

IMPORTANT!! BEFORE YOU READ:

This is a work of fiction with materials provided by the visual novel 'Extracurricular Activities' by Dynewulf. This is purely fantastical and still a work-in-progress, so nothing here is indicative of the final product.

-

And by continuing, you are assumed to have played through Spencer's route, Spencer's epilogue and Darius's route. The text ahead will contain spoilers for those aforementioned contents. This fiction contains NSFW warnings. Read at your own risk.

(The following story will take place right after Spencer's epilogue)

Chapter I: The Height of Love

“♪♪♪♪

Such a feelin's comin' over me
There is wonder in most everything I see
Not a cloud in the sky, got the sun in my eyes
And I won't be surprised if it's a dream

Everything I want the world to be
Is now coming true especially for me
And the reason is clear, it's because you are here
You're the nearest thing to heaven that I've seen

I'm on the top of the world lookin' down on creation
And the only explanation I can find
Is the love that I've found, ever since you've been around
Your love's put me at the top
Of the world

...

There is only one wish on my mind
When this day is through I hope that I will find
That tomorrow will be just the same for you and me
All I need will be mine if you are here

...

”

[-Top Of The Word - The Carpenters-](#)

Another morning, quite unlike any other. The first morning you and him spend together, as something more sacred than just friends and lovers. The first morning after the day of your eternal vows, as your families and acquaintances bore witness, as you two became husband to husband.

It is sunny. The warmth of sunlight radiates on your fur to embrace you in a feeling that could only be described as “higher than cloud nine”. You felt love before, but there’s something about your relationship being cherished and commemorated by your close ones that makes it all the more special. Though... something’s missing.

His weight couldn’t be felt against your fur. You lazily reach your hands to feel around but can’t seem to find him anywhere. “Maybe he’s up to make breakfast” - you thought. You make a turn to make yourself more comfortable as you struggle to decide whether to wake up or just laze around until your love comes to snuggle you out of bed.

A decision was made, you sit up on your butt. A yawn so vocal and loud, you let out purposefully to announce your wakening. But you receive no response. Wonders took hold of your mind, so you walk to the kitchen and bathroom to look for Eric, but he’s nowhere to be seen.

“Huh, that’s strange. Maybe he’s buying breakfast somewhere. Hope he’s getting the burgers and sandwiches

from Hal's. Anyway, I should get up since I'm out of bed already."

You let out another yawn and did some small stretches before occupying the bathroom to go through your morning routine. You did all from taking a shower, brushing your teeth to checking yourself out in the mirror, leaving your fur untouched so that you can let Eric do it for you like usual.

You grabbed a familiar brush with a plan to get comfortable on the couch waiting for him to return. And as you were walking to the living room, a piece of notepaper catches your attention. On it written: "I'm heading out early to work, don't wait on me for lunch. Love ya puppy."

Did as instructed, you assembled some sandwiches to munch on for lunch. Then you dialed your husband's number just to check on him. The ringing lasted until it timed out. On your second attempt though, it was picked up.

"**Hey Spence! What's up?**" - a voice you recognized, but not the one you were expecting.

"**Darius? Where's Eric? And why are you answering his phone? What's going on?**"

"**Oh, Eric's still in bed. He's a bit too lazy to get up after being knocked out cold last night. We had quite a wild ride, and I mentioned getting him a new phone. Since he's still in bed, I figured I'd just take his phone along with me instead to go buy it, transfer his SIM card over to the new one so it's ready for him to use when he wakes up to surprise him.**"

” ... ”

”...what’s wrong? Did he forget he had a date with you today or something? I sure didn’t hear him mentioning anything like that last night though...”

”... what the... b-but... Eric is...”

”Huh? Eric is... what?”

”Eric is... my... my husband...”

”Eric? Eric’s your husband? Haha, I never would’ve thought that you, of all people would pull a joke like that, Spencer! And right just a day after our wedding as well. Very funny one, dude.”

”But he is... He **IS** my husband... What are you going on about? Is this some kind of a sick joke you’re pulling?”

”Huh? I thought **YOU’RE** the one pulling the jokes here. Our wedding was just last week, so of course he **IS** my husband! And by “our wedding” I meant mine and Eric’s, of course! And wouldn’t you have Azaghal to call your hubby too if you two didn’t hold back so much for each other already?”

”H-How can this be?...”

Disbelief swarms in. You slowly raise your hand up to your neck to grab a feel for your collar - a special gift to a domesticated canine like you, symbolizes that you belong to Eric. But it’s no longer there.

”How can **WHAT** be?”

You search around madly for it, but can't find it anywhere. Your heart skips a beat, so you slowly lift up and rotate your right hand, to find the ring, the proof of your undying love for each other, slowly disappearing. The afterimage was so blurry, and it took no more than a few seconds for it to vanish completely.

It was not until now that the idea of Eric no longer being your husband started to sink in. A new reality, that only now your brain decides to understand, but... a reality... that your heart cannot handle...

Tears start ramping up and ravage your pupils as you stand there, still have your gaze locked onto your ringless right hand and your mouth hangs open loosely. Proper words cannot form on your lips anymore.

"Spencer? You still with me there?... What's going... on...?"

Darius's words pull you out of it for mere seconds, and it doesn't help. Your heart swells up, your lungs clench, and your gasps for air become more audible. As you collapse upon the floor, you finally realize: you're having a heart attack. Your mind starts slipping away. With your phone on the ground beside you, you can vaguely hear Darius's voice shouting out your name constantly, over, and over, and over...

Until everything... fades to black...

Your head is neither blank nor overflow with thoughts.

It is the first time your heart truly experiences such agonizing pain, nothing in your own words could have done it justice describing it to its full extent.

The state of stagnation quickly imprisons your consciousness.

It was drifting through what felt like an endless void, not until again, a certain someone's voice drags you back into reality, or rather, into just a limbo state of half-awake.

"The Maynors will tear this place down to DUST AND DEBRIS if ANY of you DARE to let that man DIE!"

"Stop it Darius! You're NOT helping!"

Eventually, your brain starts to comprehend the fact that you're still alive, and you struggle to wake yourself up.

You open your eyes slowly, and see your husband... or rather, your friend Eric in this reality, shaking your hand while looking intensely at you. Drops of tears were running down his cheeks, and yours were short to follow.

"Spencer? Spencer, please, what's going on? What's wrong with you? Please don't leave us Spencer. Stay with me!"

His shaking grows more violently, and with another clutch of the heart, once again your eyelids close.

Your lips cracked open, but no words escaped.

As the sound around you gets muffled out again, your mind starts taking you somewhere. Somewhere strange,

where you succeed to open your eyes to see the vast, white emptiness embrace you.

Your physical body's impairment no longer seems to affect you anymore. For a moment, you feel... relieved...

Then, a small silhouette of something appears in the center of your vision, seemingly coming towards you. As it moves in closer to you, more details can be made out of the figure. It seems like... someone... with fairy wings? And limbs with the color pattern of a siamese cat... And the eyes blue as the sapphire sky...

You recognize that combination... It was... Maria?

She floats her way to you while you're still hanging there, confused in anticipation of her approach.

When she finally reaches you, you are captivated by her presence. She still seems like the Maria you knew, but there's something more... different... than that. Her dress looks like it came out of fairy tales that adults used to tell their children where there were balls and the rich and royal danced with each other.

Before you can say anything, she twirls what seemed like a wand in her hand along with her greeting gesture.

"I've been waiting for you, Spencer."

Chapter II: Reality

“Maria?... Am I... dreaming? You’re Maria, right?... And where... am I? What’s going on?”

“You’re somewhere only your consciousness can reach. And no, I’m not exactly Maria... Though I suppose you’re not far off either.”

“Then who... or... what are you?”

“I am a BaraGodmother, or, at least that’s what I’d like to call myself. As for why I look like Maria, well... she’s my incarnation in your world and timeline.”

“‘BaraGodmother’? That sounds like something Darius would come up with...”

“I’m glad to see you still able to crack such a joke at a time like this. That would mean your mind is stable enough to comprehend and follow what I’m going to say. Now listen carefully Spencer: this is not the reality you knew or used to. In this timeline, Eric is no longer married to you, but to Darius instead. And you, your beau is Azaghal, Darius’ trusty mechanic. It’s a long story, but the gist of what happened was... for some reason, the Spencer of this reality somehow got switched places with you. So now, he’s living in your timeline while you’re here, stuck in his.”

“Woah... so uhhhh... this ‘Spencer’ you’re speaking of, what was he like? I mean, personality-wise and the likes?”

“He’s very much just like you, with very little differences if any at all. You’re both leaves on the same branch of the same tree, just grew slightly apart and got hit by the sun and wind at different angles.”

“So that means... in this reality... he never let go of our love for Eric...”

“Yes. Nothing beats a dog’s love and loyalty. No matter who Eric chose to be his partner, you always keep loving him from afar. You’re the only Spencer I forged a relationship to be with Eric.”

“Wait, so all the other Spencers had been suffering with the inability to move on?”

“Well, in a way, yes. But I’d say the rebound relationship with Darius in those realities was sufficient to ease down that undying love. Though perhaps the same couldn’t be said for a ship with Azaghal. I still couldn’t have thought the embered love for Eric of this particular Spencer would be so potent, to have burned and breached realities to get him to a timeline where he could rejoice in love with Eric that way. There has to be something else involved in the unfolding of such an event...”

“So... what now? Am I gonna have to accept it and go along with this... this nonsense? Can’t YOU do something about this? Can you... set it right? I... I want to return to my Eric... I NEED to!”

“I can’t get ahead of myself and promise to you the impossible. But I can give you my word that I would do everything within my power to make things right and return you to the reality you belong. For now though, please don’t play the role of this timeline’s Spencer and try not to blow our cover. The less altering done to this world, the better the odds for this to success.”

“For... how long?”

“As long as it takes, I’m afraid. Trust me when I say you’re not alone in this, okay? Now go, they are awaiting for your return.”

With a twirling motion of the wand in her hand, you begin to drift away from her. Your eyelids weighed down and you were once again engulfed in the thick black curtain.

The familiar feeling of operating your body floods back to you, and with it, a tingling pain of saltwater being injected into your system and the soreness of lying in the same place for who-know-how-long.

Your eyes open involuntarily. The hospital room was dark but you could still clearly see the bulky and hunched-over body of someone near your thighs and over the blanket.

You lean discreetly trying to inspect who it was without waking them up. And slowly but surely, you recognize it was Azaghal, your now-and-supposed-to-be boyfriend. He

passed out due to what you could only assume was the tiredness of waiting for you to wake up.

You keep wandering your gaze around the room, and soon enough, you find Eric and someone you could vaguely make out in your mind as Darius because of the earthy-red mane. They're cuddling on the sofa at the foot of your bed, having their eyes fixated on the TV on the opposite side of the room. They don't seem to be aware of your waking.

As much as you'd like for things to stay this way, your body gave in to the primordial urge for... food...

A growl so loud and clear echoes in your chamber, so loud that you feel like it could even wake up the slumbering Azaghal.

The couple stops for a second to register what just happened. They both just ate an hour ago, it couldn't have come from either of them. Then they look in your direction. Your eyes meet, and they waste no time rushing to your bed.

“Spencer! You're awake! Please don't black out again! Please Spencer, I can't take it!”

“He seems fine now Eric. You can calm down for a bit... Geeze, Spence, you must be famished to have let out such an apocalyptic roar.”

“How long have I been out?”

“It's 10pm now, so I'd say about 12 hours since your first knockout.”

“Huh, that explains the soreness and hunger.”

“Darius, can you go grab something from Maria’s? I’ll call her to have the leftovers reheated and ready for you to pick up once you arrive. I only trust her food around this hour.”

“Sure thing. You also should get him some water. It must be craving for anything after a 12-hour sleep but not sure if things will taste the same or not.”

“I will.”

Darius leaves the room after planting a kiss on Eric’s cheek. It’s now just you and him, and the sleeping Azaghal. You turn your attention to the tiger. Eric got you bottled water before returning to your side on the bed.

“How long has he been here? To have remained unconscious after our conversation, he must have been really worn out...”

“He was having his hands full when we told him the news around noon. He closed his garage right after and got here as soon as he could and never left your side. To be fair, the hospital staff tried to keep him out, but with both him and Darius on edge like that, they had to give in. It’s either that or having to deal with both of the felines’ temper, and one of them was a Maynor as well. They didn’t really have a choice, to be honest.”

“Heh, you’re right. That can’t be helped then. Let’s not wake him up for now, He needs it. You should let Darius know to bring enough for the both of us.”

“I'm ahead of it. So... are you feeling okay now Spence? What was so bad to have given you such a heartthrob?”

You knot your fingers, resting them on your thighs while Eric pulls over a chair closer to your bed and sits on it.

“Well... will you believe me if I tell you that it was your fault?”

“I... would have said I didn't. But right now, I don't know... I want to, so that at least I know I can make it up to you. No matter if it's true or not, I'll do whatever I can to make it right, Spence. Don't scare me like that again... Don't scare **us** like that again...”

“You've always been so sweet, caring and dear to me, Eric. How can I ever stop loving you?...”

“Wh-what...?”

“Let's just say that I heard some shockingly unpleasant news and my heart boiled up until I had a heart attack, aaaaaaaaand now I... lost all my memories for the past whole year...”

“The past whole year? Ever since... after the winter break?”

“Yeah... should be around that time. Can you give me a run down of notable events so I won't slip up?”

“Alright, let's see... we got back after winter break, I started hanging out with Darius since I had nothing better to do...”

Eric then spends the next few moments with you going over what happened to him in this timeline. How he got together with Darius, their journey to marriage and how you and Azaghal became a couple as well.

“Sorry, I’ve been hanging out with Darius a lot so I didn’t have much idea of what’s going on on your end... Speaking of, Darius has been gone for a while now... What took him so long? Maria only had to reheat the leftovers she took back to the shelter after our wedding yesterday. It was my decision since it was mostly her and Richard’s cooking anyway. Shouldn’t have taken this long...”

“Well, that gave us the opportunity to talk this out at least.”

“Let me check on Dar-”

Just as Eric was finishing that sentence, you heard the door crack open, and sure enough, it was Darius. He came in with a trolley full of food containers. The savory smell begins to fill up your room.

“Hope your gut’s holding up in there Spence. Sorry it took so long since Maria kept insisting on taking all of these for you and Az. And I had to look for the nurse’s assistance to get this trolley from the canteen.”

“Ah, that makes sense since we’re feeding both him and Azaghal after all. And none of them had eaten anything for almost the whole day. I bet each of them can devour two whole plates of the Hungry Jack’s Platter too!”

“While it’s true that the hungrier you are, the more you want to eat, if you go too long without food, your stomach will actually start to shrink. So you won’t be able to eat as much as you were craving. Now why don’t you wake Azaghal up and start digging in already?”

It didn’t take much effort to wake up Azaghal, and you wasted no time inhaling the food on the trolley either.

After you have both filled up your tummy with food, Darius pushes a button to call for the night duty nurse to take the trolley away.

When all is done, attention pours back to you again.

“So, Spencer, have you told Eric what gave you that heart attack?”

You went silent for a moment, trying to think of something. So Darius and Azaghal turned to Eric instead.

“He has, hasn’t he Eric?”

“Wha-... Well, uhhhhhhh... I don’t know! And even if I did, I still wouldn’t be in a position to be sharing that either!”

“Huh... so it’s really that serious and confidential, but only Eric is allowed to know? Come oooooooooon, Spencer, tell us!”

“Come on now Darius. Don’t put him through all those stress and trauma again. He’ll share when he’s ready. Now why don’t you and Eric head home and get some rest? I’ll

stay here with him tonight to keep watch so you needn't worry."

"***sigh*** If you say so, Az. Come on Eric, let's give them space."

"Don't think I'll tell you when we get back either!"

Darius lets out a defeated sigh. Eric then walks to you and gives you a gentle hug before leaving with Darius. Now it's just you and Azaghal left in the room.

Chapter III: Collateral Damage

“♪♪♪♪

Remember the words you told me

Love me till the day I die

Surrender my everything

‘Cuz you made me believe you’re mine

Yeah, you used to call me babe

Now you’re calling me by name

...

You push and you push and I’m pulling away

Pulling away, from you

I give and I give and I give and you take

Give and you take

...

Say you want me, say you want me

Out of your life, and I’m just a dead man

Walking tonight, but you need it, yeah you need it

All of the time

...

Say you want me, say you want me

Back in your life, and I’m just a dead man

Crawling tonight, ‘cuz I need it, yeah I need it

All of the time

...

Lately our conversations end

Like it’s the last goodbye

Till one of us gets too drunk
And calls about a hundred times
So who you been calling baby?
Nobody could take my place
When you looking at those strangers
Hope to God you see my face

...

”

-Youngblood - 5 Seconds Of Summer-

From the chair beside you, he moves onto your bed, closely examining the wires plugged into you to not trample them. He sits next to you, with one arm over your shoulders and the other idly rubbing your thigh.

“Hey pup. Are you feeling alright?”

“I am, for now. You dropping your work and closing your garage so early to rush here wouldn’t affect the shop’s reputation, would it?”

“How could I, or how can you, be thinking of that right now when you’ve just had a heart attack like that? Of course I’d drop everything! You know how much you mean to me, don’t you? And what got you like this? From the way Eric talked, you had told him something right?”

“I only lied to him so he wouldn’t be too worried about me anymore, and he could deal with Darius’s curiosity on my behalf. I... don’t want to talk about it right now, or for the next couple of days at least... I need to... kind of sort things out and... and get back to my normal life...”

“You mean our normal life.”

“No, I... I actually meant **MY** normal... life...”

“What? So are you... breaking up with me?”

“No, Azaghal. I’m not. I just...”

“You’re not even calling me ‘kitty’ anymore, huh? Seems like it’s over for real...”

“No, Aza-... I mean kitty... I mean... ***sigh*** Look, Az. I’m not trying to break up with you, and I don’t expect you

to either. I appreciate what we had a lot. Your love and company mean the world to me, truly, and I don't want to lose it. You're still my kitty and I'll still be your puppy. It's just... there are things that I need to handle on my own. Okay?..."

"*sigh* So... I guess that's gonna be a pause on our visit to your parents next week too, huh?"

"... were we... supposed to?"

"... you said we're gonna take each of your brothers for a ride on my bike, remember? Even DJ and his wife are getting a turn too? Valor... something?"

"Even Valerie? We're **THAT** close now?"

"'That close'? What do you mean 'that close'? We've been hanging out with them for almost a year?!"

"Ah... uh... that sounds about right. Anyway... I'll spend the next couple of days... or weeks even... somewhere else. And you might not find me at my apartment very often..."

"What? Now you're trying to run away from me too? 'Cuz it doesn't sound like you're gonna take me with you, nor let me know where you're gonna go at the very least."

"Well, um... not even Eric is gonna know where i'm going, if it makes you feel any better..."

"'Any better'? You're kidding right? Come one Spencer, you know me better than this?! You really think that you suddenly disappearing for some godforsaken reason and

nobody knowing where your whereabouts is should make me ‘feel better’? Just what are you plotting? You act like you don’t know anything happening around us, you don’t even recognize me by the pet name you so insisted me to use, now you want to distance yourself from everyone? What about your parents? Do they know about this? Are they in on this as well? What have I done to deserve this, Spencer? Can’t you just tell me? You really wanna leave me that badly...?”

With the last sentence, Azaghal retracts his hands, now curls up with his arms hugging his legs. Despite having his face planted between his knees to hide his face, you can still hear his quieted sniffles.

“Why can’t you just... let me in...”

“Kitty...”

You put one hand over the back of his neck and the other over his knotted palms. You give him a gentle rub and a little nudge.

This is not good. This tiger’s so much more persistent than you thought, and it looks like he’s on the edge of breaking down if you don’t try to do something to calm him down. You have to come up with something and navigate your way to get through to him while keeping him in just the right shade so the reality of your situation can remain hidden.

“I’m just... gonna stay at Maria’s shelter. I’ll require her help in the near future so to make it more accessible and convenient, I’m just gonna stay there for a while. I’ll just use Eric’s old room even. For the reason... well... you can say that I did something stupid, and now all my savings are gone and it’ll dock my rent and living cost. So I need to save any and every dime I can to stabilize myself so I don’t want anyone to know, especially in our friend circle. Okay? And I don’t want to drag you into this as well. It’s not just that I’m back to zero, there’s a big hole in the negative that I need to fill before my numbers start to go positive... I know we’ll come and live together eventually, but because of that, I don’t wanna drag you and your finances into my issues. So, you can understand my situation right?”

Though muffled, you can still hear his heavy breaths, mixing with discreet gasps. You lean in with your head on his shoulder, wrapping your arms around his abdomen in an attempt to hug him.

“***sniffle*** Can I still provide any help somehow? Like... with anything at all? It would mean a lot to me to be able to help the love of my life working towards our future together...”

Finishing that last sentence with mumbles, Azaghal presents you with the widest, shiniest kitten eyes you’ve ever seen. You’re speechless, lost yourself in those pair of

malachites for a while before he scoots in closer to give you a kiss.

From a quick mashing of the lips, it rapidly evolves into a deeper and more passionate kiss. It was supposed to be a foreign tongue to your mouth, yet the pleasant feelings made it become more natural and... familiar.

It kept going for a little longer before he broke the kiss, leaving you heavy breathing and filled you with butterflies. No matter how your chemicals worked, you always had been an excitable boy, so the tingling tensions from the kiss earlier did its magic to wake up that member between your crotch.

Azaghal's hand worked its way into your shorts to give your inner thighs a massage. The movements casually brushes his fingers into multiple parts of your package. From the tip, the shaft down to the root, and even your jewelry pouch. It felt intentional, yet coincidental at the same time.

When he decides it was enough teasing though, he leans in again, this time with his palm on your cheek, guiding your face into his while the other one now full-on grabbing your sack and tickling the under-belly of your dick. Your kisses now are as sloppy as can be, your gasps for air mix in with his, heating up your face real good.

He then tilts your head to reveal your neck. The uncertainty of his intentions works in favor of building the

anticipation and makes you even more nervous. He gives it some playful nibbles before soaking it wet in his saliva with licks after licks.

With the final mopping however, he let out a long, heavy sigh. The moment the hot breaths meet your neck's sensitive skin, it twirls up a feeling so intense you can only squirm in response, letting out some sheepish moans.

“Hahhh... Az... kitty, I... I can't...”

“Hmmm? You can't? Can't what?”

He whispers, the combination of the scorching air and the voice at the lowest register you've ever heard, almost like a growl. ignites your ear. You could only twitch in his embrace, and he never stopped his hand down there either.

“Uhhh I... I can't *nghhh* I can't do this...”

“You can't? But you're enjoying this, right? You're practically drenching my hand right now~”

It took no effort at all for his fingers to find your leaking faucet. His index swirled around your tip and spreaded the pre-cum dripping from it to coat your whole glans.

“*nghh* You know... how excitable my... body can be... Don't hold it against me now, would you? My body answering your... physical arousal... doesn't mean that... I'm mentally prepared, or that I want it... right now...”

“Awww... then... can I still “take responsibility” and help you finish this off though? Just wanna get you off and I'll be good. For me, please?”

“...you know I can’t say no when you put it that way...”

“Heh, I know. Good boy, and I know just what you like~”

A few swift movements and he positioned himself above your crotch with your lower-half stripped in the process. You watch him lowering his head to wrap his whole muzzle around your shaft all the way to the root.

It’s supposed to be your first time getting a blow from a feline. Your built-up boner shudders at the first touch it makes with his tongue. It’s ecstatic to be nestled by a cat, not to mention such a big and professional one at that. The loss for words leaves you breathing heavily again. He **KNEW** what he was doing, and you’re near busting more than ever.

Not long after, you notice his pace slowly declines. You’re unsure whether he knows you’re close or if he has something else in mind other than just finishing you off. Though going slow, he’s got another trick up his sleeves other than the gifted feline’s tongue.

He growls vocally but keeps his mouth chamber shut tight. The vibrations echo around in his maw, hitting your dick at all angles possible.

You recognize the technique, you also know how effective it is. There’s no countermeasures against it and resisting is only gonna make it tip over. And sure enough, satisfaction overflows from your joystick.

Shots of your bodily fluids keep spewing out into the big cat's maw. There's no way back so you decide to go down with it, forcing out every shot to make each one a banger, so strong and so much.

“Hahh... hah... Hehe, still couldn't hold your ground against your own trick huh?”

“Hah... huh... All because you're such a great learner.”

Azaghal drags himself up to rest his chin on your chest.

“...thank you. I didn't know how much I wanted that, even though I knew how good it'd feel...”

“Heh, I know I'm an expert. And maybe you should consider letting me help you with the other thing as well. Maybe you'll come to the same realization, who knows~”

“Maybe I will.”

You idly rub his ears until he decides to get up, unplug the machineries and carry you in his arms.

“Wah-what are you doing?”

“Getting you to take a shower, of course! What does it look like? You've been lying in the same place for the whole day now, and you sweated a lot during that last bit as well. Come on, I brought your shampoo and clothes for you to change.”

“Wait... is it actually allowed to unplug everything like that? I don't wanna run into trouble with the doctor...”

“Maybe, maybe not. I'm taking you home tonight regardless. I'll tell Darius to deal with the hospital

procedures later. Right now I'm in real desperate need of some snuggles and cuddles..."

As he's saying it, Azaghal takes you to the bathroom. It's impressive how strong he is to be able to strip you off your clothes while carrying you in his arms. Being naked in his embrace somehow doesn't make you feel awkward at all, you even feel comforting and fuzzy... to which a married man like you should be considered inappropriate, wrong, taboo or even guilty...

But... you can't fight this feeling... Is it really your fault if you can't stop yourself from feeling that way for another man other than your newly-wed husband?

You're suddenly snapped out of your tangled mind when he lowers you down into the bathtub.

Wait... bathtub?

"Hold on, I didn't know this hospital had a bathtub inside every personal bathroom for every individual patient room... What kind of budget is it running on?!"

"It didn't, not for every patient room at least. The one we're staying in is one of their special care rooms, the highest tier of their service I think, in courtesy of the Maynors."

"Huh... I still can't get over how over-the-top Darius tends to be sometimes..."

“That’s a Maynor lion for you. Now wait here, I’ll go get your shampoo and our spare clothes to change afterwards.”

The tiger then leaves you in the spacious tub alone. You’re naked in the empty tub, but your encumbered mind is drowning in the sin of adultery you’re going to commit by taking a bath with this man.

With the way you two have been interacting, how close he is to this world’s Spencer and how well he knows your inner-workings, you **KNOW** this isn’t gonna be just a “normal” and “innocent” bath.

Should you just straight-up decline the offer? It might worsen the relationship between him and the Spencer of this timeline, but you’ll feel better if you can salvage whatever fidelity you still have left in you that way. Even then, is it really worth it to risk the chance of ruining that bridge? You shouldn’t take away the happiness of others just because you didn’t get to have... right?

What’s supposed to be seconds drags out and feels like solid minutes, suspending you in a trance. It’s not until Azaghal returns that you are able to escape that spiraling moment.

Though, it’s arguably worse now because this is the time for you to call upon your judgement and make a decision.

What will it be?

The pressure and tension in your stomach build up to a boiling point. Cold sweats break out on your face, you're borderline hyperventilating. Your heart is pounding wildly in your chest in a very bad way. You start to lose focus, your eyes become doozy.

You're visibly shaking.

The cat picks up on your symptoms right away. He rushes to your side and checks on you to confirm the conditions.

“Oh no, puppy? What's wrong? Are you having a heart attack again?”

You can't give him any verbal answer, all he's able to hear is just gasps and sighs repeatedly.

“Shit... I need to help you calm down somehow...
Okay, I'll try uhhh...”

Az steps inside with you. He gets you up to position you both along the length of the tub. Then he turns you around and holds your hand to slowly guide you to sit your bare ass down right on his lap. When that's done, he leans behind, resting his back on the tub's wall and gently pulls you in with him. Your head is now in between his pecs and your back now to his abdomen. You're his little spoon.

He idly rubs your chest and belly in a circular motion with his right hand, and keeps gently stroking your head fur with his left one. He sometimes mixes in some massaging your spot at the base of your left ear.

It works wonders for you. The nervousness that was eating you alive earlier subsides, and the panic attack dies down. Your breathing stabilizes and you're lying still in his casual touchings.

You try to not overthink it again...

Chapter IV: What Should ‘Love’ Be

After a peaceful while, you realize you’ve been resting on Azaghal’s body. The warmth radiating from the contact you made gives you a comfortably longing feeling that you start to grow accustomed to and don’t want to let go of. You didn’t know how loud physical touch spoke to you as a love language. Guess you’ve always been a jack-of-all-trades guy when it comes to that. But right now, you feel like you could fall head-over-heels for this man through this, and this alone.

The moment is now again broken by the tiger body-pillow you’ve been laying on. His little nudges and twitches snap you back to the dilemma at hand...

“Hey kitty...”

“Puppy? You feeling okay now? Should I ring for a doctor?”

“Nah, that won’t be necessary... I think...”

“You sure about that? I don’t want you to collapse in the middle of bathing again...”

“I do. I just... want a quick bath and get home, sleep in my own bed for tonight.”

“That we can do. Now I need you to sit up and let me go fetch the stuff I left on the floor earlier, and also to close the door. Wouldn’t want any doctors or nurses to see us two hot

guys, getting wet and steamy naked, **FOR FREE** now would we? Not even Bam or Charlie could get to see that!”

Azaghal leans down to plant a kiss on your side cheek before you sit straight for him to get up and go do this thing. Then you fiddle with the nubs and handles on the wall to get the water running at a warm temperature. The shower head starts to rain down in the tub, though the water cannot wash away the lingering comfort and affection he left on you. In mere seconds, the tub was filled with only your head above the water surface.

The cat now returns, this time he’s kneeling in front of you instead.

“**Okay, now lay back.**”

“**Wha-**”

“**What? Lay back so I can work this shampoo into your fur! You’re not gonna deny me the opportunity to rub and feel your body submerged in the warm water like this, are you~?**”

Once again, Azaghal busts out those big, shiny kitten eyes. And once again, you’re falling for it.

You’re falling... for it? For him?...

Against the better judgement, you give in to fulfill his request. Do as instructed, you sheepishly look up at him.

“***gulp* O-okay... I’m all in your capable hands, okay?... Take good care of me then... *gulp***”

As if on cue, he immediately pounced on you with excitement. It feels like...

He's a predator, and you are now his prey.

Face-to-face with you, he lets out a long sigh and talks with a playful growl.

“Wise choice you made, little meat. I'll make it worth your while. Promise.”

Az then squirts some shampoo from the bottle into his palm while keeping himself kneeling above you. He rubs his hands together to spread it evenly, then puts them on your shoulders, working out towards your biceps. He gives them a few massages before moving to your pecs. His digits really dig their way into the skin beneath your fur. This must not have been his first time doing this with you. He knows exactly how to touch you and tickle your buttons. The way he maneuvers around your curves is so skillful, like he expected every nook and crannies below your fur to map out exactly in his head. Needless to say, the effect it's having on you leaves you embarrassed. You're hard.

He seems to not notice though, but after you look away with a blush plastered on your face, he notices right away. It didn't hit you until now but his package was dangling just out of your reach the whole time his body was in the kneeling position. Now with his glans growing, its head pokes out of the water and stares directly at you. Your attention is involuntarily dragged to it. He then approaches

you while standing up-straight with each step closer. More and more of it got revealed out of the water, and by the time he gets to you, his lower body is now presented seductively naked in front of you. His water-dripping cock is twitching like it's waving for you, flinging the water around. Some of it even landed on your face.

Embarrassing is an understatement as you're practically bloodred right now.

How... captivating...

“Awww~ no need to be coy. Not like you have never seen it before. Still curious, aren't you? Well, curiosity kills the cat... or... the pup in this situation. Heheh~”

You've heard rumors about feline dicks and how spiky they are, but never got curious enough to look one up online. Now you got presented with one in the flesh. Azaghal's is a standard and human-ish one, but the sheer length, girth and overall shape are just so... intriguing. Guess if there hadn't been the mishap with Isaac back then, you would have seen one. But it's not like you could know for sure if Darius still got the feline bits anymore though. Regardless, right now you're in the presence of a supposedly-stranger-and-sweetheart's penis, and you are practically frozen.

While words and feelings were transpiring rapidly in your head, you only kept staring at it intently without any

response to him. You didn't realize you're making it awkward until Azaghal decided to speak up.

“Uhhmm... you okay there bud? It's kinda hard to read your mood when you're just sitting there starin'... and I guess breathing heavily on it too... Whatever wish you're making, breathing like that ain't gonna send the dandelion seeds flying. And my lightning rod isn't gonna grant any wishes either, heh~”

He's just been standing there and idly caressing your hair and ears with his hand. Then he grabs a wooden plank bridging the tub's width, meant to serve as a shelf or table for people in the tub to put their stuffs and enjoy the bath while sipping on wine or watching movies on mobile devices. He sits on said plank and leans back with his hands on the tub's edge to support his backside and presents to you his masculine physique. The hefty pecs, the defined muscles, the meaty abdomen, the thick thighs and the handsome manhood before his abs that your eyes have been fixated on this whole time.

It's like he's giving you the chance to take the initiative this time. The feast he beholds you with makes it hard for your irises to stay in one place. They keep darting throughout his whole body, and each time he sees where they're stopping on, he'll purposefully cup a handful of water to pour on the spot, smear around and give it some massages.

This goes on for a few minutes before your body loses control of itself. You lean forward to wrap your arms around his hips, pulling yourself over with your face held pointblank right in front of his dick.

“Hey handsome, you look hungry. Found a bone you like? I was wondering how much longer it would take for you to make your approach. Now you’ve expressed your intentions through your gesture, but I still need your verbal confirmation in order to give you the experience you desire~ So tell me, what **DO** you want, my puppy?”

He looks down at you, a gaze full of arrogance, lust and dominance. It fills you to the brim with vigor, but also empties your mind and strips you off of any fulfillment you had before, leaving you famished and thirsty, begging for more, for **HIM**.

Is this how a masterful hunter manipulates every step of his trophy into the traps he has already laid out? Is this how a prideful predator overpower his prey and decorate it on a plate like fish out of water, waiting to be devoured?

It matters none.

Right now, all you want, or rather all you **NEED** is him... is him filling you up, is for him to claim you as his...

His prize? His property? His personal play thing? His love?

Whatever it is, right **NOW** you just want to be **HIS**.

“I... I want you... ***gasp*** I want to smell you... ***hhhhhngghh*** I want to taste you... ***gulp*** I want to feel you... I want to... be yours... I want you to make me... yours.”

“Ooooh boy~ I can’t reject your pleas now can I? What a brave and honest man. Good. I like my man to be eager to be **MINE~**”

Azaghal then reaches his left palm down to your throat, gently stroking your pharynx. With the last caress, he beckons you to put your maw on his pulsing meat, and you waste no time gulping up the whole thing.

“**Mmmmmmm** that’s it, puppy. Polish the trophy you just won, ‘cuz now it’s yours to enjoy. It’s not your chew toy though, so **NO TEETH!**”

You make laps around his girth with your tongue, going from the base all the way to the tip, then go down again on the opposite side. Takes only a minute to coat the entire thing in your saliva. You then swallow his whole length again, suckling up and down in a steady rhythm. You can feel his wet and salty pre meet your tongue, so you implement some tongue drilling action to the slit as a repeating pattern to stimulate him even more. You try to basket both his eggs in your mouth chamber, and though you succeed in doing so, they stuff you so full you struggle to catch some air.

“Haaaaaahhng~ Yeaaaahhh ***huff*** Just the way I like it. Keep going, champ. Your prize is on the way~”

As if those words were enchanted, it makes your hunger grow even more maddening. The pace you were going at got pumped up to eleven. you manage to jerk his dick more vigorously without missing a beat. You can feel his body shudders, and his cock twitches more frequently in your muzzle.

He’s getting close, and you know it.

And so, with the last few heavy breaths, you come to a slow back-and-forth with your mouth grumbling with vibrations - your signature move. His cock keeps pelting more and more sperm down your throat. Somehow, you miraculously sync your sucking with his cumming until you both come to a full stop. You couldn’t keep track of how much you drank because his pleasant savory taste with a scent of sweetness was somehow so familiar to you. And drinking it almost became your second nature.

His chest rises and falls one last time before he gets down and fully slump into the tub. He pulls you in with a surprisingly strong embrace despite how tired he looks. You’re now laying atop of him, and he drags you up for a kiss. He fully signs into it with a growl as he tightly shuts his eyes, and you do the same. After some moments of trading spits and wrapping your tongues around one another, you both let go and breathe heavily again. He grabs your

chin to pull your face into his, meeting your foreheads together.

“Haaaaaahhh... hhhhhhhaaaahhhhhhh... You smell like my spunk now, and you are never to kiss another man with that mouth. You hear me?”

You can only nod in response before he meets your lips again for some more kisses.

“Now, what do you say~ Want daddy to take care of your other ‘mouth’?”

“Y-yes...”

“Yes, what? Forgot your manners now didn’t ya?”

“YES DADDY!”

“Heh, good. Then now... uuuuuu-up you go!”

He hoists you up just as easily as he did when carrying you out of your bed. He spins you around and lets you down, then whispers into your ear with his scorching breath.

“Kneel down on all four with your knees on the plank and wrists on the bathtub’s edge, and give me a show of that beautiful hole of yours, pup~”

Obeying his orders, you get in position with all four on the tub, your ass facing him like a doggy-style form. He also kneels down to level with your puckering hole and the throbbing boner between your legs. He then begins to eat your ass out in the same hungrily fashion as you did with his pole.

You have no idea what's the deal with cats and their licking ability, but you know that they're the best at dealing with 'sticky' situations, this one included. And there's no other species who could compete with both their skill and their equipment, namely the sly tongue that can reach anywhere they wish to. You feel every swirl he makes circling your ring with his tongue, and when he decides to push it through, it massages your inner walls so good, moans start to escape your throat. While all of that is going on, he never forgets to gently fondle with your stiff dick between his fingers.

When he feels that your inside is wet enough, he replaces his tongue with his finger and repositions himself to simultaneously suck you off. First one, then two, and when no resistance is met, three fingers. They rub the right places to tickle your prostate so good you get waves and waves of pleasure rummaging through your whole body like a current. Your moanings turned up a whole pitch and you make no attempt to hide how vocal you're being. You're shameless, and now is as good a time as ever to ask him to feed you the thing you've longed forever for.

“Aaaaaaanghhh-haaaahhh... Az... please... I want it... I... need it...”

He frees your cock from his mouth to answer, alternating to jerk you off with his other hand instead.

“Hmmm? What do you need from daddy?”

“I need your dick! Please fuck me stupidly with your thick, warm cock, **DADDY!**”

“Hehe, good begging, boy. Thought you’d never ask. Now let me grant you that wish~”

The big cat stands up. You look behind your shoulder to watch him rise from the water again, marveling at how it’s trickling down his well-defined body, and finally to see him position his boner right before your hole.

He begins entering, slowly shoving the tip through your ring. Then steadily he pushes the whole thing in. You feel each and every inch of his manhood exploring your little mancave, until his balls meet your buttocks. Then he pulls it all the way out and back in again with the same slow movements. Each time he does that, not just waves, but tides of lust and satisfaction wash from your hips all the way to your shoulders making you shiver in pleasure.

Then he picks up the tempo, going faster and faster each time he penetrates your body again. Your body gets ravaged by pleasure like a raft in the middle of the ocean under a storm of lust. When you get sufficiently overwhelmed by satisfaction, your breath hastens, you gasp for air, your limbs grow weak and you’re about to lose your balance. He notices and lays on top of you, before he wraps his arms around your chest and picks you up, carrying you on his body. He keeps you positioned in his arms by hooking through under your thighs and keeping your back to his

chest. This position makes you sink even deeper on his dick and it reaches so much farther into your intestinal mucosa. Both your moaning and his get loose, his breathing coincides with yours. You turn back to meet his gaze. He leans into you for a passionate kiss. His thrusting grows more rapidly until his warm seeds shoot deep into you. Your cock squirts out splashes of cum as pleasure tips you over the edge, too.

You break the kiss to admire him and his mesmerizing emerald sheens. You two spend the next few moments together still heavy-breathing as the lingering satisfaction dies down. Then he slowly lowers both you and himself down to sink into the tub again. He now rests against the tub's wall and you against him, like when he was comforting you through your panic attack. Sign into the comfort of his embrace, you rest comfortably on his huge pecs.

A moment later, you both get to finish your washing and finally leave the hospital room in his semi-truck. Tired as you both are, you quickly get to bed, even skip the teeth brushing. It's 2 in the morning and he spoons you to sleep. your body welcomes his embrace. His touch is just like your panacea, it melts away your soreness and fatigue. Like how cat bellies were rumored to be beartraps, you're now glued to the comfort of this hug. And you drift into your sound slumber.

Morning light knocks on your eyelids again, but today, you're not alone. The fluffy texture you're feeling behind your back confirms that whatever happened yesterday wasn't a dream. There's no way back until the 'BaraGodmother' informs you of her progress. You're stuck here with the dilemma of whether you should say 'fuck it' and live how you want, risk revealing it all and ruining your own chance to get back, or lay low and keep your cover, live with another man and destroy your own pride in loyalty hoping for a way back to your Eric...

As you're getting lost in thoughts, Azaghal reaches his hands into your shorts and onto your chest to rub and feel you up while snuggling his muzzle into the back of your neck.

“*graaaaaaaawl* Hey puppy. Did you sleep well?”

“I did. I slept like a log and barely moved at all I think. How about you kitty?”

“Same here. It would seem so, we're still spooning like how we went to sleep last night.”

The big cat now playfully licks your ear.

“Heh, tickles. How did you know I was awake, anyway? I tried not to move a muscle afraid I'd wake you up.”

“Hmmm? Oh it's simple. I just woke up a bit before you. And since you tend to snore when you're deep in sleep, it's pretty noticeable when you stop and steady your breathing.”

He said while giving you a smooch.

“Oh god, Did I actually snore that loud? I didn’t wake you up because of that, did I? I’m so sorry.”

Embarrassment slithers up your face and you cover it with your paws.

“No, not at all! I’m actually happy to see someone so content in my embrace they start snoring like that, so you’re welcome, hun. Heck, when that person is also your boyfriend? It’s even better! Plus it’s not the first time we’ve ever slept together or I’ve ever heard you snoring, so you needn’t worry, my love.”

Azaghal then gives you a big squeeze before letting go and getting up, giving a biiiiiiiiig cat stretch.

“What do you want for breakfast?”

“Hmm... how about some toast pb and jam?”

“Sure. You want a sunny-side up to go along with that?”

“Mmmm yeah! And some bacons!”

“Now we’re talking. Try to get up before I’m done with the food and join me in the kitchen.”

The tiger exits the room, and it’s just you now, left alone on the bed. You sprawl on your bed and really take in your surroundings today, along with his lingering scent. Aside from Azaghal’s belongings sprinkled around, it looks relatively the same to your own room back in your timeline. Guess the BaraGodmother was right, the Spencer here isn’t so different from you at all. “Then why was there... this...

‘reality fallout’ in the first place? Why does everything have to happen so weird and complicated and... tiresome?” - you thought to yourself, with one hand splayed across your forehead, looking up the ceiling. A ding from the kitchen’s toaster reminds you that there’s a sweetheart making you breakfast, and you need to pull yourself up and get ready and join him. So you hastily bolt into the bathroom to get yourself presentable as can be and meet him on the dining table.