Get Good

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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"I'm dead serious, dude. I don't cheat, I just downloaded that training thing and now I'm winning matches all the time!" Jimmy could barely believe it. Was that all it took? He almost squeaked in excitement, but quickly regained his composure.

"What's it called again?"

"Combat trainer or something like that. I can't really remember. It was like a month ago."

"Kay. I'll try to find it." Jimmy logged off the game and went looking on the forums. Forty-five minutes later, he had had no luck. "Damn it." He muttered. "Zach was lying. He is a cheater. Knew it." Jimmy muttered. "Hey, what's this?" He saw a forum topic called Combet Traner. It was spelled wrong, but that had to be it, right? He clicked on it.

"Jimmy? Time for your shower."

"Mom! I don't need a reminder." He said as the trainer began to download.

"Did you shower?"

"No." He sighed and left the program downloading as he shuffled off to the bathroom and the shower.

Once he was clean, Jimmy put the same clothes back on and plopped down at the computer. Sweet, it was done! He eagerly opened it up.

"The key to winning is focus." He read out loud. "At least they spelled all that right." He went through a few training exercises to help him shoot accurately, dodge, and other skills like that. He wondered if this was all Zach had done. It seemed pretty lame. "Shoot!" He said as he failed a dodge. "Stay focused. Yeah, yeah, I know." He muttered, shifting slightly in his gaming chair. "Oh, I know." He leaned so far forward, his nose was practically touching the monitor. "Is that enough focus for you?"

It proved impossible to react well in such a strange position and he quickly failed three exercises in rapid succession. He sighed and leaned back as the training program flashed red x's.

"Switching to enhanced focus mode." He read out loud. "Well, what's that ow!" He bellowed as he felt a sharp pain in his butt. He knew that feeling. He turned around and saw that his underwear was a good two inches above the waistband of his basketball shorts, eclipsing the hem of his t-shirt. Did it get caught on his chair or something? He reached back to fix it, hovering over his chair. He groaned and cried out again as an invisible hand yanked the back of his underwear up and up until it was hooked over the headrest of his gamer chair. He groaned again, trying to get it free, but it would not budge. A quick glance at the mirror on the back of his closed bedroom door showed him his bizarre predicament.

The training program beeped to get his attention. "Enhanced focus wedgie?" He stared at the screen in complete disbelief. No, there was no way. How could the computer give him a

wedgie? He bit his lower lip to keep from crying out again as he felt a tug on his underwear. He could barely even sit without making it worse. He knew what he had to do. Get good, and fast.