

Storyboard-2

“It’s all good,” Paul said as he wrapped the dishes in older shirts and underwear. “I still have a week or so before I need to be out, I’m sure I’ll have something before then.”

“Yeah, well,” Roland said, from the phone on the counter. “You know there’s space in our bed for you if no one’s been smart enough to hire you by then.”

“Yours, or Madoc’s, or Trevor’s,” Paul replied. “As well as a dozens of my friends offering their couch, if it comes to that.”

“Trevor?” Roland said, horrified. “You do know that means Jude’s going to be in that bed right?” Paul chuckled at the audible shudder. “Why would you want to be in the same bed as my sister?”

“It’s to sleep.”

The rat snorted. “I know you and Trevor fuck, so let’s not lie to each other about what’s going to happen.”

“If Judith is going to be in the bed, only sleep will happen.”

“Seriously, though. No offers?”

“Biochemistry is a competitive field.” Paul made sure the wrapped dishes were secure before closing the box and setting it to seal. “There are less than a hundred companies in California, maybe five time that in the whole US that do solid biochem research. You were at the graduation. There were twenty of us from biochemistry related fields getting our doctorate this year, and there aren’t that many research positions open right now.”

“Weren’t like at the top of you class?”

Paul chuckled and moved the box with the others. “Doctorates don’t work the way finishing university does. Getting it is the exploit, not ahead of how many people. I’ll get a position, so long as a company finds my what I’m focusing on advantageous to what they are doing.”

“Well, if that doesn’t happen, Niel says that he will make it extra worth your while to pick our bed.”

Paul laughed. This was what he got for having so many friends part of a magical group where sex powered the magic. They all considered what they could so super special.

Not that Paul could contradict them. Magic added an element to the sex that could make thing interesting. There was that offer to have a magical phrase written on it that would turn Paul into an over charge sex animal.

The theory was interesting, but the implied lack of control over who he ended up having sex with had been a turn off.

“If it comes to it, Rol, tell your boyfriend that I will be in your bed first.” A distant ‘yes!’ sounded. “And then I can go from bed to bed to couch, until I have a job that lets me afford a place of my own.”

“And then we’re the first to help you break it in.”

Paul snorted. “Good luck doing that before Thomas. The only reason he hasn’t offered me his bed is that these days he’d never sure where that’s going to be.”

“Yeah.” Roland grew quiet.

“I’m going to disconnect,” Paul said. “I need to get anything I won’t need until the lease is up podded so I don’t have so much to pack in that day I have to call my friends to help and instead of packing, we end up in an orgy.”

“Just tell everyone to bring a stranger, that should keep things quiet.”

“I’ll take it under advisement, you two have fun.” Paul ended the call and moved on to the next thing that needed to be packed

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Paul was boxing his collection of dance music when the knock came. It had all of them on his phone, but there was something to the act of taking the memory chip out of its case and inserting it into a player that helped set up the mood.

He glanced at his phone, expecting to have missed the message from the building doorman he’d let someone in, but there was nothing. Maybe one of his friends had entered while he was distracted. It had happened before, but at least then, he knew to expect an arrival.

He opened the door, and instead of any one of his friends, a massive tiger stood in the hallway.

“Dietrich?” Paul didn’t know what else to say. He hadn’t seen or spoken to the tiger since his graduations three days before, and there were no reasons for him to visit. Paul hadn’t even known the man knew where he lived, although... Paul looked around for Madoc.

“Paul,” the tiger replied, then smiled. “I’m alone, I didn’t think I needed a chaperon to visit you.”

It was more that getting Madoc away from the tiger was nearly impossible, Paul thought, but didn’t voice it. The rat loved physically powerful men, and with Dietrich being a near divine embodiment of masculinity, as Madoc often said, he never got enough of him.

“I didn’t expect you.” Paul moved out of the way. “Come in.”

“It’s been a few days,” Dietrich said. “I thought I’d check in to see how the job search was going.” He indicated the boxes along the wall. “Moving?”

“Just packing, the lease is up next week. I’m podding everything until I have a place. I have plenty of offered for places to crash until I can afford my own.”

Dietrich nodded. “Having friends is good, when you don’t have money.” The stop was abrupt. “I’m sorry. That was insensitive.”

Paul shrugged. “I’ve been in San Francisco Bay for years now. That’s long enough to have see the divide between those who have and those who don’t.”

“It’s still not excuse.”

Paul watched the tiger walk around the room, looking at the boxes, then the collection of music chips that were yet packed, try to figure him out. He knew what he was after. Dietrich made no secret he was interested in having sex. Dietrich always wanted to have sex, he was an Orr after all, and the Orr were followers of the nameless god of gay sex.

But the Orrs were known for being blunt about it. San Francisco Bay was one of the few cities in the US with sex clubs. Clubs where sex was the main reason for them existing, and that was because the Orrs were in charge.

So Dietrich being polite anytime he was around Paul went against everything he heard of his family. Even Madoc had commented on it.

Paul didn't mind it. The man was a lot smarter than people thought, or than he liked people to think. He never acted dumb, but he usually let people think his muscle, or his cock, replaced his brains.

Dietrich took a pack from a box and showed it to Paul. "The Song Bird? Really?" the canine was barely visible on the front of the plastic container for the memory chip.

"It's from his early years, when he was still good. He always had a few songs on his albums with classic rhythm, mixed with more contemporary beats. They make for good pieces to dance to."

The tiger smiled. "Of course. How is your mother?"

"She made it back to Minneapolis in one piece, happy to be back with the weather's more reasonable."

Dietrich tilted an ear in curiosity.

"It's a Minnesota thing."

The tiger smiled and nodded. "And how is the search for employment?"

Paul had thought he'd imagined the forced casualness in the question when Dietrich had asked at this graduation, but here he heard it. "It's still ongoing," he answered cautiously.

"Good, good." He turned his back to Paul. "How do you feel about working for someone you consider a friend?"

"I... don't know that any of my friends own a biochemical firm or work for one that's currently looking for researchers. Is Madoc..." he let the question trail. He was the only friend they had in common, but even working for one of the Orrs, the rat didn't have the kind of finances needed to get a research company off the ground.

"No, Madoc who I mean." Dietrich turned, hands clasped before him. "I would like to offer you a job."

"I—" Paul was stunned. He'd looked into every company that did biochemical research in the Greater Bay Area, since his first choice was to stay here, where most of his friends were, and in none of that had the name of the Orrs come up. "I didn't know your family was involved in biotech."

"You'll find that if you look deep enough, my family is involved in every business in our city to one degree or another. But this isn't one of those. This is...personal. Something for me. Something to advance my goals, independent of my nephews."

"And you want me?" Paul went over everything that had come up in the discussions between him and the tiger. A lot of it had been more personal than academic, the 'getting to know you' kind of talk. But he couldn't think of one time when what he'd hoped to research had come up. Biochemistry was a wide field. Considering Dietrich's interest, he'd need some kind of insider information to think Paul would be interested. "Did Madoc tell you what I told him?"

It hadn't been in confidence, but Paul had thought his friend knew better than to just talk.

"Madoc is loyal. It's one of his most endearing trait. He is loyal to me, and he is loyal to his friends." Dietrich motioned to Paul. "When I started making the plans for my project, he mentioned where some of your interests lie, and I think you would be good for it."

"My other applications?" he asked, thinking of the stories about the Orrs he'd heard. The extents they'd go to to get what they wanted.

The tiger shook his head. "I have not done anything to affect them. If you get an offer, you are welcome to take it. I will, of course, offer you more, but the decision will be yours. Unlike many in my family. I'm more comfortable when taking a direct approach." He paused and smiled. "Actually, that seems to be a growing trend among us."

"You know that what I want to study isn't entirely conventional."

Dietrich nodded. "My sole interest are my men. Helping them achieve their potential is my gift. With Madoc's power, we are pushing that further. Adding science to magic, I think is a reasonable extension of what I want."

Helping guys get stronger and bigger had been something driving Paul's interest in biochemistry since discovering those body building magazine. Finding out about Madoc and Magic had only made him more curious about the possibilities and using both to help shape men's bodies.

"I need to think about it."

"Of course." Dietrich stepped forward.

"I mean I am flattered that you'd want me for a job there, but..." he was an Orr, and the stories were clear about one thing nothing offered from an Orr came without strings attached to them.

"I do want you," Dietrich said softly, and the tiger ran a hand along Paul's side, stepping fully into his personal space. He raised a hand before the golden tiger could comment and the remote to the entertainment system was there. Dietrich pressed the button and the Song Bird's crystal and beautifully high pitch voice sounded from the speakers around the room.

He had a second to wonder how such a voice could turn into the rough and off-key thing that had caused the failure the later albums, and then Dietrich pushed against him, his other hand on his shoulder.

Paul moved reflexively, driven by the underlying rhythm of the song the tiger picked, a tango, as well as how said tiger moved against him. Hand on him, hand in the now offered hand, Paul followed the lead as Dietrich moved in time to the music. When he looked up he was surprised not to see amusement in the Orr's eyes. Of having won a game, getting what he was after. Paul saw concentration, focus, determination.

When hand moved under his shirt, Paul didn't protest. They were moving in sync. It wasn't something easy to achieve in a first dance with a partner. It took time and a desire to get to know the person until they moved this well.

Dietrich dipped Paul, and as he pulled him up, the shirt went over his head. The smile

on the tiger's muzzle was one of appreciation. A spin and Paul was pressed, back against front, on the tiger and he felt the erection.

Paul knew what the tiger was packing. Dietrich didn't bother with clothing in his gym. No one who went there to train did, because only Dietrich's men were allowed to train there, and they knew what came with it. Were there for that reason.

The hand undid Paul's belt, pulling it out of the loops as he was sent spinning away. He stop with the abruptness the music demanded and watched as with flourish, Dietrich pulled the tight t-shirt off himself, exposing pecs and abs though the fur

Paul was hard. Not because of the beautiful, hot, hard body before him, but because of the ease and familiarity in Dietrich's motion as he came back, took him into his arms and continued with the dance.

Then Paul's pants were undone, and as Dietrich lifted him, they fell off. Then, went the underwear. One quick motion, hand under them, on his ass and down before gravity pull Paul back.

Dietrich looked him up and down as they moved away without letting go and nodded. Paul didn't have to say anything. His body said they had reached that stage where what Dietrich wanted would happen. The tiger undid his pants with one hand and stepped out of his shoes and then without breaking stride, then the two naked bodies were pressing together, no longer dancing to the song that was coming to an end.

The kiss was forceful. It was the kiss of an Orr, the Orr of the stories Paul had heard about. Dietrich was taking, but unlike those stories, Paul was willingly giving. He kissed back, tongue moving against the tiger's.

Paul's back hit the wall and Dietrich brought his hand between them, before letting it go. Paul took hold of the large, thick shaft and moaned. It was part acting and part true appreciation. Dietrich liked being worshiped, and Paul didn't mind giving him some of what he wanted.

He continued stroking the cock as they broke the kiss, panting. Dietrich licked his lips. Paul ran his other hand over the man's chest, feeling the muscles under the fur. It didn't matter to Paul that magic was involved, they were there. They were real.

"You don't have to," Dietrich said, and that told Paul the man had listened, actually gotten to know him. Paul wasn't a worshiper, and Dietrich wasn't demanding that of him.

"I like what I'm feeling," Paul replied, squeezing the cock.

"Do you want to feel more of it?"

"Lube's already packed." He didn't say it with any kind of disappointment. Paul had listened to what Dietrich said too, had watched him at his gym.

"My jeans," the tiger said.

They stepped together without letting go until they reached them, with a kick they were in the air, then in the tiger's hands. Paul pulled the large packet out of the pocket, ripped it open with his teeth then poured it on the cock.

Dietrich growled, "how do you want me to take you?"

Paul smiled. "I could do with a show of strength."

The smile stretched slowly on the tiger's muzzle, eventually exposing teeth. The

hands squeezed Paul's ass, then his feet were off the ground, and wrapped around the larger tiger's waist. Dietrich didn't move to the wall for extra support. He held Paul, ass cheek spread apart, poised over the hard cock.

Paul wasn't light. He wasn't a wall of muscle like the man holding him. All it took was for him to wear pants and a shirt and with the fur as padding, he look utterly ordinary. His muscles were lean, but dense. His weight surprised his physician, considering how little fat Paul had on his body.

He positioned the cock, stroking it to make sure it was well lubed. "Take it slow," he told the tiger. A test, more than a worry. One might lead the dance, but they still needed to listen to their partner.

Dietrich lowered him, and Paul moaned as the cock tip stretched his hole, letting go of the cock and placing both arms around the tiger's neck. He looked in those deep green half lidded eyes as he shuddered from more of the cock entering him.

Dietrich paused, raised Paul until the cock was out, with only the tip of the head touching the ring. He smiled and held him there within any indication of straining.

Paul nodded in appreciation, then he was moving down again. This time, the cock didn't stop until it was entirely in and then the tiger was lifting him and moving him down.

Paul appreciated the show of strength and control, but realized one problem with this. He looked Dietrich in the eyes. "How about you put me down so you can really fuck me?"

Dietrich smirked. "Why do you think I need to put you down for that?"

"Physics."

The tiger laughed. "Physics can to fuck itself." He turned and carried Paul to the small kitchen, each step making the cock move in and out and Paul moaned. Then his ass was on the edge of the table.

Before he could point out that this counted as being put down, Dietrich was pounding his ass hard enough Paul was screaming his pleasure. Then the table was sliding until it hit the counter and something broke.

Paul whined from his cock being rubbed between their stomach and the pounding his prostate was taking. He loved that moment, when he had no idea if the sensations would be enough to make him cum, or if he'd have to give himself a hand.

"Do you," Dietrich grunted. "Want my gift?"

Paul shook his head. He knew the honor that was. Dietrich was particular about the men he gifted with a fraction of his muscle, but Paul liked the way he looked.

Dietrich buried himself in Paul's as with a scream that had to get through the apartment's sound proofing and came. Paul held on to him as the cock pulsed inside him.

Dietrich panted, head bowed, forehead against Paul's. "You didn't cum."

"Disappointed?" Paul asked.

"Not every guy's wired that way." Dietrich straightened and pulled Paul's hand away from his neck. Instead of taking the hand and putting it on Paul's cock, so he could finished himself. Dietrich rubbed the palms, spreading the lube to his hand, then wrapped it around Paul's cock.

“Oh fuck,” the golden tiger hisses and Dietrich stroked him.

“You like to cum while being fucked?”

“Who doesn’t?” Paul replied with a chuckle. Then, to his surprise, Dietrich was thrusting in him again. “Still hard?” Dietrich always seemed to be hard at the gym, but he’d just cum.

“I’m an Orr. Fucking is what I was made for. Yes. I am still hard.” And as if doubting him had been something deserving of a form of punishment, Dietrich fucked him hard again.

“Right, god of fuckintg and all that.” Paul held on as his orgasm built, buying his head in the tiger’s shoulder to muffle the scream, his body shuddering and his cock becoming sensitive.

Dietrich licked his palm before offering it to Paul, who licked his cum off it. Then the tiger lifted him off the table. “I think I need to show you that an Orr is so much better than those Society friends of yours.”

Paul swallowed. That had sounded a lot like a threat. Then the cock bounced in his ass as the tiger walked toward the bedroom and decided he could take this kind of threat.