

A Temporary Solution

Chapter One

Commission - July 2020

"So, who's this Scott guy, anyway?"

Trevor's question was simple enough - or it should have been. But somehow with me, everything ends up being far more sticky and complicated than one might think, doesn't it? "Umm, well, he's a nice guy," I faltered, tracing a ring of moisture on the table top with my sweating, ice-cold beer. "A really nice guy..."

He's my Daddy, my Big, my Caregiver, my Dom. But when none of those terms will even begin to make sense to your vanilla friend, what do you even say? Where do you even start?

I saw Trevor wrinkle his nose as he took another swig. "You don't say," he snorted affably. "Come on, bro. I mean, I get it if you two are a "thing," or whatever. I don't really care. Just checking to make sure you're not shackled up with an axe murderer or something. Y'know?"

I flashed a wobbly grin, feeling my cheeks flush with something akin to embarrassment. Or maybe it was just the alcohol. "No, no, it's not like that! I actually just used to work with him a couple of years ago. You know, at that sporting goods place?" I took another nervous sip. "We ended up kind of staying in touch after I quit. And then when those bastards downsized us back in April... Well, I guess he happened to hear about it. And yeah... he just up and said he'd be cool with me moving in for a bit."

"Pretty nice of him indeed," Trevor observed, raising his voice to be heard over a sudden outburst of laughter from a few tables over. "So he was literally like, 'Move in with me'? Just like that? No strings attached?"

Dammit, Trevor! I flushed again, relieved that at least my old college friend, perceptive as he seemed to be, still wasn't quite able to read minds. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. After all, he didn't need to hear anything about the specifics of our years-long relationship - or how exactly we'd worked it out. Oh, I remembered it well, that evening...

We'd been leaving our monthly munch when I first gave it away, the news of my termination.

"Devie, baby, that's terrible!" Scott was nothing if not discreet around others - but there in the safety of the restaurant's darkened parking lot, he'd easily resorted to his affectionate nickname for me. "No severance, no grace period, no nothing? Just, boom?"

Yes, boom, I'd confided, feeling the anxiety welling up once more in the pit of my stomach. Rent in our city was astronomically high. And while I'd naturally been planning on renewing my lease next month, that damned pink slip had blown that plan to smithereens.

Maybe it was Scott's comforting fatherly presence. Or maybe it was the lovely warm padding concealed discreetly within my shorts, tugging me irresistibly into littlespace. But right in that moment, I'd wanted nothing more than to bury my head in his chest and open up for him to tuck my soothing binkie into my mouth...

And then he'd said it, slipping further into the quiet, sweetly paternal tone we both loved. "Aww, that's too bad, Devie! It really is. But listen, I've got a great big lovely idea on how to make it all better, okay?" I'd nodded, listening in amazement as he outlined his proposal. "My apartment is more than big enough for two, you know," he'd told me in that lovely, rumbly voice of his. "And I'm sure it wouldn't be for too long, baby. Just until you get back on your feet..."

Yes, yes, I'd agreed uncertainly. But was he sure? We'd have to think about it. I'd maybe have to sleep on it... "Of course!" Scott had assented, and even in the darkness I had caught a glimpse of his comforting smile. "But listen. In case it helps you decide, I've got a few rules in mind that we'd need to put in place if you do move in. At least, a few for starters..." He'd leaned closer, and my breath had caught as he began enumerating his conditions.

"It will still be my house, Devin, and that means I'll be the one in charge. So that also means little boys like you definitely won't get to decide when they get to wear big boy pants, and when they have to get padded up. Or even when they get changed." He'd laughed softly. "In fact, I'm pretty sure little Devie wouldn't even be allowed to ask for a change! Now, doesn't that sound like a fun rule?"

God, it did. I'd nodded mutely, feeling my inner, subby self melting as Scott continued. "Number two. I don't think little Devie will be allowed to dress himself, ever." "Ever?" Then of course, my stupid adult rationality had suddenly resurfaced, panic blossoming within me at the idea of going out, of job- "Not for job interviews, though. Please?" "Oh, well..." he'd conceded slowly. "Sure, I guess not for those. But any other time, I'll be the one dressing you. Got it?"

Yes, I did - oh, I *did*. "And I think a third rule will be that I'll be the one deciding when - or whether" he'd chuckled, "whether little Devin will be using the potty. I mean, water is expensive, sonny boy. And I can't have you wasting water all the time in my house, after all..."

"Dude. Hey, dude! Earth to Devin - you copy?"

Startled back into the fluorescent din of the bar, I shook myself free from those delightful memories and back into my current predicament: how best to answer Trevor. "Huh? Sorry... Strings attached? Um, no. I mean..." Dammit, I was just babbling now. "Nothing really different from anyone else. Things like water use and stuff..." Oh, yes, water usage. If only Trevor knew that I could still count on one hand the number of times I'd actually used the big boy potty since moving in with Scott...

"Okay, I mean... Sure? Hey man, I'm glad it's working out for you," Trevor shrugged - and took another gulp. He didn't seem particularly convinced, but then again, that wasn't a huge problem. He didn't even live on this side of the country, and once we parted after our drinks, I'd probably not hear from him for another six months.

"Yeah, me too," I agreed, draining the last of my Stella. *God, me too*. I'd been so excited by Scott's proposal that night that - and I'm not exactly proud of it - I'd only gotten a few hours of sleep, consumed as I was by wave after wave of feverish imaginations and hormone-fueled masturbation into my soggy (and increasingly sticky) Bambino...

Yet even while my hormones had been having their own private Mardi Gras, all that ensuing day the rational debate had raged inside my brain. Did I really know Scott well enough to do this? Surely he'd come to hate me after putting up with me for a few weeks. Or what about all those other rules he'd hinted at - the ones he might instate later on "just to make sure I behaved," as he'd put it? And what if my parents started asking uncomfortable questions? Sure, they didn't really mind that I swung both ways, but the BDSM and the ageplay were still best kept in the closet. And if I went as deep into things as Scott was saying, well, it might become impossible to hide...

But this would just be a temporary arrangement. It sure would be financially appealing. And really, who knew when I'd ever have a chance to live out my dream of being someone's sweet, caged, diapered little boy? Chances like that didn't come along every day, after all!

And so, less than twenty-four hours later, we'd had the fateful Discord chat, in which I, heart pounding and fingers quivering, had not only agreed to Scott's proposals, but proposed my own fourth rule to supplement his initial three. It was that fourth rule that explained the strange weight and tightness between my thighs at this very moment. For tucked deep within my already-soggy PeekABU was my caged little cock, locked up securely for as long as Scott saw fit to keep me diapered...

"So, anyway, man, enough about me," I shrugged good-naturedly, even as in a sudden fit of boldness I motioned the waitress over. "Another Stella, please, thanks." I knew my trusty PeekABU would handle it without a hitch. And so, I smiled brightly over at my college friend - so innocent, and nice, and utterly, boringly ordinary.

"How's the insurance business going, then?"

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Two
Commission - August 2020

The early evening sun was still warm on my shoulders as I stepped out of the bar and began my trek homeward. Sure, I could have taken the bus. Maybe even an Uber. But it was a lovely Saturday evening, and it would have been a pity to let to go to waste...

Eh, who was I kidding? I knew the real reason I didn't want to take that seat on the bus or slide into the upholstered interior of some rideshare driver's car. It had nothing to do with the state of the weather, but everything to do with the state of my increasingly heavy undergarment.

I flushed slightly as a young couple, hand in hand, slipped awkwardly past me on the sidewalk, even as I felt another spurt of urine flooding out into the swollen bulk already bulging wetly within my jeans. Jeez, I'd lost track of time in there—but my beer-soaked bladder certainly hadn't. At this point, if I sat down heavily anywhere I was far more likely than not to leave a damp little calling card: the imprint of my soggy ass, made humiliatingly visible for all to see. And more worrisome still, I was already feeling a grumbling pressure growing deep within me: a pressure that past experience had taught me would only end in a very explosive and smelly way...

Hence the walk.

It was only half an hour away by foot. No problem for a fit young guy like me, even if he did have a peculiar waddle to his gait and a grumble in his gut. At least I could just walk, distracting myself from my cramps by musing in silence on all that Trevor and I had—and hadn't—discussed about my new living situation...

Moving in with someone else is kind of a big deal, I'd found. No sooner do you let the cat out of the bag than folks start trying to hook you up with your new roommate. They begin parsing your every word and action for confirmation that your change in living arrangements really is due to some unconfessed romantic attraction. No, mom, I had sighed over and over. No, dad. No, well-meaning acquaintances. We're just friends, honestly. Scott's a cool dude, and it's only temporary anyway. *Jeez, just chill your buns already!*

Then at some point they finally shut up - or at least, they resort to knowing winks, offhand

comments, and sweetly innocent questions about how your new roommate is doing. And you mechanically trot out the same harmless, socially expected answers. Yes, he's fine. Yes, yes, very busy. Sure, we're doing great.

While all the while, irresistible visions of the night before are pulsing through your brain, the very memory of his strong hands on your bare ass and the fatherly rumble of his voice overwhelming you with endorphins, tugging you irresistibly downward into the mingled relief and shame and wordless gratitude of little space...

Scott took on the daddy role from the very day I moved in. He was the one who decided how my room should be arranged. He was the one who organized and stacked my clothes, making it very clear to me that my sartorial choices were no longer my own. He would be the one to dress me, just as we'd agreed. He would ensure that the stacks of diapers in my dresser drawer were always ready and waiting for his little boy. He would decide when—and if—little Devie even came close to earning rights to use the big boy potty...

And of course, just as I'd requested, he would also keep my little dick neatly caged and locked away whenever I was in diapers.

Which ended up being far more often than I'd first imagined. Oh, naturally I'd loved the idea of being his caged little diaper boy. That sort of submissiveness and humiliation was precisely what I craved in life—and what was more, it made sense to me. Real, biological little boys weren't supposed to be interested in their little willies, let alone know what they were for. Far better, and so much more authentic, to keep me and my libido locked away—needy, restrained, and completely under Daddy Scott's control.

But the first few days had gone by, and I'd been diapered 24/7. I'd ended up soiling myself before finally getting up the courage to ask, sniffing, whether I wouldn't be allowed to use the big boy potty sometime. "Oh, perhaps," was all Scott would tell me, even as he wrapped another bulky diaper around my freshly powdered ass. "But I really don't think it's time for that. And besides..." His voice had dropped into that deep, no-nonsense register that set my Little heart aflutter. "Those are the rules, Devie baby. You know that. I make the decisions... and that is that."

Oh, my. Sure, I'd envisioned a day or two when Scott might make me wear a diaper even when I didn't feel like it. But this...? Well, it was a bit more than I'd bargained for. But I couldn't very well back out, not when I'd agreed to it. I couldn't very well undo the triple layers of multi-colored duct tape—blue with colorful monkeys that tickled the very core of my Little heart—which he now used

to bind every new diaper securely around my waist. And of course, I hadn't the slightest clue where to find the key to the cage that, ever since I'd moved in, had been holding my most intimate part of my anatomy prisoner...

Yes, Daddy's little diapered prisoner. That was my new life.

"Hi, I'm back," I called, closing the heavy front door behind me with a soft thud. Ugh, there was another cramp, the worst yet. *Ow, ow, ow*- I felt the rising pressure mount in my bowels, then escape into a muffled, squeaky fart. It wouldn't be long now. But maybe, just maybe, Scott would relent this time. Surely he'd help me out, what with being so soggy too...

"Hey, Devie." And there he was, tall and handsome and imposing as ever - not to mention shirtless. "I'm just headed out, baby. How did the meeting go with, uh, with-" "Trevor," I supplied. "Yeah, it went fine. Fine. But I was wondering, Daddy..." He seemed to like it when I called him that. "I'm, um, I'm very wet, and I-"

"What, you need a change? I thought I just changed you this morning!" I couldn't tell if he was joking or not as he turned and headed back the hall to our shared bathroom. "Well, yes," I admitted sheepishly, waddling anxiously after him. "But it's been a long time, you know. And I had a few beers, and I don't want to leak..."

"Oh, you think you're going to leak, do you?" He was buttoning his shirt on now, clearly anxious to be off. "Sorry, Devie, but I really needed to leave for this date like ten minutes ago." He ran his fingers through his sandy hair and looked me over quickly. "Hmm. Nothing that a fresh diaper can't fix, right?"

Hope blossomed within me as he strode into my bedroom and took a fresh diaper from my top dresser drawer. "But I also-" I grimaced as a fresh cramp seized me. "I also really need to go... the other way, you know..." "Oh, really? Now, of all times?" Scott was clearly annoyed now. "Look, Devin, I really need to leave! I'm late for this date already, and honestly, I don't have time for your shit..."

Uh-oh. I lowered my jeans, baring the sodden bulk between my legs, then watched nervously as he unfolded the MegaMax and spread it on the bed. "But I was hoping to use the big boy-" "Up here, now." Stung by his no-nonsense tone, I scrambled to obey. But oh, the surprise he had in store for

me!

For there was no tearing of duct tape, no harsh ripping sound of tapes. Only a series of sudden jabs, then the rustle of a fresh diaper being pulled hastily around me, tightening down over the already swollen—and now perforated—padding between my thighs.

"There! Double diapers should tide you over until I get back."

And with that, Daddy was out the door, leaving a stunned, soggy, and still-cramping young man staring dismally after him.

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Three
Commission - September 2020

Jeez, what had I been thinking?

I gripped the steering wheel a trifle tighter as the now-twilit cityscape flashed before my eyes. Listen, I argued with myself. I had to be the big guy here. I, Scott McCubbin, was supposed to be the one in charge. I had things in life to do, and I had to be firm sometimes. Mean, even.

Though maybe I shouldn't have been quite so mean just now.

He taxed my patience sometimes, truth be told. But Devin *was* a sweetie. He trusted me, and I in return tried my very best not to let him down. When he was upset, I'd been there to hug those smiles back onto his face. When he'd lost his job, I'd offered him not only a place to stay; I'd given him a home.

It was just that... well, sometimes I just wished I'd known what I was getting into.

I flicked on the turn signal and began decelerating as my exit swam into view. *Damn, only two minutes to spare.* Some hidden, ugly part of me wanted to blame my lateness on Devin and his silly pleading to be changed. I'd probably be hooking up with Craig already if Devin hadn't been fussing and begging, right? Honestly, why couldn't he just act his real age now and then?

But not even I could shrug away the quiet voice of reason in my head. I was the one who'd set the rules, it reminded me coolly. I was the one deliberately keeping the guy in diapers all the time. It wasn't like Devin had much of a choice in the matter these days, did he?

Dammit. Maybe I *had* been kind of a jerk.

It must have been the thumping bass and the glaring lights. Or maybe it was Craig's genial smile and mesmerizing blue eyes. Then too, maybe it was just my stupid conscience and my growing need to unburden myself to someone who wasn't playing the role of a pants-pissing toddler. Whatever the case, it wasn't long until I found myself voicing my troubles to my new acquaintance.

Thank god he was hella kinky, too—as kinky as he was handsome. Not to mention cool with bi and poly folks.

"I mean, I don't mind taking care of the guy," I assured Craig—and myself. "I'm totally into giving him the sort of stuff he likes. But I mean..." I sighed in exasperation. "It's just a lot, you know? Taking care of him, and having him always around, and supporting him and playing with him and shit. It just totally wears me out sometimes..."

Craig's amply-tattooed hand slid easily toward his drink. "I get it," he murmured calmly, eyeing me over the rim. "You like playing the Dom. I do too, you know." He chuckled knowingly. "But damn, it's one hell of a jump from playing a few hours in a dungeon on the weekend to going hard all day, every day. Believe me, I know."

You do? Well, why don't you tell me more, you gorgeous specimen of a man...

"I did the same thing a couple years back. You know—really had the hots for this girl. She was a pants pisser. Loved wax and gunging, too. Really pushed my buttons." He sipped at his drink and winked at me easily. "Naturally I jumped as soon as she even breathed the idea of us shacking up. Why the hell not? We were both weird as fuck, and we both liked each other. Made sense, right?"

I nodded silently, waiting for Craig to continue. Somehow, I could already guess that it hadn't ended happily.

"Yeah, well. Not gonna bore you with the details, man. But let me ask you this: you ever have to clean up the mess from a good gunge fest?" I grinned despite myself and shook my head as he continued, growing more animated. "Ever walk into your kitchen for a little snack and step into puddles of piss? Or end up replacing your mattress because your chick keeps pissing through it for kicks?" He shook his head in exasperation. "Listen, I'm not gonna knock it all. She was hot, and the sex was incredible. But at the end of the day, man, I couldn't take it—not like that. Not 24/7."

I sighed quietly, tracing the scratches on the table as I mentally pictured the diaper leaks and messy mealtimes and smelly garbage bags that had already begun to enter my life. "Do you- do you think it's ever possible to go lifestyle with it? Like, without burning out?" "As a Dom? Absolutely," Craig assured me, his blue eyes regarding me in amusement. "But if you ask me, to make it work you've got to do at least one of two things, man. One of two things..."

"Oh, really?" I couldn't help myself as I leaned closer. *Damn, Craig was so confident, so attractive...*

"Yep. Number one, you gotta keep on coming up with new and edgy shit to do—just to keep things interesting. Or number two, you settle down and have a real, solid relationship with them. Maybe not marriage, but something more than jacking each other off, you know?"

Craig's eyebrows lifted as he asked the question that would haunt me in my quieter moments during the coming days and weeks. "So then. Are you in a serious relationship with this guy?"

At least the ride home three hours later was a blast.

Neither of us had any illusions, of course. We were together to chat, hook up, maybe fuck, try some kinky shit, and then part on friendly terms. Maybe that lack of pressure was precisely what made it so damn easy and enjoyable to get along together.

And so, the conversation in the car became comfortably lewd as we shared, in the most casual of tones, some of the dirtiest ideas imaginable.

"I wanna see your roommate when we get there," Craig chortled, the alcohol adding just a gentle slur to the edges of his consonants. "Need to see if you deserve each other, you know. Remember now, 'kay? If you got no emotional relationship, you gotta keep it edgy."

"Like how?" I had my eyes on the road, naturally, but was all ears. "Lemme see. You said he's into the whole baby thing, right? Diapers and everything?" "And chastity, too. Been locked up since he moved in." "Ooh, that's fun," Craig muttered cordially. "Think he'd like some sissy training? I bet he'd look hot in a pink skirt and lace, man. Humiliate the hell out of him. Give him a plug and gag, too—ring gag, so your little sissy slut can suck you off now and then before you fuck his ass..."

And so it continued until we arrived back at my apartment. "Now, just so you know," I cautioned as we made our way slowly up the stairs. "I might have left him in kind of a pickle. He might be a little... I dunno. Upset." My heart misgave me momentarily as I remembered how I'd left in such a huff...

As I turned the key and slowly opened the door, my eyes fell on the abject figure of Devin, crouching before us on the patterned carpet. He was naked, save for the massive, discolored bulk of the doubled and many-times-over soiled diapers around his waist. And the look of utter dismay and shame in his eyes as he caught sight of Craig was priceless.

Maybe it was awful of me. But quite frankly, I loved it: his degraded appearance; the trembling of his lips; that groveling, trapped expression in his eyes as he stared helplessly up at me. And once more I was his Daddy, and in control of everything.

Perhaps I wasn't ready for a serious relationship, not yet. But until that day might come, I was sure as hell going to do everything I could to make things unforgettably fun—for *both* of us.

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Four
Commission - December 2020

We hadn't talked about this.

Sure, I loved letting Scott take charge. I adored the idea of him ordering me around, setting rules, treating me with all the gentle, loving condescension that real daddies lavish upon their toddlers. But *this*?

My mouth was dry as I stared stupidly up at the two giants towering over me: Scott with his blond hair now slightly askew, and an unknown figure beside him, tattoos crisscrossing his bare forearms, strangely blue eyes peering down at me with amused interest. And why wouldn't he be amused? Here I knelt, just as I'd planned—naked in my diapers, deep in little space and submissive and humble and oh, so smelly. Scott wouldn't be able to refuse changing me like that, I'd reasoned. He'd be a nice Daddy and change his stinky little rugrat before bed...

But what on earth was he going to do now? What was *I* going to do?

Fortunately, his next words provided the answers. "Devin, baby! Looks like someone needs some attention, don't they? Do you need a change?" The kindness in his tone—was that remorse, perhaps?—emboldened me to raise my flaming cheeks. I didn't trust myself to speak, but I nodded wordlessly. *Yes, Scott. Yes, Daddy, please. I know I'm not supposed to change myself but I could have and it was so hard not to but I obeyed the rules 'cause I'm a good boy I promise I promise-*

Yeah—when I'm in littlespace it's hard to snap out of it just like that. Particularly when you've been marinating in a massively soiled diaper for most of the day.

"This is Craig," Scott finally smiled, gesturing over at his fellow giant. He must have seen the anxiety welling in my eyes, judging from his apologetic tone. "He's a cool dude, I promise. Just came back to say hi, and, well-" His glance flicked over to Craig, who gave a rogueish grin. "We'll see what happens," the blue-eyed giant shrugged. "Pleased to meet you, Devin! You're a very good baby boy, aren't you?"

Something in his tone made me shiver inexplicably. Oh, he knew the terms to use all right... but he wasn't my daddy. He wasn't Scott. And not in a million years would I ever be deep enough in littlespace not to know that difference.

Not that I got much of a chance to object, of course. Scott took me by the hand and escorted me back to my room—the one with the dresser drawer stuffed with MegaMaxes and boosters and all the other delightful toys I'd gathered over the years. "Come on, Craig, don't be a stranger," he called behind him—and sure enough, I caught sight of his large frame entering my room just as Scott's hands pushed me firmly onto the makeshift changing table.

He was in *my room*. I mean, Scott's room. Not mine. So I guess I couldn't complain... could I? *But he's going to see me- Going to see me all smelly and messy and naked-*

Again, not that I had a choice. "Just going to clean up my little baby here," Scott offered over his shoulder in an almost conversational tone. "Heads up in case you're squeamish. He's pretty rank tonight!" "Hell, I've seen a lot worse than a shitty diaper," Craig chortled from somewhere in the room - and then I felt the rush of cool air on my tingling skin. *Oh yes- But oh no-* I was naked now, naked as the day I was born, and Scott and this stranger and god and everyone could see-

Maybe if I squeezed my eyes shut I could pretend I wasn't there.

"Nice cage," I heard the giant remark coolly. "Just about the right size for such a tiny little cock, huh?" I felt Scott's hand wiping away my filthy mess, and he chuckled. "Oh, yeah! See, he loves these diapers far too much. Can't have him crawling around all day humping and grinding on everything he sees... Can we now, little one?"

I writhed in silent humiliation, my cheeks flaming even as I felt the cool wash of lotion being massaged into my bare booty. *Daddy's taking care of me- but humiliating me- But I deserve it, I guess...*

And then the crinkle of plastic finally sounded. I blinked gratefully up at the ceiling again, never so glad to have felt the welcome touch of a dry diaper safely enfolding my private parts. Some adult part of my brain sensed full well the strange irony: that I wanted far more for this stranger to see me thickly diapered—diapered like an absolute infant—than to be naked. But yes... it was true. After all, better to be safe as Daddy's little diaper boy than to be his vulnerable, exposed, caged, small-dicked little sub...

"Baby, you haven't had any supper yet, have you?" Scott was pulling me upright now, having fastened my fresh, boosted MegaMax around my waist. "Come on, Devin! Let's get you fed up before bed." "Man, what's a big baby like him even *eat*?" Craig was openly laughing at me now as

Scott tugged a T-shirt over my head. "I bet he'd love to suck on some great big titties like a real baby, wouldn't he? But then again, I don't suppose we've got any of *those* around here..."

And then I heard it as Scott herded me out the door. "Hey, how about a nice thick cock?"

They fed me in the end: after cuffing my hands to the chair so I couldn't squirm away or feed myself. Scott typically didn't spend a lot of time making my diet super babyish, but at Craig's urging, tonight was quite the exception.

"Babies like him don't need solid food, Scott," he'd chortled—and with that, I'd ended up with whatever remotely babyish fare they were able to rustle up from the pantry: what must have been three or four packets of Quaker oatmeal, a large bowl of applesauce, and a full bottle of soy milk. Craig stood there, grinning openly while my Daddy tucked spoon after spoon into my mouth. It was perhaps the most humiliating meal I'd ever experienced: stuck in my chair in nothing but my babyish T-shirt and diaper, being force-fed toddler food while a virtual stranger looked on, offering chilling suggestions on how to make babies like me behave. And yet, even in the midst of my littlespace fog I couldn't ignore the tingling tension mounting higher inside my cage...

Once I was stuffed full, much to my surprise Scott refilled the bottle I'd just drained and handed it back into my now-cuffed-together hands. "Let's get you off to bed so the big boys can have some playtime," he chuckled—and of course, like the good little boy I was, I waddled off to my room in shamefaced, crinkling compliance. "That bottle better be empty by the time I come in to check on you, Devin. Got it?" This too was new—but I was in no place to protest.

And so it was that, at the end of that long, long day, I found myself back in the makeshift crib I now called mine. Through the wall came muffled sounds of delightfully sordid adult pleasure: guttural moans, sharp smacks, the thumps and creaks of the bed straining to contain the enthusiasm of their love-making. I suckled harder as I listened, repressing the burps that threatened to spill outward. I was baby—Baby Devin—and I had a bottle to drink. Daddy Scott needed me to drink it, and so I would.

Yet still the noises rang out, jarring oddly with the littlespace fog that still filled my brain... and setting something atingle once more between my splayed legs.

So it was that once the bottle was drained, it was only a matter of moments before my hands,

clinking softly in their cuffs, slipped downward to my padded crotch. Oh, what I would have given to be able to remove the cage right then! Hearing Daddy Scott moaning, the thumps and gasps of their pleasure, set me alight with envious longing. But I was Baby Devin... and I was trapped: in my cage, in my babyish padding, in my cuffs. In the rules to which I had agreed what now seemed so long ago... And yet somehow, it was precisely this helplessness that only made me more aroused...

I don't remember when I feel asleep. But I do know that I was nowhere closer to sexual satisfaction than I had been ever since moving in.

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Five
Commission - January 2021

Morning already?

I blinked blearily into the pale light that was now filtering through the curtains and into my little room. The room wasn't much, of course: a simple twin bed, a dark wooden dresser that had seen better days, a basic nightstand and lamp, and along one wall, a blanket-covered folding table that served as my changing station. But it was my room - my *home* - and yes, it was all thanks to Scott's generosity.

Oh, yeah. Scott. The memory of the night before oozed through my mind as I stared up at the textured ceiling. He'd treated me so- so high-handedly. As if I didn't have a say in anything anymore. As if my feelings and opinions didn't even matter. And what was worse, I had to admit it wasn't entirely out of keeping with past experience. In fact, from the very moment I'd come here, I'd become nothing more than a plaything - a sort of life-size betsy-wetsy doll to be manhandled, tossed into the toybox, and then taken out again whenever he saw fit to play with me...

Oh, sure. He'd issued rules, and I'd deliberately, intentionally agreed to abide by them. Heck, I'd even suggested one of my own - the one that had instated the cage that even now I felt clinging, firm and unyielding, around my flaccid and urine-covered penis. I'd actually looked forward to those rules, and to him gently but firmly making sure that I would abide by them. Yes, Scott would force me back into diapers, just as I'd fantasized. He'd tease me and keep me caged, too. But not 24/7, and never in front of others!

I never agreed to let you bring other guys around to see me like this, I mentally raged, squirming to find a more comfortable position in which to lie while I relieved my night-swollen bladder. *I don't even know that guy, and now he's seen me literally crawling on the floor in- in my diapers! What if he'd been someone at a company I'm applying to work for?!* I sighed despite myself, as much in exasperation as in relief as I flooded my diaper, even now relishing the feeling of my MegaMax so easily wicking away the morning tide of hot urine...

Communicate. Never be afraid to communicate with your partner. Those calm words of advice I'd read once in some half-forgotten Tumblr post or advice column or something flitted back into my mind as I sat up gingerly in my now-warming padding. Yeah, communicate. I could do that. It wouldn't be easy, of course. In fact, I felt pretty sure it would be awkward as hell, given that I was staying

here rent-free as Scott's rule-bound sub. But awkward or not, I had to at least try.

After all, it was a pretty easy choice: either communicate, or risk having another horrible surprise like last evening.

"How was your night?" Devin inquired, looking up from his nearly-empty bowl of cereal. "I guess Craig's not around here, is he?" The caffeine hadn't kicked in yet, but even so, amid the swirl of deliciously sordid memories that the mention of last night was conjuring in my mind, I caught a glint of apprehension in Devin's eyes. *Uh-oh. He's looking a bit upset-*

"Um, no. Craig had to catch an early flight, so he headed out before you were up," I answered honestly, taking a fresh swig of coffee. *Oh, he had - after showing me what a real man does in bed. Hell, I never knew you could even do that-* "Sorry. Did you want to see him before he left? He, um, he said it was fun meeting you..."

Devin set his spoon down firmly, and I could tell from his expression that he was indeed upset - probably more than a bit. "No. I didn't want to see him this morning." His voice was trembling slightly, which sounded at once both adorable and alarming. "In fact, I didn't want to see him at all. Not even yesterday."

I cleared my throat, trying not to let my discomfiture show. "Um, oh. Okay? But I thought you- and he-" Devin wasn't the type to cut anyone off, but his shaky-voiced interruption was enough to make me pause. "No, Scott. I- I want to talk. About us- and about Craig- and lots of things-"

"Ookay?" *Well, what else is there to say?*

His cheeks were flushing red, but he plunged on. "Scott, I really like you. And I like living here. You've been, like- super nice. And I really appreciate it." The words were coming faster now. "But I- I mean, we agreed on rules, you know? And I like them. But I never wanted anyone else to *know* about them- about me, and, you know-"

"That you like being my baby boy?" I supplied, and he nodded vigorously. "Yeah! Why didn't you tell me you were bringing a guy home, Scott? I never wanted anyone but you to see me like- well, you know-" He blushed adorably, and I could feel every daddy-ish fiber of my body longing to reach out and give him a warm hug. "We never agreed to that- I never, you know, gave my consent-"

It was the final word that fully grabbed my attention. Because if there's one word uniting all kinksters everywhere, it's that little word *consent*. And yes, my conscience was only too ready to supplement Devin's words, to remind me that I really had been an ass. I'd violated his consent, and that was an infraction that should be completely inexcusable.

But I was also human - and like most humans, my first instinct was to push back when challenged. "Oh, come on, Devin. I'm sorry if you didn't expect it, but isn't that, like, part of the fun? To let other people be in charge, and let us make you do all those awesome baby things you love?" I attempted a dry chuckle to ease the tension, but Devin's face remained unamused, and I pressed on in growing discomfort. "Really? You mean to tell me that you didn't enjoy *any* part of last night? Come on, I'd bet you anything you were humping and grinding away in there after I tucked you in..."

Devin's face, which I thought couldn't get any redder, became beet-red. "Um, well, no- I mean, that's beside the point-" "Is it now?" I rejoined, half amused and half ashamed that I'd scored such a point. "I'm not so sure." But then my better instincts prevailed, and I shifted into serious mode with a sigh. "Okay, Devin. Real talk now. I'm- I'm sorry I didn't ask before bringing someone home with me. I didn't mean to hurt you, really..."

And that's how it started, that memorable Sunday morning conversation. It was exactly as I'd thought - awkward as hell, at least at the beginning. But Scott had been understanding, and once we'd broken the ice it became so much easier to talk things out. "No more bringing folks home without warning," he'd finally promised with an affectionate pat of my head. "And no more ignoring you. Oh, and yes - I promise you'll get to have some big boy fun now and then without a cage. At least once a month, okay?"

But then he'd shared with me something that set my skin atingle with shivery anticipation. "I really, really enjoy having you as my Little," he'd confided in that lovely deep voice of his. "And just so you know, I want to try more new stuff together. I want you to show you just how much fun it can be to let me take control - to tease you - to, you know, *humiliate* you..."

Oh, how I'd felt my heartbeat quicken at that despite myself. "Now, not in front of anyone else," he'd promised. "At least, not until you're seriously okay with it. But listen - I saw how you looked last night, baby. I saw what an adorable, humiliated, obedient little sissy baby you can be... and I

think we both know that we're going to have a lot of fun once we make that a reality..."

Promises of consent having been made, and fears of future Craigs having now been dismissed, I could no longer resist the naughty visions that now filled my dirty imagination. There was Scott, bare-chested and leather-clad, pushing my face deeper into a massive bowl of laxative-laced oatmeal. Or the sensation of struggling vainly in those cuffs of his as he laughingly forced his swollen cock deeper into my gaping mouth. Or feeling his strong hand smacking my shit-covered, diapered ass while his low voice growled in my ear about what a filthy little baby I really was...

Yeah. Maybe it was a good thing Scott hadn't yet learned how to read minds.

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Six

Commission - February 2021

"Ohh, fuck, yes. Don't stop. Such a good boy- Daddy's good little diaper boy-"

The morning light plays across the bared, tanned muscles above me. Scott is sighing, moaning, his naked chest heaving with pleasure as he urges me on. I glance up mutely, quickening my pace as I feel his hands around my head clenching tighter. We're getting closer, closer, ever closer-

I'm sucking mindlessly, stifling my gag reflex, my eyes rolling back shut as I focus all my attention on pleasing my Daddy. *Good little diaper boy. Little baby sucking on Daddy's special bottle. Dumb little diaper baby.* The phrases echo through my mind as I press closer, suck harder, push deeper. In, out. In, out. I'm Daddy Scott's diaper baby, and I'm going to obey him, pleasure him, humiliate myself for him...

It comes just as my tired jaw begins to cramp. "Oh, yes, yes, yes," Daddy is moaning, and with a spasmodic jerk his swollen cock, wet with my drool, slips from between my lips. As the warm splatters of his cum spray over my face, I feel my own caged cock twinge in envy deep within my night-swollen diaper. I'm Daddy's little cock slut baby, and if I weren't caged right now I'd probably be cumming myself from the sheer rush of such degradation.

God, I really must be more of a sub than I first thought.

Scott is still panting, sweating, the muscles of his gorgeous body rippling as he bends down to wipe my sticky face with his castoff bathrobe. "Holy fuck, Devin. You're amazing- so amazing-" My eyes are closed as he wipes me clean, but I feel I must be beaming from ear to ear. I may be naked here on my knees, clad in nothing but a droopy diaper and a grin and Daddy Scott's cum. But somehow, I can't imagine a better start to our holiday.

It's Labor Day - a wonderful three-day weekend that brings Scott home and gives me a day of respite from the anxious frustration of my job hunt. And what's more, it's even more special for us; for as it so happens, today is also what we call our "move-in-a-versary" - that is, the day of the month that I first moved in here with Scott. We're not a romantic couple or anything, really. It's just a cool sort of thing to remember, you know - an excuse to have a beer or two extra, or to head

out for dinner somewhere, or even just to order a pizza and have a movie night.

And from what Scott tells me after he emerges from the shower, he has definite plans to commemorate both. "Labor Day too, huh?" he comments, his growling voice a few notes deeper than usual. "You know, I've got a great idea for you, Devie baby." I crane my neck upward from my prone position before him, ignoring for the moment the icy chill of the wipes he's using to clean my urine-soaked skin. "Okay... Daddy?"

He loves it when I call him that directly.

And sure enough, an indulgent smile lights up his face. "Of course! You see, you were such a good boy for me this morning. You really did labor, didn't you - working so hard to make sure Daddy had a good time?" I flush and nod as I feel my legs lifted and a fresh, crinkling garment slips beneath me. "So I think you've earned your own happy times today for sure. Good boys who work so hard for Daddy don't need cages..."

Before I know it, I feel a click, two tugs, and then the sudden lightness of my free and unencumbered cock and balls as they dangle free of their former constraint. I'm out of my chastity cage for the first time in what feels like years... and it feels absolutely amazing.

"Thank you, Daddy," I blurt gratefully, elation welling up within me. "Thank you! Baby Devin, he- he likes that a lot-" I find that I often refer to myself in the third person when I'm feeling particularly subby... But even as I speak I watch Scott, grinning, straighten up with a plastic jar I know all too well in his hand. "Though of course it wouldn't be a real holiday without some other special fun, would it?"

And then it comes: the fingers firmly spreading my ass cheeks, the cool thrust and push of suppository after suppository into my shrinking anus, the telltale slight burn of glycerin. Once three have been pushed firmly inside me, Scott smiles and runs his fingers teasingly over my small but already stiffening cock. "Oh, baby Devie likes his medicine, does he? Especially when it goes in his booty?" To which the only response I can give is a shameful, anxious little whimper.

Once he's finally done, I find myself taped into not just one diaper, but two - both boosted from the feel of it. "No need for pants today anyway," Scott shrugs as I take the proffered t-shirt, festooned with childish cartoon characters, and tug it over my head. "Now, listen, Daddy's got one more surprise for you in the living room. Let's go see it, baby!"

Oh, my god. My face when I first catch sight of it must be priceless.

On the living room floor beside the leather couch is a beautiful, fluffy, stuffed fox, its plush fur gleaming with red and russet in the morning sun. He has a friendly smile and a black nose and the softest-looking paws... and he must be more than half my size.

Oh, and did I mention the ropes circling his body and the wand vibrator affixed to his back?

Daddy Scott is steering me over to it now, and on his face I see the most curious expression of tenderness, amusement, and anticipation. "I want you to say hello to your new Mister Foxie," he tells me, his hand dropping down to stroke the stuffie's fur-covered head. "Why don't you spend some time getting to know each other while I make some coffee?" He smirks and slips his hand down to switch on the vibrator as I gulp visibly. "I know you want to have some fun today, Devin. But honestly, you're such a big baby I'll bet you anything you won't even be able to cum before you fill that diaper of yours..."

The game is on - he and I both know it. Even as I mount my lovely new stuffy I flush from the humiliation. It reminds me of what I felt that night with Craig last month - and yet it's so different. You see, this time it's just me and Daddy - no one else. No one but us will see what a dirty, horny little diaper baby I'm becoming...

Oh, yeah. You better believe I got busy.

I wish I could explain the feelings that course through me as I straddle the adorably fluffy creature beneath me. The Little side of me is ecstatic over the sensation of the fur, the warm, comforting bulk of his stuffed body, and the knowledge that Daddy Scott got him just for me. The diaper lover in me is thrilling over the feeling of thrusting my stiffening cock into the thick, soft padding between my legs. The horny sub in me is delighting in the vibrator's hum, the exhibitionism, the implicit command Daddy has given me to cum before the gut-churning suppositories have their inevitable way with me... It all blends together into a delicious cocktail of sensations as the wand buzzes and my diapers crinkle and I grasp the soft bulk of my fox tighter, inelegantly thrusting and humping for all I'm worth...

Though I'm now beginning to realize just how diabolical Daddy Scott has been to double diaper me.

For horny as I am, it's almost impossible to feel the vibrations as anything more than a faint

tingling against my little cock. There are four layers of cotton and plastic dampening the sensation, after all, and I have to thrust and grind desperately for every tingling wave of pleasure I can get...

"Aww, I love seeing my happy little boy playing with his new toy!" Daddy Scott is back now, coffee cup in hand, and grinning openly at my predicament. "You'd better hurry, bud. I bet a silly little baby like you won't be able to keep your diaper clean much longer..." Much as I hate to admit it, he may be right. My lower gut is churning, my tender little rosebud burning with the glycerin that has melted and is urging my intestines to expel all their contents. I'm doing my best to hold on, but even my best may not be enough...

My eyes are squeezed shut in concentration. I'm rocking now, faster and faster, desperate to coax the orgasm I've been longing for all these weeks from my padded little dick. My thoughts slip down into the most sordid, degrading register. *Thrust, thrust, grind, thrust. You're a stupid little baby, just a dumb little cock-sucking diaper baby, grinding in his diaper in front of Daddy-* But the orgasm slips away from me once again, and I bite back a wail of dismay. *No, keep on going! Just a bit longer, a bit more...*

And then it happens: the first spurt of oily muck slipping from my quivering bumhole. *No, no, not yet-!* But of course it's too late. My intestines are hell-bent on expelling the irritating mass within them, and I can do nothing but freeze, now staring wide-eyed and fixedly into the middle distance while a chorus of bubbling farts and squirts emanate from my padded rear. I'm filling my diaper yet again - and I'm painfully aware of how I've just lost that bet with Daddy...

I'm trembling as I sag, defeated, onto my fox's fluffy back. But even as the hot, oily mess settles around my stiff little cock, I feel that elusive orgasm welling up at last within me. *Daddy's dirty little diaper baby- Such a dumb, smelly little diaper baby- Dumping in his diaper like a little toddler- Helplessly filling his pants just like a baby-* "Daddy, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming-" I'm babbling now, oblivious to all but the hot mess squishing around my cock, the crinkle of my bulging diapers, and the vibrations between my legs teasing me onward, sending electric thrills coursing throughout my entire body...

When I finally come back down to earth, I glance up to find Daddy Scott on one knee beside me. "Aww, someone had quite a big boy time, didn't they?" he chuckles softly. "Too bad my little baby didn't manage to keep his pants clean, huh?"

It's then that I see it. His phone is in his hand, tilted sideways into landscape. And while my cum-soaked brain may not be entirely on point, even I can tell that he's recording.

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Seven
Commission - March 2021

Bath time is amazing.

It's times like this that I can let my mind float and wander, my worries and cares bobbing gently away amid the suds and the lapping water. Baths are safe places – comforting places – places that for all my life have been associated with play and freedom and security. And I suppose it's only natural, then, that I find it almost impossible not to slip into Little space during a really lovely bath...

Especially when Daddy Scott's strong hands are bathing my limbs and his deep voice reverberates through the tiled echo chamber that is our bath.

Strange, isn't it? I muse as the washcloth strokes methodically up and down my naked legs. My life has become such a strange patchwork of the adult and the infantile. I'm lying here, delighting in the sensations of being bathed like a literal baby by my doting Daddy. I have only to glance over at the fresh diaper and my chastity cage lying on the toilet to be reminded of the fact that even once I'm out, I'll be caged and wrapped back up in padding like the sexless little baby my Daddy wants me to be. And yet... he and I both know that the reason for my bath is a very adult one: to look immaculately neat and professional in my job interview today.

Yep, that's right! I've got a job interview – at last!

Oh, no, I don't want to think about that just yet. I want to think of less scary things. Things that make me all blushy and subby and excited. Things like- like that time last week when Daddy got me Mister Redpaws.

I can still see it so vividly in my mind's eye, still feel the squelch and soggy mush of my sagging diaper as I lay there, delirious with post-orgasmic bliss, looking up unsuspectingly into the lens of Daddy's phone camera. Oh, that was quite the surprise, I can't deny. And yet, Scott was good enough to allay my worries almost immediately – for which I remain incredibly grateful.

"Devie-boy, it's okay," he'd told me as he finished cleaning up my very smelly diaper less than half an hour later. "I promise, buddy. The video belongs to you and to me both, okay? No one else on the planet is going to see it without your permission, I swear." I'd nodded as he pulled me upright

in my fresh diaper, and I'd buried my face in his shoulder, overcome with a sudden rush of subby emotion and gratitude. Daddy was listening. He cared about me and my fears and my consent. He was doing it right.

"My, my, someone seems to like their bath time!" Daddy's voice is teasing now, and as I flounder back to reality I realize suddenly that my little dick, floating free now amid the suds, is becoming very visibly happy indeed. "Sorry, Daddy," I mutter, blushing. "I- I was just thinking-"

"About what, I wonder?" he queries, even as the washcloth descends into the folds around my thighs. "Um, about- about the video you took of me- And of how you said you- you really get off when you watch it-" He's grinning down at me, apparently unabashed at the mention of his own sexuality. "Well, of course! You're a beautiful, sexy little diaper boy! How on earth am I supposed to *not* get excited when I watch videos of you having so much fun? Especially when I get to see you making cummies after filling up that pretty diaper of yours? I mean, who doesn't love to see a baby boy so in love with filling his pants, hmm?"

His voice drops from this bantering into a more conversational and adult tone. "Devie, baby. I know we don't have too much time now, but I was wondering... Would you be okay with me taking a few pics of you in your bath right now? Before we're done?" I wriggle amid the suds, both surprised and inwardly pleased at the request. "Umm... okay. But Daddy... not my face, okay? Or we'll blur it out?"

You see, I find myself thinking more and more about this idea of starting a social media account – a Tumblr or Instagram or something – for documenting our life together. Truth be told, I want memories. I want to remember this somehow. I want something real I can hold onto when this temporary solution finally winds down.

Yeah, maybe I'm getting too far ahead of myself. After all, there's no guarantee that this interview will go well. But until then, I'll happily revel in my bath as Daddy smiles down at me from behind the camera...

Daddy Scott's voice is rumbling gently in my memory as I step off the subway and make my way, along with a horde of my fellow passengers, up the filthy concrete steps to the light and heat of the street above. "You've been wetting pretty often these days, Devie. I really don't think an important interview is the time or place for an accident, do you?" And then he chuckles in that incomparable

way of his. "Oh, wait. Why am I even asking you, buddy? I'm the one in charge here, after all. And as your Daddy, *I'm* the one deciding that you're going to head to this interview nice and safe and discreetly padded. Just like a good little boy should."

God, he knows how to push my buttons, doesn't he? Though surely I can't be becoming dependent on them... surely...

But I have to admit that he's right about it being inconspicuous. This dry – okay, *mostly* dry – PeekABU, tucked skillfully underneath a pair of Spandex shorts, is indeed discreet. No one on the planet, except maybe Daddy Scott himself, would be able to tell that this be-suited and be-tied young man is in fact diapered as securely and comfortably as a sweet little toddler. And maybe, just maybe, coming to *need* them just as much, too...

Enough of that. I need to be an adult and focus on this interview. *Let's see... Confident smile? Check. Affirmative responses at the ready? Check. Greatest weakness? Oh, hell, everyone knows that's a stupid interview question! I'll come up with something on the fly...*

And then the door is opening, and I'm stepping into the sterile atmosphere inside, and walking confidently toward that reception desk. *Watch me, Daddy. I can do this.*

In what seems like a blink of an eye, it's over.

Now, I've never been super confident in my own abilities. I was that guy in high school who was always 100% sure he'd flunked the test, only to be surprised time after time – much to the annoyance of his peers – with how well he'd actually done. So it's all the more strange that now I find myself walking out, head held high, mind humming with all the fast-paced adult energy of our conversations... and more confident than I've felt in a very long time.

I nailed that interview. I *crushed* it. That marketing guy was a little cheesy, sure, but those other folks were nice – especially that lady in HR. And wow, when I was able to pivot and bring in that other project management experience I'd almost forgotten about...

"It must have been the diaper," Daddy Scott grins to me as I finally take a breath from blurting out my story that evening. "No, really, I mean it! First padded interview in your life, and it sounds like you smashed it out of the park. Coincidence, baby? I think not."

I shrug, grinning self-consciously as I think once more of how incongruous it all seems. Going out, adulting the hell out of the day... and then waddling home to Daddy like a good little boy should. Yep, that pretty much summed me up.

Speaking of which...

"Daddy, I've decided," I finally declare, setting down my fork with sudden resolve. "I want to make that Tumblr account – you know, to start posting pictures like we talked about. See, I- I want to remember our play times... Remember how much fun we have together..."

The smile on Daddy Scott's face is... well, it's basically the icing on the cake of this awesome day.

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Eight
Commission – April 2021

"Um, Daddy... It's getting late. So, um, could you please hurry? Maybe a bit more?"

Even as I speak up into the unshaven face of my caretaker, the sinking feeling in my tummy warns that I maybe I shouldn't have said anything. It's not that I don't want him to take care of me. It's just that- well, a glance at the battered little clock on my nightstand shows me I have barely a half-hour to get dressed, eat, and head out the door to be on time for work...

Yeah, I got the job – yay me! But I don't have time to think about that just now. I have this soggy diaper to contend with, and Scott's agonizing slowness, and my own impatience and fear of being late.

His low response is anything but reassuring. "Devie, baby. What did you say? Are you trying to tell Daddy how to do his *job*?" The tone of slight amusement, tinged with a dangerous sarcasm, tells me I've made a major mistake – and I begin to splutter out a confused apology. "No, of course- Daddy, no, I'd never-"

But even as I lift obediently and feel the fresh diaper slipping at last beneath my naked and freshly wiped ass, Daddy Scott clearly has something else in mind. For with a sudden downward thrust, his faded green boxers are on the floor – and a swing of his hips later, he's suddenly atop the table straddling me, facing my toes with his knees parallel to my shoulders. *Thank goodness we just invested in this sturdy new changing table*, I reflect idiotically, even as his next actions set my heart hammering.

"Silly little diaper boys need to learn to let their Daddy do his job," Scott reprimands in that dangerous, low voice of his. "And they also need to learn to hush up and be good little boys. Come on, open up, Devie. You know what to do." My eyes widen as I see my Daddy Scott's already stiffening – and formidably sized – cock descending toward my face. *He's- he's going to ride my face- Wait, please-*

But of course, like the obedient little subby baby I am, I open and begin sucking the instant it slips between my lips.

"Good boy," he mutters softly, pumping in and out of my already-drooling mouth. "Good little

baby..." His hands are dusting my crotch with powder, checking the fit of my fresh diaper, all the elements of any normal diaper change. And yet as moments pass I scarcely notice, focused as I am on the swelling firmness of his cock in my mouth and the thrustings that are slipping ever deeper, bringing me perilously close to the point of gagging...

But then, just as I'm bracing for the warm salty rush of his cum erupting into my throat... He pulls out. And with a sudden jerk and slide downward, he's straddling my well-powdered – and still uncovered – crotch. "Oh, fuck, yes," he's grunting as he seizes his drool-covered cock. "Such a good little diaper boy slut for me. Such a good little cock-sucking baby, all locked away in his diapers-"

And with a sudden jolt I feel his cum spurting down on me, splattering all over my poor, straining little cock in its cage. *Daddy- he- he's cumming all over me and my clean diaper- Does that mean-*

Oh, yes. His shoulders are heaving with satisfaction as he bends down with a satisfied sigh and finally tapes my diaper shut. "Fuck, yeah. You think that will help you remember who's in charge? Now, why don't you waddle off to work now, Devie? Why don't you think all day about whose cum is in that diaper of yours? And about who decides when and how to change you?"

"Because," he chuckles now as he helps me up from the changing table, then casts about for his discarded boxers with a grin. "It's *definitely* not you."

My life is one hell of a contradiction these days.

How else to even express it? Here I am, a grown young man on the subway, making his way to his little cubicle on the eighth floor of that downtown office complex. I'm smartly dressed, and I've got my ID card, and I know exactly what duties I'll be tackling when I get there. I'm adulting the hell out of the day... and yet, at the same time, the hidden little swell of padding beneath my slacks and the cage tucked discreetly within are mute testaments to the other, far more subservient and infantile sides of my life.

I can feel my face warming even as I think of Daddy Scott's treatment of me barely an hour ago. The memory of how his cock felt in my mouth... the warmth of his cum splattering over me... the stickiness I can feel even now against my powdered skin... Oh, *god*. I was and am his owned little fuck toy, and I can't deny just how much it satisfies my sordidly subby self to know that.

I can't deny that the glow of embarrassed pleasure returns now and again throughout the day. I might be hard at work sorting through a spreadsheet, or headed to the copier to pick up a print job, or typing up an email to my new supervisor, Clair. And then it hits me. I'm diapered, and caged, and still sticky with Daddy Scott's badge of honor...

But of course I don't let all that get in the way of my work. I have to keep up with the work Clair sends my way, after all, and I genuinely want to show her just how dedicated and competent I am. Fortunately she seems genuinely nice so far: a thoroughly normal, middle manager type, with a brisk air and a loud laugh and an irrational love for chai tea. Her office is nothing fancy – just a boring room full of little more than a bland desk and a few management books and pictures of her cat. Mainly pictures of her cat, to be honest. But so far she hasn't chewed me out or given me any super crazy deadlines or anything, so I'm happy.

But all that adulting, nice as it is, lasts only for the duration of the workday. I can feel my adult self slipping away already as soon as I step in the door. I'm soggy, naturally, and let's face it: it's always harder to feel grown up when every step you take feels more like a waddle than a businesslike stride. "Hey, I'm back," I call – and then Scott is there, his eyes atwinkle, and he's firmly taking the backpack from my hands. "Welcome home, Devie," he rumbles, and instantly I feel myself tumbling headlong back into little space...

Is this really me, then, only half an hour later? Is this truly me, this quivering little mess of a boy, squatting on the floor in nothing save his bulging, clearly soggy diaper? Is this still the same fellow who so recently was briskly typing up confident emails to his supervisor?

I suppose it must be.

"Go on," Daddy Scott's voice orders me, and I feel a shiver of tingles sweep over me at the sound of his command. "Show me just how badly you want a change, Devie. Show Daddy just how much you love filling your diapers. Show the camera what a good little diaper baby you are..."

And yes – I squat obediently, a grunt escaping my pacified lips as I begin to push a messy load into my already sagging diaper. I feel my eyes squeeze shut in silent humiliation, but in all honesty I don't want things any other way. I can't help being a little diaper boy any more. I want this, and Daddy Scott wants this. And really, it doesn't matter how big I have to be at the office, does it? As long as I can come back here and be Daddy Scott's silly little baby... well, I'm happy.

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Nine

Commission – May 2021

There's something so invigorating about fall, isn't there? Maybe it's the crisp air and cool nights. Maybe it's the dusty scent of the falling leaves, or the way the waning sunshine strikes the trees and sets them all aglow. I don't really know. But whatever it is, I'm feeling amazing today: confident, happy, and just so thankful to be able to share another weekend with my little Devin.

He's trudging in front of me now, boots crunching through the leaves, his childish Paw Patrol backpack slung over his shoulders. With every step he takes, my practiced eye can spot beneath those jeans of his the yielding bulk of his diaper. Not that it's a particularly thick one today, though – at least, not in comparison with the boosted overnight ones I sometimes give him.

I have my reasons.

Gotta keep things interesting. Craig's advice from months back echoes in my mind as we make our way slowly through the autumnal trees and up the leaf-covered trail toward the summit. Oh, I'm trying! It's not always easy to keep things fresh, of course – particularly when you've been living together with your Little for months now and the day-by-day routine makes a habit out of what was formerly so exciting. But you know, I try my best.

Safely out of Devin's sight, I grin to myself as I recall this morning's preparations. "Now you're going to be a good boy for me today, aren't you?" I'd asked him as I wiped down that sensitive diaper area of his and smiled down into his pacified face. "Mm-hmm," he'd nodded... and then his eyes had grown wide in surprised delight as I took out the tiny key that hung around my neck. "Well, then! I suppose it wouldn't hurt to give my good boy a little bit of freedom, would it?" And off had come the chastity cage, even as I chuckled and wagged my finger teasingly in his face.

"But of course you can't be going and making a sticky, cummy mess in your pants, okay? You know you have to wait until tomorrow for that, after all..." Indeed, he did. We'd bought him a potty chart last month and begun marking not only the days he "had an accident" – which was every day, of course – but also the one day per month when he would be allowed to enjoy an orgasm... assuming he'd earned it, of course.

That day being tomorrow, I'd figured it might be fun to keep my horny, deprived Little teetering on the edge all day. After all, if he managed to succeed, then I'd have had the gloriously sadistic fun

of teasing him. And if he failed? Why, then I could dream up a lovely punishment to fit the crime...

Though from the very start I'd begun playing perhaps a little unfairly.

"Oh, does that feel good when I touch your wittle pee-pee?" I'd teased, stroking the lotion into his most intimate regions in preparation for a fresh diaper. "I bet you're already thinking about how nice it's going to feel rubbing up and down in your nice soft dipie..." And out had come not only his vibrating plug, which I slipped into place with a wink and an affectionate pat, but then a fresh Tranquility ATN: chosen specifically for its high SAP content, squishability, and low capacity. "Do you think you'll know how to use it, baby? Here, why don't you let Daddy Scott show you?"

And then I'd grinned, slipped down my boxers, and watched Devin's face contort in revulsion, delight, and arousal as I showered his freshly lotioned groin – and rapidly stiffening cock – with a hefty dose of my own urine.

I take another gulp now from my nearly-empty water bottle, then slip my phone out of my pocket as we reach a bend in the trail. *No one around. No one but us will know...* And open goes the remote vibe app, my finger straying up and down the intensity scale in sadistic delight. Devin freezes momentarily, and I can hear a muffled little squeak escape him as his hands stray back to his rear. *Oh dear, grabbing at your padded booty isn't going to do you too much good, now, is it?*

"What's the matter, Devie?" I query goodnaturedly, beside him now and bestowing a gently condescending pat on the padded rump. "Is something wrong?" His face is glowing red – as much from our little game as from the exertion of hiking – and I can see he's struggling to maintain some semblance of composure. "It- It feels so nice," he murmurs, and I chuckle softly as I let my thumb wander upward slightly in intensity. "Oh, does it now?" I tease. "But you're not supposed to be thinking about naughty big boy things yet, are you? Why don't you let Daddy give you something else to think about for a bit? Now, hold still..."

And with a quick glance to ensure we're completely alone, I make my move. He's shorter in the legs than me, and it doesn't take more than a few seconds for me to pull up his shirt, unzip my own jeans, and pull back the waistband of his already wet diaper. "Shh, hold still," I order in his ear, even as I feel him tensing against me in frozen surprise. "Daddy needs you to be a good little boy..."

Oh, the look on his face is priceless when I step back, bladder now empty, and give him another commending pat on his now warm and squishy rear. "You wouldn't want Daddy to have to find a potty all the way up here, now, would you? Such a good little boy, sharing your dipie for me! I

mean, you're already wet anyway, so I'm sure you don't mind a little more, right?"

To which my blushing little gives only a quiet squeak of mortified arousal.

God, Daddy Scott is pushing all my buttons today!

We've been seated here on this bare mountain top for a good while now, basking in the autumn glow, and the incredible view, and the success of our hard-won achievement. Yet my face is also flushed with the memory of how this man has delightfully used me this morning... teased me... And oh, how blushy it feels to walk before him, bottom soaked with both my own and with my Daddy's urine. *Just a dumb little pottypants baby, Daddy's soggy little pee-pee britches...*

Not to mention there's also that little vibe he's been using on me all morning.

It's that combination, I suppose – the seductive pulse of the vibrator in my butt, the sensuous, warm squish and stroking of this soggy diaper around my naked pee-pee, and the knowledge of how Daddy's been using me as his personal little urinal – that keeps me biting back involuntary little groans of pleasure. It's almost as if he *wants* me to cum in my diaper... though I'm determined not to at all costs. It's only one more day, after all. And then I can finally enjoy that much-needed release, spurt uncontrollably with the desperate, pent-up energy of a month's denial...

Wait, shit. I'm leaking.

"Well, good thing there's no one here, huh!" Daddy Scott teases as he brushes the dirt and leaves from my rear and surveys what I can already feel must be the two dark patches of incriminating dampness in my jeans. "Come on, let's get you changed. Aren't you glad Daddy made you pack some spares?" "Uh-huh," I mumble, glancing apprehensively about as he unzips my colorful backpack and produces a familiar, folded white rectangle. "But what if someone comes-"

"You're going to be okay, I promise," he soothes in that deep voice of his, and as he pushes me gently back into the stony shelter of a large boulder, I find myself relaxing a bit. *Okay, sure. I do trust him. It won't take long- And he can go really quick-*

If he wants, of course. But right now, he's having far too much fun teasing me. "Oho, you really like your dipies, don't you?" he teases, eyeing my painfully erect cock as he wipes me down. "Look at

you, so ready to have naughty big-boy fun! It really must be so frustrating, isn't it? Being tucked away in that big, waddly, baby diaper all morning?" My eyes are clenching shut, praying that no one comes by and discovers us, hears his blush-inducing talk- "Oh, I see. Maybe it was all that nasty, buzzy plug's fault, huh?" And out slips the plug, much to my surprise. Though only a few seconds later, I feel something else slipping deep into my relaxing butthole...

Uh-oh.

"There we go!" Scott chuckles as he pulls the tapes of my fresh diaper up around me. "Now, then. No more plug for you, okay? We can't have you making any big boy messes in your pants when it's not time, after all! You don't want to find out what happens to disobedient little boys who make stickies when they're not allowed, do you?"

I struggle upright, nodding sheepishly and hastily tugging my pants up and over the bulk of my fresh diaper. Sure, I'm tempted to complain at the fact that he's just put me in a diaper and massive booster far more suited to overnight use than a daytime hike. Sure, I know I'll be waddling like a toddler all the way down, even without any swelling due to... well, you know. But at least there's no more plug inside me, threatening to make me spurt and dribble in my pants despite my best intentions. All I need to do is focus on making it down without making cummies...

Though now I'm faced with a new and rather more gut-churning challenge.

Turns out that suppositories work rather quickly on me. And far too soon for my liking, it seems that with every waddling step I take down this beautiful mountain, my gut clenches tighter in redoubled fury. *No, please- I don't want to, not here- Not after just getting changed- Not out here-*

But in the end, I simply have no choice.

"Oh dear! Is somebody going boom-boom in his pants? Is my wittle Devie making a stinky wittle pwsent in his dipie for Daddy?" Scott's amused voice is in my ear, and I shake my head in desperate denial even as I feel the mush spurt and bubble out from my burning ass and into the seat of my jeans-encased diaper. But yes, deep down I know it's true. I'm his little diaper boy, his waddling little baby, his stupid little toddler who goes and dumps in his diaper not an hour after getting changed. I'm his pants-pooing, dribbling little baby toy, his obedient little pottypants who needs his daddy, who loves his diapers, who gets off on the idea of being a horny, helpless little plaything...

In the end, what's most humiliating isn't the smelly load in my diaper, or even the convulsive shudder that grips me when, right there on the wooded trail, I finally, unwillingly, teeter over the brink and spurt a pathetic, pent-up load of cum into my well-soiled pants. It's the words Daddy Scott murmurs into my ear as I flounder back, trembling, from the sordid peak of orgasmic pleasure...

"Oh dear! So it's not his plug that little Devie likes best, or having sex at all, is it? Looks like what *really* gets you off is filling your diaper! Strange, but I guess that's only fitting for a little diaper baby like you, huh?

"Though I'm afraid Daddy is still going to have to punish when we get home..."

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Ten

Commission – June 2021

I've got a feeling that today is gonna be a hell of a good day.

For starters, here comes Devin waddling sleepily into the kitchen, still clad in his cute, striped locking sleep onesie. "Morning, Devie," I smile, giving another vigorous stir to the pot of oatmeal I've already begun preparing just for him. "Happy Sunday, buddy! You hungry for breakfast?"

He is – at least, until I set his special breakfast at his place and give his delightfully bulgy bottom a encouraging smack. "Come on, baby, eat up! Can't let it get cold..." The suspicious look on his face gives way to apprehension as he slips obediently onto the chair and tastes the first steaming spoonful. "But- but I hate prunes-" "Oh, hush – they're good for you!" I chide with a grin, thinking merrily of the effect my special mixture of oatmeal, prunes, flaxseed, and Metamucil will have on my little one. "And remember, naughty boys who make stickies in their pants without permission ought to quite whining and eat before Daddy gives them an even nastier punishment!"

Well, that shuts him up. And soon he's gulping it down, apparently distracting himself from the taste by simultaneously scrolling through tweets and emails on his phone. *Smart move*, I muse as I settle down before my own adult breakfast of toast and fried eggs. *Oh, but just you wait until you see what else I have planned for you...*

"Whatchya reading?" I ask at last, breaking the sun-filled silence of our little dining room. "Everything okay?" Devin's furrowed brows lift from the screen, and he gulps down another mouthful. "Oh, um, sure," he replies, clearly now in adult mode. "See, last week my boss Clair – you remember her, right?" I nod in silence. "Well, she told me on Friday that there's this big new project coming up," he continues, taking a hefty sip from his juice-filled sippy cup. "Apparently she wants me to help out with the design team and stuff – I guess, like, reports and stuff? It's for a really big client, so I was just checking to make sure she didn't send me anything since yesterday..."

I nod in approval, inwardly delighted to see not only his real investment and success in his new job, but also the amusing disparity between his words and his current state. It isn't every new hire at that company, I'd wager, that ends up checking company emails while seated in his wet diaper and gulping down oatmeal and a sippy cup of juice. "Sounds cool," I assent. "Kudos for getting to work on a new project, bud. I'm sure you're going to do great!"

"Oh, but before I forget, Devie..." For as genuinely glad for him as I am, I can't resist some sadistic inner urge to tug my submissive little boy back down into little space. "Daddy wanted to let you know a bit more about your punishment today. You know, after that sticky mess you made yesterday when I specifically told you not to?"

And yep, down he goes. I grin softly, watching his cheeks redden, his hands reaching again for his sippy cup, his gulping throat as he nods mutely at my words. "Well," I continue, "I think it's time that you get more comfortable with being little around other people, Devie. I know we had a bad time once with that, but I promise it won't be like that today, okay?" "O-okay?" he queries, his eyes locked on my face. "Um- but, are we- do you mean we're, like, going somewhere?"

"Oh, no," I hasten, scraping the last of the egg from my plate. "We're just going to have a few friends over – you know, some of the folks from the munch. Maybe Alice and Phil, and Bev with Lisa if she can make it. Oh, and then Greg said he might be able to come, too, along with some new gal that he just met at a dungeon the other month. Don't worry, he vouched for her – said she's cool with pretty much anything..."

I could see his anxiety slowly rising with every word, and I reached out a hand in reassurance. "Bud, that's only six other people at most – and you've known almost every one of them for at least a year. It's gonna be okay, right? You're gonna be fine with it?" It was a question as much as a consolation, and he sighed and nodded slowly. "Ookay," he ventured, and I could almost see the delightful conflict between the introverted adult guy and the humiliation-loving sub swirling within him. "Just so long as it's just them... You're not gonna make me do anything- you know- sexy-?"

"Well, baby, I'd say you already had far too much sexy time yesterday!" I chuckle, giving his tousled head an affectionate pat. "No, no, no. Daddy just has to be fair and punish you for breaking the rules yesterday, Devie. And I think there's no better way to discipline my Little boy and remind him that he's just a siwwy wittle baby than to give him a diaper change right in front of all his friends..."

"B-but- but- ohhh- Daddy, please- That's- Me's gonna be so- so embarrassed-!"

I grin, listening for a safe word or some other sign of real dissent – but none is forthcoming. Sure, Devin may be blushing and stuttering out how terribly humiliating it will be... but I know better. That dirty, subby little side of him craves this just as much as I do. Maybe even more.

Daddy Scott is such a big meanie!

Well, that's what my Little side is whining out as I squat here, tummy roiling, beside the window. The others are going to be here any minute. They've seen me in my Little gear before, of course; that's at least some relief. But Daddy wants them to come over- to see my room- to watch me get *changed*-

I shift uneasily, more aware than ever of the picture I must make: pacifier filling my mouth, dressed simply in my dinosaur T-shirt and a PeekABU, and looking like nothing more than an overgrown two-year-old. Sure, it feels so right and comfortable and *me* – and it does make for some fun photos to share on our new kink blog – but all those pluses are drowned out by two specific worries that are circling around in my head like ominous vultures...

One: My friends are gonna see me getting changed – which means they'll see my caged little pee-pee.

And two: When the time comes for my change, I might not be merely *wet*.

My tummy gurgles audibly, and I suckle harder on my paci as another cramp grips my lower abdomen. Oh, Daddy Scott has been a meanie indeed, I reflect anew, thinking belatedly of that abominable bowl of oatmeal and prunes I'd had to eat for breakfast. Maybe it's all psychosomatic. Maybe oatmeal can't make its way through my digestive system this quickly. Yet there is no denying the growing intensity of the cramps that are now beginning to grip my poor gut...

Paradoxically, it's once our guests arrive that I begin to feel better, my mind momentarily distracted from my roiling bowels and transported into the realm of bashful, blushing social interaction with our kinky friends. Phil and Alice arrive first: the former decked out as his sissy alter-ego Phyllis in frilly lolita dress and feminine makeup, and Alice in her trademark pantsuit and squeaking leather boots. Behind them come Bev and Lisa, ageplayers both of them, and giggling out the girlish squeals of their seven- and four-year-old Little selves as they caught sight of me. "Ooh, let's play house!" Lisa crows – and quite before I know it, I'm being tugged along to play the baby for these two vivacious Littles.

Not that I can escape the demands of nature forever, of course.

They've pushed me down beside Mister Foxie on my pretend bed when I finally lose the battle. And

you know, odd as it may sound it's more incredibly regressing than anything I've ever felt before: that sensation not of walking along, as I had yesterday, and then squatting down and dumping in my pants like an ill-trained toddler. No, this is the sensation of being a veritable infant: of lying there with splayed legs and feeling your muscles clench and work almost involuntarily, sending first one wave, and then another and another, of smelly mush into the diaper beneath you...

"Uh-oh, Baby Devin made a big stinkie!" Lisa coos, her hands patting eagerly at the now-heavy and freshly saturated bulk of the diaper between my legs. I struggle upright, face aglow, trying not to meet my pretend mommies' eyes as their playful words send a fresh wave of embarrassment crashing over me full-force. "Hey, Mister Scott!" Bev hollers over her shoulder. "I- I think your baby needs a new diaper. He *stinks!*"

Of course the "grownups" in the room – Daddy Scott, and Alice, and even the sissified Phyllis – come to inspect the damage as I struggle desperately to my feet. "My, my, he *is* a little stinker, isn't he?" Alice grins, a dangerous gleam in her eye as she looks me up and down. "Though I bet that thing could hold a good bit more still..." "No, no," Daddy Scott chuckles, tousling my hair once more and shaking his head in amusement. "See, Little Devie here was a naughty baby yesterday! I *specifically* told him not to make stickies in his pants, but he did anyway. Apparently thought he was a big boy, you know. And so... well, I really think we'd better change him right here, don't you? Just so everyone can see what a silly little stink-butt he really is?"

I'm shivering with humiliation as hands push me down to the sofa, squirming in revulsion as I feel my own warm mess spreading further across my bottom and up my back. *God, this- this is so intense- I'm- I'm just a smelly little baby- Daddy's stinky little baby-* And then I hear the crinkle of a fresh diaper being unfolded, and gales of laughter as a tub of wipes is handed to Daddy Scott, and the *rip* of the first diaper tapes as he begins to open my filthy diaper...

And that's when I hear the knock on the door.

"Sorry we're late!" "Oh, thank you." Hi there! Looks like this is where the party is, huh?"

Holy fuck- No- no, it can't be- I must be imagining things- But even as my regressed and humiliation-soaked brain struggles frantically to come to terms with the voices I'm now hearing, the faces of their owners appear in my field of view. Two faces... and one of which I would never in a million years expect – let alone *want* – to see here.

"Oh- Oh my-"

It's Clair. My boss. And here I lay, aghast and petrified in horror, a caged little baby boy having his filthy diaper changed for all the world to see.

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Eleven

Commission – August 2021

Sometimes I really don't know how I get myself into such messes.

Oh, I know. I have it made. Well-educated, healthy, reasonably attractive woman in her thirties; responsible oldest daughter of a well-to-do family; senior production manager at our thriving corporation; an impressive resumé and hundreds of business connections... Yep, that's Clair Morrow. That's me.

But there's the other me, too: LadyElena86, denizen of FetLife and kink aficionado. The me that I've tried over the past dozen years to stuff guiltily back into the dark corners of my mind. The me that finds, in the sight of bound limbs and reddened asses and the gurgles of gag-filled mouths, something that nothing else can satisfy.

But why, oh why, did I actually go down to that dungeon in person? Why didn't I just leave well enough alone? Why the hell did I think I could just waltz on over to some kinky house party and expect no fucking consequences?

I'm fidgeting here at my desk, twirling my pen incessantly as I think back over last weekend's events. Devin – of all people – was there. He's apparently that guy Scott's sub: a humiliated, shitty-pantsed little subby baby getting his diaper changed in front of everyone as some sort of punishment. Oh, of course I've heard a bit about adult babies and ageplay and stuff – and his is not the first caged dick I've seen in my life. So it's not his kink that threw me for a loop.

But you know, it just hits different when it's someone you don't expect – someone you know in real life. And not only that, but someone who literally has been reporting to you as your subordinate for the past few months.

The thing is, Devin's a great part-time employee: smart, attentive, hard-working. I've had hardly anything to complain about since we brought him on board, except perhaps that he tends to be a bit timid with reporting issues. *Hub, guess that must be the sub in him*, I muse now. But that only makes it that much harder to figure out what the hell to do now.

It's been beaten into my brain countless times: *Don't ever mix personal life and business*. And I know

why now, too. I only need to feel the subtle heat rising in my cheeks when I happen to meet Devin in the hall now, or when I receive an email from him and can't shut out the mental vision of him waddling, beet-faced, into Scott's living room with his freshly diapered rear on full display. *Girl, stop it!* I scold myself. *Whatchya gonna do? You can't fire him for no reason, not even if you wanted to. Just forget about it and let it go. Give it some time, and after awhile it will be like it never happened...*

But honestly, I don't want that either. I don't want some elephant in the room that we'll never be able to shoo away for months or years to come. I don't want to have to tiptoe around someone who's well on their way to being a top performer with this company. I don't want to worry about possibly getting on his bad side some day, about having him stab me in the back by telling my higher-ups about my kinky hobbies. And if I'm being really, *really* honest with myself, I don't want to miss out on getting to know this young man who, in my gut, I think might turn out to be one of the cutest male submissives I've ever met.

As I grimace to myself now and stare unseeing into my glossy monitor, there's another piece of advice floating through my head – though whether it's mere rationalization or genuine wisdom, I can't say. *Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.* Oh, I'm not convinced that Devin would have the balls – or the malice – to try to cause trouble for me. Besides, I have just as much dirt on him as he does on me... maybe even more. All the same, though, I'd rather make sure I know where he stands than stay in the dark and simply hope he doesn't someday turn out to be a promotion-seeking, back-stabbing ass.

Speaking of promotions...

I shake away my stray thoughts of the guy's diapered ass and lean forward, scrolling through my draft emails. The higher-ups approved it, and heaven knows we need someone reliable. So here we go: "Meeting Request." To Devin Anderson? Yep. And *Click* before I can change my mind.

You know, maybe it's not about getting to know him better. Maybe it's not about making sure he doesn't become an ass. Maybe it's simply that the company needs help meeting production goals, and I need someone to help to hit those goals. Yeah. It's strictly business. Nothing else really matters.

Yeah, right, you kinky bitch. Keep on telling yourself that, why don't you?

"So I suppose you're wondering why I asked you for this meeting," I begin, sounding for all the world like a lame boss in some cheap soap opera. "Don't worry," I add, seeing a flicker of nervousness in Devin's eyes before he glances hurriedly down at his lap, then back up again. "This won't take too long – and it's nothing bad, I promise."

He's not a big conversationalist, of course, and so naturally I find myself doing most of the talking. Talking, that is, about how quickly he's learned, how well he works on the team, how conscientious he seems to be with his reports and emails and such. He's blushing under such commending words, and I find myself fighting the urge to bend forward, pat his cheek, and tell him what a good, obedient sub he is. *Nope, nope, keep it in your pants, girl!*

"So the thing is, we've got a bit of a situation coming up," I explain, forcing myself to focus on the comparatively less titillating sight of the figures and projections on the report in front of me. "You've heard about that new contract we just landed, right?" He's nodding dutifully, and I continue. "It's a lot to handle – too much for our current staff, frankly. We need someone to help keep tabs on production as soon as the designs are past review and... well, I think you are just the fellow to take that on."

His eyes are widening, and I flash my best professional smile before proceeding. "That's if you want to, of course. Naturally it would involve a full-time commitment – so we'd need to do a bit of paperwork. But it would also mean company health care, dental options, 401k, paid leave, and all the usual bells and whistles." And then I drop the little detail that I'm most afraid will scare him away. "You'd be reporting to me directly – basically being my eyes and ears. You know, the boots on the ground making sure production's actually doing what they committed to..."

And having finished my proposition on a preposition, I sit back and let it sink in. Devin's undeniably intrigued, I can see that much. "Um, wow- I mean, that sounds, you know, really interesting," he manages, and I watch politely as he fidgets with his pen. "So the pay- I guess it would depend on what you think I'm worth...?" "Oh, of course!" I exclaim, and name the figure we've worked out with the bean counters. "Probably a bit more, depending on how it works out. But yeah, that's a safe figure for you to think about..."

In the end, he does exactly what any smart young employee should and would do. "Um, can I take some time to think about it?" he asks, and I smile and nod, mentally ticking off the imaginary performance review box for "considers all options before making decisions." *Good.* "Of course!" I reassure him, rising to show him courteously out of my office. "Take a few days to think about it if you need. If you could just have me an answer by Friday..."

"Of course, of course," he assents, and turns to head for the door. *Aww, there's that ass again! I can just imagine it all padded like a baby- No! Bad Clair! Dirty Clair!* And then, driven by some strange intuition, words rise to my lips and seem to speak themselves after the retreating young man.

"Oh, and Devin?" He turns, and his eyes flicker once more with a vague shadow of embarrassment and fear. "Um, about- Well, I'm sure we both recall us meeting in another place at another time," I hear myself saying. "And I just want you to know that as your manager, and whatever you decide about this- I won't, um... that whatever you and I may do in our personal time will have no bearing upon our professional lives here in the office. Okay?"

He's staring at me in embarrassed silence with the color rising to his cheeks – and yet a fresh flood of semi-coherent words escapes me, almost as if I think words will magically erase all the awkwardness in the universe. "I just- I want to say that our- um, mutual interests... well, I promise that they won't color my opinion of you. And I hope that you will do the same for me."

Great. Now we're both fucking embarrassed as hell. Christ, Clair, why the fuck did you have to go and say that?!

And yet, much to my surprise it's a shy smile and a nod that Devin gives me. "Um, okay. Yeah, of course! I- I- likewise. All professional. Completely professional..."

All professional. His words are echoing in my brain as I close the door and sink with a sigh into my faux-leather office chair, reflecting vaguely that it seems to have gone well, everything notwithstanding. *Sure, Devin. Completely professional. No kinky shit in the workplace. Right.*

Then why the *hell* is my stupid brain actively pondering whether that Scott fellow ever puts that adorable guy in a frilly maid outfit? *Hmm, completely professional,* my completely unprofessional brain seems to say. *But Scott's not off-limits, right? Hmm, maybe you'll just have to look up his number and chat with him. Ya know, see what kind of shit he's into...*

Like I said before. How the fuck do I get myself into such messy situations?

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twelve

Commission – September 2021

Holy crap, today is turning out to be absolutely amazing!

Maybe it all goes to show my naïvete. Maybe other, more mature people experience these things all the time. But whatever the case, as I stand here on my way home, wedged like a sardine into the crowded subway, I'm beside myself with elation and nervous excitement. It's not every day one gets a promotion offer, after all!

Clair likes me, and she likes my work. She's offering me this full-time position, with all the healthcare and benefits and privileges that entails. And the figure she named... well, frankly it sounds awesome. I'm no financial expert, but I'm pretty positive that if I earned that kind of money I'd be well able to handle the rent for my own place. Oh – and to top it all off – she told me in that tactful, professional way of hers that she doesn't even mind about our embarrassing little run-in last weekend!

Now that's good news beyond my wildest dreams.

They talk about butterflies in the stomach when you're excited. I don't know that I feel anything like that right now, to be honest. But somehow the world seems brighter, even here on the screeching and poorly-lit subway. I hear the gleeful voice of a kid down at the other end, exclaiming to his mom about how fast we're going. I can't help but notice the humorous advertisements on the wall, and the artsy hairdo that lady three seats over is holding, and the little anime pins on the backpack of the college kid by the door. Even the bored expressions on the faces of the other commuters around me aren't enough to dampen my enthusiasm.

Heh, dampen...

I reach discreetly into my left pocket and feel through my trousers the puffy, thickened bulk of my the PeekABU that is now my everyday underwear. *Yeab, nice and wet.* On any other day I might be allowing my nervous fingers to stray back behind me, searching for the tiniest little leak that might expose my padded secret to the world. Or – as I was just yesterday – I might be standing here wondering dismally why Clair still hasn't said anything to me about our little run-in... or worse yet, seeing in my mind's eye the image of a dismissal notice on my little desk...

But today, all of that's gone. Clair seemed genuinely pretty cool about it all this afternoon, which is an incredible weight off my chest. Add to that the job offer, and... well, it's no wonder I feel like I could sprint all the way back to Scott's place.

Yeah, Daddy Scott! I can't wait to tell him the good news, of course. He's a lot more experienced than me on stuff like this, too, so I bet he'll have some good advice to give...

As my key turns in the lock and I step through the familiar doorway, there's a heavy footfall just beyond. And even as I utter the initial "Hey, I'm back!", I find Scott standing expectantly before me. With a smile on his face. And no shirt. And no pants.

"Stop right there, baby," he commands coolly, and at my questioning glance he flashes a quick smile before resuming his paternal demeanor. "Now, now. Who said a little baby like you could dress up like an adult, hmm?"

Oh, Scott- Daddy... Yes, but- "But I'm not a baby," I protest instinctively, heart thumping in sudden anticipation. "Not a baby?" Daddy Scott repeats, and steps closer, lifting my backpack easily from my hands and setting it aside. "Strip, Devie. Take off those clothes now. And we'll see just how big of a boy you really are."

Bu- but- I obey with fingers that tremble with subby excitement, feeling myself stiffening vainly within my cage. *Daddy knows. Daddy's gonna see...* And sure enough, within a matter of minutes I'm standing meekly before him, clad now in only my clearly soggy diaper. *Daddy's diaper boy. Devie, the diaper baby. Devie, the obedient, submissive, caged little-*

"What's that, baby? What are you wearing?"

"It- it's my diaper-" I admit, gaze fixed on the floor as my mind veers backward into the mushy, pleasurable world of sub space. "Oh, really? I see!" Daddy Scott's voice is thickening and deepening, and his boxers are taut with anticipation, and I know he's loving this as much as I am. "And how ever did your diaper get so wet, hmm? Does a sweet little diaper baby like you even know?" "No, no, I don't," I blurt in a burst of submissiveness. "It- it just gets wet all by itself! I- I don't even drink that much, Daddy, but it- it just happens..."

"Such a sweet little baby," Daddy croons, and in his voice I hear the husky need growing ever

stronger. "But if you don't drink much, I think we'd better fix that, don't you?" And then he's tugging me forward, pulling me into the kitchen with those strong hands of his. "Down on your knees, baby," he commands – and as I sink obediently down onto the cool tile before him, his boxers too tumble down around his feet.

"First... you all right with this?" I stare up into Daddy Scott's face, momentarily jarred out of my headspace as he bends closer in clear concern. "Just want to make sure you're okay with it all," he murmurs – and I feel a wave of gratitude washing over me. *Bless him, he's still making sure he doesn't cross any more lines...* "All okay, Daddy," I reassure him with a nod and an expectant shiver. "Green."

"Then open up, little baby," he orders as he straightens up once more – and I, with racing heart and parting lips, comply. *Daddy is- he wants me to- he's gonna-* "Daddy's gonna make sure his little diaper boy is all fed up," he growls hoarsely, and as his engorged cock fills my mouth and slips deeper and deeper, perilously near the back of my throat, I let out a whimper of meek assent. "Little babies gotta drink up whatever Daddy feeds them..."

Yes, they do. And I – Daddy's soggy-bottomed, slobbering, wide-eyed little diaper boy – must comply. For even when I hear his groan in my ear, and taste his precum on my tongue, and feel the pulsing jerk of his cock... I'm not allowed to pull away. His hands are around my head, and thus held in his grasp I keep pumping and sucking and stifling my gag reflex like the good sub I am. *Suck, suck, in, out, in, out- Daddy's gonna cum- he's gonna-*

And yes: when at last he groans and spurts his load and I taste his salty, liquid love filling my mouth... I swallow. Not merely because good little diaper boys like me drink whatever they're fed. But because I *want* to.

It's late now, and my eyes are heavy with sleep. I'm worn out – for so many reasons. After our playtime in the kitchen... and the spaghetti... and our conversation about my job offer... and the bath... and my nighttime bottle... Okay, let's be honest. Even without such a hectic and disjointed day, just lying here in bed now with my paci and my fresh diaper and my warm pajamas would be enough to set me yawning.

My mouth is working in silence, and I reflect sleepily that it feels perversely – and comfortingly – like a very different something I was sucking on earlier. Maybe that's Daddy's motivation behind

giving me bottles and pacis all the time. Maybe he likes training me to be a good little cock-sucking sub for him...

Ouch. No more thinking about things that make me so horny. It's not nearly time for me to have cummies yet this month.

I roll over with a muffled crinkle and find myself staring up at the darkened ceiling, illuminated only by the faint, warm glow of my nightlight. Wow. A real job. Look at me, getting back on my feet at last. No more unemployment... no more applications and interviews... no more falling self-consciously silent when I hear friends chattily comparing their rents...

Because why *wouldn't* I move out and get my own place? Just like society and my family and friends all say a real adult should?

Daddy Scott's voice rings warm and vibrant in my memory. "That's so awesome, Devin. I'm so happy for you! You're a great worker and a smart guy, you know? It sounds like a great position, and plus it's with people you know you can work with..." Yeah, he'd been pretty amazing about it all. At first I'd thought I'd seen a tiny flash of disappointment in his eyes when I first told him the news. But I guess I must have been imagining things. I've never been the best at reading other folks, after all.

Let's see. Yeah, an apartment somewhere near the subway would be good. Maybe not too far from the grocery stores. I'll have to start looking tomorrow...

In the final few moments before sleep claims me, though, my excited thoughts yield to something curiously like regret. *Gonna miss this place. Won't be able to come home to Daddy Scott every day. Gonna miss... Daddy...*

And then I'm out. But even in my dreams – amid the dinosaurs on the subway and the plates of sausages Clair brings into the lunchroom and the smoky rumble of my old landlord racing a bulldozer through the streets – even there I can see Daddy Scott standing quietly by with that same look of sadness in his eyes.

"I'm so happy for you..." he tells me again. And I know it must be the truth. But somehow, it's hard to believe when he's looking at me like that...

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Thirteen
Commission – October 2021

"So, what're you having?"

It's with an odd mixture of polite curiosity and interest that I watch Clair's brown eyes traveling quickly over the menu boards above us. Technically this is a date – or at the very least, one of those 'let's get coffee together' sort of meetings that could lead both anywhere and nowhere. But it's also 2019, and though I may be the guy in this particular equation, I feel no need to even offer to pay for hers. No need to perpetuate an outdated, sexist tradition, after all.

Besides – from what I've heard, this woman can definitely take care of herself. Hell, she was the one who set this date up in the first place.

"Um, can I have a grande chai latte? With almond milk, please, and no whipped cream. Needs to be dairy free." The pimply-faced but amiable barista takes her order dutifully, and soon we're chilling at the final counter, waiting for our preferred doses of life-giving calories and caffeine to be handed our way.

There's not too much to be said while we wait. Sure, I could try to make a bunch of inane small talk – and in my earlier years, I *would* have, desperate as I would have been to fill the silence. But we're both older. We're okay with silence. And we both seem to know instinctively that much of what we're going to end up talking about is not exactly the sort of stuff to be discussed in the cozy, customer-filled confines of a Starbucks.

"Hey, there's a nice bench on the other end of the park over there," I offer – and five minutes later, we're settling down onto it, a comfortable distance apart in the chilly autumn air. "You're right, this *is* nice!" she breathes, leaning back with an approving glance and sigh. "I never spent too much time in this neighborhood. Seems cool, though..."

We talk about... well, what can I say? The normal stuff at first: getting to know each other, hearing about each other's work, catching little glimpses here and there of our mutual personalities and families and interests. Turns out she's almost exactly as Devin described: a good-looking, chai-drinking cat lover with a polished, polite demeanor and a laugh that's just a bit louder than what you'd expect. I also glean a few additional items: she's got at least one other sibling, she went to a pretty decent college, and she's clearly got a good head on her shoulders.

Oh, and she's single.

"So..." she begins, after a short silence and another sip at her latte. "Um, that was quite a fun time at your place the other weekend. Thanks again for having me over!" My casual wave of dismissal may be mere polite habit, but the grin is genuine. "Oh, yeah, that. Hey, it was cool you came! I hope we didn't weird you out or anything – you know, with Devin and all..."

"No, no, it was all good," she replies with a short chuckle. "Though- you know, I have to admit I didn't expect to meet Devin there at all. You, um... you live together?" "Well, it's a long story," I clarify, wondering internally just how to word things so that they can't either be construed as a snark on Devin's unemployment or a betrayal of all his trust in me. "We, um, we've known each other for a few years. And- I mean, not romantically or anything. But awhile back he was looking for a place in this area, and we, um, you know... It made sense to bunk in together for awhile."

"Oh, sure, sure, I get it," Clair offers with a wry wave of her hand at the polished, well-maintained high-rise apartment buildings around us. "Rent these days is getting insane! But I guess," and here she flashes an apologetic smile, "I guess I was pretty surprised. I mean, sure, I'm in the scene! I'm kinky – I've seen plenty of shit. But I hadn't expected to see him there like that. Of course, I do hope you both know that I'm fine with it, that I won't-"

"Of course, of course!" I interject. "It's all okay, honestly – and we both really appreciate you being cool about it." And then I chuckle and lean closer, having made sure there's no one else within earshot. "I guess it's not every day you walk in on your employee getting their diaper changed, hey?"

"Right?" she rejoins with a knowing grin. "Talk about a real *subordinate*! Speaking of which... I guess you're mostly a dom, then?" "Dom, rope expert, bisexual, currently single," I smile. "That's what my FL says, anyway! And yeah, lately... I mean, Devin- well, you saw. He's, like, 99.99 per cent sub, you know? So we fit and play together pretty well – me as a daddy dom and him as little boy..." *Okay, good. Nothing she couldn't have already known. Time to redirect-* "How about you?"

"Oh, me? Mostly *domme*," Clair admits, swirling the last of her latte as she speaks. "Love me a good bit of bondage, of course. And of course there's, you know, domestic punishment and sissy stuff that fit pretty well with all that..." "Sissy play? Oh, that's interesting!" I comment, and I mean it. Not that I've never encountered it before, of course. It's just been years since I've run into a female genuinely interested in sissifying males. "You get to do that often?"

"Not as often as I'd like," she replies, a trifle hastily – and despite the waning light I think I spot a tiny blush on her cheeks as she catches herself. "I mean, well, you know! It's just so- so silly and so fun. We women wears skirts and heels and makeup all the time, and you don't see *us* getting all embarrassed about it, right? So I guess it's just funny to me to see guys so humiliated by such ordinary things..."

And then she puts the question to me. "So I know Devin seems more on the baby end of things, from what I saw. But have you ever tried putting him in, I don't know... a maid outfit? You know, lacy panties and frills and everything?"

"Oh, a maid outfit, huh? With or without the cat ears and tail?" I joke, and the resulting laughter both dissolves some of the awkwardness and buys me a bit of time to think. "Honestly, not really. I'm sure it could be fun... though I don't really know how well the look would work with his diapers..." "Oh, I bet it would," Clair asserts, shifting to face me with a wry grin on her face. "Especially if the skirt's nice and short so he can show everything off, right?"

But then her smile dissolves into puzzlement as a new thought seems to hit her. "Or maybe that's not what you meant? I mean, if he would have a problem with the lace or the panties, of course I'd understand-" "No, no, I don't think it'd be like that," I hasten to assure her. "I don't have any problem with them, and I don't know that he would either. I just assumed- You know, with him being in diapers most of the time..."

"Oh, really?" Clair is clearly surprised – and mildly amused. "So, what? Is Devin living that sweet, sweet diapered life all the time when he's not working?"

Her tone is playful, and I'm pretty sure she means no ill. But all the same, I simply can't say more for fear of betraying my Little friend. Maybe it's silly of me to have expected a fellow kinkster – and one who is in on Devin's padded secret – to have already spotted his bulgy bum at the office. But she obviously hasn't – and it's definitely not my place to blow his cover without permission.

I need more time, and I buy it by rising and tossing my now-empty cup into the trashcan standing a few meters away. "Um, well, we balance it all out," I finally respond upon my return – and even as I hear her polite acceptance of my vague answer, I can see a spark of interest smoldering in her eyes. *Uh-oh. She's too smart. She knows exactly what I'm not saying, or she damn well suspects...*

"So, anyway," I begin with a bright smile. "You were saying you majored in economics back in college?"

When I get back, it's already past suppertime – and Devin's gone out for a walk. As I swirl my fork through our simmering spaghetti noodles and reflect back on my conversation with Clair, I find myself feeling both surprisingly pleased and unaccountably guilty. Pleased because... well, Clair actually seems like a genuinely cool person – like someone I'm definitely looking forward to seeing again. After all, I wouldn't have asked her to meet again three weeks from now if I hadn't enjoyed our time together.

But guilty because... well, that one's harder to pin down. Sure, I haven't knowingly crossed any boundaries. I haven't ratted anyone out or tattled on Devin in so many words. But somehow it's just not a super feeling to know that thanks to me, come Monday a certain pair of brown eyes is going to be watching that booty of his with great interest. And I know precisely what they're going to discover.

Oh, come on, I tell myself sternly. It was only a matter of time until Clair would have noticed, anyway. Right? Right.

Now then. About that idea of a maid outfit...

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Fourteen

Commission – November 2021

"In a little apartment there lived a Devin. Not a nasty, dirty, old apartment, filled with dusty garbage and a stink of cigarettes; nor yet a bare, empty apartment with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat; it was Devin's apartment, and that meant comfort."

I chuckle aloud at my own silly, mental paraphrase of Tolkien's well-known lines, then cast a glance around the tiny living room that is now my own. Or, well, not technically mine. God knows buying an apartment in this economy would bankrupt most anyone my age. No, it's just a rental – but it's *my* rental. No one else's.

Yeah, maybe the bit about comfort isn't exactly correct, either. I'm working on it, though! Thanks to IKEA and a few online bargains, I've acquired a sofa, a floor lamp, and a table and chairs for the main living and dining room. The bedroom is in even better shape, having received a bit of welcome help from Scott. "Can't have my little boy sleeping on the hard floor," he'd chuckled when he brought over that bed I'd been using for the past months. "Besides, I seem to recall you spending a few leaky nights on it before we got you that plastic sheet. It's... you know. I guess it's only right you should have it since you've marked it as your territory..."

Yeah, that one had made me blush. But still I'd gratefully accepted it, finding in the familiar crinkle of the plastic sheet beneath me a comforting reminder of the many weeks and months I'd spent with Daddy Scott, and which now were fast becoming a mere memory.

I sigh and slip down onto the empty sofa, relishing the wet squish of my soggy bum beneath me. Never mind the memories for the moment! I'm living on my own now, which means more than just having my own door key and paying my own bills. For me it means... well, freedom. No more chastity cage. And the ability to decide when and how and where I'm going to be in diapers... if at all.

Oh, I've been in diapers pretty much round the clock these past two weeks, I have to admit. It's just so incredibly comfortable – and arousing – to be able to waddle around my own apartment, my freed cock slipping easily back and forth within my ample padding. And it's so addicting to be able to reach down and touch myself, to find satisfaction whenever and wherever I want: here on the couch; lying in bed at 3 am; grinding against the kitchen counter while I wait for the microwave to do its job...

Okay, I admit it. I've been masturbating at least five times a day since moving out. And far be it from me to hate on Daddy Scott and his rules, but... damn, it's pretty awesome being an independent Devin once more.

Now, then. I'm going to roll over here and feel how good my wet diaper feels. Ooh, yeah. I'm just a soggy little boy, waddling around with puddles in his pants...

Hang on. I know what I need.

And as I waddle hastily into my dimly-lit little bedroom and flop down onto fluffy Mister Foxie, the memories and my arousal surge simultaneously into overdrive. Fuck yeah. This is just like when Daddy Scott made me lay there and hump and grind and fill my pants for him. Such a dumb, helpless little baby I was- *I am...*

Things look rather different, and far less sexy, in the morning light. My life has changed, after all, and that means no longer being able to sleep until Daddy Scott shakes me gently awake. I have to set my own alarm, and change my own diapers, and make my own breakfast, and check the subway lines myself to see if there are any delays, and-

It's tough having to be big all on your own!

Speaking of being big and responsible, I've decided that if I'm ever going to have a shot at making this thing work on my own, I'm going to have to make some changes. Not easy or fun changes, but changes nonetheless.

I'm reviewing the biggest of them in my mind as I pluck the hot toast from my cheap new toaster and reach for the jelly. It's simple: I'll quit with the 24/7 diapers. Oh, I know they're fun and all – as my aching genitals can testify – but even with my new income I simply won't be able to afford wearing premium pampers every moment of every day. Not to mention the fact that my folks were talking about coming over to see me one of these weekends, and the last thing I need is them stumbling upon my diaper stash. And of course there's also that little issue of working one-on-one with Clair at the office. She knows I'm into kinky stuff, sure – but she can't possibly know that I've been wearing to work all this time. So honestly, I don't really need to keep reminding her of my subby side by waddling noisily through her office in a stuffer-filled MegaMax, now, do I?

Interestingly, this line of thinking in turn has brought me to a rather unnerving realization: I've gotten a bit more used to my diapers than I thought. You see, my first impulse was to switch to only wearing on weekends and maybe a few nights per week. But upon donning a pair of my old, blue boxer briefs for the first time in – well, longer than I care to count – much to my surprise within a matter of hours I'd been faced with a small, wet patch already seeping through my jeans. Clearly, while such little accidents might be okay around home, I can't possibly risk them at work. Good god, how embarrassing would that be?

I reach back now and feel the waistband of my new, light-duty brief, ensuring that my shirt is safely tucked over it. Good. It's thin, but it's cheap. And so long as I don't guzzle massive amounts of liquid during the workday, I'll be safe from little dribbles, no one will even know, and my budget will thank me.

Now, then. Off to work I go – like the great big adult that I am!

"Hey, Devin. Want some more tea? I got way too much this morning, and it's definitely not going to drink itself! Come on, help me out here..."

I smile, and shrug, and despite my misgivings, I reach for the jug of iced tea again. Clair's been so sweet and nice to work with these past weeks, after all. She's been super kind and understanding with me as I struggle to learn these new types of spreadsheets and reporting protocols. And, well... maybe I'm just a people-pleaser. But with all she's been doing to help me, I really hate to say no to anything she proposes.

So I sit there beside my boss, sipping at my third glass of tea and trying to focus more upon the increases in our productivity than upon the increasing pressure in my swelling bladder.

"Anyway, that's why we have to file this one for each of the production batches," she finishes fifteen minutes later, clicking her pencil authoritatively and slipping the latest stack of papers back into her folder. "Now, before we wrap up, we should really talk about QC and how they fit into all this..." But then she rises easily and flashes an apologetic smile. "But hang on just one moment. I'm gonna run to the restroom, okay? Be back in a minute!"

Now's my chance! I'm thinking hurriedly once she's stepped out and the click of her heels disappears

down the hall. *Hmm, maybe I can dump the rest of this glass somewhere? Maybe there's a plant... Aha!* Sure enough, there's a spikey-looking potted plant back behind her chair. Maybe I'll just slip over there and get rid of this tea...

Which I do, quickly and surreptitiously. Because I don't want to refuse Clair and her generosity. But neither do I trust my bladder, which has already been spurting out as I work, and which has already saturated much of the thin diaper beneath me. I'm probably just stressing unnecessarily, of course. But I really can't risk a leak in front of my new boss, you know?

And barely a minute after I've taken my squishy seat once more, with a click of heels and a swish of her pantsuit she's back. "Dang, you must have a bladder of steel, Devin!" Clair laughs good-naturedly, pulling her chair closer to mine. "That tea really runs through me, for some reason. Oh, speaking of which... Here, let me fill your glass again. It's pretty tasty, isn't it? Bottom's up!"

God, it's almost as if she's purposely-! But no, of course not. It's just me and my silly imagination...

In the end, a bit of judicious wetting is inevitable – and so I cautiously let a few spurts of pee out into my diaper, biting my lip all the while and praying that Clair won't notice. I have to relieve the pressure somehow, and so long as I don't flood it, surely it will be able to handle everything. I just need to buy myself a little more time, just until we're done with these last reports-

And then, at long last, the meeting is over. "Well, don't let me keep you any longer, Devin," Clair smiles, with a knowing glance at the clock that reads 4:47 pm. "I'm sure you're eager to get home..." Oh, I am – for many, many reasons. But as I rise from my chair and another hot burst flows from my poor, tea-swollen bladder, I feel something that makes me freeze in horror.

It's the trickling sensation of warm urine, coursing steadily down my left leg.

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Fifteen

Commission – December 2021

What the hell to do now? What would *you* do if your employee literally just pissed their pants in front of you?

I mean, I know my gut impulse: to laugh, to scold him, to tell him what a pathetic little loser he is. But that's my mean, dommy, sissy-humiliating, domestic-discipline-loving side, and not exactly the side of me I should be showing at work. No, I muse, watching the unmistakable streaks of urine darkening and lengthening, as if in slow motion, down the leg of Devin's jeans. No. I should be kind. Caring. Surprised and sorry and compassionate.

The humiliation can always come later.

But oh, how that hunted, shameful expression in his eyes turns me on! He's crimson-faced, his hands half-clutching at his crotch and bottom in a vain attempt to stop the incriminating leaks. He clearly wasn't planning on this, I realize. And maybe it's awful of me, but I do feel a wave of satisfaction that my strategy of pressuring him to drink all that tea has finally worked...

"Aww, Devin. Is something wrong? I- oh, dear..." I gesture tactfully at his clearly wet pants, then turn and look about as if for something to help mop things up. "Here, we should- I can find a towel or something, maybe..."

"No, no, it's okay," Devin manages, and way down low I feel a little somersault of arousal and pleasure at the sound of his mortified voice. "I'm so sorry! I- it's just- I guess all that tea-" "Yeah, I know, I know," I sympathize – and then I'm stepping to my office door and quickly closing it. "Don't worry, dear," I tell him as the blinds come down and I pry the little towel from under my plant and I cast a quick glance at his rear. *Okay, no leaks there. Just like I thought – he's clearly wearing something under there...*

"Here, let's see what the damage is, shall we?" I ask gently, dropping to one knee before him with the little towel in hand. "You need a bit of help, dear. Is it okay if I-" I run my fingers along his belt buckle, and he – perhaps too ashamed to respond aloud, nods silently. "I guess it was just a bit too much tea, huh?" I smile sympathetically, as I undo his belt and begin unfastening his khakis. "Oh, and don't worry – the door's closed and locked. No one's gonna see, I promise..."

The diaper beneath is not much of a surprise for me, of course. But that's where the acting comes in. *Thank goodness for that semester I spent dabbling in theater!* "Oh, my! Here I was thinking you wore these only during... you know, playtime," I smile, and run my fingertips gently over the waist of the clearly soaked disposable. "I guess I was wrong, huh? Does Devin sometimes like being a bit naughty at work, too?"

He's stammering, shifting from foot to foot in red-faced confusion. "Um- well, I mean- I never let anyone notice-" "Of course not," I reassure him softly, gingerly patting the saturated rear of his diaper. It's soft and warm under my fingers, and somehow even though I've never really been into such things, I suddenly begin to understand the appeal. *God, I guess it really would be pretty interesting to feel something that thick and warm and wet around your junk...*

"Of course not," I repeat softly. "Until today, that is. Now, listen: I'm no expert on these things, Devin. But it seems to me that this diaper isn't quite up to the task, is it? Maybe you'd better wear something a bit thicker if you're gonna be- you know..." "I do," he stutters, glancing down with fiery cheeks at the soiled garment between his legs. "I- I mean, I- I thought I wouldn't need a thick one-"

It tumbles out then: how he's been wearing a diaper to work for months now, and how he's trying to rein himself in, and how he's actually afraid he's been training himself to genuinely need them. "I- I end up- you know- going... sometimes. And I don't even know it..." He sounds so helpless and embarrassed it's all I can do not to laugh and tease him by rubbing it in his face. It's for all the world like a sissy I once played with years ago, whining and confessing to me how he just couldn't help cumming whenever I made him don my lacy panties...

"My, that sounds unfortunate," I sympathize, as another little trickle seeps down his leg before my eyes. "It's almost like you need to go back to potty-training again, huh? You know, with pull-ups and someone to remind you to use the big boy potty?" I laugh softly, as though amused by my own absurdity. "Oh, but never mind me. I'm just being silly. And I really shouldn't laugh. Devin, I'm sure you'll figure something out, maybe see a doctor..."

He's blushing and stammering, and I see a look of groveling embarrassment in his eyes as he flounders for words. "Um... well, actually. I guess... I guess a bit of help would be- you know..." And then he says it, in a shaky-voiced burst of incoherence. "Clair, would you- would you actually... help me? Remind me- and, you know... Like you said? Please?"

Well, being confronted with those adorable puppy-dog eyes, what else can I say but yes?

Oh, my god. It feels like I'm having an affair with my boss!

No, not really. Not *that* kind of affair. But goodness, these past two weeks have been stranger and more intense – in a good way – than I ever imagined. Here I am, sitting at my desk once more, still with the reassuring crinkle of padding beneath me. But this time, I know that someone's watching out for me, ready to help me struggle my way back to continence...

Clair found out, of course. That leak of mine blew my entire cover, and I ended up telling her everything: my diapers, my leaks, my attempts to get back to big-boy pants. She was so nice and cool about it, though! She told me it wasn't a big deal, and she'd be happy to help me in whatever way I needed. She even offered to-

Wait, here she comes!

"Hey, Devin. Hard at work again, I see?" Uh-huh. Yep. Just working through these reports. "Running into any trouble?" Nope, nope, all's well. "Good – great work! Now don't forget to take a little break now and then, okay? There are other things just as important as those reports, you know." Sure, yep. Good reminder. Thanks, Clair.

Once she's clicked away down the hall, I rise from my seat and make my way over to our quiet little all-gender bathroom. Thank god for privacy! It's so nice to have this safe space to drop my pants and undo the hook-and-loop tapes of my daytime diaper and settle with a whiff of powder and a sigh onto the toilet. Like a big boy. Or at least, like a baby who's trying to become a big boy once again.

I inspect the open padding before me as a few little dribbles tinkle out of me and into the water beneath. Hmm. Looks like I might have dribbled a bit in my pants, too – but not too much. Not enough yet to qualify as a wet diaper. Not enough to give me a big red X on the online chart Clair made for me...

Yeah, a chart. A potty chart – though naturally for discretion she's titled it a "performance chart," with an appropriately jargony legend that means precisely nothing to anyone else. Only the two of us know that a green check means a dry day at the office, whereas a red X means that I wound up wet. Just like only the two of us know that when she checks in on me throughout the day, the

phrase "running into a little trouble" means that my diaper is... well, not exactly dry anymore.

Okay. On goes the diaper once more, nice and snug. More secure and absorbent than training pants, but cheaper and far more reusable than my old tape-on PeekABUs or MegaMaxes. On go the pants over it, and tucked goes the shirt. Ready to head back to my desk and work... at least, until Clair's next visit.

As I settle back into my chair with a little sigh, I'm musing over this strange new state of affairs. Should I be feeling so happy and grateful to her for helping me out like this? I mean, it's not everyone that literally pees their pants in front of their boss and ends up having them practically potty-training them like a toddler! But then again...

You know, ever since moving out, I've been thinking kind of sadly about how much I miss what Scott used to do for me. I'm not regretting getting my own apartment, of course. I do like being a responsible adult, even with all the hassle and bills that entails. But I miss having someone checking in on me... caring for me... reminding me that they're in charge and want me to do as they say...

So, yeah. Clair's no Scott, of course. But I don't want her to be. I just want- I want...

Dang it. I'm honestly not sure *what* I want her to be.

It's at the end of the day, when I've ducked into her office and closed the door and she's risen with that smile of hers and sashayed over and given me that friendly pat on my padded rear that it happens. "All dry still?" "Uh-huh," I tell her – but of course that's not enough. I undo my belt, just as always, and lower my pants, just as always. "Very *good*, Devin!" she commends me after having inspected my crinkling bum for the slightest sign of moisture-induced swelling. "That's the third green check mark this week!"

But as I grin self-consciously and begin tugging my pants up over my diaper once more, she flashes a smile and a conspiratorial wink my way. "You know, it sure would be a whole lot easier to check you if you were wearing something a bit more... I don't know, accessible. How do you feel about skirts, Devin?"

Oh, she laughs at my splutters of incoherent incredulity. She waves me away with a good-natured smile and bids me a warm goodnight. But late that night, when I'm relaxing into my bed and clutching my stuffy closer and grinding my padded crotch deeper into my still-rustling mattress...

Well, I can't deny that I'm thinking about Clair, and the thought of those fingers of hers undoing my pants. She'd be pulling them off. She'd be laughing that loud laugh of hers, and winking, and tugging a silky-soft, feminine skirt up over my bulging rear...

God, I really am a sucker for being controlled, aren't I?

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Sixteen
Commission – January 2022

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 bridling 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?

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Seventeen
Commission – February 2022

God, why isn't it five o'clock already?

I've never thought of myself as the clock-watching type of employee. I'm Devin, after all: dutiful, eager to prove myself, always looking for ways to demonstrate my value to the company. But these last few days have been... well, tough. Tougher than anything I've dealt with before, to be perfectly honest.

And while I'm being honest, I've gotta admit: it's really all because Clair's still away on vacation.

I shift in my seat, forcing my gaze back from the stubbornly immovable hands of the clock that read 2:18 to the rows of figures in the spreadsheet before me. Nothing for it. It's the post-lunch ennui, the mid-afternoon boredom that I'd normally never even notice if Clair was here. She and I would be in one of our impromptu meetings in her office. Or maybe she'd drop by my desk about now and ask if I was running into any problems. And maybe I'd be rising obediently from my chair and heading down the hall to the bathroom once again, there to slip into a stall and relieve my bladder which seems to hold so little these days...

Oh, yeah. Bathroom break. Better do that like the big boy I'm trying to be.

But *ugh* – when I get there, someone else is in the other stall! I'm not about to embarrass myself by letting my coworker hear me undoing the velcro tapes of my carefully concealed diaper. No way. I'll just head back to my desk... wait a bit longer...

When I feel the warm burst between my legs only a few minutes later, I bite back a sigh... and then relax into it, grudgingly letting the inevitable happen. *Shit. I guess I shouldn't have waited so long, huh?* But then again, it wasn't really my fault! Definitely not. Not in the least. My currently warm diaper was just a one-off accident, an unfortunate product of my coworker's bad timing and the soda I'd had for lunch...

Though the red-splotched spreadsheet I'm calling up discreetly on my second monitor seems to tell quite a different story.

Yep, I admit internally, scanning over the rows of red x's and green check marks for the past weeks.

I can't really deny it any more. Before Clair left, I was getting four, sometimes five green checks a week. I could hardly help but earn them, as frequently as she came by my desk with that little smile on her face and her polite little inquiry about how I'd been doing. She has been my conscience, my safeguard, my constant reminder to pay attention to my body and take care of its needs like an adult should.

And without her now... well, I'm realizing anew just how little control of my own I actually have. Not to mention just how much I've been coming to rely on her.

I don't like to think of myself as particularly prone to depression. But there's no denying that as the minutes tick by and I sit there in my wet diaper, I feel myself slipping down into a self-absorbed spiral of negativity. *No point in trying anymore, is there? Here I am, a grown man who can't even keep his pants dry. Well, at least I'm wearing a diaper like the freaky, leaky little loser I am. Oh, need to pee again? Might as well just let it go. I'm already wet, so no point in holding it. No one's here to check on me anyway. My water bottle? Sure, why not gulp at it, loser? Might as well get wetter and wetter. Serves you right...*

It's the quiet patter of liquid onto the plastic chair mat beneath me that jerks me at last out of my gloomy reverie and sends my blood pressure skyrocketing. *Holy crap, no – not like this!* But sure enough, there it is; my diaper's leaking, visibly and dramatically, and my trembling fingers can tell immediately that a massive, incriminating splotch of moisture is already blossoming out across the left hip of my jeans. *Shit, shit, shit-*

A panicked glance at the clock shows me that it's a bit after four, and I make the decision to bolt for it. So what if I leave work early? It's not like Clair's going to really notice. I just have to get home, back in my safe refuge where I can find dry jeans and hide my humiliating accident from the searching eyes of my coworkers...

And so here I am now a few hours later, tucked away in a corner of the bar a few blocks from my place and feeling more depressed than ever.

Oh, don't worry – I cleaned myself up. I'm still able to do *that*, at least: able to trudge up the stairs and slip the concealing coat from around my waist and pull off my shoes and tug off my jeans to see just how awful the damage is. Able, too, to rip off the soaked diaper that clearly couldn't handle how much I was peeing. Able to wipe my stupid naked ass and trudge over to the drawer and pull

out the sort of diaper that's better suited for the job.

The booster I thrust down between those extra-tall leak guards only makes sense. Yep – Megamax plus booster. A thick, thirsty diaper for a stupid, leaky, overgrown baby. Complete with tapes so sticky and strong that they're virtually impossible to remove... because let's face it. There's no reason to think I should even try.

That's right, I muse fiercely now, gulping vindictively at my beer and finding a savage, dark pleasure at the sensation of the unusually thick padding underneath my ass. This is what I deserve to be: sealed away. Locked into an extra-thick diaper where I freaking belong. Waddling through life having flunked fucking *potty training*. That's me: the loser whose sweet coworker tried her very best to help him, but whose complete inability even to do something as basic as use the freaking toilet made that coworker throw up her hands in frustration and despair...

After all, there's something not even Clair knows. I haven't told her about the number of mornings I've woken up to find myself – well, at least on the first morning – in a puddle of my own piss. And at least three more times since then, in a bulging, cool, and thoroughly soaked diaper. Precisely like the sort of incontinent, pissy-assed loser I've lately been trying so hard not to be.

Maybe there's a sadistic side to me after all. After all, why am I ordering a second pint to follow this first one? Surely not because I want to see just how quickly I can send my bladder and kidneys into overdrive. Surely not because in my morbid desire to prove to myself my own helplessness, I'm deliberately stacking all the odds against myself...

Shut up, brain. Just shut up. Shut up and drink your fucking beer. Or better yet, try a couple of shots after this. Sure, why not? Get drunk. Lose your mind. Let it all go. Doesn't matter, anyway. Brain empty, diaper full – just like you fucking want. Just like those stupid, fucked-up fantasies you've had all your life...

It was just another late evening for Scott. Work had been, well, work. And supper had been nothing special – just microwaved leftovers for one. And after all the email-checking and the website browsing and the social media check-ins had eaten away the hours, he was thinking languidly of heading to bed and getting the sleep he knew he needed. Or maybe he should text Clair again and see how her day at the beach had been. Mmm... God, that bikini pic she'd sent had been something else...

And then it came: the unsteady thumping on his door, followed by a long-drawn ring of the doorbell and a loud rattling of the knob.

What the hell?! Who could be calling this late? And more suspicious still, who on earth would be so insistent on being let in? Thoughts of robberies and pranksters and doxxing flitted through his mind, but in the end he shrugged them away and stepped toward the door. He was a big guy, after all. Worst came to the worst, he could slam the door in their fucking face and call the cops-

But nothing had prepared him for the sight that greeted him upon cracking open the door and peering out. For there on the stoop stood Devin, of all people: snot-nosed, blubbering, gazing up unsteadily into Scott's face through a haze of tears and intoxication.

"Dad-dee," he slurred, before stumbling forward and dropping heavily to the threshold. "Pleeze- I- I need- yoo..."

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Eighteen

Commission – March 2022

I'm not the most emotional guy, to be frank. When people say things like "I was so shocked, my heart *literally* stopped," I'm the skeptic who will likely as not make some wisecrack about needing a medic. Sure, emotions are real and they matter. It's just that, personally, they don't usually get in my way.

Well, usually. But I can't deny that something flip-flopped deep in the pit of my stomach just a few minutes ago. You know, when I opened the front door and found my visibly inebriated friend begging through tears for me – his Daddy – to help him.

Damn, I've missed Devin. I've missed my little boy... in ways I don't quite even understand.

He's clearly upset. But he also happens to be drunk as a skunk right now, that's obvious enough. I'm pretty sure he's not going to remember much, if anything, of what's going on as I haul him in and tug off his shoes and wipe the snot from his tear-streaked face. It's that awareness that helps break any ice there might have been between us, and which gives me the confidence to wade right in and lend a helping hand.

After all, in this state, poor Devin isn't fit to do anything but lie in bed and sleep it off. With the aid of an extra-thick diaper, if I know anything. Because holy hell, judging by the bulge I'm seeing between his legs, the one he's wearing right now is swollen and fit to burst.

"Aww, does little Devin need a change?" I ask, as my inner daddy dom urge surges to the fore and I find myself falling right back into the groove of our old relationship. "Little Devin's got a super soggy diaper tonight, doesn't he?" His tears have largely subsided now, and he's nodding and mumbling vaguely – something about production reports and gold stars, I think...

"Well, okay then!" I continue, pretending that he answered my unnecessary rhetorical question in the affirmative. "Here, baby. Let's get you all cleaned up and ready for bed. It's past your bedtime, after all..." Bedtime. Oof, that brings a flood of memories back: not only of his old bed that is no longer in his old room, but of my own bedtime. The nights I have spent with Clair – and the one I was already preparing to spend by messaging her as I fell asleep...

This is getting messy, isn't it? Me, and Clair, and Devin – we're all going through life in our own

orbits, and yet we keep on intersecting and disturbing one another in such chaotic ways. Here I've been thinking I've moved on from Devin – that he's found his way back out into the world, and that he wants to be away from me. That's why I've moved on as best I can. I've found Clair, and we've started... well, dating. Among other things.

Yet she and Devin are... close? I guess? After all, she did say she was taking care of him and helping him transition back from diapers at work and everything. But he's turned up here tonight, of all things? And in a soaking-wet diaper?

Perhaps it's wrong of me – nothing more than ugly jealousy – but I can't help wondering if the only reason he showed up here tonight is because Clair's out of town. Because his number one pick is unavailable.

Enough of the sad introspective bullshit, I tell myself, as I guide my drunken friend along a tipsy path to my bedroom. Devin needs help, and that's that. We'll sort it all out later. The main thing right now is... well, stripping him down and getting him into a clean diaper.

"Now, baby, you lay right down on Daddy Scott's bed, okay? I'm gonna go find you a fresh diaper. I'll be right back, I promise!" *Assuming I can find one. Wait, where the hell did I stuff those MegaMaxes? The pink ones I got as a sample and forgot to ever use...?*

I find them eventually, stuffed into a bottom drawer behind some cuffs and plugs. And it's not long until I'm back at his side, unfurling the girly pink padding and gently untangling his uncoordinated limbs from his clothes. "Here, baby, you need to just hold still and let Daddy Scott undress you. Come on, nice and still..."

Perhaps it's for the best that he'll forget all of this tomorrow. Because the plaintive bleats and moans that escape him as I peel open his sodden diaper and begin wiping down his nether regions are... well, frankly sexual. Unashamedly so. And the swelling length of his little shaft that slips through my hands and within the baby wipe reminds me that my caged little subby baby is far from caged now – and loving every minute of it.

"No, baby," I reply to his guttural moans and thrusting hips. He's drunk, and there's no possible way he can consent to anything tonight. "Shh. Good babies stay still and quiet during their diaper changes..." And closed goes the pink padding around his erection, as he lets out a final lascivious moan. "Up, baby. Time for your PJs!"

And not fifteen minutes later, my old friend Devin is lying fast asleep in my own bed, snoring gently, wearing nothing but his fresh pink diaper and an old college T-shirt of mine that fit him like a nightgown. He's out... and now it's time for me to clear my head and get a second opinion.

From Clair, of course. Because even though it pains me to admit it, I know that if there's one person in the world who might know what Devin needs, it's her. And so my fingers start flitting across my phone screen, typing out precisely the sort of message a dad might text to his wife when their toddler is being a brat...

"Good morning, sunshine!" Clair's sweet enthusiasm cuts through the quiet bedroom, her voice beaming out from my tablet as I hold it above my tousled companion. He's lying there among the sheets like the most adorable baby in the world: legs spread, nightshirt hiked up past his waist, and with his pink diaper, swollen with nighttime accidents, on display for all to see. "Aww, is that Devin there? And in such a cute pink diaper too! Hey, honey... How are you feeling this morning?"

A muffled groan escapes him, and I reach over and pat his shoulder in good-natured consolation. "Hangovers are a real bitch," I sympathize, as he presses his face into the pillow in obvious pain. "You really shouldn't drink so much at a time, Devin..." "That's right!" Clair agrees, and she leans closer to the camera in obvious earnestness. "What were you doing out so late last night, anyway? And drinking, no less?"

"I wasn't feeling very good," Devin murmurs from the pillows, his voice muffled with shame. "I-I..." And then Clair's voice comes, warm and strong and caring in the silence. "Honey, it's okay. You can tell me. Something's bothering you, isn't it?"

Oh, there is. Out it tumbles at last, as he sits up in the early morning light and the fresh toast I've brought for the two of us grows cold on our plates. Devin confesses, through blushes and sighs and choked-back tears, how he's been trying to potty-train. How ever since Clair went on vacation he's been failing more and more, how he's a good-for-nothing dumb baby, how he's going to be stuck in diapers for the rest of his life and people will hate him and he's nothing but a stupid loser-

"Whoa, baby, hold on," Clair interjects at last, when he pauses for a shuddering breath. "Hold on just a bit, baby. You're not a loser, and you're not dumb. Believe me, honey, I know." Her voice is as strong and reassuring as my arm around his shoulders, and I suddenly begin to understand why Devin has become so close with her. She's so... caring. Sympathetic. Reassuring.

"You're also not feeling well, baby," she continues, and Devin nods in rueful, pained acquiescence. "You must have a splitting headache, and you were already feeling bad before. Baby, listen: it's Friday. You haven't taken a single sick day since starting with us, okay? Take today off – I'm ordering you to, as both your boss and your friend. Stay there, safe and sound with Daddy Scott. Scott, you can take care of him, right?"

"Of course," I return, with a hasty internal review of my day's plans. *Just that one meeting, which I can reschedule-* "Of course I can! He can hang here and chill with me, don't you worry..." "Hear that, baby?" Clair queries, and Devin nods in silent but evident relief. "Stay there and let Daddy Scott take care of you. No work, no worrying – and most importantly, no more potty-training. Just a day off, baby. Sleep and relax, okay? I promise, by tomorrow you'll be feeling *so* much better..."

And so we end it. Clair is headed back home tomorrow anyway, she says. Vacation's over, and she's headed home, and she'll come by my place on Saturday to check in and work things out. In the meantime, I'll take a quick hike over to Devin's apartment and fetch just a few things to keep him comfy. You know, for a couple more diapers. And maybe his paci. And his bottle... just to keep him hydrated.

It's as I'm tucking Devin onto the couch – now fed, and freshly changed, and whimpering in quiet gratitude – that I feel that sudden rush of love and belonging, familiar and yet stronger than I've ever felt before. This feels so unbelievably right. Devin's back, and I'm here beside him, taking care of my little boy once again. Clair isn't going to separate us, I realize. Quite the contrary. I don't exactly know what we'll end up working out, of course. But the three of us are drawing closer together than ever before... and something tells me that it's all going to turn out just fine.

Now, then. Off to go get my little boy some fresh diapers!

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Nineteen

Commission – April 2022

Stupid cancelled flight! What kind of sadistic assholes wait until an hour before your departure time to cancel it – and for no other reason than that they experienced an "unforeseen staff shortage"?!

I guess I shouldn't gripe too much. I did manage to catch the early morning flight back today, after all – only a day later than scheduled, and getting me back to my own stuffy and silent house before lunchtime on this lovely Sunday. And here I am, safe and sound and with luggage wholly intact. Maybe I didn't manage to get over to Scott's place late yesterday as planned. But to judge by his texts, it sounds like it was all okay in the end. Even better, it gave Devin an excuse to stay over there one more night...

Ah, Devin. Whatever am I going to do with you?

Oh, I know damn well what I *could* do with him. What I sometimes *want* to do with him. Visions are flitting before me now: beguiling, kinky visions of lacy skirts and tightening restraints and a drooling, gag-filled mouth. I'm imagining hearing such musical sounds of gurgling, humiliated moans... the crack of leather on his bare and defenseless ass... my commands wringing desperate little confessions of submission and devotion and obedience from his babbling lips. And now I can picture that adorable blush on his cheeks as I bring out one of those crinkling diapers he needs so much. I'd push him onto it – jerk his legs apart – force that stiff cock of his down-

No. NO! I may have a *domme* side – a kinky streak that loves nothing more than to sissify and punish and humiliate adorable submissive guys like Devin. But he's my employee – my coworker– my friend. And even more than that, he's Scott's- Scott's...

Well, what exactly *is* he?

According to Scott, they're just friends. Firmly friend-zoned. Just good, kinky buddies who happened to become good, kinky roommates when necessity demanded. It had been a temporary solution to a temporary problem – and when Devin had gotten the chance, he'd moved out again. No strings attached, no messy emotions, no breakup. Simple as that.

And yet... what exactly happened last Friday night between the two of them?

It's dangerous to read too much into the texts that Scott sent me. I do love me some good 'ol reading between the lines and making all kinds of educated inferences – and yet with a situation this delicate, my gut is telling me to resist such a stereotypically feminine urge. I should check with Scott one-on-one. Hear from him in person exactly how and why Devin ended up drunk as a skunk on his doorstep, apparently sobbing his heart out and begging plaintively for someone to help him.

The thing is, right now I'm disturbed not only by Devin's apparent distress over the potty-training routine that I genuinely thought would help him... but also by my own inner twinges of jealousy. After all, why didn't Devin call *me* when he was feeling low? What's so important between him and Scott that makes me... second rate?

Yep. Let's do this. I've got to chat with Scott now – before I work myself up into a fit of passive-aggressive jealousy.

"Yeah. Yeah, he went back to his place this morning. Needed to take care of his plants and mail and everything. Said it was about time he quit mooching off his old roommate."

Scott and I are seated again at his little table, hands cradling warm cups of freshly-brewed coffee. I take a sip and nod, noting with satisfaction that it's a remarkably good roast. "Aww, 'mooching' seems a bit strong, doesn't it? I hope that's not how it felt!" Scott's shaking his head, and on his handsome and unshaven face I can read not merely polite denial, but something else. Some sort of... self-conscious fondness...

"No, no, of course not!" he assures me, and now he's gazing firmly into my eyes. "Listen, he's always welcome here. You have no idea, Clair – no idea what a mess he was in Friday night." "Well, maybe I would if you told me?" I hope to god that to him it doesn't sound as petty and jealous as it does in my own ears, but he doesn't seem to mind. "Of course! Look, well, I mean. You... you went to college, of course. You've seen your share of drunk kids, I suppose...?"

I give a short chuckle. "Uh, yeah? Been there a few times myself, though I don't exactly like to advertise it." "Well, sure," Scott smiles, taking another sip. "But no, he was really out of it. Plastered as he was, I still don't know how he got all the way to my place without tripping and breaking his skull. But there he was: sobbing his heart out, begging for D- I mean, *me* to help him-"

"Wait, did you start to say..." Maybe I'm just being petty, but I need to know everything. "Daddy?" He's blushing the tiniest bit: a proud papa trying not to let his elation show. "Um, yeah," he chuckles, a trifle self-consciously. "That's how we had it before. Before he moved out, I mean. And I guess when you're drunk things just sort of come out..."

"Scott." I'm leaning forward now, heart thumping a trifle faster than usual. "Listen, I know it's sweet. I see that there's still something between the two of you. Something real." His smile is disappearing, the corners of his mouth drawing in toward a puzzled frown. But I plunge on – because I have to. "And I don't mind. I- I really don't want to mind." *Why the hell is my voice quavering the tiniest bit?*

"It's just that... I just- See, I don't want to be doing anything behind anyone's back," I explain, and take a quick sip to calm my sudden stab of nerves. "Devin... He does know about us, doesn't he? About our dates, and... everything?"

Scott's nodding vigorously. "Oh, yes. Yes, of course he knows, Clair! There wasn't any real reason to hide it, was there? It's not like he and I were, like, *together* together before." My fingers are tracing the rim of the cup now, and from within me I'm feeling the strangest emotion welling up. Is this... nervous laughter?

"See," I manage to chuckle, and I'm glancing up now with sudden resolve. "Scott, I- I really like you. I do. It's just that... well, I see how close you and Devin are. And I'm worried that I... that I might not fit in. Or that I'm just getting in the way – just a distraction from what you really want. I hope you get what I'm saying?" He's nodding again, forehead furrowing even as he reaches for my hand and gives it a consoling squeeze. "Clair, I really like you, too. You're so *special* to me! You're strong and kind and... well, everything. Not to mention an absolute tiger in bed..."

Now we're both laughing, and the genuine mirth seems to clear the atmosphere like a cool breeze of air on a steamy summer afternoon. "So, what're we saying?", he sighs. "We both like one another, and we also both love Devin?" He's slurping at his coffee now, his eyes meeting mine over the rim. "After all, you've practically been his mommy for what? Months now? With all those potty charts and stuff?"

I'm feeling a little blush creep onto my own cheeks now, but I nod defiantly. "I mean, I suppose? We're very professional about it, of course." "Of course. Very professional, I'm sure." He's smirking now, his usual wry sense of humor resurfacing. "Though I'd bet my bottom dollar you're secretly thinking about all the kinky shit you'd do with him if you could. Aren't you? You were the one

telling me once how you *love* humiliating subs in skirts and frills and stuff..."

"Hey!" I begin, and then bust out into another laugh as I realize just how true his words are. "Okay, okay, I admit it! He's fucking adorable: so submissive, and sweet, and conscientious... And he's really got my motor humming some days with those cute diapers of his." "Mmm-hmm, just what I thought." Scott's grinning, and as he drains his cup and rises to get a refill I feel the complicated tangle of emotions within me begin to loosen and unwind. Maybe this whole situation isn't as mixed-up as I thought.

"Ever been in a poly relationship before?" He's turning back to me, pot in one hand and cup in the other. "I know they're not for everyone. But, Clair..." And his eyes are growing reflective as he reaches down to refill my own outstretched cup. "Listen, I should tell you. It wasn't until Devin showed up again that I realized how... I dunno. How fucking much he means to me. And how much I missed him... having my subby little boy around here, needing someone to take care of him..."

Oh, Scott – such a sweetheart- But before I can interject, he goes on. "I don't know if you would want this, of course. But if you'd be okay with us all being together – you, and me, and Devin – like, I think that would be just about perfect." He sets down the pot, and as he eases back into his chair I'm feeling a wave of relief wash over me. "He'd be with his mommy *and* his daddy. And we'd be together..."

"Raising holy hell in the bedroom like the two freaks we are," I cut in, with a relieved chuckle. "While our sweet, sissy little baby Devin waddles around his nursery in his lacy pink onesie, wondering what the hell his daddy and mommy are doing to make so much noise!" "Oh, he wouldn't have to wonder," Scott chortled, and in the lowering register of his throaty chuckle I can hear the growing arousal. "Believe me, he'd know. And he'd be grinding in that thick, soggy diaper of his, wishing desperately that Mommy or Daddy would come and take that cage off his poor, trapped little pee-pee..."

I'm catching my breath even as I snort and chortle at the fantastic scene we're painting. *God, it seems so... perfect. So incredible. And yet so simple!* "You'd really be down for that? Like, really?" "Why the fuck not?" Scott is clearly relieved at my favorable reaction. "The whole monogamy thing isn't for everyone, Clair. Nothing against those who are, of course. But given everything that's been brewing between us up to now... well, I just don't see any reason why not to give it a shot!"

"Except maybe Devin himself," I correct. "We should check with him on this idea, obviously." "Oh,

obviously!" Scott hastens to add. "And we should sleep on it ourselves first: think it over, let it simmer. But maybe sometime this week we can, I dunno. Have dinner and chat about it all? See what he thinks about the idea?"

I'm grinning now as I reach over and take his proffered hand. "Perfect. Yeah, let's do it!" We're shaking on it like business partners: partners who have made an unexpected breakthrough, who have seen past their differences and found a way forward that just might benefit everyone...

But then he's reaching over, his arm circling me and dragging me, chair and all, toward him. "Fuck yeah, let's do it," he murmurs in my ear – and then his hungry lips are seeking mine, and his scent is filling my nostrils, and my empty cup teeters over as the simple handshake dissolves into a heated embrace.

God, I've missed this man!

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twenty

Commission – May 2022

Hmm... what to wear tonight? I don't suppose she's expecting anything super-formal. But I also don't want to roll up wearing sweats – or even one of my onesies...

Get it together, Devin! I scold myself, running my fingers along the line of shirts in my little closet. It can't be that difficult, really. It's just an evening meal over at Clair's place – just her and Scott and me. They both know me in and out, so it's not like I need to be all ostentatious and formal. But still... I dunno. The thing is, I don't know what to think anymore – not just about what to wear, but what sort of relationship Clair and I have.

Is she my boss? Yes. Is she my unofficial dommy mommy? Also yes. Do I both love and regret the way she makes me feel? feel guilty over longing to hear her tease me? worry that in wanting to spend time with her I'm also hurting Daddy Scott's feelings?

Yes, yes, and yes.

I blink, the vision of how Clair and I had parted scarcely an hour before swimming before my eyes. She'd flashed that sweet smile of hers as we neared the exit to the parking lot. "See you tonight, Devin!" she'd called gaily, and I could have sworn I'd seen her give me a sly wink just as she was turning away.

Now, what exactly had she meant by that? Was she saying that she has something fun and kinky in mind – something she couldn't talk about in the workplace? God, maybe she does. Maybe I'll arrive and find her preparing a babyish meal for me, cooing over me and patting my padded bum and giggling to Scott over what a silly little boy I am. She'll tease me and explain to Scott just how hopeless I've become at potty-training... just how few gold stars I've earned lately... how after last weekend it's clear that I'm a hopeless case. And he'll agree, and tell her just what a mess I was at his place last weekend. And as much as I protest and beg, they'll force me down into babyish humiliation...

But that's just my subby, dirty little imagination. Maybe she's going to do the exact opposite: remind me that I'm a grown man, and her employee, and that it's time I get my act together and keep my kink as far away from work as possible.

My fingers are lingering on my dark navy onesie, stroking reflexively at its soothingly soft fabric as I muse on the confusing tangle of emotions within. I really don't know anymore. I do want to let them know that I really will try my best to be a strong, sensible young man. I don't want to be needy, or to hurt anyone's feelings, or to make Clair and Scott hate one another if they think that little Devin has favorites. Wearing something mature and adult would be a good way to signal that, right? But I also don't want to let anyone down if one – or both – of them really do expect me to roll up in a baby outfit, ready to be teased and coddled and loved in the way that only they can do...

Well, nothing for it. I may not know what's going to happen this evening. But I can compromise. Badly as I know I'll need it, I'll go with a diaper underneath everything: one of my work diapers, thin enough to be discreet but thick enough to provide protection. I'll slip that navy onesie over it, nice and businesslike up top. And then just a work shirt and jeans. Yeah. That'll have to do. This way it all looks nice and sensible, but I can strip down into babyhood if they really want...

Now, then. Time to get this show on the road!

You know, I really do obsess too much. Here we are – just finished with an amazing supper, and it's so comfortable and relaxing and natural that I wonder why on earth I was so stressed. Kink hasn't come up once during this entire time! Clair's been telling us about her amazing vacation, and Scott's been talking about his latest project and his hopes for the new superhero movie that's coming out next week, and frankly it's all been so normal that I can't help but feel at home. We may be kinky, but we're also good friends. That's something my anxiety had almost made me forget.

And then, just when I'm no longer expecting it, it comes. "Hey, Devin. Scott and I were wondering if we could get your opinion on something..." Clair is seated on my left, and Scott is easing down on my right, and I feel a little dribble of warmth into the padding between my legs as my anxiety bubbles up once more. *Uh-oh. Is this the talk? The time when they tell me I'm being way too stupid and silly and they don't want me being such a bother-*

But it's actually nothing like that. "See, Scott and I have been talking over the past few days," Clair is smiling, and now her hand is on my knee in friendly reassurance. "We were chatting about a lot of things – about how well we've gotten to know one another, and how glad we are that you're in both our lives..." "Umm, okay?" My heart is thudding now, and I cast a glance over at Scott. What are they about to say? Why is he smiling like that?

"I know it was hard for you when Clair went away," Scott continues, and he's nodding in Clair's direction. "You both told me how much she's been helping you at work, and with your potty problems, and everything. And believe me, Devin, that's okay. I know it's been hard since you—since we, you know... since you got your own apartment..."

Why are tears stinging my eyes even as I'm nodding? Yes, yes... it *has* been hard. Nice as it is to be my own boss, more and more I've been missing Scott's rumbly voice, and his strong hands, and—And god, how good it had been this past weekend to be back with him—

"It's simple," Clair interjects with a sympathetic smile. "Scott misses you very much, Devin. And I know you've been missing him, too." "Yeah, but— but I also miss *you*—" I manage, my voice cracking with emotion. "I— I just—" "I know, Devin," Scott murmurs, and now his hand is on my other knee. "So we've come up with what we think is a perfect solution. And we want you to tell us what you think of it."

"Scott and I have become really close over the last few months," Clair confides, and in the glance I see her direct at Scott I suddenly see both fondness and simmering lust. "And so, Devin, it's clear — we all want to be together. All three of us, in different ways and for different reasons. So why don't we do exactly that? Scott and me and you, all together as one happy family. There's no rule that says there can be only two people in a relationship, after all!"

"You'd have a Daddy *and* a Mommy," Scott smiles, and my thudding heart does a little somersault at his words. "Mommy Clair to keep you in line at work, and Daddy Scott to take care of you at home. No more worrying about having to choose me over her, or vice versa. Just our sweet little Devin, with his two loving parents who love each other and their little boy..."

I'm flabbergasted, stunned by the seeming simplicity of their solution. "Wait, but— But like, would I—? I guess I'd move in with one of you again?" "Only if you want to," Clair reassures me with a warm smile. "Devin, look — there's loads of room here! I'd love to have you move in with me. Not having to pay for your own place will be a great move for you financially, of course—"

"And you can even move back in with me, too," Scott offers, and I shiver at the delightfully sordid memories and prospects the very idea raises. Desperately humping my fox— my stinky diaper on display— Scott ordering his caged, dirty little baby boy to suck him off— "Honestly, we'd probably just treat it like split custody," Clair chimes in, interrupting my crotch—tightening memories. "You could spend a week with Scott and then a week with me — and on the weekends, we'd all be together at either place. We could even make up a list of rules for you, honey — rules to keep our

darling Little Devin well-disciplined..."

As perfect as it sounds, why am I shaking my head? I don't even quite understand the bubble of resentment rising within me, or the words that are tumbling incoherently from my mouth. "But- no. No, I have to be responsible! I'm a grown man- And I just got my apartment!" I'm trembling now, caught between my suppressed longing and my own threatened pride. "I- I know it's nice of you to offer. But I can't just keep mooching off others. I... You know, when I was with you, Scott, it- it was just temporary. I got that job, and I moved out. I'm back on my feet, being responsible-"

"And no one is saying you *aren't*, honey," Clair soothes, and now her arm is around my shoulders. "Devin, nobody for a moment thinks that you're weak, or immature, or lesser than, okay? Believe me, I work with you constantly! You're one of our best employees, Devin. You're strong and smart and caring, and I know you have everything it takes to be an amazing, successful adult."

I'm gulping back the sobs now, unbidden tears stinging my eyes at her compassionate words. "But listen, Devin. Being an adult doesn't mean living in one specific way, okay? Being an adult means you have the maturity and the ability to *choose* what you want and how you live and what is best for you. And frankly," here she laughs softly, "If that means choosing to live with others and let yourself be vulnerable for them and giving them your sweet, wonderful self by being their Little... well, that's not just adult. That's brave. That takes guts."

"Living with someone else isn't a sign of weakness, Devin," I hear Scott affirm over my hiccuping sobs – and the slight quaver in his own low tones tells me he's also getting emotional. "I... I love you, Devin. And ever since you moved away, I've begun to see just how- Well, how much I care about you. So please... if you really do want us to be together, please don't let silly ideas about what makes an adult, or a man, or whatever, keep you away from it. Please?"

I'm nodding, feeling in my aching heart the truth of their words. God, I do- I *DO* want what they've described. I do want to be with them both: obeying them, learning to make them happy, loving the thrill and the joy of submitting to them and letting them take control day after day...

And so, as Clair hands me a tissue and I blow my nose and Scott pats my knee consolingly, I hiccup and nod out my agreement. "I- You're right," I manage, and through my reddened eyes I catch their warm smiles. "I'm sorry. It's silly not to do what I want... is it?" Thoughts and possibilities are swirling incoherently within my mind: I can sublet my apartment; Clair has a car, so maybe she can help me move my stuff; some furniture could go in Scott's place and some here with her...

But then, kinkster that I am, I find my thoughts racing back to the very first time Scott and I had discussed living together. I take a shaky breath and blink up meekly at first Scott, then over at Clair. "Umm... you said something about rules? Making a list of rules for me?"

"You better believe it, sweetie," Clair beams, and Scott chuckles in delighted relief. "Of course, Devin. We wouldn't dare let a sweet little thing like you off without a few rules to keep you in check!" I'm blushing as they chatter on, more aware than ever now of the padding between my legs and the happy laughter of my companions... quite possibly soon to be my Mommy and my Daddy. I'm safe between them, thrilling at the warm bubbles of pleasure and delight at the sound of their eager voices around me. They're debating how often a little boy should be caged, and whether he deserves to try his hand at using the potty now and then, and...

I'm going to sleep on it all, of course. I don't want to rush into anything, and I know they don't want that, either. But deep in my heart, already I sense that I'm going to agree to their proposition. I'm Devin, after all: Devin the Little. Devin the kinky submissive with potty problems. Devin, who loves his Daddy Scott and his boss-turned-mommy Clair... and who knows he wants to be with them more than anyone else in the entire world.

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twenty-One

Commission – June 2022

"Hey, buddy! How's it going back there? You ready for a hike with your Daddy Scott?"

I'm struggling to hold back my delighted grin as I glance back into the rearview mirror. There's Devin: seated securely in the back seat, looking more sheepishly adorable than I'd even remembered. He's wearing exactly what I picked out for him – per one of our new rules, of course. There's that cute blue shirt I just bought him, a childishy-drawn dinosaur roaming happily across its front. There's his shortalls, too, and his chunky sneakers – both of which entered his wardrobe while he was living by himself these past months. And underneath it all, as I know well, is that soft, warm onesie of his... and a lovely Little Kings diaper, of course. Because everyone knows that little boys need to stay warm and dry and protected, no matter where they go.

Little boys like Devin. My Devin. My adorable little boy once more.

"Uh-huh," he nods, and now he's craning his neck, looking anxiously through the windshield at the early spring greenery swishing past. "Are we gonna go back to the place where- you know, where we hiked before? Last fall?" I can't quite tell if it's impatience or trepidation in his voice... but something tells me it's likely both. After all, I have fond memories of what we did during our last hike together. Memories of Devin's waddling and clearly leaking booty... his bare legs splayed open for a diaper change... and best of all, the sound of his mortified moans of pleasure as he lost his struggle and ended up cumming uncontrollably in his freshly-filled pampers...

"Not exactly," I reply, and gesture out the window at the wooded hills to our left. "It's a place owned by an old friend of mine. He's one of those back-to-the woods kind of guys, and he's got this amazing set of trails through the forest." I grin once more and flick on my turn signal as we approach our turn. "Best of all, there's a super-cool spot for a picnic: nice and grassy and open. It's going to be the perfect spot for us, don't you think? Nice and secluded and safe... Just perfect for our little project..."

Oh, yes. I can practically watch Devin's pale cheeks morphing into the tomato red of embarrassment. It's a little project all three of us know about. Just a little photoshoot, Clair called it. Out in nature, with the warm sunlight and the green grass and the fresh air to ruffle his precious hair. A nice little session between a Daddy and his little boy – just perfect for capturing the most adorable baby pictures imaginable...

"Aww, why are you blushing, Devin? Why're you squirming like that? You're going to look so adorable, I just know it!" I'm chuckling now, bouncing gently as the car eases over the bumps and potholes in this wooded lane. "Remember, Mommy Clair specifically asked us for baby photos, don't you remember? She was so sad she couldn't be with us this weekend. So the least we can do to make that silly work retreat go faster for her is to send her pretty pictures of her little boy. Surely you want to make Mommy happy, don't you?"

It still feels a bit odd to call Clair Devin's Mommy now – and yet, it feels so right, too. I don't have to worry any more about being too needy for wanting to take care of Devin, or getting jealous over how much attention she gives him. It's all good now: he's *our* boy, and she and I are partners, and together we're going to live our best kinky life. Or at the very least, we'll try to.

Now, then. Time to get out and hike for that meadow – before that laxative-filled oatmeal I fed him this morning does its job!

This- this is so... cool. And scary. And wonderful.

My gut gurgles ominously as I step forward, only to be drowned out by the loud squish of my shoes in the thin layer of mud beneath me. Ahead of me Daddy is finding the path, gesturing back for me, pointing out where to step and which rocks are slippery and which puddles I should avoid. Ordinarily, when immersed in Littlespace I'd be stomping in the filthy water, channeling the muddy delight of childhood. But today...

Well, today I want to be good for Daddy. But more than that, I have the anxiety of those baby pictures Mommy asked for: posing as Daddy tells me, letting the camera capture me in my most infantile state. And then, to top it all off, there's this impending storm in my belly to worry about.

Not that I can do anything about it, of course. The new rules are pretty clear on that front.

But before I can obsess about it much further, we're here: in the sheltered meadow Daddy Scott told me about. It's beautiful, really. On this unseasonably warm day in spring, I can practically hear the grass within this little meadow growing, the earth moving, the entire world coming to life under the warm rays of the sun. I can even see a few dandelions here and there beginning to show golden against the green leaves, and memories are stirring within me: memories of being a little kid,

and bending down, picking them, rubbing them against my chin to see if I like butter...

"Come on, buddy! Let's get you all situated!" Daddy has already spread out a baby-blue blanket on the grass, and set his backpack and tripod to one side. "Don't worry – it's plenty warm enough now..." And now he's tugging at my shortalls, slipping them down and off. Over my head comes my shirt, exposing my onesie to the bright sunshine. "Here, let's get those shoes off too" – and now I'm sinking onto the blanket with a muted squish and crinkle, letting him tug off my chunky shoes and my shortalls and then even my socks...

"My onesie too?" My voice is so little and unsure that the sound alone is sending me deeper into Littlespace. "Of course!" Daddy smiles – and then it's slipping over my head before I can do much more than blink. "Baby pictures, you know! Just a naked, innocent little baby in his pretty diaper, posing for the camera. You're gonna be so damn cute-"

I'm blushing as I rise from the blanket, now clad in nothing but my Little Kings diaper. God, it really is so comfortable, and so babyish. Just glancing down at it now makes me feel littler than ever; for there's those adorable cartoons prints, and the pastel coloring of a real Pampers, and most incriminating of all, the now-blue wetness indicator that indicates for the entire world to see that this little baby boy has already soaked himself at least once...

If only that were the only accident that I'm increasingly certain this diaper is going to see.

But the new rules are clear. They're snug and reassuring and uncompromising: the velvet-clad fingers of an iron hand encircling me in their lovingly strict care. I have to let Mommy or Daddy dress me every day. Do what Mommy and Daddy tell me to. Give them each a key to my cage, and let them decide if and when it comes off. And most importantly, wear diapers 24/7, with no exceptions.

There are a few more, but this is no time to think about them. Daddy's got his big camera all ready on the tripod, and now he's chuckling and pushing me gently down onto my wet bum. "Sit there nice and pretty for me, baby," he rumbles in my ear with a quick kiss, and I blush and nod obediently as he hastens back to the tripod. *Shh-shick* goes the shutter, and *shh-shick* again. Over and over, while I blink, and stare, and blush into the lens... feeling my caged bits swelling and aching in impotent arousal at the embarrassing state I'm in. *I'm a good baby. Just a good baby, a good, helpless little baby...*

But as the minutes tick by, the tempest within my belly is reaching almost unbearable levels, and I

quiver as the first chills sweep over me. "Daddy-" I begin, but he merely smiles and motions me up onto my knees. "Don't worry, baby! Here, let's give you a flower, huh? Won't that look pretty?" "But- but I- my tummy-" I'm blushing and stammering as he hands me a freshly-picked dandelion, and he merely ruffles my hair and shakes his head. "Aww, baby. Don't worry! You're safe and padded, remember?"

Safe... padded... If only I wasn't so keenly aware of the humiliating spectacle I'm going to make if I end up losing control! But I kneel upright on the blanket, doing exactly as Daddy commands, holding the flower to my nose-

"Now, then – why don't we try a different pose? Come on, a nice low squat for me, baby! Like you just leaned down and picked your pretty flower-"

Oh, Daddy knows exactly what he's doing. And though I'm tempted to disobey, I dare not. I want to please him- to be a good baby- and yes, deep down, even to humiliate myself. So, blushing and shivering, I squat obediently over the blanket, flower clenched in my sweating hands... and with a little whimper of defeat, let the storm in my belly explode at last.

Perhaps the most humiliating part of all is not the sound of my own bowels erupting into the seat of my exposed diaper, nor even the warm squish and sagging sensation as it fills with my infantile indiscretion. It's that Daddy pretends not even to notice. Still he clicks away while my bladder empties, and in my mind's eye I can see the sequence of images flashing onto the screen and being filed away within: the diaper swelling, filling, discoloring and sagging further with every photo...

After all, so Daddy seems to be saying, it's natural. It's normal for his baby. Little Devin just *does* that now. He's just a sweet, silly, helpless little baby boy who messes and pisses himself whenever and wherever he pleases...

"Daddy-" I manage at last, face flaming with well-earned embarrassment. "I think- Can I-" "Another pose now! Go ahead and sit back for me, baby. Right where you are." *God, he wants me to squish-* But Daddy's command is Daddy's command. *And at least*, so I muse as I sink down into my gooey, warm mess of a diaper, *maybe if I'm sitting it won't be quite so visible to the camera. Right?*

But of course all that gets negated when I rise and he circles around and snaps more pictures of me from behind. Capturing my visibly sagging and discolored diaper in all its icky glory.

"Daddy, please- I made a stinky," I beg at last, hoping that now he's finally gotten all the shots he

wants. "Can I please have a- a change?" "Oh, really?" He pulls back from the camera, his face a picture of mild surprise. "Let's see, baby! I really don't think little babies like you are so good at telling when you need a change, you know..." He's teasing me, of course – and then feigning astonishment as his strong hand compresses the mucky mess in my diaper and squishes it against my bum. "Goodness, you're *right!* Such a smart baby you are! Now, let's see – I've got a fresh diaper in my bag somewhere..."

I shiver then – not so much at the spring breeze against my bare skin, but at the next words from Daddy's mouth. "Well, would you look at that? Seems like I must have left the baby wipes in the car. How silly of me!" Yet he's pulling a fresh diaper from the bag, and I can already tell just from looking that it's quite a heavyweight one. "Well, never mind that. We'll just add this one over top. You know, we can't have you leaking on our pretty blankie, can we?"

And that's how I end up lying there in the sunlit meadow, letting Daddy tape a booster-filled MegaMax tightly around my well-soiled first diaper. I'm tumbling deep, deep into Littlespace, shivering with wordless shame and pleasure as he pulls me gently up and pats my now-swollen bum, round and plump as a beach ball, with a satisfying *thwack*. "Aww, you look even *more* adorable now! I *definitely* need to get photos of you now, baby! Mommy's gonna love seeing these." *Shh-shick. Shh-shick.* "I bet she'll even use one for her desktop background – so she can see her pretty little baby boy all day long! So cute, so sweet with his big baby bum on display..."

Well, good baby as I am, there's not much else to do. I squat, I kneel, I bend on all fours. I do have a baby bum for real now, I muse in mingled satisfaction and embarrassment. My diaper is loaded, swollen, so full and thick between my thighs that as I crawl across the blanket, I feel the bulk forcing my legs out into the comical waddle of a well-diapered infant. And still the camera clicks, and Daddy praises, and I shiver in delighted mortification at the sight I know I must make. I'm slipping so far into Littlespace now that even my thoughts are becoming inarticulate, disconnected, infantile...

Good baby. Daddy's good baby. Make Mommy happy. Diaper baby for Mommy. Pretty, pretty baby...

Now this is the kind of outing I've been missing!

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twenty-Two

Commission – July 2022

"Coming! Be right there with you!" I'm hollering at the door, hurriedly stowing the vacuum sweeper away in my rush to greet my visitor. It's a sunny Saturday morning – warm and breezy, with the amazing green scent of spring coming through the open windows – and it's only natural that I want to use it to do a bit of housework. Especially since I have dear little Devin coming over to visit.

He's shifting awkwardly from foot to foot on the doormat when I open up, and the thought of a toddler doing a potty dance flashes briefly before my eyes as I welcome him in. "Hey, Clair-" he begins, and of course I beam and lay a shushing finger on his lips while the door clicks shut behind him. "Uh-uh-uh! Remember, honey – you're not at the office anymore. What's my real name now, hmm?"

"Mommy," he admits, the telltale blush already creeping across his cheekbones. "Mommy Clair..." I give him a patronizing pat on the head and then follow it up with a vigorous smack to the obviously padded rump of his overalls. "That's better! How's my sweet little diaper boy this morning, hmm?" Of course he blushes and says he's fine, and of course I laugh and help him out of his shoes and escort him to the kitchen to get his first bottle of the day.

He's my little boy today, after all. And that means he has to do – and drink – whatever I say.

"So," I begin with a smile, relishing the muted glance he's giving me over the bottle of apple juice I've told him to gulp down. He's staring as much at my outfit as anything, and I sigh internally with some satisfaction. I know he's technically more into guys than gals, of course – but that makes his shyly fascinated glances that much more meaningful. And I guess it makes sense. It's not like I can get away wearing this low-cut top or these tight-cut blue jeans around the office, so today's probably the first time he's getting a look at my not-insignificant cleavage...

"So..." I resume. "I know my boy's super excited for the nursery we talked about making for him, huh? You want to hear what Mommy and Daddy have been planning out for you?" The eager nod of his head is absolutely adorable, and I find myself melting a bit at his eager, still bottle-muted expression. Whips and ropes and desperate moans from whimpering, obedient subs might be closer to my heart, sure. But damn if dear little Devin here isn't turning me into the horniest dommy mommy there ever was!

I finally lay it out for him, addressing both his little self and his adult rationality as I go. "So it's like we said before, honey. I've got this whole spare room here, and I'm more than happy to turn it into a nursery for us all to use. Please, don't worry about it, okay? To tell you the truth, I'd already been toying with the idea of turning it into a dungeon... but a nursery is going to be ever so much more cozy." I flash a devilish grin. "Though I'm sure if you're a naughty little boy now and then, we can *definitely* make it as much of a dungeon as we need to teach you a lesson..."

His shy wriggle of shameful excitement makes me laugh aloud. "No, but seriously – it'll be fine! We'll turn it into a lovely place, with a real crib and a real changing table and everything. I know this guy in Ohio who does this amazing woodworking, and I bet he can turn out some awesome stuff for us. Heck, we might even be able to make a scaled-up baby bouncer and high chair for you! Doesn't that sound amazing, baby?"

"Uh-huh," he mumbles from behind the almost drained bottle. "But- but Mommy..." he trails off hesitantly. "I really like that. But what about the... you know. The money? I bet all that stuff is super expensive..." *Aww, bless his heart! Always wanting to be responsible and fair and pulling his own weight-*

"Honey, listen," I reassure him, and as my hand impulsively reaches out and pats his back maternally, I feel every bit the doting mother of the piece. "I know you might worry about that, and that's super sweet of you! But I've already figured everything out. See, I happen to know that a string of bonuses is about to be distributed to our branch – primarily because of the contracts we've been handing, Devin. They're for the whole team, of course, so it's all above-board. No shady business here!"

I pause, then gently take the now-empty feeding bottle from his hands. "So... how about this? Every dime of this and any future bonuses you earn as a big, responsible adult – we'll put it all into your nursery fund, okay? Think of it this way. Every day that you're a big, responsible adult at work, you'll be working to make your very own baby nursery that much better!"

"Um... wow. Yeah, that's- that's super good!" He's clearly relieved at such a simple solution, and so am I. Scott had warned me about how responsible he is, and how stressed he can become when he feels like he's not being adult enough in real life. *Whew. Now on to the fun stuff...*

"Now, then," I beam, rising and motioning him to accompany me into the sunlit living room. "Here, come along, baby. Now that that's settled, let's talk about the décor and wardrobe! Can't

have a nursery with nothing but furniture, can we? That would just be silly!" Down onto the couch we settle, and open goes my laptop – my personal one, of course. A few clicks later, I'm ready to show him what I've been dreaming up.

Oh, the flabbergasted look on Devin's face when he sees the décor and clothes I've picked out! You see, they just so happen to feature... well, a bit more *pink* and *lace* than he might be used to...

What on earth is Mommy Clair proposing to get me?!

I consider myself pretty open-minded, you know. I'm not exactly straight – never have been – and I've been feeling a whole range of kinky, submissive urges for most of my life. I know that gender's a construct, and that a masculinity that can be easily threatened is far too fragile for its own good. And yet...

Well, I guess I never really spent a lot of time thinking about the sort of garments Mommy's showing me right now... let alone contemplating the idea of *me* wearing them, or crawling about in a nursery decorated in the pastel, almost girly shades she's chosen.

"Here we are!" she's chirping brightly, and I shift uneasily beside her on my semi-soggy PeekABU. "Now I've got a couple of carts here on different sites. You know, there are so many amazing options out there, honey!" Oh, are there? The first clothing site opens – a site whose pink theming and curly fonts leave no doubt as to the type of merchandise they sell. "Here, just look at this darling party dress, honey! So sweet and babyish and frilly! Isn't that color just amazing?"

It definitely is. From the high ruffled collar to the baby pink puffed sleeves and down over the high waist to the tiny petticoated skirt, it's unmistakably an oversized baby dress. A girly, frilly, ultra-feminine baby dress. A dress designed to feminize the wearer while also showing the entire world their waddling, padded booty.

"Umm..." I'm shifting once more, and a dribble of nervous warmth escapes between my legs. "It-it's really girly, Mommy..." "I know, isn't it?" she gushes, and I'm writhing as she scrolls further. "And here's two extra petticoats to go with it, and a matching bonnet, and some tights too. Nice and thick and ruffled. Look, honey – aren't those going to be so pretty on your adorable diaper booty?"

I'm not 100% sure if she's trolling me. But I do know two things: while I do want to please her by nodding along and thanking her... I also feel strongly that I'm not a sissy baby. It's tough to say anything negative to someone so enthusiastic – much less when she's my boss and my Mommy – but I know deep down that I have to say something.

"Umm, but Mommy? I know they're pretty and all. But I- I'm a boy... I don't really wear girly things, like dresses..." She pauses, cocks her head, and turns to face me. "Really? You don't think you wouldn't look like the sweetest and most amazing little sissy baby in something like this?" I stammer out a response – something about dresses being fine and all, but not for me. I then hear myself backpedaling: amending that I'm not entirely opposed, that maybe I'd be willing to try a bit-

"Honey, listen," Mommy Clair responds, a sympathetic smile on her lips. "I want to respect your limits, of course. Is this really a hard limit for you? Or is it just that it's... I don't know. *Embarrassing? Humiliating* for such a manly man as yourself?" I'm squirming uncomfortably at her mingled concern and sarcasm, realizing now that maybe I *am* overreacting. Dresses, girly pink and lace... I guess they're not painful. There's nothing really wrong with them... right? "Umm, no? I mean, I guess I'm okay with trying, maybe a bit-"

"Okay, Devin. It sounds to me like maybe you're just not used to it, huh?" She's smiling sympathetically, and I nod in silent agreement. "Well, then – think of it this way, baby! A dear wittle baby like you doesn't get to decide whether to wear his diaper, does he?" I shake my head, a blush warming my cheeks. "You need Daddy and Mommy to pick out your clothes for the day, right?" I nod again.

"Well, just think of this as another way in which Mommy and Daddy know best, honey!" She's beaming, patting my leg and gesturing back at the screen. "It's just one more way that dear little Devin doesn't get to control what he wears, okay? If Mommy wants to leave you in nothing but your diaper, she will. You *know* she will. And if she wants to dress her darling Devin up like a pretty little dolly... well, you won't have any choice, will you? Just a sweet, dumb little baby, sucking your paci and letting Mommy do whatever she wants to you: letting her dress you up and strip you down, just like Daddy did with you for your baby photos..."

And so we continue: me with thudding heart and wide eyes, watching the ruffled diaper covers and frilly bibs and lace-trimmed pastel onesies flash by. Meanwhile, before my mind's eye flash many more sordid scenes: scenes her words have unleashed within my crazy imagination. *Mommy doing whatever she wants with my body... Dressing me up... bending me over her knee... spanking my butt for whining about my pretty clothes... Calling Daddy to come over and fuck my naughty ass for being a*

whiny little brat...

Why do my hands surreptitiously slip down toward my damp, padded crotch? Why is my pee-pee aching with deprived longing within its wet confines? Why am I shivering now at the idea of Mommy laughing at me... taking photos of the waddling, sagging diaper bulging out and swelling within a pink lacy diaper cover? I fervently hope Mommy Clair isn't noticing how bothered I'm getting. Or maybe... maybe I do...?

God, I really am a submissive through and through, aren't I? And who knows – maybe that means I'm secretly a closeted little sissy, too?

My mind is still filled with similar thoughts late that evening. It's after supper. I'm back on the sofa: a freshly bathed baby, thickly padded, my resting head securely in Mommy's lap, a bottle filling my mouth and Little thoughts filling my head. Daddy's seated on her other side, and I can hear them discussing me openly: how sweet I am, and how the nursery is going to be perfect for me...

I guess that really is how parents treat their little babies, isn't it?

And then I hear it. "Aww, you should have seen him this afternoon, Scott! I was showing him all the new clothes I've picked for him. He wasn't so sure at first – or at least, that's what he *said*." She giggles, and I screw shut my eyes in quiet embarrassment, hoping it will end there. "But honestly, you should have seen him! Not five minutes after I showed him his new party dress, he was sitting here rubbing at his diaper! I mean, I know it's been awhile since you gave him sexy times. But he really seemed *so* excited at the thought of those pretty girly clothes..."

Yes, I find myself sighing inwardly, as I gulp self-consciously and will myself to stop blushing at the sound of my "parents'" merry laughter. Yes, I really was excited. I am excited. Just a dumb, silly baby, getting all horny at the mere thought – maybe not of girly clothes, but of being embarrassed and controlled and forced into undignified obedience as whatever girly, sissified baby they want me to be...

So busy I am in my thoughts that by the time I focus once more on their words, I'm hearing very different – and very adult – talk. "Oh, really? And I don't suppose you'd care to show me how you'd do that, hmm?" Mommy Clair is purring over at Daddy. "Listen, big guy: this isn't the time just yet. I've got to get our sweet, innocent little baby here off to sleep!" She giggles, and I flush with

quiet humiliation at the honey-sweet condescension with which she then goes on and says my name. "But just as soon as our sweet little Devin's safe in bed, I'm gonna need some *quality* time with you. It's been a long day, after all... and I've been getting some *very* naughty ideas..."

Me too, Mommy, I muse, gulping anew at the rubbery phallus of my feeding bottle. *Me too.*

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twenty-Three
Commission – August 2022

Now this is going to be a fun weekend!

It was mostly Clair's idea, to be honest. That specially-ordered adult crib from her kinky friend had come in only a few days ago – with some assembly required, naturally. That, plus the sheer size of the beast, has forced us to think through how on earth to get it set up. "I'm guessing the two of us can figure it out," she'd opined, then flashed me one of those brightly devious looks of hers.

"Though... I dunno. A few extra pairs of hands wouldn't be bad, would they?"

Of course not. Certainly when I just happen to have a few good friends that turned out to be more than willing to help.

And of course it wouldn't be a fun gathering if at least one of our number wasn't getting a hefty dose of kinky humiliation, would it? This whole thing being for Devin's benefit, it only makes sense for us to... you know. Make sure that his babyish self becomes the center of attention.

I'm grinning to myself as I pull into Clair's driveway. Devin's already here, of course. And it's going to be my job – my pleasure – to assist Clair in prepping him for his crib-raising party. I may not know exactly what all she has in mind for him, true. Apart from giggling over how frilly and girly they are, she's been pretty mum about all the new clothes she's been purchasing. But something tells me that it's going to involve a lot of pink... and lace.

"Now, now. Why so bashful, honey? Mommy and Daddy have seen you naked before, you know..."

Clair's chuckling softly, her eyes meeting mine over the now-naked Devin's head. "Goodness, you'd think he's never been naked in front of anyone before!" To which I shrug and gesture toward the as-yet unopened closet, within which she has intimated his new wardrobe lies in store. "Oh, I don't think it's being naked," I assure her, with an appraising glance from Devin's blushing face to his still-caged willy to the half-soggy diaper open between his legs. "I think he's worried about exactly what kind of clothes you've got waiting for him..."

To be honest, I'm a tiny bit worried as well. Up to now it's been hard for me to "get" what makes

sissy play such a big turn-on for some; after all, in its worst formulation it could come across as implying that femininity is somehow inherently demeaning. But my friends Phil and Alice are certainly into it – unapologetically so – and neither of them is exactly misogynistic. More importantly, Clair loves it, and Devin and I are okay with trying it, and so... well, today I'm going to give it a go. Maybe I'll finally figure out what makes it so hot.

The diaper is the first step, of course. I've seen these pink things online here and there, and now seeing it being wrapped around Devin's bum and hips I have to admit it's kind of a pretty color. "Such a sweet, pretty little pink princess for me," Clair is cooing, and Devin's shamefaced nod and squirming tells me that's he's actually loving it. *Hmm. Interesting...*

Then... oh, then. Open goes the closet, and out come the garments, and before I quite know it my little baby boy Devin is surrounded by a swirl of fabric and lace. "Tights first," Clair orders, and soon we're helping tug ballet-pink hosiery up Devin's shaking legs and over the bulge of his pastel diaper. "Now petticoat one!" Followed by "petticoat two!" And before I quite know it, Devin's standing there, cheeks red with embarrassment: a pretty, boyish princess glancing shamefully down at the crisp white linen and lacy ruffles of his new garments.

"Oh, that's nothing, Scott. Just wait until you see the dress!"

I do. And I have to admit, by the time the getup is 100% complete, I'm practically sold. For one thing it's a pretty outfit, at least as far as my – not terribly expert – eye can see. The detailing is actually well done, and the colors are pretty, and the way it fits so tightly around Devin's pretty torso is delightful. The short, poofy little skirt that rides up over his diaper butt is even better. But I suppose what I find most thrilling of all is not the feminine getup, *per se*. It's Devin's reaction: the shy, clearly humiliated expression on his face, and the way that he clearly loves yet hates how thoroughly he's had his ordinary self peeled away and buried under a mountain of infantile girlishness. He's our little dress-up baby doll, helpless to stop us from doing anything we want...

And yeah. He loves it. Which means that I love it, too.

"Damn, this is thirsty work! Where's a drink when you need one?"

Alice and Phil have arrived: her loud and amiable as usual, and him just as quiet and polite as usual. Oddly enough, Phil's here in his male-presenting street clothes rather than the frills and lace that

always accompany his sissy persona Phyllis. "Yeah, we figured we shouldn't steal the new sissy's thunder," Alice had laughed with a toss of her short-cropped hair. "Now where is he, anyway? Where's the sissy baby of the house, hmm?"

At which Devin had emerged just as he did now: at Clair's prodding, and dropping the most awkward version of a curtsy imaginable. This time there's a tray in his hands, and upon it three tall, perspiring glasses of lemonade. "Aww, hell yeah," Alice beams, and reaches up from her position on the floor to take one in hand. "Thanks, baby! You're such a good little sissy maid for us today! I bet you love watching your new crib come together here, huh?"

She gesticulates to the half-assembled pine before us, the white finish gleaming in the light. "You're such a lucky little baby, getting a whole crib all for yourself!" At which I nod in agreement, and hand Phil a glass before taking a sip of my own. "He sure is," I smile, relishing the embarrassment written all over Devin's face behind his new lavender pacifier. "But we are, too. I mean, just think! Once this is together, we'll have such a secure place to keep him locked away at night. Clair and I won't have to worry about our baby crawling on in... interrupting Mommy and Daddy when we're busy having big-person fun. You know, the kind of fun that little *babies* like him can't understand..."

Devin waddles hastily back toward the kitchen in a rustle of petticoats, but not before I catch sight of the look of mingled longing and terror in his eyes. It's a look that tickles every dominant cell in my body, sending a jolt of pleasure to my brain and a rush of blood to my cock. *Hell, yeah. My sweet little baby Devin... so humiliated... so eager to let us use him and tease him...*

Alice laughs and winks, proclaiming for her partner's benefit that, hell, maybe she should consider turning Phyllis into a baby now and then, too. But as we turn our attention once more to the half-assembled crib, already rising into place here in Devin's new nursery room, I'm musing in interested pleasure on what I've learned today.

Maybe sissy play isn't all that different from the diapers and the baby stuff, huh? All it really is is making someone wear clothes that they don't want to wear... and in so doing cooking up a hell of a lot of humiliation to play with.

Hmm. I wonder what else Clair might be able to teach me?

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twenty-Four
Commission – September 2022

This is... incredible.

Nerve-racking. And slightly terrifying. And yes: definitely, *definitely* humiliating. But damn, if I can't deny that I can feel it scratching some deep-seated itch within me. Some hidden hunger that I never even realized lay dormant within me.

I set the now-empty drink tray on the counter with an unsteady hand, my heartbeat thundering so loudly in my ears that it almost drowns out the gales of good-natured laughter wafting from down the hall. For back there, in what is soon to be my nursery, Mommy and Daddy and their friends are hard at work. The massive edifice of my new crib is rising under their hands, and already I can picture myself in the very near future, clambering into it like the obedient baby we all know I long to be. In I'll crawl amid their loud laughter, a blushing, humiliated baby entering his adorable cage...

Or... maybe it should be *her* cage?

An electric shiver of ill-concealed delight ripples through me as I step away from the counter and the rustle of my new outfit sounds in my ears. I'm dolled up today: literally. Mommy had warned me, of course. She'd shown me those outfits online, and cooed over the pretty pastels, and giggled to Daddy about how adorable little Devin was going to look as a sissy baby. And of course I'd agreed. Because what humiliation-loving ageplayer would ever say no to their loving mommy's sweetly embarrassing ideas?

But now...

God, why am I getting so painfully horny? My cage is tight, and I can feel my bum clenching in sordid anticipation around its slender plug, even as another burst of urine dribbles out between my legs. Not only am I well-hydrated, and leaky, and plugged to ensure I don't make any smelly accidents for Mommy. I'm also decked out in the most absurdly girly outfit I could have imagined: an outfit better suited to a spoiled two-year-old at her birthday party than to a grown man. My legs – now smooth and hairless, thanks to Mommy Clair – are each encased in soft, elastic hosiery that confines them in its pastel pink embrace. Gone are my normal shirt and pants, replaced by a frilly pink mass of ruffles and lace that swishes and sways and brushes seductively against my legs with

every step.

And yes... buried beneath it all, swelling thicker and more saggy than ever now, is my silly diapered bum. Trapped beneath that layer of pink tights. Protected by a now-soggy layer of pink princesses and hearts. Just like the most adorable and girly toddler you can imagine. Which is, apparently, what's got me so embarrassingly turned on.

"Devie, baby, come on! Daddy needs to check something!" Mommy Clair is calling, and I scramble to obey with a blush and a waddle. Not simply because it's the voice of my boss. Not because I am afraid of what might happen if I disobey. But because... well, deep down I want to follow her commands. I need her and Daddy to order me, to make me blush, to force me into the most laughable and blush-inducing scenarios...

Which they're clearly more than happy to do. "Here, baby," Daddy Scott orders as I enter the room once more and confront their smiling faces. "We need you to check something for us..." I eye the nylon strapping in his hands, and the buckles dangling from them, and suddenly I begin to understand. "We need to make sure these are the right length," he explains calmly, and in his deep voice I can hear the rumble and rasp of quiet delight. "Come on. Up you go..."

"Right length for what?" I begin to ask timidly – only then remembering that this massive new pacifier is effectively gagging me, turning my every syllable into a muted, garbled parody. "Shh, no fussing," Mommy Clair reminds me, and as I clamber over the unfinished edge and lie awkwardly down onto the bare mattress, I catch a sweetly sadistic twinkle in her eye. "Just be a good little baby and let us take care of everything. After all, you're *far* too little to know or understand what Mommy and Daddy are doing to you..."

Laughter ripples around the room, and I quiver wordlessly, suckling my pacifier and feeling the heat of embarrassment glow within me as Daddy Scott sets to work. I'm lying here in my frilly outfit, diaper probably already peeking out from my adorably short petticoats, letting my gorgeous Daddy cuff me down while Mommy and his friends gleefully watch. *Just a good girlie baby. Just a dumb, obedient, silly, sissy little baby who doesn't even understand what's going on...*

Is it any wonder that even as I lie there, my limbs being restrained and my diaper swelling with yet another dribbling flood, I find myself secretly trembling with arousal?

"Devin, sweetie! Time for num-nums! Open up for Mommy now. Be a good baby..."

Of course they let me up eventually – *after* everyone got a good laugh at how adorable I looked. *After* Daddy had adjusted the terrifyingly uncompromising straps to the point where I could scarcely wriggle, pinned like a bug to a corkboard. *After* I'd gazed up at those laughing faces and felt my stupid, subby self thrilling and groveling with the embarrassment of being so... so... helpless.

Just like I am now. I open reflexively at the sound of Mommy Clair's voice, and squeeze my eyes shut at the sensation of the giant spoon's contents spilling out from the corners of my mouth. It's potato salad, creamy and cold, and I wince as I feel globs of potato drop down: not simply onto the white bib around my neck that loudly proclaims me to be a "Sissy", but further down and onto the front of my frilly pink dress. *Uh-oh...*

"Aww, baby! What a mess you're making!" Mommy Clair scolds in playful shock, and I gulp down the creamy mouthful in silence. Sure, I know damn well that any mess is more her doing than mine. She's the one who deliberately chose an oversized serving spoon for me. She's the one loading it full and forcing it into my mouth over and over again with a smirk and a sweetly condescending laugh. But there's nothing else a good baby like me is expected to do. I'm not going to make a scene – not in front of her and Daddy's friends, who are even now looking on with indulgent, alcohol-infused grins.

"I bet he'd be better off with a bottle," Alice snickers, and casts a wry glance over at her partner. "Just let him down and let him waddle around here with a nice, big baby bottle. You know, with a giant, cock-shaped nipple to suck on..." Daddy Scott turns from cleaning the barbecue – the source for the burgers and hot dogs that have constituted much of our meals – and flashes a knowing grin. "Alice! What a dirty mind you do have. I'd almost think you had experience dealing with subby little boys..."

"Oh, I do," she smirks, and beside her Phil shifts self-consciously. "Believe me, I do..." And on they prattle, while Mommy scrapes my bowl and forces more food into my messy mouth. I do my best to ignore them, focusing now on the fact that my meal's almost done. And thank goodness, too! Because from the disconcerting wetness beneath me, I'd say that my saturated diaper is just about at capacity...

Or even past it. Because as soon as Mommy helps me out of my chair, I can feel the brush of cool, wet fabric against my tight-clad legs.

"Oh, baby!" she scolds, and as I turn I catch sight of the dark-stained fabric between her disapproving fingers. "Devie, just look at you! Such a leaky, icky baby!" She clucks and frowns,

turning now to our guests while I stand there, stiff-legged in awkward apprehension with what must be a giant, wet, incriminating patch on my ruffled skirt. "Hey, Scott, can you keep everything under control here? Looks like I've got a leaky little puddle-maker to take care of..."

Of course he laughs and says he can. And off I trundle, Mommy Clair tugging me inside and down the hall to the bathroom. Naturally, I'm muttering from my still-messy lips about how sorry I am for leaking on my new dress. But somehow, she doesn't seem to mind. Heck, she's not even pretending to be anything more than mildly exasperated. It's almost as if she was looking forward to this...

And less than an hour later, I know why.

Daddy Scott's voice rumbles from down the hall. "Clair? Where are you? Phil and Alice have just left..." A shaky sigh of relief escapes my parted lips – but it dissolves into a muted gurgle as Mommy Clair thrusts an unfamiliar new device into my mouth. "Back here!" she calls, and as I gulp and stare up at her, she smiles and pulls the straps tight around my head. "Just getting little Devie ready for playtime..."

Oh, god, she *is*. I can feel the unfamiliar shape of the new gag filling my mouth, the molded contours of this rubbery artificial phallus pressing against my tongue. But the penis gag isn't the only new addition – not by a long shot.

For here I am: warm from my bath, freshly powdered and lotioned, attired in a frilly, sky-blue blue babydoll nightgown. I'm shifting uneasily on the thick cotton and fabric wadding around my bum, realizing now just how thick and bulky a cloth diaper is than even the thickest disposable. And to top it all off, I'm forced to blink out at the world from beneath the overhanging lace of the absurd baby bonnet Clair has tied around my head. I'm decked out like some life-size betsy-wetsy doll, feeling perhaps more girly and infantile and helplessly *controlled* than I've ever felt before.

"Oh- oh my god, that's... that's perfect." Daddy Scott is here now, staring down at me with an indescribable look on his handsome face. "Devie, baby, you look... *adorable*." I flush and glance down hastily, gulping again at the cock gag and feeling my own caged prick tensing within its prison. *God, I- Daddy likes me like this? I- I'm adorable...?*

"I told you so," Mommy Clair laughs, and in her low voice I can already hear the mingled amusement and desire. "So Scott, what are you waiting for? Our little darling is ready for a lovely

round of playtime. Why don't we both show him exactly how we reward good little sissy babies?" She tugs me up from the edge of my new crib, and I stumble up, my breath catching in embarrassed anticipation. "Come on, Devie. On your knees now like a good little baby. Mommy and Daddy are simply *dying* to play with you..."

Well, what can I do but gulp and nod and obey?

Daddy Scott's pants are tumbling to the floor. Mommy Clair's chuckling and handing him a condom – and then her own clothes are slipping off too. Strong hands are tugging at my padded rump, and a whimper escapes me as the sensation of warm cotton gives way to cool air. "Oh, don't worry – I was prepping and teasing him after his bath," I hear Mommy say, and I flush as the memory of those slippery fingers probing deep into my defenseless ass shivers through me. *Yes, Daddy*, my silly subby mind is babbling as I suck harder on the rubbery cock filling my mouth. *Yes, I'm- I'm ready for you. Play with me. Play with your dumb little baby...*

He does – entering me so gently that I scarcely feel any discomfort. I'm squatting there on the floor of my new nursery, gulping and shivering in pleasure, moans escaping my gagged mouth in rhythm with Daddy's seductive thrusting. He's deep in my ass, and I can practically feel him swelling and lengthening within me as the seconds slip into minutes and his throaty chuckles give way to harsh, needy commands. *Hold still, baby. Moan for me. Feel Daddy fucking your pretty little ass. Show me how much you like being fucked...* And all the while, Mommy's laughing, stroking my bonneted head, coaxing and commending me for being the best little baby she's ever seen...

I am, my brain reflexively responds. *I'm good baby. I'm best baby.* Mommy and Daddy love me. They know how to care for me, turn me on, use me... And yes: they both know just how desperately and sordidly I love to bring them pleasure by giving them my own submissive humiliation.

When at last they've finished – when Daddy has groaned and spurted and cum deep within me, and when Mommy's strap-on has finished rearranging my insides – I'm little more than a drooling, lace-trimmed pile of whimpering mush. They've bundled me back into my bulging, double-thick cloth diaper and laughingly kissed me goodnight, pulling the bars of my new crib up into place for the first time ever with a click of terrifyingly wonderful finality.

And that's how I drift slowly off to sleep: locked away safely in my crib, lying limp and spent in my sissy nightgown, with the glow of a sore ass and the murmurs of Mommy's and Daddy's voices drifting into my ears from down the hall. I don't know what hot antics they're getting up to now – but it's none of my concern. I'm baby. I'm sub. I'm adorable little sissy, never so happy as when I'm

being used and teased and tasked with pleasing these two people who love me so much.

Can my life get any better than this?

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twenty-Five
Commission – October 2022

"So, how are things going with you? You still with that guy? Umm... Steve, was it?"

Oh, Trevor. It's been awhile, for sure – nearly two whole years since we were together drinking at this exact same joint. But frankly, it feels more like two lifetimes ago. So much has happened. So many things have taken place. So many, many changes...

Heh, heh. Changes. Changies, as Mommy Clair calls them. Nice, wonderful changies into fresh padding with lots of lotion and powder...

"Ahem!" I clear my throat, hoping Trevor hasn't noticed my little lapse into distracted silence. "Oh, um, yeah. *Scott*. He's- yeah, we're still kinda together. I mean-" I take a sip of my beer, more to stall for time than to quench my thirst. "I mean, I'm not living at his place anymore. But we still see each other-"

"Oh! So you're not living together anymore?" Trevor's tone is curious, and I know I either have to give him a bit more info or shut him down entirely. "Yeah," I chuckle, adopting a cheery tone to assure him that it wasn't because of a falling-out. "It was pretty great, actually. He was cool and all, but of course once I got this new job it was so awesome to get my own apartment. Makes me feel, I dunno..." I break off and chuckle once again. "Like a real adult, you know?"

Says the guy sitting on this wooden barstool with a boosted and half-soggy MegaMax wrapped tightly around his plugged and powdered ass. The guy who, per Daddy's orders, has dutifully chosen the largest beer on tap... and who with every gulp is already imagining the lovely squish and sag his pampers will make once all this liquid courses inexorably through him...

"Yeah, tell me about it!" And now Trevor's off, prattling on about the crazy cost of rent in his city, and how it's all because of foreign investors driving up the prices, and how it's really only a matter of time until the whole freaking house of cards comes crashing down and buries us all...

Of course I put on a show of listening. I'm not rude enough to do anything else. But in the privacy of my own brain, I'm browsing dreamily over everything that this meet-up with Trevor has called to mind. Because, you see, it's times like this that really remind me just how far I've come these past two years.

Yeah, I have an apartment still – kind of. Turns out that Mommy Clair knew someone that knew someone that knew my landlord, and with my blessing she reached out to him and asked about buying. I've bought it now – well and truly – with some assistance from her and Daddy Scott. And what's better, I've even rented it out to someone else. Because after all, as long as I'm living with her and sometimes with Daddy, I might as well be making some passive income, right?

I've also taken the plunge – with their consent and encouragement – to refresh and renew my kinky social media page. Oh, that rush never gets old: the thrill of taking diaper pics, of photoshopping out my face and writing naughty little captions to go along with them, of seeing the notifications fill up and the list of followers slowly grow... It's honestly such a boost to my self-confidence. And never has a little baby boy blushed and wriggled more in happiness than when he's lying there suckling his bedtime bottle, listening to Mommy and Daddy giggling while they scroll through his pics, talking about what kinds of photos the three of us might start taking someday soon...

Oh, and then there's my training, of course! Mommy Clair has been such a lifesaver; thanks to her, I've finally accepted that potty-training is really just not for me. Even if I could somehow retrain, I now realize, I'm way too emotionally and mentally dependent on diapers to ever give them up. And most importantly, I've also realized that *that's okay*. Daddy and Mommy remind me of it regularly: checking to see if I've been a soggy baby, then giving me special wand time when I have...

Because, as they say, I've earned it. I may still be a plugged and caged little diaper baby, but even locked-up diaper babies love – and deserve – the buzzing thrill of a wand pressed deep into their soggy diaper...

"...So anyway, you were saying you've got a new job? What's that like?" I'm brought back to the present at last, and as I sip once again at my beer and prepare to respond, I find myself smiling sympathetically at my sweet but clueless friend. Oh, how simple and bland and sheltered Trevor's life must be! How boring – how totally free of the rushes of humiliated pleasure and playful love that I feel every single day now...

"Oh, it's great, actually! We've got a lot of new jobs this quarter, and then a bunch of professional training stuff too, so I've been really busy..."

Very busy indeed. Busy being the best little baby boy you can imagine.

It's dark now, and I'm safely home in my crib once more: tucked securely away in my nursery at Mommy Clair's place. It's the first night of a long weekend, and she has big plans for us: plans she's already set in motion. Movies and special drinks for all involved were a great start; the bath was extra-bubbly and fun; and with both Daddy and Mommy helping dress me for bed, I've been in heaven.

I wriggle reflexively on my tummy at the memory. Oh, how nice it had felt to get washed and cleaned and caged back up! My new plastic cage is snuggler and lighter than my old one, and I have to confess that it feels divine, pressing around my captive cock with its silky-smooth embrace. Even better – if possible – was the sensation of their strong fingers slipping that big plug out of my bum. Mommy Clair has been training me, you see. She says it's only natural for a sweet sissy baby like me, and anyway, it's far better for her and Daddy to be in control of my back door, not me...

The plug's gone tonight, though. For some reason known only to them.

I crane my neck off the lavender-scented pillow, catching the sound of voices and the thud of falling footsteps. "Oh, fuck! Not a chance, buddy – you lost, fair and square! Take your punishment like a good-" A low murmur from Daddy cuts in now, and even through the muffling walls I can hear the growl of lust in his voice. "Says you and what army? Pretty big talk for a naughty little cumslut who's about to be spread-eagled on her own bed..."

Squeals turn into laughter, and soon I'm hearing the now-familiar squeak of Mommy's mattress, the crack of leather on bare flesh, and the muffled groans and gasps of two tipsy, horny, and thoroughly kinky adults at play. In my mind I can see it all: the warm glow of the bedroom; the backward, panting glances from Mommy, already cuffed fast and gasping with every delightful smack from Daddy Scott's belt; his bare and muscly chest, gleaming in the light as he leans down and fingers her wet cunt and tight ass before flicking the belt down once more...

Of course a little baby like me doesn't get to participate. But he sure can grind... and hump... and suck harder on his giant dummy. He can squeeze his eyes shut, listening to the soft rustling and crinkling of the crib mattress protector beneath him, seeing in his mind's eye the delightful contrast between these two and himself.

I'm locked securely away, you see and not just with a cock cage. There's my triple-thick nighttime diapers: two cloth on the outside for bulk and absorbency, and the innermost a boosted MegaMax, chosen deliberately because the adhesive tapes are virtually impossible to remove. There's my warm,

delightfully soft new white sleeper, its rear locking zipper already clicked securely shut and its built-in mittens thick and tight around my fingers. And yes, there's the locking gate of my crib, its heavy padlock specifically chosen by Daddy as a visible reminder to me of just how useless escape is.

I let out a meek, involuntary moan from behind my paci, feeling the simultaneous strain from my cock and a strange gurgling flutter in my tummy. God, I'm excited. I love so much to hear Mommy and Daddy having big-person fun, you see. I can't help it anymore – and certainly not after three whole weeks since my last cummy. My mind fills with images of them playing with me: Daddy ordering me out, and Mommy stripping me naked, and them bending me over the bed like a pathetic little butt slut...

Oh, how I'd whine and moan for them! How good Daddy's engorged cock would feel thrusting deep inside me, setting my knees aquiver and my own dangling little prick – so caged and impotent in comparison – aching with helpless need... How nice Mommy's fingers would feel as she held me prisoner for Daddy, cooing and soothing her good little baby into submission... even as she would force my drooling mouth deeper between her clenching thighs...

Yep. I'm just a horny, sweet, caged little baby who loves nothing so much as being controlled, and teased, and humiliated, and denied... Or then again, maybe it's something else? Maybe this weird feeling growing in my tummy is something much more than the ache of denied arousal?

I gulp and sigh, wriggling my bum as I reluctantly relax into my crib mattress and feel a fresh burst of warmth dribble out. Hmm. Maybe Mommy Clair did slip more laxatives to me this evening? That bottle had tasted a little funny... and I suppose one could hide practically anything in those mashed potatoes. Maybe it was. Maybe I'm going to end up messy... once more.

Whatever. They're in control, and I'm not. There's no way I can prevent anything that's going to happen, so I might as well just accept it.

As I hear the first cries of orgasm from the room beyond, I shiver at the fresh spate of delightfully naughty thoughts coursing through my brain. Daddy... he has been saying they will continue my diaper training in earnest soon. Just the other day Mommy was openly talking about me needing sissy hypnosis – and then Daddy laughed and told her she shouldn't forget the regression and bedwetting programing. Ooh, that's right! Haven't I seen something on my social media about someone who is training their Little to wet and mess on command? I reposted it just the other day, and how my heart was thumping as I thought of them seeing it and getting ideas. Oh, yes, please, *please...*

And so the minutes tick past, slipping into a delicious blur of horny neediness and sleepy anticipation. I'm hearing Daddy grunting now, pleading, asking for permission to cum amid Mommy Clair's sadistic laughter. But despite the slow churn of my funny-feeling tummy, I'm drifting off. I'm getting sleepy... too sleepy to care anymore. And the crib and my sleeper and my lovely thick diapers are just so wonderfully soft...

My final thoughts before I lose consciousness are actually not about sex, nor even of Little space. They're of quiet delight at what my life has become, and of simple gratitude for these two people who have come to mean so much to me.

Two years ago, when Daddy Scott first proposed that "temporary solution" to me, I could never have imagined it leading me to the life I have now. I couldn't have foreseen the twists and turns and unexpected happenstances that had befallen me. But here I am now: a fully employed, confident young man with a promising future. A young man who also just happens to be a happy, sleepy baby to two delightfully kinky people, loving and loved and safe in what has become his permanent home.

Maybe I'll move on someday, or maybe not. I don't need to worry about that now. For the moment it's more than enough to be here: secure in the belief that even if some things in life are temporary, the love I feel just might be forever.

THE END

Word from the commissioner:

Hey All! I'm Devin, who commissioned this story from the wonderful PLP. Thank you all for reading and I hope you enjoyed it! I wanted to add so much to this piece and honestly I wish I could have added some more kinky stuff. But I also wanted the focus to be on the character and story.

Thank for all the support and special thanks to PLP for being such an amazing writer and making this story come to life. Maybe someday in the future I will return to explore some short one shot scenes of Devin and his new kinky family playing, exploring, and having fun. Until next time, have a fun, kinky and safe time!

-Devin!