

Chapter 23

“We’re here,” the weasel behind the wheel said, snapping Paul out of his thoughts.

The Ride-Share had been against the others... just what did he call people he was related to through their uncles he barely knew? Were they his cousins? How close did family have to be to have to be called family? And considering the way they ran the city without being officially in power, didn’t that make them more like the mob?

Was that too unkind of him?

He was trying to be kind.

He was really trying, but the way they screamed at one another made it difficult.

He swiped his phone on the payment reader and exited.

The building looked more like a warehouse than a bodybuilding gym, unlike Dietrich’s public gym, which was glass, allowing people outside to see the front room machine and men working out there. The name, Massive, was in small letters over the door. The only hint as to what someone might find inside.

This was for the men serious about working out. Those looking to worship Dietrich went to the other gym and hoped to be present when the owner paid it a visit. Sex happened here too, Dietrich was an Orr, after all, but it was incidental to the working out, while at the public gym, it was the working out, in the back room, that was more of an accident result of the kind of men Dietrich wanted around him.

It also meant that the less than friendly look from the jacked up cheetah behind the counter on his left was more the norm here than at the other gym. Only serious body builders were expected to make their way here, and they should already look the part.

Paul didn’t look that part. And this wasn’t the first time he’d had that expression directed at him on entering the gym. But his few previous times he’d been with Madoc, one of the rat’s attempt at convincing Paul to join and work on his body.

Madoc liked his men more defined than Paul was and since the golden tiger had made it clear that if the rat used his power on him they’d never have sex again, the old fashion way was all that was left to make it happen. Not that the rat ever stopped ribbing Paul about his goal to make all men muscular, if he didn’t to achieve that himself.

Paul didn’t want to make men muscular. His goal wasn’t even targeted exclusively toward men. He wanted to help anyone achieve the type of body they wanted, that it be the mountains of muscle frequenting Dietrich’s gym, or more modest goals matching what Paul went to a conventional gym to maintain.

He had good genes to help him, and now knew where they came from, but if his research wielded the kind to results he hoped for, even those without genetic bonuses would be able to reach their goals.

“I think you’re lost,” the cheetah said in a frosty tone. On the left and right of him, on the wall, were posters of men in various poses showing off their muscles. According to Madoc, they were all men who’d trained here and had gone to win championships. The counter was glass and a variety of nutritional supplements for bodybuilders were on display.

Paul ignored the tone and words and headed to the counter instead of the door to the gym proper, facing the entrance. He figured it was best to have his arrival announced since, for all he knew, the others were still screaming at one another instead of calling Dietrich.

“I need to speak with Dietrich, please.”

The cheetah, whose muscles were almost too big to belong on the species, smirked as he looked Paul up and down. “Mister Orr doesn’t to walk-ins. I doubt he’d do you, even if you had an appointment.”

"I'm here to talk with him. Could you just let him know? I'm sure he'll be okay with it."

"I have no doubt Mister Orr would be *fine* with someone like *you* just stepping into his world." The cheetah's smile had nothing friendly to it. "But unfortunately, he's in the middle of a very intense training session and he can't be interrupted. How about I schedule you in for never? Will that work for you?"

Paul places his hands on the counter and fought the urge to bite the cheetah's muzzle off. "Please tell Mister Orr that his son is here to see him."

The shock on the cheetah's face was satisfying, but didn't last. "Nice try. No kid of his would be as skinny as you."

"I'm not—"

The inner door slammed open and a naked rat stepped through, looking and sniffing around. He locked eyes on Paul and licked his lips. Madoc was hard as he stepped in his direction.

Paul curse mentally. He'd completely forgot to check if Madoc was working at this gym today in his hurry to see Dietrich.

"Mad," the cheetah said severely. "You know how Mister Orr feels about being naked in the lobby?"

"I'll escort him back in," Paul said, grabbing the rat by the arm.

"You can't—"

The cheetah cut off once the door closed.

Paul made the immediate right into the locker room, not even looking at the naked men—Dietrich had a strict men-only policy—training on the machines, as Madoc groped him.

"Mad, you need to stop."

"Come on, Paul. We're in the locker room now. We can fuck here." The rat rubbed up and down hardening cock and the tiger hurried them past the changing men. The expression as they watched them pass went from bored, to annoyed, to lustful, to curious. Madoc has his hand into Paul's pants when they reached the showers and rubbed the cock head.

Paul nearly fell from the sensation.

Jerking off these last weeks had done nothing more than push his need down, but now he had to deny himself. This was definitely not his friend in control of his faculties. He stepped under one of the available shower head and turned it on, full blast.

Madoc screamed as the cold water hit them, and Paul gritted his teeth. Even expecting it, it was a shock.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" the rat demanded, turning the shower off.

Paul swallowed as he looked at the dripping wet rat. Could he be affected by his own power? Because it was taking all his willpower not to shove him against the wall and ram his cock in his ass.

No, he was just fucking horny of weeks without and this being the third time today he'd been riled up and hadn't been able to do anything about it. He was going to have to do something about that, and soon, considering who his god was.

"You need to think, Mad."

"I was—"

"With more than your ass."

The rat closed his mouth to someone laughing. Paul ignored the fact other men were using the communal showers. Dietrich liked his men, so other than the lobby, he wanted them naked and visible. No privacy cubicles in this gym, or the other one.

He lowered his voice. "Dietrich is my father. And because I had sex with him a couple of weeks ago, I've been initiated. My power makes guys I like want to be fucked by me. What you're feeling right now? The fact you went in the lobby naked and hard, knowing what Dietrich's capable of doing to the guys who break his rules. That's because I'm making you mindlessly horny. I can't leave. So you have to dry off, get dressed and get as far from me as you can."

The rat looked him in the eyes. "You done?"

Paul nodded slowly, concerned about how calm Madoc looked. Then he was turned, slammed against the wall and the rat pressed himself against his back, his hard cock against his ass.

"If you ever do this to me again," he whispered in Paul's ear, "and don't actually fuck me. I'm going to tie you to my basement and fuck you until you're so by the rope break. Am I clear?"

"Mad I—"

"Am I clear?" the rat growled.

"Yes, you are. But—"

“Good.” The rat moved back, and it took a second for Paul to react and turn around, leaning against the wall. “Having said that, thanks for not taking advantage of me.”

Paul watched Madoc slick the water out of his fur without apparent concern. “Mad, you really have to get away from me. At least to another room. Thomas seemed to have an easier time resisting if he didn’t see me.”

“And has Thomas ever felt what that unrestrained influence is like, Paul?”

“I don’t do that,” Paul replied, offended at the implication.

Madoc rolled his eyes. “My boss does.” He sobered slightly. “Look, you were right, back there, that was me being influence, but only because I didn’t realize what you were doing.” He looked the golden tiger in wet clothes up and down. “Now. If I were to rip those off you, throw you on the floor, and sit on your hard cock until you came so hard He showed to demanding to know what made that happen? That would be all me.”

“You just think that.” Paul wished he could phase through the wall to put more distance between them. He’d run, but he was pretty sure Madoc would chase him.

“Paul, I’ve felt Dietrich’s influence. Yours is not that big of a deal.”

Paul studied Madoc, then chuckled as realization hit him. “I forget you aren’t the guy who was running between scared, ragged and desperate that you were after you got your memories back.”

“And whose fault is that?” the rat asked with a smirk. “You’ve been so busy with you education since moving to the Bay we’re hardly hung out other than when I pulled you to workout here. I got some of those fears fucked out of me by my boss’s nephews, and the rest I deal with myself by realizing I didn’t have to worry about Raphael sending a hit squad to bring me back to I could pump out babies for him.”

“You’ve had sex with the other...” Paul couldn’t finish the question.

“Dietrich dragged me to them once he got me to admit some of the stuff Raphael did to the guys. Dietrich wasn’t letting me be defenseless if he tried something again. Now, instead of the military training, some of the others got pumped in their heads by Hendrick I have Aaron’s ease of fighting, Arnold’s strength and endurance, and Alex’s knack for guns. Raphy’s going to have to send from really well-trained people if he wants me back.”

“And that is if I am not there,” a deep voice said. Dietrich stepped into the showers. “If I am, it doesn’t matter who he sends. All he will get are the pieces that are left of them.”

Paul looked at the massive tiger with worry. He wasn’t hard, which had to be a good sign, but this was two men Paul liked enough they’d had sex before. If one of them lost the battle of will, would that drag the other into a frenzy of Paul needing to fuck them both?

“Madoc, Jaeger is wondering where you are. Your sets should have started already.”

“Yes sir. What about Paul? I know—”

“My son and I will be talking in my office.”

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When Paul reached the office, the door was opened. Dietrich had handed him sweats and towels and told him to dry himself and change before joining him. The tiger motioned for Paul to enter from behind the desk he sat at. Paul hesitated. He’d come here to get answers, but he’d expected... he wasn’t sure what he’d expected.

Dietrich had to be pissed, since clearly someone had told him of their relationship. And he hadn’t expected him being a desk in an office with bookshelves filled with trophies from bodybuilding competitions. They couldn’t all be Dietrich’s, so whose were they?

“If I was going to give into what you’re sending,” the massive tiger said, “I’d have done it in the shower. Now come in and take a seat.”

“So you feel it too?” he stepped in and closed the door.

“Not really. You grow up with my brothers and fathers, and you gain a form of resistance by sheer over exposure to our influence. So you don’t have to worry, this is just going to be talk. Do you have a picture of your mother?” he asked as Paul sat. “From when you were born. You’d think I’d remember a golden tigress, but...” he shrugged.

Paul took his phone—he’d regained it before being teleported. Donal had returned with one for Wassa to use—and looked through the drive for any. He’d never been big on carrying pictures. He and his mother shared folders in the cloud, but it would take some time for him to go through them.

“The fact I don’t remember her, considering how distinctive she looks, means it happened on one of the few occasions someone managed to slip me a drug. I’m very careful about what I put in my body,” he said at Paul’s tilted ear. “Having a god’s cum flow through me doesn’t mean I take it for granted. And a serious resistance to them didn’t come about until Arnold. When you have a body like mine, there are people, men and

women, who will go to extremes to experience it. You mother most have been one of them and—”

“No,” Paul stated, glaring at the tiger. “Don’t even go there.”

“Paul, the fact we share blood doesn’t excuse her—”

He was up, hand on desk. “She didn’t drug you,” he snarled. “You want to know how she referred to you the few times I asked about my father when I was a kid? He didn’t matter, he was inconsequential. You think she’d refer to you like that if she had to go to the extent of drugging you so she could have sex with you?”

Dietrich watched him calmly, and that was enough to make Paul realize he’d been shouting. He didn’t apologize. The man had insulted his mother, and as he’d said, the fact they shared blood didn’t excuse him.

“I do think she’d refer to me like that under the circumstance, Paul. Here’s a question for you. Did you ask your mother why she was so nervous when I met her?”

“Have you looked at yourself?”

Dietrich smiled. “No more than most men. I’m not that vain.” He raised a hand. “But I know what you mean. If that had been the first time she’d met me, I could understand the reaction. But...” He trailed off.

And Paul couldn’t keep from picking up the thought. “If she already knew what you looked like...”