

Dietrich's loss

"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 apprised. 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 the 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 went through his file, glancing at the notes she'd made, then at his history, what Doctor Threclk had written down from interview with Dietrich's brother, as well as from 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."

He 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 understands, 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 that 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 descent 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 how she felt. 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 been 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 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 her away.

"What are you looking forward to doing, 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 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 from catching.

"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 though 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.

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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 that 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'd 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 threw 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 talking about it. Period." The tiger's tone was final.

"Alright." She thought about the situation. She could keep pressing, now 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."

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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 the 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 one 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. Donny 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 the 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 guys 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 toys."

"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."

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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.

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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 in the eyes 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 worshiping 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."

Dietrich nodded.

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Over the next two week Dietrich was withdrawn and uncommunicative. During the four sessions with him Isabel tried to draw him out, but to no avail. After that she ended his confinement.

Over the next few days she checked in on him, he spent most

of his time working out, making sure to stay away from the other patients. She decided to give him a week before trying to get him to come see her.

Which is why she was surprised to have him knock on her door the next day. She let him in and he sat down.

"How are you feeling?" She asked, taking her seat.

"Crappy. How's... Tim?"

"Timothy. He isn't my patient, but from what I hear he's coming along."

The tiger nodded. "I hope he's going to be okay."

"I'm sure he will be. His therapist is very good. Since you came to me, does that mean you want to talk?"

He opened his mouth, but didn't say anything. His ears folded back and he looked at the floor.

"It's alright. Do you mind talking about your family again? Not your brothers, but your extended family. I believe you have uncles?"

"Two, Bobby and Byron."

"Do you see them often?"

Dietrich shook his head. "Byron lived in New York City, I'm not sure who with, Martin was his boyfriend, the last time I saw them. Bobby is still in Swissvale as far as I know."

Isabel canted an ear questioningly.

"It's in the Pittsburgh area, in Pennsylvania. That's where we're from. Our family's always been on the east coast until Donny and Danny moved to San Francisco. They're video game designers so they wanted to be closer to the other big game developers." he sighed. "Damian moved there too after dad died. He bought some company which he turned into a multi national conglomerate. Dominic lives in Washington DC, to be closer to... to his friend, but he also has a house in San Francisco." He chuckled. "Well, a decade ago that how things stood. Things might have changed since then."

"How about you? did you move to San Francisco too?"

"No, not really. With doing the body building circuits I was almost always on the move. I spent a lot of time in LA filming advertising and even a couple of movies."

"Anything I might know?"

"I doubt it. I played the bad guy in 'When the sky crashed down'."

Isabel shook her head.

"I was the lead's best buddy in 'To get the girl. You never head of that one, trust me, it was so bad the production company tried to bury it while it was still being edited. but if you look online there's usually a few rough edits floating around. I also had a few guest roles on TV shows. But that wasn't what I wanted. it was my manager who thought it was a good idea for me to be more visible." He became silent.

"Isn't becoming a star what everyone wants?"

"Not me," he whispered. he rubbed his face. "I mean, not

acting. If you watch one of those movies, you'll see. Even if I'd wanted to, it would never have happened. I'm a horrible actor. I'm not like that guy in the aughts." he frowned. "I can't remember his name, but he was a body builder, who became an action star. Anyway that wasn't for me. I was happy being a champion body builder, and filming a few ads spot for the companies backing me."

"When you leave here, where do you think you'll settle?"

Dietrich became pensive for a long moment. "I think I'm going to get a house in Oklahoma. McAlester I think."

"Why there?"

"What? He shook his head. "No reason, It's just a thought."

Isabel made a note to look into the city, something had happened there. "You have nephews, nieces?"

"Nephews, seven of them. Don and Danny's kids. Aaron, Alexander, Adam, Aiden, Arthur, Albert and Anakin. Fuck, they were seven the last time I saw them. We haven't even... Man I wonder how they are like now."

Isabel brought up all the names on her tablet. When she looked up he was gazing at her. "Sorry. I was just checking something. I didn't notice it when read your file, but each generation's names starts with the same letter."

Dietrich chuckled. "Yeah. It's a family tradition. Grandpa's name was Robert, his brothers were Richard, Ronald and Reginald. Great grandpa was Howard... I know he had a brother, but I can't remember his name, it also started with a 'H'. Grandpa did the family tree and it goes back all the way as far back as he could trace."

"Really? how far back did it go?"

"Some French baron in the twelve hundred named Etienne de l'Or."

"That's quite far. and his children were also named the same way? Same first letter?"

"That's what grandpa said. I never really paid attention."

"Did you get along with your grand father?"

Dietrich smiles. "Sure, He was a great guy. He was one hell of a great f... fun guy to hang out with." he quieted. "He died the year before dad passed away."

"Your father died in an automotive accident I believe?"

Dietrich laughed, which surprised the serval. "You could say that. A car fell on him. Dad was a mechanic. He owned his own garage and he didn't do a lot of work himself anymore, but he still loved it, so he made sure to do so once in a while. The lift the car was on failed and the car crushed him. He lasted a few hours in the hospital, made it through a few operations, but he didn't make it." He sighed and wiped his eyes. "When we found out the lift's manufacturer had already had negligences charges brought against them, but they hadn't fixed anything Damian tore that company apart." the tiger shuddered.

"Legally?"

"Yeah, that too."

"Why did he do that if you brother didn't care about your father?"

"The company was putting other people's life in danger. they were... they weren't good people." He paused, searching for words, then gave up. "My brother's complicated."

"If I could get your brother to visit you, would you want that?"

"Damian?"

"Yes."

"No. I don't want to see him."

She nodded. "How about anyone else."

Dietrich thought about it, then shook his head. "No. I don't want any of them to see me here. it would just be too awkward."

"Alright."

"do you mind if we stop here? I'm kind of hungry."

"Not at all. Thank you for talking with me."

He gave an hesitant smile. "It was... nice." then he left.

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It took the serval over two weeks to complete her research from what she'd gleamed during her conversation. Dietrich was more comfortable talking during the next sessions, but she noticed he always stirred the conversation to the rest of his family. She didn't mind. She didn't want to pry into his story until she was done researching.

Once she was, she finally had an idea of what had caused Dietrich's descent into alcoholisms.

"How are you feeling today Mister Orr?" She asked as he sat.

"I'm good. It's really nice to workout intensively again."

"It shows." She smiled as he flexed without thinking about it and her ears warmed. She took a drink of water. "I'd like to talk about McAlester."

The tiger looked at her, confused.

"The town in Oklahoma, you mentioned you might settle there once you leave here."

He shrugged. "It's just a name I pulled out of the air. I might go anywhere."

"Except it isn't, is it?"

His face hardened. "I don't want to talk about it."

"I think you should Dietrich. Something happened there, didn't it?"

He swallowed and looked at the floor. "You know."

She didn't say anything. All she had were suspicions. She knew he'd landed at The Tulsa International Airport and rented a car there, the clerk had noted on the agreement it would be returned at the McAlester city branch. That was where Dietrich disappeared from the media. There were a few pieces about him after that, but nothing with him. He'd mentioned bringing

someone back from the dead so she thought what ever it was had happened there.

He looked up at her, pain in his eyes. He closed and wiped at them.

"I won't force you to talk, Dietrich, I can't, but I think you should. What ever happened there, you can't keep it bottled up inside you."

He took a deep breath. "Her name was Helena." His voice was flat. "We met at one of the competitions' after party. We had a great time. I brought her back to my hotel room, we fucked all night."

"You file says you're gay."

"That file knows fuck all about me. I like to fuck, yeah most of the time it's guys, Hell pretty much all the time, but once in a while, if a girl catches my fancy, and she says yes, I'll fuck her too." There was anger in this tone. he took a breath and when he continued he was calmer. "Anyway, that's what she told me when I saw her again three years later. I partied hard in those days. lots of alcohol, sometime drugs. I rarely remembered what I'd done. I certainly didn't remember her. And I must have forgotten to use a condom, but she introduced me to Eric, my two year old son."

"You have a son?" even as she asked, she realized her mistake.

Dietrich closed his eyes and as silent for a long time. He held back sobs with effort. "I didn't believe her. I mean I was a body building champion, rich. The 'this is your kid' routine wasn't new on me. and like I said I don't fuck women a lot, but she was a tigress. And she didn't want anything from me, she just wanted me to meet my son. We did a paternity test, but even before it came back I knew he was mine. I could feel it, or maybe I just wanted it. Anyway, the test was positive. Erik was my son." He took a deep breath.

"Did you tell the rest of your family?"

"Hell no. I knew what they were going to say." he calmed himself. "I didn't see why Don and Danny should be the only ones to have a family. I could have one too."

"Why would you think you couldn't have a family if two of your brothers each had one?"

He looked at her in confusion for a moment. "They don't each have a family. They have a family. They're one family. They're both raising my nephews."

Her years perked up. "What about the mother?"

"They relinquished the rights to them at birth. It was part of the contract. Don and Danny wanted to raise their sons by themselves. It's only ever one family per generation," he whispered, and he had to wipe his eyes again.

"Alright, so you didn't tell them. what then?"

"I was still doing the circuit, so I couldn't see them often, but any chance I got I'd stop in McAlester and spend time

with them. Erik was such a handsome boy and strong, he took after me in a lot of ways."

"And Helena?"

"We got along well enough. We didn't fuck if that's what you mean."

Isabel's ears turned red. "It wasn't. But she was the mother to your child, how did you feel about her?"

"I didn't love her, if that's what you mean. I know she'd... I just didn't. She knew that. She was okay. Like I said, she didn't want anything. I offered to get them a better place, but she was happy with the apartment she had. She wouldn't take my money other than to buy clothes for Erik and pay for the baby sitter." He grew silent.

"What happened then?"

"One year," he whispered. "I got to be a father for one year. that's when I lost the Mister Universe title to..." He chuckled. "To that action star's grand son actually. I didn't mind. Hell I think that on some level I wanted to lose."

"Why?"

"To spent more time with my son. I couldn't be a father and never be there. I had money and even if I got out of the circuit my fame would guaranty I'd get advertising contract for a while. Damian would make sure it was well invested so I wouldn't have to worry about it. I'd be able to be a full time father, be there do teach him about... about life and everything. I really wanted it. I'd even found him a shirt with 'world strongest son' on it." his gaze became distant. "I was going to be the best father he could have."

This time he cried, and she let him.

when he stopped and opened his eyes there was anger behind them. "That's what isn't fair. I was suppose to there with them. that's how it's suppose to work. I was suppose to be in the apartment with them when the fire burnt it down. Instead, my flight got delayed because of a storm in Tulsa. When I finally made it to her apartment the building was just ashes on the ground. I was frantic, I looked around for them they couldn't be dead, because I hadn't been there. I knew this was going to happen, but I didn't mind it because I knew I was going to die with them, I wasn't suppose to be left behind to feel their loss."

"What do you mean you knew it was going to happen? Did someone cause the fire?"

Dietrich shot up. "I did! don't you get it? One family per generation. If there's a second one they always die before the son's ten years old. So I caused them to die, but I should have been there with them. Sure on some level I hope we'd be the exception, there's always one of those once in a while. Dad didn't have any eccentricity. Great Grandma died of old age with Howard. It was possible we could have two families, wasn't it? but even if it wasn't going to happen, I was going to be with

them to the end." He paced around the office.

"Dietrich, you didn't cause this. Accidents happen. I understand that losing your family hurt, but the delay saved your life."

He planted his fist on her desk and glared at her. "I didn't want to survive. I wanted to die with them, how it should have been. But that isn't the worse. In that moment, I wanted it to have been Donald, Daniel and their kid who'd died instead of mine. I wanted it so badly that I turned around planing on going there and killing them myself."

"But you didn't."

"I made it half way to the airport when my anger ebbed enough for the pain to surface. I grabbed a motel, a bottle of scotch and drank it all to dull the pain and the guilt so I could sleep."

"Dietrich, it wasn't..."

"Don't finish that. I swear, if you say it wasn't my fault one more time I'm going to punch you."

She could see he was serious and backed her chair away.

"You don't know anything about my family, how the rules work, so you don't get to tell me what is and isn't my fault."

"Then tell me what those rules are."

The tiger looked at her in shock, then laughed. It was loud and deep, he lost his balance for a moment, and had to sit back on the couch.

"Oh this is just fucking brilliant," he said when he'd caught his breath. "Damian shoves me in here so I won't blab about the family and there's the doctor asking me to tell her. He fucked up big time." He leaned back and looked at the ceiling.

Isabel roll the chair back to her desk and took a moment to calm her own nerves. "D... Mister Orr, anything you say in here is confidential. If you're worried about revealing some sort of illegal activities, I can promise you that no one will ever find out about them from me."

The tiger chuckled. "Illegal? Doc. we don't do a fucking thing that's illegal, but you wouldn't believe how my family works. You don't believe Erik's death is my fault so how the fuck would you believe anything else?"

"Mister Orr, I can't help you get better without knowing everything."

Dietrich sighed. "Don't you get it doc? I'm not here to get better. My brother brought me here to get rid of me."

"I refuse to believe that."

"Hey. What you do or don't believe is completely irrelevant. You said it, You can't help me unless I tell you everything, but you won't believe it, so I'm stuck here unless you just let me go. Damian's got me in a nice little prison without having to get me arrested." he leaned back. "Fuck, no sex for the rest of my life. Ah man, this place is Hell."

Isabel stood and planted her hands on her desk. "Listen to me Dietrich, my job is to see to it that you get to the underlying cause of your addiction so you can get over it. I'm going to see you be better and leave this clinic. The only way you're going to be stuck here, as you say, is if you refuse to work with me. If you tell me about those so called rules, I promise you that you're going to walk out this clinic eventually."

Dietrich stretched his arms on the back of the couch and beamed at her. "Really? How about we put that to the test. What do you think of me having sex with my dad for the first time when I was eleven?"