



CUCKOLDED IN CHASTITY IV

Steven had been locked continuously for almost a month.

Since Jonathon had left and taken the chastity key away from Steven and his partner Nathan, Steven hadn't seen nor touched his penis. That part he was kind of used to, as weird as it was, but since the key was taken he had also not cum whatsoever. That part was new. Nathan had stopped using their vibrator to let him blow through the cage, and now the weight of his balls and his desire to get off were taking their toll on him.

Before Jonathon came into his life a few weeks ago, he had still felt equal to his partner despite the fact that Nathan had embraced Steven's fetishes for diapers and control. He'd been pushed into submission, with full time diapers and a chastity cage.

But since Jonathon had turned up, fucked his partner, and instigated further humiliations for Nathan to dominate his boyfriend with, Steven had found himself feeling less and less of an equal. Not just being chaste and diapered, the once proud aggressive top had found himself being talked to like a child. Having a pacifier stuffed in his mouth while his diaper was changed. Being told when he was going to bed. What chores to do around the house. He was well and truly cucked now; his partner in charge, with *his* new friend-with-benefits whispering ideas of how to take more and more away. He was left sexless, controlled, and it scared him with how much it turned him on, and how easily he was getting used to it.

It was here that Steven decided he was going to try and grasp back some authority over himself. His new life in diapers had made him shy, affecting his gym life the hardest. He'd adjusted to wearing diapers to work, while socialising with friends or even family, but he really feared the thought of having to expose himself in one around some of the alpha males that frequented his old gym.

But Steven's fitness was slipping, and with enough experience as a full time diaper boy, he figured he could summon just enough courage to handle his diapers during the quieter hours. If he slipped in just before the gym opened or closed, the attendance would be low enough that he could get lucky.

Steven of course tried to negotiate with Nathan the idea of going there without diapers, but he was left with the instruction that he could buy and use thinner, cheaper diapers or pull-ups while he worked out, but had to change into something thicker for the rest of the day after showering.

It wasn't the best news, but Steven tried to stay resolute. It was enough of a victory in his circumstances. He admired the strictness Nathan adhered to, even when it pushed him out of his comfort zone like that. Knowing that pull-ups would probably be a terrible idea, he ordered himself some thin diapers and made a plan to hit the gym as early as he could muster at the weekend, and hopefully avoid any considerable attention.

6am of the day in question rolled along, and as Steven crinkled along the equipment to find a quiet spot with a bike, he could not believe he was going through with it. He felt so paranoid. The gym was quiet, but he now felt like that was to his disadvantage and people would be more likely to spot the noisy diaper beneath his shorts. He thought the thinner ones would be easier to hide, but paper-thin gym shorts did nothing to silence the plastic.

Sitting on the bike, with jittery fingers, he pulled his waistband open and down a little, exposing himself just enough for a photo showing he was both diapered and proceeding as intended. A simple

proof he'd been ordered into doing. He sent it to Nathan, feeling pretty proud of himself but no more at ease.

Steven found the work out to be exhausting. It had been such a long time since he'd done this properly that his energy levels weren't the same anymore, his strength dwindled. Committing so hard to diapers, to everything, had taken its toll on his fitness.

He finished up earlier than he'd planned, but he didn't beat himself up and knew he had to restart somewhere. While he was happy to put an end to tiring his legs, the dread of changing his diaper in the locker room almost kept him from leaving.

But the more Steven thought about it, the more he rationalised that he shouldn't be afraid. He'd been wearing diapers full time for a long time now; surely people had already noticed or had a peak of his waistband here and there. What did it matter if he put one on in a quiet changing room? He doubted he'd be the first.

He escaped to the locker room with enormous relief as only one other person was inside, and almost finishing getting dressed. Steven removed his bag from the locker, and took a spot in the corner to minimise the angles he could be seen from. He undid his shoes and socks slowly, trying to buy himself time to hopefully take his wet diaper off with privacy. It felt like it took hours while he stalled, but the other guy finally picked up his bag and left.

Steven stripped his shirt and shorts off with a couple more shifty looks over his shoulder to make sure he was definitely alone, before ripping the wet, sweaty diaper off his body. As he stood there in nothing but his pink cage now, he realised that he'd completely forgotten about being locked up in chastity. It knocked him back a little, even less prepared to be seen caged than in a wet diaper. At least his plain white medical diapers could be excused more easily than his locked up junk.

Nevertheless, he was determined not to waste the fortune of an empty locker room, and ploughed forward with getting showered, diapered, and dressed. With his heart racing, he then noticed his next setback; he couldn't see any trash cans lying around. With every second being precious, he decided to stuff it in his gym bag for now. He could find somewhere later while not exposed, or simply toss it at home.

However, as soon as he pulled the zip of his bag open, wet diaper still in hand, he saw the folded, bulky, pink princess diaper waiting for him inside. If the reminder of his cage hadn't done enough already, this knocked him sideways.

This was crazy! He'd packed another of the thin diapers, even though he knew Nathan wouldn't approve... so he must have been caught; his bag checked and his diaper replaced. He felt doubly vulnerable now, screwed into a corner. His boyfriend really knew how to surprise him still.

Steven needed to get into that shower and out of here as soon as he could. He stuffed the used diaper into the bag.

He then hurried with a towel held to his crotch, just in case anyone came in, and hoped if they did, that they wouldn't spot the pink plastic stuck around his dick. He washed himself as fast as he could, but as the last of the water dribbled from the shower head and he towelled himself off, another guy

walked into the shower section. Steven hadn't even heard him enter the locker room beyond the noise of the water.

Steven tried to conceal himself as best he could, facing the wall, then while the other guy's back was turned in the water, he made for a swift but "calm" retreat back to the benches where his bag and new diaper were waiting. Agonisingly, the other guy's bag was sitting a few meters away on the same long bench Steven was using. He was really up against it now, unsure sure if he could realistically dry himself off, and get the diaper and some clothes on before the guy emerged again.

Steven towelled himself as fast as he could, but unfortunately the other guy did not take long to shower either. Steven stood with his back to him as his damp footsteps echoed across the tiles to his own spot. He tried to figure out the best course of action without looking like he was loitering, naked.

Two diapers stared back out from the bag at him; one fresh, pink, and humiliating, and the other sweaty and half-filled with piss. Of these options, Steven genuinely considered just grabbing the wet one again, while trying to weigh up the consequences of which would be worse to be seen putting on.

With heavy defeat, Steven picked up the fresh pink diaper with all of its humiliating, attention-grabbing decorations. He knew a wet one would be too weird, but this... this was too much. He couldn't put a pink one in front of someone else!

Then a smarter play hit him. He didn't need to put *any* diaper on right now. As long as he was wearing one getting home then he'd be fine! He could find any bathroom here or on the way back to do that part.

With a nervous smile of relief, he stuffed it back in and grabbed his pants instead. But before he could awkwardly swing one leg inside while also trying to conceal his cage, he was busted. Audibly busted.

"Wow!" he heard the other guy exclaim, who had enough of an angle to glance at the pink plastic while Steven tried to shuffle his damp skin into his clothes. "Look at what you've done to your *dick!*"

Steven almost choked. What could he say to that? The other guy was staring wide eyed at it now, but not in shock or surprise; it was... curiosity? The guy smirked. Steven gulped, but it was still better than being seen in the diaper.

He was younger, leaner, and more defined, with a university branded towel that he didn't so much as care to cover himself up with. Probably still a student, no doubt with a hundred friends he could run off and tell about what he saw. Steven wanted to curl up and cringe.

"And what's that?" the stranger said rhetorically, eyeballing the pink diaper poking right out of Steven's bag as he stepped forward, totally naked. "Fucking hell..."

"It's medical," Steven mumbled while trying to slip his trousers on, but the university boy stopped him.

"It's medical, but you're trying to put your trousers on without it?" the boy laughed, before snatching it out of the bag for a closer look. "Gross! Why is there a used one in there too? And why is *this* one for girls? You're some kind of weird pervert, aren't you."

Steven just stared in horror as the guy examined the designs, unfolding it a little.

"C-come on, I need it back," he said weakly, reaching out while using one hand to try and hold his trousers half-way up his thigh. He was going to kill Nathan for putting a pink one in there.

"Ah ah," the boy tutted, holding it higher away where the awkwardly balanced Steven couldn't reach. He gazed down at the cage once more, before speaking confidently, and stepping forward, closing Steven into the corner. "I do know what I'm looking at."

"Fine!" Steven blurted, mortified. "It's a chastity cage."

"I didn't mean the cage," the boy laughed, "I'm looking at a locked little bitch, am I right?"

Steven flushed furiously. "P-please just give it back..."

"Oh, you need this huh?" the boy snickered, before tossing it like a frisbee away from them both, where it skidded and came to stop under a bench across the room. Steven's heart skipped a beat.

This couldn't be happening... "Yes, I need it!" he whimpered.

"Then take your fucking pants off," the boy commanded.

"W-what?" Steven replied. He sounded serious, but he couldn't comprehend the order.

"If you want your diaper back, take your pants off. Show me that cage. Tell me you're a little bitch in chastity."

Oh, this guy knew what he was looking at alright. Steven's hands shook as he undid the top button of his trousers. He needed that diaper back, and didn't want to have to explain to Nathan why he didn't have it. He'd never live down being bullied in the locker room, but that seemed inevitable now.

Steven dropped his pants to the tiles, exposing his cage crookedly. His dick was starting to squeeze against it. It was just his luck that this was turning him on now too. It had been too long since he came, and it was ruining him.

The boy smiled at the ease his instruction was obeyed. "And say it."

Steven hesitated. He couldn't do it for a stranger, not with the fear of anyone opening either door to this place at any moment.

"Someone's got you locked up, right? And I bet that someone wants you in diapers as well," he laughed. The boy could barely take the word seriously. "If you don't say those words, then I'm gonna go rip that thing in two."

"Okay, stop!" Steven said, burying his hands in his face. Nathan got Jonathon, but he was stuck with a fraternity nightmare. "...I'm a little bitch in chastity."

“That’s right bitch! Was it so hard?” The guy fondled his own junk with his free hand. “You wanna play with a real dick now? I can see you looking.”

Steven could barely respond before the boy barked, telling him to get on his knees. Steven was down on the cold tiles before he realised he was obeying, his lips wide open and the jock stuffing his semi-hard cock into his mouth.

What was he doing? Steven used to fuck guys like this, but now he was at this guy’s mercy? Every forceful remark, jock-like gesture and Steven was unable to resist obeying. His diaper fetish and chastity had inverted him completely. Was this all it took now? Someone to bark and order and he’d go hard in the cage?

Steven heard the boy exhale in frustration. “My girl does this better than you, *come on!*”

Before the cuck could try to focus and improve his technique, the guy had withdrawn and reached for the wet diaper in Steven’s bag. On his knees, he watched confused for just a moment before the wet diaper was swung right against his face, the warm, swollen padding bouncing against his cheek as the guy slapped him with his own degrading underwear.

The stranger then laughed, and flipped it around, pushed the wet inside of the cheap diaper against Steven’s face, and rested the back over his head, so it sat there perfectly on him. The smell of own dirty gym odour and strong morning piss mixed with baby powder overwhelmed him. He tried to hold his breath but the guy held it in place with one hand, and he felt the diaper squish and leak his own urine back out and run gently down his cheek.

“You ready to try harder boy?” the guy asked, before lifting the diaper up just enough to get his dick back against Steven’s chin. Without so much as answering, he opened his mouth and took it once more.

“I’ve never seen a bitch in a diaper before,” he laughed. “It’s usually dirty jocks and underwear I do this with. Bitch boys can’t resist their own filth.”

Steven was lost, and terrified at them being walked in on. He sucked harder. He wanted to impress this guy, this stranger he had never met fifteen minutes earlier. The further he was humiliated, the more it drove him. He put everything he could into it, until the guy’s knees buckled, and he withdrew.

Steven sat there agape; his mouth still eager but out of demand. The stranger stroked himself now, close to cumming, and used his free hand to push the diaper between Steven’s lips. Instinctively he closed them, but with a warning that meant business, he opened them again and felt the soaked crotch of his diaper rub against his tongue as his mouth was stuffed. He could taste his own piss now. He wanted to gag.

“Hold it,” the guy grunted, before hurriedly jerking himself to orgasm, and to blow across Steven’s cheek and chest.

He sat there on his knees, blinded and stunned, as cum dribbled down his chin, diaper still in mouth. His own cock raged against the hard, plastic cage.

The university boy caught his breath, wiping his dick clean and walking away.

Steven wanted to move, to get this diaper off his head and his new one back, but he was trapped in a moment of humiliated obedience.

The boy smirked. "Go, get your pathetic diaper back."

With enormous relief, he spat the diaper out of his mouth and let it fall heavily down his face, onto the floor, before scurrying over to collect the pink diaper, reaching beneath the bench with his ass in the air. He felt horrifically exposed, even though it was just the two of them. The boy was already less interested and dressing as he stood up once more.

In a state of both fearlessness, and nervous terror, Steven put the used diaper away, then unfolded the pink one and started to put it on. He didn't think he cared about being seen doing it anymore, but wanted to have it on and hidden before anyone else used the room.

Unluckily, the door from the gym opened just as he was fixing the second tape, crookedly no less, due to his shocked nerves and shaking hands.

Steven didn't turn to look at who could see him, but from the chatter it was at least two others. Mortified, he simply finished the job with his cheeks burning and cum on his chest. He prayed that the cum had at least gone unnoticed before wiping it away with his towel.

He bent over to grab his trousers once more, now damp from the tiles. Now it might even look like he'd leaked... He groaned quietly to himself as he put them on, leaving nothing but tall waistband from the diaper.

The university boy was dressing slowly, thoroughly enjoying the show in silence. Steven threw his shirt, socks, and shoes on as fast as he could, trying his best not to bolt out the door immediately once ready. As he breezed through reception with a flushed face, he realised his dick was still throbbing awkwardly. Being caught, used so easily shouldn't had turned him on, but it did. He thought about the dick in his mouth, the diaper pressed to his face, the other people seeing him diapered, the boy holding his change away and bending him to his will... then realised he was fantasising about the boy pushing him down on the bench, diapering him so thickly his locked dick was forgotten, and then turning to fuck Nathan who was waiting...

Steven squirmed. He was ready to burst.

"And you didn't even get his *name*?" Nathan said, bewildered, stifling a laugh.

Steven stood shamefully, with his face in his hands after recalling the events to his boyfriend. He shook his head. He didn't want to keep it a secret, but found it so difficult to describe.

"You should have told him you were a cuck, not a bitch," Nathan mused. "That way you wouldn't have gotten his cock, I hope, and you wouldn't be in trouble for it now."

"Trouble?" Steven said, finally looking up from his palms.

“No cock for cucks, baby boy,” Nathan lectured, his bemused tone fading away to something more resembling a stern teacher. “And when Jonathon finds out, I doubt he’ll be too impressed! I think a punishment is in order, don’t you?”

Jonathan wasn’t far from another visit, and Steven dreaded to think what else could be taken away from him.





