A minute later footsteps came down the stairs and Scott couldn’t help but feel happy. Like a baby who recognised it’s mother’s voice Scott recognised the sound on the stairs to mean comfort was coming. He smiled despite his situation.

“Pooh, yeah, he certainly does need a nappy change.” Deborah waved her hand in front of her nose as she opened the door. Miss. Mepham walked in behind her looking lost in the madness.

Scott walked forwards and felt the mess in his pants rub against his skin. He reached out for his mum’s hand and allowed himself to be led back upstairs. Miss. Mepham looked hesitant about following like she didn’t really know what she should be doing.

“Come on up.” Deborah said with a smile over her shoulder, “You should see this just in case you need to do it one day.”

Scott was already blushing which was a good thing because the thought of the teacher seeing his nursery made him feel deep humiliation. When the door opened and he was lead inside he heard Miss. Mepham gasp behind him. The more time Scott spent like this the more natural it became but when he saw or heard an outsider reacting to his life like this it brought home just how shameful it all was.

“He… He sleeps in here?” Miss. Mepham asked with a hushed voice.

“This is Scott’s bedroom.” Deborah nodded her head, “Although nursery might be a more appropriate word.”

Scott didn’t need any prompting to clamber up on to his changing table. The familiar thin padding on top pushed his accident against him in the familiar way. In some ways there was a comforting feeling in the poop, Scott didn’t know how to explain it but despite the humiliation he felt there was a positive aspect to having his own waste in his nappy.

“You should watch.” Deborah said from the foot of the table, “It’s basically the same as changing a little baby.”

Scott looked up at the ceiling and determinedly avoided his mum and teacher as his nappy was opened up and he was cleaned. Scott’s mother kept up a running commentary about what she was doing and the young man felt almost like a training dummy for how to change an adult’s nappy. He didn’t dare glance at Miss. Mepham who he was sure was disgusted with him like any normal adult would be.

Once the new nappy had been taped around Scott’s waist he was lifted off the table and placed back on the floor. His trousers were pulled up and closed around the fresh thick padding. Scott dared to look over to Miss. Mepham, she seemed totally overawed by everything she had seen but she didn’t look away. Scott thought he must be like a car crash that you couldn’t take your eyes away from even if you were worried about what you might see.

“And he lives like this… all the time?” Miss. Mepham eventually managed to squeak out.

“He does.” Deborah said as she zipped up Scott’s fly, “We’ve been trying to potty train him but you’ve seen how well that’s going. I’ll let you get him back to your lessons now. Try to keep your pants dry, OK?”

Scott nodded timidly as his mother patted him on the bottom a couple of times. Scott walked downstairs and wand sat back in his seat, it was a few minutes before Miss. Mepham came back in, she looked a little flustered but soon proceeded with the lesson as if nothing strange had happened.

The rest of the day passed without incident. After Scott’s failure to use the potty in the morning he didn’t bother asking when he felt the need to pee in the afternoon, it wasn’t like he had much advance warning anyway. When Elliott came home from school and saw the end of Scott’s lesson he found himself having to stifle his laughter, the unused potty became a damning piece of evidence in Scott’s toilet training failure.

Each day became a familiar struggle. Scott would find himself wondering whether he should ask to use the potty before the decision was made for him. It became routine for Miss. Mepham to let the young man head up to his mum for a nappy change every so often. As time went on they talked about using the potty less and less until Scott started his lessons one morning and realised the potty wasn’t there at all.

“Don’t you want to get out of nappies?” Miss. Mepham asked one day when Scott had come down for a change. The way she asked the question let Scott know she was trying to be gentle but it still cut the eighteen-year-old deeply.

“I do!” Scott whined a little too loudly, “It’s just… difficult.”

“I just thought if someone your age wanted to use the potty they would make it happen.” Miss. Mepham shrugged, “Anyway… We were discussing Hamlet. What do you think Shakespeare meant by…”

Scott had already tuned out. He felt embarrassed by the questioning and just wanted to get to his lunch break. He knew that what Miss. Mepham said was correct, for most people Scott’s age they would be able to get out of nappies. Hell, Scott knew that most of them would never have a reason to be in the nappies in the first place. He desperately wanted to get out of nappies but it felt like an impossibility.

When the weekend came around Scott was grateful for a break from the lessons. He was fully ready to sit in his bedroom for the whole time and just chill out. His bedroom may now look more like a nursery but it still provided a safe haven for him. His computer was all that remained of his former life and the only thing he could use to make him feel like an adult.

Scott could hear movement from elsewhere in the house but ignored it. The only interactions he planned to have were dinner times and nappy changes, after the stress of recent events he had been greatly looking forward to just being away from everyone.

“Scott! Come on, it’s time to go!” Nick called up the stairs quite suddenly.

Scott had been lying on his bed relaxing when he heard the shout. He sat up with a frown and wondered what was going on. He left his room with loud crinkles, his nappy was on full display since his recent change.

“Time to go?” Scott asked. He looked down the stairs and saw his whole family waiting at the bottom. They were packed up and dressed for a day out.

“Yes, come on. We told you at dinner last night. We’re going to the beach!” Nick said impatiently, “Don’t tell me you forgot…”

Scott didn’t know what to say because he definitely didn’t remember anything like this. He thought back to the previous night’s dinner, in truth he couldn’t really remember much of anything at all. He had been sat in his highchair and then tuned out his family as he ate. He wondered if it was really possible that he had been so disconnected from what was happening that he had completely missed something this big.

“Can I stay…” Scott started.

“No.” Deborah quickly cut in, “Unless you need a change get your butt down here. We want to get there before it gets too crowded.”

Scott didn’t need a change. He actually felt a small pride in being dry and being able to walk straight downstairs but it was more circumstance than anything else. Deborah hurried out to the laundry room and returned with a pair of shorts that Scott could pull up over his nappy. It had become such a normal thing now that Elliot barely even cracked a smile.

Scott sat on the bottom couple of steps and lifted his feet one-by-one to allow Deborah to put his shoes on. He felt very nervous about going out to such an open place. Scott could hear himself crinkling as he stood up and walked to the car. Elliott and Huw took the two regular seats whilst Scott slipped into the baby chair. He blushed as his mum came around and strapped him in. It was only after Scott was left restrained into the chair that he realised how normalised such strange behaviour had become. He looked out the nearest window and steadfastly ignored his two brothers.

The drive to the beach took about half an hour and as they got nearby it became clear it was a very busy day. The traffic was particularly bad and the three boys in the back were getting increasingly restless, this was especially true of Scott who had wet his nappy and had significantly less range of movement than the others.

“Are we nearly there?” Huw asked as the car inched along.

“Very close.” Nick replied, “Just ten more minutes. I’m sure you’re all itching to stretch your legs.”

Scott dreaded arriving at the beach just as much as he wanted to move around a bit. He was very antsy but knew that the opportunity to stretch his legs would come at the cost of embarrassment, he could only pray nobody noticed his nappies but from the way things had gone up until now he didn’t hold much hope.

The car finally pulled up in a crowded car park and everyone hurried to get out. Scott was forced to wait for someone to come over and let him out of the baby seat, to his shame it was Huw who reached in and pressed the button that released the straps.

“There you go, Baby Scott.” Huw said as he skipped away.

“Thanks…” Scott muttered.

The weather was perfect and the car park was full of loud families coming to and fro. Scott sidled around the car keeping his padded rear end against the warm metal for as long as possible. His eyes darted everywhere like a soldier spotting for potential enemies.

“Scott, could you carry this?” Deborah’s voice caused Scott to look around.

Scott didn’t see what he was being handed as he reached out behind him and took the strap of the bag. He swung the bag in front of him and frowned, he hadn’t seen this before. It was baby blue, almost matching the cloudless sky above, big *Mickey Mouse* ears were outlined. It was like a sports bag, longer than a backpack and in a tube shape with various pockets.

“What is th-” Scott turned the bag over and felt his mouth stop working. He felt his brain shut down and he froze despite the warmth.

The other side of the bag that Scott had just seen told him exactly what it was. The words “Baby Scott” were stitched on the blue background in bright and bold red lettering. Suddenly the purpose of the bag became all too clear the mortified young man. Previously all of Scott’s changing supplies were placed in a generic bag, now it seemed he had his own nappy bag.

“It’s darling, isn’t it?” Deborah said as she picked up a bag of her own.

“I… I…” Scott was left speechless still.

“It arrived yesterday and I wanted to surprise you with it.” Deborah continued oblivious to her son’s discomfort, “It’ll make changing you much easier.”

Scott was starting to glow red as if he had been prematurely sunburned. He knew nobody here knew his name was Scott but Huw was in a shirt and swimming trunks to go into the sea, the fact Scott was carrying the bag as well made it more obvious who these nappies were for. He followed behind the rest of his family with his eyes firmly on the ground. He didn’t dare look around as he tried to hide the stitched words on the bag. He could feel the padding against his butt as he walked and knew there must be some kind of bulge out behind him, the fact that his nappy was damp only made it worse.

The beach was just across from the car park so the walk was mercifully short for Scott whose thick padding was rubbing against his thighs. Every laugh he heard and whispered comment he passed was about him, he had no way to know that was true but it was certainly how he felt. The beach stretched into the distance in both directions and the sand was filled with people as far as the eye could see.

“Come on.” Deborah waved her family to follow her.

Scott followed behind everyone else until Deborah found a spot she liked and put her towel down. That was the cue for everyone else to drop their bags, Scott tried to place his bag on the blanket between him and his mum but she didn’t want valuable real estate taken up by everything they had brought so she placed it next to Scott on the sand. Scott sighed as he saw people reading and then looking at him with a frown.

“Can we play in the sea, Mummy?” Huw asked excitedly.

“Of course, sweetie.” Deborah replied with a smile, “Elliott could you keep an eye on your little brothers please?”

“Sure.” Elliott smiled.

Huw jumped up knocking sand everywhere and ran over to hold his big bother’s hand. Then all eyes turned to Scott who was still sat next to his mother and hoping to become invisible. Surely they couldn’t expect him to go into the sea like this.

“I’m not going.” Scott said with wide eyes.

“Yes you are.” Deborah replied quickly, “Go with your brothers.”

“But I can’t!” Scott stressed the each word.

“Your alternative is that you stay here and I break out some of your toys from home.” Deborah said to her shocked oldest son, “I brought a bunch in your changing bag.”

Scott looked down at the bag as if he suddenly realised it contained a bomb. Very reluctantly he stood up and started walking to his two brothers. He was blushing wildly and felt more exposed than ever, he hated to admit it but he wanted to stay with his Mummy who could offer him some protection.

“You let me know if you need a nappy change, alright?” Elliott said with mock sincerity.

“Please… Keep your voice down!” Scott hissed in return.

“You really think that great big padded butt of yours is a secret?” Elliott smirked, “Come on.”