By: greenglasses

A guy goes over to the coffee shop to see if he can spark a conversation with this sad woman he always sees through the coffee shops window. She ends up being rude and doesnt expect that he can be nasty right back. (there is no sex but the suggestion of sex)



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Empty Coffee Cup

I watched as her index finger traced the design on the coffee cup before her. Her pale skin held brown freckles on her cheeks, and she wasnâ t thin, but wasnâ t chunky either. Her body language and tired face told me she was depressed. She had dark dull eyes, lifeless curly ebony hair, and full dry lips. I watched as she laid her head down on the small table after pushing her coffee aside; I sighed to myself. My hands raked through my brown hair and I put my umbrella to use since it began to sprinkle. Intently I watched her from the other side of the window, across the street, at the bus stop bench. It had always been my thing to sit here and just observe the little street corner for inspiration for my oil paintings, as it always had been her thing to sit in there to represent loneliness.

Even her wardrobe said it all. Today it was a black shirt and pajama pants with grey slippers. Never was it a dress with some heels or business attire, for she was never busy in any way. Well, she was never busy during Friday evenings like today. I held my umbrella in hand and decided I would give her some company across the street, in the other seat that always beckoned me. As I opened the door to the little shop a crisp jingle came from the bells tied to the handle from the inside. The place was warm and dimly lit from candles neatly decorating the walls. Tasteful pictures were everywhere, tables and seats were in a nice row from front to back along the wall, and of course, the counter with two quiet workers behind it.

I turned toward the huge window at the front where she sat at the little table. This would be an adventure, I was sure of it. I set my umbrella against the table and took my place before her in the other seat, smiling. It was a couple seconds later that I realized she never even bothered to look up and see who joined her. I felt puzzled at the incredulous act of her doing absolutely nothing about it. Should I nudge her with my hand? Maybe I could look into those eyes if I started out with a question.

- â You always look so depressing,â I said aloud, and it wasnâ t even a question it was a statement. Then I heard her groan.
- â Wow, thatâ s how we are going to begin,â she whispered. I felt a burning heat in my groin in an instant, the mood drastically becoming intimate for me. Without a doubt the sexiest whisper I have ever heard. She stretched before me like a feline would after her nap and then straightened out in her seat to look back at me. Those tired eyes never left mine for a second, making me briefly flustered.
- â Wellâ 'how would you prefer me to begin? Like most strangers, should I start with 'hello there'?â suggested being funny.
- â No Iâ d tell you to leave ammediately if you did.â
- â I see,â my grin wouldnâ t quit.
- â Why do you watch me?â I nearly choked. I didnâ t even realize she knew I did, she never seemed interested in looking out the window. She seemed so serious. That was quick.
- â You just happen to be here when Iâ m there all the time at the same time, so I guess it just kinda happened. If you donâ t like it, I could look to my left and right instead of forward,â I joked to see if that would lighten the mood. Her scrutiny began to cause tension for me as she didnâ t find my joking so funny.
- â Or maybe, instead of creeping me out you could leave me in my puddle of despair. Itâ s unlikely that you would just come here every Friday to sit, and do what? Enjoy the view? The fact that you had the balls to

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come in here to talk to me now is creeping me out more than you just staring at meâ lleave and find a new bench. Your very presence irritates me, and I dont service perverts.â My mouth hung open and I didnâ t know what to make of her. I grimaced, and lay back in my chair, my groin on absolute fire as she mocked the shock on my face. She smirked for a split second like a bitch and for the first time today took a sip of that coffee.

- â Mm, tastes of hazel nut. Would you like to try some?â she said with an attitude. Arenâ t we stunning? I found pleasure in her attitude then anger. Even if I was turned on so shortly into this, I really wasn't there for anything but a good conversation with this interesting woman I'd seen for almost six months now.
- â Hmmâ lâ I mused as I took the coffee from her hands, my lips grazing where her lips had been. She gasped with disgust, and yet she still sat there watching. I could tell this was the beginning of something. I leveled out to her attitude.
- â My very presence irritates you, I'm glad. Yes, I do sit there to observe...for inspiration for my art work. I like, in fact love to watch you, but that is just the bonus of being there on that bench. I wasnâ t there for you, so donâ t flatter yourself so much.â I noticed how red her cheeks got, and her eyes widening to soak my image in then it was my turn to mock her shocked expression. My chair made an eerie noise as I scooted back making my erection perfectly clear and visible to her. I watched with my menacing grin again, as it throbbed against its restraint to her. She never looked so alive to me until now as her gaze wondered. Her curly hair looked shiny in the dim lighting, those lips plush for tasting, and pale skin flushed to perfection. Never, did I think this would end up this way, so awkward, so nice, and so hard. I sighed and stood up from my chair, which resulted for her to gulp.

My hand curled out to her.

- â Give me my umbrella.â She did as she was told, and looked up at me. To think Iâ d let her talk to me like that after I tried the kind approach, her shock was refreshing, and she looked rather cute. Her eyes filled with something beautiful I couldnâ t place, obviously telling me she hadn't been intimate in a long time.
- â Your name is?â
- â Noraâ lâ she said as she crossed her arms stubbornly. She probably realized how obvious her *needs* were.
- â Nice meeting you, Nora. Oh, and I will be sitting there every Friday evening like the creeper *I am*, and now, yes, it will be just to *irritate you*.â I turned towards the door with my umbrella under my right arm and picked up her coffee to take. Like a hand cuff her hand caught my wrist and I went stiff. Maybe taking her coffee was a bit much, but I like it that way.
- â W-whatâ s your name?â God, she whispered to me again.
- â Curt, but you wonâ t be calling me that.â I watched at how she bit at her lip and turned away from me to look out the window at the bus stop bench. Noraâ s body shivered, her hand slipped away from my wrist.
- â See you soon then,â she said. I could hear the mixed emotions in her voice about what just happened, and then I walked away. Pushing the door open, a crisp jingling was heard again. It was thundering outside so I jogged across the street before it could rain harder. Past the bench, through a little walk way, up a couple stairs, I pulled the keys from my pocket and unlocked the black door to my home. Her stare was like having a lazor beam burn marks onto my back. I could only imagine what she must have thought now, realizing I lived

right behind that bench in one of the street houses. My groin was beginning to ache immensely.

I wondered if she wanted in, if she wanted to fuck like I did after that. Right before I closed my door I turned to find her bewildered face staring at me, I was going to play with my food. I dumped her coffee out in front of her, and threw my umbrella in the house. My hand slithered straight to my bulge and began to rub slowly. I took satisfaction in the horror and hunger displayed on her freckled face. My lips formed into a wicked grin when I also noticed her legs cross and tighten under the table. Then I stretched. Turning back around I ventured through the door, closed it behind me with an empty coffee cup in my hand.

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