

Hopper's Hamburgers

"If anything," the man said. "You're *overqualified* for the job. The only thing I see that might be a problem is the dress code."

I nodded my head, blushed.

I knew about Hopper's Hamburgers, of course. Everyone in town did. Their *special* way of serving food. But what choice did I have? It was a small town, with not many jobs going. It was either this, or the stripper bar down Creek's Way.

Not that *that* would be much different...

"No problem," I said, forcing a smile. "I've worn less at the beach. So, does this mean I get the job?"

"I don't see why not," boss-man said. "In fact, we're a girl short today. If you'd be willing, you can start right now."

Something twisted in my gut. A nervous pang. Uncertainty and dread and doubt and fear. A whole swarm of feelings that'd just get in the way right now. I *needed* this job. I needed *money*. I really did have no other choice, save becoming a full-on stripper. Or worse.

"S- Sure."

"Excellent!" My new boss grinned. "Changing rooms are just next door," he pointed his thumb at one of his tiny office's walls. "Annie will show you the ropes."

I stared at my naked reflection, couldn't suppress the discomfort I was feeling.

Me? I looked fine. Better than fine.

Busty, blonde, pretty. Not the hottest girl around – she'd gone and married the town's star quarterback as soon as they finished high school. I wasn't *that* level of super hott. But I was up there. Above average in the looks department, definitely.

My body was nice. Curvy in all the right places. A perfect fit for this place. But, even so, I couldn't help feel ashamed of myself as I looked down at the official Hopper's Hamburgers outfit.

High heels, white tights, a white and pink full corset that looked dangerously small, and a pink and white bunny-ear headband.

I was to be a 'Bunny Hopper', a serving girl at the restaurant.

Money, I reminded myself. I needed money.

As revealing as the outfit might be, as much as it was bound to hug my body and show my figure off, it was nothing compared to the bikinis and swimsuits I'd worn over summer. Compared to *those*, this outfit was practically modest. Only...

Only when I'd been wearing those swimsuits and bikinis, so had everyone else. Every girl in skimpy swimwear, every guy in trunks or speedos. Everyone had been exposed. Here, it'd just be me and the other serving girls. All the restaurant customers would be wearing normal, regular clothing.

And, let's face it, a guy only came to eat at a place like this for the eye-candy.

Which, today, would be me.

I'd be the eye-candy.

The thought made me shudder.

But what could I do? I needed the job, I needed the money, I needed *this*. So, I'd just have to suck it up and get on with it.

I reached down, picked the tights up, began sliding them up my smooth legs.

Admittedly, the job turned out to be better than I'd thought.

The first three hours were agony. Guys staring at my body. Rushing around trying to keep track of everything. Getting orders wrong and tripping over more than once thanks to the stupid high heels. I'd nearly had a nipple-slip too at one point, though thankfully I

caught it in time to fix it – pulling the corset up before anything *too risqué* got revealed.

After those first few hours, though, I found myself easing into the rhythm of things. Flowing with the music, gliding from one table to another seamlessly, a wide smile on my face.

The other girls too. We were *all* smiling happily.

There was an odd kind of energy to the place. Lots of activity and motion, a sense of companionship between us bunny girls.

By the time I clocked out for the day, I was exhausted. But in a good way. Like I'd *earned* the fatigue. That *good* kind of worn out, the *satisfying* kind.

I was in the locker room, sitting down and letting my legs rest for a moment – I'd been on my feet for hours – when another of the bunny girls walked in, smirked at me. A pretty bunny girl who wore the costume like a second skin, it seemed so natural on her.

"Tired?" She giggled. "If you think *that* was exhausting, you should see how hard the night shift is."

The night shift... Yeah, I knew about that.

For some reason, Hopper's Hamburgers was open into the early hours of the morning. I'd always found that odd. In a big city, it'd make sense. Lots of people up and about, even at night. But in a relatively small town like this? Who'd be buying burgers at two in the morning?

And *why* would working a night shift – which presumably had the least amount of customers – be the most difficult?

"Maybe I will," I shrugged, smiling. "It's up to the boss, right?"

The girl nodded her head, began undressing right in front of me. "If you do end up working the night shift," she said, corset dropping to the floor to reveal a wonderful pair of perky breasts, "bring an energy drink or two. You'll need 'em."

There was music playing in his office, some tune I'd never heard before but which felt very familiar all the same. A slow, rhythmic tune that made me want to sway my body from side to side in time with it.

I sat down on the chair, looked to my new boss over his desk.

"I think it's time," he said – though his voice sounded distant. Far away. He was just a few feet away from me, but his voice could've been the other side of a football stadium. Or from the moon. Or a different dimension. "How would you feel about working the night shift tonight? Pay is doubled during night shifts, so it'll be well worth the lost sleep."

Money was why I was here.

A town like the one I lived in was a dead end. There was no moving forward here. Places like this? They stayed the same until they decayed and rotted away. No huge companies would be setting up headquarters here, it'd never be an industrial hot-spot, nor a massive metropolitan area. It was just a town in the ass end of nowhere. And there were two types of people in such a town; those who stayed and got old and died here, or those that escaped and actually *lived* their lives.

I had no intention of staying here for the rest of my life. But, in order to leave and find some place else to call home, I needed that one thing which made the world work. Money.

"Double pay?" I grinned. "Sign me up!"

My boss smiled, a twinkle in his eye.

"I knew hiring you was the right call."

Things felt different at night.

There wasn't a rush of activity, no urgency to the place. The energy was different. Calmer, more relaxed. Intimate.

"What can I get for you, sir?" I asked, leaning over the small, round table.

The man glanced down at my chest and cleavage, a smile tugging at his lips. "I'm not sure..." He said, turning his eyes back down to the menu in his hands, hiding his blush as best he could. "How about the 'Hoptastic Cheese 'N' Bacon'?"

"Right away, sir!"

I hopped on the spot, breasts bouncing dangerously in the corset. Usually, I'd have walked briskly to the kitchen, made the order. With tonight's relaxed air, though, I took things easier – swaying my hips as I slowly sauntered to the kitchens.

A few minutes later, I was carrying a plate. On that plate, a delicious melted cheese and crispy bacon burger.

When I settled the plate down on the customer's table, the man reached a sly hand around me, cupped my ass.

I froze in place, eyes wide.

For the few seconds he squeezed my ass and groped me, it was like my mind shut off. I couldn't think, couldn't react. All I could do was stand there while this random stranger fondled my ass to his heart's content.

"Thanks doll," he said eventually, pulling his hand away. "Don't suppose you could go get me a drink too, could you?"

"I..." Money. I needed money. "Yes, sir."

As I walked away, going to fetch the man a drink, I wanted to kick myself. Scream at myself. Scream at *him*. But what good would any of that do? Likely, the only thing that'd happen is me losing my job. A job I couldn't *afford* to lose.

So I did the only thing I could.

I bit my tongue and got the man his drink.

As the night progressed, my mind began to haze over.

It wasn't like usual, falling into a routine where I didn't have to think – everything just flowing together with practice, the time flying by. No, this was something else.

The music, maybe. Certainly, the only sound I could hear in my head was the music. No thoughts, no questions, just music.

The rhythm was slow, sensual.

It was the kind of music a guy played when he wanted to get laid. The background sound of a porno.

Only... There was more to it. Words.

I couldn't make out what the words were saying, but it was soothing all the same. Gentle and relaxing. Washing all my worries away.

When I saw one of my fellow bunny girls kneel down, crawl under a table where a customer was seated, I didn't bat an eyelash. And, when another climbed on top of a table, spread her legs wide right in front of another customer, I simply continued on doing my job like nothing strange was happening.

Eventually, it was my turn.

A male customer – they all seemed male tonight – order's tonight's 'special'. The Bunny Skewer.

I straddled the man's lap, felt his hard skewer beneath me.

Some part of me resisted. Some small, silly part. Told me this wasn't right, that something was wrong.

But this was what I'd signed up for, wasn't it?

Serving customers. Giving them what they wanted.

I reached down between the man's legs, grasped his skewer, pulled it out.

What he'd ordered was a simple thing. No need to bother the kitchen staff with it. All I needed was a skewer – which I had – and a bunny to shove it in. And, seeing as I was a bunny...

Like I said, it was a simple thing.

"Holy shit," I gasped, surprisingly breathless. My body felt totally exhausted. Drained. "Look at these *tips*. Jesus Christ."

"Told ya," one of the other girls laughed. "Night tips are best tips. No idea why, but guys always tip way more during the night shifts."

I shook my head, amazed.

With money like *this*, I'd be able to move away in no time.

Slowly, I tugged off my work uniform – the bunny corset and ears and heels. All of which, for some reason, felt sticky and wet. I shook my head, tried to remember if I'd accidentally spilled anything on myself.

Nope. Couldn't remember anything like that.

"Can't wait to get home," a particularly attractive and weary-looking girl sighed. "I'm *beat*. Tonight was a tough one."

I tried to think back, but there was nothing.

Why couldn't I remember most of the night?

"Look at the bright side," someone chuckled. "It's always easy sleeping after a night shift."

I shook my head. Odd. Surely I should be able to remember at least *one* customer's face, right? Oh well. At the end of the day, I don't suppose it mattered all that much. Just as long as I was getting paid. And *boy* was I!

One by one, the girls left the changing room.

Eventually, it was only me left.

Sore and tired and drained, but smiling all the same.

Bunny girl outfit discarded, wearing a plain old pair of jeans and a black jacket, wishing nothing more than to rest my head on a pillow and sleep, I left Hopper's Hamburgers.