

## A Very Padded Christmas

“Merry Christmas,” my brother said to me as he handed me the unexpected gift box. I took the box in hand, the gift box felt much lighter than it looked.

“Thanks, bro,” I said as I placed the box on the ground beside me. “I didn’t think we were doing presents nowadays,” I laughed, rubbing the back of my head. He had gotten to my brother’s house a day earlier than the rest of my family hoping to spend some quality time with my brother. They hadn’t seen much of each other over the past few months; both of them living their life on either side of the country.

“No problem David,” his brother said. “Open it!” He urged, seeming even more excited about me getting the present than David. David looked at the box taking it into his lap and unwrapped the ribbon adorning the top of the box. He pulled the ribbon watching the paper around the box unravel around it revealing the present. “What is this?”

“Well what does it look like,” his brother said as he pulled the rest of the wrapping paper from around the gift; tossing it to the side.

“Looks like diapers,” David laughed as he picked up the box and looked at the images on the side. On each side of the box, there were adults wearing multicolored diapers, each of them presenting their padded bottom to the photographer. “Why would you give me these Matt?” David asked placing the box of diapers to the side.

“Well isn’t it obvious David? You need diapers,” Matt urged, his blue eyes beginning to glow lightly as he stared at David.

“I don’t need diapers,” David said pulling himself off the couch. David assumed this was some stupid joke he didn’t understand, but his brother wasn’t laughing. “This is some sort of joke, right Matt?” David asked.

“No, not at all. We both know you have accidents at night time, you even had one last night. Your underwear’s still wet isn’t it?” Matt asked, both of his eyes glowing an intense blue. The color blue you would more likely see on a cat than on a human. As Matt’s words sank into David’s mind he could feel a wetness grow across his underwear and into his pants. “See,” Matt exclaimed! “I can see the wet spot. There’s no use in denying it, David. Weird how you didn’t change into dry clothes when you came down this morning. Maybe you like the feeling of your piss soaked undies?” Matt suggested. David tried to break his eye contact with his little brother, but he couldn’t look away from his brother.

“What are you doing here Matt? How are you doing this?” David frightfully asked his brother as the wetness continued to fill the entire front part of his pants. Matt stood up and gently touched his brother's face, and laughed. He laughed a hard menacing laugh.

“Let's just say that I figured out a way to make you the little brother. You know all those years where you made my life a living hell. All those years of you and your football “bros” torturing me. Well, this is just the beginning Davie,” Matt paused for a moment and smiled at his brother's new name. “Davie! I think that fits the new you perfectly! Don't you Davie?” Matt asked as he began to open the large box of diapers. “We better get you into these before anything else happens,” he suggested. As Matt looked down towards the box the power Matt had over Davie was briefly lessened; giving him the moment he needed to run.

Davie dashed out of the living room towards the front door, grabbing his keys, and leaving all his other belongings behind as he ran towards his car. Davie could hear Matt swiftly running behind him as Davie jumped into the passenger seat of the car, locking the doors quickly behind him as he climbed into the driver's seat. Davie looked down at his pants, seeing the large wet stain on the front of his pants seeming to grow even larger. He could tell he was pissing himself that very moment, not by the feeling of release but by the feeling of wetness growing across his lap. He tried to hold his pee in, as an adult would be able to, but he was unable to stop no matter how hard he tried.

“Davie,” Matt called, circled around Davie's truck, making his to the driver's door. Davie double checked and saw that the door was indeed locked. There was no way that Matt was getting in without Davie letting Matt in himself. “Davie look at me,” Matt ordered, his tone taking on more of a disappointed older brother or parent. Davie struggled to not look at Matt, but the harder that he struggled the more overwhelmed he began feeling, going against his brother's wishes. “Davie, I'm going to count to three. One, two. . .,” Matt began to count. Before Matt could say the number three Davie looked up at his brother. “Good boy,” Matt said as both of his eyes glowed a bright blue. His eyes glowing bright enough that they almost illuminated the dark winter morning. “I want you to apologize for running away Davie,” Matt ordered. Davie looked at his younger brother through the car window; his emotions began to bubble underneath his eyes.

“I'm sorry Matt,” Davie said, his voice taking on more of the tone that sounded more of a child and not a grown adult man. Let alone one who looked like he could be playing professional football. Davie stared at his younger brother and felt this intensity radiate from him, this aura of authority that he didn't think he could disobey even if he wanted to.

“That’s okay piss-pants. Just go ahead and open up the door. I bet someone is about to make a messy. I wouldn’t want you to ruin your big boy pants,” Matt told Davie. Davie could feel his stomach begin to gurgle with discomfort as he clenched his butt cheeks tightly. Matt began to fumble with the door, but his hands were not cooperating with what he was trying to do. “Uh oh, looks like someone’s about to make a mess,” Matt teased. Davie’s face became flushed with humiliation at the idea of shitting in himself. He already couldn’t handle the fact that his dick was continuously letting out a stream of piss, but shitting himself was a whole different situation. Davie began to scrunch his face, attempting to hold everything in as he slammed his hands against the doorframe; hoping to hit the unlock button.

*Click*

Davie heard the subtle sound of the door unlocking, allowing his focus to momentarily leave his clenching asscheeks as he opened his door to his brother. As he pushed open the door a loud wet fart filled the quiet winter morning. Davie grasped onto the steering wheel and the opened door as he contorted his face once again in hope of holding everything in, but it was too late.

“Oh looks like someone is making a mess,” Matt laughed as he watched Davie shit his underwear. Davie began to let loose wet far after wet fart as his shit began to fill his briefs. “Well it doesn’t surprise me Davie, you never have been able to control your bowels. You were always a messy little boy for as long as I could remember. But its okay, I know how much you enjoy filling your underwear. Almost as much as you enjoy filling your diapers,” Matt said pushing new memories and likes into Davie’s mind. One after another Matt’s words sank into Davie’s mind pushing out his old memories and replacing them with new ones; he remembered sitting in class in high school in diapers, wanting someone to notice them, the long nights he spent at the gym filling his diaper every time he squatted, and the weekends where he would run around in his extra thick diapers with his big brother. Matt watched as his brother finished unloading in his underwear. He watched as Davie slightly began to stroke his hardening dick underneath the wet surface of his pants. Everything was working just as he planned.

“Okay little brother,” Matt said as he pulled his brother out of the car. “Lets get you out of these messy clothes and into some of those diapers your big brother got you. There extra thick just like you like,” Matt added, watching his brother’s face light up as he told him. Matt ushered his brother towards the door watching him walk bow legged due to the large mess sitting in his underwear. Matt lightly patted him on the behind, hearing a loud squish. “Wow someone made a big mess! Lets get you cleaned

up first and then into the new diapers. We wanna make sure you are all clean for when mom and dad come over for Christmas dinner!”