Laundry Day

by andlat

"Dylan, come get your laundry!"

The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

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"Dylan, come get your laundry!"

"Oh, it's okay, mom." Tyler said with a grin. "I can run it up to him."

"You sure? I thought you two were fighting."

"We are, but he's still my brother, right? I can do nice things for him sometimes." She smiled.

"That's very mature of you. Honestly, sometimes I think you're the big brother." He grinned and took the laundry basket toward the stairs. He could not even believe his mom had said that. It was like she had read his mind.

Pausing at the top of the stairs, out of sight of his mom, he fished into Dylan's clothes until he found a pair of his boxer briefs. He grinned and began to focus. He shook the underwear in the air, willing it to change. He grinned as the black cotton began to lighten with each shake. As he kept shaking, the legs grew shorter and shorter, changing into a pair of briefs, far more colorful than what he had started with. In no time at all, the formerly black boxer briefs had reformed into a pair of red and white briefs with Pikachu, Pokéballs, and even polka dots on them.

Excited, Tyler dug through the laundry, grinning as he saw a pair of maroon boxer briefs reform itself into a pair with Charmander, Bulbasaur, and Squirtle grinning up at him.

"Oh, this is too good!" He said, quickly rearranging the laundry and continuing to Dylan's room. He did not bother knocking, pushing his way in. With any luck... his grin could not have been any wider.

Dylan had not turned around due to a pair of headphones on his head as he lounged on his tummy, tapping his tablet as he played a game, wearing nothing but underwear. That was normal enough, but what was out of the ordinary was the fact that he know appeared to be no older than six or seven and he had Chimchar on his butt.

"Brought you your laundry, Dylan." Tyler called, setting the basket down on the floor. Dylan rolled over, pulling off his headphones. All at once, he noticed the changes to his underwear, launching himself off of his now Power Rangers bedsheets.

"What the hell?" He said, his voice high pitched and juvenile. Tyler laughed, realizing just how much he towered over the brother that was now five years younger than him. "What did you do?"

"Made you the little brother." Tyler replied, trying to remain calm as his every wish came true right in front of his eyes.

"I... I... I'm telling mom!" He tried to run past, but Tyler skillfully caught the waistband of his briefs, his now tiny bare feet skidding to a halt.

"Think about it, Dyl. You're now a first grader. It's seven o'clock at night."

"So?" Tyler laughed as he heard the stairs creak.

"You'll see." He let Dylan go and the tiny former thirteen year old ran to the hall.

"Mom! Tyler"

"I don't want to hear it. You need to brush your teeth and get to bed."

"What? But mom!"

"It's bedtime, buddy. You can tattle on your big brother in the morning." Tyler snickered as he watched his outraged brother get shepherded toward the bathroom, scrawny little fists clenched at his sides.