**Tall, Dark and Handsome**

by Emi Tsuruta

One Sunday a while back, I woke up at home in my room at my host mom Loretta's house in Oceanview. I'd been out late the night before with my friend Satomi and some of her dorm mates, but since it was Sunday, I slept in. Stretching and rubbing my eyes, I finally got up, and went across the hall to the bathroom to wash up. I didn't really have any plans that day, but anyway, I went downstairs to see what Loretta was up to. I found her in the kitchen making brunch. Her kids Brandon and Jennifer were apparently outside. I looked in the fridge, but I didn't have much left to eat.

"Oh shoot!"

"What's wrong?" Loretta asked.

"I'm all out of food. I should go to the store, and buy some groceries."

"I'm making a casserole. You're welcome to have some." She offered me a stalk of boiled broccoli which I took, and nibbled on.

"Yeah, thanks, but I have to go shopping anyway." I poured myself a little barley tea, and then went back upstairs to get ready. I had a quick shower, and then pulled on a pair of sweatpants and a sports halter. Checking the mirror, I looked a mess - my long black hair was still wet and hanging down in my eyes. The waistband of my sweatpants was hanging pretty low, and to tell you the truth, I did wonder if my nipples were showing through my top. Should I change into something more decent? Then again, I just want to run up quick, grab a few things, and come right back. Sundays are usually pretty quiet in my neighborhood. With any luck, I won't bump into anyone I know. I finally decided to go just like that. I grabbed my wallet, and sprinted downstairs.

"Loretta?" I called, ducking my head into the kitchen. "Is there anything you want me to pick up for you at the store?"

"No, I'm fine. Thanks."

"OK, see you later." I slid my bare feet into some flip-flops, and off I went. It was autumn already, but it was still a beautiful day out - warm and sunny. I tilted my head back, and basked in the glorious warmth of the sun. I love the weather on days like this.

Soon, I made it to the supermarket, and picked up a basket. Now what did I need again? I checked in my pockets, but I had forgotten to make a list. Did I have any lettuce? I wandered over to the veggies section, and looked over what they had. Maybe I should buy some fruit too. I passed the freezers with ice cream. I ran one hand across my bare tummy, wondering if I shouldn't get some frozen yoghurt instead, or just skip the cold desserts completely. I was pretty active all summer, swimming and stuff, but now that I'm back at school, I have to watch my waistline. My boyfriend Ryosuke's eyes wander enough as it is.

As I stood there wondering what to do, I absentmindedly stuck a hand down the front of my sweatpants, and ran my fingers through my still damp pubic hair. Of course I don't normally do that kind of thing in public, but I've been to this grocery store so many times I guess I've gotten to feel pretty relaxed there. As soon as I realized what I was doing though, I quickly looked up and down the aisle to make sure no one was watching me.

There was one man standing nearby, a tall handsome guy in his thirties, fashionably dressed with dark hair. I quickly pulled my hand out, embarrassed to have been caught like that. I moved away from him a bit, but kept watching him. He looked really familiar. I think I must have seen him here in this store before or maybe at the mall. He noticed me, looked over, and smiled. I felt even more flustered, and moved further away. Why was he smiling like that? Did he recognize me from some place? I scurried off to another aisle to get away.

I soon realized that when I'd stuck my hand in my pants, I'd pulled the drawstring on my pants loose a little bit, so I reached down, and tried to tighten it again. The string had gotten all caught up in a knot, but it was hard to fix it while balancing a shopping basket full of groceries on one arm. I finally managed to pull the knot undone, but then a woman started coming down my aisle. I let go of the string, and dropped my hand to my side, trying to act like nothing was wrong. Why was I getting so excited like this? I guess part of it was that I didn't have any underwear on, and then almost getting caught playing with my pussy by that man. Anyway, I'd better calm down, and finish up my grocery shopping. Loretta might wonder what's keeping me.

Then I remembered I wanted to buy some milk. I walked way over to the back corner where the dairy section was. I still hadn't done up the drawstring, so the waistband on my sweatpants had slid down even more. They are fairly low rise sweatpants at the best of times - hip huggers I guess they're called in English (In Japanese, we say 'hip-hang'). You could kind of see my hip bones, but the stretchy waistband was still more or less clinging to the curve of my rear. I began to feel a bit naughty exposing my midriff like this, but no one I passed seemed too worried about it. I guess it's the fashion these days. I'm not so embarrassed about my hips anyway. I'm kind of proud of my flat tummy and slender waist, and Ryosuke says I have "the best ass." I reached back with my free arm, and pulled open the waistband checking my buns.

Just then though, Prince Charming came barreling around the corner. I let go of my pants, and froze. I hope he didn't see me. He came right up behind me, and then walked past. He stopped in front of the meat section apparently looking for some kind of cold cuts. I felt a bit disappointed. He keeps catching me in these embarrassing positions, and yet he seemed more interested in the food than in me.

He kept on standing there though looking as if he was trying to decide what to buy. My mind raced wondering what I should do. I kind of wanted to catch his attention, maybe flirt with him a bit, so he wouldn't think I was weird. I edged away a bit more, and squatted down in front of the milk fridge. I soon realized that this pulled the waistband down leaving my butt crack showing. I could feel the air tickling my backside, but when I looked over, he was still focusing on the meat fridge. What is it with men anyway? Why do they never notice you when you want them to? I stood back up, and took a deep breath. I could feel my waistband clinging precariously to the curve of my bare behind. I turned away wondering what I should do next.

Finally, I leaned way forward, deliberately showing him the cheeks of my behind, picked out a couple of yoghurt cups, and dropped them in my basket waiting to see what he did. He didn't really turn this way, but I wondered if he was maybe watching me out of the corner of his eye. For some reason, I was getting all excited, teasing him. I didn't know where this was leading, but I wanted to do something - anything - to get his attention.

I reached down, and picked up a large bag of milk. It was too heavy for me to lift into my basket with my one free arm, so I just sort of stood there, playing helpless to see if he would offer to help. He picked out a package of meat, and finally glanced over in this general direction.

I was so happy I tilted my hips. Unfortunately, this had the effect of causing my waistband to slide down even more. I quickly pressed the milk up against my sweatpants to try to stop them from falling off. His eyes kind of danced all around me, but they finally settled on my back, and followed my spine down to the exposed cheeks of my behind. He was trying so hard to act calm. You could tell he perhaps wanted to get a closer look, but didn't want to get caught staring. Eventually, he turned away.

Here I was still struggling to get the heavy bag of milk into my carton when I slowly realized that someone else was watching me. Down the aisle the other way, there was this African American stock boy. He'd been placing cans on the shelves until he spotted me, standing here with my butt cheeks showing. This boy was kind of young, and I'd seen him around the store although I don't think I'd ever talked with him. He always used to avoid my gaze, but now he made no bones about staring at my backside. Feeling a bit uncomfortable being stared at, I finally set down the milk and basket, and pulled my pants back up, doing up the drawstring.

Shoot. I hadn't really meant to show my ass to the stock boy. I was trying to get that handsome stranger's attention. I could feel my face flushing hot, so I quickly gathered up my stuff, and scurried away to the far side of the store. That was kind of silly of me, letting myself get caught by a stock boy.

Eventually, I finished shopping, and got into line at the checkout. I glanced around, and sure enough, my prince was in another line a few rows over. Unfortunately, his line was moving faster. I glared at my own cashier hoping that she'd work a bit faster. I kept glancing over at Prince Charming, until the woman in line behind me touched me on the shoulder.

"It's your turn, dear."

"Oh, s-s-sorry," I stammered, still a bit flustered. I then had to watch helplessly as my prince strode out the door perhaps never to be seen again. I felt so disappointed. I didn't even know this guy, and here I was getting all worked up over him. Maybe you can tell, but I'm a bit of a romantic at heart.

I made it home that day, and of course didn't tell my boyfriend Ryosuke or anyone what had happened. I hadn't really meant to try to seduce this guy. I was just a bit curious; that's all. Maybe I could ask him to help me with my English or something. It was all completely innocent I swear.

Anyway, the next few times I went to the store, I didn't see Mr. Tall Dark and Handsome. I bumped into the stock boy though, and he recognized me. 'The flasher girl,' he must have been thinking. I wanted to explain that I hadn't really meant to flash him, but I doubt he would have believed me even if I did.

Soon though, things went back to normal. I almost forgot all about the whole thing until... suddenly, one day, there he was again - the mysterious stranger. He was standing in the aisle, looking at this shelf stacked with canned fruit. I tried to catch his eye to see if he remembered me, but he was lost in his own thoughts. He was so focused on filling up his shopping basket he didn't even bother to look over this way. Now what do I do?

Unfortunately, that day, I had no idea I was going to run into him again, so I'd dressed in a rather frumpy style. I had on sandals, a pair of loose-fitting jeans and a plaid lumberjack shirt. Drat! That's probably why he isn't paying any attention. If only he knew it was me, then I might be able to strike up a conversation. 'Do you remember that time a few months ago...?'

I continued to follow him around the store (like a stalker I know, but a cute one I hoped), but he kept steering away from me. I've got to figure out some way to get his attention, get him to look at my face, so he'll recognize me. I snuck off to an out-of-the-way aisle, and carefully undid my blouse. As luck would have it, I was wearing one of my sports bras, covering up my cleavage and hard to get out of. I could show him my bra, but it looked pretty much like a halter top, so I didn't think that would get his attention. I wanted to take my bra off completely, so I could show him a little cleavage, but I couldn't very well take off my blouse in the middle of the store. Shoot! I don't even think they have any washrooms in this store. I ended up leaving my grocery basket, and running out to the washrooms in the mall, but by the time I got back - sans bra - I couldn't find my mystery guy anymore. He must have paid for his groceries, and left.

That little incident got me thinking more about what clothes I should wear when I go to the store. I could of course dress up really sexy, hoping he'd be there, but I didn't want to attract too much attention, especially with that stock boy lurking about. I need to find something that looks normal, but that I could convert into something sexy at a moment's notice.

My first tack was to drop by the store on my way home from swimming at the beach. Satomi was with me, so I couldn't do anything too crazy. She had changed back into a summer parka and shorts, but she'd allowed me to wear my bikini because we were still near the beach. I got quite a few stares as we walked around the store, especially whenever I'd stick my fingers into my bottoms at the back to pull the suit out of the crack of my rear. While we were standing in the checkout line, I teased Satomi even more by offering to show her my tan lines. She actually told me not to, but some of the people standing around seemed interested, so I undid the side tie on my bottoms, and showed them on the pretext of showing Satomi. Everyone seemed happy with my little show, but I soon realized that I couldn't come here over and over again in my bikini. People would think it was strange.

After that, I decided to go out shopping for clothes at the mall where my friend Yuuki works. I saw Yuuki's boss, but she was off that day. I also tried on a whole bunch of different bras: sports bras, front hook bras, strapless bras - but actually, all of them were too difficult to get out of easily, so I more-or-less made up my mind to go braless for my grocery trips at least. I did buy some interesting clothes though: black leather knee-high boots, white cotton bikini-style panties with side fasteners, light blue stretch cotton short shorts and a red off-shoulder sweater dress with a diamond pattern and little red pom-poms on it.

The shorts were actually even shorter than my panties, so I wouldn't be able to wear the panties with them. These shorts were actually too risque to wear on the street. They covered my tummy and lower back, but left the lower half of the cheeks of my buttocks exposed. I'd have to use the sweater dress to cover them up when I went out. The panties had the opposite problem. They didn't quite come up high enough at the back to cover the crack of my bottom. I was planning on saving those for a last resort.

Buying all these clothes was all well and good, but actually getting up the nerve to wear them was another matter. One of my biggest problems is I never knew when my dream man was going to be there. Anyway, one afternoon, after I got back from school I changed into my shorts, sweater dress and boots, and headed - braless - for the store. I was so glad that Loretta wasn't around to see me. When I got to the grocery store though, there was no sign of Mr. Right.

I did accidentally flash my tits at this middle-aged gentleman though when I leaned forward to pet his dog. I'd honestly forgotten how open my sweater dress was at the collar, and just squatted there for the longest time while he ogled my breasts. I only noticed when I I finally looked up at his eyes. I immediately straightened up, embarrassed and aroused, and walked home in a bit of daze. I'd better be more careful.

As luck would have it, the next time I bumped into the stranger, my sexy outfit was in the laundry, and I was just in jeans and an unflattering t-shirt. I didn't even bother trying to get his attention, but I made a note of the time and day, planning to come back the next week at the same time.

Finally, one day, I caught sight of Mr. Right on a day that I happened to be wearing my sweater dress and those bikini panties. I was so nervous though that it wasn't even funny. There he is! Now what do I do?

I shadowed him for a little while, just peeking at him from around corners, until I realized that that probably looked suspicious. I couldn't get up the nerve to walk up to him though. I almost lost him at one point when I stayed around a corner too long while he walked away. He seemed to be gathering his items so quickly that day. Also, every time I got up the nerve to go closer, there always seemed to be a hoard of other people around, housewives mostly who might not approve if they caught me teasing him. I didn't know what to do. He'd leave soon, so I had to do something.

Also, how am I going to do this? He doesn't have a dog I can pet, so that won't work. I can't just flash him my breasts either. I wanted it to seem natural, like I wasn't really intending to show him anything. I guess I could pull my dress up, and lean forward, and show him my panties. But then I began to worry if these were the kind of panties he liked or not. Might they be too slutty?

At a loss on what to do, I left my basket at the front, and headed out for the ladies washroom again. I didn't have much time. Rather than agonize over whether these were the right kind of panties or not, I took them off, and put them in my purse. That did nothing to calm me down though because now I was completely naked under the dress.

Still a nervous wreck, I made my way back to the store. I kept touching the cheeks of my bottom, worried a bit that someone might see. I wasn't used to walking around the mall with barely anything on.

At the entrance to the grocery store, I leaned forward to pick up my shopping basket, aware that I was flashing my bare bottom. There didn't seem to be anyone behind me, but the fact that there might have been was just getting me even more excited.

I peered around the store looking for my mystery man, but he was nowhere to be seen. Thinking he might be over in the canned fruit aisle again, I headed over that way. The canned goods were in a part of the store that was separated from the rest of the store by a narrow passageway through the cheese and dry goods section. There weren't nearly so many people over this way, so that was good. I actually needed to buy some cereal, so I went down that aisle first, and stopped to take a look at all the different brands.

It was at the moment that out of the blue, my mystery man appeared at the end of the aisle. He stopped, and seeing me, looked away very quickly. That's strange. Had he been looking for me? That would be so weird if all this time, I'd been trying to find him, and actually, he'd been trying to find me too. I tensed as he finally came down this way, but it looked like he meant to pass right by me on his way somewhere else.

Unable to resist the chance to tease him, I grabbed the collar of my sweater, and pulled it forward exposing my rear end just as he passed me. He kept on walking though, and didn't look back, so I guess he didn't notice. Even so, I was so excited. I held my collar like that for a minute or two, continuing to flash. Realizing the danger, I let it back down. Eventually, I managed to calm down enough to go see where my mystery man had disappeared off to.

It turned out he was making a beeline for the checkout line-up, in particular the one for eight items or less. I had more than eight items by then, but taking some out and setting them down on the vegetable table, I ran to get in line behind him. I smiled right at him as I walked up, determined to make the most of this chance. He looked vaguely nervous as our eyes met, perhaps wondering why I seemed so friendly. There were actually far too many people in that area, so if I had any sense, I should have just been a good girl, but I was riding on a natural high by then, so happy to finally have the chance to talk with my dream guy.

Before I could do anything though, it was his turn. The cashier was a Filipino guy I'd seen before. I'm pretty sure he was there the day I came in a bikini, and might have been watching as I fooled around with Satomi in line. He didn't seem to recognize me though, and began scanning the man's groceries through one by one while the stranger looked on.

I was disappointed though that my dream guy didn't seem interested in chatting with me. In a fit of pique, I turned my back to them, and leaned forward, threatening to show them my behind. The Filipino blinked once or twice, aware I guess of what I was doing, but the stranger was watching the cashier, checking the items against the prices that came up on the cash register.

Naturally, I was frustrated by all of this. Here I was standing right next to my sweet prince in my sexiest dress, ready to show him my naked body, and he couldn't even be bothered to look. The Filipino boy seemed quite keen to see me, but that wasn't really the point of all this. I'd seen the Filipino boy hundreds of times before, and could chat with him anytime, but this was perhaps my one chance to chat with the stranger.

Soon though, another woman, middle-aged with glasses got in line behind me, and asked if I intended to rescue my groceries from the basket. I hesitated. I didn't want to flash my bare bottom at her, so I turned my back to the cashier and stranger, and leaned forward.

The Filipino tensed as I glanced back at him over my shoulder. So as not to look strange, I launched into a spiel of snappy banter. "I hope I only have eight items. I haven't counted. Do you have to leave one item behind if you have more than eight?"

At first, I bent over at the waist, but realizing that this probably looked positively indecent, I quickly shifted to squatting down. Tall, Dark and Handsome finally turned, and looked down at me. I glanced back over my shoulder, and smiled at him, aware that he could probably see my bare bottom peeking out from under the hem of my dress. I know this must sound weird, but I felt proud of myself, showing him the lengths I was willing to go to please him. The counter was now blocking the cashier's view, and no one else was behind the stranger, so I'm fairly sure that he was the only who could see my spankable bare bottom. His eyes were swimming, shocked and amazed that I was running around the store with no panties on.

As soon as I'd finished unloading the basket, I stood back up, and opened my change purse, pretending like nothing had happened. The cashier guy was glaring at me suspiciously, but evidently, he hadn't gotten a good look at my ass.

The cashier had finished scanning all the man's groceries, and was waiting for him to pay, but the stranger was still staring at me, mesmerized by my beauty (or so I hoped anyway). The clerk cleared his throat though, and the man finally paid him, and then moved down to the end of the counter to bag his groceries.

I just stood there, smiling innocently, happy now that he was finally looking at me. This guy wanted me, and was no doubt wondering what I look like naked. I wanted to show him more, but the problem was that there were all these people joining the line behind us.

The cashier finished ringing up my bill, and the stranger was almost done bagging his groceries. A bit jittery anyway, I spilled the contents of my change purse onto the floor, not really on purpose, although I must admit that I was kind of hoping that the guy would come back, and help me pick up the coins. He just stood there though, watching, but not moving to help. I went to lean forward, but knew that this would expose my bare bottom again. I really didn't want to flash the women though. I just hovered there for the longest time, unsure what to do.

The Filipino clerk, concerned that I was holding up the line, finally came out from behind his counter, and kneeled down to pick up my change. I pushed down my skirt trying to hide my pussy, but he was right there his head just a few inches away. He motioned for me to hold out my change purse, so he could put the coins back, but everyone was staring at us now. I was a little angry at the handsome guy for not helping, and he was just staring at my butt.

Eventually, the clerk handed me the last coin, and went back to the cash register. The man continued to watch from afar. It looked like he might be waiting for me, hoping to ask me out. I took a closer look at him though, and for the first time noticed a wedding ring on his hand. Oh god! He's married. I should have known.

Disappointed, I walked right past him. I could feel his eyes glued to my backside as I walked away. I wanted him to know that I was rejecting him, so I didn't look back, but actually, just before I turned the corner, I lifted my arms up, giving him one last peek at my bare bottom.

After that, I went back to dressing more conservatively again, and actually even switched to shopping at another grocery store just so I wouldn't meet him, the stock boy or the cashier for a while. I have gone back since, and even caught sight of Mr. Right again, but I just hid my face in my hair hoping he wouldn't recognize me. Ah well. There are plenty of other fish in the sea.