**Coffee & Exhibitionism**

by TangerineSky

The coffee shop glowed, front window framed by a string of amber lights. It reflected on the shimmering pavement, the already over-green town draped in its usual overcast cloak. I sat alone, nestled against a rain-flecked window, a faded copy of Being And Nothingness resting beside my equally patient, steaming cup. Beneath the table, my fingertips played along my thigh.

The white noise of boiling tea kettles and trickling brew made me soften. The leisure mumble of two other customers made my panties wet. I inhaled the warm aroma of my neighborhood coffee joint on a slow Thursday evening, time permitting me a moment to indulge the need that underlined my identity.

I found the notion utterly fascinating; those around me entirely unaware that their presence turned me on. Inviting others to watch was easy enough. Sometimes it was obliviousness I craved.

Ava understood it. Masters of our own perception.

The first time I met her, I had a glass plug snug inside me, my ass clenching it as she shook my hand. When I told her about it later, she blushed redder than a poppy blossom. She always said I opened her mind. That with me, she felt free.

I thought of her then, fingers inching up my skirt. When I brushed against my bare inner labia, soft as a breath, I gasped.

The two women chatting two tables behind me didn’t notice, the barista somewhere in the back. Even the low lull of Asleep on the counter-top-radio excited me. Without walls, privacy willingly abandoned, I spread my knees another inch and slowly pushed a single finger deep in my slippery pussy.

My inner muscles contracted around it. I didn’t move for a moment, feeling my warm inner flesh, drawing out that first touch. I was tight inside myself, my upright position not meant for penetration. Keeping my arm still, I shut my eyes, reveling in the feel of my smooth sex. I imagined Ava was feeling me. Considering my hand in the second person, pretending it wasn’t wired to my thoughts but someone else’s, someone dying to get me off in this quiet little coffee shop.

I held onto my moan and let out an exhale, the tip of my finger beginning to twitch. Opening my eyes to ascertain I didn’t have an active audience, I started to play with my g-spot. Bumping it with the pad of my finger, stroking it, teasing it. My hips shifted on the seat, and to counteract the movement, I tilted my head, pretending to stretch my neck.

The droplets against the window occasionally connected and streaked down the glass as I watched, masturbating myself. My arm held steady, nothing but the movement of my hand from the knuckles down.

A duality in my vision, I watched erotic movies in my head filter over rain rippling on asphalt: Ava’s wide blue eyes looking up at me as she sucked my clit for the first time. We were in a theater. I had taken her to a late showing of Some Like It Hot; the cinema on Main featuring classic Hollywood films every Tuesday night. We’d had a conversation the night before about my sexual preferences.

She leaned over the armrest to whisper, asking if it would excite me to fool around right then and there. I was as shocked as I was thrilled. When I answered, “Fuck yes,” she smiled, got onto the floor between me and the next row of seats, and lifted my skirt. I watched her focus on my glistening skin. How she leaned in, offered her tongue, and licked me long and slow as her ocean eyes feigned innocence.

Back in the coffee shop, the atmosphere, my thoughts, and my touch brought me to another level. Fondling my sex in the peripheral of society.

I risked a glance over my shoulder, ensuring the women behind me were still immersed in their talk. My hand moved a little faster, then, came to an instant halt when the little bell above the door rang as someone entered.

In the brief moment the door was ajar, the smell and sound of rain filled the room. He was tall. A gentleman dressed in a wool coat, black scarf hanging over his broad shoulders. I picked up my mug, other hand still buried deep in my swollen peach as he passed. I sensed his gaze, and the moment he was behind me, my hand again came to life.

Hearing his distant, deep voice as he ordered his coffee was almost enough to get me over the edge. I tried to pace myself, savoring every moment of this new stranger’s ignorance.

I slowly fucked myself with my hand as he waited for his drink--out of my line of sight. I opened my book one-handed, preparing to appear occupied when he left. As he and the barista exchanged a few casual words, I cleared my throat and adjusted myself, concentrating on his footsteps coming back toward me. Instead of exiting the shop, he opted for a table in the opposite corner of the room and settled in to my left.

Unable to stop myself, I glanced at him. His eyes were already on my face. He looked away just before I could, attention transferring to his phone. I thought I saw him smirk, but couldn’t be sure. Nor was I sure if he could see where my right hand was, but I didn’t remove it.

Slowly, I inserted a second finger into my wet cunny.

I took a breath, multitasking maxed as I tried to read Jean-Paul Sartre and play with myself at the same time. The calm quiet was anything but empty, and I swam in it. Senses overloaded on every nuance, every ever-changing detail in the little store.

Ava would have had me coming by then. I would edge her for days--six was our record--but she could never return that control. A sub at heart, Ava loved to appease my pleasure. She would have found this new stranger attractive as well. Both my face and my pussy grew warmer at the thought.

My mind rubbed up against his, trying to read through his thoughts. Imagining his curiosity in my current state. Wondering if he’d enjoy a show. If he’d stroke himself as I pinched and slapped my clit.

When I looked up and found him watching me over the rim of his coffee cup, a moan caught in my throat. I swallowed it down, glancing away. Heart pounding as I knew he now had his suspicions.

Carefully, I rode my hand under my skirt. It was all I ever wore for this reason, my pussy often bare just beneath. He set his cup down, phone on the table as he ignored it. His gaze fixed on me.

Left hand still against the pages of my book, I pushed deep with my right, high on the presence of those in that room none the wiser. And the one who might be. His gray eyes bore into me, and I had a distinct impression of authority. When he looked down, blatantly watching me, I bit my lip. Now that he was trying, I knew he could see where my hand was.

Chest heaving, I slowed. He glanced around the room, looking back at me lazily, telling me I hadn’t drawn attention. The sudden connection between us put me on edge once more.

Deciding for us both, I spread my knees and pulled back my skirt, his eyes dropping to my sex stuffed with my fingers. I was so wet I was sure he could see it on my skin. His pupils dilated. There was surprise at my audacity. Carnality at my exposure. I saw his breathing change as he watched me silently fuck myself.

And just like that, I fell into the role of authority. Allowing this man I’ve never spoken to a glimpse of my intimacy, and he was instantly in the palm of my hand. He shifted in his seat, his glazed gaze alternating between my face and my pussy.

My gaze told him he was all that occupied my mind. In truth, Ava filled it as equally. I wanted to fuck her in front of him. To make him watch, to make him long to stick his cock inside me, inside her. To deny him.

I exhaled audibly, and in turn, he reached under the table and grabbed his growing bulge, grasping it through his trousers. Squeezing it over and over.

Nearly abandoning my composure, I pressed hard on my g-spot, clit grinding on my palm, and on the cusp of my delicious detonation, the little bell above the door rang as Ava walked in.

When she smiled at me from across the room, I came.