

Yeah, so this is the chapter all you first run veterans have been waiting for. I have to admit I've been itching to get to this point as well. You'll all see why.

Jeremy did call Jenna Sandoval, but only after two more incidents. He explained in embarrassing detail what he'd been experiencing for the past few weeks. She dismissed it as the typical beginning of sexual maturity. He'd been told before but she reiterated the distinction again.

Dominants matured slower, so he was only now seeing his hormones beginning to make their presence known. She predicted he had as much as perhaps two more years before what was called The Need would truly strike him. Jeremy was a bit dismayed that anything could be more distracting but for now took her at her word.

She then went into ear-foldingly stark descriptions of how he could as she put it release the built up stress. As unsettling as the conversation had been the almost clinical way she approached the subject didn't really help. She was explicit in her descriptions and even took the liberty of asking intimate details of his anatomy. He was even more embarrassed at the doubtful tone that entered her voice. She did finish by making it a point of him staying in contact.

Their conversation didn't ease his mind much. He didn't know whether to be proud or shamed that he held out for two days before using the techniques she'd imparted to release the stress he felt. It did help shove the sudden urges he'd been fighting to the background.

The weeks went by in the typical blur. It was Sam who had to remind him his birthday was approaching. His brother wanted to throw a celebratory party for his advancing into legal adulthood. He knew his brother wouldn't be denied once he had an idea in his head so he didn't bother trying to back out. His birthday was in the middle of the week so Sam took him out for his party on Friday night.

The venue Sam selected was within walking distance, which should have warned Jeremy what his brother had in store for him. There was also a line outside waiting to be let in. As they waited in line Sam chatted and shared his usual humorous observations. Jeremy noticed the tiger controlling the door had leaned down to say something to a jackal before pointing at them.

He watched the jackal approach wondering how they could have done anything to bring the attention of door security upon them. Sam noticed the canine when he was only steps away and fell silent.

"Excuse me Sir, please come this way." the jackal said addressing Jeremy.

The canine waited as Jeremy stepped out of line. The jackal turned and started walking back toward the door clearly expecting him to follow. Jeremy felt Sam at his side as he walked behind the male. As they came up to the tiger he reached out and unclipped the rope and stepped aside. Jeremy smiled at the realization they were getting head of the line treatment knowing it was due to his status as a dominant.

As Sam stepped ahead of him Jeremy reached out to the tiger offering his paw. "Thanks, I appreciate the gesture, sir."

The male smiled and touched pads "You're welcome sir. Enjoy your night with us."

Jeremy walked inside and paused. Sam was already three feet ahead of him and bouncing to the music. His brother turned back to him with a huge grin. Sam led him toward the bar at the far side of the

room. It took them several minutes to negotiate their way but by the time they'd reached their destination Jeremy was also feeling the music.

Jeremy couldn't hear what his brother ordered but when he turned with two drinks he handed Jeremy one. He watched Sam down half his drink and after a sniff took a sip. The taste spurred him to quaff half of his own drink. He looked at Sam but his brother was scanning the crowd. Even with Jeremy's height advantage he could only see a little further. There was a typical mix of specie making it hard to see past the larger people in the crowd.

Sam slowly made his way to a side table. Jeremy followed watching the crowd around them. He sat across from his brother ignoring the empty bottles and glasses already on the table. He cleared a spot for his drink and leaning across asked "What's this called?"

"Pineapple Muffin." Sam answered with a smile.

"That's just what it tastes like."

"It's got a kick though, so take it easy."

Jeremy nodded. He was feeling the effects a little already. Sam looked around again scanning the crowd. Jeremy wondered what or who he was looking for, and why he'd picked this particular place. In looking around for himself he saw what seemed the regular mix of people that could be found anywhere. They were left alone for only a few minutes.

A female otter came up to their table and with an almost dismissive glance at Sam asked Jeremy for a dance. A glance at his brother indicated he was fine with being left alone. Jeremy stood watching as the otter stepped back. She was eyeing him as if bit surprised at his height. She smiled a second later and took his paw pulling him to the floor.

It took Jeremy less than a minute to realize his inexperience with dancing didn't matter. With the press of people around them most were merely bouncing on their feet to the music. The press also caused the female to stand close and all but intimately rub up against him. With the female grinding and bouncing against him to the rhythm of the music Jeremy felt his body responding. Judging by the otter's sly smile she could feel it too.

As the current song transitioned to another she stopped and stretched up to his ear and almost shouted to be heard. "Want to go somewhere more private?"

Jeremy knew the drink was in full effect. He knew his inhibitions were at a low point. He knew he shouldn't take her up on what she suggested, but he nodded and smiled his agreement anyway.

"I know just the place." The female responded with a smile.

She led Jeremy off the floor and down a half lit corridor. He paused as she pushed open the door to the female's restroom. With a knowing smile she pulled him in. He allowed her to lead the way to a stall. He started with a kiss as she pressed herself against him. Soon her paws were sliding down his sides. One found its way to his crotch. She kneaded his equipment with just the right pressure and he continued responding until he was almost fully out of his sheath.

"Wait, what's your name?"

She rolled her eyes and head in the same motion. "Debbie, if it matters."

"I guess not." He said at the implication in her tone. He moved his paws to his shorts unbuttoning his fly in eagerness of the moment.

Debbie stepped back and worked on her own clothing. Soon enough they were exposed to each other. She stopped to stare as he pushed his shorts down.

"Oh my lord."

Jeremy looked down at himself. He was not quite hard yet. He stepped up and moved to kiss Debbie again. She stepped back with a paw on his chest to watch him finish growing.

"Holy shit. That's huge." She looked up at him a second. Reaching out she took his length in a paw and slowly slid down his shaft. He surged bigger in response, almost to full erection and with still a bit more growth to come. He watched as she dropped to her knees. She had to look up to his member from her position. Wrapping both paws around him she began to stroke. Her paws only covered half of his vast length. She was leaning in to him, licking her lips.

A bead of pre had formed at his tip as he reached full hardness. He felt her hot breath before she licked the bead from his tip. The slight contact made him moan his pleasure and anticipation. She looked up at him to state. "I'm not sure if I can handle this. I had no idea a male could be this big."

"Just do what you can with it." He couldn't believe he'd just said that.

She leaned in and took him into her mouth. He'd had dreams like what was now happening but they all paled in comparison. It felt incredible. So alien compared to his own paws but at the same time so right, so salaciously hot. He bucked his hips at her without thinking. She pulled back from the thrust with a cough.

"Sorry."

"That's okay" She paused for a second. "No offense if its not, but is this your first time?"

"Yes." Jeremy admitted before even thinking. The drink indeed had quite a kick.

Debbie smiled up at him a moment and went back to pushing her muzzle onto him.

His eyes widened at the feeling of her suddenly suckling his cock. He couldn't believe anything could have felt like that. He wanted more. Following instinct he put his paws on the top of her head and slowly rocked his hips forward, slowly this time so she could adjust to him. He soon found a rhythm sliding in Debbie's muzzle even as her paws worked on what she couldn't take in. He watched in amazement and a little disappointment that she was able to take less than half his length. All too soon he was cumming into her mouth.

"Sorry." he apologized again. He'd wanted so badly to have lasted longer. He watched amazed and a little revolted that she was swallowing his cum. When he finished she pulled off and stood.

She reached up to his shoulders and put most of her weight on him. "Your turn now."

Guided by the downward pressure of her paws he knelt facing her crotch. Even on his knees he had to lean down to reach her slit. He looked up at her. She smiled and said "Go on, there's nothing you can damage with just your tongue."

He leaned in and licked his lips just as she had. He had no clue what to do. Out of impulse he reached out with his tongue and licked along her cleft. He was surprised at the taste. It roused

something in him. He licked again, harder this time. At her encouraging groan he continued harder each time. He was rewarded with more of her taste.

"Okay, thats good but you need to go inside." Debbie encouraged.

With his paws already on her hips he adjusted slightly and pulled her lips apart to see her internal structure. Rearing back to take a look at his objective a moment he leaned back in and pressed his muzzle up to her. He pushed his tongue in between her folds. The taste that flooded his tongue was all the encouragement he needed after that.

He pushed deeper licking and lapping at her insides. Jeremy had the thought of altering his tongue with PATOMES. None of his dreams had included this. He knew PATOMES could alter individual organs but had never tried. He quickly sorted through the commands and added a little mass to his tongue. He tilted his head to one side then another to get as deep as he could reach. He felt her paws grab his ears and pull him into her. An instant later he felt her bucking into him just as he had. He wanted deeper, he wanted her to lose control as he had just from his tongue in her.

Jeremy added some more mass to his tongue. He pulled out a second to catch his breath and also make sure his larger tongue still fit in his mouth. With a smile up to Debbie he leaned back in and pushed deeper. Her moans and grunts let him know he was close to achieving his goal. He again added more to his tongue.

He distantly heard someone come into the restroom. He didn't care. His muzzle was pressed up against her. The only thing he could smell was her and it was driving him to want more. With his jaws open to desperately pant through the sides of his mouth Jeremy forced his tongue even deeper. He could feel his member stiffening again as he probed into her. Debbie was pushing his muzzle deep into herself. Again he added more to his tongue and pulled back again to check the fit in his mouth. Satisfied that he hadn't overdone things he plunged deeper into her.

He vaguely heard a conversation in the next stall. They were female and male voices, so he ignored their presence. His mind was fully focused on the task at hand. PATOMES' converted measurements told him his tongue stretched six inches into the female. Her paws on his head moved him in and out of her in tandem with his exploring tongue. Eager to again surpass expectations Jeremy added more to his tongue. He was taking things slow on purpose yet he was wondering how PATOMES knew to add mostly length so suit his desires. With all the additional mass his tongue still fit his own mouth.

Debbie continued to coach him, telling him where to push his tongue. He decided to act boldly and added still more to his tongue. Now nine inches of oral muscle deep into her she ordered him to slowly grind his tongue against her clit then carefully nibble at her. After several minutes he heard her hiss as her flavor intensified and her added volume flooded his tongue. He kept lapping at the increased fluids until she pulled his muzzle from her. He was pleased his tongue fit in his mouth as smoothly as always.

"That was pretty awesome. Was that really your first time?"

"Yeah." Jeremy replied licking the fluids from the fur of his chops with his extended tongue. She stared amazed at the display for a few seconds.

He stood. She saw he was fully hard again and smiled. He took her by the hips and guided himself close to where he'd just cleaned her.

She looked down and put her paws on his chest. "Let me lead. You're really big, so we need to go really slow at first. I don't want to get hurt."

"Whatever." Shit, he wondered why he always sound like an idiot to his own ears. Her paws on his chest clenched in his fur as she continued looking up at him. The concern on her face cause him to pause and respond. "I understand."

He let her do the positioning as he watched with eager interest. After pushing him all the way to the door of the stall she slowly rested his member against herself and slowly pressed onto him. As his tip entered her he wanted to buck his hips to delve deep into her but held himself back. He felt a muscle deep at the base of his cock reflexively tighten as she pushed onto him. He'd never known that muscle was even there until that moment but it cause his cock to thicken just a bit more.

Slowly she slid onto him, two, then three inches. He reached out and gripped the top of the stall. He needed to keep his hands occupied with something other than forcing his way into Debbie. She pulled off slightly then back onto him three, then four inches of him squeezed into her. To him it felt as though he were being shoved inside a hot wet soft oven mitt. He'd never felt such compressive heat on his cock before. It drove him to want more. He heard the metal walls of the stall buckle from him pulling on them. He moved his paws to her hips.

Again she slid off just a bit then took more of him. Back to four inches, five then a straining six inches of him dove deep into her slick embrace. He groaned his pleasure as she again slid back, keeping only three inches of him inside. She pushed back onto him as he shuddered in an effort not to buck his hips. Six inches slid in then seven and finally eight of his thick shaft was buried in her. He felt her muscles press tighter against his tip deep inside her even as she groaned lightly. She backed off then pushed onto him pushing more of him deeper, to eight again then he could see she was nearing her limits as his ninth inch disappeared inside her. He was close to cumming again.

He fought hard not to shove himself even deeper into Debbie. Her warning about harming her was understandable now. The pressure and tightness as he slid in and out was incredible. She was like a vice pressing around him, the tender yet firm muscles of her insides strained against his thickness. Once more she backed herself off him, a bit faster now. Out to five inches of him still inside her only to slide back to nine, then she took in an amazing ten inches of his cock drove deep. His tip felt even more compression as his cock dove into the otter. She started speeding up, sliding on and off of him. She wasn't going deeper any longer but he didn't care. The feeling was incredible.

Watching Debbie slide on his cock he started bucking his hips with her rhythm. He was even closer to peaking now, just seconds away. The electric feeling pounding through his cock was far beyond what he'd felt when she'd sucked his cock. Every muscle in him tensed, his back arched as his head tilted back until he was looking at the ceiling. He groaned as she sped up just a bit more. A second later his cock spewed his seed into her.

He thought he felt himself swell even thicker as he came. Her paw took hold of the part of him that was still outside of her. Looking down at her grip on his cock she could only wrap her fingers a little more than two thirds of way around him. She stopped a few seconds after he spent the last of his load. They stood together for a moment desperate to catch their breath as the euphoria slowly faded. Looking down once again he watched as she pulled off of him. The feeling of inch after inch of him finding freedom from the press of her was an engrossing epilogue to the sex.

Standing away from him she took a bit of paper and started cleaning the issue that had started dribbling out of her. Jeremy watched her a moment wondering if she'd cum again. From her actions he doubted it, yet she didn't seem disappointed. Following her lead again he took some paper to wipe himself down. After sorting out their clothes she opened the stall to lead him back to the dance floor.

Jeremy wanted another drink, and perhaps also find another partner.

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So there's likely a few new readers due to the content in this chapter tempting me to make a few quick explanations. Instead, I'll stay true to my snarky nature and expect you to read from the beginning if you're interested in the story. I will say that this section is reserved for the question and answer period of class. If anyone has an interesting question I'll share the answer with everyone here next week. Again, part of my snarky nature doesn't expect anyone checking back just for the answer of a question they didn't ask.