

The plane touched down, jolting me awake. I took a few groggy moments to collect my thoughts. Outside the window was the kind of darkness you could only ever see at the airport, lit intermittently by the plane's flashing anti-collision strobe lights. It was beginning to rain as well, small drops already beginning to run down the window. I sat back in my seat and sighed.

This was it. After months of talking about it, planning, and masturbating, I was finally going to be commit to belonging to Scott. Just for a month though. Real life could only take a back seat for so long. I opened my phone and shot him a quick text message to let him know that I'd landed, but he surely already knew that. He'd been tracking my phone pretty much since we'd started talking. Every time I thought about it I still got excited, knowing that my every move was being watched remotely. I scrolled up to one of the lasts texts he'd sent me, outlining the rules for my stay with him. I read it again, even though I'd committed it to memory. His reply text bumped me back down to the bottom of our conversation:

"Waiting for u outside immigration." My phone buzzed again and a new message slid into view.

"Can't wait to see my bunny!" I smiled to myself and put my phone away. As excited as I was to finally be doing this, I needed to keep my giddiness in check. At least until I was out of the airport. I leaned my head against the window and willed the plane to taxi faster.

After what felt like an eternity we finally pulled up to the gate. As soon as the flight attendants gave us the go ahead, I snatched my bag out of the overhead and booked it off the plane. Once I made it into the terminal, my anxiety got the better of me and I started worrying. What if he didn't like me? What if something happened and I was stuck here? I pushed those thoughts aside as best I could and focused on putting one foot in front of the other. Where the taxiing had taken too long, the walk to immigration went too quickly. Before I knew it, I was handing my passport and visa to the bored looking customs guy in the booth.

"Business or pleasure," he asked, glancing at my passport.

"Pleasure," I managed to babble without my voice cracking.

He ignored me and gazed at his computer display. There was an awkward pause while he glanced at me, then back at the screen. He gestured for me to step closer.

"You do know your visa sponsor, right?" He asked, sotto voce.

I tilted my head sideways. "Yeah?"

"Huh," he grunted. "Alright, well enjoy your stay." He stamped my passport with a heavy ker-chunk and slid it back to me. I stepped over the line and entered the country. Scott was easy to spot, wearing a hoodie and matching sweatpants. He stepped out of the crowd and darted over to me. Before I could say anything he scooped me up in a massive bear hug, accentuated by his biceps which were much bigger than I'd anticipated. After a few moments he let me go. All the anxiety I had felt earlier was a distant memory now. Being in Scott's presence made me feel amazing.

"I can't believe you're here!" He exclaimed.

"It's been a long time coming," I agreed. I felt the same way.

"You must be exhausted, come." He gestured for me to hand my bag to him, which he passed off to someone nearby. I suddenly realized that we were surrounded by men in suits, with little radio headsets attached to their ears.

Scott noticed my noticing and shrugged. "Oh. This is my security detail. And yours now, I guess."

"I didn't know you needed a bunch of bodyguards."

He chuckled. "It's better to be safe than sorry around here. Nothing to worry about." Scott grabbed my hand and tugged me past the baggage claim and out the doors. His bodyguards flanked us the entire way, only dispersing once we'd been bundled into the back of a black town car. As we peeled away from the curb and away from the airport, Scott pulled me over and had me lay with my head in his lap. He stroked my hair softly as we sped through the city. Orange streetlights whisked by, and the rain was beginning to fall harder.

With one final hump and a rapid deceleration, the car came to a stop and I sat up. We were in a sizable garage, dimly lit by recessed LEDs. Scott smoothly exited the car from his side and I managed to scramble out of my door with significantly less elegance. Scott grabbed my bag out of the trunk, bid goodnight to his detail, and beckoned for me to follow him up the stairs.

From my conversations with Scott I'd gleaned that he was well off financially, but I didn't realize exactly what that entailed. We entered through the kitchen which was probably about the same size as my apartment back home. The rest of the house was dark at this late hour, but I could sense that it was significantly

larger than I could see. I followed Scott up another flight of stairs and down a hallway into what turned out to be his bedroom. Expansive windows on the far wall offered an impressive view of the city, twinkling through the rain. Scott stuck his head out of the closet.

“Over here,” he ordered. I came over and stuck my head in. At first glance it looked like a fairly generic single dude’s closet. Suits and shirts neatly arranged hanging over rows of generic business guy footwear, nothing terribly exciting. Mixed in though were flourishes of color. Wrestling singlets, a few wetsuits, gear I couldn’t identify. At the back were a few heavy leather pieces, one of which was definitely a racing suit. I’d seen Scott in all of these pieces before, but that had all been through texts and pictures online. Now I’d be able to do everything we’d fantasized about for real. Scott had been crouching at the far end, fiddling with something. He stood up and I could see it was an open safe.

“You know the drill,” he stated. “It’s time.”

This is where my big mouth gets me in trouble. I’d told Scott that I liked alternative forms of dominance. Sure, anyone could slap a collar on me and call me their bitch, but I wanted something deeper than that. In fact, Scott and I had bonded over our mutual appreciation for the more creative approaches to ‘this sort of thing’ as we called it.

Part of that fantasy had been me having nothing of my own while I was here. No phone, no wallet, no passport, no keys, nothing. All locked away, safe (heh) and sound. Entirely reliant on Scott. I had to admit, as hot as the idea had been when we’d discussed it, the idea of doing it for real got me absurdly excited. I immediately emptied my pockets, taking care to turn my phone off. My carry on bag, packed as lightly as it was, had already been stuffed into the back of the safe. I stood up, feeling a little light headed since all my blood had rushed elsewhere. Scott pointed with a finger. “Strip,” he ordered. Oh wow we’re going all the way huh? I quickly pulled off my shirt, then my sneakers and my pants. That all got stuffed into the safe, and I stood up, fingers hooked into my underwear. I glanced at him, and he surprised me by shaking his head.

“Oh no, those are cute,”¹ he said. “You can keep those.” He uncrossed his arms and stepped over to me before running a hand over the curve of my ass.

“Alright, lock it up,” he ordered. I nodded and knelt down, willing myself to go through with this. That turned out to be pretty easy. Without any hesitation, I

slammed the door shut, flipped the handle and spun the dial. Whatever happened to me now was Scott's prerogative. I spun around to find myself at eye level with Scott's crotch, already tenting with his growing boner. Instead of letting me play with it though, he hooked a hand under my chin and pulled me up.

"Not now, bunny," he chuckled. "We have all month ahead of us." I whined softly, but he ignored it and kissed me deeply. I kissed him back and we started making out. He picked up up with his hands under my thighs and I wrapped my legs around his abdomen. Scott turned around so his back was against the wall and we kept going at it. Eventually though, my legs grew sore from the strain and I had to stand back up. Panting slightly, Scott smacked my butt softly and gestured towards the bed. I was more than happy to oblige and join him under the covers.

We cuddled for a while, me wrapped in his beefy arms, his hips grinding against my butt. Then I fell asleep.

I woke up to the sound of Scott's phone ringing, and him swearing at it while he struggled to disentangle himself from the sheets and myself. Finally he was able to snatch it off his table and answer it. He was trying to speak quietly so as not to wake me, so I pretended to still be asleep. Scott angrily hung up the phone and headed for the shower, no-doubt getting his day started earlier than he wanted to. When he came back, towel wrapped around his waist, and pecs still glistening, I finally sat up.

"Good morning little rabbit," he greeted me with a hand running through my hair. Scott sat down on the bed, his expression turning dour.

"Work?" I asked.

He nodded. "I have to head out in a few minutes, and I'll probably be gone most of the day. I'm sorry."

"It's ok, I can catch up on some work." I smiled softly at him. He smiled at me and leaned in for a kiss, using his other hand to push me back down into the bed as he did. I felt my cock twitch, maybe the jet lag wasn't going to be so bad after all...

Scott suddenly got up and plodded over to his dresser, where he started pulling out his clothes for the day.

"I think I'll at least ride the bike in," he thought out loud, before turning to

face me. "You like that idea?" I nodded vigorously, especially if it meant he was going to wear his leathers. He winked at me and continued getting dressed.

He was just pulling on the spandex baselayer when there was a soft knock at the door.

"Come," Scott ordered. The door opened and Marcos, Scott's driver from yesterday, smoothly stepped into the room. Today he was wearing a military-style uniform, boots, and even had a handgun strapped to his thigh.

"Ah, excellent," observed Scott. He zipped up the skin suit and spun around. "You remember my bodyguard, Marcos from yesterday, right?" I nodded, unsure what was going on.

"Great. He's going to keep an eye on you today." I tracked Scott as he walked over to his closet and stepped inside. Marcos simply stood next to the door, hands clasped in front of him, idly watching the goings on. Scott continued talking from his closet.

"I was hoping to spend the day running errands, but duty calls. You can go with Marcos though, he'll keep you safe." The sound of zippers and plastic buckles snapping closed traveled through the room, and Scott stepped back into the bedroom. A black motorcycle suit hugged his body, outlining every muscle, creaking as he moved. Beautiful black boots came halfway up his thighs, as he pulled on a pair of heavy duty racing gloves to complete the look.² I wanted nothing more than for him to have his way with me right then, but Marcos' presence dampened that mood somewhat.

Scott finished tightening down the gloves, wriggled his fingers to test them, and satisfied with that, turned to Marcos.

"Now I want you to take good care of my little bunny," he was talking about me. "Don't be afraid to be a little rough," Scott turned and winked at me again, sending my heart fluttering. "I know this little critter can take it."

Marcos nodded solemnly. "Of course sir," he growled with a thick accent I had no hope of identifying.

"Good." Scott darted over and gave me a quick peck on the cheek. "You behave, and I'll see you later." With that, Scott spun on his heels and strode out of the room, his boots plodding heavily on the floor as he went.

I smiled meekly at Marcos, who glanced at his watch.

"You should get a shower," he stated, matter of factly. "We've got a lot to do

today.”

I nodded and started getting out of bed, careful to keep the sheet wrapped around myself, but Marcos stepped over and yanked it off.

“Hey man what the hell?” I yelled, as he lifted me up by my arm. I tried to pull away but his grip was too strong.

“Get off me! Fuck you!”

“You need to be faster, like a bunny,” he stated, simply. “Come.” He half-pushed, half-dragged me to the bathroom and pushed me towards the shower.

“Shower,” he ordered, as he stepped in front of the door and clasped his hands together again. I glowered at him for a moment, but complied, feeling my dick starting to grow. If Scott wasn’t going to be around all day to abuse me, Marcos was the next best thing. I quickly got myself cleaned up as Marcos watched silently, his face devoid of expression. As soon as I turned off the shower and grabbed a towel, Marcos turned and disappeared into the bedroom. I took my time drying off, enjoying the impossibly soft towel against my skin. The need to piss had been growing all morning, and I stepped over to the toilet to relieve myself.

“No,” Marcos stated gruffly, startling me. “Bunny must sit.”

“Are you serious?” I blanched, but Marcos’ expression told me everything I needed to know. I begrudgingly put the toilet seat down and sat, feeling my dick grow again. I used one hand to aim it downwards while Marcos stood there and watched. I finished and flushed, as Marcos grabbed me by the arm again and pulled me into the bedroom.

“There,” he pointed to the bed and a set of clothes that were laid out. “Your uniform for the day. Get dressed.” It was an outfit very similar to his: a pair of black spandex tights and a matching shirt, underneath a military-style pants and shirt combination. A pair of black military boots and a nylon belt finished up the look. Marcos took a step back to get a better look at me.

“Excellent, little bunny. You’ll blend in nicely.”

I gave him a curious look. “Blend in?”

“A disguise, I think? Like a zebra. If you look like me, harder for the bad guys to tell who is who.” I nodded, understanding.

“Ok, turn around and put your arms out,” he ordered. I dutifully did as he asked, and was surprised when he grabbed my arms and pinned them against he

back of my head with one arm. Simultaneously, he used his foot to kick my leg out so I was awkwardly standing with my legs spread out. I could feel his hot breath on my ear as he used his free hand to thoroughly frisk me, starting at my chest and working his way down. When he reached my dick he spent his time groping me, getting me worked up.

"That's a good little bunny," he growled in my ear. "I know what you're waiting for." All I could do was whimper softly in reply. I could feel what I suspected was his dick pressing against the part of my back where it met my butt. He continued frisking me, moving up and down both of my legs, before he was satisfied and stepped back.

"Don't move," he ordered. I remained still, hands on my head and legs wide. He fiddled with something that sounded metallic behind me, before I he pulled one hand behind my back and slapped a handcuff on it. The process was repeated with my other hand, leaving me helplessly restrained.

"I can't have the little bunny getting into anything that could compromise security," he mused.

I tugged at the cuffs to test them, but they held fast, big surprise there. Marcos wrapped grabbed the chain connecting the cuffs and marched me out of the bedroom, into the rest of the house. It had been dark when we got in the night before, but now in the light of day I could see how big Scott's house was. I knew he was well-off when we were chatting online, but this was more than I'd expected.

"Keep going," Marcos pushed me forward with his hand on my shoulder. I tried to twist out from under him but he was too strong. We wound our way through the house in short order and into the basement garage. With the lights on, I could now see that the space was much larger than I'd initially thought. In fact, there was an entire barracks down here, filled with a team of equally buff, identically dressed bodyguards. Jesus, what the hell was Scott into? What had I gotten myself into? I didn't have time to dwell on this, as Marcos ushered me past the guards and into the garage portion. No one paid us any heed, out of professionalism or something else, I couldn't decide. He walked me up to an intimidating looking SUV and pushed me up against the side, holding me in place with one hand while he used the other to open the door. I was unceremoniously half-lifted, half-shoved into the back of the SUV before he

slammed the door shut behind me.

The space I was in was best described as a cage, the kind you'd find in the back of a police car. In fact, the more I looked around, the more I came to believe this was actually a police car. The windows were all heavily tinted, with bars bolted over them, and a plexiglass partition separating the cage from the driver. I watched Marcos as he walked around the front of the SUV while I tried to settle into the seat. Luckily the back had a space carved out for my cuffed wrists. Marcos clambered into the driver's seat and smiled at me through the rear view mirror.

"Are you comfortable back there, little bunny?" He asked.

I shrugged, and he chuckled. "Good. Being uncomfortable will help little bunny turn into a mighty tiger like me one day." The SUV turned on and we pulled out, the security guard outside on the street waving us past. I watched through the bars as we drove down the wide avenues of the city, passing by massive glass skyscrapers and blocks of people going about their business.

"Are you a cop?" I asked, when the sightseeing grew dull.

"Hmm?" Marcos looked up at me through the mirror.

"This is a cop car, right?" I gestured with my shoulders. "Is this like a part time job or something?"

Marcos wagged his finger at me and chuckled. "You might be the size of a little bunny, but you have the brain of a wise owl." We turned down another avenue, this one lined with beautifully flowering trees.

"No, I'm not a cop. Mister Scott just prefers security over, aesthetics, I think?"

"He doesn't care how it looks, so long as it's safe?" Marcos nodded again. He suddenly swung the SUV across several lanes of traffic, darted down a driveway and deep into a parking structure. We drove a little further before he backed into a spot between two pillars. Between the window tint and the lack of lights outside, I couldn't see anything.

"I'll be right back, don't go anywhere," he instructed.

"Fat chance," I mumbled. Marcos stepped out and slammed the door, but left the car running so the AC stayed on. Once he was out of sight I decided to test the cage. Carefully, I rotated myself so I was lying on the seat, and reared my legs back. I slammed my booted feet into the bars as hard as I could, but it only made a dull banging sound. I tried again, as fast and hard as I could, but it was no use.

The bars didn't budge. Not that I had expected anything different, but it was always fun to try and escape. I rotated so I was facing the front of the car and tried to smash the plexiglass divider. I pretty much got the same result as the bars, just with a lot more noise. A few moments later the door on my left sprung open to reveal Marcos with a grumpy look on his face.

"Little bunny why are you trying to escape?" He asked, chidingly. "I'll have to put a stop to that." He grabbed my belt and used it to pull me over towards him, before he pulled out a pair of leg shackles. In a blur of motion, I found my ankles cuffed through a ring in the floor, preventing me from moving more than a few inches. He pulled the seatbelt around me and buckled it, ensuring that I would be staying put.

"Perfect," he smiled broadly, before patting me on the cheek and slamming the door shut. Marcos slid back into the driver's seat and we pulled out. I tugged at my new shackles, but there wasn't anything I could do about it.

We drove out of the garage and back into the city. Most of the day was spent like that. Marcos would drive us somewhere and disappear for a few minutes while I struggled against my restraints. Between the thickness of my boots and the cavity in the back of the seat, the cuffs weren't hurting me too bad, but I was still starting to get a little sore.

"Hey man, how long are you gonna keep me cuffed like this?" I asked, trying to sound casual. Marcos didn't take his eyes off the road.

"Once, when I was still a little bunny in training, they made me spend a week like that. Hands cuffed behind my back, eating out of a bowl." The SUV changed lanes to pass a bus. "This is step one to being a tiger. Deal with uncomfortable predicaments." The fact that I was going to be stuck like this, for an indeterminate period started to turn me on again. I squeezed my legs together to try and get some pleasure out of it and just enjoy the sensation.

We drove around for a few more hours before Marcos' phone rang. I listened to his side of the short conversation.

"Yes? I can do that. Of course. Give me 10 minutes." He hung up, grinned at me devilishly, and sped up.

"What was that about?" I demanded, but he ignored me. It was starting to rain slightly as we pulled into an alley. Marcos was looking for something, driving along slowly. We stopped suddenly, and Marcos leapt out. He opened the

door and set about un-cuffing one of my ankles and undoing the seatbelt. Roughly, I was pulled out of the SUV and dragged over towards a pole I hadn't noticed before. It was raining harder now, and the air was getting cooler. Marcos undid one of the cuffs around my wrist, yanked both arms around the pole and re-applied the cuff. The process was repeated with my ankles, before he unceremoniously pushed me to my knees. The final step was to tie a cloth over my eyes, depriving me of sight. I don't know how long I spent there, kneeling in the mud, water dripping off my nose, but it felt like an eternity. Just when I was about to start begging Marcos to release me, I heard a noise. It sounded like a motorcycle, but it stopped over near where the SUV was parked. I tried to look around, willing my eyes to see through the cloth, but it was no use. Then I heard footsteps approaching, slowly, quietly. I could sense that someone was stopped right in front of me.

"Marcos?" I called out, hoping he was nearby, but there was nothing. "Oh god, please..." I started to beg, but was interrupted by a new sound. A long zipper being pulled down.

Instinctually, I knew it was Scott, but that fact was lost on me at that moment in time. They stepped closer, so close that I could smell a mixture of sweat and leather. It was intoxicating. A gloved hand grabbed my face, forcing my mouth open. In the next instant, my mouth was filled with a rock hard cock, forcing itself deeper into my face. At first I gagged, gasping for breath, but eventually got into the swing of it. Before too long I started to taste his pre-cum, and he pulled back so I could tease the head of his dick with my tongue.

A gloved hand ran itself through my hair before grabbing a fistful and pulling my head so I was facing upwards, mouth agape, a line of drool dribbling onto my shirt. I could hear my abuser jerking themselves off, a very distinctive sound. This lasted for a little while before he forced his dick back in my mouth. I alternated between sucking the shaft and licking the head for another few minutes before I felt him suddenly tense up. He came, hard, spurting at least a dozen times, right at the back of my throat. I swallowed every drop of his cum, taking care to make sure his head was spotlessly clean.

He pulled himself out and I expected someone to release my cuffs, but all I heard for a few moments was the sound of rain falling. I became aware of just how turned on I was at this point. There was definitely a wet spot on the spandex

tights under my uniform, and it wasn't from the rain. Suddenly, I was hit by something wet and warm, which slowly moved its way up from my groin to my chest, then my face. The smell hit me all at once, the rank odor of piss. I struggled to turn my face away, but he was too close for me to stop it. His stream hit my lips and invaded my nostrils.

"Fuc- no!" I sputtered and protested as much as I could, struggling against the cuffs holding me in place. The taste wasn't as bad as I had expected, hell the entire ordeal was one of the hottest things I'd ever done, but fighting against it just felt right. A hand grabbed me by the hair, holding me in place as the stream of urine blasted the spot between my nose and mouth. The smell, the taste, was pervasive.

Finally, his bladder empty, my abuser stepped back and I had an opportunity to catch my breath. "Holy... Jesus," was all I could gasp. He remained silent, simply zipping up his suit. The sound of footsteps retreating, a motorcycle starting up and pulling out.³ Slowly the noise faded until there was nothing but raindrops again.

Marcos' voice close to my ear startled me. "You need a bath, little bunny." I must have drifted off for a moment. Carefully, I nodded, plotting my next move. I sensed Marcos bending down to undo the leg cuffs, then the handcuffs. As soon as I felt him pull it off my wrist, I pushed off with my feet, trying to knock Marcos off balance. It partially worked, but I hadn't expect his meaty arm to wrap around my stomach that quickly and knock the wind out of me. Without the will to fight, he easily dragged me back to the SUV and tossed me in the back, not even bothering to reapply the cuffs. I pushed the blindfold out of my face and decided to err on the side of laying on the floor for the time being. He wordlessly got back in the driver's seat and we peeled out.

As it turned out, we weren't far from Scott's place, and a few minutes we were pulling into the garage. Marcos got out, and instead of getting me immediately he disappeared for a few minutes, leaving me to stew in the back of the SUV. The AC wasn't running this time, and the car began to heat up quickly. I could already feel sweat beading on my forehead. If Marcos was going to be gone much longer I'd have to start taking off clothes.

Luckily, he returned a few minutes later, opening the door and gesturing for me to haul myself out. I was a mess. Covered in piss and drool, legcuffs

clattering along the floor, uniform all askew. Just like this morning though, the other guards paid no attention to me.

I followed Marcos deeper into the security complex, down a series of halls and into a small room. Squarely in the middle of the floor was a simple metal chair, and what turned out to be a bundle of black zip ties as I got closer. Marcos picked these up and pointed to the chair. "Sit," he ordered. I did as he told me, unsure if he was angry that I'd tried to get the drop on him earlier, or if this was all in good fun. Marcos quickly used the zip ties to strap my arms and legs down to the chair, careful to make sure that my skin wasn't getting pinched. I tested my bonds and found them to be sufficiently strong.

"Oh little bunny, you are so cute," Marcos chuckled at me. So not that, I guess? Someone outside was walking down the hallway, and before too long Scott entered the room, smiling broadly, still wearing the leathers he'd put on this morning, and presumably fucked my face in. He walked around the chair and stood next to Marcos, observing me.

"So, how'd your newest recruit do today?" He asked, as he walked over and ran a still-gloved hand over my chest.

Marcos made a thumbs up gesture. "Still a little bunny for sure, but before too long, the bunny will be a big strong tiger like me."

Scott pinched my nipple, hard, sending a wave of pleasure and pain through my body. "Excellent!" He tilted my head up with a single finger under my chin. "You look so hot in that uniform, I'm so glad you and I had a chance to get properly acquainted earlier." I smiled and he bent down to kiss me, invading my mouth once again, but this time with his tongue. I wanted so badly to reach up and embrace him, but the zip ties ensured I couldn't do that.

"We'll need to do something about that hair, before anything else, I think. What do you say, Marcos?"

The bodyguard smiled and crossed his arms. "I think you're right. Long hair is a security risk." I shifted uneasily in my chair. My visit here was supposed to last a month, that should be enough time to grow my hair back out before I went home, right? Marcos grabbed a small case off a shelf in the corner and knelt down to open it. I watched him with rapt fascination until Scott's hand grabbed a handful of hair and wrenched my head up and back. He stared deep into my eyes, which were starting to water under the strain of the position. I struggled to

reach out and touch him, but he shifted out of the way. Finally he released me when Marcos stood up, hair clippers in his hand.

“What do you want, boss? Crew cut? Shaved?” He asked. Scott smiled, and turned, his leathers creaking, making a heavenly sound. “This is your recruit, your pick.”

Marcos looked me up and down, pondering for a second. I tugged at the zip ties again, just to add to the effect. Once he looked like he’d made a decision, he stepped behind me and wrapped one of his python-like arms around my neck, holding my head in place. I struggled to break his hold, but it was no use. With his free hand he began running the clippers through my hair, shearing off huge chunks that wafted down and landed in my lap. Scott watched from a distance, a bemused look on his face. Marcos obviously knew what he was doing, and quickly finished up, switching guards on the clippers once to go over the middle part of my head. I had a feeling what he was doing...

Marcos clicked the clippers off and tossed them into the box, and bent down to pick up a mirror. Scott sidled up, his crossed arms making his arm muscles bulge out even more. “Damn, Marcos. That is one hot fuckin’ recruit.”

“Thank you, Mister Scott,” He turned to me and held up the mirror, facing away from me. “Ready to see?” I nodded, and he flipped the mirror around. Truth be told, I almost didn’t recognize myself, but the person glowering back at me, fresh mohawk, wearing a trashed uniform looked indescribably hot. So this was what my vacation with Scott was going to be like. I could get behind that. I nodded approvingly, and the three of us smiled.

Marcos snipped the zip ties off and released me from the chair before we headed back towards the kitchen. One of the other guards had prepared a simple meal for us, which we wolfed down. As soon as he finished, Scott excused himself, something about more work to do upstairs. Once he’d stomped out of sight (he was still wearing that damn hot suit!), Marcos sniffed loudly.

“Oof. Bunny, you smell terrible. I think it is time for a shower.”

Being able to smell myself, I nodded in agreement. He stood and gestured for me to follow him. I finished my last forkful of rice and trotted after him. Evidently the security block also had a set of dorms for the guards, and Marcos’ was the largest, at the end of a long hallway. It was a modest apartment, sparsely furnished, which seemed fitting for him. I followed him through his bedroom

where he stopped me and finally removed the cuffs from earlier. The leg cuff had been tucked into the top of my boot at some point, but the handcuff was still swinging freely.

"Strip," he ordered. I dutifully started pulling off my clothes, and tossed them on the floor. Marcos picked up the uniform shirt and flung it at my face.

"No, bunny. You fold your uniform when you take it off. Every time."

"Oh, sorry," I mumbled, but he shook his head again.

"You mean 'Yes, Sir', little bunny. Look me in the eyes. You need to start acting like a good soldier."

"Yes, Sir," I stated, sure to make eye contact this time. He smiled, and gestured with one hand. "Continue."

I carefully folded the uniform top, then the spandex shirt when I pulled it off. The boots turned out to have a zipper along the side, which made pulling them off a piece of cake. With my pants and the tights neatly folded and stacked up, I stood before Marcos totally naked, while he looked me up and down.

"Yes, this I can work with," he muttered, making a clicking sound with his tongue. "Alright little bunny, lets get you cleaned up." He put a hand on the back of my neck and guided me into the bathroom, which had a very nice walk in shower. With his free hand he leaned over and turned on the shower, and once it was warm enough, I was gently shoved in. Not gonna lie, it felt amazing, especially after the day I'd had. I watched through the rapidly fogging glass as Marcos got undressed, careful to fold his uniform just like he'd instructed me. Once he was undressed he opened the door to the shower and stepped in, making the space immediately seem more cramped.

Marcos had a gorgeous body: supple pecs, thick biceps, and trunk-like thighs with a massive cock hanging between them. I reached out and placed a hand on his breast, to which he responded by wrapping both his arms around me and pulling me in to his chest. If the shower felt good, this felt a hundred times more amazing. It was a sensation of sexual tension thick enough to cut with a knife, combined with feeling impossibly safe. I could already feel myself becoming aroused, and Marcos' dick seemed to be feeling the same way. Slowly I worked my way down to his shaft and started pumping it, slowly.

"No no, bunny," he stopped me. "You need to be clean." He reached around me and grabbed a bottle of soap, squeezing a dollop out onto my back. Marcos

spun me around and started washing my back, his rough hands gliding effortlessly over my skin with the soap. He delicately scrubbed my body, deftly manipulating me like a puppet, careful to clean every square inch. As usual, he focused a lot of attention on my groin, making sure I was fully excited, because why not? He moved down my legs, lifting one foot and scrubbing the sole before repeating the process with the other. I had to lean over and brace myself against the side of the shower to keep from falling over.

I tried to stand back up when he was done, but he placed a hand on my neck and told me to stay. Marcos grabbed the shampoo and started washing what little of my hair was left. With one hand wrapped around my neck, he used the other to run his fingers through my mohawk, grabbing it slightly at times. When he was done, he used both hands to force my head under the running water, rinsing the soap out. As I sputtered to keep the water out of my nose and mouth, I felt his arms wrapping around me while my hands stayed on the wall. His dick was starting to get hard again after it had softened somewhat, and I could feel it brushing against the back of my thigh. After what felt like forever, he pulled my head out from under the stream and embraced me in a tight bear hug I had no chance of escaping. When I tried to reach for his cock, he roughly spun me around and gave me a devilish smile. He slowly guided my head down his chest until his nipple was aligned with my mouth.

"Suck it," he ordered, but I kept my mouth closed, looking up at him with what I hoped was a defiant look. He put a hand on my nipple and started pinching, while his other hand grabbed a handful of hair. I winced and hissed through my teeth in pain.

"Suck my nipple, little bunny." I still refused and he pinched down even harder. When I opened my mouth to scream he stifled it by shoving his breast in my face, and I started licking his nipple. Almost immediately a soft groan emanated from his lips, and his cock twitched between my legs. I reached down and flipped it upwards, sandwiched between us, and he started grinding softly.

"Good little bunny," he moaned, lost in ecstasy. My head was maneuvered so I could work on his other nipple, and he ground his dick into my abdomen even harder. I pushed back, enjoying the sensation. Marcos slid his hand in between us and started stroking his cock. He started slowly, but quickly sped up. I reached to help, but he pushed me against the wall, one hand wrapped around my neck,

slowly choking me. A bead of pre-cum oozed out of his dick, and he paused to wipe it up with a finger. The next thing I knew, I was licking it off, the second one today. He smiled at me and tightened his grip over the arteries in my neck. Helplessly, I clawed at his arm, trying to pull him off, but it was no use. I was starting to get lightheaded, but he kept stroking himself. It felt like an eternity passed, until he finally grunted loudly and came, ropes of cum spurting all over my stomach and crotch. The hand around my throat loosened up enough for me to catch my breath and let my blood start flowing again.

Marcos pulled me back under the water and rinsed his jizz off me. He patted my head when I groaned as I watched it all go to waste. "Next time, I promise." I was ordered to stay in the shower while Marcos stepped out to grab towels for both of us. When he returned, his towel was wrapped loosely around his waist. Instead of handing me a towel, Marcos started drying me off, softly holding me in place by the shoulder, then my hip as he worked his way down my body.

"Good little bunny," he cooed softly. I blushed as I started to get aroused again. Marcos was really starting to find my buttons.

He finished up and tossed the towel on the floor outside the shower. "Ok, that should do for now, little bunny." Marcos gestured for me to step out.

"Mister Scott is waiting for you upstairs," he snatched a pair of tiny shorts off the counter and handed them to me. "Go get a good nights sleep, the real training starts tomorrow." I bent down and pulled the shorts up, barely squeezing them over my waist.

"Real training," I asked, but Marcos just shook his head and smiled.

"You'll see. Run along now," he gave me a hearty slap on the ass that sent me scampering. I felt utterly exposed, wandering through the security block and past the guards. As always, they ignored me as I passed through the kitchen and then the garage. Luckily I'm good at directions, and I quickly found my way back to Scott's bedroom. He was still awake, reading over some papers in bed, but he pushed them aside when I came in.

"How was your day," he asked, gesturing for me to crawl into the bed. I went to flop down, but he grabbed me first and I nuzzled into his chiseled chest.

I must have passed out the night before, because the next thing I knew, Scott was gently shaking me awake in bed.

"Hey sleepy bunny," he smiled. "Busy day ahead, it's time to get up." I smiled

back and groaned as I stretched out my stiff limbs. Scott ran his hand down my abdomen and then under my shorts, instantly getting me excited as fuck. He growled softly as I whimpered, still horny from yesterday's events. Scott abruptly stopped and leapt out of bed, throwing the covers off of us in the process. I shivered against the sudden blast of cold air.

"Aww, cold bunny?" Scott taunted me. "Don't worry, we'll get you warmed up quickly." He tossed me a spandex a-shirt which I pulled on while he rustled around in his closet for something. I admired myself in the mirror, the combination of spandex and shorts leaving almost nothing to the imagination. Scott tossed a pair of shoes out onto the floor next to me.

"Gear up," he gestured at them. I sat down on the floor and began to work the shoes onto my feet. They were a pair of old adidas wrestling shoes that came up over my ankle. I tightly laced them up and stood so Scott could get a good look at me as he stepped out of his closet.

"Mmmmm you're a good looking bunny," he admired. Scott's outfit this morning was a tight black and yellow spandex top, with a pair of matching shiny satin boxing shorts and sneakers. He pulled on a pair of yellow, fingerless gloves and wrapped the Velcro closed around them.

"Right back at you," I replied. "Sir," I added hastily, when he started to correct me.

"Alright, come on, we're meeting Marcos downstairs," Scott stated, walking out of the bedroom. I trailed after him as we wound our way back through the house, into the security block, and into the gym. Marcos was already there when we arrived, rolling a bunch of punching bags into place.

"Good morning sir," he addressed Scott before turning to me. "Hello little bunny, did you sleep well?"

I nodded. "Sure did."

"Excellent," he clapped his hands together. "Let's get warmed up." I followed along as best I could as Marcos and Scott stretched out and limbered up. My track record vis-a-vis going to the gym had been abysmal up until Scott had ordered me to start going two weeks before I arrived. I definitely didn't feel as winded as I had expected to.

Once we'd been sufficiently warmed up, Scott stepped over to the punching bags and started an intense looking kickboxing routine. As the sounds of

punches and kicking filled the space, Marcos and I stepped to the other side of the room.

“Ok little bunny, now we begin the job of making you stronger like me,” he stated. Marcos handed me a sheet of paper, with different exercises illustrated, and the number of reps I needed to do. Fairly straight forward. I dropped to the floor and started going through the reps while Marcos watched and corrected my form once or twice. Once he was satisfied that I wasn’t going to hurt myself he started going through the same exercises on the floor next to me. I tried to watch Scott work through his routine, but I couldn’t quite focus on him and get through my sets, so I focused on myself. The instructions said to go through everything five times, which took us about half an hour. Marcos managed to catch up to me easily, and finished while I was still halfway through my first set. I grumbled at him a little while he rolled over on his back.

“It’s good little bunny, one day you’ll be faster than me.”

“Dude, I seriously doubt that,” I chuckled. Scott finished whatever he was doing with one final shout and a kick that almost knocked one of the bags over. He took a moment to catch his breath, breathing deeply while we watched idly. If my workout had left me a little sweaty, Scott was absolutely drenched. His spandex outfit was covered in sweat stains, and it was visibly dripping off of his face.

“Mister Scott go get some water,” Marcos ordered. Scott nodded and strode out of the gym. I guess the balance of power shifted when it came to workout time. Marcos tapped me on the shoulder and gestured for me to turn around.

“Let’s try some sparring, just to see what I have to work with,” he said, standing. “Alright,” I replied, “But I’ll warn you, I have zero idea what I’m doing.” I leapt to my feet and assumed what I hoped was a decent fighting stance. It wasn’t a lie, I knew how to throw a punch, but that was about it.

“Alright then little bunny, bring it on.” Marcos thumped his chest and gestured for me to come at him. I pushed off with my left foot and aimed my fist for Marcos’ chest, but he easily sidestepped me and grabbed my other arm. I spun around and tried to free myself, but the position had me totally off-balance. Marcos suddenly released me and shoved me away. Once I had myself reoriented, he gestured for me to attack him again, so I tried leading off with a kick. This didn’t end well either, and I duly had both my leg and an arm trapped

in his vice-like grip.

"Goddammit," I swore. Marcos smiled and batted the side of my head with a free hand. "Come on little bunny, surely you have more than that." He pushed me back and let me get myself squared away. Scott walked back up just then, plastic water bottle in one hand.

"How's my bunny," he asked Marcos? The guard waggled his hand. "So-so. Lots of promise though." He turned to me and thumped his chest again. "One more time, little bunny."

I went all-in on this one, jumping at him so he'd be forced to catch me. To his credit, he did catch me, but before I could take advantage of it both of us were on the floor. Marcos had me pinned down with my arms wrenched behind my back. I struggled to free myself but Marcos outweighed me 2 to 1, and that wasn't even counting how strong he was. My legs weren't of any use either. Marcos' body was too far up on my back for me to kick him, and I couldn't get enough of a foothold to push him off me.

Scott toss his water bottle on the ground and sauntered over, a smug grin on his face.

"Well well, looks like we've got a trapped bunny here." He sat down cross legged in front of me. "What should we do about this?" I fought to escape again, but didn't manage to get anywhere. Goddammit I'm supposed to be better than this. Scott idly rubbed his dick through his pants. He was already getting hard.

"Little help?" He asked Marcos with a raised eyebrow. Marcos obliged by rotating me so my head wasn't squashed into the floor. Scott scooted closer so that my face was right in his crotch. I could feel the heat and smell of sweat radiating off him, even more intoxicating than yesterday. Scott grabbed me by the hair and forced my mouth onto his dick through the spandex. All I could taste was the saltiness of his sweat. He gently massaged his cock while I grunted softly and tried to fit more of it in my mouth. All his gorgeous spandex was getting in the way though. I traced the head of his dick with my tongue, which sent him over the edge.

Scott pulled down the front of his tights, whipped his cock out and slammed it down my throat. I gagged at first, but quickly regained my composure and went to work, gently massaging the shaft with my tongue.

He moaned approvingly, grunting with exertion as he fucked my face. Marcos

continued to keep my arms pinned behind my back, while my hands sought out and found his cock. I started massaging through his fatigue pants and I was rewarded with a quiet, pleasurable grunt from him in my ear, warm breath cascading over my neck.

This went on for several minutes until Scott suddenly seized up and blew his load in my mouth, pumping at least a dozen times. I made sure to swallow every drop of his seed, and clean off his dick as best I could before he pulled out. While Scott got himself recombobulated, Marcos shifted, moving my hands aside and aggressively grinding my ass through our clothes. His thrusting slowly increased in speed and intensity, only stopping when Scott broke the silence with a quick, sharp "Marcos!".

"Next time, little bunny," Marcos grunted in my ear, in an accent he'd masked up until this point. The bodyguard rolled off me and sprung to his feet in one movement, leaving me prone on the floor. I rolled over and pushed myself to my feet much less gracefully.

"Hmm," Scott considered me, arms crossed, spandex-clad biceps still bulging from his workout. "I wanna see how my gear looks on you. Strip," he commanded. I quickly pilled off my gear and piled it on the floor while he did the same. He handed me his still-soaked spandex tights and shirt. I quickly wrestled my way into them, and immediately enjoyed his scent filling my nostrils. "Flex for me," he instructed. "Show it off."

I lifted my arms and flexed my arms and abs. I wasn't as mindblowingly gorgeous as Scott, but I was still happy with what I saw. Scott agreed. "Goddamn you're a hot one," he stepped over to me and lifted my chin with a finger. "And all mine."

"Yes sir," I replied confidently. He socked the side of my face softly as Marcos came back in just then, carrying two buckets. "He'll cover your training today," Scott told me, as he wandered off towards the small locker room. I wandered over to Marcos, who pulled a long length of chain out of one of the buckets.

"Arms up, little bunny," he commanded. I lifted my arms over my head and he quickly wrapped a few loops around my waist.

"What about Scott's gear?" I asked. It was still damp and I was starting to get cold.

"It's fine," he shrugged. A padlock in the back ensured that the chain wasn't

going anywhere. It weighed about ten pounds, I'd guess. Marcos wasn't finished though, diving into another bucket and pulling out two bundles of leather. He knelt down and wrapped one of them around one of my ankles. It was surprisingly heavy.

"Ankle weights?" I asked. Marcos nodded. "With a twist," he added, as I heard the sound of a lock clicking closed. I looked down and was surprised to see that the ankle weights were attached to a locking strap, ensuring that they weren't coming off. "Oh, I see," I said. Marcos smirked at me before he locked the second weight around my other ankle.

"Give them a try," he gestured. I took a few tentative strides around the gym and felt like I was walking underwater. "Good," Marcos observed. "Almost done." I walked back over to him and he attached the ankle weights together with a couple of padlocks and a short length of chain. If the weights were keeping me from running before, being hobbled like this meant I wasn't going anywhere quickly. A pair of handcuffs went around my wrists and were padlocked to the chain around my waist. The last piece of my predicament for the day turned out to be a gas mask. Marcos pulled it out of one of the buckets and held it up to my face. I took a breath, which turned out to be much harder than I'd expected. "Altitude training mask," Marcos explained, as he pulled the straps over my head. "Simulates the oxygen content of the air at higher altitudes." I took another breath, inhaling deeply to get as much oxygen as possible. Trying to force the mask off proved fruitless, the handcuffs kept my hands away from the straps. Marcos moved one of the buckets to a pole on one side of the gym and chained it there, before stepping out of the room with the other bucket. I waddled over to the bucket, curious what the plan was, but there weren't any clues to be had.

Marcos returned a few minutes later, and chained the second bucket to a pole opposite the first one, as far from the first bucket as possible. He sauntered over to me with an evil grin on his face. "Today, you learn how to move water. With this," he brandished a small spoon from behind his back.

"Move the water from that bucket," he gestured with the spoon, "to the other." He gestured to the empty bucket. "Simple, no?" I nodded, still struggling to breathe through the mask. "Good! I'll check on you later then." He handed me the spoon and spun on his heel, striding out of the gym and slamming the door

shut behind him.

With no choice but to do as I was told, I made my way over to the full bucket, an exhausting process in and of itself. When I got there, I realized I'd need to kneel down to get any water in the spoon. I quickly realized it was going to be a very long day. I managed to get some water in the spoon before slowly getting back up to my feet and shuffled over towards the empty bucket. After only two steps though, I'd managed to slosh the water all over the floor and I repeated the filling process. This time I managed about halfway across the gym before the spoon was empty. It took me several trips to get one spoonful successfully deposited in the other bucket, but I eventually got the hang of it.

After the first hour though, I was exhausted. My legs felt like they were on fire and my arms were sore. Most of the sweat on Scott's gear that I was wearing had been replaced with my own. Of course I kept getting strong whiffs of myself through the gas mask's narrowed opening. My breathing was ragged and my lungs hurt, which I didn't think was possible. All of this, and there was barely enough water in the bucket to cover the bottom of it. I knew better than to look at my progress but I couldn't help being dismayed at how little of an impact I'd made.

Nevertheless, I kept at it, slowly crisscrossing the gym, moving delicately to keep from spilling anything out of the spoon. At one point, Marcos came in and strapped a bag to my back and a tube leading out of it to a port on the mask. I quickly discovered that the mask had a built in drinking tube, and I was delighted to finally get some water since I felt like I'd sweated out most of my fluids. Marcos left me and I resumed my task.

Much later, Marcos and Scott came back to release me, Marcos removing several pounds of restraints and chain while Scott unwrapped a tasteless protein bar for me to gnaw on. Before too long I was free enough to pull off Scott's now-trashed workout gear, the spandex so soaked with sweat that it was basically transparent. I tossed it aside with a wet sounding thud on the floor and stretched out my aching limbs.

"Eugh, you smell terrible," observed Scott with a laugh. "Go shower off and come find me when you're done." I nodded and trotted off to the locker room. Being able to move this freely felt amazing! I stepped into the shower stall and cranked the water on, keeping it on the cool side. If walking freely felt good,

washing the accumulated sweat off my body felt even better. I quickly cleaned myself up and toweled off. When I stepped out of the shower I found that a jockstrap had been laid out for me, presumably my uniform for the evening. I quickly pulled them on, got everything situated in the pouch, and headed off to find Scott.

Up the stairs and into the main level of the house, I plodded across the floors, my bare feet making small noises as I went. Scott was in the kitchen, cooking something that smelled delicious after the ordeal I'd been through earlier. I slid into a seat at the bar across from the stove and watched Scott cook. We talked while he worked, mostly about superficial things. When I mentioned that I needed to do some school work soon, Scott smirked at me and pulled a black case out from one of the cabinets.

"Open it," he suggested, as he put it on the counter and slid it over to me. I tentatively sprung the latch and opened the box. Inside, securely nestled in layers of foam, was a small black box with two straps coming out of the sides. Next to it, a small plastic tool was similarly encased in the foam.

"What is this?" I asked, as I pulled the device out of the case and set it on the counter.

Scott smiled and stepped around the counter to me. "Well, Marcos and I can't be here all the time to keep an eye on you, and the city isn't safe for someone like you on your own. So we got this little tool to make sure you stay put." He sat down on the stool next to me and patted his leg. "Give me your foot." I lifted it up and put it on his thigh. Scott grabbed the device and wrapped the straps around my leg, just above the ankle. After making sure it was tight, but not too tight, Scott squeezed the buckle on the straps tightly between his finger and palm, before tugging on them to make sure everything was secure.

"All set," he stated, happily. "This ankle monitor is configured to alert us if you leave the compound. It'll go off if you try to take it off, even if you cut the strap. Looks like you're stuck here for now, little bunny." Scott patted my face lovingly and I could feel myself becoming aroused. He returned to the stove and prepared a plate of food for both of us. I wolfed mine down and got a second plate at Scott's behest. "You need to keep your energy up for your training."

I was quickly falling asleep as Scott finished his dinner, and he helped walk me upstairs to the bedroom. The ankle monitor was a constant sensation around

my leg, jostling with every step, something that would take time to adjust to. I barely had time to think about it though, as Scott got me tucked into bed and I fell right asleep.

Hazy sunlight filtering in through the blinds roused me from my sleep the next morning. I was alone in bed, if Scott had slept next to me I hadn't woken up enough to notice. Rotating out of bed, I felt something around my ankle and remembered the ankle monitor from the night before. Of course this triggered a new round of excitement that the jockstrap could barely contain. I managed to suppress that feeling, for the moment, to take in my surroundings.

I hadn't woken up on Scott's bedroom, in fact, this room looked like it was a guest room. This idea was further reinforced when I checked in the dresser along the far wall and found nothing but spare sheets and comforters. I sighed and went to find Scott or Marcos.

Day 3 - Daddy dom. Dinner, overnight visit. Discipline, tighty whities, 'boy', spanking

Day XX - Marcos' revenge

Day XX - Scott and Marcos switch

Day XX - Loincloth-only trip

Day XX - Visiting Carl and his boy, Michael (curly black hair, olive skin, muscly)

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 2. https://78.media.tumblr.com/f0a905cc276e39cfdfbae8cfbf4a00f6/tumblr_p622tkQwci1x9jhk3o1_1280.jpg
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