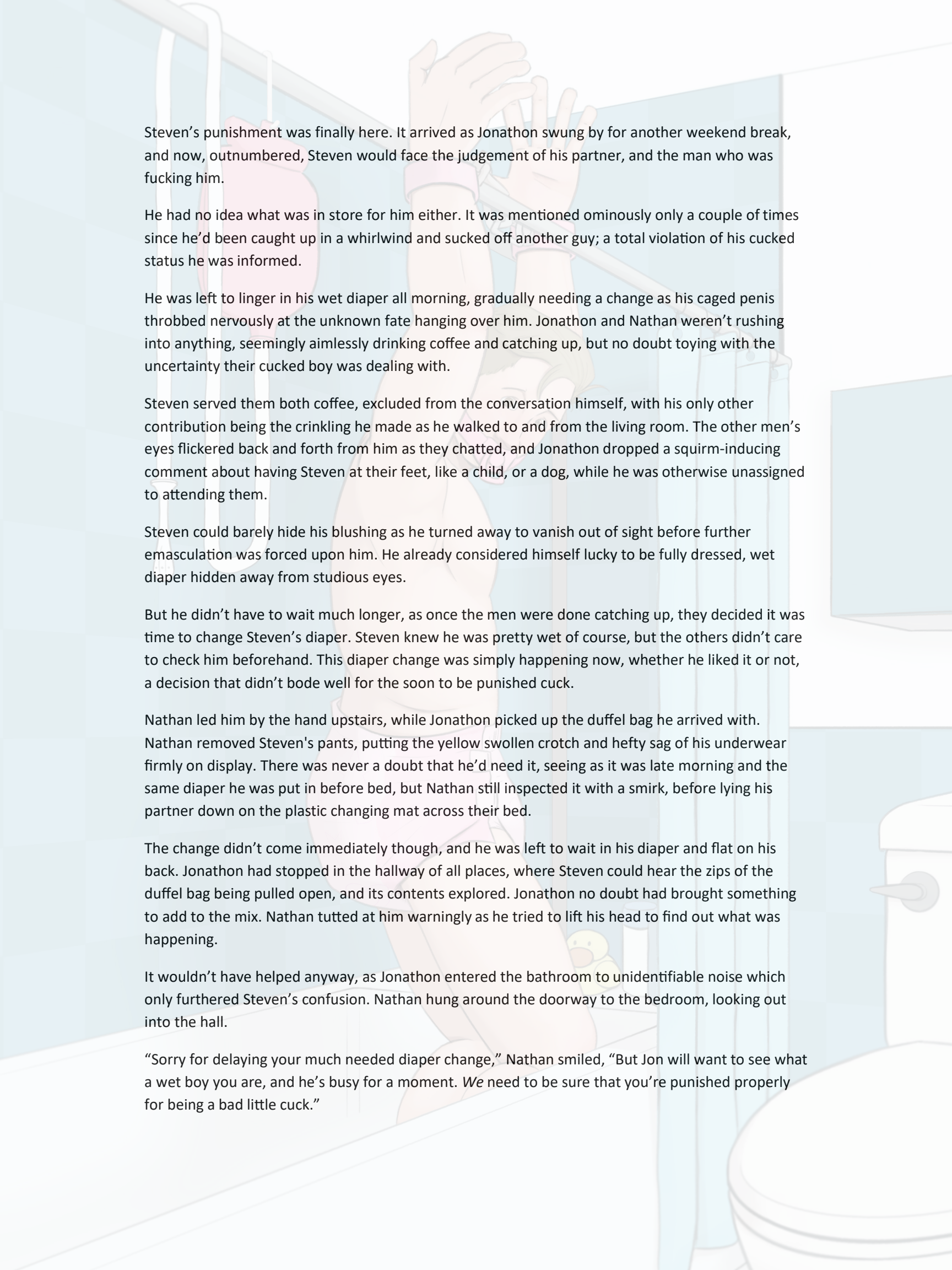




**CUCKOLDED
IN CHASTITY V**

A faint, light-colored illustration serves as a background for the text. It depicts a person with blonde hair, wearing a pink diaper, being held from behind by two men. One man is holding the person's hands, while the other is holding their waist. The scene is set in a bathroom, with a toilet and a sink visible in the lower right corner. The overall tone is soft and somewhat clinical.

Steven's punishment was finally here. It arrived as Jonathon swung by for another weekend break, and now, outnumbered, Steven would face the judgement of his partner, and the man who was fucking him.

He had no idea what was in store for him either. It was mentioned ominously only a couple of times since he'd been caught up in a whirlwind and sucked off another guy; a total violation of his cucked status he was informed.

He was left to linger in his wet diaper all morning, gradually needing a change as his caged penis throbbed nervously at the unknown fate hanging over him. Jonathon and Nathan weren't rushing into anything, seemingly aimlessly drinking coffee and catching up, but no doubt toying with the uncertainty their cucked boy was dealing with.

Steven served them both coffee, excluded from the conversation himself, with his only other contribution being the crinkling he made as he walked to and from the living room. The other men's eyes flickered back and forth from him as they chatted, and Jonathon dropped a squirm-inducing comment about having Steven at their feet, like a child, or a dog, while he was otherwise unassigned to attending them.

Steven could barely hide his blushing as he turned away to vanish out of sight before further emasculation was forced upon him. He already considered himself lucky to be fully dressed, wet diaper hidden away from studious eyes.

But he didn't have to wait much longer, as once the men were done catching up, they decided it was time to change Steven's diaper. Steven knew he was pretty wet of course, but the others didn't care to check him beforehand. This diaper change was simply happening now, whether he liked it or not, a decision that didn't bode well for the soon to be punished cuck.

Nathan led him by the hand upstairs, while Jonathon picked up the duffel bag he arrived with. Nathan removed Steven's pants, putting the yellow swollen crotch and hefty sag of his underwear firmly on display. There was never a doubt that he'd need it, seeing as it was late morning and the same diaper he was put in before bed, but Nathan still inspected it with a smirk, before lying his partner down on the plastic changing mat across their bed.

The change didn't come immediately though, and he was left to wait in his diaper and flat on his back. Jonathon had stopped in the hallway of all places, where Steven could hear the zips of the duffel bag being pulled open, and its contents explored. Jonathon no doubt had brought something to add to the mix. Nathan tutted at him warningly as he tried to lift his head to find out what was happening.

It wouldn't have helped anyway, as Jonathon entered the bathroom to unidentifiable noise which only furthered Steven's confusion. Nathan hung around the doorway to the bedroom, looking out into the hall.

"Sorry for delaying your much needed diaper change," Nathan smiled, "But Jon will want to see what a wet boy you are, and he's busy for a moment. *We* need to be sure that you're punished properly for being a bad little cuck."

Steven wriggled slightly on the bed, but offered no reply. His tight pink cage was trying to lift against the entirety of the wet, heavy padding on his crotch.

Nathan moved away from the doorframe as Jonathon now entered the room, empty handed. Steven was perplexed. What was going to happen?

"I'm glad to see this one is nearly full!" Jonathon grinned.

"Well, I held off changing him for this... I knew one of these would last until now."

Steven's face grew hot as the two men continued to talk as if he wasn't involved, none of it helped by Nathan finally leaning over and undoing the diaper tapes while Steven clutched the duvet in embarrassment. His cage, balls, and butt were cleaned up by baby wipes, and the wet diaper removed as Jonathon spied through their wardrobe, and ran his fingers along the padded options on the shelf for a new diaper.

But Steven wasn't allowed pay any attention to the other man, as Nathan instructed him to sit up. His shirt was removed, his wrists strapped into his pink leather cuffs, and the dreaded pacifier gag locked around his head, filling his mouth and nullifying his speech.

Now naked, his thigh was tapped as Nathan instructed him to walk to the bathroom. Whatever Jonathon had fetched from his bag must be waiting, and the man in question grabbed two diapers from the shelf as Steven was marched from the room. So used to his lifestyle by now, the cuck knew the excess of two diapers could only both be for him.

He turned into the bathroom looking for the one thing out of the ordinary, and quickly spotted the large, bulbous rubber bag hanging from the shower curtain rail, and from the bag itself, ran a long white tube. Though Steven had never used or seen one in person before, he knew full well what he was looking at. He was about to be given an enema.

He could only whine around the pacifier as fear took him. His butt cheeks clenched. He knew what the process entailed, and wasn't looking forward to experiencing it. And that wasn't including the part where he violently messed himself in front of the man fucking his partner.

Nathan instructed him to bend over, which he did willingly, nervously. He felt a cold, lubricated finger run along his butt-crack, before it penetrated his hole gently. He tensed, squirmed, his palms falling flat on the toilet lid as his legs went weak.

One simple finger into his hungry hole, against his full prostate, and he was ready to burst.

But Nathan's finger slowly withdrew, and was replaced with a thinner, harder object, what had to be the enema tube's end. Steven grunted as Nathan worked it into position, and a small click followed.

"You might find it more comfortable to lie down," Jonathon said, as Steven turned his head in beetroot embarrassment to see the other man standing in the doorway, with those two diapers under his arm, and watching as the long tube ran into the cuck.

Steven could feel the rush of water as the bag released, instantly putting pressure on his prostate once more as it flowed into his rectum. It became so intense so quickly, that rather than pout or

resist this humiliating punishment, he complied as quickly as the tube nozzle would allow him to get down on his side, and tried to rest on the flat towel beneath him.

The bag continued to sway lightly on its hook as it deflated. Steven grunted noisily, and tried to shuffle his legs to alleviate the filling in his belly and incredible urges to let it all out that followed.

Nathan rested his hand on his partner's thigh as the discomfort grew, and finally passed. The worst of the water filling him had faded, and the bag started to gurgle as the last of the fluid flowed into the tube, and straight down into Steven's backside. He whimpered in relief, desperate to get the tube out of himself and let the water out.

Nathan and Jonathon had little mercy though, as the cuck was told to flatten on his back while the diapers were placed underneath him. Nathan removed himself from the bathroom, allowing Jonathon all of the space he needed to thickly diaper the cuck.

Steven turned onto his back, feeling the weight of his full belly accentuate as he shifted position and landed his butt onto the diapers beneath him. He achingly wanted the nozzle out so he could let go. The thought of badly messing his diapers was barely a concern against the overwhelming feeling of being filled up.

Jonathon gently removed the plastic tubing, as Steven quivered, his legs shaking against the need to defecate and spill water from his hole. The diapering came with no haste though, as Jonathon took his time in squirting and rubbing baby lotion across Steven's groin and cheeks, ensuring he would be protected from the outpouring about to come.

As the man's hands ran across his skin, Steven was desperate for so many things that he almost begged; he wanted to let the water out, to empty his balls, to do *anything* to relieve the tension of his new cuckolded lifestyle. It was then that he realised he was actually *sucking* the pacifier and not just letting it gag him. He had taken to it in comfort. He felt degraded, so infantile on the floor like this that he could never mention it out loud for fear of where he could end up next.

Jonathon pulled the first diaper up, adjusting it between Steven's thighs. He trembled, begging with his eyes for the diaper to go on so he could end this torment. But Jonathon relished getting the fit correct.


Measure three times, tape it up once.

Steven whimpered as he did the same with the second diaper, one of his pink princess ones, for a perfect outer layer to display just how pathetic a state both men had stripped him down to.

Even still, he sighed into the pacifier in relief as he thought about letting loose the floodgates within his butt, until he was given a very stern warning not to let his bowels go under any circumstances. Steven felt he could cry in desperation now, as his relief was snatched away from under his nose.

"Stand up, it will help you settle," Jonathon offered as he extended a strong hand for Steven to grab and lift his heavy torso from the floor.

Jonathon wasn't wrong either, as getting to his feet seemed to help, at least at first. He was guided into the bath, which made sense considering the volume he could end up expelling at any moment.

A light blue background illustration shows a man from the waist up, wearing a pink diaper and handcuffs. He is restrained by a chain around his waist, which is attached to a horizontal bar. His arms are held straight up by pink cuffs, which are also attached to the bar. He has a distressed expression, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. The background includes a white toilet on the right and a white towel hanging on a rack on the left.

The bath also allowed him enough room to pace a little, quelling the immediate pressure by moving around. Unfortunately, Steven wasn't going to be standing freely for much longer.

Jonathon took hold of each pink cuff, and lifted them high above Steven's head. As Nathan passed some chain, Steven understood far too late that he was being strung up, as Jonathon draped the chain over the curtain rail, through the D-link in each cuff, and locked Steven's arms straight up in the air. He was tall enough to stand comfortably, but left with no real way to combat the cramps that would soon return, and probably defeat him.

"Here's how this is going to work..." Jonathon smiled, as he fastened the chain together with a small padlock. There was no way to release his hands now. "I'm going to take your boyfriend back into his bedroom, and I'm going to fuck him so hard that he forgets about your dick. If he already hasn't."

Steven almost screamed in desperation behind his pacifier.

"And you're going to keep your diaper clean until we come back to get you."

That was impossible! Steven's eyes widened, and his cage throbbed... He rattled the cuffs against the rail feebly, unable to do anything but clutch his thighs together and suck his pacifier.

"If you can't do that, then there'll be consequences," he warned casually, expecting Steven's considerable failure ahead, "But if you do end up shitting your diaper, don't be afraid to moan and let us hear it. I'm sure it'll just turn us on even more."

He ruffled Steven's hair. "Oh, and by the way," he flashed, unable to suppress a hearty chuckle as he groped his crotch through his jeans, "It's not just water in your belly."

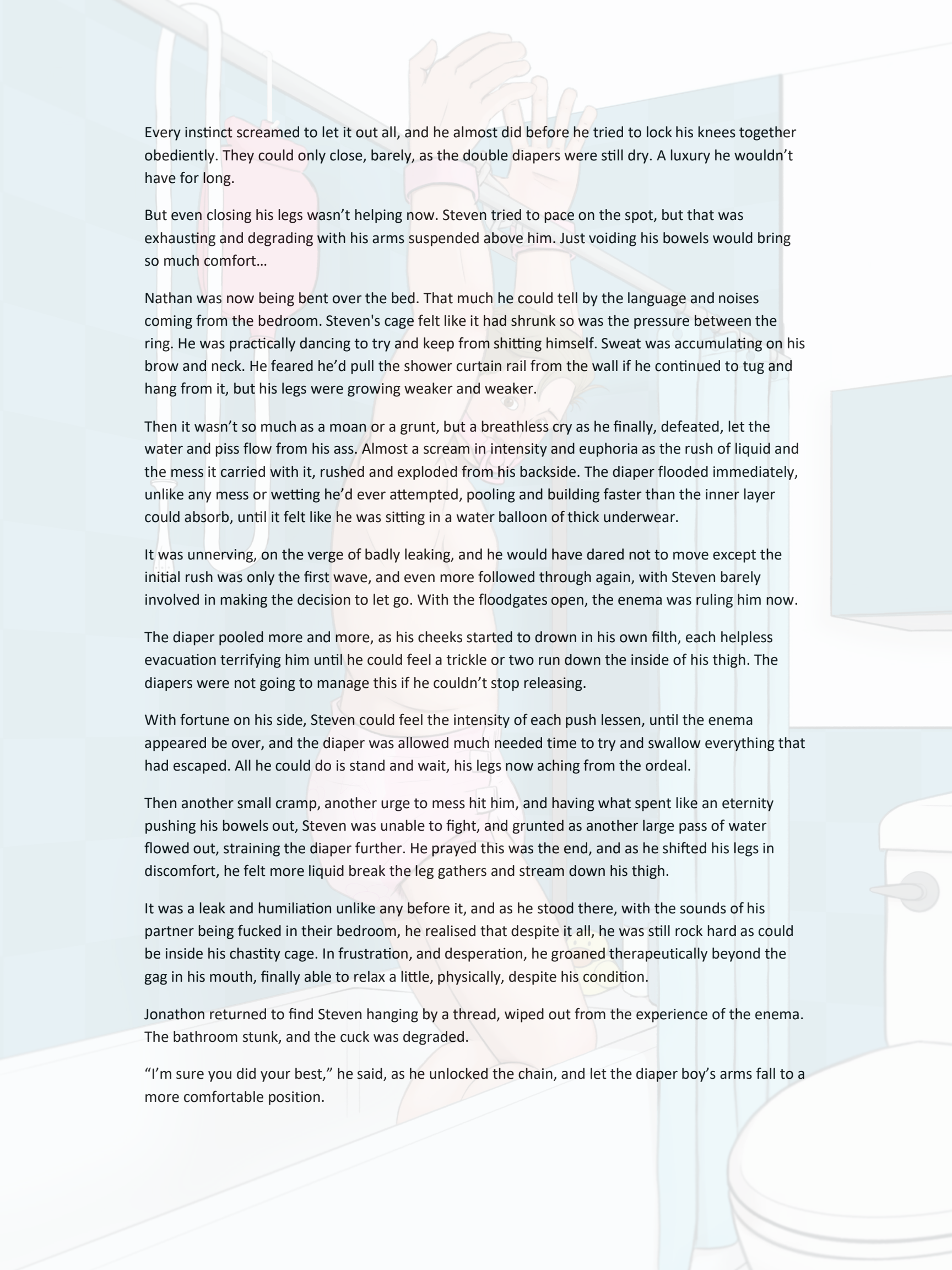
Steven's head spun as he suddenly gazed down at the hand cupping the man's junk. No... he couldn't have? But Steven knew he saw nothing of what entered the enema bag while his diaper was removed in the other room. He tried to question it, shocked, but the pacifier made little sense of his words.

Jonathon had pissed in the enema bag, that bit was clear. It was writ all over his face as he walked away, retreating to the bedroom, and left the quivering, red-faced cuck behind. Alone and weak, he whined against the pacifier as the enormity of the pressure against his rectum was all he was left with.

He wanted to let it out even more now, thinking about Jonathon's piss sitting in his bowels. His heart beat harder; there'd be consequences. He resolved to fight it.

Of course, the others were making no attempt to silence their own antics in the bedroom, and were more than likely overdoing it just to be sure they could be heard. Steven could hear everything as Nathan was ordered on to his knees, sucking his friend who was relishing the act, moaning and encouraging Steven's partner further and further.

The cuck could only feel the pacifier on his tongue as he reminisced about how little he'd touched his partner's body over the previous weeks. His longing was just about distracting him from the enema, but he was soon, swiftly interrupted as another cramp from the urine and piss throbbed his torso.

A faint, light-colored illustration serves as a background for the text. It depicts a person, likely Steven, suspended in a cage or restraint system within a bathroom. The person's arms are raised and held by white straps. The background shows a shower curtain, a toilet, and a sink. The overall tone is clinical and somewhat somber.

Every instinct screamed to let it out all, and he almost did before he tried to lock his knees together obediently. They could only close, barely, as the double diapers were still dry. A luxury he wouldn't have for long.

But even closing his legs wasn't helping now. Steven tried to pace on the spot, but that was exhausting and degrading with his arms suspended above him. Just voiding his bowels would bring so much comfort...

Nathan was now being bent over the bed. That much he could tell by the language and noises coming from the bedroom. Steven's cage felt like it had shrunk so was the pressure between the ring. He was practically dancing to try and keep from shitting himself. Sweat was accumulating on his brow and neck. He feared he'd pull the shower curtain rail from the wall if he continued to tug and hang from it, but his legs were growing weaker and weaker.

Then it wasn't so much as a moan or a grunt, but a breathless cry as he finally, defeated, let the water and piss flow from his ass. Almost a scream in intensity and euphoria as the rush of liquid and the mess it carried with it, rushed and exploded from his backside. The diaper flooded immediately, unlike any mess or wetting he'd ever attempted, pooling and building faster than the inner layer could absorb, until it felt like he was sitting in a water balloon of thick underwear.

It was unnerving, on the verge of badly leaking, and he would have dared not to move except the initial rush was only the first wave, and even more followed through again, with Steven barely involved in making the decision to let go. With the floodgates open, the enema was ruling him now.

The diaper pooled more and more, as his cheeks started to drown in his own filth, each helpless evacuation terrifying him until he could feel a trickle or two run down the inside of his thigh. The diapers were not going to manage this if he couldn't stop releasing.

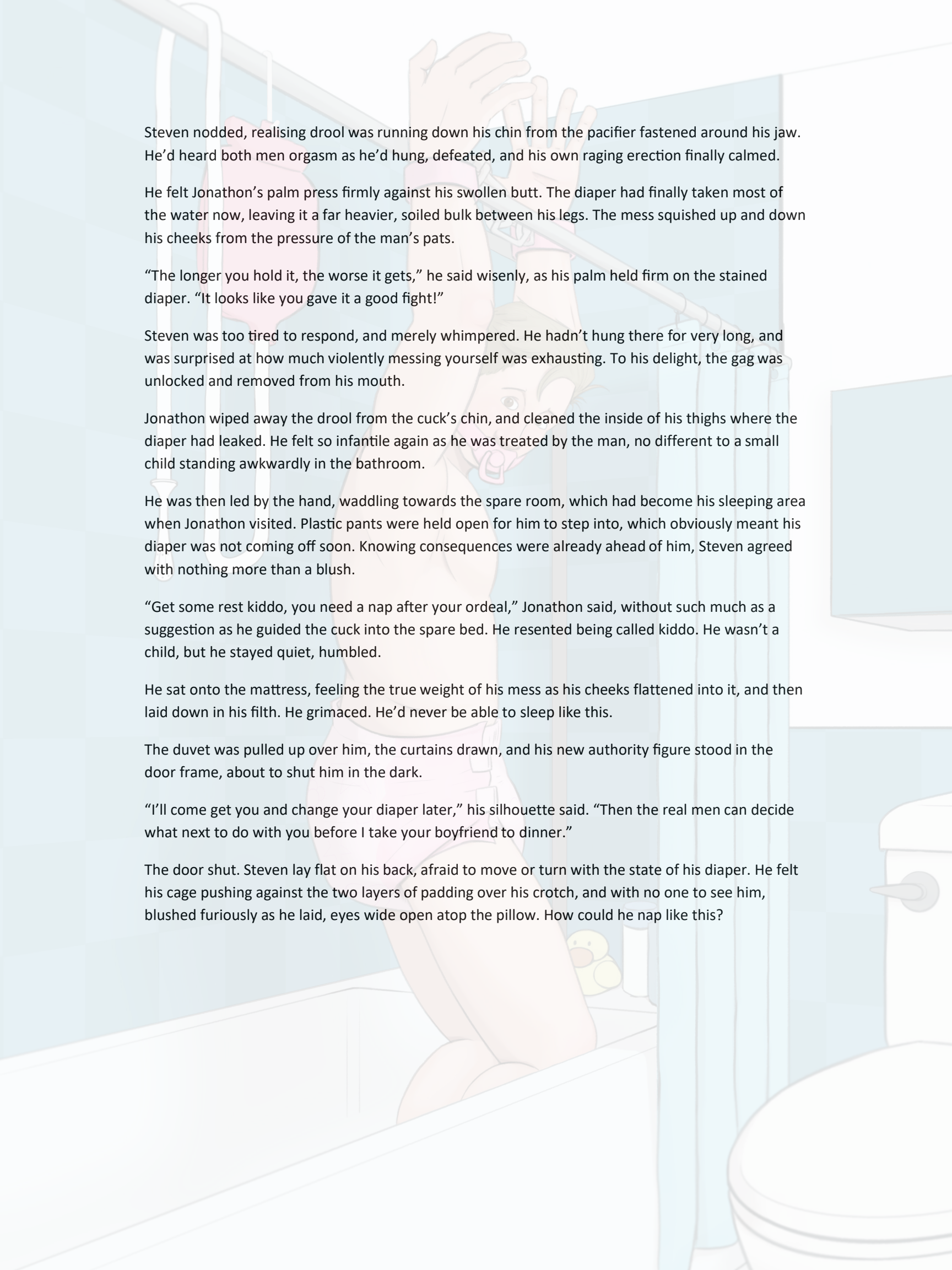
With fortune on his side, Steven could feel the intensity of each push lessen, until the enema appeared be over, and the diaper was allowed much needed time to try and swallow everything that had escaped. All he could do is stand and wait, his legs now aching from the ordeal.

Then another small cramp, another urge to mess hit him, and having what spent like an eternity pushing his bowels out, Steven was unable to fight, and grunted as another large pass of water flowed out, straining the diaper further. He prayed this was the end, and as he shifted his legs in discomfort, he felt more liquid break the leg gathers and stream down his thigh.

It was a leak and humiliation unlike any before it, and as he stood there, with the sounds of his partner being fucked in their bedroom, he realised that despite it all, he was still rock hard as could be inside his chastity cage. In frustration, and desperation, he groaned therapeutically beyond the gag in his mouth, finally able to relax a little, physically, despite his condition.

Jonathon returned to find Steven hanging by a thread, wiped out from the experience of the enema. The bathroom stunk, and the cuck was degraded.

"I'm sure you did your best," he said, as he unlocked the chain, and let the diaper boy's arms fall to a more comfortable position.



Steven nodded, realising drool was running down his chin from the pacifier fastened around his jaw. He'd heard both men orgasm as he'd hung, defeated, and his own raging erection finally calmed.

He felt Jonathon's palm press firmly against his swollen butt. The diaper had finally taken most of the water now, leaving it a far heavier, soiled bulk between his legs. The mess squished up and down his cheeks from the pressure of the man's pats.

"The longer you hold it, the worse it gets," he said wisely, as his palm held firm on the stained diaper. "It looks like you gave it a good fight!"

Steven was too tired to respond, and merely whimpered. He hadn't hung there for very long, and was surprised at how much violently messing yourself was exhausting. To his delight, the gag was unlocked and removed from his mouth.

Jonathon wiped away the drool from the cuck's chin, and cleaned the inside of his thighs where the diaper had leaked. He felt so infantile again as he was treated by the man, no different to a small child standing awkwardly in the bathroom.

He was then led by the hand, waddling towards the spare room, which had become his sleeping area when Jonathon visited. Plastic pants were held open for him to step into, which obviously meant his diaper was not coming off soon. Knowing consequences were already ahead of him, Steven agreed with nothing more than a blush.

"Get some rest kiddo, you need a nap after your ordeal," Jonathon said, without such much as a suggestion as he guided the cuck into the spare bed. He resented being called kiddo. He wasn't a child, but he stayed quiet, humbled.

He sat onto the mattress, feeling the true weight of his mess as his cheeks flattened into it, and then laid down in his filth. He grimaced. He'd never be able to sleep like this.

The duvet was pulled up over him, the curtains drawn, and his new authority figure stood in the door frame, about to shut him in the dark.

"I'll come get you and change your diaper later," his silhouette said. "Then the real men can decide what next to do with you before I take your boyfriend to dinner."

The door shut. Steven lay flat on his back, afraid to move or turn with the state of his diaper. He felt his cage pushing against the two layers of padding over his crotch, and with no one to see him, blushed furiously as he laid, eyes wide open atop the pillow. How could he nap like this?





TRY
TO HOLD IT UNTIL
WE'RE DONE IN THE
BEDROOM.

AND
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT MOANING.
IT'LL TURN ME ON
MORE.