**She Takes the 8:15 into the City**

Molly’s first clue that this was going to be a bad day was when she looked at her alarm clock. The glowing red numbers said, 7:32.

“Shit,” Molly said.

She was going to be late for her first day at her great new job. The job started at 8:00. To get to the city, she had to take a one-hour commuter train ride. After she got off her train, she still had a ten minute walk to get to her office building. She should have boarded her train almost an hour ago.

And it took 10 minutes to get to the station.

Knowing she wasn’t going to have time for breakfast, Molly jumped out of bed. One quick shower later, and she was hunting for clothes.

The day before, Molly spent a lazy Sunday not getting much done. Her mistake was in drinking wine with lunch. Wine led to harder drinks, and, before she knew it, the day was gone, frittered away in a haze of alcohol. Unfortunately, among the things Molly didn’t get done was her laundry. She had gone as far as doing the wash, but not putting it into the dryer. She cursed herself now as she realized that this meant she had almost no clean clothes.

The only clean panties she had were not really suitable for work, but she wasn’t sure she had a choice. They were a pair of Brazil-cut bikini panties held in place with thin straps over her hips. Looking at them, Molly briefly considered going commando, but finally decided that, since she was going to be wearing a skirt and didn’t want to risk showing too much, unsuitable panties were better than none.

She put on the panties, then dressed in a mid-thigh-length plaid skirt and white blouse.

At least she looked good in these clothes, Molly thought as she dressed. She was tall and slender, yet with reasonable curves. Her breasts were pert proud D-cups. Her butt was full and round.

She wore her blonde hair to her collar, and preferred not to rely on makeup or jewelry. Which was just as well: this morning, she didn’t want to take the time to put either on.

Molly didn’t realize that the seams on her cheap skirt and blouse were held together with the cheapest, poorest quality thread available, and that whoever sewed the skirt did a shoddy job to begin with, even before the weak thread entered into it. Her blouse wasn’t much better, and might even, in terms of quality, been made by the same disinterested seamstress in some third-world craphole.

In other words, skirt and blouse were both cheap and shoddily made.

After setting a personal record for getting dressed, Molly put on a pair of sandals, grabbed her purse, and was out her front door at 7:51, 19 minutes after getting out of bed.

Molly got to the station exactly at 8:00, shaving a minute off her normal time by walking as fast as she could, and briefly sprinting after a glance at her watch.

Buying her ticket and getting to the platform her train would leave from took Molly five minutes. She got to the platform at 8:05, just in time to see her train pull out. A quick glance at the schedule board told her there was another train in five minutes, but that it passed through the station without stopping, and that she would have to wait five minutes after that for her next train, which meant she wasn’t going to be able to leave the station until 8:15.

She wasn’t going to be able to get to work until almost 9:30, an hour and a half after she was supposed to start. What a great start to her first day!

Hungry, hung over, worried about how badly her day was going so far, Molly decided that, no matter what happened from now on, she would not miss her train. So she stood at the edge of the platform, as close to the yellow safety line as she could. This way, she thought, she could quickly get on the right train by more or less being the first in line.

Molly waited, fretting. After several minutes, she checked her watch. 8:08. The non-stop train was due in two minutes, then hers came five minutes after that. There was nothing she could do now except be sure she to get on the right train and hope her new bosses would understand. She wondered if she would even have a job by the time she got to work.

Then, for a moment, Molly thought her luck was about to change. A voice she recognized said, “Hi, Molly.”

She turned around so that she was facing away from the tracks and toward the station. Standing in front of her was a guy she had met at the station just a week before. His name was Connor, and he was a big, sandy-haired guy, tall and athletic, and in great shape. They had talked at their first meeting, and ever since, Molly had hoped they would have the chance to talk again. She rather liked him.

He was smiling, she was pleased to see. She smiled back. “Hi,” she said.

“I didn’t expect to see you here,” Connor said. “I’ve never seen you here at this time before.”

That was true. Her schedule and his were the main reason they hadn’t seen each other since last week.

“I’m late for work,” Molly said with a little embarrassment, “on my first day.”

“Not good,” Connor said. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“I don’t think so,” Molly said, “but thanks for asking.” She was already feeling better. This time, she should have enough time to ask for Connor’s phone number, or give him hers before she had to get on her train.

At this point, Molly was only paying attention to Connor. She had no idea how close she was standing to the edge of the platform, and was only barely aware of the roar of the arriving non-stop train.

One brightly painted locomotive and six equally brightly painted double-deck commuter cars roared past the station platform at 60 miles per hour. The second car in the train was old; it was one of the oldest cars the commuter railroad owned and it was in great need of body work after several years of hard use. Several bent pieces of metal protruded from the frame. Not far enough to be a danger to anyone nearby but close enough that they could possibly catch hold of anything being blown around by the wind, such as a skirt. As the train passed, a strong blast of air, a wall of wind, followed it. Molly was inches away from the edge of the platform, and the wind of the train’s passing lifted up her skirt, causing it to billow around her waist.

Before Molly could do anything, before she even realized it was happening, she felt a tug as the hem of her skirt snagged on one of the rough edges of the second coach.

The finest threads wouldn’t have stood up to the force of several hundred tons of train traveling at 60 miles per hour, and the shoddy threads in the stitching of her skirt had even less of a chance. They gave way instantly, and Molly turned her head in time to see her ruined skirt, flapping like a flag from the side of the coach as it sped through the station and onto the tracks that would take it to the city.

At the same moment, the blast of air from the train knocked the side ties of Molly’s panties loose, then tore them off her. They flew over the top of the train and landed on the opposite track, where they were run over by a train traveling the other direction.

Before Molly had time to realize what happened, she was naked, her carefully trimmed blonde thatch, round butt, and dolphin tramp stamp exposed to all the commuters on the platform. None of them were looking at her just then, but Molly instinctively shrieked in surprise and fear as the train ripped her clothes off, and that got the attention of everyone there. Now all eyes in the station were on her.

Molly shrieked again, then covered her breasts and crotch as best she could with her hands, trying to hide her thatch from further view. Her purse slid out of her grip and landed on the platform as she did so.

“No!” she cried. She couldn’t believe that it had taken only a second or so for her to end up bottomless in a public place she used five days a week.

Her only thought was that she had to get out of there. She acted on it. Keeping her hands positioned to cover herself as best she could, Molly ran from the platform and into the station, which was the only way out. As she ran, her sandals flew off her feet and skidded along the surface of the platform, leaving Molly not only naked, but barefoot as well. Oblivious to this newest clothing misadventure, Molly kept her eyes on the exit, ignoring everything else as much as she could.

Molly ran across the platform, giving the commuters still at the station a fine view of her shapely butt as she ran to go with the view from the front they’d already had.