

Coffee

by
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V. 2.01

Yes, I have a version number on the top. I can give you an approximate time line and why. (plus a small history of this story for those who are interested)

V0.1 Story is born. This story started when my old writing partner and I went out to a coffee shop way back in 1995 or so (btw, for anyone in Vegas, it's the coffee shop at sunset and Stephnie, in the borders, and was fairly late at night) I wrote to where the two start off. I didn't know at this time what I wanted to do with the story.

V0.2 wrote further. At this time I was in Seattle and kind of living with an ex-girlfriend from high school. This was around 1997 or so, between July and October or so. That was a fairly dark chapter of my life and I turned to writing to help me through it. I started writing on this story at that time, but no idea how far I had gotten, every page I had written was ripped up and thrown away by the ex-girlfriends brother (and I made him search a garbage dumpster for them that day, but they were never found) Also, I had a set of notebooks (at least three that I can remember) that were stolen from me at this time in Seattle (At the SeaTac airport). If any of you are in possession of them, I want them back, no questions asked, one was a green 3 subject notebook that was full, one was a red 3 subject notebook, not full, and one was another green notebook, barely full as I remember. I'm sure there were 1 or 2 more, but I can't remember them. I will give a reward (don't care if you were the one who stole them, I just want them back)

V0.5 finally finished the story. In 1999 or 2000, I can't remember, I finally finished the story. Maybe even 2001. I can't remember the circumstances though.

V0.7 Got the story critiqued by several writing groups I belonged to. I can't find the critiques, so I can't date them, but it was generally considered a good story but with no marketability because of the ideas in the story (I have been yelled at by a lot of people about this story)

V1.0 The Great Experiment. I decided to offer this story for free to see how many people would read it. I compiled it into a .exe format that doesn't allow copying or printing and put it up on the web. It had pictures at certain points of the story.

V1.5 Removed the pictures (made the version too bit), and put it up again, added some previews of other works I had written.

V.2.0 Found out angelfire had cut off downloading of the ebook because it might spread viruses. So I compiled 4 new versions (which I had been considering for a while, but hadn't gotten to it). This was September 26, 2004

V.2.01 remembered I forgot my e-mail address, so added it and also included the version history you just read. This is on September 27, 2004

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With that said, I pretty much let anyone do whatever they want, I just like being informed about places where it is (and reviews and so forth) for both my own personal reasons and so I can use a quote or two when trying to get various writing assignments.

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Do any of you want to read more by me? I have a few other stories sitting around which I have decided to not publish. If you want more, e-mail me and tell me so at Samuel_Plahetka@msn.com

As of September 26, 2004, I am working on a serial novel. I don't want to give too many details out right now, but I do want to say check in frequently at my website for more information.

Blue smoke swirled in the air, the bitter-sweet smell of coffee danced with chocolate. Once, long ago, this was the essence of heaven. Now, it is the stench of hell, a hell of eternal boredom. I knew this, and longed for escape, to be free of my coffee mad world. Long ago, people from Seattle had drunk all the coffee. Coffee was now scarce,

almost as scarce as vacation time, but I took all of mine, just to be free of guarding that coffee warehouse. But, somehow, despite myself, I ended up in a coffee bar, ordering an in-house mocha blend. As I waited, I watched the people that were drinking coffee. At the tables, there were quite a few young collage students drinking to stay awake, or so I guessed. Sitting on the floor were the addicts. Most had hair in colors rarely or never found in nature and lots of piercing. There was a loud group of middle aged people to one side, discussing something or another. And, there was a lone women, looking over a large book laid flat on her table. Maybe it was the color of her hair, or her eyes, or the way she chewed her pencil, but I had to talk to her.

"May I take this seat?"

"Sure," she said, without even looking up from her book. Her hair was pulled back from her eyes. I sat down next to her. She was completely absorbed by that book.

"So, what are you doing?"

She looked up at me, with a hint of confusion in her eyes, "Where did you come from?"

'My mother,' I thought and smiled. "You said I could sit here."

"Oh," she said. Her eyes were watching some far away time, as if she was thinking. She waved her hand, as if to brush it aside. "Well, then, I'm studying this map."

Looking down at the map, I saw she had traced a path across it. "Excuse me, but if you went this way," I said as I traced a line across the map, "You would avoid this mountain top."

She watched me for what seemed a long time, her eyes locked with mine. "Are you as good in the wilderness as you are on paper?"

I blushed in spite of myself. I knew she hadn't meant it like that. "I would like to think so."

"I need someone to come with me, someone who is strong and can keep going for long periods of time with little rest. Think you can handle it?" she asked while her mouth moved into a seductive smile.

"What are you going to be doing?"

"I'm looking for an ancient village that is hidden somewhere in this valley," her finger pointed to a valley on the map.

"Does it have anything to do with coffee or chocolate?"

"No"

"Then I accept."

I left that night without even a name, but she had everything; name, address, and telephone number.

The sun shone in brightly. I could see its brightness through my eyelids. The doorbell rang.

"Just a second, I'm coming," I yelled as I jumped up and put on my clothes. I glanced at the clock before I left the room, which read 7:30. I got to my door and looked out the peephole. The girl from last night was outside.

"Well, are you ready?" she asked as I opened the door.

"No, I just got up, You said we'd be leaving late, it's 7:30," I said as I tried to rub the sleep from my eyes.

"This is late, if I was going by myself, I would've left hours ago."

I sighed as she said this and spent the next half-hour getting ready. As we left, I couldn't help but feel I would never see my home again.

It was midday. The sun barely reached in under the canopy of leaves in the forest we were traveling through. For nearly half a day there had been nothing but silence between us. She was mad about this morning, I knew it. I had spoiled my chances with her and there was no way to go back. I was afraid of what her first words would be; so I dared not speak at all, least she say something I would regret. The silence though, it was unbearable.

My ears rang for need to hear something.

"So, what are we looking for?" I asked. She turned and stared at me. I felt myself back into my shirt.

"I was wondering if you'd keep silent the entire trip," She said. I sighed in relief and then felt myself blushing.

"I thought you were mad at me," I said.

"Me, mad at you? Why would you say that?" She asked.

"Just a feeling." I paused, suddenly embarrassed. "So, what are we looking for," I said. She watched me for a few seconds.

"We're looking for a band of lesbians which live in the ancient caves here, I'm selling you into slavery," she said. I felt beads of sweat roll down my face. "Just kidding. There are remains of an ancient civilization out here. Just to illustrate how old this one is, coffee was discovered four thousand years ago, this cave we are looking for is ten thousand years old."

My mind could hardly comprehend it, something that was older than coffee.

A dark cloud covered the sky. I watched it as it blotted out the sun. The leaves above me rustled, small raindrops falling between them.

"Come on, we have to hurry. There's a cave on the other side of these trees," She said as she took my hand and started to run. We ran through the trees in a mad dash to a cave on the other side. The rain poured down on us, soaking us through. We ran right into the cave.

"I think the rain won't get us here," She said. I looked around; the cave was made of bricks mortared into place. I felt a tingling on my head, and the world went black.

Looking around, I saw I was in a straw lined cell. There were bars blocking my way out.

"Owww, whoever hit me with the truck is gonna pay," I said. I looked out of one eye; opening two was far too painful. Across the way were two men sitting on the floor. Outside, there was a single guard.

"Jailer, did you get the license plate of the truck that hit me?" I yelled out. He smiled a bit. Somehow the smile made me feel better, even though I had no idea where I was.

"We had to get stuck with a comedian," I heard one of the guys on the other side of the cell say.

"Hey, I liked that joke. First rate, classic, always gets a smile or a laugh," the other one said.

"Classic? More like out of style. I wouldn't laugh at that joke if it was the last joke on earth."

"I get stuck in a cell with a couple of critics," I said. The guard outside chuckled softly. The two across the way stopped talking. The brief banter had distracted me from what must have been a serious situation. The cave was obviously owned by someone, but where was my traveling companion? After a few minutes of silence, a woman came up to the cell. She looked me over.

"Yes, he is quite good. He'll be perfect. Guard, prepare him," She said and walked off down whatever hall she came through. The guard nodded slightly as she passed.

"Get up, you heard the mistress, you have to get ready," The guard said. I stood up as the guard opened the gate. After I had stepped out, he locked it behind me.

"What is it I'll be perfect for?" I asked as we walked down a corridor.

"I'm sorry, I can't tell you," He said. We entered a large stone room. There was a bath filled to the top and a stack of clothes on a chair nearby.

"You are to wash up and put on your new clothes. I'll be outside," He said as he went outside. I wasn't really sure what was going on, but I stripped all my clothes off and stepped into

the bath. Warm, quite nice in fact. I let the heat soak into my body as I lay within the tub. I wasn't sure what I had done to get this, but I definitely wanted it to continue. I lifted myself out of the tub and let the water drip onto the floor for a moment. I grabbed a nearby towel and wiped myself off. I bent down and picked up the clothes they had left me. It was a one-piece outfit, bright orange and yellow. I slipped it on. It wasn't really my color, but it would do. I walked outside to see the guard standing there.

"This way please," he said. I started in the direction he had pointed me. I looked back and saw admiration in his eye. Maybe the people here thought I was a ruler, or maybe a god. Me, a god, I never would have imagined. I climbed up a flight of stairs.

"It's right through that door," He said. I opened it and went through. I was on a stage. There was a woman near the front of it who turned in my direction as I walked through. I looked over the side to see maybe three hundred people standing below the stage, all of them watching me. I was right. I could hardly believe it. I smiled at my private thought. The women in front of me waved me towards her. I walked over to her and she put a hand on my shoulder.

"This fine specimen of manhood was brought in by Angie. We honor her tonight with half the price and ask the bidding start at five pounds of coffee." I flinched. They were selling me? I was to become a slave? And I was being bought with coffee?

"Five pounds," a woman in front yelled out.

"six pounds," a woman further back yelled.

"ten pounds," a woman on the side yelled.

"twenty pounds," the woman in front yelled.

"one hundred pounds," The woman on the side yelled. Everything grew quiet.

"I hear one hundred pounds, one hundred pounds is the bid, do I hear higher?" The woman who was holding my shoulder yelled. She looked around.

"Sold, for 100 pounds to Alexis." Everyone started clapping.

"What just happened?" I said. The woman who held me didn't say a word. A woman started up a set of stairs near the side of the stage. She had beautiful blonde hair, legs all the way up, and the most beautiful pair of... eyes. Green eyes actually. She walked over to me and put her arm around mine. The women on stage let go of me and I was led down the stairwell.

"What's going on?" I asked. She said nothing to me as we walked. I looked up and saw I was in a large cave of some type.

The stone walls completely surrounded us, except for what appeared to be a glass skylight in the center of the cave ceiling. It was big, maybe 4 times the size of the cafe where this all started. Torches were all around on the walls, some lit, giving more light to the darkened areas. There were several houses all around. Some were made of wood, some were made of stone, and some were cut into the sides of the rock face. She led me to one of the doors on the side of a rock face and opened it. We stepped inside. I gasped as I walked in. The room was huge. There were carpets and furniture all around, in all shades of colors. There was a bookshelf or two scattered around, filled with books. There was a stairwell going up to a hallway about 8 feet up, cut away so I could see 8 doors. She led me to a door I hadn't noticed downstairs. She opened it and led me inside. There was a giant bed on one side of the room, and the floor was completely carpeted in a blue Arabian rug. Pillows were all around the room everywhere. She took me to the bed and sat me down.

"This is your home now. This is where you will sleep," She said, pointing to the bed.

"You are not to speak unless spoken to. Is that understood?"

"Yes Alexis," I said.

"You are to call me mistress," She said. I looked up into her eyes. There was no anger in her face, though her voice was filled with it. I wasn't sure, but I thought she might be faking.

"Yes Mistress."

She sat down next to me on the bed.

"You only have one job here. This is my families' house. Right now, we have 6 people living here, including me. We need children to keep the family going. You will provide those children." She must have seen the puzzled look on my face.

"Yes, what do you want to ask?"

"How am I going to provide children?" I asked. She smiled slightly and removed her clothing.

I was sitting in a red chair in the middle of the large room that was at the front of the house, I think it was the living room. Standing next to me was Alexis. She had her hand on the back of my chair and was gently rubbing my neck. All around were women of various ages. One, closest to the woman's age that was rubbing my neck, was sitting alone on a nearby chair. Nearby, two couches were facing towards me. On one were two teenagers. One had laid her head in the others lap while the first was running her fingers through the others hair. On the other couch sat two women, somewhere in their early twenties. They sat close with their hands joined.

"Now that we are all settled," Alexis said, looking at the two youngest girls, "I have an announcement. I just recently bought some new merchandise at the auction. I've already tried him out and he seems in perfect working order."

"Why can't you just say it. S...E...X. Sex, it's not that hard," the young women with her head in the others lap said.

"Sarah, stop that. It's not sex. He's a man, and men are used for babies, nothing else. It's not sex," She said.

"Then why do you have your hand on him?" Sarah said. I saw a slight smile cross her face.

"So he'll be ready for the next time," Charli said. She was sitting on the chair. Her words seemed to be in support of Alexis, but I could tell from the look on her face that she didn't want me here.

"I find this whole thing degrading," one of the twenty-year-olds said. "Why do we need a man here? They eat our food and give us little in return."

"Lily, it's not your place to question Alexis," Charli said. "She knows what is best."

"Quite right Charli," Alexis said. "He's here and that's my decision. You can use him as you please. I have told him what his role is."

The two teenagers stood up. "We want to try him for ourselves, thank you," Sarah said. They walked over to me and each took an arm. They led me back into my room.

I was very impressed by this. Somehow, I had gotten what every man had always wanted, as well as having a big house to live in, not having to work, and having plenty of books to read. Books were my first love. I could sit and read till all hours of the day. But, I quickly learned not to be caught reading by either Alexis or Charli. Alexis would come in and tell me "These books aren't for you," and take the book out of my hand. She'd then take me back into my room. Charli was worse. She'd come up and stare at me for a while, then ask, "How can you read books without pictures in them?" I would tell her "I enjoy books" and she'd laugh at me. "Men don't know how to read." she would say and walk off. Once, I heard them arguing in the other room.

"How can you bring that thing into our house?" Charli yelled.

"He's essential. We need him to help us expand our family. It's not so bad honey. Try him sometime."

"Ugh. I'm just happy eventually he'll toil in the families' coffee fields. That's what we really need him for."

The idea was pungent. That someday I would have to work in coffee fields.

One day, I was sitting in a chair in the corner of the living room, reading, when Lily and her girlfriend walked out of their bedroom upstairs. They both looked kindly, and I wanted everyone to like me, or at least tolerate me, or my stay would be very bad indeed.

"Lily," I said as I put the book down.

"Yes, what is it?" She said in an icy voice. I didn't say a word after that. After a few seconds, she turned away from me and left. Her girlfriend came over and sat next to me.

"Lily just doesn't like men at all. You'll have to forgive her, she isn't very tactful." She said.

"Thank you, for talking to me like a real person," I said. She smiled.

"I'm Evelyn. And why shouldn't I talk to you like a real person. You are a person, despite what everyone else would say." She started to whisper.

"I want to tell you something, and show you something, but not here." She took my hand in hers. I stood up and followed her.

"Don't say a word. Just follow me," She said. We walked outside and into the cave. All around women stood and talked or walked. No one even turned to us. I only saw one other man, and he walked quietly behind another woman, eyes to the ground. After a few

minutes, we reached a wooden building of some type. She took me inside. After the door closed, she locked it. I looked around. There were wooden tables all around the room. On top there were tools of various types as well as machines, some wooden, some metal. In the corner was something under a large cloth canvas.

"This is my workshop. I make all the mechanical items in this village." She said. I was amazed. So many hand crafted items in one place. She walked over to a pitcher and poured a brown liquid into two cups. I could tell what it was immediately. The smell was one of a kind.

"Where I come from, everything is made by machines. I doubt anyone even knows how to make anything by hand anymore." Evelyn giggled softly as I said this.

"What's so funny?" I said. She handed me a cup. The smell was a reminder of where I came from. I held it, trying not to drink.

"Well, it's just that we are told men live in the mountains that surround here. We send out special hunters and trackers who get them from the wilderness and bring them back." I do admit the mental image of this was funny and I laughed too.

"No, I'm afraid not. Though it would be funny if that was true. Men, and women, live in a city quite a few days journey from here I suppose. It's big, made completely of metal, and much too advanced for my tastes." I couldn't hold back anymore and I took a swallow of the coffee. I was surprised. It tasted much better than the coffee back home.

"Does that mean you like it here?" she asked.

"I guess it does," I said.

Evelyn spent a lot of time with me over the next few weeks. We read together, talked, and she showed me her inventions. Most of them were strange, like the automatic scrambled egg maker that would make a scrambled egg while still in its' shell. She told me she used to have Charli taste all the eggs when she was testing it, and one egg was so hot it burned all of Charli's taste buds away. In all the time though, the canvas-covered item in the corner was never shown to me.

"Evelyn, what's under the canvas cover?" I asked one day. She was tinkering with a machine she had told me was used to cut hair. The wooden head next to it was so badly chopped up I was glad I had kept my hair cut before I got here and didn't need to have another hair cut yet. She put the item down and turned towards me.

"That's my masterpiece. I perfected it a long time ago, but no one trusts it." She walked over to the canvas and picked it up. Underneath was a bicycle, but instead of wheels on the bottom, it had a propeller on the back and long hard leather wings on either side. "They say if woman was meant to fly, God would have given her wings."

I looked it over. It looked strong, but I wasn't sure. "Does it work?"

"Yes, and perfectly too. It took me a while to get the wing size and shape just right, but it works. You peddle and the faster you peddle, the faster you go. I put flaps controlled from the handlebars to go left and right, push left side and you go left, push right side and you go right. Push both and you crash," she said and giggled a bit. "Would you like to try it?" she asked me. I could feel my heart skip a beat. When I was a boy, I used to dream of flying without a bulky airplane, just me and a simple machine, just like In an ancient myth of two brothers who flew across a beach.

"Yes," I said after a few seconds of musing. I will admit right now that even though it was fun, that machine wasn't the easiest thing in the world to move. We had to pull it to a nearby opening to the outside. By the time we got there, we were both drenched in sweat. I walked over to the side of the cave, where the open sunlit mountainside was. A cool breeze flew past me. Well, actually the cool breeze was quite cold with all the sweat. I looked back and Evelyn was shivering a bit.

"Oh, you're cold," I said.

"It's nothing. I'll be fine," she said, trying to wave me aside with a flimsy hand gesture. She shivered so badly I couldn't tell what it was supposed to be a hand gesture of.

"No, come on, we'll warm you up some. Fresh clothes, hot bath, that type of thing," I said. I saw her smile as I took her back to the house.

Now, I know I had told Evelyn I liked it there, but these little things kept clicking in my head, things that weren't quite right. The eternal twilight of the cave, nearly no other men around, the thought of harvesting coffee, Oh, and I almost forgot, an axe wielding Lilly. I had just helped Evelyn with her bath, scrubbing her back and such. She was always nice and I couldn't help but want to help her with these things. She stood up and stepped out of the bath. I stood nearby with a towel and started to dry her. I must also admit I liked the view, and Evelyn had no problems with letting me look. I was so entranced with the view, I didn't hear Lily calling for Evelyn, or the door opening.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" Lily screamed. I hadn't noticed her walk in. I turned around and looked at her.

"Hands off my girlfriend boytoy!" she screamed at me again. She had a loud voice, so loud my ears were ringing. I was so absorbed with trying to make the ringing stop, I forgot I had a hand on Evelyn's shoulder. I thought I heard Evelyn say something, but couldn't hear what through the ringing in my ears. I saw Lily growl and leave. I thought I was safe. I waited a few seconds for the ringing to stop, then continued to towel off Evelyn.

"There, clean and spotless," I said, grinning.

"Come with me, there is something I want to show you," she said. She smiled a bit. Evelyn took me by the hand and led me to her room. Her room was filled with stuffed animals, all arranged neatly around the room, some on the bed, some on the dresser, some in a mural in a corner. I had never seen her room until now.

"Nice stuffed animals," I said. She looked around.

"After I was born, Charli started making them for me. She did that for a long time. I've been told she felt guilty. She hated men, hated the man who got Alexis pregnant, but she felt guilty because she loved me." I paused for a moment.

"I heard Charli and Alexis talking a few weeks ago. They said when I was no longer needed, I'd harvest coffee in the fields." I looked into her eyes, but she turned away.

"I don't know. I've heard rumors to that effect. Somewhere we have coffee plants, but I have never seen them before." I turned away. She must have noticed I was upset about this.

"Hey, it's ok, cheer up." Her voice got very soft.

"I've been curious about why everyone has been so excited about you. I wanted to see for myself, first hand." I noticed as she said this she was running her hand up my thigh. I leaned in closer and kissed her, gently at first but then the kiss exploded with

passion, with fire, and a door being knocked down. Well, the door wasn't part of the kiss. But the door almost exploded. There was a huge gash down the center. Then Lily stepped in. She was carrying a large axe. For a moment I was in awe that she could carry a weapon that large.

"I'll make sure you never touch her again," Lilly growled.

"No Lily, it wasn't him, it was me," Evelyn said, but Lily wasn't listening. She lowered her voice. "She's in a jealous rage. She's very dangerous, but sloppy right now." I nodded and climbed over the bed to the other side. Lily came straight through the center of the room and while she walked over the bed, I dashed through the door. I find running is good for the soul, especially when your body and soul needs saving. I ran through the house, out the door, and around the marketplace. Lily kept up pace right behind me, with the axe still in hand. It amazed me she could keep up with me while carrying it. I think it was around now that I decided I missed home and I should go back. I briefly thought of taking Evelyn, but I couldn't tear myself away from more pressing problems. I ran to the cave and the flying machine. I climbed onto it and started pedaling as fast as I could. I barely got out of the cave as Lily caught up and tried to take a swing at me. She missed and fell to the floor with the axe. I started to fly upwards and towards home. I hoped Evelyn would be okay.

The machine was surprisingly swift. It got me back home within hours. My apartment, unfortunately, was completely destroyed, a bombing by an anti-coffee militia group. I was right, I never did see my apartment again. Plus, I was gone so long I had lost my job. I tried to explain, but they just wouldn't believe a story about lesbians kidnapping me for use as a sex slave.

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