

Easter Exposure (Eager Beaver Sequel Sneak Peak)

by HallowsEveWrite, MadeOfSpaces

Cooper is back, and it's Easter! This time he's visiting a brand new town, and once again everyone assumes he's littler than he really is. Will he fall back to telling lies, or stand up for himself? The only problem is that he is already wearing a pull-up!

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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I quickly shuffled away from the girls, disappearing into the crowd away from their view. I moved at a fast pace, every little step making me hyper aware of the pull-up - the pink pull-up - rustling between my legs. I felt like a toddler, the feeling of the crinkling papery material tickling at my tummy beneath my shirt making me hyper-aware of exactly what the disposable underwear was designed for. In fact, underwear seemed too generous a term - the bulk of the absorbent material clinging to my butt reminding me it was nothing but a slightly more discreet diaper. I needed to find somewhere I could get rid of it!

I emerged from the crowd near the barbecue, finding myself in the orchard near a thicker copse of trees. I was just about to duck back into the crowd again, hoping to find the church hall, when I felt someone grab me by the elastic suspenders of my outfit! I squeaked in surprise and stopped dead, protectively grabbing hold of the waistband of my shorts - but it was a false alarm.

“D’you wanna play with us?” a shaggy brown haired gap-toothed boy asked, yanking me towards him. He was in a small group of similarly rough-and-tumble looking boys playing under the trees in the orchard. Around five or six years old, they were all dressed a lot less cutesily than I was -

wearing simple pastel polo shirts, plain chequered button-ups, and casual cargo shorts or jeans. The boy who was holding me by the suspenders looked particularly wild, his grinning face splattered with mud and a crooked paper pirate's hat on his head.

“Um...no, no thank you...” I whispered shyly, managing to peel off his hand from my suspenders and twisting around to walk away. I was still focussed on getting rid of the pull-up - and besides, the kids must have been half my age! I had more important things to worry about, even if their game did sound kind of fun.

The boy wouldn't take no for an answer, skipping up beside me along with another boy who was blonde and brandishing a stick like a cutlass. “How old are you?” the blonde boy asked.

I visibly winced at the question, and wrinkled my nose. I didn't want to tell them my real age - not with the way I was dressed, and with the pink quasi-diaper under my shorts - but I knew by now that lying wasn't going to do me any favours either. “Urgh...how old are you?” I deflected.

“Five!” The boy answered at once, holding up and splaying five proud fingers as if it were the height of maturity. “You're probably younger.” He decided.

“He can be the cabin boy!” The brown haired boy shrieked in delight.

“Are you sure he's not a cabin girl?” the blond boy quipped

with a giggle.

My eyes went wide as I stopped dead, shielding my butt with my hands and whirling around to stand awkwardly with my back against a tree. They couldn't see it, could they? My shorts were white after all. Sometimes you could see through white pants. Had I been walking around the party this whole time with the pink minnie-mouse pull-up under my shorts on full display?

"I'm not a girl!" I stammered at the boy, blushing furiously. I fidgeted from foot to foot as I tried to work out what had given him the idea. Was the waistband sticking up? But no - my shirt was still tucked in, and upon further inspection I could see that the shorts were thick enough as to be completely opaque. I sighed in relief, a little less on edge.

"Your shirts got flowers!" the blond boy insisted. "Flowers are for girls."

"Don't be mean, Henry." a lady in a long flowing skirt interrupted, cutting off my chance to retort. I guessed she was one of the parents, since all the boys immediately paid attention to her. "Boys can like flowers." she asserted. "Besides, a bow-tie is the perfect thing for a little gentleman."

I blushed again, awkwardly tugging at the mint-green bow-tie. I wanted to say that I didn't actually choose the shirt or the bowtie, but I didn't get a chance. The lady was already setting about organising the kids into a fresh game. I guess it didn't matter. Admitting that I hadn't got to pick out my own outfit would have hardly made me seem very mature.

The combination of the childish shorts and suspenders get-up and the fact that she'd had to rescue me from the teasing of a Kindergartener had already convinced the lady that I wasn't exactly a big boy. My plan to sneak off towards the church hall was completely scuppered as she enlisted me in her game.

"Right! Duck, Duck, Goose." she announced, everyone but me already sat in a circle around the tree where I was still standing with my butt to the bark. She smiled at me. "Our little gentleman can go first. What's your name, sweetie?"

"Um...Cooper." I said, immediately feeling my tummy sink with nervous regret. Why had I said my real name? I felt trapped. I was in a town I didn't know, surrounded by a bunch of little kids I didn't know, wearing suspenders, shorts, and a girl's pull-up! My eyes darted around, looking for an escape, but there was nowhere to run in the circle. I was literally surrounded!

"Alright, Cooper." She instructed, taking my hand and leading me out of the circle. "You know the rules, don't you?"

"Urgh...yeah." I nodded. I could hardly run away now, and I didn't want to look like some little kid who didn't know anything. I wiggled free from her grip and shyly walked around the edge of the circle. "Duck...duck...duck..." I eventually came to the blonde boy who had called me a girl - Henry - and vindictively slapped my hand down on top of his head "Goose!" I shouted.

Before I could start to run however, he jumped up, spun around, and grabbed me by the collar of my shirt! "Pirate!"

he yelled, brandishing his stick and letting out a fearsome battle cry.

“Henry!” the lady, I guessed by now it was Mom, shouted out scoldingly - but it was already too late. I forcefully pushed the boy back and wiggled free, but as I did so I heard a gut-wrenching SNAP!

I stumbled back in horror as the suspender flung loose, Henry’s sharp stick having yanked off the front button loop. My shorts plopped down to my ankles as if someone had attached a lead-weight to my belt-loop; a rush of air billowed up my flower shirt like a parachute opening; and the bulky, babyish, girly outline of the Minnie Mouse Pull-Ups strapped around my waist was fully revealed!

I heard the circle of boys erupt in giggles.

Illustration by @dcrisisbeta and @Kenny-TykeTales