

Chapter 14

Denton shifted to his back, again. He picked up his watch, two thirty AM. He'd been tossing and turning since lying down after Stefan left. He'd expected to fall asleep immediately after the stress of the day. And he was tired, his body was sore, his mind molasses. So why wasn't he able to sleep.

He put the watch back on the bed side table and closed his eyes, and tried to sleep again. His horniness didn't help. His hardon demanded attention he wouldn't give it. Jerking off in this house felt too much like accepting what he'd been told.

He wasn't use to not obeying his cock, but he could manage it, he was certain. he'd never had to deal with insomnia before, but he told himself that unless the house caught on fire, he wasn't opening his eyes or getting out of the bed until the sun was up. At least he'd get a couple hours of sleep.

That didn't work.

Three AM, according to his watch, and he was sitting on the edge of the bed, maybe if he walked around he could tire himself and then sleep. If not, he'd have to give in and jerk off. He certainly wasn't going to go to one of them for release.

He didn't bother putting anything on before leaving the room. He couldn't see anyone in this household complaining about him being naked.

The house was eerily quiet, none of the creaking and groaning of a house he'd come to expect after years of living at his apartment. No electrical buzz. He felt like he was in a dream.

Could he be asleep? Was this 'walk' a dream? It certainly wasn't like his usual dreams. No naked guys, no moaning, groaning, or the occasional gun shot. no, he was awake, it was just his brain that was muddled by not sleeping.

He went down the stairs, the kitchen, maybe? Warm milk helped him sleep when he was a kid. It could do it again. Instead of heading to the kitchen, he turned in the opposite direction.

He opened the door going to the basement. He wasn't sure why he was going there, but in his state, his subconscious was probably guiding him to something it had noticed. Down the stairs, and stopped in front of the first door, he looked into the records room, where Leroy and Oscar had been attacked.

It was still a mess, folders strewed over the floor. Someone should clean that up, and figure out which files were missing. There was no reasons for Shirley to have done that unless he was trying to hide what he'd taken. He could do that now, it would occupy his body and his mind.

Instead he moved further down the hallway, pass closed door. He wondered what was behind them, but didn't stop. he kept

walking until he was at the last one on his left. He opened it, and wasn't surprised at the scent of dried cum that came from it.

He must have caught a whiff of it the last time he was down here, faint enough it hadn't registered. The room wasn't lit, and it didn't seem to have light switch. In the faint light of the hallway he could make out the stone block in the center, the altar, and a pillar candle against the wall to his left.

He caught a darker shape in the opposing corner, and entered the room. He was at the altar when he realized the room was pitch black. Looking back, the door was closed. He turned to open it again, he'd find something to prop it open.

One after the other the candles lit, thirteen of them, around the room, against the stone wall. In the shimmering light, he could make out symbols on the wall, and that dark shape in the corner, some sort of headdress on a coat stand. Probably the thing Maximilian claimed his father had worn during the ceremony.

It occurred to Denton the candles were real, as were the flames. He was dreaming after all.

Motion in his peripheral vision made him turn. The headdress was looking at him. A large skull like things, with horns, antlers, he noticed as it moved closer. Denton tried to take a step back, but the altar blocked him. he looked at it, not remembering moving to this side of it. Looking around he couldn't tell where the door was.

The headdress was more now, still halfway to him, he could see a body under it. something large, muscular, with short fur. it had fangs now, something long, from the top part of its jaw going down at least four inches below the bottom jaw. A hunger came from it, no, him, Denton noticed at a hard cock came into view, at least a foot long, a thick as a beer can. Heaving balls swung between his legs.

Denton looked up at him, realizing what he wanted to do, and their eyes met. his golden ones to the things empty sockets. there was an intelligence in that void, a will, the hunger he'd felt.

Denton tried to move, jump over the altar, but his body wouldn't respond. that empty daze held him in place, as he got closer and closer. The being was at least eight feet tall. he radiated masculinity, power, lust.

When the being stopped, their cocks were touching. Denton couldn't look down, he couldn't break the gaze, but he knew his seven inch would look insignificant next to this being's majesty.

Denton swallowed. "No," he rasped, the sound barely audible against his beating heart.

MINE was the response.

"No." He tried to make his refusal more forceful, but it was barely a whisper.

MINE! he repeated, but this time Denton realized it wasn't a word. It was sense. A sense of ownership. of being his, of being his blood, his seed, his child.

A meaty hand pressed against his chest, and Denton found himself on his back on the altar. His legs were grabbed and lifted. He was able to look down, and the enormous cock jutted between his raised legs. For a moment he could swear it was his, and he felt its power as his. Then the illusion was broken as it moved out of view, and then he felt it pressing between his cheeks.

The being before him couldn't be real. This had to be a dream, conjured by what they others had told him and his own horniness. This couldn't be what he seemed to be.

REAL, it projected, and pushed.

Denton gritted his teeth, he wasn't going to cry out. He wasn't going to give him that satisfaction. The sensation of his ass being stretched felt wrong to Denton, and yet, a sense of rightness wrapped itself around him. a sense of something that had been denied too long, of his owner finally claiming him.

A groan escaped his clenched teeth as he felt that cock reached further inside him he thought could be physically possible. Heavy balls pressed against his, and a wave of satisfaction flowed through him.

He opened his eyes and those empty sockets looked back at him with... tenderness? slowly their emptiness was replaced by golden eyes, and yellow fur became visible, with black spots. A cheetah's face formed in place of the skull, one that looked at him with love.

"Dad?" Denton asked, eyes wet. The cheetah looking down at him smiled. A hand reached for his cheek. It was no longer meaty, but slender, covered with yellow spotted fur and dull claws. The touch was gentle, and evoked a sense of familiarity.

The cheetah said something, but no words came out. instead a sense of love flowed through Denton. and he wrapped his arms around his father. The man whose face he hadn't been able to recall until now. The man who had given his life so Denton could have a chance at one.

When the cheetah started moving over him Denton welcomed it. He welcomed the demonstration of his father's love. Denton moaned for both of them as his father made love to him. He held him close. He wrapped his legs around him to encourage him to thrust deeper. And Denton Screamed his pleasure.

His father went faster, thrust deeper, until he tensed, opened his mouth in a silent scream. Denton felt his father fill

him, and he scream too as the orgasm hit. He buried his face in his father's fur, and for a moment he could smell him, the soap he used to wash after coming home from work, and the earthy sent it never could quite wash away.

Then the fur was gone. The scent was good. he looked up, and his father was gone. He looked into those empty sockets, and he understood. This being, this god had granted him a gift. A chance to experience his father in a way so few people got to do. Denton cried more, but he nodded.

He held on to the God as He claimed him, over and over.