

Sowing the Wind

Part Four - July 2021

Well, fuck. Fuck fuck, fuckity fuck.

Ron was screwed, he knew that now. It was now more than four months since that fateful evening when he'd first dreamed up the idea of hypnotizing his wife to be his sweet, gentle Mommy. In that time, the hypnosis file he'd downloaded had definitely lived up to its promise... but oh, it had done so much more than that!

Where Ron had wanted a sweet Mommy to hold him close and feed him at her breast, he now had a Mommy who liked nothing more than to strap him into a makeshift high chair she'd rigged up and to order him to guzzle down a bottle of formula and a massive bowl of oatmeal before she sent him off to work. Where he'd wanted a Mommy to diaper him and ask if he was properly diapered for the night, he now had his dear Angela locking him into boosted diapers and plastic pants, then merrily sending him out into the world, promising him a change only if and when he came back either leaking or stinky. And where he'd longed for someone who would pleasure him and play laughingly with his fetish as equals, he now had a wife who kept him locked in a chastity cage round the clock, taking it off only when she wanted to use the wand on him and giggle as she watched him spurting helplessly into his swollen diapers...

Yeah, the fantasy versus reality hadn't exactly panned out like he'd thought.

What was worse, the hypnosis only seemed to grow deeper and more sadistic as time went on. He'd tried – and failed, of course – to remove that cursed hypnosis file from his wife's music player. But with every passing night, she listened to it once more, her brain soaking up the tireless subliminal commands: commands to nurture, to control, to take charge... to mother. And with every passing day, poor Ron – "Ronnie" now, or simply "Baby" – was forced to comply as her hapless little boy.

If her efforts had been restricted to nights, or even to their home, Ron reflected now, it would have been acceptable. He likely would have grown to love being a little baby, even to such a strict mommy as Angela now was. But it didn't stop there. Angela's transformation had led her to be comfortable and open with her new personality; in her mind she *was* a Mommy, after all, and she was proud of herself and her little sweetie. And so, it was without a second thought that she had begun to mention – to her friends, her family, to anyone who happened to hear – that she was a proud Mommy to her little Ronnie.

He heaved a little sigh now as he sat back in the rear car seat, the virtual captive of the seven-point harness that she had installed into their little Honda. Thankfully, he still had the use of his fingers; the locking mittens were only for nights and when he had been naughty. But even one attempt to free himself from their infantilizing restraint would have earned him a scolding from Mommy, and one unloosened buckle would earn him yet another spell over her knee with bare and reddening ass. And so, he sat quietly now, watching the world slip by the car window and catching now and then the reflection of his own pacified face in the window.

It was his new going-out outfit, purchased from god knew where on the internet only a few weeks before. Denim shorts and striped T-shirt. Bright green-and-orange pacifier stuffed into his mouth, and clipped securely to his front. A large bottle of juice between his legs, in case he got thirsty. A stuffie beside him: an orange lion she'd laughingly called Cheeto and given him after he'd obediently gone with her to the mall without complaining (at least verbally). And of course, the swollen, denim-covered crotch that practically screamed to any passersby who happened to glance his way that this seemingly healthy, normal young man was clearly and very thickly *diapered*.

He actually *did* need them now, thanks to the diet of milk and juice and oatmeal that Angela had begun to feed him this past month. Not anyone could go an entire morning without peeing when they'd have to down two liters of liquids before nine. As for the nights? Well, Mommy didn't know any different. She was thoroughly convinced he'd been wetting the bed for months now. And though Ronnie had once tried to tell her how things really were – that he'd only been pretending – the ironic thing was that now Mommy was actually much closer to the truth. He *did* wake up wet most days now, and with no memory of having committed the infantile deed.

Talk about a scheme coming back to bite you in the rear.

"Come on, honey!" Mommy Angela bubbled now, opening the car door with a creak and leaning in to begin unfastening the car seat straps that held him captive. "Let's go meet some friends! They won't hurt you, I promise..." Ron shivered, then reddened as he stepped gingerly out of the car, more conscious than ever of the already-wet bulk between his legs and the waddle that accompanied every step he took. He was being forced to come here against his will. This was a holiday party of Angela's coworkers, nearly all of them female, and every one of them likely consumed with curiosity to see Angela's wildly unorthodox husband. They were all going to stare, and laugh, and ridicule him and his crazy get-up...

But as it turned out, he was completely wrong.

"Aww, he's simply adorable!" "Hey, Angie, honey! Long time, no see!" "Is this your sweet little man?" "Oh, he's absolutely precious!" "Hi, there, Ronnie! That's his name, isn't it?" "Ooh, that's a super-cute lion. Does he have a name for him yet?"

He was awash not in ridicule and condemnation, but what may have actually been worse: laughing acceptance, and sweet condescension, and friendly, merry-eyed laughter. He was the entertainment, he realized as first one hour, and then another, dragged by. He was Mommy's show-and-tell, her little prize, the sweet, innocent little plaything that no one on earth would dream of taking seriously. As the talk swirled around him, and these lovely women – some of them very attractive indeed – asked about his diet, his sleep habits, his likes and dislikes, his toileting or lack thereof, he found himself growing unaccountably, uncontrollably angry. They were all talking as if he couldn't hear them, as he he wasn't even there-

"I'm not a baby!" he blurted at long last, just as a well-meaning redhead named Vonda was attempting to coax a cupcake into his now pacifier-free mouth. "I'm a real person, you know!" He batted angrily at Vonda's hand, with the unfortunate result that the cupcake at his lips smeared stickily across his protesting mouth.

"I'm Angela's husband, for fuck's sake!" he snapped, reddening as all the eyes at the party turned to stare at him and his frosting-smeared outburst. "Look, I'm sorry, but she doesn't know what the hell she's doing. She's been hypnotized to act like this, and she doesn't even realize it..." But even as he spoke, he could feel just how ludicrous his outburst sounded – certainly coming from a diaper-clad, messy-faced, overgrown toddler. His voice sank down into a desperate, pleading murmur. "I- I just wanted- I- Please, don't talk like I'm not here- I'm not-" The sniffles were coming, the sobs bubbling up within his T-shirted chest. "I'm not really a baby- I'm not- I'm not-"

As the tears of frustration and rage erupted and coursed down his frosting covered cheeks, he heard a murmur in the crowd: not of shock or questioning, but simply of sympathy. "Aww, Angie..." "Sounds like your little man is a bit cranky, huh?" "Maybe it's time for his nap..." "Aww, I bet he just needs a change. You know, my little niece always gets *super* cranky when she's got messy pants..."

The worst thing about the last one was that it was actually pretty accurate. He *was* wet – and even before Mommy had finished making her apologies and gathering her things to leave, he was feeling the now-familiar pressure building in his bowels. *God, no, not right now-*

They were on the way home shortly thereafter. Mommy was quiet – dangerously quiet. "Mommy,

I'm sorry," Ron blubbered from the back seat, wiping fitfully at the frosting on his face. "I- I just-"
"Hush, baby," she ordered icily, eyes fixed on the road. "Hush up. We're going home now. Mommy has something she needs to take care of."

Oh, shit.

Which, as it so happened, was precisely what her fussy little Ronnie ended up doing in his diaper before the car had even reached home.