



# KING OF DIAPERS



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## King Of Diapers

Long ago, in a splendid country set in the far reaches of medieval fantasy, King Tristan of Alsigne was holding court. Tonight, the Silver Dragons—the bravest knights in all of Alsigne—were showing relics from their latest exploits in the frozen, forbidden lands of the Far North.

Oddities, crude weapons, old antique armour, as well as such rare artifacts as the fabled Throne of the Elves drew ooohs and aaaahs of excitement from the assembled crowd. Little Daniel, Tristan's blond curly haired son was equally excited, giggling with delight as each new thing was unveiled, his blue eyes twinkling merrily.

Tristan, King of Alsigne, sat at the head table of the large dining hall; his son at his right, watching the proceedings.

It wasn't until one knight began to say: "And you should have seen what was **GUARDING** the throne," that everyone really began to take notice. A large draped mass was wheeled in on a cart, and the man continued: "We killed it-- look at the **SIZE** of it!" The drapery was whisked off to reveal a monstrous head of the most hideous beast anyone had ever seen.

The head itself measured the height of a man-- its bulbous, unseeing eyes testament to the terror it must have been while alive. The pointed teeth were the size of a man's forearm.

This caught Tristan totally by surprise, and as the dead jaws gaped before him, he lost control and began to wet himself.

Little Daniel, only six years old and afflicted with incontinence, did likewise. His diaper sagged beneath his breeches and the front of these began to darken, revealing the now-ineffectual protection he wore.

Tristan's distraction lasted only a moment, as he heard a hiccup from his son. Turning to see, he noticed the wet spot on his boy's soaked pants. He noted the familiar trembling in the lip, and made a snap decision.

As Daniel turned in the midst of beginning to cry to seek comfort from his father, Tristan chose to make his momentary loss of control a full-blown incontinent episode. He let his jaw hang open, still staring at the head of the beast, and spread his legs slightly to afford Daniel a better view.

Daniel's mouth abruptly shut as he saw his father's breeches -Alsignese Blue- darken and grow wetter as he peed his pants. The stain spread across his father's lap and down his thighs, wetting his chair and dribbling on the floor. Daniel's own accident was forgotten in light of his father the King's total lack of control.

None of the other guests noticed that Tristan had wet his pants. In fact, Tristan hoisted Daniel up on to his lap, and muttered a couple of magical cantrips that drycleaned them both.

The rest of the evening went without incident, but Daniel did not forget that his father had helplessly wet himself, just as he had.

Nor did Tristan fail to notice how his sacrifice of dignity had saved his son's. He began to muse on that thought as Daniel's nurses readied him for bed.



A few weeks later they were in the castle orchard together, strolling along, discussing this and that, and occasioned to fall into a father/son wrestling match, which of course involved merciless tickling.

Unfortunately, it was not a good time for Daniel who began to wet himself profusely during the tickling. He tried to beg his father to stop, but both were laughing too hard to make themselves understood.

Tristan immediately noticed the warmth under his fingers as Daniel's accident spread over his breeches, and also saw the shamefaced look of panic that Daniel wore.

Once again, Tristan made a decision. His own laughter had increased his own urge to relieve himself, and under the guise of hard, gasping laughter he did just that.

His sudden intake of breath caused Daniel to look up, and see his father rise to his knees just in time to have a heavy flow of wetness soak his breeches. Tristan knelt gasping as he wet himself, the warmth flowing from him as his son gaped on. He stood, wet pants clinging to him, the light grey darkened to angry sky around his crotch.

"I'm afraid you come by it honestly, son," he said by way of apology, as he took Daniel's hand in his and uttered the incantations that would clean them both. "That's all right, Father," said Daniel magnanimously. "It happens to the best of us." Tristan suppressed a smile.

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Daniel was thirteen. He and Tristan were sparring with wooden practice swords, and padded armour. Daniel was quick, and eager to spar with his father, although recalcitrant to practice with people he didn't know. Tristan knew it was because the boy feared a humiliating accident during practice.

Tristan thought about it some more... perhaps Daniel wouldn't be so concerned if it wasn't always he who was humiliated? The more Tristan thought about it, the more he became convinced he was right.

So it was that when Daniel struck him a fair blow in the gut, Tristan doubled over with the loss of breath, and while so doing lost his water as well. He straightened enough to put his hands on his knees, which were apart enough for Daniel to see what was happening.

The dun-colored pants they both wore for practice darkened noticeably, and Tristan gasped and said "No...." under his breath as he wet himself down to his boots. Daniel saw his father go down and stay doubled over, gasping, and then he saw why as a puddle formed around his feet, and the sound of running water filled the room.

"Father? Are you all right?" he inquired solicitously.

"I'm afraid I've managed to embarrass myself, son. Sorry. You rather caught me off guard. Drat. I HATE when I do this on the battlefield."

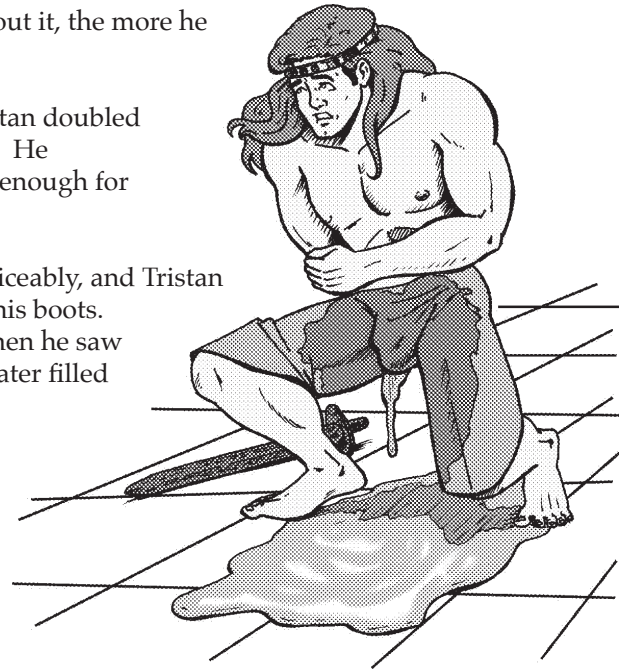
"You wet yourself on the battlefield?"

"Don't tell anyone else this, but the slightest loud noise or war cry and my rather timid bladder just lets go," Tristan blushed.

Daniel comforted his father and suggested he dry himself. Tristan smiled as he felt his son's "paternal" arm around his shoulders. NOW who had confidence? They sparred the rest of the afternoon.

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Later that week, the King and his son were dining alone together in one of the small dining rooms. Tristan noticed that Daniel had become a bit more open and chatty than usual, since his father's accident during training. Tristan smiled, and idly twirled his glass of wine. He had another idea-- this time to make his son feel superior under non-stressful circumstances.



As they spoke, Tristan relaxed and felt the first warm glow of his planned incontinence spread across his lap. He widened his eyes in alarm and just before Daniel asked him what might be amiss, he stood and allowed his son to view his continuing torrent, which darkened and stained the blue satin pants he was wearing. 'It's worth a pair of satin pants to bolster his self-esteem,' he thought.

"Damn." was all Tristan said.

"Father?" Daniel was confused.

"I really must apologize. I... I don't know what happened. The wine... I was so relaxed... It just came over me, so suddenly...I... I'm sorry. I've embarrassed you."

"No sir, you've embarrassed no one. Merely an accident. You can simply clean it, can't you?"

"You're right... I just don't know how I could have..."

"No worries, Father. Your secret's safe with me." Daniel winked conspiratorially.

"Ah! Shared secrets-- blood IS thicker than water!" Tristan winked back, and performed the necessary magic.

\* \* \*

It was Autumn, and the King and sixteen year old Prince of Alsigne had decided to go out for a ride across the land, before Winter's chill set in.

Daniel had been doing well in his studies, opening up more to his instructors and being less self-conscious. However, Tristan had noticed that he still avoided noble companions his own age. That would never do for winter, when the noble families would all be confined indoors together.

They rode at a gallop past the apple orchards, which gave Tristan another idea. Thinking, he realized that he would be committed to this one--since his dry-cleaning magic wouldn't help him in this instance.

They stopped under a large oak tree for a break before riding back, and Tristan stretched and walked. Daniel had urgently gone around the other side of the tree; looking, Tristan caught him pulling his pants back up rather sadly, his sodden diaper hanging on his hips. His sixteen year old son, Heir to the Throne, hadn't made it in time, and had soaked himself in his childish diapers.

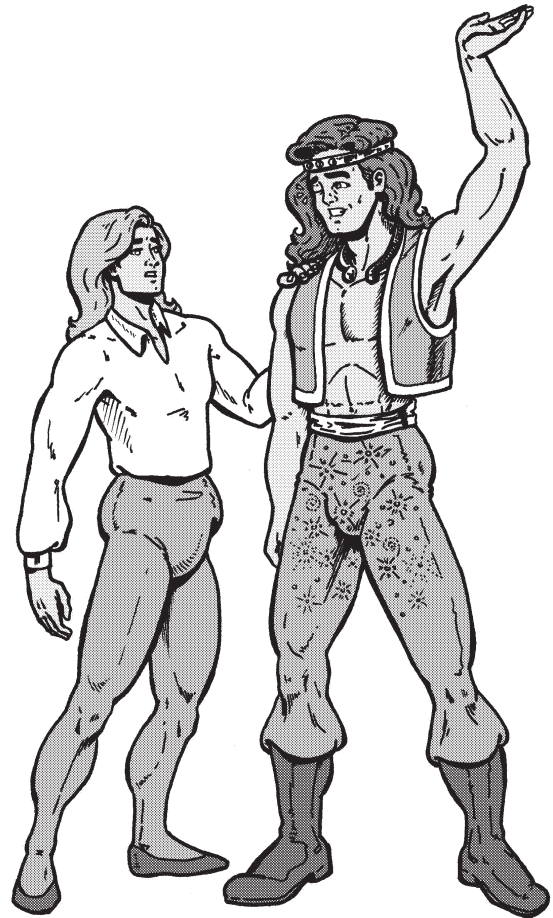
Tristan knew that he had to go through with his plan, or Daniel would hide the whole winter long. Making his way back around the tree, he relaxed his bladder, which immediately released in his pants, as he'd become accustomed to doing. 'It's rather frightening,' he thought to himself, 'how easy this is now.'

But this time he felt he had to go the extra mile. He moaned, "No, dammit!" under his breath, and Daniel came around the tree just in time to see his father's two-toned blue breeches.

"Again, Father?" the boy asked, a hint of a surprised smile playing on his face.

That was all Tristan needed. He looked in desperation at Daniel, his legs apart, keeping the wetness from clinging to him. "Daniel -I- ugh-- Noooooooo." He made sure he was at least half-turned away from his son, his cloak having been thrown back over one shoulder, exposing his backside, still dry in powder blue.

Which meant Daniel had a completely clear view of his father's pants beginning to sag, then tighten, as he filled them. Tristan moaned the whole time, saying "No!" under his breath, realising he couldn't stop now even if he wanted to.



“Father?” Daniel’s voice was incredulous. “Have you... um...” Daniel stepped right up to his father and laid a hand on his rear, confirming that he’d messed himself.

Tristan clenched his teeth. “The ride,” he bit out. “Shook me up too much. Tried to...relieve myself... oh, damn.”

“But you didn’t have time and went in your pants instead.” Daniel grinned, blushing, as he lowered his own breeches to show his father how wet he was. “I know exactly what you mean.” The two looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

“We’re quite the pair, aren’t we?” laughed Tristan.

“Yes, sir, that we are,” said Daniel, smiling.

Tristan cleaned Daniel with a spell, but had to ride home in his own mess, his son consoling him all the way. For some reason Tristan could not fathom, the sensation of a full pair of messy pants was not at all unpleasant.

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Came the beginning of December, and Daniel had gone out for some roughhousing in the snow with his young friends. Tristan sat alone in his study, poring over books and occasionally catching a glimpse out the castle windows of his son wrestling with some other boy.

Tristan smiled. It was nice to see that Daniel was willing to go out with the best of them - even though he knew the boy was double diapered underneath the thick snow pants they all wore. But in winter, no one had to know!

Tristan was still smiling to himself when he felt the first dribble. He looked down from his book long enough to notice the thumb-sized wet spot on his soft red breeches. “Hm. Darkening my breeches all on my own now,” he mused. Actually, Tristan had often lightly wet himself while daydreaming- even when he was Daniel’s age, so he wasn’t totally taken by surprise.

What did surprise him was how quickly he became aroused in his damp, soft pants. The small dark patch tickled his cock, enticed it. Tristan was getting quite hard.

Tristan considered. He was alone in his study. Who would know? “No harm in it,” he whispered to himself. He closed his eyes, and almost before he could think of it the delicious warm glow spread itself delightfully over his crotch, across his lap and even up to his waist. He looked down at his festive wine-colored pants, made of soft cotton, and the shameful dark patch on them.

He noted how strongly his cock stuck out against the clinging, wet material. It had felt SO natural-- he was both amused and frightened. “Perhaps I’ve been overdoing it with Daniel,” he thought.

Just then Daniel himself burst through the door, cheeks aflame from the nip in the outside air. “Father! We just had a most excellent time and now we’re going sledding up on the hill--” he stopped short as his father slowly turned in his chair to reveal his wet state.

Daniel’s eyes softened. “Another accident, *cher parent?*” he asked gently.

Tristan couldn’t help a small smile. “I’m afraid so. Daydreaming too much to listen to myself, I guess.”

Daniel giggled. “It’ll keep you warm in winter, Father. May I go sledding?”

“Yes. I’m proud of you--” he stood, allowing Daniel a full view of his father in wet pants-- “for keeping yourself better than I.”

“Actually, Father, I came in so I could change my diapers,” and here Daniel accented the word. “I’ve rather soaked myself thoroughly. You know, Father-- perhaps you could benefit from a layer or two of protection under your kingly breeches.” Daniel gestured to his own padded middle, dry in contrast to his father’s drooping wet ones.

“Perhaps you’re right, *mon fils,*” replied Tristan. “I don’t seem to be putting on a very good show, do I?”

"You'll grow out of it, Father," said Daniel as he began to grin mischievously. "See you at dinner. And I'll be watching to see you go easy on the wine." and with a shake of an admonishing finger, he left.

Tristan stood, wet pants cooling in the air. "My wet son is now making fun of his father's wetness. Where did I go wrong?" He grinned to himself. "Ah, me. It was worth it."

It was then that he noticed the puddle at his feet, growing larger. He had been wetting himself for the last few seconds. It occurred to him that Daniel had been there when he'd begun, watching the stream of shame running down his father's legs. And Tristan hadn't even known he was doing it. "Hmm. Definitely time to stop, before this gets out of hand. Daniel can do fine from here, I've no doubt."

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The night before the Yuletide celebrations were about to begin, Tristan was readying himself for bed when his son burst in.

"Oh Father! Tomorrow is Yule! Aren't you excited?"

Indeed, Tristan was. Yule had always been one of his favorite holidays-- family, friends, food, and of course, presents. The castle was packed full of visiting nobles, all in preparation for the huge feast day. There would be hundreds of people in the Great Hall.

"I certainly am, son. Are you coming in to wake me up in the morning?"

"Bright and early!" Daniel chirped merrily. Tristan could see the puffy diaper underneath the Prince's nightgown.

"Very well then. Off to bed with you and let me rest." Father kissed son on the forehead.

"Sleep tight, Father... hope you didn't drink too much tonight!" And with a saucy wink the lad was out the door.

Tristan was surprised at his son's parting comment. Was he implying the King would wet his bed? Then he relaxed. Of COURSE he was; he'd just seen his father wet his PANTS a few days ago. Tristan grinned. Unlike his friend High King Duncan, Tristan didn't wet his bed. But he'd heard the rumours of the young drunkard Duncan always awakening in a soaked bed; Tristan reminded himself to schedule a visit with Duncan for further amusement-- perhaps he'd be able to see some wet pants on the King!

He selected a pair of sapphire blue satin briefs -his most saucy and daring undergarments- to sleep in. Tonight he felt like being good to himself. The luxuriant satin tickled him in all the right places as he stepped into the (very) brief briefs. One of his lovers had even told him they made him look like a woman, as they were very effeminate. "Ah well, so I'm spoiling myself." he thought.

As he closed his eyes, Daniel's parting comment rang in his ears. He could think of nothing but how he'd continued to wet himself in front of Daniel, even after Daniel seemed to be adjusted to his own problem. It reminded him of...

The dream was wonderful. Tristan was hearkened back to the days when he was only eight, scampering around in the forest gathering herbs for his mother. He was in a dreamworld, there in the woods. He would leisurely search for roots and herbs, losing all sense of himself and time.

Then came the day when his mother pointed out how wet his pants were when he'd come home. Truthfully, Tristan hadn't even realised he'd wet them. He'd been too busy daydreaming in the forest. His mother had scolded him. But the next day when he was out, he paid close attention- and caught the warmth before it spread too far. He looked down at his simple brown homespun pants- darkened only slightly between his legs- and shrugged. Later on, he'd sat down underneath a tree to braid flowers- and had felt a tingle.

He had glanced down to see that his pants were darkening again. But it had felt SO GOOD. He let it flow, and continued making his daisy chain.

From that point on, young Tristan had paid no attention to his bladder, letting it go where and when it would while he was in the woods. He always let his pants dry before he came home.

About the time he was thirteen, however, he had a very vivid recollection of going off into the woods, in a new pair of pants that were green like the forest, and before he'd gotten very far had had a tremendous urge.

He had decided to purposely encourage it this time, and wet himself promptly and deliberately, while staring off into space. But this time he noticed how wonderful it felt to have a wet cock, and how nice it was to press his warm pants into it. After only a few strokes of his hand over his moist breeches, he'd wet himself again-- a new wetness, his first time experiencing it.

He'd thought he was going to die, the pleasure was so intense. And right after the pleasure, more pee had come gushing out of him to complete his ritual soaking. Tristan realized how much he adored wetting his pants!

...Tristan awoke to the sound of the door opening in his bedroom. He could tell through the shutters that dawn was only just approaching. Daniel crept into the room; obviously he'd cleaned and diapered himself already, as the fresh padding on him was dry. He then leaped upon his father in bed.

"Wake up, Father Sleepyhead! It's Yule!" and with a toss of his curly golden locks he yanked the covers off the bed.

The sight that greeted the two of them was a surprise to both, and a shame to Tristan. He lay in the middle of a HUGE stain, that spread from his knees to his chest, and as wide across as his outstretched arm. The sapphire satin briefs clung wetly to him, sullen now in their darkened dampness.

"Father...you wet your bed," said Daniel in awe.

Tristan was aghast. He'd wet his bed while sleeping! He could only stare down at himself as Daniel pointed to his soaked panties.

It was while the two of them were staring at the evidence of Tristan's accident that the warm pee began to flow again. Groggily, he stared at it, trying hard to staunch the flow. Nothing changed. His son and he looked on as his satin shorts darkened yet again and pee dribbled out onto his stomach, to pool and puddle under him. He couldn't stop it. "No." he breathed. And this time, he meant it.

Daniel looked from his father's aghast face to the sight that lay before him: His father the King peeing in his bed, fully awake, like a child.

This time, Daniel frowned. "Father, you know this is unacceptable," he said slowly. "And on today of all days."

Tristan felt his son's hands reach under him, then flip him over on to his stomach. Within seconds blows were raining down on his backside! Daniel was spanking him, the slapping sounds of his wet satin pants echoing around the room. Tristan, to his shock, was completely hard. "This will NOT do, Father. Please wait here and think this over; I'll be right back."

Tristan was glad of his son's departure because as soon as he was gone, Tristan rubbed his wetness against the bed but once and then exploded into his pants- as he came and came. He'd peed his bed. Humiliated by his son, who had never been dry a day in his life- it was too much. The orgasm was a sweet, shameful release.

Tristan lay there in wetness, warm and sticky, when Daniel returned with a chambermaid.

"The King has peed his bed. Please make it quickly. Father, come with me." Tristan did as he was told, utterly humiliated that a chambermaid he'd actually found attractive had been shown the King wetting himself.

Daniel led him to his own chambers. Took him by the hand right over to his bed. "There! You see that!"

"See what?" Tristan said meekly.

"Exactly. NOTHING. I wet my bed every...single...night. And look. Nothing. Why?" And here he hiked up his nightgown, showing the snowy white bulk of a thick diaper- "because I wear protection. Father, you've peed your pants, messed your pants, and now you're wetting your bed. I don't want to see you embarrass yourself. I know all about that. So please, lie down."

Tristan did as he was bid, lying on his son's still-warm bed. Daniel removed his soaking briefs and began to sprinkle

talcum powder on him. He even worked it into his crotch, which made Tristan stammer an argument which was cut short by his sixteen year old's glare.

Then, for the first time in all the years since Daniel had been born, the son diapered the father. But that was not all: after the first diaper came a second. "You're going to be busy entertaining all day, Father... and I don't trust your ability to stay dry right at this moment. So it's double padding for you."

Tristan was allowed to stand, his son surveying his handiwork. A swift smack on the bottom by Daniel made Tristan realize how padded he was. He was led back to his room, where the maid had stripped the bed.

"I'll meet you downstairs. I love you, Father. Happy Yule." With a kiss, the younger boy left his father standing alone, double diapers thickening his bottom.

Tristan was in shock. Mostly because his own son had just punished and diapered him, but also because he was in a state of bliss. Diapers. They felt wonderful. Dry, soft, comfortable..and oh so bulky. He didn't understand how he could ever have forgotten the bliss his wet night's dream had reminded him of. He didn't remember when he'd stopped wetting his pants in the woods, secretly; he hadn't even remembered that he'd ever DONE it! He began to understand why wetting in front of Daniel hadn't been hard. And why it had felt so good.

Tristan happily pulled on some blousy, layered velvet trousers in a dramatic scarlet, and built his ensemble to match. He posed in front of the mirror. "The loose fit of these pants should be enough to hide this big bulk," he thought. He looked fine, but could barely walk in his childish diaper. 'Yes,' he mused, 'It's going to be a GREAT Yule.'

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The Yule party had gone on all day and well into the night; Tristan was feeling pleasantly full and lightheaded from the wine which he'd consumed in great quantities.

He was currently sitting in a circle of nobles from all over Alsigne- who were chatting about the winter stores, how good the harvest had been, taxes in the New Year, and other such boring things. Tristan was warm and flushed from the spirits, tingling with merriment.

He dimly realized that he was now feeling another tingle, this one rather familiar to him but no less pleasant than the other. Tristan quite suddenly realized that he was wetting himself completely without control.

"My double-thick childish diapers will finally get their work-out," he thought sluggishly.

So it was that he sat well back in his chair, spread his legs, and allowed his childish weakness to proceed. The two pairs of thick swaddling did their work-- he felt heavier, but feeling his pants realized they were dry.

One by one the nobles drifted off until he was left with Sir Orin of Bas-Terre. This was a career knight, a militaristic man who preferred tankards of ale to wine glasses. He was bedecked in heavy leather, a banded tunic and some high boots. His dark green breeches were of thick broadcloth.

Tristan rose unsteadily to excuse himself. The spiky-haired giant said "Why, wither away, King, the night is young! Say your delicate constitution does not prohibit you from further merry making!" and he roared with laughter.

Tristan grinned, and smiled. He leaned forward and said with a wink, "No. I've pissed in my pants."

Again the giant roared, his tankard sloshing to and fro. "How now! There is no evidence to support your claim!"

"If I do not go and change, there WILL be. I shall return. I've a mind to try that ale."

"See that you do, your Majesty, for then you'll have something to piss your pants about!" The raucous laughter continued.

Tristan went to his chambers and changed his diapers and his velvet outfit into normal thin undergarments, and his red cotton breeches. He giggled slightly, more than a little drunk. The last time he'd worn these.... "...I peed full in my pants! Soaked them! Right in my PANTS!" and he smacked himself on the rump. He vowed to shock the smile right off Orin's face. "Oh, I'm going to drink my fill of that ale, all right. AND more," he laughed to himself, the pleasant buzz of



alcohol clouding his thoughts and making him giddy.

He summoned the chambermaid to his room. "Young lady, we wish to have a mattress protector such as Prince Daniel has, laid on our bed immediately- as we are sure to humiliate ourselves again tonight. Further, we require the thickest swaddling diapers"- here he giggled- "about a dozen in number, to ensure our continued good behaviour." The girl's eyes widened and she scurried off. Tristan moaned drunkenly, "Ohhhh yes. There's going to be shame tonight." Passing by the mirror, he noticed he'd gotten hard just thinking about it. "I can't believe myself. Have I lost my mind? If so..." he stroked the soft red bulge of his pants. "...it feels wonderful."

Tristan came back to find Orin seated much as before, and sat down directly across from him. The giant's legs were spread enough to afford a view of his powerful crotch, which Tristan immediately sized up as being as giant as the rest of him. He called for a tankard of ale, which Tristan accepted.

"Well then King, your wet problem all cleared up, is it? No more girlish dribbling?"

"I can assure you Orin, it was a most boyish dribbling. Another second and I'd have puddled on the floor."

"Oh your Majesty's sense of humour is astounding! I am not SO drunk that I would believe the King pissed his pants like a raw recruit!"

"Well then, perhaps we should down this ale as men and see who is the recruit and who isn't? I warn you, your thoughts on your King are quite in error."

Orin hiccuped. "Well then, 'tis a fine party to watch your Majesty piss himself at," and he laughed into his beer.

Both men began to down the beer as fast as it came. Within an hour, Tristan had had four full tankards and Orin had five. "Slowing down, Tristan?"

"Never." and for another hour they continued.

By this time they had moved into a small, firelit room, to be alone when Tristan soaked himself, a fact which titillated him to impress upon Orin, who refused to believe the King capable of it.

"I'm going to do it, you know."

"Do what?" said the drunken giant-man.

"Piss my pants helplessly, right here, right now." Tristan was earnest in his drunken haze. He realized he actually meant to do it. It excited him.

"HA! If your Majesty does, why then, I'm duty-bound to join you," and he saluted, wobbily.

Tristan smiled, and rose shakily. He placed his hands firmly on his hips, standing legs slightly apart. His smile grew as, to Orin's widening gaze, the red of his breeches darkened like wine and began to run in torrents down his legs. He giggled, the fountain of liquid coursing along his pants, darkening wherever it touched.

Tristan crouched slightly, wetting his backside and the backs of his thighs as he soaked himself. In no time at all a large puddle appeared where the king now stood.

Orin was speechless. He stood, stammered, and raised his cup to Tristan. The giant spread his mighty legs, he looked down. As Tristan followed his gaze, the dark green bulge of the man's crotch grew even darker, as he began to wet his pants, down to his boots. He then followed Tristan's example and crouched, wetting his muscular thighs and ass, while a puddle twin in size to Tristan's appeared where he crouched.

"NOW we've done it," laughed Tristan.

"Oh..oh... yes," stammered Orin. "It is...warm."

"But not for long. Let us retire, shall we?" Tristan rang for a chambermaid to clean up their childish mess, and he led his large friend up to his bedchambers, toddling wetly all the way.

Orin offered no resistance as Tristan pushed him onto the bed, and pulled off his tight, soaking pants. He reached for one of the newly-delivered thick diapers and tucked it expertly between Orin's legs. Finding diaper pins nearby, he proceeded to diaper the big warrior in the cutest, thickest cloth nappies. He patted Orin's bottom. "There's what a wet boy needs," he cooed. Orin whimpered. "Yes, your Majesty."

Tristan then laid himself on the bed, as Orin smiled beatifically at him. The giant then smiled, "Well, an eye for an eye isn't it?" and wrapped Tristan in a double layer of the same childish swaddling, pinning them firmly about his hips. "Ready for bed, King?"

Tristan snuggled his padded crotch right up against Orin. "I don't doubt we'll be ashamed come morning." And he drew the covers over them, falling into a blissful deep sleep.

When Tristan awoke, it was to the pleasant song of birds outside, the bright sunshine coming in the window, and the heavy, wet feeling of a double pair of diapers soaked clear through.

He lay there, a big smile on his face as he contemplated having wet his bed, in his sleep, for the second night in a row. He gazed fondly at the sleeping giant beside him. In the morning light, as his chest rose and fell peacefully, Orin looked a good deal younger than he had last night.

Tristan's hand slid down Orin's chest, over his muscular belly and onto the soft cotton of his big friend's shameful diaper. And shameful it was indeed, as it was warm and as completely soaked through as Tristan's.

Orin awoke with a yawn, and his eyes immediately flew open as he realized the position of Tristan's hand, and the feelings from that region. He looked worriedly over at Tristan: "Your Majesty... I. I am very sorry..."

"No apologies needed, sweet one. Here, feel me." and Tristan guided one of the muscular hands to his own heavily-wetted crotch. "We are both quite shameful babies."

"Yes, sir. Indeed. I... I haven't wet my bed since I was but a child. I am most contrite, your Majesty."

"Indeed. You shall have to be punished, and quite severely." Tristan smiled, and drew himself close to the big warrior and kissed him, sweetly and longingly, on the lips. "Make love to me, you shameful bedwetting boy."

Orin's face lit up, then flushed red. "But... I've never..."

"First time? I promise you, it will be sweet. You'll like having a man inside you, I don't doubt."

Tristan rubbed his wetness against Orin's, then unpinned the nighttime diapers from Orin's hips, and then his own. Soon both their cocks were rubbing against each other, hard and throbbing.

It was Orin who first sought Tristan's lips, licking tentatively, then embracing him powerfully as the kiss became deeper, more passionate. Tristan pushed him away gently, rolling him onto his belly. He reached beside the bed for some nursery jelly, which had been delivered along with the King's diapers.

He slathered it on his own cock, then massaged it gently into Orin's backside. He barely spent the time to press his cock firmly against the twin mounds of Orin's muscular ass before he plunged his cock deep into it. Orin cried out, then whimpered in a muffled way as his ass began to rise and fall under Tristan's strong thrusts.

"Do you like it, Orin, my sissy bedwetting Knight? You like having a man inside you, don't you. You like being a little boy, too- MY little boy. Don't you? DON'T YOU?" Tristan demanded, his thrusts becoming deeper and harsher with each word.

Orin began to openly sob like a great infant. "Y-y-Yes, SIR!!!" he cried as he pushed his ass hard against the hard cock which was thrust into him. He loved the way it filled him up, made him feel secure. "Oh, punish me harder, please your Majesty," he sobbed as he bucked and twisted, trying to get as much of Tristan's cock as he possibly could.

When Tristan came, he thought he'd never stop. He moaned at the warm, wet release, his hips continuing their thrusts until the last drop. He lay atop Orin's back, kissing him and massaging his ass.

“Does my great baby need some relief now, too?” asked Tristan sweetly as he ran his fingers through Orin’s hair.

Orin sighed. “No, sir... I’ve gone and wet myself again, quite badly too, I might add.” Tristan peered around Orin as he rolled over to give the King a view of the large, sticky stain that was now added to the previous night’s bedwetting stain.

Tristan smiled, rubbing Orin’s muscular chest and kissing his ear. “And do you think wetting is going to be a common occurrence for you?” Orin gazed back at his lover with nothing short of adoration. “I believe I shall find myself to be quite weak henceforth, your Majesty.” And with a devilish grin he grabbed Tristan, and held him down on the bed while he lay himself on top of the King.

Tristan felt the warm torrent of piss begin to soak his cock as Orin released himself all over his groin and stomach. He held Orin tightly to him and kissed him strongly as the big giant soaked him. Then Tristan realized how his own bladder ached and reversed their positions, soaking Orin’s huge cock and balls as their kissing continued.

After they had both bathed and the maids had changed Tristan’s bed, Tristan found himself being diapered again- by Orin.

“After your terrible time last night, sir, I think it’s best you wear these under your pants for a while,” he grinned as he powdered, pinned and patted his King into a diaper. He bent down to kiss the soft, cottony crotch of Tristan’s diapers.

“And you, yourself, after such a naughty accident, must surely take precautions,” said Tristan as he pushed Orin on the bed and returned the favor. It was a pleasure to thickly swaddle such a large, powerful man. And the kiss which he planted on the bulky, powerful crotch was every bit as tender as the one he’d received.

They each helped the other dress himself: Orin enjoying wriggling into his pants with the bulk of his diaper underneath; Tristan smiling as his soft Alsignen blue pants were securely belted over his thick protection. Then with another loving kiss they parted ways.

Tristan received some weeks later a letter from Orin stating how difficult a time he was having staying dry, and how his men had noticed his lack of ability to drink as much as he used to. He had got himself a whole stack of thick diapers for his own protection, as he put it: “My bed simply refuses to stay dry,” and according to his letter was even now in the process of “Training one of my younger recruits in how to care for himself while drinking heavily.” Tristan smiled. A Wet Knight who had wet nights, indeed.

\* \* \*

Over the next few weeks Tristan became glad of his decision to wear diapers to bed, as on several occasions he awoke wet. Some mornings he woke just as the warm wetness was in the process of spreading, and try as he might he was powerless to prevent it.

He made sure he mentioned to Daniel about his wetting, confessing almost in the manner of a child who was afraid of getting caught doing something naughty. He would say things like: “By the way, I was wet again this morning,” and Daniel would smile and question him about exactly how wet he’d been, and if his diapers had been enough protection. Tristan would tell in great detail about his discovery of his shameful accident and praise the oiled-leather mattress cover that protected his bed.

Tristan tried a multitude of tricks, such as not drinking after supper to having a servant wake him several times in the night to relieve himself, but nothing worked. He peed his bed quite helplessly nonetheless. He also found that in the morning, he was quite aroused by his soaked diapers and couldn’t help but bring himself to orgasm in them. He was a helpless bedwetter at 43 years of age (which was roughly equivalent to 19 in human years, since Tristan was a half-elf), a shameful and humiliating circumstance.

His involuntary bedwetting only served to excite him, however. By the fourth week Tristan was waking up wet every morning, not just one or two or even three mornings a week. He could only giggle to himself as he recited, “I’ve peed my bed again!” every time. He loved to reach a hand down to feel the thick, heavy sodden mass between his legs. His control was absolutely gone.

\* \* \*

It wasn't until April, when spring was definitely in the air all around the land, that Tristan was to discover another childish problem.

He was seated in his study again, poring over his books of magic and magical theory, when a breeze blew in from the open window. Strangely, the breeze was exceedingly cold on his legs.

Looking down, Tristan realized his pants were wet-- right down to his knees. In fact, when he stood, there was a puddle on his chair that he'd been sitting in for who knew how long. The realization slowly dawned on him that he'd wet his pants while daydreaming again, only this time it was no dribble (he was used to piddling his pants slightly when distracted, but not this much), it had been a full-fledged loss of bladder control. A real, honest-to-goodness accident. And he hadn't even noticed.

He looked down at the wet, clinging pants-- light green, darkened to a forest hue around his crotch and down both thighs. "I did it," he mused to himself, "I peed my pants. Like a child. By accident, helplessly. I... peed...my... pants." He couldn't seem to keep the smile from spreading on his face.

He rubbed at the wetness, cooling now in the breeze. He rang for a servant. A young girl came in. "Yes, your Majesty?"

"I peed my pants. May I have some new ones, and an extra-thick pair of diapers to wear for the rest of today, please?"

The chambermaid stuttered. "O-of course, Your Highness," and off she went. Tristan smiled. Pants-pissing was fun!

Daniel heard about the accident at dinner. "Father," he admonished, "I swear you're getting worse all the time. I thought one was supposed to grow OUT of this phase, not INTO it." Tristan only smiled.

\* \* \*

The next day Tristan awoke, having pissed his bed again, and decided to begin a new 'training regimen' for himself. It was clear that the feeling of torrents of wetness surging into his pants was quite exciting for him. He especially liked waking up in a wet diaper that he'd soaked in his sleep, which proved to him that he was weak and babyish. He got up, diapers drooping, and began plotting how to go about this special 'training.'

His daytime accidents were not all that regular-- it was nighttime where his control had gone by the wayside. He did tend to wet himself in the early mornings just after he'd awoken, so he generally ate breakfast wearing his wet night diaper, but during the rest of the day he was dry as a bone. Even his 'daydreaming accidents' were few.

But Tristan did not want to remain dry any longer. And of course, it would do no good to wet his pants on purpose-- then he'd know when it was coming, and that would be no fun. No, he wanted to regress enough so that he would start to have actual accidents again, the kind that children have just after they are trained: 'emergencies' that always ended up with dripping breeches.

He pushed a little, and warmth began to spread in his saturated diapers as he grinned. Today would be the day he put his plan into action.

He greeted Daniel at breakfast, in extremely high spirits. He'd thought about his plan as he'd bathed and dressed (in his usual blue-and-white adult garb): all he needed to do was to encourage his bladder to let go at moments when it normally would, but due to training didn't. For example, he remembered the night Ed had uncovered that hideous beast's head. He had had a surge of wetness, completely unplanned, from the shock of seeing such an ugly thing; then his muscles had tightened, and forborn any further wetting. The trick would be in 'un'-training those muscles that kept him from wetting.

Like a newly trained child, he mused, any sudden shock would cause the bladder to void, resulting in an accident, if he could only regress himself to that state. It might take time and effort, but he was willing to try.

His cock roused in his soft blue breeches, stiffening as he thought. It caused him to wonder exactly WHY he enjoyed wetting his pants so-- and why he was so preoccupied with the feeling. He looked over at Daniel, the pretty blonde son who had wet his bed all his life, and wondered what it must be like for him, living with wet diapers at seventeen. Daniel smiled at him across the table, and asked if he'd been wet the night before.

"Soaked," said Tristan cheerily.

"Me too," Daniel replied. "I get double-diapered every night now, just to be on the safe side. My pants are likewise, just in case."

Tristan grinned, but wondered at his son's keen interest in his father's bedwetting. As Daniel got up from the table to excuse himself, Tristan noticed a conspicuous bulge in the front of his son's pants, which was not simply a drooping wet diaper (although that might certainly have added to the effect): Daniel was hard. His cock bulged the full length in his pants, and strained at the seams of them. Tristan's eyebrows shot up in surprise. What did this mean? He was even more shocked, as his son turned to leave, that his own cock had begun to throb -and his own pants had tightened- in response.

Tristan decided to put his plan into action as soon as possible. He consumed huge quantities of water at breakfast, filling himself to capacity, and began to walk around the castle.

"The trick is," he thought to himself, "to let go the SECOND I feel the need to, every time I need to, and thereby weaken my control until I can no longer hold it back. The more I do this, the more automatic my 'accidents' will be."

He strolled through the kitchens, hearing the usual clamor of noises about him, and left through a side door to walk in the fields outside the castle. It was here that he felt the first twinges of his bladder, and his muscles tightened automatically.

"Here's where we begin to learn to stop THAT reaction," he said smugly. He released his bladder as quickly as the feeling had taken him, grinning as the warm, wet stain spread across his pants. He was GOING to be a pantswetter again, just like when he was a child. He was going to be helpless, to the point where if he ever wanted to be dry again he would have to re-train himself just like a toddler.

He grinned, and walked about some more until his pants grew cold and uncomfortable, then dry-cleaned them magically. "As many times as it takes," he vowed.

He returned to the castle and spent the rest of the day concentrating on releasing his bladder the moment he felt the slightest pressure on it. As soon as he had the urge to wet, he wet-- his pants! Soon, the warm feeling at his crotch seemed to be completely normal.

As for bed, he thickly diapered himself before he went to sleep, and always woke up wet. No worries there. His training in dry sleeping was completely gone. As for the days, he kept practicing- his wet 'daydreaming' accidents had dried up, since he was paying too much attention to his bladder for anything to truly sneak up on him- until the fateful day he was walking down a side hall on his way to the kitchen.

A young Page-boy was on his way to deliver a message to some other denizen of the castle and had run around a corner, smack dab into Tristan, and both the boy and the King had gone tumbling down in a heap. The Page recovered first, standing quickly: "I'm very sorry, Your Majesty," he said apologetically and a trifle fearfully. (It's not often one runs down a King!)

Tristan was still trying to clear his head from the shock of finding himself sitting so abruptly, when he made the discovery that his pants had gone from blue to dark blue around his crotch, and that he was sitting in a dinner-plate sized puddle. He'd peed his pants from the shock of being run into! The surprise had jolted him from his thoughts, and in so doing had also jolted him from concentrating on his control (or how to achieve the lack thereof). And so, he'd had an accident.

As he sat staring at his pants, he noticed the Page standing there, waiting to be dismissed. He looked up, and noticed the smile on the boy's face as he noticed the wet stain on the King's breeches. Tristan blushed, and waved his hand, dismissing the boy. "You may go," he said.

"Thank you, Sir," the boy grinned, and slowly turned to go. But before he did, Tristan caught a glimpse of the boy's white tights darken and stain at the crotch, no more than the size of a large coin. The little scamp had wet himself, too-- deliberately! No doubt mocking the King's sissy accident.

Tristan should have been utterly mortified, but instead he was elated. "I did it," he thought. "I've taken my first

step!"

\* \* \*

A few days later he was excitedly packing his bags for Corwell, home of High King Duncan. Duncan, a blond haired blue eyed young man, slightly girlish in appearance, was at the age of 26 the Heir to the largest Kingdom across the sea. And also, according to rumours Tristan had heard in his travels, a bedwetter due to his great love for drink.

"What I need to achieve my goal is to get out of here, try a change of scenery," Tristan thought. "And perhaps Duncan can 'teach' me what I need to know!" he grinned, folding a soft diaper into his bags. Plenty of those on this trip. He'd decided it would be unseemly for a King to be constantly wetting his pants in front of others so he was diapered under his pants, and had brought along many changes for himself. He had no intention of curtailing his activities just because he was going to be on a ship for a while!

After he'd settled himself into his cabin on his sailing ship, his bladder began to demand attention, which he once again immediately satisfied by warming his diapers up, wetly. He grinned, feeling naughty and childish.

He'd had new pants made for him, several pairs; cut fuller in the seat to accommodate his diapers. Most of the castle staff was now well aware that not just the Prince was having a wetting problem. Daniel's nurse had even begun to change Tristan in the mornings now, as well as his son-- which was embarrassing yet intensely gratifying as well, as it added to his 'helpless' feelings.

Tristan had also had a brilliant idea: if oiled leather could protect the mattress of their beds from wetness, why not their pants as well? Therefore some of his new pants were made of oiled leather, and quite fetching they looked ("Nothing like a man in leather," thought Tristan. Daniel had thought them incredibly handsome, and had got two pair himself). However, since one couldn't be expected to wear leather pants ALL the time, Tristan had invented short pants made to be worn under normal pants, which laced up the sides to accommodate several thicknesses of diapers, if need be. He'd tested them out by drinking water all day and refusing to change himself. They hadn't leaked at all, and although he'd felt wonderfully soaked, his pants had appeared dry! In a sense, he didn't like that because he WANTED to be embarrassed, but he had to admit it was practical in a political sense. Kings just didn't wet their pants, dammit. Annoying, but true.

So it was that he spent the voyage: wetting his bed every night, and forcing his bladder to release the instant it needed to, all without anyone knowing. He rinsed his wet diapers in sea water, which made them a trifle stiff but otherwise bearable for the duration of the trip.

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"King Tristan! Welcome to Corwell!" High King Duncan said. Tristan had been shown to rooms in the castle, freshened up, and presented to the High King.

"Your Majesty's hospitality is wonderful," began Tristan.

"Please, please! Call me Duncan!" smiled the other. Tristan grinned, "and Tristan, if you please." Duncan was certainly likeable, and very--- pretty. Not incredibly manly-looking; his face was smooth as a lad's and entirely too pretty to be masculine. Tristan decided the man must have taken after his mother.

Tristan wore his diapers underneath his silk breeches to supper that night, and was disappointed when Duncan said that he had business that evening and must excuse himself that night and probably the next day, too. He'd hoped that he and Duncan might have been able to talk about their mutual 'problem' - if indeed Duncan even had the problem at ALL. Tristan unhappily went to bed, making sure he'd drunk more than enough wine to humiliate himself.

Which he did. The next morning he was soaked through-- and so was his bed! His oiled leather shorts, though wonderful under his pants, didn't do so well when he wet laying down. He waited for the chambermaid to appear, and began to apologize, but she shushed him with a wink, saying it was 'nothing new' to her. Tristan gaped, then shut his mouth and smiled. "Then do you think," he asked, "that you could take care of THESE?" and handed her a sackful of diapers he'd wet at sea and rinsed in salt water, as well as his pissed-in night diaper. "I know just how to take care of those, your Majesty," she assured him, winking again as she departed.

Tristan was elated. And embarrassed. Then elated again. "She'll probably tell the whole castle staff that the visiting

King wets his pants and his bed, like a sissy," he thought. His cock was hard again, demanding attention. He stroked it absently. "They'll all know that I can't hold it. Well, that's what they'll think. I just wish it were completely true!" he sighed.

He dressed in simple clothes- green breeches, white shirt-- and NO diapers underneath. He was hard as a rock thinking, "Since everyone will probably know ANYWAY, and an accident or two won't be too much of a catastrophe. Maybe Duncan will make me wear my diapers to shame me when he finds out." Thinking happy thoughts, he set out to explore the castle grounds.

Tristan had been walking through the Royal Forest Preserve when he came upon a modest little hunting lodge, hidden away off the path and up a little hill. He grinned, as he had always enjoyed exploring. He walked up to the door and walked in, expecting it to be abandoned or perhaps just in disuse.

What he saw caught him by surprise: Duncan sitting in a chair, the long table beside him replete with several empty wine bottles, drinking ale from a large keg on a stand next to him!

"Oh!" exclaimed Duncan, as Tristan walked in. "Tristan! I.. I didn't expect anyone to be able to find this place...." he hurriedly stood up, trying to look as though he hadn't been caught drinking. Tristan thought he looked rather childish, in golden tights and red tunic with gold sash, disheveled with his hair unkempt and appearing as though he'd spent the night there.

"Have you been here DRINKING all night? Was that your 'business' that you mentioned last night?"

"Please don't tell," pleaded Duncan. "My sister Deidre, the Duchess, hates it when I drink and I have to do it in secret. She'd harangue me FOREVER if she found out."

"Perhaps you drink too much, then," suggested Tristan, slyly.

"It's not that I drink for the sake of drinking," replied Duncan. "It's that it's my only escape from her, castle life, and my.... other troubles," he finished lamely.

'Like your BEDWETTING?' Tristan thought. He was beginning to savor Duncan's panic, as he was acting so childish it looked as though he might wet his breeches any minute. "Very well, I won't tell. On one condition. I came here to visit you, so you are going to spend some time with me! Now pour me a mug of that ale," Tristan grinned.

Duncan's face lit up, and he pulled up a chair as he handed Tristan a mug.

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Tristan and Duncan chatted for hours about Kingly things and personal enjoyments, Tristan trying the whole time to figure out how to get the shy Duncan to mention bedwetting or wet accidents, when through a drunken haze Tristan thought he felt a tickling sensation, as though in a dream: far off and indistinct.

He thought nothing of it, as he slurred on with the story he'd been telling, until he noticed that all of Duncan's attention seemed to be focused a little lower than eye contact. Tristan followed his gaze, only to discover -once again- that his pants were wet. VERY wet. In fact, a little tiny fountain of pee was still running merrily down his cockshaft, puddling in the wooden chair, and finally spilling over the sides to puddle on the floor.

Tristan's voice trailed off. Drunkenly, he thought how happy he was that he hadn't noticed the accident, until he realized that he still didn't know how Duncan would react. For that matter, he wasn't even REALLY sure that Duncan WAS a wetter of any kind. That was only rumour, after all. The High King was just sitting there, staring open mouthed at Tristan's crotch, and his piddling helplessness.

"Sorry... didn't even notice...." Tristan mumbled.

Duncan eyed him. "Did you do that on purpose?" he asked angrily.

"No," said Tristan, confused.

"Did Deidre tell you about that?" he probed further, his eyes intense.

"About what?" Tristan asked.

"About... my... problem....." said Duncan, lowering his eyes, his anger fading, his voice trembling.

"What problem? I didn't know about any problem," Tristan babbled as he fought to clear his head of the ale-induced fuzziness to focus on what Duncan was saying.

"Well, I don't care, you know. I don't," the blond man said defiantly. "And I'll show you that I don't, so... so THERE," he finished with a hiccup, clearly gone under the influence of the potent ale. He spread his legs and leaned back, and turned his gaze downward as his bright gold tights darkened suddenly from the crotch downward. He leaned back further, watching the torrent spill over his hips to soak the sides of his tights and pool around his ass, which he raised as a pool formed in HIS chair, which in turn spilled over onto the floor, until he lowered himself into the wetness.

He fixed Tristan squarely with his gaze, but Tristan couldn't hold it; he was drawn to the trickling fountain that still ran down Duncan's cock. Duncan's beautiful, bulging-in-his-pissed-pants cock.

Duncan pouted, "I did that on purpose, I just want you to know. Just because I have accidents at night, alright even if it is EVERY night, and just those FEW daytime occurrences, doesn't mean Deidre has to go and tell everyone I'm... I'm a wetty-pants piss baby!" he sobbed.

Tristan pulled his chair forward, putting his hands soothingly on Duncan's wet thighs. "I too wet my bed," he said softly. "And I peed my pants just now without knowing it. Honestly," he affirmed.

"Really?" Duncan sniffed, on the verge of crying again.

"I do. I've peed my bed without waking up for ... some time now."

"I did it the first night I got drunk. Then Deidre told everyone how my drinking made me wet, and so I drank some more to forget about it, and wet the next night, and the next... then one day my nerves were so bad that when Deidre yelled at me I went in my pants, like a naughty child," confessed Duncan.

"I let loose in my breeches when I'm surprised or frightened," said Tristan softly. It was the truth, after all.

"I... can't help it sometimes, it's like... I've forgotten how to be dry. And then there's the OTHER thing..." said Duncan, drying his tears.

"What other thing," wondered Tristan.

Duncan stood up. "I had too much wine, and I'd peed my pants and the Duchess yelled at me again so I ran out here, still high on wine, so I wasn't paying much attention to what my body was telling me..." he blushed.

Tristan held his breath.

Duncan managed a small smile. "Would you like to see?" he asked shyly.

"See what?" Tristan's wine-dulled senses made it difficult for him to follow Duncan.

Duncan removed his scarlet tunic and sash, and turned to face the wall, showing Tristan his wet rear, his breeches tightly defining the beautiful firm ass. Tristan cupped his hands to the twin mounds, feeling the warmth of the piss that had soaked them. Duncan spread his legs, and Tristan stepped back.

In no time whatsoever, the tight breeches bulged as Duncan began to fill them, fill them full. He didn't push, or grunt, or even seem to be TRYING to mess himself; he merely seemed to let nature take its course. The mess bulged out the back, spreading upwards; then downwards, between his legs, as he spread them even further. Then it was over, and Duncan stood there having pooped his pants like a toddler. He turned to face Tristan again. "That's my other 'problem.' I can't hold that back anymore, either, and I have to have a nanny follow me around to check my breeches every so often, at least according to Deidre."

Tristan smiled. "Well, at least you won't be alone." And he spread his legs, turned around, and pushed. He



remembered the time with Daniel, only this was a bit more difficult because he was nervous; and it took a few moments before the warm avalanche began to fill his breeches, causing the green fabric to expand and sag. He sighed in pleasure.

“You have that problem, too?” asked Duncan with a weak smile.

“No. THAT was on purpose. But-- I'd LIKE to have the problem, and have accidents as you do,” he said wistfully.

“Honestly have accidents where you fill your PANTS?” Duncan gaped.

“I'd like to. It feels so... good. When I started wetting my bed last year, I was grateful,” admitted Tristan. “I'm trying to train myself to... wet during the day, without even knowing WHEN it's going to happen. That's why I came here. I'd heard the rumours--” he looked guiltily at Duncan-- “and I was hoping to meet someone who really had the problem that I could... well....practice with.”

Duncan was silent. Then, he approached Tristan, and hesitantly put a hand on his chest. He ran it down Tristan's stomach, then down to his peed pants, cupping his balls, stroking his hard, wet cock. He moved both hands to Tristan's behind, and SQUEEZED- squishing the mess all around Tristan's ass and sliding it forward to engulf his balls. “You like THAT?” he asked. “Yes,” was the shy, whispered reply.

There was a trickling sound, and Tristan looked down to see Duncan peeing himself onto the floor, through his saturated tights. “Then I'll help you practice,” he grinned. He moved in to hug Tristan, and in doing so pressed his wet breeches right up against him, both men feeling the hard throbbing of the other's aroused cock. Duncan leaned in to kiss Tristan full on the mouth, which Tristan opened to let the other's tongue explore his mouth hotly, passionately.

Tristan slowly began to rub himself against Duncan's wetness, his cock straining to get at the other's tights. Duncan returned the motion, as they pressed their rigid shafts together. Suddenly, Duncan had grabbed Tristan's hips and spun him around, pushing him off-balance until he almost fell and had to brace himself against the table. In that moment Tristan discovered a new ecstasy as Duncan THRUST his hard-on against Tristan's ass, squishing the humiliating mess up against him and spreading it everywhere as he pumped his hips over and over again into Tristan's rump.

There was a muffled grunt from Duncan, followed by a whimpering, as his breath became ragged and came in short, halting bursts. He released Tristan, who turned around and saw a sticky jewel staining the High King's already soaked tights: Duncan had cum right in his pants!

Tristan seized the opportunity and pushed Duncan against the table; the other's pants were twice as full as his and Tristan was hard just thinking about it. He pushed his crotch into the warm, squishy bulge of Duncan's pants, rubbing it around and just savoring the incredibly wet, warm and messy feeling. His own mess filled his pants, pressing against him with each thrust, reminding him how he'd shit himself like a baby as he forced the bulge in Duncan's pants all over his ass. With a grunt, in which he was sure he'd shoved some of the mess back up Duncan's ass (mostly because the High King cried out with pleasure) he exploded in his breeches, feeling the warm sudden surge of an orgasm as it soaked his pants and filled his world with joy.

Exhausted, Tristan hugged Duncan, panting. Both men began to laugh uncontrollably as first one, then the other, felt a warm dribble spread down their legs as their post-orgasm relaxation caused their bladders to release in their pants... again.

That night, Duncan invited Tristan to his room to sleep with him in the royal bedchamber (“and to share the royal diapers,”) he joked. It turned out that Duncan was as big a bedwetter as everyone said, which pleased Tristan as it was a pleasure he knew well already!

Both men, exhausted from their earlier play and having only just finished cleaning themselves up (and handing their wet, soiled clothes to an understanding nursemaid), fell gratefully into bed, wine buzzing in their heads and warmth emanating from their skin as they caressed each other to sleep, naked except for their childish swaddling pants thick between their legs.

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It turned out that Duncan's helping Tristan 'practice' consisted of getting him drunk on wine enough that he was completely unaware of when he was wetting his pants! “This is what made me really bad,” the High King confided, his blond hair waving and blue eyes twinkling. Tristan grinned at him.

“So you spent so much time hiding from your shrew of a sister that you ended up becoming the childish pantswetter she accused you of being,” said Tristan.

“Well, I’d had some bedwetting accidents before, and somehow she always found out... she just used it to bother me more. You know how older sisters are.”

“Yes, I have an older sister too,” smiled Tristan. “Why don’t you just tell her where to go? You ARE the High King after all, Duncan.”

“Well I...” he paused. “What if she stopped bothering me and I still wet my pants?”

“Then you’d be in good company,” Tristan grinned, as the warmth on his thighs turned his grey pants dark grey. “Whoa! I didn’t feel that one coming at ALL.” He smiled as the accident progressed.

“You’ve been doing pretty good this past week,” Duncan hiccuped. “I think you’re ready for my SPECIAL wine. “

Tristan groaned. “Not more wine!” he complained.

“No no, this you’ll like, I promise you. It’s date wine.” Duncan winked conspiratorially.

Tristan’s eyebrows quirked questioningly, but he let Duncan pour him a mug. He managed two before he called a rest from all their drinking. “You know, no offense my dear Duncan, but I don’t want to be a drunkard. I just want to be completely helpless about my wetting.”

“No offense taken,” Duncan smiled. “All this drinking every day will simply get you used to being unable to handle controlling yourself. You’ll wet while sober, too-- trust me, I know-- and if you keep doing it, you won’t GET your control back.” and he grinned as warm pee began to flow in a wet stream down his crotch, over his hips, and soak his ass in his bright peach-colored breeches. “Whoops! There I go again.”

“Maybe we should be wearing diapers during all this ‘training.’” remarked Tristan.

“What?” exclaimed Duncan. “And just how would people find out how shameful we are if there weren’t a sissy stain on our pants?” He laughed.

“I was thinking of the castle maids that have to handle all our laundry,” Tristan quipped.

“I think they rather get a giggle out of knowing their King and a visiting diplomat have lost control in their pants like two children. It makes them feel motherly.”

“Oh, now how do you know that?”

“Simple. Some days, when my ‘nurse’ comes in to change my night diaper (a practice my sister insisted I have every morning, which was humiliating), she has a bottle for me as well.”

“No! A baby’s bottle? With a nipple and everything?”

“Nipple and all. And she won’t change me until I’ve finished it. She treats me like a toddler of three or so. I used to be very self-conscious, but now I kind of look forward to those mornings. “

Tristan pondered this; perhaps when he returned to Alsigne he might have some ideas for his ‘nurse.’ “Well, let’s go sit somewhere more in the sun so our pants can dry,” he suggested, rising.

As soon as he’d stood to his full height, he felt a TREMENDOUS pressure in his bowels and without further warning, a warm mass of shit pushed its way out of his rectum and began to fill his pants. It happened so fast, Tristan didn’t even have time to say anything. He took a stumbling step forward as his bowels erupted further, expanding the seat of his pants until they were tight on him, causing the mess to squish up between his legs and to engulf his balls and cock. Then it was over, as suddenly as it began. Tristan gasped in surprise.

“Whoop! Did YOU ever mess! Right in your pants, too-- not very grownup of you,” grinned Duncan, patting his

friend's squashy backside.

"I didn't even know it was coming, much less how to stop it," Tristan said, astonished.

Duncan held aloft the empty bottle of wine. "Date wine. Sweet, and makes you have to go potty so bad that if you've had too much, you don't even know it until it's too late. Don't worry-- I've had nobles visit who fill their pants after only ONE glass. Talk about a strong wine!"

"OTHER people have filled their pants on this wine?"

"Oh yes. It's considered a junk wine by most, because it's so sweet and has the unfortunate side effect on one's bowels," Duncan sniggered. "I order it by the careful. Sometimes I serve it at banquets, just to see who has accidents and who doesn't!" He laughed, then stood up and almost immediately let a rather large load fill his wet peach pants. "Whoops," he blushed.

Tristan laughed at the rapid loss of control on the part of his friend. He threw himself at Duncan then, causing him to lose his balance as they both fell to the ground, as each man forced the other to sit in his mess, causing gales of laughter in both of them. Duncan seized the opportunity to pin Tristan underneath him as he began to rub his messy, hard cock against Tristan's warm, pissy-wet pants, which were just as messy in the front now as in the rear. Tristan pulled him close, hungrily kissing him again as they took turns pinning the other to the ground.

"Say 'Uncle,'" Duncan demanded. He had gotten the upper hand and was now straddled on top of Tristan's thrusting pelvis, the hard cock straining through the soaked gray material to rub against the warm mess of Duncan's ass as he pressed against it.

"Never," Tristan breathed, close to the edge.

"Very well then," said Duncan, as he cut loose another hot fountain of piss in his pants which soaked its way down to tickle Tristan's cock in a warm river as he came explosively in his pants, helpless as an infant. "Why don't we go inside and clean up, and I can come up with even MORE reasons why your bottom will be incapable of holding anything back," he teased.

"Yes, SIR!" said Tristan, getting to his feet.

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Duncan led Tristan up to the bathing chamber, and summoned a chambermaid. The girl entered and taking one look at the two childishy soiled Kings made her cluck with disapproval.

"Your Majesty should know better than to go out without any protection," she admonished Duncan. "And His Majesty quite obviously has the same problem," she said as she studied Tristan's equally sopping pants. "Children, the BOTH of you. King Duncan, I believe your sister has been quite explicit with her instructions, has she not?"

Duncan blushed in embarrassment, but hushed Tristan's angry retort. "Yes, she has... but I just thought I could hold it..."

"Well, you were obviously wrong, weren't you, King Duncan? And at YOUR age-- you should be ashamed!! If you are not interested in acting like an adult then you will NOT be treated as one inside this castle. Now please take those soiled clothes off, and someone will be along to clean you both up. And King Duncan, I am on my way to tell the Duchess what you've been up to. I would not make any plans to go out this evening if I were you." And, carrying the two Kings' messy wet clothes, she left.

"How can you let her talk to you like that??" exploded Tristan. "That, and letting her threaten you with that shrew of a SISTER--"

"Umm, Tristan..." Duncan blushed as he laid a hand on Tristan's thigh. "I guess it's time I was more honest with you. I... well... I actually LIKE it when Deidre orders me around. And I also like it when the castle staff humiliates and embarrasses me. It makes me feel like a child, yes, but it also makes me feel.. I don't know... loved, I guess."

Tristan stopped, taken aback by this revelation. His jaw dropped, but he quickly closed it. "And here I was thinking

I'd come visit you so I could learn how to be a real pantswetter," he snickered. "I guess you've taught me a lot more. I understand, and I'll even play along. Who knows? Maybe I can convince MY castle staff to start treating me more like that... did you know one of my Pages made me wet myself and then did the same?"

"NO!"

"Yes really! Let me tell you the story..."

Tristan had just finished telling Duncan about the errant Page when two maids arrived with basins of steaming water and cloths, with which they set about cleaning the two nobles, which caused them both to blush. Tristan looked over at Duncan as his 'nurse' cleaned his cock gently with the warm, wet cloth, and saw Duncan sigh in contentment, the smile on his face as wide as the horizon. 'Maybe he's on to something here,' Tristan thought. 'Maybe it IS more than incontinence that I'm after...'

-----

After their bath (in which both Kings were forced to submit to gentle but firm cleaning by two nursemaids) Tristan and Duncan were escorted to the royal bedchamber and laid side by side on the bed.

The two nurses expertly powdered them, and pinned them into thick diapers. Then, glancing at each other, they pulled out two MORE diapers and pinned those around the first ones. "What do you think?" said one to the other. "After what they've been up to?" replied the second. "More. Definitely more." and as soon as that was said, a third bulky night diaper was drawn up over the first two.

Tristan and Duncan now lay in triple night diapers, completely unable to move except by crawling with their legs wide apart. Nodding with satisfaction, the two nurses then produced long, white flannel nightgowns which were pulled over the heads of the two man-boys, then fastened at the neck and wrists with blue and gold ribbons.

"Now don't they look adorable," said the older of the two nursemaids.

"Oh yes, absolutely," smiled the younger. She grinned a little wider as she reached down and pulled two baby bottles from a tray on the table next to her. "Now, boys, the Duchess has ordered that you drink these, to help you sleep. So here you are... Now, King Duncan, I know YOU like your little baby bottle, don't you? You're going to drink it all up like a GOOD boy, aren't you?"

Duncan blushed and as Tristan watched, raised his bottle to his lips and began to suck at the nipple, nursing with a practised suckling motion. He was an utter sop, a sissy baby, his golden curls making him look infantile in his nightgown. Tristan felt himself get hard as he realized how completely adorable the High King was as a baby.

"Now you, King Tristan. Are you going to be a good boy or do we have to feed your bottle to you?" asked the pretty dark-haired young nurse.

Tristan blushed beet red. He looked at the girl, then asked in (what sounded to him like) a childish, lisping voice: "I..I dunno how. Would you feed me, nursie?" and shivered in embarrassment and excitement.

The young girl smiled, "Of course, my little King. Little boys need help, don't they, my pants-wetting baby boy. You pooped yourself today, didn't you? Hmmm?"

Tristan nodded. "Mm-hmm. Messed my pants. I'm sowwy." He was surprised at how baby-like his voice had become.

"That's what diapers are for, for our two fine boys," said the older of the two. "Now lay back and let Nurse feed your bottle to you, and go to sleep."

Tristan was dimly aware that the sun had barely set and it was very early to be sent to bed, but also understood that this was part of the punishment for filling his pants... then the warm nipple was put in his mouth, and an experimental suck revealed the warmest, sweetest milk he'd ever tasted. As he relaxed, he felt himself drifting, floating off to sleep...

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When Tristan woke, the bed was wet, both his and Duncan's nightgowns were wet, and their TRIPLE diapers were soaked clean through. Duncan was awake, and smiling sheepishly as he reached out a hand to stroke Tristan's face. "Wet," was all he said, smiling.

Tristan could only smile as his bladder began to empty, helplessly...

----

Days stretched into weeks, until finally a month had gone by, a month in which Tristan was forbidden any toilet privileges by both the Nurses and King Duncan (not that he wanted any such privileges); where if he felt Tristan was not wet or messy enough, Duncan put him right back on a diet of wine for a couple of days; where it was revealed that Deidre loved Duncan dearly and deliberately spiked his bedtime bottles with a powerful herb of some kind that helped him with his lack of control.

Duncan revealed all-- he had been a big baby since birth, wetting his pants as a child and having his older sister care for him, wetting his bed as a teenager, and finally, the accidents as an adult while they put on a charade for the outside world that Duncan was a good King and she, an overpowering sister. Tristan met the fiery red-headed woman and quite liked her, once the truth was known, and she smiled as she told him he would get the same treatment at her hands as Duncan did. She told him she was glad that Duncan had found a friend. Tristan, on the other hand, had found that he wanted to be quite a bit more to the beautiful King.

Unfortunately, the time came to say goodbye and Duncan accompanied Tristan down to the docks to see Tristan off in his ship, bound for Alsigne. Both boys were diapered under their noble clothes, as it wouldn't do to have accidents in plain view of everyone; they hugged and said their farewells. Tristan ached to kiss Duncan tenderly, longingly, to beg him to come home with him, but a King was a King and had to follow certain rules, just like everyone else. Tristan was crying when they parted, but a quick smile from Duncan, who glanced down at his pants which had begun to droop a little, was enough to make him feel better.

The ship set sail and Tristan quickly went below to his stateroom, having had to act Kingly and hating it. He felt like he'd lost his best friend in the world. He felt himself pee his pants, and took perverse satisfaction in the knowledge that he'd probably never be dry again. He grinned as the little river continued, filling his diapers dangerously close to the leaking point. "Who cares," he thought. "Let 'em find out I'm a piss-pants. I hope they do. I hope I poop my pants right in front of them," he pouted childishly. He laid down on his bunk and fell asleep.

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It was on his third morning at sea that he was awoken by the Captain of the ship standing over him: a big, burly man with a mustache, wearing no shirt and tight leather pants tucked into large boots. The hard chest, thick arms and well-muscled stomach made him a very intimidating figure, indeed.

The Captain threw back the blankets on the bed to reveal Tristan lying there, wearing nothing but his shameful double-diapers and oiled leather shorts. "What's this?" he demanded.

Tristan was aghast. Not only had the captain barged in unannounced, but he had caught the King of Alsigne in diapers-- which were soaked from his night's heavy wetting. He stammered: "I-I- What..."

Before he knew what was happening the captain had hauled him out of bed, wrenched his arm up behind his back and shoved him roughly out the door, then pushed him up the steps onto the deck.

The morning sun blinded Tristan for a moment as he stumbled out onto the deck, then as he blinked he became aware that the whole crew stood there, every eye looking at him...and his drooping night diapers.

The captain came up behind him, hand still gripping Tristan's arm behind his back. He raised his voice to address the men: "Hale noticed an odd smell when cleaning the King's cabin the other morning, and reported it to me," he said, indicating a dark young man with his hand. "When I went to check, I found nothing but a WET cloth stashed in the back, laid flat to dry. You know what it smelled like?" and here he shook Tristan.

Tristan said nothing, as his embarrassment was so great he thought he'd start crying if he opened his mouth.

"It smelled like PISS!" the Captain roared. "Because it was a DIAPER, pissed in by our sissy passenger, here!!!" The

captain held him out for all the crew to see, and planted his foot squarely in Tristan's droopy backside and sent him sprawling on the deck. "Do you know what we do with little girl-boys who piss themselves aboard MY ship?"

Tristan trembled, afraid to say or do anything out of sheer embarrassment. He couldn't even think of a spell. Why hadn't he drycleaned his diapers with magic?

"Bind his hands."

The crew hastened to obey, wrapping Tristan's hands up in rough baling rope and securing him to another long rope, tethered to the mast.

"First, let's get him clean, boys! Give him a good bath!" and they picked the wet Tristan up and threw him over the side.

Tristan cried out but had the good sense to keep his mouth shut as he hit the water. It was very cold, and his diapers immediately waterlogged and threatened to drag him down. The rope however quickly reached its full length and held him above the surface, dragging him along behind the ship, as the sailors laughed, jeered and pointed at him.

After a few minutes in the rough surf, he was hauled aboard again. "Are you cold, BABY?" leered the captain. "Then we'll have to warm you up. Put him over the Bosun's Daughter, boys!"

A loud cheer went up as Tristan's shorts were removed, and raucous laughter ensued as he stood revealed in a dripping, drooping diaper for all to see. This was quickly removed as well and, hands still bound at the wrists, he was laid over one of the ship's cannons in a crouched hands-and-knees position.

"Now you lads all know I run a tight ship," boomed the captain, his tight leather pants creaking as he walked back and forth. "And the one thing I can't abide is a lack of discipline! And yet, here's this snivelling sop-" he motioned to the naked, shivering Tristan- "who comes on board without even the discipline to keep his PANTS dry!" A loud jeer rose from the crew. "And he's supposed to be our KING!" The jeering got louder. "What do you say we show him that aboard my ship, undisciplined Kings are treated like they should be, eh boys??"

Loud cheers and catcalls answered the captain. "Bosun, call the strokes," he boomed. And with that he brought his large, meaty hand squarely down on Tristan's rump. SMACK! "One!" sang the boatswain, high and clearly. SMACK! "Two!"

By the time the captain had finished spanking Tristan, his bottom had turned red and he had begun to sob and cry. Finally, he was hauled to his feet and his wrists were untied. Shivering, sniffing and utterly pathetic, he stood naked in front of the crew as the captain proclaimed:

"From this moment on you will not be a King. You've been shown to to be a crying, pissing little SISSY. And aboard MY ship, you will answer to MY discipline! From now til the end of this voyage, you will wear diapers--and ONLY diapers-- unless I say otherwise. You will be changed by other crewmen; you will not change yourself. You will be fed by the crew. If you disobey or give us any trouble, you will be forced to crawl on your hands and knees. You are a baby, and nothing but a baby. Do you understand?"

Tristan sniffled, holding back sobs.

"Answer me. Say 'Yes, Daddy.'"

Tristan hiccuped, as the crew looked on. He wanted to cry again but was trying to hold it back. "Yes, Daddy," he said.

"Louder," said the captain, his huge chest rippling as he flexed in front of Tristan.

"Yes, DADDY!" cried Tristan.

The crew burst out laughing again-- some of them sucking their thumbs, making goo-goo noises, pretending to spank each other.

"Good boy. LADS! You know what to do!" and he walked away, up to the ship's wheel.

Immediately Tristan was grabbed by the crew and pinned down to the deck; baby powder was spilled on him and rubbed in roughly around his crotch and on his buttocks, which still stung. From out of nowhere a diaper was produced, and tucked under him just as quickly. Someone said "Another one! That'll NEVER last him!" and amid the laughter doubled the diaper with another one. Both were then drawn up between his legs and pinned on at his hips.

He was unceremoniously hauled to his feet, legs apart due to the thick bulk of his swaddling pants. He was blushing a deep red.

"Oh, and if you're looking for THESE," said a young blond sailor boy, holding up his leather shorts, "you won't be needing 'em. We wanna SEE when sissy is wet and needs changing," and he laughed and pulled them over Tristan's head. The smell of leather and his own pee filled his nostrils as he was led back below decks and locked in his room.

Tristan collapsed on his bed and cried. After he was cried out, he found that it made him feel better to suck his thumb...so he did.

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He was awoken roughly later that afternoon and brought on deck. "You think we're just gonna let you lie around all day, pissing your didees and lying in it?" jeered the young blond cabin boy, Tom. "Swab this deck. On your hands and knees, PISSPANTS!" and he laughed as two burly sailors forced Tristan down.

This was humiliating! He was a KING, forced to swab decks on his hands and knees! He was quite irate, until he felt the excitement drain from him in a warm rush down his thighs, as his white diaper yellowed and he pissed through them and down his bare legs.

Tom laughed. "He PISSED himself! Guess you can start scrubbing RIGHT THERE, sissy!" and he smacked Tristan's ass hard enough to bring tears to the king's eyes.

It was halfway through his scrubbing, with beefy sailors calling out 'You missed a spot' and 'That diaper getting heavy?' that Tristan felt his bowels heave-- and just as he attempted to sit up, trying to prevent an accident, their contents SURGED into his diapers, sagging them further and then tightening them as the seat of his diapers bulged with his own shit.

Tom, who'd been watching him, came over and placed a hand on Tristan's full diapers. "Baby SHIT himself! He's LOADED, come see!" and several other sailors came over, placing their hands on his ass, pressing it into him, squishing it around.

"He SHIT his pants," Tom cried gleefully. "Right in his PANTS. This is a King!?"

"Not pants, Tom, but diapers, just like on a baby," pointed out the ship's Quartermaster. "Good thing, too, judging by the size of THAT load."

"Oh oh, here comes the Captain..." Tom whispered.

The brawny leatherman stalked over and grabbed Tristan's chin. Forcing him to look up, he demanded: "Did you SHIT your diapers? DID YOU??"

Tristan only whimpered.

"You did. I can smell you from here." He reached down to squeeze the load in Tristan's diapers. "As I thought. You need DISCIPLINE, girly-boy." He grabbed Tristan and pulled him to his knees, then roughly sat him down... right in the middle of his mess. The gathered crowd of sailors hooted and jeered. "Clean him up, boys...then he'll be ready for his lesson."

Tristan was quickly doused in seawater and his diapers were removed, his diaper area roughly scrubbed by a dozen hands. In no time at all, he found himself mounted over the cannon again, on his knees.

He turned his head just enough to see the Captain loosen his belt.

“Oh no, “ he thought whimpering like a pansy to himself. “He’s going to spank me with his belt!”

But to his surprise, the belt simply fell to the floor. The giant, burly man lowered his tight leathers to reveal the most monster cock Tristan had ever seen. “Oh, no...!” he realized too late what his fate was to be.

“You going to shit yourself like a PANSY? You going to piss yourself like some fucking puppy every time someone LOOKS at you wrong? Well girlyboy, now you’re going to have a REASON!” And without any further delay, the huge man spit into his hand, stroked his already-hard monster of a cock, and plunged it deep into Tristan’s ass.

Tristan SCREAMED. It felt like he’d been ripped in half, and the Captain was not one for easing into a rhythm either as the thrusting began in earnest, fucking Tristan so hard he thought he’d faint. After the pain brought him back to consciousness, he realized the Captain had pulled out of him and was now standing over him, thick cock soft but impressive in front of his face.

“You wanna shit your pants on my ship, girly, now you’ve got an excuse. A REAL good one. Lads... heave to!”

Tristan looked behind him to see that the sailors were LINED UP behind him, to a man, and they were all starting to take their pants down. A few of them were already stroking their hardening cocks.

“Go ahead Tom. Cut your teeth on this sopping baby, this pissy Prince,” said the Captain, and he turned and walked away.

Tristan saw that the first one in line was in fact Tom, the cabin boy. Tristan moaned-- the boy was barely eighteen! Tom roughly grabbed Tristan’s head and turned him to face away, and thrust his stiff cock into the sissy’s abused ass.

It was at about the fourth person that Tristan finally passed out.

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Tristan awoke later on in his cabin, his ass sore but not in a great amount of pain. He realized that a medicinal salve had been spread across it, numbing it. He had been rediapered, and tucked into bed like a baby.

He pulled off the covers, noting that he was slightly wet, and stood. He had to walk bowlegged after his rough treatment at the hands of the sailors, but he made it to his mirror, where he studied his face.

No bruises were apparent-- the sailors hadn’t been rough with him THAT way-- and he noticed that his hair had been brushed. Probably prettying him up so he’d look more girlish, he decided.

It was then that Tristan felt his bowels move and in to time at all had loaded his damp diapers with a good-sized mass of warm, messy poop.

It hurt--but it was not excruciating. What was noticeable was that there was no way he could have held it back-- not after so many cocks had stretched his ass. The Captain alone was huge enough to ensure he might never go back to his normal size again. He felt another surge of warmth as his bladder let go in the wake of his messy accident.

He looked in the mirror again: Smooth, boyish face; boyish figure, (his half-elven heritage did wonders for making him look young-- about as young as Tom the cabin boy, he decided), lightly tanned skin--and thick white fluffy diaper poking out of his leather shorts, which had been put back on him for sleeping, obviously. He turned around--Lord! Was the bulge in the seat of his diapers ALWAYS that obvious? ANYONE could tell what he’d done in his pants! He blushed in spite of himself.

Just then, Tom came in and smiled at him: “Is sissy awake from his nap? Did all those big, bad men make poor pissy sissy all tired out? Awwwww, too bad. WHOO! Sissy really did a BIG mess in his pants, DIDN’T he?”

Tristan blushed. “Tom, please--” he began.

“Don’t you ‘Tom’ me,” said the cabin boy sternly. “The Captain said he’d give you an excuse to shit your pants and you did!! Huh,” he snorted.

He pushed Tristan back onto the bed and started to change his diapers. “You know, I’ve never seen a King up close



before. I never knew a King could piss his bed, wet his pants, or do any of the sissy things I've seen you do. I thought the others were joking about you being royalty, but the Captain says you are. You're sure not what I thought a King would be, you little...BABY." Tom's eyes looked softly at Tristan. "How come you're in diapers, anyway?"

Tristan lowered his eyes. "Because I peed my bed too much." Even now, he had to pretend that it had all been accidental-- even though now, it was.

"Huh. Well, there you go, all clean, baby." Tom pulled Tristan to his feet, fresh diapers bulked around his bottom. "Let's go get you something to eat."

Tristan was escorted to the galley/mess hall and paraded in front of all the men there. After much cheering, he was sat in someone's lap and fed from their plate. Several sailors bounced him on their knees, or bent him over and spanked him, or even burped him from time to time. It was utterly humiliating.

He was passed from sailor to sailor until he finally ended up in the Captain's leather-clad lap, and was forced to drink from a baby bottle until, with the rocking of the ship, he eventually relaxed enough to fall asleep in the burly man's arms.

For the rest of the voyage, this was Tristan's routine-- wet every morning, he was changed, paraded around on deck, forced to do menial cleaning tasks, fed lunch like a baby on the men's laps, tucked into bed for a nap, paraded around on deck some more, then supper, then an early bedtime. All of this was of course interspersed with the shame of being kept in wet or messy diapers until a sailor (usually Tom) decided to change him.

Twice more was Tristan punished by being bent over the cannon and taken against his will by a long line of horny seamen preceded by their captain-- but the second time didn't hurt him nearly as much and the third time he actually spread his legs submissively for all the men to have their turn. He actually looked forward to being their 'toy.'

Spankings were also an everyday occurrence, to keep him 'in line'-- but by the time he'd had his third go-round with the men, he found (to his shame) that he would mess himself DURING a spanking-- as he found out over Tom's knee. The cute blond boy was spanking him for having wet himself--as if he could have helped it-- and landed such a hard slap that Tristan's nervous bowels let go with an explosion of poop that filled the seat of his diapers, even upended over Tom's lap as he was. Tom pushed him to the ground, landing him square on his bottom and in his own mess, and informed the other sailors that 'Baby' was now too much of a sissy to even hold it during his disciplining. The others had laughed while Tristan was made to sit in a corner, his burning bottom aching in a very full diaper.

Finally, the time came that they were nearing Alsigne-- and the night before they expected to sight land the Captain came to Tristan's room.

"Hello, Your Majesty. All tucked snugly into bed, are we?" he smiled.

Tristan submissively nodded yes, his thumb in his mouth. It had become habit to suck his thumb when one of the men addressed him, since looking sissy and babyish usually pleased them and avoided getting him a spanking.

"That's good. I hope you're comfortable. I have something for you." And he handed over a sealed envelope bearing Tristan's name and the Royal Seal of Corwell.

Tristan popped his thumb out of his mouth and opened the envelope. Inside was another, smaller envelope and a letter. Tristan unfolded the paper and read:

"My dearest Tristan:

When you read this, it will doubtless be near the end of your voyage home, and if all has gone well you should be a meek little baby boy with no hope of control, and permanently in diapers as was your original wish.

I feel I should explain: It was I who ordered the Captain and his men to treat you in the manner that they have. Please do not blame them or bear them any malice for their actions-- it was I who instructed them to do so.

When you confided in me that you really wanted to lose control of yourself in a childish manner, I undertook to help you with it (for selfish reasons, I admit; a grown man who wets his bed lacks for the company of his peers, and I wanted a 'playmate' more than anything). I thought as a parting gift I would help you see to it that you arrived home depending

completely on your diapers, and feeling weak and babyish. I hope that you know that this was meant to please you, not harm you in any way. I hope you do not feel wronged as you must know that I could not bear to hurt you.

The enclosed envelope is for your 'nurse,' or whomever you have take care of you at home, and details how you would like to be treated and what your requirements are. I hope it helps you receive the treatment you want.

As I sit here and write this, it is the day before you leave and I miss you already. Please say you'll write me, and visit me again-- I cannot bear the thought of being without you in my life. I love you, baby brother. Be well and wet.

All my love,  
Duncan."

Tristan finished reading the letter, his mouth wide open. The Captain looked down at him, smiling tentatively. "Was everything to your liking, Your Majesty?"

"You-you knew I was-- knew that I WANTED to be in diapers?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. King Duncan has sailed with us before, and we are used to big diaper boys like you. When he informed me of your needs, I was only too happy to meet them."

Tristan blushed, cheeks burning red with the memory of his treatment at the sailors' hands.

"King Tristan? Was everything all right? Your Majesty isn't angry, is he?" a fearful note was in the Captain's voice.

Tristan looked up at him. This big, brawny man-- bullish thighs rippling underneath his leather pants-- was actually afraid of him. Even after the countless wettings, messings--!

"Captain," said Tristan sternly, "I am very angry with you right now."

The man stammered, "B-but sir... we were only doing as King Duncan instructed..."

"Stop it this instant. I'm not angry about that," Tristan growled. Then he grinned mischievously. "I'm angry that you scared me so much I peed my pants when you came in, and you haven't changed me yet. I'm a sissy... you know it and I know it."

The captain smiled, relieved. "Well then, I guess it's my duty to change my sopping sissy King before we make port, isn't it?"

\* \* \*

The ship pulled into port, with much fanfare around the docks, as people gathered to cheer the return of their King.

The sailors had done an admirable job of getting Tristan ready for his homecoming-- the Captain had washed and changed him, and doubled his diapers; young Tom had laid out his best blue and white satin outfit, one of the ones he'd had made to accomodate his bulky underpants; and another sailor set about brushing his hair and helping him dress.

By the time Tristan walked down the gangplank to his awaiting horse, he looked every bit as Kingly as he ever had, and thanks to the short cloak that covered his bottom, no one could tell the bulk of his pants was due to thick diapers. Tristan mounted his horse, waved to his gathered people, and rode off to the castle.

Within the hour, the Captain of the ship was holding a sack of gold and a note from Tristan, delivered by one of the Royal Pages. It said but two words: "Thank You."

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Life resumed pretty much as it had been at the castle, with one notable exception: The royal laundry was twice as full of washing as usual and His Majesty the King seemed to take extra-long breaks during the day, while holding court. (Tristan dirtied his diapers with amazing regularity, and had to take frequent time-outs to change them).

Nor had these changes gone unnoticed by Daniel. He'd noticed how his father now wore mostly blousy, baggy

clothes --especially his pants-- and how he walked a little differently than he had before.

He knew that his father was still wetting his bed, mostly because he asked Tristan every morning if he had; but now it seemed as though the King was diapered during the day as well!

His suspicions were borne out when, one night after dinner when he and his father and a few of the court nobles were all sitting around the fire, Tristan had to excuse himself earlier than usual and rose to leave.

Daniel's eyes had been glued to his father's rear as, while he watched, his pants had begun to sag, then droop, then finally tighten as an obvious mess filled the seat completely full. His father had pooped his pants! Even Daniel himself had never had messy accidents-- and now his proud papa was doing it, helpless as a baby!

Daniel watched his father waddle off, and cast a glance at the other nobles, who didn't seem to have noticed. Daniel had noticed, though. And then he noticed how warm his pants were getting as he wet himself for the third time that night. And that he was incredibly hard in his wet diapers....

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Tristan grinned as his new nurse stripped off his heavily-soiled diapers and cleaned him up, clucking over him the whole time. "Messy baby king-boy," she cooed.

Tristan sighed blissfully, feeling helpless as a baby and loving it. He'd given the sealed letter from Duncan -- the one meant to be given to whoever he chose to take care of him -- and put it in Daniel's nurse's capable hands. At the end of the day the chambermaid who had changed his bed the first night he'd wet it had come into the bedroom, and announced that "the Prince's Nurse already has her hands full with ONE big baby, and has no time for another. From now on, King Tristan, you'll mind me when I speak to you and do as I direct. I can't have wetpants boys running around the castle, Kings or no. Is that understood?"

Tristan's lower lip had trembled and he'd mumbled, "Yes, Nurse," just like a little boy. The chambermaid, now Nurse, had smiled and kissed him and held him, stroking his hair and cooing to him as though he were only an infant. Apparently the instructions in Duncan's letter had explained EXACTLY how to properly care for such a big baby!

From that point on she'd dressed him in the morning, bathed him when he needed it, and learned how to make Duchess Deidre's special nighttime potion which kept him a helpless bedwetter (although he was quite sure he no longer needed HELP doing that), as well as changing him all throughout the day.

Tristan's mind snapped back to the present as his Nurse finished putting his TRIPLE-thick night diapers on. She'd ordered him to bed early when she saw how big a mess he'd made (Tristan was amazed at how huge his messes had become since returning home, then realized that rations at sea are far less sumptuous than full-blown meals at one's home castle! Every time he messed he really, truly FILLED his pants, and could barely even walk normally to go get changed!).

Nurse (Catherine was her name) pulled a soft flannel nightgown over his head, and tied the wrists and collar with blue and white ribbon for her little baby boy. "Good night, sweet boy," she whispered as she kissed him and tucked him in. "Good night, Nursie," was his babyish reply.

Catherine smiled down at him. She'd always found Tristan's boyishly young face to be attractive, and now he was HER baby, and hers alone. The KING! It was a dream come true. She picked up his soiled diaper pail (which was full) and began to haul it down to the laundry. A lot of work...but worth it.

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The next day after midmorning tea, Tristan snuck back up to his bedroom and changed into a pair of tight green cloth breeches. Into these he tucked a simple white shirt, and pulled on a simple pair of brown boots. He wore only normal 'adult' underwear.

His plan was to go out into the woods alone, mostly for some peace and quiet- but also for nostalgia. He remembered the times when he was younger, when he'd go off and wet his pants, and he wanted to try it today-- especially since he'd probably mess them, too, and he'd never done THAT when he was younger. "Something old, something new," he thought.

On his way out he had to pass through a back hallway to avoid the eyes of both his courtiers and his Nurse-- and once again ran into the same Page-boy who was running pell-mell down the hallway without looking.

Tristan landed flat on his bottom (a strange feeling now that it wasn't padded) and looked up into the eyes of the trembling, nervous Page. He studied the cute boy, his short brown hair framing his apple-cheeked face nicely. He had blue eyes, which was startling for a brown-haired boy, but very attractive.

He was wearing the livery of Alsigne-- white tights, soft blue shoes, and a blue overtunic with the King's Crest on it.

"YOU again," Tristan sighed. He noticed that the boy looked a little afraid and was biting his lip. Running down a King not once, but TWICE-! Then, for some reason, he broke into a smile. No, it was a definite GRIN, as he stood looking down at Tristan.

Tristan could guess why-- the hot flush of warmth across his thighs told him everything, without looking to see his green pants darken to the knees. He stood up, embarrassed. "Well, that's twice you've seen me pee my pants-- I suppose you think I'm a sissy, don't you?"

"Oh no, Your Majesty," grinned the Page. "Not YOU." He winked, as though sharing a secret.

Tristan saw a small, coin-sized wet patch appear on the boy's tights just as it had the first time. The boy grinned impishly.

Tristan folded his arms across his chest. "Oh, you think that's funny, do you? Making the King wet his pants?"

The boy kept right on smiling, but said nothing.

Tristan looked down at him, and with a wry grin, commanded: "Finish what you started."

The pretty Page gulped, and his smile vanished. He hesitated, then let out a long sigh. The soft white mound of his crotch yellowed as a stream of wetness spread across the bulge, and down both legs, turning his white tights quite dark. Then his smile returned. "That good enough, your Majesty?"

Tristan noticed the boy was still grinning. He also noticed the tell-tale signs that he was quite excited by the whole scene-- since tights, especially WET ones, were no good at keeping secrets.

"No, that won't do. When I say finish what you started...I mean ALL the way. I'm sure you tell all your young Page friends what you saw your King do in his pants that day you ran into him-- and I'm sure you've gossiped that I've done MORE than that in my pants, too! So I think you should, too. That's fair, don't you think?"

The boy's jaw dropped. "You- you want me to- to--"

"To do what you think I would do, young man." Tristan's grin was just a tad on the evil side.

The boy bit his lip, looking a little afraid... then that impudent, arrogant little smile was back! "As your Majesty wishes. I'll do JUST what I think you would do in this situation."

The boy grinned at Tristan the whole time as he turned around, (looking back to hold Tristan's gaze) spread his legs, and grunted. In a few seconds, the boy's tights were PUSHED outwards, and stretched as a large mess exploded into the seat; the boy panted, catching his breath-- and then pushed AGAIN as the mess, having nowhere else to go, squished upwards and forwards-- filling his breeches front AND back.

Tristan was taken aback, yet also impressed. Obviously the boy had a healthy appetite and had had a good breakfast! As he turned around, the King could see the brown mass that had completely covered the rear of his tights was also in the front of them, engulfing the once-smooth mound, showing through the wetness. It was obvious that the boy was rock hard.

He was smiling as he said, "There, your Majesty. That's what I think YOU would do." He paused, and looked coy. "That IS what you would do, isn't it? Crap in your pants, helplessly like a BABY? Maybe pee your bed, too...?"

The little scamp! He was baiting Tristan, humiliating him, even though he'd just MESSED himself! Of course, there

was no way Tristan could protest, standing there in wet green pants-- but he did know how to keep the boy in line.

"It sure is," he replied. "I'd crap my pants FULL, a lot fuller than YOU just did. I'd probably pee in them some more. And yes, then I WOULD pee my bed like a baby! Just like you're going to do," he finished smugly.

"Wh-what?" the rebellious young Page gasped.

Tristan quickly incanted a spell -- a very minor curse, really -- that the Page should be struck incontinent, just like he himself now was, for a week. The boy shuddered as the spell struck him, and another dribble of pee ran down the messy, brown mass in his tights, down his legs.

"You'll be doing that in your pants for the next week," Tristan said. "Until you learn to have proper respect for your King, whether I wet my pants or not. And you are not allowed to wear any diapers or anything to protect you-- you'll be wearing your uniform every day. If you wet and mess, and you WILL, then EVERYONE will see what a sissy you are. And I suspect that all your friends will be laughing at how you wake up in a wet bed every morning, seeing as how you all share a room in this castle..." Tristan was chuckling now.

"I'm sure the Headmaster of Pages will have something to say about boys your age wetting their pants, to say nothing of their beds, and messing themselves! What's your name, child?"

"G-Gerald," the boy whimpered, blushing now. Tears were starting to roll down his cheeks.

"Well Gerald, I hope you've learned something from all of this. Are you going to behave now?"

"Y-yes, your Majesty," Gerald sobbed.

"Good boy. Now go get changed, and mind you don't say a word of this to your Headmaster- although I doubt he'd believe you were wetting and messing yourself because of magic! Run along now," and the boy did as he was told.

Tristan smiled. "Perhaps that was a little mischievous- oh, tosh. The boy is fifteen if he's a day, and it's only for a week. He'll survive. AND learn some manners in the process."

Tristan whistled happily as he cleaned his pants with his now-patented dry-clean spell, and headed off to the woods.

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It had been a few hours of blissful, dreamy nostalgia-- walking amongst tall trees and feeling the sun warm his face-- and another warmth in his pants. He truly wasn't aware of when he began to pee himself, only once the wetness reached his thighs did he pay any heed. "Just like when I was a boy," he thought.

He was sitting under a tree, making a daisy chain, just as he used to do for his mother when he was thirteen or so; he'd dry-cleaned his pants for a third time, and refreshed himself at a stream so he knew it wouldn't be long before his next accident.

He absently stroked his cock through his soft pants; the cock over which he no longer had any control. It stirred, rising to the occasion, and he went back to braiding the daisies together, happier than he'd been in years.

A sudden sharp noise behind him caught his attention, and he realized he was no longer alone. Someone had come up behind him, on the other side of the tree. He heard a sigh as the person leaned against the tall oak.

"Good," thought Tristan, "they haven't seen me. I'll just keep very still--"

"I'm such a BAD boy," came a voice. Tristan nearly jumped out of his skin. It was Daniel! He slowly leaned around the tree-- careful not to disturb any of the underbrush-- to see the young Prince standing there, wearing a blue brocaded vest, blousy white shirt, and rather fetching blue tights.

Tights? Tristan glanced again-- yes, tights. Daniel wasn't wearing diapers!! Tristan had never seen his son out of them before, and took the opportunity to take an appraising look-- the boy's legs were quite sturdy, and well-made; slim, but rippling with healthy muscle. Good, firm buttocks like one who rode horses a lot should have, and yes-- apparently he'd inherited his father's endowment, as well-- making for quite a handsome young man, especially in tights.

Daniel appeared to be talking to himself. "Oh yes, I'm VERY bad-- I thought I didn't need my diapers, I'm ... I'm a BIG boy...and I... oh...oh NO..."

Tristan's jaw dropped as he saw the smooth bulge in Tristan's tights begin to darken. Warm, wet pee began to flow down Daniel's legs- and, as if in answer, down his own, too. Tristan took no notice of his own pantswetting, however, as his mind whirled.

Why wasn't the boy wearing his diapers? He'd been incontinent since birth-- why risk an accident in public?

That was when Tristan noticed the wide, slow smile on Daniel's face. "Oops," he said dreamily. A quick glance confirmed that Daniel was quite hard! "He...he's doing it on PURPOSE," Tristan realized. He was about to say something when Daniel stood away from the tree, speaking as if to an imaginary audience.

"I..I couldn't HELP it," he lamented. "I tried and tried to hold it... but I did it anyway, I WET in my PANTS like a baby," he whimpered. He was stroking his cock through the soft wet tights. "And then, then I...ooohh.. ohhh NO, I can't HOLD it!!" and he bent over, gasping.

Tristan put a hand to his mouth as he watched the drama unfold as his son, eighteen years old, bent over and DELIBERATELY, quite obviously, shit his pants. The soft mass erupted into the tights, filling the seat and making them sag, as it oozed messily between the Prince's legs.

"Oh no, I went and MESSED myself," moaned Daniel, the smile never leaving his face. He straightened, and returned to the tree... and sat down. There was a wet squishing sound as his bottom met the forest floor. He hummed to himself as he leaned back, and then gasped.

Tristan could see why, as the already-darkened front of Daniel's pants darkened AGAIN as the boy came in his pants! Tristan was astonished, surprised at his son's deliberate "accident." The boy was ENJOYING himself...how...?

There was a loud SNAP as a twig broke under Tristan's weight as he shifted position.

Daniel gasped and whirled around, in time to see his red-faced father getting up from his kneeling posture. His eyes dropped to look at the King's very wet pants. "F-father--" he stammered.

Tristan stood and came around the tree, his eyes looking searchingly at his son. He quietly put out a hand to feel his son's pants. "No diapers?" he asked.

Daniel blushed beet red. "No," he whispered.

"How long have you been doing this?"

Daniel stammered, "This is the first time. I wanted to see what it felt like, without diapers." He kept his gaze on the ground.

"So you could pee like a baby in your big boy pants?" Tristan removed his hand. "Son, are you really incontinent, or--"

"I AM!" Daniel had started to cry. "I am, Father, I'm not faking it--I... I just wanted to see what 'big boy' pants FELT like..."

"So you walked out here so you could wet them?"

"I.. wanted to know what that felt like, too."

"And the mess? You've never messed yourself before."

"Th-that was on purpose," admitted Daniel miserably. His golden hair hung in his face. "I... I saw you mess your pants after Court the other night. I couldn't help but think about what it would be like to mess in my pants, too. I'll never do it again, I promise," he sobbed.

Tristan pointed to the still-wet cum stain on Daniel's tights. "But you liked it a lot, didn't you?"

Daniel stood sobbing, unable to say a word. Tristan put his arms around him and hugged him. "Oh my little boy..." he sighed, holding Daniel, "...I guess if a King can start wetting his bed, wearing diapers and messing in them, then it's all right for a Prince to do the same."

Daniel looked at his father, his face surprised: "I... I can?"

"Yes, son," Tristan smiled. "As of this moment you can mess your pants any old time you want to. You need diapers anyway, so you might as well use them."

The son smiled, a warm loving smile full of adoration and relief. "Thank you, Father... for understanding..."

"I know what it's like to have a secret, guilty pleasure," smiled the elder man. "When I was younger than you, I used to play in the woods...and my pants would always end up like this," he grinned and gestured to his own soaked tights. "I'd wet and wet... I don't think I was dry until I was sixteen or so, and...oh. Oh dear. Oh no..."

Tristan's bowels gurgled and SURGED as without any further warning, they emptied themselves into his pants while Daniel watched in amazement. His father, pooping his pants with no more control than a toddler!

And what a load it was...easily twice the bulk in Daniel's pants. Tristan moaned and then smiled, "Two of a kind, I guess..."

The two hugged, and started for home. "I guess it's time to give some new instructions to your nurse," Tristan grinned. "Things are going to start changing around the castle-- in more ways than one," he joked. Daniel only laughed, hard enough to start another river running down his tights.

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Over the following week Tristan instructed Daniel's nurse to change him more often, and indeed to treat him in a more baby-like fashion since the Prince had 'developed the habit of soiling himself quite helplessly.' Daniel's wet beds and wet pants soon became a much more... involved... endeavor.

Daniel was now being fed bottles at bedtime and in the morning before his first changing, although most mornings he was forced to toddle down to the kitchen for breakfast in nothing but his wet night diaper.

Tristan saw to it that the prince was served date wine at the table that week, and laughed when Daniel began to mess himself at every meal. After a few days, he even stopped excusing himself, preferring to sit in his mess until he was finished.

The page-boy Gerald apologized to the King, after his week of wet beds and tights was up; his fellow pages had teased him for soaking himself constantly, and he'd been spanked several times. During his apology however, he pooped his pants and had to be taken to his Headmaster and changed.

As it turned out, Tristan discovered that it wasn't only Gerald who'd wet his bed that week: at least three other Pages were waking up wet and/or running back to the dormitory during the day to change wet tights.

After a quick conversation with the Headmaster, Tristan left and within a few days noted that the Page's uniforms had changed: they still wore tights, but over those they had a very puffy, loose kind of short pant that was all the rage in court; kind of a 'bloomer', really, that looked very presentable while at the same time concealing the fact that every Page was now diapered, whether they wet or not.

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Weeks stretched into months, and finally a year had gone by.

Tristan had been messing in his sleep for a while, as had Daniel. The King and Prince were completely, utterly diaper dependent, and required many changes as their nurses had forbidden them to change themselves.

Daniel had chosen a bride from a neighboring kingdom; Tristan worried for his son until it was revealed that the

bride-to-be, a fair blue-eyed princess, knew all about Daniel's diaper needs and found it quite cute on the big baby Prince.

Relieved, Tristan prepared for the wedding with his son: they dressed each other in triple thick diapers and their special leather short pants, then put on their finest clothes (now cut quite loose and flowing in the seat) for the occasion.

Just then, Gerald came up with a message for Tristan: an unexpected guest had arrived at the wedding and wanted to see the King immediately. Tristan followed Gerald to the waiting room, and there sat his friend Duncan!

Duncan rose and ran to Tristan's arms, the two hugging and kissing as their hearts filled with joy at being reunited.

"I couldn't bear being away from you another day," lamented Duncan. "Please say you'll come back to Corwell with me? Please?"

A thought occurred to Tristan. With only two hours left until the wedding, he called his privy council together and organized Daniel's rite of succession-- the Prince would be crowned King as soon as he was married, and Tristan could go off with Duncan, leaving Daniel in charge.

Daniel blushed and hugged his father. "Oh thank you, Father. And I truly wish you all the happiness in the world," he said as he kissed Tristan.

In no time at all the plans were made, signed and sealed; the wedding ceremony went off splendidly, as Daniel waddled down the aisle with his new bride (and mommy), and was just as quickly crowned King of Alsigne.

Sir Orin was one of the guests; he toasted Tristan from where he sat with a young blond knight. Tristan noticed the hefty bulk of his leather pants, showing that Orin was now sporting diapers during the day; and from the look of the dark patch on his partner's pants, was in the process of training the boy to be a 'special' Knight just like him. Tristan grinned and sent some date wine over to Orin's table, chuckling hours later when Orin's eyes flew open wide and his pants bulked out in the rear. He laughed when the giant, beefy Knight sat right down in his mess and poured a big glass of the wine for his wet-pants young companion.

Shortly after the reception, Tristan packed his bags and, promising to visit often, left for the docks to sail back to Corwell with the diapered Duncan (who had required TWO changes during the day).

Duncan's ship awaited them, and as they climbed on board, a very familiar leather-clad Captain spanked them both smartly on the rear, grinning: "I'm sure you two know where your cabin is, and that there will be certain RULES in place as soon as we set sail."

Tristan and Duncan grinned. Tom the cabin boy smiled at them, his cock already stirring in his pants.

So they sailed away; Tristan and Duncan wearing nothing but diapers, locked in each other's arms; Daniel and his new bride beginning their honeymoon with a bottle and fresh diaper for Daniel, the new King; Sir Orin explaining to the young Knight why he'd have to start wearing protection for the shameful messes he was making; and Gerald and the rest of the pages daring each other to see who could wet the most.

Like all good stories, we come to the end-- with all the people in it living

## Happily Ever After.