**Down the drain**

by Emma

While I was training as a teacher, I used to do a seasonal job in the summer, with the local council. Initially I worked in the Parks department, helping with grass cutting, tending the flower beds, but over the next few years I had various summer jobs in different council departments, gaining good experience in a range of areas. When I qualified as a teacher, I found that jobs for young, inexperienced, teachers were hard to find, especially locally. In the meantime a job came up with the council in the Environmental Services department. I applied, and, because of my previous experience with the council, was successful. It was only ever meant as a stop gap until a teaching job came along, but I did enjoy it.   
  
I liked the job because it was very varied, as I got sent to work with whoever was short staffed on a particular day. And I was working almost exclusively with men in a very male environment. I've always got on better with men than women, never having been a 'girly girl', and I really enjoyed mucking in with the manual jobs, something the guys appreciated. For their part they treated me as a cross between 'one of the boys' and their little princess! They were very protective of me, and I loved it.   
  
Some parts of the job were fun, others not so great - we would be collecting dumped rubbish one day, then cleaning drains the next! Initially the guys wouldn't let me go down the sewers with them, but after much badgering, they allowed me to do that as well. I thought I looked cute in my overalls that were about two sizes too large for me. I might have looked cute, but none of the guys ever tried it on with me, it was as if they saw me as being like their sister. There was plenty of joking round, but they never directed any sexual remarks at me. That all changed one hot September day.   
  
Three of us were out on one of the wagons, clearing drains and hosing down sewers, when control contacted us with an emergency call to attend a drain problem between Weston and Burnham. When we arrived we found a small group of people, including a very distressed lady, all clustered round an open drain.   
It turns out she had been walking her dog, a small Jack Russel terrier, across the fields, when he had spotted something - possibly a rabbit, but more likely a rat - and chased after it. Whatever it was disappeared down a small field drainage drain, which should have been fitted with a cover, closely followed by the dog. Neither had come back out, but the dog, Jessie, could be heard barking in the drain, and was sounding very distressed. She had been down there for over two hours and had resisted all attempts to coax her out. We were able to explain why that was - these drains were fitted with a short vertical 'drop' about ten feet inside, and there was no way Jessie would be able to get out without help.   
  
There are only ever two options in cases like these - either you dig the dog out (time consuming and difficult, with the possibility that the frightened animal might run further into the pipe) or someone goes in to try to get her.   
The second option is always the preferred one, it's quicker, easier and much more likely to succeed. The only problem here was the size of the drain. It was very small. I knew I was the only one who had the slightest chance of getting down there, but the guys wouldn't have it. I stood back while both of my colleagues tried, and again while two other guys from the group tried, before they admitted defeat and let me have a go.   
  
It was really, really tight, and my overalls were baggy and wouldn't slide in the pipe. We got some oil from our truck and sprayed it into the pipe, so now at least I could just about slide along in there. I couldn't get far though, the overalls were just too bulky, and the boys had to drag me back out by my ankles.   
  
'It's not going to work with the overalls on, Emma, you're going to have to take them off'   
  
I knew I was going to have to, but I just didn't want to. It was a hot day, the overalls were thick, and I had next to nothing on under them. Only a pair of panties actually, and not even a descent pair, just a very old, tatty, faded pair - and I was going to have to show them to everyone.   
Slowly I unzipped the overalls, and let them slip down to my waist. All conversation stopped - there was complete silence. Everyone was staring at my bare boobs. My two colleagues had gone bright red, and, if it was possible, looked even more embarrassed than I felt.   
  
'I'm sorry Emma, never thought you were naked under.....'   
'I'm not naked'   
'Well as good as'   
  
This wasn't helping. I quickly slid the overalls the rest of the way down, and stepped out of them, standing in front of the group in just my skanky panties, just waiting for the comments. Thankfully none came. Desperate now to hide my half naked body, I crawled into the pipe. It was still a surprisingly tight fit, but at least my skin now slid along the oily surface, though it was pretty hard on my boobs, and my nipples in particular - despite the oil, it felt like they were being rubbed down with sandpaper - and not in a good way. I tried not to think of the view the guys got of my backside, as I slid into the pipe!   
  
I soon reached the drop, and was able to stretch down just far enough to grab a frantic Jessie. I started to wriggle backwards along the pipe, not so easy as going foward, but soon I felt my ankles being grabbed, and I was slid out of the pipe, an excited dog in my hands. It was a hell of a relief to be out of that hot, tight, confining pipe, and to feel the fresh air on my bare boobs and pussy. MY BARE PUSSY! OMG!!!   
I looked down. I was naked, completely naked! My old panties had given up in the pipe, and now everyone had seen me in all my glory! My colleagues knew I shaved, was bare down there! So, so humiliating, and no one had said a word, not one word.   
  
'Where's my panties' I managed to croak   
'They're useless, they ripped as you slid into the pipe'   
  
So it had been even worse - not only had they seen my bare ass coming out, they'd seen it all going in as well! And had I kept my legs together - NO - so they'd basically seen the lot.   
  
I looked round frantically for my overall, just HAD to cover myself, but couldn't find it anywhere - surely they weren't so cruel as to have hidden it?   
Then I spotted it - they'd used it to wrap the bl\*\*dy dog in! Leave me standing here naked, while the dog gets my only item of clothing!   
That's when I lost it - it all became too much, the shame and the humiliation, and I just sat down on the grass by the truck, legs akimbo, wide open for everyone to see, and bawled like a baby.   
  
My colleagues looked after me after that - they dressed me, and took me home.   
Things changed for me at work after - they certainly didn't see me as their sister anymore, or I hope they didn't - I wouldn't want to think of them doing with their sisters some of the things we did!   
  
Worst thing about the day?   
  
The dog owner.   
  
She never even said thank you.