

Well, that little twist at the end of last week's chapter caught a few of you by surprise. Still, to think Eric would take that much of advantage...well yeah, but not without some kind of forewarning wouldn't be very sporting. Its still good to know I can still throw such a huge surprise your way. Okay, I'll shut up and get back to the story now.

Coming back out to the living room Jeremy found his brother had left, presumably for work. Once he'd loaded the soiled sheet in the washer he went to the kitchen. He found his brother had again left his cereal bowl on the counter and had not even taken the trouble to rinse it out. After eating he knocked on Sam's bedroom door but there was no answer. He unpacked his bags and sorted everything for cleaning.

His riding gear was a mess and covered in grime. By the time he'd rinsed most of the dirt and salt from his riding suit in the shower he had to shower once again. He finally went to his bedroom to dress and was reminded that Eric had assumed the privilege of mixing their clothes together. He sorted through the clothes separating Eric's from his own. His coyote strength sniffer detected hints that his brother had put his clothes away after having worn them. Most of his own clothes smelled of his brother.

After dressing in his cleanest set of clothes he set Eric's things on the couch. His phone was where he'd left it and fully charged. He called Jenna Sandoval asking to make an appointment. She readily agreed and gave him directions to her place of work. She made time for him in only two hours.

He advanced a load of laundry, had a small snack and once the washer finished its cycle it was time to leave for his meeting with Sandoval. He followed Jenna's directions and found the building. It looked like an any ordinary apartment building to him. Even entering the lobby was much like the building he lived in. As he crossed the lobby he could even see the leasing offices in the back corner.

Once in the elevator and as instructed he pushed both the twelfth and fourteenth floor buttons at the same time until the doors closed. Even as he did so he thought it odd she'd stressed the importance of pushing both buttons. He looked around the elevator car almost expecting something to happen. As he always did he watched the lighted floor numbers change as the cab neared the floor. He expected the lighted number twelve to change to thirteen but was surprised to see the screen go blank.

The doors opened and Jeremy stepped out looking around curiously. He'd expected a hallway either like an office or apartment building. Instead he stood in what looked like a reception area. Beige carpet covered the floor and overstuffed couches lined most of the wall space. The only break in the couches were the doors in the center of each wall. The entire space was decorated to look like something of a cross between an office and living room. A wolf sat behind the round reception desk situated in the middle of the room.

"Mister Dawn?" The wolf asked after looking up from the small notebook she was working from.

"Yes, I have an appointment with Miss Sandoval." he answered as he walked up to the desk.

"I'll message her that you're here, please take a seat."

Jeremy turned and sat in one of the couches. They were surprisingly comfortable. He waited less than a minute before Jenna Sandoval came out of the door to the right. He stood as she approached noticing that she was no longer so much larger than he was. Their height difference was down to about eight inches. He was surprised when she embraced him. Her breasts pressed against him pleasantly from the tightness of her embrace. He knew she intended just such a demonstration of her assets. He smiled

as her concentrated scent filled his muzzle. He was once again a bit surprised at the indication of how much he was growing and his increased susceptibility to the kind of stimulation she was providing.

She stepped back from the embrace and instructed him to follow her and asked how he'd been since their last meeting. He replied he was fine physically as she lead him through a maze of hallways to her office. There was only a small plain desk with a few chairs and a small mini fridge in the small room. There was another door that stood half open revealing a darkened bathroom. The cougar sat in one of the chairs in front of the desk and pulled the other around expecting Jeremy to sit next to her.

"So, can I assume you're feeling your sex drive increasing?"

Jeremy nodded accepting the assertion. "Yes, I'm uh. Well, I've been active and I'm still having dreams that end with, um." Jeremy sighed. "This is embarrassing."

"How old are you now?" Jenna asked.

Jeremy was taken aback. He looked at her not wanting to admit his youth. "I'm nineteen, almost twenty."

She nodded. "That's about right. Although I expect its not yet as bad as what's to come."

Jeremy felt his jaw drop. "What? This gets worse?"

Jenna smiled at his reaction. "Yes. If I remember our conversation correctly, you were like most of us before we encounter that period of our lives. I have no doubt you thought you could handle it on your own. Am I right?"

Jeremy leaned back in the chair, not wanting to admit he'd all but dismissed her warning. At the same time he knew the longer he paused the more he silently confirmed her assessment of what his attitude had been. With a sigh he answered. "Yes, I have to admit, you're right."

Still smiling the cougar said "Not to worry, we all think that." She shifted in her seat and leaned back matching Jeremy in posture. "So, what do you know of what we do here?"

"Something to help control the urges, from what you've said." Jeremy said knowing there was more to the answer she sought. He wondered if there was even a simple explanation.

Jenna tilted her head and after a few seconds stated "This is the Thirteenth Floor. Its a bordello." She watched his reaction and smiled.

Jeremy was shocked at the matter of fact statement. "So, you're suggesting that in order to help control my urges, that I should," He stared at the cougar unable to finish.

"Precisely." She said and waited for his response. Jenna watched him as he thought over her suggestion. She said, "Think it over for a while. I can see you're still hesitant, that tells me you've still got some time before you hit The Need."

"How can you be that sure?"

"You still hesitate, its really that simple for dominants. Soon enough you'll have physically matured enough to satisfy females with little effort."

"How's that possible?"

"It's easier to show you. Stand up." She said.

Jeremy pushed back his chair and stood in front of the cougar. She stood in front of him and put a paw on his shoulder and her other paw on his crotch and started kneading him.

"What are you doing this for?" Jeremy asked, stepping back shocked at how forward she was acting.

"Trust me." She ordered and stepped up to him again. "And stand still."

The cougar's paw slid to Jeremy's inner thigh. He shifted back away from her touch only to feel her move with him. She licked his nose and shifted her paw from his shoulder to the back of his neck. Her other paw's fingers spread away from each other only to press into the flesh of his cock and lower belly. Her eyes widened for a moment. She flicked her tongue out and tickled his whiskers as she again licked his nose.

"Are you ready for me to see yet?"

"Is this really necessary?" He was simultaneously aroused and embarrassed. He wondered at how far she was willing to go to make whatever point was making.

"To prove a point, yes."

"I already think your point's been made." Jeremy said hoping that would satisfy the cougar.

She slipped her paw up his half hard shaft coaxing him to fullness and even taking the liberty of adjusting him within his shorts. It felt as though she knew male anatomy and his need for space in the confines of his own clothing as well as he did. "Trust me."

Jeremy felt his hips buck against her paw. Embarrassed and forced to admit defeat he said "Fine."

"Good." She purred, her head moving back. She reached down and started unbuttoning his slacks with a single paw. In moments Jeremy was free and exposed to the cougar's appraising eyes. She watched as Jeremy continued to grow out of his confinement. The cougar's eye ridges raised at the sight of him. "I've rarely seen a male dominant this size and never on a weasel. You are truly blessed, my new friend."

Jeremy was strangely uncomfortable at the praise. "Um, thanks, I guess." He'd felt his ears fold down on his head at the female's praise. He wondered at his reaction. He'd had other females express admiration at his size before. He thought perhaps it was the clinical way she was staring at him that put him off.

She continued stroking him as he responded rapidly. In just a few more seconds she was holding his full erection in her paw. Jenna pulled his shaft down until he pointed straight out from his body. The pressure on his shaft caused him to reflexively twitch the muscles at the root of his shaft. She looked Jeremy in the eye and asked "What do you see?"

"It's me." he answered not understanding her point. Still feeling his root muscles pulse and twitch under her slow strokes.

"Here." she said as she rubbed her thumb over the top of his shaft. "See these?"

She had slid her digit over the deep seam that ran the top length of his cock. He was familiar with the chevrons that had formed at intervals along the groove that ran the distance along the top of his

penis. Each one rose up from the long valley of his deep grove. As she'd touched each one they had sent the expected extra thrill through him. With a groan he answered "Yes."

"They'll only get larger. All dominant alpha males sport them to one degree or another. Since you're already at this size I imagine yours are going to be fairly large." She continued rubbing along the top of his shaft. There were eight of them between the head of his cock and his root. She kept stroking him as she stared into his eyes. She had him bucking his hips into her paw as she started concentrating her massage on each peak.

"Uhnf, what do they, oh fuck, what are they for?"

"Other than mark males as dominants? They stimulate the clitoris of whatever female you take. Soon, with a bit of teaching you'll have any female you take cumming in under a minute if you wish."

"Are they that good?"

"Jeremy, they're amazing." Jenna said. Jeremy remembered his night with Sheila as the cougar released him and stepped back.

He stood watching her not sure why she'd stopped. He was tempted to finish himself, he wanted to satisfy and finish what she'd started but it was her office. As needy as he felt he was equally self-conscious. He was standing there with his slacks down around his hips and his cock out in front of a female dominant. The situation had suddenly become the very essence of awkward. "So," Jeremy muttered "what, I mean. Wait." He stopped, trying to remember what she had started the too personal demonstration for.

He started again. "So, what does that prove?"

She smirked at his discomfiture. "That you're not quite there yet." She had stepped around her desk and pulled something from a drawer. She returned to stand next to him putting what appeared to be a black glove on her paw. Taking hold of him again she resumed stroking his length.

He looked up at her feeling his ears lift back up. She hadn't put on a simple glove. It was some kind of plush mitt she was satisfying him with. He watched as she pulled the sleeve down over almost half his length and continued stroking him through the soft material.

He was thrusting against her paw continuously, he felt out of control. She slid her paw over him counter to his thrusts, her thumb again hitting all eight of his chevrons as he thrust within her grip. In a few more seconds he was spurting his seed into the reversed glove. Once he finished he looked at Jenna and said "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to--"

"Stop." Jenna commanded. "I never leave any male unsatisfied once I get him riled up. Besides if it were a problem I'd have stopped you at any time."

She walked around her desk dropping the sodden mitt in a hidden basket. "Now, even though you're not really that close yet I'd recommend starting here on evenings, that way you could learn some techniques before hand. What's your work schedule like?"

Jeremy finished buttoning his fly and stood in front of her desk. The sudden casual attitude was even more off-putting than her previous performance. "Actually, I still have about two weeks off work, but I was thinking of going back in early."

"Workaholic type, are you?" Jenna stated with a bit of humor. At his shrug she asked "So, are you interested in seeing just what it would be like working here? Before you say no out of some sense of

propriety, almost every dominant that goes through this does something similar as a way to take the edge off."

"I'll be honest, I'd rather ask my mentors before I commit to anything."

Jenna smiled. "That's wise." she answered as she stood. "Talk with them, and call me when you've decided." She walked around her desk and offered her arm in the gesture of equals. She then lead Jeremy back out to the reception area. She hugged again him at the doors to the elevator. The hug felt genuine and friendly for the first time during his visit.

"And I'm not as distant as I have been today as a boss and sexual mentor."

As he stepped inside the cab he looked back out to see the female smiling at him. He'd been on guard the entire time but he'd never sensed any projected pheromones from her. She'd had also never given the slightest hint of arousal when she'd been pawing him off. Even though the encounter in her office had been intensely personal for Jeremy her demeanor had been as professional as a doctor's visit.

He waited until he was back in the apartment before calling Zane. The pangolin was happy to hear from him again. They spent half an hour catching up and in the end he admitted to having worked with Jenna years before when he went through his own period of need. He got the same advice from Alex Elkins.

Although he declined to share as much as Jeremy's other mentor, from the humor in his voice Jeremy could almost assume he too had done much the same. Both assured him there was no shame attached to working with Jenna Sandoval. He was pretty much convinced, and after talking with both his mentors was looking forward to the idea. He'd still wait until the next day to call Jenna back. He didn't want to seem too eager.

Jeremy spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning up the apartment and finishing laundry. When he called his father to let him know he was back in town he again had to leave a message. By the time Sam came in he had one last load in the dryer and the apartment almost as clean as it had ever been. His brother practically grinned when he saw Jeremy. He walked right up to him and all but slammed into him and wrapped him in a hug.

"What's with the display of affection here?"

Sam stepped back still smiling as he said "Sorry, its just, I was worried about you."

"Thanks, but I think after the past year I can handle myself." he replied. "Hey, I was about to go and stock up on groceries, but lets eat out instead, my treat."

"That sounds good, or we could go to Ian's." Sam said with a smile. "We'll be a bit early but we all had a family get together planned at his place tonight anyway."

"Oh, yeah, that does sound better." He replied smiling back at his brother. He avoided mentioning the obvious due to his trip to Chile and subsequent road trip.

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Well, hope you lot are satisfied with this one too.

The previous chapter raised a lot of speculation about PATOMES. While I can't confirm anything without spoiling things I thought maybe going back over a few things would help. In the early chapters Jeremy was very careful about using it for several reasons. I only mentioned it once or twice, but he was fairly concerned that it had come to him by accident and whomever it was really meant for would come looking for it. What was not mentioned was the idea he'd be very sensitive to any news or indication of there being another PATOMES user out there somewhere.

So far, nothing...

That's not meant to bring the issue to a close.