

Elliot the Cute Baby Doll

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Elliot wants to win a costume contest so badly he is willing to
humiliate himself and enter

The Costume Box

2024

Chapter 1

Elliot the Cute Baby Doll

Elliot stood in the doorway of his mother's sewing room, she didn't sew all that often and his older sister had really taken over the room making cosplay outfits with her friends. He looked at his older sister trying to gain the strength to do what he dreaded. Ask for help. He knew she would be eager to help her 'little baby brother' with a costume for the Halloween contest at the mall, but these things always came with a cost. He was sure at some point in the future he would be made to wear some outfit for one of her cosplays. He was willing to pay it though.

The mall was running their annual costume contest and the winner of each category got a brand new gaming computer. All his friends already had one of their own and he was starting to feel left out. He also knew his parents would let him keep it since he could claim he would use it for school. But he still had to win and his sister was his best option.

"Hey Miranda." Elliot said politely.

Miranda looked at him and rolled her eyes. "What do you want, Elly?" She demanded having gotten distracted from poking pins into some dress.

Elliot winced a little at the nickname she used for him. He must have told her a thousand times he prefers Elliot or Eli. Now wasn't the time to complain though, not when he needed a favour. "I was wondering if you could help me."

Elliot said. As expected he suddenly got his sister's undivided attention as she put her needles down. "There is this contest at the mall... For Halloween."

Miranda smiled. "Oh yeah?" She said as if she didn't already know about the costume contest. "And what do you need my help with?"

Elliot gulped. He had nothing to really negotiate with so he was hoping whatever she demanded would be easy. "Can you help me with a scary costume... To win a gaming computer?" He asked hopefully.

Miranda stood up and thought about it. "What's in it for me?"

"I'll clean up this room, isn't Mom always asking you to?" He offered.

"You'd just put everything in the wrong spot." She dismissed him.

"I could clean your room."

"I don't want you touching my stuff."

"I could do some of your other chores." He offered.

"Seems like a lot of work for me." She said and put on an exaggerated thinking face. "How about you help me with my next cosplay?" She finally offered.

There it was, he knew this would be what she asked for. Miranda seemed to have it in her head she could dress her little brother up whenever she wanted. When he was little it

was fine. But he was ten now. He didn't want to play dress up with her sister and go to places just to take pictures. Miranda is sixteen so recently she has started to take cosplay more seriously, Mom and Dad even let her go to conventions on her own now. "Fine." He agreed immediately.

"Really?" Miranda said, a little shocked. "I didn't even tell you what we are doing yet."

"I don't care, I just want to win this Halloween contest." Elliot pleaded.

"Okay. What are you going to do?" Miranda asked and picked up a sketchbook to jot down some ideas.

Elliot hadn't really thought this far yet. "It has to be scary... To win the scary category... Maybe a zombie?" He suggested.

Miranda didn't even bother writing that down. "Are you even scared of zombies?" She asked. "Especially pint sized kid zombies?"

"Well..." Elliot considered. "Not really."

"I thought you wanted to win." Miranda teased and started pacing in the room.

"What about a vampire?" He offered.

"I don't think anyone is scared of those either."

Elliot frowned, he didn't really know what he could dress as. He knew he needed something big and over the top in order to win. "It's just got to be scary!" He told her.

“Aren’t there other categories in the mall contest? Scary is going to be super competitive, I thought you wanted to win.” She asked.

Elliot thought about it. “They have the scariest, best group, cutest, popular choice and best version of the mall mascot.” He told her.

Miranda nodded along as he listed them out. “You should do cutest.” She told him.

“Cutest!” Elliot winced in disgust.

“Think about it. It’ll probably just be a bunch of kindergartners in store bought costumes.” Miranda told him. “It’ll be way easier to win that than going up against adults wearing practically professional outfits.”

“I don’t know.” Elliot said but Miranda could tell he was considering it. “What would I even go as, like a cat?”

Miranda shook her head. “That’s cute but not contest winning cute, everyone is a cat.” She told him.

This time he nodded in agreement. He was starting to get sold on the idea of the cute category, it would be easier to win. “What do you think?” He asked.

“I guess pumpkins have the same problem.” She told him.

Elliot looked visibly put off. “That’s for babies.” He groaned.

“Yeah there will be a whole patch of pumpkins.” She smiled at the thought. “Oh what about a doll?”

“A doll! That’s for girl’s, I’m not going as Barbie.” Elliot growled at her.

“No, not like that doll, like a baby doll.” She told him.

Elliot wasn’t sure about the idea. “Like... A toy?” He asked. He knew his sister had baby dolls, he played with them when he was little. “That sounds... Embarrassing.”

“But think about it, it’ll be super duper cute. A real life baby doll for a halloween costume. I bet you would win.” Miranda said now sounding excited.

Elliot was starting to get behind the idea. It’s not like he could think of anything better. “Okay.” He finally agreed. “I guess that works.”

Miranda grinned at him. “Perfect.” She agreed. “I’ll start working on it. Don’t worry about a thing”

“I don’t know about this.” Elliot said, having second thoughts. It was Halloween and he was sitting on a stool in the middle of the sewing room. He had to get ready soon or he was going to miss his chance of entering the contest.

“It’ll make the hair look so good!” Miranda implored, she was holding an electric shaver in one hand.

“Can’t I just wear a wig?” He asked.

“It is a wig... Technically.” Miranda told him. “It’ll look more real this way, actual dolls don’t wear wigs.”

Elliot bit his lower lip. It's not like he had long hair. He liked to keep it a little short on the sides and longer on top. He had never been bald though! The thought of all his hair being shaved off left him a bit unsettled. That would be his hairstyle for weeks after Halloween. He wanted to win though. The gaming computers they had as prizes were top of the line. He would probably be using it when he went to college. What was a few measly weeks with a bad hair style? "Fine." He agreed after a few moments of contemplating.

Miranda squealed a little. She was sceptical he was going to agree and was way too excited to shave his little brother's hair. He was starting to think this whole thing was an elaborate plan. She still hadn't told him what cosplay he had to help her with for making the costume for him.

The shaver buzzed with power and Miranda was quick to go right down the middle of his forehead, there was no turning back now. He watched as his curly hair style tumbled to the messy floor as she made quick work of his red curls. She turned off the shaver and then picked up a razor.

He ran a hand over his head feeling the prickly hair's left behind. "You know how to use that?" He asked her.

"Yes you dork." Miranda said as if it was obvious. She then lathered some shaving cream onto his head. It felt weird without any hair on top. Miranda carefully dragged the razor over his head turning it from a rough surface to an alien smooth.

Elliot let out a little whimper feeling too exposed. "This is

weird.” He complained and shivered as he felt the air conditioning on the top of his head.

“You’ll look great.” Miranda reassured him.

“But what about after?” He asked.

“I don’t know, wear a hat or something.” Miranda said as she used a towel to wipe away the remaining shaving cream.

“Time for new hair.” Miranda told him. She had kept a little bit of mystery around the costume. She just kept assuring him that there was no way he was going to lose. She went over to the counter and lifted up a piece of fabric that was covering a mannequin head. “Ta da!” She said whimsically.

The mannequin head sported a hairpiece entirely made out of bright orange yarn. It was sticking up in every direction away from the head. Elliot felt his stomach drop when he saw it. He knew it would be something like this but seeing it in real life and that the hairpiece was going on his smooth bald head felt off putting. “I don’t know…” He told his sister.

“You can’t back out now, you already shaved your head. This is the easy part.” Miranda said and lifted the hair piece up. The yarn was attached to some base but Elliot couldn’t tell how it would stay on his head, it’s not like she could use bobby pins anymore.

The answer came immediately as Miranda used a brush to paint on some kind of adhesive to the inside of the wig. She used the same brush and applied it directly to the top of Elliot’s head. He let out another whimper. He felt afraid at

how ridiculous it was going to look. Miranda carefully placed the yarn wig on his head, quickly adjusted and slightly shifted it before the adhesive dried. Elliot could feel it on his head as it slowly dried. Happy with the placement Miranda smoothed out some of the yarn and made sure everything was just in place.

“It looks great.” She declared. “Let’s get the rest on to you. Take off your clothes.”

Elliot didn’t complain, he was still reeling from his head being shaved. He quickly stripped to his boxers leaving his clothes on the ground in a heap. “So what does a doll even wear, like can’t I wear regular clothes?” He asked her.

“You want to win?” Miranda asked.

“Obviously.” Elliot said and gestured to his bright orange head.

“Then wear what I tell you, starting with this.” She pressed a white square of plastic material into his chest.

“What is thi...” Elliot’s face froze when he figured it out. “This is a diaper!”

“Yeah, it’s a baby doll costume, you need to look the part.” Miranda told him. “And you’re going to wear two of them.”

“There’s now way it’ll fit me.” Elliot said, holding the diaper up as evidence. “Let alone TWO of them!”

Miranda smirked at him. “Those of your size, they’ll fit perfectly.” She told him. “Now put it on, or do you need help

like a real baby?"

Elliot clicked his tongue in disgust, but he was a little committed at this point. "Turn around." He told his sister. She easily complied and didn't watch as Elliot pulled down his boxers and unfolded the diaper. He didn't want to admit it but the thing was confusing. The back and the front looked the same and it was all white. He figured diapers in his size don't have cute cartoon characters on them. He guessed at the orientation and really only had knowledge of what people do in movies. Miranda had probably seen him get changed when he was a baby but it's not like he could remember that.

He haphazardly pressed the back and front together and found the sticky tabs to hold it in place. It crinkled so loudly. Even the slight adjustment let out a cacophony of rustling. Once taped up he knew he had screwed it up somehow. He had to hold onto it for it to stay up. "How do you do this?" He asked his sister.

Miranda turned around and snorted. "Oh wow." She said while trying to hold back a laugh. "Lay down, I'll help."

Elliot could feel the warmth in his face and he did exactly that and lied and the ground like a baby getting his diaper changed. He looked up at his sister who quickly undid the diaper tapes one at a time and secured the whole thing around him. Luckily he never had to take it off so at least he had kept some of his dignity.

"Now the second one." Miranda announced. "We want people to know you are wearing it underneath."

Elliot just let out a breath of hot air trying to figure out a way to not wear one but two diapers. He couldn't think of one and his silence was accepted as compliance as his sister lifted his legs into the air and she taped up a second diaper around the first.

Once Miranda was satisfied she helped Elliot up. He was a little wobbly as the bulk of the diapers forced his legs apart into a babyish waddle. "What is the rest of the costume?" He asked a little desperate to put on anything over the diapers.

Miranda lifted up some green material and unfurled it. The outfit was all one piece but made to look like two. A pair of green cotton shortalls and a white shirt underneath. Elliot knew something was off about it. The buttons on the shortalls weren't real, the pockets were just imitation stitching and there was an opening at the back he was meant to pull the outfit on from. "Why is it like this?" He asked Miranda thinking a normal set of clothes would have been more than fine.

"I just sized up a real baby doll outfit for you, I had a pattern." She explained. "This is just what doll clothes are like."

"Doll... clothes..." Elliot said. He hadn't really considered wearing clothes meant for a toy. But these were his size and it was probably the least embarrassing thing he would be wearing.

Miranda held open the back of the outfit for him to step into. The diapers made it more difficult than he thought it would

be. Once his feet poked out of the bottom she hoisted the rest of the outfit up. The shorts didn't even go to his knees and Miranda was right from every angle you could tell he was wearing a bulky diaper underneath.

"Hmm." Miranda said, still holding the outfit. "I need to make a quick adjustment, stand here." She said and led him to a chair. She sat down in it and had Elliot face away from her. She picked up some safety pins and carefully started pinning things in place. "Just need to fix some stitching then we can do some makeup."

"Makeup?" Elliot questioned. He could feel Miranda pull on the material as a needle and thread closed some unseen issue.

"Sure, all the dolls look overly cute, big eyelashes, rosy cheeks. Just stuff like that." Miranda explained. "Nothing worse than your new hairdo."

"Right." Elliot said. He was getting very overwhelmed by this idea now and wanted to see a mirror. Was he really going to win the cutest costume category because it seemed like Miranda was trying to enter him into the most embarrassing category. Makeup didn't sound that bad. Miranda and Elliot used to play with makeup when he was really little but he had never worn it outside the house. It was Halloween though, people wore all kinds of silly outfits.

"There." Miranda said and started removing the safety pins and smoothing out the material. "Let's make a recording of you."

“A recording?” Elliot said. “What for?”

“I put in a pull string. Say I love you or something.” Miranda demanded pushing on his back, clearly she had already put something back there.

“I’m not a real baby doll!” Elliot said.

Miranda was quick to make an edit. ‘I’m a real baby doll’ played from a speaker sewn into the outfit when she pulled his pull cord.

“Do another.” Miranda demanded.

“Come on, I’m already wearing a diaper.” Elliot pleaded with her, this was getting completely ridiculous.

Elliot already knew his mistake as Miranda pulled the cord to the announcement of ‘I’m wearing a diaper.’ being played out.

“Just say I love you now and I’ll stop.” Miranda bargained.

Elliot knew there was no way around it, once Miranda had an idea in her head it was going to happen. He sighed deeply and let out a begrudge. “I love you.” Which was added to the pull string’s tape.

“Cute.” Miranda declared. Elliot tried to reach behind him to where the pull string was and grabbed the plastic ring and gave it a pull. The speaker played out how he was wearing diapers again.

“Let’s get some makeup on you and then you’re ready.” Miranda told him and this time ushered him into a chair. The

diapers pushed awkwardly against him when he sat down which only reminded him of his predicament.

Elliot looked down at the outfit, the fake pockets and buttons that didn't do anything made him feel a little helpless. "Okay." He resigned.

Miranda was able to apply oversized eyelashes to his own, it felt uncomfortable at first but he got used to them quickly. She then gave his cheeks a little hint of red even though he was pretty sure he was naturally blushing at this point. "You look perfect." Miranda declared and set her tools down as if she just finished a test at school.

Elliot finally felt a little relieved. At least there were no more surprises. His Mom had agreed to take him to the mall, he never would have agreed to take the bus dressed as a baby doll. "I want to see." He said and rushed out of the sewing room.

The hallway closet door was just a big mirror and he quickly stepped in front of it. Staring back at him was a cute, huge baby doll. He was a little shocked at how different he looked. It was mostly thanks to the huge pile of yarn that sat on top of his head. He ran his fingers through it, the adhesive held firm to his head and it kind of felt like he was pulling his own hair.

The outfit was the most complicated, it made him look more like a doll than a boy in a wig. The oversized buttons and stitches made him look like a hand made thing. He turned a little and caught a glimpse of the pull string dangling behind him. He hated to admit it and no matter how embarrassing it

was, the costume was amazing and it was certainly cute. He just hoped no one from school was going to enter the contest.

Elliot's Mom had taken a while getting ready and he had been dressed as a doll for over an hour now. His Mom and Miranda sat in the front with him in the back. His Mom couldn't get over how silly Elliot looked and even asked a couple of times if he was okay with this idea. Elliot reassured his Mom that he had helped make the plan. Which was true but even if that was the case it was mostly Miranda's idea and execution. She even asked him if he was wearing a diaper underneath which he sheepishly confirmed.

"Do you think he'll win?" Miranda asked his Mom.

Mom smiled. "He certainly has a chance."

"I better win." Elliot sighed.

The mall was busy with all kinds of people turning up in costumes for the contest. Mom and Dads pushed strollers of costumed toddlers and experienced costume makers had made some truly horrific outfits. Elliot felt confident in his plan and his outfit only got a couple of odd looks from onlookers. He couldn't blame them of course, he looked ridiculous.

He had some time before the contest even started. "I'm going to go to the toilet." He told Mom and Miranda.

Miranda's face went a little weird. "Oh." She hummed. "I

don't think you can."

Elliot flushed. "I'm not using the... Diapers..." He whispered to his sister.

"Well," Miranda said. "It's just that the outfit is sewn closed."

"Sewn... closed... There isn't a zipper?" He asked in a panic now reaching around behind him only to find the pull cord and the seams of the costume.

"Well, I wanted it to look like doll clothes, a zipper would ruin it." Miranda explained.

Elliot tugged on his clothes and ran his hand over the fake buttons. He frowned a little at his predicament. "What am I going to do?" He asked them while continuing to follow his Mom and sister to the stage setup in the middle of the mall.

"Just hold it for now." Miranda said, unhelpfully.

He was a little overwhelmed and feeling trapped as a baby doll surrounded by people in legitimately scary costumes. He could hear his Mom quietly scolding Miranda but that didn't really matter now.

His Mom filled in the paperwork to sign him up for the cutest costume category. He was then led to a parade of others who were dressed in adorable attire. A little kid in a tiger costume, a teddy bear, a puppy, some were dressed as cute parodies of scary things like spiders and bats. He knew his outfit was contest winning but in the midst of all the contestants he wasn't so sure anymore.

He still needed to use the toilet, he had to pee. It was getting pretty bad and the two diapers forcing his legs apart certainly wasn't helping. It seemed like the cutest category was the last group to go and the other categories were taking forever.

“What are you supposed to be?” A little boy in a tiger costume asked him.

“Umm a doll.” Elliot told him with more of his energy being focused on holding in his bladder.

He felt someone pull the cord on his back and the words, ‘I love you’, played for everyone to hear. ‘He’s like a real doll!’ A little girl shouted and rushed over in her fairy costume, she couldn’t have been older than six.

“Is that your real hair?” the girl asked and tugged on the orange yarn attached to his head.

“Ow!” Elliot squealed. It had really hurt, as if his real hair had been pulled. Just how strong was the adhesive Miranda used?

“Oh wow! It is!” She squealed in delight.

Elliot just frowned at her. It was just another thing he wouldn’t be able to take off without his sister’s help. It was starting to feel like one big prank at this point. To distract himself he decided to help himself to the free candy left out for the contestants. It was Halloween afterall he should be allowed to have candy.

Getting frustrated with waiting around with all these little

kids, Elliot wasn't even sure if he was going to win anymore. Some of their costumes also looked homemade and couldn't be described as anything less than cute.

With his bladder giving him a constant reminder of needing to use the toilet the kids were finally ushered into their costume debut. Elliot still had to wait and his bladder was a little unbearable at this point. He wished he could take off the costume for even a moment.

After a parade of cute kids in costume Elliot's name was finally announced. "We have Elliot as a baby doll!" The host boomed into the mic and Elliot walked down the catwalk that reminded him of a fashion show. He was less certain of winning seeing the audience. He had expected to get a few laughs or an ooh or aww but the crowd just gave him a bored clap.

He looked around and tried to think of some actions he could do to sell the doll look. He decided on the pull string. He gave a big goofy grin and yanked on the cord. 'I'm a real doll!' It rang to a couple of more interested murmurs through the crowd. He could at least hear whispering. He gave it another pull. 'I'm wearing a diaper!' The recording blasted. Elliot felt totally on display now and he could almost see the entire crowd's eyes lower to his waist where the diaper bulge was clearly prominent. Finally people started giggling which turned into full blown laughter.

A little relieved and humiliated, Elliot relaxed and wanted to get off the stage. He also still needed to use the toilet really

badly. With the contest over he figured he could finally rip the costume and get out of it. Miranda was backstage waiting for him with a big smile on her face.

“You looked adorable.” She told and ruffled his yarn hair.

“I need to get out of this thing.” Elliot told her. “Just cut it.”

“Uh, Elliot you don’t have any change of clothes.” She told him.

Elliot growled in frustration. “We are at the mall, Mom will buy me something.” He reasoned.

“Just go.” Miranda said and pointed down. “No one will know.”

“I’ll know!” Elliot told her.

“Look it’s not a big deal and I’m sure they’ll want you back out there when you win.” Miranda reasoned with him.

He knew she was right, there was no way he could get undressed now, but he couldn’t hold it any longer either. He didn’t want to admit it but a few drops had already escaped into the diaper by now.

Elliot just frowned at her and looked away.

“Are you going now?” Miranda asked curiously.

“Stop it.” Elliot demanded.

“Stop what.”

“Stop staring, I can’t go with you looking at me.” Elliot

complained.

“Aww Elly.” Miranda cooed at him. She knew just the thing to make her little brother feel better. She stuck her foot behind him and pushed him. Elliot tripped backward but Miranda caught him and lowered him to the ground. Elliot was about to protest but Miranda was quick to start tickling under his arms.

“Nooo!” Elliot made out in a fit of giggles but it only took a few seconds for him to start peeing. Feeling immensely better and even when Miranda stopped he just kept going. He was embarrassed about peeing himself right out in the open but nobody seemed to notice, like it was all a secret.

“Feel better.” Miranda asked him.

“A little.” He said and finally pushed himself off the ground. He felt different now. The warm pee in the diaper felt too warm and he didn’t realise how much the diaper would expand. His legs were impractically pushed apart and when he tried to push them together the diaper felt hard and uncomfortable.

“They are going to announce the winner.” Miranda said and watched.

The host announced that Elliot had won. He quickly gave a wide stanced waddle back on stage to collect his prize. The diaper had bulged out and there was no hiding it any longer. Coming back out onto the stage made the whole audience erupt into giggles and laughter. Elliot flushed realising how

ridiculous he looked, but he had won!

The prize didn't end up being a gaming computer he could just take home with him, it was a gift card for the cash value of one at the computer store in the mall. Essentially the same thing. Elliot's face was beet red as about a million pictures were taken of him accepting his reward. The whole ordeal took over an hour and he was desperate to change out of the doll costume and diaper.

Elliot had to hang around the mall for quite a while longer, he couldn't keep his legs closed and stood in an awkwardly long stance as the festivities wrapped up. His Mom could tell he used the diaper and refused to buy him any new clothes. He had already made a baby of himself so what was the point?

The car ride back home was awkward and uncomfortable. The warm feeling in his doll clothes had turned into an uncomfortable cold shiver and all he wanted was to get out of everything and change.

When he got home Miranda was quick to cut the costume to let him out and he ran to the bathroom, way too humiliated to accept any help from her. The outside diaper was fine but the one closest to him was soaked. He ripped it all off and cleaned himself up finally feeling better. That is until he looked in the mirror and saw the yarn wig. No matter how much he tugged on it it wouldn't budge.

Elliot looked at himself in the mirror and rolled his eyes. He was going to have to ask Miranda for help afterall.