A Coffee Encounter

by Annamagique

Shopping. My favourite pastime.

I love shopping for clothes, shoes, especially underwear and… I like to shop alone.

My husband hates shopping, he thinks it is boring. On the odd occasion that we go together he refuses to enter ‘women’s’ shops and prefers to wait outside. He is probably watching the girls go by. I like to watch the girls too but he doesn’t know that.

This fantasy started on a shopping trip on my own.

I had been in town for a couple of hours but had bought nothing so far. I'd had a few ideas but would not choose until later as I don’t like to buy too soon. There is nothing worse than buying a nice item and then finding something I like better later on then I either have to go back and get a refund or stick with it and do without the other item since I am not endowed with unlimited resources.

It was time for a coffee so I headed for my favourite coffee shop. Once inside I ordered my drink, strong and black and headed upstairs to enjoy it in comfort. They have comfy sofas upstairs and I selected one facing the window. I say selected, I didn’t really have a choice. It was the only one not taken.

Placing my cup on the little table I sat back and relaxed.

I like to people watch so I looked around at the other customers. There were couples chatting, a group of four at one table, a couple of singles with laptops, older people, younger people, they were all there. I wondered about their lives. I was as oblivious to their existence as they were to mine. It is strange but you can be totally surrounded by happy, smiling people and yet still be alone.

Then, I saw her; a young girl, early twenties sitting alone at a small, high table in the corner by the window, one of those tables where you sit on a barstool with your feet on a bar. She was reading a book with her head down. She was exceptionally pretty, very short, red/brown hair which made her look like an elf. Under her short denim jacket she wore a tight vest top and obviously no bra as the shape of her small firm breasts were clearly visible through the clinging jersey material.

From where I was, on the low sofa, I could see under her table. She was wearing a short pleated skirt which was pulled up at the sides due to the type of seat she was on. No stockings or tights as her beautiful slim, smooth legs were naked down to her pink tennis style plimsolls.

I realised that the hand which was not being used to turn the pages was in her lap gently massaging her lower belly.

Looking around again I noticed that as she had her back to the window and was slightly facing the wall, I was the only one who could see what she was doing. Besides, all the other customers were too busy in their own little worlds to even be aware that she existed.

My eyes went back to her. She was still reading but now her invisible hand was slowly bunching up the material of her skirt until her small pink panties were exposed and her fingers were gently rubbing up and down between her legs.

I don’t know what she was reading but it must have been some story!

The scene before me was making me exceedingly horny so I picked my handbag from the sofa and placed it across my lap. Fortunately it is a big soft leather bag so easily covered my hand which had moved onto my crotch.

Damn it, men are lucky! They have zips at the front of their trousers. I did not as they were not jeans so I had to be content with just rubbing myself through the thin white material.

The little Elf-like vision across from me was now blatantly rubbing herself but not through her panties. No, her fingers were now inside the leg and I could clearly see the pretty little flower that was giving her so much pleasure as she had moved the fabric to one side, completely exposing her pussy and allowing her finger unrestricted access to the warm moist folds around her clitoris.

I was getting quite wet now and my fingers were pressing against me and rubbing against my own clitoris but I could not actually touch it!

Painfully slowly, for me at least, her slender finger entered her vagina and began to move in and out, her hand barely moving but her finger doing all the work with her legs parted slightly giving me an unrestricted view of her activities. So good a view, in fact, that I could see the moisture shining on her finger and a small amount of wetness escaping from inside.

My face was on fire and I could hardly breathe I was so excited.

Suddenly, her eyes closed and she bit her lip as her face contorted almost imperceptibly as her orgasm overtook her. Then after a brief moment she removed her finger and raised her hand to her mouth where she proceeded to lick herself clean.

She looked up then and saw me looking; no, staring at her and smiled directly at me, a gleam in her beautiful green eyes. I quickly smiled and looked away, embarrassed, concentrating on my coffee which by now was going cold.

My gorgeous young elf left her seat, picked up her book and bag and walked towards me. I didn’t dare look at her. Then I realised, of course she was walking towards me, I was sitting by the exit, she was leaving.

As she passed something fell onto the cushion beside me, a napkin, screwed up. I looked up to tell her she had dropped something but she was gone. Picking up the napkin to put into one of the empty cups on the table, something caught my eye, there was something written on it. When I opened it out, I saw the words ‘Call me’ and a number. How did she know? Was it so obvious I was watching?

Well, yes, I suppose it must have been.

Picking up my bag I headed for the toilet. I had to wipe myself I was so wet. I could feel the moisture as I walked.

I entered the cubical, locked the door and hung my bag on the hook then I slipped down my white linen trousers and my full, white cotton briefs before taking my phone from my bag and sitting.

I looked at the napkin for a moment.

Should I?

Shouldn't I?

I began to press buttons.

A pause then the ringing tone.

"Hello?"

"Hello," I replied, "I found your napkin.” I couldn't think what else to say.

"You were watching me."

"Yes," almost whispering, throat dry again.

"You liked watching, didn't you?"

Again, "Yes."

My pussy was so wet now and I couldn't help but touch it.

"Where are you?"

"Toilet," I told her.

"In the coffee shop?"

"Yes. Will you come to me?"

"No!"

"Where are you?" I asked, "Who are you?"

"Never mind. Are you touching yourself?"

"Yes."

"Good. How does it feel?"

I told the truth. It was exciting, dangerous and I was so incredibly horny as a result.

"You were wearing white," she said, "See through."

"Yes."

"Take off your clothes!"

I don't know why, maybe it was the excitement and the thrill but I did as she said. I unbuttoned my blouse and took it off, then my bra. I hung them on the back of the door then stepped out of my trousers and pants. I was naked now except for my shoes.

"Okay," I told her.

"Good. Get dressed but leave off your underwear."

"What? Why?"

"Because now it's your turn."

"Yes, but... I can't."

"You watched me. Now do it! No bra or panties."

Once again, I couldn't help myself. Being ordered to do something so dangerous and sexy was overwhelming. I couldn't refuse.

I dressed again. I put on my blouse which was thin but only slightly see through and, after wiping myself, pulled on my trousers, which were very see through! I put my bra and pants in my handbag then said to her, "Ok, I am dressed."

She didn't answer right away and then; "Good. Come and find me. I want to see you."

"But where are you?"

"You will find me. Just walk up the high street. I will call you when I am ready."

"The high street?" I wailed, "I can't walk up the high street like this!"

"I will not wait long," she answered. "If I don't see you I will go and you will never see me again."

"All right,” I said and the phone went dead.

I looked down at myself. My breasts were only just visible though clearly defined, if you looked deliberately but the points of my aching nipples were obvious to all. What was clearly obvious though was my lack of panties.

My pussy was only slightly disguised by the seam of my trousers and I was so glad I shaved. No dark bush to draw attention to my near nakedness.

With my heart in my mouth and my bag held in front of me, I unlocked the door and stepped out. I passed a customer going in.

She smiled. I returned the smile rather weakly and scurried past her then through the shop and out into the high street.

"Oh why couldn't it be dull!" I thought as the bright sun shone down making me feel as though there was a searchlight on me.

I was as horny as hell. The fear and excitement of being noticed was killing me and I was so wet!

The feeling of the linen gently rubbing my labia as I walked just made it worse. Nobody appeared to notice which I thought odd as I felt so naked. But of course, that was because of my self consciousness.

Looking at the reflections in the shop windows as I passed, I noticed a man walking behind me. He was looking at my bottom.

Being a little afraid I pretended to look in a shop window.

"Oh my goodness," I thought, watching him in the reflection. "He's coming over!"

"Excuse me," he said, "I hope you will not be offended but I couldn't help noticing how beautiful you are."

"Oh, erm, thank you," I stammered.

"May I ask your name?"

"Erm, well, I... Susie," I lied. I was afraid.

"Pretty name for a beautiful woman. I don't suppose I could buy you coffee?"

"No, I'm married. Sorry."

"Fair enough. I hope I haven't offended you."

His face looked as red as mine must be.

"No," I said, "I'm not offended, but I must go."

I tried to smile, and as I walked away I looked again at the reflections. He stood for a moment and watched me appreciatively as I departed then turned and disappeared.

This was becoming unbearable, I was so horny and when my phone rang I almost dropped it in my haste to answer.

It was her.

"Where are you?" I pleaded.

"Go into Debenhams, to the toilets on the first floor. When you have a cubical, call me".

The phone went dead.

I did as she told me.

"Good," she answered when I called, "Now take off your clothes."

I couldn't get them off quick enough, almost tearing them in my haste.

"Now touch yourself. I want to hear you cum!"

I didn't need to be told twice. Sitting on the edge of the seat I began to rub my clitoris.

I came in seconds, trying desperately not to make too much noise and holding the phone close to my mouth so she could hear every breath and sigh.

"Wasn't that good?" she asked when my orgasm finally subsided.

"Fantastic!" was my whispered reply.

"Now you know how I feel. Goodbye sexy stranger."

"Wait! I want to see you!"

"Maybe, someday, you will. Who knows."

She was gone.

After I pee'd and wiped myself clean, I quickly dressed, this time with underwear, and headed for home, I needed to shower.

That was all the excitement I could handle for one day!