Siblings: Photoshoot

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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“Why did I ever agree to this?” Cody muttered.

“You’re the one who said you wished there were photos of you and Bethany where you weren’t in a dress.” As far as Cody could remember, that was not how it had happened. He remembered spending hours trying to convince Bethany that he didn’t really want to dance along to Cocomelon videos in nothing but his underwear, ever aware of the photo of them in their dresses. When mom finally said it was time to go and Bethany was trying to find where she had hid his pants, he had muttered that he wished his photo wasn’t up there for everyone to see. How mom had twisted that into this… this ordeal!

“It’ll mean the world to her!” Mom said once she told him just what she – and Bethany’s mom too, he was sure – had planned.

“Yeah, and prove to her that I’m a baby.”

“Oh, come on.” Mom said. “You and I both know you aren’t and I think Bethany does too.” Cody snorted. “And it’s so cute how she always wants to take care of you and how you play along and wear whatever she says.”

“That’s not how it works at all!”

“Still, you know it’s just a game.”

“It’s not! She seriously acts like I’m a baby!”

“We’ll be there the whole time and we’ll make sure she behaves.”

Cody had tried everything he thought of to dissuade his mom from this photoshoot. He had even risked losing his video game privileges for a solid month but she would not be swayed. So here he sat, nearly fourteen years old and about to put on a diaper.

“Fine. Let’s get this over with.”

“You’re such a martyr, you think I was asking you to use it.” Cody sighed and tried to force himself to cheer up.

“Alright, um… I think I can handle it from here.” He saw his mom’s face and knew something was wrong. “What?”

“I know we talked about Pull-ups, but”

“But?”

“Don’t interrupt. I bought the wrong thing.” She pulled a white rectangle out of her purse. She waited until now to spring this on him?

“I’ll just wear my underwear then.”

“Now, Cody. You promised.”

“I promised to wear a Pull-up!”

“Don’t shout. Look, it’s just for the photos.”

“Yeah, right.” He muttered.

“Please don’t start this again.” She smiled. “Unless you want me to get”

“Don’t you dare.” He hissed through his clenched teeth. “So, what? You’re going to have to put it on me?”

“I’ve got some experience with that.” Cody seethed, but he knew this was the only way.

“Let me at least take my own underwear off.” Cody muttered.

“Well, duh. I know you’re a big boy.” Mom teased. “Better hurry. Bethany would love to get a chance to diaper you.” She only smiled at her son’s icy scowl.

“Can’t believe I’m doing this.” Cody groaned, tugging down his underwear and adding it reluctantly to his pile of clothes. Covering his crotch even though he knew there was no real point to that, he lay down where his mother patted.

"It's just for the photos." She repeated. "In fact, use it and you're grounded for a month." She laughed at her own joke. "Bethany really wants a baby, but I know how much work it is."

"That's not really making me feel better." Cody muttered.

"It's sweet. She just wants to take care of you."

"I'm double her age!"

"Well, Aunt Mary and Uncle Carl are ten years apart."

"Uncle Carl's like six and a half feet tall."

"Nearly done." Cody squirmed, blushing as he felt the diaper brush his inner thighs as his mom lifted it up between his legs. He had never really believed his mom when she told him the Goodnites he had worn until he was seven were nothing like real diapers, but now that he had a diaper on for the first time in a decade, he would have done anything for those Goodnites. “There.” She said, noticing her son’s strange expression.

“Why do I have to wear this?”

“Because your outfit looks all weird and droopy without it.” Cody was about to tell his mom that made no sense at all, but she had other things on her mind. “Shoot. Shoot, shoot, shoot.”

“What?”

“I think Bethany’s mom took both garment bags.”

“So?”

“So, that means we’re taking a little walk to the other changing room.” She grabbed his hand and began to walk toward the door. Cody took a few steps before it really sunk in.

“Mom! No, no, no!” She opened the door and, holding his hand tightly, led him out of the changing room. Knowing there was no way back to the changing room, Cody’s bare feet slapped against the cool floor as he tried to rush as quickly as he could out of sight, the diaper crinkling almost tauntingly as it transformed his run into the ungainly waddle

of a toddler.

“Baby Cody!” Bethany exclaimed. “You’re not dressed!” She wore her blue dress and rushed over, wrapping her arms around him as if to shield him from any passers-by. “My baby can’t be wandering around in just a diaper!”

“We realized that Cody’s outfit was still over here, Bethany.” Cody’s mom explained.

“You’re gonna look even cuter once you’re dressed like big sis.” Bethany said cloyingly. “Aren’t you a cute little baby?” Cody winced and almost whimpered as he saw Bethany’s mom not so subtly sneak a picture of him standing there with Bethany baby talking at him. “Let’s get you dressed.”

Having Bethany dress him, tickling his tummy and feet every time he tried to do something for himself, was at least marginally better than being in nothing but a diaper. As he stood there in a sailor shirt and shorts far skimpier than his underwear that barely covered more than the diaper, he regretted ever agreeing to this. On the other hand, Bethany seemed thrilled that he had finally come to his senses and had a diaper on.

“I’m putting my underwear back on after photos.”

“I don’t know!” Bethany said in sing-song. “Your mommy put your diaper on this morning, so that means you gotta wear it.” She tapped his nose. “You be a good baby.”

“I’m not”

“Mom, can you find my baby’s shoes?” Great, Cody thought. She really does think I’m a doll. Her mom smiled and both moms began to look around for his shoes.

"I'm not a baby!" Cody protested.

"Of course not." Bethany giggled. "Don't worry. I know the truth, Cody. You'll always be my baby, but we can play pretend that you’re big."

"I'm like twice your age."

"But oh so itty bitty!" She grinned down at him and gasped excitedly. "Ooh, let's play shy baby!"

"No, that's dumb. It's an awful game."

"It's fun! Plus it's so much better than you grouching all the time!"

"Bethany, we're in public."

"Which just makes my baby more shy. Shyer?" She shrugged. "Cody's the most shyest baby ever. Yes, you are!" She mimed zipping his lips. “From now on, Cody, you only whisper to me. If anyone asks you a question, you can nod or shake” she demonstrated each motion to him. “But anything more than that, you whisper to me and I tell them, kay?” She smiled. “Such a shy little baby.”

Cody almost felt relieved when he had his shoes on. He kept trying to tug down on his shorts, but they refused to budge. They covered the diaper – barely – but they seemed like they were there to accentuate it more than anything.

“Alright, kiddos.” Cody’s mom said. “Let’s head out to the photographer.” Bethany snatched up Cody’s hand and escorted him out. “Aww, look at your little waddle! Could you get any cuter?” She laughed. “Course not! You’re my baby and you need to be a cutie patootie!”

Cody waddled along, waiting patiently for any moment when Bethany might let her guard down and let him pull his hand free, but it did not come. They walked over to a woman a few years younger than their moms with bright blue hair.

“This is June. She’ll be taking your photos today.” Bethany’s mom said. “June, this is Bethany and Cody. They have both promised to do everything you said.”

“We’ll be right back. June, can you watch the kids while we go run across to that candle shop next door?”

“Sure thing! We’ll be done in maybe twenty?” She smiled as Cody watched his only hope for reigning Bethany in leave. What was he going to do?

“So, let’s get to know each other. Bethany, right?” Bethany nodded.

“And this is my baby, Cody.”

“How old are you, Bethany?”

“Seven.” She said proudly.

“Wow. What a big girl!” She smiled and kneeled down in front of Cody. “How about you, Cody?” He felt Bethany squeeze his hand. He looked up at her.

“Sorry, Cody’s shy.” Bethany made a show of bending toward him so he could whisper in her ear.

“Tell her I’m thirteen.” He tried to whisper loudly enough that June could hear.

“Cody’s still a baby, so he forgot. He’s four.” Bethany explained. June nodded.

“Okie dokie! well, how about we get started?”

The next twenty minutes had to be closer to twenty years as June put her subjects through a whole gauntlet of photos. She had props and about a thousand different places for them to sit, by Cody’s count. Every time she chose a new place for them, Bethany would hurry over and then they would both turn and watch Cody waddle over. The way June kept snapping quick photos of him walking, Cody knew he was coming across as a complete baby. He fought back humiliated tears, knowing that crying would only mean about a million more photos of him as a red faced, sobbing toddler.

“Alright, Bethany, give the rope a strong tug and Cody? You just stay right there, looking as cute as a bug. Smile!” June finally put her camera down. “That was great, kids. And here’s the grown-ups. We’ve had a ton of fun. These are such great kiddos! Especially that cutie Cody.” Cody blushed, then yelped as Bethany snuck up and tugged his diaper cover all the way down.

“Cody! You kept your diaper dry! What a big boy you are!” In his frustration, Cody stormed off toward the changing

room, stumbling over the diaper cover around his ankles. He could only hope the moment where he had his diaper butt up in the air as he tried to get back to his feet did not end up on film.

“Can I take Cody to that playplace we saw at the front of the mall?” Bethany asked.

“Of course, sweetheart, but let him get changed first.”

“Can I help change Cody’s diaper?” Bethany asked. Her amused mom wrangled her into the changing room, leaving Cody to wonder if he would ever live this one down.