



Chapter 8 - Epilogue

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—but Fred stopped him. “Read the rest of the letter! It’s only getting good!” And to Harry, Fred added, “You can remove his socks yourself, right? Well, have fun!”

[TO COMPLETE - the rest of the letter, which warns that they can’t use sonorus on harry or he dies]

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.

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. By day four, Harry had been in the presence of the yes or no apparatus only twice, as the giants banished it after each use and only summoned it for a precise answer to a specific question. And, obviously, Fred and George whole-heartedly trusted Ron’s honesty.

[TO COMPLETE - Everything with the twins – Twins testing products on Harry, the teasing, some foot stuff + PRANKS + obeying Ron’s letter by feeding Harry by spreading food on a twin’s sole and having the tiny lick it off.]

On day five, 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 still sent goosebumps up the tiny boy’s arms.

The item George put down next to Harry, however, was amazing enough to catch his 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.

"With that, we can carry you everywhere with us," George explained in his booming 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—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 COMPLETE - Some explanation and examples of sessions]

Harry came to realize that, in the new, fucked-up life he was living, the sessions with the twins were actually highlights. They were not as morally difficult as the time spent with Ron, as terrifying and painful as the time spent at Malfoy's mercy... and at Colin's mercy, too. 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 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.

He couldn’t really pinpoint when exactly he stopped disliking their sessions, but Harry knew exactly when he started loving them. It was weeks into his stay with the twins, and while they were relaxing while listening to wizarding tunes on the radio. That evening, they had deposited Harry atop a pillow on the floor, with the two pairs of stompers around him, prodding and playing with him. With his vision partly obscured by George’s toes, Harry caught a glimpse of his mop of orange hair at an angle that made him resemble Ron. They looked almost identical to Harry’s eyes, for an instant—they were brothers after all. A dormant part of Harry’s brain fired up, and he felt for George, to a degree, what the love potion had made him feel for Ron. With all the desire and no moral qualm against giving in to it with the more loveable George, Harry just dug in. He wanted to feel the giant’s skin all against his own, he wrapped his legs around one toe and started doing to those feet what he was dying to do to Ron.

After that session, the dust settled and Harry came back to his senses... but he didn’t have to try very hard to imagine either Fred or George as a giant, dominant Ron, and the *amortensia*’s supernatural aphrodisiac effect would take hold. 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 like... 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 exists, Harry thought.

[TO COMPLETE - the twins take some amortensia to get sexually aroused by the duo tag team after receiving a letter from Ron saying that Harry loves that. Tiny Harry between their torsoes like in the pic, they kiss with Harry in their mouths. Then, finally, George asks Harry if he liked it]

“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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[TO COMPLETE - Everything with Sirius until they grow Harry back up. Sirius accidentally swallows Harry.]

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.