Jake in the Creek

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Part 2 of Jake/Anna's adventures that started in Scareathon

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Chapter 1

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"C'mon, Jake, we're going down to the creek." Jake sighed and followed his sister. He hated when his parents forced him to hang out with Amelia and her friends. It seemed like they spent every possible weekend at Amelia's best friend Brittany's house all because Brittany's parents and Jake's were friends. Maybe it would have been better if Brittany's brother was older than a toddler so Jake had someone to play with. "Jake! Come on!"

"Don't you mean Anna?" Brittany asked with a snort, smirking at Jake to see if he would blush like he always did. Ever since the girls' Halloween prank, Brittany and all of Amelia's other friends, why did she have so many, had unerringly called him Anna. At least they had stopped asking him what happened to the Frozen panties they had forced him into.

"Quit staring into space!" Amelia said. "Brittany says there's a bunch of frogs down here. Bet I can catch more than you." Jake shook his head. Amelia was competitive about everything and he could not turn down an opportunity to once again prove his superiority to his little sister.

The three of them chased frogs for a while, but no one had any real success. The frogs were faster than three laughing children, after all. Jake was determined to catch at least one,

even after the girls' enthusiasm faded.

"You're getting all muddy, Jake." Amelia scolded. He rolled his eyes. Why did she think she was mom?

"It's fine. I'm gonna get it this time!" Jake lunged, but just barely missed the panicked frog. His foot slipped and he landed right in the creek.

"Oh, Jake!" Amelia exclaimed. She hurried over and helped him up. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." He grunted.

"No, you're not. You're soaked." Amelia looked him up and down. "You need to be more careful."

"Leave me alone."

"No. You're going to catch a cold. Come on." Taking him by the hand as if he were an errant child, Amelia pulled him back toward Brittany's house.

"What a nice sister you have, Anna." Brittany teased. Jake took a swipe at her.

"Jake, enough. We need to get you inside and out of those soaked clothes."

"It's fine. They're gonna be dry in like ten minutes." Amelia tutted.

"No," she said. "You need to dry off." Jake wrenched his hand free with a grunt of frustration.

"Why are you acting like this?"

"She's right, Anna."

"Don't call me that!" Brittany nodded and smiled indulgently at him.

"Fine, Jake. Come inside and dry off. We'll find you something to wear."

"No girl clothes." The girls exchanged a look of confusion.

"Duh." Brittany said. "We know you're not a girl." They both giggled. “Can you imagine Jake in girl clothes? He’d look so ridiculous!” They each grabbed one of Jake’s hands and dragged him toward the house, Jake uncertain just what he would end up wearing.

"You've got two choices, Jake." Amelia said authoritatively almost the second they entered the house. "You can either go into the bathroom, get undressed, completely naked." She gave him a stern look. "And come back out here or"

"Or we can skip all that and strip you naked right here just like on Halloween." Brittany interjected. Amelia gave her an annoyed look, but did not correct her.

"What'll it be?" Jake sighed.

"Why do I have to come out here? Why can't you just pass the clothes through the door? What am I gonna be wearing anyway?" The girls shrugged, which did nothing to reassure him.

"We'll find something of my dad's or something." Brittany said. Jake nodded slowly. He did not believe them.

"My clothes are pretty much dry." Amelia rolled her eyes.

"You're dripping on the floor, so either you wet your pants or your clothes are still wet." Amelia reached out to swat his bottom. "Go on. Get undressed in the bathroom if you're really that bashful."

"See you when you get back." Brittany added. "Anna."

"No girl clothes!" Jake decreed, realizing how lame it sounded as he closed the bathroom door. At least this way, Brittany would not see his underwear again.

He undressed, but then paused. What was he doing? Why was he letting them boss him around? He was older than either of them, so really, he should be in charge. When their parents had gone out, they had not said who was in charge, but it only made sense for him. He would be thirteen in June!

"Princess Anna of Everd- oh!" Jake covered himself as Brittany walked in without knocking, cussing under his breath. "There's just a naked little boy in here!" She grinned mockingly.

"What? I'm not"

"Are too." Amelia said, following Brittany in without any hesitation over her brother's nudity. "Only little boys would fall into the creek trying to catch frogs."

"'I'm older"

"And remember how he dressed up for Halloween? Totally a little boy."

"What? You guys"

"But you were dressed up even before we came along, remember?" Amelia said with a grin. Jake stammered and sputtered. "Come on, Jake. You can't stay naked all day."

"We decided" Brittany explained as they pushed the naked boy out of the bathroom. "That my dad's clothes are a bit mature for such a little boy, so"

"No girl"

"We know." Amelia said, smacking her brother's back, even if it was tempting to swat his bottom again. "You're going to be wearing some of her brother's things."

"But he's"

"A little boy, just like you." Amelia said. "It's just a shirt of his, really. Obviously his pants won't fit you."

"Huh? How's that any better? I'll still be naked."

"He makes a good point." Brittany said as if that had not occurred to her until that very moment. "Guess we'll have to come up with something for his thingy down there."

"For the last time, my clothes will be dry in like"

"Shh." Amelia cooed. "We'll get you all taken care of. We big girls have a plan." Jake did not like the sound of that as they shepherded him farther and farther from his clothes.

His unease only grew as they came to the living room and saw Emma, one of the girls' other friends grinning at him from her place on the couch. He had been outnumbered before, but now he was especially aware of it.

"Hi, Anna." She said, smirking at how his hands tightened around his privates. "He looks eager to begin, so let's do it." Jake barely had time to react before Brittany and Amelia seized him, pushing him down to the living room floor as Emma stood, revealing a white plastic rectangle. As she excitedly unfolded it into the hourglass shape of a diaper, Jake fought against his sister and Brittany, but they were simply stronger than him.

"Let me go!" He yelled.

"Let Emma get your diaper on you, little boy." Amelia said.

"You refused to be a princess again, so this is the only other choice for such a little boy." Brittany added, grinning down at their captive.

"No girl clothes" all three girls mimicked as Emma taped the diaper around Jake. He tried to kick at her, but somehow, that only seemed to help her get it on him. Where had they even gotten a diaper that could fit him?

"It's white just like your little boy undies." Emma said, patting it to make sure the tapes would stay. "Not sure why you're complaining so much.

"It's a fugging diaper!"

"Yes, and the fact that you're throwing a tantrum about it like my baby brother only proves you need it." Brittany replied mildly. "Oh, speaking of, we promised you'd get to wear one of his shirts."

Holding his hands away from the diaper, the girls wrestled a red and yellow Winnie the Pooh t-shirt over Jake's head and arms. It did not quite reach the waistband of the diaper, slightly exposing Jake's paunch. He still had just enough baby fat to make it adorable.

“Doesn’t our little boy look cute!” Brittany cooed, grinning as Jake squirmed, embarrassed.

“Such a happy little boy in his diaper and t-shirt!” Emma added.

"Oh, he’s absolutely adorable. Now for his accessories!" Amelia declared, drinking in every second of her brother's misfortune.

“Can you say accessories?” Brittany asked with a wicked grin.

“That’s not nice, Brittany.” Amelia scolded.

Jake’s accessories turned out to be a frilly bonnet from one of Brittany’s old dolls and a pair of pink mittens with Barbie’s face on them. The mittens were meant for a little girl, but they managed to force them over the boy’s hands. They were tight enough that he would never get them off without help, plus they made removing his diaper a near impossibility.

“I think he’s ready.” Brittany declared as Emma and Amelia

both nodded excitedly.

“Ready? For what?”

“Your walk around the neighborhood!”

“I am not walking around like this!”

“Our thoughts exactly.” Emma said.

Between the three of them, it was very little trouble to lift the struggling boy to his feet and push him into the waiting stroller, buckling him in even as he protested.

“Shame we can’t make a pacifier stay in baby Jake’s mouth.” Amelia said.

“At least he fits in the stroller.”

“Of course he fits, Emma. He’s just a little boy, isn’t he?” Brittany tapped Jake’s nose, the three girls laughing as he tried to bite her.

“Someone’s ready for his walk!” Amelia announced, bouncing up and down excitedly.

“Let me out of this thing!” Jake rocked back and forth, but try as he might, he could not get free.

“Not until after your walk, little boy.”

“You can’t take me out like this!”

“Quit complaining. You said no girl clothes and, other than your mittens, you’re all little boy!” The girls laughed and disappeared around the back of the stroller so that Jake would

lead the way, like it or not. “Can you get the door, Emma?”
“No! You can’t do this!” Jake protested as the stroller lurched into motion. He squinted as he emerged into the sunlight of the afternoon. “Help! Help!” He yelled. Jake quickly realized that the only thing his cries for help did was draw more attention to his predicament as the girls giggled and pushed his stroller down the sidewalk. He tried to cover his diaper, but it was no use. Anyone and everyone could see a boy sitting in a stroller, dressed from head to toe like a baby.

“Where should we take him?” Brittany asked.

“Park would be fun.” Emma said, her friends readily agreeing.

“No” Jake mumbled, knowing all too well that what he felt did not matter. Off to the park they went.

“Just think, little boy.” Brittany said as they pushed the stroller along. “Once your mommy and daddy hear about this, they’ll probably ask us to babysit you.”

“No way!”

“Oh, please. After Halloween and now this? It’s obvious you’re too little to take care of yourself, so you need Amelia, Brittany, and me to keep you safe like little boys should be.” Emma dipped around the stroller and patted his diaper. “Little boy’s still dry.” Jake stared at her. Why did she sound disappointed? There was no way he was going to use the diaper!

“Let me out of this thing!” He swung his hands around impotently in their mittens. This was too far! There were so

many people at the park.

“Nope.”

“Stop right now!” Jake yelled, all of his rage and panic filling the three words. To his surprise, the stroller did stop.

“Alright, fine.” Brittany said. “We’ll stop.” The girls walked as one around the stroller and began to walk away. “See you later, Jake.” Panic of a different sort gripped Jake’s heart. They couldn’t. They weren’t really going to leave him there in the middle of the park, trapped in the stroller, right? Right?

“Come back.” He said nervously. “Come back!” They were not too far away to hear him. He had to get their attention somehow. “Amelia, Brittany, Emma! Don’t leave me!” The girls turned back, grinning victoriously.

“Why shouldn’t we leave you?” They stayed far enough away that Jake would have to talk loudly to answer them.

“Cuz, cuz I’m a little boy?” He guessed. “Even though I’m not.” He added under his breath.

“He lisps like a little boy.” Brittany said with a chuckle, but she stopped when Amelia punched her in the arm. The three of them came back to Jake.

“Glad we’re all on the same page.” Emma said. “Though I do think we’ll need another appearance by Anna at some point.”

“Once we’re his babysitters” Brittany said as the stroller started to move again. “We can dress him up like Anna whenever we want. We’re definitely making him dress like

Anna for his birthday." Jake pouted in the stroller. "You'll win too, Jake." Brittany said as if she could sense his pouting. "All your friends will be jealous you're hanging out with girls and only you will know the truth."

"He's still a little boy, remember? He probably thinks we have cooties."

"You're his sister, so of course you do." Brittany teased. "But me and Emma, we're cooties-free. I promise, Jake."

"Let's get Jake back to your house, Britt" Amelia said. "Our parents will be wondering why Jake's soaking wet clothes are on the bathroom floor and we really want them to see our little boy, don't we?" Jake sat in the stroller, his heart in his throat. Face his parents? Like this? What if they agreed with the girls that he really was a little boy? No, they couldn't. Could they?