

## Fair-ly Desperate

September 2021

"What do you think, buddy? You want to give it a try?"

My mommy is smiling expectantly up at me in the evening light, and I can feel her excitement in the pressure of her hand on mine. "We've never done a corn maze before, honey! Come on, I'm sure it'll be fun!" I shrug and then nod, hastily stowing away my silly, unwanted misgivings into the back of my mind. "Okay, sure! I guess we can give it a try..."

Misgivings. But why on earth am I so hesitant about entering something as ordinary and fun as the corn maze at our county fair? It's not like I was traumatized by a cornfield in my younger days. It's not like I'm allergic to corn, or that I'm scared of getting lost in the gathering dusk. No... it's something rather more embarrassing than that.

You see, it's been a long day. We got here at ten, and we've been wandering the stalls and exhibits ever since, laughing and wondering and exclaiming over all the things they have to offer. We got hot dogs, of course, and cotton candy, and halfway through the afternoon a lovely, ice-cold lemonade to take the edge off this unseasonably hot weather. And then, after we'd shied away from the noisy crowd and smelly exhaust of the tractor pull, we found ourselves face to face with nothing other than a contest: a watermelon-eating contest.

My free hand is fidgeting – for multiple reasons – as we pick our way through the sheltering rows of corn. God, it had been so strange to do something like that in public! I'm sure to all the other laughing participants it was nothing more than innocent fun, of course. No one could possibly know just how much secret pleasure it brought me to stand there, hands held behind my back as if bound, and then to lower my face into that slab of watermelon and chow down upon it with all the messy abandon of an animal... or of a toddler.

"What's the matter, honey?" Mommy's voice breaks my reverie, and I jolt back to the present, glancing over into her expectant eyes. "You seem pretty quiet. Everything okay?" "Oh, sure," I hasten to reassure her as we round another corner and find a grinning, pumpkin-headed scarecrow leering back at us from the shadows. "I was just thinking about- you know, the watermelon..."

"Yeah? You sure enjoyed that, didn't you?" She's almost giggling now, and she half-lifts her phone from the back pocket of her jeans. "I got the best pictures, too! I do love seeing my little one enjoying his yummy-yummy melon..." I'm probably blushing as a loud group of kids passes us by,

shouting something about PS5's and speed runs. "Yeah," I admit sheepishly once they pass – and in my memory I can still feel it with a rush of guilty pleasure...

That sensation when watching the massive slab of food before me. The vision of it rising up to fill my vision as I bent down, pressing my face and open mouth deep into its cool, juicy goodness. The wet, sticky rush of watery juice filling my mouth and nose, welling up over my cheeks as I gulped and chewed and swallowed and slurped my way deeper and deeper in. And all the while, I was hearing the laughter of the spectators at the sight we all made – and ringing more clearly than any other in my ears, the amused, excited voice of my Mommy-wife. *Go on, baby! That's right, dig right in there. You're doing great!*

"What about the melon, honey?"

Mommy's voice once again jerks me back into the real world, and I notice now a second pressure building down between my legs: the pressure of my cock stiffening at the juicy memory. *God, it felt so naughty being a such messy little baby...* "Um, well..." I glance quickly back to ensure no one is here with us in this particular aisle, and then spit it out at last. "I just really need to use the bathroom. You know, pretty soon-"

There it is: the misgivings I was talking about. And Mommy needn't know it just yet, but there's something else I've done that's making it all even worse...

Mommy's hand tightens on mine, and even before I can quite finish she's leaning in with a motherly reproof. "Aww, honey, you should have told me before we started! Now, do you think you can wait until we're out of here?" I'm staring down at the crunching corn stalks in discomfort, trying desperately not to let on just how badly my bladder has started to ache. It's been growing worse this entire time, fueled no doubt by the afternoon lemonade and the massive amount of watermelon I've consumed. If I can just focus on the maze, on other things, maybe...?

"Sure," I tell her as convincingly and casually as I can manage. "Sure. I'll be fine!" Another group of fellow maze-goers passes us by in the gathering dusk – this one two young families – and I can't help but notice a few tell-tale waddles and bulgy rears among their little kids. *Dang it – why didn't I- It's all my fault now-*

For when they're gone, Mommy leans close and gives an affectionate pat to the rump of my jeans. "Well, don't worry, baby! If you really can't wait, then I'm sure you'll be okay. You came prepared just like I said, right?"

*Poopy!* "Um, well..." I'm blushing deeper now, even as I feel her hand probing my rear with sudden curiosity. "You *are* padded, honey, aren't you? There's something back here-" "I- I kind of- I decided to wear my training pants instead..." I'm whispering, even though we're well out of earshot of anyone else. *Caught red-handed.*

"Training pants, hmm?" Mommy's voice is surprised and yet amused. "Your cloth ones?" I nod in silence, wincing as another pulse of urgency hits. *Don't think about it, don't think about it-!* "But honey, I told you to get padded up for today, didn't I? Why didn't you do as I told you?" "But training pants are padding – kind of," I flounder, falling silent as we hear another swell of voices nearing us. *Technically...*

"Are they now?" Mommy clearly isn't convinced, to judge by her pursed lips. And once we're by ourselves – having found yet another dead end – her hand tightens on mine and she tugs me into the darkened corner. "Honey," she murmurs in my ear, "If those training pants are really the sort of padding I intended for you to wear, then I'm sure they'll work just fine. They're going to soak up all your pee-pee, huh? When you simply can't hold it any more, and your bladder gets so full it finally pops like a poor little balloon, you'll just end up wetting... won't you?"

I'm trembling at her words, terrified both of being overheard and of just how desperate my need is becoming. "You'll wet your pants just like a little baby, won't you?" Mommy purrs, and now her hand is stroking the front of my jeans as she warms to her subject. "But those training pants you trust so much will soak it all up, huh? They'll swell up and sag and drink up all that warm pee, just like a baby's pampers. At least, that's sure what it sounds like you're telling me, honey! And you won't have to worry about your jeans getting wet... or your naughty, warm pee running down your legs... or everyone staring and laughing at the great big guy who just wet his pants like a baby..."

"Mommy- please-" I've never called her Mommy before outside the sanctity of our own home, but right now I'm desperate. I'm struggling not to slip into my beloved, subby Little space. I need to stay big, to hold it in, to keep my spasming bladder in check for just a little longer. "They're- they're gonna- I'm gonna-"

"You're gonna what, honey?" Mommy is almost giggling as I twist myself desperately away from her teasing hand. "You're gonna show me just how good your training pants are? Gonna show me why great big boys like you don't *really* need to wear padding when Mommy says so?" "No, please- Please, let's just go," I'm begging, fighting down the panic in my throat. "Please, I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have- I just-"

To her credit, she gives me a break, merely pursing her lips and giving me a knowing smile. "Okay, then, honey. Sure. Let's go find a way out." And so it's in comparative silence that we resume our search: me with an aching bladder and chills of desperation running through me, and her with what appears in this gloom like the oddest detached expression of quiet amusement.

Damn moles, though. Damn them to hell.

Because even then, I swear I could have made it. The exit is just coming into view through the lamp-lit dusk when my foot finds that fateful mole tunnel – and down I go with a little yelp and a heavy thud. And though I scramble to my feet almost at once, I do so only to feel the most terrifying sensation: of hot wetness blossoming outward between my legs, and moisture welling up and spilling out of those thick cotton training pants, and rivulets of my own urine snaking down my legs and soaking steadily into the darkening denim of my jeans.

Yes, I am peeing my pants: my training pants, and my jeans too, since no training pants in the world can contain the flood pouring from me now. All I can do is stand here, frozen like a marble statue, while Mommy simply looks on and smiles. And believe me: hers is that superior smile that not only says "I told you so," but which I've learned always hinted at something special in store for me.

A special something, I now know, that will probably be thick, and crinkly, and bulgy. A special something that – had I worn it today as I was told – would have spared me the ordeal I now face... of walking hand in hand with Mommy through the dusk, a sad Little whose shamefully wet pants remind him and everyone else that he's not fit even for training pants – let alone underwear.