Holly at the Bus Stop
By Natalie

Walking home from class Holly did the best she could do to hold on to her pile of books while her purse continued to slip from her shoulder time and again. The wind was as it always was, blowing form all directions at once. It really was a mystery of modern science how it could manage to come from all directions at once. She finally made it to the bus stop and figured at least her roommate would be meeting her and could help her carry her thing back to their dorm room.
Standing there on the corner she was quite a site. Her hair was a mess, why she had bothered to even comb it was beyond her. But, it was not her hair that was bothering her the most. About a block and a half back she had felt a strange sensation around her waistline. If her suspicions were correct she has used a little too much bleach in her whites and weakened the elastic in her fresh cotton panties.
Holly was never very good at doing the laundry. Truth be told, she was really quite poor at it. She had ruined countless items of clothing by tempting fate and using bleach. But, she had spilled punch all over her new white skirt and it was her only hope to save it.
Now as she tired to keep from dropping her stack of books and hold her purse strap on her shoulder she had little time to worry about anything else. The bus was still down the block. She could see it, but was not sure that the hold up was. Little did she know that the bus was not what she needed to worry about being held up.
As the wind picked up it started to whip at her flimsy skirt. No matter how she turned it seemed that she couldn’t get away from the whistling wind. If Mother Nature had its way the wind would not be all that was whistling.
As the bus started to make its way down the road, hope was in site. Soon her friend would be here to take her books and she could give proper attention to her skirt. But, in a flash everything went wrong.
As she pranced about to keep her skirt down she had unknowingly finished off the last of her elastic waistband in her panties. In no time the strange feeling of something running down her legs made her jump. The jump only quickened the descent of her panties.
Now firmly straining against her spread ankles she had no idea what to do. Looking up as the bus came to a stop she could see all eyes on her panties. Or were their eyes on something else?
A gust of wind has whirled around her and carried her skirt higher and higher until it was fluttering around her midsection exposing so much more then anyone ever expected.
Blushing from head to toe the bewildered Holly could only manage a halfcocked smile as the bus doors opened and laugher spilled out. Her friend walked right past her not wanting to be associated with the midtown laughingstock.
Holly hung her head in shame and embarrassment as the bus pulled away. Only one thought left free to roll around her now flushed brain, “Mother Nature has to be a man!”