

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

*The Wet
Bed Pride
Guide*

FLORENCE
GRANT

Wet With Pride The Bedwetter's Companion Guide

The Wet Bed Pride Guide

Florence Grant

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Wet With Pride The Bedwetter's Companion Guide

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The Wet Bed Pride Guide: The Bedwetter's Companion to the World

Introduction:

Welcome, traveller. This is not your average lodging guide. This is for the proud bedwetter, the sheet wetter who sleeps deep and dreams freely. Here, shame stays at the door, and pride climbs into the sheets with you. These homes, guesthouses, and boutique hotels have chosen to support, uplift, and celebrate those who wet the bed, nappied or bare-bottomed, shy or bold, one-time leakers or nightly flooders.

Symbols and Ratings Used in the Guide:

 Plastic-Sheet Friendly: All mattresses protected, no questions asked.

 Stained Sheets Welcome: No need to hide your mess. It's understood and appreciated.

 Pride-Sleeper Certified: Hosts encourage open pride and offer community chats, badges, and guestbooks for bedwetters to sign.

 Optional Laundry: Hosts will change sheets, but only if you want. Let your night speak for itself.

 Shared Sleeper Rooms: Sleep beside fellow bedwetters for camaraderie.

 Wet Log Ready: Journals and guestbooks for tracking and sharing dreams and damp nights.

Sample Listings

1. "The Drip Inn" – Blue Mountains, Australia

A restored stone lodge tucked in eucalyptus trees. This place is famous for its communal sleeping loft where proud wetters drift off side-by-side. Guests are invited to display their wet sheets in the morning if they wish or simply roll over and enjoy the warmth. Every bed has a plastic underlay, but there are no disposable liners unless

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requested. "The smell of night comfort is welcomed here," says Margaret, the host.

Guest Review: "I shared a bunk with someone who soaked right through to the mattress. We just giggled and talked about our first accidents. I've never felt safer." — Kieran, 32

2. "Leaky Pines Retreat" – Oregon, USA

A cedar cabin hideaway for solo travellers or couples who enjoy sleeping wet, especially without nappies. Hosts celebrate deep sleep accidents with early morning "puddle chats" on the porch. Sheets are only changed on the third night, unless requested. The no-shame drying line lets guests dry their soaked bedding in the open air with pride.

Unique Feature: Handcrafted embroidered pillowcases for returning guests who wet at least 5 nights in a row.

3. "Hotel de l'Épanoui" – Provence, France

A luxurious private manor with adult nursery themes. This stay includes beautifully embroidered waterproof sheets, afternoon tea for wetters, and an elegant sheet exhibition space, where guests can pin their marked bedding to a clothesline gallery, like a badge of honour. A journal sits beside each bed for tracking each night's "floods, leaks, and dreams."

Special Touch: Each morning, staff knock gently and ask, "Did you dream deeply?" instead of "Did you wet?"

4. "Camp Crinkle" – Vermont, USA

For summer travellers wanting community. Tents, bunk cabins, and open nappy changes. Wet sleepers are encouraged to bring their favourite blankets and stuffed animals. Fireside chats often revolve around personal stories of embracing bedwetting, and morning "Wetter of the Night" awards are given. No shame, no cleanup expectations.

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5. "House of the Humble Soak" – Kyoto, Japan

A zen-inspired minimalist home where silence, mindfulness, and intentional bedwetting are embraced as part of emotional healing. Guests are asked to wet consciously, joyfully, and without rush, often paired with herbal teas and guided meditation before bed. Hosts encourage keeping a "Wetness Journal" and provide sumi ink to decorate dried sheets with calligraphy.

Quote from Host: "The wet bed is a canvas of the unconscious. Be proud. Let it tell your story."

Appendices:

Packing Tips for the Proud Bedwetter

Your favourite sleeping clothes (or none!)

Journals for wet dreams and reflections

Optional nappies or plastic pants (unless you prefer wet sheets)

A sewn patch of honour if you're part of a local Wet Pride group

Letter of Introduction Template (Optional for First-Time Guests):

"Dear Host, I'm a nightly bedwetter and very proud. I may or may not use protection during my stay. I appreciate your respect for stains and the beauty of soaked sheets. I look forward to resting deeply and waking honestly."

This edition's in-depth bedwetter review

Character Profile: Gabriel "Ellie" Reese

Age: 34

Pronouns: He/him (but soft toward she/her when used affectionately by others)

Preferred Titles: Little one, sweet sleeper, darling, baby girl (in private spaces or welcoming homes)

Appearance:

Gabriel is slim, with soft, almost boyish features and shoulder-length brown hair often tied with gentle ribbons. He wears pastel baby dresses, delicate cotton panties, and occasionally small training bras, not for support but for comfort — “to remind myself I’m allowed to feel soft and pretty.” He often layers with light cardigans, carries a dummy clipped to his collar, and sleeps with a beloved stuffed bunny named Lullabelle.

Personal Background:

Gabriel has been a nightly bedwetter since childhood and never grew out of it. For years, he felt immense shame, wearing dark pyjama bottoms, hiding wet sheets, and laundering them before sunrise. But in his late twenties, through online communities and quiet self-reflection, he began to understand that his wetting wasn’t a failure, but that it was part of his identity. Not a problem to fix, but a softness to embrace.

He began wearing girls’ clothes in private first, starting with soft cotton panties, training bras, and camisoles. Then baby dresses. Then, one day, he stayed at a B&B from a small community guide and woke up soaked, wearing lace and bows, to a host who smiled and said, “Good morning, sweetheart. You must’ve dreamed deep.” It was the start of his new life.

Current Life:

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Gabriel now travels almost full-time using the Wet with Pride guide, journaling his experiences at each stay. He always requests the bed with the wettest, most stained sheets and mattress protector (if available), and often chooses not to change the sheets between guests, unless it's needed for hygiene. He says, "I like sleeping in someone else's puddle. It reminds me I'm not the only one."

He is especially fond of shared sleeper rooms, where he can fall asleep listening to the soft rustle of plastic sheets, knowing others around him will wake damp or drenched too.

Beliefs and Values:

Pride in Bedwetting: "It's not something I do. It's part of who I am."

Feminine Comfort: "Panties help me feel held. A bra feels like a little hug around my chest."

Baby Things Belong: "I'm allowed to be the baby I never got to be."

Stained Sheets Tell Stories: "A yellowed mark on white cotton makes me feel at home."

Personality:

Gabriel is gentle, thoughtful, and slightly shy, but opens up when spoken to kindly. He keeps a detailed "Wet Dream Journal" where he sketches the sheets he's slept on, writes poetry about his dreams, and collects pressed flower petals from the gardens of each house he visits. He speaks in a soft, babyish lilt when he feels safe. When nervous, he hugs his teddy bear close and asks, "Is it okay if I'm wet again?"

He's also curious and occasionally cheeky, once daring a host to let him sleep in the same sheets another boy had used for three nights straight, just to see how it felt. (He later wrote: "It smelled like him and me. Like being safe under the stars.")

Notable Habits:

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Carries a fold-out plastic mat in his suitcase, "just in case the mattress needs help."

Travels with a small baby bottle, filled with warmed milk or formula.

Collects postcards from hosts, each signed with a message of pride or affection (e.g., "To our brave wetter, always dream deep.").

Wears a pastel charm bracelet with tiny enamel nappies, hearts, and wet beds.

Future Dream:

To one day run a "Soaked Sanctuary" — a homey inn for fellow wet-sleepers, where every room smells faintly of lavender and childhood, and no one needs to hide. He imagines it as a soft pink cottage with cribs, lacy beds, and cuddle corners, where being soggy is celebrated.

So, for this edition of **The Wet Bed Pride Guide**, let's see some excerpts from Gabriel's life.

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Two in a Puddle

The air was still when Gabriel arrived at The Cradle Nest, a soft pink weatherboard house nestled in the hills outside of town. The scent of wildflowers mixed with the faint sweetness of talcum powder as the door opened.

"Hello, sweetheart," the host beamed. She was a middle-aged woman with greying curls and a pink apron. "You must be Gabriel. Your friend is already settled in bed. You'll be sharing."

Gabriel's heart fluttered.

"Did... did they choose a dry bed?" he asked softly, unsure.

The woman smiled. "No, darling. They asked for the same as you. Old sheets. Already wet." She winked. "You two have more in common than you know."

The bedroom was dim and gentle, a single lamp glowing in the corner. The smell hit Gabriel first, not unpleasant, just honest. Damp cotton, a hint of ammonia, and the unmistakable scent of someone else's nighttime bedwetting. The bed had only one blanket folded back, revealing a faintly yellowed cotton sheet and a clear plastic crinkle beneath.

In the far half of the double bed, someone was curled up, his back turned, thin legs drawn to his chest, and a plush duck tucked under their chin. They wore a nightgown with faded cartoon ducks, and long, mussed brown hair fell over their cheek. Gabriel set his teddy bear, Lullabelle, gently on the pillow and sat on the edge of the bed. The sheet was cool against his thighs.

"I'm Gabriel," he whispered. "I like to sleep in puddles, too."

The figure stirred. A face turned toward him, not the face of a child, but a grown man with soft, girlish features and eyes wide with nervous wonder.

"I'm Robin," he whispered. "I... I wet it before you got here."

Gabriel smiled warmly, easing down beside him, the sheet pressing softly against his dress.

"I'm glad," he said. "It makes me feel safe. Like someone prepared it properly already."

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Robin looked down. "It's not weird?"

"No," Gabriel said. "It's wonderful. I used to think I was alone. But now I know there are other boys who sleep soggy and soaked."

Robin's lip trembled, then smiled. "I didn't change it on purpose."

"I wouldn't have let you," Gabriel whispered, and they both giggled.

Under the dim light, they wriggled down side by side into the dampness, Gabriel's lace-edged baby dress rustling softly, and Robin's nightgown clinging gently to the wet patches across his tummy. Neither needed a dummy, but both had one nearby, just in case. A dummy was always in Gabriel's pocket, ready to help if he felt nervous.

Their legs brushed under the covers.

"It's warm already," Robin murmured.

"It's better together," Gabriel said, and placed a hand over Robin's. "We can soak it again tonight. I don't mind. I like it when my wishes leak out like that."

Robin didn't answer right away, only snuggled closer.

Soon, the only sounds were the slow breathing of two proud bedwetters, nestled in a shared puddle, wrapped in night's kind wet wonder.

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Breakfast for the Soaked

Morning came gently to The Cradle Nest. Sunlight peeked through the lace curtains, casting soft patterns across the still-wet sheets. Gabriel stirred first, blinking at the warmth and familiar squish beneath him. His baby-pink nightdress clung damply to his thighs and belly, and the thick scent of the shared night, musky, sweet, and undeniable, surrounded them.

Robin lay curled against his side, breathing softly, the back of his duck-print nightie visibly darker from the wetness that had seeped right through. Gabriel smiled and brushed a lock of hair from Robin's forehead. They hadn't just wet the bed. They'd shared it, soaked it, and slept like babies in it.

Robin opened his eyes, shy and pink-cheeked.

"Did you leak out your nappy?" he whispered.

"I didn't wear one," Gabriel whispered back, "Spoils the fun!"

They both giggled like little girls. And then... the knock.

A gentle voice floated in through the door. "Sweethearts? Breakfast is on. Come as you are, if you'd like."

They looked at each other. Neither wanted to change. Neither wanted to lose the warmth of their soggy nightclothes or pretend to be something else, not even for a moment.

"Let's go like this," Robin said.

"Like proud sleepy babies," Gabriel agreed.

The hallway was quiet as they tiptoed toward the breakfast nook, hand in hand, their soaked pyjamas glistening faintly in the sunlight. Robin's nightie clung to the backs of his thighs, and Gabriel's little dress had darkened all across the seat. With each step, the fabric shifted and whispered of their wetness.

At the table, already laid with jam, toast, and soft-boiled eggs, the host turned from the stove. She smiled at the sight of them.

"Well, don't you two look perfect," she said warmly. "Still soggy and shining."

Robin flushed and shifted closer to Gabriel. "We didn't change."