



*An AB Discovery Book*

# The Bedwetter's Travel Guide

Wetting the bed around  
the world

*A brief history and guide to some of the  
bedwetting-positive travel destinations around the  
world where you can wet safely and openly.*

**FORREST GRANT**

The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:  
Wetting the bed around the world



# The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

*Wetting the bed around the world*

*Forrest Grant*

*A (mostly) fictional account of wetting  
beds, cots, and nappies while  
travelling the world*

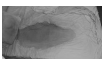
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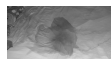
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2 wet beds





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## **Other Books from Forrest Grant**

The Joy of Bedwetting

Overlapping Stains

The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St

The Bedwetter's Travel Guide

The Joy of Nappies

Growing up a Bedwetter

Three Sissy Babies

## **Other Books from AB Discovery**

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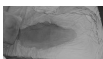
The Six Misfits – the seventh misfit

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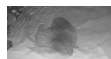
The Adult Baby Identity – Healing Childhood Wounds

Living with Chrissie – my life as an Adult Baby

The Adult Baby Identity – a self-help guide



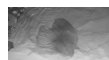
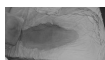
3 wet beds



## The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*



The Adult Baby Identity – the dissociation spectrum  
Becoming Me – The Journey of Self-acceptance  
Living happily as an Adult Baby  
Adult Babies and Diaper Lovers – a guidebook  
There's still a baby in my bed!  
So, Your teenager is wearing diapers!  
Where Big Babies Live  
Home Detention  
Adult Babies: Psychology and Practices  
Coffee with Rosie  
Being an Adult Baby  
The Three Chambers  
A Brother for Samantha  
Mummy's Diary  
The Hypnotist  
Chosen  
The Snoop  
The Washing Line  
My Baby Callum  
A Baby for Felicity  
The Regression of Baby Noah  
A Baby for Melissa and her Mother  
Baby Solutions  
Discharged into Infancy  
The English Baby  
A Mother's Love  
The Psychiatrist and her Patient  
The Reluctant Baby

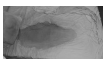


# The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

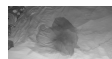
*Wetting the bed around the world*



The Book Club Baby  
The Rehab Regression  
The Daycare Regression  
The Aeviternity Gateway  
A Woman's Guide to Babying Her Partner  
The ABC of Baby Women  
Me, Myself, Christine  
Diaper Discipline and Dominance  
The Epitome of Love  
Australian Baby: a life of nappies, bottles and struggles  
Fear and Joy: a life in and out of nappies  
The Fulltime, Permanent Adult Infant  
Sissy Babies: the ultimate submissive



5 wet beds



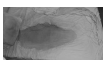
# The Bedwetter's Travel Guide:

## *Wetting the bed around the world*

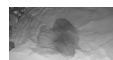


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6 wet beds





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# The Bedwetter's Travel Guide

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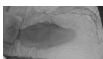


**I** awoke that fateful morning as I did every morning.

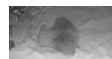
**I was wet.**

My bed was wet and my nightie and panties were equally wet. The morning promised sunshine and warmth and as I stepped out of the bed that was soaked, I saw the tidelines of many previous wet nights. It made me smile. I saw beauty in wet sheets and always have.

As I stretched out and walked to the front room to see the beauty of the gardens opposite my house, I spotted something unusual and unexpected by my front door, just underneath the mail slot.



7 wet beds



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Wetting the bed around the world



It was a brochure.

The days of personal mail were long gone and the only deliveries through that slot were bills, more bills, and the occasional speeding fine. I had a 'no junk mail' sign out front, so even that source of printed rubbish was almost non-existent. But as I picked up the glossy 12 by 8-inch brochure, I saw that it was not mere junk mail, thrown randomly in the hope that it might attract interest in one per cent of its readers. This brochure was targeted at me, directly at my specific interests.

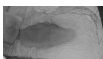
It was expensively produced and as I held it in my hands, I felt as though my life was suddenly exposed and yet, I was not concerned. The fact that I was a bedwetter was an open secret. I took the 48-page brochure into the kitchen and sat down, still very wet from my sleep. I looked at the front page for a minute without opening it and simply marvelled.

It was entitled *"The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: wetting the bed around the world"*.

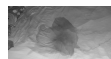
The front page had a photo of an English country house with lovely gardens and upfront was a clothesline full of bedsheets. What was most noticeable was that one of the sheets had pee stains, overlapping each other – a bedwetter's sheet.

My hands were shaking as I carefully turned the page. It had this simple message in large print:

*"Being a bedwetter can make travel difficult for obvious reasons. This guide is a listing of*



8 wet beds





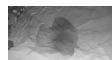
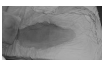
*all the places you - a bedwetter – can go to and stay with zero problems. This guide lists not only bedwetter-tolerant but also bedwetter-positive destinations. And in some locations, you will also find bedwetter-only locales where everyone you meet will be like you – a bedwetter.*

*Enjoy travelling again and meet other bedwetters and those who appreciate the fine art of wetting the bed with style and pleasure.”*

Along the top and bottom of the page were twelve photographs of bedrooms. In every single one, the quilt was pulled back and the wet patch was visible. I was stunned and almost afraid to turn the page once more and lose the impact of those twelve glorious beds. But I did turn the page.

What I found was a table of contents to a comprehensive guide to what looked like a hundred or more places that bedwetters could go to.

For the next hour, I turned each page and read the description of each place. There were Bed and Breakfasts. There were private homes. There were boutique hotels that offered 'private bedrooms'. There were motels and even a few caravan sites that offered bedwetter caravans.





To say that I was stunned is an understatement.

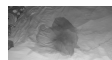
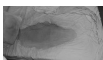
As I stood in the shower, I mulled over every page I could remember. There was one very obvious difference from this brochure and the countless others you might encounter. It was 2019, but there were no websites, no email addresses, no social media. Every location had just one phone number and one person's name plus a physical mailing address.

If not for the exquisite quality of the brochure and the at times stunning photography, it felt like a 1980s effort, before the internet put www and @ symbols on everything.

As the hot water rained over me in the shower, I stood still, just considering what this all might mean. The brochure was obviously not some fake, troll's attempt to upset me or to try and extort me. It would have cost thousands to produce this brochure and the quality of the photography was at a professional level with proper lighting and post-production. Among the photographs of bedrooms and facilities, there were 96 (yes, I counted them!) first-class photographs of wet beds ranging from small patches to full-length, multi-night wet beds.

But what really took my interest was not the Australian, American, Canadian, Brazilian and French locations, but rather, the B&B located less than thirty miles from my home. It accepted bedwetters like me.

The shower was long, hot and yet very little actual washing took place until the last fifteen seconds when I finally began the task of washing away a night in a soaking bed. I didn't always wash so carefully and if I had no plans on going out, usually showered not at all. The smell of being a bedwetter was nothing I was ashamed of,





but I also knew that mine was a minority opinion. I still had to live in this village.

As I laid on my change table and pinned my nappy on, I suddenly remembered the time I had wet the bed in a private home. The bed was unprotected and when I awoke, the sheets and mattress were very pee-soaked.

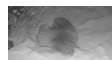
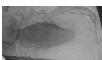
Martha was her name and she was a treasure. Upon admitting what had happened, she simply took charge, stripped off the wet sheet and left the mattress to dry. The multiple stains on the old mattress demonstrated that it was not only not the first time, but it was probably the hundredth time it had happened. I was young, I was nervous, and I was still irresponsible, but Martha handled it with aplomb. But as most bedwetters will attest to, wetting someone else's bed rarely goes down so well.

After pulling on my plastic pants and girl's panties, I clipped my bra on and put a shirt and trousers on over the top. Nothing special, nothing unusual, but today was not a usual day. The brochure had also come with a little yellow post-it note.

*Forrest, I hope you can make use of this and I hope we meet in a wet bed some time. Love, Dahlia.*

Who was Dahlia? I could not specifically remember anyone of that name. And I wanted to know who she was. I imagined she had to be a bedwetter like me, but why come over to my house during the very early morning and anonymously drop off such a remarkable gift?

I knew most of the residents in my village and there was no Dahlia here. And the note didn't even let on that she was from my



## The Bedwetter's Travel Guide: *Wetting the bed around the world*

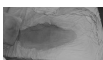


country, never mind my county. I was intrigued and a little nervous as well. The fact that I was a bedwetter was well-known online, but not my address. This Dahlia knew me better than I knew her.

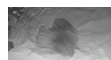
It was a question I had to answer.

I grabbed the brochure and opened it to page eleven and looked at the description of **“Agatha’s Wet Bed and Breakfast”**. It was then that it occurred to me that a brochure of this kind would have had a print run of a thousand or more.

Who else had a copy? How many other secret bedwetters travelled the country and the world staying only at places that permitted and encouraged wet beds?



12 wet beds





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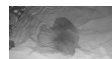
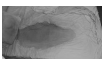
## Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast

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**A**gatha Houseman's charming two-storey, five-bedroom establishment is set in lush surroundings with two walking trails nearby. One of the double bedrooms is set aside exclusively for bedwetters, while two others are easily able to be readied for bedwetters of any size, age, gender or wetness level.

*Featuring bedrooms with classic old-world charm and style, you will be welcomed to*





*wet her beds at your leisure and comfort. Bedwetters may choose their protection type and sheet and pillow styles. Laundering of all wet-wear, including nappies/diapers, are available on request.*

I sat reading the short description of Agatha's B&B and wondered how I could have not been aware of her existence in the years and decades of wetting my bed. I read it dozens of times before finally grabbing my phone and calling the number.

"Agatha's wet bed and breakfast," the person on the other end answered almost immediately. "How can I help you?"

*She answered using the term WET BED and breakfast! Was she really that open about it or was this a private number just for bedwetters?*

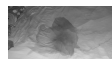
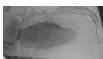
"Um... I was just wondering..." I stammered. I kicked myself. I was not backward in talking and writing about my bedwetting and yet, here I was stammering like a teenager.

"It's fine dear. I expect you are a bedwetter and want a safe place to stay, am I correct?"

"Yes, that's right," I replied, relieved that we were on the same page.

"When do you want to book and for how long?"

"I was thinking as soon as possible and for three days, if that is convenient?" I asked, finally overcoming my stammering.





"That would be very easy to do, dear. You can come today if you wish and I only have one other non-bedwetting guest at the moment, so the wet room is free."

*The wet room!*

It was the nonchalant way she used the term that both made me feel welcomed and yet, nervous at the same time.

"My last bedwetter left three nights ago and I haven't yet prepped the room, so I need to ask what kind of prep you want. Do you want me to list the options?"

"Er... yes please," I replied, not at all sure what the 'options' might be in a wet room.

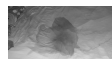
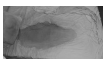
"Okay dear," she began. "You can choose between absorbent mattress protection and we use cotton covered absorbent brolly sheets or you can have plain plastic protection. You can also choose white or pink sheets and pillows and we have girls' or boys' quilts to choose from."

"Wow," I replied, genuinely impressed with the idea of such a variety of bedding. But before I could begin to make my choices, she added another option.

"But there is another choice if you want, and it is a bit more specialised and so pleased don't take offence."

"I won't."

"If you wish, I can leave the current sheets and protection on the bed. The last bedwetter slept on it for five nights and one side of the bed is probably dry now and stained and the other clean. It is



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pink with absorbent mattress protection. So, if you want, I can leave that on."

I was genuinely stunned at the choice. Not from revulsion, of course. Quite the contrary. I've slept in more pre-stained beds than clean ones.

"I think I'd like that stained option better, if that's okay."

"Of course, dear. I'm sorry she left a few days ago and so it will be pretty dry now. But we can't always have what we want!"

Over the next few minutes, I gave her my information and found out the details of where to go to find her B&B. As I packed a small bag to go on the very short journey, I felt as if I was embarking on something truly special and exciting, not just a 35-mile journey along roads I had driven many times before. But there was a side road I would be taking, and it was going to be very interesting indeed.

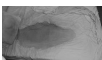
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I parked my small car in front of the home in a small gravelled section set aside for the purpose. As mentioned on the phone, there was one other car there that looked like a family SUV.

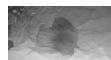
As soon as I went to knock on the front door, it suddenly opened from inside.

"Forrest Grant, I presume?" the smiling middle-aged woman asked rhetorically.

I nodded and dragging my suitcase behind me, I went inside, following Agatha's lead. She took me up the staircase and to the room at the rear of the building. As she opened the door, I took one



16 wet beds





deep breath of the air and smiled automatically. It was a bedwetter's room and had the unmistakable odour of pee-wet sheets. But beneath the smell of fresh pee, there was that recognisable scent of long-term bedwetting – the trace of pee in the curtains, the slight odour of the bedding and the sixth sense that every bedwetter has. We all know a long-term bedwetter's room when we are in one. We don't have to sit on the crackly mattress protector or see the stains on the sheets. We just... know.

This was very definitely a bedwetter's room.

"The bathroom is at the end of the hall and breakfast is at 7 am. Will you be needing nappies washed or anything else?"

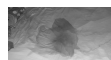
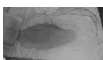
"Yes, nappies and knickers and if you are okay with it, my bra too."

I didn't really need my bra washed nor my knickers and my nappy was only slightly damp, but I couldn't help but take up the option that was given. My exhibitionist streak is only ever barely under control.

"If you want to change your nappy, just give me your bra and knickers and I should get them clean for you by tonight."

As she closed the door, I quickly pulled back the quilt to see what the bed looked like. It was dry, but there were multiple pee stains on one side and as I lowered my face to it and inhaled the scent, I could imagine the person who had emptied out there only days before.

Being an incorrigible snoop, I decided to check out the state of the mattress. It is something I have done for years whenever I travelled, to see if bedwetters had preceded me. While I routinely





wore nappies to bed so as not to incur the wrath of proprietors, I often found the odd stain or two on mattresses. This time, however, it was a bit different.

There were about thirty rather obvious stains on this mattress. This mattress had taken quite a number of unprotected assaults.

I changed my damp nappy and took off my bra and knickers and put a fresh set on and then went downstairs to find Agatha to give her my 'washing'. I found her in the downstairs living room saying goodbye to a couple and their two children as they were heading off to their next destination. We were alone.

"Thanks for these, Forrest," she said as she took my washing. "I will get them washed for you."

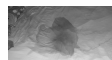
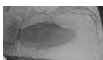
"I was pretty excited to find out that you accepted bedwetters," I said, trying to start a conversation. "I never knew you were here."

"I've been taking bedwetters for about four years now after a lady asked me if I was interested in the idea," she replied in her matter-of-fact voice.

"Us bedwetters usually struggle to find places that will take us, even with nappies, but without nappies..."

"You get thrown out or abused?" she added.

I sighed deeply. I had experienced both of those. "What made you decide to take on bedwetters like this? I mean, you are so open and accepting of it."





Agatha smiled. Her face was inscrutable and I knew a secret awaited.

"Do you really want to know?"

I nodded.

"Come this way."

Agatha led the way through the living room, past the kitchen, and down the hallway to a room marked 'Private'. As she opened the door, the secret was instantly revealed.

The queen-size bed was wet. Pee wet.

"Does that explain it enough for you?"

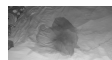
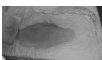
I nodded once more.

As we walked back to the living room, Agatha explained some more.

"When I had my first daughter, I started wetting the bed again. Doctors couldn't find the problem and daytimes were fine but at night, I would wet almost every night. I stopped as a young child so there was no real history, but at twenty-three, I was wetting the bed every night. And as you can see, it is not a small amount."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I answered genuinely. I might enjoy a wet bed, but most people do not, and I assumed it wasn't Agatha's choice either.

"Long time ago, now, dear," she said with a happy face. "But it would be fair enough to say, that it didn't work out well in my



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marriage. He hated the wet sheets and was totally averse to nappies and after a few years, he left and I truly don't regret it."

"Your story is not unique," I offered, weakly.

"Oh, I know that, dear. After he left, I was able to find a continence support group and I found there were a lot of bedwetters around – a lot more than I realised. And I only had one child and this large house and so I was able to have some of my new-found friends over and the beds were protected and so..."

"You let other bedwetters sleepover?"

"Yes. It wasn't very often of course, but a handful of times, some of my support group would sleep over knowing that a wet bed here was not a problem."

"That's wonderful. I bet they appreciated it."

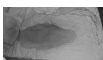
"They did and I enjoyed the fact I was offering a safe haven for them when so many other places were denied them."

"So, what made you offer it to other bedwetters like me?"

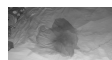
"I assume you have the Travel Guide?"

"Yes, I do. It arrived this morning and I wanted to try it out straight away."

"That's very enthusiastic, Forrest!" she exclaimed. "About four years ago, a woman called me up and asked if I wanted to join a network of bedwetter-safe B&Bs. The idea sounded good to me and she sent me a copy of the 2010 Bedwetter's Travel Guide to check out."



20 wet beds





"I did not know this network existed," I protested. "I would have been using it before now if I knew about it."

"That's the thing that intrigued me. The woman told me that the network was invitation-only so that I would never end up with irresponsible, ne'er do wells or wannabes or those who would abuse the privilege." Then she looked at me and pointed her finger and added, "Sounds like you just got approved!"

"Wow!" I replied, finally understanding what had happened. "I am a fully approved bedwetter?"

"Sounds like it!"

"And so, you kinda *get* bedwetters like me?" I asked.

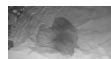
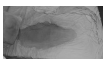
"Of course, my good friend. I get that you like wet beds and I get that you wear nappies and bras and knickers. Most of the men that come here also wear nappies and panties. And the women... the women are usually just as wet as you guys!"

She laughed infectiously as she told of couples that wet the bed together and singles that just relished the opportunity to wet the bed openly and without shame.

"A lot of adult bedwetters suffer at the hands of others, but not here and not in any other places in the network."

"Do you..." I stammered again. "Like bedwetting too?"

"Not like you, dear," she replied. "It doesn't worry me anymore and I change the sheets just once a week, so I am a *little* like you, but only a little."



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*Wetting the bed around the world*



Her smile made me feel welcome. It was probably a good thing she wasn't a bedwetting fetishist or life-styler like me. It made the whole setup feel more genuine.

"Do you get busy here?" I asked, noting that I was the only guest at the time.

"In summer we are booked out solidly and the wet room is rarely empty, and I often have to bring in the second wet room as well. This time of the year, we are usually about half-full but come winter, the bedwetters come out in force."

"Really? In winter?"

"In winter, I turn the heat up and for a month, I make all five bedrooms, wet rooms. They are usually all occupied and in that month, it means that wearing wet pyjamas or nighties to breakfast is acceptable."

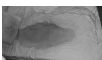
My mind immediately visualised five or more bedwetters in wet PJs or nighties sitting around the table having breakfast like it had been at times for many of them growing up as bedwetting children.

"Damn," I exclaimed. "I missed that!"

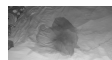
"Well, you are the only guest and I have none booked in until three days' time so, if you want, you are free to wear your wet things to breakfast."

I grinned stupidly. My exhibitionism was going to get a bit of a chance!

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22 wet beds





I arrived back at Agatha's Wet Bed and Breakfast just after dark after spending time wandering the shops and streets of the local village. I had been there before but now, I was killing time as well as exploring the quaint streets and paths.

Seeing no one around, I slipped up to my room and laid down on the stained bed and changed my very wet nappy. I was a fan of cloth nappies and so when I pulled the plastic pants down, the sheets beneath me began to get damp and that was fine by me!

The room had a TV mounted on the wall and so I propped up the pillows and got ready to spend the evening in bed. I put on fresh panties, changed into my 'night-time' bra on and slipped on a satin nightie. With my dummy in my mouth, I was set and ready for a night of whatever was on free-to-air TV. Football replays and a gardening show was all there was available, but I was content and happy and best still, minutes later, the bed began to get wet as I slowly and happily peed on it.

Around 9 pm, there was a knock on my door.

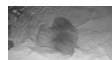
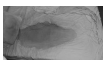
"Just me!" called Agatha. "I have your washing for you."

"Come on in," I replied, getting up to open the door, which had a privacy lock on it.

"Here is your washing," she repeated, as she walked in and placed the small pile of nappies, panties, and bra on the low cupboard. "I see you are off to an early start!"

My nightie and panties were already very wet and the patch on the bed was already sizable. I grinned.

"I love your choice of bras, by the way. You certainly have good taste!"





And with that, she left, closing the door behind her.

I did have good taste in bras and knickers as well as camisoles, stockings and other lingerie. I was helped by having a friend in the business who fitted me for a bra many years before and had continued to do so as I had gotten older and my breasts had swelled. She made sure I had the very best in lingerie.

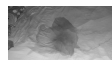
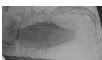
What she hadn't mentioned was the obvious colour of my night-time bra. It was technically white, but it was heavily pee-stained. It was an expensive and very comfortable bra, but it had been a month since it was last washed and it was worn during every wet night. And my wet patches rarely failed to rise to bra height and beyond.

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I awoke early in the morning before the sun had risen. There was some light still coming through the window and as always, I slipped my hands underneath myself to measure the extent of my bedwetting. I smiled to myself when I realised that the wetness extended to my knees and the pillow my head was lying on was also damp.

*Wet pillow! Well done! I wonder if Agatha will comment?*

I laid in the soggy bed, happy and content. The room was heated and so I was not cold and being a naturally warm-blooded person, the bed was also warm and inviting. As I usually did, I deliberately pushed my bladder to empty out the remains of my night-time pee only to find very little left. Years of training had taught my bladder that bed was the proper place to empty out and to do so fully.



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An hour later, the sun was up and a little light filtered into the room and I sat up and admired the wetness. In the dim light, I could make out a few other tide-marks of previous bedwetting, indicating that the person who slept in these unwashed sheets could also make a sizable patch. The smell of the wet bed was arousing and before long, I was sliding up and down the wet sheets, clad only in my soaking panties and my now very wet bra. My wet nightie was discarded on the floor. It was my familiar routine to masturbate in my wet bed every morning.

I was nearly at orgasm when the door suddenly opened and in walked Agatha.

“Good morning, Forrest,” she exclaimed. “I hope you slept well.”

The quilt was pulled back and the extent of my wetting was fully visible, along with the erection in my nearly-transparent wet panties.

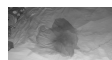
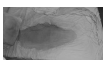
“Really well, thank you. The bed was very comfortable.”

As I focussed on Agatha, I realised she was wearing just her nightie and it was soaking wet as well. There was silence for a moment as the two of us – open bedwetters – looked at each other.

“I am making breakfast if you would like to join me in the dining room. There is just the two of us, so you don’t need to get dressed.”

“I just need to er... finish...” I stammered pointlessly. She had clearly seen me humping the wet bed when she opened the door.

“Would you like to see my wet bed?” she whispered.





It took just a few seconds to understand her meaning and I stepped out of my bed, urine still soaking my skin along with my bra and panties.

I walked slowly to her room, taking the time to try and understand what was happening and to make sure I didn't mess up. As Agatha opened her bedroom door, I saw her wet bed and smiled.

It was gorgeous.

There were tidemarks that I hadn't noticed the night before. Many of them, in fact, and the centre of the bed was soaking wet and spreading.

"May I?" I asked, pointing to the bed.

"Of course," she answered, knowingly. "Get on in!"

I carefully laid on my back on her wet bed. Initially a bit cold, it quickly warmed up and I looked at Agatha's face. She was smiling as I enjoyed her wet bed.

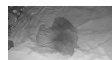
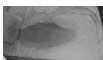
"Is it okay?" she asked, wanting praise for her wet bed.

I understood that sentiment perfectly. I understood that wet beds could be graded, scored, approved of and enjoyed. Whenever my wet bed was praised as a child or teenager, I had grinned stupidly.

"It's lovely!" I said genuinely, as my erection grew to full length and poked out of my inadequate panties. "May I finish?"

"Of course. Can I stay while you finish?"

I nodded and rolled over on my stomach and began to thrust and slide in her surprisingly wet bed. The plastic sheet beneath me





crackled some, announcing each thrust and retreat in the search for orgasm.

It did not take long before my climax arrived and my penis erupted. Pointing out of my panties, I deposited onto her sheets.

Agatha grinned as I sat up, my white semen distributed over her sheets.

"Time for breakfast then?" she announced.

Sitting around the dinner table, both clad in wet nighties and underwear was a bit surreal, but very nice just the same. We ate and talked and the fact we were both bedwetters was an obvious given, but of no concern.

"Do you want your sheets changed?" she asked as the meal ended.

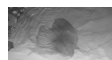
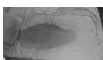
I laughed. "No, I really, really don't. They are just starting to look good!"

Agatha laughed in response as well. "I get that. I really do. Most of my wet bed patrons want their sheets left on. A bit like a trophy really."

"How often do you change your own bed, Agatha?" I asked, hoping I wasn't prying.

"About once a week, more or less," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "If the wet rooms are occupied, I feel less like washing them."

"I guess you get to see a lot of wet beds around here?"





"Yes, a lot of them and occasionally, people who don't say they wet the bed also do it, but in unprotected beds by accident."

"Do you complain?"

"I make them pay a fee for extra cleaning, but the truth is that if someone really soaks and stains a mattress, I keep it and put it in one of the wet rooms when someone doesn't want mattress protection."

"Do a lot of people reject mattress protection?"

"About a quarter want to wet the bed and mattress."

"Would it be okay if I took the waterproof off the mattress too?"

"Of course, dear," she said, almost enthusiastically. "I will take it off when you are out this morning."

I wasn't taking notice of myself and as soon as I stopped talking, I felt the warm pee run down my leg.

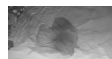
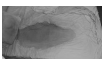
*Shit! I'm wetting myself without a nappy on!*

My bladder control was minimal at best and without conscious effort, non-existent.

"I'm sorry, Agatha!" I explained, apologetically. "I can't help it! I need to go and get my nappy on."

"That's fine dear," she said. "Easy to clean up. But do you need a hand getting your nappy on? I have put more than a few of them on people."

"Okay," I replied, relishing yet another opportunity to be an exhibitionist.





Back in my room, I retrieved and folded a thick cloth nappy and lacking any other place to lay it down, laid it on top of the wet bed. Now fully erect once again, I laid back on the nappy as Agatha gathered the corners of the nappy and expertly pinned them together.

The nappy was already quite damp from the wet bed as I pulled up my pink plastic pants. I took off my soaking wet and badly stained 'night-time bra' and hung it over the edge of the bed to dry out. I chose a red lace bra with a naughty smile.

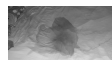
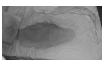
*This bra will show through my clothes and people will know I am wearing it! I don't care!*

Agatha watched the entire dressing sequence including wearing a baby-style onesie over the top. True to expectation, the red bra was slightly visibly under my t-shirt along with the A-cup breasts I was now sporting.

Not having showered, the smell of wet bed – and not just my own – hung to my body like a badge of honour. I remembered once again, an older woman who had once smelt me and engaged in a discussion about the problems of bedwetting with me. Everywhere I went... wet beds everywhere!

I drove around the local areas checking out side roads that barely qualified for the name, saw old farmhouses, broken down buildings and the smell of fresh air that a city dweller rarely experienced. On the edge of that freshness was the smell of a bedwetter – a smell I enjoyed and a smell I was proud of.

When I returned to Agatha's Wet bed and Breakfast, I was disappointed to find another car in front. Obviously one of the





rooms was about to be rented. I was hoping to be openly wet again, but it was perhaps too much to ask for.

"Mr. and Mrs. Collins have arrived, Forrest," she remarked quietly, as soon as I walked through the front door towards my bedroom. "They are in one of the dry rooms."

It was quaint how she had wet rooms and dry rooms.

I opened the door and saw my wet bed open and drying out. The aroma was strong, despite the open windows, but very arousing. My nappy was soaking wet after a half-day of exploring the district and I took the opportunity to change into a dry one. I couldn't risk another accident, especially with non-bedwetting guests.

Dinner felt a little bizarre. While it was only a bed and *breakfast*, it was Agathas' idea to often invite one or more of the patrons to dinner in her private section of the house. That night it was me and the Collins' sitting around a small table with Agatha.

I still smelled of pee somewhat. I noted that Agatha, however, had showered and the only smell of pee was on my own body. Not that I cared. My red bra was still noticeable and our other guests noticed but said nothing. Agatha seemed to enjoy the subtextual commentary of my crossdressing.

After dinner, I retired to my room where the sheets were now more-or-less dry and sat in them reading a book. My nightie was stained and my dummy relaxed me while my incontinent bladder continually wet the sheets beneath me. The mattress protection had been removed and so much of the pee flowed through to the mattress below.

