

Out of Control

January 2023

Warm light. The muffled sound of laughing voices approaching. And then, the door to the spacious bedroom opened to admit the mirthful couple, whose coy giggles and deep chuckles filled the room with romantic anticipation.

Love and lust were most definitely in the air tonight.

"Wow, you've got a fabulous... room!" The tall young fellow's voice was laced with admiration, while his willowy, blonde, female partner's was filled with coy amusement. "Hehe, 'room,' was it? You were actually going to say 'ass', surely. Weren't you, Darren?" "Well, I mean...", he conceded, still confident with a wry smile on his face. "Now that you mention it, you *naughty* girl-"

"Naughty?!" Not me, surely?" Her arch reply was practically an invitation to tear down her panties and bend her over right there – but of course he was still gentleman enough to hold out a bit longer. "Definitely *very* naughty!" Darren replied, his voice alive with excitement. "I mean, your ass is damn fine, Jean. But really, shouldn't an ass that fine be getting some attention? I'd be happy to- you know..."

But before he could finish, her panties were descending to the floor. "To *what* now?" she purred, and now she was leaning closer, propelling her lusty young man backward toward the high-standing, spacious bed. "Here, why don't you get a bit more comfortable and see if you can't show me what it is you'd be happy to do..."

His eager reply was smothered as her devouring lips met his.

Hands groped. Buttons fumbled out of their holes. Zippers slid down as if of their own accord. And piece by piece, their clothing fluttered or tumbled or slid unheeded to the floor. They were no longer needed, after all. For in the fiery heat of passion, these lovers needed nothing more to warm them than the hot kisses of their lust, the glowing warmth of their naked bodies, and the fierce heat of their aching loins...

While all the while, the body of their unseen spectator was being warmed by quite different means.

By the pastel flannel of his imprisoning sleeper that swathed him from neck to toes. By the grotesquely thick, bulging swell of the many layers of padding secured between his splayed legs and around his caged groin. By the burning ache of his bumhole and the hot churning of his gurgling intestines. And by the warm, infantile trickles of urine dribbling even now out of his nerveless bladder and into that same, steadily swelling diaper.

Not to mention by the hot tears seeping from his eyes, streaming silently out from beneath his blindfold, trickling back into the mess of his unruly long hair, and finally escaping along the taut leather straps of his muzzling gag.

Whom was she with tonight? Poor Terry longed to know the answer to that awful question – and yet didn't.

He'd learned well, these past six months, that his wife Jean had a knack for always getting her way. If she fancied some random purse or pair of shoes at the store, she'd get it, no matter what. If she wanted a raise, her supervisor would invariably get it for her. If she wanted Terry to agree with her on everything and be whomever and whatever she wanted him to be... well, she got that too.

And so, if she wanted to fuck a particular guy, he supposed it was only a matter of time until even that happened.

It was that same ability to get what she wanted, he supposed, that helped explain why she had flipped out the moment she'd learned that her devoted husband had been carrying on a little affair on the side. Flipped out... and gone off the deep end into sadistic depths of vengeance he'd never even dreamed of.

Terry writhed impotently in his pathetic little tray that passed for a bed these days, trying desperately to divert his attention from the tempest in his belly by mulling over the tragic way in which Jean had delivered his punishment. Oh, how diabolically sly she had been about it, too! After that first burst of fury, she'd lapsed into quiet, sarcastic apathy. Whole days had passed without so much as a word between them. But then, out of the blue, she'd seemed to bounce back to life: ordering him to take her to stores and run errands for her and pick up box after box of purchases, same as always. He'd been so relieved, too. And like an idiot, he'd dared to think it had all blown over...

But then, having used him to procure the very means of his own humiliation, Jean had snapped back into vendetta mode. Which had only ended with Terry moaning and struggling in wild terror

as, amid uncontrollable, maniacal laughter, she had gleefully slid her caged, bound, gagged, and babyfied husband under the innocent-looking, lacy bedskirt and deep into the dark shadows beneath her new bed.

That very bed was creaking now with the rising frenzy of the couple's passionate lovemaking. Guttural groans of pleasure escaped the naked young fellow as he thrust in again and yet again, burying his erect length ever deeper into his loudly moaning partner's slick cunt. "Oh- oh fuck- God, don't stop!" The now-naked Jean was squatting before him with splayed legs and upturned ass: breathless with longing, and far too horny to heed the obscenities escaping her mouth. "You incredible mother-fucking monster- You- you're so fucking perfect!"

She was practically shouting out her pleasure now, and though with every word her partner heard only lustful praise of his sexual prowess, not two feet below her cuckolded husband lay in his bonds, hearing nothing but taunts for his pathetic new status. "Oh, Darren, you're so... hard! And- *uunnngbhghh!* – god, you're a beast- You're so big! I- *oohhhhh-* I've never been fucked like this before! Go on, Darren – give it to me! You horny- mother-fucker..."

A muted whimper of terror escaped the unseen Terry's gagged lips – not merely at the horrifying thought of what the lust-filled fellow above him was doing this very second to his wife, but also at the first inevitable trickles of his suppository-stuffed intestines into his waiting diaper. Oh, yes – suppositories. Jean had seen to it that her captive, cuckolded baby-husband would be in full form for the show tonight. How she'd forced that castor oil down his throat over lunch! How she'd threatened him with exposure if he didn't drink all four of his prune juice bottles this afternoon! How she'd spooned that fiber-filled oatmeal deep into his mouth during supper, openly mocking his discomfort and gleefully reminding him that it was going to end up in his diapers either way, no matter whether he ate it or not!

Yet even as Terry's bowels threatened to betray him, his cock swelled anew with irrational, deprived, envious longing. For cheater though he might have been, underneath the babyish humiliation he was still very much a man. The sound of his wife's frantic lovemaking beckoned him, even more potently now than had the pretty little gasps of that twenty-something plaything he'd taken as his mistress. Jean might not have been the nicest wife, true. But at least she had been... his. He had been hers. And now he- he'd thrown it all away...

Forever. As the weighty steel confines of his unyielding, double-locking chastity cage now reminded

him – all too firmly.

His horrific new status flashed vividly before his blindfolded eyes, a mortifying accompaniment to the obscene sounds of animalistic fucking going on above him. Jean openly laughed at him these days, and never more than whenever she changed his sodden diapers: those elegant fingers prodding at his entrapped manhood and his taut-drawn, aching balls. "Poor little baby!" she would sneer, before ruthlessly shoving another suppository up her restrained husband's puckering asshole and pulling layer after layer of cotton and plastic tight around him as he moaned and writhed in despair. "I guess you're just going to have to learn to enjoy pissing and shitting yourself instead, huh? I've read that *some* wives actually train their men to cum in their dirty diapers. But honestly, even letting you jerk off in your own shit is *far* too good for a cheater like you!"

As fate would have it, her first orgasm of the night came at the very moment Terry's roiling intestines finally gave in to the churning mass within. And so it was that, though a few stifled moans might have escaped his tightly-gagged mouth, and though the audible, burbling splutters of diarrhea flooding into a triple-thick diaper might have attracted attention at any other time...

Well, even these horrifyingly babyish sounds were drowned out: lost amid the flurry of primal grunts and cries of his wife and her latest lover climaxing together.

It was perhaps the most pathetic moment of all. But as the sweating, hapless cuckold felt the filthy mass of his own overstuffed intestines began to seep stickily back between his legs and up his crack, he found himself grasping at one final, absurd straw of rationalizing hope. At least he and Jean had sort of done something together, right? For ultimately, weren't sex and soiling oneself merely two different forms of losing control?