

You Never Said You Were a...

By Dragonien

“Don't you ever feel... I don't know, embarrassed, doing stuff like this?” Blaise asked as he made a point not to squirm in his seat.

“Don't you get embarrassed watching me do stuff like this?” the red dragon shot back; his playful grin filling the video chat screen.

Blaise pointedly made a show of giving the dragon a harrumph and crossed his arms stubbornly across his chest rather than respond. Not that it did him much good. The way his ears had flattened and a barely noticeable shiver had gone down his spine was as clear a confirmation as if he had screamed ‘YES’ at the top of his lungs as far as Dragonien was concerned.

*I mean...” Dragonien feigned reluctance. “If it makes you uncomfortable we could just stop.”

“**No!**” Blaise all-but shouted before he could stop himself.

Immediately his cheeks heated up in an embarrassed blush and he put his hands over his face in an attempt to hide his expression. The dragon’s giggles coming over the video chat only made him feel that much more embarrassed at his overly enthusiastic refusal. When the giggling stopped and the call went silent for several seconds Blaise tentatively spread his fingers apart so he could peek out from between them.

When he did, he saw the video screen shaking and shifting about and the dragon nowhere to be seen. Suddenly the marten's heart rate quickened as he recognized what was happening. A split second later the camera view of the video call settled around ankle height on the floor. He knew what was ankle height specifically from the site of an exposed, red-skinned ankle standing off to one side of the camera's frame.

The broad, powerful appendage seemed to squish down slightly on the floor where it rested from the way the flesh seemed to flatten and stretch out words just a bit past the edges of his foot. It was something most people would never notice. But, with Blaise's 'interests', it was a detail he always focused in on and noticed right away. Just from looking he could tell how soft those feet must be. How much plush cushioning there was underneath them to have that extra, visible give and malleability.

A hand descended from above the camera's view like some giant claw machine lowering down. Instead of reaching down to grab a prize, though, it was leaving one behind. When the hand moved away it left behind a roughly cylindrical metal container looking to be roughly the shape of an oversized soda can propped up on two wheels and a trailer hitch on the front. It was a trailer house! Blaise had no idea where he got these toy models, he refused to answer anytime he was pressed about them, but Blaise was always incredibly impressed by the realistic design of them. This one in particular even looked like it had rust stains along the edges and one of the tires was flat: leaving the entire thing slightly lopsided.

The marten had to bite his lip to suppress a whimper that tried to roll its way up his throat. This damn dragon was way too good at hitting just the right buttons to keep him squirming; switching from teasing banter to action at just the right moment to keep him from mounting any stubborn defiance. It helped that he knew with the phone on the ground recording where it was Dragonien wouldn't be able to hear anything from him unless he shouted into his microphone. Then again, he also knew the dragon recorded all of these sessions and would give him no end of grief when he played the video back and heard a bunch of whimpers and moans he had missed during his show.

The first footstep nearly knocked the camera over and jerked Blaise from his musings. The dragon's other foot, still off frame at the time head suddenly swung in and slapped down on the vinyl floor of the dragon's bedroom. The impact, along with the heavy thud sound that came clearly through the video chat made Blaise jump slightly in his seat. The main reason he thought the dragon might make those models himself was from all of the other painstaking effort he seemed to go through to make their little video chats as flustering for him as possible. Such as the audio filter he added to every video chat once the camera was on the ground so that each of his footsteps had a louder, more resonance impact sound to it. It only made it worse that at these points in the video call he stopped talking so Blaise was forced to focus on every minute sound magnified and deepened by the dragon's audio filter.

With that foot planted on one side of the trailer his other lifted up and carefully bumped up underneath the trailer hitch. Lifting up ever-so-slightly to raise the front of the trailer off the ground, he slowly swung his foot to the side so that the trailer was now in view long-ways for the camera. Lowering the trailer back down to a resting position with a care that can only be

described as dainty, the dragon then planted his foot on the opposite side of the trailer; framing it between them.

When his other foot lifted again this time it turned sideways; his other foot pivoting slightly on its heel so his whole body could turn. Not that Blaise could see anything of the dragon past the bottom of his calves. Slowly, tauntingly slowly, the foot lowered down on top of the trailer and rested itself on the roof gently enough that it barely even jostled. Blaise couldn't help but admire the size of the dragon's foot. His best guess was that the trailer was roughly the size of a loaf of bread yet the dragon's foot easily stretched almost the entire way across it. But the comparison wasn't the dragon's only intention, nor was it what the marten was watching for.

It started as a slow, casual curling of the dragon's toes. The three powerful, sharp-clawed digits slowly clenched inwards like he was trying to pick up a pencil with them. Immediately, the faux sheet metal roof of the toy trailer began to buckle inwards. It warped and bent seemingly effortlessly under the dragon's casual touch like it were hardly more substantial than tin foil. Blaise could even hear the creaking and groaning of warping metal; having no idea how the dragon was able to make such realistic sounds with that audio filter. Then, his toes uncurled and once more his foot simply rested on top of the trailer. Only now, the front of it was bent inwards in the shape of his toes.

Next came the other side. The dragons heel began digging into the back of the trailer as his foot lifted upwards at an angle. The trailer began to tip backwards until the back of the trailer was on the ground and the trailer hitch was sticking up into the air. Dragonien kept pushing his foot down, his heel

digging deeper and deeper into the back of the mobile home. Just when Blaise thought Dragonien was going to crush down completely on the back it suddenly lifted up and the trailer abruptly lurched forward to audibly clatter against the floor as it rebalanced itself.

“Heheh... “

A soft rumble of a chuckle came from the dragon off camera. Those sounds of amusement and enjoyment typically being the only audible signals Blaise got during these shows. As always, Dragonien was clearly enjoying himself during these little play sessions. Not that Blaise had any room to talk considering the pillow he had covering his lap despite living alone and knowing the dragon couldn't see him right now.

When the dragon's foot returned to the top of the vehicle again Blaise knew it was time for the climax. Which was a terrible choice of mental words to describe the situation and only made the marten release an audible whimper that he was sure the dragon would catch during the replay. Just as tenderly, as carefully, as before Dragonien balanced his foot on the roof of the vehicle.

And then slammed it down as hard as he could.

So many things happened at once Blaise couldn't even decipher all of them. There was a sharp bang that he assumed was the other, still inflated tire, exploding from the sudden overwhelming pressure put on it. It was about the only sound that was loud enough to not be drowned out by the

sudden sharp screech of warping metal has the entire trailer crumpled in words as easily as an empty soda can would have under a boot. He thought he heard the tinkle of breaking glass but it was near impossible to make out over the warping metal. In less than a second the dragon had turned a meticulous, lifelike work of modeling art into a crushed, warped pile of scrap metal.

And then the show was over.

It was only when the camera stopped moving and shaking upon returning to the view of the dragon's face that Blaise realized he was audibly panting. Suddenly snapping his mouth shut and trying his absolute best not to look flustered and embarrassed he turned his attention back to the video chat.

"What do you think? Best one yet, right?" the dragon preened happily.

It took the marten a moment to calm himself enough that he could talk without his voice coming out a whine.

"Y-yes. It was really impressive. I think that was your most lifelike model to date. Is it a waste to keep destroying them like that though?" Blaise asked in a clear attempt to avoid what the dragon was actually talking about.

"I wasn't talking about the trailer, Lint." Dragonien teased, snickering as he watched Blaise fluster anew at the dragon's pet name for him.

To his surprise, rather than pressing the issue, the dragon changed the subject. Normally he would keep going until Blaise was an incoherent, whimpering mess. Then it dawned on him why the dragon was blue balling him. Again, bad mental word choice on Blaise's part. He wanted Blaise good and worked up for...

"So you still good with meeting up tomorrow? I mean, if you're not comfortable with it..." Dragonien asked; an uncharacteristic, genuine twinge of concern in his voice.

"No no! I definitely still want to meet up tomorrow! You sure you're okay coming to my place? I don't mind coming over to yours if you're more comfortable with that." The marten offered with just the tiniest hint of over-eagerness.

"No, no it's fine. It's not that far for me." He replied. A moment later the vulnerable and reserved Dragon once more hid himself behind the facade of playful teasing. "I bet you're looking forward to it, aren't you, you little perv? You just can't wait to get one of these little shows in person."

Blaise huffed indignantly and turned his nose up at Dragonien. Although he pointedly did not deny the accusation. Instead, he reached over to pick his phone up off of its stand and start walking back towards his bedroom.

“Alright Mr. Tease. If we're going to be hanging out all day tomorrow, I'm going to go get some sleep. Something tells me I'm going to need it.” Blaise said.

“All right then. Good night.”

The Dragon followed up his farewell by kissing his camera lens, making it look like his lips were covering the screen. Just as Blaze was about to hit the end call button Dragonien's voice stopped him.

“Ah ah ah. Forgetting something?” he teased in a sing-song voice.

Blood immediately rushed into Blaise's cheeks again at the realization.

“Oh God... do I have too?... “he whined; the tone not so much one of reluctance as it was embarrassment.

Rather than respond Blaise saw the camera view moving around again until the dragon's phone was on the floor, pointing upwards. He got a brief upwards view of the entire dragon, one that Blaise told himself he absolutely was not going to be constantly thinking about the entire rest of the night without fail as it looked like Dragonien towering over the camera like a living building. Then, the dragon lifted one of his feet and hovered it over his phone's camera so that the marten's entire video chat screen was filled with a view of nothing but the underside of the dragon's foot.

Cheeks feeling like they were on fire from how hard he was blushing, Blaise reluctantly leaned in towards the phone screen. Gently, he pressed his lips against the middle of the screen, right along the middle of the dragon's arch.

"... Goodnight." He all-but moaned.

Then, before the dragon could tease him any further, he hung up.

The next day Blaise was propped up contentedly on a comfy patio chair on his porch. Despite the way the dragon relentlessly teased him he found himself excited and unable to keep a smile off of his face in anticipation of Dragonien's arrival. As he lounged in his chair his fingers flew across his phone's screen shooting texts back and forth with Dragonien.

B: are you on your way?

D: yeah, I just left. I'll be there in a minute.

B: in a minute? How far away do you live?

D: I don't know, a dozen miles?

D: oh, hey I think I see your house. The one with the red roof, right? With a little chimney that's kind of lopsided?

B: uh... yea? You see it? Where are you?

Before Blaise could get a response or ask another question the ground began to shake. The first vibration startled him enough that he dropped his phone! By the time he has scrambled to pick it up the shaking had resolved itself into a repetitive heavy rumble in the ground that seem to get stronger with every repetition. An icy lump suddenly began to form in the pit of the marten's stomach as his subconscious started to put together clues his conscious brain wasn't yet willing to accept.

Slowly, nervously, he leaned out from his porch and looked off to the side where he felt the vibrations coming from. Approaching at a casual stroll was Dragonien in all his glory: just as he had been on there video chats.

Except Blaise could see him from several blocks away over the roofs of the nearby houses.

Frantically he ducked back under the porch and fumbled his fingers across the touch screen to send another text; his words text all-but incoherent in his panic.

B:Drfgo! You cntareyoureally ohgd

To his horror, the moment he pressed send he heard a deep rumbling vibration like the revving of a diesel engine and a loud chime that could rival a church bell echoing across the neighborhood.

Nervously sticking his head back out from under the porch he saw the approaching giant, all one hundred feet of him, pulling a massive phone out of his pocket and then grinning at whatever he saw on the screen.

“Oh fuck. Those weren’t models” Blaise whispered aloud, only to have his voice drowned out by the deep rumbling thunder of a familiar voice magnified a hundred times in pitch and volume.

“Hey Blaise! Surprise~!”

