

Dinner with the Director

December 2023

"Not every day you get to visit the hot new director's place for a meal, is it? Pret-ty cool, if you ask me!"

Brad's characteristically loud voice carried through the chilly air, causing his companion to wince. "Hey, keep it down," James cautioned, with a knowing glance at the front door before them, through which the warm glow of interior light was gleaming. "No hitting on the director, okay? Not a good idea at any time. And definitely not in front of her husband and her little kid!"

"Whatever," Brad snorted, glancing about him at the immaculately groomed mansion and grounds. Say what you would about Janice Mahoney – her wealthy background, whether or not her latest position as director was thanks to nepotism, or whether she was even a decent person – the place was impressive. And when you added her own good looks and stunning wardrobe to the mix... well, an unattached thirty-something like Brad ended up being more than a little thirsty.

Ding-da-ding da dum ding-DING! James pressed the musical doorbell once again... and again, the silence descended. Then, in the distant muffled depths of the mansion before them, they heard it: the stern, lilting voice of the woman they now called director.

"Carly?! I told you already, sweetie – answer the door for our guests! Does Mummy need to punish again?"

Brad grinned at his companion and shook his head. "Kids, amirite? Still can't see what a smoking-hot woman like her sees in having a little bra-" "Hey, shut it!" James hissed with a sharp glance at the door. He knew full well Brad's unflattering take on children and on parenthood in general. He didn't need to hear it again... and certainly not when the woman running their entire division was within earshot. "Sounds like they're coming-"

And coming they were. Open slid the door, turning on noiseless hinges. Out into the darkness beamed that warmly inviting light. And silhouetted against it, framed in the elegant doorway, stood...

Carly?

But no, it couldn't be. Not unless Carly was a full-grown middle-aged man... staring bleakly back at

them from under a raggedy set of bangs. Blushing beet red behind what appeared to be a giant baby pacifier. And shuffling uncomfortably in what could only be described as a nightgown fit for a three-year-old girl.

"Uhhmmm... ghome inhh..."

Before either of the stunned guests could respond to the low, pacifier-garbled mumbles, there she was: the elegantly dressed blonde director, stepping forward, one hand clapping onto nape of the dress-wearing fellow's neck and forcing him aside. "Sorry about that – my little Carly just doesn't know her manners very well! Come in, come in, so good to have you! Yes, right in here – shoes off, if you will..."

In they came. Off slipped their shoes. But neither James nor Brad were particularly aware of it, startled as they were by this unexpected development. What the heck? What on earth was up with this- this guy? And her... saying Carly...?

"Parlor's right this way," Janice smiled, her confident voice and slim arm pointing the way into the spacious and sleekly decorated room. The maid says dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes, so I think it would be lovely to sit down and chat while we wait." She nodded, allowing James and the uncharacteristically dumbstruck Brad to pad past her and make their way awkwardly to sit on the gleaming leather sofa. "Besides... I think we need to have a word with a certain disobedient missy before anything!"

"Uhh, sure?" James was desperate to say something – anything – to break the awkward silence. But Janice, now tugging her visibly embarrassed companion into the room, was clearly not listening. She had something else to take care of, it seemed.

"Carly, what did I tell you to do? Answer me."

"W-welghome dhem..." The indistinct words faltered from the poor fellow's lips.

"That's right – welcome the nice men in. And how many times did I have to tell you? *How* many?"

"Uhhh... I dhunnoo..."

"I had to tell you four times. FOUR!" Her voice, lilting and feminine as it was, had become frighteningly stern. "You know you're already being punished for talking back to me this morning,

remember? But clearly having to let these nice men see you in your sweet little girly nightie isn't enough of a punishment, is it? I think we'll have to take care of this right now – if you two" and here she glanced meaningfully at her two uncomfortable spectators, "are okay with it?"

"Umm, I mean, sure?" "We can, um, step out, I guess-?" "No, no need! It'll only take a minute or two," she assured her flummoxed audience with a bright smile. She patted her lap firmly and gave the fellow standing before her a stern look. "Over my knee. NOW."

And there, amid his groveling whimpers of "phweavhe!" and "Mhnoo – mhnoo," she set to work. Hiking up the pastel blue folds of his long nightgown. Revealing the shocking bulk of the pink disposable diaper hidden beneath. And dexterously slipping off one of her own elegant ballet flats to use as her impromptu paddle.

Thwack! Twbock! Thwack! Thwick, thwack!

It was the sound of traditional discipline: swift force connecting with the protective plastic of a toddler's thickly padded rear end. And though neither of the director's wide-eyed subordinates sitting mutely watching it all unfold would have admitted it, it was awakening long-forgotten memories of their own. Memories of a time when they themselves might have been in this fellow's place. Maybe not in a dress, of course – but certainly bawling and sobbing just as he was beginning to now, legs kicking and jerking about in pain and contrition...

"Sorry you had to see all that," Janice offered a minute later, though there was only a hint of apology in her voice. She handed a tissue to the sniffling fellow shuffling to his feet before her, then stuffed the oversized pacifier that had dropped from his pleading mouth back between his trembling lips. "Now, I suppose you must be a bit taken aback. I know most husbands don't look exactly like *this*..."

She giggled and dealt her husband's diapered ass, once more hidden beneath his skirt, an affectionate swat. "It's simple, really. He still gets to be Charlie some of the time: whenever I let him, and when I think he deserves it. But the rest of the time? He's just my sweet little Carly! Just an adorable little girl who needs the maid and her mommy to take care of everything..."

Beside him, James could hear Brad's sharp intake of breath. "Oh, uh, wow! So how... how long has he- I mean, she..." He trailed off, but Janice was already nodding, her elegant earrings bobbing along. "How long has he been little Carly for? Well, let's see... I guess it all started after I found him cheating on me with that secretary of his. That was, what? Five years ago now?"

She glanced at the man still sniffing beside her, then gave a wry laugh at her own words. "What am I doing – asking you? You can't even count to four, apparently. Not much help you'll be!" She shrugged and leaned forward in evident relish. "Oh, that doesn't really matter. The point is, it started as a way to punish him for fooling around. And it just grew from there! Because you know, it's honestly amazing to see. It turns out that it doesn't take more than a tiny bit of babying, and maybe a girly dress or two, to make a guy absolutely *crumble*..."

Crumble. The word hung in the air... and once again, James could hear Brad's breathing quickening beside him. In any other space he would have asked why – but right now, he didn't dare. Nor did he need to. Because, well...

Judging by the strange, irrational tightening in his own trousers, he was feeling the same thing, too. A dangerous, masochistic thrill at the thought of what their hot new director had done. What she could do again, perhaps. To anyone. Any man...

Even them?

That last question was one which he wasn't sure he wanted answered.