

Macro Tyler

March #11

Written by Rain - Dragonien

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Content Warning: Macro, Rampage, Destruction, Implied Crush,

Implied Oral Vore, Self-Pleasure

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Rampage



It was a beautiful spring day that the people in the city were eager to enjoy after the cold and gloom of winter. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and complete strangers waved and gave happy greetings to anyone they passed by just because they could. It was one of those days where you would expect cats and dogs to be living together in harmony. But everything changed when the dragon attacked.

The birdsong was replaced by panicked screaming a massive clawed foot covered in smooth, purple dragon hide slammed down into an intersection and shook the surrounding city blocks so violently car alarms went off and dozens of people stumbled or fell over entirely. A hand rounded the corner just behind the foot; over a dozen stories up in the air and gripped the edge of the looming building on the corner. Despite the building being made of brick and concrete the casual grip of the a hand big enough to palm a bus was powerful enough to crumble

the sturdy building materials like dried mud. But when the rest of the dragon pulled himself into view the panic only grew that much stronger.

The wide grin splitting the behemoth's face exposed the rows of razor sharp fangs big enough to chew up cars like candies lining his gum line. Eyes big enough to dwarf truck tires scanned the streets below with a look of predatory glee in them. But somehow even more intimidating for the panicking people down below was that the dragon was Naked. Completely naked and sporting a rock-hard erection but enough to tear apart a bus like a too-small fleshlight that visibly throbbed while leaking pre and left no doubt in the minds of anyone that saw it that it's owner was quite literally getting off to the chaos he was causing. It was made more intimidating still that said erection was so large relative to the rest of the giant it sprouted from that even if the dragon had been a regular size instead of big enough to find mass transit vehicles inequitably-sized sex toys it still would have been intimidatingly large proportional to the rest of him. It was almost comically huge compared to the rest of the dragon's slim, almost twink-like build. Not that being lean and a bit curvy made them any less terrifying when they were several hundred feet tall.

The enormous dragon gleefully stomped his way down the street without a care in the world to what or even who wound up under his massive feet. Metal signal lights, street signs, and lamp-posts bent under the gigantic paws as easily as if they had been blades of grass. Automobiles consisting of a ton or more of hardened steel crumpled like nothing more than flimsy soda cans with choruses of the myriad other materials like tempered glass and exploding rubber tires nearly drowned out by the far louder sound of each foot's impact. Even people wound up vanishing under the dragon's tread with so little resistance the dragon hardly seemed to notice unless he was paying attention and going out of his way to step on people. Which he did more than once.

Other than the occasional intentionally harder slam of a foot down on a crowd of people or group of vehicles the purple titan didn't seem to be making much effort to actually cause several damage or chaos. But he also didn't make any effort whatsoever to avoid collateral damage either. He dragged his fingers across the fronts of buildings as he passed by, gouging huge gashes through them that rained debris into the streets in his wake, or swayed his hip to one side or the other and slam it into the side a built and cause it to partially or completely collapse. He wasn't decimating their city and the people within for a specific purpose nor was he some wild animal that seemed to be acting on pure instinct.

He was just playing. Playing some perverse, sexually gratifying game for his own amusement that just happened to have the side effect of mass destruction.

But that wasn't to say that he didn't go out of his way to terrorize the populace around him or demolish specific targets. He displayed more than once that he was perfectly willing to chase after a crowd of people chosen seemingly at random instead of ignoring them like he did many others just so he could crush them underfoot or swing around and fall ass-first onto them and leave nothing but a crater in the ground where they had once been. Or he would do much the same but instead of crush them he would crouch down and scoop them up in one of his massive hands to dump unceremoniously into his open mouth. Sometimes he would spend a few moments sloshing them around as if savoring their tastes like pieces of candy. But without fail every time the crowd was inevitably swallowed; traveling down as a faint but visible bulge along the front of the dragon's throat without even bothering to chew.

At one point he picked up a car full of people that had been trying to drive away just to lift them up and stare at them through the windshield. They tried to open the doors, likely willing to jump rather than risk whatever the giant had planned for them. But the moment one of them got their door partially open the dragon simply clenched his fingers around the car a bit; just enough the sides bent and bowed inwards with a screech of metal so that the doors would jam and be unable to open. Once trapped the vehicle and its passengers found themselves tossed casually into his mouth like a piece of popcorn chicken only to be swallowed whole; car and all. The bulge traveling down his throat that time had been even more noticeable and even the giant had needed a bit of effort and an extra swallow or two to force the larger morsel down. But the effort had clearly been far more arousing than uncomfortable as the entire time the giant had been forcing the car down his throat one hand had been wrapped around the base of his enormous erection and shamelessly jerking himself off to the sensation.

But as much as the dragon was getting off to all the destruction he was imposing of the city he was careful not to push himself over the edge. Whether it be from trying to edge himself or simply wanting to drag things out no one knew. The giant purple dragon had yet to speak a single word to anyone. They knew he could talk as he had occasionally let out pleased or aroused words murmured to himself but never once did he address anyone in the city. It was as if they weren't even people

and he felt no more need to speak to any of them than anyone else would speaking to a colony of ants.

In a way, his self control was almost impressive in a threatening and terrifying kind of way. Even when he went as far as far as to do things like dump a handful of people on his raging erection, forcing them to try and cling to it's fleshy surface lest they slide off the sides or be thrown off by the jostling and bobbing each step he took caused in the pillar of meat, or actually did test his size against a bus and prove people's earlier assumptions he was careful not to let himself go over the edge. But the longer the giant kept himself from going past that edge the more aggressive and less 'careful' he got with the toys he perceived everyone and everything around him to be.

Tyler

At one point the giant beast made his way to one of the largest skyscrapers in town; one of the few buildings for miles that was bigger than the purple behemoth was. Rather than knock it down or mess with the people inside the dragon wrapped his arms around the metal and glass super-structure with surprising care. He was almost loving in his gentle embrace. Not that it stopped multiple stories of glass to shatter and metal beams to bend even from that light touch simply due to the sheer mass of the dragon and the not-entirely-controllable power that came with it. But then, just as it looked like the dragon might actually go as far as to kiss the front of the building like holding against and kissing a lover, he abruptly thrust his hips forward and buried every inch — to him at least, it would have been measured in yards by anyone else — of his enormous, pre-soaked ebony cock into the middle floors of the building and let out a snarl of raw lust so loud it cracked many of the windows he hadn't already damaged.

Tyler

The sensation of feeling his cock ramming through tons upon tons of steel I-beams, concrete, glass, plaster, and god-knows what other materials like they were barely even there was almost enough to set the dragon off unintentionally. He bit his lip hard enough that he almost drew blood as he stilled himself while still balls-deep in the super structure; giving himself a moment to draw back a bit from that edge. It didn't help he could still feel debris shifting and collapsing around his cock the whole time he was still. Not to mention more than a few times feeling

a few still-squirming or flailing bodies around his cock as they tried to avoid the collapsing floors around them. In fact, those sensations only made him teeter closer to that edge until the dragon was clenching so hard it was more sheer body-tension and force of will holding him from blasting his load through the remainder of the building and through the opposite side. His chest flared as he sucked in a sharp breath, almost whining with the desperate struggle to hold the building pressure back. But he knew he was too close. He was only a heartbeat away from unleashing a truly devastating flood of his load across the entire area of downtown-

“TYLER!”

The near-shout of his name snapped Tyler’s eyes open as consciousness slammed into him like a hammer to the back of a head. Looking around his room wild-eyed, it took Tyler a few seconds to calm his suddenly adrenaline-fueled heartbeat and recognize that he was in his bedroom. Confusion turning to a frustrated frown he glanced towards his closed door where he soon heard David knocking loudly for a fourth time.

“Come on, bro. You’re the one that told me to wake you up at seven today. Its almost ten past seven now; I’ve been trying to wake you up for ten minutes.” Tyler’s younger, but larger, brother called from the other side of the door. “Last chance before you’re on your own. I’ve got shit to do so I’m out of here in five.”

With that Tyler heard the heavy footsteps of his brother walking down the hall towards the kitchen. Despite remembering he had, in fact, asked for the wake up call Tyler couldn’t stop himself from grumbling incoherently under his breath in frustration. He’d been in the middle of an insanely vivid, and embarrassing arousing dream the his still half-asleep brain reflexively blamed David for interrupting. He was about to throw off the covers and get out of bed when his foggy thoughts finally registered the discomfort coming from below. Looking down he could see the almost comically obvious tent of his erection pushing up the blankets around his waistline. More embarrassing were anyone to see him in this state the top of that ‘tent’ was soaked all the way through with liquid in such a large wet-spot most people would expect it to have been the results of a wet dream.

Admittedly, Tyler was probably only a few steps away from that being true, but he knew all of that was just pre. Even if he hadn't been sure from his own experiences how 'leaky' he could get when really riled up like the dream had let him there would have been no way he could have still been THAT hard after getting off once already. Just thinking about it made his cock throb uncomfortably; almost painfully hard under the blankets. He knew there would be no hope of getting dressed to any level of decency with his body in this state. Even if he managed to fit in something and not show an obvious erection he was still leaking like a faucet and would leak through even heavy denim before long.

For the moment, still groggy as he was, Tyler couldn't even remember what he had wanted to be up so early for was. Without that pressing context, the five-foot-nothing overly-endowed purple dragon sunk back down onto his pillows and got comfortable once more. Tyler reached one arm towards his aching morning wood while he let his thoughts drift back to the increasingly fragmented bits and pieces of his vivid dream to gather together as much of them as he could. If the dream had been what got him in this state then he figured it was only right he use its memory to finish the job. When the fantastical, near-realistic sensations of his giant self smashing buildings like sandcastles and having bite-sized people all over his body at various points helped his now rapidly-stroking hand finally push him over the edge he came the hardest he could ever remember having done to that point in his life.

Tyler didn't even care he had made a horrible mess in his sheets and that he would have to wash them after he got up. He felt so satisfied basking in the afterglow of such a monumental orgasm that it had left him in near-seizure levels of bucking and body-wide spasming that nothing short of a fire breaking out in his room would have convinced him to rush himself back to reality. Unfortunately that only left his thoughts open to dwell on his extremely intense dream to the point he started getting hard within minutes despite his recent legendary orgasm. If this was any indication of how his train of thought was going to go this morning, Tyler decided he would go ahead and call this morning a wash right now so he could 'take care' of things. He wouldn't mind solidifying some of the memories from his dream a bit more fully for later use.

Even after he finally roused himself to get on with the rest of his day hours later Tyler felt little remorse for his 'wasted' morning. At least until he finally remembered what he had been originally supposed to wake up early today for. The moment he did a brief twinge of panic surged

through him followed by profound embarrassment at what he had been doing instead of that. It was going to take a good bit of wheedling and begging to have any hope of them cutting him a break.

“Fuck. I hope the professor lets me reschedule that exam... and doesn’t ask me why I missed it today.”

About Author

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If you ever have any questions about my work feel free to reach out!

Email: Thedragonien@gmail.com

