




**CUCKOLDED XI  
IN CHASTITY XI**



There it was. The greeting Steven had dreaded all day as Jonathan arrived at his house.

The visitor's hand removed itself from a quick ruffle of Steven's hair. "How's my kiddo doing?"

With his cheeks on fire, Steven mumbled that he was "good", while Jonathan's hand lowered and briskly patted Steven's diapered buttocks.

"Has he been behaving himself?" Jonathan followed up, immediately turning towards Steven's husband.

Nathan chuckled. "The very model of a good diaper-boy."

Steven's shoulders slumped. They were talking about him like he was a child, again, on Jonathan's third successive visit since Steven gave in and drank from a toddler's sippy cup. For all of the pink diapers, chastity and assorted humiliations he'd endured, for some reason, being spoken to and treated as if he was five years old was an embarrassment threatening to swallow him whole.

There was just enough in the other men's tone, in their glances, that reminded Steven that no matter how much they changed his diapers or sent him to bed early, that they knew he was still a grown man. Steven wasn't disappearing into the role or the headspace of a child; they weren't letting him forget that this was a restriction imposed upon him.

"I have some good news!" Jonathan said, after he'd made his point of embracing and kissing Nathan. "I've taken up another contracting position here. I'm going to be in town a *lot* more often. Maybe even once every week!"

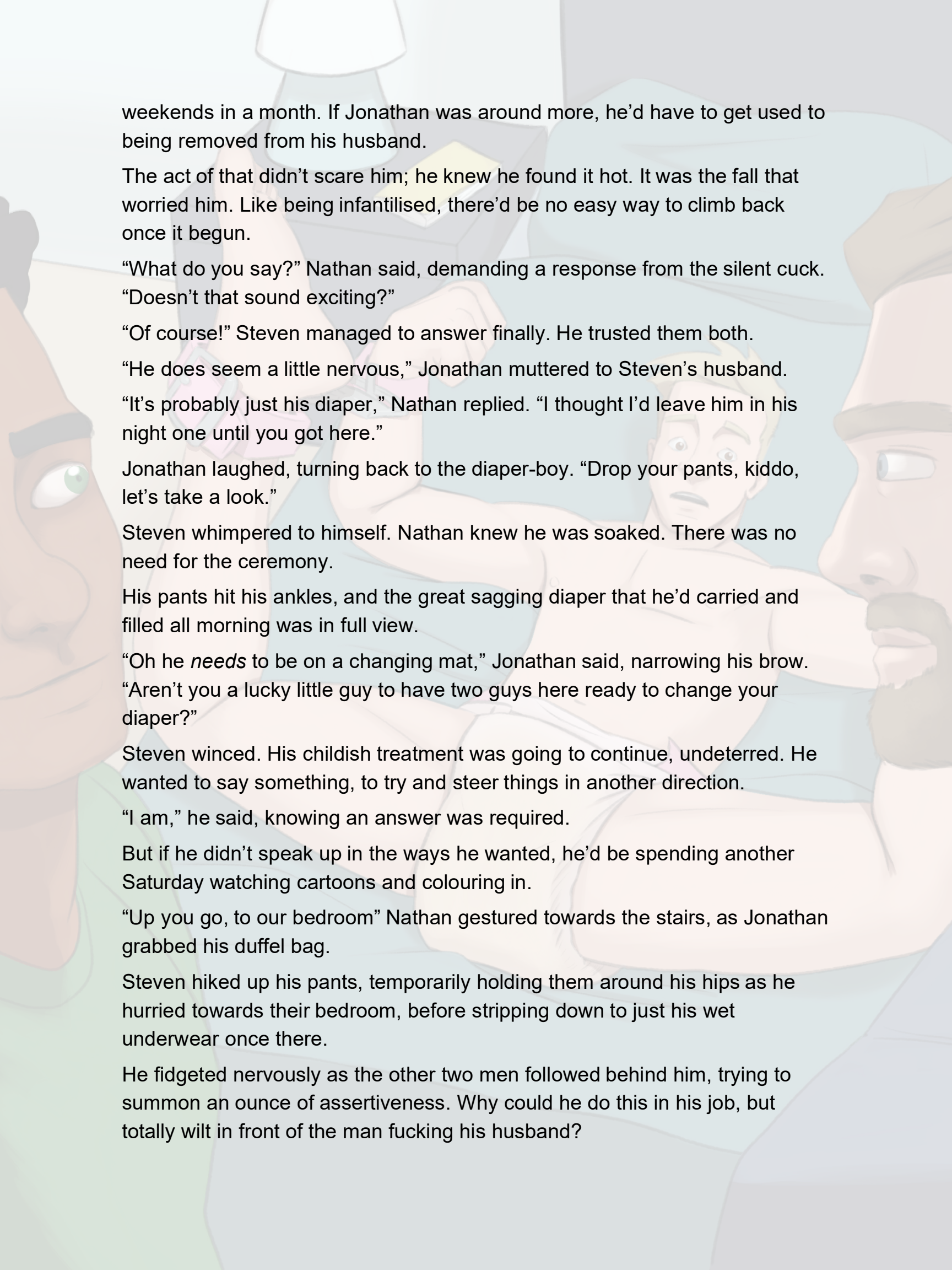
Steven exchanged a surprised glance with Nathan, who still had an arm around the other man's waist. It was clear his husband knew about this development already.

"So if you need help tucking him in, or, you just need..." he continued, smirking. "Well, that's not for his ears, is it?"

Steven blushed. Nathan had the opportunity to have sex almost weekly if he wanted now. His first instinct was to be happy, and relieved. If Steven himself had been denied for so long and trained so successfully not to fuck his husband like he used to, then it was good that Nathan had a regular outlet and was kept satisfied.

But Steven's head grew dizzy. The spare bedroom had already been shaped to being *his* ever so slowly, despite only sleeping in there one or two





weekends in a month. If Jonathan was around more, he'd have to get used to being removed from his husband.

The act of that didn't scare him; he knew he found it hot. It was the fall that worried him. Like being infantilised, there'd be no easy way to climb back once it begun.

"What do you say?" Nathan said, demanding a response from the silent cuck. "Doesn't that sound exciting?"

"Of course!" Steven managed to answer finally. He trusted them both.

"He does seem a little nervous," Jonathan muttered to Steven's husband.

"It's probably just his diaper," Nathan replied. "I thought I'd leave him in his night one until you got here."

Jonathan laughed, turning back to the diaper-boy. "Drop your pants, kiddo, let's take a look."

Steven whimpered to himself. Nathan knew he was soaked. There was no need for the ceremony.

His pants hit his ankles, and the great sagging diaper that he'd carried and filled all morning was in full view.

"Oh he *needs* to be on a changing mat," Jonathan said, narrowing his brow. "Aren't you a lucky little guy to have two guys here ready to change your diaper?"

Steven winced. His childish treatment was going to continue, undeterred. He wanted to say something, to try and steer things in another direction.


"I am," he said, knowing an answer was required.

But if he didn't speak up in the ways he wanted, he'd be spending another Saturday watching cartoons and colouring in.

"Up you go, to our bedroom" Nathan gestured towards the stairs, as Jonathan grabbed his duffel bag.

Steven hiked up his pants, temporarily holding them around his hips as he hurried towards their bedroom, before stripping down to just his wet underwear once there.

He fidgeted nervously as the other two men followed behind him, trying to summon an ounce of assertiveness. Why could he do this in his job, but totally wilt in front of the man fucking his husband?

An illustration in the background shows a man in a white shirt and blue pants changing a baby's diaper. The baby is lying on a blue mat on a bed. The man is looking down at the baby. The scene is set in a room with a white wall and a blue headboard.

“Oh good boy,” Nathan said, seeing him in that state, before he laid the bed with a plastic changing mat.

“We’ll get a big, dry diaper on you real quick, and then you can go play,” Jonathan smiled as he dropped his duffel bag.

Steven tensed up.

“Actually,” he said, somehow, “I mean, *please*, could I maybe do something different today?”

Both men exchanged looks.

“You mean, you don’t want a diaper change?” Jonathan said firmly. “You’re going to need another layer *at least*.”

“No!” Steven said quickly. “I do need one, but-”

“Oh, you need one? Isn’t that for us to decide?”

Steven’s hands clasped together. His one moment to speak up for himself and they were going to bury him in submissive feelings...

“Can I just not be a baby today?” he blurted.

Both men listened, and seemed to consider the statement almost telepathically.

“You think you’re a big boy right now?” Nathan asked.

Jonathan was always the one pushing harder with the babyish treatment. It was going to be much more difficult needing to convince them both.

“I just... I don’t want to watch Sesame Street again,” Steven said, meekly.

Nathan raised an eyebrow back to Jonathan, as if seeking approval.

“You have been a good boy,” Jonathan said carefully, “So we can think about a little break.”

Steven grinned. He didn’t expect to win so easily!


“*But*,” Jonathan continued, “This doesn’t change much. You have other uses than being our boy, that’s correct, but what we say still goes, and that includes if you have to watch Sesame Street or when to go to bed, got it?”

Steven nodded. “Of course!”

“Good,” Nathan spoke. “Then if you’re as big as you think you are today, you can prove it.”

Jonathan listened curiously.



The background features a stylized illustration of a man with blonde hair wearing a light blue diaper, lying on a changing mat. He is being restrained by two men. One man on the left is wearing a green shirt and a black headband, while the man on the right is wearing a brown shirt and a black headband. The man in the diaper has a worried expression. The scene is set against a light blue background with faint outlines of the men's faces and bodies.

Steven felt nervous all over again, but an eagerness took over. He didn't feel like he'd be set up to fail after bargaining like he had, but he obviously needed to do *something*.

"We'll make it nice and fair," Nathan stated, "We'll take your cage off. If you can get hard, and keep it hard, then you can have a break. If you can't, well, it proves you're not a big boy, or even a big *cuck*, doesn't it?"

Steven's diapered-butt was ordered down on the changing mat before he could run through the scenario. That challenge was easy? There had to be a catch.

"That doesn't mean you get to play with it, or cum, so don't expect anything like that," Jonathan warned.

Steven hadn't entertained that idea, so the stipulation didn't trouble him. He nodded in understanding.

"And just as a precaution, we need to take your hands out of the equation," Jonathan said, before reaching into his travel bag, rummaging, and producing two handcuffs.

Steven tried not to smirk to himself. Cuffing his wrists to the bed would only make this hotter, easier for him.


His attention on the duffel bag distracted him from Nathan who'd fetched the cuck's set of pink leather wrist and ankle cuffs. He was already starting to feel a little less childish as the leather 'outfit' was affixed to each of his limbs.

Expecting his wrist straps to be attached to the bed with the handcuffs, he was caught off guard as he was ordered to spread his legs, and grab his ankles. Their "hands off" approach became a little clearer as the D-ring from his right wrist and right ankle cuff were then attached together, as one pair of handcuffs clicked noisily shut by Jonathan.

His left side then followed, as the other set of handcuffs were tossed to Nathan. Both men had sealed him in place, legs spread, diaper exposed, and arms on a very short tether.

Steven gasped slightly to himself as he released the grip on his feet, and realised just how little he could now move. But again, this was all playing into his advantage, and his sudden inability to get up off of his back forced his balls to tighten into the ring of the cage. His penis would soon follow, and push against the spikes of the cage.

Or so he thought. There was no action from his flaccid penis yet.



Steven brushed the worry aside. It was early and his diaper was still crushing his caged genitals. It just needed some breathing room, and then it would grow.

It was true that he could count fewer attempted-erectations as every week passed. But that was the spiked cage nullifying him. Surely, with the cage off, in front of these two men, he wouldn't struggle.

Nathan reached for the tapes on the swollen diaper, his fingers grasping the lip of the first tape, leveraging enough to pull it free. Steven's lack of movement hit him harder; he could only wriggle his thighs slightly. There was nothing he could do about the diaper coming off of him, or whatever would follow.

He'd been a top in situations like this before. Walking into a room to find someone with their legs wide open, in a sling, or strapped up on a bed... How the tables had turned.

His wet diaper was unfolded, and allowed to fall on the bed in front of him. Finally, his cage would have room to move, and Steven waited for his cock to react, to do anything.

"I thought he'd be hard already," Jonathan mused towards the still cage.

"Of course not," Nathan replied to his bull, with a knowing smirk. "His little dick is scared of his little spiked cage." Nathan's fingers caressed the black plastic device, lowering just enough to let Steven feel his tight balls feel the brush of his touch.

The cuck squirmed, as best he could. He could feel the blood run to his dick, at last. It didn't stir much, but it was a start.


"A shame," Jonathan chuckled slightly, "I'd have liked to have heard him moan over it."

Steven was silent, knowing he wasn't being spoken to. He just wanted the cage to come off before he got hard, so he could avoid the sensitive pain it might bring him.

"But it is good to see the cage is training him to be limp."

Steven inhaled sharply. Both of them were right, he realised. He was reluctant to get hard in this thing. He'd already suffered enough excruciating moments where his cock just refused to relax and insisted on testing the sharp boundaries.





“Well, we’ll see how effective it’s been,” Nathan said, as he pointed the cage key towards the internal lock. It turned gently, and the lock withdrew.

Steven could feel the tension in the cage release slightly. This was it. The first time in months that his dick would be free, begging for attention. He’d grown so used to hurried cleanings of himself and the cage, that he was always locked back up before his mind could wander. This time, he could lie here, exposed at their mercy.

Until he realised this was a trap, and not even deliberately so. If he got hard, it was going to backfire. It was going to drive him wild with cravings. He’d gotten so used to the equilibrium of being locked and chaste for so long. Whenever his libido was awakened, it tended to hit him brutally, dominating his thoughts and sensations. Steven tugged on the restraints once more. He couldn’t change the circumstances of his test.

Nathan slipped the spiked shaft away, but left the cage’s ring in place. It would act as a cock ring, and make things easier once he got hard.

“This is it, cuck,” Nathan warned. “What do you want? Get hard for us, show us that you’re at least capable and we might let you act as a footstool when you aren’t serving drinks tonight.”

Steven wriggled, almost in fear. Did he want to get hard? Did he want to waken his lust up and suffer days of torment and spikes once more?

“Or, wriggle around like the infant you are,” Jonathan followed up. “Show us that a useless dicklet is better for nothing than thick, wet diapers while your dads have the real fun around here.”


Steven knew he wanted to win some dignity back and avoid any childish treatment, that was the whole point of this. He had to get hard and accept whatever suffering it would bring. He needed this, so why was it so difficult?

He was tied up, unlocked, with these two incredible men standing before him. This should be *easy*.

“But he’s going back in diapers either way,” Nathan followed up.

“I wouldn’t trust him on your floors, not after all this time.”

“When we’re done with his dick, we can focus on making him *need* diapers,” Nathan laughed. “If he isn’t already and we just don’t know it.”

The background features a stylized illustration of a man in a diaper being held by two other men. The man in the center is wearing a light blue diaper and has a yellow book or folder tucked under his arm. He is being held from behind by a man with a beard and a brown cap. To the left, another man with a green shirt and a black headband is looking towards the center. The overall style is simple and cartoonish with flat colors and bold outlines.

“You know, that’s easy to check,” Jonathan proclaimed. “We can take him out someday, no diaper, and see how often he needs the bathroom. If he can even make it to one.”

“But even still, we can make him need them *more*,” Nathan said, as if Steven’s opinion carried no weight. “Make it so he doesn’t even know he’s peeing.”

Steven grunted and grabbed his feet again. His muscles were starting to ache, as his position started to feel more like a predicament. If only the discomfort, and the teasing, would hurry up and get him hard. But the teasing of his two dominants was too close to real. It was impossible to know what was a tease, and what was his future.

“Imagine that,” Jonathan said, “I would *love* to see him piss his pants in public, realising how committed to diapers he’ll have to be. Forever.”

Steven almost yelled in agony. “Please, please not that!”

“Hush, cuck,” Nathan warned. “Don’t make me get the gag.”

Steven wriggled from side to side trying to relieve any potential cramps. He was still flaccid, but twitching, and he closed his eyes, desperately trying to get hard by sheer force of will.

“How long do we have to wait?”

“It’s looking pretty tragic already...” Nathan trailed off. He squatted down, putting his face closer between Steven’s legs. “Remember the days when I used to get this close?”

Steven looked back at him, weakly. It had felt like forever since Nathan had sucked him, or let him do anything at all with him.

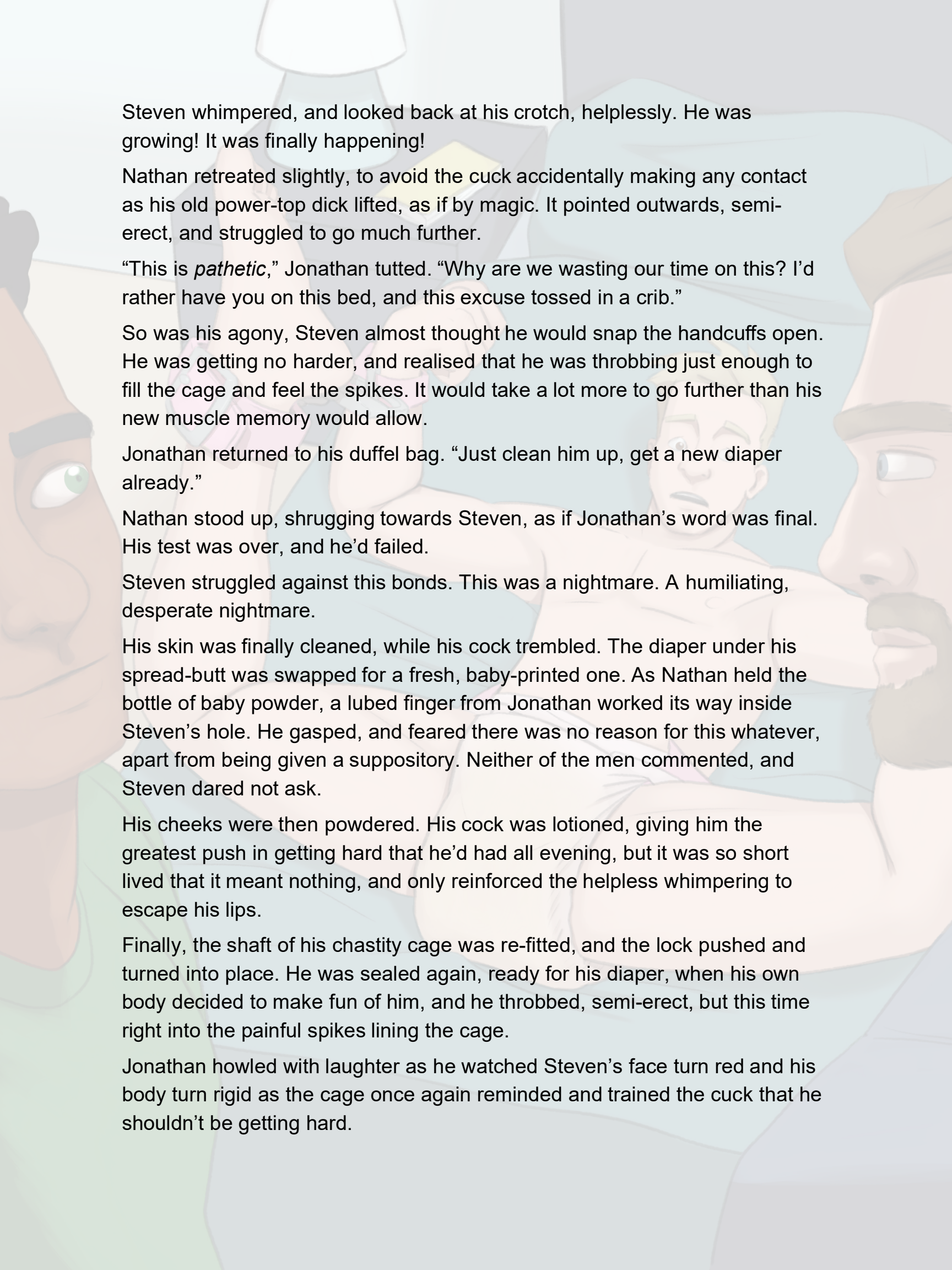
“You know, when I wasn’t changing your diapers of course. Can you even remember that long ago? How it felt?”

Steven nodded, but almost felt like he was lying to himself.

“Oh you do?” Nathan teased, leaning closer, to where his tongue could likely lick Steven’s dick if he chose to. “I doubt it somehow. Maybe we should ask Jon, sorry, *Daddy*, to describe it?”

Steven’s frightful look turned towards the bull standing above him, who in turn looked at Nathan, before returning his eye contact to cuck, unbroken. “He’s. Real. Fucking. Good. And he’s mine now.”



A faint, stylized illustration in the background shows a man with blonde hair wearing a white diaper, being held from behind by two men. One man on the left has a green eye and a black headband. The man on the right has a beard and a black headband. The scene is set against a light blue and green background.

Steven whimpered, and looked back at his crotch, helplessly. He was growing! It was finally happening!

Nathan retreated slightly, to avoid the cock accidentally making any contact as his old power-top dick lifted, as if by magic. It pointed outwards, semi-erect, and struggled to go much further.

“This is *pathetic*,” Jonathan tutted. “Why are we wasting our time on this? I’d rather have you on this bed, and this excuse tossed in a crib.”

So was his agony, Steven almost thought he would snap the handcuffs open. He was getting no harder, and realised that he was throbbing just enough to fill the cage and feel the spikes. It would take a lot more to go further than his new muscle memory would allow.

Jonathan returned to his duffel bag. “Just clean him up, get a new diaper already.”

Nathan stood up, shrugging towards Steven, as if Jonathan’s word was final. His test was over, and he’d failed.

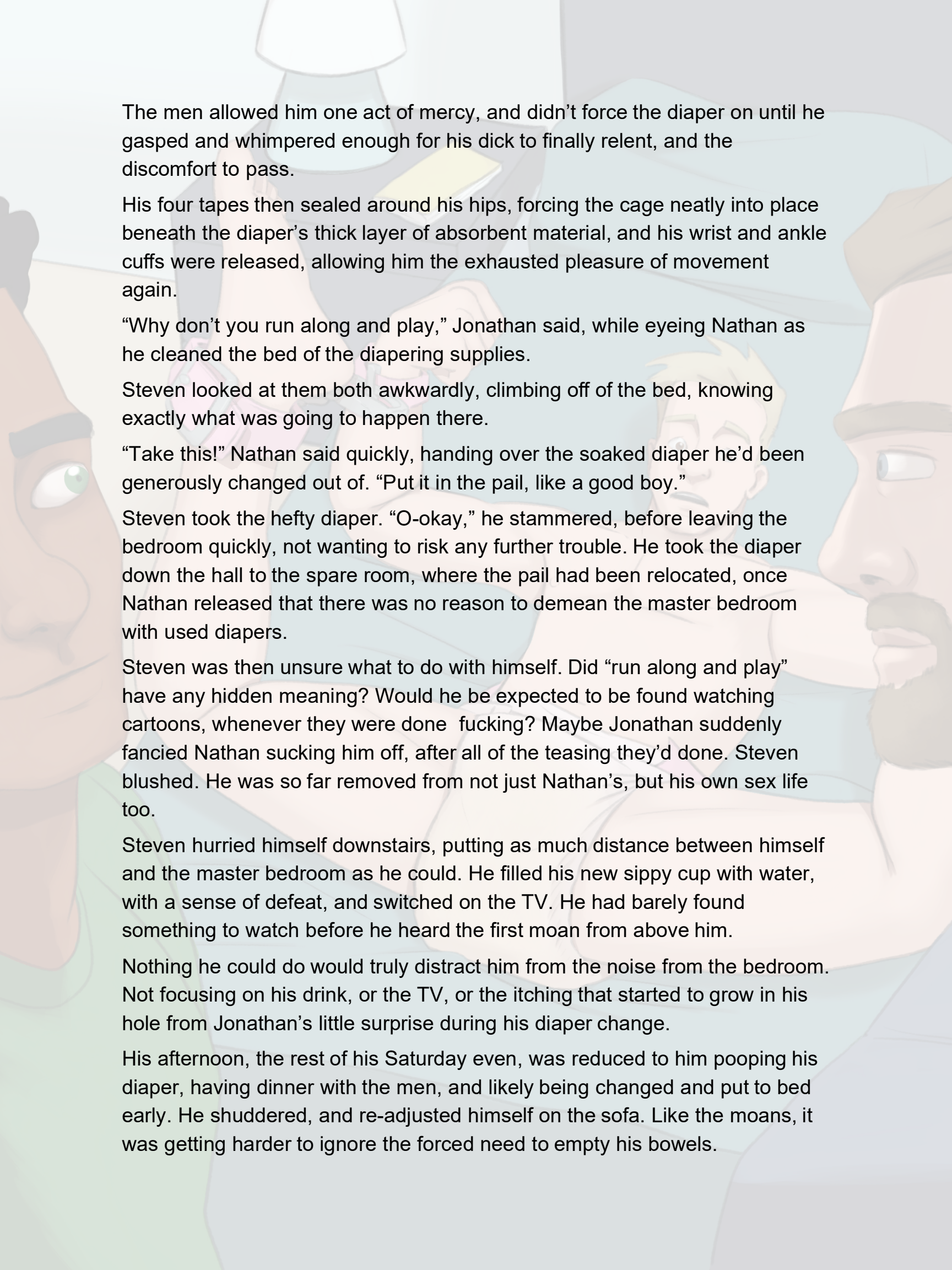
Steven struggled against these bonds. This was a nightmare. A humiliating, desperate nightmare.

His skin was finally cleaned, while his cock trembled. The diaper under his spread-butt was swapped for a fresh, baby-printed one. As Nathan held the bottle of baby powder, a lubed finger from Jonathan worked its way inside Steven’s hole. He gasped, and feared there was no reason for this whatever, apart from being given a suppository. Neither of the men commented, and Steven dared not ask.

His cheeks were then powdered. His cock was lotioned, giving him the greatest push in getting hard that he’d had all evening, but it was so short lived that it meant nothing, and only reinforced the helpless whimpering to escape his lips.

Finally, the shaft of his chastity cage was re-fitted, and the lock pushed and turned into place. He was sealed again, ready for his diaper, when his own body decided to make fun of him, and he throbbed, semi-erect, but this time right into the painful spikes lining the cage.

Jonathan howled with laughter as he watched Steven’s face turn red and his body turn rigid as the cage once again reminded and trained the cuck that he shouldn’t be getting hard.



The men allowed him one act of mercy, and didn't force the diaper on until he gasped and whimpered enough for his dick to finally relent, and the discomfort to pass.

His four tapes then sealed around his hips, forcing the cage neatly into place beneath the diaper's thick layer of absorbent material, and his wrist and ankle cuffs were released, allowing him the exhausted pleasure of movement again.

"Why don't you run along and play," Jonathan said, while eyeing Nathan as he cleaned the bed of the diapering supplies.

Steven looked at them both awkwardly, climbing off of the bed, knowing exactly what was going to happen there.

"Take this!" Nathan said quickly, handing over the soaked diaper he'd been generously changed out of. "Put it in the pail, like a good boy."

Steven took the hefty diaper. "O-okay," he stammered, before leaving the bedroom quickly, not wanting to risk any further trouble. He took the diaper down the hall to the spare room, where the pail had been relocated, once Nathan released that there was no reason to demean the master bedroom with used diapers.


Steven was then unsure what to do with himself. Did "run along and play" have any hidden meaning? Would he be expected to be found watching cartoons, whenever they were done fucking? Maybe Jonathan suddenly fancied Nathan sucking him off, after all of the teasing they'd done. Steven blushed. He was so far removed from not just Nathan's, but his own sex life too.

Steven hurried himself downstairs, putting as much distance between himself and the master bedroom as he could. He filled his new sippy cup with water, with a sense of defeat, and switched on the TV. He had barely found something to watch before he heard the first moan from above him.

Nothing he could do would truly distract him from the noise from the bedroom. Not focusing on his drink, or the TV, or the itching that started to grow in his hole from Jonathan's little surprise during his diaper change.

His afternoon, the rest of his Saturday even, was reduced to him pooping his diaper, having dinner with the men, and likely being changed and put to bed early. He shuddered, and re-adjusted himself on the sofa. Like the moans, it was getting harder to ignore the forced need to empty his bowels.





The inevitability of it forced his cock to throb once more, teasing itself against the spikes. If he got any harder, the pain and discomfort would come back again, already. Being unlocked and teased had definitely re-awakened it, with no benefit to sweeten the deal.

His fingers clutched the sippy cup a little tighter. Curling his legs together on the sofa wasn't helping. He didn't want to be found in a dirty diaper as both men recovered in post-orgasmic bliss. He stood up, pacing around the room, desperate to remove the urge to let it all out.

Nathan's moans became clearer. Steven grunted into the lip of his sippy cup. His legs shook as he tried to clench and battle the suppository. There was little point fighting this to save face. He was going to be in a messy diaper in front of them either way.

His diaper was too thick. They were going to leave him in it until he could really fill it with piss. What if they put Sesame Street on again? He'd be left with the infantile show, stewing in his own filth and-

Steven grunted, his legs bending, and he pushed the mess into the back of his diaper, panting in relief as the incredible need to let go faded, rushing past and squeezing his prostate with just enough force to resonate an ache in his balls, and encouraging his cock to throb one more time, and press against the spikes, hard.

Steven groaned, and fell back to lie on the sofa, crippled by the ache in his cage and the need to defecate over and over. As he writhed, and messed his diaper further, he could hear his husband on the cusp of orgasm, pleased in ways he could only imagine. Pooping his diaper was the best he was getting. The best a cuck deserved.

