

# Olly's Pet Speck

'I'm said I'm sorry ok!' Olly exclaimed. The sound of irritation echoing throughout the hospital room. The brown-skinned red-haired 5ft5 man sat in his hospital bed, eagerly waiting to get discharged and go home.

'Oh no you don't. You think you're going to get away with your recklessness unpunished?' Everett replied, scolding his short friend trying to get away. The tall 6ft5 pale-skinned man looked at Olly in anger, as his friend tried to avoid the freckled face of his taller friend.

Earlier that day, Olly decided to ignore the town rescue team's warning issued the day before. The icy conditions left the mountain range too dangerous for the usual activities of mountain climbers and skiers. But being the daredevil that he was, Olly opted to forgo the safety of his home and went on a skiing trip up God Step's Mountain, which ultimately ended in a dangerous fall that left him unconscious. Luckily, the mountain rescue team had recovered him and no serious injuries were found. Everett, Olly's longtime childhood friend and a senior member of the mountain rescue team, has the power to shrink and grow others. Historically, he has mostly used this power to aid him in his rescue efforts, shrinking those he rescues to safely secure and bring them back down, in addition to growing to great heights to patrol the mountain with ease. Recently, however, his powers have also been used for more personal indulgences, especially when it comes to Olly. Earlier that year he came across an old acquaintance, Eric, where they both went through a series of events that led to them starting a master and pet relationship, which will be put to the test by the shenanigans that will ensue as a result of Olly's accident.

Back in the hospital room where Olly was getting scolded, Everett reached into his pocket and held a familiar purple fleece, but its size was large enough to fit a small doll. Olly's eyes widened with anger. 'Hey!' He shouted. 'That's my fleece, grow it back!'

‘Nah uh’ Everett retorted snarkily. ‘Starting today I’m supposed to be away on vacation and you just had to delay me, so I’m getting on the next train and when I come back after the weekend you can have your damn fleece regrown. Or if you want it back, maybe I can make you pocket-sized so you can fit into it again?’

Olly huffed, crossing his arms and looking away childishly. ‘Whatever,’ he said, ‘do what you want.’

Everett left the fleece on the table side, ruffling Olly’s hair as he pouted in the bed before saying his goodbyes and preparing to leave on his long-awaited vacation. As he was left alone in the room, Olly lied back in his bed, turning his body to stare at the comically tiny purple fleece. Then, he closed his eyes, falling asleep and napping through part of the afternoon.

When he awoke, the room’s lights immediately entered his vision as his groggy eyes opened. With a light yawn, he was facing the same position he fell asleep in, finding himself staring at the purple fleece again which stimulated his memories of the earlier day. However, something odd had caught his eye. An unusual black dot he could have sworn was not there previously. Wiping his tired eyes, he leaned in closer to the bedside table, gasping in shock as the dot became clearer in his vision. Jumping up and down waving his arms in the air, Olly could see Eric, no larger than the smallest of crumbs, trying to catch the attention of the giant celestial eyes that piercingly gazed on his speckish form. It was from then the red-haired man had regained his memories of the events leading up to his accident, realising his mind’s omission of Eric, Olly’s tiny pet, being with him at the time. Because Everett had shrunk them both, unaware the tiny was there in the first place, he ultimately became speck sized from being inside the fleece pocket.

The now gargantuan Olly perked up in a panic as a surge of adrenaline had stimulated his body back from sleep, realising Everett, the only one who could grow him back, was on his way to his vacation. Reaching for his mobile phone, only to realise it was also in his fleece pocket. He held his hands to his face in embarrassment at the thought of his pathetically speck-sized phone lost somewhere in his doll-sized fleece pocket. ‘Ugh,’ he cried out, ‘sorry little bud, it looks like I completely forgot you were with me.’

Eric, whose face was too downsized to visibly comprehend, expressed his frustration by shouting to the top of his lungs. 'FOR FUCK SAKE OLLY, OF ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE PUT ME THROUGH THIS REALLY TAKES THE CAKE!'

Despite his protests, Olly was only able to discern a tiny squeaking coming from the bedside table. He leaned his head in with a puzzled look, prompting Eric to recoil at the sight of the head that looked like the moon falling from the sky. Olly turned his ear to the tiny speck trying to hear his words, but to Eric's surprise, all that happened was the giant moving his hand against his mouth as he burst out a chuckle, then began laughing hysterically. 'Oh my god, oh my god, I'm so sorry, it's just so funny,' he said between his laughs, 'you're just so tiny Eric, you're squeaking like a mouse, have you seen yourself?'

Eric was flushed with a mix of anger, frustration and hopelessness. His words fell on deaf ears and were not able to properly communicate while feeling the humiliation of his pathetic size. Olly wiped a tear from his eyes as he tried to calm himself and reassure his speckish pet. 'Ok, ok, I'm sorry. Look, we'll try and get back home and use the landline, maybe I can still reach Everett, ok?' Olly looked around, feeling around his pockets and shirt then looking to the tiny Eric. 'Hmm, it'll be too dangerous to carry you around in my pockets, and it's quite cold outside so I can't just hold you.'

He put his hand to his chin as he went deep into thought until finally, he grinned toothily as an idea came to mind. 'Hehe, I know exactly where to put ya.'

Eric looked visibly, at least for anyone his size, quite nervous. Whenever Olly had a mischievous look and a playful gleam to his eyes, it would spell trouble for the tiny pet. His giant master did his best to move slowly, not wanting to panic or accidentally blow the speckish man away. Olly reached down to his feet, putting his thin, black cotton socks on. Moments later, Eric's field of vision was filled with the enormous light-brown pad of Olly's finger, causing him to stumble back. As he closed his eyes waiting for the inevitable impact, he felt the finger pad gently press against him, causing him to stick right onto it. His stomach turned at the feeling of the force pulling his body from such great heights away from the table, as he experienced the fear of someone going on a rollercoaster with no restraints.

Eventually, the movement came to a stop, and he found himself peeling off the finger, landing on a soft warm surface. All around him was a sea of black threads with a smell of fresh cotton that permeated the air. Eric looked up, seeing the giant face of his friend and master looking down at him from the heavens. The visible blush of red filling Olly's cheeks as he smiled broke the thinly veiled attempt of the giant trying to hide his enjoyment of the situation. As much as he loved playing with his tiny pet at a more manageable size, he couldn't help but feel gratified at the overwhelming power and size difference, despite the fact he could no longer see the speck blending in with the top of his sock-covered foot. 'I hope you're getting comfy, make sure to grab onto what you can yea. I'm gonna slide my shoes on and walk back, but my foot will keep ya nice and warm below.'

There was nothing more Eric wanted than to scream his fury at his master's face but resigned himself to the reality that his voice would barely make it past the giant's ankles. He fell forward onto his face and grabbed what threads he could as his world completely shifted. Olly began moving his foot to the large snow boots. The tiny man held on with all his might as the tip of the giant foot faced down into the dark abyss of the boot, with the light slowly eclipsing the deeper it went in. By the time Eric opened his eyes, he was in complete darkness.

Despite Olly cleaning himself earlier that day, the old inside of the boots and the amplification of the tiny's senses meant the smell of his feet came to engulf his sense of smell, along with a salty bitter taste forming inside his mouth. For a long time now, Eric's guilty pleasure and desire over his giant master's feet had become his worst kept secret, yet at this new size the overpowering invasion of his senses with an amorous smell and taste he thought himself accustomed to, was actually leading to levels of unendurableness that Olly may have underestimated. The longer he had been kept there the hotter it grew, and so with it the humid sweaty atmosphere, especially given that Olly's body had the tendency to heat up at a fast rate. This assault on the speckish Eric's body left him in a haze of pain and pleasure, not helped by the headache-inducing tremors caused with each step and stride of the foot.

What was supposed to be a 15-minute walk from the hospital to the house felt like an eternity. Minutes before arriving, Eric could feel the thin net of cotton beneath him begin to tear. 'Oh shit, oh fuck, SHIIIT!' He cried as he clung to a single thick piece of thread that fell through the newly created hole. His sweaty hands let slip from his grip as he screamed in futility, the momentum of his

fall causing a loud slapping squelch as his face and body landed directly into the flesh between Olly's big and second toe. Because of the force, he completely adhered to the slimy sweaty surface of the brown salty skin. His nose completely embedded itself into the toe skin, while trickles of sweat forced their way into the speck's tongue. His entire body felt completely superglued, unable to move a single muscle from his piping hot sweaty prison.

Olly's experience was entirely different; strolling through the streets without a care in the world. But deep down inside was an impassioned sense of glee that, much to the dismay of the tiny between his toes, lit a fire inside of him which sent his blood rushing. Although he could not feel the tiny on his feet, just imagining his entire existence revolving around the smell and warmth of his feet alone was enough to make him feel elated.

Finally reaching his house, he stepped in, carefully sliding his thick winter boots off and revealing the now moist black sock. He leaned in, closely observing his sock to see if he could spot the tiny speck-man down at his feet. However, after focusing for a few minutes it was to no avail. He did however spot a small tear in the sock between his toes, causing him to feel uneasy. 'Oh boy...' he quietly muttered to himself.

Sitting down carefully, Olly slid the sock off, slowly peeling it off against his sweaty sole with great care. Placing his foot against the top of his other leg, he leaned in trying to discern between Eric and the specks of lint littered all over his foot. From Eric's perspective, the blinding light forced his eyes closed as it flooded through the sock's hole when the boot came off. After regaining his vision, he felt perturbation as he looked above him, spotting a droplet of sweat five times his size slowly trailing downwards towards him. With whatever strength he had, he pulled as hard as he could, trying to peel himself off the sticky surface. As it got closer and closer, the adrenaline of his fight or flight response kicked in, attempting to aid in his escape from the oncoming sweat droplet. But it was all in vain. As he shut his eyes to wait for the inevitable, a reassuring voice as able to calm him. 'Ah! Is that you down there?'

The voice of Olly boomed from the heavens above as his gaze was fixed on the tiny speck. A giant finger shot closer to where he was, landing just above where Eric was and wiping the droplet of sweat away. 'Phew,' Olly said playfully, 'that was a close call, did you almost get caught by my sweat?' The giant's boyish attitude expressed his amusement. Though he did care about Eric's

safety, he couldn't help but find the idea of a single sweat droplet between his toes having the potential to overpower his tiny pet. Eric on the other hand was furious. The danger was far from filling from his tiny perspective, yet more than anything he's annoyed at himself more than Olly for feeling the warmth of security when Olly was able to acknowledge his presence.

After wiping the sweat away, the finger then pushed softly into the speck, gently scraping him off the sticky surface, though prompting a muffled groan of protest from the tiny man. 'Don't worry little man, I'm going to call Everett so just wait a little longer' Olly said. Eric couldn't tell how seriously his giant master was taking the situation. His words were reassuring yet his face showed just how much pleasure he took in seeing the pathetic minuscule state Eric was in. Approaching the table with the landline, Eric was placed on the side as Olly typed away on the phone. As the phone rang away, a familiar noise could be heard in the table drawer, though muffled and barely audible. With a puzzled expression, Olly opened the drawer, and a blaring noise burst out. It was Everett's phone and ringtone, with a note underneath. 'What the...' he said, grabbing the phone and note. Opening it he read it aloud. 'Olly, you're probably reading this because you tried to call me. I've been waiting for this vacation for a long time, so unless a meteorite is heading for the town, I'm taking this time off. Whatever you've done, I'm sure you'll be able to handle it. See you next week! Love from Ev'. Olly looked up from the note to where Eric is, giving off a passive nervous smile.

'Sorry little bud, looks like you're stuck with me until Everett gets back.' He said. Olly couldn't see or hear Eric, but he had a pretty good image of the rage-filled curses he'd be spewing if the tiny was a more comprehensible size. 'Well, on advantage to you being so tiny is I can't hear your shit anymore, hehe.' Olly playfully stuck his tongue out, knowing very well how much he could provoke his tiny pet without any retorts or angry responses. When the giant looked at his watch, he gasped as he noticed the lateness of the time. 'Oh crap, it's the evening already and we haven't even done the exercise regime.'

Olly was quite unwavering in his pursuit of maintaining a healthy lifestyle, especially for his pets. Constant physical training and exercise was a regular requirement of being under the flame-haired man. Eric was no exception to his, having been put through lots of training. However, with his new miniature size, Olly had no choice but to mitigate his tiny pet's current predicament. 'All right then, I was planning on having you do laps around the room today, but that's gonna take you weeks.' As Olly was thinking, he looked down to his feet, remembering the state they were in when he

removed his socks. It was at that moment an idea that crossed his mind. 'I got it! I injured myself earlier so I can't push myself too hard, so I'll probably take it easy and play some Dragon Quest. Because of that I'll give you a nice and easy task. I spotted some bits of lint between my toes, so all you gotta do is climb and remove them. Easy right?' Olly spoke with a prideful tone, feeling as though he as being generous to his pet. Eric on the other hand thought back to the time he spent stuck to Olly's foot, dreading the arduous task ahead. It was, after all, not like he could protest.

The tiny speck soon felt the familiar feeling of the giant finger pad pressing on his form. Olly made sure to keep the tiny stable between his thumb and finger as he carried him over to his desk. Reaching under the desk, the walls of the gargantuan fingers parted, letting the tiny speck fall to the smooth wooden floor. From his perspective, Eric could see very tiny crevice and crack within the floor, as well as the specks of dirt and debris invisible to the perspective of any normal-sized onlooker. Before the tiny man could properly scan his surroundings, large rumblings and tremors reverberated through the floor as Olly sat on his desk chair, planting his feet just in front of where he positioned Eric and playfully wiggled his toes. 'All right pet, I know there's a lot but do what you can ok. If you manage to get a big piece of lint off I'll reward ya, hehe.'

Eric wasn't sure if Olly fully grasped the full scale of the task he was asked to do. Looking from between the mostly still big and second toe was an endless wall of uneven brown, in the middle of which showed a large black piece of lint, almost double his size. 'Ugh, WHY THE FUCK IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME!' He yelled, knowing full well Olly wouldn't hear any of it. As he vented his frustration, standing in the shadow of the warm moist toe-gap, it was only then he felt his mind grasped by the strong alluring scent permeating around him. His face flushed with red while he felt his trousers tightening in the groin area. Looking at the positives, his master's attention was so far beyond his position that Olly would have no idea what Eric would be doing at his feet. Always wishing to show a tough front, to not show weakness or submissiveness, the tiny man was used to doing his best to hide his desires. But in his situation, he could be himself.

As he heard the sound and music from Olly's Dragon Quest game, this was more than enough confirmation the giant was no longer focused on him. As he looked at the toe flesh in front of him, he became further lost in a trance. Then, like a hungry child left alone at a table full of candy, he dug in with no feelings of guilt. The tiny man passionately kissed and licked against the mass of sweaty flesh, feeling each bump, ridge and groove slide against his tongue. Despite his passionate

licking, a new sweaty patch was present, fresh to be worshipped. The smell became intoxicating to his senses, like a dangerously addictive drug. No matter how much he wedged his nose into the richly scented skin, it was never enough. At times, Eric would instinctively look around himself and above. Even though there was little to no chance of anyone observing his heated affection, the burning embarrassment in his mind made him feel cautious nonetheless. In the middle of his worshipping, the glimpse of the sock lint above caught his eye again. His trance not only sent him in a lustful daze but also made him feel hypnotically compelled to be more obedient to his master.

Wanting to please Olly, who was still idly playing his game though consciously aware of the tiny at his feet, he grabbed the thick ridgelines of his foot, climbing with all his might to reach the large chunk of sweaty cotton. Any aches, pains and exhaustion were completely numbed by the rush of endorphins and dopamine; the smell and warmth of Olly literally powering him through. After a good 30 minutes of climbing, he reached the halfway point, drenched in his own sweat and winded from the onerous endeavour. A large thread of black cotton draped down from the ball it was attached to. Eric, still clinging onto the surface, grabbed hold of the thread and pulled with great effort. Yet just like when he was stuck to the foot before, the ball of lint refused to give, as it completely adhered to the sweat on the brown surface.

Deciding to try and push it down from above, the tiny man used the lint's immobility to his advantage, climbing the thread and reaching the large, saturated ball. With every grip of the cotton's threads, Olly's warm sweat squelched out, making Eric need to maintain a strong grip to prevent himself from slipping off. Climbing deeper into the ball of lint to better secure himself, the web of soggy threads wrapped all around his limbs, like a monster with a thousand small arms trapping its prey. Eventually, Eric's ability to move became hindered. He let himself stand there, trapped within the threads, panting to catch his breath. Then suddenly, he heard a shout in the distance. 'GOD DAMN BASTARD!' The voice of Olly was unmistakable, as Eric figured he must have died in his game. While the struggling tiny thought little of what was going on stuck in his own predicament, he felt more alert as the toes around him shifted. The irritation Olly felt from above was reflected in his subconscious impulses causing him to twitch other parts of his body. As another shout from above was heard, Eric found himself consumed in darkness as the smell immediately escalated.

The tiny's entire body was squeezed between the clinging brown monolithic toes, with warm salty sweat forcing its way into his mouth from the liquid squeezed out of the lint. When the toes parted,



Eric screamed as much as his lungs would allow as the feeling of free-falling in the air shocked him with fright. ‘AGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!’ He screamed. It would seem the clenching of the toes prior had dislodged the lint from its position. The ball spun endlessly as it fell, until finally, with a barely audible plop, it landed on the wooden floor between Olly’s mountainous toes. Luckily for the tiny man, the lint around him had served as a cushion, keeping him from meeting a fatal end. This did not however spare him the disorientation, as he dazedly attempted to remove himself from his sweaty bonds.

He gasped as the fresh air hit him, making his way out from the ball of lint. As he lied there panting, he bounced back in surprise as he saw Olly’s giant face leaning down to look at him. ‘Phew, looks like you’re ok,’ the giant man said nervously. ‘I got worried because I kinda accidentally clenched my toes. Sowwy,’ He said teasingly.

To any ignorant bystander, Olly’s response may seem cold and uncaring. But like Eric, Olly was good at showing a facade. Immediately after dying in his game, he panicked at the thought of accidentally crushing his tiny friend and pet. It is thanks to the relief of knowing he was relatively unharmed that made him feel he could act carefree. Even though Eric knew he couldn’t be heard, he muttered between every long streak of breath, ‘I’m going...to so...fucking...kill you.’ Yet still, despite his irritation, as well as his facial express indiscernible, he averted his look from the baby-faced man’s smirking face, blushing with glee as he looked at his tiny speckish pet with an expression of affectionate delight. ‘Hey, little one,’ Olly said softly, gaining back the attention of the speckish man down below, ‘I know it’s been a tough day, and you’ve been putting up with me the whole time, so I’ll repay the favour yea?’ Olly let out a beaming smile that made his cheeks puff out, causing Eric’s heart to skip a beat, though he did feel somewhat sceptical about the reward his giant master alluded to.

The giant man sat in front of the desk’s underside, with the tiny Eric being made to bear witness to the full might of his immense enormity, seeing his body and legs stretch out for miles from his perspective. Yet the familiar brown hand moving towards him at a speed of what would be hours of journey time for him cast a shadow over him, pinching him from the floor. Although being handled like this was still frightfully unnerving, he had enough experience by now to put his trust and faith in his giant master. ‘I’ll be as gentle as I can, all right?’ He said in a soft, almost whisper-like

voice.

The hand lowered above the gap of Olly's big and second toe on his right foot, tenderly pressing the speck on his finger into the soft inviting fleshy surface. 'No demands this time, no tasks. Just take your clothes off, enjoy my foot and lemme do the work.' Olly said, his passion showing in the joy glowing from his face.

The giant master not only relished in his dominance over his tiny pet but also his benevolence and ability to smother him with affection. Using his gigantic body to make him feel good was just one way of asserting his power. For Eric, the culmination of the day's events had led him to an almost emotionally unstable state. With his senses constantly overwhelmed, he was finally ready to give in to his body's impulses. Throwing his clothes off, he knew this was an experience he couldn't miss. As something he would never dare to do when Olly was able to see him, Eric took advantage of his pathetically small size and doing, just as Olly said, basking in the amorous atmosphere he was engulfed in. 'Hehe, ok then, ready?'

The loud voice said from the heavens. As those words had echoed under the desk, new darkness had eclipsed the tiny speck, looking up from between Olly's toes. 'Make sure to hang on tight,' he said, in an almost sing-song fashion. Eric's world suddenly tilted as he fell to the fleshy ground, hanging tightly against it. The experience was different from before however, in that his naked body and expanding cock now pressed against the soft and tender flesh. As the shadow grew darker, the smell of feet and sweat intensified. As he turned his head, he saw the light brown pad of Olly's second toe from his left foot, with the clear trajectory of landing directly on top of him, completely enclosing him within the gap.

His minuscule heartbeat rapidly so much he could feel it pulsate throughout his body. Yet still, even then, he held faith Olly knew what he was doing. The soft pad of the toe finally made contact with his back, pressing him deep into the flesh between the toes, allowing it to conform against his body. The effect of the toe sandwiching the tiny speck into the gap allowed him to let go, being held in place and lose all sense of gravity. Not a gap remained where air or light could enter, with the atmosphere around Eric filled with nothing but the pure musky stench of Olly's mountain-sized toes, and despite having no clothes, the full envelopment of the toes kept him completely warm. He felt both physically and mentally airborne, floating on a cloud of bliss.

Down between his legs, he could feel the sensitive raw passion of his raging cock passing against the tight walls of his fleshy prison. Then, ever so gently, Olly's tongue subconsciously held itself outside his lips as he focused intensely on his feet below, rubbing and pressing his toe down on Eric. Without being able to move his own body, every tiny bit of pressure added along with each rubbing motion forced his lust-filled cock to grind against the flesh of Olly's sweaty toe-gap. The heat became so strong, Eric couldn't tell what sweat was his or his giant master's, not that his mind would be able to focus. The tiny's mind was completely lost, thinking of nothing but the exhilarating feeling pressing and rubbing his tiny form. The thought that gave both Olly and Eric mutual pleasure, was that everything Eric could smell was Olly, everything he could see was Olly, everything he could taste was Olly. At that moment, in that place and at that time, his entire world, life and existence revolved around nothing but Olly, and it was that thought which gave the giant a sense of jubilation.

The tiny could no longer hold it in anymore. He was just about ready to explode, as his entire mind was consumed by thoughts of his master. His mind went numb, his body limp, and his fingers and toes clenched fiercely as tight as they could, as he felt the gush of cum shoot straight out of his solid penis. The orgasm and burst of pleasure and pure bliss had made his soul ascend the great heights. He let out a deep sigh as his heart rested, seeing the remains of his load sink into the sweaty crevices of the soft brown flesh in front of him.

As the toe lifted, Eric was flooded with light and fresh air. He just lied there, breathing at a normal pace and staring into the ceiling. 'Did ya finish?' The familiar voice of his master asked. Olly pulled his foot towards himself to look down to where the speck was, wanting to make sure he was left in one piece. Seeing Eric was all right, he lowered his leg and smiled at his foot, knowing in his heart Eric was looking back, probably with an irritated face after exploiting his deep desires. 'I love ya,' Olly said in a childish tone. Eric turned to look away from the giant eyes that stared right back, grunting to himself. Then he whispered in a soft voice to himself, 'I love you too.'

The end