

Welcome back, it seems like its just been a few hours. Hope you lot have recovered from that last one, because here we go again.

Jeremy's week continued with just a bit less anticipation over his next scheduled client. He tried to focus his attention on gathering information for the requirements for the Bureau. He had either talked with or messaged most of the members and had a good idea of what everyone wanted for a workspace. It was now a matter of finding a balance of what they all wanted and what was really feasible.

On Wednesday afternoon he made another tour of the Nicholson offices with feasibility in mind. There were clearly things that he couldn't really justify for the Bureau. In looking at the way the offices were laid out and their function Jeremy got a few more ideas. He felt he could have everything ready for Gakota's review some time the next week.

That night at The Thirteenth Floor Jeremy saw his first real client.

She turned out to be a middle aged raccoon. In chatting her up while escorting her to his studio he found why she was at The Floor. She had been in a marriage that fell apart and wanted someone to give her what hubby had failed to do for her for years.

Jeremy showed her into his room and gently asked her to lay on the massage table. She was a foot shorter than him. He understood Jenna's caution about being careful with normal females when the time came. He found himself using his training just as he'd been instructed. For all his nervousness he didn't sense the female had any idea just how young he really was. He started by giving her a massage while forced to listen to her tirade against her former husband.

The details didn't matter, Jeremy barely paid attention to her rant. His paws were slowly working the tension from her body while he worked. Her monolog against the male recently removed from her life had continued throughout he entire massage. After finishing the massage and using nods and noises of affirmation he guided her to the bed. Soon he was nibbling at her neck, stroking her inner thigh, breathing into her ear. Everything he was doing had all been scripted out for him by his female coworkers.

As her speech about her husband faltered under his administration Jeremy became bolder. Nibbling and licking at her from top to bottom she slowly fell silent watching with great awareness and eager for the weasel to show her the appreciation her marriage had lacked. Growing in confidence and taking the time to lick again at her fur covered nipples he slowly advanced toward her femininity. Stopping just short of entering her with his tongue he stood. Having divested her of her clothes it was time to show himself.

"Oh, my lord. Is that real?"

He was still soft but most of his length was free of his sheath. He wasn't as eager as he had been with Jenna, The tirade of her husband's shortcomings had been quite the turn off. He needed her attention focused on him, he would give her reason to forget about the other male in her life.

He said nothing. Jeremy went to his knees and softly pressed his tongue against her intimate folds. Slowly, ever so slowly he slid in just slightly. With her watching in silence he delved into her with his tongue. An inch in his muscle lapped up her thick nectar that had pooled at her entrance. Her flavor was hinted at an abundance of eggs and cheese in her diet. She groaned as he pushed deeper. Three inches of his tongue found her spot. She really was considerably smaller inside than Jenna. He knew where to strike when it was time to finish her, for now he would tease her and avoid it.

He only used six inches of his tongue. She was twisting and grinding against him and had become relaxed enough for his size. Just as he had been advised, those that had had children would be able to accommodate his vastly larger size with proper preparation. He stood and slowly positioned himself as she watched in eager anticipation.

His first five inches slid in easily. She was already warmed up and loosened by his tongue work. Slowly at first Jeremy began pumping into her. She was growling and near screaming as he slowly pumped until eight inches of himself were inside her. It was all she could take.

She screamed and demanded release from his torment. He denied her as long as he could. She escaped and came before he was even close. Slowing and then stopping he watched as she lay panting. Seconds later she was still panting hard laying enervated on the mattress as she looked at him and said "Thank you."

It was a signal that that part of the session was over. He could not continue, as much as he wanted. It was Floor Policy. The customer would always be in charge of how far things could go. He slowly pulled out thanking her in return even though he meant not a word of it. He stood after donning his bathrobe and held out a paw to help her from the bed. Once on her feet again she hugged him for long seconds. She still trembled.

It took half an hour in the bathroom before she was presentable enough to be escorted out to the reception area. He showed her out and stood watching as she made another appointment for the next week. Once she left Dalva smirked at him.

Once he got back to his room Jeremy changed the sheets with fresh ones. In a few more minutes his room was ready for his next appointment even though it wasn't for several days yet. He took his used bedding to the laundry area and sat waiting as it went through the wash. Jeremy tried working on his tablet but his mind kept wandering away. The session with the raccoon had left him unsatisfied.

He was a bit glad no one else was using the laundry at the time. He could feel his member strain against his pants. His next appointment was days away. He stood and paced while he waited for the laundry to finish. Once he had everything put away back in his studio he went to talk with Jenna before leaving.

The cougar smiled as he sat across from her. "So, I hear your first night went well."

"She made another appointment, if thats what you mean." Jeremy said. He wasn't sure if there was any other way of knowing how his performance was reviewed.

Jenna's smile changed to a smirk. "Thats usually a good indication. Anyway, we should discuss your schedule. I'm thinking of keeping you at one client every two to three days for now."

Jeremy looked up from staring at his paws at the cougar's chuckle.

"I get it." She said. "You're thinking; I don't want to sound was though I'm complaining. I don't want to wait that long between bouts of sex. I didn't even cum with that last one. I'm not even close to this 'Need' but I feel like I could take another client right now. Why should I have to go home and masturbate when I'm here to fuck females?"

She paused and watched Jeremy's reaction. "Did I miss anything?"

Jeremy sighed. "No. That covers everything." he admitted relaxing back in the chair. "So, you're trying to tell me I should just be patient?"

"I'm being careful in who you see through these first few weeks. You understand that even with the training we've given you, you're still very inexperienced as compared to the rest of the male staff here. It's going to take time and practice before you're competent enough to perform at the level our regular client base has come to expect."

Jeremy looked at his paws and sighed again. He looked up at her as soon as he realized what Jenna might think where his mind was as he stared at his hands. "I understand."

"If it seems I'm being too hard with you it's because you have the potential to be very popular. I've learned long ago that building competence is better than building ego."

Jeremy thought about the statement for a few moments. "I've never heard it said quite that way before, but I understand that too."

Jenna nodded. "Good. Any questions?"

Jeremy shook his head and was about to lift himself from the seat when he paused. "Actually, there is something I'd like to ask, somewhat unrelated to training."

Jenna lifted her eyebrows and waited.

"I understand that most of the staff have control of their schedule. I assume that at some point I will as well."

Jenna smiled. "When you're no longer a novice, yes."

Jeremy nodded but failed to bring a smile to his face. "Thanks."

Jenna stood and started walking around her desk. "Jeremy, don't feel bad. Everyone had to go through the same thing. Soon you'll look back and think this period went by so fast you'll think it was a vacation." She pulled him into a hug as she finished.

Stepping back from the hug Jeremy looked up at the cougar. He noticed again she was now only a few inches taller than him. He smiled at last and left her office.

At the apartment he saw Sam on the couch. He'd fallen asleep with the television on. Jeremy crossed to his brother and nudged his shoulder trying to wake him. Sam mumbled and more asleep than awake batted at his arm. Jeremy stood examining the bottle standing on the coffee table. It wasn't like his brother to drink, and he'd never seen him do so on a weeknight. Shrugging it off he went to the kitchen.

He thought it somewhat amusing he was already returning the favor of making Sam's hangover recipe. Once it was finished and in the fridge cooling off Jeremy pulled out a spare blanket and covered his brother. He looked down at his brother as Sam somehow noticed the blanket through his fogged mind and clutched it and pulled it to himself. With the television off Jeremy went to his own room.

He stared at the ceiling waiting for sleep to come. Once again his mind kept turning from one thing to another. Looking at the clock again he saw that it had been over an hour and he felt no closer to sleep than when he'd laid down. Finally settling on doing a chore that he'd been delaying Jeremy got up and dressed. After stuffing a few of the alternate size clothes in his pack he quietly stepped into the living area.

Sam was still sleeping soundly. Jeremy made his way to the door and left without waking him. Once out of the building he slipped into an alley and made his changes as quickly as he could. With the

changes from PATOMES and a spare set of clothes he walked back out of the alley in only a few minutes. His pack was left stowed behind a trash dumpster. He doubted anyone would chance by just to look behind dumpsters while he left it there.

As a rat he walked to the subway and rode to his intended destination. The few people about at such an early hour barely gave him a second glance. He got off the subway car and made his way back up to the street. He found the address he was looking for with no problem. Reading through the name plates at the door Dominic smiled. He'd found the one that matched the identity he was looking for. No one saw him as he made his way to the door of the coyote he'd been searching for.

The door was locked but he knew he could now easily defeat that. Gripping the knob he slowly exerted more pressure until the door jamb gave. The noise of the wood splintering was less than he'd expected. He stepped inside and paused listening. He felt a little anxious breaking into someone's apartment but considering his plans for them his actions so far were barely over the line in comparison.

With no lights on in the apartment he moved carefully. The first door he tried lead to a bathroom. The second was the bedroom. There was no one in the bed. He had caught the coyote while he was out. Disappointed he turned the lights on and started searching the apartment. The scents in the air told him there had been five other people in the coyote's apartment.

There was no obvious sign the canine was a predator as Allen had said in his message. Dominic could tell enough about the male's character by searching his apartment. The bedroom had clothes scattered everywhere. The bathroom too had trash piled in the corner next to the toilet, which looked as though it hadn't been cleaned since the coyote took up residence. Worst yet, the kitchen too had more than enough evidence of the male's distinct lack of hygiene.

It was when Dominic opened the fridge that he found the evidence he was looking for. He stared at the contents of the fridge puzzling out the importance of the newspaper wrapped bundles. He knew of nowhere that sold meat wrapped in newspaper. Even the lizards in Chile had wrapped their meat from hunts in something better than newspapers, and they'd been working with supply problems for months. No, the blood soaked newspaper wrapped lumps stored in the coyote's fridge positively screamed predation.

He almost didn't want to check. Until the fridge Dominic had taken to touching as few of the male's things as possible. Beyond that, it felt as though the act would make it seem he were interested in snacking on something of the coyote's. As if lifting one of the coyote's newspaper wrapped bundles would somehow taint him as a fellow predator. Dominic took one of the packages out and set in on the counter.

He had to push empty beer bottles and cans aside to clear a space. Looking around with a sigh he saw dozens of empties scattered across the counter. Focusing on the package he opened it slowly. He realized he was breathing shallow through his mouth to keep from smelling too much of it and also leaning away from the package almost certain of what to expect. Once it was open to the air it looked much like any other large cut of meat. He couldn't identify which cut it was, or even what animal it could have come from. Dominic admitted he was hoping it was from an animal.

Turning to the fridge he gritted his teeth as he felt the remaining packages. Cold and damp under his fingers he could only guess at the cuts within until he felt the edge of a bone on the side of one. Taking the suspect package and setting it in front of the first Dominic looked at the newspaper. It was spotted with blood soaking through from the meat. Due to his height as a rat it was disturbingly close to his nose. His PATOMES grafted coyote sense of smell could only inform him that it was indeed meat, and close to spoiling.

Dominic lifted a corner of the paper, finding the date of the publication was from over a week ago. He finished unwrapping the bundle and looked at the cut. It was a round segment, approximately eight

inches long and about four thick. Even to his eyes it had been skinned crudely. There were several cut marks along the outer surface where the butchering knife had gone too deeply. He was certain most professional butchers would quickly have enough practice to learn to avoid such sloppy work. Dominic's mind told him it was likely due to low lighting, and the rush the coyote would have been in to avoid detection. He stared at the visible edges of the bones. There were two bones in the cut of meat indicating it was a forearm. He lifted his arm up and slowly positioned it over the section of meat.

If Dominic hadn't added mass to his rat arm it would be a perfect match in size with the end of his forearm. Turning his back to the damning evidence he fought to control his stomach. His eyes settled on a trash can at the side of the cabinets. It was full of crumpled bloodstained newspapers. He finally identified a faint but distinctive scent still lingering in the air, the savory yet sweet smell of meat cooking. Turning quickly to the sink Dominic had to almost pull himself up to keep his stomach contents from splashing everywhere.

Stepping back from the sink when his stomach had finished rebelling Dominic looked around. There was nothing to clean up his mess with.

"Shit. What an animal."

Dominic turned the faucet on and cupped his paws under the stream to rinse his mouth out. He continued cupping water to clean the sink out as best he could. There was no point in cleaning the sink completely. His sense of smell was telling him the details of the meal he'd just expelled. The occupant of the apartment would certainly be able to do the same.

In leaving he left the packages out on the countertop. At the door he paused and looked at the damage to the frame. He wanted the coyote to know someone had been in his apartment. He wanted the male to sweat, until he caught up to him. Dominic reached up and with his claws scratched four lines across the doorjamb. He smiled at the marks. They were surprisingly deep in the wood. With a single claw he wrote the name Dominic along the edge.

He could imagine the male's reaction when he got home. He'd see the damage to the door, which would be slightly open. He'd most likely spend the necessary few seconds examining the doorjamb. He would have to be blind to miss Dominic's mark. Or rather, Dominic's calling card. Despite the findings in the apartment Jeremy left with a smile on his face. He would find this coyote, and deal with him and his friends. First though, he had some preparation to do for that event.

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I'm pleased to have been able to continuously post a chapter each week for a year now. When I started I had a buffer of about twenty chapters, and its up to about thirty now. still feeling good even though I've been suffering a slight bit of block for about a month now. As you can now guess this was written months ago.

Having said that its always interesting how things line up sometimes. One of my favorite comics is currently dealing with the same thing in this chapter. Go figure.

Anyone else been reading Endtown?