

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

Katie's Washing Line

ANDREW STEPHENS

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By Andrew Stephens

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Chapter one

Ronald hated his name. He was 22 years old and while his parents still called him 'Ronald', he went by Ron to anyone and everyone else. But what he hated about his name more than the fact that it was old-fashioned, was that it was... the wrong gender. The name he used at home or in his head was Joanne. But not simply 'Joanne' but *Baby Joanne*.

The frustration of his life was that while he felt he was male – sort of – he also felt quite female as well and more complicatedly, also more of a baby than an adult. Every morning when he awoke and his bed was dry he felt that something was wrong. At the age he truly considered himself to be – around two years old – a wet bed made more sense or... at least a wet nappy. It was just epic confusion day in and day out and confusion on a fundamental scale. But he wasn't wearing a nappy and nor was his bed wet. He was *never* in a nappy and his bed was *never* wet. And in so many ways this infuriated and frustrated him. He didn't know how to reconcile his baby feelings and his feminine identity with his adult male outer shell and behaviour. And he didn't even wet his bed. Something felt very off.

The conflict had raged from his early teens, making him hope against hope that his bed would be wet in the morning. When he saw panties in the stores, all he wanted to do was grab them, try them on and see if what he suspected was true – that he was inwardly a girl. But he lacked the courage to investigate these matters because he was terrified of where it might lead. And now that he had moved out of home and was renting a very small two-bedroom house, he felt that if he were to lose control over his feelings, there was nothing – or no one - to stop him. There were no parents to hide wet sheets, nappies or panties from. There was no

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one to ask why there was a pink frilly dress hanging in his closet. And so, he used all his willpower to pretend that he was an adult male with no identity crises. It was his only plan.

But Joanne couldn't hold it in together as much as 'she' wished.

It was on the 5th of October that Joanne – aka Ron – woke at the considerably later than usual time of 8 am on a workday. Normally she awoke well before 7 am but that morning she awoke later, feeling surprisingly happy, refreshed and...

Wet.

Her bed was wet.

For the first time since she was 3 years old, Joanne had actually wet her bed. And it was no small patch either. It was full-size and...

Comfortable.

“Fuck!” exclaimed the surprised ‘girl’ when she pulled back the quilt and was presented with wet pyjamas and a very wet bed. “What the fuck happened?”

It was already very late and there was no time to spend pondering this startling development. Leaving the unexpected wet sheets on the bed, Joanne rushed to the shower and as well as washing her pee-soaked body, sought to wash off the confusion. After ten minutes, Ron emerged and quickly dressed in his work clothes while staring constantly at the wet bed, trying to work out what had happened.

Is this bad or what? he pondered. *What does it mean?*

Minutes before leaving for work and already likely to be late, he quickly pulled the wet sheets and mattress protector off the bed and threw them in the washing machine. He looked at the wet patch on the mattress and sighed yet again.

It's only the once. It won't show.



Three mornings later, after Ron had confidently concluded that it was indeed a once-off, and blaming it on the single beer he had enjoyed after work, Joanne awoke wet once more. It was the same thing all over again. She had awoken very late, happy and surprisingly comfortable and yet the bed was wet from mid-back to knees.

Joanne sighed. She was not angry or even frustrated at the wet bed. Despite her best efforts to control her thinking, the last three days had been a constant re-visiting of her first wet bed since childhood and what it all meant. There were moments when she felt a small tingling of something unexpected.

Pride.

It's not that I'm proud of having wet the bed, she rationalised internally. It's just that it kind of feels normal and something I shouldn't be ashamed of. I don't want to wet the bed though, but the fact I've done it once seems significant. It's hard to know what it all means.

Ron tried not to think too hard, but Joanne however was a deep thinker about matters of the heart and who she truly was. And now there was yet another wet bed to consider. And there hadn't been any beer the night before either so that lame excuse couldn't be used again.

So, why am I wetting the bed again? Ron asked out loud while Joanne internally replied, *Because you are a baby!*

The conflict between the outer Ron and the inner Joanne was nothing new. Since early puberty when Ron discovered that his penis could be enjoyed, he had often imagined being a girl while he

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rubbed and stroked and yet, after orgasm was over, he was once again happy with being a boy. For an hour at least.

The wet patch on the mattress had dried out and Ron was happy that the expected stain was not really visible unless you looked carefully, and no one was ever going to do that.

A week went by with no more wet beds and Ron felt moderately happy that the confusion over wet beds had passed. A month went by with no more night-time accidents and Ron felt that his struggle was finally over while Joanne was at best, ambivalent. Ron was afraid - desperately afraid - of getting panties or nappies, despite his sometimes-chronic desire for them. But frequent masturbation sated that desire to some degree for a short time.

But Joanne was restless and Ron knew it. They both knew it.

Chapter two

Fate interfered in Ron and Joanne's awkward co-existence of mutual pretence. One late afternoon when Ron came home from work, there was sitting on his front tiny lawn something that made his heart skip a beat.

A pair of girl's panties.

They were crumpled up and clearly had been blown around probably from someone's washing line nearby or the like. Ron stopped and stared motionless at the pink panties. Joanne however, bent down and picked up the treasured garment and took them inside. Clearly just laundered, Joanne smiled and held them close before suddenly, without much thought, took off her trousers and underpants and for the first time in her life, slipped women's panties up her legs and pulled them into place.

Joanne was ecstatic and her penis throbbed in excitement.

"I'm wearing panties!" Joanne said loudly to the empty house. "I'm a girl in panties!"

She stripped off completely down to just her panties and paraded around the house, her cock at full erection and poking out the front of the panties.

She sat on her bed and gripped her throbbing penis now encased in panties and in only a few seconds, moaned as a huge amount of cream erupted from her and soaked the front of them. Time and time again, waves of pleasure flowed over her as even more semen squirted out.

"Wow!" was all Ron could say as he tried to recover from the power of the orgasm. "I think I want to wear panties more often," a now sated Ron admitted out loud an hour later while inwardly, Joanne smiled deeply.

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That night, that same pair of panties, now hand-washed and dry were slipped up Joanne's legs and the young girl snuggled under the quilt and fell asleep still grinning from the wondrous feel of the panties and the awesome knowledge that for the first time in her life, she was going to bed... as a girl.



Morning came once more and Joanne was happy and relaxed and as her slumber evaporated, she realised that once again, she was wet. She had wet the bed. But rather than worry about this development, she laid there and smiled.

I'm wet again! she thought. *It feels quite nice!*

And there it was. The acknowledgment that wetting the bed was not only okay, but it was... nice. Comfortable. Natural. Even... desirable.

Will I, or won't I? Joanne asked herself once and then again spoke aloud to no one in the room. "Should I wet the bed some more?"

No one answered of course, but internally, Joanne felt 'someone' say it was okay and with no effort at all, relaxed her bladder and with no effort at all, felt the remainder of her bladder flow out onto the bed. No pushing, nor deliberate wetting, just no longer holding back and she smiled broadly as she experienced what she felt was infancy revisited. It was Saturday and there was no rush to get out of the bed and so wearing soaked panties and lying in soaked sheets, Joanne laid quietly enjoying the experience that she had feared and dreaded and yet was now exhilarated by.

An hour later, her hormones told her that release was necessary and so she rolled over and enthusiastically humped her wet panties to a satisfying orgasm.