



*Caffeine for
a Marine*

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F.B. detested Starbucks.

Not because of the clientele (mostly preppie clones and businessmen and women, cool and briskly efficient, even when placing their coffee orders) or because of the décor (early *blah* was how F.B.'s sister, an interior designer, described it), or even because the bulk of their attendants were wet-behind-the-ears college kids who reminded him of green recruits.

It was because of the *smell*.

The hearty aroma of fresh-perked coffee permeated every inch, every napkin, every *molecule* of the shop. He could smell it as soon as he pulled his Hummer into a parking space out front and opened the door, and it only grew stronger and more potent with each step he'd taken toward the shop's entrance.

F.B. had been caffeine-free for over a year and yet the aroma of coffee *still* made him salivate like Pavlov's dog.

His body's reaction made him feel weak, and *that* was why he detested Starbucks, the demi-god of all coffee shops.

Ex-Marines did *not* tremble simply because they were within sniffing range of a tall low-fat latte.

He clenched his teeth, forcing himself to ignore the enticing smell and the tempting hiss and sputter of the steaming foam from the machines as they spat out orders, F.B. contorted his six-foot, two-inch frame into one of the tiny, blonde wood chairs, stuffing his legs under the kindergarten-sized table.

Honestly, who designed these places? The Lollipop Guild of Munchkinland? F.B. seriously doubted that even *Toto* could sit in one of those chairs and actually be comfortable in it. His own Dobies would use it as a chew toy. The chair added insult to injury by creaking when he shifted his weight, and he growled, low in his chest.

Why he'd ever agreed to meet his date in this den of caffeine iniquity was beyond his reasoning. He *must* have been temporarily Section Eight. That was the only explanation. Normally, he'd have agreed to meet at one of the off-base bars frequented by former soldiers like himself, such as the Peacekeeper - someplace dark, loud, and comfortingly Marine.

A voice called his attention from his internal dialogue. Looking up, he found himself staring at Matt, his date.

Suddenly, F.B. remembered *why* he'd agreed to meet Matt at Starbucks.

For a guy who looked like Matt, F.B. would have met him stark naked in Times Square in the middle of the fucking blizzard, if that's what he'd asked.

“Hey,” F.B. drawled.

His accent always got thicker in direct proportion to his level of horniness and at that moment his cock was getting ready to bust the fly of his camos wide open, making F.B. sound like Texas personified.

“Hi,” Matt grinned, his low-pitched, gravelly voice shooting straight from F.B.’s ears to his groin, electrifying every inch along the way. He slipped into the seat across from F.B. – much more gracefully than F.B. had managed to do – folding his hands on the table in front of him. “Have any trouble finding the place?”

“Nah, I found it all right. What do you want to drink?”

“Nothing right now, thanks.” Funny, but to F.B.’s ears it sounded like Matt had said, “Your spunk, right now. Plop it up on the table, soldier.” Of course, F.B. knew that that was only his libido’s wishful thinking, but...damn, this boy was *hot*.

F.B. had first seen Matt during routine shopping maneuvers last weekend. He’d needed a few things from the supermarket across town that his local grocery store didn’t carry. There, standing in the fruits and vegetable aisle with a casaba melon balanced in each hand, was Matt. Six-foot, dark haired, he was a hundred and eighty-five pounds of solid muscle wedged inside a white wifebeater and a pair of thin, worn Levis that might have been painted on. One of his muscular arms was covered in a colorful, full sleeve tattoo, and, if F.B. wasn’t mistaken, that was a nipple ring outlined under the thin cotton of his t-shirt.

Matt’s dark eyebrows had been knitted in a perplexed frown as he’d stared at the melons in his hand, weighing one against the other. Looking up, his green eyes had sparkled and his stubbly cheek had creased in a boyish, sheepish grin when he’d seen F.B. staring at him. “How do you tell when these damn things are ripe?” he’d asked F.B.

F.B. didn’t know casaba melons from pinto beans, but within five minutes he’d bullshitted his way into helping Matt choosing the one in his left hand, and had walked away from the fruits and vegetables aisle with the other casaba melon and Matt’s phone number.

He’d called that same night and made a date with Matt for today.

At Starbucks.

“Aren’t you drinking anything?” Matt asked.

“I’m off caffeine,” F.B. grumbled. It sounded more like a growl, and he cleared his throat to try to cover.

Matt laughed a deep rumbling sound that thrummed in F.B.’s bones and his cock. “They *do* have decaf, you know.”

“Decaf if for wusses,” F.B. said, and winced as soon as the words had left his mouth. “Not that I think you’re a wuss if you drink it...I mean...”

“I know. Its okay, F.B. So, what do you do for a living?”

“I’m a retired Marine. I own a computer repair service, now. Rebuild and reprogram them, and upgrade client’s existing systems.”

“Cool. I own a pet store over on Fifteenth Street. Puppy Love,” Matt said, smiling.

“I like dogs. I have four, myself.”

“Really? What breed?”

“Dobermans. Four from the same litter, as a matter of fact.”

“Oh, I love Dobies! What are their names?”

F.B. grinned. “Fuck, Me, Hard, and Now.”

Matt cackled, actually snorting and drawing the attention of everyone in the room. “Sorry, but that’s really funny. What do your neighbors think when you call them?”

“Don’t know, don’t care,” F.B. shrugged. “But I do know that mothers keep their rugrats away from my house because of them. Not that the Dobies bite...the parents just don’t want their kids naming goldfish after them.”

“Well, they have to be coolest names for dogs I’ve heard in a while. Speaking of names, what’s “F.B.” stand for, anyway?” Matt asked.

Oh, God. How the fuck did F.B. explain how he got his nickname? It had been given to him by his C.O. during F.B.’s first tour, and it wasn’t exactly a shining example of the Marines’ *Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell* policy.

F.B. stood for Fuck Buddy.

His C.O.’s Fuck Buddy, to be exact.

Somehow the nickname had stuck to him like white on snow, and even now, at forty and retired from active duty, he still went by it.

“Er, it was given to me by my C.O.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, um...I need to use the head. Be back in a minute,” F.B. muttered, hedging on answering. He stood up and made his way to the Men’s Room at the back of the coffee shop.

Inside the restroom, F.B. stared at his reflection in the mirror over the sink. Shit. His face was beet red. He hadn’t blushed since his first day in boot camp, but Matt’s innocent question had him flushing like a schoolgirl.

He pulled his prick out and pissed, hoping that Matt would have forgotten the question before F.B. made it back to the table.

F.B. was so flustered that he’d forgotten to lock the bathroom door, and he twisted around, dick still in hand, when the door opened.

It was Matt.

And he was staring at the hunk of meat F.B. had fisted in his fingers.

“I, uh...ordered you a...uh...decaf latte. I know you think decaf is for wusses, but I felt funny ordering without getting you something. You don’t mind do you?” Matt asked, his green eyes darkening as he continued to stare at F.B. cock. He didn’t attempt to leave the bathroom, instead slipping fully inside and closing the door behind him. F.B. heard the lock snap into place.

Matt was fairly bouncing, rocking back and forth and shifting his weight from one foot to the other. “Didn’t know if you wanted sugar or cream or what, though. Do you want? Sugar or cream, I mean. Or do you drink it black? I like mine light and sweet. Sometimes with cinnamon or chocolate...”

Shit, the boy is jazzed on caffeine, F.B. thought. Still, he noticed that, caffeine high or no, Matt’s eyes hadn’t stopped looking at F.B.’s cock.

F.B. felt his dick grow hard under Matt’s intense gaze. Shit. He's going to think I'm a goddamn pervert. “No, thanks. That’s great.”

“F.B.?”

“Yeah?”

“I...um...I mean, you...um...”

“Yeah?”

“Oh, fuck it,” Matt growled, dropping to his knees. F.B.’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as Matt’s lips closed around the head of his cock. His tongue was like velvet sin, curling and swirling over F.B.’s prick, sliding up and down its length from his balls to the tip and back again.

Lord, the boy was talented.

F.B. reached down and grabbed Matt's ears, pulling until Matt growled, letting F.B.'s cock go and standing up. With his hands still on either side of Matt's head, F.B. smashed his lips against Matt's, tasting himself on Matt's tongue. He ground his cock into the denim of Matt's jeans, knowing that the precome that slicked its head would leave a wet spot on them.

Matt tore at F.B.'s shirt, breaking their kiss only long enough to get it up over his head. His lips went for a nipple, his tongue tracing the Semper Fi tat F.B. had over his heart. Each lick sent an electrical jolt to F.B. cock, making it twitch hungrily.

"Naked. Get naked. Now," F.B. ordered, his voice thick with need. He smirked when Matt straightened, cheekily saluted, and stripped down to his skin.

Lordy, Lordy. Matt's body was chiseled, each muscle perfectly defined. F.B. counted an eight-pack, something he'd never been able to achieve himself despite a life in the Marines and a daily regimen of heavy exercise.

Those abs were genetic, someone had once told F.B. Right now, all that F.B. cared about was the fact that those abs were right there in front of him, begging to be touched.

Licked.

Nibbled.

He worked his way slowly down the center of Matt's chest, pausing to take his silver filigreed nipple ring between his teeth and pull, eliciting a hissed oath from Matt. Grinning, F.B. continued on, licking every inch of Matt's delectable skin all the way down to paradise.

Paradise hardly described the thick, long hunk of meat that rose between Matt's thighs like a tank gun, and ready to fire by the looks of things. F.B. opened wide, swallowing him whole right down to the root.

Matt's fingers tried to twist in F.B. hair, but found little purchase in his brush cut. Instead, F.B. felt them push down on his skull, as Matt's hips bucked upward, fucking F.B.'s mouth. Thick drops of precome filled F.B.'s mouth as Matt began to moan.

"Gonna come soon," Matt groaned, his fingers tightening over F.B.'s skull.

"Do it!" F.B. commanded before attacking Matt's cock again with the single-minded focus only a Marine was capable of achieving. He sucked hard, drawing Matt's cock as deeply into his throat as he could.

Matt's fingers dug into his scalp as he came, semen filling F.B.'s mouth with salty-bitter ambrosia. He drank it all, thinking that it was a helluva lot better than anything Starbucks could possibly brew.

Standing up, F.B. caught a still-trembling Matt by his broad shoulders and spun him around, bending him over the small sink. Kneeling, he spread Matt's cheeks with his fingers, eyeing the ridged flesh of Matt's umber-colored asshole. Sweet. It was as clean as a whistle. Not a single hair clung to the puckered hole, just the way F.B. liked it. Flicking out his tongue, he rimmed Matt's hole with quick little laps.

Musky and heady, Matt's flavor blended with the taste of his semen that still clung to F.B.'s tongue, creating a potent cocktail that set F.B.'s cock to full attention. Curling his tongue, F.B. thrust it into Matt's tight little hole, tongue-fucking him with gusto. He'd been blessed with a very talented tongue, nearly prehensile, and F.B. used that talent now to its fullest advantage. Within only a few moments, he had Matt moaning and bucking back against his face.

"Wanna fuck you now, boy," F.B. growled, standing up. Matt's only answer was a half-strangled mewl as F.B. quickly digging out a condom from his jeans' pocket. He rolled it over his length in record time, nearly coming in the process. He didn't waste anymore time - he aligned his cock with Matt's asshole and pushed right in.

"Fuck!" F.B. gasped as Matt's body wrapped itself around F.B.'s cock, tight and silky, and burning hot. He pushed in as far as he could go, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. "So fucking tight, Matt," he sighed, pulling back and slamming himself back in.

He established a rhythm that had his pelvis slapping against Matt's ass with loud cracks, quickly nearing the point of no return.

When F.B. came shortly after, it was in great, shuddering spurts that filled Matt's canal and leaked out over his balls.

Drained, F.B. leaned against the cool wall of the bathroom, his muscles trembling and twitching in the aftermath of his orgasm. Matt lifted himself off the sink and sat down on the closed lid of the toilet, his head hanging low.

"You okay?" F.B. asked, sounding a little breathy since he was still panting from his exertions.

"Yeah, just...wow. That was fucking fantastic." Matt had stopped bouncing at least. Great sex will drain even the strongest caffeine high in an instant.

"I know the feeling. Man, you have a sweet ass, Matt."

Matt smiled up at him, reaching for his clothes. F.B. zipped himself up and waited for Matt to finish dressing. "Helluva first date, huh? I never knew Starbucks could be so much fun," he grinned.

Matt nodded, and unlocked the door. They slipped out, trying not to make it conspicuous that two men had been locked in the john together, which was nearly impossible since they were both six feet tall and built like a pair of proverbial brick shithouses. Eyes followed them all the way to back to their table.

“So, what would you like to do now?” F.B. asked, downing his cooled decaf latte in one long swallow.

“I could eat,” Matt said. “I seem to have worked up an appetite.”

F.B. laughed, nodding. “Yeah, me too. Where? You’re choice and my treat.”

“Doesn’t matter to me,” Matt said, winking at F.B, “as long as they have a bathroom.”

F.B. felt his cock twitch. This might very well go down in the annals of history as the world’s best first date. For Matt, he might even consider taking up caffeine again, if it meant more trips to Starbucks with him.

Or, more precisely, more trips to the Starbucks’ bathroom with him.

END

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