

“We’re open on lane eight, if you wanna step over here, sir,” Reanna said, keeping the edge she keenly felt out of her voice. Customer service was very important to her, but still, this was the third time Mr. Mendenhall had cut her break short in as many shifts to cover a register when they got short-handed. She was hungry, she was tired, and to top things off, the creeper coming over to her register was already checking her out, and not even bothering to hide it.

“Evening,” the woman said. She didn’t want to make small talk with him, but he had a full cart and it would be awkward not to at least be polite. Still, she wasn’t subtle in doing up another button in her blouse to send a message.

Well, she almost did it up, anyway.

“And what a fine evening it is... Reanna,” he said, smiling at her as she started scanning his groceries. “A pretty name, Reanna, for a pretty girl.” Ugh, she disliked nametags, all these strangers knowing her name without her offering it to them. And this guy, he stared right at where it was pinned to her green vest, right over the words West Side Market.

It got annoying in a hurry, so to put a stop to it, she turned and pretended to cough, removing the pin while she was turn with nimble fingers, setting it on the counter by the register. “Thanks. It’s an old family name, my mom’s great-grandmother.”

“Well it’s good to have traditions in the family. That there,” he said, gesturing to the box of corn flakes she was scanning with his hand, his eyes still attached to her chest, “is something I adopted from my great-grandma, actually. Whenever she baby-sat for us, this was what we had, and at some point my brain turned it into a treat. Plain old corn flakes, but they taste like happy to me.” The man chuckled at his own lame anecdote as Reanna kicked her shoes off, wiggling her toes happily.

“Yeah, amazing how childhood memories can work like that, right? Like my mom always over-cooked her pork chops, and to this day, it doesn’t matter how well they’re prepared, I just can’t eat ‘em.” Reanna smiled politely, undoing the buttons of her vest.

“Can’t say the same for you,” he said. At her confused expression, he shook his head bashfully and continued. “I guess I meant to say you look good enough to eat.”

For a perv, and one so terrible at flirting, she was surprised at the little thrill his ham-fisted compliment gave her. Not that she didn’t still want to slap him for his forwardness. “Whatever, there’s not a woman on the planet who could make this uniform look attractive.” She shucked the vest, lying it in the bagging area and hoping it would help lessen the truth of her words.

“I don’t know, you seem to be doing a decent job of it, Reanna,” he said, transferring a dozen cartons of yogurt from his cart to the belt. <I>Speaking of belts</I>, she thought, <I>this thing needs to go.</I> She held up her index finger, then unbuckled it and tugged it off.

Naturally, when she turned back around from setting it beside her vest, he was checking out her butt. She was secretly somewhat pleased; usually guys were so into her chest they didn’t even notice her other attributes. The perv – a cute perv, but still – at least knew how to assess the merchandise.

“Say,” he said as she scanned the yogurt, “the sign said ten for \$10, but the screen there, charged the \$1.29 each.” He pointed to the monitor – surprisingly accurately, considering his gaze was glued back to her chest again. She wondered if he could see her bra through her shirt. She hoped not. Even if that would be kind of hot, it was still pretty slutty, and she wasn’t that kind of woman.

“No, see, it takes off the discount at the end. Look at the 2-liters, see? Same thing there. Trust me.” Reanna smiled patiently, gesturing to the screen with one hand while undoing the

buttons on her top with the other, untucking the shirt so she could get every last one. That was better.

“Ah, very good. Sorry, you can never be too sure!” Reanna resumed scanning, and was shocked when he reached out to where her blouse was parted in the middle, pulling a flap aside to peer in at her bra. That kind of confidence was sexy, but she was working, not flaunting herself at the bar.

“Sir!” she said, stepping back and slapping his hand away. “What do you think you’re doing?” *And why did it get me so hot?*

“Sorry, got ahead of myself there, Reanna.” He held his hands up defensively.

She pursed her lips, then stepped back into her station and resumed scanning, trying to ignore the tingle down below. This was no time to unleash her libido – not with this perv, anyway. Well, not at work. If she was anywhere else feeling like this, she’d be on the prowl, no doubt. “You just need to be patient, sir. Prodding me won’t help. I’m going as fast as I can here.”

He mumbled something; it sounded like “you and me both,” but that didn’t make sense.

The customer bent down to get a big forty-pound bag of dog food from the shelf at the bottom of the cart, grunting as he hefted it up to a standing position. Reanna used the distraction to remove the nuisance of her bra, squirming to get it down over her shoulders without taking her top off. *Topless at my register! What would people say?!* She banished the humiliating thought.

“Urgh, here – I’ll trade you,” he said, moving to transfer the burden to her so she could get it under the scanner. Reanna nodded, handing over the bra and taking the dog food. Sheesh, it wasn’t *that* heavy. Drama queen.

“Hey, Reanna?” came Lindsay’s voice from the next register. “Can you exchange me some ones? I’m totally out here.”

“Sure, just a sec,” she said. “Can you hang on just a minute for me sir?”

“Hey, if it gives me more time to spend with the prettiest young lady in the store, happy to wait.”

It’s a shame this perv was such a, well, perv; she was getting to be in an uncommonly randy mood. She counted out twenty bills, handing them over to Lindsay. While she waited for Lindsay to double-check and get reciprocal bills, she quickly wriggled out of her khakis, mentally patting herself on the back for being such a good multi-tasker.

While she was bending over to tug the pants the rest of the way off – she hoped there wasn’t a visible wet spot on her butt, turned on as she was – Reanna noticed that Lindsay was wearing sandals. “You better not let Mr. Mendenhall see you wearing those,” she said, accepting the fives to replenish her drawer. “You know he’s always riding us.”

“Ugh, I know,” Lindsay said, and then turned back to her customer.

“I have to say, I’m jealous of this Mr.... Mendenhall, was it?” She nodded. “Yes, jealous indeed, if he gets to ‘ride you,’ as you say.”

She smiled. Not that she thought he was charming – he was actually kind of a pig – but fuckitall if she wasn’t hornier than she’d been in a good while. Reanna ran a finger sneakily between her legs. *Yep, I’m drenched. Ugh, why do I have to be at work right now?*

“I bet you’re wishing you were somewhere else right now,” the man said presciently.

“How could you tell?” she frowned. Even on a bad day, even with the creepers like this guy, she took pride in projecting professionalism.

He pointed openly at her pussy, grinning smugly. “A little damp, are we?”

Reanna blushed. “You saw that? Omigosh, I’m so embarrassed!”

“Oh, don’t be. A hot young thing like you should always be ready to roll in the hay.”

She bit her lower lip nervously as she rolled her shoulders, the loose blouse sliding down easily. She caught it as it reached her wrists and set it on her growing pile of clothes.

“Um, thank you. I’m usually not so…” she trailed off, her mind overwhelmed with pictures of her on her back getting her pussy stuffed. No, on top. Then she could control the pace. Riding him like he was a fucking bronco, grabbing and squeezing her breasts as she cried out in ecstasy…

“Um, miss?” She shook herself, removing her hands from where they’d been unconsciously tweaking her nipples.

“Sorry, sir,” she apologized, smoothing down her work panties to regain her composure. Soaked or no, she still had to maintain decorum. She scanned the final few items, then looked up to him. He was leering openly at her naked tits. Her tits. <I>Ugh, I wish someone would just fuck them already!</I> “Do you have any coupons?”

“As a matter of fact I do,” he said, handing over a scrap of paper, on it written the words <I>HALF OFF</I> in red sharpie. “I’d like the bottom half, if that’s all right.”

“All righty then,” she said. The computer wouldn’t take it, but still, it was easy enough to handle outside the system. She tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down to her ankles. Bent over like this, she was in the perfect pose to get her pussy stuffed. The customer helpfully took her panties from her as she thrust an arm back blindly to try to set them on the counter; she was enjoying being bent over like this too much to stand.

In fact… He’d given her the coupon; obviously he wouldn’t mind if she took a moment to… process his discount. She gently probed at her nethers; they were drenched. She couldn’t ever remember being this wet. Certainly no guy had ever turned her on this much. Reanna thought back on every time she’d ever been fucked, one by one, in glorious detail, trying to remember.

How embarrassed was she when she felt the customer pinch her ass cheek to get her attention.

Embarrassed, and so fucking aroused she could have jumped him then and there.

Reanna stood back up. “I’m very sorry, sir. Just having an off day here. I’m all yours now.” She giggled at the double entendre, and was about to correct herself when she decided to let the comment stand. Worst case scenario, he bent her back over and plugged her dripping pussy, which would be fine. No, not fine, awesome. “Anyway, I’m… mmm, yeah… back with you now.”

“You’re still playing with yourself, actually,” he said, pointing.

Damn. She’d hoped he wouldn’t notice. “I know, sir. Just trying to, oh yes… multitask a little. So, ngh god yes, your total will be eighty-six dollars, and, fuuuuuck YES, mmm, twenty ni-eeeeeeeeEEEEEEENE YES YES YES YES CENTS!” She was so close to getting herself off – it was like she was standing over a cliff with her toes out over the edge.

The man smiled at her as she bent herself over the counter, the cold surface biting into her bare nipples, somehow hardening them further as she thrust her fingers in and out of her steaming sex with abandon.

“Is this lane open?” a woman’s voice asked nearby. Reanna realized she’d forgotten to turn the OPEN light on, but she was moaning too hard to apologize. Besides, she couldn’t even turn it on with both hands were busy working her pussy and clit. And now a finger in her ass.

<I>Why can’t I cum?!</I>

“Sure, we’ll be done here in a moment,” he offered. She nodded. She meant to nod, anyway. Who could care about nodding at a time like this. She just groaned in aggravation at that elusive orgasm.

“Something amiss, miss?” the man asked in a knowing tone.

“C-can’t c-c-cum!”

The man slid his finger into her mouth. At least she thought it was a finger; her eyes were clenched shut, but she was pretty sure it was a finger from the taste. “You sure can’t, my dear beauty. Not without my blessing, anyway.” She probed around with her tongue as she began bobbing on it and found a fingernail. Thank goodness. Blowing him at her register would be awfully slutty.

“Would you like that? Do you want your release, pretty Reanna?”

“Ymmm!” she moaned around his finger. Oh fuck, it was so close! Oh fuck, my socks are still on! She stumbled around in her mad frenzy to tug them off with her toes, ignoring the man’s laughs at her. After all, you had to be able to laugh at yourself when you made a mistake in this business – not that she could laugh with his finger in her mouth.

“What’s it worth to you, sweet girl?” He pulled his finger out, wiping the saliva off on her panties.

“Any, ngh, thing!” she panted. “Please! Cum! Want!” It was hard to talk coherently when you couldn’t think. Impossible to think when you couldn’t get off.

“Very well then. I suppose I’m not allowed behind the counter, so why don’t we just lean you over here...” he grabbed her shoulders and adjusted her so her face was dangling over the far side of the counter. “There we go. Now let’s see if I can get a price check on that pretty little mouth of yours, shall we?”

“Free! Yours!” she belted. From the corner of her eyes, she saw Mr. Mendenhall come to the window of his upstairs office and glare down at her, raising a shushing finger to her lips. She winced, mouthing “sorry” up at him, just before the customer shoved his cock in her mouth.

Sucking cock was hard. She was so horny she couldn’t even think, much less recall the best way to blow someone. It was all that mean Mr. Menderhall’s fault – she was never trained on correct blowjob technique!

Her fingers still desperately trying to trick her pussy over the edge didn’t help. Luckily, the perv was willing to help. <I>Maybe he wasn’t such a perv after all,</I> she thought as he grabbed her head in both hands and started fucking her face. It was nice to occasionally have a customer who understood how hard her job was.

Reanna opened her mouth wider, tucking her lips down to protect him from her teeth. Good customer service was important. And swallowing. She tried to keep her throat in mind of its duty.

Only then, the man pulled out – apparently he didn’t need it as bad as she did. “Well then, I think I just need to pay, and I’ll be on my way,” the man said.

Reanna looked up, panicking. She was so close! He had to let her orgasm! He just had to! She hated her job right then, getting in the way of her cunt’s needs again. “Of c-course, sir. J-just g-go ahead and s-swipe...” she lost the end in a groan.

Undaunted, Reanna kept trying to work her pussy while he came around behind her, his cock bobbing with each step. He took it in his hand...

And swiped it right down the crack of her ass, stopping when it aligned with the entrance to her steamy pussy. “Oh, Reanna, by the by, are you on the pill?”

“Nuh-uh, not, ngh, not expect... expecting...” she managed between moans.

“Not expecting... a tip?” He slid his cock into her pussy, and if she’d thought she was on the edge before, now she was being dangled by a thread. A thread she was trying desperately to cut so she could plunge into an abyss of pleasure.

The frenzied woman didn’t even notice herself scanning the next customer’s items; she must have had some pretty amazing checker instincts to manage it while the man’s cock stabbed in and out of her. She even managed it one-handed, so she could fondle herself.

She could feel him slowing, stiffening; she was sure he was about to spray her insides. That should worry her, but then, she understood the feeling of needing to get off so bad you didn’t care about anything else.

“Consider this a little positive customer feedback,” the man said, and he bathed her insides in his jizz. With a ragged wail of pleasure, she finally, finally had her release, flopping face-down on the scanner and thrashing madly.

When she came to, the man had already finished bagging his groceries, including a sack containing her clothes. The woman she’d been checking out was standing with her arms folded impatiently, tapping a foot. The perv who’d just fucked her senseless patted her bare ass affectionately, and even though it wasn’t professional, she wiggled her butt against his hand.

“Thank you for shopping at West Side Market, sir – we hope you come again soon!”