

Magic Undies

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Just a quick little concept that came to me! Hope you enjoy

The Costume Box

2022

Chapter 1

Magic Undies

"You have to wear underwear, Arnie." the boy's mother sighed "You're being silly!"

"No!" the twelve-year-old repeated, stamping his foot stubbornly on the stripey rainbow carpet between the twin beds. He was dressed in nothing but his light blue Paw Patrol shirt, scowling furiously at his mother standing over his open underwear drawer - stacks and stacks of childish briefs on display. His brother snickered derisively from his place laid back casually on his bed, already full dressed.

"Don't make fun Jason." their mother admonished. The ten-year-old shrugged, going back to his comic book, but keeping one arrogant eye on the infantile scene playing out at the other end of the bedroom.

"How about these?" Mum suggested, holding up a teeny tiny pair of powder blue briefs. "Look, they've got Paw Patrol! Just like your shirt." Arnie took a few steps forwards to get a better look, glancing at the tag attached to the waistband "BOYS 3T." It seemed impossible, but he strongly suspected that the undersized underwear would fit him like a glove. It wasn't that Arnie was particularly small. He was pretty average compared to the other boys in his class - if just a little on the short side. No, the explanation was much more fantastical. His underwear grew!

It had all begun four days ago, when Jason had flung the

wrong sized pack of tighty-whities into their shopping cart on a regular trip to the mall. Arnie hadn't noticed the mistake until they'd gotten home, but mum had insisted he try them on anyway. He'd scoffed, but to his amazement they'd actually fit; the elastic material billowing bigger and bigger as he pulled them up his legs. The process was astonishing to watch, the garment expanding in a hallucinatory almost dream-like spectacle, but mum didn't seem to find it in the least bit strange. In fact, the undies fit him so well that she now seemed convinced '3T' was simply his size. The next day, she'd bought him a whole wardrobe's worth of stomach-turningly immature little-kid briefs, pyjamas, t-shirts and shorts - similarly styled and scaled for a rambunctious tyke of three. Of course, when he tried them on, they all seemed to have the same impossible expanding property of the tighty-whities!

"No..." the boy protested, shaking his head. "They're for babies."

"Then how about your plain white briefs? I took them out the dryer just this morning."

"NO!" the boy yelled, terrified.

His bizarre self-enlarging outfits were just one half of the bewildering supernatural events that had been plaguing Arnie for the last week. Every day, he'd found himself under the influence of some new horrible infantilizing curse! The first day it'd been the way he spoke. For some reason, his mouth just wouldn't let him say "Mum" - his tongue twisting so that

"Mama" or "Mummy" tumbled out instead. The second day he'd been an emotional wreck - even the slightest inconvenience leaving him inconsolable with tears, and the most minor of taunts eliciting temper tantrums worthy of a time out on the naughty step. Yesterday he'd thought he'd gotten off scot-free - but just after lunch some overwhelming compulsion had sent him scampering down the stairs and skidding across the kitchen in just his tighty-whities . He'd tugged urgently on his mum's arm as he'd wiggled his butt, demanding that "Mama" watch him do his "super big kid dance." Quick on the draw with her smartphone, mum had caught the whole thing on video!

Once the brain fog had cleared, he'd finally worked it out. It was the tighty-whities - the same supernatural tighty-whities that seemed to fit him just right despite being about nine sizes too small. It was obvious when he thought about it. He'd spent the whole morning lazing around in just pyjamas. It hadn't been until after he'd put on his underwear that the strange magic had taken hold of him!

Hoping to avoid any more embarrassment, Arnie had devised a simple solution. He simply wouldn't wear any underwear. There was just one obstacle in his plan. His mother.

"Can I just wear Jason's boxers?" Arnie pleaded.

"No way!" Jason interjected, but he didn't sound too concerned about the proposition, barely budging from his spot on the bed.

"Those are much too big for you, sweet-pea." Arnie's mother

confirmed, stroking him sympathetically on the head.

Again, it seemed impossible, but Arnie knew she was right. The two boys were about equal in height - in fact, Jason was perhaps a quarter of an inch shorter than Arnie. But that didn't seem to matter. After he'd figured out his tighty-whities were to blame for all his infantile outbursts, Arnie had snuck up to their shared bedroom to sneak a pair of his brother's boxer shorts instead. Just like the briefs however, Jason's boxers had ballooned to quadruple XL size as soon as he'd pulled them up his legs, making the frustrated preteen look like a tiny toddler playing dress up with his daddy's clothes! They were so massive that he couldn't even get them to cling to his waist for a moment, the boxer shorts pooling at his feet and shrinking back down to their proper size again as soon as he let them go.

"I'll leave you to it." Mum finally conceded, returning the paw patrol briefs to the drawer. "But you better be dressed in two minutes flat, mister!"

Arnie frowned, pawing through the catalogue of humiliating briefs. He knew he had to wear something, his mother was sure to check if he tried to go commando, but he couldn't make up his mind! Did he run his risk with the magic tighty-whities, or suffer the childish designs? Grimacing he finally made a decision, grabbing a pair of Thomas the Tank Engine briefs. At least these ones wouldn't make him babble like a baby or wail like a toddler. Just as he was about to pull them up his legs however, he heard an amused titter from across the room.

"What?" he demanded, staring daggers at Jason.

"Huh?" the younger boy smirked, acting oblivious "Oh, nothing!"

"Seriously, what is it?"

"Well..." Jason bit his lip. "It's just a good choice, that's all."

Arnie narrowed his eyes, baffled. A good choice? He doubted Jason was talking about his fashion sense. Then it came to him. It had been plain as day all this time! "You!" he accused.

Jason laughed. "Took you long enough."

The boy crossed his arms, trying to look intimidating – but it was a tough ask when he was rocking a paw patrol shirt and naked from the waist down. "How?"

The younger boy shook his head "A wizard never reveals his secrets."

"You're..." Arnie began, half in awe, half in terror "You're a wizard?"

"Junior Wizard, technically." Jason agreed. "I can only really do conjurations to resize clothes and basic enchantments on underwear."

"Enchantments on underwear?" Arnie scoffed, managing a derisive smile of his own despite his predicament.

"They're still pretty powerful!" Jason bragged. "You know how mum let me sit in the passenger seat yesterday?"

Arnie blinked, the memory making him flush bright red. He'd been much too distracted to make a fuss at the time, pre-occupied with the underwear mystery, but he'd still felt plenty embarrassed. Mum never let him sit up front! "Uh-huh."

"All down to my trusty plaid boxers. Enchanted them that very morning. Did all your special big boy pants too."

The older boy let out a squeal of discontent "Well dis-enchant them!" he demanded, flinging the Thomas briefs angrily at his brother's face. Jason caught them easily, dropping his comic.

"Aww, but you didn't even try 'em yet!" he spread the undies neatly out on the bed, as if Arnie still might want to give them a try. "These ones would make you obsessed with all things choo-choo train. It's adorable."

Growling, Arnie pulled out another pair of briefs - this time themed around Bob the Builder.

"Oh those?" Jason commented. "Little kid cartoons. You'll be singing along and everything!"

The older boy dropped them to the floor, instead grabbing up the same Paw Patrol pair he'd rejected.

"Those are my favourite." Jason interjected. "You'll wanna pretend to be a little yapping puppy!"

"Arnie, Jason, we're going!" their mother yelled from below. The younger boy got casually to his feet, sauntering past his brother seething by the undies draw.

"Looks like you've got a decision to make!" he boasted.
"Later, Arnie!"

A little later, the two brothers were lined up beside their mum at the bank. Arnie was on tenterhooks. Everything seemed normal so far, but the uncertainty only made his anxiety a million times worse! In the end, he'd gone for Sesame Street - though he was far from happy with his choice. From what Jason had told him, he figured the enchantments were loosely linked to whatever kiddie thing the underwear was themed around - but no matter how hard he tried Arnie just couldn't think what the cheery green and white Elmo briefs might have in store.

As the line crept forward at an agonizing slow pace, Arnie crouched down to rest his legs, cradling his head in his hands and wracking his brains. Would the undies make him sing his ABCs? Shout out animal sounds? Make him as stupid as a drooling thumb-sucking nursery-schooler? But no. He'd been wearing them for two hours now, and he could think just fine! He ran through his times tables in his head, smiling in pride to confirm that his arithmetic skills were still very much intact.

He blinked, something suddenly feeling off. He shifted where he crouched, letting out a tiny grunt as he felt a horrible tightness in his tummy. Then, as soon as it had come, the feeling passed; a wave of blissful relief coming over him. He felt completely at ease, the uncomfortable pressure in his bowels replaced with an unfamiliar warm sticky feeling in the seat of his pants.

"Oh, Arnie!" his mother tutted, shaking her head. The boy snapped to attention, confused by the sight of her disappointed frown.

"Huh?"

"Did you have an accident?"

"He definitely did, mum!" Jason butted in, pinching his nose in a melodramatic display of rebuke "What a stinker!"

"Come on you." his mother coaxed gently, taking him by the hand. As he was forced to his feet, the reality of the situation finally dawned on Arnie, his eyes widening in horror as he felt the heavy bulge in the back of his briefs.

"N...no..." he mewled, grinding to a terrified halt. His mother pulled encouragingly on his hand, urging him forward, but he couldn't be moved; an uncontrollable torrent of tears starting to stream down his cheek. "No, I didn't...I couldn't have!"

"It's alright, baby." his mum reassured. "Mummy understands. Let's go get you cleaned up."

With nothing else to do, Arnie gave an empty-headed nod of agreement. As he was led waddling to the bathroom, his brother shot him a grin - waving a mocking goodbye.