

## Pouting in Pink II

Steven was having a love-hate relationship with his permanent stint in diapers. Long had he wished his love of padding and desire to submit would come together with his boyfriend, and this bet had provided it in ways he never imagined. He figured he'd spend a month or so pissing in diapers, (a scary prospect anywhere outside of the house for him), but the bet had spiraled with the unprecedented amount of diapers his boyfriend Nathan had ordered. He was stuck wearing them until they were *all* gone.

Nathan took control of matters from the very beginning. He insisted on changing Steven's first wet diaper, and laid down the law that he would change every diaper he could. Steven was initially taken aback by this, but was even more dumbfounded and aroused when he was told that he had to ask permission to change if he was alone and doing it himself. He was more than happy to nod and accept this at the start, before he was left powerless many times after, wondering what would happen first, his diaper leaking or his phone buzzing with the go ahead to clean up.

Nathan was quick to capitalise on this reliance. It became easy to reward Steven with diaper changes for small tasks. Making Nathan a cup of coffee, clearing the table, tidying the house... Nathan had never imagined himself as dominant, with Steven being the clear top in their relationship, but he was slipping into the role easily. The penny really dropped the day he denied Steven access to the toilet to poop.

It was just over a week of Steven being in diapers again, and normally he'd disappear off to the bathroom to take care of business during a change. So far he'd had no trouble holding it and going on his own schedule, whenever he needed a change. Though, the thickness of the diapers he was stuck in only offered him this opportunity to poop twice every day, three times if he was lucky.

But on this particular day it wasn't so manageable. His tummy was grumbling a little, cramping mildly. Steven didn't feel ill, but going to the bathroom would be far more comfortable than trying to ignore it. He'd knew it would be hours before he wet this diaper enough to be changed, so he did what he assumed was the best thing to do; he asked for an early change so he could use the toilet.

What he didn't expect, was to be told no.

Nathan was adamant that they not waste any diapers, as they were expensive, and the faster that Steven ran out, the faster he was out of diapers again. Nothing Steven said could change Nathan's mind, and he assertively told his boyfriend that he could either hold

it, or use his diaper like it was there for. Nathan did concede that the sooner he messed his diaper, the sooner he would be changed and rewarded for it.

And that's how the top in their relationship first pooped his pants in front of his boyfriend. Steven tried to ignore the uncomfortable urge for as long as he could, but eventually he was squatting, red-faced and pouting as he gave up and evacuated his bowels. He didn't have to wait too long to shower and clean up, as Nathan, high off of the sense of power he felt, had his next idea.

Nathan told his boyfriend he was proud of him, and would be waiting with a fresh diaper. Steven emerged from the bathroom after a *long* shower, cleaned up, humbled, but excited at the thought of his reward. The two hadn't had sex since the diapers started; the new norm being them fooling around while changing instead. Nathan often took care of business for him, as Steven was overly-aroused from being in diapers all day, every day. Since Nathan wasn't getting the baby wipes out first for this change, Steven hoped he could fuck him instead of going straight into another pink diaper.

He was greeted by the sight of Nathan sitting on their bed, a diaper already unfolded and waiting. He tried to confidently walk up to Nathan, and assert some control again, placing his hand on his shoulder and kissing him passionately. But as he tried to lean forward, and nudge his boyfriend back onto the bed, he found himself spinning and falling, landing on the mattress with a thump. Before Steven could react, Nathan's hand was around his cock. His swell of assertiveness faded away beneath his boyfriend's grasp.

Nathan had successfully subdued the temptation to bottom for Steven. Whatever part of him still wanted the feeling of his partner inside him lost out to the fun he was having dictating Steven's new diapered sex life. He squirted some baby lotion right onto Steven's penis, splashing it over his fingers as he started to stroke. Steven heaved, and his balls tightened as he writhed over the padding under his bottom.

Nathan's hand sped up, and watched as the pleasurable sensations left Steven squirming helplessly.

"This is because you pooped your diapers, like a good boy," Nathan breathed. Steven was flat on his back, mouth open wide.

"In fact, if you wanna keep cumming, you need to keep pooping your diapers, right, Stevie?"

Steven's eyes bolted open, and he tried to speak in protest, but Nathan tightened his grip and jerked faster, his palm sliding freely against the well-lotioned penis. He was too close to cumming now, speechless.

"Shoot for me if you agree," Nathan smiled, and Steven almost panicked. He wanted to fight it, but he couldn't stop himself from spraying cum across his tummy.

Steven lay, gasping as his new diaper was pulled over and taped onto his still body. He doubted Nathan was serious, that it was just some verbal play to get him *really* going.

How wrong Steven was.

Three weeks in diapers later, and he was almost exclusively using nothing but his padding. Steven was stuck in a cycle of constant diapers arousing him, and in turn needing to use those diapers fully to deal with his arousal.

Steven was assessing his situation every time he felt the urge to poop, and most days he would avoid the toilet, finding himself some privacy to fill his seat. He'd then inform Nathan, usually with a blush in his cheeks. Steven would normally get permission to shower, provided he was wet enough as well, and then rewarded with an orgasm.

He was initially grumpy about the new rule, but with swift changes and constant rewards he settled into his new routine. Nathan quickly learned that cum control was the perfect carrot to dangle over his diapered boyfriend. This made it easier for Nathan to shift the stipulations around, to which he particularly enjoyed the night he told Steven to cum inside his diaper for the first time.

So far, Steven had enjoyed the luxury of getting played with during diaper changes. It made sense, with his cock at its most accessible as it could be these days. However, Nathan wanted to challenge his boyfriend a little more, and when Steven came to him, with his unmistakable "I've pooped myself" face, Nathan delighted in shattering the routine they'd developed.

Before Steven knew it, he was flat on his back, trying to rub himself through the soaked swollen padding around his crotch. He wasn't sure if feeling the mess squish around his cheeks was helping or hindering, but the poor guy was a little outside of his comfort zone, diaper fetish or not.

Nathan was able to brave the stink from his boyfriend just to witness the embarrassed frustration on his face; the look of a man appalled by his actions but who desperately wanted to get off from it.

It took some time, fifteen minutes or so of rubbing and toying with himself before Steven reached the finish line and squirted; the first time in his life he'd managed to do it inside a diaper. It was a significant step for both of them, with the tables completely turned in their sex lives.

In order to keep up with his monstrous libido, Steven did his best to ignore the toilet, but circumstances surrounding work and family would inevitably get in the way. He'd started well, but now suffered a long couple of days where he hadn't used his diapers like Nathan wanted him to. Three days without cumming with a penis constantly wrapped in wet diapers was torture for him.

He stirred in bed that Sunday morning, waking up agonizingly horny in a soggy diaper. Nathan had already risen, and as he could hear the sound of the radio from downstairs, he relaxed and enjoyed the space afforded to him alone in the morning sunlight.

Having no reason to get out of bed, he closed his eyes and savoured the warm padding between his thighs. His cock was begging for attention however. The last thing he was used to now was waiting days to masturbate, especially having spent those days pissing himself.

Steven's hand strayed and cupped his crotch. It felt too good. If he could just wait a few hours and be sure to mess himself, he'd get a fine reward. Even as he thought this to himself, his palm lingered. The light pressure from his hand was enough to tantalize, and kickstart every desire to orgasm.

Steven lay deathly still, checking to hear if Nathan was nearby. He could still hear the radio, so he assumed he was safely private upstairs. His hand started to stroke. It was just one orgasm, and he'd been so good up until now. He just needed the weight of the previous two days off of his balls. Nathan would never know...

He stroked faster, trying to be as efficient and silent as possible, with nothing but the sound of the rapid rustling and crinkling as he worked back and forth. He closed his eyes, and bit his lip. Thankfully he'd gotten better at doing it all in his diaper, thanks to Nathan encouraging him.

He could feel himself growing closer and closer. It wasn't going to take much more. His breathing got deeper as he once again prepared to shoot against the wet padding. Whimpering quietly to himself, he stroked and stroked, sliding against the diaper as he reached his climax. He stifled his moans, silently cumming, arched out across the bed. It would have been the perfect crime, but for Nathan standing quietly against the door frame.

"Oh dear, what are we going to do with you?" he chuckled sternly. There was nothing funny about his tone.

Steven gingerly removed his palm, too late of course. His boyfriend had maneuvered him into permanent diapers under his control, but this was the first time he felt like he really was in trouble.