

# Playing Pretend

*by HallowsEveWrite*

Chase, Grant, Emily and Chloe find a way to spend the afternoon with a game of dress-up. Emily and Chloe take their games seriously and it's up to Chase to reel them in and Grant to make sure the fun continues.

The Costume Box

2022

*Chapter 1*

## Playing Pretend

Chase stood there looking at the three of them with his arms crossed, his brother, sister and cousin were all digging deep into their cousin's dress-up box. His parents had dropped the three of them off at their cousin's all the time for free babysitting from his Aunt. It always ended up with them playing whatever game his cousin, Chloe, and his sister, Emily, wanted to play. He looked at Grant, his younger brother and rolled his eyes. He always seemed happy to play whatever the girls wanted, whether it was dolls or some version of them "playing pretend", this left him being the only one pouting.

"Come on Chase, you have to pick something for dress-up!" Emily announced.

Chase felt if he rolled his eyes one more time he would get a headache. "Why bother, I know the only thing that's in that box is princess and fairy dresses. You have nothing for me and Grant!" He claimed trying to get some type of sympathy from Grant who was still digging through the box. He knew from previous experience if he agreed they would be dressed as princess fairies.

"There are some things that aren't dresses." Chloe mused while trying to think of something. "Would you agree to play if we find something?"

"It has to be both of us!" He shot back. "I know Grant will

wear anything!” He knew his dork brother would wear any get up as long as he got to play, a fact the two girls often used against him.

Chloe squealed and pulled out a simple dress with a floral pattern. “I’ll dress as a Mommy!” She announced while changing into her own outfit.

Chase looked at Grant as the two of them turned around to let her change, as usual he was all smiles and lived for these sorts of games. “What do I get to be?” He asked the girls, easily giving them the opportunity to pick for him.

“Let’s see.” Chloe said while shifting the outfits. “It has to be for a boy, since we already agreed to that.” She moved something and her eyes opened wide. “How about you pretend to be a baby?”

“A baby!” Grant said, surprised. For a moment Chase felt a hint of pride in his youngest sibling. Was he finally going to refuse to allow them to treat him like their personal plaything? “How would we do that?” Chase’s pride fizzled as fast as it appeared.

Chloe started to pull out some accessories from the dress-up box, a blue and white pair of footie pajamas, which seemed small even for Grant, a pacifier and baby mittens with ribbons at the cuffs. “One more thing!” She said and ran out of her bedroom and returned only a few seconds later with something behind her back. “It’s a surprise!” she said which left Grant smiling.

“You aren’t really going to dress-up like a baby?” Chase asked his brother.

Grant looked away from his brother and little and blushed. “It’s just a game!” He told him, as usual he didn’t even try to refuse to put on the humiliating get up.

“Yeah Chase! It’s just a game!” Emily added. “Now Grant babies can’t get changed by themselves!” Emily started clearly eager to start playing.

Grant just giggled and started to play along, running around Chase as the two girls tried to corner him. Chase rolled his eyes again at the situation. Emily grabbed Grant’s T-Shirt which he slipped out of and still ran away, he made mocking baby talk at them, much to the girls delight. They grabbed his pants and pulled them down leaving him in just his briefs which made him laugh even harder.

Grant finally submitted now that he was declodded and once he let his guard down Chloe grabbed the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down too, causing Grant to squeal. “Hey! I need those!” He shouted while covering himself with his hands, the two girls giggling at his helplessness, Chase felt some second hand embarrassment for his brother but he now had a feeling where this was going.

“Now now Grant, babies can’t talk!” Emily scolded him through giggles.

“I have something much more age appropriate than those big boy undies!” Chloe held open a pull up diaper for him to step

into.

Grant started shifting his weight back and forth as he looked at the pull up. He knew it was just a game and he didn't actually need to wear them, it was the fact that it was his pull up from just a couple years ago when they spent the night at Chloe's that made it more embarrassing. He looked at her about to say something and stopped, defeated, not wanting to break the rules by protesting and shakingly stepped into the leg holes of the diaper. In one quick motion Chloe pulled it up and it was very snug against his butt. "It fits!" She cried which left Grant even more humiliated.

"Now let's get little baby Grant into some pajamas and ready for a nap!" Emily cried clearly having fun with her younger brother.

Grant tried to still play along even though he was embarrassed, he never knew when to tell his sister to stop. "Goo goo, ga ga." He mimicked, which left the two girls snickering.

Chloe picked the footie pajamas and unzipped the back of them and held them out for Grant. "Little baby Grant needs to step into the legs of the pajamas, can you do that like a big boy?" Chloe spoke to him in a soft baby tone.

Grant smirked at her and plopped his butt onto the ground and crossed his arms. "No!" he shouted and crossed his arms acting like a stubborn baby. Grant's playfulness caused the three of them to giggle.

“Okay have it your way!” Chloe told him and placed the pajamas on the ground and started working his legs into the small outfit.

“Chloe, there is no way that’s going to fit him!” Chase tried to warn her. He had to admit the whole scene was rather amusing.

“It will fit! These have four way stretch!” She said as Grant’s legs were successfully jammed into the bottom half of the pajamas. “Now baby Grant, let's not be too fussy.” She cooed and grabbed his arms and fed them into the sleeves of the sleeper. Chloe smiled at her success and grabbed the zipper and pulled it up his back, the snug fitting footie pajamas left no room for bagginess and exposed every shape of him. The pajamas were baby blue with white horizontal stripes. With the zipper at the top she did up a button at his neck to keep it safely hidden behind some fabric.

“Aww, look at the cute baby all ready for bed.” Emily praised him.

Grant sat up and looked at himself, the pajamas did nothing to hide the bulging material of the pull ups but had to admit he kind of liked all the attention the game was providing him. “Uh, goo goo, ga ga.” He repeated which caused all four of them to laugh.

“He’s not completely ready!” Chloe announced and pulled out the mittens and put Grant’s hand in one of them. The mittens were clearly too small for Grant’s hands and he had to make fists in order for them to fit inside, Chloe cinched

them around his wrists with the ribbon leaving them trapped inside.

“Let’s not forget the pacifier for our teething baby!” Emily reminded them and pulled out the pacifier and clipped it to his pajamas, she then took it and shoved it into Grant’s mouth. This left the four of them giggling at the final outfit Grant was in.

Grant’s face was beat red but in his new baby attire it looked perfectly natural. He fidgeted in the outfit and tried to move his hands in the mittens, the pajamas were tight and snug against his body and the mittens wouldn’t let him open his hand from the fists they were in. “Okay baby now just sit on the bed while we find an outfit for Chase.” Chloe told him softly. Grant smiled underneath his pacifier and sat on the bed crossed legged excited to see what Chase was going to wear.

Chloe stepped back to the dress up box satisfied with her babified little cousin and looked toward Chase. “I am not dressing up like a baby.” Chase demanded.

“Two babies would be a handful anyway.” She sarcastically dismissed it. “I was thinking about this outfit instead.” Chloe pulled out a light brown dog costume with large dark brown floppy ears out of the dress up box. She smiled and tossed it at Chase who caught the outfit out of the air, he didn’t want to admit it but the outfit was just his size.

“A dog, is that really the only other boy outfit you have?” Chase questioned his older cousin. He looked at Grant who

was giggling with delight.

Chase inspected the outfit. It was a nicely made puppy outfit with attached paws. The outfit also had a back zipper with an attached hood that had floppy dog ears. The belly was a white fur with the rest being light brown. Chase moaned in annoyance, he hadn't expected to have to wear anything himself. "Do I really have to?" He asked the girls.

Grant looked at him and spoke through his pacifier. "It's not that bad, it's just a game after all!" His little brother tried to reason with him. Chase looked at him dressed as a baby playing along and still managing to have some fun.

"Babies can't talk!" Chloe and Emily said in unison, causing the three of them to laugh some more.

"Fine! I'll put on the stinking costume." he relented and started to unzip the animal outfit and step into it.

"Wait!" Emily said quickly. "You need to take off your boy clothes!"

"What? Why does that matter, it's just for the game." He snapped back.

"She's right!" Chloe agreed. "Grant and I changed so it's not really playing dress up if you keep your clothes on." Chloe stated in her motherly tone.

Chase made a tsk sound and unbuttoned his flannel shirt and dropped it on the ground, without skipping a beat he then unbuckled his belt and dropped his jeans to the floor. There

he stood it just his briefs similar to how Grant was just a few minutes ago but with much more confidence. He picked up the costume and grumbled. “Are you happy now?”

Grant giggled with delight from under his pacifier and the girls laughed at him. Chase stepped into the legs of the dog suit and pulled it up and put his hands into the sleeves. Chase tried to get at the zipper in the back but couldn’t quite reach it, his little sister was quick to grab the zipper and bring it to the top. Emily flipped the hood over his head while she was behind him, causing the floppy ears to fold over in front of his face which he quickly batted away with his paw clad hands.

“There, I’m a dog now!” Chase said, trying to get the game over with.

Chloe smiled at him and looked him up and down. After a moment she opened her closet and started digging through some old boxes. “Hang on, I have the perfect thing to complete your look!” She told the group who were all looking at her with curiosity. She eventually returned from her closet holding a red dog collar. “I knew I had one in here!”

“Oh that’s perfect!” Emily cried.

“Fine whatever, let’s get this over with.” Chase surprisingly agreed.

“Great! But doggies don’t stand up and use words, you need to be on all fours!” Chloe demanded and pointed to the ground.

Chase groaned and complained. "Is that really necessary?" He asked.

"It's just a game!" Emily repeated from earlier. Finally he just agreed again since he was already wearing the dog costume and his brother was being forced to speak like a baby, it was only fair. Chase went down to his hands and knees and finally started blushing at the girls.

Chloe grinned at his cousin's attitude and stepped behind him. She adjusted the collar so it fit around his neck and the hood of the costume. The clasp clicked shut, the collar wasn't overly tight but he could feel it on his neck which was a new sensation for him.

The three of them laughed at him as he stood there on his hands and knees, he eventually sat on the ground knowing that if he tried to stand up he would be told to sit back down.

"You're such a good boy Chase!" Emily cooed which made him flush. "Now it's time for my outfit. baby Grant and doggie Chase need to turn around while I change."

Grant and Chase complied and spun around staring at the other side of the room. "You look silly." His little brother whispered to him.

"Babies can't talk!" The girls chided Grant, who blushed at breaking the rules.

"You're one to talk." Chase whispered back.

"Doggies can't talk either!" The girls scolded Chase who

chuckled at their teasing, which they let slide.

After some scrambling from Emily and snickering between her and Chloe they let Grant and Chase turn around. Chase looked at Emily, she had decided to take his jeans and flannel shirt and wear those, she even found a ballcap among Chloe's things to wear as well. "Since Chloe is the mommy, Grant is the baby and Chase is the doggie I decided to dress up as the Daddy!" She declared while simultaneously making them seem like a happy family.

"Hey! Those are my things!" Chase protested while he looked up at his sister.

"It's just for the game!" Emily shot back. "I'll give them back!"

Chase furrowed his brow and made another tsk sound. "Remember Chase, doggies don't talk, so if you have something to say you need to bark properly." Chloe reminded him of the rules.

Grant giggled at his older brother being scolded by his cousin. Chase glared at him from under his floppy eared dog hood. "Goo goo, ga ga" Grant said in an almost snobbish tone, proving he was better at the game than Chase.

Chloe rushed over to Grant. "Aww, does our cute baby find our mean doggie funny?" She softly spoke which caused him to giggle, he loved being the center of attention. "I'm going to find something for our baby to drink!" She told Emily "Keep an eye on these two, Daddy." She bounced out of the

room.

Emily looked at Grant who was now lying on his back inspecting his mitten covered fists above him, satisfied she turned her attention to Chase. She stuck her hand in the jeans pocket and pulled out a key, it was Chase's house key on a keyring, she smiled and grinned at her brother. "It looks like I found your doggy tag!" She happily squealed.

Chase was about to protest but stopped knowing he would be told not to speak. "Woof?" He mumbled hoping the inflection on the end would signify he was at least curious. The pretend bark made Chase flush red, he hoped this game ended soon.

Emily smirked at him and dangled the keychain in front of him with the key. There was a circular tag that read "Chase" on one side and his mother's phone number on the other. The keychain wasn't a dog tag and all three of them had one on their own key but it did look similar to one.

Chase rolled his eyes as Emily removed the tag from his own key and attached it to the collar around his neck, it now dangled beneath his chin proudly displaying his name. His little brother giggled at him from the bed as he watched it happen. Chase's face flushed and he got annoyed at the additional accessory added to his outfit, even if it was his own keyring.

Chloe entered the room, she was carrying a baby bottle in one hand and a water dish in another. "I thought our boys might be thirsty." She told Emily who was still admiring the dog tag on Chase.

Chase and Grant looked at the drinking containers and then at each other. Chase was about to say something but Emily patted his head. “You’re such a good boy Chase, drink up so you aren’t thirsty!” She praised him,

Chloe stepped over and sat on the bed beside Grant, she pulled him up so his head rested on her lap and grabbed the bottle which was filled with milk, she plucked the pacifier out of his mouth and let it rest on his chest.

Grant not knowing what to do allowed Chloe to push the bottle’s nipple into his mouth without protest. His face lit up red as Chloe firmly held the bottle in place, he tried to push it away but she used her free hand to bat his mitten covered hands away. Eventually Grant started sucking and draining the bottle of its contents.

“That’s a good baby.” Chloe praised. “Drink up.”

Chase scoffed at Grant for allowing them to treat him like an actual baby, he looked at him and could tell he was about to tear up from embarrassment. Emily had placed the silver dish filled with water in front of him and looked down expecting him to drink. “Drink up Chase, our doggie must be thirsty too!” She told him. Chase looked to Grant who was on the verge of tears and knew he needed to do something to cheer him up, even though Grant’s willingness to participate is what got him in this mess.

Chase took a deep breath and loudly with a splash dove his mouth into the water dish. Emily squealed with delight at what she just witnessed which caught both Chloe and Grant’s

attention from the bed. Grant snorted the milk he was being fed out of his nose and the three of them were giggling at Chase's antics.

Chase made some slurping sounds and then lifted his head from the bowl, he was embarrassed and flushed red. He looked at Grant who was now smiling and he was happy he was able to avoid him getting too upset. To complete his act he sat back down and stared at Emily. "Arf." He spoke. The girls started cackling with laughter at Chase's surprise addition to the game.

"Such a good doggie we have!" Emily cheered, she gave Chase's head some affectionate head pats. For some reason the head pats left Chase more flushed than drinking water from the bowl.

Chloe made Grant finish the whole bottle of milk to his growing discomfort he started fidgeting trying to get out of her lap. "Aww does our little baby need a burp after his milk?" She asked him in a soft voice. Chloe used a hand towel to clean up his face and wipe away any spilt milk. Chloe quickly scooped up her little cousin with a grun and positioned hip on her hip, she stood up which left Grant clinging to his 'Mommy'. Chloe started patting his back waiting for a burp which did eventually come leaving Grant with a flushed face trapped in Chloe's arms.

"I think we should take our doggie for a walk!" Emily decided.

"That's a great idea, we will need to bring a toy for baby

Grant here as well.” Chloe added. She then grabbed a stuffed bear of hers and shoved it into his arms.

“I am not going outside like this.” Chase told the girls, breaking the rules of the game.

“Dog’s don’t talk!” Emily scolded him a little too loudly, which left Chase a little angry.

Chloe saw an argument about to break out between the two. “How about we just go in the backyard?” She offered and then looked at Grant in her arms. “Would little baby Grant like to go to the backyard?”

Grant picked up on the tension in the room and decided to play along. “Yes, Mommy!” He said in a childish tone, he started giggling again which caused Emily, Chloe and Chase to also giggle at Grant calling his older cousin Mommy.

Chase sighed and crawled a bit forward. “Woof.” He spoke unenthusiastically.

“Let’s go then!” Chloe announced as she carried Grant out of her room. Emily followed but kept a close eye on Chase as he crawled after her.

Chase’s face was beat red as he focused on crawling after the two of them, he wasn’t used to crawling and was thankful for the carpeted floor.

As the four of them walked and crawled past the living room Chase saw his Aunt engrossed in some soap opera. “We are just playing in the back for a bit.” Chloe told her mom. She

just waved her hand indicating she had heard her, the TV held her attention and didn't even turn her head to see the costume-clad children.

Chase was the last out of the sliding glass door carefully following along on his hand and knees, Grant was staring at him over Chloe's shoulder smiling. Emily took the moment Grant and Chase were glaring at each other to loop a rope through his collar and tie a knot, she hung onto the other end of the rope.

"While we are outside our doggy needs a leash!" Emily informed them, holding the rope in front of Chase so that he could see. Chase furrowed his brow again and sat on the grass, he looked away from Emily with red cheeks.

"Let's put the baby in the sandbox while we play with the doggie." Chloe said and went over to place Grant in her sandbox. Chloe took his pacifier and placed it into his mouth. "Play quietly here while we get Chase settled." Grant looked around still holding the teddy, with his hands still in the mittens and toes encased in the pajamas there wasn't much he could do other than watch, which he was happy to do.

Chloe made her way back to Emily and Chase. Emily had found a stick but Chase seemed completely disinterested in participating in any of her activities. "C'mon Chase, just play catch for the game." She pleaded. Chase did move deeper into the backyard but now that he was outside he could just ignore Emily's game and wait for her to get bored.

Chloe then threw the stick and Chase just looked at her from the ground. “Woof.” He spoke with a sarcastic tone and smile knowing there was no way he was going to chase after it. She just scoffed realizing Chase was going to outstubborn her. Grant sat on his pile of sand giggling at Chase’s successful attempts to both play by the rules and annoy the two girls.

Emily grinned at her brother not participating. “I suppose we should tie up the doggie and play with the baby then?” She asked Chloe.

“Sounds good to me.” She agreed. Emily took the end of Chase’s leash and tied it to a tree in the yard. Chases just scoffed at the two of them and layed down on his back like a lazy dog and stared at the sky, he figured he could at least enjoy the weather while they played with Grant.

Grant watched as his Mommy and Daddy stepped over to him, they were whispering to each other. “Hello baby Grant!” Emily sweetly spoke to him. “Daddy is here to play with you.” She sat on the edge of the sandbox and started tickling Grant’s foot through the stretchy pajama material. Grant burst into giggles.

Chloe joined in and sat on the other corner of the box. “Is little baby Grant ticklish?” She questioned him in a childish tone. She then grabbed his other foot and started tickling that one too, this caused Grant to laugh as the two girls were tickling his feet.

Chase occasionally looked at the scene unfolding, he couldn’t

figure out exactly why Emily needed to be getting his clothes covered in sand, but he figured it's best not to complain to avoid getting scolded again.

The three of them were now laughing as they tickled Grant. Chloe had taken over tickling both his feet and Emily moved into the sandbox and started on his armpits. "No, no, no." Grant spat through his giggles and laughter. The girls didn't stop however, they were having too much fun watching Grant squirm in the sand and giggle happily.

Grant tried to roll over and escape, but they would just pull him back. "Little baby Grant is becoming a big boy!" Chloe praised him. "Rolling over and using words all on your own."

Grant moaned and he had to keep trying to catch his breath through the giggles and tears. The stretchy material of the pajamas made everything extra sensitive and there seemed to be no escape. Emily moved down and tickled his belly. "No, no, stop!" Grant cried through his exhaustion and had given up on the baby-like inflection in his voice.

Chase looked at Grant and was about to intervene but he was too late. "Stop!" Grant shouted loudly but the girls continued until they saw a stream of tears coming from his eyes. He stood up and pushed his way past the girls. "I told you to stop!" he sniveled and ran for the door. "You said it was just a game!" He cried as he ran through the door.

"Grant! Wait!" Chase called after him now that the game was clearly over. He stood up and started running for the door himself. He had forgotten at that moment that there was a

rope tied to his collar and when it came taut his neck was snagged and he was brought back down onto the grass with a shriek.

“Would one of you untie this rope!” He shouted at the girls who both had worried looks on their faces. Emily rushed over but before she could untie Chase from the tree their Aunt had appeared outside.

“Girls!” She shouted in her military voice. “Why did Grant just come running inside crying and dressed like a baby!”

Both the girls froze, they had been punished by their Aunt before and knew something was coming. Their Aunt marched over and grabbed Chloe and Emily by their arms and marched them inside. Chase knew they would at least be properly punished for making Grant cry.

Chase stood up and tried to just remove the collar from his neck but couldn't figure out how the clasp worked, it didn't help that his hands were covered in costume paws. He tugged on the rope figuring he was trapped tied to the tree, he did doubt his little sister's knot tying ability.

He ran over to the tree and rightly surmised it was a simple knot, using his teeth he was finally able to free himself after a few minutes of effort. The rope was still attached to the collar but he was free to run inside letting it drag along the ground.

Inside he saw his Aunt giving the two girls a lecture about playing nicely and stopping when asked to. The girls sat there

apologizing and agreeing with her. Chase walked past them and followed the sound of Grant's crying to the bathroom.

"Grant? Are you in there?" He asked through the door.

"Go Away!" He sniveled and shouted from the otherside.

"Come on buddy." Chase insisted. "It's just me."

Eventually he heard the lock click and Grant had stopped crying. "Okay, just you!" He finally agreed through the door.

Chase opened the door and closed it behind him. He found Grant sitting on the ground with his knees up to his chest, he still had the pacifier dangling from his chest and his hands wrapped up in the mittens. "What happened?" Chase asked his youngest sibling.

Grant was red in the face from crying, there were tears and snot covering his face. "They were tickling me." He paused as fresh tears started to form. "And, and, and I had an accident." he sniveled, struggling to say the last word. For a moment Chase was confused as he looked at a dry pair of pajamas and remembered that the bulge at his waste was a pull up diaper.

"Oh Grant." Chase snorted, trying to hold back a laugh. He put a paw clad hand on his shoulder affectionately. "That's not your fault, you were being tickled."

Grant just looked at his older brother and took a deep breath. He finally took in that he was still dressed as a dog, complete with the leash still tied to his collar. "Can you take these off

of me?” He asked a little calmer and held out both of his hands.

Chase tried to untie the ribbon, Chloe’s knot work was much better. Neither Grant or Chase had use of their hands and once again Chase resorted to using his teeth to undo the knot. Eventually the right hand was freed and Grant used his free hand to work on the left mitten.

“We should get you out of the wet diaper.” Chase suggested to Grant, trying to make it sound casual.

Grant shyly nodded and unzipped the pajamas and pulled them down to his ankles. He was standing there in his pull up diaper, the indicator strip showing that they were wet. Grant grabbed the tabs and pulled the diaper off and stuffed it into the garbage pail. After cleaning up and washing his hands he returned to the pajamas commando style.

The two of them left the bathroom and went straight for Chloe’s room to change, however neither of the girls were there. “The girls must be in timeout.” Chase surmised.

Grant went to his pile of clothes and finally changed out of the pajamas, leaving them in the pile of costumes that had been strewn about while they were looking earlier. “I feel better now.” Grant told Chase he was happy his brother had checked on him. “Shouldn’t you change too?”

“My clothes aren’t here, Emily wore my stuff earlier.” Chase reminded him.

“Well let’s go talk to Aunty then.” Grant told him as they

walked through the house with the rope still trailing behind Chase.

Grant and Chase entered the living room to see Emily and Chloe sitting on the couch looking abashed. Without prompting, both of them said the same words. “We’re sorry Grant.”

Grant, without skipping a beat and already having calmed down, forgave them immediately. Chase thought he could have asked for a better apology but let it drop.

Their Aunt turned on the TV and started a movie about a cartoon dog. “I think we should just sit here quietly and watch this for the rest of the afternoon.” She informed them, not looking for feedback from the children.

The four of them sat on the couch and floor and throughout the movie Chase enviously eyed his own clothes that Emily was still wearing.