

Chapter: Olly's Birthday Bash

By [Kwakwa](#)

The alarm was set for dawn, and Olly practically leaped out of bed at the first beep of "Happy birthday to you." He rushed into the living room, and as he hoped, a gift awaited on the coffee table, wrapped in blue paper and topped with a white ribbon. Leaning close, Olly's ears could pick up whispers and ruffles from it.

Olly reached out to tear off the paper before freezing in place. He was wearing nothing but underwear and a baggy t-shirt, and his hair was messy from being in bed. Sure, that was *his* moment, but it had to be momentous for his pets too.

He returned half an hour later, fully cleaned, barechested and wearing his softest purple pajama pants with socks. When the top of the gift came off, Olly even flexed his abs a little to give a spectacle to Everett - and sure enough, Everett's blushing face was revealed inside the box, looking transfixed. It was Olly's most beloved birthday gift after all, his best friend wrapped and offered up as a pet for one day.

But Olly's eyes flew to the unexpected occupant of the box. There were Eric and Issak, Olly's full-time pets, and Everett, returning for a performance, but holding his hand was a two-inch-tall Jordan.

"Ooooooh~?" Olly cooed, his lips extending into a grin. "I gotta know, what's the limit here? I got a little couple, I wouldn't want to... hurt sensitivities." As he talked, his hand hovered closer to the shrunken lovers, fingers arching, ready to grab.

"No limits! We agreed on that!" Everett yelled upwards, hands like a megaphone.

"For real?" Olly lost his countenance for a second with a sudden rush of elation, shivers running across his skin as Jordan defiantly added, "Dish it out, we can take it!"

"Let's test this theory, shall we?" Olly rubbed his hands with a grin. He could barely contain himself at the prospect of a new person to introduce to that side of himself. He grabbed the back of Jordan's t-shirt and pulled him up to eye level, examining him closely.

Jordan was a good friend of Olly's. As Everett's boyfriend, the brunette spent much of his free time around Olly, regardless of place or size, and they shared a love for video games and size shenanigans. So, for Olly, seeing his buddy like that was a powerful rush.

Jordan feared that his trusty t-shirt might rip, but it held strong between Olly's titanic fingertips. The tiny was intimidated from the start, but dangling uncomfortably at what felt like a lethal distance from the ground, held by someone he knew to be bratty and unreliable... His heart was thundering against his ribs. He started flailing with vocal expressions of discomfort when the mountain that was his red-haired friend started moving towards the bedroom.

"You three stay here," Olly ordered without even looking at them.

Everett heard his boyfriend's cries and tried to grow himself, but both Eric and Issak grabbed forcefully onto one of his shoulders with a severe expression.

"You have orders," Eric reminded him. Everett wasn't sure how he felt about being left out of it—unable to protect Jordan if Olly went too far—but he had promised to obey Olly's every whim for a day. Everett very much believed in the value of promises, so he slumped back down in size to match his friends and resigned himself to wait.

In the distance, the door to Olly's bedroom opened and closed.

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Heavy curtains dimmed the light in the bedroom. The moody lighting made Olly appear even more impressive to Jordan's awed eyes. The giant carried him to the bed and dropped him rudely on the pillow. Olly then laid on his belly, his face like a billboard to Jordan.

"So? What is it?" Olly asked.

Jordan took a second to get back on his feet despite the wobbly pillow beneath them. "What is what-?"

Massive brown fingers sprung towards Jordan and toppled him. He attempted to wrestle one of them, but just two of the trunk-like fingers easily pinned him down and playfully explored his body.

"Your thing- your kinks," Olly pinched his torso and rolled him around forcefully, which Jordan tried to go along with. Olly didn't give him much range of movement at all, a grip of steel—but an answer was expected.

"I-I like feet-" Jordan started, but Olly's face suddenly moved much closer, eyes laser-focused on him. The sight stole the shrunken man's breath. His giant friend's glare made Jordan feel like the temperature was going up a few degrees. Now that his irises were massive, Jordan noticed for the

first time that Olly's eyes were a deep red. Felt like the eye of Sauron on him.

"Feet, and?" Olly urged.

Jordan blinked a few times and continued, "Oh, with Everett, we- um, we roleplay, I really like when he is—do ya know what a kaiju is? Japanese monster, very big—"

"Yeah yeah," Olly scoffed, like 'Who do you think I am?'. "Godzilla is something of a role model for me."

Jordan guessed he was supposed to laugh, but he didn't have much time to ponder it—the fingers pinning him down curled into a fist, constraining him in a straightjacket of Olly's skin. It radiated warmth, feeling a few degrees hotter than a person should be. Olly rolled on his back and sat up. His moves were casual but Jordan felt like the world was shifting with every swerve.

"If the pain gets too much, scream very loudly." Olly said as he hopped out of bed.

Pain? The word rattled Jordan. "-wait, what do you—"

"Everett is way too soft, none of that with me." Olly's voice easily drowned out Jordan's. "Though I expect you to chicken out before I even show ya what's what. If how you play Super Smash is any indication, snrk."

The finger opened way too fast for how large they appeared to Jordan—and the brunette found himself falling with a scream. The vast expanse of blue carpet cushioned his fall surprisingly well, but Jordan felt his head ring with the impact.

Puff. Puff. Puff. Jordan stood up rubbing his forehead. It took a moment for him to recognize what he was looking at. He was on the floor, and Olly was standing right there, towering far, far above his head. Standing like buildings on either side of Jordan were the foot-shaped masses of black fabric of Olly's socks. His face was partially hidden from Jordan's eyes by his bulging pectorals and his proud, head-up stance.

Olly was absolutely giddy, his voice trailing into giggles as he talked: "Hey, bud. I think... I think you should run. Like, now~"

One monumental foot rose in the air and Jordan barrelled away from it. But after a couple seconds of mad dashing, Jordan glanced over his shoulder and saw that Olly was not aiming to step on him—yet. Instead, the redhead was removing his right sock, standing on one foot as one hand yanked the sock off, making black dander rain.

Jordan slowed to an energetic jog away from his giant friend, keeping an eye on him. Olly put his foot down on the floor, seemingly in no hurry. He smelled the sock and made a face, then he tossed it. Jordan's neck followed the arc of the sock over his head, it crumpled halfway across the room in front of him.

That's when he heard the muffled earthquake of sock on carpet. Looking back again, the running tiny saw that Olly took one step—just one—and covered most of the space that Jordan's run had put between them.

“Oh shit-” Jordan picked up the pace, ignoring the strain on his legs.

It was useless, though.

The very next step, Olly's bare foot soared through the air and caught Jordan square in the middle of its shadow. The shrunken man knew that he couldn't escape it, but he hoped to reach an auspicious area of the foot—the thought of being caught under the heel was enough to shake his courage. Jordan leaped forward, hoping to reach the alcove under the toes.

The ball of the foot slammed into him and hammered his body into the carpet, instead. The sole molded itself around Jordan's body with the speed of the impact. Jordan had never experienced that with Everett—he could tell that Olly truly meant to stomp him, not just gently covering him with a sole. The pain was less than Jordan feared at the sight of the feet, but he still felt like a building slammed into him. And the weight resting on him was what he expected a house to weigh. He could breath, barely, with shallow breaths—it all smelled and tasted like the unique musk coming from Olly's foot.

Olly's foot rose off Jordan after a moment. He started to get up when the sole slammed back down; and up; and down; and up... Jordan rolled on his back, the wind knocked out of his lungs and arms around his head to protect it from the assaults.

Olly's foot was moving in the air; Jordan was not under the ball anymore but under the arch... then the heel.

Anyone sane would have screamed, cried, ran away at that view, Jordan pondered. So, he was not totally sane, he concluded. Because, in his eyes, the aching and bruises-to-come sent shivers of joy through his veins. It was not a lack of fear or pain, but rather the fear and pain exhilarating him. Olly was so much more beautiful when seen from that angle. And the heel hovering threateningly overhead... Jordan was terrified, but Olly wouldn't let him escape.

He spread his arms wide, welcoming the heel. One second later, like a meteorite, it collided with Jordan, a weight so intense that Jordan feared for a second that Olly did not actually know what he was doing. Pain and pleasure shot through the boy's veins in equal measures. Out of primal instinct, he kissed the heel crushing him as much as Olly allowed. Then, the heel swerved left, then right, as if snuffing out a cigarette butt in slow motion.

When the foot finally withdrew from Jordan, the tiny was not surprised to see a big ol' happy smile on Olly's mug.

"You like it," Olly said. It was not a question. "So, what is doing it for you? Domination? Humiliation?" Olly raised one eyebrow and paused at Jordan's reaction. The tiny couldn't repress a bit of a wriggle at the word. "Humiliation, eh? I could get Everett in here, make him do things for me. Make him do... things TO you. Maybe just make him watch while I toy with you~?"

Jordan was red in the face and aching all over. He got back on his feet, happy to see that his body worked just fine despite the experience. Olly noticed, too.

"Hey, are you in pain?"

Jordan hesitated then nodded. "It's not too bad. I... kinda like it."

"You like it?" Olly guffawed. "Perv! Okay, you like it, that's great. That means that..." Olly's brows furrowed in a sinister grin, and he cracked his knuckles. "... I can go real hard on you. Start running."

Jordan's weak pleas to wait went unheard, and Olly started counting. "Ten. Nine. Eight. Oh by the way! See the sock over there? If you manage to get inside before I reach you, you might get to keep all your bones intact! Seven. Six..."

Jordan did not know whether Olly meant the bones thing as a joke, but it gave him a jolt nonetheless. The sock was a stadium's length away from him, but Jordan was athletic enough and motivated not to be grievously injured.

"...Two.... Oooooone~ Ready or not..."

Olly took a step, then two, threatening to reach Jordan with the third when the shrunken mechanic leaped into the open mouth of the discarded black sock.

"A-ha!" Jordan taunted Olly by pointing a finger up at the looming, now crouching titan. But Olly's expression was not one of defeat; the black man seemed victorious. Jordan understood why when

hands snatched the lips of the fabric and Olly stood up, carrying the sock up.

The sudden shift of gravity pulled Jordan into the entrails of the sock, plummeting with a final poof at the bottom of the tube, looking up at the circle in the sky and Olly's self-satisfied face peering into it.

"That's unfair, I won!" Jordan squeaked in protest.

"Rule number one, I make the rules. That's the only rule, also," Olly said, and he lowered the sock until five massive toes replaced Olly's face through the opening.

"No fuckin' way..." Jordan whispered to himself. He had seen, as an outside observer, that Olly tended to carry his pets in his socks and in his shoes, going about life as usual with shrunken men trampled under every step. The experience seemed alien and terrifying, but oddly alluring. The foot that covered Jordan made him realize that, now, he would get to feel what Eric felt every day confined within his master's boot.

Olly tugged on the sock, securing the tiny toy against the ball of his foot, and he started walking.

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Olly had a joyful spring in his step when he came by his other three tinies. He couldn't help but appreciate the lump that Jordan formed, nestled under his foot. He was already scheming, thinking of kicking his feet on Jordan's lap next time the two of them would be playing video games; distracting Jordan at least and actually convincing him to worship his feet at best.

Down below, inside the gift box, Everett, Eric and Issak stood ready, like a bunch of freshly hatched birds waiting for momma. In this case, their momma was a daddy; a titanic young man, chest bare and chiseled, cheeks flushed, showing he started the day's activities already.

"Where's Jor-" Everett tried to say, but Olly cut him off with a much louder "Wait your turn."

The giant's eyes were focused on Eric. A cream-palmed hand gently wrapped itself around Eric's body, encasing it entirely—Olly pulled him out and removed one sock, casually dropping the shrunken man inside.

The tiny punk let out an instinctive yelp while falling down, followed by the oomph of body meeting fabric and the groan of relative tonnes of his owner's foot compressing him tightly.

Before Olly's foot reached the ground again, Eric shifted positions until his front body was encased in the warm skin, and he cozied up into his master's sole. He had plenty of experience underfoot to draw from, unlike Jordan, who was half panicking as Olly's entire body weight was shifted directly on him. He managed to get air in his lungs only after Olly put his other foot, now also padded with an Eric insole, back on the floor, where both men could share one half of the mass of the titan trampling them.

Outside of the black socks, Everett watched with vague unease and a blush as his same-sized comrade disappeared under his best friend's foot.

"Now, it's your turn," Olly's voice boomed, startling the white-haired man. "You were saying something?"

"A-ah! Yes, where is Jordan?" Everett asked. He waited a second and added a timid, "Master?" Olly's reaction to the word proved it was the right move.

"Under there," the giant said, and he stamped the foot in question a few times. Everett winced at the thought of his small, fragile boyfriend having to endure that treatment—unaware of the fact that Jordan was ecstatic every time the foot met the ground, squeezing him tight.

"Is he really... okay?" Everett asked, uncomfortable.

Olly did not reply directly. He stared down at his own socked foot, then back at Everett with a smile. "Hey bug! Ev is asking if you're having a good time. Three licks for yes, do nothing for no."

In front of Everett's eyes, Olly's smile grew three sizes, one each time his smaller friend's tongue lapped his skin. "Yeah, he likes it." Olly's collected confidence was making it hard for Everett to look at him without averting his own eyes somewhat.

"Now Ev! You're the main course here, my superpowered, super awesome... super famous little pet~ I want you to grow yourself to about that size," Olly indicated a size that was a good head shorter than himself. Everett obediently grew, effortlessly matching his temporary master's instruction. The top of his snowy hair could barely tickle Olly's chin, which was an inversion of their usual respective sizes. Normally, Everett could comfortably rest his chin atop Olly's head.

"What now...?" The white-haired man asked, still visibly flushed. His eyes fluttered downwards to the foot where his boyfriend was being trampled at that very moment, but he tried his best to ignore it.

"Now, I test the limits of your dedication to your boyfriend. You said *no limits*, right?"

Everett felt a wave of fear wash over him—*god, why was Olly hotter if you feared him?*—in the couple seconds it took for Olly to grab Issak from the box. Olly slid one finger into the waistband of Everett's underwear—the mountaineer instinctively recoiled slightly, but he stopped himself; he promised—and dropped Issak down it with a parting “You know what you have to do” from Olly. Ev let out a high-pitched yelp despite himself when he felt the tiny body of his perfectly platonic friend latch onto his already-stiff dick. Issak's tongue was out immediately, licking and worshipping expertly in ways that told Everett how often Olly used his older pet for that purpose.

“Kneel,” Olly simply ordered.

Ev obeyed and, a second later, the socked foot of his best friend slash master crashed into the top of his head, forcing him into a prostrated bow more than anything. It took a moment for Ev to realize the sock being pressed into him contained Jordan!

“M-master, if I may...?” Everett stammered.

“No, you may not.”

Silence. Olly pressed his foot down harder, and Ev let himself be guided until he was in a position of absolute submission, forehead pressed against the floor. He groaned in pleasure, his ears burning red, as Issak's tongue licked his urethra, leaving the white-haired man gasping for air.

“Lick my feet, buddy. Issak, keep it up~” Olly said, finally removing his foot from Ev's head. Olly peeled the sock off, making lint rain on Everett... while Jordan remained glued to the skin, embedded in the cream-colored vales and mountains of Olly's sole.

The order was clear, to lick. Everett observed the sole for a moment, his vision refocusing on Olly's face for a second, wondering if he should remove Jordan first. The decision was taken out of his hands when Olly jabbed his foot towards Ev's face at the same time Issak performed what felt like an advanced kama sutra technique on his cock. His tongue lapped the length of Olly's foot, the tiny bumps formed by Jordan's body embedded in the skin included. Once, twice, thrice. On the fourth, Jordan popped free and was swept up by the massive tongue. Ev did try to rescue Jordan from his own mouth, but Jordan himself refused by holding tight to his tongue and slapping his giant fingers away. The fifth lick had the extra kick of wet and slick Jordan being dragged across Olly's foot. Even the redhead shivered and let out a wincing noise as he tried to curb his arousal. “Enough... enough...”

Olly's bare foot finally met the floor again—briefly, before Olly collapsed to his knees, visibly shaken up and gasping for breath. Everett's position, bowing before him, was too low for Olly's

preference, so he grabbed his best friend's hair in a fist and forced Ev's head higher, guiding it until Olly's lips locked with Ev's.

Everett had a stronger reaction to that than even Olly expected; his eyes widened, his body instinctively jerked backwards. "I-I don't like you this way!" Ev hurriedly said with a sentiment of panic.

"Neither do I dumbass," Olly said, though he licked his lips like he'd just tasted something delightful. "I'm not kissing you, I'm stealing your boyfriend."

"....Uh?"

Everett did not struggle further as Olly grabbed his chin and forced them to kiss once again. Olly's tongue did not hesitate to play a little, salaciously licking Ev's, but ultimately, it scooped up Jordan and retreated. The lips lingered together a couple seconds before breaking apart, leaving a stunned, crimson-faced Everett and a victorious Olly obnoxiously suckling on his prize.

"You're... not doing things halfway, uh...?" Everett offered, his voice trembling and not sounding casual even to himself.

"You said no limits," Olly justified. He was smirking, defying Everett to go back on his promise.

"We did say... no limits..." Everett confirmed. Despite himself, he felt his pleasure bring him closer and closer to the edge, and he silently prayed for Issak to slow down. Instead, Olly's bare foot casually rose again and the toes wrapped around the evident tent in Ev's pants. The white-haired man let out a brief cry of pleasure, and he had to shamefully fish out Issak from the white flood in his pants. Olly let out a belly laugh, uncaring of the volume deafening the little Jordan in his mouth, at the pathetic sight of his divinely-gifted friend jizzing his pants.

Carelessly, Olly pulled Jordan out by pinching just his right leg; he let him dangle in the air like that.

"God, all of you are really gross. Ev, grow everyone back so they can showe-" Olly froze, then he walked his order back. "Actually, shrink everyone to two inches in size—except me of course—and everyone, get naked! We're showering **together!**"

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Jordan threw his arms around Everett's midsection in a passionate hug as soon as they were

reunited. The four of them—Eric, Issak, Jordan and Everett—were standing on the ceramic bottom of Olly's bathtub, all naked as their first day. Eric and Issak were used to it, but Jordan and Everett both felt exposed, and eyeing their more experienced peers did not help reassure them.

"I... um, sorry if it's a bad time, but I confess that I... cummed... on Issak..." Everett revealed, barely whispering the offending word in his boyfriend's ear. Issak, hearing his name, smile brightly and waved his hand towards the couple, as if he weren't coated head to toe in slick semen.

"I did too. In, erm, in his mouth," Jordan admitted in return. "He didn't seem to mind." The two lovers laughed quietly at each other, then they hugged with more energy and exchanged a comforting kiss on the lips. Olly was changing in his bedroom, so they had a moment of peace before whatever storm the redhead intended to unleash next.

Jordan stole one, then more than one glance at Issak, not daring to speak up. Only after a whispered "Can I be a pervert for one moment?" to which Ev replied a murmured "That's what we're here for" did he timidly ask out loud, "Can... can I touch it? The... I mean, it's my boyfriend's, so..."

But Jordan did not need to make a case: Issak simply grabbed his arm and pulled him out of Ev's embrace and into his own. "You can lick it, too. Is this acceptable?" Issak asked Ev with a placid smile. The mountaineer nodded quickly, red as a tomato. Issak did not ask Jordan if he wanted it too; Issak could anticipate his unspoken urge, and why he wanted to keep it unspoken. Issak grasped Jordan's skull and forced the brunette's face to meet his pectoral.

Jordan was immediately lapping, his much smaller body completely tensing up in arousal. Issak was by far the member of their little found family that Jordan knew the least; he knew the older man was handsome, and that he was piously devoted to Olly. Jordan had expected a conversation with Issak as a first real "get to know you" point, not obediently licking giant globs of cum off the dark-skinned tiny.

"Should we... should you and I, um, you know...?" Everett offered awkwardly to Eric, his whole body shaken and reddened by arousal and embarrassment.

The evil glare Eric gave back made Ev regret he ever asked. Focusing on his boyfriend licking the glistening muscles of one of the most beautiful humans Everett ever saw, the mountaineer thought Olly made their lives weird—but he wouldn't change it for anything in the world, and he was truly captivated by the spectacle.

Issak pushed Jordan's head down and, despite a pitiful attempt to resist, the brunette's entire strength could not hope to slow down even the most casual of Issak's movements. Issak was more

than a foot taller than Jordan, he was broad as a barn and twice as strong as he looked. Besides, Jordan did not struggle with that much conviction. He felt Issak's rock-hard dick pressing against his chest, and his licking became somewhat more frantic as Issak kept pushing him down. The mast rubbed against Jordan's chest and neck and was so close that Jordan could have worshipped it without effort if not for Olly loudly entering the room. He was fully naked, showing that vertical height does not always correlate with inches where it matters, at full mast.

"What's up losers! Ready for-" Olly stopped. He was staring directly at Issak and Jordan. "What are you two doing?"

"N-n-nothing, we were done!" Jordan hurried to say and he tried to peel himself free from Issak's grip—in vain. The wine-haired pet answered his master's question as any loyal pet would.

"Jordan was licking me clean. Everett consented," he said. Making Jordan cry out in a mixture of surprise and pleasure, Issak grasped his cock and gently worked it. "He really likes it, too!" Issak added with a beaming grin.

Jordan helplessly wiggled, trying to avoid moaning or climaxing into the palm of his friend's pet. But even when Issak only used one arm to hold him, Jordan could not have hoped to break out of his hold even after a thousand years of trying.

"Let him go," Olly ordered, and Issak complied within the same breath. Jordan practically collapsed to the ground, cheeks burning, with a laboring breath and trembling like a leaf. Ev rushed to help him up, and he was struck by the bedroom eyes that Jordan gave him.

"Hmmm... Everett, make Issak three inches, and Eric one foot tall. I have some, hm, plans for them," Olly finally asked and, after Everett complied, Eric got about three seconds of gloating. He looked down at the two-inch-tall men, even his usually towering "brother" Issak could almost fit under his foot. Eric was just a few words into his "I'm better than you" speech when Olly's finger, faster than you'd expect from something so massive, flicked the back of Eric's skull. The blonde yowled in pain and held both his hands to the back of his head.

"Don't flatter yourself, you're the absolute bottom of this hierarchy," Olly sniggered at him, then he picked up Issak, Jordan and Everett in his right palm. Eric barely had time to make a noise of offense before Olly stepped into the bathtub, knocked Eric on his butt with a careless kick to the face, and the ball of his foot smothering the blonde and his whiny complaints effortlessly.

Olly turned the water on. From the shower head, what felt like heavy rain to the tiny started to pour, cold at first but quickly, warmer than most people would be comfortable with. The giant's cupped palms formed a small reservoir of water, and the three tinies soon lounged into the pooling, hot springs-like waters of Camp McOlly. Issak did not waste a second to start scooping the cum that

started slowly drying on him.

“Ahhh... That’s what being tiny is all about...” Everett sighed in relief. After all the emotions of the day, he was delighted to relax—and Jordan quickly joined him, laying half on top of him, and the two started making out slowly.

“Hey, cut it out!” Olly ordered, sounding actually a bit annoyed. Ev and Jordan immediately froze up and looked at their master of the day, wondering what they did wrong.

“Jordan, Issak is your boyfriend now, don’t go cheating on him now,” Olly explained, his expression turning mischievous. He ignored the gasps and wide-eyed looks of the tiny former-couple, and he addressed Issak, “Show Jordan how a real man kisses~”

Issak was a titan of a man even at the same scale, but the black man had been grown beyond that; Jordan’s eyes barely reached his bellybutton when standing side by side. The brunette’s half-whispered “No, wait” went unheeded, and Issak effortlessly pulled him off Everett and onto his lap. Their lips were locked together in the same second, Issak enthusiastically invading Jordan’s mouth with his tongue.

The brunette’s head jerked back, but Issak’s hand cupped the back of his skull and forced him closer, deep into the most tongue-heavy kiss Jordan had ever experienced. Issak’s was enormous and immovable, he was also a sculpted adonis of a man. His mouth was so large that he could have covered Jordan’s whole face with a single lick of his tongue—not only was he blown up in size, but Issak had a naturally wide mouth and full lips. Jordan never sent a conscious order to his body to return the kisses and to explore Issak’s body with his hands, but he suddenly noticed he’d been doing it. He did not stop or slow down.

Everett knew he should be upset, watching his boyfriend greedily make out with a taller, more handsome man, but the dominating emotion was pleasure. Overwhelming pleasure, he knew he’d shoot his load immediately if he touched himself, so he refrained. He just... enjoyed the spectacle. Both ends of it. Issak and Jordan, the two tiny men lost in each other, their surroundings forgotten in the intensity of their embrace. And far above, Olly.

Everett had to remind himself that this broad-shouldered, glistening titan was his goofy and stupid best friend Olly—his hair was glued to his neck and forehead, weighed down by water, instead of spiking up, and his chest was even thicker than Everett remembered, showing how much effort Olly kept putting in his workout routines. To avoid gawking at his best friend, Ev was trying to distract himself from Olly by looking at his boyfriend (though he was loaning him out at the moment): Jordan’s hands were exploring Issak’s face, his thumbs brushing the tips of his ears and the nape of his neck. Issak returned the caress more intimately, his thumbs brushing along

Jordan's hips, tracing the route to the brunette's privates. Jordan did not fight it this time, he moaned and even raised his pelvis slightly to help Issak gently cup his balls in his palm, Ev noted with a thrill. Their lips met again.

The redhead was as captivated as Everett by the action in his hands, for different reasons. Jordan was one of his close friends—the only one to not have much in common with the size aspect of his life. Eric, Issak and even Everett were for foot worship sessions and size shenanigans, but Jordan? Jordan was for video games, for hanging out, chatting and being competitive with each other. Everett was a *best friend*, and Eric and Issak were *pets*, but Jordan was a *buddy*. There was his buddy, naked and tiny, making out with his pet, on Olly's own order. His dick could not be any harder, and he knew it had to end soon. He suddenly closed both hands, holding Everett in one fist and the two lovebirds in the other; he dropped the latter two on his soap holder.

Beneath his foot, one blonde tiny was on the verge of giving up. Despite being taller than one of Olly's feet, two toes clutching his head and a massive sole resting on top of him efficiently trapped him underneath his owner's foot. Which would be dandy if not for the relative metric tonnes of scalding water flowing around and over him, submerging him entirely. Eric tried to struggle, he tried to signal his plight to Olly by hitting his foot repeatedly, but nothing. The giant ignored him entirely, leaving Eric to contemplate how horrible a death drowning could be. His heart felt gripped by claustrophobia, and it took all his willpower to avoid screaming—he knew his lungs would fill with water.

That is when the foot lifted, replaced by a hand wrapped around Eric's waist. The blonde sputtered and coughed violently when Olly pulled him free of the torrent of water.

"Need CPR?" Olly said, earning a dark glare from Eric, but the tiny did not complain further. He just tried to readjust himself so he wouldn't be so uncomfortable, being held by the waist like a doll, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he recovered from his unwilling apnea record.

Olly opened his closed fist in front of Eric, revealing the tiny Everett. Despite being usually pale as snow, the tiny man was now so red he could be mistaken for a little berry—combination of the water temperature and the... experiences had recently.

"What do you want me to do with him?" Eric asked, grabbing Ev nonetheless.

"Glad you asked!" Olly exclaimed, and he sat Eric down... riding his cock like a rodeo. "You're gonna shove Everett down my-" Olly ignored the strangled cry that Eric emitted "-and you'll put that hot dumb body of yours to good use."

While Eric was being rescued, the two men had continued their exploration of each other. Issak

was dutifully obeying the order to toy with the light snack of a man, but he found great pleasure in it, his hands roaming over Jordan's narrow waist, his fingers dipping repeatedly into the hollows of his hips, triggering submissive whines from his smaller partner. Jordan's prick was like a toy next to Issak's massive hands, but he enjoyed caressing it softly, getting the brunette to squirm, as per Lord Olly's orders. And squirm Jordan did—more and more so as, from the corner of his eyes, he watched Eric straddle Olly's stiff cock and... shove his fist containing Everett straight into the hole.

“Deeper,” Olly ordered, though his voice was strained by pleasure. Eric ordered, pushing his arm up to the elbow before releasing Everett and pulling his arm free with a suction noise.

“You're a good boy... Very good boy Eric... Now, we wouldn't want Everett to go down the drain, so...” Olly pushed Eric's head until his lips met the urethra, earning an unwilling moan from Olly. “... so make sure he's ejected straight inside your mouth, ok?”

“As for you two...” Olly added, his eyes snapped to Jordan and Issak. Olly waited a second, then he ran a hand through his hair, slicking it back from dramatic tension, and his mouth widened into a sadistic grin. “... Issak, turn him over, and fuck him bloody.”

Jordan screamed. Issak did not hesitate; he forcefully pushed Jordan, face down and ass up, one hand holding his hips in place and one hand keeping his head down. “STOP! OLLY, TELL HIM TO STOP! THIS IS TOO FAR!”

The tip of Issak's cock teased Jordan's hole, and the brunette cried out at the top of his lungs another plea for mercy.

“Pause,” Olly ordered, and Issak froze in place.

Jordan tried to pull himself free, but the grip on him was unbreakable—he had to tolerate the feeling of being penetrated, even so little as this, by a cock as large as his torso. Jordan's breath was raspy and difficult—at least part of the head of Issak's dick was inside him, he could feel his hole protest from just that much. On their perch, the tinies were not directly under the jet of water, so Jordan started to notice he was uncontrollably drooling (salivating?), so he tried to wipe his lips, but more drool replaced it instantly. What point was there anyway? What pride was he trying to salvage? “Please... This is insane... If he does this, he'll seriously split me in half... Please Olly... Master...” Jordan pleaded between desperate breaths.

Olly's reaction struck fear into Jordan. The giant groaned in pleasure and leaned forward, pressing his forehead against his forearm, which pressed against the wall. He grinned down at his tiny victim with a look of victory. Victory and arousal. The two concepts were not so different, in Olly.

“Next time you and I hang out, whether it’s playing video games or going to the skatepark or what... Remember this,” Olly said, his eyes getting hazy from the pleasure he was swimming in. With his free hand, he started massaging Eric’s back, goading his servant to worship his cock with more fervor. His breath was also betraying how close to the edge Olly was.

“Remember this moment. Remember looking at me and seeing your god. You are beneath me, bro. One word to Issak, and I violate you forever...” Olly’s thumb found its way to the back of Eric’s head, pressing down, forcing the blonde to deeply make out with his owner’s slit; not that Eric was particularly resisting. “One word, and Issak fucks you so deep that you’ll puke his cum.”

“Have mercy... You are my god, you-you’re the most perfect being I—hnnng—I ever saw... Please...”

Olly had to exert much willpower to avoid exploding right there. The pathetic face of his beloved buddy, begging him, leaking from his eyes, nose, mouth and dick from just the order Olly gave. The redhead needed a moment to calm his heart and order Issak to pull out. Jordan let out a cry of pleasure and relief as the massive dick plopped free of his ass. Jordan remained there, collapsed on Olly’s soap holder, cheek squished against the plastic, profoundly rattled. For a second he thought that was the end of it.

“Instead, you’ll suck Issak’s cock until he cums. No cheating!” Olly ordered. His own cock was pulsating from Eric’s ministrations on the outside of Everett’s on the inside, but he knew he couldn’t end it until he’d properly broken his buddy’s mental barriers. One more step towards convincing Jordan and Everett of the perks of the permanent pet life.

Jordan felt like his soul left his body hearing the order. He tried to whisper a plea, but nothing came out. Instead, something came in: Issak’s thumb, gently pulling Jordan’s mouth open. The brunette looked at his partner’s face but saw only a confident and comforting smile—Olly’s orders were absolute, as far as Issak was concerned, but he meant for Jordan to enjoy it as well regardless of his consent or lack thereof. When the dick moved closer to his mouth, Jordan did not fight back. He wrapped his hands around the shaft—both of them, as one hand alone could not circle the full girth of it—and let Issak gently slip it into his mouth. It was so massive that not even half—barely one-third—could fit before it hit the back of the mechanic’s throat. Jordan gagged but, thanks to countless training sessions with Everett’s shrunken body, he’d come to control his gag reflex. Issak gently helped Jordan’s head up, letting him breathe, before pulling his head closer. Issak grabbed a fistful of Jordan’s hair to guide his movement, but the grip was not painful, merely dominant.

“Hey Ev? I domesticated your boyfriend!” Olly bellowed triumphantly.

Spurred by the words, the tiny inside his shaft reacted strongly, and Olly felt himself tumble over

the edge. Eric received a facial and—despite his own desire to pull back—he held strong until the chunky bit that was Everett’s body landed on his tongue, lost in a mouthful of Olly’s seed. Olly bent forward with groans and moans, his hand clasped around his cock, his thumb over Eric’s back.

Jordan tried not to pay his giant friend any mind, but thoughts raced through his head nonetheless. Domesticated? Would Olly try putting a dog collar on him at their next Super Smash session? ... Would Olly allow Issak and Jordan to do anything together when the boys met up to hang out? The brunette unconsciously increased his efforts, and soon, Issak spurted what felt like gallons. Jordan tried to jerk back, but a massive fingertip on the back of his skull interrupted him. Olly’s fingertip shoved Jordan’s head down, forcing him to not only swallow much of the cum, but it also forced some of Issak’s cock to invade Jordan’s throat.

When Olly released his finger, Jordan threw himself backwards gasping for air, only to find his airways obstructed. He coughed and spat out mouthful after mouthful of thick, white fluid before any air could reach his lungs; Jordan kept holding his throat and sputtering little gobs of jizz for a few moments afterwards.

“Issak, suck him off,” Jordan heard Olly say. He barely heard Issak’s answer, but he felt the familiar loving hands and lips of the black pet coming back for him again. Jordan did not struggle, he laid back and enjoyed the attentions that Issak’s mouth unleashed on his crotch. It did not take long for a pathetic squirt to land on Issak’s tongue.

All breaths were bated and all bodies heated to the extreme when the tension finally started to dissipate. The water was cascading over an exhausted Eric trying to wipe some of Olly’s cum off EV’s body with his thumb. Jordan and Issak were laying together in an intimate embrace, comfortably making out with each other, and Olly, happier than ever, towering over all of his menagerie.

“Finally, since everyone came—”

“Hey! I did not come!” Eric interrupted loudly, snapping his neck up at his master. Olly wrapped his left hand around Eric’s whole head, smothering his face into the flesh of the palm, turning his complaining into strangled “*hmph hmphs*”.

“—since everyone came, why don’t we actually clean ourselves? You pervert derailed the whole shower, I don’t know how I even tolerate you pipsqueaks!” Olly finished, undisturbed, his face beaming with radiant joy.

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Olly's gentle snoring was like a lullaby for the four tinies lying down on his slowly rising and falling chest. The tv was on but nobody was paying attention to it, the screen merely casting a comforting glow on the quiet evening.

Olly was lying lengthwise on his couch, and Issak was lying atop the hill of his left pectoral muscle. Issak was about thrice the size of the other three tinies, who were all lying on top of Issak's torso, held solidly against him by his two trees-sized arms. Jordan and Everett were huddled close to each other, both enjoying the proximity with their bigger friend; Eric laid grumpily a bit apart from the others.

"Hey Everett? ...Issak?" Jordan asked, whispering. Not like the tinies needed to be quiet; Olly's slumber would not be perturbed by their squeaking. But it felt like the right sort of ambiance to whisper among friends. "If Olly says yes, next time I hang out here and we play video games... can I play with Issak too?"

The answers were almost simultaneous. Issak whispered "I'd be honored" while Everett said "Of course!", leaving Jordan with a bright smile.

Issak's embrace tightened around them as Jordan and Everett's lips met in a loving kiss. Even Eric, pretending not to, returned his brother's hug.