



CAGED

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Special thanks to Wave for inspiring this story with her declaration that a hamster shifter couldn't happen in m/m and to Chris for her mad editing skillz.

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Marcin sat in the corner glaring at the two hamsters on the other side of the cage. If hamsters could kill with a glance, the little buggers would be dead. How in the hell could they run around on that stupid wheel all day? Didn't they know it only amused the people walking by? How freaking degrading.

No, being stuck in a damn cage at some pet store was degrading. He'd thought the chance to go visit his grandparents for the summer and hang out at their cottage in the country was a perfect way to spend a few months before looking for another job. One day he was out scurrying around the forest where he was sure no one would see him and the next? Whammo, stuck in a metal box with a bunch of these illiterate, non-shifting, **stupid ass** – he glared at them – hamsters.

He'd been unable to shift in the cage they had him in and he was sure his grandparents were freaking out. They had warned him to be careful, but seriously, no one traps hamsters in the wild. Well, they didn't. Now he was stuck in a lovely glass box at PetSmart in ... somewhere USA. He wasn't sure where exactly, with a sign that said "imported wild hamsters". Oh, he'd be wild alright if anyone got close enough. He'd chew their.... well, something off. And if he had to eat one more sunflower seed he was going to vomit. He just needed someone to let him down on the ground so he could shift and get the hell out of here.

Thanks to his cage mates and their wild behaviour (he'd never heard anyone or anything shriek like that before); there was no way in hell anyone would let them go "free". He'd seen the captive bred ones let out to scamper around after running on their goddamned wheel. Did they not have any oil in this fucking place? Could no one here that squeaking over and over and over?

He wasn't sure how long he'd been here. Although he tried to keep track, he didn't exactly have a pen and paper to make notes. He figured it must be a couple of weeks at least. There had been six of them in the cage originally; three had been scooped up as pets. Everyone thought "wild" hamsters were hilarious and they loved seeing those idiots run on the wheel. Usually when he saw anyone coming he made a dive for the little log house and tried to stay out of sight. All he needed was some annoying little ankle biter mauling him to death. And he was really tired of shitting in a corner. He had no goddamned privacy here. Hello? Would it hurt to have a wall or something where he could piss in peace?

The lights flicked on in the store. Oh great, another day in paradise. He spent most of his time plotting his revenge for when he got out of here. He would eventually, he was sure of that; he just had to have a plan, no kids, definitely no rug rats. He came up with a thousand scenarios a day of what he'd do to the staff when was back to himself. That chick with the braces was going to be the first. If she called him her "cutie wootie" one more time and touched him he was going to gouge her eyes out somehow. Maybe when he got free he'd buy a Rottweiler and bring it in and sick it on her. Then he'd see who was the "cutie wootie".

Ohhhh, or that guy with the blond hair. Fuck, he was weird. He was supposed to be working and instead he'd sit on that stool and just stare into their cage. It was freaking creepy. Maybe he had some kind of hamster fetish. Oh God, not that, anything but that. He'd read the internet stories about hamster fetishists. Ugh.

And that old guy who fed them. Those fat little bastards in his cage didn't need any treats. No wonder they ran on the wheel; they did nothing but eat and he kept feeding them. They'd have heart attacks before anyone could buy them. Mind you, some kid would probably flush them down a toilet anyway, so he supposed dying fat and happy beat drowning in a toilet.

The customers started arriving. He figured it must be a weekend because it was busier than usual, meaning more kids than usual. Who invented kids? They should be banned. *Stop banging on the fucking glass, you little shit!* He snarled at them and bared his teeth but he wasn't sure it was effective. The kid just laughed and took off running. *Oh, put your hand in here kid, please, just for a minute.* He gnashed his little teeth. One good chomp would be so rewarding.

While trying studiously to ignore the passers-by, Marcin didn't notice that someone else was peering into the cage. When he looked up and saw a pair of brown eyes behind rimless glasses about six inches from his face, he literally tipped over backwards trying to back pedal. Holy shit! Did people have to do that? Give a guy some warning. And how embarrassing was that? He was sure he looked like an idiot, and now that he was back a bit he could see the guy was not bad looking.

He sometimes spent his time scoping out the hot guys who came into the store. Of course most of them had manly dogs on leashes or were with a girl, but it was something to pass the time. Imagining them naked. Mmmmm. That was a good pastime, better even than plotting his revenge on the staff.

The guy with the brown eyes continued to stare at Marcin with his head cocked slightly to the side. Marcin cocked his head and stared back. The guy did have great eyes, didn't he? His nose was nice - not too big; Marcin hated guys with big noses. Nothing like a bad experience in high school to turn you off a facial feature for life. He tried to see if the guy had a good body, but the way he was bent over didn't allow him to see much except for broad shoulders under a red t-shirt. His hair was light brown and cut really short. The guy turned his head the other way and Marcin did the same. When the guy looked to the left, Marcin turned to see what he was looking at. The guy looked back and cocked his head to the right. Marcin did the same. He wasn't sure why - it just seemed like a good idea at the time.

The guy stood up and turned around. Oh yeah, nice ass. He'd go for that, in his human form. Guys however did **not** buy hamsters. Kids and teenage girls bought hamsters. He'd seen it over and over. The guy walked away with an employee; he recognized braces chick's curly red hair. He enjoyed the view, and then went back to his plans to ruin the

lives of every employee in the store. (Including that cute guy in the fish department, but first Marcin would have his way with that one.) Oh, plotting revenge was sweet.

He was startled when the lid of the cage lifted. Marcin dashed for the corner and his wood hut – while his dumb as dirt cage mates continued to run to nowhere on that fucking squeaky wheel – but he was scooped up. Holy shit! He had to stop this, so he squirmed and wiggled and tried to bite whoever was holding him. He looked up and saw braces girl but the bitch had put on a leather glove so he couldn't get to her. Marcin screamed hamster obscenities at her and glared as best he could with his little black eyes while he killed her a thousand ways in his mind.

The next thing Marcin knew, he was in a small cardboard box. “Are you sure you want this one?” the employee asked some unknown evil entity. He couldn't see anything in the box despite the air holes.

A deep voice replied, “Definitely, that's the one. There's something special about him.”

Oh I'll give you special, asshole. Just let me out – and keep me away from any kids because I'll give them rabies... or something – and I'll show you special. Right after I punch you in the face. He started hamster screaming again and flinging himself against the sides of the box. He was going to fucking kill someone when this was over.

He heard laughter. “Wow, he is energetic,” said the deep voice. The deep voice was nice with some kind of accent unlike that of the employees had so he obviously wasn't from around here, wherever here was.

Marcin stopped screaming and dashing around the box and settled down to sulk instead. Fine. Maybe this would be his chance. He'd play nice and lull the guy into a false sense of security; once the guy let him run free, he was so out of there.

“That will be \$73.45,” said the employee. He was only worth \$73? That seemed like a slap in the face.

“How much was the hamster?” asked the guy.

“Ummm. Twelve dollars - the wild ones cost more. A farmed hamster is only six dollars.” Oh my God! He was only worth a lousy twelve bucks? The shame, the embarrassment. He curled up in the corner and felt sorry for himself while cursing the free market economy.

Marcin was jostled and jolted around the box as he was carried out of the store. He heard a car door open and he was placed on the seat. “Ready to go home, buddy?” asked the voice.

I'm not your fucking buddy, you halfwit. Let me out of this goddamned box! He fell over as the car lurched forward. Sighing, he lay down flat and tried not to lose his balance again. This guy's driving sucked. *Jesus Christ, use the brakes once in a while.*

After the car stopped, Marcin was carried up some stairs, and he heard a door being unlocked and opened. He couldn't hear any other sounds. Okay, so far so good, no kids. What a relief! In fact, he couldn't hear anyone else, other than the guy who'd purchased him.

"Well, we're home," said the voice said from above him. "I'm going to set up your stuff and then I'll take you out. Don't want you to get lost."

Lost? Lost? How could he get lost? The minute he hit the floor running he was going to change into his human self, knock this guy unconscious, and hit the road.

Marcin heard what he hoped was the guy setting up his cage. He was developing quite a hatred for cages. Well, no more than the average person, he presumed, but it was pretty strong. Suddenly the top of the box was opened and he was dumped rather unceremoniously into a metal cage. He glared up at his new owner and was shocked for a moment. The cute guy with the glasses had bought him? Why? The guy must be a loser if he bought a hamster.

Before Marcin could try to find a way to escape, the guy snapped the cage shut and looked at him. "There you go. Sorry about that, but after you nearly chewed off that girl's hand, this seems best."

Marcin shook his head, glared up at the guy, and bared his teeth.

"Hey are you smiling?" asked the guy.

Smiling? Smiling? Was the guy freaking brain damaged? Marcin was going to chew the guy's face off! Smiling. What a stupid ass thing to think about a hamster.

"I have to think of a name for you. I'm Hamilton, also known as Hammy to my not-friends. Ugh. So I'm not calling you that."

Thank God, because Marcin would have had to kill the guy if he'd called him Hammy. He tried to send a psychic link with his name. *Marcin, Marcin, Marcin.*

"How about Gordon?" wondered the guy.

Marcin swore in hamster and turned his back on the guy.

"Okay, not Gordon. Ummm. Karl?"

Marcin ran into the corner and kept his back to him.

“Not Karl, huh? They said you were from Poland, so maybe I should find a Polish name.”

Marcin turned around to look at him. Okay, that had potential. Just not Witek, please, or Pavel. He did not want to be named after his grandfather or his dad.

“How about Marek?” asked the guy.

Marcin cocked his head to the side. No bad, plus it was close to Marcin. He nodded his head, not sure if the guy would get it until he laughed, “Marek it is. Almost seems like you can understand me.”

Ha! I can understand you buddy, I just hope you understand me when I get out of here and kick your ass.

“Would you like something to eat?”

Steak, a nice steak or some French fries and a burger. Pizza, yeah pizza. With meat on it. Alas, the guy came back with some carrot slices. Arrgghh. Not more carrots. He was never eating a carrot again when he got out of this mess. He was surprised he hadn't turned orange the amount of carrots they fed him.

Hamilton continued to yammer away to Marcin as he did some stuff around the apartment while Marcin tried to get the lay of the land so he'd be prepared when he escaped. The apartment was small; there was no dining room, but a breakfast bar divided the kitchen from the living room. His cage was on a table against the living room wall; at least he could see the TV from where he was positioned. Maybe he'd be able to catch up on some shows. This asshole better watch *Supernatural* and *Stargate* or Marcin would be pissed. No freaking pansy home decorating shows. The guy looked nerdy, which Marcin hoped boded well for sci-fi shows.

There was a computer on a desk on the opposite wall. After watching the guy fold laundry, which was nearly as exciting as watching paint dry, the guy sat at the computer and turned it on as he continued talking to Marcin. “Wow, you should see this. Some military guys doing Beyoncé and Gaga's song “Telephone”. Funny stuff.”

Oh God, the guy was watching YouTube. Please, no freaking funny cat videos... although that prairie dog video was a classic. Maybe the guy would watch porn. If he just moved a little to the right, Marcin could see the screen. Although with Marcin's luck, it would be straight porn. Oh well, he'd seen worse.

“Did you know that African tribes used to mix coffee beans with fat and then eat it? Weird.”

No, what's fucking weird is you talking to your hamster about coffee. That stuff'll kill ya. thought Marcin as he continued to scout out the room. Book shelves. His hamster

eyesight sucked at distance, but there seemed to be a lot of books. The place was pretty clean for a guy's apartment. Maybe the guy would clean Marcin's apartment. He wondered if his parents thought he was dead now. Maybe his apartment would be cleaned out and everything sold by the time he got out of here. He wondered if the funeral would be nice. Would his friends cry? Not likely. Of course his mom would cry. They'd have great food after, too: all Polish funerals had great food. Marcin hoped they didn't put something stupid on his headstone.

There was a knock on the door. Marcin could see the door from where he sat on the table. Hamilton opened the door and didn't move for a moment. Marcin couldn't see around him.

"What do you want?" asked Hamilton, sounding tense Marcin, not like when he was yammering about coffee and LOLcats to him.

"Can't I come in and we can talk?" asked a male voice. Whoever it was sounded whiney as fuck. He hated whiney guys.

"I don't think that's a good idea," said Marcin.

"Come on, Hammy. Just for a minute. I can explain." The whiner pushed past Hamilton. He was short, shorter than Marcin. Well, shorter than Marcin in his human form, since not much was shorter than him as a hamster. Maybe a gerbil. They were small. Or those dwarf mice. Those gave him the willies. The whiney guy had black spikey hair and a nose ring. So passé.

Wait a minute... Hammy? Hamilton said his "non-friends" called him that, so this was obviously not a friend. Marcin's ears perked up and he scooted closer to the side of the cage to watch. This could be interesting.

The guy turned around and saw Marcin. "What the fuck is that?"

Marcin bristled. *I'm your doom, mister, let me out of here and I'll show you what the fuck I am.* He bared his teeth again, although that trick seemed to not be getting him much of a response.

"It's a hamster." Hamilton replied drolly. "What the hell does it look like? A fish?"

Idiot, as Marcin had decided to call the asshole, sniffed and turned around "How was I supposed to know. I'm not a vet."

Obviously.

"But why did you get it? You know I hate animals," whined Idiot .

“Ummm. Yeah, since we’re not dating, I got what I wanted for a change. I like him. He’s smart,” said Hamilton.

Yay, Hamilton. Maybe he wasn’t so bad after all.

“Smart? He’s a hamster. Hey, you guys have the same name, Hammy!” exclaimed Idiot.

Marcin and Hamilton both snarled at the same time, although no one seemed to notice Marcin’s. “His name is Marek and my name is Hamilton. You know I hate that damned nickname. Stop using it!”

Idiot laughed. “You seriously called a hamster Marek? You are so weird.” *Says the guy with a nose ring from 2002.* “Sweetie, you know I call you Hammy because I love you.”

“Umm, no, I think you’re just too lazy to use my full name. You should go. We’re done.” Hamilton was looking pretty fierce standing by the door with his arms crossed. It was kind of hot.

“Aw come on. I said I was sorry. I love you,” whined Idiot.

Hamilton growled, “You’re sorry? Sorry you cleaned out my savings account? After *stealing* my bank card? Right. Sorry works really well for that.”

Holy shit, Idiot was not only stupid but ballsy. Marcin would have beaten the shit out of a guy if he did that.

“Hammy, sweetie, I’ll pay you back. I have a good line on a job.”

Even Marcin rolled his eyes at that one. *Uh huh. Right.*

Hamilton opened the door. “Leave Peter.” Peter? What a fucking lame name. “Don’t come back. It’s over and if you do come back, I’ll be contacting the police to try and get my money back, even though I know you’ve already blown it on God knows what.”

“But I owed a guy some money. He was going to do nasty things. I had to do it.”

Oh, I’ll do nasty things to you, Idiot Peter. What a fuck head.

“Out,” said Hamilton as he stood with one hand on the open door.

Idiot Peter tried to look helpless and do the puppy dog eyes thing but it was a pathetic attempt. He slumped his shoulders and sighed, “Bye Hammy.”

Hamilton slammed and locked the door behind Peter, then leaned back against the door and sighed, “What an asshole.” He walked over to Marcin and leaned down so he could

peer at him at eye level. “Sorry about that, Marek. He’s an ass, a thieving ass. I shouldn’t strip away your innocence by exposing you to idiots.”

Marcin snorted. Well, he tried to snort. It was hard to pull off as a hamster. Innocence? Now that he knew there was the possibility of gay porn in his future he was a happy hamster. Well, relatively speaking, as happy as he could be stuck in the cage. He hoped the guy had DVDs.

Hamilton cautiously stuck his finger through the bars. As Marcin was preparing to take a bite, he remembered his plan to win over Hamilton and get free. He stayed still and let Hamilton stroke his head. It did feel nice, so he closed his eyes. “Awwww, that’s not so bad. See? We can be friends.”

Friends with you naked and ass up. Yeah, that would work. Marcin didn’t want to overdo it, so he scampered away.

For the next three weeks or so Marcin worked to gain Hamilton’s trust. While he may put his hand in the cage and stroke him, Hamilton had never taken Marcin out and let him run free. Marcin watched and waited. Particularly interesting was how Hamilton started each day bare-assed naked. He’d saunter into the kitchen and start the coffee maker - that stuff was going to do him in - then bring some food over to Marcin, who couldn’t help staring. The guy was hung. And cut. He wondered if Hamilton was much of a grower. His ass was divine, too - he even had butt divots.

Marcin was starting to wonder what he’d do when he got out of this cage. Well, beyond contacting his family and getting them to erase the “death date” on his head stone. Maybe he’d look up Idiot Peter and beat him up for Hamilton. That should help work out his aggression from his time in captivity. Oh yeah, that and getting revenge on those idiots at Petsmart. He had to work on too. Where did one buy a fully grown savage Rotweiler anyway? He wondered if braces girl still worked at the store. Likely.

But should he just run, or should he have a go at Hamilton? Not that he’d attack him or anything, because he liked the guy. Hamilton talked to him about interesting stuff, most of the time anyway; he’d even watched porn a couple of times on the TV, which worked for Marcin. Hamilton hadn’t brought home any guys; maybe live porn would have been better? Nah, he didn’t really want to think of Hamilton with another guy. Not sure why, but it seemed like it would be kind of icky.

Friday night Hamilton came home and flopped on the couch. “How was your day, Marek? Do anything exciting?” He looked over and Marcin just stared at him. Right. His life was one big ball of excitement. After he’d refused to use the stupid wheel thing – he even kicked it a few times to make his point – Hamilton had removed it from the cage. He gave Hamilton points for that.

“My day sucked but at least it’s Friday. No more work for well, 48 hours or so. That doesn’t seem very long does it? Should be three-day work weeks. I’d go for that.”

He got up and started peeling off his clothes. Oh, Marcin liked this part of the day, too. Almost every day as soon as Hamilton got home, he stripped off his work clothes and ended up in his undies. Not quite as good as naked mornings but a close second. Marcin watched the strip show and had dirty hamster thoughts.

That night, after Hamilton kept up a running commentary on some weird internet soap opera, he opened Marcin's cage, gave him some food, and scratched behind his ears. "I'm beat. I'm heading to bed. Sweet dreams and see you in the morning," said Hamilton as he pulled his hand out of the cage and left the room.

Marcin nearly stopped breathing. He looked up. The cage door was open. Holy shit! It had worked. He'd lulled Hamilton into complacency and he'd screwed up. Marcin would have to be careful, though. He knew it was going to take some manoeuvring to get up to the door, so he would wait until he was sure Hamilton was asleep before climbing out.

He waited for the longest hour of his life. Then he started the climb the side of the cage. It wasn't easy but eventually he made it to the opening at the top of the cage. As he leapt out of the cage to the table, the cage toppled and fell to the floor with a crash.

Holy fuck. He was in so much trouble. He hopped to the floor, changing shape as he went. Shit that hurt after being in one form for so long. Marcin stood up just as a naked Hamilton came running into the room and exclaimed, "What the..."

Marcin stood frozen, which seemed to be the hamster response to danger. Hamilton stopped and gaped at him.

"What are you? Who are..." gasped Hamilton before dashing around the breakfast bar and grabbing a knife. He came back and blocked the door as he demanded, "What do you want? What are you doing here and what have you done to Marek?"

Well, it was nice Hamilton was worried about him, supposed Marcin. What should he do? Finally, he said, "Hamilton, just put the knife down. No one has to get hurt here."

"How the fuck do you know my name? Have you been stalking me? How did you get in here?" asked Hamilton, then looked behind him to see that the door was still locked. "Did you steal a key? Did that asshole Peter give you a copy? I knew I should have gotten the locks changed."

Marcin sighed. This wasn't going to be easy. "No, Idiot Peter did not give me a key. He's an asshole to be sure."

"So you know him?" asked Hamilton, squinting at Marcin.

"In a ... roundabout manner."

“What the fuck does that mean?”

“Look, Hamilton, if you give me some clothes, I’ll just leave.”

Suddenly Hamilton seemed to realize that he was naked, too. “What? Where are your clothes? Were you coming here to rape me?”

Marcin tipped his head to the side, gave Hamilton the ‘look’, and smirked, “Seriously, Hamilton. Look at me. I wouldn’t have to rape you.”

Hamilton looked a bit confused, and then blushed. “Just because you’re hot doesn’t mean I’d sleep with you.”

“You think I’m hot?” A grin crossed his face.

“Just a minute. Stop trying to distract me. What the hell are you doing in my house naked at... midnight, and where is my hamster?”

Marcin nibbled on his lip for a minute. Fuck it. “You’re looking at him.”

“Looking at who?” asked Hamilton, puzzled.

“Marek, your hamster, although my name is Marcin.”

“What the hell are you talking about? You have my hamster with you? Where? Was he hurt when the cage fell?”

Marcin sighed. “No, I’m Marek.”

Hamilton was silent for a few minutes, and then raised his eye brows. “You’re a hamster?”

“Well, obviously right now I’m not. Jesus, don’t be stupid.”

“Hey, don’t give me attitude. I’m the one with the knife.”

“Yeah, be careful you don’t cut off any important parts, since I see you’re already cut. We wouldn’t want to remove any length,” Snickered Marcin.

“What? Shit. Stop looking at me,” said Hamilton, trying to cover his groin with his free hand.

“I’ve been looking at you strut around naked for weeks while making toast, so what’s another few minutes?”

“Wh... Do you have hidden cameras in my apartment?” His head swivelled around.

“Relax.” Marcin sighed and continued, “There are no cameras, I told you, I’m Marek.”

“Then why didn’t you reveal yourself before if you’re some kind of freaking magical hamster?” asked Hamilton, looking sceptical and eyeing the cordless phone on the coffee table.

“Because you never let me out of the goddamned cage!”

“Well, if you hadn’t acted like some kind of psycho hamster when I bought you, maybe I would have. Wait, no, you are *not* a hamster,” said Hamilton.

“Want me to tell you what you watched on YouTube tonight? Betty White on SNL – she’s funny, a White Snake video – lame, a cat walking with mittens on its feet – lamer, and some laughing kid who was annoying as fuck. Shall I go on?” asked Marcin.

“You could have something hooked up to my computer to see what I do there along with the video cameras. Are you a spy?”

Marcin shook his head. This guy was tough, good but tough. “No, I’m not a spy; I’m a training consultant from Scranton. Where the hell am I, anyway?”

“What do you mean, where are you? You’re in my apartment.”

“Duh. God, you’re slow sometimes. What city?”

“Don’t call me slow! For a fucking hamster, you seem to think you’re pretty damn smart. Phoenix,” said Hamilton.

“I’m not a hamster, as you can plainly see. I’m a man. Phoenix? As in Arizona?” ask Marcin.

“Where the hell else?”

“Wow.”

They seemed to be at an impasse. Marcin was still kind of amazed about the Phoenix thing.

“Now are you going to tell me who you are and why you’re here?” demanded Hamilton.

“I already did.”

“So I’m going to have to phone the paramedics to send the nut house crew? Because there is no way in hell you’re a hamster. But I’m sure the padded rooms are really nice.”

Marcin replied, “You are such a smart ass. No wonder you never have a date. You’re too freaking snarky for any guy to have you.”

“Me? What would you know, hamster boy?”

Marcin gritted his teeth. “It’s Marcin, *Hammy*.”

He saw Hamilton wince. “Don’t call me that.”

With a huff Marcin crossed his arms over his chest. “Then don’t call me hamster boy.”

“Fine. Put some clothes on.”

“I don’t have any. Did you ever see me wearing clothes in the cage?”

Hamilton waved the knife towards the bedroom. “Get moving down the hall. I’ll get you something.”

He moved in behind Marcin as they walked down the hall. Marcin glared at Hamilton over his shoulder and said, “If you cut me with that bloody knife, I will gnaw your leg off.”

Hamilton snorted, “Yeah, yeah.”

They entered the bedroom and Marcin looked around. It was small but tidy like the rest of the house. “You are the neatest damn gay guy I know.”

Hamilton flushed. “What do you mean?”

“Look at this place. You don’t even have dirty laundry on the floor and …” Marcin walked over to the dresser and ran his hand over the top, “no freaking dust. You’re weird.”

“It’s not weird to want to live somewhere clean. You lived in a cage with wood chips so I suppose your standards are lower.”

“Hey, I didn’t *ask* to live in a cage. And I thought you didn’t believe I was a hamster.”

Hamilton shook his head. “I don’t know what to believe.” He opened a drawer with one hand, keeping the knife in his other hand aimed at Marcin.

“Put that fucking knife down before you hurt yourself. I’m not going anywhere, especially naked.”

Hamilton eyed him for a moment, and then set the knife on the dresser. “Don’t try anything stupid.”

Marcin rolled his eyes. “I think the fact that I ended up in a PetSmart in Phoenix says I’ve already had my limit of stupid for the year.”

“Only for the year? Gee, what will you try next year?”

“Ohhh, you are nasty,” said Marcin, trying not to laugh.

Hamilton tossed him a t-shirt and a pair of sweats. “They might be a bit big for you, but they’ll have to do. I don’t have anything in hamster size.”

“You know, I’m going to smack you in a minute if you don’t stop with the hamster cracks.”

“It was your fantasy, buddy; I’m just running with it. They always say you should indulge the delusional.”

“Fuck you,” snarled Marcin.

“No thanks. I’m not in the mood.”

“Okay, you know what? I’m going to prove it.”

“Uh huh. You do that.” Hamilton pulled on a pair of underwear, and then stood with his arms crossed. “This I gotta see. Should I close my eyes?”

“Fuck, you are irritating. You were never this irritating when I was Marek.”

“You were less mouthy when you were Marek.”

“Fine.”

Marcin looked around, put the clothes on the bed, and took a deep breath. He closed his eyes and transformed, then opened his eyes and looked at Hamilton, who stood with his mouth hanging open. *Ta da* squeaked Marcin before closing his eyes again and transforming back. He felt a bit dizzy from transforming so fast, but he caught his balance and pulled on the clothes.

“Well, happy now?” he asked.

Hamilton was still staring at him, pale as a ghost. Well shit. Marcin grabbed Hamilton’s arm before he fell over and led him to the edge of the bed where he pushed him down.

“Are you okay? Do you need a drink?” Hamilton simply continued to stare at Marcin.

“Hey, Hamilton.,” said Marcin, tapping Hamilton’s cheek, “Snap out of it.”

Hamilton blinked twice, and then scrambled backwards on the bed. “Holy shit. What are you?” he whispered.

Marcin sighed. “I told you what I was. I’m a hamster shifter.”

“A were-hamster?”

“No. Jesus Christ. It’s not like I turn into a hamster at the full moon. Genetically I can switch between the two shapes.”

“That’s not possible. Did you drug me?” asked Hamilton.

“When would I have time to drug you? Get a grip.”

“Me get a grip? You’re a fucking were-hamster.”

“Shifter!” huffed Marcin.

“Whatever. That’s too... bizarre. I can’t deal with this.”

“Why not? You’re smart. Just don’t think about it.”

“Oh you’re so freaking helpful. Don’t think about it. Yeah right.”

Marcin stared at Hamilton, who huddled on the bed wearing only the paisley – Paisley? Who the hell wears paisley underwear? boxers – and started getting ideas. Naughty ideas. He’d been hamster-lusting after Hamilton’s ass for weeks. Why not get a piece of it?

“Why are you looking at me like that?” asked Hamilton suspiciously.

“Like what?”

“Like you’re going to eat me. Hamsters aren’t carnivores.”

“Nope, but I’m not a hamster right now. And the idea of eating you is sounding better and better,” said Marcin, leering at Hamilton.

Hamilton squeaked, scooted further back on the bed, and looked longingly at the knife on the dresser.

Marcin knelt on the bed, grabbed Hamilton by the ankles, and pulled until Hamilton’s legs were on either side of Marcin’s knees.

“What are you doing? Get your hands off me!” exclaimed Hamilton indignantly.

Marcin ran his hands up the inside of Hamilton's legs. "Seriously, Hamilton? Do you really want me to stop? I saw what you did to yourself while you watched *Ass Pirates 3*."

Hamilton blushed and covered his eyes. "Oh God, I'm going to die."

Marcin laughed. "Not likely, I've never pulled that one off, but it might feel like you've gone to heaven." He leaned down and nuzzled Hamilton's crotch through the paisley boxers. Oh, that smelled great; he was hungrier for cock than he was for a nice juicy steak. Food could wait.

"St... st... stop that," Hamilton gasped, but he was already getting hard. "This is wrong. Isn't this bestiality or something? You're a hamster."

Marcin snorted. "I'm not a hamster right now." He mouthed Hamilton's ever hardening erection through the underwear. "And I don't think you want me to stop."

"Oh God."

"You can call me Marcin."

"Maybe I'm going crazy."

"Not yet, but before I'm done with you, you'll think you are," smirked Marcin.

He knelt back up and peeled off the t-shirt he'd put on and pushed down the sweats managing to get them off his legs and tossed them on the floor.

Hamilton lay there staring at Marcin, panting, eyes wide. Marcin reached down and pulled down the paisley boxers with Hamilton's help. Marcin then knelt down again and ran his tongue from the base of Hamilton's hard cock to the tip and gave a little suck.

"Holy shit."

"Good, huh." Marcin leaned further over Hamilton's body, bracing his hands on either side of the man's chest before leaning down to kiss him. Hamilton froze for a moment, then wrapped his arms and legs around Marcin, and pulled him down into a deep wet kiss.

At first, Marcin was shocked, but soon he was kissing Hamilton furiously. It had been so long since he'd touched another person... weeks before he left for Europe even. Hamilton could kiss, too, and his hands were roaming all over Marcin's body.

Marcin ground his groin against Hamilton's. "Do you still think you're crazy?" he gasped between kisses.

“I’m not sure if I’m crazy, dreaming or what the fuck is going on, but this is the best damn thing that’s happened to me in months,” moaned Hamilton, thrusting up against Marcin, who was tweaking his nipple.

“I’m with ya there,” groaned Marcin as he ground down and felt Hamilton’s hand on his ass.

“Don’t stop.”

“I’m not stopping until the top of your head blows off.”

Hamilton stopped moving and looked up at him. “You are so odd.” Then he pulled Marcin’s head down for another wet kiss with a lot of tongue as he arched up against him.

Soon they moved together harder and faster, their cocks sliding together until Marcin felt Hamilton throw his head back and stiffen, spilling heat between them. That triggered Marcin’s orgasm; he lay gasping on top of Hamilton.

“I thought you were going to eat me?” Hamilton muttered.

“Next time. You distracted me.”

“Next time?”

“Well, I’ve never been to Phoenix before. I think I should check it out.”

“And you think I’m going to let you stay here?” demanded Hamilton.

Marcin rose up on his arms, looked down at Hamilton, and kissed him lightly. “Yeah. I mean who else is going to let you show them stupid videos on YouTube?”

“Good point.” Hamilton tugged Marcin back down against his chest.

“Besides, I need you to help me get my revenge.”

“Revenge? Against who?”

“That annoying red-headed chick at the store. God I hated her. I need a Rottweiler.”

“No way, I’m sending her flowers.”

Marcin lifted his head to glare down at Hamilton. “What the fuck for? She’s a bitch, she called me *cutie wootie*. That’s a crime against hamsters.”

“Cause she was the one who pointed you out to me. I think she’s brilliant.”

Marcin huffed. “Maybe.”

He slid off to the side, rested his head on Hamilton’s shoulder, and tangled their legs together as Hamilton stroked his hair. Phoenix was a nice city. He could find a job here. “I like your bed.”

“Yeah?”

“Beats the fuck out of wood chips.”

Hamilton laughed. “I imagine it would.”