

Temptation 03 – Another One

By Dragonien

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Of course, one of the first things I tried with something this amazing was try it on another person!

I had been far too amazed at watching the coffee table shrink to the size of one of those little three-prong things they put in pizza boxes to care for the cryptic lack of instructions or explanation of why the weird device had been sent to me. Besides, who the hell would complain when they got something like this in the mail? Sucks to be whoever it was supposed to have gone too, but it was mine now. Chase was passed out on the couch and snoring loudly, not having even noticed the coffee table just a few feet away was now small enough that it would fit in a dollhouse. My poor goat boyfriend was completely oblivious to my devious grin as I approached his sleeping form with the device with all kinds of sinister plans forming in my head.

I Still couldn't help but shiver a bit at the sight of him; flopped there shirtless across the couch showing off his impressive musculature. He was pretty ripped for a goat. Lean, athletic muscle hidden beneath his dark grey, almost black fur, built from an ideal combination of recreational exercise and gym-going was enough to sculpt my beefy goat into a powerhouse of muscle that matched his unnaturally tall six-foot height. Admittedly at least half, if not more, of the reason he went to the gym and worked out so much was specifically at my urging. It helped that he was pretty sure that there was at least a little bit of crossbreeding somewhere in his ancestry. Some big predator like a tiger, lion, dragon, or something else must be somewhere in his family tree to have let him grow so big when most goats never broke the 5'10" mark. Not to mention those teeth of his. Just thinking about them sent shivers up my spine. His canines were elongated far beyond what any prey species ever should have, to the point that both of his upper fangs stuck out ever so slightly over his lips when he didn't make an effort to purposefully fold his lower lip over them. Yea I'm both a size queen and get off on bucking trends, so sue me. No one could expect much different when you're the runt of a family of six other wolf siblings. I'd developed a thing for guys bigger than me, which was pretty much anyone since I barely hit the 5'2" mark. So, someone like Chase who was the exact opposite of me in that he was a normally smaller species that utterly towered over anyone else in his family mixed with that tiny twinge of danger that came with the glimpse of his predatory heritage was bound to catch my eye.

And now, that eye was staring down at him with the wicked intent on widening that size gap between us even further than it already was. Without hesitation I raised the device up,

thumb pushing the switch to the growth setting and fired at my sleeping goat boy-toy. Instantly the flash of green light engulfed Chase the same way the red light had covered the coffee table. It was all I could do not to squeal with glee as I watched him slowly starting to swell and expand across the couch an inch at a time. I had at least been smart enough to turn down the intensity setting a good deal, lest I suddenly have goatzilla smashing his way through the debris that would have once been our apartment. Not that I didn't squirm at the mental image of that, but I figured SOME restraint was in order for something this unreal. So when the effect finally faded, Chase had only grown about two feet larger. Granted that was more than enough for his legs from nearly the knee down to be hanging off one end of the couch while his head was nearly falling off the opposite end.

My eyes were wide as saucers as I stared down at my now-giant boyfriend. My legs clenched together a bit as I mentally pictured how tall he would be if he were to stand up right now and, more specifically, how tall I would be in relation to him. The growth itself didn't seem to have much of a physical effect on him, at least not anything aggressive enough that it had woken him. Though he did start to stir and grumble in his sleep. Suddenly nervous at how he might react, suddenly waking up a good third larger than he had been, I quickly flipped the device back to shrink and fired at him again. Good thing I did, as the light had barely enveloped him before his eyelids began to twitch and flutter. A soft groan escaped his lips and he started to shift position on the couch, the now-overtaxed springs inside the cushions creaking audibly under his enhanced weight. When his eyes finally opened the light had already faded from around his body and I was simply standing there, arms behind my back to hide the device from view, smiling down at him with that toothy smile of mine that never would pass for innocent.

"Aw, did the poor meathead have a long night last night?"

Despite my confrontational words I saw his face twist into an appreciative smile as he looked at me. Then watched his eyes make a shameless trip up and down my body, causing my smile to twist into a smirk. Not that I blamed him. At the risk of being a bit full of myself, I was pretty damned hot. Sure, I may be shorter than all the other wolves but I had mass where it counted. Wide, curvy hips and long, muscular legs with an ass to fill out my pajama shorts just enough that they rode up a tiny bit in the back. I wasn't going to burst any bras open any time soon, but I had more than enough up top to have some respectable jiggle when I bounced on the balls of my feet. All of which was on full display with me still in nothing but those shorts and my bra. What can I say? I like giving Chase a show when he wakes up. It didn't help that I was pretty riled up myself after having seen what the device hidden behind my back could actually do to him. Oddly though, I found myself a bit reluctant to tell him about it. Normally I was happy to share everything with him, even my more perverse and unrealistic fantasies of him carrying me around in a pocket or stomping around a town at the size of one of those giant monsters from the movies I made him watch all the time. But some unreasonably self-conscious part of me was worried that if I showed him the device now and started trying to use it more on him, he might think that I wasn't satisfied with him.

Stupid, right?

I decided I'd rather not give myself a chance to dwell on those kinds of thoughts for too long. Instead I twirled dramatically on my heel to turn my back to him, careful to swing my arms around to my front to keep the device out of his view and gave my rump and tail a little wiggle in his direction. Once I was sure I had his undivided attention I looked over my shoulder at him. Maybe I just liked being a tease, or maybe it was me trying to prod that little bit of predator in him to get it to show itself but I often times found myself enjoying teasing and playing with him like this more than I did actually fooling around with him. Not that sex with Chase was anything other than fantastic, but you know what they say: the biggest sex organ in the body is the brain.

"C'mon sleepyhead. If you behave then I'll make you breakfast."

My biggest problem turned out to be where I was going to hide the device. Our apartment wasn't that big and we used pretty much every bit of storage space as efficiently as possible. so hiding spots were few and far between. Thankfully Chase had to work early today so he was gone shortly after breakfast, which left me all day to figure out what to do with the device. I had no idea if the thing was waterproof so I didn't dare put it somewhere in the bathroom and I was far too paranoid about someone stealing something so valuable for me to even consider trying to hide it somewhere outside the apartment. Finally, I decided to go with a classic; I hid it inside one of the air vents. The cover was fairly simple to pull off though the vent went down fairly deep before it turned to the side. I ended up having to stick my arm down into the vent nearly past my elbow to be able to reach the device. The only problem was that it wasn't exactly easy to get too so I wouldn't be able to get to it if I needed it in a hurry. Beggars can't be choosers I suppose.

After figuring that out I spent the rest of the day playing with the thing. If I were more scientifically minded or even just a bit more egotistical, I might have called it experimentation. But I tried my best to be honest with myself; I wanted to play with my new toy. I spent the entire morning and a good portion of the afternoon shrinking and growing various bits of furniture around the house. At one point I shrank the couch down to about half its normal size and then flopped down on top of it, nearly breaking the thing under my comparatively massive weight. It was a bit thrilling to feel the couch so fragile compared to me, making me wonder if this was what my bigger siblings, what Chase felt like all the time. That had led to my next experiment where I had taken the old second-hand sitting chair in the corner and shrunken it down to the size of a piece of doll furniture. After spending a few moments examining it, some part of me still in a bit of disbelief that All of this was real, I carefully sat it down in the middle of the kitchen's open tile floor.

I lowered my foot down towards the chair, carefully pressing my heel down just in front of it so I could rest the meat of my paw on the back of the little bit of furniture. Already I could feel the comparatively flimsy wood bowing and creaking under the pressure of my foot. A shiver of delight went up my spine at the sense of raw power that coursed through me. Rather than drag it out I lifted my foot up an inch or so again, then brought it slamming down onto the chair the same way I might have done to squash a spider crawling across the floor. The poor piece of furniture didn't stand a chance. I Actually could feel the bits of wood splintering into pieces underneath my paw-pads, as brittle as that top layer of ice you get when you leave a cup of water in the freezer just barely long enough to freeze over the surface. when I pulled my foot away I couldn't even recognize the remains, just a tiny little pile of broken twigs and some torn scraps of fabric. Another shiver ran down my spine as a momentary swell of desire welled up inside of me. The destruction had spoken to that predatory desire for dominance in me and made me want to break more stuff like I had that bit of furniture.

Instead, I made myself go take a cold shower. The last thing I needed was for Chase to come home and find all of our furniture magically having vanished and me having to explain why I was throwing away a garbage bag full of broken toothpicks and cloth scraps.

Once I had calmed myself down and dried myself off, I scooped the device up from where I had left it on the bathroom sink and headed back into the living room. There was just one thing still on my mind that I really wanted to experiment with before Chase got home. I spent a good ten minutes making sure I had the device on the exact setting that I wanted it at, constantly shrinking and re-growing everything from the couch and TV to my bed and one of my shoes multiple times to ensure it was right. Once I was absolutely satisfied I wasn't going to fuck this up I walked into the middle of the living room, took a deep breath, and aimed the device backwards, towards my chest, and pulled the trigger.