

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Sixteen
Commission – January 2021

This should be quite the interesting date.

Oh, yes – a date it most certainly is, even though Scott didn't exactly call it that on the phone. "Why don't you come on over and try this new recipe I cooked up?" had been his exact words. "It's nothing fancy, of course. I just thought it might be fun to chill together and catch up..."

Well, what else would you call that besides a date?

I'm smiling softly to myself as I head down the darkened, half-icy sidewalk from the subway station. I know the way well enough – I've had experience going to Scott's place, after all. Though this time it's going to be rather different not to have Devin there... or anyone else, for that matter. Just me and Scott: little old Clair and that gorgeous hunk of a guy...

Oh, I know he's into guys as well as girls. No matter. If anything, it makes the fact that he chose to call *me* up last week that much more special, right? And if I've learned anything from experience, it's that the more flexible and open a partner is about their sexuality, the more fun they'll be in the bedroom...

But I'm getting ahead of myself, aren't I? It's just supper at a friend's place – a friend who just happens to be a guy. If things heat up afterward, then so be it. And if not... well, working myself up now will only make me that much more disappointed. There's that Buddhist idea about letting go of attachments because all they lead to is suffering, right? Maybe I'd better take a page from that book and just... let it go. For now.

"Wow, you say you've never made a stew like this before? This is really good!" I mean it, too. I've had my share of stews in the past, but the richness and flavor of this one is off the charts. I ease back in my chair and take another sip of the red wine that pairs perfectly with the intense beef flavor. "You've got to give me the recipe, Scott – I mean it!"

Scott flashes that confident grin of his and reaches for the bottle to refill my glass. "Oh, sure – my pleasure! Though I hope you're prepared to start working on it at least one day beforehand..." He

shrugs and gestures toward the wine bottle. "And of course you need a lot of wine, and, like, two entire pounds of beef. That's what makes it so damn good..."

"Wow, two pounds? How much stew are you going to be eating?" I ask, half-joking. "That must last you like an entire week, right? Now that it's just you..." *Crap, that might have sounded a bit harsh.* "I mean, I- well, you know, with Devin-" I hastily amend. But Scott's still smiling, albeit a bit less broadly than before. "Oh, yeah... No, it's fine. He's moved out, of course. I guess you know all about that...?"

Shit, I hope it isn't a sore subject. Devin never really went into why he moved out... "Um, just a bit," I hedge cautiously. I don't want him thinking that Devin and I are sitting around gossiping about his former partners. "Hard not to, you know, hear at least a little..." His face is neutral now, his tone carefully measured as he shrugs and takes a sip from his own glass. "Of course. Sure, I get it. How's he doing, by the way?"

Oh, lord. Where to even begin? As I hesitate, Scott waves a reassuring hand. "No, honestly, don't worry! Devin and I are all good. It's not like we broke up or anything." He gives a short chuckle. "Pretty hard to break up if you were never really a couple. See, he just moved in when he needed a place, and then he moved back out again when he could. Simple as that."

Undeniably relieved, I sigh and flash a quick smile. "Ah, okay! Thanks – I didn't want to, you know, make things awkward. But yeah, he's doing okay. Super good worker, very smart..." He's nodding, and I warm to my subject. "We were even able to get a promotion for him too, recently. He's been working with me quite a lot on this big project we've got going..."

"Oh, really?" Scott's clearly intrigued, even as he rises to fetch dessert. "Guess he's doing pretty well, then! You know, I always thought he was a smart kid. Though I guess you'd never know it from seeing him- well, you know..." A giggle escapes me at his fumbling attempt at tact. "Oh, you mean when he's all done up in those diapers of his? Come on, Scott – haven't you ever seen *Boss Baby*? Just because a fellow's still in Pampers doesn't mean he can't be a successful businessman!"

Scott grins and shakes his head ruefully. "Well, you got me there! But seriously, though..." and here he leans closer and hands me a slice of cheesecake. (Dairy-free, and bought just for me – which is seriously adorable.) "I do feel a bit responsible for that. See, he's always been into the whole baby thing ever since I've known him – and I've definitely encouraged him." He glances down at his plate almost self-consciously. "In fact, I was the one who made sure he was all padded up when he went to that interview with you folks."

"And every day after, right?" Maybe it's the wine talking, but I'm really interested to know more about this. "Devin told me he'd been coming to work like that pretty much every day – I mean, until just recently..." "*Recently?*" Scott's interest is clearly piqued, his fork paused halfway to his mouth. "Wait, what's been going on recently?"

And out it comes: Devin's attempt to transition back to underwear, his accident and embarrassed request for my assistance, the quirky little solution we've cooked up whereby I check on him throughout the day and remind him to use the potty like a big boy. "It's honestly pretty fun," I laugh, watching Scott upend the last of the wine bottle into my glass. "Like, I've never been a mom, and I don't ever intend to be. But it's so sweet getting to watch him blush and head off to the toilet like a sweet little boy whenever I tell him to..."

Scott's engrossed, clearly. "So, do you think he'll make it? Back to underwear, I mean?" He's picking at the crumbs on his plate, and I sense an air of rueful embarrassment coming from him. "I never wanted to mess things up for him, you know. It was just- he was into it- and I was into it-" "Relax, Scott," I console him, and then I'm placing my hand reassuringly on his arm. "It's all good. Honestly, Devin and I are both really enjoying our little thing. And I'm sure if he really wants to and really tries hard enough, he'll be back in those silly big boy pants of his before he knows it..."

He raises an eyebrow and flashes a wry smile. "Wait, *'silly'*? I thought you weren't wild about the whole baby and mommy thing. Aren't you more of a sissy and bondage kind of gal?" "Well," I maintain, realizing the truth even as I articulate it aloud for the first time. "Yeah, I didn't think I was. But things have changed a bit. A girl can always change her mind, right?" I flash a cheeky grin. "And why not combine them? I bet someone out there's making all kinds of girly baby clothes and pink sissy diapers, aren't they?"

Maybe I won't tell him just yet how I know that. A kinky girl never shares her browser history.

Scott's shaking his head and scooting closer in his chair. "Well... you got me there! But enough about Devin for tonight. I want to hear more about what *you* like, Clair..." He's reaching out his hand tentatively, and on a sudden impulse I take it and place it squarely on my left breast with an alcohol-infused smirk. "Oh, do you now? You've already given me your meat, Scott. What else can you possibly give a girl to keep her... interested?"

There's some stupid rule moms always tell you when you're growing up, isn't there? About not going swimming for a half-hour after you've eaten, or you'll get a stitch? I have no idea if that

applies to sex as well, but fuck it all – we're about to find out.

Scott's beautiful, he really is: the way he moves in the bedroom, the way those muscles of his ripple in the light, that growling voice of his that I didn't think could get any lower than it already was. And god, how good it feels to have those big hands of his circling my waist, tugging down my panties, running fingers over my skin like a horseman coolly inspecting his most recent purchase...

But then I'm bridleing instinctively, pushing back on him, my heart thudding faster as I spin away and catch sight of his bare buttocks. God, how I'd love to see those bent over my knee, reddening with every smarting blow I deal them. And oh, there's nothing that makes me want to tie up a guy more than seeing those bare muscles: muscles that will be less than useless as soon as I've finished binding them with my ropework...

We writhe and moan and play like that for countless minutes: testing each other, exploring each other's naked bodies, exclaiming and laughing and moaning as we play in the warm lamplight. Scott is clearly a strong man, a dominant man, one who rarely if ever submits to another in the bedroom. And yet, I too am strong, and dominant, and anything but submissive. That's why there's this spark between us, I realize somewhere along the way, as I feel him simultaneously nuzzling my breasts while also circling my throat with his magnificent hands. Neither of us is going to go down easily... and so we wrestle and play in the most sensual and enjoyable conflict imaginable.

Perhaps we'll find our way to orgasm later on. Or maybe we won't. Right now it's enough, on this first real date, to toy with one another as equals.

And yes, I'd be lying if I said that halfway through the evening I didn't have a fleeting vision of Devin: a sweet, wide-eyed Devin, sitting there in his diaper and a pink T-shirt, watching in pacified astonishment as the grownups cavort before his eyes. Oh, what a sight that would be for a little one like him... watching a naked Mommy and a naked Daddy playing together in such very adult ways...

It's just a fantasy, of course. But you never know... right?