

Macro Tyler March #14

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Content Warning: Micro, humiliation, Paw worship, Pretend

Non-con, Male Masterbation

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Macro Tyler March #14 - Humiliation



“Where do you think you’re going, runt?”

To Tyler he sounded the same he always did if maybe a bit more assertive in his tone. But to Rick the words sounded nothing like that undersized purple dragon he knew. Each word was far too loud and sounded like it were pitch shifted a half dozen octaves lower at minimum. The formerly slightly higher-than-normal pitched tones of the dragon had become a deep rolling rumble of thunder as if each syllable were the revving of a piece of heavy industrial equipment’s engine that happened to sound like words. Not that the burly tank of a bear was surprised. Rick would have been more surprised if Tyler’s voice DIDN’T boom around him now that he was only a couple of inches tall.

Rick was currently in the process of making a mad dash across the floor towards Tyler's door. For anyone else it would have been a half dozen steps at most but at Rick's size purple dragon's bedroom was bigger than two football fields put side by side! Even then, he could have handled the sprint from one end of the room to the other. He wasn't on the university football team just because he was big. But what he couldn't handle was a pursuer who could cross the same distance Rick covered in a full minute of sprinting with two to three earth-shaking footsteps. Which was why Rick barely made it thirty seconds into his run before a massive foot covered in smooth purple hide slammed down in front of him with enough force he lost his balance and half-fell half-ran right into it!

Rebounding from the impact, Rick was sprawling backwards to land roughly on his ass. When he regained his senses he looked ahead at the massive three-toed foot paw big enough to crush a bus with one step looming directly in front of him. Slowly the bear's head tilted back and let his gaze follow the towering pillar of flesh that was Tyler's leg then making an effort not to spend too much time looking at the obscenely huge outline of Tyler's enormous cock and balls straining the front of his bright green underwear. When he finally met Tyler's eyes, neck straining uncomfortably to look that high up, the dragon's lips split into a toothy grin.

"Some football player you are. Can't even make it halfway across the field before you're getting overtaken by some scrawny little runt." Tyler taunted, clearly enjoying the superiority Rick's minuscule size made him feel over the bear that otherwise would have towered over him and outweighed him by at least a half dozen times over. "But I'm sure we can find something else for a big, strong little shrimp like you to do now that you're too puny to play football anymore."

Rick swallowed nervously at the increasingly ominous tone in Tyler's words. It didn't help that the bear could see the bus-shaming outline of Tyler's dick visibly throb and plump up a bit thicker as he spoke. He wasn't just taunting the shrunken athlete, the dragon was actually getting aroused at Rick's predicament! That by itself was enough to make Rick sweat bullets. But it paled in comparison to what he faced next.

Without warning the enormous foot that had landed to block Rick's escape lifted up off the ground again. The shrunken ursine couldn't help but marvel briefly at how easily the 'giant' dragon could lift and move

around a limb that, to Rick's perspective at least, had to weigh at least a dozen tons if not more. His eyes widened at the realization he might get a more firsthand evaluation of that assessment than he wanted when said appendage moved in midair to hover directly over him; blocking his view of the rest of the dragon overhead.

The paw slammed down without ceremony or further taunting; knocking the air from Rick's lungs in an instant. Mercifully, he didn't wind up under the meatier middle of Tyler's foot where he would have been smothered or, even worse, the harder flesh of the dragon's heel that certainly would have crushed him instantly. Instead, he found his whole body from the neck down pinned under the balls of the dragon's foot with his comparatively minuscule head sticking out between two enormous purple digits. Digits that each were nearly the size of a small car!

The weight and pressure was overwhelming like nothing Rick had ever felt before. The flesh of Tyler's foot was soft and malleable enough to squish down and slightly conform around the shape of his body but still weighed so much that he had no hope of moving the wall of flesh bearing down on him the slightest inch. He wasn't just overpowered; unable to move something off of him even with his impressive strength like a too-heavy tree trunk had fallen on his legs and was too much for him to move. He couldn't even manage to brace himself and futilely exert his strength against the foot! It was less like he was trapped under something enormous as it was being buried from the neck down in an avalanche of unmoving, warm flesh.

The sheer weight atop him compressed the bear's chest and forced the air from his lungs in an explosive gasp when it first landed. When he struggled to refill them with fresh breath some part of Rick's mind became immensely grateful the dragon's self-care and hygiene was so good when he was first forced to breathe in the scent from between the dragon's toes. Even when clean enough Rick could catch whiffs of the fruity-scented body wash Tyler must use the dragon's natural scent radiated from his toe-crotch like a fog. It wasn't harsh or pungent like the smell of dried sweat or body odor, it was still incredibly strong. Strong enough that the first deep breath Rick drew in made his head swim.

"I'm not too heavy for you, am I big guy?" Tyler asked with mock concern. His voice was laced with mocking condescension when he called the bear big guy and Rick could see the dragon's cock throb

again in approval. "I figured a big strong guy like you wouldn't have any problem a little runt like me stepping on them."

Just to further taunt his captive, Tyler pushed his foot down a bit harder on his shrunken victim. Rick gasped again as the air was once more forced from his lungs for a few seconds before Tyler relaxed the pressure a bit to allow his lungs to inflate again. Tyler let out a soft sigh of satisfaction as he felt the bear's tiny body strain and creak under the weight of his foot. Being able to overwhelm someone who he had known for years as a walking tank was a high that the dragon had never even imagined existed until he felt it first-hand. He wondered if this was how all the big guys like his brother, Fang, and everyone else felt all the time. If they always felt this sense of raw, primal superiority over those physically inferior to them.

No, they didn't. Tyler was confident of that. Because they were just taller and more muscular than average. Sure, people like Fang could pick up normal sized people with one hand and carry them around like they weighed next to nothing. But that couldn't possibly compare to this. To hold absolute power over someone even as supposedly big as Rick was supposed to be just by stepping on them. What David and the others felt at their sizes was superiorly. But this? What Tyler was feeling right now? The only thing he could think to describe the feeling he felt with Rick underfoot as was godly.

"I'll make you a deal, little bear. How about you start putting that tongue to use down there and maybe, MAYBE, I'll let you up so we can have some more fun instead of just crushing you when I get bored." Tyler offered magnanimously; speaking as if he were offering his shrunken victim the greatest treasure in the world.

Even when Rick so small his head fit between Tyler's toes like a bead, he could just FEEL how frustrated and outraged Rick must be at such treatment. The sheer humiliation of not just being pinned so easily but then being told to LICK the foot that was doing it? It must have been agonizing for someone like Rick who was so used to being the big guy in just about every situation. All of which made it so much more deliciously enjoyable when Tyler felt the tiny tickle of wetness on the stretched skin-webbing at the base of his toe crotch.

With a contented sigh Tyler sat down on the floor; careful not to apply too much extra weight to the foot pinning Rick. The last thing he wanted

to do was damage the bear while they were being an obedient little toy. It wasn't long after he was comfortable that one of the dragon's hands found it's way between his legs to slowly squeeze and grope over his growing erection. The physical sensation of Rick's licking by itself was, while enjoyable, not very stimulating simple due to the size difference. But the idea behind it, the absolute sense of domination and superiority Tyler felt was one of the biggest turn ons in his life.

Less than a minute after the captive bear had started his licking Tyler was rock hard; forced to pull his dick out into the open over the waistband of his brightly colored boxer briefs when their constriction became too uncomfortable. There was no way that the ursine foot-toy between Tyler's toes couldn't hear the sound of Tyler's hand sliding up and down along his enormous cock; a mental image that made Rick blush despite the insane situation he found himself in. He had come to discover that Tyler, while undersized in basically every other area, had one part of him that was truly dragon sized. Hell, being only five feet tall made the nine inch monster of a cock hanging between his legs look even more enormous to the point it bordered on disproportionate. But thinking about how titanic that ebony rod must be to him now that he was a thirtieth of Tyler's size was way beyond intimidating and well into downright terrifying territory.

"Mmm..." Tyler growled in a lustful, draconic equivalent of a purr. "That's a good little toy... keep that up and you'll give me plenty of reason to keep you around."

The hand stroking along Tyler's dick was soon joined by his other as his lust grew. He was already leaking a substantial amount of pre in a near-constant dribble at this point. The clear, musky liquid soaked his hands and slickened the length of his shaft to add a wet squelching sound to his self-pleasure each time he stroked his length. When the dragon tilted his head back and let his eyes partially closed his mind wandered to increasingly erotic daydreams that further fed his build towards release.

He imagined himself looming over the neighborhood while sitting on the crushed remains of his home. Rick was still pinned under his foot but no longer shrunk. Instead, Tyler had grown enough to maintain the same proportions to Rick he had now. His fingers squeezed around his base when the dragon imagined his tail casually sweeping through a neighbors house and demolishing it like a sand castle. He panted audibly when he thought about feeling David's truck crumpling under his

unoccupied foot like it were made of tin foil. The frantic, needy pulsation of his heartbeat up and down his immense length of cock quickened to the point he felt the pressure of orgasm building when he imagined David trapped under his hefty nuts the same way Rick was under his foot; so overwhelmed just by the size of Tyler's scrotum that he couldn't do more than squirm. He didn't have any sexual interest in his brother but the raw sense of domination that mental image brought from putting his brother in their place in such a humiliating fashion was a different kind of sexual desire entirely.

Feeling himself reaching the point of no return Tyler abruptly lifted his foot from Rick and momentarily freed them. It took a couple of seconds for the musk-drunk bear to regain their senses after having spent so long with their nose basically stuffed between Tyler's toes. When he did finally regain his senses, helped along by several small quakes of varying intensity around him, he looked up to the shape filling his sky. What he saw effectively fried Rick's brain; leaving him so overwhelmed he just sat there on his knees without even seeming to realize his own raging erection was painting the ground in front of him with a hands-free orgasm. The overloaded bear stared, frozen up at the view of Tyler's massive body down on all fours and filling the sky above Rick. But that was only a secondary detail. What had left the shrunken ursine so stunned was the sight and sound of Tyler's monstrous cock pointing in his direction like a canon aimed and ready to fire while his captor frantically jerked himself off right on the edge of release.

"Hope you.. Rrrf... Hope you can fucking swim, bug...try not to drown because I'm going to... to-oh FUCK-" Tyler panted with undisguised lust that made every word a near-feral snarl until he finally reached his peak and came.

Tyler watched underneath him as his first cumshot exploded from his tip and splattered against the floor like a brief jet from a super-soaker. Rick and been lucky enough for Tyler's aim to be off so the payload of dragon jizz splashed across the ground just behind where he sat frozen. Tyler just barely managed to adjust his aim and hold it steady while the rest of his body twitched and spasmed with the overload of sensation from his orgasm. Thanks to that the second shot hit Rick head on.

The blast of cum was like getting shot with the stream from a full-pressure fire hose for the shrunken bear. The initial impact actually sent him sprawling backwards like an opposing football player had

tackled him! Broken from his stupor by the impact, flailed and coughed as the remainder of that shot splattered across him like someone had just upended a five gallon bucket of liquid over him. Then came another short, then another after that. It was some small mercy for Rick that the next several payloads of the giant dragon's jizz didn't hit him head on but that didn't stop them from splattering all around him and continuing to soak him further as the thick, white liquid pooled around him in an increasingly deep puddle.

When Tyler's orgasm finally tapered down to a trickle he fell to one side in an exhausted heap. His chest heaved as he struggled to catch his breath even as the dragon basked in the blissful afterglow of what was likely one of his most intense orgasms to date. The impact caused a violent earthquake for the diminished bear; enough to make him jolt upright from where he had been sprawled out in the huge, goopy puddle of cum that could have filled a hot tub a few times over from his scale.

Turning his head, Rick stared up at the wall stretching off into the distance in either direction that was Tyler's body. Laying on his side facing the bear he had just near-drowned in cum, Rick had a perfect view both of Tyler's spent but still partially-hard cock draped across the floor in front of his hips and their massive head as they dreamily looked down at him. When he noticed the dragon's attention rather than fear or dread Rick felt a surge of embarrassment when he thought about what he must look like to Tyler.

"Have fun?" Tyler asked. His voice was much softer now, both in volume and in tone. All of the aggressive, malicious eagerness had vanished from his voice and left in its place a mix of utter bliss and a tiny splash of concern. "I wasn't too rough, was I? Was kinda worried especially when I was pressing down on you kinda hard. I wasn't sure if you'd even be able to say the safeword if I was pushing down too hard."

Rick hesitated briefly. The bear glanced down at his cum-soaked self and realizing he had already gotten off again as well. He could only assume it happened sometime during the flash-flood of Tyler's load threatening to wash him away. Just thinking about seeing the leviathan that was Tyler's cock blasting him with jizz like a water canon made the bear's cheeks flush even warmer.

"Holy shit no, not at all." Rick finally answered when he looked back up at the dragon. His voice was a bit subdued as if he were struggling to

figure out what to say. "Like... fuck, big guy. You were damned believable there though. Especially when you had me underfoot. And what you did to me at the end there?" Rick paused, visibly shivering in delight from the memory. "I think I'm going to be hearing your voice in my head when I'm with someone else for a while now. Fuck, you are a fucking amazing giant."

Blushing at the bear's increasingly-gushing praise, Tyler tried not to draw attention to his dick starting to get hard again from Rick's words. But he should have known that there was no way the bear wouldn't notice when the thing was big enough to tear apart a bus like a too-small condom.

"And I can clearly see you like being the giant too, don't you?" Rick accused with a lurid grin. When Tyler couldn't muster a response besides blushing even as his dick hardened further in response to the accusation Rick snorted in amusement. "How the fuck can you just flip a switch like that and go from the guy I could totally believe would crush me under that land mass you call a dick to this shy, easy to fluster mess?"

Huffing in frustration, Tyler couldn't deny Rick's accusation. But that didn't mean he had to like it. "Careful, Rick. You're still toy-sized. Still small enough for even a shy, easy to fluster mess to drop you down his pants and leave you buried under his nuts all afternoon." The dragon challenged.

"Don't threaten me with a good time, big guy." Rick shot back with a grin. "I might take you up on it. Although something tells me you wouldn't fit in those underwear for very long with how easy it apparently is to get you worked up." He added while gesturing to Tyler's once more rock hard and throbbing erection. "Is getting to dominate the big, bad bear and put them in his place really that much of a turn on for you?"

"Shush. I am not." Tyler chastised. Despite his denial he made no attempt to hide it as one of his hands reached down to grip the middle of his shaft and idly start stroking along its length. The movement definitely caught Rick's attention and much of the bear's bluster melted as he watched the runt-turned-titan lazily jerk off his monster cock. "But, completely unrelated to what you just said, I'm suddenly in the mood to go again."

Suddenly Tyler's voice regained some of the aggressive, domineering tone it'd contained before. Rick's spine straightened and his own cock twitched as the low thunder of 'in charge' Tyler's voice rumbled around him.

"C'mere, Toy. It's time for round two..."

About Author

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