Olly's Easter

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"Alright, last potty break, boys." Mom said, looking over her shoulder at her two sons. At first glance, an onlooker might think the boy sitting on the right with his button-up shirt, khakis, and bow tie was older than the boy on the left in his red and gray booster seat still wearing his Ninjago pajamas. All she saw were her two handsome young men. "Who needs to pee?"

"I'm good." Austin said, barely even removing his earbud.

"Me too."

"Oh, Olly, you should still try." Mom said, getting out of the car and coming around to let him out of his booster seat. "We don't need another repeat of you needing to pee right away as soon as we get back on the freeway." Oliver groaned. Mom never listened!

She looked around on the floor for Olly's shoes, but shrugged and lifted him up to her chest, giving Austin, who was trying his hardest to hide his snickers, a good look at the brightly colored cotton of his underwear due to his sagging pajama pants. One of the definite benefits of him being so small was how easy it was to carry him if need be. There was no way she would let his bare feet touch the floor of the rest stop.

"Can't I walk?"

"No, Olly." She said. "Your shoes have gone missing."

"But Austin took them."

"Mm" was all mom said as she carried him inside and straight into the ladies' room.

"Why am I in here?"

"I can't carry you into the boy's bathroom." Mom said with a chuckle. She entered a stall and only then set Olly down. "I want you to try to go potty, okay?" Olly sighed, but mom was not done yet. "And since your feet touched the floor, I'm gonna need to wash them." Seeing that Olly was not taking the hint, she set to work. In no time flat, the teenager sat on the toilet wearing nothing but his pajama shirt as his mom set his pants and underwear aside so that they did not cover his feet. He squirmed as she used a wet wipe from her purse to clean his feet. "Focus on peeing."

"It tickles."

"I know. I'm trying to be gentle."

Once Olly had successfully peed, mom had to figure out how to get him dressed again. The nearby changing table provided just what she needed. Ignoring Olly's indignant protests, she had him lie down so she could slip first his briefs and then his pants up his legs. Then it was back to being carried out to the car. The worst part of all of this was, no part of it was that out of the ordinary. Almost all of his life, and especially since Austin had grown taller and bigger than him, Olly had been subjected to a seemingly perpetual toddlerhood. Sure, sometimes his parents told him to act his age, to clean his

room or to set the table, but in the same moment, they might drag him over to the nearest sink to wash his face for him or something like that. The older he got, the more Olly tried to rebel, but how much could he really do when his parents were still able to lift him and put him where they wanted?

"We're still a ways away from Aunt Carol's, so you can get some sleep, buddy." Mom said as she set him back in his booster seat, moving his arms and legs around to buckle him in. He thought that would be it, but mom grabbed the nearby blanket, giving Olly flashbacks to being carried outside all but swaddled in it that morning, and tucked it all around him so that only his head was exposed. "Try to get some sleep, kay?"

"Ok."

"I don't want to hear a peep out of you. See, your brother won't even bother you."

"Isn't it PediaSure time?" Dad said, leaning over his wife to smile down at Olly. He wore the same outfit as Austin, bow tie and all, which only made Olly wonder why he had to wait until they got to Aunt Carol's to see what his Easter outfit would be.

"It is!" With Olly's arms all but pinned to his sides by the blanket, he had no ability to hold the light blue bottle of PediaSure. Mom had no plans for him to do so, opening it and holding it to his lips. "There you go! Drink it all up, Olly." Mom said. When he got to drink it himself, Olly usually downed it in a gulp or two, but Mom kept the same

slow, steady pace. It would almost be the next PediaSure time by the time we're done, Olly thought. Finally, the bottle retreated from his lips and Mom wiped his face with a napkin. "Let's hit the road!"

Olly wiggled, trying to get an arm free, but it was no use. He was trapped, effectively cocooned in his car seat with the taste of PediaSure still on his lips. It really was not fair how he had to sit in a car seat and nap while Austin sat only a few feet away, listening to music and completely free to do as he pleased. At least I don't have to wear a dorky bow tie, he thought, but he knew that, more likely than not, his outfit waiting for him at Aunt Carol's would look an awful lot like his dad and brother's. At least, he hoped so.

Now that he thought about it, why had he not questioned the fact that everyone else was completely dressed but he had been plucked out of bed and carried straight to the car still in his pajamas? He wiggled again, trying to get free before giving up and asking his mom.

"You're supposed to be sleeping, Olly." She said. "And we did that because you're so grumpy in the mornings, we figured it's easier just to let you wear jammies in the car. Now go back to sleep. Are you cozy or should Austin put that other blankie on you too?"

"I'm cozy." Olly mumbled. Out of sheer boredom more than anything else, Olly dozed off to sleep. The next thing he heard was Austin nudging his shoulder.

"We're here, Olly." He said, smirking at his brother's babyish

appearance. He had taken a couple pics, just in case, even though Olly was always treated like such a baby, blackmail wasn't even really possible.

More often than not, Olly's treatment passed unnoticed by Austin. After all, it was the way things had always been, though the older he got, the funnier it was to see Olly treated as a toddler. He still got put in timeout when he was in what their parents called 'one of his moods'! He had once remarked on how unfair it was that he got grounded and Olly got timeouts, but his dad had asked him if he really wanted to spend time on the timeout step like Olly so often did. Austin had quickly decided against it.

"Can you let me out?" Olly asked.

"You can't do it yourself?"

"It's Olly proof." Olly mumbled. Austin nodded and easily unbuckled Olly, hoping he noticed that a task that was impossible for him was a matter of five seconds for his brother. "Where'd you put my shoes?" Mom had always called the backseat a disaster area. Strewn on the floor of the car was garbage, Austin's water bottle, a flip-flop whose partner had gone missing, a worn brown and white bunny plush, and various other things. Any hopes of finding his shoes quickly seemed foolish.

"Threw them in the back." Austin said with a shrug. Olly turned to look behind the seat, the ruined elastic of his hand me down pajamas pants refusing to stay up. "I see Paris, I see France, I see Olly's underpants!"

“Boys, quit fighting.” Mom said. “What’s taking so long?”

“Shoes.” Olly said. Mom sighed.

“You can be barefoot. Aunt Kristen has shoes with your Easter clothes.”

“But”

“I’ll carry you over the pebbles, don’t worry.” Reaching in, she fixed Olly’s pajamas and picked him up in one fell swoop. “Austin, you need to get out too. Your shirt better not be wrinkled.”

“It’s fine, mom!” Austin vastly preferred it when her attention was on Olly. Holding Olly to her shoulder, she eyed Austin before nodding.

“Alright, you go stay out of trouble while I’m finding Olly’s outfit.”

“Mom, can’t I walk?” Olly whispered. The pebbles were behind them and there was soft grass right there! She ignored him, smiling and waving at a few relatives as she carried him into the house.

“Well, hi there, Margaret!” Olly groaned as his mom immediately got caught in a conversation with one of her aunts. He could never keep his mom’s enormous family straight in his head, but he was pretty sure Great Aunt Margaret was the one who insisted he and Austin wear bibs the last time they visited her. He squirmed in his mom’s arms as if to remind her of his presence. “Well, we’d better keep

moving. Have you seen Kristen?"

"I don't think they're here yet."

"Oh, alright. If you see her, can you send her up to the green bedroom? She's bringing Olly's Easter clothes."

"Why, hello there, Olly! Are you excited to see the Easter Bunny?" Seeing that Olly was about to snark back, his mom intervened.

"He's still a little grouchy from the car ride." She said, bouncing Olly slightly as if to drive home the fact she was carrying him. "But once he's all dressed and presentable, I'll be sure to bring him by to talk."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll be the most handsome little guy!" Olly shuddered. Had she meant that to sound so ominous? He was worrying over nothing, he tried to reassure himself. Right?

It was only when they reached the green bedroom that Olly finally got free of his mom's arms. She set him down on the bed, but before he could even right himself, she had pulled his shirt over his head.

"I figure it'll be easier if we get you undressed now."

"I can do it myself!"

"Fine, do your pants, mister." She stepped back, hands on her hips.

"Why?"

"This way, once Aunt Kristen gets here, and I'm sure she's

pulling in, we can get you dressed right away." Olly did not like that it was a we thing.

"Can't it wait?" His mom reached down and tugged down his pants.

"You can keep your underwear." She said as if that was supposed to reassure him. "Hmm, they're still not here?" Olly huffed. Here he was, in his underwear for no reason. "Quit huffing, mister. Here." She reached into her handbag and handed him a juice box. He struggled with the straw for a moment before looking up at her. He felt so vulnerable in his underwear.

"Can you help?"

"Can you ask nicely?" His brow furrowed. "You've been so grumpy, I want to hear some nice manners."

"Mommy, can you please help me with my juice box?" He silently scolded himself. He was supposed to be breaking that habit and calling her mom! He had promised himself to. He was too old to be calling his parents mommy and daddy anymore. She took the juice from him and punctured it with the straw. "Thank you, mom." He said, swallowing the final syllable.

Olly almost jumped out of his skin as the door opened and Austin stepped in. He held a cup of coffee in his hand and smiled at Olly, the stark contrast between him and his brother undeniable.

"Mom, dad wanted to know if you want coffee." He said. "I

see Olly’s already got some juice.”

“I’m fine, but thank you, Austin.” Austin nodded and walked away, leaving the door wide open.

“Close the door!” Olly called. Mom clucked.

“Oh, it’ll be fine. Aunt Kristen and Tobey will be here any minute now, I’m sure.” That was easy for her to say, Olly thought. She wasn’t the one in just her underwear. “Drink your juice.”

Olly sipped at his juice. He did not like the taste of coffee, but it would have been nice to be offered it at least, he thought. He soon heard voices. He turned to the still opened door to see Aunt Karen walk in, holding the hand of a boy, his cousin Tobey.

It had been a few years since Olly had seen Aunt Kristen. In fact, he was pretty sure the last time they had met, Tobey had been crawling still. Now he was four and walking. Sure, he was not as tall as Olly, but their heights were close enough to annoy him, given how far apart in age they were. And it certainly did not help that Olly was standing there in nothing but his underwear, holding a juice box.

"Look at that, Tobey! Olly's gotten a head start." Despite that, she still had to exchange pleasantries with Olly's mom while Tobey smiled shyly at Olly.

"Do you want a juice box, Tobey?" Olly's mom asked. She pulled it out and held it out to Olly to walk over, painfully aware that he was the only one in just his underwear, and

grab it to give to Tobey.

"Thank you." Tobey said. "I'm gonna be in kindergarten in the fall."

"Cool." Olly said. Tobey had only said it to gauge the age of this boy standing in front of him. He had to be about the same age, right? He had big boy undies on and a juice box, just like him. Tobey frowned.

"Well, I suppose the boys are itching to get dressed for Easter!" Aunt Kristen said. "Just wait until you see their outfits in person. You'll die." Olly's brow furrowed. That almost made it sound like...

He watched as Aunt Kristen revealed matching outfits unlike anything he could have imagined. Austin got to wear the same outfit as his dad and he had to wear... that?

The pants were more like capris in a very light blue, but that was downright masculine compared to the light yellow top with a broad white collar.

"Oh, look at that!" Olly heard his mom say. He looked at her hopefully, detecting the slightest hint of hesitation in her voice. "Isn't that cute, Olly?"

"I had them follow the measurements you sent, but I wasn't sure if Olly would be in a diaper or not."

"What?" Diapers? At his age?

"Remember, sweetie? Last time we saw Aunt Kristen, you still wore diapers for long car rides." Olly shuddered as he

had a faint memory wash over him of lying on the carpet as his mom removed a still dry diaper to put his underwear on right there where everyone could see as if he weren't a boy of ten.

"I remember." He muttered as his mom took the outfit from Aunt Kristen. "Mom," he whispered. "Mom! Mom? Mom" he sighed. "Mommy."

"Oh, sorry, sweetie. You know it's hard to hear when you whisper." Yeah, I'm sure that's it, he thought sullenly.

"You can't be serious. That looks like it's for a girl."

"Tobey's wearing the same thing." She said. "Besides, this" she touched the ridiculous collar. "Is called a Peter Pan collar. Peter Pan's a boy, isn't he?"

"But Austin will laugh at me."

"Well, you can just remind him he has a bow tie." Mom replied with a laugh. "And I bet he'd laugh more if you went outside in just your undies, don't you think?"

"But"

"I hoped you'd be in the mood to dress yourself, but I guess I'll have to do it."

Olly quickly learned that he would not be wearing exactly the same outfit as his littlest cousin. Tobey's outfit had capris. His outfit had shorts that did not even reach his knees and seemed to balloon out. "Hmm" Mom said thoughtfully, looking from her son to her nephew.

"Oh! How about that? I told them two pairs of capris, but I guess something got mixed up." Olly frowned. "Oh, I bet it's because I told them to leave room for a diaper, just in case." Great, Olly thought. Not only am I dressed the same as a four year old, my shorts are designed for a diaper.

"You two are going to have to remind people you aren't brothers." Mom remarked as she adjusted his shorts. "You two even have the same haircut!" Stricken, Olly looked over at Tobey and realized it was true! They bore a strong resemblance to each other, even without the outfit. His hair was just a bit darker than Tobey's, but that was really the main difference. Great. He thought, growing more and more grouchy by the moment.

"Mommy! I can't wear this!" Olly whined. He cleared his throat to try and sound more mature and confident. "I can't."

"Why? It's your size, so it must be meant for a boy your age."

"But... I can't be dressed the same as my little cousin."

"Olly, come on. You're what, ten years older than Tobey? Daddy's dressed the same as Austin and they're twenty-five years apart."

"That's not the same at all!"

"Olly, stop whining. Aunt Kristen was very kind to buy you this outfit. It was a very thoughtful gift."

"Yeah, leaving room for a diaper was so thoughtful."

"It was." Mom said sincerely. She gave him a hug. "Look, I

spent quite a few Easters wearing the most awful dresses. Your Great Aunt Margaret seemed to think I was a doll for her to dress up, so I know what it's like wearing things you don't really want to."

"But"

"Just grin and bear it and show me what a big boy you can be." Olly frowned. At his age, he should not have to prove that he was a big boy. It was obvious. "Just your shoes left."

Based on the rest of the outfit, Olly would have expected the shoes to be awful, but in fact, they looked like normal dress shoes. Black, maybe a bit shiny, but they had laces and did not look anything like the little girl style shoes he had expected. There was only one problem.

"Kristen, I sent you Olly's shoe size, didn't I?"

"Yeah, what's wrong?"

"These!" She held up a pair of shoes that were downright tiny. "They won't work at all." Kristen frowned and looked at Olly's feet.

"Guess we should be calling you Bigfoot, Olly!" She said in amused disbelief. "Well, I guess they do say your feet grow before everything else." Olly frowned petulantly. The shoes he had lost – Austin had hidden from him, more like – in the car had been Austin's old ones from around second grade, so his feet were nowhere near as big as Kristen made them sound. "It'll be fine. Tobey's been boycotting shoes lately anyway, so I guess they'll both be barefoot." Realizing that he

was very likely looking at a day of being carried everywhere, Olly piped up.

“My shoes are out in the car.” He hoped it would come off as a mature young man trying to help.

“Those dirty sneakers won’t go with your outfit at all.” Mom said. “You’ll be fine sticking to the soft grass in the backyard.”

“But”

“Hush, we’re not spending all of Easter with you whining.” She kissed his nose. “Now go stand next to Tobey so we can look at you too.”

Gazing covetously at Tobey’s capris, Olly took his place next to him, confident that even though he was taller, his puffy shorts made it look as if he was diapered and, therefore, Tobey’s baby brother.

“They are just darling!” Kristen cooed. “Those little collars, everything fits perfectly.”

“They do make a cute pair.” Mom said, smiling sympathetically at Olly. Oh, well. He would be less pouty once he forgot about the outfit and started having fun.

“Let’s get down to the backyard.” Kristen declared, scooping up the nearest boy. “Oops, you’re Olly!”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got this one.” Olly watched as his mom looked down at Tobey. “Do you want to be carried like Olly or walk?” How come Tobey got to be asked?

“Let auntie carry you, Tobester.” Kristen said. She gave Olly’s cheek a kiss. “You’re heavier than you look.”

“I can walk.”

“Don’t be silly. We’ll be outside in no time.”

Olly watched from his vantage point as they headed downstairs slowly. It seemed like every other step, mom and Kristen had to stop and say hi to someone, Tobey and Olly basically just accessories in their arms to be cooed over and then forgotten as the adults chatted. Olly was in no hurry to get to the backyard, but that at least sounded better than this! He kept out an eye for Austin, wondering enviously what fun he was up to while Olly was a captive of Aunt Kristen.

Finally, they made it through the busily buzzing kitchen filled with downright delicious smells that made Olly’s stomach rumble almost enough for Aunt Kristen to feel it and out onto the patio. Olly’s nose wrinkled as he smelled Uncle Robert’s cigarette before the ancient man headed back inside.

“Ok, we simply must get a photo of you two before you go play.” Kristen said, finally putting Olly down next to Tobey. “Here, we’ll use this chair.” She dragged it over to the perfect spot.

“I don’t want a photo.” Olly mumbled, but he knew he had no choice. At least Austin was not around, even though he knew it was only a matter of time. Kristen examined the chair before nodding. “Tobey, you come over here and put your hand across the back.” He obeyed as Olly felt his stomach

twist. If Tobey was going to be standing by the chair, that meant... “Perfect. Now Olly sweetie” he prepared to listen to her instructions, but they did not come. She picked him up again only to plop him down on the chair. “Hold it just like this.” She said, putting his arms on the armrests of the chair and crossing his legs. “Stay just like that, munchkin.” Olly felt his stomach roil, but he just had to stay like this for a few…

Austin emerged from the house, looking directly at Tobey and Olly as Aunt Kristen lined up the shot. Olly stared as the light of recognition bloomed across Austin’s face as he took in his brother’s outfit.

“No, don’t move, Olly.” Kristen said, putting his feet back the way they were as Austin’s jaw literally dropped as he stared at his older brother’s predicament. “And keep it! Just. Like. That! Very good, boys.” Olly’s heart was in his throat as he tried to avoid Austin’s gaze. How was he going to explain this?

A moment later, reason returned. He would tell the truth. Mommy and Aunt Kristen had made him wear it. Austin had been unhappy about his own outfit, surely he would understand. He tried to convince himself of that as Aunt Kristen helped him off of the chair.

“Tobey, let’s go grab your toys from the car.” She said, looking over at her son. “You and Olly can play out here until lunchtime.” Olly looked to his mom for help, but she only smiled.

“That sounds fun. Olly could certainly use some fresh air and sunshine.” She looked up at the sky with delight. “It’s a beautiful day.”

“But mom” Olly walked over to his mom, stepping gingerly due to the rough stones of the patio. “Mom! Mom!” He sighed. “Mommy.”

“What’s wrong, Olly?”

“I can’t play with” he waited until Kristen and Tobey were far enough away. “With Tobey. He’s like four.”

“He’ll be five in June.” She replied. “And he clearly thinks you’re great.”

“How can you tell?”

“It’ll be a big help if you keep an eye on him. There aren’t any kids his age here.”

“But”

“No buts, mister.” She kneeled down and fixed his shorts. “Besides, I don’t know if you’d really want to face your big cousins dressed like this.”

“Mom!” She smiled and kissed his cheek.

“Hush. Don’t get all whiny so early in the day.”

“But mom! You’re not listening!”

“Hush. Here comes Tobey.” She smiled and took him by the hand to lead him over to the grass, where Aunt Kristen had

spread out a blanket. Great, Olly thought sullenly. At least it wasn't a playpen.

"I think this'll work great for the boys. They can play here until lunch." All morning? Olly thought irritably. He had not really known what the day would hold, but he had never thought it would have been a whole morning of playing with toys with a little kid!

"Sounds good. Olly, you sit here and keep an eye on Tobey." The way his mom said it almost made it sound like a joke, but Olly was not sure what was so funny. He was basically babysitting, wasn't he? He nodded seriously. How bad could it be, he thought as he eyed the canvas bag Tobey had carried over with both hands.

"Alright, boys. Play nice and don't leave the blankie. We'll be back when it's lunchtime, okay?"

"Okay, mommy." Tobey smiled at Olly. "We'll have lots of fun, right, Olly?" Olly nodded, unsure of what else to say as Tobey began to unpack his bag and the adults retreated, leaving them there in the spring sun on the blanket.

The toys Tobey had brought to share proved to be dolls. Olly could hardly believe that he sat in the grass wearing a pastel toddler outfit, holding a baby doll in his arms as Tobey watched him pretend to feed the doll.

"You're a good daddy." Tobey said as he brushed his own doll's hair.

"Thanks." Olly mumbled. At least Austin and the older

cousins – why did he think of them as older cousins? They were right around his age – had vanished off somewhere. What did they think about all this, he wondered. They knew his real age, surely they found it hilarious he had been reduced to the playmate of the youngest of the cousins. Even Stephie and Janie, seven and eight respectively, were giving them a wide berth, running from place to place in their Easter dresses.

“So do you watch Bunnydale a lot?”

“What’s that?”

“The TV show? Like on your undies?” Olly blushed. He did not even know there was a show. “I used to watch it when I was in preschool.” Olly only nodded.

“Um, I…” Why was he even wearing them? Normally, he tried to avoid any of the cutesy underwear Mommy bought him. He groaned inwardly as he remembered Mommy had insisted on giving him a bath the night before.

"I bet the girls in your class notice when you get baths." Mommy said. "Olly smells all clean and cute!"

"Mom!"

"What? You've gotten out of the shower with shampoo still in your hair. These baths are much more thorough. Girls notice that kind of thing. Mommy's a girl, you know." He remained silent through the rest of the bath as Mommy cleaned him every bit as thoroughly as promised. From there, she had followed him to his bedroom and, despite his protests,

dressed him in the Bunnydale briefs and Ninjago pajamas he had started Easter morning in.

“Yeah, I don’t really watch it. I think my mom” he forced himself to swallow the last syllable. “Got them on sale or something.”

“Oh, ok. But you wear diapers?” Olly almost yelped.

“No!” He realized it sounded too defensive. “I used to for like car rides and stuff, but I don’t anymore.” Tobey nodded.

“Well, your dolly wears diapers. Can you check him?” Tobey had this rare gift, Olly thought, for directing him on what to do without seeming bossy. He almost seemed older, or at least more mature, than a boy destined for kindergarten in the fall. “Yeah, just stick your finger in there.”

“It’s wet!” Olly was surprised. How did a doll wet its diaper? Tobey laughed.

“Isn’t it cool? My friend has a unicorn that poops glitter.” He giggled at the very thought, suddenly seeming every bit like a four year old.

Before Tobey could walk Olly through a diaper change, Aunt Kristen came over to their blanket. She smiled down at them for a moment before interrupting.

“Alright, boys, time to get ready for lunch.”

“Already?” Tobey said in disbelief.

“Yep. We were late, remember?” Tobey nodded and stood up,

offering his hand to Olly.

“C’mon, Olly! Time to get ready for lunch.” Olly took Tobey’s hand, figuring it was better than having to be carried or something. He tugged at his shorts with his free hand as they walked into the house, grimacing as he saw more than a few phones recording them going past. Why couldn’t everyone just mind their own business? Weren’t the girls in dresses more exciting than him and Tobey?

"Alright, do either of you need to go potty?" Olly shook his head, nervous that saying yes would mean peeing with an audience. He had already had his share of embarrassing bathroom experiences today. "Let's wash up then! Hands and faces please."

"Where's my mom?" Olly asked, a little annoyed that he was being treated exactly the same as Tobey.

"Oh, she's visiting, so I figured I'd take charge." Aunt Kristen said cheerfully. Olly accepted it and joined Tobey on the large stool that let them reach the sink. He did not really need it, but it prevented him from getting close enough to the sink, so he stood on it, feeling at least a bit closer to the height he should have been at his age.

Very aware of Aunt Kristen, Olly made sure to thoroughly wash up, making sure Tobey finished before him.

"All squeaky clean?"

"Yes, mommy." Tobey said, taking Olly's hand again before they left the bathroom. Austin was already sitting at the table,

so he got to watch Olly and Tobey come over, hand in hand. He grinned.

"Aw, so cute." He whispered as Olly took his place right next to him.

"You're at the kid table too." He hissed back. Austin looked a bit stung, but grinned again as Aunt Kristen gave Olly another surprise.

"Chin up, Olly." He obeyed before he thought to ask why and soon found out. Aunt Kristen slipped a bib over his head. "We don't want your lovely shirt to get dirty, do we?" He mumbled a noncommital response as Austin looked on.

"Cute bib." He said as soon as Aunt Kristen had left to grab Tobey, and probably Olly too, plates of food.

"At least I don't have to wear a bow tie." Austin was about to respond when Tobey piped up, coming to Olly's defense.

"Yeah, that bow tie's dorky!" He giggled. "We get to take our bibs off at the end of lunch, you gotta wear that all day!" Austin stared at the two and shrugged.

"You're right. He is a dork." Olly said to Tobey, who giggled again. It was kind of nice having an ally.

Lunch passed without major incident, though when Mommy checked in on them, she used Olly's bib to wipe his face, eliciting yet another giggle from Tobey and a snort from Austin. Finally, they were allowed to remove their bibs and head back outside.

“Who’s ready for Easter baskets?” Uncle Andrew announced. Somehow, while they were all inside, the patio table had filled with pink and blue baskets, each clearly labeled for one of the kids. “Line up!”

“Let’s go, Olly!” Tobey said excitedly, running over to join the line. Olly followed after him, rolling his eyes as he was allowed to cut so that he was right next to his twin for the day. He tugged at his shorts, silently willing them to grow into capris like Tobey’s, even though he knew all too well that it was no use at all.

“Thank you, Uncle Andrew.” Olly mumbled as he took the basket from him. With the basket in one hand and his other firmly held by Tobey, all Olly could do was go along with him back to the blanket.

“Don’t go crazy on the candy.” Aunt Kristen said, appearing out of nowhere as Olly sat down. Tobey stayed standing over him, as if making sure Olly was comfortable.

“Aren’t you gonna sit too?” Olly asked.

“Mommy, I need to go potty.” Tobey said.

“You were just inside.”

“I know, but I forgot.” Aunt Kristen smiled.

“Alright, let’s go. You stay right here, Olly.”

“Stay right here, Olly.” Tobey echoed before following his mom toward the house.

As soon as they had disappeared inside, Olly felt nearly overwhelmed. Here he was, sitting alone on a blanket in his pastel baby clothes, dolls nearby. He had to do something. He wiggled his toes as he tried to think of something. They would be back any minute now! He… he would go grab his shoes from the car! At least if he wasn't barefoot, he wouldn't feel so much like a baby. He stood up and groaned.

"Yeah, shoes are totally gonna fix this." He muttered derisively. Still, it was a better idea than obediently sitting there and waiting for his littlest cousin to come back so they could keep playing. He started off, confident in his plan. Maybe he could even find the cousins and convince them this had all been some sort of funny joke.

"Olly!" He froze as he heard Austin's voice behind him.

"What?"

"Wait up." Austin quickly closed the distance between them. "Where are you going?"

"To grab my shoes."

"Why?" Olly did not know how to explain it to Austin. He just hoped he would understand through some sort of brotherly psychic power.

"You gonna help me or what?" He asked, fighting the urge to tug down his shorts.

"I have a better idea."

"What?"

“A new game?”

“What game?”

"You’ll see. C'mere" Austin said, grabbing Olly's wrist.

"What are you doing?" Austin unwrapped a large chocolate egg and, holding it almost like lipstick, rubbed it all over Olly's cheeks and chin. Olly tried to push him off, but he only ended up with fingers covered in chocolate too. The effect was that he looked all the more like a little boy, one who had enjoyed his Easter candy a bit too much.

"This is our new game." Austin said. "How long can you go before mom or dad, it'll probably be mom, or maybe Auntie Kristen, drags you inside to clean you up? Don't touch your clothes! You wouldn't want to ruin your adorable outfit, now would you?"

“I’ll just go wash my own face!”

“Well, that’s not the point of the game, is it?” Austin said smugly. “That’d just be admitting defeat.”

“It’s not a good game!”

“Only because you know you won’t last two minutes without mom catching you.” He smirked. “I wouldn’t go back to your blankie. Tobey and Aunt Kristen are there.” Olly groaned. What was he going to do? “Like I said. It’ll be like a minute.”

“Well, I’ll… hide with you.” Austin considered it.

“I guess that could work, but” he shrugged. “Won’t one of the

cousins tattle? Eugene's been telling his dad about every fucking"

"Mommy says you're not supposed to use that word!" Olly covered his mouth. That had been so automatic! Austin laughed.

"Well, go tattle on me, mister goody two shoes. Or is it goody no shoes?" Olly growled and marched away. He would go find mom. His face was all sticky and he knew he had no chance of getting it clean without her help.

He did his best to keep his face down as he entered the house and the swarm of adults, but he knew there was little use. A kid in a bright outfit with chocolate all over his face was too eye-catching for anyone to miss. In an instant, his mom was there.

"Olly!"

"Austin did it, mommy." He mumbled. "He smeared chocolate all over my"

"Ok, sweetie. Let's go into the bathroom and get you all cleaned up. No, don't touch your shirt."

"I wasn't going to!" He whined as his mom, avoiding his sticky chocolate hands, guided him by the shoulders.

"Kristen was right to put you in a bib. Honestly, Olly, at your age!"

"Austin did it, mom! I swear! Seriously, I'm freaking"

“Language.” Olly fumed. Austin had actually sworn, but he was the one who got in trouble! This was so unfair! “Hold still.” He complied as she washed his face and hands. “There! One Olly, all nice and clean.”

“Thank you, mommy.” He said, hugging her. Suddenly, his shorts came down.

“You haven’t asked to potty all day.”

“I’m supposed to ask?”

“Auntie and Tobey were very concerned when I saw them, so I want you to try.” Olly had little choice as she set him down on the toilet, leaving him there as she washed her hands of the last little bits of chocolate. “You’ve been quite the hit among the adults, you know.”

“Why?”

“Because of your cute little outfit. We’ll have to find another occasion for you to wear it.”

“Mommy!”

“Now hush, sweetie. I’ll change you back to your jammies before we leave.”

Once Olly had sat for long enough, she got his outfit resituated and led him out into the Easter chaos. They almost reached the back door and Olly could almost taste freedom, but then his mom sat down and pulled him close.

"Did you have enough to eat at lunch?"

"Yeah." Olly mumbled. He did not sound confident enough, however, so his mom nodded.

"Let's do some Pediasure, just to be safe. It's better for you than all the candy you've been eating." Olly tried to explain to her that he had not even eaten any and it was all Austin, but that only distracted him enough that she was able to get him into her lap. "These puffy little shorts are so darling." She patted his thigh. "They make your thighs look almost nummy enough to eat!"

"Mommy!" He whined. He knew what she was planning. "Can't I just drink it myself? W-with Tobey?"

"Hush. I don't want any risk of spills, so you need to sit still and I'll hold the bottle. Just like this morning." Olly groaned. She was bound and determined to make him look like a total baby! He could not even chug like he normally did with her keeping it to a steady, sluggish pace. Twice in one day? He would have to insist on drinking it himself tomorrow. There was no way he would let this become the way things are.

"There. Was that so bad?" She asked, licking her finger and wiping a drop from his chin. "Now go back and play with Tobey." Humiliated, Olly wanted nothing more than to escape the adults who were all smiling at the little boy in their midst. He hurried away, bare feet slapping on the linoleum of the crowded kitchen.

Tobey smiled to see Olly come back, eyeing his shorts before nodding to himself. Little kids were so weird.

“Ready to change your dolly’s diaper? He’s been waiting really long!”

“Oh, um, yeah.” Olly kneeled down. “How do I do it?”

“It’s easy. Just do what your mommy does for you.”

“Huh?” Tobey seemed as confused as Olly.

“Weren’t you just inside getting your diaper changed?”

“What?” Olly’s voice shifted into a higher register. “No! I don’t! I don’t wear! You saw my undies!”

“Well, my mommy said she thought that’s where you went. And maybe you had an accident.” Tobey patted Olly’s hand. “It’s ok. You’ll get the potty evenduly.”

“It’s eventually.” Olly muttered. “I don’t wear diapers.” Tobey only smiled and walked him through how to change the doll. Olly’s face turned red as he saw that the doll was very clearly a baby boy and Tobey giggled at his reaction.

Once he had finished changing the doll, Tobey decreed it was time to put the dolls down for a nap and play something else, diving into his toy bag for their next game.

The rest of the day passed like that, with Olly and Tobey playing together. Thankfully, Tobey never mentioned his suspicion about Olly wearing a diaper again, but he still felt like the four year old kept sneaking peeks at his bottom, just in case, as they crawled around the blanket. Every now and again, Olly caught himself having actual fun and he wondered just how many adults and older cousins had seen

him doing so. It was too hard being paranoid and looking over his shoulder, so he just gave in. They had all seen him in his outfit, so what was the point of hiding it?

“Olly, time to go.” Mommy said. Olly stood up, handing the red plastic jet he had been flying through the air back to Tobey. “Give your cousin a hug.” Olly complied, even as phones clicked all around them as every onlooker captured the moment. He then followed his mom into the house, wondering if he should remind her that she said he could change back into his pajamas.

He did not need to as she picked him up once they reached the stairs and took him back to the green room. He almost wished Tobey had come with to see him stripped down to his underwear – not a diaper! – before she dressed him back in his pajamas.

“There we are! Do you have any candy left?”

“Yes. Tobey and I were too busy to eat it.”

“You mean Aunt Kristen took it and hid it.” Mommy said, kissing his nose. “Mommy knows everything, remember?” Olly groaned, but knew there was no way to convince her she was wrong. At least he could use Mommy’s story about him being tired out to lay his head on her shoulder and not say goodbyes to a million relatives who all seemed convinced he was Tobey’s age. By the time they made it out to the car, he had to fight back a couple yawns. Maybe the day had tired him out?

"I want you to try to sleep all the way home." Mom said as she tucked the blanket around Olly before grabbing the second one and adding it too.

"Mommy!" He whined.

"It's been a very exciting day and I'm sure you've had lots of candy, but I want you nice and calm for the drive." She said. Olly sighed, knowing it was futile to argue. At least they were leaving, his Easter outfit a thing of the past.

"Tobey wants to say goodbye!" Aunt Kristen called. Olly's eyes widened. He... Tobey could not see him like this, buckled into a car seat, wrapped in blankets! It was too late. Tobey's smiling face appeared in his field of vision. He had also gotten out of his Easter outfit, but he wore a t-shirt and jeans now. He didn't look remotely ready for bed.

"Bye-bye, Olly."

"Bye, Tobey." He mumbled. With his arms pinned to his side, he could do little more than blush as Tobey gave him an awkward hug and even kissed his cheek.

"Oh, you dropped this!" Tobey leaned down and picked up a stuffed rabbit from the floor. "Here's your bunny, baby Olly!" He tucked the bunny into Olly's blanket, the teenager's eyes wide. He had not imagined it, had he? Tobey, this little four year old, had just called him a baby! Austin was failing to hide a grin next to him. The door closed and with it, Olly's opportunity to set the record straight. He groaned and hoped it would be another three years before he saw Tobey again.

The End