

Teasing Kyrm Again

By: Dragonien

"Stop it."

"No."

"Put me down."

"No."

"Drago...!"

"Yes?"

"Don't you dare do it!"

"I have no idea what you are talking about."

The argument flowed effortlessly between the two, signifying how often they had it. One voice, high pitched and indignant with just the slightest twinge of poorly concealed concern, while the other was deep and powerful but casual as could be with his replies as if discussing nothing more controversial than the weather forecast. That flippant disregard for Kyrm's protests only made it that much worse for the little bat even as he struggled against the vice grip of Dragonien's hand. Fingers as thick as tree trunks held firm around his torso and legs as immovable to the little bat as if they were steel girders bent around him, leaving nothing but his head, shoulders and one arm free from the closed fist. Pushing, shoving, even clawing and biting did little more than cause an itch to the smooth-yet-tough red hide of Dragonien's finger. Though Kyrm had learned weeks ago not to try biting, lest he encourage the dragon to threaten to bite back again. He didn't think Dragonien would actually go through with such a threat but the dragon was just the right kind of unpredictable that he couldn't be certain.

As expected Kyrm soon found himself being carried into the bathroom. The, to him, whoosh of air created by the door closing behind them mixed with the echoing metallic clack of the door's lockset clicking shut was like a bell of finality signaling that he was trapped in the room. He knew from experience that the space between the bottom of the door and the floor's trim was too narrow for even his diminutive size to squeeze through. Until Dragonien opened that door again, he wasn't going anywhere.

That didn't stop him from trying the moment the dragon set him down on the countertop.

His feet touched the fake-marble and instantly he was scrambling across the surface, making a B-line for the far edge in hopes of slipping down between the vanity and wall where Dragonien's thick arms wouldn't be able to fit. Unfortunately, the two of them had done this song and dance enough times Dragonien had been ready for his escape plan. He only made it about three steps across the countertop before a red finger thumped

him on the back hard enough that he stumbled forward and landed flat on his face. Before he was able to get up a sudden weight bore down on him and pressed him from the shoulder blades down into the cool surface of the bathroom vanity. The bar of soap that Dragonien had casually placed atop the bat may only have weighed a few ounces to the dragon but, when you were only six inches tall, it was basically the equivalent of someone laying a refrigerator on top of you.

"Damn it Drago I told you no!"

"What's that? You need to speak up, you know it's hard to hear you when you're squeaking like that in that high-pitched voice of yours."

Kyrm didn't even have to see Dragonien's face to know of the smug grin spread across it. It had become a common trope between the two of them ever since they had become roommates that whenever Dragonien didn't want to acknowledge something Kyrm had said he simply played dumb and acted as if Kyrm's voice was too quiet and high pitched for him to hear. Despite his best efforts the little bat wasn't exactly built for strength and the bar of soap barely jostled during his attempts to squirm free. A small part of the bat wondered if he ever should look into trying to bulk up and get a bit stronger so that things like this wouldn't happen. Then again what's the difference in the grand scheme if he can move three ounces worth of soap instead of two? Plus, he didn't think he could live down the embarrassment of ever being caught trying to use improvised items like q-tips as workout gear... and he was certain Dragonien would never let him live it down either if he saw. The last thing he wanted to do was give his roommate more material for their 'shared' YouTube channel that seemed to be no end of amusement for the dragon to upload videos of him messing with the bat to.

Thankfully he wasn't trapped for long. Within a minute or so Kyrm felt the soap being casually shoved off of him and those familiar fingers wrap around his body once more. When he squirmed around in the first to glared up at the dragon his words died in his throat at the sight. He knew what to expect, he knew it had been coming, but that still didn't make the sight any easier to handle. Staring up at a side view of the dragon's towering form, completely naked from head to toe. Every time the dragon's arm would swing forward he would get a sidelong view of powerful thighs, well defined abdominal muscles, thick pectorals and of course, the pendulous mass of male flesh dangling between the dragon's legs. Even flaccid it looked to be twice the little bat's size, Kyrm able to actually hear the audible thwapping sound of it smacking against the dragon's thighs each time it was jostled by one of his footsteps. Then the arm would swing backwards and Kyrm would, instead, get a view of the dragon from the back side for a split second. Broad, V-shaped back lined with crisscrossing cords of sinew just thick and well defined enough to be called muscular without being bulky or cumbersome, disappearing into the taunt flesh of his lower back. A massive pillar of muscle and meat connected at his tail-base and extended off into the distance in the form of his long, sinuous tail while the two plump hams of muscle and meat for his peach-shaped ass tensed and shifted slightly with each movement of his legs as he walked.

It wasn't lost on Dragonien that for the few seconds it took him to walk, naked, across the bathroom that Kyrm had been totally silent. Not a single complaint or protest was heard until he pulled open the shower stall and reached in to turn on the shower. As if the sound of running water were a signal Kyrm seemed to snap out of his distracted state and once more began to struggle against Dragonien's grip. This time, though, when he started to verbally protest Dragonien didn't retort. Instead, his thumb lifted and instead simply pushed down on top of the bat's head: Forcing his face down and pinning his chin against the top of Dragonien's finger to hold it closed. With his grumbling muffled by his inability to open his jaws, Kyrm had little choice but to squeeze his eyes closed and brace himself as, moments later, a veritable flood of water washed down the dragon's arm like a waterfall and crashed against him. Were he not held in the dragon's fist the force of the moving water would have been more than enough to sweep him clean off of his feet and wash him away. Instead, all he got was a

momentary blast of water in the face that, thankfully, Dragonien's thumb mostly blocked the direct flow of. It didn't stop some of it from getting in his nose, but his captor was nice enough to move his thumb away and Kyrm was able to cough for a moment and clear his nasal cavity of the intruding liquid. When he was finally done coughing, he turned his head to glare back up at the dragon who had simply been smiling down at him the entire time. Silently thankful his tiny size and his dark fur hide any signs of a blush on his face as he stared up at the dragon's naked upper body, glistening with the streams of water pouring from the water faucet down its crevices like water rapids, he spoke up once more.

"Damn it Drago are you trying to drown me?! This is not cool! You can't just manhandle me like this whenever-" he paused mid-sentence, then glared knowingly up at the dragon and corrected himself. "You **SHOULDN'T** just manhandle me like this whenever you want!"

He knew Dragonien well enough by now that at least sometimes he was able to catch slips of the tongue that the dragon wouldn't hesitate to take as challenges to act upon and it had become almost a game between the two of them to see how often he could catch himself and avoid the ensuing retort he would have elicited. Rule one of rooming with someone almost 20 times your size is you don't tell them what they can and cannot do. Of course, that didn't really stop Dragonien from doing whatever he wanted, it just meant he might not be as directly aggressive about his actions.

Rather than responding to Kyrm's protests, though, the dragon instead turned his attention to the shower stall around them. His face tightened up in a momentary expression of contemplation with a tiny flash of annoyance underlying it, only for his expression to then spread into a devious grin. Kyrm knew that expression never meant anything good. With all of the built-in ledges made for placing things in the shower filled with bars of soap and bottles of shampoo or conditioner filled, there was nowhere other than the floor for the dragon to safely place his little captive loofah. Not seeming interested in leaving the bat down by his feet the dragon decided that there was only one other thing to do with him while he washed his hair. The hand holding Kyrm reached back and pressed him flat against the wall of the shower stall, only to be pulled way and leave the bat hanging in midair for a split second before being smothered head to toe in warm, water-dampened red flesh.

Dragonien pressed himself flush against the wall, squashing the thick girth of his ass against the smooth tile wall of the shower stall and pinning the little bat in-between his backside and the tiles. Taking a second just to stand there, shifting his ass back and forth slightly like one might squirm to smooth out any lumps in a seat cushion, he happily ground the house sized buttocks against Kyrm. The poor bat for his part was utterly pinned, unable to even move his arms and legs as the, thankfully, malleable layer of surface flesh of Dragonien's ass conformed to the shape of his body instead of just crushing him flat. The wall of red had enough give that his body sunk in and made a clear indentation in it but there was little extra give for him to move about. His arms and legs were forced spread eagle and his head was shoved to one side as he was pressed against the cool, but rapidly warming, ceramic tile behind him. Kyrm didn't know how long he was held there, finding it difficult to track time when his entire body was being compressed into the wall and he didn't even really have any space to breath. Even if there was an opening that he could have pulled air in from the pressure on his chest was so great he wasn't even sure that his lungs would have even had room to inflate. It was only when his vision started to dim and spots started to form in his sight did the pressure abruptly release him.

Still dazed from his momentary suffocation, later finding it had been a good minute while the dragon had lathered up the soap in his hair, Kyrm was too disoriented to do much other than limply tumble through the air. Thankfully the dragon's tail swept down and scooped up underneath the falling bat before he had tumbled more than a foot or so down, leaving his disheveled roommate sprawled across the girth of his tail like he were straddling a canoe. By the time Kyrm had caught his breath and regained his senses he had already been deposited once more into Dragonien's hand, thankfully sitting on an open palm instead of held in a closed fist

this time, and found himself looking up at the billboard of Dragonien's grinning muzzle again. He knew at this point protests or outrage would only feed into the dragon's desires and, regardless of whatever thoughts running through the bat's mind that may or may not have had him blushing furiously and requiring him to keep his legs crossed to hide his lower half, he wasn't one to simply give in and give Dragonien what he wanted. Unfortunately for Kyrm, as he well should have known by now, Dragonien was more than capable of simply taking what he wanted.

The sudden weight of thick, cold gel caused Kyrm to hunch down, nearly pushed down onto his front on the dragon's palm as the equivalent of a couple of five-gallon buckets worth of fruity scented body wash was dribbled over him from above. A second later he was pushed onto his front as a finger the size of a log shoved down onto the poor bat's body and began to rub back and forth, kneading the gel into his fur and flesh and lathering him up into a frazzled pile of suds. When the aggressive lathering had finally ended and he was once more free from the oppressive force of the dragon's thumb, Kyrm reached up to wipe a handful of suds away from his eyes so that he was at least able to look up at his tormentor. The withering glare he shot up at Dragonien was almost certainly weakened in effectiveness by the fact that he looked less like a bat and more like a sheep with the thick pelt of soap surrounding him like wool yet he glared all the same in sheer defiance. All the while the little bat was doing his best not to think about how he was glad the soap suds covered him head to toe and hid certain embarrassing... occurrences happening down around his waistline. The last thing he wanted was to give Dragonien any kind of encouragement to continue this kind of treatment, even if he...

That last thought was interrupted by the hand holding Kyrm abruptly raising up until the platform that was his palm was held right in front of the dragon's grinning muzzle.

"Ready to help me get to all those hard to reach places?" The dragon's deep voice taunted.

Despite himself, Kyrm swallowed nervously even as he did his best to keep up his defiant demeanor. He couldn't let this get to him now. If this was what was planned for him before either of them had even had their morning coffee, then Kyrm knew the mood Dragonien was in meant this was going to be a very long and trying day. Just as he was beginning to open his mouth to reply, his vision went dark as, with a sudden and wet FWAP, the dragon's hand surged forward and abruptly smothered the bat between his palm and the broad expanse of his left pectoral. With that, he casually began to scrub himself one section at a time with his poor, frazzled bat roommate. All the while Kyrm could do little more than occasionally offer a token struggle. He was embarrassed to think he was getting used to such treatment but, hey,

At least the rent here was cheap.