

Esteban slowly woke up when the sun hit his face. He blinked, closed his eyes, and frowned. How was it that he was still in bed if the sun was up? Had he slept through his alarm? That hadn't happened in a long time. He looked at the clock, except it wasn't there. Then he noticed that the bedside table was a glass and metal thing, not the elegantly carved wood piece he had by his bed. Still fogged by sleep, it took him a moment to realize what that mean. He sat up.

He looked around, the bedroom was large, but utilitarian, in grays and whites. He was in a king size bed, very comfortable, on the wall in front of him was a large flat screen television, next to that a partially open door, leading to a closet. On his right a large window overlooking a well manicured yard, ending at a line of trees. On the left wall a closed door.

This wasn't his bedroom. How had he ended up here? He wasn't in the habit of sleeping anywhere else than his own bed. The last time that had happened, was with his mistress, five years ago, and that had lead to his divorce.

He was quite certain he had fallen asleep in his bed last night. He'd only had a scotch while reading the earnings report, so why didn't he remember going to bed.

He pulled off the covers, and realized he was naked. Now he knew something was wrong, he never slept naked. He had hand stitched pajamas, custom made in china. Who ever was responsible for this was going to get an ear full. He didn't know if this was suppose to be a joke of some sort, or . . . what ever else it could be. He wasn't amused.

Since he wasn't going to walk around naked, he went to the closet. On the inside of the door hung a white robe. Suits where on the hangers, he checked a few out, they were for someone taller than him, the ermine was tall, at five eight, for an ermine, but these were for someone at least six feet tall. He put the robe on. It was cashmere, Esteban had a moment of appreciation for it, as he slipped it over his brown red fur. At least who ever provided the robe knew quality.

That didn't mean he was happy about this.

The other door opened on a hallway. White, clean, with only a small table against the wall, with fresh flowers in a crystal vase. The two other doors led to other bedrooms, neither of which seemed to have been used recently, although they were perfectly clean. On the right, the hall led to a large entryway and a double door, locked, which led outside, he could see a driveway through the tall windows on each side of the door.

Who the hell locked a door so it couldn't be opened from the inside?

The other end of the hall was a 'T' on his left he could see it ending at a living room, with a patio door. He went there, he passed, and tried, a locked door on his way. The living room was large. He now got that who ever owned this place had a lot of money, and wasn't afraid of showing it. A couple of

large couches faced another large flat screen. The patio door was locked, of course, there was a pool, a badminton net, a BBQ grill and table and chairs. Someone could entertain quite well out there.

He turned to head back to the hall, but noticed an archway at the back of the room. It lead to a formal dinning room, and beyond that a kitchen. He heard someone move about there.

Finally, he was going to be able to find out what was going on here.

The kitchen was large, but standard, a breakfast table on one side, the fridge, stove, two restaurant ovens, a microwave on the back wall, with the sink in an island. A tiger, wearing a black robe, was leaning back against the counter, sipping a cup.

Esteban cleared his throat.

The tiger looked up from his cup. "Esteban! I'm so happy you're finally up. Can I offer you a cup of coffee?"

"No." Esteban said flatly. He wasn't going to waste time socializing.

"Are you sure?" the tiger continued, preventing Esteban from talking. "It's really good. I buy it directly from a grower in Columbia. I pay five times the market price, to make sure he won't have to let the cartel use his land to grow cocaine. He can afford the security he needs, and he'll also be able to expand."

"I said no. Where am I, and who the fuck are you?"

The tiger looked at him, sipped his coffee, and smiled in appreciation. "You're in one of my houses, and I'm Damian Orr."

Esteban frowned, he knew that name. The guy wasn't familiar, but he'd heard that name before. He found himself pacing, as he tried to place him. The tiger didn't say anything, he simply drank his coffee.

Esteban stopped. "You're that guy from that diamond company."

"Diamond Enterprises, yes," Damian confirmed.

"How did I get here?"

"Your scotch was drugged." The tiger said matter of fact. "Then you were brought here."

"Why? Wait? Is this about the land I bought out from under you?"

"Oh, Esteban," Damian said, shaking his head sadly. "If only that was all you did, if only. You wouldn't be here right now. You'd be home. . . ." He checked his watch. "No, you'd be at your office, by now."

"I don't care about the land. I mean, you win some, you lose some, that's how business goes. I did wonder why a pharmaceutical company was so hungry for farm land though."

"I'm diversifying."

The tiger nodded. "That makes sense, after all, I have a hand in a lot of different markets too. Only." He gazed severely at the ermine. "You're not actually using that land, are you?"

"Of course I am."

"You see, what you did by over paying to buy that land was make me curious about you. So I did some digging. Over the last five years, you bought close to a hundred thousand acres of farm land, and you have deals for thirty thousand more in the work. I could buy that you're diversifying, if you were using the land."

Esteban rolled his eyes. "I have to let it go fallow, every idiot knows that."

"Oh, I almost bought that," The tiger winced. "Except, you only have to let it go fallow for two years. Sure, you could let it go longer, but what's the point. You don't grow anything, you don't see a return. So, if you were serious about using it, I'd expect you to have a third of it growing, maybe a quarter. I'll even give you that you might have been able to convince me if you went as low as twenty percent, but really Estaban, barely five percent. How do you expect me to take you seriously when you're only using the strict minimum of the land so it will keep its farm land designation."

"That really made me curious, why would you buy all that land, and not use it for anything. So I went digging, and I dug deep."

Esteban smiled. That Orr guy thought he was so smart. He was after his secret, this had to be it. He hadn't found anything, and now he thought he was going to get Esteban to spill the beans.

"I didn't find anything, but then it occurred to me, why not search up? You'll never guess what I found."

Esteban's smile died.

"I found out that Bannerson Pharmaceutical is owned by another company, Dynateryl Incorporated. I have to admit it isn't a bad idea, after all, who would even think that Bannerson Pharmaceutical, which is run by Estaban Bannerson, might not be owned by him. Obviously, it worked, since I'm the first one to look into Dynateryl."

"Oh, right, you know about it, since you own it too. Now, this really made me curious, why bother? The only reason I can think of, is to hide some connections. So I looked into what else Dynateryl owned."

Esteban was getting nervous. He shouldn't have been able to find that out. He'd paid a lot of money to make sure there was nothing connecting both company.

"Super Food Inc, is a genetics research company, specializing in genetically modified food. Okay, things are starting to make some sense now. I mean, I don't get why you didn't transfer the land, but okay, now only using five percent makes sense, you don't want to fill the fields with crops that might not be stable."

"Except, that when I looked into it, none of the crops on the land is from Super Food. It's just regular stuff. Things stop making sense again, so I start digging. And let me tell

you, I get now, why none of those genetically modified crops are being planted. Are your scientists even considering them plants anymore? The level of modification on them is so high, it can't be legal.

"And it isn't, is it?"

Esteban couldn't reply, he was still stunned he'd been able to unearth that information.

"Absolutely none of the regulations allow for plants with that level of modifications to be planted. So, we're back to things not making sense. You have land you don't use. Crops you can't plant. What else is there?, Oh, right, back to Dynateryl, which owns something else, right? Lawyers, lots of them.

"Makes sense, I own a lot of them myself, very useful to have a few in your pockets, or hiding elsewhere on your body. So what do your lawyers do, imagine my complete lack of surprise, when it turns out that the only things they do is lobby the government to expand the scope of the regulations. Using the growing food shortage as a reason for it."

The tiger finished his coffee, and Esteban hovered between fear and anger. What was he going to do with that information? He could ruin him. And what right did that man think he had to go rummaging through his companies.

"So, this is what I'm left thinking. You're buying a lot of farmland, and not using it, to aggravate the food shortage. This will put pressure on the lawmakers, and in time you'll be able to plant these things you call crops. You'll probably try to have the FDA approve them too."

"Fine!" Esteban was angry now. "So what? It's called doing business."

"No. It's called making people suffer." Damian said, calmly. "That makes you a bad person."

Esteban stared at the tiger. "What the fuck do you care if I'm a bad person or not?"

The tiger gave him a warm smile. "I care, because that makes you fair game."

"Fair game for what?"

"To fuck you, of course."

"What? Are you insane?"

"Actually, no, I'm not."

"That's never going to happen. If you think you're going to rape me you have another thing coming."

"Rape you? Oh, I'd never think to fuck you against your will. No, no, I'm going to wait until you ask me to fuck you, no until you beg me to fuck you."

"That's never going to happen. I'd never even think about doing something like that with a perverted thing like you."

"I know," the tiger's voice was wistful. "You can't imagine how happy I was to come across you. You're a genuine homophobe. Not one of those fags buried so deep in the closet they they never see the light of day, and have to hate every other gays,

just in case someone might pickup on the fact they want men to fuck them. The fact that we still have them in this day and age baffles me. No, you actually, completely, hate me, just because I enjoy fucking other guys."

The tiger walked toward Esteban, who backed up, until he found himself against a wall. The tiger ran a finger down the ermine's cheek, making Esteban flinch.

"You are going to be such a delight."

Esteban shoved the tiger away. There wasn't much strength in the push, but the tiger still backed away. He had to get out of here, or contact someone or . . .

"You won't get to do anything to me. The fact that I'm not in my office by now is going to raise suspicion. Someone's going to come looking for me. It's only a question of time until they find me, and you're going to pay for kidnapping me."

The tiger considered that for a moment. "True, that could be a problem. Come with me." He headed to the hall. Reluctantly, Esteban followed him.

The tiger opened the door that had been locked before. Esteban knew it had been locked. But the tiger hadn't done anything special, just turned the knob, and it had opened.

It was an office. A glass and metal desk, with a phone, and computer on it. Glass shelves, with books. Facing the desk was another large flat screen. Esteban realized he hadn't seen any pictures in all of exploring.

The tiger picked up the receiver, and pressed a button. Esteban heard the tone coming out of a speaker. The tiger was about to dial, but he paused, and looked at the ermine.

"This is only so you can hear the other side of the conversation. Do not speak, or attempt to reveal your presence to the person on the other end. If you do that, I will have to hurt you, badly."

The tone, and those cold blue eyes, didn't leave any doubt in Esteban's mind the tiger would do as he said.

He dialed a number.

"Bannerson Pharmaceutical, how may I direct your call?" a young man said.

"Ah need to speak to Bannerson." The tiger had lowered his voice and made it sound gruffer.

"One moment please."

There was musak for few seconds.

"Mister Bannerson's office," said a female voice.

"Ah need to talk to Bannerson."

"I'm sorry, Mister Bannerson isn't available at the moment."

"Listen doll, this is Johnny Thruton. Ah know Bannerson is there 'cause Ah talk to him last Friday. So yo gonna put him on the line."

"I'm sorry, Mister Thruton, but Mister Bannerson isn't here, he's on a retreat."

"Whada ya mean, a retreat?"

"A retreat is when management go someplace to work on their team . . ."

"Ah know that a retreat is. What do yo mean he's there? He said to call him today."

"I'm sorry, I'm sure it's just some miscommunication. If you want, I can take a message."

"You do that, doll. You tell that weasel that if he's trying to cut me off he's got something else coming.. Yo hear?" He hung up.

Esteban looked at him. "What retreat?"

"Actually, you're on vacation. It was a nice touch on her part, it makes it sound like you're doing something relating to the company. You might want to consider keeping her."

"Who is she? I don't recognize her voice."

"Her name is Jasmine. She's a temp. Your regular secretary, Nicole, had to leave unexpectedly. Her grand mother's health took a turn for the worse, they worry she might die, so the whole family has been called to her side."

"And what is this vacation crap?"

The tiger tilted an ear. "It's been on your schedule for a few months now. At least, that's what your electronic calendar shows. So, as you can see. No one is going to come looking for you. You can relax and take it easy for the next two weeks."

"No. I can't stay here. I have important meetings to attend and people to see."

"Those have all been rescheduled. Jasmine is quite efficient, like I said, you might want to consider keeping her, when Nicole returns."

"Let me out, now!"

"You know what to do for that to happen," the tiger stated, sitting on the edge of the desk. Esteban just stared at him, what was he talking about? "Beg for it."

Esteban narrowed his eyes. "Fuck you." He turned and left the office. He was going to get out on his own. He didn't need that guy's permission to leave.

The first thing Esteban did was go through the closet. He wasn't going to keep wearing this robe. He managed to find a suit, deep green, that almost fit him. He hated the color, but at least he was properly dressed now.

Then he went through the house and tried every door, every windows, anything that looked like it might open. Nothing did. He also realized there weren't any phones.

He came back to the bedroom and he went to the window.

It was large, and had a view of the side of the house. Now that he was looking carefully, he could see that the tree line extended on either side, as far as he could see. He banged the glass with a fist. It sounded solid enough, but it was just glass, how hard could it be. It turned his back to it, and slammed his elbow in it. All he accomplished was to hit the

funny bone and yelp in pain. Cursing he looked around for something to use to break the window. There was nothing.

In the second bedroom, he found a chair. That bedroom had a large window, just like the previous one, so he repeatedly hit it with the chair. The window didn't break. He put the chair down to catch his breath, and noticed the tiger was standing in the doorway.

"You won't break it," the tiger said.

With a scream, Esteban threw the chair at him. He side stepped it, and the chair broke when it hit the wall. "I'm going to get out of here."

"Feel free to keep trying, it's your energy to waste." He looked at the broken chair. "But instead of breaking furniture, there's a sixteen pound sledge hammer in the garage, why don't you use that?" the tiger left.

Esteban went to the hall in time to see him enter the office. He had to do some exploring, he hadn't paid attention to what rooms were where, on his first go through. He found a billiard room, a smoking room and a lounge, before finding the door leading to the garage.

It was a four car garage. There was a door leading outside. He tried it, it was locked. There weren't any cars in it. A workbench was along the entire back wall. Old fashion tools were on it, nothing electric. The only thing he recognized on there was a chisel, which he pocketed. If he couldn't find a way out, he was going to use it to force the tiger to let him out.

He found the sledge hammer leaning against the wall. It was a big thing, which he had trouble lifting. Next to it was one about half the size. That one was also heavy, but he was able to lift it. He went to the door and used it.

He didn't even dent the door. That was okay. It would make short work of the windows.

He went back to the bedroom he'd woken up in. He stood before the window, and noted the sun had started going down now. He lifted the hammer, and put all his strength in the swing. It hit the glass and bounced off, flying out of his hands and landing on the bed.

Esteban looked at the window, not even a mark where the hammer had hit. What was that made out of? He ran a hand across the window. It felt like regular glass. Even tempered glass would have cracked under that hit.

He felt his pocket, well, now he was going to get the tiger to let him out.

The office door was closed, and locked. Esteban looked at it closer, there wasn't a lock on it, no electronic pad either. He didn't know how the tiger had unlocked it, and right now, he didn't care. He found him in the kitchen, stirring something on the stove. It smelled like chicken.

Esteban padded in, as quietly as he could.

"Will you want some soup?" Damian asked, not turning.

Esteban stopped. How had he known?

The tiger looked over his shoulder, eyed the chisel, and went back to stirring the soup. "Put that down, before you hurt yourself."

"You're going to let me leave, now."

"No. You haven't begged for it yet."

"You're never going to hear me beg. If you don't let me leave, I'm going to hurt you."

The tiger put the wooden spoon he'd by using to stir the soup down, and opened a drawer. He took a twelve inch butcher's knife out.

Esteban eyed it, then his chisel. He swallowed.

The tiger put the knife on the table, and went back to the counter. "If you're going to threaten me with something. At least use something that can hurt me.

What was the tiger doing?

This had to be a trick, he was trying to freak him out. He slowly went to the table, never taking his eyes off him. He put the chisel down, and pickup the knife. It felt heavy. He checked the edge, and that felt sharp. Why had he just given him a weapon? It didn't matter, he was going to use it to get out of here.

He stepped to the tiger, knife pointing before him. "This is over. You're going to let me out."

"Not until you've begged for it."

"That's never going to happen."

The tiger shrugged. "Then you're not getting out of here."

With a yell Esteban thrust the knife forward. His entire body shook when his hand stopped moving. He opened his eyes, not realizing he had closed them.

The tiger was holding his wrist, and the tip of the blade was about an inch from his chest. "Don't thrust at an opponent, unless you have a lot of upper body strength. Also, don't bother with the chest. You're not strong enough to get the blade through the rib cage or the sternum. What you want to do is slash." He raised Esteban's hand to his throat. "The throat will take someone out pretty quick, they'll be to busy trying to keep breathing and from bleeding out to bother with you." He lowered it to his stomach. "If you're not too squeamish, the belly is also a good target. One good slash here, and even if you don't outright damage the intestines, having them fall out tends to freak people out."

He squeezed Esteban's hand, and he winced in pain. The tiger twisted the wrist, and his hand opened. The blade feel out, and he caught it with his free hand before it dropped a foot.

Those blue eyes never left Esteban's face as that was happening. He put the knife on the counter. "Have I made my point?"

Esteban nodded. That man was dangerous. As soon as his

wrist was released, Esteban backed away, holding his hand. "So, I can leave after two weeks?"

"Huh?" the tiger had gone back to stirring the soup.

"You said I'd be here for two weeks. So after that I can leave, right?"

The tiger shrugged. "I don't see why not. I've got to get back to the office at that point, there's only so much I can do from here." He opened a cupboard and pulled out two bowls. He filled them, and brought them to the table. "I'm afraid the only options for drink is coffee, or water. Which one do you prefer?"

Esteban stared at the tiger. The guy couldn't seriously think he was going to eat his food.

"You have to eat. You're not going to last a week. The soups' home made. I prepared it myself."

That wasn't exactly reassuring, but he had a point. He had to keep his strength up, otherwise he might give in out of hunger.

He ate at the island. He wasn't going to eat at the same table as him. Afterward Esteban went back to the room. All he had to do was last two weeks. So long as he kept busy this wouldn't be too bad.

The remote was in the bedside table's drawer. He turned it on and set it to CNN. Watching the news proved boring, so he walked through the house, he was sure he'd seen a book case, in one of the room. He found it in the den. It was filled with books on psychology, economics, world politic, and climate science. He picked up a few economic books, and brought them to his bedroom. He was about to turn the television off, when he saw his name disappear at the bottom of the screen.

He raised the volume, but he'd missed what ever that had been about. Maybe someone had realized he was missing. He sat through boring news about political scandals, a military action in Iran, gang violence in New York City, and other unimportant things, until it cycles back.

'Esteban Bannerson presumed dead' appeared under the anchorman while he spoke.

"Early this morning, a 6.8 earthquake hit San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico. The quake came as a complete surprise and damaged a quarter of the city, including the majestic Imperial Hotel, where, we learned, business man Esteban Bannerson was vacationing.

"Mister Bannerson is the owner and CEO of Bannerson Pharmaceutical, a company which came to prominence six years ago, when the heart medication Procardia hit the market. The drug was hailed as the magic bullet for heart conditions.

"We currently don't have any more information on if Mister Bannerson was actually in the hotel at the time of the earthquake or not. We will be keeping you updated on the situation as we learn more."

Esteban stared at the screen for a moment, stunned. Then he

stormed out of the room and headed to the office. "What's the hell is the meaning of this?" he yelled.

"I'm going to have to let you go, Larry. You have the file, make sure that bill is blocked." He hung up. "You're going to have to be a little more precise, Esteban."

"You told me people would think I was on vacation, now they think I might be dead!"

"What are you talking about?"

"It's on CNN. I'm suppose to have died in an earthquake."

The tiger frowned, and started typing. Esteban went behind him and, saw him bring up the CNN web page.

"Well, this is inconvenient," Damian said.

"What do you mean, inconvenient? How the hell are they thinking I'm in there?"

"I chose the Imperial Hotel, because it fits your tastes. You're staying in room 1870, it's a beautiful room. There's a return ticket in the dresser, as well as your passport."

"My passport?"

"Of course, you wouldn't travel without it."

"Are you insane?"

"No, I'm not."

"Yeah? Well now people think I'm dead!"

"No, they don't. The article simply says you're missing."

"I don't care! I have to tell them I'm okay." Esteban paused, his eyes went wide. "Emilie. Oh, my god, Emilie is going to think I'm dead. You have to let me call my daughter! I have to tell her I'm okay!"

The tiger leaned back in his seat, and looked at Esteban. He had to call her, he couldn't let her think he was dead. The tiger became pensive. My God, he's going to use this. What am I going to do if he forces me to have sex with him so I can call her. I can't do that. Oh God, I can't let Emilie think I'm dead.

"Very well," the tiger said, interrupting Esteban's thoughts. He handed the receiver to him, and pressed the button that turned the speaker on. "Tell her you are alive. Do not tell her where you are, if you say anything to indicate you are not on vacation, or give a clue as to where you are, or that you feel you are in trouble, I will hurt you. Am I being clear?"

Esteban nodded eagerly. The tiger indicated he could dial.

The phone rang twice, before being answered. "Hello?" said a young, unsteady, voice. Was she crying?

"Emilie?" Estaban asked, forcing himself to remain calm.

There was a moment of silence. "Daddy?"

"Yes, baby, it's daddy."

"Daddy?" there was some sniffing. "The people said you died."

"Oh, no. Baby, daddy's fine."

"Where are you?" more sniffing, "when will I see you?"

"I'm in a safe place," he said without hesitation. "I'll see you really soon."

"Who's on the phone?" a woman asked, in the distance.

"It's Daddy!" Emilie replied. "I can't wait to see you, daddy."

"I can't wait to see you either, baby."

He heard the phone changing hand.

"Who's this?" his ex-wife said.

"It's me, Caroline."

"Listen to me, you son of a bitch, how dare you call my daughter on her cell phone, and tell her her father's alive. I don't know what kind of game you're playing, but if I ever find out who you are I'm going to make you pay for putting my baby through this."

The line went dead.

"Caroline!" What had she been talking about? "I have to call her back." He reached to dial again, but the tiger put his hand over the keypad.

"No."

"I have to explain things to her, please."

"No. I agreed to let you tell your daughter you are alive. I did so. You want to talk to her again, you're going to have to do something for me." The tiger turned his chair to face him, and opened his robe, exposing his body.

Esteban took a step back. He had a moment of horror, and then he was angry. He threw the receiver at the tiger, who caught it.

"Fuck you!"

"No, but I will fuck you."

"Never!" Esteban left. He wanted to scream, how dare he use his love for his daughter this way. He had the urge to go back and hit him, but he remembered the incident in the kitchen. The tiger was stronger than him.

In the bedroom, he muted the television, and paced for a time, he had to find a way to get in touch with Emilie. He didn't know what was wrong with his ex wife, but he couldn't let her convince his baby he was dead. He couldn't understand why she was doing this. Sure their marriage hadn't been the greatest, but they had always both agreed that Emilie's happiness was important, even if they couldn't stay together anymore. She couldn't really want him dead, she knew how much that would hurt their daughter.

A familiar face appeared on the television, and he quickly unmuted it.

A brown rabbit with floppy ears was talking. "As you can understand, everyone here is distraught at hearing he was caught in the earthquake"

Who the fuck had allowed this imbecile to go in front of the cameras. Under the person the name Georges Romany was written.

"How are you going to handle the company in his absence?"

"Well, until we hear otherwise, it's going to be business

as usual."

"What if you get confirmation that he has died?"

"Well, we certainly don't want to heard that, but if the worse should come to pass, I have some ideas on how to move the company ahead."

What did he mean, *he* had ideas. Romany was the assistant to the assistant of his assistant. He had no business telling them what was going to be happening. He had already setup the contingencies in case of his unplanned death.

"That was Georges Romany, acting head of Bannerson pharmaceutical," the anchorman said.

Esteban stared at the screen. "What the fuck is going on?" wait, had someone at his company just been waiting for this to happen? For him to disappear, or die, so they could take over? No, that couldn't be. He'd always made sure his employees knew their place.

He went to turn the television off, but he worried about missing something. Some information about what was going on with his company. Maybe they'd mention how Romany had come to be acting head. He sat on the edge of the bed, and watched the news until he had trouble keeping his eyes open. He turned it off, and crawled under the covers.

When he woke, he didn't feel all that rested. He'd tossed and turned all night, dreaming that Emilie had to be at his funeral, while he was yelling and trying to get her to hear him.

He belatedly realized he'd slept in his clothes. He took them off and showered. He hesitated, but he didn't want to put dirty clothes back on. He looked through the closet for another suit. That one fit a little less. But if he rolled the pant and arms ends he was fine.

He considered turning the television back on, but the smell of food drew him out of the bedroom. His stomach rumbled. He hadn't eaten anything last night.

The tiger was at he stove. "Have a seat, I'll have the food done in a moment."

Esteban reluctantly sat at the table. There was a pitcher of orange juice, and a carafe of coffee, with two cups and two glasses. He had coffee, and the tiger had been right, it was really good stuff.

"I'm glad to see you're enjoying it. If you want, I can put you in touch with the grower, after all this is over."

Esteban was about to agree, and then remembered the situation he was in and shut his mouth. He wasn't going to agree to anything that guy wanted, or offered. The tiger put a plate before him, it had eggs, bacon, steak, sliced oranges, and pineapple.

This was his preferred breakfast. All that was missing was the toasts.

Those were put in front of him, on their own plate, they were even whole wheat. He stared at the tiger.

"What?" Damian asked. His own plate was three steaks, scrambled eggs, no bacon, and a lemon in quarter.

Esteban tried to figure out what was going on. He wouldn't let him talk to his daughter, but he was serving him his favorite breakfast? "This isn't going to work. I don't know if this is what passes for seduction where you're from, but it's not going to make me have sex with you."

"This is food, not seduction." The tiger started eating. "And I don't want to have sex with you," he added between bites. "I want to fuck you."

The casual way that was thrown at him, almost made Esteban decide not to eat, but his stomach protested with a growl.

"You better eat. You still have thirteen days to go."

He ate reluctantly at first, but with more gusto, after the first few bites. He was really hungry. When he was done, the tiger took the plates, cleared out the table, and did the dishes. Esteban left. Yeah that guy was a fag. Only a fag could be that rich and still like doing that stuff, what was the word? being domestic. He probably dreamed of having a man take care of him. If he thought he was going to do that, he was fucking wrong.

He turned the television on, and found it out was past ten, they were on the financial news. He sat through that, waiting to hear about his company. They didn't say anything about it. At least Romany wasn't making anymore announcements. Hopefully someone had realized the idiot had no business talking to reporters.

"As the final story, we're going to the residence of Caroline Dulaine, who was married to Esteban Bannerson, to get her reaction to the dead of her ex-husband."

Esteban only had a moment to be shocked. What did they mean, his death? The image switched to the front of Caroline's house. She was standing on the porch, Emilie was holding her hand, and hiding behind her leg. His baby looked so sad, he broke his heart. Next to Caroline was a cat, holding a microphone.

"How did you feel on hearing your ex-husband's body had been found?" she asked.

"I'm relieved that we won't have to wonder what happened to him. I might not have loved him anymore, but I would still have worried."

"Daddy's alive," Emilie said, softly.

"Yes!" Esteban exclaimed.

"What was that, dear?" the reporter asked, looking down at his daughter.

"My daddy's alive," she repeated, louder.

The reporter looked at his ex wife, perplexed.

Caroline sighed. "Someone has been calling the house all day yesterday, claiming to be my ex husband. When I stopped answering, he resorted to calling my daughter's cell. Now she's

convinced that he's still alive, no matter what I say. If I ever find out who that man is I'm going to rip his."

The image went back to the anchorman, who was obviously caught by surprise. "Err, yes. Well, we will keep bringing you updates as they occur."

Esteban muted the television.

Someone had been calling all day? No wonder Caroline was pissed. He had no doubt what his ex wife would rip out if she ever caught the culprit. She had been very explicit with her threats when she had caught him in bed with his mistress.

He had no trouble believing that conmen were already trying to weasel their way into her grief. Those parasite had no decency when they smelled an easy mark, well they were in in for a surprise with his ex.

Wait, he was dead? How had he gone from missing to dead? He headed to the one place where he was going to get answers.

The tiger was at his desk, reading something on his screen. "I know," he said, before Esteban could say anything.

"How the fuck, and why the hell are you doing this?"

"I am not doing this, unless you believe I have the power to cause an earthquake."

"At this point, I'm pass putting anything beyond you." Anger was seeping in his tone.

"Well, I can't. As for why they think you're dead, from what I read, an ermine matching your coloring was found among the hotel's wreckage. Your coloring is common enough that it's possible another ermine was mistaken for you."

"This has gone to far. You have to let me go. I have to go home and set the record straight."

Damian looked at him. "No."

"How can you say that. They are saying I'm dead. At least let me call my office."

"No. I let you call your daughter."

"She's six. No one is going to believe her, not after the conmen that have been calling my ex."

The tiger tilted an ear. He hadn't known about that, which didn't surprise Esteban, he didn't seem to care all that much about what happened to his family.

"Look, please, you have to end this. Be reasonable. You said it yourself, this is inconvenient. What if my body is expedited, and they have the funeral before the two week is up. You can't let my daughter go through that."

Damian looked at him, with those unsettling blue eyes. "No. It's unlikely the body will be returned that quickly. And then, there will be an investigation, before it's released to your family. It will probably go to your parents."

"But, what if things happen quicker than that?"

"I haven't built my company on 'what if's. The answer is no. If you want to leave here so badly, you know what you have to do."

"You fucking asshole! What kind of monster are you! Don't you have any feeling for my daughter?"

"No."

The answer was so casual that Esteban took a step back, the anger extinguished. "No?"

"No. Now, unless, you're about to beg for me to fuck you, I have work to do."

Stunned, he went back to his room. Where he sat on the bed for a time, trying to understand how someone couldn't care for a child, even someone else's. It had to be an act. There was no way he could be that cold. To give himself something else to think about, he picked up a book and read. At least he tried to. The books he'd picked up were some pretty advanced treatise. He didn't really get what they were talking about. The guy probably had these books just to impress others.

And Emilie kept coming to his mind. He remembered watching her playing with her dolls, she had such an imagination, she would tell him about the lives they lived, the people they saved, the men they married. He loved listening to her. The memory was intruded up by a vision of his funeral. She was in black, crying.

He tried to push the image away. To focus on the books, but they kept coming back, memories mixing with fears.

His torment was stopped when he saw Romany was back on the television. For a moment he thought it was a repeat of yesterday's clip, but he noticed he was wearing a different suit. A green one this time. The guy didn't even know how to dress for the cameras, and really, green with brown fur?

He turned the volume up, just to find out what kind of idiocy he was going to say this time.

"Well, I have to say I was surprised when I was elected chairman, I mean I've always given the company my all, and I have been going up in ranks."

Just because your asshole of a father has enough dirt on me to keep you employed.

"But I'm honored that the board chose me to lead them."

"What direction are you planing to take the company in?"

"It's a little early for me to be able to say, I need to go over our assets, see where our strengths are, but I am considering making a public offering, once the company has stabilized."

"What? No, you fucking moron! You don't take the company public now! People think I'm dead. The company's weakened. The vultures are going to buy a controlling majority and tear it apart!"

The only good thing about this was that he wouldn't be able to take his company public within two weeks, so he'd be back in control and he'd put a stop to this. What was the board thinking? Romany's father couldn't have dirt on enough of them to make this happen. Either some of them were in league, or he

had somehow put a bunch of morons on the board.

To burn off some of that energy he walked around. When he got his hands on Romany, he was going to strangle him. He didn't care who his dad was at this point, Georges was going to be out of his company within five minutes of Esteban setting foot back in his office.

He heard sounds ahead. Metal again metal, something rolling? He looked in the room, a workout room. The tiger was sitting, his back to him, pulling down on a bar, which lifted weights. He was naked.

"Holy fuck! Can't you keep your clothes on?" he looked away.

"What's the point? All they'd do is get sweaty."

"Yeah? Well, I don't want to look at your naked ass."

"Then don't look."

"You fags are all the same. You think you're so special we all should be admiring your bodies. Well, I have news for you. You're not different than the rest of us. You don't deserve any kind of special treatment."

The tiger raised the bar until it wouldn't go up anymore, and let go of it. He turned, and stood. Esteban turned around completely, he didn't want to see his ass, and he certainly didn't want to see his junk.

"You need to catch up with the times, Esteban," Damian whispered in his ear. "We didn't acquire special treatment. We got laws discriminating against us stricken out of the books."

Esteban felt a finger run down the side of his neck. He wanted to run, but he didn't dare.

"We're not so bad, Esteban. You really should get to know us, instead of being afraid. You'll see, once you give in, you're going to enjoy yourself."

Esteban was shaking with anger. That guy wasn't going to touch him, ever.

The tiger moved away. "Anyway, you sound like you have some anger to work off. Feel free to use the machines. There's a shower in the back, and a sauna, if you want to relax. He left for the shower room, but poked his head in a moment later. "And if you want company, just let me know." He was gone again.

Esteban screamed.

Afterward he looked at the machines. He had no idea how to use most of them, but there was treadmill, that he could use, he could run for a while and try to burn off that anger. Right now he needed to think clearly. He was sure the tiger was trying to force him to lose his temper, to make him do something he could then use against him.

He ran for a few hours. Not because he enjoyed it, he never particularly enjoyed running, but he always kept with it, because he knew his health was important. He ate well, he jogged. This would be enough to see him to a nice old age. Where he would die fucking a pretty young thing in love with his

money.

Twenty minutes after he started his run, the tiger walked though the room again, on his way out. Esteban closed his eyes as soon as he appeared. This treadmill faced the shower door, if he looked he'd have no choice but to see his junk. The guy would probably think he was admiring it, whatever he had. The tiger didn't say anything as he walked by, and left.

Afterward he went to the shower. It was beyond large. It was enormous. Why did that guy need something that big? Did he invite football teams here? Watched them exercise, and then payed to fuck them in the shower.

They were all abominations, there was no way taking something up the ass could be natural, let alone enjoyable. They had been traumatized as kids, probably molested, and the had become twisted. That was the only way someone could become like this.

He didn't shower there. He couldn't lock the door, and he knew the tiger would be back to watch him, if not rape him. He went back to his room, locked the door and only then felt secure enough to take off his clothes.

Once he was clean, he realized he had nothing to wear. At least nothing that would fit him. Wrapping the towel around himself, for some reason, there weren't any underwear in the drawers, he grabbed the two set of clothing, and headed for the laundry.

He threw them in the washing machine, and then looked at the controls. He had no idea how to use it. He had staff at home for this.

"The detergent is in the cupboard"

Esteban jumped, and grabbed his towel, to make sure it wouldn't fall. There was no way he was giving that guy a show, even accidentally. The tiger was leaning against the door frame. He was wearing his black robe again.

"There's a measuring scoop in the box. For what you're cleaning, half a scoop should be enough. Just set the washer for a normal wash. It's all preshrink, so nothing's going to happen to them." He left.

Esteban stared at the empty spot for a moment, and then opened the cupboard. There was a box, with Evina, in large printed on in, and laundry detergent, in small print. As he'd said, there was a scoop. He measured half of it, threw it in the machine, set it to normal and started it.

He really shouldn't be surprised that guy knew how to used this. He probably had to learn after he'd fucked his staff away. Now he had to wait.

He went back to his room, and read some more. Regularly he would see his name on the television, and listen.

At some point he heard something ding, and it took him a while to realize it was the washing machine. He put the clothes in the dryer and turned it on.

More reading.

When he took the clothes out of the dryer they were full of static. He had no idea what he'd done wrong, and at that point, he didn't care. Checking to make sure the tiger wasn't around, he dropped the towel and dressed.

He ate lunch in silence, soup again, and sandwiches. He didn't know if they were good or not, he just ate so he'd have energy.

In the afternoon, he tried to read, but he kept nodding off, only to wake up from a nightmare, where his daughter was burying him, or his ex was laughing at him, taking Emilie away, while he sank in the ground.

By the time dinner came, he felt exhausted. He couldn't keep his mind of Emilie, and even Romany intruded at times. He didn't know what he ate. It could have been saw dust, for all he cared.

He went back to his room, took off his clothes, and crawled into bed. He didn't fall asleep quickly, he tossed and turned, often he thought he was awake, only to hear his daughter calling for him, or Romany's ideas on how he was going to help the company forward, and he'd wake up sweating, looking around searching for who had talked.

When sleep finally claimed him, he was crying.

He hadn't cried since being eight years old.

* * * * *

Esteban woke up, looked at the sunlight streaming in his room, and turned around, putting the pillow over his head. He was still tired, and he couldn't see a reason to get up. Even if he wasn't tired, what was there to get out of bed for? That fag would be waiting for him to try to get him to do something that would never happen. So he might as well spend the rest of his stay here in bed.

Except that if he slept, he might have nightmares again. What he could remembered made him shudder. His daughter in the dark, looking for him. Him, buried, the weight of the world pressing him down. And others he didn't quite remember, but left him afraid.

He forced himself out of bed. He took a shower. He felt a little better after that, a lot of the memories of the night fading under the water. He felt semi decent once he was clean and dressed. He turned the television on. And looked at his ex-wife, she was frantic. He turned the volume on, just as that story ended.

He ran to the office.

The tiger was typing at his computer.

"You have to go to CNN's site."

Damian looked up at him, his finger still moving.

"Please, you have to. I just missed a story about my ex-wife, she was frantic. I have to know what it was about."

The tiger nodded, the screen on the wall came to life,

showing what he was looking at. He navigated to CNN's site, looked at the stories, and double clicked on one called 'Bannerson's daughter missing'.

The story played.

"I'm here at Caroline Dulaine's home," the reporter said, "where this morning it was discovered her daughter had gone missing. An amber alert has been setup. At this time it is unknown who might have taken her, or why. Caroline Dulaine is Esteban Bannerson's ex-wife. Mister Bannerson died two days ago in an earthquake in Puerto Rico."

The door to the house opened, and Caroline came running out. Before the reporter realized what had happened she had ripped the microphone out of his hand.

"This is your fault, do you hear me?" She yelled, tears flowing. "My baby's gone looking for her father because you made her believe he was alive. She's gone and I'm never going to see her again. I curse you. I hope you die a miserable death and rot in hell!"

The reporter held her and signal for the camera to cut.

Esteban's blood ran cold. No, it couldn't be. It couldn't have heard it right.

"Play it again."

It played again, and said the same thing.

No. Oh God no.

He faced the tiger. "I have to leave."

"No."

"You don't understand. My daughter is out there, somewhere, and it's because of me. Because I called her, she left and now no one knows where she is, but me, I know where she's gone. I have to go get her"

Damian looked at Esteban. "Fine," he said, "you know what to do."

"What?"

"I laid down the rules quite clearly."

Esteban glared at him.

"At least let me call my ex wife, so I can tell her where Emilie is."

"No."

Esteban screamed. "How can you do that! My daughter has nothing to do with this. She's innocent!"

"I am not letting you call anyone. If you want to go rescue her so badly, you know what to do."

Esteban jumped over the desk, hand extended, reaching for the tiger's neck. Damian caught both his wrists, and yanked him down, forcing him to hit the desk, the screen flew to the side and shattered on the floor.

"Think, Esteban."

"I'm going to kill you, you sadistic bastard. I don't care what it takes, I'm going to kill you for putting my little girl in danger."

"So, you will kill me, fine. Then what?"

Esteban screamed with rage. How could he be so calm.

"What are you going to do after you kill me?"

"I'm going to go save my daughter!"

"How? You don't know how to unlock the house. I'm the only one with that knowledge. You kill me, and you are going to be stuck in here, until you die. What will happen to your daughter then?"

"I'm going to hurt you," Esteban said, foaming at the mouth. "I'm going to cut you in little pieces, I'm going to inflict so much pain that you're going to let me out"

Damian sighed. "This is why you need to calm down and think things through. Really, Esteban, hurt me? You already tried that, and even if you did remember what I taught you there, you can't hurt me.

"Could you cut me? Possibly, you might get lucky. But can you hurt me? No, you can't. You have no idea how to go about hurting someone like me. Now. I'm doing to release you. You are welcome to try to hurt me, but I will hurt you back. Right now, all I have to do to inflict pain on you, is make sure you don't get out of here in time to save your daughter.

"So really. I don't have to do anything. All I have to do is sit here and watch you suffer. Or you can be a father, and do what needs to be done so you can go save your daughter."

The tiger released him, and Esteban staggered back. He was furious and terrified. He was right. Anything he might do would just lead to Emilie being out there, alone, longer. He had to get out of here, now.

"Fine," he growled, "fuck me."

"No."

"What the fuck do you mean, no?"

"I said, you'd have to beg for it."

"Don't make me do that," Esteban growled.

"I'm not making you do anything. The choice is yours, so long as you're willing to live with the consequences."

"You sadistic bastard. Fine. Please, I beg you to fuck me."

Damian chuckled, and stood. "Really? That's all you've got? You don't really care about your daughter, do you?" He stepped around the desk and stood before Esteban. "Say it like you mean it, Esteban. Show me how desperate you are to get out of here."

Esteban looked up in those cold pale blue eyes, and his eyes became wet. He could imagine Emilie, lost in the woods, trying to get to the cabin, lost, cold, and afraid.

"Please, Damian. Please, let me go rescue my daughter." He grabbed the tiger's robe's lapels, he couldn't help himself, he was crying. "Please, I'll do what ever you want. Please, I beg you, if you have to fuck me, then do it. Just promise me I'll be able to make sure my daughter's safe afterward."

Damian pulled him in a hug. "There," he said softly, "that wasn't so hard, was it? Now, lets go to my bedroom."

Esteban didn't resist as Damian led him. He didn't notice what was in the bedroom. He didn't care. All he wanted was to get this over with and go save Emilie.

His clothing was removed, and he was made to lay on his stomach on the bed. Then he felt the tiger's hands on his back. He shuddered in repulsion.

"You have a wonderful back, Esteban," the tiger said, "I know you don't do specific exercises for it, but you have been gifted with a beautiful back."

"Shut up," Esteban said through clenched teeth. "Just shut up. Don't try to make believe this is something romantic, just do it and get it over with."

There was a light snort over him. "No, Esteban. I'm not going to rush this. I plan on enjoying your body for all it's worth. I won't try to romanticize this, I will grant you that, but I won't be rushing. I won't take so long that it'll endanger your daughter, I promise that, but I've wanted to fuck you for some time now, so I will enjoy this."

Something slick started moving between his ass cheek. Oh God that thing was humongous. There was no way he could take it, he'd be ripped apart.

"I would tell you to relax, Esteban, that it will be easier on you if you do so, but I don't think you'd be capable of relaxing at this time. And I don't care."

Esteban screamed as the pressure against his hole turned in to searing pain. He forced himself to think of Emilie, he was suffering through this for her.

The worse of the pain ebbed and he found he had bitten through a pillow. He didn't care that he had foam in his mouth, the pain was down to a burning sensation. The tiger was lying on him, pressing him in the mattress, and making it a little difficult to breath.

"Fuck, I love how tight your ass is."

Esteban didn't want to hear it! He tried not to hear it, but he couldn't move his hands to cover his ears. They were gripping onto the pillow like it was the only thing keeping him alive.

"You don't have to worry about being too loud. There's no one for miles around, and I really don't mind hearing you scream." The tiger nuzzled Esteban's neck, and he whimpered. "Relax, Esteban, this is going to be fun, you'll see."

The tiger moved, and Esteban screamed in the pillow. How could there be so much pain. He tried to push the pain aside, and focus on Emilie's face, her brown and white fur. Her cute little muzzle. How she loved to play with her dolls, the stories she would tell him.

He thought about her, and screamed, and whimpered, and wanted this to be over. God, how long was this going to last.

The tiger thrust hard, and Esteban cried at the sharp pain. Please, he wanted to say, please stop this. But he wouldn't let

himself say it, he needed to get out of here for his daughter, so he had to endure this. And he was going to find a way to make the tiger pay.

That thought offered him a small comfort. No matter how long this would last, once he had rescued his daughter, he would return and make the tiger suffer. He might not be as big as him, but he had money, and he could buy vengeance.

Even muffled, his screams became loud, as the tiger moved faster and faster on top of him. There was something louder than his scream, and then the pain became even hotter, even though the tiger was no longer moving.

The tiger was heavier now. He was resting all his weight on him. Esteban couldn't move, even if he had the strength.

"Oh, Esteban, this was so wonderful," the tiger said. "Didn't I tell you this would be just amazing?"

Esteban managed to work his muzzle out of the pillow, and spit most of the foam. "Get off me," he wheezed.

The tiger shushed him gently. "You don't want me to pull out just now. It's really going to hurt if I do it. You want me to get soft first."

"Get off me." His voice was stronger.

"Alright, but don't say I didn't warn you."

Esteban screamed, and then he was panting, alone on the bed. It took him a while to move, and when he did so, he moved carefully. He didn't want to see the covers, even so, he caught a pool of red on the pale yellow sheet. He quickly looked away. He tried very hard not to think of where that had come from.

His ass hurt, outside and in, so he stood.

He felt something leak down his leg, and he didn't look down. "Is it over?" he asked, his voice dead. "Can I go save my daughter now?"

"Your daughter?" the tiger asked, and Esteban was terrorized that he would be forced to endure more before he could leave. "Oh, right, you think she's missing."

The television screen came to life, and he was looking at a backyard. A child was playing in it, with dolls. She was a brown and white ermine, and for a long moment, Esteban couldn't understand what he was looking at. That was Emilie, that was her mother's backyard.

"I don't understand."

"She was never missing."

"But I spoke to her, I saw."

"You mean this?"

The image changed. It was a room with a few tables. At one was a gazelle, maybe ten. On the other side of the room, a lioness. And before them a bear.

"Now, you remember the script?"

The gazelle and lioness nodded.

"Remember, he probably won't say exactly what we practiced, just remember the situation, you're his daughter, until now you

thought he was dead."

Esteban looked at the tiger's face, just his face. It was impassive. He noted that he was holding a remote, and forced himself to look at the television when he caught his gaze drifting down.

The phone in the gazelle's hand rung once, twice. She answered it

"Hello?" she said, her voice quavering. She sounded exactly like his daughter.

She listened to what he'd said.

"Daddy?"

silence

"Daddy?" She sniffled. "The people said you died."

Silence

"Where are you?" more sniffing, "when will I see you?"

Silence.

"Who's on the phone?" the lioness asked loudly. Esteban gasped. She sounded like Caroline.

"It's Daddy!" the gazelle replied. "I can't wait to see you, daddy."

The lioness walked to the gazelle and took the phone from her hand

"Who's this?" she asked.

silence

"Listen to me, you son of a bitch, how dare you call my daughter on her cell phone and tell her her father's alive. I don't know what kind of game you're playing, but if I ever find out who you are I'm going to make you pay for putting my baby through this."

She hung out.

The room was silent for a moment.

"Perfect," the bear said, "we're done here."

The screen went dark.

"What? How? The news stories?"

"It's all pretty easy to do when you own TV and movie studios. Those were voice actresses, very talented ones. The news stories were fabricated."

"That's impossible. I saw them, that was Caroline, and Emilie."

"You mean that?"

The television was on again. This time it took him longer to understand what he was looking at. He was looking at a film crew, people on a partially built set. It was a mock up of Caroline's porch. There was no house, just the porch, the door and a few trees on each side.

How in hell had he been fooled by that? For this angle, he could also see that the woman who played Caroline wasn't the right height, and the child who had been Emilie, her face was close, but the pattern on her body was all wrong.

"No." He whispered. This couldn't be right. He'd suffered

so he could save Emilie. "You're making this up."

"Not at all," the tiger whispered in ear.

Esteban spun and backed away.

"Your daughter was never in danger, as far as she's concerned, you're at work, she misses your nightly calls, but she knows you're a busy man, so she'll forgive you."

"No. No. I did this because she was in danger."

"She was never in danger, Esteban. You let me fuck you for nothing. You let me use you, for absolutely no reason what so ever."

"No. You're lying. This can't be true." He backed against a wall. "No. No. No. No. Nooooooooo." He crumpled to the ground holding his head and wailing. This couldn't be right. He would never have done this without a good reason, he wasn't a fag.

Arms were wrapped around him, and someone whispered comforting words to him. Someone was telling him everything would be alright, that he would take the pain away.

With that reassurance, Esteban let oblivion take him.

* * * * *

Esteban opened his eyes. He looked at a corner of a room, with a plush gray chair in it. On it were article of clothing, thrown half hazardly. He could tell he wasn't in his room, this room was in white and gray, while his was wood paneling, rich red carpets. Somehow, his mind didn't seem to be bothered by the fact he wasn't home. Or that he had no idea how he'd ended up here.

Someone nuzzled the back of his neck.

Okay, this might explain thing, he wasn't in the habit of drinking, but it was possible he had over done it, and ended up sleeping at a woman's place.

"Good morning handsome," a man said. A orange and black striped arm appeared over his side and lay on him. "Did you sleep well."

Esteban remembered how he'd gotten here. He scrambled out of the bed faster than he thought he could move.

The tiger smiled at him. "Well, looks like a good night's sleep really did you some good."

Esteban was about to tell him to go fuck himself, when he realized he was naked. He grabbed a sheet, the closest thing to him, and wrapped it around himself.

The tiger stretched out on the bed.

"That's it," Esteban growled. "I'm done. I did what you wanted, now you're going to let me out, so I can go see my daughter." He had to go rescue her, except . . . No, she was home, wasn't she?

"Sure, the door is that way." The tiger pointed toward the bedroom door.

"My lawyers are going to skin you alive."

"Really?" the tiger was looking at the ceiling. "Under what charges?"

"Rape! What the fuck do you think I'm talking about."

The tiger looked at Esteban, a puzzled expression. "Rape? Really? How are they going to prove that?"

The ermine stared at him, he couldn't be serious. "When they see the damage to my ass, it's going to be pretty obvious what you did to me."

"Sure, we had sex, and yeah it was rough at times, but each time, you begged me for it. And man, do you know how to beg."

"You fucking asshole. You forced me to beg!"

"Really?" he got off the bed, and took the remote off to the chair in the corner. "I don't know, that didn't seem all that forced."

On the screen, they were in a bedroom, both of them were naked. Esteban hands were all over the tiger's chest. "Please, fuck me. I miss having your cock in me. Please make me feel good again."

"Or this time."

Now they were in the kitchen. The tiger was seated on a chair, next to the table. Esteban was kneeling before him.

"Please, let me suck you off, you tastes so good. Please, let me do this for you, let me feel alive again." The tiger nodded, and Esteban swallowed the hard cock.

Esteban took a step back. That couldn't be real.

"How about this?"

They were in this bedroom. He was on the bed, the tiger between his legs, holding them over his shoulder. "Harder, oh God fuck me harder. Please, fill me, make me feel good,"

Esteban though he was going to throw up. He turned and tripped over the bed, landing face down on it, and dry heaved.

"I'm so glad i didn't feed you anything last night."

"No. This isn't possible," Esteban managed to say when he stomach realized the futility of throwing up on empty. "I would never do anything like that. It's got to be fake."

Damian looked at the frozen frame, of him buried deep inside Esteban's ass, and then at Esteban himself. "Hey, I'm good, but I'm not THAT good."

"You have movie studios, TVs, I remember you saying that." When had he said that? Why did he have so much trouble remembering what had happened last night, after he'd been raped?

"Sure, I do, but why would I bother faking any of it, when I had the genuine article right here?" the tiger moved toward him, and Esteban found he couldn't move, all he could do was shake in fear. He leaned in, and whispered. "Does you ass feels like it's been raped?"

Esteban swallowed, hard. His ass was sore, but there was no where near the pain he'd felt when he was being raped. No, it couldn't be true.

"No, no! I don't care what you say, you're insane. I'd never do any of that. You probably shoved a pain numbing agent in my ass so I'd believe you."

"Your ass isn't numb, it's well used." The tiger stepped away. "And I'm not crazy." He stopped. "Although, technically, you were."

"What? I'm not crazy."

"No, not anymore, but for these last two weeks, you weren't really in your right mind."

Two weeks?

"No. You raped me last night."

The tiger looked at him, and gave him a terrifying smile. "I raped you 12 days ago. Everything after that, well, you were more than willing, eager even."

"NO. I clearly remember it, it was yesterday." Wasn't it? He'd raped him, and then? Something else had happened after that. "That's impossible," he whispered.

"You really should have read some of the psychology books I have in the den. Not that you'd have understood most of them. I broke your mind. I assaulted you with emotional turmoil, made it so you couldn't sleep properly, nightmares and hallucinations. Forced you to confront one of your greatest fear, and used that to get you to commit an act you wouldn't never even consider of otherwise."

"I used you, I fucked you until I couldn't stand it anymore, listening to you scream, making it even better for me. And once I was done? Once I had degraded you. I had you confront the utter futility of it. All the reasons you had told yourself why you were letting me doing that to you? Invalid. Your daughter was safe. You didn't have to rush out of here to go save hey. You didn't have to suffer the pain, the humiliation of letting another guy fuck you. All you had to do, was wait it out."

"Under an assault like that, your mind had no choice, but to snap. I have to admit, I'm happy it was your daughter that caused you to snap, and not your company. It means there might be some hope for you after all."

"No, you're lying. That can't happen."

"It can, and it does. It's called a fugue state. If you'd been home, you would probably have gone about your day, do things you normally would. It's possible no one would even have noticed anything was wrong. And you'd wake up the next day not even realizing anything had been wrong."

"But you weren't home." The smile was diabolical. "You were here, with me. And in that state, all you wanted, was for the pain to go away, the physical pain, the emotional pain. All I had to do was promise you that I'd take it away, and you were willing to do anything I asked." The tiger visibly shivered at the memory.

"I didn't ask much. All I asked you to do was crave my cock. In your ass, in your mouth, in your hands. You couldn't get enough of it, because each time my cock was in you, you wouldn't feel the pain, all you'd feel was my cock, and the

pleasure sex brings."

Esteban had tears falling down his eyes, he didn't want to believe any of it, but the conviction in the tigers voice left no room for doubt. What had he done? What had been done to him?

"If I'd let you get a good night's sleep, you would probably have snapped out of it right then and there, but I'm no fool, I had you for two weeks, and I made sure he never got a good night's sleep. We fucked day in and day out. You, Esteban, were amazing."

"I'm going to find proof of what you did to me," Esteban said, weakly. He looked at the tiger, determined. "I'm going to find something, and I'm going to destroy you."

"Knock yourself out, Esteban," he replied with a shrug. "Search has hard as you want. It's your energy to waste." He headed for the door, stopped in the doorway and turned. "Esteban, if you only remember one thing about your time here, remember this. Do not ever stand in my way again. You might think that because you came through this relatively unscathed, I can't do anything else to you, but you're wrong. I broke your mind once, it's going to be child's play to break it again. And who knows, if I do it a second time, you might not come back at all."

The tiger left.

Esteban remained on the bed for a time. He heard a shower going, later, a door open and closed. He thought he heard a car leave. He couldn't think. His mind just wouldn't accept anything had been done to him.

Then he remembered Emilie. He had to go make sure his daughter was okay. He went to his bedroom, no, not his, the bedroom that had been assigned to him. There he found a suit neatly laid out on the bed. One of his suits he realized when he smelled it, his scent was deep in the fabric. He didn't think about that. He had a shower, spent a long time scrubbing his fur, he didn't feel clean when he left it, but he had a feeling he was never going to feel clean ever again.

He put the suit on and went to the door. Hesitating, he tried it. It opened.

At the bottom of the steps there was a limousine. The driver got out and opened the door for him. He was a cheetah, in a crisp uniform. Esteban hesitated again, but he couldn't stay here.

He sat down, the door closed behind him, and he jumped at the sound. The driver sat behind the wheel, lowered the dividing window, and looked back. "Where to, sir?"

"My ex-wife's house."

"What's the address, sir?"

"Didn't your boss give you all of that?" Esteban snapped. "He had to know that's where I'd want to go."

"No, sir. I'm sorry. The only instructions I was given was to come to this address to pickup a passenger, and drive him

where ever he wanted to go. Everything has been paid for already."

Esteban studied him. "Are you telling me you don't work for that other guy?"

The cheetah frowned. "You mean the tiger who left before you? No, sir, I don't work for him. I work for Quality Transport."

Esteban wasn't sure he believed him, he wasn't sure he'd believed anyone after this. He gave him the address. He couldn't stay here.

The driver closed the window and started the car.

Esteban noticed a square envelope on the seat in front of him. He grabbed it and pulled out the contents. It was a CD, and a piece of paper.

'I thought you might want this, just in case you want to have someone check the footage, you know, to confirm that it's real. Also, don't worry, you should start remembering what we did over the next few days.'

It wasn't signed, but he knew who had written this. His first instinct was to shove the disk out the window, but he stopped himself. He didn't want to take any chances someone might see this. He'd destroy it himself when he was home.

It took an hour to make it to Caroline's house. He had the driver wait for him. He wasn't planing on staying, all he wanted to do was check on Emilie.

He knocked on the door. Caroline answered, was surprised at seeing him and then angry. "What are you doing here?"

"I need to see Emilie."

"You **need** to see her? And were the hell were you last weekend? All I got as a message saying you wouldn't be able to take Emilie."

"Caroline, move." The anger in his tone was enough to get her to move. He went through the house and out the back. He could see her, playing with her dolls. "Baby?"

She turned, her eyes lighting up when she saw him. "Daddy!" she ran at him and he fell to his knees, wrapping his arms around her. "Daddy, I missed you."

"I missed you to, baby. I missed you so much, you have no idea."

She looked at him. "Why are you crying, daddy?"

"Because I am so happy to see you, Emilie." He looked at her, he burned her face in his mind. And he hugged her again. He would never do anything that could endanger her even remotely, never again.

* * * * *

Damian left the house, dressed in his usual dark gray suit. He knocked on the passenger window of the limousine. The driver lowered it.

"Can you unlock the back door?"

"I'm sorry sir, but I'm not here for you. I was told to

wait for an ermine."

"Yes, he'll be coming soon, he still has to settle a few things, I just need to leave this in the back for him."

"I can give it to him, if you'd like."

"I appreciate the offer, but it's between him and me, I'm sure you understand."

The cheetah looked at him for a moment, and then nodded. He pressed a button and the lock popped. Damian put the disk on the seat and closed the door. He nodded to the driver, and then went to his car, a Mercedes-bends sedan. He didn't like limousines, too big, too unwieldy.

His driver exited the car, a gray wolf, named Jimmy, opened his door, closed it once Damian was seated and then sat back behind the wheel. He started the car and got going.

Damian thought about the cheetah. He had been professional, he hadn't smirked at the implication of what he and Esteban had been doing here. He took out his cell. "Janine, when the driver you arranged for Esteban is done driving him around, hire him out of Quality transport. I don't care what it takes. Thank you."

He didn't have to do that, as a driver, he knew his job depended on remaining silent about where he went and who he drove. And the car was going to be destroyed once it was parked at the end of the day.

"Jimmy, is everything setup?"

"Yes, sir. As soon as they reach the highway, the workers are going to be at the house to tear it down. Before the day is over, there won't be any evidence there ever was a house here."

"Good."

"Sir, if I may say. You look very good this morning."

"Thank you. It was a very good vacation."

They were silent for a moment, getting on the highway, Jimmy merged seamlessly with the traffic.

"Sir," the wolf looked at him in the rear view mirror. "May I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"What exactly do you do, when you go on vacation?"

Damian tilted an ear.

"I mean, it's the third time I've driven you to a vacation house, in the two years I've worked for you. It's always the same, you arrive alone, spend some time there, when I come to pick you up there's another car, and the house gets wiped out of existence. Just what do you do there?"

Damian looked at him. "Are you volunteering to find out first hand?"

"No sir." There was no hesitation.

"Good." It was good. If Jimmy had said yes, he would have felt obligated to take him up on it. Not now, no, his time with Esteban had left him quite sated, but on Jimmy's next vacation, he would have brought him to one of his house, and showed him.

Then he would have to look for a new driver, and excellent drivers, such as Jimmy, were so hard to find. It was better this way.

Maybe he could probe Jimmy, maybe his personality might lend itself to something lesser, but that would help the wolf satisfy his curiosity.

Yes, Damian thought with a smile, that could be amusing.

"Doctor Irmal," a man called after her. Isabel looked up from the tablet she'd been reading and looked around. Behind her a tall brown bear had his arm raised and was walking quickly in her direction.

She stopped. "Doctor Threclk, what can I do for you?"

He smiled at her. "For starter, you could call me Sebastien. You've been here for two months, surely you've realized by now I don't run things quite as formally as most clinics, or hospitals."

The serval returned the smile out of politeness. "I have, Doctor, but I'm not quite comfortable with that. I prefer keeping things professional between me and my patient, as well as the rest of the staff."

The bear nodded. "Alright, I can respect that. I was wondering if you could give me an update on Dietrich Orr."

"Unfortunately there isn't much to say. I've had two sessions a week with him since he was admitted six weeks ago. In that time he hasn't volunteered more than grunts or curses."

"In your professional opinion, do I need to move him to a more intensive program?"

"No," Isabel said immediately and then continued in a calmer tone. "I'd still like some time with him. I'm actually going to talk with him right now." She tapped her tablet. "I'm hoping that he will open up soon."

"Alright, keep me appraised. His family is expecting results."

He turned and headed back down the hall. She watched his back for a moment before continuing on her way. She was grateful for being here, but she wasn't entirely comfortable.

Doctor's Sebastien Threclk's work was ground breaking, and demonstratively effective, even if most of the medical community wouldn't acknowledge it. But having admitted that, she hadn't expected his techniques to be quite this extreme.

Fortunately she wasn't directly involved in that side of the treatment, Observing them had been quite enough for her. She was happy to provide counseling to the patient who benefited from it, and she did her best to ensure they didn't need anything more intensive.

She unlocked the door and entered the room. Dietrich Orr still couldn't be allowed out of his room. He could get violent, and he was surprisingly strong, even after over a decade without training.

"Good afternoon Mister Orr," She greeted, sitting on the chair by the desk. The tiger was lying on his bed, his back to her. This time the covers were pulled up. Every so often he tried to intimidate her by exposing himself, and once masturbating in her presence.

She'd observed that he was endowed well above the average for males of his height, but had remained impassive. She'd spent seven years in an asylum, specializing in violent patient, she'd been exposed to far more intimidating sights and had learned not to react to them.

"How are you doing today?" She asked.

His response was a grunt.

She brought up his file on her tablet. "I see here that you ate your breakfast and lunch without complaining, threatening or trying to seduce the nurse. That's good."

This didn't even garner a grunt. He'd done all three multiple time, and while the nurses were trained to deal with threats and complaints, the first nurse to be assigned to him hadn't expected he seduction and had given in. Fortunately all Dietrich had asked for was a phone, probably expecting that if he reached out to his family he could convince them to get him out. That hadn't worked out, and afterward every nurse who dealt with him received special instruction on how to handle him.

She when through his file, glancing at the notes she'd made, then at his history, but what Doctor Threclk had written down form interview with Dietrich's brother, as well as form news clippings. Dietrich had been quite popular in the entertainment news, as well as the specialized body building magazines, during his career.

During previous sessions she'd tried to get him to talk by asking about how he was now, this time she was going to use a different tactics.

"I read that you started training when you were just a teen. Did you get into body building because you felt you needed to get bigger for protection? Were you bullied by your brothers?" The file said he had four, but there were little details about the family dynamics.

That earned her a snort. Not because of how his brother's treated him then.

"You started competing at eighteen, that's kind of young, isn't it?"

No response.

"You won your first price at twenty-two, this doesn't say what it was."

A shrug.

She read further in and the whistle that escaped her was genuine. Somehow in her previous reading she hadn't paid attention to the number there. "This says that by the time you were thirty one you were making over two million a year in advertising revenue. And a few years later you lost Mister

Universe to..." She tried to find the name, but it wasn't there. "Someone else. No wonder things went down hill from there."

A snort. "What the fuck do you know."

She looked up in surprise. "That's true, I don't know. That's why I'd like you to talk with me, so you can explain things."

He whirled on her. "You fucking think I'd spend my time drunk if I wanted to fucking talk?" he screamed.

"I think that if you talked you wouldn't need to drink so much."

The anger evaporated and he turned his back to her again. "I think you don't fucking know what you're talking about."

"Mister Orr, I'm not your enemy. I'm here because I want to help."

She whispered something.

"I didn't hear that."

"Can you bring back the dead?" She had to strain to understand him.

"No, of course not," She replied in surprise.

"Then get the fuck out."

Stunned she watched him for a moment, then left.

What had that been about? She hadn't read anything about him being involved in an accident, or causing a death. Did he mean his father? His file had a mention about him dying a few years before Dietrich hit big as a body builder. Except that didn't make any sense, if that had been the cause his descent in alcoholisms would have started much sooner. No, the timing indicated the loss of the title was the cause, or something happening around that time.

She knocked on the door frame to Doctor Threclk's office.

"Yes?" The bear looked up from his computer.

"Is there information missing from Dietrich Orr's file?" she asked.

"No, it's as complete as I was able to make it, why?"

"Is it possible he was involved in an accident that killed someone? possibly as the driver."

"If it isn't in the file, I doubt it."

Isabel paused. She knew the clinic owed its expansion because the Orr family had donated a large sum of money. She didn't want to step on sensitive toes.

"Is it possible his family could have buried the incident? I know they're rich, and rich folks often have a habit of making unpleasant event disappear."

The bear leaned back in his chair, his mass making it protest loudly. "It would be very difficult for something you describe to be erased completely."

She nodded. "I understand." She did. It was an unfortunate side to a clinic such as this that most of the money came from private donors and that meant they were treated special, even if it impaired her work.

"I'll contact his brother. I'm sure that if I impress on him that it's needed for his treatment, he'll provide me the information, even if it isn't public knowledge."

"I didn't mean to put you in a difficult position, Doctor," she said quickly, surprised at his willingness to pry in their donor's affairs.

He chuckled. "It isn't difficult at all. Our patient's needs is what must come first."

"Won't that endanger the donation?"

He waved it aside. "Not at all, I explained to Damian that his money wouldn't grant him special treatment, and he understand, but if it turns out he didn't, well that's irrelevant. We need to see to the patient. We managed without the money before he bestowed it on us, we'll manage without again if needed."

The serval looked at the bear, stunned. "Thank you Doc... Sebastien."

He smiled at her, then checked his watch. "I should have something for you in a couple of hours."

Sebastien got back to her later that day, as he said he would, to inform her there had been no incident involving Dietrich causing a death. He sounded confident about he'd been told the truth, but she still had her doubt. Not that she could do anything about it.

Over the following days she considered what her strategy should be. From his reaction she was confident a death he'd caused was behind Dietrich's decent into alcoholisms, so she would try to get him to open up about that.

She unlocked his door and entered the room. "Good afternoon Mister Orr."

"Good afternoon, Doctor."

She had a moment of stunned surprised at being answered, then closed the door before doing anything else. He was sitting on his bed, wearing the pajamas that had been provided, which he'd never worn before.

He smiled at her.

"You are looking better," she said.

"Thank you. I feel better, and I have to say you are looking amazing today."

Isabel, didn't show her reaction to his compliment, as she studied them. She was flattered by it, a little excited. Dietrich was a good looking man, even with the extra weight, strong, virile. Her ancestral brain acknowledged him as a good provider and wanted her to have his babies.

"Thank you." She sat down. "I'm glad you're feeling better. Hopefully you'll be amiable to answering questions?"

He leaned against the wall and beamed at her. "sure. Go ahead."

She couldn't keep her ear from tilting to the side. The change was too drastic, it was a facade. Did she want to put it

to the test, or make use of it? She could ask a hard question and shatter it right now, or go along and see what he was trying to accomplish.

"You've dry for weeks now, how does that feel?"

He shrugged. "Not that bad anymore. it was kind of rough the first few weeks, But I think I'm over the worse of it." He he moved a little, spreading his legs ever so slightly. If she hadn't been looking for him to do something, she would have missed it. The fabric was pressed against his crotch and outlined everything quite clearly. His finger moved slowly against the inside of his leg, back and forth.

Even knowing what he was doing, she found her heart speeding up, and it took a little effort to keep her breathing from giving herself away.

"What are you looking for to do, once you leave the clinic?"

He smiled at her, and slowly licked his lips. "Oh, I can think of a lot of things. There's so many of them I can't do here."

She realized she'd licked her own lips in response when she felt her tongue go back in her mouth. She looked at her tablet to give herself a moment to regain control of herself.

"Like drinking?" she asked, looking back up at him.

He chuckled. "That would kind of defeat the point of me coming here, wouldn't it? No there's something far more enticing I'd like to do."

"Why don't you tell me about it?"

He scooted to the end of the bed, which put her within easy arms reach. The motion had pulled the cloth even tighter against his crotch, and she was quite sure we could see the veins on it now.

He places a hand on her knee. "I'd much rather show you."

"Mister Orr, I'm your therapist. The kind of behavior you are implying would be completely inappropriate." The knowledge didn't stop her breath to catch.

"Now now, doctor. It's only inappropriate if we get caught." He slid his hand higher on her leg.

She had to admit he was good. She was actually tempted, even tho it was an act, she knew he was gay. She smiled at him. "I know what you're doing Mister Orr."

His smile didn't falter, his hand was now rubbing her thigh. "Oh really?"

She swallowed. "Yes. You're trying to seduce me, like you did that orderly when you first arrived. It won't work."

"Oh, I don't know about that," he crooned. "I can smell that you're interested."

"That might be true." She took his hand and moved it off her thigh to his lap. "But I'm not a slave to my desire, Mister Orr. That means I don't have to give into whatever you want. You can't manipulate me with promises of sex."

The smile faltered, and his eyes became harder. His mouth moved for but no sound came out. His hands clamped into fist. "Get the fuck out of my room."

She left, and once in her office made notes.

* * * * *

The next three weeks went back to the old pattern of him grunting and not answering her. She was starting to think she would have to recommend to Sebastien that he needed the more extreme treatment.

"Good morning Mister Orr," She said as she sat down.

"I don't want to do this," was his muffled reply

She looked up, this was new. His back was to her, and the covers over his head.

"What don't you want to do?"

"This." A hand came up from under the covers and waved at her and him. "You sitting there, talking and me trying to ignore you. Why the fuck do you keep coming back. Isn't it obvious I don't want you here?"

"It's my job."

He was silent. She looked at her tablet, then to him. She decided to take a chance.

"What do you want, Mister Orr?"

"I want a drink."

"What else, that isn't going to happen, neither is sex."

He sighed loudly. "I guess if I can't have those I'd like to workout. I've been cooped up in here for ages."

"You haven't exactly been the most well behaved patient."

"Come on, I haven't done anything in a while now."

"You tried to seduce me, three weeks ago."

"Yeah. Sorry about that."

Isabel stared at the tiger's back. He's apologized, and actually sounded like he meant it. this was a first.

"How about I make you a deal, you get to—"

"No!" he bolted to a seated position. "Absolutely not! No deals. That's Damian's thing. he finds out something you want and then makes a deal with you to give it to you."

"Damian, that's your brother, correct?"

Dietrich nodded.

"When you say he made you do things. You mean things you didn't want to do?"

He nodded again.

"Illegal things?"

Dietrich laughed. "Of course not. He's too fucking smart to do that."

"Did he abuse you?"

He shook his head. "He'd have to care about me for it to be abuse, right?"

"You don't think he cares about you?"

"I know he doesn't. As far as He's concerned I'm just a thing." He fell silent, and Isabel waited him out. He chuckled.

"That isn't fair. Things have a use in his eyes, I'm completely useless."

"I'd say that him bringing you here demonstrates that he cares about you on some level."

"If you think that me being here is about me, you're fucking wrong. He throw me in here so I couldn't cause problem to the family."

"What kind of trouble?" Maybe she was on to the cause.

"Like saying things I shouldn't."

"Such as?"

"I'm not going to say."

"This is a session, anything you say here is protected by doctor patient confidentiality."

"I'm not talk about it. Period." The tiger's tone was final.

"Alright." She thought about the situation. She could keep pressing, not that he'd opened up a little, but if she pushed too hard he's shut down again. "I'll talk to doctor Threclk about allowing you out of your room. In return, I'd appreciate it if you came to see me twice a week. You don't have to talk with me, you can continue to ignore me while I ask questions, but I'd like to do that in my office instead of your room."

His lips curled up slightly.

"Can you agree to that?"

He took a moment to answer. "Yeah, I guess I can."

"Thank you Dietrich.

* * * * *

Doctor Threclk approved allowing Dietrich free reign within the clinic on her recommendation. She made sure not to be present when his door was unlocked so he wouldn't think she was supervising him. she also didn't try to check in on him through out he day, although the clinic wasn't so large that they didn't cross path.

There was a knock on her office door.

"Come in."

The tiger entered and looked around. Her office was large, as were all the therapist's Doctor Threclk wanted to make sure no one felt cramped when helping a patient. She had a few plants, who relied on the gardener for their survival, since Isabel was known to kill plants simply by looking at them. She had paintings of nature on her walls, as well as a reproduction of one of Van Gogh's self portrait, the on where he wears a straw hat.

"Mister Orr, I wasn't expecting you to come in today."

Dietrich Shrugged and sat on the couch before her desk. "I figured this would go better if you didn't have the hunt me down."

"I wouldn't have done that, but I'm happy you came." She closed her laptop and pulled out her tablet, bringing up his file. "Since you came of your own free will, is there anything

you want to talk about?"

"No. You said I didn't have to talk if I didn't want to, just show up."

"That's true. In that case, I was wondering if I can ask you questions about your brother, Damian. You brought him up in our last session."

"I'd rather not."

"How do you feel about him?"

The tiger was silent for a moment. "I hate his guts."

"Why?"

He leaned back then looked at the entirety of the couch. "Shouldn't I lie down for this?"

"If you want," She replied and then, to bring the focus back on what she wanted. "Why do you hate your brother?"

Dietrich sighed as he stretched, resting his head on the cushioned armrest. "Because all my life he's been there to steal everyone's attention away from me."

"How did he do that?"

He snorted. "By being born."

"Babies will do that."

"You don't get it. It wasn't just when he was a baby. I'm only a year older so I don't really remember that time, but when we were kids dad was always focusing on Damian. Damian didn't give a damn about it, but dad just dotted on him instead of paying attention to the rest of us."

"So you've felt ignored by your father?"

"Yeah."

"How did your brothers feel about it?" she asked when he don't add anything.

"I don't think Dominic cared, he's always been used to doing things on his own, he didn't need dad's attention. Don and Danny had each other so they probably didn't noticed it as much."

"Have each other?"

"They're twins, so they were always together. I don't think I've ever seen them apart."

"So that leaves you."

"Yeah, me. All alone. When I won my first prize dad patted me on the head with a 'that's great son' and then went back to paying attention to Damian. That son of a bitch had dad wrapped around his little finger and he wouldn't let him go for a minute."

"Do you feel that's a little harsh?"

"You try living with a know it all and then you tell me about being harsh. At least when I was in the circuit, people paid attention to me, noticed me."

"How did your brother react to your success?"

"Damian? he didn't give a shit. He was busy doing his thing, he breezed his way through school. I think that by the time I was nineteen the asshole had started taking university

courses online. I fucking know he didn't stay in college because he was learning anything there. He's always had it so easy."

"And you didn't?"

"Not the way he did. I didn't have his brain, and I knew it. so I worked hard to get buff, that got me some attention, but it was hard work. Not like him, who could get any guy to drop their pants just by saying a couple of word."

"Did you wish you had that ease with men?"

"What? or course not? I always thought there was something wrong with the way he can get into people's mind and get them to do what he wants."

"You say he got into other people's, it isn't something he did to you?"

"He couldn't I was too stubborn for him. I wasn't going to be one of his toy."

"Did you see him once you left home?"

"Sure. We all went home for the holidays, I ran into him there an we... hung out."

"How did he act during those gathering?"

"He acted fine. It was all of us together so he was on his best behavior." He chuckled. "He could actually be fun to be with at times, and then he'd get all cerebral and point out how I should be doing things."

"What about once your body building career ended?"

Dietrich was silence for a long time, then sat up. "I don't want to talk about that," he whispered. "Look doc, How about we cut this short? I showed up, hell I even talked. So I'd like to go now."

"Alright. we can pick this up next time Mister Orr."

* * * * *

She didn't get him to open up during the next session, or the ones after that. She didn't have to force him to show up, but he just sat there and grunted his almost answers.

During that time he functioned normally in the clinic, spending most of his time in the gym, and quickly regaining his definition. This lasted close to a month, then there was the incident in the shower.

He was sitting on his bed, knees to his chest, arms around them.

"Do you want to tell me what happened?"

"No." His voice was weak.

"Mister Orr, Dietrich, If you won't talk to me, I can't recommend to doctor Threclk that your door be unlocked again. I'm on your side."

He let out a bark of a laugh. "You're not on my side, you're on theirs. All you are interested in doing is telling me how to live my life, just like Damian did."

"You broke the rules, Mister Orr."

"oh, get off it! it was just sex! me and him had sex, nothing more!"

"You forced yourself on Timothy."

"Bullshit! I didn't force him to do anything. He wanted to have sex with me."

Isabel sighed. "Then please tell me what happened?"

Dietrich sighed angrily. "Fine. I was working out, like I always do. He was watching me, He's been watching me for a while. I let him, I don't mind it. Today he approached me and he complimented me on my body. We got to talking, he wanted to know how I got this ripped, so I told him about my career and about working out a whole lot.

He got closer and closer and he started touching me. Nothing inappropriate, just my muscles, but I could see the look in his eyes. I've seen it often enough of my fans, he wanted me. So I suggested we go to one of the shower stalls. We got naked and his hands were roaming all over my body, and not just my muscles, he was on his knees worshipping my cock, licking it, rubbing it. He..."

"That's enough."

Dietrich stopped talking, but she could see by his expression that he was reliving what had happened, and enjoying it. She gave him a few seconds.

"Mister Orr," She called, forcing him to focus on her. "here is the thing. Timothy has been abused by his father since he was a young boy."

"What do you mean, abused?"

"I mean, his father raped him."

Dietrich looked at her, horrified.

"After a few years," she continued, "He started selling Timothy to his construction buddies. You can imagine what they did to him. Through years of being used by his father, who was a physically imposing man, as well as his friends, also physically imposing, Timothy has developed a response to such body types. He wants to please them. He's very intuitive and can pickup on what a man wants without him saying much, a look, a comment, is enough."

"He's here because his father got him addicted to heroine, and his mother was finally able to get timothy away from him. In the last year and a half he has made a lot of progress on being his own person. In that one session of sex with him, you've undone that work."

Dietrich looked stricken. "I didn't know."

"You couldn't, but that is why we have rules. Because you don't know what brought the other patients here and something as simple, and apparently harmless, as having sex can undermine their progress."

He put his hands over his head. "I didn't mean to do that."

"I know. and because of that, I'll recommend that you be allowed to go to the gym once a day, for an hour of supervised working out, but I'm afraid that for the time being, you'll have to spend the rest of your time in your room."

bun

Dietrich nodded.
* * * * *