The Corn Maze

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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"Seriously! We're lost!" Max whined as he looked at all the corn around them.

"We are not." His brother replied. "You're just a worrywart."

"Nuh-uh!"

"You were so confident before." Dylan said with a grin.

"Was not." Max muttered.

"Sure you were. That was why you told mom and dad we'll meet them in the middle." Max sighed.

"That was your idea."

"Well, maybe I just wanted some alone time with my shaggy big bro." He playfully tousled Max's hair, his favorite way to drive home how much taller than him he was.

"Stop!"

"Someone's getting fussy." Dylan teased.

"Am not!"

"Well," Dylan shrugged. "How about we help you cool off?"

"What?" Max had not be expecting that. Dylan smirked, never a good sign.

"Well, sure. It's hot, isn't it?" Max shrugged. "Here, hold the

backpack." Dylan handed it to Max before pulling his shirt off, revealing his sculpted chest and hairy pits. Max tried not to look, humiliated by how developed his younger brother was compared to him. "Now for you." Max yelped as Dylan yanked his shirt over his head. He had looked scrawny in the t-shirt that had once been Dylan's, but now he looked even moreso.

"Give that back!" Both of their shirts vanished into Dylan's bag.

"There's no rule about shirts in a corn maze." Dylan said, tousling Max's hair again. "Oh, let's put your shoes in there too."

"What? Why?"

"We've lost a lot of time with you kicking them off. I dunno why mom bought you Crocs that are like two sizes too big."

"She said I'll grow into them." Dylan snorted.

"Well, not today clearly. Crocs in the bag."

"But there are rocks!"

"I'll carry you."

"What?"

"You know I can."

"That... that's not the point." Dylan sighed.

"Look, Maxi"

"Don't call me"

"Look. Maxi." He said sternly. "We need to finish this corn maze before they send a search party. Letting you lead got us lost."

"Wha"

"You said so yourself. So, I'm taking charge. Which means, what I say, goes."

"Buh"

"I'll give you one last choice. I can either carry you like you're dressed now, in just your shorts, or" he slipped a finger under the pouting teen's chin to lift his head enough that they were looking eye-to-eye. "Or, I can put your shorts in my bag and carry you in just your underoos." He stared right into Max's eyes. "Which will it be, little bro?"