

TV Dinner



Linda Gregory

An "Adult TV" Novel

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TV DINNER

By Linda Gregory

CHAPTER 1

Dishpan Hands

The steam rushed out of the scullery gear as Tony opened the watch to remove the tray of cheap china. The heat and vapor flew past his face and caused his brow to moisten more heavily than before.

As he carried the tray out to the counter, the sweat dripped off his face and onto the dishes that had just been cleaned."

How's it going Tony?"

"Okay, Candi," he responded. "you're on today?"

"Sure, I ain't here for my health!"

A typical, matter-of-fact Candi response. She was always to the point and never afraid to speak her mind.

"Hey Candi," an old geezer at the counter bellowed, "how's about some coffee?"

Candi didn't even look at him when she answered. "Keep your shirt on Mac. Life's too short."

The old geezer just mumbled to himself, like he had a choice in the matter. He was going to get his

coffee when Candi was good and ready to give it to him.

“Hey Tony,” she said softer than usual, “when you get a minute, come see me, okay?”

“Sure Candi.” Tony replied. *What was this all about. Candi never saved what she had to say for a time convenient to others. She just said whatever she wanted whenever she wanted.* He emptied the waitress station and took the load of dirty china and silverware back to the scullery. He busied himself sorting the pieces and prepping his trays for further scullery runs.

He also had the unappealing task of hauling the garbage out and cleaning the morning kitchen ware. He hated the scrapping the most. The harsh detergents stung and burned his hands no matter how coarse and rough they had become.

He had just started working at Jerry’s Diner a few weeks ago. He dropped out of college when his presence there seemed pointless and hitched his way north. He was left stranded at Jerry’s and had to pay his tab by cleaning dishes. He did so well, Jerry hired him full-time.

He didn’t know how long Candi had been at Jerry’s, but he figured it must have been forever. Everyone who came in knew her name, even the truck drivers who came through once every blue moon. Though she had to have been at least forty, she was still the most sensual woman Tony had ever seen. Whether she wore pants or a dress, she always looked better than any of Jerry’s specials. No doubt she was a big part of the reason Jerry’s was the most popular stop in town.

When he finally had a chance to take a break, he had to decide between Candi and a trip to the head. He was in the stall in the men’s room when his priorities were readjusted.

“Tony! You in here?” Candi shouted into the rest room.

Damn Tony thought. Maybe if I stay quiet she’ll go away.

“Hey Tony, I know you’re in here.”

Oh man, a guy can't even have privacy when he's taking a dump in this place. "What is it Candi?" he half moaned.

"Oh you are in here." she laughed.

Tony was a bit uncomfortable. He didn't often talk to women from a commode. He started to fix himself up as discreetly as possible.

"Hey Tony, Jerry tells me you speak French. Is that true or is he full of s@#t?"

"Its true." Tony groaned. As he reached for his pants, he saw Candi's feet at the door of the stall. She was wearing tan stockings, yet he could still clearly see her pink nail polish through the nylons. He had never noticed just how pretty her feet were. Even in her canvas work sandals they looked splendid.

Then, he could see her go on her tippy toes. He looked up and just about slipped in to the bowl when he saw her two eyes peering back at him from over the stall door.

"Candi!"

"Sorry," she giggled without turning away. "I just wanted to know if you could translate something for me."

Tony struggled with his underpants and trousers, annoyed with the fact that he had an audience but too embarrassed to say anything substantial about it.

"Candi," he pleaded.

"Aw don't worry Tony, you ain't showing me nothing I ain't seen. Besides," she giggled, "you ain't got too much to show off!"

Beet red and eyes widened, he glared at the middle-aged vixen staring down at him as he adjusted his pants. She didn't seem to care. The redder he got, the more amusing she found him. He was self-conscious about his size. He always took a lot of ribbing about it back in school.

Finally he was dressed and ready to face his quarry on equal footing.

"So what is it that's so important?"

"Take it easy **little** boy, I'm trying to be nice."

Nice? What would she have done if she were trying to be mean?

“Okay, Candi what can I do for you?” he said very apologetically.

“Translate a letter for me.”

He looked at her and considered. He would have immediately taken up the conversation but the glow emanating from her expression and the aura of her sensuous curves took him back. She was no more than 5'4" in heels. Her hair was long, blonde, and curly. Atop her head, was a little waitress's cap, cocked to the right in a very flirtatious way. Her order pad protruded from a breast pocket which already protruded very demonstrably. The buttons of her pink polyester waitress's dress could barely contain her swollen chest. The first few buttons were left opened allowing him to see her deep cleavage. Around her neck she wore a colorful neckerchief with the knot tied to the side.

She was smiling at him. She knew he was checking her out. She loved it. Men half her age were bowled over by her and she never tired of it.

She reached behind and lifted her right foot to meet her hand so that she could adjust her ankle bracelet. Tony's eyes were immediately fixated on her legs. Years of waitressing had kept her gams in perfect shape.

Gosh, I'd like to screw her.

She looked at him and marveled at how entranced he appeared, but time was wasting and she needed to get back to work.

“So, will you do it?” she asked.

“Huh, what?” he said as he returned to the real world.

“Translate my letter for me, silly!” she laughed heartily. Tony's innocence delighted her.

“Sure, Candi. Where is it?”

“I don't have it here. What are you doing after closing?”

That was a redundant question. Tony never did anything after work, or before work for that matter. He didn't have any money to do anything. Jerry had

allowed him to live in a trailer behind the Diner and that had pretty much become his one and only retreat.

Still it was nice of Candi to ask so he honored her with a response.

“Nothing.”

“Good, com'on over to my place when you get off. Okay?”

She could be so sweet when she wanted to be.

“Sure, Candi I'll be there.”

CHAPTER 2

The Victorious Warrior

2:00am. Why did I tell Candi I'd go to her place after work?

Tony finished mopping the dining area and was busy getting his last batch of utensils through the scullery. Emilio, the cook, was in the kitchen finishing up the floor. Jerry was at the counter tabbing up the receipts. Everyone else had gone home. Candi, along with the other waitress had left around 12 when the last customers left.

Damn, I bet she's already asleep. Why couldn't this letter wait? Better yet, why couldn't she just bring it in?

Once all the mats were loaded into the scullery, Tony gave the area the once over to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything. Satisfied, he added the detergent and started the machine.

“I'll see ya Jer.” he called as he left the diner. He didn't even hear Jerry's growled acknowledgment.

Back in his trailer, he removed the soiled sweaty white trousers and tee shirt and threw them into a pile of dirty clothes. He carefully removed his fragile hair net so as not to tear it. As he did this, his long dirty blond locks fell to his shoulders. Soon he was in the shower and cleansed of all the sweat, grease, and dirt he had collected at the diner.

He didn't own many clothes. Just a few pairs of jeans and a couple of T-shirts. He did keep his stuff clean though.

He had to walk to Candi's house because he didn't own a car either. It was about 3 miles away along an old two lane highway. Though the thermometer was above freezing, he used his parka to keep warm. That along with his boots were probably the two most valuable things he owned.

It was 3:00am when he knocked on the door of Candi's house. He could see that the kitchen light was on but that was no indication she was up. Lots of people left the kitchen light on these days when they slept.

She didn't answer after the first round of knocks.

This is swell, I walk all the way out here at this lousy hour and she doesn't even have the decency to be awake when I get here.

He knocked on the door harder. He stopped when he saw the parlor light come on. The door flew open.

"What the hell..." Candi started.

Tony just looked at her. He was pissed. He was so pissed, he couldn't adequately enjoy the sight he was privileged to see. To be sure her face and hair were mussed a bit. After all she'd been asleep, but from the neck down she was pure heaven. She wore only a thin faded nightgown which revealed every hill, valley, and cleft of her body.

"Oh...Tony, I thought you'd blown me off," she said with a yawn. "Come on in."

Without saying a word he stepped inside. A long time ago he'd been told that if he didn't have anything nice to say, he should keep his mouth closed. He was still angry with having been talked into coming out here.

"Do you want anything to drink, beer...soda...?" she asked as she took his coat.

"Water would be nice." His throat was dry. Although a beer sounded good, he didn't want to accept anything but water. *Why make her feel better by accepting her offerings?*

She went to the kitchen to fetch a glass of water. He chanced to look about the room. The house was dimly lit but he could tell it was very old and not all that well preserved. Candi was a great waitress, but not much of a housekeeper.

“Here Tony,” she said as she handed him a cloudy glass of water. “make yourself comfortable.”

He obliged and took a seat on the old sofa. He felt the dust swirl about as he hit the cushion. The refreshing effect of the water was mitigated by the questionable cleanliness of the glass. Still, he was happy to be inside and out of the cold.

“So,” he said finally, “where’s the letter.”

She stared at him as if confused, then the question registered within her conscious. “Oh...yeah, hold on, I’ll get it. You’ll have to excuse me, I’m still a little groggy.”

Sure, you’re groggy and I’m stupid, stupid for being here and not in bed.

She went upstairs to get the letter. This allowed Tony a chance to look about some more. He had never been inside Candi’s house. He only knew where it was because he had passed it once before when he ran an errand with Jerry. The inside of the house was typical of what he expected. People in these parts didn’t have much.

Soon Candi was bounding down the steps like a child. She was wide awake now, and exuding energy. She jumped on the couch right up against Tony. Now, he had not only seen every bit of her, he felt every bit too.

She didn’t seem the least bit inhibited sitting there in her almost nonexistent nightgown pressed up against him. Had he been wiser and more experienced, he probably would have appreciated the situation. Instead he was too embarrassed to enjoy it.

“This is a letter from a boyfriend of mine. I met him a few weeks ago. He speaks English, but I think he prefers French. I think he’s from Canada or something.

Tony took the letter. The greeting and first few paragraphs were in English, these passages were all very casual and friendly. Then the writer changed abruptly to French. In this language he was much more eloquent and romantic. Soon the letter got very graphic, so graphic Tony had to put the letter down.

“Who **is** this guy?”

“I told you, he’s a boyfriend.”

“He’s a perve!”

“Aw, what do you know kid? Just spare me your opinions and tell me what it says.”

Not wishing to incur her famous wrath he obliged. He translated as best he could while he read:

MY DEAREST CANDI, YOUR NAME DOES NOT DO YOU JUSTICE. THOUGH CANDY MAY BE SWEET, IT HAS NEVER TASTED AS DELICIOUS AS YOU.

I lie here alone, thinking only of you, delighting in the memories you have given me. Close your beautiful blue eyes dearest, so that you may join me.

Candi, sweet mouth watering candy, come to me. Let me slowly remove your wrappings, enjoying all that they conceal. Relax as I lick your smooth sugary surface and allow me the pleasure of arousing you over and over as you shower me with your inner surprise.

And, when you lay before me dearest Candi, fully spent, I will deliver to you my own gift of love. Deep inside I’ll deliver, reaching you where no other man has gone.

Awaken my dearest Candi, we have yet to start.

Tony could hardly get through the passage without blushing. Never had he spoken to any woman words such as these, not even in recitation.

Candi’s reaction was much different. The words made her warm. Tony could feel her skin heat up and the eyes of her breasts come alive as he read and re-read the passage to her.

“Do you want me to read it again?”

“No.” she said dreamily.

He examined her expression. It was so serene. He put the letter down and tried not to stare at her. He looked at his shoes but could not help but dart his eyes over to the middle-aged beauty beside himself. He tried to think about something, anything but what was at hand. The warm soft feminine form beside him ended any chance of that.

“So,” he said trying to make conversation, “who’d you say this guy was?”

No response. She did look at him though. She smiled and put her arms around him.

“Candi?” Tony choked. He had next to zero experience with girls and certainly no experience with women.

She on the other hand, had plenty of experience. Indeed she was somewhat of a legend in these parts. She was not used to being denied and right now Tony was the only male around to oblige her.

Tony was much too frightened to make the first move or the second or third for that matter. The vixen took all the initiative. Soon her lips were on his and her hands were on his sides.

The young man could not believe what was happening. Surely Candi was the stuff fantasies were made of, yet not even in his wildest dreams, had he ever imagined something like this happening.

What should he do? Resist? Accept? He never really did make a decision..

Frightened and excited, he trembled as her lips forced his own open. *The Canuck wasn't lying, she did taste sweet.*

Soon he felt her hands on his thighs. He was already at attention. He'd been that way from the moment she sat beside him.

She felt his manhood which would have been more aptly described as his boyhood. Other than when she had diapered her nephew, she hadn't ever felt anything this small. Still, she was in heat, and he was the only game in town. She removed his T-shirt and put her lips to his chest. As her tongue played with his nipples, her hand stroked the tiny bulge between his legs. Suddenly he started to convulse and shake.

It can't be, she thought, he couldn't possibly be cumin already.

Despite her disbelief, the small sticky wet spot that formed in his jeans wiped away all doubt.

What the? This guy is pathetic. How could I let myself be with someone like this?

The thoughts which ran through Tony's mind were entirely different. He felt so good, like he'd just experienced the ultimate partner.

As he lay back in the sofa, strung out like a victorious warrior. Candi's disbelief gave way to amuse-

ment, when the hilarity of the situation struck her. She broke out in a soft giggle.

Tony was far away. He was in the land frequented only by satisfied lovers and he was alone. Suddenly the solitude he was enjoying was disturbed by a far off noise. He tried to distinguish it.

Laughter?

He didn't know what to make of it. *Why laughter?*

Still the sound continued. It stopped momentarily, a smile came to his face. That's when the laughter returned louder and harder than before.

His eyes opened. The beauty that had been beside him was now doubled over in hilarity.

"What is it?" he asked good naturedly.

She didn't respond.

He asked again and this time she pointed towards his lower half. He looked down to see what was the matter.

Horror replaced satisfaction on his face. Rubescence replaced rosiness in his cheeks. A stutter replaced confidence in his voice.

"I...I... cccc..." he tried to say.

On hearing this, the vixen looked over at him. The scared frightened look combined with the stutter and the wet spot were far too much. She nearly wet herself.

My goodness, he thought, *what did I do. What should I do?*

Realizing his distress she tried to quiet herself. When she finally stopped laughing she chanced a look up at him.

He looked like a dejected puppy that had just lost control and pee'd on the carpet. It was too much. She burst out louder than before.

Tears formed in Tony's eyes as he tried to hide his shame. When Candi clutched herself and burst into laughter once more he jumped up, grabbed his coat, and was out the door.

She called for him but he was already gone.

He ran off the porch and onto the drive. He intended to run all the way home. But, when he hit the

drive, he stepped in an oil slick and slipped into a mud hole.

He screamed out of reflex and tried to get to his feet. Candi was at the door.

“Tony,” she cried, “are you okay?”

He didn’t answer. He was covered with mud and shivering like a small child.

Soon she was next to him. She wasn’t laughing anymore. She was genuinely concerned.

“Tony, are you okay?”

Do I look okay? Or have you just used concern as an excuse to mock me some more?

“Com’on Tony,” she said very maternally, “lets get inside and get you out of those clothes. You’ll catch your death out here like that.”

Covered in mud he sat and contemplated the situation. He felt so ashamed and inadequate. He hated this moment.

He went inside, what else could he do?

CHAPTER 3

Now I lay me down to sleep

The warm stream of water from the shower felt too good for words. Though he was no longer shivering, he was still searching for his pride.

He entered the bedroom with a towel around his waist.

Candi called out to him from the hall. “I left some things for you to wear on the bed.”

He looked at the bed. Lying upon it was a flannel nightgown and a pair of ladies briefs.

*I **can’t** wear this,* he thought.

“Candi.” he called.

“What’s the matter?” she answered as she entered the room.

Instantly he checked to ensure his towel was secure.

“Am I supposed to wear this?” he said as he pointed at the nightgown.

“Sure, why not?”

“But...”

“Com’on Tony, stop trying to be tough. Its just a nightgown. I don’t have any men’s clothes.”

Maybe so, but surely you have something more suitable than this, he thought.

He was too shy to bring it up though. He considered the alternatives. He could sleep in the buff but Candi would have none of that.

“Okay,” he said, “but why did you leave...those?” he said pointing towards the panties.

“That is a pair of panties. They’re for you.” she giggled. Then affecting an authoritarian manner, “Surely, you don’t expect to put my gown on without those.”

“But I...” he protested.

She lost patience with him. “Listen Tony, all girls wear their panties to bed. All decent ones that is.”

He didn’t say anything. He was too afraid.

She left him. He put on the panties and slipped on the nightgown. He chanced to see himself in the mirror. With his long hair slicked back and the ruffles of the gown up his neck he looked quite feminine. The sight frightened him. What kind of man allowed himself to be dressed this way?

CHAPTER 4

A woman’s work is never done

The savory smell of hickory filled his nostrils. Tired as he was, his senses were begging him to awake. Though his eyes remained closed, a very beautiful picture formed in his mind. The sun was shining, and the air was clear. He was back under the crisp sheets of the bed of his youth.

Soon the sweet voice of his mother called him, “*Time for breakfast Tony, you better get up, your bus will be here soon.*”

He tried to respond but couldn't. He just smiled and drank in the splendor.

In the kitchen Candi lit up a cigarette as she waited for some butter to melt in a frying pan. She was on her second cup of coffee, but still felt very tired.

She cracked a few eggs and dumped them in the pan. More than just a few pieces of shell entered with the whites. Soon a smoke cloud formed over the range as the bacon began to burn.

“Damn it!” she screamed.

Tony's dream was interrupted by the foul odor of burning grease and the noise of harsh language.

Suddenly the crisp sheets became oily and flimsy, the sun was no longer shining as bright as before. His eyes opened and he was back in the real world.

“Sonofabitch, lousy stove!” he heard from the kitchen.

He pulled himself out of bed and did a momentary double take at the sight of his attire. He looked around for his clothes but they were not in sight. He thought about leaving the room but was hesitant.

“Tony, com'on down and get some breakfast.” his hostess ordered from the kitchen.

He didn't move. He wanted to cover up before he displayed himself before the woman. He had already suffered enough embarrassment in front of her. He didn't want to add to his shame.

She called again. This time there was more force in her voice. He looked around for cover but could find nothing to make him look less feminine. Finally he gave up and went downstairs.

He went to the kitchen. The woman standing there was wearing the same faded nightgown he had seen before. Only now with the morning light, it offered less cover. He was too ashamed to look at her after last night. He turned away when she spoke to him. The woman hid her delight. This was her first time to see him in her clothes. She tried to be casual.

“Hey Tony, you want some bacon and eggs?”

“Sure.” he responded happy to be accepted. The food may not have smelled so good, but he was hungry.

Try as she did, she couldn’t help but look at him. She smiled and he blushed. He didn’t look all that bad in her gown. Considering his inadequacy as a man, perhaps she mused, she had found his true calling.

He took a seat at the kitchen table and poured a glass of orange juice. She brought him a plate of wet eggs and burnt bacon.

“Not as good as Jerry’s huh?”

“Don’t worry Candi, it looks fine to me.” he lied. He didn’t see any point in being nasty.

The kitchen was cool yet Candi wore nothing over her nightgown. Tony could hardly believe his eyes as she sat across the table. Her big brown aureoles were staring right back at him. When she stood up to put the juice away he saw her from behind. She had beautiful buttocks. There were some signs of age, but it was still very inviting. Hungry as he was, he had a hard time eating with her in front of him.

Unlike the previous day in the rest room, Candi was oblivious to his attentions. Tony was just a kid who had stumbled into the diner one day and became the dishwasher. She regretted that she had gotten romantic with him, and was actually happy that it hadn’t gone very far.

Still she liked him and saw something in him now she had never realized before.

“You know,” she mused, “I bet you would make a beautiful girl.”

Tony choked on his food. Soon he was coughing up eggs and gasping for air.

“Easy kid,” she said as she slapped his back.

He regained himself.

“You okay?”

He nodded.

“You really need to relax, Tony.”

“Yeah, I’m sure your right,” he agreed. Hoping for a return to normalcy he asked, “By the way, where are my clothes?”

“Oh,” she said as if just only realizing, “they’re on the line drying out. I washed them last night.”

“When do you think they’ll be dry?”

“Oh, it will be a while. Its cold outside and not all that sunny either.”

The youth was slightly perturbed. He felt silly dressed as he was. Even though he had nowhere to go on this day, he wanted to get going. Today was Sunday, Jerry’s was closed and it was his only full day off for the week.

“Are you doing anything today?” she asked.

“No, not really.” he said foolishly.

“Good, you can help me with housework!” she exclaimed. She was very happy to have the assistance. She hated doing housework on her day off. With Tony around it would go much faster.

“But I gotta get going,” he protested.

Candi smiled as she mulled that over.

“Sure hon’, which would you prefer, my pink taffeta or my leather hot pants for the walk home?” she laughed.

Damn, how do I get myself into these things, he wondered.

Within a few moments he was in Candi’s room, getting a change of clothing.

“HMMMM,” Candi thought as she scanned her closet for something for Tony. He would be doing domestic chores so she didn’t want to give him anything good. She passed a bunch of pretty outfits and finally settled on an old house frock.

“Here, wear this.” she ordered as she handed it to him.

He frowned as he took the dress.

He hadn’t even noticed she was pulling something from her dresser until she handed him a small brown bundle.

“What is this?” he asked.

“Its a pair of pantyhose.”

“I’m not wearing that!” he protested.

“Tony, what is wrong with you?”

Before he could answer she continued.

“Last night I give you a chance most men in this county would kill for, and what do you do?”

He tried to defend himself but she continued.

“I’ll tell you what you do, you go ahead and blow your half ounce of wad outta that tiny little pee shooter of yours before I even get started.”

She was glaring at him as he cringed in shame. She wasn’t finished.

“Now, I’m doing you a favor by lending you one of my dresses and all you can do is act like some kind of macho bad ass. Get real! You are the least macho **male** I’ve ever seen.” She couldn’t bring herself to say ‘man’.

“But why do I need to wear pantyhose?” he cried.

“Because,” she said very matter-of-factly, “Its only proper.”

The youth just shook his head, There was no logic in her argument and hence no way to defeat it.

Soon he removed the nightgown and put the nylons on over the silky briefs he was already wearing. Candi showed no intention of giving him privacy. The youth just did as told.

Nice legs, she thought as he pulled the pantyhose over his rump. This guy definitely shows more promise as a gal than as a man.

He put the frock on and stood before the woman as she inspected.

She became pensive as she pondered the vision before her. *Something’s missing.*

Then her eyes brightened when she realized what was needed. She took a brush to his hair and fixed it into a pretty pigtail with ribbons. The youth protested but she paid little heed.

“You don’t want this to get in your way while you work,” she said as he reddened.

When she finished, she took a step back to admire her creation. Frock, nylons, and ribbons, he looked positively cute.

“I think that will do.” she said happily.

Tony looked at himself in the mirror. *I don't believe this.*

“Okay Tony...” she stopped to correct herself. “Maybe we should give you a more fitting name.”

The youth went from embarrassed to confused.

“Huh?”

“You know,” she explained, “something more **femine.**”

“Candi,” he pleaded, “don’t you think this has gone far enough?”

She giggled. *I haven't even started you silly little sissy.*

Tony didn’t know what she was thinking, he was too scared to ask. He decided not to protest any longer.

“Tonya is a nice name.” she smiled. “Do you like that...Tonya?”

He looked at her pleadingly but said not a word.

“Good,” she said proudly, “Tonya it is, now wait for me downstairs while I get ready, darling.

Tony, didn’t need to be told twice. He was out of the room in an instant.

For herself, Candi choose blue jeans and a cotton blouse. She didn’t put anything on her feet or do anything special to her hair.

Tony was shocked when he saw Candi sans any of the refinements he was forced to wear.

Why isn't she wearing nylons or ribbons?

He was too afraid to confront the vixen with the question. She did see his frown as he looked at her feet and hair. She delighted in his anger. Just to rub it in, she told him to adjust the wrinkles in his hose.

“But...” he protested meekly.

“Come now Tonya, you want to look pretty, don’t you.” she said with amusement.

He almost shot back that he didn’t want to look pretty. He stopped himself though. He was too afraid of incurring her wrath.

Soon the pair was busy cleaning up the home. Candi assigned the downstairs to her newly created little girl. She took the bedrooms for herself.

Five minutes or so after he started scrubbing the toilet, he heard the phone ring. Candi picked it up and started what became a very long conversation. She didn't do anything but talk on the phone for an hour or so.

All the while Tony was busy loading up the washer, scrubbing the tiles, and wiping finger prints off the walls. He was finished with the dusting and in the middle of vacuuming when Candi came into the living room.

"This place looks great!" she exclaimed.

The youth smiled. Finally he had done something right.

"Do you think you could do the upstairs when you're done down here? I'm gonna take care of the dishes."

Tony just nodded. He didn't want to say anything that may cause her to bring up his accident again.

While he was busy cleaning up the master bedroom he heard the doorbell ring. Candi answered it. Inwardly he hoped whoever it was would go away.

That was not to be. Soon the house was alive with the voices of adults and children. From their greetings he could tell the voices to be that of Candi's sister and her family. He had never actually met them, they weren't frequent customers at the Diner.

This is terrible. What if they come up here? My goodness, what will I do if they see me like this? the poor youth fretted.

Time went by slowly. He tried to remain very silent as he busied himself with his chores. No one came upstairs and as far as he knew, no one but Candi was aware of his presence.

He heard a dog barking in the yard. He looked out the window and saw Candi's niece and nephew playing with a big German shepherd. They seemed to be having a very nice time.

That's good, as long as they stay outside, they won't come up here.



One of the children ran across the yard and slammed against the pants hanging on the line. Tony's heart went to his throat when the pants fell off the line and into a puddle.

The children laughed at the sight. The niece had a devilish idea. She picked up the pants and started dancing around with them. Her brother yanked the pants away and soon they were playing a full fledged game of keep-away with Tony's pants.

"Stop, please stop." Tony pleaded from the closed window. He felt so powerless and scared. There was no way for him to do anything without making the guests aware of his presence.

I guess I'll just have to wear muddy trousers home.

As the boy charged around the yard waving the soiled blue jeans, his sister gave up trying to take them away. Instead she ran over to the clothesline and plucked the pair of jockey shorts that hung from it.

No!

The dog was going berserk trying to join the game running from one child to the next. The little girl laughed and taunted the dog with the underwear she was holding. She would hold it out before the dog and snatch it away just before his jaws closed down on them.

Please!

She did this one time too many. On the last try the jaws snapped like a steel trap on poor Tony's jockey's. The animal was so worked up, he tore the briefs to shreds instantaneously.

Oh no, this isn't happening!

The children were hardly phased. The fight for the trousers renewed as soon as the girl lost the briefs.

Oh well, its just my underwear.

The dog, unsatisfied, sought new quarry once the underpants were ruined. In a leap, the animal had the pants in its jaws and broke out in a full sprint. The children shouted gleefully as they went after it.

"Come back, come back, don't do this to me." cried Tony silently. *Why is this happening to me?*