

Temptation 04 – Adjusting

By Dragonien

Kyle

Baron did not like his cage. Granted he didn't like anything about his current situation but he made particular efforts to complain about the audacity of me caging him up like some kind of animal or pet. For more time than I was comfortable admitting to myself I was sorely tempted to just pick up the cage and start shaking it violently until he shut up, regardless of WHY it was that he shut up. Thankfully I was able to control myself enough that I didn't let those flaring urges of violence take over. It'd be far too easy to kill him at that size if I lost control and, whatever other lines I happily walked and jumped around, that was one I couldn't bring myself to cross. Not that I had any intention of letting him know that. At the very least though, his earlier brush with death underneath my hand had cowed his anger somewhat. Well, honestly it wasn't so much that he had been cowed as he had clearly become at least a little bit more reluctant to insult me directly. He still didn't hesitate for even a moment to complain about his situation or demand to be turned back, but I couldn't help but notice that ever since I had nearly crushed and suffocated him he hadn't once called me any kind of insulting name or slur. I supposed it was something.

What was bothering me now, though, was that he kept trying to get out of his damn cage. The large wire-mesh hamster cage had wires narrow enough that he couldn't squeeze through them yet sturdy enough that he couldn't bend the wires open at his size. Unfortunately, it wasn't made with someone who was sentient and had opposable thumbs in mind. There was nothing preventing Baron from reaching his arms through the bars and simply pulling the latch to the cage's door open. I caught him the first time right after I had set the cage down on the desk in my room. My back hadn't been turned for more than five seconds before I heard the faint clattering of metal on metal as he jiggled and shoved the metal clasp over and had started to push the door open. When I rounded on him to discover his attempted escape I'd slapped my hand against the door with enough force that it slammed shut the inch or so that it had already pulled open and sent him flying back onto his ass into the middle of the cage. I had hoped that my silent glare would have been enough to dissuade further attempts to escape. When I came back from using the bathroom a couple of minutes later, I found the cage door hanging wide open and Baron currently standing on the edge of my desk, clearly trying to figure out how to get down from such a height.

At first, he hadn't even noticed me standing in the door way, but the moment I started angrily stomping towards him he sure as hell caught on; It's hard not to notice the approaching footsteps of someone the size of a small building to you. I could clearly see his eyes go wide

even from across the room as he saw me approaching. To him each of my angry footsteps must have been like a small earthquake from the way I saw him wobble unsteadily atop the desk. I was actually surprised enough that I stopped right before I was within arm's reach of the desk when I saw Baron turn and practically fall over himself in his desperation to run back towards the cage. the moment he was inside he turned and pulled the door closed, the latch making an audible clack when it fell back in place. He stood there behind the 'bars' of his cage as if the wire-mesh cage would keep me out rather than how it was meant to keep him in. I didn't know if it was a leftover fear of me from almost crushing him earlier, or if the sight of something as comparatively big as me angrily approaching him had set off some fight or flight mechanism in his brain but at the end it didn't matter. Despite the way Baron was silently glaring up at me from inside the 'safety' of his cage, I could see his arms shaking at his sides.

He really was scared of me.

That was all well and good but, despite his obvious fear of me, he still didn't seem to have any reluctance to try to run away the moment my back was turned. So I was forced to get creative. After a bit of digging in my desk I found what I was looking for: a paperclip. With a bit of unbending and twisting a few minutes later I had it wrapped securely around the side of the cage's door and the adjacent strip of wire. Unless Baron suddenly found the strength to unwind a piece of metal that was nearly as thick around as a toilet paper roll to him, he wasn't going anywhere anymore. Just in case, though, I decided to give him a little bit more incentive to stay in place.

"Now, Runt. This is your only warning. I find you outside of that cage again without permission, and you won't have to worry about being my pet anymore. Don't worry though, I won't hurt you." I paused, smiling at him almost sweetly, before some of the repressed anger I had towards Baron leaked out and my smile twisted into a sinister grin. "I'll just shrink you so small that I wouldn't even be able to find you with a magnifying glass."

I still didn't have the stomach to threaten him with bodily harm, despite already having almost killed him once now. Thankfully the threat of being made even smaller than he was now seemed to be a good enough substitute that he looked properly subdued. It was a good thing I had shrunk him the way that I had, ambushing him outside of his house just as he was getting home from the gym. He hadn't even realized what was happening before he was the size of a doll on his porch being scooped up by me into a toolbox. He hadn't seen the device so he had no way of knowing how I had actually shrunk him. For all he knew I could just do it with my mind whenever I wanted; an assumption I had no intention of relieving him of anytime soon.

My biggest concern at the moment was what to do with him while I was at work tomorrow. I could call in sick, of course, but I felt that was just a stop-gap measure. I wouldn't be able to take an extended vacation just to keep an eye on Baron so I needed to find a way to keep him obedient even when I wasn't home. As I left Baron to his own devices while I began laying out my clothes for tomorrow I rolled the idea back and forth inside my head to no avail.

No matter what I thought to do with him and the cage, I couldn't come up with anything that I also couldn't come up with an easy counter too. While I didn't have nearly as much faith in Baron's problem-solving abilities as I did my own, I had no intention of taking chances with this situation. After I was ready for tomorrow I returned my attention back to Baron's cage. I'd already planned the perfect mixture of carrot-and-stick to try to teach him a bit more docility while he was captive in there. After disappearing into the bathroom for another couple of minutes I returned, pleased to find that Baron was still standing there in his cage watching me. As I approached his cage I watched his eyes briefly dart from my face to what was held in my hand and I got to see the wolf's ears flatten against his head even as his hackles raised in preparation of another angry tirade. To my surprise, while the indignation was clear in his voice, he didn't actually start yelling at all. Instead, he spoke in a quiet, disbelieving voice that I almost didn't hear as I attached the hamster cage's water-dropper bottle onto the side of the cage.

"You... you can't be serious."

There was a small bit of defeat in his voice that brought a smile to my face. Some small bit of defeated acceptance in the place of where I had expected another tantrum meant that I was starting to get through to him. The idea of Baron being forced to suffer the humiliation of drinking from the upturned bottle like some little pet only made my grin that much wider, though part of me was a bit disappointed he hadn't thrown a tantrum and given me another excuse to put him back in his place. I wasn't a total monster, though. After giving him a few moments to let it sink in that this was his new home, I pulled the small wrapped object from my pocket and began pulling open the wrapper. After partially unwrapping it I pushed the bite-sized candy bar through two of the bars of the cage near the water bottle and left it there for Baron. To the little wolf, the bite sized piece of candy was roughly the size of a small serving platter and thicker than a dictionary. Next to that I pushed through the unwrapped end of a stick of beef jerky, the sharp smell of heavily-seasoned and dried meat rapidly filling the hamster cage and its surroundings.

"I'm very serious. You behave, I might fill that bottle with something tastier than water. You keep acting up and the food gets replaced with hamster pellets."

My voice came out less cold and final than I intended, far too much of my own amusement at Baron's situation leaking in to my words. I could see his ears raising up and his tiny fingers clench into fists at the blatant taunting and provocation, but to my surprise he didn't start yelling at me like I'd expected. I hated to admit how much having this kind of power over him was turning on and I was very glad the desk sat a bit higher than waist height so that Baron couldn't see my raging erection. Then again, much to my shame, there was a part of me that wished it WASN'T so high, that wanted Baron to see how much I was enjoying messing with him. When the thought of what the view would have been like from his perspective, of me looming like some ancient titan over him with a hard on big enough that it could've crushed him, rolled through my head I decided I needed to excuse myself. I stared Baron down one last

time, waiting for his eyes to firmly lock with mine as I glared at him in silent warning until he capitulated and looked away, before making my way back to the bathroom; shutting the door behind me.

I'd barely gotten the shower warm enough to bear before I'd shucked my clothes and hopped under the faucet's downpour. My hand was already wrapped firmly around my erection, stroking up and down its length in desperation for release. I had to bite my lip to silence the grunts and whines trying to roll their way up from my throat as my mind danced over those thoughts once more. The idea of towering over Baron, barely able to see him past the outline of my raging erection jutting out over his head. Watching him stumbling to the side to avoid the impact as I pulled my dick from my pants and let it flop down on the table where he had been standing moments ago. When I thought about how small he was compared to me; how he was so small he could probably straddle my dick now like a body pillow it was too much. I don't think I'd ever come that hard in my entire life. I half expected to look down and see a hole in the wall where my seed had splattered against the shower wall from the sheer force of my ejaculation.

I had to spend a few minutes longer in the shower after I cleaned myself up to let myself fully calm down. I wasn't ready to try anything like that with Baron. I wasn't even sure I WANTED to do stuff like that with Baron for real. It was one thing to fantasize about the little asshole. Even if he was attractive, he was still an asshole with a garbage fire of a personality so the thought of anything sexual with him was very conflicting. Then again, it wasn't like I was going to have a relationship with him. Hell, I don't even know how you COULD have a relationship with someone so much smaller than yourself. There was just so much of a power disparity I couldn't fathom how it could actually be equal and mutual. As I followed that train of thought I started to think of Baron differently. I really couldn't think of him as an equal anymore, could I? I mean, at this size he couldn't take care of himself. He was a pet, a plaything now after all; At least that's what I'd been telling myself. But it was only now as I started to think about how helpless he really was both against me and in general that it was really starting to sink in. I couldn't trust him on his own. I couldn't trust that he would be safe, nor could I trust him to behave without supervision. He was like an unruly puppy. When that thought crossed my mind, a new idea formed and I felt myself getting hard again despite myself.

I had to spend another few minutes in the bathroom letting that go down, finishing my evening routine by brushing my teeth and fur to help distract myself. When I had finally calmed myself down enough that I felt in control and presentable I finally let myself leave the bathroom and make my way over to Baron. It hadn't even really registered to me that I was now in just a pair of underwear until I was looming over the cage again. While I was gone Baron had taken a few bites from the beef jerky but had turned his full attention back to me once I had approached. His eyes were wide again and his ears were flat against his head, his silence finally making me realize that I was naked from the waist up. For a split second I felt the expected embarrassment at suddenly being caught in a state of undress but, to my surprise, it rapidly melted away beneath something else

Confidence.

My nervous smile turned into a cocky smirk and I puffed my chest out a bit as I loomed over Baron, taking pride in my exposed state. I may not have been anywhere near as impressively built as he was, but I had a decent enough build after my limited results in the gym that my average frame at least wasn't something to be embarrassed about. Add that to the fact that, to Baron, any individual part of my lean, average body could overwhelm him with ease and the confidence I projected standing there had a visibly intimidating effect on the little wolf. He wasn't used to seeing confidence in me, and that just made it hit him that much harder.

"Oh Baron... Since I can't trust you yet to be home alone, I think I've decided what I'm going to do with you. Tomorrow, you're going to come to work with me..."

I'd made the decision that Baron had to be shown how helpless he was. He had to be shown that he needed me, that I was the only way he was going to survive at his new size. His attitude needed a major adjustment before he could be properly shown that, however so I was going to treat him like the pet he was. And what do you do with a pet that won't behave themselves?

Why, you train them, of course.