

Steven knew he wasn't just being laid down on the bed for a diaper change. Nothing about this felt normal, but it probably didn't matter to Nathan and Jonathan. Jonathan's arrival to visit usually meant *something* happened within the first few hours, and Steven doubted this was the exception.

Steven's diaper had lasted him most of the day time that Friday, and he knew it could have lasted a little longer into the night, but the men seemed eager to get him changed not long after their catch up. As ever, the diaper boy was not a part of that conversation; as soon as Jonathan arrived, the two "equals" chatted while Steven was left to wait on them, or stay silent when not needed. Jonathan's mere presence in his home shifted his privileges considerably, turning him ever more into their property, their toy, or their slave.

The diaper change was taking place in the spare room, his substitute bedroom for the weekend. The room had never been furnished beyond functional, and this didn't change despite Steven's repeated use of it over the past months. He had the single bed, a bedside table, lamp, and a closet that was packed with junk and out of season clothing for Nathan and himself.

Nothing about the room suggested it was "his", or even his backup option. Nathan had refused to go so far as to make it more appropriately welcoming; there were no personal effects of Steven's, and there were no diapers kept in here. On weekends such as these, Steven was even separated from the stock of the things he was made to wear, and reliant on his partner or his fuckbuddy to get him a new one from the master bedroom.

On his back on the bed, Jonathan stood by his head, and Nathan by his feet. Steven's bulging wet crotch was already on display, and as Nathan spread his legs and pulled at the tapes, Jonathan knelt down and held each of his biceps, pinning him in place.

Steven squirmed lightly, and his pink chastity caged throbbled as the diaper was removed. As if being changed by his partner and his bull wasn't hot enough already, the stronger man's arms made him feel far more powerless as Nathan wiped his piss-damp skin down.

Steven could feel his balls ache the harder his cock pressed against the plastic cage. He'd only been locked up and chaste for three days, but his libido was surging. Since Nathan had allowed him to cum during Jonathan's last visit, (and then "allowed" him to cum twice more before releasing him from his bonds), Steven had been subjected to a table-flip in his lifestyle.

Having spent months locked up and denied by Nathan, Steven suddenly found himself his chaste life on pause, and orgasming a whole lot more. It wasn't any sort of return to pre-diapers normality, as Nathan of course didn't give him much of a say in the matter. Steven would occasionally find himself being jerked off during diaper changes, vibrated in his wet diapers, or even ordered to hump a pillow after he'd messed himself.

It was far from the power top Steven used to be, but he was relieved and satisfied to get off again so regularly after his challenging dry spell. He was never sure when Nathan would suddenly decide that Steven should squirt, but it was almost every day at least, and sometimes more.

It was a shock to his system. The first few orgasms were welcomed, but it became clear very quickly that his body wasn't prepared for this shift out of strict chastity. Some orgasms became difficult to achieve, with the effort involved not always worth the reward.

His balls would ache, seemingly exhausted after one squirt too many. Steven was able to keep up at first. His body started to adjust to his new needs, and Nathan pushed him harder in return, until it became too much for the diaper boy to handle.

Hand jobs became labourous, humping became fruitless, with Steven sometimes softening in his own grasp. Only the vibrating wand could finish him off on most days. Having spent weeks straining in his cage, he never expected being milked, or made to perform would be so difficult to endure.

Throughout all this he was still expected to wear and use his diapers as normal, and without the chastity mindset from not cumming, he was struggling to enjoy immediate diapering after he'd squirt, and started to dread the feeling of his bowels lurch while Nathan denied him the chance to sit on the toilet.

Weeks into these games, when his diaper was stripped off and the vibrating wand was pressed against his limp dick, for the first time Steven asked Nathan not to make him cum.

Nathan removed the wand obediently, but Steven hadn't won.

"Beg me to lock you back up," Nathan said dryly.

"I-" Steven stammered. He was still enjoying the orgasms in the moment, when they finally arrived, and didn't want to give them up entirely. It was everything around them that was gnawing at him.

Nathan lowered the wand back on to his dick, and Steven lay there conflicted, writhing until he was right on the edge, and enjoyed blowing across his chest.

Steven "suffered" with this conflict for several more days. Each soaked diaper feeling more like an inconvenience, and each messy clean up a chore. He was tired of tasting his own cum, of being made to squirt against his own schedule. It wasn't *fun*, but he was afraid to let it go. If he got locked up, he couldn't guess when he'd get the privilege again. He tried to compromise for some middle-ground, but Nathan was insistent on controlling the "diaper-cuck's forbidden toy".

Jonathan was due to visit again soon enough, and Nathan was happy to taunt his partner about how much fun it would be to have both men force him to cum over and over. The idea made Steven so nervous, like something was compelling him to accept chastity before he arrived.

He knew being locked up would smoothen things out again. With a little bit of pent up horniness, he'd get used to living in diapers, in being their cuck for the weekend. Anything else almost seemed wrong.

Dreaming of the easier life in diapers he used to have, he finally begged to be locked up again half-way through being played with one morning. Worse yet, asking for it gave him the edge he needed to really enjoy being made to cum, and his dick raged harder against the wand.

"Are you sure?" Nathan asked without halting the pleasure to his crotch, "There's no changing your mind once this ends."

Steven nodded. "I'm sure."

"Then tell me you're a little diaper boy with a pathetic dick between his legs."

Steven almost choked, but he obeyed. He grew harder, if that were possible, and humped against the wand until he squirted for the last time in his near future. The relief of blowing his load was

multiplied by the thought he wouldn't be subjected to this again that day or the next. It felt like the most satisfying orgasm in weeks.

True to his word, Nathan cleaned him up, and sealed his dick in the pink chastity cage once again. Steven was surprised how comforting it was to have the ring around his balls again. The cage felt like security rather than confinement. What the hell had the previous months done to him?

Jonathan arrived the following weekend, where Steven found himself pinned to the bed for his diaper change.

Nathan had cleaned him up, removed the wet diaper, and placed another thick princess diaper under his butt.

Steven still didn't know what he was here for, if anything else, until Nathan's next move was to unlock the cage.

*What?* Steven now wondered if he was going to cum again a lot sooner than he'd expected. His dick immediately twitched as the ring was pulled from his balls. Three days in the cage was enough to make cumming sound tantalising again.

"I think that's the first time I've seen his baby dick free," Jonathan chuckled. His grip never lessened.

Steven blushed as his partner's bull effortlessly teased him. He knew he didn't have a baby dick in size, *and* he was a generous grower, but his time in chastity had certainly made it shy, and slower to get fully hard.

"It's only going to get in the way now," Nathan replied, depositing the cage on the bedside table.

Steven tensed, and wriggled slightly on the diaper. For all the attention his dick had been paid and struggled to keep up with the past few weeks, it was getting harder now by the second when ignored.

Assuming Nathan was getting something from the changing supplies, he then turned around to face Steven with a new zipped bag. A bag he immediately recognised as a chastity cage pouch. A new cage!? Maybe he wasn't cumming after all...

Nathan unzipped the bag.

"It is what you think it is," he smiled, "But why a new cage you might be thinking?"

Nathan removed the shaft and the ring, and set the bag aside. He held it in delight. This cage wasn't pink! The shaft looked smaller though; Steven figured he was ready to be locked up even tighter than before, with less room to grow. That thought made him nervous, but it was the least concerning new feature to be worried about.

"It's a little smaller than your current one," Nathan confirmed, "So it'll keep your little guy even more tucked up in a smaller bulge in your diapers. But that's not the best part!"

Nathan beamed excitedly.

Steven was trying to lift his head and get a better look, but Jonathan held him down firmly as if he were a flight risk.

"This one has a silicone shaft, so it'll be much softer on you," he followed up, though Steven wasn't convinced that was its unique selling point.

“And the reason for that, is, well,” he lingered, “...it’s covered in silicone spikes too.”

“It has what!?” Steven spat, stunned. “Absolutely not!”

“Oh sweetie,” Nathan grinned, “You’re pre-cumming.”

Steven’s eyes moved from the cage to his traitorous, glistening dick and back again. He could feel his heart beating in his chest. His fingers gripped the duvet he lay on.

“They’re soft spikes, you’ll be fine,” Nathan reassured him, “And speaking of soft, if you could just...”

The wait for Steven to get soft was agonising. For all of how useless it felt at times lately, his dick was raging in favour of the idea of being locked up like this. Neither Nathan nor Jonathan entertained the idea of letting him cum to achieve this softness, so they simply played it out, released the grip holding him to the bed, and towered either side of him. He was going nowhere anyway.

As Steven’s dick eventually flopped downward gently, Nathan got to work without saying a word; there’d be all the time in the world to tease him once the cage was shut. The ring slipped over his balls, and his dick tried to grow again from the stimulation, but Nathan was quick to slip the pre-lotioned cage over it and into place before Steven’s body could retaliate.

The lock slipped inside the recess, and Nathan turned it shut. Steven throbbed, and felt the first sting of the cage’s primary feature. He inhaled sharply. Jonathan held him down tighter.

Nathan was right; they didn’t hurt so much as they caused a lot of discomfort. Like being unevenly squeezed, or trying to get an erection in a difficult position. Whichever spike he grew into simply pointed enough resistance right back at him to demand his attention. Dull, but concentrated pressure. The stimulation from one spike caused him to get harder, to press against three spikes, against five, against-

“Oh, *fuck*,” he groaned through gritted teeth, afraid to move a muscle.

“They’re working then?” Jonathan laughed.

“You’ll soften very shortly, don’t worry,” Nathan told him, stroking his thigh gently.

He wasn’t wrong either, and after a minute or so of testing the boundaries of the spiked cage, his penis receded, softening. Steven exhaled in great relief.

“And how was your experience?” his partner said, trying not to laugh. “Effective?”

“Effective?” Steven whimpered, his face flushed from the brief but intense experience. “It hurt like hell!”

“Well that’s the point! With enough time your body will stop trying to get hard in there, once it learns that getting your little dick hard will only bring pain.”

“But why?” Steven asked, nervous about experiencing that pain over and over again for the near future.

“Because we all know that you don’t really need that cock, don’t we? We unlocked it for weeks and you got bored playing with it! You couldn’t keep up, and you *begged* to be put back in a cage.” Nathan smiled, and held his partner’s cheek.

“But that’s okay, we all know you’re not really a man anymore. You’re just a cuck, in the presence of greater men who know how to put you in your place. We’ve locked your dick up. Made you sexless. And kept you in diapers.”

Steven was speechless, but his dick twitched once more and teased pressing itself against the dangerous cage.

“This cage is here to make your baby dick a bit more useless. Consider it phase two. Enough time with the spikes, and it will simply stop trying... it’ll stay smaller, out of the way. It’ll be what it needs to be, and between that and your diapers, men will know that you’re not worth their sexual attention. Now isn’t that just *perfect*?”

Steven, wide-mouthed, said nothing at all, until he gasped and groaned out loud once more, with the spikes burying themselves in his dick’s repeated attempt to get hard.

“Just as I thought,” Nathan smiled. “Now, shall we get your diaper on?”

Steven didn’t need to answer, but he whimpered in agony all the same. He realised the thick choice in diaper most likely meant it was an early bedtime diaper, and if he was unlucky, an early bedtime would follow later to match. His sense of helplessness didn’t help his dick’s predicament.

Jonathan’s hands took hold of Steven’s arms again, holding him back in place. Nathan sprinkled and rubbed baby powder slowly around his partner’s crotch and thighs, before wiping his hands clean, and tugging the thick diaper up. As he placed it down on Steven’s crotch, ready for taping, the extra pressure on the cage and his hard-on almost made Steven yelp out loud.

“You know, his discomfort is *really* getting me going,” Jonathan smirked to Steven’s partner, “Imagine his groans of agony when I bend you over the mattress.”

Instead of screaming, Steven winced, and grunted, trying to remain dignified. He was as hard as could be, with a cage on, as the first tape sealed shut, and each one that followed was an agonising experience. The spikes were more than effective when trapped beneath a diaper, and after collecting himself on the bed, properly padded in the crotch, he soon softened again. He’d been wearing it minutes and was already humbled to its power.

Steven had never paid any real attention to how hard he used to get in his old pink cage. Only the raging morning wood and occasional throbbing arousal around Nathan and Jonathan stood out. But if he was to continue to get as hard as often as he was right now, even if just for this weekend alone, he was going to be a broken mess. Being stuck in this cage for the foreseeable future scared him, to the point a part of him hoped it would nullify his erections like he’d been threatened with. It would make things easier at least. And that thought gave him one more painful step in his waddle back to the living room.