

Twelve Months to a Better Life

June 2024 – Chapter Eleven

Note to readers and moderators: this story features strong ageplay content, in which consenting adults choose to act in babyish ways. Like ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

What on earth could the boss want, asking to meet with him like this in person? Jayden wasn't sure – but as he slid out from the driver's seat and slammed the car door behind him, he couldn't deny the unsettling feeling that was already swelling in the pit of his stomach.

Not that his attire helped him feel *less* nervous, of course. It wasn't every grown forty-something dude who showed up at work wearing Velcro shoes, a striped knit shirt, elastic-waisted overalls, and beneath it all a quietly crinkling pull-up. Talk about embarrassing!

Still, embarrassing as it was, it was all he had – and the most adult outfit he'd been able to persuade Mommy Erica to let him wear. After all, she'd pointed out with a wry smile, they'd just cut up all of his big boy underwear for good just last week. They'd donated every single one of his jeans and button-downs, too – so there was no possibility of anything more adult. But it wasn't a big deal! His employer had gotten Doctor Natalia's note months before. They knew he was having mental and physical issues of some sort. So really, for Jayden to show up there in perfectly normal, adult clothes would be the last thing they'd expect.

He gulped and entered the building, feeling a dribble of pee escape out into his pull-up as he strode toward the boss's office. Dammit. This hypnosis really was doing a number on his control, wasn't it? He could no longer deny it – not after what Erica had shown him last month. All he could do now was thrill and shiver at the mute reminder of his growing regression... and hope to goodness that the most mature sort of underwear he could now aspire to – his pull-up – would make it through the entire meeting without a leak.

"Thanks for coming! So glad you could, you know, make it in," enthused the grey-haired fellow, rising from behind his astonishingly messy desk and reaching forward to shake Jayden's hand. "Oh, and you know Nancy from HR, right? I thought it would be good to have her here with us as well today..."

Oh, god. And not three minutes after he'd settled down onto the proffered chair and forced a polite smile onto his face, the facts of the matter came out.

"We want you to know that our decision has nothing to do with you as an employee," the boss was assuring, with a sympathetic smile. "Or with your, ahem, recent accommodations. It's just that, well, with revenue down and budget cuts hitting everywhere, something has to give. And since you've been relatively uninvolved with the day-to-day operations these past months, letting you go is unfortunately the most sensible solution..."

Fuck.

"No, no," came the assurances to his tentative, shakily worded questions. "No, you've been great! Granted, you haven't been able to contribute quite as much recently – you know, with working remotely and all. Which, of course, Nancy and I understand. Surely, if you ever *would* be able to work full time and in person again, no doubt you'd be able to perform as well as in the past-"

But in their eyes – and resonating in Jayden's quaking and shame-filled heart – was the unspoken realization. He *wouldn't* ever be back to working in person or full time. Not given his current appearance. And certainly not with Doctor Natalia's note on file: the one assuring the reader that Jayden had been diagnosed with mental and physical conditions that would only grow more severe over time.

And so, he could only stammer out the polite words that everyone knew he should say. How he'd loved working there. How he was disappointed not to be able to continue. How he respected their decision, and how he would be grateful for any assistance from Nancy in transitioning to other employment elsewhere...

Employment. That was something which, he grimaced as he trudged dejectedly back to his waiting car, might actually not be in his immediate future.

"Aww, baby, don't cry! It's okay. It's gonna be okay, I promise..."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. It was the worst sort of predicament to be in, wasn't it? Needing comfort and reassurance – but sensing that the very forms of comfort he now craved were the very things to blame for his problems. Here he was: sniffing into Erica's chest, grateful to have her arms wrapped comfortingly around him. And yet, with her every maternal reassurance – with every affectionate pat she gave his soaked pull-up – he felt more and more wordless anger. At himself. At Erica. And at the devastating realization that his own stupid regression had just lost him one of the most important aspects of being an adult.

"Fucking assholes," he muttered disconsolately into her warm blouse. "Thanks to them, I'm a

fucking unemployed loser-" "Baby, that's enough," Erica cut in, and now she was rising and guiding him up to his feet. "I know you're upset, sweetie. I really do. But we both know that there's nothing to be done right now. Come here, now. Come with me. I know what you need..."

Did she? Neither she nor Jayden knew that with 100 percent certainty. But back to his nursery they went anyway, with him shuffling along in her guiding arms. "Tsk, time to get you out of those big boy things," she murmured affectionately, and soon he was standing there, shivering, while she stripped his soaked pull-up off and tossed it into the diaper pail. "Now, let's not worry about a bath tonight. Let's just get you warm and cozy... and then we can talk about supper and an early bedtime."

Onto his crinkling crib mattress he went. Out came the nighttime diapers. And before he knew it, Erica had bundled him away into a fresh set of nighttime apparel: extra-thick cloth diapers, plastic pants, and one of his latest additions, a sleeper complete with sewn-in feet and hands.

"I shouldn't be acting like a fucking baby-" Jayden muttered peevishly, but before he could say more, the frowning Erica was forcing his pacifier into his mouth, effectively silencing him. "Baby boys like you shouldn't say such bad words," she scolded, and out from the nursery she tugged him. "Now, I know you're upset and cranky, baby. But that's nothing Mommy can't fix. Now, let's make the hangries go away, shall we?"

By which she meant sitting him down at the table and making him sit there, watching silently, while she bustled about making supper. A supper which, by all appearances, was more suited to a toddler than a married man.

"It's gonna be okay, I promise," she reminded him fifteen minutes later, as she maneuvered a big spoonful of well-cooked macaroni and cheese into his mouth. She smiled and dabbed at his mouth with the dishtowel she'd tucked in around his neck as a bib, then reached over and loaded up the spoon with a similarly hefty dose of warm applesauce. "We're gonna be fine – seriously. Thanks to that raise last year, I make more than enough for us both, baby. So don't be hard on yourself! We don't need you to have another job. What we need is for you to relax. Take time for yourself. Enjoy being a good, adorable baby boy for me. No more big boy work... no more big boy thoughts..."

It was all so much: so exactly what he longed for, and yet so embarrassing and contrary to what society said he should want. He gulped down the applesauce... whimpered mute assent as the bottle nipple entered his mouth... and shivered into submissive quietude as the milky goodness coated his tongue and warmed his belly.

"You're the best and most wonderful hubby anyone could ever have," Erica murmured again once

Jayden had finished the entire meal. Her hand cupped his face gently, the warm washcloth within it wiping away all messy traces of his babyish meal. "You're perfect the way you are, baby side and all. You don't need a job, honey. You don't need to do *anything* to be a wonderful person." She planted a loving kiss on his forehead, then straightened and returned his pacifier to his compliant mouth. "Just relax now... let me do all the work... all the thinking..."

Well, there was little he could say to that. With full belly, full mouth, and full heart, all he could do was nod. Follow her back to his room. And settle into his crib at last: not as a newly unemployed person, but as a beloved husband and adult baby whose wife was more than happy to take charge – of *everything*.

(To be continued!)