

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twelve
Commission – September 2021

Holy crap, today is turning out to be absolutely amazing!

Maybe it all goes to show my naïvete. Maybe other, more mature people experience these things all the time. But whatever the case, as I stand here on my way home, wedged like a sardine into the crowded subway, I'm beside myself with elation and nervous excitement. It's not every day one gets a promotion offer, after all!

Clair likes me, and she likes my work. She's offering me this full-time position, with all the healthcare and benefits and privileges that entails. And the figure she named... well, frankly it sounds awesome. I'm no financial expert, but I'm pretty positive that if I earned that kind of money I'd be well able to handle the rent for my own place. Oh – and to top it all off – she told me in that tactful, professional way of hers that she doesn't even mind about our embarrassing little run-in last weekend!

Now that's good news beyond my wildest dreams.

They talk about butterflies in the stomach when you're excited. I don't know that I feel anything like that right now, to be honest. But somehow the world seems brighter, even here on the screeching and poorly-lit subway. I hear the gleeful voice of a kid down at the other end, exclaiming to his mom about how fast we're going. I can't help but notice the humorous advertisements on the wall, and the artsy hairdo that lady three seats over is holding, and the little anime pins on the backpack of the college kid by the door. Even the bored expressions on the faces of the other commuters around me aren't enough to dampen my enthusiasm.

Heh, dampen...

I reach discreetly into my left pocket and feel through my trousers the puffy, thickened bulk of my the PeekABU that is now my everyday underwear. *Yeah, nice and wet.* On any other day I might be allowing my nervous fingers to stray back behind me, searching for the tiniest little leak that might expose my padded secret to the world. Or – as I was just yesterday – I might be standing here wondering dismally why Clair still hasn't said anything to me about our little run-in... or worse yet, seeing in my mind's eye the image of a dismissal notice on my little desk...

But today, all of that's gone. Clair seemed genuinely pretty cool about it all this afternoon, which is an incredible weight off my chest. Add to that the job offer, and... well, it's no wonder I feel like I could sprint all the way back to Scott's place.

Yeah, Daddy Scott! I can't wait to tell him the good news, of course. He's a lot more experienced than me on stuff like this, too, so I bet he'll have some good advice to give...

As my key turns in the lock and I step through the familiar doorway, there's a heavy footfall just beyond. And even as I utter the initial "Hey, I'm back!", I find Scott standing expectantly before me. With a smile on his face. And no shirt. And no pants.

"Stop right there, baby," he commands coolly, and at my questioning glance he flashes a quick smile before resuming his paternal demeanor. "Now, now. Who said a little baby like you could dress up like an adult, hmm?"

Oh, Scott- Daddy... Yes, but- "But I'm not a baby," I protest instinctively, heart thumping in sudden anticipation. "Not a baby?" Daddy Scott repeats, and steps closer, lifting my backpack easily from my hands and setting it aside. "Strip, Devie. Take off those clothes now. And we'll see just how big of a boy you really are."

Bu- but- I obey with fingers that tremble with subby excitement, feeling myself stiffening vainly within my cage. *Daddy knows. Daddy's gonna see...* And sure enough, within a matter of minutes I'm standing meekly before him, clad now in only my clearly soggy diaper. *Daddy's diaper boy. Devie, the diaper baby. Devie, the obedient, submissive, caged little-*

"What's that, baby? What are you wearing?"

"It- it's my diaper-" I admit, gaze fixed on the floor as my mind veers backward into the mushy, pleasurable world of sub space. "Oh, really? I see!" Daddy Scott's voice is thickening and deepening, and his boxers are taut with anticipation, and I know he's loving this as much as I am. "And how ever did your diaper get so wet, hmm? Does a sweet little diaper baby like you even know?" "No, no, I don't," I blurt in a burst of submissiveness. "It- it just gets wet all by itself! I- I don't even drink that much, Daddy, but it- it just happens..."

"Such a sweet little baby," Daddy croons, and in his voice I hear the husky need growing ever

stronger. "But if you don't drink much, I think we'd better fix that, don't you?" And then he's tugging me forward, pulling me into the kitchen with those strong hands of his. "Down on your knees, baby," he commands – and as I sink obediently down onto the cool tile before him, his boxers too tumble down around his feet.

"First... you all right with this?" I stare up into Daddy Scott's face, momentarily jarred out of my headspace as he bends closer in clear concern. "Just want to make sure you're okay with it all," he murmurs – and I feel a wave of gratitude washing over me. *Bless him, he's still making sure he doesn't cross any more lines...* "All okay, Daddy," I reassure him with a nod and an expectant shiver. "Green."

"Then open up, little baby," he orders as he straightens up once more – and I, with racing heart and parting lips, comply. *Daddy is- he wants me to- he's gonna-* "Daddy's gonna make sure his little diaper boy is all fed up," he growls hoarsely, and as his engorged cock fills my mouth and slips deeper and deeper, perilously near the back of my throat, I let out a whimper of meek assent. "Little babies gotta drink up whatever Daddy feeds them..."

Yes, they do. And I – Daddy's soggy-bottomed, slobbering, wide-eyed little diaper boy – must comply. For even when I hear his groan in my ear, and taste his precum on my tongue, and feel the pulsing jerk of his cock... I'm not allowed to pull away. His hands are around my head, and thus held in his grasp I keep pumping and sucking and stifling my gag reflex like the good sub I am. *Suck, suck, in, out, in, out- Daddy's gonna cum- he's gonna-*

And yes: when at last he groans and spurts his load and I taste his salty, liquid love filling my mouth... I swallow. Not merely because good little diaper boys like me drink whatever they're fed. But because I *want* to.

It's late now, and my eyes are heavy with sleep. I'm worn out – for so many reasons. After our playtime in the kitchen... and the spaghetti... and our conversation about my job offer... and the bath... and my nighttime bottle... Okay, let's be honest. Even without such a hectic and disjointed day, just lying here in bed now with my paci and my fresh diaper and my warm pajamas would be enough to set me yawning.

My mouth is working in silence, and I reflect sleepily that it feels perversely – and comfortingly – like a very different something I was sucking on earlier. Maybe that's Daddy's motivation behind

giving me bottles and pacis all the time. Maybe he likes training me to be a good little cock-sucking sub for him...

Ouch. No more thinking about things that make me so horny. It's not nearly time for me to have cummies yet this month.

I roll over with a muffled crinkle and find myself staring up at the darkened ceiling, illuminated only by the faint, warm glow of my nightlight. Wow. A real job. Look at me, getting back on my feet at last. No more unemployment... no more applications and interviews... no more falling self-consciously silent when I hear friends chattily comparing their rents...

Because why *wouldn't* I move out and get my own place? Just like society and my family and friends all say a real adult should?

Daddy Scott's voice rings warm and vibrant in my memory. "That's so awesome, Devin. I'm so happy for you! You're a great worker and a smart guy, you know? It sounds like a great position, and plus it's with people you know you can work with..." Yeah, he'd been pretty amazing about it all. At first I'd thought I'd seen a tiny flash of disappointment in his eyes when I first told him the news. But I guess I must have been imagining things. I've never been the best at reading other folks, after all.

Let's see. Yeah, an apartment somewhere near the subway would be good. Maybe not too far from the grocery stores. I'll have to start looking tomorrow...

In the final few moments before sleep claims me, though, my excited thoughts yield to something curiously like regret. *Gonna miss this place. Won't be able to come home to Daddy Scott every day. Gonna miss... Daddy...*

And then I'm out. But even in my dreams – amid the dinosaurs on the subway and the plates of sausages Clair brings into the lunchroom and the smoky rumble of my old landlord racing a bulldozer through the streets – even there I can see Daddy Scott standing quietly by with that same look of sadness in his eyes.

"I'm so happy for you..." he tells me again. And I know it must be the truth. But somehow, it's hard to believe when he's looking at me like that...