Coffee and Cream

by wiccanluvr1988Â©

Coffee and Cream (Timmy's Guy)

I walked up to the counter, swinging my hip to make my short skirt swish. Heels

are a god-send to short people like me. Let's face it at five foot zero inches any height is good height. And my six-inch stilettos gave me height and they make my legs seem so long. They curve the calves nicely and push you butt out.

You have to stick your chest out to balance yourself; heels accentuate my already curvaceous body.

I peer over the counter, bending just enough to make my skirt rise up to show

the bottom of my ass cheeks. I know he isn't in the back. I just saw him outside

smoking. But I know he will be in to serve me in 5...4...3...2...1...Perfect

timing. He walks into the store and sees me leaning over the counter. He stops

and checks me out. I can feel his eyes on me and they make me burn with lust.

I straighten up, so he only had a glimpse of my ass, just enough to keep him

wanting more. I believe that he noted that I wasn't wearing any panties. I don't

like them. They get in the way and are too constricting. He starts to walk to

the counter. As he passes I move my body slightly, so I gently brush up against

him. "My usual, please," I request as I glance down. I can see the outline of

his cock through his jeans. He is already hard. I lick my lips thinking of what

it would feel like in my mouth. I am a cock-whore, to be honest. I love the feel

of a hard cock in my mouth, pussy or hands. The textures and tastes blow my

mind. The feeling of my mouth and throat being stretched to fit it in makes me

cum. I love running my tongue over a cock, just exploring it and feeling the

pulse against my tongue. God, the feeling of a guy cumming deep in my throat is

so intense. I am so close to cumming just thinking about it. I think he will

feel amazing. His taste will be sweet and creamy.

"Cream?" he asks with a catch in his voice. He sees where my eyes are and the

look in them. He knows. He knows what I am thinking. And he wants it too. I nod,

still locked in the fantasy of drinking his cream. God the things I could do to this guy.

"Will that be all?" he asks huskily. I finally look up at him, into his eyes. I know what he will see on my face. Hunger and lust, in my eyes and on my face.

Yes, he knows what I want. I look back at his cock and watch as it grows longer

and thicker, straining the zipper.

"For now," I say to him, letting him know that I want so much more.

"$1.75, please," he says as his eyes drop to my breasts. I am quite proud of them actually. They are C-cups and firm, with just enough squishy to have fun with, my nipples are large and a little bit puffy. They are hard and crinkly now, poking through the think material of my too small tank top. They are clearly visible and the majority of my breasts are already exposed by the low cut of my top.

I reach into my purse for a toonie.

"Opps..." I dropped it on to floor. I bend at the waist, allowing my knees to

bend a little too. I make sure to bend sideways and far enough down so that he

can see all of my breasts and most of my ass. He leans forward a tiny bit for a

better look. I give it to him. I bend my waist a little more and push my hips

back. He is rewarded with a peek of my dripping wet pussy. Remember that I don't

wear underwear? This is one of the reasons. I like to flash people. I enjoy it

and it gets me hot. No panties means I have more to show with a minimum of fuss.

I grab the toonie and stand with a snap. You know the bend and snap from the

movie Legally Blond? This is my version. My breasts jiggle nicely, rubbing my

nipples against my top. I hold out the money and look at his face. His eyes dart

from my tits to my ass and his expression is all lust. He realizes that he is

staring and that I was holding out the money. He reaches for the toonie and as

he takes it from my hand I turn my hand over and slid my fingertips over his

palm. He seems to shiver and quickly opens the cash register. He hands me my

twenty-five cents and continues to stare of me.

"The coffee?" I ask.

"Oh... Right...Sorry," he stutters and he turns and makes me my coffee. He seems

flustered. I can't imagine why...I know I can't stay longer. My pussy is starting to leak down my thighs and my knees are getting shaky.

He hands me back the coffee and says, "Have a good day."

I smile a secret smile and say, "I will now. This was just what I needed."

He seems about to say something, but I cut him off, "See you next time."

I turn and saunter out of the store while my knees quake and my thighs get

soaked. I get into my car, start it and take a deep breath. I savor the feeling

of being this wet and horny. I embrace the frustration it causes me. I promised

myself two months ago that the next time I came; it would be him doing it for

me. I am enjoying the teasing and anticipation. We have been playing this game

for two months, since I moved up here. I don't even know his name. I am patient.

I can wait. And I will. I know that I will have him...my Timmy's Guy.