Dirty Little Boy

by andlat

“Mom put us in charge, Em!” Jenny said.

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

Dirty Little Boy

“Mom put us in charge, Em!” Jenny said.

“She did not! I was sitting right there!” Emmett pointed to the couch where he clearly remembered his aunt Claire telling them all to behave while she went to drop off Jenny and Jessie’s little sister Emily at her sleepover before going off to her book club.

“Did too.” Jessie said. “It’s obvious, we’re bigger than you!”

“You are not.” Emmett tried to keep his cool. “I’m twelve, you two are nine.”

“We’re taller though.” The twins moved in unison. It always unnerved Emmett when they did that. He tried not to show how much it bothered him that they towered over him as close as they were to him.

“We’re two young women and you” Jenny said. “Are just a little itty, bitty boy.” She smiled as he squirmed and blushed. They both knew that there were few things that Emmett hated more than being reminded how little he really was.

“An itty bitty boy in need of a bath.” Jessie said, matching her twin sister’s grin.

“Stinky little boy.” Jenny agreed.

“Messy little boy.” The girls struck at the same time, grabbing him and dragging the poor boy toward the bathroom, giggling

as he tried to fight them.

“Door’s locked!” Jessie announced as they got him into the bathroom.

“Let me go!”

“No way.” Jenny said. “You need a bath and you’re getting one.”

“I showered last night!”

“Well, some people bathe everyday. Maybe you should try it.” Jessie teased. He growled.

“Let me out of here.” He marched over to the door. The girls allowed him, knowing all too well that he had no idea how to work the special lock on the bathroom door. It had taken them a while to learn the trick and they were not revealing them to him. “Let me out!”

“Not until after your bath.” Jenny said slowly, as if she was explaining it to a very small child.

“You’re worrying over nothing.” Jessie said. “We’ve given Emily her bath lots of times.”

“You’ll be getting the exact same, buddy.” Jenny said with a grin. “Her princess strawberry bubble bath will get rid of that little boy stink in no time.”

“You’ve got to be joking.”

“Get undressed like a good little boy.” Jenny said, starting the water.

“Should your big cousins help you?” Jessie teased.

“Get away from me!” He tried the door again, but the knob refused to turn.

“I think our dirty little cousin needs help taking off his stinky little boy clothes.”

“I am not dirty!” He protested. The girls exchanged a look.

“Sweetie, Jess had to take you in here to wash your face and hands before supper, didn’t she?”

“And then again after supper because you got spaghetti sauce all over your face. Look, there’s even some on your shirt.”

“Honestly, you’re as messy as Emily.”

“Emmett, Emily, it makes sense!” The girls giggled and all Emmett could do was roll his eyes. They loved bringing that up. They had even done so when forcing him into Emily’s booster seat at the dining room table.

“You have until the count of five to get undressed for your bath, little boy” Jenny said, emphasizing the last two words. “After that, we’ll hold you down and cut your clothes off if we have to.” Emmett did not doubt for a second that they would. His fingers curled around the hem of his t-shirt before inspiration struck.

“If you cut my clothes off, your mom would know.” For the briefest of seconds, he thought that he had actually outmaneuvered the girls for once.

“Fine. I’ll just undress you.” Jessie said, lunging forward and roughly yanking his shirt off. “I doubt you’re all that different under your clothes than Emily anyway.” Emmett tried to fight back, but with the girls’ combined efforts and embarrassingly superior strength, they had him stripped down to his Sonic the Hedgehog boxer briefs so fast, he hardly even knew what had happened.

“Tell you what. Since you are a little boy, we’ll turn our backs while you take off your little boy panties and climb into the tub.” Jenny gestured toward the tub, now full of fragrant pink bubbles.

“I am not taking a bath.”

“Too late now, isn’t it?” Jessie remarked. “Look, we’re giving you this chance to keep at least some of your dignity. Do you want it or not?”

“I do.” He muttered sullenly.

“Alright, we’ll turn our backs and let you do what?” Jenny asked.

“Climb into the tub.”

“After you?” Jenny waved her hand in a circle, trying to get him to finish her sentence.

“Take off my underwear?” The girls corrected him in unison.

“Little boy panties.” He rolled his eyes. When they talked in unison, it reminded him of the red headed twins from that movie with the scary wizard that had made him cry. He

tugged down his underwear and climbed into the tub as quickly as he could.

“Is it too warm?” Jenny asked.

“It's fine.” the boy muttered. “Where’s the washcloth?” Jessie and Jenny held up matching pink and white washcloths.

“Emily doesn’t get to bathe herself and neither do you.” Jessie explained.

“What? But I’m twelve and she’s only five.”

“Doesn’t matter. We're in charge and we need to make sure our filthy little boy gets all nice and clean. You were playing outside earlier, weren't you?”

“So were you!”

“Big girls like us know how to stay clean. Little boys like you though, you seem to get so dirty just standing still.”

“I am not a little boy!”

“Keep your hands on the sides of the tub, little boy. We will spank your little boy bottom if you're naughty and try to stop us from giving you your bath.”

“Just let me do it myself.”

“Look at the little boy, wanting to prove how big he is!” Jenny teased.

“Kinda weird it took you this long to start trying to prove it.” Jessie added.

“You've only been taking showers for what? Like a month?”

“No.” He mumbled. “Six months.”

“Don't fib, little boy. Your mom told us that she still gave you baths until your last birthday.” Jenny and Jessie giggled.

“That” he felt embarrassed tears well up in his eyes. He was not going to cry, not in front of them! “Shuddup.” The girls just smiled and washed his arms, ignoring his efforts to pull them away, at least for the moment.

“Face it, Em. You're a little boy. It's nothing to be ashamed of. We all grow up at our own paces. You're just lucky to have two big cousins here to take care of you.”

“You're my younger cousins.” He protested. Why could they not understand that?

“Age really doesn't matter, Em.” Jenny said calmly. “But, since you're so fixated on it” she smiled and lifted his arm so she could wash his side, taking care to dip the washcloth over and over into the fragrant suds. He would downright reek of strawberries before too long. “How tall are you?”

“I dunno.”

“You don't? Well, we're four-four and you're shorter than us.” Jessie said.

“If I had to guess, I'd say you're four-two?” Jenny said with a shrug. “How tall's Mikey, Jess?”

“He's four-two. He's the shortest kid in our class.”

“And I'm pretty sure he's taller than our little boy in the tub. How about that, Em? You're shorter than the shortest nine year old we know.”

“So?”

“So that means you're littler than a nine year old, don't you think?” Jenny smacked his thigh, the water softening the blow somewhat. “Well?” She grabbed his chin and turned his face toward her, his eyes shiny from tears filling them. “Are you a big boy if you're shorter than a nine year old?”

“No” he mumbled.

“That’s right.” Jessie said. “What are you?” Emmett sniffled.

“A little boy?” He felt a few stray tears escape.

“What’s wrong, Em?” Jenny asked, a note of genuine concern in her voice.

“You need to stop! This isn’t fair!”

“Fair? We’re just giving our cousin a bath!” Jessie said, exchanging a look with her sister.

“After all, it’s our job. Mom put us in charge, didn’t she?”

“She didn’t!”

“Did too.” Jenny said.

“I’m older than you!” He could not understand why they kept pushing this! The girls sighed.

“Look, Emmett. It’s time you accept that you’re a little boy

still.” Jessie said gently. “I know it doesn’t seem fair, but everyone grows up at different rates. We’re responsible young ladies and you? Well, you have more in common with Emily than with us.”

“But” he sniffled and scrubbed at his eyes.

“Don’t do that, Em! You’ll get soap in your eyes!” Jenny scolded. She wiped at his eyes with a clean hand. “Now, I know you want to tell us that you’re older than us, but age really doesn’t matter. Even if you were eighteen, we’d still give you a bath if you needed one.”

“We’ll probably still be giving you baths when you are eighteen.” Jessie giggled. Emmett sniffled again.

“It’s not fair.” He repeated.

“Here, we’ll get you all clean and then we’ll let you relax, okay?” Jenny said gently. “You can soak in the tub or something until you feel better.”

“I wanna get out of the tub!” Emmett whined. The girls nodded.

“Alright, well, let’s get you clean, okay? It won’t take very much longer.” Emmett’s sigh echoed in the bathroom, making it sound even more melodramatic, but he nodded.

“Fine.” Giggling all the while, the girls gave Emmett one of the most thorough baths he had ever had. He could not help but feel relieved as they worked together to dry him off with a big fluffy towel.

“Alright,” Jenny said. “Let’s get your robe on.”

“What? My robe?” He backed away as Jessie came toward him with a pink robe. “No, why can’t I get dressed?”

“Your clothes are filthy! You’d need another bath if you even touched those dirty things.” Jenny scolded.

“No, I meant my clean clothes in the other room.”

“You can’t run through the house naked. Wear this robe for now and then we’ll get you dressed later.”

“See? It even says your name on it.” Jessie teased, pointing to the embroidered Emily on the breast.

“That says Emily.”

“Emily, Emmett. Same diff.” Jenny said dismissively as her sister held out the robe for Emmett to slip his arms into.

“It’s like you’re a princess and we’re your ladies in waiting.”

“No” was all the embarrassed boy could say.

“Maybe our little cousin is too sleepy to stay up even a second longer. Maybe we should put him to bed.”

“What? No way!”

“Mom did mention you maybe sleeping in Emily’s bed tonight.” Jessie remarked. Emmett vaguely remembered Aunt Claire saying that he could sleep there if he wanted to.

“Well, bedtime’s still a long ways away, isn’t it?” He said nervously. What time had Aunt Claire said she would be

home? He could not remember. It had to be soon, right? The girls just smiled.

“How about a snack, Em? Don’t you think you earned one?” Before he could even answer, the girls had pulled him out of the bathroom and toward the kitchen in nothing but his youngest cousin’s fluffy pink bathrobe.

“This thing’s too short.” He muttered.

“It fits you just as well as it fits Emily.” Jenny said. “It’s almost to your knees!” To Emmett’s eye, it was only about midway down his thigh.
“What does our little cousin want for his bedtime snack?” Jessie asked, digging in the pantry.

“Bedtime snack?”

“It’s just a name.” Jenny said reassuringly. “Emily always has a snack after her bath and mom calls it a bedtime snack.”

“Do you prefer cookies or Teddy Grahams?” Jessie asked. “Looks like that’s all we have.”

“Thought we had some fruit snacks.”

“No, I think Em ate the last of those yesterday.” Jessie said. “So, which’ll it be, Emmett? Cookies or Teddy Grahams.” Emmett sighed.

“Neither.” He muttered sullenly.

“Maybe sleepy little Emmy needs to go to bed.” Jessie said sadly. “He just can’t keep his eyes open long enough to even

eat an itty bitty snackiepoo."

"Fine." Emmett said through teeth clenched in frustration. "Cookies, I guess."

"What's the magic word, Emmy?" Jenny asked in sing-song.

"Please."

"Cookies and milkies it is!" Jessie exclaimed cheerfully. "Go sit at the table while we get it ready." Puzzled, Emmett could think of nothing to do other than obey, sitting down at the table and listening to the girls giggle.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting your bedtime snack ready, silly!" Jenny called.

"Oh, god." He muttered. "What am I getting myself into? What are they planning?"

"We're just planning a snack for you, Emmy." Jessie said cheerfully.

"Emmy better wash up before snack time." said Jenny thoughtfully.

"I just took a bath!" Emmett protested, blushing lightly.

"Little boys get dirty so quickly." Jessie said. "Come to the kitchen sink."

"But" Emmett's stomach dropped as he realized that if he resisted too much, the girls could make him take a bath again. He would not allow it! What choice did he have though?

They would figure out a way, some way to get him in the tub again no matter what he did. He trudged over begrudgingly. He stood still while they washed his hands and face before sending him back to the table with a chorus of ‘clean little boy'.

Emmett listened to the girls whisper and giggle, knowing he was in for something. He finally saw what it was when they came over with a pink sippy cup of milk in addition to the cookies.

“How am I supposed to dip the cookies?” He said, trying to think of some way to dissuade them from the childish cup.

“We don't want you to spill on yourself and earn another bath.” Jessie said.

“Speaking of which,” Jenny added, grabbing a piece of fabric from nearby. “Little Emmy needs a bib to eat his bedtime snack, doesn't he?”

“No!”

“Ask nicely for your bib, Emmy.” Jenny said, holding it up so he could see the yellow terry cloth and embroidered white lamb on it.

“Or else we’ll have to spank you to remind you of your manners. You are all nakee under your robe, after all.” He rolled his eyes. To think they thought he needed to be reminded of that fact.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get you dressed after your snack.”

“You mean you’ll let me get dressed.” The girls just giggled.

“Let’s get your bib on.” Jenny said. “Ask nicely.”

“May I please wear my bib?” Emmett mumbled. He wondered if Emily really still wore bibs, but figured they would not still have them so easily accessible if she did not.

“Such a polite little boy.” Jessie cooed as her sister tied the bib around the blushing boy’s neck.

Under the girls’ watchful eye, Emmett ate his snack. He tried his best to eat as slowly as he could, nervous about just what finishing the snack would bring. He could only delay the inevitable for so long, however, and he had soon finished the cookies.

“Finish drinking your milkies, Emmy.” Jessie instructed.

“It’s hard in this thing.” Emmett muttered, holding up the sippy cup. “It doesn’t flow or whatever.” The girls giggled.

“Guess you need more practice, hmm?”

“That can be arranged!” Emmett sullenly drank the rest of the milk, setting the sippy cup down and sighing as the girls cheered.

“Emmy’s had his bedtime snack,” Jenny said. “So, that must mean it’s bedtime!”

“Very funny.”

“That wasn’t a joke, Emmy.” Jessie smirked. “Maybe little Emmy’s too sleepy to know the difference.”

“Stop saying that!” Emmett immediately regretted his outburst as the girls exchanged yet another knowing look.

“Fussy little boys need their sleep.”

“I’m older than you two!”

“We’ve been over this, Emmy.” Jenny said, taking the bib and tenderly wiping his face. “Age is just a number. It’s all about responsibility. That’s a big word! Can you say responsibility?”

“I won my school’s spelling bee.” Emmett muttered, standing up.

“Well then, how about you prove how big of a boy you are and lead the way to Emily’s room?”

“Why are we going there?”

“That’s where you’ll be sleeping.” Jenny said.

“Mom said so.” Jessie added. Emmett was pretty sure Aunt Claire had not said anything of the sort, but his protests fell on deaf ears.

Emily’s room was, in a phrase, pink and frilly. She had a four poster bed, an enormous dollhouse and a walk-in closet practically stuffed to the brim with dresses, most of which Emily had never even worn. Jenny and Jessie often rolled their eyes at how stereotypical of a little girl their sister was, but when it came to dragging their male cousin in there to put him to bed, they would not have changed even one detail of Emily’s room.

“Here we are!” Jenny said. “Let’s get you ready for bed.” Before Emmett could even register what she had said, they had pulled Emily’s robe off of him, leaving him buck naked.

“My stuff’s still in the living room.” Emmett said, covering his crotch.

“A responsible big boy would have grabbed it before we got in here.” Jenny remarked. “Guess that just proves that you’re an irresponsible little boy, doesn’t it?”

“Jenny, be nice. Emmy can just borrow some of Emily’s clothes. You’re just wearing them to bed, after all.”

“What a great idea!” Jenny exclaimed, steamrolling over Emmett’s protests. “Let’s see,” she pulled open the top drawer of Emily’s white dresser and pulled out a pink Pull-up with Ariel on it.

“No way!”

“There’s no need to be embarrassed, Emmy.” Jenny said. “There’s no shame in wetting the bed at your age.”

“I don’t wet the bed!”

“Mhm.” Jenny said, clearly humoring him. “Tell you what, if your princess Pull-up is dry in the morning, we’ll officially declare your bedwetting a thing of the past!”

“I don’t wet the bed!” Emmett insisted.

“If that were true, would you be protesting so much?” Jessie asked. “Really, if you’re not a bedwetter, you shouldn’t have

any reason not to want to wear a princess Pull-up, right?" Her logic made no sense to Emmett.

"If you really don't want to wear Emily's princess Pull-ups, I'm sure you could wear a pair of her panties. She has a bunch of very pretty panties that I'm sure you would love." Jenny grinned to see Emmett's face pale. "What'll it be? Pretty panties or princess Pull-ups?"

"And ask politely, in a full sentence. Little boy!" Emmett rolled his eyes, glancing toward the door. If he could just escape and get to his clothes, maybe they would stop acting so weirdly? Why had he not insisted on grabbing them when he was so close to them? He looked back at the girls. They were both watching him, waiting patiently for him to answer. He had no hopes of getting away from them. There were two of them and only one of him. He knew all too well that girls could easily be stronger than him. An idea came to mind. He could distract them.

"Um, may I please wear the" he sighed. "Pretty panties?" Any underwear would be better than the Pull-ups. That much he knew. He tried his best not to hide his excitement as the girls both turned their backs to decide which pair to give him. This was his chance!

Emmett sidestepped toward the door, but he grew increasingly nervous and broke into a full-out run.

"Hey!" Jenny whipped around and charged after him. Emmett did not stand a chance, his bare feet slipping on the floor outside of Emily's bedroom. He felt Jenny's hand wrap

around his wrist and pull him back into the bedroom.

“That was very naughty!” Jessie said, taking advantage of her sister holding his arm to swat his bottom. “Bad little boy!”

“Stop!” Emmett felt tears well up in his eyes, both from the spanking and from the humiliation. He was older than the girls! They could not treat him like this.

“Well, I think pretty panties are much too mature for our little Emmy.”

“Wish we had a diaper for him. He’s behaving like a baby, after all.”

“Aren’t you lucky that your cousin Emily is a big girl and only has princess Pull-ups for you to borrow?” Jenny asked.

“Can you step into your princess Pull-ups like a good little boy or do we have to lie you down and put them on you like a baby?”

“They won’t even fit.” Emmett mumbled, but he obediently lifted his feet.

“They fit perfectly.” Jenny announced as Jessie pulled them up his legs. “I like them better than those tighty whities you were wearing earlier.”

“They weren’t” Jessie interrupted him.

“That’s right! What was it we called them?” She snapped her fingers as she remembered. “Little boy panties!”

“Makes sense.” Jenny said with a giggle. “Emily wears little

girl panties, so Emmy must wear little boy panties."

"No, he wears princess Pull-ups!" Jessie squealed, grinning at her cousin in his pink predicament. "Is Ariel your favorite?"

"No." He said sullenly.

"Who is?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, come on. Everyone knows the princesses." Jenny said in disbelief. "Quit being a dumb boy." Emmett remained silent. It was the only way to avoid getting further embroiled in the weird fantasy his cousins seemed to have. He knew he was not a little boy.

"Are you ready for your nightie, Emmy?"

"Nightie?"

"Yeah, Emily has a lot of nightgowns. She has some pajamas too, but I think she brought those to her slumber party. Lucky you, huh?" The girls held up the nightgown they had picked out for Emmett. It was pink with a scalloped hem and a lace fringe along the chest. A big white bow sat in the center of the lace fringe, matched by its smaller siblings on each of the bubble sleeves.

"I'm not wearing that!"

"It's not appropriate for you to be running around in just your princess Pull-ups." Jenny said authoritatively. "You are wearing this nightie." The girls' combined efforts got the

pouting boy into the nightie in no time flat, grinning as he stood there, sniffling and fighting back humiliated tears.

“Alright, I think it’s bedtime for our little cousin.”

“He’s had a lot of excitement, but he’s one clean little boy, all set for beddy byes.”

“Your mom’s gonna be mad when she finds out.”

“You’ll be asleep by the time she gets home, so we’ll find out in the morning, won’t we?” Jenny said with a wicked grin. “Besides, you forgot to bring pajamas of your own.”

“No, I didn’t! They’re out in the” his voice trailed off. Of course.

“I think he knows what we’ll be doing after he’s tucked into bed and off to dreamland.” Jessie said, pulling back the covers. “Climb into bed, sleepy little boy.”

“No!”

“Here’s the deal, Emmy.” Jenny said.

“We’ll explain this to you, nice and easy. Either you climb into bed and we only get rid of your pajamas. You fight us anymore or even get out of bed after you’re tucked in and” Jessie grinned. “We put a bunch of Emily’s princess Pull-ups in your backpack and tell mom you stole them.”

“What? Why?”

“That’ll be for you to explain tomorrow morning.” Jenny said with a shrug. “Seems to me, if you want to come off as a

good little boy who just absent-mindedly forgot his jammies, you'd climb into your bed right now."

"Aunt Claire won't believe you."

"Sure she will. Your mom's always telling her about how often she catches you in fibs." Emmett stammered.

"Get into bed, Emmy. Unless you think we should do your hair and nails first?" He climbed into Emily's pink bed, whimpering softly as the girls pulled the covers all the way up to his neck and tightly tucked him in.

"That's a good little boy. So sleepy, so fussy because his mean cousins made him stay up long past his bedtime, hmm?" He just rolled his eyes. He would figure out some way to get the girls back for this!

"Maybe if he's wet in the morning, we can give him another bath." Jessie said with a grin as the girls left him alone, a nightlight by the door the only light left.

Emmett tried to move, but the girls had somehow tucked him in so tightly, he could barely even move an inch, the blanket wrapped around him like a cacoon. He sighed.

"Guess I'll just try to sleep." He muttered. It would be hours before he did drift off to sleep, his mind racing with concerns about just what the morning would hold.