Allergic to Clothes

by andlat

A story originally posted on my underwear-focused Twitter account

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

Allergic to Clothes

A story originally posted on my underwear-focused Twitter account

Nick rolled his eyes as he got home from school to see his brother Evan once again sprawled on the couch in nothing but his tighty whities.

"Seriously?"

"What? I like being comfortable!" That much was true. Nick had witnessed Evan strip down to nothing but his juvenile underwear right there in front of the front door without even a second's hesitation.

"I meant the tighty whities."

"Like I said, comfortable." Evan grinned cheekily.

Nick rolled his eyes and went to his room. Sometimes it felt like Evan was allergic to clothes, but it was the tighty whities that really bothered Nick. Didn't Evan know only losers wore tighty whities? It was embarrassing being that guy with a brother who seemed proud to wear them!

"God, even at breakfast?" He muttered the next morning. Enough was enough! "Put some clothes on!"

"They're just underwear, dude." Evan said. He stood up, thrust his pelvis at his brother, and then sat back down. "Jealous?"

"Of your third grader underwear? Yeah, right."

"Not what I meant, but if that's where your mind went." Evan shrugged. Nick shook his head. Why was his brother so weird?

As he walked to school, Nick realized that every time he closed his eyes, he could see Evan's white cotton crotch. He shuddered. What could possibly get that out of his mind? A moment later, he learned what as his boxers started to ride up.

It was a part of wearing boxers. Normally, a subtle shake of his leg would set them right, but this time, it felt like both legs of his boxers were climbing up his thighs and squeezing his balls!

He groaned as he widened his gait, feeling his boxers tighten even more as they dug into his ass. Only another block to school and then he'd duck into the bathroom to fix them.

It seemed to take an eternity to get to school and he felt like every eye was on him as he waddled ass and hobbled his way to the men's room.

He slammed his way into a stall and unzipped his jeans, shoving his hand down them to fix his boxers before his balls fell off or got crushed. He froze. Something wasn't right.

He looked down, barely even able to believe his eyes. Gone was the red and brown plaid he was certain he had put on that morning. All he saw was white!

His jeans slid down to his knees, but he hardly noticed. All he

saw was his first pair of tighty whities since what? Fourth grade? Third?

"This..." His panic echoed in the empty bathroom. "This can't be-" the door opened and he quickly tugged his jeans back up.

Nick fought to keep his jeans up around the waistband of his new underwear. Why was he wearing tighty whities? He had flexed in front of the mirror that morning in his boxers. He knew he had put boxers on!

He dug in the back of his jeans and picked his briefs out of his ass. The bell rang. Well, nothing I can do now, he thought as he headed for the bathroom door. He felt his briefs dig into his ass again. Did these things always give you a constant wedgie?

Nick's day passed slowly. Every time he walked from class to class, he had a near constant wedgie. He gave up trying to pick it as he realized it was useless. Just as annoying was the fact that his waistband seemed to be constantly exposed, no matter how many times he tugged down his shirt and pulled up his jeans. More than once, he realized he was showing off at least the top two inches of his humiliating underwear to anyone behind him. He hoped they just thought he was wearing white boxer briefs.

Nick couldn't shake the feeling that everyone knew he was wearing briefs, especially with how they constantly squeezed him. How had this happened? Why were there still 6 hours before the end of the day?

Despite some close calls when he dropped a pen right in front of Chad Myers, Nick somehow made it through the day without anyone noticing his tight white predicament. He practically raced home, wincing as it made his constant wedgie even worse. He dug into the back of his jeans, modesty be damned, as he bounded up the porch steps. He made it! He was home free! As soon as he crossed the threshold, however, a new, horrible sensation hit.

It felt like his shirt, his jeans, even his socks were made of sandpaper that had just burst into flames. Nick yelped and practically threw off all his clothes until he wore nothing but his tighty whities, the sensation abruptly ending. This, this felt right

He poked his head into the living room, hoping against hope Evan wasn't in there. He sighed as Evan met his gaze.

"Hey, bro." Something seemed off about Evan and Nick stepped into the living room before he even realized what he had done, that determined to figure out what it was. A second later, it dawned on him: Evan was dressed! He wore a T-shirt and pajama pants while Nick wore nothing but his tighty whities.

"Hey, whities butt." Evan said with a shit-eating grin. "What? You said I should try boxers." He shifted enough to show Nick the waistband.

"Dude, are those my boxers?"

"They might've been" Evan shrugged. "But now that you're

flaunting your tighty whities everywhere, not really sure boxers are right for you." Nick fumed, but he realized Evan was right. He... He liked his tighty whities. He flopped down next to his brother.

"Let's go two player." He reached down, cupping his white cotton clad bulge contently.