

## Twelve Months to a Better Life

May 2024 – Chapter Nine

*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.*

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"Happiness / Feels like this; / Your heart upon your sleeve / There's a place / In time and space / We can all be free..."

The singer's breathy vocals radiated out from the car stereo, lilting above the rush of air and the humming tires. Erica gave a little sigh of happiness and shifted in the driver's seat, her head slowly swaying to the dreamy rhythm. Ahh, this was nice. A relaxing, romantic getaway at last! Just her and her husband, safely away from work and ready to spend some quality time together...

She glanced back into the rear view mirror, smiling to herself at the sight that greeted her. Namely, of Jayden's drowsy face, staring sleepily back with a far-off expression in his eyes. Over his ears was a large set of noise-cancelling headphones, while down over his shoulders ran the wide straps of the special seat that Shannon had found for them just last week. It was a seat designed for race car drivers: sculpted and comfortable, with a reinforced five-point harness meant to ensure the occupant's safety. Though it also worked pretty well as a seat for... well, for Jayden and the oversized toddler he was slowly becoming.

Erica drew her gaze back to the road in front of her. It was definitely a change, that was for sure. Ordinarily *he* would have been the one in the driver's seat: taking the wrong turns, growing irritable whenever she tried to correct him, and forever forgetting to use his turn signals. But now? Well... being the one in charge was honestly a great improvement. In fact, she was beginning to wish they'd embarked on this experiment earlier!

And it wasn't just the car seat, of course. Over the past four-plus months, she'd begun to accept more and more changes to Jayden's lifestyle and to hers. No longer did she spend the night with a grown man beside her in bed. No longer did she have a heap of boxers and manly clothes in the wash, or someone to get tipsy with late in the evening. Instead she had... well, a bed to herself. A giant crib in the other room. Cloth diapers and plastic pants to wash each week. And someone whose late-night drinking consisted not of booze, but water and glasses of warm milk.

Erica glanced back once more. There he sat, eyes fluttering closed now, his slack jaw beginning to droop open. She smiled at the sight, remembering his whining a few hours earlier upon emerging

from the shower and seeing the fresh diaper and pacifier waiting for him. "But it's not night time! And I'm not at home..." Of course she hadn't given in. Good moms and good wives never gave in when their little ones complained. "It's for your own good, hon," she had insisted, with a sharp swat to his naked rump. "Remember what Nurse said? You need to be wearing *all* the time, not just at home. Listen, I'm not about to be stopping every thirty minutes just so you can use the potty – and definitely not when there's a much better solution. Besides: you don't want to soak your brand-new car seat, do you?"

So in he had gone at last, crinkling softly as his visibly bulgy, shorts-clad bum settled into the seat. Tightly she'd buckled the straps around him. Onto his knitted shirt she'd fastened his new pacifier clip. And over his ears had gone the headphones... into which she'd begun streaming the latest audio files Doctor Natalia had given her.

You know... the ones encouraging him to wet himself not just during the night, but throughout the day as well.

Ah, Jayden. She sighed once more, relishing the strange, fluttering sense of delight and satisfaction welling within her. She was a grown woman, and she truly loved her husband for who he was. But that meant she loved seeing him happy. And if his long-term, lasting happiness required treating him like a little kid, well... she wasn't about to say no. Not even on their first romantic getaway of the year.

And so she murmured along to the lilting music once more, her voice blending with the soothing rumble of the road slipping past. "Mmm-mm, / Lucky you, / Lucky, lucky me."

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Jayden might not have agreed with that sentiment a few hours later. After all, it wasn't every day he was being prodded out of their car and led firmly toward the imposing resort that would be their home for the long weekend.

"Okay, fine," Erica grudgingly assented, pausing and watched in wry tolerance as Jayden scrambled gratefully into the light jacket she'd just handed him. "Just don't blame me if you get overheated, okay?" He nodded, zipping it up with an air of relief. No one would see his silly pacifier now, dangling from his chest like a medal certifying him as a toddler in a man's body. Now all he needed to do was hope to goodness no one would notice his bulky bum... or the soft crinkle of his plastic pants that could still be heard with every step he took.

Of course no one in the lobby noticed. They were far too busy smiling and politely welcoming the couple in. Out came the keycards, and forward came the bellboy, and before the still-drowsy Jayden

quite knew it, they were up on the seventh floor and entering their freshly-cleaned room.

"Well, then, baby." Erica's voice was tinged with disapproval, loud in the sudden calm left behind by the bellboy's ceremonious departure. She strode over to him, straightening to take full advantage of every millimeter of her height and gazing down on her stocky – and suddenly anxious – husband.

"You were quite a naughty little boy when we got here, weren't you? Trying to cover up your paci so all those grownups wouldn't see?"

Jayden blushed. "Uh- but... I'm sorry! I just, you know, Erica, I couldn't-" "What did you call me?" Erica's voice was sharp. "That's not what my little boy calls me, and you know it! Try again, baby – or I'll have to punish you for real..."

"Mommy! I- I'm sorry, Mommy," Jayden blurted out, but already Erica was shaking her head and forcefully unzipping him from the sheltering coat. "Little babies like you shouldn't be ashamed of their pacis," she reprimanded, and now she was plucking the pacifier on its ribbon and holding it directly before his eyes. "See this?" She probed, and then gestured over to the full-length mirror beside them. "See that little boy? Where does his paci belong, hmm? Where, baby?"

"Uhhmmm... In his mouth..."

Which was exactly where she put it. Into his slack mouth pressed the rubber bulb, eliciting a visible shiver from the muted fellow. "That's right," Erica murmured, feeling a shiver of her own inexplicably rippling through her. She was no dominatrix, of course. But somehow, seeing Jayden so submissive and eager to obey... well, it did something to her way deep down. And she was not about to waste such an opportunity – especially on this romantic getaway.

*The more you do together, the better it will be for everyone...* Doctor Natalia's words from weeks long past came echoing to her mind, and she grinned with sudden resolve. Fingers slipped down to his elastic-waisted shorts... tightened... and then yanked downward. Leaving Jayden stiffening and staring in sudden chagrin at the thickly-diapered, plastic-pantsed dude in the mirror.

"I know exactly how to punish a little boy who's ashamed of the paci his nice Mommy gave him," she exclaimed, and now her fingers were running teasingly along the rustling, rubbery-smooth surface of his plastic pants. "You think it's *embarrassing* to have people see what a baby you are now, hmm? Goodness, whatever would people think if they knew you've been waddling around in these *thick... soggy... diapers*, hmm?"

He was shivering again now, shaking his head and dropping his eyes to the carpet in embarrassment. But she was barely getting started. "Or if they knew you had your own crib at home, hmm? That you wet the bed every night like an *actual* baby? That you even *mess* yourself

now, too? And that your Mommy and her friends have been giving you all kinds of fun files... training you to wet and mess *all* the time?"

"Mm-hmmmhh," he whimpered abjectly around his pacifier, but she was already tugging his hand firmly toward the waiting bed, his velcro-ed shoes stumbling along in his tangled shorts. "Wait here, baby. Mommy has to get a few things ready before your punishment."

Oh, she did. Before his apprehensive gaze she bustled about: grabbing a towel from the bathroom. Stripping quickly out of her own clothes. Unzipping the luggage. And yes... pulling out a brand-new toy that made the mutely waiting Jayden's eyes widen in shock.

"Don't worry," she chuckled, tightening the strap around her naked waist and reaching for the lube. "I'll be very gentle, baby. And besides, this only comes *after* your spanking!"

Down came Jayden's plastic pants. Down she yanked his soaked disposable with its cloth outer layer. Onto the bed the bare-bummed fellow went, shivering in the cool air. And above him knelt his wife Erica: still slightly unsure of herself, and yet driven on by her urge to please him and her own strange flutter of arousal.

*Thwack. Thwock. Thwick.* Under her firm hand he quivered, both his sets of cheeks quickly reddening under the assault. "Remember, baby," she instructed firmly, amid the flurry of swats to her husband's upturned and urine-coated ass. "You're my baby boy now. You're *not* a grownup, okay? You're just a dumb little potty-pants *baby*. You need your paci. You need your diapers. And most of all..."

She paused. Maneuvered into position. And then, ever so slowly and gently, slipped the well-lubed tip of her brand-new strap into his vulnerable rosebud.

"You need your Mommy," she breathed softly, leaning gently forward. And amid the confused bundle of whimpers from Jayden's pacified mouth, she could pick out a few frantic, groveling words...

"Yes, yes, yes Mommy! Dumb baby. Dumb potty pants baby. Little diaper baby for Mooooommmmyyy..."

Oh, yes. The weekend was definitely getting off to quite the wonderful start!

*(To be continued!)*