# The Fruit and Veg Girl

## by [Mag58](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=144068&page=submissions)

When we were 18, my friends, Lynn, Becky and I took part-time jobs in a local supermarket. I was assigned to work on the fruit and veg. Department with a woman called Eve. Eve was in her forties and was completely different from my mother. She wore short skirts, too much make-up and she swore like a trooper! I thought that she was wonderful.

Eve was the crudest person that I have ever known, she would tell me every intimate detail of her sex life, with her husband. I learnt more about sex in these two years than I did in 5 years of biology, at school.

During the month of June, the weather changed and a heatwave began.

The hot weather, Eve’s stories and my teenage hormones made for a wonderful summer. I was as horny as Hell! All I could think about was sex! I masturbated most nights; the shower, the toilet, my bedroom; any opportunity and my fingers were in my knickers.

One particularly hot day, I was already daydreaming about a fumble with a boy the previous Saturday, when Eve announced, “Fucking Hell! Look at this! It looks just like my Craig’s cock!” I turned to see her licking a huge carrot. Taking it from her mouth she laughed, “But it doesn’t taste half as sweaty!” Some other women joined in laughing, I just blushed. “I might have to take it home, for when he’s on night shift!” Eve continued. “What’s the matter, Emma, have you never seen one as big as this?” She roared, as she threw it towards me. I caught it, and stared at the huge orange vegetable. It must have been 8 or 9 inches long and tapered from the thick, bulbous, end to the pointed tip.

I had only seen a two boy’s cocks before, handling one, at a party, but they looked nothing like this.

“He’s not really this big, is he?” I gasped, as I handled the carrot like a jewel.

“Why do you think Eve has a bad back!” one of the other women, Margaret, shouted.

Still laughing, Eve herself, said, “They have to be that size to touch the sides!”

At that moment, Gareth, the Store Manager arrived, and the group of women broke up. I don’t know why, but I slipped the carrot into my pocket.

I was sent to tidy our stock cupboard, in the warehouse. After half an hour of moving sacks and boxes I was sweating like a pig. I sat down for a break, when I felt that familiar feeling between my legs. As no one was likely to disturb me, I undid the buttons on my overall, letting the air get to my hot flesh.

As it was so hot, I was only wearing my bra and panties, underneath. I ran one hand over my sweaty stomach, under the elastic of my knickers and stroked my pubes, as I tickled a nipple with the other hand. My fingers continued, until I was sliding one between the flaps of my soaking wet vagina. This was such a turn on, knowing that I could be caught at any time.

I had just started to rub my clit when I felt the carrot, in my pocket, touch my side. “Oh my God! I couldn’t! It would be too dirty!” the thoughts shot through my head. I tugged the carrot from the pocket, and rubbed it along the gusset of my pants. Ooh! This felt good. The carrot was rock hard. Without a second thought, I pulled my pants to one side and started to rub it along my virgin pussy. Aaaahh! This was even better.

Gently I prodded my hole, and the carrot slid in with no effort. Wow! This was fantastic. All I could think was; this is what a boys cock must feel like. Quickly, I built up a rhythm, with the carrot going in further each time. My eyes were wide open and my mouth went dry. I was panting and gasping, but I knew that I couldn’t make a sound. The carrot was filling me up much more than my fingers ever had.

It only took a couple of flicks of my clit, and a marvellous orgasm flooded my body. I sat shaking for the next few minutes. The carrot was still in my pussy. It felt just as good as I slowly pulled it out. Jesus H. Christ, this was good. I held it up, and couldn’t believe what I had just done, the carrot still looked huge, and was now covered in my slime. I buttoned my overalls, threw the carrot into a bin, and went back to see Eve at the counter.

Over the next few days I found myself, alone, in the stockroom another twice. I would quickly fuck myself with a carrot, and rub my clit, orgasming within a couple minutes! It even became a joke between Eve and myself, that I looked flushed, when I returned.

I was still enjoying masturbating at home, but the thrill of fucking myself with a carrot, in the storeroom, was the biggest turn on of all.

On the following Friday evening, the shop was quiet, so I slipped away to the stockroom. I knew that I was safe for a half- hour, as we were ‘short-staffed’.

Once inside the storeroom, I chose a lovely big carrot, and made myself comfortable, on a sack of potatoes. I opened my overalls, and slid my knickers down to my ankles. I ran the carrot along my slit, squeezed my breasts, then I slammed it inside my sweaty hole.

I couldn’t stop myself groaning, as I fucked myself, faster and faster, all 9 or 10 inches sliding in and out, filling every crevice of my pussy. Just as I was building up to an orgasm, I opened my eyes. Gareth, the manager, was standing in front of me, grinning.

“Don’t stop!” he said, a huge grin lighting up his gorgeous face.

Shocked and embarrassed, I quickly placed my hands over my fanny, accidentally pushing the carrot all of the way inside. Oooohaaaarggh! I groaned, biting my bottom lip, as it hit my cervix. “I said, don’t stop.” Gareth said, as he unbuttoned his trousers. Frightened, I slid the carrot, half -way out. He now had his trousers and pants around his knees, and was tugging at his cock.

My heart was pounding, as I built up my speed, again, fucking myself, for his pleasure.

“You dirty little bitch!” he told me, “I thought that you were a nice little virgin, and here you are, the dirtiest chick in the shop! Who would have thought it! Little Emma fucking herself with a carrot. Nobody will believe me!” He continued wanking, as he talked to me.

As my fingers rubbed my clit, he fired his spunk onto my leg. Big globs of hot, white, sticky spunk. Instantly, I shuddered with an orgasm. Moving closer, he slowly tugged on his cock, making the last few drops fall onto my heaving tits.

As he tucked his shrinking cock into his pants, he whispered, “Come to my office, at 9 o’clock, and we’ll keep this our little secret.” With a wink he left the cupboard.

The next hour was Hell, as I didn’t know what to expect. I thought that he might even sack me.

As the shop closed, I went to Gareth’s office. “Close the door.” He said, without looking up. When he turned around, he was grinning like before. “Well, Emma, that was a surprise. A very nice surprise.” He pointed, for me to sit down. “What do you think I should do?” he asked. I shook my head, “Please, please don’t tell anyone, don’t sack me. I’m so sorry.” I whimpered, holding back my tears.

“Sack you? Don’t be silly! I want to see you do that, again!” He laughed.

Shocked, I covered my mouth with my hand.

“I’m playing golf on Saturday, so on Sunday, meet me at the backdoor, at 10 a.m. if anyone asks, tell them that you are stocktaking.” He then told me that I could go.

In bed, that night, I thought that I was going to wear my clit out, I rubbed it that much! If I’d been horny before, I was insatiable that night. Being caught had been an unbelievable turn-on.

On the Saturday night, I went to a party with Lynn and Becky. Becky could tell that I was ‘upto something’, but I refused to confess. She wasn’t happy, with me, as we normally confided in each other, but this secret was just too juicy.

I was hot and sticky, in bed, that night. I kept waking up thinking about Gareth, and what he might make me do. Even when I was asleep, I dreamt about him. I couldn’t keep my fingers away from my fanny; it felt like it was on fire, as I had to keep playing with myself.

I was up and showered early on Sunday. I told my mum that we were stocktaking, in the shop, but I dressed in a short, blue, pleated skirt with a cream t-shirt. To no-ones surprise I didn’t wear a bra, leaving my 32b breasts to bounce as nature intended. When I arrived at the supermarket, his car was already there, and the door was open. Tentatively, I entered the dark warehouse, my hard nipples giving away my feelings. As I approached his office, I received a shock. “Hi! I wasn’t sure if you would come.” Gareth said as he grabbed my arm. “Shit! You gave me a fright.” I answered. Laughing, at my reaction, he asked, “Do you want a cup of coffee? Or do you want to, you know?” he then nodded his head at the vegetable store- room. Grinning, I shrugged my shoulders, “Whatever, I’m easy.” Realising my double entendre, I blushed.

“You continue to surprise me, Emma. So, the store-room it is!”

I went first, my heart beating like a drum, and my legs were, now, shaking.

Once inside, Gareth took hold of my waist, and pulled me towards him. Looking me in the eyes, he calmly said, “You’re not going to disappoint me are you, Emma?” I smiled, as I shook my head. “Are you going to make me happy?” I nodded, and began to lift my t-shirt, for him. “Good girl!” He whispered as he leant against the door. My, pink, nipples were beginning to ache, they were so hard. Dropping the t-shirt to the floor, I unzipped my skirt, and it followed, leaving me in my smallest, white, knickers, which were sticking to me.

I ran my fingers, gently, over my tits, “What do you want me to do?” I asked, in my best Lollita voice. Coughing, as his throat was dry, he stammered, “The same as Friday, you know…..with…the carrot.” He didn’t seem as confident as earlier. Looking around, I picked up a small carrot, “Like this?” I asked. “If you like.” He stammered. “Or one like this?” I asked as I picked up a huge one, perhaps 10 inches long and 3 or 4 inches in circumference. He nodded, as I kissed the end, like Eve had done. His eyes were like saucers.

I lay back on some sacks of cabbages, which were quite soft. Never taking my eyes from his, I ran the end of the carrot along my pussy lips. They felt all squishy, as I pressed the hard vegetable against them.

“Ooooh! That feels good.” I sighed. I pressed it harder and harder against my lips until it was nearly hurting.

“Take your pants off!” Gareth uttered, as he stepped out of his jeans. His cock looked bigger than on Friday, and was pointing up towards the sky.

I rested the carrot on my tummy, and slowly pulled my knickers off. I was now aware of the power that I had over him. As I slipped them off my ankles, I watched him devouring every inch of my naked teenage body. His eyes lingered over my pert breasts and my tiny pink nipples, then down to my lush black pubes, and the glistening crack, in-between.

I took hold of the carrot, again, and returned it between my legs. As soon as it touched my pussy lips, I let out another groan. I couldn’t wait any longer, so in one long, slow movement, in it went. “Aaagh! Shit! Oooh!” This was the best yet. I closed my eyes as I increased the speed. This was, just so fucking good! Faster and faster, deeper and deeper, it went, and still, I hadn’t touched my clit. I opened my eyes, to find Gareth standing over my face, his throbbing cock inches away from my face.

“Will you suck me?” he pleaded. Although I had never done that before, I nodded, and opened my mouth. He edged forward and put it between my lips. The knob felt soft compared to the shaft; his cock had a pleasant, but peculiar taste. I didn’t have to do anything for him, as he rhythmically fucked my mouth, as I used the carrot like a piston.

Unable to last any longer, the fingers on my left hand began rubbing my clitoris, “Aaagh!” I tried to scream, as my orgasm erupted from my toes. Gareth immediately pulled his cock out of my mouth, but he wasn’t quick enough. A plume of spunk arced from his piss-hole onto my face, some of it going into my mouth, but most of it hitting my chin and cheeks. Like the first time, he finished by jerking off onto my swollen tits. The smell of his spunk was awesome, as I slid it over my breasts with my fingers.

The carrot was now lying beside me, as I had pulled it out, when I came.

Gareth surprised me by kissing me on my spunk-smeared lips.

He then sat back on a box, with his softening cock dangling between his legs.

“Wow!” he gasped, “You must be popular with the boys!”

Resting on one arm, revelling in my nakedness, I replied, “Not really, I’ve never had, you know, a ‘proper’ boyfriend.” I wiped the come from my face.

He struggled to comprehend what I had just told him, “You’ve never had a ‘proper’ boyfriend? You mean that you really are a virgin?” I nodded, in reply, and smiled, my sweetest smile.

“Would you like to change that?” he asked. Again I nodded and smiled.

As he picked up his jeans, I looked at him, in a different light. He was mid-thirties, slim, in an athletic way, had shoulder length, brown wavy hair, and a very cute arse!

He dropped his jeans and turned around unwrapping a condom. “Gotta be careful!” he announced.

His cock was hard again, as he rolled the pink condom on. I was still on my back, with my legs wide open. Gareth ran his finger up my slit, making me shiver. “Still wet, I see!” he chuckled, as he licked my juice off the finger- tip.

Slowly he lay on top of me and positioned his cock against my pussy. Stroking it along the length, driving me crazy, he whispered, “Are you sure about this?” “Yes, yes, yes!” I pleaded.

With a jerk of his hips, his cock was inside – I was now a woman! After using large carrots for a couple of weeks, there was no fantastic sensation as he entered me, but I was in Heaven as he fucked me like a man possessed. Automatically, I wrapped a leg around his hip, and I hugged him with my arms. We were, now, so hot, sweat was dripping from his brow onto my face, and our bodies were soaking wet.

I loved the feeling of fucking myself with the carrot, but real sex, with a man was mind blowing. I was shaking, with excitement, when I felt him speed up and come, for a second time. For the next few seconds he showered me with kisses, then slumped on top of me. We lay like that for a minute or two, then he rolled off, and tentatively peeled off the condom, which was full of love juice.

“Jesus! I can’t remember the last time, that I did that twice in an hour.” He said, gasping for air.

We picked up our clothes, and walked naked upstairs, to the canteen, to get cleaned up.

We carried on our affair, for a further six months, fucking, sucking and using all kinds of wonderful fruit and vegetables (bananas, cucumbers and even grapes!) until he got a promotion and moved away.

I don’t think that anyone found out (until now!), especially my friends, as no one even hinted at anything.

I stopped using vegetables after I left college, but I do have a craving for men with big cocks!

Emma