

Temptation 01 – Guilty Pleasure

By Dragonien

Kyle

I never would have done this normally. I'm not that kind of guy. I'm no saint, I'm self-aware enough to admit that but I've always thought I was at least a pretty decent person. But this was an exception.

HE was an exception.

Still looking over my shoulder every few seconds I quickly scurried my way from my car and all but burst through the front door of my house. The medium-sized toolbox cradled desperately in my arm was dropped unceremoniously onto the living room table the moment I was inside and had the door closed. Toolbox ignored for the moment, I rapidly began rushing around my house to check each and every door and window. Both front and back doors were locked and pulled on twice to ensure they were firmly secured. Windows were treated the same with each lock undone then redone twice before jerking on the window to ensure it would not open. Blinds were twisted closed and curtains pulled shut to block out both light and sight into my house from any conceivable angle. It was only when I pulled the last curtain closed that I realized I hadn't turned any of the lights on, but I had lived here long enough that I (Mostly) had memorized the layout of my house. A few moments, and only one stubbed toe, later I had my small living room illuminated by the two lamps to either side of the couch.

Only then, when I was absolutely sure I was as alone as I physically could be did I settle myself down on the couch in front of my small coffee table. Nervously I'd reach my fingers out towards the clasps of the tool box, tentatively tapping them as if expecting an electric shock, before pulling them open and lifting the lid open. Instantly I was met with a hail of profanity from inside the box the moment light poured into the opening.

The source of the profanity was, in fact, a wolf. A tiny one, barely six inches tall and covered in a dark auburn fur that toed the line between red and brown. His bright yellow eyes were staring straight up at me with a look of such murderous hate that if he were capable at the moment, I had no doubt in my mind whatsoever that he would have had his hands around my throat strangling me right now. Despite his furious expression I found my own face splitting into a wide, ear-to-ear grin as the reality of what I had done settled down on me. Not only did the device work as expected, but I had actually gone through with it.

And I couldn't help but rub it in.

“Hello, Baron. What seems to be the problem?” I asked in a sing-song voice that made it clear I knew exactly what was wrong. “You’ve got a rather... short temper today.”

This of course set off a whole new string of curses and threats the likes of which would have made a sailor blush and a professional mafia fixer blanch. Yet even as the diminutive little wolf ranted and roared out I didn’t even really register his words. Instead, I found myself focusing on the high, squeaky pitch of his voice. It still sounded like the Baron I knew and despised. He had the same condescending inflections mixed with the slightly uncontrolled growl to some of his spoken syllables like someone that always rolled their R sounds just a fraction longer than normal, even when it wouldn’t normally roll. He was just... tinier. And, thus, his voice was quieter and reached a sharper pitch that seemed almost surprisingly easier to hear despite the overall lower volume. I guess it must have something to do with hearing being more sensitive to sharper sounds, like how a tiny mouse can still make a sharp squeaking noise that can be heard across the entire house. Heh. Baron: a mouse.

I snapped out of my musings when I saw Baron starting to claw his way up the sides of the toolbox in an attempt to escape. Despite his miniscule size his claws were still sharp enough that they could dig into the cheap plastic of the toolbox interior and give him handholds to climb with. That plus his not-insignificant upper body strength had him throwing his arms over the lip of the toolbox in seconds, ready to hoist the rest of himself up and over. That’s when I simply reached an arm out and flicked him.

The sharp impact of the back of my finger hit him in the face like a haymaker punch, sending the wolf literally flying back off of the edge of the toolbox to land flat on his back in the middle of the makeshift prison. Curious, with just the tiniest twinge of concern and remorse at the realization that I may have hit him too hard, I leaned in closer to get a better look at the downed wolf. Squinting my eyes, I could just barely see the faintest glimmer of wetness out of the corner of one of his nostrils: blood. It wasn’t much, just a tiny little dab no worse than what you might have if you ran into a wall. Again, I wasn’t really a violent person and there was a part of me that was aghast that I had caused him injury at all. Hell, I had never thrown a real punch in my entire life. But that sense of remorse was weakened by the knowledge that this was Baron: the raging asshole all but universally hated by pretty much anyone that had known him for longer than two weeks. The guy that had taken advantage of more than one of my friends, that saw himself as some kind of higher being that had no problem with walking on the backs of those he saw as lesser than himself, that had shamelessly cheated dozens of people out of money or stuff for his own self-aggrandizement. But I had to admit to myself, while I didn’t feel quite as bad seeing someone like Baron being treated so roughly, that was just a justification for the other feelings overriding my sense of decency.

Power.

In that moment, seeing how effortlessly I had dealt a blow to Baron that someone in Baron’s own weight class would have had to throw all of their weight behind to manage, it made me feel powerful. I wasn’t a runt or anything like that. Yea, I was a fox which meant I was on the lower end of the spectrum when it came to species size and strength but I was well

within the range of average for foxes. My perfectly average white, orange and black-furred body was average in both coloration and proportion for foxes. Five-foot-eight-inches was perfectly respectable for a fox and, while no one would ever call me muscular, I was fit enough that I could run a mile without risking heart failure. But comparing myself to wolves who averaged six foot or more with a naturel predisposition to more physical strength, much less someone like Baron who clearly came out on the higher end of that genetics bell curve, I was a runt by their standards. Under normal circumstances my best punch on my best day might be lucky if it even made Baron's jaw twinge, while any casual blow from him was almost certain to render me unconscious. Yet I had nearly done the same to him with just a flick of my finger.

I was ashamed to admit to myself that the front of my pants had tightened noticeably in the aftermath of such a realization. Despite the fact that he was still spread-eagle on his back in the toolbox and thus unable to see anything below where my upper torso and head loomed over the opening of the box I found myself reaching my free hand down to adjust myself in an attempt to both make my suddenly half-awake erection a bit more comfortably positioned and a bit less noticeable. It didn't help any when Baron finally seemed to recover from the blow and, for a single infinitesimal moment I saw a look of concern and fear cross his face. When I saw that, my pants tightened that much further.

Then, of course, he was right back on his bullshit. Jumping back up to his feet, he was already yelling up at me once more. I couldn't help but notice though there was the smallest stumble to his step when he first got up to his feet, showing that he was still a bit dazed from the blow my flick had dealt him. But either through experience fighting, or simple bull-headed determination, Baron made a visible effort not to let it show that the blow had affected him.

"Look, Fucker. I don't know what the fuck you did to me but so help me god if you don't undo it right this fucking second I will rip off one of your arms and beat you to death with it you cock-sucking mother fucker!"

Normally I would have been intimidated by Baron even if he wasn't actively raging directly at me. But now, with him so small I could have picked him up like an action figure I just sat there staring at him with a questioningly-raised eyebrow. I thought that I was being incredibly gracious letting finish his latest little rant. When he did finally finish, stopping to take a breath even as he continued glaring up at me, I finally decided to address him directly for the first time since I had done this to him. Before I did though, I reached a hand down and casually rested it on the left-side edge of the toolbox, letting my fingers casually dangle over the sides of the box in clear view of Baron. The same hand whose finger had just flicked him hard enough to send him sprawling and bloody his nose. From the way he, despite his best attempts to hide it, flinched slightly away from that side of the box I knew that it had the intimidating effect I had desired.

"Look, Baron." I said in the most reasonable tone of voice possible. "Let me be frank with you. You're an asshole."

I saw Baron's eyes narrow and he began to open his mouth to say something. Before he could make a sound, however, I cut him off by jerking the box to the side a half inch or so. It wasn't much, but the sharp movement was just enough to make him stumble. Then, I continued speaking in a clear, reasonable, but slightly elevated voice that I was pretty sure from the way he winced and his ears flattened slightly was right in the realm of uncomfortably loud for him that I wanted it.

"You're an asshole." I repeated. "You've been an asshole for years. You think you're better than everyone else and treat everyone like shit. I'll even admit, you're kind of hot. Or at least your body is. If only your personality wasn't such a dumpster fire. It's one thing to be confident, even a bit cocky. But you're just a dick."

More than once as I spoke he attempted to say something; ready to snarl out some new insult or retort. Each time he did, though, my voice raised into a loud snarl to talk over him as I continued speaking without pause. Thanks to the size difference between the two of us even my normal speaking voice was loud enough to make him uncomfortable. When I raised it, though, I got a strange sense of satisfaction watching him wince and cover his ears from what must have been deafening volume to him, cutting off his attempt to reply each time with ease.

"But now, Baron. Things are different. You are different. Specifically, you're no longer in control."

As I made the declaration I lifted the toolbox up off the table and simply turned it over, watching the tiny wolf inside tumble out and smack onto the table top with an audible thump. Before he had a chance to push himself back up to his feet I dropped the toolbox back down right beside him. The resounding impact of the, to Baron, building sized toolbox, was loud enough to make him start and reflexively scramble backwards away from where it had landed. My finger thumped against his side hard enough to send him sprawling onto his back. The moment he had stopped rolling I all but slammed my hand down right on top of him with enough force I heard the air burst from his lungs and make the bark of pain that had tried to escape his lips in response to the painfully loud sound of impact turn into a strangled wheeze.

I had been careful, of course. Or at least, as careful as I could be with someone so small and fragile. I had tried to keep most of the actual impact pressure on my fingers, which spread to either side of his head to keep my palm from just squashing him underneath it but I definitely had still hit him harder than I intended too. Again there was a part of me that felt a welling up of concern that I might have hurt him too badly but, once it was clear he wasn't coughing up blood and was more frustrated and confused than he was in pain those feelings were again quickly washed away by the vindictive power-rush that I was riding.

I felt Baron starting to struggle again the moment he had a second to catch his breath. His body from the chest down was buried under the upper portion of my palm while his head was sticking out from between my spread index and middle finger. Both of his arms were spread

eagle, each one pinned by the finger to either side of his head, his tiny hands squeezing into the sensitive flesh between my fingers as if looking for purchase. I could actually feel his tiny arms straining against the, to him, logs of muscle and bone that were my fingers in an attempt to lift them up off of himself. His whole body heaved and shoved upwards, legs bracing against the table beneath my hand trying at first to push my hand off of him then abandoning that to instead trying to just push himself out from beneath it. As he struggled I found myself vividly remembering all the times he had abused and humiliated me. The times he twisted my arm behind my back with effortless ease, shoving me around through the locker rooms at the local gym and shoving me out onto the gym floor in just my underwear. The times he had lifted me up off the ground in a headlock while sifting through my pockets for money back when we had been in high school. Then there were the even less pleasant times when I'd either gotten fed up or confident enough to try directly standing up to him and he had simply knocked me to the ground with a punch to the gut or face and left me there clutching the part of me he had hit.

It wasn't until I heard a faint, gasping gurgle coming from below that I realized I had drifted off into my own thoughts. Looking down I saw that Baron's ears were pushed flat against his head and his fur was bristled out in every direction. His eyes bulged almost unnaturally in their sockets and his mouth was opening and closing like a fish on dry land trying to breath. Only then did it dawn on me that as I had become increasingly lost in my memories I had started unconsciously pushing down harder and harder on the diminutive wolf to the point his rib cage was compressing too tight to let his lungs inflate anymore. My eyes went wide and I abruptly jerked my hand away from Baron as if I had just been burned. For a split second I felt real fear and shame welling up in my chest like an icy lump, terrified I had seriously hurt him. The moment I heard Baron starting to cough and gasp in air again it started to come back to me that this wasn't just any person that I had accidentally hurt: It was Baron. And like some kind of magic talisman, the moment that thought was back in place that icy lump rapidly melted away. He'd never cared about hurting me so I felt no obligation to return that favor.