**Commando**

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"Come on, Melissa, you lost fair and square," Shelley laughed. "The penalty's not too bad."

"Easy for you to say," grumbled Melissa, knowing that if she were in the other girls' shoes she'd be laughing, too.

Still, she had to admit the penalty wasn't too bad. She could also take some steps to mitigate it.

The game had been a straightforward card game, and Melissa was usually lucky with those, but when the points had been counted at the end she'd come last. By one, single, lousy, point, but still last.

The girls had had their fun, thinking up some wild penalties before settling on a commando raid. All she had to do was go to the supermarket and pick up a dozen items -- while wearing a very short skirt and no panties. Everything was fine as long as she walked carefully, but if she stretched up or bent down, wowza!

OK, she thought, definitely not my normal supermarket. Over to the hub, I think, with indoor parking and people who don't know me.

Once in the parking lot, Melissa chose her spot carefully. Reverse park against a wall, allowing her room to manoeuvre behind the car. This would ensure that when she flashed the world getting in and out of the car the car-door would shield her from one direction and the wall from the other. Score one for Melissa. Being able to load her groceries protected from view was another plus.

Taking the walkway up to the supermarket Melissa stood very still, praying no-one lower on the walkway was paying attention to her. Into the supermarket and grab a trolley and away she went.

Walking the aisles, picking the things she needed. OK at first, but then she had to reach up for something. An automatic stretch and a sudden reminder when the old gentlemen looking her way suddenly went bright red.

Melissa found herself giggling at the poor man's reaction, and suddenly felt a lot more confident. She finished gathering the things on her list, taking her time and if she had to stretch or bend down she chose her time with care. A little voice whispered to her "You also seem to be making sure it's young men who see your tush", but she ignored that.

Stacking her groceries in the baby seat section of the shopping trolley meant not having to bend over at the checkout, and Melissa was soon heading back to her car smiling. OK, so a couple of young men had seen her tush, so what? It had actually been a little exciting.

Melissa dragged the trolley behind her car and flicked up the hatch-back. She was about to start loading the groceries when a man walked up alongside the van parked next to her and opened the back. Melissa paused.

The groceries were loose in the trolley, and not in the baby section any longer. She was going to have to bend down for those and each time she did, she'd be flashing her tush at the man behind her. Not only her tush. At that range he'd have an excellent view of her pussy as well. But not her face, she realised, and the thrill of illicit behaviour ran through her.

She would take her time putting the groceries away, and if he was looking at her he was going to get quite a view. She felt hot and wet, just thinking of his reaction.

Melissa bent over the trolley for the first item. OK, so she could have picked up several items at once. Why should she? And maybe she didn't need to lean over quite that far, but it made it easier to pick up the eggs. That was fair, wasn't it?

As soon as Melissa bent over and her dress headed north she heard her neighbour stop humming. So suddenly you'd think someone ran a zip across his lips. Next, butter. Bend and reach. Absolute silence from behind her.

Someone, Melissa decided, is enjoying the show. And she was enjoying giving it. She was now definitely feeling hot and wet and sexy. This was fun.

Storing the bread and reaching for the next item, humming to herself from pure mischief. That was the point at which things changed.

Bending over, trying to decide which item to choose, Melissa froze as a pair of large hands closed on her hips and a large warm object was pressing firmly against her pussy. Before Melissa could say yes, no, help or just scream she found that she was being neatly transfixed by an eager organ, which slid smoothly into her wet pussy and settled deep within her, helped in she had to admit by the thrust of her own hips welcoming it.

Melissa stayed still, unable to speak, trying to think, which she was finding increasingly difficult with the stranger now starting to pump her, slowly but surely.

Slowly she worked it out. No-one could see from behind as the wall was there. Nobody could see from in front as she was bent over behind the car and the hatch was up. Cars blocked the view from side to side. She couldn't believe it. She was in the middle of a shopping centre and a man was diddling her without a care in the world.

Melissa found herself gasping as her unexpected lover continued to thrust deeply into her. She found that she was moving in time to his energetic performance, enjoying the unexpected. A little voice was telling her, "you shouldn't be doing this", but as far as she was concerned a nice big cock was hammering home the message "you want this". She was listening to the cock.

Neither Melissa nor her lover had spoken as of yet. He had just stepped up and invaded, and she had just relaxed and let it happen. Neither seemed to see the need for words at all.

The driving thrusts were building up nicely, sending ripples of pleasure deep into Melissa, who responded by clamping tightly around the instrument that was pleasuring her, trying to ensure that she was sending pleasure to the owner.

Both of them were breathing hard, moving faster, and Melissa gave a muffled squeak, desperately trying not to scream as her orgasm came flooding over her. She could feel deep inside that her unknown lover was happily completing his work.

Melissa stayed bent over the trolley, waiting for the withdrawal, still not speaking, but definitely breathing hard. As the stranger slowly withdrew she could feel him leaning over her, and finally he spoke.

"Stay like that for a minute. My mate's finished his shopping and is heading this way."

Melissa blanched. "Is he insane? Does he really expect me to just remain bent over so his unknown mate can come along and bonk me as well? Doesn't he know that what he'd done was effectively rape? And he expects me to remain here so his mate can have a go?"

Melissa fumed. How dare he take her so much for granted. It was bad enough he'd jumped her, but to expect to be able to pass her to a mate was the outside of enough.

Melissa squealed. She'd dithered too long it turned out, and another pair of hands were on her hips. "This time I'm protesting," she though, only to hold very still at what she felt pushing against her.

"What the hell?" she thought, feeling her eyes opening very wide, as she found that the invasion of her body was being performed by a much larger intruder. She gasped, squirming as a massive organ began driving home. She gave a soft squeal, as it rammed its way into her desperately yielding body. She gave a groan of anticipation as it settled inside her, pausing before starting its main assault.

Melissa found that she again had nothing to say. She'd just have to nobly withstand this second assault on her body, she thought, as she felt the gathered army starting to march back and forth within her.

Melissa's bottom lifted up and down, helping her to accommodate and control this new messenger of joy. She wanted to scream, she was taking such a wonderful pounding, but obeyed that trickle of awareness that told her that this would be unwise.

Up and down, Melissa's bottom bobbed, riding the tempest and waiting for the storm. It was too long in coming in Melissa's opinion, while arriving far too soon. She pushed her hands against her mouth, trying to hold down her shriek of triumph, while her whole body spasmed to a second climax.

She slumped forward against the trolley again, hands gripping it tightly. Her second lover was now withdrawing, and she relaxed letting him go. She heard the van starting up, and glanced up to see it driving away. Leaving her exposed to anyone else who might take that parking spot she realised.

Melissa hastily straightened and finished loading her groceries. Slam the hatch and into the car, homeward bound.

As she headed home, Melissa pondered how to tell the girls what had happened. They would know something had, and they'd nag until they got answers.

"I got jumped and raped by a couple of thugs in the parking lot" wouldn't really cut it for an explanation. Too many questions about how could they do that in a public are in broad daylight.

Alternatively, how did she tell them "I bent over and presented my pussy to a stranger, and when he'd finished I waited around while he went and got his mate so he could have a turn".

She still didn't know how she came to be having sex in public with a couple of strangers and no-one noticed. And was she raped or not? She couldn't decide.