Piddlepanties Princess

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You know what they say, you should never meet your crush.

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Piddlepanties Princess

Tyler groaned, rolling over and tugging at the blanket as he heard the sound of a lawn mower outside. It was Saturday morning! Why could he not be allowed to sleep in on Saturday at least? He rolled out of bed, groaning as melodramatically as a thirteen year old could to vent his frustration. It was not fair! Scratching his upper thigh, he stomped over to his dresser, grabbing a pair of fresh underwear and pulling them on as he went over to the window to glare at his dad from the refuge of the second floor. It was only then that he remembered his mom and dad were gone until Sunday night. Mowing the lawn was actually the neighbor, Brent. Tyler could not help but stare when he discovered that Brent was mowing their lawn in nothing but a pair of navy blue athletic shorts, his sun-kissed back completely bare. His boxers peeked over the top of his shorts and Tyler quickly looked away. Lately, he had gotten this funny feeling whenever he even thought of Brent. Even now in his embarrassment over the weird feeling, he was trying to think of excuses to go outside and strike up a conversation with the sixteen year old.

He dressed and scolded himself. He had never had a conversation with Brent. They were completely different people. What would he even say?

"Oh, hey." He scoffed at how awkward it sounded even just considering the possibility. No, there was no way he would

go out there. His mind wandered again to the mowing teen outside and the next thing he knew, he was gathering the kitchen trash to take it out. "Hey, Brent." He practiced as he walked toward the front door. If he made it sound casual, it did not even matter if Brent ignored him. At least, that was what he told himself. He was pretty sure he would die if Brent did not say something back. Then again, he might die if he did. "God, why am I this way?" Tyler muttered. He took a deep breath and opened the front door.

Sensing motion, Brent turned and gave a half nod to Tyler as he emerged. Tyler did his best to nod back, lugging the bag of trash toward the can. Why was it so heavy? He attempted to hide his struggle, but he heard the mower stop and Brent come over.

"Here." He said with a smile, easily lifting the bag and depositing it in the trash can. "You're Trevor, right?"

"Uh, Tyler." He laughed nervously. He had not realized just how dramatic the difference in height between him and Brent was. Brent's smile seemed to change slightly, although Tyler could not say exactly how it had.

"Quite the giggle you've got there." He looked Tyler up and down, from his bare feet to his shaggy dirty blond hair. "How old are you, kid?"

"Thir" before the word could get out of his mouth, Brent had grabbed him and, throwing him on the grass, began to tickle him. Brent was tickling him! He tried to fight him off, but he was paralyzed by laughter, his high pitched squeals echoing

in the Saturday morning air.

"What a girly giggle you have!" Brent teased. "Is the little girly ticklish?"

"Stop!" Tyler panted, but it was no use. Brent smirked and, grabbing Tyler's ankle, began to tickle his foot. Tyler squealed and squirmed.

"How old are you, little girl?" Brent asked, relentlessly tickling Tyler's feet. He slowed down and looked at him, smirking at how red the boy's face was, tears still streaming down his face.

"I'm thirteen." Tyler said, trying to catch his breath.

"Oh! The ticklish little princess is a big girl, hmm?" He suddenly began tickling Tyler's stomach again, moving up and down his sides with considerable skill. "Isn't she? Isn't she?" As Tyler tried in vain to fight off the bigger, stronger boy, he came to a terrible realization. In his haste to get outside to see Brent, he had forgotten to go to the bathroom. His bladder ached and he knew it was only a matter of time before he lost the fight.

"Please" he tried to say, but Brent kept on tickling him. He knew what was about to happen was inevitable.

"Holy shit!" Brent exclaimed as a dark spot formed on the front of Tyler's shorts. With a smirk, he undid Tyler's fly and chuckled as he saw his now soaked white briefs. "What's wrong? Mommy won't buy you real panties?"