



ALL-AMERICAN

KANDIBARS

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Published Independently by Jasmine Jennifer McAlpine

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cover art by

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Romance

DLC-1018RO

Romantic Short Story

Jack works for a remodeling company in New Orleans, Louisiana. He's a lonely man, who frequents a restaurant and bar. He's looking for a nice woman to be his friend! Kevin, his best friend from high school, meets him occasionally after work. They eat and drink at happy hour. It's always a fun time.

Brenda's new to town. She's a thoughtful and sensible woman. She's attractive, and available for a new man in her life. The restaurant and bar is a new place for her! Brenda stops by for a cold drink. The customers notice her. She sits down at the bar, and talks to her new friends.

Jack starts a conversation with Brenda. He hopes to make a new friendship. The restaurant and bar is a great place to meet someone new. It might be the best place for new acquaintances to start meaningful relationships! Jack might find a new companion, and live peacefully with lasting happiness.

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ALL-AMERICAN KANDIBARS

The New Orleans Waterhouse was one of the best places to eat and drink in Louisiana. My friends recommended it to me a year ago, and I've been spending money there ever since. I spent time with my buddy, Kevin. He and I liked to stay for drinks, from happy hour, until midnight. The Waterhouse on Friday nights was the greatest place to start the weekend!

I'm Jack, and I work for a remodeling company. My boss is a small businessman, who is in it for himself. He hires guys, like me, to get his jobs done. I love my work—especially the pretty touch, that I give to new kitchens and bathrooms. There's nothing, like the beautiful feeling, that I get when I see the project finished and shining in bright lights. I must have remodeled one hundred kitchens and bathrooms by now. It's the best job, that I've ever had!

I've known Kevin since high school. It's been many years. He had moved into town, because his father took a better job here. Immediately, Kevin was a great friend of mine. We had a lot in common! He had taken to my classmates, as well as anyone could. He became a friend of my family. I realized early in my relationship with him, that he would mean a great deal to me.

I had stopped by The Waterhouse after work, for a cold beer. It was the usual crowd on a quiet Wednesday evening, in July. Heat and boredom had brought most of the customers in. I sat down, and expected to have a good time. There were a lot of customers, who were eating and drinking. I gathered my thoughts, and asked the bartender my favorite question.

"Draft, please?" I asked.

"Sure, Jack," Linda responded.

The bartender was a middle-aged woman with Brunette hair. She was average height, and wore a Waterhouse uniform. Her breasts were large, and filled her blouse like pillows. She was secretive, and liked to keep her personal business out of her conversations. Everyone liked her, and left her tips. I was always impressed by her smooth demeanor.

I had sat down on a bar stool, near the taps. I always do! Looking back over my shoulder, I saw everyone, eating cheeseburgers, French fries, and salads. I was touched to see their courtesy and happiness. It was still early, and the children were

laughing. They would eat desserts, and go home to bed. I felt alone without Kevin.

The bartender put a creamy yellow napkin onto the dark, wooden bar. She put my tall glass of beer, onto the napkin. She smiled at me, and showed off her big brown eyes. The bartender was beautiful! Her voice was especially elegant. I was awestruck, just looking at her pretty face. She brought out my natural shyness.

“Here you are, Jack,” Linda said.

I had met Linda on the first night, that I went to The Waterhouse. I hardly ever said her name, because I got embarrassed. I felt affectionately for her. She would smile at me, in a way, that made me feel a little drunk. I didn’t want to say anything out of place, so I just spoke directly to her whenever I needed something. I liked her professionalism, and she liked my candor.

I picked up my glass, and put the foamy head of beer to my mouth. I gulped, and put the glass back onto the pretty napkin. I was happy to sit down at The Waterhouse! It was a great personal pleasure. I was done work for the day, and there’s nothing better than a cold beer to sooth my nerves. Linda was there to keep me happy.

“Thanks,” I said.

“Certainly, Jack. Let me know, if you need anything else,” Linda said.

Kevin liked to sit in the corner, just behind the front door. He could see better there. The table in the corner was empty, and I felt disappointed. I realized, that he must have gone right home tonight. He must have had a hard day. New Orleans wasn’t the easiest place to work. Everything seemed quiet without him.

The Waterhouse stood back from the street, except for a big sign and a small parking lot. There were six lanes of highway, at forty miles per hour, right out front. The Waterhouse had creamy yellow siding, and a dark brown roof. The colors matched the uniforms. It was a family place, that was especially famous for beef and beer.

The front of The Waterhouse was filled with tables and chairs. Customers ate and drank there. The floor was hardwood, and the furniture was made of dark wood that matched the bar. The Waterhouse got loud at happy hour, but the bartender and the waitresses knew all the faces. They were friends with everyone. There was no need

to worry.

I looked around the bar, and saw three women in business skirts talking to each other in loud voices. I saw a few middle-aged men, sitting quietly with beers. There were younger men, drinking beer from bottles. They looked, like they were in high school. They sounded young, too. I figured, that they must be old enough to drink.

“Have the ladies been here long?” I asked.

“They’ve been here for an hour,” Linda responded.

“Can I buy them another round?”

Linda walked down to the far end, of the bar. The women raised their voices, and laughed. I saw them, nodding their heads from side to side, and felt my heart sink. It looked like the response was going to be ‘no’. It was a serious disappointment. I guessed, that I wouldn’t be staying long at The Waterhouse tonight.

Linda came back to me. She had a smart look in her eyes. I was always impressed by her diplomacy.

“No, thanks. They’ve had enough to drink already,” Linda said.

The women looked at me, and I waved to them. I smiled at them, and raised my voice for them to hear me.

“Some other time! I hope, that we can get together to share some laughs!” I yelled.

The women blushed. They stopped talking to each other, for a little while. They looked around, and thought about what they should do next. I guessed, that they had personal business. I thought, that their minds were preoccupied. I had hoped to find out, who they were and when they got to New Orleans. I loved to meet new people!

I drank more of my beer. I figured, that I would be getting home right away. I had worked on a kitchen, that had drawn out my patience. It was an expensive house, that was owned by a married couple. We had put in new appliances, and the wealthy wife wanted a custom counter. My boss would want me to be fresh in the morning, for a full day’s work.

“It’s slow today,” I said.

Linda looked at me. She smiled, and leaned over to me. She smelled like perfume.

“Yes. It is,” Linda said.

“I know, that I’ve said it before, but it’s nice to see you,” I said.

“Thanks, Jack.”

Linda gazed at me. She was several years younger, than me. I looked back, and thought that I was lucky to know her.

“You look so nice in your uniform,” I said.

Linda smiled again, and leaned over the inside railing of the bar. She put her face close to mine.

“I think, that you’re a great guy, Jack,” Linda said. “You have style.”

“Thanks! It’s really nice of you to mention that,” I responded.

I smiled at Linda, and picked up my glass.

“Enjoy your beer,” Linda said. She turned away from me, and went back to work.

It occurred to me, that I might be living the happiest day of my life. I thought about my home, and put my empty glass back onto the napkin. I had been living alone for a few years now. Surely, there was something, that I could do about it. I wanted to meet someone new! I did my best to look and sound good.

The beer at The Waterhouse was cold, and the drinks were sweet. The Waterhouse uniforms were sexy outfits—yellow blouses and dark brown slacks. I imagined the suburban world of New Orleans outside the door, at street level, spinning by. I imagined the world, running busily with plans for a little more money and hopes for a little more pride.

Linda picked up another glass, and put it under the tap. She pulled back on the big wooden lever, and waited. I watched her earn some money, while the glass filled with beer. This Friday night would be the best night of my life! I was sure of it. The

glass was full of beer, with a head of foam, and Linda put it onto a yellow napkin at the near end of the bar.

“That’s beautiful,” I said.

I thought back to my early days. I had been a nice-looking guy, when I was young. I had been a bashful teenager, but liked pretty dates. It wasn’t often, that I had a steady girlfriend, but I sure was in love when I did! I had met a few pretty, local women at The Waterhouse. They were fun, but nothing got special. We had drinks together, and shared a lot of laughs.

I got lonely, staying at home, every night. I had grown up with my parents and brother. Now, all that I had were television shows. I loved The Waterhouse! I always felt like a million dollars, when I was there. If only, I could find the right woman, and fall in love. I couldn’t be certain, but something had to be done. It was the best, that I could do.

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I rolled out of work, at six o’clock, on Friday evening. The wealthy woman’s kitchen was done, and her husband could rest from her perfectionism. My boss was pleased! The drive to The Waterhouse wasn’t difficult, and I was anxious to see Kevin. I wanted to laugh and yell with him. I really hoped, that he would be there.

I recollected some of the remodeling jobs, that I had done, while I drove my pick-up truck. I had installed kitchen equipment for a chef, because he liked cooking at home as much as cooking at work. I had installed hot tubs for women with sexy figures, because they loved the foamy jets. I had remodeled garages, too! I had made them into new rooms, where children could play.

I saw the big sign for The Waterhouse, and imagined Kevin sipping his first beer. It was happy hour, and Friday night was just starting. I pulled my truck into the parking lot, and thought that tonight could be the night of my life. I might finally change into the man, whom I was really meant to be! I might become someone new, and impress everyone with my personality.

I parked my truck, and got into The Waterhouse. I looked around at the crowd, that had gathered, and chuckled loudly. I saw Kevin at his favorite table, and walked over to sit down. Kevin had a glass of beer, in front of him. He had been talking to another customer, who sat at the next table, while he waited for me to show up.

I pulled a chair back, and sat down. I made myself comfortable. I looked at Kevin's face, and smiled like a child. He looked at my smiling face, and leaned forwards to talk to me. I could see excitement in his eyes. It was amazing! It had been so many years, that we knew each other, but the excitement never ceased.

"Jack! It's great, that you're here!" Kevin yelled.

"Hi, Kevin! I'm glad, that you made it," I responded.

Kevin and I sat quietly for a minute. A waitress got over to the table, and asked us for orders of food and drinks. I thought to myself, that Kevin looked young in his blue T-shirt. He was in his work clothes. He had a nice haircut, that made him look like an accountant. He was an experienced plumber. I wished, that I looked as young as him.

The waitress hovered over us. Kevin finished his beer, and asked for another one. I asked for a cheeseburger, French fries, and a pineapple screwdriver. The waitress looked closely at Kevin and me. She surmised, that we were having a good time. She was another doll at The Waterhouse. I did my best to keep track of them.

"Anything else?" the waitress asked.

"No. That's all for now," Kevin responded.

The waitress thanked us for our orders, and left.

"I see some of our friends," Kevin said.

"Yeah. Work's over," I said.

"Do you remember the woman, who sold jewelry? She said, that she was getting rich from everyone buying as much as they could wear."

"Sure! She was bright! You told her, that she should advertise."

“I wonder, where she went.”

“I don’t know. I haven’t seen her in years.”

The waitress brought Kevin his beer. I watched her put it onto a yellow napkin. My stomach grumbled. I humbly waited for my order to arrive.

“Are you making out okay?” I asked.

“My parents called me, and asked me to stop by and say ‘hello’. My mom said, that she’s worried about me living on my own,” Kevin responded.

“Good! I’m happy to hear it! You’re remembered at home.”

Happy hour at The Waterhouse was chatter, mingled with bass tones. Voices overlapped, and thoughts got lost. Customers slowly came and went. I loved to feel their beating hearts. Sometimes, I could hear their mental machinery. They ate and drank until they were content. I thought to myself, that there must be a higher power.

My cheeseburger came to the table, with my side order and mixed drink. The waitress put my food and drink down from her service tray. Food at The Waterhouse was good! It was casual cuisine, that was served just as well as the best restaurants in New Orleans. My mixed drink was a tall glass, that was full of bright-yellow tropical juice and vodka. It was poured over a tall stack, of ice cubes.

I took a few bites of my cheeseburger, and Kevin drank some of his beer. It was good beef, and a good roll. The cheese tasted like cheddar. I looked at Kevin again, and saw him smiling. I looked at my French fries, and saw starch inside the golden-brown potatoes. It occurred to me, that I hadn’t eaten much for lunch.

Brenda came in, while I was eating dinner. She had visited The Waterhouse before. She was a pretty woman with a fair build. Her lips were fat with red lipstick, and her breasts stood up on her chest like baseballs. Kevin saw her come in first, and turned his head to look. The door slowly closed behind her, and time stopped for me.

Brenda looked around The Waterhouse. She had stopped walking in after a few steps. She looked for her friends. Eyes from a few customers looked up to see what she was doing. Brenda blushed, and looked down to a path through the tables. She

walked over to the bar, and subtly motioned to Linda for service. The atmosphere was still a new experience for her.

“Raspberry vodka and soda, please?” Brenda asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Linda responded.

Customers looked at Brenda’s hair and clothes. She was a brunette, and wore a fancy, blue blouse. Her slacks were black, and hugged her ass. She stood at the bar, and watched Linda mix her drink. Her breath filled her ribs with excitement and adventure. She captivated me! I couldn’t wait to meet her and tell her that I loved her.

“It’s nice to see you again!” Linda yelled.

“Sure! It’s great to see you, too!” Brenda responded.

Linda put a yellow napkin onto the bar. She put Brenda’s raspberry vodka and soda on top of it.

“Thank you,” Brenda said.

“It’s my pleasure,” Linda responded.

“I’m sure, that it is.”

Brenda noticed her clique of friends, at the far end, of the bar. She picked up her mixed drink and the yellow napkin. She walked around the crowd, carrying her breasts and ass on her pretty feet with grace and poise. Her shoes clicked on the hardwood floor, as she walked. I watched her, impatiently. There was nothing left in my mind, but her.

“Brenda!” Julie yelled.

“Hi, Julie!” Brenda responded.

Brenda had met Julie and her friends the first time, that she visited The Waterhouse. The women had been celebrating a birthday, and invited Brenda to join them. Brenda put her drink down on the bar, with the napkin, underneath it. She stepped closer to her friends. Julie got up from her stool, and Brenda leaned into her with her

breasts.

“Look at you! You look so nice!” Julie yelled.

Julie reached out to Brenda with her arms, and hugged her. Brenda blushed, and hugged her back. She got embarrassed by her affection for women.

“Oh, Julie. I love to see you! I wanted to tell you, that I’ve fallen in love with New Orleans. I’m so happy, that I came here,” Brenda said.

Julie smiled, and her friends smiled, too. She admired Brenda’s courage to move into New Orleans. Brenda kissed Julie’s cheek. She loved her smell. Julie let go of Brenda’s waist. She reached back for her stool, and sat down.

“I’m feeling special like Christmas! I’ve been smiling about my new apartment, and my new friends!” Brenda yelled.

“I’m glad, that you are fitting in,” Julie said.

“I feel great! I really have found a new home.”

“Have you met anyone new?”

“No. I’ve had a peaceful rest. I got bored, and came in for a fancy drink.”

“Jack and Kevin are here. I can introduce you to them.”

“Okay. I really appreciate it! I’d like to meet them.”

I had turned my head to see Brenda. I had put my cheeseburger down after Kevin said that she came in. Brenda was over with her friends, and I had shrunk into my chair. I had fallen into her curves and the complicated balance that kept her on her feet. I didn’t know what to do! I didn’t have any alternative, but to say something to her.

I had watched Brenda before. She had bought a drink at the bar, when I was eating a slice of cheese pizza at the taps. Linda was there, and told me that she had just moved into town. Brenda was a beautiful woman with a beautiful voice. I had immediately fallen for her blue eyes and innocent smile. Now, I truly realized how much, that I was attracted to her.

My first thought about Brenda had been, that she was so cheerful. She had a great spirit. I had been so happy to see her! I remembered, that my head had glowed when I watched her drink. She smiled even harder, when she looked at me. I wanted to know her from the very beginning. She seemed to be a great match for me.

“Brenda has new friends,” I said.

“That’s Julie, Ann, and Elizabeth,” Kevin said.

“I met Julie last week. She was here alone, and shared a drink with me.”

“She’s the talkative one. She has a friendly way about her, but likes to ask questions about personal business.”

“Are they from New Orleans?”

“Sure! They’re from New Orleans. I was at The Waterhouse late, and they explained to me that they moved in after a vacation here. They want to be full-time tourists.”

“Brenda’s hair looks great! Her rosy cheeks turn me on, too.”

“She’s something!”

“Can I meet her?”

“Maybe later. Let her have a few drinks first.”

Brenda drank her raspberry vodka and soda. Her shirt was tucked in, and she had a beautiful waist. Her shoes were black pumps. Everyone looked at her sexy figure! I was falling for a brunette, like I had never fallen for one before. I hoped, that this time would be special. I had fallen for blondes, but they never cared much for my self-conscious demeanor.

Brenda noticed, that I had turned my shoulder away from my cheeseburger. She saw, that I was looking at her, and turned her head to show me her face. She opened her eyes to see what surprises that I might have for her. She seemed to be thinking, that time was too short for us just to sit here. I sure thought so! I was warming up to meet her.

I took a few more bites of my cheeseburger. It was a big sandwich. I drank some of my pineapple screwdriver, and looked at Kevin. I didn't say anything. The noise at The Waterhouse seemed to be getting louder. I felt nervous! I supposed, that it was Brenda. I shrunk back into my chair, and wondered what to do. I wondered, what Brenda would say to me.

"Have you thought about coming with me to Golden Meadow?" Kevin asked. "It's a quiet place. I like to go there to watch the birds and visit nature. We can stop for a cold drink."

"Not really. But sure, we can go down there," I responded.

I got up from my chair, and turned to the bar. I decided to walk over and see the new girl. I needed to get closer to my obsession. I squeezed into the crowd, and passed the taps on my right with the tables on my left. I remembered how many times, that I had introduced myself to special women. I remembered how much, that I loved to meet them.

"Brenda!" I yelled.

Brenda turned her head, and looked at me. She was surprised.

"Do you remember me?" I asked.

"I don't think, that we have met," Brenda responded.

"I've seen you here before."

"Have you, really?"

"Sure!"

"Maybe, I recognize you."

I got closer to Brenda. I stood over her, and gazed at her pretty face. I felt, like I could start sweating.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm doing well! It's the weekend," Brenda responded.

“It’s nice to see you. Can I buy you another drink?”

“Not yet. I’m still drinking this one.”

I felt awkward, and looked down at the floor. There was turmoil in my heart. I had to think of what to do.

“It’s been a few weeks since I last saw you,” I said.

I looked at Brenda. She was wearing make-up. She held her shoulders and breasts up, like a glamorous mannequin at a department store. Her posture was sophisticated.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Brenda responded.

“I don’t mean to be rude. I just want to mention it,” I said. “I think, that you’re a beautiful woman.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

Julie overheard the conversation between Brenda and me. She turned around to see what was going on.

“Jack! I can’t believe it!” Julie yelled.

“Hi, Julie,” I said.

“I was going to introduce you to Brenda, in a little while. She just got here.”

“I couldn’t wait any longer. I needed to talk to her now.”

“Brenda, this is Jack. Jack, this is Brenda. Brenda is new to town.”

“Hi, Brenda. I’ve lived in New Orleans for years. It’s been a great experience!”

“I’m from Texas. I’m happy to be here,” Brenda said.

“Brenda’s a single woman, and she’s looking for a new man,” Julie explained.

“That’s great!” I yelled.

“I’m looking for a lasting relationship. One where I have some power,” Brenda said.

“I sure hope, that we can get along!”

I sat down at the bar, with Brenda. Kevin watched me across the room. Julie went back to her friends, and started talking to them.

“Have you found a job?” I asked.

“No. Not yet,” Brenda responded.

“What are you looking for?”

“Secretarial work.”

“I can ask around.”

“That would be great! I can work anywhere.”

“My boss might know someone, who needs a secretary.”

“Thank you, Jack! I really appreciate it.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

I took the moment in. It was fantastic! Finally, I was talking to Brenda. I felt great, but wasn’t sure what to say. I paused, and thought to myself. Brenda made me feel special. I was sure, that it was a sign of my love for her.

“I sure am happy to meet you,” I said.

“I understand,” Brenda responded.

“I think, that we should get to know each other.”

“We just met, Jack. Don’t be presumptuous.”

Brenda looked at me sharply. She seemed angry. I couldn’t resist her anymore.

“We could have a romance,” I said.

“I don’t know,” Brenda responded.

“I live alone, Brenda. I’ve been looking for someone new to come into my life, and I’m attracted to you.”

“You’re a stranger, Jack.”

“I know, that we just met, but our relationship should start right here.”

“I don’t trust you.”

“Oh, Brenda. I’m sorry, that you don’t trust me. Surely, there’s something, that I can do to change your mind.”

Brenda looked down at the bar. She contemplated my advance. She was embarrassed, and took a moment to make sense of me.

“My last relationship went very poorly,” Brenda said.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I responded.

“My boyfriend wanted my relationship with him to be at his convenience. He would leave me, whenever he wanted. Weeks would go by. I finally told him to leave.”

“That was very selfish of him. I’m glad, that your relationship fell apart.”

“Yes. It was mean, too. He hurt my feelings.”

“I understand. I’ve had my feelings hurt. I think, that you can spend some time with me. It would be a good idea! I can show you, that I’m a good man.”

Brenda stopped talking, and thought about me. She turned her head, and looked at my face. I waited carefully for her emotions to soften.

“I think, that you will like me,” I said.

“Okay, Jack. We can talk tonight,” Brenda responded.

“That’s great! I love it!”

“It’s only conversation. Okay?”

“Sure, Brenda! Whatever you say.”

“That’s great, Jack. Let’s see how it goes.”

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“What do you like most about New Orleans?” Brenda asked.

“There’s the endless warmth, and the green sea. There’s the beef, and the fish,” I said.

“The beef, and the fish!”

Brenda asked me personal questions, and kidded me. She laughed at the simplicity of my thoughts, and embarrassed me. I persisted with my advance.

“There’s the work, and the friendships,” I said.

“You sound like an honest man,” Brenda said.

“Thank you.”

“I just might like you.”

“Would you like to meet my friend, Kevin? He’s sitting at my table.”

“Yes, I would. Please, introduce me.”

Brenda looked deeply into my eyes, and wondered about my sincerity. I did my best to impress her with my smile. Brenda started to relax, and I started to believe that she loved me. She picked up her raspberry vodka and soda, and put her lips on the glass. She had some of her drink, and put the glass back onto the yellow napkin.

“Okay, Jack,” Brenda said.

“Wonderful! Let’s go!” I yelled.

I stood up to address Julie, Ann, and Elizabeth. I was delighted, that Brenda felt something for me. Brenda stood up. She picked up her drink and the yellow napkin.

“Julie! I’m sorry to take Brenda away from you. I won’t occupy her forever,” I said.

“Oh, Jack! Take good care of her,” Julie said.

“I sure will.”

“Really, Jack. We think, that she’s a nice woman,” Ann said.

“Yes, Jack. Really,” Elizabeth said.

“I’ll do everything, that I can to make her happy,” I promised.

I turned away from Julie and her friends. I looked over to the table, behind the front door. Kevin was sitting quietly, and waiting for me to return.

“Come with me,” I said.

I walked over to Kevin, and Brenda followed right behind me. Kevin noticed us coming over, and smiled.

“Who’s your friend?” Brenda asked.

“I’ve known him since high school,” I responded.

I got to the table, and pulled out a chair. Brenda sat down on it. I stood over the table with pride! I had gotten the new girl into my life.

“Brenda, this is my best friend, Kevin. Kevin, this is Brenda,” I said.

Brenda put her raspberry vodka and soda down with the yellow napkin, underneath it.

“It’s nice to see you,” Kevin said.

I sat down on my chair, next to Brenda. I was delighted to have her with me!

“Brenda got rid of someone, in her life. Help her feel welcomed,” I said.

“Sure!” Kevin yelled.

“I thought, that we could talk. Brenda is looking for someone new.”

“You look really nice! I’m glad, that you could come over.”

“Thank you. I’m happy to meet you,” Brenda said.

“Would you like something to eat?” I asked.

“No. I had something to eat before I left home.”

I ate the last bites of my cheeseburger. There wasn’t much left. I drank some of my pineapple screwdriver. Kevin had waited a long time for me to come back. He was a little embarrassed by what I did.

“Kevin and I come here a lot,” I said.

“Do you know everyone?” Brenda asked.

“The bartender, and all the waitresses. I love to eat here! Some of the customers, too. I can introduce you, if you’d like.”

“That’s sweet of you, Jack.”

“It’s the best, that I can do.”

“It looks like the two of you have hit it off!” Kevin yelled.

“Yeah! It’s a new beginning for us!” I yelled.

“We’re looking to be friends,” Brenda said.

“I think, that you are going to like Jack,” Kevin said.

“He’s a pleasant man. I look forwards to my time, with him.”

“I look forwards to my time, with you, too,” I said.

“You can meet him here, whenever you want. Just give him a call,” Kevin said.

“I’ll write my telephone number down for you.”

“That’s very nice of you,” Brenda said.

Brenda picked up her glass, and finished her drink. She started to feel some comfort, and relaxed into her chair.

“I’m so happy, that we met, Brenda!” I yelled. “I think, that it’s more than a coincidence.”

“Jack. Do you think, that it’s fate?” Brenda asked.

“I sure hope so!”

“I don’t believe in fate, but I sure do believe in friends!”

“Let me know, if you need anything. I want you to get adjusted well.”

“Yes, Jack. I sure will.”

I finished my drink, and smiled. The waitress stopped by, and took away my plate and everyone’s empty glasses. She asked, if we wanted anything else, and Kevin told her that we were fine.

“I think, that we’re going to have a great relationship!” I yelled.

“I want, what’s best for you,” Brenda responded.

“I love that idea!”

“Yes, Jack. I hope, that everything works out for the best.”

Brenda looked at me, and I looked back. She was so sexy, and Kevin had approved of our relationship. She made me feel so happy! There was nothing for me to do, but fall in love. Brenda was such a nice woman, and the night was going so well. I hoped, that I could persuade her to fall in love, too. It was the best thing, that could happen to me.