

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twenty-One

Commission – June 2021

"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!