

## Sowing the Wind

### Part Five – August 2021

"Baby, you're in big trouble," Mommy told him icily. He was standing before her now in their room, his lips suckling guiltily on his pacifier for comfort, as acutely aware of Mommy's anger as he was of the heavy, mushy load in his pants. "You yelled at Mommy's friends. You told lies. You were nasty to them, and you had a great big ugly temper tantrum in front of everyone. Baby, that's not okay. And Mommy has to punish for that, you know."

Ron shivered in anxiety, the pacifier dropping from his lips to dangle on its tether like a mountain climber twisting in the wind. "I- I'm sorry- It was just that- they- they acted like I was just a big baby-" "And you're *not*?" Mommy Angela's voice was incredulous as she looked him over in wonder. "Honey, you know as well as I do that you are. You've got a snotty nose and a messy face. You were just sucking your pacifier. You're wearing diapers night and day – and they're already wet *and* smelly!"

She laughed a mirthless laugh and strode for the bathroom. "Honey, you're lying to me and everyone and even yourself if you say you're not my little baby. Not only that, but you used some very naughty words today, too – words you're not allowed to say. But Mommy know just what to do with little boys who say bad words and don't know how to tell the truth..."

*God, no- no- is that- that's soap-*

"Bu- Mmmpphhhh!!" Ron gurgled in pained surprise as Mommy's firm hand drove the bar of soap between his lips and deep into his mouth. "Keep that there and suck on that, you dirty, potty-mouthed little baby," she ordered, one hand behind his head and the other working the soap back and forth in his sputtering mouth. "Think about what a dirty, bad little baby you turned out to be today. Maybe Mommy should wash out your mouth every day, just to remind you to be good?"

"Mmhmo!" Ron wailed, suds beginning to trickle down his chin and splattering down the front of his shorts. "Ih- Ih- fhhhoowweeee!" "You're sorry? Oh, you should be," Mommy retorted, shaking her head in disappointment even as her hands kept working the soap back and forth. "But I'm afraid you're just sorry you're getting punished, baby. And that's not enough. Not nearly enough..."

Finally, when the snot and tears and soap suds were dripping down his face and onto his front, she

finally relented and removed the soap, now covered with Ron's tooth marks. "There, maybe that will help you think before lying and using those naughty words," she sighed, tossing the soap into the bathroom sink and taking up a washcloth to wipe his filthy face. "Hold still, baby."

"I'm sorry," Ron whispered again contritely as the wet washcloth wiped vigorously against his face. "Sorry... Mommy..." "Not good enough just yet," she sighed – and then she was grabbing his hand and tugging him out into the hall and toward the kitchen. "That soap was for your lies and your nasty words. But my little Ronnie still has so much to learn about being a good little boy." She pulled out his makeshift high chair and patted the seat. "Up you go, baby. It's time for your supper."

*Supper? As punishment? Uh-oh...*

Ron cringed internally as his bottom made contact with the chair, feeling the sticky, smelly mass within his diaper spreading and oozing stickily up his ass. Sure, he'd liked the idea of being a bedwetter. He adored diapers. But that was on his own terms: terms that had never included messing in them.

Not that Mommy noticed or cared, of course.

"I know exactly what my baby needs," she went on, bustling about the kitchen now in full view of her now-restrained husband. Ron watched in growing anxiety as he saw some of his least-favorite foods being ranged on the counter. *Ugh, rice cereal. And, is that- prunes?*

"Here we are!" Angela exclaimed at last, turning to him and setting a massive bowl of tan-colored mush before him. "I made sure it has everything my little baby needs to stay healthy." She giggled, clearly relishing the growing look of distaste on his face as he gazed down into it. "We've got you rice cereal and oatmeal, plus prunes, psyllium husk, flaxseed, and mashed bananas! Oh, and a bit of castor oil for good measure." *Fuck, so that explains the oily stuff. Oh my god, this looks revolting-*

"Dig in, baby," she ordered sternly, lifting his downcast chin and looking him squarely in the eye. "No spoon this time. You're a baby, and you're going to eat what Mommy feeds you. Or would you rather have me force it into you?"

It may have been the hardest thing Ron had ever done, finishing that massive bowl of the most revolting cereal he'd ever had. His fingers were covered with it, his mouth smeared with it, the taste of castor oil and prunes and banana clinging to every corner of his mouth. As he wiped the final bits

from the bowl and grudgingly licked it from his fingers, he burped, feeling more like a toddler than ever. Sitting buckled into his chair, a smelly load in his pants, face and hands covered in the gooey supper Mommy had made him eat: a supper that would most definitely send his bowels gurgling into overdrive...

"Good baby!" she praised at last, smiling condescendingly at him and proceeding to wipe his messy face and hands. "It was yummy after all, wasn't it?" "No," he muttered peevishly, stifling another burp from his swollen stomach. "It makes me feel sick..." "Sick? Oh, baby, that's too bad!" Angela chirped, a sadistic grin playing on the corners of her mouth as she gazed down at him. "Well, don't worry, honey. I suppose if my baby's tummy gets all sick feeling and he has to mess his diapers over and over... well, I guess he'd better just get used to it, shouldn't he? 'Cause that's just what babies do, honey!"

At least the awful-tasting meal seemed to spell the end of the formal punishment, Ron reflected later as he lay on the bed with splayed legs and felt Angela scrubbing away the smelly remnants of his messy diaper. Sure, she was teasing him all the while about what a little stinker he was, just a silly little baby who shat his pants and didn't even care, a sweet little toddler who simply wasn't ready for the potty. But at least he could feel her hands teasing his intimate (and still caged) parts, and the gentle brush of powder against his skin, and the cottony softness of the fresh diaper being pulled closed around him...

"Mommy," he whispered then, as Angela helped him up and tugged his nighttime onesie – another recent purchase – over his head. "Mommy, I have something to say."

Because maybe – just maybe – if he said it slowly, calmly, and nicely, she might just listen.

"What is it, baby?" she asked, gazing down at him with a smile. "Does little Ronnie have something to say to Mommy?" "Yes, uh- yes," he managed, blushing and wriggling his freshly crinkling bottom in his diaper. "Mommy, I- I did a very bad thing. Not just today, but a long time ago..."

And then it all came out. "I never told you before, Mommy. I- I've always loved diapers- and- and- being a bedwetter. And I- I wanted a Mommy- so bad." He took a deep breath and plunged on. "But you didn't know- and so I- I thought maybe I could make you a nice Mommy- I- I put a special file on your music player, Mommy. It's a hypnosis file, really. I promise, it's not a good file! It- it tells you to be a bossy, mean Mommy, and makes you like punishing me-"

The expression on Angela's face was a study: first of amusement, then of growing interest, and

finally of ill-concealed exasperation. "Honey, baby, that's enough. Ronnie, I know you've had a rough day, and I know you like making stories up-"

"But no, I'm not!" Ron began hotly, then recalled himself and gulped back the anger that was threatening to explode once more. "Mommy, please. It's called- um, let's see- 'Zen waterfall meditation'. Look, Mommy, look on your player, and you'll see it! It's real, I promise!"

Angela's face broke into a condescending smile. "Oh, sweetie, you really think up the most amazing things! Mommy's music is just fine, baby – I promise. There's no scary file on there that's going to hurt your Mommy, okay? And besides, baby," she went on, stroking Ron's head affectionately, "Even if it did do what you say, it's all just right, isn't it? You just told me you want and need your Mommy – and here I am!"

"Bu- but- no, Angela, please-"

"Enough," she exhorted, and then her hand was closing firmly over Ron's protesting lips. "Baby, that's enough of your silly stories. Though, actually..." A sudden spark of inspiration seemed to light in her eyes, and Ron, eyes wide over her silencing hand, stared in growing anxiety. "I wonder... Maybe that's just what my Ronnie needs, hmm? Some nice little music that we can pretend will teach you to be a good baby? I bet you'd like that!"

"*MMo!* Uh-uh!" Ron protested, his full stomach sinking in despair – but Angela only laughed merrily and removed her hand. "Oh, come on, baby. Let's get you your bottle for bed. And while you drinkie-drink that all up, Mommy's going to see what she can find for you..."

Despite his already stuffed belly, Ron had never gulped down his nightly bottle of baby formula as quickly as he did now. He could now see, from his seat on the floor beside Mommy, the browser opening – the words "hypnosis to be good baby for Mommy" being typed in. *God, no, no, no-* Oh, he knew only too well what she'd find. There were dozens of files out there on those sites, perhaps hundreds, all purporting to help regress the listener back into infancy. He's heard many himself already – a few minutes of them, at least, before he'd shuddered and quaked and cum at the mere thought of such humiliating treatment. But now...

Now that he knew what months of one little file could do to his wife... What would they *not* do to him?

"Aww, such amazing files here!" He heard her exclaim as he gulped frantically at his slowly draining

bottle. "You had such a good idea, baby. I'm sure these are going to do just the trick, aren't they? Mommy will let you listen to these every night, and we can make-believe they'll teach you to be a good, sweet little baby who always obeys Mommy..."

*No, please, no- Not like this-!*

But of course he was too late. By the time the gasping bottle had fallen from his lips and he'd risen desperately to his knees in protest, Angela's hands were already plugging her husband's old MP3 player into the computer. "Oh, sweetie, I've found the nicest files – so sweet and relaxing! Come on, now – we'll get you tucked in bed now so you can start listening to your pretty new music. Won't that be so nice?"

*No- no, it won't!* Ron wanted to scream, even as his wife's hands tugged him peremptorily to his feet and they headed once more for the bedroom and the locking mittens waiting there for him. *This is all wrong- I don't want to be hypnotized, not like this- I don't-*

Or wait... did he?

For even as he shivered in horror to think of what he'd done; even as he quaked as he realized how he'd "sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind," as the saying went; even as he trembled, fearing that he too would be altered beyond recognition just as Angela had been... some dark, sordid part of his mind whispered that he might as well. She was gone beyond recall, after all: an ordinary, loving wife transformed into a confident, controlling, mommy domme. And he...

Well, perhaps if he relented – if he gave in and just let the hypnosis do its work – he could escape the sort of horror and shame he'd felt today. Perhaps he too would eventually learn to love his new role: no longer as some closeted, diaper-loving, bedwetter-wannabe, but as an out-and-proud, regressed little boy who now truly needed his Mommy more than anything in the world.