

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Twenty

Commission – May 2021

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.