

## A Temporary Solution

### Chapter Eleven

Commission – August 2021

Sometimes I really don't know how I get myself into such messes.

Oh, I know. I have it made. Well-educated, healthy, reasonably attractive woman in her thirties; responsible oldest daughter of a well-to-do family; senior production manager at our thriving corporation; an impressive resumé and hundreds of business connections... Yep, that's Clair Morrow. That's me.

But there's the other me, too: LadyElena86, denizen of FetLife and kink aficionado. The me that I've tried over the past dozen years to stuff guiltily back into the dark corners of my mind. The me that finds, in the sight of bound limbs and reddened asses and the gurgles of gag-filled mouths, something that nothing else can satisfy.

*But why, oh why, did I actually go down to that dungeon in person? Why didn't I just leave well enough alone? Why the hell did I think I could just waltz on over to some kinky house party and expect no fucking consequences?*

I'm fidgeting here at my desk, twirling my pen incessantly as I think back over last weekend's events. Devin – of all people – was there. He's apparently that guy Scott's sub: a humiliated, shitty-pantsed little subby baby getting his diaper changed in front of everyone as some sort of punishment. Oh, of course I've heard a bit about adult babies and ageplay and stuff – and his is not the first caged dick I've seen in my life. So it's not his kink that threw me for a loop.

But you know, it just hits different when it's someone you don't expect – someone you know in real life. And not only that, but someone who literally has been reporting to you as your subordinate for the past few months.

The thing is, Devin's a great part-time employee: smart, attentive, hard-working. I've had hardly anything to complain about since we brought him on board, except perhaps that he tends to be a bit timid with reporting issues. *Hub, guess that must be the sub in him*, I muse now. But that only makes it that much harder to figure out what the hell to do now.

It's been beaten into my brain countless times: *Don't ever mix personal life and business*. And I know

why now, too. I only need to feel the subtle heat rising in my cheeks when I happen to meet Devin in the hall now, or when I receive an email from him and can't shut out the mental vision of him waddling, beet-faced, into Scott's living room with his freshly diapered rear on full display. *Girl, stop it!* I scold myself. *Whatchya gonna do? You can't fire him for no reason, not even if you wanted to. Just forget about it and let it go. Give it some time, and after awhile it will be like it never happened...*

But honestly, I don't want that either. I don't want some elephant in the room that we'll never be able to shoo away for months or years to come. I don't want to have to tiptoe around someone who's well on their way to being a top performer with this company. I don't want to worry about possibly getting on his bad side some day, about having him stab me in the back by telling my higher-ups about my kinky hobbies. And if I'm being really, *really* honest with myself, I don't want to miss out on getting to know this young man who, in my gut, I think might turn out to be one of the cutest male submissives I've ever met.

As I grimace to myself now and stare unseeing into my glossy monitor, there's another piece of advice floating through my head – though whether it's mere rationalization or genuine wisdom, I can't say. *Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.* Oh, I'm not convinced that Devin would have the balls – or the malice – to try to cause trouble for me. Besides, I have just as much dirt on him as he does on me... maybe even more. All the same, though, I'd rather make sure I know where he stands than stay in the dark and simply hope he doesn't someday turn out to be a promotion-seeking, back-stabbing ass.

Speaking of promotions...

I shake away my stray thoughts of the guy's diapered ass and lean forward, scrolling through my draft emails. The higher-ups approved it, and heaven knows we need someone reliable. So here we go: "Meeting Request." To Devin Anderson? Yep. And *Click* before I can change my mind.

You know, maybe it's not about getting to know him better. Maybe it's not about making sure he doesn't become an ass. Maybe it's simply that the company needs help meeting production goals, and I need someone to help to hit those goals. Yeah. It's strictly business. Nothing else really matters.

*Yeah, right, you kinky bitch. Keep on telling yourself that, why don't you?*

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"So I suppose you're wondering why I asked you for this meeting," I begin, sounding for all the world like a lame boss in some cheap soap opera. "Don't worry," I add, seeing a flicker of nervousness in Devin's eyes before he glances hurriedly down at his lap, then back up again. "This won't take too long – and it's nothing bad, I promise."

He's not a big conversationalist, of course, and so naturally I find myself doing most of the talking. Talking, that is, about how quickly he's learned, how well he works on the team, how conscientious he seems to be with his reports and emails and such. He's blushing under such commending words, and I find myself fighting the urge to bend forward, pat his cheek, and tell him what a good, obedient sub he is. *Nope, nope, keep it in your pants, girl!*

"So the thing is, we've got a bit of a situation coming up," I explain, forcing myself to focus on the comparatively less titillating sight of the figures and projections on the report in front of me. "You've heard about that new contract we just landed, right?" He's nodding dutifully, and I continue. "It's a lot to handle – too much for our current staff, frankly. We need someone to help keep tabs on production as soon as the designs are past review and... well, I think you are just the fellow to take that on."

His eyes are widening, and I flash my best professional smile before proceeding. "That's if you want to, of course. Naturally it would involve a full-time commitment – so we'd need to do a bit of paperwork. But it would also mean company health care, dental options, 401k, paid leave, and all the usual bells and whistles." And then I drop the little detail that I'm most afraid will scare him away. "You'd be reporting to me directly – basically being my eyes and ears. You know, the boots on the ground making sure production's actually doing what they committed to..."

And having finished my proposition on a preposition, I sit back and let it sink in. Devin's undeniably intrigued, I can see that much. "Um, wow- I mean, that sounds, you know, really interesting," he manages, and I watch politely as he fidgets with his pen. "So the pay- I guess it would depend on what you think I'm worth...?" "Oh, of course!" I exclaim, and name the figure we've worked out with the bean counters. "Probably a bit more, depending on how it works out. But yeah, that's a safe figure for you to think about..."

In the end, he does exactly what any smart young employee should and would do. "Um, can I take some time to think about it?" he asks, and I smile and nod, mentally ticking off the imaginary performance review box for "considers all options before making decisions." *Good.* "Of course!" I reassure him, rising to show him courteously out of my office. "Take a few days to think about it if you need. If you could just have me an answer by Friday..."

"Of course, of course," he assents, and turns to head for the door. *Aww, there's that ass again! I can just imagine it all padded like a baby- No! Bad Clair! Dirty Clair!* And then, driven by some strange intuition, words rise to my lips and seem to speak themselves after the retreating young man.

"Oh, and Devin?" He turns, and his eyes flicker once more with a vague shadow of embarrassment and fear. "Um, about- Well, I'm sure we both recall us meeting in another place at another time," I hear myself saying. "And I just want you to know that as your manager, and whatever you decide about this- I won't, um... that whatever you and I may do in our personal time will have no bearing upon our professional lives here in the office. Okay?"

He's staring at me in embarrassed silence with the color rising to his cheeks – and yet a fresh flood of semi-coherent words escapes me, almost as if I think words will magically erase all the awkwardness in the universe. "I just- I want to say that our- um, mutual interests... well, I promise that they won't color my opinion of you. And I hope that you will do the same for me."

*Great. Now we're both fucking embarrassed as hell. Christ, Clair, why the fuck did you have to go and say that?!*

And yet, much to my surprise it's a shy smile and a nod that Devin gives me. "Um, okay. Yeah, of course! I- I- likewise. All professional. Completely professional..."

*All professional.* His words are echoing in my brain as I close the door and sink with a sigh into my faux-leather office chair, reflecting vaguely that it seems to have gone well, everything notwithstanding. *Sure, Devin. Completely professional. No kinky shit in the workplace. Right.*

Then why the *hell* is my stupid brain actively pondering whether that Scott fellow ever puts that adorable guy in a frilly maid outfit? *Hmm, completely professional,* my completely unprofessional brain seems to say. *But Scott's not off-limits, right? Hmm, maybe you'll just have to look up his number and chat with him. Ya know, see what kind of shit he's into...*

Like I said before. How the fuck do I get myself into such messy situations?