

Tom's Story 02

Tom woke suddenly. He didn't move. He could tell he was seated, and tied. He tried his bonds, they were tight. The chair he was on was wood. His hands and arms were tied to the back legs, his feet to the front one. He realized he could now feel his right hand. He flexed his arms to test the strength of the chair.

"It's made of oak. You won't break it."

Tom opened his eyes, noted he was naked, before lifting his head. The tiger was seated five feet before him in a wooden chair and looking at Tom's knife. He checked, and it was the same kind he was on too. He'd seen them in the dining room, but that wasn't where he was.

He was in a bedroom, satin sheets on the bed, brushed steel dresser, expensive watches on it. The closet door was open and he could see suits in grays and blues. with a few pairs of dress shoes. The walls were bare and had no windows.

He looked back to the tiger, who was now looking at him. He spun the knife, then rolled it over his hand, catching before it fell off. Tom had seen a few knife experts in the army do stuff like that when they were trying to impress someone, but the tiger didn't seem to be noticing he was doing it.

"Let's start with a simple question." He flipped the knife in the air and caught it. "What is your name?"

"Jeremy Winslow." Tom gave him one of his old cover, from one of his first jobs. He hadn't needed it in a few years, so he didn't mind burning it. It was solid and no matter how deep he looked, the tiger would never be able to find anyone to hurt through it.

The tiger nodded and stood. He took the few steps separating them, and he slammed the knife in Tom's thigh. He screamed in pain, and then bit it back. He hadn't expected that.

"Let's establish a rule." The tiger fixed his blue eyes on him. "If you lie to me, I hurt you. Now, what is your name?"

"Je..." He gritted his teeth as the knife turned in the wound. "Tom! it's Tom Bracha!" He panted as the pain ebbed.

The tiger waited for Tom's breathing to steady. "Is it simply Tom, or is it Thomas?"

"What?" What was the point of this. He saw the hand tighten on the handle. "It's Tomas."

"You see Tomas, That wasn't so difficult."

Tom gritted his teeth as the tiger pulled the knife out. He went to the bathroom, and came back holding a distinctive blue and gold tube. Tom had one in all his emergency kits. The tiger squirted the gel in the cut and Tom hissed as the disinfectant mixed in with the coagulant stung.

The tiger looked at the bathroom, but decided to place the tube on the dresser instead. He then went back to his chair.

"Now, let me tell you what I have worked out. The obvious part is that you have been sent here to kill me. The fact that you

managed to enter my home tells me you are part of an elite team, this building should be impenetrable. The way you handled the knife while we fought indicates you were trained in the army, as part of the rangers. The ease with which you gave me Jeremy's name shows you have done undercover work before. This array of skills could put in one of the many government agencies, although not the FBI, last I check, they do not take part in assassination. The suit is no help. I've looked it over, and I've never seen this technology before, but your knife. I'm familiar with it, it's ceramic/carbon composite makes it light, durable and virtually undetectable. It's fabricated by only one company, and they only sell to the military. Therefore you are part of one of eight elite black ops team. How did I do?"

Tom didn't show any reaction, but he wondered how he know about this knife, it was suppose to be a military secret, still he was happy to know they still had some secrets.

"Who ordered you to kill me?"

Tom snorted. "I'm never going to tell you that." Then prepared himself for what was coming. When the tiger didn't move Tom frowned. "You're not going to hurt me?"

"Why would I? You haven't lied. As far as you are concern, you are certain that you will never answer my question. You are wrong, but that is irrelevant."

"You think you can get me to talk? you're full of yourself. Do what ever you want. I'm doing to die before I tell you anything. But I'm warning you. it's only a question of time before you have to go somewhere, turn your back on me. When that happens, I'm going to break your neck."

The tiger nodded. "You make a good point. Hawkins?"

"Yes mister Orr?" a calm disembodied voice answered.

"Please record a message and send it to Alice."

"To her home, or the office?"

"The office. There is no urgency in it."

"I am ready to record."

"Alice, you'll be pleased to learn that I have finally decided to follow the advice of my most favorite of secretary." The tiger's voice was jovial, but those blue eyes were emotionless as they stayed on him. "I'm taking the rest of the week off. So please reschedule my appointments, it doesn't matter when, except for General Al'Hymir, try to reschedule that one as soon as possible. I'll see you on Monday."

"The message is sent."

"Thank you Hawkins."

"I am detecting that you have a guest, but you have not activated the room's recording equipment, do you wish me to do so?"

"No Hawkins, this is something neither one of us will want records of. In fact, please erase all the security recording for today."

"Very well."

"Including the backups."

"This goes against security procedures mister Orr."

"I know. I still want you to do it."

"Very well."

"Thank you. I will call you if I need anything else. Now I have five days before I need to be anywhere. This will be ample time to get my answers."

"Dream on. I don't care how much you hurt me. Haven't you hear? torture doesn't work."

"That is incorrect. Torture is ineffective in common hands because the torturer lacks a way to know if his victim is telling the truth or not. The only way to know is to verify the information, but the torturer can not afford to give his victim any rest, therefor he must continue to ask questions regardless of the veracity of the answers. That removes the incentive for the victim to tell the truth. I do not have this drawback. I know when you are lying and when you are truthful, therefor you shall only be hurt if you lie. You have every incentive to tell me the truth and avoid pain."

"I don't care. You're still not getting your answers."

"You're wrong. I doubt you'll last more than three days."

"If that's what you think, you don't know me."

The tiger stood and walked to him. "You are correct, but I know men." He placed the flat of the blade against the inside of Tom's thigh, and slowly moved it toward his groin. "There is one thing men hold dear above any other. Their manhood."

Tom tried to push back as the blade got closer and closer.

"Be it literal." He rested the blade against Tom's balls. "Or figuratively." He stood and went back to his chair. "If you will not tell me who gave you your orders, will you at least tell me why you were ordered to kill me?"

Tom thought about it for a moment. Would it hurt anything to tell him? He didn't see that it would. "You're a traitor to your country. you're an arms dealer. You're dangerous."

"The only correct statement is that I am dangerous. the others are false."

Tom shrugged. Of course he'd say that, although he wondered why the tiger would admit to being dangerous.

"Let me tell you something about myself I don't expect your superiors know. I have rules governing what I am allowed to do to the people I interact with. When it comes to those rules, I divide people into two groups, good people, and bad people. Good people are safe from me. I don't have a definition as to what makes someone a good person, except that they don't fit any of my criterias for a bad one. I won't bother telling you how I define a bad person, but you must realize that attempting to kill me has placed you squarely in that category. I have nothing restraining me when it comes to you. If I so wished it, I could skin you alive over the next five days."

"You're nuts."

The tiger gave him a small smile. "It seems that everyone who finds himself in your position tells me something to that effect."

"So you regularly have people trying to kill you?"

"No, I have to admit, you are the first, but there are a lot of bad people out there. You're not the first one to put himself at my mercy by their actions. By the way, that was a figure of speech. I have no mercy."

"No. I don't expect a guy in your line of work would have any. Do you even care how many American's have died from the weapons you sold to our enemies?"

"Here is what will happen, Tomas. I will rape you."

"What?"

"Over the next five days, i will fuck you whenever I feel like it. Now, I don't want you to get your hopes up. How much I fuck you will not be affected by if you answers my questions or not."

"You can't do that!"

"You are in my home Tomas. You broke in, tried to kill me. believe me when I tell you that I could kill you right now and not be bothered by it at all. Not only will I not be bothered by raping you, I will enjoy it greatly."

Tom stared at the tiger. He couldn't be serious.

"Now, unless you have something to tell me, it's time to get started."

"I am going to kill you."

The tiger stood. "No Tomas, you will not." He crouched on his left. "I'm doing to cut you free so we can move to the bed. These chairs are not made to fuck on."

Tom watched him as he cut the rope to his left arm. The moment it was free he swung at the tiger. He didn't connect. He tiger caught his wrist. "That wasn't very wise. You should have known I would expect you to try this." He placed the knife on the floor and placed his now free on Tom's shoulder. Tom groaned in pain as the tiger dug his finger around the joint. "I can tell you've dislocated your shoulder before. Now, lets establish another rule. You attempt to hurt me, and I hurt you badly. I have studied anatomy. I know how to cause you a lot of pain. do you understand?"

Tom nodded.

"Good. Now, I want you to promise me that when I free your other hand you won't attempt anything."

Tom nodded, and then scream in pain as the tiger wrenched his shoulder out of the socket.

"That nod was a lie. You lie to me, you suffer, you know the rules. Now, have you understood the lesson?"

Tom nodded.

"Will you attempt to hurt me when I free you?"

Tom shook his head.

"Good boy." The tiger freed Tom's other arm, then cut the

rope around his legs. He helped him stand. Tom screamed again when the tiger forced his shoulder back in place. "There. I don't want you whimpering the entire time I fuck you. At least not from that."

He pushed Tom back and he fell on the bed. The tiger grabbed his legs and flipped him on his stomach and then crawled over him. "This is going to hurt. Feel free to scream as loud as you want. You won't disturb anyone."

"Dream on." He didn't care what the tiger did. Tom wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of reacting.

He felt the tiger's cock move between his cheeks. then he almost did scream when he pushed in. The pain was intense, and it didn't seem to want to end. He gritted his teeth hard enough he thought he felt one of them crack.

The tiger kept going, and Tom closed his eyes. He wasn't going to react to the pain. His fists were so tight his claws popped out and dug in his palm, but that pain was nothing compared to what the tiger was doing to him.

Every time he moved, it was more painful. Tom felt like something had ripped in there, and coals were being shoved in. His breathing was shallow, and he thought he might pass out.

The tiger pushed and Tom realized not all his cock had been in. his eyes went wide, and he opened his mouth to protest, but a scream escaped instead as his inside burned more than he thought possible.

"There it is," The tiger whispered in his ear. He wasn't moving, but all his weight was on top of him. Tom wanted to force him off, but as the pain ebbed he found he was shaking from exhaustion.

The tiger nuzzled him. "You shouldn't have said that. I just took it as a challenge."

Tom didn't have the strength to even curse him.

"Lets find out if you have more of them in you."

The tiger started thrusting again and tom no longer had the energy to stop the scream. He lost his voice at some point, his throat also in pain. He couldn't believe he hadn't been able to resist, he'd been trained to endure pain.

Only groans left his mouth each time the tiger moved in him, but in his head he was screaming. He wanted this to stop. He thought he'd be willing to do anything to get him to stop. he almost said the name, but he clamped down on that. He had given into the pain, but there was no way he was betraying his country to that monster.

The tiger roared over him, and then he found he could scream again as his ass caught on fire. He couldn't think, the fire was all encompassing.

The tiger whispered something to him, but he couldn't hear it over the flames. The agony increased again when the tiger moved off him. Tom couldn't move, he could barely think. He had never imagined he could feel so much pain.

"That felt amazing," the tiger said.

Tom didn't reply, or move. He barely breathed. He smelled blood, shit and cum. it was close. He opened his eyes and the tiger was standing in front of him, near the bed. the smells came from his cock, which was still hard.

"Now you need to clean this off."

What?

The tiger grabbed him by the nape of the neck and pulled him to the edge. Tom tried to resist, to push himself back, but his limbs were rubber. The cock was at his nose, and it stank.

"Open up."

Tom clamped his muzzle shut as tight as he could.

"Don't be difficult Tomas. You will be cleaning my cock regardless. Why don't you avoid more pain?"

Tom tried to move back.

The tiger let go of his neck and grabbed one of Tom's ear. He pulled on it hard. Tom opened his mouth to scream, but the tiger's cock choked it.

Tom panicked. He pushed against the tiger, he couldn't have that thing in his mouth, but he didn't have any strength left. The tiger thrust his cock in his muzzle. Tom was going to be sick.

"Don't even think of throwing up." The tiger was looking down at him. "If you do, I'm going to make you drown in it."

Tom had no doubt he would do it and mustered what ever will power he had left an controlled his body's reaction to the horrible tastes and what they represented.

Tom considered biting the cock off, that would teach the tiger a lesson. He even started biting down on it, but the tiger pulled on his ear and the pain was excruciating.

A few time the tiger pulled his cock out, looked at it and shoved it back in Tom's muzzle. Tom didn't even have the strength to resist.

It came out again. "There, I knew you could get it clean, although You really should have been doing more of the work." He pushed his cock back in Tom's mouth. "I wonder if you have a gag reflex." The cock went deeper and Tom wound he couldn't breathe. "Doesn't look like you do. That's good to know. Well, since it's already that deep, I figure that after this workout you're thirsty."

Tom wondered what he meant for a moment, then felt the urethra swell. He forgot about not being able to breathe. The guy was going to piss in him. He mustered all the strength he could and tried to push away. He couldn't do it.

He looked up and gave a pleading look, but the tiger wasn't looking at him. He sighed in contentment.

Tom started seeing stars and he thought that he should die now. That way he wouldn't divulge any secrets. The tiger pulled out at that point, and Tom tasted the piss. He'd have thrown up if he wasn't too busy gasping for air.

"That felt good." The tiger took a step toward the door and stopped. He turned and looked down at him. "Should I tied you down, or can I trust you to behave?"

Tom looked up at him, hate in his eyes burning almost as hot as the fire in his ass. "I'm going to kill you. I'm going to rip you apart. I don't care how long it's going to take, but you're going to slip, and I'm going to rip out your heart."

The tiger nodded. "You're right, I better tie you."

The tiger went to the closet, and Tom tried to force himself up while he had his back to him. His arms gave out and he fell back down on the bed. The tiger came back holding a coil of rope, a quarter inch nylon, Tom noted.

"On your back."

Tom glared at him.

The tiger sighed. "Tomas, haven't I demonstrated that you can not refuse me? You will turn on your back. It's simply a question of how much pain you wish to endure during the process."

Tom didn't stop glaring, but he moved to his back, wincing as the motion made the pain in his ass flare up.

"Good. Now, hands together, fingers intertwined."

Tom complied.

The tiger tied his wrists together, then coiled the rope up to the middle of his forearms. He then fed the rope between it and his arms and tied it on the outside, where Tom couldn't bite it. The tiger considered him, then did the same for his feet.

"There that should keep you out of trouble. You rest up, I'll come back when I'm ready to fuck you again." He left the room, taking the rope with him. Tom heard the lock engage.

He gave himself five minutes. Five minutes to regain some strength before he got out of this. He probably had at least an hour before the tiger came back. He was in good health, and while Tom wasn't an expert on how long it took for men in general to be able to get hard again, he knew that around an hour was how it was for him.

That didn't mean he could waste any of it. His arms were already close to his face so he tried to reach the knot, to bite at it. If he could get a teeth in it he might be able to undo it. he couldn't reach it. He also couldn't move his arms away.

He forced himself in a sitting position, biting back a groan as his ass complained loudly at being moved. The pain was tolerable now, so he wasn't going to listen to it. He got his legs over the side of the bed. He needed to find something to cut the rope. he looked around for his knife, but the tiger had taken it with him. Not that he would have been able to use it. He couldn't hold anything the way he was tied.

He hopped his way to the dresser, there might be something on it he could use. No, only watches, and while a few of them had diamonds on the face, he couldn't think of a way to secure it so he could rub the rope against it. He looked at the dresser

itself, it was metal, if there was a burr somewhere he could use that, but no, all the surfaces were smooth.

He turned and leaned against it. He couldn't use the door, even if it had a sharp edge somewhere. He couldn't know how far the tiger was and he might notice the noise. He looked at the closet door. Wood, he couldn't open it right now. The chairs? no, also smooth.

He noticed there was a void under the bed. He hadn't paid attention there initially, he'd expected it to just be a boxspring, but now he remembered this guy was rich. He wouldn't have something as ordinary as a boxspring.

He couldn't bend down without falling. He sat on the bed and eased himself down. Lying on the floor he could see the bed frame was tempered glass and steel pipes. The corner at the foot of the bed wasn't properly welded. The jagged joint was coming undone. Tom smiled and rubbed the rope against it.

It took ten minutes. He couldn't raise his arms high enough to press very hard against it, and he had to rest often, the motion made his shoulders hurt. Once his arms were free he rolled out, sat and untied his feet.

He was up and going through the closet. He took out a tie, to use as a garrote if he didn't find anything more practical. The closet didn't hold anything. the top shelf was empty, and the bar was anchored to the wall.

He went through the dresser, socks, underwear, shirts and, in the bottom one, a gun, a nine millimeter colt. Tom smiled, it felt right to used the tiger's gun against him. He took the clip out and confirmed it was full, put it back in, released the safety and pulled the slide. The door opened and he pointed the gun at the tiger.

The tiger stood in the doorway, disappointment on his face. "Tomas, what did I say would happen if you attempted to hurt me? Please put the gun down."

"You think you scare me?" Tom growled. "I came here to do a job and I'm going to do it." He pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened.

He pulled it again, and again. Not understanding why it wasn't firing.

The tiger walked to him, put a hand on the gun, pushing it down and the other around Tom's throat. "The gun isn't real Tomas. Did you really think I would be stupid enough to leave anything you could use against me where you could reach it?" He nodded to the tie on the dresser. "Although I will admit I'm impressed you considered using a tie as a weapon. You are quite resourceful."

The tiger dragged him back to the bed, forced him to lie back and then put a knee on his chest, very near his throat, to hold him in place. Tom knew if he tried to fight back that knee would crush his trachea.

The tiger took the gun Tom was still holding and placed it

on the bed. He held Tom's hand firmly, and with the other slowly broke Tom's fingers, one at a time. "I hope this is the only lesson I will have to give you." He said once Tom's screaming was reduced to whimpering. The tiger then knelt between Tom's legs, raised them over his shoulders and raped him again.

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Tom regained consciousness. He couldn't consider it waking up since he didn't feel awake, half awake, at best. He had trouble focusing on anything, his mind kept drifting. He didn't know what time it was, how long he'd been here or how often he'd been raped.

He normally had a good sense of time, and over the first six hours he could tell the tiger was back to rape him every thirty to forty-five minutes. Tom couldn't believe anyone had such a sex drive. The tiger had to be taking something, that blue pill, or something more powerful and not legal.

After that time became fuzzy. Sometime he thought only minutes passed between fucking, others hours, and sometime he thought it just didn't stop. He didn't think he'd managed to get any actual sleep. The tiger was always moving about.

The routine tended to be the same. The tiger raped him, then forced him to suck his cock clean. He'd fought it for as long as he could, keeping his muzzle shut forcing the tiger to pulled his ear until Tom screamed in pain. Then, at some point just seeing the hand move toward his ear became enough. Now, Tom didn't even have to be prompted anymore. When he felt the need, the tiger pissed in his mouth. Tom had reach the point where he expected the tiger to shit there too, but fortunately that humiliation hadn't come.

The schedule was disrupted only twice, Tom thought, when the tiger fucked his muzzle instead of his ass. And the few times he'd been taken to the bathroom.

It had been a luxurious room, worthy of some of the most expensive hotel Tom had stayed at over the years. the floor was the same black marbled stone as in the rest of the apartment the fixture were brushed steel, but what he spent most of the time looking at was the shower. Not that it stood out, a large glassed enclosure with a dozen heads on the walls as ceiling, but he longed to go there, turn it one and wash himself. He felt dirty, more dirty than ever before. Dirtier than that one time in Spain, when he'd ended up with so much blood in his fur that the water still ran pink a week later.

He desperately wanted to wash what was being done to him off. he'd taken a step in that direction, but the tiger and shoved him toward the toilet.

Tom realized that what had pulled him out of unconsciousness was the smell of food, cooked meat. He raised his head and turned it until he could see the tiger, seated on one of the oak chairs, and now had a small table in front of him. Tom thought it was a card table, but the legs were a beep

brown wood, instead of the flimsy metal one he was used to seeing.

He lifted his head and saw a plate with a steak and green vegetables. His mouth watered at the sight. He tried to sit up, cradling his broken hand, but found that his good one was handcuffed to the bed. He looked at the tiger in confusion.

"I'm sorry Tomas, I couldn't risk you'd get in trouble while i was cooking." He cut a piece of the steak, speared it with his fork and then vegetables, beans Tom saw, before eating them.

Tom's stomach growled. He hadn't realized how hungry he was until he smelled the food. He hadn't had anything substantial to eat once he'd entered the building, and that had been... when had that been? He looked around for any indication of time, but he didn't see a clock, and the door was closed. He tried to move so he could see if there was any light under the door, but the handcuffs didn't allow it.

"Did you know," The tiger said once he'd swallowed, "That statistically, sociopath tend to be overweight? It's because since we aren't very emotional, our physical senses become what we rely on to 'feel' something. Sensuality is important to us, as I'm sure you've realized by now."

Tom couldn't stop himself from nodding. Even when the tiger wasn't fucking him, he'd lie against him, touching him, nuzzling and licking him. The few times Tom was able to be coherent during such a period, he realized that if a woman had been doing that to him it would have turned him on, instead it creeped him out.

"So a lot of us love to eat. The only way I manage to ensure I don't end up over weight is to only eat food I prepare myself. I don't particularly enjoy that activity, so I only do it to feed myself, instead of out of enjoyment." He paused his cutting of the meat and looked at Tom. "I guess it also ensures no one can temper with my meal." He went back to cutting. "Tell me, Tomas, do you enjoy eating?"

Tom nodded. Of course he enjoyed eating. he'd enjoy eating something right now.

The tiger shewed and swallowed. "What is your preferred meal?"

Tom opened his mouth to answer than shut it. No, he wasn't going to answer his questions.

"Please Tomas, I'm not asking for military secret. I'm simply trying to get to know you. You've shared my bed, it's the least I can do."

Tom thought about it, getting to know him his ass. He winced at the unintended pun. But he was right, there was no harm in answering that question. If he could get the tiger to relate to him maybe he could find a way to get out of this.

"Salmon," Tom answered.

The tiger's ear stood straight. "You have expensive

tastes."

Tom shrugged. With the money he made he could afford it, and it wasn't like he was always eating that, only once in a while, when he felt like treating himself.

"So you prefer it straight up?"

Tom shook his head. "I like it grilled with a lemon rosemary glaze."

The tiger paused in his eating. "That does sound rather delicious. Where did you have the best one prepared that way?"

"In Singapore, in a restaurant called," He said the name in Mandarin.

"The Golden Fish?" The tiger asked.

Tom nodded, surprised he knew Mandarin. "I was there in twenty-four with my unit, we'd decided to treat ourselves before we." He shut his mouth, realizing he'd been about to talk about the mission they'd done there. He glared at the tiger, he didn't know how he'd managed to do that, but it wasn't going to happen again. The tiger didn't give any indication he'd been waiting for him to reveal something, he was busy eating.

When he was done, he cleared the table, then folded it and leaned it against the wall. After that he went to the bed. Tom cringe and tried to move to the other side, but the handcuffs didn't let him go far.

"Please, don't do this."

The tiger sat next to him. "You have brought this on yourself Tomas. Pleading will not help. How is your hand?"

"It hurts."

The tiger nodded. "Let me see."

Tom hesitated a moment before offering it to him. The tiger gingerly took it and looked it over. the fingers were bend at wrong angles. "If I put your hand in a cast, will you give me your word that you will not attempt to hurt me again?"

Tom opened his mouth to answer immediately, but the tiger cut him off, locking eyes with him.

"Think very carefully before answering, the hand I am holding is already painful."

Tom had been about to promise he wouldn't. He would say anything to get some relief from the pain. He still considered lying, because it would be a lie. Even if it wasn't his mission, after what he'd suffered, he wouldn't stop trying to kill the tiger. Tom shook his head.

The tiger nodded and released it. He then grabbed the handcuff at Tom's wrist and took it off. Tom realized he hadn't used a key. The tiger watched him as he shook his hand and made fists to get the circulation going after having the handcuff biting at his wrist.

The tiger stretched on the bed and forced Tom to snuggle against him. "I understand that you don't want me to fuck you again, so I'm going to give you a choice, this one time. If you want to get that wonderful ass of yours a rest, you're going to

suck me off."

Tom kept his eyes closed. With his head resting on the tiger's chest if he opened them he would see his hard cock, and he knew it was hard. It always seemed to be hard. He shook his head. There was no way he was going to put that thing in his mouth of his own free will.

"I understand. Get on your side, be careful of your hand."

Tom did as he was told. He no longer cried out as the tiger entered him, but he couldn't stop the tears. Not so much because of the pain being raped caused him, but because of the tender words the tiger was telling him as he did so.

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Tom woke with a start, and for one short moment he thought he was in his bed, then he smelled the tiger on him and moaned in despair. How long had he been here. How close to Monday where they? What would the tiger do to him then? Would he kill him? There was no way he'd let him go, was there?

"Hello Tomas, I'm glad to see you're awake."

Tom looked up, the tiger was seated at the table, and dropped his head. He'd noticed the plates there and he didn't want the torture of watching him eat again.

Plates?

He raised his head, then sat up, surprised his hand wasn't cuffed. There was two plates on the table, along with two glasses. he also noted there was a second chair. By the smell, it was salmon. He could also smell rosemary and lemon. He felt the saliva dripped the side of his muzzle and wiped it.

"If I let you eat, will you give me the name of the person who ordered you to kill me?"

Tom wanted to eat. His stomach growled loudly and it hurt. He eyed the food, then looked away. "No. I'd rather starve."

"I understand. In that case, how about just giving me how many stars?"

Tom's head snapped back to him.

"I've already worked out he or she is a general. If you tell me the number of stars he or she has, I will allow you to share the meal."

Tom thought about it. Seriously thought about it. Would he be revealing anything dangerous if he answered that question? There were hundreds of generals in the army with the same number of stars, knowing that couldn't help him figure out who had ordered Tom. "Three."

"Thank you Tomas. Please, take a seat."

Tom hesitated, wondering for a moment if this might be a trick, but the tiger had been straightforward about everything he'd done to this point. Tom had trouble believing he'd now do something devious. In the end it didn't matter. He was too hungry to care.

He sat and looked at the dish. It was a large grilled salmon steak. The glaze smelled rich, and it even had the thinly

sliced vegetables he remembered, but forgot the mention. He looked up at the tiger.

"I called the restaurant and convinced their chief to give me the recipe for the glaze, as well as how he went about making the dish."

"Why?" Tom couldn't believe he'd done this out of the goodness of his heart. It was certain now he didn't have any goodness.

The tiger took a moment before answering. "I am a monster. I doubt I could do anything, at this point, to convince you otherwise. But I do not wish to be any harsher than I have to. This ordeal will leave its mark on you, I wanted you to have at least one pleasant moment. Something without any threats or requirement tied to it." The tiger gave Tom a small smile.

Tom looked away. He didn't want him to be nice, on any level. He would have preferred to be tortured with needles instead of this. A monster like him shouldn't be capable of any kind of kindness.

Tom eyed the glass.

"It's grape juice. The chief said it should be served with white wine, but I don't think having you drink alcohol at this time would be wise."

"Why?" Tom smelled the glass it did smell like grape, and he couldn't detect any hint of alcohol, but that didn't mean there wasn't something else in there.

"Because I don't want you to accidentally give me the name I'm looking for."

Tom stared at him. "You're torturing me to get it, but you don't want to drug me?" Tom had no idea where the anger came from. he didn't think he had any left by now.

"That is correct. I will break you Tomas. When you give me that name, I want it to be because you want to give it to me."

"That's never going to happen."

The tiger shrugged.

Tom looked at his plate, and not finding any utensils he looked up.

The tiger chuckled. "You don't really expect me to let you have something for you to use to attack me with, do you?"

Tom didn't reply. He broke off a piece of the fish and eat it. He moaned as the salmon flaked on his tongue, the lemon and rosemary were rich and tart. For a moment he was able to forget the situation he was in and simply enjoy eating.

After a few bites he he took a sip of juice, and then found himself gulping it down. He hadn't realized how parched he was. The glass was pulled away from him.

"Slow down, Tomas. This is the only glass you are getting, take the time to enjoy it."

As thirsty as he was, Tom realized the tiger was right, and he made sure to only take a few sips each time. Too soon his plate was empty. He licked it clean and finished his glass.

He was still hungry. He looked at the tiger, who wasn't done with his plate yet. "There isn't any more."

Tom nodded, he wasn't really surprised. The tiger didn't do anything more than what he set out to do. Being done with his food he sat there for a moment before going back to the bed and lying on his stomach. Only once there did he realize he was getting ready for the tiger to fuck him. With an internal growl of annoyance he turned on his back. There was no way he was volunteering for what was coming.

The tiger finished eating and put everything away. Then he turned Tom on his stomach and raped him.

* * * * *

The tiger was thrusting in and out faster and faster. Tom was so out of it he didn't even remember when the tiger had started fucking him this time around. The tiger pushed himself as deep as he could, and Tom winced, then he groaned before lying down on top of the jaguar.

"You are a wonderful lover," the tiger whispered, "Do you know that?"

Tom shook his head. "You're raping me. I'm not loving any of this."

The tiger nuzzled the back of his neck. "I wish you weren't so difficult. You could be enjoying this too."

"No. I'll never enjoy what you're doing to me."

The tiger was silent for a moment. "You shouldn't have said that." He nuzzled him again and gently pulled out and moved so his cock was at Tom's mouth.

* * * * *

Tom was shaken awake and he started, which jostled his broken fingers. He cradled his hand and glared at the tiger.

"I'm sorry, it wasn't my intention to hurt you."

"Right." Tom replied with derision. "Like you care about my pain when you rape me."

"I do care. If you'd let yourself enjoy this, it wouldn't be as painful."

Tom glared at him again. "How do you want me this time?" Might as well get it over with.

"Actually, I thought you might want a shower."

Tom eyed him suspiciously.

"We are both rather rank. While I love the smell of sex on my lover, this is too much."

"I'm not your lover."

The tiger nodded and offered him his hand. Tom hesitated before taking it. Instead of going to the attached bathroom, the tiger lead him out of the bedroom, and to a larger bathroom. Thought the glass wall of the living room he saw the rising sun.

The shower was already running. there was no enclosure, the shower head was in the right back corner of the room. It was one of those rain shower head that didn't bombard you with water but just let it fall on you.

Tom barely looked around the room. He went directly under the water, only then worrying that it might have been scalding hot water. It wasn't. It was slightly cool, which felt amazing on his fur, it revived him. He could remain under there for the rest of his life.

The tiger put his hands on his shoulder and Tom jumped. "Relax," he whispered. "I just want you to move out from under the water so I can shampoo your fur."

Tom wanted to stay where he was and let the water purify him, but as gentle as his command at been, He couldn't refuse the tiger.

The tiger took his time lathering him up, being gentle when he came to sensitive areas. Tom found himself cursing him again. he didn't want to feel like he was taking care of him. He didn't want to be treated like a lover. He was a prisoner, a victim, he should be treated as such.

He thought about getting out of the tiger's reach to force a punishment on himself, to be treated the way he should be, but he felt good to know the soap was in his fur, to smell the rose and vanilla.

When the tiger was done lathering him, he guided him back under the water and worked the soap out of his fur.

"I have to admit I'm impressed," the tiger said, as he worked. "I never thought you would last this long."

"What do you mean?" Tom's voice was melted honey, he hadn't felt this relaxed in years.

"I'm normally a very good judge of people. I was certain I would have broken you under three days."

"Which day is this?" It was morning, so he knew it had been at least one day, and the tiger had said he'd lasted more than three, so was this the fourth day?

"It's Sunday morning. This is your fifth and last day."

Tom tensed. "What? What are you going to do with me when the day's over?"

"I'm going to let you go."

"Really? you're not going to," he voice caught, "kill me?"

"I don't see why I have to do that. Before the day is over you'll know never to come near me again."

Tom nodded. If he actually got out of here alive he was never getting near this place or any other place where he knew the tiger went. His promise to kill him be damned, if he got out of here alive he might even get out of this line of work entirely.

"I expect you are quite proud of yourself," The tiger whispered, his hands rubbing Tom's chest, pushing the suds out of his spotted fur. "You endured everything I put you though. You endured the pain, the tenderness, and you never gave in."

Tom leaned back against the tiger and nodded, then frowned, trying to get what he was talking about.

"You never enjoyed it." The tiger put a hand above Tom's

groin. "You never liked being fucked." He moved behind Tom, and Tom closed his eyes, knowing what was coming. "You always called it rape." The tiger entered him and Tom winced.

The tiger thrust against Tom, one hand holding him, keeping him from moving forward while the other played with Tom's balls. "You told yourself that so long as you didn't like it, you were still a man. You were a victim, not a willing participant. You were able to keep your manhood intact."

The hand moved to Tom's cock, stroking it.

"I told you I would break you Tomas. I am going to do this now."

Tom tensed. "What... do you mean?" What more could he do to him?

"I am going to take your manhood."

"What?" Tom looked down, expecting that somehow his cock wouldn't be there anymore. What he saw was worse. He was hard. His cock was hard under that stroking hand. That was impossible. He couldn't be liking this.

"No!" Tom pushed himself away from the tiger and spun, both hands up to strike him. The tiger caught both wrists, and the sudden stop jarred the broken fingers, making Tom wince and realized what he'd done.

"You tried to hurt me. I thought you'd learned your lesson."

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to. It was a reflex i was scared, i didn't think." Tom was terrified of what the tiger my break. His other hand? An arm? "Please I swear I didn't mean to do it."

The tiger considered him for a long moment, then led Tom to the long bench on the opposite wall to the shower head. "Lie down."

Tom shook his head, and if the tiger hadn't been holding both his arms he would have tried to run away.

"Tomas, you are going to lie down on this bench." The growl in the tiger's voice made Tom shake in fear. "You nearly exhausted all my patience. Do not make me say it again."

Shaking Tom sat on the bench, looked pleadingly at the tiger, whose severe glare didn't change, then lay down. The tiger raised Tom's legs and settled between time. For the first time Tom was truly afraid. he'd thought he was afraid when he knew pain was coming, but that had been nothing compared to how much he was now afraid of enjoying it.

The tiger entered him, then took Tom's now soft cock in his hand. He stroked him as he thrust and to Tom's horror, his cock became hard again.

The tiger smiled at him. "See, I said you could enjoy this."

No. "Please, stop."

"Why. Doesn't my hand stroking your cock feel good?"

Tom closed his eyes. He didn't want this to feel good. It couldn't feel good. He hated this. He wasn't enjoying it. And

yet, no matter how much he denied it, the pleasure was rising with each stroke of the hand and thrust of the cock. He shook his head, tears flowing. He didn't want to feel this. how could his body betray him like that. He was panting now.

His orgasms came out as a scream of anguish.

A moment later the tiger pulled out of him and Tom curled up on himself. He couldn't stop sobbing.

"I said I would break you Tomas." The tiger caressed his forehead. Tom wanted to pull away but he couldn't move. "If you give me the name, I give you my word I will not put you through this again."

"Roselum," Tom said, hating himself for giving it up. "General Anthony Roselum." He couldn't go through this another time. he just couldn't.

"Thank you Tomas." The tiger kissed his forehead, then picked him up, to deposit him on the bed. The tiger spooned against him and Tom was terrified that he wouldn't keep his word, that he would use him and that his body would love it.

The tiger didn't move, he didn't thrust, or caress him. He didn't nuzzle or lick his neck, and eventually his exhaustion became stronger than his fear and Tom slept.

It wasn't a restful sleep. He had dreams of the tiger fucking him, of pain and pleasure. Of not wanting the tiger and begging him for more. He woke with a start, and the tiger gently shushed him.

"You're having bad dreams. You don't have to be afraid Tomas, you're safe now."

The words were comforting enough that he fell asleep again, but while the dreams weren't as bad, he didn't feel rested when it was woken up.

"It's time to go Tomas."

Tom looked up at the tiger, who was now wearing a dark gray-blue suit. Tom looked around. "Go where?"

"It's time for you to go home."

"Home?"

The tiger smiled and help him to sit. It took some time for Tom's mind to finally clear enough to realize the tiger was letting him go. Of course he was. He'd gotten what he wanted. Tom had betrayed his country.

Tom moved as he was instructed, the tiger helping him put his black tactical suit back on. Tom wondered why he was bothering to help him.

Tom looked up. The tiger had called his name a couple of time.

"Tomas, I need you to do something for me."

Tom nodded.

"I want you to go see General Roselum. I want you to tell him that he is a bad man. will you do that for me?"

Tom nodded, feeling more dread form at the pit of his stomach. What was the tiger going to do to the general?

The sky was purple through the glass wall as the tiger led him out of the apartment. Tom was numb as they went down the elevator, then they were before the glass doors leading outside the building. The doors he'd entered six days ago? five? he couldn't tell.

"Tomas, look at me please."

Tom looked at the tiger.

"Do you need me to arrange a ride for you? Or will someone come pick you up?"

A ride? he turned to look outside again, then shook his head. He didn't know if his team was still waiting for him. After all this time they had to think he was dead. He didn't care. He didn't want them to come. He wanted to be alone.

"Alright. Please be careful Tomas." The tiger opened the door for him, and Tom started walking.

He didn't know where he was going. He couldn't remember where he was. He just wanted to walk away from that place, from that tiger. He wanted to lose himself in the darkness and erase what had been done to him.

"Bracha!"

Tom stopped.

"Are you deaf Bracha!"

Tom looked at who had called him. He wasn't afraid, it wasn't the tiger. The tiger never called him by his last name. It was a german sheppard behind the wheel of a black van. He knew him, but he couldn't think who he might be.

The side of the van slid open and an otter motioned for him to enter. "Come on Tom," she said. "We need to go." He knew her too. Helen was her name. They were his friends. No, that wasn't right. they were his team. He looked behind her at a porcupine and an aardvark. Yes, he knew them all.

He looked at the unending street with the cars, and people on the sidewalk. He wanted to continue walking.

"Shit. What the hell happened to him? one of you grab him and pull him inside. We can't just stand here all night."

Someone grabbed his arm and Tom jerked away. "Don't touch me!" He looked around, ignoring the aardvark who had grabbed him. He was searching for the tiger.

"Tom, you need to come in the van. You aren't safe on the street."

She was right, Tom realized. The tiger could come at him from anywhere here. He got in the van and then went to the back corner, curling up under the work table there.

The door closed and the van moved. They spoke, but Tom didn't pay attention to what they said. Why didn't he feel safe. he wasn't on the street. The tiger couldn't get him anymore. He winced, expecting to be hit. That was a lie. The tiger would always be able to get to him now.

The otter sat before him. "Tom, are you alright?"

He didn't look at her, but shook his head.

"Are you in pain?"

He nodded.

"where?"

He showed her his mangled fingers and she gasped. She search through the large pouch at her hip and pulled out a hypo-pen. She moved it closer to him and Tom winced away.

"It's going to take your pain away Tom. You have to let me inject you."

He stared at her. Should he let her do that? He'd deserved the pain for attacking the tiger. Did she have any right to take it away? She took the decision from him. She grabbed his broken hand, making him scream in pain, and stabbed the pen on his palm.

He pulled his hand away and glared at her.

"Something's definitely wrong with him," the porcupine said over his shoulder.

"We have to take him to the general." That came from the driver's seat.

"No." Helen went to the opening between the front and back of the van.

"The general is going to want..."

"The general can go fuck himself. I need to give Tom a full checkup. I need to find out what's been done to him. The general can see him after that."

There was grumbling, but Tom didn't hear the rest. With the pain vanishing, sleep was able to claim him.