Scott spent days worrying about returning to school. It was the one thought that dominated his mind more than any other. It was with great relief then when Deborah came to his room a couple of days before he was due to go back and informed him that she had decided to withdraw Scott from school and hire a private tutor to finish the last semester he had remaining.

Scott had enthusiastically agreed with the tutor idea to save himself the humiliation of going back to a school he knew would be alive with gossip about him. He was left even more satisfied when Elliot complained that he still had to go to school, it felt like a rare victory for the unfortunate boy.

On the day his schooling was due to resume Scott felt a lot of nerves. His morning nappy change happened at the same time as usual and elsewhere in the house he could hear Elliot complaining as Nick got him ready for school. Huw was going to a nursery for the day though he wasn’t grumbling nearly as much as his teenage brother.

With Scott’s wet nappy removed and a dry one taped on he was lifted down from his changing table. He could feel butterflies fluttering around his digestive system as he waited in the middle of the room for his mum to get his clothes ready. He was rather surprised to see his school uniform being laid out on the edge of the crib.

“I have to wear a uniform?” Scott asked with a frown.

“Yes, you may be staying at home but it is still school for you.” Deborah replied, “Or would you prefer to be wearing just your nappy?”

Feeling a rush of embarrassment Scott hurried over to the uniform for his mum to put it on him. The shirt was buttoned up and then his trousers were pulled up and over the nappy, just like most other things it struggled to go over the thick padding but Deborah was able to work it up and over Scott’s hips.

The uniform was completed with a tie and blazer. It was Scott’s exact uniform from school and for some reason it felt incredibly strange, the nappy seemed to make it feel like he had never worn it in his life. He looked in the mirror and adjusted himself, the smooth padding of the nappy seemed to push the fabric of the trousers out.

“We have time for some breakfast before you start your lessons.” Deborah stated as she took Scott’s hand.

Scott walked out of the room. The nappy rubbed against his thighs and crinkled despite the clothes over the top of it. There would be no hiding it from the tutor who was coming over, Scott wondered if they would already know, it felt like everyone he met knew his secrets. He dreaded meeting the teacher though new it was happening very soon and there was nothing he could do to delay it.

Breakfast was some cereal which Scott had to eat in the highchair despite all the other seats being free. As he spoon fed himself he felt the urge to pee just a couple of seconds before the warmth burst forth into the thirsty padding. He didn’t even hesitate to continue eating as he absentmindedly swung his legs in the air. Deborah had left the room to get dressed properly and came striding back in just as Scott’s errant bladder finished emptying.

“Remember, just because school is starting up again it doesn’t mean your potty training stops.” Deborah said as casually as anything she had ever said. The fact she was talking to eighteen-year-old son didn’t seem to factor in at all.

Scott remained quiet as he ate the last of his cereal.

“You’ll have your potty in the room with you. If you need to use it you’ll have to ask the teacher.” Deborah continued as she started doing some washing up.

Scott stopped lifting his spoon when it was halfway to his mouth and dropped it back in the bowl. He had suddenly lost his appetite. How could he ever be expected to ask a complete stranger to use the potty? He had a hard enough time asking people he knew that he needed the portable toilet.

“Finished? Good, just in time. Your tutor will be here any minute.” Deborah said. If she recognised any of Scott’s apprehension she kept it well hidden, “I’ll be here but upstairs. I’ve decided to try writing a novel in my spare time, exciting right?”

The tray was unlocked and Scott dropped down out of the seat. He felt his nappy hang a little lower with the weight of his urine adding to the already bulky padding. He followed his mum down the hallway and into the living room.

“Everything you need should be in here.” Deborah said.

Scott saw that a minor transformation had come over the room. A small table and a fold out plastic chair was placed in front of the television and facing away from it. An easel had been set up a few feet away, a relic of one of Deborah’s previous failed hobbies, and a whiteboard sat on it. A small box underneath the table had pens and pencils but the item that drew Scott’s attention the most was the familiar potty just a couple of feet from his chair.

“Mummy… I can’t…” Scott was choking up a little bit, “M-Maybe we should delay the potty training till I finish school. I’ve only got a couple of months left, right?”

Scott was cringing even as he asked for a delay to his training. Never in a million years did he imagine there would be a situation where he would be asking to remain in nappies any longer than he had to. It felt like he was between a rock and a hard place, he had no idea whether it was better to be trying to potty train in front of a tutor or just use his nappy like a helpless baby. Scott was soon distracted from the question when there was a ring on the doorbell.

“Ah, that must be them.” Deborah said as she turned away without acknowledging Scott’s question.

Scott was left standing in the middle of the living room looking around at what was now his school. He heard the door open and then voices in the hallway. Standing in front of a potty in a nappy and school uniform made Scott feel very small. He nervously played with his hands as he waited for his mum to return with the tutor.

“And this is my son, Scott.” Deborah opened the living room door and allowed the tutor to enter.

“Hello, Scott. I look forward… to… working… with you…” The tutor walked in with a smile and a pep in their step that faded quickly as she looked around.

Scott was surprised to see the tutor was a young woman who looked to be in her mid-twenties when he had been expecting an older person. The tutor was about the same height as Deborah and was very thin. She was carrying textbooks and other learning materials in her well-manicured hands with nails that looked like they might be professionally painted. Her face, currently frozen in shock, was small and almost pointy with a sharp nose and chin sandwiching a thin pair of lips. Her hair was curly and golden and seemed to push out from her hair a long way.

“Scott, this is Miss. Mepham.” Deborah said to Scott.

“H-Hello…” Scott was cringing.

As soon as Miss. Mepham had walked in she had realised this was far from an ordinary student. She saw the toys pushed to the side of the room, she saw the playpen next to the desk and she certainly saw Scott’s potty right next to her board. From the way the young teacher was looking at him Scott felt sure she could see his thick disposable underwear as well.

“Now, Miss. Mepham, Scott has been having some issues with using the potty.” Deborah said with a smile as if this was a normal thing for an eighteen-year-old to struggle with, “He is to ask you to help him when he needs the potty. If he needs a change you can send him my way, I’ll be upstairs, OK?”

“Umm, could I have a word with you outside?” Miss. Mepham asked uneasily.

“Of course.” Deborah smiled and together they walked out of the room and into the hallway.

Scott couldn’t contain his curiosity despite his embarrassment. He walked forwards as quietly as he could and pressed his ear to the door to hear what was going on outside.

“What is all this?” Scott heard Miss. Mepham ask in hushed tones.

“This?” Deborah replied sounding confused, “My son needs a tutor and he’s having trouble with potty training. Is there a problem?”

“I… I…” Miss. Mepham sounded like she was struggling to vocalise thoughts that were flying around at a thousand miles per hour, “Why is he potty training at his age? Does he have, erm, intellectual disabilities? Because if he does I’m not sure I’m qualified to…”

“Oh no, my boy is perfectly fine mentally.” Deborah replied casually, “He just had some accidents so he was put in nappies and it’s only got worse from there.”

Scott cringed behind the door. He wished he could burst out of the room and yell about how his mother was lying but he knew she was telling the truth. He couldn’t say anything to make his situation better, he could only wince as yet another stranger learned of his terrible secret. To his shame Scott listened as Deborah recounted just some of what had happened to him recently.

“I just don’t know if I can do this…” Miss. Mepham eventually said after a lengthy pause where she no doubt struggled to digest all the information given to her, “I’m trained to teach. I don’t know anything about potty training, I don’t know if I’m comfortable wi-”

“What if we offer you double pay?” Deborah interrupted, “I understand your hesitation, it would only be fair to offer you more money since my son is more work.”

“Double pay?” Miss. Mepham replied. Scott could hear the teacher’s interest spike.

“And a bonus for any nappy related issues.” Deborah continued, “Would that make you more comfortable?”

Scott stepped away from the door and went back to the middle of the room. He was blushing profusely but didn’t want to be caught eavesdropping. After another couple of minutes the door opened and Miss. Mepham walked back in, she was still clearly nervous but she now had a smile on her face. No doubt the two women had come to some kind of financial arrangement.

“OK, Scott, please take a seat so we can begin.” Miss. Mepham walked over to the whiteboard and placed the books she had bought on the table nearby. Scott saw the teacher’s eyes dart down to the potty with a strange look.

Scott sat down. In the quiet room his nappy crinkled loudly enough to be heard and it seemed to distract Miss. Mepham quite a bit, she stared at Scott until she realised what she was doing and quickly looked away.

“OK, we’ll start with math…” Miss. Mepham started the morning lessons and Scott quickly started taking notes and answering questions.

Scott spent the next hour taking notes and answering questions. He was still feeling on edge but as time went on he felt increasingly at ease. Miss. Mepham was nice despite her reservations about teaching him, she rarely gave indications about how strange she thought this situation was.

It was in the middle of a particularly longwinded explanation of algebra that Scott suddenly felt his nappy warming up. He tried not to let it show as he wet himself suddenly, the urine splashing between his legs and soaking into the padding before he even had a chance to ask for the potty. Even if Scott did have advance warning he was ninety-nine per-cent sure he would have stayed quiet, he didn’t relish asking the young teacher for help using the potty.

“Everything OK?” Miss. Mepham asked suddenly as Scott zoned out, “Do you need me to explain that last bit again?”

“No, I’m fine…” Scott suddenly jolted back to the present. He could still feel his piss heating his skin.

Scott could see Miss. Mepham’s eyes briefly flit down to his crotch and then back up at him. Scott wondered if he was as stealthy as he thought he was or if the teacher knew exactly what was going on. After a couple of seconds she returned to her lesson without another word and Scott breathed a sigh of relief.

The lessons continued and Scott was slowly able to calm down from his wetting and concentrate on the teacher again. It wasn’t long before Scott’s body let him know it was time to poop. Scott tried to hold off for as long as possible but obviously that wasn’t very long, his useless muscles could do little to stop the bowel movement from steadily approaching. He had a choice and was quickly running out of time to make it. The potty was right there in front of him and there was nothing stopping him from asking for it except for his own bashfulness.

“Miss, I need the potty!” The words burst out of Scott’s mouth before he could stop them.

“You…” Miss. Mepham’s face showed her surprise at the outburst, “Right, erm, come on then.”

Scott’s face flushed from embarrassment as he stood up and felt his heavy nappy sag against the crotch of his trousers. He felt some farts escape into the padding as he hurriedly waddled around his desk. The teacher was waiting for him next to the potty but before Scott was able to cover half the distance he felt his faltering body give up.

The now familiar feeling of defeat washed over Scott as his slackened sphincter allowed the soft poop within to slip out and into the nappy. Scott froze where he was as his face went red and he closed his eyes. Slowly but steadily the rear of his nappy pushed out as it filled with his body’s waste.

“What are you-” Miss. Mepham suddenly understood and her look of confusion became one of revulsion.

“I need my Mummy!” Scott exclaimed even as a second wave of sloppy crap pushed the pile of mess down between his legs. He could feel himself tearing up already.

“I’ll just, erm…” Miss. Mepham looked bewildered at the sudden events, “I’ll get Deborah.”

Scott sobbed on the spot as the teacher left the room as quickly as she could. Scott could smell his accident leaking into the air around him and when he reached down between his legs he could feel the large soft lump pressing against his skin. He must’ve messed his pants dozens of times by this point but he never got used to the feeling and it never got any better.