

Chance Meeting

By: Dragonien

I could feel him squirming and writhing in the enclosure of my fist, trying to force my fingers open wide enough for him to slip free and escape. Thankfully for both of us my fingers were each thicker than his thigh so even with all of his desperate squirming my grip barely budged. I don't think he was really thinking his plan through, considering if he HAD managed to squirm his way free he would have had about a thirty foot drop down to the ground below.

Thankfully he seemed to calm when I stood back up to my full height and raised him to eye level. Well, calm might not be the right word for it. More likely a combination of the vertigo of suddenly being raised several stories into the air in only a couple of seconds mixed with the sight of a billboard sized muzzle smiling down at him was enough to cow his frantic movements. It was clear from his wide eyed expression that he knew who I was, or at least knew ABOUT me. Granted there couldn't have been many other red dragons of unusual size that had been in the news lately. Regardless, in a way that was kind of exciting for me. It was fun being famous.

He started to stammer a weak demand for me to put him down but I quickly shushed him into silence. I wasn't sure if it was him reflexively responding to the sharp hiss of air from between clenched teeth that everyone learns from childhood means quiet, or if he was just reacting to what had to be like having an industrial fan briefly blasting him in the face with hot air. Either way he stopped his protest before it got started.

"Shhh. None of that now" I rumbled, watching the little fox wince and reflexively pin his ears down flat against his head to try to muffle what must have been the uncomfortably loud volume of my voice. Again I felt a tiny shiver of glee go down my spine at seeing how even just my voice affected him so easily. "I'm sure you've seen me on the news. Or, more than likely, on YouTube. They always seem to have the best clips there."

For a long moment the fox simply sat there in my fist, held like little more than an action figure. Then, he raised his head a bit to look me eye to eye, or at least as eye to eye as you can with someone whose eyes are the size of your own head.

"Y-You're bigger than I thought. I... uh..." he paused for a moment, leaning a bit to look down over the edge of my fist to the ground below. "What is this? Four, five stories...?" he said aloud, more to himself than to me as I watched him obviously count levels on a nearby office building. When he finished counting I swore I could actually hear him swallow nervously before confirming "...Yea... about five stories." That spoken realization made me squirm just a bit more and I had to make a conscious effort not to let it show in my body language. "I um... I thought you were only like three stories tall in that YouTube video."

That comment made me smile far, far wider at him. Wide enough that my lips pulled back and I could see his ears flatten against his head again. Not from the volume of my voice this time, but from nervous submission at finding himself suddenly face to face with a wall of teeth each bigger than his forearm, the light of the street lamps reflecting off of their surface and adding a rather vicious sheen to them

"I was."

That made him swallow again and this time I couldn't fully suppress the quiet, happy sound of satisfaction that escaped my lips. I took a second to regain my composure before turning my attention back to him again and smiling more gently down at the little guy. I could tell he was terrified, I didn't even need to read his body language to tell that. Who WOULDN'T be terrified in his situation? But I also could tell there was a nervous tension mixed in with that fear that had nothing to do with him being afraid for his life.

"Now. You get one wish."

That caught him off guard, his eyes widening a bit then narrowing slightly as if in disbelief what his brain had heard and trying to re-evaluate it. Then they narrowed further in distrust as he stared up at my looming muzzle.

"A wish? As In I ask for something and you'll give it to me? No strings attached?" He questioned suspiciously. When I nodded at him, all smiles and sincerity he stared at me for another second or two before saying simply. "Then put me down."

I chuckled softly, though at my lofty size softly was still a rumble of volume across the city block.

"That's it? You just want me to put you down? Nothing else?" I asked, voice still tinted with that gently innocent tone.

"Yes. Just... Just put me down. I don't want anything to happen to me." He responded again, the suspicion and fear starting to morph into hope and relief.

With a shrug, I started to crouch down again, gently lowering the little fox down onto the ground almost exactly where I had plucked him up in the first place. He took his time in turning around to face me, giving me plenty of time to stand back up to my full height once again. He nearly fell back onto his ass with how quickly he stumbled backwards upon turning around to look at me.

"F-Fuck you're big. Jesus, you look even bigger from down here." He exclaimed.

Again I shivered, unable to hide it this time. I couldn't help it, hearing people call me big revved my engine. Something that he clearly could tell even if not from my body language, than from the obvious bulge in the front of my jeans of... well, let's just say that it was very obvious I was enjoying the current situation to an inappropriate degree. I could also tell that sight wasn't helping how intimidated he seemed by any measure, which yet only further made my 'condition' that much more insistent. When I had marshalled my self-control again I leaned forward, hands on my knees, and smiled down at the little fox.

"Wish granted, little guy. I put you down, just like you asked." He sighed in relief at hearing my words, as if having needed some kind of verbal confirmation to assure him that he had in fact been put down despite the physical evidence of such. "I'll even throw in a freebie for having such modest desires." That caused him to perk up in concern all over again.

"I'll give you a 5 second head start..."

He started to question what I meant, but trailed off after his first couple of words when he saw the devious look in my eyes. Not knowing exactly what I was up too but clearly perceiving it as something he wanted no part of, he did what any rational person would have done. He turned his back on me, and started to run. Unfortunately, it had taken him a precious two seconds to figure this out and act on it, so by the time he had taken his first running step away I was already rumbling out the number three in a teasing, singsong voice.

He hadn't made it more than a few yards before I got to five. The first step I took caused him to stumble and nearly trip. The second step did trip him, causing him to tumble down onto his hands and knees. Then came the third step that left the fox disappearing beneath my broad, three-toed foot. Of course, I didn't step down fully on him. The poor guy wouldn't have survived that. I may only have been about ten times his size or so but, thanks to the square-cube law, that still put my weight not too shy of 100 tons. There was, however, more than enough weight pushing down on the poor little guy that he couldn't free himself.

"I put you down, just like you asked. I wasn't really hungry anyway, and this is far more fun. I was kinda hoping you'd have ran a bit farther tho, made it more of a chase." I teased playfully.

As I taunted the little fox I shifted the weight of my foot back and forth on top of him, rolling him slightly back and forth while still being careful not to do any real damage. After a few moments of this I shifted my foot back enough and spread two of my toes so that the little fox's head could poke out from between the two thick digits. Instantly he was gasping and coughing in an attempt to recover the breath he had been briefly denied from the smothering force of

my foot. When he had finally regained his breath he looked up from between my toes up at my smiling face overhead, a look of frantic fear and confusion plastered across his face.

I started to say something else to him but was interrupted by a resonant buzzing that filled the air. It sounded like someone had filled an entire dump truck full of bees and given them a megaphone. The fox's eyes darted around for several seconds, trying to look around his field of vision, limited as it was by my toes framing his face, towards the source of the sound. I on the other hand knew exactly what it was and, with a sigh, reached into my pocket and pulled out my cell phone. After reading the message that apparently had been the source of the buzzing I shoved the phone back into my pocket with a huff of annoyance. Of course he had text me right now when I was just getting to the good part.

With a loud sigh I lifted my foot up off of the little fox and gently set it back down beside him instead. Crouching over his diminutive form I reached a finger down to gently bump the blunt back end of a claw tip against his chest as if in an affectionate shove.

"Sorry, little guy. I've got a prior engagement. We'll have to pick this up later. Don't worry, I'll call you."

With that, I stood myself back up, turning towards the alleyway I had exited when I initially snuck up on the little fox that evening. He may have thought I was just teasing him, but there was a part of me that really did want to look him up again later. Something told me that with the right motivation the two of us could have had a lot more fun with each other.

After all, from what I had seen, I wasn't the only one whose pants had gotten a bit too tight in front during our little exchange...