

Macro Tyler

March #18

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Content Warning: Micro, Shrinking, Bulge Entrapment, Sizeplay,

M/f

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March #18 - Balls



Darkness. That was all Tera could see even with her enhanced feline night vision. It wasn't because it was really that absolute pitch black around her either. This darkness came from the same source of the overwhelming weight covering her head to toe and pressing her down mercilessly between it's mass. If the ground beneath her hadn't been elastic enough to stretch and spread out some of the weight the lioness hadn't been sure that she could have actually survived under the immense mass bearing down on her for long. But, as insane as it might have sounded to anyone else, the smothered female lion couldn't have been happier than she was at that moment. Even as the overwhelming pressure of the semi-malleable tonnage covering her from head to toe bore down on her and threatened to overload her senses with it's powerful, mind-numbing scent, There was only one thought that consistently maintained a place in her mind.

God, his balls are just so god damn BIG.

It was taking a valiant effort for Tyler not to get hard. He wasn't exactly ashamed of his manhood. If anything it was the one part of his body that he was the most proud of. This was primarily because of the fact that it was the one part of him the undersized five-foot-nothing purple dragon felt was properly dragon sized. But just because he took pride in that one redeeming element of his otherwise slender, short body didn't mean he wanted to walk around in public with an erection. It didn't matter how baggy his clothes were. If he popped a boner right there anyone that gave him even a passing glance would see it. But the shrunken six inch tall lioness squirming and wriggling around where his boxer briefs held her pinned under his balls was making his struggle incredibly difficult.

As the dragon walked as fast as he could without drawing attention to himself he thought back on the absurd series of events that had led to him having a beautiful, athletic, amazonian apex predator imprisoned within his underwear. He had been eagerly following around one of the assholes that had picked on him endlessly when he was still in high schools after spotting them in the mall. The impressively tall, athletically built rabbit had never failed to laugh at Tyler's diminutive height in public where it would draw the attention of everyone nearby. From the way he had seen the rabbit acting around the people he recognized in the mall he clearly hadn't changed much.

It had been almost laughably easy for Tyler to lure him out one of the exits leading to the dumpster area behind the mall. All he had to do was stand somewhere that the rabbit could see him. The moment they recognized him the rabbit had eagerly followed him outside. They pulled the same 'long time no see' false-friendly card that may as well have been a stereotype at this point on Tyler trying to get him to lower his guard. But whatever they had intended to do with him they never got the chance. The recently acquired shrink ray the purple dragon had recently come into possession of was drawn and fired before the rabbit could even shout in alarm.

Unfortunately, right as the ray had fired and started the rapid reduction of the bully's height another door opened to reveal a towering, jaw-droppingly attractive lioness stepping outside with a cigarette in hand clearly not expecting anyone else to be outside while she had a brief smoke. One thing led to another until eventually the lioness was reduced to only six inches tall and snatched up before she could try and run. As much as Tyler didn't want to drag others into things like this unnecessarily he was too cautious to risk witnesses seeing him using

what should by all assumptions be a fictitious science-fiction weapon that couldn't possibly be real.

The bully had been dropped in one of Tyler's shoes for 'safekeeping' with little thought but she posed another problem. While Tyler had no intention of growing her back after what she had seen he also didn't have any desire to torment her unnecessarily. So imagine Tyler's surprise when she, prompted by the dragon's out-loud musings on what to do with her, was the one that had not just asked but actually insisted that he put her where she currently was. It had been her idea to wind up buried under his scrotum, not his.

When he finally arrived at his house it was only after he was secure behind the closed and locked door of his bedroom that the tension in his body finally relaxed. Well, most of it at least. Despite his best efforts the lioness's constant squirming and even what he was pretty sure had been nibbling or licking at one point, had encouraged him to a half-chub that shown clearly through his pants. Now that he felt comfortably alone hidden away in his room Tyler reached down without thinking to fondle himself through his pants in response to the growing urge to take care of his prominent sexual frustration.

The dragon only got as far as the first gentle squeeze around the underside of his junk's outline before his hand froze. The unfamiliar outline of something long acquaintance with his own genitalia assured him was not supposed to be there reminded him that he wasn't, in fact, alone. Blushing hotly, Tyler quickly kicked his clothes off until he was in nothing but his boxer briefs when he sat down on the floor. Spreading his legs a bit to give his hefty junk more space Tyler then reached down to gently pull open the front of his waistband and glance inside to check on the lioness.

Tyler's first assessment was that she looked drunk. When he pulled his underwear open enough that her upper body was no longer pinned between the fabric and his scrotum she blinked stupidly at the suddenly bright light then started looking around with dazed, unfocused eyes. Carefully, both in an attempt to not hurt her and to try avoiding further rousing the 'leviathan' that she had been trapped with, Tyler scooped her out of his underwear and set her down between his legs. Once free of the over-exposure to his scent it only took her about a minute to finally regain some of her sense.

“Wha...” She mumbled stupidly in a voice that was adorably high-pitched to Tyler. When she glanced at the purple ‘walls’ to either side of her then finally got the idea to look up her eyes went wide. But, once again, Tyler found himself shocked by her actions when she immediately became excited instead of scared. “Oh my god, It was real! I thought I had just been hallucinating or this was just some insane dream! Look at you, you’re huge!” she gushed excitedly. Then, after pausing for a moment, her eyes trailed down from his face, across his slender, minimally-defined upper body, then settled on the obscenely large outline of his junk stretching out the pouch of his boxer briefs. “Oh wow... you’re not just huge. you’re HUGE...”

Though the word she used was the same the way her voice had turned from excited to sultry and flirtatious made it obvious even to someone a bit oblivious to this kind of thing like Tyler what she was talking about. Despite being literally ten times her size, he still felt a bit embarrassed at that kind of attention. Tyler briefly looked away in an attempt to hide his blush only to have his head snap back down towards her when he felt her press herself bodily against the front of his crotch-bulge.

“Sorry... I bet it’s weirding you out that I’m not weirded out by this.” She purred distractedly. Her explanation was clearly meant for him but the shrunken lioness spoke as if conversing with him was only an afterthought compared to her slow but increasingly energetic grind against his junk. “Let’s just say I’ve been here before... I used to be big bitch on the block. Still am, to be honest. But then I met this wonderful man that was the first person I’d met in my adult life willing to stand up to and challenge me even though he was two feet shorter than me. But when we got back to his place I didn’t stay two feet taller than me..”

Tera paused her monologue as a visible shiver of raw lust shook her body, which Tyler was suddenly hyper-aware, was completely naked since her clothes didn’t shrink with her, and urged her to press harder against his crotch. The longer she talked the more sexually charged her voice got and the more turned on Tyler became.

“I still don’t how he did it.” She eventually resumed explaining. Though she did briefly pause to shudder in desire once again when she looked up and saw the now rock-hard erection stretching Tyler’s underwear out so far that she could barely see around it and up to the dragon’s face. “But he made me tiny. So fucking tiny. Even smaller than this. At one point I was so small that walking across his furry stomach was like wading through

chest-high grass. But when I woke up the next morning I was back to normal and he was gone. I never found him again but ever since that night I've craved for this to happen again. To be brought low by someone and taken for their own. When I saw you outside the mall I felt like it was a sign from the universe."

Tyler was chewing his lip at this point trying to suppress the sounds of lusty growl mixed with a needy whine that was trying to force it's way up his throat. When she noticed this her expression turned predatory in a way that was somehow unnerving despite being small enough that Tyler's dick could crush her. "It's a bonus that the one who could make this dream come true for me again is also someone so attractive and... big."

Unable to help himself anymore Tyler reached down to half-shove and half-swat Tera away from his junk a bit more forcefully than he intended to. Not that she seemed to mind. As soon as he did he squirmed and struggled to pull his underwear off while still sitting then carelessly tossing them behind him. Now completely naked the dragon resumed his previous position with his legs spread wide to Tera's sides. He was gratified to see that her eyes were wide and her thighs were squeezing together as she stared up at the gigantic ebony-colored dick sticking out over her head that was half again her six inch height and his two enormous balls that looked nearly as big as Volkswagen beetles from her perspective.

After only a few moments of hesitation and staring, the little lioness all-but threw herself at his junk. She crashed into his massive scrotum with move somewhere between a flop and a tackle. Her face buried itself eagerly into the supple flesh surrounding his testicles and this time Tyler was sure he felt her tongue at work. Already so turned on he was starting to leak pre onto the floor, Tyler couldn't resist the urge to reach down and start stroking himself.

Tyler was surprised how stimulating it was to feel the little doll-sized woman grinding herself into his balls was. Each squirm, wiggle, or kiss she gave to the thick flesh sent a tingle up from his balls and through his shaft. When he leaned to the side and glanced down to look at her past his erection he found Tera's tail swishing behind her so adorably fast it was almost like a dog wagging it's tail excitedly. Feeling a surge of confidence both from their relative sizes and his building lust he decided to escalate things a bit.

With one hand still stroking along his near-disproportionately large cock his other lowered down and tenderly scooped the underside of his scrotum up into his fingers. In the process Tera was lifted up along with it and soon found herself being smothered against his nut sac again; this time by his palm instead of his underwear. He didn't even bother to try and repress the sound this time when a low, lustful growl rolled up from his throat as he worked himself. One hand gripped around as much of his own intimidating girth as it could manage on its own and rapidly slid up and down the upper-half of his huge dick. At the same time the other was gently squeezing and kneading his own balls while grinding the shrunken woman into them in the process.

It didn't take much of this to push him over the edge. Clenching his jaw, Tyler's lips pulled back to expose his fangs and he let out a low, throaty snarl of raw lust as he reached orgasm. The hand holding Tera released her an instant before so it could join the dragon's other hand on his cock. She fell onto the floor in front of his nuts with an undignified grunt; regaining her senses just in time to look up and stare in awe as the 'giant' dragon's cock erupted like a volcano.

To her it looked like a literal canon. Each powerful throbbing flex of his inner muscles forcing up his next cumshot made the giant's body shudder as what to Tera had to be the equivalent of nearly a bathtub's worth of cum exploded from him and shot off into the 'distance' near his feet or even beyond. Spasm after spasm splattered the hardwood floor in front of Tyler with enough cum that it was impressive even considering the proportions of his junk. But just because she was under the 'overhang' of his cock didn't mean she was safe. Thick dribbles of the dragon's seed that got left behind by each eruption ran down the underside of his cock and rained down around her like someone dropping sex-scented water balloons. By the time his release finally tapered off her fur was soaked almost all the way through by sticky white cum which left her feeling a dozen pounds heavier at least.

When he finally recovered from the explosive release and the blissful afterglow, Tyler sluggishly leaned forward and nudged his softening, but still half-hard, dick out of the way to see where Tera was sprawled out on her back. At some point during his natural-disaster of an orgasm she had gotten off as well but had been so overwhelmed by everything going on around her she barely noticed. Once again, Tyler tenderly scooped her up in his fingers and lifted her near face level with him.

"I... I guess you'll be wanting me to return you back to normal size soon?" he asked, still noticeably panting a bit to catch his breath. He wasn't even sure why he offered or why he seemed to suddenly not be worried about her ratting him out. What shocked him even more was that her response made the concern moot.

"No." She said in her equally breathless voice. "Not unless you want to. I'm perfectly happy to stay like this." She paused as if considering for a moment before adding with a predatory grin that probably would have been very intimidating if she hadn't been the size of an action figure. "As long as you treat me as a lady such as myself deserves to be treated. I expect a proper doll-house at the very least. Don't you dare try sticking me in a hamster cage. And I'll need a new wardrobe, of course. As attractive as we both know I am, there are many ways to be attractive beyond 'here look at my tits' nakedness. I wouldn't want to start boring you, would I?"

Tyler couldn't suppress a snort of amusement at her suddenly-demanding words. Particularly when the things she was demanding were things like a doll-house and doll clothes. "I mean, you're sure?" Tyler asked despite the part of him practically throwing a party in his mind imagining having a beautiful, sophisticated woman like this not even as a girlfriend but as a... pet? Toy? Labels could come later.

"I mean again, if you'd rather return me to normal I'm fine with that." She answered honestly. Then, for a moment she let her haughty, confident expression turn into a lurid smirk. "I'm sure I can find plenty of ways to thank you for your magnanimous decision at my usual size as well. But though you might not believe me I am perfectly OK with remaining this size with you indefinitely." Tera returned to the authoritative tone of voice that reminded Tyler of a queen giving royal degrees and continued. "BUT. I am not a pet, and I am not an inanimate toy. I am yours but I expect to be cared for and tended to when necessary. In exchange, you will receive the same from me. I won't have you getting rough with me." Then that lurid smile snuck back onto her face. "Not TOO rough, anyway..."

As amazing as that sounded Tyler suddenly felt hesitant. What she was describing sounded a lot like...

“Um... I’m not sure how to say this.” Tyler started hesitantly. But the longer he spoke the faster his words came until he was practically babbling to himself as much as speaking to her. “I Kinda... already have a girlfriend? I mean I want to, but we’re not like a thing yet but I plan to be as soon as I ask her out I mean assuming she says yes I’m pretty sure she’ll say yes if I can just say it right but if I say it wrong I-“

“Stop.” Tera said; causing the dragon’s jaw to snap shut so suddenly that the CLACK of teeth on teeth actually rang in her ears a moment being so close to his jaws where he held her. “I didn’t say we’re boyfriend and girlfriend. As much as I think you’re adorable, not to mention hot, even I’m not so delusional to try to claim you as my own in a situation like this.” The lioness paused to sigh in delight just thinking of her next words. “You’re too much man for me. Which is exactly what I’m attracted too.”

“Then if we’re not boyfriend and girlfriend then how do I explain this to my er... friend?” Tyler pressed, stumbling a bit over how to describe Jessica.

“Think of it this way.” Tera explained, grinning. “I’m not enough woman for you. Nor am I enough woman for whatever lucky girl, or guy I don’t judge, you’re clearly pining for either. So clearly I’m not enough to reciprocate enough for a proper relationship like that. So... consider me a third wheel of sorts. One that you or even the both of you can invite to have some fun or hang out with whenever you’d like.”

The lioness was biting her own lip now thinking about how she was effectively asking to be treated as a plaything that could hold a conversation. Even she was a bit surprised how far she was coming to realize she was willing to go with this insane fantasy that fox from all those years ago had implanted in her. Before meeting him she never would have even considered the idea of being anyone else’s toy.

Tyler could practically see the light bulb lighting up over Tera’s head as she thought of how to describe their relationship.

“I can’t be your girlfriend like this, big guy. You can have whatever relationship with anyone else you’d like and I’ll adjust accordingly to whatever you or they need. Just think of me not so much your girlfriend as your...” She paused for dramatic effect while her muzzle split into a wide, toothy grin that would have made the Cheshire cat proud.

“Toyfriend.”

About Author

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