

## My Boyfriend's Boyfriend

"Now, don't you look so cute!" Brad taunted as I waddled out of my - I mean - his bedroom. The soaked diaper hung heavily between my legs, jiggling and bouncing with every movement. He covered his giggling mouth and motioned for me to continue walking. My lips tightened around the pacifier that was forced into my mouth. I sucked harder as my anxiety grew. I had never been in diapers this size or restrained as I was now. "Babe, come look at Tommy."

From around the corner, my boyfriend - I mean Ex-boyfriend - walked into view. His cute face and button nose scrunched together as the smell of my wet diaper hit him. His eyes moved over me.

*Fuck what am I doing?*

It was hard to straighten my mind. Layers of humiliation and ecstasy constantly laid atop my consciousness, making it harder to make the right choices. The diaper. The chastity cage. The moving into my new "nurse." Every bit was more humiliating than the last, and I lusted for the next step, even as my brain begged me to stop.

"My god," he laughed. I sucked the pacifier harder, pulling the large plastic dick-shaped nipple deep into the mouth. The tip caressed the back of my throat, teasing me with a sensation I no longer was allowed to enjoy. "Well, if the thought of wanting to have sex with you ever crossed my mind, I would only have to remember this moment to erase the want."

*No, that's not what I wanted.*

I tried to speak around the nipple, but my words came out in only blabbered nonsenses. I tried to adjust the strap around my face, but my mitten-covered hands-only slipped over the strap. I went to the back where the buckle sat and couldn't undo the strap.

"Now, why don't we just get you all set up for tonight," Brad said. He extended a hand, and I instinctually took it. He led me into the living room. My legs walked bowed, adjusting for the massive diaper that swayed with me.

Toys and coloring books laid scattered above a brightly covered cushioned mat. I turned to the tv and saw a Disney movie already played. I turned to question Brad and was met by his hands. I fell backward onto my diaper, forcing a loud *SQUISH* out.

“God, that thing is fucking full,” my ex-boyfriend announced as I rolled up onto my bottom. The diaper squished and crinkled as I moved around. Only going silent when I froze in an appropriate position. I looked up at their faces, seeing their grins twist and curl at the edges. Wicked thoughts danced behind their handsome faces, and I wanted . . . needed to know them. Brad took out his phone, aimed it at me, and grinned.

“Smile, baby boy,” he announced. I raised my mittens in an attempt to block the camera, but the picture was taken too quickly. “Fuck, just look at him!” Brad laughed, sharing it with my ex-boyfriend. Neither of them could contain their laughter as they stared at the image. I sucked the binky harder and harder as my heart raced. “Gonna need to post this one online. Think your friends will appreciate the new you?”

“MmmmMMmm,” I mumbled around the pacifier.

“So cute when he tries to talk,” my ex-boyfriend said.

“Cuckhold life is the best life. Don’t you think that is a great caption, diaper boy?” Brad asked as he turned the phone to me. I saw my account on his phone. The picture was clear, and every bit the person I had become, covered in pink head to toe, a rubber crop top with the word Cuck on the front, and a heavy wet diaper between my thin legs. This was me - this was the only me.

“MMMMmmmMMmM!” I squealed around the cock-like nipple.

“Well, if you don’t like it, why don’t you close out the application. Here I will even hold the phone to me. Go ahead. Press the cancel button . . . if you can!” I raised my large rubber mitten and attempted to angle it on the screen.

*Light touch. Light touches.*

I pressed the rubber mitten into the screen softly, and Brad pressed firmly from the other side, squishing the entire mitten into the phone.

“Oops!” he chuckled before he withdrew the phone from me. He looked at the screen and shrugged. “Looks like you accidentally posted it, buddy. But we will worry about those comments later. We have a dinner date.” Brad pulled my ex-boyfriend in closely, squeezing his firm ass. I moaned around my binky, wishing I could feel the firmness of his ass one more time. It had been weeks since I was

kicked out of the master bedroom and months since Brad put me in a chastity device. My cock strained within the cage, wanting freedom - begging for it.

“We will be home late, but bedtime is 8 pm. Understand?” Brad asked. His voice firmed as he spoke, taking on the fatherly tone that made my cock throb within my wet diaper.

I nodded.

*Yes, daddy.*

“Good boy,” he said before he grasped my chin and shook my head slightly. “You know how much I love it when my diaper boy is obedient. Maybe if we don’t get home too late, I’ll even play with those nipples of yours while we read those comments . . . how does that sound? Want daddy to play with your little bitch tits, baby boy? Tease them. Twist them. Think you can cum by me playing with them yet?” My nipples grew more erect as if knowing the pleasure they would receive for obeying. The idea of him touching me, torturing me in my humiliating outfit made my caged dick leak. And the thought of him playing with my sensitive nipples while he read the repulsive comments made it all the harder to think clearly.

I nodded more aggressively.

“That’s a good diaper cuck,” he said, slapping my face in a demoralizing manner before he stood up and intertwined with my Ex once more. Brad sank his tongue deep into my Ex’s mouth, and the two moaned loudly. The sexual energy has heavy. I placed my mittens into the front of my wet diaper and humped softly into them.

*God, why do I like this?*

“Oh, and don’t worry . . . we are taking your credit card for dinner,” Brad said before he winked at me and walked away from the play mat.