**Revenge Contest: The Date**

by \*Lady Lucia\*

**PART ONE**

Hallie was so excited.

It was Valentine’s Day. And, for the first time ever, she had a boyfriend in February. Her previous years were spent doing what most single girls were doing on Valentine’s Day — chilling at home alone, or hanging out with other single girls and bitching about how overrated February 14th was.

But not this year.

Suddenly, it was as if Valentine’s Day was a monumental holiday. Suddenly, she was one of those girls that got wrapped up in the possibilities of a day of love on the horizon, rather than being one of those that complained about its existence.

She and her boyfriend, Jake, had met on New Year’s Eve. They clicked right away, and ended up sharing a midnight kiss just three hours after meeting each other at the party. It was basically love at first sight, or as much as ‘love’ could mean to two high school seniors. And, because they went to different schools, there was always that excitement of ‘When do I get to see him next?’

For the first time in her life, Hallie wanted to take things slow.

Throughout most of her high school career, she had mostly used boys as a way to take the edge off. Making out with a random guy in a stairwell was always a confidence booster in the middle of the day, as was walking a boy upstairs during a party. It wasn’t that Hallie was a slut. At least, she didn’t consider herself one. Hallie didn’t do it ALL the time, and it’s not like she actively avoided labels with her casual promiscuity. But teenage boys were immature, and she never had enough of a connection with one to seek anything more than a brief physical relationship.

Until Jake.

He was mature, but not too serious. Attractive, but without looking like he tried too hard to be so. Fun and lighthearted, but still down to earth. All kinds of checkboxes on a list Hallie didn’t even know she had until she met him.

“Think Jakey’s going to get lucky tonight?” Tara asked.

Hallie scoffed. “Don’t call him that!” Jake was her mature boyfriend. He didn’t need some childish nickname. “His name is Jake.”

“You didn’t answer the question!”

“Well . . . his parents are out of town. And it’s Valentine’s Day. So the answer . . .” Hallie glanced over her shoulder from the hunt through her expansive closet, “. . .is maybe.” Then she gave the girl I smirk and a wink before turning her attention back to which dress would stun Jake the most.

The answer, of course, was yes.

Hallie was no virgin. She had a habit of sleeping with guys at a number of parties; some of whom she knew, some of whom she had just met. All of it in the name of experience. The guys themselves didn’t really mean anything to her, but Hallie refused to go to college being a totally clueless girl. The only way to be experienced was to practice, and the only way to practice was to be with multiple guys. Thankfully, she was a girl. Getting sex was a lot easier for her than it was for a lot of guys. Being cute and having boobs did wonders.

However, she didn’t want her mildly promiscuous side to affect how Jake saw her. Since Hallie never had a boyfriend, and was too proud to ask any of her girlfriends how slow each of them went with their respective partners, she overcompensated a bit too much. She and Jake had been dating for nearly a month and a half, yet she had only let him get to second base so far. It didn’t help that they lived in different counties and had households that always had at least one parent around. Car sex was the worst, and outdoor sex was WAY too much of a risk now that she was eighteen. Aside from the risk of being tried as an adult for public indecency if they were caught, Hallie wouldn’t dare do something so indecent around such a mature boy anyway.

“Earth to Hallie . . .” Tara said, breaking the girl out of her wandering thoughts. “Is. Jakey. Getting. Lucky?”

“His. Name. Is. Jake.” Hallie corrected her friend with a playful echo of her punctuated words. She turned back around with a black dress in one hand and a dark red one in the other. “What do you think?”

“You’ll look like a waitress in the black one, trust me. Go with the red.”

“This is why I keep you around!”

Thanks to Tara, Hallie had the perfect night planned. Her friend was one of the assistant managers at a fancy restaurant nearby, and had suggested the venue when Hallie and a few other girls were gossiping about Valentine’s Day plans. Because of her position at the restaurant, Tara could do a lot. Reserve one of the best tables, give them of the best time slots, and even offer a small discount. Tara would basically be in charge of the place, since her boss and the other assistant manager had taken the night off for their own Valentine’s plans. Tara was single, so she didn’t mind, especially since anyone taking a shift on a holiday made extra.

The two senior girls spent a little more time perusing Hallie’s room for accessories, shoes, and any other last touches that would make Jake’s jaw drop. Hallie had worn plenty of cute outfits around her newfound boyfriend, but tonight was the first night she was truly dressing up for him.

“Thanks again, Tara! I totally owe you,” Hallie said. Tara’s shift was starting soon, so she had to get going. Plus Hallie still had to shower, do an hour long beauty routine, and then put together the full outfit they had decided on.

“Don’t mention it,” Tara replied. “I’ll see you tonight . . .” She left Hallie alone in her room and headed for the stairs. The house was plenty familiar, and Tara had been over enough times that Hallie didn’t need to walk her out. “. . . bitch.” The last word was muttered under her breath once she was well out of earshot.

Hallie didn’t know it yet, but she was about to have the worst night of her life.

**PART TWO**

Sure, Hallie’s lifestyle could seem a little slutty to some, especially for a high school girl. But she was careful. Since she eighteen, it wasn’t crazy for her to have had sex a few times. Hallie bounced between parties enough that mutual acquaintances rarely overlapped, and she was always able to nonchalantly wave away the gossip if it ever came up amongst her girlfriends.

‘She said that? Wow, she was more drunk than I thought!’

‘Psh, you know David. He’ll say anything to make himself look good.’

‘Oh my God, someone saw that? It was just a kiss, don’t worry . . . Yes, I regret it! Trust me, he enjoyed it way more than I did.’

A series of half truths and omissions did the job. After all, Hallie was a senior, and pretty popular at that. It wasn’t out of the question for her to sleep with a few guys over the years. She just downplayed the quantity.

Tara, however, knew otherwise.

It all started two months ago. Her boyfriend, Mark, had been invited to a Christmas party by one of his church friends. They were more of the ‘there because it’s a weekly family tradition’ church goers, especially considering the not so pious things Tara had done with Mark. He invited Tara, of course, but she told him to go ahead without her. She was already busy that night, but she’d try to make a late appearance if possible.

Unbeknownst to both of them, Hallie would be there too.

Through sheer coincidence, considering the girl that invited her didn’t know Mark or his friend at all. And Hallie couldn’t help herself when she ran into Mark. She had always thought he was kind of cute, and now he looked like a lost lamb at a party with only one mutual friend to guide him. Hallie sidled up to Mark with a warm smile and a tight hug, and he latched on immediately. A friendly face amidst a house of strangers was the perfect bait.

In the same vein of Hallie not being a slut, she also wasn’t normally this kind of girl. She didn’t steal boyfriends away from girlfriends, especially not when it came to girls she knew. All of her usual efforts to gain experience were with boys she knew were single and easy, but not desperate. Not that desperate guys would be at the parties she attended anyway.

However, the multiple drinks in her assured her that it was okay. They were all graduating in less than half a year. Tara had literally talked about how she and Mark would probably split up before college. Attempting long distance while trying to enjoy freshman year never worked. So what harm was there in pursuing Mark for just one night? He and Tara were going to break up anyway. And the temptation was too much for Hallie. Some of the promiscuous stories Tara shared at sleepovers just made his ‘kind of cute’ nature shift more towards ‘I must try him for myself.’

The one thing she didn’t count on was Tara showing up.

Within an hour of greeting Mark, Hallie already knew it was going to happen. First it was playful touches on his arm and shy brushes of her own hair. Then it was taking his hand and guiding him to the hallway since it was ‘too loud’ for her to hear. Then it was his back against a wall and her standing /very/ close to continue the casual conversation about winter break they had been having.

Technically, they hadn’t done anything wrong. Yet.

Hallie just kept up the innocent conversation, but now was doing so with her chest less than an inch away from bumping against his. Looking up at him with her big brown eyes. Constantly getting away with flirty touches - holding his hand for a few long seconds, running her fingertips up his bare arm that his v-neck barely covered, and sometimes just letting the side of her hand nudge his thigh on the way up or down from the other two movements.

It was easy shifting from winter break to the next semester to college. Asking about Tara. Asking how serious they were moving forward. And, as horny boys tended to do, he lied. Said that they were basically broken up already. Said that they were mostly just together to keep up appearances and not disrupt the status quo before graduation. Something told Hallie that he and Tara had talked about the eventual break up, but she knew for a fact that most of what he was saying was bullshit.

And she didn’t care.

The position of their bodies, her own inhibitions being down from drinking, and the collective warmth that both the mixed drinks and Mark’s body provided. If she pounced forward for a kiss, he would absolutely reciprocate with just as much enthusiasm, if not more.

When Tara arrived, she was just as alone as Mark originally was amongst all the unfamiliar faces. But when one of the guys Mark met that night told her that her boyfriend had wandered down the hall with some girl a while ago, she went from overwhelmed to furious. She arrived a sober stranger amidst a drunk crowd of classmates who all knew each other, to a determined girl with a vendetta. A girl who didn’t care about storming through some stranger’s house, even if it meant bursting into every bedroom without knocking.

But she didn’t have to go very far. Following the random guy’s directions, she made a beeline for the kitchen and the hallway on the opposite side of it . . . and found Mark with HALLIE?! She had expected Mark to be cheating on her with a girl who Tara would never find out about. Never in her wildest imaginations did she think it would be one of her closest friends.

The shock of it all caused Tara to freeze for a moment, but then she came to her senses and ducked out of sight. As badly as she wanted to race over and tear the two of them apart, she had to be sure. So she tuned out the music and the drunk voices around her and listened. Hallie asking about their relationship. Mark blatantly lying about her. Tara snuck a peek or two around the corner and was met each time with Hallie looking at him with her flirty doe eyes and gently running her hand up and down his arm. Mark, in response, let the continuous flirting happen with no objections whatsoever.

Not too much later, Hallie was taking her boyfriend’s hand and walking him to the stairs at the end of the hall. Tara didn’t hear the last thing Hallie said, but she knew it must have been the last straw for whatever pitiful resistance Mark may have had left. Hallie leaning in, pressing her breasts against his chest, and whispering something in his ear. And then they were gone.

Tara was stone cold sober, but anyone watching would have thought otherwise. For a moment, she was frozen like when she first spotted the two of them. But then she was racing for the nearby kitchen sink and throwing up. Ignoring the cries of amusement and disgust of those hanging out in the kitchen, Tara shamelessly wiped her mouth off on her sleeve and fled back the way she came. Through the living room, through the front door.

She made it as far as the front porch. Leaning against one of the wooden supports, Tara almost heaved again, but managed to hold it back this time. Closing her eyes and exhaling heavily, she tried to let the cool outdoor air shake off the sickened feeling.

Hallie. Mark.

One of her closest friends and her boyfriend. If someone had overseen the two of them and told Tara about it, she would have had trouble believing it. Surely that person must have been mistaken. But Tara SAW them. She HEARD them. And for some reason, Tara had been unable to barge in to intervene. The whole time, a small part of her wanted to believe that she was mistaken. But even when it was crystal clear where they were going and what they were going to do, Tara had been rooted to the spot.

As she shivered in response to a particularly chilly breeze, Tara finally came to her senses. This wasn’t Mark. This was Hallie.

The more she thought back to what she witnessed, the more she was sure that Hallie was the one leading the flirting, and Mark was just the one unable to help himself. Granted, that didn’t let him off the hook, but it was enough to shift her anger from him to her.

No longer feeling the urge to throw up in the middle of a stranger’s yard, Tara stood up with the help of the wooden support and took another heavy breath. She only noticed then that she was shaking, and not from the cold. How had she spent so many years being so blind? If Hallie would make out with a random sophomore in a stairwell, why wouldn’t she fuck Tara’s boyfriend? Tara always thought it was weird that Hallie never had a boyfriend, but the word ‘slut’ never crossed her mind until that night on the cold porch.

There was still time to race upstairs and kick in every bedroom door until she caught Hallie and Mark in the double act of betrayal, but that was no longer what she wanted to do. For all intents and purposes, she already caught them. Showing herself now would just ruin the element of surprise.

Tara had never thought of herself as a cruel or devious person, but the thoughts that she had about Hallie on the way back to her car were borderline psychotic. She wanted to destroy Hallie. She wanted the mortifying act of throwing up in a stranger’s sink to pale in comparison to whatever Hallie had coming. And, most importantly, she wanted it to totally blindside the slut. Just like the sight of them in the hallway had blindsided her.

By choosing not to confront them at the party, Tara ensured that both Hallie and Mark were completely oblivious to her plotting. Once she had a few hours to cool off, she was actually a little proud of herself for staying so level headed amidst such a shock to her system.

The problem was, Tara wasn’t devious. Once the aggressive and psychotic ideas faded away, she didn’t have much left to work with. And, since she couldn’t collaborate with any of the girls at school due to a newfound lack of trust towards girls in general, Tara was on her own. Christmas and New Year’s were a welcome distraction, and the perfect excuse to avoid Mark, Hallie, and the rest of her friends in favor of “family commitments.”

And then, just a few days after New Year’s Eve, Tara was handed an opportunity on a silver platter.

For the first time in years, Hallie had a boyfriend.

**PART THREE**

Jake Hawthorn.

Hallie’s boyfriend. The word still felt weird to her. Normally she wouldn’t dive straight into a labeled relationship, amazing boy or no, but Jake had been insistent. He didn’t want to go on dates and constantly make out with a girl without inclusivity involved, and he definitely wasn’t interested in a fling. Not wanting to appear like her normal casual self, Hallie agreed with his logic and prompted him to ask her out right then and there, and it was official.

Before long, all her friends knew about it. She shared some pics of the two of them, but refrained from sharing anything too personal for his sake. It was nice having all the attention on her for once, since Hallie had only ever been on the other side until now: an excited, supportive friend for other girls who started dating boys they liked.

Tara was one of the girls Hallie shared the news with, of course, though Tara’s post-New Year’s break-up with Mark ruined their chances for double dates. Hallie did suspect her involvement with Mark had been a part of it, but Tara explained that she would just rather break things off a semester before college to get over him, rather than go into her freshman year right out of a relationship.

Whatever suspicions Hallie had about Mark potentially confessing about what they did gradually diminished over the next few weeks. Tara was acting like herself, and there was no bad blood between them that she could pick up on. If anything, it validated Hallie’s decision to sleep with him in December. All the excitement of being with a boy she was forbidden to be with, one of the best boys she had ever been with, and none of the fallout.

The better question was . . . how would Jake compare? To both Mark, and all the boys before him? Hallie would find out tonight.

Ever the perfect gentleman, Jake picked her up promptly at 6 PM when he said he would. Hallie greeted him with a short, but lingering kiss as she awkwardly leaned across to the driver’s seat to do so. Jake’s maroon shirt matched the dark red dress she had decided on, making them a perfect couple for Valentine’s Day. She loved that he wore vests instead of sport coats or blazers, and the dark gray one that matched his slacks today was new to her.

Hallie wasn’t the only one appreciating her significant other’s outfit, as she was just as perceptive as the average girl. Jake tried to be subtle, but she instantly noticed his little glance towards her cleavage. The cut of the dress was the perfect combination of cute and sexy. The straps were wide enough to be proper, and slim enough to show off some bare shoulder. Same thing with the skirt - long enough to be proper, short enough to show off some bare thigh. And, most importantly, the front displayed her perky C cups in just the right way. Hallie was confident that her body would be noticeable all evening, and Jake would be ready to see more by the time they ended up back at his place.

They arrived at the restaurant Violet Delight, and Hallie confidently gave her name. As promised by Tara, the hostess walked them over to one of the more secluded booths for their meal. Less foot traffic, less noise, and an overall better atmosphere with the table’s candles and the soft music playing in the background.

Little did Hallie know, it was the only part of her night that was going to go right.

Tara watched her and Jake with an excited determination. She knew what time they would be arriving due to the reservation she had made for them, and had chosen the table particularly because she could see it clearly from her office across the way. The room had a cleverly designed window pattern that distorted things enough from the outside that no one could see in unless they were standing right next to it and looking carefully. However, anyone on the office side could see things a lot more easily when positioned in the right spot. It wasn’t actually Tara’s office, but she made herself cozy in the manager’s space since she was in charge for the night. The whole point of the window design was so a manager could see if anything was going wrong outside while still giving him or her some privacy.

It also worked for spying, in Tara’s case.

The first part of the night was the easy part, but Tara was still almost quivering in anticipation. It had taken everything in her to be the perfect friend for the past two months while planning her revenge. Hallie didn’t suspect a thing, and clearly had gotten over the initial wariness Tara spotted when she first mentioned the break-up.

She hadn’t initially known Valentine’s Day would be the day, but the plan had always revolved around a date in her restaurant. It’s where she had the most control. It’s where Hallie had the least control. But the fact that Hallie had been indecisive about where to go for such a big holiday for couples made it the perfect time to stop planning and start acting. Tonight was the night, and it was too late to call things off now.

Liv was already on the way to their table.

The 17 year old, Liv, had been at Violet Delight for nearly half a year, and she and Tara became fast friends when she was hired. Not only were they close in age, but they had enough in common to enjoy each others’ presence and have each others’ backs amidst some brutal days at work. Liv had been a little tentative when Tara approached her with the revenge idea. Sure, Hallie was the worst for what she did, and Liv had been disgusted when Tara told her, but Liv also wasn’t the mean type of girl. Her style of ‘having someone’s back’ was verbally defending them, like when it came to obnoxious and misogynistic patrons at the restaurant. The things Tara had in mind weren’t exactly in her wheelhouse.

When Liv expressed her reservations, Tara promised if she helped, then Tara would recommend her for the assistant manager job when Tara left for college. Coercing Liv wasn’t her favorite part of Tara’s preparation, and she did feel a little bit bad about it. Tara had already been planning on giving the recommendation, but she was also dead set on getting her revenge.

Tara practically held her breath as Liv approached the table.

This was real. This was happening.

Hallie was going to get everything she deserved.

**PART FOUR**

Hallie suspected nothing.

The waitress introduced herself as Liv, and Hallie and Jake ordered a round of waters to begin the evening. Though they both enjoyed their fair share of drinks at parties, flashing a fake ID at a restaurant felt more risky than in a liquor store for some reason. They obviously weren’t the only ones out on a Valentine’s date, and some parent of a friend might be there. And, of course, the fact that Hallie wasn’t sure if Jake even had a fake ID.

Besides, Hallie didn’t need alcohol to have a good time. She got to work right away. Though a table separated them, she subtly shifted her leg forward to connect with Jake’s ankle. The conversation was light, as neither of them were used to talking at such a fancy establishment, but Hallie made sure to somehow turn the awkward smalltalk into flirty teasing. A smile and a knowing glance, a nudge of her bare ankle against his leg, a tiny adjustment of her dress’s strap to draw his eyes to her upper half.

Jake. Her boyfriend. The mature boy who was going to be moaning her name tonight.

He ordered a basic pasta dish, but she was a little tactical with her order of chicken parmesan. Any form of noodles wasn't the most attractive thing to eat, so the quantity of chicken compared to pasta would ensure she could keep up her perfect appearance with little risk.

Or so she thought.

When their food arrived, Hallie took one bite and reflexively spit it right back out. It was COLD. “Sorry…” Hallie mumbled. She quickly wiped her mouth when she realized how unladylike she must have looked to Jake, and then explained. The chicken didn’t seem undercooked, but the whole dish was just cold.

This was supposed to be a nice restaurant! Did they microwave their dishes like all the awful chain places? And did they forget to do so for hers? Hallie flagged down Liv and politely explained the problem, not wanting to seem negative around Jake during the date that was going so well until now. As expected, Liv apologized profusely and promptly took the plate away, promising to make her next dish a priority.

It. Took. Forever.

Ten minutes passed, then twenty, then thirty. Liv arrived every now and then to top off their water glasses, and kept assuring her that it would be any minute now. The cooks were just swamped with all the holiday evening’s orders.

After nearly fifty minutes, the waitress arrived with a steaming plate. By this time, Jake had polished off his whole plate. Ever the gentleman, he had offered to wait for her, or to share his meal with her, but Hallie declined. It was the modern day and age, and she didn’t mind if they ate at different times. The fact that they were together is all that mattered. Hallie managed to maintain her sweet smile as she said the loving words, and continued the lighthearted conversation and little flirty gestures as he ate. She wouldn’t allow such a setback to ruin their evening.

The next bite seemed fine. For a few seconds. Though the chicken was actually the proper temperature and texture, the spicy aftertaste hit Hallie like a truck. She could feel her eyes water and her cheeks heat up, but she somehow managed to not make a face of disgust.

“Good?” Jake asked.

Hallie reluctantly swallowed. “Amazing,” she gently smiled. This was their Valentine’s date. She would NOT be the girl who sent back her meal twice. Mostly because Jake might think she was being annoyingly picky, but also because something told her the chef would spit in her food if he had to make her a third meal.

So she took bite after bite, choking down the spiciest meal she had ever eaten. Where the fuck was Liv?! The girl had been so diligent about refilling their water glasses so far, but now she was nowhere to be seen. Hallie’s glass had been empty when her replacement meal had arrived, and now the only sips she got were when the ice melted just enough for her to get a few drops.

A full ten minutes after Hallie choked down the worst meal of her life, Liv finally reappeared at the table. “Sorry again about before,” she said, “My manager gave me the green light to comp the chicken parm for you, and it looks like the second round was better! Are you two interested in a dessert menu?”

Hallie put on her most polite smile and said that a dessert menu would be great, and then requested the refill right afterwards. Her mouth was still burning and her cheeks felt just as warm, and Hallie was suddenly grateful that the dim lights were there to hide the faint blush and watery eyes. At this point, was determined to not snap at the high school waitress. It would totally ruin the mood that she had been setting up, against all odds, in their little booth.

This time, Liv didn’t take ten years to get back to them. Just two minutes later, Hallie saw the girl heading towards them with two dessert menus and a pitcher of water. Thank. God. The next step would be sipping her water like a lady to sooth her burning mouth, rather than chugging the whole glass in front of Jake.

It was a good plan. Until the worst happened.

Just as Liv was approaching their table, she tripped over something and lost her footing. Hallie didn’t see it coming at all. It wasn’t one of those things that seemed to happen in slow motion. It was all one, horrible blur.

One moment, Liv was walking towards them.

The next, the whole pitcher was being emptied down Hallie’s chest.

**PART FIVE**

Hallie gasped.

The sharp inhale was louder than any playful or sexual noise she had ever made. Those ones were controlled, but this was a pure guttural reaction to the icy water washing over her body.

It. Was. Everywhere.

Liv had fallen in such a way that the whole pitcher cascaded over her chest, though her attempts to pull it back halfway through ensured that Hallie’s stomach and skirt-covered thighs got plenty wet as well. Hallie felt her bra cling to her boobs as the freezing water soaked through dress and bra alike, but the effect of gravity made the next part even worse. The full pitcher’s worth of water ran down her stomach straight to her crotch and, because she was seated for the ‘accident,’ pooled underneath her ass and soaked her underwear and the lower backside of her dress too. A number of ice cubes were caught in her cleavage, one or two had slipped through her boobs and had made it down to her crotch, though most of them had caught on the lip of the pitcher and had landed on her skirt as Liv pulled it away from Hallie’s chest.

For a moment, Hallie was too shocked to speak. She shivered from the cold and stared down in horror at her ruined dress. This was not happening to her!

“Oh my God!” Liv exclaimed. She quickly set the pitcher down, covering her mouth as she stared at Hallie’s predicament. “Oh my God, oh my God, I’m SO sorry!” She grabbed Jake’s used cloth napkin that sat crumpled next to his plate, as there weren’t any paper napkins around like one might have available at a diner, and offered it to Hallie. “Here, take this. I’ll run and get more!”

“NO!” Hallie snapped. Breaking out of her momentary shock, she slapped Liv’s hand and the napkin in it away. Springing up from the seat, Hallie hastily removed the ice cubes that were beginning to sting her boobs and cringed as all the cubes both above and below her skirt freed themselves from her crotch and clacked to the floor. “You’ve done quite enough, Liv! Jake, wait here. I’ll be right back.”

She stormed away, ignoring Liv’s voice calling after her. Now that she was on the move, the wet underwear rubbing against her lower region was infinitely worse than the soaked upper half of her dress, but Hallie refused to break her stride. Everyone nearby was staring, but she didn’t care. Crossing the back section of the upscale restaurant, Hallie burst into Tara’s office.

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The first part of the night had been fun, but LONG.

Early on, the best part of the night had been Hallie spitting out her first bite of food. It was such an amusing contrast to Hallie’s normal ‘perfect’ presentation of herself. Tara stifled a snort in the private office, then let herself fully grin when she realized no one was around to witness her reaction.

She was eternally grateful that Hallie ordered the chicken parm. Tara knew her friend pretty well, but not that well. She had actually ordered up five different dishes to be cooked earlier, and had placed all five in the freezer. Thank God, one of her guesses was actually right. Otherwise, she and Liv would have had to skip that minor (but fun) step of the plan.

So far, so good. Everything she had planned was working flawlessly so far. Tara had been a little nervous that Liv wouldn’t have the level-headedness to stay nonchalant through the whole thing, but the girl was a talented waitress through and through. If Liv could keep a friendly smile towards loud, entitled men three times her age, it made sense that she could act natural around Hallie despite the terrible service given. It’s not that Tara doubted her. She just had butterflies in general.

After the cold food, however, things slowed down considerably. As directed, Liv didn’t put in Hallie’s replacement order until thirty minutes after she said she would. The busy Valentine’s evening ensured that nearly another half hour passed before Hallie got her meal. In the meantime, Tara just had to twiddle her thumbs.

She hoped the insanely spicy meal would result in another unladylike moment, but no dice. Hallie managed to keep her cool, so to speak, and forced down the whole meal. Tara’s office was too far away to see the blush or the hint of eye water in the dim room, so she just had to imagine Hallie suffering for the sake of a good date and a proper demeanor.

And then it was time for the cold water.

Tara watched with great anticipation as Liv approached the table, and then witnessed the most catastrophic and amazing fall she had ever seen. Hallie’s shocked expression made Tara laugh out loud, as did the visual of her expensive dress getting soaked. It took everything she had to collect her composure as her ‘friend’ approached her office. Just to really sell her obliviousness to the situation, Tara quickly grabbed the nearest binder and flipped it open to a random page, partially facing away from her cracked door.

Liv had played her part perfectly. Now it was Tara’s turn.

**PART SIX**

“TARA.” Hallie burst in without knocking. She didn’t even know what she hoped to accomplish with her friend, but the surface anger and frustration was enough to send her straight to the office Tara had shown her and a few other friends one afternoon a while ago.

Tara turned at the sound of her voice, and immediately clasped a hand over her own mouth as she took in the sight before her. “Hallie? Holy shit, what happened?!”

“LIV happened. This has been the worst date, and it’s all her fault.”

“Hallie, what- hold on.” Tara slipped past her and quickly shut the office door, then tossed the binder down to offer her full attention. “What do you mean? You and Jake have been totally into each other this whole time. I check on the restaurant floor all the time.”

Hallie just groaned. Shivering in the wet dress clinging to her body, she quickly explained the cold food, the long wait, and the spicy meal she choked down, and how she spent the entire night trying to play it cool around her boyfriend despite everything. The AC in the office just made her current attire feel worse and worse.

Tara just added to her frustration when she explained how Liv couldn’t take all the blame for those things. One of the chefs probably undercooked something, or added a bit too much of a spice the second time around. It was a busy night, considering everyone there was having their own Valentine’s dinner, which spoke to both the food issues and the delay. Tara basically echoed what Liv already said earlier. “How about this?” she suggested, “I hate sounding like every other manager out there, but does making the whole meal free make things better?”

“Sure,” Hallie rolled her eyes. Jake was the perfect gentleman, so he would almost certainly be offering to pay for such a special occasion. That meant Hallie’s meal was ‘free’ either way. But that was hardly the issue. “What about, I don’t know . . . my dress?” She gestured down to the red fabric that wasn’t air drying nearly as quickly as she would have liked. “Are you going to tell me this isn’t Liv’s fault?”

“Hallie-”

“No! Tara, you know how much this night means to me. I can’t go back out there like this, and I can’t leave Jake out there alone until I’m dry.”

“We have some spare bus boy t-shirts? I could probably rummage around and find a pair of shorts somewhere.”

“That wouldn’t be cute at all, Tara! I’d rather wear a soaked dress than some random casual clothes.”

“Hallie, I’ve seen the way Jake looks at you. You could be wearing a trash bag and he would still want to sleep with you. But maybe. . . ” she trailed off, glancing up in thought.

“But what?” Hallie asked immediately. Every second she spent in Tara’s office was another second she couldn’t be with Jake.

Tara hesitated, but after another insistent question about the unspoken idea, finally relented. “Well . . . Liv is about your size. You might look a tiny bit like a waitress, but a dry outfit is better than a wet one, right?”

The idea was tempting. After all, making the girl who ruined her dress strip down herself was the perfect revenge. But Tara couldn’t have that much power as an assistant manager, could she? And Liv’s maroon skirt may match the Valentine’s theme, but the black button down wasn’t exactly Hallie’s style.

“I don’t know. What’s she going to wear?” Hallie asked. Surely Tara couldn’t be suggesting that Liv would wear the wet, dark red dress in exchange.

“She can change into her street clothes for now,” Tara said, after pausing to think about it for a moment. “I’ll give her a break from serving for a bit. She can have her parents drop off a new outfit for her, or she can drive home and grab one herself. Either way, it’s not your problem,” she pointed out, “Your wardrobe malfunction is Liv’s responsibility to fix.”

“Okay, that works,” Hallie nodded. Button-downs weren’t her favorite thing, but the outfit was at least classy enough to work. Liv wasn’t quite as tall or as endowed as her, but, like Tara said, they were close enough in size. Hallie would just have to undo an extra button or roll up the sleeves if the top was too tight. And, of course, there was the added bonus of Liv being ‘punished’ for her clumsiness.

Tara walked over and peered at a sheet of paper pinned to the wall, ignoring Hallie for a moment. “Okay, I can get Liv’s section covered. I’ll take a few tables myself if it means you get lucky tonight,” Tara giggled, “Okay, let’s get you out of those wet clothes. Are you comfortable stripping down outside?”

“Outside?!” Hallie gasped. She may be promiscuous, but she wasn’t improper. Plus the idea of someone seeing her naked that she wasn’t messing around with was mortifying. “Tara, no. You have bathrooms, don’t you?”

“Of course we do,” Tara shrugged, “All the way in the front of the restaurant. But we can do that if you’d prefer.”

As Tara opened the office door to show her to the bathrooms like she ‘wanted,’ Hallie quickly blurted out, “Wait! Wait . . .” The section of the restaurant that already saw her like this was enough. The idea of dozens of others seeing her mildly slutty appearance, especially with how the top of her dress clung to her boobs, was enough to give her pause. “Where outside? Can I check it out first?”

“Oh, totally. It’s just out back.” Tara nodded. She cracked the door enough so Hallie could see the nearby carpeted hallway. “Just head down that way, take a left at the end, and use the metal door.”

“Aren’t you coming with me?”

“How long do you want to be in that dress? I’ll go explain things to Liv and smooth things over with Jake. Meet you out back, okay?”

Another chilly draft from the nearby AC unit was enough to push her over. Hallie probably would have caved eventually, but the full body shiver instantly reminded her how badly she wanted to be in dry clothes again. “Okay, okay. Just hurry, Tara.”

“Of course. Be out in a minute.”

Tara opened the office door for both of them, and watched Hallie scurry towards the hall before anyone saw her current state of dress again. Smirking to herself, she went the opposite way, towards the bar. Liv was patiently waiting for her there, and raised an eyebrow as Tara approached. “Well? Did she buy it?”

“Yep,” Tara smirked, “Hook, line, and sinker.”

**PART SEVEN**

Hallie impatiently paced back and forth as she waited for Tara to meet her outside. For the most part, it actually did seem like a good place to change. Between the dumpster, the bushes, and the restaurant itself, there was a decent enough corner where no one would see her stripping down. Save for anyone using the entrance/exit itself, of course, though she assumed Tara would keep anyone from taking a smoke break for a minute or two.

After what felt like forever, but was probably only a few minutes, Tara joined her outside. “Alright, Liv’s on board. She felt terrible about her fall, so she’s okay losing a little tip money if it means you can continue your date.”

“Great. Where are her clothes?” Hallie didn’t mean to be short with her friend, but she hated the idea of Jake sitting around without her for so long.

“She’s getting changed now,” Tara said. She held up a white towel and handed it to Hallie, “Here. Go ahead and get out of those wet clothes. Liv will be out in a minute.”

“But-”

Hallie faltered. The allure of getting out of the wet dress was one thing, as was the mild comfort of the secluded changing spot. But the actual reality of stripping outdoors right next to a public building was another thing entirely.

“Hallie, I’ve literally seen your boobs before,” Tara chuckled. Between locker room changing, shopping trips, and Truth or Dare games, their whole group of girlfriends had all seen each other in various states of undress plenty of times. More importantly, Tara framed it as if the embarrassment was about herself being there, rather than the public area in general. “Here, is this better?” She turned 180 degrees, fully facing away from Hallie. “I’ll stay here so no one can open the door. How’s that?”

“. . . Okay.” Hallie nervously glanced around one more time, then slipped her arms out from underneath the dress straps. Before going any farther, she wrapped the towel around herself, wishing it would cover more. If held tightly, it might cover her chest and crotch, but only just. Despite her comfort with Tara, there were plenty of streets and buildings nearby, and she didn’t want to risk anything. Shimmying the damp dress down her body, Hallie finally let it drop down her legs with a wet thud as it pooled around her ankles. “Umm, Tara?”

“Yeah?” Tara glanced over her shoulder.

“What about underwear?”

“Oh! I was going to ask about that. If Liv brought a clean set from home, would you be okay wearing them?”

Hallie paused to think about it. It wasn’t the worst idea. Since Liv was a little bit smaller than her, borrowed underwear would just hug Hallie more tightly. That was attractive in its own way. “What about while I’m waiting for her to get back?”

“Umm . . .” It was Tara’s turn to pause. Hallie just kept a firm grip on the towel, unable to quite bring herself to step out of the dress at her feet. “I’ve got spandex and a sports bra in my bag? They’re clean too!”

“Okay, that’ll have to do,” Hallie said. Filling in all the blanks Tara left for her, she voiced the plan to save her Valentine’s date. “I’ll wear your things and Tara’s outfit for now, stay for a long dessert, and change into Liv’s underwear before we leave. She’ll bring something cute, right?”

“Liv is a big ball of guilt over this, Hallie,” Tara giggled, “She’ll bring the sexiest underwear she owns to make it up to you. Here, I’ll give you some privacy to take off the rest. I have to go grab my bag!”

“But, the door . . .”

“No one has a break scheduled for a while. You’ll be fine, I promise!”

Before Hallie could get the chance to ask any other worried questions, Tara was opening the door and heading back inside. The metal door closed with a \*thud\* and Hallie let out a heavy sigh. It’s not like she had any other options. If this happened at any other restaurant, she’d be screwed. At least Tara was around to fix things.

Finally stepping out of the damp, red dress, Hallie picked it up and delicately hung it over the metal railing. Part of her wanted to hold off on fully stripping until Tara was back, but that would just prolong her separation from Jake. She needed to be ready to throw on the new outfit the moment she could. Steeling herself, Hallie turned to face the bushes and deftly unhooked the lace black bra, pulling one arm out and then sliding it down the other arm in the subtle bra-removing maneuver.

Time for the underwear.

Hanging the wet bra over the railing as well and lightly blushing at the feeling of her freed boobs in an outdoor setting, Hallie took one more deep breath. Then she reached underneath the towel and slid the matching black thong down her smooth legs, carefully stepping out of the sexy underwear. Jake was supposed to be the one stripping her out of her thong, but now Hallie was stuck with the task herself. It wasn’t nearly as sexy when it was wet for the wrong reasons.

Then Hallie awkwardly stood there with the small towel wrapped around her naked form, waiting more impatiently than before for Tara to return.

When the door finally opened, it wasn’t just Tara joining her outside. Liv was with her as well, and still fully dressed in her black and red waitress attire.

After a moment of confusion, Hallie began speaking. “What-”

But that’s as far as she got.

In one swift and entirely unexpected motion, Liv stepped forward and grabbed the hem of the towel just above her chest, giving a HARD yank. Hallie’s grip had only been tight enough to keep the towel safely wrapped around her body. It wasn’t nearly a strong enough grip to fight to keep control of the only thing protecting her modesty.

As the towel was whisked away from her body, Tara stood poised with her phone aimed to capture the moment.

Tara smirked. “Say cheese, Hallie!”