

Hitchhiking, Part 2: Training

By Nickylion

“Mmmph,” the slumbering tiger rolled away from the dreadful beam of sunlight piercing through the cracks of the blinds and onto his face. It was a moot point by now, of course, but Toby refused to give in. Maybe, just maybe, if he just lay still long enough, the vicious day-ball would go away and he could get more sleep.

Of course, in order to get more sleep, the well-built tiger would have had to ignore two very pressing matters. First, his bladder ached for release, and second, his stomach growled at him in a very tiger-like fashion. Eventually the feline gave in and slumped out of the bed and padded into the nearby bathroom. As he finished washing his hands, he caught a very faint scent amidst the other scents of the bedroom. This scent tugged at his nose and reached right down into his gut to twist and turn until he followed the scent to its source...the kitchen.

Toby staggered in and, in very un-feline behavior, slumped down into one of the kitchen chairs surrounding the table, “Ah, it’s awake I see.” The feline’s eyes cracked open to look at the stove, where his newest and possibly strangest friend was standing, holding a sizzling pan of thickly sliced bacon, “I was wondering if I was gonna have ta haul yer butt out here myself. Guess the bacon worked.” Darin grinned as the tiger nodded, “You sleep well last night, kid?”

“Yeah, it’s nice to finally get a nice mattress underneath me again. I was getting really tired of those nasty motel ones.” The tiger yawned broadly as he finished his sentence then looked around, “Where do you keep the coffee?”

Darin pointed over at a half-filled French-press on the counter, “Still nice n hot too.” The tiger retrieved a mug from a nearby mug stand and filled it halfway, “Cream and sugar are right above ya, in the cabinet there,” came Darin’s voice answering the question before Toby could ask it, “And I’m about to make eggs too. How ya like em?”

“Scrambled please, two if ya got em.” Toby stirred in a bit of cream and sugar, and brought the cup to his lips. His eyes widened, “Holleeshitthisstuffsstrong!” He blurted out. He blinked, “Who’s your supplier, and do they realize they’ve come up with coffee that crack addicts would find too powerful?”

Darin chuckled, “Like it? I found it at this little place in Texas last fall. Locally grown and everything. Have ta pick up more when I go down there next month.” He grinned at the tiger who was nodding in agreement at about twice the normal speed for him, and turned to a small laptop computer sitting on the counter. He tapped a few buttons, alternating his attention between the computer and stove for a few minutes until he handed the tiger a plate containing a large portion of scrambled eggs, some bacon, and even some toast as well, “Don’t mind me, by tha by, I’ve gotta keep track of when my routes come in.” He continued to scramble up his own eggs, “Helps me keep my schedule straight...so to speak anyways,” he said with a wink.

Toby nodded and started in on his breakfast, marveling silently at how good the eggs tasted to his palette. There was a silence between them, the only sounds filling the room the tapping of keys and sizzling of bacon and eggs. Soon even that ceased, replaced by a clink of glass on the table and the shifting of a stool as the bear sat across from the tiger and began eating his own breakfast.

“So how much do you remember about last night?”

The tiger’s eyes opened a little, “What do you mean? About the shower?”

A nod, “Yup. How’d it feel?”

A blush now, “It was pretty hot. I mean, neither of us even came, but still, it was just a nice, wonderful feeling,” he paused for a moment, “I don’t think I’ve ever felt that way before.”

The bear grinned, “Did you realize you were hypnotized to do that?”

Toby’s eyes flew wide open and a hand shot up to his mouth to block the eggs in his mouth from shooting across the table. A short choking cough and glass of water later, “I was under...for that?! Why do I remember? I thought you had to tell me to remember for me to remember.”

Darin shrugged, “Memory of hypnosis is like memory in a dream. Sometimes you'll remember very clearly what happened, sometimes you won't. Just part of the territory, really.”

Toby found himself nodding again, "And the topping...I mean I was calling you sir, and it felt so natural." He looked down, suddenly becoming very interested in his eggs, "And so good," he murmured to himself.

Darin smiled and finished the last of his eggs and bacon, "Well I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, Toby. Didn't wanna go too far on yer first night out tho. Sometimes when ya do something really intense like that you get what they call 'bottom drop.' You've done something beyond the societal norm, and yer mind don't know how ta process it. So ya kinda freak out a little." He looked over the tiger, who had also finished eating, "Had that happen once, don't want it to happen again, specially with a boy as cute as you."

The orange fur on the tiger's face gained a bright red hue, "Well, uhh..." he stammered out, "thanks, I guess."

Darin laughed, "And so shy too! God I'll have ta get you over that." He stood up and slid a hand under Toby's plate, "But first things first, business before pleasure. Mind helping me with the dishes?"

A short while later, the dishwasher was humming along quite nicely, and the pair were walking down the hall as the bear gave the tiger a brief tour of his home, "I've got a guest bedroom for when it's needed," Darin said with a wry smile, "more often then not though, it just gets used fer storin things I don't need."

The pair passed Darin's bedroom, "I'm sure you remember the bedroom and the shower, so only place left ta show ya is the office and," he paused and winked at Toby, "the dungeon."

"Umm...say that again?"

"What? My dungeon?"

"...uhh, yeah, I guess I did hear you right." Toby's head was swirling now. Darin had a

dungeon. A dungeon. A mother-fucking dungeon. A dark and dank, whips and chains and racks and cag--

"It's not as scary as it sounds, Toby, don't worry," Darin said, "I said before, I ain't gonna do anything too fast with ya. Yer too cute to scare away." Toby's face didn't change at all, "C'mon, let's get this part over with then. I can show ya the office later."

The door swung open to what looked like a fairly innocent spare bedroom. The bed was a large, four poster bed with the posts made of iron and connected at the top to an 'O' shaped ring of metal. A nightstand set next to the bed, a set of drawers, and a fold-open closet completed the rather sparse layout. The only odd thing about the room, if odd is what it could be called, was a lack of windows. The only lights came from 4 recessed softly glowing lights in the ceiling.

"This is your dungeon?" Toby said in slight disbelief, "I mean, aren't there supposed to be chains and stuff?" As he spoke Darin walked past him to the closet and opened it up. Toby walked over to get a better view and his next comment died in his throat.

The closet was a nicely organized collection of small plastic containers, all neatly labeled. Above the boxes was a collection of shirts, all of them obviously smaller than would fit the large bear. Some were latex, some spandex, at least one straightjacket jumped out at him. He glanced at some of the boxes and read the labels: Butt-Plugs - Small, V. Wand, Cuffs - Leather. The sheer number of different things just boggled his mind.

"Appearances can be deceiving, huh Toby?"

The tiger nodded dumbly, "Yeah....wow...I would never have guessed."

The bear chuckled, "Take a look through. If you've got questions about what something's for, just ask." Toby's eyes crawled over every box, darting back and forth as if the whole thing was just too much to take in. Darin took a step towards the tiger, who, coincidentally, took a step back at the same time. The two collided with a small grunt from the tiger.

"Whoa there," Darin chuckled, "too much for ya?" a quick glance at Toby's wide eyes told him all he needed to know. He placed his hands on the tiger's shoulders and started to rub. It wasn't a heavy massage, just enough sensation to distract the tiger long enough for him to lean his head near Toby's ear.

"Road tripped." Strong arms wrapped around Toby and held him close, cradling him as the tiger slipped down onto his knees. Darin smiled and rubbed the dopey looking tiger's head affectionately, "That's it Toby, just relax. Let the trigger work. Road Tripped. Sink down, down, down into that wonderful, sleepy state that being Road Tripped can be."

The bear kept up the monotone, alternating Toby's trigger phrase with well timed and well-placed squeezes and caresses. After a few minutes, the tiger's head had sunk down as far as it could go, touching chin to chest. His form was slumped down, a puppet with no strings.

Darin leaned in again, "Allright Toby, time to stand up. You're going to help me with something and it's going to feel so wonderful. It's so nice when you help me out

isn't it?" He let the tiger bob his head up and down and start to stand woozily upright, while he padded over to the closet and pulled out a couple of boxes, one large, one small.

"Okay Toby, it would really help me out if you were naked for this. You don't mind being naked, do you. It feels so nice to be naked." The tiger was bobbing his head again, "Well then, my good boy, why don't you strip for me now." Hands floated up and began to peel his undershirt and boxers off, unknowingly giving the bear quite a show of his well-built body.

Darin was only half watching the strip show, however. The bear had popped open the large box and had begun assembling a large rectangle of plastic pipping on the top of the bed. By the time Toby was naked, the frame was fully assembled and Darin had popped the top of the other box off and had stretched the rubber within the box over the frame.

"Come on over here, boy," Darin beckoned to the tiger who shuffled over wordlessly. A small, gentle shove on his shoulders was all it took to put Toby's glazed and happy face at crotch level.

"Now," Darin grinned widely, "Let's get yer trainin started, shall we?"

A quick trip back to the closet later, and the tiger's head was well tucked away inside one of Darin's "training masks." The mask itself was an old world war two gas mask, modified with a set of LED lights of various colors in the eyepieces, and a pair of headphones that could be hooked around the wearer's ears. Taking the tiger's hand, Darin helped Toby onto and into the bed holding open the rubber sheet, making sure all the wires and air hoses were wound around where they were supposed to be. Satisfied Toby was ready, Darin wheeled the vacuum part of the bed out and hooked it to the frame. Grinning ear to ear, the bear flipped the switch.

Inside the bed, Toby's mind was beginning to stir, wondering curiously what was going on. Why was it so dark and hard to move? And why did it smell so much like rubber? He was just about to start to paw his way out when the roar of the vacuum could be heard from beyond his earphones. Suddenly the rubber sheet collapsed around him, trapping him like a vacu-sealed piece of meat at the super market. He squirmed and tried to move, but found the most he could manage was a lewd humping of the air. His breathing began to quicken, the tiger progressing rapidly from a calm, relaxed state to one of near panic. Only the stroking of a hand on his rubber-covered body brought him back to reality.

"It's okay Toby," Darin's voice crackled over his headphones, "just breathe through the tube on your muzzle. You can do this." Toby found himself nodding, or trying to at least. His breathing slowed down a little, and his mind began to wander as his body got used to the complete restriction the vacuum bed offered. His cock, still trapped in the rubber, began to thicken and spread, finding the small, pre-cut niche for it that Darin had had custom added to the bondage device.

Darin noticed the tiger's arousal and stroked it softly, eliciting a soft moan from the rubber clad figure below him, "There's a good boy," he said into the microphone that connected his world to Toby's, "Now, time to start your training." He tapped the iPod next to the microphone to play and another button to activate the LEDs.

Within the blackness of Toby's mask, light burst forth into being, bringing a startled yelp through the mouth tube. The tiger closed his eyes, trying to shut out the

colors, or at least let himself get adjusted to the shifting patterns. Eventually he found he could open his eyes, and noticed that there were, in fact, patterns to the colors. Red turned to orange, which turned to yellow, to green, to blue, then to purple, and back to red. They danced and flickered in and out before his eyes. It was then that the static hiss started, the white noise drowning out the rest of Darin's world and leaving Toby with nothing but the inescapable rubber of the bed and the colors.

Time passed.

Toby was unaware of how much or how long. The patterns changed, or maybe they didn't. It was hard to tell for sure. Just as hard to tell how long he'd been here. The constant hiss hid an occasional noise within it. Toby's thoughts ran wild, darting here and there. The bear was forefront in his mind. What were his plans for the tiger? Training? He'd just been hypnotized and locked into a rubber bondage bed. And yet, this was the most peaceful Toby had felt in years. It was...comfortable here. Relaxing. Toby's eyes blinked, watering slightly. The constant onslaught of colors was difficult enough, but the air within the eyes of the mask was stale. He closed his eyes, grateful for the shutting out of at least a little bit of the colors, even if they were bright enough to penetrate those shut lids. What was he thinking about again?

Oh yes, the colors. No...the bear. Yes, the bear. An image of Darrin's cock flashed before his eyes. Was that a trick of the lights? No, just his imagination. After all, being trapped in this bed, at the mercy of the larger ursine being...it stirred Toby's loins in all the right ways. The tiger relaxed his neck, his eyes fluttering even as a soft murmuring could be heard beneath the waves of sound.

"Relaxation is appropriate," the words seem to drift through his mind, "it's okay to be relaxed like this. In fact, it's really nice to be relaxed like this..." Toby found himself nodding quietly, not really sure why he was doing so, "just relax and let yourself drift. The voice will think for you now, and that's okay..." Toby nodded again. It was okay for the voice to think for him... The voice began to repeat itself, and somewhere along the line, Toby faded out, lulled into a complacent sleep by the soft insistent motions of the voice and the lights.