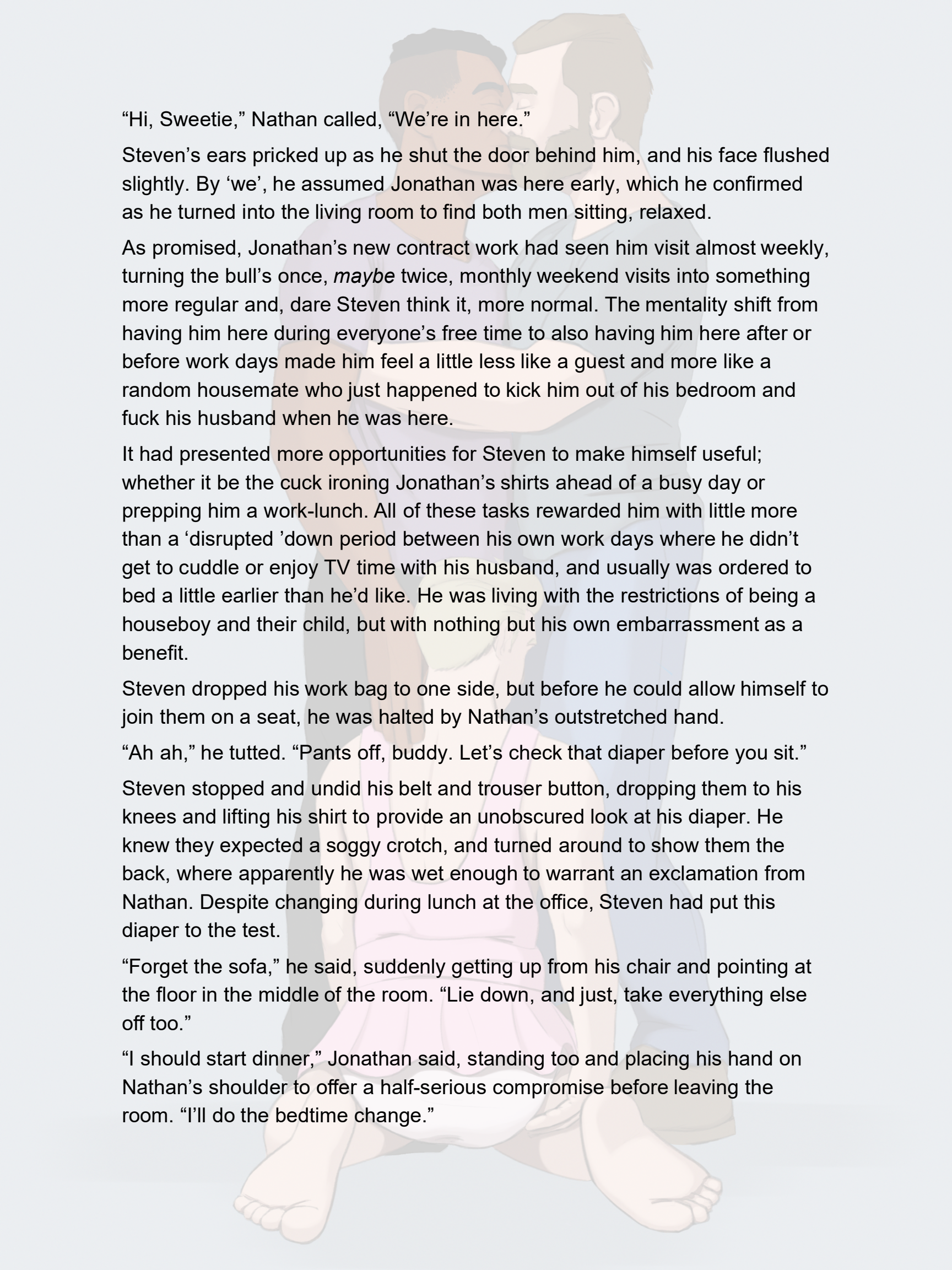


CUCKOLDED IN CHASTITY XII





“Hi, Sweetie,” Nathan called, “We’re in here.”

Steven’s ears pricked up as he shut the door behind him, and his face flushed slightly. By ‘we’, he assumed Jonathan was here early, which he confirmed as he turned into the living room to find both men sitting, relaxed.

As promised, Jonathan’s new contract work had seen him visit almost weekly, turning the bull’s once, *maybe* twice, monthly weekend visits into something more regular and, dare Steven think it, more normal. The mentality shift from having him here during everyone’s free time to also having him here after or before work days made him feel a little less like a guest and more like a random housemate who just happened to kick him out of his bedroom and fuck his husband when he was here.

It had presented more opportunities for Steven to make himself useful; whether it be the cuck ironing Jonathan’s shirts ahead of a busy day or prepping him a work-lunch. All of these tasks rewarded him with little more than a ‘disrupted’ down period between his own work days where he didn’t get to cuddle or enjoy TV time with his husband, and usually was ordered to bed a little earlier than he’d like. He was living with the restrictions of being a houseboy and their child, but with nothing but his own embarrassment as a benefit.


Steven dropped his work bag to one side, but before he could allow himself to join them on a seat, he was halted by Nathan’s outstretched hand.

“Ah ah,” he tutted. “Pants off, buddy. Let’s check that diaper before you sit.”

Steven stopped and undid his belt and trouser button, dropping them to his knees and lifting his shirt to provide an unobscured look at his diaper. He knew they expected a soggy crotch, and turned around to show them the back, where apparently he was wet enough to warrant an exclamation from Nathan. Despite changing during lunch at the office, Steven had put this diaper to the test.

“Forget the sofa,” he said, suddenly getting up from his chair and pointing at the floor in the middle of the room. “Lie down, and just, take everything else off too.”

“I should start dinner,” Jonathan said, standing too and placing his hand on Nathan’s shoulder to offer a half-serious compromise before leaving the room. “I’ll do the bedtime change.”



Steven dropped his pants to his feet, and then unbuttoned his shirt, tossing both of them across the sofa before taking his spot on the floor, naked apart from the soon-to-be-removed diaper.

Nathan had pulled the supplies from the living room change bag and knelt between his husband's legs, pulling at the tapes on his diaper with no hesitation. As the sodden padding removed itself from Steven's caged crotch, Nathan leaned in closer to him, whispering quietly.

"How did it go?"

"Uh, pretty good actually," Steven replied quietly, watching Nathan's face light up. "They seemed really happy with the last twelve months. There's scope for a pay rise, but those reviews aren't due until closer to the financial year end, which sucks a bit. And there's some allowance for work from home too, which is cool, but I don't know what to do about that yet."

"Oh that's great!" Nathan beamed, dropping the hushed tone and forcing Steven to yelp as a fingerful of baby lotion was rubbed around his sack and the ring of his chastity cage. "Told you there was no need to be nervous!"

"What's great?" Jonathan called from the kitchen.

"Kiddo here had his performance review," Nathan answered. "And his work parents think he's had a good year."

Steven blushed. This wasn't a report card from school, but they were sure making it feel like it was.

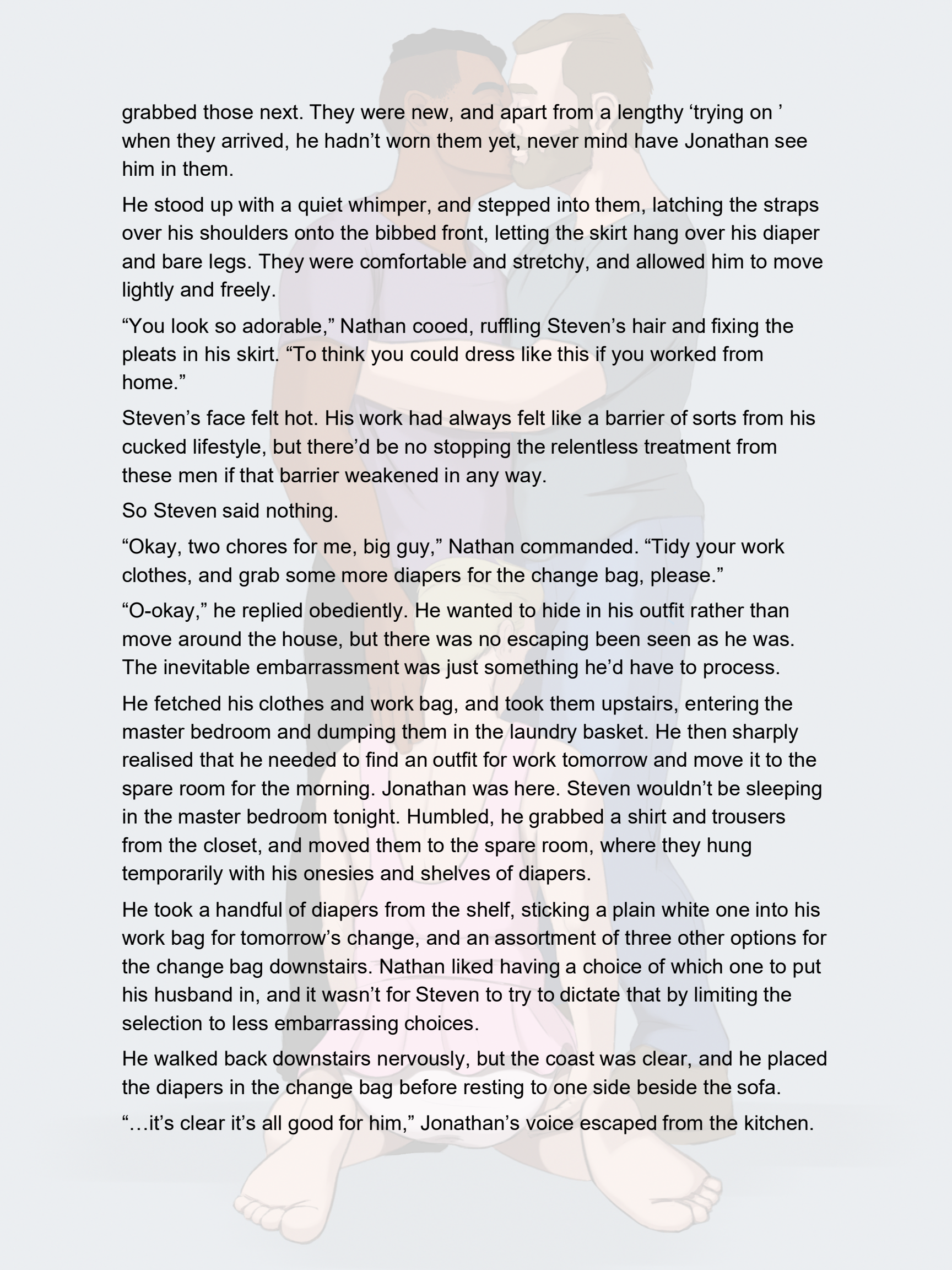
"Congratulations," Jonathan called back. "We'll have to celebrate tonight."

Steven felt a swell of pride. He knew better than to fantasise, but he thought about being allowed to exist as an equal to them for the purposes of celebrating. Drink some alcohol, avoid a bedtime, maybe even get to cum...

Nathan tapped the side of his thighs, bringing him back to reality. "Lift your bottom."

Steven obliged as the diapers were swapped out beneath him, watching himself get powdered before the pink-panelled new diaper was taped up firmly around him.

With the change done, he sat up slightly. Nathan had also prepared an outfit with the change bag, and passed a tight, plain white tee-shirt to him. Steven could see what was coming next, as he slipped himself into it self-consciously. His new pink skirtalls were also folded with the bag, and Nathan



grabbed those next. They were new, and apart from a lengthy ‘trying on ’ when they arrived, he hadn’t worn them yet, never mind have Jonathan see him in them.

He stood up with a quiet whimper, and stepped into them, latching the straps over his shoulders onto the bibbed front, letting the skirt hang over his diaper and bare legs. They were comfortable and stretchy, and allowed him to move lightly and freely.

“You look so adorable,” Nathan cooed, ruffling Steven’s hair and fixing the pleats in his skirt. “To think you could dress like this if you worked from home.”

Steven’s face felt hot. His work had always felt like a barrier of sorts from his cucked lifestyle, but there’d be no stopping the relentless treatment from these men if that barrier weakened in any way.

So Steven said nothing.

“Okay, two chores for me, big guy,” Nathan commanded. “Tidy your work clothes, and grab some more diapers for the change bag, please.”

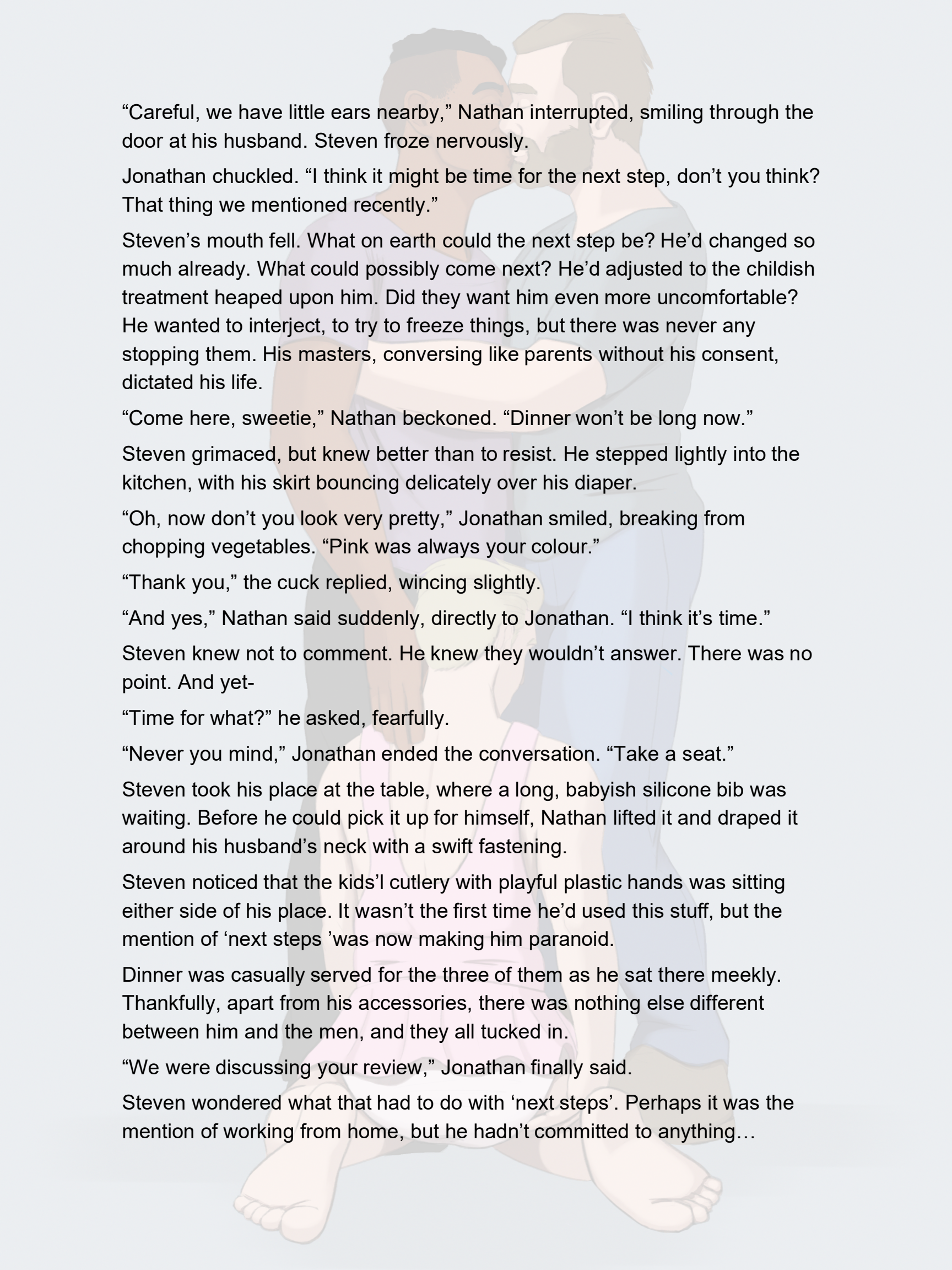
“O-okay,” he replied obediently. He wanted to hide in his outfit rather than move around the house, but there was no escaping been seen as he was. The inevitable embarrassment was just something he’d have to process.

He fetched his clothes and work bag, and took them upstairs, entering the master bedroom and dumping them in the laundry basket. He then sharply realised that he needed to find an outfit for work tomorrow and move it to the spare room for the morning. Jonathan was here. Steven wouldn’t be sleeping in the master bedroom tonight. Humbled, he grabbed a shirt and trousers from the closet, and moved them to the spare room, where they hung temporarily with his onesies and shelves of diapers.

He took a handful of diapers from the shelf, sticking a plain white one into his work bag for tomorrow’s change, and an assortment of three other options for the change bag downstairs. Nathan liked having a choice of which one to put his husband in, and it wasn’t for Steven to try to dictate that by limiting the selection to less embarrassing choices.

He walked back downstairs nervously, but the coast was clear, and he placed the diapers in the change bag before resting to one side beside the sofa.

“...it’s clear it’s all good for him,” Jonathan’s voice escaped from the kitchen.



“Careful, we have little ears nearby,” Nathan interrupted, smiling through the door at his husband. Steven froze nervously.

Jonathan chuckled. “I think it might be time for the next step, don’t you think? That thing we mentioned recently.”

Steven’s mouth fell. What on earth could the next step be? He’d changed so much already. What could possibly come next? He’d adjusted to the childish treatment heaped upon him. Did they want him even more uncomfortable? He wanted to interject, to try to freeze things, but there was never any stopping them. His masters, conversing like parents without his consent, dictated his life.

“Come here, sweetie,” Nathan beckoned. “Dinner won’t be long now.”

Steven grimaced, but knew better than to resist. He stepped lightly into the kitchen, with his skirt bouncing delicately over his diaper.

“Oh, now don’t you look very pretty,” Jonathan smiled, breaking from chopping vegetables. “Pink was always your colour.”

“Thank you,” the cuck replied, wincing slightly.

“And yes,” Nathan said suddenly, directly to Jonathan. “I think it’s time.”

Steven knew not to comment. He knew they wouldn’t answer. There was no point. And yet-

“Time for what?” he asked, fearfully.

“Never you mind,” Jonathan ended the conversation. “Take a seat.”


Steven took his place at the table, where a long, babyish silicone bib was waiting. Before he could pick it up for himself, Nathan lifted it and draped it around his husband’s neck with a swift fastening.

Steven noticed that the kids’l cutlery with playful plastic hands was sitting either side of his place. It wasn’t the first time he’d used this stuff, but the mention of ‘next steps’ was now making him paranoid.

Dinner was casually served for the three of them as he sat there meekly. Thankfully, apart from his accessories, there was nothing else different between him and the men, and they all tucked in.

“We were discussing your review,” Jonathan finally said.

Steven wondered what that had to do with ‘next steps’. Perhaps it was the mention of working from home, but he hadn’t committed to anything...



“I think it’s clear how good for you being locked and diapered has been,” Nathan smiled. “You’re a good boy around the house, and a good boy at work. It’s hard to believe it’s been more than a year since you nervously suggested wearing diapers full time for a little bit.”

It had been over fourteen months, Steven knew all too well. It had been an unpredictable year in many ways, that he hadn’t neglected reflecting on. He’d so easily grown accustomed to living in diapers full time, to using them without question, working in them, socialising, going to the gym... All in all his secret bulging beneath his trousers every day. Steven’s normal.

Despite being the clear top in their relationship, he’d handed over control of his masturbation and sex life to his husband, and just as easily learned to live with his cock being locked up while his opportunities to cum grew further and further apart.


Being locked up and unable to get off had twisted his sex drive into a lust for humiliation. His focus became his diapers, not his orgasms. His itches were scratched by embarrassment, control, scolding, and praise. Just another way in which he became reliant on others.

For most people this would all have been the most significant upheaval, but it was Jonathan that shook the earth more than anything else. The introduction of a third member; a new top to satisfy his husband in all of the ways Steven was prevented from doing, had nudged him in directions he never anticipated or asked for.

The spare room started to become Steven’s own cuck room, a symbol of a life denied and diapered as more and more of his possessions found their way in there, permanently. The master bedroom didn’t need diapers on the shelves anymore, or a pail to store the used ones.

It was something Steven never thought he wanted, but he had grown to enjoy the gradual removal of himself within his own home. Being sent to bed here humiliated him. Being told he was too much of a cuck, or too young, or too pathetic for whatever reason the other two men decided. He loved the reduction of it all.

All of this change came back to Nathan, his husband, the person he was so long ago afraid to reveal his diaper fetish to, and then ultimately, nervous about declaring an interest in wearing them full-time. Nathan had granted the wish, turning the tables on their relationship and dynamic, and supported his



husband in every way he could while reducing his privileges and status further and further.

‘So, well, we wanted to give you time to reflect, even, take a break, if you wanted to,’ Nathan continued.

Steven stopped eating. “A break?” He shifted in his seat, suddenly uncomfortably. The next step was a *break*?

“No diapers, no chastity,” Jonathan said.

Did he even want that? What did no diapers even look like for him? He was so accustomed to being in them. Was this a trap? Let him roam free until he realised he desperately needed a toilet and could barely hold it anymore?

Steven swallowed, and cleared his throat.

He could go back to fucking though. Find some local bottoms begging for it, and show them how *good* he was. If he was still good. He was afraid to go back suddenly. His thighs closed around his diaper.

“You don’t have to decide now,” Jonathan said, trying to ease the silence at the table. “But you can think about it, see if you-”

“I don’t want a break” Steven said firmly.

“You don’t?” Nathan questioned.

“I don’t. I-I wouldn’t know *how*,” Steven said. “I love you guys, I love *this*.”

Nathan turned to Jonathan. Both men shared a grin, and a look of delight.

“Next step it is then.”


Steven tensed up. This wasn’t what he was saying, or asking for either. But he decided to wait at the very least, until he knew what was being suggested.

They discussed Steven’s review further as they finished their meals, and now alone in the kitchen, the cuckold cleared the table with a warm sense of pride.

The review had not felt like a big deal, and it wasn’t his first, but with both men pleased with him for it he had an extra spring in his step tidying up, and slightly more confidence in his outfit *and* rolling into the ‘next step’.

He could hear footsteps upstairs, and his balls tightened in his cage with nervous excitement. He cleaned and dried his hands, then stepped back into the living room. Nathan had already returned from upstairs, and both men were sitting and waiting with a small storage box in the centre of the room.

Steven recognised it from the master bedroom, but they had several of those boxes and typically didn’t keep any toys or kink gear in them.



“Open it up,” Nathan said, invitingly.

Steven now wondered if it was a gift. Jonathan had mentioned celebrating, but he was feeling confused and spun in several directions. He got down on his knees and lifted the lid.

The box was filled with underwear.

“Do you remember what these are, kiddo?” Nathan said, his voice turning teasing and parental once again.

“They’re mine...” Steven blushed. “I’d stopped thinking about them.”

“They’ve been at the top of the closet for a long time now,” Nathan explained, without offering any clarity as to why Steven was being shown them. His hands lifted a few from the box, almost afraid to engage with his old garments in case he was drawn back to them, nostalgically.

“So why are they here?” Steven asked carefully.

“You’ve had such a good year,” Jonathan said genuinely. “I thought we should celebrate that.”

Now Steven was really confused. He’d literally just said ‘no ’to taking a break. This had to be a game. He’d get dressed up in boxers, piss himself, and what-do-you-know, he’s back in diapers.

Steven laughed awkwardly. “I... don’t know if I want to wear them.”

Jonathan laughed in return. “You’re not wearing them, bud, don’t worry. This is a celebration of your commitment to diapers.”

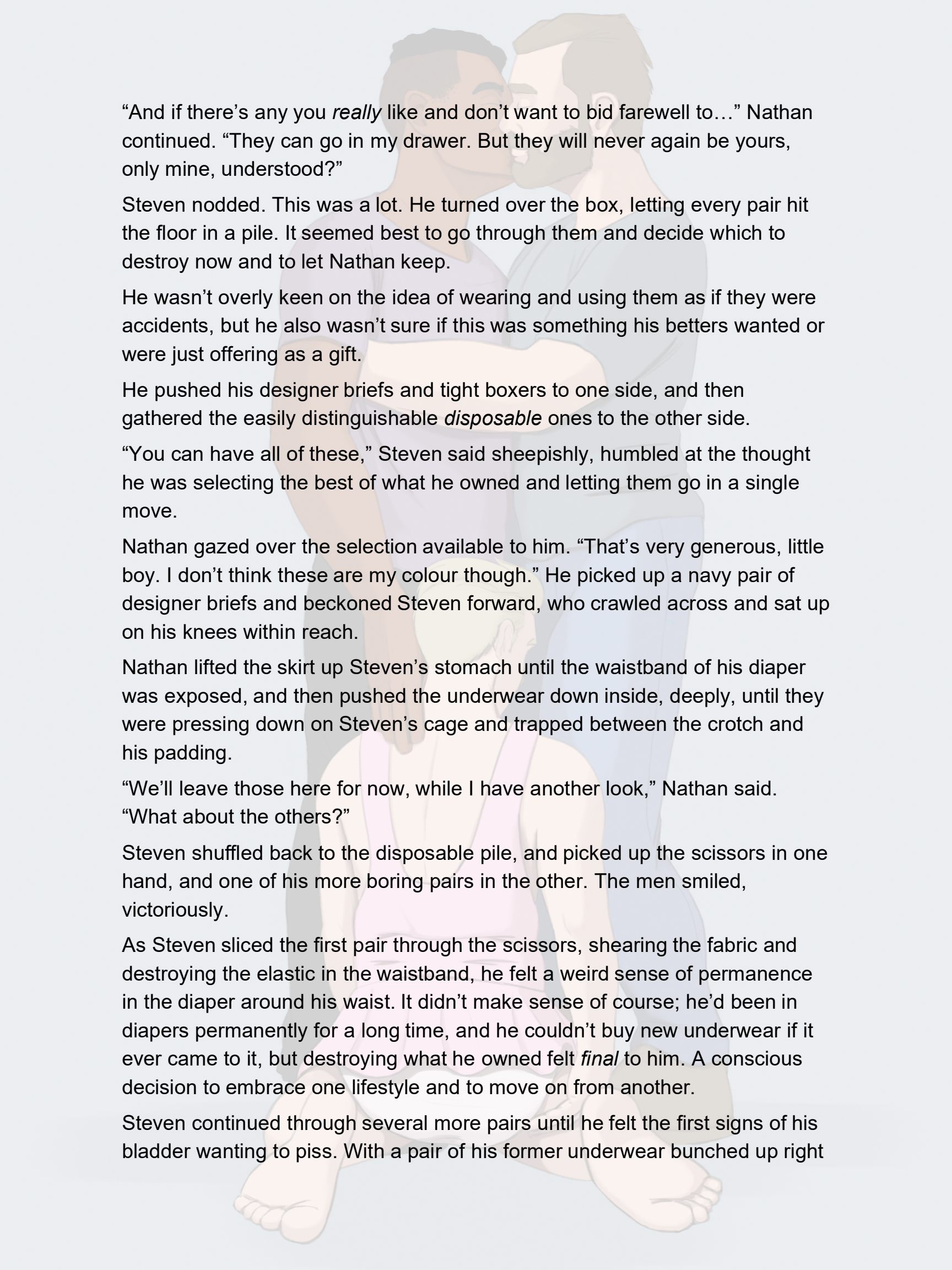
Steven looked back, wide-eyed. He knew. This was the last he’d see of them.

“I would start thinking of how you want to say good-bye to them,” Nathan said. “There are many different ways, and throwing them straight in the trash is *boring*. There’s no closure.”

“Be careful with these,” Nathan said firmly, handing Steven a pair of scissors, which he set down on the floor beside him.

“You can choose to cut them all, if you want,” Jonathan explained. “You can even choose to wear them one last time, even though you already made us so happy by rejecting a break.”

“But if you *do* wear them,” Nathan jumped in, “no rules change. No toilet or otherwise pretending you’re anything more than our little cuck. You’ll wear them, piss them, and then lose them to the trash can.”



“And if there’s any you *really* like and don’t want to bid farewell to...” Nathan continued. “They can go in my drawer. But they will never again be yours, only mine, understood?”

Steven nodded. This was a lot. He turned over the box, letting every pair hit the floor in a pile. It seemed best to go through them and decide which to destroy now and to let Nathan keep.

He wasn’t overly keen on the idea of wearing and using them as if they were accidents, but he also wasn’t sure if this was something his betters wanted or were just offering as a gift.

He pushed his designer briefs and tight boxers to one side, and then gathered the easily distinguishable *disposable* ones to the other side.

“You can have all of these,” Steven said sheepishly, humbled at the thought he was selecting the best of what he owned and letting them go in a single move.

Nathan gazed over the selection available to him. “That’s very generous, little boy. I don’t think these are my colour though.” He picked up a navy pair of designer briefs and beckoned Steven forward, who crawled across and sat up on his knees within reach.

Nathan lifted the skirt up Steven’s stomach until the waistband of his diaper was exposed, and then pushed the underwear down inside, deeply, until they were pressing down on Steven’s cage and trapped between the crotch and his padding.

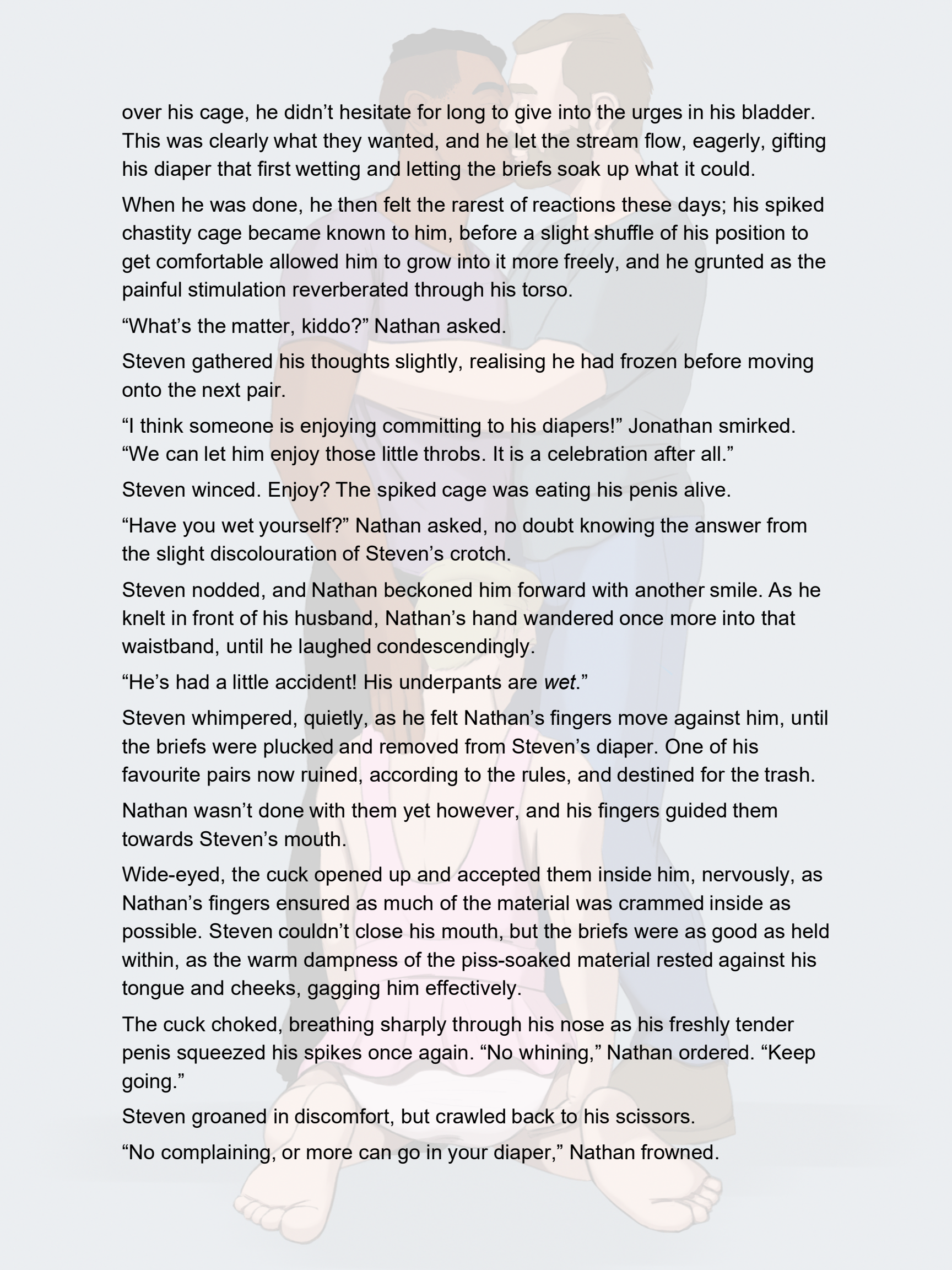
“We’ll leave those here for now, while I have another look,” Nathan said.

“What about the others?”

Steven shuffled back to the disposable pile, and picked up the scissors in one hand, and one of his more boring pairs in the other. The men smiled, victoriously.

As Steven sliced the first pair through the scissors, shearing the fabric and destroying the elastic in the waistband, he felt a weird sense of permanence in the diaper around his waist. It didn’t make sense of course; he’d been in diapers permanently for a long time, and he couldn’t buy new underwear if it ever came to it, but destroying what he owned felt *final* to him. A conscious decision to embrace one lifestyle and to move on from another.

Steven continued through several more pairs until he felt the first signs of his bladder wanting to piss. With a pair of his former underwear bunched up right



over his cage, he didn't hesitate for long to give into the urges in his bladder. This was clearly what they wanted, and he let the stream flow, eagerly, gifting his diaper that first wetting and letting the briefs soak up what it could.

When he was done, he then felt the rarest of reactions these days; his spiked chastity cage became known to him, before a slight shuffle of his position to get comfortable allowed him to grow into it more freely, and he grunted as the painful stimulation reverberated through his torso.

"What's the matter, kiddo?" Nathan asked.

Steven gathered his thoughts slightly, realising he had frozen before moving onto the next pair.

"I think someone is enjoying committing to his diapers!" Jonathan smirked.

"We can let him enjoy those little throbs. It is a celebration after all."

Steven winced. Enjoy? The spiked cage was eating his penis alive.

"Have you wet yourself?" Nathan asked, no doubt knowing the answer from the slight discolouration of Steven's crotch.

Steven nodded, and Nathan beckoned him forward with another smile. As he knelt in front of his husband, Nathan's hand wandered once more into that waistband, until he laughed condescendingly.

"He's had a little accident! His underpants are *wet*."

Steven whimpered, quietly, as he felt Nathan's fingers move against him, until the briefs were plucked and removed from Steven's diaper. One of his favourite pairs now ruined, according to the rules, and destined for the trash.

Nathan wasn't done with them yet however, and his fingers guided them towards Steven's mouth.

Wide-eyed, the cuck opened up and accepted them inside him, nervously, as Nathan's fingers ensured as much of the material was crammed inside as possible. Steven couldn't close his mouth, but the briefs were as good as held within, as the warm dampness of the piss-soaked material rested against his tongue and cheeks, gagging him effectively.

The cuck choked, breathing sharply through his nose as his freshly tender penis squeezed his spikes once again. "No whining," Nathan ordered. "Keep going."

Steven groaned in discomfort, but crawled back to his scissors.

"No complaining, or more can go in your diaper," Nathan frowned.



“Front *and* back,” Jonathan warned.

Steven leaned backwards, holding the briefs in place as the moisture in his mouth became an unpleasant mix of saliva and urine . He tried to calm himself, and focus on cutting the rest of his discarded pairs, to ease the pain from his chastity cage.

“What do you think of the rest?” Nathan asked Jonathan.

“I think you’ll look great in *those*,” he pointed. “I might even enjoy tearing a hole in them.”

Nathan scooped the remaining pairs up and returned them to the storage box. “Thank you, cuck, I’ll decide later and make you use whatever I’m not keeping.”

Steven whimpered. He was going to suffer through every pair that remained unwanted.

“Take your destroyed ones to the trash.”

Without removing the gag, Steven gathered the torn strips of former underwear and tossed them in the kitchen trash. They were right about this. There was no sense of regret dumping now that they were already destroyed. No sense that he was making a mistake in rejecting them.

Jonathan followed behind him.

“Open,” he commanded, removing the piss and saliva drenched briefs as Steven obeyed.

Steven’s jaw ached in relief as he watched Jonathan drop them into the trash with the scraps.

“Say ‘bye-bye’, diaper boy!” Jonathan teased, in a childish voice, and Steven complied, embarrassed.

Jonathan’s firm hand clasped his padded butt, as his husband’s partner stood close behind him. “These are your underwear now, not that you thought otherwise.”

“Yes sir,” Steven whimpered. He wasn’t unhappy about the arrangement, but they’d made something so trivial feel utterly degrading.

“Good boy,” Nathan said, as he joined them, with *his* hand now clutching the wet crotch at the front.

Steven felt Jonathan press into him as Nathan got closer, with both men's bodies squeezing against him. Jonathan's chest pressed against his shoulders, and one arm wrapped around him to reach Nathan. Both men's hands remained clasped on Steven's diaper. His penis gave one more painful throb in the spiked cage, beneath Nathan's palm.

"We're very lucky to have you, you know," Nathan whispered to Steven as his head reached over the cuck's shoulder towards Jonathan.

"Very lucky..." Jonathan agreed, before kissing Nathan and trapping the cuck between them in their embrace.

The squeeze tightened. Steven's head was tilted and turned away to allow the men to kiss right beside him.

The cuck blushed. He was embarrassed, degraded, and loved. He didn't want to change a thing.

