

# Chapter: First Experiences

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Work had always been Olly's personal hell, but nothing compared to what it had been in the days following Everett's challenge to the world. Customers had been flowing in at an unprecedented rate, and what used to be slow lazy days were now spent frantically scanning products and stacking shelves for the gaggles of tourists who had only one name in mind. Everett.

"It's not like I'm jealous or anything," Olly kept lying to himself like a mantra.

From his vantage point behind the register, he could see Everett-themed *stuff* pockmark the landscape. A lady across the street had knitted an entire quilt with Ev's face on it and had hung it on her balcony. Given that the quilt was displayed less than 24 hours after Everett's challenge, Olly had learned to fear that granny's knitting powers. The bakery next door had started selling Everett-themed viennoiseries, cinnamon-flavored treats covered in white icing to remind of Ev's hair, coming in eight different sizes. And worst of all...

"How much for this plushie?" Said a customer, taking Olly out of his reverie. The woman was clearly a tourist, wearing one of those tacky "Mount Everett" branded t-shirts, and she was holding a 4-foot-fall plushie of Everett.

"\$39.99, ma'am," he replied.

... The worst was the shipment of Everett merchandise that his own store had received this morning. Aiden, his dickhead manager, had not missed the chance to tease Olly while the redhead was forced to stack shelves with mugs, postcards and fucking plushies of his now-world famous best friend. Olly was still astounded those things could be produced fast enough to meet the first few waves of tourists.

After that lady was another customer, and another, and another—and suddenly, laughter loud enough to make your bones rattle erupted and all the customers rushed outside to see the ginormous Everett doing whatever Everett did. Aiden wouldn't let Olly follow, so he gritted his teeth and waited.

After what felt like an eternity, his shift ended and Olly bolted straight out the door. Looking around, he initially overlooked the white spikes of hair that peeked over the snow-covered rooftops—it was like snow foxes in the Arctic, a form of primitive camouflage. But locating Everett was a breeze, he just had to follow the laughter and the hubbub of the crowd.

Ev was sitting down in the middle of the town square, his back leaning against the ice cream parlor's building. There was a statue in that spot, Olly pondered, just before he noticed the statue—some grand old geezer on his horse was in Everett's hand, held like a toy despite weighing literal tons.

“See? There is only one hoof in the air, here! The myth would have you believe it means the rider died of battle wounds, but we know that the general actually died of dysentery. And that, kids, is why you should not always believe what you read on the internet,” Everett explained with a chirpy educational tone. All around and over him were dozens, if not hundreds of people gathered; some were climbing his clothes, hiding in his pockets, sitting on his thighs, and one adventuring kid attempted to climb all the way to the giant's shoulder before being delicately deposited on the ground.

“Oh! Olly!” Ev suddenly said with a wide smile, and he quickly ushered everyone off him before he shrank back to normal size in mere seconds. The crowd started to disperse and Ev walked to Olly with a big ol' smile. “Nice to see you dude! How was work?”

Olly blinked once. Twice. Thrice. He stared at Everett's hand and... what was inside it. He could hardly believe it.

“What?” Ev asked after an uncomfortable silence.

“Your... your hand, look,” Olly said, and Ev complied. Wrapped in his fingers, looking like a literal toy, was the statue. The redhead grabbed it from Everett's hands and weighed it—it felt like a pound or two at most. “Dude... this morning, this statue was bigger than me.”

“Which is not saying much...” Everett teased.

“SHUT UP! You don't get it?” Olly exclaimed while brandishing the tiny statue. “It means you don't just change your own size! You can shrink other things, other...” Olly's eyes glazed over and he felt

saliva start to flood his mouth at the mere idea. "... shrink other people."

Ev was silent for a moment, then he chuckled. "I'd figured that out already."

"And you didn't tell me?!" Olly felt outraged.

Everett gave his best big-brotherly smile as he plucked the statue out of his friend's hands.

"Because you'd ask me to shrink people for you to torment-" "Just to play!" Olly interjected. "-which I'm not going to do."

As Olly opened his mouth to protest, Everett turned heel and started growing again, and the statue with him. "If you want me to use my abilities for you-know-what... be a dear and go retrieve our climbing equipment, will ya?" And he turned his back on Olly; he put the statue back in place, and he returned to the attentions of the crowd.

The shack at the edge of town that contained Everett's stuff was quite a trek from town square, and Olly found himself brooding and grumbling about being sent out after a whole-ass day of work. But he couldn't get the idea out of his head, what could be Everett's "you-know-what"? "No, I don't know what, you absolute dumbass," Olly grumbled to himself while kicking a rock off the path. Once there, he took two harnesses, and by the time he got back to Ev, the sun was almost down.

"Only got time for two people, then!" Ev announced after being handed the gear, and to Olly's surprise, two tourists ended up in harnesses and helmets. Everett, roughly fifty feet tall and sitting at half that height, then instructed them carefully on climbing safety before letting them loose.

The two of them attempted to scale Everett. Despite the fact the sitting giant was not much bigger or more complicated than a standard climbing wall, and despite having plenty of clothing offering secure grips, the tourists fumbled and fell without so much as reaching Everett's pectorals. "Aww, don't feel bad, try again!" Ev cooed in support for the two men who collapsed atop his thigh.

Finally, Olly had enough. He stepped forward and pulled himself up directly on top of Everett's thigh with hardly any effort. "I'll show you how it's done."

Olly walked right past the two losers and he grabbed handfuls of Everett's thick coat. The giant's voice rang out. "You're not wearing safety equipment!" Olly ignored him and started a quick-paced ascent. Ev's hand immediately offered a cupped palm as a safety net under Olly, but the boy knew

he didn't need it. Indeed, a moment later he triumphantly stood on top of Everett's shoulder, one hand resting on his massive friend's equally massive cheek. And, although he felt an odd sense of wrongness and irritation at feeling so small next to his friend, Olly was all smiles.

There were easily a hundred people looking at him, at that moment. He was the small Olly, the store clerk nobody took seriously, the *shrimp*... but right now, he was standing thirty feet off the ground. Everyone's eyes were on him, and he was looking down at the lot of 'em. Even though it was not through his own merit—he was metaphorically and literally standing on the shoulders of giants—he felt the power splash him.

He would not say it out loud, but in his fantasy, Everett was Olly's personal Godzilla. All he had to do was to order his giant to crush all the people he dislikes, and...

"I think we'll call it a night," the giant said. Everett looked at him with a tender smile. "I owe my best friend here some of my time, now." He wouldn't admit it, but Olly felt maybe a little tiny bit guilty for not focusing more on cheering for his best friend's success. They exchanged smiles, and it felt like it didn't matter anymore.

The two friends found themselves in Olly's dingy little apartment, discussing how ugly the Everett plushies looked, when Olly remembered to ask. "Oh, you mentioned a 'you-know-what' earlier. What's that?"

Everett froze. Olly saw a deep blush invade his best friend's face, Ev looked away with a half-open mouth letting out a long "uuuuuhhhh".

"Out with it, what is it?" Olly asked forcefully, and Everett brought two fingertips together in a look of absolute embarrassment. "A-as thanks for today, would- I mean, w-would you like to, maybe...?"

Olly grunted. "Just talk!" But instead of words, Ev replied by suddenly shrinking.

Olly jumped on his feet and shuffled closer to see the now-inch-tall man standing on his floor. Olympe felt like his eyes were about to bulge out of his skull. He was barefoot, it felt so tempting to just bring his foot up... His toes scrunched at the thought, the allure of taking advantage...

“Please don’t be too violent!” Ev’s squeaky voice came up, barely tickling Olly’s ears. “I’m afraid of pain!”

Olly could have cried. His friend was literally *offering*?! The dam of hesitation exploded, and Olly’s right foot flew in the air where it hovered just above Everett’s head for one brief moment and... It landed with some degree of carefulness, but the force of Olly’s step made Everett collapse immediately, completely encased against Olly’s sole. Olly could feel his entire front body, limbs spread out, espousing the curves of bumps of his sole. The sensation was a lot more vivid than he expected, but most of all was the psychological reward; it was a high like no other, the sheer power, the sheer size, the humiliation, the-

Everett’s size exploded up unexpectedly, pushing Olly off of him and forcing him to take a step back to let his 6ft5 friend grow back to full size. Olly felt robbed, robbed of something worth more than literally anything in the world. His heart was on the verge of exploding, his entire body was feeling the electrical current of pleasure that this brief moment gave him.

Everett was similarly flustered, as well. The white-haired man had lost his ordinary composure and was overtly flabbergasted, tomato-red and pitching a circus tent that could be the size of a literal one if Everett kept his growth going. Both men were blushing furiously, short of breath and painfully aroused.

“I think... I’m not ready...” Everett finally said in a baited breath. Olly nodded vaguely. “That was intense...”

“Yeah, intense from that point of view...” That got Olly even more worked up, somehow. “You seemed so... Sorry I chickened out, you were... scary...” Everett continued, to Olly’s delight. “Can I... Can I use your bathroom...?” Olly nodded, and Ev practically sprinted out of the room.

Collapsing on the couch, Olly knew exactly what would inhabit his fantasies from now on. And judging by the gasping breaths and muffled moans from the bathroom, he was not the only one. It felt profoundly life-changing yet he could hardly believe that this fantasy, this obsession of his came so close to reality. It was like... like a waking dream.

Everett came out and Olly had to snap back to reality and rush to pull his offending hand out of his underwear before being seen. The two stared at each other, blushing and awkward. It was never so awkward between them before...

“I’d never felt that way with anyone, much less... with you, or for you...” Everett explained after a moment. “This was really amazing. Intense. Not the last thing we do, but...” Olly loved everything before the but, and he dreaded what came next. “I think... I don’t want to, how to say that...? Pop that cherry. I don’t want to pop that cherry to your, uh, under your foot...”

“I have a mouth too~” Olly offered. It was one of the ideas that he couldn’t stop fantasizing about, and he felt drool building up at the mere thought of it. But Everett raised his arms in a defensive pose.

“You are my best friend. I don’t want to ruin that. You matter more than anyone in the world for me,” Ev said, and Olly understood. “Is okay, man. There are lots of fish in the sea.” And just as Everett smiled warmly in response, Olly added, “I’ll just make you shrink my downstairs neighbor instead, that’ll teach him to complain when I party a little bit loudly.”

“OLLY!!”

Just like that, tension was gone, and with their usual jests and bickering, they both felt that the ambiance was back to normal.

As for that gnawing feeling in Olly’s chest, he chose to push it away for now. Everett’s friendship comes first after all.