



CUCKOLDED IN CHASTITY VI

Steven's buttplug had been squeezing his prostate for close to an hour now. It had made his chores no easier, with every crinkling step shifting the plug just enough to tease him further. His balls were tightly gripped against the ring of his chastity cage, with no doubt that his penis was leaking pre-cum through the cage and into his diaper considerably. The diaper, at least, was clean.

Nathan and Jonathan were putting him through his paces today. Following his large enema, he'd spent the whole afternoon stuck in double-thick, messy diapers. After he was mercifully hosed clean in the shower, without dignity or privacy, he was given a task list to achieve while the two dominant men in his life went to dinner; his long-time partner and his fuck buddy

Steven's outfit for these tasks consisted of nothing more than the aforementioned plug and diaper, and the pink leather wrist and ankle cuffs he'd become accustomed to. Any other clothing was banned while the men were away, leaving Steven feeling a weird mixture of liberated and exposed as he wandered around the house alone.

Steven's tasks were mostly nothing more than household chores, with some cruel twists. The first, and easiest was to finish a two-litre bottle of water before they got home, and he was working his way through that as fast as he could stomach. He also had to tidy up the living room, clean the kitchen, and change the bed clothes.

He tackled the downstairs first, straightening out the sofas and clearing some used glasses and plates from the coffee table. Nathan was far from a slob thankfully, but he seemed to be relaxing his tidy streak to get more use from the stay-at-home cuck. Steven smiled at the extra steps his partner had gone to to make his time as a cuck hit a little harder. He felt of use, controlled, and just degraded enough while they had fun in the city.

Likewise the kitchen was of no great mess either, with the remnants of cooking lunch sitting in the sink. Steven washed everything, and wiped the surfaces before making his way upstairs to the bedroom, of which every step gave his butt a firm workout with the plug. He was wincing by the top, and desperately wanting some relief.

It had been far, far too long for him since he last ejaculated, a once proud pastime now a distant fantasy, driving him wilder and wilder with every day. It was that libido that landed him in this series of punishments with Jonathan, after succumbing to sucking off a stranger at the gym. A few years younger, before Nathan, and Steven would have fantasised about fucking someone random on a whim, but after weeks of diaper and chastity training he had turned into a locker room bitch with barely a moment's hesitation.

His ass clenched the plug and his cock swelled in his cage as he reminisced about that dominant college boy he crossed paths with. He didn't know his name, but he'd sucked his cock and exposed his cage and diaper to him in a moment of lustful madness. A betrayal of his cuck status, which landed him in these very punishments.

Steven and Nathan's bedroom wasn't as tidy as the rest of the house, perhaps deliberately so. The duvet was crumpled and kicked to the end of the bed, revealing a similarly distressed sheet. Jonathan's duffel bag was tucked down the side, *Steven's side*, and both Jonathan and Nathan's clothes were strewn across the floor from when they'd stripped without a care.

He identified Nathan's clothes and put it all in the laundry hamper, before folding Jonathan's and leaving it on top of his travel bag.

Despite the constant throbs from walking around with the plug in, he was starting to appreciate this novelty making chores more enjoyable. He took a quick break to relieve himself of the water he was guzzling, filling up the front of his diaper with a fresh warm soak. It was tricky with the plug also in place, but enough water will find a way out eventually.

Steven groped the front of his diaper, relishing the sensual touch of the warm squish. His body was in a heightened state, so powerful was his chaste lifestyle in combination with the buttplug. His dick throbbed once again. His ass felt so good right now that he was begging for the plug to be replaced with a dildo, or something less stationary. He'd never been fucked before, but his body was grabbing on to any means at all if it meant he got to cum.

He realised he'd been rubbing the front of his diaper, grinding his cage against the padding, and slowly stopped. It wasn't masturbation, and it wasn't good exactly, but it was enough. He withdrew his hand reluctantly. Either way, he was breaking the rules pleasuring himself.

Steven tried to clear his head and distract himself, but it was nigh on impossible with his body's taste for pleasure. He just needed to strip and dress the bed, as instructed.

He pulled the duvet away to remove its cover, but as he stood over the bed, he stopped at how unclean it was. Hints of lube on the sheet along the edge, and what looked like a cum stain sprayed over the middle. He froze. His cock tested its boundaries. His butt squeezed the plug.

Without thinking, Steven leaned forward across the bed, and sniffed the stain for the unmistakable stench of cum. His padded crotch rode the edge of the mattress. He let himself fall down, until he was bent over the bed, like he was ready to be fucked himself, and furiously thrust his diaper against the mattress while burying his face in the unknown cum stain. He felt powerless, so filthy, but he couldn't stop. His dick wanted what it wanted.

The consequences didn't matter to him at all now, as he defiantly thrust against the bed. The cage felt uncomfortable tight and stuck in place as the diaper pushed back and forth. It was half as painful as it was pleasurable, and the pain of thrusting his trapped cock wasn't a deterrent enough.

The plug, from all of his thigh work, fucked him just gently enough, giving him the stimulation he craved, poking his prostate with just enough force.

But it was all for nothing. No matter how good it felt in the moment, Steven couldn't build on it. The barrier between touch and his cock was too restrictive, and he gave up humping, lying still on the bed, panting. He'd tried to throw it all away, everything he'd built up over the previous weeks. And he still wanted to.

His partner had been fucked right on this bed, that afternoon, and here he was stuck, helpless and horny in a cage and wet diaper.

Regretfully, he stood up and finished changing the bed clothes. The buttplug was impossible to ignore. His body was screaming, chemically, for him to let go and relieve the tension. It felt like all of

those chaste weeks were at an erupting point, and he just needed to survive every basic desire being at odds with him wanting to obey his partner.

The three rooms were tidy, and he stood downstairs, mind swirling while he gulped the last of the water, proudly placing the empty bottle on display in the kitchen as proof, with a soaked diaper surely to follow.

He tried to sit and watch TV to pass the rest of the time, but he ended up on his phone browsing kinky sites, from guys in diapers to videos of sex, over and over until the lock turning in the front door startled him to life again.

Steven leaped from the sofa, and got onto his knees in the living room. No such protocol existed between himself and the two other men, but it felt correct at the time, and amused them as they walked into the house.

“Well look at this,” Jonathan smiled, “Nothing like a day of punishments to put a boy firmly in his place.”

“All of your chores done?” Nathan asked, while removing his jacket. They’d dressed up nicely, clearly enjoying themselves on a date night.

Steven nodded silently.

“Excellent,” his partner replied with a smirk, eyeing him down to his wet diaper. “How’s the plug treating you?”

Steven whimpered. “It... it’s driving me crazy,” he said. “It’s making me want to cum.”

“Is that right?” Nathan replied, without so much as interrupting his stride to the kitchen to grab a bottle of wine and two glasses.

“Yeah,” Steven admitted, “I... It got so bad I humped the bed.” His head sank.

Nathan set the bottle and glasses down, and his eyes moved from the cuck to make contact with Jonathan in the living room, like two parents silently communicating. “And did you finish?” he asked firmly.

“No,” Steven said, with some pride in his misbehaviour. “I stopped myself, but I really wanted it. I don’t think my balls can take much more. It’s all I could think about since you left.”

“It’s good that you stopped,” Jonathan intervened, but turned his attention from Steven to his partner. “I have an idea. It’s not what we discussed, but I think it’s the right time.”

Not knowing what the original plan was, nor the new idea, Steven gulped in anticipation.

Steven was sitting down on one of the kitchen chairs, square on his plug, as rope was draped over him. His wrists were already bound behind his back. Jonathan was expertly wrapping it in place, securing him against the chair, piece by piece. His pacifier gag was in his mouth, tied around his jaw.

“Little cucks shouldn’t want to cum,” Nathan lectured, standing out of the way as the ropes were pulled tighter across his body, and tied behind the chair.

A large vibrating wand was being held in place by the same ropes, its head placed perfectly against his diaper where his cage lay within, though how effective it would be, he couldn’t know. Steven didn’t know what to feel; he wanted to cum so badly all evening, but he wanted to be obedient to the rules. Neither man had so much as hinted if the wand was there to tease him or make him cum; it was simply set up without so much as a comment.

The wand was remote operated, and Jonathan fondled the commanding device in one hand, while picking up his awaiting wine glass in the other. He smiled, and pressed it briefly, sending a short whirl of the vibrator as a warning shot.

Steven whimpered against the gag. It was powerful, with the diaper and cage offering next to no resistance that he could feel. He whined, flustered. He wanted to obey them so much and avoid cumming, but he was going to fail, for sure. He wanted to warn them as much, but the gag had eliminated any useful communication between them now, and even if he could, he doubted he could stop them at this point.

“Do you want to cum, *little cuck*?” Nathan said, as he rounded the chair and lifted Steven’s exasperated face by the chin.

Answering the question was difficult, even though he knew the answer. He felt so submissive, and just wanted to do what he was told, not answer questions or make decisions. Steven shook his head.

Nathan’s hand held the side of his cucked-partner’s face gently. “That’s a good answer.”

Steven was so relieved, but apprehensive about what would happen next.

“So, you’re not going to cum in your little diaper, are you?”

Before he could answer, the wand hummed to life on a low setting. He could feel it in his balls, and his cage twitched.

Steven shook his head anxiously. Could the combination of a diaper and cage prevent him getting off? It didn’t feel that way, and after feeling himself tense into the chair, he tried to relax and ignore it. Jonathan was able to dial up in the intensity in quick waves though, which only got him harder, and made him clamp down on the buttplug more.

Nathan picked up his own glass of wine again. It was clear the men were here to enjoy this torment, while trapped for their pleasure. The wand continued to vibrate in spikes and waves, never enough to deliver considerable pleasure, just enough to tease and not let Steven’s body forget to stay hard. It was almost like edging, but he feared if he got close to the edge he’d immediately squirt weeks’ worth of build up.

“He doesn’t want to cum...” Jonathan mused, setting the remote down while the wand throbbed slowly every few seconds. “You’ve trained him well. It would be such a shame to spoil that.”

“That’s true, but he did try earlier,” Nathan retorted, while Steven was left hanging on every word. “It’s like the punishments aren’t soaking in completely.”

“Well let’s see if he’s singing the same tune after an hour of this... More wine?”

With one final restraint, Steven was blindfolded securely, removing him from the actions of the dominant men.

Steven tugged against his bonds without effect as the two men so easily switched their attention away from him, and seemingly sat down in the living room, with Steven alone and throbbing against the chair. The wand continued to pulse alongside his constant erection.

He sat there, unable to gauge the passage of time, nor truly hear the conversation in the next room. It was just him, the plug, and the vibrator, stuck in a terrible limbo. It was breaking him down, and despite what he’d claimed, the unstoppable buzzing did make him want to cum. To cum a lot.

But it was less effective than his mattress thrusts, somehow. His pent up balls couldn’t endure this constantly, he thought, surely at some point he had be to tipped into gushing into his diaper? That sounded like such a sweet relief, despite the vibrator and plug surely staying put if it truly happened accidentally.

Steven felt a sudden jolt as the power of the wand increased, but the gap between each pulse lengthened. His blindfold was removed; Nathan and Jonathan were standing back in the kitchen.

“How are you doing, diaper boy?” Nathan smirked, as Steven’s head fell backwards and he mumbled something inaudible around the pacifier as drool ran down his cheek. He had no way of knowing if it had been an hour of teasing or not.

Steven wanted to beg to end this, but also wanted to take his test, his punishment until he was set free. The more powerful, infrequent pulses were more effective in pushing him towards cumming, and he was sure Jonathan knew that too. He didn’t want to beg, but he didn’t think he’d be able to stop it if he even got close.

“Do you think you can take 10 seconds of constant vibration now?” Jonathan asked, surprisingly.

Steven’s eyes widened and he shook his head.

“Well, you’d better not cum.”

The setting was changed despite his protest, and Steven groaned, breathing faster as the wand whirred to life and did not stop. Ten seconds was a long time, and he was going to cum in his diaper.

He tried to cry out, muffled behind his gag, as the wand ceased but he felt himself tiptoe along the edge. He froze. He needed the sensations to stop, fearing it could end in a ruined orgasm for him, but his cock throbbed against the cage, the plug tight in his hole. It was going to happen... The plug at the very least would push him over the edge.

His breathing was frantic, but he tried to settle.

“Twenty seconds?” Jonathan laughed.

Steven yelled the most audible word since being gagged- a loud “NO!” as the vibrations began again, and he immediately felt himself erupt, shake, and almost break the chair in half by arching his tense body. He moaned until he was hoarse, as the straight and intense vibration drilled an orgasm out of him. It had been weeks. It was incredible, but overwhelming, overstimulating. The wand wasn’t relenting, and didn’t stop until the twenty seconds ended and he was a twitching husk tied to the chair.

Nathan undid the gag, and hugged his voiceless partner, without releasing him.

“You waited a long time for that, huh?”

Steven couldn’t answer, but he nodded and smiled as he caught his breath. Being cucked, humiliated for so long was an intense journey. The men didn’t look disappointed, like it was always planned, or acceptable for him to cum tonight.

“You did well,” Jonathan praised, “But now we know we don’t need to take that cage off to milk you.”

Steven’s head was still spinning. He hadn’t expected things would come to an end like this, but now it sounded like he wasn’t getting out of the cage any time soon. He couldn’t quite process it. Did Nathan agree with this too?

He also wasn’t getting released from the ropes soon, as Nathan helped him to drink some water. As his erection subsided, Steven also pissed himself heavily. Perhaps this was still part of the punishment, left to linger in bondage, with Nathan surely knowing he’d want to relax and rest immediately after cumming.

Nathan pointed the pacifier gag back at Steven’s mouth, answering that question, and the cuck took it in his mouth with pleading eyes. It was fastened behind his head once again.

“Round two begins in fifteen minutes,” Nathan announced. “If you really didn’t want to cum, you wouldn’t have had such a big accident in your stupid diaper, now would you?”

Steven squirmed. He really wanted a diaper change now that he’d just squirted and was sitting in his piss! Nathan smiled.

“Let’s hope you’re ready, little cuck. I can bet you *really* won’t want to cum again for a long while after the next few rounds of this! There’s a lot more milk to squeeze from you yet.”

Despite his orgasm, he was still a cuck, and going nowhere fast.

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