Blue Skies for Christmas

by andlat

A collection of three Christmas stories I wrote and posted on Bluesky this year.

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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A White Christmas

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. “Oh, wow! Thanks!” He said with a chuckle.

“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. 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 not know he did not 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.”

Santa's Mistake

Derek sat confidently in the armchair, feeling incredibly grown-up as he sipped at coffee, even if he had to add a ton of creamer and sugar to make it palatable. Why shouldn't he feel grown up? It was his first Christmas back from college. He was an adult.

His brother Aiden ripped at the wrapping paper and Derek snorted. He would recognized that white package from a mile away, so with Aiden sitting on the floor only a few feet away, he knew it instantly.

“Tighty whities? Dude, you're thirteen.” Aiden blushed a little bit. “And don't even go denying you wear ‘em. I can see them poking out of your Christmas jammies.” Sure enough, the white and blue waistband was obvious with an inch or so of snowy cotton poking out of his red pajama bottoms, even as Aiden reached behind him in a futile attempt to conceal them.

“Derek.” Mom said, giving him a look.

“What? They're baby undies!”

“Are not.” Aiden mumbled barely audibly.

“It's Christmas.” Mom said. “Just open a present and leave your brother alone.” Derek spotted a present on his stack that would give him the perfect opportunity to continue.

“Ha! Boxers!” He declared almost even before ripping open the present. “What real men wear! Underwear, not diapers…”

His voice trailed off. “Mom, these are too small.”

“And these are too big.” Aiden piped up. Mom frowned.

“Santa must've made a mistake.” Mom shrugged. “Oh, well, I guess you two can swap.”

“Huh?”

“You're so insistent your brother wears boxers, now he'll have some.” She saw the unasked question on his lips. “And as for you, those'll tide you over until I get to all that laundry you so kindly brought home for me.” Aiden got to his feet with a confident smirk.

“Enjoy your baby undies.” He said, snatching the boxers from Derek. Derek grunted and, lunging, yanked down Aiden's pajama pants. Aiden scoffed. “Take a good look.” He said, wiggling his cotton-clad butt. “This'll be you later.”

Christmas Wish

Mike felt relief, but also a pang of sympathy for his brother. He had been in his shoes, after all. For whatever reason, Mom and Dad had kept them both in a perpetual state of childhood. Just last year, Mike would've joined Scotty in those footies with candy canes on them. Thanks to a few excruciatingly embarrassing moments where Scotty had been showing everyone his snowy cotton butt until Mom ‘set him back to rights’, Mike realized the fifteen year old even had a butt flap.

That was what made this Christmas Eve so bizarre. Last year, as a senior in high school, Mike would've been Scotty's broad

shouldered twin, right down to the tighty whities and having to hug everyone goodnight before heading to bed at 8:30.

Now he sat there in red plaid pajama pants and T-shirt. He got to stay up and watch a Christmas movie with Mom and Dad. It didn't seem fair that his brother was treated like a little kid when he was only a few years younger, Mike thought as he went to bed.

That didn't mean he was happy when he woke up the next morning as Scotty. Footies, tighty whities, overwhelmingly childish bedroom, the works. He stumbled to his room and saw his old face grinning.

“I got my Christmas wish!” Scotty said in Mike's voice. Mike gulped.