

Mario's Newly Caged Life

"Bye Honey!" I shouted as I waved to my wife and children as the Uber drove them down the long driveway of our house. The large iron gate that surrounded the house swung open, allowing the car to leave the property, and then immediately slam shut behind them. I could see our two kids waving in the back of the window as the car drove off into the distance. I would miss all of them, but it would be nice to have a weekend to myself and no work on top of that. Being a family man was rough, so this weekend was well-deserved and appreciated. I would even say it was even more rough than being a celebrity most days. I turned around into my large mansion-like house and slammed the door behind me, ready to spend my weekend without wife or kids.

Thirty minutes later I was in my underwear, a beer in one hand, the tv remote in the other, and I was aimlessly flipping through the channels. What better way to start the weekend off right.

"No. No. No." I said as I turned channels and finally stopped on TV land, surprisingly myself with a Save By the Bell marathon. I gave a soft chuckle as I watched myself walk onto camera, and received a resounding applause from the studio audience. It was always weird to watch myself on television, especially the older shows from the nineties. "A. C Slater," I said aloud as I watched myself pose for the camera in a sleeveless cutoff shirt and a pair of short gym shorts. My cock sat heavily in the front of those shorts while my latino ass stretched the backside to its capacity. I remembered fondly all the girls smacking my cheeks playfully or grabbing at my muscles whenever we were between takes. My cock thickened in my underwear at the memories of the fun times that were had behind the scenes. I rubbed my thick uncut cock as I watched the girls come in and out of view, remembering the blow jobs I got hiding just off screen.

"Fuck," I moaned as my heavy balls bounced against my hand as I lazily rubbed my cock. The scene changed from the girls and was back to me. I was working out, as per usual. I watched my younger self lift weights effortlessly in my revealing shorts. Each of my cheeks peeked out from underneath the shorts which received many hoots and hollers from the girls and guys of the audience. Watching the show it was no surprise that I was a gay sex symbol in the nineties. I tossed the remote into the corner of the couch and propped my muscular thighs onto the coffee and slid into the couch and continued to watch the show and rub my cock. What better way to spend my first night alone then reminiscing about the past and jerking off to memories of freer times. I made it through three full episodes before I drifted off sleep with my cock hard and my hand in my underwear.

Hours later I awoke to a loud crash that came from inside my house.

“Huh!” I groaned as I rolled off the couch to my feet. “Courtney?” I called out to the darkness as I stumbled through the house. I didn’t expect her home until Monday. Maybe something wrong happened with the trip? My hard dick bounced as I walked across the wooden floors, begging for release. “Hello?” I shouted before I tucked my cock into the side of my underwear and walked into the kitchen. My posture and attitude immediately changed when I saw the backdoor hanging open and broken glass scattered among the floor. I heard a thump behind me, but before I was able to turn and see who was behind me I felt a cloth place over my mouth. I had seen more than enough movies to know what was being placed against my face. I bucked like a wild horse, as I fought against the unknown assailant. I could feel an arm wrap around my torso, pushing against my pectorals as my vision grew foggy. I pushed backwards running the stranger into the fridge hearing him give a loud grunt of pain. I knew I was close to freedom and gave one final push, hoping to free myself from the stranger but my attempts were futile.

“Sweet dreams,” a deep voice said as I slipped into unconsciousness.

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I awoke once more shrouded in darkness. I attempted to let out a groan of pain, feeling a knot in the back of my head but my mouth could not form the words. Something was lodged within my mouth inhibiting me from speaking. My hands immediately flew to my face as I clawed at what was wrapped around my face. I felt like I couldn’t breath. I grabbed onto the back of my head and pulled my gag free from my mouth as I took a deep breath of air.

“Ugh!” I grunted as I filled my lungs with fresh air. My eyes darted around the dark room but could see nothing. Where was I? How did I get here? Who was the person that was in my house? So many questions filled my mind as I brought myself to my hands and knees. With my movement I could feel something crinkle around my crotch. It didn’t feel right. Not like the normal underwear that I wore. I pressed my hands to my groin and felt something soft, yet puffy, like something filled with cotton. I knew the feeling, but I couldn’t place it. But what I was wearing, was the least of my worries. I slowly began to move from my seated position but almost immediately I crashed into something hard. My hands searched the surface in front of my and it was multiple rods lined in a row. A new question filled my head that took the lead of all the others, what was I inside?

My attention swiftly switched to the sounds coming from outside the room that I was located. I could hear the deep gruff of a man’s voice as well as another much higher voice.

“Hello!” I shouted. “Hello is someone there?” I screamed to the unknown voices. I didn’t care if they were my saviors or if they were my captors. I just needed to know what was going on.

My questions were answered by the room coming alit with bright fluorescent lighting. I let out a grunt of discomfort at my temporary blindness. I covered my eyes with my hands as the two men came closer. Between my fingers I looked at the two men. One of the men was tall and bulky while the other was short and thin. Both were dressed in all a pair of black sweatpants and a black shirt. They were dressed like bank robbers, and were my first guess at who broke into my house. They stood over the top of the crib and smiled at my, stifling laughter as they looked at my body. What could be so funny, I thought.

“Is this a fucking diaper?” I screeched before I looked up towards the two men at they leaned over the the sides of the cage and then I realized what I was inside. “Is this a crib?” I asked as I looked around the surrounding area. It was indeed a crib; a crib that was enlarged to fit my beefy body. “Who are you two?” I demanded. The two men laughed as they pushed one another, mocking my questions.

“Who are you? Where am i?” The larger one asked. “Time to get moving buddy. We have a deadline to meet.” He said as he pulled the top of the crib off and grabbed a hold of my hand and pulling my into a standing position. This was my moment.

As quick as a snake I wrapped my free hand around his arm and with ever ounce of strength I threw the large man from side of the crib onto the other. He fell to the ground with a loud thud and a groan of pain. I jumped free from the cage and ran towards the door, pushing the smaller man out of my way. The bulky diaper caused my legs to push wider and my running was more akin to a quick waddle. But before I could grasp the handle of the door an excruciatingly painful jolt filled my body.

“UGH!” I screamed in pain as the pain overpowered my will to run and I fell to the floor. With half-closed eyes I watched the thinner man help his friend from the ground and over to me. The thinner one held a remote in his hand, taunting me with it. He took a squatted position near my face and wiggled the remote in my face.

“Now we don’t want to have to use this again, but if you try and escape we are going to use it. Now behave and we can make the transition easy for you.” The two men took each of my arms in hand and lifted me to my feet and dragged me through the door. They dragged me down a long hallway as my legs were unable to function due to the electric charge I just endured. The two men walked in silence with only the sound of my diaper crinkling as it rubbed against the hard tile. At the end of the hall, the larger of the two pushed open the door and walked me into a large area. While the other room seemed like a jail cell with a giant babies crib in the center, this room seemed like a lavish living room; beautiful

cushioned furniture, a large wooden desk, and bookshelves surrounding the entirety of the room. The two men dropped me onto the soft carpeting of the room, which stood as a drastic contrast to the harsh tile I was dragged upon. I tried to move but my muscles were still under shock.

“Is it really him?” An overly excited one asked from deeper within the room. I watched a male jump from behind the desk like a child running down the stairs for Christmas. He was dressed in a well-fitted suit that clung to his body. I wore suits on a daily basis and I could tell this suit was expensive; the crisp lapels, the deep colors, the soft fabric. It screamed money.

“It is.” The deep voice said. I turned my head to three men and watched them talk in hushed tones. The newest man waved his hands around excitedly as the two other men stood stoically beside him. I watched from the floor as the newest male ran back to behind his desk and grabbed a large black bag and handed it to the two men. “Is it all there?” The thicker male asked simply.

“Yes sir! It was a pleasure doing business with you!” He said, obviously unable to contain himself or the joy in his voice. The two men from the room quickly exited the room after receiving the bag. I pulled myself up from the ground feeling my muscles weakly hold my body up. I looked back to the large bulky diaper and saw it was not a normal diaper. This one seemed to be locked in place with a sizable padlock sitting atop my crotch. Why would someone put me in this? I looked back to the younger man as he bounced towards me excitedly and bent down towards me. I could see the remote in his hand as he tapped it against his thigh.

“We are going to have so much fun!” He said giddily. What could he possibly have in store for me, and why was he so excited about it all?

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I pushed the excruciatingly heavy barbell off my chest, feeling my pectorals contract as the loud buzzing filled the room. It was difficult to focus on the weights as the vibrator pushed against the front of my diaper. I could feel unyielding ache for release my dick cried for from within its newly fitted cage Ryan, my owner, had recently locked around my cock. My knees knocked together as the vibrations grew more intense the more reps I pushed out. The vibrator was a constant distraction between my reps, but I couldn't help but enjoy the feeling against the tip of my cock. I hoped today would be the day I would be allowed release but it seemed like Ryan preferred just spending every hour of the day teasing me. His recent obsession had been edging me throughout the already grueling workouts he forced me to endure. An obsession that I had come to hate much like the rest of my current situation.

“Fuck you're getting so big,” he groaned from between my legs as he pushed the vibrator harder into my diaper. The soft silicon tip oscillated quickly as he found the tip of my cock. I could already feel

the wet spot in my diaper growing as the vibrator was pushed harder against my dick. Even through the ridiculously thick diaper and the forced chastity device I could feel the toy, and god it felt good. As I pushed the barbell back into its resting place I thrust my hips against the toy. My body began to twitch as orgasm grew closer. My owner quickly pulled back the toy, knowing full well what would happen next if he continued. He had grown to know my every quirk since I had come to this place.

The day I had awoken from my kidnapping he had explained everything to me. I was no longer Marion Lopez, I was his. I was his property from now until the day I died. I was purchased like a piece of furniture. He explained that I was acquired for him at a very hefty price, and that no matter what I did I would never be free of him. My mind was racing with ideas of how to escape, of how I would return to my family but those hopes slowly began to die when I saw where I had been taken.

The second day he showed me around his house, or should I say mansion. And that tour also included an explanation of the security that was posted 24/7 around his home and around the secluded island that he lived. He showed me every camera that was placed in every hallway, outside every doorway, and how there were hundreds more that I would never find no matter how hard I looked. He showed me the large island that he owned, and that nobody would ever make land here without his knowledge. I began to wonder, who the hell was this man? I had never known anyone who owned their own island, and I rubbed elbows with some of the richest people in the world. So that meant he was in the top 1% of the 1%. My mind was filled with questions that night; why did he choose me, what about my family, and most importantly was there a way that I would be able to escape? The thoughts of escape were always present in my mind, but as the days turned to weeks and then to months the hope of escape slowly began to die. But I knew that I would never give into this man, no matter what he did to me or my body.

So this was what my life became, constant pleasure without any type of release. I was forced to undergo hours and hours of lifting while Ryan watched or participated and other much more humiliating assignments or ordeals. During our workouts he would rub his latest toy against my caged cock while I focused on the routine. He would grind the vibrator against my cock everything I was on the bench press. He would have a toy pressed against my ass every time I squatted, which would then penetrate my once virgin hole, until he crafted the perfect fuck hole. But it wasn't the daily workouts that I dreaded, but what came after.

"Fuck, you're so delicious," My owner grunted as his hands rubbed against my bumpy abdominals and onto my hefty pectorals. His fingers flicked and twisted my engorged nipples. I ground

my teeth together, not wanting him to have the satisfaction of hearing me moan as my body began to shiver with pleasure.

“Time for the after workout.” His grin was wide and toothy like the Cheshire Cat, and just as mischievous. I regretfully let the barbell go and lifted myself up, feeling my pectorals bounce and jiggle even by the slow movements. Never before had my body been so plump and beefy; always going for the toned muscular look as opposed to the lughead appearance that my owner preferred. And it wasn’t just my pectorals that grew from his special workout routine. My lower body had also exploded with muscle with the heavy weights I was forced to lift and the high calorie meals I was fed; my hips grew wider, my ass grew rounder, and my thighs thicker. While my body grew bigger so did my diapers. They grew thicker and heftier until I was waddling everywhere that I walked. I had at first thought the diapers were the most humiliating piece of clothing that I had ever worn, but I had come to learn that I was wrong about that too.

Even under the thick diaper I could feel my ass cheeks bounce and sway seductively as I walked over to the large padded area that occupied the corner of the gymnasium. I looked over my shoulder and watched Ryan’s eyes follow my backside as it moved. My ass was already large before I came here and now I looked like a plastic surgery reject when I stood naked. Both cheeks seemed overly inflated like some sort of bimbo, and he told me that they were only going to be growing bigger. But how much bigger could they possibly get?

So there I stood on the edge of the mats while Ryan looped his arms around my body and unwrapped the edges of the diaper and tossed it to the side, which revealed my burly body to him and the several guards that were stationed around the entrances to the gym. I could hear grunts of enjoyment from all within the room at my naked form.

“Fuck,” he groaned as his hands flowed up and around my thick body. His hands groped and squeezed my thighs before they moved eagerly towards my ass cheeks. He gave a light tap onto my cheek, giving me a signal that I had received many times before but I did not move. I acted in defiance whenever I was able, and my owner always responded swiftly. Ryan gave a grunt of annoyance as I heard the collar around my neck begin to charge. Immediately I felt a jolt of electricity shoot through my body causing me to fall to the ground in submission. I knew what would happen if I didn’t listen, but I knew I needed to keep defying him. I couldn’t let him win. I couldn’t lose the last part of me.

“Just listen Mario. Everything would be so much easier for you if you just listen to me,” he cooed into my ear as he leaned over my body. I could feel his silky shirt rub against my wide upper body as his arm encircled my body. “I know you love these sessions as much as I do.” I felt one hand grab onto one

of my ample pectorals while the other pulled his pants and underwear off. I knew what was coming next. I stared at the brick wall in front of me, trying to not focus what was happening. Then, as if on cue, I could feel the tip of his cock press against my hole. He teased the entrance to my asshole briefly. Lightly tapping his massive cock along my crack as he flung his precum onto my lower back. And then with one swift movement, he plunged his cock all the way into my hole.

“Ugh,” I grunted as his hips hit my substantial backside. During these moments I had become grateful for my oversized ass cheeks, they acted as the perfect cushion for Ryan’s aggressive fuckings. He rubbed his bony groin against my fat cheeks as he buried his cock as deep as possible into my hole. The tip of his cock rubbed gently across my prostate causing my own cock to begin to leak within the cage.

Since it had been weeks since the last time my cock had been allowed to cum; every touch on my body made my cock spring to life. It would leak with the briefest of gropes or pinches of my nipples. Whenever he would touch my body my cock would beg for freedom. A freedom that I was sure it would never see.

But when he would push his cock into my hole, even though it was severely unwanted, my cock would begin to leak like a faucet. I looked down between my burly thighs and saw a puddle already begin to form on the mats as my owner fucked me. With every thrust of his hips my cock would push out another dribble of precum onto the mat. Every so often he would pull his cock fully out of my hole, scoop up the cum, and slather it along his cock before it was pushed back into my hole. The thought of my own cum being buried into my body disgusted me, but my cock wouldn’t stop leaking. All throughout the fucking he would tease me about getting my straight ass fuck or how hot I was becoming. His verbal abuse would be constantly punctuated by a hard thrust into my hole, which would always elicit a cry of pleasure from my thick lips.

“Mario I’m gonna cum!” He groaned as he unloaded his balls into my hole. I could feel the heavy spurts of cum fill my hole until he began to run down the backside of my thigh and into the puddle of cum that sat beneath my body. I closed my eyes as my prostate was massaged one final time. I could feel my own orgasm bubbling beneath the surface. Maybe he was going to allow me an orgasm. I could feel his cock twitching across my prostate as my balls slowly began to pull upward. Was I finally going to cum?

But before my balls unloaded Ryan swiftly pulled his cock from my overflowing hole as I fell to the ground, exhausted. “You just keep getting better and better,” my owner groaned as he slapped my ass cheek playfully. He roughly squeezed one of my cheeks as he said, “We need to up your feed too. I

want these cheeks to be obscene! Fuck, I'm already starting to get hard again." I let out a groan of displeasure, not knowing if I could take another fucking today or take anymore food than I was already being forced to eat.

"Sir we are going to have to end your playtime early today. You have a meeting in an hour," one of the security guards said to Ryan as he tapped on his watch knowingly. Ryan pulled himself off the mats and pulled his underwear and pants back around his waist.

"Ross can you clean him up and get him into his outfit. Mario will be cleaning today."

"Yes sir," Ross the security guard said to his boss. I let out another grunt knowing full well what outfit he was referring too. I laid on the mats as I heard Ryan leaving the gymnasium with a loud slam of the door. "Time to get moving Boy," Ross said to me. I knew I needed to move quickly, because Ross was never as nice as Ryan was when it came to using the shock collar. I pulled my weakened body from the mats and onto my feet as I watched him walk towards the door that led to my quarters.

Ryan had situated my bedroom in a small closet-like room. Inside was a small cot, which I had outgrown, a pile of fresh diapers, and a dresser which occupied the other half of the room. I let out a sigh of depression remembering back to the mansion that I once lived in; the long hallways, the vaulted ceilings, the massive amounts of closet space that was filled with normal clothing and not the revealing costumes that were forced upon me.

"Get dressed," Ross said gruffly. I turned to him with anger in my eyes. The two of us had never gotten along. While Ryan treated me with some semblance of dignity, Ross, much like the other guards, treated me like a piece of trash. I stood firmly in place looking at Ross as I felt my owner's cum dribble down my leg. But as I clenched my fists in anger he lifted the remote that controlled my shock collar into the air and I stumbled back. He slowly turned up the voltage on the remote and stared at my dauntingly. "Get dress," he said firmly once more. I took a deep breath. Not today Mario, I told myself. Once day I will break free of this place and he would be the first one that I took out. I would use these huge muscles that Ryan was growing and use them to bash in every one of their fucking heads. But until that day I was their bitch, their toy, their property.

"Yes Sir," I grumbled as I moved towards my dresser and pulled out the first few pieces of the embarrassing costume; stockings, a black thong, a bow, and an extra large diaper to really bring the humiliation to a crescendo. I stepped my muscular legs into the sheer black stockings first, the tight fabric already begin to dig into my quads before they even reached the thickest parts of my body. I snapped both stockings into place which caused my thighs to jiggle. I moved on to the underwear and with the same difficult I nestled the thong between my cavernous cheeks; the lacy underwear acted as a

gate for my gaping hole, and stopped the cum from leaking. I snapped the obnoxiously large bow into place on my curly black hair, feeling the humiliation already begin to grow within my stomach. The worst part of the outfit was what came next.

I laid on the ground as Ross perused the drawers looking for the perfect diaper, I assumed. He pulled out several only to return them back to their resting places. It wasn't until I was laying on the padded floor for several minutes did he pull an oversized pink diaper covered with crowns did he close the drawers. I groaned in annoyance. It was so big that it made me waddle whenever I walked, and it was extra thick too which meant it was going to be quite some time before I was changed again. From the way he grinned as I lifted up my oversized thighs I could tell he had several wicked ideas in his head. I thrust out my crotch as he pushed the diaper underneath my body, but grabbed and groped my cheeks with one hand while the other flicked my caged cock.

"Not the big strong man anymore," he laughed as a droplet of pre-cum formed at my tip and I looked away. I disgusted me how much they had twisted my mind and my body for their amusement. He tucked the front of the diaper over my crotch, latched the sides together, and gave a pat. "You can do the rest," he teased as he stepped away and I pulled myself up from the floor. He moved to the side as I gathered the rest of my "uniform." I moved my hand towards the bow, hoping that he wouldn't make me wear the full outfit, but he let out a grunt of disagreement.

"Don't forget the dress," Ross said as he stifled his laughter. I closed my eyes as I pulled out the final piece over my body. It was a maids outfit, but not just any maids outfit; it was frilly, and lacy, and had an ridiculous skirt that puffed out around my hips. When I was first forced into the outfit it fit relatively well, but as I have continued to gain the outfit became more obscene; my pectorals popped out the top like some overly injected bimbo and my ass was jutting out from underneath like a pair of implants. And the large breasts became the less the costume seemed to cover. "Now give me a smile," he instructed. I turned to him quickly feeling my body immediately fill with the rage once more, but as he dangled the remote in front of my vision I held it inside and gave him a large, fake, toothy grin. "There's a pretty girl!" He said he spanked my diapered cheek. "Now let's get moving. You have a lot to clean today. It seemed like your owner had a fun time with some friends last night, and they made quite the mess." Ross led the way once more from my closet of a room, through the gym, and into the west-wing of the mansion.

Over my stay here I had attempted to map the house within my head as I planned my escape, but every time they brought me to a new area of the house they would take a different corridor or go through opposing rooms. They made it so that no matter how hard I tried to track where I was located

within the complex it was impossible. Which only extended my attempt at escaping. The two of us walked quietly through the long expanded hallways of the mansion. With every guard that we passed, they would comment on my outfit or touch me inappropriately. Some would smack my ass cheeks or take a swipe at one of my nipples. I was not allowed to push away any of their advances, I learned that day two of my capture. That received a rather painful shock from both my owner and whomever I pushed away, and they would be allowed a very personal intimate session with me as well. So I took their quips and their harassment as best I could.

“Hey, sweet cheeks.”

“Damn that ass is looking phat!”

“Baby want some fries with that shake.”

“Those tits are getting huge!”

By the time we reached the other side of my house my face was red with humiliation and my cock was dripping from the overly handsy guards. No matter how hard I tried to focus on my rage or on my hatred for this place; my dick constantly betrayed me and always responded to their touching no matter how hard I tried. My body was even coming to appreciate their touches, which frightened me even more.

“Have fun,” Ross said wickedly as he opened the doors to my owner’s room. My mouth fell agape in shock. I had been in his bedroom dozens of times before, in fact my main bedroom was connected to the master suite. It was an off shoot from his bedroom, something small that was comparable to a large closet. But it was all that he deemed necessary for me; an extra large crib, a large collection of humiliating clothes and diapers, and an extra strong lock for the top of the crib. Though I had spent much time in the two rooms I had never seen it in such a state.

Mario's Newly Caged Life

Part 2

Mario stared at the destroyed room as Ross chuckled from the side, it was probably the messiest room he had ever seen in his entire life. The mattress was completely askew, sheets and clothes were strewn across the floor, clothes decorated every surface available. Mario hoped the clothing was clean but he knew from the stains; they were not.

"Get cleaning Ms. Maid," Ross said as he swatted against Mario's overly inflated diaper. Even though the thick padding Mario could feel the man's hand press against his ass cheek, making his face flush red. "Remember, we're always watching," Ross said as he nodded to the cameras located in the corner. "Make sure to give us a good show too, and maybe we will let you out the diaper for the evening or maybe even your cage." Ross laughed as he slammed the door behind Mario. Mario knew that Ross was more than likely lying to him, but the hope of a night outside of his cage AND diaper made him willing to do the most humiliating of scenes. Mario knew what they were looking for him to do, so with a deep breath, he began his cleaning routine.

Mario moved through the area with the grace of a wrestler. He bent over at his waist showing off his oversized diaper underneath his frilly maid's outfit. He could feel the tiny lacy outfit sliding across his thighs and over his muscular biceps as he picked up the mattress and tossed the dirty laundry into the basket into the corner. Mario face already began to grow flush as he looked and smiled into the security camera in the corner of the room. Mario knew Ross and the other guards were watching him clean, probably jerking off; or so they told him.

"Hey guys," Mario said with a half-hearted wave at the camera as he turned around and showed off his oversized diaper to the camera. He could feel the straps on the side grow tight as he bent all the way over; he knew he would be moving up to another size within the next few days. Or at the very least he would be ripping out of the diapers he had currently on a daily basis.

"Don't forget under the bed," Ross said through the loudspeaker attached to each of the cameras. Mario's eyes glanced over to the bed and saw the clothes and god knows what else poking through the skewed bedspread. With a huff, Mario walked over to the side of the bed and fell to his knees. The entire skirt of the maid's outfit flew up over his diaper, revealing his entire diaper to the cameras. Mario moved the sheet out of the way and saw what was underneath the sheets and groaned when he saw what was hidden underneath the bed.

“Go ahead and take it out,” Ross said. Mario could feel the heavy weight of the collar around his neck, knowing that if he didn’t follow his instruction he would receive yet another unpleasant shock. Mario grasped the object and withdrew it from underneath the bed, feeling the slimy surface; probably lube he thought to himself.

“Looks tasty doesn’t it?” Ross asked. Mario gave a weak smile to the camera as he brought the large double ended dildo into view of the camera. He could barely stretch the entirety of his hand around the toy. He could feel the lubricated toy already seeping through his fingers. “Why don’t you take a lick.”

“Ugh,” Mario moaned in disgust. He could only imagine whose anal cavity the toy was plunged inside of the night before. Tentatively, he extended his tongue towards the toy and pressed it against the tip of the toy. Tasting the silicon, the lube, and juices of the stranger from the night before. Through the humiliation, he could already feel his cock begin to inflate against the metal cage.

“Now why don’t you go lay in the bed and stick the whole tip in your mouth,” Ross ordered. A large stone of humiliation grew in his stomach as he stood from the floor and climbed onto the bed. He laid at the head of the mattress with his legs sprawled widely due to the overly inflated diaper. The sounds of the crinkling diaper filled the room as he adjusted himself until he was front in center of the camera that was at the front of the room. “Stick it in now slave!” Ross shouted into the microphone. Mario felt a weak jolt of electricity radiate from his collar and through the rest of his body. A shock which caused a small yelp of pain to come from Mario.

“Ugh!” Mario said in response. He immediately brought the head of the dildo to his mouth, opened wide, and pushed it into his mouth until he felt it push against the backside of his throat. Mario stared at the remaining inches and saw that barely a fourth of the toy was in his mouth. His mouth was tightly wrapped around the dildo forcing the revolting taste to fill his taste buds.

“Mmm bet it tastes good. Go on, say it. Say it tastes good!”

“It tastes so good sir!” Mario whined as he pushed the dildo back into his mouth for another taste.

“Such a good slut. Go ahead and grab your tits too.” Mario’s hand flowed across his body and into the corset of the maid’s outfit. Both of his pectorals were pushed high due to the tightness giving them the illusion of breasts. Mario shimmied the corset lower allowing both of his ample pectorals to pop free. His hand found one of his engorged nipples and smiley began to flick and twist his perky tits, moaning around the dildo. “Fuck you are a little slut aren’t you?” Ross teased and Mario nodded.

Mario hated himself for falling this far. He remembered when he was on top of the world, ruling not only his household but his life and now he was this diapered slut. What he hated most about his situation was the fact that his cock couldn't seem to get enough of it. Mario pushed the dildo in and out of his mouth as he moaned and groaned in pleasure on the bed. He humped the air, wishing for some type of friction to rub his cock against but there was nothing but the softness of the diaper and the tightness of the cage. He felt disgusted in himself as his tongue wrapped around the dildo and savored the taste of the toy and what was caked onto its surface. Mario shut his eyes tightly hoping that the last few months were nothing but a horrible dream, but no matter how much he tried he couldn't wake up.

"Fuck you're a naughty slut. Fucking deep throat that cock. I bet you wish it was real, don't you? I bet you wish it was my cock shoved in your mouth. Choking on my cock until you can't breathe. Fuck I'm gonna cum!" Mario could hear Ross's grunts and moans as he came from the overly sexualized show Mario was putting on. Mario heard the guards harsh breathing as he unloaded onto himself. The breathing was followed by moments of silence. Even though Ross was done with Mario he couldn't stop himself, he continued to hump the air wishing for his dick to unleash his horrible blue balls. He pushed the dildo harder into his mouth until it pushed past his gag reflex. Mario's grip on his nipple grew tighter as he felt his dick grow rigid within the cage. Was it actually going to happen? The softness of the diaper was finally enough to give him release. He was so close!

"Stop!" Ross shouted into the room, but Mario couldn't stop. He was so close. He could feel the dildo stretching his throat, his cock pulsed with excitement at the fullness he was full. His hands tweaked and squeezed his nipples, switching from one pectoral to the other. He wanted this, no – he needed this. "I said stop!" And with that order, Mario felt the horrible feeling of the maximum charge from his collar.

"UGHH!" He screamed as he convulsed on the bed, his body growing rigid, but even with the shock he was too far gone. "OH!" He moaned as he felt his load push out of his cock into the soft padding of his diaper. "OH GOD!" He screamed, his voice reaching higher tones than ever before as he felt his first orgasm after months of teasing. Mario's body grew rigid from the aftereffects of the shock and the unbelievable feeling of finally cumming. He could feel the front of his diaper now completely soaked with his cum, expanding even larger. Mario let the bliss of his orgasm flow over his body as he laid in his owner's bed, while all his worries floated away.

"FUCKING BITCH!" Ross shouted as he pushed through the door into the bedroom breaking Mario from his post-orgasm stupor. "You think that shock was bad! Well just get ready for what I have planned for you now!" Ross grabbed Mario by his ankle and pulled from off the bed and onto the floor.

“Stand up!” Ross ordered, an order which Mario followed immediately. Mario stood at attention in front of Ross with his muscular arms at his side and his pectorals hanging free from the maids outfit. “Strip.” Mario grabbed onto the top of the outfit and undid the top half of the corset, allowing it to drop to the ground. “Follow.” Ross’s command was short but full of authority.

The guard stomped off from the bedroom, leaving it almost in the same disarray it was found. Mario followed quietly behind Ross while they walked down the long, almost shifting corridors of the mansion. As they walked Mario saw the bricks of the hallway becoming older, looking less cleaned and managed than the rest of the house. Mario opened his mouth to ask where he was being taken but found the silence more comforting than they answer probably would have been. The two walked until Mario was brought to a large wooden door. Ross stood there quietly going through a large ring of keys, obviously looking for one in particular. Mario looked up and down the hall not seeing any other people as well as no cameras in any corners of the hall. Mario wished he knew where this room was located because it looked to be the best option for a potential escape if there were ever to be one.

“Get ready for your own personal hell.” Ross unlocked the door, grabbed the edge of Mario’s diaper and pushed him into the dark room. Ross slammed the door behind the two of them, dousing them both in the cool darkness that filled the room.

“What is this place?” Mario asked as he stood in the room, unmoving.

“Like I said, your own personal hell.” And with a flip of a switch dim lights illuminated from the corners of the room, revealing what Ross meant by personal Hell.

It was a dungeon, especially a sex dungeon; multiple sex swings hung from the ceiling, a pommel horse sat in the center, and multiple St. Andrew’s Cross’s lined one of the walls. One wall was completely filled with shelves which held toys, whips, clothes, and a large number of diapers. Mario walked slightly further into the room as Ross walked over to the wall and searched through one of the shelves until he turned around with a canister in hand.

“Over there,” Ross nodded to the pommel horse. Mario walked slowly, slightly frightened by the room but also curious as to what Ross had planned for them. Ross grabbed ahold of the front of Mario’s diaper and dumped the contents of the canister into the front of his diaper. The white powder covered his caged cock in a heavy dusting; must more than Mario would have deemed necessary. At first, Mario had thought it was baby powder, but after a few moments of standing in silence, a tingling began to radiate from the front of his diaper. Mario’s hand drifted to the front of his diaper, but before he was able to scratch the itch that was beginning to grow Ross snapped at his hand, flipped him around, and latched him into place on the pommel horse. And that was when the itch began to grow.

“Fuck what was that stuff,” Mario groaned as he rubbed the front of his diaper against the leather siding of the pommel horse. The grinding of his crotch against his diaper did nothing to satiate the itchiness that was growing in his diaper. Then he realized it wasn’t baby powder that he poured down the front of his diaper. It was itching powder.

Ross laughed at Mario as he rubbed the front of his diaper aggressively against the side of the structure, wanting to feel some sort of relief. But he could barely feel anything. Mario whined loudly as he thrust and ground his diaper, needing some release. He rubbed his diaper from side to side, he thrust against the leather as if he were fucking it, and even tried a twerking method in hopes of the diaper rubbing against his very itchy cock. Unfortunately, the best solution was the twerking motion. He could feel not only his diaper and his cage bouncing with his movements but his ass would jiggle underneath the thick diaper.

Mario buried his face against the leather surface of the pommel horse as Ross continued to laugh and groan at Mario as he struggled against his restraints. Mario thought, how could this get much worse. But little did he know Ross had more horrible plans for him within this room.

“Not too itchy is it?” Ross growled as he returned to the shelves and retrieved a large paddle. But before bringing the paddle back to Mario he walked to a wall and pressed a small callbox. “Robert, Gavin, and Marco report to the dungeon on the eastern edge of the house.” Ross turned back towards Mario. “Why should I be the only one who gets to have fun with you?” Ross asked before returning back to Mario’s bent over body. Ross gave a light tap against Mario’s diaper with the paddle. “Hmm,” Ross said as he gave a much harder pat against Mario’s diapered buttocks. “Not good enough. I prefer skin to paddle contact,” Ross commented as he took the backside of Mario’s fluffy diaper and pulled it off his body, revealing his two gorgeous cheeks. “Fuck no matter how many times I see those things, I always get hard,” Ross grunted.

“We’re here boss,” a deep voice bellowed as the door to the dungeon opened wide. Three guards all dressed in the same dark green uniform entered the room; three guards whom Mario had gotten close with over his stay at the mansion. Much closer than he would have preferred. “Oh looks like we are showing up just in time,” Marco said as he undid the top two buttons of his uniform showing off his hairy muscled chest. The other two guards followed suit.

“What are we getting into today?” The redheaded guard, Gavin, asked as the three men approached Mario’s exposed butt. “I could think of a few naughty things that I have been wanting to do to those cheeks.” Gavin ran his hand over one of Mario’s cheek before grabbing ahold of the meaty underside. “Fuck they are so thick,” Gavin growled in attraction. Mario shivered by the gentle touch of

the guard but couldn't help but continue his grinding and humping against the worn leather in an attempt to cease the horrible itching that was growing. Mario looked over my shoulder and saw Ross swat Gavin's hand away from his cheek, slightly happy by the protective Ross.

"Mario hasn't been behaving or listening today. So I thought we could come together and teach him how to behave. Or least teach him a lesson." Ross punctuated his sentence with a slam of his paddle on his hand. "Go and pick your poison. This is going to be a long night for you, Mr. Lopez." Ross reeled back his hand and slammed the paddle against Mario's cheek, causing a red hot sting to shoot through his body.

"Holy cow!" Mario screamed in pain. He could already feel a red imprint of the paddle appear on his butt cheek. Mario didn't know what to focus on; the intense itching that was continually getting worse or the red-hot pain that was radiating from his ass. Through the padding, Mario continued to grind and hump the siding of the pommel horse wishing the itching would end.

"Fuck yeah!" The three guards shouted in agreement as they ran to the shelves and returned with items for their own personal torture.

"Here comes another Mr. Lopez!" Ross shouted as he repeatedly slammed the paddle against each of Mario's cheeks. With each strike, Mario screamed in pain as Ross laughed in enjoyment. But as the pain continued to grow Mario began to enjoy the feeling of the strikes. Between each strike one of the fellow guards would gently rub his cheeks; their finger would drift in between his caramel colored cheeks or graze his hole before a paddle was quickly slapped against his ass. Even though the constant tingling of the itchiness Mario could feel his dick growing hard once more against within the metal cage. Mario had hoped that he could hide his arousal from the guards, but when the next paddle slapped against Mario's exposed cheek he couldn't help but let out a cry of pleasure.

"Oh yes!" Mario screamed, much to the surprise of the four guards. There was a brief moment of silence followed by a burst of laughter from the guards. They not only found Mario's pain enjoyable but his pleasure was downright hilarious to them.

"Seems like he is just getting kinkier and kinked by the day," Gavin said as he snapped the rider's crop which he selected against his hand. "If he likes that, then he is going to love this!" He said excitedly. Mario could hear the sharp sting of the riders crop against Gavin's hand and his eyes rolled up in anticipation. His body's response to the pain was not only turning him on but making him want more and want it harder. Mario could feel the air moving towards his ass as Ross brought back the paddle turns his ass once again, but instead of the loud hard slap he was looking forward too; it was barely a love tap. The next one was the same, and so was the one that followed. Mario's harsh beatings had

turned into nothing more than a begrudging slap on his ass cheek. He let out a small sound of disapproval as the paddle came softly against his cheek once again.

“Something the matter?” Ross asked, obviously knowing what he was doing to Mario. Much like every other time he “tortured” Mario. Mario ground his caged, itchy cock into the leather as the pain from the spankings slowly disappeared but he wanted more.

“Can you spank me again?” Mario squeaked. His voice barely loud enough for any of the men to hear him. The four men were obviously able to hear but wanted him to say it louder. They wanted him to beg for the pain.

“Come again?” Ross asked as he gripped tightly onto Mario’s juicy, beefy ass. “Did you need something slut?”

“Can you spank me again?” Mario asked, slightly louder the second time.

“Oh, you want me to spank you again? Oh, I think I can do that.” Mario felt Ross’ hand remove from his ass cheek; Mario bit his lip in anticipation of the sharp hard pain. But when Ross slapped the paddle against his ass cheek, it wasn’t the hard powerful slap he was hoping it to be. It was another weak slap, one that reminded Mario would have given one of his children if they were bad. “Enjoy that bitch?” Mario hesitated with an answer. He knew that if he begged for what he really wanted there would be no going back from there. He would become their beefy, diapered, pain bitch until he escaped; or until they were through with him. If that ever happened. Mario wanted to keep his mouth shut and not tell the truth, but the pure pleasure he felt from the paddle overpowered his common sense and he began to beg like the bitch that he had become.

“Please make it hard! Make me feel it! Slap my ass like the bad naughty bitch that I am. I want to feel the spankings! Please punish this diaper boy as I deserve! Slap my huge muscle ass with everything you have until I cry. Abuse my cheeks with all those muscles. Make me feel like the nasty bitch that you have made me become.” Mario continued to rattle on, begging for the abuse he had at first feared.

From behind he could hear the four men jerking their cocks as he begged, pleaded, and wiggled his ass back and forth seductively. Mario’s words became crazed and his eyes filled with tears as he finally felt like the bitch they had crafted. It wasn’t until he felt a hand on his lower back that he stopped begging. Mario looked over his shoulder and saw the hard red cocks of the four guards all standing at attention, each dripping copious amounts of precum onto the floor. Apparently, they enjoyed punishing Mario as much as he enjoyed it. Ross bent overtop of Mario, pressing his hard cock between his cavernous cheeks and whispered into his ear.

“Get ready for the ride of your life bitch.”

Ross quickly pulled himself from Mario's body and immediately slammed the paddle onto his ass cheek, harder than any time before which elicited a high-pitched cry of pleasure. Mario could feel his cock shoot out a large portion of precum onto the side of the pommel horse. He arched his back and pushed his backside further into the air, and begged for me.

"Please sir, may I have another?" Mario asked and Ross answered with a barrage with slaps. With each hard slap on his cheek, Mario felt himself grow closer to cumming already. Not cumming for months, and constant teasing had caused his balls to overflow with cum. He teased Ross with his ass, clenching them back and forth in between slaps. Mario could hear the other three guards closing in on their own orgasms, much like himself.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck," Mario groaned as Ross' slaps grew quickly as he too was almost ready to cum. "Oh shit!" Mario screamed as his cock unloaded onto his thighs and the pommel horse, his balls drained themselves onto every surface imaginable as Ross gave one final slap with the paddle, snapping it in two.

"OH FUCK!" Ross screamed as he unloaded his balls onto Mario's backside, decorating it with his own thick load. Mario twitched and withered against his bonds as the pain finally began to settle in across his cheeks. Red hot pain radiated from his ass through the rest of his body. Damn that hurt, Mario thought as he pseudo collapsed onto the horse. He hoped that the men had gotten their thrills from punishing him, and he would be allowed to return to his closet and sleep the rest of the day away.

"Ready for round two?" Gavin asked as he lightly tapped his rider's crop on the underside of Mario's cheeks causing a loud yelp of pain. "I will take that as a yes." Mario didn't know if his body could withstand another punishment, but by the way his ass naturally raised itself off the pommel horse. He knew he would enjoy whatever was going to be done to him.

Punishment

Ryan sat in his office, staring at his computer and the cameras that were always running throughout the compound, but he was mostly interested in the one which was filmed in his room. He disregarded his business partner as he prattled on about numbers and forecasts for the upcoming quarter while he watched Mario played with by his guards. Now Ryan was man of few rules, but they were to be followed at all time and without question. His guards knew that and so too did his new plaything Mario. If one was to follow the rules, then they would be rewarded and if they were to break his rules than Ryan was to punish them.

"I'm sorry Gregory, but I am going to have to end this meeting early. I have some other matters that I must attend." Ryan stood from his desk and extended his hand, not giving his business partner a moment to disagree.

"Oh, um, okay. I guess we will just finish going over everything at another time," he stammered as he collected his papers and his briefcase in a hurried manner. He could tell that he was being rushed out, and did not want to be on the receiving end of Ryan's anger. "I will follow up with Patricia and set up-."

"That is fine Gregory. You are dismissed," Ryan said, interrupting Gregory's words as he rushed from Ryan's office. Ryan took back his seat and watch how Gavin and Ross played with Mario and touched him. He knew that his guards were handsy with his toy, but never did he think they would go this far with him. That was his ass, that was his hole, and that was his property. Ryan tapped into his computer, bringing up the intercom and spoke into microphone.

"Mario, Gavin, Ross." The three men on the screen paused, they realized they had been caught. "Report to my office. Immediately," Ryan ordered. His voice was calm and flat, but his was furious. The three men scrambled across the floor, each of them redressing frantically.

Ryan relaxed in his chair, enjoying the sight of his men scared. The fear that filled their eyes was more than enough to excite Ryan and give him hope as to what fun he would be having with the three men upon their arrival in his office.

"Come into my web the spider said to the fly," he whispered to himself as he turned off the screen to his computer, and waited. "If they were smart they wont keep me waiting," he said. He looked at his watch and began to count the seconds, and with every passing minute he grew even angrier.

The men arrived quicker than Ryan had anticipated but still longer than he wanted to wait. Gavin and Ross were first to enter the office with Mario waddling quickly and uncoordinatedly in the rear.

“Close the door,” Ryan commanded the room. Gavin moved towards the door, shut it softly and returned to the front of the room with the other two. The three men stood before Ryan as if they were students standing before a principal who had found them smoking behind the school. Though Ryan’s punishment would be far worse than any instruction would allow.

“Speak,” Ryan commanded and the three men jumped slightly in fear.

“It was his fault. It was Mario. He seduced us!” Gavin spurted out. He knew that Ryan would punish Ross and himself far worse than anything he would do to Mario. So the men needed a scapegoat and who better than the punching bag that stood between them.

“Yeah it was Mario!” Ross added. “He forced himself on us. We had no choice. Look at him. He’s made for strength.” Ross said pointing at the muscular latino. Even though he stood there in a large diaper, an a partial French maid outfit. His dominance over them with his strength was apparent. His shoulders were wide, his legs were thick, and his biceps were round.

“No!” Mario shouted in defiance. “That’s not true! That’s not - UGH!” He shouted as Ryan shocked him with collar that was still firmly clasped around his neck. Mario’s body shuddered and then fell to his knees as the electricity was forced throughout his body.

“Do not interrupt pet,” Ryan said as he lifted his finger from the controller that sat beside his keyboard. “The men were talking darling. You were saying Ross?” The air was so thin that both guards took a deep breath to steady themselves and continue the lie.

“He forced himself upon us.”

“We didn’t want it to happen but he straddled us and took our cocks into his hole. We didn’t even have a change.”

“And the riding crop was used for what reason?” Ryan asked. He knew the two men were lying but he was interested in the tale they would spin to keep themselves out of harms way.

“It was to – um – teach him a lesson!” Gavin said, trying to keep his story vague but plausible. “But that just – uhhh – turned him on more! He was screaming how much he loved us punishing his big diapered butt!” Ryan raised an eyebrow in jest.

“He was enjoying the punishment?” Though Ryan was full of disbelief throughout the entire story, the point interested him. From the video it did look as if his pet was enjoying the beating, and if he was enjoying him; this would be much progress in such a short time.

“Show me,” Ryan said as he stood up, and with one long sweep of his hand he pushed all of his work, his computer, and office supplies onto the ground. Everything unceremoniously crashed onto the floor, and showed the severity of the situation.

“Excuse me?” Gavin asked, feeling the heat of his employers command settle on his shoulders while Ross backed away from the lineup. He felt safe, for now.

“I said, show me. Show me how much he was enjoying himself.” Ryan opened his drawer and withdrew a thick wooden ruler. He walked over his employee, took their hand, snapped the ruler into his palm, and closed his fingers around the instrument. “Show me exactly what you did to make my pet enjoy such a malicious beating. Ryan grabbed the fallen Mario and threw him onto the desk as if he weighed nothing. His owner’s impressive strength was just another reason why Mario knew he wouldn’t get away. Ryan took a hold of the diaper that encased Mario’s ass and threw it to the pile of stuff that currently occupied the floor.

“Show me how you made him like it, and then all of you may leave.” Ryan offered as he took his seat once again. His eyes were wild as they swirled with anger and lust as he stared at the large caramel colored behind that was pushed off the side of his desk. Mario laced quietly on the desk while he watched Gavin circle his body with the ruler in hand.

Gavin’s hand was the first part to touch him, grazing over the welts that was already created by the riders crop. The welts were sensitive and fresh and caused Mario to jolt when he felt Gavin’s hands touch any.

“Ooo,” Mario cooed in a combination of pain and enjoyment. The fresh memories of his punishment at the hands of Gavin was alive still, and allowed his cock to inflate within its restraints.

“See he likes it. We don’t need too –.” Gavin began to say.

“Spank him Mr. Fitch. Or do I need to use that ruler on you to show how to properly spank a bitch.” Ryan threatened. Gavin shook his head no. And without a second thought he reeled back his arm and slapped his ruler against Mario’s ass. His wide, fat cheeks jiggled in response to the assault and Mario arched his back already wanting more. Ryan let out a gasp of surprise at the sight. “Again.” Ryan commanded and Gavin obeyed. Gavin slapped the ruler on Mario’s cheeks and with each sting Mario groaned and moaned in enjoyment.

“You like that you diaper bitch, don’t you?” Ryan taunted as he turned Mario’s face to his own right before another slap against his cheeks. Ryan’s finger pushed down Mario’s fat bottom lip as he nodded in enjoyment. Though Ryan couldn’t see it, Mario’s cock was leaking a load onto the expensive

wooden topside of his desk. "Say it. Say you like it pet." Ryan ordered as he nodded to Gavin to hit again.

"I like it sir. Ooo!" He groaned as he began to rub his underside against the desk in between spans.

"What do you like my pet?" Ryan asked as he fished his own cock out with his free hand while the other held Mario's face towards him. He wanted to see the faces Mario made every time he was struck by his guard. He wanted to hear the unfiltered words fall from Mario's lips as he shared his secrets.

"I love being spanked like the big diaper bitch that I am. I love the sting against my ass as the ruler hits me. I loved when Gavin spanked me with the crop earlier. I had never been so hard in my life." Mario remembered back to his younger life when people on the set would always spank his ass playfully or people at the gym would strike his ass in a congratulatory manner. Each time his cock would rapidly grow erect and he would pleasure himself to the feeling later that night, but now when it was being forced on him the memories flooded back and the levies that held his kinks at bay broke free.

"Spank me harder Mr. Gavin!" Mario pleaded as he braced himself and pushed his ass further into the air. He wiggled his round cheeks in the air seductively, obviously surprised by Mario's forwardness but turned on none the less.

"You like that you diaper bitch? You like it when a real man goes at this ass?" Gavin asked as he gave many rapid strikes in quick succession. He moved from one cheek to the other. Both of them were decorated with several large strips that were created from the ruler and Mario loved every single one of them.

"We really have broken you my pet, have we not?" Ryan asked Mario as he stood up and presented his cock to Mario's mouth.

Mario didn't know if it was the situation that made him do it, or the arousal he was feeling from the men surrounding him but Mario opened his mouth and took his owner's cock in his mouth. The man took two large tufts of Mario's hair in his hands pushed his cock deep into the recesses of Mario's throat. Mario felt Ryan's balls press against for a moment before they were pulled away, along with his cock. Back and forth, back and forth the two men with. Gavin still assaulted Mario's cheeks until both were so covered that not an inch of space was free of the painful makers, while Ryan watch and teased his pet with what he had become.

“You are just a kinky diaper bitch now Mario. My kinky pet, that I can do anything with. I will ruin you and never let you go. You are going to be mine for-ev-er! Fuck!” Ryan cried as he came deep within Mario’s mouth, and to his surprise he swallowed it.

Mario's Midnight Snack

Ryan excused his guards and Mario back to their respective rooms after Mario ass's was reader then the day was long. Ryan enjoyed watching Mario wince with every step as he left his office. Ryan had a few final words for Ross and Gavin. A warning that the next time he would not be as forgiving as he was today towards either of them or towards Mario. They nodded in tandem, knowing that their boss did not make hollow threats. Though as they escorted Mario back to his "room" naked, they couldn't help but already begin to lose themselves in his perfectly tanned cheeks. And when they left Mario in his room, locked within his extra large crib like some emotionally unstable child. Both of them knew they wouldn't be following Ryan's rules for long.

Mario laid within his crib, hungry, tired, and sore from the long day that had be thrust upon him. His ass hurt almost as much as the hunger for food filled his stomach.

"Ugh," he groaned, rubbing his tender ass. Even though the rooms as dark he could feel the welts on his ass cheeks. He wished that he could have some sort of aloe or cream for his cheeks. "Fuck," he whined trying to massive his cheeks. For once, he was annoyed by his large cheeks and the sheer realty space they offered for his punishments. Luckily, they didn't diaper him before he was locked in his cage.

Most nights Mario would lay awake and stare at the dark ceiling wishing that he knew how long he had been gone, was anyone looking for him, or did Ryan somehow fake some crazy runaway story or murder. Mario knew that Ryan had to money to create whatever elaborate story he had concocted and was rich enough to never be caught. He had tried to escape the first few nights that he was brought to wherever he was taken. But it seemed that every time Mario thought he had escaped, the powers that were forever watching over him only allowed it to happen to test Mario or their security. It was false hope, but that didn't keep him from hoping or trying to escape to this day. But escape was the farthest thing from his mind at the moment, what he wanted was food.

His muscular body needed constant calories and Ryan was usually good about keeping him fed, so his body continued to grow specifically his butt. So not feeding him at all today, was a harsh punishment that he was truly felt. Mario didn't know what was worse the spanking or the lack of food. Though, he was pretty sure it was the food.

“Mario?” A voice asked as the door to his bedroom opened. A sliver of light illuminated the room, bringing him back to his reality.

“Gavin?” Mario asked. He could see the red hair of the guard as he entered into Mario’s room. Mario could instantly smell the scent of meat as it wafted into the air, and was that; it was, CHOCOLATE! “Did you bring food?” Mario questioned, feeling his mouth begin to salivate from the smell of the delicious food. Gavin laughed at Mario’s question.

“Whose asking?” Gavin teased as he flipped on a dim light that sat on the dresser within the room. It cast enough just enough light for Mario to see the food and to see that Gavin wasn’t dressed in his typical guard uniform. His usual thick polyester uniform was replaced by a shiny pair of boxers and a tank top. Gavin’s tight frame and lean muscles looked like they were carved from marble. But Mario was more interested in the plate of food that he held, and not the gorgeous man that held it.

“Please I’m starving!” Mario said moving his hand between the small bars of his crib cage, but his large forearm kept him from extending further than a few inches.

“Starving?” Gavin said as he sat the plate of food on the dresser next to the light. He pulled a French fry from the plate and bit. He moaned in enjoyment which only made Mario hungrier. “Now what would someone in your position do for food?”

“Anything,” Mario said before even thinking of his answer.

“That’s exactly what I was hoping you would say.” Gavin walked his food over to Mario whose hands were grasping at the food like a wild animal behind a cage. “Now this will have to be kept between the two of us.” Gavin said as he held the food just outside the reach of Mario’s hands.

“You got it! Whatever you want! Just please. Food. I need it!” Mario said as Gavin handed the food to Mario and he devoured everything on the plate within moments. And when Mario had licked the plate clean of any crumbs left behind by the extra fudgie brownie that was for dessert. And as Mario rubbed his full stomach he heard the top of his cage be unlocked and Gavin stared down at him like some twisted god ready to mess with his favorite creation.

“Time to pay u,” Gavin said as he unlatched the sides of the crib and allowed the sides to fall to the ground. Mario was in sugar and caloric induced coma to really care what Gavin was going to do to him. But being honest what could Gavin possibly do to Mario that hadn’t already be done to him since he was brought to this god forsaken place. But Mario was surprised by the softness of Gavin’s has as they grazed down the back of Mario’s spine. It was a stark difference form the aggression that he saw forced upon him earlier that day.

"I'm sorry about the welts," Gavin said, his voice was soft almost remorseful as his hands moved down towards Mario's large butt. Mario could feel the raised welts throb as Gavin's hands softly floated them. "I didn't know what to do. Nick scares me a little," he said, moving his hand down Mario's thigh. Mario was unsure of what Gavin's purpose for this late night rendezvous, so he came right out and asked.

"What do you want exactly?" Mario asked as he pulled himself away from Gavin's hands. Gavin looked almost hurt from Mario's rejection from Gavin's kindness. Gavin opened his mouth and then closed, like he was trying to choose his words carefully. He chewed on his thoughts for a brief moment and finally answered.

"I was trying to apologize for what I did earlier. So I'm sorry."

"Seemed like you were enjoying it an awful lot," Mario countered.

"So did you," Gavin said quickly. Mario chuckled at Gavin's quick response and wit. It had been some time since he had a conversation with another person that wasn't layered with sexual innuendoes. The two laughed for a moment, and Gavin stared back at Mario. Their eyes locked within the dark room, and Gavin spoke again.

"Oh I have something for you." Gavin said as he walked out the door and back into Mario's room quietly. Mario was fearful that Nick would hear them, but Mario could see that his bed was empty. Gavin came back into the room with a large bottle in one hand and Mario knew what it was immediately.

"Salve!" Mario said eager for the pain in his butt to be eased.

"Yeah. I was gonna give you some tonight. Help the welts go down. Here," Gavin said offering the bottle to Mario. But something in Mario didn't want him to take the bottle, something in him wanted something else.

"Do you think – you could do it for me?" Mario asked, shocked by his offer. And from the way Gavin's eyes opened. He too was shocked. Gavin nodded his head in agreement quickly like a child agreeing to ice cream for dinner.

"Lay down on the rug so there's room," Gavin instructed and Mario followed. Gavin stared as Mario's bulky body climbed out of the massive crib and onto the floor. He laid down face first into the shag carpet with his ass facing the door. Gavin straddled either side of Mario's body; his thighs were spread wide by Mario's mid section. Gavin's own ass was propped up on Mario's overdeveloped back while he face Mario's massive cheeks.

"Oh shit," Gavin said as he got the full view of the abuse that he had caused to Mario.

“It feels much worse than it looks,” Mario said, partially joking partially speaking the truth. He could feel Gavin’s body slump on top of his back and Mario quickly add, “But I’ve had worse done to me. Though the salve will really help.”

“Well, again I’m sorry. But hopefully this will help – um, ease the pain.” Gavin punctuated his sentence with a heavy squirt of salve onto Mario’s cheeks. Mario let a yelp of surprise at the cool gel that splattered across his cheeks. “Sorry. Should have warned you,” Gavin said laughing once more.

Mario was hesitant at the feeling of Gavin as his hands pressed until the meaty sides of his ass. He pushed his thumbs into the sides of Mario’s cheeks and massaged the salve into his bruised buttocks while he gently maneuvered his hands around Mario’s ass. Mario winced every so often when Gavin’s hands brushed against a particularly angry welt but for the most part it was enjoyable. Pleasurable even. Mario began to fall deeper into his massage; arching his back more, pushing out his ass more, spreading his legs just enough for Gavin to understand the invitation that Mario was offering.

It was a silent agreement but Gavin moved his well-lubricated hands around Mario’s mounds and slowly crept towards his crack. His fingers feel first into the deep crevice between Mario’s cheeks, and parted them just that much more. Gavin’s long slender hands moved up and down his crack while his thumbs and knuckles rubbed against his hole. Mario gave grunt after grunt of enjoyment as Gavin grew bolder with his rub down. His thumbs would hover longer around his hole, pushing in the knuckle deeper and deeper before they would switch hands and move towards his taint. Gavin’s heavy breathing and Mario’s moans of enjoyment was loud enough to draw attention from the wrong person who passed by the open bedroom door, and that wrong person knew exactly who to tell. And it wasn’t long before Nick was standing at the entry into his bedroom; his emotions were like fire, and he was ready to burn two people in particular.