**Shopping Again**

by Emi Tsuruta

After my run-in with the tall, dark and married stranger, I kind of promised myself not to fool around at the supermarket anymore. A few things happened though that made this promise hard to keep. One was that I found a new supermarket. It's a little bit far, so I have to take a bus or my bike to get there. It's in this big building with a modern design, high ceilings, a grand wirework staircase leading up to a theatre-like balcony with a cafe and just about everything else you could ever want. The actual market is on the second floor (parking on the first), and then there's this gently sloping escalator that takes you up. There are big picture windows all along the front, so it's bright and sunny in the daytime.

It's in a fairly upscale neighborhood, so the customers are usually pretty well dressed. I don't really know the men who shop there, but some of the guys on staff are kind of cute. The young man who works behind the meat counter was all eager to please, but he has a bit of an accent, so I think maybe he is French or East European. Also, one of the checkout cashiers is Filipino I guess. He started telling me about recycling, and he was, like, really knowledgeable, and looked me straight in the eye when he talked. I liked his confidence.

Most of the shoppers though are women. This is California, so there's like all these bleached blondes roaming around, striking poses, trying to attract the attention of the guys. I guess I shouldn't complain, but they pretend to be dressing casually, as if they just popped in wearing whatever they had on at home, but when you look closely, there are usually swanky designer labels on their off-shoulder blouses and biker shorts. This supermarket isn't really a place to meet single guys, but I don't know - I just felt like I should dress up too, and show everyone that we 'exotic Asians' can look sexy too.

Another part of this was I'd been shopping around for clothes, and had picked up a few new items that I wanted to try out. I'd been looking for long t-shirt dresses, and I finally managed to find a few. Most of them I got on the internet, so before they'd arrive, I was never really sure exactly how long they would be. Actually, they are not really dresses. I'd just kind of gone for designers or labels where people were saying that the t-shirts were a bit longer than usual with the idea of wearing them like a dress.

Whenever a package would arrive in the mail, I'd get all excited, and run upstairs to my room to open it up. I'd strip naked, and try the t-shirt on to see if it was long enough to wear by itself. Some of them were indecently short, but I sometimes got a bit excited modeling them in the mirror, wondering if I should show Brandon or whoever what a naughty girl I am!

Oh yeah. And then there was Brandon. He was my host mom's teenaged son, now old enough to go to college. Of course, I knew I shouldn't tease him. I'd know him since he was a kid, and he was quite a few years younger than me. I tried to steer clear, but a couple of times in a moment of weakness, he had caught me doing things I shouldn't.

He had been on my mind. I had these exciting dreams about him where we end up kissing or stuff. Whenever I woke up, I'd always tell myself it was just a dream, but it was starting to get to me. He was growing up into a handsome young man. Still, having to be good at home was driving me to look for other ways to blow off steam. That's probably what got me chasing after that married guy a while back there.

Anyway, there I was sitting in my room one day, staring at this new t-shirt I'd just pulled on, wondering if I could wear it to go grocery shopping. Like so many of the t-shirts I bought, it's really nice and everything, made of plush creamy white stretch cotton that feels so soft on my bare skin, but when I look in the mirror, it was not quite long enough to wear outside as a dress. I kept trying to stretch it out, so it'd cover my naughty bits, and I almost had it too. It did look fairly decent at the front covering up my bush, but the problem was more the back. I'd get it stretched out covering my bottom, but then once I'd let it go, or raise my arms, out would pop my sexy little behind.

Oh this is hopeless! I'd better just pull on a pair of shorts, and then I won't have to worry about it. I can save my grand t-shirt experiment for some other time.

In my dresser, I found a pair of black biker shorts that I'd picked up recently. They're made from this slippery 'climacool microweave' material that isn't quite as soft as my t-shirts when it brushes up against my skin. I hadn't really worn them much yet. I pulled them on still trying to get used to the feeling. Anyway, I headed downstairs, called out goodbye to my host mom Loretta, pulled on my sandals, and then went out to the garage to get my bike.

It was actually so sunny out that I ended up coming back in to get sunscreen, sunglasses and a wide brim straw hat for my ride over. I kind of like wearing this hat and sunglasses because I think it makes me look like one of those Hollywood starlets hiding from the paparazzi.

I'd discovered a shortcut through this ravine that passes through town under bridges with major roads running above. It's a beautiful park with overarching trees and bulrushes in the marshes next to the bike path, but I kept getting distracted by the feeling of the bike saddle between my legs. I guess I hadn't been bike riding for a while, but it was like this weird feeling, having this stiff leather knob, rubbing against my pussy every time I'd pedal. I know riding a bike is such a normal thing, but for some reason, I was getting all excited. I got off the bike to try to calm down, but as soon as I got back on, I felt it again even stronger than before.

It was such a relief when I finally got to the store, so I could get off, lock the bike up, and try to calm down. I'm not usually this sensitive, but maybe it was the warm weather. I had this pleasant buzz, a natural high, even after I went in the store.

Just inside the entrance, there was a woman standing there, waiting for someone maybe. I normally wouldn't have noticed her, but she was wearing a light billowing sundress that was open down one side. It caught my attention because you could almost see her breast through the opening. After I passed, I looked back, to check if you could see her other breast too, but the dress was closed up on this side. My, that is pretty risquÃ(C), standing there in the store entrance, flashing a breast at all the guys walking by. OK, maybe she wasn't 'flashing' her breasts, but the opening at the side is there to make you wonder if you'll catch a peek of her breast, which is almost the same thing... in my book anyway. Anyway, that should give you an idea of what I'm up against.

Once I was in the air-conditioned store, I took off my hat and sunglasses, and packed them away in my backpack. I soon noticed this wetness down between my legs. Oh shoot. I must have gotten so turned on by my bike ride that I creamed my shorts. As if that wasn't bad enough, my shorts were tickling my most intimate place as I walked. Now what do I do? I can't walk around like this. I'd better go upstairs to the washroom, and get cleaned up.

So up I go, up this grand sloping wirework staircase, and then along the balcony overlooking the produce section of the store. Quite a nice view from up here. There was just one older guy sitting in the cafe, but he seemed to be wrapped up in reading his newspaper. The store didn't really seem that busy.

Once I was safely inside the washroom, I pulled down my shorts, and stepped out of them. I felt kind of naughty getting naked, but at least that got rid of the polyester feeling. I washed my shorts in the sink, rubbing on some soap, but they were still damp even after I dried them off. I can't wear them now. Now what am I going to do?

I turned my back to the mirror, and raised my arms, examining my bare bottom. It was a nice behind, I thought, cute, pink, curvaceous, with smooth soft skin, deliciously spankable. Everyone I showed it to seemed to like it. My boyfriend Ryosuke is always saying I should show it off more, although probably this isn't what he meant.

Of course, I knew that going outside dressed like this wasn't such a good idea. At that point, I was just kind of joking, not really intending to go through with it. I was getting such a kick though out of hanging around the washroom commando that I rather brashly opened the door, and peeked out. There didn't seem to be anyone on the balcony, except the newspaper guy way over there in the cafe. Resolving just to take a quick peek outside, I tiptoed out and over to the railing, peering down at the produce section below. I still had my shorts in my hand, but nothing was covering my bare bottom.

My heart was pounding in my chest. If anyone looked up, they might see my pussy. Then suddenly out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of two Afro-American women coming right this way along the gangway! I was so surprised that I almost lost my balance. I grabbed for the railing, but when I did, my fingers must have slipped, and I dropped my shorts over the edge. I then watched in horror as they drifted down, and landed on the top of one of the freezers on the main floor below.

Oh god. Now what do I do? I reached down, and covered my pussy with the hem. The women came up, and motioned that they wanted to pass. I moved out of their way, but then ran into the washroom after them to get my backpack. The strange thing about this was that they didn't seem to notice how short my t-shirt was. Even when I pulled my backpack on, they didn't see anything wrong with my outfit. They were both kind of sexy, sort of like Beyonce I guess. Maybe they were used to people dressing sexy, and didn't think it was any big deal. Well, that was good news. Even so, I still had to go down, and get my shorts before someone takes them.

I peeked out the door again. Since no one was coming, I set out at a brisk pace along the gangway back towards the cafe. The feeling of the breeze on my bottom was driving me crazy though. I'd been pretty excited before, but this was just torture. I tried to stay focused though. I eyed the older gentleman as I got closer, but ended up circling around the far set of tables, so he wouldn't see my bottom.

Probably the hardest part was going down the stairs because it was so out in the open. I tried to discreetly hold down the hem over my pussy, but I needed my other hand to steady myself on the railing. Luckily, the few people who were around didn't notice my predicament, and I made it down alright.

I quickly dashed across to the area of the store where my shorts had fallen. All the tables were a lot lower than I remembered, so they did little to hide my bare hips. It was weird though how most people were so caught up in what they were doing that they didn't really look at me. Even so, I felt terribly exposed.

I finally made it to the freezer by the deli counter, but there was a woman customer there and that handsome European guy. I didn't really want them to see me like this, but they were both right there. Oh god. Now what do I do?

I looked over at the entrance. Sure enough more customers were coming in. They all looked harmless, but I couldn't just stand here. I looked up at the top of the freezers trying to find my shorts. They were perched atop one freezer against the wall, but that was awfully high up. If I reach up to get them, that will pull the hem of my t-shirt way up revealing even more of my bare behind. I couldn't do that with the woman and European guy watching, could I? As if things weren't bad enough, the longer I stayed out here, the more aroused I got. I don't know why I get excited when I'm caught like this, but I do.

The new customers were coming closer, so I quickly ducked behind this salad bar table. It had a glass hood over top which I hoped would kind of block people's view. The European clerk spotted me, and looked like he was going to say something. Oh shoot. This is no good at all.

I had to do something. I guess the deli guy won't be too shocked if I flash him, but I was worried about how the woman might react. I had to chance it though before anyone else came over.

I wandered over toward the freezer, looking up at my shorts. The European guy looked at me curiously, wondering what I was doing.

"Um. I dropped something," I explained. Luckily, he didn't see anything strange about how insanely short my t-shirt was, and soon the woman turned to order something from him. Now was my chance.

I quickly reached up, grabbing for my shorts. Just as I feared, stretching up on tip toe pulled the hem of my t-shirt way up exposing practically my whole rear. I kept glancing around to make sure no one was watching, but my face was flushing hot from the embarrassment. Waves of excitement washed over my body. I could hardly believe I was doing this, flashing my rump right in the middle of this busy store.

Finally, after quite a few tries, I managed to hook my shorts. I pulled the hem back down over my bottom, my heart still beating away a mile a minute. People were coming this way though, so I zipped off to the next section which has higher shelves to hide behind. I think the European guy caught a glimpse of my backside, but he didn't say anything. Maybe he didn't realize I am naked.

I have to find some place private to change. I wandered along the wall to the baked goods section, which is kind of sectioned off from the rest of the store. Just on the other side of the shelf, there were two stock boys chatting up a storm as they unloaded the packages onto the shelves. The shelf blocked their view of my lower half, but if I try to pull my shorts on here, they might twig to what I'm doing.

I stared at the shorts in my hand, wondering what I should do next. They were still kind of damp actually, so maybe I should just wait before pulling them on. I listened to the stock boys, but it sounded like they might be working their way around to this side. Maybe I need to find a more secluded spot to hide.

I soon realized in all the excitement I hadn't picked up a shopping basket. I look kind of silly without one. If I got one, I could use it to hide behind, and I wouldn't look so suspicious. Somewhat reluctantly, I packed my shorts away in my purse. This just got me more excited. It was like I was committing myself to wandering around the store bottomless. It was pretty arousing let me tell you. I couldn't stop thinking of what a naughty girl I was being. I did fish out my straw hat and sunglasses though. If I'm going to roam around like this, I don't want people to recognize me.

Despite my bravado, I still felt really nervous. I peeked out from behind the flatbread table. If I walk past these guys, will they be able to tell? I felt my butt cheeks, trying to judge how indecent I looked. As long as I don't show them my pussy, maybe people will think I'm wearing a thong. Both the Afro-American girls upstairs and the European guy thought I look normal. Maybe I can do this.

Shoulders back and head held high, I stepped out from behind the table. I glanced over at the boys. I held my small purse over my butt crack, but it was kind of pointless. They could still see. They didn't turn to look until I was quite far away, so it was hard to tell if they realized I was naked or not. Anyway, I'd passed the first hurdle.

Once I was out in the main area of the produce section, I felt even more nervous. There were a few middle-aged women and a man, but I just covered my pussy with my purse, and soldiered past. None of them reacted much, so I managed to make it to the place where they keep the shopping baskets.

Picking one up, I pulled my purse up onto my shoulder, and used the basket to cover my pussy. At first, I thought I was being so clever, but one of the Filipina girls at the coffee counter behind me looked over this way, seemingly unhappy about my outfit. I was so excited my nipples had perked up, dragging the hem of my t-shirt even higher. I guess she could see quite a bit of my rear, but I don't know if she realized I was naked or not. I was worried that she might tell her supervisor, but a customer came, and she turned to serve him. I scooted away, and tried to pull my t-shirt back down over my rump before anyone else clued in.

I floated around the store, trying to calm down, but it was hard. Whenever anyone would stare at my bottom, I'd just innocently look back at them, as if to ask why they were staring. This was actually kind of fun. As long as I pretend like they're in the wrong for staring, maybe I can get away with this.

As I scampered around the store, a new problem dawned on me. Up on the ceiling, there were these shiny black globes here and there. As I looked up at them, I realized that they must be security cameras. And it wasn't just one or two; they were all over the place. Oh shoot. Here I thought no one was watching, but I've probably been on camera this whole time.

This is not good. I looked around to see if there were any security guards following me, but I didn't see any. Maybe no one is watching the monitors, or they just haven't noticed me. Anyway, I'd better be careful what I do here. I don't want to get stopped by security.

I continued to wander around the store, picking out yummy foods to eat, trying to avoid the cameras. My next little problem came in the cereal aisle. The cereal I wanted to buy was way up on this high shelf, and there were a few other customers in that aisle. Luckily, there were some hanging posters blocking the view from the cameras, but still what do I do about all these people?

I couldn't just stand here all day, so I finally decided to go for it. I reached up for a box. It was kind of big, so I needed both hands. For a brief moment, I flashed my pussy at the whole aisle. Even after I got the box, the hem got caught on the curve of my behind, leaving it exposed. My face was flushing hot with embarrassment again, but I swear no one even blinked. How could they not notice? I quickly pushed the hem back down, but my heart was just pounding away by then. I couldn't believe I'd gotten away with it.

After I'd got everything, I had to get in line for checkout. This was probably the hardest part because there were people everywhere. I chose the cash furthest from the exit, hoping no one would bother me down here. I had to let go of my t-shirt though to unload my groceries onto the conveyor belt. A guy happened by, and got in line behind me. He looked a bit like Ryan Gosling, complete with rugged stubble on his face. At first, he was gentlemanly enough, but when I bent over to set an item down, his eyes focused in on my bottom. I did my best to ignore him, but in a way, I was glad that someone had finally noticed how I was dressed. It was weird how everyone kept acting like it was normal for me to be walking around with no shorts on.

I tried to be careful, but when I went to get my wallet out of my purse, I lifted my arm, accidentally flashing the Ryan guy my pussy. He looked so surprised, astonished to see me naked. I just kept blinking, kind of shocked myself. I was getting all horny again.

Complicating things further, the Filipino clerk I like was standing at a kiosk just a little further down. If I'd been dressed, I would have gone over, and said hi, see if he remembered me, but I couldn't dressed like this. I peered down at my pussy, so wet by then, trying to think seriously about what to do. I can't change here, but already Ryan has 'made' me, and there were all these other people buzzing around. I was trying not to tease Ryan, trying not to let anyone else see, but I was too excited to think straight by then.

Soon, another guy and his girlfriend got in line behind Ryan. This guy looked a bit like Tom Green with a big bushy red beard. This guy was trying to be good in front of his girlfriend, but he did a double-take as soon as he saw my bare ass. Darn. I really should have gone, and pulled my shorts back on, before getting in line.

The cashier asked for my points card. I had to let go of my t-shirt again to get it out. Ryan and Tom peered down curiously at my pussy. Tom's girlfriend gently pulled his head back until he was looking at her instead of me. Ryan continued to stare amazed at my pussy, but it was a bit late to feign innocence to him. I was more worried that the other guys streaming by behind might notice me.

I took my backpack off for the cashier to pack my groceries into. She couldn't see my hips because the counter was in the way, but Ryan seemed absolutely blown away with how I looked. I'd been worried at first about what he might do, but he seemed harmless. He was wearing a lumberjack shirt and a white t-shirt underneath, like he honestly had popped in from home. At first, I'd been trying to hold my t-shirt down to hide my pussy from him, but since he seemed so appreciative, I just let it go to see what he would do. His eyes were kind of bugging out, but he was trying to play it cool, not let on to other people what I was doing. I began helping the checkout girl pack my groceries away, feeling almost comfortable now flashing him.

The girl rung up my total, and I got out my credit card, tapping it on the screen. It wouldn't take, so she told me to slide it in, and punch my secret number into the keypad. I made a big show of hiding the keypad as I typed, but I leaned forward slightly, so Ryan was looking at my ass anyway not my fingers.

The payment came through. I was hoping to slink away as fast as I could, but when I went to pull on my heavy backpack, the hem of my t-shirt got caught, and got pulled up with it, leaving my bare bottom completely exposed. I swear I didn't do it on purpose, but I was getting crazy excited now, standing here flashing my tush with all these people around. I blushed, bowed an apology to Ryan, and tried again. In my panic, I think I just made things worse, pulling the t-shirt up even more.

Worried that people in the other lines might spot me, I moved down and around the far end of the checkout counter. I was now standing with my back to the huge show windows, but luckily, we were up on the second floor, so I don't think the drivers going by outside could see me. Unfortunately, my Filipino friend, Mack (?), was still there a few aisles down talking with a customer. I felt incredibly embarrassed, but in my horny state, I did kind of wonder what he would think of my body. I kind of wanted to show him, but I couldn't just stand here though. It was far too out in the open, and worse, I could feel an orgasm coming on. I waited as long as I dared, and then reluctantly, pulled my t-shirt back down over my bottom.

Ryan seemed determined to talk to me, so I scooted away before he could. I tried to catch Mack's eye as I walked by, but he was right in the thick of a conversation, so I couldn't. I'm not even sure if he saw me walk away because I was too nervous to look back.

Anyway, once I was out of sight, I ran back upstairs to the washroom, and pulled my shorts back on. I couldn't find Mack anymore after I came back out. I was still too wired to talk to him anyway. I got my bike, and pedaled back home.