

## Twelve Months to a Better Life

January 2024 – Chapter One

*Let's be honest, Erica mused to herself in the silence of their secluded bedroom. I really don't know what I'm doing. But I love Jayden... and that means I'm gonna give this a hell of a try.*

It was nearly a week now since that unforgettable meeting. Her eyes clouded with the unwelcome memory, her hands pausing in their efforts to tug open the imposing cardboard box before her. Ugh, the unforgettable tension in their living room that day! How awkward it had been when Dr. Natalia had openly talked about what had happened. And how oddly interested Shannon had sounded when she said those words...

About making Jayden's dreams come true. About transitioning, as she had called it, into a lifestyle that gave him what he so clearly needed.

Erica sat back on her haunches now and brushed a strand of her blonde, shoulder-length hair from her eyes with a quiet sigh. Well, here they were now: embarking on this strange new undertaking. At least Shannon and Natalia had privately cleared up some of the details with her afterward. They'd reassured her that Jayden would be perfectly safe, and that she didn't need to do anything more than follow their advice for now. They'd take care of prescribing treatments, and designing his diet, and even ordering the things they would need. Things like, well—

Diapers.

The word stuck like a burr in her mind, and she blinked involuntarily, her eyes now dropping to the box before her. That's what Natalia and Shannon had recommended: diapers. Things that she'd never in her life thought she would need to know about until at least... what? Their eighties? But here she was: a grown, capable, childless woman of forty-two, squatting on her knees before her husband's dresser... and about to stock it with what Shannon had emphatically told her not to call anything but what they were.

Diapers. DYE PURZ. Diapers: the very things that had almost taken him from her.

She bit back another sigh and reached for the box cutter. No, that wasn't the way to think of it. Shannon had even told her as much. "It's not their fault, or yours, or even Jayden's," she had repeated, with a quick and characteristically impulsive hug. "He'll always be an AB, and he can't help his desires. You can't help that you didn't know about them. And everything he craves – every

babyish thing you can imagine – they're not the problem, either. So please don't resent them or think they're coming between you and your husband, okay? In fact, I can assure you: they're gonna bring you two closer together than ever..."

*We'll see about that*, Erica mused with more than a hint of incredulity. Open went the box. Out came a whiff of cardboard, and plastic, and the faintest hint of something that smelled like powder. And there she was: staring down into three large, plastic-wrapped blocks of what she was about to find were the thickest and most absurdly babyish garments she'd ever seen.

And they were destined for her Jayden. To be wrapped snugly around that lovely cock of his. To be tucked into his pajamas in place of underwear, every single night from now on. And, if Natalia was to be believed, they'd be there to absorb the pee that Jayden would begin to leak into them: voluntarily at first, but then, thanks to the other treatment Natalia had prescribed, without him even knowing it...

Yeah: those weird audio files. She'd need to set those up on their bluetooth stereo, too.

"Wow," she uttered now, to no one in particular. The first plastic-wrapped block had torn open under her fingers, and as she tugged diaper after massive diaper out onto the bed, she was simultaneously amused, repulsed, and intrigued to see the variety of pastel colors printed across each rectangle. *Wait, they really are like... like baby diapers! Just super big, and folded weird...*

"Well, they're all for you, honey," she remarked wryly to the invisible Jayden, who was still at work and thus unaware of what she was doing. "Shannon said they need to be *your* diapers – in *your* dresser. So we both better get used to them!" And into the drawer she began stacking them: side by side with his boxers, filling almost the entirety of the space within with their plasticky, cottony bulk.

It was quite an addition, to be sure. But it was only the beginning.

Erica straightened up and surveyed her handiwork, already mentally reviewing the other measures her two friends had prescribed. Those silly therapy files from Natalia, for him to listen to every night. And then there was his diet. Oh, yes. Lots of fruits, veggies, fiber, and liquids. Nothing weird there, at least. She'd been meaning to lose a few pounds herself now that it was New Year's, so she wouldn't even need to make two separate meals, right? Between lots of salads and cooked vegetables and fruit for dessert, well... they'd both be in good shape.

Oh, yeah. And last of all was what Shannon had told her to do during sex.

Her eyes drifted over to her own nightstand, in whose drawer now lay the secret weapon Shannon had smilingly handed her. "Sex doesn't always need penetration, you know! Just bond with him and be sure he's involved: *especially* when he's in his diaper. He's got a mouth, after all – and with this wand, you'll both have another pretty awesome way to find pleasure..."

*Nothing like getting sex advice from an old friend*, Erica mused wryly. But when you were at your wits' end, there was nothing else to do but give it a try. Right?

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"Come here, honey. Hmm... what's that under your pants? Did you put on your diaper like I told you to?"

It felt silly to say the words, of course. Half of her wanted to laugh, and the other half to cringe at what felt more like the start of a bad porno. But as Jayden shuffled awkwardly closer, the cringing demeanor and reddening cheeks assured her that he was, well...

He was enjoying it? Maybe?

"Show me," she instructed, fiddling with the lace of her nightgown in her nervousness. "Go on. Show me what you're wearing."

He blushed deeper. His hands slipped down to his plaid sleep pants. And down they tugged in obedience to her command – revealing the white plastic and babyish print of the diaper now taped securely around his waist.

"Good boy," she commented, for lack of a better response. *Baby* just seemed too... too much right now. They'd have to settle for pretending he was someone a bit older, maybe. Yeah. A shy, embarrassed little guy who was definitely far too big for diapers, and who nevertheless was having trouble staying dry at night.

"Don't be embarrassed, honey. They're what you secretly want, aren't they?" No response from her blushing husband. "Here. Why don't I show you how nice your new diapers can feel?"

And that's how it came about that two minutes later, Jayden was lying on the bed, flat on his back

with his pajama pants tangled around his ankles. Meanwhile, his wife leaned beside him in her lacy nightgown, trying not to let the nervous shake of her hands show as she switched the impressively large wand to ON. "Here, see how this feels?" she ventured, as the fiercely humming head descended and made tentative contact with the plastic around his crotch. "Doesn't that feel... nice?"

"Mmm-hmm-!" His brow was already furrowed, his eyes squeezed shut in apparent concentration – or embarrassment. "Yuh- yeh- yes," he faltered again, as she gave a stronger, experimental press into the padding. Already the plastic was stiffening visibly with his trapped erection, and Erica took the cue: tracing along either side with the wand's buzzing head, over, and over, and over again...

The spluttering, ashamed little meeps and moans from Jayden's mouth barely a minute later took her by surprise. Wait, he normally took a good twenty minutes to climax! But this- this had been barely *three*? Holy heck – talk about finding his kryptonite!

"See? And that's why you need a diaper," she replied, with all the uncertainty of a novice babysitter. He let out a plaintive little moan in response, and Erica felt a wry laugh rise to her lips: at him, perhaps, but also at her own oddly rising arousal. "Now listen, little *diaper* boy. I think it's time you let me have some fun!"

Oh, sure, they'd tried oral once or twice. It hadn't really been that much of a turn-on for her, and at any rate Jayden had always acted far too timid about eating her out. But now... oh, now?

Honestly, his skills weren't any better than before. He still slobbered and snorted and licked in the wrong places at times. But the enthusiasm with which he did so was unlike anything she'd ever seen! There he was, kneeling before her with his mouth on her pussy: a husband and lover more eager than ever to give her pleasure. And somehow, that knowledge – that sight – that enthusiasm...

*Oh, that- that feels really nice! Oh- oh yes, yes- Just a bit more like that! Yes, yes, yes, I'm gonna- gonna-*

*Well then,* Erica mused a minute later, gazing down afterward, the flush of orgasm on her cheeks deepening as she met his shyly upturned glance. Weirdly, it didn't even matter that Jayden's underwear was weird and thick and crinkly. He was still him. And when he looked up at her like that – so shy and earnest and clearly grateful – she couldn't help but remember the guy who seventeen years ago said those words with her: about sickness and health, and never parting...

Yeah. This treatment was weird. But it wasn't *that* bad. Not that bad at all.

*(To be continued!)*