

Pouting in Pink

Steven was devastated. He had agreed to wear diapers 24/7 for the foreseeable future. Last week it seemed like such a fun challenge, a stupid semi-drunk comment that snowballed into something much larger. His boyfriend, Nathan, nudged him into a bet, that if he liked diapers so much, he'd give up the toilet for the duration of an order- several cases worth. Steven was normally anxious to indulge his diaper fetish around his boyfriend, but here Nathan was, eager to see his butt pampered. It could be a way to bridge the gap between with his fetish. Steven couldn't say no, and before he could comprehend it, the order was placed.

But when Steven accepted the delivery, with his boyfriend watching over his shoulder, coffee in hand, his face sunk once the boxes were open. They were all... pink?

"I think they've sent the wrong ones," Steven sighed, as the bright pink plastic bags stared glaringly back at him from within the cardboard walls.

His boyfriend just chuckled, "I'm sorry, didn't I mention? The boy's style is out of stock in your size. I got these instead."

Steven turned to face him, his boyfriend's bemused face irking him even more. The diapers were the 'Little Princesses' style, lovingly adorned with hearts, flowers and stars along various shades of pink lining. "I'm not wearing these, they're for girls! You're gonna have to send them back."

"Our bet was that you'd be in diapers 24/7, starting when they arrived. Now, the diapers are here, and if you don't start wearing them, you forfeit. Is that what you want?"

"You can't be serious," Steven gulped, unable to comprehend the betrayal, "I didn't agree to these!"

"You agreed to wear *diapers*, you never said anything about what colour. I accept this is a little unfortunate, but a bet's a bet."

"Oh, and you couldn't have ordered *anything* else?"

"We both know this is your favourite type, and the best brand. I just couldn't keep you in a sub-par diaper all of the time. They're just pink instead of blue. Now, let's get these boxes unpacked and you into your first diaper, okay?"

Steven begrudgingly agreed, irked but appreciating the firmer tone Nathan was taking; that part of it was stirring his pants. They took the bags two by two into their bedroom, creating a daunting pile of pink against the wall. Nathan did the honours of tearing open the first pack, and freed the compressed padding.

Steven sat down on the end of their bed. He liked diapers a *lot*, but this isn't what he had expected to be trading his boxers for. His cheeks were starting to match his inevitable new underwear, and despite his twitching groin, he feared he was going to regret this.

Nathan turned, the hearts and flowers decorated diaper in one hand, and motioned for Steven to lie back. "This is my first time, I need you to be a good boy and comply." Steven resented Nathan's tone verging from controlling to condescending, but laid back and started to undo his belt silently. His boyfriend tutted, and set the diaper beside him, before knocking Steven's hands aside and managing the belt himself. They worked in awkward unison sliding Steven's jeans off, the boyfriend frowning as if the jeans' mere presence was too much effort for a diapering.

Nathan savoured the moment where his fingers slipped inside the waistband of Steven's boxers, and Steven started to grow harder. Steven's fantasy was becoming a reality and these boxers were coming off for the last time in a long time, soon to be joining the suitcase where all his other underwear had gathered yesterday.

His boyfriend grinned wickedly, "say goodbye to these," and tore his hands away as hard as he could, ripping the waistband apart and splitting the boxers into two useless pieces.

"Nate! I really liked-" Steven yelled as his boyfriend thrust a finger to his lips, silencing and startling him.

"You don't need them now," he cooed firmly, and Steven's boner throbbed in agreement, despite his misgivings. "Now lift your butt for me."

Nathan unfolded the giant plastic girl's diaper, and slid it underneath the guy's ass. Steven bit his bottom lip, the thick padding felt too good as he lay back down on it. It had been too long since his last diaper.

Steven then felt a hand grasp his balls, and he arched backward on the bed, trembling at the pleasurable touch. Nathan's other hand gripped his shaft, but didn't stroke. Steven throbbed against the tight constriction.

"I need you to beg me to do it," Nathan spoke, "tell me you want to wear these diapers." Nathan's hard started to jerk, slowly. Steven writhed, his bits completely at the mercy of his boyfriend, in ecstasy as his butt slid along the unfolded diaper.

"Y-yes! I want to wear them!" he yelped, as if the words were tricky to come by.

"Wear what?" Nathan demanded, drawing the answer out of him by massaging his balls.

"Diapers!" He moaned back.

"Say it properly."

"P-please, I want to- *God*- I want to wear d-diapers, put me in diapers!"

"And how long are you going to stay in these diapers?" his boyfriend pointedly asked, before leaning down and running his tongue along his cock.

Steven gasped, as if it would have been a scream could be breath, and managed to spit out an answer. "Until they're all used!"

"Good," his boyfriend replied, releasing all contact. He stood back up, his tone shifting to one of smiling authority again as his partner wriggled on the bed, dying to touch his own cock, but hesitating.

He started to sprinkle baby powder on Steven's diaper area, which seemed to only enhance his bliss, and then carefully and measuredly folded the thick diaper over, and sealed it shut, tape by tape.

Steven was thrusting his hips, humping the air as his boyfriend stepped back, admiring his work.

He lay frustrated, but before he could move his hands to rub his diapered package, his boyfriend took him by both wrists and sat him up.

"Now, now, none of that. Let's not get any bad habits. You look precious as you are, *princess*." Steven's cheeks flushed, not for the first time, his mouth twisting into an involuntary pout. He glanced the stack of Princess diapers again, and the ecstasy of being put in diapers seemed to fade.

"It's going to be a long month," he mumbled.

"Month?" His boyfriend laughed, "the boys' diapers are back in stock in two weeks. I've got another 4 cases pre-ordered. And remember, Stevie, the bet is you wear them until they're *all* used. Got it?"