Scott woke up the next morning much earlier than everyone else. He could immediately feel that his nappy had been flooded in the night. It took him a moment to work out why he felt a sense of embarrassment. When his wet dream came back to him he cringed and rolled over in his crib. He crinkled loudly as he moved which was just another horrible reminder of how dependent he was on the nappies.

Sitting up in his crib Scott could see that dawn was still breaking. The sky outside his window was multi-coloured from the sun that was just peeking over the houses in the distance. Scott rubbed his eyes. It still felt so profoundly unfair that his subconscious would torture him like it had the previous night.

Scott felt thirsty and as he patted the mattress around his pillows he found a bottle. Without hesitation he popped the teat into his mouth and started drinking. He slumped back down so he was flat on his back and drinking like a baby. He had no idea what time it was or how long he was likely to be left in his crib.

Once the bottle was empty Scott dropped it to the side where it hit the mattress and rolled against the bars. He let out a loud burp and sighed. He was trying desperately to forget what had happened with Lyra in his dream but it was almost impossible to get his mind off it, the dream had felt so real that he now felt like he had lost the girl of his dreams. He growled in frustration at his own brain and the lack of distractions he had.

Eventually the door opened and Deborah walked in. Scott immediately sat up and eagerly awaited being let out of his baby bed. He stretched and yawned as he watched his mother who was already dressed for the day.

“Good morning.” Deborah said as she yawned and walked over to the changing table.

“Hello, Mummy.” Scott replied quietly.

Deborah went straight over to the changing table and started getting a new nappy ready. Scott thought she looked a little more tired than usual, perhaps they had had a few drinks whilst out yesterday. Either way, the side of the crib was soon lowered and Nick was able to crawl out and land on his feet.

“Come on baby.” Deborah said as she took Scott’s hand, “There’s a good boy.”

Scott blushed as he waddled across the room to the changing table. The heavy nappy sagged low between his thighs and he could only imagine how much he must look like a toddler just learning to walk. He hopped up on to the edge of the changing table and laid back in the same way he had done a thousand times before. He was undressed until his nappy was all that he wore.

“You are absolutely soaked.” Deborah commented as she rested her hand on the outside of the plastic and felt the nappy’s weight, “I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. You were already wet when I got home last night.”

Scott could have done without the running commentary on how helpless he was. It was almost a relief to feel the tapes getting pulled off the front of the nappy. The heavy front was lowered down between Scott’s legs and laid on the table. At least his overnight saturation likely meant the stains he had left from his wet dream had been washed away. Scott carefully watched his mother as she pulled out some wipes, it didn’t seem like she noticed anything was amiss.

“We’ve got a big day today.” Deborah said as she rubbed the cold wet wipes against Scott’s crotch.

“We do?” Scott asked hesitantly.

“Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten what today is!” Deborah pretended to be shocked though her face betrayed her amusement.

“Erm, Sunday?” Scott replied dumbly.

“You know your days of the week!” Deborah paused her cleaning and looked as pleased as punch, “What a clever baby!”

Scott pouted as his mum chuckled and looked away as his face reddened with embarrassment. In truth, he paid so little attention to things like the time and the days of the week that most of the time he couldn’t be sure what day it was. It was only because his parents had gone out the previous day that made him suppose it had been Saturday.

“It’s the annual church picnic day.” Deborah said with a smile, “Down by the river.”

The colour drained from Scott’s face and he wanted to curl up into the fetal position. The annual church picnic was usually something he looked forward to. It was so much better to go to the river and play with his friends than sit in a stuffy church. Scott had in the past taken part in the big football game which often started between the various church goers. Sometimes there was a barbeque, other times some live entertainment. It was usually a great day out. This time Scot couldn’t have been more against the idea of going.

Scott’s legs were lifted up and the soaked nappy was pulled out from underneath him. The fresh disposable had been opened underneath the old nappy so that as Scott was lowered it was straight on to fresh padding, it seemed his Mummy didn’t trust him to be without a nappy for even a second. With a sigh he probably thought she was right not to trust him.

The new nappy was pulled up and over Scott’s crotch. As the tapes locked him into the disposable he could only think of what was to come. He allowed Deborah to take him off the table and stand him on the ground. He was dressed in what was, for him, a grown up outfit. A bright orange onesie with cartoon characters on it was pulled down and snapped closed under his crotch. He could feel the stretchy material pulling his crinkling underpants up closer to his body. The good news was that with his crotch covered by a pair of black shorts that went down to his knees no one would know it wasn’t a regular shirt.

“Lovely.” Deborah declared after checking Scott out in the mirror.

Scott followed his mum downstairs. The onesie went someway to hiding the crinkling in his underwear but he could still hear himself as he waddled into the kitchen for breakfast. He was there before his brothers and clambered into his highchair without being asked. Deborah came over and locked the tray into place and effectively trapping him there.

To Scott’s joy he was given toast for breakfast. After the episode with the baby food the previous evening he had been worried that would be his future, at least breakfast was safe. The toast was already buttered and cut up into small pieces. Scott didn’t hesitate to start eating even as a bib was lowered over his head and a bottle was placed on his tray.

Halfway through breakfast Elliot and Huw came down along with Nick. They all sat down and started their own meals with barely a second look at Scott. Scott tried to ignore the sinking feeling that this had all grown so completely normalised that it wasn’t commented on. Even Elliott who seemed to delight in tormenting Scott had nothing to say as he buttered his toast and yawned.

Scott finished his breakfast before the rest of the family and was left swinging his feet childishly in the air underneath the tray. By the time he was let down on to the floor he had dampened his nappy a little bit.

Elliot and Huw were excitedly talking about the day out as the family went through to the living room and prepared to leave. Scott sat on an armchair and his step-father was soon walking over with his shoes. He sat back as the older man slipped the shoes on to his feet and tied up the laces.

Scott stood up and Nick took his hand. Like a helpless toddler he was led out of the house and to the car. Whilst his two brothers climbed on to the backseat as usual Scott was lifted and placed in the toddler seat. His arms were pulled through the straps which were fastened and tightened until he was securely held in place.

“Hey Scott, doesn’t Jimmy go to our church?” Elliot asked. He tried to sound innocent but his smile gave away the game, “I wonder if he’ll be at the picnic…”

Scott felt his stomach drop just as the car pulled out of the driveway. He had completely forgotten about Jimmy. As the car pulled on to the main street for the short journey to the river Scott remembered the last time he had seen Jimmy. Scott’s best friend had visited him and seen just how bad Scott’s situation was. He had been decidedly unsupportive and said he was going to tell everyone. If he was at the picnic Scott would at the very least have a very awkward encounter in front of him.

It was a hot day and the car soon became stuffy. Fortunately it was only a ten minute drive to the river. The car pulled up in the car park and in the distance, closer to the water’s edge, there was a large congregation of people.

“Alright, stay near us till we get to the picnic.” Deborah said as the engine turned off and the doors opened.

Scott was stuck where he was until Deborah came around to his side of the car. Instead of undoing the straps she reached down and pressed a hand against Scott’s shorts. She pursed her lips at the obvious warmth. She shook her head as if to say she didn’t expect anything else which Scott thought was a little unfair since it wasn’t like he had a choice.

“It’s only a little damp…” Scott muttered quietly.

“Yes, I think we can hold off on a change for now.” Deborah said as she removed the restraints.

Scott was helped out of the car and he wobbled as he stood on the concrete of the car park. He swallowed hard as Deborah went to the boot of the car and pulled out a picnic basket and Scott’s diaper bag, Nick was already taken Scott’s brothers across to the group. Scott’s hand was taken by his mum and he was led towards the church gathering. He cringed at being led over in such a way and kept his eyes on the ground.

“I want you to tell me if you need a change, alright?” Deborah said as she walked quickly to catch up with the rest of the family, “There’s going to be a lot going on and I won’t be able to keep an eye on you the whole time.”

“OK.” Scott said quietly.

The truth was that there was no way Scott was going to tell his mum he needed his nappy changed whilst so many people were around. He could only hope that he could keep himself clean and dry until they left. As they approached everyone Deborah let Scott’s hand drop.

“Deborah, so wonderful to see you and your lovely family.” It was the vicar. He was walking over and hugged Deborah once he reached her.

“It’s lovely to be here.” Deborah replied.

“Come, you must hear Lucy’s idea for the bake sale next month.” The vicar pulled Deborah away leaving Scott alone on the edge of the picnickers.

Scott could see the rest of his family setting up their large blanket and getting ready to enjoy the day. He was about to join them when he saw something that made his heart stop. He froze as he looked over the heads of everyone who was sitting down and talking.

On the far side of the gathering Jimmy was stood up and staring at Scott. He wasn’t alone. Scott’s ex-best friend had around a dozen people with him. All people Scott recognised as his former schoolmates. As he stared in horror he felt a fresh burst of warmth heat up his nappy.