**Hipster Girl Humilated**

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**Part 1**  
Sarah had left her home town as soon as she could. She hated the small town, hated everyone at her dumb high school. She hated the preps, the jocks, all the popular kids. She had been a reclusive mousy girl, labeled a nerd, all through high school. So, as soon as she could she packed up and moved to the big city.  
  
Instantly her life changed there. She loved the urban life. She instantly latched on to a crew of hipsters. With them, eclectic tastes and a nerdy side actually made you cool! They were so much more 'real' then all those jocks and preps in her home town. Sarah threw herself fully into collecting vinyl, fixing up an old bike and spending nights out at trendy underground bars. She got a job at a coffee shop. Not some lame corporate chain one but a cool local spot where her friends would sometimes come kick it all day.  
  
Sarah had also adopted a new fashion sense. She liked the layered style, normally wearing thin jeans, a small dress or oversized shirt with a high belt, then a flannel. She adopted wide rimmed glasses she noticed were in style. She had dyed her hair a vibrant red and wore heavy lipstick to match it. She quickly noticed that she was getting attention from boys, more then she was used to. This made her excited, but also frightened her a bit.  
  
Sarah was extremely shy. In high school she'd been bullied and teased. Girls mocked her, boys ignored her. Even her own mother tended to do it. This had caused a lack of self esteem leading to her need to be accepted. Hence acting like a hipster (which she'd never admit). Now, she had friends, a social life, and boys were starting to notice her! But, she was too insecure to allow relationships to go that far.  
  
The main reason for this was Sarah hated her body. She was a tall girl, which always made stand out. She had very skinny arms and legs, being referred to as 'chicken legs' so often it could have been called her nickname in high school. She lacked much of anything up top, which she made up for with some padding up top. Still, under it her breasts were far to small for her own liking, and she didn't want anyone to see them!  
  
Sarah knew she was still pretty. She had an thing face with large doe eyes. Her hair was long and wavy, a lovely poof around her head. Still her shy nature made her feel inadequate.  
  
Recently a new problem had developed. Lots of time going out drinking with her friends had given her a bit of a beer belly. Really, it wasn't much. But, on her frame, it stood out obviously. She had such a skinny torso and legs that her belly was very noticeable. Her ribs showed and with the small belly under... she felt like she looked like a baby! Sarah hated it and wanted to do something about it!  
  
That was why she'd gotten this gym membership. She was a little reluctant to do something so yuppie, so normal, so she didn't tell any of her friends. She was also a little intimidated by the idea of a locker room. However, she had no idea how else she was going to loose the weight she'd put on. So, she'd signed up for a gym online, and was headed there right now, gym bag in hand.  
  
She entered the gym for the first time. At a bit of a loss, Sarah approached the front desk and spoke with a receptionist.  
  
“Hi, I'm Sarah? I signed up online...”   
  
“Oh, alright!” The receptionist beamed. “Let's team you up with a trainer to show you around.” She looked around then spotted a tall blonde walking by.  
  
“Ah, Jennifer! Please meet Sarah. She's new to the gym.”  
  
The blonde turned around. Sarah froze. She knew her! It was Sarah from high school! She had been captain of the cheer-leading and volleyball teams. She was one of those popular girls who always tittered at Sarah's mousy hair and bad clothes. Sarah hated her! How had she ended up here?  
  
Jennifer looked at Sarah, then did a double take.  
  
“Oh my... is that you? Sarah?!” She shrieked.  
  
“Uh.. hi Jennifer.” Sarah said. Jennifer was wearing spandex shorts and a pink sports bra. Every inch of her was bronzed tan, accenting her platinum blonde hair pulled back in a pony tail. Though Sarah was almost a half foot taller, she felt very intimated. She eyed Jennifer's chest enviously. Did she really have to strut around in nothing but a sports bra with those D cups? She looked like two volleyballs tied to a flagpole!  
  
So Sarah did what she always did when she felt intimidated, as she had learned from her trendy new friends. She played it cool. She stuck out her hip, put a hand on it and rolled her eyes.  
  
“Are you signing up here at the gym?” Jennifer asked excitedly.  
  
“Yup.” Sandra said, as though it was the most obvious thing in the world.  
  
“Oh awesome! I'm free right now, I'll totally give you some free training!”  
  
“Oh, that's fine.” Sarah said, a little frantically. She did NOT want to spend the afternoon with some b\*tch from high school!  
  
“Come on, it'll be fun.” Jennifer insisted. “I can show you around the gym and give you a first class workout for free!” Jennifer put her arm around Sarah's shoulder and started leading her to the locker room.   
  
“Go get dressed and we'll start.” She said, ushering Sarah forward. She pushed her through the door.  
  
God, how pushy! Sarah thought. She set down her duffel bag and looked around. She could hear some voices and the showers running, but no one was in the changing area. Looking around shyly she began to disrobe. She striped to her underwear then hurriedly redressed. She put on tights, baggy shorts and a loose fitting top (perfect for hiding the belly). Then, stowing her bag under a bench she went back out. Sarah hoped to dodge Jennifer, but this hope was dashed when she saw the girl waiting right by the door for her.  
  
“Let's get started!” Jennifer said, bubbling with energy. “Now, why did you sign up for the gym?”  
  
“Uh, just wanted some exercise.” Sarah said. She certainly wasn't about to tell Jennifer she needed to loose weight!  
  
“Well, you're just as skinny as ever 'chicken legs'.” Jennifer laughed, not seeing Sarah seethe. “So some strength building will probably help. Let's start on weights.”  
  
Before Sarah could say a word she was guided to the weight-room. This began an hour of the most intensive exercise Sarah had ever been through. First she sat grasped some 5 pound weights.  
  
“Come on, those things are tiny!” Jennifer exclaimed. She took the weights and handed back some ten pounders. Then she started counting Sarah's reps as she lifted.  
  
“One... Two.... come on, pick up the pace!” She commanded as Sarah's annoyance grew. Jennifer clapped a beat as Sarah struggled to keep up. “Three. Clap! Four. Clap! Five... getting tired already? Come on, give me a few more!”  
  
This pattern continued as they went from machine to machine. Sarah wanted to just quit but Jennifer would hear nothing of it. She was a whirlwind of energy, matching Sarah at every task at double the weight. Sarah gritted her teeth at Sarah's show man ship.  
  
“Come on, pump those tiny arms!” Jennifer laughed. Sarah flushed, noticing some weight lifter guys watching with smirks on their faces. Meat heads weren't her type, but being shown inferior in front of any guy, especially by her high school rival was very embarrassing!  
  
They went from machine to machine until Sarah's limbs were quivering. Jennifer hadn't even broken a sweat.  
  
“Alright, let's get some cardio!” She said, grabbing Sarah's hand and pulling her towards the treadmills. As soon as Sarah stood on one Jennifer started hitting buttons. Sarah gasped in shock as the treadmill began rolling. She started pumping her legs to keep up. It increased in speed. Sarah started running, pumping her arms. It was too fast! She looked down to slow it down but had no idea how the controls worked. While she struggled Jennifer boarded a nearby machine and started running leisurely at a much greater speed. After just a few minutes Sarah found the stop button and turned off the machine. She was red faced, pouring sweat.  
  
“What, done already?” Jennifer asked, turning off her own treadmill.  
  
“Done... all done!” Sarah wheezed.   
  
“Come on, you've barely gotten any exercise!” Sarah didn't respond, just struggled to catch her breath.  
  
“Well... at least join me in the sauna!” Jennifer said. “It's super good for you, sweat out all your toxins.”  
  
“No.. swimsuit.” Sarah gasped, still struggling to get air.  
  
“That's fine.” Jennifer walked behind the counter and returned with a white towel, handing it to Sarah. “Just wear this over your underwear, no one will know.”  
  
“Gonna go home...” Sarah gasped.  
  
“Come on, at least get your money's worth!” Jennifer insisted. She guided Sarah to the lockeroom, this time going in with her. Did this girl know not know what no meant, Sarah wondered.   
  
“Strip down, I'll see you in there.” Jennifer commanded, grabbing a towel and walking off. Once she was safely alone Sarah quickly stripped down. Hurriedly she wrapped the towel around herself. She knotted it carefully to make sure it wasn't coming off. Then, vowing to never return to the gym, she headed to the sauna.  
  
Jennifer was already in the sweltering room, along with four others. Two women, both obviously fit, in bikinis, and two strapping men in trunks. Sarah blushed as she entered, making sure her towel was tightly wrapped. She found the most isolated seat. The heat was intense. Sarah began to feel lazy, almost dreamy. She closed her eyes. She actually was enjoying this a bit. She managed to relax and feel the steam on her body, breathing deep.  
  
After a while, both girls had enough. They exited together towards the girl's room.  
  
“You seemed to enjoy the sauna.” Jennifer noted.  
  
“It was nice.” Sarah admitted.  
  
“Good! I hope you start coming regularly!” Sarah wasn't sure about that! She entered the locker room and headed towards where her bag was...  
  
“What the hell?!” She exclaimed. Jennifer followed her.   
  
“What's wrong?” She asked.  
  
“MY BAG!” Sarah said, getting worried. “It was right under this bench!”  
  
“Oh no... you didn't put it in a locker?” Jennifer asked.  
  
“What?” Sarah said, looking around frantically.  
  
“You're supposed to put it in a unclaimed locker then take the key! We've had a problem with theft too...”  
  
“What?!” Sarah said, now fully frantic. “My wallet, my phone! My keys! My clothes! Everything was in there!”  
  
“Sorry Sarah, I really should have said something.” Jennifer looked ashamed. “Let's go ask at the front desk.”  
  
So Sarah, wrapped in a towel, and Jennifer, wearing her string bikini walked out into the gym. Normally Sarah wouldn't be caught in public wearing a towel, but she was completely panicked.  
  
The woman at the front desk said someone had left about ten minutes ago with a purple duffel matching Sarah's description.  
  
“We can check the security cameras and try to find out who it was.” The receptionist said. “Is there anyone you can call?”  
  
“My housemate can pick me up.” Sarah said, taking the offered phone. She dialed... and of course, it went straight to message.   
  
“Dammit!” Sarah exclaimed, slamming the phone. Some people were looking now. The two scantly clad young women, one of them in a bikini, were attracting a lot of attention.  
  
“The gym will reimburse you for everything lost.” The receptionist said, sounding apologetic.  
  
“That's not the point!” Sarah yelled. “Without my keys I can't even open my car! I can't get into my house!”  
  
“Well, how about this.” Jennifer said. “I'll drive you to my place. You can stay there until we work this all out.”  
  
“Fine, whatever.” Sarah said, waving a hand dismissively. She was panicked and angry. Jennifer went and got her bag, then came out. The two started to head towards the door.  
  
“One moment...” The receptionist said. Both girls turned back. “Sorry, but we can't let you take the towel, people always steal them.” She once more sounded apologetic.  
  
“Oh, of course.” Jennifer said. Before Sarah could respond Jennifer grasped the corner of the towel. In a swift yank she pulled it free.  
  
Sarah, about to speak, looked down. She saw her long thin body, clad only in black underwear! She gasped. She looked up. All eyes in the gym were on her. Her bare long legs leg up to her narrow hips, clad in lacy boy short cut panties. Above that her small belly stuck off her stick thing torso. This led to her thick padded bra. Everyone could see her!   
  
Sarah gasped, mouth agape. Her wide eyes were as big as saucer plates. Her hair was a frizzy mess from the sauna, adding to the flustered aspect of her appearance. Then, remembering how many people were looking, She threw her skinny arms over herself. She crossed her arms over her chest. Then, remembering how embarrassing she found her small belly, she switched one hand over that. Her skinny legs slammed together at the knees.  
  
Jennifer didn't seem to notice her embarrassed display at all. She calmly returned the towel to the receptionist, then turned and grasped Sarah's forearm, pulling her towards the door. The last thing everyone in the gym saw was panty clad butt as she stumbled away.

**Part 2**

Outside, the sunlight beamed off Sarah. Her face and arms were tanned from bike riding and lounging at the park, but she wasn't the sort of the tanning booth. Because of this she had a defined shirt tan line. Her legs were much lighter, and her torso was so white that it was almost reflective.  
  
Sarah blinked in the light. When her eyes adjusted she saw the busy street. Gasping she crouched down to hide herself. Jennifer led her to the car. Sarah's bare feet burned on the asphalt. While Jennifer fiddled with her keys Sarah hid by the car, trying to conceal her tall frame. Finally she got in the car, throwing herself down in the seat.  
  
They started driving. Sarah, well aware of how exposed they were to other drivers, cowered low in her seat.  
  
“Tsk.” She heard Jennifer say. She looked up at the girl. Seeing Jennifer was staring at her, she looked down. Slumped over as she was her belly had a defined fold in it. Blushing, she crossed her arms over it. Jennifer didn't say anything, but grinned a bit.  
  
They made it to Jennifer's building. Sarah reluctantly left the car, following behind Jennifer. She moved like a skittish cat, flinching at every sound, arms over her front. They got in. They traveled up three flights of stairs. Sarah thanked god no one was around. While Jennifer unlocked the door Sarah stepped from foot to foot, shaking like a leaf. Finally they got in the apartment. Sarah ran in, pushing past Jennifer.  
  
“Do you have any roommates?” Sarah asked, frightened.  
  
“Nope, just us girls.” Jennifer replied. Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. She stood up straight, though her arms stayed crossed over her belly.  
  
“Why don't you hop in the shower?” Jennifer suggested. I'll find you something to wear..”  
  
Sarah was escorted to the bathroom. Closing the door she breathed a sigh of relief. She was finally alone. She recalled the gym. Everyone seeing her body, her shameful stomach, skinny limbs. She flushed redder. This was the worst day ever! She looked forward to the shower, still sweaty from the gym. Sarah stepped out of her panties. Then, with a small hesitation, shrugged off her padded bra. She turned on the water and entered the shower. She felt a momentary bliss. The hot water washed away her stress, to some degree at least. After a few minutes she felt practically human again.  
  
After finishing Sarah dried off with a towel. She looked down. Her discarded underwear was gone! In it's place was some clothes Sarah had never seen. Sarah picked them up. Pink pajama shorts and a tee. Better then nothing, she thought. Sarah slipped the clothes on. The shorts were tiny on her long frame. They also were designed for someone with much wider hips. They road loosely, showing a great deal of her skinny hips. Next she slipped on the shirt. It fit loosely on her narrow shoulders, but was far too short for her. It was a belly shirt on her! The last thing she wanted to show off was her belly! Almost a full foot of skin showed between her shorts and her shirt.   
  
Crossing her arms over her chest Sarah headed out to of the bathroom. She found Jennifer, clad in pajama bottoms and a tank top.  
  
“Jennifer? Where are my clothes?” Sarah asked.  
  
“Oh, your underwear?” Jennifer smiled knowingly. “I threw them in the wash, they were soaking wet.”  
  
Sarah flushed. Had Sarah noticed her padded bra? She prayed not. She crossed her arms over her reduced chest to hide it.  
  
While Jennifer made some dinner Sarah tried her housemate Beth. It was the only number she had memorized. Once again it went straight to message. Had Beth lost her phone? It happened quite often.  
  
“Shit.” Sarah said, hanging up the phone dejectedly.  
  
“Don't worry, you're welcome to stay here as long as you want.” Jennifer said, bringing Sarah a plate of steamed vegetables. Sarah was not as enthusiastic about this sleepover as Jennifer seemed.  
  
After dinner Sarah made up a bed for Jennifer on the couch. Both girls retired. Sarah, exhausted from the stressful day, fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.  
  
  
In the morning Sarah awoke groggily. For a moment she couldn't remember where she was. Then it all flooded back. The gym. Loosing her bag. Getting her underwear clad body exposed to a gym full of people! Sarah flushed bright red at the memory. Trying to shake it off, she rose, stretching her arms up wide.  
  
Suddenly the front door flung open. In walked a man carrying a tray of coffee and a bag.  
  
“Jennifer baby, I brought breakfast!” The man entered. He saw Sarah and froze. Sarah, mid stretch, arms pointed at the ceiling, froze as well.  
  
That was the moment her shorts decided to fall from her skinny hips.  
  
Sarah felt the fabric run down her legs. Slowly, her eyes drifted down. The man's did the same. They were both greeted by a brown fuzzy bush (clashing with her bright red hair) between two skinny legs.  
  
“AHH!” Sarah screamed. The man stood frozen, staring at her womanhood. Sarah stood, a look of complete shock on her face. Her leg's were still spread about shoulder length apart. She was bare from above her navel to the ground. Her narrow yet wide hips, with defined lines leading to her muff, was all visible.  
  
Jennifer entered from the bedroom, her eyes squinting from sleep.  
  
“Sarah? What are you doing?” She exclaimed in shock. Sarah, finally regaining her senses, bent over and grasped her shorts. She yanked them up her long legs back over her crotch.   
  
“Why are you flashing my boyfriend?” Jennifer asked, scowling suspiciously. Sarah, frantic with embarrassment, said nothing, holding her shorts up.  
  
“Uh, I brought breakfast.” The man said, somewhat stupefied. Jennifer, shaking her head at Sarah, walked over and kissed him, taking a coffee.   
  
“Well, Sarah this is Brian.” Jennifer said. “Brian, I guess you've already met Sarah.”  
  
“Uh... hi.” Brian said, extending a hand. Sarah shook it meekly, hiding her face in shame. While Jennifer and Brain began eating, Jennifer related Sarah's somewhat humiliating tale to Brian.  
  
“Wow, that's a huge bummer.” He said to Sarah. Sarah looked away. Brian shrugged and went back to his croissant. After a moment he leaned and whispered something to Jennifer. Sarah didn't hear it all, but caught the phrase 'huge bush'. Sarah flushed even redder while Jennifer struggled not to laugh.  
  
Suddenly, something dawned on Sarah.  
  
“Jennifer, what day is it?” Sarah asked.  
  
“Uh, Tuesday.”   
  
“Oh crap!” Sarah jumped up (holding her shorts this time). “I have work in a few hours!”   
  
“No problem, I can drive you.” Jennifer volunteered.  
  
“No, I've got to get it covered! She ran to Jennifer's purse and began digging for her phone. Jennifer rolled her eyes.   
  
“Doesn't even ask permission!” She whispered to Brian, who shrugged.  
  
For the next half hour Sarah tried to desperately to get her shift covered. She called work, but her boss said it was only a few hours notice.  
  
“Be there or your fired.” He said simply before hanging up. Sarah glumly hung up the phone.  
  
“It's not a big deal, I can take you there.” Jennifer offered.  
  
“That's not the point, I don't even have clothes!” Sarah said, frustrated. Then she remembered her underwear.  
  
“Sarah, could I get my... underwear?” She said, blushing at Brian.  
  
“Oh yeah, I'll go get it.” Jennifer ran off. She returned a few seconds later.  
  
“Uh, sorry Sarah, I've got more bad news.”  
  
“What?” Sarah said.  
  
“Well... I kind of dried your undies and well....” Jennifer pulled her hands from behind her back. She held a clump of fabric that, for a moment, was hard to identify. Then Sarah realized what it was.  
  
“...You're... enchantments... kind of melted.” Jennifer finished. She meant the padding in Sarah's bra. The gel inserts had melted, exploding over the bra and panties. The whole mess had hardened into a clump of fabric and crusted goo.  
  
Brian, realizing what Jennifer meant, laughed. Jennifer hit him in the arm. He covered his mouth, still snickering. Sarah flushed. Nobody knew about her padded bra. Nobody! Well, now a complete stranger (and a guy!) knew about them, and had also seen her crotch! Also her rival from high school, who was super well endowed! They both knew! Sarah crossed her arms over her chest in shame, hiding her face.  
  
“It's okay!” Jennifer said, feeling guilty. “You can borrow my clothes! Though, without your padding, it might be hard to find something that fits.”  
  
Sarah flushed at the word padding. Jennifer led her to her bedroom. For the next hour they tried to find something that would fit. They were slowed down because Jennifer insisted on leaving the room to change into each outfit. She'd been exposed enough!  
  
Unfortunately most of Jennifer's wardrobe consisted of tank tops and halter tops. None of those would fit over Sarah's small chest and narrow shoulders.  
  
“God, are all your clothes this sl\*tty!” Sarah exclaimed, Shrugging off a tube top that would never stay up. Jennifer narrowed her eyes.  
  
“It's not my fault you're built like a board!” She shot back. Sarah's mouth became a circle in shock, her eyes angry and her cheeks red. Annoyed, both girls kept digging around. The two were starting to grate on each others nerves, though Sarah needed Jennifer and Jennifer felt indebted to Sarah.   
  
All Jennifer's pants were too wide on the hips. All her tops were relied on a large chest or shoulders to hold them up. Finally they found something. A black sundress that fit over her body. Unfortunately, it was far too short for Sarah's long form. It came down to just below her butt, not an inch more.  
  
“I can't wear this!” I don't even have panties!” Sarah exclaimed, tugging the dress down over her crotch. In response Jennifer gave Sarah some panties from a drawer. Careful not to flash anything Jennifer got them up her legs. They fell straight down again. She simply did not have the curves for Jennifer's clothing.  
  
“Sorry, but we're out of time.” Jennifer said, exasperated. “Let's get you to work.”  
  
Reluctantly Sarah followed Jennifer out. She constantly struggled keeping her dress down in both front and back. Brian kissed Jennifer goodbye while Sarah avoided eye contact.

**PART 3:**  
They arrived at Jennifer's work shortly after. They barely spoke. Sarah was stressed and freaked out about what was to come at work. Jennifer was getting tired of engaging Sarah, who had referred to Jennifer's clothes as 'sl\*tty' even though this very morning she had apparently flashed her boyfriend! Jennifer was the jealous type to the tee, and she did NOT want some strange girl showing herself to her boyfriend, whatever the circumstances were. Sarah was humiliated by the whole situation, and resentful that Jennifer had seen her small body so much now.  
  
Silence filled the car until they pulled up at Sarah's work.  
  
“I guess I can pick you up here, when are you done?”  
  
“6, but I'm hoping I'll be able to get a hold of my housemate and get into the house.”  
  
“Well, I'll stop by. If you're gone I'll assume everything worked out.” Both girls hoped that would be the case. Sarah opened the door and exited the car. As soon as she was on the street she felt wind flutter up her short dress. Flushing, she yanked down on the dress. It was so short! All of her long legs showed. She was wearing a pair of Jennifer's too small sandals on her feet. But under the dress.. there was nothing! Her chest felt strange and light without the padded bra. The texture of the soft material on her nipples was a constant reminder. And down below... well, all that covered her crotch was a thick mound of hair! She was unused to feeling the air on her nethers like this. It was highly disconcerting.  
  
Still, she had been warned: work or get fired. She was behind on rent anyways. She needed the paycheck. So, taking incredibly careful steps, constantly stopping to pull down her skirt, Sarah headed towards work.  
  
She entered the coffee shop. A lot of heads turned on her arrival. Sarah flushed, tugging down on the skirt. Customers were eying her long white legs as she hustled behind the counter in small steps.  
  
Her coworker Sally was there. A short brunette with cropped dark hair, Sally's eyes widened in shock when she saw Sarah.  
  
“Noah!” She said, startled. “Uh, nice dress Sarah.”  
  
“Yeah, thanks.” Sarah said, flushing. This was the first person she knew seeing her like this. It was both less and more embarrassing then a stranger. Someone she knew would recognize this was not her normal attire at all.  
  
Before Sarah started working, she went in the back and checked the lost and found. There was nothing but a couple pairs of sunglasses in it. Of course, Sarah thought with an exasperated sigh. Nothing can ever be easy!  
  
She returned reluctantly to the counter. She began helping customers with Sally. She was grateful the counter kept her hidden from the waist down. She worried about Sally seeing something, but that wouldn't be nearly as bad as if a customer did! Sarah helped a few customers without incident.  
  
Then, a regular came up to the counter. He was a nerdy dweeb, here almost everyday. Sarah often caught him looking at her chest. He'd always make a point of getting helped by her, no matter how rude she was to him. She could see his sad puppy dog infatuation, it was pathetic. He came up and she rolled her eyes out of habit.  
  
He looked at Sarah, confused. She saw his eyes drop down to her chest. Flushing a little, Sarah crossed her arms over her chest. He looked up at her. She saw... disappointment in his eyes. Then without a word he went down to Sally and ordered from her.  
  
Sarah blushed. She looked down at her chest. The dress wasn't super form fitting, she was hoping nobody would notice her lack of padding. Apparently not. Sarah felt angry and inferior. How dare that little dweeb blow her off for a coworker! She was the girl he always ogled!  
  
Through the day, more and more of these events kept happening. Little embarrassing reactions from customers, mostly regulars. The next was a man, who looked at her and then said “Nice farmers tan!”  
  
He was referring to the obvious tan lines on her arms. She'd never deliberately tanned, so she did have a clear shirt tan line. She flushed and scowled at him.  
  
“Just kidding, just kidding!” He laughed. Sarah wished she had something else to wear!  
  
Later, she had to go out and clean some tables. She tried to make Sally do it, but Sally was busy at the register. Sighing, Sarah went around the counter. She tried to ignore the customers, but noted that a lot of heads were turning her way. She flushed a little, taking measured small steps.  
  
  
Sarah careful crouched rather then then leaned over the table, to avoid her butt poking out. Still, the dress hiked up dangerously high. All of her bare calves and thighs were showing.  
  
“Ooh, chicky legs!” A guy laughed to his friend. Sarah flushed. She rushed away, tugging down at her dress while the guy and his friend laughed and gawked at her.  
  
On her break Sarah tried to call her roommate Beth repeatedly. Still, it went straight to message. Sarah hung up the work phone, dejected. She had been hoping to see one of their mutual friends, but no one she really knew had stopped by, at least no one she could try to send a message to Beth through.  
  
Sarah sighed. She really had no options. She could try to go by her house, but how would she get there? She didn't have a dime to her name, her money had all been in her bag. She couldn't even buy some decent clothes! What could she do?  
  
  
“Sarah! Order going out!” Sally yelled from the front. Cursing under her breath Sarah put down the work phone and headed back to the restaurant.   
  
“Table 11.” Sally said, pointing at two plates of food. Sarah picked up the plates and hurried out. At the table sat two guys, about her age. Her type. Sarah flashed a nervous smile and set their plates down. She then realized they were both staring at her. They were both looking straight at her crotch for some reason... what was going on?  
  
Slowly Sarah lowered her eyes. She instantly saw what the two guys were looking at. Her dress had flipped up! A subtle breeze, or her legs moving, something had hiked the front of her dress up, revealing a thick mound of dark hair nuzzled between her thighs!  
  
“OH GOD!” Sarah yelped. She threw her hands over her crotch, Dark fuzz stuck out each side of her small hands. All heads in the restaurant turned to hear her cry. They were greeted by the Batista cupping her own bare and hairy crotch in her hands! Laughter and shocked murmurs swept across the shop.  
  
Then, coming to her senses, Sarah realized she simply had to tug her skirt down. Pulling it back over her crotch and finally concealing herself, Sarah hurried back behind the counter, one hand pulling the back of the skirt down, one hand pulling the front. Laughter followed her as her cheeks flushed bright red.  
  
“What was that about?” Sally asked, confused.  
  
“NOTHING!” Sarah yelped, running back into the office again.