

Teasing KCLT

The Slipper of Punishment

A simple shove to the ram normally might not have knocked him over, even if the dragon shoving him hadn't been a good two feet taller than him, but combined with the hard smack of the dragons sneaking tail against the back of his knees causing them to buckle he had no chance. The world tilted sideways as he fell backwards, but as he fell a strange weightlessness began to overtake the woolly beast. It was as if he were in some kind of rapidly moving elevator, making his stomach feel as if it were trying to push its way up higher into his torso in lieu of its standard position. The world became a blur of disorienting colors around him as he fell, making it hard to comprehend what was going on around him. Unconsciously he knew that the simple act of falling backwards should not have been so disorienting but said disorientation made it difficult for him to be able to gather his thoughts enough to rationalize out his situation. By the time he stopped falling and was able to get a bearing on his surroundings, he was somewhere completely different.

Gone was the sparsely furnished living room, the eggshell white walls and the beige-brown carpet. Instead, he found himself on some thick, pliable surface of foreign fabric. A much darker shade of brown than the carpet of his home, and much rougher. Tiny rolls and balls of bunched up fabric as big as his fist were spread across the floor beneath him, and it had a strange pliability to it. Where his weight settled he could feel the floor below give slightly under his weight, only to expand once more and return to its original shape when he moved off of that spot. Then the smell hit him. It wasn't harsh and pungent in an offensive way, but it was powerful enough to permeate the air around him, refusing to be ignored. It was strangely familiar, having a distinct masculine tone to it, but one he couldn't quite seem to place. That is, until he looked up, and his eyes went wide.

There was no ceiling, at least none that he could see or comprehend. All he saw above him was a group of distorted shapes seemingly so blurred that all they looked like to him were splotches of color. He was briefly reminded of how it looks to see a mountain far off over the horizon, where the distance caused it to turn obscure and vague. Before he could try to better focus his view he saw the blurs of shapes start to move, and the open sky rapidly was replaced by a wall of much closer and much more visible red. This is when it finally clicked for him what was going on. Seeing the multiple city block long and wide expanse of red overhead, with thick crevasses, creases and valleys crisscrossing the surface of it. That, mixed with the now clearly identified scent made him recognize what that was above him. A foot

Dragonien's foot.

A look back behind him revealed an enormous open cavern made of the same brown material beneath him, not taking him long to realize that was the entrance to the slipper. The dragon, in the process of tripping the ram, somehow had shrunk him mid fall so fast that he felt almost like he had been teleported. He couldn't have been more than half a centimeter tall, if even that. Desperately he stood on what he now knew must have been some kind of memory foam insole for the slipper and began to run. Some part of him knew that it was hopeless to try to run, with the relative size difference the dragon could cover in one step a distance that would take the ram minutes to cross at a dead run. But fight or flight instincts were ingrained in the deepest parts of our brains and had override switches to just about

everything we did, and there was no way fighting something that big had even registered in his mind. So all he could do was run as the seemingly endless red foot descended down, landing heel first on the area of slipper behind him.

Either the dragon had misjudged his location, or just wasn't as precise and fore-thinking with this size difference as he thought, for the gigantic foot missed the ram by miles, at least it seemed so to the ram. However, the sheer difference in scale made the air displacement from that enormous appendage lowering down blast against him like a solid wall of wind, literally lifting him off his feet and sending him flying back towards the 'cave' that was the slipper's interior. When he finally regained his senses he saw the offending foot sliding its way into the slipper interior, and once more he climbed up to his feet and ran once more. By some stroke of luck the displaced air had blown him so deep into the shoe interior that, as the enormous building sized digits of the dragons toes approached, he found himself near enough the back wall to find refuge. Rather than run straight away, he ran to the side, so as one of the enormous toes slid into the middle of the slipper, it slid right past him, leaving him standing safely, as relative a term as that was in this situation, between two of the massive digits. By some mercy he had avoided being squashed. Now, he just had to find a way to escape the rapidly heating, musky house shoe and the enormous draconic digits entrapping him.

It was going to be a long weekend.

Teasing March-Dragon **Out For a Walk**

Clouds swirling in a violent maelstrom of crisscrossing air currents, even miles away effected by the last impact. The people below were in a full blown panic as evacuation alarms were blaring through every street. Busses filled the roads trying to get as many people out of town as possible, leaving the highways in every direction packed to a standstill. Most knew that it was too late, yet the flight response overwhelming every other since the populace had told them they had to at least try to escape. And then they saw it. Their eyes had already been fearfully turned skyward in expectation they had not been let down. The clouds abruptly burst part as if a shockwave had blasted through their center, leaving the sky clear for what seemed like miles over the city. But they all knew better by now, they had seen the news reports. That wasn't the sky above them...

It was a foot. A deep blue foot untold miles above, and descending towards them.

The panic only got worse, even though everyone already knew it was far too late. The foot stretched on for miles in any direction, and despite it seeming to be moving as if in slow motion it was still descending towards them with the force of a meteor that would hit in less than a minute. A wall of air smashed into the city seconds before the foot itself did, air pushed downwards by its lowering momentum, which had parted the clouds ahead of it.

Then the foot itself hit. The heel hit first, smashing into the ground with the force of an asteroid, completely obliterating the suburbs on the south side of town. Before that impact even had a chance to effect the rest of town the arch of the foot lowered as the footstep continued with the balls of his feet slamming down, followed by the toes themselves tearing into the earth. Thousands of buildings, millions of cars and people, untold billions of dollars of property all simply vanished beneath that seemingly endless blue sole. Concrete and steel structures built to withstand all but the most horrible torments that mother nature could throw at it crumbled beneath the impossible kinetic force of that footstep like it were nothing more than made of wet sand. The earth itself, dozens of feet of concrete with metal supports and piping woven through it, and another several hundred feet of dirt, rock and bedrock beneath it all molded into the shape of that foot with the same ease that someone might leave a shoe print in mud. Literal mountains formed around the edges of the foot where the displaced earth rolled up into huge mounds as the incalculable weight of that foot and the person it was attached too sunk into the earth itself. Then came the shockwave. That mass of air collected by the slight curvature and sheer surface area of the under sole that had been pushed to the ground rushed out from beneath the footstep like a sonic boom. A literal wall of air smashed across the landscape like a hurricane, ripping apart any surviving buildings and trees for miles around. That mixed with the quake the impact caused left the entire tri city area devastated, and even cities dozens of miles away had their buildings cracking and crumbling from both the impact and hurricane force wind smashing through their streets.

What came next was even worse, further terrifying the people at home watching on the news. A shudder ran through that massive blue foot. The toes raised up from their imprint and suddenly stretched forward, as if trying to stretch out across more of the landscape and actually succeeding! The rest of the foot was pulled along with it, and as if of a mind of its own widened as well to ensure it stayed proportional. Hundreds of feet of newfound surface area spread across the enormous paw as it further bulldozed dirt and rock out of its way, covering more and more of the decimated landscape around it with each passing moment. Those at home didn't know how it was possible, but they had been watching long enough to know that the two monsters tearing their way across the country grew larger the more they destroyed... and stepping on an entire town was a lot of destruction. As they watched the news feed from what had to be almost a hundred miles away, probably high in some helicopter in the air to get a good view of the mountainous appendage so far in the distance, they could see the air displacement shockwave finally reach the news reporter. The video feed momentarily went berserk, camera swinging wildly before simply cutting off, everyone assuming the chopper had crashed. They had to have been a hundred miles away and just the footstep had caused their helicopter to crash from the sky. The only thing that terrified them more than the thought of one of those monstrous appendages taking out an entire city with a single footstep, and growing larger because of it... was thinking of how much more would be destroyed under the next footstep...

And the next...

Teasing March Dragon 2: Destructive Boogaloo

When Dragonien Comes Knocking

The quake sent March tumbling backwards out of his chair, nearly smacking his head on the far wall as he rolled across the ground. The sudden shaking had sent pictures falling from the wall and less stable furniture crashing to the floor across the house. A deep whooshing of air could be heard outside, like an impossibly enormous set of bellows sucking in then blowing out gusts of air. Each release of air from that imagined bellow shook the entire house, rattling windows in their frame on the entire east side of his house as if the whole building had one side of it were buffeted by a localized wind storm. Just as he was crawling back to his feet, the light coming from windows went dark. A yelp of surprise burst from his lips unbidden as he fell back on his ass at the sight of what lay just outside his window.

An eye

An enormous, slitted reptilian eye with an iris of crystalline sapphire blue.

A deep rumble began to vibrate through the air, it taking a few seconds for March's ears to process the deep bass as a rumbling chuckle. The sound was so impossibly deep and low pitched that it hit him and his home as more raw physical vibration and force than actual sound. The house shook again, and he saw spiderwebbing cracks crisscrossing along the ceiling and part of the upper walls. It was as if something heavy had landed on the roof and its weight was threatening the structural integrity of his home under the increased weight.

"Come out come out little dragon, Big dragon wants to play..." the booming voice rumbled. His words were like thunder, again rattling the windows in their settings all across the house.

In a panic he ran from the room, away from the enormous monster truck tire sized eye staring inside, trying to hide himself deeper in the house. None too soon, it seemed, as a split-second before leaving the room the outer wall collapsed inwards with a thunderous crashing sound. Enormous red fingers, each as thick around as telephone poles smashed through the wood, brick and plaster of the wall as if it were nothing more than a soggy graham cracker. Fingers curled and clenched against pieces of the wall, casually tearing pieces of it apart to peel the hole open wider in an attempt to fit his hand and forearm in deeper. By the time March had made it into the hallway almost the entire car sized fist had shoved its way into his room, two massive digits smashing against the doorframe and pushing into the hallway, trying to hook their clawed fingertips around him. The sound of creaking and groaning support beams echoed around him as whatever the massive red dragon outside was doing threatened the structure integrity of his home. That weight on the roof seemed to increase, as he actually saw the walls seem to bend slightly while developing more cracks across them. He could just imagine the sight of the dragon laying on his stomach across him and his neighbor's yard, one hand stuffed in his house while the other rested on the roof to support some of his weight. Only a fraction of the arm's weight seemed like it was ready to cave the whole building in if the dragon outside wasn't careful!

The hand that had decimated his bedroom began tearing at the wall leading into the hallway, fingers grasping at the doorframe to rip more chunks of the wall away and widen the opening for itself. Meanwhile March retreated deeper into the building to distance himself from monstrous dragon outside trying to get at him. Then, abruptly, the arm inside his room retreated, and for a few moments the sounds of destruction stopped. The only thing he could hear was that low bellow of breathing of the giant outside, as if he were waiting for something. Then, the roof genuinely started to cave in. bits of plaster fell around him as enormous fingers tore into the sides of the roof and began ripping the entire top of the house apart. Most people have this preconceived thought in their head he can just remove a roof like it were the lid to a container, like a single separate piece that just sits atop the walls. In reality it just crumbled and broke apart into random pieces like everything else. As those fingers tore through the sides of the building, bits of wood, wiring, piping and drywall rained down around March, plastering his blue body with flecks of white dust. He had to leap to one side to dodge a larger support beam smashing into the ground beside him. At the rate this was going the crazy dragon outside might actually kill him trying to get at him!

In a desperate ploy both for safety and escape, he ran to the opposite side of the house, frantically fumbling with the sliding glass door in the kitchen to unlock it and pull it open. He hoped that he could sneak his way out of the house, using it as a shield from the red dragon's view to try to escape. He silently prayed to himself that the dragon outside was still laying down, and that the house would be between the two of them. Unfortunately the moment he stepped outside the house, a deep voice rumbled gleefully overhead.

"There he are! And here I thought I'd have to rip the place apart and dig you out of the rubble!" Dragonien rumbled...March's view going dark as a massive red hand lowered, engulfing him in a massive closed fist.

So much for getting away.

Teasing Devon At a Dragon's Mercy

Booming impacts slammed down to either side of Devon as he frantically scrambled forward. Each thunderous footstep of his pursuer nearly knocked him off his feet and sent him tumbling. Worse still was that the shrunken hyena knew that the only reason he hadn't already been caught was because the dragon chasing him was missing on purpose to tease him. Every time the hyena tried to change direction a footfall would speed up abruptly, slamming down in his path and forcing him back onto his original path. He was being herded. When he found himself standing in the living room's corner, nowhere else to run, he had no choice but to turn and look up to face his pursuer.

"You know I could easily catch up with you. Effortlessly just step a little too far a little too fast and pin you underfoot..." The Dragon's voice rumbled in a teasing, sultry bass magnified in volume and deepened in pitch by the relative size difference between the dragon and the hyena.

Suddenly the hyena stumbled backwards onto his ass as the floor shook violently beneath him. Twin impacts slammed down to either side of him as the dragon's palms hit the floor, Dragonien abruptly falling down onto all fours in front of Devon. He lowered his body until he was laying on his stomach, upper body propped up by an arm crossed beneath his chest. Even with the dragon laying down his head still towered above the hyena, toothy grin like some kind of taunting billboard overhead. Rather than continue right then the dragon simply waited for several seconds, patiently letting the hyena have time to push himself up to his feet and regain his defiant demeanor.

"But I didn't." The dragon picked up where he left off before pausing again.

This time one of the dragon's arms swept forward, Devon having no time to get out of its way before the broad red palm smacked against his side and knocked him down to the ground. He found himself flat on his back, pinned from the neck down with only his head and part of his upper torso sticking out from between of the two thick logs that were the dragon's spread index and middle fingers. Once he had gotten his bearings back Devon growled and yipped in annoyance, even going as far as to try to bite at the slight webbing of flesh between the dragon's fingers. Unfortunately with the relative size difference even with the hyena's sharp teeth and strong jaw he couldn't even break the surface of the skin. It felt like he was trying to bite through thick, treated leather that hardly even gave beneath his teeth. His ineffective resistance faltered when the dragon began speaking again, glancing up with a tiny twinge of nervousness on his muzzle.

"I could have just pressed down with all of my arms weight just now. You would have flattened instantly. I probably wouldn't have even noticed..." The dragon rumbled out more ominously as his lips curling back a bit to expose a small peak of his predatory teeth. "But I didn't."

The dragon's fingers then curled inwards, shifting around a bit just enough to keep the hyena held to the floor as his fingers scooped beneath him and curled into a fist around him. Devon's arms were pressed tightly against his sides by the dragon's firm grip, while his legs from the knee down dangled out of the bottom of the red hand encircling him. His stomach bottomed out briefly as he was abruptly lifted up off the floor as if he had suddenly found himself on an express elevator going up. To the dragon, it was only a few inches, but to the hyena he had just been raised about a story off the ground in a fraction of a second. When he was sure his stomach wasn't going to try to evacuate itself, Devon opened his reflexively closed eyes and found himself face to face with his grinning dragon tormentor.

The dragon's jaw hung open a fraction, parted teeth giving an unnerving view into the cavernous maw beyond their boarder. Devon could see the carpet of pink muscle that was the dragon's tongue lazily shifting around inside its home, and the dark hole leading down the dragon's throat far in the back of the cave. Clearly the dragon was intentionally giving Devon plenty of time to take in his situation, for it was only when he returned his gaze from the

dragon's mouth to his eyes above that the dragon began to act again. His maw opened wider and he purposefully exhaled a long, hot breath of moist air over the hyenas exposed shoulders, neck and head. The heavy wind was tinted faintly with the minty remnants of some toothpaste or mouthwash's scent. At the same time the air was so humid coming from the dragon's maw that Devon's fur started to cling to his skin as the moisture collected in it and covered him in a light dampness. Then the dragon's voice rumbled out around Devon once more.

"I could have eaten you just now. Just popped you in my mouth and swallowed you whole." This time when the dragon grinned his lips pulled back fully to show off every last inch of sharp ivory lining his gums in a clear display of intimidation. "But I didn't"

Again the hyena was jerked around, though not nearly as far or quickly this time. The fist holding him turned sideways and the fingers opened up, leaving him lying on the dragon's open palm. Only the dragon's thumb kept him held down, pressed against the hyena's torso with just enough force that he couldn't easily wiggle free.

"Do you know why I didn't?" The dragon finally asked. "I mean. There was nothing physically stopping me. I could do whatever I wanted with you right now. There's absolutely nothing at all that you could do to stop or even effectively resist me."

To emphasize the point, the dragon carefully hooked his claw tip under the hyena's shirt and simply jerked upwards, tearing the fabric apart and leaving Devon's bare chest exposed. Then, the thumb slid further up his body to push against the underside of Devon's chin. It forced his head up, shifting from one side to the other, casually rolling the hyena's head around at his whims. The digit pushed up under one of his arms and hefted it up then down as if in imitation of the arm movement of a jumping jack, then lowered down to push his legs apart only to push them closed again. It was like someone testing the flexibility and features of an action figure. Every time the hyena tried to struggle, resist or protest he was overpowered by the powerful red digit, drilling in his relative helplessness. Even when he tried biting, again the same ineffective force of his fangs and jaw couldn't even mark the dragon's skin.

"So I'll ask again. Do you know why I didn't? Why I didn't step on you? Crush you? Eat you? What it is that's stopping me from doing whatever self-indulgent thing it is that I would find amusing to use you for?" The dragon asked again.

This time when the dragon asked the question his muzzle leaned in closer. So close, that Devon could actually reach up and touch the dragon's chin and lips if he wanted. Devon glared up at him, clearly fighting an internal battle between curiosity at the dragon's answer and desire to resist in whatever fashion he could. Even if that resistance was simply not asking the question that the dragon had cornered him into wondering. Finally curiosity won out and Devon grumbled out a single word.

"...Why?"

This clearly pleased the dragon. His eyes brightening and his lips curling back into another grin of predatory glee. His nostrils flared and blew another gust of hot breath across Devon, forcing the hyena to squint his eyes to protect them from the moist gust of air. Then, finally, the dragon gave his answer.

“Because you’re cute.”

And before the hyena could process the response, he felt his body being tightly sandwiched between the dragon’s palm and a wall of softer, slightly damp flesh as the dragon kissed across Devon’s front with a pair of lips that could swallow him whole.