



MEETING THE CHAMPIONS

Michael gnawed on his nails anxiously after readjusting the oversized towel that hid him from view. Although he was surrounded by darkness, the teen could guess that he was being carried, as the entire “room” he was in rocked back and forth. Keeping him company in the darkness were cleaning products, a leaking bottle of deodorant, towels and inadvisably large clothes. But, most importantly, the champion’s golden egg was sit triumphantly atop the discarded clothes, partially bundled in old socks and shirts. He couldn’t figure out what the hell he was doing there, inside Cedric Diggory’s gym bag of all places.

Michael was an average Beauxbâtons student and was spending the year at Hogwarts for the Triwizard Tournament, like many others. Then, one day, Fleur Delacour had burst into the carriage they called home during the year, demanding assistance from a boy. “The other three champions will be meeting in the prefects’ bathroom on the fifth floor. They will surely exchange vital information for the second task! We need a spy on location, but it obviously cannot be me. Could

you imagine, me, surrounded by naked *males*?”

All of the school’s boys had nodded and enthusiastically agreed that no man should ever be naked in the same room as their champion. Michael couldn’t understand why all the boys always agreed with Fleur. The fact she was a Veela didn’t do much to Michael—he always swung the other way. So he had just shrugged when Fleur made her declaration, and that made him stand out.

“You! Do you not agree with me?” Fleur had asked. When met with half-hearted denial, she added. “Well then, you will be our spy. Jacques, bring me the potion.”

Of course, everyone sided against Michael, even Madame Maxime, and he had to capitulate. Upon drinking the wretched potion, the poor French boy had ended up just a couple centimeters tall! “Nobody can enter the bathroom without the password, so you will be smuggled in through Cedric Diggory’s bag.” He hadn’t realize how literal Fleur was until a random boy from Beauxbâtons had pocketed him, and later stuffed the protesting tiny into Cedric Diggory’s old, stinkin’ gym bag.

So Michael lied in wait for hours. There were a couple close calls, especially when Cedric tried to grab a pair of new socks that were right next to Michael. The humongous fingers that came bulldozing through the contents of the bags actually grabbed Michael, rolled him between the trunks of peach skin, then dropped him back inside without ever noticing what they had touched.

Finally, evening came around and Cedric reached the bathroom. Even from his hiding place, Michael could clearly tell—the smell of soap and steam tickled his nostrils as the distant rumble of giant chatter reached his ears. He could recognize two voices besides Cedric’s own: Harry Potter and Viktor Krum, the other two champions.

“Look who is dere!” Krum’s deep, gruffy voice rang loudly even in the confines of the bag. “Hey, Cedric,” came Potter’s quieter, almost shy greeting. Michael had very few occasions to look at the Potter boy but couldn’t see a Wizarding World savior in him, just a mousy boy who kept his head down.

Cedric’s greeting was even louder to Michael—at least he wouldn’t have trouble hearing their secret meeting, he figured.

“I asked you to come here because of this,” Cedric started, then suddenly Michael’s world was upturned. Light flooded the inside and Cedric tipped it over, sending the contents sprawl across the floor—the tiny boy ended up underneath the waistband of a pair of jogging pants, thankfully

hidden from view. From his new vantage point, he could see Cedric, fully clothed, standing taller than Hogwarts' tallest tower. He bent down to grab his golden egg. "This is what the second task is about. We need to listen to our eggs underwater. It tells us that something was taken from us by merfolk, and we have one hour to retrieve that thing."

"M-Merfolk?" Potter sounded aghast. Krum just emitted a confident laugh. "Easy enouv, if ve have time to prepare!"

By crawling slightly closer to the two other giants' voices and cranking his neck, he could catch a glimpse of them. Krum was even taller than Diggory, clearly interrupted in the middle of his bath as his muscular torso was nude for all to see. And so was his crotch, Michael realized after an instant, before quickly averting his eyes—it was particularly humiliating to see he would still be smaller than Krum's manhood if he was ten times as tall as he currently was. A bit farther back, Harry Potter was far from displaying the same confidence in his body; he remained immersed up to his neck in the soapy, swimming pool-like bathtub, and only his skinny face and shoulders could be seen above the water.

"I will tell everything to Fleur tomorrow, of course," Cedric added, making Michael cringe. So, all this trouble for *nothing at all*? That sounded right. He held tighter onto the pants that concealed him—he would be picked up in an instant, tossed back in the bag, and he'd be back in his bed and at his normal size in a jiffy, he guessed.

"Since you here, let's havv bath together!" Krum suddenly offered, and Cedric laughed and accepted, shattering the tiny Frenchie's expectations. A moment later, pieces of clothing started raining on Michael's hiding place, culminating in the giant Hufflepuff's sneaker soaring through the air and aimed directly at him. Panicked, the small guy bolted out of his hiding place and witnessed as the shoe landed less than a centimeter away from him, precisely where he was a second earlier.

Only when he was already out in the open did he realize that he wasn't hidden anymore. None of the three behemoths around him looked down at the floor, thankfully. Krum was seemingly busy keeping Potter in a playful headlock in the tub, and Cedric was standing just behind-

Slap, slap.

Michael turned around just in time to see what he had just heard—Cedric gigantic bare feet slapping on the tiled floor. Michael, frozen in terror, saw the tanned, well-shaped sole of Cedric's right foot rise far, far up in the air, casting a long shadow directly over him...

And it fell at full speed... just barely missing Michael. The giant toes slammed on the floor an arm's length away from him, displacing some air upon landing, and filling the tiny man with feeling of dread as he could have been stepped on. Stepped on!

The foot took off once again and slammed into Michael, sending him barrelling backwards. Looking up, he could see Cedric, looking miles ahead and with no idea what had just transpired at his feet, walked over him and jumped into the swimming pool. Water splashed around the shrunken student, drenching him to his bones. He jumped back on his feet, reinvigorated but still shaken after seeing such an impressive display, Cedric's absurd proportions sending both shivers up his back and blood flowing up and down. "He was always a looker," he whispered to himself, still blushing intensely.

Risking a look towards the bathtub, he saw all three giants gathered in a circle, discussing.

"I can show you a spell to breathe underwater," Krum was saying. A bit despite himself, Michael inched closer to the edge of the water, keeping an ear out. Bringing a spell to Fleur could make this stupidly crazy adventure worth it, he decided. "A second, I will grab my wand," the Russian man added.

Suddenly, Michael felt extremely vulnerable as the Quidditch star turned and stared straight at his uncovered form. The tiny froze, hoping he would be passed off as an insect. It certainly seemed to work as Krum averted his gaze while swimming back to the edge of the tub. To Michael's horror, however, he chose the space just in front of the Frenchie to leave the water.

The colossus' body breached the water just a few meters—relative to his new size—in front of the tiny, suddenly unveiling a sculpted, beautiful body. Water cascaded all over him, swiftly trickling through every nook and cranny of his impressive, bulging muscles. The two massive feet slapped the tiles on both sides of Michael, raining large droplets of water that exploded in a wet cacophony around and on the tiny—several almost sending him into the sea-like bathtub where the two other titans waited.

Michael weathered the storm created by Krum's tiny innocuous movement and witnessed as the daunting sports star walked away to fetch his wand. The tiny didn't even have time to catch a breath, however, before Krum walked back, straight towards Michael, as if on purpose. His manly foot slapped the floor not a step away from Michael, and the tiny could have sworn that Krum was looking down at him and lining his foot just right before it slammed down, perfectly on Michael.

The tiny found himself trapped between the first and second toe, squeezed tight on all sides by wet, thick skin.

“Merlin no, please...” was all Michael managed to utter before Krum took another step, launching himself into the water.

The bathtub’s water exploded around Michael, and he could only thank the giant’s toes for shielding him against most of the impact—but he was totally immersed! He found himself in a floating world, where everything was covered in an intense blue gleam and sounds were muffled. The warm water pressed on all sides of him, the sudden inability to breathe triggering the need to take a large mouthful of air and ensuing panic. As Krum’s foot noiselessly landed at the bottom of the pool, the tiny between the toes was trying helplessly to wriggle free.

“Spell iz called Bubble-head charm. It goes like thiz,” Krum’s deep, rumbling voice suffusing the water surrounding Michael.

A second later, the impossibly tall legs that were all Michael could see suddenly bent, and Krum’s face appeared underwater. It was surrounded by an agitated air bubble. While the other two were standing nearby, oblivious, the Bulgarian man got on one knee and snatched Michael from his toes, keeping him in his upturned palm and bringing up into the bubble.

The second he entered the bubble of breathable air surrounding Krum’s face, Michael coughed and sputtered water, throwing up way more of it than could be healthy. He was on all four on a crease of the giant’s palm, pathetically prostrated into the leathery skin.

“You are not first fan to become tiny for me,” Krum boomed, splitting the tiny’s ears. “But you’re first to go so far. Do not worry, you will get what you vant.” Krum punctuated the sentence with a grin, and Michael didn’t even have time to protest before the huge fingers closed around him and pulled him back into the water.

“What do you think, friends?” His guttural words led to a fit of laughter. “I vill teach you spell, but we go sit there, now.”

Michael focused entirely on keeping his panic under control as the casual movements of the hand that surrounded him on all sides made water swoosh by his ears. When he found himself able to breathe again, he was in a bubble of air that surrounded... Krum’s shaft.

Like a stadium dome above his head was a transparent barrier keeping the water out—he realized quickly that Krum had used the Bubble-head charm on his own crotch and kept it hidden underwater. The resulting view was a bright, luminous blue sky, whose stars were the chandeliers on the ceiling and the blurry faces of Viktor Krum, Cedric Diggory and Harry Potter. The three champions were apparently sitting on an underwater bench, such as only their shoulders and heads would poke out of the water. They were talking, but it was hard to make out the individual words. Even without the layer of water between them, Michael knew their faces would still appear hazy in the distance. It was like looking at mountaintops—he really was on a living mountain.

A mountain that wanted its rocks off, it seemed.

Despite himself, Michael felt feelings of lust, desire, passion and shame burst out of his chest, entirely encompassing him at the sight of the titan's cock. It was so large and intense that the tiny man hurt his neck looking up at the tip. Michael knew buildings half the size of that member. Almost unconsciously, he took a few steps towards it, entranced. He had fooled with boys before, but he never dreamed to hope he could get a man like Viktor Krum!

"Here... we go..." Michael told himself, just before letting his hand touch the side of the shaft. It instantly reared to life—it was gorged with blood before, but it was clearly sensitive and excited. Filled with similar excitement, Michael shed off his wet clothes and jumped up, latching himself onto the side of the tower. It immediately wobbled with pleasure, sending electric shocks through the tiny's body.

Michael started kneading the skin with both hands, putting his shoulders into it to heighten sensations. Pressing his lips to the skin, he gave longs, greedy licks, enjoying the aroma of damp cleanliness that encompassed his "partner." Each of his movements elicited a response, tremors and twitches, slight increases in hardness, pulsating veins... from his vantage point, a bug on a God's body, he could see and feel it all. The most minute muscle contraction was an earthquake to him; the entire act was no quieter than a rollercoaster.. It made him feel wanted.

Expertly gripping more skin and scaling up the skin, Michael was licking, kissing and rubbing all he could reach. His hips frantically grinded against the gigantic shaft, but Michael didn't allow himself to go overboard. He wanted to please. As he was making his way up Krum's member, he gave more and more of himself to the act, losing himself entirely in pleasure and daydreams.

He would go talk to Krum—or was it Viktor, now?—as soon as he was grown back up, Michael decided. Perhaps he could become Viktor's official boyfriend? He would be fine being the side

piece, though. He would be fine with anything, for a man like *that!* He couldn't get out of his head the vision of Krum's giant face looking down at him, his hard eyes and masculine jaw... "You will get what you want," he had said. Michael certainly did, and the memory of the deep, manly voice was sending him into ecstasy.

When Michael was halfway up the shaft, Krum's hand came to his aid. Three calloused fingers pressed on Michael's back and on both side of him, and dragged him roughly towards the top. The Frenchman's front burned from the violent friction, but the rosy color of his cheeks were due to excitement most of all.

He was so, so happy that he and Krum had an unspoken agreement.

Once at the top of the shaft, the tiny man stared into the slit. He wasn't given a choice, however, as one oversized finger pushed his head from behind. Although he could have fought it back, Michael was more than happy to obey, and he let the finger guide his head down, pressing his face into the drenched meaty walls. He dutifully licked.

Michael came to himself after a few minutes of similar treatment when the fingers guiding his body suddenly flew off. Finally abandoning his worship, Michael followed them with his eyes—they landed around Harry Potter's waist. Potter was sitting directly left of Viktor, and Michael could only see his scrawny chest and bony arms, as his head was a mere shape beyond the veil of water and he was wearing boxer shorts.

What intrigued Michael, however, was that Krum had suddenly grabbed his waist, holding him like a man would a shy girlfriend when meeting his parents. He pulled the Boy-who-lived closer, almost pulling him onto his thigh. Harry put his hands on the Bulgarian man's chest—Michael stood up, slack-jawed at the sight of these two mountainous body intertwining. Could it be possible two of the champions were actually romantically involved? The thought hit Michael so hard that the tiny boy didn't even notice he was standing up at the edge of the slit, one foot on each side of the chasm, like standing above an active volcano. Harry finally pushed back, forcing himself off Krum, sending some relief to the tiny, unwilling audience.

"I-I'm sorry! I need to go- ermm- I just need to go, okay?" Harry Potter sputtered, clearly scared off by Krum's entreprising advances. Potter hurried out of the water.

"Yes, of course," Michael spoke out loud to himself, chuckling at his previous naivety. "It's impossible champions could sleep with each other."

An instant later, his world was plunged in darkness as a large shadow covered him and most of Krum's body. Looking up, he was greeted to a front-seat view of Cedric Diggory's naked body, soldier up. The third man hadn't wasted a second after Harry Potter was out of the room to sling himself on top of Krum.

"You hungry today, eh?" Krum bellowed a hearty laugh, which cut short when Cedric forced their lips together, kissing the wind out of his lover.

The smacks of the sloppy french kisses that followed, interspersed with moans and wet mouth sounds, were the soundtrack of Michael's world, permeating every inch of the artificial air bubble underwater. As for the tiny himself, he just stared up, frozen in shock and excitement. Until, at last, one of Krum's hand appeared in the air, blocking the view of the kissing faces high up in the sky.

The thick fingers wrapped around both men's shafts and forced them together, keeping only one finger between the two bulging members. They were both hungering and begging for release. The earthquake caused when they were pushed together nearly sent Michael on his ass, but he instead lodged one leg up to the knee into the slit underneath him.

The view from Michael's eyes was absolutely fantastical, up to that point. With a premium view of both of the tips, he could see what looked like hills and valleys of skin; the two titans' chiseled torsos stretched far above, towering over the shrunken man. The blurry kissing faces that served as his new sky were the perfect touch to complete an unbelievable picture.

But, as Michael's leg became stuck in the slit, he started to realize what was going on.

He was stuck between them.

"V-Viktor? Hey?" he tried.

Making increasingly loud attempts at getting the giant's attention seemed to bear fruit when his other hand hovered near Michael, testing the area to locate him solely through touch. One fingertip landing on Michael, incredibly massive but without weight, as the Bulgarian man was simply feeling the tiny's body. He gently patted his head and shoulders, his back, rubbing him softly.

He tried to weather the insistent touches, but Michael was inevitably pushed until his second leg

became stuck.

“Hey! Hey, Viktor, get me out of there!” he shouted up as the finger kneaded very lightly on his back. Although he didn’t really feel strength in the movement, the tiny man was sinking. Already, he was trapped up to his thighs, Michael was confident, though, and continued to call for help.

The finger didn’t stop kneading.

He was up to his bellybutton when Michael realized Krum had no intention to pull him out. He tried to resist, but he was in too deep.

The last thing Michael saw was Cedric’s palm descending towards him—towards Krum’s shaft—and the underside of his thumb pressing on top of the tiny’s head, forcing it entirely into the slit. After that, there was just darkness, but Michael’s world was full of movement. He could tell when Cedric was holding Krum’s member and when he was giving him a good shake. The whole cave suddenly started pumping up and down, after a while. As he was sucked in deeper and deeper into Viktor Krum's cock, and Michael could only hope...

Groans and moans were ringing through the bathroom, and even Myrtle didn’t dare to look. Cedric’s cheek repeatedly slapped against the wall while Krum’s balls slapped his other two cheeks. The intercourse ended in a final moan from both participants as an explosion of white goop oozed from Cedric’s behind. Krum retreated and playfully licked his fingers while Cedric turned to face him.

“You... You didn’t have to finish inside me, mate,” Cedric said, still flustered and struggling to breathe. Krum’s endurance was significantly better as he wasn’t winded, barely mixing a fine mist of sweat with the bath water that still clung to his skin.

“Thiz time I had to. I really had to,” Krum said, not offering any other explanation.

“You really had crazy energy today. We should do that more often,” Cedric purred, letting his hands explore his partner’s body. As he caressed Viktor’s now half-hard dick, he noticed the odd growth he'd felt earlier wasn’t there—he concluded he must have imagined it before. “You’re really good, you know? When will you let your girl down and make us official?”

Krum frowned. "I vill stop seeing Hermy-own when you ditch your asian girl." Cedric snorted in reply.

Krum got up and, after quickly cleaning himself, walked to his bag to dress up. Cedric admired the pride and confidence Krum exuded as he showed off his body, standing straight and strong like a Greek God. He waited until Krum had left the room—shouting a playful "I vill see you soon! You vill know when I vant you" on the way out—to get back into the bathtub and clean himself.

He never noticed the small thing that he cleaned out of his ass, mixed with Viktor Krum's semen.

[THE END]