

Cuckolded in Chastity III

Steven was speechless as the fresh bag of diapers thumped onto the floor beside him. He was lying, naked, waiting for some new padding as the pink package landed in his view, "Little Princesses" adorned on the side, all for him to wear.

They were the brand that started off this whole journey into permanent diapers, into chastity, submission, and now, into cuckolding. While other diapers had been introduced into his life, the Princesses remained the most potent design of them all; perfectly coloured with pink panels and decorations to emasculate the former horny top.

His partner, Nathan, had fetched them under Jonathon's request; his partner's new fuck buddy, and the man he'd just been told to call 'daddy'.

The two other men were still lightly dressed from breakfast and the night they'd spent together. Tee-shirts, boxer shorts... Steven would have been so lucky to have worn either now, having just been stripped of his thick, wet bedtime diaper.

Jonathon knelt at his feet, eyeing the diapers with delight, seemingly relishing in the thought of diapering the male beneath him. Nathan towered above him, holding on to their pink leather restraints. Diapers weren't the only thing he'd been told to bring to the living room.

Steven's caged penis twitched as the package was torn open. As Jonathon admired the fresh diaper in his hands, Nathan gently took each of Steven's wrists and closed the pink cuff around each one. Steven breathed excitedly; it was happening. Between the cage, cuffs, and diapers, they were going to nullify him, and enjoy each other. The day before, he'd be apprehensive about the men connecting, but now that he was involved, it was hard not to be won over the scenario.

Next came the collar, matching the set. Steven raised his head obediently so Nathan could wrap it around and buckle it with ease. Then came the pacifier gag. Steven would have normally blushed with the babyish object slipped into his mouth, but he was too far gone in his arousal, in his lack of control. He accepted it, and it too was locked around his head, gagging him.

Jonathon was waiting for Nathan to finish. He was unfolding multiple diapers, tearing holes, and stacking them between Steven's legs. The boy had paid less attention to his 'daddy' as his partner cuffed him, and Nathan wasn't finished yet.

Taking a short length of chain, he ran it from one wrist cuff, through the D-ring around the collar, and fixed it to the other wrist. Steven couldn't help but squirm as he quickly realised he wouldn't be able to lower his hands far beneath his nipples. Even if he could get past the diapers and the cage to touch himself, it impounded his helplessness. He was at both men's mercy, but they had no plans beyond leaving him to watch.

The diapers finally came, as Nathan caressed his bound partner's hair. Jonathon slipped them one by one under Steven's willing bottom. He counted three diapers- thicker than

he'd ever worn before. He'd seen such layering techniques online, and Jonathon was clearly well-researched.

"I didn't know you could do that," Nathan said quietly, almost to himself.

"Now you do," Jonathon smiled, with all the possibilities that knowledge suggested.

"We should put a dildo or something inside him, something he can sit on while we-"

Jonathon shook his head. "I don't want him taking any pleasure like that from this," Jonathon said strongly, while shaping the first diaper around Steven's thighs and cage. Satisfied with how the diaper would fit, he then layered baby powder thickly between Steven's legs, and fitted the diaper for good, taping it on. "We can reward him later, if he deserves it."

Steven wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed about nothing going into his ass. It still ached gently from wearing a buttplug to bed, but it would have been *something* to help his lust. His once rigid cage was now forced down by his diaper, pleading to burst out with some freedom. It was only going to get worse. The second and third layers followed; Jonathon carefully and powerfully fitting and sealing each diaper until he was done, until Steven could no longer comprehend the bulk or close his thighs together.

Being in diapers fulltime for so long now... he only realised he had adjusted to the thickness that came with them, forgotten how thin underwear was. This was like a re-assessment, being slapped in the face. There'd be no forgetting the size, the waddle it would surely force out of him.

Steven wished he could at least run his hands over it a little, but the enormity was far out of the chains' reach. Diapered thicker than he'd ever been, and he couldn't touch it. It was a cruel fate. He writhed and whimpered on the floor, trying to stretch at least one hand down, but it was futile, and the two other men simply laughed proudly to each other as Steven grew red-faced and flustered from his incapacitation.

He was afraid to think about how long he was going to be wearing them now. Nathan's general expectations meant using them as much as possible to avoid waste. He'd never get any of his clothes over these, so he could only imagine being obviously exposed in diapers for the rest of the day.

The men at least helped Steven sit up now, as the thick pillow between shifted under his weight, propping him up .

"Say 'thank you, Daddy'" Jonathon said, without a hint of it being optional. Steven knew he could barely wrap his tongue around the teat of his pacifier gag, so answering would be comical. Being treated, talked to so babyishly was embarrassing and driving him further into a helpless state of mind, so after some hesitation, he did his best to say the words. They didn't come out right, which only made him blush harder, and Jonathon moved on, satisfied.

“Now that the baby is dealt with...” the man smiled, and turned to Steven’s partner. Nathan was ready, flashing one last, wicked grin at Steven before he allowed Jonathon to take control of him too.

They kissed, caressed, groped, with Jonathon leading the charge. Steven could only sit and watch, exactly as the men intended, as his partner’s tank top was removed. Nathan was loving it, pressed against the living room wall, his body tensing, twisting as Jonathon hit so many pleasure points. It had been so long since Steven had taken charge of his partner’s body; it was surreal watching someone else do it, with the creep of doubt that they were doing it *better*.

Steven loved his partner, and he knew Nathan loved him back, but he was also enthralled by this predicament. He wanted to be involved, to touch and be touched, yet he now felt so incredibly in his place, stuck chaste in diapers. He was straining in the cage, and he’d beg for a few minutes with that dildo if he could, if he *wanted*, to speak.

He didn’t get the dildo, but he did finally get a look at Jonathon’s dick, as the new man dropped his boxers to the floor, unfurling the hardening bulge, and guided Steven’s partner to his knees. The man’s dick was bigger than Steven’s (and Steven had been so proud of his own size, back when it mattered). Jonathan was taller, stronger, more masculine, more authoritative, and fitter than Steven was now. In this moment, he was so much more. As the once-top in their relationship, Steven was replaced. He felt so stripped of power, of control, and it was turning him on more than he could ever describe.

After some time swallowing and gagging on Jonathon’s penis, Nathan found himself flipped round, and pushed over the side of the sofa, ass welcoming in the air. Jonathon was going to make true on his promise.

It was like a dream, or an out of body experience. Steven was going to watch his partner get fucked, and they were both going to love it.

As Nathan lay, eager for it, Jonathon started to compliment him. On how he’d reduced Steven to such a useless state, on the training and behaviour of his partner. Both men were savouring the anticipation of penetration, visually and verbally ignoring Steven sitting on the floor, but it was like Jonathon’s words were being directed right at the diapered man.

“He’s not a man anymore, at least not sexually,” Jonathon growled, “You should push him, reduce him further. Really put him in his place.”

Steven was hanging on every word, scared and excited at what might be suggested and brought into their lives. He was pulsating under his diapers, but afraid to move as the slightest shift resulted in the noise of his chains, or his crinkly diaper, if not both. Demeaning audio cues of his degraded presence.

“Make him more of a baby. More of a houseboy. Your servant. Your bitch. Whatever you desire.”

Steven whimpered, unable to stop himself, and he watched Jonathon push his dick between Nathan’s cheeks. He wanted to cum so much, to simply explode inside the cage,

inside the diapers. He needed the relief, but his fantasy of being horny and helpless was exactly where he wanted to be.

It was overwhelming and it didn't subside. He watched Jonathon cum inside of his partner. "Look what you can no longer have," he panted, while withdrawing and flipping Nathan over onto his back. Steven's partner was erect, in ecstasy, and Jonathon turned his attention to finishing him off too.

It didn't take long for Nathan to blow cum across his own stomach. Steven felt every stroke, and seeing the ejaculation reminded him all too strictly of what he couldn't do without anyone's help or permission. They left him to sit there, bound, while they retired to shower and get dressed. It was a long time for Steven to wait, with nothing but squirms and pissing himself to pass the time.

His arms and mouth were eventually, reluctantly set free, but the men had better uses for him that afternoon. Steven made and served lunch, much as he had done with breakfast, and fetched coffee and drinks for the two men as they relaxed. He still wore the pink cuffs and collar, as if the exposed diaper wasn't enough to remind him of his place.

When Steven wasn't being put to use, he sat on the floor, at their feet, not part of the conversation. The men chatted about their old friendship, cuddled, and admired the quiet diaper boy's giant pink butt as he waddled past, or sat at their feet. He kept his own drinks coming, and the diaper grew larger as the hours rolled on, but such was the size of it, you still couldn't tell from the outside how wet it had become.

When it finally started to get dark, and Jonathon expressed a need to get going, they ordered Steven onto the floor once more. It appeared he was getting one more change from his 'daddy', at the very least, and Steven's wrists were once again chained to his collar, to 'keep him from interfering'.

He watched the tapes being pulled apart on the outer layer, silently disappointed at how dry it was still. He was enjoying the bulk so much that he didn't want to take it all off, but if this offered even the slightest chance of getting unlocked and cumming, he'd protest nothing at all.

Each diaper was opened, dramatically getting wetter and wetter the further inside Jonathon revealed them, until Steven's butt was lying on a thick slab of soaked padding.

"You've barely touched the outside one," Jonathon chided, as if a long afternoon was enough time to wet through three whole diapers. "But you've made a good attempt at the rest, at least."

Steven blushed, mostly just relieved to have his aching, caged balls relax without the weight of several wet diapers crushing them. Having this dominant stranger taunt him for wetting himself would take some getting used to.

"Well that won't do, will it, Stevie?" Nathan added. "We don't waste diapers in this house."

With that, his partner removed only the two wet diapers from under Steven's butt. The third, slightly damp one remained and was likely going back on.

Jonathon started to wipe him down nonetheless. The cool, sensual touch of the baby wipes was nothing compared to the baby oil that followed though. Jonathon applied it liberally, letting it run and drip down Steven's crotch and inner thighs, before massaging his hands firmly, spreading it evenly across Steven's skin.

It was Steven's turn for ecstasy, as his hypersensitive loins heaved under his daddy's touch. His dick, feeling like it'd been hard all day, squeezing against the plastic cage. His balls dying to relieve themselves. He twitched and throbbed as Jonathon touched him, and the man, with one well-lubed finger, pushed it into Steven's more than ready hole.

"Have you accepted your new place?" Jonathon asked him, gently squeezing his prostate.

Steven's eyes were in the back of his head, but he managed to answer in the affirmative. He'd call this man 'daddy' anytime if it meant he could cum.

"I'm taking the key to your little pee-pee home with me," Jonathon warned, seducing the writhing boy. "It'll be a long wait until you can be free again. But it's what you want, isn't it?"

"I-I want you to t-take my key away," Steven pleaded through pants. He'd have agreed to almost anything right now, and was far too compliant to protest calling his once proud toy his 'peepee'.

"Say it properly. Beg Daddy."

Steven's sphincter clenched Jonathon's finger tightly. "Please, Daddy," he whimpered and moaned. His balls were so tense, like they were ready to fire. "Please take my key away."

"Are you ready to submit entirely to Nathan, diaper boy?"

Steven opened his eyes, and nodded, seeing Nathan watching from the sidelines, mesmerised.

Steven felt like he was going to cum. He was desperate, pulling his hands against the collar hopefully, but to wasted effort. He needed his cage to come off, for someone to grab his dick and jerk. He tried to beg, but so powerless and stuck he couldn't get the sentence out of his mouth.

As he moaned, squirmed, and clenched, Jonathon let his finger slip back out. Steven was ready to scream, fearing the pleasurable touch would be taken away, but instead it nudged him over the edge.

It promised to be one of the best orgasms he could remember having, but it didn't happen... He exhaled, almost screaming in despair as his penis bulged, and squirted. Cum dribbled through the hole in the cage, down his balls, and onto the diaper, but there was no pleasure, no relief to be had. Steven would have been so confused had he not seen it happen with his own eyes. A ruined orgasm.

"Please, please, no," he sobbed, wishing he could free himself and stroke his dick just once or twice, but the controlling men in his life would never allow it. He tried to thrash and hump, but there was nothing he could stimulate himself with, nothing to bring him pleasure,

before the tiny window of opportunity to force the orgasm passed, and he was left with nothing.

Satisfied with the helpless mess Steven made between his legs, Jonathon powdered his crotch and thighs without comment. The boy whimpered to himself, realising that was as good as he was going to get it, and the damp, sticky diaper was pulled up and taped back on him. He winced as his own cum pressed and slid against his sensitive balls, between his legs, before Jonathon enthusiastically patted the diaper.

Steven lay broken on the floor, aching for relief, as Nathan told him to say goodbye to his Daddy. With panic and regret in his eyes, he watched the new man kiss and hug his partner, before he disappeared out of the house, carrying the only key to Steven's dick.

As the sensations of emptying his balls faded, and an afternoon of fluids continued to catch up with him, Steven lay back on the floor, hands still bound, and wet his diaper. It was all he could do in that moment. If he wanted that key back any time soon, he was going to have to be a very obedient boy for Nathan, and hope that Jonathon would come back to town.