

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. "Oookay," 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.