

My Cucky Valentine

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

I thought my boyfriend was taking me out on a date for Valentine's day until my babysitter showed up. Turns out playing with chastity and diapers in secret has its consequences...

I smiled as I heard the jingle of keys in the door. I had been sitting comfortably on the couch, enjoying the thick comfort of my special crinkly underwear under my jeans. My little naughty guilty pleasure. I blushed to myself as I jumped up on the couch and crinkled over to my boyfriend, David.

"Hey, sweetie! Welcome home! Happy Valentine's day!" I gave David a kiss on the cheek and hugged him. No way he'd notice. I wasn't even worried about it.

"Hey, there, sweetie. Happy Valentine's day," David's hand came down and cupped my ass. My eyes went wide. I froze. A few seconds passed, but he didn't say anything. "Mmm... I can't wait for dinner tonight."

"Oh, me neither," I said, letting out a breath and willing my beating heart to slow down. "It's been too long since we've eaten out."

David gave me an odd look, then a little lopsided smile. "Yes, I guess it has, hasn't it?"

"Well, how long til we go?" I asked, keeping my hands in front of me to cover up my diaper bulge. Now I really was self-conscious.

"Well... we'll go in about half an hour."

"Well, I'd better get ready then," I said.

"Oh, it seems like you're pretty well prepared already," he replied with a smirk. What was that supposed to mean? I coughed nervously and scooted off to the bedroom.

"Whew, that was a close one," I said to myself as I fumbled through my underwear drawer looking for my *regular* underwear to wear to dinner. I was becoming more and more brazen about my diapers without David noticing, but I knew that it would have to come to a head sometime. Was David really that oblivious, or was he just staying quiet about it? I growled in frustration as I continued to rumble around in the top drawer "Damn it. Where the heck did all my underwear go? Did I run out already?"

"Hey, buddy," said David from the doorway, nearly making me jump.

"Oh! Christ! Dav-OWWWWW!" I whirled around to face him and ended up slamming the drawer squarely on my fingers.

"Ohhh... poor **baby**" he said, sitting with me on the bed, taking my hand, and kissing it.

"Ahhh... owww.... W-what are you doing?" I asked, through sniffles.

"Just kissing your boo-boo and making it better."

"You're making fun of me!" I whined. "It really *hurrts!*"

"Awww, guess you can't come to dinner after all, then," said David.

"Hold on. That's not fair!" I said, pouting. "Stop teasing me..."

"I'm not teasing you, buddy," said my boyfriend, "I-"

DING-DONG

The doorbell rang.

"Who is that? Don't tell me you ordered pizza like last year," I said, looking at David like he had taken away my candy.

"Oh, no, not at all, bud. Come on, let's go see who it is."

"But I'm getting read-" David pulled me out of the bedroom before I could even finish my sentence.

When he opened the door, there were two men I didn't recognize standing there. A big hunky muscular guy in sweats and an elegantly handsome slim guy in a blue sportcoat.

"Chris! Matthew! Come on in! We were just getting ready."

"Uh, hi," I said, waving awkwardly. Then I looked at David. "A double date?"

"Not exactly," he said, taking the slim guy by the hand. "Chris and I are going out... You're staying here with Matt."

"Huh?"

"We'll have lots of fun, buddy," said Matt, walking in and clapping me on the shoulder with his huge hand. He was a large man with a wrestler's build, and a big pastel bag slung over his shoulder. If I didn't know any better I'd say it was a...

"Hold on. You got me a *babysitter*?!" I asked, wheeling around to face my boyfriend. "And is that a diaper bag? What is this?"

David had already turned his attention to Chris and they were all over each other. I watched in shock as David ran his hand over the lapels of the man's sport coat.

"Hey! You can't..."

"Okay, little buddy," said Matt, stepping into the doorway, his massive form completely blocking my view of my boyfriend and his 'date' "Let's get those big boy pants off of you!"

"Wha?! Hey!" I said as he began unzipping the front of my pants.

"The new rule is no pants in the house for cucks..." Matt said, as if that should explain everything.

"For c-c-?!" the word caught in my throat like ash as he yanked down my pants to reveal my cute 1 2 3 A B C Gator diapers. I had hoped to be exposed when Daddy finally noticed my diapers, but not like *this*. I tried to cover up, knowing that the neighbors could easily get an eyeful too.

"Aww," said Matt, looking at my blushing face. "They're adorable! The perfect diaper for a little cucky like you!"

"Now hold on just a- D-D-David!!!" I called out, as Matt began taking off my shirt. "What's happening?!"

"Oh, I think you know exactly what's happening," called Daddy, standing at the open doorway. "This *is* what you wanted, right?"

It was easy to see my boyfriend once Matt had me on my back, and was crouched down, pulling off my pants and socks despite my struggles to resist. I could see my boyfriend holding up a silver key, making sure I noticed. I froze. Now it was time to panic.

"Wait! W-where did you find that?" I asked. David just chuckled and rolled his eyes.

"I found it *weeks* ago, little man. I know you've been experimenting with chastity on your own, and that you're wearing your cage right now. I know that this is the night

that you would normally take it off and jerk off into your diapers. I know you've been waiting for me to discover what a little *diaper baby* you really are, too. Well, happy Valentine's day, cuck! I'm going to go out and have some fun with a *real* man. Probably toss this key out somewhere along the way! But if you're good for the babysitter, I may just let you watch when we come back after dinner. Have a good time, little cuck!"

I whimpered, my stomach dropping and my cock straining against my cage as I watched my boyfriend leave with his date, commenting that the place he reserved didn't allow 'babies' anyway. The thought just kept running through my mind. He really took it... he really took the key...

Matt didn't just let me sit there pouting. He shut the door and locked it behind him, then spoke up in a cheery voice as he nudged me over toward the living room.

"Let's get you some dinner, huh, little guy? We can have our *own* fun night! Some strained peas, prunes, and a few episodes of Blarney or Telly Tubblers before bedtime. What could be better for a diapercuck like you?"

I looked at this big smiling man and I began to sweat. What had I gotten myself into?

"Aww, the little one's shy. Well, no worries, cutie. Let's do something to break the ice. Look, I've brought toys!"

He pulled out a soft ducky patterned blanket from his bag and then dumped the contents onto the blanket. I was shocked at what I saw. A big pacifier. A bottle. Soft pastel mitts and booties. Toy blocks with naughty designs on them. A puffy book and a bib. Before I could finish taking stock of everything in front of me, he grabbed up the mitts and booties and grabbed a hold of my wrist.

"Why don't we try these on you, huh? I think it'll help you get into the mindset of a cuck..."

The big man had the first mitt on me and locked before I even knew what was happening, and by the time I reacted, he was already preparing the second one.

"Hey! No! What are you doing?" I said, trying to push him away, but it was like pushing against a brick wall.

"Ah, ah, ah," he said, grabbing my free hand and easily sliding the second mitt on. "You heard your Daddy. You gotta be good for the babysitter or you'll be in trouble."

"D-d-daddy?!" I asked, growing even more flustered. I loved how he was talking down to me, but this was so sudden, and I didn't even know this guy.

While I was trying to wrap my head around what he just said, Matt put both booties on my feet and closed the ankle straps with a click.

"There we go! Much better!" he said, sitting back, satisfied. I looked down at my hands. They were useless now, and I couldn't get them off. The buckles seemed stuck somehow. I tried the booties with the same result, but at least those seemed to be just for looks.

"They're magnetically locked, and only I have the key, buddy. There's no way you're getting out of those, so just forget about it. Why not just sit on your blankie and we can play with some fun toys instead?"

Although I was in nothing but a diaper, mittens, and booties, I took on the most intimidating expression I could muster and rose to my feet. I immediately felt a sharp pain in my soles and went right back down onto my butt.

"Owww! What the heck?!"

"Spiked booties, baby boy. You'll be wearing those until you learn that babies don't walk. It usually takes a while to train someone out of walking."

"You're no regular babysitter, are you?" I asked, getting onto my hands and knees and looking at him with a pitiful expression.

"Just think of me as your personal trainer, kiddo," he said with a smile. "I'm going to train you to be the perfect baby cuck. And no worries, no matter how much you fuss, I'll always be big enough to make sure you're good, so you're going to do great!"

"But I-"

"No more complaining, buddy, or that pacifier is going into your mouth and staying there. Now come on. Let's play with your blocks!"

"But-"

The next thing I knew, Matt had shoved the huge pacifier into my mouth and was strapping it around my head. I tried to protest, but the bulb filled my mouth so completely that nothing I said was the least bit intelligible.

"There we go. Much better. Now, you'll be a good boy, right? I don't want to have to call Daddy on your first day being babysat!"

I pouted and crossed my arms. I didn't want that either. How the heck had my boyfriend found out about my secret desires, and why the heck was this turning me on so much? The chastity cage was painfully digging into my pee pee as it fought to

expand in its confines, but with nowhere to go, it was just stuck there, throbbing, and causing a great deal of whimpering and wincing on my end.

"Aww, I know what the problem is. Your little pee pee wants to get out, doesn't it? Well, maybe it can if you're very, very good." he gave me a wink. "I know, let's get your mind off of it with some games. Here, I want you to place these blocks in the correct order. Why not try it out?"

He set a pile of wooden blocks in front of me. They had letters and numbers on some sides, and pictures on the other. I felt silly picking one up and looking, but if it would distract me enough for my hardon to go down, I was willing to try.

I looked at the block. It had a black one, and on another side a teddy with a rubber ball gag in its mouth. The letter I was on the opposite side so I set that down facing up. Matt immediately praised me as if it were some big accomplishment.

"Very good! That one has a 1 on it! That's the first block."

The second block was green and had a 2, a baby otter with his diapered tush in the air, and an M. Similar praise followed when I set it down.

"Wow! What a smartie! 1, 2! Good job, little cucky!"

The third block was pink with an A and a sissy in a maid outfit exposing their huge diaper and smiling. I blushed as I realized they looked just like me.

"That's right, cutie! That's you! Maybe you can wear that outfit later, huh?"

I whined and shook my head, but Matt only chuckled and encouraged me to continue.

I was through almost all the blocks, blushing at some of the more suggestive art when I finally came to the last one, which had the letter K.

"And what does that spell, baby boy?" asked Matt, with an extra big grin.

I pointed slowly to each block, unable to speak around the pacifier..

I M A G O O D C U C K

My eyes went wide. It spelled I'm a good cuck! The moment I read it, my cage problem was instantly back and I buried my blushing face in my mitts.

"Good little cucky," said Matt, patting my head. "Now hold on while I check you."

I gasped as two fingers slid inside the waistband of my diaper and tickled my balls. I let out a little moan, because it felt so good, but it was a frustrating tease. I was still securely caged with no chance of release. Matt quickly sat me forward and pulled open the back of my diaper to check for poopies.

"No poopies! We'll see if you leave any presents later!" My face felt so hot when he said that. I couldn't believe that I had just gotten a diaper check. "How long have you been in this diaper, mister? You're pretty darn soggy."

I blushed. I put it on that morning, so of *course* it was soggy. I had been planning to change out of it discreetly when David got home, but clearly that didn't happen. I had no way to explain myself with the darn pacifier filling up my mouth, so Matt just drew his own conclusions, and blushy ones at that.

"I see. You probably don't know when you're wet, do you? You probably soak your diapers so fast your daddy can't keep up, huh?"

I nodded my head yes to tell my babysitter I did *too* know when I wet it, but he had actually asked two questions.

"Oh, so you *do* soak your diapers super fast. Okay, super soaker, don't worry. It sounds like you just need to drink more and wear thicker diapers. I have just the thing."

I smacked my forehead with my mitts in frustration. Meanwhile, Matt unzipped another pocket of his diaper bag and pulled out a humongously thick pink and red diaper with hearts all over it. My heart started pounding when I saw it. That big diaper was going to go on *me*. I was actually going to get a real diaper change from someone else! That's when it hit me. Daddy - I mean *David* - must have done this as a sort of fantasy experience for the night. This really *was* the perfect valentine's present, so I should enjoy it to the fullest before it was over.

"Lay down, baby boy," Matt said, pointing to the blanket. I immediately complied, not wanting to miss this chance even if I *was* nervous about it. From down there on the soft, fleecy blanket, Matt looked so big above me. I felt completely helpless, knowing that my hands were completely encased, rendering me completely unable to either take off or put on my own diaper, or anything else for that matter. Instead, I just had to watch in anticipation as Matt set up the baby powder, the oil, and fluffed the diaper.

So many thoughts went through my head as I waited, but most of all, I thought of just how hot this situation was, and I wondered just how long it would last. Surely not long enough. I resolved to try and memorize as much of it as I could, so that I would never forget, because I was sure that I wouldn't get a chance to experience this again

any time soon. The more I thought about it, the more grateful I was for my boyfriend's special surprise, even if it was just for today.

"Alright, baby boy. We're all ready for changies! Let's get this diaper off of you and get you in a fresh one."

I blushed and nodded. How could he use the D word so casually? I could barely say it out loud without turning into a blushy mess. I held my breath as he untaped each tape.

RRRIP RRRIP RRRIP RRRIP

The diaper came loose as the tapes came off, and I exhaled, enjoying the feeling of being taken care of as Matt pulled the diaper down. My cage jumped as I caught sight of it, as if my pee pee was trying to escape its confines.

"Aww, somebody's trying to be a big boy, aren't they? No more of that, buddy. Just remember what I said about being good. You want to be a good boy and get out of that cage, don't you?"

I nodded. I definitely wanted that. I was already pent up from missing my regular diaper masturbation session out of chastity, which I had been looking forward to all week. Getting out of the cage and finishing would be the perfect end to the night and my special cuckold experience..

"That's a good boy," Matt said, opening up the diaper and then grabbing a wet wipe. I shivered a bit as the cool air hit my skin, and jumped as the cool wipe touched my tummy. He smiled and nodded his approval as he noticed that I was already shaved down there. "Hairless is best for boys like you. Makes cleanup easier, makes chastity easier, and reminds little guys like you that they aren't big boys anymore!"

He kept this teasing one-sided banter up as he made generous use of the wipes on hand, cleaning my legs, my belly, my pee pee, my balls, and my tush. He even took special care to get my bum hole which actually came away a bit dirty.

"Tsk Tsk. See? Little boys like you aren't very good at cleaning up after themselves. Really, you need a grownup to do it." I could have died right there from embarrassment. I was sure I had done a better job than that, but there was the proof in front of me, and this hunky guy had seen it!

Finally, Matt was satisfied. He grabbed up the used diaper and balled it up with the wipes inside while his free hand lifted my legs up, and consequently my butt. He set aside the balled up diaper and grabbed the freshly fluffed replacement covered in hearts.

FWOOMP

I could tell as soon as he lowered my tush onto the cushy padding that the new diaper was at least three times as thick as the one I had been wearing.

Next came the baby oil, which he took his time rubbing in. I moaned at the stimulation, what little I could get from below the base of the ring. He seemed to take particular pleasure in the teasing I was getting, but I wasn't about to stop him. It felt *really* good. The powder was lightly used as he didn't want to gunk up the cage. It was enough to make me smell like a big baby, though, which I think was the point. I inhaled the scent deeply and it made me feel even smaller than I already felt lying there on the floor with my big babysitter above me.

Finally, Matt began to tape up my diaper. I don't know what he did, but the fit made it feel extra thick. The diaper spread my thighs wide apart as he taped it up, the soft interior hugging every inch of skin inside. The diaper was so loud and crinkly that it sounded like I was wearing a trash-bag. I wanted to run my hand over it to feel the smooth crinkly plastic, but because of the mitts, I couldn't. And that wasn't all I couldn't feel.

"Looks like that diaper is very comfy, buddy. Like wearing a big cloud. And guess what?" He grabbed the front of the diaper and squeezed. I felt nothing. Absolutely nothing. I whined in frustration.

"That's right, buddy boy! It's too thick for you to feel anything! Even if you try to be naughty and do buzzies or humpies!" He took my frustrated whine as a sign that it was working. "See? I told you I'd help you to be a good little boy!"

This was the worst. Every single thing my mind had fantasized about and no way to enjoy it. I wondered how Daddy was doing on his date and when he'd be back to let me out so I could finally get my rocks off.

Once I was fully diapered, Matt picked up the oversized pink baby bottle that was lying in his pile of goodies. "I'll be right back, kiddo! Be a good boy and don't get off that blanket.

I didn't want to get in trouble and lose my chance at getting out of chastity later, so I did as I was told. I was plenty busy with my own concerns anyway as I tried, and failed, to sit up. It might sound like a simple task, but the diaper was so big that I just rolled onto my back every time I tried. Finally, I flipped over onto my tummy and got up into an awkward crawling position with my legs splayed out to either side around the thick bulk of the diaper. This was ridiculous. I couldn't even crawl properly with my diaper so thick.

"Here we are," said Matt, coming back with the big bottle in hand. "Gotta give you lots to drink so you don't get dehydrated, kiddo. C'mere."

It was now time to experience another first. Being bottle-fed by someone else. I found myself in the crook of my babysitter's arm with a big thick nipple tickling my lips. The pacifier strap on my head came loose, and the pacifier came out just long enough for him to shove the thick rubber nipple into my mouth. I didn't even get a full word out before he was squirting milk into my mouth via that same nipple.

"Be a good boy and drink up, lil guy..."

I did as I was told. What choice did I have? And I was hungry, after all. I hoped this wouldn't be my entire dinner. Still, as I drank the sweet milk, I could feel my tummy getting more and more full. I soon got into the rhythm of sucking the bottle and relaxing in his warm arms and I was surprised when I suddenly found myself drawing air.

"Wow, hungry baby! Well, that's good. We'll feed you some mushed up food later so you can have a well balanced diet, but first..."

He picked me up and patted my back, burping me. I couldn't believe it when I actually burped.

"That's it, much better. No rumbly tummies for this baby... well, not for about 30 minutes at least..."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, but he just shot me a warning glance.

"Do you need that pacifier back in, buddy?"

I quickly shook my head no. "No, I'll behave."

"Good boy. I think we're going to get along just great..."

Later that evening, Daddy finally returned. By that time, though, I was already in bed. I rubbed my eyes when he came in, and smiled as I heard Matt's words of praise.

"So, how was the little guy? Did he behave himself?"

"Oh, he's been very good," said Matt. "He played with his blocks, he drank his baba, he ate all his num nums, he watched an episode of Pawsome Squad, he even left a present in the diaper like a good little guy! In fact..."

I gasped as I felt Matt's fingers slip into the leg holes of my diaper once more.

"Yup! Wet again! He's a real super soaker, this one."

"Figures."

I wanted to say something, but the pacifier was in and I was under strict instructions no to spit it out or Matt would make sure it stayed in.

"So how did your date go?" asked Matt. Now it was Daddy's turn to smile.

Daddy looked at Chris. "Oh, it was fantastic! We had dinner, dessert, and, well, we're just about to have another kind of dessert if you catch my drift.

"Oh, should we move the baby to the living room, then?"

"Yes, for now. At least until we get the guest room turned into a nursery for the kiddo."

I gasped. Nursery?

"That's right kiddo," said Daddy, smiling as he noticed my reaction. "You'll get to have your very own nursery so Daddy and his dates can have lots of fun in the big boy bedroom!"

I whimpered again as Matt pulled me out of bed and held me up. I could see that Daddy and Chris wasted no time in getting undressed right there in the bedroom, and I couldn't take it anymore. I spit out my pacifier and said, "But I've been good! Aren't you gonna let me out of my cage?"

Daddy, Chris, and Matt all laughed at that. Matt finally spoke up.

"Oh, you thought you would earn release *today*? No, no. Only once your pee pee is completely turned off and permanently tiny will *that* happen. Give it at least six months to a year or two."

"What?! I thought this was just for tonight!"

"Silly boy, this is your new life," said Daddy. "Did you think I was just playing?"

"But what about my work? My..."

"My, my, what a noisy baby. Better make that paci gag 24/7 too," said Matt, picking up my paci and cleaning it off with his mouth. He grabbed the paci gag and secured it again, so that the paci wouldn't come out without help.

"Mmmph! Mmmm! Mmm!"

I fussed and squirmed as I was carried out of the bedroom and that was the last glimpse I got of Daddy naked. I spent the night in Matt's arms instead, being cuddled on the couch. I had to listen to all the noises coming from my former bedroom as Daddy and Chris went at it with a passion I hadn't felt in ages. My cage bit into my pee-pee the entire time, and I couldn't get one ounce of satisfaction, sadly, but eventually I was so exhausted, I fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke with a start. It was time to get ready for work, and I was still in my mitts and booties. My fussing soon woke Matt up.

"Whoa, little guy! What's the matter? Need a diaper change?"

"Mmm! Mmpphhh!"

"Hmm... Better check with your Daddy and see what's going on,... Come on, kiddo."

I was obliged to crawl after Matt to the bedroom as he gently knocked on the door to wake up Daddy. I heard noises on the other side that suddenly stopped, and Daddy emerged, sweaty with a huge erection pointing at us.

"What's up, Matt?"

"The Baby's fussing... any idea why?"

Daddy looked over at the clock and back to us. "He probably thinks he should be getting ready for work... but that's not happening..."

My eyes went wide and I shook my head vigorously. I had a lot to do at work, I couldn't just miss it, but Daddy already had his mind on other things. He left Matt with a few instructions and excused himself to finish his morning fucking. I couldn't believe this was happening. Spending the night like this was one thing but this was about to mess with my career.

Sure enough, when work called an hour later, Matt was the one who picked up.

"Hi there, Matt the babysitter speaking. No, I'm afraid Baby is indisposed at the moment. No, that's right. He's no longer going to be working because he's decided to live life as a full time baby cuck. I can send over photo evidence if you don't believe me... Okay, sure, here you go..."

I tried to hide from the camera, but that was impossible. After several unfortunate shots with my own phone, Matt sent off my pics to work and after a brief pause, I could hear laughter on the other end.

"I'm sorry for the inconvenience," said Matt, "but as you can see, he's in no position to do anything but fill his diapers for Daddy. Okay. I'll let him know. Have a nice day."

I held my breath as Matt hung up. What had they told him? He looked down at me and didn't beat around the bush.

"They say you're fired. Oh, and they hope your severance buys you lots of diapers because it looks like you'll need them."

I whined into my pacifier, my face bright red. Everyone at work was going to see me like this. I was so embarrassed. How could Daddy do this to me?

"Aww, there, there, this is always the hardest part. We might as well let everyone know now so that we get past it quickly." I watched in horror as Matt began posting the pictures to all my social media and sending it out to all my phone contacts as well. And there was nothing I could do to stop him.

"There we go," he said, when he was all finished. "No more Mr. Big Boy."

I was crying by now, not least because my cock was throbbing harder than ever in its confines.

"Don't worry, baby boy, I'll be here with you every step of the way, and so will Daddy. This is your new life! You'll learn to be a big baby cuck from now on, and you'll grow to love it. Pretty soon, you won't be able to be anything else!"

I whimpered as I imagined spending the rest of my life like this. It was almost enough to make me cream my pamps, *almost*. Matt noticed and smirked.

"Aww, is someone trying to make stickies? You must really love this, huh? Give it a month or so, and you just might have a nice ruined orgasm down there."

With that, Matt booped my nose, and went off to prepare my morning bottle. This was getting to be way more than I bargained for, but surely it was all just a prank, right? I was sure that Daddy would come out any moment and tell me it was all just for fun, and that things would go back to normal like before. After all, he couldn't keep me like this forever... could he?