

## A Temporary Solution

### Chapter Fourteen

Commission – November 2021

"In a little apartment there lived a Devin. Not a nasty, dirty, old apartment, filled with dusty garbage and a stink of cigarettes; nor yet a bare, empty apartment with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat; it was Devin's apartment, and that meant comfort."

I chuckle aloud at my own silly, mental paraphrase of Tolkien's well-known lines, then cast a glance around the tiny living room that is now my own. Or, well, not technically mine. God knows buying an apartment in this economy would bankrupt most anyone my age. No, it's just a rental – but it's *my* rental. No one else's.

Yeah, maybe the bit about comfort isn't exactly correct, either. I'm working on it, though! Thanks to IKEA and a few online bargains, I've acquired a sofa, a floor lamp, and a table and chairs for the main living and dining room. The bedroom is in even better shape, having received a bit of welcome help from Scott. "Can't have my little boy sleeping on the hard floor," he'd chuckled when he brought over that bed I'd been using for the past months. "Besides, I seem to recall you spending a few leaky nights on it before we got you that plastic sheet. It's... you know. I guess it's only right you should have it since you've marked it as your territory..."

Yeah, that one had made me blush. But still I'd gratefully accepted it, finding in the familiar crinkle of the plastic sheet beneath me a comforting reminder of the many weeks and months I'd spent with Daddy Scott, and which now were fast becoming a mere memory.

I sigh and slip down onto the empty sofa, relishing the wet squish of my soggy bum beneath me. Never mind the memories for the moment! I'm living on my own now, which means more than just having my own door key and paying my own bills. For me it means... well, freedom. No more chastity cage. And the ability to decide when and how and where I'm going to be in diapers... if at all.

Oh, I've been in diapers pretty much round the clock these past two weeks, I have to admit. It's just so incredibly comfortable – and arousing – to be able to waddle around my own apartment, my freed cock slipping easily back and forth within my ample padding. And it's so addicting to be able to reach down and touch myself, to find satisfaction whenever and wherever I want: here on the couch; lying in bed at 3 am; grinding against the kitchen counter while I wait for the microwave to do its job...

Okay, I admit it. I've been masturbating at least five times a day since moving out. And far be it from me to hate on Daddy Scott and his rules, but... damn, it's pretty awesome being an independent Devin once more.

Now, then. I'm going to roll over here and feel how good my wet diaper feels. Ooh, yeah. I'm just a soggy little boy, waddling around with puddles in his pants...

Hang on. I know what I need.

And as I waddle hastily into my dimly-lit little bedroom and flop down onto fluffy Mister Foxie, the memories and my arousal surge simultaneously into overdrive. Fuck yeah. This is just like when Daddy Scott made me lay there and hump and grind and fill my pants for him. Such a dumb, helpless little baby I was- *I am...*

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Things look rather different, and far less sexy, in the morning light. My life has changed, after all, and that means no longer being able to sleep until Daddy Scott shakes me gently awake. I have to set my own alarm, and change my own diapers, and make my own breakfast, and check the subway lines myself to see if there are any delays, and-

It's tough having to be big all on your own!

Speaking of being big and responsible, I've decided that if I'm ever going to have a shot at making this thing work on my own, I'm going to have to make some changes. Not easy or fun changes, but changes nonetheless.

I'm reviewing the biggest of them in my mind as I pluck the hot toast from my cheap new toaster and reach for the jelly. It's simple: I'll quit with the 24/7 diapers. Oh, I know they're fun and all – as my aching genitals can testify – but even with my new income I simply won't be able to afford wearing premium pampers every moment of every day. Not to mention the fact that my folks were talking about coming over to see me one of these weekends, and the last thing I need is them stumbling upon my diaper stash. And of course there's also that little issue of working one-on-one with Clair at the office. She knows I'm into kinky stuff, sure – but she can't possibly know that I've been wearing to work all this time. So honestly, I don't really need to keep reminding her of my subby side by waddling noisily through her office in a stuffer-filled MegaMax, now, do I?

Interestingly, this line of thinking in turn has brought me to a rather unnerving realization: I've gotten a bit more used to my diapers than I thought. You see, my first impulse was to switch to only wearing on weekends and maybe a few nights per week. But upon donning a pair of my old, blue boxer briefs for the first time in – well, longer than I care to count – much to my surprise within a matter of hours I'd been faced with a small, wet patch already seeping through my jeans. Clearly, while such little accidents might be okay around home, I can't possibly risk them at work. Good god, how embarrassing would that be?

I reach back now and feel the waistband of my new, light-duty brief, ensuring that my shirt is safely tucked over it. Good. It's thin, but it's cheap. And so long as I don't guzzle massive amounts of liquid during the workday, I'll be safe from little dribbles, no one will even know, and my budget will thank me.

Now, then. Off to work I go – like the great big adult that I am!

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"Hey, Devin. Want some more tea? I got way too much this morning, and it's definitely not going to drink itself! Come on, help me out here..."

I smile, and shrug, and despite my misgivings, I reach for the jug of iced tea again. Clair's been so sweet and nice to work with these past weeks, after all. She's been super kind and understanding with me as I struggle to learn these new types of spreadsheets and reporting protocols. And, well... maybe I'm just a people-pleaser. But with all she's been doing to help me, I really hate to say no to anything she proposes.

So I sit there beside my boss, sipping at my third glass of tea and trying to focus more upon the increases in our productivity than upon the increasing pressure in my swelling bladder.

"Anyway, that's why we have to file this one for each of the production batches," she finishes fifteen minutes later, clicking her pencil authoritatively and slipping the latest stack of papers back into her folder. "Now, before we wrap up, we should really talk about QC and how they fit into all this..." But then she rises easily and flashes an apologetic smile. "But hang on just one moment. I'm gonna run to the restroom, okay? Be back in a minute!"

*Now's my chance!* I'm thinking hurriedly once she's stepped out and the click of her heels disappears

down the hall. *Hmm, maybe I can dump the rest of this glass somewhere? Maybe there's a plant... Aha!* Sure enough, there's a spikey-looking potted plant back behind her chair. Maybe I'll just slip over there and get rid of this tea...

Which I do, quickly and surreptitiously. Because I don't want to refuse Clair and her generosity. But neither do I trust my bladder, which has already been spurting out as I work, and which has already saturated much of the thin diaper beneath me. I'm probably just stressing unnecessarily, of course. But I really can't risk a leak in front of my new boss, you know?

And barely a minute after I've taken my squishy seat once more, with a click of heels and a swish of her pantsuit she's back. "Dang, you must have a bladder of steel, Devin!" Clair laughs good-naturedly, pulling her chair closer to mine. "That tea really runs through me, for some reason. Oh, speaking of which... Here, let me fill your glass again. It's pretty tasty, isn't it? Bottom's up!"

*God, it's almost as if she's purposely-! But no, of course not. It's just me and my silly imagination...*

In the end, a bit of judicious wetting is inevitable – and so I cautiously let a few spurts of pee out into my diaper, biting my lip all the while and praying that Clair won't notice. I have to relieve the pressure somehow, and so long as I don't flood it, surely it will be able to handle everything. I just need to buy myself a little more time, just until we're done with these last reports-

And then, at long last, the meeting is over. "Well, don't let me keep you any longer, Devin," Clair smiles, with a knowing glance at the clock that reads 4:47 pm. "I'm sure you're eager to get home..." Oh, I am – for many, many reasons. But as I rise from my chair and another hot burst flows from my poor, tea-swollen bladder, I feel something that makes me freeze in horror.

It's the trickling sensation of warm urine, coursing steadily down my left leg.