

## A Temporary Solution

### Chapter Nineteen

Commission – April 2021

Stupid cancelled flight! What kind of sadistic assholes wait until an hour before your departure time to cancel it – and for no other reason than that they experienced an "unforeseen staff shortage"?!

I guess I shouldn't gripe too much. I did manage to catch the early morning flight back today, after all – only a day later than scheduled, and getting me back to my own stuffy and silent house before lunchtime on this lovely Sunday. And here I am, safe and sound and with luggage wholly intact. Maybe I didn't manage to get over to Scott's place late yesterday as planned. But to judge by his texts, it sounds like it was all okay in the end. Even better, it gave Devin an excuse to stay over there one more night...

Ah, Devin. Whatever am I going to do with you?

Oh, I know damn well what I *could* do with him. What I sometimes *want* to do with him. Visions are flitting before me now: beguiling, kinky visions of lacy skirts and tightening restraints and a drooling, gag-filled mouth. I'm imagining hearing such musical sounds of gurgling, humiliated moans... the crack of leather on his bare and defenseless ass... my commands wringing desperate little confessions of submission and devotion and obedience from his babbling lips. And now I can picture that adorable blush on his cheeks as I bring out one of those crinkling diapers he needs so much. I'd push him onto it – jerk his legs apart – force that stiff cock of his down-

No. NO! I may have a *domme* side – a kinky streak that loves nothing more than to sissify and punish and humiliate adorable submissive guys like Devin. But he's my employee – my coworker– my friend. And even more than that, he's Scott's- Scott's...

Well, what exactly *is* he?

According to Scott, they're just friends. Firmly friend-zoned. Just good, kinky buddies who happened to become good, kinky roommates when necessity demanded. It had been a temporary solution to a temporary problem – and when Devin had gotten the chance, he'd moved out again. No strings attached, no messy emotions, no breakup. Simple as that.

And yet... what exactly happened last Friday night between the two of them?

It's dangerous to read too much into the texts that Scott sent me. I do love me some good 'ol reading between the lines and making all kinds of educated inferences – and yet with a situation this delicate, my gut is telling me to resist such a stereotypically feminine urge. I should check with Scott one-on-one. Hear from him in person exactly how and why Devin ended up drunk as a skunk on his doorstep, apparently sobbing his heart out and begging plaintively for someone to help him.

The thing is, right now I'm disturbed not only by Devin's apparent distress over the potty-training routine that I genuinely thought would help him... but also by my own inner twinges of jealousy. After all, why didn't Devin call *me* when he was feeling low? What's so important between him and Scott that makes me... second rate?

Yep. Let's do this. I've got to chat with Scott now – before I work myself up into a fit of passive-aggressive jealousy.

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"Yeah. Yeah, he went back to his place this morning. Needed to take care of his plants and mail and everything. Said it was about time he quit mooching off his old roommate."

Scott and I are seated again at his little table, hands cradling warm cups of freshly-brewed coffee. I take a sip and nod, noting with satisfaction that it's a remarkably good roast. "Aww, 'mooching' seems a bit strong, doesn't it? I hope that's not how it felt!" Scott's shaking his head, and on his handsome and unshaven face I can read not merely polite denial, but something else. Some sort of... self-conscious fondness...

"No, no, of course not!" he assures me, and now he's gazing firmly into my eyes. "Listen, he's always welcome here. You have no idea, Clair – no idea what a mess he was in Friday night." "Well, maybe I would if you told me?" I hope to god that to him it doesn't sound as petty and jealous as it does in my own ears, but he doesn't seem to mind. "Of course! Look, well, I mean. You... you went to college, of course. You've seen your share of drunk kids, I suppose...?"

I give a short chuckle. "Uh, yeah? Been there a few times myself, though I don't exactly like to advertise it." "Well, sure," Scott smiles, taking another sip. "But no, he was really out of it. Plastered as he was, I still don't know how he got all the way to my place without tripping and breaking his skull. But there he was: sobbing his heart out, begging for D- I mean, *me* to help him-

"Wait, did you start to say..." Maybe I'm just being petty, but I need to know everything. "Daddy?" He's blushing the tiniest bit: a proud papa trying not to let his elation show. "Um, yeah," he chuckles, a trifle self-consciously. "That's how we had it before. Before he moved out, I mean. And I guess when you're drunk things just sort of come out..."

"Scott." I'm leaning forward now, heart thumping a trifle faster than usual. "Listen, I know it's sweet. I see that there's still something between the two of you. Something real." His smile is disappearing, the corners of his mouth drawing in toward a puzzled frown. But I plunge on – because I have to. "And I don't mind. I- I really don't want to mind." *Why the hell is my voice quavering the tiniest bit?*

"It's just that... I just- See, I don't want to be doing anything behind anyone's back," I explain, and take a quick sip to calm my sudden stab of nerves. "Devin... He does know about us, doesn't he? About our dates, and... everything?"

Scott's nodding vigorously. "Oh, yes. Yes, of course he knows, Clair! There wasn't any real reason to hide it, was there? It's not like he and I were, like, *together* together before." My fingers are tracing the rim of the cup now, and from within me I'm feeling the strangest emotion welling up. Is this... nervous laughter?

"See," I manage to chuckle, and I'm glancing up now with sudden resolve. "Scott, I- I really like you. I do. It's just that... well, I see how close you and Devin are. And I'm worried that I... that I might not fit in. Or that I'm just getting in the way – just a distraction from what you really want. I hope you get what I'm saying?" He's nodding again, forehead furrowing even as he reaches for my hand and gives it a consoling squeeze. "Clair, I really like you, too. You're so *special* to me! You're strong and kind and... well, everything. Not to mention an absolute tiger in bed..."

Now we're both laughing, and the genuine mirth seems to clear the atmosphere like a cool breeze of air on a steamy summer afternoon. "So, what're we saying?", he sighs. "We both like one another, and we also both love Devin?" He's slurping at his coffee now, his eyes meeting mine over the rim. "After all, you've practically been his mommy for what? Months now? With all those potty charts and stuff?"

I'm feeling a little blush creep onto my own cheeks now, but I nod defiantly. "I mean, I suppose? We're very professional about it, of course." "Of course. Very professional, I'm sure." He's smirking now, his usual wry sense of humor resurfacing. "Though I'd bet my bottom dollar you're secretly thinking about all the kinky shit you'd do with him if you could. Aren't you? You were the one

telling me once how you *love* humiliating subs in skirts and frills and stuff..."

"Hey!" I begin, and then bust out into another laugh as I realize just how true his words are. "Okay, okay, I admit it! He's fucking adorable: so submissive, and sweet, and conscientious... And he's really got my motor humming some days with those cute diapers of his." "Mmm-hmm, just what I thought." Scott's grinning, and as he drains his cup and rises to get a refill I feel the complicated tangle of emotions within me begin to loosen and unwind. Maybe this whole situation isn't as mixed-up as I thought.

"Ever been in a poly relationship before?" He's turning back to me, pot in one hand and cup in the other. "I know they're not for everyone. But, Clair..." And his eyes are growing reflective as he reaches down to refill my own outstretched cup. "Listen, I should tell you. It wasn't until Devin showed up again that I realized how... I dunno. How fucking much he means to me. And how much I missed him... having my subby little boy around here, needing someone to take care of him..."

*Oh, Scott – such a sweetheart-* But before I can interject, he goes on. "I don't know if you would want this, of course. But if you'd be okay with us all being together – you, and me, and Devin – like, I think that would be just about perfect." He sets down the pot, and as he eases back into his chair I'm feeling a wave of relief wash over me. "He'd be with his mommy *and* his daddy. And we'd be together..."

"Raising holy hell in the bedroom like the two freaks we are," I cut in, with a relieved chuckle. "While our sweet, sissy little baby Devin waddles around his nursery in his lacy pink onesie, wondering what the hell his daddy and mommy are doing to make so much noise!" "Oh, he wouldn't have to wonder," Scott chortled, and in the lowering register of his throaty chuckle I can hear the growing arousal. "Believe me, he'd know. And he'd be grinding in that thick, soggy diaper of his, wishing desperately that Mommy or Daddy would come and take that cage off his poor, trapped little pee-pee..."

I'm catching my breath even as I snort and chortle at the fantastic scene we're painting. *God, it seems so... perfect. So incredible. And yet so simple!* "You'd really be down for that? Like, really?" "Why the fuck not?" Scott is clearly relieved at my favorable reaction. "The whole monogamy thing isn't for everyone, Clair. Nothing against those who are, of course. But given everything that's been brewing between us up to now... well, I just don't see any reason why not to give it a shot!"

"Except maybe Devin himself," I correct. "We should check with him on this idea, obviously." "Oh,

obviously!" Scott hastens to add. "And we should sleep on it ourselves first: think it over, let it simmer. But maybe sometime this week we can, I dunno. Have dinner and chat about it all? See what he thinks about the idea?"

I'm grinning now as I reach over and take his proffered hand. "Perfect. Yeah, let's do it!" We're shaking on it like business partners: partners who have made an unexpected breakthrough, who have seen past their differences and found a way forward that just might benefit everyone...

But then he's reaching over, his arm circling me and dragging me, chair and all, toward him. "Fuck yeah, let's do it," he murmurs in my ear – and then his hungry lips are seeking mine, and his scent is filling my nostrils, and my empty cup teeters over as the simple handshake dissolves into a heated embrace.

God, I've missed this man!