Home Alone

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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Colby growled under his breath as he pulled off his briefs to climb into the shower. Even half an hour later, he could not believe that his mom had actually threatened to cut off his allowance if he did not get a haircut today. To his teenage mind, it was totally unfair, especially when she told him to take a shower first. He did not need to be told to take a shower! As long as he showered at least once a week or so, what was the harm?

“A week home alone,” He reminded himself as he stood under the water pouring down on him. His parents were going on some second honeymoon and he had begged and pleaded with them for the last month to let him stay home alone and not go to Genevieve’s house for the whole week. Finally, he had worn them down enough to reluctantly agree. That was good enough for him!

Almost giddy, he turned off the shower and stepped out, grabbing his favorite black and green striped towel. He dried his shaggy hair the best he could, but froze suddenly. Was that the front door? He stood as still as a statue, straining to hear. Was that a voice downstairs? His parents had left right after ordering him to get his haircut and send a photo as proof. He was, or at least should be, home alone. What was he going to do? A million ideas ran through his head, but none of them seemed even remotely feasible. He tried to step as lightly as he could, wishing not for the first time that he

took more after his dad and had at least some muscle to him. He looked at his scrawny reflection and sighed. He would never fight off a burglar. Could he make it to his room and call the police? That was his only chance.

“Step one, open the door.” He whispered to himself. He shivered, whether from fear or from the blast of cold air as he opened the bathroom door. The house was silent. Maybe it had been his overactive imagination.

“Get him!” He yelped in a decidedly unmasculine fashion as he suddenly felt hands grab him and pull him out of the bathroom. He tried to grab his towel, but it fell to the floor as he was dragged toward, of all places, his brother Max’s bedroom.

Max was two years younger than Colby and had been quite upset that Colby got to stay home while he had to go to their babysitter Genevieve’s house for the week. He had raised his usual point that, while younger, he was bigger than Colby, but this time, it had not worked. Since he was only twelve and a half, he had to go. Therefore, Colby was confused to discover Max’s grinning face looking down at him as he was tossed onto the carpeted floor of Max’s bedroom. He was even more perplexed to see the eighteen year old Genevieve standing next to Max in a lavender tank top that did nothing to hide her feminine curves.

“What’s going on?” Colby only became aware of his nudity as his body began to react to Genevieve’s presence. He covered himself, blushing.

“Well, Max mentioned you were home alone.” Genevieve said with a smirk. “And he raised a point that you’re so little.”

“I’m fifteen.”

“But still so itty bitty little.” Genevieve retorted with a melodramatic pout and a glance down at his crotch. He shifted his hands to make sure everything was concealed. “So anyway, Max mentioned that and then I got to thinking.”

“About what?” He looked at his brother, mystified that he almost looked like he was growing a mustache. He looked for all the world like he was the same age as Genevieve, not the youngest one in the room.

“I still owe you for sharing those photos of me in my bikini with all your pervy little friends.” The playfulness was gone from her voice. “Max, go grab the bag of tricks.” Colby started to sit up as Max walked past him, but Genevieve put a foot on his bare chest and held him down. “You're right where I want you to be.” She said ominously.

“What is going on?” Colby asked, but no one answered him, other than a snicker from Max.

“Hold him.” Genevieve said. Max eagerly dropped to his knees and pushed down on Colby’s shoulders.

“Let me go!”

“Cooperate or I’ll sit on you!” Max retorted as Colby tried in vain to squirm free. Why the hell was his little brother so much stronger than him?

“Alright, we’ll start with your diaper.”

“Diaper?” Even in his shock, Colby could not summon the strength to break free from Max’s clutches. Max shifted so that he straddled Colby’s torso, putting all of his weight into his hands on the older boy’s shoulders. Colby glared up at Max as he heard crinkles from whatever Genevieve was doing.

“She’ll be done soon.” Max said teasingly.

“I don’t need a fu” Genevieve was all too ready and smacked his thigh, the loud thwack echoing in the room.

“You’re getting one.” She said. Colby tried to kick her, but somehow, that only helped her get the diaper onto him. She even gave his cock a flick, just because she could, it seemed.

“Let me go!” He yelled. “Why are you doing this?” Once again, it was as if he had not said a word.

“Max, can you get our baby girl into her t-shirt?”

“Baby girl?” Colby exclaimed, his voice cracking in his panic. Max got off of his chest, allowing Colby to see the thick white diaper he now wore.

“Oh, my god”

“It’s not that different from your tighty whities.” Max remarked, gathering a pink t-shirt in his hands.

“Wait, you still wear tighty whities?” Genevieve snorted. “No wonder it was so easy to get you in a diaper.”

“I’m taking this fucking thing off.”

“Try it.” Genevieve said, holding up a roll of silver duct tape. “If you take it off, I’m using this to make sure it stays on.”

“And we’ll duct tape your hands together.” Max added. He roughly forced the t-shirt over Colby’s head.

“And leave you in the middle of town.” Genevieve added, laughing loudly.

“But why?” Colby looked down and saw that the t-shirt he now wore had the word princess in gold sparkly glitter emblazoned across the chest. Its scalloped hem barely reached the diaper.

“A girl’s size 6 shirt fits you?” Genevieve said in disbelief. “You really are tiny!”

“Why are you doing this?” Colby whined.

“Where’s her nookie?” Max asked, emphasizing the female pronoun. “I’m sick of hearing her baby babble.” Genevieve found it, handing the pink and white pacifier to Max, who shoved it in Colby's mouth. He immediately spat it out, but then saw Genevieve waving the duct tape.

“Suck on it like a good baby girl.” She said as Max more gently returned it to Colby's mouth. “Now, as to why. Well, really what. As in, what's going to happen. For the next week, you'll be our baby girl. You'll be treated as a baby girl, you'll be referred to as a baby girl. You'll use your diapers, all that.” Colby's eyes widened and Genevieve only chuckled. “Here,

we need to deal with the rat's nest on your head."

She pulled two lengths of white ribbon out of what she had called the bag of tricks and sat down behind Colby, turning him so he could see his reflection.

"Your mommy and daddy told me to check on you a couple times to make sure you're staying out of trouble. I have a key to the house, after all." She began to brush his hair as she talked. "They figured you'd just play video games or something, but I knew how much trouble little boys can get up to. So, we decided to make sure you'll stay out of trouble. You won't want to have your friends or anyone see you like this, so it's perfect." As he whimpered, she tugged on his hair, pulling it into bunches on each side of his head.

"It‘s a good thing you waited so long to cut your hair." Max remarked as he watched Genevieve give his brother pigtails.

"Maybe we can try braiding it." Inspiration suddenly struck Colby.

"I promised mom and dad that I'd get a haircut today. I have to send them a pic."

"I'll tell them that I took charge and will make sure you get it cut before they come back." Genevieve said calmly. "I wouldn't want to miss out on a whole week of playing with your hair, baby girl." She used elastic bands to hold his pigtails in place and then tied the white ribbons around each in a big bow. "There! Every sweet little girl needs hair ribbons!" Colby stared at his reflection. He still looked like

himself, but there was still something about him that seemed like he was a baby girl. He looked away from the mirror, horrified. “If you’re a good baby girl, Colby, I’ll paint your nails tonight.” Genevieve said, giving him a hug. “Of course, if you’re a bad little boy, it'll still happen.” She hugged him again and chuckled. “We’ve got a whole week after all!” Colby looked at his reflection again. It was only a week. How bad could it be?

The End