

Twelve Months to a Better Life
February 2024 – Chapter Three

"Hey... honey? Time to wake up..."

Cool fingers were prying the headphones from his ears. Light greeted his eyes: warm morning light, filtering softly through the curtains. Jayden blinked up into the mild face of his wife, consciousness slowly seeping back. "Ohh... uh huh. Okay..."

He sat up – then felt the cool squish between his legs that reminded him of the truth. Not only of the thick, crinkly garment he was wearing under his pajama bottoms, but of that moment during the night in which he'd drowsed to the surface. Felt the pressure of his bladder. Rolled onto his back... and let the pressure flood out...

"It's February now," Erica reminded him as he untangled himself from the sheets and stepped into his slippers. "Remember, we have our appointment with Doctor Natalia first thing this morning. And I think she said Shannon would be joining, too." "Oh. Okay," Jayden managed, stepping into his slippers and beginning to shuffle for the shower. Not that he'd forgotten, of course. He'd been simultaneously dreading and looking forward to it these past few days. To have those three women all together, discussing him and his dirty secret...

"Hon, where are you going? No time for a shower." Erica was shaking her head in amusement, glancing meaningfully at the little bedside alarm clock that now read 8:07. "Appointment's at 8:15, remember? Online? Honestly, you have just enough time to put on a shirt and get a bit of breakfast. So come on now – hop to it!"

"But- but I should... change..." He began with a shy clutching at his waist. But Erica shook her head and sighed even as she beckoned him out the bedroom door. "Oh, no big deal. I'm sure that butt of yours will survive another hour in a diaper, surely?"

So that's how it happened that less than ten minutes later, Jayden was sitting uneasily on his customary bar stool, toast in one hand and apple juice in the other, watching as the video call opened on his wife's laptop. Beneath him the cool damp of his nighttime diaper squished, and he felt an irrepressible tension mounting in his cock even as he felt a fresh pulse of urgency in his bladder. Oh, what a naughty boy he was! Sitting in his wet diaper, getting excited at the thought of wetting again while these women were-

"Hey! Good morning, guys! How are we doing today?" How cheery Shannon was, and how wide that smile was on Doctor Natalia's face! He blinked back into the camera, then over at Erica's similarly smiling face. "Aww, so good to see you! Yes- yes, we're fine. Though at least *one* of us is still waking up..."

Jayden blushed as Erica's hand playfully rested on his head, driving him to seek refuge in his apple juice. *Ugh, this was so- But it was also pretty hot-* Hot it was indeed, especially as the doctor and therapist responded with twin giggles. "Aww, I know. It must be tough for little boys to get out of bed so early, huh?" Shannon was beaming goodnaturedly back at them, and Jayden flushed in embarrassment... even as his dick pulsed with silent arousal.

"Well, let's hear how it's been going, then! Erica, how has everything gone? Any issues with what we recommended?"

And so it unfolded: Erica warmly assuring them of how things had been going in January. Yes, she'd taken their dietary advice to heart: lots of fruits and veggies and fiber, and less salt and spice. Yes, she'd made sure Jayden wore his diaper to bed and listened to his music every night. Had he noticed anything? Well, hmm... "Jayden, have you?" Sorry – she didn't really check him in the morning, so it was hard to say...

He gulped in response to her prompting. "Uh, no. I mean-" But even as he spoke, the blush on his cheeks deepened at the sensation of Erica's hand slipping into his lap, prodding experimentally at the bulk beneath his pajama bottoms. "Well, look at that! He's just come from bed, and he's wet. I'd say that's a good sign, right?"

Jayden opened his mouth to protest – to explain that he'd wet in the night, true, but that he'd done it while awake – but they weren't listening. They were far too busy uh-huhing and ah-hahing and smiling at his commendable progress. "And sexy times?" Shannon interjected with a wry grin. "I hope you've taken good care to include his diapers in that, right? And that you're *both* getting satisfied?"

A sudden silence fell. Erica glanced quickly at him, and he caught her eye for one awkward moment. The memories of the past few weeks flooded back: the taste of her pussy on his tongue, the soft coaxing whispers she'd insinuated into his ear, the mind-blowingly sensational experience of orgasming into his diaper under the wand's ministrations. And even as he ducked his head once more into his apple juice, he was nodding sheepishly... as was Erica.

"Oh! Oh, yes. Yes, it's been... ah. It's been good. Great, even..."

"Perfect." The two women onscreen laughed gently, and then Doctor Natalia cleared her throat. "Well, that's just wonderful! Now, given what you've told us, I think it's time for us to talk about adding a few more things to Jayden's treatment. You know, to move things along? For instance, maybe keeping his diaper on all day-"

Jayden gulped once more, and now decidedly scary visions were flitting before his nervous eyes. Him, walking in the door at his work? Waddling around with a thick, loud layer of cotton and plastic underneath his- "Um, but-" He began nervously, and then as Doctor Natalia paused, he plunged ahead. "See, I don't know if that's a good idea. It, you know? It seems pretty silly to wear a- a- diaper if I, you know, don't need it or use it anything..."

The doctor's smile was drawn and polite now, her head cocked attentively. "Oh, and besides!" Jayden continued in rising anxiety. "It- it's not really good for the environment, you know. All that plastic and, and stuff-" He was running out of nerve now, and as the politely listening silence lengthened, he flushed and squirmed back into sheepish silence. God, was he really talking back to the doctor? Bargaining? Protesting that he *only* needed to wear a diaper at night? And if so, dammit – why was he still getting so freaking hard?!

"You know, that's actually not a bad point," Erica now ventured. "Those disposable diapers are pretty big, and I'm sure they must have been expensive-" But Shannon was waving her away. "Girl, don't worry! We've got it covered, I promise. Besides, it's all covered by the grant-"

And now Doctor Natalia was interjecting with her warm smile. "Never mind that, Shannon. Listen, Erica – I'm happy to prescribe some reusable alternatives. Cloth diapers and plastic pants are far from outdated, you know. They're of course much less discreet. But that doesn't matter at night, right?"

She chuckled as if at her own joke, then cleared her throat. "Oh, and Jayden? If you're feeling bad about using these, just remember: your doctor is prescribing them for your own good: period. And if you really don't want to throw out one when it hasn't been used... well, I think we'll just ask Erica to make sure you aren't allowed to take it off until it's well-used. I'm sure a good little boy like you can find a way to make sure it's been well-used, can't you?"

Now Shannon and Erica were laughing as well, and Jayden flushed even as he felt his bits tingling with erotic pleasure at her playfully condescending words. "You've got a point there, Nat!" Shannon

chuckled into the screen, her dark eyes dancing. "Speaking of which, weren't you telling me you wanted him to hydrate more? And something about a new file to send...?"

Oh, yes, she had. And so Jayden's new regime of rules for February developed, amid the smiles and good-natured laughter of these three women and their blushing charge. No changing out of a diaper until he was wet. Cloth diapers and plastic pants at night – for the environment's sake. A hydration regimen of between three and four liters per day to ensure he stayed healthy. And that new file to add to his nightly playlist: something that the doctor, with a sweet smile, said would "encourage his innate need for oral stimulation..."

So when the call drew to a close, Jayden was practically quivering with mingled embarrassment and aroused anticipation. All of it – particularly the cloth diapers – was fast escaping his wildest imaginings. Those two women were egging his wife on in the oddest way. And from the look of wry approval on her face, she was more than happy to agree to their suggestions. After all, as she put it...

"Isn't this so great, honey? And don't worry: it's all for your own good, I'm sure!"

Her hand squeezed gently on the soggy padding around his cock, and he bit back a tiny whine of pleasure... then nodded, blushing all the while.

"Now, then," she finished, rising with a quick peck to his cheek. "Time to take off that soggy diaper and get that butt to work!"

(To be continued!)