

# Everett gets a surprise

By [MiniMaxie](#)

When Jordan entered the living room, the atmosphere was that of an arcade, or more accurately for Olly, a day care. Empty packets of snacks and half-eaten bowls of popcorn were messily scattered across the floor, the palpable smell of which filled the room. Olly, Issak and Eric's attention was captivated by a violent video game.

"Hey Olly," Jordan said loudly, trying to break through the sound of guns blazing through the TV's speakers.

Olly replied with a grunt, his eyes still glued to the screen. Jordan pinched the space between his eyes and sighed. He walked up to the TV, standing between the screen and the trio scrunched together on the couch.

"DUDE! Get out of the way!!" Olly waved his arm to the side so Jordan would move, but relented when the sound of his character dying brought a stop to the game. "Do you have any idea how far away that checkpoint was?"

"Was getting boring anyway," Eric said, causing Olly to squint at him.

"Just because you were doing really bad!"

"My Lord," Issak interjected, "I think Jordan has something to tell you."

"Everett's birthday...' Jordan started before being interrupted by exasperated whining from Olly.

"Move to the side, I'm gonna reload my game."

Jordan stared back silently with an unamused face, as though the reaction was entirely expected. He spun on his heels and then reached out for the wires behind the TV. The screen turned black as he pulled the plug right out from the wall's socket. Olly sighed, slouching and looking to the side.

"So, Everett's birthday."

"Yeah yeah, I'll buy him a cake."

Olly whipped his phone out of his pocket. Jordan paced towards the couch and plucked Olly's phone, leaving him staring at the empty space in his hand.

"Actually," Jordan continued, "I have a cake sorted out. But we're gonna make this a special day!"

"Fine, fine. So you wanna do some games with him? We can do that."

"Oh we're gonna play some games," Jordan said with a smirk, "Just not the kind you're thinking of."

Eric paused his game creating an eerie silence as the trio all looked at Jordan with piercing gazes. Olly raised his brow but quickly transitioned to an expression of irritation.

"No! Absolutely not!"

"Come on Olly, it'll just be for one day."

"We're not gonna be his little playthings! If anything he should be begging to be MY plaything."

"If it wasn't for Ev, you wouldn't have any playthings to begin with," Eric suddenly piped up, earning a raging stare from his owner.

Olly grinded his teeth then let out a deep sigh. It was clear he had no comeback to that. He stared into space, tapping his leg with a finger as he went deep in thought.

"One day?" Olly asked.

"One day."

"Fiiine. Let's just get this over with, like ripping off a band aid," Olly grumpily relented.

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"I'll rip off your band aid." Eric mumbled to himself.

"What was that?"

"Nothing!"

"Great!" Jordan said triumphantly, "We have a few hours before he gets back, so let's wait at our place and prepare."

"Yes, great, now give me my phone back!"

Olly was thunderous but Jordan beamed as he handed the phone over.

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The daylight over the town was beginning to dim. The shops were closed, the lanterns were lit and the snow-covered streets were abandoned to the favor of the warm indoors. The only sound to keep Everett company was the crunch of ice under his footsteps and the faint howling wind of the winter air.

Such solitude was not alien to the town's mountain-rescuing hero. Waking up early, working, and then coming home late was the normal daily routine. But today was different, for on his birthday he only wished to spend his time in the company of friends. He had hopes that Olly might drop by for dinner. At the very least, he couldn't wait to spend time with his boyfriend!

Arriving home he entered his house. The warmth and light upon entering was a welcome change from the outdoors, but something was different. The sounds of whispering chatter caught his attention, followed by a shushing sound. When he entered the living room, the lights flashed on.

**"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"**

Everett felt his heart skip a beat. There before him, not just Jordan but Olly, Eric and Issak, surrounded by balloons, banners and all other manners of birthday decorations.

"You guys..." He said, emotions audible in his voice.

Jordan walked up to Everett and kissed him chastely on the lips.

"Happy birthday, Ev," he whispered.

"Can we get this over with?" Olly said impatiently, looking more tense than usual.

"Get what over with?" Everett asked.

Jordan grabbed Everett's arm and pulled him towards the others. "So what we decided-"

"YOU!" Olly interrupted Jordan. "What YOU decided."

"-was that we'd make today your day!" Jordan continued, ignoring the redhead. "You're always out there doing things for others, so let us do something for you."

"Like...tiny?"

Jordan only answered with a large toothy grin. Everett looked around the room in awe. They were there for *him*. His face warmed to a soft smile. He stretched his arms and gathered them together.

"Thanks you guys."

As the group were held in Everett's arms, their world shifted in all directions. Everything around them stretched from the walls to the ceiling until the hug trapped them in a dark warm embrace. Light came back to their vision when Everett released his arms with Jordan, Olly, Issak and Eric

spread out in his hands. Everett was in awe of the rare sight of his tiny friends together.

The now-giant Everett brought them over to the couch, placing them on the floor as he seated himself. Olly was the most aware of his surroundings, taking in the enormous size of the room. He was the one who most rarely spent time in this form, compared to the countless times he would be looking down at his pets beneath him.

"What is your bidding, master?" Jordan asked with a cheeky smile, bowing deeply before his titanic boyfriend.

Upon hearing his words, Everett gave a nervous smile while scratching the side of his freckled cheeks. After a deep breath, he positioned himself forward with his back straightened, then stretched out both legs to reveal the looming soles of his large blue boots. Despite Everett's best attempts at looking after his footwear, the rough scratch marks and dents from enduring perilous snow storms, and the constant crunching of rock and stone in the mountains was glaring.

The four tinies took a few steps back as Everett pushed one shoe off of one foot with the other. The wriggling of his feet sent loud shocks against the floor each time. Once removed, a powerful warmth emanated from the large pale soles, accompanied by the giant's natural scent mixed with a fragrant aroma of winter flora.

"I hope my feet are ok. I did a long shift today but managed to get cleaned up at work before coming home."

Everett wiggled his toes in the fresh air, sending a soothing warmth to the tiny group at his feet. He couldn't help but grin at the sight of Olly and Eric with their eyes averted to the side, a barely visible blush staining their cheeks.

"Ok my little friends—I, I mean, my little pets!" Everett stuttered but steeled his will and continued. "I want each of you to massage my feet." Despite Everett's gargantuan stature, his voice still carried the gentle tenderness he usually conveyed.

"Pffft!" Olly and Eric chuckled in unison at their giant friend's attempt at playing master.

Before Jordan could berate the pair, Olly's vision blackened as a warm wall of flesh wrapped

around his face. Eric threw himself back as he saw his now tiny master gripped between two of Everett's toes.

"Evereeett!"

Olly's voice could barely be heard, muffled as it was through the thick wall of toes. But it didn't take long for the grip to loosen. The tiny plopped to the ground, sucking in as much fresh air as he could.

"S-sorry, was that too tight?" Everett scratched his hair nervously.

"You're goddamn rig-" Before Olly could finish, he was stopped by Jordan's squinting gaze. "I mean it was—It was *okay*... just be careful."

The anxiety from Everett's face quickly evaporated, his mug was now beaming his joyful cheer. The giant placed one foot atop the other with the back of his heel planted on the floor. His soles towered over the four of them. Wiggling his toes, he lay back against the couch, his feet and toothy grin giving his tinies their orders without a single word.

Issak and Eric both instinctively positioned themselves behind Olly, ready to follow and mimic anything their owner might do. Olly looked around for a second before groaning and ordering Issak to accompany Jordan, who was already halfway to his lover's sole. Olly grabbed Eric's wrists and angrily pulled his pet along towards the other foot.

"He could've at least lowered his foot to make it easier," Olly complained as they reached the appendage.

"Not so easy when your giant is a dunderhead, eh?" Eric retorted, his annoyance at being at the feet of anyone other than his master somehow eclipsed by the amusement of witnessing Olly's reactions.

Towering before them, the heel was nicely patterned with ridge marks swirling all around. The heat had slightly faded away since Everett took off his shoes, but there was a slight moisture to the touch of their tiny hands left over from his previous shower. The pair looked up to see the soles stretching high above their heads, then they looked at each other pensively.

"I'll take the heel, you take the rest," Olly said.

"What? Fuck off, you can climb that thing."

"Are you forgetting who *your* master is? Or would you like a reminder later when we're done here?" Eric gritted his teeth, but he had no words to fight back with. "Besides, you're trained for this. You've got thousands of hours of practice with my feet~" Olly let out on a mocking tone—even in the worst situations, bullying Eric was always a mood upper, at least!

Eric sighed, then he took a few paces back from the heel, then he sprinted full speed towards it. On his last step, he jumped as high as his tiny legs would let him, gripping the top of the heel the moment he smacked against the curved edge. The tiny's powerful grip kept him hoisted against the soft wall.

As Eric climbed, Olly tended to the large heel before him. He had forgotten how long it'd been since he was placed at the foot of another after long spending his time subjecting others to his. He planted his hands against the moist heel pad, and heat started to rush out through his cheeks. The silky softness of the skin rubbing along his hands sent an unfamiliar, uncomfortable shiver along his spine with each passing of his rapidly beating heart. He bit his lip in frustration, wishing this day would end quickly.

Olly could feel the thick flesh pushing back against the pressure of his digits, sending a twitch up the giant's sole. Everett couldn't help but wrinkle his sole from the relaxing massage of his tiny friend, combined with Eric's little hands and feet tapping their way along his more sensitive arch. Each wrinkle forming in front of Eric along the outstretched sole did little to obstruct his path. The extensive training and strong muscles powered by his irritation at Olly made him plough through, until he reached the five huge digits above which twitched with delight as though they welcomed the tiny.

The tiny could see everything from his vantage point, from Everett closing his eyes with his head resting back against his arms, to Jordan sitting on Issak's shoulders, the pair hard at work massaging against the pale arches and heel. He couldn't help but furrow his brow at their gleeful enthusiasm. And finally, below was Olly, preoccupied with his own task, too busy to check on his pet above.

Eric lay back against Everett's big toe, closing his eyes, stretching out his legs and folding his

arms. The gentle smell of flowery soap let him loosen his muscles and relax against the soft pillowy surface. But before his mind could drift away, the tiny found his body swaying gently side-to-side. Opening his eyes Eric looked around, then up to the giant's face high above him.

A large sapphire-blue eye pierced him with its gaze. Eric sat still with a look on his face like a child who had been caught stealing from a cookie jar. Everett stuck out his tongue, the last thing Eric saw before the walls of the toes closed around him.

Eric closed his eyes tightly expecting the rough pressure of two merciless solid surfaces grinding his frail body until his joints cracked, as Olly often did to him. But that didn't come. Instead, the velvety walls gently rubbed together, almost like a massage, swirling and sliding round and round, back and forth. Eric only added to the intense heat with his blushing cheeks constantly being pressed against the soft silky blanket of skin. Such gentleness. Such tenderness. Eric hated it.

"Ugghhh, how much longer do we have to do this?" Olly whined.

Everett leaned forward to observe the littles at his feet. Relaxing his toes, he plucked Eric from between them, dangling him by his shirt. "Maybe it would be over sooner if one of you wasn't slacking off."

"Piss off, I didn't sign up for this. You guys can go play servant, I'd rather be back at Olly's fe-" Eric stopped himself before he could finish.

"Oho? Go on, finish it."

Everett felt his heart skip a beat, wondering if he was taking things too far. The way Eric angrily looked away sent a slight feeling of anxiety up his body.

"Sorry." Everett rubbed the back of his head and lowered Eric beside Olly. "I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"Hey Ev!" Jordan called out to his giant boyfriend, waving his arms by the giant's foot.

Everett slowly plucked him up and brought him to his ear. The tinies on the ground watched as



Jordan whispered, unable to discern what was being said. Their curiosity was especially piqued after Everett gave a shy blush.

"You sure?" Everett asked.

Jordan nodded giddily in reply. Everett placed him back on the ground. But before retracting his arm, Jordan's body grew like a mountain springing out from the ground.

"Heey!" Olly complained. "How come HE gets to go back to full size?"

"You'll see~" Jordan said in a sing-song voice, before proceeding to walk into the kitchen.

After a couple of minutes, he walked back in, carrying in both hands a large sponge cake, covered in a thick layer of smooth, white frosting. The four of them looked in awe at the sight of the enormous, creamy-looking sugary treat.

"Finally, a good reason to be this small." Olly licked his lips and rubbed his hands together.

Jordan set the cake down on the floor by Everett's feet. The light scent of sugar and vanilla tingled the tiny's nostrils. Their salivating mouths couldn't wait to literally dive in. The remaining tiny trio looked like Olympic runners waiting for the signal to dart towards the cake, but before they could, the weight of Jordan's giant brown socked foot pressed against their backs, pinning them to the floor.

"Now now, not so fast. You gotta earn it first."

"Ugh, what'd mean earn it?!" Olly protested, writhing angrily in an attempt to push back against the foot squashing him to the floor. He was mostly used to Everett being enormous, but *Jordan*? Now that was a personal insult.

"Earn it like this," Everett said, stretching out his right foot and placing it directly onto the cake.

To the tiny trio, it was like a rampaging giant was about to demolish a building. The huge sole pressed into the frosting, cracking the sides from the pressure. Everett took his time, rubbing his

sole gently over the cake. The heat from his body made the frosting melt like butter, creating a soft layer of sweetened paste that partially blended in with the pale shade of his sole. It was like the cake was getting a massage from the giant. But soon with every motion of his foot, the walls cracked further and the pressure started to squash the cake's structure.

The newly formed openings released a powerful scent of ginger, nutmeg and other sharp spicy smells. Olly's senses were especially stimulated by the overpowering aroma of winter spices. Wiggling his toes, Everett continued to smush the mix of sponge, frosting and filling into a pulp that trailed down his sole. Jordan moved his foot off the trio, where their view was now replaced by a large cake-covered pale sole.

"Your cake is served~"

"Do...do we really have to eat it from there?" Olly asked.

"C'mon, you'd never turn down a delicious piece of ginger-spice cake, would ya?"

Olly placed his hand over his stomach; an audible rumble reverberated as he eyed the mix of cake and creamy icing.

"W-well, I guess it can't be helped. We shouldn't let all that cake go to waste."

As Olly, Issak and Eric approached the cake-covered foot, Everett blocked Eric's path with his left foot.

"Dude, what the hell?!"

Everett sent his foot past Eric and placed his heel to the ground, aiming the ball of his foot over one of the unbroken walls of cake still standing. His toes clasped against the edges of frosting, then clenched them, oozing the sweet creamy frosting between while rubbing his sole against the sponge. Bringing his foot back, he rested it on the side beside Eric.

"This one's for you," He wiggled his toes, sending golden crumbs trickling down.

Eric sighed and grumpily approached the foot. Though he didn't want to admit it, the sweet smell of freshly baked goods was alluring, and Olly had used him to the delicious taste of sweets served splattered on a sole. Eric steeled himself, repeating in his mind like a mantra that he just needed to picture the sole as being Olly's...

Everett shone a smile as he watched his tinies finally succumb to the temptations of their task. Like children at a swimming pool, Issak and Olly both dived straight into the globs of creamy cake filling drooling down Everett's sole. Eric was at least encouraged by the sight of his master gluttonously stuffing his face. He eyed a large piece closest to him, smushed between the big and second toe.

Before Eric started climbing, the mountainous foot shifted on its side causing the tiny to recoil in surprise. He looked to Everett, who simply winked back causing Eric to look away in an angry blush. But his path was indeed made easier, with each toe acting as a stepping stone to the next.

The tiny man hoisted himself onto the pinky toe. The soft fleshy surface wobbled him about, causing him to fall face first into the next toe, where a soft buttery layer of icing painted over his cheek. Before he could get angry, the seductive scent of vanilla filled his nostrils, causing him to instinctively lap his tongue onto the toe's surface. It was as though his engines had jumpstarted with the taste of sugar tingling his taste buds. His hunger made the obstacles ahead seem trivial, stepping over each toe with more ease.

He only stopped when spotting a chunk of cake half his size near Everett's big toe. Underneath the brown ginger cake, Everett's skin looked almost brown like Olly's... the thought alone was enough to make him salivate. Using his strong leg muscles, he secured his grip around the base of the giant second toe behind him. His face was mere millimeters away from the cake, so spongy yet moist and the powerful spices calling to the tiny's senses. Eric took a large bite, each chew releasing more delightful flavors to his tongue, savoring every second of it in his mouth.

Meanwhile, on Everett's other foot, Olly and Issak took a more carefree approach to their feasting, playing in the slightly melted cream and icing like snow in a field. They were like children let loose in a chocolate factory, but taking advantage of their size difference. If it were not for the field of delicious debris littered across Everett's sole, they would have seen Jordan's giant looming face behind them. Dropping the cake, the pair slowly turned around to find Jordan's grin inches away.

"Time to play a game," Jordan said, his mouth so close each word sent a gust of warm air around the tinies. "Let's see who'll clean up the fastest."

"Wait wha-"

Before Olly could finish, Jordan's grin disappeared and was replaced by a monstrous salivating tongue. As they clung to Everett's arch, Olly and Issak's eyes followed the giant boyfriend's head moving down to the heel below them.

"Better make your way to the toes if you don't wanna be my cake toppings, hehe."

While Issak looked surprised, Olly gritted his teeth and furrowed his brows realizing what was about to happen. Jordan couldn't help but flick a subtle smile on the corner of his lips as his tongue touched the heel. It didn't take long for the tongue to make its way upwards, the two tinies directly in its path. The powerful muscle made short work of all the cake debris in the way, leaving behind a clean shiny surface of pale sole. Jordan made sure to go slowly, giving Olly and Issak a chance to climb.

Issak made his way to the ball of Everett's foot with the practiced ease of one of Olly's pets. As he reached Olly, Issak grabbed the back of his master's shirt and hauled him further up—using this leg up, Olly stepped on Issak's shoulder to rush his ascent to the toes. Issak was close on his toes when he felt his hand slip on an inconspicuous patch of cake glazing that looked as pale as the giant's skin. The next thing he knew, Issak felt a wet blanket cover his entire body. A thick layer of saliva washed over the front of his body which carried a slightly sweet taste.

"Heh, looks like you got me," he said cheerfully and he rolled over, allowing Jordan's tongue to engulf his front body.

One down, one to go. But Olly, nearing the large digits at the top, did not relent.

"I'm gonna make it, hah!"

Just before reaching the base of Everett's toes, Olly stopped in his tracks at the wall of flesh shifting around him. The massive digits above closed tightly, causing a wave of wrinkles along the giant sole.

"HEY! NOT FAIR!"

The hills of flesh caused Olly to lose his footing. Despite doing everything he could to keep his grip, even biting right into the thick skin, it only left him helplessly awaiting Jordan's tongue steamrolling towards him.

Jordan accelerated his pace now that Olly's defeat was inevitable. Stretching his tongue out more, Issak was dragged along and slid forward towards the tip, sandwiching him against the foot. He closed his eyes as every ridge and wrinkle slid along his body.

Olly looked down nervously, the futility of his situation sinking in. He knew it was over when a warm slimy sensation enveloped his entire back, like a soft wet wall pressing against him, pushing his tiny body into the sole even more. Jordan stopped in his place once he had both littles in his grasp, holding them in place between tongue and foot. The two noticeable lumps pressed against his taste buds as he massaged them against the ball of the foot.

It was a warm humid prison for the pair, hugged by walls of cake and saliva that covered them head to toe. The powerful muscle kept them pinned into a claustrophobic hug with their limbs locked in place, completely at Jordan and Everett's mercy.

Eric stopped to look at what was happening far away on the other leg, still chewing a piece of cake from the chunk in front of him.

"Didn't know Jordan had it in him," he mumbled to himself.

"He knows how to be assertive when he wants to be," Everett replied.

The giant's deep voice from above caught Eric off guard, causing him to slip from his position. But a log-sized finger stopped him plunging to the ground just in time.

"Easy there." Everett gently patted Eric on the head with his fingertip.

"Will you cut out the nice guy act?"

Eric slapped the large finger away with a scowl. Though the tiny's hand was but a weak tap to the giant, Everett pulled away nonetheless, then let out a sigh.

"You don't like me very much, do you Eric?"

Eric had an instinctive urge to retort back but resisted. Instead looking down, hiding his face. He thought hard about what to say next.

"Look it's...it's not like I hate you it's just... you ain't Olly." Eric couldn't look Everett in the eyes, but his tone was softer than before. "I don't know if it's some brain wiring or some shit, I just can't stand the whole nice guy routine. I need...I mean, I like having..." Eric continued to stutter, unable to form the words.

"A master?"

The word alone pulled Eric's attention to Everett's face whose eyes shone with genuine curiosity.

"Uh, yea, I guess?"

"I see, then in that case I'm sorry, Eric."

"Sorry? What for?"

"I didn't consider your feelings, I should have thought more about *why* you were uncomfortable."

There was a short pause, a silence of only a few seconds which felt like a long, awkward minute. Eric tried to distract himself, looking ahead at Jordan toying with Issak and Olly in the distance.

"Can you do something for me?" Everett asked.

Eric's head perked up and looked back to Everett's face, but something struck him as different. His eyes were unlike anything before with a piercing glare.

"What is it?"

"Kiss my foot."

Eric's mind short-circuited from those three simple words. He wasn't being asked or requested. He was being **told**.

"Excuse me?" he replied.

Everett leaned his head closer, his trait harder and more thunderous than Eric had ever seen them, and he repeated his words in a deeper tone.

"Kiss. My. Foot."

Eric felt a cold shiver slither up his spine and felt a feeling he had not felt for a bit. "You don't..." Eric cut himself off realizing his voice was shaky, but then flashed memories of Everett. This kind, gentle mountain rescuer being dominant? Eric chuckled internally, realizing how ridiculous the notion was. He started his sentence again, but more sternly with confidence. "Come on, you don't really expect me to believe you're-"

Eric was silenced as he saw the familiar view of the world stretching around him. The toes around him suddenly grew and the debris of cakes doubled in size. Looking around he discerned he shrunk about half his size.

"Dude what the hell!" He shouted, but his face went pale as soon as he saw the giant's face, the eyelids half shut staring him down with a disdainful expression.

Everett didn't bother repeating his command from before, instead letting his actions do the talking. Despite his outer demeanor, however, in reality Everett's brain was working at 200mph. Inside, he was shaking, holding back the urge to soften his face and comfort what looked like his frightened tiny friend. But if he did, Eric would be lost to him, he thought. He felt he had to have the resolve to see this through.

"You're fucking bluffing! You think I'm gonna buy this shit?! UH?!"

Everett, again, said nothing. He closed his eyes and slowly exhaled a deep sigh. As soon as Eric saw the giant open them again, his vision was taken over by darkness and felt like a house landed right on top of him. Everett planted his finger onto Eric, shoving him right into the bits of cake icing against his wrinkles.

Eric's face contorted as it mashed into the fleshy surface, his body feeling like it was being constantly squeezed of every last drop of air until he'd pop. He had been ground against his master's sole before, but this time felt different and unusual. The breaking of bones and the explosion of innards didn't come, as much as Eric felt they would. But as soon as Everett lifted his finger, Eric was presented with a new challenge. Eric couldn't move his arms at all, with half his body buried in the thick, semi-hard icing which felt like cement.

The sheets of icing spread across the sole like a great landscape of snow that would only have been visible in the plains on the town's outskirts. The gargantuan toes surrounded him like a mountain range, but monstrous and moving in ways that could end the tiny's life with the lightest squeeze. And then there was Everett's head, like a celestial body looking down in judgment from the sky like a god.

It was easy for Eric to forget, after spending his days with Olly, who had the real power. This man before him could choose to conquer continents if he willed it. This man who could reduce him to a mite on the ground, no, worse, a bacterium lost in the eternal void in the crevice of the floor. Olly was his master, but nothing compared to Everett's true power. Olly himself was reduced to flavoring on the white-haired titan's sole—somehow, that realization exploded in butterflies in Eric's stomach, followed by a twitch between his legs. He was almost glad he was too small to be seen, particularly his bright red cheeks radiating intense heat.

"Kiss my foot. **NOW**, pipsqueak."

The voice boomed from the heavens. Had Eric's hands not been trapped, he would have tightly held them over his ears at the sound waves vibrating down every inch of his body.

"I can't, I'm stuck!!"

Eric shouted as loud as he could, hoping his minuscule voice would be carried across the vast empty space between him and Everett's ears. The giant tilted his head, noticing his captive was trying to say something. His head moved in like an asteroid shooting into the atmosphere, his giant sapphire eyes fixed on the barely-visible squirming speck.



"What was that?" Everett said softly, the voice less overpowering but still carrying a menacing presence.

Eric gritted his teeth in fear and tightly shut his eyes as Everett spoke. Each utterance that opened the giant mouth was like a black hole materializing before him. The immensity of its size and a wave of heat blasting outwards like the sun brought unpleasant thoughts back from the time(s, plural) when Olly had tried to eat him. Just the thought of a sea of acid down that one-way abyss sitting at the back of his throat put the fear of god in his tiny heart.

"The...icing," he said, unable to project his voice.

But upon close inspection, Everett noticed the problem. Eric was snapped back to reality as his world shifted. The foot wrinkled and scrunched creating cracks in the icing like powerful earthquakes. For Eric, it was as if he was witnessing the apocalypse; everything crumbled around him, debris flying past him like buildings in a hurricane. It didn't take long for the icing around him to break, freeing him from his sugar prison. But gravity pulled him off the foot towards the ground, making him scream as he looked for something to grab onto.

Everett acted quickly, his trained eyes spotting the speck falling from his foot. He placed his finger just below, giving Eric a soft landing against the fingertip. Sitting up, he groaned, feeling mild aches throughout his body, but with nothing broken save for a few bruises. Looking up at his rescuer, he could finally take in the sight of the gargantuan mountain rescuer.

From Everett's finger, Eric could see the spot he'd been stuck to on the toe. It was hard to believe that's where he was, given it looked miles away and only seconds had passed. But that gap quickly closed again. Everett moved his finger next to his sole, crossing that impossible distance in one trivial movement.

Eric knew what was expected of him once the finger pad pushed against the expansive sole. The wall of flesh was so tall he couldn't see the end in either direction. It was just one wall of white, patterned with swirls and ridges only noticeable to his size. The occasional light, unconscious twitch would make him recoil, but he continued to walk along the finger pad until his face was met with Everett's sole.

He looked to Everett, his glare unbroken from before, then looked back to the foot. Closing his

eyes, he moved his face into the sole, planting his lips directly onto the surface. He dared not give a quick smooch like a goodbye peck on the cheek to a high school sweetheart. No, Eric knew he had to do it properly. He knew Everett would barely feel this. That wasn't the point. All of his experience with Olly taught him that. This was about subservience.

Eric kept his lips against Everett's foot for a good two minutes. It was only then, with nothing else distracting him, that he only just realized how silky smooth it was. Without the invasive cake spices and icing, he could really catch Everett's smell, now stronger at his speck size. The faint hint of his flowery soap still lingered, mixed with his natural scent which was surprisingly pleasant. It was certainly different from Olly's. Once Eric felt enough time had passed, he pulled his face away.

"You really are a big softie, you idiot," he grumbled to himself, but he couldn't deny the tightness in his pants. He did not even have to picture Olly in Everett's place this time, and he was not sure how to feel about that.

The tiny man looked up with a spark of hope in his eyes that he satisfied his temporary master's requirements. Sure enough, Everett's frightful look was gone, replaced with a prideful smile. Eric breathed a sigh of relief but felt a sinking feeling in his stomach as the world around him came crashing inwards. Eric, now restored to his original 2-inch size, was dropped onto Everett's big toe.

"How was that, hm?"

Eric kept his eyes on the bits of cake around the toe he was hanging from, focusing on licking away the remains instead of seeing Everett's Olly-like expression. The tiny was torn apart by a mix of confusing and frustrating emotions that rocked his world.

"I get it, you're not just a big pushover. Please, never do that again."

Everett smiled at the tiny's slightly muffled words, then turned his attention to his boyfriend licking away at his foot with Issak and Olly.

"Having fun there?" he asked them.

Jordan perked his head above Everett's foot, which Issak was plastered to from the copious amounts of saliva. Olly on the other hand was gripping Jordan's hanging tongue and looked at

Everett with an unamused expression.

"Can you PLEASE tell your dunderhead of a boyfriend to STOP?!"

Everett and Jordan glanced at each other. Their eyes and satisfied smiles said all it needed to.

"I think it's time we moved on," Everett said.

"Oh thank god." Olly sighed in relief.

"To the *next* game."

"What...?"

After taking a few minutes to clean everything up, Jordan was eventually shrunk back to a couple inches, joining the rest of the tinies. Issak gave Jordan a wide grin and two thumbs up—and he physically stepped in front of an irate Olly who only dreamed of punching his brunette friend in the jaw.

"Now now children, behave~" Everett intervened after Olly had to be restrained in a big bear hug by his pet to protect Jordan from his anger.

Olly finally relented, but not forgetting what he owed Jordan. Instead, he turned to his other pet, who had been uncharacteristically quiet all along. He noticed that Eric had a vacant look on his face, staring blankly in the distance.

"Did your mind turn to mush or something?" Olly asked, poking Eric in the cheek. Eric's face turned into a grimace and avoided looking at his master. "What were you guys doing over there anyway?"

"Nevermind that," Eric replied, clearly irritated to be asked.

Olly then looked to Everett with a raised eyebrow and pointed his finger at the giant.

"You better not be stealing my property!"

Everett simply responded with a grin as he cupped his cheeks in his hands.

"So what did you have in mind?" Issak asked, his face beaming with curiosity and excitement.

"We're gonna do a *little* game of hide and seek."

"Hide and seek? Really?" Olly scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Are we school kids now?"

"I'm not sure this is for me," Eric piped up.

"I haven't finished." Everett's grin stretched from ear to ear. "The winner will get to grow back and play master for the rest of the day."

The four suddenly perked up. Both Eric and Olly simultaneously stepped forward.

"I'm not gonna lose!" They said in unison.

The pair looked into each other's eyes, both burning with resolve that neither backed down from. Their stares were only broken once Issak wrapped both his arms around his master's and brother's shoulders.

"This sounds fun, let's do our best!"

Everett got to his feet causing his body to stretch up so far the tinies had to crane their neck. Eric couldn't help but feel the blush on his cheeks still lingering from before when he took in the giant's enormity. He was at least able to distract himself thanks to the prospect of growing back. The ideas of what he might do flashed through his mind. Olly, of course, was the same. The two could almost read each other's minds whenever they'd glance into each other's eyes.

"Because you're all so teeny, I'll give you three minutes to hide. Don't let the big bad giant get ya!" Everett announced with a big ol' cheeky grin.

Everett began to count down from 240 seconds. As the number got smaller, it only dawned on the group just how little time they had at their size to effectively hide. Heads shook about facing all directions of the room to look for a spot to hide, with the exception of one. Eric instantly darted towards Everett who faced the wall by the couch.

"Is he *trying* to get caught?" Jordan asked, before turning to his own efforts to hide.

Before long, Jordan found himself running towards the doorway to exit the living room. But he greatly underestimated its distance at this size. Nevertheless, he ran as fast as he could, hoping to reach it before the time ran out. Issak sprinted across the room with his powerful legs towards the TV stand, closing the gap with great efficiency.

Olly... had no idea where to go. His first instinct was to run for the door, but seeing Eric separate from the group quickly and confidently, his legs impulsively followed him towards the couch despite the looming Everett standing ahead. He followed Eric under the furniture, hiding behind the small round leg. Eric turned and looked surprised to find his master there with him.

"Aren't we gonna get caught here?" Olly whispered.

"Nah, whenever a gang chased us we'd hide in spots close to them. Last place they expect."

Olly leaned against the couch leg, crossed his arms and looked at Eric smugly.

"So, my pet DOES have a brain cell or two."

"You fuckin-!"

"Shhh!" Olly placed his finger over his mouth.

In the final few seconds before Everett finished, Jordan was panting and out of breath, three-quarters of the way towards the doorway. Issak found a good spot behind the TV, passing through neatly lined wires at the back. Eric and Olly hunkered down by the couch leg, spotting Jordan out in the open far across the floor.

“3... 2... 1... Olly olly oxen freeeee~!”

Olly perked up from the couch leg.

"That little..."

"Oi, get down!" Eric said, angrily gesturing his arm down.

As soon as Everett started moving, everyone became more sensitive to the loud, thumping footsteps slamming against the floor. The sounds were even louder for Eric and Olly, who were surrounded by the shadow of the giant blocking the light underneath the couch.

"Where are you, my littles?" Everett spoke jokingly in a deep, domineering way. Then one glance to the side and he smiled. "What's this?"

The giant's feet stomped away from the couch and towards the speck in the distance. Halfway there Everett's posture changed to a more casual stroll with his hands in his pockets. Stopping next to Jordan, he bent the upper half of his body forward, looking down like he found something interesting on the street. There was his tiny boyfriend, completely out of breath.

"You ok, hun?" He whispered.

Jordan let his back fall against the floor, stretched his arm out and gave a thumbs up.

"The door... was further... than I thought."

Everett chuckled, smiling in relief. He then repositioned his back to stand as tall as he could and spoke in a loud deep tone again.

"Looks like I caught one of you bugs." The giant raised his foot, hovering it over his tiny boyfriend and wiggling his toes. "Let's deal with that pest properly."

His foot lowered all the way to the floor, stopping just before it made contact with Jordan's frail form. Then, on a slow descent, Jordan could feel the warm sole gently wrap around him. From Eric and Olly's perspective, Everett's raised heel made it look as if he was grinding the tiny to paste under the ball of his foot. But for Jordan, it was like a soft, silky blanket rubbing against his body.

The giant lowered himself, lifting his foot to take the tiny into his hands and place him on top of his nest of snow-white hair. As soon as Everett let his fingers loosen around the little body, Jordan instinctively grabbed onto the thick strands of hair. For what was a simple living room, the sight still struck a sense of awe as it was like looking out at a landscape from a high tower.

Everett looked around the room, pensively stroking his chin. He turned to the sofa, looking at the space underneath with half-squinted eyes. Olly and Eric gave nervous looks to each other as they could see Everett looking their way, but hoped the darkness kept them shielded.

"Oh I know!" Everett snapped his fingers in the air and then paced towards the TV. "This wouldn't be too far for someone with good legs, isn't that right..." He popped his head over the TV screen to look behind, "Issak?"

Issak bent his back as far as he could to see the giant's large head looming above. He smiled good-naturedly.

"I guess I'm caught again," he said cheerfully, raising his arms as Everett reached down to pick him up.

"Now what am I gonna do with you, little one?" He dangled Issak above his face. "I *could* do with a snack, and you look delicious."

Everett opened wide his maw revealing the warm insides. Issak's smile was unbroken, instead being complemented with a blush as the giant's warm breath wafted around him. Everett made sure to lower his hand closer to his mouth before releasing his fingers, letting the tiny tribesman land softly on the plump wet tongue.

Issak simply let his body loosen up, trusting himself in Everett's control. The mouth stayed open, giving the tiny a good view of the outside just like Jordan. It was like sitting in a pleasant high-view bathtub; the sauna-like atmosphere balanced with the cool air. If it were not for the giant's sizable movements, he could almost drift off to sleep then and there.

"Two to go!" Jordan shouted from Everett's head.

"But where could they be?" Issak asked.

"I think I saw something!" Jordan suddenly cried out.

"Huh, where?" Everett asked.

"That way!" Jordan pulled his right hand with a few strands of Everett's hair.

"Ow! This isn't Ratatouille." Everett lightly whined, but he followed the instruction.

Eric peeked around the leg to see Everett walking in their direction. "Shit, they must have seen us."

**"Fee-fi-fo-fum!"** The giant's playful voice boomed ever closer.

"Pfft, look at him playing giant." Olly snickered to himself. Eric looked at him with an irritated expression; Olly was fully relaxed, arms crossed and eyes half-lidded.

"You won't be laughing if you get caught, you know?"

"What'd mean?" Olly spoke with a smug tone and walked up to Eric's chest. "I'm gonna win."

"And how'd you figure that?"

"Because you're gonna walk out and get caught."

"Excuse me?" Eric put his fist against the couch leg, taking a step closer to Olly to make it obvious he was looking down at him.

"We both know one way or another, you're gonna be back here soon." Olly lifted his leg to show his



sole to Eric, teasingly wiggling his toes. "Just look at them, dude. Think about how biiig they're gonna be to you soon... and how long it'll take you to lick every, single, inch of this beauty. And you know what the best part is?" Olly placed his finger on Eric's chest, poking it with each word. "You... love...it."

Eric felt a tingle in his groin, that familiar twitch he had experienced not long ago. He almost felt pathetic, how weak his desires had made him. The pair knew they were running out of time as Everett placed Jordan and Issak on top of the couch. The giant got to his knees to get a good view underneath scanning the whole area.

"You're right," Eric said. Olly looked bemused.

"Huh?"

"I said you're right. I'm gonna end up under your foot and I'm gonna love it. At this point, I can't imagine life any other way anymore. But..." Eric paused, looking to the ground as he contemplated what he was about to do.

"But?"

Eric looked back up, staring straight into Olly's eyes with a completely different expression.

"But not today."

Eric pushed both of his arms right into his master's chest, sending him flying backwards. Olly attempted to press his feet into the ground and stabilize himself, but it was too late. There was Everett, staring directly at him with amazement. After falling on his back, Olly simply sat up, staring at Eric with his mouth aghast.

"Looks like we have a winner," Everett clamored.

Eric revealed himself from behind the table leg and gave a thumbs-up to the giant. So many thoughts of what he'd do ran through his head, but his mind stopped dead in its tracks when he saw Olly's facial expression, mouth agape in stunned horror. Eric's look of triumph turned to one of

guilt. He offered his hand to his owner and pulled him up from the floor.

"Oll-... Master, I-" Eric was interrupted by Olly, who spoke in a slow, deep voice of barely-contained rage.

"You are sooo spending a month in my sneaker, the size of a mite, with nothing to eat but sweat and the crumbs between my toes."

Eric looked at him for a few seconds, then half closed his eyes and turned straight to Everett.

"Yo, let's do this shit."

"Good job," Everett said, patting him on the head as he grew him back to normal size.

It was a rare sight for everyone to take in. There stood Eric, the house pet and toy, taller than a building that cast a shadow over his master. Eric took a deep breath and then looked to the floor where Olly was lost in carpet strands. The newly made giant's menacing gaze almost pierced his soul.

Everett placed himself on the couch, watching the new giant in anticipation along with Jordan and Issak. Eric didn't even bother to give them a look. Once his feet started moving, Olly looked to the left and right behind him for a place to run to, but by the time his pet had reached him, Olly had barely made a few inches of progress across the floor.

Eric wasted no time swinging his foot towards the tiny, shoving it right into his body, throwing him to the floor. The next thing Olly saw was the bottom of those giant toes slamming into him with full force. He thrust his arms forward instinctively slightly lifting Eric's second toe. Far past the foot, the tiny could make out his pet's smug expression looking down at him.

"Not so tough now, are ya?" Eric kept his second toe up, but gradually added pressure little by little. "You always were little, so what's wrong? Can't even hold up one measly little toe?"

Olly groaned as his arms began to ache. It was like taking part in a one-sided arm wrestle, but the humiliation of giving in felt more daunting than the pain of every single bone in his body snapping.

He pushed as hard as he could but felt his arms bending inwards with each passing second.

"How about this?" Eric said, turning to look at Everett, then back at Olly, "Lick my foot, slave."

"WHAT?!" Olly roared as well as he could under the pressure.

"If you give my foot a nice looong lick, I'll let ya go."

Olly could feel the heat rushing out of his face. His ears filled with the grinding noise of his teeth. His arms were shaking with the full power of his muscles overworking themselves. And then, he let go. He released his arms, folding them to the side of his body and letting the pad of Eric's second toe collide with his face. Opening his mouth he took in as much flesh as he could, digging his teeth in like it was a thick steak.

"OW you FUCK!"

Eric instantly took his foot off and brought it into view. There on his second toe was a small spot of blood and a barely-visible bite mark. Olly had a proud, slightly bloody smile on his face.

"There's your lick, you bastard."

The giant punk didn't wait long to take retribution. He lifted his foot as high as he could, aiming it right where his tiny master was. The sight of the sole so high up triggered Olly's fight or flight response, sending a rush of adrenaline to his weaker, tired muscles. The moment it darted towards him, the tiny leapt to the side like a frog. The shockwave of the foot slamming against the ground knocked him off balance, but he quickly got to his feet again. His legs wobbled like jelly, but he wasn't ready to give up. Eric raised his foot again, ready for another strike. But before the giant could launch again, their attention was drawn to the couch.

"Woah woah woah, stop!" Everett used his hands to make a timeout sign. "I'm glad you two are having fun but I'd rather no one got killed on my birthday."

"The bastard bit me!" Eric turned his foot to Everett to show the bitemark, prompting a snicker from Jordan on the table.

"Oh please," the tiny said, "You could use Olly's tiny band-aid to cover that thing."

"Well, you *are* the master right now." Everett got up from the couch and walked up to Olly. The little could only watch as the two towering giants engulfed him in their shadows. "We can punish him without killing him."

Eric thought for a moment, and then a grin spread across his face, replacing the anger there.

"Hey Ev, sit across from me would ya?"

Everett tilted his head with a curious look but obeyed, sitting on the floor with his back against the couch. Eric then turned to Olly.

"The fuck are you planni-" Olly's mouth was interrupted by Eric's toes tightly gripping his face and upper body.

He desperately tried to dig his hands in the claspings flesh to push free, in futility. As the foot lifted off the ground, all that could be seen of Olly was his legs frantically kicking the air. The toes only loosened once Eric sat opposite Everett with his legs laid out towards the other giant. Olly was left gripping at the toes as soon as he saw the huge drop awaiting below.

"Aww, look at the itty bitty bug clinging so desperately to my toes~ You love them that much, shrimp?"

"I'm going to kill you! Put me the fuck down!"

"Sorry? What was that?"

Eric flexed his foot to arch his toes forward. Olly could no longer cling his legs to the sole, forcing his weakened arms to hold him up. He was holding the toe so tightly it was like a loving embrace pressing against his cheeks.

"I'M GONNA FALL, YOU BASTARD!"

"You hear that Ev, he said he's gonna fall. Wanna give him a helping *foot*?"

Olly looked over his shoulders to find the familiar large pale sole closing in. With the two walls of feet on either side of him, it was like being trapped inside a living valley. He tried to look past his best friend's toes to scan for some form of concerned expression on his face far off in the distance. But the brief moment their eyes met, Everett smiled with his pearly whites and gave the peace sign with two fingers, soon replaced by a wall of wrinkled, pale skin.

As soon as Everett's foot made contact, Olly threw one hand against it hoping to find a way down. But the two walls of flesh gave him no time, squeezing his body flat and leaving only his head above. The sole flesh was soft, conforming around his body, but his chest compressed and forced him into shallow breaths.

"LET...ME...GO!" Olly's voice was hoarse but only just managed to get the words out.

"I told you," Eric began to rub his sole slowly up and down against Everett's, "Lick my foot and we'll be done."

"EVERETT! TELL HIM!"

"Hey I'm not the master here. I'm not complaining though, you do make a good foot toy."

Eric curved his toes around Olly's back, forcing his face into Everett's flesh. By this point, he was too tired and weak to resist, under the mercy of the two giant feet sandwiching him into a world of toes. The flesh was soft, almost pleasant, like a thick warm blanket wrapping all around him. Even when Eric would place more pressure on him, it was like his body was sinking into a marshmallow, his best friend's giant foot turning out to be surprisingly comfortable. But, even though it was not that physically horrible, the mere idea of it was a hell he wished to escape from.

The tiny captive glanced over at Eric's foot. It was just one lick, he thought. Just once and this could be over. Just once and that punk would be under his feet again, put in his place once and for all. He almost leaned in and obeyed. But, suddenly, images flashed through his mind that peeked into the future. The memory of showing subservience to his pet would be burned into his and

everyone else's mind forever.

Suddenly, a burst of energy lit a fire in Olly's eyes. The tiny bellowed a war-cry-like scream, his arm muscles bulging out as blood rushed to them. His hands pressed against both soles, pushing into the flesh as deeply as they could go. The body began to slide out a little, further emboldening the tiny to keep pushing until he ran out of steam.

Everyone in the room had certainly been taken by surprise. Jordan, Issak and Everett watched in disbelief at Olly's sheer stubbornness and refusal to give in. The dumbfounding courage to escape and commit a futile act was almost admirable, at least, except to Eric, who simply scoffed at the pathetic display going on at his foot.

The giant, in a quick second, pulled his foot back and slammed it against Everett's sole. Olly found himself violently enveloped in completely cramped darkness before he even knew what happened. His cries were snuffed out, blocked by a mouthful of foot flesh with his limbs contorted and paralyzed.

Everett squinted one eye with a nervous expression as he felt Eric twisting and grinding the ball of his foot against his own sole. He could feel the noticeable lump mashing against him. At the very least, he was hoping Eric had enough experience under Olly to know the limits one could bear at that size.

When Eric was finished, one could almost hear the collective sigh of relief in the room. The giant pet expected to hear a plop to the ground when he released his foot, but instead, there Olly was, plastered against his pet's sole like gum on a shoe. Eric peeled him off and held him in a pinch up to his face.

"You stubborn fool, are you really so prideful?"

Olly didn't have the energy to speak, nor did it seem like he wanted to. He brought up one hand and gave the middle finger as he hung upside down before Eric's eyes. Eric kept wondering what it would take to make his master submit just once. But then it hit him. He thought back to moments before with Everett, the overwhelming fear of god struck into his soul.

"Hey Ev, I'm the master right?"

"Yeeeees~?" The mountaineer replied in a sing-song voice.

"Does that include...your powers?"

Olly's eyes widened in horror.

"What did ya have in mind?"

Eric went to whisper into Everett's ears. All the tinies tried to lean in, their curiosities only raised by the show of Everett's obvious piqued interest.

"So you wanna try *that*, then? Everett asked. Eric responded with a grin. "Hmmm, alright, get into position."

Olly threw his head left and right at both giants as Eric handed him to Everett, who scooped up Jordan and Issak in his other hand. Eric sat on the floor sitting cross-legged, his left sole facing upwards supported by his right leg.

"Ready?" Everett asked.

"Ready."

Everett let Jordan and Issak slide out his hand onto the exposed sole. The little footsteps of their tiny feet sent his toes wiggling. Everett followed after, seemingly disappearing as he shrank to his fellow tinies' sizes. Olly's mind was sent spinning. The world around him stretched so fast and far that he had to tightly shut his eyes to the disorienting experience. When everything became still, he opened his eyes to a completely alien sight.

Everett seemed no different than before. But behind him, the face he had always been so used to looking down at, looked back at him further than he could have ever imagined. Olly felt a numbing cold shiver travel throughout his body. Eric reached out his hand, the entire palm taking over the tiny's entire vision as Everett was picked up.

Once the light was restored, Olly scanned his surroundings but recoiled inside Everett's hand.

Issak, Jordan, Everett, they were all so big. But Eric, he was like his own planet. Looking down, the expanse of the sole was vast; even from the birds-eye view from his friend's hand, it stretched in all directions as far as the eye could see. Every piece of furniture in the room compared to the mountain ranges seen on the horizon from the highest peak of the town.

Everett lowered the hand placing it on the "ground," sloping it to let Olly fall onto the uneven surface of fleshy valleys. It was a surreal experience, with each footstep pressing deep into the doughy surface, almost like walking on ground entirely made of mattress. But this ground was alive, and certainly more dangerous.

"I think I see a teeny weeny little speck on my foot." Eric leaned his head above them like a watchful god, closing one eye and sticking his tongue out. "How does it feel... little *master*?"

Olly wasn't sure what to do as the voice boomed from above. He wanted to curse his pet. He wanted to punish his pet. His mind was filled with nothing but thoughts of what he would do once Eric was back at his mercy. But all of that was meaningless at this moment. He could scream to the top of his lungs and the sound waves would evaporate like steam in the cold air before anyone would hear it.

Jordan walked right up to Olly's spot, each footstep sending ripples of creases in the flesh, knocking the mite-sized Olly off his feet.

"You look so cute down there." Jordan bent both knees holding his cheek in one hand. He couldn't hold back his teasing smile matching his voice. "Don'tcha like your pet's huge foot?"

Jordan let his rear land on the ground then proceeded to hover a foot above the speckish tiny. Olly instinctively looked for a place to hide, but there was nothing but this barren wasteland of sole. He then turned back to Jordan, doing the only thing he knew he could do.

"Fuck you! I swear to god I'm gonna have you all BEGGING for forgiveness at my feet!"

"Huuuh? What's that?" Jordan held his hand to his ear. "I can't seem to hear ya, you're so teeeeny."

"Hey guys, I don't think Lord Olly likes this." Issak rubbed the back of his head unsure of what to



do.

"He's fiiine," Eric said, "I bet he's really cold being exposed to all that air. Why don't you warm him up Jordan?"

Jordan obliged, slamming his foot into the speck below. The sole mashed and ground Olly into the flesh of Eric's gargantuan sole, pressing him tightly into one of Eric's many skin ridges. He groaned from the aching pains of the tight walls gripping him like a vice. Even after Jordan removed his foot, he was still unable to move, embedded as he was within a single footprint ridge.

Issak got on all fours and crawled to his master, bringing his face as close as he could to the trapped speck.

"Lord, are you ok?" he asked. His voice was soft and low to be gentle to Olly's more sensitive hearing.

But either way, Olly was at his limit. Simply looking around him, his three friends and pet towering over him, his most pathetic foot bitch treating him like less than dirt, and his entire world confined to this merciless sole. His stomach turned and twisted and every inch of his body shivered. This overwhelming feeling that he had not felt for so many years suddenly poured out all at once: fear.

Noticing his master's distress, Issak quickly squeezed the tiny out from his fleshy prison. He wrapped his fingers around him, shielding him from all sight and sound. Issak turned to look up at Eric squarely in the eyes.

"I think that's enough for today," he said.

"Is it too much for our little Olly?" Jordan mocked in a babyish tone. Everett wrapped his arm around his boyfriend and then rustled his hair.

"It's getting late, I think he's learnt his lesson, don't you think?"

"Fine, though he still never licked my foot." Eric let out a sigh and crossed his arms.

Everyone's sizes were restored in a flash, though no one was more relieved than Olly to find the world back in its rightful place. Unfortunately for him, the aches, pains and strains of his muscles followed him. Issak grabbed hold of his master's arms before he collapsed to the ground, aiming him instead for the couch. Olly let out a deep sigh, laid his head back and almost closed his eyes. But they shot open as soon as he found Eric standing in front of him.

Olly turned his head away from his pet's face, the anger plain as day across his face. He wasn't sure what to say, even if he had the energy to. But before he could properly collect his thoughts, he felt his tired right leg being lifted from the ground. Rolling his head back, his angry expression became one of bewilderment. There was Eric, practically a god a second ago, kneeling on the ground before him, and in his hands he held up Olly's foot by the back of his heel.

"I'm...always gonna be *yours*, you hear?" Eric moved his face into his master's sole, his lips planting against the smooth light brown sole. He held it for a good 10 seconds, in plain view of all present, then placed the foot back to the ground slowly and gently. "Thank you, master."

Olly gritted his teeth but sighed a second later.

"Damn right," he said, groaning slightly as he bent himself forward to bring his mouth to Eric's ear and whispered, "Make that *two* months in my sneaker."

"Wai- Ugh, yes... master." Eric got to his feet and turned to Everett, an unmistakable blush tainting his face. "It's time we went home, I probably need to carry him back."

"Not juuust yet," Everett said, "There's still one thing I wanna do with you all."

Everett stretched both his arms out to either side of him and looked as though he was waiting for something. Jordan threw himself into his boyfriend's body, but Everett kept his arms open and looked at the others.

"C'mere."

"Don't wanna," Olly said as he picked himself up from the couch.

"But it's my birthday!"

"Yay hugs!" Issak wrapped his long arms around him. "Happy birthday!"

Olly and Eric looked at each other and then sighed in unison. Their faces had the same "let's get this over with" expression. Eric was pulled in by Jordan next to him while Olly limped up to his friend and let himself fall against his body. Once all four were in place, Everett gently wrapped his arms around the group.

"Hold on tight!"

Everyone in the group suddenly raised their heads, but before anyone could say anything, their bodies shrank. Now doll-sized, Everett held his friends tightly in his arms and closed his eyes, savoring the final moments of his special day.

These friends, new and old, who came for him, who celebrated with him, who stayed for him. In his arms were the most valuable treasures, priceless and irreplaceable, that he vowed to protect for as long as he lived.