Huw and Elliot were holding hands and Scott was following a step behind. Scott dared to look around and saw people running around and having fun everywhere. Some people were practically naked and only covered by the skimpiest of swimming costumes. Scott could see little kids with their families, he could tell easily which ones were wearing nappies and which weren’t. It made him feel even more obvious.

When the three brothers reached the water’s edge they took off their shoes and socks. Huw wanted to dive right in and Elliott was keen as well, Scott was the only person holding back knowing that his nappy meant he couldn’t take his shorts off or go in the water.

“I’ll wait here.” Scott said when Elliott waved him forwards, “I’ll look after the clothes.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to come in?” Elliott said as he walked back towards Scott, “I’m sure Mummy can change your nappy after we get out.”

“Keep your voice down!” Scott exclaimed as he looked around. Thankfully no one seemed to overhear Elliott, “I’m staying here.”

“OK, be boring then.” Elliott chuckled and bent down.

Scott looked down at the clothes he was guarding and then suddenly felt salty water get flung from in front of him splashing against his shirt and shorts. He jumped and looked up to see Elliott laughing even harder as he ran into the water with Huw. Scott was angry but impotently so, he couldn’t chase his brothers into the water and he couldn’t retaliate without facing punishment. He had to just stand there and pray that no one would see his nappy and that he wouldn’t need to use it, it was damp but manageably so.

Scott sat down in the sand just far enough from the water that the waves lapped at his feet and the bottom of his legs. It actually felt quite pleasant except for some sand that had worked it’s way into his nappy somehow.

“Hello.” Scott’s relaxation in the sun was interrupted by a female voice to his side.

Scott looked to the side and saw two young women roughly his age. They were beautiful and were smiling down at him in their thin bikinis. Scott scrambled to his feet and smiled nervously. There was a time when he would see two beautiful women like this and would think he had a chance of making something happen but that was before he became a glorified baby.

“Hi.” Scott said rather awkwardly. He wondered just how much the shorts were hiding the padding underneath.

The woman who had said hello was blonde and wearing a particularly revealing bikini. Her friend seemed a little bit more timid and had dark brown hair flowing past her shoulders, she was hanging back behind her friend a little.

“My name is Lizzie, this is Carrie. We don’t really know anyone else here, mind if we sit with you?” The girl called Lizzie asked.

“S-Sure.” Scott replied nervously as he sat back down.

As the two girls sat either side of Scott he thought about all the things that could go wrong. Either of the women might see his nappy which would be humiliating in the extreme. He looked at his brothers who were playing nearby, it would take only one childishly innocent word from Huw or a malicious one from Elliott to break the illusion that Scott was an adult.

There was a time when Scott would see this situation as a major win but now it was a huge anxiety for him. The girls started conversation and Scott tried to join in as best he could but his number one priority was hiding his nappies. He found out that the two girls were best friends from college away on a girl’s weekend. Scott, before he was put in nappies, was a bit of a player and he had certainly been with a bunch of women before. He knew these two ladies were looking for a date and some action for that day and evening, he was incredibly frustrated that he couldn’t be the man they were looking for. He doubted either of these lovely girls were looking for a man to feed and change.

As much as Scott was distracted by the nappies and everything around him he was also deliberately trying to be a crappy conversationalist in the hope the girls might leave. Despite his attempts both Lizzie and Carrie seemed to be hanging around.

After fifteen minutes Scott was feeling increasingly anxious. Lizzie and Carrie were still hanging around and a couple of times they even brushed his shoulder or thigh making him jump. He was starting to quickly look for a way out.

“How come you’re wearing so much?” Lizzie eventually asked, “You must be baking!”

“Oh yeah… I’m fine.” Scott replied with a weak smile. In truth he was indeed very hot and looking at the cold sea water jealously. Only a little part of his leg was getting to touch the salty water.

“You could always take it off.” Lizzie continued with a giggle, “I’m sure you look great underneath that shirt.”

Scott could feel himself getting even hotter and it had nothing to do with the sun. He didn’t think he looked bad at all when he was shirtless but there was no way he could take it off now and reveal the waistband of his nappy underneath. He was now feeling closer to being exposed out on the beach than ever before and he had to escape the situation.

“I… I need to go.” Scott muttered suddenly. He clumsily climbed to his feet kicking sand on Carrie in the process.

“Go? Go where?” Lizzie looked confused. Clearly she thought everything had been going well.

“I think I heard Mummy, I mean, Mum calling me.” Scott visibly winced at his infantile slip.

“Mummy?” Lizzie frowned.

The situation was beyond salvageable and Scott needed to get away before he burst into tears or embarrassed himself any further. He took a few stumbling steps in the loose sand and felt an even scarier feeling than the shame he had otherwise been used to.

“Not now… Not here…” Scott moaned as he felt the familiar sensation of pressure building in his bowels.

Scott was only a couple of feet away from the girls and could hear Huw’s laughter behind him. He saw his mother and step-father sunbathing and talking on the blanket next to the picnic food. He couldn’t just run over and crap himself, he had to get away and hide somewhere, he was already resigned to messing his nappy he just wanted to do it somewhere quiet like a baby running behind the couch to poop himself.

Scott looked around hurriedly looking for anything that might offer a modicum of privacy. The only break in the endless beach that Scott could see was a large rock pile that stretched across the sand and went down into the water. It wasn’t like it was a huge Cliffside with caves or anything but maybe there was a spot in amongst the rocks where Scott could squat down out of sight of everyone.

There was no time for Scott to second guess himself. He turned towards the rocks and hurriedly started waddling. He could feel his weak bowels already complaining that he wasn’t doing what he normally did and immediately released them into the waiting nappy. Scott’s right hand went behind him and pushed the padding up against his body hoping it would somehow help.

“Sorry! Sorry! Oops, sorry!” Scott called out behind him several times as he rushed through people having picnics and accidentally kicked sand on to them or knocked over their belongings.

Scott was leaving quite a few angry bystanders exclaiming at him as he half-ran down the beach. He hoped his parents and siblings weren’t watching but he didn’t want to look back to find out. The rocks slowly drew closer and finally he was able to clamber up some of the bigger boulders so he could look around. He wasn’t alone here but it was a lot quieter than down on the sand.

“Ugh…” Scott could feel wet farts escaping his tensed body and he knew he only had seconds until he lost control all together.

Scott spotted a small gap in the rocks that he could fit into and feel hidden from nearly everyone else. He hurried over and slipped inside the gap just before the inevitable happened. Scott squatted in the cool and damp area just as a log started to push out of his body. He grunted and started pushing as his body always did when squatting these days. The stinky mess surged forwards and smeared outwards from the centre of the padding painting the young man’s butt in a brown paste.

Scott’s retreat was quiet but he could hear the exclamations of excitement from out on the beach. Hundreds of families all having perfectly normal days out at the beach whilst Scott was hidden in amongst them filling his pants like a helpless infant.

The back of Scott’s shorts bulged out and in the quiet area Scott could hear his nappy crinkling as the underwear expanded to accommodate the poop. Scott squatted even lower and felt his rear end mash into the pile he had left in the seat of his pants. He pushed again and felt more of the waste drop out of him past a sphincter that could do very little to stop it.

The second wave of crap pushed the capacity of the nappy out even further and Scott felt it shifting towards the front of the padding as well. Scott knew he wasn’t done though, he could feel even more cramping and he was realising this was a very large bowel movement.

Scott pushed down again and felt a deluge of mushy semi-solid poop cascaded out of him and finished the soiling. He could feel the messiness coming up the front of his nappy such was it’s fullness. To make matters worse Scott’s bladder gave way without any hint or warning. Hot urine poured out of his body and into the soiled nappy drenching everything he had deposited in there. By the time his bladder was empty his nappy was seemingly hanging from his hips with the tapes doing a heroic job of holding the underwear up.

A wave of anxiety overcame Scott and he suddenly ducked back into his little hole again. He couldn’t go back out in front of others on the beach like this, he hadn’t just messed his nappy he had destroyed it and in his mind he imagined a cartoonish lump in the back of his padding that everyone would see. He couldn’t embarrass himself in front of that many people, it was the sort of thing people needed years of therapy to get over.

Scott crouched down in his little hole and decided he would have to stay there until the beach cleared no matter how long it took. Every little movement seemed to shift the great weight within the nappy and spread it even further, Scott winced every time he felt the top of the hot faeces rub against his skin. He could only listen as the world continued around him.

The salty coastal air soon became tainted by the smell of fresh poop as the nappy struggled to hold it all in. Scott winced but could do nothing to help his situation, it felt like the time to return had passed and now he could only stay and hope things resolved themselves. He felt stupid to be crouched in this little alcove and hiding from everyone but he didn’t see a choice. He still couldn’t get back to his mummy without walking past dozens of families in a poopy nappy that was barely concealed by his shorts and a cloud of stink that now surrounded him. Staying put was his only option.

Once Scott got used to having the load in his nappy he actually found his time in the nook quite relaxing. He spent his time watching people as the tide slowly rolled in, it was hot but the air was cool and swirled around Scott’s hiding place nicely. The young man lost track of time and before he knew it an hour had passed with him just watching the world go by. The only negative was that the warm mess had rapidly cooled and was now irritating Scott’s skin a little.

“Scott?” A male voice called out from somewhere behind the young man.

Scott turned to where the sound had come from but could only see rock. He didn’t recognise the voice at all but it sounded like he was looking for someone. Scott presumed he must be looking for a different person. It did remind Scott he would have to return to his family sooner or later but it was still too early for that, the beach was still packed. The hefty load in Scott’s nappy provided a stinky reminder of why he had to wait.

Scott returned to his people watching but heard footsteps walking around. He was a little distracted now from having someone so close by, he ducked a little in his hole almost instinctively trying to hide. He saw the man walk past his little hole with a pair of binoculars scanning the beach. He was wearing a bright orange shirt with the words “Lifeguard” stencilled on the back. He had a little walkie-talkie in his back pocket and it was crackling out something that Scott couldn’t understand.

“Scott?” The lifeguard yelled out again.