

Didn't have much time this week even though this chapter needed it more than most. Its still at a point that I'm satisfied with it overall. Its just a certain part that I feel needed just a bit more attention, more on that later though. Anyway, enjoy.

He was forced to call it a day after yet another incident of his bike feeling as if it was being lifted off the pavement. Even staying behind a snowplow conditions had degraded to the point that he still couldn't maintain traction. Following the promise of the roadside signs Jeremy took the next offramp. With no other traffic in sight he brazenly drove through a red light and made a beeline through the intersection on the way to the hotel. It was a necessity. With six inches of snow on the road he'd never get moving again.

It was a challenge just to keep moving without the roads plowed. The front tire of his bike did little in way of steering. He had to wrestle it away from the turning force of the piled up snow while goosing the throttle. Ignoring lanes and signals he managed to get to the cover of the hotel portico and finally stop. Standing beside his bike and looking at the tracks he'd left he couldn't help but shake his head. If he hadn't left the tracks himself Jeremy would have thought the wavering line more than enough evidence of the driver's impairment.

Brushing the clinging snow off his riding suit Jeremy walked into the lobby. Coming up to the check in desk he pulled off his goggles and scarf in order to speak to the weasel standing behind the desk. "I'd like a room, please."

The female began getting his information. Her head stayed down while typing his information as Jeremy continued stripping his outer riding gear off. She looked up at him and paused, eyes widening and jaw hung open for a second. They stared at each other for a second, Jeremy realizing she had only then realized he was a fellow weasel. His size and covering must have lead her to think he had been of a larger species.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you." He said.

"Pardon me, sir. I didn't mean to, sorry for the inappropriate behavior, Sir." The female said regaining her composure. She was soon acting normally enough to bring up the weather. After imparting the forecast she asked if he'd be staying the extra day that the storm was expected to last.

Jeremy readily agreed. He pulled off the rest of his thick riding gear as Sheila finished the registration process. After asking he was pleased to find they also had underground parking for vehicles, as well as laundry facilities. His improved sense of smell let him know the female was becoming a bit aroused. She smiled up at him as she handed him the door card. Her fingers lingered just enough to also let him know of her interest.

Smiling as he pocketed the card Jeremy went to the room only long enough to take a bathroom break. He didn't bother getting back into his riding suit before going back out to move his bike to the underground garage. Carrying his packs with him he returned to his room and dropped everything just inside the door. Stripping the rest of his clothes off he showered long enough to get the chill out of his body. Taking only enough time to dry off he crawled onto the bed and was asleep in minutes.

He didn't hear the door open, but lifted his head at the light sound of a footfall. He froze watching as she slowly walked to the edge of his bed. The female's eyes roved over him as she stood looking his body over. The look she was giving him indicated the reason for her presence faster than any spoken

explanation. Jeremy was likewise interested and pulled the cover from his upper body. She stared at his now exposed chest.

He wasn't hugely muscled. His time in Chile had leaned him up but he clearly still had enough muscle to please. Her knee settled on the bed shifting the surface he lay on. She stopped there and undid her blouse, going slowly to arouse him. It worked marvelously. He propped himself up on his elbows to better watch. She pulled off her blouse and began sliding her skirt lower. She slid them as far as her knee on the mattress allowed and brought her other leg close pausing to stand with one foot on the floor. She stared at him, assessing him from the edge of the mattress.

He could see all of her. Shiela watched back, slowly sliding one paw to her crotch and began stroking herself. His increasing response made its presence known by tenting the sheet still covering his lower extremities. Her eyes shifted to his advancing development for a second and came back to his eyes. She said nothing as she climbed onto the bed until she had positioned herself over him.

She had avoided contact as she straddled him with arms extended and her body held high. She hovered over him as he grew under her. Her eyes constantly moved from his to his growing size and back again. He could feel himself sliding under the sheet, tenting the thin cloth higher as he stretched out to his full length. Still propped on his elbows all Jeremy had to do was lean forward a bit to kiss Shiela.

She leaned into his kiss, pushing against him slightly. He accepted the prompt of her pressure and laid back. His head resting back on the pillow he felt Shiela shift her weight through the kiss. The sheet slide out from between them. His eyes couldn't see below Shiela but he could now feel her soft fur on his exposed skin as she lowered toward him.

His cock felt the fur of her as she moved up and back over him several times slowly dropping to brush more of her silky fur over his sensitive flesh. They continued kissing as Shiela positioned herself over him. He could finally feel her entrance rub against his sensitive tip. He was ready when she dropped a fraction lower letting him enter her.

He came instantly, opening his eyes to the darkness of the room. He was still climaxing as he realized it had been a dream.

"Fuck." Sitting up as his cock finished soiling the sheets Jeremy felt the heat of his own embarrassment. Looking at the alarm clock sitting on the nightstand he saw it had been less than two hours since he'd checked in. Using the sheet to clean his own issue from his fur as best he could Jeremy got up. Bundling the sheet up he went to the small bath and showered again.

He dressed in his cleanest set of clothes and made his way to the laundry facilities. Stuffing the soiled sheet in a separate washer from his own clothes he sat waiting for the cycle to finish. Jeremy pondered his latest incident while waiting.

He'd been satisfying himself when he had some private time throughout the trip. The frequency of his bouts of gratification had been enough until recently. He remembered Jenna's warning that a time would come when he'd be insatiable. While he didn't feel he was at that point yet he now understood it to be a valid warning. Even waiting in the laundry his mind was wandering to Shiela and the dream of her he'd had. He was glad he was the only one in the room, he was half hard and obscenely filling the front of his shorts just thinking of her.

His clothes finished first. By the time he'd folded everything the bed sheet was done and his libido was back under control once again. Back in his room and the bed remade and his clothes repacked he considered trying to get some more sleep. Laying in bed his mind again wandered. His short session with Priss had come to mind and now he was fully hard again.

His paw slowly roamed over his length. Even as he fantasized about Priss he remembered using PATOMES to compare himself against his brothers. He'd been huge compared to the average weasel. His brother Sam had been well above average and yet he put them all to shame. His member since then had continued to grow larger. Lifting his head up and appraising himself he looked more than a foot long and thick enough that he couldn't close his fingers around himself. Even as he slowly stroked himself he thought that maybe he was closer to needing that talk with Jenna again than he had thought.

He stopped himself and put his paws behind his head. Staring at the ceiling he made the resolution to himself that he would make more of an effort to control his urges. Whether he was on the verge of uncontrollable needs or not he'd not even been trying to control himself. He'd been following the first impulses to their fulfillment. He realized he hadn't been exercising the control and planning he'd once habitually used before Chile. It was time to find himself once again.

Jeremy laughed at the realization. It was once again the very reason Alex had suggested he take the time off. His first order of business would be finding his own way of overcoming the urges. On thinking of what he'd been told by various dominants, the impulses would build to the point where they'd come to almost dominate his every waking thought. As they'd explained he was indeed experiencing a hormonal response to the final phase of his body becoming a mature dominant.

Jenna had even recommended he use self gratification to help stem the building tide of hormones until it became too much. Just having taken control of his latest impulse indicated he was not at that point, yet. For the moment and until he could come up with another method of relieving the buildup of his urges he would resort to the recommended practices. Getting out of bed he crossed to the bathroom.

Once he was finished Jeremy dressed and went to the hotel lobby. The restaurant was open now. He was seated at a window booth, even though he was by himself. There were only a few people eating even though it was the typical morning hour. His mind had idled just watching the snow fall outside when the waiter asked if he was ready to order.

"Sorry. Yes, whats your biggest breakfast dish?"

With a smile the mink answered "That'd be our Triple Combo. It comes with sausage and bacon, eggs any way you want them, and pancakes or waffles."

"Sounds perfect." Jeremy replied and gave her his choices. He saw the mink glance out the window as she turned. At a thought he looked around the small restaurant and had his idea confirmed. Everyone had been seated at or next to a window. Smiling to himself at the observation he went back to watching the snow. As soothing as the snow was his thoughts were on other things.

Jeremy's mind was on PATOMES. His experiment days ago was leading him to conclusions in interesting directions. Foremost was his finding that when he'd grown too large for his body to support its own weight PATOMES had stepped in and expended units to bridge the gap. He'd used almost ten thousand units in just minutes.

There was no logical way for that to have been a successful solution if units represented only mass. Then again he only had the theories and explanations he'd learned in the academy to rely on.

He had never really considered how PATOMES could actually store mass. Jeremy had long ago reasoned that it was far more advanced than anything that could be made with the current level of technology. He'd never followed the implications through from that point, until now. With the information he had thus far he was forced to conclude there were two likely possibilities. PATOMES was either from a future time or a reasonable approximation of an alternate timeline. As a working theory it would have to do for the moment.

Accepting the premise, he had to conclude that PATOMES converted mass to either energy or something similar. The most efficient way he knew with the current theory on the subject would be to convert mass to energy. From that point it would just be a small leap to conclude that it could also have access to some as yet undiscovered dimension, or again some similar process to store the converted units.

He was now considering the possibility that PATOMES could store energy in a more direct manner. He was searching through the command pathways for clues for a way to absorb energy units without using any conversion. He had yet to find it but that didn't mean it wasn't in PATOMES somewhere.

He ate automatically as he continued his internal search. He'd already examined most of the commands for acquiring and siphoning off mass from an individual. He was trying to query PATOMES on certain commands that seemed likely to yield answers. So far PATOMES had yet to respond as it had once before. It had given him an equation that was still just as baffling.

Jeremy suspected it was going to take time to discover the key to unlocking that part of PATOMES he sought. He had a lifetime to accomplish it though. He had learned patience in solving the puzzles he'd presented himself with years ago. He paused in his search at the now familiar feeling of impending headache. There was no reason to push his search too far.

Leaving a large tip he left the restaurant and went to his room. He sat on the bed watching the television for want of anything else to do. Even though it was still early morning the fatigue of the constant travel started catching up to him. He drifted off to sleep.

He woke from a dream with a raging hard cock and the erotic images still in his head. Looking at the window as he sat up it was mid afternoon and the snowstorm had started easing. He stared at the door going over the oddly exciting dream that had just repeated itself. His eyes moved to his exposed cock and his balls resting below it.

He'd always considered his package as a part of his whole body. Now, with his body clearly nearing the point where he'd need to talk with Jenna it was making its presence known in new and unexpected ways. Now, for the first time he actually examined himself with a eye toward the naked masculinity of his cock.

With his paw on himself and fingers wrapped around his shaft he saw again that there was a gap of almost two inches between the tip of his finger and thumb. He started stroking marveling again at the feel. He'd learned in the sex education module at the academy about how male members were built. The twin segments on either side of his cock had grown to the point where a deep groove ran the length of his top centerline. Unlike in the dry and lifeless diagrams his cock had thin chevrons that had been growing up from the center groove of his cock. Even now they were providing far more stimulation than they had only months ago.

He dragged his thumb along the raised shapes on his shaft. Closer to cumming now he held his breath for a second to hold off the impending climax. This too was new to him. Even as familiar as it was to him his mind now saw it as far more erotic and slightly alien pillar of male weasel hood. Having examined himself closely he thought back to when he'd compared himself to his brothers. He was again struck by how much his member had grown since then. He now stood well past a foot in length and easily three inches wide at his base.

He had to admit, he was getting closer to that point when his need would be uncontrollable by the day. He was realizing his thoughts and fantasies were centering on his bouts of self gratification and were becoming redundant. The extra hormones that were now flooding his system were obviously increasing to levels far beyond normal. He stood and walked toward the bathroom, still slowly stroking his meaty member.

Coming out of the bathroom afterward Jeremy sat staring at the television. He needed something better than the vacant programming to occupy his mind. He felt restless, felt as though he needed to burn off a bit of extra energy. Jeremy thought he needed to do some more of the training he'd learned down in Chile. Looking out the window he knew he didn't have the right gear to do so in this kind of weather. Getting up and changing clothes he decided he could at least do a substitute work out.

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Since this chapter answered only a few questions brought up by the last chapter concerning PATOMES. I have to leave it at that for now, don't want to reveal too much this soon. Also, this is just Jeremy's speculation and not yet the answer. Still, bring on the questions.