

Chapter: How the Turntables

By [Kwakwa](#)

There was frost rime decorating the window of the rescue center, giving the looming peaks above an ethereal look in the evening sun. Everett was sipping on a piping hot tea while Jordan was downing his third coffee when Ev's phone vibrated. Caller ID spelled Olly.

“Hey, what's up?” Ev asked, expecting to be asked to render some size-shifting services for his friend. Instead, he heard a high-pitched shriek, a series of raspy breaths and someone who sounded like they were screaming “Help me!” in the distance. Then the line went dead.

Ev was frozen, mouth agape, not fully processing what he just heard, until Jordan grabbed his shoulder. “They need you! GO!”

The ensuing mad dash across town felt like an eternity, although Ev grew himself so his legs could carry him faster. He still had time to imagine every nightmare scenario where his friends were hurt. Thinking of the danger lurking, Everett's heart tightened. No time for stairs; noticing Olly's living room window was open, Everett steeled his resolve. He doubled efforts in a running start and he leaped towards it. Shrinking himself mid-air, he managed to land square into the open window. He rolled into the room with a pained “oof” and, ignoring his sore body, he bounded to his feet and readied himself for whatever might spring out at him.

There was nothing in the living room. His heart felt like it was leaping out of his chest as he rushed to the bedroom. He practically rammed the door open.

“LET MY FRIENDS GO YOU BAs^{tard}...”

Olly, sitting on his bed, was staring at him with surprise, clearly jumpscared by his entrance. There were no intruders or any sign of a fight. In his hand, Olly was holding a purple dildo, but Ev ignored it—of all the things in Olly's sex life, a dildo was awfully lame.

“Are you... okay?” He asked, after they stared each other down awkwardly for a moment.

“Uh, yeah?” Olly said. “Eric had a temper tantrum and called ya on my phone, but-”

“NOT A TANTRUM!” Eric screamed at the top of his lungs, and Everett finally noticed that, at the tip of the dildo, Eric was bound tightly against the purple plastic with some kind of dental floss.

“-but all is fine, you can go home,” Olly continued, undisturbed.

“Hm, actually... Is Eric consenting to... this?” Ev asked, vaguely gesturing at the dildo.

Olly said “He is!” at the same time Eric screamed “I’m not!”

The white-haired rescuer sagged his shoulders, finding himself in familiar territory, the tension leaving his body. “Okay, walk me through it, what’s happening here?”

“Eric was being a little-” “Olly treated me like-” both said at the same time, and Olly’s hand wrapped around the tip of the dildo, smothering Eric’s body into the flesh of his palm to silence him.

“Eric was being a little asshole, he mocked me and-”

“Olly, let him go,” Ev instructed with a weary sigh.

“But!”

“Olly.”

A long silence, then the redhead rolled his eyes and opened his hand, letting Eric breathe in a big bowl of air.

“So, *Eric*,” Everett asked pointedly, “what exactly happened?”

Tied as he was, all limbs pulled taut, Eric had trouble expanding his chest to breathe fully, so his answer came peppered with little gasps and pauses. “We were talking about Olly being an incel and-” His speech slurred into incoherent noise as Olly briefly shook the dildo, rattling the tiny. Ev let out a “Hey!” but Eric resumed talking as if nothing happened. “... we were talking about Olly not having much luck in dating. My theory is that it’s because he’s a manlet. People filter that out on dating apps,” Eric sniggered. Everett expected another shake to punish his pet, but Olly just frowned in irritation. “... And anyway, since Olly boy is a virgin, Issak offered to grow big and deflower him.”

Everett immediately blushed. Of course, with two **very** healthy and fit adult men under his complete control, Olly could just... have sex whenever he wanted. Everett was surprised Olly never did just that, actually. “How did that end up with you here? And... where’s Issak?” To answer the second question, Olly smirked and patted his groin, making Ev guess what was hidden by the fabric of his pants.

“It, hm, ended up being brought up that Olly and I could have sex, and-” “That moron thought I’d let him top me,” Olly cut him off, his voice drowning out Eric’s.

“Olly said I’d have to wear a paper bag because he doesn’t want to see my face!” Eric defended himself, sounding offended. “So I said I’d take him doggy style and he’d only see the pillows he’s biting while I pound him.”

Oh boy, Ev thought. Why did these two have to find each other? They both had a compulsive need to prod each other’s nerves, even when it was clearly a bad idea. And as he expected, Olly became more animated, raising his voice. “You can’t top me, moron! You’re my bitch.”

Ev did not miss Eric’s reactions to those words; the blonde visibly reddened and wiggled in his restraints before launching his next quip, “And then I brought up how I stepped on him at your birthday.” “Shut up!” Olly half-screamed.

“Long story short, we agreed that if Eric and I ever have sex, he’d be the one penetrating me the first time,” Olly said, and he grinned. “Not my fault Eric never specified at what size.”

OH. Everett finally got it. He had to refrain from groaning.

“So, you see, Eric did consent to this!” Olly concluded joyfully, brandishing the dildo.

“Whatever I consented to, it did **NOT** include my head going inside your asshole!” Eric roared, and Everett intervened. He pulled the sex toy out of Olly’s hand, ignoring his friend’s protests, and he wrangled Eric free.

“Thank... thank you man,” the blonde told Ev, relief painted on his face. Ev smiled kindly at him, and he extended a hand towards Olly. “Issak, please. I’d rather not have to retrieve him myself.”

Olly did not offer a fight. Everett meant well, he knew that, even if he hated to comply. He lowered his eyes and mumbled, “Issak, you heard him.” The pet immediately crawled out of Olly’s waistband and obediently climbed into Ev’s palm.

“You still got some improvements to make in understanding empathy,” Everett told Olly, looking down at his best friend. He was trying to sound severe, but as he figured what to do next, a smile crept up on his lips. “How about a little lesson, to settle this? Issak, Eric, you’ll be my teacher’s assistants!”

In a few moments, Ev had grown back the two pets to their original heights, and, to Olly’s utter horror, he reached out for *him* next.

“Hey, wait- Don’t!” Olly cried out before Everett grabbed his wrist and both of them started shrinking.

Once caught in Ev’s shrinking, the victim was usually condemned to become whatever size he decided; but Olly did not like doing things like everyone else. He threw a kick into Ev’s side, not enough to hurt but to destabilize him, and with a spin, Olly freed his arm and threw himself off the bed, running for the door.

... until Eric grabbed him by the collar, effortlessly holding him in place. Olly must have been 2 feet and a half or so, his eyes did not even reach Eric’s groin. Despite Olly’s efforts and frustrated cries, the blonde pulled him off the floor and held him aloft, one hand under

each armpit. Eric was smirking. “We should keep him at this size forever, he’s like an angry cat.”

“Can you hold him still? I’d like him to be two inches tall,” Everett asked of Eric, who enthusiastically agreed. And, as Everett started stealing the rest of Olly’s precious inches, the redhead harmlessly swung his arms and legs in the air toward Eric, screaming holy murder.

At two inches tall, Olly was the usual size of his pets, except slightly smaller. At his normal pet size, Issak stood half again as tall as Olly did at that moment, as he was sitting in the palm of his shithead pet Eric, who was grinning uncontrollably overhead.

“I trust you understand the point of this lesson?” Everett asked Issak—Eric was too preoccupied by *something else* to pay attention.

“Of course. The Lord will come out of this matured, and the tale of his revenge will be heard in songs by my grandson’s grandsons,” Issak explained in his soothing baritone voice. Everett wasn’t sure whether the revenge was supposed to be something to look forward to, given that Issak rarely abandoned his usual brilliant smile... but knowing Eric and Issak, being punished to the point of breaking probably counted as a pleasurable activity for them. Ev chose not to comment on it, and he exited the apartment with a promise to be back at dawn to fix everyone’s sizes.

For Olly, the clap of his front door closing sounded like an executioner’s axe. He was left at the mercy of the dumb bully without his emergency growth device nearby. Eric’s grin loomed above him, his breath washing over Olly like a warm breeze. The sound of his voice, booming and playful, filled Olly’s ears.

“So, about that agreement...”

“Don’t even THINK about tying me to that dildo!” Olly freaked out. Under him, the flesh of Eric’s palm vibrated as the giant lightly chuckled.

“The agreement was that you’d be the one being penetrated, remember? Do you think a Q-tip would fit~?”

Olly's brain refused to comprehend what Eric just said. Fit? Surely Eric did not mean fit.... there...? Olly's entire body felt like it was burning, suddenly, and he could feel his pulse in his temples.

"Only one way to know~" Eric intoned. "You stash them in the bathroom right? Let's test out your theory that I'll never top you."

Eric got to his feet, and Olly yelled out, "Boy, **SIT!**" Eric immediately sat back down onto the bed, back straight and at the ready. Olly was surprised his order was actually followed; even Eric seemed surprised by it.

Olly hurried to stand up in the palm, and he ordered, "Put me down, you rank asshole!"

"Fuck you, no need to be such a dickhead," Eric commented as he obeyed, letting Olly hop onto the ocean of his blanket.

"No, fuck YOU! You don't get to take my virginity you piece of-" "YOU WERE ABOUT TO DO IT TO ME!" Eric's voice absolutely blew Olly's squeaks away. Olly involuntarily winced and took a step back.

"How about you calm down just a little, hm?" Issak asked politely, but his grip on Eric's shoulder was harder than steel. Eric took a long breath and nodded, and Issak retreated, seemingly happy to watch the two usual suspects quarreling.

"The difference between the two," Olly explained to Eric with a tone of superiority, "is that I own you. I do whatever I want with you."

There was a moment of quiet tension, then Eric shrugged. "Okay. Yeah, you own me. You won, congratulations. Woo. But dude, consider this," Eric said. To Olly's shock, the giant swung his bare feet on top of the bed—Olly had to fight to avoid tumbling down the indent that his heels created in the fluffy comforter. He was left staring up at Eric in awe, half of his field of view filled with his pet's soles, feeling a mixture of outrage and... was it fear or arousal? "You own ALL of me. Body and soul."

Uh, that was oddly sweet, Olly thought, wondering where his pet's speech was going.

“I committed to this life, you know? I’m yours, end of. I am not my own person, just something you own, I’m not protesting against that,” Eric continued to reassure Olly, and the redhead couldn’t deny the tent in his pants growing at his pet’s words.

“What’s your point?” Olly asked, anxious to hear what Eric had in mind. The giant had been grinning non-stop, which was unsettling. Eric rarely smiled and even more rarely showed strong positive emotions of any kind.

“You are into giants, and you are into feet”—Olly tried to deny, but Eric continued a few decibels louder—“and you got two giants right here, ready to use.”

“I won’t submit to you!” Olly immediately yelled, defiant.

“No one’s asking you to do that. I will obey you. Every order, every whim of yours. You have my word, Master.”

Olly shuddered, realizing what Eric was offering. It was akin to something Issak might say; even the ebony pet looked at Eric with some degree of surprise. There was an odd tone to Eric’s voice, too. It was too sweet, unnatural. Regardless, Olly’s heart felt aflutter and his stomach was encumbered with butterflies.

God, was Eric *flirting*?!

“What’s your play here? Don’t take me for a fool,” Olly growled, trying to seem menacing despite being toy-sized.

“Okay, I’ll give it to you straight. You did not lick my foot on Everett’s birthday. I won’t get many opportunities like this. I want to see my *beloved*, my *beautiful* and *amazing* master worshipping my foot. At least once. Please, sir?” Eric asked, grinning from ear to ear. His expression was cheeky, but Olly did not detect genuine malice. “Consider this like watching your own TV or playing your own video games. Taking full advantage of your property, eh?”

The redhead's gaze flickered to Issak, his other pet, seeking reassurance or perhaps permission to indulge in this unexpected offer. Issak offered a thumbs up, leaving Olly to make a choice. The redhead's mind was swimming, torn between temptation and a primal rejection of being this... this small, vulnerable insect. Eric was the insect, not him!

But at the moment, Eric towered far above Olly like a god, and the black youth couldn't deny he was maddeningly attractive. Even back in school, when the blonde was stick-thin and bony, Olly thought Eric was hot—the blonde was featured in more than a few wet dreams while Olly was growing into his sexuality—in a stupid, dumb bully kind of way. Looking up at him now, Eric appeared healthier and stronger than ever, slightly thicker, with a sharp jawline and visible muscles. Olly's gaze wandered over Eric's neck, the pectorals outlined by his shirt, the compact musculature of his arms... The redhead credited himself for turning Eric from a failure into this.

"C'mon Master," Eric practically cooed as he brought one foot closer. "Just a few smooches~"

"Back off!" Olly snapped. Eric immediately obeyed, the foot flying backwards. The tiny felt a wave of relief; even at this size, if Eric truly obeyed every order, he wasn't truly helpless. He thought for a moment...

"Punch yourself as hard as you can," he finally ordered.

Olly expected Eric to argue or complain, but the giant was completely quiet but for a grunt of pain as his fist slammed into his own face. The impact of it was much stronger than Olly expected. That would definitely leave a bruise. When Eric asked "Another?" as if that were nothing, Olly hurried to say, "No! No, it's okay... I... guess you really mean it."

He let out a long sigh. "... fine. Bring that foot closer..."

Eric was beaming. He obeyed; the wall of sole hurried closer to Olly, almost ramming into him but stopping when he was a tiny arm's length away. The tiny noticed a very faint smell, but he was pretty proud of his pet's hygiene. The skin was pretty smooth, although slightly rugged—Eric was practically always barefoot after all—and it shivered instantly when Olly ran his fingers across it. Despite his reservations, Olly felt somewhat elated to see Eric desiring him in this way.

“Issak... If Eric tries anything shifty, strangle him for me, okay?”

“Of course, my Lord!”

“Alright, then... here goes nothing...”

Olly leaned forward and pressed his lips to Eric’s skin. Two people got an instant, almost painful hard-on at that exact second, and Issak was not one of them. Spooked by his own feelings Olly pulled away with a strangled gasp.

“Please sir, don’t tell me you’re already done,” Eric asked, a hint of disappointment in his voice.

“Shut the fuck up,” Olly ordered, and Eric complied.

The redhead pressed one hand to the sole, and he kneaded the skin as his face approached again. This time, he gave a proper kiss. He could feel the giant’s foot tremble slightly under his affections. This only served to heighten Olly’s arousal, and he began to kiss Eric’s sole more fervently, moving his lips up and down, his heart pounding in his chest. Eric moaned, and Olly heightened his kissing in response. Olly paused for a moment, his breath hot against Eric’s skin, before tentatively running his tongue along the sole. The sensation sent a jolt through Eric’s body; he jerked his foot forward, trapping Olly beneath it.

Olly wasn’t quite sure why he tolerated this insubordination, but he oddly didn’t want to eviscerate his poorly trained pet just yet. The foot was enormous, heavy, warm, overwhelming in all the ways Olly hated to be overwhelmed, and it was *Eric’s*. *Ew*. By all accounts, he should hate it.

Arousal, fear, shame, excitement... his brain was swimming with new sensations at a scale grander than anything he’d like, and his limbs felt heavy, but Olly did not necessarily *hate* it. The foot pressing on him lifted slightly and shifted until the pad of Eric’s big toe was hovering just above Olly. The toe came down with some strength, but Olly met it with an embrace of both his body and his attentive tongue.

“Thank you, Master!” said the booming voice of Eric, and Olly felt a strange sense of pride. Eric sounded so... joyful.

When Olly ordered to be freed, a minute or two later, he was glad to see Eric obey immediately and without fuss. The redhead remained there, laying on his gigantic bed, arms outstretched, contemplating a lot of things. Eric, his own sexuality, why this was so pleasurable...

“Master, did you-?” Eric piped up.

“Don’t make a sound.”

Eric instantaneously quieted down, which was a very welcome change from his usual. “Eh, I guess even you can be a good boy sometimes, too.” Eric acted outraged, but not one sound came out of his mouth, he silently mimed anger and shook his fist at Olly. The redhead couldn’t hold back a belly laugh.

“Okay okay, come here. You’re a good boy. A VERY good boy!” Olly complimented his stupider pet, and he stood up, hand extended forward.

Understanding the assignment, Eric lurched forward and presented his bed of hair to be petted. His owner’s hand was so small he could barely feel anything, but it did not matter to Eric; Olly was his master, and it was Olly’s hand, so he was overjoyed by the barely perceptible sensation.

“It’s alright, you can talk again.”

“Thank you Master! Did you enjoy being under my feet?”

The question sounded so genuine that Olly forgot to be angry, for a second. Eric was not asking as a way to mock Olly for being tiny; he was asking because he truly wanted to know if he’d been a good giant. The sentiment was all-too-familiar to the redhead, who blushed and scratched his nose, eyes averted. “Yeah, I guess it was not horrible...”

Eric perked up and leaned close, eyes trained directly on Olly, looking elated. His face was so close that Olly could almost touch... In fact, the tiny reached out one hand, and Eric nudged his face closer to push the tip of his nose into Olly's palm. The master started rubbing up and down the bridge of his colossal puppy.

"If you had a tail, I bet you'd be wagging it right now!" Olly taunted, and Eric did not deny. The blonde leaned down slightly so his master could reach more of his nose, his eyes shut and a content expression on his face.

Leaning closer, eyes closed, Eric started nuzzling his tiny master's torso with the tip of his nose, rubbing it on anything it could reach.

"Hey, hey, stop-!" Olly said, laughing, but Eric did not heed it, and he shoved him gently backwards. Olly landed on his butt, the nose pressing on his belly and almost tickling him. "W-what are you d-doing?" Olly asked in-between laughs.

"Hmm~ I'm your dog, no? I think your exact words were that I'm your bitch," Eric said, eyes open as thin slits, his lips stretched into a sly smile. "I'm just getting in character, *Master*." That's when the tongue slipped out. It ran over a surprised Olly's face at first, but it was soon assaulting the shrunken man's entire body. Olly reacted with high-pitched yelps while he experienced being covered in Eric's saliva for the first time.

"**Gik-!**" Eric let out a strangled noise as Issak's powerful arm wrapped around his throat, squeezing hard and pulling the blonde away from Olly.

"Does this count as something shifty, my Lord," Issak asked politely, ignoring the struggles of his smaller brother whose face was quickly reddening from a lack of air.

Olly laid there, stunned for a moment. While he loudly complained, he hadn't expected the experience to end—nor had he wanted it to end. But admitting that out loud would be...

But he didn't want it to end. He wanted to feel Eric's mouth on him, sucking and licking and nibbling. He wanted to be consumed by the heat and the wetness, to feel the giant's tongue against his skin...

"Sighhh... It's alright, let him continue," Olly shamefully admitted, looking away from his gigantic pets in embarrassment.

"As you wish!" Issak exclaimed.

A second later, Eric's face returned, inches away from Olly's body, looming with a predatory glint in his eyes. He licked his lips and said, "So you DO like it~", making Olly want to punch his stupid face. "No worries, your bitch is here to please!"

Olly could have screamed or cried from how corny that line was, but he couldn't deny the instant arousal shooting through his body as Eric's wide tongue plastered itself against his entire torso, practically pulling Olly off the blanket with each lick.

Finally, Eric placed one fingertip behind Olly's torso, and the tiny was swept up by the next lick, squeezed against the tongue as Eric tossed his head back and closed his lips around his master's body.

Olly felt his heart stop as he was pulled into Eric's mouth, his tiny body sliding between his gigantic lips. He could feel Eric's tongue pressing against him, hot and wet, and he knew he should be afraid, but he could not find it within himself to fear his loyal pup. He was aware of Eric's breathing heavily, and the way his tongue was swirling around him, and he couldn't help but let out a low moan. He knew he had to be careful, or he would lose control of the situation, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Eric was his, and he was obviously enjoying this, and Olly couldn't deny that he desperately wanted to feel Eric's mouth around him, so hot and wet and eager.

The giant's breath was intense; it made Olly's skin feel sensitive, like his nerves were on fire. He could feel his own heart pounding in his chest, his breath coming in short gasps. Eric's mouth was more inviting than Olly would have ever guessed, and the redhead felt himself getting harder as the giant started sucking on him. Despite his best judgement, Olly pressed his face against the slick, wet tongue and started licking it.

Eric had to muster all of his willpower to avoid spitting his owner out—or swallowing—from shock. He felt Olly's tongue against his own and his heart practically leaped out of his chest. Did this count as an indirect kiss, he wondered, head swimming with fantasies.

The giant carefully laid down on Olly's bed, head propped up by the pillows, and he closed his eyes. He barely even needed to suckle on his tiny master, Olly was doing most of the work by now—the redhead was enthusiastically rubbing himself against the tongue, making out with its tip. If Issak had not been in the room, Eric would have (shamefully) nursed his painful hard-on; instead, he crossed his arms across his chest and focused on the feelings of Olly inside him.

There were maybe some benefits to being giant, Eric thought, just as Olly begrudgingly conceded to himself that being tiny was perhaps not so horrible, with the right partner.

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The sun was barely peeking over the horizon when Everett unlocked Olly's front door, slightly worried of what he might find. The white-haired man was not exactly certain what awaited him inside, but he was sure to be yelled at, perhaps insulted and demeaned by an enraged, tiny Olly. His intestines had been knotted all night in expectation of this moment.

So, it was a complete shock when the redhead welcomed him with a joyful "Yo bud! Didn't expect ya so early, what gives?"

Olly, to Everett's surprise, was sprawled on top of a pillow, his minuscule weight barely making an indent in it. The pillow was held aloft, in front of the TV, by Eric—the blond was kneeling, prostrated, head lowered and arms high up, holding the pillow up so Olly could watch TV as if it were a cinema screen. Issak was kneeling beside them, a handful of green grapes in hand, and he was feeding Olly one singular grape. Issak gave Everett a radiant smile, though Eric ignored the newcomer.

"Is everything... hm, okay?" Everett asked nobody in particular.

Olly was the one who replied, "Despite your actions, yeah, pretty swell!" Then the redhead sat up and turned his torso to face Ev dead-on, a cocky smile on his face. "Did you expect Eric would bully me, or what? My pets are well-trained, no matter my size."

Everett let out a sigh. What exactly did he expect? "Alright, ready to go back to normal?"

Ev took a step forward, naturally expecting Olly to be eager to grow back, only to be told to back off. "I'm not done playing with Eric like this," Olly said, to Everett's surprise. "Come back this afternoon, yeah?"

Wondering what the hell was in the air today, Ev nodded and walked away. After leaving the apartment, the mountaineer needed a moment to get his bearings again. Olly *wanted* to be tiny to Eric, now? He stared at the closed door, wondering what was going on in there.

Whatever Ev had been expecting, *this* had not been it.

Whatever, he finally thought with a shrug. Jordan was probably free to hang out until it was time to grow Olly back. Everett had a spring in his step as he walked out of the apartment building; he could not wait to let Jordan know about this new development!