

Temptation 08 – Progress

By Dragonien

Kyle

It had been a week since I'd started Baron's training and I thought it was going pretty well. He'd stopped yelling at me and I hardly ever even heard him grumbling anymore. I didn't know for sure if he had actually stopped complaining or if he was just doing it where I couldn't hear him but either situation was perfectly acceptable to me. He had... not enjoyed his first day of training. It had been very awkward for me too, honestly. In some ways I'd spent most of the day just as scared, if not even more so, than Baron probably was. Not for the same reason, of course. He was scared of being dropped or crushed or smashed or any other number of things that could happen to someone that was now small enough laying a large book on top of them would probably kill them. I, on the other hand, had been terrified of being found out. For you see...

I had taken Baron to work with me that day.

The whole day I'd been awkwardly squirming at my desk trying to keep from being noticed as I reached down periodically to adjust myself down below. It was one of the few times in my life that I had come to appreciate the semi-privacy that a cubicle offered me. For you see, I hadn't just brought him in my pocket or something so he could see where I worked. This was part of his training, so I'd stuffed him down the front of my underwear. He spent the entire day jammed up between the wall of cotton that was the inside of my underwear and the thick mass of my dick for nearly the entire day. A few times he'd slipped down and ended up buried beneath my balls that, to him, probably were each larger than beach-balls and certainly much heavier. That's why I had to keep adjusting myself, pulling him out from under there lest I end up crushing him when I shifted position or suffocating him if I left him down there too long and they covered his face. It also didn't help that I was hard the entire time either.

Have you ever tried to work while you have an erection literally the entire day? It's not easy! More than just the constant effort not to let anyone else see and experience the embarrassment that would follow there was also the distraction that it caused. That first day I'd had to sneak away to the bathroom four different times to jerk off just to relieve some of the tension enough that I didn't blow a load in my pants or end up crushing Baron against my seemingly diamond-hard erection. I'd never really believed in hands-free orgasms till that day. When I had gone to 'relieve' myself I had taken special care to put Baron away, though. tucking him in my pocket instead so that he couldn't see what his presence was doing to me seemed to help me relax a bit. It was also part of his training. I wanted him to know how hard having him

crammed down my underwear made me, but I didn't want him to know how needy and desperate it made me to get off. To him, it had to be all about the power. That was the only thing he'd understand. The days following got progressively easier. I gained more self-control and acclimated to the situation a bit. I wasn't even constantly hard after the third day, safe for the times he got a little feisty and started squirming around. Usually it only took a squeeze or two to get him to calm down though.

The changes had begun to tell almost immediately. Literally soaking in my musk all day long left him dazed and almost high-looking each day when I first pulled him out of my underwear. His eyes were glazed over, staring off into the distance and he always stumbled around trying to catch his balance. At first, I'd thought it was just him recovering from being pinned and immobile all day, like when you sit too long and your legs struggle to respond properly as the blood rushes back to them. But even when he spoke his words had come out slurred and only partially-coherent. Maybe it was a wolf thing. Canines did have powerful noses and wolves marked territory with scents. I'd originally only meant to try to just intimidate him and show him how not just helpless he was, but how much I enjoyed that fact. But now I was starting to think I had unintentionally started speaking to him on a more primal level. After all, if wolves unconsciously thought something marked with their scent belonged to them, then what did that mean to him now that he was marked with my scent?

That wasn't the only training he got, though. After I pulled him out and had given him a minute to recover, I'd instructed him on how I expected him to greet me each day after we got home. Of course, that first night he still had some fight in him. He'd told me to go fuck myself, though I couldn't help but notice his words were far quieter and less self-assured than they might have otherwise been. It was progress, so I didn't threaten to crush him again. Instead, I dropped a pair of hamster pellets next to him. When he looked up at me in a mix of confusion and outrage I just smiled, making a show of zipping my jeans back up right in front of him as I told him to eat him. He'd been down my pants all day long and I hadn't given him anything at lunch so this was the first food he'd had a chance to get at since I gave him a bit of my scrambled eggs this morning. When I threatened to take them away he got this utterly hopeless look on his face that for the tiniest of instants made me almost feel bad. It faded quickly, though. I'd noticed that the more time I spent around him like this the less those guilty feelings came up. Finally he gave in, sullenly gathering up the, to him, sub sandwich-sized pellets and carrying them over towards his cage. At least he'd internalized that's where he was supposed to stay.

I was a bit surprised when I came back about 45 minutes later, contentedly full from my own dinner, to find him still sitting in his cage with most of one of the pellets having been devoured. He'd clearly drank a good deal of water from the hanging water-dispenser on the side of the cage to help get most of it down but he'd actually eaten it. I guess he'd been hungrier than I thought. I decided that I wouldn't bother him for the rest of the night and let him have a bit of time to think over his day. I still made him watch me undress though. It was fun watching him wince each time one of my bits of clothing hit the floor with what must have been to him a very

loud thud. I wasn't even self-conscious that I still had an erection this time. Part of me even liked watching him stare at the erection straining the front of my underwear that he'd been trapped against all day. It made me feel sexy and I'm pretty sure it made him feel inadequate. Must be hard to see yourself as the epitaph of manliness when you could be crushed by another guy's dick.

By the time I'd made it into the bathroom though I was panting with lust. I barely gave the shower enough time to get heated up before I was stumbling in, jerking off all the while. I'd thought I was horned up last night after I'd first put him in the cage but this was a dozen times worse. God that fucking hot jackass had spent the entire day crammed against my dick! Even if it was only physical attraction I still hated how attracted I was to him. He didn't deserve for me to be turned on by him. Yet the idea of me being turned on by him when he was at my mercy seemed to help that self-loathing. Like a balm to a sore wound the knowledge that he was at my mercy now made me feel better about it. Before I'd hated him for lording himself over me and loathed the idea of giving him ANY kind of power over me, even that of my libido. But now even if he turned me on, it didn't give him any power. If I wanted too I could march out of this bathroom right now, grab him from his cage and grind him against my dick until I drowned him in my load and there wouldn't be a god damned thing he could do to stop it. Some part of my mind knew it wasn't ok to feel that way, but the part of me that was fervently jerking off didn't care.

After I'd finished cleaning up the aftermath I'd quickly made my way to bed. Before I fell asleep, I turned to look where the wolf was huddled up in the corner of the cage, watching me intently. I couldn't help but grin at the sight.

"Good night, Runt."

The rest of the week had gone progressively better. The second night after getting home he had still refused to do as instructed so he only got pellets to eat again. But the third night he'd finally given in. His words were sarcastic and forced, but they were what I'd wanted to hear.

"May I have something to eat, Sir?"

He'd gotten pellets again that night, of course. He was still being an ass about it. But I'd praised him mockingly for progress. I knew before long his hunger and the terrible taste of that dried food-log would get to him. When Friday rolled around he was finally willing to capitulate. Granted it wasn't exactly what I'd told him to say but his heart was in the right place.

"Please... Can I have something to eat. anything else besides these pellets. Uh... Sir. Please?"

Normally I would have still given him pellets as he had technically disobeyed and not said what I'd told him too. But unlike the last time when he had repeated what I'd said verbatim there was no mocking tone in his words. Instead, there was an air of near-desperation. That's what I wanted. I didn't answer him just yet. Instead, I left him sitting there on the top of my desk as I turned and walked away. When I came back five or so minutes later I was pleased to see that he was still right where I had left him, sprawled out on his ass still panting as if he'd just run a marathon and trying to regain all of his senses. He had neither tried to run off nor gotten up to any mischief when I'd left him untended outside of his cage. He was learning. So I was perfectly happy to set the cut-off bit of hot dog and apple slice down in front of him. I'd planned to not give him anything at all if he'd tried anything while I wasn't watching.

The moment the food was set down he was on it like an animal. To him the thinly-cut piece of hot dog was roughly the size of a large pizza but that didn't stop him from simply hoisting it up and beginning to bite down mouthfuls of it off of its edges. When he slowed his feeding frenzy enough to look around for something to drink, I placed the little measuring cup from a bottle of cough medicine I'd filled with orange juice down beside him and he happily threw himself at it. I almost burst out laughing when I watched him grab the edges of it and simply dunked his head into the bucket-sized container. The little runt was gonna need a bath after this. As I sat there watching him continue to gorge himself to the point I swore his normally taunt belly was actually distending I couldn't help but be satisfied at the progress he'd made. Just when I thought I was ready to wind down for the night he surprised me again once he was finished eating.

He'd wiped his muzzle clean the best he could on the back of his wrist then looked up at me with a clearly nervous expression on his face. For a moment we just stood there looking at each other and I started to take in details I hadn't really been paying attention too. He was so haggard looking compared to when I'd first shrunk him. He still had his clothes as they had shrunk with him but they hadn't been washed in a week. Other than, you know, being stuffed down my pants, he hadn't really been doing much to get dirty but even then a week of collected grime and rough handling by me made them look stained and wrinkled. His fur was little better, even the parts that hadn't just been soaked in orange juice stuck out at odd, haphazard angles. I'd been nice enough to give him a damp washcloth each evening to clean up with after the Wednesday but a mild sponge bath seemed to only be able to go so far. Again, there was that pang of guilt that made me almost feel bad for him. What was more surprising, though, was what overrode it. Instead of that feeling simply being suppressed by me remembering what an ass Baron had been to me for years I felt a new surge of indignation at his state. I wasn't angry at him; I wasn't that unreasonable even towards Baron. Rather, I was mad at myself for letting him get that way. Letting the wolf, MY wolf, get in such a state. His next words, though, were what sealed the deal for me.

"T-Thank you... sir."

The words actually sounded sincere and even a bit reverent and I realized he wasn't shaking slightly like he usually did when I had my attention so fully focused on him like I did now. He was still scared I was sure of that, but it dawned on me that the way his ears and tail were tucked down and between his legs respectively wasn't the signs of abject fear where his ears were trying to press into his head and his tail wanted to disappear up inside him. Rather it was a look of submission; of actual submission. The kind of demeanor and posture a large predator might show to an even larger predator they either respected, or at least new their place around. As I squinted and looked closer I did see that he was still wobbling ever so slightly, seemingly still woozy and overwhelmed from spending a day soaking in my musk almost like he was tipsy. Despite the seriousness of my thoughts I couldn't help but smirk a bit as I thought of his state as musk drunkenness.

My hand suddenly was reaching towards him and I saw him flinch slightly. This time, though, he didn't try to run or squirm free even as my log-like fingers wrapped him in a closed fist. I said nothing as I turned and made my way into the bathroom, using my free hand to flick on first the light then the hot water in the sink. Confusion plastered itself across his face in place of the reflexive fear of being manhandled as he was dropped unceremoniously, but not quite as typically roughly as usual, on the sink's counter top. When the sink was mostly full of hot, but not scalding, water I turned it off and once more turned my attention back to Baron. His trepidation was painted all over his face but he was clearly doing his best not to try and run for it even though his body was clearly screaming for him to do so. This time when I scooped him up it wasn't in a closed fist but rather cradling him in my open palm. As I raised him up in front of my muzzle I realized it was the first time that I had actually gotten an up-close look at him, shrunken or otherwise. Sure, I'd seen him plenty of times out and about or in the gym, and even once or twice in the showers but never this close. My nostrils flared as I sniffed at him, taking in the tiny whiff of his scent that was able to peek past the musty smell of old clothes, sharp tang of orange juice, and overwhelming and familiar scent of my musk. I smiled softly at him even as I watched him squirm slightly in my grasp, his discomfort obvious even if he was trying not to voice it.

Then, I began to undress him.

I started with his shoes. I had to be careful as the laces were far too small for me to untie and one wrong tug and I was sure I'd probably break his ankle without even meaning too. Gently I gripped either side of each shoe between two finger tips, wiggling them from side to side until his foot slipped out of it. Then I similarly pinched the front end of his socks to pull them off and expose his broad, if now tiny, paws to the cool bathroom air. Next came his shirt; my claw tip hooking under the hem of it and willing to be just a bit more forceful as his arms were forced upwards to let themselves slip free from the shirt sleeves. I paused here for a moment to simply stare down and admire my captive. No matter how many times I had thought about him I still couldn't get over how attractive the asshole was to me. His body was that perfect mingling between athlete and bodybuilder that just made me squirm even at the thought of. Plump, firm pectorals I'm sure would have been more than handfuls were he a normal size

sitting atop a clearly defined 6 pack that probably would have broken my fingers if I'd ever tried to punch it before shrinking him. Before I realized it I had my thumb stroking across his torso, admiring the feel of the tiny muscular upper body beneath my thumb pad. I felt his body roll upwards slightly, a reflexive attempt to try to push back against something pressing down on it and could feel his pectorals flaring from the effort. His arms reached up and tried to push my finger away half-heartedly though we both knew even if he'd tried with all his might it wouldn't have budged. Yet as he did I watched the thick bulges of his biceps tense and press out against the flesh and fur covering them. Part of me had always secretly wanted to measure them for myself. I'd imagined myself climbing up into his lap where that smug smirk of his was watching me as he flexed the arm for me. I'd reach up with the cloth measuring tape and carefully wrap it around the girth of his arm and just when I had the measurement he'd flex just a bit harder and spread it wider. Then encourage me to look closer, so I'd lean in right up until I planted a kiss on the hard mound of muscle...

I realized abruptly that I almost painfully hard again thanks to letting my imagination run away with me. For some reason I actually felt a bit embarrassed about that and was glad that the way I was holding Baron kept him from being able to look down and see my groin at the moment. Odd, considering he'd been stuffed against that very erection for most of the week, right? Yet none of that stopped me from then hooking my claw tip into the hem of his pants. I actually did hear him protest this time but it was a weak, breathy murmur of "wait" that had neither heat nor conviction behind it so I utterly ignored it. The button popped open with a bit of force applied too it and the zipper was no obstacle either. Soon I had those peeled off of him and wasted no time in doing the same for his underwear. Now it made sense why he'd protested now when he'd otherwise been pliable and obedient up to this point. Baron was rock hard. And I mean 'fuck a hole in a brick wall' hard; even more so than I was. He was actually leaking already from what the dab of dampness I felt on the edge of the finger that had undressed him had told me. That just brought a distant smirk to my face, even as I looked him up and down now that he was fully exposed to both the air and to me. He'd always been big everywhere, including his dick. The beast had to have been 8 or 9 inches at least... or at least it HAD been. It was a bit of a moot point now that his entire body was smaller than my dick, but the thought of how big he had once been still added to his physical attractiveness.

I couldn't tell which of us was more surprised when I didn't take things further than that. Maybe he'd expected me to just have my way with him, something I'm sure he had been expecting since day one considering it hadn't been exactly hard to figure out I was attracted to him even if it was just as obvious that I hated him. I certainly wouldn't have hesitated to drop my pants and use him to jerk myself off either. Yet, despite my raging arousal, I had no compulsion to do so. Instead, I carefully lowered the little wolf down into the still steaming water and meticulously began to clean him. My fingers brushed and scrubbed across his every surface, intimate or otherwise with no care for which part of him it was. I wasn't rough and I made sure not to dunk him under the water abruptly and risk drowning him, but I also didn't take any more time than was needed to do a good job. A couple of times I used the pump handle on the hand-soap dispenser to soak him in foamy suds that helped to clean him off, each time leaving him

coughing and sputtering after I'd washed the suds away. By the time I was done he looked like a drowned rat but he smelled brilliantly of the apple scented soap I used at the sink. Though I took some small satisfaction in that I could still clearly smell my scent on him through the soap. Seemed one thorough cleaning wouldn't be enough to get rid of that.

With his cleaning done I carefully set him down next to the sink and dropped a wash rag on top of his suddenly-shivering form. He quickly wrapped it around himself like a beach towel, taking a few moments to warm up from the sudden temperature disparity of transferring from the hot water to the cool sink-top before beginning to dry himself. Neither of us said anything to one another even as I reached down and then began cleaning his tiny clothing as best as I could by hand in the now soapy water. He was still just as hard as he had been when I'd been manhandling him, and now he could easily see my own erection bumping against the front of the counter-top as I moved. When I was done with his clothes I gathered them and his still rag-wrapped body up and carried them back out into the bedroom. Dropping him gently in front of the cage I then placed his still damp clothing next to him, glancing between them and the wire bars of the cage. Expecting him to figure out to hang them up, I then turned and crawled my own way into bed; giving him just enough time to get his clothing situated before turning off the light.

"Good night, Runt." I murmured as an afterthought as I started to drift off. To my surprise, just before I fell asleep I heard his tiny voice mutter out just barely loud enough to be heard in the silent room.

"Good night... Sir. Thank you."