The Cabin

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Dominic yawned as he woke up, relieved that he had managed to wake up on his own without Mom coming in. Especially since I kicked the blankets off, he thought as he rolled over and looked down at his diaper. He did not like how used to diapers he had become. He groaned as he saw the suitcase by the door. Had Mason been in here while he had been napping? He searched his memory.

They had gotten to aunt Maggie and Uncle James's cabin. Dad had started directing them on what needed to be done. Mason and Dominic had made some joke under their breath. What had it been? It didn't matter. What did was that Mom overheard and decided he -- and not Mason -- needed some quiet time. So unfair that Mason got to explore around the cabin while he had had to take off his boxers and get his diaper on for a stinking nap.

He sighed and reached down. Dry. Thank god. The rules were he needed to avoid wetting the bed for three days straight to get out of diapers. It used to be 'get out of Goodnites', but…

"Oh, you're awake." Mom said, walking in.

"You couldn't knock?" He stood up, shuddering at how they crinkled so loudly, and reached down for the tapes.

"Don't touch that diaper." Mom said sternly. He froze and looked up at her.

"What? Why?"

"It's only a few hours before bed, so I think you can use that tonight too." He stared at her before he finally understood.

"What?" But his boxers were right there! He felt a slight bit of relief as he realized that was all the confirmation he needed that Mom had not come in during his nap. "Why do I gotta keep wearing this?"

"Why not? It's basically underwear. And I think I can trust you to not use it for a few hours, right?"

"Ew. Yeah." She laughed.

"Alright, well, you can keep it on then." He wondered if he could have gotten underwear if he had said he might use the diaper, but mom's mind was made up. "Your brother's in the backyard. How about you go play?" He shrugged. Playing sounded okay, plus they could go explore. Really, just about anything sounded better than quiet time. Quiet time was, in his opinion, possibly the worst thing on earth. When Mason got quiet time, he had to read a book or do something else quiet. Quiet time for Nicky invariably meant a nap and it was even worse when he was in one of his bedwetting phases. At least I didn't have to climb up on that, he thought as he glanced at his two year old cousin's changing table on his way to his shirt and shorts.

"No." Mom crossed the room and grabbed his hand. "It's hot enough I think you can play outside like this. We're in the middle of nowhere after all."

"Like this?"

"Yeah. Mason won't mind."

"Bet he will."

"I'll tell him not to tease you. He's seen you in your diaper a lot lately, hasn't he?" Nicky felt his ears grow hot. He still was not sure whether it was true Mom had not been able to find them or she just didn't trust them, but he had, as of a few weeks ago, gone from Spider-Man Goodnites to Bunnydale diapers. Actual diapers. He had turned twelve nearly two months ago and yet, he wore Bunnydale diapers to bed! "I don't want to do laundry our first day here, especially with that broken washer, so you're not putting on clothes just to get them dirty. Like I said, I'll make sure Mason doesn't bug you."

"Is Mason out there in his underwear?"

"No."

"Well, what if"

"I know what you're going to say. Who was it I had to hose off last summer because he was covered head to toe in mud? Your brother? Oh, no. He was at practice. My little warthog." He blushed as he remembered how popular those photos had been on her mommy blog, but quickly returned himself to the task at hand.

"But I need to wear something!"

"Sweetie. You're not a girl like mommy. You can be shirtless outside. And I've got your hat ready and waiting by the

screen door."

"Great." He muttered as Mom decided their conversation was over and guided him by the hand through the cabin.

Up until recently, the bucket hat, also Bunnydale themed, had been his most hated accessory, yet it invariably came out every summer to defend him from the sun. Nicky had always felt like his bucket hat was babyish and the fact that it now matched his diaper only proved it.

"Chin." He raised his head enough for the strings to go underneath. Mom always made it so tight, like she was downright terrified it would fall off. He felt like it was pushing his cheeks forward and making them look chubby.

"Mason was setting up badminton, so you'll be running around." She said to his annoyed look. "All set?"

"Hold on. I need to get a shirt and shorts on." She laughed.

"Is that you volunteering to do the laundry?" She leaned down and adjusted his hat. He knew from experience she was making sure just the right number of blond curls were visible. A photo of him from a few years ago in this very hat when it was new graced the front page of her mommy blog. At least he had a little less baby fat now, he thought. "Let's go, sweetie."

They emerged out into the afternoon and Nicky shivered from the breeze. He really was outside in nothing but a diaper! He felt the sun on his skin and knew he would not be chilly for long. Mom stopped at the edge of the patio and grabbed a

tube from the glass table.

"We gotta do sunscreen."

"Why?" It was less of a question and more of a complaint.

"Even if you promise to stay in the shade, the sun can still get you, munchkin. It's still early in the summer, so your skin is extra sensitive." He squirmed.

"Come on, mom!"

"Well excuse me for not wanting you to die of skin cancer."

"Why don't you just stick me in the baby bjorn so you can keep me safe?" He muttered under his breath.

"I heard that" Mom squirted a big dollop of sunblock into her palm. "And don't think I won't."

"It'd make a lot more sense for me to go put clothes on."

"We're already out here."

"But"

"No more buts, mister." He had no choice but to stand there as Mom slathered every part of him that wasn't covered with sunscreen. Sure, she did this whenever they went swimming, but that did not make it any better, especially the way he crinkled as she did his thighs. "You don't need to pee do you?"

"No."

"Well, just let me know. I'd prefer if you didn't use your diaper, but if it's an emergency"

"I'm not going to use... it." He muttered. "You said it's like underwear, right? Couldn't I pull it down and pee in the woods?" She frowned slightly.

"We'll see."

At that very moment, Mason emerged from the woods. Had he been peeing out there? Nicky had his suspicions.

"How am I going to explain this?" He wondered to himself as Mason came over.

"Hey! Why's he in just a diaper? Can I play in just my underwear?"

"If you want. We're in the middle of nowhere." He didn't seem to expect mom to say yes, so he stammered and changed the subject.

"I got badminton all set while you were doing quiet time, Nicky."

"It's Dominic." He knew he would never get mom or dad to call him that, but his little brother should.

"Oh, please. You've been Nicky all your life." Mom said, looking him over to make sure she got him completely covered.

"Did Mason have to go through this?"

"You know he did." Mom said. "Now quit fussing or it'll be straight to bed after dinner."

"Ok." He mumbled, but it was not like that was all that much

of a threat. It was usually bath after dinner and then bed shortly thereafter. Hey, he thought. If I'm going to be wearing this diaper to bed, does that mean I don't have to take a bath tonight? He considered asking, but Mom had already moved on.

"Alright, kiddos. I'm going to relax while you two play badminton, kay?" She took her place on a nearby chair.

"Uh, here." Mason handed Nicky a racket. "I got it all set up and uh," he could tell Mason could not stop looking at his diaper.

"It wouldn't be so bad if you were in your undies too." Mason smirked.

"Well, those aren't really" he looked over at Mom. "Naw, I'm" he shrugged. "I don't wanna right now. Let's just play."

Playing with his brother allowed Nicky to feel normal, even with the diaper on. They almost managed to play a full game of badminton before devolving into seeing who could hit the birdie highest into the air.

"Don't lose it. It's our only one." Mom called from her spot. Nicky considered that proof that he had won since it was him who had gotten scolded. Without even needing to say a word, they seamlessly transitioned into seeing who could hit the birdie harder at his brother. When Nicky had to chase after it almost to the tree line, he returned with an iron resolve to make his brother go running. He looked over at Mom, who was smiling at her phone. Shoot. Photos! How could he have

forgotten? Mom always took like a million photos, even if they were just playing a board game.

He looked over at his brother and his brow furrowed under his bucket hat. Dumb little ten year old Mason looked so different from him. He had taken off his ball cap to 'see better', but Nicky was all but certain he had done it to make Nicky stick out more. The only similarities between them were their hair, their height, and the fact they were both barefoot.

"Come on! Serve!" Mason called, swinging his racket to and fro to enjoy the whoosh it made. Nicky threw the birdie up and launched it right at his brother. "Whoa!" Mason dodged out of the way. "Nice!"

"Play nice." Mom called noncommittally. She had not even looked up from her phone, but knew that that was a sure indicator they were getting rowdy.

They went back and forth a few times before they were both panting and sweating. With an unspoken agreement that they were done, they flopped down on the grass.

"Mom! We're thirsty!" Mason called, his brother nodding.

"Alright, I'll be right back. I meant to make lemonade while Nicky was sleeping, but I forgot." She eyed them both before disappearing inside.

"So, why are you in a diaper?" He sighed and explained the whole situation. "But like, just a diaper? Out here?"

"Mom was afraid I'd get dirty and the washer's broken." Mason nodded. "Hey, um, I really wish you'd call me Dominic. All my friends do." That wasn't entirely true, but now that he was twelve, he was insisting on it.

"Mom and dad"

"Well, maybe if you do, mom and dad will catch on." He looked down at his diaper and sighed.

"I mean," Mason shrugged. "Maybe. What's taking Mom so long?"

"She probably found a bunch of other stuff to do."

"Yeah, that's true. She'll come out with a buncha snacks, I bet."

"This close to dinner?" Nicky had not actually looked at the clock, but he was pretty sure Mom had let him sleep past his usual time.

"Hmm." Mason considered it. "Let's go sit in the shade. The sun's hot and you know Mom'll throw a fit if we get sunburned. 'specially you." Nicky suspected Mason was at least a little jealous that he seemed like Mom's favorite, but really, did he want to be in diapers and a baby's bucket hat? I'd trade him in an instant, he thought as he followed Mason to the shaded patio.

Nicky had only just sat down, wincing as the warm chair back touched his bare one, when Mason was back up and wandering around.

"I thought you wanted to sit in the shade." Mason could never sit still. Nicky knew that there had been more than one parent-teacher conference about him.

"I do, but it's nice and I dunno." Nicky watched him wander around for a while, but that ended up being less exciting than he had thought. He stared up at the clouds. What was taking Mom so long? Probably trying to get me super thirsty so I drink a bunch and then... he almost laughed at himself. That was ridiculous. He was not using this diaper!

"What are you doing?" He asked as Mason wandered by the house.

"Seeing if I can see Mom. She's not in the kitchen."

"Told you. She probably realized she forgot to do" his shoulders rose and fell. "Something."

"I guess." Mason said. "You wanna play badminton again? You know as soon as we do, Mom'll come back."

"It's too hot."

"Good point." Still, Mason kept wandering around, as antsy as always.

"Sit down already."

"Is someone getting grouchy? You know Mom doesn't like when we're bossy."

"Ugh, quit it. You" he tried to find the best way to say 'you're not the one in a diaper', but knew there was no way to make

that sound cool. "Just stop."

"Whatever." Mason said. Nicky heard movement behind him.

"What are you doing now?" He howled as suddenly, he felt cold water rush down his back and heard Mason cackle with delight as he shoved the hose down the all too tempting back of his brother's diaper. The effect was near-instantaneous, Nicky's diaper practically ballooning up as the water rushed to the front of his diaper.

"What is going on out here?" Mom emerged from the house. She saw everything in a glance and sighed. "Why are you two playing with the hose?" Nicky tried to protest his innocence, but his chattering teeth made it come out as half stammer, half shiver. “Don’t start, mister. You did this very thing to Mason a few years ago, but he wasn’t in a diaper.” Mom came over and extracted the hose from his cartoonishly swollen diaper. "Stand up." Nicky sloshed to his feet, the diaper smacking against his thighs. Mom looked him over, a smile sprouting on her face when it sunk in just how her son looked with the diaper so swollen. "Is that all water?" She asked. Nicky nodded, but how could he be sure? Sometimes he just dribbled the tiniest bit in his sleep, a fact more than a few pairs of his old briefs could attest to. Mom looked him over again and saw the slightest yellow tinge on the front of his diaper. She nodded. "Well, let's go inside. Mason, you can start with lemonade. You, mister, will be getting a dry diaper and then lemonade."

"But," That felt so unfair! Mason snorted, but quickly hid his

amusement. It wasn't as though it was a great mystery whose fault this was. Nicky had to plead his case. "Mom! It's just water."

"I'm sure, but the way you were howling, it scared me. I expected you to be missing an arm!" She gave him a hug. "And we already decided you were going to keep a diaper on until bed, so let's stick to that plan, kay?" She gave him a push toward the cabin. He made sure she did not have her phone before he began to waddle his way toward the screen door.

"Precious little cowboy walk." Mom mused as she watched him walk. So much for my dinner plans, she thought. Guess we'll get something in town. If this afternoon is any indication, I'm thinking Nicky might need a few more diapers than I packed.