Monkey Mikey

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

Monkey Mikey - Chapter 1

Michael sighed as he watched the waves, grumpily pushing his hair out of his face. Last summer, he would have loved being on vacation here by the ocean, but now? Now his entire life had turned upside down, it felt like. New undies. New hairstyle. So, so many new rules.

He cried out as hands slipped under his bare arms and spun him around before pulling him into his brother's arms.

"Mitchell!" He whined. Mitchell laughed, his voice much deeper than his older brother's.

"I must've startled you, huh, Monkey?" Michael sighed and squirmed as Mitchell held him against his chest. "Cuz someone forgot his good boy greeting."

"Hi, dada." He mumbled.

"That's right. Why am I dada?"

"You know why!"

"Well, a coconut fell from a tree and bonked me on the head!" Mitchell said with a laugh. He sat down on a beach chair, setting Michael in his lap. "C'mon, Monkey Mikey. Tell me why I'm dada."

"Cuz I have mommy. And daddy. So you're dada." It made him feel weird calling his younger brother another word for dad, but questioning it too much always earned him a

spanking. Or, as Mitchell called it in the weird baby language he always used with Michael, 'pow-pows on the bumbum'.

"What were you thinking about? Looked pretty serious."

"Uh, my hair." He said truthfully. His brother smiled.

"Oh! Were you remembering how much fun you had getting it cut last week?" Calling it a haircut seemed like an insult to haircuts. All they had done was clean it up and left him still looking like a mop-headed toddler. The last real proper haircut he had had had been just before vacation last year. "Remember? You wore your monkey shirt and sang your jungle song for everyone there." He hugged him. "Give me a kiss." He squirmed, but complied. "Attaboy. You love your hair, don't you?" He bounced him slightly to get his attention. "Don't you?"

"Yes, dada."

"Attaboy. It's almost six, so let's go feed you some dinner and then it'll be time for Monkey Mikey to go to beddy byes! Aren't you excited to see your new jimmy jams?" It took him a minute to figure out that meant pajamas. He knew the answer though.

"Yes, dada."

Chapter 2

Monkey Mikey 2 - Chapter 2

If Mikey was pushed to decide what the most annoying part of his new life was, it was how quickly everyone had accepted him as little more than a toddler.

"You've got a lot of sand on your tootsies, monkey!" Mitchell said as they arrived at the beach house.

"We were just on the beach."

"Oh, sounds like someone's getting grumpy." Mitchell squatted down. Sure, that made Mikey taller than him, but not by much. It was still close enough that he felt like he was on the smaller boy's level. "Here, we don't want to track sand into the house."

Mikey squirmed and tried to get Mitchell to stop, but in no time flat, he was stripped down to his underwear.

"Is there sand in your Spideys?" Mitchell asked. "Well, monkey?" He playfully poked Mikey's belly button.

"No, dada."

"Well, just to be safe" he tugged them down, grinning as Mikey covered himself.

"My little monkey's so protective." He teased. "C'mon, let's go inside."

Their
parents seemed to see nothing strange about Mikey being completely
naked as he led Mitchell into the house. The boys had fought so much
less since Mitchell had taken charge, so it only made sense to let him
keep doing what he was doing.

"Did you two have fun today?" Dad asked.

"Yes,
daddy." Mikey mumbled, wiggling impatiently. "Can I go?" Dad grinned.
Mitchell really had Mikey under his thumb, a far sight from the defiant
shoplifter he had been only a few months prior.

"Tell daddy what we did today."

"We went swimming and ate ice cream and... stuff."

"Who's we?" His dad asked.

"Me
and dada." Mikey mumbled, jutting his bottom jaw out in annoyance.

Mitchell tousled his brother's hair, pulling his hand away and looking
at the few grains of sand on it.

"I think he's smuggling the whole beach in his hair, so let's get you into the bath, monkey."

"Yes, dada."

“Why
do you still try to bathe yourself, Mikey?” Mitchell asked as he
swatted his hand away for the umpteenth time. “When are you going to
accept that this is the way things are now? I’m your dada, you’re my
little monkey.”

“Cuz I’m older than you and I can bathe myself.”

“Well, mom and dad put me in charge.”

“They did not!”

“They
did so.” Mitchell grinned. “They asked me to babysit you back when you
were grounded. I don’t think they expected to come back to you being
bottlefed, but” he shrugged. “The rest is history, isn’t it?” Mikey
would never admit it, but it really was. Somehow, his parents had

decided that this was what he really needed and if he did not accept it,
he would have no choice but to. Soon, every aspect of his life was
toddlerified. It had been gradual, but it still felt way too quick to
Mikey. Sometimes, he wondered why he was even allowed to eat solid food
still.

“All dry!” Mitchell declared, which meant it was time for
Mikey to once again walk through the house naked. “Do you want dindin or
jim-jams first?”

“Clothes.” He knew it would not be a satisfactory answer.

“Pow-pows on your bumbum?” Mitchell asked in a goofy voice. Mikey sighed.

“Jammies please, dada.” Mitchell nodded.

“And what’s your mantra, monkey?”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes, unless you want to go to bed right now, mister sourpuss.”

“But Mi” he felt Mitchell’s finger on his lips.

“No whining. Be a good little boy and tell me your mantra.”

“I’m a lucky little baby cuz I have a mommy, a daddy, and

my dada who all love me very, very much."

"That's
right, kiddo." Mitchell said, smiling down at him. "My little baby
monkey." He took Mikey by the hand and led him to their bedroom. The
beach house had enough bedrooms for Mikey to have his own, but the only
way Mitchell would release him from his booster seat when they had first
arrived was for Mikey to beg mommy and daddy to let him sleep in the
same room as his dada. The way they had smiled unnerved him and he
wondered if the vacation's sleeping arrangements would continue back
home.

"Lie down on the bed, monkey." Mitchell grinned as he saw
Mikey had already been on the way to do just that. Pout and mumble all
he wanted, the routine was clearly taking hold. "We're trying something a
little different tonight."

"What's that?"

"Shh."

"What's the new thing, dada?"

“Well,
mommy and daddy went to the store today, but they couldn’t find your
Goodnites. You know, the ones with Spider-Man on them?” Mikey bent the
toes of his left foot. Rolling his eyes got him in trouble, but that was
a satisfying gesture that no one had caught on to yet.

The
whole Spider-Man thing had come from Mitchell coercing him into playing
on the old playground in their backyard in nothing but a Spider-Man tank
top and his Spider-Man briefs. Ever since then, Spider-Man had become
his favorite anything in his family’s minds. His face was painted like
Spider-Man at every carnival they went to, his bed had Spidey and His
Amazing Friends sheets and a blanket, and he even had to watch the
actual show on Disney Junior.

“Whatever it takes to teach our
budding criminal about the side of good.” His dad had remarked to his
mom once. It had only been a bottle of soda! Why were they acting like
he had robbed a bank and taken hostages?

“So, Mommy picked you up these.” The white rectangle in Mitchell’s hand was unmistakable.

“Diapers!?” Mitchell nodded, patting his thigh.

“Yes, monkey. I know they’re not what you expected, but if we’re going to be sharing a bed, I need to make sure we don’t end up waterlogged.”

“But… no! Mitchell, no!” He felt the slap on his thigh before Mitchell’s hand even landed.

“Mikey, you need to behave. You can either accept your diapers like a good boy or you’ll be wearing them for the rest of the vacation.” His jaw jutted forward, but he remained silent. “Pout all you want, Mikey. Doesn’t change the fact that you are a bedwetter.”

That was a lie and they both knew it. Mikey woke up dry each and every morning, but the Goodnites kept coming. Mitchell secretly was glad Mikey did not use his Goodnites. He liked them as underwear, but would prefer not to have to deal with messy clean-up. All the same, he insisted on his little monkey

wearing them. Mikey had a suspicion that Mitchell told their parents he did wet the bed, but he had never been able to catch him in the act and him telling his parents he did not would only come off as a bashful little boy, or worse, a lying teenager.

“Alright, I’m going to diaper you.” Mitchell said. “Trust me, it won’t be as bad as you think.”

It was as bad, and worse. Mikey felt as if his butt was a mile off the ground with the padding underneath it. He felt like he was wearing a pillow as Mitchell taped it around his waist, every crinkle seeming like a stab right into Mikey’s heart. It only grew worse when Mitchell pulled his pajamas on, the shorts barely fitting over his bulky diaper.

“There? See?” Mitchell said, leading the now waddling teen over to the mirror.

“You can barely tell!” Mikey grunted. “And walk normally. It’s not even that much thicker than your Goodnites.”

“Is so.”

“You’re just being self-conscious. Look, I’m in boxers and you barely have more of a butt bulge than I do.” He smiled and squatted down. “Give me a kiss. Give dada a kiss.” Mikey sighed and complied, pecking his brother’s cheek. “There we go. Tell you what, if mommy or daddy says anything about your diaper, then I’ll admit they’re noticeable.”

“They will.”

“But you can’t cheat and tell them, kay? We’ll keep your diapers a secret between dada and dada’s silly little monkey, okay?” Mikey nodded. “Shake on it?” Mikey extended his hand and Mitchell shook it with faux solemnity.

“I don’t have to actually use them, do I?” Mikey asked in a small voice. Mitchell laughed.

“Oh, god, no. You use them and I’m making mom or dad change you.” He made an exaggerated grossed out face. “Nope, far as I’m concerned, they’re crinkly, puffy tighty whities.” Mikey looked somewhat

relieved, but stayed silent, so Mitchell moved on to the next matter at hand. “You gonna feed yourself tonight, Mikey?” Mikey almost stomped his foot out of frustration, toes curling as he summoned up the strength to say what was expected of him. So much of his conversation with Mitchell was just call and response.

“No, dada. I’m a baby. Will you feed me, dada? Pretty, pretty please?” He grimaced as he saw Mitchell mouthing along.

“Of course I will, baby.”

Mikey sat on Mitchell’s lap as he fed him, fully aware that the diaper peeked out of the back of his shorts. Despite that, and his ungainly waddle to the dinner table, neither parent said a word about his audible crinkle. He could not understand why. Unless Mitchell had already arranged it with them? He shuddered at the thought even as he opened his mouth for another forkful of food.

Mikey had tried to think of his treatment as Mitchell being his servant, but he had made the

mistake of
mentioning it to him once. Mitchell had laughed and explained that no,
he was his dada because Mikey had to do whatever he said. It had led
into a daylong game of Dada Says to teach Mikey how to obey Mitchell
without hesitation. He still had his outbursts, but as Mikey sat there,
docilely opening his mouth for Mitchell, they both knew that it would
take a lot to break him of the baby habits that were instilled in him.
Mikey might want to grow up, but Mitchell had no plans to allow that any
time soon. His surly, angry brother had become his silly little monkey
and that was just perfect for him.

Chapter 3

Monkey Mikey 3 - Chapter 3

When Mitchell had said Mikey would only need to wear a diaper until Mom or Dad said something, he should have known there was a catch. It had been two weeks now, they were back home from the beach house, and Mikey was still in diapers around the clock. When Dad barely even batted an eye about Mikey being taken through the house in nothing but a diaper, that's when it really sunk in for him that this was just yet another aspect of his toddlerfication. Mikey did his best to make due, though it pained him to try and make the best of his situation. Remembering what Mitchell had called them that first night, he had cautiously referred to them as his puffy, crinkly tighty whities. Mitchell wasn't making him use them after all! He just tugged them down for Mikey to use the bathroom and then back up they came. But Mitchell had not gone for it. Mikey calling them tighty whities just once had led to a daylong game of Mitchell touching Mikey's diapered bottom and Mikey having to dutifully chirp "that's my diaper, dada."

One day, Mitchell came into the living room where Mikey was trying his best to have fun playing with plastic rings.

"I wanna show you something, little monkey." He sat down on the floor and looked expectantly at Mikey. "Where do little monkeys go?"

"In dada's lap." Mikey mumbled. What does my little brother Mitchell want to show me, he wondered? He had recently

realized he had started calling Mitchell dada even in his head, so now he tried to make a point to call him his little brother Mitchell whenever he could. He sat down in Mitchell's lap, sighing as he felt Mitchell reach up the leg of his shorts and poke his diaper. As if he did not see it poking out of his shorts all the time...

"We're gonna watch a video, baby." Mitchell said, holding up his phone. Mikey had lost his phone privileges even before the evening where Mitchell had forced that baby bottle into his mouth and started him down the long road to becoming the shaggy-haired, diapered little monkey he was now. He barely got any screen time now and it was almost exclusively educational shows aimed at toddlers, so he was very curious what they were about to watch. "Do you want to see?"

"Yes, dada."

"Excuse me?"

"Yes, please, dada." That earned him an affectionate squeeze.

The video in question was short. It was a boy of maybe six wearing a bathrobe, his clothes in a line stretching from him to the camera as music began to play. He hopped and went from the bathrobe to wearing a pair of charcoal boxer briefs. Another hop and his shoes were on his feet. Hop, his jeans. Hop, his hoodie. Mikey did not understand why Mitchell wanted to show him that. Mitchell's thumb slid over the screen and a similar video played with Mikey hardly able to hide how covetously he looked at the second boy's forest green briefs. They were so much different from the diapers he had been wearing for weeks now.

"Do you know why I showed you that, monkey?"

"No, dada.' Mikey replied truthfully.
"It's a trend right now and I think it would be fun to" Mikey hardly heard the end of the sentence. Mitchell wanted to make a video of him doing that? Everyone would see his diaper! He felt his impromptu seat bounce as Mitchell moved his legs to get his brother's attention. "I said, doesn't that sound fun, Mikey?"
"Uh" was all he could say. He knew he would end up doing whatever Mitchell wanted. He had no choice anymore.
"It'll be lots of fun. I promise!"
"What'll I wear?" Mikey asked, hoping to steer the conversation away from his diaper. Mitchell gave him a squeeze.
"How about we have numnums first?" Mikey nodded. "What's the rule?"
"Dada feeds me numnums because I can't feed myself."
Now he was perfectly docile, but near the end of vacation, Mikey had gotten fed up with saying he can't feed himself.
"But I can!" He had insisted, pushing away the sandwich Mitchell had been holding in front of his face.
"Oh, now you've got jelly on your fingers." He smiled playfully and reached for his phone rather than a napkin. "Suck the jelly off your fingers, monkey." It was only afterwards that Mikey saw the humiliating photo of him, mop-headed and sucking on his fingers, a stark contrast to the stern-faced boy who had appeared in the local crime watch after his brief stint into shoplifting. "Can can mean you're unable to, but it can also mean you're not allowed to." Mitchell explained as Mikey finished licking off his fingers.

"So while you can feed yourself, you can't because Dada just loves feeding his little monkey oh so much!"

"Whatcha thinking about, Mikey?" Mitchell asked back in the present moment. He liked that the little boy had been automatically opening his mouth for the macaroni and cheese he had been feeding him, but it was not like Mikey to stay this quiet for long. This was the boy after all who had ripped off his diaper when he had learned that the diapers would be sticking around even after vacation.

"I thought you didn't like your Spider-Man underoos." Mitchell had asked, holding the snarling, furious little monkey in his arms until he got all tired out.

"I don't want... dumb diapers though!" It was a testament to the efficacy of his treatment that even in his rage, Mikey did not revert back to swearing like he used to.

"You need to wear your diaper. You can't be naked around the house."

"That's not the point! I don't need diapers! I want to be" he stopped himself. He had been about to say he wanted to be big again, but that... that would be admitting defeat. He cleared his throat and tried to calm down. "I want things to go EEEE" he squealed as Mitchell blew a raspberry into his stomach. "Stop!"

"There we go!" Mitchell said with a grin. "That's a proper little monkey voice." It had only taken a few tickle attacks during vacation for Mitchell to figure out that Mikey made himself talk deeper most of the time in his old life. His actual voice was still high and clear. Through a combination of teasing and tickles, Mitchell had Mikey well on the way to

breaking that habit and sounding like a little boy. Of course, there was still the issue of Mikey removing his diaper, but that was nothing a few days of duct taped diapers could not solve.

"Come on, monkey. What's on your mind?" Mitchell asked.

"What am I going to wear for the video?"

"Well, a shirt and shorts and" Mitchell shrugged. "Stuff like that."

"And my diaper," it was halfway between a question and a resigned statement. Mitchell gave him a squeeze.

"Were those other boys wearing diapers?"

"No." Mikey replied, but he would, wouldn't he?

"How about this? We can do it without a diaper, if you promise extra extra hard not to go potty in your undies. Does that sound okay?" Mikey nodded. Mitchell could tell he was trying hard to hide how excited he was. "But once we're done, it'll back to diapers for my silly little monkey."

"Why?" Mikey knew it came out more forceful that Mitchell liked. Still, he wanted to know. If he could wear underwear for a stupid video... "Eee!" He squealed as Mitchell tickled his sides.

"Because you're a baby and babies wear diapers. Little baby monkeys wear little baby monkey diapers! Yes, they do! Yes, you do!" He smiled warmly down at his brother. "Here's an idea! Should we do the getting dressed video or do you wanna do your monkey song for the video instead?"

"Get dressed." Mikey said softly. Mitchell nodded.

"Alrighty doodles! Let's go!"

In no time at all, Mikey was wearing his robe, suitably

monkey themed with a hood and even a little tail, as Mitchell arranged Spider-Man underoos, a little blue t-shirt that declared Mikey 'Lil Monkey Man' and pair of shorts in the same light blue color.

"Here's the plan." Mitchell said. "Repeat each step to me. Dada say, monkey do, right?" Mikey nodded. "First, you'll step on your undies."

"First, I step on my undies."

"Then, you'll kind of waggle your butt."

"Then, I waggle my butt?" Mitchell looked at him until Mikey swayed his hips.

"Next, you step on your t-shirt."

"Next, my shirt."

"And what should we have you do here? Maybe lift it up slightly?" Mitchell shook his head. "Naw, it'll be good. Last, your shorts."

"Shorts."

"Then you'll do a little monkey dance and smile up at Dada and the camera, kay?"

"Ok." All the same, Mitchell made him recite the entire process several times and then they had to run through it over and over again before Mitchell finally started recording on his phone. At least I get to wear underwear, Mikey thought, though he wondered just how his old self would feel about his Spider-Man briefs. I had to wear diapers for so long, he told himself. Yeah, just like a baby. He sighed inwardly.

"I think we got it!" Mitchell said with a warm smile. He bent over and kissed Mikey's cheek. "I love Monkey Mikey."

"And I love Dada." Mikey said gently, pecking his brother's

cheek. My little brother, I mean, he thought, though it was difficult to see him as his little brother with him kneeling down to be at his eye level.
"Let's get you back in sorts and then we can watch the video." He playfully tickled Mikey before undressing him. "Hmm." Mikey knew what was coming as he stood there naked in front of his brother. "Where's my little monkey's tail?"
"I don't have one."
"Well, how do we know you're a monkey then?" He gave Mikey's bottom a gentle pat to coax it out of him.
"I'm Dada's little monkey." He said dutifully.
"Very good!"
Before long, Mikey was back in a diaper and sitting on Mitchell's lap as they watched the final video.
"What d'you think?" Mikey's shoulders simply rose and fell. Mitchell laughed. "I think it's a masterpiece!"
"A monkey masterpiece?"
"Sure!" Mitchell kissed his cheek. "Let's get you down for a nap while we wait for comments."
"Comments?"
"I bet there will be lots of comments. Some of those videos had like a bajillion views."
"That's not a real number."
"Sure it is. You just want to fuss because you're a sleepy little monkey."
By the time Mikey was dozing beside Mitchell in his bed, the video was already getting comments. Most of them were some simple variation on how cute Mikey was, but there were a few gems speculating about his age. He found himself

remembering the constantly angry, constantly swearing little terror his brother had once been, Now he napped in a diaper and genuinely looked like he was having fun in the video. Mitchell chuckled to himself. Maybe he was just that relieved to be in underwear again. Sorry, bud. He thought. I'm keeping you in diapers. My diapered little monkey.

Mikey murmured in his sleep, but Mitchell could not tell what he had said. He wiped a bit of drool from his chin and studied his brother. Obviously, with the video already a runaway success, there would need to be sequels. Getting ready for bed was an obvious one that could bring in his diaper. Maybe a comedic one where he accidentally put on Dada's clothes? That had to be on the list. They could even, Mitchell thought, do one where Mikey was getting ready for a wedding in a precious little ringbearer outfit.

"You're going to be a star." He whispered to the sleeping toddler. That was what Mikey was, after all. A toddler, even if he was really a lot older than the comments claimed. "But you'll always be Mikey, my little baby monkey."