

# Cuckolded in Chastity I

“I want to try something.”

Nathan hadn't lied, but if Steven had known what was in store, he never would have been so compliant.

Steven's diaper was soaking wet, carrying a whole day's worth of piss between his legs, which wasn't unusual anymore for the man stuck permanently in diapers. It was while Nathan tugged his shorts down for a diaper check that the fateful words were uttered.

“Meet me upstairs when you're ready.”

Steven assumed that something kinky was going to take place. It wasn't uncommon for them both to fool around once one of Steven's diapers were removed after all. Nathan had been encouraging, and rewarding Steven to use his diapers fully as of late. A messy diaper meant an orgasm, and in order to keep on top of his urges, he needed to avoid the toilet whenever possible.

Steven had already slipped up and cheated a couple of times now. A once-off moment of indulgence turned into a slippery slope of a bad habit. He wasn't in the mood to poop his diaper every day, and sometimes he just needed a quick release to take the edge off of his libido. Nathan had caught him out twice, and Steven re-committed himself to sticking to Nathan's rules.

Steven wasn't dirty now, but he definitely knew by his boyfriend's tone that *something* different was going to happen. He would have skipped up the stairs to their bedroom had the bulky wet diaper not forced a genial waddle.

His found his plastic change mat was laid out on the bed. Nathan had gathered the usual supplies, but he was bent over rummaging in their bottom drawer as Steven entered the room. Steven couldn't help lusting over Nathan with his butt in the air. Steven used to fuck him, , and as much as he was enjoying and aroused by his lifestyle change, he kept hoping for the day Nathan would relent and have fun like the old days.

Nathan produced a set of wrist restraints, something they'd briefly experimented with in the past. Before diapers had re-entered their lives, Nathan had tried to entertain some of Steven's kinkier ideas. It had never really taken off, as Nathan didn't seem interested in the weird stuff when bottoming. How things had changed now, with him finding a more dominant side...

"What are you doing with those?" Steven asked, unable to hide the smile across his face. They were a pink, tacky, BDSM-light set, but they'd do the job for sure.

"I thought I'd keep your hands out of the way for once," Nathan flirted.

Steven knew his hands didn't actually get in the way of being changed, but he wasn't about to question it, instead, hurriedly dropping his shorts and exposing his wet diaper.

"There's a good boy," Nathan smiled, while affixing the straps to the bed's headboard. "Shirt too. Get down on the bed for me."

Steven complied, excitedly, lifting his arms up behind his head so Nathan could tie them in place. It was unusual for him. He loved the restriction, the immobility of having his hands tethered to the bed. It was like being back in an old comfort zone.

"I've bought you something, Stevie," Nathan teased, walking towards their underwear drawer (which, as it were, now only contained underwear for one of them). "Well, two things actually."

Steven couldn't quite see what was pulled first from the drawer; something pink, and long, like a strap. He'd first assumed a new sex toy, something Nathan would use while he was restrained. This wasn't quite what he expected.

Nathan held a pacifier with a large teat, bigger than anything a baby would use. Two long, leather straps ran from each side. Steven wasn't really into the babyish side of wearing diapers. He'd played around with it while his diaper desires blossomed, but ultimately was just happy to be in diapers again with his boyfriend. Why was Nathan now pushing something like this?

"I don't understand..." Steven said, trying to lift his head off of the pillow to get a better view.

“Silly, it goes in your mouth,” Nathan mocked, walking towards the bed again. “I wanted to get you a gag, and this seemed *perfect* for someone in diapers, don’t you think?”

Steven was taken aback, and started to get embarrassed at the thought of sucking the huge pacifier in front of his partner. It was pink too! He’d been suffering in princess diapers for weeks now, and Nathan knew that. He was happy that his boyfriend was taking more and more of an interest, but why did he buy this colour? The straps were a coincidence, but pink diapers and a pink pacifier gag... It was so close, but so far, and it couldn’t help but start to feel deliberate.

“Just open wide, and let me take care of everything.”

Steven complied, unable to resist Nathan’s seductive tone. He was blushing furiously, opening his mouth as the teat was lovingly placed inside. He bit down, the large bulb stifling most of his tongue’s movement, filling what space he had. Nathan pulled either strap around the back of his head, buckling it snugly. He quickly realised he couldn’t speak coherently, and with both hands tied out of reach, he was going to be sucking the pacifier until Nathan let him out.

“Wow, it’s effective,” Nathan smirked, seemingly surprised by how non-sensical it rendered his boyfriend. “You comfortable?”

Steven tried to respond, frowning, but nodding. He hoped this was going somewhere worthwhile.

Nathan started undoing the wet diaper at last, an act that had become so common for them both so quickly. Steven squirmed as normal, as the warm, squishy diaper was pulled away from his crotch, which was then thoroughly wiped down, teasing him as it normally did.

The wrist straps, though changing very little about the process, made Steven feel far more vulnerable and exposed than normal. It was easily the best change he’d had from Nathan so far, even with his mouth stuffed, and hoped it would lead to him blowing his load.

Nathan tossed the used diaper away, but before producing a new one, he proceeded to take advantage of his bound and muted boyfriend. “I did buy you something else, but I don’t think you’re going to like it.”

Steven stared at him, puzzled, instinctively trying to question him.

“You don’t need to speak. You broke the rules, we both know that, so you don’t need to say anything.”

Steven wriggled against the bonds, trying to lift his head more upright, starting to worry. Nathan didn’t look angry, but simply stood and spoke authoritatively.

“When we started this, the diapers made you more obedient. You knew your place, you didn’t argue with me changing you. I’ve really enjoyed the change this has brought to both of us... no pun intended. I’m proud of you, you’ve done so well. But it does also seem that being in diapers all day, every day, has had another effect on you, and despite my warning, you weren’t able to listen.”

Nathan returned to the underwear drawer, from which he pulled a small black case. “I’ve bought you this. I say ‘you’, only because *you* will be wearing it, but it will help us both, and bring a little more control back.”

Steven couldn’t make out what it was exactly, but from the way Nathan spoke, he suspected he knew what it was; a chastity device. Nathan had been doing his research...

Steven shook his head, and pulled against the restraints. He couldn’t wear one of those, not at the rate he needed to cum these days.

He tried arguing back, but the pacifier stuffed into his mouth only allowed mumbled garbage, and only seemed to make him drool down his own chin. Sure, he’d had a few moments of poor judgement, jerking off into his diapers in secret, but he was trying harder now. He didn’t need locking up over it! He should never have ‘agreed’ to getting tied to the bed. How could Nathan trick him like this?

“Now, now, stop struggling,” Nathan lectured while unzipping the little pouch, “you asked for this by not keeping your hands off. It’ll make you a better-behaved boy for me.”

Steven wriggled his legs helplessly, complaining inaudibly. He *did not* ask for this!

He watched Nathan examine the two pieces, a ring, and a shaft, before he set all but the ring to one side. Gently, he took hold of Steven's balls, who shook his head noisily, pleading, while trying to squirm and turn his body away.

"Stevie, we're doing this because you misbehaved," Nathan scolded, "do you *really* want to start off by resisting so much?"

Steven whimpered behind the gag, and tried to settle. There was little he could do now, unable to speak or use his hands. He just had to accept his cock was getting locked away. Once he was let go, he could argue his case properly. Though he feared the worst. If Nathan had bought something expensive like this, it was going to be used...

Steven winced slightly; Nathan had squirted a little diaper lotion onto his ball sack, easing his skin and balls through the ring. Despite the fear of losing all control, Steven still felt himself twitch with pleasure as Nathan sensually guided his bits through. His penis stiffened before Nathan could get his fingers around it, preventing him from squeezing it into the ring.

Nathan leaned back, and folded his arms, seemingly prepared for Steven's final protest, unwilling or not.

Steven thrust his loins about grumpily as the erection grew stronger, desperate for Nathan to touch it again.

"No way," his boyfriend laughed in return, as Steven's sad pleading was once again rejected. "We both know you don't deserve that."

Deserve? They were both adults, why was he talking about it like it needed earning? It was just an orgasm.

Steven quickly realised nothing was going to happen with his arousal, and merely lay on the bed awkwardly, trying to ignore his desires. His balls were still snared by the ring, half way towards locking his penis away.

"Thirty seconds to get soft, or I'm using ice," Nathan warned. Steven's eyes almost bulged from their sockets. "I don't have all evening to change your diapers!"

Realising his boyfriend was deadly serious, Steven shut his eyes immediately, focusing intently on getting rid of his erection. It was easier said than done of course, with the looming deadline and sense of powerlessness all hindering rather than helping Steven.

“Fifteen seconds.”

He wanted to shout from behind the pacifier at how little that warning had helped, as he felt Nathan move off the mattress.

It was to no avail. He couldn't kill his boner fast enough, and Nathan lifted a sealed plastic bag full of ice from a bowl resting on the drawers.

Steven wriggled some more. As much as he didn't want to be sealed up, he especially didn't want his dick frozen in order to get it there.

“Time's up,” Nathan smiled, eyeing the penis that wouldn't go down. He carried the small bag back towards the bed.

Steven shook his head frantically, mouthing in protest.

“Oh, baby, I can't understand a word you're saying... so I'm really glad I bought that!” Nathan relaxed himself on the bed between Steven's spread, tense legs. He held the cold bag aloft, watching Steven whine in helpless anticipation.

“You broke our agreement,” Nathan said firmly, “This is why this is happening, do you understand?”

Steven nodded fearfully.

“You couldn't control yourself in diapers, and since you've still got quite a while left in *those*, this will help keep you obedient.”

Steven looked at his partner, with one last appeal in his eyes for him not to go through with it. Nathan's mind was already made up of course, and he wrapped the bag of ice cubes around his boyfriend's cock.

Steven howled as the intensity of the biting cold hit him, contorting his body to try and escape it. Nathan held firm, and the erection refused to shrink. Steven started whining again, begging for him to remove it, but his boyfriend only consoled him in response.

Eventually, Steven's boner caved in, softening beneath the freezing plastic. He gasped in relief as Nathan removed the bag, but he found his genitals swiftly fumbled through the ring as required, before the pink shaft slid into place. Nathan held it secure before the lock was inserted, trapping Steven's defeated dick inside.

"Don't worry, we shouldn't have to do that next time," Nathan cooed, as if it was supposed to be a relief. The key for the device went straight into his pocket.

Steven wanted to reach down and touch it, to see what had become of his manhood, but Nathan was already unfolding a new diaper from the wardrobe. It was bad enough this had happened, but now it was going to be buried beneath thick padding, as out of reach as was nearly possible.

He tried to protest, to plead, to be released from his bonds before he was diapered, but Nathan ignored him, sliding the diaper under his helpless body. Nathan doused Steven with an overdose of baby powder, watching Steven's cock trying to grow hard once more.

The cage merely lifted itself up, as his penis throbbed. It couldn't reach full attention, merely swelling as the hard plastic kept it in place. Steven cried out at how emasculated he felt now, with such a strange sensation in his crotch. He wouldn't be able to achieve much of anything with his penis as it was.

"Oh, stop complaining or I'm leaving that pacifier where it is." Nathan had enjoyed the protests as he furled the diaper into place, pride washing over his face as he sealed it tight.

Steven had brought full-time diapers upon himself, the majority of which he was enjoying, but all of this, his new predicament, this was all Nathan's doing now. He'd awakened a strict, dominant side in his boyfriend, with all the repercussions that came with it. How far would Nathan continue to push it?