

Teasing Vero and Kyrm

By: Dragonien

"Hey, I'm home!"

The voice rumbled through the air like a roll of thunder to Kyrm. Even from several rooms away the bass and volume of the voice was more than enough to carry as if he were standing right next to the source. Not that it made him look up from his game, though. As if he hadn't heard a thing, the little bat continued happily tapping away at the controls of the 3DS in front of him. He'd long since gotten used to playing the device with his comparatively tiny arms, even taking a bit of pride in doing so. It wasn't easy playing a game device made for normal people when you were only six inches tall.

The source of the voice seemed content on seeking him out, though, and before long the little chocolate-furred bat found the desktop beneath him vibrating and shaking rhythmically with the approaching footsteps of his roommate. The dragon was tall, even by normal people standards, to the point that he had to duck underneath the doorway to the bedroom they shared. It was almost ironic of a friendship they had considering Kyrm was far too small for most mundane things, while his roommate Dragonien was borderline too large for many of them as well. Thankfully it did mean they could save on apartment space, him having his own little antique wooden dollhouse in one corner of the room while Dragonien took the lion's share of the room. So long as Dragonien didn't get lazy or forgetful and leave dragon-scented clothes draped over his house (an occurrence he found himself chastising the dragon for at least once a week) they got along grandly. It still didn't make it less annoying when he was trying to play a game and the dragon wanted his attention. It's kind of hard to refuse someone big enough to swallow you whole when they have something they want to share with you.

"Hey, Kyrm. Guess what I brought home today." Dragonien rumbled, looking far too excited for Kyrm to be anything other than somewhat concerned.

"D, I swear to god if you brought more barbie clothes and try to dress me up again I will gnaw holes in every single one of your socks next time you're at work."

That got a pause from the dragon. His expression momentarily flickered between annoyance, then concern, then finally smug amusement.

"Why? Wanting to put some airholes in them next time you ride along to work with me?" He retorted with a playful grin. "But no, I promise its nothing like that. It's this."

it was then that the little bat noticed the cloth-draped box hanging from a handle on its top by the dragon's side. With surprising care, the dragon lifted the box up and gently set it down on the edge of the desk. With a sigh, Kyrm stood up and, with a visible moment of exertion, pulled the lid of the 3DS closed before turning his attention fully to the dragon. He knew by now he might as well just give in and humor the dragon rather than risk getting him getting annoyed... or playful. The moment Dragonien had the bat's attention he gripped the top of the cover cloth in two fingers and pulled it free in a dramatic

flourish, revealing the hamster cage within. Kyrm was about to make a comment about Dragonien not being responsible enough to care for a pet, but the words died before leaving his mouth when he saw what was inside the cage. It wasn't a hamster, it was a wolf.

A pink one to be precise.

The wolf was rather lean-built, all lithe and athletic muscle but with an almost feminine curve to his hips and thighs that gave him quite the impressive waistline and posterior. He was clearly male despite the almost neon-pink coloration of his fur based on the, while not obscene, obvious outline of impressive male anatomy in the front of the doll shorts that Dragonien must have dressed him in. Kyrm could only assume Dragonien had put the clothes on him as they looked brand new and even still had their price sticker still on the back of the left leg. Either he had brought home a wild micro, or he had bought one from a pet store somewhere. All of that was interesting and notable, but what really caught Kyrm's attention, and what made him reflexively take a nervous half-step backwards, was that this wild micro looked to be nearly twice Kyrm's size. Wild micros could be incredibly unpredictable. Some of them were just as civilized as a normal person, some had been trained to be almost fanatically devoted and obedient to whoever owned or kept them, and others were little more than feral savages. The bat had little desire to find out which one this wolf was, especially considering that the wolf was large enough he doubted he could do anything to stop him without Dragonien's intervention.

"I uh... I thought we agreed no pets when we moved in together." Kyrm asked, trying and only somewhat succeeding in keeping the nervousness out of his voice. Either Dragonien didn't notice Kyrm's concern, or simply ignored it.

"Well. This I felt was a special circumstance, one that you might enjoy. His name is Vero. I got him at a huge discount sale at the corner pet shop. He's only been partially trained but he only cost me \$10! Go on, say hello, Vero! Like I told you."

Kyrm glanced back at the pink wolf when Dragonien addressed him by name. he watched the wolf huff in some mild expression of annoyance. It was far too minor a movement for anyone of a normal size to notice and Kyrm was sure the wolf new that, but he saw it clear as day. Despite that, the wolf turned his attention down to the comparatively diminutive bat, the wolf seeming even taller than he normally would be to Kyrm thanks to the base of the cage elevating him another half inch or so over the bat.

"Hello, sir. My name is Vero. Mister Dragonien purchased me to start living with you both from now on." The wolf said, his words slow and careful in a clear sign they had been practiced but probably not enough that he was comfortable he'd get it exactly right.

Kyrm could immediately see that the wolf was putting on an act. Granted, most micros would do the exact same thing in his situation so he didn't blame Vero one bit. But this wolf was not trained, at least nowhere near enough he could be trusted as a house pet micro. Yet, again most of the tells Kyrm could see clear as day in his forced facial expressions and body language would have been too small on someone barely the size of a barbie doll for anyone of a normal size to easily see. The moment that cage was open and the wolf thought Dragonien wasn't looking he was sure that Vero would be making a run

for it... or possibly something even worse. That was mostly Kyrm being paranoid though, something most micros develop considering how they were all universally manhandled at some point by someone large than themselves. Admittedly it'd be the first time he'd be manhandled by someone where the size discrepancy was so much smaller between him and the other person. Kyrm found himself pulled out his thoughts by a clinking of metal on metal. His eyes refocused on the view in front of him and suddenly his ears wilted, his paranoia turning to full blown panic as he watched Dragonien's massive fingers open the door to the cage right in front of Kyrm.

Vero stepped out of the cage a moment later and Kyrm swore he could actually feel the desktop shake slightly from the comparatively large wolf's footsteps. He knew it was almost certainly his mind playing tricks on him but somehow he found the idea of this wolf who he was only eye level with the belly button of far more intimidating than his roommate: the dragon large enough to swallow him whole. Vero for his part seemed as amused by the size difference as Kyrm was intimidated by it. It wasn't often that a micro got to loom over someone else. Kyrm's nervousness got worse when the wolf took two long steps towards him and stopped directly in front of the much smaller bat. Broad, powerful hands gripped either of Kyrm's shoulders and lifted him with little effort up to dangle several feet (from his perspective) up off the ground so that he was eye to eye with the pink-furred wolf.

"Mister Dragonien said that we can play together however I want." The wolf said with a toothy smile.

"Uh..." Kyrm stammered, leaning his head to the side to try to look around Vero's head at the looming dragon above. "Drago... buddy?..."

It was at this point that Kyrm noticed two things in rapid succession. the first was that the wolf was, in fact, wearing something other than the doll shorts. Almost invisible through the thick fluff of fur around the wolf's neckline was a polished silver collar that had no visible seam, clasp, or hinge for it to open and close at. The second was that off in the 'distance' past the edge of the desk Dragonien had his phone out, seemingly ignoring the two of them as he fiddled with something on the phone's screen. Kyrm and Vero both heard a faint beep come from the collar around the wolf's neck, seemingly in response to something Dragonien had done, and then the dragon turned his attention back down at the two of them with the widest grin Kyrm had ever on him. it was a second or two later that he felt his feet touch the ground again.

The odd thing was, he still felt the wolf's hands gripping at either of his shoulders and hadn't actually felt them move. When he glanced to either side he noticed that Vero's hands no longer covered as much of his shoulders as they had when he first grabbed Kyrm. In fact. Kyrm now had his feet firmly planted on the floor once more. As his gaze settled back on the wolf in front of him he found himself having to look DOWN at the pink-furred creature. Vero, for his part seemed even more confused than Kyrm was. So much so that he didn't let go of the bat's shoulders even when he felt his arms extend to their limit. suddenly it was Vero whose feet were no longer planted on the floor as he dangled off the ground from Kyrm. Abruptly his hands pulled free as they shrank too small to keep a grip and he fell flat on his backside in front of Kyrm. The entire world seemed to expand all around the already diminutive wolf as he dwindles smaller and smaller. Were he to stand back up now he'd be as short to Kyrm as

Kyrm had been to him only moments before. Yet even at that point his shrinking made no show of slowing or stopping.

When the effect finally seemed to end Vero was staring up at the massive, to him, form of Kyrm from down between the now gigantic bat's feet. Vero had to stand up on his tiptoes to even be as tall as the bat's ankles now! He couldn't have been more than a centimeter tall, give or take a millimeter or two. The wolf dared not even look behind him lest he see the titan his new draconic owner had become; the bat alone was an intimidating enough sight. Said sight got that much more intimidating when Kyrm started to crouch down over Vero, feet raising up off their heels to balance his weight on the balls of his feet while his knees bent and spread to either side.

"Whoa..." Kyrm boomed, his voice thundering around Vero just as loudly as Dragonien's voice had a minute earlier. "How the hell did you do that?"

The next instant Vero felt the ground shake and rumble, hearing some incoherent roll of thunder he only vaguely recognized as words in what could only be the, now to Vero, mountainous dragon conversing with the bat.

"It was part of the sale. Since he's not fully trained, he came with this new experimental thing called a Sizr Collar. You can sync it up to a smartphone and remotely control their size from anywhere you have an internet connection!"

Kyrm glanced up beyond Vero's line of sight for a moment, presumably up at the dragon, then turned his attention back down to the wolf. Slowly, a smile spread itself across the looming bat's muzzle. A giant hand reached down and effortlessly scooped the wolf up in a closed fist, pinning Vero's arms tightly against his chest. Vero could immediately tell Kyrm wasn't as adept at handling people smaller than him as Dragonien was. Kyrm's grip was much clumsier and the wolf felt his rib cage compressing from the tight grip the bat had on him, making it an uncomfortable chore to pull in each breath. Vero found himself abruptly face to face with a bat now large enough to pop Vero in his mouth and swallow the little pink wolf whole and a grin filled with the intimidatingly needle-sharp teeth of a bat. Only moments before Vero had been ready to wrestle the bat to the ground and enjoy being the big man for once. Now he found himself smaller than he had ever been, smaller than he had ever heard anyone be, and being manhandled by a bat too small to even wear barbie doll clothes without having them re-tailored.

"You know, Drago. On second thought. I think I'm ok with us having a pet in the apartment after all. Lemme see that app for a minute... how far down does it go?"

Vero gulped nervously. Suddenly he felt like this was going to be a long afternoon.