

## A Tiny Magical Mishap

During the summers in London, the suburban streets are usually walked by kids and teenagers of all ages, exercising their freedom for the few weeks they have it. Sam, too, walks those very streets, but what he doesn't know is that this particular neighborhood is less populated with muggles and more so populated with wizards.

There are very few people walking along the pavement, but Sam spots a group of boys that seem to be about his age, if not a little older, coming in the opposite direction. He steps to the other side of the pavement to give them room as they pass by, continuing on his way, but one of them, a boy with bright platinum blonde hair and striking grey eyes roughly bumps shoulders with Sam as he passes. Sam probably would have just ignored it and kept walking, even though it seemed like the bump was intentional, except the boy refused to let it go.

"Oi, asshat!" Draco Malfoy shouts at Sam. Sam, startled, turns to Draco and the other boys with him, Crabbe and Goyle. He's starting to figure out why Draco bumped into him on purpose. "Did you just shove past me?" He questions, his eyes cold as ice, but shining with glee that revealed to Sam that he isn't as angry or offended as he's pretending to be. Also highlighted by the fact that Crabbe and Goyle, who are flanking Draco, seem more smug and excited than anything.

"I don't think so?" Sam responds, hoping to perhaps diffuse the situation he seems to be in before it gets any worse, but there doesn't seem to be any use as a smirk tugs at the corner of Draco's lips. Without notice, he pulls a long stick-like object from his person (Sam wonders where he kept it because he's wearing normal clothes and pockets are not that long), and points it directly in Sam's face. Sam almost wants to scoff because really, if this tough guy wanted to threaten him, he could have at least used a bigger stick.

Suddenly, though, Draco waves the stick like a wand (duh) and says words that don't make any sense to Sam, and unexpectedly, Sam feels a rush of energy wash over him and then there's a rush of wind rising up around him as the world seems to get bigger and bigger, larger than what's possible. Sam realizes, as his clothes remain their size, that he's the one shrinking, and the possibility of this even happening terrifies Sam.

What's going on? Does that mean what that boy was holding really was a wand? Magic? For real?! When Sam finally seems to stop shrinking, the three boys tower over him, impossibly tall. They seem taller than building, taller than the highest skyscrapers in the world, and suddenly the fact that they seemed to have malicious intent by approaching Sam becomes even more of a threat as the very size of the boys dawns on Sam. He realizes he couldn't run away even if he wanted to, for numerous reasons, the two biggest being: he's too small to get any actual distance and these boys would barely have to take a step to keep up with him, and he needs them to return him to his regular size, because he'll die if he's this small. Also, he's very tiny and very naked because his clothes didn't shrink with him.

Still, somehow, the prospect of magic being real is so intriguing, especially if Sam considers it outside of this context of it being threatening to his life. Magic is real. How has it been kept so hidden? He doesn't know any of the mechanics, but apparently wands in use? Or at least, they're common? The fact that Sam is so tiny and he can see the world like this, while it's absolutely mind-numbingly terrifying, Sam also feels so completely in awe.

"Not so cocky now, are you, you filthy muggle?" Draco spits harshly, toeing at Sam's body with the tip of his foot. The sight of Draco's foot coming right at Sam sparkes anxious fear in Sam, and his heart races faster in his chest. He tries to scramble away from the foot, but it takes nothing for Draco to stretch his leg out to where Sam is and he knocks Sam over onto the ground with just that little tap of his foot.

That phrase is a lot to unpack as well. Sam is confused by the word "muggle". Apparently it applies to him, but what makes him a muggle? Why is that bad? The idea of a whole other world outside of the one he knows is so overwhelming for Sam. Though, not quite as overwhelming as the possibility of being stepped on by some ponce and his lackeys.

"What the fuck? Fix me! Put me back!" Sam shouts as Draco continues to poke at him with his shoe. The more that Draco seems to push at his body with the tip of his foot, the more of a chance there is for Sam to be stepped on, and the idea of that is more than alarming.

However, Sam's attempts at speaking, or shouting more like, barely make a difference. In fact, all three boys only laugh, appearing more amused by his anger than anything. "What are you going to do, stupid muggle? Huh?" Draco mockingly asks him, tossing his arms out.

“I could crush you right now, or pick you up and toss you across the street, or just give you a light kick and you’d die just like that.” He sneers, stepping forward as a looming shape towards Sam. “All you muggles are so fragile. Even Crabbe and Goyle could deflect a shrinking charm but it gets you lot every time.” Draco’s lip curls around the word ‘muggle’ in disgust every time, and Sam fears the malice that seems to be rising in this boy who has Sam totally at his mercy.

“Maybe I should just kill this muggle. What’s one fewer pest when they’re all crawling all over the place anyway?” Draco says, knocking Sam over with his toe again, except this time he presses on his body with the ball of his foot and covers his whole tiny body with his shoe, as if he was actually going to squish Sam like a bug. “I won’t,” Draco moves his foot off of Sam’s body, and it feels like Sam can take air into his lungs again. He wonders if he’s actually going to survive this encounter with magic and this boy. “I don’t need those muggle-loving pansies and the Ministry giving me shit for killing one of you.”

The ups and downs of Draco’s treatment of Sam start to take a toll on him and having to stare up at Draco and the other two boys strains his neck. The way that Draco keeps pushing him over with the toe of his shoe keeps Sam sprawled out as exposed, as well. Despite Sam’s size, too tiny to really make out any details, the fact that he’s naked and being exposed is uncomfortable, and Sam can’t cover himself up because of Draco.

Just as Draco is about to kick at Sam again and knock him over after he had curled himself into a ball to cover himself up, there’s a shout from the distance (it wasn’t actually from that far away, but Sam’s perception of distance is very tilted from this height), and the sound travels strangely down to Sam, so it seems louder than it would usually be if he were normal sized, and it amplifies around him, like if he were in a stadium.

“Malfoy!” Is what the shout said, and it gets the attention of Draco, distracting him from

Sam. Draco’s lip curls back in disgust the same way it did when he called Sam a ‘muggle’. “Potter. Weasley.” He spits, pulling his wand out and pointing it towards them. Sam sees two more boys. One has bright red hair, freckles, and circle glasses, while the other has messy brown hair and green eyes shining behind circle lenses. They approach Draco and the other two boys, and at the sight of Draco’s wand, the other two reciprocate, pulling out their wands as well, and finally Crabbe and Goyle follow. So, wands are pretty common amongst magic-users then, Sam decides. The presence of two other people who can apparently use magic is slightly threatening for Sam, but they don’t seem to be friends, so Sam dares to hope at least a little bit.

“What the hell are you doing here, Malfoy?” Ron questions, moving his wand threateningly. Draco snorts. “Don’t act so manly and strong just because Potter is here to protect you, Weasley.” He responds in a drawl. Harry’s eye twitches in irritation at Draco’s comment, but then he notices Sam, or notices that there’s something tiny and alive practically below Draco’s shoe, at least.

“You can’t do magic in a muggle neighborhood, Malfoy.” Harry tells him, a hard edge to his voice. “What will your dad do if you get caught dueling in the middle of muggle London?” They all know that this is a wizard neighborhood, but that doesn’t mean that the statute of secrecy doesn’t apply in pockets of spots that have a wizard-majority. It would be a risk, but Crabbe and Goyle seem much less willing to take that risk than Draco is. He huffs in frustration but tucks his wand back into his clothes anyway, and Crabbe and Goyle follow. “My father will be hearing about this, Potter.” Draco spits, mumbling under his breath, “A stupid muggle isn’t worth this,” as he stalks off with Crabbe and Goyle at his side, probably off to find another muggle to bully.

That entire encounter confused Sam to no end and while he’s relieved that Draco is gone, he starts to panic when he realizes that he’s still small and needs to be restored to his regular size. Luckily, Harry notices Sam where he stands on the ground, the loose clothes pooling on the pavement a sign that something did happen.

The bespectacled giant crouches down in front of Sam, and Sam almost falls backward trying to look up at Harry’s face because of how large his form is. He’s grateful that Draco and his lackeys are gone, but it isn’t as if these two saw what he was doing and purposely came to Sam’s rescue. It was more an accident than anything else that they ran into each other and Draco got scared away. Sam is left wondering if he’ll be restored or killed. Sam isn’t sure whether he should be totally relieved or not that these two found him, or that this one with the glasses is so interested in him.

Ron gets curious at what Harry’s looking at, but Sam crouches and covers himself up because of all the attention. “What are you looking at?” Ron asks, peering over Harry’s shoulder.

“I’m.. not sure. Is that a person?” He asks, and Ron squints, before recognition dawns over him.

“It’s a muggle! No wonder Malfoy was hanging around here. He was probably shrinking muggles.” Ron says. Sam’s eyes widen. Is that a thing?? Do people get shrunken

often? Surprisingly, Harry seemed to be just as shocked as Sam felt. "Does that happen a lot?" He sounds shocked.

"Oh, yeah. It's kind of a thing for wizards to shrink muggles and mess around with them. Not a big deal, really." Ron explains, and Sam shudders at how casual he sounds. He's starting to feel less and less pleased about the fact that Draco got chased off, and dread replaces the relief he previously felt.

Harry raises a questioning eyebrow at Ron's blasé attitude. "Are you sure? That doesn't sound like something that Hermione would approve of." Harry comments, and Ron snorts at that. "Since when does Hermione approve of anything?" He comments. Harry tilts his head a little in agreement because, yeah, that's true.

Sam practically holds his breath as he waits, hopeful that the one with glasses will convince his friend to fix me, to leave me be. "Everyone wizard has shrunken a muggle at some point and messed with them a little. I'll bet that even Ginny has shrunken a muggle already."

Harry seems to contemplate Ron's words, but ultimately he simply shrugs his shoulders. Resigning himself to accept that this is just a part of wizard society. He's never shrunken a muggle and doesn't plan to, but apparently he can't deny that it's a thing that does happen. "So, what do we do with him? We can't just restore him and leave him be, can we?" Harry asks, turning his head over his shoulder to look at Ron as he asks. Ron is still very casual, tilting his head a little to either side.

"Usually, you take them to the Ministry and they have wizards to fix it. Put them back to regular size and wipe their memory. There's a whole department for it, actually." Ron explains. Sam is both horrified by the fact that apparently people are shrunken so often that the "wizards" had to create a whole department just for restoring them, but also relieved at the fact that he can be fixed. It'll be a little sad for him to have to forget that magic exists, though, Sam would like to be able to remember that part, at least, even if his treatment by the ones who shrunk him in the first place wasn't pleasant.

"Or, we could have some fun with him first." Ron suggests with a mischievous little smile. Harry raises his eyebrows in surprise, but Sam's heart drops into his stomach. He really needs to stop getting his hopes up, because he's only letting himself get jerked around. He shakes his head furiously in refusal, but neither of the two are paying attention to him. "Fun?" Harry repeats, and Ron nods.

“His memory will be erased before he’s released back into his natural habitat anyway, so why not? No one will know.” He persuades, nudging Harry.

Harry looks from Ron to Sam, and Sam shakes his head, but Harry either doesn’t see or doesn’t care because he returns his gaze to Ron and shrugs a little bit before nodding. “Alright, since he’s just going to have his memory wiped anyway.” He agrees, and Ron grins victoriously.

Harry is admittedly curious, he’s never seen a tiny muggle before.

This time Sam really does try to get away, because who knows what these two will do with him. He backs up and turns around to run, but he sees the shadow of someone’s hand looming over him, blocking out the faded light from the London sky as it gets closer, reaching for him. He barely gets anywhere when a hand physically picks him up off the ground, holding his entire body by the waist between their two fingers. Sam struggles initially, fighting the hold on him, but as the wind rushes past his face and he’s raised higher and higher off the ground, the distance between him and the dirt gets too great and if he fell from this height, he would probably splatter all over the concrete, so he goes limp in the hands of whoever has him.

Ron turns out to be the one who picked Sam up, and Sam turns to be face to face with him. Sam fits in the palm of Ron’s hand comfortably, leans against his fingers as Ron holds

Sam up for both him and Harry to see. He pulls his knees into his chest to cover himself, and Ron snorts. From this close, Harry and Ron look like proper giants to Sam. He can see every detail of Ron’s face, all of his freckles, a little white scar on his cheek, and his bright blue eyes, much too close and focused directly on Sam. Harry leans in as well, and Sam notices the scar hidden under his bangs, in the shape of a lightning bolt, where he couldn’t see it before.

Harry gapes a little at Sam, in awe as he studies him. Sam’s eyes flick nervously between the both of them and, without warning, dives for Ron’s thumb and sinks his teeth into the pad of flesh. Ron shouts in surprise and curses, shaking Sam off until he dislodges and falls back into Ron’s palm, tiny teeth marks left on his thumb with the tiniest bit of blood beading from those marks.

Unfortunately, that act doesn’t do anything to deter either of their interest in Sam. In fact, it only makes them more invested in playing with him. Harry picks Sam up from

Ron's palm so Ron can pull out his wand and mumble a quick healing charm and fix the bite mark while Harry analyzes Sam with fascination. He holds Sam's body in his hand and pokes at him. Even the size of Harry's finger coming at Sam makes his heart beat faster. He pokes at Sam's stomach and chest just to feel that he is a real person, touching his head with the tip of his finger and feeling the hair tied back into a little ponytail still there.

"Woah, he's really naked." Harry comments, pushing at Sam's legs. Sam smacks at Harry's finger when it comes at him as he probes at Sam where he doesn't want Harry touching, and Harry snorts a little bit. "It's like a toy soldier or something, but way more realistic."

"A what?" Ron asks, but Harry just shakes his head. Harry pokes at Sam again to turn him over, flicking at his ponytail out of curiosity. Sam tries to flip back over, uncomfortable with the position, but presses him down on his back with a couple fingers, and Sam is fully pinned down, unable to lift his body up with the minimal strength he has at this size.

"And look," Ron starts, plucking Sam out from Harry's hand. "They fit in your mouth!" He says, tilting his head back a little to dangle Sam above his mouth. Harry's face crinkles up in disgust. "Do you really do that often?" He questions, leaning away. Ron nods. "Fred and George definitely used to do this in front of me when I was younger." He explains and Harry shrugs. Sam, on the other hand, kicks his legs in horror as Ron lowers him into his mouth. He grabs onto Ron's lips to keep himself from being inside, but Sam already feels his whole body resting on Ron's tongue and it's too easy for Ron to close his lips and suddenly it's dark all around Sam.

He feels Ron's mouth moving, spit coating Sam's entire body from the way that the sides of Ron's mouth close in on him too. It's dark inside with his mouth closed and Sam holds on to something, anything to keep from being accidentally swallowed, but then everything is moving and Sam is being tossed around by Ron's tongue and he's being sucked on, like candy. Spit and saliva coat Sam's entire body, and when Ron opens his mouth again, light pours in so much that Sam has to squint his eyes and blink.

Harry peers inside in fascination and Ron sticks his tongue out a little, showing Harry the spit covered Sam as he holds on to Ron's tongue for dear life. Ron plucks Sam off his tongue and shakes him a little bit. "See? Pretty wicked." Ron comments.

The wind blowing past Sam is colder now that he's wet, and he wants to cover himself, but he can't when he's being dangled in the air by these literal giants. Ron shifts his weight uncomfortably. "My feet are killing me." He complains. "You made us walk around all day, ugh."

"You should massage them." Ron says, shaking Sam a little bit. He plops down onto the concrete and pulls off his shoes and socks, leaving him in his bare feet, and tosses Sam down by them. "Come on, massage my feet." Sam still doesn't want to, though, despite the wizard's casual orders, as if he's expected to just follow whatever he's told to do. Ron sighs harshly. "We'll fix you afterwards, so just do it." He says, and that's much more motivating. Sam steels his nerves and approaches Ron's feet.

Ron wiggles his toes pointedly and Sam shudders in response. Standing in front of Ron's feet, he's not even as tall as one foot, making the presence of them that much more intimidating.

Harry crouches down next to Sam to watch from closer as he steps forward and pushes against Ron's foot with his hands in an attempt to do something similar to a massage. It seems impossible from this size, he doesn't have the strength to push into his foot enough. Ron scoffs at Sam's attempts. "Not like that, use your body." He instructs and Sam scowls in horror. Use his *body*?

Ron pushes his foot closer to Sam pointedly. Sam frowns and scrunches his nose up in disgust as he presses his arms against Ron's foot. The giant immediately sighs in relief. "There, like that. Fuck, my feet are so sore, I needed this."

The friction of Sam's body is uncomfortable and weird, but he continues in hopes that when he's done, they really will be satisfied and turn Sam back to normal. He pushes against Ron's foot with his body for a while, digging his elbow into his heel and pushing his head and shoulders up under the toes, the slickness from being inside Ron's mouth somehow making it easier to rub skin against skin.

"Switch feet." Ron orders after a while, and Sam stumbles over to Ron's other foot, repeating the process. He tries desperately to massage that one too, shoving his shoulder into the ball of his foot.

Curiously, Harry pushes Sam into Ron's foot with one finger. The shrunken muggle stumbles forward at the strength that Harry uses. It's actually nothing, barely a nudge if anything at all, but Sam is so fragile at his size that he can't withstand the force of



Harry's fingertip. The shrunken muggle collapses, his face pressing against Ron's skin. Ron chuckles at the feeling.

"Mate, help him with that," Ron asks Harry, who briefly blushes but complies.

With a little initial hesitation, Harry presses Sam up against Ron's foot with two fingers and manually moves Sam's body up and down, pushing him deep into the sole to massage better. For Sam, the friction against his body that was uncomfortable is now so overwhelming and intense that he scrambles against Harry's grip, but it has no effect. The giant's effortless pressure on his body he holds Sam in place as surely as a metal grip; the giant continues to him all around Ron's foot to properly massage it.

Sam is nearing tears when Harry finally releases him. The tiny barely catches himself to not faceplant on the ground; he stumbles backwards until he falls on his back, nauseated, only to discover that the way that he was being rubbed against Ron's foot left him hard as rock.

Mortification spreads through Sam, his chest hot with it and his face flaming in an embarrassed blush. Ron sighs from where he is sitting, reaching for his shoes and socks. "I guess we can take him to the Ministry now." He sounds just a twinge disappointed, but Harry agrees with him. He picks up Sam's discarded clothes from the ground and Ron grabs Sam from the waist, holding his body in the air.

Only then does Ron notice Sam's- er- predicament and Sam sees the moment that Ron notices it; it's written all over his face. Ron actually laughs and Sam kicks his legs around in embarrassment, as if that would deter Ron from looking at him or laughing. The humiliation in Sam spreads at Ron's reaction. "Mate- look!" He exclaims, turning Sam's body around to show Harry.

Harry squints his eyes to figure out what Ron is trying to show him before his eyes also widen in surprise. "Muggles." Ron mumbles incredulously. Sam tries to pull his legs up around himself, but he can't hold them from the way he's dangling in the air. Harry reaches out then as well to poke Sam right over his erection, feeling it with the tip of his finger. Sam shouts in protest, embarrassed at his reactions that he can't help and certainly didn't want to happen. "Does this happen a lot?" Harry asks Ron, and Ron shrugs. "Only with the gay ones." He responds, smirking at Sam.

Instead of courteously helping Sam with his problem, they leave him hanging, both literally and figuratively, as if it's some sort of joke and Sam can't do anything about it as

Ron carries his tiny body and they head off to the Ministry to return him back to the muggle world none the wiser, now that they've had their fun.

## The Chosen One's (not so) Big Secret

The encounter that Harry had with Ron, Draco, and the shrunken muggle in London occurred just before the beginning of another school year at Hogwarts, and since Harry's arrival back at the castle that is his home, his mind has been filled with images of what happened there.

Dreams haunted him with pictures of the muggle that was shrunk, and Ron's clear pleasure as he tortured the muggle with fear, but his dreams quickly morphed into something else, where suddenly he was the one shrinking to the ground and Ron got bigger and bigger in front of him, until Ron became completely unrecognizable from the ground, from the point of view of a bug.

Harry daydreams nonstop, too. He thinks about all of these different scenarios, new ones popping into his head all the time of being shrunken down and played with the way that wizards seem to mess with muggles when they're shrunken. He can hardly focus on anything else as his mind is completely overrun with these fantasies.

That somehow isn't the worst part of it, though. Harry knows he's been a little bit of a space cadet with all of this fantasizing at all hours of the day, but too often, Harry's mind will wander while he's studying in the Gryffindor common room or in the library with Ron, and he'll think about Ron doing all of these things to him- shrinking him, teasing him, practically disregarding Harry safety at that size and simply walking around the room and leaving the adrenaline in Harry's body racing, his heart pounding-

"Mate, are you alright?" Ron questions, snapping Harry out of his daze. Harry snaps back to attention, feeling himself blush under his glasses. He's sure that Ron can tell exactly what he was thinking about, that Ron knows he's dirty for wanting that, but Ron just looks at Harry with eyebrows ruffled in concern.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine." Harry replies before forcing his head down into the book he's reading for DADA. Harry's body is still reacting the way that it did in his fantasy, heart racing, adrenaline pumping through his system. He could feel the sweat forming a layer on the back of his neck, and he's terrified that Ron will notice, or hear just how loud Harry's heart is beating.

They simply go back to studying for their upcoming test at that time, and Harry had to frequently bring himself back to reality as his mind forced images of Ron's face, his whole demeanor when he'd played with that muggle in the streets of London, and Harry had to continuously try to shake those thoughts out of his head as he felt his body reacting.

Instances like that happened constantly, and Harry tried to hide how flustered he was getting for being caught daydreaming about that by Ron, but it was getting harder and harder as the longer Harry had these thoughts plaguing his mind, the more intense, the more devious they got.

Harry's curiosity about everything involving the shrinking as he continued to fantasize about it got more intense the more as time passed as well, and he had so many questions that he wanted answered. Who do you go to with that if not your best mate?

More than that, too, Harry knew that Ron knew quite a bit about the shrinking of muggles, so he would have the information that Harry wanted answered. One night while the two are studying on Ron's bed, Harry finally gathers himself enough to bring the topic up.

"So, Ron," Harry begins, and Ron looks up from the piles of parchment they have as notes to look at Harry, but Harry can't lift his eyes from the parchment in front of him right away, his quill frozen just above the paper as if in some attempt to not seem serious, but the ink drips from the tip of the quill onto the parchment and spreads across it, blotting out the last part of the nonsense sentence he was pretending to write.

"Do you remember about the, uh, in London, with that muggle. The one who was shrunk," Harry continues. He tries to appear casual and not seem nervous because why would he need to be nervous? Although just the mention of being shrunken has Harry fighting the blood rushing to his face.

Ron nods. "Sure," He replies, prompting Harry to continue. Ron turns back to the parchment he was reading, looking away from Harry as he lets his mate speak.

"I was just wondering- Does the spell for that just work on muggles? Or does it work on wizards, too?" Harry finally asks. This is the question that had been haunting him the most, the one that he really couldn't let go, and even though he'd gone to library to look it up, there was nothing there about whether wizards could be shrunken, too, because apparently no one had seen a reason to test it out before.

The question catches Ron totally off guard. "Um, it works on wizards, too. I don't think it's used on them really often, though." Ron tells him, and Harry feels like his body is burning all over because that means it would be *possible*.

There's too long of a pause before Harry composes himself again as Ron looks at him, studying his reaction to that as Harry replies.

"Oh, okay, right. Thanks." He says, but Ron can't drop this now. Harry knew that he hadn't been subtle that something had been going on since they returned to Hogwarts, but he also assumed that his best mate was thick enough that he wouldn't pick up on the extent of Harry's weirdness. The real issue he thought he would run into was with observant Hermione, but his mind seemed to stay much more focused when he and Ron studied or did homework with her.

It's absolutely because Hermione just doesn't let them slack off, of course. There's definitely no other reason. Certainly not because Ron triggers those fantasies and is the star in all of them. That's not it at all.

Ron isn't quite as thick as Harry assumes he is, though. As Harry seemed to space out more and more when he and Ron would hang out or do homework or study, he took more notice of how Harry's skin would flush pink the longer he wasn't focusing, and then the flustered reaction he had when Ron would grab his attention again. Ron notices all that.

"Harry, why are you asking about the shrinking spell?" Ron questions. Harry's head shoots up a bit too quickly in response to Ron's follow up question, and he shrugs his shoulders.

"Nothing in particular. I was just.... curious, that's all. After what happened when we ran into Malfoy." Harry explains, but Ron can tell that there's something off about Harry's response. He's been friends with Harry since they were 11, he can tell, when he pays attention, that

Harry's acting differently.

"No, really. What's up? Why are you asking about the spell?" Ron pushes, and Harry feels the words start to bubble up in his chest. He wants to tell Ron, wants to spill his

guts about his secret desire, but he's still clearly embarrassed by it, and resists, despite the increasing urge to tell all.

"It's really nothing, don't worry about it. What did you get for question 18?" Harry asks, making an attempt to change the subject. Ron won't let it drop, though.

"Harry, tell me. Why have you been acting so strange since we got back to Hogwarts? What does it have to do with shrinking muggles?"

And Harry can't resist any longer, the desire to tell Ron about all of the thoughts he's been having too great to resist, and he gives under the pressure. Harry starts to fidget more, his body language changing as he prepares himself to be laughed at by his best mate.

"Well, the truth is I keep thinking about what happened. With the muggle. And the idea of being, you know, shrunken too like that is sort of mesmerizing me." Harry explains. The more he speaks, the more nervous he gets. "And I keep thinking about being the one being shrunk. I can't get the thought out of my head."

Ron's expression, in fact his entire demeanor changes once his mind processes what Harry's just told him. Ron sits up, his chin slightly tilting upwards as if to look down at Harry with a half-lidded gaze. The corner of his mouth twitches upwards into a little smile as well, and Harry feels his body light up with warmth, a shock running up his spine at the way Ron looking at him like that makes him feel.

"You want me to shrink you? Cast the spell and shrink you and play with you like I played with that muggle?" Ron's voice sounds like it's supposed to be incredulous, but the tone underneath it is mocking, and Harry feels his heart beat faster in his chest at the way Ron speaks to him.

"N-no, you don't actually have to do it! I've just been thinking about it a lot, and that's why I've been acting so strangely-" Harry protests, but Ron shakes his head.

"No Harry, you know you'd love it. Come on, just let me shrink you, it's gonna be fun!" Ron insists, and a thrill runs through Harry's entire body.

"Right-right now?" Harry questions, because he couldn't have imagined that Ron would offer to shrink him after that Harry confessed the fantasies that he'd been having, let

alone right in the moment. Harry's eyes are wide like a doe, and Ron's absolutely feeding on it.

"Come on Harry, I know you want to!" Ron insists, and Harry does. He really does, more than anything in the world. He nods after a long hesitation, his head bobbing up and down slowly, his face crimson with shame and excitement.

Ron's teasing smile spreads into something bigger, more confident, and he stands up off the bed to pull his wand out from his robe. Harry stares up at him, watching Ron's eyes as he holds the wand in front of Harry, swishes it, utters the spell, and Harry feels his body start to compress.

It's a feeling he never would've expected. It's like pressure from all sides pressing on Harry quickly. It isn't painful, but the whole movement has Harry's head rushing as he shrinks, his clothes growing bigger and bigger on him until he falls into the pile of fabric from his robes, splayed out on top of them totally stark.

Harry didn't realize that he would lose his clothing, but Ron doesn't seem to care less as he rounds the bed to the other side where a miniature Harry's still reeling from the experience.

He's looking around, but Harry isn't accustomed to his surroundings like this. The ceiling on top of the bed looks like the sky if the sky were red and fabric, far enough away that he would need a rocket to reach it. His clothes, the pile that he's laying in is like the size of a desert, wide and expansive enough that he could never hope to cross it.

And that's not even considering what other people look like from this size. The sound of Ron's footsteps as he rounded the bed sounded like thunder, booming with each footfall. Ron isn't in slow motion like the films depict giants to be, though. He seems to move only slightly slower than Harry can, and he's standing over Harry at the edge of the bed in a moment.

If it wasn't for the hair, Harry doesn't think he would be able to recognize Ron at all. He looks distorted, unfamiliar. Neither his face nor his body really looked like the Ron that Harry remembered, and it was jarring for him to get used to this as he craned his neck to look up at Ron.

The red-haired wizard on the other hand was revelling in the feeling that came over him the moment that Harry confessed to him about the thoughts he'd been having. He felt his chest swell with confidence and he loves looking down on Harry like this.

He bends down to get a closer look at Harry, but Harry's depth perception is all off, so that happening so quickly throws him off. Harry has to close his eyes to recenter himself. When he opens them again, Ron's face is much closer, and Harry can see every freckle and every detail, every pore of Ron's enormous face. Really, Harry would have to run with all of his speed to get close enough to Ron's face to touch it, and yet he can see every detail so closely because of Ron's now-enormous size.

Harry's still incredibly disoriented as he tries to get used to his surroundings, how everything looks so much larger than life that Harry feels his heart pounding just looking out past the bed. But Ron's initial fascination at looking at tiny Harry has passed.

Just as Harry finally sits up, and pushes himself to stand, Ron's enormous hand shoots out from nowhere, practically giving Harry a heart attack as it reaches for him and he stumbles backwards at the shock, his eyes huge as Ron reaches out and grabs Harry by his leg, holding it between his two fingers and picking Harry up like he was not a tiny human being capable of being hurt.

Harry has to shut his eyes again as the whole world is spun on its head again, literally, as Ron picks him up upside down and dangles him in the air. When Harry opens his eyes again, he can tell that he's upside down, but most importantly, Harry can see the ominous, threatening floor.

It's absolutely terrifying. He doesn't think that his heart's ever pounded this hard or fast in his entire life as he sees the distance he'd fall if Ron let go. Harry's entire body is frozen, completely still so as not to be dropped. Despite the terror, the jarring nature of the size of everything around him, Harry's complete and total vulnerability, Harry does not hate one second of this.

It's everything he imagined, fantasized about, but in real life. It's a feeling he never could have replicated by dreaming about it, and all of those things; the vulnerability, the fear, the lack of control--all of those things are contributing to the swooping happiness that Harry feels rising in his chest.

Ron dangles Harry upside down for a couple minutes, just looking at him and reveling in the control that he has over Harry. If he dropped him right now, Ron would have killed



the chosen one. The chosen one, the great and mighty Harry Potter, wanting to be shrunken like a muggle and picked up like this. Ron couldn't have asked for a better ego boost.

He stares at Harry, his tiny body and his face as his eyes are wide and doe-like still, his little body in Ron's hand warm.

Ron wouldn't drop Harry though. He's had more than enough experience with shrunken muggles that he wouldn't drop him. The tiny body isn't something that's unfamiliar to Ron.

In fact, quite a few of the neighborhood boys around Ron would disappear for a couple days every once in a while. They were never harmed, but when they returned they could never say where they were, or what happened to them.

In a complete and total coincidence, Ron would also hole up in his room every once in a while, just for a couple of days. This happened habitually, with Ron experimenting and exploring with muggles that he shrunk and tormented for fun. The Weasleys never really appear as a Pureblood wizard family in the ways that a lot of Pureblood families in wizard society do, but this was one practice that Ron wouldn't let go.

So as Ron's hand moved just a little, swaying Harry in the air, he wasn't concerned about dropping the tiny wizard, but Harry didn't know that. He didn't know if Ron would fumble with him and Harry would just fall right to the ground, because he's shrunken and helpless.

All of those thoughts, the sight of the ground, and the image of Ron right in front of him, the smirk still present on his face as he exerts total dominance over Harry, have him falling into a sort of submissive trance. His body is totally compliant and his face is blushy and hot, even as Ron finally drops Harry into the palm of his hand.

"Harry, mate, you're totally stark right now in my hand." Ron comments, laughing about it. Harry shifts at the embarrassment that comes with that statement because Ron is totally seeing everything right now. Harry's humiliated but he loves it, and he feels himself getting hard. It's embarrassing and he rolls over in the palm of Ron's hand.

Ron takes the opportunity to investigate Harry, poking at his miniature body a little with the tip of his finger. He pokes at Harry's back and Harry curls up a little, but Ron keeps

prodding curiously. Harry had rolled onto his stomach, but Ron doesn't really care, and he pushes Harry over to lay on his back in order to observe him more closely, prodding at his stomach and his legs.

Harry's eyes are wide and trained on Ron's face while his gaze is fixed on Harry. Harry curls back up when Ron keeps poking at him, too humiliated by being so exposed under Ron's observant gaze. Ron laughs at Harry's clear bashfulness.

"Don't hide like that, Harry, I want to see you tiny!" Ron tells him, poking at Harry's body again so he'll lie flat, but Harry's too shy.

"Come oooon~ I know you want me to play with you like I played with that muggle." Ron continues, and Harry hesitantly uncurls himself to be exposed to Ron, his cheeks flared up in embarrassment.

Ron gets to touch Harry again, pushing his legs apart. He touches all over Harry's shrunken body, squishing his face when he presses the tip of his finger against Harry's cheek, feeling how fragile his arms are, just his entire body.

Amongst all of the curious touching, Harry's body had become more pliant. His head rolls to the side and he languidly kisses the palm of Ron's hand, just because it's there. Ron's been leering at Harry's form the entire time, and he sees Harry do it. He chuckles at him, and the way his behavior is so out of the ordinary for a regular sized Harry.

With how submissive Harry's whole energy is at the moment, he hardly reacts when Ron dips his head forward and licks across Harry's body. The chosen one only jolts a bit at the sensation, shivering as he's now coating in Ron's saliva.

Ron doesn't stop there, loving having the shrunken muggles, and now Harry in his mouth, and he's giddy at the thought of sucking on Harry like hard candy. He licks Harry again, but doesn't stop at one time, and licks him quite a few times.

"Ron," Harry whines weakly.

"You know you like it, Harry, don't try to act like you don't." Ron teases, and Harry's body turns hot again for being called out like that. He does like it, likes how large and scary Ron's mouth and even his tongue is, because he could accidentally swallow Harry and his tongue is so big, Harry can see all of the taste buds coming at him at once.

Ron doesn't stop with licking Harry's body like a lolly, either. He opens his mouth wider, sticking his tongue out again to lick Harry, and he laps up the shrunken boy until Harry slides down Ron's tongue into his mouth legs first.

Harry's just a bit frantic as he slides down Ron's tongue, feeling every taste bud rubbing against his naked body until he's all the way inside Ron's mouth.

Ron rolls Harry around in his mouth a bit since he can, and Harry rolls to either side of Ron's tongue, bumping against his teeth and getting absolutely coated in Ron's saliva throughout the process. Ron's mouth isn't fully closed, so Harry still has some light streaming inside between Ron's lips despite the movement. Ron loves feeling Harry moving and stumbling around, disoriented.

It is shocking for Harry how large the inside of Ron's mouth is considering how tiny he himself is now. Ron pauses after a while, and Harry's panting catching his breath and reveling in everything that's been happening. He adores being so miniature that he can easily be inside

Ron's mouth. It's so incredibly jarring how everything looks so much more enormous than Harry could've ever expected.

And then Ron closes his mouth, and he sucks on Harry inside his mouth, the soft sides of his cheek pressing in on Harry and bombarding the tiny wizard on all sides, shifting against him as Harry feels Ron's tongue pressed him against the roof of his mouth.

The sucking only lasts a few moments, but it leaves Harry gasping and panting and hard and he lays flat out on Ron's tongue, shifting onto his side to sweetly press his lips against the floor and kiss it, the floor actually being Ron's tongue.

Ron can feel Harry do this, and he laughs, giggling at Harry's little move of affection, and Harry's instantaneously embarrassed that he did that. He wasn't even thinking! He just did it because it felt like a natural thing to do.

Even as Ron's laughing, he sucks on Harry again, sending Harry into another fit of bliss as he feels the pressure from Ron's mouth close against him.

When Ron's satisfied after sucking on Harry and rolling him around in his mouth, he lets Harry slide out of his mouth and into the palm of his hand. Harry's still breathing hard,

recovering from everything that's happened so far. Ron's face twists up at all of the saliva that Harry's covered in and instead places him on the floor, kneeling down to do so.

"You kissed my tongue, mate. You liked it that much? Maybe I should keep you in my mouth more often," Ron teases, and Harry fidgets, shifting a little in embarrassment under the teasing. The way that he stands on the floor of the dormitory, and Ron's kneeling down but he still looks like he's the size of a skyscraper baffles Harry.

Something about the way that Harry feels when Ron says things like that to him have

Harry a little confused, as well. It's unusual to him that all of his fantasies have surrounded Ron. Ron shrinking him, Ron tormenting him like the shrunken muggles are tormented. Ron touching him while he's tiny, Ron, Ron, Ron...

And the way he felt when Ron told him that he was more than willing to shrink him despite Harry knowing that it was such a strange request. And the kissing... Never on the lips, no, but just Ron, Harry has the urge to do it. He doesn't think, now that the thought has popped in his head, that he would mind snogging Ron that much either...

Those sorts of ideas that run through Harry's mind force him to the conclusion that he had been denying since his fantasies of this first began- he has a crush on Ron. It's completely undeniable, especially in this scenario.

Ron can see how Harry's demeanor changes, becoming more and more submissive since they started, and it's much clearer now that he's on the floor and so vulnerable. The pair work like magnets; as Harry becomes more submissive and shy, Ron becomes more confident and dominant, domineering over Harry.

Ron stands up again, and Harry can't even crane his neck back far enough to look at Ron's face because he's so tall. That ginger-haired head blocks out the light on the ceiling like it's an eclipse, and a shadow is cast over Harry.

Ron steps forward, slowly but towards Harry. As his bare feet step closer and closer, Harry stumbles backwards. Ron's practically moving in slow motion, stepping so slowly in order to give Harry a chance to move, but Harry's so tiny, he's no match for Ron.

“Better move, I’m gonna step on you!” Ron half-shouts, grinning with that knowing smile and those probing eyes as he watches Harry turn tail and run. He runs toward the desk, but he’s so slow that Ron hardly has to move as his feet slam down behind Harry.

It’s exhilarating and terrifying, and it has the adrenaline in Harry’s body rushing, his head and his heart pounding with it, and somehow this is exactly what he wanted.

“Don’t let me catch you under my feet, Harry! You’ll get stuck between my toes,” Ron continues, gleefully tormenting Harry as the tiny wizard runs.

Ron chases him just a few feet, with Harry running practically for his life as Ron’s steps had him jumping every time. Harry finally collapses just on the other end of the foot of Ron’s bed, laying on the ground and panting to catch his breath. Ron steps over to him casually where he’s collapsed and covers his body with his foot.

Harry’s size at this point is so small that he barely reaches the ball of Ron’s foot. His face gets pressed between Ron’s toes as Ron prods at Harry’s body with his foot the way that he’d poked Harry earlier with his fingers.

The whole experience had been even more, better than Harry had anticipated or wished for, but he’s absolutely spent. Ron still plays with him a little with his foot, pressing on Harry’s body just a bit until the air rushes out of his lungs and then there’s just pressure again as Ron holds his foot over Harry’s body.

“You want me to crush you with my bare foot, Harry? Is that why you’re just laying there and letting me do whatever I want to you?” Ron mocks, his voice low and taunting.

A shiver runs through Harry’s body, and he lifts his head to kiss Ron’s toe where it’s up against his face.

Ron lifts his foot, baffled and stares down at Harry.

“Did you just snog my toe?” He questions, his voice slightly incredulous but humored by it nonetheless. Harry just shrugs, blushing at Ron’s tone and the implication that comes with it. Ron lifts his foot then and replaces it back on the ground, leaning down to pick Harry back up and place him on the bed, yawning throughout.

"I'm beat, mate. I need to go to sleep." Ron says, and Harry shifts. He doesn't want this to end despite how tired he himself is, too.

"I should put you back to normal size first." Ron continues, pulling out his wand. He doesn't really want to put Harry back to his regular size yet either, but as a best friend, he cannot put his want first...

Harry holds his hands up and shakes them in front of him. "Wait!" He insists. Ron pauses, and leans forward to hear Harry better.

"Why don't you- you can leave me like this, just for tonight. Unshrink me in the morning before class." Harry suggests, and Ron thinks about it for a moment. He usually isn't very awake in the mornings, but if Harry's suggesting it, then why not?

"Alright, sure. Where are you going to sleep, then?" Ron asks, and Harry looks, thinking about it. The bed isn't the most ideal considering Ron could accidentally crush him, but Ron finds the perfect place.

He picks up a sock that he'd worn the day before and holds it out for Harry, and Harry climbs in, settling into the sock as if it were a tent. Ron chuckles at the sight, then settles in under his covers to go to sleep.

Harry's mind races for a while before he can fully settle down though. He thinks about everything that's happened and can't stop thinking about what's waiting for him in the morning.

## Laying Claim on the Chosen One

The next morning, Harry wakes up in the sock, feeling refreshed and excited for the day ahead. He peeks out and sees Ron getting ready for class, his heart fluttering at the sight of his massive mountain of a friend. As Ron finishes getting dressed, he notices Harry and smiles a tad sadly.

"Ready to be returned to normal, mate?" Ron asks, grabbing his wand.

Harry hesitates, embarrassed by what he wants to say.

"Actually, if it's not too much trouble... I-I'd like to stay like this for a bit longer," he replies, his cheeks flushing. "Maybe just for today?"

Ron raises an eyebrow, a renewed glint in his eye. "Oh? You sure about that? I could always take you to class with me, not like you're hard to hide."

Harry's heart skips a beat at the teasing words. "Okay, let's..." he agrees with some hesitation.

Harry hides in Ron's pants pocket as they make their way to class, his body buzzing with anticipation. Throughout the walk, Ron keeps his hand in his pocket, his fingers occasionally brushing against Harry, sending shivers down his spine.

When they arrive at the classroom, Ron slips his hand into his pocket, his fingers curling around Harry. "Don't worry, I've got you," he whispers, giving Harry's tiny form a gentle squeeze.

Harry's heart races as he listens to the lesson, feeling both exposed and protected in Ron's pocket. He can feel Ron's leg vibrate with each whispered word, and he imagines what it would be like to be revealed to the class, to be displayed by Ron.

As the lesson continues, Ron's hand remains in his pocket, occasionally stroking Harry's tiny body, his touch sending waves of excitement through Harry. It's a secret pleasure, known only to them, and Harry revels in the intimacy of it.

During a particularly boring part of Binns' lecture, Ron begins to play with Harry more boldly, his fingers exploring Harry's minuscule form. Harry, overcome with desire, presses his lips against Ron's skin, kissing it gently.

Ron's breath catches, and he tightens his grip on Harry, his fingers now exploring Harry's body with purpose. Harry gasps as Ron's fingers stroke him between the legs, his tiny frame arching into the touch. The classroom around them fades away, and all Harry can focus on is the feel of Ron's fingers and the sound of his accelerated breathing. With one hand, Ron is taking notes about the class, and with the other, he's giving his best friend the experience of a lifetime.

As the lesson comes to an end, Ron's touch slows, and he reluctantly withdraws his hand from his pocket. Harry, his body still buzzing with pleasure, helplessly grabs at the air, sad to see the fingers leave him.

Almost immediately, Ron stands up and, after a moment of walking, leads them to an isolated tree on the Hogwarts grounds. He sits down, his hand never leaving his tiny friend. Finally, he pulls Harry out and lets him stand freely on his upturned palm. With the other hand, Ron starts stroking his minuscule form with a gentle finger, and Harry leans into the touch gratefully.

"So, Harry, my tiny mate," Ron begins, his voice friendly but commanding. "I felt a thing or two back there that got me questioning. I want you to tell me everything you're feeling. All those thoughts you've been having. Don't hold back."

Harry's heart skips a beat at Ron's commanding tone. He knows he can't hide anymore, not when Ron has made it clear he holds all the power in this dynamic. "I-I do like it, Ron," Harry admits, his voice soft and hesitant. "Being small, being dominated by a giant, it's-it's exciting..."

Ron smirks, his eyes sparkling with amusement and something more. "Of course, you like it. You've been quite open about your desire to be shrunk. But why *me*, Harry? Why did you want me to be the one to shrink you, to play with you like this? There's something there, right?"



Harry's heart is pounding in his chest as he looks up at Ron, his giant face looming over him, confident to the point of looking arrogant. "Until you grow back, I own you, mate. Tell me the truth. It's an order."

Harry takes a deep breath, his eyes staring at Ron's hand as it strokes his body to avoid looking his crush in the eye. "I've been having these fantasies, and they're getting stronger. I can't stop thinking about them... about you. I think... I think I am... in love with you."

Ron looks briefly surprised, then an eager grin spreads across his face. "Mate, I suspected, but... Are you sure?"

Harry nods, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment and desire. "Positive. I've tried to deny it, but ever since that incident with the muggle, you've been on my mind. I fantasize about being small for you, about being dominated and teased by you, and only by you. I want to be close to you, to be under you. I want to be... yours."

Standing as he is on the ginger boy's palm, Harry can feel the shivers running across Ron's skin at the words.

"You know what I saw in the mirror of Erised, all those years ago?" Ron asks, taking Harry by surprise.

"You told me. It was... you, standing alone and you won the Quidditch cup, right?" Harry replies, confused.

"Oh yeah, and you also believe Dumbledore when he says he sees himself with a sturdy pair of socks? Get a grip, mate."

Harry is stunned, then he realizes. "Then... What did you see?"

"You, bowing down in front of me, and calling me 'Master'. You were not so tiny in my vision, but honestly? It's much better this way. Failure of imagination on my part," Ron replies, then he licks his lips, making Harry's stomach explode with butterflies.

The assignment is clear, and Harry does not waste time to get on his knees. "Lower," says Ron, and Harry hurries to fall on all four, head low. "Yes Master Ron."

The giant lets out a raspy breath, and his eyes darken with desire. Ron slowly leans closer, his lips hovering just above Harry's prostrated body. His breath washes moist warmth over the shrunken man's body. "If I knew you had this streak in you, I'd have claimed you years ago. You're mine, Harry. And I plan to keep you that way for a very... very long time."

To Harry's shock, one of Ron's fingers darts under his chin, forcing him to look up, just as Ron's lips press down on his tiny body. Harry is temporarily suffocated, his face compressed in a veritable wall of Ron's lips, the sensation overwhelming. But when the lips withdraw, he's blushing and smiling uncontrollably, his body tingling from, Harry realizes belatedly, their first kiss!

"R-Ron!" Harry exclaims.

Ron chuckles, his breath ruffling Harry's hair. "Yeah, knew you'd like that." With that, Ron opens his mouth wide, his tongue curling to welcome a little morsel. With deliberate movements, he gently pushes Harry into his mouth, his tongue cradling his friend's tiny form.

Harry gasps as he slides into Ron's mouth, the warmth and wetness enveloping him. He can feel Ron's tongue moving beneath him, fearlessly exploring him. He wriggles, trying to adjust to the sensation and trying not to moan, his breath mingling with his crush's. The godly tongue does not slow for one second, tasting and teasing, sending waves of delight through Harry's minuscule frame. Harry can feel the tiny bumps of the taste buds as he's licked. The saliva coats his body, making him heavier and even more helpless while he's lapped up like a delicious treat.

Ron's tongue wraps around him, rolling him over and pressing him against the roof of his mouth. Harry can feel the soft, powerful muscle against his back. The pressure is intense, and he can't suppress a horny whine as he's sucked on, his body compressed from all sides.

The slick muscle is everywhere at once, stroking, caressing, pleasuring and tickling what used to be Harry Potter and which is now... whatever Ron decides he is. Lover? Pet? Toy? Snack? Harry's mind is flooded with images of Ron towering over him, his body distorted and unfamiliar. The memory of Ron's smirk as he dangled him in the air, the memory of Ron's fingers' bold actions during class... Harry's head is swimming with these thoughts while his body is thrumming with pleasure.

The sensations are overwhelming, and Harry feels himself getting lost. If Ron swallowed at that moment, Harry would not hesitate to embrace it. Harry knows that he is Ron's now, to do with as he pleases. The thought only adds to the intensity of the moment, and he surrenders himself completely to the pleasure.

Harry can feel his arousal building, his body aching with unspoken desires. The intimacy of the act, the knowledge that Ron is tasting every inch of him, drives him to the brink of ecstasy. As Ron continues to suck and tease him, Harry's mind spins with thoughts of his friend, now his master. The idea of being owned, of being completely under Ron's control, excites him beyond measure. He knows, in that moment, that he is utterly and completely Ron's. It is a realization that both frightens and exhilarates him.

Harry is overwhelmed with sensations as he comes, his tiny body pulsing with pleasure. He never before experienced something so intense or pleasurable. He collapses against the tongue, exhausted but happier than ever in his life.

Ron pulls him out of his mouth, a string of saliva stretching between them. Harry feels the rush of cool air on his drenched body, but he doesn't care; only Ron matters. He looks up at the redhead, his giant freckled face filling his vision, and sees a mixture of amusement and desire in his eyes.

"Well, well, Harry. That was quite a performance," Ron teases, his tongue peeking out to lick his lips, which glisten with Harry's essence. "Did you enjoy your little ride?"

Harry feels a rush of embarrassment, his cheeks burning. "I-I did," he admits, his voice soft and submissive. "It was... amazing."

Ron's grin widens, and he swallows, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat, carrying some of Harry's essence down. "And now, you're all messy. I think I'll have to clean you up."

Harry's eyes widen as he realizes Ron's intention. "W-wait, no, I can clean myself-!"

But before he can finish his sentence, Ron's tongue shoots out, licking him from head to toe. Harry gasps, the sensation sending sparks of pleasure through him. "R-Ron, stop!" he squeals, even as he secretly hopes Ron won't listen.

Ron chuckles, his breath washing over Harry's minuscule form. "Don't be stubborn, mate. Admit you want more."

Harry bites his lip, his body still trembling from the tongue bath. "Maybe... just a little more," he concedes, his cheeks flushed with arousal.

Ron leans closer, his voice dropping to a whisper. "More, Master Ron," he corrects, his tone commanding. "Say it, Harry."

Harry's heart skips a beat at the order, his body craving submission. "More, Master Ron," he repeats, his voice strangled by pleasure and humiliation, which were more or less the same for Harry by now. "Please, Master..."

Ron's tongue slides across Harry's body once more, slower this time, savoring the taste of him. "That's better," he murmurs, his eyes never leaving Harry.

The tongue continues its work dutifully, leaving Harry panting and desperate for more, his little Chosen One standing once again at attention. Harry covers his eyes with his forearm, struggling for air. "Master..." he whispers.

The tongue continues its loving work, leaving Harry panting and desperate for more. He lays there, naked and exposed, his body glistening with saliva, overwhelmed by the intensity of his submission, and he knows he'll always be putty in Ron's hands.

"Master..." he pleads, his voice hoarse with desire and embarrassment. "Please, Master Ron... I..."

Harry struggles to put his feelings into words, his body still quivering from the tongue bath. He wants to convey the depth of his devotion, the extent of his surrender. The idea of being completely and utterly owned by Ron stirs something deep within him, a yearning so strong it takes his breath away. He wants to be at Ron's beck and call, to obey his every command, and the thought sends shivers of anticipation through his body. Ron is not a human being anymore in Harry's eyes, but an all-powerful divine being worthy of devotion and worship.

"Harry, look at me," Ron commands, his voice gentle yet firm. The tiny can feels Ron's gaze on him, scrutinizing his tiny form, and he knows he can't hide anything from his friend, his master.

With some force of will, Harry lowers his arm, his eyes meeting Ron's. He sees the love and desire in Ron's eyes mirroring the love and desire in his own, and he knows he can trust him with his heart, with his very being. "Master Ron," he whispers, his voice filled with devotion. "I... I want to be yours forever."

Ron's eyes shine with a mixture of lust, amusement, and something softer that Harry can't quite identify. "Forever, Harry? That's a long time."

Harry nods, his eyes never leaving Ron's. "Yes, Master. Forever. I want to wake up every morning and know that I'm yours. I want to fall asleep every night feeling your dominance over me. I want you to own me, body and soul. I have already stopped being me, now I'm just yours."

Ron's expression betrays elation like no other, and he reaches out to stroke Harry's minuscule form with a gentle finger. "Mate, I can't tell you how happy that makes me. Forever. I like that word."

Ron brings Harry closer to his face, his eyes never leaving Harry's. "You know, I never thought I'd find someone who would willingly submit to me like this. It's a dream come true, Harry. You're my dream come true."

Harry's heart melts at Ron's words, and he feels a surge of love so powerful it takes his breath away. "And you're mine, Master Ron. My dream come true."

Ron smiles, his eyes soft with affection. "Then let's make this dream last forever, shall we?"