

Jeremy returned to his apartment early Monday morning. His schedule had kept him on The Floor until late. As he lay in bed waiting for sleep his mind wandered. It had been a busy weekend and had left him exhausted mentally. For all his resolve to avoid contact with her Alicia was constantly on his mind. Half an hour and Jeremy still hadn't found sleep. He got up and went out to the deck and stared at the lights of the city.

He didn't turn the light on, he didn't need to with the moon out and the lights of the city adding even more illumination. He stood with his paws resting on the railing looking out across the park to the lights of the buildings. Looking up occasionally he also watched as lights from aircraft slowly made their way across the sky.

"You always come out here in just your fur?" his brother asked from one of the chairs they'd bought for the deck.

He looked over to where Sam sat, it looked like he was watching the lights as well. "No. Well, sometimes. I can't sleep."

"Have you had anything to eat lately?"

Jeremy had to think back at the odd question. "This morning, no, last night."

"You mean Sunday night?" his brother asked, accusation filtering through loud and clear. He got up out of his chair.

Jeremy said "Well, I think I had something but I don't remember."

Sam had been crossing to the door and stopped. "What the hell? How the fuck can you keep going without eating?"

Jeremy didn't answer.

Sam ordered "Come inside. If you can't sleep I'm at least going to feed you before mother finds out I'm letting you starve yourself."

Jeremy turned and followed his brother inside. Sam entered the kitchen and started pulling assorted foods from the fridge and pantry. When he had a pile gathered next to the stovetop he started pulling pans out.

"What are you doing?"

"Making something. Sit." He replied, motioning at the barstool with the pan he had in his paw.

"I'll just get a sandwich or something simple. No need to go to this extreme."

"Nonsense. This will be quick, you'll like it." Sam insisted.

Jeremy had little choice, unless he wanted to go back to bed and stare at the ceiling again. No, at this point whatever he did Sam wouldn't rest until he ate. He watched his brother as he prepared a meal. He knew what he was doing in the kitchen. To Jeremy it looked like he had five things going on at the same time. Every burner was on and cooking or boiling something. The male was a whirlwind of activity.

"Where did you learn to do this?"

"Just picked it up watching cooking shows."

"Well, if you ever get tired of working on The Floor you could probably get a job at any restaurant in the city."

Sam paused a second to look at his brother. "Really? You think so?"

Jeremy's stomach picked that moment to rumble. "Yep, think so." he echoed as Sam smiled.

After a few seconds Jeremy asked "So, how are things on The Floor for you?"

Sam smiled with raised eyebrows. "I'm doing okay." he said and glanced at his brother. "I have to admit it is getting kind of monotonous though."

"Yeah, I'm not surprised. You've been working there long enough to notice how large the turnover is. People come and go all the time."

Sam nodded. "They say dominants are almost insatiable at some point in their life. Is that why you stay?"

Jeremy watched him work for a few seconds thinking. Sam was beginning to combine ingredients and Jeremy still couldn't guess what he was making. "It's typically five years. Haven't really thought of leaving, but even if I had that would be a big factor in wanting to stay."

His brother smiled. Looking at Jeremy a second he said "Now that you mention it, I do like cooking better than what I do on The Floor. I wonder if I could go part time while I take courses or something."

Jeremy nodded "Everyone's on commission so if you want all you have to do is ask. Jake oversees the schedule of The West Side, right? I'm sure he'd be happy to keep you on part time instead of losing you."

Sam stayed silent as he combined everything into one last pot. Once he put the lid on it and lowered the burner's temperature he looked up and said "Just a few minutes of that and it'll be ready."

Jeremy stood up and moved around to stand next to Sam and started helping him clean up. His stomach was rumbling almost constantly now. He noticed Sam kept glancing at him as they worked together. Jeremy had helped him with cleanup before and hadn't noticed Sam acting like he was now. Alerted to his brother's actions he noticed Sam glancing at his sheath several times. It reminded him again that he stood two feet taller than his brother.

"You haven't said much, everything okay?" Jeremy asked as he wiped the countertop. His back was to his brother giving him a chance to say what was on his mind.

"Yeah. Everything's fine." Sam said. They worked together in silence for a few seconds before Sam spoke again. "I was wondering about something. I didn't ask before mostly because, well it wasn't really a good time."

"Oh? What is it?"

"You said once that dominants grow ridges on their cocks."

"What? Now? Your mind goes there now?" Jeremy said. He had worked around to the opposite side of the island countertop and watched Sam.

"Well I remember those times you fell asleep on the couch in your fur. Sometimes I saw you in your full glory but never noticed them. I was just wondering."

Jeremy paused and put his paws down on the countertop with his eyes closed. Even standing where he was his brother would have a clear view of his sheath. Taking a deep breath he stood straighter and opened his eyes. His brother was standing on the other side of the kitchen island watching him closely. Returning to the work of cleanup he said "They're mostly along the top. You've seen Jake too. He cant be all that different from me. Satisfied?"

"You know me, curious about cock." Sam said with a slight smile. "Thing is he said you have eight of those ridges on your cock."

Jeremy froze. It took him a second to remember how Jake would have had enough time to see him in that condition. "Oh."

"Don't worry, he explained how he saw you. It's just that, well he only has six ridges."

Jeremy was sure his confusion showed. "How's that got to do with anything?"

"Jake thinks the number of ridges a male has is related to how oversized he'll get in relation to his species."

"So, what? Assuming thats true he thinks what?"

Sam smirked. "He thinks you'll grow to seven and a half feet. Maybe a touch more."

Jeremy stared back at his brother. Sam was grinning as wide as he'd ever seen. Shaking his head Jeremy went back to cleaning.

"You'd be one of the biggest dominants in the country."

"Being that big isn't all its cracked up to be." Jeremy muttered, mostly to himself.

"What was that?" Sam asked apparently not hearing him.

Jeremy stopped and looked to Sam. "When I found out I was a dominant I couldn't wait until I reached my full growth. Now, it's not what I thought it would be. I feel isolated by how people react seeing how big I am. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. I still wouldn't change a thing." Jeremy said smiling at his brother. "Its just, I sometimes wish I wasn't so out of the ordinary." Jeremy finished.

Sam gave his brother a rare sympathetic smile. "From what Jackson said the other day, maybe someday you won't be."

"Yeah, maybe." Jeremy agreed.

Sam still smiling added "Still, seven and a half feet. Fuck, thats awesome."

Jeremy couldn't help but chuckle at his brother's contagious enthusiasm. "Yeah, there are times when it's so exhilarating too."

"Yeah, I'd go around in my fur every opportunity too."

"I don't do it all that often."

"You started going around in just your fur years ago." He said and gestured at Jeremy standing as he was then only steps away from him. "Personally, I don't mind it. I won't lie. I'm terribly disappointed it wasn't me. Those first few years seeing you grow so fast, get so much bigger than the rest of us. I almost hated you." Sam observed. His voice was curious, just as he said. There was no acrimony or accusation in it. His smile returned "Now though, I'm happy for you."

Jeremy looked down at his brother. Sam's shorts sported a bulge, and his eyes were lingering on his chest before they moved up to meet his. Jeremy admitted. "I'm sorry I acted the way I did. Back then, it was just so incredibly thrilling to be growing so fast. Everything seemed a challenge to me. Know what I mean?"

Sam nodded, a bit of sadness in his voice "Yeah, I can understand."

"I wish now I'd played it better, but for what its worth I looked up to you as my biggest competitor."

Sam's smile was a bit wistful "Well I was your bigger brother."

Jeremy said nothing. He saw Sam start to turn and adjust himself as he went to check on the simmering pot. He considered wearing shorts around the apartment again. He'd resolved to do so before but his habit seemed to be too ingrained now. It just felt right to go around in his fur while in private. He knew his brother now also did the same half the time, so it wasn't too much of an issue.

"Another minute." His brother announced. Sam pulled a couple bowls out and set them on the counter next to the pot. Jeremy rinsed his paw fur out and dried them. As he sat back on the bar stool he observed "We need to replace these, way too high to be in front of the counter."

Sam looked over and said "I don't know, seems about the right height to me." His eyes were lingering on Jeremy's sheath again, boldly staring at him to make his point. Sam's own cock was still tenting the front of his shorts.

Jeremy took the boldness of his brother as a sign. Appraising the male weasel he guessed Sam at perhaps almost six inches. As his brother had said before a respectable size for their species. Jeremy also knew his sheath on display was larger than his brother's erection. It was yet another satisfying moment as a dominant alpha and he again admitted to himself he wouldn't have changed a thing about his greater status. Looking up he saw Sam meet his eyes. He'd just been caught checking his brother out and smiled back at Sam's smirk.

Sam turned and started filling the two bowls with what had turned out to be a stew with a thick dark sauce. It smelled good enough to make Jeremy's stomach rumble even louder. His brother pushed the bowl to him saying "Sounds like you're about to implode, eat before that happens."

Jeremy smiled and took a first spoonful. He looked at Sam asking "What meat is this?"

"Venison."

"Its really good." he replied taking another spoonful.

"Thanks. Just something I threw together."

"Yeah, I was watching." Jeremy reminded his brother. They ate in silence even when Jeremy reached over and added more to his bowl. Sam finished and took his bowl to the sink and returned to cleaning up. Jeremy finished his second bowl and stared at the pot, there was still more and he was still unsatisfied. "Fuck it, why not." He muttered as he reached over to add more to his bowl.

Sam looked over at his utterance and turned back to his work with a satisfied smile on his face.

Jeremy brought his empty bowl to the sink and stood next to his brother. "Thanks, that was great." He said as he helped with last of the cleaning.

"You're welcome. I think maybe I will talk to Jake about going part time, after I figure out what the schedule might be."

Jeremy stepped back as Sam finished drying the last of the pots and put them away. It was now almost five in the morning. He was a little fatigued but having eaten he was feeling his energy levels coming back. Knowing that at that late hour any sleep he got would just make him feel worse than he would if he kept going. He went to his room and changed to go to the gym downstairs.

Sam was still in the living room when he came out. "You're going to go work out now?"

"Yes, its been a while, I don't want to go too long or it just gets harder to start back up."

"I mean this close to, never mind." Sam said shaking his head.

The gym was empty when Jeremy entered. Taking the opportunity he took his shirt off and started in just his shorts. The floor to ceiling mirrors let him see how well his body moved. Even with his pelt thickening for winter and hiding a good deal of his musculature he looked large and strong. Even his large sheath was unmistakable as it pressed out against his shorts as he moved. It was no wonder his brother had so openly stared. Jeremy smiled at his own reflection. It really was good to be a dominant.

He was undisturbed the entire time he worked out. The rest of his day went normally until toward the end of the night at The Floor.

When the time came to escort Sarah Greenwood to his room Jeremy knew something was wrong the moment he saw her. Back in his room he watched her carefully for clues.

The feline sat on the edge of his bed and looked at Jeremy.

"Is there something wrong, Sarah?" He'd never seen her this quiet and subdued.

"I'm pregnant." She answered. Her face gave away nothing.

Jeremy sat down next to her. "I'd offer my congratulations but it doesn't look like you're all that happy about it."

"My husband didn't care. I told him this afternoon and he said he wanted a divorce after I gave birth."

"Is your husband Terrance Greenwood?"

She nodded "You know him?"

"I've meet him." Jeremy answered. He remembered the meeting, and still felt the tiniest bit intimidated by the huge tiger.

Sarah looked at Jeremy openly surprised. "You've met Terrance? When?"

"My school had a mentorship program for dominants. I meet him as one of the possible mentor candidates."

"Oh, right, he does participate in that program. I'd forgotten." she said and looked at the floor.

Jeremy was at a loss of what to do with the melancholy female. A bout of sex wouldn't do anything for her mood, and she clearly wasn't about to be persuaded to get in the mood either. Jeremy put a paw on her back and rubbed while he thought through the confusing ever-changing puzzle maze that was female emotions. She leaned over and rested her heavy head on his shoulder.

Going with his sudden instinct he leaned back slightly and rested his own muzzle against hers. His paws continued rubbing her back in slow circles. He waited for any more clues. He was guessing she simply wanted comforting for the moment. Sarah took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

Jeremy pulled away from the emotional cat and gently said "Lay down, I understand you need me in other ways than our usual play for tonight."

She looked at him with eyes on the verge of tears. The tigress leaned back and moved over to lay on his bed. Her head on the pillow she watched as Jeremy lay next to her. With his face inches from hers he reached up and caressed her cheek with a paw. One of her paws came up to simply rest on his paw as he continued stroking her face with his thumb. With one hand trapped he brought his other arm up to search for her other paw and held it.

Minutes went by as Sarah stared into his eyes. Her fur was slowly getting wet around her eyes. He leaned close to her and slowly licked the excess moisture from her fur. Her upper paw left his and went to his back. She gently tugged on his back with little force, just enough to be a suggestion. He moved closer in response. Their bodies touched in several places now. He'd lost contact with her lower paw as he'd moved. He could feel her arm trapped between both their bodies. He realized she had her hand over her belly.

He continued to lick away the dampness from her face, occasionally using his free paw to stroke across her forehead and top of her head. Her tail moved and wrapped around his thighs to rest against the back of his legs. Another of her sighs brushed against the fur of his face. He moved down to gently kiss her, once, lightly pressing only enough to feel her respond in kind. He moved his head up to rest on the top of her muzzle as he moved his hand to wrap around her back and press her against him.

Jeremy felt her head shift slowly, nuzzling up to him and tucking under his chin even more. They lay together like that for several minutes. Jeremy felt her arm trapped between their bodies move slowly. He uncurled a little to let her move and felt her cup his sheath. Still fully clothed he could only feel the slight pressure of her paw as she slowly caressed the tip of his sheath. He moved his head back to look at the tigress.

Her eyes looked up to him from her position tucked under him. "I still have needs, but maybe for tonight, just make love to me? Like a real mate would?"

As answer he moved in to kiss her. She responded slowly, her heat low and far from her usual feverish desire. Jeremy shifted to pull his arm free and got up to swing a leg over the tigress. He rose up to unbutton his slacks and expose his sheath. She looked at him and smiled. He hadn't yet come out of his cover but had swelled a good deal.

Her eyes followed him as his paws undid her skirt to expose her femininity. One of her paws stroked along his sheath slowly encouraging him. He leaned down to kiss her, pushing his tongue into her mouth and beginning his exploration. He went slow knowing she needed at least the simulation of love instead of her regular passion. She slowly coaxed him to fullness. When he was ready he positioned and lifted up to look into her eyes.

She stared up at him and nodded, the fur around her eyes still wet. He slowly entered her, beginning to lick away the dampness around her eyes again. He knew she was capable of taking his full length easily. He slid in entering the female all the way in and backed out. He began a slow steady rhythm watching her for the clues he usually saw in other females. Even as he began her hips began thrusting up with him. For the first time Sarah let him lead without the slightest resistance on her part.

He settled his chin at the top of her head again as he slowly increased his pace. He moved his hips so that his cock chevrons slid up against her clit. Both of her arms grasped him on his ribs as she thrust up at him along with his rhythm. Her tail wrapped his waist. Jeremy thrust into her knowing her stamina was as great as his. The tigress reached over and clamped her jaws around the wrist of his right arm. Wondering at the move he lifted his head and watched as he pulled his arm from the mattress.

She moved her head and took his fingers in her mouth. Her tongue manipulated the fingers in her mouth until just his thumb resided between her sharp fangs. He continued his thrusts and watched as the female he knew as a sexual huntress suckled his thumb. He put his head back to rest against the top of hers. His thrusts speeding up as her hips thrust that much faster. She was closing much faster than usual.

Jeremy felt the claws of her hands extend and rake gently through the fur of his ribs. It was one of her usual moves. She continued pulling at him with her claws as if milking his entire body. She was closer than he'd thought. Speeding further he shifted his hips higher to press his cock against her clit with more force. Her paws went to his hips as she half groaned and half whined her climax. She pulled at him with a strength that brought him to her and forced him to remain hilted.

As she came down from her orgasm he watched as her eyes opened again. She looked at him with a strange expression. He pulled out and moved to lay next to her again.

As he licked the damp fur around her eyes she said "You still haven't come. I can't leave you in that state, let me return the favor."

He pulled his head away to look at her and reply "Not tonight. Tonight was about your need, not mine."

She wrapped her arms around him and again pulled his body close with her strength. He could feel her purr for the first time he'd known her. It was a deep soothing rumble. They lay next to each other for almost half an hour. Jeremy made no other movement than simply stroking the fur of her face with a paw as she purred to him.