

A Temporary Solution

Chapter Nine

Commission – May 2021

There's something so invigorating about fall, isn't there? Maybe it's the crisp air and cool nights. Maybe it's the dusty scent of the falling leaves, or the way the waning sunshine strikes the trees and sets them all aglow. I don't really know. But whatever it is, I'm feeling amazing today: confident, happy, and just so thankful to be able to share another weekend with my little Devin.

He's trudging in front of me now, boots crunching through the leaves, his childish Paw Patrol backpack slung over his shoulders. With every step he takes, my practiced eye can spot beneath those jeans of his the yielding bulk of his diaper. Not that it's a particularly thick one today, though – at least, not in comparison with the boosted overnight ones I sometimes give him.

I have my reasons.

Gotta keep things interesting. Craig's advice from months back echoes in my mind as we make our way slowly through the autumnal trees and up the leaf-covered trail toward the summit. Oh, I'm trying! It's not always easy to keep things fresh, of course – particularly when you've been living together with your Little for months now and the day-by-day routine makes a habit out of what was formerly so exciting. But you know, I try my best.

Safely out of Devin's sight, I grin to myself as I recall this morning's preparations. "Now you're going to be a good boy for me today, aren't you?" I'd asked him as I wiped down that sensitive diaper area of his and smiled down into his pacified face. "Mm-hmm," he'd nodded... and then his eyes had grown wide in surprised delight as I took out the tiny key that hung around my neck. "Well, then! I suppose it wouldn't hurt to give my good boy a little bit of freedom, would it?" And off had come the chastity cage, even as I chuckled and wagged my finger teasingly in his face.

"But of course you can't be going and making a sticky, cummy mess in your pants, okay? You know you have to wait until tomorrow for that, after all..." Indeed, he did. We'd bought him a potty chart last month and begun marking not only the days he "had an accident" – which was every day, of course – but also the one day per month when he would be allowed to enjoy an orgasm... assuming he'd earned it, of course.

That day being tomorrow, I'd figured it might be fun to keep my horny, deprived Little teetering on the edge all day. After all, if he managed to succeed, then I'd have had the gloriously sadistic fun

of teasing him. And if he failed? Why, then I could dream up a lovely punishment to fit the crime...

Though from the very start I'd begun playing perhaps a little unfairly.

"Oh, does that feel good when I touch your wittle pee-pee?" I'd teased, stroking the lotion into his most intimate regions in preparation for a fresh diaper. "I bet you're already thinking about how nice it's going to feel rubbing up and down in your nice soft dipie..." And out had come not only his vibrating plug, which I slipped into place with a wink and an affectionate pat, but then a fresh Tranquility ATN: chosen specifically for its high SAP content, squishability, and low capacity. "Do you think you'll know how to use it, baby? Here, why don't you let Daddy Scott show you?"

And then I'd grinned, slipped down my boxers, and watched Devin's face contort in revulsion, delight, and arousal as I showered his freshly lotioned groin – and rapidly stiffening cock – with a hefty dose of my own urine.

I take another gulp now from my nearly-empty water bottle, then slip my phone out of my pocket as we reach a bend in the trail. *No one around. No one but us will know...* And open goes the remote vibe app, my finger straying up and down the intensity scale in sadistic delight. Devin freezes momentarily, and I can hear a muffled little squeak escape him as his hands stray back to his rear. *Oh dear, grabbing at your padded booty isn't going to do you too much good, now, is it?*

"What's the matter, Devie?" I query goodnaturedly, beside him now and bestowing a gently condescending pat on the padded rump. "Is something wrong?" His face is glowing red – as much from our little game as from the exertion of hiking – and I can see he's struggling to maintain some semblance of composure. "It- It feels so nice," he murmurs, and I chuckle softly as I let my thumb wander upward slightly in intensity. "Oh, does it now?" I tease. "But you're not supposed to be thinking about naughty big boy things yet, are you? Why don't you let Daddy give you something else to think about for a bit? Now, hold still..."

And with a quick glance to ensure we're completely alone, I make my move. He's shorter in the legs than me, and it doesn't take more than a few seconds for me to pull up his shirt, unzip my own jeans, and pull back the waistband of his already wet diaper. "Shh, hold still," I order in his ear, even as I feel him tensing against me in frozen surprise. "Daddy needs you to be a good little boy..."

Oh, the look on his face is priceless when I step back, bladder now empty, and give him another commending pat on his now warm and squishy rear. "You wouldn't want Daddy to have to find a potty all the way up here, now, would you? Such a good little boy, sharing your dipie for me! I

mean, you're already wet anyway, so I'm sure you don't mind a little more, right?"

To which my blushing little gives only a quiet squeak of mortified arousal.

God, Daddy Scott is pushing all my buttons today!

We've been seated here on this bare mountain top for a good while now, basking in the autumn glow, and the incredible view, and the success of our hard-won achievement. Yet my face is also flushed with the memory of how this man has delightfully used me this morning... teased me... And oh, how blushy it feels to walk before him, bottom soaked with both my own and with my Daddy's urine. *Just a dumb little pottypants baby, Daddy's soggy little pee-pee britches...*

Not to mention there's also that little vibe he's been using on me all morning.

It's that combination, I suppose – the seductive pulse of the vibrator in my butt, the sensuous, warm squish and stroking of this soggy diaper around my naked pee-pee, and the knowledge of how Daddy's been using me as his personal little urinal – that keeps me biting back involuntary little groans of pleasure. It's almost as if he *wants* me to cum in my diaper... though I'm determined not to at all costs. It's only one more day, after all. And then I can finally enjoy that much-needed release, spurt uncontrollably with the desperate, pent-up energy of a month's denial...

Wait, shit. I'm leaking.

"Well, good thing there's no one here, huh!" Daddy Scott teases as he brushes the dirt and leaves from my rear and surveys what I can already feel must be the two dark patches of incriminating dampness in my jeans. "Come on, let's get you changed. Aren't you glad Daddy made you pack some spares?" "Uh-huh," I mumble, glancing apprehensively about as he unzips my colorful backpack and produces a familiar, folded white rectangle. "But what if someone comes-"

"You're going to be okay, I promise," he soothes in that deep voice of his, and as he pushes me gently back into the stony shelter of a large boulder, I find myself relaxing a bit. *Okay, sure. I do trust him. It won't take long- And he can go really quick-*

If he wants, of course. But right now, he's having far too much fun teasing me. "Oho, you really like your dipies, don't you?" he teases, eyeing my painfully erect cock as he wipes me down. "Look at

you, so ready to have naughty big-boy fun! It really must be so frustrating, isn't it? Being tucked away in that big, waddly, baby diaper all morning?" My eyes are clenching shut, praying that no one comes by and discovers us, hears his blush-inducing talk- "Oh, I see. Maybe it was all that nasty, buzzy plug's fault, huh?" And out slips the plug, much to my surprise. Though only a few seconds later, I feel something else slipping deep into my relaxing butthole...

Uh-oh.

"There we go!" Scott chuckles as he pulls the tapes of my fresh diaper up around me. "Now, then. No more plug for you, okay? We can't have you making any big boy messes in your pants when it's not time, after all! You don't want to find out what happens to disobedient little boys who make stickies when they're not allowed, do you?"

I struggle upright, nodding sheepishly and hastily tugging my pants up and over the bulk of my fresh diaper. Sure, I'm tempted to complain at the fact that he's just put me in a diaper and massive booster far more suited to overnight use than a daytime hike. Sure, I know I'll be waddling like a toddler all the way down, even without any swelling due to... well, you know. But at least there's no more plug inside me, threatening to make me spurt and dribble in my pants despite my best intentions. All I need to do is focus on making it down without making cummies...

Though now I'm faced with a new and rather more gut-churning challenge.

Turns out that suppositories work rather quickly on me. And far too soon for my liking, it seems that with every waddling step I take down this beautiful mountain, my gut clenches tighter in redoubled fury. *No, please- I don't want to, not here- Not after just getting changed- Not out here-*

But in the end, I simply have no choice.

"Oh dear! Is somebody going boom-boom in his pants? Is my wittle Devie making a stinky wittle pwesent in his dipie for Daddy?" Scott's amused voice is in my ear, and I shake my head in desperate denial even as I feel the mush spurt and bubble out from my burning ass and into the seat of my jeans-encased diaper. But yes, deep down I know it's true. I'm his little diaper boy, his waddling little baby, his stupid little toddler who goes and dumps in his diaper not an hour after getting changed. I'm his pants-pooing, dribbling little baby toy, his obedient little pottypants who needs his daddy, who loves his diapers, who gets off on the idea of being a horny, helpless little plaything...

In the end, what's most humiliating isn't the smelly load in my diaper, or even the convulsive shudder that grips me when, right there on the wooded trail, I finally, unwillingly, teeter over the brink and spurt a pathetic, pent-up load of cum into my well-soiled pants. It's the words Daddy Scott murmurs into my ear as I flounder back, trembling, from the sordid peak of orgasmic pleasure...

"Oh dear! So it's not his plug that little Devie likes best, or having sex at all, is it? Looks like what *really* gets you off is filling your diaper! Strange, but I guess that's only fitting for a little diaper baby like you, huh?

"Though I'm afraid Daddy is still going to have to punish when we get home..."