

Twelve Months to a Better Life

April 2024 – Chapter Eight

"Jayden? Jayden, where are you? Company will be here any minute now!"

It was Erica's voice, coaxing him out of the gaming reverie into which he had fallen. It was an early Friday evening – the perfect time to unwind a bit after clocking out from his job. He had taken the Switch and flopped here onto the living room floor... perhaps a tiny bit because it felt appropriate, what with the thick, well-drenched cloth diaper and vinyl pants that constituted his only trousers. But there was actually another reason: a rather embarrassing one, to be sure...

"Okay," he called absently, mind caught between the lilting music of Animal Crossing and the uncomfortable sensations in his lower anatomy. It was now nearly a week since the cookout last weekend, and he was still feeling the effects. For as much as he did love the chili Liz had cooked up and so generously given them, his belly strongly disagreed – just as it had last Sunday. Still, Erica had merely laughed and told him a bit of fiber was good for little boys. As a result, the last few days had seen steaming bowls of the stuff, once and even twice a day, being set before the apprehensive Jayden.

Apprehensive, that is, because he knew it was only a matter of time before it would be coming out the other end. And given how Doctor Natalia had told Erica to prohibit him from changing himself... well, that meant a lot of embarrassing and smelly times. Waddling sheepishly to the door when Erica got home each evening. Begging – at first with downcast eyes, but more recently with his actual words – for Erica to please change his dirty diaper. Honestly for all the world like a toddler too old not to care, yet too young to do anything about it.

"Coming," he replied now, switching the console off and rising clumsily from the carpet. He winced as he did so, feeling the painful burning radiate once more from his crotch and bum. Ugh... that was the worst of it. Because these last few days, he'd been feeling the prickly heat of a rash growing and spreading across his most sensitive parts.

Erica met him at the doorway, right as he was about to head for the bedroom and the pants waiting for him there. "Oh, no you don't, mister," she smiled, shaking her head in almost motherly disapproval. "You've been perfectly fine all afternoon without pants, right? No sense fetching them now, surely!"

"But," he began, even as his ears caught the sound of a motor in the driveway. "But- I shouldn't let anyone see-" "Hush," Erica reprovved, with a reassuring pat of his shoulder. "Relax, babe! It's just Doctor Natalia's assistant. You're *literally* why she's here, okay? No sense getting all nervous now!"

And with that, she stepped toward the door, seemingly oblivious to the red flush slowly rising to her husband's face.

Doctor Natalia's assistant proved to be... well, nothing like what Jayden had expected. For some reason, he'd envisioned a middle-aged LPN: maybe a bit stout and businesslike, with a clipboard and a stethoscope snug around the neck of her scrubs. But the shyly smiling, diminutive young woman who stepped through the door was... oh, damn. *Hot*. With gleaming black hair, a warm caramel complexion, and a musical Indian accent to boot.

"Hello? Ah, yes – I'm here to see Erica? About Jayden?"

Erica was effusive and polite as ever. "Oh, yes, of course! So glad you were able to stop by! I hope it's not too much out of your way? Traffic on a Friday can be horrific! But anyway, I'm just so glad you could come this week yet..." Jayden looked on in silence, his hands fidgeting with the smart water bottle that was his constant companion. It felt so shameful: standing here sippy cup in hand, dressed in only his new dinosaur shirt, socks, and a bulging diaper. And yet... it was so terribly arousing, too. Especially in front of a cute nurse like- like-

Heck, what *was* her name, anyway?

"Hi, Jayden! You can call me Suri," she beamed, stepping forward. Jayden gulped as he reached out and shook her soft little hand. She was even shorter than him, and more petite, too – but between the brightly quiet confidence of her demeanor and the shameful state he was in, he could scarcely do more than nod and mutter out an "Uh-huh! H-hi there..."

"Now, then," Suri continued, turning to glance at the approaching Erica. "You said he was fussy about a bit of a rash, hmm? Diaper rash, I take it?" "Oh, yes," Erica nodded, a wry expression on her face. "It's been getting bad – all over down there..."

"Mind if I see? I'd better take a look myself."

Jayden opened his mouth to protest, but Erica was already nodding, her hand falling to his shoulder and beginning to steer him toward the sofa. "Of course, of course! Here, babe – let's let the nurse take a good look. Or actually..." She paused for a moment, and Jayden's heart leapt at the possibility of a sudden reprieve. "Actually, it'll be easier to show you in here. Come on – we'll do this back in his room..."

Which is how Jayden found himself being escorted into the guest room that held his new adult crib. Onto the crinkling crib mattress Erica pushed him, there to lie flat before them. And as he squeezed his eyes shut in silent chagrin, she and Suri began briskly undoing the diapers he'd been

steadily soaking the entire day.

"Oh, my! That's quite a rash indeed, isn't it?" Suri's voice was lilting and professional, and Jayden shivered under the assault of cool air and delicate female fingers on his most intimate parts. Already he could feel his limp cock – or pee-pee, as Erica now termed it – stirring stubbornly to life. *God, no – how embarrassing! Not here – not in front of this cute nurse. Not when I'm here like a giant wet baby-*

"And how often does he get changed, usually? I'm just asking because cloth diapers keep the skin much wetter than disposables." "Umm... twice a day, usually? Morning and night?" "Oh my – that may be the issue! And the lotion you use – is this it?" "Yes, every now and then..."

On and on the conversation went, for all the world as though Jayden was not only silent but incapable of speaking. The women were talking, he thought with a fresh stab of shameful arousal. Mommy Erica was talking to the nice cute nursie about him, her silly overgrown baby. Poor dumb baby Jayden and his icky, itchy diaper rash-

"Oh, of course. It's understandable that he doesn't change himself," Suri was saying now, and he felt his face warm at the words. "So if I'm understanding it rightly, some days he might be in a messy diaper for four, five hours at a time?"

Longer, he mused privately. His mind flashed back to Tuesday, when he'd ended up emptying what had felt like the entire contents of his gut into his obliging diaper – and not thirty minutes after Erica had left for work. Oh, and how humiliatingly hot it had been, too! Knowing he was stuck in his own filthy, babyish mess until evening had sent him into distracted rounds of masturbation throughout the entire day: lying on the floor of their home office, humping in his smelly, bulgy pants like the baby he'd secretly longed to be...

And now they had finished wiping his burning skin, turning instead to smearing a pasty white cream across his entire bum and groin. "See, nice and thick," Suri's voice instructed, and he quivered with wordless pleasure as her fingers brushed repeatedly against his still-aroused cock. "This will help heal the skin and provide a moisture barrier. You can use it as often as you like – even as a preventive measure once it's healed."

"Oh, really?" Erica seemed most intrigued, and her interest only increased as they proceeded. "Oh-! Cloth? No, for now I think you'd better try disposable." Suri seemed most confident. "You said you switched to cloth because of leaks, right? Well, let me show you some things you can do. We can get you some booster pads, of course – those are really wonderful. But in the meantime, you can try multiple diapers, okay? You'll just want to cut a few slits in the first one, like this... yes, perfect.

And then just add a second: either cloth or disposable, whichever you prefer..."

Five minutes later, the beet-red Jayden was scrambling awkwardly down from the crib, a fresh, double-thick disposable diaper bulging between his naked thighs. The two women – his lovely wife and this hot little nurse – were smiling at him, just as if he was some toddler whose toileting needs were finally under control. "Uh... thanks," he managed, a wave of embarrassment sweeping over him. "I- uh, it feels better..."

But it was the way that Suri ignored his every word that set the blood pulsing once more to his poor trapped pee-pee. "Now, I understand you can't be home to change him every day," she continued, addressing Erica as if she was the only adult in the room. "Would you be open to having a babysitter or nanny come in now and then during the week? I'd be happy to ask the Doctor if she has any suggestions. I would even be happy to do it myself, if you'd like and the Doctor agrees..."

To which the gratefully smiling Erica – with only a tiny little sidelong glance at Jayden – assented. "That's such a lovely idea! I wouldn't want to inconvenience you in any way, though. Maybe later? Or... maybe we try these booster and double diapers first? Though it *would* be good to have someone to take care of him..."

All visits, no matter how fun or humiliating, eventually come to an end. And so it was that several hours later, Jayden was shuffling off to bed in his nighttime onesie. Underneath its straining fabric, the same doubled and now wet diapers were forcing him into a slight but undeniably infantile waddle. He had just obediently downed the last of his daily dose of water under his wife's watchful smile. And so the cup so habitually in his hand was gone, replaced by the cute and snore-eliminating pacifier she insisted he use every night.

And speaking of Erica...

She was right there beside him, plucking his headphones from the nightstand and tugging them neatly into place over his ears. "So nice of Nurse Suri to stop by," she repeated, dealing Jayden's bulging bum a playful swat as he scrambled obligingly up into the crib. "And don't deny it – you enjoyed it too! I saw what that silly little pee-pee of yours was doing – so naughty and excited to have a pretty girl touching him-"

Up went the bars, and now she was grinning good-naturedly through them and into Jayden's self-conscious gaze. "Don't you be getting any funny ideas, baby! You're *my* little Jayden, and no one else's, okay?" She reached for the music player, and suddenly the now-familiar whispers of hypnotic instruction began slithering into his ears. "Now, lay down and get some good rest, honey. It's the

weekend now, okay? And I promise I'll – I mean, *Mommy*. She'll be here in the morning to change you..."

He most certainly hoped so. Because as the lights went down and he writhed down into a comfortable position on his stomach, he could already feel the pent-up gurgles of his intestines slowly intensifying. With every soft gurgle, they were reminding him once more that he hadn't emptied them this entire day. Which was very strange, wasn't it? Because *good babies messed. Good babies relaxed. Good babies filled their diapers anytime and anywhere.*

Ugh. Maybe now wasn't the most ideal time to be listening to this night messing hypnosis, huh?

(To be continued!)