**Afternoons at the Supermarket**

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When I was four years old my mother warned me not to feed the pigeons.

"If you feed them once, they'll follow you everywhere," she said. Of course I ignored her as any little girl would have done; I tossed kernels of popcorn at the flock of gray and black birds gathering around our park bench. Sure enough, when I ran into the playground the birds followed right along with me. I was thrilled about it; a gleeful smile filled my face. They were my new little friends just because I fed them. Those birds followed my mom and me half way home before she finally shooed them away for good.

Today, at twenty eight years old, I've learned that men behave just like pigeons: feed them a little something and they'll follow you wherever you go.

I can find pigeons in the park; I like to find men in the supermarket. That's right, the neighborhood grocery where I can find aisle after aisle of anonymity. And opportunity. I try to get there after the morning rush when all of the stay-at-home moms do their shopping. They're usually rushed, harried, and dragging along whimpering four year olds. Why don't they go to the park and feed the pigeons? I'm usually at the supermarket at around 1:30 in the afternoon. The pace is a little bit slower in the afternoon.

Whenever I walk in the store, I wave to Jimmy, the produce guy. He always has a big smile for me. As usual, I was wearing something comfortable—a buttoned down shirt with the top three buttons left open. It looked nice. So did the little pleated skirt that goes to about six inches above my knees. Sexy, but not too much so. Open toed sandals completed my outfit. I liked the way they showed off the blue nail polish I use on my toenails.

On that outing, I headed down aisle two, where the canned soups could be found. That's the aisle where a handsome young man happened to be trying to decide whether to buy Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup or the Tomato Rice. I strolled over.

"Excuse me," I said to him, flashing a big smile, and slightly flicking my shoulder length blonde hair back over my ear. Then I crouched down to carefully study the selection of Cream of Mushroom soups. From his vantage point, Handsome Young Man had a clear view down the front of my shirt. Did I mention that I don't like to wear a bra to the supermarket? It just gets in the way. My breasts are firm; big enough to jiggle but not so big that they sway when I walk. So why bother with the bra?

Handsome Young Man didn't make a move. He just stood their looking. So I turned a little left and a little right. I made sure my tits jiggled in the shirt so he got to see some nipple. Little shivers slid down my body as my nipples brushed against the fabric of the shirt; they perked up from that. Well, they got really hard, but not just from brushing against the fabric; I was liked knowing that Handsome Young Guy was watching. I put a can of soup in my cart, bending low as I did so. That way he could look straight into the neckline of my shirt and see how my tits dangle down.

Once he's seen nipple, he'll follow me anywhere. I walked around to the next aisle. Spaghetti, rice, beans and along comes Handsome Young Man from the other direction. I'm sure he raced down the soup aisle, quickly turned the corner and then slowed his pace to a casual stroll when he saw me. Fortunately, what I wanted was on the bottom shelf. So let's see, what did I want? Oh, the cracked barley looked good. So again, I crouched down, this time to study the choices of packaged cracked barley. Handsome Young Man was about twenty feet in front of me.

Proper etiquette for a woman crouching in a supermarket aisle requires a careful bend at the knees; legs held demurely together; body turned at an angle to the shelves. I'm pretty good at the position, except I sometimes forget the part about keeping my legs held demurely together. This gave Handsome Young Man a very nice view of the rose tattoo high up on my inner thigh. The tattoo is only about an inch long. The flower is deep red, and the stem is green with three little leaves on it. I like my tattoo; it kind of pops out against the pale flesh, drawing in a voyeur's eye. As Handsome Young Man walked slowly toward to me, he sidled up closer to the shelves. I know this gave him a better angle to look past my tattoo; exactly as I had hoped.

He figured I'm looking at cracked barley; while I know he's looking at my pussy. From where he was standing about ten feet away I'm sure he had a clear shot between my thighs. Did I mention that I wasn't wearing panties? Yes I did: just a shirt, skirt and sandals. Nothing else. At all. Handsome Young Man is trying to be discrete, sort of looking at the food shelves but really looking at me. He can see my puffy vulva hiding my inner pussy lips. Meanwhile, I can feel the moist lubrication collecting in me. If I were wearing panties they would have had an obvious wet spot on them by then. I'm sure he can see the patch of blonde pubic hair too. I used to shave myself bare, but I decided there was less to see that way. It wasn't as exciting for me. I'm not sure if all the guys agree, but no one has ever complained.

I thought about rubbing myself, give him a complete thrill. I decide not to do that because up till then he didn't know if I knew he was looking. If I ran my finger through my dripping wet pussy, and maybe licked it clean, he'd pretty much figure out I was playing with him. Just then a cart appeared turning into the aisle behind Handsome Young Man. I stood up just as a sweet, blue haired, old lady came around the corner. Phew. I can get away with a lot at this store, but I always avoid flashing the blue hairs. One time, at another store, one of them complained about me to the manager. I had to find a new supermarket after that.

I took the opportunity to move down a few aisles. Frozen pizzas. I stood in front of the glass freezer doors, finger pressed against my mouth, trying to decide: pepperoni or sausage. Maybe eight seconds later, Handsome Young Man found his way into my aisle. 'Once you feed them, they'll follow you wherever you go,' I thought. A smile came to my face.

On the bottom shelf of the freezer, I saw my favorite brand of individual serving sized, sausage topped pizzas. I opened the freezer door and bent at the waist to look at the selection. My little skirt rode up just to the bottom of my butt. I could feel cool air swirling around my inner pussy lips; they were swollen and opened up like a little flower. That's what happens when I get excited like this. My pussy lips open up. I'm sure he got a perfect view of them peeking out below my raised skirt and my tight but cheeks. Still bent over, Handsome Young Man standing a few feet behind me, my right hand on the pizzas, I placed my left hand at the tip of my crotch. He couldn't see this from where he was standing; I used the middle finger of my left hand to lightly stroke my clitoris. Not hard and only two or three times. My breathing stopped for a moment, my sphincter contracted, my abdominal muscles pressed down. I even let out a little whimper. I love cumming in the supermarket. I'm not sure, but I might even have dripped a little when I came. I hope Handsome Young Man was close enough to notice.

'Pepperoni or sausage?' I think. Who cares? I've given Handsome Young Man enough of a show. It's time to leave so I grab the nearest package of pizzas, stand up, put them in my cart and head to the cashier. Handsome Young Man followed right behind, not even pretending to be shopping anymore. I paid for my small basket of groceries and headed to the car. By the time I had put the grocery bag in the trunk, Handsome Young Man had made it out of the store. He's practically racing to follow me now. Well, since he'd made the effort—as I sat down to enter my car, I made sure to spread my legs nice and wide; it's like tossing one last piece of pop corn to my pigeon.

I'm glad my mother taught me about the pigeons; but my father taught me how to fish. I learned that it takes a long time to lure them in. At first they don't think you're offering anything real, just a fake looking fly; but once you get them to bite, they're hooked.

If men are like pigeons, women are like trout.

I was back at the supermarket just two days after my little adventure with Handsome Young Man. I like to buy small amounts of groceries at a time. That way I can keep returning to the store. I was wearing a silk blouse with a flower pattern and a short, rather tight skirt. Instead of sandals, I was wearing open toed strapless pumps with a two inch heel. My pretty painted toes still peeking out. I wasn't dressed like a hooker; but no one would confuse me with their first grade teacher either.

I went right over to the fruits and vegetable section. There were four or five other shoppers looking over the produce. As usual Jimmy, the tall, skinny produce guy was working. He always smiles at me when I come into the store; but he never follows me around. I'm pretty sure he's gay.

"Hi Jimmy," I say, "What looks good today?"

"Its all good, Ma'am," he responds, in his usual chipper voice.

I chuckled at his reply, as did a few of the other shoppers who were close enough to hear. This gave me a moment to check out the scene. I knew to avoid the sixty-ish couple over by the melons. Flashing older men can be a lot of fun. They seem to appreciate the attention and the effort, but I didn't think this guy's wife would be too happy with me. There was a nice looking guy at the salad bar, but I was in the mood for something more challenging. That left two women to choose from, a tall brunette and a pretty blonde about my height. I decided to try for the blonde.

She was cute, that's for sure. She had long straight hair flowing about half way down her back. She was wearing tight jeans that showed off a very nice ass. I was getting myself worked up just looking at her. I made my way over to the tomatoes were she was making her selection. I leaned over to reach for a tomato, allowing the neckline of my blouse to gape open and gave this pretty blonde a clear shot of my tits. She looked; I'm sure of it. Then she picked up another tomato and walked away. That's another way that women are like trout: sometimes they're hungry and sometimes they're not. I looked over at Jimmy. He had seen the whole thing. He gave me a smile and shrugged his shoulders.

So that left the brunette. I'm five feet four inches tall, five-six in my pumps, and she was easily four inches taller then me. She was maybe thirty five years old. Brunette was wearing a long grey skirt, red blouse, and a gorgeous short-strand pearl necklace. She also had on a diamond engagement ring and wedding band. She was altogether a very practical looking married woman. If I wanted a challenge, this looked like it.

She was standing by the apple display. I walked over and picked out two Granny Smiths, weighing each in my hand, appearing undecided about which to take. As I reached over to put one back in the pile, I made sure to turn just enough to give my girl a good flash of breast. I've used this move before; it pretty much gives a full view of my right tit, from cleavage all the way to nipple. Lot's of areola shows too. Brunette looked and got an eyeful. She didn't walk away. Maybe I'd found a hungry trout.

"Do you think the Granny Smiths are good at this time of year?" she asked me.

I was a little bit startled; most trout don't speak. "They're my favorite," I answered, "and this is prime season for them."

"Great, thanks," she returned. She picked out four apples and placed them in a plastic bag.

We both made our way over to the pears. I'm not a big fan of pears, but I wanted to stay close by. I reached across her this time to grab a Bosc pear; again giving her an unobstructed view of my hardening nipple. When I stood up, both of my nipples were clearly outlined in the soft silk of my shirt.

"I don't usually buy pears," I said to her. "What do you think of this one?" She reached over and slightly squeezed the fruit, touching my fingers as she did so.

"Hmmm, I think that one is a little hard. Here," she handed me a different pear, "This one is ready to eat today. It should be sweet and juicy."

Was she teasing me? I wondered. I took the fruit she had selected and placed it in my basket while she chose several for herself.

"So what are we having for dinner?" I asked. This is the kind of joke that sometimes works between two strangers sharing a grocery shopping experience. She laughed at it to my delight.

"Oh, I don't know," She answered, willingly picking up on the conversation. "My husband and I have been in kind of a rut lately, not eating together, or not eating very well when we are together. I decided that I'd try to make a nice dinner for a change. Any suggestions?"

"I'm a salad and pizza girl, myself," I said. "I don't think you had pizza in mind for your nice dinner. But I can help with the salad. Come on."

She was hooked.

I walked her over to the individual dried fruit selection. I took a plastic tray and selected four dried peach halves. I placed them into the try with skin side down and the fleshy side facing up. The thing I like the most about dried peaches is that they look exactly like a vulva; the wide outer perimeter forming the labia majora, the fleshy inner ridges surrounding the dark center look just like labia minora. You might even imagine a little clitoris peeking out at the top. They are easily the most erotic fruit in the market. "Try these on a bed of chopped curly endive," I suggested.

Brunette didn't flinch. "You serve them just like that, no dressing or anything?" she asked. I liked this girl; she had spunk.

"Oh, definitely with a dressing," I said.

"What kind?" she asked.

"That depends."

"On what?" She asked, willing to play along.

"Boy or girl," I answered quickly.

"Boy or girl peach?"

"No," I said. "If my dinner companion is a guy, I drizzle something creamy right in the middle of the peach. Maybe get a little on the endive too. Not too much. You don't want to overdo it."

"Guys like that, huh?"

"They love it. Try it on your husband; I bet you don't even make it through the salad course," I assured her. With my big smile, I made sure she understood what we were talking about.

"Hmmm. What about girls?" she asked. Now she was smiling at me.

"Over here." I said, walking to the little section where the store had the bottled dressings and condiments. Facing each other, we both crouched down to look at the lower shelves, where the oils and vinegars were displayed. "I like a little extra virgin olive oil and a sprinkle of white wine vinegar; maybe add a dash of cinnamon to give it a slightly spicy flavor." I reached down as if to take a bottle from the shelf, but instead slipped my hand between my thighs. I kneeled deeper in my crouch, resting my butt on my heels. My little rose tattoo was certainly visible. She watched my every move. I rubbed the top of my pussy for a few moments, right on the edge of my neatly trimmed pubic hair. I spread my knees wide so she could get a clear view well beyond the rose. If she was still wondering why I liked the look of the dried peach halves, my wide open pussy lips would make it clear. Round and round I rubbed. Then I ran my middle finger up and down between my lips, just a few times. I wasn't going to last long like this. With my palm pressed firmly against my bulging clit, I pressed my middle finger deep inside my pussy, all the way up to the knuckle. My new friend gasped, startled as she watched my sudden penetration. I twirled my finger inside of me two or three times and that's all it took.

I shut my eyes and breathed in deeply. The contractions in my pussy gripped my finger; my nipples sent electric sparks through me as they rubbed against my silk shirt. I hoped she was watching everything my hand was doing as I continued pressing on my clit and twittering my finger inside. As my orgasm subsided, I was finally able to open my eyes. My girl was transfixed. I pulled my finger out of my pussy and brought it up to my mouth. The finger was glistening with my juice. Brunette looked at my finger like a child looking at an ice cream cone. I licked the fleshy side of my finger and then placed the whole thing into my mouth. Slowly I pulled it out, savoring the flavor.

"I think you would like the way it tastes," I cooed at her.

"What?" She replied, startled back to the discussion, unsure what I meant.

"The dressing," I teased. "The one I was telling you about. The oil and vinegar and cinnamon. The one I use when I have a girlfriend over to eat." I stared directly into her eyes as I said this.

She smiled back at me. "Yes, I think I might like it," she said as we both stood back up.

"Go ahead, try the other way with your husband tonight. I'll be here tomorrow at about the same time. You could stop by and tell me how it went. And maybe sometime we could try my dish together."

"I might like that, we'll see. I'd better get my shopping done so I can be ready for this evening." She smoothed out her skirt with both hands, clearly needing the pause to regain her composure. "Thanks for everything. I'm sure my husband will appreciate your suggestions." She took the tray of peaches I was holding and smiled at me. I watched her as she headed down the aisle to finish her shopping.

I stood still for a few minutes, not fully trusting my legs to carry me just yet. "So, what do you think, Jimmy?" I asked when he walked over to where I was standing.

"I think I almost came in my pants watching you two."

"You should have," I said, "I did."

"I know. I was watching."

"I didn't think you'd be interested." I said.

"Hey, sexy is sexy," he said. I took it as a compliment.

"So what do you think?" I asked again.

"What do you mean 'what do I think'?"

"Do you think she'll be back tomorrow?"

"I think she'll be back," he said.

"I think so, too," I said with a smile.

Jimmy handed me a rose from the flower display. "Here, it's on the house," he said. I kissed Jimmy on the cheek, said "I'll see you tomorrow afternoon for sure," and headed to the cashier line.