

## Cuckolded in Chastity II

“It’s got to be one of the pink ones tonight,” Nathan said, as he stood in front of the shelf full of diapers.

Steven was less keen, but didn’t otherwise protest. He knew his boyfriend was right but hardly wanted to indicate as such, with the pink ‘princess’ diapers being the most embarrassing in his collection. He was lying on a changing mat on their bed, waiting to be diapered following his shower.

Nathan smiled to himself, knowing pink was indeed the correct choice for tonight.

“What time is he coming over?” Steven prepared himself as his new diaper was tossed onto the bed beside him.

“I already told you; around nine,” Nathan frowned. He walked around to the end of the bed and towered over the soon-to-be-diapered man. “You’re to be in the spare room, before he gets here.”

Steven was nervous. Another man was on his way over tonight to fuck his boyfriend, and as he waited for his bedtime diaper, Nathan was lubing a buttplug.

“And as you lay in that room, I want every squeeze of this plug to remind you of what I’m getting tonight. Legs up.”

The buttplug was guided towards Steven’s hole as he complied, spreading his thighs and relaxing as his boyfriend gently forced it inside him.

Steven groaned audibly as the tough silicone pressed on his prostate. He was so horny now, but knew he would get no relief this night, not that he could if he wanted to. The pink chastity device that had been fixed to his penis weeks ago had proved inescapable, fool-proof.

Pink chastity cage. Pink diapers. Nathan had done so well in controlling his partner with emasculating colours.

Nathan smirked to himself as Steven's penis twitched, his balls tightening. Pre-cum glistened the gap in the cage, and Steven squirmed tensely on the bed. Nathan cleaned his hands and unfolded the diaper. Steven's cage started to throb, and he lifted his knees back towards his chest, allowing his boyfriend to slide the new diaper under his butt.

"You don't have to worry, you know," Nathan said, picking up on his partner's nerves. "It's just sex. You're still my whole world... Besides," he chuckled, "I saw your dick twitching already."

"I know... it's just, I know I could do this for you instead of him." Steven had 'comfortably' dealt with his loss of underwear, the toilet, jerking off, and many things more, but what he really struggled with was no longer being the aggressive top that he once was. Being kept in diapers was the first blockade, but the chastity cage was a barrier that Nathan was unwilling to remove, preferring to use it to keep Steven as submissive as possible, at all times.

Their vanilla sex life had once ridden on this top to bottom dynamic, but everything was now upside down. Steven was never happier; Nathan had done an incredible job of taking control and breaking him down, privilege by privilege. They'd not since solved the sex-shaped hole in their lives however, and after nearly two months of these changes, Nathan had proposed a solution.

He floated the idea gently, about an old friend of his who he used to fool around with when they were younger and single. Steven initially wasn't keen, but Nathan was able to make it sound sexy, and with his cock in chastity, most ideas would turn Steven on now. Nathan had given Steven so much recently, that he couldn't say no to the idea. It was a fair compromise in their new relationship.

They celebrated agreeing by holding a vibrator against Steven's cage, and he weakly, helplessly blew his load while Nathan whispered about how much of unsatisfying boyfriend he had become.

Steven was left stunned that night as Nathan taped that fresh diaper on him, wet inside from both men's cum. He never expected their relationship to go there, never mind have it turn him on so much. As the reality of it arrived, he couldn't help but feel anxious. Either he'd end up hating it, or it would turn him on. Either one would make for a difficult night, and could never be undone.

Steven sat up on the bed, now diapered, with his plug adding even more pressure to his balls as he put weight on it. Maybe he'd spend the night horny, regardless. Nathan kissed him, and groped the diaper he'd lovingly taped on his partner, feeling the caged bulge underneath.

"One more thing," he stated, separating their lips, and retrieving the pair of locking plastic pants he'd bought Steven. "As this is a special night, and there's someone staying over, I don't want you taking your diaper off. Or the plug out."

Steven whimpered, but didn't protest. He was far too obedient these days to protest something so simple. "Does he know about me?"

"He knows enough that it's fair," Nathan stated, holding out the pants to be stepped into. "Not about the diapers though. Not yet."

Steven got off the bed, with much relief to his prostate, and put his legs in the pants one by one. "That part too weird?" he blushed, self-consciously. He knew Nathan was comfortable with his fetish now, but it was easy to forget he lived in a bubble and other people might not be near as understanding.

"Oh no..." Steven laughed as he pulled the plastic pants up to Steven's waist, and pulled both sides of the chain tightly, closing them around his boyfriend. "It just might be funnier for him to find out himself by seeing you in them."

Before Steven could react to what he was told, the chain was padlocked shut, trapping him in transparent pants that displayed his thick pink diaper to the world. He gulped hard, and his butt clenched the plug tightly.

"Seriously?" Steven said, his voice breaking.

"What do you want me to say? My boyfriend wears diapers, now please fuck me in the ass?" Steven replied sardonically. "It might be a mood killer, darling, and this way it'll keep you in the spare room where you belong!"

Steven didn't admit it, but his cock pushed the boundaries of the cage once more. He felt so inadequate, and that was turning him on just as much as his helplessness was lately.

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Steven was lying on the spare bed, bored, as Jonathon arrived at the house. Nathan had left him in nothing but his diaper and plastic pants, with not a single piece of clothing in the room to conceal himself with.

He heard their voices downstairs in the living room, as Nathan no doubt broke out some wine.

Steven had never met Jonathon, as the man moved away after he and Nathan graduated college. Steven had seen pictures and social media profiles now. Nathan made Steven as comfortable as he could manage in the circumstances, but felt it would be better if playmate and partner didn't meet before the act.

Jonathon was hot too, worryingly athletic, like Steven used to aspire to. He had a dad-like quality, but a warm and goofy grin. It intimidated Steven in the right way, like he couldn't explain. He felt powerless thinking about how much Nathan would enjoy his company again, and the idea aroused instead of making him jealous. Maybe their sexual future did involve third parties from now on.

He heard their footsteps, their excited voices move through the hallway. Steven slowly pulled the duvet up to his stomach, not expecting them to come into the room, but taking no chances just in case.

It dawned on him now, that he was far more worried about being seen in his diapers than he was about his boyfriend sleeping with this guy. There was an odd comfort to that thought, and he wondered what Jonathon would say when he found out. He didn't expect Nathan to keep it a secret in the morning.

The sex started without much delay. Nathan moaned louder than Steven had heard in weeks, penetrating the two walls between boyfriends. His own cock grew once more, filling the cage as best it could beneath the diaper. The plug was clenched. His balls tightened.

Steven lowered his hand to the plastic crotch. He knew from experience it was a wasted effort, but he rubbed his cage anyway. He kept thinking about the pleasure from the other room; what he could neither give nor have, and he thought he'd burst free of this chastity cage.

It didn't happen of course, but he flipped himself over and started to thrust at the bed nonetheless. It felt good, but it would never be enough, not even with the added pressure on his prostate.

Steven humped the bed with all his might, but all it did was cause his balls to ache, something which happened all too easily these days.

He gave up trying to cum long before his partner's night ended.

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"So this is the princess I've heard so much about."

Steven blushed furiously; pink in the face to match the panelling on his diaper. As he feared, Nathan had made sure to introduce them both in the morning. Jonathon stood the kitchen, in a tee shirt and boxers; his body even more impressive in the flesh, despite his bed-hair and pseudo pyjamas. A new life in chastity and diapers had made Steven a little hesitant about keeping up his gym work, and his loss of definition suddenly hurt in this guy's presence. He cowered slightly, wishing he could cover himself up with anything at all. As an exercise in humility, it was working perfectly.

Jonathon was completely unfazed by the grown man in diapers, eyeing Steven up and down with fascination.

"If you're going to be shy," Nathan hugged him from behind, "just go make coffee, then start breakfast."

Steven shuffled across the kitchen obediently; crinkling, rustling. Despite living in diapers, he had never prepared himself for such exposure. Home was his comfort place, as anywhere else he was conscious of showing, being caught. The rug had been pulled out from him entirely now. It was still his wet night diaper, the plastic pants hadn't been removed, and he was still locked and plugged. This was a nightmare. How had his dumb fetish gotten him here?

Nathan and Jonathon took seats at the table, but Steven dared not turn his bashful face around while he could avoid it. He normally cooked for Nathan, and this obviously meant he was cooking for his playmate now too. What a dutiful houseboy he'd become.

“He looks so good in those diapers,” Jonathon chuckled, “I’m glad you went through with it.”

Went through with it? Steven almost dropped a mug. Jonathon knew more about his diapers than Nathan had implied. He placed both mugs in front of the two men, where Nathan flashed his partner a wink.

“John has known about your diapers since day one,” he explained, knowing the worried look on Steven’s face. “We talked about everything sexual in college. He was the first, and only person I reached out to.”

Steven was taken aback knowing Nathan had been speaking to another person about his fetishes, but he understood at least. He’d dumped a lot on Nathan that fateful day.

“And it’s really because of him that you’re wearing diapers now. You should thank him really.”

Steven could barely speak.

“You can thank me by making a good breakfast,” Jonathon smiled, sipping his coffee, and waving his other hand like it was no big deal. That paternal warmth was there again, and hard to dislike.

Steven went back to work, sloppily tossing slices of bacon on a frying pan. He couldn’t process the other man knowing so much about him, when he knew nothing of the stranger.

“Stevie, John helped me come to terms with your interests. He showed me how obedient you could be if I indulged this, if I took control.”

“What else have you done with him?” Jonathon asked. “Is he wearing the device?”

“Yes! That was a great idea.” Nathan replied enthusiastically. “He’s reliant on me now to cum. He barely uses the toilet, and it’s even rarer that he changes his own diapers. He knows who the boss is, right, princess?”

“Yes, Nathan,” Steven whimpered as the bacon sizzled. He tried to focus on making a good breakfast, to impress them both, and get this plug out of his butt. He cracked some eggs.

“Well, if breakfast is as good as you were last night,” Jonathon laughed, “then I might even change that diaper myself.”

Steven squirmed. He didn’t think Nathan would stand in the way of that happening.

“Now there’s an idea,” Nathan said, confirming Steven’s worry.

“It’ll be good for him. Last night’s proven he’s not much of a real man anymore,” Jonathon mused, authoritatively. “You should widen the gap between you and him some more. You said he barely uses the toilet, huh? Even for..?”

Nathan flashed a proud grin. “Even that.”

Johnathon gasped, in wonderful amazement. “You’ve done really well. That’s got to put him in his place.”

Steven thought his level of cringing would kill him right now. This guy knew he pooped himself on a daily basis. He felt himself grow hard, again. His partner and Jonathon speaking about him as if he weren’t in the room... He’d never experienced something like this. His balls were aching and he just needed some relief.

“This is what he wanted,” Nathan stated. “I have some more ideas though...”

“Like babying him?”

Nathan audibly smirked. “That’s one. He’s already got a pacifier.”

“Well, if you need any help, you know how to get in touch.”

Steven realised his hands were shaking. Pacifier gag aside, he, or they, had never pushed any real babyish aspects to the diaper wearing. It never interested him before, but yet, standing in that kitchen, untreatably horny and hearing it like it was an approaching, all-consuming fate was turning him on even more. He almost wanted to ask for it, for both of them to seize control.

He served the men their breakfast, his blushing face a picture of bewilderment and embarrassment. He ate his own in awkward silence, almost wishing he could scurry into another room to finish it with privacy.

True to their word, when they had finished eating, Nathan and Jonathon took Steven by the hand and brought him into the living room. Nathan unlocked the padlock around his waist, and had him step out of the plastic pants. His diaper was in dire need of changing, and he patted Steven's butt, pressing right on the plug. As Steven moaned helplessly, Nathan told him to lie down on the floor. His heart rate escalated rapidly.

Steven obeyed, and readied himself for a diaper change unlike any other. Nathan sat down behind Steven's head, and brought his partner's hands into his lap and held on, both comforting and restraining him. Jonathon knelt down at the business end where, after a firm grip of the soaked crotch, started to undo the tapes.

"You know what you're doing?" Nathan smiled.

"Of course!" Jonathon laughed in return.

It was surreal. This was happening. Another man he barely knew was changing his diaper now. Nathan held Steven's hands tightly in place, only allowing him the briefest torso squirm as Jonathon unearthed his locked penis.

As the diaper unfolded onto the floor, he pushed the plug out, with an extraordinary moan of relief. His penis dribbled precum, desperate for more.

"Isn't this a perfect picture?" Jonathon grinned. "Exactly how a boy as pathetic as yourself should be."

Steven groaned again, biting his lip. Nathan had excelled in putting him in these positions; where he'd do anything, accept anything, and still with no guarantee of relief.



Nathan was silent, and held his partner in place. Steven was hanging on the new man's every word.

"I'm going to show him how to make a baby out of you. But first, I'm going to put you in the thickest diapers you've ever worn. Then I'm going to make you suck on your pacifier, and watch, while I fuck Nathan right here on the sofa.

"And when I'm done, you're going to call me 'Daddy'. Do you know why? Because Nathan gave me the key to your chastity cage last night. And if you ever want to cum again, you're going to be the perfect, little, cuckolded baby boy. Got it?"

Steven nodded. He was terrified, but thought he was going to blow right there, through the cage. How could he not agree to something that hot?