



## Chapter 1 - In Ron's Hands

“Ha... y? ... Harry...?”

“One more minute, Aunt Petunia...” Harry grumbled, turning over and adjusting his blanket.

As the mist of slumber enveloped him once more, a hand ruefully grabbed his shoulder, shaking him awake. Harry shot up, very nearly headbutting the person shaking him awake—it was Ron, as he immediately realized—in the head. “Wh-what’s happening?” he asked while hurriedly putting his glasses on.

Now that he was awake, it became painfully obvious something was up. Although it was still dark outside of the Gryffindor dorm’s windows, bright flashes of color illuminated Hogwarts’ grounds. Ron’s hair was sticking up and his skin looked burned in several places; however, his face was slit by a huge, unrestrained grin. Despite being barefoot and wearing his pajamas, the ginger boy had hurriedly thrown a cloak on his shoulders.

“It’s brilliant, Harry! Just brilliant! You need to see that!” Without waiting for a reply, Ron grabbed him by the wrist and hauled him out of bed and the room, not even letting Harry snatch his wand.

Outside of the dorm room, it was anarchy. Several groups of upperclassmen were keeping the younger students from wandering out of the common room, but everyone was too agitated to make sense of any of it. As Ron barreled through the room, screaming “Prefect! Let me through, I’m a prefect,” Harry spotted a dozen first years huddled in a corner, looking terrified. Neville, Seamus and a few other other fifth years were looking through a window, pointing and laughing.

Then he saw it. Through the gaping doorway of the common room, which the Fat Lady left open, a dragon could be seen. It wasn’t covered in scales, it looked like it was made of sentient fire, sparkling and constantly shifting colors and shapes. A fireworks dragon!

“It’s so cool, right?” Ron exclaimed. Harry almost jumped, having mostly forgotten that his friend was still guiding him through the crowd. “Fred and George found a way to find a thousand of their pranks in a pocket-sized bag, and they spent the night scattering them all over the castle. They said that Umbridge tried to charm a flying sun into submission and it attacked her—she lost all of her hair! Bald as an asscheek!”

“Wow, that’s so cool! Did they-hey, you! Wait!” As Harry was talking, a second year student ran right past him and towards the rampaging dragon in the corridor. Out of instinct, Harry ran after her; he grabbed her and pushed her out of the way, just as the fireworks dragon started swirling and losing shape. All Harry could hear was his name screamed by Ron before the dragon disintegrated in a colorful bang. Then everything went dark.

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“Ha... y? ... Harry...?”

Harry grumbled. The volume of Ron's voice was almost painful, almost like hearing someone scream while hungover. The Boy-who-lived turned over and reached for his blanket, but it wasn't there. Surprised, Harry opened his eyes a bit... before opening them wide in shock. He wasn't in his bed at all! All around him was a vast expanse of beige, supple hills; the material was so soft under him that it felt like sleeping on his four-poster bed. Ten yards away—or what felt like it from his perspective—massive trunks of the same pink-ish material, wider than Harry was tall, were raising high in the air and curving inward far above Harry's head.

But as the boy looked up to look at the trunks, his eyes met the scariest sight he ever saw. So far up in the distance that it looked blurry, the familiar face of his best friend was staring down at him. Ron's freckled face was wearing an undecipherable expression for a few instants, which Harry spent in awed horror—thankfully he was sitting, else he would have fallen on his butt—before Ron offered a toothy grin.

“Hey, mate! You good?” Ron followed up with a chuckle, which sounded like thunder to Harry's ears. Every sound coming out of Ron's mouth was amplified, like screamed in a microphone, to the point of rattling Harry's very bones. “I think whatever enchantment Fred and George put on this fireworks thing rebounded on you. You're lucky I gotcha before anyone noticed you're the size of a grain of rice, mate!”

Harry's world was just starting to make sense again. A rebounding spell? Shrinking? Okay, that made more sense than Ron just being gigantic for no reason. It didn't make it any more pleasant, however. The tiny boy stood up the best he could, struggling to keep his balance on the pillowy ground—oh Merlin, he was standing on top of Ron's palm. The idea sent shivers down his spine.

He screamed up at Ron's still grinning face. “Can Fred and George reverse it?”

“What?”

“BRING. ME. TO. THE. TWINS!” Harry’s vocal chords were strained from the effort he made to yell.

“I can’t hear anything you say,” said Ron in an oddly cheerful tone. “Wait a second.”

Ron reached out for something so unfathomably far away that Harry couldn’t imagine what it was. But it gave him the chance to notice his blurry surroundings: Ron was apparently sitting on top of his bed, back in the dormitory. As he shifted his position slightly to grab something, the giant’s imperceptible movement sent tremors to his hand and knocked Harry off his feet and face-first into the skin below.

“Here we go!” said Ron after a moment, brandishing his wand. “*Sonorus!*”

A slight breeze came over Harry’s body and he knew the spell worked. At the same time, Ron moved his head closer, presenting his ear to Harry—it was like the gaping entrance of a massive cave system, and Harry briefly felt terrified he would fall into his friend’s ear and get lost inside. But he brushed off the idea and repeated himself.

“Uh, Fred and George aren’t in the castle anymore,” said Ron. “I didn’t tell ya? They took off on brooms after their prank, it was great! They’re in Diagon Alley now. Don’t worry, I’ll bring you there during the next Hogsmeade trip, it’s just in two weeks or so.”

Harry immediately protested, “Wait, you can take the secret passage out of the castle and- Ron? Ron, do you hear me?”

But the giant had immediately withdrawn his ear and was putting his wand away, ignoring his small friend’s plea. He just gave Harry a quick look and snorted in amusement. “Pfft. Even with the sonorus charm, you sound like a squeaky toy.” Despite Harry’s protest, Ron carried him to his bedside table and tilted his hand, sending Harry roughly barreling onto the wooden surface below.

“Time to go to bed, we’ll play more tomorrow~” Ron announced before wrapping himself in his blanket. From Harry’s point of view, Ron’s form looked more like a mountain range than a human being, with peaks and vales where his arms, hips, legs and feet were. Ron’s body seemingly extended as far as Harry’s flawed eyes could see, disappearing in a blurry mess in the distance. Harry grunted as he touched his face, realizing he didn’t have his glasses anymore, although he was certain he still had them when he came to himself atop Ron’s palm. He hated the idea of his trusty glasses being lost somewhere in a crinkle of Ron’s skin, shattered to atoms with so much as a twitch of his friend’s fingers.

With no glasses, no wand and no clothes besides his pajamas, Harry felt naked. But there was nothing he could do, and Ron had already started snoring, so Harry laid down on the uncomfortable wood and tried to fall asleep again, hoping he would be human-sized again when he woke up.

He wasn’t.

Harry’s uncomfortable, nightmare-filled night came to an abrupt end when his whole body suddenly shot up in the air! Harry screamed in terror, disoriented, as he flew what felt like hundreds of feet in the air, propelled by an unknown force and spinning on himself while doing so. It took him several seconds to notice Ron looking at him with a smile, his wand pointed at him and guiding Harry through the air.

As much as his tiny lungs allowed in the flurry of wind he was caught in, Harry yelled at his giant best friend. “Stop it, Ron! Stoop!” Ron didn’t acknowledge his words, chuckling as he magically forced Harry to do a complete loop. “Merlin! Let me down! Let me doooooooow-” Before he could finish his sentence, Harry plummeted towards the bed and crash-landed on the blanket. Or rather, *in* the blanket, as the fall was so violent he sank deep into it, forcing him to crawl the equivalent of 6 feet out of the hole his fall created.

“What the hell, Ron?!” Harry shouted as he reached the top of the blanket. But what greeted him up there wasn’t Ron’s face, happy to have pranked his tiny friend, but two larger-than-life feet. Ron was always tall and lanky, but his feet were even more so. One foot was upright, resting on the heel, while the other was on its side, toes spread apart; both showed their soles directly to Harry, just a few inches away from him. The soles were impossibly tall, skinny and imposing. The skin of the soles looked more worn and leathery than the skin of Ron’s palms, reflecting a lifetime of walking barefoot. Maybe it was just Harry’s warped perspective, but it looked like the upright foot was the size of a tall building, and twice as impressive. “...R-Ron?” Harry stuttered.

His query wasn’t answered with words, however, but with movement. Like on cue, the upright foot started lowering itself, slowly first but picking up speed. Harry tried to run away from the falling sole, but the blanket was too unstable to allow movement without sinking into it. And sink he did—thankfully. Not three seconds later, Ron’s sole landed on the bed, flush with the blanket and covering Harry entirely. Beneath it, Harry ended up encased in the blanket, its softness protecting the small boy’s body from the unfathomable strength of Ron’s foot.

“What are you doing? ...Ron? Ron?!” Harry pleaded to nobody, as he knew nobody could hear him. Even if the sonorus charm were still active, his voice would die out before even reaching Ron’s toes, much less his ears. The squishy sole pressed against Harry’s body was radiating warmth, making Harry sweaty and squirmy, and it kept being agitated with twitches that felt like earthquakes to Harry. In the distance, muffled by the foot above him but still deafeningly loud due to the size disparity, Harry could hear grunts and groans.

After what felt like hours, and after Harry became intimately familiar with every crease of Ron’s skin, the foot shifted away, flooding the place with the sunlight that was peeking through the bed’s curtains. Ron’s face was too distant to be clearly seen, but Harry noticed his face and ears were a rich shade of red and sweat was beading his forehead.

“O-Oh, Harry... I... I didn't see you there,” said Ron, short of breath. With an awkward laugh, Ron hurriedly opened the curtains and hopped off the bed, leaving Harry encased in the blanket. “Shower” was all that Ron mumbled as he gathered clean clothes and disappeared in the distance.

“What... the HELL... was that...?” said Harry. As he heard the shower turn on in the next room, he finally gathered whatever little energy his sore little body had left to stand up. He had a long... a very, very long few weeks ahead of him, if today was any indication.



## Chapter 2 - Ron's Dark Secret

Harry's prediction quickly proved true, he found. Ron remained in the shower much longer than usual, and Dean, then Seamus, and eventually even Neville—who was usually late to class—left the dormitory while the water was still running. When Ron finally emerged, he was a deep lobster-red, and his eyes immediately locked onto Harry.

“Blimey, Harry! We're late!” he exclaimed, as if Harry could somehow help it. Without giving the smaller boy even a second to express that thought, however, Ron snatched him in his fist and shoved him in his robe's pocket before running out.



“Hey! Don’t do that!” Harry yelled up at him from the confines of the fabric—but it was useless with a sonorus charm, so he just laid back and tried to forget he had just been manhandled like one of Dudley’s action figures.

Ron’s pocket was not the most comfortable place, as the fabric had a rough, clearly second-hand quality. Each and every movement of the giant wearing it made Harry’s whole world swing and twist—not like a hammock, more like a slow-mo car crash that made it hard to rest, which wasn’t helped by a hole the width of Harry’s leg that he had to constantly look out for. To not help the matter, the pocket was rather dirty, it clearly hadn’t been cleaned since the last time Molly Weasley was in charge of laundry.

But the worst part was a lone sickle discarded and probably forgotten in the pocket. Harry was roughly introduced to his unwanted roommate while Ron was barreling down the stairs to the common room and, Harry supposed, slammed into another student who was equally late to class. Harry had been trying to keep himself in place as the fabric around him swirled dangerously fast, and the sudden shock and stop sent him literally flying to the other side of the pocket, face first into the lone coin.

“Sorry Jae!” had been all he could hear from Ron—certainly talking to Jae Kim, a Korean underclassman, who politely apologized in turn. As he massaged his bruised forehead, Harry made a mental note to demand an apology out of Ron as soon as he was out of there.

The rest of the day was not too bad, thankfully, once he got the rhythm of Ron’s walk and how it affected the inside of his pocket. It was still upsetting to be carried in a pocket like any random item, but Harry could deal with that. From his hiding place, he could hear McGonagall’s strict instructions and Binns’ droning voice as classes went on, and he was almost glad he was in here and not out there, if only just to avoid classes. He even got a few giggles out of the repeated “Have you seen Potter?” addressed to Ron throughout the day, and his friend’s stammered lies in reply.

The only times when Harry felt genuine annoyance were when Ron's hand was shoved in the pocket, which happened more often than the small boy was comfortable with. While he could understand a quick check once in a while out of concern, when the humongous fingers slid in there for what felt like the hundredth time during Flitwick's class, prodding and squeezing Harry's whole body with stubborn insistence, he punched and even bit his friend's pointer finger, making them quickly retreat in understanding. Harry promised himself he would have a serious talk with Ron about it... after the day was up, again. He hated feeling so helpless.

One unexpected effect of that, however, was that Ron didn't put his fingers back in his pocket *at all* all day, even to share some of his food during lunch. Maybe he had just forgotten, Harry figured, but the effect was that he felt increasingly hungry as the day went on. When the last class of the day concluded, he was positively famished and eager to get out of his black and bland hiding place.

On the way back to the dormitories, Ron seemingly took a detour, Harry assumed, as he could hear the sounds of thousands of massive students being quickly replaced by the sound of running water. Somewhere in the bathroom, perhaps?

"Hey Ron! Here to buy a potion, are ya?" came Lee Jordan's voice suddenly, making Harry perk up. Ron's reply came whispered and inaudible, and Lee continued to conversation in kind, forcing Harry to strain his ears to listen. Even then, he couldn't distinguish words from the hushed exchange.

Taking the matter into his own hands, Harry decided to scale up the pocket. It was rather easy, after all, as he was surrounded by fabric; grabbing a handful of the "wall," he hauled himself up, climbing towards the ray of light shining from the pocket's opening. That is, until the now-familiar fingers appeared at the opening and casually shoved themselves into the pocket.

At first, Harry assumed Ron was trying to grab him, but the hand completely ignored him—Ron seemingly didn't realize Harry was climbing up—and kept going down, the

moving wall of flesh very nearly knocking Harry off. To his surprise, Ron had actually grabbed the sickle, and he hauled it out of the pocket.

“You’ve got yourself a deal,” Lee suddenly said, and Ron resumed walking. The sudden swaying of the fabric made it harder to hold on, and Harry tumbled back down. There, he just let the walking movements toss him around. Looking up at all the progress he had made towards leaving the pocket, it was disheartening to see he’d just lost it due to Ron’s most minute, accidental movement. He added another question to his mental list and gave up.

Finally, Ron stopped in what Harry could only assume was their dormitory. Eager to see the light of day again, Harry welcomed the fingers when they slithered their way in again and wrapped themselves up around him. Encased inside Ron’s fist, Harry was uncomfortable and blinded, but he was getting used to it, somewhat.

“*Sonorus*,” said Ron somewhere beyond the pink walls blocking Harry’s vision, indicating he was pointing his wand at his fist, as the feeling of the spell taking hold proved to Harry that the spell worked. An instant later, after some ruffling fabric sounds could be heard, Harry was finally dropped down on what appeared to be a slab of stone. It wasn’t the sunlight Harry had been hoping for, as he was on Ron’s bed, with the curtains closed, but it was something, he figured. However, he didn’t have much time to look at his environment, as his eyes were irresistibly drawn toward Ron, who was sitting on the bed next to him.

Although he would have preferred not to,, Harry got a good look at Ron’s upper body, which was towering above him. The giant was wearing only his pajama pants, a ruffled, half-open shirt and a large grin on his face. It was the kind of expression Harry would expect to see on his friend’s face if the Chudley Cannons had beaten the odds and won the Quidditch World Cup. But this wasn’t about Quidditch; Ron’s eyes were locked on Harry, and it was giving the smaller boy the screaming ab-dabs.

Harry tried to divert his own attention from Ron’s gaze by talking. “So, what a-”

“How about a game of chess?” If Harry’s voice was a wisp of smoke, Ron’s authoritative, booming voice was a hurricane blowing it out of existence. Harry winced, and he realized the slab of what he thought was stone, under his feet, was indeed a chess board. Harry tried to open his mouth again to address the events of the day, but even he couldn’t hear his own voice as Ron kept talking. “You will be the king—it’s no fun if you’re a piece I can take out at the beginning of the game,” continued Ron. As he spoke, the living chess pieces hopped into Harry’s field of vision to take their spots on the board. The black king’s square was empty, and Harry obediently walked towards it, accompanied by Ron’s voice. “The winner gets full authority over the loser for a day—if you lose, you’re gonna have to do everything I tell you to-”

Harry whipped around as he heard that. “Hey! I refuse to do that!”

Ron simply raised an eyebrow, half-surprised. “Look at yourself, mate. You don’t really have a choice. If you refuse to play, I’ll consider you the loser by forfeit.” He smirked slightly. “Actually, maybe you should refuse to play. It’d save us some time.”

Swallowing his pride and anger—and the ball of fear that was building up in his throat—Harry didn’t quip back and resumed his walk towards the king’s square, his spot. Seeing the massive chess pieces all around him, like statues of an ancient civilization, Harry remembered a similar scene years earlier. At the time, Ron was on his team, and Hermione was there too. It wasn’t nearly as scary. In their first year’s ultimate chess match, Ron had also been knocked out; something told Harry that Ron wouldn’t be the one to sustain injuries after *this* game.

From his vantage point in the middle of his pieces, all of which were several times his size, Harry simply couldn’t see anything past the rooks. Things weren’t looking too good...

“Pawn in E4!” The starting signal resounded, followed by the scratching sound of the living chess piece moving.

“Pawn in D6!” Harry yelled in response, bracing himself for a *crushing* defeat.

After sending his queen out and losing sight of her, Harry heard the violent crash magical chess pieces characteristically make when destroying another. His queen was dead.

“By Merlin’s saggy left, what happened to your chess skills, Harry? When you shrank to the size of a bug, did your brain become a bug’s brain too?” Ron let out a loud, self-satisfied laugh, ignoring Harry’s deep humiliation.

The chess match was much faster than even Harry feared. It didn’t take Ron more than 15 turns to threaten Harry with his queen, and two turns later, Harry was done for.

“Checkmate... mate,” said Ron. His ears had grown redder and redder throughout the whole match—a tell-tale sign that the ginger was getting excited—and he was clearly overjoyed with his victory, to Harry’s dismay. “As the loser, I want you to...” In the corner of his vision, Harry saw him wiggling his toes. “... kiss my feet~”

“No, I won’t,” Harry stated with as much confidence as he could muster. From the get-go, he was steeling his will to look past Ron’s gargantuan size; his friend wouldn’t hurt him, no matter what the size difference was, and Harry just refused to humiliate himself further. For a moment, the expression on Ron’s face made Harry fear he was wrong, that Ron *could* in fact hurt him... but the giant eventually shrugged.

“Of course, it was a joke,” he said, as if it were obvious. “Blimey, Harry, you don’t really think I want you to kiss my feet, do you? Nah, the real thing I want you to do is to try out my cheering potion. It’ll make you euphoric, believe me!”

Taking out a small potion flask from a place out of Harry's sight, Ron put one drop of it on his fingertip and presented it to the tiny. Harry instinctively backed off, but his faith in Ron's good character, as well as the delightful fragrance of the potion, made him bold enough to walk towards the extended finger. Ron let him approach at his own rhythm, as if he were a feral kitten.

The drop of potion was slightly bigger than Harry's head and shaped like a water-filled balloon squeezed at the top. It resembled a pearl and smelt like treacle tart and broomstick handles. Lured in by its appearance, Harry gave in. He put his lips against the drop, barely breaking surface tension, and swallowed several mouthfuls of the substance. It tasted divine, just what his tired body needed after this crazy adventure.

It's only after he backed away and looked up at Ron's face that Harry felt something. Was Ron always so... gorgeous? Harry's eyes fluttered as he focused on the giant's beautiful features; Ron's eyes were the deepest, most mesmerizing shade of blue one could imagine, and his mop of fiery hair—it had an elegant, purposefully chaotic feel to it when you looked in detail—looked so *right* on his symmetrical face. And his lips... Harry blushed as he studied Ron's lips. They were so full, so red, just waiting to be kissed, bitten, loved...

“Wha-WHAT THE HELL DID YOU MAKE ME DRINK?!” Harry screamed, as he realized that his thoughts were most definitely *not* his own. He was not in love with Ron, dammit!

The giant's demeanor was lazy, confident in his victory, a smile lingering on his lips as he quietly observed his tiny friend. After a bit, Ron broke the silence. “Amortentia. The world's strongest love potion. If I'm not mistaken, you're currently deeply infatuated with me. Tell me, Harry, do you want to kiss me~? Do you want to dedicate your puny life to me~?” Seeing Harry cover his face with his hands to avoid replying, as the only possible answer that could cross the tiny's lips would be ‘yes.’ Ron

continued on a sing-song tone. “Knew it! It will last a few weeks, so get used to loving me, runt. I got pleeeenty more where this came from.”

With a movement of his hand, Ron pushed the remaining chess pieces off the board, so only Harry was left standing on this piece of solid ground, surrounded by Ron’s body nearly on all sides. With deliberate slowness, Ron raised one foot, depositing it gently sole-down on top of the chess board so Harry’s tiny body would be a few inches away from his toes.

“Do you have any idea how terrible it feels to be always in the shadow of the Boy-Who-Lived? Nobody knows Ron Weasley. People always call me ‘Harry Potter’s friend.’ When I meet a girl, all she wants to know is how *you* are in private. From now on, I can tell girls that Harry Potter’s pecker is literally microscopic and that you’re desperately in love with me. It wouldn’t even be a lie! Now, you’re the one living in *my* shadow—literally!” During his spiel, Ron’s facial expression was harsh, but it became almost loving as he continued talking. “You know, I genuinely care about you, Harry. I really do. That’s why I want you to enjoy what you’ll be doing. Now, *my dear*, if you want to make me happy, you will worship my feet. You will love my feet as much as you love me, understood?”

Harry kneeled, his head in his hands, gritting his teeth. His whole body was torn apart by contradictions. He didn’t want to obey, but a primal, deep compulsion pushed him to throw himself at his friend’s feet. The idea of kissing a giant boy’s feet was simultaneously repulsive and the most alluring idea to ever cross his mind. The butterflies in his stomach made him want to puke.

“Harry? Look at me,” said Ron. The tiny boy obeyed instinctively and he knew he had lost as soon as his eyes fell on Ron’s face. It was too beautiful to resist. Love won—that sentence had never had such a nefarious meaning before.

Defeated by the love potion, Harry got to his feet and walked towards the toes that were towering far above him. Between Ron’s first and second toe, a gap big enough

for five people of Harry's size called him. He entered it. As he let himself be engulfed in the cave of skin and flesh, his hand gently caressing the toe's skin, a potent smell assaulted Harry's nostrils. It wasn't unpleasant—nothing that came from Ron's body could ever be unpleasant—more like a deeply masculine musk with a hint of sweat. The skin under Harry hand was becoming softer, smoother as he reached the deepest part of the cave, at the base of his friend's big toe. Harry hesitated for a moment, until Ron's next order came.

“Lick.”

Harry obeyed.

Pressing his face against the skin, he gave it one long, bold lick, which was instantly rewarded by intense shivers coursing through the toes surrounding him.

“Merlin's warty pecker, you're really doing it,” Ron said above, his voice dissolving into giggles, suffusing Harry's body with warmth.

Harry's tongue dutifully lapped the skin, enjoying the flavors exploding on his taste buds. He felt hot and passionate, feeling his normal self slipping away and replaced by a lovestruck admirer—but he couldn't muster the energy to care. Pleasure was flowing in his veins, now, and all he could think about was Ron. Harry kept his eyes half-closed, picturing his best friend's face, his thick fiery hair, his freckles...

Before he knew it, Harry was fully lost in the act, making out with the skin before him like it was the love of his life—and the love potion that was suffusing itself in his entire body made him believe it was. With both hands, he proceeded to knead the skin, sinking his arm as deep as he could in it—even though flesh seems pretty firm at a normal size, it appeared to have the consistency of a massive wall of pillows, and Harry could bury his hands deeply in it. Soon, his whole body followed, pushing himself as deep as he could without ever breaking the pace of his licks and kisses,



quickly turning it into a full-body massage. He wanted to be as close to Ron as possible, to be absorbed by him. Harry struggled to breathe as he didn't allow himself even a second without his lips locked against his best friend's body; his short gasps for air before diving back in were mirrored, far above, by the labored breath of Ron; the temperature between the giant's toes seemed to quickly increase; the walls around Harry kept vibrating in a regular cadence; the rhythm was quickening, turning into a mad frenzy-

“Hey Ron, everything good?”

Suddenly, Seamus Finnigan's voice, accompanied by a sudden flood of sunlight, interrupted the two boys. Immediately, the walls around Harry closed in violently as Ron scrunched his toes, squishing him so tightly that no love potions in the world could make the position pleasant. Almost instantly, both Ron's and Seamus' voices rang out simultaneously:

“MERLIN, MATE! YOU CAN'T DO THAT IN THE DORM!”

“DON'T OPEN THE BED CURTAINS WITHOUT ASKING!”

A series of noises and rapid movements permeated Ron's toes to reach Harry, but he was left in the dark until the toes unclenched, letting Harry fall back on the chess board. From there, looking up, he was greeted by Ron's face, looking miffed, red as a tomato and glistening with sweat. He was still the most handsome person Harry's eyes ever had the privilege to see.

“You stay here, I have to shower,” Ron mumbled so low that even Harry's over-sensitive ears could barely pick it up. He jumped out of bed and made a point to close the curtains behind him, plunging Harry in semi-darkness again. “*Collojaceo*,” Ron said on the other side of the bed curtains—a locking charm ensuring nobody would be

able to open them without using a counterspell. Was he jealous and possessive of him, Harry wondered. It was adorable.

... No. No, it wasn't adorable, he suddenly thought to himself. Without Ron right there, some of the thoughts clouding his judgement seemed to drift away, and it slowly dawned on him what he had just done. He had offered himself to Ron, worshipped his foot, given up his humanity for temporary pleasure.

Harry suddenly wanted to cry. Or run away; but the magically-locked curtains were as much of an obstacle to him as it was for normal-sized students. There was no way out. So he cried.

When sunlight—much dimmer now, and tainted with dusk's unique orange—flooded Harry's world again, as Ron's impressive frame opened the bed curtains, Harry had emptied his tear ducts and circled through every stage of grief, anger, self-deprecation, love and anger again. But looking up at Ron standing by the bed, his pajama opened and showing off part of his bare chest, wet hair slicked back, Harry felt butterflies explode in his stomach again, and happiness stretch his lips in a smile. He hated—*hated*—being in love with Ron.

The giant barely gave Harry a look, instead checking over his shoulder that no other roommates were in sight. Then, Ron casually sat, cross-legged, on his bed, locked the curtains with a spell again, and finally focused his attention on Harry—who was battling an overwhelming desire to literally throw himself at the much-bigger man.

Harry expected Ron's feet to come for him, to resume their "session," but it was instead Ron's hand that sprung to life to grab him. With two humongous fingers on each side of him, Harry was pulled far in the sky until he was face to face with his friend. A potent scent of hot water, soap and toothpaste hit the tiny man's nostrils.

“We can’t keep doing that here,” Ron said, clearly bummed by the thought. “Tomorrow, we’re going to the Room of Requirements. We won’t be disturbed there.” His lips stretched in a roguish smile. “But tonight, we’re *sleeping* together for the first time. How about a goodnight kiss-?”

Harry’s heart almost exploded. Slowly, Ron’s fingers brought him closer to the red, full lips in front of him, which parted slightly. Harry unwittingly wiggled in excitement as he was getting closer, so close Ron’s breathing ruffled his hair with each exhalation, and he bent forward, lips ready, in anticipation. The movement was excruciatingly slow—only a five centimeters. Four. Three. Harry couldn’t shake the thought kissing Ron was wrong, but he would have literally killed someone just to cross these remaining few centimeters. Two. He could almost touch the lips by extending his arms...

“Hahahaha!” Ron burst out laughing, violently pulling Harry away from his face. “You really believed it? All you’re kissing tonight is my sole, Harry!”

Looking down, and although it was blurry without his glasses, Harry did indeed realize that Ron had shifted his foot onto his knee, sole up. In a blur, Ron brought him down towards it, ending in Harry’s entire front body being squeeze against it, Ron’s fingertips on his back and keeping him in place.

“*Epoximise.*”

Harry’s blood ran cold. That was the gluing spell, which kept anything solidly anchored to any surface. And, although he couldn’t see them with his face buried in his friend’s sole, Harry felt Ron’s fingertips leave his back and the foot move until it was on its heel, Harry being upright.

But he didn’t fall. He didn’t even budge. His body was solidly adhering to the skin. Trying to ignore the fire that the sole ignited in him—“It’s just the love potion! It’s not

real, it's just the potion!" he repeated in his mind, like a mantra—Harry tried in vain to unstick himself. The foot kept moving as Ron was evidently preparing himself to sleep, Harry seemingly forgotten.

"Ron? Ron?! RON!" He strained his voice screaming, thanking Merlin the sonorus charm was still active, It took a minute before he got a reaction.

"Belt up, mate," came Ron's reply in hushed, annoyed tones. "You'll wake up the whole dorm. *Quietus.*"

The counterspell to sonorus washed over an increasingly panicked Harry, who kept screaming for his own ears—without magic, his voice barely amounted to squeaks. By the time he stopped crying for attention, his throat was sore and Ron had long settled in his sleeping position, on his back; powerful snoring could be heard from afar. Finally, Harry slumped as much as he could while glued to his best friend's foot, and he accepted the warm embrace of the skin against his puny self. Defeated, he weakly gave into the potion's desires and stuck his tongue out to worship, but the spark he felt before had dimmed.

While Harry's torso was so tightly attached to Ron's skin that he couldn't move it at all, his arms and legs were free; to give him the possibility to keep rubbing the giant's foot all night, he figured. Although his mind kept protesting, each fiber of his being made him yearn for it, so Harry kept running his hands and tongue on the wall he was trapped against. That continued until his right hand brushed against something cold and stiff.

"Wait... that can't be..." he whispered to himself, bringing the object closer.

It was his glasses. Although they were roughed up and slightly cracked, they still fulfilled their function—once Harry's world became clear and crisp again, relief washed over him.

The place around him was bathed in the bluish glow of the moon weaseling its way past the drawn curtains of the bed. With his glasses, Harry could see the crinkles of the blanket below, the details of the golden laces on the curtains surrounding him, the outline of Ron's other foot next to Harry's prison. With a clear vision came clearer thoughts; it was like a veil was lifted from his mind. He looked at his surroundings with a new perspective.

The sensation that had nestled itself in Harry's mind since he drank that damned potion wasn't unlike what he had felt when the fake Mad Eye Moody had used the imperius spell on him, he realized. A powerful desire filled him, a sense of calm purpose. The heat radiating from Ron's foot, the silky smooth skin pressed up against Harry's cheek; it was calling him, like a cradle. If Harry trusted his feelings, he would tear off his pajama so every bit of him could bask in the greatness of Ron.

But, no matter how insistent the voice in Harry's head was, the tiny boy knew he had to resist it.

"I'm stubborn like that," he said to himself. Talking out loud helped keep him sane, ironically.

Another fire burned alongside passion in his chest. Anger. A yearning for revenge. It's that fire that fueled Harry's movements as he finally snapped out of it—he pressed his palms against the giant's skin and pushed. He pushed so hard that his muscles screamed in pain, but he kept going. After a minute of intense efforts, and perhaps a pinch of accidental magic, Harry's entire body suddenly unstuck itself with an uncharacteristic "Pop," signaling Ron's sticking charm had been bested. An instant later, Harry was falling backwards, his head spinning as he looked up, Ron's titanic toes seeming increasingly farther away.

He landed on the mattress, sinking deep into a Harry Potter-shaped hole. Laying down at the bottom of it, Harry remained immobile for a moment, staring up. From his new vantage point at the heels of Ron's feet, they were like the most beautiful painting in the world; towers of pale, smooth skin that Harry knew to be warm, welcoming, loving...

Inhale.

Exhale.

Entirely denying his attraction for Ron's soles and his infatuation with the handsome ginger giant just wouldn't do, Harry figured. So he let the feeling flow freely through him and explode in his heart; when Harry crawled out of his hole in the blanket, he had accepted these feelings and chosen to act in spite of them. He walked up to Ron's right heel and put his hand against the skin, longing for it, knowing that he was too small to ever wake up a behemoth like Ron—the giant's light snoring, reverberated by the closed curtains of the bed, was deeply soothing for Harry's wounded heart.

Putting his lips against the skin, the Boy-who-lived wormed his tongue out and gave the sole a drawn-out lick. He focused on the complex taste that lingered on his taste buds after licking Ron's skin, cherishing this feeling.

Excruciatingly, he moved away from the feet and towards the edge of the bed. Harry only gave one last look to the slumbering form of Ron, totally unaware of what had just happened, then he jumped off the bed, using the messy blanket as a giant slide. Once he reached the floor, he made a beeline for the dormitory's door, knowing he could easily crawl underneath.

It was time for him to escape.



### Chapter 3 - An Overbearing, Oversized Fan

“Harry, are you here?”

The tiny boy almost jumped out of his skin when he heard his name called out. From his hiding spot under an armchair of the Gryffindor common room, he was certain he couldn’t be seen by students—and he was right, as he realized a second later.

“Harry?” The voice repeated. Harry recognized the voice as Colin Creevey’s, and it quickly became apparent that the boy was looking for him. From underneath the furniture, he could see the gargantuan bare feet and the bottom of Colin’s pajama pants—sky blue with a cartoony teddy bear motif—as he paced the common room. Thankfully, the room was all but empty, leaving only Colin and Harry; and the former had no clue the latter was there as well. Harry was intent on keeping it that way after his bad experience with Ron.

Colin wouldn’t give up, though, it seemed. His feet kept walking past the chair Harry was using as a hiding place, sometimes circling it before groaning and muttering to himself.

“He should be there. The spell can’t be wrong... Invisibility cloak?” Then, in a louder voice, “Harry? Harry, are you here? Everyone’s worried, Harry.” A long pause. “*Homenum Revelio.*”

In the distance, Colin’s feet stopped dead in their tracks and spun around, briefly showing Harry their underside—a dread-inducing sight after what Harry went through. The feet suddenly sprang into motion, seemingly filled with purpose. The tiny wizard’s heart started beating faster. Colin’s soles first slapped against the stone floor before stepping onto the rug, and finally stopping just in front of Harry’s hideout. The toes wriggled for a moment, scrunching up and feeling the thick rug underneath, before flexing. As Colin’s knees came into view, indicating he was about to look under the chair, Harry ran.

It was a desperate run, the kind that leaves you breathless after a few second but you keep running. Harry speeded past the chair’s leg, ducking to conceal himself into the rug out of instinct as he left the comforting shadow of the furniture. As soon as he saw that he and Colin were truly alone, and the other boy was on all four, inspecting the place where Harry was a few seconds earlier, he launched himself with reckless abandon into the wide open. Only one goal in mind: the opening leading to the girls’ dormitories. If he could sneak in there, he might be able to get Hermione’s attention.



She was the only person smart and reliable enough to get Harry out of his situation, he figured.

Harry was halfway through the room when he felt the tremors of Colin's body shifting. Daring a look back, he observed with terrified reverence as the boy stood up. Even after everything he went through, seeing a giant's entire frame from the ground up was an breathtaking experience. Almost unconsciously, Harry slowed down and came to a complete stop, turning his body towards Colin, admiring the sight with his mouth agape. Relative to Harry, Colin looked more like a moving mountain, and his head should have disappeared among the clouds. Despite his youthful looks and behavior, he was a kind of being that was too large to move and too awe-inspiring the exist—literally unfathomable.

“Why is that junk not working?” Colin shook his wand like one would a defective flashlight, looking irritated. “*Homenum Revelio. Homenum Revelio.* Really, in that direction, now? Ugh...”

After flicking his wand a couple times, the giant confidently pointed it in Harry's direction—although much higher, seemingly miles above the boy's head—no doubt guided by the detection spell.

“Harry, are you here or not?” Colin said. He took a step forward.

“Please, reply if you're here.” His face seemed less motivated than a few minutes earlier, defeated by this wild goose chase, and his eyes didn't even look down, merely scanning his surroundings at eye-level. Another step.

Only then did Harry break out of his trance. Colin's feet were coming *directly* for him! Harry resumed running, this time to his side to get out of Colin's path.

Another step.

“Colin! COLIN! LOOK DOWN!” Harry screamed. Better found than dead, after all.

Another step. The deceptively cute feet were so big, so vast that they could cover in one step more distance than Harry could cross in a minute. Guided by his magic and unaware of the situation, Colin turned just slightly, annihilating in a fraction of an instant all of Harry’s desperate efforts to survive.

Another step. His foot was so close to Harry... precisely a stride’s length away. Harry’s heart threatened to burst out of his chest and he was out of breath, yet still running.

Colin’s foot flew up, moving enough air to make Harry lose his footing. The foot was now directly above Harry, the soft-looking sole obscuring the ceiling and engulfing him in shadow. The tiny’s legs were in too much pain to get back up—he covered his face with his arms and closed his eyes. Displaced air bellowed around Harry as the foot fell, followed by a final-sounding slapping sound.

Then nothing.

“That can’t be right,” Colin’s booming voice said far above.

That’s what convinced Harry he was still alive, somehow, and made him uncurl his arms. Surrounding him on all sides were imposing walls of flesh, close enough to touch without even extending an arm, but none landed on him. Above his head, arching like the ceiling of an ancient cathedral, were the underside of Colin’s toes! Harry could estimate he was situated under the third, or perhaps the fourth toe. The area where he ended up, between the ball of the foot and the toes, was like a pocket of air and safety, a cavern with a ceiling just high enough for the boy to stand up without touching the giant’s skin.

Although being stuck underneath an untrustworthy boy's foot was not the best thing to happen to him, Harry felt waves of relief wash over him. Colin would step away and keep walking, leaving Harry safe and alone, he thought. In his giddiness, he could even admit to himself that the cavern he was in was beautiful: The toes filtered the warm, orange light from the common room's fire, which in turn plastered the walls of youthful, blemish-free skin with welcoming tones. Harry could see every minute shift in the muscles concealed underneath the bulbous flesh that surrounded him on all sides. He felt magically induced desire flare up in his chest again—he could so easily imagine the foot was Ron's, and resisting that idea was a trial.

Then, several more seconds passed and Colin didn't take another step.

Painfully getting back on his feet, Harry stood up anxiously, staring up. Through the gaps between the toes, he could just barely make out Colin's upper body—the boy kept muttering to himself and flicking his wand, looking worried.

“Why doesn't it work?” Colin eventually said, mindlessly scrunching his toes. What was a benign move for the giant was a catastrophe for Harry, however, as the walls of his sanctuary violently slammed into each other, trapping Harry's helpless form between two shifting, living walls.

“Uh? What the-”

As fast as they slammed into Harry, the giant toes moved apart, letting him fall like a puppet which strings were cut. Above, the foot hurriedly got out of the way, revealing Colin's face, eyes wide, staring straight at him.

“HARRY?!”

The Boy-Who-Lived—or was it The Boy-Who-Was-Stepped-On?—wincing, then sighed, and finally chose to make the most of it.

“He-Hey Colin...”

“Wait a second!” Colin said. The giant got on all four, allowing his face to occupy all of Harry’s field of vision, and pointed his wand at the older boy. “*Sonorus.*”

“Can you hear me, now, Coli-?” Harry started, before being abruptly cut off.

“Merlin, Harry! It’s really you! Oh, you have no idea how worried I was! Everyone is! I heard Maggie Marckle—you know her, right, she is in my year, Hufflepuff—well, she said that you went cuckoo and ran into the forest. I thought she was lying, you know, because I know you wouldn’t do that! I found a tracking spell in the library, I learned it alone! Well, Theodore helped me, but I was the one who got it right, you kno-”

“COLIN!” Harry screamed at the top of his lungs, cutting the giant’s tirade short. Getting back on his feet, Harry wiped off some of the spit that Colin’s excited speech had flicked all over his face.

“Oh, did you say something?” Colin said, a genuinely innocent smile on his face. Somehow, being so small he couldn’t be heard was almost as humiliating as being stepped on and almost killed by an absent-minded boy.

“I-I said...” Harry let out a grunt. “I need help, Colin. Can you help?” He tried to keep talking, but his pathetic voice was washed away by the ear-splitting boom of Colin’s squeal of joy.

“Oh, Merlin! You, you really mean it?! I can help! I WILL help! Harry Potter—Merlin! *HARRY POTTER* wants *MY* help!”

Colin's cheeks turned a deep shade of red, and he bit his lips like a child who couldn't contain his excitement upon being offered a wonderful new toy. It looked like he was about to cry. Feeling the giant's shiny eyes focused on him made Harry shudder, but he did need help, and Colin seemed at least eager to please. With the intense pain he was in, which was worsened by the weariness of a long day among giants and the pang of hunger when he realized he barely had anything to eat since he was shrunk—the love potion he was made to drink was probably the most food he had, after all. To add insult to injury, the emotions bubbling up within him were so contradictory and violent, tearing him between love and hate, that he felt emotionally exhausted—he couldn't believe just how attracted he had been to feet, and worst of all to his *former* best friend.

"I need a safe place to stay until morning. And food, if you have any," Harry said. Colin immediately stood up, his feet landing on both sides of a suddenly flustered Harry.

"That can do!" The giant blurted, flexing his arms in a manner that would have looked comical on a short teenager; it looked unexpectedly intimidating on a being of mythical proportions.

Carefully intoning "*Wingardium Levi-O-sa*," and ignoring Harry's protests, Colin levitated him to his eye level before dropping the tiny in his open palm.

"We're going to have so, so, so much fun together!" Colin boomed as he jogged towards his dormitory. Harry pitiful attempts at saying something were ignored. "Just wait until I tell mom I saved Harry Potter! Dennis will loooooove you like that!" Harry's shout of indignation was once again too weak for Colin to notice it. The giant was climbing the stairs two at a time, nearly sending his shrunken idol flying with every step without noticing it.

"Oh, and we need to take photos! You will look so cute!"

Harry was too busy desperately holding onto the wrinkles of Colin's palm to protest, this time.

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Being found by Colin was not such a bad thing, Harry had to admit. Better than hiding under a chair or in a crack of the wall like a mouse, although thinking of himself like that still stung. He didn't like to be reminded of his small stature. He promised to himself that, as soon as his size was restored, he would sock Ron in the chin. Then kiss him. Then sock him some more. Of the three, the kiss would probably be the one that would bother Ron the most, and Harry wished the same could still be true for him, too. Whatever, he might as well have his fun as long as the love potion was effective—the ginger berk brought that one upon himself.

After being carried to Colin's dormitory, Harry had been left alone on top of the younger boy's pillow while Colin ran off to find food. He got a smidgen of sleep before his friend came back, arms filled with mouth-watering goods.

"There is a bread, and cheese, and also fruit," Colin said as he was laying down the items around Harry on the pillow. Each was orders of magnitude bigger than him, and he could easily burrow a mansion-sized hole into any of the foods Colin presented to him.

Harry's eyes kept moving from the food to the giant boy. He couldn't deny how nice and enthusiastic Colin was, but his erratic and unpredictable movements made the titchy boy worried nevertheless. Colin kept moving and shifting atop the bed, his knees planted so deep in the mattress that he created a ravine out of displaced blankets and fabric. If Harry hadn't been safe on his own pillow, he just knew the incline would have sent him barreling down the slanted fabric, only to slam into Colin's teddy-imprinted pajamas. So much raw strength and size in such an irresponsible kid...

“-I also brought water and juice, I don’t know what you prefer, and I have chocolate, do you like chocolate?” Colin hadn’t stopped blabbering.

“Don’t worry, all this food seems wonderful,” Harry simply said, putting his mind off his vulnerable state.

Drinking water seemed daunting to Harry, so he focused on food first, indicating to Colin to drop some by his side. The divine taste of Hogwarts’s food, coupled with an almost-forgotten fullness in his stomach, made Harry forget his troubles for a moment –he didn’t even notice Colin moving next to him until a flash blinded him.

“WHA-” Harry shrieked as the light shone on him.

“You look so good on this one! You’re like a little mouse eating cheese!” Colin said, laughing. In his hand, his old-timey camera was pointed directly at Harry.

“Please, no pho-”

“Do one on top of the cheese! With a victory signs with your fingers!” Colin said excitedly, already readying his camera.

“Colin, I won’t-”

Harry couldn’t finish his sentence before two gargantuan fingers sprung from his right side, nearly crushing his shoulder as they compressed it between them.

“COLIN! IT HURTS, COLIN! STOP!”

Harry’s cry of distress went unheard, however, as the giant carelessly lifted him and dropped him on top of the cheese. All Harry could think about, as he winced and

tested his painful shoulder was still working, was that even Ron hadn't manhandled him so roughly.

Giants were fucking scary.

Now that a shoulder lesion had joined his leg pain, Harry felt less inclined to refuse the excitable titan. As fast as he could without spraining his muscles, Harry took the pose asked of him in front of the cyclopean camera. The flash blinded him again.

"Do one as if you were eating, now!" Colin said.

Complying bitterly, Harry spent the next few minutes taking picture after picture. The pain in his shoulder was enough of a motivation to keep the kid's grabby fingers at bay. Only when Colin squealed in delight, claiming he wanted to develop the photos right away, did Harry allow himself to return to his comfortable pillow and dinner, exhausted.

A few minutes passed in complete silence, Harry simply focusing on eating a hole as large as him and twice as deep in the loaf of bread—then, thirst made itself known to the boy's tired mind. After all of that food, he still hadn't had a drop of liquid, and his mouth was parched—especially given how much time he has spent licking Ron's foot. Deciding he had more than one reason to drink water, as he had a metaphorical and literal bad taste to wash off his tongue, Harry turned his sights to the glass of water Colin had brought him. Standing magically upright on the uneven bed, the crystal-clear liquid inside called the tiny boy.

Harry took a long breath and jumped off the pillow, managing to grab the lip of the glass. He hauled himself inside with great pain, wincing as his right shoulder flared up, but the pain evaporated an instant later, as he plummeted into the water below. Instead, it was replaced by something that enveloped Harry's entire body.



“Cold! Cold cold cold!” He said after swimming up to keep his head out of the water.

The weariness and desperation he was feeling evaporated after he took a few sips of the water he was immersed in, replaced by an overwhelming sensation of wetness and freezing. It first bit, leaving Harry on the verge of tears, before numbing everything. Harry didn't feel the pain in his legs or arm anymore, because he didn't feel his limbs at all. He was like a head, struggling to stay afloat. The ripples tickled his chin as his numb arms frantically moved.

“What... what did I do...?”

Looking around, his mind finally clear, Harry could only see the deformed world on the other side of the glass, the shapes of giant foodstuffs and pillows looking even more otherworldly. Impossibly tall walls of smooth glass surrounded him. Impossible to scale. Impossible to escape.

Harry couldn't tell how long he stayed in that glass—he would guess at least an hour, but it could have been as little as ten minutes, given how uncomfortable the cold and wetness were making him. At last, however, the curtains of the bed shuffled and Colin's cheery face showed itself.

“Psst, Harry! I have the photos!” he said. Without looking even once at the glass of water, Colin sat besides it, eyes transfixed on the pillow where the tiny was prior to this. He gave a long look to the loaf of bread, and the Harry-sized hole in its crumb, before giggling. “You were really hungry, uh? It's okay, keep eating, I'll just show them to you!”

“Co... lin...” Harry tried to call him, but even he couldn't hear his own voice; it was far too weak to even escape the confines of the glass. “Co... Colin, plea...se....”

Oblivious, the giant started positioning photos on the pillow, facing the hole in the bread. “This one is my favorite, you look so good! And I love how you move on it, you’re so cute I could just to eat you up!” He laughed. “Haha, just joking, of course! Unless...” He never finished that thought.

“Plea...please...” Harry could barely muster the strength to stay above the water, he was feeling himself sink.

“Oh, and that one! Dennis will just love that one, I’ll have my camera out when I show him so I can take a picture of his face. He will be amazed, I tell you!”

Down below, Harry’s arms were giving out. With almost no noise, the Boy-Who-Lived started sinking, fatigue getting the best of him. As the ice-cold water enveloped his face, Colin’s voice became distant, vague, dissolving into the cocoon of water.

It was comforting, in a way.

Everything was numb, so he didn’t feel the cold anymore. The nightmare was coming to an end...

Then, a tremor. Harry opened eyes he didn’t remember closing and, through the distorted prism of liquid and glass, he recognized the palm of Colin’s hand. He had grabbed the glass! Finding unsuspected vigor in this new hope, Harry managed to propel himself upward—towards survival, and freedom, and-

As Harry’s head broke the water, a mouth was waiting for him.

Far above the tiny boy’s head, Colin’s lips wrapped around the edge of the glass, and Harry’s entire world shifted violently, waves threatening to drown him, as the glass was tilted.

A flood of ice-cold water surged towards the giant's mouth—it was like a vacuum, attracting everything, including Harry, towards its depth. The tiny's cry of distress was lost in the otherwise imperceptible swishing sound of the water. Harry did weakly try to swim the other way, but it was pointless. The current engulfed him, forcing him into his so-called friend's mouth.

It took Harry a second to realize it when he entered the mouth. He was turning his back to Colin's face in a futile attempt to escape, but darkness was what greeted him. When the diffuse light of the dorm was suddenly replaced by a curtain of shadow, he knew that he had just gone past the row of pearly teeth. An instant later, Harry finally hit solid ground—he would have imagined he would enjoy it, after so long spent floating, but the fear gripping his heart left no room for other feelings. His back first slammed into what felt like a heated blanket before the current forced Harry deeper into the cave; he finally stabilized himself by sinking his fingers into the thing beneath him, laying flat on his belly.

He was on Colin's tongue.

It was painfully warm, the giant's body warmth feeling like a thousand pinpricks on his skin so quickly after the intoxicating cold he was immersed in. It was also soft and squishy, making most of Harry's body disappear in the material, swallowed up by the flesh.

The water kept screaming around him, but Harry's position allowed him a stable grip, so it harmlessly flowed over him without dislodging him. A blessing, he realized, as deafening deglutition noises rumbled through the mouth. Taking intermittent breaths, Harry waited out the onslaught of water.

Finally, the source dried up and silence settled. Harry's laboring breathing didn't allow him the strength to speak just yet. Far ahead, Colin's lips closed, leaving scant lighting for Harry to see anything of the pulsating, all-too-alive walls of mucous and barriers of teeth surrounding him.

Tiredly, Harry pushed himself upright; the arm he used for support was swallowed up by Colin's spongy tongue up to the elbow with a "squelch." He raised his other arm to his face, noticing it was coated in liquid. After all that time in water, Harry's very bones were drenched, but that was different. It was a thick, gooey substance that latched onto Harry's arm—as well as part of his face, torso, and most of his front body—and weighed him down, connecting him to the tongue underneath him with resistant strands.

"Saliva... Oh god..."

It was a new low, Harry decided, when he had to struggle with both hands to tear globs of Colin Creevey's saliva off of himself. However, while he was distracted, Harry didn't notice slight movements of the tongue.

"HHHAAAA - RRYYYYYY?"

The sound exploded around Harry, so loud that the very atmosphere seemed to vibrate. The "H" sent a gale-force blast of warm, humid air from the giant's lungs that thundered against the tiny boy's back and slammed him against the surface of the tongue with a wet splat. Harry could barely recognize his own name as the sheer volume of Colin's voice distorted his words, causing the interior of the cavernous mouth to bounce and quiver. Harry whimpered as the powerful vibrations shuddered through his body and pounded against his eardrums.

Harry meekly began crawling towards the lips, desperately wiping his eyes, trying to clear them of the thick saliva smeared across his face and chest. Colin continued to speak, unfazed, as he effortlessly pummeled the tiny boy with the overpowering volume of his voice alone.

“Are you fine in there, Harry?” he said, looking at the bread, where he assumed his tiny friend to be. “Harry?”

With careful movements, he picked up the loaf and brought the hole to his eye. He gasped as he realized Harry wasn't there. What, to him, had barely registered in his mouth as a minuscule crumb of something... started suddenly feeling more like a Harry-shaped morsel. For Harry, the giant's discovery turned into a muggle rollercoaster: First, the tongue beneath him raised in the air and fell in quick succession as Colin pronounced the words, while storms of warm air burst out; then, without warning, the wind stopped, replaced by a vacuum that suddenly roped Harry backwards, pulling him airborne towards the throat. An instant later, even that stopped, letting Harry fall flat on his back on the tongue, sinking deep into the muscle below.

Harry sputtered, struggling to breathe through the thick saliva, and a bright light blinded him. It took him a minute to regain his bearings. The light came from the giant's wide open mouth, Harry realized; beyond it, Colin's face could be seen, mouth agape... staring at a mirror! Colin's eyes were scanning the mirror for a sign of Harry. The giant teen didn't seem particularly horrified by the fact he had nearly swallowed his hero, Harry thought as Colin appeared to be mostly curious, perhaps even amused. After an instant, the eyes locked on his tiny form, and two gigantic fingers entered his mouth, plucking Harry out effortlessly.

The giant's expression was slightly more contrite, a slight blush on Colin's cheeks, when Harry was finally brought out back in the open air. Sandwiched between two digits, only his upper-body and arms were free, and his entire field of vision was taken by Colin's face. He had a front row seat when the giant mouthed “Sonus” before the familiar feeling of being bewitched glided across his skin.

“Eeh... sorry, Harry,” Colin said, offering a half-smile.

Trying to ignore the saliva still gluing his hair together, Harry replied, “It... it’s nothing. Just put me down in a safe place, okay? Please?”

“Oh! Yes, right away!” Colin hopped off the bed, carefully keeping Harry’s pressed between two fingers, and pulled what appeared to be a hamster cage. What could have seemed horrific—being kept in a cage like a pet!—actually made Harry feel slightly more hopeful. He was small enough to fit between the bars easily; he could just go back to the Common Room, he figured, and get Hermione’s attention, as soon as Colin left him alone in the cage.

Colin then raised his wand.

“*Reducio*,” he said. The cage immediately dwindled in size until it was the size of a matchbox. Colin brought his fingers above it and, barely separating the two digits, dropped Harry inside the cage before closing the hatch.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be safe here!” Colin happily announced. He shook the cage a bit and pushed it deep below his bed, plunging Harry in relative darkness.

In the cage, and finally left alone, Harry took a few minutes to get back to his feet. He needed a break, he told himself.

To his eyes, the cage around him was the size of a large room, with a very high ceiling, five meters at least. The hard floor was littered with cotton balls, and a few toys laid here and there. A water and a food dispensers were hung on the bars of a wall, and a hamster wheel, as well as a wooden “house”—just three walls and a roof, but packed with soft-looking balls. After confirming that it was impossible to slip through the bars, Harry carried his tired, wounded body towards the house.

He really needed a break. He was asleep an instant later.

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Three days had passed.

Harry could only tell by the feet of the pack of Gryffindors who lived in that dorm. When the feet came, it was either the morning or the evening after class. Under Colin's bed, it was always dark; Harry couldn't tell what was going on beyond his immediate surroundings.

After a few hours alone in the dark, Harry finally understood why isolation is said to be maddening. Everything was still while the students were sleeping or attending classes. Nothing changed. Nothing even so much as moved. Alone in this immobile place, Harry started to think of it as another world. A completely separate dimension... the mysterious kingdom of Underthebed. A world where the sky is made of wooden slats, night is permanent, huge dust bunnies roam the darkness and giant people exist. A world where the only activities are walking in the hamster wheel and staring at nothing.

It was a lonely few days. Colin had apparently not found any time away from his dorm mates to do *anything* at all, and Harry was left entirely alone. The most interaction he had with his giant captor was at the end of the first day, when Colin snuck under his bed to squeeze breadcrumbs the size of Harry's head through the hatch on the roof of the cage.

That is why Harry was actually happy to see Colin when, after the third day ended, the giant teen crawled under the bed. Colin's entire frame was so massive that his head bumped against the wooden sky and his upper-body seemed to occupy all of the available space.

"Sorry, Harry!" Colin whispered through the bars of the cage while cupping his lips, surely to avoid waking up his sleeping roommates. "Jae and the others just wouldn't

give me a moment alone. Here, I got you this!” He sprinkled pieces of cheese, ham, fresh bread and other goods into the cage. Harry’s heart leapt in joy at the sight; only eating bread had become stale very fast. As soon as his voice was magically restored, Harry spoke in a hoarse voice.

“You need to bring me Hermione, Colin. She can grow me back.”

Colin immediately seemed uncomfortable. “I-I don’t think it’s a good idea. Er, others could see you, and...”

“I need to grow back. Please!”

“Summer holidays are just a few weeks from now, and-”

“Colin, *please!*” Harry voice was getting increasingly shrill, sounding of urgency. “I need you to bring me to Hermione!”

“-you would be safe at my parents’ place, nobody would know you shrunk...”

Harry opened his mouth to plead, but Colin loudly asserted: “I have a terrarium for you at home.”

Taken aback by the authority and conviction in Colin’s voice, Harry fell quiet. Colin’s face broke into an innocent smile as he noticed the tiny quietly listened. “It will be like a palace for you! I can even install a tiny TV and furniture, and you could be out every day to play with me! *Silencio.*”

Blindsided, Harry didn’t even get to explain he didn’t want that before his voice was stolen from him once again. He helplessly screamed at the wooden sky, but his voice didn’t even reach Colin.



“Haha, I really can’t wait! It’ll be so fun!” the giant boomed before crawling backwards and out of Underthebed. Harry was left, frustrated and exhausted, to lay in his cabin and stew in his despair. The mattress above creaked softly, indicating that Colin was back into bed. The tiny and the giant couldn’t feel any more different about the situation, but both fell asleep simultaneously.



## Chapter 4 - Tormented by Malfoy

The following weeks saw Harry dedicate much of his time to observing the world beyond the bars. From his cage under Colin's bed, Harry had learned to appreciate the unique view he had of the floor of the dorm's floor. Although he wasn't a fan of the

fact he could see gargantuan bare and socked feet stamping back and forth, it was useful.

While watching Colin's feet walk away from the bed—Harry hated the fact he could recognize the boy from just his feet, but it served his goals—Harry readied himself. His cage was sturdy and the bars were too close together to let him squeeze himself between them, but there was a flaw to it. No gerbil would ever be able to take advantage of it, but Harry's brain was more advanced than that of a rodent—just a tad. Far above his head, on the ceiling of the cage, the opening mechanism could be reached if Harry could just slide his arm through the bars.

In Harry's hand were some of the pieces of bread Colin had given him, squished together until there were the approximate size and shape of a football. Wrapped around it was a makeshift rope Harry had made out of his own pajama shirt, torn apart and braided into a solid rope. Although he didn't appreciate being forced to remain bare chested with just his pajama pants, the shirt was beyond saving from all the abuse Harry went through. It served one last purpose at least: helping his daring escape.

Harry rotated his right arm, checking that the wounds he had accumulated were not impeding his movements anymore, and he was glad to notice it barely hurt at all. Although the days spent in a cage under Colin's bed were awful and he felt unmatched dread seeing the summer holidays approaching—which would mean Colin would get to bring Harry to his home in the muggle world, destroying all hope of escape—it gave him time to heal. And while Colin was in class, leaving Harry under his bed, the tiny boy took advantage of every moment to work out in preparation of the big day. All things considered, Colin treated him like a beloved pet and fed him well, so he had the opportunity to develop more muscles in a few weeks in that cage than ever before.

On cue, as Colin's feet disappeared into his shoes then out the door, Harry hurried to his hamster wheel. With well-practiced movements, he climbed on top of it and set

his eyes on the prize. He threw the ball once, twice, thrice, until it finally lodged itself between the bars at the top of the cage. Harry then climbed the rope and suspended himself to the ceiling, like muggle monkey bars, before swinging his way to the trapdoor. Once there, he put all his body weight on his left arm, feeling his new muscles bulge and strain like never before while his right arm snuck past the bars to fiddle with the mechanism. Colin made it look easy, flicking it open without even trying, but all of Harry's upper-body strength barely sufficed to make it budge. It took Harry a herculean feat of strength to make the piece of metal move slowly until, in a glorious clicking sound, the trapdoor opened. An instant later, Harry hauled himself out of the hole and into a world of freedom.

Harry eagerly threw himself off the top of the cage, welcoming the harsh fall towards the floor on the other side. It garnered him some new bruises, but he was finally free!

Without wasting an instant, he ran as fast as his legs let him—he happily ignored his strained muscles begging for rest or the fact he was still bug-sized. He would happily face a million dangers in a massive castle full of equally massive students; all he could think about was freedom. Ahead of him, the sunlight called for him, he wanted to let the warm light engulf him. His heart beat faster than ever before, his lips stretched in an irrepressible grin, his nostrils flared open to enjoy the fragrance of open air and the wisp of a joyful laughter lodged itself in his throat; he kept running like a madman towards the edge of the bed, towards the world at large.

Finally, Harry felt it. A ray of sunshine, piercing through the dormitory's window and landing on Harry's face. It blinded him, but he kept running, fully lost in the intoxicating euphoria of the moment.

Until a building-sized, black and white object slammed into the ground right in front of him, missing Harry by less than an inch, with a thunderous noise. Unable to stop in time, Harry slammed into it at full speed, ending up on his ass with a groan.

“Ugh...?” he said, looking up.

It was a shoe. A simple sneaker, the kind Harry himself used to wear before shrinking, but of course blown up a thousand times in size. Attached to it was a leg partly covered in the customary Hogwarts robe, and, high in the sky, was the somewhat-familiar face of Jae Kim. Jae was a Gryffindor boy in Colin's year, a nice boy with Korean features and short, messy black hair. Harry only vaguely knew the underclassman before, but he got to learn more about him due to living a few feet away from him for weeks, especially as Colin would sometimes talk about his classmates during their times together under the bed. Apparently, Jae was one of Colin's best friends—the thought froze Harry in horror. He could not let Jae find him.

“Colin forgot his Potions textbook again,” Jae said to himself, bending forward to grab said book off the other boy's nightstand. “Seriously, I'm buying him a Remembrall for his birthday, this year...”

Harry didn't have time to move out of the way as Jae's shoe twisted around and took off the floor. One of the undone laces, moving at great speed as Jae was taking a step, slapped Harry on the way out. Far below Jae's line of sight, the tiny boy exhaled in relief, happy he had gone unnoticed; Jae would join Colin in Snape's class, and...

“He's going in the dungeons!” Harry exclaimed as the thought hit him. His original plan was to slowly and painstakingly scale down the stairs to the Gryffindor common room, which he expected would take several hours, perhaps all day. There, he planned to wait however long it took until Hermione came back from classes. But, Harry remembered with growing excitement, his class, where he would find Hermione, was having Potions just after Colin's class—and there was a way to get down in a matter of minutes! His eyes landed on the undone shoelace on the floor and he bolted towards it.

Jae's shoe bent forward, the heel left the ground... and Harry's arms wrapped around the aglet, which shot right up into the sky along with its tiny passenger, in the nick of time. The wind was screaming around Harry and the tremors of the step almost

dislodged him, but he secured himself further, wrapping both legs around the shoelace as soon as the shoe hit the floor. The next step was more manageable, and soon, the rocking of the lace became an understood movement, like a boat in a storm. Harry closed his eyes to avoid being seasick—or just plain sick, given he was hitching a ride on a boy's shoe, probably the most dangerous place on Earth for him at the moment—and weathered it.

Jae was halfway down the stairs to the common room when he stopped and bent forward. Harry opened his eyes too late to react; when he did, he was greeted by the vision of Jae's eyes locked onto him and his fingers an inch away. Before Harry could do anything, he had been grabbed and squeezed tightly, the Asian boy's skin covering his face and blinding him. Struggling against giant fingers was useless, Harry knew from experience, but he still tried.

He expected to be brought up to Jae's face, tormented, perhaps brought to Colin again, but instead, the fingers kept moving and tugging in ways that didn't make sense from the tiny man's perspective. Only when the fingers retreated, leaving Harry where he was, did he understand: Jae was tying his laces, and Harry had ended up mixed in the action! With a shoelace thicker than himself covering most of his body and compressing him against the fabric of the shoe, Harry was definitely stuck.

Jae resumed walking, this time at a faster pace, to avoid getting to his class too late, unwittingly bringing the hero of the Wizarding World along for the ride.

The next few minutes were a blur, for Harry—literally. Jae's pace quickly went from a brisk walk to a jog, to a full-blown run to avoid being late to class, and all Harry became able to see were the swirling colors of Hogwarts bleeding together due to speed, even with his glasses solidly stuck to his face. They didn't come off despite the speed, thank Merlin, as each time Jae's foot rose to take another step, a literal tonne of air seemingly pressed on Harry's body, forcing it deeper into the leather beneath him; his glasses were similarly weighed down, leaving a mark on the tiny boy's face.

Jae was somewhere around the Great Hall when Harry managed to free one arm, which would let him free himself at any time. He didn't, however, for the same reason one wouldn't jump off a muggle roller coaster going at full speed. Only when Jae stopped to catch his breath, in a corridor somewhere in the dungeons, did Harry leap into action. As soon as the Korean giant took pause, hands on his knees and breathing hard, Harry was off his shoe. He swiftly dodged a couple droplets of sweat—each bigger than himself—ran between the arch formed by Jae's legs and ducked near a wall, making himself as tiny as possible. That part wasn't too hard, at least.

Since Jae dropped him off a few corridors away from Snape's classroom, Harry walked the rest of the way. The familiar corridors, which he used to cross in a few seconds, took the better part of an hour to trudge through. He could tell because, when the classroom's door was nearly in sight, he heard the deafening stampede of students walking out of it. Harry immediately squeezed himself against the wall, cursing the fact his pink, bare chest stood out against the dark stone of the dungeons; anyone looking too closely would notice him, he feared.

Turning the corner, dozens of shoes appeared, stomping and bulldozing through everything. Staring up, so far up that he half-expected airplanes there, he looked at the faces of the giants. They chatted, laughed and only cared about each other, to Harry's relief. In the crowd, he recognized Jae, then Colin—which sent a shiver down his spine—but both quickly left. Neither noticed him, and Harry sighed in relief.

He didn't get the chance to continue his walk towards Snape's class, because he suddenly heard what he had dreamed of for weeks now.

“Ugh, I can't believe you're so laid back at a time like this!”

Hermione's voice.

Hermione was walking towards him!

He was about to jump out of his hiding place, screaming and waving his arms for Hermione's attention, when the person who accompanied her replied.

"I'm sure Harry will be fine, he's always fine," came Ron's voice. Harry froze.

He wanted to feel rage. He wanted to feel fear. But frankly, he only felt love. A bubbling, revolting love, warm and pink, coming up his chest and inundating his cheeks. For an instant, all ideas to go to Hermione were forgotten, and Harry just wanted Ron to find him, play with him... The almost-forgotten taste of his best friend's sole on his tongue made itself known again, and he craved more.

Flattening himself back against the wall, Harry resolved to battle with the lingering effects of the love potion on his psyche.

"Why do you keep checking the bottom of your shoe, Ron?" Hermione said, sounding exasperated. "Did you step in something gross?"

"The only gross thing here is you, mudblood."

The new voice made Harry's blood freeze in terror. Malfoy's. It was Malfoy's voice. Suddenly, even Ron's presence wasn't so bothering anymore, compared with the possibility of being found by Malfoy, of all people. Harry tried to make himself even smaller and less remarkable, like a mouse hearing a cat.

Hermione and Malfoy insulted each other, but Harry couldn't find the energy to even listen. The voices above, no matter how powerful, were muffled to his ears. All he could hear was the sound of his own heart, beating so hard that it was deafening. Ron, Colin, anyone... anyone was better than Malfoy.



*Thump thump*

Harry found himself wishing he had never escaped from Colin's cage. Even remaining his pet forever would be better.

*Thump thump*

He wished he were an actual insect roaming Hogwarts, not a wizard the size of one...

*Thump thump*

Someone cried "*Expelliarmus!*"

*Thump thump*

Probably Hermione, she always wins.

*Thump thump*

Someone was walking away, and something was rolling on the ground near Harry. He had kept his eyes down during the confrontation, terrified, but the proximity of the item made him snap his head up. Rolling towards him at great speed was a giant wand. Harry didn't have time to jump out of the way, and it slammed into him, knocking the wind out of him; it was the relative size and speed of a freight train.

When he recovered from the impact, Harry looked up again, noticing with horror that a pair of trousers, one knee on the ground, were just behind the wand, and pale fingers were reaching out for it. But they were unmoving, frozen in mid-air.

Gathering all his strength, Harry looked higher. Draco Malfoy's face was masking the ceiling, like a bully-shaped sun. Draco was looking directly at him, eyes wide and mouth agape. They stared at each other for what felt an eternity, both frozen in shock. Suddenly, Malfoy talked.

“Potter?!”

As if time suddenly unfroze, both sprung into action. Harry leaped to his right, desperate to get away, just barely avoiding Malfoy's hand as it tried to snatch him up. The tiny boy ran with desperate abandon, but he just heard the blond giant stand up.

*“Petrificus Totalus!”*

Harry's limbs tensed, his escape attempt ending with a faceplant not a normal step's length away from the massive bully. He was paralyzed thoroughly, unable to move even a finger. He felt the overwhelming need to hyperventilate, but he couldn't even do that—the paralysis had frozen his chest in place too. His body imposed a calm, slumber-like breathing pattern despite his panic, making him feel like he was battling for air. It was like drowning in the wide open air.

Two huge things—Malfoy's fingertips, he assumed—grabbed both sides of his immobile form and brought little Harry up to his tormentor's face. Even the blond git didn't seem to believe what he had caught, his eyes still wide. Malfoy took several long breaths like that, unmoving, just scanning the paralyzed Harry with his wide, grey eyes. He smelt of cleanliness and fresh grass, Harry noted unconsciously. And his breath was warm. Harry would have expected it to be cold as ice.

“Mr. Malfoy! What are you waiting for?!” Snape's voice snapped Malfoy back to reality, and his fingers wrapped around Harry in a fist, trapping him in a world of smooth, silky skin.

“I’m coming!” Malfoy replied, shoving the frozen tiny in his trousers’ pocket.

It was nearly ten minutes later when Harry saw the light of day again. Or rather, the dim glow of the dungeon’s lamps, partially hidden by the opaque fumes of the simmering cauldrons. In the distance, the quiet chatter of students struggling to follow Snape’s barked orders seemed familiar. But Harry only had eyes for Malfoy.

The shrunken boy had been carefully laid on his back on the desk, surrounded by heaps of potion ingredients. On his left, a knife as tall as Hogwarts’ astronomy tower was stabbed into the wooden desktop, while Malfoy’s grinning face and bust occupied the sky.

“We’re going to have fun,” the giant mouthed, barely making any sound to avoid catching anyone’s attention—but it was more than enough for the immobile tiny to hear.

With a well-practiced movement, Malfoy grabbed the handle of the knife.

“Two ginger roots, sliced thin,” he said on a more normal tone. Just beyond the edge of Harry’s peripheral vision, Goyle grunted in approval. He and Draco had to be partners for the Potions class, Harry realized.

Disregarding his prisoner, Malfoy grabbed ginger roots the size of a house and started slicing them. The ease with which the knife cut through the fibers like it wasn’t even there, hitting the wood beneath, made tears appear at the edge of Harry’s eyes.

*Thwunk, thwunk, thwunk.*

“Then, a drop of armadillo bile,” he added as he threw the ginger slices and liquid into his own cauldron, causing a burst of blue fumes.

“And now... an annoying cockroach, finely minced~” Malfoy was almost singing in delight, his grin stretching unnaturally as he brought his knife closer to Harry until the edge rested on his shoulder. Ready to cut Harry’s arm off. Harry wanted to roll away, run, cry, scream—anything, but he was still magically frozen. He put all his energy in a desperate effort to open his mouth and scream, but it was another voice that stopped Malfoy instead.

“The Wit-Sharpener requires ground scarab beetles, not minced cockroach,” professor Snape said, suddenly standing just behind Malfoy, startling both boys. The knife flew off Harry, and the giant boy’s palm slapped onto him instead, smothering him beneath the warm skin.

“I... Er, thank you, sir,” Malfoy’s muffled voice reached Harry’s ears. Several seconds passed.

“Well? What are you waiting for to grind your beetles?” Snape sounded angered.

“You don’t need to watch the entire process, professor...” Harry could feel the hand above him tensing in frustration or anger.

“Are you blind, Draco? Your grades were abysmal last year, and your father personally required I ensure you have a perfect grade in Potions this semester.” Snape’s voice had devolved into a hiss. “If he hears you failed something as simple as a Wit-Sharpener Potion, both of us will regret it direly. Now. Grind. These. Beetles. I want to see for myself that they are properly prepared.”

With some hesitation, Malfoy wrapped his fist around Harry and pocketed him again, this time shoving him in his shirt pocket.. If the professor noticed the movement, he didn’t comment on it. In the dark and deep recesses of the pocket, surrounded by black fabric, Harry was still frozen and helpless, alone with his thoughts and the deafening palpitations of Malfoy’s heart.

*Thump thump. Thump thump. Thump thump.*

It would be another few hours before Harry was pulled out of his prison.

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When Harry did get out, the *Petrificus Totalus* had mostly worn off. His body was still partially under the effect of the spell, but he could move; alas, all his attempts to scale up the fabric to escape the pocket failed. Not because falling from Malfoy's pocket scared him—no, falling the equivalent of a hundred times his own size sounded infinitely better than whatever the bully was planning— but because his muscles were still stiff and slow. All throughout the day, he could hear other students talking over Malfoy's beating heart, and he heard his own name numerous times. It seemed Harry Potter was once again the talk of Hogwarts, but this time people seemed worried about his “disappearance.” Harry wanted to scream and get rescued, but without a *Sonorus* spell, he wouldn't even be heard by Malfoy, much less by others. So he endured, grinding his teeth and hoping for the best.

After countless, anxiety-filled hours, McGonagall dismissed the students after the last class of the day, giving an unholy amount of homework—but Harry was too far removed from the usual student life to care. All he cared about was Malfoy's gasp of excitement above his head, the quickening beats of his heart and the glee that the giant radiated as he took off running.

“You stay here!” Malfoy said—to Crabbe and Goyle, Harry guessed. “I don't want to be disturbed today!”

Harry bounced up and down, repeatedly slamming against Malfoy's chest as it rapidly inflated and deflated. Harry had never seen Malfoy actually run; it was a testament to

how excited the blonde boy was to torture him. Harry could already picture his cruel smirk...

... but Malfoy's face was actually adorned by a childish grin, when he finally did fish out Harry from his pocket. Like a kid on Christmas, he looked like he was just genuinely gleeful. Being so rich and having everything he ever wanted jaded him, Harry realized; getting his hands on a shrunken Harry was the only thing that could give Malfoy what he wanted and couldn't buy. Harry was his perfect Christmas gift. The idea was nauseating.

Without a word, the giant ran his fingers on the tiny's body, prodding him with unbridled curiosity. Malfoy's grey eyes scanned Harry, sometimes squinting to get a better look, while his lips twitched, going from a grin to a smirk, then biting his lower lip, before grinning again, finally looking like the cruel git Harry first expected to see. Cranking his neck in a desperate attempt to find an escape route, Harry noted that Malfoy was sitting a desk in what seemed to be an individual room in the Slytherins' dorms. A large window showed that the room was located beneath the Great Lake, as the pale light filtering through the water cast a sinister glow in the room. It was a very "Slytherin-esque" room, which gave Harry a modicum of hope. Maybe he could squeeze himself through the gaps between the stone walls? First, he would have to find a way to reach the floor.

Malfoy obviously came to the same conclusion, as he dropped Harry onto the desktop below uncaringly. Malfoy straightened his back to appear as tall as possible, clearly enjoying towering over Gryffindor's Golden Boy.

"So, Potter, tell me everything. How did you end up like this? Not that I am complaining, mind you!"

Harry got to his feet, still unsteady, and looked at the vast wooden surface around him with despair. No easy escape route. A few seconds passed.

“I SAID! Tell me *everything!*” Malfoy repeated, frustration flickering on his face. “You are not in a position to deny me, *bug.*”

The giant punctuated the sentence by slamming his fist down. The small movement was nearly apocalyptic for Harry, however—from his perspective, a house-sized, tightly closed fist accelerated down towards him, just barely missing crushing him to a pulp, and sent tremor through the wood beneath him, sending the shrunken boy flying a centimeter off the “floor” and falling on his back. From his vantage point, most of his vision was blocked by the towering fist resting on the desk, while Malfoy’s torso and face, brows furrowed, floated far above. That’s what convinced him to try and shout up at the giant’s face, trying to assuage him.

“Uh? What?” Malfoy bent over slightly, turning his ear towards Harry, who kept screaming at the top of his lungs. “Are you saying something ...?”

The massive boy kept getting closer until his ear was level with the desk and Harry was left staring into the depths of the canal. Despite his croaky voice from too much yelling, Harry walked to the edge of the desk, as close to the ear as he could without falling in, and screamed into it the same thing he’d been trying to say: “I NEED YOU TO CAST A SONORUS ON ME!”

A derisive snort followed. Harry could tell Malfoy finally heard him, because he *chuckled.*

“Wow, you really are pathetic, Potter,” he said while turning his head to give an amused look to the gnat of a boy.

Malfoy whipped the air with his wand, and Harry took a couple steps back, ready for the now-familiar feeling of the *Sonorus* spell to wash over him. But, instead, the bully’s lips stretched into a cat-like smile and he poked the tiny with the tip of his wand.

“Wha-what are you doing?” Harry tried to say, although the other couldn’t hear him, but he was cut short as the massive wand—the tip of which covered all of his torso—rammed into him, making his ribs protest. A cruel snicker filled the room as Malfoy kept slamming the tip of his wand against Harry, pushing him back a few centimeters at time, as if considering Harry wasn’t even worth killing magically. After a bit, Malfoy pinned him underneath it—trapped between two vast pieces of wood, Harry used whatever little air was left in his lungs to scream for mercy. But a look at the giant’s round and elegant face, with his eyes half-closed in obvious pleasure, made it clear “mercy” wasn’t on Malfoy’s mind that day.

“Oh, is the insect trying to say something? Just say ‘please’ and I will let you go.” He cupped his hand around his ear, sarcastically pretending he didn’t know, despite not being able to hear it, that Harry was shouting himself hoarse beneath him. “I guess you don’t want me to stop, eeeh-?”

Instead of the pressure on Harry increasing, however, it suddenly disappeared entirely. Malfoy removed his wand from Harry and casually put it down next to the tiny. With a cursory “Don’t move,” the giant walked away from the desk and sat on his bed on the other side of the room. Harry observed as the git bent down and started undoing his shoelaces, and he started getting déjà vu and cold sweats. Desperate to find an out, his eyes darted to something else: the wand discarded next to him.

It was positively humongous compared to Harry—he would need three people his size stacked on each other’s shoulders just to reach the top of it—but it was a *wand*. Harry had been stuck in his sorry state for so long because he couldn’t use magic, but if he could even, somehow, use a giant wand... He pressed his hand against the wooden handle. Under his fingers, he could feel the warmth left by Malfoy’s grip, but also the familiar and comforting feeling of magic brewing just under the surface. He closed his eyes and channeled energy he hadn’t felt in weeks, but which obeyed him all the same: red and golden sparks sprouted out the end of the wand at his command.



Startled by the sparks, Harry whipped his head around to see if the giant noticed. Thankfully, Malfoy still had his head down, now one shoe and sock off; he had just started undoing the other's laces. Harry took a second to assess the situation. The wand was facing the wall, but if he could move it just a couple centimeters to face Malfoy, then he could use a *Stupefy* and take the bully out. It was a crazy plan, he thought, but it could actually work! For the first time since Malfoy found him that morning, Harry felt hopeful and invigorated.

"It's just a piece of wood," he told himself. "It is made to easily roll, after all!" Yes, he was certain of it: He could do it!

Pressed for time, Harry sprung into action. He almost felt thankful for the days spent working out in the cage under Colin's bed, as physical strength was his best ally here. Body-slammng the side of the wand, Harry put all of his strength into the act, pushing with his whole body. It felt more akin to pushing against a concrete wall than a cylindrical object. He just needed to slightly make it budge, he repeated to himself like a mantra. Pushing himself beyond anything he thought possible, he felt his newly acquired muscles bulge painfully, veins popping due to his superhuman effort as his feet dug into the ground. The wand still wouldn't move, not an hair's breadth.

Undeterred, Harry kept pushing. He pushed with desperate abandon, grunting, cheek pressed against the wooden mass, eyes closed and teeth grinding, solely focusing on the task at hand. He pushed so hard he lost track of time—and of the fact *it doesn't take very long to remove one's shoes and socks*. He pushed, pushed, pushed, not feeling any progress at all... until the wand suddenly buckled and moved! In fact, it positively flew out far beyond Harry's reach. Opening his eyes, the tiny noticed the wand had rolled what looked like yards away from it... with Malfoy's massive finger resting on top of it, having clearly pulled out of the tiny's reach. Far above, Malfoy looked genuinely puzzled, an elegant eyebrow raised in Harry's direction.

"Were you attempting something, Potter?"

With horrifying ease, the giant grabbed the wand's handle and lifted it off as if it were weightless. That casual display of power, perhaps more than anything else Malfoy had done that day, achieved to knock the wind out of Harry. He wouldn't manage to escape. There was nothing that anyone his size could do against a God-like being like Malfoy. He fell to his knees and didn't even struggle when he heard a spell pronounced and felt his own body lifted up in the air before being brought down to the floor. Even though he could see gaps in the stone floor that he might be able to squeeze himself through, Harry didn't try to run for it. Escape was not an option, and if death was all his future held, he would die a proud man, not a scared prey.

Far ahead of him, the giant's bare feet slapped on the cold floor as Malfoy took a couple steps towards him. Just looking at the pale skin and lanky toes, it was easy to mistake these feet for Ron's—despite himself, Harry felt memories of his “fun” between his ex-friend's toes rush to the front of his mind again, making him flustered. It was disheartening to see the love potion was still active after all that time, but he shoved the thoughts aside and focused on standing as tall as his diminutive form allowed.

“You don't know how long I've dreamt about this,” Malfoy said in a cackle, raising one foot off the ground and slowly bringing it closer to Harry. “The great and mighty Harry Potter, the ‘Chosen One,’ literally under my feet. You might not like what is coming, but trust me, I will be enjoying myself-”

Malfoy's sole looked too beautiful to belong to that blonde git. It was long, thin and perfectly proportioned. The skin was so pale it looked pure white, and it was obvious Malfoy didn't spend much time on his feet; it looked soft as a pillow and almost inviting. The foot hovered lazily a few inches above Harry, threatening to fall at any instant.

Draco snickered. “Scared, Potter?”

On cue, the sole descended with deliberate slowness, as if Draco wanted Harry to run. He wanted a chase. But it was pointless, Harry knew that running for a full minute would barely allow him to get out of the sprawling shadow of the foot above—the giant would only need a single step to catch him anyway.

So, instead of running, little Harry stood his ground, fiercely standing as the sky was literally crashing onto him. With every passing second, the details of the sole, every wrinkle and curve, became more obvious, more massive. Every slight twitch of the gargantuan toes was amplified a million times—Harry could plainly see that Malfoy was *loving* the moment.

Then skin touched skin and, with the ball of the giant's foot on his face, Harry felt a strange mix of fear and exhilaration. Malfoy's sole was satin-smooth, it smelled of cleanliness with a hint of masculine musk, and it radiated a soft warmth—in any other situation, Harry would have willingly surrendered himself to such a beautiful, perfect foot. He felt worried that his time in Ron's hands—or feet, rather—had messed up his mind beyond repair. "You will love my feet as much as you love me," he could still hear Ron's voice, his order, clear as day in his mind. Just imagining the ginger's face made Harry's heart leap with desire, no matter how hard he tried to repress the feeling.

He didn't have time to explore the thought further as his knees buckled almost immediately, as the foot kept moving down, and the tiny boy ended up sprawled on his back, entirely covered in what felt like hundreds of tonnes of *Malfoy*. The pressure kept increasing, his ribs started creaking in pain. From there on, excitement and arousal were off the table. Terror; Harry just felt immense terror. He could really die here, squished like a bug by none other than Draco fucking Malfoy! His bravery evaporated as his limbs felt like they were about to break, and Harry started wiggling desperately, struggling against the squishy flesh of his enemy.

“Oh yes. Oh, Merlin, that’s so good!” Malfoy’s voice, although muffled from Harry’s perspective, still had that all-powerful quality, permeating the tiny boy’s body. “You’re so fucking pathetic, Potter! Squirm under me, that’s where you belong!”

Just as Harry felt about to pass out, the pressure vanished in an instant and the foot raised in the air just a tiny bit. Looking to the side, the woozy Harry could see a distant ray of light, past the vast expanse of skin above him.

“Shit, I can’t get carried away,” he heard from far above. Malfoy talking to himself. “The Dark Lord will want to see him die in person. Nobody will believe me if I just crush him here.” Swifter than Harry thought possible, the foot moved out of the way, letting the shrunken boy see Malfoy looking down at him with a smirk. “I will just go home tomorrow and deal with you there. Until then, you and I can have some fun-”

Harry was on the verge of unconsciousness. As he closed his eyes, welcoming the darkness, the last thing he saw was Malfoy’s manicured hand coming towards him while an ominous chuckle resounded in the background.



## Chapter 5 - A Ray of Hope?

When Harry came to, all he could perceive was the soft floor under his back, as he was sprawled back. Pushing down on top of him, forcing itself against his face, was a similar weight, pillowy yet heavy. He was trapped, too small to wriggle free, he realized as he tried to move. The only light was an acidic glow filtering through lime-green fabric.

A couple blinks later, the boy could determine where he was. Inside of a sock—a Slytherin’s sock. The foot was laid on its side, and Harry was trapped between the first and second toes. The big toe was the only thing weighing on Harry, but the boy felt suffocated by its weight, as if he were stuck under and overturned car.

Praying that his new muscles wouldn’t fail him again, Harry started pushing up with all his strength—he just needed to push a single toe... just a tiny gap to squeeze himself through... He pushed desperately, grunting and sweating.

But despite all his efforts, he just couldn’t move it. He couldn’t even make a wand roll, why would he make a toe budge? The thought was unpleasant, but logical.

When Draco Malfoy woke up that morning, it had been hours since Harry—who concluded that Malfoy had decided to skip classes—had woken up, tolerating the humiliating position. He was weary and exhausted already when the giant brought his foot up and yanked the sock away.

Malfoy’s smirking face was the first thing Harry saw of the the world outside the sock; he was sitting on his bed, foot on his knee, and he was prying his toes apart with both hands. It was the first time Harry was seeing Malfoy with bed hair, and his lazily confident attitude was infuriating.

“Good morning, *princess*,” the giant said.

Harry tried to move, but he felt that his whole body was sore.

“I hope you enjoyed the night; it might be your last. I told my father about you, yesterday...”

Harry could barely bring himself to care about what Malfoy was saying. He was struggling to sit up. He was puffing, feeling like he had been punched by a bag of

rocks. Thanks to Malfoy for not handling him carefully and shoving him between two *bloody* toes all night.

“...and he will soon be here to collect you as a sacrifice to the Dark Lord,” Malfoy completed.

It took a second for Harry to realize what Draco had said. He was sitting on the side of the giant’s toes one second... and he rolled off, free-falling towards the solid ground the next. He didn’t feel the wind whipping his face that he expected from falling—what seemed to be—as high as the roof of London’s tallest building. But the trip down was much shorter than expected: He barreled towards the stone floor for less than two seconds before landing on his back with a “oof,” sprawled on his back. It had just fallen the size of Malfoy’s leg, after all.

From the floor, he could see a pillar of fabric sprouting from a mountainous socked foot resting on the floor near Harry. The leg disappeared high into the sky, bending out of view around the knee. Despite himself, Harry had front-row seats to see Malfoy removing his leg from his knee and turning his foot down, exposing his bare sole to the tiny spectator. It descended slowly, Malfoy wiggling his toes before they touched Harry. But, just before the foot landed on him, it changed course, landing heavily on the floor besides Harry.

“*Levicorpus*,” Malfoy said. Instantly, Harry felt weightless, his feet left the ground and shot upwards, his upper-body pulled after it, until he was floating upside down in front of the giant’s face.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. Trying to escape, Potter? It seems you don’t understand,” Malfoy said. He didn’t speak up, but his voice was deafening to little Harry floating helplessly a few centimeters from his mouth. The tiny could feel a strong, warm wind coming from the lips, which unveiled a dark-pink tongue with every word. He could feel the vibrations in his very bones; and he couldn’t move, bound by the spell. He tried to

scream at the humongous face of his classmate, but Malfoy's words, even though they were barely whispered, blew his words away like feathers in the wind.

"You will make me the Dark Lord's favorite. You have lost, and I have won," he said. "Now, Potter, I want you admit that purebloods are superior. Or, else..."

Malfoy opened his mouth further, pursing his upper lip. His tongue slithered out, the tip of it nearly touching Harry's floating form. His position, head down, made blood rush to his face, making him that much more uncomfortable. Displayed just before him was a pink landscape, glistening under the glow of the lake coming in through the window and positively dripping with thick drool. Last time Harry had been so close to a tongue—and although he'd prefer to avoid remembering that time Colin nearly swallowed him—everything was chaotic and moving too fast to notice, but the giant Slytherin was making sure Harry could see his fate coming this time; far from being smooth, as one might expect, the surface of the tongue was covered in countless small bumps, thousands of taste buds hungering for Harry's flavor. Malfoy's mouth was literally *watering* at the idea of tasting him, which sent chills down the tiny's spine.

The tip of the tongue sneaked closer, a centimeter at a time, until it made contact with Harry's face, smothering it. He tried to stick his arms out to push the muscle back, but his arms just sank into it, absorbed by the softness of the tongue and just succeeding in covering themselves in heavy saliva. Harry was too weak to fight back against Malfoy's magic, which was keeping him place, and he couldn't fight back against Malfoy's physical might, either. The shrunken boy was stuck, forced to withstand everything his enemy had in store. The tongue kept creeping closer, now forcing itself against Harry's bare torso and sloppily drenching his pajama pants, so Harry gave up resisting and just held his glasses with both hands and the strength of desperation. They were a cracked mess by now, but he would be essentially blind without his glasses.

As it turned out, it was a good move, as Malfoy started licking him greedily. The tongue ran over his body over and over with such strength that Harry's pants were



nearly torn off his legs. The surface of the muscle had somewhat of a grip, sticking to his skin and stretching it uncomfortably with every movement. He also had a front-row seat to enjoy the giant's breath, which was blowing from the deep red, pulsating depth of Malfoy's wide open mouth, which Harry was forced to stare into between each lick. It seemed the giant was losing himself in the pleasure of the act, as he was making delighted noises and licking faster and more hungrily as Harry's flavor suffused his mouth.

Malfoy moved his face forward with each passing second, and Harry could see his bared teeth—he was certain the giant was purposefully keeping them in view at all times— inching closer to him until his entire body was almost entirely inside the maw. Suddenly, a series of deafening pounds against the door interrupted him, causing Malfoy to jerk his head away and wipe off the saliva running down his chin with his sleeve.

“Your father is waiting for you at the gates, Draco,” Blaise Zabini's bored voice boomed in the room.

A grimace of annoyance appeared on Malfoy's face for an instant before he dismissed his goon. Staring intently at Harry, he slowly ran his tongue over his lips, like he wanted nothing more than really having another taste. Despite the saliva covering him, Harry knew he wouldn't be eaten by Malfoy today; no, he would be handed over to the man who murdered his parents.

As he could see the moment of his own death coming, Harry wondered what was worse, Malfoy or Voldemort? Sure, if Malfoy managed to smuggle Harry out of the castle, Voldemort would certainly kill him immediately... but was immediate death worse than the torture the bully was putting him through?

Malfoy seemed to think Voldemort was the best option, too, as he whipped his wand, sending the tiny flying down. The air was knocked out of him and his head rang like a bell when he tumbled at the bottom of a tunnel of green fabric.

“I think we can have one more game before I hand you over to the Dark Lord, don’t you think? I’m sure father would appreciate the theatrical entrance I’m planning!” Malfoy’s voice rang, echoing around Harry.

Looking around himself, the shrunken boy noted that he was in what seemed to be a tube of silver and green, with light pouring from a circular hole in the ceiling. Through it, Malfoy’s smirking face could be seen, framed by a bright circle puncturing the ceiling... It took Harry a moment to realize that he was back inside the giant’s sock.

“You’ll return to your rightful place under your better’s foot, Potter. You should be thankful,” Draco said. Then, he lowered the sock, revealing his slender bare foot. Harry did try to get on his feet and do something, but the fabric was too unstable underneath him to let him stand. He had to give up when the toes creeped into the maw of the sock. He had to admit he wasn’t going to avoid that...

The foot took its time to slide in. In the dim, green light filtering through the fibers, the toes looked like mossy boulders falling in slow motion towards Harry. The tiny, still laying helplessly on his back, looked up in horror as the foot slithered every closer, the toes stretching and wriggling in exaggerated movements as Malfoy’s appreciative throat sounds resounded in the distance. Finally, the underside of Malfoy’s big toe made contact with Harry, shoving him deeper into the fabric. All the tiny boy could feel was the silky smooth skin pressing down against him, molding itself around him to fully encase him into it, and the wetness of what was left of saliva gluing him even more solidly to the surface, like a fly trap.

He could tell Malfoy was yanking on the sock to make it espouse every details of his sole when the fabric squeezed him even deeper into the skin—anyone looking in from outside would have been able to see a Harry Potter-shaped bump in the sock’s fabric. It was invisible to the tiny’s eyes, but he could guess the bully was pointing his wand at his foot, as he felt a tingling sensation travel through his vein when the words

*“Robustus puer”* were whispered in the giant’s characteristically rumbling voice. It was the strengthening spell, making anything (or anyone) more physically resistant to damage. He wasn’t sure if he should be happy about it... His vision and smell were taken from him as his face and nose were harshly pressed against the toe, making even breathing a challenge—not that he was particularly enthralled to sniff Draco Malfoy’s feet.

Harry shuffled in place slightly to try and find a less uncomfortable position, but he didn’t even get two seconds of respite: He felt his stomach fly up to his throat as the foot fell to the floor with a THUD. The weight above him was absurd, keeping him pinned firmly in place, but he could tell Malfoy was not trying to crush him, this time. It was like being trapped underneath a collapse building, if the building had enough of a mind to keep itself in place instead of mercilessly crushing him. The remnants of light pouring into the sock vanished an instant later, as the giant slid his socked foot into a dress shoe. Then, Malfoy took his first step. After a second, the tiny realized that, in spite of the pain and discomfort, and despite the difficulties to breathe when his torso was compressed beyond anything the human body should be able to withstand, he would survive.

Somewhere, in the deep recesses of his mind, Harry couldn’t help but to imagine that it was Ron’s toe and Ron’s sock that surrounded him on all sides, which lit a flame of pleasure within him. Almost despite himself, he embraced it. In his last moments alive, before Voldemort could get his hands on him, thinking about Ron made Harry’s heart flutter. Between each step, Harry took advantage of being airborne to take a big breathe—whenever the foot he was under pressed him harshly against the floor, making his bones crack and creak in protest, he emptied his lungs in a wince. A rhythm created itself, like a rocking boat. He would only waste a bit of air every few steps to whisper, ‘Ron...’ longingly, no longer concerned about what his best friend had done to him. He would happily do anything Ron asked of him, even if it meant stripping him of his dignity and humanity, just to exchange Malfoy’s feet for Ron’s.

Deprived of his smell and sight, and unwilling to focus on what his senses of touch or—Merlin forbid—taste told him about the foot resting atop him, Harry had only one sense left. So, he listened. Beyond the deafening thunder of Malfoy’s leather shoes slamming against the stone floor, he could hear the bluster of human activity in the distance. In-between steps, he could tell how far the giant had traveled; he first recognized the whisper of the Slytherin common room, followed by the quiet dungeons, then the animated chatter of the rest of the castle when his captor emerged into the more frequented areas. He knew there were only a handful of corridors left to cross, then the hall, before Malfoy reached his father. The outside sounds dampened as the giant entered an empty corridor; only the footsteps kept Harry company. Until...

*“Stupefy!”*

Harry’s world exploded into chaos: Malfoy was visibly hurled backwards by the force of the stunning spell and crashed against the floor on his back, his toes clenching violently on Harry before suddenly relaxing and freezing in place. The sudden movements unsticked Harry, who found himself tumbling down the sock, as the foot was now resting on its heel. The tiny attempted to hold onto the sole to slow himself on the way down, but his hands just smoothly glided on the perfect skin, unable to find a hold. He unceremoniously plopped down at the bottom, squeezed between the sock and shoe and the underside of Malfoy’s heel. Stretching far above him was like a mineshaft, dark and ominous, but he could discern the towering shape of the sole; sitting atop it, the giant toes were so high that he might as well have fallen off Hogwarts’ Astronomy Tower. Thankfully, his feather-light body was much less vulnerable to falls, he had discovered earlier that morning.

Outside, Malfoy was clearly unconscious, and whoever knocked him out with that spell was very close. Harry could distinctly hear ragged breathing and grunts, though it was hard to recognize any voice when all giants sounded like distorted rumbles gushing out of muggle speakers. There was the sound of fabric ruffling, then fabric being torn apart. The other titan was searching Malfoy... searching for Harry? He didn’t dare to

hope, until the shoe he was trapped in moved suddenly and was torn off. Light flooded once again; and right there, just beyond Malfoy's sole and the ceiling of sickeningly green fabric, there was the silhouette of a man. Harry could have cried. He felt emotions swarming his throat, his heart ache with gratitude and his vision blur slightly. All he could think about was that *he might live*.

Then, the sock was yanked off in a snap of elastic, and Harry was face-to-face with Ron's house-sized face, and it was the most beautiful and heartwarming thing he'd ever seen. He raised his arms in the air, like a toddler begging to be carried, and the massive ginger picked him up carefully with two fingers, dropping him in his upturned palm, which was brought up to his lips.

"I... I'm so sorry, mate," Ron blurted out. "I didn't think... When you were gone that morning, I was- I mean, I really didn't want things to go that way. I'm really, really sorry!"

But Harry didn't want apologies, he was just eternally grateful. Being subjected to Colin's admiration was already enough to make Harry regret his time with Ron, but after experiencing life in Malfoy's hands, the shrunken boy wished for nothing more than being owned by his best friend again. He couldn't express any of it, as he was still robbed of his voice, but he tried to convey his joy by letting himself fall flat on a wrinkle of Ron's palm, hugging it and basking in the intense heat emanating from it—if Harry were a tiny loaf of dough, such proximity with Ron might have just baked him.

"Mate, you're..." Ron paused, observing Harry intently. "Thank you, Harry. We gotta slope off, I can't be seen here after that."

On the floor by Ron's feet, Malfoy laid, limp, with half of his clothes ripped to shreds, pockets inside out and both shoes and socks torn off and discarded. The corridor was empty but wouldn't be for long, so Ron addressed a whispered warning to his shrunken friend before closing his fist and shoving his hand in his robe's pockets.

Harry couldn't tell if it was the love potion talking or if the feeling was genuine, but he just felt overwhelming appreciation for Ron in that moment. As the fingers closed around him, trapping him once again in a prison of skin and musk, he realized he genuinely didn't mind it, this time. Instead, he found deep comfort in the feeling of being surrounded by Ron. Wiggling a bit to make himself comfortable, Harry pressed his face against the palm and just waited, feeling oddly safe, as his friend walked away, leaving his tormentor behind.

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Ron's steps brought him far from the place where he stunned Malfoy, and Harry could only tell that he was going up, constantly ascending Hogwarts' moving staircases. The cacophony of the other students had been left far behind. Harry first assumed Ron was bringing him back to the Gryffindor Tower, but he was wrong. He realized it when he heard familiar grunting noises followed by the crack of a blunt object meeting a skull and plaintive whines.

"Still trying to teach trolls to dance, eh, old Barnabas?" Ron laughed, pacing back and forth.

Harry instantly knew. There was only one interesting room on the castle's seventh floor, near the tapestry showing Barnabas the Barmy teaching ballet to a group of trolls: the Room of Requirements. As it could provide anything anyone asked for when they walked past it three times, Harry focused on asking for food and water. He hadn't had even a drop of water to drink since the previous day, when he had left his cage under Colin's bed.

Ron entered the Room, and Harry could immediately tell the difference. The atmosphere turned warm and welcoming, a fire crackling joyously in a corner. The giant deposited him carefully on the floor, where he sat cross-legged before him. The room Ron had asked for uncannily resembled their dormitory—but the only bed was Ron's, complete with curtains and heavy blankets, next to a large window letting a fake dusk light pour into the room. That was Ron's idea of a perfect bedroom, eh? Harry liked it. It was very orange, which reminded me of his best friend's hair.

"So, er... I wanted... I wanted to explain, and apologize," Ron started. He was sitting not a meter away from the tiny, but he avoided looking at him, instead staring at a patch of carpet somewhere on Harry's left. His ears were a deep shade of red. Harry noticed that a water pitcher, a loaf of bread and a block of cheese—all the appropriate size for him—just happened to be present right besides him, so he started eating gluttonously while listening.



“When I found you, so small, you were like...” Ron inhaled deeply. He brought two fingers together in the universal “that big” gesture; the fingers were virtually touching each other. “You were... less important than me. I felt like I was the strong one, for once. I was... I was not just the friend of the Boy-Who-Lived, I was actually in charge, and it went to my head. I am genuinely, deeply sorry, Harry. When you disappeared—Merlin knows where you were for so long-”

“Colin Creevey caught me,” Harry provided instinctively, his mouth half full, without thinking that Ron still hadn’t used the *Sonorus* spell on him.

“Colin, eh?” Ron pondered.

Things were floating for a second, until both boys had the same realization at once, their eyes finally meeting as they spoke in unison:

“I can hear you!” / ”You can hear me!”

Ron whistled appreciatively while Harry just exploded in laughter. After being robbed of his voice for so long, it felt so incredibly good that the Room of Requirements just gave him back the power to express himself. And after everything, he was finally back with his best friend.

“So, you were with Colin... How did you end up in, er, in Malfoy’s shoe?” Ron eventually asked, still blushing and looking contrite.

Harry told him everything he’d been through in the past days, noting that his friend was listening attentively, only reacting at appropriate times with a “Oh!” or “Blimey” when he was told about Colin keeping Harry in a cage like a pet, or the torments Malfoy imposed on him. “I have to admit, these times at your feet were the best moments I had since I shrank,” Harry admitted after he completed his story. It was a

weird thing to say, but the feelings bubbling up in his chest made him certain it was true.

“Does that mean that the love potion is still effective?” Ron asked, frowning his brows and wrinkling his nose slightly. Harry blushed, but he replied in the affirmative. “I see, that’s great,” the giant whispered to himself.

Suddenly, Ron stood up, slapping one shod foot on each side of Harry, who found himself having to crank his neck up to stare in awe at the full size of the ginger boy, who now sported a confident grin.

“What do you think, Harry?” Ron said in a booming voice. He raised one leg and swiftly tore his own shoe and sock off, sending them barreling in a corner as his now bare foot slammed back onto the floor, barely missing Harry. “I will send you to Fred and George so they can grow you back...” He did the same with his other shoes then wiggled his shoulders to shed his robe, which fell in a pile behind him. “... but before that, we could have some fun, eh?”

Grabbing the bottom of his shirt with crossed arms, Ron swang his hips as he unveiled his bare abs then chest. “No tricks, nothing forced on you, just having fun together.” He tugged his pants off, making a point of letting both his feet hover in the air straight above Harry’s head, soles in full display. “Before the potion runs out, you could get to enjoy aaaaall of this,” he added, gesturing towards his nigh-naked body; he only had boxers left to hide his manhood, but they were tight enough to leave little to the imagination.

It was more than Harry could take. His face was crimson and he was in awe. Love potion or not, he couldn’t deny that the spectacle was *bloody amazing!* And what would it cost to just lean into the feeling, just give into the desire just this once? His mind made up, Harry eagerly agreed, quickly tearing his own—dirty, tattered and crusty—pants off until he was wearing the same thing as the giant. But, unlike what he expected, a full-body pajama popped into existence, covering Ron’s body,

summoned by the Room of Requirements. The giant shrugged with a playful grin—he was totally teasing him on purpose, Harry figured—and plopped on his ass, bare feet extended towards Harry.

“Haaaaa... “ Ron purred, content. “How about you show me just *how much*, exactly, you missed my feet when you were under Colin’s and Malfoy’s?”

Harry gulped and, after summoning himself some pajamas as well, rushed towards the soles. Within him, the flames of love mirrored the fireplace illuminating the room: he felt warm, safe and excited, ready to enjoy himself!

Ron’s left foot was towering far beyond Harry’s reach, but the right one was on its side, the sole and underside of the toes displayed for all to see—that is to say, just for Harry. The fact the scene was so intimate, just the two of us in such a romantic setting, made the tiny boy’s mind race with a mix of potion-induced love, lust and gratitude, like mustard fizzling in his nose. He slammed face fist into the plump skin, burying all ten fingers into it, kneading hungrily.

“Lick, boy,” Ron sounded confident, authoritative. To Harry, the order sounded like thunder from a distant storm. He obeyed.

His best friend’s skin tasted almost fruity, so smooth his tongue glided on it, lapping hungrily. The rest of his body was grinding itself against the peachy wall, too. Acting on instinct, Harry started climbing; it wasn’t hard, the skin was flexible enough to grab handfuls of it. Even during his ascension, Harry never stopped covering Ron’s body with affection. He could tell his friend liked them based on the grunts and groans that vibrated through his bones..

When he reached the top of the foot, finding himself standing atop the side of the giant foot, the shrunken boy was awed by the view. Extending far into the distance, like a fantastical landscape, was Ron’s body. Higher than any mountain, almost lost in

the orange glow of the room, Ron's head was crowned by a flamboyant mop of hair. Confusing feelings were erupting within him, but Harry just knew he wanted nothing more than to worship the God-like being in front of him.

“Do you love me, Harry?”

It took the tiny a moment to realize the giant was talking—it could be hard to remember that such a awe-inspiring being was just his school mate. He acquiesced.

“Do you love my feet? Do you want to worship feet forever?” Harry enthusiastically agreed to both, feeling dizzy from the implications.

“Get to work, then,” Ron ordered with a grin, and Harry complied, falling on his belly and wrapping his arms around the patch of skin he could reach. Licks and kissing rained on the soft skin, which started moving after a few moments.

The ground beneath Harry shifted quickly, shooting into the air and turning on itself until Ron's right foot was propped up, sole up, against his left knee. Harry, who had to roll over and scurry along the sole to avoid tumbling off the foot, found himself laying on his back on a large plain of pale skin. Like the Sun in the sky, Ron's face was hanging above him, lips pursed.

“Ron, wh-what are you-?” Harry started, but the giant ignored him.

The face descended inexorably, crossing the distance in a few seconds, until the full lips were pressed against Harry. To an outside observer, it'd look like Ron was kissing his own foot, but Harry was experiencing a different reality. The lips, which occupied only a small portion of his vision at first, started growing at an alarming speed until all he could see was the alluring red of the upper lip while it was pushing itself on him. Being kissed, at that size, was like being smothered by a building-sized pillow—essentially weightless but forcing itself on the tiny, espousing the shape of his body. A

very wet pillow, he thought, as he felt the wet feeling of saliva seeping into his brand-new pajama.

The action awoke very primal feelings within Harry, who started wiggling helplessly as his entire body, including his midsection, was covered with Ron's lip. He hurriedly tried his best to return the kiss between moans.

A gust of hot air burst from above, from Ron's mouth, as the giant opened it slightly. The lip separated from Harry with a wet noise, barely enough to let him see that the giant had slipped his tongue out of his mouth. Ron lowered his face once more, and the tip of his tongue touched the skin near Harry's feet.

The tiny got to see the tongue sliding along the skin before it pinned Harry down, covering him entirely and dragging him along the sole. Harry could feel nothing but the pink expanse above him, the saliva drenching him to the bone and the ground of the skin flying past him, burn his back. When the tongue reached the toes and Harry assumed Ron was done, the giant instead brought his mouth back to his heel—and Harry discovered he was glued to the tongue like a food morsel. He felt the firm heel under his back again, and the tongue, like a merciless wave, dragged him along for another lick.

Ron kept lapping his own sole, face red and hand on his crotch, for several minutes. When he stopped, at last, he had to pluck Harry off his tongue, where he was embedded, before discarding the tiny wizard onto the floor. Harry couldn't tell if he had just undergone torture or the best thing ever, but he was left exhausted, laying on his back and trembling weakly from getting engorged with desire and relieved several times in such quick succession. Both he and Ron had ragged breaths and red cheeks.

"I... I gotta do a thing real quick," Ron said, jumping to his feet and summoning proper clothes for himself complete with sneakers.

“Wow, Harry, you really look like an ant or something from up here... Don’t move, okay? If you do, I might just end up stepping on you. Can you imagine, Hermione asking me where you are, and me showing her a red stain under my foot, haha...ha...” Ron seemed to be contemplating the idea for a few moments, his lips stretching into a smile for a second, before he shook himself and discarded the mental image. “Anyway, see ya in a minute, mate!”

Without wasting another moment, Ron jogged out of the Room of Requirements, leaving Harry lost in the carpet fibers.

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It took a dozen minutes for Ron to rush back into the Room, a letter in his hand. In the other, he was holding a flask filled with silver, hair-like strands swirling around, which he quickly shoved it in his robe’s pocket. He quickly walked towards Harry—who braced himself seeing the colossal shoes slamming closer and closer to him—but stop within centimeters of the tiny and crouched above him.

“So, here is the plan. I’ll send the old Errol out with a letter for Fred and George, and you’ll be inside the letter. Deal?” Ron had gained confidence, and he smiled pretty joyfully. Harry’s love-stricken mind even felt a prickle of disappointment hearing that Ron was happy to send him away. But overall, he really wanted to grow back, so he was glad to go. He climbed into Ron’s pocket, and the giant quickly carried him away of the Room of Requirements and to the Owlery.

Harry, who was getting used to being carried in a pocket out of sheer experience, was only fished out by the gigantic fingers when they were in the Owlery of Hogwarts, alone and surrounded by thousands of postal birds. “I guess it’s time to say goodbye, eh?” Ron said with a half-smile.

“Yeah, see you soon mate,” Harry replied. As soon as he did, both him and Ron reacted in unison, both noticing that Harry’s voice was much quieter than a few minutes earlier.

“Oi, you’re sounding like a mouse, here! Squeaky squeak!” Ron laughed.

“It... must be because I’m out of the Room of Requirements, so I am out of range for the magic that allowed me to talk...” Harry pondered. “Can you cast a Sonorus charm on me? Please?”

Ron just shrugged. “I don’t know, man. The spell would dissipate before you reached half the country. Diagon Alley is in London ya know? We’re in Merlindamn Scotland. And I told the twins to cast it on you first thing in my letter—I swear!”

“Okay...” Harry accepted, slouching a bit in disappointment. He didn’t want to be robbed of his ability to talk again.

“I’ll get the owl ready,” Ron said, offhandedly discarding his shrunken friend on the nearest surface, a flat stone tabletop. Above him, the ceiling was astronomically high, and the room was filled with owl perches and wooden beams to give the postal animals a place to sleep. It was habitually intimidating to look at the thousands of owl in there, but from his tiny perspective, Harry was finding the experience dizzying. Since Ron was turning his back to him, humming while preparing his package, Harry took the liberty to wander and observe.

He had only taken a few steps, however, when he heard massive wings flapping overhead and his hair got ruffled by gusts of wind. A massive owl—it had to be bigger than the 4, Privet Drive house!—was descending towards him, its piercing yellow eyes locked on the shrunken man.

A thought went through Harry's mind. He was about the size of a single morsel of meat, and he had seen Hedwig gulping down mice whole. Thanks to Colin, he had experienced being a pet... but he feared he was about to experience being *pet food!*

"Hey, Ron?" Harry said out loud, though he noticed his voice had gone even quieter. "R-Ron, are you-"

He was cut off when the owl suddenly bent over, forcing Harry to take a step back to avoid being pecked. The giant didn't react. The owl snapped its beak a few times, turning its head to stare at its prey.

"Ron? ROOOOON!" Harry was straining his throat screaming—he could tell his voice was still loud enough to be heard, as owls were getting agitated after being awoken by the screams—but the giant teen was still not reacting at all. He barely avoided being eaten once again by throwing himself to his left; the sharp beak clacked violently in the air where Harry's body was a second earlier.

The owl, visibly irritated that its dinner was running away, chattered and positioned herself between Harry and freedom. It puffed up its feathers, standing tall and menacing while readying its beak once again—and without warning signs, a white flash slammed into the predator, sending it tumbling away.

Hedwig, Harry's trusty owl, had literally flown to his rescue. Swift and efficient, she swiped the other owl's face with her talons and pecked its feathers. Harry stared up in awe, finally allowing himself to stop moving, as his building-sized pet fought off the threat and turned its eyes to him. She cooed affectionately and took a step forward, partially covering Harry with her wing to keep him safe. They stayed in that position for another minute until Ron turned around, seemingly unaware of what had just happened. Behind him, there was a fist-sized package tied to the leg of Errol.

"Hey Hedwig," Ron intoned.



“Ron, I was attacked by-” Harry tried to talk but immediately realized that the Room’s influence was weakening fast; his voice was so quiet he probably couldn’t be heard by humans anymore.

“What was that?” Ron snorted in amusement. “You’re gonna have to speak up, pipsqueak. I didn’t catch a word.”

Harry took a long breath and started screaming at the top of his lungs, accenting each sound in the hope that he could express himself before he completely lost the ability to talk—again.

“Don’t leave me alone! A bird alone...” The rest was lost to all but Harry himself, who despaired to feel so helpless once again.

Obviously getting the wrong message, Ron let out a “awww” and put his hand to his cheek in a pose similar to Mrs. Weasley’s expression of endearment. “You want to stay with me, that’s so cute~ But you should really go. I would hate for you to miss that~”

More rudely than before, Harry got grabbed between two of his friend’s fingers and carried towards Errol, where Ron dropped him inside the package.

“You may not like it, but I’ll greatly enjoy what is going to happen~” Ron said, smiling happily and leaving Harry confused. “I would usually say ‘sorry in advance,’ but... you’ve got a crush on me, so you can’t be mad at me anyway, eh?” Ron pointed at himself and finished with a spunky grin, more confidently and cockily than Harry ever knew Ron to be. That was the last thing Harry saw before the package got sealed, leaving the tiny blind to the outside world. He heard Errol’s wings, then he felt the familiar sensation of flight in his stomach. He was on his way to Fred and George’s shop on Diagon Alley: Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes.

Behind him, taking up most of the room in the package, was the flask that he had seen Ron carrying earlier. Inside, silver filaments were floating inside, like hundreds of clothes drifting on thin air. Through them, Harry could see the ethereal images of... memories. Ron was sending a bottle of memories to his brothers. Harry's heart leaped to his throat when he recognized several memories. In one, he saw himself shrink, as seen through Ron's eyes. In another, he was—apparently willingly—crawling between Ron's toes. And in yet another, he could see himself saying that he loved Ron's feet. Somewhere deep inside, he felt that something was wrong. He shouldn't be going to Fred and George.

The boy hurriedly looked around him for an escape route, but he was in a well-sealed package and already in the sky; the package would only be opened by one of the twins... who would then see the memories and... Harry remembered that Ron also had a *letter*. He found the large letter crumpled behind the flask. He could recognize Ron's messy writing.

*“Gred, Forge,”* the first line read. *“You might notice a tiny Harry Potter in this package. It is the real deal, he shrunk himself on purpose.”* Harry was taken aback. *What the hell was Ron thinking? “I request that, as soon as you read this letter, you put your BARE feet up on the table near him. Don't worry, he loves it.”*

The letter continued, but Harry felt very drained, all of a sudden, and he felt tears pricking his eyes.

“Oh come on... not again...”



## Chapter 6 - Double Menace

The cacophony of flapping wings accompanied the languid rocking of the package that carried Harry Potter. The shrunken boy was just waiting for it all to end. He had tried everything: Tearing the paper was like tearing a grimoire with his bare hands; the ink on the letter wouldn't run; it was impossible to open the flask with his pin-sized arms. He kept blabbering out loud, just to prove to himself that he could still be loud enough to be heard—until even he couldn't hear his own voice with the flapping wings of Errol covering his every noise. He experienced rage, anguish, anger again and a slowly dawning horror. He spent a long time standing in a corner of the package, forehead on the “wall,” trying to forget anything had ever happened to him. Then he just flopped on the floor, exhausted and waiting.

It was a very long trip to London.

When the package arrived, it took a second for Harry to realize the rocking had stopped, then another one to understand what it meant. By then, light flooded his prison and he felt the ground shift under him.

Harry was somewhat forcefully dumped out of the package and onto a tabletop. After taking a second to regain his bearings, Harry took note of his new environment: He was in what he assumed was the backroom of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, which doubled as an apartment to the Weasley twins and was seemingly used as storage for the stock excess of the joke shop, judging by the stacks of boxes and items piling up to the ceiling. But Harry's eyes were drawn to the two titans who were towering over him.

Fred and George both stood next to the table, visible only from the waist up from Harry's vantage point, and both stared at him, mouths agape. Immediately, Harry started waving his arms at them, desperately screaming at the heavens that he needed help... and his prayers seemed answered when George took out his wand, pointing it at him. Harry was on his tippy toes, ecstatic. George said the first syllable of a spell—it sounded like “Al”—when Fred put his hand on the wand, diverting away from Harry. He waved Ron's letter in front of his brother's face, and George started to read it out loud.

“Gred, Forge. You might notice a tiny Harry Potter in this package. It is the real deal, he shrunk himself on purpose. I request that, as soon as you read this letter, you put your BARE feet up on the table near him,” George's face contorted into an incredulous expression. Fred pointed to the next part of the letter and finished, “Don't worry, he loves it.”

Fred seemed positively giddy as he sat on a nearby chair and tore off his socks. “We're counting on you, Harry!” he added, swinging his bare feet onto the table,

narrowly missing Harry as his heel slammed into the wood. The tiny took a tentative step backwards, intimidated by the towering soles.

“He doesn’t seem to like it so much...” George commented, moving his face so close to Harry that the tiny could see each individual freckle. Fred laughed, saying something that sounded like “Live a little!” and shoved one of his feet onto his brother’s cheek, shoving George’s face away. Fred had always been the more enterprising twin—Fred started pranks, George ended them—but Harry wished George would stand up for him. Instead, the nicer Weasley grumbled something and sat next to his brother, bringing his socked feet up next to Fred’s bare soles, trapping Harry.

“Oh, Ron said bare,” George corrected himself, and he bent forward to remove the offending socks—when Fred exclaimed, “Read the rest of the letter! It’s only getting good!”

Fred and George's eyes widened as they continued reading Ron's letter. The rest of the instructions became more specific and bizarre. "It seems Ron has some very particular ideas about what Harry enjoys," George commented dryly. Fred shrugged, clearly eager to continue. "Well, we can't deny that Harry does love our feet," he said, wiggling his toes at the tiny boy. Harry flinched, but the giants did not seem to notice. Instead, Fred pushed the bottom of his big toe against Harry's face, and he laughed as the shrunken wizard collapsed helplessly on his back.

The letter went on to describe a series of "sessions" that Ron suggested they perform with Harry. It detailed how they should tease and mock him, step on him, and even feed him by spreading food on their soles and letting him lick it off. The twins were shocked but intrigued by these suggestions, especially the part about using their feet, which seemed to confirm Harry's enjoyment of being near their feet. The more they read, the more thrilled Fred appeared.

However, the letter also included a serious warning. "Oh, and one more thing," Ron had written, "under no circumstances should you use Sonorus around Harry. It could kill him at this size." Fred and George exchanged a glance, their faces now serious.

They had been considering using the spell to make the tiny boy's voice louder so that the twins could hear him, but now they knew it was too dangerous.

With the letter finished, the twins looked at each other, then back at Harry. "Well, Harry, it looks like Ron has some interesting plans for you," George said with a raised eyebrow. Fred added, with an infectious grin, "And we're happy to oblige, bug boy~" Harry swallowed nervously, his face turning beet red.

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By the end of day three, the only thing that Harry could feel was thirst. By miming what he thought was a perfect "drinking" motion—one hand on the hip, legs solidly apart, and one chug—Harry conveyed the idea that he needed something. But, to his dismay, the twins didn't seem to understand what.

"A bath? You're saying 'wash hair,' right?" George guessed. Fred and he were hunched over the table, faces as close to Harry as possible to look at his minuscule miming efforts.

At a smaller scale, Harry was screaming, "Drink! Water! Wat- *cough* - water!" up at the massive faces. He got on his knees and mimed cupping water from an imaginary pond and drinking out of his hands.

"He wants a hamster wheel!" guffawed Fred, clearly enjoying the game. Harry rolled his eyes in frustration. Why couldn't they understand him?

As his brother laughed full-heartedly, George summoned a solution with a swing of his wand. Two circles made of colored thread—one red and one green—appeared on the wood. "Green means 'yes,' red means 'no.' Please answer my questions."

Harry sprung up in joy. He could finally communicate! He was extremely eager to reveal everything—Ron’s lies, the torturous treatment that every damn boy in Hogwarts seems to love inflicting on tiny people... the need for a cure. Fred and George had come up with the shrinking spell, they might be able to reverse it. In the chaos and the desperate fight for survival imposed onto him since he shrank, Harry had lost sight of his objective. But now... now he would be able to grow back to normal!

Harry hopped from one foot to the other excitedly, as the giants pondered what to ask.

“Do you find me hotter than George?” Fred suddenly asked. Harry stared up at his cheeky face, slack-jawed.

“Well, do ya? If you go in the red circle, It’s a vote for me,” George quipped with a grin.

Harry remained frozen in place, unsure how to convey through mime alone that he didn’t want that kind of question. He waited a second too long, he feared, as Fred grabbed his wand with a rumbled “It’s not working...”

“Wait, wait! I need this!” He panicked, and he jumped into the red circle. George cheered, and the twins high fived with sportsmanship.

“So, I, Harry’s Official Favorite Twin, will ask the questions,” George boasted. “So, did you, yes or no, want a bath?” Harry said no. “A hamster wheel?” No again. “... Food?”

And so the questions continued and successfully led to a generous amount of fresh water delivered to him. But they didn’t have the chance to mention Harry’s real problem. The twins never asked any question that could lead up to it with just yes or no.

In fact, the twins *never* asked any question that could lead up to it with just yes or no. Obviously, Fred and George whole-heartedly trusted Ron's honesty. As time passed, Harry realized that the twins only brought out the yes or no apparatus when they needed a specific answer. They never seemed to ask the right questions, the ones that would allow him to reveal Ron's lies and his own desperate need for a cure.

Instead, the twins were more interested in testing their products on him and playing harmless pranks. On the fifth day, Fred and George were tinkering with a new batch of sweets when disaster struck. Harry, who had been watching with curiosity, suddenly found himself covered in a sticky mess of candy and chocolate. The twins had accidentally knocked over their cauldron, and Harry was right in the line of fire.

"Oops!" Fred exclaimed, his eyes widening as he took in the sticky situation. Harry was coated from head to toe in a layer of sugary treats, his tiny form barely visible beneath the mound of sweets. George burst out laughing, unable to control himself as he took in the comical sight.

"Oops, looks like we've made a mess of you, Harry!" George exclaimed, though he seemed not-at-all sorry. He reached for the tiny boy with a giant hand. Harry tried to scramble away, but it was no use, the warm melted candy covering him made him stiff as a board. With a swift motion, George scooped him up, bringing him close to his face. Before Harry could protest, he found himself deposited into George's waiting mouth. The warm, wet cavern enveloped him, the soft tongue swirling around his tiny body. Harry felt a rush of saliva wash over him, cleaning away the sugary residue sticking to him.

As George's tongue gently caressed him, Harry's initial panic transformed into something else. He felt a tingling sensation throughout his body, a strange mix of pleasure and embarrassment. He wanted to protest, to assert his autonomy, but the sensations were too overwhelming. He found himself surrendering to the experience, his tiny frame trembling as George's tongue continued its gentle dance. Walls of warm, inviting tongue smothered the helpless little wizard, and all he could think about was that George's tongue triggered the Amortensia left in his system just as



strongly as Ron's tongue did. Was it because George looked like Ron, or...? His body ached for more, his shameful secret hidden in the darkness of George's mouth. The giant's breath tickled his skin, the hot, moist air sending shudders of delight through his tiny frame.

Finally, George spat him out into his palm, and Harry lay there, his body buzzing with residual pleasure. He felt a rush of shame wash over him as he realized how much he had enjoyed it. The twins, always quick to tease, exchanged knowing glances and mischievous grins.

"Well, well, looks like someone has a sweet tooth! We're gonna have to keep our candies away from you! ... Or not, depending on if you want more baths from my brother dearest," Fred said, his eyes gleaming with amusement. Harry, his face flushed with embarrassment, said nothing. He knew he had no control over their antics, and perhaps, just perhaps, he didn't want them to stop. Harry just laid there, shaking like a leaf, his heart racing as he imagined what other "baths" the twins had in store for him.

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On day six, George presented Harry with a surprise.

"I made it myself, in case you have a *thing* for craftsmen," he said with a suggestive wink, which sent goosebumps up the tiny boy's arms. Whenever he saw George nowadays, he remembered the inside of his mouth and felt a mix of embarrassment and arousal.

The item George put down next to Harry, however, was amazing enough to catch the tiny wizard's attention entirely. It was a glass bottle, about three times as high as Harry was tall—nearly as big as one giant's thumb—with an external ladder leading up

to the lips. Inside, through the hazy glass, Harry could see a plethora of things, including furniture small enough for Harry to use!

Following George's unspoken invitation, Harry rushed up and into the bottle, landing into a room that could trick him into believing he had never shrunk at all! The floor was entirely covered in heavy carpet, there was a comfortable-looking armchair and a lump of fuzzy pillows, blankets and comforters in a corner that made a makeshift bed. Other furniture included a working fridge filled with food and water, a large cupboard well stocked with clean clothes, a side table upon which throned a wizarding radio, as well as a fully furnished library. Upon inspection, the books were indeed real, despite each not being bigger than the eye of a needle for normal humans. Harry's excitement was so intense he could hear his own heartbeat!

... or rather, he could hear someone else's heartbeat, he realized after a moment. Although it was hard to make out the outside through the glass, he could puzzle out that one side of the bottle was resting against fabric that looked suspiciously like the shirt George was wearing... and far above, George's grinning mug was visible through the opening of the bottle. As Harry finally realized, the bottle was both a "room" at his scale and a necklace that a giant could wear.

Being *worn* by someone who used to be barely taller than him was surprisingly humiliating. But again, it was George...

"With that, we can carry you everywhere with us," George explained in his booming, joyful voice. "If you turn the radio to the last station, it will send a signal to Fred and me, so we will know to let you out. Careful now, I will close it." As George's oversized finger tightly squeezed what appeared to be a cork plug into the opening, sealing it shut, Harry heard the ginger shout to his brother, "I think he likes it!"

That night was the first comfortable one Harry had in weeks, and he woke up well-rested, fresh-faced and more optimistic than ever about his condition. Seeing furniture his size while wrapped in the comfortable cocoon of a warm blanket was all

he needed—even though he was still a prisoner, it wasn't the cage underneath Colin's bed.

The bottle necklace turned out to be a wonderful opportunity, as Harry discovered. All the furniture had been charmed to remain in place no matter how much the necklace moved, and he found great appreciation for being worn when he realized human body warmth suffused the room when the bottle was pressed against a giant's skin. Inside, Harry had access to levels of comfort he had almost forgotten about and he felt safe—but, most importantly, he wasn't bored anymore. Not only did he have the radio and books in his bottle, but he was also, thankfully, brought for a ride most of the time and he could snoop on the store's clients and owners.

“I would like something to pull a prank on someone,” a giant who was almost certainly Neville Longbottom told George—who was wearing Harry at the time, to the shrunken man's delight—in hushed tones a few days later. “If, hypothetically, I were to hide this in an old woman's purse, how long do you think it would take for it to go off?” Harry couldn't tell what Neville was planning, but he hollered with laughter thinking about what Augusta Longbottom's near future would hold.

More than everything, this new living arrangement gave Harry the illusion of normalcy and social interactions. Days were spent like a slow summer at the Dursleys', if the Dursleys were mountain-sized titans existing behind a wall of glass. He could read, relax, stay in bed all day, and treat the world beyond the bottle as a muggle cinema screen starring the giant Weasley twins.

To his own shock, Harry started to realize that... he could see himself living like this. Giving up greater ambitions and just relaxing. Sure, he understood he was Fred and George's pet, but was it really so bad? Oddly enough, Harry came to realize that, in the new, fucked-up life he was living, being a pet to the twins was actually a highlight. It were not as morally challenging as the time spent serving Ron, not as terrifying and painful as the time spent at Malfoy's mercy... and at Colin's mercy. After weeks in a cage and fearing for his life at every turn, Harry's idea of what comfort was shifted dramatically. As a tiny, it was like the rest of the world was obscured—it

was too vast, too unknowable—and his life revolved entirely around the normal-sized men around him. In that way, Fred and George Weasley were the best thing to ever happen to him.

The physical comfort that the twins offered him, with his own room, essentially left alone in a world fit for someone his size, brought him back mental stability and enjoyment of life. He started reading a lot. The only time when Harry was reminded of his stature was when the twin took him out for their “sessions.” The twins would obey Ron’s directives and keep Harry near or under their feet every single day. But after the novelty wore off, when the first, then the second, then the third weeks passed by, they settled into a comfortable routine where Harry would be periodically installed on the coffee table while the giants had their feet propped up.

To his surprise, Harry grew somewhat fond of these moments. The twins were very clean, and their soles were soft and cushy, living, self-heating pillows. And best of all, they were aware of his presence and very gentle, usually letting Harry set the rhythm of the session. As time passed, he grew comfortable around giant feet, rubbing, caressing and being caressed by them, and he could not have asked for a pair more alluring than the one available to him. Harry grew slowly more and more comfortable with it.

He had to admit, after weeks passed and he lost count of time, that this was just his life now. It was not a bad one. He was a cherished pet. A silent, loyal companion that the humans in the house forget about sometime. Not heard or accommodated, but genuinely loved, fed and protected. May as well find enjoyment where it existed, Harry thought.

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It was late one evening when Harry was brought out of his bottle by the twins; both looked decently drunk. “Hey bud, watch this,” Fred said, and both him and George sat on the couch, their bodies close together, their gazes locked, and they slowly leaned

in, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss. Harry watched, his heart pounding, as their mouths came together, not believing what he was seeing.

"Join us, Harry," Fred whispered, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Harry stepped forward, his tiny body trembling with anticipation. Fred gently picked him up and placed him between their lips, their warm breath washing over him. George parted his lips, and Fred nestled their mouths together, trapping Harry between them.

The sensation was overwhelming. Harry felt the soft, wet pressure of their lips against his body, their warm breath filling his lungs. He was enveloped in their kiss, their tongues caressing his skin. He could taste the lingering sweetness of the *amortensia* on their tongues, sending shivers down his spine.

Fred and George slowly began to move their tongues, rubbing and teasing Harry's tiny form. He felt himself being passed back and forth between them, their tongues chasing each other, fighting for dominance. The warm saliva bathed his body, leaving his skin tingling and sensitive.

As the kiss deepened, Harry's body buzzed with pleasure. He pressed himself against their tongues, fully reminded of his predicament, of his total helplessness. Harry surrendered to the sensation, his tiny hands grasping at their tongues as if trying to anchor himself in the ocean of pleasure. The twins whispered encouragements, their deep voices rumbling through his body.

The warmth and moisture of their mouths enveloped him, stimulating every inch of his tiny frame. Their tongues danced together, creating a rhythm that sent shivers down Harry's spine. He felt the slick surface of their teeth as they nibbled gently, teasing him with feigned bites.

Finally, the twins parted, their lips reluctantly releasing Harry from their embrace. They placed him gently on the table, their eyes shining with a mixture of affection

and desire. George leaned in close, his voice soft and intimate. "So, Harry, did you like that?" He asked, and he summoned the answering device again. The tiny wizard genuinely hesitated, wondering if he could get a second round by answering yes, but instead, he walked into the red circle; answering no.

"No?" Both Fred and George looked taken aback by Harry's answer. Fred looked even a tad pissed off.

Fred jabbed his index finger onto the wood near Harry with such force that the tiny felt it through his spine. "I know that I rocked your world, little guy." Harry instinctively hopped into the green circle—Fred smirked when he noticed.

"So, what seems to be the problem, then?"

Harry couldn't answer by yes or no, so he waited until George asked a more sensible question: "So, it wasn't as good as you fantasized?" The giant looked actually saddened. Harry hesitated and answered no.

"It was as good, then?" Harry answered no again, despairing to be understood. "So... you just didn't like being in our mouths?" Yes, this time.

"Okay, we'll just keep you at our feet, then!" Fred seemed satisfied with that conclusion, and his hand reached out for Harry, no doubt for another session. Harry darted to the red circle, and the hand stopped in mid-air—it was kind of amazing to Harry that he had some control over someone as massive as Fred.

"You don't want to be at our feet?" It seemed to be a revelation for the twins. Finally, they said, "But Ron told us that you love that." Harry excitedly spat the "no" answer. It felt strange to willingly abandon something he had just started to love; he felt like Robinson Crusoe being seen by a boat as he just finished creating a camp and a life for himself on his merlinforsaken island.

“What are you implying?” George asked with a frown. “Ron didn’t lie to us on purpose, right?”

Harry screamed internally—if he answered “no,” it could either mean, “no, he didn’t lie,” or “no, he did lie.” From the little French he knew, Harry remembered a version of yes that unequivocally means “he did lie.” He felt like Hermione. So he gambled and jumped into the green circle.

Harry was at the mercy of the giants’ questions to express himself. If the two of them misinterpreted his answer and moved on, then the opportunity would disappear for good. It was George who came to his rescue with a follow-up question:

“Wait, so to be clear. Ron lied to us?” Harry could have kissed him. He jumped up and down in the green circle, overcome with joy. Ron lied! Ron lied! Ron lied!

And so, the series of questions that would eventually reveal the truth started.

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The joke shop was in disarray, many of the products lining the walls, explosives and colorful, were going off at once. It had started with Fred putting away some of the merchandise in expectation of a guest, when he bumped into an explosive Grumplesnark, which started a chain reaction. In the mess, Harry was being tossed from jack-in-the-box to magical fireworks fueled by eternal sparks, screaming in horror as he was flung by magical forces beyond his control. As he flew across the room uncontrollably, he saw with horror his destination.

Sirius Black, looking healthier than ever, was taking a few steps into Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, where the twins had called him for a mysterious "urgent" matter. Harry tried to cry out, but his voice was lost in the chaos of the shop. He could only watch in dismay as Sirius opened his mouth to speak, the dark cave of his throat visible beyond his teeth. With a sickening lurch, Harry fell into the dark cavern of Sirius'

mouth and landed with a splat on Sirius' tongue. The thick, heavy saliva of his unaware godfather enveloped him, the taste of coffee and something savory assaulting his senses. And then the mouth closed, the light fading as Harry was pulled into the darkness of his throat.

"Fred, Geor-" he could not finish speaking, something hit the back of his throat and went down with a *gluck*. Sirius coughed slightly. "Guys, what is going ON?... Guys...?" Sirius was upset at first, but Fred and George's reaction calmed him quickly. The twins froze, looking horrified, staring at him with wide eyes like a muggle seeing magic for the first time. "...What?"

After his experiences in George's mouth, Harry was not too panicked to be in a mouth, but when Sirius swallowed, the tiny wizard felt genuine terror. Harry felt himself sliding down, coated in saliva, the muscles of Sirius' throat contracting around him. He tried to scream, to struggle, but it was no use. Harry felt himself falling, falling into a deep, wet abyss, squeezed down by a tight and muscular tunnel. He was pulled further and further down, until finally, he landed with a squelch in Sirius' stomach.

The world around Harry went quiet, the sounds of the joke shop muffled by the walls of flesh and muscle that surrounded him. He felt the warm acid of Sirius' digestive juices eating away at his skin with a tingle. He struggled to stay afloat in the gooey liquid, his tiny hands grasping for purchase.

As Harry splashed frantically, he heard the distant voices of the twins, their panic-stricken voices echoing through the acid pool. "...arry! He's tiny! You accidentally swallowed him!" Fred shouted, his voice muffled by the layers of flesh and muscle. George said something about Sirius needing to breathe through his mouth to get air to Harry, but the volume was too low to reach the morsel of a Chosen One.

Sirius looked shocked, his eyes darting between the twins and his own stomach. "How do we get him out?" he asked, his voice filled with concern.

The twins sprang into action, casting a series of spells to neutralize the digestive acids and create a protective bubble around Harry. Then, with a final incantation,



they summoned Harry back up Sirius' throat and out through his mouth, depositing him safely on the table.

Harry coughed and spluttered, his tiny body covered in stomach juices. But he was alive, and the crisis had been averted. Sirius looked at him with a mixture of wonder and amusement, shaking his head in disbelief. "I can't believe I swallowed you," he said, a smile tugging at his lips.

"Are you alright, little guy?" George asked Harry, sounding genuine. And he seemed genuinely relieved when Harry nodded yes. "Alright. Guess we owe you an explanation, Sirius. And Harry... it's time for you to grow back, buddy."

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Harry's sense of balance was utterly screwed, he found. Just standing up and looking at the floor made him feel like he was high up in the air, staring down an inadvisably deep canyon; taking his first normal-sized step proved to be a challenge, as he got *vertigo* just standing there.

At first, George kept an arm around Harry, looking worried, but the dark-haired boy quickly found his stride and confidently walked around the room, admiring the familiar surroundings, which looked so foreign from this new perspective. Here was a familiar splinter of wood, he thought, and there was the crack on the countertop that gave him so much trouble; was it always that small?

"Hey mate? We... we're really sorry," said George after a few minutes. "I know words can't make up for it, but..."

“Don’t sweat it,” Harry replied, putting an end to his amused exploration of his now tiny-looking surroundings. “It was Ron’s fault, not yours. Plus, you guys were pretty fun to be with!”

The twins’ faces quickly circled between surprise and joy, with a hint of mischievousness.

“Really? Don’t tell me you really *are* into it, Harry?” Fred teased.

“I think he is, brother o’ mine,” George added, lips stretching into a smile.

“Does that mean you want to be shrunk down again, Harry?” It sounded more like an affirmation than a question, and Fred’s eyes were practically gleaming as his hand was reaching for his wand.

Raising his hands in hurry, Harry quickly denied. “As much as I liked my time with you, I’ll have to pass. I have a life to go back to.”

“Come on, we were joking!” George exclaimed with a tad too much haste to be honest, and Harry noticed Fred was visibly disappointed.

“But... does it mean you can replicate the shrinking effect with a spell?” asked Harry, gathering a couple curious nods. “What if, say, I hypothetically wanted to shrink Ron to teach him a lesson? Do you think you could, perhaps, I don’t know... teach me that spell?”

And, just like that, Fred and George’s signature grins reappeared on their faces.

## Chapter 7 - Revenge

“*Emarcesco!*”

“More pizzazz! *Emarcesco!*”

Fred’s wand swished elegantly and released a white light, which turned the wardrobe they were training on into a crumb-sized wooden box. Following his example, Harry turned his wand towards the next target, a large pile of candy, and repeated the shrinking spell.

“*Emarcesco!*”

This time, the candy slightly dwindled in size. Not nearly enough. Sighing tiredly, Harry gave a cursory look around him, to what used to be the twins’ shop. It was littered with tiny items, be they furniture or stock; but only about half of them had been shrunk by Harry himself. The spell was surprisingly hard to grasp, unlike its counter-spell, “*Altus.*” Around them, George and Sirius busied themselves growing their practice targets back one by one.

“I don’t get why you’re struggling like that...” Fred groaned. “We made up that spell in third year to hide pranks materials from mom.”

“It shouldn’t be hard to master,” George continued as he grew back a whole box of pygmy puffs.

“Especially since you were shrunk by residual magic, it can’t be that hard,” Fred completed.

Harry had gotten the whole story from them after growing back. Apparently, they had shrunk hundreds of fireworks and other mischief-making items so the whole mess that agitated the castle weeks back could be carried inconspicuously in a pocket. One of the fireworks still had a residue of the shrinking spell, which was transferred to Harry. A silly accident...

“Wait, what if the spell specifically works better on humans rather than inanimate objects?” Harry suddenly perked up.

“Perhaps, mate. But you would need to try it on someone,” Fred started.

“And we’re not volunteers!” George completed.

Harry had half a mind to remind them it was their fault he shrank in the first place, but Sirius piped up before he could say anything.

“I am,” he said. Then, upon receiving surprised looks, Sirius clarified. “I am volunteering to be shrunk. I mean, I swallowed Harry, and, er, being that tiny doesn’t sound half bad, and erm...” Sirius’ cheeks had taken a rosy tint and his sentence devolved into incoherent mumbling as he seemed increasingly uncomfortable. The twins exchanged a knowing grin and Fred elbowed Harry discreetly. After a moment, Sirius cleared his throat and restarted with renewed confidence. “Hem hem, I meant that I trust Harry with my life, so I am not afraid. And staying with my godson instead of that stuffy old house? Morgana yeah!”

“Allow me, then,” said Harry with a grateful smile. Pointing his wand at his godfather, Harry said the incantation, and a surge of warmth traveled down his arm to the top of his wand, materializing into a pure white light. An instant later, Sirius had disappeared, and what seemed to be a large bug was standing in his place. Upon closer inspection, Sirius had indeed dwindled in size!

“Good job!” said both twins at the same time. Kneeling near an excited-looking Sirius, Harry addressed thanks to him. Plucking him gently between two fingers, Harry let his tiny godfather fall into his upturned palm, enjoying the feeling of being the BIG ONE for a change.

“If Sirius is to stay with you, you should have that,” George suddenly said, reaching into his pocket and retrieving the bottle-shaped necklace he and Fred used to wear. Seeing his safe place looking so small and frail tugged at Harry’s heartstrings, but he happily accepted the gift—he wanted Sirius to be as comfortable as possible with him.

After a few minutes getting Sirius used to his new size, the tiny man settled into the bottle necklace and Harry put it around his neck, concealing it under his shirt.

“I think I will be going now. I have a few things to do,” Harry finally told the twins. There was a natural understanding between them as to what these things were. A few people direly needed to become acquainted with the business end of Harry’s wand—and the underside of his feet. “But before I leave, I’d need some Amortentia. I can pay.”

Fred winked in understanding and instantly disappeared in the storage room, but George’s face darkened.

“Amortentia’s potency depends on the size of the drinker,” he said in a worried tone. “A single drop for a tiny would make them fall in love for weeks, so a normal-sized portion could...”

“Have permanent effects!” Fred finished as he emerged from the reserve, a large bottle of the love potion in hand; he tossed it to Harry. “I don’t care what you do to the others, but be careful with ickle Ronniekins. It’s fine if he’s got a crush on you for a bit, but I reckon mom would be cross if you end up marrying him.”

“Cross? She would be so enraged she might skin you alive, and that’s not a figure of speech.”

Harry snorted. “Yeah, fat chance I am letting Ron marry me. At best he’ll marry one of my toes,” he said, and he was pleasantly surprised he meant it. All remnants of the love potion he had been made to drink—just one drop, the effects of which still messed with his mind weeks later, as a testament of the potency of potions on shrunken people—had vanished, finally! “Frankly, he’d be lucky if I let him be my friend at all after what he did.”

Harry didn’t take long afterward to get ready to leave. He was itching to try out his new spell and potion, and he needed people small enough to scratch those itches! As he was leaving the shop that had become his home, heading into the bright, wide world, Harry could swear he heard Fred whisper, “Give them hell.”

Oh, he would.

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The first minutes of genuine sunshine Harry got in weeks were soon tainted by the furtive looks and hushed conversations blooming everywhere his feet brought him on Diagon Alley. He expected to be recognized but, even to him, that level of public interest was inhabitual. Things became clearer when he came upon an issue of the *Daily Prophet* displayed in the window of Flourish & Blotts. Harry’s own face was plastered on the front page under the headline “WHERE IS HE?!”

The slack-jawed witch inside handed him a newspaper—“It’s free! It’s free! Please, just take it,” she kept repeating when he apologized for not having any money—and he started reading. The article, signed Rita Skeeter—“Ugh...”—was shockingly truthful. Harry had disappeared, after all, and it seemed the wizarding world discovered newfound affection for its Golden Boy, even after he had been accused of lying, when Harry was missing in action. It wasn’t much of a comforting thought for

Harry, but he appreciated the fact Rita Skeeter repeatedly hinted that Voldemort's return was real and to blame for Harry's predicament. He guessed Hermione had something to do with that particular development, but Harry wouldn't look a gifted Hippogriff in the mouth. It meant the Ministry's stance on Voldemort's return had shifted since Harry was shrunk; they wouldn't have allowed that particular article to be published otherwise. There were many things Harry had to discuss with Dumbledore, he realized.

Thankfully, he wasn't alone. He reached under his clothes to wrap his fingers around the bottle necklace there, knowing from experience that the warmth of his fingers would suffuse into Sirius' "room." With his godfather coming everywhere with him, Harry could do anything.

Another article, on page 17 this time, caught Harry's eye as he skimmed the rest of the newspaper. It was a photo of himself, tiny and standing on a piece of old cheese, his fingers doing a victory sign, but his eyes kept darting towards the cameraman with a wary expression.

It was one of the photos Colin Creevey had taken during their first evening together.

The photo was accompanied by a brief piece by the *Prophet's* editor explaining that this photo, which they strongly suspected was fake, had been sent to the newspaper along with a letter. The letter was included, and it was signed by Colin.

Distress and panic were palpable in the boy's words, Harry realized. "I am to blame for Harry Potter's disappearance," the letter started. "I found him by accident and, instead of bringing him to Headmaster Dumbledore, I kept him for myself, and he disappeared." It went on to explain the events of the night—with rose-tinted glasses, but Harry suspected Colin was being truthful and genuinely didn't realize how overbearing and scary he had been—while begging readers to watch their steps and carefully examine every bug they saw in case it might be Harry. "Harry, if you read

this: I am so, so very sorry,” it concluded. Just like that, part of Harry’s anger melted away.

“I think I will remove one name from my list,” Harry whispered to Sirius. “So, I think I know what our next stop is.”

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Harry’s return to Hogwarts was kept a quiet affair on his request after a lengthy discussion with Dumbledore. The fantastical tale Harry had weaved to explain away his disappearance wasn’t very believable, and Harry suspected that Dumbledore knew, but he didn’t question it and that was all that mattered. He reached the Gryffindor tower in the middle of classes and retrieved his wand. There, he waited in the common room, wrapped in his invisibility cloak, until the students came back.

Ron made a beeline for the dormitories, to Harry’s surprise, and Hermione shot him a dark look. Whatever happened between the two was a mystery for another day, he decided, as he quietly followed Ron up the stairs. The ginger boy seemed out of it, like devoid of energy in a very un-Ron fashion, which soothed Harry’s heart. Just a tad.

“*Emarcesco*,” he muttered, and a white light instantly indicated his victory. Ron never stood a chance. A second later, on the spot where Ron stood, a tiny little thing was panicking. Harry shed his invisibility cloak, and Ron’s panic seemed even more obvious as he started running in the opposite direction.

With deliberate slowness, Harry kicked off his right shoe then peeled off his sock, sending lint raining down on Ron. One piece fell right in front of the desperate tiny, who ran straight into it and tumbled pathetically on the stone floor.

“Wow, I really was small, no wonder everyone treated me like crap. When I see you like that, even I want to step on you~” Harry grinned down at his old friend before



raising his bare foot. Lining up his foot juuust right, Harry slowly let it descend on Ron. The tiny did try to run, but the size disparity was just too vast for his efforts to amount to anything at all—Harry knew from experience. His foot fell flat on the floor in such a manner that Ron ended up in the gap between the first and second toe. Harry could see Ron’s small form frozen, probably in fear or disbelief that he didn’t actually end up smothered under the giant sole.

“Don’t worry, Ron. Unlike *some people*, I am not evil enough to just step on you,” Harry poked fun at him, taking great pleasure in looking down at the small being trapped between his toes. “Not unless you ask me to, of course. Thankfully, you WILL ask me. Beg me, even!”

“*Locomotor.*” The locomotion charm made Ron’s tiny form shoot up in the air, and Harry spent a few seconds making him zoom back and forth like Ron had done to him so long ago. Eventually, he grew tired of it and levitated Ron near his face. From up close, Harry could barely make out his facial expression which seemed a mix of fear and sadness. The tiny teen was clearly screaming something at Harry, but no matter how much strain he put on his vocal chords, Ron was just too small to be heard. Not even a high-pitched squeak made it to Harry’s ears.

“Don’t worry, you will be feeling much better very soon, Ron,” said Harry in a singsong tone.

With that, he opened the bottle of Amortentia, unleashing a bouquet of treacle tart and broomstick handles, and dropped Ron inside before putting the cork back on. To seal the deal, he shook the bottle energetically.

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Getting to Malfoy alone proved to be harder, but two strategically placed muffins soaked with sleeping potion—graciously provided by an overjoyed, crying Dobby—had put the blonde’s goons to sleep as they were walking, just the three of them, in a

corridor adjacent Snape's classroom. Harry's shrinking spell hit Malfoy before Crabbe and Goyle did the floor.

This time, Harry's goodwill was running even thinner than with Ron, given Malfoy's obvious glee at the idea Harry was shrunk, lost and possibly dead. Harry had had to follow them for several minutes before setting up his trap, and he was treated to Malfoy's bombastic boasting about "being the man who stepped on Harry Potter." Happy to finally shut the blonde git up, Harry brought his finger to his lips, sliding his tongue out. After licking his fingertip, Harry pressed his finger on a desperately running Malfoy, gluing the tiny boy to his skin easily.

"What was the thing you said when I was in your place, Malfoy? 'Squirm under me, that's where you belong,' was it?" Harry offered the blonde git a toothy grin before sitting on the floor, kicking off shoe and sock, and bringing his bare foot on his knee, sole up. "Squirm for me, then~" With that, he pressed his finger against the ball of his foot, forcing Malfoy's entire front body to sink into the plump flesh.

Surprisingly, Harry could actually feel each and every movement Malfoy made as he helplessly wriggled. His skin picked up quite a few details, down to Malfoy's mouth opening and closing as he tried to scream—and insult Harry, most likely.

"Merlin. Now I get why you guys were so obsessed with getting your feet pampered. This feels GREAT!" He chuckled and slowly moved his finger all the way to his heel, then back up to the ball of the foot, dragging Malfoy along for the ride. He continued to torment the tiny boy, making him intimately familiar with his sole, for another few minutes. The action inadvertently brought a red tint to Harry's cheeks. For good measure, the dark-haired boy rubbed his fingertip between his first and second toes, scrubbing the area methodically with his rival's puny body, before bringing Malfoy up to his face. The blonde boy was impossible to recognize, disheveled and sobbing.

"Come on! Turn that frown upside down," Harry said, enjoying the situation a tad too much.

At last, he opened the bottle of potion and positioned his finger over the opening. He scraped Malfoy off his skin with his thumb's fingernail—everything Malfoy had picked up on Harry's foot seemingly acted as glue and kept Malfoy in place, but Harry liked to think it was a deliberate attempt by the tiny to escape his fate. 'But there is no escaping this,' Harry thought as Malfoy plopped into the pearly potion next to Ron's equally tiny form. Harry gave the potion another vigorous shake before getting up and on his way.

He would go to the seventh floor, he decided, before opening the bottle. Things had to be perfect.

Harry's joyful whistling and the tremors of his steps were Ron and Malfoy's only companions in the confines of the bottle, as they swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the love potion.



## Chapter 8 - Epilogue

Colin had initially freaked out when he realized Harry was out of his cage, but in hindsight, it was for the best, he thought. It took a while for Colin to hear from Harry again, and he initially assumed the Boy-Who-Lived had been stepped on or perhaps been eaten by a stray animal somewhere—Colin had even tried to explain to the *Daily Prophet* what had happened—so it was a huge relief when a normal-sized Harry had just casually walked into his dorm room. And then, a dream had come true!

“What about this? Take one, take one!”

Colin aimed his camera at the man who'd just spoken. It had been a shock at first to hear Sirius Black was innocent and Harry Potter's godfather, but it wasn't too scary—after all, at the time, Sirius had been an inch tall while Colin himself was still his usual 5 foot 8. That was perhaps the most surprising part of meeting Harry again, when he pulled his hand out of his pocket and showed him a tiny Sirius Black, Draco Malfoy and Ron Weasley. Harry hadn't asked, but Colin had immediately and emphatically begged- erm, asked politely to be shrunk too. When Harry had left the dorm that day, he had another tiny person in his pocket.

Sirius was presently riding one of Harry's molars like a bull, imitating a rodeo. Colin snapped another shot, his flash briefly flooding the giant mouth with blinding light. Colin repositioned his feet to avoid letting them sink into the tongue underneath and wiped off a strand of saliva that was obscuring his vision.

Sirius jumped off the tooth then painstakingly climbed onto Harry's tongue before rushing past Colin and throwing himself down onto the spongy surface. While Sirius was in mid-air, it seemed like he would bounce off the pink material, like an oversized bouncing house—but Colin had spent enough time exploring the Chosen One's mouth to know that it was not like a trampoline. Instead, Sirius sank into the material with a wet “squelch” and started laughing and waving his arms and legs.

“Look, I'm a snow angel! A saliva angel!” said Sirius with a barking laugh. Dutifully, Colin snapped a few pictures of the bizarre scene.

Suddenly, a low, powerful rumble almost made Colin drop his precious camera. The tongue moved violently, sending Colin on his butt and Sirius tumbling out of sight, near Harry's gullet. The voice that emanated from the back of the throat was deep and humbling, reverberated through the skull that surrounded the two small men.

“That flash is too powerful, it looks like you're having a party in my mouth and I'm not invited,” Harry complained.

Colin's whispered "sorry" went unheard, but a sudden magical tug sent the small boy flying back and out of the cave. An instant later, Colin was hovering in mid-air, facing Harry's eyes. They were so immense that Colin's entire body wouldn't be nearly enough to cover even one pupil, but there wasn't a hint of anger or real irritation in them. Harry really was too good-natured, Colin thought.

"That's enough for Sirius, Colin. I'm sure Ron and Malfoy want you around too, and I can't miss the opportunity to have pictures of them right now," Harry added. Colin could tell that Sirius was somewhere in that titanic mouth, but it didn't stop Harry from talking—although the giant was far quieter when Colin or the other two joined his godfather in the mouth. Sirius spent enough time in there to be well used to it, Colin figured.

Colin admired the giant boy's gentle demeanor coupled with his confident dominance, but anything Harry did would probably find favor in Colin's eyes. But the most important thing was the task his giant idol had asked of him: to immortalize every moment shared with his tiny friends. Colin must have taken hundreds of photos along the days, but he would happily shoot millions if it made Harry happy!

With a flick of Harry's wand, Colin found himself on the soft ottoman, between the giant's towering feet—seemingly miles away, rendered almost hazy by the distance, Harry Potter's body sat like a mythical mountain. Colin took a few seconds to admire his tranquil poise. Being the Chosen One's tiny buddy was every man's dream, Colin thought, and nobody here would say otherwise.

"I'm here!" Ron's voice came from above; the boy was nestled in a wrinkle of Harry's sole, halfway up the ball of the foot. Ron seemed dedicated to massaging the foot by slamming his elbow into it with all his body weight—which amounted to virtually nothing. So, Colin made a point to document every one of the ginger's eager thrusts, including the resting phases spent hugging the sole, entranced by it. Flashes kept going off for a while, until Colin heard someone else.

“Hey, mudblood! Don’t stand there and do your job!” Malfoy’s voice came from far to his right. Harry’s foot was propped on its side, showing its thin sole to the world, and the blonde boy was standing in the recess of the toes at the very end.

“Draco, be polite,” the booming voice of their God came, and Harry’s toes closed on Malfoy, squeezing him between the underside of the pinkie toe and the ball of the foot. An instant later, the boy was released, dazed and disheveled.

“Hmm... Colin, please come here,” he repeated, sleeking his hair back with embarrassment. The photographer complied, walking until he was standing nearly besides the giant toes. With a practiced movement, he pointed his camera towards the other boy.

Under the staring eye of the camera, Malfoy started showering the foot surrounding him with loving attention. Colin had noticed there was a rivalry between him and Ron about who loved Harry the most and serviced his feet the best—Malfoy was clearly intent on winning, as evidenced by the way he lovingly caressed the underside of that toe, whispered tenderly to it and gave it numerous sloppy kisses. Most people would have found it weird that the prince of Slytherin gave up his honor like that, but as Colin saw it, Malfoy simply came to his mind after years of weird behavior. Who on Earth could dislike Harry Potter?

“Harry will love this one!” Colin whispered to himself after he captured a close up of Malfoy’s tongue half-buried in the skin. Once animated, it would be one of his best, and it would go straight into Harry’s—now pretty full—photo album.

Suddenly, Harry perked up, the slight tremors sending Ron barrelling down from his vantage point. “Shite! It’s almost time for class!” said the giant.

Colin observed, motionless, as Harry’s feet got off the ottoman and the giant bent forward before dropping a few drops of a mother-of-pearl colored potion in his palm—it smelled wonderfully good, like a mix of old developing chemicals and an intense

aroma he could only label “Harry.” As they did every day, Malfoy and Ron ran and eagerly scaled up Harry’s fingers to drink it. Colin wasn’t sure what the potion was, or why he wasn’t allowed to drink it. Harry had just said, “I don’t even want to imagine what monster I’d create if I made you drink even one drop of it.” Colin didn’t understand, but he dutifully obeyed with a smile on his face, staying still until the daily ritual was completed.

At last, Harry got up, the other two still in his upturned palm. “*Altus*,” he said, his wand pointed at them, and a gigantic Ron and Malfoy were standing next to Harry an instant later. Both were blushing quite heavily, and Malfoy seemingly tried to kiss Harry before being deflected.

Finally, Harry crouched by the ottoman, looming large over Colin, whose heart could hardly beat any harder. The small boy wished he could just stay that size forever, even if it meant living in the cage he had initially prepared for Harry, but the giant refused every time Colin brought the idea up; Harry insisted that they must keep a facade of normalcy, keep attending classes and only shrink during free periods.

Colin didn’t understand, but he obeyed.

“*Altus*.”

Colin was sitting on a normal-sized ottoman, which seemed so different from the otherworldly one he was on an instant earlier, where each fold of fabric was like a dune in a fantastical desert. He was seeing eye-to-eye with Harry, who got up and walked out after a pleasant “I’ll see you later.” This world was way too lame and boring for Colin. The only reminder that any of that had actually happened was the small movements in Harry’s mouth, not unlike gum, as the tiny Sirius was played with, sloshed around the mouth and pressed into Harry’s cheeks. Sirius was never grown back and got to stay with—or inside—Harry at all times.

How Colin wished they could exchange places.



With a wistful sigh, and while ignoring the usual bickering of the blonde and ginger rivals, who were at each other's throats once again—they couldn't decide who Harry loved more, apparently—Colin walked out of the room. One of the tutu-wearing trolls in the tapestry gave Colin what he interpreted as a sympathetic grunt.

“I'll be fine, thanks,” he told the troll, who seemed satisfied by the answer as he resumed bashing Barnabas the Barmy over the head with a club. That was a very good tapestry, Colin thought—but he loved all of the wizarding world's moving pictures. They held a special magic to them.

If Colin couldn't stay with Harry forever, he could at least keep a moving picture of it forever. Maybe he would ask Ron to be the photographer next time, with Colin as a subject.

Yes, he decided. He would do just that.

Walking away in a much better mood, he started whistling. He had plenty of photographs to develop!

**[THE END]**