

Val joins the fray

The crisp morning air was the best workout companion that Val could have asked for. The beach of Caloria, his small hometown, was practically deserted at dawn, leaving the orange-haired man all the space he could ever want to run, practice his katas and even take a dip in the oily sea. Under this climate, it was never so cold that one couldn't enjoy a swim, so Val was wearing nothing besides ample swimming trunks and hand- and feet-wraps.

He was halfway through practicing his kicks when Val noticed that he had a spectator. The other man was not imposing himself, but his eyes were locked on Val as he sat on a rock, smiling. Taking a second to observe his appearance, Val noted that the stranger had ebony skin, dark red hair and a paler braid, a sun tattoo on his cheek and wore a similar attire to Val's. He seemed content to just watch in silence.

"Can I help you?" Val finally asked, interrupting his practice. The stranger seemed surprised to be talked to.

"Oh... No, sorry for the disturbance! I was admiring your form," he replied, looking genuinely embarrassed.

Val noted that, given the stranger's impressive musculature, he knew what he was saying—he could appreciate the compliment. He hesitated a second then asked, "Wanna spar?" The other man replied with a grin and by hopping off his rock.

Val was an experienced fighter, and he usually towered over his opponents, as he was exceptionally tall and wide; but seeing the stranger move made Val realize that he would not have his usual advantages, this time. The man was slightly taller than Val, and moved with an ease and confidence that reminded Val of some martial arts master he'd had the honor to meet. But the stranger seemed genuinely friendly, so Val smiled in return and politely bowed his head. The other mirrored the gesture, and they got into their respective stances.

On cue, both pairs of feet scurried across the sand in well-practiced steps to close and increase distance between them in a rapid back and forth gauging each other. Val struck first, a high kick that the man blocked with his forearm, giving him an opening to lunge, hand forward. Val barely avoided letting him get a grip on his ear by tackling the extended arm and trying to twist it; the stranger shrugged Val's efforts off, tossing him a few feet away.

Both were smiling now.

Val lunged again while the other remained in place. Val executed precise footwork to feint an attack on the left but kick on the right; the man seemed fooled for a second but grabbed Val's foot in midair. The ginger lost balance and nearly fell, but the other kindly let go of his leg, allowing him to right himself. They took a few steps away from each other, giving Val time to regulate his breathing.

“You've just been defending, dude. Attack me, this time!”

The man nodded quietly and changed his stance, hunching forward... and he took off running at high speed. Val lowered his stance to tank or deflect any blow—at least any blow he could see coming. He did not see it coming.

The stranger pounced and twisted in midair, and his foot slammed into Val's face as he executed a most graceful flying kick, sending the ginger collapsing on the sand. Valman held up his hands in a sign of surrender as he gasped to catch his breath and spit out some sand. “I give up! You win! you win, hahaha...” He laboriously got back on his feet, taking the defeat with a chuckle. “You're really good! I'm Val!”

Val extended his hand, and the man shook it energetically. “Issak!”

“Well, Issak... how about going out for a coffee? My treat,” Val suggested.

“I don't drink coffee,” Issak blandly stated.

“Ah, well, it's a bit early for booze, but I can make an exception for you~” Val shot back, slightly more flirtatious.

“I am not allowed to drink alcohol either.”

Val was slightly taken aback. Then, he thought of his own dojo and his martial arts instructor—the old sensei would be irate too if the students were caught drinking. Given Issak's propensity with martial arts, Val had no problem believing that the man was a disciple in a very strict dojo. “What about just a date? No need for any drink, just spending time together? Are you allowed to do that?”

Issak was taken aback but reacted with a brilliant smile. “I would be delighted to! Ah, but I'd have to ask permission first.”

Val nodded in understanding. “I got nothing planned today. How about we go together?” And so

they did.

Conversation on the way was pleasant and energetic, and the more Issak talked, the more Val felt the sweetness of his soul pouring out. Val was too busy enjoying the company to notice where exactly they were headed, until they walked into a very familiar street.

"Hey, that's where my parents live," Val commented, pointing to the house for Issak's benefit. Issak nodded and stopped in front of the house in question, surprising Val. "Uh? I thought we were going to talk to your superior?"

Issak opened the portal leading to the house and beckoned Val to follow. "Ya, that's what we are doing! My Master is staying here."

"Your..." Val stopped, shocked. The door opened and Olly was standing there.

"Master!" Issak exclaimed.

"Master?" Val reacted.

"...Val?" Olly said, looking vaguely annoyed.

"Val wants to date me-" Issak's sentence was punctuated by a cacophony from the ginger bros.

"What?! NO!"

"Olly, you have NO RIGHT to-"

"ISSAK IS MINE!" Olly screamed with an unexpected intensity that shushed Val. Olly looked properly pissed off now. "Issak answers to me, and only me. I have EVERY right to-"

"You don't!" Val slammed back. He took a step towards the brat, his inner big brother coming out, like a mother cat wanting to grab a kitten by the scruff of the neck. He never had the chance; Issak stepped in the way, looking too serious. "I answer only to Master Olly. Please back off."

Behind him, Olly looked smug as hell. Throughout Val's life, he could always pick up Olly and hold him a foot off the ground without effort; Val gritted his teeth because he couldn't, this time.

"Can you explain to me what is going on?" He asked.

Olly waved his index in a 'no' gesture. "That's none of your business. Your opinion is not wanted,

'big bro'."

Olly tugged Issak indoors, leaving an irate Val on the porch.

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"What do you think about my brother?"

It was well past midnight, and Olly couldn't sleep. He had avoided his brother all day, and his mother as well. Even with a full-sized Eric, Issak and Everett to back him up, Olly was sure that they couldn't stop his mom if she tried to spank him. And their mother hated to see the brothers in conflict.

Both of his pets were sleeping in sleeping bags on the floor near his bed, but Eric's snoring made it clear that Olly's question was meant for Issak.

"He is strong. He can protect you."

Olly sniggered. "Yeah, sure. He's an idiot. But, do you *like* him?"

Issak was silent for a moment before answering quietly. "He reminds me of you. How could I dislike him?"

"If it weren't for me... would you want to date him?"

Issak's answer took a long time again. "I would give him a chance."

Olly hummed and pondered for a minute. Finally, he hopped out of bed and pulled Issak up behind him. Together, they stepped over Eric's sleeping form and tiptoed to the living room, where a passed out Everett was hugging a throw pillow.

"Hey... Hey buddy..." Olly whispered, shaking Everett lightly. "I need a favor real quick~"

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Issak stood, naked and four inches tall, staring up at the monument that was the locked wooden door. The shrunken man was usually completely placid, but he couldn't help but feel a tinge of

unrepressed emotion. Love or lust he couldn't know, but Issak knew that what he was about to do made him feel elated. Sure, he was just following master Olly's order, but that specific order was personally meaningful to Issak, too. He fell on all four and started crawling underneath the door and into the dark bedroom.

Only the light of the moon shining through the window illuminated the scene. Val's bedroom was in sync with the personality of its occupant: slightly messy but betraying an active, rounded-out lifestyle, with rock and hip-hop posters on the walls, clothes strewn about, workout gear in a corner.

The centerpiece was a king-sized bed, upon which the gargantuan Val was sound asleep. He had discarded all of the blankets, leaving his whole body exposed and—lucky for Issak—the blankets formed a gentle hill leading directly to the slumbering titan.

When he reached the top of the bed, Issak was greeted by a gorgeous sight. Both of Val's bare soles were directly in front of him; behind them, the buck-naked body of the redhead was sprawled across what felt like a whole street, leading to his incredibly cute face framed by untied orange hair, mouth wide open and lightly snoring. Issak fell to his knees and brought his hands together. He addressed a fervent prayer of gratitude to his god, Olly, before hurrying towards the nearest foot.

Issak pressed his lips into the groove between the giant first and second toe. The foot he picked was laying on its side, allowing the shrunken man to reach even the toes. His tongue was out a second later, exploring the manly skin. The warmth and taste of this foot reminded Issak strongly of Olly. Even if he didn't know the relationship between the two, Issak could have guessed that Val was Olly's brother from foot smell alone.

Issak's actions were led by duty, but his body could not hide its enjoyment. Issak dared not to hump the underside of Val's toes, as he was already so erect that it could have sent him over the edge. He chose to simply rest the front of his body against the soothing heat of the foot, taking in the feelings. The aura of those feet had the same air of divinity as Olly's.

Issak extracted himself from the foot with difficulty. All of his base instincts wanted to make love to that foot, but he had orders. And there was so much more of Val to explore. He started walking along the inner side of Val's leg, careful not to jostle the bedsheets to not disturb his giant's sleep. Issak could stalk animals across a forest without making one pine needle crack, so it was child play for him to reach Val's crotch unnoticed. There, he had to take a breath to calm down the sinful thoughts swarming his mind at the sight of the gigantic ball and sac facing him.

Seen from Issak's four-inch-tall perspective, Val's deflated cock was human-sized, the details blending into the shadows of the night and skin. The pet approached it carefully, gently running one finger along the balls and the sides of the dick, sending subtle pleasure. It started hardening, growing slowly, and Issak accompanied it up, climbing onto the giant's abs to guide the slumbering

erection every step of the way, with one hand, then two, then rubbing his own soles on the base of the dick until it grew enough to cover Issak. Then, the tiny pulled at the foreskin to reveal the most sensitive part of Val, and he leaned in for a kiss.

With perfect synchronicity, Issak's lips met the hole, and Val jolted awake with a cry.

Issak tumbled down the blanket and Issak pulled his knees to his chest, staring at the tiny thing on his bed with wide eyes.

Issak broke the silence with a groan. He stood up and gave Val an awkward hand wave.

"Are you... a dream?" Val didn't seem to believe it himself as he asked the tiny. "Please tell me you're just a wet dream. That dude was dreamy but..." Pause.

"I'm sorry, this is all real," Issak replied. His voice sounded genuine and contrite, but Val couldn't restrain the wave of emotions knowing he'd just been...

"Olly put you up to it, didn't he?" Val asked. He felt a primordial brotherly rage starting to bubble up. He angrily threw underwear then pajama pants on, increasingly agitated.

Issak barely started to answer—"Master Olly merely told me to"—that Val was long gone, power walking across the room and leaving Issak's voice to be mere squeaks that soon vanished. He hurried across the house and rushed to that fucking brat's bedroom.

"Open up," He ordered as he knocked on the door.

A muffled "Fuck off" came from his brother dearest.

"I'm letting myself in," and Val opened the door. Within a second, all of Val's instinct screamed to him to raise his arms for defense, just before Eric pounced on him, nearly toppling him.

"What the fuck Eric?! Olly!"

Olly let out a short, shrill whistle, and Eric's whole vibe shifted. His shoulders dropped, hands went in his pockets and his eyes wandered towards a spot on the ceiling, all aggression gone.

"You barge into someone's room, expect the guard dog to attack," Olly explained as if it were just natural.

“Eric is not a- Eric is a PERSON!” Val countered, horrified.

Olly scoffed. “I disagree. So does he,” Olly added looking towards Eric with a self-satisfied smirk.

Val turned to Eric, expecting the fiery guy to scream some insult at Olly for that. Instead, Eric vaguely shrugged and grimaced.

“Mate, you can’t be serious. I used to kick your ass weekly because you kept bullying my brother. And now you let him call you, what... his pet?”

“Basically, yea,” Eric confirmed with a straight face and no hesitation.

“OLLY, ARE YOU RUNNING A FUCKIN’ CULT IN THIS HOUSE?!” Val bellowed.

Out in the corridor, there was a shuffling of feet. Val didn’t even care anymore about waking up the household. It was weird. Too fuckin’ weird! Val had known Eric for years, and he knew the old Eric was angered at the mere sight of Olly. It gave him the heebie-jeebies.

“Eric, Issak, they call you master and they let you just... be a dick to them all the time! How is that normal? How is that healthy?!” Val was fuming by now. He advanced towards Olly—Eric subtly moved in the way, but Val could easily talk over his head. “I know Eric is not the best person, but I remember someone with values and pride. When I met Issak, I met a man who resonated with me. You warped them. Both of them!”

Val took another step towards his brother. Eric’s arm sprang to block him, but Val easily grappled him and shoved him out of the way. Val’s hand rose in the air, but Olly’s confident smirk remained.

“You little-” Val intended to slap the ever living crap out of his little brother, but his arm was caught by a hand that suffused warmth and strength. Issak’s hand, back to normal size. His other hand swiftly wrapped around Val, restraining him in what felt like an embrace.

“Please don’t do that, or I’d have to really hurt you,” Issak said. His voice and expression felt welcoming, and he had genuine warmth dancing in his eyes, but the threat felt real. Val deflated and he noticed Issak and Eric relax too. In the room with them, their parents and Everett were staring, concerned.

“I brought Issak back to size as fast as I could,” Everett said, apologetic. He did run to help, though as usual, the snowy man felt guilty he couldn’t help even more.

“Get out of my room, bro,” Olly said, looking nonplussed by the whole affair.

“We will have a discussion about this tomorrow, young men,” their mom said. “Now, to bed.”

“Yes darling,” their dad chirped, and he followed his wife out of the room. Reluctantly, Val followed.

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The next morning, Olly waited in his bedroom while Everett explained the things that required tact to Olly’s family. To keep him occupied like a kid given a toy, Eric and Issak were both shrunk and left in Olly’s... care.

That’s why both looked a bit battered to the eyes of Olly’s family, when they were displayed on the kitchen table. The eyes of the titans seated all around made Eric feel uneasy, especially Olly and Val’s mother. That woman was terrifying at his human size, she was positively pants-shitting as a building-sized monster.

“Are you REALLY sure you’re consenting to all of this?” Val asked directly of them both.

“Without a solitary doubt” and “One hundred percent” were the immediate answers.

“Olly has always allowed us to grow back and do whatever we want with our time, including leaving him,” Eric said.

“We just both want to be with Lord Olly,” Issak completed the sentence joyfully.

“If Olly is coercing you, I can save you! Just look at me so Olly can’t see your faces, and blink three times,” Val offered. Neither tiny complied, and Eric gave him a subtle middle finger.

“You can’t tell me you’ve agreed to really trade your lives to be at the whims of my brother! It’s just so... so-!”

“I chose it, and I would choose to belong to Lord Olly a million times again,” Issak said. “Please respect that.” Eric grunted in approval, and Val sighed.

“You’re looking for something that isn’t there, bro,” Olly said, supremely confident. “They love it, I love it, everyone is happy with our arrangement. You’re the only one here who’s got a problem with it.”

“Mom?” Val called, hoping for support.

“They are all consenting adults, I don’t have a problem with that. Your father and I do all sorts of kinky things all the time,” their mother replied with a shrug. Val and Olly both left out a ewwww.

“You heard your mom,” their father added.

“I’ve been supporting and abetting the relationship between Olly, Eric and Issak for a very long time now,” Everett added, as the last person left to acquiesce on the “relationship” between Olly and his tinies. “I’m not going to change my mind. Sorry.”

And so, Val finally let go. Shocked, disheartened, but accepting that he couldn’t stop anything that occurred between two consenting adults.

And so, Olly snatched both of the small men in one hand and gave Val a radiant smile. “I think you might want to be nicer to me starting right now~”

Val bit his lower lip, having to consciously refrain himself from whipping the brat with a retort.

“Okay... Okay. Sorry.”

And with that, Val got to spend a few hours with Issak on two different evenings, although their meetings only happened at his brother’s whims. And when Olly left Caloria, so did Issak. Forever.

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Knock knock.

The knuckles barely left the wood when the door swung open, revealing a very surprised Olly, wearing pajamas and suckling on a lollipop, obviously ready for bed.

“The hell you doin’ ‘ere?” Olly said before swallowing saliva and moving the lollipop to the other side of his mouth.

“I... am renting the apartment across from yours,” Val said, pointing his thumb at the door behind him. Besides him, he had some luggage, and there were cardboard boxes strewn around the corridor.

Olly frowned deeply. “Why?”

“I just wanted to come back to my roots! ya know? I lived here for years too, I have friends here-”

Olly glared at his brother. “You’re not getting Issak, he’s mine.” And as he said that, he pulled the lollipop out of his mouth. Wrapped around the sugar sphere and bound in place with dental floss was Issak. Despite the drool covering him head to toe, the tiny man seemed elated, a grin on his face at the sight of the titanic Val.

Val gasped and reached forward, almost by instinct, to snatch Issak from Olly’s fingers, but the smaller man slammed the door shut and locked it—judging by the sound, there were at least five locks being turned, making Val groan.

“Don’t act like a child, open the door.” No response. “Olly? OLLY! Listen to me please, I have to talk to you.” Just silence on the other side of the door.

Val tried the handle, banged on the door a bit while calling his little brother's name, but he heard nothing in response. Finally, he gave up and sat with his back to the door with a sigh.

“I-I’m sorry, ok?” It felt hard to say. “Issak is yours, it is his decision. It was stupid to think that I could... I shouldn’t have, okay?” Silence again. “Olly... I would like to hang out with you. Would you like that? No Issak, no weird size stuff... just you, me, and a mean hot chocolate!” He laughed to himself, but nobody echoed it.

A few minutes passed. Val got back to his feet with a weight on his soul. He looked wistfully at the door for another minute before turning back to the boxes awaiting him. Later, when the last box was safely in his apartment, half of them opened and partially emptied, the doorbell rang suddenly.

Nobody was waiting in the corridor; but in front of his door, Val found a little present the size of a matchbox and nicely decorated with an orange ribbon. The redhead opened it without a thought and let out a loud gasp—inside, naked and grinning, was a tiny Issak holding a folded piece of paper.

“Master Olly says that you are a dickhead and to please read this message,” Issak said jovially while presenting the paper to the slack-jawed Val. It read, “Return him before dawn or” followed by a crude drawing of Olly punching a poorly drawn Val with X’s for eyes. Val stared at it for an uncomfortably long time, trying to process everything.

“Is Olly... is my brother forcing you to do this?” Val finally asked.

“Master Olly gave me only one order,” Issak replied. “I was ordered to have fun and to do only what I want to do. If you’d allow me, of course.”

Val’s breath started to accelerate, and the edges of his mouth felt uncontrollably pulled outwards. “So... we have until morning. Let’s not waste that time~”

[The end]