The Merry-Go-Round

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Chapter 1

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"Can I go again?" Ethan asked eagerly as he ran up to his dad.

"You've ridden Devastator three times already, bud." He said. "Remember what you promised Emma?" Ethan groaned.

"But dad!"

"One ride, then we'll get lunch."

"But"

"No buts. You're her big brother and you need to act like it." Ethan sighed.

"What ride do you want to go on, Emma?"

"Merry-Go-Round!" She said at once, pointing at it. Ethan groaned, but bit back his comment about how it was a baby ride. His dad cleared his throat.

"Fine." Emma grabbed his hand and all but dragged him along. How was she so strong for a little girl? He never understood it.

"You'll have fun." Dad repeated, smiling at Ethan. "And quit groaning. Emma might not notice, but I certainly do."

The two got in line for the Merry-Go-Round and Ethan sighed, still able to hear the shouts of joy coming from the roller coasters. Hopefully no one cool saw him riding the Merry-Go-Round, he thought sullenly. He kicked at a pebble

before following Emma aboard the ride.

"Sit next to me!" Emma said. Ethan feigned a smile and swung his leg over the garishly yellow and baby blue horse. "This'll be so fun!"

"Sure." Ethan said. The cheery calliope music began to play and Ethan felt the hard horse move up and down under his butt. He almost wished that the saddle had a cushion.

As they began to go around the circle, Ethan spotted his dad smiling and waving at them. He tried to raise his hand in a half-hearted wave, but realized he could not. His hands were glued somehow to the golden pole that ran through the horse. He glanced over at Emma, who was eagerly waving at their dad. He pulled at his hands. Was the pole just sticky or something? His hands were stuck fast!

"C'mon." He grunted, but he soon forgot his stuck hands as he noticed something strange happening with his shorts. Namely, they were vanishing. At first, he thought it was a trick of the light, but then he realized he could see his boxer briefs through them! "What the fu" the words died on his lips as he watched his underwear begin to vanish too. No, not vanish. Change. The crotch of his underwear had begun to inflate like a balloon. No, puff up seemed like a better word, almost like... like a diaper. Panicked, Ethan glanced over at Emma, who seemed completely unaware of her brother's transformation.

As the Merry-Go-Round kept moving, Ethan's shorts were nearly gone. He could even feel the summer breeze on his

thighs as his boxers completed their transformation. He could remember when Emma wore diapers and he now had a nearly identical, if not much bigger, diaper around his waist. He felt fear grip him as he realized he still could not get his hands free.

He looked at his t-shirt and breathed a sigh of relief. At least it was the same. He blinked and shook his head to get his mop of hair out of his eyes. Why had he thought it looked the same? He had put on his favorite Flight of Dogs shirt that morning and what he wore now was definitely not that! It looked almost like an old-fashioned sailor suit, white and navy blue with a large broad collar that tied at his chest. Horrified but also morbidly curious, Ethan watched as the hem of the shirt grew downward, wrapping around his diaper and buttoning snugly. Catching a glimpse of himself in the shiny pole he still held, he knew he looked like a giant toddler.

The Merry-Go-Round came to an abrupt halt and Ethan was left wondering what had happened to him. Unsure of what else to do, he slid off the horse, landing on his bottom as he realized just how far apart the diaper forced his thighs. As Emma exclaimed in surprise at him falling, he stared at his feet. His grubby sneakers were gone, replaced by a pair of shiny patent leather Mary Janes. They looked like Emma's dress shoes, but somehow fit his new outfit perfectly. He groaned as his dad appeared over him, pulling him to his feet.

"Did you two have fun?" He asked as if he was not at all shocked to find his twelve year old dressed like a toddler, diaper peeking noticeably out from between his legs.

"Yup!" Emma said with a smile. "But I think Ethan wet his diaper."

"I'm sure he did. That’s why he wears them!" Dad said, depositing a sailor cap on a numb Ethan's head. "After lunch, we'll see about changing that diaper." Ethan allowed Emma to take his hand, still too confused by everything to even be aware of just how much he now waddled.