**Coffee Shop Tease**

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After three straight weeks of work without a day off, I finally got some free time after the huge project was completed. I had a whole week off, but had nothing planned except sleeping in. After two days lounging around the house, compared with the frantic pace of so much time at work, I was bugging to get out and \*do\* something.

Not sure what exactly to do, I put the laptop and a few other essentials in my backpack and drove my company van to a random strip mall across town to go wandering. While I was kind of hoping to find some inspiration, I didn't really care if I only got some fresh air and exercise. None of the stores looked interesting, and I was almost ready to call it quits and go somewhere else when I saw a new little boutique coffee shop. The Grand Opening sign was starting to look worn, but I had never seen the place before, so it was still new to me.

The second I walked in, I knew it was the perfect spot to spend an hour or three. Even though there wasn't anyone in line, I stood to the side as I tried to figure out what what goodies my sweet tooth would demand of me.

The barista's voice snapped me out of my trance.

"Good morning sir, is there something I can get started for you?"

"Gurackks...."

-Ahem!- Clearing my throat, I realized this was the first time I'd spoken all day. Chuckling a bit in my head at my lazy start to the day, I tried again.

"Sorry miss, I had a frog in my throat. Ya, can I get a large cup of regular drip coffee? For here please."

"Sure thing, which blend would you prefer? We have a large selection. Our best sellers are Kona, Sumatra, this wonderful new Ethiopian ........"

As she spoke, I kind of got a 'deer in the headlights' look as she rambled off some names I couldn't follow. Hell, I just wanted some regular normal coffee, not some foo-foo mixology blend of stuff.

She only went through a few more names before I held up my hand.

"Hold on, hold on a second please. I actually don't know what most of those are, but I did recognize the 'Kona' name. Can I have one of those please?"

"Yes sir, right away."

What surprised me is that I realized I couldn't see any carafes or thermoses ready to dispense the dark black brew I needed. There were about a dozen canisters of beans, and she picked the right one and took a scoop of beans to bring to the grinder. My cup was put under a brew basket, and she put the ground beans in it and started working steaming-hot water through it. Good thing I wasn't in a hurry!

This was a lot more work than I had expected, but as I looked around I got the impression this was a specialty shop. This was about the whole 'experience' of coffee, not the coffee version of a fast-food place that I'm used to. This was really cool, and I was glad to have some time to spend here.

"Excuse me miss, but can you maybe change that order to a small cup?"

"Absolutely sir. Is there something wrong?"

"No, no, not at all. I've never been in here and I was just going to have one cup and take off. Now that I see what this place is all about, I'm thinking about staying longer and trying out several types of coffee. I have the day off and nothing to do, and this seems like a cool place to hang out for a while."

"Well lucky you!" she said, deftly sliding a smaller cup under the basket, then pouring in the dark liquid from the larger one.

"So if you will be while, did you want to start a tab?"

"Ya, that's a great idea. Also, can I get one of those ham&cheese croissants to go with this?"

"Sure, if you want to pick a table, I'll warm it up and bring it out to you when it's ready."

We traded my credit card for the cup of Kona, and I turned to find a table. There were plenty to choose from since there isn't much of a rush at 10AM. Spying a tall table with two bar stools, I made my way to the far wall and checked out the view. Perfect. It had a nice view of the whole (rather small) shop, and my table was overlooking a lower level seating area. It was two steps down from my level, and there were six over-stuffed armchairs in groups of two, with a small table between the groups.

My backpack got one stool and I got the other, and once I got out my laptop and situated everything, the barista showed up with my sandwich.

"Here you go sir, enjoy."

"Thanks much. But if I'm going to be here a while, can you stop calling me 'sir' please? It makes me feel old. My name is Mark."

Offering her my hand to shake, my eyes dropped to her shirt to look for a name tag. There wasn't one, just the local college logo, and now I felt like a perv for staring at her chest.

"Deal. My name is Karen, and it's nice to meet you Mark."

My cheeks started feeling warm as I realized I was still gawking at her chest. It was a nice view, I have to admit, but totally not appropriate.

"Uhh, sorry, I wasn't trying to stare. Really. I was just looking for a name tag."

Now looking back at her face, I swear I caught the barest trace of a smirk before she wiped it away and replied with a straight face.

"No that's OK, I spilled a bunch of syrup on my uniform shirt, so I had use the shirt I wore in here. Don't worry about it. Enjoy your coffee sir. Err, Mark."

That damn smirk made it's appearance again as she turned to leave. Karen had only gone a step away when I remembered what else I was going to ask.

"Oh hey, Karen, one more thing."

She stopped and turned only her head, her back still mostly towards me.

"Do you have Wi-Fi here so I can get online?"

"Ya, the name is 'java' and the password is 'caffeine '."

She tuned back and walked off, leaving me to say "Thanks" to her back. As I stared at her ass, it seemed she started to sway her hips a bit more the further she got away. The light cotton skirt was bouncing nicely, and it held my gaze much longer than it should have. Just before she turned to go behind the counter, her head turned back and caught me.

My eyes jumped up to her face again, and that smirk showed up for a millisecond before she walked past the display rack and she was out of sight. Once again, I could feel my cheeks get hot. Don't get me wrong, I love eye candy as much as any other person. But a 30 year old married guy getting caught by a 20-21 year old college girl as he openly gawks at her is embarrassing. If she worked as a stripper, she would expect to get ogled, but not if she's dressed appropriately and working in a coffee shop.

Still, I couldn't shake the image of her. She really wasn't showing anything off. Her skirt was at mid-thigh; her button-down shirt had a wide neck, the top button was undone, and while it was low-cut it was not showing off anything. It was a nice demure outfit, and she was a fairly average looking girl (cute but not model quality), but for some reason the whole package was just..... wow....

'Damn it Mark, stop being a perv' I yelled to myself in my head. Shaking my head to snap out of whatever funk I was on, I got back to my computer and set up the connection.

For the next few minutes I cleared my head and focused on eating my sandwich and enjoying the coffee. This really was good coffee, and as a side benefit, I could focus on enjoying the beverage to get my mind out of the gutter.

The coffee cup was rather small so it didn't take long to finish. As I drained the last of the coffee, I saw Karen coming my way. Doing my damnedest to not stare, I got my table cleaned up for her to clear it away.

Stopping across the table from me, she asked "So how did you like the Kona blend, Mark?"

"Really good, thank you. I would like to try a cup of something different though, what would you recommend?"

"Hmmm" Karen said, crossing her arms across her chest, "maybe you can try a new blend we just got in yesterday. It's a Kenyan blend. It's umm...."

She put a foot on the rung of the stool that my backpack was on, and looked away from me off to the side at the wall and acted as though she were trying to remember the description. In the three seconds the was quiet, my eyes were busy looking. While she was looking away she was tapping her foot seemingly in impatience, her skirt rode up her leg. A lot! Her smooth tanned thigh was bouncing, the muscles rolling gently, and the thin skirt was moving further and further up, and I just stared, as if my mental powers would be enough for it to bounce up higher and show much more.

"Oh ya, that's it," she said, looking back at me. I swear there was the briefest flash of black panties as she turned her body a bit towards me before continuing "a semi-sweet nutty ........"

My eyes jumped back to her face as she stopped talking. DAMN IT! Caught again! What the hell is wrong with me? I could feel a blush coming on. Damn it. The heat was starting at the base of my neck and warmed it's way up my cheeks. She put her foot back on the ground as I looked away, trying to play it off that I was looking at something just behind her.

"Tell you what Mark, I will get you a cup of the Kenyan blend and see what you think, OK?"

Trying to clear my mind, I looked right back into her eyes and replied "That would be awesome, thanks Karen."

Before going back, she cleaned up my dishes. It seemed like she wasn't very efficient though. Lots of moving around, stacking and re-stacking, and wiping off the table. Then I noticed that with her arms moving around, it made her boobs bounce around slightly.. They were probably a mid B-cup, not big, but still enough there to jiggle nicely as she went on. Then I noticed that the top two buttons of her shirt were undone.

I looked up just in time to avoid getting caught, but I think she knew anyway. She gave me a sweet smile as she walked away with the small stack of dishes. And again, the swishing hips. The shirt buttons burned in my mind. I could see them clearly still. They were fastened normally, and none looked like they would un-do themselves, and I swore there was only one un-done before.

My mind was spinning it's wheels when Karen came back with my coffee. She set it on the table and opened her mouth to talk, but then I heard someone else call her name. Karen's head turned to the side, and damn it, without thinking, I dropped my gaze. I'll be damned – I could see the faint bumps of her nipples starting to harden. And one more button was undone! That did it. She was doing this on purpose – she was playing with me!

Karen turned back to me and caught me staring again. Dammit! This time there wasn't even time for her to see me get flush as she quickly said "Be right back" and walked off. Trying not to be obvious, I watched her leave and there was no hip-swishing going on at all, she was all business just then.

My brain was reeling as my face cooled down. She was toying with me and having fun embarrassing me. I am a grown man with plenty of experience with teasing and flirting, but that has all been between my and my wife for the past six years since we got married. Was it just the situation or the environment? The randomness? What's with the blushing???

Karen interrupted my thoughts as she came back, startling me and making me jump a little.

"OK, so this is the Kenyan blend, a nutty blend with a hint of chocolate and a semi-sweet aftertaste. I'll leave you to it, and be back in a few minutes to make sure everything is OK. Is there anything else I can get for you while I'm here?"

Even though I wanted her to stop being a tease and leave me to my coffee, I did have a reason to keep her here longer.

"Ya, I was wondering where the nearest power outlet is. I thought my battery had more life than it does, and I didn't happen to see an outlet here."

"Really? I thought there was one under this table. Let me see...."

She took a small step back and bent over from the waist, putting her hands on her knees. Of course, that gave me an awesome view down her shirt. The lace of the bright white bra was the perfect color contrast between her tanned skin and the black shirt, and I couldn't NOT stare. Her arms pushed her boobs together beautifully, and the shirt hung open just enough to showcase the view. I knew there was no outlet by me, but it seemed odd that she needed to look for 30 seconds when it only took me two. And she worked there!

Karen started moving up and I jerked my gaze away pretending to look for an outlet also.

"Ahh, now I remember," Karen said, looking back at me, "the closest one is down there by the comfy chairs."

She moved a step closer to me, stopping right by my shoulder, but still facing me. She leaned forward slightly again. Pointing to the screen of my laptop, she dropped her voice to just above a whisper.

"I'm pretending to help you right now, so just be quiet."

Once I nodded my head in agreement, she leaned forward and stopped when I felt a firm breast press against my arm. My height above her, plus her leaning and being so close, I had another great view down her shirt.

"I saw you staring at my boobs a minute ago, and I know you're doing it now, you old pervert. If you keep staring I am going to get you kicked out. Go ahead and move to the other chairs, but you might want to wait a few minutes if you don't want to be too obvious."

Confused, I looked up at her and followed her gaze. To my crotch. I had been so focused on her boobs that the uncomfortable feeling in my khaki pants had been ignored. The chubby was clearly obvious through the soft fabric, and there was no way I could walk around without pointing the way.

In a minor huff, Karen stomped away. Trying not to be obvious about looking, I saw she was still swaying her hips at me. And again, she turned to look before she went out of sight, but with my limited view I couldn't tell if she was smirking.

Turning back to the coffee to help resume my normal blood flow, I got my mind (and the little guy) calmed down enough to move a few minutes later. Gathering up my gear, I moved to the seating area below. As promised I saw a power outlet by the chair nearest the bottom of the stairs. In just a few moments everything was situated properly, and I was finally able to get logged into my email account and start the job of sorting through the inbox to clear out the spam.

Two older ladies were sitting a few chairs away, just far enough away for me to not be able to hear everything they were saying, but close enough to hear random distinct words. One of them was facing me, and she looked at me oddly from time to time. They had just come in just as Karen was leaving my table a minute ago. Had she heard or seen any of what went on? I didn't pay much attention to them, and I really hoped that Karen's escapades were done since there were other people so close by. The coffee really was good, and besides the few awkward moments I was enjoying my stay here.

Karen arrived again with another exotic blend for me to sample. She set the cup down on the small table next to me, but since this was so much lower than the previous table, now she had to bend down to do it. I really didn't mean to stare again, but I was looking at the cup, and only had to glance up a tiny bit to see her breasts again, and my heart skipped a beat as I saw her bra was now gone!

She lingered much longer than she really should have, but I still couldn't tear my eyes away from the view. Her tanned skin changed quickly to the pale skin that never saw sunlight, her smaller hand-sized breasts only foot away from my face. The dark brown small nipples that tipped each breast were clearly visible and looked to be just about as hard as my cock was right now.

With no regular table, my laptop was on my legs, and I instantly felt the computer shift as my cock jumped to attention. My concentration on her beautiful breasts was broken by the sound of her disgust.

"Ew, what a creeper! I come over here to bring you coffee, and you just stare at my tits, and you are showing off some email about medicine for your dick."

In shock, my eyes sadly left the view given only to me and went back to her face. Karen's mouth was frowning but her eyes were not. Her hand was still on the arm of the chair, holding her up so she could give me a view while she looked at the laptop screen.

"I don't know shorty, but from the way the laptop is tilting, I doubt you need the stiffy pills. Maybe you should be looking at the lengthening ones instead. Now quit staring at my tits before you make a mess in your pants."

She didn't stand up, she stared me in the face, almost daring me to take another look. My red shade had been kept below my collar seemingly by willpower alone, but now I couldn't stop it. In less than a second, my whole face was burning in embarrassment from her reactions, and the thought of what the two old ladies may have seen or heard. Even while staring into her eyes, I could still slightly see down her shirt, and it took everything I had to not stare again. In my condition, I HAD to stay right here until I could get Little Mark under control. Karen stood up and walked away while I tried to get comfortable without attracting undue attention.

The next time Karen came around, she ignored me completely, going instead to see the old women. My head stayed down the whole time, doing my best to not glance at any of them. But from my peripheral vision, they were still giving me dirty looks. I was actually hoping Karen would pass me by this time, but my luck didn't hold. She came back to the same spot she was in before and put the next cup down for me. This time I wanted to see how she would react if I didn't fall for her ploy.

I knew the view that was there, and I could barely see that her shirt was open as she bent over, but I stared only at my email. Something with pictures of cute puppies. Nothing sexually related in ANY way. But I could try to play the same teasing game as her.

"Thanks for the coffee Karen. I'm not sure what that last blend was but it was really good. A bit of a bold flavor, so next time I have that maybe I'll get some milk or a natural cream. Have any recommendations for that?"

Honestly, that was all I had, and I knew she would have some smart-ass reply, so I did my best to ignore her, and she could tell. I know she talked, but I have no clue what she said. She just left, and in turn I let out a huge sigh of relief.

To my relief, the old people only stayed another few minutes, walking past me on their way out. Being polite, I looked up as they passed. I gave them a nice smile and nod, but got a glare back from one of them. They both put their purses behind themselves to cover their butts as they walked up the stairs. The one that glared kept glancing back to make more faces of disgust at me.

In the process of moving their purses, one of them dropped a napkin from the stack of stuff she was carrying to the trash, and it landed between me and the stairs. I almost got up to get it, but saw that Karen was on her way back. I was going to wait until she left to get it, but saw her notice it just before she got to me.

Playing nice, I looked up and smiled as I watched her walk up to me with yet another cup of awesome coffee. This time though, she looked different. She bent over slowly to put the saucer and cup on the table, taking an extended amount time, but she said nothing.

"Thanks for the coffee Karen, but why the saucer this time?"

Then I noticed what was different. Her upper chest was starting to show red. The look on her face was NOT embarrassment though.

She said nothing as she made a show of letting me see her boobs again, and her nipples looked like they were hard enough to cut glass. Feeling my cock start to grow again, I looked up to hopefully stop the growth. I looked directly up to her face expecting some type of attitude. Her face was red too, and she was breathing heavily. She turned away without a word, and I saw what else was different – her skirt was several inches shorter. The bottom of her shirt was covering some bunched-up material, so she must have rolled it up there. Now what?!?

She went a few steps away and stopped, still facing her back to me. She stood there for about 20 seconds looking around before spreading her feet further apart, then slowly bending over. My eyes bugged wide open as the back of her skirt slid slowly up her fantastic legs. She stopped once she could pick up the napkin from the floor, but it was also far enough so that her naked pussy was looking directly at me.

Karen stayed bent over for about 10 seconds to give me a really good look, and just before she stood up straight, I noticed something odd with her pussy.

She turned and came back to stand next to me.

"So have you seen anything you like yet Mark?"

"You really don't need me to answer that do you?"

"Well maybe that means you haven't seen enough yet."

Karen backed up a few steps and stopped when her legs hit the chair. After looking around again, she sat down slowly and carefully, reaching behind her to flair out the back of her skirt. Sitting down bare-assed on the chair with only a few inches of skirt to cover herself, she pushed her knees together tightly and stared intently at me.

"OK, I must admit that I was mean to you, but only because it turned me on so much. But this has gone on long enough. I can't think straight anymore! The more embarrassed you got, the hotter it got me. One last thing now. I need you to leave with a huge wet spot on your pants. I saw how hard your cock is, hiding behind those thin pants. I saw how fast it got hard. I see the look on your face. I know what you want is the same thing I want. We both want you to cum for me. It's got to happen now."

Shocked silent, all I could do was watch mutely as she unbuttoned three more buttons on her shirt and pulled it down far enough to pull out both breasts. She pinched her nipples, tweaking them as her head rolled back and she moaned in pleasure.

Moaning softly, she pulled her head back down and our eyes met.

"Cum for me Mark, you dirty pervert. You nasty old man stealing a view of an innocent college girl's body."

Now I was breathing hard too, watching this erotic display in front of me. This beautiful girl saying how much I was turning her on was having the same effect on me – and the nudity sure helped too.

"Show me more Karen!" I urged quietly, "play with your bare pussy that you're rubbing on the chair."

Her eyes closed and she bit her lower lip as her legs spread and she slowly pulled up the short skirt. A puddle of her moisture was forming on the chair, and I caught the sweet smell of her sex as one finger parted her lips. Leaning back into the chair, I could see what had caught my eye before, and answered the question I had asked. The saucer under the coffee cup was there to catch the spills. She couldn't walk very smoothly with a dildo buried inside of her pussy. She let out a quiet gasp as she got her fingers on the toy and stroked it in and out slowly.

This only lasted a minute before she buried it deep inside of her again and sat up. With another look around, she smiled slyly as she leaned towards me.

"It's only 10:30, and no one usually comes in right now. Plus I put the 'away' sign on the door. There is no one else in here but us, but you had better hurry up and mess your pants big boy. When you cum it will make me cum."

Karen slid off the chair onto her knees and quickly covered the short distance separating us. She dipped a hand under her skirt as she moved her body in pleasure. She kept her eyes on the pulsing bulge in my pants, staring almost hungrily.

"What's wrong with you? Don't you like this enough? Maybe you need some more encouragement?"

Starting to say something, it was lost to me as she grabbed my cock through my pants. It felt like her touch was electric. I put my laptop on the floor next to me, the combined heat from it and my cock was too much to bear right now.

Mouthing "More?" at me, she grabbed onto my wrist and pulled me forward, placing my hand on her breast closest to me. Squeezing my hand and her boob, she whispered "Leave it there!"

Taking my other hand, she pulled it under her skirt and put it on the dildo. She lifted one leg, spreading it wide, putting her foot on the other side of mine. With the extra room, I fucked her steaming hot pussy that was barely in sight. The wet noises it made was intoxicating. Her hips were thrusting into my hand as she mewed in pleasure.

She grabbed my cock through my pants, rubbing and squeezing as much as she could while my other hand was busy with her firm breasts. She squealed as I rubbed her nub of a clit with my thumb, and my other hand tweaked her nipples.

After only about two minutes of this stimulation overload, my legs started to shake and cramp up. I let go of Karen and leaned back as my whole body locked up and I could only feel my cock as it started to explode. One jet of cum after another shot into my boxers, soaking them and my pants, my balls draining themselves into my clothes.

With her hand covering my cock, she squeezed me as I stained the front of my pants, working to get it all drained out. Karen breathed deeper and faster, and through one half-open eye, I could see her other hand blurred with speed as she fucked herself with the dildo.

Through her tightly clenched teeth, she moaned loudly "Ohhhh FUCK! I'm cumming I'm cumming I'm cumming I'm uhhh uhhhh uhhhh oh fuck, OOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!"

Karen's arm stopped moving and I saw the rubber dick fall to the floor as she also fell forward across my leg. Her eyes stayed closed as her body shook in aftershocks.

A few moments later, she leaned back upright with a deep sigh of relief.

"Damn that was good Mark, you should come here more often. But now you need to get out of here, I need to re-open the shop."

She stood up on unsteady legs and walked to the restroom. All I could do was try to catch my breath and try to realize what the hell had just happened here. She came out a minute later looking totally normal and presentable. She only smelled like soap now as she moved around me cleaning up the small mess she had made.

My head was still foggy from all this, I put my stuff away in a daze. Tossing back the last of my coffee, I got up and walked slowly to the register. Karen was right behind me and pushed past me to get behind the counter. "Out of the way pervert, I'm trying to work here!"

I couldn't help but laugh at that. Karen's comment could not bother me at this point. My brain was on overdrive at the moment, and there was no one to be embarrassed in front of. As she moved my credit card to the scanner, I took it from her hands.

"No way you're running this card now Karen, I can't have you know who I am. I'll just give you cash and let you figure out the details."

Stuffing the credit card in my wallet, I pulled out a $20 bill and tossed it on the counter, then walked to the door. With a turn at the last second, I walked to the condiment counter and poured a generous amount of creamer down my pants, hoping that would hide the embarrassing truth of what was really there.

Quickly getting back to my van, I raced home. Inside long enough for only a quick clean-up and a change of clothes, I was back on the road. I may have just cum, but there was no way that I was satisfied. As cryptically as possible, I called my wife and told her we have to meet NOW for a lunchtime quickie.

But that's another story...…