

Adrian in his Apartment

Adrian sat, alone, in his penthouse apartment at Chatworth Towers in Night City. He'd come for some solitude, to escape the thoughts buzzing in his head—or, more truthfully, to have those thoughts in peace with no witnesses to see him struggle with them.

It was night, and all his lights were off; instead he sat in front of his floor-to-ceiling balcony windows, taking in the city's lights, laid out in front and beneath his top-floor view like glittering stars made of streets and skyscrapers.

He was having trouble reconciling a very debilitating affliction that he was trying his best to keep secret; his thoughts whirled with the essence of *Who else knows? And How do I hide it? And What can I do?*

For him, who put so much of his personality into appearance and performance, social superiority and just basically being “the coolest person around,” this condition was devastating:

He'd started wetting his bed. Not just once or twice, but three, four times a week - minimum. He was in his twenties and yet he had somehow regressed to waking up wet sometimes every single morning in a week!

But even *that* wasn't the true horror of it for him. Bedwetting, at least, happened at home. Privately, away from prying eyes. It could be taken care of; it could be hidden. But this—

He had begun to wet his pants, very much in the way of a child. If he became too excited or nervous, for example. Or if confronted—

—he remembered the other man at the party. Damn, what was his name? He couldn't recall. But the way the man looked at him, locked eyes with him, as if he knew something was wrong! And then, pulling him into a private room to reveal that he could “just tell” that Adrian was the type of man to...

“...to wet himself under pressure,” he'd said.

And once he'd said the words aloud, Adrian's façade had crumbled; he pissed himself with the man watching, and was unable to control or stop it in any way. And the man had grinned at him—oh, that Devil's grin!

And yet...

Thinking of the scene aroused Adrian. That it had happened without his permission—without his knowledge that it was coming—was, in itself, transcendent; it elevated

him to a level of purity, to that of a child who was incapable of self-control, and thus achieved total innocence through wet pants.

This is how Adrian truly felt, though he attempted to keep that secret buried deep within him; and now he struggled with it. How could a grown adult behave this way? And yet...the fact that he could not help it was so powerfully attractive.

Just replaying the scene in his mind brought him pleasure; the man's knowing eyes, laying his secrets bare, and then...

...he felt warmth. He smiled, blissfully, at the memory of it before realizing the feeling was not a memory, but rather happening now.

He looked down at his khaki pants, which had a dark glistening stain spreading across his lap as his bladder let go. He could do nothing to stop it, he was paralyzed, fascinated, watching the wetness.

And, the truth: He loved it. He loved that it was just happening out of nowhere. He loved that he was wetting his childish tighty-whitey underpants right through to his schoolboy khakis.

"I peed my pants," he said out loud, to no one. It sounded so childish, so infantile. Like he was asking for Mummy or Daddy to acknowledge what he'd done.

He remembered his big friend Max, the tall, hulking chubby boy from school. They had both been bedwetters at school, had seen each other in diapers, and even back then both boys were prone to wet themselves in the daytime.

Max had said once, "Why are you bothering to try to stop it? You know it happens whether you want it to or not." And he'd put his hands on Adrian's shoulders and said "This isn't something that just happens to you. It's your own personality; it's literally who you are."

The words came rushing back and this time, because he was alone with no one watching, Adrian could admit the truth: in a small, inside voice, he admitted: "It's who I am."

Suddenly he felt pressure building from his backside; no warning, just a sudden now feeling that meant it was already too late; he was about to mess his pants!

Joy washed over him; his still-warm wet pants tented at the crotch as he raised himself up on his knees just in time for a warm, massive weight to fill the seat of his pants and stretch the material, sagging, heavy, almost right up to his waistband.

Gasping for breath, he sat in it– the warm, muddy squish as his weight settled on the mass in his pants was audible and erotic; this, *this* was how he was meant to be!

He groaned and, leaning forward, switched on his gaming console. Losing himself in a few hours of gaming, sitting in his childish messy and wet trousers, felt like it would be heaven. And perhaps afterward, he'd call up his old friend Max and, still wet and messy, would tell him:

"I've started wetting and messing my pants again."

Just to see what he'd say.

He gasped as these thoughts, coupled with the muddy joy he was sitting in, caused him to cum in his pants like an awkward adolescent; he sighed with pure pleasure and turned his attention to his game.