

Twelve Months to a Better Life

January 2024 – Chapter Two

"Hey, it's me, babe. Yeah. Everything okay there?"

Jayden pressed the phone to his ear, leaning back in the seat of his little Honda and listening to his wife's concerned words. "Yeah, no, it's fine!", he assured her. "Just got done here at the dentist. Yeah, it's... well, it's whatever." He paused, his tongue silently probing at the sensitive gums that had so recently been under examination. "They want me to come back in for another consultation next week – and then probably a root canal, if not two."

His stomach fluttered as Erica's reaction reached his ears. Of course she was worried, and sorry for him. It was no fun. It would be okay, though. They'd take care of it. His teeth had always been a problem, right? So no real surprises there. They could... well, they could discuss more tonight once he got home...

Erica really was an angel, he mused once the call had ended and he'd eased out of the parking lot to head back toward the shop where he worked. Not every wife would accept the news of a bunch of impending dental bills with such ease. She really did care about him. Though with everything that had happened these past few weeks, he wasn't sure he deserved it.

She'd literally saved his life. She'd agreed to do whatever it took to help him. And since the start of the year, she'd been doing everything the doctor and therapist said about giving him the lifestyle he needed: accepting his adult baby side, and telling him to put on his diaper every night, and wonder of wonders, even bringing a bit of that kind of play into the bedroom-

For Jayden, whose kinky side had been closeted his entire life, it was all a dream come true. A dream that he definitely hadn't earned, and that no reasonable wife should be expected to make a reality. So when he now thought of the bills from the hospital, and the cost of the stuff he'd thrown out, and the packs of expensive medical diapers Erica must have bought, and now the looming horror of dentist bills on top of it all...

Ugh. He was honestly, truly trying to do like the therapist said and see the good parts of himself. But old habits died hard. And at times like this, it was almost impossible to shrug off the nauseating conviction that he really was a shameful piece of shit.

"Um, hum, hum!" He declared loudly into the car's chilly interior, for no other reason than to

distract him from his thoughts. Better to think of something positive, right? About tonight, maybe. About how Erica, who was working from home today, would probably have one of those new vegetable curries she'd been trying out waiting for him. And better yet, about how she'd look at him in that way she had, and remind him with that slight, tolerant smile to be a good boy and go put on his diaper before bed...

God, it was all still such a rush! Even now, though, he still fought the urge to refuse her attentions. It was truly perverse, wasn't it? That urge to say no: to pretend that he didn't want it, to tell himself that he shouldn't, to say to Erica that it was okay and he could just wear boxers tonight. He looked stupid in a diaper anyway, he found himself thinking. Nobody wanted to see some hairy-legged, forty-something dude in a giant diaper, right? Better just to spare her that sight, to go easy on his own self-conscious pride-

No. No way. He shook his head as his place of work hove into view. There was no way he could seriously do that. After all, what kind of ungrateful ass would he be then, huh? Erica was going so far out of her way for all of this. She was doing this – ALL of this – for him. And the last thing he needed to do was pretend that he didn't appreciate it.

In other words, as silly as it might still feel to wear a diaper in front of her... given the circumstances, it was sillier still *not* to.

"Come on, honey. Go on. Show me that cute booty of yours!"

At Erica's smiling encouragement, Jayden turned, blushing in the glow of their bedroom lamp. His hands slowly tugged down the waist of his grey sweatpants, revealing the incriminating white plastic of the bulky diaper beneath. "It's on," he managed, staring nervously at the opposite wall. "Jus- just like you said-"

Thwack! Thwoc-thwock. Bhuff! He blushed deeper still at the sound of his wife's hand forcefully patting the diaper before her. His cock, already stiffening with delight at the sensations pressing around it, jerked in pent-up desperation. And when her voice reached him, oh... it sent tingles racing through his entire being.

"Good boy. We can't have you making a mess in bed, now, can we?" She laughed softly and rose to stand close beside him, her familiar, warm breasts pressing close against his thrilling frame. "Aww,

honey, what's the matter? Don't you like it when I tease you about your cute diaper butt?"

"Uh, well..." He stammered, and even as he began tugging the waist of his pants up, he felt her hand descend again – this time on his knuckles. "Uh-uh-uh! Not tonight. I want to be able to *see* what's going on down here..." And now she ran one tentative hand over the taut plastic surrounding his painfully visible erection. "It seems as though *someone* is excited tonight..."

"Well, I mean- Maybe a bit-"

"Okay, you," she ordered, with a sudden burst of authority. Her eyes were positively sparkling now in the lamplight, and she gestured imperiously toward the bed. "On the bed for me. On your back. You're gonna watch me undress, okay? And after that – if you're a *very* good boy – I'll give you a special treat..."

How was this even happening?! It was like something out of his fantasies, Jayden mused, wriggling in shivering anticipation against the pillow as Erica began stripping. Sure, she was no fashion model – but thank god for that. She had a few stray wrinkles, and the gentle swell of a little tummy, and a few moles here and there that modern "beauty" would have insisted on photoshopping away. But as she ran her fingers through her blonde hair and stepped over beside him, wearing nothing but her soft blue bra and panties, Jayden's heart and cock both leaped up, afire with the grateful longing for her and everything she represented.

His wife. His savior. And now... his play partner, too?!

"Oh, wait – silly me! How ever is a good little diaper boy going to have fun without a toy?" Out came the wand, drawing Jayden's eyes irresistibly to it. "And of course – we can't forget the therapist's music! Here, let's slip this on, honey..." On went the headphones, snug and comfortable. And then, as the twin reverberations of hypnotic audio and a pulsating wand rippled through him, Jayden's eyes squeezed shut in wordless, grateful pleasure.

"No, no, no! Keep your eyes open, babe," she chided gently, as the wand resonated with sudden loudness against his ill-concealed boner. "Look at me now. Tell me... does that feel good?" He nodded, staring guiltily up into her tolerant smile. "Yeah? Aww, I bet it does!" she encouraged, her smile broadening. "Where does it feel best? Go on, tell me..."

"In my- my-" Lying here like this, with his diaper in full view, it seemed weird to say the adult words. *Cock. Penis. Dick.* Yet it felt even more cringe-worthy to lapse into the sort of affected

babytalk he saw on those blogs online. "My... thingie," he managed at last, which drew a genuine chuckle from Erica' lips. "Hah – your 'thingie,' huh? Oh... *I see. Little boys who still need diapers don't even know the right word for it, do they?*" She pursed her lips for a moment, then smiled anew. "How about your 'pee-pee,' then? Is that good? Can you remember that? After all... pee-pee is exactly what it does!"

The thrumming wand was slipping back and forth now, driving him ever closer to the brink. The audio was whispering in his ears about relaxing, about this track's mind-changing contents, of how it would allow him to become a genuine bedwetter each and every night. And now with Erica's choice word – the very epitome of babyishness – resonating through his hormone-soaked brain, Jayden quivered and buckled as the throes of mind-numbing orgasm claimed his body.

Pee-pee yes wittle baby boy make pee-pee in his dipie! Me good baby make big messie in his dipie make goo-goo in his big thick dipie like a good dumb wittle bwainwess babeeee--!!!

Never mind all the embarrassing babble inside his brain. Suffice it to say that two minutes later, when he blinked back to reality and glanced over at Erica beside him, he was surprised to see the wand now slipping down between her own legs. One hand had crept underneath her bra and was kneading softly. And she was repeating softly a single thrilling phrase: barely audible over the wand pressing into the visibly darkening cotton of her panties, and the sibilant whispers of his hypnosis shivering in his ears...

"Good boy... good boy... such a good boy..."

(To be continued!)