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Tight Red Trousers

by Sho Botham

How the Devil are you?

That's a bit passé isn't it, how the Devil are you?

You know what I mean. Would you rather I asked, how the fuck are you?

"Well, not really - the Devil's out of fashion, you know."

"You think so?"

"Yeah, we're much more clued up today. We don't fall for all of that good and evil bullshit"

"So, you don't think he could tempt you?"

"The Devil? Absolutely not. I'd spot him a mile off."

"I suppose you're gearing up for Christmas buying the kids toys and stuff they don't need. "Oh the Devil's behind all of that."

"Where do you get your ideas from - what's Christmas got to do with the Devil?"

"Don't you jest - the Devil gets everywhere. That's why he's so successful."

Just then, people began to pile out of the packed pub into the cold and frosty night. Chattering voices, laughter and hope filled the air.

Figures in fancy dress wandered past. A tired looking, Harry Potter being held up by an unconvincing Winnie the Pooh. Several Batmans hovered on the pavement but there only seemed to be one Robin. A variety of Father Christmases were amongst the revellers. Men and woman dressed in the famous red outfit with white fur. At this time of the night, white beards had long since gone – they'd been cast aside or stuffed into pockets. Hats were welcome in the cold night air. Breath trails danced and mingled in the chilly temperature as the groups began to disperse in different directions.

“If the Devil gets everywhere then he hasn't tempted old Harry and Winnie over there, has he? They look as if they've had a good night? The only temptation they've yielded to is a few beers too many”

“That might be his plan for them – tempting them with too many beers.”

“Oh don't be so bloomin' melodramatic. How did we get onto this topic anyway?”

“Look at that lovely Santa heading towards us – he can climb down my chimney any night of the week.”

“Ooh, he's a bit gorgeous, isn't he?”

“Shush, he'll hear you.”

“Ho ho ho,” Santa said, as he got close to the two women. Winking at them he slowed his pace, raised his arms just above his shoulders and did a slow, sexy twirl showing off his very tight red trousers and his obvious false padding that gave him his classic Santa shape.

“Where are you two lovelies off to then?” he asked.

Blushing, the two women, smiled and fluttered their eyelashes at this gorgeous creature in the tight red trousers.

“Do you fancy a, ménage à trois?” asked the smiling Santa.

“What? that's a bit forward”

“Come on, it's Christmas. Let's go and have some fun.”

The woman looked at each other and laughed. “Well it's not every night you get propositioned by Santa,” they said together.

With a woman on either side, Santa placed his hands firmly on his slender hips and waited for them to each slip a hand through his arms. As they headed off together, Santa turned and looked back over his shoulder. His eyes flashed with smugness as thought about how easy it all was. The Devil's out of fashion my arse, he thought. A simple name change from Satan to Santa and it was like taking candy from a baby. These two have no idea what's about to hit them.