###### Fun in the Supermarket

by sluttyally ©

I moved out of home last year for the first time and, also for the first

time, found myself shopping on my own. The supermarket near my apartment

is one of those funky modern ones for inner city types - spread around the

basement of a large shopping complex.

But it didn't take me long to realise that this supermarket was really a

meat market!

"Hi honey," a voice said behind my shoulder, as I was glancing through the

soy milk section, about the second time I was there.

I turned to see a guy about my age, tall, with a sports sweatshirt. He was

smiling with the confident air of a guy who's used to girls smiling back

at him. As I turned, I saw him watch the sway of my braless breasts inside

my loose summery top.

"Hi," I smiled back. Might as well meet the locals, I thought to myself.

"I haven't seen you here before," he said. "My name's Mark, by the way."

"So, Mark, do you chat to everyone in here you haven't seen before?" I

replied, with mock seriousness. "You must be busy if you do."

He blushed ever so slightly, but grinned confidently. "Good question.

You're right, I don't. What's your name?"

"Ally," I said. "Anyway, I've got shopping to do, Mark," I added, turning

back to the soy shelf.

I wanted to know if he'd persist, so I thought I'd tease him a little bit.

I scratched my shoulder casually, letting the strap of my top fall down. I

knew that he could probably glimpse a bit of curvy flesh and, with his

eyes on me, I could feel myself getting horny.

"I love soy milk, too," Mark went on, undeterred, as he reached past me to

take one, just brushing my arm with his. "I use it on breakfast cereal.

What about you?"

I'm used to guys looking at my tits, but Mark was overdoing it slightly.

His eyes were fixed to the strap which was hanging right down my shoulder

and, as my horniness quickly grew with him looking, made my nipples push

against the fabric of my top.

"You want to know what I do with it, Mark?" I smiled. "I wash with it. It

keeps my tits firm," I giggled, cupping both breasts in my hands. It felt

good to push them up like this, and I wanted to continue teasing him.

"Well, it's doing a good job!" he grinned, this time turning quite red.

"I'd like to see what it does to other parts of you, too," he blushed,

looking me up and down.

I looked him up and down in return and certainly liked what I saw: tall,

lean, muscular, a nice lump forming in his shorts. "Is that an

invitation?" I asked.

Somewhat surprised, he was at a loss for words. "Um, yeah," he grinned.

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After that first time, I used to see Mark occasionally down there and, on

one or two occasions, I'd go home with him again. But what really

fascinated me was how easy it was to flirt there: much easier than a

nightclub, or bar, that's for sure!

"If you want a guy," I told my friend Sheree, "you gotta come down there

with me. Just wear a hot outfit, and you'll score for sure! Best time's

late Friday, around midnight."

That Friday was a stinking hot summers' day and, even with nightfall, it

hadn't cooled down. The aircon in my apartment was on full blast and

Sheree and I had been sitting around watching videos, having a few smokes

and getting a bit drunk.

"C'mon," I suggested, "Let's go down to the supermarket. We need some more

drinks, don't we?"

We were both wearing little tank tops as minidresses because of the heat.

We'd taken our knickers off and had sat around the apartment, legs and feet

all over each other on the sofa. Sheree's toes had kept sliding up my

thighs and, at one point, she'd pushed my dress right up with her foot,

exposing my belly.

"Bloody hell, Sheree, we've got to do something with you!" I laughed,

moving her foot and pulling my dress down, "You're horny as hell, I can

tell!."

Sheree giggled drunkenly at my suggestion. "Shall we go just as we are?"

"Why not?" I laughed, standing up. "My dress covers my butt. What about

yours?"

Sheree stood up too and stretched her tank top down. She's taller than me,

so hers only just covered her butt. "I'll wear my g-string, I think," she

giggled, plucking it from the sofa where it still lay, crumpled up.

We went to the bathroom where we put on some makeup - heavy eyeliner and

'fuck me' red lipstick - and then back into the lounge to put on some

shoes. As I bent over to pull on some strappy black sandals, Sheree patted

my bare butt. "Very nice, Ally! You're a go-getter, that's for sure!"

Sheree pulled on her little white g-string and slid into her chunky white

high heeled mules and we were ready to go.

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As we clattered into the shopping centre, we were already getting a few

stares, which made us giggle, especially with the alcohol - and marijuana

- that was in us. Sheree was in a playful mood and kept sliding her hand

up my butt, showing my bare flesh to shoppers, especially when I leaned

over to grab a basket. I felt the cool air on my butt and pussy as I did

so, and the feeling made my horniness grow a little.

"Jeez, Ally," whispered Sheree, "You can see everything when you do that!"

I smiled inwardly and looked around to see who'd noticed. Nobody had, it

seemed, so we went off to the fruit section. Two young guys were selecting

some oranges, so I nudged Sheree. "Which one?" I whispered.

"Mmmm. The tall one for me, hon!" she giggled, as we sauntered over.

I picked up a canteloupe and held it up. "Sheree!" I said loudly, "Is this

big enough?" I held it against my chest, making my braless boobs squeeze

out the wide armholes of my tank top a little.

Sheree giggled, as the boys looked our way. "I think so," she laughed,

catching the eye of the taller guy.

"Excuse me," she said to them suddenly. "We're not sure if this is ripe.

How do you tell?"

"Show them, Ally," Sheree said. The taller guy took it and lifted it to

his nose and sniffed it.

"It's ripe. This one's a good one," he said, handing it back to me, with a

look to my chest as he did so.

His friend was watching us closely while this was happening, in

particular, glancing at my bare legs as I leaned back against the fruit

display. I thought I'd turn him on a little, so I casually fingered the

hem of my dress a little, feeling my pussy moisten at the thought that

another inch would show him my pretty pink lips.

The tall guy spoke again. "What else are you girls buying?" He was

well-spoken but had a nice wicked glint in his eye. I started to become a

bit jealous that Sheree had nabbed him first.

"We're here to pick up a few essentials, aren't we?," I said, looking

across at Sheree, who giggled. "I'm Ally, by the way. And this is Sheree -

who's had a few too many drinks."

As Sheree gave me a slightly dirty look, the boys introduced themselves.

The tall one was Trent, the shorter one Lewis, they were both studying

computer stuff and they'd just been to see some science-fiction movie.

They didn't seem nearly as confident as Mark, but I could see Sheree was

ready for some fun.

"So what else are you looking for?" Trent asked, looking at Sheree, who

was exuding some pretty powerful flirtatious body language. She was

flicking her hair back and pushing her hips out, showing off her long

brown legs almost to her crotch.

"Well, I need some new underwear," she giggled, running her hand down her

breasts and belly, as she looked across at me. "They sell knickers and bras

here, don't they?"

"Sheree!" I remonstrated. "You can't ask these boys here to help you with

that!" I was astonished at her brazenness, but then I remembered she'd

drunk - and smoked - quite a bit more than me. And, I noticed, Trent and

Lewis couldn't get their eyes off Sheree's slim body in her skimpy dress.

"Why not?" she giggled. "I'm sure they know what looks good on girls,"

fluttering her eyelashes at Trent as she swivelled her hips and took off

towards the clothing section.

I carried the canteloupe as we ambled along, chatting as we went. "Hey,

Lewis, Trent's right, you can really smell it, right near its little belly

button!" I laughed. "Here, smell it!" I said, as I handed it to him.

He took it and put his nose to the fruit. I leaned towards him too, to

smell, pushing my warm breasts closely against his arm.

I looked up at him. "You like that?" I whispered.

"Hmmm. I do," he smiled, "I like the cantaloupe smell too," he added, with

a distinct squeeze against me. I made no effort to move away, enjoying the

feel of his muscular forearm against my soft breasts. I could feel my

pussy tingling, too, with the possibility of kissing him.

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Most of the stuff they sold was pretty ordinary. Nothing sexy, or what

you'd call lingerie, but plenty of stockings, cotton knickers and sensible

bras. Sheree had hooked her arm into Trent's and was perusing the wares.

"So what are we looking for?" asked Lewis, glancing across at me.

"Well, I'm just after a g-string," said Sheree. "Just a plain white one

would do." The boys started looking at the racks as Sheree added, "Sort of

like the one I'm wearing now."

She lifted her dress up to her waist, showing her g-string. The tiny pair

of knickers had slid to one side, clearly revealing one half of her

smoothly shaved pussy. The boys both blushed and Lewis turned away. Trent,

on the other hand, kept his eyes on Sheree's pussy for as long as she held

her dress up.

"You can put your dress down now, hon!" I laughed, after about ten

seconds, wondering if the little slut had adjusted her knickers

deliberately. Sheree didn't let it down but, instead, held her dress up

with one hand and fingered the other edge of her knickers with the other,

showing us both pussy lips.

"You see," she started to explain, with a wicked little grin, "these ride

up a bit too much." She lifted her dress to her waist and stretched the

thin fabric of her g-string entirely to one side.

"You girls are totally hot!" Lewis said, who'd turned to look again, and

was a bit flustered. "Do you get off on teasing guys like us? Is this a

dare or something?"

"No it's not a dare," giggled Sheree. "At least I came in here wearing

knickers!" She reached quickly across and lifted the hem of my dress. I

didn't try to stop her and, with both boys looking straight at my crotch,

I could feel myself becoming very horny indeed.

"There!" I said, "Enough?" I pushed Sheree's hand away so my dress fell

back down.

"Ally, babe, these guys haven't offered us their services just to see some

pussy, have they now?" Sheree giggled, looking at Trent, who had a very

hopeful look on his face. His eyes were now on Sheree, who was fiddling

under her own dress.

In a moment, her flimsy g-string was untied and she stepped out of it and

flourished it in the air. "There!" she said, throwing it to Trent. He

caught it, with a look of total surprise on his face. Sheree wiggled her

hips and twirled around, arms raised, showing a glimpse of smooth brown

butt as she did so.

"My God!" said Trent, "You girls are something else!"

Even under the fluoro lights of the supermarket, watching Sheree show off

made me feel incredibly horny. I wanted to take my dress off altogether

and parade around in just my high heels for Trent and Lewis, but there

were two couples walking our way down the aisle.

"Watch this!" Sheree giggled, as the customers wandered closer.

She leaned forward ever so slightly to the rack of stockings. "What do you

think, Trent? These?" she said, loudly, as she fingered a white pair of

thigh highs. We - and the other shoppers - could see right up underneath

Sheree's little tank dress, where her swollen hairless pussy was poking

between her butt cheeks.

She was wanton enough to turn and look one of the passing men in the eye

as she took a sample stocking and slid her foot out of her shoe. She

lifted her knee up high and pulled the stocking on as he kept watching

her.

"What do you think?" she asked us, sliding her shoe back on and twirling

around in the middle of the aisle, as the passers-by hustled past,

whispering to each other.

"Shit, here comes a staff person," said Lewis, looking down the aisle the

way the passers-by had gone. Sure enough, a young guy was coming towards

us with a clipboard.

"Excuse me!" giggled Sheree, skipping over to him, her breasts jiggling

under the skimpy fabric of her tank dress.

The guy, whose name-tag read 'Saul' and who was probably all of sixteen,

looked her up and down with obvious approval, as she stood with her hands

on her hips, stretching the fabric of her dress dangerously high.

"I've just tried on these stockings," Sheree went on, holding her shapely

leg out towards him. "These are a bit thicker than what I'm looking for.

I'm after the really thin ones in this brand."

Saul just bit his bottom lip and didn't know how to respond, as his eyes

moved all over Sheree's body but settled on her upper thighs. "I see.

Right. Um, well, let's have a look."

"And I'm looking for a new g-string as well!" she giggled, licking the end

of one finger. We all watched with astonishment as a Sheree slid one of

her long nails in under her dress and gently stroked herself.

"These nice boys here," she went on, pointing at Trent and Lewis with her

free hand, "have been helping us. We both need some knickers."

Saul had finally got his tongue back. "Um, is this a trick of some sort?"

he asked, looking at Trent and Lewis.

"We just met these chicks in here!" Lewis blurted out.

I could see the situation getting a bit out of hand, so I stepped in to

calm the boys down. "Saul, we're just having a bit of fun. You know,

boring Friday night and all. It's cool, my friend's just a bit drunk."

This seemed to settle him and he even smiled a toothy grin at us. "What

have you two really got on under those little dresses?" he asked, looking

from me to Sheree's finger, still moving back and forth, and then to me

again.

"You really wanna see, Saul?" I giggled, feeling a familiar tingle in my

pussy. He nodded.

"OK, you come and look. Pull my dress up and see for yourself," I giggled.

"No way, miss, I can't do that," he mumbled. "I'll get the sack. That's

sexual harassment, isn't it?."

"Not if the girl invites you to do it, Saul. But maybe one of these boys

can show you," I smiled, looking across at Lewis and Trent.

I ran my hands up my belly, across the swell of my tits, and then held my

arms in the air, standing on tiptoes in my high heels. Lewis gingerly came

forward and took the hem of my dress.

"That's it, Lewis," I laughed. I was getting horny as hell from having

three guys stare at me close up like this and I could feel myself almost

gushing. Sheree, too, was enjoying it; she just continued fingering

herself.

Lewis slowly lifted my hem, until my pussy and half my butt was on view.

"Do you want to see if I'm wearing a bra, Saul?" I asked. He nodded

silently, wide-eyed.

"Keep going, then, Lewis," I said softly. He obeyed, lifting my dress up

until the bottom of my tits were on show.

"Would you like to touch them, Saul?" I asked, pushing my ample tits

towards him.

He murmured something and seemed to shrink away. "What about you, Trent?"

I asked.

Trent wasted no time in stepping over and caressing one breast in his

large hand. It felt wonderful and I could feel trickles of moisture

dripping down my thighs. The aisle was still deserted and I could see

Sheree taking full advantage of it: she was leaning against a shelf,

almost at orgasm, judging by her moans.

"Take my dress off, Lewis, please," I said, winking at him.

He hesitated. "Are you sure? What if someone comes?"

I was feeling so horny, I honestly didn't care if someone did come. I just

wanted to cavort around under the lights being watched for a while.

Sheree's eyes were on me, as Lewis pulled the dress free of my shoulders

and head.

I did a little pirouette in my sandals for the boys and enjoyed the cool

air on my swaying breasts. I started caressing myself, first rubbing my

tits so my nipples stood on end, then working down my belly to my

thoroughly wet slit.

"Hey, there's someone coming!" Saul whispered suddenly. Sure enough, at

the end of aisle was a young couple with a trolley.

"Here, your dress!" Lewis thrust it towards me.

"Nah!" I said, "Give me Sheree's g-string, Trent, quick!"

He retrieved it from his pocket and handed it to me. I stepped into it

quickly, and was tying the side when the couple saw us. Although still

several metres away, they stopped, startled at seeing three guys watching

two almost naked girls.

"Hi there!" I called to them cheerfully. "Sorry about this. Just trying a

few things on. Saul here's helping us."

Saul blushed deeply, while the customers just nodded and kept walking,

although one guy couldn't keep from turning back. I brushed Lewis's hand

aside as he kept wanting to give my dress back and, instead, took a little

t-shirt from the rack.

"Will this fit me?" I asked Sheree, as I held it up against my chest.

"Honey, you're going to wear yourself out!" I laughed, watching Sheree

still stroking her slit, now with her foot up on the lower shelf, so her

pussy lips were nicely visible. Lewis and Trent were staring hard, their

pants out like tents at the front.

I pulled the little t-shirt on; it was really a midriff top and only just covered my tits, leaving some flesh poking out the bottom. I adjusted the g-string, too, to hang loosely, so the triangle of fabric at the front was just a loose pouch down which I could see my slippery little slit from above.

"It looks like that dress is in the way for you, Sheree!" I laughed, as I stepped over to her, and grabbed the hem of her tank dress.

"C'mon boys, let's rip it off!" I giggled, looking at Trent and Lewis.

Lewis hesitated, still holding my dress, but Trent came forward and grabbed Sheree's skimpy dress. He and I both pulled up, as Sheree moaned

but, ultimately, relinquished. The dress came off in one pull and, there she stood, naked except for one thigh high stocking and her white high heeled mules.

"Wow!" said Trent, taking a step back to admire Sheree's slim, brown,

hairless body. "You are a hot slut!"

"Thanks, babe!" Sheree giggled, suddenly enjoying her nakedness. She stepped towards Trent and slung her arms around him, pushing her tits into

his chest and reaching up to kiss him.

The temptation was too strong for Trent and he kissed her hungrily back.

Sheree became like an animal, pressing her lips and body into Trent as he kissed back, his hands pressing her back and butt.

Saul was just standing, dumbfounded, while Lewis sidled up next to me.

"Why don't you two girls just come back to my place, huh?" His hand stroked my butt and slid under the thread that loosely held my g-string together.

The feeling of his finger going where it shouldn't - combined with

Sheree's animalistic behaviour - made my arousal even higher, and all I

wanted was to fuck Lewis there and then. However, his idea about going to

his place made a lot sense.

"What about Sheree and Trent?" Lewis asked, as I took his hand and started

walking towards the cashiers. "And what about your dress?," he added,

holding it towards me.

"I'll wear this t-shirt and buy it at the register," I replied, as we walked.

Trent looked towards us and disengaged from Sheree long enough to say a

few words. "Where are you guys going?"

"Back to my place," Lewis called. "Come on!"

Trent pulled Sheree along by the arm, while she was still trying to cling

to him. Her naked body struggled but he was too strong for her.

"Sheree," he was saying, "Put your dress on, honey."

"Fuck me now," she was murmuring, to the evident embarrassment of Lewis.

"Well, Trent's obviously gonna oblige her, huh?" I laughed. "If he didn't

want to fuck her, he'd just leave her there, wouldn't he?"

We were almost at the registers by now and the relatively few people still

in the supermarket were all staring at us. My g-string was hanging down in

the front and the t-shirt was so small quite a bit of my tits were visible. One guy even let out a low wolf whistle as we approached a cashier.

"You don't wanna put this on?" Lewis asked urgently, pushing my dress forward.

"We'll see," I smiled. "After all, I'll have to take the t-shirt off to be scanned, huh?"

The girl at the register blinked widely as we approached. "Just this little t-shirt, please," I said to her, pointing at it. "Do I need to take it off?"

"Um. Yeah. I suppose," the girl said sullenly. She didn't seem interested in our little game at all.

"OK!" I said breezily, as I stretched it off. I shook my tits free, threw it on the register and stood, with my hands on my hips.

She was silenced for a moment, but then robotically scanned the shirt and

handed it back to me. "That's $8.98."

Lewis handed over a $10 note and waited for the change. I nuzzled up to

him and smiled at the people who'd stopped to gawk. "What about Sheree and

Trent?" Lewis said, as he collected his money.

"Here, take the t-shirt," I said, giving it to Lewis to hold, along with my dress.

"You're not wearing that either?" he replied incredulously. "Jeez, you're

incredible!" he added, but my attention was distracted by Sheree and

Trent, who'd just come out of the aisle.

Sheree was still naked and Trent had her by the arm. Suddenly, everyone's

attention was focussed on them, even the sullen cashier. I could hear her

indistinct moans, but not the words, as she was dragged to the register.

"Lewis! Ally!" Trent called. "Help me get some clothes on this crazy

girl!" He threw Sheree's dress to Lewis, who just stood there next to me.

One of the security guards came to help Trent struggle with Sheree. She

started screaming, "Get your filthy hands off me!!!" at which point they

both let her go.

Suddenly, she seemed sober as she simply walked through the register, in

all her glorious nakedness to join Lewis and I at the front. Trent

followed, while the security guard remained where he was.

"Sorry about all that fuss, guys," she said, when Trent had joined us and

had put his arm around her, "but Ally and I were in the mood for some

excitement, weren't we?"

I looked at all the eyes still on us and just smiled and nodded, thinking

that Sheree had really learned the supermarket flirting game well.

"So, let's go!" she said, "Your place, Lewis?"

As we walked out together, I turned around, pleased to see that the

supermarket had fallen totally silent - apart from the canned music - with

everyone watching our bare butts exit into the warm night air.