

Miscommunication

Chapter 1

story by an anonymous commissioner
written by Ubersalamander

Leaned against a remote control taller than he was, David absorbed the aspect of his owner. She had been his world for five years, and he had been her closest companion. But, if the reflection shining across her glasses was anything to go by, he wouldn't hold that title for long. She smiled at her phone as words appeared in the reflection, and her thumbs couldn't tap out a response any faster.

Her name was Emily, and honestly, David was surprised this hadn't happened sooner. She was no prom queen, but her slim body boasted plenty of curves at both ends, and her freckles, brown eyes, and frizzy, brown hair stood in a kind of cute contrast to her pale skin. Were he not one-fifth of one inch tall, perhaps David would be the one texting her. Alas, he could only watch as someone else received the attention that had formerly been all his.

Her toes curled idly, flashing David a hint of her black nail polish from high above. She'd propped her feet on the table like always, but the appendages loomed over him so much that he may as well have been an ant staring up at a skyscraper. He gazed up at wrinkles on her sole that could rival the waves of a gentle surf, ridges he could lie within and take a nap. There was a fluttering in his gut. It always happened when he was this close to her feet. He watched the wrinkles grow and shrink as her toes flexed far above; the prior thoughts vanished from his mind, and he rose off the remote and stepped toward her sole. It was almost calling to him. Arm outstretched, fingers spread, he approached with a hardening in his groin. The waves in her sole receded as her toes unfurled and lifted back to their standing positions. Still, he took another step forward, his eyes glued to the flat plane stretched taught by little more than her idle thoughts... until the whole wall of flesh collapsed in front of him. It was like a mountain falling into a gorge, but David knew from experience that his owner had merely placed her feet on the floor. She looked down on him, her face beaming with excitement far further away than even her toes had been.

"Nick says he's on his way!" Emily called down, her voice almost buzzing with joyful energy. David sighed; Nick again. He folded his arms as he looked back at her. She seemed not to notice at first. "Are you ready to meet him?" she asked, but then her brow furrowed and she leaned in closer to her pet. "What's wrong, David?"

He was too annoyed to gaze into the chasm beyond the neckline of her tank top. David was going to be abandoned in his little house while the couple had their date. It had happened before, only now that date was in Emily's house... within earshot of the tiny man. Well, that was the plan anyway. "I want to stick around after I meet him," he called up at her, finally, his arms still crossed firmly over his chest.

Her lips pressed together as she thought. "I don't know..." she mumbled. "He might not..." her voice trailed off as she let a finger curl beneath her lip, the arm it was connected to pushing her cleavage even tighter as it performed the motion.

The petulant child act rarely worked on her. David breathed another sigh; he was too small for her to notice such a slight shift in his body language. So, he let his arms flop and his shoulders droop in a dramatic show. "It's just..." he started, layering his voice with the soggiess of someone on the verge of tears. "You've been spending so much time with him... leaving me alone so much..." he sniffled here for good measure. "I just want to be involved when you're having fun." His hands clasped together in front of his pelvis; the full-on praying motion was too cliché, but this pose would be reminiscent enough to implant the same idea. "Please?"

Emily looked down at him, quizzically. Had he laid it on too thick? He was getting nervous, threatening to break beneath her gaze. But then, her face bloomed into a loving smile. *That* was what nearly broke him in the end; the butterflies in David's stomach were always elated when she trained that smile on him. "Ok, if Nick's ok with it, you can watch the movie with us." she cooed down.

"Oh! Thank you!" David called to her. He walked across the table toward her, his arms

outstretched. Knowing the signal, she brought her finger down and gently poked it into the little man's chest. She rubbed him softly while he hugged her fingertip, but guilt sat like a pit in his gut. His reflection looked back at him from her dark nail polish. He hated manipulating her. However, he hated more the thought of being left alone during the date.

There was a knock at the door that made David flinch. "He's here!" Emily whispered to him excitedly. Her finger was ripped from the tiny man's grasp. She rose to her full height, so much larger than she'd been sitting down, staggering to anyone not used to such a vast size difference. But not to David; this had been his whole life, and such the sight was as normal as a tree to a squirrel or water to a duck. Still, his eyes couldn't help but be drawn to the curves of her body, even after all the time she'd owned him. In fact, the urge seemed to be getting worse since she'd re-entered the dating pool. He watched her ass quiver within her gray shorts as she glided to the door with overflowing excitement. The only thing that stole away his attention was when the door parted and golden, late-afternoon sunlight flowed into the darkened room. And then there was Nick.

"Hey!" Emily said, nearly squealing. From his position on the table, David saw the two silhouettes kiss. He grimaced as his owner's smaller form seemed to melt into the man's for a moment.

"Hey," the man said, his deeper voice chuckling a bit. The pair shut the door behind them, sealing away the outside light. Emily tapped at her phone, and the smart bulbs in the room lit up with a warm, ambient glow, giving David his first real look at Nick. Grasping the woman around her hip stood a man on the shorter side of average height, but still nearly six inches taller than Emily. His hair was straight and dark, complimenting a tanned body. He was not thin, but slim, like an avid runner, and the cut of his jeans and tee suited him well.

"Nick, this is David," Emily said, gesturing toward the couch and coffee table. "David, this is Nick."

"Where is he?" Nick was scanning the indicated area, but his eyes never met David's the way Emily's had.

"Oh, I forget you're not used to looking out for a tiny. He's on the table, between the remote and the edge. Come on, we'll go over."

The pair uncoupled, and Emily pulled Nick to the table by his hand. "Oh, there he is!" Nick smiled, and David glared up at the two giants. He stifled his disdain, however, when Emily knelt down to put her enormous face even with the tiny man.

"Yeah, he's not easy to see; he was the smallest at the shop. I lost him a lot at first, but it's amazing how quickly you can learn to spot something so small if you care about it." At this, Emily flashed David another of her heart-stopping smiles.

Nick lowered himself to their level. "Hi, David," he whispered, and held his hand up in an awkward wave.

"You don't have to whisper," Emily said. "I don't know how, but he hears just like you or me. And if you concentrate, you can hear him. See?" She gave David an expectant look.

The tiny man considered only mouthing the words as a prank, but thought better of it. "Hey, Nick." He returned the larger man's awkward wave.

"Nick, would you mind if David watched the movie with us?"

Nick rose away from the table as he sat back on his legs. Emily followed suite, leaving David with the familiar sight of two giants talking about him without his input.

"I don't know," Nick said. "I mean, I don't think I mind, but do you think it's a good idea? I don't want to accidentally hurt him."

"Oh, you'll be fine! I know how gentle you can be." David detected a bit of a double meaning when she said this. Emily continued, "I just wanted to make sure you would be comfortable with it." She paused. "I don't think he's worried about being hurt; it was his idea."

"Well... ok then," Nick replied, flashing them both an accepting smile.

"Great!" Emily leapt to her feet, towering over both men in that moment. "I'll make us some popcorn!" She exited the room with the same excited skipping she'd used when answering the door, leaving the two boys to catch each other drooling over the two globes within her shorts. They were

now alone but for each other.

The men tried small talk, but there was little in common between the everyday twenty-something and the tiny guy who'd known nothing except being a literal pet. So, it was unsurprising when their conversation died off almost as soon as it began, and the dead air was taken up by the popping echoing in from the kitchen. They twiddled their thumbs until finally, after the fourth awkward glance at his phone, Nick stood from where he knelt beside David.

As the man took a seat on the couch, Emily strode back into the room with a large bowl, steam and a buttery scent trailing behind her. She gave Nick the popcorn and retrieved David with practiced fingers. "I think you two should sit together so you'll be more comfortable with each other. I'll hold the popcorn," Emily said. She placed David between Nick's legs, took the bowl back from her boyfriend, and then shook David's world as she landed on the couch on the other side of Nick's left thigh. She gave David a crumb of popcorn to munch on, and then grabbed the remote. The TV was turned on, the lights darkened, the movie selected, and opening credits played...

Most of David's entertainment came from movies; a specially-tuned listening device in the remote let him control it with his voice when Emily wasn't around. He'd seen this one before. It was a rom-com that was ineffective on the "com" part, and so his mind wandered. He imagined Emily was the protagonist and he was the guy she lusted after. Or, better still, he was the best friend with unrequited love for her. After he was stolen away by a more attractive but unpleasant woman, Emily would realize it was him she wanted, and the two of them would end up together and live happily ever after. The thought excited his emotions, especially as the moans of a sex scene excited his body.

However, David wasn't the only one excited. The rustling behind him began so quietly that he didn't notice it at first, but in only a few seconds, the sound was too much to ignore. Tearing his attention from the movie and the thoughts it had wrought, David turned to find the denim wall behind him growing. He spun around, and as his mind grasped the connection, he backpedaled on his palms away from the expanding beast. But, the thing kept growing. Larger and larger the bulge grew, running along Nick's pants leg so that it was right beside David, even as he pulled himself away from it.

Embarrassment, annoyance, incredulity... the little man felt all three, but they were all so strong as to overpower each other. He sat there with no reaction except to simply stare at the monster straining against its fabric confinement. That is, until a massive, nail-polished hand curled over Nick's thigh and laid its fingers over the girthy bulge. The appendages merely explored at first; gently touching the outlines of the organ, tracing the edges of its giant head, palming the shaft to take in its size. Then, as Emily became friskier, the hand traveled up and down its length, her fingers teasing the bell-shaped tip with every pass. For all that, Nick kept remarkably calm, but David could feel the tension building; as Emily's strokes sped up, the couch seat warped, first one way, then the other from the larger man's flexing thigh muscles.

The hand eventually left Nick's leg, but it wasn't finished with him. Before David could breathe a sigh of relief, Emily's fingers grasped the zipper of the giant's pants. She carefully pulled it down, as if the tiny man wouldn't be able to hear the work of a mechanism as big as he was. Then she snapped apart the clasp, and her hand disappeared within the fabric. There was tugging, pulling, and a bit of fondling, but after some help from Nick's hand, the painted nails reappeared as barely-visible dots within two overflowing mounds of flesh.

David was stunned. The largest pair of testicles he'd ever seen spilled from the parted zipper. Their mass reverberated through the couch cushion as Emily released them. Looming over the set, as well as David, was a cock to match. It had it all: a shapely form, above-average length, and girth to rival a freight train. The little man's mind could barely comprehend it all. He'd seen sets of tackle on adult-rated films, but his first sight of a live specimen being so close and so big... it really put his own set in perspective- even if the two men had been born equal in height.

Emily seemed intrigued by it all as well. While her palm gently brushed the surface of Nick's sack, her fingers explored every detail. They ran along the wrinkled skin as though her

fingertips were surfing the folds, and pushed beneath the surface to feel the circumference of each testis. She gripped a little strand of hair and gave it a light, teasing tug as she followed it to its end. Once more her black nails disappeared beneath the heavy orbs, and Emily palmed as much of Nick as she could. Feeling their weight one last time, her thumb rubbed the top of the bunched mass, just like she rubbed David's head when he sat in her hand. The little man watched the wavy skin be pushed aside with each loving stroke.

Then her fingers moved northward, releasing the testicles to rest again on the couch cushion. They seemed to expand toward David as they took on their own weight, but he was more concerned with what was going on above his head. His owner's fingertips traced the veins of Nick's erect cock until she reached his tip. Her thumb stroked the top of it like his balls before, while the rest of her fingers wrapped around beneath. Moving down, her thumb joined its brethren as much as it could; the girth of his shaft kept it from touching the opposing fingers, even as she tightened her grip.

David could only watch in horror as her hand moved down Nick's length, and then after reaching its base, returned in the opposite direction. Quakes in the couch made him feel the larger man tensing from the stimulation, but Emily stroked again, and again. One pass moved the cock aside a bit. David looked up at the giant couple, his mouth hanging open dumbfounded, demanding some kind of answer for what they were doing. But, no answer came. Their eyes were glued to the television as if nothing was happening down below, the only evidence being a naughty smile at the corner of Emily's lips.

Finally, the stroking stopped. Her hand retreated, and David sighed with relief. Her face descended until it hung overhead like a storm cloud. He expected his mistress to address him then, but his brow furrowed when he noticed her eyes were closed. Her mouth opened. The tongue it held slithered out... and David nearly jumped out of his skin when it lapped at the pulsating tip of Nick's cock.

"Emily, wha...!" But she wasn't listening for him. Consumed with lust, she wrapped her lips around the giant dick and took it up in her mouth. Inches of the shaft disappeared as she descended on it. David stared at the movements of her chin, only able to imagine what her tongue was doing as drool rolled down the cock and dripped around him. Her head bobbed up and down, and again the little man felt Nick tensing in preparation for release.

The larger man gasped, far above. Emily's eyes pried apart, but her pupils were rolled back in her skull. Drops of white, sticky fluid trickled from the edges of her lips. Nick's gasps subsided until they became a tired panting, and David heard the distinct sound of his owner slurping up and swallowing the fruits of her labor. Finally relieved, the cock in her mouth began to lose its rigidity. With a final kiss, Emily let it slip from her mouth, and the deflating member slammed onto the couch cushion. David had just enough of his wits to jump backward from its path, but it wasn't enough to avoid being showered in spittle from the impact.

The couch shook as Emily sunk along its length until her head came to rest on Nick's thigh, with the man laying his arm over her hip. There the couple remained and resumed their movie watching as though nothing had happened. But down below, David sat face-to-face with Nick's penis. It sat as an exhausted beast, running down from over the mountainous balls like an ailing serpent. Not a single drop of cum leaked from its eye; Emily had sucked it clean.

David needed as much recovery as the couple. What he'd just witnessed was unprecedented for him. He'd seen approximations on TV. He'd seen vulgar advertisements while Emily browsed the net. He's even watched Emily pleasuring herself. But, this was different. This was a new level. The little man stood; still the tip of Nick's cock dwarfed him, even as limp as it was.

He jumped, waved his arms, even called her name; Emily didn't notice him for several minutes. When her eyes finally landed on him, her head rose from Nick's thigh. She let David crawl into her palm, and then entombed him with her fingers protectively.

"We'll be right back," he heard her say, and then he felt the familiar shaking and shifts in gravity as she rose and carried him away.

"Is something wrong, David?" her voice was filled with genuine concern.

“Whatever this is- that was- it needs to end,” he said, his crossed arms now no longer and act.

She looked at him, concern in her eyes. “What do you mean? You don't like the movie?” Now that he had her attention, she could hear him with no problem.

“What? No! I mean, the movie's fine. I'm talking about what happened with you and Nick.”

“Oh... we tried not to disturb you.”

“That's not what I meant. It's just... I mean... I want...” What did he want? He wanted Emily. He wanted Nick gone, so he could have her to himself. Yet, he also wanted to *be* Nick: to have the girl he loved see him as a desirable sexual partner. But he couldn't tell her that. Not only because of the embarrassing, complex, metaphorical nature of the idea, but because none of the words would come to him. In his frustration, he could only gesture and splutter. Finally, he managed to string together enough words to say, “... be involved, not left alone.”

Through all this, Emily's expression transformed from one of concern to an amused grin. When the little man finished his tantrum, she was wearing one of her heart-melting smiles, but he was too incensed for it to have any effect. “Oh, David, I've never seen you act like this,” she used a finger to gently ruffle his hair. “It's cute!”

David tried to pull away, but her finger was too powerful. He nearly fell over trying to flee from its oppression. His owner chuckled, and then smiled down at him. “Yeah, ok,” she said after some time to digest his words. “I'm sorry you felt left out. You can be more involved.” David noted that her smile shifted away from the 'Adoring Pet Owner' and back to the 'Naughty Girlfriend,' complete with a bite of her lower lip.

He didn't have a moment to consider this change, however, as he found himself sliding into Emily's cleavage. Her chest seemed to swallow him up, but the tight grip of her bra kept him from slipping down into its depths. Still, the mounds were large enough to rise up around him so that he was safely and firmly held in their tight embrace. He let his prior anger leave him with a sigh, and allowed his owner's flesh to caress him as each step caused his world to jiggle. This was David's favorite way to be carried. Aside from the sexual element, the spot was warm, safe, and he could look out to the world without it being allowed to look back. Emily's heartbeat was a relaxing, omnipresent pulse that he could feel in his core, as though their bodies had merged into one. This was something Nick could never experience; being completely absorbed within Emily was David's gift alone.

“Where's David?” Nick asked as Emily sat back down beside him.

The woman giggled, and parted her breasts just enough for the two men to see each other. “He said he wants to be more... involved.”

The larger man looked back to her, confused. “Oh... ok?”

She let her cleavage fall back to its place over David. Then, the little man's sanctuary quaked as Emily climbed atop her partner's lap. The flesh around him bulged tighter, compressed against Nick's chest. “I have something in mind,” she whispered into the man's ear.

David heard lips smacking, and two mouths sucking as if their survival depended on how much of the other's lips they could pull in. As quickly as it had returned, David's confidence left him again. Space was quickly becoming a luxury he couldn't afford; the longer they made out, the closer the giant bodies came to each other, until the tightness David had once enjoyed was made into a compression he struggled against. Nick's heartbeat reverberated through the flesh just like Emily's did. The little man noted that the pace of both was increasing as though they were bouncing off each other. At the same time, the two bodies moved in together in a rhythm almost equally as fast.

With a final smack, Emily pulled away from her lover, her breasts dropping back to their natural place. David's view shifted rapidly from Nick's chest to his knees. Emily's arms rose above him, her hands fiddling with the larger man's crotch. Nick shifted his weight a few times, and David saw Emily pulling the man's pants and underwear until they were out of sight. The giant penis now hovered over him once again, made erect from the motions Emily's pelvis had performed on it during their makeout.

Then, it was beneath him, below even the breasts snuggling him. His owner's arms shifted,

but the maneuvers they performed were hidden below her chest. However, the little man felt something approaching. Something, and a large something at that, was pushing up through the cleavage, like a sea monster parting water as it rocketed to the surface. He had an idea of what it could be- and he was too right.

Nick's cock erupted from the depths of Emily's chest, shoving David aside as it sprouted higher and higher into the air. The little man fell against it, the slope of the mound he found himself against too steep to hold him by itself.

"This isn't what I meant!" he screeched as much in fear as in anger, but as before, the two giants were too preoccupied with each other to notice.

Then, the dick began sliding back down from whence it had sprung. Its clammy skin gripped David, and snatched him down beneath the surface of the breast waves. He was squished between two types of flesh, one the soft, giving, gentle mass he knew and loved, the other an iron-hard rod he was regrettably so recently acquainted with. He could barely breathe within the depths of Emily's cleavage; even as he hated the situation, he didn't want to be left stranded there if the cock decided to descend so far as to leave the breasts completely. So, when the meaty column started to rise again with David still squeezed against it, the little man was thankful, at least just a bit. However, the pressure between the two giants caused his body to roll. Both sides of him took in both forms of flesh, his destination and orientation both completely out of his control. While Emily gave Nick the titfuck of his life, David was rolled and mashed between them like nothing more than a piece of lint.

Then the pressure released all at once. Emily's breasts plummeted away, leaving David suspended in the air while she tossed away her bra and rubbed her bare boobs. For a moment, he thought was going to fall, but then he realized there was still hot skin clinging to his back. With another screech, he desperately scrambled to turn around, digging his fingers into the spongy surface keeping him so far up. When David regained the courage to look down, he saw Nick's hand far below, resting atop his balls and wrapped around his hard rod. Then, the hand released, and David's stomach churned as both he and the organ fell onto the couch.

His legs were pinned under the tip. Still, the curve of the massive object made it loom over him. He was eye-level with its crest.. and could only look up in horror as a giant, thick, bulging glob seeped from its hole. The drop grew until it began to hang from its own weight. David gulped, preparing for impact as it rolled down the bellend and fell closer, and closer, and closer...

The cock lifted off him just in time for the precum to fall just short of his feet, but the little man had no time to give a thankful prayer. Fingertips scooped him up- he knew from their tenderness that they belonged to Emily- and he was dropped onto the spongy surface of the cock tip after a bit of shuffling. He stood, but quickly fell back to his knees when he saw the dizzying height between him and the floor. No amount of shrunken durability could save him from a drop like that, and the swaying dick was a more precarious position than he'd ever been in. Even so, the sound of compressing couch cushions snatched his attention from thoughts of his own mortality.

Emily was sitting on the couch, her legs pulled up in a kind of crunch as she slipped her shorts and panties around her ankles. She let her legs down with a tantalizing slowness, spreading them and allowing the clothes to fall away from from one of her feet. Lust was in her eyes as she lay there fully bare, breasts lolling in their freedom, her shaven pussy on full display for the two gentlemen before her.

David was forced to hold on as Nick approached her. Emily's legs rested on her lover's shoulders, and the tiny man was instantly face-to-face with the lips of his owner's womanhood. Its lips contorted to the shape of the hardened rod as Nick teased her exterior, smearing precum wherever his cock explored. David knew what came next. Leaping to his feet, he made a dash toward Nick's body, running down the shaft as fast as he could without losing his balance. Veins seemed to reach out for his feet as they pulsed, finally tripping him and throwing him down as Nick lined up for his initial push. The tiny man crawled back to his feet, pausing just long enough to look back. Emily's pussy was parting as her lover's girth entered it. David ran again, but he was losing ground against Nick's forward momentum. Finally, he reached the base of the giant's shaft. The

precipice of Emily's lips loomed closer and closer as Nick's cock disappeared within her. David searched frantically for somewhere to go, but his only option was to splatter himself across the top of the man's foot.

Fortunately, Nick chose that moment to pull back. The lips receded, but only a bit, and only for a moment. A second later, the giant cock reversed direction, thrusting back in. When it again retreated, David saw that it hadn't come out as much as it had before. Each push and pull left more of the shaft inserted into the giant pussy. His owner's labia grew closer and closer. He held his breath as a final thrust forced him inside.

Nick's girth was overwhelming. It filled Emily up so that David again found himself flattened between the two giants' flesh. Every thrust mashed him between them and sent him further inside his owner until he was at the epicenter of the couple's lovemaking. As the speed of their sex increased, so too did the chaos it wrought upon the tiny man. Nick's cock barreled into the place like a drilling a tunnel, smashing all in its way, David included. Every vein struck him like a limb on a passing tree, and the lip of the organ's bellend scooped him up and shoved him around until he lost all sense of direction. Sticky liquid seeped around him, a combination of both giants' fluids that coated him as it coated everything else inside the vagina. While it lessened the impact of Nick's thrusts, it did so by making David slide around easier, and also adhered him to whatever flesh he happened to be on when the enormous rod retreated. Sometimes he was carried along with the beast, though he never went as far as to break out into fresh air. Other times, he was stuck to the walls of Emily's interior until the cock forced its way back over him. Either way, he was squeezed between the two giants as their bodies rocked with passion, and he felt Emily's orgasm when her powerful muscles mashed him even more into the iron shaft.

A final, forceful push sent David sliding across the pussy's walls until he came to a rest just below Nick's tip. He allowed his eyes to open for a second, but that second was all it took for a cry of shock escaped him. The dick throbbed menacingly. The tiny man only just managed to wrench his eyes closed before a stream of thick, white, heavy semen erupted out. It struck him like a firehose, coating him with a mass that clung to him and dragged him down the wall until he was at the bottom of the tip. He struggled to stand, but still the cum kept shooting. Any progress he made in digging himself out of the pile was reversed in an instant.

As Nick's size lessened from his release, the pool of semen found its way down the sides of the shaft and flowed out into the world. David was carried along with the stream; tired, defeated, and humiliated, he allowed the current to take him where it would. He landed on the couch with a splat.

The next minutes were a blur for David. He never passed out, at least not fully, but the experience had numbed him to the point of apathetic insobriety. He saw Nick dismount, and the lovers kiss far above him. He felt himself being picked up and examined, then carried somewhere. Finally, he regained lucidity when he felt himself being gently rinsed with warm water.

He was in Emily's palm. Both giants were there, and they were both looking down at him with tender expressions. Regardless, a fire ignited in David's gut. He stood, about to give them a piece of his mind, but something in their eyes made him pause.

As if sensing the moment, Emily's smile grew into the one he loved so much. "That was so good, David!"

"Yeah," Nick added, his voice low, but sweet. "I'm glad you decided to join us."

"We felt you the whole time! It was amazing, David, the best we've ever had! Thank you," Emily said, and then her lips overwhelmed him with a loving kiss.

"I think he should be there next time, too. He can even come to dinner if you're ok with it."

"I think that'll be wonderful! The three of us together!"

Emotions whirled within David. He hadn't liked the experience on bit, but this attention, this love... could that make it worth it all?

Nick left a little while later. David watched the couple kiss, but this time he felt... well, nothing. It was as if he'd been reborn. When Emily went to bed, she placed him in the little house on her nightstand. She gave him his customary good-night peck, but somehow this one felt more

meaningful. David climbed into bed himself, but he couldn't sleep. He stared at the plastic ceiling, contemplating just how he felt about the day.

“Maybe... maybe I didn't like this because I didn't *want* to like it,” he whispered to himself. He felt himself gradually coming to terms with the situation. Emily still loved him, and Nick was a fine guy; she could do much, much worse for herself and David. Once he accepted that, the rest didn't seem like much at all. “Maybe this isn't so bad; maybe I can learn to enjoy this, too.” After that final thought, he allowed sleep to carry him away in its warm, gentle bosom.