



CUCKOLDED IN CHASTITY VIII

Steven had locked eyes with him immediately. He was across the large hall, dozens of people between them, but they caught each other easily enough. Steven balked and looked away awkwardly, but not before noticing that *he* had suppressed an excitable grin of recognition.

Steven was out of town at a work conference. The boredom of the afternoon's presentations had already passed, leaving the attendants to gather and mingle with food and alcohol for the evening.

For the past few years this concoction of strangers in a hotel had served as a hunting ground for a fine ass or mouth to fill, but this time Steven felt like he'd waddled his way into the lion's den. His dick was locked, his ass was diapered.

He knew the intention of the look from the other guy across the room; hope, and expectation that'd the two would hook up again. This didn't surprise Steven, as he'd always taken pride in being memorable for other guys, but the new Steven was in no position for a repeat, no matter how much either of them wanted it.

The other guy was dressed just as Steven had lusted after him before; his shirt tucked in, very loose at the neck, rolled up sleeves, while clinging to his broad shoulders and slightly chunky midriff. His jeans belted tightly, and hugging his perfectly sculpted backside. Square-jawed, yet a round, youthful face.

What was his name again? Sean? Barry? Did he ever know it?

Steven turned and winced quietly to himself. Despite being meek in his old stomping ground, he was starting to lust, the familiarity and association resurrecting those old desires to stick his dick in someone, and that lust was biting him back right on the penis.

He was still wearing the spiked chastity cage, under orders from both his partner and *his* lover, and while he'd adjusted to it over the past two weeks, growing hard less and less due to the intense restrictions, there were occasional moments like this one where his penis remembered just how hard it could get and squeeze the boy into difficulty.

"Steven, right?" He heard behind him, turning to find his one-time night of fun smiling optimistically. *Was it Jason?* His hand was extended to shake, more to keep up the corporate-lite atmosphere than anything else. Steven accepted it, but dumbfounded as to how to reply, and simply said it was good to see him again.

"I knew you remembered me," he said with a dumb grin, clapping his other hand against Steven's bicep.

Steven's eyes dropped quickly to the white label across the man's chest. It was Robbie! Thank fuck for name tags...

"I hate these things," Steven blurted out, before any awkwardness set in. "I don't understand why they have to be days long..."

"Anyone who thinks it's a good idea is probably sending someone else instead," Robbie mused, "but hey, it's worth it for the right networking!"

'Is that what you boys are calling it now?' Steven smirked, before cursing himself for flirting back. He couldn't live up to anything expected of him here, and needed to put the brakes on before his libido or his alcohol got him in further trouble. He took a swig from his beer, and immediately felt his bladder alert him that he'd need to piss soon.

"It certainly worked last time," Robbie smiled, taking a drink. He was carefully begging for it. "And if you've got no plans tonight..."

“Uh, maybe,” Steven said quickly, panicking a little but trying to play it cool. “Let’s catch up later yeah? I gotta do a... thing first.” He drank the last mouthful of his beer, as Robbie nodded, hiding his disappointment.

Steven felt bad, but he needed to escape. He was playing a far too dangerous game, and the beer clearly hadn’t helped. If he allowed things to get much further, Robbie would be seeing him in his diaper, with his cage on, and what then? He couldn’t fuck him *and* he’d be breaking the rules if anything else happened despite what he was wearing. It would be a humiliating disaster.

He just needed to clear his head, and taking a moment to piss and give his diaper an overdue check would help if he was going to mingle for a while more. Down the hall of the hotel, he pushed open the bathroom doors and found the nearest stall. He locked himself in, before undoing his trousers and dropping them down to his thighs.

He released his bladder, and for what should have been a routine wetting, turned out to be a stimulating buzz as he felt the hot piss drench between his legs until it settled and absorbed towards his butt. He was turned on from being in Robbie’s presence, and from wetting and checking himself like this, meters away from a hundred peers.

He cupped around between his legs, then felt his diaper around his ass. There was probably space for at least one more wetting. One more wetting, then he could escape the networking nightmare and retreat for a change and personal space.

Steven dressed himself carefully again, checking he was tucked in and discreetly diapered before he’d emerge into the crowd. His crotch felt a lot heavier and more swollen now that his trousers had dropped and returned, but no one would be looking there. No one except Robbie of course.

Steven unlatched the door and stepped into the bathroom proper before washing his hands. Another man in a suit was beside him. Steven felt a sudden burst of inadequacy again. He was surrounded by corporate men, working out deals, and he was here checking if he needed a diaper change. *He’d been peeing his pants mid-conversation while this other guy got to use the toilet...* His dick sprang to life again, causing him to stifle a twitch as he felt a spike or three.

He washed his hands a little longer than needed, trying to let his throbbing erection relent before attempting to walk again. He heard the door swing open and shut, but it wasn’t the suited man leaving; Robbie had marched his way inside into the bathroom. Steven may have been projecting it, but it reminded him of the way he’d pictured himself on the prowl in the years before.

Once again they made eye contact, with lust and concern confusing the diaper boy. Robbie feigned going to the sinks while they waited for the suited man to leave. Steven turned off the taps and dried his hands nervously. This was a mistake. He was going to be in so much trouble. The man left the bathroom. Robbie was already beside him.

Steven turned, but before either said a word Robbie moved in to kiss him. Their tongues met. The cuck hadn’t been kissed like this in months. His legs weakened, and his cage throbbed painfully once more.

Robbie released his tongue from Steven’s mouth. “We both have rooms here.. but I like your thinking.”

Robbie nudged Steven around, and before he could react, he had already found himself being walked back into a cubicle. His padded ass almost fell onto the toilet, but Robbie had his arms on him, leaning back in to make out, kissing his neck and rubbing his hands down Steven’s back.

His thinking? Did Robbie think he’d led him in here deliberately?

Steven made no attempt to correct him. The ache in his chastity cage was suddenly bearable, pain fading and stimulating him further in the midst of his passion.

Robbie's hands wandered, until they pulled Steven's tucked shirt out from his jeans. Robbie wanted to caress skin. His hand brushed the diaper wing, seemingly without noticing, for now. Oh no, no. This was a terrible idea.

Robbie's hand ran for Steven's waistband. Steven wanted to protest, to stop his discovery, but his button was already open, and his zip forced to spread wide as his hands tugged the trousers down. Steven's eyes grew wide, but Robbie never noticed.

Robbie stopped dead in his tracks. Steven's piss-filled diaper was bulging out of his open pants, and he couldn't have wished for a bigger hole to swallow him right there.

"Oh, man," Robbie said, cleared startled and embarrassed himself. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean—" Humiliated, and without the other man to lean into, Steven finally let his legs relax, and sat down down on the toilet awkwardly as his trousers revealed a little more diaper and skin. His cage was still hurting.

"We can still, you know, if you want to," Robbie said, shyly. His enthusiasm had taken several steps back. "It's not a problem, honest!"

Steven closed his eyes, and said nothing. He was a victim of his own stupidity, of his own lust. Nathan would *love* this.

"Here," Robbie stated, before getting down on one knee. "Let me prove it." He leant his head closer to Steven's crotch, who watched in amazement, before planting a hard, but sensual kiss against the diaper, pressing the wet padding against Steven's throbbing, painful erection. The spikes dug in harder, and he gasped loudly, unable to contain the intensity of the stimulation.

Robbie's gesture of acceptance backfired, and he withdrew confused. "What's going on under there?"

"I've been having some small accidents!" Steven blatantly lied quickly, trying to deflect from the cage within. "It's a long story."

Robbie stood back to give him space, understanding this wasn't going the way he expected.

Steven stood up and pulled his trousers up.

"It doesn't look that small, dude," Robbie blurted while eyeing the swollen yellow crotch, before wincing at his own lack of tact. "I mean, sorry, I just- was that just your *dick*, or..?"

Steven's face grew redder, and he didn't answer as Robbie stepped out of the cubicle to allow a route of escape.

"Sorry," Steven said, making his excuses while pulling his trousers up. "I don't think it'll be like last time."

They separated awkwardly. Steven tried to mangle and forget his embarrassment, but he was finding it impossible to focus on anything except his blushes, and it was hard to forget the stunned look on Robbie's face when confronted with his diaper. He felt so... undateable, compared to how he used to be.

And it was hot. This young, attractive would-be equal had seen him in a wet diaper, had come *this* close to seeing his dick cage, and basically offered him a fuck out of pity. Steven was so *pathetic*. His dick grew hard, *again*, and he realised it was time to accept his fate and retire to change his diaper.

The crowd in the function room was already dissipating, or resorting to small drinking cliques. It was an easy escape.

Slightly light-headed from the alcohol, Steven retreated to his hotel room, where his secret shame of a fresh bedtime diaper waited.

His phone vibrated as he walked the stairs.

“Sorry about that. Didn’t mean to embarrass you. Apology drink on me?”

He must have given Robbie his number last time... He couldn’t help but smirk, and replied with his room number. Steven knew the risk of more humiliation was right there, turning him on, and he knew he was an idiot for welcoming it. But Robbie had seen him in a diaper, and was still coming back for more. That was rare.

Steven let himself into his room, and started to undress. He threw a fresh diaper and some wipes onto the bed, and was about to fondle his tapes when the door knocked sharply. His cheeks turned pink. Robbie was faster than he expected. *You wanted humiliation...*

He grabbed a bathrobe quickly and opened the door to let him in, doubly embarrassed for what kind of signal he now felt the bathrobe and bare legs was sending.

“You were fast...” Steven breathed nervously.

“Well I brought wine,” Robbie laughed, holding up a bottle. ‘Company card...’

“I think this technically makes it a corporate apology.”

“Like you’d get one of those anytime soon...” Robbie laughed, popping the bottle open and filling two glasses. “But I do owe you one.”

“You really don’t, but I appreciate the drink.” Steven shuffled lightly, his diaper making noise under his robe regardless as he tried to explain the situation. He didn’t need to, as Robbie spotted the diaper and wipes on the bed, and looked cutely back at the robed, crinkling Steven.

“I... need to change my pad,” Steven said, “I just need five minutes.”

He picked the items up gingerly, but Robbie had set the glasses down, and once again physically seduced him.

“Or,” he said, “why let that get in the way of a good time?” Robbie’s hand groped inside the robe, clutching Steven’s crotch shamelessly, before nudging him backwards onto the bed.

Steven tried to warn him, but found himself stuck for words. Robbie climbed above him, kissing him once more, and stripping the robe wide open. He was in nothing but his diaper in front of this guy, and he didn’t care... But what was he going to do? There was no happy ending in sight.

‘Wait,’ he said, as Robbie moved to kissing his chest, and his hand rubbed the wet diaper.

“It’s okay, we can take it off,” Robbie apologised, as if thinking rubbing it was the wrong foreplay.

“It’s not a problem.” Robbie wanted it so badly he willing to power through a soaked diaper.

He stopped kissing long enough to glance down and tug at the tapes. Steven was screaming at himself to say something, to stop this, but his horny brain was in full control. Further humiliation was four opened tapes away. Three tapes. One tape.


“What the hell is this!?”

Steven groaned loudly as the spikes took hold.

Robbie wasn’t horrified, but seemed to be gleefully, almost immaturely stunned by the device denying access to Steven’s dick.

“Is that for your problems too?” Robbie asked, confused, before he realised it was a locked device. “Can you even take it off?”

“No, I...” Steven started, but couldn’t think how to explain the situation.



Robbie got off the bed and wandered to his glass of wine. “Does this mean I can’t get fucked tonight?” Disappointment washed across his face, almost turning to a pout, like a child realising he wasn’t getting what he wanted.

“You came here for an apology drink...” Steven replied, mildly irritated, while sitting up carefully, knocking the wet diaper away onto the floor. He knew he was rude. He should have shut things down.

“No, but you know...” he said sheepishly, taking a long drink. He handed Steven the other glass. “What’s going on here anyway?”

Steven took his own long drink, and a deep breath. “My boyfriend makes me wear it,” he finally explained, embarrassed.

Robbie’s face scrunched up a little. “So you can only fuck when he unlocks it?”

“Basically, yeah. I’m actually, uh, banned from all sexual activity, more or less.” Steven felt his face grow red. “But that depends how it’s interpreted...”

Even saying those words crippled him. He couldn’t believe he was opening up about it like this, embarrassing himself.

“So the kissing?”

“Probably broke a few rules.” Steven bit his lip.

Robbie didn’t apologise; he just grinned.

“Why though?” he asked. “Why do it?”

Steven, with the help of a second glass of wine, explained to Robbie all about how he was being cucked by his partner and his friend. How he was enjoying this humiliated, submissive experience despite losing out on the wonderful power top life he’d previously led. He ignored anything about diapers, and left them as an awkward elephant in the room for now.

‘So I can’t fuck you either?’ Robbie said suddenly.

Steven was taken aback. He hadn’t expected *that*, and while he wasn’t comfortable with it, they both knew that was against the rules too.

“Can’t make you suck me off?”

“Afraid not,” Steven gulped, like a deer in headlights, almost relieved. He hadn’t expected the roles to reverse like this.

Robbie chuckled, admitting defeat, before asking the key question. “Is there anything you *can* do? You’re giving me the rare desire to top.”

Steven finished his glass, and reached for his phone. He messaged Nathan, and waited with anticipation.

“Humiliation, eh?” Robbie said, quizzically, breaking the silence. “Haven’t had enough of that tonight?” He stood up and paced the room slowly.

“You’d be surprised...” Steven replied quietly, before crossing his legs. He’d drunk so much that he was getting another urge to piss hurriedly, but he was struggling to admit he needed to get into a diaper.

“You don’t need those, do you?” Robbie asked carefully, gazing towards the small stack of diapers on the wardrobe shelf. “It’s part of the humiliation right?”

Steven went bright red. “Sorry,” he said, meekly.

“It’s cool, I understand now,” Robbie smiled, before he realised what he was looking at and blurted out loudly: “Wait, some of these are pink!?”

He stepped forward to get a closer look. "Why weren't you wearing one of those!?"

"You would have run a mile if you'd pulled my pants down and found those!"

"Doubt it," he grinned. "They've got more style than those white ones. So cute!"

Robbie picked one up awkwardly, unsure what to do with a diaper in his hand, but admiring the pastel pink panelling and decorations nonetheless.

"You can at least put this one on now!"

"N-no way!" Steven stammered. His cage felt tight again. He swapped legs in another cross, shaking one slightly as the pressure in his bladder grew. He needed to get a diaper on soon, and privately he really wanted it to be the pink one.

His phone then vibrated. Steven glanced at the screen; Nathan had replied. "*Give him your phone.*"

Steven gulped, and unlocked it to the messenger screen. "He wants to talk to you," he said, holding his phone out.

Robbie swapped it for the pink diaper. "I wanna see you in it," he said, trying to look irresistible, not realising that all he needed was a dominant tone to get what he wanted.

Steven didn't need much convincing, and started to clean himself with the wipes. Robbie was texting Nathan, which terrified him, but he was too busy trying not to have an accident all over the hotel carpet. The growing urgency in which he needed that diaper glossed over the sheer embarrassment he had in putting it on like this.

Steven sat up from the bed, freshly diapered. He closed his eyes and released his bladder, immediately wetting the new garment, and then watched Robbie's curious expression bulge out of his eye sockets as he looked up from the phone.

"This is not how I expected tonight to go..."

Steven said nothing in return, and didn't go so far as to announce he was pissing, though he was sure the discolouration in his crotch was noticeable.

He then heard the camera shutter on his phone, as Robbie explained he needed to send it to Nathan. Robbie finally put the phone and his glass down, and grinned mischievously.

Steven wanted to ask what they had discussed... as he could clearly see Robbie's cogs turning.

"I like him," Robbie declared, picking up Steven's empty glass in his hand. "And you're not the only one who's been holding in his piss." Robbie unzipped his jeans, and flopped his semi-hard cock out. He then lowered Steven's glass down to his crotch, and pointed his dick inside.

Steven tried to say something, to delay what was coming, but with a shy grunt and strong look of concentration, Robbie started to fill the glass back up with his own golden fluids. Was this Nathan's idea? They'd never tried something like this before. His fingers gripped the bed anxiously.

His phone was across the room. He could just as easily pick it up and read the discussion if he wanted to, but he was frozen solid, submissive, awaiting his fate.

"This humiliation thing," Robbie breathed, as he tapped his penis against the glass to knock the last of the drops out, "I had no idea what you actually meant... but your boyfriend, he asked me what would I do, if I could do anything I wanted."

Robbie held the glass out. Steven accepted it nervously.

"Our frat house used to play these games, all kinds of shit..." he said, "I can't even go into some of them... but for these groups of guys, one of the forfeits, the initiations, was to down piss in a

glass. The fastest one to do it was saved from more torment. I've watched guys suffer with bellies full of piss, and even saw one guy fail to hide a smirk. I'll never forget their faces, gulping it down."

Robbie raised his own glass, and pointed it towards the diaper boy, waiting for them to clink together.

Steven obeyed, fearfully. He was never shy of bodily fluids, of smells. It was all part of the game when hooking up. A cock smelling of piss, or tasting salty was never an issue, but he'd never tasted it like this before.

Their glasses clinked.

Robbie nodded in courtesy. "Drink it all, diaper fuck."

Steven whimpered, and lifted the glass to his face. He made the mistake of lingering, smelling it, feeling the warmth emanate from the rim. It caused him to hesitate, and make eye contact with his magnificent debaser. He saw his eyes, curious as to what would happen, eager to see him obey.

Steven closed his eyes, opened his lips and tipped the drink into his mouth. He swallowed a little, coughing as the hot, salty fluid overwhelmed him unexpectedly. It was going to be a long glass if he couldn't get through it faster.

Steven tried to swallow as quickly as he could, to avoid any lingering piss in his mouth or on his tongue. Robbie simply watched him grimace with every mouthful. He felt so dirty, but unable to resist complying. He wasn't into the act at all, yet his own dick continued to squeeze against the spiked cage. It was so close to agonising.

He tipped the last of the glass backwards, and swallowed with a little difficulty. His stomach felt full from the hurried drink, until he stifled a small burp, and whimpered as the taste of urine stormed back into his mouth.

"I'm honestly impressed," Robbie said. "No wonder Nathan has so much fun with you." The act of having his piss drunk had clearly had an effect. Or maybe it was the encouragement to do whatever he wanted to do.

"Get down on your knees," he said, stepping out of his comfort zone. Steven's immediate obedience solidified Robbie continuing down this path.

"Crawl over to me."

It wasn't dominant exactly, but it was confident. That was enough.

Steven obeyed, waggling his diaper as he did so. He sat back, with his head at thigh-height, gazing at Robbie's wide dick, hanging freely outside of his jeans, and dribbling precum. Steven, the voracious top, wanted it in his mouth.

"Get closer," Robbie said quietly, taking hold of it.

Steven sat on his knees and raised himself up, until his head was level to suck the man off. Had Nathan encouraged this? It was hard to believe. If Robbie was tricking him, he'd end up punished again... Steven's heart thumped in his chest. He had no idea what was happening, or what was permitted. It made things much hotter.

Robbie's dick was close enough that it almost twitched against Steven's nose.

"You were the best fuck I've had in years, do you know that?" Robbie said, gently stroking himself. "I was so excited to see you today, you have no idea... Except I found out you're wearing diapers with a little lock on your dick. The most powerful, seductive guy, the guy I've fantasised about cumming inside me... and I've got him on his knees, pissing himself, and begging me for my cock."

Steven was lost. His mouth was open. He hadn't even realised. Robbie very carefully squeezed his penis until a drop of precum hit Steven's mouth, leaving a trailing string between the two of them.

"And you do want it, don't you?"

"Yes," Steven whimpered. He could hardly believe himself.

Robbie held it a little closer again, while the taste of his fluid still lingered on Steven's tastebuds.

"Your boyfriend asked me what I wanted, anything at all. He said I could have it. I told him that I wanted to fuck you. That I really wanted to stick my dick in your mouth, to make you suck me tonight like you wouldn't do for me two years ago."

Steven was shaking. It had been so long since he'd had sex, that'd he'd settle for anything. It was so close.

"Do you know what Nathan said?"

Steven couldn't think. He didn't know what outcome was more likely anymore.

"He told me to remind the diaper cuck that he gets NOTHING."

Steven almost screamed.

Robbie let go of his junk, and ruffled his precum drizzled hand in Steven's hair, before he burst out laughing at Steven's horrified, pleading face. "Oh my god! Look how much you wanted it! *You!*"

Robbie continued to laugh, and slapped his hands.

Steven groaned and rubbed his face. His own dick was in agony, but he didn't want to mention it. How had this much cruelty been extracted from this guy?

"Turn around though," Robbie laughed, his dick still bouncing around freely.

Steven, under the throes of his embarrassment, obeyed, and turned his back to the guy.

"Stand up."

He obeyed again, and felt Robbie's hand finger the diaper's waistband beneath the small of his back. He was confused, until he felt the precum covered tip of his penis poke between the diaper and his skin, until the man's dick was sitting comfortably at the top of his butt cheeks.

Robbie wrapped one arm around him, spooning him into a tighter embrace.

Steven wanted to ask what was going on, until he heard the same shy grunt, followed by a small trickle down his backside. He stiffened on the spot, until he felt Robbie's breath on his neck, and the flow of piss took full flow. Robbie was using Steven's diaper.

The cuck was too afraid to move as he felt the piss pool up in the seat of his pants, as Robbie's heavy bladder from a night of drinking released itself faster than the diaper could work its magic. He didn't leak, but it was enough to make him feel very powerless as he stood and tried not to move and risk it escaping through the leg-bands.

As the flow turned to a trickle again, Robbie shook himself as best he could without withdrawing, and then finally tucked his dick away. The zip closing on his jeans was deafening, removing his penis from the equation for the rest of the night, and confirming Steven's cuck status.

They both wanted to play with it, but they both knew Steven was to be denied.

They continued to drink a little more wine, until Steven recovered from his shell-shock, and Robbie recovered from an unexpected and wild encounter. Sensibility took hold and they decided to call it a night. Steven offered to let Robbie stay the night, but even with alcohol in their system, Robbie knew it could be temptation too far. He was happy to let the cuck know that he was going

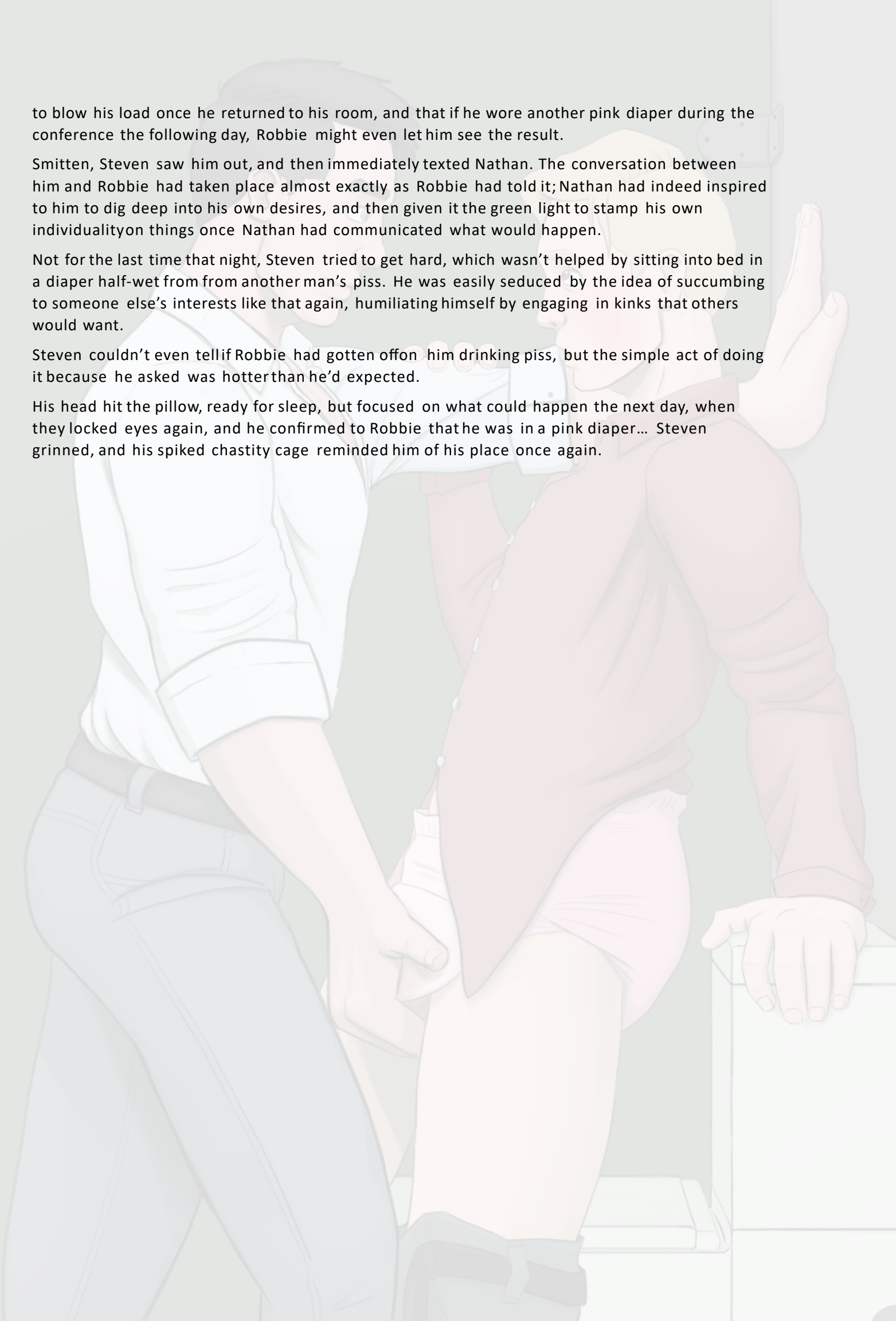
to blow his load once he returned to his room, and that if he wore another pink diaper during the conference the following day, Robbie might even let him see the result.

Smitten, Steven saw him out, and then immediately texted Nathan. The conversation between him and Robbie had taken place almost exactly as Robbie had told it; Nathan had indeed inspired to him to dig deep into his own desires, and then given it the green light to stamp his own individuality on things once Nathan had communicated what would happen.

Not for the last time that night, Steven tried to get hard, which wasn't helped by sitting into bed in a diaper half-wet from another man's piss. He was easily seduced by the idea of succumbing to someone else's interests like that again, humiliating himself by engaging in kinks that others would want.

Steven couldn't even tell if Robbie had gotten off on him drinking piss, but the simple act of doing it because he asked was hotter than he'd expected.

His head hit the pillow, ready for sleep, but focused on what could happen the next day, when they locked eyes again, and he confirmed to Robbie that he was in a pink diaper... Steven grinned, and his spiked chastity cage reminded him of his place once again.





↳ JORDO '21