Tighty Whities Virus: Seventh Grade

by andlat

Steve groaned as he saw the wet paint sign. Maybe he could still go through? "Sorry, hallway's closed." The custodian said. Steve nodded grimly. That meant he would have to go through the 7th grader hallway, the last…

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Tighty Whities Virus: Seventh Grade - Chapter 1

Steve groaned as he saw the wet paint sign. Maybe he could still go through? "Sorry, hallway's closed." The custodian said. Steve nodded grimly. That meant he would have to go through the 7th grader hallway, the last place any self-respecting upperclassman, let alone a senior, wanted to go.

Even before he turned the corner, he could hear the cacophony of their voices. He groaned, already able to smell the worst thing about the 7th grader hallway: the copious amounts of body spray they used.
"Gotta do it." He muttered. Maybe he could just hold his breath?
As he neared the hallway, he could have sworn he could actually see all the Axe floating in the air like a fog. He took a deep breath, but he was already too close. He coughed and strode forward, weaving his way through the crowd. Steve was over six foot, so he towered over all the 7th graders. Try as he might to hold his breath, he had to breathe and his head swam with the smells of a hundred different body sprays. How did they even stand it? He wondered, his vision blurring. He stumbled over to a wall, just to steady himself. What was wrong with him? He stared at the white brick, gathering himself. He had to get to class. He turned and realized he was now eye to eye with the seventh graders around him. What? How?

"You okay, dude?" One of the seventh graders asked.
"Um, yeah." He cleared his throat. His voice had not cracked like that in a long time! "I'm fine, just" he froze. That wasn't his voice. It was a prepubescent soprano, the voice he had had when he was in seventh grade! He looked down at himself and gasped. Baggy jeans, black hoodie with a Halo logo, this was what he had worn almost every day of seventh grade! What was going on?
"You must be new, hmm?" Steve did not answer.
"I... I gotta go." He tried to push past the actual seventh grader, but he refused to budge. He was bigger than Steve was now and he needed to put this new kid in his place.
"Hey, we're still talking." He said, a cruel smirk growing across his face. "What's the rush?"
"No rush." Steve stammered, wincing at his high voice. It had not deepened until 8th grade, if he remembered right.
"I was gonna say. Go too fast, you might lose your pants!" The bully yanked down Steve's jeans before he even knew what was happening. He yelped and tried to grab them. "Tighty whities? Score!" The bully exclaimed. Steve bent over to try to pull his pants back up, aware of all the eyes on him. He was a senior, not a seventh grader! The bully yanked him forward so hard that he fell to the floor. "Get his pants!" Steve tried to kick the bully's friends away as they yanked his jeans completely off. Now wearing only a hoodie and his tighty whities, they yanked him to his feet and dragged him down the hall, his white cotton clad butt visible to all the onlookers. He tried to cry for help, but the words died in his mouth as they threw him into a locker, plunging him into

darkness.

Chapter 2

Tighty Whities Virus: Kids Table - Chapter 2

“You promise, mom?”

“Yes, Nate. For the millionth time, yes! I promise that I spoke with your aunt and you’ll be sitting at the grown-up table this year.” He grinned. “I don’t know why it’s such a big deal.”

“I’m almost fourteen, mom.”

“Oh, I’m aware. I was there when you were born, you know.”

“Real funny.” He rolled his eyes.

“You’ll be bored, I bet. Your uncle Jimmy always tells a thousand golf stories. And expects us to laugh at every one.”

“He tells those stories all the time.”

“Yeah, but when you’re captive at the table, it’s worse.” Mom said, her eyes twinkling. “Alright, we’re here. Be sure to hug Muriel before you disappear with your cousins.”

“As long as she doesn’t kiss me.” He said, knowing that it would happen no matter what.

Sure enough, Muriel not only kissed him, but she pinched his cheeks and praised him for getting so big as if he was half his age. He squirmed, but grinned and beared it.

He finally made his way through the sea of relatives and

escaped to his cousin Andy's bedroom. He walked in without knocking and Andy barely looked up from his video game. He was only about six months younger than Nate

"Hey"

"Hey." Andy said. "Wanna play?"

"Sure." They fell into silence, interrupted only by the little cousins bursting in to ask to play until they were ushered away by one aunt or another.

Before they knew it, Andy's mom knocked on the door, poking her head in to let them know dinner would be ready in twenty minutes.

"Are you at the kids' table this year?"

"Yeah." Andy said in annoyance. "Mom said the only way I can get to the grown-up table is if you agree to sit at the kids' table." Nate shrugged.

"Maybe next year." Andy smirked.

"This year."

"What? No freaking way, dude."

"Let's see who's more grown up. We know from last summer that we both have armpit hair, so…" he shrugged. "I'm in boxers. Are you?" Nate scoffed.

"Since I was like nine."

"Prove it." Andy's voice was strangely mild, as if he knew he

had already won. Confused, Nate reached for his belt, but then stopped.

“Why should I prove it?”

“Just give me a glimpse and, if you are in boxers, you can sit at the grown-up table and I’ll just deal with sitting at the kid table again. Like you said, we’ll probably both be at the grown-up table next year.” Nate nodded, still unnerved by how Andy was acting. “Come on, do it or I’ll tell my mom you agreed to let me sit at the grown-up table. She thinks I’m a perfect little angel and you’re a bad influence on me, you know.” He grinned wickedly and Nate felt that it was the other way around.

“Fine, I’ll show you.” He conceded. Standing, he undid his belt and lowered his slacks just enough to show the waistband of his green checkered boxers. Andy smirked and, lunging forward, pantsed his cousin. “Hey! You didn’t believe me.”

“Naw, I just wanted to see it when that happens.” He pointed to Nate’s boxers, which were rapidly moving up his legs as they tightened around his butt and crotch. He gasped, transfixed as the color faded from them and they became a pair of white cotton briefs. The designer waistband was gone, replaced by Fruit of the Loom. They were exactly like the tighty whities he remembered wearing as a kid. “Awesome.” Andy said, cackling. “This is so awesome. Guess you’ll be at the kids’ table, huh?”

“You cheated. Change them back!” He could not believe that this was happening or even what was happening. “What the

fuck did you do?”

“Hey, watch your language. Do you really want my mom coming in here with your pants down? Pull your pants back up.” Nate could not even make sense of what had happened, so he numbly pulled them back up, redoing his belt. Andy grinned. “God, this is just perfect. I can’t believe it worked.”

“What did you do?”

“Don’t worry about it. We need to go out to eat.”

“I am not sitting at the kids’ table.”

“Yeah, you are.” Andy said so self-assuredly that it sent a chill down Nate’s spine.

“I’m older than you.”

“And you’re in tighty whities. We both saw them.”

“You did… something.”

“You can’t prove anything. Just like you can’t really prove you were in boxers. Can you?” He smirked, the very picture of confidence. “C’mon.” Grabbing Nate’s wrist, he pulled him toward the door before Nate could break free.

“Fix this.”

“After dinner I will.”

“But” Andy grabbed him again and pulled him out of his bedroom.

They walked out into the swirl of relatives going all

directions at once, but Andy held firm to Nate's wrist. In all the din and chaos, no one seemed to notice as he all but dragged Nate over to the kids' table.

"You're going to sit here." He said with a smirk, shoving Nate into the chair against the wall. "And to make sure you stay" before Nate could even comprehend what was happening, Andy had grabbed the waistband of his new tighty whities and, yanking it up, pulled it over the back of the chair. Nate groaned loudly as the wedgie set in, but it was unheard over the dozen conversations going on around them.

"Andy, please." He pleaded, but Andy just shook his head.

"Sorry, they need me at the big table. You stay right here and enjoy your Thanksgiving, kay?" He walked away, leaving Nate there, but making a point to whisper the secret to each and every little cousin he passed.

With his back to the wall, none of the adults seemed to notice, but each and every one of his cousins could peek over his shoulder and see his white briefs stretched up over the back of the chair, as if to signify why he was still sitting at the kids' table. By the time they were eating, Nate had learned that every single one of the cousins half his age or older had left tighty whities in the past. Andy's brother, the oldest one other than Nate at the table, even felt bold enough to reach behind him and give his underwear a tug, tightening the wedgie and his exposure even more. By the end of the meal, he had lost his status as one of the cool big cousins and his new position as the dorky cousin in tighty whities had

been cemented.

Chapter 3

TWV: Little League - Chapter 3

"Dang it! Half the team has chicken pox, I swear!" Rob nodded sympathetically, but he was annoyed. When Ryan had texted him to come to the park immediately because of an emergency, he had assumed it was something more pressing than Ryan's Little League team being sick.

"Whatcha gonna do?" He asked. Ryan shrugged.

"Really, I just need one more player to field a full team." He said. "Shame you can't play." Rob laughed, smacking Ryan's shoulder.

"Dude, they might notice a Varsity player. You'd be more likely to pass, shorty." Rolling his eyes, Ryan dug in his duffel bag.

"Sounds like you're willing." He pulled a pair of white briefs out and held them up in both hands so that Rob could get a good look at them. His lip curled.

"Whoa, man. Why do you have some little kid's underwear in your coach bag?"

"Shut it." Ryan said. "It's not like that. Go into that Portapotty there and put these on."

"What? What the fuck, man?"

"You owe me. Remember when I helped you sneak out to go to Stacy's party?" Rob nodded, fond memories of making out

with her in her room washing over him. "You totally owe me, dude. I can see you popping a boner." He thrust the white briefs at Rob. "Put these on. You've just made the team."

Rob tried to get out of it, but what choice did he have as Ryan shoved him toward the green Portapotty. This had to be some sort of weird prank, right? Rob did not really get the joke and he figured the only way to find out what it was was to play along, so he disappeared into the Portapotty, juvenile underwear balled up in his hand.

"Remember. Stacy." Ryan said from outside. Rob groaned and tugged down his shorts and boxers. He stumbled a bit as he tried to squeeze into the briefs. As he yanked on them, it seemed to get easier and easier to pull them up his legs. He growled in frustration as his t-shirt kept getting in the way, so he took it off too, wearing nothing but the briefs once he had them pulled up to his waist. He stared down at his discarded clothes, trying to figure out why they looked so strange. They looked like they were meant for a giant. The whole Portapotty seemed bigger than it had before. He looked down at his feet, curling his toes. What was going on?

The Portapotty's door flew open and Rob yelped.

"Oh, man!" Ryan said in surprise. "It worked!" He held up his phone with the camera on so Rob could see himself.

"What the? What... what happened? My voice! My body! My" he watched the boy on the phone. He looked every bit like Rob at nine or ten years old, slight bit of stubborn baby fat and all. His voice was high-pitched and noticeably

prepubescent. "What do you do?"

"I told you I need you to fill in." Ryan laughed and gave him a playful noogie. "Man, from six foot to what? Four feet?" He laughed again. "Here, put on your uniform, slugger."

"Ryan? What did you do?"

"Get dressed or you're running the bases in your tighty whities." Ryan said.

Rob growled as he sat in the dugout, dressed like the rest of the Little Leaguers. He could not decide which was worse: losing eight years of maturity all at once or the fact that Ryan had introduced him to the team as Bobby. He sat there sullenly listening to the boys around him chatter away about the sort of things little kids talked about. It was only nine innings and then Ryan would change him back. He sighed and kicked the dirt with his sneaker.

"Grab your mitt, Bobby. You're on third base." Ryan said. "Third grader on third base." He whispered to him as Rob walked past.

"Shut it."

As the game progressed, Rob found himself starting to enjoy himself. Sure, it was nowhere near the level of high school baseball, but baseball was baseball and he got a decent hit in the sixth inning. In no time at all, the teams had lined up to congratulate each other. Rob kept Ryan in his sights, determined to go back to normal. He made a beeline over to him while the other players were going to find their parents.

"Hey! Nice job today, champ!" Ryan held up his hand for Rob to high five.

"Very funny. Can I go back to normal now?"

"Normal? Whatcha talking about, Bobby?"

"Yeah, a real laugh riot. You know what I'm talking about, Ryan."

"That's Coach Ryan, unless you want to run the bases." Ryan said. "Shouldn't you be finding your parents, Bobby? Don't want them to leave you"

"Cut the crap, dude. You know I'm not really a Little Leaguer. I'm your best friend, we're on the team together at MacArthur High and"

"Listen, bud, I got a lot of clean-up to do and I'm not really sure what game you're playing." Rob frowned. This was starting to get scary. Ryan never let a joke go this long.

"Bobby! Bobby sweetie!" Rob spun around in shock as he heard the unmistakable sound of his mom.

"Mom!" He exclaimed. "It's me, Rob!"

"I know, Bobby." She laughed. "You've been my son for nine years. I know my own son." She felt his forehead. "Hmm, you're not warm. With those chicken pox going around, I just want to be careful."

"Awesome hit today, slugger!" His dad said excitedly. Rob looked at his parents, unable to even make sense of what was

happening. He stammered and tried to search for some kind of proof that he had been a high school senior just a couple hours ago.

"Oh, he's overexcited." His mom said. "How many Pixie Sticks did you have, Bobby?" Dad chuckled.

"He can run laps around the house at home to burn that energy off." He picked the confused and scared former teenager up. "Whew! You reek, Bobby buddy." He squirmed, but his dad held him tight as his mom gave him a sniff.

"Well, he did work up a sweat hustling out there." She said. "Guess it's bath night." Rob tried to get free as his dad carried him away from Ryan. How was he supposed to go back to normal now? And why did his parents actually think he was nine?

"Alright, fine. You can walk." Dad said with a laugh. "Last one to the car's a rotten egg!" Bobby watched in bewilderment as his dad took off running toward the car. How was he going to fix this?

Chapter 4

Tighty Whities Christmas - Chapter 4

Jake had always loved Christmas, but it felt a little silly for his mom to continue to insist the stockings were from Santa when he was a college freshman and his brother was a sophomore in high school. All the same, he smiled appreciatively as she handed him his red knit stocking.

“And one for our guest. Santa never misses a beat.” His mom said, handing a stocking to Jake’s roommate Randy with a wink.

“Oh, wow! Thanks!” He said with a chuckle. "This is great!"

“Dig in, boys.” Jake did not need to be told twice, his hand plunging into the stocking. Oh, great. She put boxers right on top, he thought. He pulled them out and his face turned red as realization dawned. Boxers, they were not. It was a pair of white briefs!

He quickly stowed them out of Randy’s sight and dug in. Ugh, another one. And another. Another! Another? Jake’s face grew more and more red as he pulled a dozen pairs of white briefs out of his stocking. Was there anything else in there? How did his mom or "Santa" not know he didn't wear these?

He heard Randy snort and he met his gaze. It was impossible to hide the small mountain of tighty whities next to Jake.

“Guess it’s a white Christmas.”

Chapter 5

TWV: Butterball - Chapter 5

Buck walked toward the locker room for gym class, smirking as more than a few students gave him a wide berth. He ruled this school, at least in his own mind. His powerful muscles meant that he could, and often did, take anyone who challenged him.

“Out of my way, fat ass.” He shoved a chubby freshman out of his way, just because he could. “Gonna cry?” The freshman just ran away and he cackled cruelly as he pushed open the door to the guys locker room.

Everyone else was already out of the locker room. After all, class had already begun. Buck did not see himself as late. He made his own schedule. He ruled this school and even the teachers did not dare challenge his authority. He stripped down to his boxer briefs at his gym locker, still chuckling to himself as he flexed his muscles in the small mirror he kept in there. Life was good.

“Hey, butterball!” He heard a voice he did not recognize call out. He turned to see who they were talking to, only to see a muscular guy in a letterman’s jacket making a bee line for him. “I’m talking to you!” He said to Buck, punching him in the arm.

“Ow!” Buck said, rubbing his arm and gasping. His muscles were… gone! Replaced by flab. He stared at his hand with a new set of sausage fingers. What was going on?

“Still in tighty whities?” The bully said, forcing the now chubby Buck to turn around so he could yank up, hard, on the Fruit of the Loom white briefs that he now wore, the last vestiges of his designer boxer briefs vanishing before his eyes. Buck stared at his reflection. His muscles were gone, replaced by soft pudge. He was overweight and wearing the dorkiest tighty whities imaginable.

“Dirk, stop!” He heard himself whine as the bully yanked up on his underwear again, his mind racing. What was going on? Dirk the jerk was bullying him again, that was what. It did not make any sense why that made sense. “Stop!”

“Is the little butterball gonna cry? Bet your tighty whities would rip if we tried to hang you by them!” Horribly confused, Buck could do nothing as Dirk and his cronies lifted him up and hanged him by the back of his tighty whities, the wedgie like fire as his feet dangled, the floor just barely out of reach.

“Let me down!” He whined, tears flowing down his chubby cheeks.

“Naw. We gotta get to gym.” Dirk said. “Nice hanging out with you, butterball!”

Chapter 6

TWV: Hangover - Chapter 6

Aiden groaned as he slowly woke up. What had woke him up so freaking early, he wondered as his head pounded. He heard one of his brothers screaming downstairs and groaned again. They were always so loud first thing in the morning! It did not help that he had one hell of a hangover. If he were smart, it might have kept him from going out partying, but he still did it each and every Friday.

Kicking off the covers, Aiden could not shake the feeling that something was wrong. He stood up a bit shaky, and scratched his butt, his fingers stopping as he realized that the cloth under them did not feel right. He looked down and gasped. This had to be a dream, right? His boxers were gone and right there, covering his bulge, was unmistakably a pair of white briefs.

"What the fuck?" He groaned, grabbing his forehead as it felt like it was about to split. Where had these come from? This could not be a dream; it was too weird. But seriously, he had switched out of tighty whities in what? Third, fourth grade? Even his little brothers had not worn them in at least a couple years.

He stumbled over to his dresser. Since the drawer was slightly ajar, he could see even before he reached it the horrifying sight that awaited him. His underwear drawer was stocked not with the normal boxers but with white briefs.

Even the hamper in the corner had a couple pairs right on top for anyone to see. What was going on? If this was some prank, whoever was doing it was bizarrely dedicated.

Aiden was so perplexed by this, not to mention still terribly hungover, so all he could do was stand there in the middle of his room for a moment, frozen by his confusion. It took a moment for his feet to complain about the cold floor under them and Aiden resolved to figure something out. First things first, he had to get dressed, even if it meant wearing little boy tighty whities for the moment. As he turned to go back over to his dresser, the door opened.

"Good, you're up. Breakfast is on the table." He turned to stare at his mom.

"Mom! Get out!"

"Don't talk to me like that, mister. Get downstairs. We eat breakfast as a family."

"But"

"I don't care if you overslept. It wouldn't be the first time one of you boys ate breakfast in his underwear." Did she honestly not notice he was wearing tighty whities and not his usual boxers? She did laundry. She had to know something was wrong. "Come on." He tried to stammer some reason why he could not go downstairs, even as she pulled him out of his room. She may not have noticed something weird, but he knew his brothers would.

Sure enough, as soon as his mom and Aiden reached the

dining room, their faces lit up as they saw their older brother wearing the dorkiest underwear imaginable. Actually, Aiden thought, it could have been worse if he had had Power Rangers or something on them, but the plain white cotton still seemed to almost glow, as if inviting each and every person to stare at him.

"Had to drag him out of bed." Mom said to her husband's inquisitive look. Aiden glared at his brothers, who were giggling and whispering to one another.

"Can't I go get-"

"No." His dad said. "We eat breakfast as a family. Sit." Aiden sat sullenly, groaning as the sound of his chair scraping on the floor sent tremors through his aching head. He shivered slightly as he realized how cold it was in the dining room. This was so unfair! How could they make him do this? With the windows open, the neighbors could probably even see his humiliating underwear. Why was he in them? Where had all his boxers gone? It made no sense. How did thinking make his head hurt so much? He was too fucking hungover.

Aiden picked at his food so much, his parents could not help but notice.

"Are you feeling alright?" His mom asked. "You're looking a little pale."

"Like his underwear." Aiden swore he heard his brothers whisper. He glared at them and they just stuck their tongues out back at him.

"Your underwear?" Mom repeated. "Oh, really. You lost your appetite because I dared to make you eat in your underwear? Alright, fine. If it's that big of a deal, go get dressed. But don't you dare go back to bed. I want you back down here in two minutes to finish your breakfast." Relieved, Aiden dashed away, even if it meant giving his brothers yet another free show of his tighty whities clad bottom.

Chapter 7

Tighty Whities Virus - Chapter 7

“God damn it, mom.” Louis muttered as he saw, nestled among his boxer briefs, a pair of white briefs. “Luke wears tighty whities, not me.” He reached in and pulled them out, but something stopped him. He studied them, transfixed for some reason. Luke’s underwear did not look like this. First of all, it was too big, more his size than his six year old brother’s according to the tag. What was more, these were whiter than his, pristinely so, as if they had just come from the pack. “Where did you come from?”

As he held them up, he did not notice that the pairs they had been touching had begun to shift and change. The legs were retracting into the center. The dark colors brightening as if bleached. As soon as they finished transforming from boxer briefs into tighty whities, the pairs that they were touching began to change too. In no time at all, every single pair of Louis's underwear had become tight white cotton briefs.

“What the hell?” He looked down at the neatly folded tighty whities in his drawer. Where had his underwear gone? He stared in revulsion at the dorky underwear that filled the drawer, but he could not resist getting closer and closer to them. With a soft murmur, he burrowed his nose into the neat stacks of white briefs, inhaling the laundry fresh scent. He was downright excited for each pair of tighty whities to get their turn to be worn.

Remembering the pair he held, he eagerly stepped into them, craving the sensation of white cotton cradling and hugging his butt and bulge. He knew there was a wide spectrum of underwear out there, but white briefs were all he needed. All he had ever needed, he thought, as his memories of wearing anything other than tighty whities were quickly overwritten. He walked toward the door, unperturbed by being in just his tighty whities. After all, he was just going to be hanging out at home. His parents and brother knew he wore tighty whities. He always had.

Chapter 8

TWV: The Bet - Chapter 8

“Bet you do!”

“I don’t. Honest.”

“C’mon. Every guy does. My brother still has a couple pairs of tighty whities and he’s in college!”

“Sorry, Jess. I haven’t worn them since I was like eight.” Jess rolled her eyes.

“You’re obviously lying or something.” She said dismissively.

“You’re the one that brought it up!”

“You’re the one that was snickering like a moron about Davey Conta wearing them in the locker room!” Jess smirked. “Bet you anything you had at least one pair of tighty whities upstairs.”

“I honestly don’t.” Why was she so fixated on this?

“Then you won’t be afraid to prove it. Right?” Jess got up off of the couch.

“Can’t I just drop my pants or whatever?”

“That won’t prove anything.” Jess said with a wicked grin. He sighed. She had her mind set on it now, so there was no way to dissuade her.

“Fine, let’s go. But when I prove it, you’re gonna owe me

big.”

“What do you want?” She asked as they climbed the stairs.

“I’ll let you know after I prove to you I don’t have any tighty whities.” He scoffed at the very thought as he led her into his bedroom. “See?” He triumphantly yanked open a drawer full of a bunch of boxers and boxer briefs haphazardly shoved in there. He looked at her face, waiting to see the sweet look of defeat on her face. He did not know why, but she gave him a smirk.

“Seriously? You couldn’t just admit it?”

“Admit what?” He looked over to his drawer and his jaw dropped. He had just seen his boxers, but now? There was nothing but neatly stacked white briefs filling the entire drawer. “What the?”

“Real funny.” Jess said. “Do you stack them so nicely or does your mom?”

“I swear to god, those weren’t there a second ago!” Jess rolled her eyes.

“You really expect me to believe that?”

“Yeah, cuz it’s true.” Jess smirked.

“Alright, I believe you.” Sarcasm dripped from her voice. “Let’s go back downstairs.” She turned and gestured toward the door. “Ladies first.”

“Very funny.” He muttered, rolling his eyes. He pushed past

her, but she suddenly swooped over and grabbed the back of his boxers.

“Wedgie!” He howled as she yanked up hard. “You’re even wearing them! At least they’re clean!”

“What?” His head turned faster than it ever had to see the white cotton in her hand. “What the hell?” Jess just smirked and gave another tug, cackling as he howled.

“Alright” she said, letting go of his underwear and snapping a photo of his stretched out pristine white briefs. “Fix your tighty whities and I’ll see you downstairs. Tighty whities boy.” She snapped another photo of his predicament before disappearing downstairs, leaving a very confused boy in her wake.

Chapter 9

TWV: Sleepover - Chapter 9

"Hey, Zack!" Zack groaned and threw his headset on his desk. Cayden had been shouting nonstop for ten minutes now. He just wanted to be left alone with his game, not having to see what the latest thing his dorky little brother wanted to show him. "Zack!"

"Doesn't he have some friends over or something?" He muttered. Cayden was always having dumb little sleepovers, he thought, pushing his gaming chair back and storming across the hall. "What?" He glared at the assembled twelve year olds, stting there, grinning at how hilarious it was to ruin his evening. One of them was even twirling some dumb necklace in his hands. Was he this much of a twerp in sixth grade? He doubted it. That felt like a lifetime ago, even if it had only been four years.

"We're thirsty." Cayden said innocently. "Go get us drinks."

"I'm not gonna do that."

"Until you're properly dressed."

"What?"

"Do it, Alex." Alex, the kid with the necklace, stopped twirling it and pointed to Zack.

"What is that supposed to do?" Zack shivered and realized that, in his rage, he had mistakenly stomped across the hall in

just his boxer briefs. No, wait, those weren't boxer briefs! He looked down in horror at the starch white briefs he now wore; the only thing he had on. "What the fuck did you do?" He glared from grinning face to grinning face.

"Go get us drinks." Cayden said firmly.

"Give me my clothes back and get rid of these... these..."

"Tighty whities." Alex said, smugly spinning the necklace again.

"Whatever you did, fix it." Zack snarled, but the boys only laughed, snapping photos of him in his juvenile underwear. He had not worn them since like third grade. How had they...

Fuming, Zack stomped back to his room, but the door was closed and locked. He was trapped in the hall wearing nothing but underwear. Not even my underwear, Zack thought angrily. Groaning melodramatically, he returned to Cayden's doorway.

"Get us drinks from downstairs and we'll fix it." Cayden said.

"Fuck you."

"Alright," Cayden shrugged. "Have it your way." He nodded to Alex, who pointed again. Zack looked himself over. Nothing had changed. He smirked triumphantly at the boys, but froze as he heard a voice behind him.

"Zack, what are you doing?" He turned and looked at his mom, head spinning. How had she gotten so tall? "Zack, come on. Leave the big boys alone. It's time for your bath."

She picked him up before he had even processed her words. Bath? Did she just say bath? "Yes, Zack." She said when he stammered out the word, his voice cracking in his confusion. "Friday night means bath time for my wacky Zacky."

"But... you don't understand." He cleared his throat to try to force his voice down an octave, but it stayed high pitched, almost prepubescent.

"What don't I understand, snugglebug?" She asked as they entered the bathroom. Zack saw his reflection in the mirror and gasped in horror. The boy looking back at him was him, but he could not have been a day over five years old.

Zack tried in vain to get his mom to listen as she gave him a bath, but he had to drop it as her hand moved lower.

"Mom! Don't touch me there!"

"I have to get every nook and cranny. You boys get so dirty in so many places. I'll be done before you know it."

"But I'm not a little kid!" He shrieked loudly enough that he knew Cayden and his friends must have heard it. When they did not come to investigate, he resumed trying desperately to get his mom to believe he was a teenager, refusing to give up even as she dried him and wrapped him in a shark hooded towel.

"You and dad just had a talk with me about the C I got in Geometry." Mom did not seem to even register that. "I was a lifeguard at the community pool last summer, for god's sakes! Mom, you have to believe me!"

"That all sounds very exciting, Zack, but it's time for bed."

"No, mom! Listen! I'm older than Cayden, I really truly am!" He tried to get her to believe him, but there was no use.

"I know, sweetie. You want so bad to be big. You've always been jealous of your big brother, but you just have to be patient, okay?"

"But mom!"

"But nothing, snugglebug."

"Don't call me that!"

"But you are my snugglebug!" She pulled him close to her and nibbled playfully at his shoulders. "My little wacky Zacky snugglybug! Yes, you are! Yes, you are!" She scooped him up, spinning around and around with the former teenager cradled in her arms. "Now, I know you want to be big, but we both know you still need to wear what to bed?" Zack tried to remember what life had been like when he was five. This had to be some kind of weird dream, right?

"Dunno." He shrugged.

"Your Pull-ups." She tapped his nose. Zack felt numb as she carried him down the hall. Cayden's door was closed, which Zack was thankful for since the way his mom held him did nothing to cover his naked bottom. The room she entered was his, but how it had looked a decade ago. He groaned. Alex or Cayden or whoever better fix this!

Shifting him to one hip, his mom opened his boxers drawer,

but it no longer held those. One half was dedicated to white briefs, the other had nothing but Goodnites in it. Great, he thought. The only time he was out of tighty whities was when he wore diapers.

No matter how Zack tried to resist, his mom dressed the squirming teen turned kindergartener in his Goodnites and Spider-Man pajamas. His head spun with how quickly he found himself lying in bed with a stuffed wolf tucked in next to him.

"There we go. Snug little snugglebug." She cooed, kissing his forehead. "For the sweetest dreams a little boy could want." She whispered, turning out the orange and white striped lamp beside his bed. A nightlight bathed the room in a cozy glow as she left him there to wonder if he would be back to normal come morning. He heard laughter from across the hall and shuddered. Something told him the best he could hope for was dry Pull-ups.

Chapter 10

TWV: Twin - Chapter 10

James sighed as he stared at himself in the mirror. It had taken some time, but he had accepted that the fifth grader looking back at him was him. It was and it wasn't. He knew he was James. He could remember weightlifting yesterday, he could remember his first kiss with Stacy Evans, but that was Brook looking back at him, right down to the Minecraft pajama shirt and the thankfully dry Goodnites.

"Just gotta shower. It'll clear my mind and" he sighed. "Then I'll figure out what to do about this." Brook's high pitched voice sounded foreign in his ears. It was unsettling for his audible voice to no longer match his inner monologue.

He started the shower and stripped, groaning as each discarded article only further revealed how scrawny he was. He had lost five years, a good fourteen inches in height, his shoulders felt less than half as broad, and the less said about the rest of his body, the better.

"Shit." James groaned as he looked up at his body wash all the way up on the top shelf. He put it there to keep Brook from using it.

"Guess that came back to bite me in the ass." He muttered after a few failed attempts to stretch up. It still stung to look up at his gunmetal body wash as he squirted Brook's Silly Apple body wash into his hand.

He dried himself off, having to wrap the towel more around his waist than he was used to. Part of him still expected to be his old, tall broad shouldered self, which made him move awkwardly as he tried to reconcile his imagined self with his new reality.

"None of my clothes'll fit." He realized as he came to the bathroom door. He opened it and a new problem arose.

For a split second, James thought there was a mirror right outside the bathroom, but his reflected self was wearing Minecraft pajama pants, not a towel.

"Oh, my god." Brook declared, staring at James. "You're... you're frigging me!"

"Brook" was all James got out before Brook pulled him into his bedroom.

"This is too awesome!" Brook said, closing the door.

"What are you talking about?"

"Do I really sound like that?" Brook frowned. "I guess it's my voice, but your way of speaking, so- wait, you are James, right?"

"Yes." His nervousness about his brother's excitement was undercut somewhat by relief. At least Brook knew.

"Awesome! That means I get to skip school."

"What?"

"You'll go for me." Brook said as if it was obvious.

"No way. We need to fix this." Brook lunged at James, taking him by surprise.

The fight was short-lived. James could not get his unfamiliar body to move the way he wanted, instinct relying on muscles that were no longer as developed as they had been yesterday. He soon had his face pressed into Brook's musty carpet, his arm pinned painfully between his shoulder blades.

"Say uncle!"

"Uncle!" The pain only increased.

"Say you're gonna go to school for me."

"I'm- ow! I'm gonna go to school for you."

"Awesome." Brook grinned. "We gotta hurry though. Dad's giving me- you- us? A ride." He dashed over to his dresser, tossing a pair of briefs at James. James's lip curled, but he didn't want to be naked. "It's not fair, dad." Brook said in a mocking impression of James's old voice. "I had to wear them until I was 13. You can't buy Brook boxers. He still wets-" he switched back to his own voice. "Wait, did you wake up wet?"

"No."

"But you were wearing Goodnites, I bet." James's face was all the confirmation he needed. "Crumb, dad's coming." He quickly chucked his uniform shirt and pants at James before diving into the closet. James yanked the polo on as Dad opened the door without even knocking.

"Let's go, Brooklyn Dodger." Dad said, sighing. "Get your pants on, you're gonna be late." James's stomach sunk. He had Brook's face, his voice, and being caught pantsless was a perfect Brook situation. He even smelled like a freshly showered Brook. He had no hopes of convincing Dad he was actually James. All he could do was stumble into his pants as Dad shepherded him downstairs and out to the car where Brook's booster seat waited. What was he going to do?