

## Just a Little Experiment

Part Two - June 2020

I love Erin to death, honestly. There's no one I know who's smarter and sweeter and kinder than her. And so, even when she has those odd little moments now and again, I don't mind - honestly. It's all part of the deal called love.

Take that chat we had a few days ago, on the way back from picking apples. I mean, I don't know any other sensible, self-possessed young woman who would even dream of suggesting the things she did that day. But that's okay. I heard her out, and chuckled with her over the idea of how sensible it would be to put her in a diaper sometimes... and then let it go.

Or at least, I tried to.

So why am I opening up this incognito browser window right now? Why am I typing in "hypnosis to wear diaper"? I honestly don't know, but the stupid idea refuses to die in my brain. It seems so silly, and yet so sweet and endearing...and maybe hot, in a weird way...?

Wow. Those are some *interesting* sites.

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"Hey, honey!" I call, perhaps half an hour later. "You have a minute?" She was probably taking care of more emails, or doing yoga, or something. Maybe I should just drop it. Minimize the window, let it go...

But now she's here, slipping her cool hands down my shirt collar and nibbling affectionately at my ear. "Hey, handsome! What's up? Whatcha doing?" I feel my face widening involuntarily into a smile. "Just, I don't know, doing some research..." "On what, I wonder?" she breathes in her best sexy tone, turning my chair and slipping playfully onto my lap as she loves to do. "Go on, tell me how *hard* you've been working, how *long* you've been here..."

"Oh, stop it!" I give her rear a swat and grin over at her. "I'm trying to talk here, okay? Do try to be serious for just a bit..." And then I maximize the browser window and spring it on her before she can distract me more - before I lose the nerve. "Hypnosis. I was researching hypnosis."

Her dancing eyes grow still. "Wait, what? Like, for real?" I give a shaky chuckle, noting mentally how even now I'm a little nervous, then press on. "Yeah, really! I was just... Umm, just thinking

over what you said the other day. You know, when we were picking apples?" She's nodding, her lips pursed, and so I flounder on. "And I got to thinking. I don't know if you remember, but my Aunt Clara tried hypnosis years ago when she was trying to lose weight. She swears up and down to this very day that it worked for her..."

I'm not sure how exactly to read her face, but I keep on going. "So I was thinking... if my aunt can be hypnotized, or whatever, to eat less and lose weight and everything, then why couldn't you - if you actually wanted, anyway - learn how to get comfortable using a diaper now and then? You know, just when you really felt like you needed it?"

Her dark eyes meet mine, then slide back to read the screen behind me. "'Hypnotic nursery'," she murmurs to herself. "'Trance files to retrain your mind...'" I give a shaky chuckle and spin the chair so we can read it together. "Yeah, some of them are pretty crazy sounding, not gonna lie. And I was just looking, honest. If you don't want me to-" "No, no, it's fine," she assures me, her widening eyes scanning over the text before us. "Really! It's kind of sweet that you wanted to, you know, check this out..."

"It must be more than a gimmick," I maintain, feeling my nerves beginning to resolve into conviction as I spoke. "From what I'm reading, it doesn't appear to work the same on everyone, of course. But apparently it really does affect some folks very easily, and I mean, for ten bucks... there's not much to lose ..." Erin shrugs. "I mean... I guess? It's sweet that you're thinking about what I said still, honey. And honestly I do think sometimes it would be so much easier to not be trotting to the potty so often. But hypnosis? I just don't know..."

"Tell you what?" I straighten up as best I can with a wife straddling my lap and flash her a smile. "Let's go ahead and get one of these audio file thingies to experiment with, okay? They have some with 'trigger words', I guess - where it apparently doesn't even do anything until you hear that code word. That way you won't have to worry about, you know-" I give a short chuckle and pat her lovely behind. "About peeing your pants when you don't want to."

She blushes and tosses back her hair, trying to pretend she's not embarrassed by the idea. "Well, I guess..." I gesture to the screen. "Look at this - folks say they're, like, super relaxing and calming anyway, and they listen to them every night for months. Like ASMR or one of those white noise machines to help you sleep." I pat her thigh encouragingly. "So if it works, honey, you'll have gotten what you've been talking about, right? And if it doesn't work - as it very well might - then look on the bright side! At least you'll have some nice, relaxing white noise to go to sleep to, right?"

*Why am I persuading her like this? I don't even know what I am doing, honestly - or why the crotch of my jeans keeps growing unaccountably tight as I speak. Must be her proximity, seated here on my lap...*

"At this point, I'm just going to let you decide, honey," Erin sighs, slipping her head down to nestle on my shoulder. "Honestly, I don't know anymore. Relaxing music stuff does sound nice, but then I think about it being so weird that I'm actually thinking about putting on a freaking diaper - at my age..."

I sigh companionably and draw Erin closer, her warm frame pressing against mine. *God, I love cuddling with her like this.* "Never mind that, sweetheart. It's not that weird, honest. Why don't you just cuddle close and let me do the looking for now, okay?" She nods and slips awkwardly down beside me in our over-sized gaming chair. "Thanks, sweetie. That sounds nice..."

And that's when, with a playful little nudge in her direction, I decide to seal the deal. "But let's not forget that if it *does* work, honey, we might just actually need to find a few diapers in your size. That's what you have in mind, right? So let's just see what the all-knowing interwebs have to show us..." And into the search bar go the words "cute diapers for adults".

Oh, the looks on both our faces must be priceless as the first search results come up. "What the actual heck?" "Oh my word..." "Wait, that's sized for an adult?" "OMG, that's cute as fuck!" "Wait, what does '4000ml capacity' even mean?" I'll let you decide whose words are whose. But it's not entirely a coincidence that an hour later, I'm getting two new order confirmation emails in my inbox.

On the other hand, though, there's also the fact that another hour after that, the two of us are both lying atop our rumpled bed naked, panting, sweaty, and thoroughly spent after a delicious round of sex.

That has to be coincidence. Probably just the result of our casual cuddling beforehand in that chair. I mean, come on - who would ever find the idea of something as odd as pastel-hued adult diapers even remotely arousing?