

Macro Tyler March #13

Written by Rain - Dragonien

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Content Warning: Macro, SFW, Wholesome

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Macro Tyler

March #13 -

Gentle



“Yo Tyler, over here!”

Fang’s shout drew the purple dragon’s attention towards a large clearing just within the boundary of the forest. It wasn’t necessary to call out to him as it would have been near impossible for even him to miss the four or five cars parked in the grassy field just outside the tree line. Despite that, Tyler found himself smiling to himself as he headed over.

“Oh lord, here we go.” Marcus sighed while rolling his eyes. He could already see David, Fang, Rick, and Jessica all sucking in breaths in preparation to greet the purple dragon.

“Up from the depths.” Rick began in a loud singsong.

“Fifty stories high.” Jessica excitedly followed.

“Really big as fuck.” Fang shouted with a wolfish grin.

“I have to live with that guy!” came David’s contribution.

“TYZILLA! TYZILLA” They all shouted at the top of their lungs.

For the chorus even Allison, Jason, and Marcus joined in with varying levels of enthusiasm; all of which were amused at the very least. They finished just as Tyler pushed his way through the few trees separating the field with the clearing. Despite the exacerbated sigh and roll of his eyes Tyler didn’t even bother trying to keep the smile off his face at their ridiculous greeting. His amusement turned to embarrassment when his tail, swishing behind him in an unconscious show of his happiness, slammed into one of the trees hard enough that a sharp CRACK came from the trunk. Everyone jumped on reflex at the sound but only started laughing when they looked past one of the dragon’s massive legs to see a tree trunk partially split apart and now leaning to one side.

“There it is! Tylerzilla has begun his rampage to wipe the poor city of bum-fuck-nowhere-unpopulated-forest city!” Jessica cheered with a bit of good-natured ribbing at Tyler’s expense.

“Careful or I might forget to watch where I’m sitting next time you come over.” Tyler shot back with a playful full of enough unspoken implication that Jessica’s fur fluffed out and her cheeks heated in a blush. “And for the record guys I’m fifty FEET tall not fifty stories. I’d probably be standing ON this entire clearing instead of just standing in it if I was that big.”

“That’s hot.”” Rick commented without a moment’s hesitation or reluctance.

“You would think so, size-queen.” Jason taunted.

“Keep it in your pants, Rick.” Marcus chastised with only a sliver of actual heat at the same time.

“I’d rather keep it in his pants along with the rest of me.” Rick replied again without any remorse or shame. “Although I think we all have seen and know by now there’s not really any extra room in there.”

Though his comment was meant as more a genuine flirtatious observation than joke it still elicited another laugh from the group. Despite no one in the group even being as tall as his knee regardless of many of their above average sizes Tyler still found himself flustered at the attention and teasing. Having grown big enough to see over the top of a four story building had done wonders for his self-confidence but that didn't make him any less of a somewhat awkward introvert that was.

Deciding not to engage with the bear's now-ubiquitous flirtations aimed in his direction Tyler carefully settled himself down on the far edge of the clearing from everyone else. Despite his fifty foot height making him loom over two stories tall even when sitting none of the group were intimidated by him. Even those that had been initially long since had moved past that after it became clear that he was the exact same Tyler he had always been. The only difference now was that his ass was now big enough to crush David's truck just by sitting on it. Even Marcus had gotten used to his new size and was no longer as visibly jealous or bitter.

"You brought it, right?" David finally asked of Tyler after the joking and banter had calmed down a couple of minutes later.

"Yes, yes I did." Tyler rolled his eyes. "So glad to be your delivery boy."

Tyler held out a hand and offered the large pseudo-spherical object he'd been clutching in one hand his entire walk out here. A brief whoop and cheer from the group made Tyler blush a bit; the now-giant dragon still a bit unused to such vocal praise and validation. Carefully he turned his hand around and set the massive cast-iron cauldron over the fire pit the group had already built while waiting for him.

Alison, mostly quiet up to this point, leaned forward with an excited look on her face. "Wow where did you even find an old thing like this?"

"Oh I know a guy who knows a guy. A guy that frequents the game shop has a friend that does really intricate cosplay stuff. Sometimes he even does professional booth work at conventions. A couple years ago he did some setup or another for some big mainstream fantasy novel about witches and dug up this big cast-iron cauldron to use for it. Went all bubble bubble toil and trouble filling it with dry ice and all that to make it smoke and fog. I just asked him to let me borrow it. He actually said we can keep it since it's such a pain to haul around. Thing's so heavy

you need like four guys or a forklift to get it up in a truck and thats with it empty.”

“Four guys, a forklift, or an over-sized nerd.” Fang quipped.

That earned another round of laughs from the group and even left Tyler smiling. He’d come to find Fang a lot less abrasive since his growth. Even more than Marcus, Tyler had expected Fang to be jealous or confrontation of his unexpected increase of scale. But, to his surprise, Fang had been one of the most supportive out of them all. He was still up his own ass almost 24/7 but without his significantly superior size grating on Tyler’s now rapidly-fading inferiority complex he’d come to recognize Fang was a lot more supportive and less demeaning than he’d realized. Despite his narcissistic demeanor Fang never actually talked down to anyone even when directly comparing sizes with them. It was always about his own impressive size using them as a measuring stick and more often than not included some praise or positive reinforcement for the one being compared than accusing them of being inferior to him. That didn’t make him any less of a pain in the ass but it did make him more bearable and even likable to a degree.

“Careful, Fang.” Tyler warned, his smile turning into a smirk. “Or this over-sized nerd will stuff be the one stuffing you in a locker.”

Impressed with the overgrown dragon’s increasing confidence, Fang laughed before countering with his own quip. “As if you could fit that fat ass of yours in the locker rooms.”

The group continued joking around and chatting for most of the afternoon. It was a simple, enjoyable Saturday afternoon spent together far from the the hustle and bustle of the city where they could all just hang out around a fire and enjoy each other’s company that several of them made a mental note to do more often. At one point they all got up and worked on preparing dinner for all of themselves.

Tyler and Jessica went together to fill the cauldron with water from a large nearby stream. Well, nearby for Tyler and his size’s impressive stride at least. Jessica wasn’t really needed nor of much use when he bent down to scoop the massive iron pot through the stream like a cup to fill it. But she was more than happy to take any opportunity for some alone time with the huge dragon. They had finally admitted their feelings for one another but were taking things slow for the time being. The last

thing Jessica wanted to do was overwhelm Tyler and scare him off when he was already dealing with adjusting to his new size on top of their confessions to one another. But just getting to spend time alone together even if it was just idle chatter was enjoyable for them both. Jessica getting to ride on the shoulder of her long-time crushed turned real life giant fantasy was just a bonus for her.

When they returned the others had several coolers open and their contents of vegetables and a few different types of meat laid out on across a pair of folding tables one of them had brought in their trucks. Several of them were working on chopping up the vegetables or sorting out other items at Allison's direction. Much to everyone's surprise Fang was an unexpectedly skilled cook who's food preparation skills and speed were second only to Allison's. When Tyler placed the cauldron back down over the fire pit Jason went to work lighting the fire while Marcus and Rick returned with the firewood they had been collecting to add to the pit.

In barely more than an hour after they had begun the group was again sitting around the now-lit fire watching the thick, delicious stew cooking in the cauldron and filling the clearing with its tantalizing scent. They continued chatting and laughing with one another while it finished cooking; beers and other various drinks appearing from one of the other coolers. When the stew was finally pronounced ready by the massive, heavysset T-Rex everyone crowded in for Allison to hand each of them a large bowl of the very well-received dinner they had concocted. Once everyone else had their servings Tyler used a couple of layered blankets folded over themselves as a pot holder and picked up the still mostly-full cauldron to use as his own bowl.

More than a couple of jokes were floated around about how Tyler was going to get fat after eating literally gallons of stew in one sitting. Their amusement and giggling only grew more prolific when the good-natured pouting of the giant dragon turned to embarrassment when he shifted his position and accidentally dropped his weight back down harder than he meant too. The impact of his ass and all of his weight it supported hitting the ground caused the whole clearing to shake ever so slightly. A joking chorus or two of 'FatassZilla' may have passed around the fire as might have a prod or two from a finger big enough to nearly knock any of the victims of his poke off their log seats and onto their backs.

As the night went on most of the group became increasingly drunk either on alcohol or the general atmosphere. In a couple of cases both. As the sky slowly lost its brightness with the threat of approaching dusk most of the group found themselves spread out across the clearing in various states of relaxation, drunkenness, or in Jason's case outright passed out. Allison and Marcus, both of which had been drinking nearly as much as Jason and looked close to passing out as well, had moved to sit next to each other and Marcus was somewhere between leaning against the massive, slightly chubby T-Rex and laying across one of her thick thighs. David and Fang, the two with the best alcohol tolerance out of them all, seemed only mildly tipsy despite how much they had drunk and were eagerly chatting amongst one another about the highlights of some football game or another they had played at the university recently.

Tyler, out of all of them, was the one closest to being completely sober. Even with the surprising forethought and thoughtfulness of Fang bringing an entire keg of beer just for him even that sheer quantity of alcohol hadn't been enough to give Tyler more than a moderate buzz. Which, in hindsight, was probably a good thing. A fifty foot tall drunken giant dragon was probably not the most advisable thing to subject on themselves. But he was tipsy enough that he have much concern for the awkward location of the other two with him.

Rick, only a bit less drunk than Allison and Marcus, was shamelessly snuggled up against one of Tyler's feet where the enlarged dragon had it propped upon it's side. The burly bear had his arms wrapped around it's middle as far as he could reach and he was rubbing the side of his head against the underside of Tyler's middle toe while muttering drunkenly under his breath too quiet for Tyler to catch more than the occasional out of context snippet of things like "so big", "warm", or "Step on me".

Jessica, on the other hand, was sitting on one of his thighs using his stomach as a backrest. Her head was tilted upwards to admire the mostly-clear skies and the stars shining along it's view. Once or twice she would tilt her head back further to look further up at Tyler's face looming almost two stories above her. Sometimes it was looking at the stars as well while other times she caught him looking down at her. For the latter he usually averted his attention as soon as he realized she had caught him. Those moments made Jessica giggle. She was a bit drunk as well but nowhere near the degree of any of the others that didn't weigh multiple tons. But she was more than drunk enough to eventually lay

down on her front and spread her arms and legs in an attempt to hug as much of Tyler's thick thigh as she could manage.

The giant purple dragon was about to say something to her, though even he wasn't sure if what would have come from his mouth would have been nervous, flirtatious, or an outright perverse invitation but he never got to find out. Just as he opened his mouth to speak he heard a soft snoring sound. Upon closer inspection he found that Jessica had fallen asleep within moments of laying down on his thigh. With a tiny pang of disappointment easily softened by amused affection, Tyler reached down to carefully pet down her back with one huge finger.

He still had a lot of things to get used to now that he was ten times his original size. But, for all the other troubles and difficulties it brought, Tyler couldn't help but be happy with how things had turned out. Looking around the clearing full of family and friends in varying states of consciousness the over-sized dragon found a smile tugging at his lips of it's own accord. It was a wonder what a bit of confidence could do for someone like him. The confidence coming packaged with being big enough to sit on a two story house like a stool was just a bonus. A bonus that Tyler wouldn't be complaining about anytime soon.

About Author

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

Email: Thedragonien@gmail.com

