Bobby's A Baby

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"Whatcha doing, Bobby?" Brandon asked as he walked into the living room to find his older brother sitting on the couch. Even though there were nearly three years between them, Brandon towered over Bobby, nearly the height of their dad already. Bobby looked up at him, trying not to make it obvious how much he had to crane his neck to meet Brandon's eyes."It's Rob now." He said.

"Huh?" Bobby stood up as if that changed the difference in their heights all that much.

"My name's Rob." He said as authoritatively as he could in his voice that had yet to deepen to the same octave as Brandon's. "Robert sounds too much like an old man"

"Well, you're named after grandpa."

"Yeah, so I think Rob works. I'm a teenager, you know."

"Doesn't mom still write Bobby on your underwear?" Brandon teased, leaning down and lifting Bobby's shirt to check. The smaller boy quickly swatted his hand away.

"Shuddup." He muttered through clenched teeth. Brandon tapped into that most familiar of little brother wells and decided it would be fun to annoy his big brother.

"C'mon, just let me check." He pulled up on Bobby's shirt again. "Why are you wearing two shirts anyway?"

"Mom likes to"

"Put you in cute little outfits." Brandon grinned as Bobby looked away and nodded. Looking more closely, Brandon had

a sneaking suspicion that his brother was wearing some of his old clothes. "You could just answer my question, you know."
"What question?"
"If mom still writes your name in your undies."
"We share a fugging room ow!" Bobby rubbed his bottom, glaring at Brandon for daring to swat him.
"That's a bad word." Brandon said. "My baby brother"
"I am not your baby brother!" Brandon smirked. Bobby was so easy to rile up.
"Oh, right. You're my big brother." Brandon rolled his eyes. "If you're really my big brother, you should be able to pin me." Bobby groaned. Brandon loved to wrestle.
"Bet I could." He said, determined to call his bluff. Brandon grinned and held his arms out. Bobby charged and the boys began to wrestle with Bobby trying to pin Brandon while the bigger boy just tickled his brother's sides and did not put up much of a fight.
He figured they both knew he could pin Bobby in about five seconds if he wanted to, so he allowed the tiny teen to get him on his back, chuckling as he sat on his chest.
"Guess you win."
"See? I'm the big brother." Brandon smirked and tickled Bobby's sides, grinning as he only just barely restrained his giggles. "Admit I'm the big brother." Brandon tickled his brother's sides again, grinning as a tiny shrill giggle slipped out of his lips. He reached up and touched his brother's long mop of hair, admiring how it softened his already youthful features.
"Alright," he said, seeing his brother's confusion. "I'll admit"

with Bobby's defenses lowered, Brandon sat up, sending the boy into his lap, looking up at his brother from his new position on his back. Moving quickly, Brandon lifted up the boy's shirt and blew a raspberry right into his outie belly button. Bobby squealed and squirmed, completely defenseless. Grinning, Brandon kept blowing raspberry after raspberry into Bobby's belly into the little boy was panting, barely even able to move.

"Still think you're the big brother?"

"Yes" Bobby panted.

"Nope." Brandon said, smiling down at him. "You're my ticklish baby brother." Bobby sighed.

"Can't I be"

"Nope." Brandon gave his brother's sides a little tickle. "You are my baby brother. I want to hear you say it."

"I'm the baby brother." Bobby mumbled.

"That's right. I think you need me to help you remember it, so I think I'm going to call you baby for a while."

"What?"

"It's not that far from Bobby anyway." Brandon teased, kissing his brother's still exposed tummy. "And you used to have trouble saying Bobby and it sounded like baby anyway."

"Yeah, when I was little!"

"You're still little. Very little." With ease, Brandon slipped his arms under Bobby and, standing, held him cradled in his arms. He was a bit too big for it, but Brandon did not care. He looked adorable, looking up at him in confusion. He wondered if he could see the stubble on his chin, one more sign of Brandon's maturity compared to him. "Comfy, baby?"

Bobby only shrugged. "Here's another thing we're going to start. How many bottles of Pediasure do you drink in a day, baby?"

"Two. One at breakfast and one after school." Brandon nodded.

"From now on, we're going to put those in a baby bottle and I'll feed them to you just like this."

"But"

"I need to make sure my baby brother gets his nutrition." Brandon said gently. He rocked Bobby gently in his arms, smiling as the boy soon calmed down. Clearly, he did not mind the baby treatment quite as much as he wanted his brother to think.