

A Temporary Solution
Chapter Twenty-Three
Commission – August 2021

Now this is going to be a fun weekend!

It was mostly Clair's idea, to be honest. That specially-ordered adult crib from her kinky friend had come in only a few days ago – with some assembly required, naturally. That, plus the sheer size of the beast, has forced us to think through how on earth to get it set up. "I'm guessing the two of us can figure it out," she'd opined, then flashed me one of those brightly devious looks of hers.

"Though... I dunno. A few extra pairs of hands wouldn't be bad, would they?"

Of course not. Certainly when I just happen to have a few good friends that turned out to be more than willing to help.

And of course it wouldn't be a fun gathering if at least one of our number wasn't getting a hefty dose of kinky humiliation, would it? This whole thing being for Devin's benefit, it only makes sense for us to... you know. Make sure that his babyish self becomes the center of attention.

I'm grinning to myself as I pull into Clair's driveway. Devin's already here, of course. And it's going to be my job – my pleasure – to assist Clair in prepping him for his crib-raising party. I may not know exactly what all she has in mind for him, true. Apart from giggling over how frilly and girly they are, she's been pretty mum about all the new clothes she's been purchasing. But something tells me that it's going to involve a lot of pink... and lace.

"Now, now. Why so bashful, honey? Mommy and Daddy have seen you naked before, you know..."

Clair's chuckling softly, her eyes meeting mine over the now-naked Devin's head. "Goodness, you'd think he's never been naked in front of anyone before!" To which I shrug and gesture toward the as-yet unopened closet, within which she has intimated his new wardrobe lies in store. "Oh, I don't think it's being naked," I assure her, with an appraising glance from Devin's blushing face to his still-caged willy to the half-soggy diaper open between his legs. "I think he's worried about exactly what kind of clothes you've got waiting for him..."

To be honest, I'm a tiny bit worried as well. Up to now it's been hard for me to "get" what makes

sissy play such a big turn-on for some; after all, in its worst formulation it could come across as implying that femininity is somehow inherently demeaning. But my friends Phil and Alice are certainly into it – unapologetically so – and neither of them is exactly misogynistic. More importantly, Clair loves it, and Devin and I are okay with trying it, and so... well, today I'm going to give it a go. Maybe I'll finally figure out what makes it so hot.

The diaper is the first step, of course. I've seen these pink things online here and there, and now seeing it being wrapped around Devin's bum and hips I have to admit it's kind of a pretty color. "Such a sweet, pretty little pink princess for me," Clair is cooing, and Devin's shamefaced nod and squirming tells me that's he's actually loving it. *Hmm. Interesting...*

Then... oh, then. Open goes the closet, and out come the garments, and before I quite know it my little baby boy Devin is surrounded by a swirl of fabric and lace. "Tights first," Clair orders, and soon we're helping tug ballet-pink hosiery up Devin's shaking legs and over the bulge of his pastel diaper. "Now petticoat one!" Followed by "petticoat two!" And before I quite know it, Devin's standing there, cheeks red with embarrassment: a pretty, boyish princess glancing shamefully down at the crisp white linen and lacy ruffles of his new garments.

"Oh, that's nothing, Scott. Just wait until you see the dress!"

I do. And I have to admit, by the time the getup is 100% complete, I'm practically sold. For one thing it's a pretty outfit, at least as far as my – not terribly expert – eye can see. The detailing is actually well done, and the colors are pretty, and the way it fits so tightly around Devin's pretty torso is delightful. The short, poofy little skirt that rides up over his diaper butt is even better. But I suppose what I find most thrilling of all is not the feminine getup, *per se*. It's Devin's reaction: the shy, clearly humiliated expression on his face, and the way that he clearly loves yet hates how thoroughly he's had his ordinary self peeled away and buried under a mountain of infantile girlishness. He's our little dress-up baby doll, helpless to stop us from doing anything we want...

And yeah. He loves it. Which means that I love it, too.

"Damn, this is thirsty work! Where's a drink when you need one?"

Alice and Phil have arrived: her loud and amiable as usual, and him just as quiet and polite as usual. Oddly enough, Phil's here in his male-presenting street clothes rather than the frills and lace that

always accompany his sissy persona Phyllis. "Yeah, we figured we shouldn't steal the new sissy's thunder," Alice had laughed with a toss of her short-cropped hair. "Now where is he, anyway? Where's the sissy baby of the house, hmm?"

At which Devin had emerged just as he did now: at Clair's prodding, and dropping the most awkward version of a curtsy imaginable. This time there's a tray in his hands, and upon it three tall, perspiring glasses of lemonade. "Aww, hell yeah," Alice beams, and reaches up from her position on the floor to take one in hand. "Thanks, baby! You're such a good little sissy maid for us today! I bet you love watching your new crib come together here, huh?"

She gesticulates to the half-assembled pine before us, the white finish gleaming in the light. "You're such a lucky little baby, getting a whole crib all for yourself!" At which I nod in agreement, and hand Phil a glass before taking a sip of my own. "He sure is," I smile, relishing the embarrassment written all over Devin's face behind his new lavender pacifier. "But we are, too. I mean, just think! Once this is together, we'll have such a secure place to keep him locked away at night. Clair and I won't have to worry about our baby crawling on in... interrupting Mommy and Daddy when we're busy having big-person fun. You know, the kind of fun that little *babies* like him can't understand..."

Devin waddles hastily back toward the kitchen in a rustle of petticoats, but not before I catch sight of the look of mingled longing and terror in his eyes. It's a look that tickles every dominant cell in my body, sending a jolt of pleasure to my brain and a rush of blood to my cock. *Hell, yeah. My sweet little baby Devin... so humiliated... so eager to let us use him and tease him...*

Alice laughs and winks, proclaiming for her partner's benefit that, hell, maybe she should consider turning Phyllis into a baby now and then, too. But as we turn our attention once more to the half-assembled crib, already rising into place here in Devin's new nursery room, I'm musing in interested pleasure on what I've learned today.

Maybe sissy play isn't all that different from the diapers and the baby stuff, huh? All it really is is making someone wear clothes that they don't want to wear... and in so doing cooking up a hell of a lot of humiliation to play with.

Hmm. I wonder what else Clair might be able to teach me?