

Boy Meets (Little) Girl

By: Dragonien

The hustle and bustle of the big city was so overwhelming to Eastre. Having spent his whole life living in a tiny countryside community the most hustle and bustle he had ever seen was during the yearly city carnival, and even then people still had more than enough space around them to dance in place even along the most crowded street of stands. Now, crowded in among hundreds of other people in the cramped subway tunnels, the snowy furred rabbit didn't even have enough space to lift his phone up to his face without bumping elbows with someone. Thankfully it was a fairly short ride from his apartment to the college campus, so he was able to deal with it without succumbing too deeply to claustrophobia that he never knew he had.

Once he had escaped the subway exit and was out on the college grounds themselves things spread out much more comfortably. It was still a bustling campus, one of the biggest ones in the state, but the building layout and landscape design was more than spacious enough to give everyone in it ample personal space. Unfortunately, this led to Eastre's next problem. Even with the map that he had been given of the campus buildings, he was completely and utterly lost. Fifteen minutes of walking around, trying to find faded bronze plaques on buildings to identify them and match them to buildings on the map had told him the subway must exit out to one side of the campus, and he for the life of him couldn't tell if it had been on the east or west side of the grounds. By the time he had made it to the auditorium the orientation was being held in, most of the other freshmen were already filing out. He had missed it.

Sighing wearily, the tardy rabbit struggled his way through the thinning throng of people into the auditorium, intent on at least getting the orientation packet they were supposed to have given out with the basic new student information. Unfortunately, a crowd of people loitered near the middle of the inclined room, and were making it difficult for those in the lower levels to exit. Rather than risking a confrontation, he sidestepped into one of the aisles of desks to wait out of the way until they had cleared a path. As he reached a hand out to lean on one of the nearby desktops he heard a sharp, high pitched yelp come from below.

"Hey, watch it!"

Reflexively, Eastre's body tensed and he glanced to his side to look for the source of the voice. When he saw no one his confusion only grew. Before he had a chance to ponder the quiet, disembodied voice further, a sudden and sharp pain shot through the side of his index finger like he had been stabbed by several tiny needles! The bunny let out a shocked cry of alarm and pain, hand jerking back from the desk and flailing about as his ankle caught one of the desk chairs and unbalanced him. In a loud crashing of several desks and chairs being knocked over, Eastre fell flat on his ass, smacking the back of his head rather forcefully against the cement wall behind the chairs. For several seconds he just sat there, stunned by the blow to his head and struggling to regain his senses, only seeming to snap back to full awareness when he heard that same tiny voice again, this time from above him.

"Hey, Gigantor. You ok down there?"

When Eastre looked up, he didn't seem to comprehend what he was looking at. At first, he thought it was something akin to a Jade Dragon sculpture, but made of some blue material instead of a green stone like jade. It was a beautiful rendition of a dragon of western design, with flared batlike wings that seemed so thin that light could actually filter through them from the light fixtures above. What started to tip off his addled mind that it might not be what it appeared was that the sculpture seemed to be in an odd pose, as if it had been sculpted specifically to look like it was clinging to and leaning over the edge of the desk to look down at him. That was when it's head moved, and it spoke in that now familiar voice.

"Hello. Earth to Gigantor? I asked if you were ok."

For a few seconds Eastre was speechless, addled brain trying to process what he was seeing. As he did he simply stared at the sculpture, no, creature looking down at him and talking to him. As his eyes took in more of the details he saw the miniscule pattern along her flesh that had to be scales, and it certainly was a her from the shape of its upper body and the softness of her facial features. He also noticed that she was wearing clothes that looked exactly like what any of the girls he had seen in the subway cars might have worn, save for their doll sized proportions. She had short black hair cut to just above her shoulders, and had two large fin like protrusions sticking out of the hair to either side of her head that seemed to twitch and shiver occasionally in response to noises in the room. But the most striking feature of her was her eyes. Each was a brilliant pinprick of yellowish orange, that seemed to change hue and brightness in subtle, near indistinct ways whenever your view of her face changed, as if she had a candlelight in the back of her head and her eyes were just windows looking in on that flame. Before he realized his mouth had decided to voice thoughts without permission the prone rabbit blurted out in a quiet tone.

"That's so pretty..."

For a second that seemed to drag on for an eternity neither of them spoke. The dragoness staring down at him without reaction to his comment, and him with a growing sense of horror and embarrassment at what he had just blurted out. Finally, she stood up and momentarily disappeared back over the edge of the desk. Then, in a faintly audible flutter of wings, she leapt off the desk, wings spread wide and gently glided down to land on the incline of Eastre's chest. She weighed practically nothing, and if he couldn't feel the tiny pinpricks of claws clenching at his shirt like a cat's might to help keep her steady, he might not have felt her land on him at all. She couldn't be more than six inches tall or so, but seemed to move and act with the same confidence as if she were no different than him or anyone else.

"Alright Gigantor, I think you wanged your head pretty hard. I'd offer to help you up but..." She trailed off while giving a visible flourish to herself to indicate her size. "You might need to lose some weight first." Then, she raised a hand up and extended her index and middle finger, holding them up over her head, extended towards the looming lapine muzzle that was staring down at her. "Can you tell me how many fingers I'm holding up?"

After another few moments of dumb staring Eastre's brain finally seemed to kick itself out of its useless state and he responded.

“Y-Yes. Two. I’m sorry, something bit me and I got startled. I. uh. Wow...” he trailed off briefly, seeming uncharacteristically nervous considering he wasn’t the one standing on the chest of someone 10 times his size. “Sorry... I’ve never seen a micro before.” It was then that he remembered what had knocked him over in the first place. He raised up his hand and looked at the injured finger. There didn’t seem to be any blood, but through the thin fur on the side of it he could see a tiny angry welt like a small bite of some kind. “I think something bit me”

“Well, I mean. What did you expect me to do? Your hand was pressing down on my tail and you didn’t seem to want to look down” the dragoness replied in a matter of fact tone.

Eastre’s head went through a brief flurry of flipflopping emotions. A split second of anger that she had bit him immediately melted in shame and horror at the reason why she had done it, followed by embarrassment at how he had reacted and made an idiot of himself. His mouth was already starting to open for what would be a flood of apologies and pleas for forgiveness when she spoke again, her arms crossing over her chest and a smirk crossing her face.

“Before you get started, don’t worry about it. I won’t hold it against you. But I have a condition. Now I’m running late for my first real class today, and it’s all the way across campus. Rather than fly all the way over there, you’re gonna take me to my next class while I ride on your shoulder so I’m not all worn out by the time I get there. Then we’re square. I’ll even do you a favor and forget that ‘You’re pretty’ remark and brush it off as the brain damage from hitting your head.”

Eastre simply stared down at her, cheeks flushing in embarrassment at her demand, and even moreso at reminding him of the idiotic slip of his tongue. Rather than further make a fool of himself, he simply nodded in acceptance of her demand. In response, her wings flared and with two quick beats of the aquamarine-leather colored appendages she landed on his shoulder where, again, her claws lightly sunk into the fabric to give her a firm grip. Once she was settled, he carefully pushed himself back up to his feet and headed for the door, silently thanking whatever diety had crafted him for the fur on his face that hid most of his blushing. As the two walked, the little dragoness giving him turn by turn directions rather than him trying to decipher the map again. When they reached the door to her classroom Eastre decided to introduce himself properly.

“Again. Sorry about that. I’m Eastre. But my friends say that’s a mouthful, so everyone just calls me East.”

He had to crane his head to the side carefully not to bump her with his chin, and still be able to see her from the corner of his eye. But when he did catch sight of the little dragoness, she was smiling up at him.

“Nice to meet you, East. Thanks for the ride.”

As she prepared to hop off of his shoulder, she glanced up at his face and saw the lightly questioning look in his eyes. Clearly he was waiting, or rather hoping, for her to introduce herself to him as he had. She just smirked at this, and instead she said.

“Oh no. This ride was you paying me back for pinning my tail down. You want more that’s gonna cost you. But, I guess your shoulder is kind of comfortable so if you want my name, I guess another shoulder ride would be acceptable payment. How about tonight at 6? I’m sure you can find some place with some good food that you could give me a ride too, couldn’t you?”

Before he could get out any response, she stretched up on the tips of her toes, and left a tiny kiss on the side of the wall of fur and flesh that was his cheek, then hopped off of his shoulder, winging her way into her next class. As he raised a hand to rub at the spot she had kissed, he heard her call out to him one last time before disappearing into the room.

“The quad at 6. See you then, Gigantor”

You couldn’t have wiped away the smile that spread over Eastre’s face with a belt sander as he whispered under his breath to himself.

“See you at 6.”