

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

# STORIES FROM A WET BED

WHEN NIGHTS ARE DAMP AND MORNINGS ARE JOYFUL

CHRISTINE TEDDY

*Stories From A Wet Bed*

# Stories From A Wet Bed

*Christine Teddy*

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# Introduction

This book is a tapestry of people's lives who wet the bed for a wide and varied range of reasons. It is not an erotic novel but rather stories of how bedwetting has affected people's lives positively and how it is not failure, nor even success, but rather... personal choice and identity.

Enjoy!

# Dry Is Overrated

## Chapter One - The New Housemate

Jeremy clutched the tote bag with both hands as they climbed the porch steps of the shared house. Their name was carefully written on a chalkboard near the door: Welcome, Jeremy! A small flower had been drawn next to it. Sweet, simple. Still, Jeremy's stomach twisted.

The house was a squat, leafy place with vines curling around the windows and wind chimes swaying on the porch. A little chaotic, a little magical perhaps, like the kind of place that smelled of tea and thrifted blankets. The kind of place that made you want to stay in your pyjamas all day. But Jeremy didn't feel comfortable yet, not with the secret they were carrying.

Inside, the floor creaked with friendly familiarity. Eli was the first to greet them—barefoot, with bleached curls, a mismatched flannel shirt and pyjama pants patterned with frogs.

"Hey! You made it. Jeremy, right?" Eli beamed. "I'm Eli. I live in the sunny room upstairs. You've got the nook next to the garden window. It's small but it's okay."

"Yeah," Jeremy said quietly. "Thanks. It's... really nice."

The other housemates trickled in. Ash, quiet and careful, wore wire-frame glasses and a vintage sweater. Noa arrived later from a



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shift at the café, all energy and sarcasm, dropping their messenger bag with a theatrical sigh.

That first evening was easy. It was takeout boxes, card games and cheerful teasing. No one pried. Eli offered chamomile tea, and Jeremy found themselves sipping it cross-legged on the couch, trying to relax. But even as laughter bloomed around them, Jeremy couldn't help the creeping thought: *What if they find out?* Because Jeremy still wet the bed.

It wasn't every night but it was more than three nights a week and often enough to need mattress protection. It was often enough that "sleepovers" had always meant anxiety or apologies for a no-show. And moving into a shared house, no matter how warm and queer-friendly, had brought back all the old fears. The fears of standing out as an embarrassed wet toddler in a house full of adults.

Later, when the others had gone to bed, Jeremy stood in their new room with the door closed, unpacking carefully. Sheets. Mattress pad. Backup pyjamas. A waterproof pad folded into the bottom drawer. Every action whispered one thing: *Hide it.*

They didn't yet know that someone else in the house had once gone through the same thing and that not every bed in the house stayed dry. That comfort didn't always mean secrecy. But for now, Jeremy tucked in tight, heart pounding. They just hoped their first night wouldn't be a bad one.

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### Chapter Two - Eli's Routine

It wasn't until Jeremy's second night in the house that they noticed the soft *crinkle* of Eli's pyjama pants as they passed in the hallway. It was subtle, almost like rustling fabric. But it caught Jeremy's attention in that peculiar way like when your secret senses perk up and whisper, *wait, someone else might know*.

Eli smiled, toothbrush in hand. "Sleep okay?"

Jeremy nodded too quickly. "Yep. Totally fine."

"You're lucky. I've been tossing and turning for weeks. Maybe it's the moon. Maybe I'm a secret werewolf!"

Eli disappeared into the bathroom, and Jeremy lingered in the hall. That sound had been real. Not loud, but not nothing either. It was the sound of something padded, something protected.

The next morning, they found themselves in the kitchen a little earlier than usual. Eli was already there, sipping coffee from a chipped mug and wearing loose cotton shorts and a well-worn hoodie. The outline beneath was... unmistakable. The soft bulk under the fabric, the gentle curve of cloth diapers.

Jeremy stared for a moment too long. Eli noticed and smiled.

"Yep. You clocked it."

Jeremy flushed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to—"

"It's fine." Eli waved a hand, amused. "It's not a secret. I wear cloth diapers and plastic pants to bed. Been doing it for years. Sometimes I sleep better when I'm padded. It's a sensory thing. And honestly, it's just who I am now."

Jeremy blinked.

"You okay though?" Eli asked.

"I... yeah. I just... That's really cool you can be that open."

Eli cocked their head. "You don't have to hide stuff in this house. Like, ever. We all have our things. My diapers just happen to be colourful."

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Jeremy gave a small, uncertain laugh. "I guess I've never met someone who was just... okay with it."

"You have now."

There was silence for a moment as the kettle hissed behind them. Jeremy reached for a tea bag with slightly trembling fingers.

Eli's voice softened. "Hey... If you're dealing with anything similar, or something totally different, it's okay. Really. You're not weird here. We're like all weird in some way so you'd be right at home."

Jeremy hesitated. The words nearly formed, but they weren't ready... not yet.

Still, they managed a shy smile. "Thanks. I'll keep that in mind. I can do weird with the best of them!"

Eli grinned and went back to scrolling their phone, leaving Jeremy with a quiet warmth blooming behind their ribs. Maybe, just maybe, this house really was different. It certainly would be nice to live somewhere... different. He'd suffered through boring sameness and the humiliation of wet sheets that were noticed and sometimes, mocked.

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## Chapter Three - Jeremy's Quiet Confession

The house had a rhythm that Jeremy was still learning. Mugs left drying upside down. Mismatched socks by the heater. Someone always humming a lo-fi tune under their breath. But what stuck most was how Eli just... *was*... easy, unapologetic, diapers and all.

Jeremy hadn't planned to say anything. Not yet. Not until they were sure it was safe. There's no going back from a bad decision. But that evening, after a movie night sprawled on beanbags and popcorn crumbs, everyone drifted off toward bed, and Eli lingered in the kitchen in their sleepy clothes: hoodie, diaper bulge, and bare feet on tiles. The domesticity of it was oddly comforting.

Jeremy hovered at the doorway. "Eli?"

Eli looked up. "Hey. You good?"

Jeremy bit their lip. "Yep. Can I tell you something?"

"Course."

Jeremy stepped inside, heart thudding. They kept their voice low. "I... I wet the bed."

Eli blinked. "Okay."

"I mean, it's not every night. Sometimes it's worse. I try not to drink late but... I still do. It's always been a thing. It got worse when I moved. Stress, I think. I didn't want anyone to know."

Eli nodded slowly. "That's a lot to hold by yourself."

Jeremy stared at the floor. "I've been hiding my sheets. Washing them at weird hours. I thought if anyone found out..."

"You thought we'd judge you., right?"

Jeremy nodded.

"Well," Eli said lightly, "too late. I already judged you."

Jeremy looked up, startled.

"You're brave," Eli said gently. "That's my judgment. Telling someone? That's big."

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Jeremy smiled, half-laughing, half-shaking. “You really don’t think it’s gross?”

“Not even close. You’re human. Your body’s doing its thing. And you’re here, learning how to live with it. That’s not gross. That’s real. And anyhow I wear diapers so... that’s not gross either.”

A silence stretched, soft and warm.

“I’ve got extra cloth diapers,” Eli said. “No pressure. But if you ever want to try them, they’re comfy. And honestly, they’re kind of cute.”

Jeremy chuckled nervously. “I wouldn’t even know where to start.”

“Well,” Eli said, getting up and opening a drawer, “we start by not hiding anymore.”

They handed Jeremy a folded cloth diaper, soft, pastel-striped, and thick. “Just try sleeping in one. See how it feels. You might like waking up dry for once... or even just feeling safe to be wet. Being wet in the mornings is okay by me and everyone else here.”

Jeremy took it with trembling fingers. “Thanks.”

“Anytime.”

That night, as Jeremy pulled the diaper on—clumsily, shyly—they felt something unexpected: *relief*. Not from being fixed, but from being *seen*. Being fixed was a long way away and he wasn’t even sure if he wanted to be ‘fixed’.

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## Chapter Four – First Morning

Jeremy woke slowly.

For once, there wasn't that sharp jolt of dread. No panic over whether they'd leaked. No frantic checking of sheets before anyone else noticed. Just warmth.

A quiet hum of morning light slipped between the curtains, and the security of the diaper around their hips reminded them what was different. They reached down, fingertips grazing the thick cloth which was heavy now and unmistakably wet.

But not shameful. Not this time. And the sheets were dry.

Their heart fluttered, not with fear, but with something simple and relaxing. *I didn't ruin anything.* The diaper had caught it all. Contained. Safe. For the first time in ages, Jeremy didn't have to wash bedding before breakfast. He didn't have to feel like a secret.

They slid out of bed and padded softly into the kitchen, diaper rustling gently under pyjama pants. They half-expected someone to comment, but Eli was already there with a French press, wearing a t-shirt and a cheery sunflower print diaper like it was nothing unusual. It seemed like diapers on display were okay in the house.

Eli looked up and smiled. "Sleep okay?"

Jeremy hesitated, then nodded. "Yeah. Actually... yeah."

"Woke up wet?"

Jeremy flushed slightly but nodded again.

Eli beamed. "Nice."

Jeremy blinked. "Nice?"

"Well, it worked, didn't it? You didn't leak. You woke up and nothing was ruined. That's worth celebrating. Enjoy the feeling!"

Jeremy let out a laugh they hadn't known was stuck in their throat. "It's so weird how you make this feel... not horrible."

"It's not horrible," Eli said, handing them a cup of coffee. "It's human. We're all weird in different ways."

They clinked mugs lightly.

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“You can hang your diaper to dry if you want,” Eli added. “Or wash it with mine later. We usually do a house diaper load once a week.”

Jeremy froze. “There’s... a house diaper load?”

Eli chuckled. “You’re not the first to join the club.”

Jeremy looked around the house again, suddenly wondering who else might carry bulky secrets under their clothes. Maybe dry *was* overrated.

## Chapter Five - House of Different Things

Later that afternoon, Jeremy wandered into the shared living room with a laundry basket in hand. Tucked under a hoodie was their wet cloth diaper, carefully folded. They felt strange carrying it openly, half defiant, half trembling.

Eli was sprawled on the couch with a sketchbook, bare legs stretched out and their daytime pull-up peeking above colourful shorts. "Hey," they said easily, "laundry time?"

Jeremy nodded. "Yeah. Thought I'd add mine."

"You're officially one of us now," Eli teased, grinning. "Check the basket in the laundry. Someone added two more last night."

Jeremy blinked. "Wait, who—?"

They were interrupted by footsteps. Fern came in with a small armful of laundry and a sheepish expression. They were the quiet one in the house—nonbinary, with a wardrobe full of oversized overalls and sweaters that smelled like lavender.

Fern glanced at Jeremy's basket. "Hey. You too, huh?"

Jeremy blinked. "You...?"

"I've always leaked when I'm anxious," Fern murmured, eyes a bit shy. "Used to hide it. But Eli said I didn't have to, so I don't. Diapers rule!"

Eli gave a small thumbs-up from the couch. "No secrets in the House of Different Things."

Jeremy smiled. "That's what we're calling it now?"

"Sure," Eli shrugged. "Because it's not just diapers, right? It's about difference. Being kind. Not hiding the parts of us that leak."

Jeremy felt something in their chest loosen like a button had finally popped open after being too tight for too long.

"I like that," they said. "House of Different Things."



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They all shared a quiet moment, surrounded by warm cushions, hanging plants, and the hum of the washing machine as it started its cycle—thick cloth, colours, and softness spinning together.

## Chapter Six - The House Meeting

It was Eli's idea, naturally.

They'd scrawled a note on the chalkboard in the kitchen: "House Meeting Tonight – bring your happiest self."

Underneath, in parentheses: *(Yes, there will be snacks.)*

By 7 p.m., everyone had gathered in the lounge. Eli wore their favorite oversized onesie with stars on it and had brought out a tray of cut fruit, crackers, and fizzy juice. Fern was curled up with their old patchwork blanket. Jeremy sat on the edge of the couch, wearing pyjama pants and the unmistakable bulge of their cloth diaper under a soft, worn hoodie. Like Eli, Jeremy had embraced diapers long before bedtime for the sheer luxury of not struggling to stay dry. Leo arrived last, holding his stuffed fox like it was no big deal.

"Okay," Eli said, clapping gently, "this isn't about rules or chores or who left oat milk out. This is about us. I thought maybe we could just talk. Like... about what makes us feel safe. Or soft. Or real."

There was a silence at first—warm, not awkward. Jeremy broke it.

"I used to think I was broken. Every time I wet the bed I felt like I had to fix it, hide it, 'grow out of it.' But now... I kind of think maybe this is just part of me. And it's okay. You've all made it feel okay. So thanks for the help, guys."

Fern nodded slowly. "Same. I didn't even call them accidents anymore, not in my head. They were... symptoms. Of stress. Of being human."

Leo cleared his throat. "I don't wet the bed. But... I still suck my thumb when I'm overwhelmed. And I sleep with Pip," he held up the fox. "For a while, I thought it meant I wasn't grown-up enough. Now I just think grown-up is a dumb word."

Everyone laughed gently.

Eli beamed. "Yes! That's it. I want our house to be a place where no one has to pretend. If your sheets are soaked, or you have