

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twenty-Two

Commission – July 2021

"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.*