

VENUS PRESS

The Coffee Shop



Andrea Glenn

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By

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Venus Press LLC

THE COFFEE SHOP

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THE COFFEE SHOP

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Andrea Glenn

Dedication:

I would like to thank AR for the inspiration of this book. I would also like to thank my family and friends for their love and support. This book is dedicated to my “hero,” Captain Bull.

THE COFFEE SHOP

Chapter One

Jenna folded her last piece of laundry and put it in her dresser just as the phone rang. She glanced at it and then at the clock. She didn't have long before she would have to leave for work.

"Hello," She rolled her eyes as the telemarketer began his spiel. She wandered across the bedroom of her loft and stopped at the huge window by her bed. She looked out over the city. She didn't have the heart to cut the guy off.

The New York skyline always took her breath away. Jenna couldn't believe her luck. Her uncle, an artist, let her live in the loft while he worked in Europe. She prayed he would stay at least another year. Maybe by then, she would have saved enough money and the rent for a small apartment wouldn't be such a struggle.

"Look, thank you for calling, but I'm really not interested." She hung up, hoping she hadn't hurt the guy's feelings. She knew how tough it was to just make a living.

She jumped and glanced out the window again when she heard a loud siren. That was one thing she hadn't gotten used to, living in a city that didn't sleep. At least in Atlanta, where she was from, the town didn't seem to be buzzing twenty-four hours a day.

Jenna looked back at the clock as she grabbed her black leather jacket. She had an hour and a half before she had to be at work.

The streets were crowded with native New Yorker's and tourists. Jenna loved watching people staring up at the skyscrapers in awe.

She stepped past a hot-dog stand and inhaled deeply. It was hard to stay in shape with all the food vendors so near her loft. The city was filled with all sorts of goodies.

About a block down, Jenna stopped and looked at a table full of jewelry. She smiled at the man who tried to hand her a twenty-dollar Rolex to try on. "No, thank you." She stepped away quickly. She'd gotten suckered into buying all sorts of things when she first came to New York. She laughed to herself as she pulled her faux Hermes bag closer.

Andrea Glenn

Jenna stopped by her favorite outdoor newsstand around the corner from her loft. “Frank’s Place” was the one-stop-shop to get your fill of news, sports, and entertainment. Frank was a legend in New York. Everyone loved him. He had autographed photos of celebrities, politicians, and sports figures all over the walls of his cramped space.

Frank was also a huge flirt. Jenna loved him, too. He reminded her of an outrageous member of a family that everyone tried to ignore, but just couldn’t. He was like John Candy in “Uncle Buck.”

“Hey good looking! How’s my sweet Georgia peach on this lovely day?”

Jenna smiled at Frank, blushing slightly. “Hi Frank. I’m good. You? How about those Yankee’s?” She loved to bring up baseball. The gleam in his eye and the way his face lit up always made her day.

Frank matched her smile and winked. “Better than your Braves!”

Jenna frowned at Frank and stuck out her tongue. “How’s business? She picked up a *USA Today* and a *Small Business Opportunity* magazine. “Anything new going on?”

“No. Same shit, different day. Everyone is getting those damn subscriptions off the Internet. Magazines, newspapers, you name it. People don’t want the hard copy. It’s too easy to just delete it all when they’re done reading. You can’t compete with that.” He shook his head sadly as he stubbed out his thick cigar. “I want ink on my hands!” He held up two beefy mitts, stained with newspaper ink.

Jenna nodded knowingly. He said it everyday. “Frank you’re a bad boy. Does your Momma know you talk like that?”

“Yea, she knows. Where do you think I get it from? She’s one tough broad.” His massive belly shook with laughter.

“I’m sure she would just love to hear you talk about her like that!” Jenna smiled slyly. “Maybe I should tell her.”

“She’ll be back from the boxing match in a little while. You can tell her then. Just make sure she hasn’t had too many beers, or she won’t pay much attention to you. She’ll be anxious to get home and get ready for her weekly poker game.” Frank laughed even harder this time, slapping his thick hand on the counter.

Jenna giggled as she paid. “Okay, I give up. You have a good one. And, please, try to stay out of trouble.”

Frank chuckled as he gave Jenna her change. “But, sweetheart, “Trouble” is my middle name!”

THE COFFEE SHOP

Jenna shook her head as she walked off. “Behave,” she called over her shoulder.

“I’ll do my best.” He called after her. Jenna knew he was eyeing her behind. She turned to give him a look.

He held his hands up in mock surrender. “What?”

Jenna walked swiftly to “Java Joe’s”, her favorite coffee shop in New York. She loved to be able to sit and sip the steaming brew and relax with a paper or magazine before work. She could already taste the mocha latte. This daily treat helped her get through a long shift at work. She rarely wavered from her routine.

The crisp autumn breeze blew through her long, silky blonde hair. The feeling made her gasp with pleasure. She tossed her head to the side, feeling her hair flow around her. She felt alive and excited. She loved this time of the year.

The colors were beautiful in the park and the city was bubbling with excitement. Everyone was looking forward to the holidays. She knew it wouldn’t be long before Christmas shopping would be taking over the shops. It was time for her to decide if she wanted to go home this holiday season. She reached the coffee shop and opened the door, letting the heavenly aroma drift over her. She made her way in and glanced around. It was fairly crowded, as usual. There were at least a dozen people sitting, and quite a few standing in line. She waved at Jesse, a woman she worked with. She was sitting by a window reading a novel and looked up just as Jenna came through the door. Jesse was someone Jenna had come to depend on. She knew the city and had helped Jenna get settled when she moved up from the South.

Jenna took her place in line. She looked at the menu on the wall, even though she knew what she would have. She was trying to tell herself she didn’t really want an extra large chocolate chip cookie.

Jenna found the coffee shop shortly after moving to New York. It was popular with those who lived in the neighborhood. Thankfully, the tourists hadn’t found it yet. There were too many places that had become too busy to really sit and enjoy some down time.

Finding a quiet place, one that was off the beaten path, was a huge treat for Jenna. She loved the people that worked here, and she loved the fact that she could linger over a good cup of “Joe” and relax. She had her first cup of indulgence there everyday on her way to work. The caffeine boost in a mocha latte was a big help. It always got her going.

Andrea Glenn

Jenna was a second shift, Medical Transcriptionist at Cedar's. She was saving money in hopes of opening her own transcription business. The way she had it figured, she only had about six more months before she would be able to strike out on her own. That was if she was very careful. She may have to get a new apartment, so every penny she spent was important to her.

It seemed to be taking a while to get up to the register to order. Someone apparently couldn't make up their mind. Everyone behind Jenna was huffing and puffing under their breath, so she stood against the counter, glancing through her paper. Suddenly, she heard a very distinct British voice ordering a regular coffee, black. *After all that*, she laughed to herself.

The man spoke again. "Could you instead make that a decaf?"

The unique voice startled her. She looked up in hopes of seeing the man behind the voice. Unfortunately, he had his back to her, and she couldn't see his face.

He was saying something else, but she couldn't make it out. His voice was now very soft. She leaned forward a bit, trying to hear the conversation he was having with Becky, the manager, behind the counter. All Jenna could see was Becky's face, which was very red. She was blushing!

Damn! She willed him to turn, even just a little, but he was pointing to a ceramic cup on a shelf closer to the door. Jenna could see longish brown hair, a black overcoat, black jeans, and what looked like black boots. *Hmmm, he likes black, could be dangerous.* She laughed at her own joke.

The man spoke again, this time louder than before. He did have a very strong voice. Jenna had never heard one like it before. He pronounced each word very carefully. It sent a shiver up her spine.

He sounded extremely sexy. His tone was a slow drawl. She found herself fighting the urge to touch his shoulder, to ask him to hand her something, anything.

The line surged forward and Jenna found herself ready to place her order. It took her a full minute to gather her thoughts. She was embarrassed that a man's voice had caused her to react so strongly.

She ordered her usual mocha latte: coffee, low fat milk, chocolate syrup, and a pinch of cinnamon. She stepped to the side to wait.

Glancing around, she hoped to be able to find a seat. The cool air had brought many in for some hot coffee and comfort.

THE COFFEE SHOP

She spotted a small table by a window, hoping to get to it before someone else did. She loved to watch people stroll by.

As she waited, her eyes fell across the room full of people. She realized that she was attempting to see where the Englishman had gone. No longer near or close to her, she was trying to see where he had sat, or if he possibly left.

Within seconds, she saw him sitting along the far left side wall, facing away from the counter. But she still couldn't see his face. He was engrossed in a paper. Jenna's imagination was running rapid. She wondered if he looked like Sean Connery, or perhaps Michael Caine? She always loved watching James Bond movies, and "Alfie" was one of her favorites. She suddenly realized she was tapping her foot in annoyance.

"Hello?"

Jenna turned as her coffee was handed to her. "Thanks Becky! I was daydreaming, again"

"No worries. Enjoy it. I added a little more chocolate for you!"

"You're such a sweetie!"

Jenna moved to the area where the cream, sugar, napkins, and other condiments were kept at the end of the long counter. She reached for the cream and began to pour. She felt like spoiling herself a little today. There was a line forming behind her. Everyone seemed to be in such a hurry. She was annoyed. *Damn*, she muttered. She was usually never rushed there.

"Excuse me" A voice sounded beside Jenna. It was the same British accent as before.

Jenna moved over without looking up, not wanting to seem too obvious. The man reached over and grabbed a napkin and began patting his overcoat with it. He was mumbling something while wiping a spill from his coat. He sounded pissed. She casually glanced at him.

The man was very handsome. He had light brown hair with just a sprinkling of gray in the temples. She also noticed he had a prominent nose and high cheekbones. He looked like some sort of Greek or Roman statue. He looked up suddenly to see Jenna watching him.

"Damn lid," he muttered, laughing aloud.

Jenna was taken back. She didn't want him to notice she had been staring at him so carefully. "Oh, yea, they're tricky little devils," she laughed lightly.

Andrea Glenn

She was able to see his face clearly as he looked down at her and smiled broadly. He had the most intense eyes she had ever seen. They looked like burnt honey with flecks of gold. She noticed the curve of his lips when he had spoken. They were full, but turned up thinly in the corners, as he smirked about the lid. He was definitely one very good-looking man.

Jenna heard someone clearing their throat behind her. As she looked back, she noticed all the people waiting to get to the condiments. None looked very happy.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she apologized, mumbling the words. Stepping quickly out of the way, she turned to walk to the still-unoccupied table by the window, all the while glancing back at the man with great interest. He still smiled at her as he tossed a handful of napkins in the waste bin.

Jenna turned and walked to the table. She sat down, opened her paper and slowly blew into her steaming cup, cooling it. Glancing out of the corner of her eye, she saw the man walk back to his seat. He had a very graceful walk with a certain fluidity in his movements. She wondered if he was a good dancer. She loved to tango.

After waiting a few seconds, Jenna decided to take another look at him, fascinated by his mere presence and the way he looked at her and smiled. He was so different from the usual men she saw in there.

Immediately, she jerked her head away and looked around the room as if she was studying the other customers. The man had been looking directly at her. She was almost giddy. She was both embarrassed and excited that he was looking at her. She couldn’t help but smile to herself.

Moments later, as she watched a baby throw a cookie at his mother, she allowed her eyes to come back to the man. This time, he was glancing down at his paper. From where Jenna was sitting, it looked like, *Variety*, an entertainment paper. She took advantage of the opportunity to study him a little more closely. She suddenly felt empowered.

The more Jenna looked at the man, the more she had a feeling she knew him from somewhere. He appeared vaguely familiar, but she couldn’t place him. It was driving her mad, to wonder where she’d seen him before, who he was.

Almost in slow motion, the man slowly looked up from his paper and directly into Jenna’s eyes. She didn’t have a chance to turn away. His gaze locked onto hers instantly. He smiled, his lip curling as it had before, causing her to flush. She could literally feel the

THE COFFEE SHOP

heat radiate from her face. She broke the gaze and glanced down at her cup, as though it held great interest for her. She felt her pulse quicken.

After a while, regaining her nerve, Jenna glanced up and saw the man look at his watch. She watched him slowly fold his paper neatly and stand up. His eyes met hers again. He nodded his head to her and smiled as he turned to leave. Just as he reached the door, he looked back at Jenna and winked.

She felt almost dizzy. It had been a while since a man had flirted with her openly. She remained seated, trying to remember where she had seen this guy. *Did he work at the hospital? Was he a doctor? Was he a regular at the coffee shop?*

For more than fifteen minutes, Jenna sat trying to recall any detail whatsoever. Something was tugging at the back of her brain. She knew him. Frustrated, she gave up and made her way out the door, not wanting to be late for work.

Andrea Glenn

Chapter Two

The next day, Jenna opened the door to “Java Joe’s” at the same time she always did. Today, the place wasn’t nearly as crowded as the day before. *Thank God*, she mumbled. She went straight to the counter and placed her order.

She opted for a regular coffee, with lots of cream and sugar. She had a strong need for a sugar fix today, not just caffeine. She hadn’t slept well the night before. She kept dreaming about the Englishman in the black overcoat.

She got her coffee and went over to add her sinful delights. As she turned from stirring the goodies into her coffee, it delighted her to see her favorite table by the front window available.

Just as she sat down she noticed a man in the corner directly in front of her. He was holding up a *People* magazine, hiding his face. The figure intrigued her. He was dressed all in black.

Oh, my God, she thought. It hit her that it might be the Englishman. She scooted her chair up closer to the table, and the man put down his magazine. It was him! Her breath hitched in her throat.

“Well, hello there,” he said, smiling sweetly at her.

“Oh, hi,” Jenna said, setting her cup down in front of her. She noticed her hand was shaking slightly, and she was afraid she would spill her coffee.

“It’s a nice day out,” he said, glancing out the window and then back at her.

“Yes, yes it is.” Jenna was trying to think of something better to say. Her mind was drawing a blank.

The man smiled and picked up his cup, staring at her as he sipped slowly. He licked his lips. His eyes seem to bore into her.

Jenna looked down and shifted around in her seat, glancing up every once in a while just in time to see him either smile, or look away. Finally, she took the plunge. “Excuse me, sir?”

THE COFFEE SHOP

“Yes?” He appeared rather pleased that she was making an effort to speak with him. She saw the smile he had dazzled her with from the day before.

“Do you work around here? You look so familiar to me. Do I know you?” Jenna realized the second she said the words that they had to be the oldest lines in the book. She blushed and felt her throat tighten. She prayed he didn’t see her discomfort. She touched her throat, unconsciously.

There was a low rumble in his chest as he began to laugh. “Well, yes and no.” He was grinning from ear to ear. “I don’t know you, but I sort of work around here. I’m in a play at the Richard Roger’s Theatre. I’m an actor.”

Jenna’s eyes widened as it hit her suddenly. *Oh, my! I do know him*, she thought excitedly. “Uh, you do motion pictures too, don’t you?” She tried to sound as casual as possible.

“Yes, I do.” The Englishman smiled. “My name is Alex, Alex Richmond.” He stood up and moved towards her table. “And you are?” he asked softly, extending his hand to her.

Jenna swallowed hard. She reached out, and took his hand. He squeezed her hand lightly. She felt a burst of electricity run throughout her body at the touch. She felt light headed.

“My name is Jenna Ross. It’s very nice to meet you.” Her voice sounded like a frog croaking.

“May I sit down?” Alex asked politely.

“Certainly” Jenna pushed her newspaper out of the way. “You usually play a bad guy don’t you?” She was a little breathless. She hadn’t encountered many celebrities since coming to New York, especially none as handsome as Alex Richmond.

“Well, sometimes. I do play the romantic lead once in a while too,” he chuckled.

“Yes, of course, I’m so embarrassed. I should’ve known who you were. You did look very familiar. I just couldn’t place you. I thought you worked at the hospital.” Jenna was speaking so fast, her words were coming out in a tumble.

“No need to be embarrassed. My hair is a little darker than it usually is and it’s longer too. Not many people have recognized me on the street since the play opened.” Alex gave her a tender smile, making it clear he was very drawn to her.

“I’ve seen most of your movies, I think.” Jenna was suddenly feeling a bit silly, a little star struck. She looked down trying to think of what to say next. “Uh, could you

Andrea Glenn

sign this?" she asked, handing Alex a pen from her purse, while pushing her *USA Today* toward him.

"Sure," He laughed aloud, taking the pen from her, his fingers brushing hers lightly. She watched him intently as he scrawled a few words and then signed his name with a flourish.

"Thank you," she said, as he handed her back the pen.

"Do you live or work around here?" His voice was mesmerizing.

"Well, both, actually. I live pretty close, not far from here, and I work at the hospital." Jenna felt her face beginning to blush slightly. She hadn't flirted in a long time.

"Oh, are you a nurse, or a doctor?" Alex's eyes were twinkling as he spoke.

"I wish. But, no, I'm a Medical Transcriptionist. I'm saving money to open my own transcription business."

"I detect a southern accent." He tilted his head to the side.

"Yes, I'm from Atlanta, Georgia."

"I've been there many times. I think I've spent at least a year of my life at that airport," he laughed, his eyes dancing playfully.

"I know!" Jenna looked down and giggled.

Alex's gaze made her tingle. She couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking. *Was he as attracted to her as she was to him?* She knew she had never been this attracted to a virtual stranger in her life. She felt some sort of intensity from him. It was coming in waves, and it scared her a little.

Jenna could feel the heat of his stare as he watched her when she spoke. She was aware that he was drinking her in. He was looking at her eyes, lips, and hair. She felt a slight tremor when he looked so deeply into her eyes. It was as though he could see into her, knowing her thoughts.

She watched him slowly look away from her and down at his watch. "Bloody hell! I'm running late." He pushed his chair back and stood. "I'm sorry to dash off, but I'm due at the theatre in twenty minutes." He was frowning, his brow furrowed deeply.

Jenna couldn't help but think he looked like a little boy with that expression. She smiled up at him. "Okay."

Alex held out his hand once more, and when Jenna took it this time, he kissed it softly. "Have a lovely afternoon." His voice was dark and husky. He smiled and gave her another quick wink, and with haste made his way out the door.

THE COFFEE SHOP

Jenna sat very still, feeling numb all over. She had just met a very famous actor, who she didn't even recognize at first. He had not only spoken to her, but came over and sat with her, talked to her, and even flirted with her. She stared down at her hand where he kissed it and smiled. She felt warm and fuzzy all over.

Sighing heavily, Jenna gathered her things, knowing it was going to be difficult to concentrate on medical terms today. Alex Richmond was going to be hard to forget, even for a few hours.

* * * *

The next day Jenna took special care in getting ready for work. She wanted to look her best when she stopped off at "Java Joe's." She applied her makeup carefully and smoothed her hair. She glanced into the wall mirror just before heading out the door. She smiled at her image. *Geez! I hope Alex is there.* She felt like a schoolgirl with a crush!

The place was unusually busy once again. Jenna took her mocha latte and stood by the wall waiting for it to clear out a bit. She looked everywhere, but didn't see Alex. She was more than disappointed. She felt her entire body just wilt. She hadn't realized just how much she wanted to see him.

She took a deep breath and pushed her hair behind her ear. She looked around just in time to see a couple get up and leave. She took their seat. Her body sank into the chair.

Just as she got settled, Jenna felt someone come up next to her. A slight touch on her elbow made her jump. "Oh!"

"Hello Jenna," Alex's voice was very close to her ear. It sounded like a sexy whisper. It made the hair on the back of her neck stand on end.

She spun in her seat, facing him. He had come in and maneuvered his way over to her without her noticing. He was now squatting at face level. She could feel his warm breath on her face.

"Hi! You startled me," Jenna laughed, trying to regain some composure.

"Sorry, Love. May I join you?" Alex asked sweetly, glancing at the empty chair.

"Yes, of course." She tried not to let her voice tremble.

Alex sat down, without a cup in hand. He simply looked at her.

"Have you been here a while?" Jenna asked, looking puzzled.

"No. I just got here." A boyish grin had settled on his handsome face.

She felt a little nervous with him watching her so intently. Yet, she was so happy that he was there with her.

Andrea Glenn

“You want a coffee, or maybe a brownie?” She glanced back at the counter and then back at him. “I can get Becky to get you one without having to stand in that insanely long line.”

“No, thank you.” He kept smiling.

Jenna cleared her throat. She really didn’t know what to say. “Oh, Ok. How’s the play going?”

“It’s going very well. It seems to be well received. I’m off today. It’s nice to have a break.”

Jenna nodded, trying to act casual as she sipped her coffee. “I bet.”

Alex had to know the effect he had on her. She knew he was enjoying this. His eyes on her were like feathers made of lead. She nervously sipped her drink.

“You come here on your off days too?” Jenna tried to keep the conversation going. How he managed to make her feel so self conscious was driving her crazy. His smiling was definitely getting to her. She was feeling warm.

“No, not usually, but I wanted to see you.” He spoke so very slowly and deliberately.

Jenna looked up, surprised. “Oh, uh, thank you,” she stammered, at a loss for what else to say.

“Do you have to work today?” He was suddenly serious, searching her face.

“Uh, well, yes. I’m supposed to. There’s a backlog of work.”

Alex frowned. “Do you think you could call in sick?” He asked and laughed nervously.

Jenna was stunned. She wasn’t expecting him to be so open. He had seemed a little distant before. She thought he was just flirting. She didn’t know what to say.

Just as she was about to answer, Alex reached over and took her hand in his. The touch of running his thumb along the top of fingers caused her to shudder. Her mouth went dry.

“Well, I guess I could. I need to call my supervisor.” Jenna stared down at his hand.

In a flash, Alex whipped out a cell phone from his jacket pocket and held it out to her. Jenna laughed, shaking her head, slightly.

“No, I don’t have the number with me. I need to go to my loft and get it.” She felt a flutter in the pit of her stomach.

THE COFFEE SHOP

“Okay, sounds good to me, do you mind if I tag along?” Alex asked, gazing deeply into her green eyes. Searching.

Jenna was now shaking all over. Alex was aggressive, which seemed a little out of character, but he seemed to have such sweetness about him, maybe some sadness too. She didn’t know what to think at this point.

Jenna couldn’t help but think he was irresistible. She suddenly realized she wanted him to come to the loft with her, badly. “Sure.” She was surprised at the firmness in her own voice.

“Let’s go.” Alex stood and guided her out of the coffee shop. She felt his hand, heavy on the small of her back. Jenna felt a surge of adrenaline rush through her body as they stepped outside.

Jenna, by nature was overly shy. She had never been the type to have one-night-stands, but she certainly was fascinated with Alex Richmond. Still, she didn’t know if it was because he was a famous actor, or because she was so lonely. Whatever the case, she knew the afternoon was going to be an unforgettable one. She breathed in the cool air, and tossed her hair. She knew he was watching.

Andrea Glenn

Chapter Three

They walked to Jenna's loft in silence. Alex walked close to her, but never took her hand. She noticed people staring at Alex, as though he was recognized, but everyone left them alone. She glanced at him once or twice, but he was oblivious to the people passing by. He appeared to be lost in his own thoughts, somewhere far away.

Jenna unlocked the door to her loft, thankful she was a neat freak. Everything always looked nice and tidy. She took off her coat and slung it on a stand next to the door. Alex did the same and followed her into the small kitchen. It was cozy and warm. She felt him close to her. She set her purse down on the dark gray countertop and turned.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Jenna asked, not really knowing what else to say. She opened a cabinet, taking out a crystal wineglass.

She paused thinking that none of her friends would ever believe Alex Richmond had been in her loft, and that she would be calmly asking him if he wanted a drink. She smiled as she glanced at him.

"No, I'm fine. Thank you." Alex surveyed the room, as if planning his next move.

Jenna put the wineglass back carefully. She watched Alex in awe as she pulled out her address book from one of the kitchen drawers. Flipping to the page she needed, she picked up the cordless phone, keeping her eyes on him.

She watched him wandering through the loft, looking at her family photos and prints. The space was open, and she was able to see him and his various expressions. She was fascinated. He moved like a sleek cat, graceful and somewhat dangerous.

Alex stopped at her bookshelves and pulled out a book on paranormal investigation. He began flipping through it casually, a bemused look on his face.

"I'm also a Ghostbuster!" Jenna called out.

"Really?" Alex looked skeptical with a raised brow.

"Well, not really, but I've been to some really weird places." Jenna laughed nervously.

THE COFFEE SHOP

Alex smiled. "Yes, me, too." He put the book back and smiled at her, seductively. Jenna swallowed hard. She forgot she dialed the number.

"Oh!" Hello?" She turned away from him when her manager answered the phone. "Carol? This is Jenna. Look, I won't be able to make it today. I'm so sorry. I woke up with a fever and I just can't get out of bed. I can stay late tomorrow, if you need me. Okay. Thank you. See you later." She clicked the "off" button.

As she turned around to put the phone back in the base, Alex stepped up behind her, stealthily. He took the phone from her hand and hung it up, slowly.

She saw his hand was shaking a little as he tried to set the phone upright in the slot. She was glad she wasn't the only one nervous. He moved closer to her and she could feel the heat coming from his body.

Jenna's heart was racing. Alex reached out and took a strand of her blonde hair, twisting it through his fingers, while looking at her. She stood still, trying to think of what she should do. Suddenly she felt awkward. She wasn't a virgin, but this man was handsome and famous, and she had a sudden feeling of being totally inadequate.

Alex shifted closer still, his fingers running from Jenna's hair to the back of her head, gently massaging the nape of her neck, up to her scalp. The heavenly sensation gave Jenna goose bumps all over her body. She closed her eyes, and moaned softly, "Mmmm."

Alex cupped the back of her head in his palm. Jenna took a step forward, tilting her chin upward, just as he leaned toward her face. He was looking at her mouth hungrily, as he turned his head slightly.

Jenna felt her body begin to heat through and through. Her heart was thudding in her chest and she felt dizzy. Alex finally pressed his lips to hers. They were soft, yet firm. He began kissing her very gently<,> moving his mouth over hers, blowing softly into her eager mouth. She moved her arms up and encircled his waist, hooking her fingers into his waistband.

He began to kiss her harder. Opening her lips with his tongue, his hot tongue began exploring the depths of her mouth. She ran her hands up and down his back, feeling his muscles tense under her fiery touch.

He slid his hands through her hair quickly, getting them tangled in the process. He pulled slightly, and Jenna gasped.

Andrea Glenn

“Sorry.” He leaned back slightly, gazing at her with care, smoothing her hair back down softly.

“It’s okay,” she whispered, staring at him.

Alex immediately pulled Jenna’s head back, pressing his thumb to her neck. He wanted to feel the blood pumping through her veins, her rising excitement. His body was now pressed against hers, pushing her into the kitchen counter, grinding into her. His lips traveled over her mouth, across her cheek and down her throat.

“Oh,” she hissed into his neck. She shivered in his arms as he found a spot under her ear and sucked deeply. She moved her hands up and over his shoulders. They were firm to her touch.

Jenna pushed her fingers into Alex’s hair and pulled him to her, harder, pushing her hips against him, wantonly. She heard him murmur softly against her neck. She leaned her head away from him, while sliding out of his embrace with a side step.

She took a deep breath and steadied herself at the counter. He came up behind her and began to massage her shoulders, kissing the back of her head. “Are you alright? He whispered.

“Yes,” Jenna closed her eyes, feeling Alex’s hands gently knead her tension away. She felt him pull her blouse out of her skirt. His warm hands gently stroked their way up her spine.

Jenna turned and Alex moved his hands away. She took them into hers and kissed them. She took his index finger and slowly inserted it into her mouth and sucked gently, watching his expression. Alex closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, his nostrils flaring. He bent his head to hers.

“Please,” he whispered. “I want you, Jenna.”

She looked up into his eyes. They were blazing with a light from deep within. “Come with me,” she whispered.

Jenna took his hand and led him through her living area and into her bedroom. She prayed he wouldn’t stop her, changing his mind.

The bedroom was fairly large. Jenna had a big bed, and made an office area on one side of the room, near the window. She had taken great care in decorating the space, since she did spend a lot of time working on her computer, researching opening a business. She felt comfortable and at peace there. She hoped Alex would too.

“Is this Ok?” Jenna asked, nervously.

THE COFFEE SHOP

The artwork on the walls was mostly prints by southern artists that Jenna had known when living in Atlanta. The room was open and airy. The colors were selected to give solace and contentment. Alex looked around and smiled. Jenna could tell he was at ease.

“Yes, lovely,” he murmured.

Jenna opened her mouth to say something, but Alex wasted no time. He pulled off his sweater and tossed it on a chair near the closet. He grabbed her by the wrists, almost roughly, flinging her to the bed. He maneuvered over her, kissing her passionately.

Jenna fumbled with her blouse, trying to unbutton it, but Alex pushed her hands away with a loud grunt. He had it open and her bra exposed in seconds.

Pulling it off, he tossed it on top of his sweater. Alex let out a raspy laugh and buried his face in Jenna’s cleavage, running his tongue up and down her luscious curves.

Jenna locked her legs around Alex’s waist, pulling him closer. She needed to ease the sudden ache in her center. She wanted to feel him close. She reached down and yanked at his belt and zipper, unsuccessfully. She growled with displeasure.

A low chuckle rose in Alex’s chest as he sat up on his knees, taking off his pants and briefs. His motions were rushed and awkward. He was unsteady too. Lifting Jenna slightly, he pulled off her skirt and held it in his hands, inhaling it.

“Delicious!” Smiling at her, he threw it over his head too.

Jenna laughed with delight. “Well, thank you.”

Alex moved back over her, kissing her flat stomach, tracing a hot line up to her breasts with his tongue. He nipped her once or twice, causing her to yelp aloud.

Jenna was breathing rapidly, trying to contain her anticipation. She had forgotten how long it was since she had been with a man. She reached for him and pulled him to her, smoothly.

Alex opened her bra, expertly, and took a nipple into his mouth, while pinching the other, causing her to cry out with a burst of sudden pleasure.

Licking her breasts from one to another, sucking them, he moved his hand down to her panties.

“Oh, yes, that’s it,” he purred into her chest, feeling the moisture waiting for him there.

Andrea Glenn

Jenna sighed loudly as Alex began to rub her through the thin lacy material. She arched her back with intense pleasure.

He removed her panties gently, kissing her inner thighs and knees. She could feel his arousal against her leg. He was pressed hard against her, moving back and forth. She reached down quickly, to grasp him with her hand, but Alex shifted out of her way. "Not, yet, Love. I want this to last a little while longer."

Jenna lay back down on the bed. Her breathing was much more labored now. Perspiration had popped out across her forehead and upper lip.

Alex lazily trailed his hand up and down her stomach, bearing down on her pubic bone. Jenna couldn't help but lift herself off the bed and press into his hand. "Alex..."

"Easy," he whispered. His ministrations were slow and he was enjoying the desire on her face.

"Alex, please," she whimpered.

Alex looked at her and then slid his fingers inside her easily, moving them in and out slowly.

"Better?"

"Yes," Jenna was arching against his hand once more.

The slickness and heat inside brought out a moan. He shook his head from side to side, clenching his jaw.

"It's so damn hot in here," he said hoarsely, his strong distinct voice leaving him now.

"Oh, that feels so good Alex." Jenna twisted on the bed, murmuring softly.

Alex gulped for air, pushing himself up. "I thought you might like that."

Jenna looked on, her eyes wild, as he pinned her hips to the bed, holding her very still. He lowered his lips to her soft, downy hair and ran his tongue around the swollen little bud, making her cry out. She looked down at Alex, passion filling her soul.

He entered her with his tongue and then with his fingers. Within seconds he had reached the spot he was looking for.

"Oh, yes!" she gasped. Jenna felt her eyes clouding over as sensation after sensation ripped through her fevered body.

She could feel him pressing against her leg again, almost painfully. It was unyielding and torrid now. She could feel a trickle of warm fluid run down her knee. She

THE COFFEE SHOP

lifted her leg and pushed against him, rubbing back and forth, alternating between pressing hard and pressing gently.

“Oh, that’s a good girl,” he breathed in her ear.

Alex moved up to Jenna’s face, kissing her, biting her lips lightly. She could feel him at her stomach now. The pressure was incredible. She reached between their bodies and caressed his length. She began to massage him with long, gentle strokes.

His shaft bulged in her hand, continuing to grow steadily at her manipulations. They kissed deeply, their tongues entwined, dancing in ecstasy.

Alex moved his knee into Jenna and rubbed her soft folds softly and slowly. When he moved back, she took him in her hand firmly, guiding it downward to her aching core. “Alex, I need you now.”

“Hmmm?”

He was toying with her. He licked her ear as he rubbed her moist entrance with the engorged head. He moved in a relaxed pace, all the while watching Jenna’s expression. She kept moving, arching, trying to get him to slip inside her.

“Inside...” she whispered. Jenna was beyond pleading. Her voice was trembling with lust. She was grasping the sheets in her hands. Her knuckles were turning white. “Now!”

Alex nodded almost to himself. He couldn’t hold on any longer, either.

As Jenna was teetering on the verge of losing her mind, Alex entered her deeply. She pulled in air between clenched teeth. “Oh, dear God!”

Alex lifted Jenna legs and she locked her ankles together behind his back. He began thrusting into her hard, moving in long, gradual strokes, impaling her against the bed. Her movements matched his, her hips pushing upwards, causing him to slow down, to desperately delay the inevitable.

“Wait, hold on,” he mumbled.

Jenna watched Alex close his eyes tightly, feeling the warm sensation encircling them. “Alex, I can’t hold it much longer.”

“Shit!” He said loudly. Alex was gritting his teeth and trying to look out the window, the chair, anything, but into Jenna’s eyes.

It was heating up to the point of being unbearable. Alex could feel Jenna’s inner heat matching his. It was pure molten lava. He shook his head when he felt her muscles contracting around him, pulling him deeper inside.

Andrea Glenn

“Dammit!” He tipped his head back and looked at the ceiling.

Jenna felt the tension build in him and in her. Alex started to move again, faster. She tightened her grip on him and began shifting back and forth. “Yes, now!” Her muscles were clamping down involuntarily. Her body was taking complete control.

This was more than Alex could stand. His movements were becoming more and more erratic. Jenna’s nails dug into his back and she tossed her head back in complete ecstasy. Her mouth had opened to form an ‘O’ and she was gasping for air. Of course, he knew her orgasm was coming and coming fast.

He moved slightly to the side and brought his hand between them. He rubbed her bud in small, slow circles, as he began to thrust harder and faster.

“You like this?” His voice sounded painful and raw now.

Jenna looked at him frantically. “Yes! Yes! Yes!” She clawed at his chest and screamed out. He shifted his hand and penetrated her deeper once again, lifting her hips higher, slamming against her with brutal force.

The heat inside was maddening. Jenna saw stars behind her tightly shut eyelids. She was gasping for air.

Reaching the point of no return, Alex grabbed Jenna by the back of her head. She opened her eyes and watched him grimace, his face contorting in rapture. He took a deep breath and looked into her eyes once last time. Exploding inside her, he shouted loudly, calling her name.

They rocked back and forth as the tides of passion carried them away. After a few precious moments, Alex moved to Jenna’s side, not wanting to move away from her warm embrace. Both were trying to catch their breath. Eventually, he rolled over and looked at her.

“I want you to know this is not something I normally do. But, I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind since I saw you the first day in the coffee shop.” He ran his finger along her chin, watching her, allowing her beauty to soak inside him.

“Well, I don’t do this either.” Jenna laughed. She gazed at him. Her heart was searching for something. He was smiling at her, but he also looked pained. She hoped he hadn’t regretted this.

Without another word, he pulled her over onto his chest and squeezed her tightly. It wasn’t long before they dozed off together.

* * * *

THE COFFEE SHOP

Alex woke with a start, not knowing where he was. He rolled over and saw Jenna. She was an exceptionally beautiful young woman. He felt the immediate guilt for what he had done. He knew he shouldn't start something that he would never be able to finish. He wanted this, desperately. He gently touched her, waking her from a peaceful sleep.

"What, what is it?" Jenna murmured sleepily.

"I'm sorry to wake you, but I've to go. I have a dinner engagement with my manager." Alex got up quickly and began reaching for his clothes.

Jenna sat up and wrapped herself in a big robe. She stood as he gathered his things.

"I'll walk you to the door." Jenna seemed uncomfortable.

Alex nodded as he tucked in his shirt. He couldn't meet her eyes.

They walked to the door in silence. He pulled on his coat, and looked at her. Jenna saw the same sadness in his eyes as he placed his hands on her shoulders, pulling her close, kissing her deeply.

"Oh, here, I brought you these." He pulled out an envelope. "There are two tickets to tomorrow night's play. I would love for you to come. You can bring someone with you."

Alex handed them to her, not looking up. Jenna smiled and reached up, hugging him tightly. "Thank you. I've never been to a play." She couldn't hide the hot tears in the back of her eyes.

Alex turned and opened the door. He looked back at Jenna. "Thank you for an incredible afternoon." He was smiling at her, but his eyes were full of pain.

"Thank you, Alex." Jenna said, swallowing the lump in her throat. She waved at him as he turned and walked outside.

* * * *

Jenna closed the door and stood alone in the loft. She felt lost. She walked back into her bedroom. Alex's cologne was still in the air. She picked up a pillow and breathed in deeply. She walked over to her desk and sat down in front of her computer. She logged onto the Internet.

Jenna sat numbly for a few minutes and then typed in *Alex Richmond*. It pulled up thousands of hits. He had web sites in his honor, Yahoo groups, Guestbook's, Live Journals, and more, all dedicated to him and the different characters he had played.

Andrea Glenn

Jenna even found quite a few fan fiction sites. She was amazed at the inspiration Alex had given to so many. Staying up until three in the morning, she read everything she could find.

She discovered that Alex was a very well respected actor with a tremendous fan base all over the world. Also, he had a long-term girlfriend in England, who seemed to be a constant in his life for the last thirty years or more. It was then that Jenna allowed the tears to finally flow.

In the early morning hours, she climbed into bed, her mind in a haze of Alex Richmond. Jenna wondered if this was really a one-time occurrence for Alex, or if she was one of many international conquests. She couldn't ignore the way he looked at her, and the sincerity in his voice, although, he *was* an actor.

She rolled over and buried her head in a pillow. She felt sick.

THE COFFEE SHOP

Chapter Four

The next day passed quickly. Jenna got ready for the play. She took a long soak in a tub full of bubbles, trying to relax and ease the nerves that had begun to set her on edge.

She found a lovely black dress that she hadn't worn in a long time. She put it on and spun around in front of the mirror.

With her hair and makeup in place, Jenna called a taxi. Twenty minutes later, her heart skipped a beat when she heard the horn blow outside. She glanced at herself in the mirror as she was walking out the door. She looked terrified.

Arriving early at the theatre, and not yet prepared to go in, Jenna told the driver to circle a few times. She didn't know what to do, and hadn't made up her mind whether to go in and see the play or not. She wanted to see Alex, but she knew it would be the last time.

As they passed the theatre for the third time, she stared at the large poster of Alex outside, and asked the driver to take her back to the loft. She couldn't go in.

Jenna opened the door and slipped out of her high heels. She went over to the computer and lifted a photo of Alex she had printed off from one of the websites dedicated to him the night before.

She stood gazing at the handsome face looking back at her. He was leaning on a chair with dark red drapes hanging behind him. His expression was dark and sultry. One she recognized.

She touched his face, tracing his jaw. He looked so sexy, yet, there was something in his eyes that suggested a longing, a longing Jenna understood. A feeling of loss overwhelmed her.

In that one instant, Jenna knew she could never go to that play, or any other play Alex was in. She knew she would be playing with fire. He couldn't give her what she really wanted, and being with him again would only cause her anguish.

Andrea Glenn

Alex Richmond was a man Jenna could love. The thought made her tremble inside.

She slowly walked to the kitchen and poured a glass of wine. She looked out over the city from her living room. The skyline of New York was waiting for her, a million lights winking at her at once. She took a deep breath and wondered how many other people were looking out their window feeling lost and alone.

A large star caught Jenna's eye. She looked on it with a sense of awe. It was beautiful and intense. It reminded her of Alex as it shone its glory to her.

She closed her eyes, as she took a sip of wine, letting the liquid burn all the way down. When she opened her eyes she felt better. She wanted to see Alex again, but she knew there would be no future there, maybe a few more afternoons of incredible sex, which wasn't bad, but Jenna knew she would want more from him.

Jenna hadn't realized that she really did want a husband and children. She didn't want to be alone in New York forever. Alex obviously could never give any of that to her. He had another life in England, a girlfriend and thousands of adoring females pining away for him.

Turning from the window, Jenna laughed aloud. Alex taught her something about herself that she had been blind to for years. He showed her who she was and what she wanted in a single afternoon.

She understood the sadness in his eyes. He knew he would probably never see her again. And, maybe he had wanted more than an afternoon of sex. It's possible that he would like to settle down and have a normal life with a loving family.

"Oh well," Jenna mumbled, as she walked into her room and sat down at her desk. She clicked on her computer. "He knows where I live." She smiled as she brought up Google and typed in *Alex Richmond*.

THE COFFEE SHOP

About the Author

I've been writing for many years, but in the last few years, my interests have been leaning towards romance and seduction. I live in the deep South and I have a passion for writing from the heart and soul. My inspiration comes from the loves in my life.