

“FINALLY!” Olly shouted, kicking open the door to the hotel, a giant bag under each of his arms. “That bus ride was freaking TORTURE!”

“You thought YOU were being tortured?” Everett scoffed, walking in much more slowly, a single small bag slung over his shoulder. “Try folding yourself in half in a tiny bus seat for six hours. I swear, every joint in my body was popping by the time we got off.”

“Pfft! No sympathy, dude!” Olly said, dropping his bags and crossing his arms in a big “X” over his chest. “You could have stretched your legs out the whole way here! Stretched them out several MILES long if you wanted and we would have been here in six minutes!”

“Come on Olly, you know I can't go walking around unfamiliar places as a giant...” Everett said, rubbing the back of his head. “Until I know the lay of the land I'm staying at my normal size. Besides, I didn't want a whole crowd of people staring at me wherever I went all weekend.”

“Why not? That sounds awesome! Everyone staring at you, amazed, maybe even a little scared... hehehehe! I'd love that!” Olly snickered, an evil smile on his face.

“Yeah, yeah, I know little guy~” Everett teased, ruffling his far shorter friend's hair, earning him a poisonous glare. “Anyway, its probably too late to go visit your folks so... what do you want to do?”

“Hmmm... I dunno, this dinky little place isn't much bigger than The Giant's Footstool so its not like it has a vibrant night life or anything... wanna just get a drink and relax?” Olly suggested.

“Sure! That sounds nice! What's a good place to drink around here?” Everett asked, slinging his own bag onto the bed.

“What's A place to drink around here you mean; there's only one.” Olly said, checking the pockets on his shorts to make sure he had his wallet and the room key for the motel. “Come on, I'll show you!”

“Lead the way!” Everett said cheerfully, hands in his pockets, amiably ambling along behind his friend.

Everett and Olly had been planning this trip for a few weeks now, ever since Olly had received a letter from his parents. Physical mail was one of the only sure ways to reach him, as Olly often would ignore their calls, texts, and e-mails. It turned out that, in a few months, Olly's brother Val was going to be in town visiting their parents and they all wanted Olly (and Everett, of course) to pay them a visit for the weekend. Olly had seriously considered just junking the letter (spending a full weekend getting teased by his towering relatives wasn't exactly his idea of a good time) but Everett had spotted the letter before he could and had immediately texted Val to confirm that, yes, they would both be there.

Olly, as was no doubt obvious by his skin tone and fiery red hair, wasn't a native of icy cold climate of The Giant's Footstool. His family had moved there before he was born, when Val was six, and it was all he had ever known. He had met Everett when they were both very small and had immediately started a fast friendship that had lasted to this day. Everett had always been close to Olly's family, having none of his own, but Olly had grown to resent his sibling and his parents and the way they treated him. Nevertheless, he still faithfully visited regularly... though he refused to sleep under the same roof as them, preferring to rent a room at the local motel.

Caloria was a beautiful little town, situated next to a beach and warm all year round. The air was warm

and heavy, like a comforting blanket, scented with both the salty tang of the ocean and the sweet perfume of hibiscus. The atmosphere was laid back and calm, nobody in a rush to be anywhere, making it the perfect spot for a small vacation. It was mildly popular among tourists, usually of the older variety, Mrs. Gilden having visited a few times herself, making use of the warm air and bright sun to soothe her aches and pains, so it was crowded but not uncomfortably so. Everett and Olly, usually bundled up from head to toe, were dressed much more freely, with Everett sporting a pair of baggy cargo shorts, a Hawaiian style shirt that was unbuttoned just enough to reveal a few inches of his chest and the shark tooth necklace he was wearing, along with a pair of comfortable sneakers and no show socks. Olly, always the more undressed of the two, was wearing a sleeveless tank top with a tight pair of spandex shorts that hugged his thighs and flip flops. Not usually one to accessorize, a gold bracelet adorned his ankle.

Olly ran ahead of Everett as they made their way down the sidewalk towards the beach side bar, the taller man leisurely strolling through the still night air while Olly dashed like a madman. They passed by a large building that was slated to be demolished next week before reaching the boardwalk. Several stands and kiosks lined the slatted wood path, most closed down by this time of night, though a few were still open, hoping to catch a tourist to sell them a souvenir or two. “Woah, Olly, look at that!” Everett said in awe, pointing to the beach.

“Huh? What? Oh... yeah, it's the annual sand castle competition.” Olly said, shrugging his shoulders. “Basically everyone in town builds a sculpture or something and they keep them up all weekend.”

“Woooooah... that's so cool! How come you never told me about this before?” Everett asked, admiring all the magnificent castles, dragons, mermaids, and other figures he could see filling the beach.

“I dunno... who cares? It's just a bunch of sand.” Olly said, shrugging again, already moving towards a small building situated at the end of the beach. “Come on, it's right there!”

Everett made a mental note to inspect the sand sculptures tomorrow, in the morning light, following behind Olly into the bar. It was more of a hut than anything, open air, with a single bar stretching along the sandy edge of the beach. A few tables were set up in front of it, only one of which was occupied by a young man, slumped over and giggling to himself. Everett couldn't help but smile, lingering slightly as Olly rushed up to the bar. “Hey old man! Been a while!”

“Don't call me old man, I'm barely forty.” A gruff voice issued from behind the bar, a solid looking man rising into view, slinging a towel over his shoulder. “Thought I recognized your voice all the way down the beach. Visiting the folks again, Olly?”

“Yeah, I've been putting it off for a while but this big lug wanted to come along so... not much of a choice.” Olly said, indicating Everett.

The barkeep's eyes widened as he saw Everett, so out of place in this tropical location, with his pure white hair and pale, freckled skin. “Geez, you really do only hang out with giants, don't ya?”

“Stuff it, old man!” Olly shouted, slamming his open palms down on the bar, the giggling man at the table jumping up with a yelp, only to fall over onto the sand.

Everett held out his hand as he reached the bar, smiling warmly. “Hello, sir! My name is Everett! Nice to meet you!”

The barkeep grinned, gripping Everett's hand firmly, giving it a shake. "Hell, how is someone so polite spending time with Olympe over here? The name's Theodore. But you can call me Theo, Ted, Teddy, whatever you like. Just not old man like this joker."

Theodore was a tall man, though not quite as tall as Everett, with deeply tanned skin and bright orange hair which was long enough to tie back into a small ponytail. He was wiry and lean, his expression hard; he exuded the air of a person you wouldn't want to mess with. "So boys... what's your poison? I'm guessing you're Olly's age, Everett?"

"A little older, actually." Everett said, fishing his wallet out of his pocket. "You want to see my ID?"

"Nah, no need for any of that." Ted waved his hand, already grabbing a bottle of Fireball whiskey from under the bar. "I already know what Olly likes."

"Woah, no way old man!" Olly said, shaking his head. "I want to go under tonight and that stuff ain't gonna cut it! Give me some of the hard stuff!"

"You taking it straight?" Ted asked, pulling out a darker bottle with a fancier label.

"Duh, how else?" Olly scoffed, puffing his chest out.

"And you, Everett? You go as hard as Olly?"

"N-No... not really." Everett admitted, cheeks flushing slightly from embarrassment. "I'm... actually kind of a... uh... lightweight. Do you have anything sweet and easy to drink?"

"Really? Well then I have just the thing. It's my own specialty cocktail, made with plenty of fruit juices and mild alcohol. It's so delicious you wouldn't even think you were drinking booze."

Moving with a practiced ease, Ted brought up two glasses and began to work, filling Olly's glass with a double shot while dropping in a single piece of round ice before focusing on Everett's drink. The out-of-towner watched with wide eyes as Ted pulled up various bottles and began to pour, layering the glass with a variety of colorful liquids before inserting a swizzle stick and sharply stirring twice, mixing them all together to create a bright pink drink. Everett applauded, a bright smile on his face, while Ted finished the drink with a small paper umbrella and a wedge of lime. Everett carefully raised the glass to his lips and took a delicate sip, his face almost immediately flushing red from the alcohol. "Woah.... Hehehehe... this is really good! Thanks so much Teddy~"

Ted blinked, glancing over at Olly. It was hard to image a man so robust could be such a lightweight. Olly snickered and threw back the double shot, gulping loudly, slamming the glass back down and pointing at it. "Everything about Everett is huge except for his tolerance. That will probably be the only drink he has tonight."

Ted refilled Olly's drink and chuckled, shaking his head. "You two make a very odd couple but they do say opposites attract."

Olly waved his hand in front of Ted's face and said, "Yes, thank you very much old man, now hows about you leave us alone until I need more booze?"

Ted rolled his eyes and walked off, leaving the two friends alone to chat. Everett had another sip of his drink and sighed happily, staring off over the ocean. "It's so beautiful here Olly... and everyone seems so chill and nice... why didn't you want to move back here with your family?"

Everett remembered that day well; Olly's parents had already packed up the van and started driving while Val had stayed behind to take care of any last minute business. Olly had watched the proceedings sullenly, refusing to help pack and move, while Everett had gone above and beyond to help, as he always did. When all was said and done, Val had turned to Olly with that easy going smile on his face and said, "So little bro... you're sure you want to stay behind here? This place... doesn't really seem like it suits you."

"Whatever! Caloria doesn't suit me either! None of these dumpy little towns suit me!" Olly shouted, hands balled up into fists.

Val chuckled, holding his hands up defensively. It was rather amusing to see, a man so much larger than his brother seemingly intimidated by him. Val was closer to Everett in height and build, his hair and skin tone resembling Olly's, though his hair was longer. "Okay, okay, little bro! Just don't be a stranger, alright? We all love to see you... even when we can't really see you!"

Val and Everett chuckled as Olly fumed, elbowing both the giants on either side of him in the stomach. "Knock it off! Just get out of here already! Mom and Dad will be hours ahead of you if you don't!"

They all said their good byes and Val had driven off, never to be seen by Everett again... until this weekend! The memories faded from his mind as Everett turned to face Olly. "Val was such a cool guy, I really liked hanging out with him... so what happened? Why did you want to stay? You've never been happy at The Giant's Footstool."

Olly gulped down his second drink, sliding the glass down the bar to Ted, who refilled it without looking and sent it sliding back. Olly caught it and sipped this one more thoughtfully, his mind only slightly fuzzy at the moment. "I dunno... gee, I wonder why!" Olly said, his voice starting soft and reflective before taking on the hard edge it usually had. "Can't you think of any reason why I'd stay behind?"

Everett sipped his drink, tilting his head to the left and then to the right, eyes closed, thinking. He let out a thoughtful "Hmmm..." his lips blowing bubbles into his drink. "Nope! I really can't!"

Olly sighed and pointed to a mirror that was hanging behind the bar, over a small sink. "Look right there. That's why I stayed."

Everett looked into the mirror and blinked, confused. He laughed suddenly, leaning in closer to Olly and whispering, "But Olly that's just me!"

"YEAH! It's just you!" Olly said loudly, cheeks tinging red.

"...Ooooooh, you stayed because of me? Awwwwwww, Olly wolly, I looooooove yoooooooou~" Everett said with a giggle, leaning fully on Olly, wrapping his arms around him and squeezing him tightly.

"HISSSSS!" Olly let out a noise not unlike an annoyed cat, his entire body going rigid as he

scrambled to try and escape from his friend's grasp to no avail. The hug lasted only a few seconds before Everett broke it and leaned back on his stool, nearly falling off before catching himself. "Geez, you're way too affectionate like this... when's your other side gonna kick in?"

"Eh? Other side?" Ted said, polishing a glass, interested by this turn in the conversation.

"Yeeeeeeeah, when I drink I start out getting all fuzzy and sweet, but if I keep going I get a little reckless and ruuuuuuude." Everett said, giggling to himself again. "But shhhhh, I don't like talking about that! It's not who I really am so I'm reaaaaaally careful to not go that deep."

"No kidding!" Ted said, eyebrows raised. "That's the complete opposite of what Olly gets like."

"SHUT UP OLD MAN!" Olly yelled, nearly knocking his glass over.

"Whaaaaaaat?" Everett said, blinking slowly, turning to Olly with his mouth wide. "Olly! *Olly* oh my gosh, do you get cute?? Do you get super cute? You've never been really drunk around meeeee!"

"Oh, he turns into an absolute kitten!" Ted said, smirking at Olly. "You know how you're acting right now? That's how he gets."

Everett let out a gasp, his eyes shining so brightly that only the blue could be seen. Olly glared at Ted and shook his fist, the older man grinning mischievously. "I wanna see, I wanna see, I wanna seeeeeeee!" Everett said, his voice almost taking on a sing song quality.

"NO! Absolutely not! I refuse!" Olly said, pushing aside his glass and crossing his arms. "I'm not touching another drop."

"Nooooo, Olly wolly, nooooo, come one, pleeeeeeease, just this once? You've seen me be really drunk already it's not faaaaaaaaair." Everett said, tugging at Olly's shirt, a pouting expression on his face.

"Too bad!" Olly grouched, turning his back on his friend and turning his nose up.

"Pleeeeeeease Olly, pleeeeeeease, just this one time?" Everett asked, holding his hands up, palm to palm, like he was praying.

Olly was about to refuse again... when an idea sprouted in his head. He slowly grinned, turning back around, leaning on the bar, resting his head against one fist. "Okay Everett... how about we compromise? Let's both get drunk! You'll get to see me at my... cutest... and all you have to do is drink a little drink. That's fair, right?"

"Mmmmm... I feel like I'm being tricked..." Everett said, closing his eyes and puffing out one cheek, laying his head down on the bar as he thought. "But okay! Just this once!"

He immediately popped back up and grabbed his glass, gulping down what was left in it and letting out a little hiccup... which sprouted him up a few inches taller! Olly noticed this, his eyes widening slightly. "Uh... Everett... did you just....?"

"Hmmm? Did I just what?" Everett asked, swaying slightly, pointing at his glass. "More please Mr. Teddy, sir~"

Ted shook his head and mixed up another drink for Everett. “Hope you boys aren't about to get too rowdy in here... I'd hate to have to toss you out on your asses.”

“Hehehehehe, you're so responsible Mr. Teddy, sir, I'm super glad I got to meet you.” Everett said, grabbing the drink as soon as it was ready and slurping it down, loudly. He let out a lip smacking “Aaaaaah~”... before falling over backwards onto the sand.

Olly and Ted both leaned over to look down at Everett, the big guy sprawled out on his back, giggling to himself, face now completely red. Ted narrowed his eyes and looked at Olly. “He'd better be okay after all this.”

“He'll be fine. Everett bounces back like nobody's business. I'm pretty sure he couldn't give himself a hangover if he tried.” Olly said confidently.

Suddenly, Everett sprang back up, eyes wide, resuming his place on the stool. His eyelids slowly lowered until they were half covering his eyes, a smile slowly stretching across his face, revealing his pearly white teeth. He turned to Olly, slowly unbuttoning his shirt. “Damn... sure got hot in here all of a sudden, huh?”

It was almost like a completely different person had taken over Everett's body. His slouched posture, his shameless confidence, and his harsher words were strikingly at odds with how he normally acted. Olly smirked and said, “That's just cause you drank too much.”

“Mmmm, yeah, guess so.” Everett said lazily, his shirt now fully open, displaying his thick pecs and tight middle. “So how about it, little guy, you actually going to drink up or what?”

Olly's eye twitched at the comment, but he let it slide... for now. Olly gulped down his drink and let out a sigh. “Alright old man... give me a big one. I'm going under!”

Ted poured out a sizable drink for Olly, one that was guaranteed to knock him on his ass, and said, “This is the last I'm giving either of you tonight. You can hang out here for a few more hours if you want but this is last call.”

Olly let out a long, slow breath... and chugged the drink in one go. He coughed slightly, the alcohol burning even his experienced throat, and closed his eyes, his cheeks glowing bright red. He slowly opened his eyes, his expression soft. He smiled and rubbed the back of his head. “Uh oh... hehehehehe... it's been a while since I've gone this deep! Not sure I like this...”

Everett stared at Olly and laughed. “Oh my god... it's true! You are like a little kitten. Never thought I'd see the day.”

Olly winked and almost stumbled off his stool. “Come on Everett! Let's not hang out here with Teddy. I've got some other ideas!”

“Sure thing little buddy.” Everett said, slouching off his stool and stumbling out of the bar and onto the sandy beach. “Where to?”

“Hmmm.... That old abandoned building!” Olly said, dropping a stack of bills on the bare before

skipping along ahead of Everett. “Come on now, come on now, lets get moving!”

Ted shook his head as he watched the two men leave, turning his attention back to the only other customer in the place. “Come on Lars, get up off your ass and get outta here already, I wanna close up.”

The giggling man from earlier groaned and slowly got to his feet, shuffling off into the night without another word. Ted gathered up the money, put it in his lock box, tucked it under his arm, and went home. The night continued on, growing more silent and still... with the noticeable exception of Olly and Everett. They had reached the abandoned building and Olly excitedly point it out, jumping up and down. “See, see? This thing is supposed to be demolished next week, right?”

“Yeah?” Everett said, not catching on.

“Well... how about we give them a hand?” Olly said with a grin.

“...Ooooh, I gotcha~” Everett said, smirking. He grabbed Olly's arm and immediately began to grow. Higher and higher they stretched into the night sky, not stopping until they towered over the three story building, the roof only reaching Everett's knees. “There we go... don't want to get too big and not have any fun.”

Olly's eyes shined with delight as he realized it had finally happened. He was BIG. Bigger than everyone... except Everett but he was willing to accept that reality... for now. Ever since Everett had received his powers from the mountain, Olly had been begging Everett to let him grow, to allow him to experience the power of being a true giant but Everett had always refused. He didn't explicitly say it out loud, but Olly knew his reasoning: he didn't fully trust his friend to be responsible. Well, now it didn't matter. Even through the haziness of his blissful drunkenness, Olly felt a surge of primal satisfaction. His cute smile turned slightly sinister as he slipped his foot out of the sandal, resting his bare foot right on top of the roof. He wiggled his toes slightly, clenching them, the powerful digits cracking into the concrete like it was made of sugar. He applied the slightest pressure, the supports letting out a shriek of protest as they began to buckle. Everett slumped down to the ground on the sidelines, content to just watch Olly have his fun.

“Oopsie, I don't think I can hold baaaaaaack~” Olly said with a snicker, straightening his leg fully, his foot smashing through the roof, the third floor, the second floor, all the way down to the ground. He was left straddling the building slightly, his leg stuck. With a grunt of effort, Olly kicked his leg free, the powerful brown trunk of his leg smashing through the concrete, steel, and glass effortlessly, the front wall of the building already collapsing in on itself. “Mmmmm, man, this feels reaaaally good~”

Olly sighed and flopped down on the ground next to Everett, snuggling up against him like a cat, a contented smile on his face. “Thaaaaaanks Everett for letting me play!”

“Hehe... sure thing little guy, sure thing.” Everett said, blushing slightly. He had to admit... even though deep down he knew this was wrong and reckless... he was enjoying himself watching Olly demolish the building. In fact... “Here, Olly, stand up, I want to try something.”

“Ooooooh? Okie dokie!” Olly said, getting to his feet.

Once again, Everett grabbed Olly's arm, exerting his power and growing both of them. Olly felt the new surge of power flooding his body and reveled in it, eyes closed, barely noticing when Everett let

go. Frowning slightly, Olly opened his eyes, the dark brown orbs widening as he saw the building was now no larger than his foot... and Everett was back to his normal size, grinning up at his friend and waving. Olly held his arms up in front of him, dancing happily in place, his gigantic feet slamming into the ground with enough force to cause an earthquake, the ground cracking and splitting around them, nearly sending the already partially demolished building to the ground. "Evereeeeeeett! Thank you so, so much, this is amaaaaaaazing!"

He leaned down and roughly grabbed his friend, bringing him up to his face and rubbing him gently against his cheek. Everett felt his stomach drop as he was suddenly and violently raised into the air, feeling nauseous to the point that he thought he might throw up... only to feel instantly comforted as he was pressed against Olly's soft, warm cheek. He patted his friend's cheek the best he could with his hands, leaning into the flesh and nuzzling it, feeling completely at peace.

"Okay Olly... now give that building a good stomp!" Everett ordered, grinning playfully.

"Don't hafta tell me twice!" Olly said with a chuckle, lifting his foot up on his heel and pivoting his foot until it was looming over the building. Slowly, he lowered his foot until the sole was resting on top of what remained of the roof, the entire structure trembling from the weight, as though it was a sentient creature that was aware of what was coming. Without a second thought, Olly allowed his full weight to rest on top of the building, his foot becoming flush with the ground within seconds, utterly crushing the building to rubble with a deep, booming THOOM of a step. Olly grinned and swiveled his foot, crushing the rubble even further into the ground. "That... felt awesome~"

Everett chuckled. Olly had placed him on his shoulder before crushing the building and the athletic man wasn't about to stay put. He grabbed a handful of Olly's tank top material and slid down his friend's body, sliding down the smooth incline of Olly's leg before landing in a sprawling heap on the ground. Dusting himself off, he got to his feet, standing up and up and up, until the size difference between him and Olly was back to normal. Olly pouted as he had to look up at Everett again, but the bad feelings didn't last long. "Come on!" Everett said, pointing to the ocean. "Let's go for a swim! I wanna swim!"

"Weeeeeeee! Swim time, swim time!" Olly cheered, running ahead, not a care in the world where his feet were falling.

Everett followed suit, also oblivious, their gigantic stompers smashing through the street, digging up the ground, and destroying the roads. Luckily, they managed to step over the kiosks and residential houses... unfortunately, once they reached the beach, the sculptures weren't so lucky. With one careless swipe of his foot, Everett demolished half of the sculptures on the beach, Olly watching wide eyed from the sidelines as it happened. Both men held their hands in front of their mouths as they realized what had just happened, the experience almost instantly sobering them. "Oh no, oh no, oh gosh, oh no..." Olly said, gently, so very gently now, picking his way across the beach to Everett, clinging to his body.

Everett swiftly shrank them back down, looking horrified at what he had done. "Olly... I just... I just destroyed all these people's hard work! What... what can I... what should I..."

"It's okay, it's okay, it's okay!" Olly immediately said, patting his friend on the back, rubbing it up and down. "Don't worry big guy we just... we'll just explain what happened! I'm sure everyone will understand!"

“That's not good enough...” Everett said, wiping his forehead shakily. “I need... okay, I have a plan. Just... I just need a little bit of time to sober up... Can you... get me some water?”

The two men sat together on the beach with a jug of water between them, sipping at it, slowly waiting as the alcohol began to leave their system. Both men felt guilty as they realized what they had done, what they had allowed themselves to do. They had both realized the kind of power a giant had, at least on a theoretical level, but experiencing it like this, how easy it was to cause damage not just intentionally, but unintentionally, was mentally sobering. Everett gazed sadly out over the ocean, hugging his legs, chin resting on his knees. “I'm so stupid... I can't believe I let myself get crazy like that...”

“It's not your fault, dude.” Olly said softly, patting Everett on the back, looking off to the side. “It's all my fault... I was the one who pushed you to drink and got you to grow me... just because I wanted to have a little fun.”

“Well... we can spend all night blaming ourselves... or we can do something about this. We still have about five hours until sunrise so... how about we fix this mess?”

“What did you have in mind?”

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The next morning brought with it a shocking surprise for the citizens of Caloria. Beyond the suddenly demolished building and the rough condition of the roads, things which nobody was paying too much attention to at the moment, there was an enormous sand castle, taking up almost half of the entire beach and, standing next to it, was an equally enormous man, tired and sheepish, indicating the structure with his arms. “T-Ta daaaaaaah! Hey everyone! My name is Everett! I'm, uh, a visitor to your town and uh... I had a little accident last night with the sand sculptures. Nothing I can do can make up for the art that was lost but... I hope you all enjoy this castle I made! It's sturdy enough that you can actually go inside and well...I think it's pretty cool! So... yeah... e-enjoy!”

Without another word, he stepped off the beach, slowly shrinking as he made his way back to the motel, not meeting anyone's eyes. He reached his normal height as he walked into the motel, shrinking more and more, until he was the size of a mouse, flopping forward onto his face on the floor, groaning miserably. Olly, who was sitting on his bed, having just finished his shower (while Everett had been able to build the basic structure of the castle, it had fallen on him to do a lot of the finer detailing inside, hollowing out rooms and such, leaving him covered head to toe in sand), frowned as he saw this display. Gently, he scooped Everett up into his hand and laid down on the bed, pressing his friend against his chest. Neither of them said a word. Both were too exhausted by the events of the previous night. They had no idea how the citizens of Caloria would react to their antics but for now, all they could do was rest.

“Hey Olly?” Everett said softly, his voice barely a squeak.

“Yeah, Everett?” Olly whispered back.

Everett snuggled up against his friend's chest, the warmth of his skin and the steady beating of his heart filling him with peaceful calm. “Thanks for always being there for me.”

Olly immediately blushed a dark red, his heart beating faster from the kind words. “S-Sure, Everett... any time... every time... all the time.”

Everett smiled softly, no more words passing between the two friends, as they both drifted off to sleep.

The End