


# CUCKOLDED IN CHASTITY IX



A faint, light-colored illustration of a man with blonde hair, wearing a green leafy collar and a white diaper, sitting on a green lawn. He is looking towards the left. In the background, there is a white house with a large window and a door. The scene is set outdoors.

“Take your diaper off.”

Jonathan’s response made Steven regret his words immediately.

This wasn’t the first step in getting a diaper change, or even leading to anything more fun for the cuck; this was a punishment. Jonathan’s words were firm, and Steven knew there was no room to argue, but he spoke back anyway.

“Please, I didn’t mean to-”

Steven tried to change the course of the conversation. He’d already failed to submit, to simply do as he was told.

“This isn’t up for debate.”

Steven was stunned at the turn of events. This was his fault; why did he have to be so stupid about this? He’d mistaken his usual leeway with Nate for a chance to negotiate, but he wasn’t with Nate, or in his own home; this was Jonathan’s house, and alone with his partner’s bull, there was no arguing.

His hand shook as his fingers found the first tape. The rip was deafening as Jonathan stood in silence, watching. The rest followed, until Steven held the half-wet diaper in his hands, respectfully letting it fall to the ground, and not knowing where to put it.

“Put it down beside that chair,” Jonathan commanded as he left the room, “Get on your hands and knees, and wait.”

Steven obeyed, letting the cold wooden floor meet his palms. He was unsure where to face, so he deliberately avoided the door, and gazed at the ground.

What had he done?

Steven was spending the weekend with Jonathan. It wasn’t a social event, but both Jonathan and Nate had decided that it would be a good experience for the cuck to spend time alone with the man and flex their kinky muscles.


He’d arrived nervous, unsure what to expect. He trusted Jonathan, but stepping into the man’s home was entirely different to when *he* visited Nate and Steven. He assumed his typical house-boy and subservient behaviour would be expected, but Jonathan, in that particular way he specialised in, managed to startle him almost immediately.

Jonathan wanted to strip away Steven’s adulthood and make the cuck feel like a child to fit the sodden diapers he wore every day. It wasn’t the first time such an idea was flaunted, and Steven had flirted with it lightly in the past, but having arrived directly from work, unsettled, he panicked a little more than expected as soon as Jonathan mentioned it. One “I don’t want to be a baby!” had seen him stripped of his diaper, and positioned on all fours, naked, in this man’s living room.

Jonathan returned quickly, rustling what was soon discovered to be baby wipes.

“Spread your legs a little.”

Steven obeyed, and felt a firm hand press coldly between his cheeks. Jonathan wiped him down, roughly. The wipe rubbed between his cheeks, before another cleaned his balls as one hand pulled the cage away to allow for the skin to be wiped.



Steven winced, and grunted quietly, but held his position. Maybe he was just too used to having his diaper changed now, but being wiped like this, on all fours was somehow more degrading for him.

Jonathan patted his thigh, hard, to signal he was done. Steven remained unmoved, silent.

“Seeing as you don’t want to be a baby,” Jonathan said ominously, “Let’s try a different approach.”

Steven realised the baby wipes were not the only thing Jonathan had sourced.

“You may turn around now, as you are.”

Steven crawled in a circle to face the man. He was holding a long black object, of which Steven recognised immediately. A puppy tail, but not one you simply wore.

“I understand you’ve kept up with your training, so this shouldn’t be an issue for you,” he smiled, providing Steven with an unobstructed look at the end that would be inserted in him. As always, Steven was sure it would feel bigger than it looked.

Steven was feeling guilty and even more submissive for his earlier resistance. He watched and listened to Jonathan as if obedience was now his only desire. He wanted to make it up to him, and comply, even if that meant what it looked like was happening.

He spread his legs under command, and allowed Jonathan to rub lube on his hole, before the man’s finger pushed gently inside him. Steven tried not to moan too loudly; this was the man who fucked his partner regularly, and this was probably the closest Steven would get to experiencing it himself.

Steven couldn’t stifle his moan as the finger withdrew, gasping to himself, all before the round tip of the tail-plug nudged between his cheeks. Well trained, he relaxed, and allowed the well-lubed bulb to push gently inside him. Jonathan took it slow and careful, causing Steven to grunt quietly as the widest area of the plug eased inside him, before his ass picked up its own pace and swallowed the rest.

He gasped once more as the plug settled, filling him. His cheek was met with another heavy pat and a “good boy”. He felt the chastity cage ring tighten between his legs, and he feared he’d soon feel the spikes in the cage’s shaft if this continued.


A collar followed, buckled closely around his neck. A small silver collar dangled from it, but Steven couldn’t work out if said anything.

“Let’s see if you prefer being a dog.”

There was no suggestion about Jonathan’s statement. This was now an experiment Steven had to endure, and he couldn’t foresee the results, or the consequences of it all.

He found himself looking at the diaper sitting on the floor. Diapers had been his *life* for close to a year, and Jonathan had removed him from them so swiftly. It was startling, and it immediately made him feel conscious about needing to pee again. He didn’t expect it, but he missed the security. He knew his body would need to pee eventually, and the thought sat in the back of his mind, anxiously.

He couldn’t take his eyes off of his diaper. It felt like he’d traded it for this brand new humiliation, though he had to remind himself he did this in the face of being treated like a child. Was this better? He couldn’t tell, but it was happening regardless.



“Be a dog.” It was an obvious statement... he thought? It was simple yet complicated, but he didn't know what to *do* with it.

Jonathan set down a metal dish of water in the corner of the room. Steven opted to ignore it for now, figuring he could save his blushes until he really needed a drink, but Jonathan clicked his fingers and pointed right at it.

Steven winced, but dared not disobey any further. He crawled across the floor, feeling dumb with how long it took to cover a simple distance. The water shimmered in the bowl beneath him, as he gazed at his own rippled reflection. It had been a long number of months chasing humiliation, but for *this* he truly felt stupid.

Complying with his orders, Steven lowered his face down to the water level slowly, before sticking his tongue in. He aimed to lap it up, but found the experience was painstaking if he was going to get through the water quickly. Maybe that was the point? To punish him...

Steven tried something else, and lowered his lips until his nose was also sitting in the water. He was able to drink “normally” like this, albeit it noisily as he slurped the water from the bowl. He drank as much as he could, and came up for air with water running from his nose down to his chin. He blushed to himself, and wiped clean with the back of his hand.

“Good dog!” Jonathan called out enthusiastically. “Come here.”

Steven blushed further, but felt a swell of pride. His cage grew tighter. He turned and crawled back towards the man sitting on the sofa, who was beckoning with his hands. When Steven was close enough, his hair was ruffled and his neck scratched. It felt... amazing.

Steven turned his head to allow more space for the man to reward him, and instantly lost himself. Was being a puppy this easy? No wonder it was so popular.

Jonathan sat back in the sofa and picked up his laptop from a side table. Steven once again tried to do as dogs do, and simply lay down on the floor by Jonathan's feet. He was reminded of the plug in his ass as his legs relaxed. His cage twitched as his hole flexed every now and then to keep the foreign object comfortable.

Steven lay there quietly, enjoying the escape and the meditative quality of his position until the endgame of Jonathan's plan struck and he felt his bladder send the first signal that it needed to go.

He lifted his head gently to speak, but remembered his rules. How was he going to do this?


*What would a dog do?*

His solution clicked with him, and his cheeks went bright red. Dogs asked to go outside, but there was no way Jonathan would ask that of him, so where exactly was he meant to go?

Steven didn't want to delay, but didn't want to act. He knew it wouldn't take long for his bladder to start to ache, and he didn't want to figure his communication out while truly desperate.

Slowly he climbed back to his hands and knees. Jonathan surely noticed, but didn't react.

Steven wondered if he went to the back door and whined, would Jonathan understand and take him where he could pee? That made the most sense.



The door to Jonathan's backyard was in the kitchen, a short distance but longer crawl away. Steven hurried a little, discovering he could use his toes to lift and crawl faster than on his knees, but he *really* felt the plug tease his ass the faster he moved.

He ran to the door and knocked his hand against it, without trying to think. He started to feel ridiculous again, and the thought of Jonathan enjoying this or watching his embarrassing display was creeping back into his mind.

"What's wrong, boy?" Jonathan said following him.

Steven turned and sat on his heels looking back up at the man. The man he was pleading with to allow him take a piss.

Jonathan said nothing, just watched. Steven was being challenged, and his shoulders sank. He couldn't look him in the eye, and summoned the courage to whimper and run his hand against the door once more.

"Oh you need to pee?" Jonathan asked.

*Finally!*

"Step back," he said as his hand reached for the handle, and opened the door.

Steven obeyed, but sat, stunned as the door was opened fully, and the garden awaited him.

*This wasn't... No.*

Steven looked up at him quickly, horrified, and shuffled his legs to fight the building urge to let go.

Jonathan stared back him, unwilling to entertain the man he was forcing to act like a dog. "In or out, boy? Which is it..."

Steven wanted to speak up, and fought incredibly hard not to do so. He knew Jonathan was serious. Everything he knew about this man suggested Steven's next steps were to crawl outside and find a spot to piss. There was no doubting it if the door was opened right in front of him.

Was this his test? To beg for his diaper now? Would he get it back?

"I-" Steven said, the words stuck in his throat, torn between needing to speak and wanting to obey. "I want my diapers back. Please." He didn't just blurt the words out, but he *pleaded*.


"Oh you do?" Jonathan said, cocking his head slightly. "You want your diapers back and..?"

Steven grimaced, and his eyes locked on the floor. He needed to pee so badly, he'd do anything to get a diaper back on.

"I'll be a baby," He said quietly, defeated.

Without missing a beat, Jonathan responded. "You're not ready. Now get outside before you wet my floor."

Steven almost choked. He wasn't ready to test the man's patience again, and he wasn't ready to go piss on the grass in clear view of Jonathan's neighbours. Yet, he had to make the impossible choice, and turned and crawled out of the door, which shut behind him far too quickly.



Steven crawled nervously down the wooden steps leading into the garden, and carefully traversed a narrow concrete area on his hands and feet. There were houses either side of Jonathan's, both of which could easily overlook the garden from their own higher floors. Steven was vulnerable, practically terrified, but clearly Jonathan didn't care about what could be seen. Maybe Steven wasn't the first here to suffer this?

The concrete wasn't comfortable, so he hurried into the grass, which felt cold and moist. He shuddered. Combined with the cooler evening air and the infinite distance of the sky above him, he couldn't help but feel tiny and helpless.

The one benefit to have an aching bladder, however, was the incentive to get things over with. Steven couldn't tell if there was a spot in particular he should use, and he cared not enough to check. He covered a short distance into the grass, and feeling the inner dog in his humiliation, lifted his leg into the air.

It wasn't as graceful as he imagined, with the cage dragging a slight weight to his angle. He couldn't hold the cage with one hand *and* stay propped up, so he just opted to urinate as he was, and deal with where it lay. It helped the headspace, at least.

Steven let go to much relief, but watched his piss spray violently against the opening, both shooting off awkwardly into the grass, splashing back on his thighs, and dribbling into the dirt near his knee.

As he finished, Steven gasped in relief and shook his body, hoping to drip the last of his urine away, before returning to all fours and hurrying back to the door, knocking at it with his hand, and sitting eagerly on the steps as if all eyes of the neighbours were upon him.

He sat nervously in silence, expecting the door to open again within seconds, but it did not.

Had he not knocked hard enough? Was Jonathan ignoring him?

Steven lifted his arm to paw at the door once more, feeling conflicted. The last thing he wanted was to irritate the man... but he was outside, naked. He dragged his hand against the door once more.

Silence inside.


Steven's heart started to race. He felt powerless to get back inside now, reliant, while on reflection he never considered that he could just stand up and let himself in.

He ran his hands against the door again, this time with both of them, repeatedly. A dog would do this.

All fears about annoying Jonathan drained away as he made noise against the door. He didn't want to stop until he saw him. It was this or barking, and while *that* might earn him brownie points, Steven wasn't quite ready to go down that road, should his barking attract attention from the neighbours.

Steven was so eager to get himself back inside that he missed Jonathan's silhouette appearing, and almost yelped in surprise as the door opened in front of him, and he leapt to get inside as quickly as possible.

He didn't want to experience that again anytime soon. He knew pissing his pants regularly was degrading, but he was at least biased about that one. Going on all fours in the garden was devoid of dignity... He crawled back into the living room warmly.



The lack of privileges in being a dog continued. Jonathan served them both dinner not long after, but the man was happy to let Steven sit on the floor near the table, waiting. He could watch and hear Jonathan enjoying his meal, and while the man was kind enough to give them the same food, Steven's was sitting in another dog bowl well out of reach up on the work surface. He was allowed to eat when Jonathan was ready, after he'd finished his own meal and enjoyed a glass of wine while *he* observed the cuck on his hands and knees try to navigate sticking his face into his meal.

The wait time to eat had cooled it a little, which was an odd benefit as it meant Steven didn't get hot food on his face. He was struggling to navigate how to eat while keeping some way clean, however, but eventually had to give up and embrace getting his face dirty.

He lifted his head after a labourous time eating, with sauce everywhere from his cheek to his chin. He did his best to lick his mouth clean, but there was little he could do about the rest, and blushed wildly as Jonathan smirked proudly down at him.

There was something dumb and enjoyable about embracing a dog's life, when he was allowed to forget what he was doing. Reality would occasionally remind him he was a real person with an eccentric life and then the humiliation of his acts suddenly stung.

Jonathan cleaning his face was one such moment, as he was forced to present his face while sitting on his hands and knees, and it really drove home how reliant he'd allowed himself to become.

Their night continued easily. Jonathan chose not to converse with Steven beyond simple comments or instructions, and just behaved like he normally would while home alone. He watched TV, drank a little more wine, and gave Steven enough physical attention, even allowing him to curl up on the sofa as the night wound down.

Despite the embarrassment of it all, in those moments Steven couldn't help feeling like he'd gotten off easily. He'd expected to serve or be useful, but instead he was simply being cared for.

He couldn't take his mind off of needing to pee again. It was obviously dark and colder outside by now, and he'd need to go at least one more time before sleeping. The thought really wasn't appealing.

As Jonathan decided it was bedtime, Steven summoned all of his courage and raised his arm to demonstrate he wanted to speak.

"Yes, boy?" Jonathan asked considerably.

"Sir, can I please have my diapers back?" he said, hopefully. "I don't think either of us wants to go outside in the middle of the night."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "You think I won't get out of bed at 4am to let you piss in the garden?"

Steven wilted.

*Shit!* There was no stopping this guy.

"Of course you would, sir," Steven said, his head hanging low.

Jonathan smiled.

"But you don't want to go potty outside again tonight..."



Steven shook his head.

“You’ve been a good pup tonight, but,” he said, reaching down to lift Steven’s wet diaper from the floor. “You’re still not ready to be a baby.”

Steven sat on a knife edge. He wasn’t sure if that was good news or not.

Jonathan held the diaper in both hands, and turned it so it was vertical, with Steven’s wet crotch hanging just above his face. The cuck squirmed.

“Puppies can still wear diapers, of course.”

Steven perked up, but he didn’t feel secure yet.

“Puppies also beg for what they want.”

This was it. He needed to embrace the dog, the *pup* again, unless he wanted to go outside. Being Jonathan’s good dog meant rewards, it meant comfort.

*Do as the dog does.*

Without thinking beyond the act, Steven raised both his arms, and his body higher. While still on his knees, he whimpered, and knocked his closed hand against the wet diaper.

“What’s that?” Jonathan said eagerly, “You want your diaper, pup?”

Steven wasn’t sure how to describe the noise he made, like a tiny eager bark, before thrusting his head towards his diaper to sniff it.

He expected Jonathan to respond happily, but his tonal shift sent goosebumps shivering down Steven’s body.

“Prove it, cuck boy,” Jonathan whispered demandingly, “Show me exactly why you belong in diapers.”

Steven was unsure of what the answer was, if there was an expected response. Instinctively, this close to the diaper, he stopped rubbing his nose against, puckered his lips, and kissed the wet padding gently, but obviously. He cringed, blushing. It smelled a little stale, and was cold to the touch from sitting on the floor for a couple of hours.

“Good boy!” Jonathan said eagerly again, as if his harsher comment had never happened.

Steven’s hair was ruffled, and he was encouraged to scoot upstairs.

He lay down on the floor in Jonathan’s bedroom, expecting and hoping for the plug to be removed before his diaper went on, but Jonathan’s kindness didn’t reach that far.

Steven felt his cage throb, and leak, as he saw the man poke two fingers through the backside of the diaper, creating a hole for the tail to slip through. His ass was comfortable enough, but after another eight hours or so... he’d probably wake up aching.

He raised his legs and felt the diaper slide under him. There was more than enough space to wet it two or three times more overnight, and he was too relieved to be back in diapers to care that he was finishing one off rather than getting a fresh one.

Jonathan poked the tail through the homemade hole, and closed the tapes again, sealing the cold, damp crotch around Steve’s cage. The tapes stuck for now, but no chances were being taken, and long strips of duct tape were laid across Steven’s hips, fastening the diaper closed tightly.



He sat up as best he could with the tail plug, and realised how firmly stuck he was in this diaper and butt plug. He felt his cage throb once more.

“You’ve adjusted really well so far,” Jonathan praised him, as if they were only getting started. It made Steven nervous. “We can move things along slightly now.”

Jonathan had a set of leather mitts with him, and instructed Steven to raise his hands. One by one, Steven’s fingers were nullified as his hands were closed into light fists. Strong buckles closed around his wrists, and just like that, he became even more helpless, even more reliant.

He’d hardly had to use his hands since the evening began, but the leather made it all the more obvious that he couldn’t, and wouldn’t, be using them again until Jonathan said so. This made him clench on the plug, which made the ring of his cage feel tighter. It accentuated everything else, and made him feel even more the part.

Jonathan threw a thick duvet at the end of his bed, and pointed for Steven to sleep there.

The cuck crawled over, relieved by the softness, but otherwise very aware of how limited his bed was. He still needed to have one last piss before sleeping, but trying to force it through while the plug and cage were so present was proving difficult.

All of this because he he’d rejected the idea of being a baby, because he was afraid of where that road might lead. He never should have underestimated Jonathan, as it seemed now that he was likely to experience both roles sooner rather than later.







