

---Part One---

"So, I really gotta thank you for the birthday gift, Mr. Martin!" She told him excitedly as soon as she saw him step up to her cart. The mutt, a wild mix of wolf from his father and coyote from his mother, had decided to drop by the young collie's hot dog cart for lunch and she was now energetically telling him about how much she appreciated the gift he'd given her the week before. Fortunately for her she wasn't serving any other customers at the moment otherwise she'd be making a small scene.

"But you already thanked me, Mitsy." He told her. She had already prepared for him the usual order of a dog with ketchup, relish, and onions and handed it to him while he retrieved his wallet. Martin paid for his dog and was in the process of eating it while she continued to insist on telling him about how she appreciated his present 'so so much.'

The hour was tilting more and more after her lunch hour rush and he was the only customer at her hotdog cart, and judging by the look of her outfit and the appearance of her cart he suspected she'd had quite a lunch hour rush. The mutt had arrived at a good time, he thought. He never much cared for showing up at Mitsy's when there were big crowds of people ordering food. It wasn't in his nature to tolerate lines if he could avoid them, and he enjoyed Mitsy's company too much to want it spoiled by her being distracted with her work.

"I know, but I went and used it at the store and found some really cute stuff! I'm so so glad I got to shop there, you know! I don't normally get to!" She was giddy with her excitement and it was almost infectious, Martin had to admit to himself. He had always enjoyed her hotdogs and was a regular customer of hers. After all the times she'd struck up friendly conversation with him, and the delicious hot dogs she served, he'd started to drop tips in her tip jar every time he came by. Thinking more on it he pulled out change from his pocket and saw it was about a buck sixty three. He dropped it all in the jar, which forced her to pause her story and thank him before returning right back to where she left off about how difficult it was to find parking that day.

When he'd found out from her that her birthday was coming up he decided to give her a gift card. It had very good for him that he knew how to listen to a woman talk even if it looked, to their frustration, like he wasn't. She'd let it slip one day that she was hoping to go to a certain women's store that was usually too expensive for her to shop at. It wasn't a name brand chain, but they sold nice women's clothes and apparently they were also trying to compete with Victoria's Secret. He got her a 50\$ gift card for that store and dropped it in her tip jar the very next day. He had put in it a little gift card sized envelope he'd signed to her so she'd know who it was from.

It was funny, too, that when he'd been in the store to buy the card he noticed that a lot of the stuff they sold was clearly catered to girls with greater assets than the skinny chicks that shopped at Victoria's Secret. Not plus sized girls, per se, just girls with tits and ass, by his best estimate. There wasn't a single mannequin in the store that was under a D cup or sporting less than a perfect hourglass. Mitsy was probably so excited about that store because they sold stuff that fit her the way she liked. He'd had to listen to enough women belly ache about sizes and cups enough to know that any woman whose body subscribed to any variety of 'big' had to struggle to find "cute things" that fit. The girls that worked the store had all been very good looking women, too. Martin even bet they were all wearing stuff they bought with their employee discount.

"Well, I'm glad you were able to use it, Mitsy. That's why I got it for you." He told her again.

"Like, yeah! So I went in there this weekend and saw all this super cute stuff, you know! I mean, like I've been in there before, but oh wow I couldn't spend that much, right? They're expensive." She started talking. He let her talk and talk as much as she wanted. Mitsy had a pretty voice. Mitsy also always wore the same "cute", yes it was cute by a man's standards, outfit when she worked her cart. He'd never seen her wear anything else, actually. It was a 'classic' styled white pleated skirt with a tucked in matching blouse that reminded him of old 1950's waitresses in diners, but hers was a bit more modern in its style since she had to piece it together from what she could buy in a store. Even had little red stripes on the sleeves and her belt was a matching red. It looked really good on her on a woman like her what with how she wore it. Woman, he grinned to himself. Mitsy had only just turned 20. The girl couldn't even drink yet.

"And so I'm poking about and so so much of their stuff was like on sale, and like I know I have the 50 dollars you gave me, but with stuff marked down so much I thought I should spend a little more, you know? I won't get to shop here again for a while so I wanted to make the very best of it!" She explained. He leaned over her cart and stuffed the last bite of his dog in his mouth and chewed while he listened. She made good hotdogs. In most other things she was fairly naive or dumb, but when it came to food she seemed to know something special. He purposely omitted to himself that hot dogs weren't particularly hard to make. He was willing to give her at least one thing to her credit without reservation. That and how good she looked. So it was too things he was giving her, no hesitation.

"Well, they had this really cute blouse, and it was on sale and clearance, or both, something like that! Had lots of stickers on it, so it was super cheap! I had to try it on and it was a perfect fit! I looked so cute in it and it matches this pair of jeans I have so like, I had to

buy it. But I had money still to spend, you know, so like I kept looking for more stuff, and so I went through their 'naughty isle'" Mitsy made little air quotes with her hands, which was cute in and of itself, "and peeked at all the underwear!" She was giggling to herself and at her own story while covering her mouth like she was still in high school and whispering to her girlfriends. She kept prattling on about how she looked at this and then looked at that, and how she tried on a few different bras, but didn't like any that she tried.

"I ended up spending a lot more than I wanted to! I felt so bad, but it was sooo cute!" She confessed to him. Her gab engine was clearly running at full steam like she'd been storing up all these words for so long that now that she had a person to listen to it all she was gushing it out like some kind of massive word salad.

"So what did you ended up buying?" He asked her for clarity as she'd rambled on so much about everything that she'd looked at that she actually hadn't told him what she bought.

"Well, I got that cute blouse," she counted on a finger. "and then I found this amazing bikini! I haven't gotten to wear it to the beach yet, but I tried it on and it looks SO good on me! It was like someone made it JUST for me! I had to get it, it's this cute bright blue color! Oh, and then I snatched up some really cute panties that were just the best! Like, there are SO many styles of undies that it's sometimes hard to find ones that look really good on me, but these turned out great, you know?."

She told him all that, and the mutt wished she'd been a bit more descriptive of the panties she was wearing. Would have been good for the ole imagination. He could also totally imagine her wearing a bikini, and the thought was certainly a most pleasant one. Mitsy was a very gorgeously built young woman and about as pretty as she was seemingly airheaded. Too bad she wasn't the type to flaunt herself though, but with her naivety it was probably a good thing that she didn't.

Martin could imagine her in a bikini, but the odds she'd actually wear it to the beach without a sundress or a towel wrap seemed really unlikely. He figured she loved knowing she looked cute in something more than she did actually looking cute to other people. Her attitude gave off strong vibes of modesty and embarrassment.

"Well, that's good to hear. I'm sure everything looks great on you." He complimented her, and honestly at that.

"Yeah, totally! I'm even wearing one of the panties now! Like, I had to do a turn around in my mirror again this morning to see myself, and I am SO happy I bought them!" She clapped her hands rapidly in delight when

she was clearly thinking about how cute she allegedly looked in something no one else would see. Martin didn't doubt her word, but he wasn't above wanting to see for himself just to be sure, you know?

"I'm sure you did! I'm glad I was able to help you treat yourself to something nice for your birthday, Mitsy." He told her sincerely. He didn't mind in the least that he was throwing money down a black hole of innocence. Mitsy was a bit of a ditz, but she was also a good wholesome girl he could genuinely enjoy being around. He'd been flirting with her constantly for the last three months, and he wasn't the only one either at that. But she was... dumb as a brick sometimes, at least when it came to social cues.

You try to make a double entendre or an innuendo and it just sails right over her head or she takes it literally, or she just looks at you confused until you dismiss your own comment and move along to something more straight edge or blunt. How this girl hit twenty without getting fucked raw was beyond him, but she was so blisteringly ignorant to the concept of coitus that he wasn't shocked anymore that she was rebuffing every guy that bought a hotdog from her cart like some over the top superheroine bouncing back bullets. She likely had no idea she was cock blocking men by the hordes. Mitsy likely just thought all her male customers were just 'super duper' nice to her. He wondered if maybe she had been homeschooled. Had to have been.

But of course, and Martin had to admit this, there was a chance that she did know what was up. She was twenty years old now and even being home schooled wasn't a perfect explanation for her lack of... 'perversion', or the awareness of such. He lacked a better way to describe it to himself. Martin only knew one thing for certain, at least, and that that was she was definitely rebuffing everyone. Ultimately, it didn't matter if she was so dumb she didn't know they were wagging their dicks at her or if she was actually so cunning and sly that she was purposely slaying men's hopes and dreams by the hundreds with sadistic glee, that tip jar on her cart's counter was not a slot machine with a chance for a jackpot. No withdrawals, only deposits.

"Yeah! No one has ever been so nice to me to give a gift like that, so I really have to thank you so so much!" she thanked him yet again. He told her she didn't need to keep thanking him because it was clear she really enjoyed the gift, and that that was enough for him.

"Well, most guys don't always act as nice as you for this long. Everyone is really sweet to me, then after a while they stop. It feels really good to have a customer like you that's always nice." She confessed after a very abrupt shift in her mood. It was clear in her body language and expression that she was distressed by her confession, and it added some clarity on why she was so energetic with her gratitude earlier. Martin had to wonder a bit on that.

"Everything ok? Anybody been giving you any trouble?" He asked her with a hint of seriousness in his voice that every man could muster when necessary. Mitsy shook her head rapidly in reply.

"No, no! Not like that! I mean, I keep some mace in my pocket, but I've never had to use it." She explained. "It's just, guys especially, just stop being as nice to me after a while. They still buy hotdogs, and they'll smile. But they don't hang around and talk with me like the used to. Some don't even give tips anymore. I feel like I'm doing something wrong."

He felt bad for her. It added credibility to the idea of his that maybe she was too naive to know it was probably because she wasn't putting out for her admirers. That was still kind of shitty though seeing how it was hurting her feelings and all. He guessed she couldn't help it if she wasn't aware of the details. He wasn't feeling right comfortable with trying to explain it to her though, as that might reveal some of his own motivations for hanging around and chatting with her during his lunches. She was a good girl whom he'd built a strong reputation with and he wasn't about to crack that image in two, no.

"Well, I think you're doing fine. You've never done wrong by me, and I've not seen you do any wrong with anybody else." He ended up telling her. All and all he wasn't lying, but he doubted his word alone would cheer her up much, and it certainly wouldn't prevent future guys from being off put by her inability to comprehend modern courtship rituals.

"Thank you, Mr Martin. Maybe I should just try harder?" She asked absently.

"You mean you aren't trying very hard now?" He asked her. It wasn't a serious question, but he was sure she was doing fine by herself. She never complained about any lack of business. Mitsy usually seemed to be doing well for herself with her little cart. Sure, she wasn't wealthy, Martin imagined, but if she was getting regular business every day with a hotdog selling at a minimum of 3 bucks a dog, then yeah, she'd drive home with a purse full of money every day.

"Well, people just show up. I don't really need to do much except set up my cart here. It's kinda easy. I don't think I try very hard." She admitted. Cute girl in a cute outfit selling food? Yeah, Martin could see her not needing to lift very many fingers to get traffic. She was also in a good spot, considering the city was apparently letting her park and set up shop at a street corner near the Bay. Good location with a lot of passersby. Especially the foot traffic around lunch time.

"Tell you what, Mitsy. You show me what you can do to work hard when I get lunch tomorrow and I'll drop an even bigger tip in your jar. How about it?" He told her. She smiled and lit up a little.

"Well, Mr Martin, if you're going to bribe me, how can I refuse!" She giggled. Again she was back to being chipper. That was good to see. He'd long since finished his hotdog and with her seemingly gabbed out of things to say, he figured he could start heading back to the office, which was only a few blocks down the street. He'd lucked out that she set up close by to where his employer was situated.

"Sounds good, Mitsy. Hey, I need to start heading back," He started to make his departure with a parting word, "but how about before I go you give me a peek at what I helped buy for ya at the store?"

He gave her a friendly, yet also a very clear sarcastic look, as nothing but a sudden gust of wind could ever get Mitsy's skirt to lift even a hair's width higher above the knee. He waited for her to give him the playful scowling gaze she typically gave him when she'd eventually catch him making an inappropriate joke or say something rude. She's running a family friendly cart, after all. And it's all in jest, of course. She was actually a pretty good sport about his occasionally foul language, which indicated to him that she was either naive enough to it to dismiss it casually out of hand or grew up with a pack of brothers and was simply accustomed to it.

"Huh?" She ended up giving him the confused look she gave when pressed with something that went over her head. "Oh! You mean my undies. Sure!"

Martin's expression then sagged under the weight of many pounds of disbelief. Mitsy stepped out from behind her cart for him and gave a quick glance to her left and right she took a look for pedestrians, of which there were none. Then up went the hem of her skirt by the tips of her thumb and index fingers. The collie was wearing what was possibly the narrowest thong Martin had ever seen on a body living or plastic. The thin eggshell fabric clung to her and left little to his imagination. Had Mitsy been any other girl he'd have figured this item to be apart of her 'date night' outfit. She picked something that would let a man see what he was getting himself into even before he could even have the chance to grab at his zipper.

One second, two second, and back down the skirt went and up went Martin's gaze with his expression returning to something more presentable. He found that he was grinning rather hard. It had only been the briefest of moments, but oh what moments they had been!

It was also so very clear that Mitsy was now blushing furiously red under her fur and she now appeared to be regretting the decision to flash him, as she certainly hadn't thought through what she'd done like she should have. Somehow, some way, he'd teased a bit of bad behavior out of her, and this time he'd actually not been trying to! Funny how that works, ain't it?

"I shouldn't have done that! I'm so so sorry!" Mitsy said. The collie's ears had dropped flat with her tail hanging awfully low. He saw she wasn't willing to make eye contact. "No one normally ever gets to see how cute I look in stuff and I was just excited someone cared to see."

Martin felt bad. He tried to smile, but the pressure at the front of his pants wasn't helping his situation. Fortunately he was hidden by the cart so Mitsy, who had returned behind her side of the cart, wouldn't notice. What do, huh?

"Well, you know, Mitsy." Martin calmly, and somewhat patiently, collected his thoughts as he brought his grin under better control so she wouldn't think badly of him. "I can't begin to imagine what you'd look like when you're not working."

"Um?" She had a worried and guilty look on her now. Her ears were still in full tilt. He'd never seen her in anything but her work outfit. Her out on the town? A nice weekend where she was out and about and dressed as she pleased? He wanted to whistle at what his imagination was painting for him.

"I mean, Mitsy, that I think you know just what to buy to make you look like the cutest girl in the whole damn city. You look absolutely perfect, and I don't want you to feel sorry or bad for showing off a little if it makes you happy having someone know how cute you look, ok?" He told her and rested his hands on the edge of the cart. Martin really fucking hoped flattery would work this time. Flattert didn't always stick on Mitsy seeing as how she was made out of teflon most of the time. Her expression fluttered a bit and she started smiling bashfully-like.

"Thank you!" She said quietly but with a big smile stuff full of energy. Her ears were rising back up and she was becoming her perky self again. "I try really hard to find stuff that looks good."

"Well, you did do good!" He replied warmly. "Makes me more than happy to help you out by dropping by your cart every day."

She kept smiling at him, but kept her hands low where they nervously smoothed out her skirt. He chuckled at her and had a friendly idea. Why

not, right? He tugged his wallet back out and riffled through the collection of old plastic and cards he had until he found a business card. He'd saved a box of business cards he'd gotten from his last employer, scratched out the business name and phone number, left all his own information. It was a good way to get his name out there when he went to Tech conventions, or if he just wanted to see if there were any more lucrative doors to open than the one he currently had his foot in.

"Here, Mitsy." He handed her his card and she took it, looking at it curiously. "Just give me a ring or a text when you're ready to head home and I'll volunteer my services to help you pack up. My treat."

"Oh! That'd be so nice of you, Mr. Martin. Of course I'll let you know! It's not often I get help when I'm ready to leave for the day. The foot traffic just isn't here that time of day." She told him, excitedly. He'd never seen her hitch up her cart before, but he imagined him helping her could cut down the time by half. Hey, would score him some extra reputation with her, too.

"Alright, just let me know and I'll start heading down. Don't worry yourself about my schedule, either. Just worry about yours." He told her. She was so excited about actually having help when she left her corner for the day that she didn't seem all that concerned about him leaving work whenever she rung him. He didn't mind, as it did seem like her excitement was genuine. Her cart wasn't too big, and looked like it was mostly aluminium. Couldn't be that heavy especially with her being a girl. He couldn't imagine it being that unwieldy of a cart.

Well, that ended up not being the case.

She called him just before the clock hit 6. He'd cruised into work that morning at 9:00 and would have been due to leave at 5, but he was waiting on her phone call. It didn't matter to management if he stayed later on any day. So long as he didn't go over his 40 without permission, which was never, he could leave as early as he wanted on Friday, which was tomorrow as it so happened. He was due to skip out tomorrow at around lunchtime if nothing major changed.

Of course that didn't stop them from telling him to work overtime for something that'd come up suddenly, which did happen about twice or thrice a month and usually netted him at least ten to fifteen hours extra on his next check every time it happened. Shit was always hitting the fan at Initech. Either they were crunching and needing computers set up for the new hires, or they were laying off a bunch of contract guys, or they were shitting themselves over some equipment or network failure. Something was always happening and management never seemed to see it coming. Martin didn't give two fucks about it. If it happened then it just meant he would make more money, and Martin Brody did not mind more money one bit.



However, the task at hand was not to do last minute IT crunch for middle or upper management, but rather to squat and grunt his way over to Mitsy's dinky little Ford with a firm grip on cart's coupler. Mitsy had told him right from the start that she could back the car up to get the trailer hitch closer to the coupler, but Martin had waved her off in a show of masculinity he was now deeply regretting. For a cart that was supposedly made from aluminium and plastic it weighed a fuck ton!

"M-Mitsy, this here cart. Of yours." He grunted, and had to catch his grip better on the coupler when his foot suddenly tried to slip on loose gravel on the pavement. "Is heavy!"

"Yeah! Like, that's why I offered to back the car up, Mr. Martin. That's the only way I can hitch it up when I leave every day." She told him as she watched him work, and then he only felt more foolish for his efforts. It took him all of a few minutes to do, but by the time he was done he was figuring that he might have a few back muscles grumbling at him the next day. He wasn't actually out of shape, but he didn't really workout either. Fuckin' was a poor substitute for a genuine exercise regimen that's for sure.

"Well, too late now." Martin told her as he finished pulling the coupler over the hitch and set it down. He popped it in place, which wasn't the only thing popping as he stretched his back, and with a kick he made sure it was secure. "What the hell is this thing made of, Mitsy?"

"Um, I don't know, but my Dad and Uncle Todd welded it all up for me last year. It was a late graduation gift." She told him. Great, it was a work of "art" by a pair of amateurs. They probably used stainless steel and shit. No wonder it was heavy as fuck. Come to think of it, Martin realized he should have known something was fishy about her cart. The welding was visible in places, and looked... It sure as hell wasn't done by a machine or in a factory was all he could say. Well, at least it looked professional to the untrained eye even if it was ungodly heavy for a girl that would never have been able to tug this thing three feet let alone hitch it up to her damn Ford! Some gift...

"Alright, you're hitched up." He told her and brushed off his hands.

"Thank you!" Mitsy told him and gave him a hug, which he'd not anticipated. He returned it lightly and let her bounce off back to the cart where she fetched up her tip jar and keys. Martin took another look at her coupler and hitch and finally stepped himself back to the curb.

"Looks like you're ready to go, then." Martin told her.

"Yep! Thank you again!" She replied. "And don't forget to visit tomorrow, Mister Martin! I've got to show you how hard I can work, remember?"

He laughed. "You're right, Mitsy! I'll be dropping by sometime around lunch. Scout's honor." Martin lifted a hand and did his best impression of a scout's salute.

She gave him a big smile and a little wave while she squished the tip jar into her chest with her other arm. She sure was a cute little thing, and Martin let her hop off to her car while he stood and watched her crank up and go. Once she was on her way down the road with the cart rolling along behind her Ford he turned to walk back to the parking garage so he could go home himself. Today wasn't too bad, and then he remember he could get off an hour earlier tomorrow, too. Not too bad at all!

Afterwards, Martin didn't have anything else planned for his Thursday, but Mitsy had given himself something to think about. Rather than sit at his computer and scroll through videos of chicks dildoing themselves he was relaxing on his couch with dick in hand. That perfect view of Mitsy holding up her skirt was still fresh in his mind. With his eyes shut and fist tightly wrapped around his thick shaft he could almost taste the sensation of the little collie's pussy wrapping around the crown of his cock.

He squeezed and drug his hand up and down his length. The mutt was wanting to simulate the act of prying her open with his fat knob. She was so short. To the middle of his shoulder at best. Jesus, his dick would ruin her if he ever fucked her. A grin grew on his muzzle at the lurid fantasy.

It was fine. Martin knew she was untappable and pristine. Some fine piece that no man like him would ever be allowed to varnish with a coat of milky primer. Yeah, it was all just fine by him. He was a man with a healthy sex life when he wanted it, and a healthier imagination when he didn't. Martin listened to her voice in his head panting and moaning for him as she writhed under this larger body. A close up view of his thick meat really opening her up until his swollen and engorged knot bumped against the lips of her cunt.

Those pretty eyes of hers looking up at him, wordlessly asking him to make it all fit inside of her. His hand was running up and down his shaft faster. He alternated between squeezing and relaxing. It was a poor substitute for a pussy clamping down rhythmically, but he'd been jerking himself off since he was 11 years old and could press his own buttons faster than the most talented of sluts. The mutt exhaled hard through his smile.

Martin leaned his head against the back of the couch. He needed this. The cum was bubbling up and tightening his balls. If it hadn't been one thing keeping him from getting laid it had been another. The mutt had a load to blow that was almost five days pent. He normally never went that long because if he did he'd start thinking too much with his dick. Cold showers only did so much for so long with his libido.

Martin considered blowing it right there on the couch, then washing up with a shower. So what if he made a mess over his polo? He could toss it in the hamper to do on the weekend. That, or he could take a hot shower and plaster the wall with a second coat of white paint.

His cock jerked once and spit a thick rope of precum. He groaned and slowed his hand down. Real easy like. Martin teased and edged himself. The mutt was feeling lazy. He would just edge right up to the limit and then hose his chest down. Really fucking milk his dick dry to the mental image of Mitsy wrapped tight around his cock as he pumped her full of-

His mother's ringtone. Martin jumped with surprise at the sound of his mother's custom ringtone blasting from his phone. His cock was throbbing and his hand let go of himself. Panting and staring left and right across the room he found his cell next to him on the couch and checked the screen. It was his mother's cellular, of course it was his mother. Of all the times for her to call her son she picks now!

"Hey, mom?" He answered without thinking. Martin always answered his momma when she called. She gave him a quick 'hello' and a 'how's your day been' followed by twenty minutes of her regaling him about her most recent trip to walmart before she finally got around to the point of her phone call. His dick was going flaccid and getting frustrated with its owner while Martin listened to his mother talk about their holiday plans for the upcoming 4th of July, which was still a whole month away.

Martin was grateful for Friday when it arrived. He had to spend the entire morning doing a last minute fix on Tom's desktop, which had eaten a fat load of ransomware due to Tom being an idiot and opening a too good to be true email. He kept watching the clock as he worked and found himself getting increasingly anxious to leave. Sometimes Fridays just really kicked you out of the door when you left, and today he was really feeling the kick in his britches.

He had Tom's PC fixed up by 10am by doing a full clean on his system and then loading him up with a backup from the server, which all took time. Fortunately nothing that couldn't be replaced was lost. Martin then had to pen an IT email to the entire company explaining AGAIN what ransomware, spyware, malware, and viruses were and urged everyone to

review the training documents that they'd all been given when they were hired and again at six month intervals. No one ever seriously read the documents and there would always be someone to blunder into a virus and fuck up their machine. It just kept Martin employed as a necessary cog in the greater machine.

The email took 30 minutes to write, spell check, then de-vulgar it. He wanted to cuss Tom out, but he was a gentle old man that knew how to code in an old language they still regularly used in-house. The guy could be a bit dim on all the new ways people had to fuck up your computer. Martin also didn't want HR to give him a talking to for being belligerent. Their HR bitch was a bitch in both senses of the word. Nice enough at company parties, that one, but not during work hours, no.

Martin was suppose to leave at 11, but he told Mitsy he'd visit her for lunch. There was a Starbucks across the street from his work so he could go there and grab a coffee if he left at 11, but then he'd have to sit and play on his phone for an hour. Or he could just eat early but he'd seen how busy her cart sometimes got and, as always, he wasn't too keen on waiting in line.

The mutt opted to leave at 11 on the dot and drove a half hour to Fry's, browsed for another half hour, then left empty handed and parallel parked close to Mitsy's cart a little after 12:30. As he turned off the ignition he made excuses as to why he did need to check Fry's. They all sucked so he locked his truck up with the excuse that he'd now get to flirt with Mitsy when she wouldn't have hardly any customers.

"Oh my gosh, Mr Martin! You missed the biggest rush!" Mitsy told him when he walked up to her cart. She was busy serving a middle aged tabby and her kid a hotdog each, then when they were on their way the little collie gave him her fullest attention.

"Must have been busy, then!" He told her with a smile. "Not too many people around anymore."

"Like, oh wow. I get days like today every now and then! I'm going to be so so exhausted when I get home, and I might even leave early, you know?"

"You can do that?" He said and pulled out his wallet to thumb through his bills.

Mitsy didn't ask for his order and he didn't bother to volunteer it. She remembered what he always ordered most days and he watched her prepare it for him. "Two this time, please."

"Hungry!" She said with a smile and finished the first dog and put it in a paper tray before starting up his second. He was already eating on the first one while she finished the second.

"So, I guess today was a good day to be a hot dog saleswoman?" He asked her. The tip jar on her counter was about halfway full of mixed bills and a half inch band of loose change on the bottom. He counted mostly one dollar bills in the jar, but there were some fives and at least one or two tens. He figured some people just waved a large bill at the collie so she'd see it, then put the whole thing in her jar saying 'keep the change'. Martin did it all the time.

"Oh yeah, I think I sold enough to maybe bring home..." she looked up at the ceiling of her cart's little red awning and seemed lost in her calculations. Martin noted her fingers counting. "Wow, like I know I sold at least 150 today so far."

"One hundred and fifty hot dogs?" He asked incredulously. That's a lot of hotdogs, he laughed. "Did a school bus full of kids pull up by any chance?"

"No, why?" She asked him seriously and he had to wave the question off as she'd not caught the sarcasm.

"A joke, Mitsy. I just didn't think you ever sold that much normally."

"Oh! I don't! Not here at least. It's not summertime so the beaches aren't as full of people, you know, and there are a lot of other carts out there I'd have to fight with for business." She explained and sat her elbows on the counter and watched him eat as she talked and he listened. "Like, I think on a normal weekday I sell 50-75 hot dogs a day if it's not a slow day."

"Like, I don't know why I had so many people today. There were a ton of people coming in and out of the Holiday Inn though. Lots of younger people and I had them buy a bunch of hotdogs, you know." She added.

"Might have been some kind of thing being held in a conference room. That Holiday Inn rents out space." Martin replied. There were two modest sized hotels in their immediate area that rented out spaces to public speakers and small scale conferences. Mitsy likely got lucky that there was something going on at the Holiday Inn. Good for her.

"Yeah, I guess so, but I'm not complaining!" She said with a bright look on her face. "It's nice when I make a lot really quick. I won't have to work late today to make what I need. I think I can sit around for another hour and if I don't get another rush then I'll pack up and head home."

"As soon as I leave I'll be going home. Nothing else for me to do today except enjoy the rest of my evening." He told her and finished his second hotdog. "How much?"

"7 dollars!" She told him and he picked his wallet up from where he'd left it on the counter and pulled out a 20 and handed it to her. She at first didn't move to take it. "I said 7, Mr Martin, not 20!"

"I'm tipping you extra for working so hard today to get through that rush of yours." He said and put the twenty on the counter and slid it to her.

"You don't need to do that! But I really appreciate it, Mr Martin." She told him and gently took the bill off the counter and slipped it into her money box.

"I trust you that you earned it, Mitsy." He said. Martin really didn't have any plans so he wasn't in any big rush to head off, and there weren't any other customers wanting a dog right at the moment. "So, what are your plans for the weekend?"

"Oh! Well, it's the last week of the month so I did my budget yesterday! I'll be able to, like, take off work ALL weekend!" She said excitedly. He guessed she kept track of how much she was making every week and if she hit a certain amount she let herself take a day off on the weekend. Smart, but he wondered how often she got to take two days off in a row. Best as he knew she tended to work some on the weekends normally.

"What you gonna do with all that free time?" He asked her. She clasped the hands together and propped her chin on her knuckles and sighed.

"You know, I might go to Applebee's tomorrow for dinner. I don't really need to do anything that costs a lot." She pouted. "What about you, Mr Martin?"

"There's a game I was planning on watching Sunday. I don't really have much else planned besides the game and tossing back a few cold ones." He admitted. His weekends were often uneventful and intermixed with outings with coworkers and a few friends here and there. He enjoyed having an open calendar. Then there were the weekends where Martin would take a girl home, but he wasn't going to volunteer that much information to

Mitsy's ears. Then he remembered with a figurative snap of the fingers, "I need to drop by the mall to pick up a new pair of dress slacks for work. I think that's the only errand I actually have to do. I just don't feel like doing it today."

"LUCKY!" She told him loud enough with so much excitement his eyes grew a size larger. "I love shopping for clothes! I'm so jealous!"

"Obviously!" he laughed. "It's just a pair of pants, Mitsy."

"Not JUST a pair of pants, you know!" She said and put her palms on the metal counter like she was going to scold him. "You have to do more than just pick out the size that fits! You need to find a color that matches your fur and the rest of your outfit, you need to check the brands to see if it's something that's in fashion, then there the style of pants. If it's classic, skinny, straight fit. You can't just yank a pair off the rack and be done, Mr Martin!"

"That's exactly what I've done for every single thing I own in my closet, Mitsy." He smiled truthfully at her. She inhaled and leaned away from the counter like she'd just been deeply, mortally, offended. He laughed as she exhaled and crossed her arms.

"Take me with you! I will pick you out a pair of pants that's GOOD." She said and poked the countertop with the sternest finger a 20 year hot dog salescollie could muster. Martin laughed loud and good.

"Seriously?" He asked her. Mitsy scowled at him, but if she thought she looked intimidating she was wrong. It came off as her being more adorable as hell than anything else.

"Yes, I'm serious!" she pouted. "You're this nice handsome man but, like, you always dress kinda shabby!"

Handsome! Shabby? How was Martin so suppose to feel about that backhanded compliment, he laughed at himself.

"Why am I shabby?" He asked with more light laughter.

"You always wear jeans, jeans, jeans, and I think you wear the same shirts every week I see you!" He held up his hands in mock defeat. Yeah, Martin liked to wear jeans and if he wore the same items multiple times it saved him on doing a bunch of loads in the wash. He was being efficient and practical!

"Are you trying to, like, save water or something, Mr Martin?" She asked as if she'd read his mind.

"No, Mitsy. Just me being a typical guy." He told her and she sighed.

"Can I please come with? I don't have anything else to do this weekend." She asked more quietly and he shrugged his shoulders. Should he? This was a crazy turn from her he hadn't been expecting. He could take her out there, sure, and let her pick him out a pair of slacks. Maybe grab lunch, too. That would be nice. Martin just didn't like the idea of teasing himself with a hot piece of ass he couldn't lay a finger on. It'd be torture, but Mitsy was kind of pouting at him and seemed like she was genuine about her desire to look for pants, and about not having anything to do.

"Sure, sure. You can tag along Mit--"

"Yay!" she cut him off excitedly with a clap. "Now I have plans!"

He sighed, but let himself laugh at the moment, too. "I was probably going to go around lunchtime so I can eat and get the pants." He told her.

"Do you want to meet up there?" She asked him. He thought about it. Martin didn't know where at she lived, so he asked her. She answered, "Oh, I live over in Lawson."

That's about where he lived. Well, technically. It's what he had to put down on his address even though he could argue he lived in Branson, as well. "I live in between Lawson and Branson. Why don't I just pick you up so you don't have to waste the gas?"

"Oh! I didn't know we were neighbors! Sure, I can give you my number so we can meet up at my apartment, you know." She said and Martin pulled out his phone. He wasn't going to put any extra thought into her giving him his number. No need to torture himself with dreams of things not meant to be. She read out her number and he thumbed it in, and as he did a familiar number autofilled on his screen since she'd already texted him the day before. Martin sent her a quick text that consisted of just his name.



"Ding dong." she said cutely and rapidly tapped away on her phone. Martin got a text reply from her saying she 'Got it! :D', then said. "I actually already had you in my phone from yesterday, oops!"

"Alright then." He replied with a smile. "How about I give you a text tomorrow morning and we can figure out where to go from there?"

"Sure thing, Mr Martin!" She returned his smile with one bigger than his own. His own broadened naturally in response to seeing her so happy. "I guess this means you're heading home now, huh?"

He shrugged and checked the time on his phone before returning it to his pocket. It was getting to be that time. Martin had already put off his return home by a good while so he could stop by to visit with Mitsy. He'd be seeing her again tomorrow soon enough, though.

"Yep." He told her, then added, "Don't keep yourself out here too late, Mitsy."

She smiled at him and dropped her elbows onto the counter to rest her chin on her hands again.

"I won't!" She said. "I hope your evening goes really good. And drive safe!"

"I hope yours does, too, Mitsy, and I will" Martin replied. He was able to pry himself away from her car to head back to his truck with the collie offering him a little wave goodbye. What a crazy Friday this turned out to be, he thought to himself.

Somehow he'd managed to not only get Mitsy's number, but also get a 'date' with her the next day. It'd just be to get some pants, but he figured it could be fun. Maybe Martin could volunteer to buy her a blouse or something so she wouldn't feel left out on the clothes shopping. He didn't figure a girl like her could keep her eyes off anything 'cute' and keep herself from going crazy.

His mother never called twice in a row, he considered, as he finished his evening with a beer and a lazy listen to sports radio. Martin could finish what he started the day before and get in a good wank, but a small nagging part of him whispered that he should delay another day. Nothing would happen tomorrow with Mitsy, but if he could buy her a cute blouse, like he'd already considered, then maybe he'd have some nice fuel for the imagination when he got home tomorrow evening. He kept his pants zipped, but let imagination keep running in the background.

---To be continued...---