

## 6 - Hygiene Matters

“No...you’re not,” Daniel’s voice was slow, but measured. Yet Naomi’s expression shifted like he hadn’t said anything at all.

“How do you plan on getting in the tub?” Naomi asked. Her words weren’t charged, but instead pointing out a logical fallacy. And as an emphasis for her point, she even glanced at the mighty wall Daniel would have to overcome.

“I–” Daniel started, but his tongue could flap faster than his mind could think. Suddenly a solid idea popped in his head. “I’ll use the stool to climb in,” he adamantly declared.

“Your timeout stool?” Naomi glanced over his shoulder.

“It’s not for timeouts,” Daniel spat annoyedly, “and *yes*, I’ll use the stool to climb in. So see? I’ll be fine!”

And Naomi went through a long and drawn out process. Like her mind processed at half the speed, slowly, she traced her eyes from the corner where the stool sat to the edge of the tub right beside them. Her pupils jumped like they imagined Daniel vaulting over the side, but at no point did her mouth imply she was impressed.

“And getting out?” Her calm voice interrupted poor Daniel’s genius, acting like the scissors that cut the cord on his entire operation.

“I can climb out,” Daniel declared with a narrowing gaze. Every answer he had was met with scrutiny, and every question he was given tried to trump his independent efforts.

But without even an effort to humor him, Naomi answered back, “No, you can’t.”

“Yes, I can,” Daniel bit back. Whether he could or couldn’t was between Naomi’s own knowledge and genuine facts, far north of Daniel’s own stubborn beliefs.

“You said you were going to behave,” Naomi attacked from a different angle, and another ounce of embarrassment dripped in Daniel’s bucket.

“I...! Just let me take a bath!” Daniel complained, and now with where he stood, like a looming monster ready to attack at a moment’s notice, he eyed the empty stool in the corner with a fluster. “Look, I’m not trying to fight, okay? I have a right to my own privacy, don’t I?”

“You’re worried about me seeing you naked?” Naomi asked, though somehow with this question in particular, there was a heightened sense of ‘I don’t get it’ in her voice. As if she were caring for a little boy, not a man.

“Yes, that’s the whole point!” Daniel fumed.

“I’ve already seen you naked,” Naomi countered, offering her hands like she was ready to undress him. “The water’s getting cold.”

“N-...” Did she see him naked last night? How much did she see? Was she being serious...? “It-it doesn’t matter! Even if you saw me once, I don’t want you to see it again!”

And another soft exhale left the woman, sitting there with patience left in small amounts. Finally, an ultimatum came, dropping like a guillotine.

“Take a bath now, or back on the stool for ten minutes.”

“N-Naomi! Come on! Just be reasonable!” Daniel whined. She made her stance clear and with little time for negotiations his words were urgent. “Fine, once I’m done, can I just call for you to get me out?”

“Danny, I’m not going to wait in the hallway for you to take a bath,” Naomi flaunted her disapproval. “You could get hurt, even.”

“How would I get hurt?!”

“By trying to climb out of the tub on your own when you’re not supposed to.” And her statement was but a stone’s throw away from a very heavy implication that she was already expecting him to try cutting her out entirely.

“I-I won’t do that!” *Can she read minds now, too?*

With her palms looking up to the ceiling, she beckoned with both hands and curling fingers.

“Danny, behave.”

And finally with a frustrated groan he threw his foot forward, then the other, over and over until he walked right into the woman’s iron grip. Almost immediately he felt the warm bathroom heat brush against his exposed skin, right where she was already lifting his shirt by the edges.

“Like a superhero, please,” Naomi calmly instructed.

“What?” Daniel frowned.

“Like a ballerina,” she repeated, lifting higher until Daniel got the message and lifted his arms upright. She had his shirt off of him in a flash, and before he could save himself some pride by attacking at his own jeans, she brushed his hands aside with her own to undo the button for him.

“I can help,” Daniel annoyedly spoke while he tried to intervene, and completely failed.

“It’s faster if you don’t,” Naomi spoke without malice, but the words themselves still had their implications.

His pants came down to his ankles, which he reluctantly stepped out of, only egged on by Naomi’s gentle yet constant tugs. Finally he was down to his briefs and his heart beat heavily in nervous anticipation, never so exposed or naked to a stranger before. He needed a second, a whole minute to process and prepare—

“Done,” Naomi declared, and without even realizing, in a flash the maid had him naked, missing underwear included.

“C-can’t you slow down?!” Daniel barked with a hand over his crotch, sandwiched between his legs squeezing together. While he hid his main member, not all of his hairs could be completely covered.

“Not if the water’s going to stay warm,” and her hands on his naked sides sent waves of goosebumps across his skin. He was lifted and deposited, flinching at the burst of warmth from the bathwater, but quickly adapting to it as he went from toe to biceps deep where he sat in the water. A slight green hue covered the surface, dotted with particles and pieces of tiny somethings that gave the water an almost medicinal scent.

“What’s that smell?” Daniel looked around the tub, sniffing audibly as the ripples traveled from where he turned and the water churned. “Why is the water green?” By the look of his face, he did not approve.

“It’s minerals and herbs,” Naomi explained briefly while she scooped an empty cup through the water. “It’s for smell and your skin.”

“A normal bath is fine,” the boy still looked like a skeptic, finally resting his eyes on the woman just above him. “Don’t bother wasting this stuff on me.” Too poor to appreciate, and too frugal to accept. It’d be the day hell froze over Earth that Daniel would willingly be indebted to his sister.

“It’s not a waste,” Naomi said, then interrupted herself by dumping the cup of bathwater on the boy's head. In a moment of surprise he leaned back, wiping his eyes vigorously as he swept his wet, heavy bangs away from his face.

“Hey! You think you can warn me next time?!”

“Sure,” Naomi said, still without a shred of apology.

Trying to get remorse out of a woman who seemingly didn’t understand the concept of wrongdoing put the boy with a wet head of hair at a horrible disadvantage, so he said nothing.

Despite being in the bath still, she was already draping a towel over his head, gently but thoroughly rubbing his head.

“Why are you already drying me?” Daniel complained as her motions moved his head every which way. “Wait– I mean, I can dry myself!”

“The water’s not good to keep in your hair for too long,” Naomi simply explained. “Just a little’s enough. This with conditioner makes a bad smell.”

“Another reason why normal water is better,” Daniel rolled his eyes. Naomi, of course, didn’t offer much of a response. And on a different note, he asked, though more closely stated, “Rose went shopping, didn’t she.”

“Shopping for what?” Naomi asked, sounding clueless, but Daniel gave her an obvious look. One that begged them to drop the poor game of cat and mouse. And yet she did not budge.

“Clothes. Me.” Daniel sighed. Rose may have been out of the picture for a blissful while, but that didn’t mean he fell out of touch with having a read on his sister. Sure it was just a guess, but after the public shaming he’d gotten for his few belongings, it wasn’t hard to make an educated one.

“I’m not sure what she went out for,” Naomi shrugged, then with liquid in her hands started massaging Daniel’s head, combing through with her fingers as from below he felt things above getting soapier and soapier.

“Look up a little,” Naomi instructed, though at the same time she was already raising his head with her finger under his chin. From what he could see now, Naomi stood on her knees, hanging her heavy chest right along the edge of the tub, wriggling through his wet and clumped hair like a brain surgeon, giving the sensation of tentacles with wet and moist squishes.

But from this point he was looking squarely where he thought he shouldn't. He tried looking to the left.

Naomi would turn him back.

“Head straight, please.”

He would try the right.

She would put him back.

“Danny, please.”

“Do I have to keep looking up like this?” Daniel groaned, feeling his cheeks grow hot.

And to make matters worse, after drying her hand, Daniel watched as Naomi pinched the shoulder of her shirt, grabbing a strap underneath to lift and adjust. With a flustered look, Daniel watched one side of her bosom rise and fall back into place.

A cup full of warm water thankfully reset his head and state of mind, casting his gaze back down at the tub interior and water.

Then for a second Daniel saw Naomi's hand with a washcloth enter the water. He didn't quite understand until it was already happening.

“W-WAIT!” Daniel yelped as he scrambled around in the tub. A foreign touch on a sensitive space made him jump and move, splashing water all around until he was at the far end, and Naomi's arm was still in the water, with the same hand that just tried to wash his crotch.

She finally dropped her hand covering her eyes from the water, but now with a wet shirt she showed the slightest signs of disapproval.

“Y-you can't just touch me there like that!” Daniel barked. “I can clean that spot! So just give me the cloth! I'm behaving, so just let me do this, please?!”

She stared at him for a few seconds, to a point that Daniel started to assume it was another silent, unyielding order for him to sit still and behave to her standards.

“Okay,” Naomi, in a shocking turn of events, held out the wet, soapy cloth. “Please do a good job.”

*I know how to wash my own dick...!* Daniel tried not to roll his eyes as he accepted, doubly flustered and thankful to the higher powers that be she didn't insist otherwise. Needless to say, suddenly he wasn't feeling so soft down there anymore.

And to make matters worse, while he hypnotically scrubbed and stewed over his own embarrassment, Naomi made things a whole other level worse when she suddenly took her own shirt off.

“W-wait, what are you doing?” Daniel averted his eyes, and yet slightly stared all the same.

“You splashed my shirt when you started playing so much in the tub,” Naomi spoke while she worked a towel on herself. There was zero shame or mindfulness to her attitude, like she hardly thought of whatever Daniel might see. But specifically it was her dark gray bra, as if reflecting her own attitude underneath.

“That's why you should've let me wash myself from the start...” Daniel muttered bitterly.

And while Daniel slowly...slowly cleaned his lower half, working from back to front, moving past and around his pubes, he couldn't help but stare at what was in front of him. Naomi, off in her own world, trying to separate her bountiful breasts from her ruffled and patterned bra, dabbing the spaces between and over with a dry towel.

They morphed and squished with how she moved her hands. He watched them rise and fall not only with the breathing from her lungs, but also her entire forearm trying to raise them, emphasizing the weight, the size, and the softness. Shaped like teardrops pouring from her shoulders, soft-looking and malleable. They looked comfy. Like pillows. His mind raced as he wondered what they felt like. The touch, the sensation, the visual allure...the...

Until Daniel realized he wasn't washing a noodle, but an iron rod at this point. He blinked, and just when Naomi finally locked eyes with him, he whipped his head away in a heartbeat.

“Are you done washing?” Naomi started to reach for the water, but Daniel scooted away in a hurry.

“N-not yet... I’m doing my legs...”

“...Okay,” Naomi said.

It was especially hard to calm down when finally in waiting, Naomi rested her arms and chest along the edge of the tub, teasing the small man like a gun that was jammed and a ladder that wouldn’t go down.

*Different thoughts. Something gross... Something disgusting...!*

Something to make him less stimulated, and far less sexual. Something embarrassing... A turnoff...like what?

Oh.

Like maybe what he did last night.

Like messing himself.

Shitting in his underwear.

Getting caught doing it.

Her words rang through his head.

*Poopy undies.*

Shame, embarrassment, disappointment, and anger, all rolled into one. The perfect emasculating pill that made his man parts shrivel back up yet again.

Without eye contact, Daniel offered the wet, dripping cloth. “H-here...” he mumbled, and Naomi accepted.

The bath’s end couldn’t come any faster.

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With a wet head of hair, Daniel fought the fruitless fight of trying to conceal himself on the way out of the tub, but the moment his feet touched the floor Naomi began her next wave of attacks.

With a towel in hand, she drove the cloth between his arms and body like a wedge, prying apart his few parts of modesty.

“Just let me dry myself,” Daniel would complain as he took a few steps back, yet Naomi with a towel behind his back corralled him back forward. “Don’t you want to go get a new shirt now, or something?” And the only thing that kept her from seeing his annoyed look was the towel she was rubbing over his face.

“It’s warm. I’m fine,” Naomi answered with a verbal shrug.

It was more close contact, and the distance was so little that it was more than just heat from the fan above that Daniel was feeling. And yet, seemingly only one of them could feel a sense of intimacy in the moment, as embarrassing as it was.

It could have been a sauna for all he knew, and Naomi rubbed and dried him all over, seemingly thinking nothing of it. Her flowery scent, soft touch and disregard for space was overwhelming his senses all over again, and getting blood to flow far more regularly in places he wished it wouldn’t.

But his soldier operated with a mind of its own; one that Daniel felt so loosely in control of, so all he could do was hold his member back by gating it with his hands between his legs, nervously and anxiously waiting for Naomi to relent.

“Move your hands, please,” Naomi asked, and the humid silence was split in two by her frigid words.

“Wh-what?” Daniel blinked as he asked. She wasn’t looking at him, but his inappropriately-acting friend. Her eyes were trained on his crotch, holding the towel back like an eagle ready to divebomb on a fish in the river.

“I haven’t dried off your lower half yet,” she said as she started from the feet and ankles, working his shins like they were shafts, stroking up and down, wicking away every last bit of moisture, yet drifting higher and higher with each and every oscillation. Closer and closer to the danger zone. Right where he was throbbing and trying to conceal.

“I can dry that part...” Daniel mumbled, and Naomi made the slightest expression with her eyebrows.

“You need to speak up, please,” she said as she came even closer, until she was brushing the fabric of her bra against his skin. He watched her polished, shiny nail work its way around her



ear, tracing the rim as she moved aside her hair and offered her fullest and most personal attention.

“C-can you not get so close, please...?” Daniel leaned his upper half back.

*Think of something bad...something not...sexy? Something that isn't going to make me hard!*

In far less graceful words than the few being used over and over to heavily imply, yet skirt around the exact issue itself directly...

Daniel was doing his utmost not to let Naomi see his boner.

He was a man in spirit, soul, and biology, and his attraction to a beautiful body couldn't be ignored. After all, he was trying to raise a flag to it right this very minute.

But letting Naomi see it? “Letting” was better put as a glorification of being forced given the circumstances. In just a day, not even a full 24 hours, he'd shown her a full gallery of embarrassing sights. But this was different. Something else entirely.

“Danny, I've already seen it,” Naomi pulled her head back and slowly, but assuredly started edging her way in.

“Y-yeah, but... But that's whatever!” Daniel complained as he twisted and turned, but it didn't mean much when she had him by the legs. Until finally with an effortless thrust, she forced his hands out of the way.

In slow motion his hands fell to his sides, and his manhood sprung forth, awake, erect and alive.

“S-stop!” he stammered, and just as he tried to clamp back down, she pushed his hands back.

“It's nothing to be embarrassed of,” and with a nonchalant mention, she swallowed his erection whole, clamping down and slipping it into a snug, warm hold.

He twitched as she moved up and down, twisted left and right. The towel's fabric was thick, but the grip of her fingers working him back and forth made it feel as if there wasn't a barrier between their skin at all. She was just drying him off, right? Nothing else? No other motives?

“H-hey...” Daniel slightly panted, trying to keep his voice in check. “I-I think it's...it's dry now...!”

His toes were dancing and feet were arching. Modesty made way for unexpected pleasure that pictured him like a snake bending and bobbing to the ways of its charmer.

Only then did her hand stop.

He twisted his hips embarrassingly, trying to keep something in that would've called for another bath all over again. His face was flushed and his heart was beating at a rapid, incessant pace. His head was light and his toes tightly curled into the floor.

*Wh...what if she had done just a little more...?*

He had sunk so far into his own horny thoughts that he was too hot and bothered to notice Naomi dumping a cup of something over his extended organ.

“H-HHHAHHH!” Daniel shrieked the moment the ice cold water touched his crotch. He lunged for the towel as the frigid cold consumed his cock, but Naomi without shifting simply held the towel out of place. “I-it’s *fucking* COLD!” he screamed as he jumped to try and grab it, but Naomi simply stood back on her feet to widen the gap. “Wh-why would you fucking do that?!”

“Because it’s not appropriate,” Naomi said, implying the closest thing to a frown with her tone. Then, she finally dropped her arms, slowly putting the towel back within reach. Only Daniel could see that she wasn’t looking at him, but instead the result she caused between his legs.

He had gone from a rigid pole to barely half-mast. Shriveled and shrunken, the beast had been subdued and domesticated. Far from fierce and ferocious, the cold splash made him go limp.

At a loss for words, feeling so emotionally abused; on the heel of being physically handled, Daniel blinked, looking for his lines behind his eyelids as she draped the towel over and around his shoulders like it was a flowing cloak.

“I forgot to get you something to wear, I’ll be right back,” Naomi unfolded her legs, one at a time as she came to her feet then briefly departed.

And Daniel blinked, quivering his mouth while he found the right reactions or correct things to say, but ultimately nothing coming forth. Nothing at all. Nothing but his focus on heat coming back to his penis as Naomi’s split-second tease gave his crotch a factory reset. First she edged him and then denied it, acting like there was nothing ever sexual about it to begin with. Just naughtiness. A boy’s body doing what it shouldn’t, and thus his authority figure corrected it.

So with nothing else to do or say, he did what made the most sense.

Touch himself. Or rather, help his body try and find equilibrium again.

And perhaps...thinking about certain thoughts that may have gotten the blood pumping again.

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Miraculously, despite how intense and invasive their time in the bathroom together was, Daniel didn't see Naomi for the rest of the afternoon while he kept to himself in his current, but hopefully temporary room.

With a room almost as big as his own apartment, windows watching an expansive nature, as opposed to brick, mortar and cement from his neighboring buildings, he had all the space and serenity to plan and consider his options.

Assuming there really were any to begin with.

Naturally leaving the house was where it all started. Living under Rose's control wasn't an option. It wasn't a possibility. Absolutely not. At least living in a cardboard box meant he could go back to living within his own standards.

He sighed as he finished his latest lap around the room, slowing to a halt, shortly followed by the frayed edges of his basketball shorts. Threads hung where the outer and inner layers separated at the cuffs, and the last time they'd ever seen a court was when Mom made him congratulate his sister post-match.

Regardless, as annoying as it was for constant memories like that to keep bubbling to the surface, time to himself helped things simmer down externally.

"I'm *baaack!*" none other than Rose's voice faintly traveled through the halls, up the stairs, and finally by the crack in Daniel's door.

Rosy and cheery. Happy and excited. Typical Rose, and also typical for Daniel, his own thinly wrapped self-soothing bandages were starting to come undone.

What now? Wait in his room just for her to barge in anyway? He didn't like that one bit. Not at all. If being here was something he'd have to adapt to, at least minimizing having others in his *own* space should take precedent. He didn't want to talk to his sister. He didn't want to deal with her. But given the hand that he had been forcibly dealt, he played his best card.

With a sigh he stepped out into the hall, looking around for something he only questioned himself after the fact for expecting. Where was his escort? A white-haired one, specifically. But he didn't need one. Not one bit. It was a quickly-cementing habit making him think that way, which was all the more reason to feel ashamed over it. So on his own he made his trek down the hall and slowly down the stairs. And as he crept closer, a conversation started to pick up.

"Perfect. This should be everything for now..." Rose chatted over paper bags fumbling and folding. "He didn't give you any trouble, did he?"

Standing right around the corner, a pissy grimace came over the little brother's face. *Trouble?* The only trouble that was caused was Naomi's own lack of privacy and respect. Every line his abused mind tried to draw in the sand, she swept away and erased it all like a raging tsunami. If Rose was an immovable object, then Naomi was the unstoppable force. She did as she pleased and Daniel was just a cog in her machine. She made him dance to her tune no matter the means and was finally starting to tempt and tease him in ways far more adult than she outwardly treated him. Just remembering her curves, her heavy chest and her bra's patterns and ruffles...

He frowned as he eavesdropped, keeping a hand on his crotch to settle down his pet.

"He was fine," Naomi, grounded as ever, said. "I gave him a bath."

"You did?" Rose's voice swelled with surprise. "Thank you! Ugh, I bet he smells so sweet now!" she gushed, and Daniel cringed just imagining the hand gestures from his sister right then. Squeezing an imaginary him like he was a teddy bear. Ridiculous. "Really, I wasn't sure how I was gonna broach that with him... Danny doesn't like getting help from others, as I'm sure you can tell..."

*Yeah, because I don't like being looked down on!* He rolled his eyes with a disgusted look. Reactions only for himself on account of still hiding around the corner. *Help.* Who needed help? Homeless people needed help. Wounded animals abandoned by their pack needed help. Legitimate kids who can't even tie their shoes need help. Where did Daniel fit in that bracket?

"I can tell he's frustrated," Naomi didn't sound like she was moving, then proceeded to say nothing more. And in spite of their mom-talk about him, at least Daniel could assume her horrendous lack of words wasn't just an affront put onto him.

"Yeah..." Rose quietly agreed, sounding far more somber with likely a painful poke in her heart. "Is he napping right now? Or, well, maybe he doesn't wanna come out of his room right now. He hasn't been in there all day, has he?"

“After his bath I took him back to his room,” Naomi explained. “Fifteen minutes ago he was walking around his room. I thought he needed some safe time on his own.”

She was spying on him? Watching? Checking? When? How often?! The idea of spying on a twenty year-old boy was astounding, and downright aggravating. Did she think he needed supervision? What was safe time?

“Oh, but also, about the supplements; I’m starting to…” Naomi started to say, but her well of words dried up the moment Daniel put on the performance of seemingly just arrived.

While he wasn’t surprised to see the two tall women standing there in conversation, he wasn’t quite ready for the sea of shopping bags surrounding his sister.

She clasped her hands with an excited gasp, laying her eyes right on him like a piece of candy.

“*Just* who I wanted to see!” Rose beamed.

*Just who I didn’t.*

Daniel did not reciprocate. And instead, “What are all the bags for?”

“Hm?” Rose, cheeky and seemingly as innocent as ever, briefly looked back over her shoulder. “Oh! Just a few things for you!”

Daniel raised a skeptical brow.

“A few? Rose,” he sighed, “I don’t want anything. I don’t need anything. I’m not paying for this.”

“No, you’re not,” Rose nodded. She agreed. Perfect. Well, specifically agreeing to the part about him not paying. Everything else fell to the wayside. “Danny, you’re family; I’m never, *ever* going to ask for money, okay?” She gave the expensive spread one more look, then giggled. “If it’s from me, it’s a gift, understood?”

And the skepticism for what was in the bags was why the lukewarm look on his face didn’t change.

“Yeah,” he briefly nodded. “I don’t need anything though.”

Rose finally frowned, but it didn’t undercut her unending positivity.

“You may think that,” she tapped the air with a finger, “but I think some new clothes are something that’d do you a whole lot of good, mister.”

“How do you know if anything is even gonna fit me? Where did you even shop?”

“Naomi helped me with your sizes!” Rose happily gestured to her partner in crime, and Naomi accepted the praise so graciously, you just might think she wasn’t the one being addressed at all. “As for where, a friend of mine recommended a few stores nearby with so much variety! So...?” She gave her brother a coaxing look, tugging one of the bags with a hooked finger. “Wanna see?”

The spirit of gift-giving usually meant one was happy to give, and the other was excited to receive. Rose was working double-time though just to fill both those holes. Without the joy or eagerness to open, Daniel was just a ball of dread and angst. She had her hands on her knees, anxiously waiting for the greenlight. The cue that could send her sisterly signals to the high heavens and show every article from her treasure trove that must have cost a small fortune.

So he walked by her and entered the sea of shopping bags, stiff and rigid with their thick paper linings and nondescript brandings. None other and a few foreign names, pastel colors and seemingly run-of-the-mill designs.

At random, he plunged his hand inside and pulled out the bundle of fabric.

A shirt.

A bright red one.

A thick, stretchy collar.

With...

He blinked at the unwavering smile looking right back at him, all in its inanimate and embroidered splendor. A biplane with two big cartoon eyes and hanging jaw all hung behind its fat propeller nose, soaring through the red sky of the soft shirt. It wasn’t thin and worn. It had no lingering smells, other than the scent of a fresh, brand new purchase. From touch alone he could tell it was better in condition and materials than any other piece of clothing he owned.

And yet, it had to be this.

The finest piece of his wardrobe was a shirt designed for a toddler.

“Oh~!” Rose’s voice was suddenly behind him. “As soon as I saw that one I *knew* I had to get it! Doesn’t the plane look so cool?”

And in pure confusion, Daniel looked at his sister as if she had three eyes.

“This is for kids,” he said, then let it sink in.

“Huh?” But Rose was buoyant and floating. She tilted her head, even glancing over at Naomi like she needed a second opinion. “What do you mean? It’s a cool shirt, isn’t it?”

“I…” This was a trick, right? Gaslighting? For a moment he almost felt bad criticizing the purchase. Thank goodness for receipts, however. “I mean, yeah, maybe if I was like five, or something.” After another uncomfortable second he dropped the shirt back into the bag, spotting two other bundles of the other primary colors as well.

The mood was clearly upset, judging by Rose’s slow approach among the pile, but she still sounded determined. “Mm…well,” she thumbed at another bag. “What about these?”

He reluctantly looked inside, pulling out something he already wanted to put back.

Shorts, but certainly not ones meant to replace even the most raggedy ones in his wardrobe.

In dismay, he looked back at the corduroy shorts, immediately feeling their elastic stretch around the waist, then the white base covered in mint green splotches of circle and dots. It was almost enough to keep him from noticing the fishies hiding as faint accents.

Cue another confused look aimed at his sister.

“Rose, you remember I just turned twenty yesterday, right?”

“Of course I do!” she answered quite literally, even if it sounded like humoring a kid’s whims.

“Danny, what’s wrong with those shorts?” She finally asked, but her tone was erring on upset.

“The fact that they’re pastel?” He then stretched the waist, far and wide beyond what his own two hips amounted to. “They stretch?”

“That’s so they’re easy to get on and off,” Rose stepped closer and clamped over Daniel’s fingers just to demonstrate the stretch. Only then did Daniel notice the front button and zipper was just a

front button and nothing else. The zipper was fake. Pull-up-and-down shorts. That's all they were.

The song and dance continued, finally stooping Rose's disappointment down to the same level Daniel was at.

Overalls. Stretchy waistbands. Cartoon shirts. Embroidery. Stripes. Thick cotton. Imitation pockets. Kids sneakers. Velcro. Cheesy lines. Pastel colors. Bright, loud colors.

Nothing was sober. Nothing was muted. Nothing simple, nothing basic. It was all loud and annoying, like he was *meant* to be seen. An easy target. An obvious spot. Everything was meant to make him a beacon, and the worst possible complement to being all toddler clothing was that it was in his size.

"Rose, you bought clothes for a toddler...!" Daniel groaned. "Couldn't you have just gotten something normal?!"

"This *is* normal," Rose slightly stretched the shirt in her hands. "Danny, there's nothing wrong with these clothes. Are you telling me you don't think you'll look handsome in a single thing in these bags?"

"*Handsome?*" Daniel repeated, hopefully pointing out the absurdity.

"Yes, *handsome!*" Rose nodded with certainty. *Missing my point en-fucking-tirely.*

"Rose, I wear clothes like *this!*" Daniel pinched the corners of his faded, somewhat splotchy white shirt. "Why couldn't you have just gotten normal stuff like this?!" Lord, the only jeans he found were baggy and with dog prints on them.

"Stores don't sell dirty clothes like that, Danny," Naomi suddenly chimed in from afar.

"Yeah, *thanks,*" Daniel scoffed at the woman, taking his sarcasm to an all new level. As much as he didn't want to, he still did his utmost to appeal to the higher and seemingly air-headed authority. She couldn't actually believe what she bought was appropriate, could she?

"Rose, look, I... appreciate you getting this stuff," *hardly*, "but can you please just return it? I'm fine with what I have now. I don't need anything else!"



“No, Danny,” Rose said in a soft voice, firmly putting her foot down. “You need new clothes and that’s final. I’m willing to hear you out, and maybe compromise, but I think this is what’s appropriate.”

And the hammer was dropped. Dropped by his sister dressed in black jeans, a long-sleeve zebra striped shirt, and a charcoal textured jacket. Stuff that made her look mature, like an adult, and someone who didn’t need to hold their mommy’s hand when crossing the street.

“But it shouldn’t matter what you think is appropriate! I’m fine in my clothes as they are because *I* picked them! It looks like you just bought a new wardrobe for a kindergartener!” Hell, kindergartener’s probably looked more mature than what was in those bags. “What if I picked them? Can’t we just do that? Return this stuff and let me pick what I want?”

“But there’s nothing wrong with what I bought,” Rose still insisted, and her innocent, yet stonewalling attitude was making her brother more and more frustrated. “Besides…” Rose crossed her arms, giving Daniel a proper sizing up. “I really think what I got suits you better.”

“Better than what—” Daniel gawked, “b-better than what I’m wearing now? Kid clothes are better than adult?”

“Danny, how are they kid’s clothes?” Rose asked again, apparently too blind to even see what she bought. “You’re gonna look super mature and handsome!”

Super as a modifier hardly inspired confidence, especially when it effectively juxtaposed things like handsomeness and maturity.

The sound of shuffling bags made it clear now Naomi was holding up a few different articles. Adding only fuel to the fire, in the most innocent way possible, she held up a pair of overalls over her chest. “I like these ones.”

“See?” Rose insisted, energized by the only affirmation she needed.

Daniel took a deep breath, dropping his hands at his sides and finally saying, “Rose, I am not a kid.”

“Danny, I know you aren’t,” Rose put on a soothing voice, like trying to disarm a temper tantrum.

“So why did you buy me kid’s clothes?!”

Rose tucked her cheek and crossed her arms. “Then if they’re kid’s clothes, and you’re an adult, why do they fit you then?” The words put an audible sound of mental gymnastical-fuckery in Daniel’s mouth.

“I-I...” he stuttered, too smart to combat such a stupid, low-level argument that only the most genius of big sisters could concoct.

And crashing his mind was all she needed to steamroll his confidence completely. A stutter, a look of confusion, loss, hesitation— anything to imply defeat. Whether it was real or not, it didn’t stop her from running away with it.

“See?” Rose smirked with a triumphant pointer finger. “So enough being silly about how they look. You’re going to look amazing!”

Says the sister who bought him fucking footie pajamas.

“I think we should try an outfit right now,” Rose stated, then nodded at herself for a full-on declaration. “Yeah, let’s do that.”

“What? No!” Daniel scoffed, but his screams were muffled briefly by his shirt being lifted off his head. “*NAOMI! STOP!*” he yelled at her deft sneak attack from behind, but words hardly spoke louder than actions.

“Trust your big sister a little!” Rose pouted with a giggle. “When I say you’re gonna look good, I mean it!”

“I don’t want to look good then!” Daniel shouted at the woman excitedly tugging off his shorts in one fell swoop. “Give those back!”

“Nuh-uh~” Rose teased, and traded him instead. Though, not before pausing at his underwear. “Oh, wait! No!” her spasm of grief went far and above Daniel and landed on her maid. “I forgot about getting you new undies...!”

“Yeah, good, because I don’t need any!” he complained as he swiped at bags for some semblance of modesty. But the chaos came sweeping back as his naked waist was grabbed by a pair of hands, forcing him right back over.

“Mhm, I like this shirt a lot,” Rose nodded proudly, right before stuffing the biplane shirt on Daniel. “My friend’s husband from work is a pilot, you know?”

“Yeah, really great. Explain how that makes me look any less pathetic?!” he shouted and groaned as he tried to wriggle, but a maid’s grip around his ankle and wrist was just the right amount of submission to keep him from going far.

“Because I bet he doesn’t have cool airplane shirts like you do!” Rose put on a peppy smile, and Daniel cringed as he tried not to blush.

Naomi briefly let him go just to begin a different attack. She put him in drawstring shorts, only these ones instead of blacks and grays were soft, patterned, stretchy and covered in every safari animal under the sun. He fell one foot forward when she tugged the strings, drawing them close to a snug hug around his waist before winding and weaving her hands and fingers, spinning a web with the two strings like a personified sewing machine, leaving him in a complex knot that no amount of rough run-and-play could ever undo.

The ritual was complete once Rose threw her hands together, gushing at the sight of a younger brother trying to not look as red as the shirt he was in. But of course, he was so handsome that his sister was smiling from ear to ear. So handsome she had a glimmer in her eye. So handsome she started to squeal.

“N-no...no. Nope. Nope, I’m not wearing this,” Daniel fumbled with his words while his hands stumbled to pull off the shirt.

“What? No!” Rose admonished as she gently forced his hands, and therefore the shirt, back down. “You look perfect! Don’t you feel so much more comfy now?”

“Hardly!” he lied, at least in the physical sense. “I’d feel *more* comfortable if I could actually wear what I wanted to, *not* what my sister decided for me!”

And the complaint actually gave Rose a moment of pause.

“Oh, well...” she looked around, then laid eyes on one of the bags, pulling it over by the handle. She reached inside and offered a bundle of unfortunately familiar blue and yellow.

“Did you want the boat or construction truck instead?”

Two more personified caricatures of vehicles. Two more disappointments that made the man equal parts embarrassed and frustrated.

Finally, he dropped his hands to his side and quit the game entirely. “I’m putting my other shirt back on.”

One tiny problem with that, however.

Turning in place, kicking bags around with his bare feet, he finally gave his sister an accusatory look.

“Where did you put my clothes?”

“Your clothes?” A crease formed between her brows, ultimately as she smiled in confusion.

“Danny...all your clothes are right here.”

“*No!* Not the ones you just fucking bought me– the ones I was *JUST WEARING!*”

“Hey-hey,” she gestured with her hands, “yelling is for outside, okay?”

“Why can’t you just actually answer a single fucking question that I have?!” He kicked another bag in frustration, but his poor choice of words were finally catching up to him. Only as an afterthought did he freeze in horror, looking for the woman who had soap in his mouth for swearing last time.

Gone.

And so were his old clothes.

Fuck.

*Shit!*

“Where’s Naomi?” Daniel commanded an answer as he burst forward down the hallway.

“I think she’s putting some stuff away. But hey, Danny? Please come back here! I’d like to talk about something!”

He ignored her and kept walking. Like she was hardly worth the time. Not after making terrible decisions after terrible decisions. Again and again without fail. Disregarding his own wants and needs. Dehumanizing her brother into a doll without independence and a life of his own.

His sister was his sister, and sisters were family. But alas, nothing in that says there has to be unconditional love. It was certainly a heavy-handed way of thinking, but to feel that way wasn’t hard when considering years of trauma, peaceful silence, a rude awakening, and the living

nightmare she was now putting him through. Every tiny little thing he'd managed to put together was evaporating before his very eyes in a matter of days. So quickly the slate was being wiped and everything was being reset. All because he caved and sent one tiny, stupid, seemingly inconsequential text message.

If regret were worth its weight in gold, maybe he could have owned his very own mansion like this.

“*NAOMI!*” he screamed and shouted down the halls, “GIVE ME MY CLOTHES BACK!”

For all he knew he was running the completely opposite way. There was no way of knowing, but standing still and doing nothing could be just as bad.

“WHERE DID YOU-?!”

The shout went short on account of a hand touching his shoulder. Spinning around, it was Rose, catching up to her much smaller brother in no time.

“Hey,” she softly spoke with a finger up to her lips. “We’re inside, so please no shouting?”

“Where’s Naomi?” Daniel spat angrily as he swiped his sister’s hand away. “I’m not wearing this!”

“So you really wanna go back to wearing things with holes and stains on them?” Rose frowned sadly.

“What I *want* is to wear the things that *I* want to wear!”

“Did you still want to wear one of those other shirts?” Rose calmly asked, thumbing the way they came over her shoulder. She sounded like a mom trying to talk down their child from a fit or outburst.

“And why do you keep talking like the stuff you bought me is my only choice?!” Daniel threw up his hands in frustration.

Rose’s face slightly twitched, flashing a guilty look, and finally speaking with her eyes cast to the floor. “Because you keep insisting on doing things in a way that doesn’t involve me...”

The accusation, too many steps far from her bubbly, positivity-only attitude, froze Daniel for a second, leading to his sister taking his turn in the conversation.

“Enough about that,” Rose spoke again with a refreshed tone. “You’re only getting out of those clothes when it’s time for bed,” she said with finality, and on some level the insistence hit the boy square in the chest.

And if looks could kill, even then Daniel at best could only give his big sister a small scratch.

“Can we talk about dinner now?” Rose changed topics. “Naomi’s not cooking tonight, so we’ve gotta come up with something.”

“I don’t care what you eat,” Daniel scoffed as he turned on his foot, but Rose’s hand spun him right back around.

“I do, because it’s also what you’re eating as well,” Rose pursed her lips, but even her sternest looks only seemed to last for seconds before melting back into her cheery grins and smiles.

“Since Naomi’s not cooking, and I don’t plan on doing it either, I guess that only means one sort of thing...?”

“No. I’m not going to a restaurant,” Daniel answered grimly.

“And I don’t wanna go out to one either,” Rose agreed as she forced her brother in the lead, walking back and away from where Naomi may or may not have been. “What did you wanna do for takeout?”

“I don’t care.”

“I do. I want you to pick something.” And Rose surprised Daniel by suddenly hoisting him into the air.

“Put me down!”

“But it’s easier to chat with you like this?” Rose finally giggled, staring face-to-face with her brother, held against her hip with an arm around his back. They talked while *she* walked.

“Pick whatever you want,” Daniel stayed dismissive. “If you’re comfortable enough violating my personal space, why would you care about what I wanted to eat?”

And rather than confronting his unending negativity for once, Rose glossed right over it. “Let me think...oh– you like pizza, right? How about we do that?”

“I don’t care,” Daniel groaned again.

“So pizza it is then?” Rose asked, as if he had given a legitimate answer.

“Do whatever you want. Just put me down.”

“Pizza it is, then!” Rose declared, and kept on walking.

Daniel was not put down.

---

Some time later and all three members of the household were at the dinner table, in similar circumstances like the night before. Rose and Naomi were sitting right next to each other, and so was Daniel, except he was far closer to his sister, given that...

“Please...just let me sit in my own chair,” Daniel groaned atop his sister’s lap, buckled in by her arm over his stomach.

“Our chairs are a little too big for you, Danny...” Rose said with the same soothing tone she had the first time.

“Well if I’m staying here, why can’t I have a chair that fits me?” Leaning into his own predicament was hardly what he wanted, but it felt like the most irrefutable thing he could use. And doubly worse, he knew his sister had money, assuming all the new clothes were anything to go by.

But because he spoke of it like he wanted to adapt rather than run, Rose couldn’t have sounded more agreeable. “That’s a very good point!” she beamed. “You do deserve your own seat, and I promise we’re gonna take care of that as soon as possible.”

So unfortunately, if it meant giving in, Rose was more than happy to accommodate.

*Duly noted.*

Thankfully none of it meant Daniel had to actually stay. The only thing that distracted him from those difficult and melancholic thoughts however was the warm scent of meat, seasonings and grease right in front of them.

“What size are these...?” Daniel muttered skeptically. Even as a large it felt like an insult to the three gargantuan pizzas before him.

“Large?” Rose said, albeit like a question. Not that she doubted herself, but instead like she was questioning Daniel’s ability to distinguish sizes.

“This isn’t a large,” Daniel shook his head, instinctively leaning forward for the food, yet his sister’s arm slid him back against her.

“Whatever it is, are you ready to eat some of it?” Rose asked as she jostled his shoulder.

His response was cold and simple. “Yeah, sure.” The affection and attention was what made him shrivel up the most. Not because positive attitudes turned him off, but because it felt like his sister was trying to find a way in. *In*. Back *into* his life, or even remotely good graces. She was testing him and the mood; he could imagine it.

*Is it okay for me to touch your shoulder like this?*

*I got us pizza, so can we be happy siblings again?*

*I’ll get you your own chair, so please forgive me?*

And on and on.

Everything was with a motive and nothing was transparent. She wouldn’t admit fault, but she’d try to make everything work around it. Like her one bad deed could somehow be compensated for through everything else. And here he was, stuck in the lap of the very person trying to trick him into liking them again.

“Since Naomi doesn’t work weekends, we tend to do stuff like this,” Rose explained as she loaded their plates, not even sparing Daniel from a particularly large piece of pizza. Shortening the distance though only magnified the already intimidating size. One alone was enough, but eating pizza usually meant multiple slices. A single piece wasn’t supposed to constitute an entire meal.

But before he could begin his conquest on his pizza, he watched his sister start to perform surgery on it.

“Wait, stop– what are you doing?” Daniel reached out for her fork and knife, but her wrists dropped and shut him out.



“Hang on, bud, I’m almost done,” Rose said, and went right back to making quick work of his food. Before he knew it all he had left were individual squares of pizza. Better yet, it also explained his own lack of a fork and knife.

“I didn’t ask for it to be cut,” Daniel said in a level voice.

“I know, but this makes eating it a whole lot easier, doesn’t it?” Rose said just as pleasingly.

Avoiding his routine sigh, Daniel skipped straight to a compromise. “Where’s a fork I can use?”

“Huh?” Rose tilted her head. “Oh! No, that’s okay! You can use your fingers,” she explained, as if he wanted to be liberated from such complicated utensils.

“I don’t want to use my fingers.”

Rose stopped cutting her own piece to eat, and without a word pierced some of Daniel’s and brought it up to his mouth with her fork. “Better?”

“No, because it’s not a fork that I can use.” He refused to be fed. “Did you not put one out for me? Whatever, it’s fine. I’ll go get it.”

He tried to slide out, but being pushed right back into his sister’s lap every time wasn’t getting any less frustrating.

“You can go down after dinner,” Rose told him. “Finish your food first, okay?”

“Rose, I just want to get a fucking fork, can I not do that?”

“Language,” Naomi quipped from the side, and in one word Daniel was suddenly snacking on soap. The memory was etched in stone, and imagining the bitter, metallic taste made him cringe all over again.

And entirely oblivious to what she had put him through, Rose none the wiser added her own two cents. “She’s right, Danny... You really need to stop using language like that...”

He refused to fold and turn over his belly like a coward, but deep down he knew at least from Naomi that threats weren’t unfounded. “Yeah, I get it,” he answered in an agitated tone. “Look, can I just use my own fork? I don’t want to use my hands!”

“That’s why I offered to feed you?” Rose gently reminded him, inching her fork of food closer to his mouth, but he leaned back into and against her breasts just to escape it.

“*MY* fork. My own silverware that I can use! Besides, didn’t you just give me new clothes? Do you really want me making a mess in a brand new shirt?”

The last thing he expected was a gleeful laugh from Rose. “Don’t worry! I made extra sure about washing and stains! These are good for all kinds of play, so it’ll wash out if you get a little messy.”

And like that, another begrudging checkmate from his sister. Wonderful.

But not one for handshakes, he plucked the square of pizza right off her fork, begrudgingly popping it into his mouth.

It tasted good.

*Shit.*

“Want another bite?” she was already plunging her three-pronged tool into another piece.

“No, I’ll do it myself,” he harshly refused.

“Suit yourself, silly.” Rose made another tone-deaf dismissal before going back to her own meal. One where Naomi and Rose enjoyed their forks and knives. Meanwhile, Daniel did his best to look dignified, but something about a smiling airplane on his chest, cozy in his big sister’s lap, and eating his pre-cut pizza like finger foods made it hard to compare as much to the other adults in the room.

Double especially when with a soft tap on his shoulder, Rose said, “both hands, please.”

And now also needing to use both hands for his glass...

If the amount of food wasn’t bad enough, he was already feeling full from the suffocating circumstances.

But alas, he took another savory bite.

Pizza is pizza.

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“What...what fucking knot did she even tie...?!” Daniel screamed as quietly as he could, thrashing and panicking in his bathroom. His stomach was beyond full, paired by countless glasses of water and multiple slices of pizza. Far beyond what he should’ve been allowed, but all thanks to Rose and Naomi’s impossible standards.

*You didn't have that much, did you?*

*I know you can eat more than that.*

*It's not good for you to go to bed on an empty tummy...*

And so on.

Condescending and frustrating ways to keep on encouraging his gluttonous eating that his body couldn't support. Hence his desperate need to pee right this very minute. Except for a small, but important issue.

His shorts.

He was still in his plain shirt and corduroy shorts, only now in the privacy of his own room the latter was no longer voluntary. He couldn't choose to take off the shorts because they were tied shut, all thanks to Naomi. The drawstrings were woven almost like art, except far more intricate the deeper one looked. It was fancy speak for saying that undoing whatever it was felt impossible.

His impatient and worrying feet shuffled across the tiles. His bum backed into the cabinet, wall, and bin just trying to free not only himself, but his bladder desperately needing release.

“Why did they make me drink so much water...?!” he moaned yet again, with heightened breathing, grunting, and struggling to have access to his own genitals.

He tugged one string and it all seemed to become tighter. Try the second string and the same thing happens. At the same time? Both get tighter. Every escape attempt only made it seem worse, and finally after twenty minutes of struggling and fumbling, he was hopping from foot to foot just to keep his pee where it was supposed to be.

What was he supposed to do? Cut them? Probably not, given Rose just bought them. Wasting things, especially expensive ones, hardly sat well with the brother. Not to mention he had no knife or scissors.

Ask for help?

Another less than desirable option. Asking Rose meant making himself look like a little boy in need of an adult. Just a kid who couldn't handle untying the knot to their own pants.

And then there was the more logical choice, even if not completely ideal, Naomi. But the same exact reasoning flooded his head. What twenty year old man asked for help getting his pants off? With Rose it made him pathetically cute; just like what a little brother should be. With Naomi, it was pitifully embarrassing. The amount of mistakes and embarrassing moments he had shown her was far too high for his liking, and this would only be another case added to the list of whatever bias she was certainly building against him. So even with his penis pinched between his legs, desperately trying to stave off the need for a toilet, he made more panicked grunts as he tried to wrestle himself free from the shorts.

"Please...! Please...!" he begged to the inanimate object, but nothing was coming of it other than his own whimpering frustrations. He panicked in part because he imagined the consequences and aftermath. But no matter the direction; up, down, left, or right, he was sealed. So much time had come and gone that running to get help wasn't an option anymore. Not unless he wanted to leave a sad trail of dribble between his legs.

But a limit hit. His stomach hurt from all the eating, standing, and moving. A warm sweat was starting to hit his forehead from all the heightened concentration, and his chest heaved from making the mistake of trying to use strength to get his pants off.

The warm light of the bathroom altered the moment just right, and shifting his weight from one foot to the other this time caused lethal reactions. Like the missing screw, or the load-bearing wall. Holding his bladder was like holding a rope supporting a ten ton weight. The moment he let go, the weight would fall with a crash. With too much size and momentum, it'd be impossible to catch.

So, in those similar terms, Daniel gasped as for just a moment the rope slipped between his hands, and the weight came down fast and hard. He managed to undo the knot, however it was only the metaphorical one holding his bladder together.

Daniel's face twitched the moment the warmth spurt between his legs. Out of reflex he clamped down the same time he gasped with relief, but something about a stream starting made it only more impossible to stop. He winced like it was a wound, but partly because it truly was one to his pride. He immediately felt the front of his shorts, chills running down his back to feel the disgraceful warmth, but nothing, thankfully.

Not so thankfully, he couldn't stop the rest that followed.

Pee came flowing fast and regularly. His hands didn't even need to feel it, as the growing patch from his unending pee soon made the shorts and underwear cling to his skin, spawning a dark patch that only grew and grew. It was warm and wet, and his cheeks burned harshly and furiously as pee rolled down his legs and settled in his socks and eventually on the floor.

Warm and wet was all he could say, but babyish and embarrassed was certainly how he felt. So once the drips finally stopped hitting the tiled floor, he stood there in silent horror, stuck in pee-soaked pants he couldn't even take off on his own.

"C-come on...!" he cursed and he swore, too panicked and upset to make a rational decision. He went right back to ripping and tearing at his shorts, thinking of only one person as the perpetrator responsible for all of this.

*Fucking Naomi!*

*Naomi you bitch!*

*Why did you tie them like this?!*

But it didn't budge. Her military-grade knot was made to last, and the only way of getting out now was asking for help. Help that would inevitably see his wet pants, and now it was his choice for who to reveal that to.

He could tell Rose and open himself up to even more embarrassing treatment, especially after fighting so harshly to defend himself as an adult. Or, he could tell Naomi, someone who's already seen him naked, crying, pooping his underwear, and sitting in timeout.

When there's enough water in the bucket, what more is another drop?

He inhaled and exhaled, at least finding a towel to wipe up the floor. The smell of urine made him grimace and twitch his nose, and the heat from his shorts were long gone now that his shorts and underwear cooled and just became clammy and uncomfortable.

Was he really about to tell Naomi this? That he couldn't get his shorts off on his own so he peed himself? What would that look like to her? How could that be used against him? Maybe she'd use it as an excuse to take him to the bathroom at all times now, or become a potty monster with frequent checks. No matter what it made him look pathetic and incompetent. He walked out into

the main bedroom, trying to ignore the cold inside of his shorts rubbing against his inner thighs. It was *his* fault he couldn't get his pants off, and how *he* didn't come to someone for help. Or rather, *he* couldn't hold it in. They were all conscious decisions made by him, and that's why it was all so damning for a boy that desperately wanted to convince his supposed peers that he was a man. Nevertheless, bad coincidence and fate had him downright fucked.

But then, almost as if a fleeting, wishful thinking sort of idea, Daniel's eyes slowly panned up to the mattress of his bed.

The logic may have been poor, or the line of thinking was weak and so far-fetched that only an actual child could believe it, but in Daniel's desperation, it was the one evil that felt slightly lesser than the others. One dependent on his acting ability as well as luck.

Would it work? Maybe. But if it didn't, he'd be blushing as bright as a tomato and preparing to crawl under a rock and die. Twenty year olds didn't wet their pants, that much was certain. They didn't consciously avoid every avenue that kept their undies dry. But that's what it looked like, or what it'd certainly seem like to his sister and maid.

So he made faces of discomfort as he grunted and climbed the bed, rolling himself over to a side as his wet shorts dragged across the pristinely white and clean comforter and sheets. He threw his head against the pillow, breathing heavily and nervously as he willed the courage to wiggle his hips and grind his crotch against the bed. Rubbing it in, and at the cost of another laundry trip for hopefully Naomi, copying a stain from one thing to another.

Turning his accident from something conscious to unconscious. Big boys didn't have daytime accidents, but surely...surely nighttime ones could be excused? Laying there, blushing, mortified by his own actions, Daniel remained still, bracing himself for the turbulence for the rabbit hole he was throwing himself down. Mentally rehearsing his lines and how to pretend. How to act, and somehow...

How to talk his way out of wetting the bed.