The Coffee shop Liaison

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Published on Lush Stories on 28 Dec 2012

This is a love story, based on and account related to me by a special friend

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/the-coffee-shop-liaison.aspx

The following story is told to me by Tammy who asked me towrite for her. It is all real and so I hope I have done it justice. I write from the perspective of Tammy.

Working in a coffee shop is neither the most glamorous nor the most exciting job. However it does have its advantages in particular if you can hook the late morning / early afternoon shift. Our little coffee shop is in a high activity business district so it's open from 6.00am to 6.00pm to catch the business people for breakfast, and the late stragglers before they head off home. The joy for me is the late morning crowd because that's mostly the young mothers. Usually they are simply fun, taking a break from the humdrum routine and catching a little alone time while children are at school.

Anyway, my favourite group of these mothers that come in on most days consists of Monica – she seems to be the leader and Samantha who is pregnant; then there are the randoms who join in every once in a while. They are a fun, lively group who are really sweet to me and always give me great tips. We chat together and sometimes even flirt in a gentle and friendly way. A couple of weeks back, I had come to the end of my shift and was feeling really tired with sore feet. I went out to my car and pinned under the windscreen wiper was a note. I was about to throw it away thinking it was some shitty advertising when I noticed that it was written in lipstick. It said simply, "call me, my number is …… M."

Wow! For goodness sake I am not much older than 18 and she is surely twice that. I had no idea what to do. It's not like I am not interested in girls or anything but this is hardly a girl, this is firstly, a customer and secondly, she is married with two children….. I had no idea what to do but of one thing I was sure and that was the tingling I felt in my girlie parts. I drove home in a blur of wild sexual fantasy and immediately I was in the door, stripped off and went to work on some self-indulgent pleasure. I think it took about two minutes and I was writhing on the hall floor in ecstasy. Once I had calmed, I went to shower and started to reflect. Sanity hit home and my mind raced through all the possibilities. In the end I decided it would be foolish to risk everything and so I decided to ignore the note, outwardly anyway. Inwardly my mind was in turmoil and my panties seemed to be forever soaked.

A couple of days later I was at work as usual and Monica and her friends came in. I was immediately flustered because I had no idea what she would say, if it was all a joke, if her friends knew, or if she was really offering me the chance to turn fantasy into reality. They finished their coffees and as they were leaving, Monica called me aside and said "you didn't call me". It was not in a chastising way, her tone was more enquiring. I mumbled something incomprehensible and she smiled sweetly. "Tammy I am having a little party in a couple of days and wondered if you wanted to make some extra money. You would have to clear it with your boss of course but I thought if you popped across around 2.00pm I could show you around and lay down what you would be expected to do. We can agree your fee when you come over". I mumbled and stuttered embarrassingly but managed to get out that I would

love to come across to her house and talk about her party. With that she again wrote with her lipstick and gave me her address. “Does this woman not know about pens?” I wondered…

A little before the appointed time I was stopped in front of her…. well it certainly was not a house in the sense that I am used to. It was more like a palace. OMG! It was fucking HUGE which made me wonder why she needed me as a waitress. I was pretty sure she had all the servants she needed. Oh well, I needed the money so I wasn’t going to question her. The gates opened as if by magic and I drove up to the house – I definitely had butterflies in my tummy by now. As I opened the car door, she appeared. Monica was, in an older woman sort of way, really gorgeous. It is clear she looks after her body which shows no signs of having borne two children. She is slim, has strawberry blonde hair to below her shoulders and the sweetest little bum you ever did see, firm as two little apples. “Shit!” I thought, my body chose this moment to remind me of my sex drive…. “I am straight I thought” and here I was with a distinctly damp pussy, a short skirt and VERY tiny panties…….. O well, I would have to be really focussed if I were going to successfully disguise my feelings but what the fuck had got into me.

We greeted each other, she was warm, I was somewhat reserved being as nervous as I was and she led the way into the hall. God my parent’s entire house could fit in that “hall”. She offered me something to drink but I was too nervous and declined so she started to show me around and point out where everything was. It was not to be a big function, only about 10 people it seemed but it was important to Monica that she didn’t have to worry about anything as she had to be paying close attention to her guests’ comfort and satisfaction she told me. By the time she had showed me around and told me all about her party and what I needed to do, I was more relaxed so when she again offered me something to drink I accepted.

I suppose because I was so nervous I am not sure, but that drink was soon finished and I was feeling a lot better. She poured us each another drink while we chatted and I was soon getting the definite impression that she was flirting with me. After another drink I was flirting with her and feeling a definite bravery. I looked around the room and saw everywhere, signs of her perfect suburban life from her perfect leather sofas on perfect Persian carpets, to the pictures of her perfect husband in the perfect silver frames, and her perfect children, perfect miniatures of their parents.

Suddenly Monica was sitting next to me. I wasn’t aware of her even moving. I caught the subtle scent of her perfume, lightly flowery, alluring. She was looking directly into my eyes, no more than six inches away; her lips full and inviting, perfectly nipple-pink in what could only have been a very expensive lipstick. She leaned in, my breath caught and our lips touched ever so lightly. My hands were at my side, frozen in place. I realised I had stopped breathing, gasped for breath and blushed but did not pull away. She kissed again, more deliberately this time, our tongues in that timeless love-dance, tasting, exploring, and claiming each other.

Monica pulled away, stood, and put out her hand inviting me to follow her. We walked, climbed hand in hand, up the stairs to the bedroom wing. I was in their love-sanctuary, plush carpeted, silent, intimate, looking at the bed upon which her perfect children had been conceived. She stretched around to her back, unzipped her dress and allowed it to fall to the floor. She stood braless (Oh for the money to have tailored dresses that could hold those perfect breasts in place without a bra) wearing only her little white, bikini-cut silk panties, stark against her perfect tan.

She took me in her arms and kissed me again, hungrily now. Her breasts crushed against my own, her breathing ragged, hands on my bum pulling me too her. If I was mildly aroused when I met her at the door, I was positively ravenous by now. Fumbling, she undid the button and zip holding up my skirt; I wiggled my hips a little to help it on its way to the floor. Her thumbs hooked in my thong soon sent that to the floor as well. But for my halter top, I was now naked as she led me to the bed, their bed. On her side of the bed, a picture of her husband, smiling lovingly, looked down at me and on his side, a picture of the children laughing, oblivious.

She straddled me, leaned in and kissed me again – deep, passionate, hungry; we still had not said a word from the time we had left our drinks downstairs. She sat me up, lifted my arms and had my top off and tossed it onto the floor with my skirt. I was suddenly self-conscious about my breasts and wanted to cover them, I felt so inadequate. She would have none of it and was sucking…. no, suckling on my left breast, making little mewing noises as her right thigh ground against my aching pussy. I could feel my wetness coating her leg and knew it would not be long before I reached orgasm. She was kissing my belly, delicately licking it as a child would lick the icing from the bowl. Across my mound (thank fuck I had trimmed my neat little bush only that morning) to my clit, her tongue exploring its protective sheath. She was suck-kissing, licking, slurping, as she explored my centre. I could not breathe, my hips thrusting involuntarily to meet her. There was a strange keening sound in the room which I realised was coming from me. I looked at her husband’s picture, and the children and was strangely excited by their presence as his wife, their mother tongue-fucked my young pussy. Her infidelity unknown to them as, almost without warning I was thrashing, screaming, riding wave upon wave of intense orgasm.

I lay there panting; he gazed from the silver picture frame, smiling at his wife, her face glistening wet from my juices, oblivious to the debauchery taking place in the nuptial bed. She was straddling me, her pussy at my mouth, inviting. The scent of her arousal intoxicating; her labia parted, exposing her glistening, silky-slick pink secret centre. She thrust it forward, inviting me to feast on her love. Her taste salty-sweet, deliciously musky and totally woman. Her clit erect, peeking out accusingly as I took it lightly between my lips, nibbling, sucking and claiming it as my own. This woman, this seductress had brought me here for I know not what but she was now mine and I was going to give her all that she wanted and more. Her orgasm was quick in coming and every bit as intense as my

own had been.

We explored every conceivable position, we spanked, we tied each other up; we probed and licked and sucked. Our debauchery knew no limits. We rested, drank refreshing water and talked about her friend Samantha whom we both agreed was a most desirable minx. I went with her to the bathroom and kissed and fondled her as I listened to the tinkling of her pee hitting the water. And she went with me and wiped me when I had finished. I don't know how long we fucked for but it was suddenly dark and I panicked. The children, the husband, would they be home, where were they. They were away with Granma for the evening but still I didn't relax. I was suddenly nervous, acutely aware of the scent of sex in the room and the linen soaked from our combined multiple orgasmic discharges. "She surely could not have him in this bed tonight without first changing the linen" I thought.

I looked again at his picture and smiled back at him but restlessness was setting in as the time of his return came ever closer. We showered together and got dressed before we together, changed the bed-linen and did our best to remove all traces of our afternoon's activity. We giggled as we decided that her "excuse" for the scent of sex in the room, if he were to question, was that she had been desperate for him and had masturbated, thinking about him. We kissed, a little self-consciously and I went to my car and drove away. Outside of the gate and a little way down the road I stopped. "Holy fuck" I thought, "what the fuck have you just done?" I had broken every rule in the book

- I had fraternised with, no, I had FUCKED a good, regular customer = instant dismissal

- I had fucked / had a lesbian liaison with a married woman = instant and one-way ticket to hell

- I had with said married woman, fantasised about and masturbated each other while discussing her best friend who just happened also to be married = God alone knows what sort of punishment for that particular sin

I reflected on the curious irony of all these sins whilst under the smiling gaze of the silver-framed husband. The very things that stacked against any thought of pursuit of this woman were the things that had excited and thrilled me whilst thrashing about in orgasmic bliss in the nuptial bed. Did I want her again? Damned right I did. How the fuck would I maintain decorum whilst serving her guests at her party the next day, her guests that included the object of our masturbatory fantasy?

I started the car and slowly drove home. I had done many things in my short life that would not make for suitable conversation around the family dinner table but this surely topped the list and OH God I was aroused. I could not ignore the warm and tingly sensation spreading between my legs. "Holy fuck" I thought, "I daren't stop here to take care of myself". All I needed on top of committing every mortal sin in the book in one afternoon was to be caught by a policeman with my hand down the front

of my panties while stopped on the shoulder of a busy highway… I couldn’t wait to get home.