

Tormenting Freder

By Dragonien

“Eleven Inches” Dragonien murmured, grinning smugly as he held the tape measurer beside the diminutive fennec. As he did he casually dragged a line across the wall with a pencil level with the top of Freder’s head. The little fox let out a soft whimper in response to the revelation, straightening his back a bit as if trying to squeeze out another inch or two of height

“That’s another inch just overnight!” He muttered aloud.

Already the clothes that had fit snug yesterday were now hanging loose and sagging around his diminutive form. It was bad enough that Freder was having to wear clothes Dragonien got from a garage sale off of an old G.I. Joe doll, and now they were too big for him! Dragonien, meanwhile was simply grinning the entire time. Both of them knew the dragon was at fault for Freder’s shrinking, but Dragonien adamantly played innocent whenever confronted about it. More still, Freder knew when to keep his mouth shut and back off, the last thing he needed was to antagonize the dragon who he was now trapped with. He was too small to go home, too small to reach counters or lights or even the top of the couch with ease anymore. Hell, he couldn’t even open doors at his diminutive size, too light and weak to turn the knob even if he could find a way to reach it!

“I dunno if I can pull the clothes off army men, I think it’s all just molded and painted plastic.” The dragon murmured from above, grinning toothily down at the little fennec standing atop his desk. Freder shot a glare up at the looming dragon, only to wince and cower a bit when he saw the dragon’s hand reaching down for him. Thick, red fingers wrapped around his midsection and torso, easily lifting him up off of the desk like the action figure sized fox that he was.

“H-hey, put me down! I don’t want to be manhandled!” the fox yipped up to the dragon, who simply ignored his protest as he turned to carry the fox towards his bed. “And couldn’t you have at least found me some clothes that didn’t feel like they were woven out of tarantula hairs, these things itch like crazy!”

The dragon paid no heed to Freder's protests or complaints as he abruptly jerked his arm forward, fingers releasing Freder and, to the fennec's horror, sending him flying through the air. Thankfully the bed was his ultimate destination as the softness of the comforter and mattress cushioned his fall, though he still ended up with a couple of bruises and a bit of soreness from the rough treatment. Freder had little time to properly recover, as the moment he had landed he saw a dark shadow rising overhead. A yip escaped Freder's lips as he leapt to one side, just as a massive wall of cotton clad flesh crashed down onto the mattress where he had been moments ago. The displacement of the mattress from the weight of the enormous dragon's equally enormous ass caused it to bend inwards, and the incline sent Freder tumbling backwards, ending up flopped against the side of Dragonien's hip. By the time he had finally recovered and started pushing himself away from Dragonien's side with a groan and pain and effort, Dragonien was already grinning down at him.

"Why, hello there. Getting a little up close and personal already, aren't you" he murmured coyly down to the battered shrunken captive.

"W-watch where you're sitting, you almost sat on me!" Freder yelled up at Dragonien angrily.

Immediately he regretted it, as the moment the words had left his mouth in so angry a tone, a thumb shoved down onto Freder's head, pushing him down onto his front and grinding him face first into the blanket and mattress beneath him. The dragon above casually rolled and pushed his thumb around on the back of Freder's head, so easily holding him in place as the fox struggled to pull a sliver of breath in each time the thumb would push his head to the left or right and expose the edges of his mouth.

"You know for a second there I swore I heard a lil toy fennec trying to tell me what to do" Dragonien murmured aloud, acting as if he was talking to himself but obviously doing anything but. "Almost as if said toy thinks it's the one in control here." And as if to emphasize that this most certainly was not the case, dragonien pressed down harder with his thumb until he felt Freder exhale weakly into the blanket. Then, just as abruptly, his finger pulled away and released the fennec. "Now. Why don't you try that again..." he murmured in a suddenly low, almost threatening tone. When Freder finally rolled himself onto his back, panting a bit to get his breath back he stared up at the massive dragon above, wincing a bit at seeing the almost sadistic grin on his muzzle.

“W-what do you want from me?” Freder panted weakly, still a bit out of breath.

“Ah Ah Ah” Dragonien chastised. Again the thumb shoved down on his front abruptly, eliciting a loud wheeze from Freder as his diaphragm creaked and ribs groaned from the pressure. “I believe that the words you are looking for are ‘please sir forgive me for being in your way’ or something like that” Dragonien ‘offered’ to the pinned fennec. Freder began to protest that it was Dragonien who had put him there, but only got a word or two in before that thumb shoved down again and forced the air from his lungs once more.

“m... Mrph...f-Fine...” Freder growled out reluctantly. Though his attitude caused the thumb to tense against him again, he quickly added before it could push down “Please sir, forgive me. I wasn’t aware you were going to sit there. I’m Sorry.” This seemed to be enough for the dragon and finally he pulled his hand away, releasing Freder from its oppressive force.

Freder finally got a few moments to collect himself as the dragon shifted atop the bed, arms crossing in front of his chest to grasp opposite sides of his shirt-hem, and quickly lifting it up over his head to expose his bare torso to the cool bedroom air. The shirt was carelessly tossed to the side, leaving the dragon in nothing but his undergarments as his massive form towered over the diminutive fennec barely more than 1/10th his size. That seemed to be all the break the poor fox was going to get, as just as abruptly as before, the dragon grasped Freder in his fist and lifted him up off the ground, as he turned to swing his legs over onto the bed and lay down on his back. Freder found himself carelessly dropped onto the dragon’s torso, right at the base of his chest and staring up at Dragonien’s grinning muzzle as it stared back down at Freder and the rest of his own body. The dragon slowly sucked in a deep breath of air, causing his chest to expand and pectorals to flare out beneath Freder. The shifting of muscle and sinew caused his torso to incline further, leaving Freder having to grip against Dragonien’s top row of abs to not slip and tumble backwards onto the dragon’s lap.

“Now then. I think it’s time I got my toy more properly dressed. After all, wouldn’t want it being in those itchy clothes for so long.” The dragon rumbled. His intent was clear, but the method itself that he planned to use to relieve Freder of his clothes was what surprised and scared him the most.