


CUCKOLD BRED X IN CHARITY X





“Okay, he’s half an hour away,” Nathan announced, signalling the dynamic shift that was about to occur for another weekend. “Go change and put your tail in.”

Steven had prepared his diaper for the evening already, under instructions. One of his pink Princess diapers had carefully been torn open, as close to his hole as he could measure, and then reinforced with tape to avoid the pulp escaping or leaking. It should provide a perfect opening for his butt-plug tail to stick out, and allow him to wear the puppyish accessory without compromising the diapers he was used to wearing.

Steven’s chastity cage twitched as he tugged the first tape of his wet diaper. Changing out of wet or soaked diapers was normal to him now; his caged penis normally wouldn’t react without something else’s influence, and eyeing the toy he was about to lube and slide into his ass was doing more than enough of that for now.

The rest of his tapes opened, and he balled up the diaper. He was wiped and cleaned quickly, before lying on his side and nudging the tail between his cheeks. With a little encouragement, his ass accepted it, forcing the pent-up diaper boy to writhe and groan as it took its place inside him.

His penis started to test the boundaries of its cage, which unfortunately for the cuck was lined with small spikes. Hurriedly, he worked the diaper’s makeshift hole around the tail piece, before adjusting it and taping it on himself (after a little breather to let his dick soften and the cage to settle, out of the way). Due to the hole, the diaper’s fit wasn’t perfect, but it would be more than enough for the next few hours.

He returned downstairs, lightly, as Nathan had not yet seen him wear the tail or act like a dog. His husband chuckled at the sight of the man with a rubber tail sticking out of his diaper, processing the sight in his own way.

Taking his place on his knees, in view of the front door, was embarrassing, but it was the instruction. He was to wait and to greet Jonathan as a dog would.

Above all, Steven was still embarrassed about having to act like a dog during his private session with Jonathan, and reprising the role in front of his husband seemed even less exciting. But orders were orders, and he didn’t want to set the tone for the weekend by being disobedient.

Both Nathan and Jonathan had been angling to treat the diaper boy more and more like a child, but Steven's resistance had seen him divert to more of a pet's role, like he was stuck in a holding pattern.

He wasn't entirely sure *why* he was fighting the infantilisation so hard. He knew the thought would be humiliating, and his caged dick would normally demand as much humiliation as he could take, but something about it felt dangerously permanent. That as soon as he invited those childish rules in, he wouldn't be able to draw the line or push them back.

As Jonathan arrived, Steven found his bark was stuck in his throat. He still felt silly, but he tried nonetheless, to smirks of approval from the guest.

"Not as enthusiastic as I'd like," Jonathan smiled, before turning to Nathan, who greeted him with a kiss.

"Puppies can be nervous," Nathan laughed, between them. Steven shifted slightly on all fours. "I'm just glad he didn't wet the floor."

Jonathan eyed the tail poking out of the light-pink diaper butt. "No, he didn't take too well to house training. It's good we've found a way to protect him."


Steven's cheeks matched the pinkness of his protection as the night carried on. He couldn't avoid it while trying to get comfortable on the living room floor, banned from using the furniture and removed from the catch-up conversation between the two men.

And to hammer home the position he'd been put in, he was served a bowl of water while they opened a bottle of wine. He counted himself lucky that Jonathan had arrived after dinner...

There wasn't a single question directed towards the cuck, no enquiry of how he'd been, how work was, or anything he'd done recently. He was basically an object; a pet that knew better than to draw attention to itself. He could only listen, and blush further when the conversation became *about* him.

"Nathan, I feel like you need to reap the benefits of what we've sculpted here," Jonathan said, ominously.

"Everything we've done is to service the cuck needing to be in diapers, or to keep his cage shut, his dick nullified. I've managed to stamp some of myself on him, obviously." Jonathan looked across the room to the man sitting on all fours with a tail inside him. "But he can be anything we, or you, now want. He's malleable."



Steven was frozen, listening intently. He couldn't argue with what Jonathan was saying. His libido and his desperation to approve would always lead him down an obedient path.

"Nathan, what do *you* want?"

Nathan glanced at his husband, as the cogs whirred in his mind. He turned back to Jonathan, and spoke quietly. The other man nodded in approval, and set his wine down, leaving the living room.

Steven found himself getting nervous.

Nathan put his glass down too, and stood up to undress. His trousers fell away, before he sat back down, quietly, enjoying the mystery and tension building in the room.

Jonathan returned from the kitchen, carrying a bright pink toddler's sippy cup, a glorified baby bottle. He handed it off to Nathan, and took a seat in an armchair, leaving Nathan to himself on the sofa.

His husband, the man he used to fuck, sat regally before him. The toddler bottle sat without reference, clutched between his fingers.

Steven could feel himself start to sweat. His inevitable infantilisation was rearing its head again.

"Come here, puppy," Nathan commanded, tapping his thigh. The sippy cup rested just above his crotch.

Steven crawled to the front of the sofa, looking up at his husband.

"Sit."

Nathan lifted his right foot above his left knee, and pulled his sock off, tossing it over Steven's shoulder. He then turned his bare foot back to his cucked-husband, and held his toes in front of his face.


"Kiss."

Steven leaned his head in slightly, puckering his lips with uncertainty, before bringing his lips to meet the toes in front of him.

"You can do better."

Steven grimaced, and closed his eyes, before kissing them slower this time, holding his mouth in place. He moved from one toe to another, ensuring he made proper contact with a subtle smacking for confirmation.

"Suck."



The cuck opened his mouth a little, and closed his lips around the biggest toe. Pointedly, Nathan broke his passive position, and pushed more of his foot towards Steven's mouth, forcing him to open wider, and accept all five toes at once.

He looked back up at his husband, weakly. Nathan looked so powerful, so controlling, and Steven felt degraded, but proud to demean himself if this is what his partner wanted.

“Lick.”

Steven leaned back and withdrew the foot from his mouth. Nervously, he then poked his tongue out enough to rub it along Nathan's wet toes.

“More,” he said dryly, “I'm your husband. You should be worshipping that foot. Clean it.”

Steven extended his tongue and ran it along Nathan's skin, shuddering at the coarse texture of his husband's sole. His feet weren't dirty exactly, but it hardly felt like the cleanest part of his body right in that moment.

“Keep going... That's it... Now the other foot.”

Nathan quickly removed the sock from his left foot, and took pleasure swapping the foot getting attention. Steven continued to lick, and to the pleasure of the men watching him, he also kissed and sucked the toes without prompt.


“He might think he doesn't want that bottle, or that puppies wouldn't drink from one,” Jonathan finally spoke. “But the truth is it doesn't matter; we can get him to do whatever we want, and he'll agree to it. He's a child in the presence of us. What cuck could resist the demands of two superior men?”

Steven gulped. They were right, and his mind was swimming from being on the floor in front of them both, from what he was already reduced to.

“All you need to do is ask for it,” Nathan said, tilting the bottle ever so slightly towards the cuck.

“Drink from it, and you can take that big tail out of your ass,” Jonathan said, tantalisingly. “You can stop crawling around on all fours. I bet it *aches* right now.”

Steven knew it wasn't that easy; it would *never* be that easy. They'd shift him from one humiliating role to another. But his sense of obedience was tugging him along for the ride, relishing just doing what they both wanted him to do.



“I want it,” he found himself saying, more focused on pleasing the men than considering the implications of his choice.

“Beg for it.”

“I want it, *please*.” Steven was begging and he wasn’t sure *why*.

“You want what, exactly?”

“The.... The baby bottle.”

“You’d rather drink from *this*, than from a dish of water?”

“Yes, please, I would.” It wasn’t a passionate plea, but more a concession. Nathan was implying it was lesser to accept the toddler’s cup, but Steven persevered.

A silence lingered.

“Good boy,” Nathan finally said, satisfied. “Come here.”

Steven crawled closer, between his husband’s legs, until his head was above Nathan’s crotch, and his eyes fixated on the bottle, ignoring the neat package bulging so close by in his underwear. Nathan lowered the bottle generously, guiding the teething point into Steven’s lips, and he started to suck, feeling himself blush immediately as water squirted onto his tongue.

It didn’t feel like a childish act, it was just demeaning.


“I’m proud of you,” Jonathan said, as the cuck continued to be fed. “You’re a better puppy than you realise. I wonder if you’ll be as good a baby, if not better?”

Steven’s mind was still dulled. It hadn’t set in what would happen, or what would change. He was happy being guided.

The two men took him towards the spare bedroom, Jonathan holding his hand as they walked up the stairs quietly. Beyond his diaper getting changed, Steven had no idea what to expect. His ass was starting to ache from the hours of the tail plug, especially while climbing the steps, and he welcomed it being removed.

“Lie down, buddy,” Jonathan spoke softly, as Steven turned and lowered his back onto the bed, careful not to sit on the tail.

The experience was surreal, almost like an out of body experience. He was in so deep that he’d lost that sense of self.



They both towered over him like parents as he spread his legs for a diaper change unlike any other. He felt like a child, and couldn't explain how he'd gotten there.

"Gosh, look how wet you are," Jonathan exclaimed with enough of a smirk. His hand squeezed the diaper tight enough to squish and hug against Steven's cage. The cuck groaned, contorting as his trapped balls crushed against the wet diaper, and his penis dug into the spikes.

"He goes through diapers so *fast*," Nathan followed up, as he opened the room's built-in wardrobe, revealing a shelf full of pink and white stacks. "But there'll always be more than he needs, right here."

Jonathan ripped open the first of the tapes, and reached for the wipes on the bedside table. He unfurled the diaper, and fed the tail back through the used diaper's hole.

"Okay, I just need a big push from you, can you do that?" he said directly to the cuck, who grunted, and squeezed the plug out of his ass and onto his diaper, with a large sigh of relief. Pre-cum hung from his cage.

"Well done, kiddo!"

Jonathan removed the wet diaper and the plug, while Nathan unfolded another and slipped it under Steven's bottom. Jonathan then started wiping as they worked in tandem, with Nathan stepping in to powder around the cage and between his legs.

"Oh look, his little cage is getting hard again!" Nathan chuckled.


"The spikes still have work to do, it seems," Jonathan said, studying it. "Soon enough it won't even twitch when we change his diapers."

"What a shame," Nathan grinned. "But he's too young to play with *that*."

Steven whimpered as the indirect comments only encouraged him to get harder. He felt frozen in space, unable to interject. He just existed to have his diaper changed by the two men.

He knew they were right about the spikes too. Months of wearing a cage had already made his erections infrequent, but since the consequences of trying to get hard now meant discomfort or pain, he'd noticed how rarely he felt the sting. It took a lot to turn him on, physically. He was being neutralised.

Jonathan lifted the front of the new diaper, but hesitated when he saw how much resistance the cage was trying to exert. It wouldn't go on easily as it



was, so the man decided to push it downwards with two fingers, before tightly pushing the diaper above it.

Steven groaned loudly as his hard penis was tucked between his legs, and the spikes dug themselves into his throbbing appendage, but his noises didn't stop Jonathan tightly sealing the diaper on him, and trapping the cage in place painfully until he would finally get soft.

"There we go, all done!" he cooed, deliberately ignorant to Steven laying still, grimacing and *willing* himself to get soft and take the discomfort away.

"You can have thirty more minutes, then it's bedtime for a little guy, okay?"

That shook Steven right out of his discomfort.

"B-bed!?" was all he could mutter. It almost hurt to protest his superiors.

He'd lost track of time, but he knew it wasn't too late. It was still bright outside. *And* it was a Friday.

"You heard me, cuck," Jonathan warned. "Your daddy and I need to spend some grown up time together."

Steven turned to Nathan, hoping to see some reluctance from his husband. There was none to be found. Nathan was following the other man's lead, and the "daddy" comment passed without a reaction.

"It is getting late for little diaper boys," Nathan chimed in.

Steven was outnumbered, outvoted. Powerless.

"But don't fret, we'll get you another nice bottle for bed, and make sure you're all tucked in and cozy! You'll fall asleep in no time."

Steven could barely muster a protest. He wanted to, but he wanted to obey more. He wanted to be their good cuck. It was shattering.

Thirty more minutes. He wanted to find a clock, to try to ground and understand what he was stuck with.

"His bedroom is a bit grown up too," Jonathan said, gazing around the four corners. "We can work on this."

Steven's heart was racing. There it was, the feared permanence of it all, etched on the faces of the two men, the "parents". Change was coming.

