

---Part Two---

His alarm had been beeping at him for about two minutes now, and Martin didn't much care to pull himself free of the blanket. After another few minutes of keeping his head below the covers he knew the alarm wasn't going to silence itself. It was getting irritating and he certainly wasn't going to be able to sleep again after all that racket. The obnoxious klaxon of the alarm had robbed him of his peace of mind.

Yanking down the covers he could feel the ceiling fan spinning overhead. The fan wobbled gently in a small circle and he could feel the little brushes of wind across his fur while he blinked the remnants of his slumber away from his eyes. The mutt tossed off the blanket and dragged himself upright before tapping the button on the alarm to silence its cries. A hand wiped across his face and over the fur of his cheeks to smooth over the cowlick from being mashed into the pillow. Now he needed a good shower.

The mutt knew he didn't have all the time in the world today like he would have normally. Today wasn't a normal Saturday. He needed to text Mitsy sooner or later. His alarm was set to go off at 6am every day so he at least had time aplenty for a shower and some clean up. If he'd been going to the mall by himself he wouldn't have cared much about what he looked like, but Mitsy was going to be there and he was feeling that he should present himself a little better than 'shabby'.

It wasn't a date though.

Martin took a quick shower and dried himself off enough to stand in front of the mirror without dripping water all over his floor mat. His cell phone started ringing from the living room, but he ignored it for the moment. If it was important they'd leave a message. Martin combed his fur and hair until he looked sharp, then ran his hands all across his scalp and face to reinsert a little bit of tussle to his look. He smiled at himself and his handiwork, then took a big swig from the bottle of mouthwash on the counter.

While the blue liquid burned and sizzled in his mouth he searched his closet for something to wear and settled on his casual date outfit. Martin's closet was full of clothing, but he only ever wore items from a narrow band in the middle of the rack. Everything to the left and right of that band were items he hadn't worn in months, and in some cases even years.

The tuxedo was from his sister's wedding. He wondered if it even fit him still. Martin was skinny like a pencil back in those days. Now he'd built up too much mass and he doubted he'd be able to pull it on if he was ever

asked to attend a wedding. He found the two pieces he needed and pulled them off the rack before stepping back in the bathroom to spit the mouthwash in the sink.

What he'd picked out was a pair of slim cut jeans that made everything below the belt look nice. At least, that's based off the general reaction he got from the women he'd been with. The shirt was just a green short sleeved polo with a little black and white stripe on the end of the sleeves. He thought it looked nice, and it help show off his chest. On that note he didn't need a woman to point out that it looked good.

The phone had only rung for 3 or 4 goes so Martin tugged the shirt on and let the pants hang out on the bed while he walked half naked into the living room to check his messages. One swipe later and he saw he had 1 missed call, several text messages, a voicemail, and some email notifications. His eyes opened wide in surprise when he saw everything but the emails were from Mitsy.

He looked through the texts. The first was a little after 5:30 and read, "I woke up early! DX", which was then followed by, "I hope I didn't wake you! XD."

Martin shrugged and sat down on the couch and kept reading. About ten minutes after the first two texts she sent a string of three. These altogether read as, "You're probably still asleep! I just wanted to let you know that since I woke up early you don't have to wait around for me! I'm making myself breakfast!"

That was then followed by a photo she'd sent to him that was of a bowl of Lucky Charms. Martin leaned back on the couch and crossed one leg over the other. He went to check the voicemail.

"Good morning, Mister Martin! I'm sorry I'm, like, blowing up your phone so much! I'm just really excited at getting to do something this weekend, you know? I didn't have any plans at all and I was just going to end up sitting at home and watching the Friends marathon that's on. But please don't rush yourself this morning! Take your time getting ready because, like, I kinda invited myself to come with you, ok? Well, I'll hear from you a little later then, Martin! Thank you so so much!"

She really must have been unhappy about not having plans, he thought. Mitsy must not be the type to deal very well with being lonely, which made a lot of sense. Her overall demeanor was about as extroverted as could be, by his estimate. Bottle her up in a room by herself and she'd be very sad or just go crazy. Well, he guessed he could give her a quick text and see what she's up to.

Martin typed in a message and hit send. All he did was tell her good morning and that he was getting ready. He thought a moment more and sent another text to her that read, "And you weren't bothering me any, Mitsy."

As soon as he'd sent it a reply came in from her, followed by another quick reply to the text he'd just sent. She must have been sitting with her phone in hand for her to respond that quick.

"Hi! Good morning!!! :D" she'd sent, then followed up by, "And that's good! I was being so trigger happy with messages, I'm so sorry!"

Martin popped his neck and stood. One pair of boxers and his jeans later and he was dressed and dialing Mitsy's phone. The collie was answering him before the phone even finished its first ring. "Good morning, Mr Martin!"

"Morning, Mitsy, how're you?" The mutt replied and stepped into his kitchen while Mitsy regaled him on how she was doing, as well as giving him another apology for texting him so much so early in the morning. Martin told he wasn't bothered at all, but that he was surprised she had her alarm set to go off this early on a Saturday morning.

"Aren't young twenty somethings supposed to sleep in on the weekends?" He asked.

"Well, I do work my cart most weekends, you know! Like, people all come in to the beaches before lunch and I got to be there for them when they get hungry! Especially before my competition shows up." She explained. Martin told her that he figured she was right, then pulled a bottle of water from the fridge for himself so he'd have something to drink while Mitsy gabbed. He went over to the front door and wiggled his feet into his shoes that he never untied the laces on. Saved time that way.

Mitsy was now going on about how the mall will open at 8 and if they both wanted to be there when they opened, or did he want to wait. It was clear she was deferring to whatever Martin wanted to do. Her enthusiasm for the trip was unexpected, but her willingness to acknowledge that she had more or less imposed herself on him today was appreciated. Hopefully she'd keep good on that and not push for an all day ridiculous adventure. Martin kinda wanted to... do nothing today.

"I can finish getting myself ready and drive over to pick you up. We can get there about when they open. Shouldn't be too busy, right?" He said.

"No, I wouldn't think so! At least not for the first hour I guess."

"Probably, but we can make it there for 8, ok?" Martin asked her.

"Yeah, sure!" She replied with enthusiasm. He smiled and scratched himself.

"Alright then, Mitsy. Let me let you go so I can finish up. Send me your address so I can know where to find you." He told her and she started telling him her address verbally before he cut her off, "Text, Mitsy, text. I'm not going to remember all that this early in the morning."

She apologized and he laughed. He managed to get her to hang up so he could go back to sitting on the couch. Martin was dressed, had a fresh mouth, hair combed kinda nice. Now he just needed to check her address and see how hard it'd be to find her. That, and wait around until he felt like heading out to get her. He looked over at the clock on the wall to see the time, then considered jerking off real quick to keep himself 'cooled off' during his trip with Mitsy, but decided against it. He'd probably thank himself later since whatever she wore today would probably be cute enough to give his imagination plenty of material to play with later in the day. The memory of that gorgeous little thong she'd worn on Thursday played back to him in his head, and yeah, Martin thought he'd wait until after he got an eyeful of whatever she wore to the mall. Let that feast work up an appetite he could vent off like a geyser later in the shower.

At 8:15 Mitsy was touching Martin's arm gently to get his attention while they entered the mall. The mutt had gotten himself to Mitsy's little apartment to pick her up and then on to the mall. They'd arrived a little too early and the doors weren't open yet so they had to sit in his truck for about ten minutes before being allowed in. Mitsy chatted the entire time about things in the mall she'd seen the last time she was there that she thought were cute.

"We could go to Dillards! And then if they don't have anything good there we could try Penny's on the other end, or do you like Express stuff better?" She asked.

"I'm not blowing 80 dollars on jeans, Mitsy." He laughed. Mitsy giggled.

"Boys!" She said loudly and grabbed him by the elbow and urged him onward to Dillard's. The crowds were thin and few with it being so early. She led him to the men's section and Martin could see her eyes darting and scanning the racks and shelves of pants for anything and everything that

her gaze could see looking good on the mutt's legs. Her devotion to clothes shopping was admirable.

"I don't really care either way." Martin replied to her when she asked if he liked any brands in particular. This gave her a smile and she stepped ahead of him and started going over items on a shelf full of marked down items.

Martin had his first opportunity to check her out since picking her up. She'd been watching the parking lot of her building like a hawk and when she saw his truck pull up she was already locking her door and skipping down the handful of steps that led to the curb. The girl had actually hugged him with the biggest smile on her face and he was bewildered by her spunky attitude.

Normally women weren't that eager and happy to spend time with him. At least, not when the plan was to go buy pants. He'd had plenty of women that were clearly looking forward to spending the night with him, but the enthusiasm there was of a different flavor and texture. This thing with Mitsy was a different kind of 'meal' than Martin was familiar with. There was an enormous spunk and enthusiasm to her, but it was without the overt sexual or manipulative nature Martin was used to from the women he typically chatted up. Maybe it was because Mitsy was just younger than him. His usual women were normally in their mid to late twenties and sometimes in their thirties. The collie was also awfully 'pure.'

Pure could hardly describe the women he was accustomed to bedding over the last few years. Women that loved a good pump and dump weren't much for wearing white unless it was to hide the stains.

Mitsy bent herself over the shelf and ran a finger over one of the folder pairs of slacks while her other hand tapped her lips with the tip of her finger thoughtfully. Martin was thoughtful, too, as he pondered over that posterior shrink wrapped inside a pair of black leggings. Yanking them down and salivating at the cute thong now revealed.

God, Martin wished he wasn't so tall and that she'd bend over a little more. He couldn't actually see her ass from under her grey skirt, but the backs of her legs were slick as shit with that thin black material hugging her muscles and curves all the fucking way up until they vanished beneath the hem of her pleats.

She stood back up and dropped her hands to her hips in a pout. His eyes were at her eye level by the time she turned to look at him. "Let's keep looking, these pants won't look any good on you."

"Sure thing, Mitsy." He smiled and let her lead the way the entire time while he stole looks at her backside. Yeah, he'd be thanking himself later when his head was full of gorgeous imagery of fruits man wasn't meant to pluck. Martin would Adam the ever living shit out of her Eve. He smiled, and silenced a chuckle, at no one in particular at the subsequent thought of what Mitsy's peach would look like wrapped around his banana.

"Oh! This pair! Do you like grey?" She said with joy and picked a pair off a rack and showed them to him. He dismissed the dirty thoughts and looked at the pair. They looked like a perfectly normal pair of slacks to his eyes. A normal pair of pants. He shrugged with defeat and slipped his hands into his pockets.

"They look fine to me, Mitsy. I think I wear a size up from that though." Mitsy listened, then put the pair she pulled back on its rack and retrieved a similar looking one and folded it over her arm.

"Ok! Let's find a few more and you can try them on, ok?" she smiled and he smiled back. She turned on a heel and bounced along and he shrugged his shoulders a little more and went back to watching her ass while he followed along behind her. He didn't like clothes shopping, but he did like the view.

A half hour later he was standing in the men's dressing room with Mitsy sitting on a bench just outside the doorway in the hallway. She'd given him four pairs of slacks to try on. He was already wearing the grey pair Mitsy had picked out first and they fit. Well, he could probably tighten his belt an extra notch and then they'd fit. The legs were too long, but everything else was alright. He took them off and draped them over the top of the stall door.

"Well!" The collie asked from the other side. Martin could hear her tapping her feet on the floor eagerly in anticipation.

"They're ok, but the legs are a couple inches too long." He said, then grabbed up the next pair, which was a pair of khakis. Martin heard her groan from the other side.

"Should I go find a shorter pair?" She asked with some odd note of longing. He stood upright and finished hoisting the khakis up his legs and wiggled his hips to work them into place. It was a different brand so they fit a little differently. The legs were tighter and he felt like he was wearing skinny jeans. He liked showing off, but skinny jeans weren't his thing.

"No. Let's wait until I try on the rest." He said and started pulling off the pair. "And these khakis fit like skinny jeans."

He tossed them over the door. "Is that a bad thing?" She asked from the other side.

"I don't work at Starbucks, Mitsy."

"Now, I don't know what that's supposed to mean, Mister Martin, but they have really good expensive coffee that I can't afford!" She said, and Martin couldn't tell if she was making a joke or seriously scolding him. Probably a mixture of both.

"Skinny jeans don't look good on me." He replied with a lie. Martin looked good in anything below the belt that weren't cargo pants, but truth be told he just didn't want to wear pants that threatened to outline his package or define a moose knuckle. He had too much meat down there to bother with that much attention being drawn to his crotch all day, and especially at work what with HR and all leering at him with the evil eye.

"I disagree!" She called out to him and tapped her foot on the worn out carpeting. Martin yanked up the third pair and got them buttoned. This pair was some kind of dark khaki shade, and they fit really well. Straight legged, didn't cling to him too much, and wouldn't need to use his belt to hold them up if he had shit all up in his pockets.

The mutt tucked the edge of his polo into the slacks and opened the door. "I like these." He told her and stepped out. Mitsy jumped up and started examining him intently. Her eyes sized him up with slow and careful study he found awfully silly looking, then added, "And you've never seen me in skinny jeans."

"One of your pairs of jeans is straight leg fit and I can tell if they were skinny you'd look good in them." She replied without missing a beat.

"So you can tell what I'd look good in without ever seeing me in it?" He asked her with a quick laugh. The collie leaned back on her heels and stared down one pant leg, then roamed her eyes up the other leg. Finally she smiled.

"I like them." She said confidently, then continued with, "And if a girl knows what she's doing then yes, she can tell what you'd look good in, Martin!"

"Uh huh." He replied. Martin pulled the grey pair off the door and handed them to Mitsy. "Go find a pair of these with an inch less on the length and waist, and I'll get them and this pair I'm wearing now."

"You didn't even try on the brown pair!" She scolded them and hugged the grey slacks to her chest. He shrugged.

"It's fine Mitsy. I like these two. I'll just get them, ok?" He told. She groaned, but gave up without further protest. She marched off and out of the dressing room while he returned to his stall and changed back into his original pair. He left the brown pair and the skinny slacks behind for an employee to deal with.

Martin found Mitsy with the replacement pair of greys and drew her to the cashier. The collie was commenting on if he needed to pick up any other clothes, since he wore the same things over and over again.

"Nah, not right now at least. Work is giving us all some new company polos at the end of the month when we do our annual picnic." Martin explain. The fox behind the counter looked barely awake and sluggishly rung up his two items, then took his debit card and swiped it through the machine.

"Oh! What's that about?" Mitsy asked.

"Just a work picnic. Company supplies the food and they give out free polo shirts for everyone. Their handing out a grey one and a white one this year." He said, which prompted a loud groan from her that caught even the fox's noticed. Martin retrieved his card back from the fox's outstretched russet hand.

"But you already have those colors!" He rolled his eyes, but not at her. She was too busy reaching out to pick up the plastic bag containing his pants to notice his expression anyway.

"I'm sure they'll look fine. They'll be brand new!" He said and patted her on the shoulder to guide her away from the counter. She wandered away and started leaning over a display table full of blue jeans. Martin stepped around the table so he could watch her from the opposite side. With her leaning over he caught a glimpse at her chest, and smiled to himself. She sighed and stood back upright to look at him.

"I'm getting hungry, Martin!" She said and smiled at him from the other side of the rack. Martin slipped his hands back into his pockets and

asked her what she felt hungry for. "Maybe chinese. The asian wok place here is really good!"

Martin then pulled his hand out of his pocket along with his phone to check the time. "I doubt they're open. Probably only place that's open is the donut shop and that granny's pretzel place."

The collie shrugged and let out a feminine groan. "And it's Auntie Anne's, Martin, not granny's."

"Either way, I think we can browse a little more if you want, Mitsy." He told her.

"You have two pairs picked out though. I can't possibly torture you anymore with shopping!" She pointed at him exaggeratedly and he laughed. He sighed and looked at her more, which made her expression fade from mock intensity to that of a questioning look. "What's the matter?"

"I'm tempted to let you look for something, Mitsy. As a—" before he even could finish she was waving her hands in the air from side to side. "To thank you, Mitsy. It's no big deal."

"I can't let you spoil me!" She said and stepped around the clothes rack and poked him in the shoulder. She was giving her best stern mother face while looking right up at him, but it only made him smile. She would never be able to discipline a child with a cute face like that. "Martin!"

"So you don't want to try on something cute?" He asked her, and she groaned and balled her fists up at her side. With one cute stamp of a foot she squinted at him. Her dramatic show of emotion was adorable, and he wondered if this was typical behavior for her when out of her little hotdog cart uniform. He kept on smiling at her patiently.

"I do want to try on something cute." She gave in with a shrug. Martin took a step closer and put his hands on her shoulders and turned her right around.

"I think the women's section is that way." He said and tucked her shirt tag back under the collar of her top. From his high vantage he was pleased to see the swell of her bust. Martin didn't mind spending more time with her this morning, and lunch wouldn't be a bad deal at all. There were worse ways to spend a Saturday.

"I know where it is, Martin!" She pouted and looked back at him. "But can we not shop here I don't like what they have most of the time."

"Lead the way. We can look at stuff for you until lunchtime." She smiled real big and let herself lean backwards so he had no choice but to catch her again with his hands on her shoulders.

"Thank you, Martin." She said kinda quietly. He dipped his head low so he could say just as quietly-

"You're welcome, Mitsy. Now scoot along so you can get there before all the other girls do." And scoot along she did. Martin noticed as they walked that she was growing more happy and chipper as they went along. She turned and smiled at him as they left Dillard's and asked him where he'd like to shop at next.

"You pick." He told her. She pretended to frown. "I'm not the one who's going to wear it, Mitsy!"

"But you'll get to help me pick them out though!" She said and stopped so he could step to up next to her. She giggled and slipped her arm in his and hugged it. "I've never been clothes shopping with a boy to help me before."

Martin smiled down at her and felt... that flutter. The little collie was adorable as hell and now she was clinging to his arm like some high school sweetheart. Holy shit, he thought. This was turning into date material awfully fast he was now realizing, but with Mitsy being Mitsy he wasn't going to make a single damn assumption. You don't rebuff a guy for months on end when he's flirty with you only to turn on a dime and sudden go doughy eyed for him. The mutt left his hands in his pockets, but he did respond to her with a tightening of his arm around hers to press her elbow into his side.

"Well, if you insist that I pick a place out..." He started, then considered his options. Martin never went clothing shopping for girls. He knew what a girl would look pretty in, but what he thought looked pretty seldom matched what she thought would look pretty. That's why he usually just walked in and bought a gift card. Better to let the lady pick out her own outfit than risk having it blow up on him. Martin decided he'd make both Mitsy and himself happy by going to a place they'd both enjoy. "Let's go to that store you like. The one you used my gift card at."

Mitsy bounced on her feet excitedly. "But that'll be such a tease!" She whined and leaned her head against his shoulder. He was starting to smile too much and looked ahead of them and started tugged her along by the arm

to get her to walk with him. She tagged along step for step with her arm strung in with his. And yeah, it would be a tease, but mostly for him and his vivid imagination.

"Why is that?" He asked her. She looked up at him and stuck out her tongue.

"Because I'm just going to try stuff on, Martin! Not take any of it with me. It'll be TORTURE." She scolded him, then beamed with a giggle. Martin chuckled. Did she think he was taking her to a chick store just so she could window shop?

"I was planning on buying you something, Mitsy." He told her and she stopped suddenly, which yanked on his arm and he had to stop. Looking down at her he could tell she was caught in a spot where she wanted so much to be overjoyed at his generosity, but also in a position where she ought to refuse that same kindness.

"Martin, you don't really need to." She told him. He smile and squeezed her arm with his gently.

"Yeah, I know." He said. "But I'm still gonna."

She paused for a moment, then smiled and hugged herself to his arm real tight and started walking again. He followed along beside her with the collie guiding their feet to their next destination. "Thank you, Martin."

"You're welcome, Mitsy." He told her honestly. It felt nice having a chick on his arm that actually had some real integrity. The mutt could tell she was really conflicted, but also happy, that he was being so generous with her. Martin felt it was a great change of pace from the one night stand types of women that milked his wallet and his cock before bolting off to find the next pogo stick to ride. Sure, Martin picked those women out himself so it wasn't like he could blame them for what they were. It just felt nice having a 'marriage material' sort of girl around him for a change.

Mitsy had a different feel to her. Part of it was her youth. She was full of energy and had an optimistic personality that women older than her seemed to lack. Martin also felt completely comfortable with treating her good. He was going to buy her some 'cute' shit today, and get to see her try it on, too. That'd be fun, and it'd be money spent on a girl that he didn't think he'd be regretting afterwards. Unlike his usual dates he felt that this time he'd part ways with the girl feeling like he hadn't wasted his time or money. He was letting himself get all mushy over this ditsy girl named Mitsy. He blinked hard once and cleared his mind a

little by casting a glance down at her top. The collie was smiling and walking alongside him with her head resting against his arm. He wound up watching her face more than he did her bust.

So when they got to her favorite store, Josie's, they were both feeling pretty good about it. Martin had convinced himself he was happy because he'd see her wear something hot, and disregarded the other thoughts swimming beneath the surface, and Mitsy was beginning to jabber on about how there were sale signs on a bunch of the racks.

"I hope the sales are good, Martin!" She said with awe as they walked inside. Mitsy let go of his arm finally and skipped ahead and found herself an employee. The two women chatted about the sales that the store was having while Martin cast glances at the various racks of women's clothing, Mitsy's skirt clad tush, then back to more clothing racks.

Now that he was back in the store he felt that ever familiar strange sensation come over him. It was a weird sense of wrongness that a man felt when he was literally in a no man's land. Everything sold at Josie's was for women and he felt out of place. Even just walking to the counter to buy a gift card was weird. The lady's working here didn't give him any shit about it, as they seemed more than happy to sell him a 50\$ gift card, but he still didn't much care to be here.

He was with Mitsy though. That made it better, and it also meant he had a pretty powerful excuse to be here, too. You know, since the little lady wanted him to help her find something cute. The collie stepped back over to him with a look of elation.

"She said that everything in the store is marked down! They're moving to a new location on the other side of the food court so they are trying to clear out their stuff!" She said excitedly with fist clenched in front of her chest triumphantly. The look in her eyes was intense like she was hyped for a great battle. It was almost infectious.

"Sounds good! You got anything in mind?" He asked her with a smile. She shifted her weight back to her heels and look thoughtfully at the ceiling while she crossed her arms over her chest to tap a finger at her chin. The expressive display was cute. He liked that she made liberal use of body language.

"Why don't you pick out a cute top?" He volunteered. She looked at him.

"Ooh, what kind?" She asked, and he shrugged. He didn't know what kind of top. Women had as many styles of tops as a man had choices in fantasy football. The mutt opted to just describe what he knew.

"I'm kinda boring. I like tshirts." He said. A busty girl in a tight fit tee that hugged her nice and snug? Yeah, those were always fun. Sweaters, too. Mitsy would look good in a snug fit sweater that hugged her 'puppies' all around. Mitsy returned to crossing her arms over her chest as she turned to scan the store. Martin scanned how her forearms depressed her bust and made the fabric pull tight wherever her breasts were squeezing out from under her arm. She dropped her arms and he darted his eyes up to her face in time for her to face him with the prettiest smile. She reached out and grabbed his hand and tugged at him to follow.

"Let's look here!" She said and led him to a display rack full of shelves with various tees neatly folded on them in little piles. Josie's mostly sold lingerie, swimwear, and nice casual items, but it looked to Martin like they had little racks scattered about full of cheaper (by his estimation) items that were just tshirts and little booty shorts.

"Cartoons?" He laughed when he looked at some of the shirts. Half of the shirts were a shade of magenta or pink, and they were decaled with cartoon characters. He recognised some of them. Nothing vintage, but definitely stuff from when he was a kid.

"Yeah they have some silly stuff! I could go to the Hot Topic and find a better selection though." She said and picked up a light green shirt with a cartoon cowboy printed on the front. "I keep a bunch of silly shirts like this for when I'm just sitting at home."

"You don't have to actually try on a tshirt, Mitsy. They got nicer looking stuff here." Martin said. She put down the green shirt and lifted up a red one that featured a pair of cartoon cat chicks that reminded him of Japan.

"This show was so cute!" She said and pulled the shirt to her chest. "And I know! But you said you liked tshirts so I can try on at least one, right?"

He couldn't argue with that smile, so he replied with one of his own. "Sure, Mitsy. Pick out a few things. You can try them all on at once."

Continuing her smile she rocked her weight on her hip and spun on a heel and began to lightly step through the many racks of items. Martin happily followed her along.

Mitsy had him chasing her around the store for about a half hour. A few times he felt like he should lag back out of courtesy since she kept

dipping her toes over into the lingerie section, but every time it seemed like the distance between them widened she found a reason to call him over. Just like how she had sized him up when trying out pants she was expertly checking over blouses and skirts, bras, panties, and then off to the swimwear.

Every now and then she'd hold something up to herself and turn about to ask him what he thought. He gambled on just being bluntly honest with his answers. Like, he was planning to pay for it after all, right?

"This is a cute top!" She lifted a yellow blouse with teensy tiny beads stitched around the collar. The buttons on the front looked like they were made of the same stuff that makes seashells get that rainbow silver sheen. She draped all the items she had already picked out over her free arm and held the blouse over her chest. Martin liked that it was sleeveless, but he didn't care for the buttons.

"It's ok." He told her, and she pouted. Martin shrugged in defense. "I don't like the buttons!"

"Hmm." She said and flipped the blouse around to look at it again herself. She pinched her lips together in thought, then hung it back on its rack. "Martin, how about you pick me out something!"

"Me?" He asked with a chuckle. She fixed a crease in the skirt she'd draped over the other items in her small collection before hugging the whole lot of them to her chest.

"Mhmm!" She said and rocked back on her heels and then to balls of her feet. Martin opened his mouth to say something, saw her tail wag about behind her happily, then shut himself up. "Don't be shy! I'm sure you can pick out something cute!"

She started giggling and he gave up. "Alright, alright. You twisted my arm, Mitsy."

He started looking around the store. Martin's height gave him a fair vantage to scope out the different sections of Josie's. It wasn't that big of a store. The mutt caught sight of another display rack of swimsuits. Martin was going to pick her out a swimsuit, he decided. "SO?" Mitsy said and stepped closer to him.

Martin took her by the shoulders and spun her around gently and then nudged her along toward the swimsuits he'd seen. "Oh!" She said when she realized where he was leading her. Martin stepped around her when they

reached the rack he'd been aiming for and leaned over it to thumb his way through the multi colored array of items.

Each arm of the rack had a mixture of bikinis. The sign sticking out of the top of the center bar said everything on the rack was half off. With that in mind Martin picked out a yellow bikini, but Mitsy reached out and very lightly smacked his wrist. When he turned to look at her for what was wrong she had this look that told him he'd committed a bad. "I wear this size, Martin." And she reached her hand over to tap on an identical bikini that had a different number on the plastic label. Martin chuckled. Oh.

"I don't know women's sizes, Mitsy." He said. She giggled back in reply.

"I know, but it's not hard to learn!" She said cheerfully. "Just need to remember my size and you'd be fine!"

Just remember what *her* size is, huh? Martin smiled and thought that he could manage that. He'd remembered her birthday after all hadn't he? He put the incorrectly sized bikini back and retrieved the one that she'd pointed out. Seeing the size on the hanger he continued on through the rack of bikinis until he had to start stepping around it to look at what the other arms had hanging on them. Mitsy watched him with interest and when he pulled off a second item she was smiling.

"I think you'd look good in purple." He told her and handed her the two items. She took them both into her arms with the other things she had in hand. "Think you have enough to try some things on?"

"Plenty!" She said excitedly and asked if he wanted to see what they looked like on her.

"I'd love to, Mitsy!" The mutt replied with confidence as the young collie turned to skip her way to the dressing rooms. Martin followed the happy girl until they got to the dressing rooms. "I'll wait."

Mitsy stopped and spun about to look at him with a bit of confusion. Martin lifted a hand and pointed at the wall next to the doorway to the dressing rooms. A small plaque was tacked to the wall which read 'Just for Gals, Sit tight Pal!' The collie huffed and turned to pout in his direction.

"I forgot they don't let boys into the dressing rooms!" She said apologetically.

"It's fine, Mitsy. I'll just sit here and you can try something on and come out." He said and gestured to the one lonely stool that sat beneath the plaque. Mitsy looked at the stool and then back at him and pouted again.

"Well, ok, but I promise I'll be quick!" She said and he shooed her back to the dressing rooms before sliding the stool away from the wall so he could comfortably sit. Before dropping his keester on the stool he noted that the seat was inscribed with the words 'For boyfriends and husbands only!'. Well then, he thought to that. He certainly was letting her shop for clothes like a boyfriend would, that was for sure.

When she came back out she was wearing the cartoon tshirt she'd picked out first and the skirt. It wasn't a matching pair of items, but they didn't need to be for him to figure if they looked hot on her. "Well?" She said with a big smile and spun around slowly to let him see all of herself.

The tee was a perfect fit. The mutt had to be careful with his eyes as he watched how the pliable fabric of the shirt clung to her body and wrapped around her ample bust. When her little circle maneuver was completed he could see that the outline of her bra was clear and distinct. When she was back to facing him it was clear that whatever she was wearing was really working double duty to keep those puppies of hers hoisted high and in place. And yeah, the skirt was cute, too. He need to actually look at the skirt to be honest with himself. He drew a circle in the air with a finger for Mitsy to do another turn around and she obediently did it, but spinning in the opposite direction. She seemed visibly happy to be showing off the items for him.

Similar to the shirt she was wearing the skirt was tight to her body, but mostly to her butt. She really filled it out. It wasn't pleated, and stopped around her knees but the waist was high enough to disappear under the hem of the tshirt. "What kind of skirt is this?"

"It's a pencil skirt!" She said excitedly, then pinched the bottom of the shirt and lifted it a bit so Martin could see where the top of the skirt was. He saw the fluffy fine fur of her stomach and was pleased to see it. "They come up really high like this. It's kind of a business look, don't you think?"

"I think it looks really sharp on you Mitsy!" He told her, and scanned back up her front and found her glittering eyes looking back at him. "And the shirt is really cute. I hope you decide to get it."

"I will!" The collie replied. "Now let me go try on the other stuff real quick so we can go eat, Martin!"

She padded off back into the dressing rooms and he leaned backwards to pop his back. He noticed two of the girls working the cash register talking quietly to each other while casting glances his direction. This made him feel more self-conscious than he preferred to be feeling.

When Mitsy emerged the second time she was wearing the other day wear items she'd picked out. Mitsy had only picked out a few things for herself, but he could tell her fingers were wanting to be so much stickier and grab up several other things, too. It was nice to see her using self restraint with her shopping on his dime.

"Ok, here are these!" She said, and slowly did a turn around for him. She had on a pale blue sleeveless button down thing with a ruffled collar and a pair of skinny fitted jeans. The blouse was tight enough to make the buttons strain as they fought to contain her chest. Martin wondered if that was an intentional choice on Mitsy's part since she was acting very happy about what she was wearing. Either way, both items hugged her body and showed off her features like the two items before them.

"I think both of those look great!" Martin said with a light clap on his knee. She beamed at him and started telling him about how she really liked the blue jeans the most since they were really comfortable.

"Like, yeah! These will be so good to wear! And they have little hearts embroidered on the back pockets, see?" She said and turned so he could look at her butt. Sure enough there were little embroidered hearts on both her back pockets. It made Martin wonder if the stitching had rendered the pockets useless but he guessed it didn't matter. Women didn't seem to use their pockets very much if designers had stopped bothered with making them big enough to hold anything larger than a credit card.

"Cute!" He said. The collie turned back around and Martin heard her stomach growl. Her ears flicked down with embarrassment and he laughed. "Hungry?"

"Well, yeah!" She said. He pointed over to the dressing room.

"Well the faster you get these picked out the faster we can eat, Mitsy." The mutt explained, and she playfully stuck her tongue out at him and went back off to the dressing room. She was gone for longer this time and when she returned she was back into her original outfit with everything else folded in her hands. The two bikinis were off their hangers.

"Did the swimsuits not fit?" He asked her.

"No, they did! They were so so good!" She said, but let her ears droop. "I just... didn't think it would be polite if I walked out in their store in just a bikini. I wish they let guys in the hallway at least. I'd have let you see!"

"Ha, well I'm sure that if you think they look great on you I would too. You think you want these then?" He asked.

Mitsy looked down at the six items she'd tried on and bit her lip.

"I know it's all on sale, but it'll still be a lot." She said. "I should put something back, which ones do you think I should get?"

Martin stood up from the stool. With a smile he surprised her with both hands on her shoulders and turned her around manually until she was aimed at the cash register. "Get all of them. I don't mind."

She turned her head sharply and looked up at him. Her face looked guilty, but he squeezed her shoulders gently and told her it was fine. "I don't mind, Mitsy. I can afford it."

"It's not about affording it..." She said. "I feel bad. You wouldn't be buying me things if I hadn't talked you into letting come with you today."

"And I'd feel bad if I knew you were sitting at home by yourself with nothing or no one to spend time with. I'd really enjoy buying you some cute clothes." The mutt told her and watched her smile slowly return.

"You're a good person." She whispered. He wanted to say something back to that, but found himself bereft of things to say. 'Good person', she'd said. If Martin had anything to say about himself it was that he was a horn dog with no higher ambitions and low standards. It made him feel awkwardly flattered that Mitsy would compliment him like that.

"I don't know about all that, but I do know we're both hungry." He tried to laugh and urged her onward. She nodded with a little smile and together they went to the cash register. The total ended up ringing to the tune about about 260 dollars. The skirt and pants were the main culprits. Martin did in fact have the money. He tended to sit on his cash

with his only expenses being his monthly bills and bar tabs. He was surprisingly good with his money most months out of twelve.

"Thank you." She said as they left the store with Mitsy holding onto her two bags and Martin with his one.

"You're welcome, Mitsy." He replied and went to check his phone. It was just about to be 11:00. Most of the food joints should be open by now and Martin was starting to feel his own hunger starting to bite. "So what you want to eat?"

Mitsy hung her bags over one wrist and made a dramatic display with the other for where she wanted to eat. The collie pointed her finger with the intensity of a spunky twenty year old girl at the Chik-Fil-A across the food court. "I want nuggets!"

"Then let's go get nuggets." He chuckled and let her lead the way. The food court wasn't too terribly packed. It was going to get to that point sure enough though with it being so close to 12. The line they had to get in to order their food was making Martin's skin crawl. He hated lines, but Mitsy wanted Chik-Fil-A. The chinese place she'd mentioned earlier had a third of the line and he was thinking about how much nicer it would be to get a little sweet and sour in him. Or the Sbarro. They had good pizza.

"So what you gonna get?" She asked and stepped closer to him while they inched along in the line step by step.

"Probably just a 12 count." he told her, and she elbowed him.

"You'll get fat! I'm going to get a 8 count of the grilled nuggets." Mitsy replied and he felt her free arm slip into his own to hug it. He looked ahead to the front of the line and allowed himself to squeeze her arm with his as he stuck the same hand back into his pocket.

"They any good?" He asked, keeping the topic on food. "The grilled nuggets?"

"The regular nuggets are actually better, but the grilled ones are better for you." She said with a sigh.

"Don't girls give themselves cheat days when they diet?"

"Well, yeah! I kinda already used my cheat day to eat a hotdog though." Martin laughed at that.

"Order the regular nuggets and a large fry with a large drink." He told her. She turned and gave him an exaggerated look of abject horror fit for a slasher flick.

"I'll get chunky!" She said and a few others in line cast glances their way, but Mitsy didn't seem to notice. Martin pulled his hand back out of his pocket to break free of her arm so he could wrap her shoulders in a side hug. She leaned into the hug he'd offered her.

"Do it anyway. I promise you won't get chunky."

"You're so bad, Martin!" She playfully scolded him. "Does this mean you're going to make me let you buy me lunch, too?"

He smiled at her. "I can't ask you to risk gaining weight and not pay the price for it, can I?"

She smiled back and sighed. "Noooope."

Martin ordered their meals and a few minutes later they were seated. The mutt had gone the easy route and ordered exactly what she'd ordered. She was happily reveling in the sinful act of enjoying a 12 count box of classic nuggets. The collie popped one in her mouth and smiled at him while she ate. The only thing that marred the view was the fact that she refused to use any condiments besides ketchup. Martin himself was using honey mustard like a respectable person.

The collie dabbed her lips with a napkin. "I'm really happy I got to come with you today, Martin."

He chuckled. "And you were so worried about spending money this weekend."

"That's not why I'm happy, Martin, even though I really appreciate how nice you were to me today." She replied softly and paused her eating. "I can't think of another way I'd like a Saturday to go, you know..."

He looked up from his food and caught her watching him, and then she looked back down at her own food with a look like she was blushing. He swallowed a mixture of food and continued to watch her cautiously as he

reached without looking for his drink. He missed, then founded the mark and washed his last bite down with soda.

Martin wondered what to say. The collie was really pushing the idea in him that she was viewing today like it was a date date, not not just a date on the calendar. Just be honest, he thought, and see what she says.

"I really had fun, too, Mitsy. I wouldn't have had much of anything to do if I'd gone on my own." He told her, and she smiled shyly. It was cute and he felt the need to distract himself with another bite or two of food. The collie picked up from that and continued.

"I wouldn't have had anything to do either. It's nice not being alone on a weekend, and it's nice that I got to see you on a day when I normally wouldn't, too." She told him.

"I didn't know what to think of you asking me to take you out with me today when you asked, but now that we're eating lunch I'm happy you did." He dared to admit. Mitsy was a cute, and hot, young collie. It wasn't so weird now that she'd asked him what with all the affection and hints she was aimed at him. At her little cart though she was always so difficult to flirt with, much like teflon. His attentions didn't have the sticking power.

"You never asked so I thought that I should, you know, try and see." Mitsy replied and looked down at her food and distracted herself by dipping a waffle fry in her ketchup.

"See what? If I'd go to the mall with you?" The mutt asked and watched her while he drank more of his soda.

"Like, anywhere! You're always so so nice to me and I really like it when you come to visit. You just haven't acted like you wanted to go anywhere with me in such a long time that I didn't think you would want to." She explained and he could tell she was getting nervous. The collie stuffed another nugget in her mouth to stop herself from saying any more.

"If you were interested, then you could have just asked sooner. I mean, you asked yesterday and look at you now." he told her, and she seemed to flush. It was true. She took that chance and now she's sitting with a mutt like him in the food court with 260 dollars of clothes in the seat next to her.

"Just... Lots of guys don't like me the way I wish they would. They just think I'm pretty and I don't want to go out with a guy like that." She

said. "I didn't want to be used. I'm afraid I might not be able to tell if he's being honest with me."

"Well, I think it's a good thing you're trying to keep yourself safe, Mitsy." he said, and felt awkward. He was one of those guys. The only real reason he started going to her cart was because she was smoking hot and he wanted to see if she was down for something fun. He'd put in a lot of effort into that, too. He'd been flinging all the charm he had to offer only to see it all slip off her like rain drops on glass.

"I thought I was being safe when I asked you." She said with the shyest smile. Now he was feeling guilty. Like it was the ghost of Christmas past coming to visit he dared to think of all the ways he'd tried to get in her panties. She inadvertently followed up his comment with something that made him feel like a heel for his past efforts.

"Honestly, when I first started talking to you it was just because I thought you were hot." He told her in a raw act of selfless self-sabotage. "I was like those other guys you were worried about. I wanted to get laid."

There was a bit of silence after that that got progressively more awkward until she broke it. He'd turned his attention away from her during the quiet to make it seem like using a nugget to fish the last bit of honey mustard out of the container was an awfully important endeavor that required his full attention.

"But you kept talking to me." The collie said. "I knew you thought I was pretty, and so I kinda ignored you when you were first started coming by. I'm kinda good at knowing what boys are after."

He swallowed his last nugget and hesitated to look up at her. She was looking back with a little smile and he looked back down to find his fries and his drink.

"But then you stopping flirting with me like, you know, you wanted something. Then you started actually talking to me! You were really trying to get to know me and stuff, and like, you were actually paying attention to me. Remembering things I'd say, like my birthday. I didn't even remember telling you my birthday, Martin." Her voice was more nervous now as she continued to talk like it was her first day to speak in front of a crowd. "I started paying attention to you, too. I started to really like you..."

"I don't think I'm a guy you should be paying that much attention to." He nervously laughed.

"Why's that?" She asked. The mutt shrugged.

"I don't think I'm your type, or the sort of guy you ought to be dating. I wouldn't let my daughter date me, at least." More self sabotage on his part. What did Martin want out of this? She was interested in him! Was his chivalry finally kicking in after all these years of one night stands? The quick hook ups with sluts at the bars should have nipped that code of honor in the bud long time ago, but here it was rising up to keep the sweet young collie from falling prey to one of the bad boys she'd been warned about.

He'd been, well, was one of them bad boys. A Chad. Didn't always used to be, but his last relationship was a long time ago and that hadn't ended in any way pleasant. Gave him plenty of reason why it was better to just hop from bar to bar looking for a brief tryst.

"I think you're handsome, and you're funny, and you're always so sweet and nice to me!" She insisted defensively. "I don't think there is anything about you that's bad, Martin."

Martin didn't know what to say in reply, and there was a moment of silence again.

"I think you're a good person." She added quietly, and Martin watched her. Mitsy got shy under his gaze and looked away.

"I think you're a good person, too, Mitsy. Better than me." Martin replied.

"Maybe we should get going before the crowds get any worse." She changed topics. The mall was getting up to his high level of business for a Saturday. Mitsy had finished eating, and Martin had been purposely dragging out his own lunch, but he was basically done.

"Yeah, we should." He agreed with her for the sake of agreeing with her. The mood felt weird and Martin didn't like it. They both tossed their trash in a nearby bin, then Mitsy grabbed his bag from his hand and held it long with her own two bags. "I can carry my pants."

She hooked her arm in with his and started walking back toward the end of the mall where they'd parked. The collie didn't say anything, but she was clinging to him real tight. Martin stuck his hands in his pockets and used his arm to hug her closer to him.

"You know, Mister Martin, you sure don't seem like the type of man to try this hard to not get a girlfriend." She said. He opened his mouth to reply, then shut it. Looking down at her he found her looking up at him with a smile. "I think you're just shy when it comes down to it."

Martin laughed, and she giggled. "I'm not shy, Mitsy. I'm just trying to look out for you."

With the arm she'd hooked in his she reached down to his wrist and pulled his hand from his pocket. "Then hold my hand, silly."

Martin felt her hand enter his and squeeze tight. He looked ahead of them as they walked and hesitated before returning the squeeze with a gentle one of his own.

"And by the way, Martin!" She said and swung the side of his hip into his leg, which made him stumble. Her hip sure had a lot of sway when she put effort into it! He looked back down at her as she pulled him back close. "You are my type and don't you think you can convince me otherwise!"

He paused a moment, then smiled. "Sure thing, Mitsy. You've got me beat."

She rested her head against his arm and they kept on walking until he was opening the passenger side door for her to step inside his truck. He'd parted with his ex a long time ago, but he still had plenty of bad memories from then. The manipulation, the yelling, the stalking that came afterwards. That was years ago now. He'd come to accept that he had been younger and didn't know that there came a time for a man to ditch a girlfriend, and stayed way longer than he should.

Martin shut the passenger door and watch Mitsy look down to find the seat belt and clip herself in before he turned to walk around to the driver's side. He sighed, then opened the door. Glancing back over to her their eyes met, and the collie smiled.

"Hmm?" She hummed at him in reply to his gaze.

The mutt found an excuse to reach out to her, and found a stray lock of hair that was curled under her jawline. He brushed it back in line with her bangs and she gave her head a little tilt to bump her cheek into his hand, which made him feel a weird flutter. "You had hair in your face."

"Turn on the AC, it's hot!" She told him with a smile, and so he cranked the truck and got the air to start blowing. As they left the mall Martin was thinking that maybe he could be tempted to try a relationship again. The collie sitting next to him sure would appreciate it.

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