

Coffee XXX

by Nat

“Ugh!” Em yelled, kicking the tire of her parked bike. “Open: 8 AM - 10 PM” read the sign in front of the coffee shop. She checked her watch. It was 10:08 PM.

“What’s up?”

Em looked up, startled. There, locking the door, was the barista. Every time she came here, Em tried to flirt with them, although she never felt very successful.

“Oh uh I just thought y’all were open later. My bad. It’s fine,” Em mumbled, blushing. She was suddenly hyper-aware of the fact that the barista’s t-shirt wasn’t quite long enough, and that there was a smooth plane of skin between the hem and the top of their jeans.

“It’s chill,” the barista said. “I’m Alex. I’ve seen you around here a lot. Was there anything you needed? If you want, like, a cup of tea or something, you can come in. Just don’t tell on me.” They squinted a little and ran a hand through their short-cropped curls.

Em nodded her head, smiling, her heart racing. Was Alex flirting with her? She wasn’t sure. Alex turned around and opened the door. *[door opening]* The usually bright coffee shop was shadowy, the rickety tables casting strange shapes on the poster-covered walls. Alex walked purposefully behind the counter and Em followed, slightly hesitant. *[walking sound]* Em leaned against the counter and watched as Alex filled a mug with hot water. *[water pouring sound]* Their dark jeans were loose on their hips and they hummed slightly as they reached up to the jar of chamomile on the shelf behind them. Once the tea was made, Alex leaned against the counter next to Em. They made small talk while the steam drifted between them. Em mentioned her love of the astropoets Twitter account, and Alex laughingly admitted to also being a regular reader and a fan of astrology. Alex talked about how they were trying to become a stick and poke tattoo artist, and Em jokingly offered to be their first client. As they talked, they slowly moved closer and closer to each other, until their arms were lightly touching. Finally, after what felt like hours, Em pushed her mug aside. Heart beating fast, she said, “so, is this like your seduction technique? You make tea for people after hours?”

Smiling a little, Alex said, “I don’t know, is it working?”

Em opened her mouth to reply, but before she could, Alex’s mouth was on hers. Alex pushed her against the ledge of the counter and Em kissed them back, pulling them closer. Em’s hands were in Alex’s hair, touching their face, grabbing tight to their waist. They were both breathing fast, Alex pulling Em’s hair and pushing her harder against the countertop. Em slowly moved her hands up Alex’s torso, and she heard their breath catch as she began to trace slow circles around their nipples.

“Will you take your shirt off?” Em murmured, and Alex answered by pulling their t-shirt over their head. Em began slowly kissing her way around Alex’s breast, gently biting closer and closer to their nipple. Alex’s other nipple was hard under Em’s fingers and their whole body was trembling slightly. Em pulled her own shirt over her head, and Alex’s hands pushed further down, toying with the waistband of her jeans. “Is this okay?” they asked, and Em nodded, moving closer as Alex unbuttoned her jeans, their warm hand pushing under Em’s underwear, a smile on their lips as they felt Em’s wetness. Their other hand was on Em’s ass, pulling her toward them as they ran their fingers down the length of her pussy. Alex’s fingers were fast, insistent, and Em wanted them inside of her. Em kissed Alex’s neck and whispered in their ear “I need you to fuck me.” Alex complied, slipping first one and then two fingers inside of Em. Em pushed her hips into Alex’s as they fucked her against the counter, their fingers moving faster and harder inside of her. When Alex slid a third finger inside of her, Em cried out, grinding her body harder into Alex’s, wanting and needing more.

Suddenly, there was a clatter and loud voices outside. Em and Alex both gasped and scrambled behind the counter, limbs tangled, out of sight of the large picture windows. Once it was clear that the voices just belonged to some loud passersby, Alex laughed and Em let out a small sigh of relief.

Alex lay on the ground, Em kneeling over them. Em bent down and kissed them, running a hand down the length of their bare chest. She felt Alex tense beneath her, their breath quickening, as Em slowly kissed their neck, their breasts, their ribcage. Their skin was warm beneath her lips. When Em reached the top of Alex’s jeans, she looked up. “Can I?” Alex nodded quickly, and Em unbuttoned their jeans. Alex pushed the fabric down impatiently as Em slowly removed their underwear.

Alex was wet, salty sweet under Em’s mouth, and Em moved her tongue slowly at first, tracing hazy circles. Alex arched their back, biting their lips, and Em flicked her tongue faster. Her hands moved over Alex’s hips, grabbing their thighs and ass, pulling them closer to her. Alex came with a slight shudder, their thighs sweaty and pushed close to Em, their hands knotted in her hair.

Em lay down next to Alex, moving her hands lightly across their body. They were both sprawled behind the register, next to a box of coffee filters and a cabinet full of clean mugs. Alex leaned close and kissed Em gently. “I guess this technique worked, huh?” they said, raising their eyebrows and smiling. Em laughed. “Yeah, I guess it really did.”