

Day Off

Weaving nimbly between carpet fibers as tall as his waist, Eric was running as far as his inch-tall legs could take him. His heart in his throat and his lungs threatening to implode under the pressure, he wanted nothing but to stop and rest; the thundering footsteps behind him convinced him to keep running.

He couldn't see them, but he knew them well, two gargantuan feet that were following him at a much more leisurely pace. The giant boy the feet belonged to didn't even need to try to keep up with Eric's fastest sprint. The size difference was too overwhelming.

Eric turned a corner into the living room and, ignoring the protests of his aching limbs, picked up the pace. His well-honed plan required him to hide as soon as he was out of the giant's line of sight. As soon as he saw the opportunity, he leaped to his right and did a tactical roll until he was cast in shadow, concealed underneath an armchair.

Thoom. Thoom.

From his hiding place, catching his breath as well as he could, Eric observed Olly's feet stomp by. They stepped back and forth, visibly confused, turning and twisting on the heels and exposing the creamy underside that contrasted with Olly's dark chocolate skin.

"Woohoo, where aaaare youuu~?" Olly's voice rang, incredibly loud, from far above. Eric clamped his hands on his face to hide the sound of his ragged breathing and crouched to hide further into the carpet. The gigantic feet were waiting just in front of the armchair and now fidgeting impatiently.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are," Olly continued, and he punctuated the sentence by snapping his fingers. Eric had the pavlovian response of starting to walk towards the feet—when Olly gave an order and snapped his fingers, one usually had to obey—and he had to fight back the instinct to obey and force himself to remain hidden.

Olly waited a few seconds before moving again. They paced around the armchair for a while, enough to reassure Eric that he wouldn't be found... until the giant suddenly fell on

all four, cheek against the floor and staring straight at the tiny man. "FOUND YA!"

Eric sprang out of his hiding place with a squeak of fear. He didn't go far; Olly's fingers clamped around his ankle and pulled him upside down into the air.

"I win!" Olly giggled, as he kept Eric dangling by one leg at eye level.

"It wasn't a fair challenge!" Eric protested. He angrily wriggled, trying to dislodge himself, but he couldn't escape the giant's grip.

"Nobody said it was going to be fair."

"Yes, you did!" Eric shot back. "You explicitly told me that I had to beat a FAIR challenge if I wanted a day off from attending to your every whim!"

"Well, I lied." Olly shrugged.

"You can't just lie."

A glint appeared in Olly's eye and he brought Eric closer until his upside-down face occupied every inch of the tiny man's field of view. His lips were pursed in what Eric would call a shit-eating smile. "Oh really, I can't? Remind me, who makes the rules here?"

Eric hated to be put on the spot like that. He looked away, embarrassed to look into Olly's casually confident eyes. His cheeks were burning red, and only half of it were from being held head down.

"... you do..." Eric grumbled.

Olly cooed and brought one ear closer, pretending not to have heard. "I'm sorryyyy, what was that?"

"YOU MAKE THE RULES, YOU DICKHEAD!" The tiny screamed at the top of his lungs. "Do you HAVE to make everything about how much bigger you are, uh? Maybe I am sick of your crap, did you ever think about that? I just wanted a fucking day off you piece of shi-

hey hey wait what the fuck are you doi- HEY!"

As Eric unloaded his anger, Olly never once showed disappointment at the lack of respect that his pet was showing him. On the contrary, he grew a cat-like grin and brought Eric closer to his face. He slipped his tongue out and gave a long, confident lick across Eric's whole body, starting with the face to shut him up.



“Show me some respect,” Olly said. It wasn’t really an order, he visibly didn’t want Eric to stop struggling. Nothing made him happier than making the smaller man *squirm*.

“Fuck you, you big-” Eric tried to fire back insults, but Olly’s tongue smothered him again, forcing saliva to seep all over him, drenching his clothes.

Years earlier, before Eric became so small, he used to bully Olly. In that moment, as the boy’s expression looked elated in-between licks, Eric just wanted to throw a punch between his big dumb eyes. He kept taking the brunt of the tongue’s assaults, refusing to concede. He knew exactly what Olly wanted to hear, and he didn’t want to give him that victory.

But Olly kept escalating. As Eric attempted to push away his invasive lips, Olly closed his mouth around one of the tiny arms, suckling it. His lips advanced, trapping more and more of the arm, as if slurping up a spaghetti, until they got hold of Eric’s head—then his whole body was tugged inside.

“Whoah, time out!” Eric protested, but Olly paid him no mind and started playing with him. The tongue curled and slithered around Eric, espousing each curve of his body, ignoring his pleas of “let me out!”

“Alright, you win-” Eric sputtered, unable to avoid getting some of Olly’s saliva in his own mouth. “Let me out, *Master!*”

The tongue reacted immediately to the magic word. Eric just knew that outside, Olly’s face looked blissful with self-satisfaction. The whole mouth shuddered, the tongue uncurled, allowed Eric to roll towards freedom and into the giant’s upturned palm.

“I knew you had it in you, little guy,” Olly said with a grin, wiping drool off his chin. Eric stared at a window to avoid meeting eyes with his self-appointed “owner.”

Olly took a few steps and slumped into the couch, where he dropped Eric atop a pillow with some handkerchiefs to clean up the thick saliva that covered him head to toe.

“So, what do ya wanna watch?” Olly asked as he kicked up his feet on the coffee table,

remote in hand.

Eric paused halfway through clearing his face of the gobs of drool his master left there. “I get to pick the movie today? Why? I lost your dumb challenge.”

Olly shrugged noncommittally. “The real challenge was to amuse me. You did okay, so you get your day off I guess. What, do you wanna go right back to your duties?” He showed some more interest in the last part there.

“Wow, fuck no! I wanna relax,” Eric shouted while wiping off the last of the saliva and slumping on the pillow. “Let’s watch Kung Fu Hustle.”

“Ugh, I hate that movie. Pick another,” Olly grunted.

“Nope. I want to watch Kung Fu Hustle.”

Olly grumbled and got back to his feet, taking a few steps towards the kitchen without protesting the choice of movie. “I’m getting popcorn, want anything?”

Eric guffawed. “The big bad Olly is fetching me a snack? Get me some soda!”

Olly shrugged. “What can I say? I am a generous god.”

“Fuck you!”

The answer that came back from the kitchen sounded a hell of a lot like “Love you too!”