**Candy goes to the party**

**Little Joe**

Fri Mar 20, 2009 00:08

86.152.5.240

Candy at the shops

Candy and Tammy were going to the party to celebrate the start of their new course at the hospital. Candy was dressed in a little short skirt and a cropped top, showing a nice bit of bare midriff as the skirt hung low enough to almost show the top of her where it shouldn’t have shown. The top was cut high enough to support her ample bosoms and demonstrate all too clearly that she was wearing nothing underneath it.

“Candy!” Tammy said suddenly, “You can’t go with a skirt like that.”

”What’s the matter,”it’s a lovely skirt”

“It’s too short!”

“Of course it’s not too short. Skirts are supposed to be short at a party!”

“But everyone will see your knickers”

“They’re supposed to see my knickers. That’s why I’m wearing a short skirt!”

“But not those knickers”

“Candy lifted up her skirt to look at her knickers!”

“Candy!” you can’t show everyone your knickers in the middle of the street.”

But Candy wasn’t listening. She was looking at her knickers in dismay. She had forgotten to change them after work. She was still wearing her big blue serge work knickers, which were about as sexy as – well a pair of big blue serge knickers.

“Tammy! Tammy!” she cried, “Why didn’t you tell me. Everybody will laugh at me in these.”

“I am telling you,” riposted Candy, not unjustly.

“I’ll have to go and buy some new ones. That knicker shop is just down the street here.”

“What shop?”

“Knickerty-Knackerty”

Tammy was none too pleased at the diversion, but on the other hand, poor Candy couldn’t go to a party in a little short skirt and blue serge knickers.

They went into the shop. It must be said, there didn’t seem to be many knickers on display. An elderly gentleman came out.

“What can I do for you, young ladies,” he enquired.

“I need a pair of sexy knickers,” announced Candy

“Er, Candy,” said Tammy.

“Shut up, Tammy,” said Candy, “these are no good.”

And she lifted up her skirt to show the man her blue serge knickers.

“Candy!” you can’t show the gentleman your knickers like that!”

“Why not?” said Candy, “they sell knickers here don’t they?”

“I’m afraid not,” said the gentleman, “we sell knick-knacks.”

“Are they not like knickers then?” enquired Candy, her big blue eyes wide open, her skirt still held up to display her blue serge knickers.

“Well, no,” said the man, “but don’t let me stop you.”

“You mean I can’t buy knickers here?”

“There’s a charity shop over the road. I think they sell ladies’ undergarments there.”

“Oh!” Candy seemed disappointed that she had to stop displaying her knickers.

They went across to the charity shop where a number of customers were browsing round the varied items on display. There was indeed a section for clothing. Candy leapt on a pair of silk knickers.

“Tammy! Tammy!” she cried out, “these are just the thing. Can I try them on?”

“Well we don’t have any changing rooms,” said the lady assistant, but if you want to use the back office I’ll make sure nobody goes in.”

Candy grabbed the articles in question and disappeared. Minutes later she reappeared.

“Tammy! Tammy! what do you think?”

“Candy!” expostulated Tammy, “go back; you can’t prance around the shop in your knickers.”

“But I wanted you to see them!”

“Yes, but there’s people here”

“But it’s just my knickers. It’s not as if they can see my…” she glanced down, “oh dear! They are a bit see through aren’t they?”, and she scampered back into the back office. Seconds later she pushed a parcel out to Tammy.

“Tammy, See to those will you”

Tammy took the parcel. Candy would have kept the new underwear on. She wouldn’t want those old things. Tammy donated them to the charity shop and paid for the new underwear.

They set off along the road to the party. They were still half a mile away when Candy said, “Can I have my new Knickers please, I’ll put them on now.”

“What new knickers”

“The one’s from the shop. The one’s I handed out to you.”

“But, surely those were the old ones. I gave them to the shop.”

“Tammy! Tammy! How could you. You’ve given my new knickers back to the shop!”

“Well, you‘ll just have to go in the old ones then,” said Tammy exasperated.

“I can’t! I threw them out in the shop!”

“Well, what on earth are you wearing then? Candy! Don’t tell me you’re not wearing any knickers! In that skirt!”

“I didn’t think it mattered, “said Candy, “nobody’s going to look up my skirt, are they?”

But Tammy wasn’t really sure. They had still had half mile to go to the flat where the party was held, and they were walking along a narrow back street. It wasn’t later at night, but it was a bit scary.

“Tammy! Tammy! There’s a big dog in the street ahead of us!” Candy shrieked, as a large but not too unfriendly looking Dalmatian loped along the road ahead of them.

“It’s all right. It’s only being friendly,” said Tammy as the dog stopped to sniff up Candy’s skirt.

“Go away nasty dog!” shouted Candy and started batting it on the head. At this the dog somewhat ceased to be friendly and started to growl in a distinctly unfriendly manner. Candy shrieked at the dog. It was attacking her. It was a nasty dog. She had to defend her self with something. Instinctively she pulled off her top and started batting the dog with it.

“Candy!” shrieked Tammy, “You can’t do that; everybody will see your boobies.”

“Well they are rather nice ones,” said Candy, desisting momentarily from her assault on the dog to take her boobies in her hand and bounce them up and down. Much bigger than yours anyway.”

Unfortunately for Candy her distraction from the dog gave it the opportunity it needed, grabbing her top firmly in its jaws it snatched it out of her hand, ran off and started worrying it on the ground.

“Tammy! Tammy! The dog’s stolen my top. I’ve got nothing to cover my boobies!”

“Well it’s a good job it didn’t steal your skirt, that’s all I can say,” said Tammy, but she spoke too soon, for no sooner had she spoken the words than the dog was back trying to sniff up Candy’s skirt.

“Go away! Nasty dog!” shrieked Candy and she started to back away, slowly at first, then faster, then very fast, until at last she was running up and down the street, boobies dancing dementedly up and down pursued by a none too happy Dalmatian.

“Tammy! Tammy!” wailed Candy, “do something. It wants to get my skirt.”

And indeed the dog did seem fixated upon Candy’s skirt. The faster Candy ran, the faster the dog ran. Candy ran down the street. The dog followed. Candy ran back up the street. The dog followed, its jaws snapping ever more closely at the hem of Candy’s skirt until at last its teeth fixed irrevocably in the pleated material. Candy kept on running. The dog stopped, and fixed firmly in its jaws the skirt stopped as well. The result of this was a loud tearing sound and the next thing Candy knew she was running towards Tammy stark naked.

“Tammy! Tammy!” she shrieked, “the dog’s got my skirt! I’ve got nothing to cover my…” words failed her.

“Embarrassment?” suggested Tammy.

“That’s a new name for it,” said Candy, her big blue eyes wide open in the surprise of learning yet another new rude word.

“Candy!” exclaimed Tammy, “what are you doing. You can’t run round the streets in your birthday suit”

“My old headmaster said I looked lovely in my birthday suit!” exclaimed Candy, pouting somewhat. Tammy thought she had better pass over that one quickly.

“Well, what are we going to do now!” she said, “You can’t go to the party like that!”

“Why ever not?”

“How are you going to get there for a start? You can’t walk there like that!”

“There’s the Number 57 bus. That goes right past the door.”

“You can’t go on the bus with nothing on!”

“I don’t see why not. People like looking at me in my birthday suit don’t they?”

Tammy looked exasperated, but Candy suddenly shouted, “Look, there’s a policeman. We can ask him!”

“Candy! You’re supposed to run away from policemen when you’ve got nothing on. Not ask them the way to the Number 57 bus”

But she was too late; Candy was already running down the street shouting, “Mr Policeman! Mr Policeman!”

It wasn’t even a real policeman. It was one of those pretend policemen. One of those people employed by the council to dress up like policemen in order to fool the general public into thinking they are the real thing.

“Mr Policeman!” shouted Candy

“I’m not a policeman, Madame,” he replied, “I’m a Neighbourhood Community Watch Person.”

“Can you tell me where the stop for the Number 57 bus is?”

The person who wasn’t a policeman looked at her suspiciously. He felt somehow that there was something unusual about this young lady. He really ought to have remembered to bring his glasses.

“I think you’d better accompany me to the station,” he said at last.

“But I don’t want the train, I want the bus,” wailed Candy.

But the man had meant the police station not the railway station, for although he was not in fact a real policeman he did have the power to ask people to accompany him to the station where the real policemen would deal with the situation. In fact nobody was required to accompany him to the station, but what did they know?

“I did not mean the railway station Madame, I meant the Police Station.

“Tammy, Tammy!”, shrieked Candy, “I’m being arrested!” and Candy pushed the pretend policeman so hard that he fell over backwards.

“Run Candy. Run!” shouted Tammy, and the two girls hared out into the main road and ran as fast as they could for the Number 57 bus.

As Candy sat on the bus she noticed that everybody really did seem to admire her in her birthday suit. She could tell that from the way everybody was looking at her. People seemed to stare at her, but she just smiled back at waved to them. The bus crawled the hald mile to the flat. The girls got out and knocked on the door where the sounds of a not too wild party could already be heard.

The door was opened and they went in.

“Candy!, what are you wearing,“ was the main comment to be heard

“Well Tammy said I just couldn’t go out in that skirt with those knickers!”