Petey's Pull-ups

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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"Go away!" Peter yelled, glaring at his obnoxious little brother Dylan.

"But you said I could play!"

"I said you could play when I'm done." Peter said, holding the controller over his brother's head with a smirk.

"Please? Just ten minutes!" Dylan whined. "This isn't fair!"

"I don't care." Peter said, turning away as his brother tried to jump to grab the controller. Despite being thirteen to Dylan's nine, he was only a little taller than the younger boy, so holding the controller up over his head was not a sure thing. Dylan huffed.

"You're a jerk!" Peter shrugged it off and sat back down on the couch, so absorbed by the game that he did not notice the strange smile that crossed his brother's face. "Maybe you're fussy because you had an accident in your Pull-ups." Peter did not respond. "I said, you had an accident in your Pull-ups, didn't you, Petey?"

"Don't call me that."

"What's wrong, Petey? Embarrassed that you still wear Pull-ups?" Peter stared at his brother.

"I don't." He wished he had not stammered, but the accusation was ridiculous. He was thirteen! What self-

respecting thirteen year old wore Pull-ups?

"Prove it."

"What? No way."

"Why? Because you are wearing Pull-ups?" Dylan teased. Peter did not know why, but somehow, the implication that he was wearing Pull-ups got under his skin. He sighed and stood up, his head spinning a bit. He pulled down his shorts and Dylan guffawed.

"Huh?" Peter looked down and saw not his boxers, but a pair of white briefs with red piping and the Hot Wheels logo on them! "What the heck?" There had to be some mistake. Had he accidentally grabbed a pair of Dylan's underwear that morning? It was not that rare for mom to mess up the laundry and give them each other's underwear. How had he gone all day in his brother's briefs?

Peter's eyes widened as his brother showed him his waistband! How was Dylan wearing his boxers? Dylan smirked and looked at Peter's underwear.

"They're a start, but not quite Pull-ups."

"Did you do this?" Peter demanded, only then realizing that he was looking up to meet Dylan's gaze. "What the?" Dylan smirked.

"Pull your shorts back up and maybe that'll fix it." Figuring it was worth a shot, Peter bent over and pulled his shorts back up. As he pulled them up, he stared at Spongebob on his t-

shirt. Wait, Spongebob?

Peter's mind raced as he looked back at Dylan, realizing that his little brother now stood a good six inches over him.

"What's going on?" He asked.

"I asked if you had an accident in your Pull-ups, Petey." Dylan said gently.

"My name's not Petey!"

"Shh, inside voice, remember? You don't want mom to come yell at us, do you?"

"No, but" Peter gasped. "I do want Mommy to come! That way, she'll see what you did to me!"

"I didn't do anything to you, buddy." Dylan said, grabbing Peter's much smaller arm and pulling him back toward him. "Let's check your Pull-ups." He tugged Peter's shorts down to his knee and Peter stared in shock at the blue and white Pull-ups he now wore, Lightning McQueen smiling at him. "Still dry! Attaboy!"

"But"

"I know, it's not fair to still be in Pull-ups when you're five years old, but you're getting the hang of it, aren't you?"

"But" Peter felt tears welling up in his eyes. He was not five! He was thirteen, wasn't he?

"Oh, it's okay, Petey. How about you have potty time and we can show Mommy that you're ready for big boy undies,

hmm?" Still so terribly confused, Peter could not do much other than let his brother lead him over to the training potty in the corner, his shorts left on the floor behind him so that he had only his Spongebob t-shirt and Pull-ups on.

"Hey, stop." He whined as Dylan tugged down his Pull-ups and, lifting him, set him down on the training potty.

"Let's get you all buckled in." Dylan said, sliding a strap across Peter's chubby Buddha belly. "And we'll set your potty time for ten minutes. Think you can go peepee in ten minutes?"

"Dylan, stop!"

"Show me what a big boy you can be, Petey." He said, kissing the boy's forehead. wondering if Peter even knew he now had a shaggy little boy's haircut. "While you're doing that, I'll finally get a turn on your new game." He chuckled, sitting down on the couch. "You know, I was going to change you back, but you're a lot more manageable this way, Petey."