

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twenty-Five
Commission – October 2022

"So, how are things going with you? You still with that guy? Umm... Steve, was it?"

Oh, Trevor. It's been awhile, for sure – nearly two whole years since we were together drinking at this exact same joint. But frankly, it feels more like two lifetimes ago. So much has happened. So many things have taken place. So many, many changes...

Heh, heh. Changes. Changies, as Mommy Clair calls them. Nice, wonderful changies into fresh padding with lots of lotion and powder...

"Ahem!" I clear my throat, hoping Trevor hasn't noticed my little lapse into distracted silence. "Oh, um, yeah. *Scott*. He's- yeah, we're still kinda together. I mean-" I take a sip of my beer, more to stall for time than to quench my thirst. "I mean, I'm not living at his place anymore. But we still see each other-"

"Oh! So you're not living together anymore?" Trevor's tone is curious, and I know I either have to give him a bit more info or shut him down entirely. "Yeah," I chuckle, adopting a cheery tone to assure him that it wasn't because of a falling-out. "It was pretty great, actually. He was cool and all, but of course once I got this new job it was so awesome to get my own apartment. Makes me feel, I dunno..." I break off and chuckle once again. "Like a real adult, you know?"

Says the guy sitting on this wooden barstool with a boosted and half-soggy MegaMax wrapped tightly around his plugged and powdered ass. The guy who, per Daddy's orders, has dutifully chosen the largest beer on tap... and who with every gulp is already imagining the lovely squish and sag his pampers will make once all this liquid courses inexorably through him...

"Yeah, tell me about it!" And now Trevor's off, prattling on about the crazy cost of rent in his city, and how it's all because of foreign investors driving up the prices, and how it's really only a matter of time until the whole freaking house of cards comes crashing down and buries us all...

Of course I put on a show of listening. I'm not rude enough to do anything else. But in the privacy of my own brain, I'm browsing dreamily over everything that this meet-up with Trevor has called to mind. Because, you see, it's times like this that really remind me just how far I've come these past two years.

Yeah, I have an apartment still – kind of. Turns out that Mommy Clair knew someone that knew someone that knew my landlord, and with my blessing she reached out to him and asked about buying. I've bought it now – well and truly – with some assistance from her and Daddy Scott. And what's better, I've even rented it out to someone else. Because after all, as long as I'm living with her and sometimes with Daddy, I might as well be making some passive income, right?

I've also taken the plunge – with their consent and encouragement – to refresh and renew my kinky social media page. Oh, that rush never gets old: the thrill of taking diaper pics, of photoshopping out my face and writing naughty little captions to go along with them, of seeing the notifications fill up and the list of followers slowly grow... It's honestly such a boost to my self-confidence. And never has a little baby boy blushed and wriggled more in happiness than when he's lying there suckling his bedtime bottle, listening to Mommy and Daddy giggling while they scroll through his pics, talking about what kinds of photos the three of us might start taking someday soon...

Oh, and then there's my training, of course! Mommy Clair has been such a lifesaver; thanks to her, I've finally accepted that potty-training is really just not for me. Even if I could somehow retrain, I now realize, I'm way too emotionally and mentally dependent on diapers to ever give them up. And most importantly, I've also realized that *that's okay*. Daddy and Mommy remind me of it regularly: checking to see if I've been a soggy baby, then giving me special wand time when I have...

Because, as they say, I've earned it. I may still be a plugged and caged little diaper baby, but even locked-up diaper babies love – and deserve – the buzzing thrill of a wand pressed deep into their soggy diaper...

"...So anyway, you were saying you've got a new job? What's that like?" I'm brought back to the present at last, and as I sip once again at my beer and prepare to respond, I find myself smiling sympathetically at my sweet but clueless friend. Oh, how simple and bland and sheltered Trevor's life must be! How boring – how totally free of the rushes of humiliated pleasure and playful love that I feel every single day now...

"Oh, it's great, actually! We've got a lot of new jobs this quarter, and then a bunch of professional training stuff too, so I've been really busy..."

Very busy indeed. Busy being the best little baby boy you can imagine.

It's dark now, and I'm safely home in my crib once more: tucked securely away in my nursery at Mommy Clair's place. It's the first night of a long weekend, and she has big plans for us: plans she's already set in motion. Movies and special drinks for all involved were a great start; the bath was extra-bubbly and fun; and with both Daddy and Mommy helping dress me for bed, I've been in heaven.

I wriggle reflexively on my tummy at the memory. Oh, how nice it had felt to get washed and cleaned and caged back up! My new plastic cage is snuggler and lighter than my old one, and I have to confess that it feels divine, pressing around my captive cock with its silky-smooth embrace. Even better – if possible – was the sensation of their strong fingers slipping that big plug out of my bum. Mommy Clair has been training me, you see. She says it's only natural for a sweet sissy baby like me, and anyway, it's far better for her and Daddy to be in control of my back door, not me...

The plug's gone tonight, though. For some reason known only to them.

I crane my neck off the lavender-scented pillow, catching the sound of voices and the thud of falling footsteps. "Oh, fuck! Not a chance, buddy – you lost, fair and square! Take your punishment like a good-" A low murmur from Daddy cuts in now, and even through the muffling walls I can hear the growl of lust in his voice. "Says you and what army? Pretty big talk for a naughty little cumslut who's about to be spread-eagled on her own bed..."

Squeals turn into laughter, and soon I'm hearing the now-familiar squeak of Mommy's mattress, the crack of leather on bare flesh, and the muffled groans and gasps of two tipsy, horny, and thoroughly kinky adults at play. In my mind I can see it all: the warm glow of the bedroom; the backward, panting glances from Mommy, already cuffed fast and gasping with every delightful smack from Daddy Scott's belt; his bare and muscly chest, gleaming in the light as he leans down and fingers her wet cunt and tight ass before flicking the belt down once more...

Of course a little baby like me doesn't get to participate. But he sure can grind... and hump... and suck harder on his giant dummy. He can squeeze his eyes shut, listening to the soft rustling and crinkling of the crib mattress protector beneath him, seeing in his mind's eye the delightful contrast between these two and himself.

I'm locked securely away, you see and not just with a cock cage. There's my triple-thick nighttime diapers: two cloth on the outside for bulk and absorbency, and the innermost a boosted MegaMax, chosen deliberately because the adhesive tapes are virtually impossible to remove. There's my warm,

delightfully soft new white sleeper, its rear locking zipper already clicked securely shut and its built-in mittens thick and tight around my fingers. And yes, there's the locking gate of my crib, its heavy padlock specifically chosen by Daddy as a visible reminder to me of just how useless escape is.

I let out a meek, involuntary moan from behind my paci, feeling the simultaneous strain from my cock and a strange gurgling flutter in my tummy. God, I'm excited. I love so much to hear Mommy and Daddy having big-person fun, you see. I can't help it anymore – and certainly not after three whole weeks since my last cummy. My mind fills with images of them playing with me: Daddy ordering me out, and Mommy stripping me naked, and them bending me over the bed like a pathetic little butt slut...

Oh, how I'd whine and moan for them! How good Daddy's engorged cock would feel thrusting deep inside me, setting my knees aquiver and my own dangling little prick – so caged and impotent in comparison – aching with helpless need... How nice Mommy's fingers would feel as she held me prisoner for Daddy, cooing and soothing her good little baby into submission... even as she would force my drooling mouth deeper between her clenching thighs...

Yep. I'm just a horny, sweet, caged little baby who loves nothing so much as being controlled, and teased, and humiliated, and denied... Or then again, maybe it's something else? Maybe this weird feeling growing in my tummy is something much more than the ache of denied arousal?

I gulp and sigh, wriggling my bum as I reluctantly relax into my crib mattress and feel a fresh burst of warmth dribble out. Hmm. Maybe Mommy Clair did slip more laxatives to me this evening? That bottle had tasted a little funny... and I suppose one could hide practically anything in those mashed potatoes. Maybe it was. Maybe I'm going to end up messy... once more.

Whatever. They're in control, and I'm not. There's no way I can prevent anything that's going to happen, so I might as well just accept it.

As I hear the first cries of orgasm from the room beyond, I shiver at the fresh spate of delightfully naughty thoughts coursing through my brain. Daddy... he has been saying they will continue my diaper training in earnest soon. Just the other day Mommy was openly talking about me needing sissy hypnosis – and then Daddy laughed and told her she shouldn't forget the regression and bedwetting programing. Ooh, that's right! Haven't I seen something on my social media about someone who is training their Little to wet and mess on command? I reposted it just the other day, and how my heart was thumping as I thought of them seeing it and getting ideas. Oh, yes, please, *please...*

And so the minutes tick past, slipping into a delicious blur of horny neediness and sleepy anticipation. I'm hearing Daddy grunting now, pleading, asking for permission to cum amid Mommy Clair's sadistic laughter. But despite the slow churn of my funny-feeling tummy, I'm drifting off. I'm getting sleepy... too sleepy to care anymore. And the crib and my sleeper and my lovely thick diapers are just so wonderfully soft...

My final thoughts before I lose consciousness are actually not about sex, nor even of Little space. They're of quiet delight at what my life has become, and of simple gratitude for these two people who have come to mean so much to me.

Two years ago, when Daddy Scott first proposed that "temporary solution" to me, I could never have imagined it leading me to the life I have now. I couldn't have foreseen the twists and turns and unexpected happenstances that had befallen me. But here I am now: a fully employed, confident young man with a promising future. A young man who also just happens to be a happy, sleepy baby to two delightfully kinky people, loving and loved and safe in what has become his permanent home.

Maybe I'll move on someday, or maybe not. I don't need to worry about that now. For the moment it's more than enough to be here: secure in the belief that even if some things in life are temporary, the love I feel just might be forever.

THE END

Word from the commissioner:

Hey All! I'm Devin, who commissioned this story from the wonderful PLP. Thank you all for reading and I hope you enjoyed it! I wanted to add so much to this piece and honestly I wish I could have added some more kinky stuff. But I also wanted the focus to be on the character and story.

Thank for all the support and special thanks to PLP for being such an amazing writer and making this story come to life. Maybe someday in the future I will return to explore some short one shot scenes of Devin and his new kinky family playing, exploring, and having fun. Until next time, have a fun, kinky and safe time!

-Devin!