

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?