**Mindy at the Grocery Store**

by Mr. Pink

It had been awhile, but here she was again. About to do something silly, more than that, something insane…

When the ideas would come to her she never thought about seeing someone, a doctor, a psychiatrist, to tell them about the urges she had. They’d tell her what motivated her, what made her lust for the attention… They’d trace it back to a teenage memory of falling through the bushes in friends’ backyard; there was a pool party, the summer after graduation. She made it through the bushes. Her bikini bottoms didn’t. She waited on the other side of that bush, trying to catch a glimpse of a friend through the leaves. What happened next… It still made her tingle.

She didn’t need a psychiatrist… She didn’t need to be examined… not that way.

Maybe, just maybe, she liked people catching a glimpse of her near naked, or all naked form. Sure, sometimes it got out of hand and she’d get caught outside (or inside) naked, in front of large groups of people, and the excitement, fear, and embarrassment fed her such powerful emotions that the orgasms she had when she reached safety from their eyes near caused her to faint.

And hell, what’s wrong with that, Sigmund?

She had moved here four months ago. The opportunity came up at work to take on a managerial position and she jumped at it. More money, a beautiful port city surrounded by epic mountains, great for swimming, hiking, biking. She’d been doing plenty of all of it and she was in the best shape of her life. She was happy to be 30, happy to say she was content… almost.

It had been a year since her last adventure. Jackie had moved to New Zealand and without her friend around she felt less safe, less secure with the gags they were playing on themselves. But since moving here she was almost exploding with urges to try something outlandish that would leave her near naked in front of people. The extra energy she had that propelled her to work out as much as she had been could be directly linked to trying to suppress those urges.

Until today, today was the day to give it another shot.

She hadn’t planned it; it came on suddenly as she was staring down the aisle of the grocery store close to where she worked. It was on the ground level of a 20-story office building. She had her shopping list in one hand, the shopping cart held by the other, the thought came to her head and seconds later she was going through with it.

She had on a beige cotton tank top, no bra, and a long earth toned wrap around skirt. Underneath she had her light gray swimming bottoms, tied at the sides. ON her feet, brown leather boots that went to just below her knees. It had been a half day for her at work before the long weekend. Most folks didn’t even bother to come in but she needed to finish up an account so she could enjoy her time off. After groceries she was heading to the beach to meet a few friends.

She hadn’t planned it, but every other time she had planned things to the tee and she would still end up naked and fleeing the scene of the crime. This time she wouldn’t over think it; she would just do it. Feel the need and follow through.

She turned and looked around her. Behind her was a stock boy, probably in his late teens. She caught him checking her out, his head snapping to look at the Frosted Flakes box straight ahead. She grinned and bit her lip, pulling her mid length dark brown hair and tucking it behind her ear.

Straight ahead, an old couple were walking down the aisle, both of them were pushing the cart, their shared effort putting a real strain on the both of them. They’re comfort together warmed Mindy’s heart, made her think twice about what she was about to do.

... it, she thought, this’ll put the steam back in their engine.

The rest of the store wasn’t crowded; she was ready.

She knelt to look at a bottle of pop, pulling it off the shelf for a moment. With her other hand she pushed some material from the bottom of her skirt in between the shopping cart wheel and its housing. She’d get up, give it a push, and in a matter of seconds it would jam up her skirt. She’d give the cart a little push as she leaned over to check out what was happening and her skirt would rip off her (with a little help by loosening the knot on her waist). She’d be standing there in her bikini bottoms. Nothing like the stark naked adventures of her past, but hey… you have to start somewhere. She’d spend a few minutes trying to get the skirt free and be on her way. No problem… She could almost feel the orgasm brewing… Later, later, later.

She stood, started pushing the cart forward. Sure enough the skirt worked its way through the wheel and got tangled. She could feel it tug. She was passing the old couple now. She stood back while simultaneously pushing the cart forward. A little more strength behind the push than she thought would have been wise, but she was so excited she couldn’t stop herself.

The cart flew ahead, the skirt quickly unwrapped itself from around her waist and legs. She twirled in place to help it out and to not stop the shopping cart.

The old woman turned, gasped; the old man slowly turned and his hand shot to his heart. A leering smile not seen in decades erupted on his face. A CRASH from behind them as the stock boy dropped a bottle of cranberry juice.

Mindy shouted “Oh my God!”

She backed up against one side of the aisle; she was facing the old couple that had stopped all forward motion at this point. Her hands shot across the front of her swimsuit, she bent to minimize exposure. Flashes of pleasure shot through her. Her taught, tanned legs squirmed. Her face was flush. She bit her lip and rolled her eyes.

Okay, good enough for now, she thought. She turned to check on the carts progress.

It was still speeding down the aisle; the skirt was snagged but didn’t seem to be impeding the speed of the cart. It was racing for the end of the aisle. Mindy watched the cart head straight for a display of Wok cookery by one of the grocery store employees. She was just lighting the oil in the pan.

“Oh no.” said Mindy.

“Oh dear.” Said the old woman.

“Ooohhh…” said the old man.

“...ing A.” said the stockboy.

Mindy wasn’t even bothering to cover herself anymore. She just watched the disaster happen. The cart sped into the next aisle without hitting anyone, thank god, but it sped straight for the table with the Wok. The woman dropped the match into the Wok and stood back as flame burst forth from it. She saw the cart speeding towards her at exactly the right time. She bolted out of the way.

SMASH!! The cart bashed into the table, the Wok tottered for a moment, then crashed down on the cart, spilling flaming oil all over Mindy’s skirt.

It went up like tissue paper.

Mindy stepped forward.

“My purse!”

It was on the front of the cart. One of those jean like jobbies, good for holding keys and a decent sized wallet. The flames were already ripping through it.

Without thought Mindy ran for the cart and the smoking ruin of her purse. Her wallet! Her cards! Her keys! Now that she didn’t have a skirt she’d have to get the hell out of here!

**Part Deux**

Hey everybody! Thank you so much for the very kind responses. Made my day. This might be more than three parts. Best to build the suspense, someone in a top hat most likely said.

But enough of the jibber jabber, on with the Mindy! (who is absolutely my favourite too. Find those stories. They're amazing!)

Without thought Mindy ran for the cart and the smoking ruin of her purse. Her wallet! Her cards! Her keys! Now that she didn’t have a skirt she’d have to get the hell out of here!

Just as she reached the end of the aisle, the instant she was reaching forward to get to the cart, another cart rolled in front of her way. The middle-aged man pushing it didn’t have time to see Mindy’s approach. She managed to slow down just enough to not hurt herself, but she was still a little winded from the hit as her lower stomach and crotch got the brunt of the collision. Her leather boots slipped on some of the oil on the ground. She tried balance herself on the man’s cart. He slipped himself and let it go. The cart turned sideways and slid across the aisle to the series of frosted doors that made up the frozen foods section, Mindy holding on for dear life, her oiled boots not giving her a second’s worth of traction. The cart spun around, so did Mindy. As she came near one of the doors she dove to grab its silver handle. As she leapt from the cart the front of her bikini became caught on one of the cart’s spokes. Both strings broke simultaneously. She felt something slip between her legs and a warm vibration shot through her loins for a very brief moment. She had the handle, in her hands. She turned and stood with her back to the frosted door. Her glorious, bare, toned bottom stuck out behind her just enough to graze the cold glass. She yelped and slid forward, her boots still lacking enough traction to keep her still.

Her hands out on both sides searching for balance. She looked around. The old couple had come to the end of the aisle and were staring at her. The stockboy nonchalantly leaned against the aisle and took it all in. A crooked grin on his face. He would never, ever forget this.

The woman working the Wok pulled the purse up with a pair of metal tongs. It was destroyed, Its contents melted.

Mindy heard a whistle and turned behind her. A teenage girl and her mother had just come out of another aisle. Mindy wasn’t sure who had whistled, the mother or daughter.

Her hands shot to cover front and behind. The sound of her hand hitting her ass was a slap too scrumptious to ignore. There was a moan beside her. She turned and saw yet another stockboy. Younger than the other, gangly and greasy haired, a hard on quickly brewed under his grocery store apron.

Oh God, oh ..., ...!!

Mindy was surrounded, standing bottomless in knee-high boots and a tank top. What the ... would she do?

She backed up without thinking, her hands shaking over her dark brown pubic hair, her ass quivering slightly; then she hit one of the cold glass doors of the frozen foods section again.

Another yelp.

Okay, this is bad.

She’d done it again! Attempting a little flash, some leg maybe, a little mock horrified expression to please a couple of people… now she was naked below the waist (except for a pair of knee high leather boots).

A growing crowd watched her pull her tank top down to cover her bush and ass. Her sizeable breasts, with nipples almost pushing through the thin cotton, hindered Mindy’s efforts to get the shirt down over her naked body. She could feel the strings holding the top on straining from the effort. The top was laced up the back with silk string. She wasn’t sure how much they’d hold up against the strain.

Shit, nix that, she thought. Do not ... with your top or you are done.

“Holy shit, that chick’s naked!!”

A voice from the aisle straight behind her. Four teenagers, their arms laden with chips, dip, chocolate bars, and bottles of coke, were staring wide eyed at Mindy’s display.

Shocked and horrified, Mindy gathered herself some courage and took off down the aisle, passing the old man who had just taken off his coat to offer it to her. Blind to the man’s generosity and class, she ran towards any exit she could find. The brain had switched off; survival mode had kicked in. Unfortunately, her survival mode wasn’t one of her better qualities.

The first door she saw she ran towards. The boots were still slippery from the Wok oil, she’d get a few paces ahead and need to shimmy gingerly for a few squeaky seconds to keep her balance.

Hoots and hollering followed her wherever she went, one second she felt somebody’s hands grab at her top.

...!! Leave me alone, oh God!

The person that had grabbed for her was the manager. He’d heard the commotion and saw her running up the aisle. He’d chased after her with his apron in one hand holding it up for her, but Mindy was deaf to his offered aid.

She crashed through the door and ran down an empty hallway. It bent around a corner, she followed it as fast as her legs could carry her. Her taught ass bounced with every step, her breasts bounced enough to force her to hold one hand over them as she raced down the hall. It ended at a set of concrete stairs leading up and down. She slipped and grabbed the rail of the stairs for balance.

... this, she thought.

She bent quickly and pulled off one of the boots.

If I keep these on I’ll kill myself.

She was pulling the last one off when she heard the sound of the door opening up back at the other end of the hall. At the same time she heard someone coming up from downstairs. Male voices, one female.

“Shit!”

Her legs were shivering and it wasn’t because of the temperature. She held her hands in front of her bush again, the tip of her finger grazing underneath.

“ooohhh… ....”

It felt so goddamn good… for a second, then she snapped out of it. What the ... is wrong with you, people were coming!

She grabbed the rung of the staircase and bolted up as fast as she could.

One floor, two floors, up and up. It looked like the emergency exit staircase, all cold chipped concrete smelling like cigarettes and coffee.

By the time she reached the 5th floor she realised that she had left one of her boots down at the bottom of the stairs. She paused and leaned over the rail to peer down. She saw a shadow cross a few floors down. She jumped back and bolted up a few more floors.

She was at the landing for the 9th floor when she finally stopped. Sweat was starting to stain the front and back of her top, making it slightly see through, her ample chest was heaving from the strain.

Okay Mindy, focus, think… She sat on the step, wincing a little from the cold on her bum.

She was in the upper floors of the office tower. If she could sneak into one of the offices she would be able to use the phone, call a friend to come and pick her up. But first she needed to get out of the staircase.

She tried the door on the 9th floor landing. It was unlocked. She opened it gingerly, bending low so nobody would see her. She peeked in and saw two men standing beside a water cooler. They were dressed in suits, looked very sharp and handsome, one of them turned to the door. Mindy shut it immediately and ran up the next flight of stairs two steps at a time.

She paused for breath on the 10th floor landing. Her legs were getting wet from sweat as well. She was so hot and so turned on, it was thoroughly conflicting with the fear and embarrassment she was feeling. She remembered that time at the Opera, her clothes lost, wearing only a toilet paper dress… getting soaked in the rain as she ran for a cab. The tissue dress disintegrated as she dove for the cab door. When she was in the cab she fell victim to her embarrassment fuelled lust. She masturbated right there in the cab with the cabbie watching. She felt she was on the verge of doing something that crazy now, if only to get it over with so she could concentrate.

No, if somebody catches me like that here they’d cart me off to jail.

WILL MINDY BE CARTED OFF TO JAIL? WILL SHE BE CAUGHT "LIKE THAT"? WHY AM I YELLING?

**Part Þrjár**

Mindy tried the next door. It was unlocked. And when she peeked through she saw no one. Just a few boxes on a dolly. She could see a phone on a counter. It was the mail room and it looked deserted from here.

She waited for a few moments to make sure the coast was clear then stepped out and closed the door behind her. She unconsciously tugged again at her top and felt a couple of the strings loosen in the back. She stopped herself and was about to step around the boxes when a voice called out.

“Sorry, I can sign for those now.”

She froze. The boxes were stacked high enough that the man on the other side would know someone was there but wouldn’t be able to make her out. She poked her head around to see who had talked.

Victor, manning the mail room, in his late 30’s, thinning hair, a bit of a paunch. His eyes lit up when he saw the attractive brunette with the flush cheeks and almond eyes.

His phone rang directly behind him, he turned for two seconds. She took the chance and ran straight for the counter. It was high enough to hide her embarrassing predicament. Her chest heaved from the strain of the run and the rising nervousness that threatened to switch to panic.

He answered the phone, said two curt words, then hung up. He turned quickly to Mindy.

“I’ll sign for those.” He repeated.

Mindy’s legs shivered again from the excitement of all of this. She tried to deny what it was making her feel, but it was so good, so wet.

“No!” she said a little too loud.

Victor jumped, a little freaked out.

“I mean, no. These aren’t mine. I was just wondering if I could use your phone?”

He nodded, no question did he want to deny this woman anything. He grabbed the phone from the wall and set it on the counter in front of her.

“Thanks.” Mindy said, biting her lip.

She quickly dialled her friend, Tammy.

The man listened to her, caught only her side of the conversation.

“Tammy, you need to pick me up. In front of Safeway downtown… Please Tammy, you have to do this! Meet me in the alley behind the building. And bring… Uh.”

She whispered the rest, Victor couldn’t hear no matter how much he strained.

“Thanks.” Mindy said, noticing a strange look come over the man’s face.

He was staring straight past her. He shook his head, then his expression changed and he looked back to her, his eyes darting to the counter. Wishing, it seemed, to see through the wood panelling.

Mindy’s stomach tightened. She turned slowly and looked around. There standing beside the boxes was the delivery guy. Hair down past his shoulders, a baseball cap, a jaw on the floor. He had been watching her quivering, bare ass for the past few minutes.

“Shit!” Mindy screamed.

She ran forward and turned quickly down the hall. She missed going around the packages to get at the staircase door. That would have meant running straight up to the delivery guy and he’d already seen enough.

The hallways were empty but still Mindy held her left hand down in front of her neat bush. The other hand holding her breasts in place.

The laces holding her top together continued to loosen from Mindy’s aggressive pace.

A door opened in front of her with a hiss. It opened towards her and afforded her the chance to hide from whoever was inside. She crouched behind the door as she heard some shuffling about on the other end. She heard the tapping of keys. She saw through the door crack the person on the other side reaching through and shutting off the light. The room inside was empty!

The door started to close, she heard movement heading away from the other side. She dashed around the door, saw the back of a man in a white dress shirt, jeans. He was stuffing his pass into his back pocket.

She ran into the room just as the door closed with another ominous hiss.

She groped on the wall for a few seconds. Her butt shaking a tight jiggle in the coolness of the room. She found the light switch and clicked it on. Only a couple of fluorescent lights shimmered to life. It was the main computer server for the entire floor. Row upon rows of harddrives.

Mindy breathed a sigh of relief. No one was in here, she was safe for the moment.

A quick look around showed no other exit. She came back and listened through the door. She heard nothing and decided to take a chance. She had to get downstairs to meet Tammy!

She pushed on the door and it wouldn’t budge. A couple more tries and she clued in. It was sealed from the outside.

She laughed a soft little laugh. Of course. Now the only way she’s going to get out of here is trying to get someone to find her here, the last thing she wanted to do!

The mere thought of it. A couple of computer techs opening up the door, finding her there crouched behind a computer terminal. Her bare ass on display.

The thought of it made her earlier lusts erupt. She nearly shook from the impact of it. She walked through the rows of computer drives, running her fingers along them, imagining the boys finding her here, so naked, so ashamed.

Mindy spun around, leaned against the wall, and slide to the ground, her hand diving between her legs for a quick touch, just a tiny… little… Oh.

Then she couldn’t stop. Couldn’t stop. Couldn’t stop. Oh. My. ....

She ground her back against the wall as she thrust her fingers inside her, then let them linger, tracing the lips, softly, carefully… playing.

She bit her lip again and again. Moaned a soft moan that then erupted without her wanting it. Her butt was tensing against the floor. She was coming.

The door opened, a hiss, light flaring into the room.

Mindy gasped. Her brain was mush, her vision blurred from the tears of her orgasm. She crouched forward, crawled a little forward, positioned herself where she wouldn’t be seen.

She was so dazed she didn’t feel it, didn’t sense it, until she was heading for the door, just out of view of the man that had entered and walked the long way around to get to her previous position: Her top was gone. She looked back. Saw it on the ground a few rows back. She saw a shadow fall over it, a hand reach down and grab it.

Mindy ran for the door.

Two people in the hallway. A man and a woman, both middle aged. Both stopped cold when Mindy ran out.

“Oh God!” Mindy cried. She clutched her breasts, stepped back a few feet. Her nipples were swollen, tender to touch.

Her head was clearing. Get to an exit!! Get downstairs!

She ran down the hall, took a right.

And ran into a huge room filled with cubicles. She heard a lot of voices, coming from all directions. She couldn’t tell how many people were here. Her brain was starting to freeze up again. She saw an exit sign at the other end of the room.

She ran. She was halfway through, no one had noticed. The room wasn’t as full of people as she thought. Most must be off for the holiday and those that were still here had their minds on finishing their work and getting the hell out. They would never, not ever have expected a beautiful brunette to run completely naked through their office.

Well, one always has to be on lookout for things like this. So was Harry able to spot Mindy running past his cubicle as he daydreamed about his girlfriend’s roommate. Mindy ran past. He nearly fell out of his seat. He stood quickly and got a great view of her retreating, sweetly curved ass.

“Holy ...! Check that out!” He yelled.

Some heads turned, others shouted. Mindy was spotted. She didn’t think she had it in her but the shame threw her forward. Sweating beading on her face, neck, breasts, she crashed through the exit door and bounded down the staircase. She could still hear the hooting and hollering from two floors down.

Without thinking she ran straight down, pushing through the door to the alleyway without worry of consequence. And for the first time today, luck was on her side.

Tammy was just pulling in. Mindy ran straight for the passenger door and yanked on the handle. It was locked.

“Open the ...ing door!!” Mindy screamed.

Tammy faltered for a few seconds, flicking the switch a couple of times, but she finally got it open. The last few seconds waiting outside the car had nearly sent Mindy into another uncontrollable craving to touch herself again. Dammit!!

She crawled into the back seat and laid down.

Tammy looked back at her.

“Okay, what the ...?!”

“Where’s the skirt?” Mindy asked.

“What skirt, you got me on my cell phone. You’re lucky I was in the neighbourhood. What the ... happened to your clothes?”

Mindy just balled herself up on the back seat. She looked straight up at the car’s ceiling. She smiled a wry little smile.

Next time she would have to be more careful.