Lamby Jammies

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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Ben shivered as he hurried along. What was the point of having fur if you still got cold? More importantly though, why had they not cancelled school when it was colder than Antarctica out here? He had asked Mr. Rosenberg, his science teacher, who had explained that it was summer in Antarctica right now, so they really should not compare their winter to Antarctica's summer.

"Finally." He muttered as he spied the warm lights of home. He would be warm soon. He dashed up the steps, nearly slipping on the ice. "Shit!" He exclaimed. He hoped that had not been loud enough for anyone inside to hear. He could hear his little brother's voice even through the closed door. What was it about bear cubs that gave them the power to yell through walls? Great, he thought as he heard a second voice. He had Spencer over. Again. Those two were practically inseparable.

Pushing inside, he could not help but grin as the warmth of the house wrapped him in a hug.

"Close the door, Benny!" His mom called at once. He had only had it open for a second tops, but he complied. He unzipped his coat, his body shivering one last time as feeling returned to it. “How was your- Oh, no! You’re half frozen!” Mom exclaimed, hurrying over and hugging her son.

“Mom, get off me!” He protested, trying to push her away.

She felt wonderful and warm, but he did not want his little brother and Spencer seeing him being cooed over like a little cub. He was in middle school, for goodness sakes! “I almost slipped on the steps.”

“And who did dad ask to salt them this morning?” Mom tapped his nose. “I think it was you.” Ben grumbled and looked away.

“Forgot.” He mumbled.

“Well, we’ll take care of that in a bit. I figured you’d be freezing, so I ran you a nice, warm bath.”

“Bath?” Spencer said, the two third graders giggling as Ben was pulled toward the bathroom.

“Mom, stop!” Ben protested as they entered the bathroom and she closed the door behind the both of them. “I can do it myself.”

“Fine, get undressed.” Her tone made it seem like it was an enormous concession on her part. Ben complied. After all, this was nothing out of the ordinary. Mom still gave both of her sons baths and saw them naked at least once a week.

"How long are you going to give me baths?" He asked irritably.

"Until you go to college." His mom replied at once, using that special tone of hers where he could not tell if she was joking or not. “Still think those undies look silly.” She said as he stripped down to his boxer briefs. “But you picked them, so”

she shrugged and smiled. “I guess all parents feel that way about their kids’ clothes sooner or later.”

“Can you just like look away while I get in?” Ben asked, determined to get even the slightest bit of independence where he could. Mom rolled her eyes before making a show of covering them.

“I always forget about your silly little rules.” She said. “I change your diapers.” Ben rolled his eyes right back and climbed into the tub, an involuntary sigh escaping his lips. It did feel good, the warm water driving the chill from his bones in an instant. “Isn’t that better?” She asked. Ben simply nodded, but he could not deny that she was right. It was such a stark contrast to the bitter cold outside. If he listened closely, he could hear the wind howling as it whipped around the house, but it was so easy to forget about the raging winter outside as he lounged in the tub. “Don’t get that relaxed.” Mom teased. “We don’t need you piddling in the tub again.” Ben blushed.

“It was just one time and like a year ago.”

“One time you remember.” Mom replied, wetting a washcloth. Ben sighed. “None of that now. What’s my rule?”

“You wash everywhere except where my underwear goes…”

“Until you go to college.” Mom teased, nuzzling his cheek. “Close your eyes, Benny. We’ll start with your head.”

The bath passed without incident. True to her word, mom let the middle schooler wash his underwear areas and he soon

stood in the empty tub as she dried him. He swore she knew just the right way to make his fur all fluffy and puffed out, which always made him look younger than he was. It was bad enough that he was the shortest one in his grade and it was well-known just how much his mom coddled him and his brother. He did not need anything else making him look young.

“All dry!” Mom said. “Off to your room you go.” She had already begun gathering up his clothes. He sighed as he knew what came next. Mom, however, touched his face. “Hmm, you might still be a little chilly.”

“I’ll warm up once I’m dressed.” He said. Mom considered this and nodded.

“Alright, off you go.” It was only when he had opened the bathroom door that Ben remembered that Spencer and his brother were sitting in the living room, the very room he had to cross to get to his bedroom.

“Mom, can’t I have a towel?”

“Benny, no. I’m taking all this to the laundry. I don’t need any moldy towels under your bed because you forgot they were there.”

“But mom”

“Go get dressed.” He wanted to argue, but her tone was no nonsense enough that he knew it was pointless. Taking a deep breath, he covered his crotch with his paws and charged across the living room, so focused on getting to his bedroom

that he barely even registered his little brother's comment.

"Cubby butt." How dare his mom make him do that, Ben thought as he reached the sanctum that was his bedroom. He looked around it and breathed a sigh of relief. Books on the floor, a pair of underwear hanging out of his dresser drawer, the bed still a mess from him forgetting to make it that morning. This was his space, and only his.

"Oh, good." As if to prove him wrong, his door opened and his mom walked in. "You're not dressed yet."

"I was about to"

"Well, I just figured since we gave you a bath already, might as well get you ready for bed." His face fell.

"But mom, Spencer's right out there and"

"Hush. He's over here every other day, it seems like. He knows what you wear."

"But he's never actually seen me in… in them." Ben made sure of it. Once he had his nighttime clothes on, he barricaded himself in his room.

"Oh, come on, Benny. He doesn't care." Mom chided. "Besides, you need something on before you catch your death of cold." She nodded as the wind howled as if to prove her point. "Grab one of your diapers."

"Mom! Don't call them that!"

"That's what they are, cubbo. We tried the pull-ups,

remember?”

“I don’t even wet that often.”

“Three times a week is often, Benny.”

“It’s Ben.”

“And when you do wet” Mom said, continuing as if he had not corrected her. “You soak them.”

“Mom, stop!”

“Grab one of your diapers. Now.” Defeated, the naked bear shuffled over to his closet, shoved some old clothes out of the way, and grabbed one of the hated diapers from the pack. Even wearing them every night, it felt bizarrely, ridiculously thick in his paw. He blushed as he remembered that they usually felt thicker in the morning when they were all swollen as he stumbled out of bed, sleep still in his eyes. “Hurry or you’re sleeping outside.”

Ben made a show of shuffling extra slowly over to his dresser, the top of which was a changing table. Despite being a middle schooler, he still fit atop it, so that was where mom made him lie for his diapering.

“Can we at least close the door?” He asked, noticing as he took the all-too familiar position that the door still stood wide open.

“Spencer and Bryce are playing that game they like. They won’t come bother us.”

“With my luck, they will.” Ben muttered, which earned him a swat to the thigh.

“Quit your fussing and it’ll be over before you know it. Pizza will be here soon.” The prospect of pizza made Ben a bit happier, so he lay there, staring up at the ceiling as his mom prepared his diaper. “Onto your tummy.” She said.

“Mom, I don’t need”

“You do too need powder, mister.” She said, grabbing his ankle and starting to roll him over.

“Can’t I just go one night without” he fell silent with a defeated sigh as she got him onto his belly and began to pat powder into his bubble butt. More than once, he had been walked in on in this exact position, lying there grumbling as mom thoroughly powdered his butt. It was bad when his dad was the one who witnessed it, but far worse when it was Bryce. Why was he the bedwetter and not Bryce? It just was not fair. “Aren’t you done yet?”

“My goodness. You sure are grouchy today. Maybe it should be right to bed after dinner.” Ben caught the hint and let his mom diaper him at her own pace. After all, why should he be in a hurry to wear the babyish, crinkly diaper? He hated them and how they forced him to waddle around like a little cub. He was too big for that! It wasn’t fair!

“Finally.” He groaned as his mom ran her finger along the legs of the diaper, just to make sure he would not leak. He glared down at its white plastic and brightly colored

pawprints. He hated having to wear diapers. Not even Pull-ups, actual diapers. He hopped off of the changing table and was about to go to his dresser when his mom grabbed his arm.

“Hmm” he hated when she did that. She just made a thoughtful sound, but did not tell him what she had on her mind. If she did that sometime and then gave him ice cream, maybe that would be okay, but that never happened. It was never a good thing when his mom was thinking.

Ben felt her paw on his face and he shivered slightly. She nodded as if that confirmed what she was thinking. She went over to his closet and the bear’s stomach dropped as he realized what she was about to pull out.

“Mom, no, please.” He said as he saw the pajamas emerge from the depths of the closet. How had she found them so quickly? He kept them as far back there as he possibly could.

The pajamas in question had been a gift, though no one seemed sure which distant relative had sent them. Ben’s personal theory was that his mom had bought them for him and just blamed some nameless great aunt because of how downright humiliating they were. Unlike his normal pajamas, these were a single piece, with attached feet and mittens for his paws. Even a hood to encase the wearer entirely in faux wool and turn that unfortunate boy into a little lamb, complete with a baby blue ribbon tied in a bow around the neck. Ben had only worn it once or twice, but mom loved to trot it out at any moment as a threat.

“No way, mom. Not with Spencer here!”

“You’re still chilly and this is the warmest thing you have, short of snow pants and your winter coat.”

“I’ll wear those then”

“Don’t be silly. That’d be so bulky!” Ben stood his ground, looking ridiculous with his paws on his hips wearing nothing but his thick diaper. “It’s just for tonight. You can even skip dinner and stay in here if you want to.”

“There is no way”

“Benny, you’re far too old to be throwing a fit about getting dressed.”

“I want to get dressed”

“Then put your jammies”

“But not in that!” His mom sighed.

“Well, maybe I should ask Bryce and Spencer to come help. The three of us will be”

“No!”

“Then put them on. Unless you want dad to come help you?” Ben’s conflict showed on his face. Sometimes dad saw reason and was more lenient than mom, but if he took mom’s side, Ben would end up in the lamb jammies and probably grounded to boot. “What’s it going to be, Benny bear?”

“I’ll put them on.” He muttered, feeling as if it was a death sentence. To his relief, mom did not press the issue for once.

“Thank you for your sacrifice.” Mom said, rolling her eyes. Removing the hanger, she gathered them in her paws, which still had a bit of powder on them. Great, Ben thought sourly. I’ll smell even more like a little baby cub. “Come on. Quit your moping, Benny boo.”

“Mom, stop” his voice was softer as she reached out and tickled him. Try as he might, Ben had yet to outgrow being ticklish.

“Giggly, crinkly cub.” Mom cooed. “Step into your jammies.”

“Do I”

“Yes.” She said at once. “Try to put it off one more time and you’re paying the pizza guy in just your diaper.” Ben grumbled, but stepped into the pajamas, shuddering as he felt the soft material against his leg.

The worst part of the pajamas was not that they were soft, even if they were soft in a way that struck Ben as less than masculine. It was that they seemed to have been designed to humiliate the wearer. Not only was the design infantile from the little tail to the bow to the general lamb motif, but they had attached feet and thick wooly mittens, ensuring that whoever was zipped up into them was unable to get out without help. As he stepped into them with a soft crinkle, Ben could not help wondering if his mom had had them specially made just for him. It was the only explanation he could think of.

“Why do they have to be so loud?” Ben muttered as his mom

slid the pajamas up over his crinkly diaper.

“No one will even hear them under your jammies.” Mom said. “You never seem to care when we can hear them under your basketball shorts though.”

“I’m not usually wearing them for hours before bed!”

“You could always start.” She teased. “I’m just joking. Geez! You’re getting so grumpy in your old age.” She smirked, but held her tongue instead of adding that he was still in diapers.

“Can I just stay in here?” He asked as he threaded his arms through the sleeves. “How am I even supposed to eat in these?”

“Fork and knife, like a civilized bear.”

“For pizza?” At least she was not threatening to feed him.

“Those mitts aren’t designed for pizza grease.”

“Why does it even have mitts?”

“To keep your paws warm. You aren’t shivering anymore, are you?” She had not even zipped it up yet, but Ben was already feeling warm. Toasty, even. “Are you?”

“No.”

“Up comes the hood and zip, zip, zip! Lamby jammies!” Ben sighed as she entombed him in the footies. “I know, it’s so very unfair, isn’t it?” She nuzzled his cheek, silently marveling at how his fur was even softer than the fur of the footies he wore.

“How can you do this to your own son?”

“It’s not that bad, mister dramatic.” She tapped his nose. “Now, you can stay here. See? I’m not that mean, am I?” He heaved a heavy sigh, prompting his mom to roll her eyes.

“I guess not,” he said at last.

“How kind of you.” Mom said, smiling at how adorable her son looked. Maybe she should see about finding him more pajamas just like these. “Alright, lamby lamb. You can stay here, like I said, okay?”

“What’s the catch?”

“No catch, though it would be nice if you mowed the lawn this weekend for your dad.” Ben nodded, knowing from experience that, though phrased as a suggestion, it was closer to an order. His mom smiled at him.

“Alright, cubbo. I’ll leave you be, though I don’t know what you’ll do to keep yourself entertained all cooped up in here.” He stayed silent. Parents always talked like that. “And no trying to take your pajamas off, or even your diaper.”

“Mom! Spencer’s gonna hear you.”

“Oh, please. They’re being louder than we are.” Ben listened and realized he could hear his brother and Spencer loudly talking on the other side of the house. Maybe mom was right, just this once. “Alright, I better go order the pizza before those boys out there starve to death.” Reaching the door, she turned back and smiled at her adorable son, pouting on the

bed, dressed like a lamb as cute as can be.

“Close the door. Mom, close” she was gone. Ben rose with a melodramatic sigh, waddling over toward the door. How could he miss his underwear so much already? He never really thought about his underwear when it was on, but now that he had a diaper on, he missed it. He snarled as he saw the pair peeking out of his dresser, as if to mock him. He shoved it in and flopped down on his bed.

Ben lay there for a moment, doing nothing, his mind empty. He soon grew bored of that and sat up, groaning as he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

“Ridiculous.” He muttered. “I look like a complete dork.” He winced as he heard Spencer shout something from the living room. “Oh, god. What if I need to pee?” He knew what his mom’s answer would be, but there was something he did not like about using his diaper while awake. “At least I pooped this morning.” That gave him some amount of relief, but he still did not want to stoop to peeing his diaper.

It would not be the first time he wet it while awake. It never got any easier. He shook his head, reminded once again about the hood. He could at least take that off, right? He pushed at it with a mittened paw. It took some work, but he got it off, giving him the appearance of a little lamb with a bear head on.

“It’s a little better.” He muttered, pawing at the baby blue bow that now tickled under his chin. He jumped as he heard the doorbell ring. He did not remember it being so loud all the way in his room. He was just on edge.

Thanks to the mittens on his paws, Ben could not play any games on his computer. All that he really could do was read a book, which was infinitely better than going out to the living room and facing his dorky brother and Spencer dressed as he was. What had mom been thinking? Sure, he had been cold when he first got home, but now? He could barely even remember the cold outside, even with the wind still howling through the tree outside his window. It was not as if he was overly warm in the pajamas, and that almost made it worse. If he was boiling, he could probably convince mom to let him take it off.

“Take it off me.” He muttered, pawing ineffectually at the zipper. He swore that the mittens were thicker than the rest of the garment just to prevent unzipping. He sighed. It seemed silly to start reading a book now when mom would be bringing him pizza soon, so he sat on the corner of his bed that hid him from the mirror and watching the door.

Ben heard footsteps out in the hall, but something sounded off about them. His eyes widened as he realized who was coming just as the doorknob turned. Bryce stepped into the room, looking down at the plate of pizza to make sure he did not spill it on mom’s clean carpet. His eyes moved up toward his brother.

Ben glared at Bryce, whose jaw looked like it was about to hit the floor.

"Oh my god, Benny!" Bryce said, his jaw closing as his face broke into an enormous grin. "So this is why mom said you're

hiding in here!"

"Shut up, snot breath. You can't say a word to Spencer."

"I promise." Bryce said, sounding almost sincere as he set the plate with pizza down on Ben's desk. "But at least let me take a pic!"

"What? Wha? Why would I let you do that?"

"Too late!" Bryce had snuck his phone out while Ben was outraged and he snapped a photo.

"Hey! Give me that!"

"You'll have to catch me, crinkle cub!" Bryce said, dashing away as fast as his legs could carry him. Ben made it to the door before reason took over and he retreated back to the safety of his bedroom. He could not risk Spencer seeing him like this. He waddled over to his desk, trying once again to avoid looking at his reflection as he passed his mirror. His butt looked huge and round from the diaper. He growled.

Sitting down at his desk, he looked at the pizza. Mom had thought to include a fork since he could not pick it up with the mittens on his paws. She thought of everything. He sighed in frustration as he realized Bryce had left his door open. Back up he got to waddle across to his room again.

"Mom better let me out of this thing before bed." He muttered darkly. It just was not fair. He was a bear, not a dopey little lamb!

Ben tried to focus on his pizza, but he knew that Bryce would

show Spencer the photo sooner than later. Why did his little brother even have a phone? Ben knew it was for soccer trips and emergencies like that, but it was not like Bryce only used it for emergencies.

“Shoot. My phone!” It was still in the pocket of his jeans. “Might as well be on the moon.” He muttered. Maybe mom would bring it to him, but he could practically see it sitting on the kitchen island where it always turned up when he left it somewhere in the house. There was no way he would go retrieve it now, dressed as he was, but maybe… there was always a way.

Finishing his pizza, Ben leaned back and sighed. What now? Normally, he would have liked being confined to his room for the night, but without his phone or the ability to play games on his computer thanks to the mittens, he could not decide what to do. He shifted slightly, grimacing at the diaper. It pressed insistently against his thighs even sitting still.

His opportunity for some excitement came when Bryce came back for his plate. He could tell by his grin that Bryce had insisted on coming back, just to see his brother’s predicament once again.

“Hey, can you do me a favor?” Ben tried his best to sound friendly, even as he saw his brother’s glee at his babyish outfit.

“What?”

“Grab my phone from the kitchen.”

“Can’t you do it? Spencer and I need to get back to Viridian Crisis.”

“Dressed like this? I’m not letting Spencer see me! It’s bad enough you’re seeing it.”

“So great.”

“Shut up. Grab my phone. Please.”

“Why? You can’t do anything with it with your paws like that.”

“Well,” he paused. “Help me get this off.”

“No way. It’s keeping you away from me and Spencer.” Ben had suspected that was the real reason his mom insisted on him wearing the lamb pajamas. Freshly annoyed, he tugged at the zipper as Bryce watched, amused.

“Careful. You’re gonna break it.”

“Good. If i rip them, mom can’t make me wear”

”That’s not what I meant.” Bryce said. “You could break the zip” his prophecy came true even before the third grader finished saying it. The zipper’s pull tab snapped off in his mittened paw, falling onto his desk.

“What the?”

“I’ll go get mom.” Bryce said, taking the plate with him.

Ben expected for his mom to come rushing in, but it was at least twenty minutes before she came to the door.

“What took you so long?”

“From what Bryce told me, you did it to yourself.” She said. “So I finished a few things and debated leaving you like this until the morning.” He sighed. Once again, she was using her tone that made it impossible for him to tell if she was joking or not. “Well, come over here and let’s try to sort this out.” Ben wondered why he had to go over to her with her standing by the door, but he needed her help, so he waddled over, grumbling. “What a pouty little lamby.” He heard his mom mumble.

“Glad you’re enjoying this.”

“Oh, please, Benny. It’s just so cute seeing you so mopey while dressed like my little lamb.” He rolled his eyes. “A teenage bear dressed as a lamb. How can that not be cute?” She had hoped that referring to him as a teenager a few months prior to his thirteenth birthday would perk him up, and it did, at least a little. “Now let’s take a look see here.” She tried to grab the slider and wiggle it free. “Hm. It seems like it might be jammed.” She smirked.

“What’s so funny?”

“Oh, just thought of jammed in your jammies.”

“Mom!”

“Your dad doesn’t tell nearly enough dad jokes, so I have to make up for it.”

“That wasn’t funny.” His mom shrugged.

“Bet I can tickle you until it’s funny.”

“Mom, focus. We’re trying to get me out of this, remember?”

“Oh, I had forgotten.” Mom teased, patting his cheek. “I think we might need to get creative.”

“What? Like butter?”

“That’s an idea.” Mom said pensively. “I think we need to figure out some way to push down on this zipper though.”

“Like what?”

“You stay here. I’ll try to figure out something.”

“Great. I could be stuck like this forever.”

Out in the hall, his mom heard his comment and rolled her eyes. Where did he get such dramatics? She certainly had never been so dramatic at his age, had she? Maybe he got it from his father. Then again, there were a lot of things from her youth that had faded from her memory over time. Maybe she would ask her parents about how dramatic she was at Benny’s age. By the time she reached the kitchen, she had talked herself out of it. She would prefer not to hear all the embarrassing things she had forgotten.

Ben sat in his room, hoping that his mom would return with a way to get him out of his pajamas. He had no way to know that she had returned to doing tasks around the house, completely happy to let him spend the night in his lamby jammies. After all, he had a diaper if he needed to go, didn’t he? She had a few thoughts on how to release him, but those

could wait until morning. There was no school tomorrow. She could even let him sleep in. She smiled to herself as she imagined sending Spencer and Bryce in there to figure it out.

“Benny would never forgive me.” She murmured to herself, calmly strolling back to his bedroom. He sat on his bed, trying to read a book, though his mittened paws made turning the pages quite the challenge. “Sorry, cubbo. I can’t figure something out. Maybe you should just go to bed and we’ll figure something out in the morning.”

“Can’t you cut me out or something?”

“Nope.” Ben sighed. “Oh, don’t be like that. One night won’t kill you. You’re already in your”

“I know”

“And if you need to go, you”

“I know!” He whined. His mom smiled gently.

“I know it’s not ideal, but it’ll be okay.”

“Hey, mom” Bryce said, poking his head in. “Spencer’s mom says it’s ok if he spends the night.”

“Oh, good.” Ben looked at her inquisitively. “It’s so cold out there, I’m worried the car won’t start.”

“Is that a thing?”

“Sure is. Hasn’t been this cold in at least ten years.” She turned back toward her younger son. “Does Spencer have pajamas?”

“Grabbing him some. I’d lend him Benny’s, but he’s wearing them!” Bryce cackled as he moved on to his room.

“You’d better get to bed too.” Mom said, kissing Ben’s nose again. “Think of it this way. The sooner you go to sleep, the sooner it’ll be morning.”

Ben could not argue with her logic. All the same, he stayed up for at least an hour, trying periodically to try and get the zipper down. Nothing worked. He sighed and got into bed. At least he had not wet his diaper.

“Great.” He muttered as his bladder suddenly ached, stirred by the attention as if to mock him. With a sigh, he tried to focus on relaxing, but he could not do it lying down. “I guess I’m used to doing it standing?” He got out from under the blankets, but where could he stand? No matter what, it would feel weird peeing in his room.

He walked over to the door, trying to fool his bladder into thinking he was going to the bathroom. Despite its aching, it was stubborn. He groaned. He knew what he needed to do, but the bathroom was on the other side of the living room. On any other night, it would have been fine. Tonight, though?

“I have to” he mumbled to himself. Could a bladder burst? He felt like it was about to. He took a deep breath and stepped out into the hall.

Everyone else had gone to bed, or so he thought. His eyes adjusted to the darkness, grateful that his mom kept a small night light in the hall. He stepped carefully, trying to prevent

his diaper from crinkling. He could do this, he thought as he heard the sounds of snoring coming from the living room. That had to be Bryce. He had always snored. It had led to Ben insisting he get his own room a couple years ago.

Encouraged by this discovery, Ben hurried across the living room, reaching the safety of the bathroom. His bladder aching excitedly as he saw the toilet, so he took his position and at last succeeded in peeing. Annoyed that it had taken that much just to wet his diaper, he left the bathroom, pausing before entering the living room. Were they both asleep? It was hard to hear anything over Bryce's snores. What if Spencer was lying there in the dark, still awake? To his relief, Bryce's snores stopped just long enough for him to hear the deep, even breath of the sleeping Spencer. Ben nodded to himself and crossed the living room, not daring to breathe until he was safely back in his bedroom.

The next morning, Ben woke up to the sound of his mom opening the door. Panicked, he tried to grab his blanket, but he had kicked it off in the night onto the floor, so he lay there, his lamby jammies exposed from head to toe. His mom smiled.

"Now there's a nice picture." She chuckled. "Good news, Benny! I can get you free."

"How?" He asked, all but leaping from his bed, diaper sloshing against his thighs. He blushed before remembering his adventure the night before. His mom held up a paperclip.

"We can feed this through the slider and" she bent over and

demonstrated. “Down comes the zipper!” Ben grinned, relieved, but then reason set in.

“Why didn’t you try that last night?” He asked as he stepped out of the pajamas, diaper sloshing with each movement. He had been wearing it for at least twelve hours, he supposed. Far too long.

“Didn’t occur to me.” She said, choosing to ignore the slight shiver that rippled through his body as he emerged from his pajamas. “I let you sleep in. It’s nearly ten. Everyone’s gone, so how about you waddle to the bathroom and shower? With how much you whine about your soft jammies, I don’t even want to hear you with diaper rash.” Ben nodded. “Shame you missed breakfast.” She said as he waddled toward the hall. He stopped.

“Why?” Her tone made it clear she wanted him to ask.

“Oh, Spencer was telling us about a weird dream he had.” She said. “Almost made Bryce choke on his corn flakes.”

“What was the dream?” Irritation seeped into his voice. Mom chuckled.

“Something about a giant lamb walking by. With your face.”