James woke up on Monday morning with butterflies in his stomach. He hadn’t had much sleep the night before and when he sat up with his diaper crinkling beneath him the day ahead of him was already at the front of his mind. He turned off his alarm ten minutes before it was due to go off and he looked across the room at the curtained window. He felt as if he was waiting to be called to the gallows.

It took James a while to work up the courage to get out of bed. He wandered around his room and slowly got dressed, his bag was already packed from the night before but he added a second spare diaper just in case. James prayed that he wouldn’t need either of them because he didn’t think he could hide a full diaper change.

“James?” James’ father was calling from downstairs, “You’re going to be late!”

James checked his phone to see that he was pushing this to the wire. He had woken up early but his desire to stay hidden in his room had meant he had been slow in getting ready. His drive to college wasn’t too long but the traffic could be horrendous. With nothing else to cause him to delay his trip James scooped his bag on to his back and left his bedroom. He wanted to stop by the bathroom on the way out but he found the door closed, he only wanted to pee but he could hear the shower running and knew he didn’t have time to wait.

James walked down the stairs and as he sat on the bottom steps to put his shoes on he remembered his day in the park when he had wet himself. He had discovered that wetting himself like that wasn’t too bad and was certainly preferable to the bladder pain of holding it. When James had finished tying his shoes he stood up and took a deep breath.

After a few seconds where it felt like he was on the verge of wetting himself he felt urine start pouring out of him like a leaky hosepipe.

“Everything alright, James?” Cathy was walking down the stairs in a dressing gown with obviously wet hair.

James leaned against the wall to let his mother pass whilst continuing to wet himself. He looked up and saw that the bathroom was now free. James rolled his eyes, as soon as he had let go in his diaper the option of using the toilet opened up. There was little time to worry about that though, James smiled at his mom as the wetting ended and then turned to the front door. He could feel the warm swollen padding rubbing against his thighs as he stepped out into the hot sun. James tried to ignore the wet diaper he was wearing or act like it was a normal thing to be doing but it was really hard when every movement moved the padding and pressed the soaked front of the diaper into James’ crotch.

The drive wasn’t too bad but he was very distracted by what was underneath his pants and thoughts about being caught wearing it at college. He wasn’t sure exactly how obvious it was but he felt like there was a neon sign above his head advertising his underwear to everyone.

It was strange how quickly James adjusted to the wet diaper. After a few minutes he had basically forgotten that it was soggy, his mind was filled with the fears of reaching university. Having a wet diaper wasn’t too bad, as long as he could avoid messing himself he knew he would be fine.

Paranoia coursed through James’ body as he pulled into his parking space and stepped out of the car. He had some people waving at him and calling his name, as quarterback of the football team he was a well-known face around the school. Normally James had no problem with being recognised but today he just wished he could melt into the background.

James awkwardly pulled his bag out of the car and then flattened his shirt down. He had to make sure no one found out about the diapers, he knew that if they did he would never be forgotten. He pictured himself standing in the middle of the football field and hearing the roaring crowds in the stands chanting “Diaper boy!” at him.

James only had a couple of classes today and his first lecture was due to start in just a few minutes. He would need to hurry to not be late. Around him were a few other late arrivals who were sprinting into the college with their bags.

Walking quickly down the halls was a good experience. James didn’t need to worry about his diapers being discovered because in the noisy halls because there was so much going on, he started feeling comfortable about what he was doing as he joined the bustling throngs of people heading to their classes.

James was studying History and the lecture he was heading to was on the history of South America. It wasn’t something he had a huge amount of interest in but it was a necessary unit and he had to keep his grades up. When he turned the corner at the end of the corridor to see the hallway was empty he felt his stomach do a flip, it meant he was late and everyone was already in the lecture.

Placing his ear against the door James could hear the professor already talking. James bit his bottom lip and slowly pushed open the door, he saw the huge crowd of people turn to face him as he slowly crept into the now silent room. He mouthed an apology to the teacher who nodded their head, the old man wasn’t a harsh disciplinarian. In some classes the professor locked the door as he started the lecture, this teacher was a lot more lenient.

James walked across the open area in front of the lecturer and winced. In the silence of the room his crinkling seemed to echo everywhere, James didn’t know whether he was just imagining it or he actually was extremely obvious.

The nearest seat was halfway up the steps with students on either side. James was acutely aware of the noise his crotch was making as he took each step and the extra attention he was giving his walking just seemed to make him waddle even more. He was very grateful to sit down and see people stop looking at him. James tried to see whether anyone had worked out his secret but everything seemed normal.

The lecture wasn’t very interesting but James did his best to pay attention and write his notes. It was another in a long line of hot days and he was very glad he had brought water to the lecture with him, by halfway through the two hour timeslot his bottle was empty.

James was pleased and increasingly relaxed as time went on. It didn’t seem like anyone knew about his padded crotch and that meant he could calm down a little bit and focus more on the lecture.

With fifteen minutes of the lecture remaining James started to feel the effects of the water he had been drinking. He was feeling quite bored by the lesson and was laying his head on his arms when he felt the familiar feeling of needing to urinate. It shouldn’t be a problem for James though since he should be able to hold it, there was only fifteen minutes until the end of the class after all.

Maybe it was a psychological thing but with his diaper already wet James found a part of him just thinking he should let go into the diaper, it was what it was there for after all. James shook the thought from his mind, he wasn’t some child who was poorly potty trained, he was a man and he would hold everything until he got to the bathroom after class.

“It was when the Brazilians expelled the Portuguese that…” The lecturer droned on and on from the platform. Half the students around the room seemed to be asleep and the other half were furiously taking notes.

James couldn’t take his eyes off the clock above the teacher which seemed to be ticking much slower than normal. A couple of times James was almost certain the clock was ticking backwards, he found himself increasingly of the opinion that he should stand up and leave but he didn’t want to disturb the lecture again. He imagined being asked where he was going and having to tell the lecturer he needed the bathroom and couldn’t wait just a few more minutes.

“Of course the economy was built on sugar farming and slavery but…” The lecturer continued completely oblivious to how uncomfortable one of his students was feeling.

James started to feel very uncomfortable and was moving around on his seat much to the annoyance of the students around him. He was getting more and more looks from those sitting near him and that was the last thing he wanted. He was already going red in the face as he mouthed apologies to a young woman next to him when he accidentally elbowed her.

Maybe despite the embarrassment of wetting himself he should just let go in the diaper before he annoyed anyone else. He had already abandoned listening to any of the lecture but he didn’t want to affect other people’s learning.

James decided it would be the right thing to do so he put down his pen and sat up straight. He closed his eyes and tried to relax himself as he prepared for the warm flooding feeling. After half a minute he realised it was a lot harder to do this whilst sitting down. James tried to imagine he was standing in front of a urinal or sitting on a toilet but it was doing little to help and now his bladder was aching more than ever.

“Come on…” James muttered to himself. The young lady sitting next to him looked at him weirdly.

Lifting himself off his chair slightly and trying to relax James suddenly felt a small trickle of pee flow into the padding between his legs. He took a deep breath and held it, a couple of seconds later the small trickle turned into a stream and he was soon emptying his bladder into his diaper freely. James even sat back down in his seat because once the flow had started he found it a lot easier to continue.

James wondered if the people around him knew what was happening. It seemed impossible that they would be able to notice the wetting but at the same time it felt like such an alien thing to be doing.

As James sat in his own urine he found the spreading warmth to be somewhat relaxing. That old feeling of knowing the diaper was there to protect him made James happy as he flooded it. He let out a contented sigh as he picked up his pen again.

Almost as soon as James had picked the pen up he felt as if a lightning bolt had struck his body and he dropped it again. The spreading warmth had travelled all around the incontinence underwear but now it seemed to be going further. The warmth on his crotch began spreading down his leg and he realised he had sprung a leak!

The confidence in his diaper to hold his accidents evaporated on the spot as James realised his urine was now soaking into his pants. To his horror he could feel his thighs getting wet and the tickling of urine running down his leg felt awful. He had no time to wait, he had to forget everything and get out of here whilst he still had his dignity, he couldn’t hang around and wait for his secret to be discovered.

James picked up his backpack and carelessly swept everything in front of him into it very roughly. Only as he was zipping it up did he realise that his spare diapers were visible. Furtive glances around seemed to confirm that some people may have seen the diapers, people were looking his way as he frantically zipped his bag up.

Even now James could still feel urine on his leg. He didn’t dare look down and see the damage, he could feel a small puddle around his foot and he hoped no one would recognise it for what it was.

Standing up and throwing his bag over his back, James hurriedly started walking down the stairs. He chanced a look downwards and despite his darkly coloured pants he could definitely see the remnants of the urine. Standing up only seemed to increase the flow as well, the battered diaper was waving a white flag and the troops from his bladder seemed to be conquering everything.

“Oh my God…” Came an exclamation from somewhere behind James. He didn’t look around or break his pace.

James walked a little more quickly and could hear mutterings from the people behind him. He hoped they didn’t recognise who he was and he did his best to hide his face, even the professor was looking at him strangely. With tears in his eyes James turned to the door and exited the lecture hall, as soon as he was in the main corridor he started running towards the bathroom. The wet feeling was quickly cooling and it was getting even more uncomfortable, he had to get out of here quickly.

Fortunately the nearest bathroom wasn’t far away and James was able to hide in there just seconds after leaving the lecture hall. It still hadn’t fully sunk in what had happened but he was beginning to feel more and more panic flooding his system. He was breathing heavily as he checked each stall and saw, much to his relief, that he was alone in the men’s room.

The stall furthest from the door was slightly larger than the others so James walked across the room and through the door. He locked it and took a deep breath as he tried to plan his next moves. He had to get home quickly, he wanted nothing more than his accepting family and bedroom.

James could finally assess the damage done to his clothes as he looked down to see the darker wet streak of his urine on the inside of his leg. It was hard to say how visible it would’ve been to observers but to James it felt like it might as well have been neon green in colour.

Perhaps even worse than the wet streak was the crescent shaped wet spots on James’ buttocks. He wondered how much urine he had left behind on his chair. Had that been what the girl was exclaiming about as he left? He dreaded to think what would happen if they knew who he was and knew he had left a puddle behind him. James took the time to take some toilet paper and wipe his eyes of the tears that were still threatening to overwhelm him.

Taking some deep breaths to calm himself down James made sure the stall door was locked and then he lowered his wet pants. He stepped out of them and held them up for scrutiny. The right leg was soaked on the inside and the seat of the pants had two giant wet spots outlining his diaper. James cringed at the site and placed the pants on the hook on the door.

James’ diaper was in a very sorry state indeed. The formally strong plastic outer shell now sagged and James could see some urine on the outside of the diaper. It reminded James of a unit of defeated soldiers coming back from war, it had once been proud and ready for the fight but was now beaten and desperate for peace.

James reached for the first tape just as he heard students flooding into the halls. The lectures must be ending which meant he had to be quick, he knew he wasn’t going to go to his other class today but he didn’t want to be caught in this stall like this.

Just as James peeled off the two top tapes of the four-taped padding he heard the door to the bathroom swing open and two males walk inside. James froze in place with his diaper only half on as they went to the urinals. They didn’t say a word to each other until they moved over to the sinks to wash their hands.

“I’m glad that’s over.” Came a deep voice in front of James’ stall door.

“I know, right?” The other person replied, “So damn boring.”

“You see that guy run out at the end?” The first voice asked.

“Yeah.” The other person chuckled, “What was up with that?”

“Well, I thought he had a family emergency or something but according to my friend there was something on his seat after he left.” The first guy said.

“Really? Like what?” The sound of running water was replaced by the very loud drying machines for a few seconds it was impossible for James to hear anything the two men were saying.

“… I didn’t believe it either.” The first guy said as he finished the sentence hidden by the loud noise.

“So the guy pissed himself? Are you sure your friend isn’t playing tricks on you?” The second guy said as they walked towards the exit of the room.

“I’m just repeating what he said.” Was the last part of the conversation James heard as the door swung shut.

James didn’t move for a few seconds. He felt like a statue as he heard the voices and sounds of footsteps going by outside. James was so still it even felt like his heart had stopped beating as he slowly recovered from shock. He suddenly wanted to be at home and away from all these students even more than before, he pulled the tapes off his diaper and slowly lowered it away from his body.

No one else came into the bathroom as James balled the soaked diaper up and placed it on the toilet seat. He looked down at his crotch and could see wetness all over it.

James opened his bag and pulled out one of the spare diapers. He hated himself for needing to use it but he didn’t want to go commando in case he had another accident. James looked at the diaper and saw security, he saw safety and he saw that it had protect him. He couldn’t blame the used padding for leaking when he had wet it so much, he should have known these things would have a limit to what they could handle.

James had put a pack of wipes in his bag and he was now happy to wipe off the remains of his accident. He wiped his crotch and then ran the wipes down the inside of his legs to do the best clean-up he could in such a tight space.

When James unfolded the new diaper he had to think for a second about how he would put it on. There wasn’t enough room to lay down and he wouldn’t want to do it in this bathroom anyway. After a few minutes James placed the back of the diaper against the wall and leaned against it, he pulled the front of the diaper between his legs and up over his crotch. James taped it closed as tightly as he could but when he got off the wall he could see he had done a bad job, the tapes were lopsided and the diaper wasn’t as tight as it should be.

James hadn’t brought a spare pair of pants so he stepped back into his wet ones. It felt horrible to pull the wet pants up around him but the only alternative was to go out in just his diaper and that was clearly not an option.

Opening the stall door James quickly walked across the room and dropped the heavily used diaper into the trash can. He took a deep breath to steady his nerves and walked to the bathroom exit. James opened the door a crack and looked around, the hallway was deserted except for a few stragglers and the muffled sound of lectures echoed off the walls.

Taking a deep breath James put his bag on to his back and stepped out into the hallway. He was very conscious of his drenched pants so he didn’t hang around at all, he started running towards the parking lot where his car offered him some sanctuary. It was at times like this he was glad he was fit from playing football, he covered the distance in very little time and didn’t seem to attract any extra attention.

James turned on his ignition and drove out of the college car park. Thanks to him leaving early there was little traffic on the roads and James made the journey home quite quickly. When he had pulled up in his driveway he leant forwards and placed his head against the steering wheel. James let out a deep breath before turning the engine off and stepping out of the car. Taking his bag and walking towards the front door James kept his head bowed low, he was ashamed of everything that had happened that morning.