Wearing the Bride's Color

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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"Ow! What the fuck, man?" Brian glared over his shoulder at Chad, who still held a fistful of his white cotton briefs.

"Just having some fun. But seriously, dude? Tighty whities? This is Mark's bachelor party, we're not eight."

"They're boxer briefs." Brian said defensively, hoping Chad wouldn't know it was a lie. At least it was just him and Chad right now in the hotel room.

"Sure they are." He smacked his upper arm playfully. "Fix your 'boxers' then." He lunged and yanked down Brian's jeans. "Holy shit, they really are tighty whities!"

"Fuck off. My wife buys them for me. She thinks they're-" he quickly fixed his pants and underwear as the door opened and more of Mark's groomsmen shuffled in, followed by the groom-to-be himself.

They all started chatting and joking to the point that he thought the incident was behind them. One person hadn't forgotten though.

"So what? Your wife makes you wear them?" Chad asked a little too loudly. "You wore boxers and she put you back in tighty whities?" Brian noticed a few of the guys had stopped

talking to listen in.

"Just let it go, dude." Brian said, trying to stay cool.

"Wait." Mark's brother Dan said. "Bri, are you actually wearing tighty whities?"

Feeling trapped, Brian explained the whole thing, how a mix-up had led his wife to buy him tighty whities, which led her to realize she liked the way he looked in them.

"Wow!" Dan said. "I mean, me and Mark wore 'em for forever-"

"You got to switch at 12." Mark laughed. "I was the one in them until I was 16!" Everyone laughed. Brian sighed in relief. Maybe it was all okay

Now that everyone had arrived, they settled into playing a game. Brian asked what the rules were, but he was just told he'd figure it out. He didn't. Sometimes you got a drink when you lost, sometimes you had to take off an article of clothing. It all seemed random.

"Can't I take a shot?" He asked as the command came down to lose his jeans, the only thing he still had on other than his briefs.

"Nope." Dan said. "Groom says give me those pants!" He said like a game show announcer. Brian groaned. Now even the latecomers knew about his tighty whities.

Brian heard more than a few snickers as he stood there in nothing but his tighty whities. He should've planned ahead,

bought some boxers just for today! Why did he let his wife pick out his underwear anyway?

*At least, he thought, I'm guaranteed to get a shot if I lose again. They're not gonna make me get naked, right? *He found out two rounds later.

"Guess that's a shot?"

"Naw. Here." Brian took the ice bucket without even thinking about it.

"Uh, what's this for?"

"Go get us ice. Nope, no getting dressed. In your whities."

"It's just at the end of the hall." Mark said. "Gotta do it for the groom!" A chant of do it for the groom started up. Brian rolled his eyes.

"Fine, but give me a key."

"No shoving it down your tighty whities!" Chad guffawed. "God, they're even Fruit of the Looms!"

"Whatever. Give me a key."

"We wouldn't lock you out." Dan said. "It's just some good fun." Brian wasn't so sure, remembering his first wedgie in how many years just a bit earlier? How'd he even get so used to tighty whities he didn't even think to change before this? Dumb.

Key in hand, Brian set off for the ice machine, hearing more than a few snickers from the bachelor party as he did his best

to run without looking like he was running, resulting in a weird waddling shuffle that only flaunted his dorky underwear more.

Brian made it to the ice machine, a wave of suspicion washing over him. He had a key to get back in, he'd made it to the ice machine, it wasn't out of order or anything. What was the catch?

He filled the bucket and hustled back, using the full ice bucket to cover his crotch. His confusion only grew when they let him back in, slapping his back and congratulating him.

Their chatter echoed off the walls of the hotel room.

"But seriously, dude. Tighty fuckin' whities? I bet even the ring bearer doesn't wear them!"

"Grayzen's like 6, he's in boxers, right, Paul?"

"Get outta here with that pedo shit."

"Uh," Brian timidly interrupted. "Can I get dressed now?"

"Not yet." Mark said, grinning.

"What now?" Brian moaned. The assembled groomsmen chuckled.

"You gotta apologize." Chad said.

"What? To who?"

"To who?" Mark chortled. "Who do you think? Melissa."

Brian's face felt red. The bride?

"What for?"

"You're wearing the bride's color!" Chad exclaimed.

"Oh. Haha." Brian rolled his eyes. "Don't we gotta get going? We're not gonna just party in the hotel room, are we?"

"Here," Dan said. "Me and Garrett wrote you a script."

"A script?"

"Yep, I'm calling Melissa right now." Mark said, pulling out his phone. "Hey, babe! Yeah, we're having fun. Oh, nothing much. No, I'm not in trouble. I just got Brian here and he's got something to say." He handed his phone to Brian.

"Uh, hello?"

"Brian? You guys having fun?"

"Uh, yeah..." Chad tapped the script. "I just wanted to apologize for wearing your color."

"Huh?"

"You know, white?"

"Oh. Like a white shirt? Did you lose some dumb bet?"

"No, tighty whities. I wear tighty whities like a little dork." Chad snorted and Brian wondered why he didn't just hang up.

"Oh. Ok?" Dan snatched the phone from Brian.

"I'm texting you a pic right now. Yeah, he really is wearing

them. Britt buys them for him or something?" He thrust the phone back at Brian, who could hear Melissa laughing before he even brought it to his ear.

"Wow. Just wow. I thought tighty whities just meant those like, I dunno, manties? They're actually white? And you're in nothing but 'em? Wow, you really are a dork."

Enough was enough and Brian hung up the phone, blushing.

"What was that?" He spat venomously.

"Just some fun." Chad said. "Alright, dudes. Let's get going to that barcade downtown!"

"Where are my clothes?" Brian asked, immediately noticing they were gone. Great, just great

"Argh!" He howled in agony as Chad grabbed his briefs and yanked them up to his shoulder blades.

"You're not coming." His breath was hot and aggressive on Brian's ear. "Open the closet, dude. We'll store Bri for later."

Everyone seemed to move as one, so Brian had no chance. Tape over his mouth meant all Brian could do was yell muffled threats as he dangled there, watching everyone leave to go have fun. Why had he worn tighty whities?