

*the
best
coffee
shop
in the
world*



*by
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Codes: MF oral prost

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Preface

This little story came into my head while I was talking to a sex worker on Twitter: there is an assumption made by so many people that prostitutes only work as prostitutes as there is no “proper work” open to them. This is demeaning as it assumes that sex work cannot be enjoyable.

Why work as a shelf-stacker in a supermarket when you can do something you enjoy? So Alessia popped into my head!

Anyway, as before, please hit me with feedback.

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The Best Coffee Shop In The World

“Espresso for one,” I asked the young lady with a cheeky smile and adjusted my shirt as the black-haired maid tapped my order into her faded and outdated till. It fitted in with the rest of the little café perfectly, with its tired maroon décor and outdated menu, but it was my favourite café in the town.

The twenty-something server glanced up at me as my eyes stole a glimpse at her cleavage, poking out seductively from her maid's outfit. “Can I get you anything else?”

Her twinkling blue eyes screamed seduction and butterflies danced for a moment in my stomach. I glanced around her empty shop: I wanted to make sure we were alone before I uttered those immortal four words - “A special one please!”

Her lips curled into the warm smile and my host nodded. “Certainly,” the agreeable lady replied and I passed her the money for my visit. Alessia watched as I seated myself at one of the six tables and brought my drink over to me with a smile. “When you've finished,” she started with a smirk, but I nodded knowingly; I knew the drill!

Her lovely curves in her skin-tight French maid's outfit demanded to be touched and caressed, and I licked my lips at the kind-hearted girl placing my coffee on the table. Her fingers swept over the back of my hand and she blew me the faintest of kisses.

It was Alessia's charms that kept her little coffee shop running – an investment she made from her inheritance – and that despite the big chains moving in around her, the tiny café survived and thrived. The coffee and food served was excellent and was always busy, but the two twin sisters who owned the establishment had another unique selling point that was unmatched by any other coffee shop.

She wiped the tables as I downed my 3oz hit of murky caffeine and put the upturned cup on the saucer, picking up the blue parcel that came with a “special coffee.” She didn't need to say anything, but just rang the bell on the counter and held out her hand to me.

Her sister noisily strode into the shop from the small kitchen and rolled her eyes when she saw me taking the outstretched hand of Alessia. My host licked her lips seductively and lowered her eyes to the floor as she guided me to a small room at the back of the coffee shop; I twirled the package between my fingers.

Alessia seated me on a camp bed in the windowless room and blew me a kiss as the sexily-dressed girl got undressed. First, the shoes were kicked gently into the corner of the room and then the white stockings – so often unworn by her – were rolled alluringly down her thigh and then her legs to her ankles, presenting me with a fabulous glimpse of her breasts framed wonderfully in the black outfit.

My cock stiffened: Alessia always did that to me, and she ran her hands through her shoulder-length hair as she placed her stockings on the old kitchen cabinets dumped in their store room. The faded light flickered: she was seductive and classy, but the surroundings were cheap and sleazy. I felt a drop of pre-cum soak into my boxer shorts.

She sighed and looked at me, giggling at the anticipation and lust ingrained upon my face, and pouted mischievously. She knew I wanted her, and she stared into my impatient eyes as she reached behind her back and pulled a ribbon. Her black dress fell forward instantly, and she licked her lips.

She was gorgeously sensual and sexy; her expressions and mannerisms flowed effortlessly and her body oozed sexuality. She wanted sex; her soul screamed it to me as her excellent orbs bobbed free of their black cotton housing. A light sheen of sweat covered her young body that shimmered in the chink of light streaming from the curtains.

I put my hand out to touch her, the smoothness of her radiant skin electrifying the tips of my fingers; my hands caressed her toned legs as I stared into her knickerless crotch. It was immaculate as it always was: a small stub of hair perched above the most enticing of slits. I fidgeted on the small bed and looked up her breasts and into her eyes that peered down on me: the lustful bank manager with a key client.

Her face broke into a beaming smile: I couldn't never resist her when she did that and I smiled back. Alessia's hands massaged my shoulder and slipped my suit jacket off my body, placing it carefully next to her stockings. I waited as the young lady began unbuttoning my pristine white shirt, looking into my eyes as her hands slid around my torso and liberated my body from it's smart work attire.

I groaned: there were times when I have screwed the fascinating girl as a "quickie" and I had left my shirt on as my body rammed my cock into her tight hole frantically. There are times when she has gone down on me in the café or once, on the roof in the rain. I love hearing her squeal and groan and sometimes, she would let me take her to repeated climaxes, leaving my face sodden with her sweet, heavenly nectar. Pure bliss.

Alessia unbuttoned my trousers, as I briefly remembered the day before; a wry smile crept across my lips as visions of the young lady screaming obscenities as my tongue flicked her clit caused her sister to enter the room to tell her to "keep the noise down."

My attention was brought back to the present when a gentle touch brushed against my erect cock being liberated of all clothing by the elegant lady, naked except for a wicked smile. I ran my hands through her hair, touching her on the cheek and then sliding my hands down her toned body as she stood up, towering over me sat on the bed.

She gave me "that look," and I adjusted myself on the lumpy mattress, swinging my legs onto the bed: neither of us had time to waste, and she had that lustful look in her eyes. If I didn't know any better she had been fucked only recently and not quite reached orgasm; this always left the entrepreneurial minx frustrated.

My head had barely hit the pillow when Alessia's smooth legs swept over my face and her pink crotch was peeking invitingly at me; it looked slightly puffy and excited, and my cock stiffened in response: it was the most delightful of cunts I had ever seen. It was my favourite.

My hands gripped the young lady on the thighs and I manoeuvred myself so my face was underneath her intoxicating femininity. I could smell her womanly, sapid musk, the moment her moistness touched my lips; pure heaven. I sighed in lust; my body tingled with expectation as she leant forward slightly to kiss my crotch. My cock sparkled as her tongue gently kissed the glans.

Alessia murmured as my tongue wrapped itself around her clit, gently sucking on her exposed and engorged pearl. She wriggled at my touch and my hands cupped her pert bosom, before gently rolling her nipple between my fingers.

I felt a surge of excitement coarse through my impatient body: she suckled on the tip of my cock and began stroking my shaft as my tongue darted across her moist delights.

I gazed into her peachy bum, admiring the wonderful sights of her body gently rocking to the tune my tongue was playing on her clitoris. How I wanted to be able to kiss her cute ass and show her how incredible she made me feel, but anal play was always off-limits in the café, no matter how much I begged!

Instead I got to fantasise of her sexy bum and slick hole as my tongue spiralled sloppily over her button; her distinctive fragrance, and delicious taste stimulated my senses. Her thighs pressed against my ears and her mouth detached from my cock. Her palms rolled over my pre-cum and saliva soaked glans as she sat up and pressed her body down onto

my face.

My cock twitched; I loved her doing that to me, and I suckled energetically at her sweet pearl and she groaned loudly. She bucked her hips onto my face and I squeezed her nipples as she settled into a happy rhythm bouncing onto my sodden tongue.

She came; I felt her thighs quiver, I heard her squeal profanities into the air, and I tasted an avalanche of her delicious juices trickle into my willing mouth. She slouched forward onto me, gripping my cock and giving it a gentle tug.

I sighed in satisfaction, but Alessia knew what I really wanted and reached for the condom on the bedside table. "We could do without that," I suggested as she climbed off of me. "Just this once."

Alessia scoffed; I knew she would and she passed me a blue towel to wipe my face with. Alessia always demanded that I let her put the condom on me and I watched as she rolled it down my shaft. The condom with the coffee was just a visual ploy, I knew that, as well as being an advert for their services to normal coffee drinkers: it wasn't for me to use at all!

Alessia reached for a small tube of lubricant above the bed and squirted some on her hands, before rolling her greased fingers over my cock. I groaned: even through the latex it was glorious!

I watched her as she straddled my cock and gently lowered herself onto me; I closed my eyes and gave an involuntary moan as her slick pussy touched my sheathed dick; sheer heaven!

Alessia was wild; passionately thrusting and pressing on my body as she rocked back and forth with excited squeals and groans. If anyone ever says prostitutes do not enjoy their work then they need to pay Alessia and her little coffee shop a visit! The young host was filled with lust and sex, and she loved her twin jobs: it combined both of her passions at once.

I stared into her blue eyes, sparkling and twinkling as she rode my cock with experienced movements. She was watching me; waiting for me to screw my face up and cry out. I tried to touch her, but the independent woman grabbed my wrists and pinned them to the bed: she was in charge. I desired her more than any other woman and whimpered.

She knew that being dominant stoked my arousal and the little minx knew that I was getting close; my cock was awash with electrifying sparks and lustfulness. Every stroke of my cock filled my loins with a greater desire to orgasm. I desperately tensed my muscles, holding onto my release and trying hard not to release.

My balls squeezed tight to my body and I closed my eyes; I could not stop the feeling, I had to surrender. My shoulders shivered as a wave of orgasmic ecstasy welled up inside of me and my hands gripped the grubby mattress as the dam broke and it cascaded through every fibre of my being.

Several squirts of semen filled the tip of the latex sheath and Alessia gently bucked her hips so I could savour the aftershocks from our liaison. "Good?" She asked, but we both knew she didn't need to.

I nodded. "You make the best special coffee in town," I muttered with a smile as I panted, looking up at the ceiling.

Alessia giggled, disentangling herself from my sweaty body. "Really?" She asked. "So you'll come back then!" She knew I would, but I always enjoy her teasing wit and shrugged.

"Maybe!" I looked at her; I had begged her to set up a loyalty card scheme but she had, so

far, refused. "Perhaps if my loyalty was rewarded." She shook her head and reached for the tissues, cleaning my cock up with a handful and disposing of the used condom.

It was time to go, and we got dressed in near silence. "You had a busy day?" I asked as she rolled up her stockings.

"You're my third," she replied and kissed me on the cheek. "But always my favourite." I blushed.

"I bet you say that to all the guys," I teased; Alessia shook her head and squeezed my hand. "I'll be back after work," I promised. "And I have a new cashier starting today, might bring him here for lunch!"

She nodded matter-of-factly. "I'm doing lasagne for tea," she told me as she opened the door, and blew me a kiss.

That's my girlfriend: the free enterprise, independent, coffee shop whore! And I love her.