**Coffee**

by LiminalHominid

*Two girls share a table, and an experience at a coffee shop.*

It was a gray morning. Early October tends to have those, around here. The coffee shop was busy, filled on the inside, and there were many occupied tables outside, the patrons wearing their jackets and scarves.

A blonde emerged from the door, a paper cup in her hand, and she scanned the tables. All full, save one, tucked around the corner of the small fenced in lot. She shrugged, and took the seat furthest back, facing the street. It was actually nice and quiet back here, blocked from the view and voices of the many people chattering among themselves while they caffeinated.

She used her cell phone as a mirror, finger tousling her short hair just right, straightening a crooked earring.

Happy with the results, she was just about to smile at herself when she was startled.

A brunette came around the corner with soft curly hair and glasses. She was dressed in layered earth tones, and she screeched to a stop when she saw the blonde. Her coffee cup with its tight lid made a gurgling sound as its contents sloshed.

The blonde unloaded the smile she had been just about to use on the equally startled brunette, and gestured to one of the empty chairs.

The brunette smiled, nervously, but nodded her thanks. She sat, her back to the white plastered wall of the coffee shop. She sipped her coffee, made a 'too hot' hiss and pulled out her own cell phone.

The blonde idly moved her thumb on her screen, watching her new table mate more than the flickering images on her screen. Her eyes covertly took in the brunette's calves in dark stockings, her well filled sweater, the length of a visible collarbone.

The brunette held her phone up and at an angle, and the blonde admired her cheekbones, her flashing blue eyes behind the dark rimmed glasses, her perfect, white teeth as she smiled and snapped a selfie.

A frown on her face, then, when she looked at the outcome, and another try followed, the angle different, the smile the same. The frown returned; still not good enough.

The blonde put her phone face down on the table. She smiled, raised an eyebrow, and extended a hand, face up. The brunette was surprised. No one just handed over their phone to a stranger.

Slowly, though, shedid, to her own astonishment. The blonde took her phone and winked.

Moments later, the blonde was in motion, a light touch on the brunette's chin to turn her face just to there. The camera clicked, fast and staccato, and the brunette began to blush at the attention, at feeling like a model on some photoshoot. The blonde moved around her, erratic in her motions, like some drunken moth battering at a porch light. No, a pixie, bringing delight to the woman she danced around. She pulled faces, struck awkward poses herself, drawing a genuine smile and unexpected laughter from the brunette.

As suddenly as the flurry had started, it was over. The phone was back in the hands of its owner, who began flipping back through the snaps. A sharp intake of breath, there was a good one. Oh, and another, and more! The brunette's lips parted, she looked to her table mate to offer her thanks.

The blonde was casting her brown eyes up at her from below a lowered brow. That same grin on her face. Her own phone in camera mode, face first and out-thrust at the brunette. The intensity in her eyes stopped the words before the brunette could utter them. The blonde wiggled an eyebrow.

The brunette blinked. Then shrugged. She took the phone and began to focus on the blonde, who started posing. The blonde discarded her sweater with two undone buttons and a shrug, bare shoulders and a pink top bright against a fading summer tan. She moved through classic poses, and the brunette clicked, automatically, as the scenes were struck. Then the blonde did something to her top, with her arms underneath her ample breasts. They bubbled up, almost escaping, and the other girl took pictures of creamy hills and valleys, and barely visible edges of darker areolas. Her eyes and the phone's iris were focused, both dipping to lower angles.

She didn't see the blonde's smile pop up in wattage, nor did the camera capture the crinkle and twinkle of her eyes. She did see the pink fabric slip from over to under the twin globes, did jab her finger at the camera button as fingers pinched and pulled at the already stiffening nipples, stiff first because of the chill air, then conical, hard and reddened from the twisting grip between her thumbs and forefingers.

Then the top was pulled back into place, and the camera moved up to the blonde's face, a pink tongue licking her lips. She held out her hand for the phone.

The brunette turned the device over, with shaking fingers. Those fingers found her coffee cup, and she lifted it to her lips as she sat back into the plastic chair. It wasn't too hot now, she took big gulps.

The blonde arched an eyebrow as she scrolled, nodding, smiling, chewing on her bottom lip. Then, her brown eyes turned to the brunette again, and the phone whirred back into camera mode. Those blue eyes behind those glasses had never left the blonde, and when contact was made again, they widened.

A golden eyebrow arched, the blonde's phone wiggled.

The brunette's breath hitched. Did she dare to play at the same game? Her eyes darted, she realized how unseen they were here.

Click. The camera had captured her over the shoulder glance, her plump lip half caught in her teeth.

Click. The camera noted her spreading blush, her wide eyes scanning for witnesses.

Click. The camera took in the girl's mouth in an 'o' shape, breathing out in a whoosh, eyes determined and back on the blonde behind the phone.

The brunette looked down, at a loss, her decision made but logistics complex. Her sweater did not unbutton, her shirt underneath was snug, her bra fastened in the back. Too many steps. Her face lit up in an idea, she could play. An escalation.

The blonde watched her shift, leaned slightly to look under the table, where sensible flat shoes were being toed off. The brunette lifted a finger.

Then she bounced up, her hands at her waist, a quick motion, a flutter of her dress. The dark tights unrolled past her knees, a flash of green across them, taking underwear too. One leg, then the other was freed from the nylon, and pale skin pebbled in the cool air.

The brunette struck a pose, then. A hand on her hem, legs wide, the other hand cupping her sweater.

Click.

The blonde moved off her chair to her knees, her own crimson blooming in her cheeks. She ignored a small pebble under one knee, ignored the cold concrete chilling her skin. The hand went from cupping to gripping, deep dents in the thick fabric of the sweater, and the hem of the skirt rose up.

The camera kept clicking, as more flesh was exposed. Dark curls formed a vee at her center, a furrow down the middle became parted by a finger. The finger curled and disappeared halfway, came back out shiny. The dress unfurled, and settled back to the brunette's knees, her hands lit, palm up, on her thighs.

She turned her head, eyes squeezing shut, heat on her face. Not even a minute of indescretion, but she was sure she'd remember it for the rest of her life. She was unbelieving of her own actions, embarrassed and unable to look in the blonde's face.

She gasped. Something warm and wet had enclosed her finger, the finger that had been just inside her, and she opened her eyes with a snap. The blonde was slowly pushing her lips down to the second knuckle, eyes up and seeking hers. Her tongue played, swirled, and she withdrew. The blonde licked her lips slowly, lingering in a corner of her slight smile. Her eyebrow wiggled once more and big brown eyes fluttered their long lashes. Another invitation to play. A new game.

The brunette's chest rose and fell rapidly. She could hear her own heartbeat. The blonde put one hand on her knee, and her nose lifted her skirt for a moment before it slipped off, a playful nuzzle. After placing her phone face down on the table beside her, her other hand went to the brunettes ankle, and a finger slowly moved up on the exposed skin.

They stared at each other for a long, charged moment. The blonde's finger moved up slowly, and disappeared under the skirt. Then the brunette nodded, holding her breath, her mouth open. She glanced over her shoulder again, and when she looked back down, the yellow hair was gone, just a smooth dome moved under her dress. Hands roughly pulled her butt to the edge of the seat, and she gasped. Gasped again when her folds were separated, hot breath in the junction of her thighs, a hotter, wetter, object seeking her core.

The brunette whispered, but not words, just a formless hiss and spit. Her hands cradled the shape in her dress, her knees rose and moved further apart. Her breath came only in sharp gasps.

Her head turned, was anyone looking? Then it spun to the other side, and twisted back, this time her eyes squeezed tight. She shook her head no, as if to deny the liquid fire coiling tighter in her. Her fingers spread open, rigid, her palms still on the back of the other girl's head, pressing her closer, deeper.

The brunette breathed a long, slow shuddering breath. You had to be very, very close to her to hear her high pitched moans underneath. Her toes curled and her legs straightened.

Abruptly, it seemed like she melted, every taut muscle slackened, every tendon relaxed, the only thing that remained of her previous frenzy was the racing pulse still visibly beating in her neck. She opened her eyes, looking straight up into the cloudy, gray sky.

The blonde reappeared, her cheeks wet. She blinked in the gray morning, and looked around at the objects on the ground beside her. Slowly, she reapplied the brunette's shoes while she was still on her knees. She balled up the girl's tights and underwear in a wad and stuffed them into the brunette's open tote bag nearby. The brunette took no notice, her gaze still on the scaly clouds above her.

Then the blonde bounced to her feet, and the sudden motion caught the reclining girl's eye, finally lifting her head. The blonde was holding out one hand, while the other stuffed her phone into a back pocket. The impish grin and eyebrow wiggle had returned.

Now that she had the other girl's attention again, she leaned forward.

"If you want more, follow me." A hushed, husky whisper.

And the blonde skipped around the table, scooped up her sweater from the back of her chair, and waited by the corner of the shop for a moment.

The brunette shivered, not from the chill. She didn't even know the girlsname! And those six words were the only ones they had exchanged at all...how could she possibly...

Whatever prohibitive thoughts raced through her head, they fled when the blonde wiggled fingers at her, and ducked around the corner of the building. Panic set in. Shedid want more, and the opportunity was literally just walking out of sight. She hurriedly picked up her tote and walked quickly to catch the other girl. There was a look exchanged at the gate, and then the two walked quickly down the sidewalk, side by side.

Both cups of coffee remained on the table, cooling rapidly in the October air.