

I Met Her in The Supermarket

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A one-stop shopping experience

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I've just returned from a very interesting afternoon, one that I will remember for some time. I drove into the village this morning to do my errands: go to my post office box, go to the bank, pick up some rolling papers and do some food shopping. It was a quite uneventful and ordinary trip. I walked the aisles of the market picking up this and that. In the freezer aisle, I made way for an older woman to push her basket by. I took notice of her as she slowly made her way past me. She was a few years older than me, I would say in her mid to late sixties. She was small, no bigger than 5'2" and had a very tight little body. She was wearing a tiny pair of shorts and a hoodie sweatshirt. I took notice of her excellent legs and how the shorts bunched around her crotch. Her breasts were small but appeared firm under the hoodie. As she walked past, I casually turned around and examined her tiny ass, neatly framed in her shorts. She was not great looking but it was obvious that at one time she was a looker. Age had added too many years to her face but all in all, it was a pleasant one. Both of us moved on through the store. I saw her again a few aisles later. This time she smiled at me as I returned the smile. She was attempting to reach a box of cookies on the top shelf and was having some difficulty as the cookies were pushed back a few inches. I liked watching her stretch as I moved my basket toward her. "Here, let me get that for you." I handed her the cookies. "Thank you so much, that was sweet of you." She had an educated and cultured voice, kind of musical in a lower register. "My pleasure." I said as I moved on. Finally, I'd picked up everything that I could remember on my mental list and I headed toward the registers. I found a line with no waiting and put my groceries on the conveyer belt. My little ladyfriend got behind me and began to place her groceries on the belt. "Oh, dear. Will you just look at that rain coming down?" It had not been raining when I entered the store but the sky was threatening. "At least, it's a warm rain and there's no wind." "Except that I'm on my bicycle and I have ten blocks. I'll be sopping when I get home." "If you like, I can put your bike in the back of my SUV and give you a lift." "Would you, really? How nice of you to offer but if it's out of your way, I can make it." "No bother at all. You said you were only ten blocks away..." The rain suddenly picked up and the battering against the front windows of the store. "Perhaps I will take you up on your offer although I could use the exercise." "It looks to me like you're in very good shape already. Come on. I'll get the car and pull it up. I'll meet you out front." I paid for my food and heading out into the heavy rain. Fortunately, my car was nearby but by the time I got behind the wheel, I was

soaked. I pulled up to the exit doors as she was coming out. I put her bike into the back while she placed the bags in the back seat. In the few minutes to do that, we were both sopping wet. "Oh, my goodness," she said, "this is some rain. I really appreciate the lift. My name is Robin." "Hello, Robin. My name is Ray." I put out my hand and she placed hers in mine with somewhat of a limp wrist, as the royalty might. "I'm soaking wet. My sweatshirt is sopping." She pulled it off and was wearing a white tee shirt beneath it. She wasn't wearing a bra and her nipples were hard and tenting the shirt. I looked good and hard at her chest. "Not bad for an old lady, right?" "Not bad at all, Robin, and you can take that from an old man." "Oh, you're not that old, Ray. How old are you?" "I just turned sixty-two and that seems plenty old to me." "Don't be silly, that's not old. You're only a few years younger than me." I didn't ask her just how old she was knowing full well that she would lie anyway. "The important thing is that everything still works, right? Is your health good?" "It's not bad. I mean I have no ailments it's just that I feel old compared to all the younger studs walking around." "They should only have the class and good graces you have. Are you married?" "No, I'm divorced. And you?" "No, my husband passed away a few years ago." "I'm sorry." "Thank you but don't be. We really didn't have much of a marriage before or after he had his stroke. We just were used to each other. In many ways, my life is better now." "How so?" "Well, I feel independent and free. I do what I want and I feel younger than I am. Turn left here on Windmill. Then make a right on Halsey Neck, do you know where that is?" "Yes, although I live up near the National Golf Course, this is the road I take to the ocean." I turned left. "It's about six blocks down, right after Ox Pasture on the left. When you pull in, go around the side and pull in under the portcullis. Wow. This woman was wealthy, I mean very wealthy. Her house was in the estate section of Southampton and only about three blocks from the ocean. I figured that her house was probably worth about fifteen to twenty million dollars. And a portcullis, too! I considered asking her for a tip. I pulled into her estate and it was amazing. The house was behind a large hedgerow about fifty yards into the property which looked out on the inlet that emptied into Shinnecock Bay. I assessed the property at about twenty acres and it brought my estimate up to about thirty million dollars. I pulled in under the portcullis. "Just show me where to take your bags, Robin. I'll take care of it." "Good, thank you. It will take a couple of trips. Follow me." I followed her into her home, though the dining room and into the chef's kitchen. "Just leave them on the island. I'll be right back, I want to change out of these wet clothes. Don't leave, okay?" I made three trips before all the food was in the kitchen. I took a glimpse of the dining room and the living room. Both were bright, airy and decorated in Hamptons wealth...lots of wood, art, large plants and lots of spectacular views. The rain was coming down very hard now and the sheets of water looked dimensional on the inlet. I noticed that she had a dock, too, which is a very rare commodity these days. Ka-ching! Add another half million. She returned wearing a plush white cotton robe. "That feels much better." "It's all in the kitchen, Robin. I'll be heading back to my place now and maybe a warm shower, too." "Can I repay you somehow, Ray? This was an awful nice thing to do, especially from a stranger." "No, but thank you, just the same. As I said, it was my pleasure to help out a damsel in distress." "Are you sure? Let me give you gas money." "No, Robin. Ten blocks does not burn any gas. I'm happy that you are now home and dry." "Let me make you a cup of coffee or perhaps a glass of

wine. Stay and talk for a little while. Look at the rain out there. What's the rush?" "In that case, I'll take a glass of wine, if you don't mind." "Excellent. Come out here on the porch and I'll be right out." A few minutes later, she came out to the porch holding a tray with a bottle of Walter Hansel Chardonnay, two glasses and a plate with assorted cheese and crackers. "Today is my housekeeper's day off," she said, "I have to fend for myself. I hope this is okay." "It looks delicious, Robin." I poured two glasses as she sat down across from me. Her robe parted and I took in her legs and thighs. The top of her robe opened a little bit letting me peek at her cleavage. She looked at me appraising me as well. "Dear, look how soaked you are. Let me get to something." She raced off back into the house and returned a few minutes later with another robe, this one longer. "This is my son-in-law's. Put this on while I through your clothes into the dryer." "No, it's okay, Robin. I've been wetter. It's okay." "I insist, Ray. It makes me feel uncomfortable. Please, it will only take a few minutes." "All right, if you insist." I pulled off my drenched tee shirt and through the robe on. I dropped my shorts onto the floor and tightened the robe. "Here. that's all of it." "Oooh," she said, "no underwear. I like a man who goes commando." I picked up the shorts and removed my belt, my wallet and some loose change. She scooped them up and went into the house. I could hear her pattering around in the laundry room as I sipped my wine. She called to me. "Ray, do you smoke marijuana?" This jolted me coming from a refined Southampton doyenne. "Yes, Robin. I certainly do." She returned to the porch with a small wooden box filled with perfectly rolled joints. "I had a cancer scare a few years ago and every now and then I go back for treatments. This is pharmaceutical pot. I hope you like it. It works nicely on me." She lit one, took a deep drag and passed it to me. It tasted good...not too harsh and with a deep perfume. We sat drinking wine, smoking pot, eating cheese and sitting in robes watching the torrent outside. "If you would have told me that I would end up here drinking wine and getting high, I would have never believed you." I laughed at the thought. "Well, why not, Ray. We only live once. This is a fun happenstance. I feel naughty." Her robe parted again and this time, I was certain I caught a glimpse of her pussy. She did nothing to close the robe and I had a hard time avoiding another look. Yup, it was pussy all right. I knew that she was aware that I was looking at her goods when she leaned over to pour more wine and I took a gander down her robe at her sweet breasts and nipples. "This is some spread you have here, Robin." I didn't distinguish to which spread I was referring. "Thank you. My husband, he was my third, bought it about forty years ago. It is a beautiful spot, peaceful and private. The house is way too big for me but I enjoy redecorating and modernizing it. "I've never been in a house on Halsey Neck. I always wondered what they looked at inside." "Would you like a tour?" "No, thank you, I'm enjoying this right now. Maybe in a few minutes." We sat and drank several glasses of wine and smoked two joints. I was feeling no pain. I realized that sometimes, while moving around, I'd probably flashed her my penis. She seemed to be looking at my crotch as much as I was hers. The rain was coming down harder and the wind had picked up. The sight out on the water was more dramatic and beautiful. She took my hand. "Let me show you around. Take your glass." She refilled the glasses and took the joint. We walked through the main floor and she showed me the library, all oak and mahogany. "Most of the books are my husband's law library." Next was the billiards room with a large heavily carved table dominating the space. She led me through that room

into a gym. "This was one of the areas I renovated. I used to be a place where Al would smoke cigars with his friends." The gym had several pieces of equipment all facing floor-to-ceiling windows looking out across the wide lawn to the inlet. "I work out here once a day." She took my hand and led me into a large bathroom with a steam room, a sauna and a large shower. One wall was all glass looking out onto a garden which was reflected by a wall of mirrors. "I feel so decadent, Robin, walking around your house in a robe drinking chardonnay." "Get over it, Ray. My husband left me a fortune and now I am enjoying it." She took my hand and led me through a door into the Master bedroom. I was speechless. The suite was immense, airy, bright and warm. The king-size bed appeared to take up very little room. On the opposite wall as a sixty-inch screen and there were speakers in the corners of the ceiling. A row of french doors opened onto another porch facing the inlet. "Robin, this room is amazing." "Oh, thank you. I'm very proud of what I did in here. It used to be so stuffy. Now it breathes again. I love this room. If you like, I can take you upstairs. It's very dramatic." We walked out of the bedroom and up two sets of steps lined with hand-carved banisters and ornate balustrades. The stairs opened into a large round room with a peaked ceiling. The view was unreal. Had it not been raining, I would have been able to see the ocean. There were several comfortable couches in front of the windows and a side door opened to a balcony. This room was the most beautiful of them all, it was like a plush aerie filled with modern and very comfortable furnishings. "This is my reading room. I love this room most of all." She whirled around several times and flopped down on a long and wide chaise. Her robe opened and I got the complete show before she closed the robe. Her skin was like a woman years younger. There was no flab, no stretch marks, no sagging. Her breasts were small, conical and pointy. Her pussy was mostly bare except for a small tuft of light brown silky hair. She had a remarkable body. The wine and the smoke forced me to tell her so. "You have some body, Robin." "Thank you, Ray. I'm very proud of it. I love the way I feel." She reached over and tugged my robe. "Let me see what your hiding under there." Her hand separated my robe and she groped my testicles. "Nice!" she remarked. "I haven't had a nice cock in too long. Come closer and let me feel it." I stood next to her as she fondled me. I grew hard under her soft touch. She placed her hand on my ass and pulled me closer as she sat up and kissed the helmet. "Mmmm. You have a nice cock, Ray." She licked the head and took it between her lips. "Mmmm. I have missed this. It's been many years since I touched one...even longer since I kissed one." She began to gently suck on me as she stroked and caressed my butt. I dropped my robe onto the floor and reached down to caress her right breast. "You have a wonderful mouth, Robin. That feels very, very good. Take off that robe and let's get a little more comfortable." She peeled off her robe. I laid down next to her with my cock still in her mouth. I started to stroke her vagina. She spread her legs to give me better access and I leaned down to lick it. "Oh," she purred. "My pussy likes that. Please don't stop." Hell, I'd just started. I burrowed my face into it and smelled her. I licked my way around her lips and up along her ass crack. My hands fastened around her small firm buttocks and I feasted on her deliciously swollen clit. Her clit was large for such a small woman and as I flicked at it, it got hard and pushed up from her inner lips. We rocked in a sixty-nine for sometime until I told her that my orgasm was approaching. She didn't respond and she didn't stop sucking me. Her pussy was now soaking my face and particularly my

moustache and beard. I alternated between running circles around her clit and stabbing it with the tip of my tongue. She was bucking against me as she pulled me ever deeper into her face. Finally, I could no longer hold back as my penis filled her mouth. I felt my cream swirling around her tongue as she sucked it all down. Her pussy opened further and I stick two, then three fingers into it. Her muscles wrapped around them and she gripped me. Her orgasm was just one short moment away when she let go of my cock and began to bounce. "Yes...suck my clit...suck my clit...yes, oh yes." Her juices were running along every feature on my face. She let out a deep groan and her muscles relaxed. I, however, did not stop. I licked into her canal and drank her essence. I rimmed her anus and squeezed the cheeks. Eventually, I found my way back to her clit where I gently licked and suckled it and the folds of loose fleshy labia around it. She had not yet recovered from her first orgasm and I could feel her respond to my gentle pressure. She sat up and straddled my head. In this position, my entire face was covered in her sauce. I reached up and held her tits in my palms, occasionally pinching her hard nipples. "Yes," she said, "pinch them. Harder, pinch my nipples." I did as I was told. She reversed her position so that my tongue licked her clit and her canal while my nose was pushing between her cheeks and tickling her asshole. Within a minute, she was coming again, this time mixing moans with girlish giggles. As her orgasm peaked, she pushed down and me and I had to grip her buttocks to keep from being smothered. Exhausted from her explosive orgasm, she laid her head down on my cock. "Wait a moment," I said. I separated myself from her and got off the chaise. I positioned her on her hands and knees admiring her small ass. I licked one finger and ran it around the rim. "Not my ass. Fuck my cunt. Please fuck my cunt, Ray." Far be it from me to pass up an invitation, I drove my hard seven inches into her pussy. She did a few kegels and pulled me in as deep as I could go. She had very strong vaginal muscles and they felt great wrapped around my meatstick. I pumped her up and back pulling my cock out to the head and then plunging back in again. She was very lubricated inside but her muscles gripped me with each deep stroke. I stood over her and reaching around, pinched her nipples again. My strokes began to pick up the tempo and the force of our fucking moved the chaise around the floor. "Fuck me, Ray. I love it. Fuck me hard. Fuck my pussy. Fuck me." I did as I was told, I fucked her hard. I fucked her fast. I felt my jizz rising up on its road from my nuts. I pushed in and arched back thrusting myself into her womb. My first shot exploded out of me but the second, third and fourth shots burst out of me in rapid sequence. Spent, I let my cock shrink in her now loose and sopping snatch. I pulled out and it fell limply to the side covered in cum. I reached for my wine and took a sip. She reached for my cock and cleaned me up. "Ray, I haven't cum so powerfully in quite some time. That was wonderful. I love your cock." "Robin, I never figured us to fuck. I thought I would just drive you home. Who knew?" "I did, Ray. When I first saw you in the market, I began to fantasize about your cock. When we were on the line, I knew I had to fuck you. Did you like it? Was this old woman good?" "This old man appreciates the kindness of your incredibly delicious pussy. That was terrific. If this is what I have to look forward to, I'm signing up!" We went back downstairs albeit somewhat wobbly. As I dressed in my warm, dry clothes, we finished off the bottle and the roach. "Tonight, I'm going to take this bottle and fuck myself with it while I think of you." "Why do that, Robin? Why don't I just come back? Your cunt is most delectable." "No,

not tonight," she said, "I have a board meeting tonight at the library. I have a better idea. Tomorrow afternoon, my bridge club comes over. They should be gone by five, no later. Usually, my friend Eloise, who is also a widow, stays over and we exercise for a while. Many times, we have been physical with each other, too. You'd like Eloise, she has a great body and she's a little younger than you. Call me at five and then come over. I think the three of us could have great fun. Eloise will just love your cock. And afterwards, we'll go out to dinner, my treat. What do you say, my knight-in-shining-armor?" On my way home, I played with my dick thinking about tomorrow's adventure. Since I've returned, I've been stretched out on my bed jerking it and thinking about it. I'll report back.