

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twenty-Four
Commission – September 2022

This is... incredible.

Nerve-racking. And slightly terrifying. And yes: definitely, *definitely* humiliating. But damn, if I can't deny that I can feel it scratching some deep-seated itch within me. Some hidden hunger that I never even realized lay dormant within me.

I set the now-empty drink tray on the counter with an unsteady hand, my heartbeat thundering so loudly in my ears that it almost drowns out the gales of good-natured laughter wafting from down the hall. For back there, in what is soon to be my nursery, Mommy and Daddy and their friends are hard at work. The massive edifice of my new crib is rising under their hands, and already I can picture myself in the very near future, clambering into it like the obedient baby we all know I long to be. In I'll crawl amid their loud laughter, a blushing, humiliated baby entering his adorable cage...

Or... maybe it should be *her* cage?

An electric shiver of ill-concealed delight ripples through me as I step away from the counter and the rustle of my new outfit sounds in my ears. I'm dolled up today: literally. Mommy had warned me, of course. She'd shown me those outfits online, and cooed over the pretty pastels, and giggled to Daddy about how adorable little Devin was going to look as a sissy baby. And of course I'd agreed. Because what humiliation-loving ageplayer would ever say no to their loving mommy's sweetly embarrassing ideas?

But now...

God, why am I getting so painfully horny? My cage is tight, and I can feel my bum clenching in sordid anticipation around its slender plug, even as another burst of urine dribbles out between my legs. Not only am I well-hydrated, and leaky, and plugged to ensure I don't make any smelly accidents for Mommy. I'm also decked out in the most absurdly girly outfit I could have imagined: an outfit better suited to a spoiled two-year-old at her birthday party than to a grown man. My legs – now smooth and hairless, thanks to Mommy Clair – are each encased in soft, elastic hosiery that confines them in its pastel pink embrace. Gone are my normal shirt and pants, replaced by a frilly pink mass of ruffles and lace that swishes and sways and brushes seductively against my legs with

every step.

And yes... buried beneath it all, swelling thicker and more saggy than ever now, is my silly diapered bum. Trapped beneath that layer of pink tights. Protected by a now-soggy layer of pink princesses and hearts. Just like the most adorable and girly toddler you can imagine. Which is, apparently, what's got me so embarrassingly turned on.

"Devie, baby, come on! Daddy needs to check something!" Mommy Clair is calling, and I scramble to obey with a blush and a waddle. Not simply because it's the voice of my boss. Not because I am afraid of what might happen if I disobey. But because... well, deep down I want to follow her commands. I need her and Daddy to order me, to make me blush, to force me into the most laughable and blush-inducing scenarios...

Which they're clearly more than happy to do. "Here, baby," Daddy Scott orders as I enter the room once more and confront their smiling faces. "We need you to check something for us..." I eye the nylon strapping in his hands, and the buckles dangling from them, and suddenly I begin to understand. "We need to make sure these are the right length," he explains calmly, and in his deep voice I can hear the rumble and rasp of quiet delight. "Come on. Up you go..."

"Right length for what?" I begin to ask timidly – only then remembering that this massive new pacifier is effectively gagging me, turning my every syllable into a muted, garbled parody. "Shh, no fussing," Mommy Clair reminds me, and as I clamber over the unfinished edge and lie awkwardly down onto the bare mattress, I catch a sweetly sadistic twinkle in her eye. "Just be a good little baby and let us take care of everything. After all, you're *far* too little to know or understand what Mommy and Daddy are doing to you..."

Laughter ripples around the room, and I quiver wordlessly, suckling my pacifier and feeling the heat of embarrassment glow within me as Daddy Scott sets to work. I'm lying here in my frilly outfit, diaper probably already peeking out from my adorably short petticoats, letting my gorgeous Daddy cuff me down while Mommy and his friends gleefully watch. *Just a good girlie baby. Just a dumb, obedient, silly, sissy little baby who doesn't even understand what's going on...*

Is it any wonder that even as I lie there, my limbs being restrained and my diaper swelling with yet another dribbling flood, I find myself secretly trembling with arousal?

"Devin, sweetie! Time for num-nums! Open up for Mommy now. Be a good baby..."

Of course they let me up eventually – *after* everyone got a good laugh at how adorable I looked. *After* Daddy had adjusted the terrifyingly uncompromising straps to the point where I could scarcely wriggle, pinned like a bug to a corkboard. *After* I'd gazed up at those laughing faces and felt my stupid, subby self thrilling and groveling with the embarrassment of being so... so... helpless.

Just like I am now. I open reflexively at the sound of Mommy Clair's voice, and squeeze my eyes shut at the sensation of the giant spoon's contents spilling out from the corners of my mouth. It's potato salad, creamy and cold, and I wince as I feel globs of potato drop down: not simply onto the white bib around my neck that loudly proclaims me to be a "Sissy", but further down and onto the front of my frilly pink dress. *Uh-oh...*

"Aww, baby! What a mess you're making!" Mommy Clair scolds in playful shock, and I gulp down the creamy mouthful in silence. Sure, I know damn well that any mess is more her doing than mine. She's the one who deliberately chose an oversized serving spoon for me. She's the one loading it full and forcing it into my mouth over and over again with a smirk and a sweetly condescending laugh. But there's nothing else a good baby like me is expected to do. I'm not going to make a scene – not in front of her and Daddy's friends, who are even now looking on with indulgent, alcohol-infused grins.

"I bet he'd be better off with a bottle," Alice snickers, and casts a wry glance over at her partner. "Just let him down and let him waddle around here with a nice, big baby bottle. You know, with a giant, cock-shaped nipple to suck on..." Daddy Scott turns from cleaning the barbecue – the source for the burgers and hot dogs that have constituted much of our meals – and flashes a knowing grin. "Alice! What a dirty mind you do have. I'd almost think you had experience dealing with subby little boys..."

"Oh, I do," she smirks, and beside her Phil shifts self-consciously. "Believe me, I do..." And on they prattle, while Mommy scrapes my bowl and forces more food into my messy mouth. I do my best to ignore them, focusing now on the fact that my meal's almost done. And thank goodness, too! Because from the disconcerting wetness beneath me, I'd say that my saturated diaper is just about at capacity...

Or even past it. Because as soon as Mommy helps me out of my chair, I can feel the brush of cool, wet fabric against my tight-clad legs.

"Oh, baby!" she scolds, and as I turn I catch sight of the dark-stained fabric between her disapproving fingers. "Devie, just look at you! Such a leaky, icky baby!" She clucks and frowns,

turning now to our guests while I stand there, stiff-legged in awkward apprehension with what must be a giant, wet, incriminating patch on my ruffled skirt. "Hey, Scott, can you keep everything under control here? Looks like I've got a leaky little puddle-maker to take care of..."

Of course he laughs and says he can. And off I trundle, Mommy Clair tugging me inside and down the hall to the bathroom. Naturally, I'm muttering from my still-messy lips about how sorry I am for leaking on my new dress. But somehow, she doesn't seem to mind. Heck, she's not even pretending to be anything more than mildly exasperated. It's almost as if she was looking forward to this...

And less than an hour later, I know why.

Daddy Scott's voice rumbles from down the hall. "Clair? Where are you? Phil and Alice have just left..." A shaky sigh of relief escapes my parted lips – but it dissolves into a muted gurgle as Mommy Clair thrusts an unfamiliar new device into my mouth. "Back here!" she calls, and as I gulp and stare up at her, she smiles and pulls the straps tight around my head. "Just getting little Devie ready for playtime..."

Oh, god, she *is*. I can feel the unfamiliar shape of the new gag filling my mouth, the molded contours of this rubbery artificial phallus pressing against my tongue. But the penis gag isn't the only new addition – not by a long shot.

For here I am: warm from my bath, freshly powdered and lotioned, attired in a frilly, sky-blue blue babydoll nightgown. I'm shifting uneasily on the thick cotton and fabric wadding around my bum, realizing now just how thick and bulky a cloth diaper is than even the thickest disposable. And to top it all off, I'm forced to blink out at the world from beneath the overhanging lace of the absurd baby bonnet Clair has tied around my head. I'm decked out like some life-size betsy-wetsy doll, feeling perhaps more girly and infantile and helplessly *controlled* than I've ever felt before.

"Oh- oh my god, that's... that's perfect." Daddy Scott is here now, staring down at me with an indescribable look on his handsome face. "Devie, baby, you look... *adorable*." I flush and glance down hastily, gulping again at the cock gag and feeling my own caged prick tensing within its prison. *God, I- Daddy likes me like this? I- I'm adorable...?*

"I told you so," Mommy Clair laughs, and in her low voice I can already hear the mingled amusement and desire. "So Scott, what are you waiting for? Our little darling is ready for a lovely

round of playtime. Why don't we both show him exactly how we reward good little sissy babies?" She tugs me up from the edge of my new crib, and I stumble up, my breath catching in embarrassed anticipation. "Come on, Devie. On your knees now like a good little baby. Mommy and Daddy are simply *dying* to play with you..."

Well, what can I do but gulp and nod and obey?

Daddy Scott's pants are tumbling to the floor. Mommy Clair's chuckling and handing him a condom – and then her own clothes are slipping off too. Strong hands are tugging at my padded rump, and a whimper escapes me as the sensation of warm cotton gives way to cool air. "Oh, don't worry – I was prepping and teasing him after his bath," I hear Mommy say, and I flush as the memory of those slippery fingers probing deep into my defenseless ass shivers through me. *Yes, Daddy, my silly subby mind is babbling as I suck harder on the rubbery cock filling my mouth. Yes, I'm- I'm ready for you. Play with me. Play with your dumb little baby...*

He does – entering me so gently that I scarcely feel any discomfort. I'm squatting there on the floor of my new nursery, gulping and shivering in pleasure, moans escaping my gagged mouth in rhythm with Daddy's seductive thrusting. He's deep in my ass, and I can practically feel him swelling and lengthening within me as the seconds slip into minutes and his throaty chuckles give way to harsh, needy commands. *Hold still, baby. Moan for me. Feel Daddy fucking your pretty little ass. Show me how much you like being fucked...* And all the while, Mommy's laughing, stroking my bonneted head, coaxing and commending me for being the best little baby she's ever seen...

I am, my brain reflexively responds. *I'm good baby. I'm best baby.* Mommy and Daddy love me. They know how to care for me, turn me on, use me... And yes: they both know just how desperately and sordidly I love to bring them pleasure by giving them my own submissive humiliation.

When at last they've finished – when Daddy has groaned and spurted and cum deep within me, and when Mommy's strap-on has finished rearranging my insides – I'm little more than a drooling, lace-trimmed pile of whimpering mush. They've bundled me back into my bulging, double-thick cloth diaper and laughingly kissed me goodnight, pulling the bars of my new crib up into place for the first time ever with a click of terrifyingly wonderful finality.

And that's how I drift slowly off to sleep: locked away safely in my crib, lying limp and spent in my sissy nightgown, with the glow of a sore ass and the murmurs of Mommy's and Daddy's voices drifting into my ears from down the hall. I don't know what hot antics they're getting up to now – but it's none of my concern. I'm baby. I'm sub. I'm adorable little sissy, never so happy as when I'm

being used and teased and tasked with pleasing these two people who love me so much.

Can my life get any better than this?