripped Zephyr's hair and pulled him against his groin moments earlier.

However, at that exact moment, the feline twink choked slightly on the massive amount of white cum mixed with his saliva in his throat. From the perspective of the nano micros, whose equally microscopic ship was still within a viscous, hot, sticky droplet of semen sliding down the lateral surface of the feline's uvula, the mere act of coughing felt like enduring one of the worst earthquakes of their lives.

The muscular walls of the feline's throat and trachea convulsed violently! But the worst was yet to come, as the nano crew aboard the Nomas ship watched massive droplets of white cum being hurled back towards the wrinkled folds of Adrian's foreskin by the powerful contractions of Zephyr's throat muscles. Luckily, the droplet containing the micro ship was not expelled; instead, the shaking and trembling of the throat provided the final push needed for the tiny vessel to fall into a small, vast lake of cum mixed with saliva that had formed just below the feline's uvula. Moments later, Zephyr instinctively swallowed the entire lake of cum in one gulp, thus definitively welcoming his new guests into his glorious body.

As the two giants proceeded to get dressed, preparing to resume their daily routines, the tiny Nomas ship began its journey through the interior of the massive feline's body, heading towards his stomach. Despite the severe damage sustained by the imposing Nomas ship during its journey inside Adrian's body, the situation became infinitely easier for the crew once they were inside Zephyr. Theo, the chief medical officer, was able to identify the exact species of the feline they were now inside, even before reaching his stomach. Zephyr, a gigantic and imposing Bengal tiger with vibrant blue fur, black stripes, and white inner fur, was indeed enormous, standing taller than the average anthropomorphic being of his species.

The journey down the feline's esophagus was brief and uneventful, and within just a few minutes, the small micros and their ship entered the vast emptiness of the feline's stomach. If the region responsible for producing sperm in Adrian's testicles was equivalent to a star-forming nebula for the small human micros, then the interior of Zephyr's stomach was that and much more, magnified on an unprecedented scale! Fortunately, it had been quite some time since Zephyr had eaten his last meal—breakfast—so his stomach was completely empty at the moment. This was a stroke of luck, as the small Nomas ship needed urgent repairs, and falling into the stomach acids of a large feline predator like Zephyr could mean the end of all the crew's hard work and the expedition as a whole.

Lysander was the first to suggest taking advantage of the giant feline's empty stomach to perform essential repairs on the ship's exterior structure. That way, when Zephyr devoured his next meal, the ship's shielding system and structural integrity would be at their peak, ready to withstand the potent stomach acid that a large feline like Zephyr was capable of producing. Unlike Adrian's body, which was just human, a tiger's digestive system was exceptionally efficient at breaking down meat and almost anything else that found its way into its stomach. The acid in a tiger's stomach wouldn't show mercy to the nano ship just because its crew were also anthropomorphic like Zephyr. In fact, ironically, the crew consisted of species that were natural prey for large felines, such as rabbits, deer, bulls, small rodents, and many others. Notably, there were no large feline species among the nano micros crew, though this was not particularly relevant.

Without wasting a second, the engineering team began conducting various necessary repairs on the ship, starting with the exterior. They weren't sure how long this window of opportunity would last before the giant feline's stomach began producing enzymes and gastric juices, which, even in the smallest amounts, could dissolve the skin, tissues, and bones of nanomicros like water dissolves sugar. Naturally, all crew members working outside the ship wore top-of-the-line protective suits, as even in an empty stomach, the accumulation of gases could be more than lethal for any nano being without proper protective equipment. However, unbeknownst to the more than one hundred thousand crew members, once the powerful boss tiger finished his shower in the corporate suite attached to his office, he planned to head to the city's fanciest restaurant for lunch with his beloved companion, Rowan. It was all a matter of time. To make matters worse, even now, amidst his shower and with his stomach containing only a thin layer of white human cum lining its walls, Zephyr was beginning to feel that familiar twinge that every large feline predator experiences now and then. Zephyr was getting hungry.

As soon as Zephyr finished his shower, he dressed promptly. Adrian, who had showered earlier in the same suite, had already gathered his belongings and left the office, leaving the tall, handsome, and imposing tiger alone to review his schedule one last time before heading to the restaurant where Rowan was waiting. The gentle gait of the gigantic anthro was felt by his new guests inside the powerful walls of his stomach as distant, thunderous explosions, signaling that their new god was on the move. Silas was the first to realize the risk this posed. Although Zephyr's steps and movement didn't affect the external repair procedures on the Nomad ship now stationed in the depths of his stomach, the nano domestic cat immediately reported his concerns to his superior.

"Lysander! We need to hurry with the repairs! I have a bad feeling about this!" The chief engineer, a rabbit, tried to calm his subordinate. "Calm down, cat, everything is under control. Once we finish the repairs on the outer hull and restore most of the structural integrity, the shields will be able to handle anything the tiger's stomach throws at us." But Silas insisted, "Yeah, but trust me on this! This macro is a cat!" At that moment, Lysander interrupted again, "So what? You're a cat. He's a large feline, a Bengal tiger, to be exact." Silas shook his head and closed his eyes. "That's besides the point! He's a feline, and we felines are always hungry!" As if to further emphasize his point, Silas pulled out a packet of pepper-flavored crackers from one of the many pockets of his jumpsuit and began munching on them. Lysander, observing his first officer munching on crackers, silently understood the message.

Meanwhile, back in the outside world, and as if to validate the microscopic feline's concerns, whose existence Zephyr was entirely unaware of, the gigantic blue tiger pulled out a piece of chewing gum from his executive suit pocket. It was just something to keep his powerful and sharp feline teeth occupied on his way to the restaurant. However, even this small action would prove chaotic for the microscopic operations taking place inside his stomach. As soon as the gum touched his tongue, the giant feline began to chew, signaling to his body that it was time to digest food. Consequently, the walls of his stomach started producing gastric juice with a high acid content.

It was a self-proclaimed disaster for the nano micro crew. Their luck was that their immense, tiny Nomad ship was still enveloped in a lake of human cum from Adrian's penis. Zephyr's stimuli were pre-digestive, meaning the stomach walls wouldn't produce large amounts of acid until the powerful tiger began ingesting food, which would be another disaster. The ship and crew were positioned in such a way that any food the tiger swallowed would land directly on them. Without completing the hull repairs or activating the shields, they could easily be destroyed, crushed by the first bolus of chewed food to enter the stomach. It was a race against time.

To make matters worse, back outside in the world of the gods, Zephyr could already smell the enticing aroma of the meat and pasta buffet filling his nostrils. The feline was about to enter his favorite restaurant, a high-class spot preferred by Korell's top executives for meals between meetings or during work hours. Naturally, Korell upheld good manners, which included not entering such an establishment while chewing gum. This fact alone—the fact that the immense and powerful tiger stopped chewing his gum minutes before entering the buffet—prevented his body from producing even more gastric juice, which would have inevitably endangered the lives of dozens of hardworking nano micros working on their ship's exterior, exposing themselves to the dangers of their new god's body.

"Hello, my sweet!~" Zephyr greeted his partner Rowan, a wolf with fur in varying shades of gray, equally tall and well-built, making him more of a "twunk" than a "twink," a perfect match for the blue-furred tiger. However, Rowan was visibly serious, sitting at the table, waiting for his life partner to arrive. "Zephyr, I know you're seeing that human from work," Rowan said directly, with a dry tone. Zephyr sighed in frustration, rolling his eyes, placing his holophone on the table next to Rowan's, grabbing a plate, and heading to the buffet to serve himself. Rowan promptly followed, intending to do the same, maintaining a composed expression for the sake of appearances.

"Please, there's no need to make a scene about this here," Zephyr said as he began to place food on his plate. "No one's making a scene; it's you who's talking," Rowan responded, still sounding cold and somewhat irritated. The dynamics between the two males clearly revealed who played the submissive role in the relationship. Realizing what the gray wolf had just said, the blue-furred tiger chose to continue loading his plate in silence, unknowingly playing right into Rowan's hands. "Listen, I don't have any problem with you seeing other guys; I just wish you had the maturity to come to me and discuss it. That way, we could consider an open relationship or something," the gray wolf concluded his initial argument, picking an olive from the tray next to the shrimp and swallowing it whole without chewing, sending it straight to his stomach. Zephyr instinctively mimicked the action, taking an olive and doing the same, before continuing to assemble his plate and ponder a counter-argument to Rowan's point.

From the perspective of the nano micros inside the gigantic feline's stomach, the small olive that Zephyr swallowed whole was akin to a colossal meteor impact, capable of causing mass extinction on a planetary scale. It was just the beginning of a deluge of food about to enter the powerful and great feline's stomach, signaling that the time was up and the small crew's window of opportunity for conducting extensive repairs on the ship's hull had closed. This was confirmed by the real production of acidic fluid beginning in the stomach walls of the gigantic feline.

However, many of the micro workers outside, exposed to the harsh elements inside the stomach of a giant predator who was hungry, wouldn't even have the chance to evacuate properly into the Nomas ship. The unexpected impact of the giant olive entering the feline's stomach almost cost the lives of tens of thousands of nano micros and nearly ended the migration, as the olive landed dangerously close to the small ship and nearly crushed it. Nonetheless, the impact caused tremors and displaced the sea of cum around the Nomas ship enough to eject a few dozen nano workers outside the ship, sending them tumbling into the remnants of Adrian's cum still present in Zephyr's stomach. These unfortunate workers knew they were doomed; even with full protective gear, they wouldn't stand a chance against the gastric juices the feline's stomach could produce. Worse still, as soon as Zephyr's body registered the entry of food into his digestive sac, combined with the fact that the carnivorous anthro was hungry, the tiger's body quickly began filling the chamber with pure acid.

Back at the buffet table, the two anthropomorphic gods resumed their seats, ready to devour their meals. This was a clear signal that the nano micro crew deep within the gigantic tiger's belly needed to hurry, as they might not be as fortunate as before. Zephyr's plate was filled with various cuts of meat, a typical meal for him, and it was clear that once the giant feline began consuming his lunch, the Nomas ship might not be as lucky and could finally be crushed beneath a massive, succulent strip of meat slathered in barbecue and garlic sauce. Orion, the captain of the Nomas ship, was acutely aware of this, watching as his migration added another setback to his career with the loss of another dozen or so workers and technicians. Unable to wait any longer, the cervine ordered the shields of the Nomas ship to be raised at full power, sealing the fate of anyone still outside and exposed on the ship's hull. Now, it was simply a matter of waiting and praying for mercy from the body of their new god, hoping that the technical skill of the engineering department, led by Lysander, would ensure that the shields, even under strain, would hold and allow them to navigate to other parts of the mighty twunk tiger's body before they were digested, adding only a tiny amount of calories to sustain the vast universe they called home.

To be continued.