

Sowing the Wind

Part Two - July 2021

Holy crap – it had actually worked!

Ron was delirious with happiness that night as he stared sleeplessly up at the ceiling and heard his wife's soft breathing beside him. She'd actually done it. She'd called him her little guy. She'd used the Mommy word. She'd nurtured him, pulled him close, moaned and sighed in pleasure as he suckled at her breast in a daze of shock and hormones.

Angela had never, *ever* done anything like that before. And Ron could only conclude, glancing over at the sleep headphones securely wrapped around his wife's tousled blonde hair, that it could only be the work of the hypnosis file finally making itself known.

But what to do now?

He was still mulling over this question several days later. Angela hadn't once mentioned what had transpired: perhaps because she was ashamed, or more likely because she had simply forgotten, just as we all forget the things we do and say in the heat of passion. Oh, he'd tried to allude to it the morning after by thanking her, and telling her he'd had a good time, and asking if she'd enjoyed it too. And of course she'd said yes, she had. But besides that, it soon began to feel as if it had never happened: as if he'd dreamed it all from beginning to end, as if he'd finally begun to confuse fantasy with reality...

God, he wanted to experience that beautiful intimacy again. But Angela had just gone on her period, and there was little likelihood of anything like sex for the next week. He needed to say something, do something, try something that would bring out the hypnotic suggestions that were now clearly seeping into her mind.

Something like... wetting the bed?

He'd fantasized about it for years: in fact, since not that long after he'd stopped being an actual bedwetting kid. She would remind him before bed every night, of course. "Sweetie, are you wearing your sleepy-time diaper? Better go put it on now! Or do you want some help?" Of course he would want some help – and of course she'd help him into the crinkling thing with her cool fingers, teasing him ever so gently and reminding him that now her sweetie would be all safe from leaks.

And in the morning, oh how he'd love the feeling of waking up wet – of the thick, cool bulk between his legs and around his trapped dick – of her gentle laughter as he would slip out of bed and waddle toward the kitchen for breakfast, a cute little bedwetter in his obviously soggy, sagging nighttime diaper...

Yep. The fantasy never grew old despite the passing years. And now, with an actual, nurturing Mommy so tantalizingly close to becoming a reality, Ron simply had to press his luck.

Damn, this was harder than he thought!

He grimaced in the dark, feeling the throbbing of his excited penis within his taut boxers. Wetting the bed was supposed to be easy – but of course that was only if you didn't find the deed so arousing. Ron twisted quietly between the sheets, focusing on relaxing his bladder muscles and trying desperately not to think about the sheer eroticism of the act he was about to commit. *Think of ordinary, unsexy things. Think of- I dunno. Rebar. Skidloaders. Gas prices.*

In the end, the two bottles of water he'd chugged only a few hours before did have their inevitable effect. It wasn't exactly the effortless stream he'd hoped for, of course. But as the warmth hissed out of him, and as hot wetness pooled beneath him and soaked into the sheets and mattress, he reveled in the delightful feelings of shame and arousal that bubbled to the surface. *Well, no going back now! I've wet the bed. She'll see- she'll have to react- she'll- she'll-*

What will she do?

The look on her bleary-eyed face that morning was something else, Ron had to admit. Of course he'd woken before her, and lay there with half-closed eyes, watching and waiting for Angela to wake. First came the puzzlement, the patting of the sheets, the glance down between her own legs to inspect her nighttime maxi pad. And then the glance upward, the gentle lifting of the sheet, followed by the widened eyes as she saw the massive damp patch beneath her husband's sleeping form...

And then it came: the inaudible *click* within her mind, the entranced look of loving care and concern that swept over her face. "Honey," she whispered softly, her cool hand reaching down brush against his forehead. "Babe. I think someone had a little potty accident..."

Looking back, Ron mused later that day that he ought to have won an Oscar for that performance. He'd rubbed the nonexistent sleep from his eyes, and muttered to himself, and then reacted with the most genuine disgust and shame that he could manage. Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. He'd- he must have forgotten to use the bathroom- he'd drunk too much- Shit, he was so sorry-

And she'd responded just as he'd hoped: with motherly condescension, and reassurance, and even a bit of teasing. "Oh, sweetie, babe, it's okay," she consoled as they'd stripped the bed of its soiled sheets. "Everyone has accidents sometimes – even big boys! Here, I'll take care of this all for you, okay? Mom- I mean, I'll wash these up and make sure they're all nice and clean for tonight..."

Not a chance that the little "Mommy" slip-up could have escaped his notice. And all things considered, things were going just about perfectly.

If only Ron had seen what his dear wife was up to that afternoon!

Her brow furrowed as she glanced over the computer screen before her. It was something how this website's algorithms seemed to know exactly what she needed. Search for a waterproof mattress protector? Here they were, of course: but along with them came other interesting recommendations. Nighttime bedwetting alarms, for one. Leak guards for women – and men. Plastic pants, oddly enough. And even what appeared to be full-on diapers, both cloth and disposable, sized specifically for adults. *Hmm, those certainly would do the trick, wouldn't they?*

But wait. It had only been one night, one mishap, one little load of laundry. So why on earth was she feeling this sudden urge to add such unusual things to her cart?

Angela couldn't explain it, honestly. Surely it couldn't have anything to do with the dreams she'd been having lately: dreams in which she was cuddling him close, feeling him nestle against her, watching him on the floor while she gazed lovingly down from above with an inexpressible feeling of love and concern surging through her...

Surely not. These were just sensible precautions, things that would ensure that the mattress wouldn't be ruined and that her dear Ron would wake up safe and happy. And besides, she could just wait and order them tonight with him. He'd probably protest, but really, it was all for his own good. She knew best right now. Sure. Of course she did.

"Ronnie, dear," she began that evening once supper was finished. "I've been thinking about last night- you know, your accident..." He blushed, fighting back the sudden surge of arousal and shame. "Oh- um, yeah?"

Five minutes later, she had her computer out, and the eye-widening contents of her shopping cart were on display. *Holy fuck- She's- she's actually-* "Now I know what you're going to say," Angela told him, gesturing at the "adult briefs" on the screen. "But honey, I really think you ought to try them. It's just like my pads, you know? If you can't help it, you can't help it; and we really do need to protect our mattress..."

To which he muttered and protested as convincingly as he could, praying fervently that the exhilarated thudding of his heart wasn't actually audible. And then, he took the chance. "Um, but aren't those kind of- ugly? Do they have any other- like- with, I dunno, *designs*?"

And that was how, amid exclamations of delight and motherly reassurance, Ron got to watch his loving wife Angela add two packs of his favorite printed diapers to the cart, along with a plastic mattress protector and what would be his very first pair of plastic pants.

"It's all for your own good," she smiled at him now, as the order confirmations appeared on screen. "And listen, I'm so proud of you, baby – letting me take care of you and get you the things you need." Of course he mumbled and blushed, but she only grasped his arm and smiled with renewed confidence. "Hey, don't worry, honey! You're going to look so handsome and sweet no matter what I need you to wear for me, okay?"

Oh, yeah. Things couldn't be going more perfectly for her dear little Ronnie.