**A Guest Comes To Town**

Raoul didn’t pay too much attention to what he threw into his suitcase. Picking up whatever he found first, from shirts to socks, if it fits it went in. He pressed his weight down as hard as he could to close the bulging case, spending a good few minutes trying to close the zipper.

And once ready to leave, the redhead stepped out of his bedroom, lifting his case and tipping on his toes to not break the dead silence in the corridors of the large house. Making his way out to the cool night air, he triumphantly took a deep breath.

As the hours passed it didn’t even take until the crack of dawn for Raoul’s phone to flood with notifications. But with the flick of a button, it was quickly silenced. He almost dreaded to think how many there would be once his 5-hour flight came to an end.

When he did step outside those airport doors on arrival, Raoul hardly took in the new scenery with his half-shut eyes. Scanning the area, all his eyes could see was a blanket of white covering every inch of ground and roof. He would almost have been able to fall asleep standing where he did if it were not for the sharp ice-cold winds which stabbed against his arms, uncovered from the ludicrously short sleeves of his t-shirt.

Making haste towards the bus platform, his eyes bounced from each signpost until he finally it: ‘The Giant’s Footstool.’ Boarding the bus he proceeded to give his ID to the driver.

‘Raoul huh? What an unusual name,’ the driver said, looking back and forth between Raoul’s face and the not-so-dissimilar photo with fatigued half-shut eyes. ‘That’ll be 35 bucks,’ he said, handing back the passport.

Raoul didn’t even look down as he presented the credit card to the reader. Instead, he looked directly into the driver’s eyes, giving off a cheerful albeit tired smile, daring not to glance at the name ‘Logan’ printed across the bottom of the credit card. The driver smiled back without a second thought.

With the sound of a **beep**, Raoul took his ticket and went straight to his seat, letting out a deep sigh as his smile evaporated away. Not a minute after sitting down, he closed his eyes and leaned against the window. The humming of the bus’s engines drowned out the surroundings, letting the tired man drift off into a peaceful sleep.

‘No, absolutely not!’ Eric crossed his arms with an angry scowl across his face.

‘But master Olly says we should keep active even when he’s away,’ Issak said, doing stretches on his arms and legs.

‘I don’t care what he says. Him getting called up to do a job is the only time I can get some peace. So leave. me. alone.’

Rolling his eyes, Issak turned around about to leave to do his morning run. But in a lightbulb moment, he looked back towards Eric with a wide grin.

‘Winner takes over the other person’s duties for the day.’

‘To the end of the living room?’ Eric said, getting to his feet and stretching both his arms from left to right.

‘Ready? Set…GO’

The pair ran full speed across the living room floor unrelentingly. Although the floor seemed hundreds of feet across from their perspective, any normal person would easily cross in seconds. But long was the distance for them, and with each stride of their tiny legs, Issak inched further ahead of Eric.

The tall tribesman turned his head to Eric sticking out his tongue with one eye closed. Then, as if to shout a war cry, Eric screamed at the top of his lungs. He bent his body forward and moved his legs faster than he thought he could ever do before. Issak looked in awe seeing his fellow pet almost overtake him.

‘Nice try, but I won’t lose!’ Issak shouted, turning his head forward with a determined grin.

Both were now tied with each one unable to get ahead of the other as the end of the living room wall approached. However, merely inches away from the finishing line, a shadow cast over the two littles. Eric and Issak stopped dead in their tracks to see a silhouetted figure behind the window of the wall.

The pair looked at each other, then back at the window. As the hand of the figure reached for the opening, Eric and Issak ran for the cover of the wall.

‘That bastard Olly! Why does he keep forgetting to lock the damn house?!’ Eric whispered angrily.

The littles leaned against the wall, preparing for the mysterious intruder to enter. But instead of a person, a large suitcase was thrown into the living room. The impact on the ground sent them both dropping to the ground and covering their ears as tightly as they could.

Eric opened his eyes, only to shut them close again when a large brown sole loomed right above him. But instead of the full impact of a stomp against his frail form, Issak quickly dragged him by the shirt, narrowly missing the foot’s landing.

‘T-thanks…’ he said meekly, prompting a smile from Issak.

They both looked at the stranger, whose skin was not unlike their master's, and hair just as red.

‘What do you think he wants?’ Issak whispered.

‘He might be tryna steal our stuff, wait till I give him a pounding!’

Raoul let out a yawn and headed straight for the sofa, not even glancing at the suitcase he threw in. The giant collapsed atop the soft cushions, his right arm and leg dangling over the side. Then, after only a minute, the silent room was filled with loud snores.

‘He…broke in for a nap?’ Issak asked, scratching the side of his cheek.

Eric didn’t say anything, instead staring dumbfoundedly at the turn of events. He was quickly snapped back to reality as Issak got to his feet and approached the sofa.

‘Wait, where are you going?’ Eric asked, still lying on the ground.

‘To talk to him.’

‘Don’t be an idiot. He’s asleep, just wait for someone to come back!’

Isaak turned to the sleeping giant, then back to Eric.

‘I think it’ll be ok. Maybe he’s just a tourist and doesn’t understand our customs?’

‘WHAT COUNTRY DO PEOPLE CLIMB THROUGH THE FUCKING WINDOW!?’

Eric immediately put his hand over his mouth after shouting, but the giant continued to snore away. Without responding, Issak made his way to the sofa.

‘He-Hey, wait! Oh dammit to hell.’ Eric got to his feet and ran to Issak. ‘If you get us killed, I’ll kill you.’ Issak only replied with a smile.

From the sofa, the pair would have looked like two large bugs crawling across the floor as they approached. Indeed the hand that dangled against the side was certainly large enough to swat or splat something of their size to a flattened mess. They slowly walked around the hand, craning their necks to get a good look at Raoul’s peaceful sleeping face.

‘Now what?’ Eric asked.

The pair looked at each other, then back up to Raoul’s face and froze. The snoring had stopped leaving the room in dead silence, and red baggy eyes stared back down towards the floor.

‘Shit…’ Eric muttered under his breath.

Although his instinct was to run, he was held back by Issak stepping forward to speak to the now awake man, still lying on the sofa with his eyes fixed on them.

‘H-hello there, mister,’ Issak said in a soft friendly tone. ‘I think there might be a misunders-‘

‘WATCH OUT’ Eric interrupted, pushing Issak out of the way of a large hand lunging forward to grab him.

As Issak fell to the floor, Eric struggled against the thick, log-sized fingers wrapped around his body. He was brought inches from the giant’s face, the huge orbs scanning him up and down.

‘Woah, a little person.’ Raoul said softly, almost whispering.

‘L-let, go, of, me!’ Eric said, still attempting to pull himself free in futility.

Raoul sat up, holding his tiny captive firmly to inspect him closely.

‘Just what are you?’ he asked.

‘I’ll be your worst nightmare if you don’t put me the fuck down!’

Raoul shook his hand up and down like he was shaking a bottle. Eric’s entire surroundings became a blur of colours mixing together, while his stomach felt like it was attempting to escape his body. Once the shaking stopped, his sight still took its time attempting to adjust.

‘Hey punky, don’t you know what kind of situation you’re in? You shouldn’t be so rude.’

‘Don’t…fucking…lo-UGH.’

Before Eric could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by the contents of his stomach trying to crawl up his throat.

‘Ha-ha, you’re not so tough are ya little- OW!’

Raoul felt a sharp pain in his leg. Looking down, he saw a toothpick sticking out the side above his ankle. Next to it, Issak who was now in a fighting stance looked directly at him.

‘That’s my friend you’ve got there, I would appreciate it if you gave him back please.’

Raoul’s eyes widened slightly, almost to the point where they were no longer half-closed.

‘Wow, just how many of you are there?’ Raoul plucked the toothpick out of his leg with ease, then moved his other hand towards Issak. ‘Come here little borrower.’

Before the hand could grab him, Issak jumped straight on top of Raoul’s thumb, front flipping to the surface of the giant’s long arm. Raoul was slow to react, waving his arm side to side and unable to use the hand Eric is in. But Issak did not relent.

‘W-wait, stay still!’

With his powerful grip and stamina he was like a spider crawling up the arm with ease until finally, just before reaching the shoulder, he jumped in the air, stretched out his leg and aimed his foot directly at Raoul’s eye.

‘SHIT!’ the giant shouted, releasing his grip on Eric and holding both his hands over his face.

As Eric plunged to the floor, Issak landed straight on Raoul’s leg, continuing to run straight to Eric. Jumping from the leg, the tribesman grabbed Eric into his arms before landing on the couch between Raoul’s legs.

‘Where did you find a toothpick?’ Eric asked as they both tried to catch their breath.

‘Master doesn’t really clean under the couch very much,’ Issak laughed nervously.

Before the pair could descend from the sofa, a large hand slammed the space between them. The jolt backwards sent them both flying off the edge to the floor. Before they could even get up, a shadow blocked the light around them, followed by the slam of both the giant’s soles on each of them.

Raoul looked down at the two tinies at his feet, spreading his toes to see their heads between them. His right eye was wet with tears and squinting slightly, but the giant didn’t show an angry expression.

‘Well done sprinty,’ he said while gently rubbing his big toe over Issak’s face. ‘That was pretty cool, the news is gonna go insane when they find out teeny borrowers exist here!’

‘The news? Don’t you know where you are?’ Issak asked, trying to move his cheek away from the rubbing toe.

‘Huh? I can’t hear ya down there you’re gonna have to speak up!’ Eric and Issak continued to squirm, trying but unable to slip out from under the gargantuan soles. ‘Woooow whatever you’re doing keep doing it, you guys feel sooooo good down there.’

‘Oh for fuck sake, why do I keep ending up like this,’ Eric said, before proceeding to bite the flesh between the giant’s toes.

‘Huh, hey punky, you’re really getting annoying.’

Raoul squeezed his toes together, gripping Eric’s face between them. The tiny man kicked his legs as hard as he could, unable to breathe with his airways blocked. The giant foot raised so it sat on its heel, and the toes released. Eric immediately grabbed onto the sole to stop himself from falling and took in as much air as he could.

‘Gonna behave now?’

‘Fuck. Yo-‘

**SLAM**

Before Eric could finish, the foot slammed down against the floor. The tiny man’s vision was filled with white lights, while all he could hear was a high-pitched sound drowning out all else. There was a strange yet familiarly pleasant warmth surrounding his body but accompanied by a discomforting pressure squeezing him down.

The pressure eventually slowly released, and cold air rushed back in to snap his mind back to focus. His legs bent back behind him by gravity as his face, stuck to the giant sole, carried him back upwards.

‘Hey punky,’ Raoul said, ‘I don’t think you got much choice here, so what’d say yo-‘

‘Fuck…you…’

Raoul closed his eyes and sighed. Then, it came again.

**SLAM**

‘ERIC!’ cried Issak, still helplessly pinned under the other foot across the floor.

Eric’s senses were once again overtaken by the deafening stomp of the huge foot. But this time the warmth grew in intensity.

Raoul raised his heel, pressing down harder on the ball of his foot that trapped his tiny captive. His facial expression didn’t change, instead looking down with a bored expression while holding his head in his hand.

No one could hear Eric’s muffled groan as he felt his joints and bones bending more with each passing second. Although the ball of Raoul’s foot with pretty warm and soft, there came a point when the flesh would stop expanding around Eric’s body.

Then, a sudden intensity of pain shot up throughout the tiny man’s body. Eric felt his back grinding against the floor behind him, twisting left and right, the pressure burning his skin. Luckily the flesh above was slightly moist, preventing it from rubbing against him like sandpaper. But the pressure was almost unbearable.

‘Hmm, this is pretty relaxing. It’s like having a little, living massage ball,’ Raoul said chuckling to himself.

The giant closed his eyes, continuing to twist his foot. His mind was completely overtaken by the sensation of the soft, fragile body bearing the weight of his mighty leg. The feeling of Eric’s soft flesh rubbing against his sole was unlike any other sensation. With each twist of his foot, his half-asleep mind egged him on to press slightly harder each time. It was craving that sensation. The more intense the pressure, the more relaxing it felt.

‘WAIT STOP, PLEASE!’

Raoul’s eyes shot open, his trance broken by the pleas of Issak. He looked to the tiny tribesman, then to his other foot which was now still. He leaned in, moving his foot to the side to see the battered bruised Eric plastered to the ball of his foot. Raoul pinched the tiny off gently, placing him on the ground between his feet.

‘Err, is it broken?’ he asked.

‘Please, let me check on him,’ Issak pleaded.

Raoul looked at Issak for a few seconds, before sighing and rolling his eyes. Without saying a word he lifted his foot off Issak, who didn’t hesitate to run to Eric.

‘Eric, Eric!’ Issak lifted Eric’s head into his arms, trying to get a sign he was still alive. ‘Please say something!’

Eric slowly opened his eyes, and then looked directly into Issak’s. He spoke in a croaky, hoarse voice.

‘Next time…you make a suggestion…I’m going…to punch you,’ Eric said, before closing his eyes again.

Issak sighed in relief and gave his friend a smile. But the smile quickly evaporated as a shadow cast over them.

‘Sooooo he’s all good then? Good.’ Raoul cut the pair’s reunion short, sweeping Issak from the floor, ‘cos I can’t let kick from before slide.’

The cold air around Issak was quickly overtaken by the warm, thick humid breath of Raoul’s mouth. The grip was quickly released as he was chucked in like a piece of candy, landing directly onto the monster-like pink tongue. The mouth became a pitch-black cave, devoid of light and fresh air, only amplifying the sensation of a thousand tastebuds rubbing against Issak’s skin.

The tiny was not in control of his movements at all. Instead, he was tossed about the mouth, with thick threads of saliva layering all over him. The thick gooey sensation would have been soothing if it were not for the pink monster lapping over him for a taste.

‘That feels so good in my mouth,’ Raoul said, treating Issak like a gobstopper. ‘Also, no biting or anything like that, or I might just swallow ya.’

Having already experienced being trapped inside a stomach already, Issak knows too well the perils that await the one-way abyss over his shoulder. So he stayed as still as he could, letting the giant treat him like a tasty treat and bided his time, hoping Eric would still be ok.

Raoul plopped his back against the couch and slouched his shoulders as he continued to play with the tiny in his mouth.

‘Maaaaaaan, I’m so tired,’ he said, bending his head back to stare at the ceiling. This sudden motion made Issak’s heart skip as it sent him sliding towards the back of the throat until the head suddenly tilted forward again. ‘Actually, I’m thirsty, where’s the kitchen.’

Raoul got to his feet and proceeded to walk around the house. Scratching his belly under his shirt, he didn’t even bother to look down to the floor where Eric was.

As his foot swung forward to take a step, the nail of his second toe caught onto the back of Eric’s shirt, forcing the tiny along with him. The sudden vertigo of being swung through the air slipped Eric back to consciousness, but he hadn’t the energy to shout.

The floor came at him with the lowering of the foot no different to falling. Upon landing, the toe pressed down on the back of his head straight into the carpet. The pressure of the step didn’t hold back, and perhaps on the hard floor before it would have been the end of Eric. Luckily the carpet threads cushioned enough of the shock to prevent Eric from becoming jam but did little to help the even more intense aching of his bones.

However, once again he was sent flying into the air, and then back to the ground, repeating over and over again for 5 more steps before Raoul stopped in his tracks.

‘Huh?’ the giant said, looking down at his feet to find the familiar green shirt of his tiny. ‘Oooooh, that was you? I thought I had some dirt stuck to my foot.’ Raoul plucked Eric from his toe, pinching his shirt in front of his face to see if he was still alive.

Eric muttered something under his breath, but too quiet and unintelligible.

‘Dude if you really liked being under my feet that badly you just had to ask,’ Raoul said rolling his baggy eyes.

Carrying Eric, Raoul walked back to the couch and reached down to pick up one of the socks he discarded on the side. He then dangled Eric above it, letting go so the tiny would plunge right to the end.

‘Hey er, try to stay under my toes ok? I promise you can be under em as much as you want if you behave.’

Eric wanted to shout back, but couldn’t muster the power to do so. Instead, he had to watch powerlessly as the world shifted around him. Once the sock lowered, the light from the opening was replaced by the all too familiar sight of 5 monstrously large toes creeping in.

As much as he hated following his captor’s advice, Eric was a survivor and so made sure to place himself under the toe’s arches. Once the foot moved all the way in, the clasping sound of the sock’s neck locking around the giant’s leg was signal enough for the tiny to brace. Raoul made sure to gently squeeze his toes so that his little was locked in place. Satisfied, the giant went back to find the kitchen.

It was definitely an easier experience for Eric, not having to be constantly crushed under the weight with every step. Although vertigo from each swing of the leg would send any normal person into a daze, Olly’s ‘training’ had at least helped the tiny to be more desensitised to it.

Eric gritted his teeth, the humiliation piercing his soul like a thousand cuts each time the giant’s foot violated him with every step. To think he would suffer such abuse by someone else, forced to become their foot toy against his will. It was a story he was definitely familiar with, yet just the thought of being back under Olly’s feet gave him some comfort of mind, if only temporarily.

But there was still something gnawing at the back of Eric’s mind however. The scent that permeated throughout the sock had a familiar tone, particularly in the more overpowering spot under the toes. The resemblance, from the colour of the giant’s skin, his hair, and the sheer arrogance of his behaviour. Eric was starting to get a clearer picture, but he couldn’t focus on that yet.

Between each step, Raoul gives his toes a tight squeeze. It wasn’t anywhere near the pressure from before, but with the increased heat contained within the sock and the extra sweat seeping out from the giant’s pores, Eric couldn’t tell if it was his own sweat covering him head to toe.

Raoul couldn’t get enough of his discovery. With Issak who he’d been sucking on for a good few minutes now, and the soft albeit battered massage toy under his foot, the young giant happened upon a newfound addictive bliss. He almost contemplated not taking them to the press, to keep them for himself. He certainly couldn’t wait to tell his cousin about it.

Eventually finding the kitchen, Raoul reached for a glass and filled it with water.

‘You might wanna hold your breath,’ he said, before proceeding to empty the contents into his mouth.

When light flooded the mouth again, Issak instantly shut his eyes and hugged tightly against the tongue. It was like floodgates opening with the cold water sending a shock up his body, washing away the saliva. The wet squelchy **gulp** flooded the mouth sending a shudder up his spine.

‘Sorry if the water was cold, lemme warm you up,’ Raoul said, walking back to the couch.

For a moment Issak panicked, thinking he was about to get swallowed. What instead followed was the tongue tipping the tiny into a bath of warm saliva at the bottom. The tongue made sure to press down on him, not leaving a single inch uncovered by the warm goop.

Raoul dropped back onto the couch, closing his eyes to try and get back to the sensations of elated bliss he had earlier. He scooper Issak up with his tongue, pinning him to the roof of his mouth. The tiny found his face stuck against the tongue as the clusters of tastebuds sucked on him. Although it wasn’t painful, the closed, tight warm space was beginning to feel claustrophobic.

Down at his feet, Raoul pressed Eric between the corner of the couch arm and his toes. The giant couldn’t feel how solid the arm was, but Eric certainly could. Despite being unable to escape, Eric tightly gripped the huge toe in front of him, squeezing himself as close as he can inside to escape the hard surface rubbing against his back.

But all this did was make Raoul subconsciously press harder. The intensity of the tiny body rubbing against his toes sent the giant into a high, with sparkles of pleasure tingling all over his brain. His breathing slowed down as though he was already in a deep sleep but already felt like he was in a dream.

With each passing second, he pressed down harder on his foot. Eventually, he could feel the flesh under his toes tightening against his massage toy. Half his mind was attempting to stop, but the deeper he strayed from being awake, the more safeguards in his brain began to unravel. Eric could feel himself at his limit, that at any moment his body would pop. Until…

‘What…are you doing…**to, my, pets?**’

A voice from above sent Raoul’s body into a jolt, waking him from his land of bliss. Looking up, he saw a short angry figure with furrowed brows and red eyes piercing him. Olly, was home. Raoul gave a weak, tired smile under his now even baggier eyes.

‘Cousin!’ he said weakly, before leaning into Olly and whispering, ‘watch your step dude, there are little borrowers in your house.’ Raoul leaned back, closed his eyes and drifted back to sleep, leaving Olly to stare dumbfoundedly with a slight twitch in his eye.

Olly grabbed a pillow from the couch, stretched his arm as far back as he could, and then threw it full speed into Raoul’s face.

‘ACK, what was that for!?’ he shouted, spitting Issak out with a string of drool directly onto the couch cushions.

‘M-master…’ Issak said, his body weak and tired from all the sucking.

Olly leaned down and gently picked his pet up in his palm.

‘Where’s Eric?’

Raoul perked up upon hearing the name, looking at his cousin with bewilderment.

‘T-that thing…has a name?’ he asked, feeling his heart sink as he began to process the situation.

‘**Where is he?**’ Olly’s deeper, sterner voice sent Raoul recoiling.

‘S…sock.’ Issak said weakly, trying to wipe away much of the saliva around his face.

Olly looked down at Raoul’s feet, where one was bare and the other socked. The sock had the familiar outline of his other pet protruding from the toe area. Without saying a word, Olly stepped forward, leaning over his cousin slouching on the couch.

‘Wait wait wait wait wait,’ Raoul said, holding both his hands in front of himself before bringing his socked foot up.

After peeling the sock off, Eric’s unmoving body plopped onto Raoul’s hand, who then passed it into Olly’s palm with Issak. He held it up closer to his face, where he could see brown and purple bruises riddled all over his body. When Eric finally opened his eyes, he was met with the giant red orbs of his master gazing at him, and Issak whose worry was written all over his face.

‘Tch, stop looking at me like that,’ Eric said, turning his body away from Olly’s face, then resting his cheek against the soft, warm palm flesh.

Olly sighed, then looked back to Raoul.

‘So erm, this town got any cheap hotels?’ Raoul said with a nervous laugh.

Olly didn’t answer. Instead, he lowered his hand to the floor and gently placed his two pets on the carpet.

‘I’ll just be a minute,’ he said softly, giving his pets a tender, reassuring smile.

Olly turned on his heels, then walked to Raoul’s suitcase, still laying where it landed from his entrance. Olly picked his up with both arms and threw it out with just the same thoughtlessness. After rubbing his hands together, his gaze then turned to Raoul.

‘H-hey cousin,’ Raoul said.

Olly walked over to him, stopped, and then smiled from ear to ear.

‘Goodbye cousin,’ Olly replied.

He pulled Raoul by the shirt, holding the back with one hand and the back of his trousers with the other. Then, aiming for the window, he swung back and forth to create momentum, letting go on the third swing and sending his cousin flying.

Raoul landed on the snow-covered gravel with a loud **oomph**. Getting back to his feet and picking up his suitcase, he stood there quiet and alone with nought but the sound of the cold breeze blowing past him.

‘I just wanted to sleep…’ he said to himself.

Back inside the Olly household, the giant master sat down beside Issak and Eric on the floor.

‘Master, who was that?’ Issak asked.

Olly let out a disgusted sound like he just had a cringe-worthy memory.

‘That’s Raoul, my bum of a cousin.’

‘Figures,’ Eric said, still weak but able to sit up, ‘of course it was one of your fucking relatives.’

‘Hey, don’t compare me to him, at least I have a job! That bum dropped out of college in his final semester with straight As and does nothing but play games and sleep all day.’

‘Speaking of jobs, how come you’re back so early?’ Issak asked.

Olly reached into his pocket and took out his phone. The screen lit up with dozens of messages and calls from the same name.

‘His parents kept trying to reach me saying he bought a ticket to come here and ran away.

‘Oh no!’ Issak cried out pleadingly, ‘was he being abused at home?’

‘They tried to get him to work at the local fast food joint.’

‘Oh…’

‘Anyway, don’t think today is an excuse to get out of your duties!’

The giant picked his pets up back into his palm. While Issak was able to get to his feet, Eric remained on the floor.

‘I think…I’m gonna have a break today,’ Eric said, still feeling the aches all over his body. Olly raised his brow.

‘I don’t think I gave you the option.’

‘Fuck off, I’m tir-ack.’ Eric was cut off by a sharp pain in his back.

Olly lowered his brow.

‘Looks like you need a punishment then,’ he said, reaching down for his purple sock and bringing it up to his pets. ‘Maybe some time in here will remind you of who’s in-charge.’

Eric couldn’t protest. He was too tired to. Mentally, physically, and emotionally, he had nothing left today. His mind went blank when his vision was filled with purple cotton. Not unlike before, the warmth began to intensify as the light dimmed with the foot’s entrance.

But instead of the full weight of the giant pressing down on him, the toes gently wrapped the exhausted tiny in their grip. Unable to keep his eyes open, he closed them shut. His mind was overtaken by all his other senses.

When the toes lightly squeezed around him, he gritted his teeth from the searing pain of the clusters of bruises all over his body. But one squeeze after another, it was like the aches evaporated away like ice in the sunlight. The warmth and scent emanating from Olly’s body slowed his breathing, and his heartbeat into a peaceful rhythm. Eric rested his cheek against the soft underside of the toe, and without realising it, drifted off to sleep.

Issak looked concerned at first, almost even interjecting when his master dropped Eric in the sock. But after seeing the giant’s movements, he looked at his master’s face with a little smile. Olly glanced at Issak and then immediately diverted his eyes.

‘S-shut up ok?’ Olly said, scratching the side of his cheek.