

CrunchVille: Days Off

By Dragonien

Pal would have hoped that he could get a single day without some weird shit rolling into town and screwing with his day. All he'd wanted to do was go out and get some coffee and maybe a bite to eat, then go back home and lounge around in his underwear all day long enjoying some mindless television. Which of course shouldn't have made it a surprise that he felt the ground shaking and rattling the coffee shop's windows in their settings. Maybe this was his fault. They only seemed to come around when he was out getting coffee. It happened often enough he didn't even have to look out of the window or at the television in the corner that had just switched from some sappy mid-day soap opera to an emergency broadcast. He knew the tremors all too well as those created by impossibly heavy footsteps.

The others in the coffee shop should have been fairly familiar with the shaking as well with how often some giant or other shows up in town. Then again he had a fairly low opinion of most little people for a reason. I mean, considering the number of people that failed to even try to get out of the way of the footstep from a truck sized car it was a miracle he had any respect for them at all.

Another, stronger tremor pulled him from his thoughts mostly due to the fact that this one knocked over his own cup of coffee. Clenching his teeth and pushing himself to his feet, Pal turned and made his way to the door. The poor idiots staring out of the window gawking and trying to catch a glimpse of whatever was going on yelped in surprise as Pal's strong hand grabbed their shoulders and shoved them out of the way to make a path.

Once outside it wasn't hard to see what was going on. The surrounding buildings weren't more than a few stories tall and considering the size of the visitor it was easy to see him even from several blocks away. He was turned away from where Pal was, leaving the mutt only able to see the profile of his bare, red-fleshed back from the shoulder blades up. He paused for a moment to admire the profile, unable to help but be a bit impressed by the not-insignificant definition of those broad shoulders and that well-toned back. From the look of the ebony horns jutting out of the dark black hair atop the giant's head and the furless rest of his body Pal assumed it was some reptile or dragon species, not that that really told him much.

Taking a quick glance around to gauge his position and the general level of chaos amongst the people around him, Pal began making his way down the street perpendicular to where the giant was. Thankfully it seemed like most of the people that would normally be clogging the streets creating a panicked crowd had either already ran off or were still in their

office buildings trying to ignore the latest giant stomping around town. It was amazing how the populace either acted ignorant like they'd never seen a giant before no matter how many times one shows up or, instead, simply tried to act like the giant wasn't even there until it directly threatened their wellbeing.

After walking only about a block he got to the small, color-faded blue Buick that was his vehicle. After rummaging around in the trunk for a minute or so he pulled out what looked like a pair of pale blue boxer-briefs. He knew that he should have just come out wearing them but they always felt so baggy and loose when they weren't being stretched out and they kept making his pants sag down so he had a bad habit of just leaving them in his car instead. Thankfully there weren't very many people around so he was able to crawl into the back seat of his car and rustle around with his pants a bit until he'd undressed, slipped them on in place of his regular underwear, then re-clothed himself. Considering some of the things he'd done in view of literally the entire town, not to mention some of the YouTube videos that were out there on the internet of him he probably didn't have to worry about modesty as much but some social norms and habits things were just too heavily engrained to easily break; such as not undressing and changing clothes in public.

Now that he was properly clothed, Pal made his way down the large main street leading through the center of town towards where today's giant asshole was tearing up the town. The entire time he had been changing he could feel the shaking of the earth and hear the dull rumble of immensely loud and deep spoken words made mostly incoherent by the sound-blocking qualities of his car and the voice being pointed away from his direction. But even if he couldn't understand what the giant was saying no one in downtown at this point could ignore the fact that there was SOMETHING way too big having its way with part of the city. When he made his way around the corner into the main city square he finally got a good look at the beast.

He was big, obviously. He was currently sitting atop a ten-story-building like it were little more than a chair while casually swinging his legs back and forth and occasionally slamming one of his feet down to either side of the road he was sitting above. His whole body was covered in a smooth, scale-less red hide that definitely qualified him as a dragon rather than a reptilian. Oddly he didn't have any wings but the way tiny wisps of smoke occasionally tickled out of his nostrils told Pal that fire breath was still on the table even if flight wasn't. He couldn't help but give the dragon the same kind of once over you might give to a guy walking around in just his underwear in the locker room at the gym. It helped that said dragon was only wearing what looked like a tent-sized pair of underwear that hugged the girth of his thighs, plump ass and particularly plump nethers rather flatteringly. He was a bit on the heavier side with a noticeable swell of a paunch around his middle but he still had more than

enough firm thickness to both his arms, thighs, and pectorals to show that even if he hadn't been a couple hundred feet tall he'd still be a powerhouse. All of that was made almost annoying adorable by the fact that the behemoth had somehow found a pair of black-rimmed glasses that sat comfortably on the edge of his muzzle that would have given him a slightly dorky look if he didn't still look buff enough to fit right in with the other gym rats. Pal had to take a second to tug at the collar of his shirt, suddenly feeling like the temperature in the air had gone up a few degrees.

"Stupid, sexy, giant assholes." He grumbled under his breath.

Upon closer inspection as he approached Pal saw that there was some guy running back and forth between the giant's feet. He was clearly trying to run away but the giant dragon seemed to be making a game of stomping his foot down right where the guy was about to go, blocking off his escape and sending him sprawling backwards and chuckling about it all the while. It was only when Pal raised his voice and yelled up at the giant did he get distracted enough the poor guy he had been tormenting was able to slip by and run off.

"Hey! Asshole! Can't you pick some other place to come fuck with today? This is supposed to be my 'Me' day!"

The words confused the dragon for a moment as he leaned to the side to get a better look at Pal. His light and dark gray fur pattern was fairly nondescript from a distance though the small highlights of bright, electric blue that shown from the top of his head acted like a beacon to draw the dragon's eyes right to him. Slowly the beast stood up to his full height, small bits of concrete debris falling down from the back of his undergarments in a rain of debris that was little more than dust to him but probably would have seriously injured anyone beneath it from the fist-sized chunks of rock. A single half step to the side had the dragon's stance set directly in front of Pal; the dragon not even seeming to notice when his shifting foot came to land on top of a long-since abandoned police car and smashing it into a foot-shaped crater with the ease of someone stepping on a piece of aluminum foil.

As much as Pal was used to these kinds of things, even if he wasn't used to DEALING with them personally, it was still hard not to feel a sense of intimidation. He had to crane his head all the way backwards and even lean back a bit to look up at the towering behemoth of a dragon; struggling to even see the dragon's face over the swell of his paunch. Pal also absolutely did not take a long second to let his eyes linger around halfway up the dragon where certain parts of him bulged out just beneath that gut; that would be unprofessional. Part of Pal was glad the size difference was so great between them otherwise the dragon might have heard the nervous gulp he gave as he mustered his courage to try to tell the dragon off.

“Yea, stop acting like you didn’t hear me! I was talking to you. Get your oversized ass out of here and come back some other day. Or better yet, go fuck with someone else’s town! As a representative of SMASH I hereby order you to fuck off!”

The dragon looked momentarily confused, clearly having expected the little mutt to cower instead of continue yelling at him when he stood up. Pal knew the look well. The dragon was probably a new shifter. Either that or one that hadn’t really used his ability to this extent ever before and this was one of the first times he was really cutting loose. He knew that power rush all too well and how it could mess with your head a bit. It’s hard to give a shit about what the world thinks or wants you to do when you’re big enough to swallow authority figures whole. The dragon’s deep, rumbling response confirmed Pal’s evaluation thanks to the condescending, challenging tone of voice the dragon used.

“Make me.”

Sighing, Pal took a half step back and stretched out his arms to shake them loose and limber up. He reached down to start taking his shirt off but before he could get it up over his head he saw a dark shadow spread out across him. Looking up he saw the dragon had raised a foot up over him and was lowering it down to step on him!

Pal leapt to the side just in time as the massive, three toed foot slammed down where he had been standing a moment ago. The shockwave of displaced air smacked against him like a blast from an air canon and mixed with the tremor the impact caused to send him stumbling backwards. Glaring upwards again he saw the dragon already starting to raise his other leg to take another step towards Pal and try to crush him!

“HEY!” Pal yelled up, scrambling on all fours to leap out of the way of the next footstep. “Stop that god damn it!”

Unfortunately for him the dragon wasn’t listening and instead was taking great amusement in watching him struggle and scramble not to get stepped on. Pal knew the dragon was just screwing with him. He knew how it was to be that big and how easily the dragon could have actually gotten him underfoot if he tried. The fact that he was being toyed with just annoyed him more, even if Pal was unconsciously blushing under his fur. This was not the time to be turned on by a giant having his way with him! That particular mental phrasing distracted him enough that he almost didn’t avoid the next footstep and only missed being smothered under one of the dragon’s toes by about six inches.

Finally fed up, and no longer concerned with trying to salvage his clothes, Pal took a split second to close his eyes and focus with his back turned to the approaching dragon. He still was pretty new when it came to controlling his abilities to this degree. Despite what people

thought, growing was hard! Growing fast was even harder. Thankfully he'd trained enough he had at least a couple of sizes he could hit fairly quickly after a lot of practice to build the muscle memory in whatever metaphysical part of him it was that let him change size at will. It was a trick that was almost exclusively only known to SMASH members and one of their biggest advantages in taking other giants by surprise. Where most giants would take minutes or even hours to get up to sizes that could threaten a city people that had practiced like Pal had could hit certain sizes in only a couple of seconds.

There was a sudden shockwave of displaced air as literal dozens of tons of canine exploded out of where Pal had been standing. The shredded fragments of his clothes were blown away by the abrupt explosion of size and mass, leaving him in nothing but the light blue boxer briefs; the only clothing that would grow with him. He could feel the concrete beneath him buckle and cracks spiderweb out from where his feet rested atop an increasingly large section of the road as his weight increased by several magnitudes. He had to shut his eyes for the moments of transformation lest the sudden disorientation of his changing perspective give him vertigo; something he had learned the hard way during training. In less than two full seconds Pal had exploded in size from barely more than six feet in height to just a bit above two hundred. A living building in his own right, weighing hundreds of tons and big enough that now he could crush cars just as easily as that dragon had or swallow people whole if he wanted too. Big enough to finally put this overgrown lizard in his place.

These were the thoughts that filled him with the cocky confidence that assured him that any untrained giant had no chance against even a greenhorn member of SMASH like him. That confidence withered on the vine when he turned back around to face the dragon that was screwing up his day off... only to find himself staring straight ahead at the base of the dragon's chest.

Slowly, Pal's head craned backwards, eyes going a bit wide as he gazed up at the still-looming visage of the dragon above him who still had at least two solid feet of height from Pal's perspective on him. He'd never been a good judge of size when down on the ground and had guessed the dragon to be around the two-hundred-foot range. Apparently, it had been more like two hundred and fifty.

"Oh. Hey. The pipsqueak's now a full-grown runt!" The dragon taunted, the momentary look of shock rapidly melting back into an even smugger, toothy grin than before.

Pal did his best not to look intimidated but by the expression on the dragon's face he wasn't doing a very good job. That didn't stop him from taking a half step forward as if trying to get up into the dragon's face, even if that step nearly buried his muzzle into the dragon's pectorals before he angled his head upwards to look up at the dragon eye to eye. The whole

chest-to-chest dominance challenge didn't work nearly as well as he had hoped when for him it was more like chest to stomach.

Before Pal had a chance to open his mouth and try and cover himself with some of his usual bluster he felt a powerful arm wrap itself around his back and all-but crush him against the dragons torso! Thick, claw-tipped fingers squeezed around his shoulder as the dragon held him in place, momentarily smothering Pal's face right into the space where the dragon's pectorals met the softer flesh around the top of his shallow gut and forced him to look straight up rather than angle his muzzle upwards to keep eye contact.

"You know. You're kinda cute." The dragon commented casually. A comment that absolutely did not leave Pal blushing nor did it elicit an involuntary, singular wag of his tail. "I think I'll keep you."

With that, the dragon's grip shifted on Pal's body and the mutt abruptly felt his feet leaving the ground. The wind was briefly knocked out of him as all of his own prodigious, if inferior to the dragon's, weight was pressed down into his stomach and diaphragm by roughly being hefted up onto the dragon's shoulder. The dragon's arm curled up around Pal's waist, holding him in place draped over his shoulder like he was little more than a sack of potatoes. By the time Pal had regained the breath he'd lost and realized what had happened, the massive dragon was already strolling his way back through the trail of destruction he had created upon entering the city.

Pal's first instinct was to squirm and flail about! Maybe a surprise knee to the dragon's chin or punch to the back of their head could free him! Then Pal looked down and found himself momentarily hypnotized by the sway of the dragon's thick, serpentine tail and the plump ass cheeks it was attached too. Looking around once as if trying to make sure no one, or at least none one of a size whose opinion mattered to him, was watching Pal stilled his initial struggle and let himself go limp in the dragon's captivity. Well. Most of him was limp. Something that, upon noticing, only made the dragon grin wider and speed up his pace towards whatever hide out he had to stash himself and his new 'captive' away in.

Maybe today wouldn't turn out so bad for Pal after all.