

Chapter: Finding Your Solemate

By [Kwakwa](#) and [ShinseiKyouto](#)

“Go go go!” Chief bellowed out.

Obediently, the whole team picked up the pace running laps around the rescue center. Snow was crunching under dozens of boots, yet most of the runners were red in the face, wearing only t-shirts or, in Jordan’s case, bare chested. Everett made sure to avoid staring. He just glanced here and there. Respectfully.

Everett had to come to terms with the fact he was not *that* fit. He was pretty physically strong, but he could feel his belly sort of jiggle when he ran. Maybe he should ask Olly for help? His best friend was a fitness nut and hardly had one gram of unneeded fat on his body. Ev decided against it when he remembered Eric’s... excessive workout regimen.

His eyes fluttered to Jordan, again. Not like he was ogling, not at all! Really, he considered how the man looked—fit and lean, without defined abs but with obvious power in those limbs. The brunette was running ahead of everyone, Everett knew that without his powers, he could never hope to keep pace.

Oh well, he *did* have his powers, didn’t he? Ev started growing, just a few inches at first, and his pace quickened as his legs lengthened. He went from the back of the pack to the front, although he was well over eight feet tall when he caught up to Jordan. The mechanic looked surprised at first, seeing him, then he burst out laughing. Ev laughed in turn, and both of them had to severely slow down to accommodate their laughter.

“Sorry, haha! I-I didn’t mean to make you lose your pace!” Everett laughed, and before Jordan could reassure him all was well, Ev hiccuped and suddenly found himself a couple feet smaller. Jordan laughed at his friend’s antics. By now, they were lightly jogging at the back of the back—the rest of the team gave them weird looks over their shoulders, but for once, Ev realized he really didn’t care. Jordan’s eyes were on him, and they were tender. That’s really all that mattered.

“Hahaha, sometimes when I hiccu-” He hiccuped again, shooting up several more feet until he was twice Jordan’s height. “Haha, sorry!”

“Nothing to be sorry about, gotta say I love the view- WATCH OUT!” Jordan cried out, suddenly stopping. Ev barely managed to stop himself before he ran into the rest of the runners, who’d all stopped just ahead of them. Chief was standing right there, arms crossed and a thunderous expression on his face, staring at Everett and Jordan.

“Havin’ fun, you two lovebirds?” Ev blushed and tried to protest, but Chief cut him off. “I sure hope so, because you certainly did not focus on this *exercise*. You know? Your *job*.”

“It’s entirely my fault—*hic*—Jordan didn’t do—*hic*,” Everett tried to defend Jordan, but he hiccuped again, this time collapsing his size until he looked like a child.

“Tsk. I always knew this magic nonsense was not reliable,” Chief grumbled. “Both of you, cleaning duty tonight. Not buts!” He added angrily as Everett opened his mouth again. “BOTH of you.”

Jordan’s hand pressed atop Everett’s head and pushed down, forcing him to bow alongside Jordan. “Yes sir!” The brunette said loudly, and that was that. Chief moved on, and the team resumed their routine.

“Sorry for getting you in trouble,” Ev whispered to his friend, contrite. To his surprise, a brilliant grin answered him.

“If it’s with you, it’s not a punishment at all!” Ev blushed in response, and he had to admit he sort of looked forward to that evening...

*

* *

For the first hour or so, they truly focused on cleaning. They broomed, scrubbed and shot

the shit with each other in good spirits after everyone else had left.

“Oh, I got this one!” Ev offered helpfully as Jordan was trying to extend his arm into a tight gap. The white-haired man shrank himself and, oblivious to anything else, simply walked into the hard-to-reach place to clean it.

“I’ve got a lil advantage, you see?” He said as he scrubbed. “I’d say, pretty useful in many situa-” He paused as he noticed Jordan’s expression. Ev could only see a slice of the larger man’s face through the gap, but it was very obviously wide-eyed and blushing. Memories of what they did together rushed back to Ev, who blushed in return. “Ah, I-I mean, maybe we don’t need to clean quite that thoroughly...”

He grew himself back as he walked out—he was no more than three feet tall when he reached Jordan’s side and the bigger man put a hand on his shoulder.

“Everett, I... I have to say something.”

Everett, inexplicably, felt his heart sink, nervousness rising inside him. He closed his eyes and forced those feelings to sink back inside him. This was Jordan, after all. There was no reason to be feeling on the defensive. He slowly returned to his normal height and forced himself to smile. “What is it?”

The brunette hesitated, turning back to his broom for a moment, deep in thought. “It’s just... I’m trying to find the right words for this because I don’t want to come off wrong...”

Everett felt that swell of nervousness again. This was starting to sound more serious by the moment. His heart began to beat faster. “Take your time! We’re not going to be leaving any time soon. I think Chief was encouraging the others to be more messy so we had more work to do...”

Jordan chuckled. “I wouldn’t put it past him! Anyway... I guess I should just come right out and say it... So here it goes! I really like you.”

Everett felt the tension pop like a balloon. He laughed and said, "Heh, I like you too Jordan! You're a really great friend!"

Jordan felt his eye twitch slightly as he heard that. "No, Ev, I didn't mean like a friend. See, I knew I should have thought this out more..."

He rubbed the back of his neck and took a deep breath. "Okay! Here goes! For real this time! I don't just like you, I really like you. As more than a friend!"

The breath caught in Everett's throat as he heard this. He froze, gripping his broom so hard he was sure it would splinter. Was... was Jordan saying what he thought he was? "More than a friend... like... do would mean... you think of me as..."

"Yeah, like a boyfriend. Is a boyfriend okay? I would like to have you as a boyfriend. If you want me too," Jordan said, firmly sweeping, eyes lowered, cheeks flushed just the faintest shade of red.

Everett's mouth was so dry that when he swallowed he could hear his throat click. He could feel sweat starting to form on his back, his shirt clinging to his skin. He slowly reached over and pinched his arm, wincing slightly at the sharp pain that radiated from the point of contact. "Nope, not a dream..." He muttered to himself.

"What was that?" Jordan said, head turning so fast to look at Everett that he almost strained it.

"Nothing!" Everett quickly responded, holding his hands up and waving them, the broom clattering to the floor.

"Here, I'll get it for you!" Jordan said, too loudly, both of them reaching down for the broom at the same time.

"OUCH!" Both men shouted as they knocked their heads together, quickly standing back up, a bright red spot visible on Everett's pale skin.

“Oh soot, I’m sorry Ev!” Jordan said, frustrated with himself. “I should have just let you handle it.”

“No, no, it’s all my fault, really!” Everett said, chuckling. “I’m making this more awkward than it should be because I’m just not being straightforward with you.”

He stepped over the broom and walked up to Jordan, taking his broom away and setting it against the wall. He smiled and looked into the shorter man’s eyes. “I would very much like to be your boyfriend.”

Jordan’s eyes widened, glittering with delight as he heard Everett’s words, his hands instinctively moving forward, grabbing Everett’s larger ones. He watched with a smile as Everett’s powerful fingers curled around his, hiding them from sight, keeping them safe and warm. He looked back up into his boyfriend’s eyes and said, “So... how about a date then? After work?”

“Absolutely!” Everett cheered, nearly falling over as he grabbed his broom again, sweeping with a vigor that he had barely shown before. Jordan watched him move around, a dust cloud rising up around him as he worked, filling the space within seconds. The brown haired man made his way over to the window, pushing it open. With the harsh wind blowing in, the dust cloud cleared swiftly.

“Appreciate the enthusiasm, Ev, but you’re going a little crazy right now,” Jordan said, grinning, his arms trying to wave away the residual dustiness.

“The faster we get this done, the faster we can leave and go on OUR FIRST DATE!” Everett practically squealed, increasing his height until his head *cracked* against the ceiling, a loud yelp echoing through the room. Everett didn’t let this little setback stop him though; he began to gather up the bags of trash they needed to take out to the dumpster in his arms and nearly broke through the back door in his haste, Jordan watching with trepidation. When Everett came barreling back in, Jordan grabbed his wrist, needing both hands to stop Everett from moving. Everett looked down at him quizzically.

“I know you’re excited, but if you keep going like this, you’re going to make a bigger mess and we’ll have to take even longer to finish cleaning up,” Jordan said reasonably, indicating the cracks in the ceiling and the back door crooked on its hinges. Everett blushed and sheepishly shrank until he was at Jordan’s chest height, doing his best to look contrite. Jordan had to cover his mouth to hide the smile that sprouted there.

“You’re right... I’ll slow it down!” Everett promised, and his embarrassment turned to determination.

The rest of the work went quickly, only taking about another hour. By the time they were locking up, the sun had fully set, a glittering blanket of stars filling the sky overhead. Everett took a moment to look up and smile, his breath puffing out in front of him. He jumped a little when he felt Jordan’s hand slip into his own, his gloved fingers gripping Everett’s mitten-clad hand. He squeezed back, his heart beating so fast it felt like it was trying to escape his chest by way of his throat.

“So... where to on our date, big guy?” Jordan asked, voice smooth as silk.

Everett gulped, his pale face glowing red in the evening darkness. “I-I don’t know! I don’t date very often! In fact... I’m not sure if I’ve actually dated at all... there was this one time in high school where I went out with a friend but was that a date or did he just think we were friends hanging out? Haha... I guess I could call him and ask, I still have his number, and—”

“The bar it is, then!” Jordan exclaimed, pumping his arm with a grin. “Tonight’s a night to celebrate!”

“Heheheheh... sounds perfect!” Everett said, both men setting off for town.

It wasn’t long before they were entering the dimly lit interior of the only decent bar in town, the bartender immediately calling out to them. “Hey you two! Rest of your crew were here, they just went home! Putting in the overtime hours, eh?”

“Less overtime, more being punished,” Jordan said, shaking his head and holding his

hands up in a “what can you do?” gesture.

“Ahahahahaha! First round is on me tonight then!”

Jordan and Everett both put their orders in (Jordan, a rum and coke, Everett, a vodka soda, light on the vodka) and sat down at a corner table, away from the general populace of regulars. Everett neatly folded his gloves and scarf and set them on the side of the table, draping his jacket over the back of his chair while Jordan slung everything haphazardly over the back of his own chair. They sat down, Everett’s back iron-rod straight, hands on his lap, while Jordan leaned forward, his elbows resting on the table.

“Feeling nervous there, Mount Everett?”

Everett instantly blushed again from the nickname, his lips sucking into his mouth until he had a puckered expression on his face. He slowly opened his mouth and muttered, “That nickname is pretty embarrassing...”

“But it sells, right?” Jordan joked, giving a playful punch to his friend’s shoulder. “Kinda sounds like a superhero name too. Mount Everett! Here to save the day!”

His voice took on a heroic pitch, and Everett folded in on himself out of embarrassment. “I- I mean, I’m just me! Just a dude trying to do what’s right!”

“My hero~” Jordan said wistfully, hand over his heart.

The drinks arrived at this moment. Everett did not wait a second before taking a big gulp, much to Jordan’s surprise. The white-haired man took a long breath followed by another swig, a different kind of redness now tinting his cheeks. He let out a little hiccup, jumping up a few inches with a giggle. “Okay, that’s better~”

“Just don’t go too fast or I’ll have to carry you home myself,” Jordan teased.

“Heh, easy for you, I’ll just shrink down and you can carry me home in your pocket,” Everett said dreamily.

Jordan immediately imagined how insanely adorable a tiny, warm, drunken Everett would be... curled up in his palm like a kitten, rolling over and hugging his thumb, or maybe sprawling across the palm. His heart practically melted at the mental image, but another thought imposed itself to him.

“I’m not dating you just for your powers, you know?” He said, trying to not betray his emotions with his voice or face.

“Uh? Why would I think that?” Ev asked, scratching the back of his head in confusion.

Jordan was flabbergasted. “Because... How many supernaturally gifted people are there in this town?”

“Um... It’s just me I think...”

“And we are both.... interested... in the stuff that your powers can enable, hmm?” Jordan asked pointedly, raising an eyebrow. He took a sip of his drink.

“Well, I guess, but...” Everett hesitated, his eyes looking down and sweeping across the floor aimlessly. “... The powers come attached to *me*. You know... *me*. If you were into the giants and such, you’d ask me to shrink someone else and-and I’d just be a phone call away to change everyone’s sizes, and then I go home alone and-”

“Coooool down big boy,” Jordan said, his hand immediately finding Everett’s knee to rub it comfortingly. Everett leaned into the caress. “I guess this is about Olly?”

Everett blushed, put on the spot. He sipped some more booze. “Hm, yes, I suppose. He’s got a whole life away from me, now, and the only times I hear from him is when he needs something hm, power-related. Before, he and I couldn’t spend two days in a row without seeing each other, but nowadays, it’s like Eric is his real best friend. He lives all of his

fantasies with his, well, his pets..." Everett felt weird talking about that specific thing somewhere where it could be overheard, so his eyes shifted back and forth, checking if anyone heard. "... but he's not the only one. A little while ago, a young man asked me to do to him what I did to Eric and Issak, to be with his best friend. I haven't heard back from them, I think they might have done the same as Olly. Make the situation permanent, you know?"

"Was it someone I know?"

"No idea, I didn't really... get to see his face," Ev admitted, with a quizzical shrug. "The one I shrank was the one who approached me and specifically asked for it. It seemed like he was really into the idea of being tiny to his friend—and he chose to make that *permanent*..."

"I am genuinely in awe that not one person like Olly's bunch, but two exist in this tiny corner of nowhere," Jordan commented. Ev hummed in assent and both sipped their drinks, savoring the flavor and each other's presence. Jordan's hand was still on Ev's leg, gently rubbing it under the table; it slowly moved towards the thigh, and Ev instinctively flinched away from Jordan.

"Sorry! Too forward?" The brunette asked, immediately withdrawing his hand, a contrite smile on his face.

"I-it's okay! I was just surprised, that's all. I don't have much... well, any experience dating," Ev admitted, cheeks burning pink—hard to tell if from embarrassment or booze, especially as he took another sip.

"I have enough experience for the two of us, I don't mind guiding a beginner eager to learn," Jordan said in a quiet tone, shuffling slightly closer to Ev.

The towering man didn't back off, this time. "How many guys have you been with?"

"Uh... hmm... Let me see..." Jordan hummed, looking up at the ceiling, muttering under his breath as he ticked names off his fingers. The more Jordan counted the less in control

of the situation Everett became, his dreamy expression turning slightly gloomy as his new boyfriend finally finished. “Probably around like thirteen? Fifteen at most I think.”

“Oh... that’s... a lot...” Everett mumbled.

Jordan felt his heart sink a little. “Does... does that bother you? You don’t think like... less of me, do you?”

“What?!” Everett exclaimed, several eyes turning to look at them. “What, no, no! Of course not! That’s not what I meant! It’s just a lot to live up to! You’re so cool and experienced and I’m so... virginal.”

His words got a snort of laughter out of Jordan. “My sweet Everett, pure as the morning snow. Come on, man, it’s not that serious. Quality over quantity as they say, whoever they are, and you are definitely the most quality boyfriend I have ever had already.”

Everett took another big gulp of his drink, calming down again at Jordan’s words mixed with the alcohol now coursing through his system. The world around him softened, the lights taking on a calming glow as the rest of the world seemed to melt around them until only Jordan was visible, sharp and distinct in the haze of the bar. Everett could see Jordan’s beautiful lips moving, their edges perked up in a wry grin as he recounted a particularly memorable anecdote from a previous boyfriend. The taller male just smiled as he watched those lovely lips form shapes and sounds, imagining them pressed tight up against his own... or his whole body... or being lost on them as a mere speck...

“Ev?”

Everett jumped slightly, his knees knocking into the table with a **bonk**, Jordan barely managing to save his drink from spilling. “Yes! What? I’m sorry I... I got lost for a second there...”

Jordan smiled, draining his drink and setting the empty glass down. He stood up and pulled out his wallet, paying in full before Everett could so much as think of doing it

himself. "Finish up, man. I think it's about time we really got this date going."

Everett dutifully obeyed, draining his glass and rising to his feet. He put his coat on and grabbed Jordan's hand for support, swaying slightly from side to side as they left the bar and headed home. It wasn't long before they were inside Everett's apartment, coats stripped off and hanging in the corner closet, boots and gloves and mittens discarded on the shelf above. Everett could feel his pulse inside his head as Jordan gently held his hands and guided him over to the couch, easing him into it before kneeling in front of him. "So... I think we should start out slow, yeah? Get used to normal sized stuff before we launch into... special stuff."

Everett gulped, nodding, not trusting his voice. He watched in a near daze as Jordan lifted Everett's right foot, his calloused fingers rasping slightly against the smooth skin. Everett bit his lower lip as his toes curled instinctively, Jordan noticing and chuckling, his fingers trailing up along the soft sole before resting in between each of the plump digits, curling around the foot like lovers holding hands. Jordan wiggled the foot back and forth slightly, eyes admiring every perfect curve of it, the shorter man's face lowering until his lips met with the tip of Everett's big toe, kissing it softly.

Everett felt as though his heart was in his throat, his entire body tingling, flushing with heat as Jordan's expert fingers began to rub down the bottom of his foot, fingertips pressing in harder at key places, testing the taller man's sensitivities. Every gasp and twitch and moan Jordan filed away in the back of his mind, his eyes noting the places on Ev's foot, his fingers memorizing the spots. Once he had had his fill exploring with his hand, Jordan lifted the foot higher and began to lick. He started at the heel, the roughest spot on Everett's foot, lapping enthusiastically, pressing hard, the pressure lightening as he trailed along to the sole, the tip of his tongue dancing gracefully across the plain like a figure skater before advancing to the ball, coating it in a thin layer of his saliva as the taste of Everett's foot exploded in his mouth, filling it completely. By the time he reached the toes, licking was no longer enough; he took the biggest one into his mouth whole.

"Aah!" Everett suddenly yelped out, breaking the trance-like silence that had filled the room, Jordan jerking back and dropping Everett's foot, looking up in alarm. Before he could ask what was wrong, Everett suddenly erupted into hiccups, his body surging larger with every panicked gasp of air. Jordan's eyes widened as he watched the already imposing figure of his boyfriend grow even more so, more and more of him exploding into

existence with every hiccup. *Hic*, he was 10 feet tall. *Hic*, 14 feet. *Hic*...

The couch was straining and sagging as his weight increased. Jordan slowly scooted back, unable to look away, Everett's legs extending out on either side of him, slamming into the wall, his head smacking into the ceiling shortly after, the couch finally collapsing under Everett's backside. The hiccup fit passed after that, Everett's eyes closed, chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath, glancing down at Jordan with crimson cheeks. "I'm so sorry! I... I-I just... I got so nervous I-I..."

Jordan chuckled and scooted back towards Everett. It was easy to forget how much of a marshmallow Everett was when he was suddenly filling a room. Everett was currently crammed into the living room, taking up most of the space, Jordan perfectly angled to see the boyfriend's cute blushing face perched perfectly above his impressive chest and the swell of his belly. Jordan could feel his body heating up, a tent visibly forming in his pants as he drank in every inch of the giant in front of him.

Moving slowly at first, he reached out and touched Everett's leg. He kept his movements gentle and soft, as if his titanic superhuman of a boyfriend were a small scared animal that might scamper off at the smallest spook. He let his palm glide along the material as he moved closer to Everett's crotch, the situation so similar to the fantasies Jordan had that he couldn't be sure this wasn't all a beautiful dream. His hand came to rest on Everett's impressive bulge, his open palm barely covering part of it at this size. The mound was warm and slowly expanding as Everett's breathing grew more rapid. "Relax, big guy... It's all part of the fun. Now how about I show you a real good time...?"

Jordan grabbed the massive zipper on Ev's pants and began to tug it down, Everett shifting uncomfortably, pulling away slightly, his hands pressing up against the ceiling as though to prevent him from clumsily trying to grab Jordan to stop his advancement. Jordan noticed and raised his eyebrows. "I-It's not that I don't want that but... I'm so big... the mess..."

Jordan had to bite his lip to stifle the moan that wanted to escape him. The idea of painting the whole room white in addition to himself was insanely hot... but Everett was right. The clean up would be insane and neither man wanted to deal with that right now. Jordan stopped and rose to his feet, winking up at Everett. "Then get small and all the mess will

be easily contained~”

He licked his lips after saying this, Everett shrinking so rapidly that he nearly disappeared between the sofa cushions. Luckily he was able to catch himself, his legs wiggling wildly as he pulled himself back out from between the cushions, standing up atop one and gazing up at Jordan. Everett’s mouth dropped open slightly as Jordan loomed overhead, arms crossed, a devilish expression on his face. Everett was used to looking down on people—literally, never figuratively—so to have his normal position so completely reversed was still a fairly new experience to him.

Jordan relaxed his arms as he crouched down, leaning in closer, his warm breath puffing out against the shrunken man. Everett instinctively took a step backward, his arms rising up to defend himself. He could feel that humid air wash over him, droplets of moisture beading on his exposed skin and clothes, Jordan’s impossibly handsome face inches in front of him. Throwing caution to the winds, Everett moved in closer, raising his hand, reaching out and touching the tip of Jordan’s nose with his palm. Jordan chuckled and nudged Everett, knocking him over onto his back with the slightest movement. Before Everett could recover, Jordan moved in fast, nuzzling his nose against Everett’s supine body. Everett tried to push back, but it was like resisting a living wall. He closed his eyes and just lost himself in the sensation, his body pressing down into the softness of the couch.

Everett slowly blinked as he felt Jordan’s presence suddenly leave him, his boyfriend now watching him from above with half-lidded eyes. “Go on. Take ‘em off.”

Everett turned completely red, his hands fumbling as he hurried to obey. There was no time to be embarrassed, no time to think, his body moved on its own—Everett undid his belt, button, and zipper, kicking his pants down to his ankles as quickly as he could, along with his underwear. Jordan took a moment to admire the tiny man, his arms crossed over his burning red face while his dick stood at full attention, liquid already glinting at the tip from everything that had happened so far. Wasting no more time, Jordan pressed his lips against Everett’s body, sucking gently, lifting him up off the couch and into Jordan’s mouth. The edges of Jordan’s lips quirked into a little smile as he heard Everett’s almost-inaudible squeak at the sudden change of scenery.

Everett looked around himself in awe, the roof of Jordan's mouth high above, the rough palate like the roof of a cathedral. His eyes slowly followed a string of saliva down to the top row of teeth, each boulder-like structure looking pure white and gleaming even in the low light, the saliva dripping down in a sluggish rope to the lower rows, the bottom of the mouth already pooling with with the glistening liquid.

The tongue under Everett's body twitched, the soft muscle rising up to press Everett against the roof of the mouth, gently rubbing him back and forth, massaging his erection along with the rest of his body, the white-hot heat of pleasure coursing through his veins. His heart picked up speed as his stomach dropped, the tongue suddenly falling away beneath him before slamming into his side, pressing him against the soft inner cheek with a squelch. Everett let out a little moan at the heat and pressure before he was flung mercilessly to the other side to be pressed... and then back again and again and again, Jordan savoring the flavor of his boyfriend tumbling over his taste buds. The treatment continued until Everett couldn't stand it anymore, ejaculating a lifetime of pent-up desires onto Jordan's tongue. His entire body was soaked and spent, his clothes a sodden and rumpled mess.

Jordan fished Everett out of his mouth, holding the tiny man in his palm, grinning down at him like a trickster god. "Pretty good, huh?~"

Everett didn't have the breath to speak; he held up his right hand and gave a thumbs up, slowly waving his arm back and forth so Jordan could more easily see it. Jordan chuckled, holding Everett against his chest as he made his way to the bathroom. He gently laid Everett's clothing out on the sink before gently rinsing Everett off in a warm trickle of water, rolling him around in his palm while blowing on him to dry him off.

Once in the bedroom, Jordan kicked off his pants and tugged off his socks, laying face down on the bed in just a shirt and his underwear. As gently as possible, he deposited Everett on top of his left foot. Everett, drunk and tired, curled up like a kitten on the vast expanse of sole, breathing deeply of his boyfriend's spicy scent, the masculine scent of not just his body wash but of the light sheen of sweat that comes from just walking around. It was like heaven to him.

Jordan sighed happily, hugging a pillow and closing his eyes, feeling pretty tired himself,

even after such an electric experience. Both of them intimately believed that things were starting out on the right (or in this case, left) foot for their budding couple.

*

* *

Although he couldn't tell you the exact timing, the delightful scent and touch of his new boyfriend put Everett to sleep. The white-haired man found himself kneeling, his wrists chained to a wall. A wall he recognized very well, although the chains binding him were new; he was in Olly's bedroom, and his best friend was standing in front of him, eyes like rubies and a sinister grin on his face.

"Hey bud, nice to see you!" Olly intoned joyfully. He was barefoot, Everett noticed, and he rose one foot to Ev's face. "Why don't you show your master how loyal you are, eh?"

"This is a dream," Everett said, ignoring the toes wiggling just inches from his face. It was not a question. "I'll just dream of something better."

Olly's face was ever so slightly different than usual, maybe it was the wrinkles of his expression—it didn't have the playful bratiness of Olly, instead it seemed genuinely mean-spirited. Regardless, that Olly grimaced.

"I'm not good enough for you? I'm never good enough for you anyway! You even refused to be my pet!" Olly got increasingly angry. He lowered his foot a little, then swung it violently at Ev's belly, kicking hard and making the white-haired man sputter in pain.

That dream was just a tad too realistic, he thought. He tried to speak, but he realized that a ball gag had manifested in his mouth, reducing him to muffled noises. Olly kicked again, and again, first his belly then his face. Everett was surprised by the pain, but he tolerated it. he just had to wait it out...

The foot finally came down for good, but not on the carpet. No, it fell right on Everett's crotch. The man was certain he was wearing his pajamas earlier in the dream, but

suddenly he was stark naked, and the sole pressed directly against his erection, garnering an unwilling moan.

Olly grabbed a fistful of his hair as his foot massaged Ev's dick. "You're mine, get it bitch?" Olly whispered angrily in his ear. "You're—are you okay?"

The voice was much sweeter suddenly, worried and loving. Jordan was shaking Everett awake.

"You were sweating and thrashing," Jordan said, apologetically, looming over his lover. Ev answered with a smile. "And... I think you might need help with that..."

Jordan pointed a finger towards Everett's crotch, and the mountaineer realized that he was pitching a tent so intense that his pajama pants were on the verge of bursting. He was at a loss for words, and awfully embarrassed.

"If that is okay with you..." Jordan offered, and he gently lifted Everett to his face, where his open mouth awaited.

The giant did not wait to start suckling, and neither did Everett to start kissing the tongue hungrily tasting every inch of him. All in all, the dream was quickly forgotten in the passion of the two lovebirds.

Not that far away, precisely as Everett was waking up, Olly awoke with a start and a mighty need to quench. It was still the middle of the night, so Eric was deeply asleep when Olly unclasped the top of his terrarium, and he was barely coherent as Olly pulled him out and returned to his bed.

"I-is that another dream?" Eric asked, genuinely wondering.

"Nah, this is real life," Olly replied laconically. He pointed at his groin, where a drop of liquid could be seen staining the tent in his underwear. "You got a job."

Olly ignored Eric's complaints that this was his first dreamless night in weeks; he plastered the tiny against his cock and started masturbating, the cries of his pet serving as psychological lube.

By sheer coincidence, both Everett and Olly reached nirvana at the same moment.