

## Twelve Months to a Better Life

May 2024 – Chapter Ten

*Note to readers and moderators: this story features strong ageplay content, in which consenting adults choose to act in babyish ways. Like ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.*

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"Hey, Natalia! So glad you could come over! Ready to see what we've got cooking this fine Sunday morning?"

Erica beamed and stepped back from the front door to welcome her doctor friend in. "Of course, of course!" Natalia smiled back at her, tucking a wisp of her chestnut hair back into the soft bun where it belonged. "From what you told me, this is going to be *quite* delightful. Now, can you tell me again what you found?"

"Sure thing!" Erica was already bustling toward the kitchen, her sensible and neatly-cut housewife's dress shining verdant green in the morning light from the window. "But first... how about some coffee? Jay-jay won't be out of bed for a while, anyway."

Ten minutes later, the two women were settling amicably down into the living room, each holding a steaming cup of fragrant coffee. "So, anyway. It's like I mentioned to Suri over the phone when you were gone. See..." Erica paused for a wry chuckle. "It's silly, really. But you know how Jayden's been going to bed in diapers for months now, right? Literally since we started in January?"

Natalia nodded silently above her coffee. "Well," Erica continued, growing more animated by the second. "Like I said, this is honestly just silly. But Jayden keeps on insisting that he's not *technically* a bedwetter – that he's just, I dunno. Wetting when he's awake first thing in the morning, or that he wakes during the night and does it then." She shook her head in amusement. "Weird, right? Especially given that bedwetting is *literally* what he's told us he fantasizes about!"

"Actually, it's to be expected," Natalia interjected with a sympathetic smile. "Shannon says that internalized shame is super tough to overcome. And besides, isn't shame what makes this whole thing tick? You know... 'Oh, I'm not supposed to want this, and it's super super embarrassing that I do?'"

"Well, maybe so," Erica conceded, leaning back in her seat with a sigh. "But whatever the case, I know better. I'm always up before him, you know. And if you remember, even before we moved him to his crib, I'd check him when he was just waking up. So, yeah – he was most *definitely* wet

more than once. But you know him! Can't persuade him that I'm not just making things up..."

"Which is why we ordered you up those wet diaper alarms, hmm?" Natalia was chuckling softly. "I figured it might be something like that. So, let me guess. You've confirmed we've got a sweet little bedwetter on our hands after all?"

"Of course! But better yet: as proof, I've been logging all of the data this entire week." Erica reached for her nearby tablet. "And not just the wetness sensors, either. I've paired it with his smart watch which I just so happened to make sure he wears all the time now." She let out a conspiratorial giggle and handed the tablet to her friend. "Oh, and those orange tick marks? That's the audio file: you know, the one that is telling him to wet all the time. Talk about interesting correlations, huh?"

Natalia's eyes took in the chart, a look of growing delight and admiration on her face. "You did all this? Erica – you sure you don't have a career in medicine? This is... wow. This is amazing!" "I know," Erica laughed back companionably, with another sip of her coffee. "But don't worry – I'm not coming for your job anytime soon. I'm just here to help Jayden along, you know. Whatever that means... and whatever it takes."

"Speaking of which – we should chat about a babysitter for him sometime. Did Suri mention anything to you yet?"

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Jayden stirred. It was warm in here. Very warm. In past Mays, he would already have been sleeping in nothing but a pair of boxers. But thanks to his latest lifestyle changes, he was stuck in a rather warmer – and far more babyish – getup. A getup that included not just a multi-layered nighttime diaper, but hot plastic pants and a warm, one hundred percent cotton onesie. Plus the latest addition from Erica: a snug-fitting, pale-blue cotton cap that came down over his ears and held a pair of now-silent earbuds tightly in place.

He squirmed in place, eliciting a flurry of softly crinkling plastic from beneath him. Plastic pants, plastic crib sheets. Yeah, that was pretty normal now. Hmm... seemed pretty bright in here? And so he blinked up into the light, expecting to find the confining bars of his new crib... but instead finding himself face to face with the smiling Erica and Natalia.

"Morning, baby," Erica greeted amiably. Jayden flushed at the word. Sure, Natalia knew all about him. Heck, she'd been the one to recommend most of this. But there was still something shameful about being seen like this, wasn't there? So... babyish. So meekly accepting. And so dumbly obedient to the most humiliating treatment.

He sat up abruptly, and Doctor Natalia beamed in at him as Erica lowered the crib bars. "Hey, Jayden! I just stopped by to see how my little star of a patient is doing." He flushed a shade deeper as Erica's fingers probed at his bulging crotch. "Hey-" he began brusquely, trying desperately not to sound like a petulant toddler. "I- I'm okay-"

"You mean completely *soaked*," Erica laughed, for all the world as though she'd been doing this for all her life and not a matter of months. "Oh, sweetie. You really are one heavy bedwetter, aren't you?" He bristled at the word, even as his stomach fluttered at the enticingly humiliating idea. "No-o," he protested lamely. "I just- you know, I have to go during the night. And I- I can't get out or use the, the..."

"The *potty*?" Natalia was smiling so sweetly now that he felt a shiver of humiliation ripple through him. "Aww, Jayden – I don't think your Mommy likes it when you *lie*. And don't feel bad, sweetie! First off, you can't help it. And second, isn't being a cute little bedwetter exactly what you wanted?"

He fell silent – but Erica was already poised to launch her decisive counteroffensive. "Jayden, about that," she exhorted, reaching for the tablet in Natalia's hand. "You know how you've been wearing your smartwatch this past week, right?" He nodded wordlessly, his eyes filling with sudden doubt. "And did you know Mommy Erica got some special sensors to put in your diapers? Sensors that tell her every single time you make wetsies?"

Jayden shivered again at the infantile word "N-no? No, I didn't..." "Well, I did," Erica cut in with a smile. "And guess what I found, *baby*?" She pushed the tablet firmly before her husband's startled eyes. "Now, I know you're just a little boy these days, and maybe you can't read that. But see the pretty lines?" Her voice was filling with good-humored mockery. "That green one is how deep you're sleeping. And those blue spikes? That's you wetting. In your pants. In your sleep."

She bent forward, eager to prove to her shocked husband the validity of her statements. "See, here's just last night! Fell asleep at 9:47. Wet first at 9:42... then at 10:28... again at 11:13... at 1:25... again at 3:32... and most recently, 6:45 exactly." Her voice was smug with satisfaction. "I told you so, baby! But you know what else? I mapped out every single one against the instructions in your audio file. And see that?"

Jayden blinked into the screen wordlessly, eyes flitting over the multicolored graph, clearly astonished at what Erica was showing him. "You wet right on cue, three times out of six," she explained triumphantly. "Which means that you're not just soaking your diaper in your sleep, baby. Half of the time, you're doing it because Doctor Natalia's hypnosis file is telling you to."

He gulped, the truth of her words slamming into his brain like a ton of bricks. Had he really...?

Okay, yes. He'd known deep down that he wasn't exactly awake every single time he wet. But he'd shoved that humiliating knowledge away in the back of his brain, only bringing it out when he was humping silently in his crib. Because while it was undeniably hot to think of becoming an actual, certified bedwetter with zero control... well, he was also a grown man. A man with an ego. And filled with apprehension that this path into the babyhood he craved might just be a one-way street.

But even as he raised his eyes into the merry faces of his wife and her medical accomplice, Erica was chuckling and pushing him back down onto his back. "Baby, don't worry! I love you exactly the same, no matter how badly you need your diapers." She winked over at Natalia, who nodded along in agreement. "Natalia and I think it's cute, actually. And I know it feels embarrassing sometimes. But that's why I'm here: to help you learn that soggy diapers every morning are *good*..."

Out came the wand. Into the wall went the plug. And before Jayden could do more than let out a *mEEP* of shy protest, Erica was switching it on and pressing the thrumming head squarely into his bulky, well-soaked crotch.

"You can't deny it now, baby," she crooned, and Natalia nodded along, watching with approving eyes as Jayden squirmed in ill-concealed shame and pleasure. "You're a confirmed bedwetter. Mommy Erica knows it. She *made* you a bedwetter. She and Doctor Natalia here took away your control with their hypnosis, baby... and you know what? They're not going to stop, either."

Jayden stiffened visibly, his eyes squeezing shut in mute pleasure at the mortifying words. Erica let out a low giggle of delight, in which Doctor Natalia joined in. "No, no. We're going to keep on going, Jayden," Erica murmured, plying the wand in thrilling, slow strokes along the concealed length of his imprisoned cock. "You've shown everyone how helpless and vulnerable to that hypnosis you are now. And I *love* that for you. So we're going to keep on hypnotizing you... Training you... Taking away bit after bit of your control..."

He was whimpering now, squirming under the wand's insistent pressure like a captive bug wriggling on a pin. "Oh, you know it," she giggled – and though she privately might not have believed every word she was saying, she most certainly wanted to egg her husband on into the humiliating orgasm he so clearly craved. "It's only a matter of time, baby. Here you are, squirming in your soaked diaper like the best little bedwetting baby ever. But who knows? In a few weeks, you might be messing in your sleep as well. Just think how cute that will be! You, so fast asleep, your body relaxing and steadily filling your lovely soft pampers full..."

At that, Jayden convulsed into orgasm: mouth open, panting out desperate cries of agreement. "Yuh- yuh- yuhsss- yesss- yeeeessss-!!!" His limbs were quivering, his hips bucking, his entire body quivering with sordid delight. He might have been ashamed of such babyish behavior, sure. But

clearly, there was a subby, humiliation-craving little baby inside him: a baby who wanted nothing more than to give up every single ounce of control and dignity to his beloved mommy-wife.

"Well," Doctor Natalia smiled at last, as the wand switched off and Jayden's panting slowly subsided. "It seems you two are doing more than okay, Erica. And honestly... now that I know what an obedient, programmable little husband you have? Let's you and me put our heads together and think about what *else* we should train him to do!"

And with a wink at the duo, she turned for the door. "After all... we all know it's *exactly* what he wants."

*(To be continued!)*