Jon & Jamie: Two for One

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Jon & Jamie: Two for One - Chapter 1

“All buckled, snug as a bug in a rug?” Jon asked, checking Jamie’s straps for the fifth time. He genuinely wanted to make sure his brother was unlikely to fall out, but he also liked to remind him that he had locked him into a stroller with no hopes of getting out on his own, thanks to the childproof buckle. “Jamieproof buckle.” Jon mused. “All set?”

“Yes.” Jamie muttered grumpily.

“Remember our plan, Jamie?” Jon asked.

“Can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“Oh, don’t fuss, peanut. We’ll save a lot of money thanks to the deal.” Their local fireworks had a deal that a child five or under got in free with the purchase of a ticket. Jon knew that if he put Jamie in a stroller, the tiny boy would easily pass, despite being much older than five. Jamie knew all too well that when Jon got an idea, it happened.

Just about six months ago, Jon’s parents had privately told him that since he was more responsible, had better grades, and was always doing his chores without even needing to be reminded, they’d be putting him in charge whenever they were away. They said there was no real reason to tell his brother and just let him think they had no babysitter when, in fact, Jon was his babysitter. He smiled to himself as he

pushed the stroller along, plastic wheels clicking on the sidewalk. Back then, Jamie had been his older brother James, but then, one day, Jon realized something. He fed James, cleaned up after James, and had to basically force him to take regular showers. In every way, he was James's big brother.

"Wanna go fast, Jamie?" He called. He didn't wait for the answer, pushing the stroller forward as he moved from a walk to a brisk trot to a full-on run, racing down the block as fast as he could before slowing before they had to cross the street. He chuckled, hoping that Jamie found it as much fun as he did. This was, after all, Jamie's first time in a stroller in what? Over a decade at least.

After Jon's realization that he was in fact James's big brother, things changed quickly. James became Jamie, a little boy who got bathed nightly by Jon before being tucked into bed by 7:30. He wore bibs at every meal and, following an incident where he spilled an entire glass of juice, drank exclusively from a sippy cup. Jon had even gotten Jamie to stop talking when they were watching TV by making him suck on a pacifier whenever the TV was on. In a lot of ways, Jamie seemed to accept the treatment with a minimum of fuss. When he thought about it, Jon figured it was because he was so small, he had never felt like the big brother. Whatever the reason, it had given him the idea of how to cheat the system and get into the fireworks for cheap.

"Thank you." He said as he paid the ticket attendant, pushing the stroller past the gate and into the crowd. Thanks to a little window in the canopy of the stroller, he could see Jamie

sitting there, looking around with his shaggy hair, hanging down to his neck in the back, moving with the turn of his head. Jon had just taken him to Lil Monkey Makeovers, which specialized in kids 10 and under, to get his hair cleaned up, but not shortened too much. It had taken months to grow his hair out as long as Jon wanted it, and it still amazed him how much younger Jamie looked with his new haircut. “Should've given him his pacifier.” He mused, but there was plenty of time for that.

He stopped after a short walk around the park, putting the lock on the wheels before going around to check on Jamie. He wore a light blue tank top with Spongebob on it, as well as matching blue shorts that were shorter than the boxers he had worn in his past life as James. In fact, with Jamie’s legs spread as they were, Jon could just barely catch flashes of white, the underwear that Jamie wore underneath. The red straps that held him in the stroller seemed to stick out so vibrantly, as if to announce to the world that Jamie was securely fastened in.

“Look, munchkin. Red, white, and blue. Red straps, blue clothes, tighty whities.” Jon said, pointing to each item in turn.

“We made it in, can I get out now?” Jamie asked, still a bit annoyed. Jon smiled and brushed a bit of hair out of Jamie's face.

"I'd let you out, but there's broken glass and you forgot your flip flops."

"You took them off me once you got me locked in this thing!"

"Shh, here's your pacifier. You're getting all fussy. Here, I'll even clip it to your shirt so you don't lose it." He smiled as his brother began to suckle. “Besides, those flip flops are a bit too big for your little piggies, so you would’ve kicked them off on our way here.” He chuckled. “I know my baby brother.” Jamie looked away shyly and Jon chuckled.

It had been a few weeks ago that Jon had decided that Jamie was his baby brother, not his little brother. After all, little brothers could bathe themselves and they did not wear bibs or drink from sippys. Jamie had argued and whined, but Jon had given him tummy kisses until, between squealing peals of laughter, he had admitted that he was the baby brother.

“Look on the bright side, little guy” Jon gently turned Jamie’s face toward him with a finger on his chin. “Being hairless meant that we didn’t have to shave you to get you to pass.” He lifted one of Jamie’s arms and brushed his armpit with his finger. “Smooth baby.” He leaned in and kissed the boy’s forehead. “I love my baby brother.”

“Love you too, big brother.” Jamie dutifully mumbled around the pacifier.

Jon still marvelled at how readily Jamie had taken to calling him big brother. He figured it was something as simple as Jamie never really feeling like the big brother, especially since Jon had been taller than him for the last couple years. Even becoming the baby brother did not seem to faze him that much. Just last night, he had meekly lay on the floor of the bathroom following his bath to allow Jon to rub baby

powder scented lotion all over his body to help his skin become baby smooth. The blushing teen in his boxers from the first night of Jon's new bathing regimen would have been shocked to see the little boy lying on the floor, not even trying to cover his privates as Jon lotioned him up with loving care.

One of the biggest points of resistance that came as a surprise to Jon was the name change. He had decided that Jamie made more sense for his new baby brother. There was something about it that struck him as really babyish. James grew more upset whenever he called him Jamie, but he stuck with it, ignoring James correcting him. It helped that their parents took up the habit as well and soon, the three people James talked to everyday were only calling him Jamie. When the time had come for his haircut, Jon had grinned when he heard Jamie shyly introduce himself to Ashlynn the stylist as 'Jamie' as Jon lifted him onto the rocket ship he would sit on for his appointment.

"Is baby brother hungry?" Jon asked, already walking around to push the stroller over to the concession stand. He gently pushed the stroller back and forth as they waited their turn, loving that the old stroller had the window so he could keep an eye on Jamie whenever he wanted. He could see that Jamie still had his pacifier in his mouth. Ever since it had become required for TV watching, he made a little game out of seeing how long Jamie would keep it in his mouth without even being told to. With it clipped to his tank top, there was little risk of it falling to the ground, but Jon still felt safer

having it in his mouth.

As the line moved steadily forward, Jon remembered something. Fishing into the bag he had packed full of things for Jamie, he pulled out a bib for him. Bibs, after all, were required ever since Jamie had ruined his favorite t-shirt with spaghetti sauce. Normally, Jon would put the bib around his neck without even showing him, relishing the idea that Jamie did not even know what babyish thing was on his bib, but this particular bib was just too precious not to show him.

“Almost forgot. Jamie needs his bib.”

“Even here?” Jamie asked. He had gotten used to the baby treatment at home, but out in public was something else entirely. Jon smiled and nodded.

“I know you like ketchup on your hot dog, so I don’t want your t-shirt ruined.” He held up the bib. It had a Rocket Pop on it, as well as a cute slogan. “Red, white, and cute. That’s my baby brother for sure!” Jamie whimpered, but Jon put it around his neck all the same. “It’s almost our turn, kiddaroonie. We’ll get you a yummy hot dog.”

Pushing Jamie to the front of the line, he ordered himself a bacon cheeseburger and a hot dog for Jamie.

“Is there like a plastic knife so I can cut his hot dog up for him? It might be a little big for his hands.” Jon asked. The cashier nodded, smiling down at the stroller. Thinking quickly, Jon pulled back the canopy so that she could see Jamie, his bib, and his pacifier. With all those accessories and

his shaggy, shiny hair, Jamie could not have looked more like a little moppet if he tried. Jon smiled as he realized there was one way. If he still had sticky fingers and a face covered in the popsicle from earlier, but Jon had cleaned him up before they left. It was amazing how much like a little boy Jamie had truly become, even in unexpected ways. “Say hi to the nice lady, Jamie.” Jamie waved and she waved back.

Having paid, Jon took their food over to a nearby picnic table, parking Jamie right next to him.

“No, you can stay in your stroller,” Jon said, noticing Jamie playing with the buckle on his chest. “You’ve got the best seat in the whole park.” He cut up the hot dog into a bunch of pieces. “This’ll be easier for your little hands, but with all this ketchup, it’ll be messy.” Jon observed. “Maybe I should get the baby wipes out before you even eat.”

“Not so loud!”

“Remember, Jamie.” Jon leaned in to whisper conspiratorially. “We’re fooling the organizers into thinking you’re under five, so you have to play the part.” Jamie looked away.

“But I’m not.” He mumbled.

“Of course not, pumpkin pants!” Jon said. “Now eat your dindin.” He handed him the paper plate with the hot dog all cut up for him. Jamie took it and began eating, wishing that he had a burger like Jon did. “Let’s see how little ketchup you can get on your face and bib, hmm?” Jon watched him eat,

enjoying how little his brother looked. He felt a warmth in his chest as he lovingly gazed at his brother. He really did care about the little guy and wanted only the best for him.

Once they finished eating, Jon grabbed some wipes and began to clean Jamie up. He fussed, but that only earned him his pacifier until Jon had finished wiping his hands and his face.

“You didn’t get any ketchup on your toesies, did you?” He grabbed one of Jamie’s feet and wiped it down, grinning as Jamie squirmed in the stroller. “All clean! Baby Jamie’s all clean!” He left Jamie sitting there as he went the short distance to throw everything away. He came back and tickled under Jamie’s chin. “Are you thirsty?” He did not wait for an answer, grabbing a baby bottle of apple juice out of his bag. “Can you hold your baba all by yourself or do you need me to feed it to you?”

“I can hold it.”

“Remember your manners, Jamie.”

“But”

“With your paci in, no one will even hear, except me. I understand baby babbles.” Jamie blushed.

“May I please have my baba?”

“Of course you may.” He pulled the pacifier out of Jamie’s mouth, quickly replacing it with the bottle’s nipple. He guided Jamie’s hands to the bottle. “It’s kinda big, so hold it

with both hands, okay?" He smiled and kissed Jamie's forehead. "Let's get your canopy back in place."

Through the canopy's window, he could keep an eye on Jamie's progress as he wheeled him around the pace at a leisurely pace. He almost wished someone would question Jamie's age. Maybe he could tell Jamie to show them how many fingers old he is. He would only be able to get one hand free, so the oldest he could be would be five, which would give Jon plenty of ammo for the next time he claimed to be big.

"In the park, you told that nice lady that you were five, remember? That must be how old you are." He knew no one would question it. Jamie looked every bit like the baby brother he was now. There was no aspect of his life that had been unchanged.

Jamie's underwear had been one of the last things Jon changed. He had enjoyed seeing his brother try to look big in boxers even as he learned that he was actually the baby brother. Finally, about two months ago, Jon had slipped out to buy his brother some more appropriate underwear.

Jamie sat on his bed, reading a book when Jon walked in.

"Hey, buddy." Jon said with a smile.

"Hi, big brother." Jamie said softly.

"Hey, Jamie, I don't know why, but mom bought you these." He tossed two packs of white briefs on his brother's bed. "Something about them being on sale or whatever, and we

both know your boxers were getting pretty ratty, right?"

"Why can't you wear them?" Jon thought about replying that he had bought them for Jamie, but he had a better answer.

"Mom said they were for you since I just got new boxers last month." He grinned. "No one will know anyway. Except you and me since we share a room, and we both already know."

"I guess"

"Besides, when I asked you to fold laundry last week, what did you say? Do you remember?"

"Not really."

"You said it was hard to tell which boxers were yours and which were mine, so now it'll be easy, won't it?" Jamie blushed and looked at them.

“I guess so.”

“Perfect. Do you want to clean out your underwear drawer or should I?” Jamie shrugged.

“A big boy would clean it out himself, but maybe you’re too little.” He grinned as Jamie got up. “You can put them all in this bag, including the pair you’re wearing. We forgot to change your undies this morning, didn’t we?”

“Jon.” Jon returned to the present. Jamie only said his name when it was an emergency.

“What is it, munchkin?”

“I need to go”

“Potty?” Jamie nodded.

“You picked a good time. It’s right here.” He parked the stroller outside and lifted Jamie out of the stroller. “No shoes, silly little guy. Guess I’ll have to carry you, hmm?” Jamie wiggled. “Uh-oh! We’d better hurry! The geyser’s about to erupt!”

He carried Jamie into the bathroom and toward the urinals. The bathroom had a few people in it, including a boy a few years older than Jamie’s pretend age standing at the low urinal.

“Oh, the little boy urinal’s being used, buddy. Let’s go into the stall before you have another oopsie in your undies.” Jamie whimpered, but knew that arguing about how he had never had an accident would only earn him the pacifier. “Here’s what we’ll do.” Jon said as he took them into the largest stall. “I’ll stand right at the potty and put you down on top of my feet. I’ll hold your shoulders for balance while you go peepees, okay?” Jamie nodded. “Pants and undies down, Jamie.” He reminded him.

It was a bit awkward, but Jamie soon had done what he needed to. Jon noticed the changing table in the stall and quickly set the boy, pants and briefs still down around his ankles on it.

“I want to wipe your feet, just in case. The floor’s disgusting in here.” He explained. He teased Jamie’s lips with the

pacifier until he took it. “There we go. Suck on your paci while big brother gets you all clean.” Jon started with his feet, making sure to get between each and every one of his toes, smiling as Jamie squirmed and giggled into his pacifier. “Oh, Jamie? Are you ticklish? Are you a ticklish little boy?” Jon adored that, when Jamie got into the right mood, even just saying the word tickle made him giggle like he was actually being tickled. This was one of those times. “Tickle, tickle, tickle!” Jamie got into such a giggle fit, that he felt onto his back, lying down on the changing table. “Perfect.” Jon said, adeptly buckling the safety strap across Jamie’s chest. Jamie looked up at him, perplexed.

“What are you doing?” He asked around the pacifier.

“I don’t want to miss the fireworks with another visit to the potty, so we’re going to put one of your diapers on you.”

“One of my diapers?” Jamie asked. He had not worn diapers in over a decade!

“Is there an echo in here?” Jon teased. “Yes, one of your diapers.” He pulled Jamie’s shorts and briefs off and unfolded a diaper.

“No, Jon. Stop!” Jamie whined. “I don’t need a diaper.”

“Maybe you won’t.” Jon shrugged. “But it’s better to have it on and not need it than to need it and not have it, don’t you think?”

“But, no.” Jamie whimpered. “I don’t need a diaper.”

“Shh” Jon rubbed his soft thigh. “I know, but this is just in case. I’m sure you’ll make it until we get home all nice and dry, but what if you don’t? Wouldn’t it be more embarrassing to go peepees in your big boy undies?” Jamie did not know how to respond, so Jon simply lifted his legs up and slipped the diaper under his bottom. He did not even think twice about getting Jamie’s privates into the right position before lifting the diaper up between his thighs and taping it nice and snug around his waist. “There, see? You survived being diapered.” Jon teased, loving the puffy diaper between his brother’s thighs. Part of him wished it was more exciting than just plain white, but he reasoned that it looked perfect just the way it was.

“What about my shorts?” Jamie asked as Jon packed away his briefs and shorts.

“I think you’ll be more comfy in just your shirt and diaper, kiddo.” Jon replied. “I’m not even sure if your shorts will fit anymore.” He picked Jamie up, smiling as he patted the boy’s now crinkly bottom. “Once you’re in your stroller, we can put your Spidey blankie on you, hmm?”

“But” Jamie whimpered.

“C’mon, Mr. Fussy, the stroller is right outside the door. No one cares that you have your diaper on. I bet you’re not the only one in this whole park who wears diapers.” He kissed his cheek. “And, if someone does tease you, you know what’ll happen?”

“What?”

“Big brother will beat them up.”

“Oh. Ok.” Jamie mumbled, but Jon knew he was at least a little comforted by that.

Depositing Jamie in the stroller and buckling him in, the five-point harness pressing against his diaper, Jon was in no rush to grab the blanket, all but wandering leisurely around the stroller to pull out the blanket, unfurling it as he admired the little boy before him.

“Almost a shame to cover you up.” He whispered as he draped the blanket over Jamie, tucking it in around him. “Oh, so cozy though. You could even doze off like that!” He smiled and leaned it to give the boy an Eskimo kiss. “It’s nearly your regular bedtime, isn’t it?” Jamie mumbled something he did not catch. “Alright, let’s go get a good spot for the fireworks.” He resumed pushing the stroller. It felt so good to be so firmly in control of his brother.

It did not take long for Jon to find a good spot, but he did one last lap of the park before settling down. There was something so nice about showing his brother off to passers-by. He quickly lost count of just how many moms smiled at the adorable little boy with shaggy hair, tucked into his stroller and sucking on a pacifier without a care in the world.

“Here we are.” He set up a chair and sat down beside Jamie. “Sure wish I was as cozy as you are.” He reached over and brushed Jamie’s cheek with his hand. “Is that some peach fuzz I feel?” He teased. Jamie did not answer. “Nod if you need a diaper change.” Jamie shook his head fervently. Jon

laughed. “Such a big boy.”

They fell into a tranquil silence, watching people walk and run around them as the sun began to set. Jon knew that the fireworks would be coming soon, so he reached into his bag and pulled out a pair of headphones.

“I read online that little kids find fireworks loud, so”

“I don’t need those!”

“You’re not the only one who’s wearing them.” Jon said, nodding to a few toddlers nearby with headphones of their own. “It’ll be much less loud, maybe you won’t go peepees when they startle you. You could even doze off if you want.” He slipped the headphones over his head. “Can you hear me, Jamie?”

“Yeah.” Jamie did not seem to notice that he was yelling. Jon chuckled and patted his thigh.

“I think we’ll all set.” He settled in to wait for the fireworks to begin. Fireworks were not even that exciting, but having his babyfied brother here with him made it so much better.

Every now and again, Jon peeked over at Jamie, wondering if he would doze off. His eyelids did seem to be growing heavier, but he could tell that the boy was fighting to stay awake. He chuckled and, reaching over, began to move the stroller back and forth, rocking the boy to sleep. Part of him did hope that Jamie would doze off, only waking up when they got back home. Only time would tell.

“The fireworks are about to begin.” A voice said over loudspeakers.

“Jon.” Jamie whispered. At least, he thought he was whispering, but the headphones still made him talk more loudly than he thought he was. “I need to go peepees.” Jon got up and lifted Jamie out of the stroller, setting him on his lap as he sat back down.

“That’s what your diaper’s for, baby.” He said, pulling the blanket around him. “I’ll change you after.”

“But”

“Shh, the fireworks are starting.” Jon bounced Jamie on his knees as the sky filled with colors. “Aren’t they pretty? See the pretty lights?” He whispered into the boy’s ear, playing with his lovely long hair.

At some point, Jon felt Jamie stiffen and he knew that he had lost his internal struggle and just accepted that it was easier to pee his diaper.

“Good baby.” He murmured, giving him a hug. “My good baby brother.” He kissed his cheek. “I love my baby brother.”

“I love my big brother.” He replied, once again talking much more loudly than he realized.

Once the show ended, the park began to empty. Jon considered returning Jamie to his stroller, but he had promised to change him, so he set the boy down on the grass.

“What are you doing?”

“Shh, suck your paci, baby. I’m just going to give you a quick diaper change and then we can go home.”

“But, no!”

“Shh, it’s dark and no one will see. Besides, I think this’ll be better than you getting a rash. Diaper rash isn’t much fun for babies.” Jamie tried to argue, but Jon set to work untaping his diaper and he knew it was no use. He sniffled and fought back tears as Jon raised his bottom high in the air, but he realized that just staying quiet would let Jon do what he wanted to more quickly.

Sure enough, he soon found himself back in the stroller, blanket tucked around him.

“Was that so bad, baby?” Jon asked, kissing him once again. Jamie just shrugged. “Alright, let’s get you home before you fall asleep!”

When they arrived home, Jon scooped Jamie out of his stroller and carried him to their room.

“I think it’s straight to bed for my favorite baby boy.” He set Jamie down.

“But I’m still in my” Jamie yawned before he could even finish.

“Your what?” Jon asked, grinning at how downright adorable Jamie was. “Your diaper?” Jamie nodded, yawning again. “It’s so late, hours past your bedtime, kiddo! I don’t want to keep you up for even a minute to change you into your

undies.” He kissed Jamie on the forehead. “Sweet baby dreams. We’ll put you in some fresh undies first thing in the morning.” With that, Jon tucked him in. By the time he reached the door to turn out the light, baby Jamie was fast asleep.

Chapter 2

Jon & Jamie: Backyard - Chapter 2

Jamie knew that he looked like a very small boy no matter what he wore, especially thanks to his mop of hair that his brother Jon kept perfectly coiffed. The diaper that was his only article of clothing there in the backyard only made it worse. What made it worse was that Jon had waited until they were outside to diaper him, just like the change in the park during fireworks. Sitting right over there on the picnic table was his striped shirt, jeans, and starkly white briefs. He whimpered as he wished he could put his clothes back on.

"It's just for today, buddy." Jon said as he fitted Jamie with the other new development: a backpack with a leash to keep him in the sandbox. "Since you're going to be wearing your diaper to bed now, I want you used to how they feel."

"So I gotta spend all day in a diaper?"

"Yep." Jon smiled. "But you don't have to use it if you don't wanna." He kissed Jamie's cheek. "Have fun playing in the sandbox, okay? I'll be right over here." Jon walked over to the patio and sat down to text his friends, smiling as he snapped a few quick photos of his baby playing in the sandbox, the gentle breeze playing with his hair. Those he would not send to his friends. They were just for him.

Jamie looked around the sandbox, trying to find something to do. He froze when he heard a voice coming from the fence. Was that... no, there was no way that Aiden Carmichael was

here!

"Jon? You here?"

"Oh, hey! C'mon back!" Jamie sat as still as he could. That was just his luck. Here he was, sitting in the sandbox in just a diaper and a kid in his class showed up! Jon, sensing Jamie's distress, walked over and slipped his pacifier into his mouth. "What's up, man?"

"Nothing much."

"Same here. Just watching Jamie here dig in the sandbox." Jamie felt Aiden's eyes on him. Did he recognize him? He could not tell. "In fact, it'll be time for his snack soon."

"Oh?" Aiden said, grinning down at Jamie. "What's for snack today, Jamie?"

"Bottle." Jamie mumbled.

"Oh, sorry. He knows to leave his paci in until a grown-up takes it out." Jon pulled it from his mouth. Somehow, the string of drool from his lip to the pacifier's bulb felt even more babyish than sitting in a playpen in just a diaper. "Go on and tell Aiden again, Jamie."

"Bottle." Jamie said softly. Aiden nodded.

"He's not always in diapers." Jon said, lifting Jamie up so that his diaper was even more visible. "I've just got him in one today so he can get used to how they feel. He'll only be wearing them at night. See? His big boy undies are right there. Can you point to your big boy undies, Jamie?" The

bashful boy pointed, hiding his face in Jon's shoulder as he knew that Aiden could not miss the white briefs sitting out in the open on top of his other clothes.

"Aw, he's a shy little guy." Jamie wanted to shout that he and Aiden had been in kindergarten together, but he did not want to draw any more attention to the fact that he was a teenager in a diaper.

"I know what'll win him over. How about you feed him his bottle?"

"What? Nu" Jamie whined, but it was pointless. Aiden sat down and Jon placed Jamie in his arms, cradled like the babe he was.

"His skin's so soft!"

"Oh, yeah." Jon said, so used to Jamie's soft skin that he hardly even noticed it anymore. "I rub him down with this awesome baby lotion after his bath every night. You should smell him right after that! It's this great fresh baby smell." Jamie blushed, squirming in Aiden's arms.

"Someone's eager for his bottle!" Aiden said with a smile. "And listen to that diaper crinkle."

"Oh, he just gets embarrassed when we talk about him like he's not there." Jon said as he handed Jamie the bottle. "Drink up your baba and then you can go back to playing in the sandbox, okay?" Jamie began to suckle, whimpering as he realized that yet another person now knew that Jon had turned him from a big boy into a soft-skinned, shaggy haired baby.

How was he going to live this down at school in a few short weeks?

Chapter 3

Jon & Jamie: Roomies - Chapter 3

Jamie slid down the plastic slide in the backyard, still not used to the feeling of the bumpy plastic against his cotton-clad butt. Ever since that afternoon he had spent out here in just a diaper, Jon seemed to have no qualms about having him play outside in his tighty whities.

"I used to wear boxers." He muttered, pushing his hair out of his face. His hair was so long now, but Jon refused to ever let him cut it shorter than a shaggy mop that made him look like a toddler.

He climbed up the steps to the top of the playground, figuring he could go down the slide again. If he stayed still for too long, Jon would come grab him and make him do something else babyish. At least out here, he was alone, even if he wished he could have clothes on.

He lost count of how many times he went down the slide before Jon emerged from the house, a bottle in his hands. Thinking quickly, he tried to cross as much of the yard as possible, but Jon still met him more than halfway, scooping Jamie up into his arms and slipping the nipple of the bottle into his mouth.

"How's my baby?" He asked, cradling Jamie in his arms. Jamie hated how he always asked him questions when his mouth was full of Pediasure. It was Pediasure, after all, even if Jon only ever called it formula. Jon stood there for a

moment, smiling down at Jamie. "Oh, I have a surprise for you!" He carried the tiny boy into the house, holding the bottle so that a steady stream of Pediasure kept coming.

Reaching his room, he opened the door and pulled the bottle from Jamie's lips, smiling as the boy kept trying to suckle for a second before realizing. "Notice anything different about my room?" Jamie would have had to have been blind not to notice the change to his brother's room. He felt a chill run down his spine. "What's that, baby?"

"A crib." Jamie mumbled. Jon nodded.

"Your new crib."

"But I have a room."

"Yes, but, well" Jon smiled and sat down on his bed, setting Jamie in his lap. "I need to start getting into shape for sports once school starts, so mom and dad decided that your room can become my workout room. It'll also be a playroom for you, don't worry."

"But"

"Shh, big brother's talking, baby." Shifting Jamie back into his arms, he returned to feeding him the bottle. All the tiny teenager could do was lie there, nursing on the bottle and listening to his little brother's latest plan for babying him even further. "Aiden's mom was cleaning out the garage and she called me up when she found his old crib. Isn't that great? You have your friend Aiden's old crib!" Jamie could not believe his ears. Aiden already knew about the diapers and

the babying, but now he knew that Jamie had a crib again! "Really, it's better to have you in here with me. I can change your diapers more easily and maybe we can even start with midnight feedings. Studies show growing babies like you need lots of nutrients and the more formula, the better." He smiled and pulled the empty bottle from Jamie's lips, lifting him up and kissing his cheek. "Isn't it great, peanut? We're gonna be roomies!"

Chapter 4

Jon & Jamie: Splash Pad - Chapter 4

“I wish I’d remembered your bib.” Jon bemoaned for the millionth time, taking a napkin and wiping Jamie’s chubby cheeks. “Not that it does much with such a messy little baby like you, hmm?” Jamie only blushed. It still bothered him to be called a baby, not that anyone seemed to care.

His whole family and everyone else in his life seemed to accept that he was a baby, no questions asked. It definitely did not help that he was sitting on Jon’s lap with chocolate ice cream on his face and hands, shaggy-haired and with about an inch of white diaper exposed from where his shorts had drooped and his t-shirt had ridden up. Jon kept trying to resituate his brother’s outfit, but it did not seem to cooperate. Jamie suspected that was intentional.

As if on cue, Jon squeezed the crotch of Jamie’s diaper through his snug little blue shorts. Jamie still wore underwear at home, but any outing now meant wearing a diaper and Jamie knew it would not be long before Jon had him diapered around the clock. He dutifully stopped licking the ice cream cone while Jon wiped his face again. He had a sneaking suspicion Jon was spreading it around more than wiping it off. Even if that was the case, what could little Jamie do? He shifted on Jon’s lap and sighed, licking his cone again. Sometimes, as he lay in his crib at night (Jon never allowed him to call it a bed. It was a crib, his crib), he wondered how long it would be before Jon came up with an excuse for him

to stop eating solid foods. How babyish did his brother want him? It was a question that he never got an answer to. Jon just always cooed over him and talked to him in baby gibberish when he asked.

“Oops, bit of hair in your face.” Jon said, pushing it away. Jamie knew there was no point asking for a haircut. Jon always took him to that kid hair place and they never seemed to listen to what he wanted; only Jon’s request to make him a cute little moppet. “You just have the face for it,” was the only explanation Jon ever gave him. “The ladies at Lil Monkey Makeovers say it’d be a crime to cut it short.”

Jamie stopped licking the cone and looked up at Jon, who smiled down at him and kissed his nose.

“All done?” He asked.

“Yeah.” Jamie replied. Jon took the cone and threw it into the garbage.

“Two points!” He exclaimed, hugging Jamie. “Hmm.” He assessed Jamie’s face and hands as if he had not noticed them before that moment. “I don’t think napkins’ll help here.” Without a word, he carried Jamie toward the public bathroom by the ice cream stand. He never explained anything to Jamie. After all, babies like Jamie did not need explanations. They just did what their caretakers wanted.

“You’re not gonna change me here, are you?”

“Aw!” Jon cooed. “Baby Jamie doesn’t even know his diaper’s still dry, hmm?” Jamie blushed. “Or are you trying to

be a big boy and holding it because you forgot you're wearing a diaper?"

"How could I forget?"

"Babies don't mutter, Jamie bean." Jon said, setting Jamie down on the changing table. "I'm just bringing you in here to give you a very thorough face washing. You must've gotten more ice cream on your face than in your tummy." He poked Jamie's tummy with a chuckle. "Didn't you?" Jamie did not answer. "You know, I really like you in a diaper."

"What?"

"It just suits you." Jon replied. "Treating you like a baby was a bit of a joke at first, but" he shrugged. "You've really taken to it, haven't you?"

"What? You forced me into this!" Jamie's high pitched voice echoed in the empty bathroom. Jon smiled as he pulled the t-shirt over Jamie's head, exposing even more of his diaper.

"And off come the shorts too." Jon said, stripping Jamie down to just his diaper and the foam clogs he wore on his feet in place of normal shoes.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Shh, we're just getting you cleaned up and then we'll head over to swim, kay?" He eased Jamie onto his back and, retrieving some wet wipes from his backpack, got to work cleaning Jamie's face and hands. "You're fussy because your fingers are all sticky, hmm?"

“No.”

“One more grumpy grump and I’ll have to find your pacifier, buddy.” He looked severely at Jamie. “Unless you want to apologize?”

“Sorry, big brother.”

“Are you just being a fussy baby?” Jamie nodded, knowing it was better just to agree docilely than to try and argue.

Satisfied, Jon focused on cleaning Jamie up, wiping his face, hands, and even his chest just for good measure. He wondered how long he could spend wiping Jamie over and over again before the tiny boy started getting antsy. They had places to be though, so Jon restrained himself, lifting Jamie up off the changing table and setting him on his feet.

"Stay right there while I get all packed up." He smiled as the slightest shift from Jamie caused his diaper to crinkle. It would have been so much harder to turn Jamie into the baby he was now if he had not already had so many babyish tendencies.

"Aren't you gonna put my clothes back on?"

"That's right, baby.” Jon beamed. “You don't dress yourself. I put your clothes on for you." Jon tousled Jamie's hair. "But no, it's hot so I think you'll be much less fussy if we keep you cool by having you wear just your diaper for a bit." Coming into the park earlier, he had seen a baby just like that and had resolved right then and there to devise a way to get Jamie in the same situation. He could see Jamie about to throw a

tantrum, so Jon reached down and tapped his nose. It was a small gesture, but it was kind of like a mute button, reminding Jamie that baby actions have baby consequences, whether he was consciously aware of the reminder or not.

“But” was the only word that escaped Jamie’s lips before he thought better of it and settled into a petulant pout. Slinging the backpack back over his broad shoulders, Jon offered his hand, which Jamie took. His diaper crinkled and his clogs scraped on the concrete floor as they left the public restroom and stepped out into the sunshine, the gentle summer breeze playing with Jamie’s hair.

"Where are we going?" Jamie asked.

"Such an inquisitive little guy!" Jon exclaimed. "Inquisitive means you ask a lot of questions."

"I know what it means!" Jamie protested, fighting the urge to mention that he was older than Jon. He did not know if that even was the case anymore, as confusing as that seemed.

As they walked along, Jamie seemed to become more and more aware that he wore nothing but his clogs and his diaper. He whimpered, clinging to Jon as if he could hide him from the others in the park.

"Can't we go faster?" He asked.

"If I carry you, we can." Jon replied. Jamie sighed.

"Can you please carry me?" He asked in a shy voice.

“Didn’t quite hear that, kiddo. Let’s get you up here.”

Slipping his arms under Jamie’s smooth armpits, he lifted him up. “What were you saying?”

“Never mind.” Jamie mumbled. Jon chuckled.

“Don’t be bashful, baby. Sometimes your little legs just get tired, don’t they?” He patted Jamie’s diapered bottom. “Alright, let’s go swim, hmm? I put all our swimming stuff in your diaper bag earlier, remember?”

Jamie whimpered as a couple girls around his real age walked by, unaware that they only saw him as the baby everyone saw him as. No sane person would think that that was a teenager being carried by his little brother, wearing nothing but a diaper and bright blue clogs. Jon smiled and bounced Jamie slightly.

"It's ok, little guy. We don't need to get you a babysitter." Jamie's lip trembled at the thought. "Do you hear that? I think I hear splashing! We must be near the pool! Aren't you excited for the pool?”

"I guess." Jamie mumbled. He had forgotten that Jon had packed their swimming stuff. What had he been busy doing? Oh, that was right. He had been still eating breakfast under Jon's watchful eye, taking care to eat carefully to avoid Jon taking over feeding him.

"You can't swim in your diaper, can you?" Jamie shook his shaggy head as Jon carried him into the locker room. "There wouldn’t be any water left in the pool!” He pointed to the sign by the entrance. “Boys. That's us, right?"

"Mhm."

"And what makes you a boy, bud?"

"My... thingy."

"That's right!" Jon praised. "Your little thingy means you're a baby boy, not a baby girl." Jamie could not say why that made him blush.

Jamie had hoped that the locker room would be empty since he knew Jon had something planned for him, but there was no such luck on such a busy summer day. He tried to hide his face as Jon carried him past a few raucous boys who were hitting each other with towels.

"Here's a quiet spot." Jon said. "Now you sit right here and I'll get ready first, okay?" Jamie nodded, looking away bashfully as Jon stripped down to his boxer briefs. How long had it been since he had worn anything even remotely as mature as those? Jon had switched him to tighty whities months before the diapers had entered the picture and he sometimes felt like he had been in diapers for years and years. The first diaper had been last July Fourth, right? Or had it been the one before that? It was so hard to remember.

"All set!" Jon's voice pulled Jamie from his thoughts. "Now it's your turn, baby." Jamie squirmed as Jon pushed him into a reclining position, just as he had before after ice cream. "Off comes your diaper and then I've got a special surprise for you!"

"What is it?"

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a very good surprise, would it?" Jon teased, leaving Jamie lying on the bench naked as he threw away the boy's diaper. "I know you're not good at keeping secrets, but I am!" He smiled as he saw that Jamie had remained still on the bench despite being naked in the busy locker room, not even covering his crotch. He really had become a baby, completely trusting of his big brother. “Alright, let’s get your diaper out.”

“But.. you… you said”

“You can’t swim in your normal diaper, but you can swim in your swim diaper. It’s right there in the name!”

“Swim diaper?”

“Mhm. See the sign?” He pointed to the sign he had intentionally chosen to put them by. “Children under 3 must wear swim diapers.” Jamie began to stammer a protest, which gave Jon plenty of time to pull the blue and orange swim diaper out of his backpack and slide it up Jamie’s legs. “Don’t worry. You won’t be going out in just your swim diaper.” Jon said, rubbing his soft thigh reassuringly. “First of all, we need your hat to keep the sun off your face. You have cute freckles, but you’re getting a little red already.” He held up a brown wide-brimmed hat. “See, it’s a monkey!” It was indeed, a smiling monkey face with round ears sticking out on the sides of the crown. “And this goes under your chin to keep it on.”

“Great.”

“It is great, isn’t it?” Jon grinned. “And now, of course, we

need your floaties, don’t we?” Jamie remained silent as Jon pulled his arms through the inflated sleeves. “There! I’d say you’re all set for swimming!”

“How can I swim like this?” Jamie asked.

“Well, think about it, kiddo. Swim diaper, monkey hat, floaties.” Jamie’s nose wrinkled as he realized what Jon had planned. They were not going into the pool. He was taking him to the splash pad, where toddlers ran around. Of course he was taking him there. “Aren’t you excited?”

"I guess"

"Such cute baby mumbles." Jon cooed. "Take my hand, Jamie, and we'll go have some wet summertime fun, hmm?" Jamie knew he had no choice but to comply. If he fussed too much, Jon would probably take him home and put him down for a nap or something equally embarrassing.

"The sun's so bright today, isn't it? Sure wish I had a hat like you, Jamie!" Jon said as they emerged from the locker room, Jon going nice and slow for Jamie's tiny legs. There was no rush anyway. "Ooh, that looks refreshing!" Jon said, giving Jamie's hand a squeeze. "Do you want to take your baby clogs off or leave them on?"

"Take 'em off."

"Sounds good to me, buddy. Now, it's gonna be a little chilly to start, so let's try and run right in, kay?" Jamie seethed, but nodded. "Off come your clogs!" Jon set them with their stuff, touching Jamie's feet for just a moment. He felt as though

they had not grown at all in months. Jamie might just be stuck this size forever, he thought!

"Can we go in?"

"Knew you were excited."

"Well, it's hot." Jamie mumbled. He looked over at the squealing toddlers in the water. Something was off about them, but what? It struck him a second later as they began to walk toward the shallow water. They were all wearing swimsuits. He was the only one in just a swim diaper. Sure, they probably all were wearing them as well, but at least they could hide theirs! For a second, he was almost jealous of a little girl wearing a pink swimsuit, thinking that he would actually prefer that over being so exposed.

“Just try to have fun, bud.” Jon said, squeezing Jamie’s hand. “It’ll be so refreshing.” They entered the water and Jon smiled as Jamie shivered slightly. “You’ll get used to it, bud!”

At first, Jamie seemed reluctant to even try to enjoy himself, but Jon knew just the thing to do. He began to splash the little boy until a frustrated Jamie could not resist splashing back. They had fun for a while before Jamie suddenly stopped, his face turning a bit red.

“What’s wrong, baby?”

“I need to pee.”

“Use your proper baby words, Jamie.”

“Uh, but I need to go now.”

“Come on. You know this.” Jamie sighed.

“I need to go peepee. Really bad.” He squirmed a bit for good show.

“Alright, baby. Let’s get you to the locker room.” He picked Jamie up and, retrieving their things, hurried to the locker room. Jamie whimpered, trying his best to hold it. He could not wet himself! He just couldn’t!

Charging into a stall, Jamie tore the swim diaper off of him and set him down on the toilet.

“We made it, Jamie! Go potty!” Jamie sniffled and rubbed at his eyes. “What’s wrong?”

“I… I didn’t make it.” He mumbled. “I told you I really had to go!” Jon kissed the boy’s nose and hugged him.

“Oh. Okay. Well, oopsies happen, don’t they?” He gave his tummy just enough of a tickle to bring a smile to Jamie’s face. “But, just to be safe, I think we’ll keep you diapered for the rest of the day, hmm? Just in case baby has any more oopsies.” Jamie felt as if there was a lead ball in his stomach. Would he ever see underwear again?

“Just for today?” He asked in a tiny voice.

“Yep. I promise you’ll have your tighty whities back tomorrow. And a big brother promise is a real promise.”

Chapter 5

A Jon and Jamie Christmas - Chapter 5

"Wake up." Jamie heard Jon's voice and stirred, pushing away his brother's hand. "Now, now, I've let you sleep long enough. This is a nap, not a full night's sleep!" Jamie groaned and opened his eyes to see Jon leaning over the side of the crib. In Jamie's mind, it was still Aiden's crib, even if he had been sleeping in it for however many months now. And, he added, even if Aiden was now Jon's friend more than his. "And up you come!" Jamie felt the mattress fall away as Jon lifted him up, hand naturally landing under the soft white of Jamie's diapered bottom. "How was your nap?"

"Fine." Jamie mumbled around the pacifier. Jon chuckled.

"Well, I got you up just in time for Christmas photos."

"Okay."

"But we need to get that naptime diaper off first, don't we?" Jon smiled and carried his brother over to the nearby changing table. It also served as a makeshift dresser for Jamie. Right underneath the surface Jon placed him on were two totes. The one on the left had a drawing of a pair of white briefs, indicating that Jamie's underwear was inside. The right tote had a photo of Jamie playing in nothing but a diaper, leaving no doubts as to its contents. It was a perfectly natural set-up for a toddler, but not for the teenager Jamie really was.

Jamie fidgeted as Jon removed his diaper. He hoped Jon noticed it was still bone dry, even if a whole month of dry diapers would do nothing to break Jon of the belief that Jamie was a baby through and through. As Jamie was thinking about that, Jon was examining his brother, smiling as he ran a finger along the smooth skin below Jamie's belly button.

"No big boy hair yet." Jon smiled. Jamie realized only then that his brother was shirtless, wearing nothing but a pair of red and black plaid pajama pants. Jamie did not know it, but mixed into some of his bubble baths had been things designed to ensure Jamie did not grow any for a bit yet. Keeping his brother baby smooth helped keep Jamie in that certain mindframe to feel more like the baby he was. "Who's the best little baby? You are! You are!" Jon blew raspberries into Jamie's tummy, grinning as his brother squealing and squirming, still managing to keep the pacifier in his mouth somehow.

"Now! We know you're wearing jammies like me for the photo, but underneath. Do you want to wear a diaper?" The tote came open and out came a white diaper. "Or undies?" Jamie stared as Jon held up a pair of navy blue boxer briefs. Could it be? He did not even know what to say. He tried to speak, making a muffled sound into the pacifier. He had to say something now, before Jon returned to his old self. "You seem confused. Oh, right. These aren't Jamie's undies, are they?" Jon chuckled and tossed them onto his bed. "My baby brother still wears tighty whities, doesn't he?" Jamie nodded, not even blushing at the childish term anymore. It had been

so long that they were just the norm for him and a welcome respite from the diapers Jon made him wear whenever they left the house. "Alright, we'll do undies for Jamie." Jon put the diaper away and grabbed the baby powder.

Deodorants all smelled too mature for Jamie, but the one way his body insisted on adolescence was his smell, so baby powder was Jon's chosen alternative. It covered up Jamie's body odor and made him smell baby fresh. Plus Jon found it funny to pull out the back of Jamie's briefs and pour powder down without warning. He could get away with a little bit of fun under the guise of caring for his baby brother.

With Jamie thoroughly powdered, Jon slipped his briefs up his legs, grinning at how babyish even putting on underwear was for his brother. James the grouchy, short-haired teenager seemed like a completely different person from Jamie, the soft, docile little boy with a carefully maintained mop atop his head.

"Now for your jammies." Jon announced, leaving Jamie on the changing table for a moment. "See? They have bears on them!" He held up his shirt, a white long sleeved shirt with red and black plaid sleeves and a matching plaid bear on the chest. Across the bear was the word 'brother' in white. "Dad's got dad, mom's got mom, and I've got brother, see?"

"I can read." Jamie mumbled, the slightest hint of the teenager deep within. Jon laughed and pulled on his shirt, grinning at how calm Jamie was about lying on a changing table in nothing but his briefs. No, not like James, who had

been bashful about even taking his shirt off in front of Jon, at all. "And mine are the same?"

"Yep. Pants and a shirt. We're a family, so we all match." Jon said, grabbing Jamie's pants and sliding them up his legs. "Though I did consider keeping you in just your undies or even a diaper." Jamie chewed on the bulb of the pacifier, all too aware how serious Jon was. Even with the illusion of choice, he never wore anything that Jon did not approve. Sometimes, Jon seemed more like his dad than his brother. "Sit up and put your arms in the air like you just don't care!" Jon instructed, pulling the shirt down over Jamie's body. "There we go! All set!" He gave Jamie's feet a little tickle to try and get him to smile before setting him against his chest and carrying him out to the living room.

"Do we want him with his pacifier?" Dad asked, nodding to Jamie. Being talked about instead of talked to was nothing new for the little boy, but he still did not like it.

"Can I please not have it?" He asked, knowing manners would go a long way. The last thing he needed was for him to be sucking on a pacifier on the Christmas card. His hair was already babyish enough! At least Jon had not put him in a diaper!

“Alright, but if you get fussy, you'll be sucking on it." Jon said.

Jamie's concern about the pacifier making him look babyish seemed ridiculous after the first couple photos. He was never not in someone's lap and Jon kept tickling him to make him

laugh. And then there was his shirt.

Jamie had glanced down at it in the bedroom, but he had seen the B and figured that his shirt said brother just like Jon's. It was during a lull that he looked at it again and realized that there were now at least a dozen photos of him sitting on laps, grinning and laughing in a shirt that labelled him baby. Mom, dad, brother, and baby.

"Are we done?" Jamie asked.

"No, we're gonna do some photos of just you and me." Jon said gently. "Are you hungry? Do you want a baba?" Jon felt a spark of fire deep within. There was no way he was letting Jon have another babyish accessory! He fought back the urge to snap at him.

"No, I'm not hungry. No, thank you." Jon nodded.

"Well, you seem a bit fussy, so here." Jamie was never fast enough to close his mouth before the pacifier could get in. He pouted around it as Jon got him settled on his lap for another round of photos. He had a sneaking suspicion it would be one of these photos that would be the Christmas card.