High School Never Ends

by andlat

A story originally posted on my underwear-focused Twitter account

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Jack sighed as he shuffled into the gym, never expecting to be back at Tyler Hgh School. Didn't most reunions take place somewhere other than the actual school? Worse, he was only here because Mom had volunteered him to help out at the reunion.

I graduated ten years ago, why can Mom still volunteer me for shit? He saw a small group of men standing over by an unfolded card table. There was Brad, Erick, even Dan. Was the entire committee just his old bullies?

He scoffed at the motto hanging over the bleachers: Tyler High Class of 2014, Renewing Memories. Memories like Brad forcing him to streak through the Homecoming dance in nothing but his tighty whities, Brad smacking his ass every step of the way? No thanks.

"Hey, man." Erick said, offering his hand. "Been a long time." Jack took his hand and shook it, noticing the bullies -- former bullies -- eyeing him. Were they remembering too?

"We got a lot to do." Dan said. "Let's get started. Thing starts in what" he checked his Apple watch. "Two hours. Let's do it!" They all got to work decorating the gym, which only made Jack feel more like this was a high school dance under

a different name.

Jack found himself slipping into old habits: looking over his shoulder, checking to make sure his waistband wasn't poking out of his jeans. He knew he was just being paranoid, but he did still wear tighty whities.

Everyone had clearly grown up. Heck, when Dan bent over in those khaki shorts, Jack could have sworn he saw the hint of a briefs line. *Checking out your former bullies? Dude. *He scolded himself with an amused smirk.

They all met back at the card table and Brad cracked open beers, distributing them out.

"That asshole Mr. Jensen retired, so he can't even come after us." He guffawed. All of them, Jack included, chuckled. Who hadn't had a run-in with Mr. Jensen? Jack had gotten a week of After Schools for that streaking stunt from him, even though he had explained it had all been Brad. He shifted slightly, the familiar setting making the memories seem all the more real. Renewing memories might be right. He shuddered.

"Are we done?" Erick asked.

"Well, it looks about as good as four guys can make it." Dan shrugged, looking around.

"Can't help but feel like it's missing something." Erick replied. Jack had turned to survey the gym, so he missed the nod that the trio shared.

Before he even felt the rough hands on his shoulders, he landed on the gym floor. Outnumbered, he fell once again back into old habits, kicking and throwing punches, but it was no use.

"Told you he still wears them!" Dan exclaimed as they stripped him down to his tighty whities. "Even the same old Fruit of the Looms!" They all laughed.

"Ha ha, very funny." Jack said, sitting up. He tried to play it cool, but he had a very bad feeling as he looked at the smirking men above him. "Renewing memories or whatever?"

"Not quite." Brad said, all but confirming Jack's fears.

"You saw all those photoboards of everything the class did in high school?" Erick asked. "We figured we gotta have the centerpiece of our high school memories: Dorky little Jacky in his baby whitey tighties!"

"What?" Jack felt like a bucket of ice water had rushed over him.

"We don't got much time" Brad said, looking at his Apple watch again. "Let's get him in place."

Jack could do nothing as they shoved him back on the floor, flipping him onto his face before one of them grabbed a fistful of his FTLs and began to drag him along the floor, the white cotton flossing his cheeks.

"If I remember right, your favorite spot was the south hoop." Erick said. "Right by the girls' locker room!"

"No! No!"

Jack felt like he was right back in high school, clawing desperately at the smooth floor of the gym as they dragged him along, laughing and chatting among themselves as they dragged him by his briefs through a couple laps of the gym before they reached their destination: right under the basketball hoop.

"Let's get him up there!" Dan said, eagerness coloring every syllable.

"Please, no... no!" Jack pleaded as his feet left the floor.

By the time the reunion started, Jack dangled from the basketball hoop. He saw a few sympathetic glances, but no one moved to help him down. He had spent the last few days texting with his friends from his high school days, but the few who were in his class rather than a grade above him or below him had been unable to come. The long and the short of it was, Jack could only hang there, hoping and praying they would let him down at the end of the night.
Just like high school, he thought glumly, the banner with its cheesy motto coming into view as Dan came over and set him swaying back and forth by his briefs.