

## Twelve Months to a Better Life

February 2024 – Chapter Four

This was quite the case they had, wasn't it?

Shannon was humming along with the radio, eyes fixed on the road before her – but in her head, she was reviewing the events of the past two months. It had been quite the ride, that was for certain. Not every day did one learn that their old college dorm mate was teetering on the brink of divorce, that their spouse was in the midst of some truly tragic mental health issues, and that one's own professional expertise was sorely needed.

Let alone finding out that the spouse in question had some kinky baggage that seriously needed unpacking.

Adult babies. It was a term she'd first come across years ago, prompting her to devour the entirety of the meager literature on the topic. Oh, Shannon wasn't remotely one herself, of course. But it was a fascinating phenomenon from a clinical perspective: the idea that regressing to one's early years could not only be mentally therapeutic, but sexually fulfilling. So when she'd learned that Erica's Jayden was one such person... well, she'd practically jumped at the chance to investigate. And of course, to recommend a therapy that would not only help them both, but which just might provide her with the material for a truly landmark research publication.

How nice that Doctor Natalia hadn't been too weirded out by the therapy she'd had in mind. She smiled softly, her mental vision filling with the image of those large cardboard boxes currently resting not a meter away in her back seat. Oh, this was going to be lovely! To see whether one of her hypotheses was correct: that the sensory stimulus of those specific types of garments that were associated with the subject's early years would prompt a stronger physiological response...

Well, the only way was to try. Good thing she and Natalia already had all of the human subject forms approved, huh?

"Welcome, welcome! Come on in," Erica gushed, and Shannon dutifully stepped forward through the door into the warm interior. Even before she'd had a chance to set them down, Erica's wide smile was melting into an expression of mild puzzlement at the sight of the two massive boxes in her arms. "Oh, um... wow! What's this?"

"Hey, Erica! As promised – everything for Jayden's nighttime diapers," Shannon beamed,

straightening with a smile and brushing a dark strand from her pixie cut back behind her ear. "Like we said, right? Switching on over to cloth at night: plus of course the plastic pa-"

"Jayden? Come on! It's okay," Erica interjected, and now Shannon caught sight of the red-faced fellow in question peeping timidly in from the hallway, a half-empty water bottle in one hand.

"This is all for you, after all! Don't you want to come here and see what Shannon's brought you? I bet you're gonna love it!"

*Good. Nice and enthusiastic. Involving him in it. Pushing past his embarrassment.* All those were key, as Shannon's trained psychologist brain reflexively whispered, and she beamed in agreement. "Oh, I know you will! You were really smart to think about using cloth instead of disposable, Jayden. I bet they're just bigger versions of the kind you wore when you were a kid, huh? Anyway, let's show you what we got you. Unless you, you know... have something going...?"

"No, no! Let's do it!" Erica cut in once more, before Jayden could demur. "Though maybe... hmm, why don't we take them into the bedroom right off?"

Which is how it transpired, not two minutes later, that the two women were standing in the intimate calm of the couple's bedroom, with the silent Jayden standing stiffly behind. On his face was a look of anxious perplexity, and as Erica tugged open the top drawer to reveal the dwindling stacks of disposable adult diapers within, that look deepened into pure and unmitigated embarrassment.

"So, here's what he's been using at night," Erica explained matter-of-factly. "And over the last two weeks... you know, ever since we last talked... we've been making sure he, you know. Uses them before changing."

"Good, good!" Shannon enthused, and now she was loudly opening the scratchy cardboard flaps and reaching into the stacks of material within. "So, just keep on doing the same – only using cloth instead. Now, let me show you what I've brought. You'll have a few different options, see? Over here, we've got the traditional pre-fold diapers – you know, the kind with pins and everything. And of course plastic and rubber pants to go with them. Then over here, we've also got a few all-in-one..."

Jayden's eyes were shifting between shock and mortified delight as he watched it unfold: stack after stack of cloth diapers. Plastic pants – pair after pair. Wait, weren't those the very rubber pants that he- he'd lusted after for years-! It was like a fever dream – the stuff of his fantasies...

"Wow, there's so much! You're sure it's all okay? I mean..." Erica was marveling, and Shannon laughed back with good-natured glee. "Of course it's okay! You'll need plenty, you know. And remember – once his wetting gets super heavy, you'll want to use those pre-folds as boosters inside the all-in-ones. At least, assuming they're big enough..."

"Speaking of which." And now she sprung the proposal she not only knew intellectually would be good for Jayden, but which she's secretly been dying to enact. "We'd better actually make sure this stuff fits. I mean, I gave it my best shot, but obviously there's no sense in me leaving it all here and not knowing if it fits!" She beamed over at Jayden. "You ready to help us out, then?"

Was he? The priceless look on his face said no. But Erica was nodding along in complete agreement. "But of course! Come on, honey. It's okay. Go on and strip down for us, nice and quick. It won't take long, I'm sure." And then, to Shannon: "Besides, I'm not entirely sure I get how the pins and pre-folds work. Can you maybe show me...?"

Good thing Shannon had been spending more than a bit of time on those AB/DL forums, she mused, watching in quiet amusement as the cringing Jayden furtively lowered his pants and began fiddling with his boxers. Oh, she would do it right. She'd make sure to teach Erica the thickest, most absurdly heavy-duty cloth diaper folds ever. After all, that was surely what Jayden wanted – even if he was far too embarrassed to say so!

"Ahem." She was glancing mildly now at the now-naked, crimson-faced Jayden, and gesturing toward a telltale patch of reddened skin on the inner thigh, just about level with his flaccid cock. "Uh-oh. Is that a bit of diaper rash I see?"

God, it was so clinically satisfying to see his cock jerk at the mere mention of that word: *diaper*. But then Erica was pulling him over to the bed, ordering him simply to lay down and relax. "Hmm, that? Well... I guess? I don't really know much about rashes" "Looks like diaper rash for sure," Shannon observed, and now her cool fingers ran along the heated skin, causing the now-prone fellow's slowly-swelling cock to twitch reflexively. "We can ask Doctor Natalia, of course. But I've heard that shaving everything smooth down here is the absolute best way to prevent rashes. Plus lots of powder and lotion, of course. Hopefully you've been using that...?"

And so the two women chatted between themselves, while the beet-red Jayden lay before them, struggling and failing spectacularly to mask his shame and growing arousal. Indeed, by the time Shannon had finally folded her doubled layers of night-weight cloth diaper and they'd slid them

underneath his quivering ass, his now-swollen cock was standing full at attention, shamelessly begging for some kind of attention from the two women above him.

"Aww, look at that!" Shannon laughed gently, and as her fingertips brushed against his member his entire body stiffened in unwilling pleasure. "You know, in case you were worried that he's not enjoying all this..." She winked over at Erica and then handed her the lotion, prompting her to begin applying it. "That's how this kind of thing works, you know. It's embarrassing to get turned on by being babied, of course. But it's exciting, too, isn't it? Especially when it's your *wife* doing it! And then knowing that you're getting excited at the thought of being embarrassed is even *more* embarrassing, which makes it even more fun, and on, and on..."

She paused, then leaned over and whispered in an intentionally loud, conspiratorial whisper. "So listen. If I were you, I'd milk it for all it's worth. If your dear husband here *wants* to be embarrassed – if he wants to be forced into the kind of super-thick cloth diapers he likely wore when he was a real baby, Erica... why not give such a *sweet... waddly* baby boy exactly what he wants?"

And with a laugh, she pressed the many-layered fabric of the diaper's front into Erica's slackened hands... then guided them downward, firmly and irresistibly. With the effect, of course that Jayden's hapless erection was forced down into its swaddling, bulging prison.

"See?" Shannon concluded a few minutes later, as she stood beside the wondering Erica, surveying their freshly pinned handiwork. Jayden stood now, shakily and with a face twisted downward in groveling humiliation and arousal, beside the bed: legs spread wide apart, thighs forced outward by the thick, bulging layers of cotton between them. Over it all stretched the latest addition: plastic pants, gleaming in translucent pale blue, their full cut and tight elastics only serving to emphasize the massive bulk of the grown man's grotesquely massive diapered bum. And as he turned his pathetically aroused expression upward to meet their gaze, Shannon broke into a good-natured chuckle.

"Well, at least we know they fit! Which means that... well, I feel like my job here is done." She turned for the door and waved Erica merrily back. "Oh, no need to see me out, girl! Seriously. You've got someone else to take care of right now: a dear wittle baby boy who really, *really* needs some attention..."

Again, she was no AB/DL herself. But Shannon would definitely have been lying if she'd said her mind wasn't also dwelling on that spicy scene during the drive home.

Heh heh... whatever was Erica gonna do with him now?

*(To be continued!)*