

Riley the Page Boy

by MadeOfSpaces

Riley's in his Aunt Lucy's wedding party, but a sudden change of plan leads to him taking on a more infantile role in more infantile attire.

The Costume Box

2022

Chapter 1

Riley the Page Boy - Chapter 1

Riley knocked tersely on the hotel room door, cringing as he heard Freddy's high pitched giggles from within. His mother had sent him down to pick up his outfit for Aunt Lucy's wedding that afternoon. His younger cousins Bradley and Freddy were also in the wedding party - and all three of them were supposed to get changed before they headed downstairs for the ceremony. He had been avoiding them for the whole day and had even asked his mother to go down and pick up the outfit for him just so he wouldn't have to talk to them at all - but she'd flat out rejected the idea, telling him it would do some good to spend some quality time with his cousins.

Although Freddy could be a bother, he was only six years old. Riley was much more concerned about Bradley. Although at fourteen Riley had a solid two years on Bradley's twelve, the boy was a relentless bully who never failed to find something to torment him with whenever the two were together - usually targeting him with some stupid prank designed to draw attention to his diminutive height. Riley didn't know why the larger boy wouldn't just leave him alone! Afterall, it wasn't like he had ever done anything to him. He was just small for his age - and what could he do about that?

He just hoped that Bradley wasn't planning to humiliate him too badly at the wedding. He wasn't bold enough to hope that he might get off entirely scott free, afterall Bradley had had

some scheme planned to embarrass him at every family event for the last five years, but he would have settled in a heart beat for a simple wedgie - jeez, he would have even taken a pantsing. At least then it would be over, and he wouldn't have to tiptoe around on eggshells wondering if every little thing was part of some elaborate plot to demean him.

The worst pranks were the one's where Bradley enlisted all of his other cousins in whatever fiendish scheme he had cooked up. Last year, at Uncle Rob's 40th birthday up in Vermont, he'd told everyone that Riley had pooped his pants! It had only been a bit of mud, but somehow all of the other boys seemed to believe the ridiculous story, or at least pretended that they did - and there wasn't anything Riley could say to convince them otherwise. He was supposed to be the oldest, but with Bradley around he always felt just as little as he looked.

The door opened to reveal Bradley, already dressed in a navy blue suit with an accompanying pale pinkish tie. They were both supposed to be ushers, so Riley supposed he could expect to be wearing something similar - if a lot smaller.

"Took you long enough." the larger boy commented, just a hint of excitement at the corners of his broad smirk. Riley followed him cautiously into the hotel room. Surely he couldn't be planning to get him in here? No one was even watching. And where would be the fun in that?

Freddy, also dressed up for the wedding, was standing just by the door and looking over himself cautiously in the mirror.

He was meant to be one the two page boys along with their cousin Davey and was wearing what appeared to be a kind of sailor suit - consisting of a billowy white cotton shirt, a pair of seersucker powder blue shorts, and a matching collar tied around his neck. The boy didn't seem overly thrilled with the outfit, examining it sceptically from various different angles. As Riley filed past, he noticed to his frustration that the six year old had just barely overtaken him in height since they had last been together - but luckily the younger boy didn't comment on the difference, being too preoccupied with interrogating his appearance in the mirror.

Bradley led him over to a large wardrobe, searching through its contents before pulling out an outfit on a hanger. To Riley's confusion, it looked remarkably similar to the one Freddy was wearing.

"That's not mine." Riley said simply, alarm bells starting to go off in his head "I'm meant to be an usher..."

"Didn't your mom tell you? Uncle Rob and Aunt Jackie's plane got delayed and they're gonna miss the ceremony. Someone's gotta fill in for Davey as the other page boy."

Riley gave a withering stare. Was this what Bradley had planned? But no. He couldn't have. The boy was certainly an accomplished prankster, but it wasn't like he controlled Vermont plane schedules.

"No way - I'm not doing it!" he insisted.

"You're the only one who'll fit in the outfit." Bradley

smirked. “Besides. We’ve got enough ushers to shake a stick at.”

Apparently the development was news to Freddy as well, who interrupted from across the room.

“I don’t wanna do it with the baby.” he complained.

The baby? His six year old cousin was calling him a baby? He clenched his teeth in annoyance - he remembered when that little tyke was a newborn!

“I’m not a baby!” he interjected loudly, trying to sound authoritative, but ending up coming across more like a stroppy toddler. He grimaced at the sound of his own voice. Why had that come out so whiny?

“You were fine doing it with Davey.” Bradley coaxed, addressing his brother “And he’s only four.”

“Davey doesn’t poop his pants.” the younger boy quipped, shooting Riley a disdainful side-eyes glance.

Despite his outrage, Riley felt himself shrink back in embarrassment at the taunt. Were all his cousins still buying that stupid old story? It had been a year!

“That’s true.” Bradley conceded “But I’ll bet everyone will think you’re really grown up showing your baby cousin Riley how to be a proper page boy.”

“Stop calling me a baby!” Riley insisted, jumping up to pull uselessly at Bradley’s arm in an effort to get back his attention.

Bradley just shushed him “Hush up, Ry-Ry.” he commanded, “Big boys are talking.”

Riley growled, but there wasn't much he could do as Bradley placed an authoritative hand on his head and continued to converse over his grumbles of protest.

“People will think I'm a baby too.” Freddy objected, crossing his arms obstinately.

“No, they won't. Everyone will just see one big grown up page boy, and one little baby page boy. I promise.”

“But we'll be wearing the same thing!”

“Not quite.” Bradley retorted, letting go of Riley and heading back towards the closet. He soon pulled out a pastelle green package featuring a blond haired toddler beaming on the front in nothing but a crinkly white diaper. Riley froze. They were diapers. Bradley was holding up a packet of babies' diapers. He felt as if his heart had momentarily stopped beating.

“Everyone will think you're such a good helper, looking after the baby.” Bradley beamed, still talking as if Riley weren't even present. The smaller boy turned on his heels - trying to make a dash to the door, but it was locked! Where was the keycard? His logic didn't progress any further as Bradley's hands fell heavily on his shoulders, twisting him around and practically dragging him back into the room.

“Noooo.” Riley cried, kicking and punching wildly about as Bradley heaved him onto one of the beds. He pushed him

back so that he was lying down, and although Riley instantly tried to get up again, Bradley had already gotten to work stripping off his shoes and socks and was now making a grab for his loose fitting jeans.

“Aww, you’ve got your little cartoon undies on.” he commented as he pulled the material down around his ankles. As he removed them completely, he tickled at the soles of the smaller boy’s feet - transforming Riley viscous attempts at resistance into feeble squirms, and sending him collapsing down once again on the bed. “Is your mommy finally trying to get you potty trained, Ry-Ry?”

“I..am..potty..trained!” Riley insisted breathlessly, struggling desperately to get up again as Bradley continued to tickle at his feet and up around his legs.

“Well.” Bradley continued “You’re going to have to go back to your diapees for the wedding. We wouldn’t want you going pee-pee or poo-poo in your undies during the ceremony, would we?”

“Stop!” Riley squealed in horror as Bradley pulled down his underpants - but it was already too late. He quickly changed tactics, covering himself up bashfully with his hands.

“I’ll tell you what.” Bradley went on “If you can go through the ceremony and the whole reception without having an accident, maybe we’ll even see about going back to pull-ups tomorrow.”

“Get off me you weirdo!”

Bradley ignored him, instead simply pinning him back on the bed with one hand.

“Freddy.” he called “Do you want to help me get the baby ready?”

The younger boy seemed already to have cheered up about his outfit, nodding enthusiastically as he bounded his way over to the other side of the bed - eager to prove his maturity in comparison to his fellow page boy.

“Just hold his arms back like that” Bradley instructed, forcing Riley’s hands away from their protective position “There we go - and just pull his t-shirt over his head like that. Great!”

There was nothing Riley could do but wriggle restlessly as Bradley tickled at his bare belly, leaving him totally exposed as the last piece of his outfit was stripped away.

“Such a sweet little baby.” Bradley commented, unfolding the diaper. “Up goes your bum-bum!” he cooed. Riley was almost grateful as the crinkly, papery material was secured around his waist, finally covering him up again.

After that the procedure was reasonably straightforward, with Riley allowed to sit up to have his arms forced into the loose cotton shirt before Bradley did his buttons up for him. Then, it was time to lie down on his back again as the baby blue seersucker shorts were negotiated up his legs and secured over the bulky diaper. Finally, he was helped back to his feet - Bradley leaning down to secure two large buttons on the bottom of his shirt that seemed to attach to a matching pair of

holes on the front of his shorts.

Riley looked down at them with disdain, uncomfortable with how they with how they turned the two easily discarded articles into a single impregnable outfit.

“Why doesn’t Freddy have these stupid buttons.” he complained, immediately making an effort to undo the fiddly things.

“It’s called a Buster Suit.” Bradley explained, getting to his feet again “They only really do them for the baby sizes, so Freddy’ll just have to make do with regular shorts.”

As his efforts with the buttons amounted to nothing, Riley quickly came to the conclusion that he would definitely need some help getting out of the ridiculous thing. He moaned, realising that he already had a little pressure building in his bladder.

“And there’s your bib!” Bradley enthused, draping the striped blue and white collar over his neck.

“It’s a collar. Not a bib.” Riley corrected bitterly.

“Nu-uh, baby. Freddy’s wearing a collar. You’re wearing a bib.”

“They’re the same.”

“Sure, but the boy’s aren’t the same are they? One’s a big boy, and one’s a baby. Big boy’s have collars, babies’ have bibs.”

Riley went to say something derisive, but the larger boy didn't wait for his retort - instead looking over at Freddy who had been sitting patiently on the bed while Bradley finished up helping the baby get ready.

"Ready to go?" he said cheerfully.

The younger boy nodded his assent, jumping to his feet as Bradley took Riley forcefully by the hand and started to march him towards the hotel door. Riley stamped his feet in frustration, trying to slow the larger boy down - but it was no use. This had to be the worst trick Bradley had ever pulled.

"I don't have any shoes." he blurted out, hoping that any delay might let him think of a way out of this mess - but Bradley didn't seem phased.

"That's alright for babies." he reassured "I'm sure you'll be fine on just your little tootsies."

Riley looked down at Freddy's feet, somehow feeling a pang of jealousy at his navy blue socks and canvas plimsols. With nothing else to delay the inevitable, he decided he had no choice but to threaten to tattle.

"I'm gonna tell my mom." he pouted morosely.

"Go ahead if you want." Bradley shrugged "But the ceremonies starting in 10 minutes. By the time we get down there, there won't be any time to come back up and change - and there's no way we could leave Aunt Lucy without her special baby page boy."

The smaller boy let out a little sob, realising he was probably right. Even if he could find his mom before the ceremony began, he'd likely be walking down the aisle in diapers.

“Aww, there's no need to be so glum. I won't tell if you don't, and nor will Freddy. Just hope that cute little diaper bum isn't too obvious in the wedding photos!”

Riley felt as if he might throw up, stumbling unhappily behind his two cousins as they led him down the hallway, through the hotel, and out towards the gardens. The ceremony was just about to get started.

Chapter 2

The Wedding Reception - Chapter 2

By the time the ceremony was over, Riley was certain that nearly everyone in attendance must have gotten a pretty good view of his diaper. It was so bulky! There was no way it wasn't clearly visible through the back of his shorts - and with the amount of time that Freddy had taken walking down the aisle, stopping to smile and wave to everyone they passed, he had had no choice but to let everyone get a long look; clinging to Freddy's hand like a frightened infant as the photographer got a full reel of shots depicting the adorable pair.

The perplexed glances that he'd gotten from some of his aunts and uncles all but confirmed how obvious it was. Riley supposed he couldn't blame them for staring. Afterall, it was hardly every day that you saw your teenage nephew dressed up in a sailor suit and wearing a diaper. Not one of them had seen fit to make any comment, however - either to his mother or himself. Afterall, there might well have been a perfectly rational explanation, and at a tense family event like a wedding even an innocent question could come across as rude. It wouldn't do to be seen to stir up drama on Lucy's special day.

Worse were the looks Riley got from the people he didn't know, all of them seemingly unaware that he was anything other than the adorable toddler that he appeared to be. The worst reaction by far however was from the other kids. All of

them knew his real age, but none of them had the same tact as the adults. Riley could just about tolerate the reaction from his eight year old cousin Robbie - who pointed at him and loudly said something including the words “diaper” and “baby” before being instantly scolded by his mother. Entirely intolerable on the other hand, were the reaction of ten year old twins Lucas and Louis, who seemed to spend the entire ceremony whispering jokes to each other at his expense. It didn’t help that they were seated directly behind him.

The only person who seemed not to have noticed at all was Riley’s mother. Seated on the first row, she was seemingly enthralled by the bride and groom. After his procession up the aisle, Riley had hoped that he’d be able to sit next to her so he could at least let her know what was going on, but as he’d been making his way towards an empty seat Bradley had grabbed him by the hand and pulled him all the way to the other end of the row - sitting him firmly in between Freddy and himself. By the time he’d managed to unclasp himself from the larger boys’ vice-like grip, the music had already stopped playing and the celebrant had started speaking. He might still have been able to escape from Bradley’s watchful eye once the ceremony had begun, but how would that have looked? He imagined himself interrupting the ceremony and waddling past in clear view of all the guests to go looking for his mommy - his diaper on full display. It was hardly the most mature approach.

He had had no luck getting his mom’s attention after the ceremony either. As soon as people had started getting up

from their seats, Bradley had seized him firmly by the hand once more. He had seemed to be keeping as much distance as was possible from Riley's mom as the confetti was thrown and the bouquet tossed. Even as everyone began to file back inside for the reception, his mother may as well have been 100 miles away - gushing emotionally to the best man at the front of the crowd while Bradley kept Riley restrained far towards the back.

As Bradley led him past a mirror in the hotel lobby, Riley briefly managed to twist around to get a look at his backside. To his horror, the situation was even worse than he had feared. Not only was the conspicuous outline of the diaper more than clear from the shape of his shorts, but Bradley seemed to have deliberately only half-tucked in Riley's shirt. The result was that the papery waistband of the diaper was poking a good inch and a half out of the top! He immediately went to hide the embarrassing exposure by trying to tuck in the back of his shirt with his free hand - but Bradley swatted him away.

"Leave it."

"But everyone can see." Riley whined.

"And they saw you flaunting it at the wedding, too. What difference does it make now?"

Riley let out a high pitched moan, continuing to correct the problem anyway, but Bradley quickly foiled his efforts; actually stopping to readjust his shirt so that it revealed even more of the diaper. After that, he gestured for Freddy to grab

his other hand - leaving him stranded and exposed between the two boys as they frog marched him into a large hall, zigzagging their way through the tables set up for the reception.

The kids table was right at the back of the room, far out of the way and out of the view of any of the adult tables. Riley supposed that made sense. This way, the kids could entertain themselves and wouldn't interrupt the various toasts that would be happening as the meal progressed. He would have usually been glad for the opportunity to talk freely with other kids instead of having to sit through a bunch of boring adults giving rambling speeches, but in this instance it just meant that the odds of someone rescuing him from his horrible situation had diminished even further.

“Here's baby Ry-Ry!” Bradley announced.

The conversation died down almost immediately, all of the kids turning around to take a good look at the babified teenager fidgeting at Bradley's side. The larger boy pulled out a chair for Riley before sitting down in the seat directly to the left of him. Going clockwise around the table, the next two chairs were occupied by the ten year old twins Louis and Lucas, an empty chair probably intended for Davey, a boy of around seven who Riley's didn't recognize - presumably from the family of the groom, eight year old Robbie, and finally Freddy sitting to Riley's right.

“Why's he in a diaper?” Robbie asked bluntly. He had clearly been hankering for an explanation since the ceremony.

“Do you remember last year when Riley went poo-poo in his pants?”

“Yeah.” Robbie confirmed nonchalantly, as if the issue wasn’t even in dispute.

“I didn’t...” Riley mumbled in dissent, barely more than a whisper - but no one seemed to pay him any mind.

“Well,” Bradley explained patiently “Little Ry-Ry’s always had trouble getting to the potty on time, so everyone thought it was best that he go back to diapers.”

Robbie’s mouth hung open - shocked that such a regression was even possible. It was clear, however, that he believed every word of Bradley’s story.

“Woah!” he exclaimed “Does he actually use them then? Like a baby?”

“Of course he does.” Louis butted in “Why else would he wear them?”

“Riley never really stopped being a baby in the first place.” Lucas added.

Riley suppressed a sob, staring down at the ground as the whole table continued to gossip about his age, his supposed degree of maturity, and his bathroom habits. Although he couldn’t even begin to combat Bradley’s web of lies, he couldn’t help but interject with a few half-hearted denials - even if all of the boys were determined to ignore him. He puffed out his cheeks in frustration, feeling them blush hot

red as a few stray tears began to well in the corners of his eyes. He sniffed them back, determined not to cry.

As the conversation progressed Riley learned that the boy from the groom's family was called Peter, and was in fact seven years old. Although at first he had expressed little interest in Riley, presumably dismissing him as just an ordinary toddler, he soon became fascinated by the tale of the diaper-clad teen.

"He's not really fourteen." he asserted skeptically.

"Believe it - he is." Lucas confirmed "He's in the eighth grade."

"He's just short." Louis added.

"And he really still poops in his pants?"

Lucas nodded, smirking "And pees them. Does it all the time. Although I guess now he's got the diapers backing him up."

"Wow, and he's in the eighth grade? They should've sent him back to preschool!" Peter joked, clearly eager to get in on the teasing.

"Maybe they will." Louis smirked, "They don't let babies into high school."

Riley resisted the urge to scream. They were just making stuff up! The two ten year olds had never seen him in a diaper until that afternoon, and they knew very well that his supposed "accident" last year had just been mud. They'd been the ones who'd pushed him down in the first place!

“Stop lying.” he said, staring directly at the twins and crossing his arms assertively. “I never had any accidents.”

“Oh yeah?” Lucas challenged “Why’re you in a diaper then?”

“Bradley made me wear ‘em...” Riley blushed, realizing the explanation wasn’t exactly ideal.

“Yeah - coz you wouldn’t stop pooping your pants!” Louis retorted.

The three boys instantly descended into a chorus of giggles, ignoring Riley’s continued protests as they continued their conversation in hushed whispers out of his earshot. Riley thought that was even worse. At least before he had known what they were saying about him.

The onslaught of humiliation was briefly interrupted as a waitress came to take some drinks orders for the table, but things soon got worse again when she got to Riley.

“And what about you, buddy?” she asked.

“Coke.” Riley said simply, copying the last three orders.

The waitress looked surprised, but went to write down the order all the same before Bradley suddenly interrupted.

“I don’t think that’s such a good idea.” he asserted “Sorry - he just wants to be like his big cousins. Can you get him some milk instead?”

The waitress nodded “Sure.”

“Oh - and is it possible he could get it in something with a lid

as well? He's kind of accident prone."

Bradley flashed a smile at the other boys, clearly intending the double-entendre. A few barely suppressed giggles echoed around the table.

"I'll see if I can find a sippy cup." the waitress smiled. Riley was hoping she would leave before she seemed to suddenly remember something. "We've got some booster seats around the back as well, if he needs one."

"I don't!" Riley squeaked out at once, but Bradley quickly interrupted.

"Yeah - that'd be great." he enthused, looking positively delighted. "Wouldn't want to make a mess. Might stop the little tyke running around and causing havoc and all!"

The waitress smiled knowingly, "Sure thing. I'll be right back."

Riley seethed. He was just barely shorter than Freddy! How come he was the only one getting stuck in a booster seat? He was certain the waitress wouldn't have even mentioned it if Bradley hadn't butted in like that. He was almost positive that was when she'd noticed his diaper peak, deciding irrevocably that he was nothing more than a pants-wetting toddler. He went to fix the problem for what seemed like the millionth time, but Bradley was on the ball - pulling his hand away and giving him a warning glare.

Before long the waitress returned with a dark green booster - with Bradley helping her strap it onto the chair before

plopping Riley down on the plastic seat. It was the proper baby kind, complete with a three-point restraint intended to fasten around the crotch. Riley grumbled at that as well, certain that the waitress might have come back with something at least marginally more mature if Bradley hadn't added that line about him running around. There was nothing he could do as Bradley fastened it on top of his diaper bulge, leaving him entirely at the larger boy's mercy.

On the bright side, the other boys seemed to have largely lost interest in teasing him as their drinks arrived. There were a few titters about Riley's sippy cup, but for the most part they left him alone. As they waited for their meals, Bradley did make a point of making him fill out the children's activity page; but that was by far the least embarrassing thing that had happened to him today. Freddy completed the entire page as well, and even Robbie and Peter were happy to do a puzzle or two.

More troubling for Riley was the increasing pressure in his bladder. He had hoped that he would be able to hold it at least until after the meal, but eventually the sensation of holding it got even worse than the potential humiliation of telling Bradley. He leaned over in his booster, tapping at the boy's shoulder to get his attention.

"Bradley." he whispered, desperate that none of the other boys should hear. "I've got to go to the toilet."

The larger boy rolled his eyes. "We only just sat down!"

That wasn't really true - they'd been waiting for about 20

minutes - but Riley didn't contest it. "I have to go." he repeated.

Bradley just shrugged "You keep insisting you're not a baby - so hold it like a big boy. And if you can't, that's what your diapers are for."

Riley sighed - but persisted. He was just barely managing to hold it in as dinner arrived. He had definitely ordered a steak when he'd filled out the form two weeks ago, but Bradley easily managed to convince the waitress that he was supposed to have Davey's unclaimed meal - leaving him with a child-sized portion of chicken nuggets. It wasn't like Riley disliked chicken nuggets, but it was the principal of the matter.

The process was made much slower as Bradley insisted on feeding him one nugget at a time - dipping each morsel in ketchup, shoving them messily into his mouth, and wiping his face down with the napkin after each individual bite. Riley tried to take charge to speed things up, but Bradley wasn't having it - physically restraining his hands on his lap with one hand while he continued to feed him with the other. After that, Bradley dispensed with the incessant face cleaning, making things proceed a little faster; but Riley was certain that there was now an embarrassing amount of tomato sauce smeared all over his lips and face.

Regardless, by the time Bradley was finished he was well and truly bursting. He attracted his attention once more, but the boy was still unsympathetic.

"I already said you've got to hold it."

Riley groaned, fidgeting desperately in the confines of his booster seat. "I'm gonna have an accident..." he admitted in a melodramatic whisper.

The demeaning sight made Bradley smirk. "Tell you what." he offered. "I'll take you to the potty - but you've got to ask like a baby."

"What?"

"Ask like a baby." Bradley repeated.

Riley shifted uncomfortably, still not really sure what Bradley wanted.

"Just say, 'I have to go potty.'" Bradley prompted. "Loud, so everyone can hear."

"I have to go potty..." Riley said, but no one at the table seemed to notice - each boy locked in their own conversations.

"Louder, Ry-Ry. Use your big boy voice."

"I have to go potty!" Riley announced.

Just at that moment, there seemed to have been a broader subsistence of the din coming from the other tables - sending Riley's voice echoing through the whole room. Everyone at the kid's table immediately turned to look at him with a smirk, and even a few adults at the tables further away took notice. Riley blushed beet red.

"Aww" Lucas mocked "Babies trying to be a big boy."

"Do you have to go pee-pee or poopy, Ry-Ry?" Bradley

asked loudly, making sure everyone could still hear him.

“Pee-pee.” Riley muttered, figuring the childish language was what Bradley expected.

“Oh, then we better get going quick then before you go pee-pee in your diapee, huh?”

Riley nodded desperately as Bradley began to untether him, helping him to his feet.

“Bet you he won’t make it.” Louis commented to the table.

“I will!” Riley shot back defiantly, but the other boys just laughed.

Bradley led him away from the confrontation - weaving him hurriedly through the adult tables as a few strangers looked down dotingly at the adorable toddler in their midst. As they got to the front, Riley looked around hopefully for his mother - but she was once again in deep conversation, this time with the groom’s mother, and didn’t even seem to notice as Bradley yanked him back out into the lobby.

To Riley’s horror, they walked directly past the doors to the public toilets - instead seeming to head towards the elevators.

“Where are we going?” he demanded, “The toilets are right there.”

“Are you kidding? The floors in there are much too dirty for bare feet. We’re headed back to the room.” Bradley explained. “Unless you want me to carry you?”

Riley wasn't sure if Bradley even could. The height difference between them was dramatic, but the larger boy was still only twelve. Still, he didn't want to find out. He fervently shook his head, continuing to tag behind Bradley as every step seemed to jostle his overfilled bladder to the point of crisis.

Eventually they made it back, Bradley taking his time finding his keycard in his pocket before slowly opening the hotel room door. Riley was practically jumping up and down by the time he was led into the ensuite, the larger boy continuing to hold his hand as he leant down to his level.

"Alright, Ry-Ry. Are you ready to use the big boy potty?"

"Yes!" Riley yelped.

"Do you need my help?"

"No!" he yowled, pulling uselessly against Bradley's grip. He was so close!

"Okay then. Show me how it's done."

The larger boy let go, sending Riley sprinting to the toilet. He lifted up the lid and tried to pull down his shorts before he remembered the buttons securing them to his shirt. He began desperately trying to unhook them - but they were too fiddly, his hands were too uncoordinated, and he just couldn't focus!

"You've got to pull your shorts down first, remember?" Bradley patronized - his tone of voice indistinguishable from if he really had been addressing a toddler who had just started

to learn how to use the toilet.

“I KNOW!” Riley screamed, still fiddling with the buttons.

“Do you need some help?”

“No!” he retorted, almost instinctively - but it was becoming more and more clear that he was incapable of freeing himself. He turned around meekly, clutching at his crotch. “Help me.” he squeaked.

“What’s the magic word?” Bradley condescended.

“Please help me!”

“Help you do what?”

Riley let out a high-pitched grumble, swallowing his pride.

“Please help me go potty.”

Bradley smirked, sauntering casually over towards the toilet “There’s a good boy.” he intoned, leaning down to easily undo the buttons and drop the shorts around his ankles.

Riley was just about to break free again, planning to discard the stupid diaper and finally do his business, when Bradley shot two invasive hands in between his thighs - starting to tickle him mercilessly.

“What a big boy!” he praised, sending a shock of involuntary giggles ricocheting through the smaller boy's body as he tried to stamp and fidget his way to freedom.

“Sto-oh-oh-op!” Riley hiccuped, but he already knew it was too late. Bradley finally let him go as a tell-tale hiss was

heard, the front of Riley's diaper beginning to swell up. The boy sobbed, unable to help himself as he slowly emptied the entire contents of his bladder into the diaper. Bradley just watched him passively, a predatory grin spreading across his face.

"Oh, Ry-Ry." he chided, his voice full of mock sympathy "Maybe not such a big boy afterall, huh? But never mind. That's what diapers are for."

Riley didn't respond, letting Bradley pull his shorts back up around his waist and rebutton them into place. After he had finished, the larger boy walked with purpose out of the bathroom - heading out into the room proper. Riley didn't bother to follow, instead going to look over himself in the full length bathroom mirror. He let out a little whimper of displeasure as he realized that there was no way that anyone would perceive him as anything other than the littlest and most helpless of toddlers. There he was, tomato sauce encrusted around his lips, sagging diaper peeking out of his shorts, and tears in his eyes. He was nothing more than a helpless baby.

Soon enough Bradley returned carrying a large backpack. Riley looked at it curiously, but couldn't work up the energy to question him, simply staring down in shame at his bare feet as he was marched out into the hall - the horrible squishy feeling inside his shorts reminding him of his infantile accident with every step that he took. He allowed the tears to flow down his face, thinking bitterly about everything that had happened in the last two hours or so. How had he

allowed Bradley to take things this far? He had had a dozen opportunities to do something about it, but everytime he'd chosen to sit meekly by and let Bradley take advantage! He decided then and there that things would go no further. Enough was enough! He didn't care how embarrassing it was - as soon as they got back to the reception hall he was going to call out for his mother and get her to end this ridiculous charade. It wasn't like it could get any worse, was it?

However, it soon became clear that they were not heading back to the party but to a different end of the hotel entirely.

"Where are we going?" he managed to choke out, but Bradley just fobbed him off.

"You'll see."

Soon enough, they came to a large set of doors. Bradley pushed them open - dragging Riley inside what appeared to be a meeting room with all the tables pushed to the side. In their place, a number of bean bags had been scattered around and a few balloons were floating on strings. A red headed woman who looked to be in her early 20s was setting up a projector in the far corner.

"Hey Maddy." Bradley greeted, drawing her attention.

"Oh Hiya Bradley!" she enthused, abandoning what she was doing to come striding across the room. "I'm almost set up. Where're all the other boys?"

"They're just finishing eating. I was taking little Riley here to the potty, but he didn't quite make it. Figured I'd just take

him straight here instead of bothering his mommy.”

“Well I’m happy to have him!” Maddy commented, looking down at Riley with a genuine smile of adoration. “Hey buddy!” she enthused, actually leaning down to bop him on the nose “I’m Maddy - and I’m gonna be running the Kids’ Club for you guys this afternoon!”

The smaller boy stayed silently, staring skeptically at the strange woman hovering around his face.

“Sorry.” Bradley apologized. “He’s kinda shy with strangers. Guess that’s why he didn’t want to come down and play before the ceremony.”

Riley cursed himself. His mom had definitely mentioned something or other about a kid’s club when she’d been trying to get him out of his hotel room that morning. At the time, he’d dismissed it out of hand as just some boring children’s activities - or worse, an opportunity for Bradley to pick on him. But it seemed that while he’d been sulking in his room, Bradley had been setting the groundwork for...well, whatever the hell this was.

“Aww - well I’m sure we’ll be the best of friends in no time!” Maddy said cheerily.

“Cool.” Bradley agreed, placing his backpack down on the ground “I’ll just go and get the others. All his diaper changing stuff’s in there.”

“Thanks Bradley!” Maddy praised, opening up the bag “It’s a good thing the other boys have got such a responsible big

cousin.”

Riley could only stand motionless in growing horror as the larger boy nodded his appreciation and headed back towards the door, leaving him alone with the strange woman. He had been wrong. It could get worse - a lot worse. He barely had time to process what was happening before Maddy pulled out a baby blue teddy bear themed changing mat - laying the thing out by her side before grabbing Riley easily up in her arms and sitting him against her hip.

“Oof. You’re a heavy little fella, aren’t you?” she commented, bouncing him up and down. “How old are you, buddy? Three?”

“Fourteen.” he mumbled shyly, thinking that there might still be some way for him to get out of this situation.

“Ohhh.” Maddy laughed, clearly thinking he was playing some pretend game. Riley groaned in exasperation, his hopes of convincing the woman snuffed out almost instantly. It was humiliating. Things had gotten so bad that even the idea of his real age was instantly dismissed as a joke!

“You’re a big boy teenager huh?” she said playfully, leaning down to lay him out carefully on the changing mat.

“Yes.” Riley insisted, crossing his arms in defiance as he went to sit up.

“Stay down on your back, sweetie.” Maddy ordered, pushing him firmly back down into a supine position. “There’s a good boy. A real big boy.” she repeated. “Just like your big cousin.”

Riley wriggled restlessly under Maddy's hand, but no matter which way he twisted he couldn't seem to sit up again. He felt entirely helpless as she began to unbutton the fastenings on his shorts and pull them down around his ankles.

"Bradley's only twelve." he pouted. "He's not a teenager."

"Ohhh." Maddy humored him, starting to fiddle with the diaper tapes "You're a really big boy then, huh? Even bigger than Bradley."

"Yes." Riley insisted tersely, but it was clear Maddy wasn't listening.

"I bet you have a girlfriend and everything." she teased, going to pull his diaper away. Finally having had enough, he made a grab to stop her - but she easily parried his interfering little fingers, pinning his hands down on the mat at his side.

"Do you have a girlfriend, Riley?" she repeated, her tone full of nothing but fondness and warmth.

"No." Riley admitted, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Oh - I guess girls have cooties right? But a big boy like you must have a really cool car!" Maddy coaxed, reaching into the backpack to pull out a toy. She rolled the little car up Riley's bare legs - shaking it enticingly in front of his eyes. "Vroooooom!" she imitated, finally parking it in his hand.

Riley looked at the thing with displeasure, grasping it tightly in his fist.

"I know your restless, sweetie but just sit still and play with

your car while I get you cleaned up, okay? You could pretend you're driving it to high school like a real teenager!"

The boy resisted the urge to sob as he recalled that he really was supposed to be starting high school in six months. He did as Maddy said however, sitting back passively and rolling the car a few times absentmindedly over his chest as she got to work wiping him down with a wad of wet wipes. When she was finished down there, she even cleaned up his face - finally getting rid of the thick layer of tomato ketchup that had been encrusted around his mouth since dinner.

She was just securing a fresh diaper under his bum when the doors swung open again. A few stray giggles came from the younger boys at the sight of the little teen mid-change, but Bradley quickly shushed them - clearly anxious not to ruin his story.

"Hey boys!" Maddy greeted "Let me just sort out Riley here and then I'll put on a film, alright?"

The boys nodded their enthusiasm, gossiping excitedly amongst themselves as they went to take their place on the bean bags. Maddy soon finished up - rebuttoning Riley in his shorts before carrying him over to the bean bags, sitting him down so that Bradley could pull him up into his lap.

"Were you a good boy for Maddy?" he whispered, barely concealing the thrill he felt at his plan coming to full fruition.

Riley nodded tersely, but didn't say anything - trying to keep his attention on the swirling screensaver animation emitting

from the projector. .

“Let's watch Space Battalion!” Lucas enthused, sorting through a collection of DVDs.

“I don't know.” Maddy retorted, “That might be a little too scary for Riley. Why don't we watch something that everyone can enjoy?”

“Can we watch the new Dino Den Film?” Freddy offered

“I don't wanna watch a bunch of baby films...” Lucas protested.

“The party's gonna go on all night.” Louis reasoned with his twin “We can just watch Space Battalion when the baby goes to bed. He'll probably fall asleep in the first film anyway.”

“Dino Den it is, then.” Maddy interrupted, taking charge.

As the film started up, Riley felt a vague desire to shoot back at Louis calling him a baby - but the moment had already passed. As the cheery music started to chime out through the speakers; the lights dimmed; and Bradley held him close and stroked his hair - he let out a long yawn and snuggled up to the larger boy, momentarily forgetting all of the battles and stresses of the day.

Halfway between dreams and waking, he felt something rubbery inserted into his mouth. His first instinct was to spit it out, but something was keeping it nestled in place - and eventually he stopped struggling. He began to suckle gently on the teat, sending a pleasing sensation spreading out from

his mouth to his entire body. Exhausted, he let out a contented little sigh - drifting down inexorably into blissful sleep.

Riley woke suddenly to the sound of a closing door. Half-opening his eyes, he looked around in confusion - peering through the half-darkness to find that he was somehow back in Bradley and Freddy's hotel room. The room looked largely the same as it always had, except for a strange squarish shape looming between the two beds.

"Looks like he's waking up." Bradley commented from behind. Riley searched for the source of his voice, but found that he could not move - snuggled comfortably in somebody's arms.

"It's alright little guy." Maddy's voice assured him from somewhere very close by. "Just go back to sleep."

Riley tried his hardest to disobey - but his eyelids were heavy and soon fell closed once again. There was a strange rattling sound before he felt himself being placed down gently on something soft and a heavy blanket tucked up around his shoulders. Still feeling the reassuring presence of the rubbery teat in his mouth, he nursed gently - half-opening his eyes again to see a strange rack of bars by his side.

"Sweet dreams, Ry-Ry." Bradley's voice whispered "See you in the morning."

Still feeling very confused, he went to say something in reply - but all that came out was an indecipherable mumble, the

little boy turning contentedly to his side as he drifted back off to dreamland.

Chapter 3

Playing House - Chapter 3

Riley froze in terror as Aunt Lucy pulled out a small collection of photographs from her bag and handed them to his mother. She excitedly started to leaf through them, each one depicting different scenes from the wedding. He supposed he should have been expecting it when he heard that Aunt Lucy would also be coming for tea at Aunt Joan's house, but he'd had other concerns - much more worried about what Bradley might have planned out for that afternoon than the evidence of what he had done the month before. He shrunk into the corner of the couch, hoping against hope that she somehow wouldn't notice - but of course, she did.

"Riley, honey?" She asked, her voice an uncertain mixture of disbelief and amusement as she held up one of the photos. It depicted him pouting in the middle of the aisle, one finger hanging out of his mouth as he clinged onto Freddy's hand. The bulky diaper was poking conspicuously out of the top of his waistband, clear as day. "Is that a diaper?"

The boy looked hurriedly away, instead staring across the living room to where Bradley was sitting. The younger boy's face was a picture of serenity, but Riley was certain he could detect just the hint of a smirk lingering behind his neutral expression. He instinctually adjusted the waistband on his jeans, having the vague idea that the top of his underpants might be showing.

“I was going to ask about that!” Aunt Lucy interjected curiously, looking expectantly at the boy.

“Honey?” his mother called, touching him lightly on the collar of his blue and white striped t-shirt. He flinched away in embarrassment, still staring desperately at Bradley - but it was clear that the other boy had no intention of coming to his rescue. He blinked nervously as he turned back to his look at his mother. What could he even say?

“Y...yeah...” he finally choked out. He couldn't very well deny it, afterall. He gave a nervous chuckle, hoping that somehow he wouldn't be called upon to explain himself any further.

His mother gave a bemused smile “Why on earth were you wearing a diaper?”

Riley squirmed uncomfortably, trying to formulate some kind of response. Was he going to do it? Was he finally going to tattle? He supposed it was now or never. Ever since the morning after the wedding when Bradley had finally given him back his clothes, he'd been turning the issue over in his mind. His cousin had really gone too far - but Riley had somehow deluded himself up to that point that he could simply put it out of his mind. Afterall, his mother had never seen anything. She didn't need to know, and surely everyone who had seen him would soon forget the incident anyway. But now she'd seen ths photos. Now it was too late.

“I...” Riley began, but he quickly trailed off - losing himself in thought. If he told, he'd have to tell it all - the crib, the

pacifier, the accident, the change. If he left something out, Bradley would be sure to bring it up, if not to defend himself then just to make the most out of Riley's humiliation. The adults would never take Bradley's side, but still - they would definitely make a big deal out of it. It would be like living the whole thing over again.

He looked up at Bradley who was still looking neutrally over at the scene. Of course, there were reprisals to think about as well. Bradley was certain to get in a lot of trouble - and the younger boy was nothing if he wasn't vindictive. What would he do if Riley told? Was he capable of thinking up something even worse than he'd done at the wedding?

Riley bit his lip nervously, still staring over at the larger boy. Bradley seemed to read his mind - giving a curt shake of his head in warning. The smaller boy gulped with fear. That was it. There was no way he could tell. It just wasn't possible.

"Riley?" His mother repeated "I asked you a question, honey."

The boy turned back to his mother, taking in a couple of short nervous breaths. "Sorry..." he apologized. He'd have to think of something fast.

"That's alright, sweetie." his mother assured "But the diaper?"

"Um...yeah. The diaper." Riley repeated, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Where was he going with this? "Yeah...that was...it was just a game." he finally concluded, still flying by the seat of his pants.

"A game?" his mother pursued, not satisfied with the

explanation “What game?”

“Umm...” Riley stalled, still trying to construct some kind of marginally plausible explanation. “What’s it called...” he wondered out loud “You know, when you pretend to be a family?”

“House?” Aunt Lucy offered helpfully.

“Yeah!” Riley agreed “We were just playing House, and... and I was s’posed to be the baby.”

He cringed, hoping that the strange explanation would somehow convince his mother. To his frustration, she still looked rather skeptical - looking suspiciously over at Bradley.

“What about you, Bradley?” she interrogated “Were you playing this game as well?”

“Huh?” the younger boy asked. Somehow, he managed to look quite convincingly as if he had genuinely only just tuned into the conversation.

“House.” Riley’s mom prompted.

“Oh - well it was mostly just Riley and Freddy’s idea.” he confirmed, shrugging nonchalantly as he immediately and effortlessly started to riff on Riley’s kernel of an excuse “Freddy was the big brother, and Riley was the baby. I think maybe I was supposed to be the Dad? But it was their thing, really.”

There was an awkward pause as Riley tried to gauge whether anyone was buying the ridiculous story, before the silence

was suddenly punctuated by a series of high pitched giggles emanating from Aunt Lucy.

“Awww!” she exclaimed “That is just so cute!”

To Riley’s relief, even his mother's distrustful frown softened into an amused smile.

“Oh, Riley.” she commented happily “What are you like?”

The boy gave a terse smile, hoping that they could now move on from the topic - but Aunt Lucy seemed positively obsessed.

“It’s just the most adorable thing!” she raved “Coming up with a game like that...”

“Well he’s always been so good-natured,” Riley’s mom praised, giving him a little squeeze “But I wouldn’t have expected it - you were so shy that morning!”

“Freddy really brought him out of his shell.” Bradley interjected wryly, his villainous smirk now openly spread across his face.

“The perfect little page boys!” Aunt Lucy enthused, showing his mother even more photos of them at the wedding. In every one of them, Riley’s diaper was on full display.

A few agonizing minutes later, Aunt Joan came back into the living room carrying a fresh pot of tea.

“What’s all this hullabaloo?” she asked, taking a seat beside her oldest son and pouring herself a mug. Bradley was still smiling from ear to ear.

“Go on and tell your Auntie what you told us.” Riley’s mom instructed, barely suppressing her laughter.

Riley sighed, wishing that they could just forget about it.

“Err...at the wedding last month...” he began nervously as his other Aunt turned to give him her full rapt attention. “Me and Freddy were playing house, and um...I was the baby.” He trailed off, hoping that he might be allowed to get away with burying the lead.

“Come on, sweetie.” His mother encouraged “No need to be shy.”

Riley seethed - was she trying to humiliate him? “And that’s why I was wearing a diaper...” he stumbled through hurriedly, looking down at the ground.

Immediately, the whole room erupted into an adoring clamor of giggles.

“I saw that!” Aunt Joan laughed “They were playing House?”

“That’s right!” Riley’s mom confirmed “Having the time of their lives.”

“Isn’t it adorable?” Aunt Lucy insisted as the giggling began to die down. Riley was still bundled into the corner of the couch, his cheeks flushed red as he tried his hardest to make himself appear as small as possible.

“Where is Freddy hiding anyway?” Aunt Lucy asked.

“Mmmm.” Aunt Joan hastened to explain through a sip of tea

“He’s just on the lawn playing catch with his Daddy.”

Riley scrambled to his feet, glad for the opportunity to escape
“I’m going outside as well.”

The adults nodded their approval, but to Riley’s annoyance
Bradley also stood up “Me too.”

The smaller boy jogged hurriedly out of the living room and
across the kitchen to the backdoor, not wanting to be left
alone with Bradley for even a second. To his relief, Uncle Bill
was indeed outside in the yard - tossing a ball back and forth
with Freddy.

“Hey Champ!” he greeted as he caught Freddy’s weak toss.
He didn’t throw it back, instead giving a final complimentary
smile to his younger son and leaving both the ball and the
glove on a nearby table. “How’s school going?” he asked,
putting a fatherly hand on Riley’s shoulder.

“Pretty good...” Riley replied uncertainly. He liked Uncle
Bill, but he was still a little nervous about Bradley’s looming
presence.

“Nice!” Uncle Bill enthused “And what about sports? Are
you still going to try out for the little league team?”

Riley looked down at the ground, embarrassed “No. I’m not
gonna go...”

“What? Why not?”

“I’m too small!” he said dejectedly “I wouldn’t make it
anyway...”

“Nonsense!” Uncle Bill rebuked him “Listen, you can do anything that any other kid your age can. I want you to promise me that you’ll go to those tryouts.”

Riley felt strangely ashamed, even though he was still certain that he’d only end up humiliating himself “Okay...” he conceded shyly.

“Attaboy!” Uncle Bill praised “You kids gonna play some games with Riley?” he asked, turning to his sons. The two boys had been whispering conspiratorily in the corner together. Riley narrowed his eyes. That couldn’t be good. Surely they wouldn’t try anything while their dad was watching though?

“I wanna play House!” Freddy enthused. Great, Riley thought. Bradley must have told him everything. Why had he come up with such an infantile story? But he supposed there weren’t very many mature explanations for why he had been wearing a diaper at his Aunt’s wedding.

“House?” Uncle Bill asked, looking down with amusement at his youngest boy.

“Yep! We played it at the wedding! Riley’s the baby so he has to wear diapers - and I’m the big brother!”

Uncle Bill gave an amused chuckle, but not in a mean way “I had been wondering about that...”

Riley gave a sheepish look to his uncle, shrugging his shoulders as if to give the impression that he had only ever been humoring his younger cousin. Uncle Bill looked at him

sympathetically.

“Can’t we just play baseball or something?” he asked, still trying to get everyone’s mind off the wedding. “Or just throw some balls?”

“Well.” Bill interrupted, giving a last tousle of Riley’s hair as he made his way back towards the back door “It sounds like you kids have a lot of good ideas.”

“You’re leaving?” Riley asked, sounding more than a little bit betrayed.

“I’m only going inside.” he reassured “Need to catch up with your mom and Aunt Lucy.”

“But...” Riley began, but his uncle had already left, closing the door. He turned around slowly, seeing Bradley sauntering ominously towards him.

“So...” the larger boy smirked, “House?”

“Come on, Bradley - don’t.” Riley tried to reason, backing slowly away. The larger boy lunged forward, grabbing hold of his hand and making a gesture at his brother. Freddy nodded obediently, running towards the house. “No!” Riley objected more desperately, trying to get free - but it was impossible “What are you doing?”

“Time to get Ry-Ry ready!” Bradley sang, grabbing the scruff of his neck and yanking at his collar to pull the t-shirt roughly off from over his head.

“Stop!” Riley insisted, but Bradley wasn’t listening. He

poked invasively at the boy's exposed belly button.

"Fussy as always, huh?" he smirked, "Lie down, baby."

"No!" Riley spat, hating how much all of his protests sounded indistinguishable from those of a real little kid.

"Riley." Bradley said gravely "Lie down. I'm not going to ask again."

"Or what?" the smaller boy challenged, feeling a strange rush of courageous defiance.

"I'll make you." Bradley explained. "We both know I can. Maybe I'll punish you as well."

"P...punish?"

"That's right. It's going to be a little while before Freddy comes back with those diapers. Maybe you can have a little romp around the garden - naked."

"No way..." Riley said doubtfully. He wouldn't, would he?"

"No?" Bradley continued, amused. "What about a bare-bottom spanking instead then? Since you're so set on being naughty."

Riley let out a pained howl. He wanted more than anything else to just run - but he couldn't, Bradley still holding him tightly by the hand.

"What's it going to be Riley?" Bradley cooed, his calm sing-song voice somehow even more terrifying than his stern chidings. With no other options, Bradley collapsed onto his

bottom - breathing deeply in and out.

“Good boy.” Bradley praised, pushing his back onto the grass. The larger boy slipped off his shoes and socks before he slowly began to thread his jeans off of his legs. Riley cringed as he felt the cool air against his thighs, already knowing what was next. However, to his surprise Bradley instead pulled him up into a seated position once more.

“Since you’re being so good, you can just sit in your little undies until Freddy gets back.” he instructed, tickling light at his tummy. “Hmmm, Power Rangers.” he commented, indicating his undies “That one of your favorite shows?”

Riley ignored him, adopting a glassy eyed frown and staring directly forward.

“Maybe you’re not big enough to talk yet, huh?” Bradley taunted.

The smaller boy growled, not willing to let the insult stand “Yes. I like Power Rangers. Happy?”

Bradley shrugged “Happy enough. Nothing cuter than a baby boy in his baby undies.”

Soon enough, Freddy came back outside - struggling to carry the same large backpack that Bradley had had at the wedding. Riley steeled himself as the two brothers began to unpack all of the paraphernalia - beginning by rolling out the baby blue teddy bear changing mat a few feet from where he was sitting.

“Go lie down on your changing mat, Ry-Ry.” Bradley

commanded, but Riley ignored him. “Ry-Ry...” he repeated sternly “Remember what I said about being a good boy?”

Letting out a disgruntled harumph, Riley went to get his feet - but Bradley instantly pushed him back down again. “Nu-uh, baby. Crawl.”

Riley tried to object “But I-”

Bradley only had to raise an eyebrow to cut him off. He supposed it wasn’t so much of a big deal compared to what they all knew was coming. He let out a few high pitched grunts of efforts as he shuffled awkwardly across the grass, eventually collapsing down supine on top of the changing mat. To his annoyance, he saw that a few grass stains had formed on his hands and knees. .

“Let’s get the baby changed.” Bradley narrated.

Riley firmly closed his eyes, trying to pretend he was somewhere else. He didn’t even try to resist as he felt his underpants swiped off from around his ankles before his legs were raised into the air - the familiar crinkly soft material making contact with his butt. He heard the tapes being secured before he dared to open his eyes again, looking down to see a little cartoon giraffe smiling up from the pastel green papery cloth fastened over his crotch.

“All done!” Bradley intoned, grabbing Riley by the hands and pulling him unsteadily to his feet. He felt the wind rustle through his bare legs, feeling very exposed.

“Can I have my clothes back?” he asked, looking around for

where they had gone. Since they were nowhere to be found, he supposed that Bradley must have stored them in the backpack that was sitting atop the table.

“Don’t think so, buddy.” Bradley “Those are big boy clothes, but you’re not a big boy are you?”

Riley gave an outraged snort “So I’m meant to just run around out in here in nothing but a diaper? Like some idiotic toddler?”

Bradley laughed “Sounds like you’re getting it, buddy.”

The smaller boy groaned. He really shouldn’t have said that. Just then, he felt a pair of hands come around from behind - starting to tickle incessantly on his bare tummy. He jumped back in surprise - but only managed to fall over onto the grass again. Freddy jumped on top of him as he tried unsuccessfully to kick the younger boy away, tickling all around his legs, feet, chest, arms, and belly.

“Sto-oh-ohp!” he cried through reels of involuntary giggles, but the younger boy just wouldn’t let up. After what felt like an eternity, Bradley finally intervened.

“You might wanna stop, Freddy. Last time I tickled him, he peed his diaper.”

The boy finally ceased, flinching back in disgust “Gross!”

Bradley just laughed, “It’s why he wears them.”

Riley writhed around on the floor for a little before he finally managed to find his way to his feet, staring indignantly at the

pair of brothers as his tousled hair blew in the wind. He looked down at the diaper still taped securely around his waist - actually surprised that the tabs had managed to stay attached through the whole incident.

“So.” Bradley said, taking control once more “Why don’t we play some baseball?”

“Baseball?” Riley asked suspiciously, thinking the activity far more mature for Bradley’s usual schemes.

“Sure - you wanted to play earlier, right?”

“Not like this.” he moaned.

“What difference does it make?” Bradley said nonchalantly. Riley harrumphed. That was easy for him to say.

“Fine. But I wanna bat first.”

“Sure thing, bud.” Bradley conceded. “Let me just get the stuff out of the shed.”

Bradley pushed Riley down firmly back onto the grass, instructing him to stay put before he walked off towards the shed. As soon as he was out of sight Riley briefly considered sprinting back into the house, but as soon as he got to his feet Freddy grabbed his hand - signaling for him to sit down once more.

“Don’t be a naughty baby.” he smirked, sounding just like his brother.

Riley considered that he might have been able to break free

from the six-year-old's grip, but instead he simply sat back. It wasn't like he was going to achieve anything by running away in any event. What was he going to do, tell the adults? As far as they were concerned, he was just playing another game of House.

Bradley soon returned, but instead of a regular bat he seemed to be carrying something much more colorful. Riley squinted as the boy got closer, making out a small plastic yellow batt and an accompanying red and blue plastic tee. It seemed that Bradley had dug out some old toddler tee-ball set. Of course, Riley thought. There had never been any chance that Bradley was going to let him play a regular game. Where was the fun in that? The larger boy started to set up the tee on the ground, waving the yellow plastic bat enticingly back and forth.

"Here ya go, Ry-Ry." he smiled, pulling him to his feet with his free hand "The perfect bat for a baby boy."

"I don't wanna play." Riley said stubbornly. There was no way he was going to humiliate himself like this.

"Oh?" Bradley smiled, "Not big enough for baseball, huh?" He dropped the bat and kneeled down, grabbing Riley's arm with one hand and making for the tabs of his diaper with the other "No worries." He continued, "You can just run around in your birthday suit instead."

Riley's eyes widened as Bradley ripped off one of the tabs "No!" he screamed, putting a protective hand against his diaper. "I'll play! I'll play!"

Bradley chuckled, re-securing the fastening. “There’s my good boy.”

Soon the game was all set up, both Bradley and Freddy putting on their gloves and walking off to opposite ends of the lawn. Riley tried to look as mature as possible, adopting a stern expression and intimidating stance - but it was a difficult task when he was standing in front of a toddler’s plastic tee-ball set in nothing but a diaper.

I’ll show them he thought, bringing the bat back over his shoulder. He intended to hit the ball so hard that it went way over both of their heads and right over the fence. As he swung with all his might however, he was surprised by the extreme light weight of the plastic bat. Instead of making contact with the ball, his swing was wildly off target - flying freely over the top of the tee and putting him dangerously off balance. Riley collapsed onto his knees, jostling the tee on his way down and causing the ball to fall painfully on top of his head.

His cheeks flushed red as he heard both boys let out a few cruel titters, but as he twisted around, he was even more embarrassed to see the adults crowded around by the back door watching the scene with amusement. Even worse, Aunt Lucy seemed to be holding a camera.

He tried desperately to explain himself as he stumbled to his feet “I was just-”

“Playing house?” his mother interrupted, smiling down at him. He could only gape, dropping his plastic bat and

bashfully going to cover up his diaper with his hands.

“Don’t be shy, honey.” Aunt Lucy encouraged, snapping a few more shots “Just keep playing!”

Riley groaned, collapsing back down onto the grass in shame as he heard the clicking of the camera. He was never going to live this down.