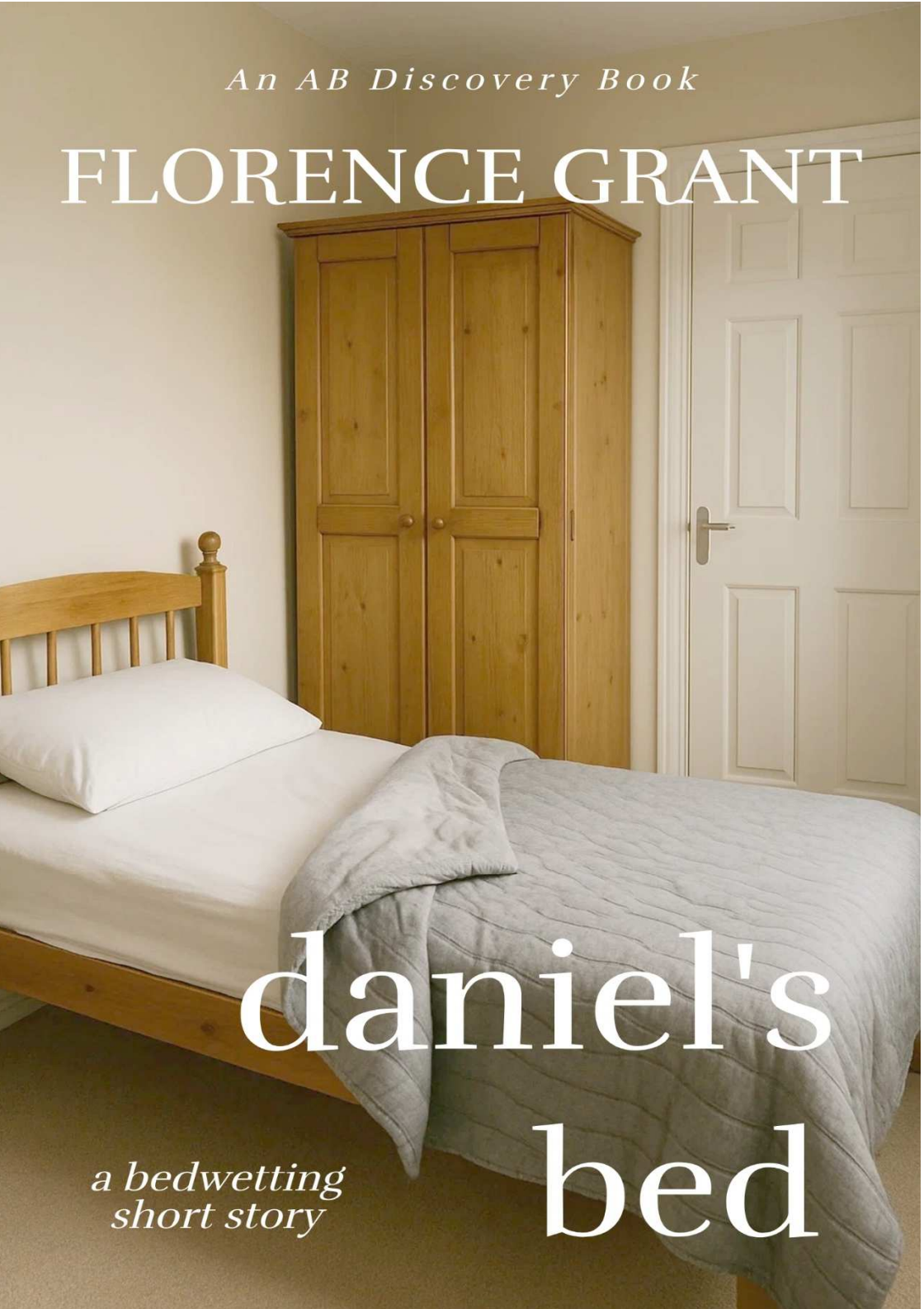




An AB Discovery Book

FLORENCE GRANT

daniel's
bed

*a bedwetting
short story*

Daniel's Bed

by
Forrest Grant

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Chapter One: The Sheets He Kept

Eliot awoke slowly, the same way he always did on weekends, with no alarm, no appointments, and no rush to escape the soft cocoon of his warm and pee-soaked bed. The sheets clung warmly to his body, heavy with the night's quiet truth. He shifted under the blanket, feeling the familiar sensation: a warm, sticky dampness between his thighs, the cool touch of the fabric against his calves where the wetness had spread. His panties and girls' pyjamas, pale pink and soft from many washes, were now stained in growing arcs of amber and gold. This was comfort. This was real.

Revelling in the excitement of a soaked bed, he felt his hardness grow and enjoyed the sense of growing excitement in his body. He turned over face down in the sogginess and slowly pushed his hardness against his saturated panties and the flooded sheets beneath him. It was the weekend and so he had time to enjoy his morning masturbation, his ritual since the early days of discovering the joys his penis could give. He wallowed in the softness and erotic joy of his bed and panties before finally allowing himself the luxury of ejaculating into his panties, his cum often escaping and adding to the sheets. Weekdays meant he only had five minutes to enjoy the sensual pleasures of his wet panties and bed but on weekends, 45 minutes was typical before he finally succumbed to his arousal. And most weekends he would enjoy the pleasures of his still-soaked but now-drying bed once more, usually still in his damp panties and pyjamas. Cumming once a day was not always enough, especially when he had a lovely wet and stained bed to arouse him. He had a ritual to follow.

His bedroom was simple and tidy, yet the bed itself was a canvas of joyous wetting. The sheets—white cotton, laundered

weekly or less but never before the sixth day—held overlapping evidence of his nightly wettings like watercolour brushstrokes. Each morning's stain bled into the next, blooming outward across the mattress protector beneath. There was beauty in it. A kind of truthfulness that Eliot believed most people spent their lives hiding from. His wet bed was his truth. Weekends were wonderful because instead of leaving his delightful wet bed at 6:30 am he could lie in for hours, enjoying the sensations, smells and delights of his well-wet bed and orgasming once or even twice.

He lay still a little longer, stretching slightly, enjoying the squish beneath his hips. Then he rolled carefully to one side and reached for the camera resting on his bedside table.

Click.

He took a wide shot of the sheet, then a close-up as today's pattern was especially organic, lopsided and rich in tone. The top corner had even spread onto the pillowcase, which he found deeply satisfying. Reaching the pillow was an achievement of which he was exceptionally proud. There was something grounding about these moments, like documenting a dream before it faded. With practised hands, he added today's photos to a new folder on his laptop, dated and tagged. The physical photo album—a thick, leather-bound book—rested proudly on his bookshelf, its pages filled with his high-definition inkjet-printed favourites. He had a system, a rating scale for his wet beds, notes about his diet, hydration levels, and how these affected the volume and spread, the colour and aroma. It wasn't an obsession. It was care, a true joy.

Eliot was a bedwetter. A proud one.

He always had been. Since he was a child, he had never fully stopped, nor had he tried to. His mother—stoic, sometimes distant, and oddly pragmatic—had taken him out of nappies as a toddler and insisted on “training the sheets instead of the boy.” It was her phrase that she used to him over the years and to relatives who asked why he was in wet sheets and not the more convenient nappies. She did laundry with mechanical efficiency but never shamed him for his pee-soaked bedding. By the time he was seven or eight, Eliot had

already begun to look at his morning-wet sheets not as failures, but as secret accomplishments, a sign that he hadn't betrayed who he really was in the night. Others might hide their wet beds. He didn't. In his younger days at school, he found several friends who were also bedwetters and a couple were wetting sheets like he was so he would pester them for details about how big their patches were. On a couple of rare occasions, he was able to see his friends' wet sheets after school before the sheets were changed. They were, even now, still indelibly imprinted on his memory. He thought they were pretty and sometimes said so, although his friends didn't understand that.

Online, in certain obscure corners of the internet, he posted photographs under the handle "SatinFloods." He never showed his face, only the sheets, angled carefully, cleanly, with short captions like:

"Three nights, no laundry. Steady bloom, top right."

"Felt especially calm last night. Pillow got some too. Woke up smiling."

"Deeper colour last night. Must be something I ate or drank."

He had a small but loyal following. A few others shared their own wet sheets, some less regularly, some only once or twice. But the comments mattered to him.

"That looks so peaceful."

"Thank you for being real."

"I didn't know other people liked it this way."

"I sleep better when wet. I bet you do too!"

These words fed something in him. He didn't post simply for praise. He posted to be seen. In a braver world, he would post photos of himself wallowing in his wet bed, showing off his joy and pride.

Today was Saturday. That meant a slow breakfast, and no need to change the sheets. They were already a week old, and perhaps another week was a good idea. He stayed in his wet panties and pyjamas until almost noon, padding around the apartment in bare feet, still damp, content. The slight scent of his room—part old urine, part clean linen spray—had become as comforting as a favourite sweater.

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Before long, he'd add today's photo to the series and maybe post it online. Or maybe not. He didn't owe the world everything.

But he knew what he'd say if he did: "Fourth night on this set. Proud of the work we've done."

On weekdays, Eliot kept his hydration balanced during the day. But on weekends—especially Fridays and Saturdays—he drank with purpose. Water, juice, tea, a calming herbal blend he'd perfected over the years. Not so much that it hurt, just enough to ensure that by morning his sheets would carry a soaking wet story. His bladder would empty sometime in the small hours, the release flowing powerfully into the bed, unnoticed until sunlight crept through the window. He usually slept during his wettings but if he awoke, he happily emptied out in the bed, the place he considered to be the right place for nighttime pee. And perhaps daytime pee? He was of two minds as to the value of wetting his bed during the day. He was certain, however, that that day would someday come.

Bedwetting was a ritual. It gave him peace.

Tonight had been a three-glass night: one with dinner, one before brushing his teeth, and one in bed while scrolling through his photo archive. As he lay back afterwards, pacified by the weight of his comforter and the slight pressure in his lower belly, he felt that delicious anticipation settle in his chest. Sleep would come, and then the natural, unforced warmth would follow. But this relationship with his bed had roots, deep ones, going back decades.

As a boy, Eliot had wet the bed every night from age three. His mother, a practical and unsentimental woman, declared early on that "he'd grow out of it eventually," and refused to buy more nappies past toddlerhood. Instead, she initially folded thick towels under him and taught him how to strip the bed in the morning. But Eliot didn't mind the wetness. In fact, he liked it. And as he got older, he liked it even more. And when the towels stopped, the spread of his wetness exploded and he was thrilled with the results.

Even as a kindergartener, he would wake up with a grin, rubbing his tiny hands along the soaked fabric beneath him. Sometimes he'd press his face to it as if to smell proof that the night

had been real. He began to feel a strange sort of pride. Other boys had dry beds and clean sheets, but his were alive with colour and shape. His were honest. The smell appealed to him. By the time he was ten, he no longer apologized for it. Instead, he would plead gently with his mother:

“Can we leave them on one more night? I want to see how it looks tomorrow.”

She raised an eyebrow. “The sheet’s already filthy.”

“Please. Just one more. It’s not even that wet today.”

And sometimes she agreed, especially in summer, when windows were left open and laundry could wait, Eliot could coax two, three, or even four nights out of the same set. He began to recognize the way stains darkened as they aged, the slight shift from yellow to bronze. He learned how placement and posture affected shape, and how lying on his side made long, trailing pools while sleeping on his back made rounder, fuller blooms.

He didn’t tell anyone, of course at least not after he went to high school, not even his friends. But he cherished those mornings, and they were always there to welcome him in the morning.

By twelve, his mother gave up scolding and simply left clean sheets folded at the end of the bed. He could change them himself—if and when he wanted to. And many times... he didn’t. He extended to time to a week typically and once to two weeks. He loved the sight, smells, and even the feel of an already stained bed when he jumped inside for nighttime. Despite his mother’s valiant efforts to take him to the toilet a couple of hours after bedtime, she found he was always wet already and eventually gave up.

Now, at thirty-six, the habit had evolved into an art form. His bed was his journal, his canvas, his refuge. The mattress was protected, the routine carefully managed, but the emotional thread was the same as when he was five: this is mine, and I love it.

A typical day in Eliot’s life was quiet. He worked remotely as a freelance image restorer—digitally repairing old photographs for museums and private clients. The work was delicate, often meditative. Faces faded with time returned under his care. He

appreciated the silence, the slowness, the chance to bring something back from the past. He would rarely get out of his wet pyjamas and panties before noon. They comforted him just like when as a child on weekends, keeping his wet things on for as long as possible became his style, despite his mother often pestering him to get dressed.

Mid-afternoons, he walked to the corner café for coffee. The barista, a young woman named Jude, always smiled warmly at him. She often wore vintage overalls and never asked too many questions. Eliot sometimes wondered if she could smell the faint scent of ammonia on him, even beneath clean clothes, even after a late shower. But if she did, she never let on. Sometimes he wished she had asked pointed questions about bedwetting, but she never did.

Evenings were for quiet dinners, soft music, and his bedtime hydration ritual. Every step was intentional and peaceful. He rarely had visitors. No one else had been in his bedroom for years and that was deliberate. There was no girlfriend, no casual sex. He had different needs. But he didn't feel lonely. His sheets were company enough. They remembered what others forgot. And there were in many ways, also his sex partner, but only when soaking wet.

Chapter Two: The Eighth Night

The sheet had lasted eight nights.

Eliot stood at the foot of the bed in his dimly lit room, one hand clutching a warm mug of lemon balm tea, the other resting on the iron footboard. The white cotton sheet—once clean, now abstract and moody with layered stains spread before him like a familiar face aged with time. At its centre, the overlapping stains had formed a deep golden patch, soft-edged and organic. Toward the edges, earlier traces had faded into cloudy shadows, like smoke pressed into the fabric. The pillowcase, unusually for him, showed streaks and blotches along both sides. He had wet with his head turned recently. Those stains had been a surprise... a gift.

He ran his fingers along the sheet's edge and took a slow sip. Eight nights. now

He rarely kept them this long. Seven was normally his limit, not out of necessity, but discipline. There was a rhythm to the cycle. But this time felt different. This sheet had something in it. A kind of narrative. He had reached the point where even small wettings soaked into older layers, bleeding out in new directions. It was unpredictable, but also deeply satisfying. Tonight, he wasn't sure what to do. Changing it would be clean, controlled, and proper. But keeping it and risking even more might make it truly beautiful.

He set the cup down, pulled off his girl's tshirt, and folded it neatly on the chair by the door. He found a pair of a pair of white girls' panties that were already showing the stains that wouldn't always come out in a wash. They too were on their eighth night and his pink girls' pyjamas had a delightful smell that pleased him, the smell of 7 wet nights. Then, with a glance at the faint glow of the bedside clock—10:12 p.m.—he began drinking. Water, tea, then a tall glass of

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cranberry juice. By the end, he could feel his belly stretched and heavy. He moved slowly, deliberately, savouring the building pressure that made him feel so young, so ready, so prepared for a performance of joy.

He climbed into bed, turned off the light, and lay back into the cool, crinkled dampness beneath him. The sheets were mostly dry, but still a little damp and the allure of dampness excited him. His thighs touched fabric that had long since given up its original crispness. The pillowcase, slightly sour and softened, cradled his head. And as his eyes closed, his last thought was not about shame or indulgence, it was about form.

Let it reach the corners. All four of them. Make it a truly drenched night.

He woke at dawn, before the sun as he often did.

There was no gradual awareness, just a warm pulse under his hips, the certainty that his body had emptied itself fully, almost explosively, in the early morning. He decided to deliberately pee in his bed and smiled when he realised that there was almost nothing left. It was all lying in his sheets. He turned his head slowly and felt the damp pillow against his cheek. His pyjamas clung to his thighs and belly, slick and heavy with moisture. He pressed his hand to the mattress.

It had reached the edges.

All four. Top, bottom, left and right. His pillow was quite wet and the patch extended all around it, reaching the edge and some flowing over it. He let out a slow breath and closed his eyes again, smiling.

An hour later, with the bedroom curtain drawn just enough to let in soft light, Eliot stood barefoot with his camera, documenting the sheet's final triumph. The saturation was deeper than usual, pure, unashamed. The flood had travelled up, out, sideways. The pillow was marked. The centre of the bed looked like an inkblot test gone wild.

He captioned the image carefully.

"Night 8. Full coverage. Reached all corners + the entire pillows. Might frame this one. Might make a great wall poster."

He posted it with a quiet thrill and spent the rest of the morning scrolling through gentle, encouraging replies.

"This is stunning," said one.

"I can feel the peace just looking at it," said another.

"Eight nights is brave. Thank you for sharing something so vulnerable and beautiful."

"You've inspired me to try again this weekend."

"I hope you made love to that wonderful bed."

Eliot smiled as yes, he had made love to the wet bed and deposited his excitement in his panties once more, knowing that there would be another deposit later, and maybe a third.

He reread the comments, letting them settle in his chest. They reminded him of the faint praise he'd sometimes earned as a teenager, on those rare, uncertain mornings when his mother would come in, see the soaked sheets, and sigh.

"Well... at least you're consistent," she'd say, a tired smile flickering at the edge of her mouth.

He'd beam at that. Cling to it.

On one unforgettable morning, after he'd left the sheets for five nights and drawn patterns with his fingertips in the older marks, she had looked down and said quietly,

"You really don't mind this, do you?"

He had shaken his head.

"It's not just that," he'd whispered. "I like it."

And for once, she hadn't argued. She'd simply left the room with the words, "Change the sheets when you feel like it," and leaving the sheets unchanged.

Now, years later, Eliot looked at his screen. The comments, the private message requests, the quiet way people thanked him for not hiding, for showing them that this could be something good.

He closed his laptop slowly and lay back down into the still-warm bed. He could already feel the need to go again building inside

him. This wasn't the end of the sheet. Not yet. He could sense another day or two or possibly three.

Chapter Three: The Third Night

The summer he turned fifteen, Eliot became bold.

He had kept the same sheet on his bed for three nights in a row, pushing it longer than he ever had under his mother's roof. It was hot that week, the kind of dry heat that made everything feel sticky and slow. He barely slept under the top sheet and just sprawled in his thin cotton pyjamas, drinking water all afternoon and resisting the urge to use the toilet after school. He wanted his bed to be flooded that night.

By the third night, the sheet had become a map of everything he wanted to say but couldn't. It was soaked through in broad, irregular strokes, blossoms of gold and amber stretching all the way to the foot of the bed. The first night's stain had set. The second night added new warmth and contrast. Now, the third had blurred the boundaries entirely. His pillow was stained too. A small smudge where his jaw had pressed. He stared at it with a strange, humming affection. He didn't just want to see it. He wanted someone else to see him through it.

That morning, he left his door ajar, something he rarely did. He stood in the hallway pretending to drink from a carton of juice as his mother walked past his room, paused, and then stepped back.

"...Three days?" she asked, peering in. Her voice wasn't angry. More puzzled.

Eliot looked down at his bare feet.

"Yeah. I... I wanted to try something."

His mother crossed her arms. She was still in her work blouse, keys dangling from her fingers. "You haven't used the downstairs toilet in days. You're not using it at all, are you?"

He hesitated.

"No."

She stepped into the room and looked at the bed more closely. Her nose wrinkled slightly, but she didn't say anything for a few seconds.

"You're doing this on purpose."

There it was, said aloud. Not an accusation. Just observation.

Eliot's throat tightened. His fingers gripped the juice carton too hard. "I like it," he said, quickly. "I like how it looks. I like how it feels when I wake up. It's not just... by accident anymore. I try to make it nice."

His mother sat on the edge of the bed and placed her keys beside her.

"You always did like the sheets more than the dry pyjamas."

Eliot nodded, heart hammering.

She ran a hand over the fabric slowly, then wiped her palm on her pants. "You know this isn't normal, right?"

"I know," he whispered.

She glanced at the window, where dust motes floated in a shaft of sunlight. "I don't get it. But... I don't hate you for it."

Eliot's eyes filled suddenly, stinging. He swallowed and sat beside her.

"Does it look nice?" he asked quietly.

She didn't answer at first. Then, with a strange softness in her voice: "It's... full. I'll give you that. It might even be pretty."

He nodded, blinking rapidly. "I wanted it to be pretty."

She stood, picking up her keys again.

"You'll need to wash it tomorrow."

He didn't argue. But her words weren't rejection. They were permission. And he held onto them like gold.

The photograph Eliot posted of his eighth-night flood had been up for almost twelve hours before she saw it.

Marianne had stumbled into the corner of the internet where people shared things they couldn't talk about in the real world. She didn't always know what she was looking for. Sometimes it was

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emotion, sometimes vulnerability, sometimes... permission to be fascinated. Tonight, it found her and it floored her. She paused on the photo, something in her gut tightening. Not out of shame, but out of recognition.

The bed looked completely saturated. It wasn't just a slip or a moment, it was deliberate. Crafted. The way a gardener tends a bed of roses. The pillow was stained. The edges were kissed with faded streaks from nights before. This wasn't about forgetting to get up in time. This was about wanting to stay asleep in it and enjoy the experience.

Her finger hovered over the screen. She read the caption twice, then three times.

"Night 8. Full coverage. Reached all corners + both pillows. Might frame this one."

She looked again at the stains. The shape. The glow of pride underneath the surface.

And she whispered out loud, to no one: "What if I made a bed just for that?"

Chapter Four: The Closed Room

Marianne lived alone in a redbrick cottage at the edge of the village, where the lilac trees leaned low in the spring and the kettle always seemed to be on. Her kitchen was spotless. Her cupboards were neatly labelled. She grew mint in small ceramic pots on the sill and watered them at the same time every morning. Everything in her home was orderly. Controlled. Except for the door at the end of the upstairs hallway.

It was white like the others, but the handle was older brass, slightly dulled by time and memory. Once a week, always on Sundays, Marianne turned that handle and stepped into the room that was not hers—never had been—but still made her feel most herself.

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It had been left nearly untouched since his death three years ago. A traffic accident. Stupid and simple. A bend in the road he knew too well. He had been twenty-two, still living at home, still soaking his bed every single night.

Their parents had tried everything—alarms, doctors, therapy, punishment, reward, but Daniel never stopped. He simply hadn't wanted to. From the age of four, the same year they stopped putting him in nappies in a misguided attempt to push him toward dryness, he began to understand that wetting felt right. Lying in warm, soaked sheets made him feel safe in a way nothing else could. Marianne had been the only one who tried to understand.

She was eight years older. Already an adult by the time Daniel turned fifteen, but she still lived at home, drawn to her quiet, sweet-natured brother and his strange, comforting nightly world and as he grew, he stopped hiding it. Not from her. In fact, he started showing her his wet beds.

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Marianne pulled the door open gently now. The room smelled faintly of dust, old laundry, and something else, something she could only describe as... Daniel.

The bed was still made, in a manner of speaking. The quilt pulled up neatly, tucked in as he'd always done before crawling in and surrendering to the night. She approached it slowly and folded the quilt back. There they were: the last sheets he had ever wet.

They were pale blue, soft cotton, now tinged with the ghostly brownish-gold of dried stains. Not just one, but many. Overlapping. Deep. Evidence of his last nights of bedwetting. Perhaps five, maybe more, she never knew exactly, but they told their own story. She could still trace his shape in them, the arc of a hip, the faint blotch where his knee always rested. She sat on the edge of the bed, fingertips brushing the fabric. Then, as she always did, she leaned down and pressed her face into the cold, discoloured sheet and breathed in.

It didn't smell of urine anymore, not really. That scent had long faded and she missed it. But the memory of it was there. The warmth behind it. The strange, unshakable safety it had brought them both. Her breath caught in her throat, and she held the fabric tighter.

She missed him. More than she could say aloud. Not just his laughter or his terrible scrambled eggs, but this. His honesty. His unfiltered comfort in something the world never gave permission for. She missed his wet beds, the smell of them and the look and his utter lack of shame about them.

She sat back up and smiled sadly. She remembered the mornings he'd wait for her outside the bathroom, hair still tousled from sleep, and say with excitement, "It's a good one today." She'd go in and see the soaked bed, sometimes just the centre, sometimes all the way down, and she would grin and say things like:

"Eight out of ten today, maybe nine. Look at that pattern!"

He would beam, boyish and proud. Sometimes he'd ask her to take a photo with his old phone. Sometimes she'd sniff the bed when he was downstairs, something she never told anyone. It made her feel connected to something vulnerable, unjudged, and free. The aroma

was strong and to her, childish, but she did it a lot simply to connect more.

She had never been able to wet the bed herself. She'd tried many times. Drank, stayed still, begged her body to just... let go. But it never did. She remained dry, proper, and self-contained, just like the emotionally tight person she was. But a part of her ached to be able to share in what Daniel had. To sink into a bed of her own and wake up soaked and smiling. She had envied him, quietly, all her life. She had hoped that one morning she could invite him to see her own wet bed and praise her for it, perhaps put his face in it as she did with his and enjoy the smell.

That night, back downstairs in her armchair, Marianne scrolled absentmindedly through an old support group forum for adult bedwetters, something she rarely did anymore. She clicked through threads: some desperate, some joyful, some guarded.

And then she saw it.

A photo.

A white sheet stained with breathtaking confidence—eight nights, full coverage. Corners reached. Pillow marked repeatedly.

She stared. Her fingers froze.

The caption read:

"Night 8. Full coverage. Reached all corners + pillow. Might frame this one."

Marianne's breath hitched.

She looked again. The colour. The saturation. The pride in it. Not shame. Pride.

And for the first time in three years, she said aloud to an empty room: "That looks like Daniel's."

She knew she had to write to the creator of the wet bed and share something. She found his email address and, in his profile, discovered his name was Eliot. That made her smile as she had a friend in high school called Eliot and he was nice to her. And so she wrote.

Dear Eliot,

I hope you won't find this letter intrusive.

I came across your photograph—the white sheets, night eight, full-length saturation—and I was quite honestly overcome. Not with shock or confusion as you may be used to, but with a kind of quiet awe. You had created something complete and extraordinary, a bed wholly claimed. You knew what it meant, and I think I did too.

Your photo was not careless. It was intentional. Artful, in its way. Proud. And because of that, I felt I had to write to you. Let me explain why.

I had a brother named Daniel. He passed away three years ago, quite young, and not a day goes by that I don't think about him, especially in the mornings. Daniel was a lifelong bedwetter. Not the quiet, apologetic kind, not the secretly ashamed kind. He was like you. From the age of four when our parents stopped using nappies, Daniel began to adore his wet sheets. It was something in the warmth, in the permission it gave him to be small and safe and real. He cultivated his wet sheets.

At first, of course, there was resistance from our parents. But I was older, already in my teens, and I saw the strange beauty in his joy. Daniel would wet every night, every single night, into his twenties, and not once did he ever try to stop. He didn't want to. He never needed to. He wanted to be seen. And so, I saw him.

I praised his wet beds. I even graded them sometimes, like a game. I'd walk into his room in the morning and he'd say, "Look, I got the corners this time," or "I think it's a ten today." And I would agree, smiling like I'd just opened a

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birthday present. We had our own secret language of pride. He wet his bed while I, unfortunately, did not.

There were standout beds, too. A few I still remember with painful clarity:

The Four-Day Flood: Pale green sheets, untouched for almost a week. The centre was caramel brown and the edges kissed both sides. Daniel stood there barefoot, proud as a prince.

The One with the Pillow Mark: He had managed to wet so deeply and so fully that even the underside of his pillow had caught it. He called it “the reach-around.”

The Morning I Cried: Because the bed was so beautifully stained and soft and honest that I suddenly knew I was witnessing something sacred. And I knew I’d miss it one day. That day came far too soon.

Daniel’s bed is still there. I live in our old cottage now that both our parents are gone. Every Sunday, I go in and pull back the quilt. The sheet beneath is still stained from the last time he wet it. It’s dry now, of course. But the marks are there, soft and golden and full of memory. I lean in sometimes, and breathe it in, hoping to find a trace of him. But here’s the thing I can’t do, Eliot. I can’t honour it properly.

I have tried, truly I have. I’ve longed to wet the bed the way he did, to continue the tradition, to join that quiet world he found so soothing. But my body doesn’t cooperate. It betrays me. No matter how much I drink or how long I stay still, I always wake dry. I ache to wake soaked, the sheets warm around me, to have something I can point to and say, “This is

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mine.” I have always wanted to share bedwetting with Daniel and now I can’t.

That’s why your photograph shook me.

You did what I cannot. You made a bed that reminded me of Daniel’s best. You did it with grace, intention, and celebration. And for that, I would like to ask—though I do so humbly—if you might consider something unusual. Would you be willing to wet in Daniel’s bed? To stay in the room where he found his peace and, just once, bring it back to life. I would consider it an honour. A sacred act. Not fetish, not a spectacle, but devotion.

Of course, I don’t expect anything. I simply wanted you to know there’s someone out there who truly saw what you made and didn’t just understand it but also felt grateful for it.

If you’d like to write back, I’d be very glad.

With warmth and sincerity,

Marianne

Eliot read the lengthy email and its beautiful style and elegance. He realised instantly that Marianne must be a well-educated and stylish young woman and it stood in contrast to the many short, badly spelt and often grubby emails he normally received. He decided to respond in kind, and in length.

Dear Marianne,

I’ve reread your letter five times. The first time, I thought it had to be a mistake, someone playing a trick. The second time, I felt a rush in my chest like I’d been holding my breath for years. And by the third time, I knew exactly what I was

feeling; relief. Relief that someone out there really saw it. Someone who understood the meaning of my wet beds. Internet people seem to have a bit of an idea, but only a little.

You didn't flinch. You didn't ask why. You already understood. You spoke about Daniel like I wish someone had spoken about me, not as a problem or a puzzle or something to "fix," but as someone whose comfort came from a place others were too quick to judge.

I'd like to tell you a little about myself because I feel you've given me the lovely gift of your story and I owe you the same back.

I've wet the bed my entire life. But more than that, I've loved it, and I knew it even before I had the words for it. As a child, I remember lying in the warm middle of my soaked sheets, hugging my pillow and feeling like everything was okay for just a little while longer. It was mine. A secret sanctuary in a world that asked too much.

My mother didn't understand. She wasn't unkind, just confused. She took me out of nappies when I was still quite young, thinking it would "train" me. But instead, it did something unexpected. Without those barriers, I began to see my bed. I saw the way the wet marks layered across the sheets like time-lapse shadows. I started asking her not to change them right away. I told her I liked them better when they looked "busy." I think she was bewildered, but she stopped fighting me over it as I got older.

Sometimes, in rare moments, she'd ask, "Is this what you like?" And when I nodded, she'd quietly leave the sheets

another day. That's the closest I ever got to being affirmed. Until you wrote.

I want to show you something. [Photo 1]: It's a wide shot of my bed from two years ago. You can see the whole mattress underneath — a bloom of overlapping stains. This was after the plastic cover tore in one corner. I didn't replace it for weeks. I couldn't. The mattress started to show itself, and something about that felt deeply honest. Raw. I have from time to time taken the plastic sheet off and wet my bed without protection. The mattress still bears those stains, and I often add to them. I find them to be a stunning affirmation of who I am. The mattress will never stop showing my pride.

[Photo 2]: A close-up of the edge where the sheet had ridden up and the cotton absorbed everything. It looked like a tide map. It felt like a diary entry no one else could read.

I've never shared these with anyone before.

You mentioned Daniel's "Four-Day Flood" and I can picture it clearly in my mind. The way you wrote *about* him was almost like writing to him, still. And you made me ache, just a little, wishing I had a sister like you. Someone who saw the beauty in the aftermath. Someone who didn't ask, *Why are you still like this?* But said, *I'm glad you are.*

I'd be honoured to speak more. I'd love to see Daniel's room if you're ever willing to share. I feel, somehow, like I already know it. There's something tender about what you asked. Not strange, not uncomfortable, just... sacred. I've never been invited to bring comfort to someone else's space before, but it feels right that you'd ask.

Daniel's Bed

I would never step into that room lightly. And I would only go if you felt, fully and truly, that it was what you truly needed, not just for Daniel, but maybe also for you. Not to replace him, but to remember what it was like to care for someone who trusted the bed beneath them to hold everything.

I'd like to know more. About the room. About what you remember. And maybe, when you're ready, you could show me one of Daniel's old beds — a photo or even a memory. I think I'd feel less alone in the world for it.

Warmly,

Eliot

As Marianne read the email she cried softly. It was elegant, it was long and detailed and it sounded... like Daniel. She knew that somehow by accident, she had found someone suitable to wet her brother's bed once again and to remind her of all she had lost and yet, all she could remember.

From Marianne to Eliot

Subject: A Memory and a Photo

Dear Eliot,

You don't know what your letter meant to me. When I wrote to you, I hoped you'd respond, but I didn't expect to feel this understood in return. You see, I've lived most of my life tucking away my memories of Daniel. I worried that if I shared them too often, they'd stop belonging to me. But something in your reply, your tenderness, your stillness, made me feel like you'd hold those memories the way I do. Not like artefacts... but like a kind of language.

I'd like to share one of my favourites.

Daniel was 17. Our parents had just come back from a trip and were cross with him. The mattress in the guest room had been soaked again as he had removed the plastic sheet and for the same reason you did, and the windows had been closed. The smell was strong. They scolded him. Told him he was too old. But Daniel didn't cry. That night, I found him sitting on the bed, cross-legged in damp pyjamas. He looked up and asked me, "Do you think it's okay that I like this?"

I said, "I think it's okay that you feel safe somewhere. You're really lucky you do. I don't." We looked at the stained mattress together and I praised him for it. And I meant it. I was jealous of his bedwetting by then and the stained mattress was just another stab at my own failure.

He told me, "This is the only thing that feels like mine."

After he died in that accident a few years later, I couldn't bring myself to wash the sheets. It was his last bed. He'd wet it every night the week before. And though it's dry now, the stains are still there, soft and shadowed like old tea rings. I visit once a week, just to sit. I never told anyone that sometimes I still bury my face in the blanket and close my eyes. It smells of linen, mostly, but in my mind, I still know what it means. I can still remember the smell of his wet sheets.

Here's a photo. I took it last spring. [Photo attachment: Daniel's bed] It's the corner he used to curl into. You can still see the pattern of the old sheets through the faded marks. It's quiet in there. Time sits differently in that room.

Daniel's Bed

I don't know what it means to invite someone into that, not just the room, but the act of remembering. But you made me feel that maybe I wasn't strange for wanting it.

Tell me more about what it feels like for you... not the "how," but the "why." What does a peaceful evening look like? What does it give you?

Warmly,

Marianne

For the first time in many years, Eliot cried softly as he read the pain in her letter and in the knowledge that he possessed an ability to make her feel better. He tried several times to reply to her but it took time to compose his feelings while being respectful to hers. Clearly, this had nothing to do with any fetish for bedwetting but something deeper and more powerful.

He took his time.

From Eliot to Marianne

Subject: What It Feels Like

Dear Marianne,

Daniel's bed. It's... beautiful. Quiet, like you said. It's not just the stains I see. It's the care in it. The way you held that space and still do. I don't think you're strange at all. I think you're one of the only people who understand that comfort is something we make, not just something we're given, and that bedwetting can be a comfort.

You asked what a peaceful evening looks like for me. I'll try to explain. It starts early. I drink a tall glass of warm tea, chamomile or mint, then maybe a second. I'll put on my

Daniel's Bed

softest pyjamas, usually cotton, faded from washing, with little stains at the cuffs that never quite came out. I sit at the edge of the bed for a long time before I get in. I like the weight of it, the familiarity. It's not about needing to wet, it's about being with it. The same way someone might stroke a worn patch on an old teddy or run their hand along the grain of a wooden bannister they've known since childhood.

When I wake up, it's quiet. Everything's still. My body's warm, heavy, safe. I don't move at first. I just stay. There's this odd kind of joy in knowing the sheets carry the night's imprint. Sometimes, I press my cheek to the dampest part of the pillow and feel the softness wrap around me like a blanket no one else can see.

I don't always take photos, but when I do, which is still often, it's not for proof, it's for poetry. There's something calming in the curves, the layering, the way it marks time. I think you'd understand that best of all.

Your story about Daniel asking if it was okay... hit me deeply. I asked the same thing in so many silent ways. You gave him what he needed most: permission. I hope I can give a little of that back to you, too.

Thank you for showing me Daniel's bed. I'd be honoured to see more memories if you want to share. And if you ever feel ready to talk about how I could honour that space for him... I'd listen to every word.

Yours in understanding,

Eliot

Chapter Five:

Preparing the Room

Marianne stood in the hallway just outside Daniel's room, her hand resting on the familiar brass doorknob. The house was silent, late afternoon sunlight softening the edges of everything. It had been years since she'd truly prepared the room for anyone. But now, she found herself smoothing the sheets, dusting the windowsill, and refolding the special pyjamas that had been draped gently across the foot of the bed for years. She hadn't yet explained to Eliot that Daniel wore girls' underwear and girls' pyjamas or a nightie to bed. She didn't want to scare him off.

She had read Eliot's last letter a dozen times. It was tender and full of care, filled with his quiet rituals, his comfort, his honesty. The way he described the hush of early morning, the weight of a body surrounded by something familiar — she felt like she could hear Daniel in it.

She emailed him that night:

Dear Eliot,

I've made up the room. Or rather... I've let it be as it always was, but now with someone in mind. I never imagined letting anyone else in here, not really. But you've made it feel like the most natural thing.

I would like to invite you. Not with pressure or expectation, just with warmth. We can take it slow. Come for dinner, if nothing else. The room will be ready either way.

Yours,

Marianne

After sending the email, she looked through the drawers and cupboards in Daniel's room. She found his collection of panties, of higher quality than her own, folded and refolded his pretty girls' pyjamas and several nighties. In the cupboard, she touched each of his dresses, all young or even toddler-styled styled and remembered those times he would wear them around the house happy and free. She would keep the cupboard closed when Eliot visited, unless...

Chapter Six: The Visit

Eliot arrived on a Friday evening, the wind tugging gently at the collar of his coat. Marianne opened the door with a soft smile, hands trembling slightly at her sides. She hadn't had company like this in years, someone coming not to chat, not to fix something broken in the house, but to be a friend of a very special sort.

They ate together at the small kitchen table, a simple meal of chicken and roasted vegetables, fresh bread, and tea. Conversation flowed gently, like ripples in a still pond. They spoke of childhood: of Eliot's careful defiance in staying wet, of how proud he felt when a sheet lasted three, five, even seven days. Marianne shared more stories of Daniel, of the time he built a small journal of "bed grades" she had once made up as a joke, and how seriously he'd taken them. They laughed and sometimes they went quiet.

Marianne stirred her tea and looked at Eliot with warmth. "I used to wish," she said softly, "that I could do it too. Just once. But my body... it never did. I tried. I tried so many ways. Not to pretend or anything, just to feel close to him. It feels cruel that I cannot do that for him, even now."

Eliot reached across the table and gently touched her hand. "I think you were close to him. You still are. That's why I'm here. Maybe somehow, I can help."

She nodded, swallowing down the ache that rose unexpectedly.

Later, in the doorway to Daniel's room, they stood silently. Marianne had lit a soft lamp in the corner. The bed looked exactly as it always had: the worn sheets with their faint, time-blurred stains, the old stuffed animal at the corner of the pillow.

"I... kept these," she said quietly. "I couldn't throw them away."

Eliot stepped into the room reverently. He looked around, taking in every detail, not as an outsider, but as someone arriving home in a way neither of them had expected.

Marianne turned to him. "Only if it feels right," she said.

"It does," Eliot whispered. "Would you mind if I wore Daniel's pyjamas to also honour him?"

Marianne went silent. Then she whispered hoarsely, "He wore girls' pyjamas and underwear."

Eliot smiled and laughed a little. "So do I!" he exclaimed. "Ever since mid-teens and my mother never even complained about it! Panties, nighties, girls PJs and been experimenting with bras and things too."

"You do?" Marianne replied in a startled voice. "Daniel was wearing a bra for a few months before... as well."

"Of course! Only the best! So I would be honoured to wear his things."

Marianne was still for a moment and then motioned for Eliot to see the dresser she had just opened. His toddler dresses hung openly, and she pulled out various drawers to show off his panties and pyjama collection.

"He only wore panties for a long time. I don't think he even had men's underwear."

Eliot took off his jacket and shirt and slowly removed his shoes before hesitantly taking off his trousers.

"You really do wear panties like he did!" she exclaimed as his pink lacy panties came into view. His erection was bulging and threatening to break out the top.

"Could you choose some panties and pyjamas for me please?"

Marianne stammered her reply and retrieved a pair of frilly pink panties and with shaking hands passed them to Eliot. He carefully removed his own panties, releasing his solid erection which bobbed from side to side and slid the new panties up.

"I bought these for him," Marianne exclaimed as she nervously handed the pyjamas to Eliot.

"They're very pretty. He was very lucky to have you."

Daniel's Bed

He folded his clothes neatly, set them aside, and then climbed into the bed complete with a crackly plastic sheet. Marianne stood at the edge, looking down at him. Her voice trembled, and she bent to kiss his forehead.

"I used to do that for him," she said, her voice catching. "Every night."

Eliot smiled. "You can do it again. That was nice."

And she did.

She turned off the light and left the door slightly open. Eliot lay in the quiet, feeling the softness of the panties and pyjamas, the echo of comfort in the mattress. He had drunk deeply at dinner, and already, he could feel his body relaxing into its familiar rhythm. But it wasn't about that. Not really. It was about belonging. It was about honouring a memory in the way few could, but he certainly could. He was a lot like Daniel, more than he ever thought possible.

In the hallway, Marianne leaned against the wall and let out a breath she hadn't known she was holding. For the first time in years, the room felt full, not just of memory, but of something living. She dared hope for something new.

Chapter Seven:

Morning Light

Eliot woke slowly, nestled in the hush of the morning. The room was dim with early light, filtered through pale curtains that hadn't moved in years. Around him, the bed was unmistakably wet, a soft warmth that had long cooled into familiarity. The scent in the room, the embrace of the sheets, and the weight of the pyjamas, all of it settled over him like a memory fulfilled. And he smiled when he realised that the wet patch had just touched the pillow and was long and wide.

There was a knock at the door, gentle and respectful.

"Good morning," came Marianne's quiet voice. "May I come in?"

"Yes," Eliot replied softly, sitting up a little. He pulled the quilt around his shoulders, still drowsy, but feeling a sense of quiet completion. She stepped in, her gaze instinctively drifting to the bed. She said nothing at first and just stood there, letting the moment settle.

"You're alright?" she asked nervously. Her expectations were making her stomach roil with anxiety.

"I am. It's... peaceful here. It felt like the most natural thing in the world."

She walked to the foot of the bed, not intruding, but clearly absorbing the scene. Then, as if it were the most sacred ritual, she sat down and smiled faintly. "Would it be alright if we looked at it together? Like I used to do with Daniel?"

Eliot nodded.

They peeled back the quilt slowly. The sheets were heavy with last night's dreams, darkened, deepened, and stretched nearly the

full length of the mattress. Marianne's eyes glistened, but she didn't cry.

"It's strange," she said. "But seeing this not as a symbol of loss, but as something living again is helping. I didn't expect it."

Eliot looked up. "What would Daniel say?"

"He'd laugh," she said with a lightness in her voice. "He'd want me to take a photo for the grading book."

"Then let's do exactly that! How about you grade the bed and photograph it for your collection?"

Eliot stepped out of the bed, his panties and pink pyjamas soaked and his rather full erection poking out very obviously.

"I'd say it was a nine out of ten. Nice colour, nice reach around to the pillow and... nice smell too!"

Marianne took her phone out and took a half dozen shots of the wet bed and pillow.

"Er... Marianne," Eliot began nervously. "Would it be okay if I took care of this..." he touched his poking-out erection, "in the bed?"

"Of course," she replied. "Sorry, I should have waited until you'd done that. I heard Daniel every morning doing that."

As Eliot slid his morning erection through the wet panties and pyjamas atop the flooded bed, the sheet crackled beneath him and he slowly and methodically brought himself to a glorious orgasm. Outside the door, Marianne listened to the sounds of the crackly sheet, remembering hearing them on mornings before and smiled as Eliot's grunt signalled the end of his masturbation. She smiled at how Eliot's grunt was so similar to Daniel's.

The bed was being treated perfectly.

After both had showered and dressed they talked about the future. They agreed Eliot would stay for three more nights with no expectations, just space to rest, reflect, and be. It felt right.

Each evening, after a slow dinner, they would sit in the small living room, with warm drinks in hand, and talk. The air was filled with low lamplight, the scent of old books and gentle time.

Daniel's Bed

One night, Marianne shared more about Daniel. "He used to say that he felt most *himself* when he woke up in wet sheets," she said. "I never understood it until I met you. Until I saw it again. And yet... I feel so distant from it. Like my own body betrayed me by not knowing how to feel what he felt."

Eliot reached for her hand across the table. "It's not about the act. It's about the space. The understanding. You gave him that. You're giving it again. That's rare, Marianne."

She looked down, eyes full. "I think I've missed *being someone's comfort*."

"You still are. I'm sorry his death hurt you so much."

On the second night, they folded some of Daniel's old pyjamas and dresses together, slowly, like a kind of honouring. Eliot told her about his first moments of pride, about asking his mother not to change the sheets, about how that small defiance became a deep sense of identity. He spoke of his growing dependence on nightly wet sheets for his emotional balance.

Marianne listened as though each word helped her rebuild something inside.

Each morning, Eliot would wake soaked as always and there would be a knock at the door asking if he had 'finished', the code word for humping the wet sheets until orgasm. Then she would come in and excitedly view the bed, grade it and take extensive photos.

By the third night, they spoke of the future. Not plans, exactly, but possibilities. Perhaps Eliot could return. Perhaps they could create a small photo album together, of memory and meaning. Perhaps there were others who needed what they had found in each other: not performance, not fantasy, but quiet reverence for what brought peace.

Chapter Eight: Shared Mornings and One Question

Each morning began the same way: Marianne would knock gently, Eliot would masturbate noisily and once he grunted would invite her in, and together they would observe the bed reverently. But they did more than just observe—they *documented*. Marianne brought an old camera from the hall cupboard and a worn leather notebook. She took photos from above, from the side, from where the pillow met the headboard, and along the seams of the mattress where darker patterns pooled. Eliot would write the date, the weather, what he had drunk the night before, how it had felt to fall asleep, and how he felt waking up.

Then they would sit side by side on the edge of the bed, thumbing through the photos from the day before, comparing them gently—"This one looks like a wave," Marianne would say. Or, "Daniel once had one like this, the day after we got caught in a storm walking home."

The bed became a place of storytelling.

Each evening, they sat together and reflected, sometimes quietly, sometimes laughing, sometimes holding the silences between them with care. Eliot told her about the few tender times his mother had paused and noticed the sheets without anger, how rare it was, and how hungry for affirmation he had always been, the rare moments when he even slightly praised him.

Marianne would nod, her fingers brushing the rim of her teacup. "He used to say to me, '*You don't think it's bad, do you?*'. "And I'd always say, '*It's yours. It can't be bad.*'"

That last evening, after dinner, they lingered longer in Daniel's room, going through the photo album they'd begun. The sheets were still damp and the aroma was lingering and also enticing.

Eliot, yawning slightly and stretching, asked without thinking, "What about your bed? Does your plastic sheet crackle the same as his? I guess you don't hump it like I do but just the same..."

Marianne blinked, then gave a small, sad smile. "I've... never had one."

He looked up. "Really? You don't have a plastic sheet on the bed? I forgot... I guess I thought everyone did."

"I didn't feel... entitled, I suppose. It felt like wearing someone else's shoes when I couldn't walk the same way."

Eliot was quiet for a moment, then gently said, "But maybe it's not about matching him. Maybe it's about honouring *what you remember*. You could try. Just for tonight. Use one of his spare sheets. See what it feels like, to sleep *with* memory instead of beside it."

She hesitated. Then she nodded.

That night, Marianne unfolded one of Daniel's clean plastic sheets and smoothed it over her mattress. The sound, the shine, even the scent—it was a time machine. She stood at the doorway afterwards, unsure what to feel. Then she climbed in, pulled the covers around her, and lay awake long past midnight, thinking not of loss, but of connection. There was only the tiniest amount of crackle but she smiled at every bit of it.

She woke early, blinking into the morning light.

She felt it immediately.

The faint warmth. The shift in texture. The unmistakable reality.

She sat up in wonder, pulling back the sheet. The bed was wet, unequivocally so. There had been no effort. It had just *happened*. She laughed aloud, half joy, half disbelief—and scrambled out of bed. Barefoot, in her nightdress, she padded down the hall and knocked

on Eliot's door, breathlessly. Without even waiting for a reply she barged in, her pyjamas soaking wet.

Eliot grinned as he looked at her. "Everything okay?"

"It happened," she said, wide-eyed. "Eliot, it really *happened*."

He stood back in amazement. "Your bed?"

She nodded, glowing. "Come see. Please."

They documented it with as much care and reverence as they had his. They made notes, took photos, and even sat on the edge of the bed in silence. Marianne touched the quilt gently and whispered, "I didn't think I could feel this close to him again."

Eliot looked over and said, "It's not just about him. It's about you, too. This... is *your* story now."

She nodded with tears in her eyes. "Then let's add *my* page to the book."

Eliot walked back to Daniel's now saturated bed and got back in ready for his morning masturbation but this time, Marianne stood next to the bed and watched.

"That looks beautiful," she whispered, moments before Eliot grunted and squirted in his wet panties.

Chapter Nine: The Gift of a Few More Nights

The morning of Marianne's first wet bed became something of a turning point for both of them. The photo documentation changed. Now, there were two beds. Two stories.

As Eliot stood beside her mattress that morning, taking pictures from the same angles they used in Daniel's room, he said softly, "I think I'd like to stay a little longer. If that's alright with you."

Marianne, still in her damp nightdress, her cheeks flushed, looked at him with eyes full of something more than joy. It was *recognition*. "Please. I'd like that."

And so, Eliot stayed. Three more nights. Each evening, they prepared together with Eliot drinking water slowly over the hours, and Marianne following in her own rhythm. He showed her how to make space for the ritual, how to feel calm rather than anxious, how not to force anything, how to trust the body and release shame.

"It's not about soaking it," he said one evening as they stood in the laundry room folding backup linens. "It's about *belonging* in it. Letting it speak for you."

Marianne nodded. "It's strange. I feel... comfort. As if I've arrived somewhere I didn't know I was walking toward."

They took notes together now. Marianne added pages to the notebook they'd started. Eliot sketched the shapes they found in the stains—sometimes rainclouds, sometimes rivers, sometimes faces if you squinted just right.

No sheets were changed.

Daniel's Bed

When the morning came to leave, Eliot lingered at the foot of both beds, his own still drying from the night before, and hers, modest and proud with a pale golden tide across the centre. They didn't hug. Instead, Marianne brought out the notebook and carefully inserted a new page titled "*Chapter Two: Two Beds.*"

They were both still soaking wet in their overnight attire when Marianne suddenly said, "Would you like to wear one of Daniel's dresses this morning?"

Eliot smiled and standing next to Marianne's wet bed, she helped him out of his wet pyjamas and reverently lowered a pink lacy, toddler-style dress over his head and smoothed it down.

"You look so pretty," she stammered.

"And I feel pretty too," Eliot responded.

The air suddenly became still and filled with emotion and need. Eliot took Marianne and gently laid her back on her wet sheets. Wordlessly, he slid down his panties and wearing just the baby dress, took Marianne's pants down slowly and reverently.

No words were spoken as he knelt between her spread legs and lined his throbbing manhood up with her neatly trimmed vagina. The head touched her entrance and he stopped, seeking permission and understanding.

"I've wanted this for many years, Dan... er Eliot," she said haltingly and Eliot immediately knew the need he was now fulfilling. It was deep and unspeakable.

He pushed forward slowly and found her intact hymen. He halted his forward movement.

"I wanted to save myself for..."

"I know Marianne," he replied. "And now you can give it all up the right way. To the right person."

He leaned forward and quickly broke through her hymen and began a steady thrusting. Neither wanted it to end. For both of them, it was the loss of virginity and the gaining of a wondrous emotional healing.

After ten moments of wonderful intercourse, Marianne orgasmed, a rare experience for her and having waited for her, Eliot

Daniel's Bed

thundered his own orgasm, spewing his hot seed into her freshly deflowered pussy.

As Eliot loaded his overnight bag into the car, Marianne handed him a wrapped parcel. Inside, he found a new quilt cover—identical to Daniel's, but in Eliot's Favorite shade of blue. And in another bag was the pink baby dress that he had made love to while wearing.

"For your bed," she said simply. "So I'm always nearby. And the dress is so you never forget me or Daniel.."

He smiled. "I'll send you a photo of the first night I use them."

In the weeks that followed, their messages became a quiet rhythm. Each morning, a photograph. Sometimes a long message. Sometimes just: "This one's different. Look at the edge." "It went wider than I expected." "Yours looks like a tree branch."

They created a digital archive—a shared folder, dated and captioned, their beds side by side. Not a contest. Not even a comparison. Just presence. Memory. Ritual. Safety.

And Marianne, no longer a witness, no longer standing outside her brother's world listening for the sounds, was now part of it. With Eliot beside her, from a distance but always near, she found herself gently proud of every morning that dawned warm and soft and golden.

Chapter Ten: A Return in Quiet Weather

It had been just over three months when once again Eliot returned to Marianne's cottage. The trees had changed, but the air held the same hush he remembered, the stillness of a place where emotions weren't rushed, where memory was allowed to breathe.

Marianne met him at the gate with her usual calm smile, but her eyes shimmered a little. "You're just in time," she said softly. "I've been waiting for the right moment."

Inside, the cottage felt warmer. Lived-in. Her slippers were by the fireplace, and there was a faint scent of lavender and rain in the hallway. They sat at the table, shared tea, and talked,— not in grand declarations, but in glances and steady words.

Eliot noticed something missing: the closed door at the end of the hallway was now open.

"I washed Daniel's sheets," Marianne said, her voice small but steady. "It was... very hard. I cried. But I wrote to you about it. You helped me know it was okay."

Eliot reached across the table and touched her hand.

"I'm proud of you," he said. "And I know he would be too."

Later, they stood quietly in Daniel's old room. The mattress was freshly made, a new quilt folded at the end. The plastic sheet still crinkled faintly underneath. A soft blue nightie had been laid out — one of Daniel's.

"I thought," Marianne said, "that you might honour this bed again. Just once more."

Daniel's Bed

Eliot nodded. He knew what it meant. Not just for her, or for Daniel, but for both of them.

That night, they sat by the fire, Eliot in his nightie, Marianne in a nightgown of her own. The conversation turned gentle and slow and how much had changed. How Marianne now had her own bedtime rhythm, how she stayed in her wet things on quiet days, unhurried. How Eliot had begun journaling more, and felt more at ease each time he allowed himself to sleep without worry or shame.

They spoke, too, of kindness and the unexpected friendship, the letters and photographs, the little affirmations that had carried them both further than they ever expected.

As bedtime beckoned, Eliot took Marianne's hand, took her to Daniel's bed and laid her down in it. Her breath quickened.

"I never expected to be in his bed like this," she whispered hoarsely.

Eliot smiled as he took down her panties and lowered his own before lying on top and gently inserting himself into her. The loving was gentle and deep and both orgasmed once more. Eliot knew he was fulfilling a sacred duty in making love to her in Daniel's bed, the closest she would ever get.

"How about you sleep with me tonight? Let's wet the bed together."

They awoke the next morning in a drenched bed, the pillow well and truly soaked and little of the sheet still dry.

"Good morning, Marianne," Eliot said softly as he once again aimed his erection at her vagina and pushed in.

"It's better in a wet bed, isn't it?" Marianne smirked as she made love in not just any bed but Daniel's bed. Daniel's wet bed.

That morning, as the sun pooled over the kitchen floor, Eliot brought out a binder. "I started printing them all," he said. "The photos, the letters, the little notes we left each other."

Marianne added pages she had written — soft reflections, sketches, memories of Daniel, and moments she and Eliot had shared.

Daniel's Bed

They called the project *Our Wet Beds*. Not as confession or exhibition, but as a quiet celebration of healing, memory, and emotional presence.

The beds were not just beds. They were spaces of comfort, grief, affection, and resilience.

Eliot stayed for several more days. They spent long afternoons in pyjamas, in Daniel's dresses, reading aloud from their book-in-progress, gently complimenting each other's notes and the simple beauty of their shared rituals. There was laughter, a few tears, and an unspoken agreement that they would visit often. And every night they slept together and wet the single bed together.

No longer separate stories, but chapters in one another's lives.