

The Car Ride

by HallowsEveWrite, blitzy

In this story Raymond has to endure the longest car ride of his life. Forced to accept what fate has in store for him in order to make it to his Uncle's cottage to play with his cousin Oliver.

The Costume Box

2024

Chapter 1

The Car Ride

“Do I have to?” I asked Dad sitting on my bed. He had once again popped his head into my room to make sure I was ready to go. “I won’t even need it.”

Dad gave that soft smile he did sometimes, like he actually understood. Sometimes he would change his mind if I asked enough times. “Ray...” He started. “It’s a long drive and I don’t want to have to stop every thirty minutes.”

“You won’t!” I bleated at him. “I don’t wanna wear it!”

“Raymond.” He stated firmly. That was it, I knew I wasn’t going to get my way now. Once Dad said my full name there was absolutely no way I was going to get what I wanted, it didn’t stop me from shooting him a piercing frown. “It’s only for the drive and we will still stop for some breaks, it’s just in case.” The drive itself was long, we hadn’t been up to our cousin’s cottage in years and I remember last time I had to get Dad to pull over on the side of the highway so I could relieve myself.

I grunted at him, more of a growl. “It has Bluey on them.” I complained uselessly.

“You like Bluey.” Dad scoffed a little.

“It’s for babies.” I told him, although he was kind of right. I did like Bluey. That didn’t mean I wanted to wear it on my butt. The colourful green package sat on my dresser, I had

been complaining about it since it showed up. 'Pampers Easy Ups' in a big bubbly font with Bluey and Bingo happily dancing as if nothing was wrong. The worst part was the size of the box. Fifty-two of the training pants were inside, Dad said they were actually for Oliver but it sounded like he bought them for me.

"Your cousin, Oliver, isn't a baby, is he?" Dad asked, he was trying to trick me. Oliver wasn't a baby but he was way younger. I knew I was pretty short for my age but Oliver must have been a giant. The last time they were here Oliver wouldn't stop commenting on how we were the same size. I'm pretty sure he even took some of my clothes.

"He's five, Dad, he probably still watches Bluey." I tried to extinguish his comment.

"You still watch Bluey." Dad said with a small snort. "You still watch Bluey." Dad said with a small snort. . "Five-year-olds aren't babies." I just rolled my eyes. "Now we are leaving soon and I want you changed." He closed the door to allow me some privacy. "I'll be checking." He added from the other side of it.

I let out an exasperated sigh as I fell back onto my bed, just staring up at the ceiling before looking to the head of my bed, sitting by my pillows was my Bluey plush toy toy. "Dad isn't wrong, I do like Bluey.." I said to myself trying to make myself feel better about what I was about to do next.

I got off my bed to get dressed and to pack the things I wanted to bring. After getting undressed and pulling the

training pants up and between my legs my door opened. I jumped.

“Ray I need to grab a couple of...” he stopped as he chuckled, seeing me in nothing but my Bluey easy-ups. “Super cute kiddo, reminds me of when you were Oliver's age.” He teased as he took the package of easy-ups off the dresser, I knew he was packing them for Oliver but after his comment it felt like they were for both of us. took the package of easy-ups off the dresser, I knew he was packing them for Oliver but after his comment it felt like they were for both of us.

My eyes went wide, my cheeks burned a hot red... All I could muster up was, “Daddy, get out!” Before running over and pushing him against his waist against his waist, not that I could actually force him to move.

He chuckled before moving on his own, “Alright Kiddo I'm going we are leaving in ten minutes though I expect to see your butt at the door.” He finished before finally leaving.

I grumbled as I stomped my way back over to my bed, grabbing Bluey and stuffing her into my backpack. “Stupid dad, stupid height, stupid easy ups!” I said furiously before grabbing the clothes that Dad had picked out for me, I couldn't complain it was things I ‘liked’. First I pulled on a t-shirt adorned with the words ‘little man’. Next was my favourite hoodie, a Bluey themed one, it looked like her body, the hood having ears on it. Finally, I hoisted up denim overalls. I started to buckle on the snaps as I looked at myself

in the mirror. I almost got over the easy ups I was wearing under the outfit until I noticed an unmistakable diaper bulge from the absorbent undergarments. “Yeah, I so look like the older cousin.” I groaned before grabbing my backpack and heading downstairs to put on my shoes.

I had calmed myself down before I even put one toe on the first step of the staircase Dad seemed to be able to read me like a book I didn't want him to know I had a mini temper tantrum not even five minutes prior, after getting my shoes on I stood at the door waiting patiently for dad to lock everything up.

“Okay, kiddo did you do as you were told?” Dad asked his hands on his hips.

Why was he even asking? He saw me in the stupid easy-ups. He didn't actually think I was going to sneak them off, “Duh.” I said bluntly.

He raised a brow looking at me like a fibbing toddler before gently pulling me over to him, “Daddy what are you doing?” I asked before feeling three firm pats on my rear. My face went crimson. Did he actually just check me!

“I did say I was going to check Raymond,” he said before standing up straight, “Okay kiddo got everything?” he asked me as he looked at his watch.

“Uh-huh,” I said, still getting over the biggest injustice of my short life.

“Did you go potty?” he asked before I shot him a glare of

annoyance, “Alright, Alright I’ll take that as a yes.” He said with a smile as we both headed out the door towards the car.

Dad was still loading in things for the trip so I set my backpack down beside the boxes. I opened the backseat, Dad never let me sit in the front. The tall grey and red booster seat greeted me. I had asked Dad like a million times if I could sit in a regular seat but he kept going on about how it wasn’t safe since I wasn’t tall enough.

I pushed myself up onto the seat and was about to fasten the five point harness when Dad appeared and grabbed the straps, buckling me in without asking. “I coulda done it.” I mumbled to him.

“I know.” He reassured me and tightened the straps for me. “It’s just a long drive and I want to be sure.” He then slipped a bottle of water into the seat’s built-in cup holder.

I just rolled my eyes as Dad closed the door leaving me inside. After a few more minutes of packing, he finally got into the front seat and started the car. I shifted a little. I could hear the papery rustle of the easy-up on my rear causing me to frown.

“What’s wrong kiddo?” Dad asked me.

“Nothin.” I grumbled at him, clearly something was the matter.

“Hmmm.” Dad hummed. “If you’re going to be a sourpuss then maybe you don’t want the surprise.”

I perked up a little and looked at him through the rearview mirror. “What is it?” I demanded, not liking surprises.

“Well, we need to eat.” He told me. “How about you pick where we go?”

My eyes went wide with excitement. “Really! I get to pick?” I asked. This never happened. Dad hated the idea of any type of ‘fast food’. He was always going on about how it isn’t healthy and we have food at home. But we aren’t going home today, we’ll be out all day.

“Yeah, Buddy.” He told me. “What do you want?”

I was practically bouncing in my seat. “Ummm.” I hummed at him. “McDonald's?” I asked him hopefully.

Some air sucked into my father’s nose, this usually meant he was going to turn it down. “That’s what you want?” He asked, trying to get me to reconsider.

“Yeah!” I pleaded with him. “You said I could pick, you said!”

“Alright Buddy, McDonald’s it is.” He said with a smile.

“Yes!” I hissed from the backseat.

Dad drove for a while longer, even passing a few of the restaurants. Every time I asked him when we were going to stop he just said later. It wasn’t until we were at least an hour into the journey that he finally pulled into the drive through. “We aren’t going inside?” I was a little disappointed.

Dad's face turned into silent concern. "Do you need to go to the potty?" He asked me earnestly.

"What? No!" I spat at him, then considered it. I didn't need to go, at least not really.

"Then let's just eat in the car." He told me. "It'll be faster this way and we can stop later to stretch." Dad pulled in and waited in line. "Does that sound alright? Think you can eat without making a mess."

"Yes, Daddy." I said. I was a little embarrassed. The last time I ate in the car I accidentally dropped it everywhere.

"What do you want Kiddo?" He asked.

I pushed myself up in the seat to see out the window, the sign was too far away to even read it. "The chicken nuggets I guess." I told him not really knowing what my options were.

Dad smiled and nodded. He eventually got to the voice box. "One Chicken Nugget Happy Meal with milk and a coffee." He ordered quickly.

Much to the name implies the food came fast and Dad handed back a bright red box with a smiling face on it. I was grinning like a little kid and couldn't wait to dig in, I wanted to wait until Dad was back on the road so the car would be less jerky though.

Dad took a few sips of his coffee as he watched me clumsily open my carton of milk, spilling no more than a few drops on my lap. Dad quickly snatched the drink, taking my water

bottle as well. “Hey!” I complained as I saw him going through a bag he had on the seat beside him.

“I think it's better to be safe than sorry Raymond..” He said plainly before pouring both my drinks into separate sippy cups, one red and one blue, then placing them in the cup holders on either side of my booster seat.

“Daddy!” I shouted in protest with a tiny seated hop before crossing my arms and puffing up my cheeks, my booster seat hardly moving due to being expertly secured.

Dad obviously saw this coming so just as quickly responded with a retort, “Raymond, it's not you who has to clean up the backseat if you make a mess or spill something on yourself.” He pulled out his phone and held it out to me. “You can use Daddy's data to watch things if you promise no more protests, just think of the cups as big boy insurance.” He smiled warmly at me.

I frowned but took the bribe, snatching his phone, he then turned and started the car back up and drove out of the lot. “Thank you for the McDonald's Daddy.” My cheeks were still puffed out with a blush on my face as I typed in Dad's passcode for his phone.

“You're welcome Kiddo.” He smiled once more at me through the rearview mirror.

Dad's phone definitely made my food taste better, it was kinda like being at the movie theatre or during a movie night with popcorn. Not everything was great though, with two

sippy cups full of drink and fast food my milk barely lasted through lunch and my water was nearly all gone. This just led to fidgeting in my seat as my bladder filled, reminding me of the crinkle coming from my training pants. The other 'insurance' Dad had given me.

I didn't need to go to the toilet terribly badly. To avoid looking like a toddler desperate for the potty I kept it to myself. I went back to watching Bluey which quickly made me forget about going pee and the embarrassing things I had to endure just to go see family.

It was an hour before the urge to pee returned. However this time, I pressed my knees together. I couldn't ignore it anymore. It didn't help that rain had started sprinkling on the windows reminding me every moment I looked out. I took that as a sign I should speak up. "Daddy I gotta wee." I said softly, trying my best to avoid saying potty.

"It was about time to stop for a break anyhow." He informed me, "Is it bad or can you hold it?" He asked as I turned as red as a tomato.

"Duh, obviously, Daddy I'm not four!" I squealed and went back to watching things on Dad's phone, holding it in front of my face so he couldn't see my crimson cheeks.

Dad watched me in the rearview mirror. I could see him clearly staring at me fidgeting and pressing my knees together. "Well alright, Kiddo." He said not even teasing me this time he was probably worried I wasn't going to make it.

While finishing up a level of some sorta tower defence game I felt the car stop, “Can I go potty now Daddy?” I probably said that a little too eagerly.

“Sorry Kiddo, not quite yet.” He said gravely and gave me a frown.

I groaned, “Then why did we stop?” Trying to get a clear look outside.

“Well it looks like a traffic jam, just hold on, I’m sure we will be back on the road soon.” He assured me.

Dad was right, there was no need to worry we would be back on the road in a matter of minutes... Which is what I thought but minutes turned into thirty, and then into an hour. By this point, I was pouting visibly with my bottom lip taking on the famous toddler pouty face, my knees bent inwards, my hands were placed firmly between my legs and I was beyond uncomfortable. “Daddy! I need to go!” I whined at him.

Dad turned looking me right in the eyes, “Kiddo let me tell you a story, okay? it might make you feel better.” I nodded but I doubted it, nothing but relieving myself could make me feel better.

“What’s the story about?” I asked as I tried my best to pay attention.

“Well it’s a true story, about your uncle and I when I was about your age and he was six.” he paused for a moment, blushing. “We were just heading home from the movies. I was all hopped up on candy, popcorn and soda the same as

Uncle Rick but the difference was your Grandma made him use the restroom before we left. I was asked if I needed to go but I stubbornly refused.” He stopped waiting for me to respond.

I wasn't sure what to say so I shrugged. “So?”

“So just like you are now I became desperate for the potty. I even regretted refusing my Mum’s suggestions when she asked if I needed to go, I didn't end up making it so I ended up needing to sit there in soaked undies and jeans, but Mum didn't make me feel bad, cause accidents happen, I won't give you trouble Raymond if you can't wait, can you wait?” He asked.

I pouted, I was probably mere moments from my body making the choice for me. I clenched with all my might but I could tell I was about to go pee anyway, I looked outside at the wet highway in the middle of nowhere. It would be safe to get out now. Eventually I looked at Dad and shook my head. “Don't look!” I told him with my face going red, Dad nodded before he turned back toward the stopped car in front of us, he even turned on the radio, I guess so he couldn't hear me going either.

I uncrossed my legs and took my hands away from my lower area. I held my arms out awkwardly in front of me as tears swelled in the corners of my eyes. I felt the floodgates open, an overly warm wet feeling filled my absorbent underwear, it stayed in the front mostly but soon flowed towards the bottom of my training pants, soaking up every drop just like it

was intended to do. I almost burst into a sob just picturing what my training pants looked like, the stars from my front to my rear gone, Bluey and Bingo faded, with a slight yellow tinge.

Dad waited a few more moments and looked into the back seat, “All done RayRay?” He asked.

I nodded. “Can I get changed now?” I asked although obviously being changed was restricted by the same thing that made me not make it in the first place, traffic.

“Sorry Kiddo, you're just going to have to wait until the next rest stop.” Dad said sympathetically.

I tried to adjust in my seat but the bulky brief hugging my hips felt even worse if I did that. “How long?” I asked him. I felt like a little toddler sitting in the backseat waiting for Dad to come and change me. My rosy red cheeks burned the side of my face. I placed a hand on my pants and felt the firm fullness of the padding. “It feels gross.”

“We’ll stop as soon as possible. Just watch some more Bluey.” Dad told me, letting me indulge in whatever I wanted at the moment.

I did just that, watching past episodes of the show that I had deemed to be my favourite. Even Bluey couldn’t keep my mind off my midsection as the minutes ticked by and the car slowly moved inch by inch. The overwhelmingly warm underpants soon cooled down and slowly became cold, uncomfortably cold. “Daddy!” I whined for the hundredth

time. “How much longer?”

Dad didn't answer though, instead he finally pulled into a highway off ramp and stopped at a rest stop, looking at the clock it had been over an hour since I relieved myself. Dad pulled the car into the gas station and stopped it, the eerie silence filled the car.

“I need my phone RayRay.” Dad told me and I relinquished it. “Can you take care of your easy-ups while I fill up the car?”

“Yes Daddy!” I squealed and unlatched the five point harness before he could help.

Dad reached back into his bag and pulled out another Bluey easy-up and offered it to me. “Do I hafta?” I asked him hoping that I could get some regular underwear for the rest of the journey, there was no way I was going to have two accidents.

Dad gave me a firm look. “Raymond.” He said firmly which caused me to take the disposable underwear without a second thought. With a soaking wet one under my overalls it's not like I was really in a position to argue. “Take these.” He added and practically shoved a packet of baby wipes into my hand.

“Daddy!” I said, repulsed.

“You'll need them.” He said firmly.

Dad got out and opened the car door and I slid out onto my

feet. The droopy wet cold easy-up felt weird with gravity allowed to pull it down. I frowned and pouted and spread my legs a little apart. Dad pointed to the bathroom sign and I started waddling toward it. I held the new pull-up in my hand now realising it was on total display for anyone to see! I tried to hide it but it just seemed to be drawing more attention to it.

It wasn't long before I slipped into the men's bathroom and pushed open an empty stall, it was a large one. On the wall was a plastic changing table and a trash can. I finally felt relief knowing I had some privacy and could change in peace. I placed my new pull up and wipes up on the table and grabbed the overall straps to undo them. I was a little nervous and the more I tried to push the latch away from the button the more I seemed to fumble with it.

I heard the bathroom door open. I froze, even though I was behind a closed stall door. It rattled for a moment. "You'll have to wait buddy, it's occupied." A man said. Under the door I could see the white sneakers of an adult and the cros of a little kid.

Those shoes were interrupted by the face of a toddler who dropped down onto the floor. "Daddy! Daddy! That baby is all alone!" He squealed in his high soprano.

"I'm not a baby!" I hissed through the door.

"He can't get his overalls off Daddy!" He went on completely ignoring me.

"Christopher, stand up. That's very rude." His father

reprimanded him. He then knocked on the stall door. “You okay in there?”

“I’m fine!” I squeaked at him, still pushing and pulling at the difficult straps on my shoulders. “My Daddy, I mean Dad, is just outside.”

“I’ll get him for you.” He told me and left as quickly as he came in.

I pulled and yanked harder at the straps hoping to get them off before Dad decided to come in and help anyway. I had just managed to work my arm out of one of the straps when the door opened again.

“RayRay?” Dad asked. “You okay Kiddo?”

“I’m fine.” I grunted at him, but the door rattled anyway.

“Let me in, Raymond.” Dad demanded, I gulped and quickly listened.

The door opened and Dad slipped in, without even asking he swiftly started to undo the overall straps. “Daddy...” I whined at him and tried to work myself away.

“Hold still Raymond, people are waiting.” He said firmly which stopped my fidgeting. He unclasped the remaining strap and threw them over my shoulders. He pulled the pants down to my ankles revealing the wet soggy pull up wrapped around my waist. “You really needed to go? Huh Kiddo.”

“Uh huh.” I grumbled from my beet red face. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay RayRay, let’s get you cleaned up.” Dad reassured me and slipped his big hands under my arms and hoisted me up onto the changing table.

My feet dangled off the edge, I was too ashamed to really do anything at this point. Dad didn’t seem to notice. He worked both my shoes off, letting them clatter to the ground. He then pulled the overalls away properly. “Pull your shirt up for me.” He instructed.

I didn’t even reply just and just did exactly as he instructed. The feeling of shame and helplessness were overwhelming and I bit my bottom lip trying to hold back tears. “Sorry.” I whispered again.

“Lay down RayRay.” Dad told me.

I nodded and slowly lowered myself onto my back, bringing my feet up onto the table. These things were meant for little kids but I guess I still fit on it just fine. Dad pulled the wet training pants away, I closed my eyes not wanting to see. Then a cold baby wipe was applied to my privates to clean up any residue, that's when I started snivelling and crying.

“Hey, RayRay, it’s okay.” Dad said softly and held my hand. “It’s no big deal.”

I nodded but let out a wet laboured hiccup and threw my arm over my face. Dad finished up by sliding a new pair of the Bluey easy-ups on to me. The fresh dry disposable underwear felt downright good compared to the last hour I had been sitting in the cold wet one. It actually made me feel a little

better, at least enough to stop the tears. Dad pulled me up into a sitting position and worked the overalls back on, then helped put on my shoes.

I sniffled as I wiped the remnants of my tears. “Sorry, you had to change me,” I said as I felt myself being lifted off the ground and onto Dad's hip.

Dad sighed but kissed me on the cheek disposing of the soaked training pants in the trash before starting to leave the restroom. “It's no big deal RayRay,” he said as we made it back to the car. He placed me in my booster seat but instead of buckling me up like he usually would he paused, “Can you fasten your harness kiddo?”

Inodded. “Of course, it's easy,” I said as I did it right there, Dad did pull on the harness just to check but after checking ruffled my hair, closed the door and proceeded to get back in the driver's seat.

I must've fallen asleep because the next thing I remember I was waking up a blonde-haired tyke's beaming smile inches from my face. “Big cousin. You finally awake? I've been waiting for hours and hours!” He said excitedly as he tried to pull me off the couch.

“W-woah, Oli w-wait!” I stammered but he was determined to show me something. “Where are we?”

“Inside the cabin.” He said matter-of-factly as he pulled me into the kitchen before letting go of my hand and doing a

pose in front of a chart adorned with gold star stickers and rain clouds. “Look how good I have been doing at night, Ray.”

I looked over the chart and giggled, “What am I even looking at?”

Oliver raised a brow like I had asked the silliest question ever. “It's my potty chart, look I was dry all week so I got a reward.” he went into the pocket of his shorts pulling out a five dollar bill.

“Heh, that's great Oli.” I said and smiled mischievously as I looked at his chart, “Although last week didn't go so well, piddle pants.”

Oliver inflated his cheeks as he stomped his foot, “Daddy says accidents happen to even big boys!” He crossed his arms with a huff.

I was about to tease him some more but just as I opened my mouth I felt a firm pat on my rear I quickly turned to see Dad. “Now RayRay I'm not sure it's very nice to tease especially-”

“Come on Oli, let's go play!” I grabbed Oli's hand and pulled him far away from my dad. I couldn't let Oli know I was in a pull-up, or that I wet myself on the way here.

Thankfully my Dad and Uncle mostly kept to themselves, I made sure Oliver stayed far away from the adults. Even a moment alone with them could lead to him finding out about the accident! Oli and I played, watched cartoons on his tablet and eventually had dinner. Dad made a homemade pizza way better than anything you could get at a restaurant.

After we all had our fill my Uncle took away our plates to wash them. Dad grabbed the baby wipes from his dumb diaper bag, and began wiping Oliver's face. Dad didn't call the bag a diaper bag but I did. What else was I meant to call it? He pulled out my sippy cups, my extra pull up, and the baby wipes from it during the car ride so I was convinced that was all he had in it.

After he was done with Oliver Dad turned his attention to me. "Goodness RayRay, just as messy as your cousin." I blink for a moment but before I could process anything dad was already cleaning my face.

"Daddy!" I hissed as he finished up throwing out the wipes he had used.

Dad paid me no mind, not even correcting my attitude. "I'm gonna bath these two gremlins and get them ready for bed." Dad said to my Uncle, he didn't even look away from the dishes.

"Everything for Oliver is in the kid's room, Bro, his night gear and PJs." He informed my Dad. I looked at Oliver who went notably red at the mention of night gear. I took that as he probably had big boy underwear on.

Dad lifted both Oliver and I onto his hips and brought us into a room that hardly looked like a bathroom. It had a tub but no toilet, where had Oliver been going all day? "Daddy, where's the toilet?" I asked as he started to undress Oliver.

"Outside Kiddo. We have an outhouse." He said as he

popped a naked Oliver in the tub and turned on the water.

Everything I knew about outhouses from TV made them out to be gross and stinky. I cringed as Dad started to help me undress. “That sounds gross Daddy.” I complained.

Oliver splashed in the water that was slowly rising as he stood. “Nuh uh! It's not! big cousin, it's actually very clean!” He smiled.

Dad got my overalls off and instructed me to lift my arms so he could pull my hoodie and shirt off now only in a pair of Bluey easy ups I heard a few muffled giggles. “Big cousin, those are pull ups!”

Oliver said that like I didn't know! My face was as red as tomato sauce and I turned to look away from Oliver. Dad tore the sides of the disposable underwear tossing them aside and plopped me beside Oliver in the tub, “Watch your cousin Kiddo, I need to grab some things for you guys.” He said before exiting the room.

I just barely twirled my finger in the water, keeping myself distracted worrying about how much of a baby Oliver must've thought I was for being in a pull up. Suddenly I had a bucket of water poured on me, getting the rest of my body wet!

Oliver burst into a fit of giggles and through his titters said, “Look at you RayRay! You're all wet!” He then stuck his tongue out at me with one eye closed in a mischievous manner.

This tyke was looking to challenge me in water warfare and

with a mischievous smile of my own I accepted. The two of us splashed water at each other, making a mess of the bathroom in the process. I was certain I was going to win when Dad returned, not one bit happy with us. “Boys!”

Oliver and I froze and in unison replied. “Sorry we were just playing...”

We might have replied a bit too fast. Dad just rolled his eyes. “Did you boys rehearse that?” He asked before starting to actually bathe us, cleaning us with fruity-smelling shampoo and body wash. I wanted to protest but considering I just covered the entire bathroom floor in tub water I decided not to annoy Dad further.

After Dad was finished cleaning us he wrapped us both up in Bluey and Bingo fluffy towels. They were both mine from home. Oliver got Bingo which worked out since he was younger than me, just like Bingo is younger than Bluey.

Dad carried us into the kid’s room, Placing on my feet and laying Oliver on his back on the bed to change him into his nightwear. “Kiddo I put some stuff for you on the toy chest.” He told me and looked over to it.

I smiled. It seemed with Oliver here I wasn't the target to baby any longer. I made my way over to the toy chest and looked over what dad picked out for me. A fox onesie and spiderman underoos, no pull up thankfully. But these weren't mine, “Daddy these aren't my jammies.”

Dad nodded, “Yeah I know they are Oliver's” He said as he

stood Oli onto his feet, turning him around and tugged the back of his nighttime pull ups to sprinkle in baby powder. “Seems you didn't do what I had told you to do, hmm?”

“What do you mean?” I asked Dad.

“Did you pack your things like I asked?”

“Uh huh.” I said getting a little nervous, I remember packing my plushy and my clothes that morning.

“Did you put your bag in the car?” He went on.

“I... Umm... I guess not...” I admitted, I had left it for Dad to do. I guess I couldn't be trusted with even a little responsibility.

I pulled the undies up onto my waist before grabbing the footed onesie and getting that on as well, when I turned back to see Oli I pouted. “How come Oliver got the wolf?”

Oliver proceeded to jump off the bed and let out a mighty roar, as mighty as a four year old could muster.

“They are his clothes Kiddo.” Dad stated before pulling us both over into a hug, kissing us both on our heads of fruity smelling hair. “Now it's time for bed Kiddos.” He said before lifting us up and tucking us in. As he made his way to the door he plugged in a nightlight, which I hoped was for Oliver rather than me. “Sleep tight boys, we have lots of fun planned so get some sleep.” He said before leaving the room, leaving the door slightly ajar making a sliver of light enter the room.

I'm not too sure how long I was asleep for but I was nudged

awake, for the second time that day, by a rather desperate Oliver who was holding himself and squirming. “Big cousin I gotta potty.” He pouted.

I also pouted as I turned to face away from him. “Oli, you've been going by yourself all day. What's different now?” I asked with a slight annoyance in my tone.

“The dark!” Oliver said as he stood jumping off the bed and pacing. “Please I'm gonna pee myself!”

I sighed I really had no choice but if Oli had an accident because I refused to help him I would be scolded rather than him, “Okay, okay let's go super soaker.” I teased him before grabbing his hand and leading us out of the room and outside.

Once outside I hesitated. I wasn't scared of the dark, but something about the eerie darkness in the middle of the woods made me second guess myself. “Are you sure you can't hold it till morning?” I asked. Oli gave me the saddest look I had ever seen. “Okay fine,” I said as we both inched our way to the outhouse.

Just when I thought we were going to make it we both heard the haunting howl of some hungry sounding animal! We both let out a shrill scream quickly retreating back into the cabin and to our room closing the door behind us.

I sighed as I slid down the door and sat on my bottom, “Oli, does your Daddy still have that potty you used to use?”

He nodded, “I don't need it though.”

I raised a brow, “How come?” I questioned him as I stood up and got closer.

The tyke went beet red tears forming in the corners of his eyes, although thankfully he never cried. “I piddled on myself...” He mumbled this barely audible if I wasn't so close I probably wouldn't have heard him.

“OH?” I said as I got this weird sense of responsibility.

Oliver started to sniffle, clearly about to bawl. I panicked rushing over to where Dad had got the pull up from before, “No tears Oli, your big cousin Raymond is here to get you outta that yucky thing.” I said in the most cheery way possible.

He looked up from the floor with a sniffle, “R-really? You're not mad at me?”

I nodded as I started to help him get undressed. “Of course not, accidents happen Oli even to big boys like me.” I turned bright red.

“I-is that why you were in a pull up?”

Remembering my accident nearly made me want to cry myself, but I didn't want Oliver to feel like a baby. “Mhm, big cousin had an accident on the way here. We got stuck in traffic and well then I piddled on myself too.” I admitted as I teared the sides of the droopy pull up letting it full to the floor with a splat.

Oli then picked it up and threw it out into a nearby trash bin.

“S-so I'm still big, cause if such a big boy like you had a potty accident and is still big then I am too!” He said with a beaming smile as I started to help him get into the new pull up, holding it out for him to step into.

“Exactly!” I confirmed before zipping up his jammies and hugging him tightly, both of us yawning, “I'm sleepy.” I said as I rubbed my eyes.

“Me too.” Oli agreed before we both crawled our way back into bed and after getting close under the covers I pulled him close still a little nervous about the animals outside.

“I love you Oli.” I said before we both drifted off to sleep.