

I have a bit of a surprise for you lot this week. Well, most of you since this chapter was seen in the first run, but then again that was a long time ago and I have no idea how good your memory is. Only one way to find out...

Jeremy closed the door to his studio and leaned back against it. "Fuck."

Another client had been well pleased by his performance while leaving him unsatisfied. He was still half hard and fighting to keep his mind from dwelling on the desire to fuck a female silly. He found it ironic that despite his growing desires for frequent release his stamina was increasing even faster. He spent some time in the bathroom before turning his studio.

While he was waiting for the laundry to finish he started reading Jackson's notebook. Jeremy only got two pages in when his phone pinged him. Looking at the message he was surprised that he'd gotten another appointment for the evening at the spur of the moment. Advancing the machine to spin the water out of his sheets he sent a reply. Leaving the sheets bundled in his laundry basket on top of a washer he went to his studio and put fresh sheets on the bed. From there he went to the reception room to greet his next client.

Jeremy was surprised on seeing his new client. The tigress stood a bit over half a foot taller than him. He introduced himself and listened as the tigress returned his introduction. Sarah Greenwood smiled down at him and took his offered arm and glided along beside him on the way to his studio. She appeared the embodiment of predatory grace and power.

Once in Jeremy's room she had an attitude to fit the appearance. She began by rebuffing the suggestion of a massage. Instead she guided Jeremy to the bed and pulled him down to sit next to her. Her paw slid right to his crotch and she aggressively continued invading into his territory. He knew he was rapidly losing control of the situation, she clearly wanted to control the encounter. Jenna had mentioned some clients were this way and had assured him he would not have to handle anyone difficult until he was more experienced. Considering Sarah was a last minute appointment Jeremy could only assume Jenna thought he was up for the challenge.

Now that the session had started it was too late for second thoughts. Too late now for Jeremy to back out of an uncomfortable situation. He decided to roll the dice. He moved in grabbing her lower jaw and tried to plant a kiss on her muzzle. It was off script and normally asking for trouble.

She responded by grabbing his offending paw with one of hers as the other pushed his chest, not away but to the side. With an apparent practiced move the tigress had Jeremy on his back and was staring down at him growling deep and throaty. Her muzzle wrinkled in a frown but there was a smile in her eyes. She climbed the rest of the way onto the bed to loom over him. Jeremy was now beyond the point of no return with Miss Greenwood. Inspired by the look of desire in her eyes he reached his head up to nip at her lower lip. He almost caught her but she moved away quick as a viper. Her muzzle moved back in close enough to tickle his whiskers and huff a hot breath at his face. She stared into his eyes through narrowed lids.

He smiled inwardly, his first guess was right. She wanted the feeling of control. She didn't want to be seduced, she wanted to act the huntress. That would be fine with him, he could adapt. He felt more than ready again.

He groaned and squirmed under her pulling at his arms slightly, just enough that she had to exert a measure of her greater strength. Her power was immense, as was her overwhelming size hovering just

inches over him. His cock was responding with the nearness of such restrained strength, he was growing in his slacks. It would soon be painful to him if he were not set free, he'd use that idea to his advantage.

"Please, let me go. I need to get free." He moaned up at her even as he tried to reach up to her attempting to kiss her again.

She moved like lightning. He failed to react as fast as he needed to to catch the huge predator that loomed over him. He swiveled his hips to the side as if to escape. Pushing up at her would have been an aggressive move, he guessed she wanted to be the aggressor. She needed to catch her prey before her prey would be allowed his prize.

"Let me,-" He squirmed under her. His cock felt trapped in the suddenly too small slacks. He lifted his head and stared down at himself a second. He wanted her attention on his condition. He thought she'd at least give him some relief. Perhaps she'd allow him out of his confinement herself. "Oh, please. Please, let me free."

She laughed. It was a laugh of acceptance and humor. It was not the reaction Jeremy had expected. Jeremy guessed she knew she was being played but at the same time knew it was the game she wanted. She purred "Does my horny little weasel feel desperate enough yet?"

She looked down at him and squeezed her thick thighs together around his legs. "Oh, no, it doesn't look like it."

This was a far different game she was playing than he'd first thought. Jeremy took advantage of her momentary distraction. He rose up and planted a kiss on her muzzle. In an insistent four inches of his tongue had pulsed out and tickled her own tongue and zipped back to the safety of his own mouth before she could react.

She reared back in shock and a bit of increased passion. "Oh, so my clever little weasel has a few tricks of his own. That's good, he'll need every bit of guile he has to get out of this trap."

She leaned down and kissed him. Slow and forceful she pushed her tongue into his mouth. He slid his tongue past hers, sliding past her huge sandpaper muscle. He pushed back all the way to the back of her long muzzle.

He was running out of time. The distressing growth of his cock was getting painful in its too tight confinement. Jeremy desperately needed at the very least to be allowed to adjust himself, and soon.

She pulled back with a gasp. Her breathing fast and light, she stared at him with new appreciation, new hotter appetite. One of her paws left his wrist and grabbed his jaw. She again planted her muzzle on his, her tongue an invader seeking deep into his territory. His own tongue again counterattacked, up into her he pushed. Probing the side of her cheek, the edge of him gliding over her sharp mountainous carnassials then sliding in to snuggle against the root of her own formidable muscle. He leaned up as she again pulled away. His head stayed elevated desiring more from her.

Jeremy was in agony. His trapped cock screamed for freedom. He was much too large to be confined in slacks for so long without relief.

"What a devious trickster my little weasel is. I shall have to put his abilities to the test." She purred. She scooted up to rest her rump on his thighs.

He groaned at the nearness of her and looked down. His thick bulge showed through the fabric of his slacks. She stared at Jeremy as both her hands went to her skirt. With his hands free he acted. He knew

to make an attempt to free his cock would be rebuffed by the playful tigress. Instead he reached down as far as he could and found her backside and pulled with all his strength.

"Oh, yes." The tigress nearly shouted her triumph. "My plucky little weasel wants to prove himself in battle. So be it."

She scooted up further until she sat on his chest. Only a tiny fraction of her full massive weight rested on Jeremy. He felt he now knew her game, learning the rules with which they played. She would have played this game many times even if this was just his first time with the huntress. With her skirt off Jeremy could see the wetness spreading outward, soaking her well groomed crotch fur. He thrust his head down and pulled at her rump again.

He was about to break. He should have been at full mast but was being crushed inside the almost skin tight trap of his trousers.

The tigress watched fascinated as Jeremy tried to reach her with six inches of his tongue for a few vital seconds before scooting up one more time. Now within striking distance he licked her folds the same time his paws sought his own relief. Unbuttoning his slacks with the same urgency in which he sought her entrance he groaned in real pain and desire. Her grin showed her delight, she savored his groans of desire.

He speared her with the rest of his tongue shoving all nine inches of his muscle into her tunnel. She chuffed her surprise and enjoyment and lifted herself off his chest. He groaned as he finally freed himself from his too long confinement. The relief almost too much he brought his tongue back to sigh his relief. She reacted by scooting even further up his chest.

"Oh, my delightful weasel does have more tricks up his muzzle. He'll have to best his mistress in a muscular feat of strength before he can gain his freedom." The throaty purr informed Jeremy.

He looked up at the enormous cat. His paws went back to her firm rump and started kneading. She glared at him with slitted eyes. Eyes filled with passion, a passion born in the hunt. Jeremy's captress had noticed he had succeeded in gaining his cock's freedom. Her tail fur brushed lightly against the bared flesh of his cock tickling him. Still she focused elsewhere. Both her paws were holding his head. She gripped him firmly, both of his ears squeezed between her first fingers and thumbs.

"Now, for your true test my valiant weasel."

She shoved him into her. His paws slid up her sides and pulled, allowing him to grind deeper. He slipped past her slick folds and drove into her. Deep into her he sought her feather-spot. Her strong paws rocked his muzzle in and out of her. Her fingers spread wide covering nearly his entire head in an unyielding grip of her passionate strength. He was a helpless captive of the queen of the hunt. He could do nothing but fulfill the quest to regain his freedom.

Her growls and deep chuffs of passion guided him. Her game of conquest became a challenge of hot and cold to him. Up high he sought, her growls deepened to a chest rattling rumble. To the side he delved, a chuff of passion and corresponding jerk inward of his captured head. Back up and closer as she rose, bodily lifting them both in the strength of her passion. He was close now, hunting down the fresh trail that was hot and musky from her nearness. Just a cat's whisker away, but where should he find her pleasure center, to which side and direction.

Here? No, colder her interpretive response roared to him through their bodies. Back over here? Oh so much closer; her fantastically stronger grip was grinding his understanding home. Hers was a power while restrained was still enough to pulverize bone to dust should it break free. He was pushed deep,

nearly to the eyes as her passion powered her strength beyond the restraints of her game. Jeremy continued probing within the tigress, searching. How, about, here!

She came, but not on his tongue. Her essence saturated the fur of his muzzle buried deep in her. Even still the flood reached his tongue. The undertones of her taste sweet and surprisingly flowery. Still he worked for his freedom, tongue lapping at her delicious nectar. Still she rocked into him, hips bucking and paws plowing his muzzle even deeper as she peaked.

She came down from her height to find her captured weasel still lapping greedily at her fluids. She was incredibly impressed at her plucky weasel. Indeed, she realized he'd made her lose control of her own strength and had still resolutely pressed on. She slowly rose from his chest watching with pleasure as he gamely finished cleaning her insides.

"Oh my victorious weasel!" she purred, lingering pleasure deepening her voice.

He looked up from his work. There were tears in her eyes. He pulled himself out, the resistance of her huge paws still holding his head negligible. She scooted back and stopped. His cock had speared into her back. She looked behind herself and turned back to him slowly.

The fire was back in her eyes. "I'm so proud of my weasel conquerer."

She lifted herself high enough that Jeremy's cock slipped between her legs to flop on his belly with a resounding smack. He looked up at the tigress. She eyed his cock greedily.

"Oh, yes, I see my weasel warrior demands his reward." She shifted backward leaning over him and lifted herself a bit more. Taking his length in a paw more than large enough to wrap her fingers around his firm girth she positioned him at her entrance. She slowly lowered herself onto Jeremy's cock staring into his eyes as she did. He groaned as he slowly rose to meet her.

He groaned again as she kept taking his length into her vast hot depths. Six inches of him were as nothing. Eight of him and she still did not yet feel the need to back off him. Ten, then eleven slid in and only then did Jeremy feel her begin to compress around his length. His full length went into her in a single slow inexorable mutual thrust. She paused, eyes gleaming her passion and respect for Jeremy as her inner muscles took hold of him and started gripping at him in an effort to pull him deeper.

She was again the one in control. She was as much a master as was Jenna. He bucked up at her uncontrollably. In all the way and yet he acted on his unreasonable desire to push more of himself into the tiger. He had none more to give and still he fought to probe deeper. She hissed her acceptance of his efforts even as she growled her rekindling passion at his sizable efforts.

They drove at each other, the female growling and spitting now while Jeremy raged in his own low keening growls. He'd never be able to last as long as the tigress at this rate. His role as the professional all but forgotten as he sought to match the depths of the tigers passion. He knew nothing but the pleasure of the drive for more, shoving himself up in his effort to reach her inner unreachable treasure. She could take more, he knew but was amazed that he drove into her as deep as he was able and still there was more to discover beyond his reach. She was the first female besides Jenna to be able to take his full length this easily. Yet this was no training session with it's stops and constant instruction. It was incredible.

He was sorely tempted to use PATOMES to explore further. No, he reasoned, that would be cheating. That would cost him the game.

Then he knew, the same instant he started cumming into her vast mineshaft. She had won, truly. He was her captive, now and forevermore.

Jeremy wanted to play the tigress' game again.

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Now go lay down, you lot look exhausted.