

## Sowing the Wind

### Part Three - July 2021

Well, all that was a month ago.

Since then, Ron had been living out his wet dream – figuratively and quite literally. The first shipment of diapers his wife had ever bought for him arrived only two days after his little "accident," and he'd taken care to play his hand as carefully as possible. Of course he acted absolutely ashamed of them, which only prompted ever-more enthusiastic reassurances from Angela. He looked so *good* in them, she consoled him. He was so *cute* in them, and they had such *sweet* designs, too! Oh, and didn't they feel so nice and comfortable, too?

Hell, yeah, they did. Ron was masturbating feverishly every night into their fluffy depths, thrilling every moment to the quiet crinkle of the plastic sheet beneath him, and to the sheer delight and humiliation of laying in bed with the puffy bulk of his own nighttime diaper between his legs. He *could* be a bedwetter now – and of course he made sure he played the part. Sure, he could protest to Angela about how he was purposely not drinking much before bed, but even as he did so he was secretly chugging down cup after cup of water in the bathroom before bed – all in order to give him plenty of means to be the bedwetter he feigned to be. That is, to wake throughout the night and purposely soak his diaper in a sleepy haze of arousal before drifting once more off to sleep.

No sense in wasting a good diaper, after all.

And even as he continued the pretense, waking every morning and ruefully shaking his head to Angela's now-customary, motherly concerns about whether he'd stayed dry last night, he could sense his wife's increasing investment in the situation, too. "Baby, I think I'd better help you put it on tonight," she told him barely a week later – and then of course he'd had to blush as she laughed wonderingly and good-naturedly about just how excited he seemed to be. "My little man must like me touching him like this, hmm?" she giggled, though neither of them knew whether "little man" referred simply to his stiffening penis... or to him.

Then came the night when she was feeling frisky and wanted sexy times with him... *after* she'd helped him into his diaper. "Unfortunate timing," Ron ventured, wriggling his powder-clad bottom (she'd recently picked up powder for him all on her own) in his padding. "Maybe I should take this off..." But Angela simply laughed and tugged him down onto the bed beside her. "Oh, baby, don't worry. We'll figure it out!" she'd breathed – and indeed, with a combination of her magic wand, his fingers slipping deep inside her, and his attentive mouth once more on her breasts, they did just

that.

After which she, again all on her own, discovered that her dear Ronnie seemed to adore the feeling of a magic wand buzzing insistently against his freshly diapered crotch.

But then something happened that Ron did not expect. "Oh, you're not that wet," she observed one Sunday morning as, lured by the scent of fresh coffee, he shuffled his way with rounded, pajama-clad booty to the breakfast table. "Baby, why don't we just deal with that later? A little bit longer certainly won't hurt you!" Well, Ron's heart wasn't truly in his feeble protests, of course – and so he did. Not only that – but the very next weekend, when he'd come down with a cold and lay on the sofa feeling like absolute shit, Angela had firmly insisted that he just stay padded the entire time.

"Mommy knows best," she'd smiled, bending down to feel his forehead with her cool hand. Perhaps she'd meant it as a joke the first time, of course – but Ron knew better. And sure enough, before the week was out she was regularly referring to herself as Mommy, and to him almost exclusively as "baby" or "Ronnie" or "her little man".

God, this was getting intense. He realized this the morning when he first reached into his underwear drawer and found it, much to his surprise, completely empty. *What the hell?* Oh, they were all in the wash, Angela smiled at him from the bathroom. Pity, of course. But why not just slip on a fresh diaper under his jeans? Not like anyone would notice, after all.

And so he had, and so he'd passed his first 24 hours in diapers: alternately panicking that one of his coworkers would notice, and stowing away in the bathroom, masturbating desperately to the sordid idea that his wife was deliberately pushing him back into diapers.

It was in a moment of sanity – or maybe just stubborn resistance – that he attempted to confront Angela that night. "Honey, I really don't want to- I don't need to, like, wear these things during the day," he'd complained. "It's only a nighttime thing, you know. So don't go telling me all my underwear are in the laundry when they aren't–"

Oh, that hadn't gone down well at all. She'd bristled – asked if he was calling her a liar – asserted that he was just being difficult and disobedient. "Well, let's take care of that, shall we?" she retorted in what for her was an uncharacteristically harsh tone. "Here, why don't you take a look at your precious underwear, you whiny little thing!"

And then – right before his very eyes – she'd produced the kitchen shears and snipped every single pair of boxers into shreds.

"I'm telling you: you *need* those diapers of yours, baby," she told him then, setting the shears down on the sad heap of tattered cloth and shaking her head at him with a rueful smile. "You need them, even if you might not think so. I know it, though, and so I'm going to be the one who decides when you get to wear big boy pants again, okay?" She sighed in exasperation and planted her hands on her hips, staring firmly into Ron's frightened eyes. "So you'd better get used to them and quit whining, okay? Otherwise Mommy will have to find other ways to discipline her naughty little man. I'm more than happy to spank that pretty bottom of yours, you know..."

*Discipline? Spank?!* Oh, Ron had fantasized about a controlling, sadistic mommy a few times, sure. But he'd wanted a *gentle* mommy: someone who would love him and nurture him and treat him sweetly, not boss him around and force him into potentially exposing himself as a diaper-wearing freak to his coworkers! He had to do something, and fast. That hypnosis – for that had to be the culprit, clearly – was wreaking havoc on his marriage and on his life. He just had to remove it, to stop that subliminal programming that was transforming Angela into such a controlling bitch...

It was the very next evening that he saw his chance. Angela was busy in the kitchen, and her MP3 player was all alone, unattended and alluring on the nightstand just as before. He'd just open it up, find that file, delete it before it could do any more harm...

She'd changed the pass code.

And so it was that when Angela came in, she found her husband, beet-red and stammering out excuses about how he hadn't been up to anything, just checking it for software updates. Just like a naughty little toddler, caught red-handed with chocolate smears on his face and crumbs on his fingers, she thought in exasperation. "Baby, I know you're lying to me!" she exclaimed, snatching the player from his trembling fingers. "And if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a naughty little boy who can't tell the truth-"

Oh, Ron started blurting out something as she spun him around and started yanking down his pants. He was stammering out something about hypnosis, about how he needed to fix something, how it wasn't right, how she wasn't herself- "What silly talk," she chided as she tugged down his diaper – which, she noted in passing, was already wet. And she meant it, too. What crazy, imaginative talk was her little Ronnie dreaming up now? For god's sake, he really was little better than a toddler anymore...

The first spanking – all twenty stinging swats – turned Ron into a blubbering, quivering, red-assed mess of a contrite fellow. "No more lies, baby, okay?" she asked as she tugged his cartoon-covered diaper up over his reddened bottom. "No lies, and no messing with Mommy's toys, or Mommy will have to punish again. You don't want that, do you?"

Ironically for Ron, it was this very punishment that sent him down a path to something even worse.

Oh, he didn't want Angela to be so harsh with him, truly. But he couldn't deny, much to his own shame, that every step she took and every fresh insistence on regressing him further set his libido pulsing and his hormones into overdrive. Mommy was in control, after all. She was treating him like her actual little kid, forcing him back into embarrassing, humiliating diapers. She'd turned him over her knee, spanked him like a little brat, set him sobbing and crying-

"What on earth are you doing, baby?!"

That's how she caught him the very next evening, grinding and humping his diapered crotch shamelessly against the toilet – and just when she'd told him to go brush his teeth, too. "That does it!" Angela scolded, her temper rising and threatening to choke her with indignation. "I know you can't help going potty in your pants, honey. But I'm not going to have my little Ronnie making naughty little sticky messes in his pants, not when he's supposed to save those for special times with Mommy. Come on: spankie time!"

And then, after he'd submitted to a second spanking, he'd had to sniffle back his tears and watch as she searched – and placed an order for – a whole array of items to keep him in check.

"I know my little Ronnie loves his dipies a lot," she tsked several days later, when the nightmarish shipment had arrived – far too quickly for Ron's liking. "I know they feel super nice, huh? But Mommy can't have you making naughty cummy messes in them..." And before Ron's widening eyes, she slipped a pastel pink cock cage up over his wilting penis and secured it around his balls with a resounding *click*. "There!" she smiled, with a condescending pat to her husband's flaming cheek. "Nice and safe from those pesky big boy thoughts!"

"Though just to be sure, maybe we'd better try these mittens and cuffs, too... After all, if my little Ronnie can't control himself, Mommy will just have to do it for him!"