

Carnival Went Wrong.

(Story Commission)

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If a swelteringly hot day combined with the high humidity in the subtropical realm wasn't enough to leave anyone confused, thirsty, and exhausted most of the time, the confusion spreading around Milo and Taylor was certainly more than enough to drive even the most patient, straight-thinking, and logical creature to distraction. Especially now, as the anthropomorphic couple looked around to see that the crowd attending one of the largest street carnival balls had significantly dwindled, leaving large empty spaces on the avenue that, mere seconds ago, had been so packed that individuals could hardly walk without constantly bumping into each other.

The few participants left seemed to be in shock, just like the rabbit and feline anthros were. While there were those running aimlessly, some shouting and others simply standing, stunned, completely unable to fathom what had just happened—like the case of these two young twink couple in particular—no one present had any real sense at that moment of what was truly unfolding just beneath the realm of perception; nor could it even cross their minds that their mere presence, though completely immobile, was indeed exerting a majestic, imposing effect on those individuals they thought had "disappeared."

The fact was that immediately below them, those who could still be considered normalized individuals, all those who seemed to have vanished without a trace or vestige, were still exactly in the same place, stepping on the exact spot where they had last stepped. However, it was their stature that had changed. All those unfortunate enough not to be immune to the gas's effect were now left to their fate, surrounded by colossally gigantic creatures towering over them, with a stature of multiple kilometers in height and an imposing, divine majesty that seemed to defy the laws of physics. These individuals, now made into imposing giants, were none other than the friends, the companions of those who had shrunk.

Yes, all those made minuscule, shrunk to a size where even the smallest ant on this planet could take advantage of their insignificance, could only look around in awe to realize they hadn't been suddenly abducted and teleported to an alien planet. No. They were still on the exact central avenue that cut through the city, where the city's grandest street carnival ball was being held. But now, they realized they had been reduced to an insignificant size.

Many of the newly shrunken micros would hardly have time to realize what had transpired or the situation unfolding around them, for as soon as they regained their senses after dealing with the painful burning and tingling sensation that came with shrinking, some found themselves immediately under the imposing shadow of an approaching sole. Without even having the time to realize they had become minuscule and were about to be crushed like insects under the foot of someone who might even be their best friend or a companion they had come with to this open-air carnival ball—KABOOM! The powerful boom, followed by an earth-shaking tremor, ended their minuscule lives, and the tonnage of a nearly two-kilometer-tall being, which in reality were just people of normal size, ensured that nothing, or almost nothing, would remain of those tiny shrunken bodies unlucky enough to be too close to those who retained their true size during the entire incident.

However, there were those who were lucky, perhaps not as lucky as those who won the genetic lottery and kept their true sizes, but at least fortunate enough to be near or in front of the shadows of those now gigantic in comparison, who had at least remained still. This was precisely the case for the equally young twink couple named Banto and Beau. The red-and-white-furred fox with blond hair and blue eyes, as well as his boyfriend Beau, the completely white-furred rabbit with green eyes, stood utterly perplexed and stunned. Before them loomed an immense, imposing, and powerful pink pillar that stretched dozens of meters into the sky, connecting to an equally gigantic and colored platform that spread horizontally, dominating most of the view for the two tiny micros.

Worse than that was knowing what this gigantic and powerful structure actually was or to whom it belonged. All the micro couple could remember was that one moment ago, they were walking with their friends and hosts in this city, Milo and Taylor, and in the next instant, they were here; perplexed and frightened, not fully understanding what was happening. But little by little, the pieces of the giant puzzle began to fit together until their minds could no longer deny the overwhelming reality projected upon them. Not only had they shrunk somehow, but they had shrunk a lot! They hadn't just become smaller, shorter, or toy-sized; no, their situation was far worse than that. However, what truly broke the minds of both the tiny fox and the equally tiny rabbit was the fact that before them now rested the base of Milo's high-heeled boot! Yes, indeed! The pink boot that extended to the knee of the slender and beautiful rabbit was an item Milo wore not only as part of his flamboyant style but as a way to compensate for his short stature. Though at this very moment, there was nothing short about him who could very well be considered the largest and most gigantic rabbit of all in the eyes of Banto and Beau. Even just the posterior section of his boot's sole, the pillar that supported the high, arched part of the boot, was like an imposing residential building before the eyes of the

two anthropomorphic beings now insect-sized on the concrete sidewalk where the group of four young boys had previously walked together, following the crowd that made up the carnival ball.

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Moments before the open-air chaos unfolded, Milo and Taylor were eager to show their two cherished friends, who had come from afar to visit their realm, what could be considered the planet's largest open-air street festival. The carnival ball was a popular, eagerly anticipated event, celebrated every year in the second month. There were people who worked exclusively on its execution, spending several months in the preceding year ensuring everything was perfectly prepared so that on the grand day of celebration, nothing could go wrong. Banto and Beau, natural inhabitants of a desert realm, were equally intrigued by the possibility that so many people could gather in the streets and avenues of a city with a climate relatively as hot as their homeland. The idea of so many people gathering in one place under the sun to celebrate anything in their homeland would have been absurd to the fox and rabbit couple simply because they lived in a city located in the desert! Luxurious and modern, yes, but still amidst a desert climate that could give anyone exposed to the sun for too long a case of sunstroke.

However, now, despite the extreme heat, the subtropical climate of the realm where the lion and rabbit couple resided benefited from local humidity, making such open-air events plausible. Among the four young friends present, if it weren't for the extroverted, outgoing nature of lion Taylor, all four would likely have spent the carnival holiday indoors, perhaps in someone's house or in the cool, air-conditioned confines of a restaurant or mall. The nerdy, introverted, and submissive tone of Milo, resonating with the reserved and quiet demeanor of rabbit Beau, coupled with the pampered fox Banto's predisposition for seeking out refined and secluded environments, could have easily altered the quartet's plans for the day completely. However, thanks to the persuasive and naturally extroverted lion's eloquence, all agreed to join the carnival parade for half an hour before leaving the open-air ball to have lunch at one of the city's largest shopping centers.

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Indeed, Taylor was only able to make his argument convincing because the main avenue where the carnival ball was unfolding passed right in front of the shopping center, making it much easier to reach if they simply joined the revelers in the streets rather

than trying to drive there. With everyone celebrating in the streets, traffic was indeed implacably bad, often blocked entirely. However, the quartet of young furies could never have imagined that they wouldn't even come close to their destination that morning. Nor could they have foreseen that the blocked traffic would prove to be of great help in light of the events that were about to unfold later that same day.

With both twink couples appropriately dressed, one might consider Taylor's and even Beau's extremely revealing outfits as clothing, given how little of their bodies was covered or, better said, how much of their bodies was on display for the public. After all, it was carnival, one of the few times of the year when one could parade down the main avenue of the city in an oddly revealing costume without being considered a criminal for it.

"Guys, I'm all set~" the tall lion, in peak physical form, said with a confident tone. Though his voice was soft, being the dominant male lion that Taylor was, it was impossible for his voice not to carry those powerful masculine notes, even if reduced to an undertone of subtle delicacy.

"We're almost there!" responded the nerdy, introverted rabbit with slight hints of anxiety in his voice. Milo, who obviously wouldn't be content unless he danced in a futuristic, body-hugging costume, which was difficult to put on and equally or more difficult to take off later. At least the nerdy rabbit could count on the help of the other rabbit, since Beau, though somewhat closed off and reserved, was forced to improvise some sort of costume. In the absence of many options, he chose to wear just a purple tank top, followed by a tight purple thong, and used glow-in-the-dark spray, the kind that changes color under black light, commonly used in nightclubs, to draw a series of marks and patterns on his body, along with some typical submissive sayings. With luck, this white rabbit might pass it off as a costume. But his advantage was that he had no trouble putting on his outfit, which left him with enough free time to help the speckled rabbit get dressed.

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And all this while the steps of the fourth member of the group could be heard, Banto finally emerging from the bathroom. "I'm ready, boys! I just hope this sun doesn't make me sweat so much that my makeup runs." Said the red fox, who was wearing more makeup than clothing. At the same time, Beau was still struggling with the zipper of the nerdy rabbit's costume, as the zipper that ran up Milo's back simply refused to close. "We're almost there... ah!!! This is so tight!!! RAH!!! There!!!" With a yank stronger than when the white-furred rabbit plays tennis with his beloved, Beau finally managed

to close the zipper on the back of Milo's costume, making the group ready to leave the apartment and join the festivities. However, not without Taylor taking the opportunity to tease his love by walking close to the short, cute rabbit and saying, "Uh! Looks like someone's gaining some pounds~ Your Captain Orville costume fit you perfectly at last month's convention~" The lion said only to provoke playfully, but if there was one thing the effeminate young rabbit was more obsessed with than his sci-fi novels and K-pop, it was his weight.

Milo, standing on tiptoe beyond the already elevated height of his pink high-heeled boots, pulled the anthro lion down by the colorful jacket Taylor wore over his black spandex tank top, and looking deeply into his lover's eyes, he said, "You're big but not that big! If you mention my weight in front of our guests again, I'll split you in two! Love~!" And upon finishing that sentence, the rabbit gently placed a kiss on his beloved's snout before letting go of Taylor's jacket, allowing the lion to resume his full, normal posture. Taylor visibly smiled while Banto and Beau remained slightly speechless, thinking it best not to interfere.

In a matter of minutes, the quartet was exiting the elevator at the main entrance of the residential building where they lived, and stepping onto the sidewalk, they were immediately amidst the main avenue of the city, joining the revelers celebrating in the street. It took only for the group to walk a few dozen meters or a few blocks from Milo and Taylor's apartment for the entirely speckled-furred rabbit to begin feeling the consequences of his costume choice for going out under a sun exceeding 40 degrees Celsius. Clad in an outfit that covered nearly his entire body, leaving only his thighs and arms exposed, Milo was the first of the four anthropomorphic males to start sweating and perspiring, and soon the soft, gentle nerd rabbit was asking his friends to pause near an ice cream cart where Milo quickly placed his order. A vanilla ice cream with strawberry topping.

"Ah! Milo, let's go already. I'm starting to get hungry." Said the tall femboy lion; it was no surprise that Taylor, being a lion nearly 2 meters tall, 1.80 meters to be exact, was always hungry. It was a natural and almost characteristic trait of his species. Milo, for his part, responded with a simple, "I'm going! I'm going!" While moving his smartphone towards the electronic payment machine to pay for his order, immediately afterward, the speckled-furred rabbit was joined by the white-furred rabbit, as Beau felt compelled to offer some form of support to his fellow rabbit friend and opted to buy a bottle of water. But it was at the precise moment when the two rabbits stood side by side, Milo raising his hand to take the ice cream cone from the vendor, that suddenly, everyone vanished!

Everything happened so abruptly that it left everyone in shock. Milo, whose eyes were fixed on the ice cream vendor's face that smiled back at him, now stared into nothingness. Taylor, standing slightly behind his boyfriend, looked around to confirm that nearly the entire crowd surrounding the group had vanished, leaving only scattered small groups that barely covered a whole segment of the avenue now. The feline and rabbit couple, now giants—at least from the perspective of all the other individuals still around them—could not fathom the new world of actions unfolding right beside their shoe soles.

Banto was the first to suffer from this realization. The young red-furred fox, standing right behind the equally young and more than ever tall lion, now confronted the imposing wall of rubber that had become the support base for the elevated section of Taylor's heel. Craning his neck painfully upward, Banto could still not clearly see the bodies of his two cherished friends, Milo and Taylor, now hovering in the air like imposing gods due to the aftermath of being suddenly shrunk and the total confusion. The young twink couple still stood exactly where they had been before, but now their bodies were magnificent, gigantic, and unreachable. "Milo?! Taylor!!! Where's Beau?!?"

Indeed, the white-furred rabbit was nowhere to be seen. At least, not from where Banto could see, since at the exact moment everyone around him shrank, Beau was typing his credit card PIN into the touchscreen display of the electronic kiosk that handled orders at the ice cream stand, and now, shrunken and tiny, he was struggling with both arms to prevent himself from falling off the edge of what now seemed like a giant cinema screen from a drive-in. But what truly terrified the rabbit to the point of making every last hair on his body stand on end was the sight behind him: the colossal, gigantic body of the other rabbit who, moments before, had been shorter than him. Milo, standing beside him, was now so immense, so monolithic, his presence so overwhelming, especially given the close proximity the two rabbits had been at during the event, that Beau's mind had difficulty interpreting this monolithic structure looming so powerfully before him as a person! Indeed, the tiny white rabbit's brain, as well as his now minuscule vision, were too focused on perceiving and noting individual parts of Milo's body as entities in themselves! Such was the colossal discrepancy in size that had been established between those who had retained their normal size and those who had not been so fortunate.

“Milo?!” Beau said, almost as if speaking to himself. His eyes, naturally compelled to look up to see the full extent of his friend's monolithic body, still fell into the habit of looking forward, but even the simple act of trying to look at the horizon was blocked by the presence of his friend's body. More specifically, by the crotch of his friend's body. Milo wasn't doing anything unusual; the gigantic rabbit was simply standing in a state of pure shock, still trying to process how a person who had been standing right in front of him, serving him an ice cream cone, could have evaporated into thin air. In other words, Milo wasn't even aware that he was, at that very moment, almost rubbing his potent masculinity right in the face of his tiny best friend. The touchscreen monitor where customers could make their selections was installed at waist height for normal-sized people. Never in their wildest dreams did those who designed the system imagine that a shrinkage event could occur, leading to a customer finding themselves hanging on for dear life at the edge of said monitor, all while being confronted with the gigantic genitalia of the customer who had been in front of them in line.

However, Milo's genitalia might have been impressive to Beau's now tiny eyes, but none of that mattered. None of it would matter if the minuscule white rabbit slipped and fell beyond the edge of that giant screen, a fall that would certainly result in his death. Or at least, that's what the small rabbit thought, since clearly, Beau had no idea that his body was now so light and insignificant that he wouldn't plummet to the ground like a stone, but rather be carried by the winds and air currents until he landed gracefully on the concrete sidewalk designed for beings whose height could only be measured in kilometers. If the fall didn't kill him, a stomp from Milo's or Taylor's boots or any other normal-sized being certainly would. But fate had something different in mind for the little rabbit Beau.

With a simple adjustment of his posture, the now giant rabbit Milo moved his neck to look around, moving his glorious body for the first time after several seconds of pure shock. This movement confirmed what his boyfriend Taylor had already noticed: several people seemed to have mysteriously evaporated into thin air. But beyond all that, and without even realizing it, Milo positioned his fist, the one now holding the ice cream cone, directly below the tiny mega-micro white rabbit's fall trajectory. Beau fell right into the forest of brown and white fur that made up Milo's speckled coat; he was alive, though his landing was far from gentle despite the air working in his favor. Soon after, the tiny rabbit stood up, and to his luck, the fur in this region of the giant Milo's body wasn't so long as to obstruct his view of the surroundings.

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Looking directly ahead, Beau could see the giant vanilla ice cream along with its cookie cone that the equally giant femboy rabbit was holding. A slight chill ran through the

white rabbit's stomach upon realizing that the amount of ice cream Milo now held in his right hand could rival the amount of snow on a large mountain! But what truly caught his attention and left the small white rabbit utterly terrified was noticing a figure, an equally minuscule figure, amidst the entire landscape of soft, cold ice cream. It was the ice cream vendor! That same deer who had just served his best friend was now trapped and as tiny as him, and unless something was done about his predicament, the odds were that he would end up becoming part of a delicious, sweet, cold dessert that would only add a few calories to the already gigantic glutes of the colossal rabbit he had just served. Who would have thought that his last customer in life would also be the one responsible for ending it, devouring him along with the ice cream he himself had just served.

Beau turned around, his attention returning to look at his best friend's face once more, but not before confronting parts of his imposing and beautiful body first, this time being confronted specifically by the beautiful, rigid curves of the male rabbit's abdomen, a rabbit who did everything to appear as feminine as possible. But this proximity and face-to-face encounter with specific features of Milo's body did not lie and left no doubt; he was a male rabbit. A male rabbit whose height and the power of his body were beyond the comprehension of any of the insignificant beings surrounding him now, all too tiny to dare try to catch his attention. "Oh heavens! Beau, how are you going to get his attention now? I just hope Banto is in a better situation than I am."

Meanwhile, a handful of kilometers away from the giant rabbit boy's fist, right on the concrete ground, another quite ordinary micro was also coming to terms with his peculiar situation. Banto was gradually regaining his situational awareness after being so abruptly shrunk. The vibrant red and white-furred fox still had his cell phone in his hands; the fox, as extroverted as the now giant Taylor, could not go a second without checking numerous messages from numerous contacts on his phone. The world around him usually passed by almost unnoticed most of the time; if it weren't for his beloved Beau always calling his attention to life's interesting moments, Banto could very well go through life without even noticing its best moments. But right now, at this very instant, it would be extremely impossible for the small, insect-sized anthro fox to ignore the world around him, especially when absolutely everything around him was thunderous, majestic, and imposing. Starting with the body of his dear friend, Taylor, the femboy lion in person.

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Taylor, though more of a twunk than a twink, definitely had curves to envy and impossible to ignore, especially now, where each of those curves was like deep valleys or rigid hills that could take minutes to climb. That, of course, from the perspective of

the now small and insignificant Banto. The fox boy had been standing right behind the gigantic feline, walking with his face always buried in his phone screen, Banto basically walked in "automatic mode" where he gave 90% of his attention to what was happening on his device and the other 10% to the clothes and fur color of whoever was with him at that moment and walking in front of him. It was almost like having an invisible leash guiding him, following the steps of any other member of his friend group. You look completely foolish walking this way, but hey, if you're the type who can't keep your phone in your pocket for even two minutes, it's the price you pay in the eyes of those around you, being seen as a cellphone addict with poor posture. Although Banto believed that his fit body, along with his expensive, brand-name clothes, could compensate for his lack of presence.

Nevertheless, the first thing the femboy fox noticed once the burning sensation and vertigo from his sudden shrinkage subsided was absence. The absence of Taylor's feet, to be precise. Slowly, Banto's blue eyes would rise, looking at the sidewalk ground, which somehow seemed different now, though the young fox couldn't say how or why. But his eyes continued to rise until Banto was looking directly at the horizon line, and it was at this moment that he was startled, and a strong chill ran down the entire length of his fit body. Standing there, right in front of him, was a fabulous, grotesque structure whose proportions defied comprehension. Extending imposingly in all directions, a solid, black wall dominated the entire expanse of the horizon before the poor Banto's eyes. The young red-furred fox looked to one side and then the other, and all he saw was the same thing, extensive segments of that black wall stretching in all directions as far as the eye could see.

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At that exact moment, Banto was bewildered, bewildered enough to almost drop his cell phone, which was still resting in his right hand. It was at this precise moment, however, that the young fox's phone beeped with a notification. But before the young twink could instinctively raise his phone to his face to at least read the notification's title, a powerful, thunder-like rumble echoing around him from the skies above abruptly interrupted any attempt by Banto's addiction-riddled mind to pay attention to his smartphone. Worse, for a brief millisecond, the young, small fox could swear that the rumble he had just heard sounded very familiar, very familiar indeed. If Banto didn't know better, he could very well say that the overwhelming, almost deafening rumble he had just heard was nothing more, nothing less than the notification and message sound of an IBerry 25 smartphone, the latest release, which, by the way, was the exact same model used by none other than the effeminate lion named Taylor... boyfriend of his boyfriend's friend, who had been standing right in front of Banto just seconds ago... but for some unknown reason, the sound was much deeper, much more profound, and infinitely louder as if it had been magnified to an absurd, gigantic scale... RUUUMBLEEE!!!

Without even allowing the small, micro-sized fox to conclude his line of reasoning and connect all the dots, the giant black wall in front of him moved! Or rather, it rose into the air as if moved by colossal forces beyond the control and understanding of the little Banto. It was only at this moment that the tiny fox boy had the curiosity to look up, and then all the pieces of the mental puzzle Banto had been trying to solve fit perfectly, as the truth was revealed before his eyes in an overwhelming manner. Right there in front of him was now Taylor! Or better said, all that Banto could see, that immense black wall, was nothing less, nothing more than the rubber sole of the gigantic shoe belonging to the equally gigantic and magnificent femboy lion.

Taylor! That was it! Taylor was there! The giant lion had been there the whole time and indeed was standing in the exact same spot Banto remembered. In fact, the realization washed over the tiny fox like a bucket of cold water; everyone was still exactly in the same place. Banto was in the same place, and looking a bit further ahead, significantly hundreds of meters further from Banto's perspective, Milo was still there too. The only difference being that, for some unknown reason, Banto had shrunk and had been left facing his friends at such an absurdly insignificant size that it seemed as if both Milo and Taylor had transformed into gods.

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Without the slightest idea of what was happening right below him, the giant feline took his smartphone out of his pocket and immediately swiped his finger across the notification bar, realizing that the message he had just received was no ordinary message. Quite the opposite. The message in question came from the national emergency broadcast system, an alert from the local government warning everyone about an incident that had resulted in the release of tons of gas on the main avenue where the carnival parade was taking place. “Milo, I think you'll want to check your phone and read this message.” The tall, sleek lion with hot white fur said with a hint of concern and urgency. Meanwhile, Milo, who naturally did not have the same habit of constantly checking his smartphone—since it was easier for the nerdy rabbit to locate his Kindle in his room than his phone—looked at Taylor with a puzzled expression, not really understanding what his boyfriend meant by saying that Milo should check his phone. But given the facial expression Taylor wore and the concern on his face as the twin lion boy continued to scroll through the message, reading it almost without taking a breath, Milo could only assume it was something important and soon opted to do the same with his own smartphone.

The problem was that the giant couple of twinks had no idea that even the smallest and most subtle of their actions could have significant impacts on those considered insignificant and below their imposing presence. Such was the lesson Banto was learning in practice. The tiny red fox could only watch in complete terror as that immense rubber sole lifted into the air, granting him for a moment a beautiful view of its entire underside. For a moment, to the small twink fox's eyes, it seemed as if Taylor's shoe sole was infinite! But beyond its magnitude and grandeur, it was impossible not to notice the shower of dust and all sorts of debris that had been trapped and crushed under the overwhelming weight of the giant lion's beautiful, fit body, now falling freely back onto the sole after having been brutally crushed who-knows-how-many times with each step the gigantic Taylor took. Despite this immense yet subtle demonstration of power from the feline, now god-like in presence before the tiny Banto, what made the small red-furred fox sweat cold was the realization that a good portion of the "particles" of dust falling from Taylor's sole were larger than he was! Yes! Banto was horrified to realize that even the smallest of the dust particles, compacted and ultra-crushed by the vast tonnage of his friend's body, were still larger than him. A brutal testament to how minuscule and insignificant he had become in the presence of any normal-sized individual.

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Banto could only swallow hard witnessing all of this, and looking up in the direction that seemed like the horizon but was in fact just the direction where the vast bodies of the two gods, whom Banto once called friends, stood, the only thought that came to the small, shrunken fox's mind was whether Beau was okay.

As Milo moved to retrieve his smartphone, once again the impracticality of his costume made itself known. The giant rabbit's outfit, though very beautiful and firmly fitted to the curves of his body, had no pockets, which meant that Milo had to use his smartwatch for payments, as he had when he paid for his ice cream earlier; but it also meant that his phone could only be stored inside his costume. Usually, the cute rabbit would keep his phone at his abdomen, just above his groin for easy and quick access. But it was inevitable that as the anthro rabbit walked, the device would slide down towards his groin, especially on a hot, sunny day that naturally increased Milo's sweat production. This was precisely what was happening with the gigantic rabbit at this moment, as Milo soon realized his smartphone had slid down towards his intimate parts, much closer to his groin than his abdomen now.

All this would have been nothing more than useless information and a slight discomfort for Milo if it weren't for the fact that the rabbit, now multi-kilometrically gigantic, was serving as a "shelter" for, at the very least, two small, minuscule passengers. Beau was forced to lie down on his stomach and hold on tight as the giant rabbit moved his body.

From the perspective of the tiny white-furred rabbit, even if he was clinging for dear life to his best friend's fist, he could still perceive impressive impacts, such as the relatively thunderous and shocking sound of what seemed like tons of fabric, like ship sails, dragging against the fur and over the body of his powerful friend. All this was nothing more than the fibers of Milo's costume fabric adjusting and contracting to better follow his curves and muscles as the giant rabbit moved. And all this without Milo even taking a single step, simply too much power concentrated in one individual's body, that is when such an individual alone can put the planet's greatest mountains to shame.

Beau had no idea what was coming, but as if fate were mocking him, he was granted a small demonstration of the true dimension of the danger he was now facing. Milo was about to move just to grab his phone and check the emergency broadcast message. But, a little before that, the attention of the giant and divine rabbit was momentarily diverted to his fist, right when an "avalanche" of vanilla ice cream had melted and dripped beyond the edge of the biscuit cone, thus diverting the attention of that all-powerful god back to his fist. At that exact moment, Milo himself remembered he was still holding his ice cream, as it was even melting. Innocently and without thinking, the rabbit lifted the fist that held the said ice cream to his mouth, opening his lips and allowing his pink, saliva-filled tongue, eager to taste that cold dessert, to be exposed to the outside world.

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All this, of course, had a completely different tone and perspective for the two minuscule passengers who were witnessing everything from a much closer angle, perhaps too close for one of them. Beau didn't need to think much to realize what was happening, or what was about to happen. As his world ascended, passing by the entire chest of that titanic rabbit until finally coming face to face with his best friend's face, a powerful chill ran down the spine of the white-furred rabbit. Being face to face with Milo's lips, Beau knew very well what was going to happen, and immediately he turned his gaze towards that mountain of ice cream that was already slowly melting in his best friend's hand; more specifically, the tiny white rabbit positioned his gaze on the spot where he had spotted the ice cream vendor earlier.

The poor deer, now shrunken and as tiny as all the other unfortunate victims of this incident, watched paralyzed and in shock as the lips of his last customer approached and until the moment they inevitably parted, revealing the depths of the confines of his mouth. Milo was a beautiful rabbit, without a doubt, short and cute; it was virtually impossible for anyone to feel threatened by his presence. However, this had definitely ceased to be true in the context the micro ice cream vendor was now experiencing. In a desperate attempt, the tiny deer struggled through the unstable terrain of ice cream, acting almost as if it were very soft snow from a giant mountain, he stood up and with

all his strength, pleaded for his life before the titanic, giant femboy rabbit. Waving his arms and shouting at the highest pitch of his poor voice, the ice cream vendor did everything he could to make his cries and pleas for mercy heard or at least registered by the powerful god who now threatened to devour him. Unfortunately, his screams were so minuscule that even the sound of copious amounts of saliva running over the hot, giant surface of that rabbit's tongue was well capable of drowning out any sound that any of those tiny, insignificant beings could produce.

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However, his cries for mercy were heard by a rabbit. Perhaps not by the gigantic, all-powerful rabbit the ice cream vendor had in mind; but by Beau. The equally poor and tiny white rabbit was having an epiphany, paralyzed by the situation unfolding before his eyes. Being a rabbit, Beau was a herbivore, and thus, his most natural instincts put his entire body into a profound state of alert at the threat or even the possibility of being devoured by a predator, especially one as powerful as Milo had become. Yet, causing a deep paradox in both the white rabbit's mind and the small deer boy's mind, both herbivores and therefore prey, was the fact that they were not at risk of being devoured by a giant carnivore, like Taylor, the lion boy. No! They were about to be ingested by a rabbit! Another herbivore just like them!

All this was simply too much information for the small nerdy rabbit's brain to process. But as the titanic Milo's lips and his gigantic, imposing tongue approached, the weight and severity of the situation became impossible to ignore. Especially at the moment when the colossal rabbit's mouth came so close to them, so close to the ice cream in his hand, that all the minuscule pair of micros could see were simply the lips, followed by an overwhelming row of teeth, tongue, and the warm, moist confines of the rabbit's mouth. It was only at this exact moment that Beau managed to break out of his state of shock, standing up and raising his hands towards his best friend's face, shouting, "MILO!!! PLEASE!!! DON'T DO THIS!!! MILO, PLEASE! DON'T EAT US!!!"

But, unfortunately, it was too late. With a powerful impact, followed by a jolt that only the small micro could feel, the gigantic rabbit's tongue collided with the side of that "mountain." The sound that followed was as terrifying as it was loud; Milo, using absolutely no effort from his imposing muscles, moved his tongue in such a way as to lick a "small" part of that ice cream mountain he held in his hand. This created a thunderous sound so strong it would make any avalanche sound like a whisper in comparison. Sadly, the tiny ice cream vendor wouldn't even have the opportunity to be alive to perceive or endure that deafening sound produced by the imposing mass of the rabbit's tongue dragging across the ice cream surface, as his minuscule body was immediately crushed, pulverized, and mixed with the ice cream at the moment of Milo's

tongue impact and in the following moment when his tongue began to move to effectively lick the ice cream.

The small deer's body was so minuscule that even if his body had been effectively crushed by one of the innumerable taste buds that dotted the almost infinite expanse of the rabbit's tongue, Milo wouldn't even notice his taste. His body contributed absolutely nothing to the dessert of the giant and all-powerful femboy rabbit, his existence passing completely unnoticed by the divine being's taste buds, and his calories would add a negligible amount to the total Milo would consume in that single, small lick.

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Of course, while all this was unfolding, Beau could witness it from a relatively "safe" distance; since the tiny white rabbit wasn't on the ice cream but on the surface of his best friend's fist. Beau, now watching in terror what was for Milo a completely simple and thoughtless act—licking his ice cream—quickly realized that his safe spot wasn't so safe after all. The moment his best friend's titanic tongue pushed up a mass of ice cream equivalent to Mount Everest, it also freed space at the base of the cone, allowing the melted part of the strawberry topping to slide over the biscuit edge and directly towards Milo's fist. In other words, directly toward where the poor little Beau was taking refuge!

"Milo! No!!!" the white rabbit screamed, but at least his nerdy brain, which allowed for quick reasoning, warned him that shouting at someone of normal size when you're so small that your height can only be measured in millimeters would be futile and beyond that. Beau knew Milo, and he knew how much that rabbit loved strawberries. Which meant that Milo wouldn't let even a single drop of his ice cream's topping go to waste, meaning in other words that if Beau allowed himself to be carried by that red, viscous avalanche made of pure strawberry sauce, he would soon be facing the exact same situation the small deer ice cream vendor had just encountered. Being face to face with the tip of a powerful god's tongue as Milo simply moved to remove the small portion of strawberry topping that had dripped from his ice cream and soiled his fist. But before that could happen, and despite the thunderous sound produced by the giant, overwhelming tongue of the titanic rabbit still licking his ice cream, Beau stood up and began to run in the opposite direction of the imminent strawberry avalanche.

It was at this precise moment that, acting literally like a divine intervention, Beau's world was shaken by the strident, deep tone of a second titan's voice. A voice extremely familiar yet equally magnified and powerful to match the scale of someone like Milo now. It was simply the lion boy speaking, Taylor saying in a semi-desperate tone to his beloved, "Milo, what are you doing!" The deep voice of the giant feline asked, and

immediately, the rabbit stopped licking his ice cream, retracting his tongue back into the confines of his mouth, taking with it tons of ice cream and the remains of a tiny passenger. All this before the titanic effeminate rabbit could move the ice cream cone away from his face and turn his body to look directly at Taylor's face, but not without first allowing the tiny rabbit Beau one last demonstration of strength and power, in the form of an imposing bulge descending through the muscles of his throat, followed a moment later by an audible, GULP!

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With that last scene, Beau breathed a sigh of relief as he watched the gigantic features of his best friend's body move away as the rabbit pulled his ice cream away from his face to talk to his beloved.

"I... was licking my ice cream before it melted?..." Milo said in a completely innocent tone, as the gigantic rabbit was still totally oblivious to the immediate emergency call from the local government agency. But Taylor, on the other hand, looked at his face with a completely horrified expression, as if his rabbit had just killed someone. Which was indeed true, although the two giant gods had no idea yet. "My love, please read your message on your phone." Taylor said, in a more subtle but still very direct tone. This kind of voice tone was only used by his boyfriend when the giant couple sat down to discuss important things.

Not wanting to test his beloved's patience and now intrigued to know the reason for such fuss from Taylor, Milo immediately moved his free hand towards his body, pulling his costume aside only to confirm that, as happened most of the time, his phone had slid down his smooth, slightly undulating abdomen towards his groin, only to be nestled just above the base of his penis, amidst his pubic hair. Rolling his eyes and grunting a bit, Milo turned back to Taylor and asked, "Okay, hold my ice cream, please."

At that exact moment, Beau saw his golden opportunity; it would be the moment when both giants would be focusing on the exact same point. That is, on Milo's wrist, very close to where he was perched. If the tiny white rabbit could use this to his advantage, he might be able to catch the attention of a "god" he still insisted on seeing as a friend. But unfortunately, there were more factors working against his plan than in favor; the fact that Taylor was more concentrated on not moving much and ensuring his boyfriend did the same would prevent the titanic twunk lion boy from observing his beloved rabbit's fist with the attention necessary to notice any clarity of details. At the same time, Beau had all white fur, and Milo had speckled fur, and to the micro's misfortune, the part of the fist where Beau was located was predominantly white as well. As a

result, not only did neither of the two titans notice his presence, nor did they hear his minuscule cries for mercy, but immediately after the ice cream cone changed hands between the two giants, the hand where the micro bunny was perched was directed towards the confines of the gigantic rabbit's costume, positioning to enter an opening in the body-hugging garment located just above Milo's groin, already being held open by the other hand that the god-like rabbit had previously used to pull the fabric covering his glorious body aside.

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"No!!! Wait! I'm here!" As Beau shouted this, Taylor's imposing, thunderous voice responded to Milo. "Okay, I'll hold your ice cream. But for god's sake, just try to move as little as possible, Milo." Each of these syllables could generate infinitely more decibels than any sound the small Beau could produce, and they could shake the bodies of all the other numerous and minuscule micros scattered around the immediate area of the two god-like twinks.

Immediately after, Beau was confronted with a strong sensation of vertigo as his friend's hand moved towards the confines of his groin until the light of the outside world disappeared. In one swift movement, since Milo wanted to avoid letting external observers notice that he was literally pulling his phone from beside his penis, the mega-macro rabbit grabbed his device, pulled it out from the dark, hot, and sweaty confines of his bulge, and closed the costume, only allowing the fingers of his other hand to release the fabric, letting it snap back firmly to adhere to the beautiful curves of his body with a powerful snap! All this, of course, without even noticing that he had just deposited a tiny passenger deep within the most intimate part of his gigantic, beautiful body. Beau was now amidst a true tropical forest, with hairs that seemed like giant trees extending in all directions, with heat and humidity levels he had never experienced anywhere in his entire life.

Meanwhile, kilometers away and above the world of the tiny red fox, Banto noticed that the behavior of the gigantic lion named Taylor was different. And indeed it was, to the point where even Milo noticed, and immediately after grabbing his phone, while the giant rabbit was still wiping the sweat from his own manhood that had impregnated the screen of his device, the rabbit took the opportunity to say, "You're acting strange, what happened to you..." But, finally, before the nerdy rabbit could even finish his sentence, the mere act of passing his fingers over the sweat-filled screen from his pubic hair and his own penis caused the phone screen to light up, and Milo was able to read the automated message header sent by the national department of defense and disaster control of the government. Just seeing that, the rabbit's expression changed completely;

now everything made a lot of sense. Taylor was so worried and serious because the situation was indeed very serious.

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Even the poor, tiny Banto, who was present yet felt kilometers away from his two friends, because technically he was indeed kilometers away from the two giants—despite standing right beside the sole of one of their shoes—even Banto could perceive by the change in the tone of Milo's voice and the fact that the entire titanic, gigantic musculature of the divine rabbit's body had become more rigid that something was truly very wrong. This prompted him to make a significant mistake that no micro should ever make: Banto stopped observing the bodies of the two gods who could end his existence with something as simple as a sneeze, to also grab his smartphone and read the same emergency message that the mega-macro couple had received.

However, the small red fox could barely start reading the message properly before being interrupted by an extremely high-pitched whistle, similar to the sound caused by a large mass moving through the air and falling towards the ground, until SPLASH! A drop of sweat! A single drop of sweat that had detached from the beautiful muscles on the giant named Taylor's thighs fell right beside him, impacting the concrete sidewalk with the force of a bomb! Almost as if it had been launched by a dive bomber! All this serving as a reminder that even when standing still, the mere presence of giants like Milo and Taylor was now not only overwhelming but also capable of dictating the course of his minuscule existence and having a gigantic impact on his world.

Milo, for his part, quickly and attentively read the details of the message received on his phone. The message explained that a major leak of a colorless, odorless gas whose potent side effect was shrinkage had occurred on the main avenue during today's carnival parade. Although the incident was being considered an accident, relevant information about the number of people affected or missing since the incident was still scarce. It seemed that only a small majority of people were completely immune to the gas's side effects, hence why Taylor and Milo could still look into each other's eyes as if nothing had happened to them or their surroundings. But most importantly, the message provided a series of instructions on what to do if you were one of the immune individuals present at the scene of the incident or its surroundings, and what to do if you were one of the numerous shrinkage victims now at a greatly reduced scale. This information was crucial for ensuring the survival of everyone, or at least the majority, given that many had already been crushed and destroyed in the panic and chaos or even devoured and swallowed alive...

Milo now raised his eyes to look directly into the eyes of the lion he called love. The two macros, now with expressions of horror and fear, realizing that the simple act of changing posture, moving their feet, or even wagging their tails could be enough to end lives! Worse than that, Milo looked at Taylor and realized that the lion had already taken the initiative in the help and rescue process, since he noticed his love was examining his ice cream cone, probably looking for... "The ice cream vendor!" the shy, nerdy rabbit said, with a tone of voice so terrified, now that he realized what might have happened, that it seemed as if an ice stage had pierced his chest. And Milo continued, speaking slowly and full of fear, "Do you think he... oh my god! Could I have..." The rabbit said, raising his hand to his lips, remembering the lick he had taken of his ice cream and imagining the possibility that he probably had swallowed someone alive along with his ice cream.

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Taylor, immediately noticing that his boyfriend was on the verge of tears, took just one gentle step forward to invade the personal space of the gigantic rabbit with the intention of embracing and consoling him. Without the slightest idea of the implications this had for the sub-universe of micros and people struggling to survive below him at that very moment. Included in this group was Banto. The poor, tiny Banto, who had barely had time to read the emergency message in full, could at least breathe a little easier knowing that the two powerful gods hovering above his world were now at least aware of what was happening beneath them. Nevertheless, the vast difference in size between the two worlds—the world of the giant, divine beings versus the world of the minuscule, insignificant ones—was so stark that even being aware of the general situation around them did not make the world safer for those whose height could hardly be measured in millimeters. And Taylor was about to prove this.

With just one gentle act of stepping forward, the gigantic lion boy lifted the sole of his shoe, once again exposing the small red-furred fox to the overwhelming vision of the infinite expanse of his sole, along with all kinds of dust and debris raining down, falling, and detaching from Taylor's sole as his paw moved forward in an imposing and powerful manner. But this time, there was something more at stake. Amidst all types of dust and dirt, both what was firmly stuck and compacted on the sole of the giant feline as well as what was now falling freely as the titanic feline's paw moved through the air, the small fox Banto could see something beyond terrifying. Banto could see bodies! Worse than that! Pieces of bodies of other individuals who, just like him, had been shrunk and left in this nightmare of minuscule size!

Although the small fox didn't know it, what he was seeing were people who had been at the carnival parade just like him, but not only that; they were people who had the worst

and most terrible idea any micro could have when finding themselves shrunk to a stupidly small size and facing a being whose height they could barely comprehend. These people had the brilliant idea to approach Taylor, or better said, they had the brilliant idea to approach the sole of his right paw and tried with all the strength they had to collectively shout and punch the small area at the base of the shoe of an absolutely divine and gigantic being! Anyone with a shred of common sense would know that even if they were all shouting together, the minuscule decibels generated by the collective of their voices would hardly reach a height that could be considered the top of Taylor's shoe sole, let alone be heard by another micro so tiny and small like them somehow at the height of that same lion's ankles. The same reasoning would apply to the punches thrown by the group at the base of Taylor's sole.

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It was simply terrifying to have to deal with the subtlest and slightest tremors caused by the body of the giant twunk lion, or rather, by Taylor's mere act of contracting his muscles to do the simplest possible movements like swaying his tail from side to side or moving his neck to look around. Gosh! If you are so minuscule that the mere basic bodily processes of a person standing still, "completely immobile," shake your world; what makes you think your punches would even be perceptible to someone with such size and power over your existence?! Even worse was the case of the group of micros, since they were not even punching directly into the skin or body of the gigantic lion, but merely a small part, a small area, a small segment of the structure at the base of his sole, which from their perspective could extend for meters and meters in all directions.

But all this was now over, as witnessed by the small, horrified Banto, since the price to be paid for being so foolishly stupid in the presence of a being who could more be considered a god than one of their peers was death by crushing. Leaving their disfigured bodies to rain down along with all kinds of dust and dirt that had accumulated under the sole of that very god, and as the small red fox on the ground was now witnessing. However, this by no means marked the end of the colossal disaster that was being in the presence of a divine couple, because right under the new shadow cast by the looming sole of the lion's paw, there were not only more people; all of them running desperately and trying to outrun a sole that could easily extend over a distance equivalent to an entire neighborhood, but even all those far from the impact zone, from the area where that shadow was forming, were also in danger thanks to the sweat of the gigantic, male lion.

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Banto could clearly see the formation of sweat drops now trickling down the body of his boyfriend's best friend's boyfriend, as he himself had nearly been crushed by a single drop of sweat from the titanic male lion whose body hovered above him. Looking directly upward, the minuscule fox could spectacularly see the muscles of the lion's inner thighs and groin in motion, his right thigh extending and propelling the lion's body forward with such grace while his manhood, highly delineated by the fabric of his bulge, swayed with the movement of his legs and was projected forward, causing the lower section of the fabric covering that male lion's balls, a section completely drenched in his virile, masculine sweat, to be swung along with the movement of his glorious testicles, naturally casting "giant" drops of sweat down towards all those tiny, insignificant micros trying to save themselves and remain alive for another minute or two.

The local despair was generalized, and before the imposing BOOM of the impact of Taylor's sole colliding with the ground could be felt; his equally powerful sweat droplets, all so minuscule that even their owner, Taylor himself, could hardly perceive their presence trickling down the beautiful curves of his body, were already falling onto the ground around him and impacting it with the absurd power of bombs! Claiming the lives of dozens of less fortunate small micros who happened to be running or simply standing in the wrong place at the wrong time.

All this while kilometers above, the situation for those who didn't even have to worry about the crushing reality of being under the shadow of two gods was far from good or even more comfortable. Sweat from a penis mixed with the potent aroma of balls was the reality of the new world for the small Beau. The white rabbit now could barely navigate or orient himself in that forest of pubic hair in another rabbit's groin, a rabbit whose body could serve him as "shelter" or act as his new world. If there was a slight consolation in the situation the shrunken white rabbit was now facing, it was knowing that far above his current position, the two voices of the gigantic males conversing suggested that both Taylor and Milo were now somewhat more aware of the situation their mere divine presence was imposing on those too minuscule and insignificant to even survive facing a single drop of sweat produced by their organisms. However, even so, the two mega-macros were far from understanding the reality of a bug-sized micro in front of their bodies, because at this exact moment, and without moving a single muscle, Milo was about to add an extra dose of challenge to his tiny best friend's life.

By allowing his boyfriend Taylor to embrace him for an instant, being the shy rabbit that Milo was, he would never, ever deny receiving a demonstration of affection from his beloved feline; but without realizing that their two bodies were now too close to each other. In fact, the front of the twink rabbit's body had just collided and "gently" pressed against the front of the twink lion boy. Something so casual that it didn't even cross the minds of the two giants that this could be proving immensely aggravating for the tiny Beau, trying to survive in the midst of the groin of now two male divine giants.

By allowing that embrace, Taylor naturally pressed his pelvis against his boyfriend's pelvis. Although both titans were completely flaccid, not exposing the slightest sexual attitude at the moment, the mere fact of their bulges now being firmly pressed against each other increased the heat inside the confines of Milo's bulge by more than 100%. And the smell, the powerfully virile and masculine odor dominated by the scent of male rabbit produced in Milo's groin, was now mixed with an equally masculine smell, perhaps even slightly more potent, of a lion! The space, which was already not much thanks to the fabric tightly fitted to the rabbit's costume, although Milo's immense penis did a good job of stretching the tight fabric in such a way to create the space necessary for Beau to "live" and not be crushed, now even that space was being stolen by the equally imposing cock of the titanic lion named Taylor.

If it weren't for the smell, Beau might never have had the total certainty of what was happening in the world beyond his own. The tiny rabbit could have been led to believe, perhaps out of innocence or pure denial, that all this was just his friend Milo adjusting his volume, maybe in an attempt by the giant rabbit to adjust his penis or his sack after removing his smartphone from within. But no, the head of the gigantic feline's penis was pressed exactly against the base of that rabbit's penis, and although there were several layers of fabric separating the small Beau from his best friend's boyfriend's penis, the smell doesn't lie. Beau could sense an entirely new set of musk, sweat, and even... slight notes of urine that were completely different from the male rabbit aroma that already dominated the air in the confines of his new prison. Yes, that's right, the twink couple were merely hugging and in the process were torturing their tiny, shrunken friend amidst a pair of powerful cocks, without even the slightest idea about it.

"Milo!!! Help!!! Oh heavens no!!!" RUUMMBLE!!! Poor Beau, screaming desperately in a futile attempt to communicate with gods who would never again be able to perceive or notice his presence. The difference between their two worlds was too vast for that. The minuscule white rabbit, though quite smart and intelligent, began to doubt if he would ever return to a normal life. Many knew that in cases of accidental shrinkage like this, where the victims became so dangerously tiny and insignificant, eventually search efforts were called off, and the micros were considered lost! A thousand bad scenarios began to run through the little white rabbit's head, from never seeing his boyfriend Banto again to the possibility that perhaps he would be forced to learn to live in the groin of a giant, all-powerful god rabbit he once even called a friend. However, it was at

this exact moment that Beau's line of reasoning was completely interrupted by the constant beep beep from his smartphone, still in his jacket top pocket all this time.

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And who could blame the tiny boy for forgetting he had his smartphone with him all this time? After all, surviving in an environment that was completely hostile, which happened to be another body, the body of a being infinitely more powerful and gigantic than you, could easily make you forget even the most important things. Not to mention the fact that given the vast, overwhelming doses of musk and virile pheromones from a gigantically male rabbit that Beau had been forced to breathe, it was a miracle he could still remember his name, who he was, and what he was doing there in the first place. Many other mega-micros, if confined in the groin of a giant under the same circumstances, would have already abandoned any semblance of personality and transformed into nothing more than small worshipers, idolizing the body of their new god.

Upon retrieving his smartphone, a wave of relief washed over the small Beau as he realized the messages were coming from the Telegram group the two couples of friends had created to better coordinate their group trip. Even more relief came from the fact that it was his boyfriend Banto sending messages to the group! The eyes of the micro white rabbit filled with joy upon realizing that his love was still alive and already trying to establish communication with the two divine mega-macro twinks. It was obvious that Beau should immediately take advantage to do the same, since he still had his phone in hand and could easily do so. But unfortunately, before the tiny rabbit could even have the chance to type a single character, the world around him groaned, trembled, and his center of gravity completely shifted.

"I heard that! It's our phones! They've sent another message!" Taylor, the mega-macro lion, responded while still clinging to his boyfriend and caressing his sides, trying to make Milo dismiss the possibility that he had just swallowed and devoured a person alive along with his ice cream. "Milo, we need to check these messages." Taylor insisted once more, as the mega-macro rabbit insisted on staying clung to his boyfriend, with his muzzle buried in the lion boy's shoulder as if he wanted to hide his face from the world out of pure shame. Milo felt as guilty as a murderer at that moment, but even his conscience was keen to remind him that he didn't know what was happening and that it made no sense for him to feel that way.

Very slowly, the two giants were pulling apart, establishing a minimum of space between their two monumental bodies. And although the space was indeed very minimal, since both were aware of the countless lives at stake under the imposing presence of the two titanic beings, it was still not possible to prevent more lives from being trampled and crushed, this time by both titans. Taylor was the first to pull out his phone to read the messages, despite still having his hand occupied holding his boyfriend's ice cream in his other hand; the fact that the lion was more than accustomed to typing and sending messages made the act of retrieving his phone to check his messages with just one hand more than natural and usual for Taylor.

"Can I..." The naturally shy voice distracted the giant feline for a moment. Milo, with his own phone already in hand, pointed to the ice cream cone in Taylor's hand. The ice cream that was now almost 50% melted. Making any possible micro inside it already dead. "You... found someone?" Milo insisted, looking at the half-melted ice cream in Taylor's hand. The lion momentarily diverted his gaze to the ice cream cone in his hand, only now realizing that the dessert had almost entirely turned into colored water, and said, "Ah... no, Milo. Unfortunately, I didn't find... but, see, he could have ended up anywhere. He could even be on the surface of the ice cream stand's counter, screaming and waving at us at this very moment; they're just too small, Milo. We have no way of knowing." The gigantic feline responded, articulating his explanation directly and quickly. At the same time, with just a glance exchanged between them, the couple of giant anthropomorphics had communicated more information than their imposing voices could convey.

Milo looked at Taylor with a look that wanted to finish the ice cream, and Taylor looked at Milo with an expression that said whoever might have been lost in that "sea" made by a single ice cream cone was either already frozen to the point of permanent frostbite damage or drowned by the melted ice cream. In a way, Taylor gave Milo his tacit approval that he could finish his dessert; it would be good to calm the titanic rabbit and also to free his hand so he could type more quickly to Banto and Beau. Assuming they were still alive. And since those poor micros in the middle of the ice cream couldn't be helped anyway, Taylor resolved everything with a single gesture. Passing the ice cream from his hand to Milo's, and with one swift movement, the poor rabbit poured that dessert into his mouth and swallowed everything. This could all be summed up as anxiety, something Milo, thanks to his introverted nature, had in abundance. So, being thus, Taylor opted for the best decision, even without knowing if he might be condemning the life of someone shrunken by doing so; which indeed guaranteed that the last mortal remains of the ice cream vendor would never, ever be found after that day. That ice cream vendor, like numerous other poor victims, would contribute to the terrible statistic of people never found in the days following that terrible accident.

But not everything was so dire, because as soon as he grabbed his phone and read the messages, Taylor said, "Hey! Look at this, isn't this the fox? Your best friend's boyfriend, what was his name again... Banto!" Milo, with lips still slightly stained with ice cream, lowered the now completely empty cup and read the messages on the young feline's phone screen, saying, "Guys!!! Milo! Taylor!!! For the love of God!!! DON'T MOVE!!! I'm still right here below!!! I've been here this whole time!!! I'm right behind Taylor! Guys, for the love of God! Neither of you can move a muscle!!!"

The couple of macro giants exchanged worried glances with each other; despite reading text messages, the desperation of the poor, small Banto was palpable. A brief moment of silence settled between the two god-like twinkles until Milo said, "At least we know where one of them is, but what about Beau?" "I don't know, the last time I saw him he was standing right next to you, a little to your right, well... here..." Taylor finished his line of reasoning while at the same time preparing to take a single step in the direction his index finger pointed, until he was wisely stopped by Milo's quick reaction, preventing the giant multi-kilometric lion boy from lifting even a single sole of his shoe from the ground.

"Taylor! No! Are you crazy!!!???" Milo said, prompting Taylor to immediately respond, speaking through clenched teeth, "Sorry! Sorry!! Sorry!!" The stress was high between the two giant boys; this was quite evident even through their body language. But it became even clearer now when even Taylor, the naturally more dominant side of the couple, was speaking in a high-pitched voice between his teeth; another clear demonstration of his high level of stress.

The two giants looked into each other's eyes again, thinking about Banto's situation down below and what to do about him. Then, almost simultaneously, they looked down, scanning the ground in search of minuscule beings that could be mistaken for anything on a sidewalk that until moments ago was crowded with people. All the two titanic beings could see was all kinds of litter, disposable cups, beverage bottles, papers, and dirt. Looking for people shrunk to less than 1 millimeter while they themselves could barely move properly to do so was a task almost impossible to say the least. But they still had to try. "How do we communicate with them? I mean, exchanging messages while we're almost squashing them is kind of ridiculous." The gigantic feline asked. "I don't know... But I think that.." and before the equally giant speckled rabbit could conclude his sentence, a beep signaling new messages entering the group chat on their phones was heard.

"I can hear you both! I can hear you talking loud and clear! Don't worry about that, just talk normally and everyone here will hear! Even better, try to talk downwards! Your voices are overwhelming now!" Banto had typed and sent to the gods' phones. Milo read that message with wide-eyed expression; the submissive rabbit didn't feel comfortable knowing how easily his body could dominate the world from someone else's perspective. Taylor, on the other hand, felt a pang of arousal and pleasure knowing that even his voice could dominate Banto's world without any effort on his part. But both macros remained focused on the task of at least rescuing their two friends.

"Okay, Banto, since you can hear us well, can you describe in more detail exactly where you are? We're looking at the ground around us, but we can't see anything... you... you are... very... tiny!" Milo pronounced that sentence speaking low with all the delicacy and subtlety in the world; yet that same sentence must have felt like a punch in the gut to the morale and hopes of all those mega-micros scattered on the ground around the couple of mega-macros, anxiously awaiting rescue.

"Okay... look, I was right behind Taylor, so when I realized I had shrunk, the first thing I saw was the base of his shoe's sole, and Taylor, you need to clean the white edge of your sole better..." The fox typed and continued sending messages to the group chat on the app, but even being minuscule and immensely vulnerable, Banto's naturally snooty personality made him incapable of offering even a tiny "constructive criticism" which was, in truth, just a disguised way for the femboy fox to mock others. It was not advisable to mock any part of the body, clothes, or accessories of those whose size was so colossally powerful that even a single drop of their sweat could end your existence. Fortunately, the titanic feline only read that message, rolled his eyes, changing his facial expression accordingly, and continued to follow Banto's detailed description of his location, ignoring the mention of dirt on his tennis shoe's sole, which was actually quite clean, if seen from any normal-sized person's perspective, of course. Though Taylor's eagerness to rescue Banto had slightly diminished.

"And then Taylor changed his stance to grab his phone from his pocket, WHICH ALMOST KILLED ME DOWN HERE! I MIGHT ADD! And after that, I moved to right in the middle of the space between your legs..." Banto, in a practical way, omitted all the pertinent details about the divine view he had and still had of the giant feline's genitalia hovering above him while he continued to describe his perspective of the events. "And after that, you took a step forward to console Milo and then a small step back to readjust your posture. Basically, I'm centered right in the middle of the space between your two feet, slightly off to the right and dozens of meters behind your right

heel, Taylor. But, again, dozens of meters from my perspective might not be more than a handful of centimeters for you guys... so for the love of God, be careful!"

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The couple of mega-macro giants read with attention the entire message the tiny fox had sent and deliberated for a few minutes on what to do and, more importantly, how to do it. "So, I think if you try to reach him, you'll have better chances. I'd say you just need to squat down and stretch your arm between my legs and rest one of your fingers on the ground a little behind my right heel," the feline said to the rabbit standing before him. "In theory, it sounds like a good plan, but I wouldn't be able to see the space immediately behind you with precision, not to mention I'd have to stay crouched with my body leaning forward and hold that position until Banto could climb onto my finger, which from his perspective would be absurdly gigantic like a building, before he sends us messages reminding us of that... I think there's a higher chance I'd lose my balance, fall forward, and end up pushing you in the process."

While the macros deliberated among themselves, a completely different situation was unfolding in another section of one of their bodies. From within the confines of the giant rabbit's bulge, another rabbit could hear everything. The relief Beau felt knowing that his beloved Banto was safe and that his boyfriend was already communicating with the two giant members of the group, preparing to be rescued from the ground, was a great relief for the tiny white-furred rabbit. But now Beau needed to start focusing on his own rescue, and from within the most intimate part of his best friend's body, upon hearing the first mention that Milo should crouch down to try to rescue his boyfriend, the tiny rabbit felt a great chill as his brain processed and realized the implications such an action from the giant rabbit would have on his world.

Moments after the young titans had separated from their public embrace, the genitalia of the two twinks ceased pressing against each other, causing Taylor's penis and balls to stop pressing against Milo's penis and balls, which in turn resumed projecting forward and downward against that wall of pink spandex fabric that was the only thing preventing the gigantic anthro rabbit's cock from swinging freely in the wind between his legs. But of course, all this had much more overwhelming implications for a tiny being trying to survive in that environment of pure virile masculinity. Because once Milo's penis pressed back against the fabric of the nerdy rabbit's costume, the other nerdy but tiny rabbit was forced to deal not only with all sorts of imposing sounds generated by the fibers of the costume's fabric stretching and contracting to accommodate the moving phallus of the master of that world, but Beau was also forced to endure all the tremors a penis, which even flaccid was much larger than many

mountains Beau had seen in his life, from a titanic being could exert on his world with the simple act of adjusting itself amidst the clothes surrounding it.

In the blink of an eye, Beau was displaced from his position. His first reaction was to hold tight to his smartphone because he knew that device could very well be his only means of communicating with the god who ruled this world of pure, virile power in which he was now a prisoner. But as a consequence of making that choice, the tiny white rabbit was thrown "downhill", towards the deepest confines of his best friend's groin. Passing through that entire expanse of hair-like trees around the base of Milo's cock, bumping several times against those pubic hairs that, being drenched in sweat, were unable to halt his fall but could only slow his velocity and prevent his terminal speed from being fatal. Until, after what seemed like an eternity of falling, bumping, and rolling through the vast folds of skin in the most intimate region of his best friend's body, Beau had stopped falling, and when he realized it, the tiny white rabbit was now somewhere around the upper section of Milo's scrotum! Close to the base of that same rabbit's gigantic penis, but no longer at an advantageous point as when he was above Milo's genital organs. No! Beau was now hanging and entangled just below the curvature of the flaccid penis of the rabbit he once called a friend; above his head, Beau could now see veins pumping blood all along that monolith Milo called his penis, with a single one of those veins now easily capable of crushing the tiny rabbit if he wasn't careful, and that's exactly what passed through the mind of the small Beau when the two giants mentioned the possibility of Milo crouching to search the ground for Banto. Crushing by the underside of even a flaccid segment of his best friend's penis, or ex-best friend if Beau was more inclined to consider Milo as a divine being rather than a friend now.

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Racing against time because at any moment the tiny micro rabbit thought his friend might start to tilt his powerful body, Beau tried to position himself in such a way that he could use his phone to type. The life of a lint particle was not easy, especially if you were a lint particle trapped and almost semi-crushed between the wrinkled folds of skin on the surface of someone's scrotum; and that was the current life to which the small, shrunken Beau was now subjected. Fortunately, the fact that those same wrinkled folds of the giant rabbit's scrotum were completely saturated with a greasy layer of virile, masculine sweat allowed the tiny rabbit to maneuver, even though Beau had no chance of even pushing aside a single wrinkled fold that was pressing his body against a wall of warm, humid pink spandex fabric, heated by the body heat of the giant who dominated this underworld. Immediately, the small white rabbit typed, "Guys! Guys! Wait! Wait! Milo! Don't move yet! Milo!"

The first reaction of the other three members of the group of friends was one of total relief; after all, this meant everyone was alive and perhaps well... But now it also meant the question of where Beau was had been left hanging in the air. And the thunderous voice of the giant rabbit Milo was the first to inquire about this. "Beau! Oh heavens! Good to see you're alive! For the love of God! Tell us where you are!" Milo spoke loudly, both giants holding their smartphones in front of their faces as if they were watching the final of a very important game.

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Banto, in turn, could also breathe a sigh of relief upon learning that his boyfriend was "okay." "Quick, Beau! Tell us where you are, and only then can we try to get out of this hell!" Banto typed into the group chat while still forced to look up and confront the colossal forms of the couple of giant males towering over his horizon. "Look... I... it's... complicated!" Beau typed; the poor rabbit was in such a virile, hostile, and masculine environment. His entire body was covered in sweat from Milo's balls to the point where his fur was glistening, not to mention the obvious fact that Beau would probably smell like Milo's masculine musk for the rest of his days. And as if things couldn't get worse, while Taylor was typing, asking Beau if he was somewhere on the ground, his beloved rabbit moved his hand to scratch an itch right in the area of his groin.

Milo's hand impacted well below where Beau was, which in itself was proof that the tiny white rabbit was so insignificant that even the itch a giant like Milo was feeling at that moment had nothing to do with his presence among the most sensitive parts of his body. Beau was like nothing, a completely insignificant and negligible passenger at the total mercy of the acts of the rabbit who now ruled his new world, as Milo's body was teaching him at this very moment. Despite Milo dealing with a small discomfort near the tip of his cock, the vibrations from the friction and the displacement of fabric that occurred every time the colossal fingertips of the twink rabbit pushed it up and then down were catastrophic for the tiny rabbit. This was without even mentioning that up until now, Beau had only been exposed to the smell of musk, sweat, and pheromones of his best friend; but the act of scratching the head of his cock, and thus forcing the folds of his foreskin to move, ended up "ventilating" the inside of the world within his bulge, resulting in a slight aroma containing the mild scent of urine notes coming directly from the edge of Milo's urethra invading the nostrils of the small, tiny rabbit. Now the package was complete; Beau could proudly say he knew better than Milo himself each aroma, each nuance, and perhaps each detail of his masculine scent from within his groin. If one could say that was something to be proud of.

Summoning all his strength, Beau grabbed his smartphone amidst the earthquake and all the friction being generated inside his best friend's bulge and typed somewhat

desperately, "Milo!!! Stop moving!!!" Immediately upon seeing that message, the couple of titans exchanged looks of astonishment. Taylor was momentarily more confused than shocked, but not Milo. The rabbit now knew exactly, or at least had a good notion, of where his best friend had ended up. The only question left in the air was how this could have happened. "But you aren't..." Taylor began to say until Milo used his eyes to direct his boyfriend's gaze downward. Immediately, Taylor looked down, at the area of his beloved's waist, saw the anthro rabbit's hand resting on his bulge as if he were scratching that area of his body, and then the lion boy's eyes widened, and a moment of silence settled over the two giants once again.

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Even the poor micro fox, the second member of the micro twink couple, fell silent because even though Banto was kilometers below on the ground, he could read the message sent by his boyfriend, and looking at the gigantic, titanic rabbit, he could see that Milo was doing nothing more than scratching his penis... Moments later, the couple of macro gods asked aloud and almost simultaneously, "Where are you?" At the same time, Banto typed into the app's chat, "HOW DID YOU END UP THERE

@flufflybunny

?!" Exactly like that, in all caps, making it very clear that the small fox was dying of jealousy at that very moment.

From this point onward, any response Beau could give to the question posed by the two mega-macros would merely be rhetorical, since it was already quite clear to everyone where he was. The only thing left was to know how he had gotten there. In a very calm and cautious manner so as not to scare or trigger anxiety or panic in the gigantic Milo, Beau explained in detail to the other members of the group how he had accidentally ended up inside the most intimate part of his best friend's body. Leaving the other three members of the chat somewhat impressed, perplexed, and wide-eyed. A new moment of silence was established until the giant extroverted feline dared to make a playful comment to try to break the ice among them. "Honestly, Beau, I don't know whether to say you were very unlucky or very lucky," Taylor said in a playful tone with a slight air of provocation, looking at his boyfriend and giving a little smile.

The strategy worked, as Milo only reacted by averting his gaze from his beloved's face and his cheeks turning completely red and flushed. And perhaps the strategy had worked too well, as the giant and glorious rabbit's penis began to fill, becoming slightly more engorged, hard, and prominent within the confines of his bulge. Something that perhaps only Milo would have noticed, but which certainly wouldn't go unnoticed by his tiny passenger still confined within the volume, since the imposing veins that

supplied blood to the immense penis were positioned directly above Beau's head, forcing the small rabbit to hear liters and more liters of pure blood being pumped into that masculine organ which, even when flaccid, was already absurdly large and powerful! "Ah... Guys, can I ask what's happening? Because... I kind of am... you know... ah... the heat is increasing... the space is getting tighter... and Milo, I can hear your heartbeat, and it's getting faster... by chance, are you..." Beau was typing those messages and sending them separately to the group, which only had the opposite effect of what the tiny white rabbit intended, making the speckled giant rabbit even more aroused and ten times more flushed, knowing that at this very moment, someone was confined inside his bulge, directly dealing with the erection of his penis!

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But before Beau could send another message, he was interrupted by Banto typing, "HEY!!! Look what you're doing!!! You're talking about my boyfriend!!!" Banto was desperately trying to intimidate two guys whose sneeze could translate into a tornado for him. Lucky for him, Taylor's extroverted and straightforward nature made the giant lion respond in an even more provocative manner, but now with a touch of sarcasm and much more teasing. Taking great care not to move much, Taylor looked at the ground behind him, imagining the approximate location where Banto might be, and said, "If you're going to be so jealous, why don't I do this. I'll squat down, pick you up from the ground, and throw you inside my outfit. That way, you can't say Beau didn't get any extra benefits that you didn't during your stay with us, dear~" And upon finishing that sentence, Taylor sarcastically blew a kiss to the ground and winked, knowing full well that the dust particle of a fox boy had seen it.

"Guys, I think it's better if we figure out how to get out of here, preferably all together and in one piece." Milo quickly said, intervening to prevent the small clash between the two dominant sides of each other's relationships from escalating into something worse. "First of all, Beau. Do you think you can handle a little walk... in there... until Taylor and I get back to our apartment?" the giant rabbit asked aloud, which allowed all the tiny, miserable micros around them and on the ground to hear that the pair of gigantic, multi-kilometric twinkles were about to walk, and everyone in their path would be obliterated like the dust they had become. Fortunately, they had no idea who that specific mega-micro was with whom the two gods were communicating; otherwise, Banto would certainly be held hostage by the tormented crowd of micros in exchange for being rescued by the couple of macro giants.

It wasn't that the two titanic twinkles didn't care about the other people who had been unfortunate victims of the incident; it was just that there was nothing they could effectively do to rescue everyone, not to mention the longer they stayed there, the more

exposed they would be. Beau, for his part, had to think carefully about the implications of what his giant rabbit friend was asking him now. Both herbivores were quite intelligent, so Beau knew what Milo was actually asking was whether he thought he was in an area of his groin where his legs could move without pressing, rubbing, or ultimately crushing him. The reality was that the tiny white rabbit couldn't be sure. Everything around him was made of wrinkled skin, with some pubic hairs here and there, excessive heat, and an atmosphere dominated by the pure musk of a male rabbit that could easily drown him in a single drop of precum. Rabbit Beau thought for a moment before taking out his smartphone and typing.

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"Honestly... I can't really say for sure... Maybe we could do a test? Milo, how about trying to take a step forward, and then I'll see how... my world here inside, around your... manhood... re... reacts..." The tiny white rabbit typed, Beau was barely managing to control his own arousal since his battle now wasn't even to avoid getting excited but rather to avoid ejaculating his load and soiling his clothes, which were already completely drenched with the sweat from the balls of a mega-macro rabbit. All because of the intoxicating amount of male rabbit hormones the poor nerdy rabbit had been forced to breathe up until now, his small penis was throbbing between his legs long before the all-powerful penis of the rabbit he called a friend started to swell and seek arousal.

Speaking of gigantic penises that were getting bigger and more excited, that's exactly what was happening with the penis of the rabbit named Milo now; the idea that he would have to control his steps so as not to crush his best friend's body somehow made the submissive, gigantic rabbit feel aroused. Perhaps it was one of those rare moments where the shy, short rabbit was made aware of his powerful presence and, in this case, his powerful masculinity too! For an instant, Milo tasted the feeling of being an all-powerful being capable of subjugating someone else's world with something as simple as taking a single step forward, but he quickly pushed that out of his mind, and turning his attention back to his boyfriend who was still standing in front of him, he said, "Okay, to do that, Taylor, I need you to clear a path. But before that, we need to deal with Banto's problem."

A brief pause of a few seconds was more than necessary for Milo, now acting as the brain of the whole operation, to think of a plan before saying, "Okay! Banto, you're going to take a photo of us two, more specifically a photo of Taylor from your viewpoint and send it to us. After that, Taylor, you'll take a step back, a long step to go over Banto, then Banto will take a second photo to show his new position relative to Taylor and send it again. After that, Taylor, you'll lick the tip of your finger and with all

the delicacy in the world, you'll press it onto the area where you think Banto is, and that should be enough for him to stick to your finger. After that, you can place him..." At this final moment, the rabbit's line of reasoning unraveled. Where could the gigantic feline place such a tiny fox in a way that the same fate that befell Beau wouldn't happen to Banto? Ending up lost amidst a sea of hair somewhere on Taylor's body?

But then Taylor said, "Leave it to me, I already have a place in mind." Milo immediately crossed his arms and gave a stern look to his beloved, before Taylor reassured the rabbit, "Trust me! I promise I won't do anything malicious."

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But there was still a problem; Banto, who was listening to everything from down below, had not agreed to almost anything about that plan. And the tiny red fox was ready to express his dissatisfaction in the app's chat. "No way! There's no way I'm letting my clothes and my whole body get covered in the spit of a lion I barely know! We have to think of another plan!... Damn!! My phone just went into low battery mode... I only have 5% charge left..."

However, before the small fox could type another word into the chat, his entire world shook, and when the small fox realized it, he had noticed that the first part of the rabbit's plan had already been executed by the feline. Taylor had taken a step back just as Milo had described, without even waiting for the first photo Banto was supposed to send, and immediately afterward, the tiny fox was graced with the beautiful and imposing sight of the legs, thighs, and muscles of that god crouching, getting closer and closer to the ground and his level of view. The immense and powerful bulge located right between the thighs of that feline became more and more visible as Taylor's groin approached the ground and as the fabric of his outfit stretched around his manhood with his body's movement. Until finally, all the movement of the monolithic feline stopped, and along with it, all the tremors his body was causing due to the readjustment of his musculature. And looking up, beyond the expanse of the imposing and defined muscles of the feline's upper body, Banto could see Taylor in person, or rather, the tiny fox could see the face of the titanic and divine feline being.

Though Taylor could not see exactly where the tiny fox was on the ground below him, the feline kept a smile plastered on his face, a smile somewhat sarcastic, predatory, and melancholic as he pronounced with all the calm in the world in a thunderous and powerful voice. "Listen here, little fox project. I suggest you use the remaining 5% of your phone's battery to point that camera of yours upward and take a good photo that

can indicate where you are. Because if you don't, I swear I'll stand up, and we'll leave you behind. But not before I give a nice spit right in the area I imagine you're at."

Taylor spoke in a very serious tone of voice; patience was not one of his great virtues. Even more frightening was that Banto could see that by a twist of fate, the titanic feline was looking exactly at his location on the ground. And then Taylor began to count. "5... 4... 3..." From the number three, the giant feline started to make a little pucker with his lips, pointing them downward to let a long line of saliva drip out, now hanging only by the surface tension that kept it connected to the feline's lips. From Banto's viewpoint, that line of drool was equivalent to an entire lake of hot saliva coming straight from the mouth of that gigantic lion. Milo, for his part, couldn't do much more than simply comment, "Taylor, you can be so gross sometimes... Look! Banto sent the photo!"

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And immediately upon hearing that sentence, the lion inhaled, pulling that crystalline string of saliva back into his mouth just as it was passing the height of his knees and swallowed it with a sound of Gulp! "Ewwww, that's so gross!!!" Banto said between gritted teeth while watching everything from below, thinking that if it weren't for Milo, he might be swimming for survival and not drowning in that same sticky waterfall of saliva the feline had just swallowed.

"Great! See? It's all much simpler when you just cooperate with us" The giant lion said, now moving the tip of his index finger to his mouth and gently rubbing the pad of his index finger against his saliva-wet lips, with a bit of gloss, basically giving a soft kiss to the tip of his own finger and ensuring the pad was soaked enough with saliva to make sure the tiny fox couldn't escape unless the gigantic lion boy femboy allowed it. "Hehehe, I'm loving this, you know?" was the last sentence Taylor uttered before he began moving his now slimy finger downward towards the poor Banto. The sensation of knowing he was dominating the more dominant side of a third party's relationship made Taylor's ego inflate tremendously, boosting the twunk lion's confidence by 200%.

From his perspective, Banto could only watch, mouth agape, as the massive finger of the gigantic feline approached his world. With each passing moment, Taylor's finger seemed to grow larger and larger, with an ever more imposing, overwhelming, and crushing richness of detail. Banto even began to feel claustrophobic when everything around him was enveloped by the gigantic shadow of the surface of that anthro feline's finger; each line on the surface of the feline's fingerprint had been magnified to the scale of great valleys and hills. The small layer of saliva Taylor had left on the surface of his index finger glistened despite the light diminishing under his finger as the space

between the ground and the finger disappeared. Banto was now completely lying down, arms raised, teeth clenched, and with an expression of pure disgust upon realizing that the giant feline's saliva carried with it the slight aroma of the last drinks Taylor had consumed during his walk down the avenue before the incident. Until, inevitably, the tip of the anthropomorphic feline's index finger collided with the ground, generating a muffled BOOM!

Despite Taylor using absolutely all the delicacy in the world to not crush poor Banto, the tiny red-furred fox was still subjected to countless tons of pressure, and immediately Banto felt his center of mass inverting, and when he realized it, he was already being carried into the air along with the sticky surface of that finger's pad. Traversing several kilometers in just a few seconds, the tiny fox almost couldn't hold back the anxiety of vomiting until finally, his world stopped moving, leaving him face to face with the gigantic, broad, and imposing muzzle of the immense lion boy he had been at odds with just moments before.

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Banto was a fox, so he should not feel frightened in the presence of other predators. But that was definitely not the case here and now. Since the red fox was merely a minuscule particle in front of a pair of lips so overwhelming that he could get lost forever if he wasn't careful, or a muzzle so broad and vast that all Taylor had to do was inhale with a bit more force, and Banto knew he could easily be sucked into the confines of a snout where the internal hairs would be like the worst forest he had ever seen in his life.

"LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE! ISN'T HE JUST ADORABLE UP CLOSE?~ SO SWEET IT MAKES YOU WANT TO EAT HIM!~" Taylor whispered playfully, but spoke now with the tiny fox immediately in front of his lips! The sound wave produced by his vocal cords in the divine confines of his throat generated such a strong impact that it seemed like poor Banto was being slapped in the face by a solid wave of pure sound. Not to mention that the deep tone of the feline's voice, which although effeminate was definitely male, made the syllables pronounced by Taylor almost incomprehensible.

"You scrotal cat! Trying to make me deaf!!!" Banto shouted back towards the powerful lips hovering before his horizon, even knowing that the owner of said lips would never be able to hear his screams. Fortunately, the rabbit Milo, who was still present, came to intervene to save the small fox's skin. "Taylor, no playing around with little Banto." Milo said, giving his boyfriend a stern look and crossing his arms. Taylor, in turn, just

raised his lips into a smile, revealing a row of teeth colossally gigantic, like a mountain range, before saying, "LUCKY FOR YOU WE'RE NOT ALONE~"

And after finishing that sentence, the feline blew a little kiss in the direction of his finger, causing infernal consequences for the small fox, such as gusts of wind as strong as a tornado, carrying heat, humidity, more saliva particles, and a very strong smell of the feline's breath. All this before he raised his finger even higher, bringing it close to the bridge of his snout, and with all the care in the world not to crush poor Beau, Taylor dragged his index finger along the upper part of his snout until he was sure the minuscule, less than millimeter-sized fox could be nowhere else but on the vast surface of his immense snout. Then, looking into the face of the rabbit and giving a smile as if to say "I'm a good boy" to his lover. And though Milo wanted to remain serious throughout the action, the shy rabbit couldn't help but return a smile to his beloved while relaxing his ears in a way that showed the rabbit approved of what the giant feline had done.

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"Okay, I think we're all ready for the walk. It shouldn't be more than a 10-minute walk from here back to the apartment, but keep your phones in hand. At any sign of danger, start spamming the Telegram chat, and we'll stop walking immediately. We'll also keep our phones in hand." And immediately after finishing that sentence aloud, just as the rabbit was about to take his first step forward, a message was sent to the group chat. It was the white rabbit Beau asking, "Wait! What about all the other people? They're still down there! Milo! Taylor! If you walk back home, you'll end up crushing countless people!"

Upon reading those messages, both the lion boy and the bunny boy looked at each other's faces while thinking about the best way to explain the level of chaos that had settled along that avenue in the moments following the accident. Taylor was the first to speak, much to Banto's despair, who was still on his snout. "AH... SO... HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN... AS SOON AS EVERYONE SHRUNK, THERE WAS A BRIEF INTERVAL BEFORE EVERYONE'S PHONES RECEIVED NOTIFICATIONS WARNING ABOUT THE INCIDENT, AND THEN..." At that moment, the group chat was spammed with messages from little Banto. "Stop!! Stop!! Stop talking!!! Your snout is moving too much! Along with the sound of your voice, it's driving me crazy!!! Please just stop, Taylor!" Seeing this situation, the rabbit resumed explaining from where the feline had left off.

"Basically, everyone started running in panic, well, almost everyone. Fortunately, Taylor and I were so terrified that we were paralyzed for a few moments. If not for that, we probably would have done the same as everyone else and joined the herd effect... Luckily, those few seconds were enough time for us to check our phone messages, otherwise, the outcome could have been very different and worse for you two..." The rabbit concluded his explanation, speaking in that direct tone, with slight airs of superiority that every nerd likes to use when explaining something. But Milo hadn't finished yet. "Basically, there's no one else here except us, a small handful of people, and some curious onlookers... Or in other words, many of the micro victims have either already been trampled and crushed or have suffered worse fates." And at that exact moment when the giant rabbit mentioned worse fates, the tiny white rabbit remembered the fate the ice cream vendor had suffered, being ingested by the very Milo who was speaking to him now.

Given everything the couple of mega-macros had mentioned, there was nothing more for the two minuscule, millimeter-sized micros to argue about, and soon Taylor made way for Milo, and both twinks were walking back home. The walk, though short and quick, was still somewhat infernal for Banto and Beau; the two tiny micros had to contend with the swaying of the bodies of the two gods. Taylor and Milo avoided even trying to talk much so as not to further jeopardize the lives of their two tiny passengers, each installed in specific parts of their bodies, and in the blink of an eye, the two twinks were back at their building's entrance.

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The days following the great accident were filled with commotion and turmoil, the media dedicated to discussing the event 24 hours a day without breaks. The mass shrinkage of numerous people at the carnival parade in the most populous tourist city in the Southern Hemisphere was the topic everywhere, all the time. However, up to the present moment, no authority had successfully explained how the accident actually occurred. At least all the victims, at least those few who had been definitively found and rescued, had returned to their original sizes, and after many days of medical consultations and interviews with the press, Banto and Beau were ready to return to their realms of origin.

Despite everything, Beau left the city with the feeling that the trip wasn't "so bad" after all; in fact, having had the opportunity to become extremely close with his long-time best friend was something memorable to keep in memory and perhaps repeat someday. But certainly, fox Banto had a completely different interpretation of that same trip, leaving the space-port with a deep desire never to return to that place, the red fox reclined in the executive chair of the civilian space ship with no desire to even look out

the window as the ship took off. For the twink couple who remained in the realm, the feeling of the whole situation was also somewhat relatively positive; both Taylor and Milo were able to explore sides of their personalities that under normal circumstances, the young couple of anthros would not have been able to explore. Even though Taylor definitely enjoyed the power drive he momentarily had over another person's life, over a micro's life, even the submissive rabbit Milo felt a great sense of fulfillment knowing that he was entrusted with the task of carrying and caring for someone so tiny, who depended entirely on his presence. Not to mention, of course, the fact that both Banto and Beau seemed infinitely cuter and more beautiful when very small. Maybe they should try doing this again with someone willing to act as their pet? A third wheel for their relationship? But who? "That's something to discuss with Taylor," thought the twink rabbit aloud as he watched the ship carrying their friends take off.

The end.