

## Sowing the Wind

### Part One - July 2021

"I know, right? But, like, it's none of my business, frankly. And so I was like, girl, if you really want to go for it, then you should just go for it..."

Slipping an earbud free, Ron cast another furtive glance over his shoulder toward the living room and the sound of his wife Angela's avid chatter cutting through the strains of Dukas' lush orchestration. *Good. She should be busy there for awhile.* Calls with her college bestie Rhonda usually lasted a good hour at least – enough time for him to take care of his own pressing business.

What business might that be? Well, to be perfectly honest he wasn't quite sure, himself. But off went the music, open went the incognito browser, tappity-tap-tap went the keyboard... and soon images of adult men and women in very unorthodox clothing were flashing up on screen. Unorthodox, in the sense that most adults wouldn't be caught dead wearing the sort of childish outfits and puffy diapers that these did...

Ron sighed and scrolled further on, his right hand stroking absently at his crotch as the risqué images gave way to obscure message boards and forums. *God, what he wouldn't give to live out these fantasies in reality!* Here were people just like him, talking about partners that accepted them for who they were, who were willing to participate in the kink themselves, who – wonder of wonders – were actually into diapers themselves. Sure, maybe these folks were just full of BS. Maybe they were just all sharing hormone-fueled fantasies, and none of it was really real. But real or not, they did nothing but fuel the longing within: his longing to be accepted, to share this obsession, to feel the thrill of a partner willing to act as his caretaker and mommy.

It was then that a little word caught his eye. *Hypnosis.* Oh, he'd thought about it plenty before. He'd had many a merry masturbation session driven by the deliciously sordid instructions of so-called "hypnosis" tracks: tracks that purported to train the listener to be a good, regressed, diaper-filling little baby boy for mommy. They were a hell of a lot of fun, sure. But something was clicking now in his mind, something that made him see the word in a whole new light...

If hypnosis really worked – and some folks out here said it did – then why play around with only on hypnotizing himself? Why not try hypnotizing... *her?*

His breath caught at the titillating thought: Angela, his lovely wife who still knew nothing of his dark diaper-loving secret. Angela, succumbing to hypnosis without even knowing it. Angela, her

brain lulled into obedience, being instructed and seduced into becoming a good mommy to her sweet little hubby: a hubby who of course she would come to believe was nothing but a sweet little bedwetter in desperate need of diapers every single night...

God, he was going to need a cold shower soon if he didn't want to end up with an incriminating, sticky spot in his jeans.

But really, why on earth not? And then his fingers were tapping faster than ever, his scrolling driven on by the urge to find what he needed. Surely someone must have thought of this. Some talented voice actor or hypnotist must have already seen the need and filled it. All he needed to do was find the right tracks, download them, find some way to administer them...

And sure enough, here it was, just as he'd hoped: "Mommy domme hypnosis abdl cgl caretaker mdlb ageplay ds curse retraining subliminal audio". Well, if the quality was as great as the number of keywords in the title, it was bound to be amazing. Reviews were lacking, which was a bit unfortunate, but he brushed that aside. Screw reviews – he needed to give this thing a try. He had to take the chance, had to at least try to make his sordid dreams come true.

Before he lost his nerve, that is.

From the other room came a burst of female laughter. "Oh, really? I never would have guessed! No, of course not... I mean, sure, but, like, they've never been right for each other. Anyone could have told you that..."

*Good.* Angela was still busy gossiping, so he'd have plenty of time: time to slip out of his chair, to tiptoe over to the nightstand, to grab his wife's little green MP3 player, to trot back and plug it, with trembling fingers, into his laptop. Oh, perfect! She already had a playlist of white noise and relaxing audio files. All he needed to do was rename it to something inconspicuous, then tuck this three-hour file into the list and let the magic happen....

A quick listen through his earbuds confirmed that the file simply sounded like wind and water and relaxing music, with the incriminating words almost audible beneath the calming, interlocking layers of sound. "He needs you... he depends on you... you are his caretaker... his mommy... you love him... and you show your love by nurturing him and giving him what he needs..."

Perfect. Something like "Zen waterfall meditation" would be an awesome, innocent-sounding title.

And so, as he padded guiltily back to the nightstand, half mortified and half elated at what he'd just done, Ron took a deep breath to calm his nerves. No going back now. He'd just have to take the chance and see; he'd plant the seed and see what – if anything – would happen. After all, in the worst case scenario the hypnosis simply wouldn't work, right? And then he'd just take it back off and no one would be any the wiser...

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"Hey, honey! Happy Friday, huh? How was work?"

Angela met him with her usual smile, tucking back a stray strand of her blonde hair and leaning up to give him a quick kiss. "Welcome home, babe. Just got back myself a few minutes ago." She was an interior designer, a job which tended to result not only in incessant furniture rearranging but also in unpredictable hours. "Want to help get some supper going? Maybe get the grill fired up?"

It was more than three weeks now since that evening when Ron had slipped that file onto her MP3 player. He'd begun to forget about it, quite honestly; after the first few days, when his hopes had been repeatedly dashed by the complete normalcy of her behavior, he'd reminded himself that it was okay to wait. Hypnosis took time, they said. No sense in taking it off too soon.

He thought about it now as he opened the smoking grill and began flipping the sizzling burgers, and soon his mind was wandering back to a favorite, sizzling-hot fantasy of his own. He'd be waddling through the house in double diapers and a T-shirt, while his mommy wife laughed and told him that it was time to go play outside. "No, no whining!" she'd say with a laugh and a motherly pat to his bulging bottom. Little babies didn't get a say in how they were dressed. So what if the neighbors would see him? It was nothing more than a sweet little diaper baby like him deserved...

Damn. It would be amazing if that file actually did do something, wouldn't it?

Not that he was against normal sexy times, of course. He didn't mind at all how, only a few hours later in the confines of their little bedroom, he found himself stripping down as his wife gazed admiringly at the stiffening cock within his boxers. He didn't mind one bit the thrills that pulsed through him as he ran his fingers over her now-naked torso, shivering in quiet delight as his fingers brushed against a bare nipple. Of course, he mused as he straddled her and reached down to feel her growing wetness, he didn't need to tell her why he found those breasts of hers so beautiful. He didn't need to tell her how he was thinking of them swollen with milk, of his lips closing around

them, of creamy richness filling his mouth and silencing his pathetic little baby cries...

And yet, it was with a jolt of astonishment that, once he had finished, he heard through the post-orgasmic blur her low voice in his ear, punctuated by little moans of pleasure. "Oh, baby, that was so nice. You were such a good- good little guy for me. *Uubhmmmm...* Such a good little guy for Mommy..."

*'Mommy?!'*

And then her hands were slipping under his head, drawing him closer to her bare breast. "Don't worry," she murmured, almost as if in trance. "Mommy- Mommy's here- she loves you- She's gonna take good care of you..."

As Ron's lips closed around her proffered nipple, he felt a spasm of shock and delight run through him. *What the- what the actual fuck? It- it was actually working?!*