

Wardrobe Malfunction

A Story Commission for aPieceOfBread

Rain - Dragonien

Content Warning: Macro, Growth, Nudity, Destruction,
Extreme Size Difference

**This written work is intended
exclusively for audiences over the age
of 18**

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“Surprise!”

The red dragon stood on Bread’s porch with his arms spread wide. His big grin practically split his head in half; not to mention showed off the rows of razor-sharp, predatory fangs lining his gums. He was dressed in a dark blue t-shirt that hugged in a rather flattering manner around the girth of the dragon's muscular arms while also being generously stretched out by the similarly impressive girth of Dragonien's gut. A matching pair of blue gym shorts hung down to his knees; leaving his leg from ankle to knee exposed where it connected to his sock and heavy boot-clad feet. None of that was surprising, though. It was no different than what Bread’s dragon ‘roommate’ would wear any other day. No, it wasn't the dragon's clothing that left Bread's mouth hanging open in shock. The surprising part was that Dragonien was standing on the porch of Bread’s house; waiting to be let in.

Specifically standing on the porch of Bread's dollhouse.

Ever since the dragon had gotten into a particularly ‘intense’ mood one morning that Bread’s house hadn’t survived the fox had been forced to live

in a plastic dollhouse instead. Of course, Bread saw Dragonien around all the time. It was hard not too considering Bread's house was almost always set either on the desk or the floor in the dragon's bedroom. But this was the first time that Bread had ever seen the dragon at any size other than intimidatingly gigantic; much less small enough to fit inside of the toy he called home.

“...This is a trick.” Bread accused, unwilling to open his front door all the way. “You’re up to something.”

Dragonien simply laughed as if he had been expecting that response. “Bread, dear. I'm always up to something. That doesn't mean what I'm up to is always nefarious! I just decided I wanted to hang out for an afternoon. Just as Buddies. See, I even come bearing gifts!”

To emphasize the point Dragonien raised a container full of pink, fruity alcoholic drinks in glass bottles. Despite his reluctance and skepticism Bread couldn't help but be amused at the sight of the bottles. Dragonien rarely ever drank. And when the big bad dragon did drink it was only incredibly fruity drinks with such a low alcohol content that you couldn't taste the alcohol nor could they really get you drunk. The fox knew better than to make fun of him about it, though. The last time someone had done that they had ended up the size of an olive and dropped into the dragon's drink. Moments later they had ended up in the dragon's stomach.

After a moment of thought the fox decided the dragon's offer seemed sincere. Or at least, he hoped it was. Against his better judgment Bread open his door all the way and waved for the dragon to come inside. They both knew the gesture was ultimately symbolic. Even shrunk down to his scale, Bread highly doubted the thin plastic imitation of a front door could have kept Dragonien out if they had really wanted to come inside. But it was at least a good sign that the dragon was observing propriety and waiting for an invitation before barging in at his whim.

Dragonien eagerly made his way inside once offered, unable to keep a grin off of his face. Bread couldn't help but note that the dragon was still

unnaturally large even in his currently-shrunken state. They were still forced to duck down to get under the dollhouse door's frame and squeeze inside. For once Bread thought that the mismatching size genuinely might not have been intentional on Dragonien's part. While the dragon was still significantly taller than the fox, had they both been their original size, Bread would have been even shorter in comparison. At the original sizes the tip of Bread's ears would be lucky if they could reach the dragon's shoulders even if Bread was raised up on the tips of his toes! At their current proportions, though, Bread was closer to eye level with the dragon's throat. Drago was still roughly a head taller but it was a lot less than their usual size difference. Which was something, at least! But they both still knew that Dragonien's significantly larger proportions still meant he could easily overpower the fox if he chose to do so.

Bread tried not to pay attention to the heavy, audible thumps that the dragon's footsteps made when they first stepped into the house. A quick, involuntary glance down revealed the dragon was wearing a heavy pair of steel-toed boots that amplified the sound of Dragonien's already heavy footsteps. They were a little bit out of place with the dragon's otherwise casual dress but it wasn't hard to figure out why they were wearing them. Not when they were unable to suppress a chuckle when they saw how Bread jumped at the sound of their first footstep inside the house.

Much to the fox's relieved Dragonien seemed to be genuine in his intentions of just hanging out for the afternoon. The two of them spent a good amount of the afternoon lounging around on the couch just drinking the beverages the dragon had brought while watching a movie on the comparatively massive smartphone that acted as Bread's television. That wasn't to say that the dragon was completely innocent throughout the afternoon. Bread had good reason to believe that the dragon was physically incapable of going longer than an hour without teasing him.

It started with little things. A casual tapping of one of the dragon's feet on the floor that, thanks to both his comparatively large size and the mass of his heavy boots, made a satisfying thump with every impact. Relative to

how loud the dragon's footsteps normally were considering he was usually big enough that Bread could fit a good chunk of his current toy house underneath one of Drago's feet, it was incredibly subdued. Yet that didn't stop every light thump from reminding Bread of the dragon's normal earth-shaking footsteps that acted as the fox's alarm clock every morning. The dragon would also occasionally shift about on the couch and squirm himself deeper into the cushions under the guise of getting more comfortable. In the process, Dragonien's impressive weight would make the couch sag even further than it already had been and incline enough to cause Bread to slide towards them. It was no surprise when the dragon did this for the third time and, not having caught himself in time, Bread wound up sliding over and bumping up against the dragon's side.

Immediately, Dragonien wrapped his arm around the fox's shoulders. In most situations, it would have been a playful, flirtatious gesture. This was no exception. Bread immediately found his cheeks flushing in embarrassment as he felt the arm possessively squeeze him ever so slightly. But, knowing the dragon as well as he did, Bread also felt like he had just fallen into the grasp of a Venus flytrap. One that had a wide grin and, though Bread would never admit it out loud, impressive biceps and a cute belly.

Things quickly went downhill from that point. The dragon's teasing, if remaining subtle, only increased in intensity. Bread, on the other hand, became increasingly desperate not to react in the way he knew the dragon was looking for. In the process the fox found himself drinking more of the fruity alcoholic beverages that he otherwise might in an attempt to distract himself. It helped that the drinks, like the dragon, were just slightly larger than normal relative to the fox which meant there was more in each one to drink. But it also meant that, before long, Bread's inhibitions and sense of self-preservation both began to wane.

Eventually Dragonien innocently asked Bread for some help getting his boots off. The dragon couldn't even pretend not to be amused as the fox reluctantly knelt and unlaced the heavy pieces of footwear one at a time.

Being the one to take the dragon's shoes off, the fox got a close-up look of the colorful rainbow socks Dragonien wore underneath. They were a bit more flamboyant than what the dragon usually wore and didn't take a genius to realize he had worn them specifically for the fox. The sight of the colorful footwear only made Bread blush that much harder even as he shyly returned to his place against the dragon's side. The teasing continued with casual nibbling on one of the fox's ears as the dragon played footsie with Bread's own paws down below. The two of them didn't even make it to the end of the movie before they were both making out with one another; Dragonien's tongue doing an excellent job filling out the space within the fox's mouth.

It didn't take long for the two of them to make their way upstairs to the fox's bedroom. Clothing was left in a trail behind the both of them as they undressed along the way. It didn't escape Bread's notice that the dragon purposely made sure that he was still wearing his socks and snug-fitting boxer briefs by the time they made it to Bread's bedroom. From there things devolved into exactly what you would expect from a pair of riled up, inebriated friends-with-benefits. When they finally calmed down a couple of hours later, ready to go to sleep, Bread couldn't help but admit to himself but it was nice having someone big and warm to snuggle up against under the blankets. Or, rather, under the washcloth and bits of fabric that the toy-sized fox used for blankets. Before sleep claimed him Bread's last thoughts were of how he might be able to convince the dragon to visit like this more often.

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“Oof!”

The surprised grunt forced itself from Bread's lips as he abruptly hit the floor. Going from fast asleep and happily dreaming to jarred wide awake by physical trauma left him disoriented for several seconds as he tried to get his bearings. When the fox was finally able to separate dream from reality it became readily apparent that he had fallen off of the edge of his bed. A quick glance up showed him that he hadn't actually fallen off. Rather, if the large lump of smooth red dragonhide resting right on the edge of the bed was any indication, he had been pushed off instead! The tiny dollhouse bed wasn't exactly roomy, especially for the both of them together, but there had still been more than enough room for them both to snuggle up together and get comfortable. Somehow that made it more irritating that the dragon had moved in his sleep enough to push Bread off. Damned bed hog.

The fox stood, ready to wake the dragon and chastise them in retaliation, only to freeze with his mouth open when he got a better look at the situation. Dragonien was definitely laying up against Bread's side of the bed

but not because he had scooted over in his sleep. In fact the dragon's other side was already hanging off the opposite edge; one arm draped across the floor below that side. The dragon hadn't moved in his sleep.

He had grown in his sleep!

The faint sound of ripping fabric filled the otherwise silent room around them. A glance at where the blankets had ridden up over one of the dragon's thighs showed that their boxer briefs were straining and starting to rip apart under the dragon's increasing mass. What was strange was that the underwear seemed almost, but not quite, still in proportion with him. They were definitely bigger than they had been last night but it was like the dragon was growing faster than they were. Bread had no idea how the dragon had shrunk himself and his clothes but clearly whatever he had done was wearing off. Considering that the dragon was usually too big to even use Bread's dollhouse as a stool much less fit inside of it the idea of the dragon returning to full size while still inside was... concerning.

"Drago! Drago wake up, you're growing!" Bread yelled as he shoved against the dragon's expanding shoulder.

It only took a moment of grumbling and growling protest before the dragon reluctantly opened his eyes. Unfortunately in that time the dragon had gained at least another inch or two in height. Or at least, an inch or two relative to their shrunken sizes. The dragon sat up and sleepily rubbed at his eyes only to freeze when he looked down at Bread. It only took him a moment to realize why the fox looked so small and why the ceiling seem to be getting closer when he looked up.

"Oh shit, it's wearing off." The dragon cursed aloud. "Uh... dude, you might wanna get out of the way..."

The dragon wasted no time in rolling off the bed and rising to his feet. Or at least, he tried to get to his feet. Dragonien got a little bit past three-fourths of the way upright before smacking his head against the plastic ceiling. The fact that he was now too tall to stand all the way meant that, at

least on their shrunken scale, he was now over nine feet tall! Immediately he turned to duck down and squeeze through the bedroom door. Thankfully he was still small enough to get through with only a bit of struggle and make it out into the hallway. Unfortunately, even as he did so he was still visibly growing as he lumbered his way towards the stairs.

Drago didn't even bother trying to collect any of his clothes. It hasn't been hard for him to recognize that, even if they were growing along with him, his underwear weren't growing at the same rate as he was. By the time he made it to the end of the hall and crouched down to descend them they had nearly doubled their original size! Yet, despite that, they still tore off of him!

Bread did his best to follow after the growing dragon; ignoring the brightly colored socks on his bedroom floor as he passed. Unfortunately, the fox wound up tripping on the combined pile of his and Drago's shirts just outside his bedroom door and landed face-first on the floor. By the time he had gotten his feet under him again to follow after the dragon they had already made it down the stairs. Bread got most of the way down the stairs just in time to see Drago crawling towards the front door. Yes, crawling. By the time the fox had made it that far the dragon was too big to stand upright at all anymore! What was worse, though, was that after the dragon forced the front door open and started to squeeze through they both noticed something else he was too big for. The door. And neither of them realized this until the dragon was stuck halfway through.

Bread should have been panicking. The ominous creak of hard plastic being spread apart by the dragon's still-growing waistline being wedged in the door frame was as good a signal as any that the situation was out of control. However, much to his chagrin, the sight of a gigantic draconic ass that had long since ripped free of its underwear and was now big enough to crush Bread's entire couch under its girth was pretty distracting. It wasn't until the dragon growled out an angry, slightly desperate sounding demand for help that Bread stopped staring at the growing, crimson full moon in front of him and ran to help. When he got there it became apparent that

there wasn't exactly a whole lot the fox could do. Not when one of the dragon's ass cheeks alone was now about as big as he was. So, Bread did the only thing he could think of. He started pushing.

Shoving his arm, shoulder, and upper body against one of the dragon's ass cheeks Bread pushed his entire weight against Dragonien's prodigious backside. He tried desperately not to think about how soft the enormous asscheek was and how deep he was sinking into the supple flesh of it as he tried to force the dragon through the ever-dwindling door frame. Sadly it was a desperate and ultimately fruitless endeavor. Dragonien was now far too large to have any hope of squeezing through. Thankfully, or horrifyingly depending on your perspective, the problem solved itself a few seconds later.

With a sharp snap, the entire plastic front wall of the dollhouse cracked horizontally. The door frame the dragon had been stuck in cracked open apart and sent the dragon tumbling forward head over heels! In the process Bread again found themselves face down on the floor as the wall of red ass he had been pushing his entire weight against suddenly vanished. Now that the dragon was gone the front door had been replaced by a large, jagged hole. Multiple chunks of serving platter-sized plastic lay scattered across the porch where they had broken off in the course of Dragonien freeing himself.

By the time Bread had followed the dragon outside Dragonien was rising to his feet once again. Still a bit disoriented from his tumble, they reflexively reached an arm out to help support his weight. It was rather intimidating for Bread to see that the nearest thing the dragon could rest his weight on was the roof of Bread's two-story dollhouse! The fox wasn't even as tall as the dragon's waist anymore now that they were standing upright. That didn't last long, though, before a sudden growth spurt rose the dragon up to nearly twice the toy house's height!. The brief increase in growth speed caused the dragon to lurch forward, only to stumble backward an instant later in an attempt to compensate. Bread's eyes went wide as he watched the unbalanced dragon stumbled backward until they fell right off the edge of the desk!

THUD.

Even though the dragon had, at least to Bread's perspective, grown well past thirty feet tall the sound and force of the dragon hitting the ground down below was far more intense than it should have been. Bread understood why a moment later as he, along with the dollhouse, was cast in a dark shadow. A shadow that Bread was all too familiar with as the gigantic red form rose over the edge of the desk. Dragonien was back to full size.

“Ow... “ Dragonien grumbled; his voice back to its normal, booming volume. “That hurt.”

One of the dragon's hands rubbed at the back of their head where they had presumably hit it during their fall. The other hand rested casually on top of the hefty swell of the dragon's gut. For the moment, Dragonien seemed completely unaware of how flustered Bread was at the sight of their looming visage. He wasn't even flustered because the dragon was so big now. Bread had, at least to a degree, become used to that. No, what was flustering the poor little fox was the fact that the dragon was exactly twice as tall as the desktop was. Twice as tall, completely naked, and suffering from the same malady that most men suffer from as soon as they wake up. Every bit of the dragon's morning glory was on full display and pointing directly at Bread and his damaged dollhouse. It was only made that much more overwhelming and intimidating by the fact that, at least to Bread's perspective and scale, the offending body part would need to be measured in yards rather than inches.

The now-giant dragon looked down at the flustered fox and the broken front door of the dollhouse. Then he looked down at himself as if only now realizing his nudity. Dragonien didn't seem embarrassed, though. If anything he seemed contemplatively as if debating whether he should take care of his 'problem' or not. Much to Bread's relief the dragon was more concerned with getting back to sleep rather than handling such a 'hard' task so early in the morning.

“I’m going back to bed.” the dragon grumbled.

He said as such while looking the partially broken dollhouse over again. The dragon's expression clearly broadcast that he had no interest in dealing with that mess at the moment. A few seconds and several ground-shaking footsteps later, the dragon had crawled back into his own, normal-sized, bed; fully intent on going back to sleep.

Now that the adrenaline of his house nearly being outgrown from the inside out was subsiding Bread realized how tired he was as well. According to the building-sized alarm clock on the dragon's bedside table there were still several hours before dawn. Taking a similar 'deal with it later' stance to the dragon, Bread made his way back upstairs towards his bedroom. Dragonien was right: they could deal with this in the morning.

The fox hadn't even been back in bed for thirty seconds before movement drew his attention. Rising into a sitting position, the fox tiredly looked out across this room and struggled to figure out what it was that was moving. No... Not moving, growing. And then it hit him.

“Oh fuck. Drago's clothes are still in here.”



Bread leapt out of bed a split second before the growing mass of rainbow-colored sock flipped his bed on its side and shoved it against the wall. Within moments more than half of the fox's room was filled with the slightly musky and still-growing pair of colorful socks. Frantically, Bread scrambled his way over the still-expanding fabric and headed for the bedroom door. It took him two stumbling steps to make the progress of one as the sock continued to grow even as he struggled to crawl over it. At the last second Bread dove his way free before the expanding piece of clothing shoved his bedroom door closed and wedged it shut tight.

Bread knew that just because he was free of his bedroom didn't mean that he could afford to stop and congratulate himself. Already half of his hallway was filled with the expanding mass of the dragon's t-shirt! Bread was forced to crawl on all fours over the top of the expanding mound of fabric to get past before it filled the entire hallway and trapped him. Just as the fox was about to reach the stairs he heard the familiar sound of plastic creaking under increasing strain.

The floor underneath him broke apart in a jagged split as something cracked it open from below! Bread was sent tumbling through the hole and into the dark chasm that had opened up beneath him! It took the fox a couple of seconds to regain his bearings and figure out where he had fallen. When he did he felt his blood run cold. He was inside of one of Dragonien's boots!

Ironically the boot protected Bread from the destruction of the rest of the dollhouse. Even as the plastic walls were snapped open and broken apart by the expanding footwear nothing more than the occasional sliver of plastic fell inside of the boot with him. The relative safety from the destruction of the toy substitute of the house Dragonien had originally destroyed didn't do much to console the fox. There was something incredibly intimidating about being trapped inside of a foot-scented cave that, instead of closing in around him, was expanding into an ever-growing cavern instead. It was particularly intimidating when Bread dared to look up and saw the exit stretching higher and higher into the sky. Stretching further and further out of reach.

Eventually, the creaking and cracking sound of the toy replacement for his original home being broken apart slow to a stop as the boot stopped growing. Standing on the heel of the boot's insole Bread found himself staring up at the now roughly three-story-tall wall that was the back of the boot. Unfortunately, he didn't think that he could get a good enough grip on the smooth fabric to easily climb his way out. Even if he could, the fox didn't know if he had the energy to do so. Still somewhere between drunk and hungover Bread simply flopped down onto the surprisingly comfortable gel insole of the now-gigantic boot. He wasn't in immediate danger of being crushed by growing clothing anymore so he figured he could just get a few more hours of sleep. Figuring out how to get out of the boot would be a problem for the morning.

If Bread had been a bit more awake he might have given more thought to his predicament. Specifically, about how the dragon would probably be as disoriented as Bread would be when they woke up. About How the dragon had work in the morning. And about how the dragon had a bad habit of

sleeping in after a night of drinking. A bad habit that inevitably wound up causing Dragonien to rush to get ready in the morning. Bread shouldn't have been worried about whether or not he could get out of the boot in the morning. His real concern should have been whether the dragon would realize he was in there before they put their boot on.

Unfortunately, Bread had far more to worry about than he realized. As did his comparatively gigantic draconic roommate. Bread was already fast asleep by the time the ominous groaning of wood and metal echoed through the dragon's bedroom. It was only thanks to the thick walls of fabric that made up the boots he was trapped in that Bread wasn't immediately woken up by the sound. It was also a testament to the softness of the insole of the boot that even the shaking of the room around his footwear prison wasn't able to rouse him either. The heavy impact accompanied by a crack of splintering wood would have woken anyone else in the room. Anyone else except for the dragon who had created the sound in the first place

Even as he stretched out across the now-crushed remains of his bed, Dragonien continue to obliviously slumber away the early morning. As his head pushed against the wall at the head of his bed while his legs extended out towards the opposite wall the dragon, as well as the fox trapped in one of his boots, were both completely unaware that neither the dragon nor his clothing had stopped growing. If anything, they were growing faster than they had been up to that point.

With Dragonien already passing twelve feet in height his previously discarded socks, shirt, shorts, and even the torn remains of his underwear had grown large enough to fall off the edge of the desk Bread's house had been on. One of his boots also expanded enough that it fell off the edge of the desk while the other that Bread was still trapped within continued to expand across the middle of the desk. By now that single piece of footwear could have covered a normal person's entire torso and was growing! The dragon's shirt was big enough that it could have been used as a throw blanket and Dragonien's shorts could have been hung up like a canopy!

It wasn't long before Dragonien's feet were pressing against the opposite wall and forcing his knees to unconsciously bend to keep himself inside the room. The increasingly tight confines made him grumble in his sleep and roll over onto his back. As he did his still-lengthening arm smashed through his bedroom door as if it were made of graham cracker rather than wood and stretched out into his hallway. The desk underneath the boot began to groan ominously under its expanding weight and threatened to buckle at any moment.

The effect of whatever cheap, discount shrink ray the dragon had used was becoming increasingly unstable. The slow, steady growth that the dragon and the clothing he had been wearing at the time of his shrinking were experiencing was not only speeding up but becoming sporadic and disproportionate. Different pieces of clothing or the dragon himself would slow their expansion only to have a brief, sudden growth spurt to fill out the difference and then some. One of these growth spurts caused the dragon's legs to abruptly smash through his bedroom wall and into the kitchen beyond! Another of these surges of sized caused the dragon's boots to briefly expand even faster than the dragon was. In a split second the pet carrier-sized boot Bread was still fast asleep in tripled in size! The sudden increase in weight made the desk break apart underneath it as if a small boulder had been dropped unceremoniously atop it. However, the boot grew so quickly that it actually expanded through the majority of the space it would have otherwise fallen through and barely jostled its passenger at all.

Suddenly the bedsheet-sized pair of socks pinned between the dragon's thigh and the exterior wall exploded larger as the boot had! The wall collapsed outwards as the socks grew from the size of a single mattress-sized bed sheet to each one being big enough to cover the entire house! The thick rolls of fabric spread out across the lawn and crept their way into the street as their growth normalized again, if only briefly. Much the same as his socks the dragon's shirt and shorts similarly ballooned larger and smashed their way through the walls on the opposite side of the dragon! For a few moments, all three articles of clothing had outpaced even the dragon in size to the point even Dragonien was at risk of being smothered by them

the enormous piles of clothing! That is until he had his own growth spurt as well.

If his clothing's growth spurts had been a grenade then the dragon's next surge of newfound size was the equivalent of a block of C-4! In the span of a couple of seconds, his head tore through one side of the house while his legs and arms smashed through the other three walls and completely tore his house to pieces! By the time his growth normalized again the entire roof of the dragon's house was sitting on top of his hefty stomach; not much larger than a hat in proportion to him! In the process, several of the dragon's neighbors along with their homes had simply been bulldozed out of the way by his expanding mass. His shoulders smashed clean through the houses to either side of his while his legs simply smashed through the house across the street. Even his giant pieces of clothing were shoved out of the way as he rapidly swelled to cover a good quarter of the entire cul-de-sac!

But his clothing didn't stay undersized for long. It was thanks to another timely growth spurt that the boot Bread was still lost within didn't simply tip over as it was shoved out of the way by Dragonien's expansion. As the dragon expanded to cover the nearby houses his shoe ballooned from the size of a refrigerator to the size of a minivan then beyond! Just went its growth was slowing back to a more normal pace it experienced a second growth spurt they caused it to double in size, then double again! The heel of the boot dragged across the ground as it stretched away from its owner and bulldozed another house in the cul-de-sac into rubble all by itself!

Even the still torn-up remains of the dragon's underwear were growing right along with the rest of him. The scant couple of nearby houses that were spared from being destroyed found it a mixed blessing when the still musky, ripped remains of the dragon's boxer briefs wound up shoved against the front of their house and blocking their front door. It may have just been some cotton and nylon but when it was enough cotton nylon to make a circus tent out of even it would be too heavy for a normal person to move on their own.

Even Dragonien wasn't so heavy and oblivious a sleeper that he would sleep through the complete destruction of his neighborhood. Not that he was happy about being woken up if the booming, annoyed grumble coming from him was any indication. But, after having grown several magnitudes in size larger than he normally was, Dragonien was finally waking up. Although the dragon's irritation at his undesired wakefulness turned to surprise when he opened his eyes and saw the night sky overhead in place of his ceiling.

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Dragonien didn't even notice the tiny bit of extra weight on his stomach as he abruptly sat upright. In the process, the still partially intact remains of his roof simply slid off the hefty bulge of his stomach and piled up between his thighs. Looking around blearily, it took the dragon a few seconds to process what he was seeing. Although he was quickly able to put two and two together when another abrupt growth spurt let him watch the entire area around him shrink slightly smaller. Then he felt something bump against his back and went wide-eyed when he turned it to look at what it was.

It was his boot

A boot that was now the size of a massive, multi-story warehouse! A boot so enormous that even to the dragon now well over a hundred feet tall the lip of the boot loomed as tall as the dragon's sitting height! Even after the small growth spurt the dragon had experienced after sitting up the boot had clearly outpaced him. For that brief moment the boot was so large even Dragonien could have fit inside of it! Unfortunately for the rest of the neighborhood that didn't last for long.

Dragonien felt a strange rumble throughout his body as if every last molecule of him was vibrating unnaturally. A quick glance around show that his clothes were similarly shaking visibly. Then Dragonien, along with every other piece of unnaturally-sized clothing surrounding him seemed to pull in on themselves. For that brief instant, it was like the dragon's entire body, along with his clothing, did the full-body equivalent of sucking in his gut. He and all of his clothes visibly shrunk by almost ten percent. Then, much like the explosive relaxation of that sucked-in stomach, the tension broke and more size flowed out of him and his clothes like they were inflating balloons!

The dragon and all of his clothes rapidly swelled outwards at a speed matching any of the largest growth spurts he or his clothing had experienced up to that point. However, this spurt didn't last only a second or two. Instead, all of the articles of clothing and their owner simply ballooned outward like a tidal wave of rubber, fabric, and flesh. The dragon's ass expanded across the nearby yards; simply growing over house after house until each of his hefty ass cheeks was covering more than a city block! His shirt, shorts, and socks all bunched up as they pushed back against his growing legs and backside; winding up rolling through nearby buildings and trees in the process. His boots were like walls of rubber pushing outwards as soon as even the tread of the boots became as tall as the nearby homes! The heavy-duty rubber didn't even dimple as it's simply surged through hundreds of pounds of lumber, brick, and steel that were the soon-destroyed remains of nearby buildings

And then it simply stopped. Like someone had just pulled the plug for an appliance the growth of the dragon and all of his clothing simply cut off as if someone had slammed on the metaphorical breaks. The abrupt halt left the dragon sitting there, stunned for a moment, as he tried to gauge his current size. Comparing himself to his surroundings Dragonien's best guess was that he had to be at least a thousand feet tall. His boots alone could cover most of a city block and his shirt could cover the entire nearby park and overflow onto the surrounding streets. Even his brightly-colored socks were now wider than a multi-lane highway!

For a brief minute, the dragon was sorely tempted to simply lay down and go back to sleep. At that point, he hardly cared if he would have been laying on most of the suburb rather than on his comfortable bed. Eventually, though he convinced himself that he needed to get up and do something about his current predicament. Otherwise, he was sure to be woken up before long by someone shouting through a megaphone or by nearby helicopters approaching.

Still partially asleep and somewhat hungover, Dragonien didn't even try to be gentle as he pushed himself up to his feet. A good chunk of a still intact nearby city block vanished into a handprint as the dragon slammed a hand down on it to help push up to his feet. When he was finally upright the dragon nearly stumbled and fell back on his ass from the brief, disorienting vertigo of his newfound height. When he finally had himself under control enough that he wasn't at risk of falling over Dragonien reached down to start collecting his clothing. As he did, he tried not to think about the irony of feeling like he was cleaning up a mess of lazily discarded clothes off of his bedroom floor.

"Well, at least I don't have to be a naked giant this time." He grumbled under his breath. Not that the low tone of voice mattered considering that, at his size, even his whispering may as well have been broadcast through a megaphone to everyone nearby.

As he collected his clothing one piece at a time Dragonien tiredly stuffed himself into them. First came his shorts then his shirt which, by the end of the last growth spurt both had finally caught up and normalized with his current size. He had briefly considered trying to pull on the remains of his underwear but quickly realized they were shredded beyond use. He didn't even bother to pick them up from where they were now covering not just one house but several. Next came his socks, which he couldn't help but grin at once he had them on. Something was amusing to him about having his feet, now big enough to step on multiple homes at once, clad in brightly colored rainbow socks. Weapons of mass destruction wearing cute colors. Then, finally, he reached for his boots.

Miraculously, somehow Bread had slept through all of the chaos happening outside his footwear prison. Still fast asleep, the six-inch-tall fox had no idea he was now laying inside of a boot but could have housed a small city relative to his scale! The boot was so massive to Bread that at this point the tiny little imperfection and wrinkles in the gel insole that otherwise would have been invisible even to his tiny self now may as well have been deep trenches and hills for him to climb over. When the ground beneath the fox started to incline sharp enough for him to start rolling towards the front of the shoe he finally was forced to wake up.

Bread's eyes snapped open as the panic of involuntary movement pumped him full of adrenaline. Quickly, the fox dug his fingers and claws into the ground beneath him to keep from rolling further. As he looked around and tried to get his bearings he struggled to even make sense of his surroundings at first. Everything looked so foreign and different that he had no idea where he was. The sheer change in scale had made the at least somewhat familiar interior of the boot look like an alien landscape. Bread didn't have to wonder long before he got a clue as to where he was. Although the clue was very unwelcome when it came in the form of a pair of rainbow fabric clad toes the size of small mountains darkening the light coming in from the hole in the sky and barreling towards him.

“Oh fu-“

The partial expletive was all Bread had time to say before his whole world became technicolor fabrics and the all-too-familiar musky scent of dragon paws. He had no way of knowing what was going on or how it happened. He didn't even know if he had shrunk even further or if the dragon had grown even larger. All the fox knew was that he was now lost; trapped between the cityscape of a boot insole and the mountain that was Dragonien's middle toe. What was worse was that he was so small he doubted the dragon could even feel him down there. Bread would have been indiscernible from any other little piece of lint or fuzz that might have come off of the fabric of the socks. Hell, even if the dragon knew he was in here Bread wasn't even sure that he was big enough for the dragon to even see

him with their naked eye. It was kind of hard to get an accurate gauge of his size when all of his senses were occupied and overwhelmed by a single, gigantic toe.

He had no idea how long he stayed down there. It could have been minutes. It could have been days. The fox was tired, hungover, and the constant exposure to Dragonien's scent left his thoughts fogged up and disoriented. More than once Bread found himself licking at the fabric spread around his face and holding him down when he got thirsty before he even realized he was doing it. But with the constant heat and humidity around him, he couldn't even use the frequency of his thirst and need to lap up what little toe sweat he could get to measure the time. All he could do was sit there, trapped, by untold thousands of tons of toe. Trapped there waiting, hoping, that the dragon remembered and eventually found him.

Bread had no way of knowing that the dragon had long since found a friend with a shrink ray to return him to normal size. They had even been able to shrink Dragonien's clothing and, unknowingly, their clothing's passenger along with them. Nor did Bread have any way of knowing that the moment the dragon had been back to a normal size he had immediately rented a nearby hotel room and collapsed asleep; still fully clothed. Which meant that the poor tiny vulpine piece of lint trapped within the landscape of a foot-filled boot was going to be trapped in there for quite a long time before the dragon was even awake again much less started looking for him.

In a brief moment of clarity, Bread couldn't help but laugh at the irony of the situation. Dragonien hadn't even had an ulterior motive this time. Nothing beyond just wanting to hang out as a friend and maybe tease the fox a bit. And yet, somehow, even when Dragonien's intentions were perfectly innocent Bread somehow still wound up being a speck of dust lost somewhere on their body. In that brief moment, Bread was happy that he was too small to be seen. The last thing he wanted was for anyone, especially Dragonien, to see how much that thought made him blush.

Hey there, reader! Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story!

Keep in touch! <3

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