Whiny Little Boy

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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“You need me to spot you again?” Chuck said in disbelief. To his surprise, Tim nodded without even a hint of shame.

“C’mon, man. It’s just this once.” Like always, he put on a whining tone that rubbed Chuck the wrong way.

“That’s what you told me last time.” Jake said, rolling his eyes.

“It’s not that bad!” Tim protested defensively.

“Is so. You’re always borrowing money from us or taking our drinks or any of a number of things.” Chuck said.

“And we’re always having to remind you of things.” Jake added.

“Are not!”

“When I got you that job at Office Supplies Inc, I had to put your schedule in my phone.” Chuck said. “And you were still almost late.” Tim became suddenly very aware that his two best friends in the whole world were sitting on each side of him. He did not know why, but he felt like a fish between two sharks. It had to be just because they were both much taller and bigger than him. That was all. The feeling would pass.

“Guys!” Tim whined. “You’re making me sound like a bad friend!”

“You’re not a bad friend.” Jake said gently. “You just take advantage of our generosity a lot.”

“Well, I’ll change.” Tim said, nodding. They both smiled. Every few months, they went through this exact same exchange, or a close variation thereof.

“Promise?” Jake asked.

“I do.”

“We actually got you something to help you remember your promise, Tim.” Chuck said, reaching into a bag he had by his feet. “You like presents, don’t you?”

“Doesn’t everyone?” He looked from Chuck to Jake as they both chuckled, unnerved by the ominous tone in their voices.

“Ask nicely.” Chuck said, keeping his hand in the bag.

“Can I see please?”

“Good boy.” Jake praised, vigorously rubbing Tim’s back.

“Ta da!” Chuck pulled out a package of boys’ underoos with Batman on them, proudly presenting them to Tim. He rolled his eyes.

“Ha ha, very funny. I get it. Great gag gift.”

“It’s not a gag gift.” Jake said. “We’re always buying you things and keeping track of things for you, like you’re a child. So, Timmy”

“Tim”

“Don’t interrupt, Timmy.” Jake said. “So, you’re going to be treated like the little boy you act like.”

“Get undressed and try on your new undies.” Chuck said.

“No way.” Tim knew he sounded scared. He felt scared. What was going on with his friends? He was not a little boy! He was a few months older than them, even if they towered over him.

“Timmy, either you can put on your new undies and maybe prove to us that you are a big boy who can do what he’s told or we can undress you and put them on you ourselves.” Jake said. “Which will it be?” Tim mumbled something, his face red with humiliation.

“That didn’t sound like big boy words to me.” Chuck said sternly.

“Sounds like Timmy’s asking Daddy to undress him.” Jake added. They wasted no time grabbing the squirming Tim and stripping him of his shirt and jeans. They held him there, still spitting and fighting as they looked at his boxer briefs.

“How long have you been wearing these, Timmy?” Chuck asked. “They look filthy.” Tim refused to answer.

“It makes sense that Timmy would need someone to remind him to change his undies every day.” Jake said. “Guess we just never thought we’d have to.”

“Looks like you’re going to be quite the handful of a little boy, Timmy.” Chuck said. “You’ll need constant supervision,

won’t you?”

“Please.” Timmy whined, tears filling his eyes.

“Please daddy, you do want constant supervision?” Jake teased. “Don’t worry, buddy. You’ve got two caring Daddies now who will never let you have a single unsupervised moment.”

“We’ll raise you to be a proper young man.” Chuck said. “But let’s get these silly big boy undies off and get you into your new Batman undies.” Jake held Tim still as bad he could as Chuck managed to work a pair of the Batman briefs up Tim’s slender legs. “Do you shave your legs, Timmy? They’re so smooth!”

“He’s just a little boy, Chuck. Daddy Chuck’s a silly daddy, isn’t he?” Jake teased, grinning at the terribly embarrassed Tim in his clutches.

“How do your new undies feel, Timmy?” He simply grunted, clearly on the verge of a complete breakdown.

“Can I please have my clothes back?” He asked after taking a moment to gather himself.

“Clothes are for going out, Timmy. You’ll spend any time at home in just your cool new undies.”

“Batman’s the coolest, right, Timmy?” Jake said with a grin. “Every little boy loves Batman!” Tim stared into space, his head spinning. “Answer me, Timmy. How do you think you should answer either of us?”

“Yes, daddy.” Timmy mumbled.