

Macro Tyler March #16

Written by Rain - Dragonien

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Content Warning: Micro, Shrinking, Bullying, Implied Bulge

Entrapment

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Macro Tyler March #16 - sports



“Yo there he is. Hey, short stuff! C’mere we need one more for our pick-up game!”

Tyler perked at the shout even as his lips twisted in into a frown at the choice of words. He knew damn well they were talking about him and also knew how much he hated being called that. Sure enough when he turned towards the source of the voice the dragon immediately spotted the trio of velociraptors known as the Bluestone triplets.

As their colloquial name would suggest the trio of saurians all looked not just alike but completely identical. All three were tall for raptors at 6’6” and, while not outright beefy, had impressive amounts of athletic muscle visible through their various clothing. In fact, their clothes were the only way to tell the three of them apart. Not that their particular

clothing let you pick out Jeff, James, or Jared specifically it just let you differentiate them in general. Like usual, the trio were hanging out at the basketball court in the local park Tyler frequently passed when walking around the neighborhood. Also like usual they were looking for an opportunity to rope Tyler into one of their games to mess with him and puff themselves up.

The two guys Tyler saw standing next to the trio were a tiger a few inches shorter than them with a swimmer's build and a surprisingly muscular cheetah half a foot taller than the trio. Neither Tyler knew by name or reputation but he vaguely remembered seeing them around occasionally. He was pretty sure the tiger went to the university but that was the extent of his knowledge of him.

"Wait. That's the guy you said you could get for our side? Dude, look at him the guys like four feet tall." The cheetah complained as if Tyler weren't in earshot.

"Five feet, actually." One of the raptors spoke up. Though his words were defending Tyler his tone of voice clearly made the defense mocking rather than genuine.

The tiger looked immediately uncomfortable with the situation and quickly nudged the tiger with an elbow. "C'mon dude, don't be a dick hes literally standing right there."

For his part the Cheetah was decent enough to look a bit ashamed when the tiger's chastisement made him realize how what he said sounded. Turning towards Tyler he muttered a mumbled "Sorry..." before he returned to glaring at the raptors.

"Oh don't worry about it." Another one of the trio reassured. "He's played with us lots of times so he's got the skills to make up for it." Then he made a show of leaning around the cheetah to make eye contact with Tyler. "Ain't that right, short stuff?"

Clenching his teeth, Tyler brutally beat down a fresh wave of indignation that boiled up in his chest. The assholes always did this to him. He was pretty sure it was them trying to convince themselves they were than they were. The trio were pretty high on the bell curve of size for their species which was impressive in it's own right. But considering the town they lived in and the university they attended where people

like Fang, David, Marcus and the others also attended it was hard for them to feel, much less be seen as, the big raptors they otherwise were. Since they couldn't spontaneously make themselves tall enough to match their egos they instead chose to use The smallest guy they knew as a comparison piece. Which, of course, wound up being Tyler.

But Today was different. Tyler realized that and rather than struggling to not start yelling at them he was struggling to suppress a borderline malicious grin from occupying his muzzle. Unconsciously one of the dragon's hands reached down to feel over the outline in his left pocket as if reassuring himself it was still there. Thinking back on the shitty way the trio had treated him for almost a year now Tyler was suddenly very much in the mood for a game of basketball.

"You know what? Sure, I'm in." He finally answered much to the trio's surprise.

In short order Tyler was standing on the left flank of his team's lineup with the tiger, who he now knew was named Sun, and the Cheetah who had insisted they just call him Spots. Despite their initial confusion at his willingness to go along with them the trio of raptors hadn't hesitated to take their spot across from them on the court. Neither did any of them fail to show the same predatory grins on their faces they always wore right before humiliating Tyler in front of others. As much as Tyler was eager to finally see them get some just desserts he was too nice not to give them at least one chance to avoid what was coming.

"Let's go a little easy today, agreed? You were a bit too rough last time. It's basketball not Rugby. Let's just keep it friendly." Tyler said as the last time he would offer them an olive branch.

"Yea sure." One said dismissively.

"Whatever." The one on the right followed, equally as non-committal as the first.

"We'll be as gentle as we need to be." The last of the three spoke up with more challenge than sincerity in their voice.

Tyler rolled his eyes at the expected response. Well, no one could say he hadn't given them a last chance.

The game went exactly as it usually did for the first few minutes. The triplets played it casual despite the aggression of Sun and Spots. Tyler did his part but wasn't going out of his way to put any real energy into chasing after the much larger guys around him. His teammates seemed to take this reluctance to aggressively pursue the ball as signaling them to get him the ball. Tyler was a lot smaller than they were and despite being surprisingly agile the size difference still made it difficult for him to keep up with the larger guys. So, reasonably, his teammates expected whatever skills he had to focus on other things than movement and aggressive offense like shooting.

When Spots was able to knock the ball from one of the trio's hands Sun dashed in to claim it. An instant later the ball was tossed to Tyler who had already had hopped back towards the 3-point line. Taking aim, he was just about to take his shot a runaway bus slammed into him and sent him sprawling. Or at least that's what it felt like to the undersized purple dragon.

"Whoops, sorry man." One of the raptor's apologized just barely shy of being blatantly antagonistic. "Tripped at the last second and went flying while coming after you. My bad."

Wincing, Tyler babied his left arm, the one he had landed on, as he moved it around to be sure it was just bruised and not broken. A blurry figure that Tyler figured was another of the trio approached from the side. He couldn't be sure since his glasses had flown off during the impact. When they got close enough he could make them out he saw it was in fact one of the triplets helpfully offering him his glasses. That's what they lead people to believe. But the raptor was holding the glasses by one lens; thumb not just gripping the glass but intentionally rubbing back and forth to smear them as much as possible before Tyler could take them.

That breach of the unspoken glasses code was the last straw for him. It might seem like not a big deal and a petty thing to get upset over but anyone that has ever needed to wear glasses will understand how egregious what they had done was. Bodily oils were a pain in the ass to clean off without proper glasses cleaner and microfiber clothes. Despite his simmering anger, Tyler clenched his teeth and tried to hide it. From the grins on the three saurians face he wasn't entirely successful.

This time when they started to line up Tyler made a point to take center position. It was the trio's turn to start with the ball this time so Tyler picked it up and stared his opponent down. Just when their glaring contest was getting to the point someone was about to speak up Tyler abruptly tossed the ball to the raptor in front of him. Before the guy even had a chance to dribble the ball everything went green.

Blinded by the unexpected flash of light then stumbling about trying to keep their balance amidst a wave of dizziness all of them save for two of the raptors wound up flat on their asses. The two that did manage to stay upright didn't maintain their upright position for long before they, too, went sprawling. However, what sent them to the ground wasn't their disorientation. It was the deafening, earthshaking impact of a sandal-clad foot bigger than a bus slamming down less than a dozen feet away from the group.

"Whoops, sorry man." Mocked the vaguely familiar booming thunder that the five soon recognized as Tyler's voice. "Does this count as a foul?"

All five of their heads had snapped towards the foot when it slammed into the ground. Now that they recognized what it was all five of them slowly tilted their heads, eyes growing wider by the second, as they followed the leg it was attached to up to the gigantic visage of Tyler squatting down in front of them. From their perspective the runt of a dragon now looked to be nearly three hundred feet tall. None of them would even be quite as tall as his ankle were they standing!

Sun just sat there, arms behind him to prop up his torso as he stared in silent disbelief and awe at the now-titanic dragon looming over them. Spots managed to get to his feet and back up a few steps but otherwise remained still. They were surprisingly calm about the situation in comparison to the trio of velociraptors. All three of them were in various stages of extreme panic. One of them was scrambling backwards on all fours in an awkward crab walk trying to get further away from Tyler. Another was just staring up at him repeating "holy shit holy shit" under his breath over and over. But it was the third one that caught Tyler's attention the most. He was the one that started running.

He didn't even seem to know where he was going. From his perspective it looked like he was in the middle of one of those gigantic parking lots that could go on for a mile or more at big amusement parks just without the parking spaces painted on the ground. He only vaguely

recognized a gigantic shape in the distance that looked like a tree-trunk at first but eventually he recognized as the basketball hoop's pole. Even in his panicked state he registered what that meant. Tyler wasn't huge. They had shrunk.

Unfortunately, at his two inch height even moving at a dead run was laughably slow to Tyler. All it took was two steps to not only catch up to him but get ahead enough to slam his foot down in the raptor's path. The moment the saurian slammed into his gigantic shoe and rebounded back onto his ass massive purple fingers thicker than tree trunks scooped him up. A single step back towards the other and the other two raptors were unceremoniously snatched as well. But then when it came to Sun and Spots while they were still picked up by Tyler he showed a visible, if not particularly reassuring, extra amount of care with them. Within moments all five were sprawled out in his open palms being held up in front of his, to them, billboard-sized face.

"I even gave you a chance to not be raging assholes for once and you still couldn't help yourself." Tyler growled at the triplets. He did little to soften his voice so each word thundered out so loud with their proximity to his face that it left all five of their ears ringing. "Sucks to be you that today was the day I had the means to do something about it. Always acting like douche bags and humiliating me to make yourselves feel big and important. Where look where it got you all, RUNTS."

The last word Tyler snarled with undisguised venom in an elevated voice so loud they all had to cover their ears in pain from the volume. When Tyler settled down again he separated his hands; leaving the raptors in one and lowering the other that held Sun and Spots closer to chest height.

"I guess I can't fault you for being shocked and confused. Hell, I wouldn't have believed an actual functioning shrink ray was real if I hadn't actually found and tested one today. Though you all were the first time I tried it on a person. As far as I can tell it didn't cause any damage... It just reduced you to a more fitting size. Experiment success, I guess."

"Wh-What are you going to do to us?" One of the raptors shouted after gathering enough courage to speak to the giant. It was particularly hard when they were held at a level that each time Tyler spoke his mouth opened and showed the massive, fang-lined cavern of his mouth to all three of them. More than big enough to swallow all three whole.

“Y-Yea! You can’t just leave us like this!” Another shouted, encouraged by his brother’s willingness to talk back.

“You better turn us back, or else-“ The last one started to say but never got a chance to finish.

Tyler’s thumb abruptly shoved the raptor onto his back and pinned him under it’s thumb pad. The other two watched in horror as the dragon so effortlessly overpower then subdued their sibling with a single finger. Worse still, the trapped saurian was gasping and squirming; struggling to breath with how hard Tyler’s thumb was pushing down on him.

“Or else what? What are you going to do? And don’t expect anyone to come looking. If you go missing do you think anyone is going to even consider the idea that you were magically shrunk to the size of a bug and were taken away?” Tyler mocked. The dragon paused for a moment, giving a self-conscious look around to ensure no one was close enough to see him or hear what he was saying. Then he turned his attention back to his shrunk captives. “Nope. You’re all mine for as long as I want you around. And when I don’t want you around anymore... well, lets just say I intend to ensure that no one ever finds you when I’m done with you.”

Suddenly Tyler lifted the other hand back up, bringing the tiger and cheetah up to his face again. For an instant he looked almost apologetically at the two. But then his expression hardened again. But the look on his face wasn’t outraged and vindictive when he looked at Sun and Spots it was simply determined.

“As for you two. Sorry you both kinda got roped into this. Even if you were kind of a dick before.” Tyler stopped and gave an accusing stare towards the cheetah who immediately scrambled a bit further back from Tyler’s face. At least, as far as he could get while in the dragon’s palm. “But honestly I’m not too upset about it. Not when I’ve got these three finally about to get some just desserts.”

His words were genuinely apologetic. It gave the pair a flicker of hope that whatever was about to happen to the three saurian assholes wouldn’t be happening to them. That Tyler would just turn them back to normal and let them go. Unfortunately those hopes were quickly dashed.

"I can't just let you go. You've seen to much, sorry. Wrong place and wrong time. But I'm sure I can make this at least somewhat comfortable for you. But you both are going to be coming back with me and these three dicks."

Suddenly Tyler's head snapped up as something occurred to him. The shrunken people in his hands could practically see the light bulb turn on over the dragon's head. But the wicked grin that quickly spread across his face immediately made them all concerned as to what was about to happen.

"I think I know just what to do with you all." Turning to Sun and Spots he tried to smile reassuringly. "I'll try to make you at least passably comfortable in my pocket till we get back to my place." Then he turned his attention to the Bluestone siblings and the malicious grin returned. "As for you three. You've been real dicks to me as long as I've known you. So I think it's only proper you ride along in the same place the other dicks do."

The tiger and cheetah watched with wide eyes as Tyler's fist closed around the three then moved towards his waist. Careful not to drop them the dragon wiggled his knuckles against his pants waistband got his hand through and dropped the three raptors inside. When his hand came back out relieved of the three saurian bullies Spots and Sun could only gape at what their captor had done.

Then it was the tiger and cheetah's turn. Though Tyler was a lot more gentle with them it was still a jarring experience to be stuffed into the pocket of a giant's jeans. Left to their own devices while feeling Tyler's massive leg moving back and forth against one 'wall' of the pocket with each step he took the two turned towards one another.

"Did you see what he did to them?" Sun asked, amazed.

"Yea." Spots replied. He didn't exactly sound scared but was definitely less enthusiastic than his companion. "What the hell are we going to do about him? What is he going to do with us?"

But Sun didn't seem to be listening. He was full on rambling aloud to himself.

“That was crazy he just like and then we were tiny then he just but they couldn’t then he just put them in oh my god that was hot. Spots why did I find that hot?!”

All the cheetah could do is sigh and roll his eyes. So much for his weekend plans.

About Author

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Email: Thedragonien@gmail.com

