

Walter, Meet Water

July 2022

Mmmm... oh, yeah. Ooh, that's so nice. So warm... and so wet. It just feels so right, leaking out at last into my pants like a real, diaper-dependent baby...

Goodness, what blushy thoughts I'm having – and in public, too! Guess it's a good thing that nobody here in this theme park can read minds, huh? There are so many innocent, vanilla folks here today: just enjoying the sunny weather, tending to their shrieking kids and queuing for rides and ignoring pretty much everything else. Nobody here will possibly know what crinkly secret I've got tucked under my shorts... let alone the dirty fantasies that my "accident" into my booster-filled diaper just now seems to have unleashed...

Well, nobody except Auntie, of course. Her seemingly magical sixth sense lets her know without fail every time I'm pottying my pants.

"What's wrong, baby?" she teases gently, her low voice lilting musically in my ear. "Did my little pottypants just have a little accident in his pampers?" She giggles and steps forward before I can find a reply, and with my hand captive in hers I am forced to follow – as my horny imagination terms it, like a wet little toddler stumbling after his auntie. Through the crowd we go, hand in hand, and all the while I'm alternately relishing and blushing at her words. *Yes I am- no, I should protest! But I really do love being a dumb little baby for her... Yet it's gonna be so embarrassing to admit-*

"No-o," I finally whisper, once we've arrived in the shade of the Amazon Adventure. The thumping, tribal-inspired music is the perfect cover under which to vocalize my juvenile protests. "I'm not a pottypants, Auntie..." "No?" she smirks, with a surprised and pointed glance down at my padded crotch. "Well... if we weren't in public, honey, I'd pull those cute little shorts down and see if you're lying to me. Or maybe I should anyway – you know, to see if my Walter really is telling the truth."

"Nuh-uh!" Our visibility, and her inability to expose me like this, is making me uncharacteristically bratty and bold. And so I double down. "It's true, Auntie! I'm a *big* boy-" "Wearing an equally big diaper," she cuts in evenly, and I flush as she produces from her backpack a large bottle of water. "A diaper that I'm *pretty* sure is going to be soaked through by the time we're done here today." She lifts the spout and tucks it between my reluctant lips. "Drink up, *big* boy. Drink up and show me that big boys still know how to obey their aunties... no matter what kind of pants they might be wearing."

Oh, of course I gulp: not so much because I'm genuinely thirsty, but because I relish the sensation of submitting to my play-auntie orders. *Just a dumb little toddler... trying to be big, and failing utterly. Too dumb even to know when his auntie is loading the dice against him. Just gulping brainlessly, not even thinking about how quickly all this water is going to make him wee himself over and over...*

"Good boy!" she praises at last, once I've gulped down a good half of the bottle. "I guess I must have been wrong, huh? Only a big boy would be able to drink quite so much..." "Uh-huh!" I'm nodding enthusiastically, feeling a rush of illogical pride course through my half-regressed mind. "I'm super big, Auntie! See? I belong in big-boy underwear-"

But she cuts me off, gesturing over at the sign that loudly proclaims the wonders of the Wet-n-Wild Whitewater Experience. "Big enough to go on this ride, honey?" The picture shows an inflatable raft rocketing out at us, the occupants screaming with shock and excitement, water splashing wildly in all directions. "It looks pretty cool, and the line's only thirty minutes right now..." She glances back at me with a teasing grin on her lips. "Or are you too little and scared to go on it?"

"Course not!" I sputter, and toward the line I dart in a burst of energy. "Come on, let's go!" Maybe she's playing me, and maybe not. I don't spend a lot of time figuring it out, to be honest. It's more than enough for me that it's a cool ride on a hot day, and that I get to play at showing her that I really am a big boy after all.

Discreetly crinkling underwear notwithstanding.

The half-hour drags by, punctuated by shuffles forward in line and the periodic rush and chorus of delighted screams from the raft-goers ahead of us careening down the artificial river. It's an intense ride, I begin to realize – and what's more, the constant rush and splash of water is making my bladder twitch and long to dribble in response. Illogically enough, though, now that I've committed to the big boy bit, I'm resistant to wetting my diaper any further. I'm going to hold it... at least for a bit longer. At least until I can prove to myself, even if not to Auntie, that this big boy can indeed hold it when he wants to.

"All aboard for a wacky and splash-tastic adventure!" The corny music begins as we settle into the raft at last, and my heart thumps harder in anticipation. I may be a whole twenty-seven years old, but amusement parks still tickle me every time. Maybe it's my inner child, I muse as I wriggle on my padded bum and let Auntie pull the belt tighter around my waist. It's my sense of adventure and wonder that I haven't yet lost-

"AaaaahhhhH!" And off we go, spinning and crashing downstream in what is soon a whirling maelstrom of watery foam. Wow, it's intense! I'm alternately shrieking and laughing in terror, bracing myself, feeling our seemingly fragile craft bounce and ricochet its way down the watery gorge. Water is splashing my feet, my face, spattering my dinosaur-decorated shirt-

And then, all at once, it happens... as if in slow motion. Into the shadow of a cliff we surge, and up arcs a giant curtain of water. Down it crashes in a breath-stealing, heart-stopping flood... and I'm squarely underneath.

By the time I can breathe again, and find myself spluttering and blinking out at the world again through my waterlogged hair, I realize that I'm completely and utterly soaked, from head to toe. "Wow, that was something!" Auntie is laughing, patting my back in consolatory mirth. "You're okay, right?"

Yes, I am – or at least, so I assure her. Though it's only once the raft spins lazily back to the disembarking point and I rise from my seat that I realize a disconcerting truth.

My diaper, like the rest of my clothes, has been completely soaked. And if there's one thing a diaper knows how to do, it's to soak up as much liquid as it possibly can... with inevitable consequences. Consequences that involve a great deal of swelling.

"Auntie!" I hiss in desperation, once I've finally waddled and squished my way out of the exit and found refuge with her in the shade of a nearby building. "I- I can't go like this-" I feel gingerly at the soaked fabric of my shorts, shivering both from the evaporation and the startlingly thick bulk of the diaper swelling beneath. "Everyone's gonna see!"

Auntie pauses in cleaning her water-spattered sunglasses, glancing over in apparent surprise. "What? Oh- Oh, baby. What's the matter?" She slips her shades on, and now I can only imagine the slyly teasing twinkles in her eyes as she slips her hand down over the heavy bulge of my waterlogged diaper. "Aww, and here I thought you just told me you were a big boy, Walter! Guess you couldn't hold it after all, huh?"

"No-! I- You know- That's not-" I'm spluttering, protesting, half-turned on and half mortified at what she's suggesting. This clearly isn't from me wetting myself... as my aching bladder reminds me with every second that ticks past. "It was the ride, Auntie! I got soaked! It's all 'cause of that big wave-" "Tsk, tsk," she reprimands, and now her fingers are tugging at the saturated waistband of my

shorts. "Blaming the ride for your wet diaper? That sounds exactly like what a *baby* would do, honey. Blame someone else for their own silly accidents..."

Why do I feel tears of shame and inarticulate anger pricking my eyes in response to her chiding words? But I can't cry, at least not here and not now. It would only confirm – for her, for passersby, and even for myself – what a baby I really seem to be...

"There's nothing for it, honey," she shrugs, giving my heavy and water-swollen bum a maternal pat. "I didn't bring along an extra pair of clothes for you, and that diaper has to last you all day. Guess you're just gonna have to make do, okay?" She smiles reassuringly, even as her hand squeezes the thick and soggy weight against my bum. "Besides, I bet it'll hold a good bit more, baby. You know, just in case you have a couple *more* accidents..."

So we walk on, hand in hand, through the swirling noise and excitement of the park. With every step I feel a heady, intoxicating flood of sensations and emotions: the brush and heavy swing of my swollen diaper between my thighs... the paradoxical twinge of my bladder aching for release... the tight pressure of Auntie's soft hand, tugging me onward... and yes, the silent terror of knowing that every single passerby can see, and may at any moment comment upon, my awkward gait and my visibly swollen, diapered butt...

Such a soggy baby- such a dumb, soggy, waddle-butt baby. Waddling and squishing along after his auntie, his great big dumb bootie on display, showing everyone what a silly baby he really is...

And that's before I finally relinquish control of my tired bladder. Because, I reason as the warm urine spurts rhythmically out in time with every waddling step I take, it's not like I'll be able to hold it until we get home. If my already soggy diaper leaks... well, my clothes are already soaked, right? Not like I have much to lose when my dignity is already pretty much gone...

I told you Auntie has a sixth sense. It's her knowing little squeeze of my hand that makes me blush... and her subdued murmur in my ear as we make our way toward the roller coasters. "Peeing your pampers *again*, baby? Goodness, I'm glad I put my *great big boy* in a great big diaper after all!"

To which there's not much else for me to do than trudge onward with beet-red face and visibly swollen, pee-warmed bottom. Just like the dumb, overgrown diaper baby I now appear to be.