

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

THE BABIES AND BEDWETTERS OF BAKER ST

*An ABDL/Bedwetting Novel:
Book two of three*

FORREST GRANT

** Original author of pro-bedwetting books **

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St

The second book in the Trilogy

by
Forrest Grant

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The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

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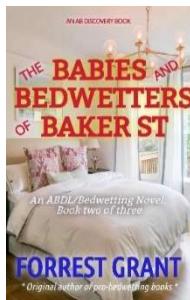
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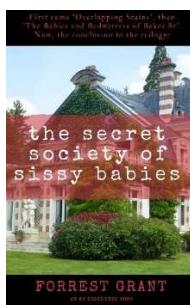
Overlapping Stains: A Bedwetting Novel



The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St



The Secret Society of Sissy Babies



The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

Contents

~ The Story so far... ~.....	9
~ Dear Diary ~	10
~ New Girl ~.....	13
~ Two Masturbators ~.....	28
~ Baker Street ~	38
~ Nappies for Richard ~	46
~ Panties, bras and lingerie ~	52
~ A Moat Around a Castle ~	70
~ Adult Nappies and More ~	81
~ Cloth Nappies and Spread Legs ~.....	99
~ Increasing the pace ~	105
~ Revisiting the past ~.....	111
~ Dressing for the Occasion ~.....	126
~ Talking it all out ~	130
~ Baby Clothes ~	149
~ Holiday ~.....	160
~ A Place for a Baby ~	166
~ Coming Out ~	170
~ Epilogue ~	179

~ *The Story so far...* ~



For those who have not read the first book in the trilogy – Overlapping Stains, here is the story so far.

Richard, a twenty-two-year-old bedwetter has moved in with Alice as a boarder. He now openly wets the bed and has taken on wearing panties and bras as well. The sheets are allowed to dry and develop stains as part of allowing him to be what he is inside. Alice spanks him every day and compulsive masturbator that he is, cumms in Alice's panties on a daily basis.

As the story ends, a new boarder – Bronwyn – comes to live with them. She too, is a chronic bedwetter who wears diapers during the day.

And then...

~ Dear Diary ~



Alice looked at the possessions of her newest boarder, Bronwyn, as they sat on the floor in her bedroom. The girl was due to arrive the next day and she was faced with quite the conundrum on how to handle her along with her other boarder, Richard.

She sighed loudly as she considered her options and next moves. There were a number of significant issues that would need to be addressed. Richard was more than simply an extensive bedwetter. He was also a compulsive masturbator and now wore girl's undergarments. Bronwyn, by all accounts, was also an equally heavy bedwetter and according to her mother, similarly, a chronic masturbator. Just to add to everything else, she wore nappies during the day as well.

"This is going to be a challenge for the ages!" she said loudly to the empty room.

As she sat down at the kitchen table, she opened her diary. While she was fine with computers and email, she liked the power

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

and authenticity of a hand-written diary, full of crossings-out, misspellings and often, her real feelings without the editing which could so empty sentences of their original meaning and power.

My biggest challenge is about to begin. Bronwyn is coming to stay with me once again and by all accounts, her behaviour is worse now than it was before. Her mum obviously wants me to bang her into shape and I suspect her overseas trip is a ploy to get away from her and get her to grow up.

Richard has been doing so well of late. He is smiling more and walking more upright and confident. Sleeping wet is working for him in a way I didn't expect but am pleased with. Not many nights does he sleep in a totally dry bed now and he seems to relish it more than I would expect. My potty is helping him a great deal and I feel an odd sense of ownership of his wet bed now. Odd huh! But when he comes home from work and empties my potty into the bed, I see him smile and he hugs me in a way that makes me feel good. His progress is what this is all about.

I am aware that I am his surrogate mother now in so many ways and I wonder if I should make that a bit more formal. Who knows? I am worried what the presence of another bedwetter in the house will do to his progress. His depression was pretty bad when he first arrived, and his confidence almost gone. His mother really did a work on him, but he is a lot better now and it is great to see. He has a lot of work to do yet to really become whole.

His spanking is going well, but he hasn't cried in over a week so I am thinking of adding ten to the tops of his legs to see if that will do it. When he cries, he is adorable, and he gets better. No tears, no growth, as my mum said and with a vengeance. But she was a bitch!

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

How he is going to handle another wet bed in the house is a worry. And I think I personally am jealous of more girl's panties in the house in case he decides mine aren't up to the job anymore.

So many issues to face! And what if they have sex? Would that be good or bad?

~ New Girl ~



“Hello, Bronwyn!” Alice exclaimed enthusiastically, as her new boarder came through the door. “Come on in!”

Twenty-six-year old Bronwyn walked inside the house she had lived in some years before. She was very excited about coming back.

“Thanks for letting me stay here, Auntie Alice,” she said. “Mum is pretty angry at me for still needing someone to look after me, but I don’t care. I am really happy to be back here again.”

Alice flashed her textbook smile.

“No problem at all dear,” she answered. “That’s what I am here for, to help little girls who still need a mum! And I wanted you here before Richard gets home so we can get things organised properly without him hanging around.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“Can I get my room sorted? Mum said all my boxes were sent here.”

“No rush, Bronwyn,” she said, her face betraying no emotion. “I’ve already unpacked all your things.”

Bronwyn visibly blanched.

“You unpacked everything already?” she stammered.

“I did,” she replied. “And I think we need to talk about that and a few other things.”

She nodded, as they walked to what was now her new room.

“Now dear. I need to establish some rules for you here, so everyone gets on well. Your mother tells me you tend to take off the waterproof from your bed sometimes. Is that correct?”

Bronwyn blushed and looked at the floor.

“Yes,” she muttered.

“Because of that, I have decided not to give you a clean mattress, but to bring out one that is already stained. Is that okay?”

She nodded again.

“Would you like to see what it looks like?”

Her eyes brightened. “Yes, please.”

Alice lifted up the quilt and sheet, briefly moving the waterproof aside to reveal the well-stained mattress.

“Do you like it?” Alice asked, hoping for insight into this girl’s odd behaviour.

“It’s wonderful!” Bronwyn answered. “How did you know?”

Alice smiled. “Dear, I’ve had multiple bedwetters here and your mother told me you deliberately take your waterproof off

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

quite a lot. I assumed you wanted the mattress to get stained. So, I thought this one would be ideal for you.”

Bronwyn slid her hand reverently over the dry stains.

“Now, I’ve given some thought to this since we last talked, and I am happy to permit you to take the waterproof off the bed two nights a week.”



“Really?” she answered, looking surprised. “You’d really let me do that? Mum always got super mad at me for doing that.”

“Yes, you may do that, but there are some conditions. The first is that you must never be embarrassed by your wet bed or your wet mattress, okay? That is part of the deal for everyone in this house. No shame!”

She nodded her agreement.

“And once a week, your mattress must go outside to dry.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“I can do that!” she agreed, just happy she could get what she wanted.

“Now, about the bedwetting,” Alice continued. “I don’t have a problem with you wetting the bed, as I know you will do it no matter what I say. But I need to let you know that I only wash Richard’s sheets once every two weeks and every weekend, his wet sheets are hung outside to dry in the open.”

“You hang wet sheets up to dry too?”

“Yes dear, on the clothesline down the side of the house.”

“Can anyone see them?” she asked.

Alice picked up the faint scent of hope in her question.

“From the street, you can just see the clothesline if you look. Sometimes, I’ve noticed a couple of people stop and stare.”

“Wow,” she whispered. “Mum is really embarrassed by my wet things.”

“That is understandable, Bronwyn. You mustn’t be hard on your mum as she did what she thinks is right. But here, no shame, remember? Wet sheets and mattresses go outside to dry regardless of who sees them because we have...?”

“No shame?” Bronwyn suggested, hesitantly.

“Exactly!”

“Does Richard pee his mattress too?” she asked.

“No, not yet, but I have been surprised he hasn’t yet. If he asks, I will let him. He has had to work through a lot of things about his bedwetting and he has found it harder to embrace my ‘no shame’ policy than I think you will. But now we need to talk about some of the things you brought over.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“I can explain – “

“You don’t need to explain, Bronwyn. I understand, but let’s talk about them just the same.”

Alice went to the bedside cupboard and opened the drawer.

“Here is where I put all your dildos and vibrators,” she said without a hint of surprise.



“I’m sorry you found them,” Bronwyn said.

“Nothing to apologise for, dear,” Alice continued. “You are a growing girl and have needs. I would have been surprised if you didn’t have any. I noticed a couple of condoms. According to your mother, you are still a virgin. Is she wrong?”

Bronwyn sighed deeply. “I keep them just in case. I’ve never had sex and not many guys are going to go for a girl wearing diapers or wetting the bed like I do. But I live in hope!”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“I imagine that would be the case, but I need to caution you about Richard,” she said. “Most guys would be wanting to get in your pants, or nappies, pretty quickly, but Richard isn’t one of them.”

“Is he gay?” she asked.

“I don’t think so dear, but he has a very strong attraction to the smell of ladies’ panties, if you get my drift.”

Bronwyn blushed involuntarily.

“Perhaps he is not alone in that,” Alice intimated.

She blushed once again.

“Richard masturbates into my worn panties twice a day and we are most open about it. Because we have...?”

“No shame.”

“Exactly. You are really getting the message. Well done!” she said. “I am telling you this because we have no secrets here as well as no shame. You will hear him masturbate at times and probably see the results.”

“I will?” she asked, surprise in her eyes.

“Yes, but it also applies to your masturbation as well. No shame in that either, so you are welcome to masturbate whenever you need. I will ask for now that you keep it to your bedroom though if that is okay?”

“Sure,” she said. “Mum has that rule too.”

“And you break it constantly, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” she sighed. “I just can’t help it sometimes.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“I might relax that rule in time. My original point is that Richard is focussed entirely on masturbation at the moment and not a girl’s...”

“Pussy?” Bronwyn offered.

“Yes, pussy. My panties are enough for him although he does masturbate in his wet bed quite a lot as well. So that brings up a concern for me which I need to discuss with you.”

“Richard may want to masturbate into your panties and probably your wet bed. How do you feel about that?”

“I don’t know,” she replied slowly. “It never really came up at home, even when dad was around. I don’t think anyone ever did that to my panties or wet bed.”

“I spoke to Richard yesterday and told him that your wet bed and panties were off-limits to him for masturbation. If and when you are willing to permit it, we can discuss it together, the three of us.”

“You talk about things like this?” Bronwyn asked.

“Of course. The only way to live properly and respectfully is to be open and honest. And I ask you to respect Richard’s wet bed as well as I know you have an interest in other people’s wet beds, hmm?”

“Mum told you about that?”

“She told me you got in your cousin’s wet bed every morning when she was living with you a couple of years ago,” Alice revealed.

“I’m so embarrassed!”

“Don’t be. Not here of all places,” Alice offered. “I am just saying that for now, Richard’s wet bed is off-limits to you as well. Later we can revisit it if things change.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“So, what you are saying is I can’t screw Richard ‘cause he’d rather screw my panties or my bed?”

“That’s more or less true. But let’s be honest here, just the two of us. You don’t really want intercourse at the moment either, right?”

Bronwyn’s shoulders slumped. “I’m happy masturbating and using my toys. The rest kind of scares me some.”

“Tell me this,” asked Alice. “Do you ever masturbate when you are not in a wet bed or a wet nappy?”

Bronwyn looked at her. It was as if Alice was reading her mind.

“Only when wet.”

“And so, the idea of intercourse when dry and clean seems...?”

“Just wrong and weird.”

Bronwyn slumped and sighed deeply.

“Well, how about we talk about your nappies then. Do you call them nappies or diapers?”

Alice opened the cupboard door and there were several packets of disposable diapers. One packet was opened already.

“I put all your nappies in this side for you. How often do you wear them?”

“Every day now, Auntie Alice,” she explained. “My panties were just getting too wet and there were too many accidents.”

She began to cry.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

"I understand, Bronwyn," she answered. "But may I ask why you don't wear these nappies to bed? They would make a lot less work and -"

"I don't think I'm ready for them yet," she replied cryptically.

"You aren't ready to give up wet sheets yet, you mean?"

Bronwyn nodded. "No, not yet. I would feel afraid if I didn't have them."

"You certainly aren't alone in that. I don't know if Richard will *ever* give up wet sheets! You remember his bed from your last visit, right?"

"Yeah, it was pretty awesome!"

"After we finish in here, go and take a look at his bed now. I think you will be even more impressed!"

"I'm allowed to? Thanks!"

"Well, when you are ready to take on night nappies," she said, using the proper English word. "I will help you with it, alright?"

"Thanks, Auntie Alice," she said.

"But no rush. You clearly aren't ready for a dry bed just yet. Now about your bedwetting..."

"Yes?"

"You understand that I have to spank you for wetting the bed, right?" she said.

"You do?", she asked. "You have to spank me? Mum doesn't spank me for it, no matter how wet it is or the mattress getting wet or like not showering or..."

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“Bronwyn,” she said, looking into eyes directly. “You will be spanked every morning for a wet bed. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Auntie.” She lowered her head as she spoke.

“I spank Richard every morning and I cannot spank him and not you. He gets forty every morning with my paddle, but for now, you will get ten for every wet bed and twenty for every wet mattress.”

“Yes, Auntie.”

“Your mum rang me this morning and told me you took the protector off your bed last night. She was angry and so she should be. What do you think you deserve for that? Can you tell me?”

“I suppose I deserve to get smacked.”

“Yes dear, you do. And I am sorry, but that is exactly what you are going to get, right now.”

“Now?” Bronwyn replied incredulously.

“Right now!” Alice replied. “Now while I go and get the paddle from Richard’s bedroom, I expect to find you bent over and your nappy and panties pulled down when I return.”

“Yes, Auntie.”

When Alice returned, she smiled as she saw Bronwyn bent over the bed, her nappy and panties pulled down. And her nappy was very wet.

“Hold still, here it comes!”

The first hit landed heavily on Bronwyn’s tender bottom. She bit her lip and tried not to cry.

The second hit was even harder.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

The third hit opened up the tears and for the remaining seven spankings, Bronwyn sobbed continually.

“You needed that, didn’t you,” Alice said, as Bronwyn faced her, tears running down her face.

“Mum wouldn’t spank me,” she admitted.

“And you wish she had?”

“Yes!” she said and then howled some more.

“And why should she have spanked you? Can you tell me?”

“For wetting my bed.”

“And what else?”

“For wetting my mattress.”

“Yes, that is naughty. Now, what else?”

She was silent.

“Come one, girl. I know there is more. What is it?”

“For masturbating outside of my bedroom.”

“When did you do that last?”

“This morning when we were having breakfast I did it to myself after I put my diaper on.”

“Your mum told me, so I am glad you were honest,” Alice said, calmly. “But I have the same rule here. When you masturbate, it must be in your room. Richard masturbates in his room and always into my worn panties, did you know that?”

“No, but I will only do it in my room. Promise.” Bronwyn’s tears had dried up.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“If everyone agrees and I feel it is safe, I may allow you two to bring your masturbation out to the rest of the house. Bronwyn, you are still acting like a child. Do you understand that?”

She nodded. Her mother had said the same thing.

“So, I have rules for you like I would for a child. We have an open-door rule here. You must not close your door, even when dressing or masturbating. Richard is the same. He is not allowed to close the door.”

Bronwyn was surprised. “Mum makes me keep my door shut so she doesn’t see my bed or my little gadgets when I use them.”

“Here is different. You are too immature to be trusted and so I must be able to see what you are doing.”

“And Richard?”

“He is not allowed in your room without your permission, but yes, he may sometimes see you masturbate. I can guarantee he will want to see your wet bed!”

“I can handle it,” Bronwyn replied. “I know I can.”

“Are you prepared to let him watch you masturbate sometimes?”

“Mum’s seen me,” she replied. “But that’s different. She gets mad.”

“I won’t get mad as long as you obey the rules.”

“Will you sit with me sometimes when I do it?”

Alice thought for a moment.

“If you want me there sometimes, you only have to ask.”

Bronwyn’s eyes brightened.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“Now let’s discuss your dummies and bottles.”

Alice opened another drawer and inside were a number of adult-sized dummies.



“You have a lot of dummies, little girl!” Alice exclaimed.
“Why so many?”

“I collect them, and Mum found them a while back and threw a lot out, so I had to hide them.”

“You don’t need to hide them here. You can use them whenever you want.”

“Whenever?” she asked, hopefully.

“Yes, anywhere and anytime you need one. Richard has been using the one you gave him almost all the time since and so, you can use it whenever you want. I think it best you don’t use one outside of the house though.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

Bronwyn grabbed a pretty pink dummy and put it in her mouth and immediately started to suck strongly.

“Now, about your baby bottles,” Alice said, opening yet another drawer filled with baby bottles.



“That’s a lot of bottles, girl. Do you use them?”

Bronwyn removed her dummy to answer the question.

“Not very often, because I can’t get enough time on my own to use them, but I really want to.”

“Hmmm,” Alice muttered. “We will need to discuss a bottle feed system for you over the next few days. It looks like it is important to you.”

Bronwyn just sucked on her dummy and smiled.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“But it has been a big day for you, little girl and I think maybe you should have a nice long nap. Now slip out of that nappy and your panties and jump into bed. We both know what to expect from you, so do not fear. And have no shame.”

With that, Bronwyn took off her nappy and the rest of her clothes and slipped into her bed, cuddling her pretty white teddy bear.

When Alice came back in to check on her thirty minutes later, she felt under the quilt and found the spreading wet patch.

She smiled and left.

~ *Two Masturbators* ~



“ Well isn’t this lovely!” said Alice, as the three of them sat down to dinner that night. “I hope we all get to be good friends!”

Both Bronwyn and Richard took their dummies out and put them besides their plates. Bronwyn had embraced permission to use her dummy whenever she wanted and had so far since, not had it far from her mouth at any time. Richard’s dummy likewise was stuck firmly in his mouth. His padded bra was also quite apparent. The openness policy was so far working quite well.

The meal had only just been consumed when Alice broke the comfortable silence.

“Richard, where are the panties I gave you?”

Richard’s eyes widened and a look of horror came over it.

“But er...” he stammered. “She is here and...”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“That makes no difference, little boy,” she commanded.

“Bronwyn knows what you do and that has not changed. Now go now, use the panties and then bring them back for inspection.”

He sat still, not breathing.

“Now!” she said loudly. “Get to your room and fill those panties or I will paddle you right here!”

Face bright red, he stood up and went to his room. Bronwyn sat silent and numb.

“You didn’t think I meant it, did you?”

She shook her head.

“No shame’ means no shame at masturbating and I will teach you both to be proud and unashamed with who you are. There is nothing more important than being comfortable with whoever you are.”

A few minutes later, Richard returned holding a folded pair of Alice’s panties, full of cum.

“Let’s take a look and see if you did as you were told.”

She unfolded the panties and placed them on the table for all to see.



“Well done, young man!” she adjudicated. “Now I hope this is the last time I need to remind you.”

“No Ma’am,” he replied, his red face slowly fading.

“Now Bronwyn, do you need to masturbate as well? You haven’t done it since you arrived, so perhaps you best go and relieve yourself as well.”

Without saying a word, she stood up and went to her new bedroom.

“Don’t shut the door please,” she reminded her. “Children’s bedrooms are not allowed to have closed doors. And you two are very definitely, children.”

As Richard and Alice sat silently at the table, they heard the quiet buzz of a sex aid as Bronwyn laid naked on her wet bed masturbating. Only a few minutes passed when they heard the loud cry of her orgasm. Richard blushed at the sound and looked down at the table.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“Do you think I don’t hear you, sometimes, Richard?” she added. “Some mornings you make quite a groan!”

Richard looked at her, face bright red.

“And when you hump your bed, I can hear the sound from two rooms away.”

This was news to Richard who, when engrossed with humping his soaked sheets, was oblivious to the crackly sound of the plastic protector and the rhythmic creaks of his bed. Then he remembered.

Shit! Bronwyn’s room is next to mine! She will hear me doing it!

When Bronwyn finally returned, with an inscrutable smile on her face, Alice directed the two boarders to the lounge-room and motioned them to sit on the couch.

“Now, you are both together we need to sort out some things, so you aren’t embarrassed or confused. Let’s start with masturbation. You both masturbate and you both do it a lot. Bronwyn, Richard masturbates morning and nights into my worn panties and is required to bring them to me afterwards for inspection. If he wishes to masturbate into his bed or anywhere else, he must ask permission first. Now, as my newest boarder, Bronwyn, you also must ask permission to masturbate. Do you have any questions?”

“So, if I need to er...” Bronwyn stammered.

“Masturbate,” Alice filled in.

“Yes, masturbate, I need to ask you first?”

“Yes, every time, please. Can you tell us both how often you do it?”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

Bronwyn's eyes revealed just how stunned she was by the line of questioning but answered anyhow.

"In the mornings when I wake up wet and again when I come home from work and sometimes in the evenings when, you know..."

"I do, dear. But you need to ask permission every time, just as Richard needs to."

She nodded.

"Now let's talk about underwear for a bit. Richard clearly wears a bra and panties all the time now. Before you moved in, he would often wear just them along with his pads. Would you both be happy for that to happen again for both of you?"

Richard nodded.

"But I wear a diaper as well. Is that a problem?"

"Richard," Alice asked. "Is that a problem for you if Bronwyn wears her nappy under her underwear around you?"

"No, of course not," he whispered, choking on his own words.

"No time like the present. Bronwyn, would you show us both your nappy and panties please?"



As she took off her jeans and top, Bronwyn revealed the wet nappy underneath her panties.

Richard stared.

"Now it is your turn, young man. Strip down to your bra and panties like you do most nights."

Feeling more confident, since he was not the only one in bra and panties, he stripped down to reveal his white panties with boy pad and girl pad inside.



“Now that is much better,” Alice exclaimed, clapping her hands. “You both need to be comfortable the way you are, so do just that. And Bronny, clearly Richard wears pads so please be understanding.”

When bedtime arrived, Alice followed Richard to his room. She had a look of concern on her face.

“I notice the potty hasn’t been emptied today, little girl. Care to explain?”

“I didn’t want Bronwyn to see me carrying it.”

“And you were embarrassed that you put my pee in your bed, hmm? Do you not appreciate it anymore?”

“No, I want it, I just don’t want her to laugh at me,” he replied, trying to stay calm.

“She won’t, that I can promise you.”

Alice smiled, remember the horror in Christine’s voice as she described her daughter Bronwyn, storing up pee during the day to put in her bed at night. She had been doing it since she was twelve years old.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“Bronwyn, can you come into Richard’s room please?” Alice called out loudly.

“Please don’t let her see my bed like this!” he pleaded.

His bed was already soaking wet, edge to edge as he was on day ten of his wet bed cycle.

“Yes, Auntie Alice,” she said, as she walked into the bedroom. Richard’s bed was open and soaked and he was wearing just a nightie and bra. He was mortified.

“Bronwyn, I didn’t tell you before, but we have a special potty system in place here for Richard’s benefit.”

“A potty system?”

“It means that instead of using the toilet during the day, I pee into a special potty in my room and when Richard gets home, he can pour it into his bed if he wants to.”

“Wow!” she exclaimed. “Really? That’s amazing! You really are lucky.”

“But it seems like Richard doesn’t want it, so it looks like I will have to empty it in the toilet.”

There was an awkward silence for a moment, as the unstated offer came into play.

“Could I have it?” Bronwyn asked.

“Of course. Go to your room and I will bring it in” Looking at Richard, she added, “It looks like you will both need to share the potty now.”

Then Alice giggled uncharacteristically, as she walked to her room to retrieve the half-filled bucket of pee. When she arrived at Bronwyn’s room, she was lying on her bed, naked, the sheets already wet from her nap. She was smiling.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“I used to do this when I was little until mum stopped me,” she admitted.

“Your mum told me and so here it is again for you to enjoy,” she said, placing the bucket on the floor next to the bed.

“Could you help me with it?” Bronwyn asked, her eyes bright and excited.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Can you empty it in the bed for me?”

Alice mulled for a few seconds before lifting the pee bucket and slowly tipping it over Bronwyn’s stomach and between her legs. A pool of cold urine formed instantly and then slowly spread to every corner of the bed.

Bronwyn smiled.

“That’s not the first time someone has done that for you, is it?” Alice commented. “But we can talk about that later. For now, you need to go to sleep.”

As she turned to leave, Bronwyn whispered to her. “Auntie, can I masturbate please?”

Alice smiled as she gave her permission. She had expected no less. On her way past Richard’s room, she poked her head in and said. “You can masturbate now, Richard.”

As she opened the door to her own bedroom, she heard the cracking sound of a plastic mattress protector as Richard thrust into the wet sheets. And in the other room, fast fingers induced a barely stifled scream of orgasm.

Alice was pleased. The day had gone better than she had hoped. And both of her charges heard each other climax.

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

This might work out better than I feared! They are really quite alike in so many ways. And wow, can they masturbate! It's only a matter of time before they have intercourse.

Alice rarely masturbated. In fact, it had been many years, but that night she allowed herself the pleasure of an orgasm as she congratulated herself on getting two childish bedwetters settled and sorted and hopefully, out of each other's panties – or nappies. At least for the time being.

As the orgasm faded, she cried silently, thinking of her children and the past that still haunted her.

~ Baker Street ~



Dear Diary. I am very pleased with myself. We have survived two weeks of two bedwetters in the house and so far, little to complain about. Richard has struggled a little to be more open around the house, but Bronwyn has no problems at all. Perhaps too few problems, if I am honest.

The two are getting on extremely well and most mornings they compare wet beds and giggle like little girls. My potty is now shared between them and that is working out better than I hoped. Bronwyn has had 4 nights of no protector and the mattress is really getting soaked. The two of them have been good at putting the mattress out to dry and seem to enjoy doing it together. And putting wet sheets out to dry in the open seems to be working fine as well. Richard hasn't asked for his protector to be removed yet, but I know he will soon. He is still a bit hesitant to ask me for things still.

Bronny really is a chronic masturbator and worse than her mother told me. Every morning and twice in the evenings is common

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

*and on days off work or weekends, it can be four or five times a day!
She has asked to do it out of her room, but for now, I am saying no.*

Richard has a few tears when I spank him, maybe twice a week. Bronny is handling it well and I think it is working for her as well.

As I expected, Richard is more interested in her wet beds than her wet pussy LOL. He has, however, shown a secretive interest in her wet nappies. I know he masturbated into one only yesterday. I didn't call him on it, but if he does it again, I will have to make it an issue.

I am surprised at how well they are getting on. I was afraid of them having sex and yet, that seems to be little risk. They are like children in adult bodies. And they are barely toilet trained.

Until tomorrow...

It was 9 am and Alice had just finished writing her diary entry for the day.

The phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Good morning, am I talking to Alice Carter?”

“Yes, that’s me.”

“Well Alice, I have some very good news for you. I am from the National Lottery and it is my great pleasure to inform you that you have won twenty million pounds in last night’s draw.”

Alice was speechless.

“Oh my,” she said quietly into her phone.

“If it is okay with you, we can come over to your home and fill in the forms so you can receive the money in fourteen days.”

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St ||

“Yes, that’s fine,” she answered robotically, the shock of the win overcoming her.



Alice cooked.

She cooked and cooked and cooked.

She loved to cook and when she was stressed – or excited – she liked to make food. And so, it was when the two boarders arrived home that evening, they were met with the smells of a full roast with all the trimmings and a bottle of wine.

Alice was grinning from ear to ear.

“What’s the special occasion, Auntie Alice?” asked Bronwyn.

“Tell you after dinner, but for now, would you both please go and masturbate and Bronny, it’s your turn for the potty, but it’s not as full as usual, sorry.”

As Alice pottered around waiting for them to finish, she heard Bronwyn’s noisy climax at the same time as Richard presented his offering of cummy panties.