

CHAPTER 04

Minneapolis, January 13th

“Hey, watch it.” The man shoved Thomas away, looking around as he cursed.

Thomas did the same. How had he made it inside the station? He’d heard Limbani, had looked toward the glass doors, and...

He’d blacked out again?

He leaned against the wall, soaking in the warmth. What he needed was a nap. All that running in the cold and now the heat, he needed a rest.

He glanced at the door. But the monkey and margay, and who knew who else from the frat, had to be right on his heel.

He ran up the stairs to the sound of a train departing. He was going to have to wait for the next one. They were going to catch up to him any second now, then they were going to take him back to the frat and Henry would...

Thomas had no idea what the bat would do.

He kept moving among the crowd. He was afraid that if he sat he’d nod off and wake up tied up in the back of a car.

Henry had said Thomas had teleported, and he’d acted, not like it was normal, but definitely not like it was the impossibility it was. He’d been surprised, overjoyed. The bat was insane, because it was only Thomas blacking out in fear, then, exhaustion now.

The train arrived and Thomas pushed his way through the crowd. It had been the longest ten minutes and he wasn’t interested in risking another one. Inside he dropped into a seat and fought to keep his eyes open.

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Minneapolis, September, 6th

Thomas looked at his bedroom door to make sure the large box of books he'd put before it, his poor attempt at a lock, hadn't moved by itself, then tapped the link that came up when he did the search Paul had told him to. 'Wild frat Chima.'

The top result was named 'giant hyena is taken by freshman' from a site called 'wild frat dot com'

The video started with a pan over a crowd of guys looking at something. That something, the panning revealed, was an adonis of a hyena Thomas remembered seeing at the party. The one who had been the driving force behind a lot of the cock he'd sucked, even if he couldn't quite recall sucking all of them.

Chima was sitting there, massive arms over the back of the couch, looking down with a bemused expression. Kneeling between his legs was a rat with black fur from his head down his torso, abruptly changing to white in an uneven line along his waist. It was him, kneeling there.

He straightened in his chair, his breath catching as the angle changed. He ignored Paul's chuckle in his earpiece as his face came into view. A face with its muzzle in the hyena's crotch. For a moment, Thomas thought the cock, which had looked big from the other end of the hall, with guys worshiping it, was resting against his throat. That it wasn't his throat stretched like that. Only, then he was pulling his head up, and up, and up, and the whole cock came into view.

With his head for comparison, there was no way he had managed to swallow that. Despite the evidence he's just looked at, it couldn't be done.

"How don't I remember doing that?" he whispered. The angle changed again, revealing that he was kneeling over a monkey who was enthusiastically sucking him, and a needy whine escaped Thomas's lips.

“Do you need a moment along with your hand?” Paul said, chuckling louder.

Thomas was reminded that he was on a video call with the realization he was stroking himself. He stopped and, blushing, he looked for an option to download the video. He was not risking this getting flagged and removed. He was going to come back to that often. He paused as he caught sight of the counter. One point three million views in half a day.

“I’m going to be famous for something I don’t even remember doing, how is that fair?”

Paul snorted in his coffee. At least his best friend looked awake now. Being woken up at two in the afternoon didn’t agree with the tiger. “After you sucked off what has to be the entire frat and half the guest? You’re going to be famous for a lot more than this achievement.”

“Someone has to have put something in the punch because I barely remember sucking off a few guys.” He rubbed his face. “What about you? Please tell me that you didn’t end up sitting alone in a corner because you agreed to drive me to the party. Tell me you at least found a guy you were comfortable enough with to get some.”

Paul gave him an odd smile. “Not at the party.”

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Minneapolis, January 13th

Thomas cursed as he nearly walked into the back of a massive hyena.

“I know this is the most likely place he’ll get off the train,” Chima said, his deep voice making Thomas’s bones rattle and cock twitch. “I did run all the way here, didn’t I? But I’m telling you—” He spun and Thomas yelped in fear of being caught. “—he isn’t here.”

Thomas turned away from the wall that was suddenly inches from his muzzle, and the final words of the conversation came behind

him.

“Sorry,” Chima said, his back to him and searching the crowd. “I thought I’d seen him, but no.”

How? He’d been where the hyena was looking and now...

This was impossible.

As much as he wanted to believe he’d blacked out again, there had been no break in what Chima said.

He had actually teleported?

Thomas didn’t know if he should be scared or elated, but what he did know, as the hyena turned back this way, was that he couldn’t be here anymore. With one longing look at Chima’s body, he ran outside.

Minneapolis, September, 12th

The body told him the man standing between his legs as Thomas lay back on the stone altar was Chima. Defined muscles under short brown fur spotted with plat spots in places. A cock coming to rest on top of his that dwarfed it and any other. No cock could be that big, that thick.

No real person should have such a cock.

And maybe the man before him wasn’t real, Thomas thought as a mask was slipped over the hyena’s head. The same one the twelve men to fuck him this evening had worn as they did it.

Made to look like bone. An ungulate’s head, a deer with a twelve-point rack, but the teeth of a predator, with the long incisor of the famed saber tooth tiger. On the others, it had looked like what it was, a mask. But here, now, in what might be the delirium of the previous twelve orgasms, Chima was some...thing else.

The mask melded into the massive body and made the person slowly grinding his cock over Thomas's surreal. In those empty eye sockets, he should see Chima's brown eyes, but instead, there was only a vast emptiness.

The hy — this being shifted position and the pole of a cock that couldn't belong on anyone mortal was no longer resting on Thomas's cock, but pressing between his ass cheeks. Not demanding access. No, as powerful and needy as this being was, this was an asking. He might have asked the question out loud, but words meant nothing to Thomas anymore. All that mattered was feeling.

And he wanted to feel that cock inside him. He didn't care about the consequences, about the damage it might do to him. He needed it inside him. He needed to feel that power exerted on him, in him.

The entry was slow and gentle, it could almost be described as tender. Pleasure stretched Thomas, the pleasure of being owned and cared for. Of belonging. Yes, this was where he belonged. Where he should have been from the start. This was who had been waiting for him for longer than Thomas could understand.

The bottomed out and Thomas let out a cry. Ecstasy and want. He wanted so much. They both did. Then the being fucking Thomas took. He took the cock away, but before he could cry out again at the absence, it was back, stretching him. It went in deeper this time, so deep it hit Thomas at the core of who he was, and the orgasm was electrifying.

But it didn't end with it. The being continued fucking him, and Thomas continued wanting it.

Each time he managed to force his eyes open among the pleasure, those empty sockets bore into him with approval.

The thrusting intensified and this silent being made a first sound, a grunt, then came a groan, a snort, and grinding of teeth as he grabbed Thomas's hips to keep him from being pounded off the alter, this place where Thomas belongs. Each time the cock bottomed out, Thomas cried out in pleasure, in anticipation, in want.

Another grunt, accompanied by a pulsing of the cock in his ass that Thomas rejoiced at while having no idea how he could feel something that minute among the sea of sensation he was drowning in. But it was coming. No, he was cumming and Thomas was where he needed to be of it.

The being raised his head and the scream was silent as cum exploded in Thomas's ass, and the world exploded around Thomas.