Boom Boom!

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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“Uh-oh.” Johnny said. “I think.. Yeah, Brayden's coming right toward us.” Franklin, never Frankie, looked up.

“You sure?” Judging by his face, Brayden had gotten the invitation. He was surprised; he hadn't expected Brayden to be so bold as to approach him so publicly. “Oh, yeah. He's coming for us.” He patted Johnny's shoulder. “Go ahead and save yourself. He wants to talk to me and it's tough to pants me when I'm sitting down, right?” Johnny looked at his best friend, bewildered by how calm he was with Brayden coming toward him, but his survival instinct took over and he fled. Hopefully Franklin wouldn't die.

“You.” Brayden said gravely.

“Hi, Brayden.” Franklin said.

“Why the heck-” he growled, seeming to struggle with words. “A… playdate?” Franklin winced. No wonder he was mad!

“Did my mom really call it that? I just…”

“Just what?” Brayden eyed Franklin with suspicion. This dork wore bow ties. He would rather die than have a playdate with him.

“I told my mom that we could hang out.” He looked down at his sandwich, aware that half of the cafeteria was watching him and Brayden. “It was her idea since they work together.

You can always say no.” Brayden seemed to soften slightly.

“Mom's making me.” He hardened again. “But it's not a playdate.”

“I agree.”

Saturday came. Franklin ate breakfast, showered, then spent far too long on figuring out what underwear to wear since Brayden might pants him. After that, he waited. He waited and waited. Maybe Brayden wouldn't show up?

The sun was shining outside and it looked like a beautiful day, but he had carefully explained to mom that chances are, Brayden would not want to be seen outside with him. Mom did not seem to understand, but she pretended to. What happened to adults that made them forget the intricate politics of middle school?

“Wonder if his mom'll drop him off.” Franklin mused as a few kids rode their bikes right past his house. He snickered as he spotted Brayden. He recognized that walk, the walk where you're so nervous, you try to appear casual and just end up looking kind of weird. He watched as he checked the name on the mailbox and then hurriedly walked up to the front door.

Brayden had spotted Franklin's face in the window, so it was practically unforgivable that he had to stand on the porch, in full view of everyone, for a full minute before the door finally opened. Franklin looked different. He wore a striped t-shirt and linen shorts. He almost looked normal. Brayden felt himself relax.

“So…” he sat awkwardly on the couch. “What are we gonna do?”

“I dunno.” Franklin shrugged. “I've got video games.”

“Do you have NZW?" Franklin stared at him blankly. "C'mon, you know! Ninja Zombie Werewolf?”

“There's no way your mom lets you play that.”

“She does!” In truth, he watched his older brother play it whenever Mom wasn't home, but Franklin did not need to know that.

“Ok.” Franklin rolled his eyes, not believing Brayden for a second. “I've got, let's see… Oh, the new Mario game?” Brayden sighed.

“Sure, whatever.”

Satisfied with that noncommittal answer, Franklin started it up. He could tell Brayden, despite his air of slight annoyed boredom, was starting to get into it.

“You wanna try?” Franklin asked, not commenting on how Brayden had done the slightest fist pump when Franklin had cleared a particularly hard level.

“This is a little kid game.”'

“I think it's for all ages. Mario's been around for like a hundred years.”

“Has not.”

“Well, a long time.” Franklin allowed. “Come on, no one will even know you played a baby game.”

“You boys playing nice in here?” Franklin's mom asked, poking her head in. Both of them put on their most innocent smiles, though Franklin's was much more convincing than Brayden's.

“We are, mom.” Franklin said as Brayden wondered just how long he had to hang out with Franklin. Franklin's mom looked like she was about to say something more, but then walked away.

“Let's do something else.” Brayden said.

“Like what? I figure you don't wanna be seen outside with me.” Franklin surprised Brayden with his honesty. “I mean, we're not friends, right?”

"Right.” The speed with which Brayden agreed stung Franklin a little bit, but that was okay. If Brayden had said they were becoming friends or anything like that…

“Do you watch any streamers?” azy

“A few.” Brayden said slowly.

“Like who?” Brayden only shrugged, so Franklin tried again, “Do you know anyone who streams Ninja Zombie Werewolf?”

“Uh, I think Slime69 does?” Brayden said.

“Ok, let's find him.” Standing, Franklin grabbed his tablet and

tossed it to Brayden. “Pull him up.” Figuring it was better than nothing, even if he had a feeling Franklin would talk over the stream, Brayden bent over the tablet. He did not notice Franklin slipping earplugs into his ears.

“It's locked.”

“Oh, right.” Franklin took care not to shout and give away the orange foam in his ears. “It needs my fingerprint.” He took the tablet from Brayden and unlocked the tablet. He had set everything up and his hand shook as he tapped the video player.

“Welcome to Nursery Songs official YouTube channel.” A kid's voice said.

“What is that?” Franklin smirked and flopped down on the couch right next to Brayden so they could both see as the music started playing.

“A horse and a flea and three blind mice” Brayden pushed Franklin away and got to his feet.

“What kinda baby song is that?”

“Sorry, it just started automatically playing. My mom uses this thing when she babysits. Here,” Franklin slid the volume up to max.

“It's louder!” Brayden covered his ears, but Franklin could see his foot tapping. Perfect, he thought, setting the tablet down and eagerly watching as Brayden began to dance more and more openly.

“Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy?” Franklin laughed as Brayden seemed startled by the way he waggled his butt in time to the boom booms. “Boom, boom!”

“You're enjoying this!” Franklin said.

“Make it stop!” Brayden yelled back, waving his hands by his head and dancing along to the song.

“But you're clearly loving it!” Franklin said as the chorus came on again. He watched gleefully as Brayden once again wiggled his butt to emphasize each boom, grateful that Brayden had worn a pair of loose athletic shorts. Not only had they slid down enough to expose the top of his underwear, it let Franklin watch as his underwear inflated and turned to white plastic. Was he going to dance his pants off? Franklin wondered.

“Make it stop!” Brayden pleaded. Franklin had planned for this. As the singers moved on to something about a penguin named Joe, he pushed a pacifier into the dancing boy's mouth, smirking as he sucked on it.

Feeling daring and his mind flooded by memories of Brayden pantsing him in gym class countless times, he yanked down Brayden's shorts and grinned at Big Bird and Elmo smiling up at them. Even though he knew Brayden wanted it to stop, he still looked like a happy toddler dancing around in his sleeveless shirt and diaper, wiggling his butt with abandon. With the pacifier muffling what Franklin assumed were pleas, it was almost as if Brayden was singing along. Maybe he was. With the music and the earplugs, Franklin really could

not be certain.

“All done!” Franklin said, thrilled that the song ended with a double dose of the chorus, boom booms and all. “Glad you're finally having fun!” Brayden glared at him.

“That wasn't funny!” He said around the pacifier. He seemed surprised to find it there, but kept it in his mouth as he stormed over to his shorts and tried to pull them on. He wobbled and stumbled, but managed to get them on before losing his balance. He fell on his butt with a muffled whump, legs splayed by his thick diaper.

“Oops!” Franklin said. Brayden seemed startled by the sudden fall and, to the surprise of Franklin, burst into tears. Not even gentle tears like Franklin cried when he had watched Old Yeller. Full fledged wailing sobs. *Maybe I went too far. *Franklin thought nervously.

“I! am not! a baby!” He blubbered, instinctively keeping the pacifier in his mouth. Had he always had kind of chubby cheeks or did the song do that too? Franklin could not be sure, but he liked that it added to Brayden's toddler appearance. “I'm not!”

“I know.” He said gently. “You're a big boy. So why are you crying?”

“Cuz!” He whined. “Uh, I dunno.” He tried to calm down and nearly succeeded when Franklin grinned.

“I know what'll cheer you up.” He turned and started the video over. “Your favorite song!”

“Nuuu!” Brayden exclaimed, fear filling his teary eyes. He got to his feet with surprising agility given his round diaper butt and ran out of the house. Franklin smiled and stood at the open front door. He did not need to chase Brayden. It was a nice day. There were so many kids playing outside, there was no doubt someone would take care of his diaper once he needed a change.