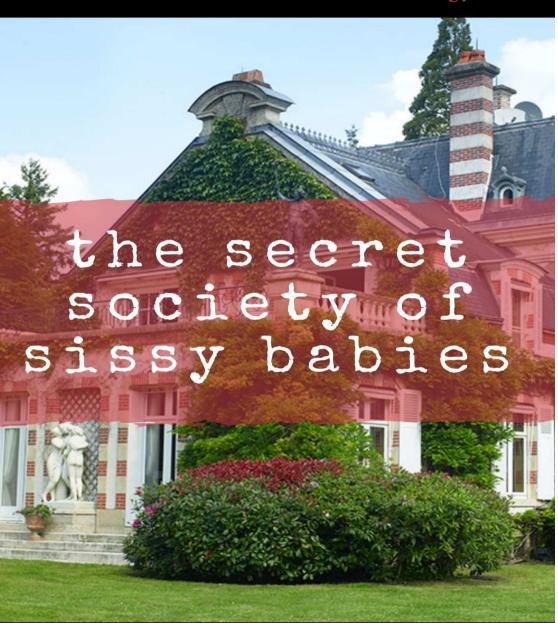
First came 'Overlapping Stains', then 'The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St'. Now, the conclusion to the trilogy:



# FORREST GRANT

AN AB DISCOVERY 'AFTER DARK' BOOK

The third book in the Trilogy

# by Forrest Grant

First Published 2019

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# The Overlapping Stains Trilogy:

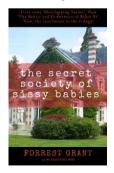
Overlapping Stains: A Bedwetting Novel



The Babies and Bedwetters of Baker St



The Secret Society of Sissy Babies



#### Contents

A time to grow   1	10
Monday   2	20
Tuesday   3	38
Open Day   4	48
At least once a day!   5	64
Second Time   6	69
Rebecca's Time Is Coming  7	74
Alison's Story   8	86
Alison and Grace   9	97
Evelyn Converts   10	105
Alice and Grace   11	113
Christine Wears Nappies!   12	120
Rebecca's Open Day   13	125
Grace Faces her Inner Truth   14	142
The Society of Sissy Babies Meets   15	146
Alice Takes on Another Bedwetter   16	155

# A time to grow 1.









ver the next few months following coming out as adult babies, everything in the Baker St house became a lot more open and obvious. The hidden secrets were now more open than ever, and Alice began to explore her own babyness and her long-denied wish to wet the bed once more. Her nappies were already very wet in the mornings as her scant night-time control quickly evaporated into uncontrolled night wetting. She was not unhappy at this at all and in fact, when she checked under her plastic pants every morning and found the sodden cloth, she would always smile. A wet nappy meant she was now a bedwetter again, just as she was as a child and teen. It was a good thing and she wanted it to continue.

Rebecca and Bronwyn wore nappies during the day, but after a brief experience with night nappies, both decided to revert to wet sheets again. After a short indecisive period, Alice also decided that wet sheets might be for her as well. It spoke to her past and how she had wet her own bed for so long as a little girl and teenager.

After the first wet night, she called her two 'children' to see her bed in the morning.



"Mummy!" exclaimed Rebecca, "It is so pretty!"

"Thank you, sweetheart," she replied, as Bronwyn added her own compliment.

"Are you going to leave it on the bed?" Rebecca asked, hopefully.

"For now, I think it can stay on," Alice answered, with a wide grin. "What do you both think?"

Both children agreed it should stay on the bed. Rebecca put her face into the bed and breathed deeply.

"It smells wonderful, mummy!" she exclaimed. "I like your smell!"

Sheet changes from the two adult-sized baby cots were now completely optional and at the babies' discretion. Unsurprisingly, they chose to leave them on for weeks at a time. The desire to sleep in stained and wet sheets had become incredibly important to them both. One loss was that of Alice's potty. Now that she was wearing nappies during the day and night, there was no potty to give to the two babies to add to their beds. It was a significant problem for two

people who had come to rely on the additional supply from Alice's potty and one that had an unusual solution.

Evelyn lived not that far away and on her way to work three days a week was able to deliver a potty of pee for the girls to enjoy. She had been providing a potty for her daughter Cecilia for some years already and now three days a week, it was to be donated to 'the cause'. It was very much appreciated. It was instantly obvious that there were two to three times as much pee in the potty as Alice had ever produced.

Alice began to wonder why it was so easy to get the potty and why she hadn't even needed to ask. Evelyn had volunteered to provide it as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Even her co-worker and mother of yet another baby found the potty system normal and natural.

"Amanda uses the potty when she is working with me on baby clothes," Evelyn explained. "And knowing that you have two babies needing the potty, I ask visitors who come for baby clothes to make a donation to the potty for them. Even Cecilia drops her nappy at times to make a donation."

"Thanks for that," replied Alice as she took possession of the 'potty' which was a medium-size white plastic bucket two-thirds full of pee. "The girls really appreciate it a lot."

"I'm sure they do and I am working on a plan with Alison from Adult Nappies and More to get a chain of suppliers so that both your baby girls and mine can get a *full* daily potty."

"Wow!" came the voice from just behind her. Rebecca was standing there in a soaking wet pink nightie that did nothing to hide her bra. "We can get more?"

"Yes dear," she replied. Alison thinks that in a month or so, she should be able to get a full bucket to you every day as well as a half bucket for Cecelia!"

Alice was once again surprised at the ease with which the potty system was accepted.

She can get us a chain of suppliers? Are we the only ones using a potty system or is it more common than I think? Perhaps what I thought was weird and odd is in fact, mainstream!

Evelyn handed the white bucket to Rebecca saying, "Remember half of that is for your baby sister!"

As the two older women watched, Rebecca poured half of the bucket into her cot as she laid in it. A two-inch pool of pee immediately formed around her body and the wetness began to spread across the mattress.

"Mummy?" asked Rebecca. "May I?"

Alice nodded and Rebecca rolled over in the sodden bed and began to hump. There was so much pee that there was the sound of splashing and sloshing before the inevitable ejaculation came with a shout and a grunt.

"Good girl!" said Alice and then the two women left the baby to simply marinate in the soaked cot bed.

Bronwyn was still lying in her very wet bed, now on its fourth week since last being washed.

"Do you want the potty, Bronny?" asked Alice.

The wet baby girl nodded and immediately took the halfempty potty and emptied it into her cot. Another pool developed and with a nod, Bronwyn began to masturbate, her hands and fingers splashing in the pee. It took a very short time for her to orgasm and she immediately relaxed and laid back. Looking between her legs, the women could see a fresh flow of pee erupt from her in the post-orgasmic bliss. She was adding to the wetness!

After Evelyn left, Alice went up to her bedroom and the open sheets. She was about to experiment with her own overlapping stains. What she didn't tell everyone though, was that as a teenager, she had at one time slept in the same wet sheets for three months. Her mother refused to wash them and if she were honest, she didn't really mind it. Part of her knew that in time, her babies may get to that extent as well. Deep inside, Alice knew she should make them wash the cot sheets more often, but she couldn't really find a compelling reason to do so.

I don't know how long I will keep the sheets on my own bed yet. I guess I will start with a week and see what happens! Three months was a long time, but it flew past and part of me misses it. Maybe I will soon be in month-long wet sheets!

Alice grinned excitedly at the thought.

When the potty was delivered, Alice sometimes felt a little jealous. A tiny, but growing part of her, was wondering what it would be like to lie in a bed soaked with other people's pee. Deep inside, she knew she would one day become a user, rather than a provider of a potty.

Maybe I should ask Evelyn if I could use her potty for my own bed?

Alice had completely removed the restrictions on masturbation except for having to ask permission first.

Masturbating openly had become the rule, rather than the exception. Although the two babies had separate nurseries, they would routinely watch each other masturbate with great interest. Bronwyn had finally allowed Rebecca to 'breach her moat' and she was now allowed to ejaculate onto Bronwyn's sheets. Alice in turn now encouraged Rebecca to 'gift' her own nappies. Alice preferred cloth nappies and so Rebecca would often find Alice's wet nappy on her cot pillow and then 'gift' it for her.

Alison and Evelyn were both regular visitors to the house along with Cecilia who had befriended Rebecca. In time, it was obvious that they were fondling each other, but the rule was still that their nappies had to stay on. When they were visiting, they spent a lot of time with their hands in each other's nappies and more than one ejaculation would occur each visit.

"If we let them, they would have intercourse, you know," said Evelyn to Alice, as the two girls went to play in the playroom. Bronwyn was in the playpen on the floor happily enjoying blocks as the two women watched.

"I know. That is why we have the nappy-on rule, remember?"

"I do, but we could allow them some nappy-free time if we supervise them. What do you think?" asked Evelyn.

"They could masturbate in the cot together perhaps if they were supervised."

"What do you say we try that now?" she replied, grinning.

They quickly walked to the playroom and interrupted a deep kiss and mutual fondling.

"Do you two girls want to get into Rebecca's cot and take your nappies off?"

They both looked at her and smiled and with a quick movement, pulled both of their wet nappies down. Two very big erections sprung into view.

"Now, here are the rules. You may hump the cot together, but lying *next to each other*. Do you understand? There is a process to follow before anything else happens."

Cecilia nodded but looked a little disappointed. She was to be denied intercourse, yet again. She knew there was a process – a

hidden process that had to be followed but she was anxious to mount her friend. Rebecca however, just smiled, justifying the delay Alice had imposed on her. Rebecca didn't yet fully realise that Cecilia wanted intercourse or even what it meant for two sissy babies like them. Rebecca's ignorance of sexual matters was both cute and frustrating. She literally had no idea other than how to hump her penis to orgasm. What else it could do was still a mystery to her.

The two women watched with broad smiles as their two baby girls laid next to each other in the heavily stained and wet cot and humped their way to orgasms on the sheets beneath them.

The two women then put clean nappies on their babies and sent them back to the playroom. When they returned to the living room, the odour of a very dirty nappy greeted them. Bronwyn had pooed her nappy. It was no surprise. A month ago, Alice had banned her from the toilet completely, thus making sure all poo went into her nappy. It was simply formalising what had already happened. Bronwyn had left her job, become a baby most of the time and had been pooing her nappy every day. Rebecca was not far behind. She had only pooed in a nappy for a month now and so, the rule would soon apply to her as well. Alice still used the toilet for poo, but she felt increasingly ridiculous about it. At Alison's insistence, she had tried pooing her nappy, expecting it to be a horrible experience. Instead, she found it comfortable, liberating and even a little exciting. Deep inside, Alice knew the toilets in the house would soon become completely unused and unneeded. She just needed to arrive at that destination on her own.

Leaving the now-clean Bronwyn and the two other girls in clean nappies, the two women moved to the kitchen for a private conversation – a follow-up on what had been discussed the week before.

"Thought any more about Rebecca and Bronwyn finally mating?" asked Evelyn.

Alice slumped in her chair.

"I agree they should be having sex now. It is time they started having regular intercourse. They just aren't moving towards it yet and I don't know why."

"They don't really seem to understand intercourse from what I can tell. Cecilia is really wanting to fuck Rebecca, but your girl doesn't seem to understand that. And anyhow, there is a proper time and process for those two girls to mate,"

"I can tell, but I have decided that Rebecca cannot start having sex with others until she starts having intercourse with Bronwyn. Her mother is also anxious that they should start screwing. She has wanted it since day one!"

"Do you know what the delay is? I thought Rebecca would be up Bronwyn in a heartbeat. Shit, I expected her to be screwing *you* by now!"

Alice blushed a deep red.

"Sounds like you wouldn't mind that either!"

Alice blushed again.

"If you are missing some dick, then there are a number of babies in the group that would happily fuck you while their wives and mummies watched on!"

It was a regular offer and it made Alice laugh. Yes, she was missing intercourse and she knew that now she was openly known as an adult baby herself, there were men in the group – also sissy adult babies – whose wives/mothers would permit them to fuck her. But she was still working through the issues. Her own issues with sex were still to be resolved.

There was so much about her newfound group of adult baby friends she didn't understand and didn't want to push. She also realised that there was information she did not yet have about how the group operated. She figured that when they were ready to tell her, they would.

"We need to teach them how to have sex," Alice declared.

"Teach them?" said Evelyn. "Who needs to teach adults how to fuck? Isn't it obvious?"

"Not to them, no," said Alice. "I've sat and watched them both masturbate next to each other. Both naked and Rebecca made no move to enter her. It is as if it never occurred to her to do so."

"So ... what?"

"I think they need to watch a couple have intercourse up close, so they see how it is supposed to work."

Evelyn's eyes widened and her mouth curled up in a knowing smile as she envisioned the scene.

It's nearly time to tell you everything, Alice. Nearly. Not long now.

"Who do you have in mind?"

"I don't know. I hoped you might."

Evelyn was quiet for a moment.

"Maybe we can kill two birds with one stone!"

"What do you mean?"

"How about we get *you* fucked by another adult baby and the two girls can watch how it is done!"

It was now Alice's turn to be wide-eyed and then to gulp.

"You know it is a good idea, don't you?" Evelyn continued.

Alice nodded. It was indeed a very good idea and as her nappy got wetter, she was aware it was not just pee. And when she was on her own an hour later she relaxed, and let her nappy fill with poo. It was easy. It was natural and she decided that from now on, her nappy would be the only place she pooed. And she quickly realised that there was no rush to change a dirty nappy either. Just as her 'babies' showed no rush, she felt no drive to change either. So she left it on for two hours, thoroughly enjoying the experience.

# Monday 2.









lice was nervous. Very nervous.

She was to have sexual intercourse in a few days for the first time in many years. That was reason enough, but there were other reasons to heighten her anxiety. It was to be the first time in her life she was to have sex as an adult baby and *with* another adult baby. And it was not to be private – not at all. There were to be a number of other adults present – other adult babies and two non-AB women. And it was even more complicated than that. It was more than simply having sex. It was about showing two people – an adult baby girl and an adult sissy baby girl - how to have intercourse. It was a demonstration – a demonstration of intercourse.

But there was even more to it, more than she had ever suspected.

A few days earlier, Evelyn and Alison had spoken to her about a very secretive group – The Secret Society of Sissy Babies. It was a close-knit group of adult babies and their carers and it had a long history and traditions. Not just any adult baby could join and it had been several months before she had been briefed on the Society. She was stunned, but at the same time, knew it was a group she wanted to be part of, to enjoy all the connection and friendship and babying of the people she had come to know. But there was a first step...

Like all adult babies, Alice had always known she was one, but she held it back and stifled it, much to her own frustration. She had thrown herself into her marriage and into her children. She denied her experiences as a child and teenager, growing up as an abused bedwetter, and yet even then, there was a desire for nappies and in particular, wet beds. She brought bedwetters into her own home not just to help them, but to help herself as she admired – and enjoyed – the wet beds that had ensued as a result.

In the years after the tragic deaths of her husband and two children, she began wetting the bed once more and it continued on for two years before she was able to stop, albeit at the cost of multiple toilet trips every night and panties that were often damp. Her therapist encouraged her to choose between dryness and wet beds, giving both options equal validity. Alice had chosen dryness, a decision she frequently questioned.

Alice took in boarders to defray the cost of living, but also to help with the loneliness. She took in a young man in his 30s first of all and as part of the interview, discovered he was still a bedwetter, but who promised to take care of everything himself. Every morning after the young man went to work, she would go to his room touch his wet bed and remember her own wet sheets as a child. They did not repel her. She would then go and strip the bed along with her own and make them back up again with fresh sheets – the fresh sheets she was denied as a child.

When a friend asked her to take on her daughter for a sixmonth stint, she was secretly delighted that the girl, Bronwyn, was a heavy bedwetter and in her own odd way, Alice took pride in the large size of Bronwyn's wet sheets. Alice had stopped wetting her bed by then and so, took even greater pride in the new girl's bed. It was almost her own wet bed by proxy.

By the time Richard had arrived at her front door, Alice had taken in five boarders and all of them had been bedwetters.

Without saying as much, Alice accepted only those that wet their sheets. Every wet bed she saw in her house, justified her feelings and validated her experiences as a child.

Her late husband had once made love to her after she had wet her bed overnight. It was an uncommon – but not unknown - thing for her to wet her bed, but that morning she had done so quite badly. In an attempt to make her feel better, her husband had made love to her on top of the wet patch. He had done more than simply make her feel better. He had validated the wet bed as a viable place to have sex. Alice had been masturbated on in her wet bed repeatedly when she was younger. In her mind, the wet bed had kept the penises out of her. It was a good thing for that particular situation, but Alice had always felt that a wet bed was a suitable place for intercourse, not for a place of rejection. And her husband had done just that for her. But it was a once-off. When she accidentally wet the bed again a month later, he refused to make love to her on the wet side. Alice was devastated, but never told anyone other than her therapist many years later.

Now she was to have sexual intercourse once more and this time, the bed was indeed wet and not just wet, but sodden from side to side and end to end. Alice wet her bed every night right onto the sheets and took pride in them, just as she took pride in her two boarders' wet beds – the two people she referred to as her 'daughters'.

She looked at her queen-size bed with the expensive white sheets. Both sides of the bed were heavily stained and wet. Alice liked to swap sides and make it look as if two bedwetters slept there. It was a longing of her heart to sleep with another bedwetter.

Downstairs, Rebecca and Bronwyn were watching children's TV and playing with their toys – two late 20s adults who were more like babies than adults. They had graduated from frustrated and angry adults into happy and content babies who spent much of

their time as unconcerned infants, enjoying the freedom that infancy offered them. And as part of it, they had both abandoned their toile training. Completely.

The morning was for two purposes – one for Alice to openly have intercourse with her friends and to formally become part of *The Secret Society of Sissy Babies* and second, to show the two adult babies how to have intercourse. Despite proximity and opportunity, Rebecca's penis had remained outside of Bronwyn's vagina and they hadn't even fondled beyond a cursory touch some weeks earlier.

Alice and Evelyn – now becoming good friends – had tried to instigate sexual relations between the two and it had not worked. Afterwards, they were flabbergasted at their failure. The demonstration of intercourse was their next plan. Bronwyn's mother, however, was at the stage of wanting to *demand* that the two adult babies have sex. She wanted to believe that her daughter was normal and the vision of a penis thrusting into her would confirm that belief.

If this plan didn't work, Alice and Christine were going to have 'the chat' and demand that the two babies have intercourse daily as they should already be doing.



Two weeks previously, Evelyn and Alice had been enjoying a morning tea together in the living room while the two babies played on the floor, laughing.

"Time to change their nappies, you think?" asked Evelyn with a grin on her face. She obviously meant more than she was saying.

A few minutes later, both babies had no nappies on and lying next to each other on a changing pad. Rebecca was fully erect. Bronwyn's legs were wide apart and her shaved vagina was on open display. Neither were ashamed.

"Rebecca," Alice said softly belying her trepidation. "Let me show you something interesting."

The sissy girl sat up and Alice took her hand and placed it on Baby Bronwyn's pubic area.

"What do you think?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, Rebecca," added Evelyn. "What do you think of Bronwyn's pussy?"

Rebecca took her hand away slightly and looked intently.

"It's very pretty," she replied.

"It is, isn't it?" added Evelyn. Alice was quiet and didn't know what to say. "Bronny dear, would you like to show Rebecca what it is like inside?"

"Sure, Auntie Evie!" she said with a big smile.

Bronwyn used her fingers and quickly opened up her vagina and the pinkness inside and exclaimed, "Isn't it pretty, Rebecca! Do you like it, Auntie?"

"Yes dear, it is lovely. Now Rebecca, what do you think?"

"It looks wet and shiny."

"Yes, it does and it *is* wet and shiny. Would you like to touch it?"

Rebecca looked to Alice whose face was ashen and seemed to be in shock.

"Yes..." she stammered. "You can touch it."

Rebecca tentatively reached out her hand and touched the opened vagina ever so softly.

"Wow!"

"Do you know what happens in a vagina?"

Rebecca shook her head.

How can an adult not know to put his cock in a girl's vagina? thought Evelyn.

Alice couldn't speak and so she sat behind Rebecca and shuffled her to kneel between the legs of Bronwyn. She had no words to utter and hoped that nature would take over. His large fully erect penis throbbed.

"Now do you know what to do?" asked Evelyn.

Rebecca gripped her penis firmly and with two quick strokes ejaculated all over Bronny, still lying on the changing pad. Rebecca smiled and Bronny giggled.

"They have no idea, do they?" exclaimed Evelyn in both shock and disappointment seconds after the two babies had been renappied and sent away to play.

"None at all!" replied Alice softly. "And I don't understand it. Bronny knew that her brother and father were a risk at entering her but with Rebecca, she doesn't seem to understand..."

"That Rebecca's penis belongs inside her?" offered Evelyn.

Alice nodded.

"You know, Alice," explained Evelyn. "I nearly got behind Rebecca and pushed him into her! Sorry!"

"Hey! Don't apologise. I felt the same and Bronny's mum has been calling me almost every day wanting to know if they have 'mated' yet."

"She must be frustrated to see her daughter just grow older and staying a virgin."

"She is, but she got her on the pill a year ago expecting more."

"Well, there is nothing stopping them other than themselves," continued Evelyn. "I don't see this in my own daughter, Cecilia. Even when she is regressed to the infant state she can explain that she wants sex in her own way."

"And she still hasn't done it?"

"Her adult male self fucked a couple girls a few years back but the baby girl hasn't screwed a girl or a boy or a sissy. She told me she wants to but is scared she might not do it right. She asked me to be here the first time."

"That is so weird!" exclaimed Alice. "Your baby daughter wants you there for her first intercourse?"

"What's so weird? Don't you want to be there for Rebecca and Bronwyn's first fuck?"

"We nearly were just a few minutes ago!"

"Don't kid yourself, girl," replied Evelyn. "Those two weren't even close to fucking. As soon as he squirted, they laughed like it was a game."

"I don't know what to do about it. It seems important and natural and I want it to happen, but I feel conflicted."

"Of course, you are, girl. You are a woman and you can't wonder why such a glorious penis isn't getting regular use, right?"

Alice blushed.

"I thought so. But you want some yourself, right?"

Alice blushed again.

"So anyhow... If we get Rebecca used to fucking, would you let her fuck me?"

Alice's eves widened.

"I hadn't thought about it. I will have to ask her about it I suppose."

"Well, if you agree, I am more than ready!"

"What if she wants to fuck me?" asked Alice with a hint of desperation.

Evelyn shrugged. "I don't know."

What am I so afraid of? Why does sex so mess me up? I can't seem to work it all out!



"Hello Alice," the Doctor smiled. "It's great to see you again. How are you?"

No question from Alice's therapist was ever simple. It was always loaded with deep meaning. It was a week before Alice's demonstration of sex and she wanted – needed - to talk about it and had no idea how to even start the conversation. She had no idea how to discuss that it was more than a demonstration. It was Alice's first-ever time of having intercourse as an open adult baby.

"I'm fine," Alice replied nervously. "Everything is going quite well."

"So, tell me what you want to talk about today."

"I'm wearing nappies again," Alice blurted.

"And how does that make you feel?" It was the classic therapist response.

"I feel wonderful!" Alice exclaimed. "I feel safe and comfortable and natural and true to myself."

Doctor Grace smiled to herself as her patient repeated the terms they had discussed previously.

"And are you wearing them at night as well?" she asked, knowing that this was a key point to her.

"No, I'm wetting the bedsheets now."

"You seem happy with that. Are you?"

Alice smiled. "It just feels right for me."

"Then it *is* right for you, Alice," Grace confirmed. "We've discussed a lot about bedwetting and you now feel that it is the correct choice for you?"

"I do and I feel proud of my wet sheets."

"Do you show them to anyone?"

"Rebecca and Bronwyn see it all the time."

"And what do they say?"

"They are proud of me. Proud of my wet sheets!"

It was a powerful statement. Pride in wet sheets had been a pivotal issue over the years. The nascent pride she had felt in her wet sheets as a little girl and into her teens had been almost crushed by her parents, but still remained.

"Are they still wetting their beds?" Alice nodded. "And how often are they changing the sheets?"

Alice gulped. "When they feel like it."

"And how often is that?"

"About once a month?"

"And Alice, how often do you change your sheets?"

Alice hesitated because of her history.

"More often."

"Do you want to change them less?"

Grace was good. She knew Alice's history very well. Alice just nodded.

"Then why don't you? There clearly isn't a problem in your home to leave them on longer."

"I... don't know... I just..."

"Alice, look at me and tell me if there is anything wrong with leaving your wet sheets on the bed longer."

"I was kept in wet sheets as a child for a lot longer. You know it was for months and..."

Grace instantly knew that Alice was conflicted over her wet beds as a teen.

"Tell me how you felt about wetting your bed back then and not having the sheets changed."

"I loved them," Alice blurted out before she could think.

"You've never said that before," Grace added. "Can you tell me more about what you liked?"

Alice was quiet for quite some time and the doctor understood that she was preparing to admit something she had previously denied.

"Every afternoon when I came back from school I would see my stained bed, damp or dry and all the stains on it and I felt both anger and..."

"Pride?" suggested Grace.

"Yes, pride. I thought my bed looked pretty and like it should be. When I woke up in the morning I would empty what was left in my bladder in the hope I would cover the bed, but I never did."

"It was important for you to cover the bed?"

"Uh-huh."

"Did Henry or Charlotte cover the entire bed?"

Alice looked at her in shock as she was instantly transported back in time to when her two children were still alive and still wetting the bed at ages thirteen and fifteen.

"Henry started covering most of his bed when he was twelve. Charlotte was average size."

Grace knew that even a heavy bedwetting thirteen-year-old boy was not going to wet his bed entirely. The conversation had veered around this in previous sessions but never arrived at the desired destination.

"How did Henry manage to do that, Alice. That is extremely wet."

"He used to store his pee in a couple of plastic bottles and then put it in his bed every few days."

Alice spoke in a matter-of-fact voice as if this were a common occurrence.