

“Ryunosuke... are you alright?”

The voice was small, distant... but warm. It snapped the university student out of his reverie. Dark clouds had been storming inside his head, his future looking bleak as a vast ocean of ink and that voice shone out over the waters like a beacon from a lighthouse. Ryunosuke turned to the one who spoke and smiled uneasily, rubbing the back of his head. “Sorry Kazuma... was kind of lost there for a second.”

Kazuma smiled, arms crossed over his chest. He stood a mere four inches tall but oozed so much confidence that Ryunosuke felt like he was ten feet tall. The tiny lawyer-in-training was standing on a nearby table at around waist height to his friend. The taller man hunched over, sweat visibly pouring down his face. Kazuma shifted his stance, one hand on the sword always at his side and said, “Stay calm, Ryunosuke... trust in me. I have no intention of letting you down.”

“But... but.. not only am I on trial for murder... but now I have to defend myself! And I've never even been in a courtroom before!” The words tumbled in a torrent from his mouth, his anxiety spilling forth in a flood. His hands were clammy and his body hot, his throat like sandpaper as the full weight of what was happening crashed over him like a wave.

Kazuma chuckled, the sound so antithetical to how Ryunosuke was feeling that the panicked feelings evaporated for a moment. The tiny law student stepped forward and tilted his head toward a nearby antechamber whose door was currently standing open. “Do me a favor? Carry me over to that room.”

“C-Carry you?” Ryunosuke stuttered, red tinging his cheeks. Kazuma always preferred to walk everywhere, hitching rides when needed but never asking to be carried. It felt so... personal. Shakily the giant university student held out his hand, palm up, next to the table where Kazuma was standing. Kazuma strolled onto the extended fingers, making it to the second knuckle before Ryunosuke curled them hastily, the huge digits smacking his friend in the back and making him stumble forward. “A-Ah! I'm sorry Kazuma! I'm not used to this!”

Kazuma steadied himself and chuckled again, saluting up at his friend. “Don't worry Ryunosuke. I've taken worse hits. The antechamber now, please.”

Ryunosuke nodded and stood up to his full height, holding his hand against his chest as he walked. Kazuma folded his arms and leaned back, resting on the spot directly above his friend's heart. He frowned slightly at the thumping bass thundering in his ears. “He's way more anxious than I thought... He really needs my help.” The two bailiffs that were guarding the way into the courtroom both stared at Ryunosuke as he walked, one moving forward to apprehend him... until Kazuma waved him away, the bailiff nodding at the tiny man and remaining in place. Ryunosuke saw all this happening as his eyes darted around, feeling like he was doing something wrong every step of the way into the antechamber.

Once the door was closed and locked Ryunosuke felt a wave of relief wash over him. The muffled voices made everything outside the room feel distant and unreal. Kazuma noted how his giant friend's heartbeat slowed from the rapid staccato to a more sedate thump... thump... thump... “You can let me down on the floor Ryunosuke.” He said, standing up straight once more and nodding towards the ground.

The larger male acquiesced without question, dropping to one knee and lowering his hand so rapidly that Kazuma toppled over backwards, his landing cushioned by Ryunosuke's surprisingly soft palm. The giant man's expression instantly turned from neutral to dismayed, his other hand instinctively

rising, as though to touch or pet in some comforting way before remembering he was holding his friend and not a small animal, the approaching fingers twitching just above Kazuma's head. "A-Ah! Sorry! Again! I shouldn't have moved so fast! Do you need--"

"Settle down Ryunosuke." Kazuma interrupted. "I'm not so fragile as you seem to think I am."

"S-Sorry..." Ryunosuke mumbled, an uncomfortable smile on his face as he rubbed the back of his head. Kazuma could feel the sudden heat rising from Ryunosuke's palm as he climbed to his feet, his shoes splashing slightly in the beads of cold sweat that had swiftly formed. Ryunosuke's fingers slowly uncurled as Kazuma walked across them, the tiny lawyer-in-training confidently striding along them like a red carpet. He didn't break his stride as he reached the tip of the fingers, stepping down the slight edge and onto the cold tiled floor. He took a few more steps before stopping, turning on his heel, and grinning up at Ryunosuke, the towering man's face hovering above him like a concerned moon.

"Alright then... sit back and remove your shoes and socks."

"... What?" Ryunosuke said, holding his hand up to his ear, sure he had misheard.

"Sit back and remove your shoes and socks." Kazuma repeated, no hint of a joke in his voice. "Hurry up, the trial is going to start soon."

"O-Okay!" the taller man said, plopping down onto his backside, his legs flailing into the air before coming back down, hard, onto the floor, Kazuma left standing in between his friend's legs. The force of the wind and the quaking of the ground resulting from Ryunosuke's movements nearly sent Kazuma to the floor but not only did he manage to stand firm but appeared so unfazed that Ryunosuke couldn't help but feel impressed. Kazuma held out his hand and waved it at Ryunosuke, indicating he should scoot back, an order that was swiftly obeyed, the giant's back colliding with the door with a loud BANG! Ryunosuke winced, blushing slightly, and quickly removed his shoes and socks, tossing them all aside rather carelessly in his haste. He extended both legs and folded his hands on his lap, idly scrunching his toes as he waited for Kazuma's next instruction.

The tiny man walked up to Ryunosuke's right bare sole, reaching up and slowly running his palm along the smooth flesh, his fingers plucking bits of black lint that speckled the otherwise flawless skin. "These are... surprisingly cheap socks you're wearing Ryunosuke, considering how much of them are flecking off."

The giant university student slumped in place, flexing his toes, resisting the urge to rub his feet against the ground, even more bits of fabric snowing down from between the enormous digits. "It's not like I'm exactly rolling in dough you know."

Kazuma chuckled and patted the foot. "Well at least I know what to get you for your birthday this year."

The tiny lawyer-in-training sized up the foot in front of him, taking it in. He was about half its size, his arm span not quite enough to reach either end of the foot. If Ryunosuke brought his foot down now he would easily conceal Kazuma from sight. Reaching up with both hands, Kazuma pressed his palms against the arch of the sole, his cool hands in sharp contrast to Ryunosuke's almost fevered flesh. The larger male gasped softly, his foot pulling back a few inches before slowly extending again. Every moment free from his socks and shoes cooled the sweat that shone along every inch of the foot, the

sharp smell of male musk slowly giving way to the subtler scent of soap (no doubt a generic brand, if his socks were anything to judge by). Kazuma pressed down, as though bracing himself against a wall, his left leg extended back while his right was bent. He dug his fingers into the skin, dimpling it slightly, earning another little gasp from his friend. Slowly, firmly, Kazuma began to glide his hands over the soft wall of sole in front of him. Ryunosuke closed his eyes, savoring the wonderful feeling, his toes twitching at this intimate attention. “K-Kazuma... have you done this before?”

“Of course.” He replied, kneading the flesh in front of him with his knuckles. “It's stressful work, this profession. It's important to keep yourself relaxed... that being said, I've never had someone squirm and shiver so much.”

“Sorry... I'm a little ticklish... and sensitive...” Ryunosuke mumbled, shivering and biting his lower lip.

“Allow me to also extend an apology. You're really going to feel this one.” Kazuma said, finding a particular spot just under the ball of Ryunosuke's foot, reaching up... and pressing down on it, hard.

Ryunosuke's back arched, his foot drawing back as his head tilted, nearly smacking the door behind him. Bolts of electricity radiated out from the point of contact, lancing through his body, pleasurable tingles erupting over every inch of him. Kazuma released the pressure and Ryunosuke slumped down, sighing, his body completely relaxed, a serene smile on his face. “That was... amazing~” He sighed, tilting his head and smiling down at his little friend. “Do you think you could... do that for the other foot, too?”

Kazuma looked over to the other foot but before he could make a move there was a rapid knocking on the door. Ryunosuke jumped, his left foot kicking up as he half turned to see who was there. The door remained closed, however, and a voice called out, “Excuse me but you both are wanted in the courtroom. The trial is about to start.”

“R-Right! We'll be out soon!” Ryunosuke said, sighing, his anxiety spiking back up as reality came crashing back down on top of him.

“So much for the other foot, eh, Ryunosuke?” Kazuma said, giving a light slap to the sole of the foot, drawing his friend's attention back to him. “Come on... lets get going.”

Ryunosuke gulped, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead again. Kazuma noticed the nervousness beginning to build and moved his body closer to the edge of Ryunosuke's foot, embracing it as best he could, squeezing gently. Ryunosuke blushed, rubbing the back of his head as he gave out a nervous chuckle. “W-What are you doing, Kazuma?”

“Don't think I don't see how much you're starting to panic.” Kazuma said with a wink. “This hug is my last bit of advice before we head into court... *relax*. I'll be with you every step of the way. If you even start to falter, I'll be right there to pick you back up.”

“Heh, imagining you trying to hold me up is a pretty funny image.” Ryunosuke said, stifling laughter. “Alright! It's now or never... let's go in there... and fight!”

“There's the spirit I want to see!” Kazuma said, moving back so Ryunosuke could put his socks and shoes back on. Once fully clothed and shod again Ryunosuke took a deep breath, slapped both of his

cheeks, and stood tall, face determined. He threw open the door to the antechamber and strode purposefully towards the double doors leading into the courtroom, Kazuma jogging in his wake, wrapping his arm around a shoelace before hoisting himself on top of his friend's foot, riding it into the main chamber with him. As the massive doors closed behind them with a foreboding BOOM, Ryunosuke took his place behind the defendant's bench, arms behind his back and eyes closed. He felt his teeth clench as the sharp tap, tap, tap came from the judge's gavel, calling the court to order.

It was time; the first moment of the rest of his life.

The End