

# Decaf

Book  
1



# Intro

## from the author

This story is a story of difference.

It is also attempting to be a message of how we find uniqueness in others. It's a story of complicated love and complex emotions, of how we all act differently, told by characters who all appear differently.

It also might be a bit of an ode to some of the cartoons, TV shows, other media and to coffee shop and city culture as a whole, with characters that might make you think a bit.

I hope you enjoy this first little taste of this tale.

~

A bell jingled as the door to a coffee shop opened. It was pretty dark outside, as small cars drove by outside. The shop itself was lit warmly, with small chairs, tables, and soft couches situated around. There was a wide variety of art, framed and hung near the tables, with a small jukebox in the corner completing the homely feel of the cafe.

"You think they'll have those cinnamon buns this late?" a small voice chirped, as two figures entered the coffee shop. This voice was shy, speaking her words quietly, but in a curious manner.

"I think they might. Why would I want one when I've got one already, though?" Another voice spoke, the second figure, shutting the door behind her. This voice was calm, smooth as silk, speaking kindly to her friend. The two walked up to the counter, where a man stood, scribbling something down on a notepad.

"Well, if it isn't our two night time regulars. Do either of you sleep?" The man laughed, joking around.

"Well, you know how it goes, sometimes you just need a good drink, right Dan?" The second voice spoke, in the same silky tones as before.

"Yeah, I gotcha. Guessing it'll be some sort of milk drink, right Latte?" "You know me too well, dude. What's new today?" Latte responded.

"Well, I switched us over to organic syrups and flavorings recently. We just got the stuff today, so I can add any of that in. Something about this 'cascara' flavor too, that's new," the man answered, glancing at Latte, who's ears were perking up. "I always forget about those," Dan said, softly. "Your ears, I mean." Latte rubbed the two cat ears on top of her head.

"Yeah, sorry. They're a bit odd. I guess I'll take some steamed milk with some of that cascara flavoring. Anyway, what do you want, Cinnamon?" Latte turned to the shorter figure, looking down at her.

"I'll take that as well, why not?" Cinnamon responded.

"Alright, here you go." Dan passed the two their drinks.

"Thanks, dude." Latte moved over to a table near a window. Cinnamon came along. Latte sipped her milk, her eyes occasionally dancing their way over to Cinnamon, looking her up and down, then darting back away, towards the glass window behind her. She eventually spoke, "Huh. This drink reminds me of someone." She then continued darting her eyes around, always coming back to the person seated across from her. Cinnamon blushed.

"Latte, what's the reason you stare at me so much?" She said shyly.

"Um, well, uh," Latte stuttered a bit, but then found what she wanted to say. "you're really nice." Cinnamon looked confused.

"What do you mean? You've said that a lot!" Latte smiled, and rubbed her arm.

"I mean, you're just cute, always curious, always up for going around town with me, and, honestly, you're someone I feel comfortable to be around." Latte spoke softly, each word making her smile as she said it.

"Oh!" Cinnamon blushed again. "Well, you're neat too. I don't think I'd be half the person I am without all of the experiences we've had together." She smiled herself, sipping her milk. Latte sipped her beverage as well. Cars passed by the secluded coffee shop periodically, as Latte was still glancing out the window. Latte looked like she was holding something inside.

"Uh, Cinnamon?" Cinnamon put her drink down.

"What's up?" Latte closed her eyes.

"Do you think that we're in love?" she blurted out, putting her hands over her mouth immediately afterward as a rosy red blush filled her face and her ears popped up once again. Cinnamon reached over the small table and patted Latte's ears. Latte looked confused. Cinnamon spoke.

"Latte, love is always changing. Love isn't always an intense thing, and love doesn't really mean anything specific. We make our own brand of love, you and I, because we're both looking out for each other, and care for each other.." Latte stared, awestruck, at Cinnamon.

"Cinnamon, that's the most perfect definition of love I've ever heard." She smiled, her ears still perked up.

"Latte, by the way," Cinnamon spoke again, smiling. "your ears are really cute." Latte blushed again, stammering.

"Wha-what! They're just, well, uh, little triangular fluff balls, they just get emotional sometimes, well, uh, they just-" Latte paused as Cinnamon put her hand on top of her own.

"You see, we're both a little crazy, when it comes to this love business." Cinnamon spoke softly. Latte nodded in agreement.

"You've got that right."

~The Next Morning~

Latte and Cinnamon sat in their apartment, both watching some show about cooking summer foods, each of them drinking cups of iced tea. Suddenly, there was a small *whip-whip* sound on the other side of their wall.

"Hey, Latte, you hear that?" Cinnamon spoke, with curiosity.

"Yeah. I don't remember us having any neighbors, do you?" Latte inquired.

"Nope, none on this floor. Wonder who they could be." Cinnamon sipped her iced tea.

"You wanna go find out?" Latte spoke excitedly.

"Umm, sure, why not." Cinnamon put down her iced tea, and got up from their couch. Latte did likewise.

Latte walked to the door, and opened it. "After you," she said, waiting for Cinnamon to walk through the door.

Cinnamon smiled, and walked through. Latte came out after.

"So, should we knock on their door?" Cinnamon pointed to the door, with a number 269 on it.

"Why not?" Latte gave a few knocks to the door. The whipping noise stopped for a second. The door opened.

"Ok, ok, I know you want- oh!" A tall feminine figure was staring back at them, wearing a hoodie, an odd swimsuit-like top, and a pair of maroon leggings with demon horns and simple faces. Her shoes were also eccentric, resembling slippers but having little swirly tails on the back of them. She had orange hair, and blue eyes. However, her most striking feature was the two cream colored horns sticking out of the top of her hoodie.

"Uhh, hi! Who are you guys?" The figure spoke.

"We live next door, and we heard a little noise coming from over here. We just wanted to check it out." Cinnamon explained.

"Lemme guess. Was it a little whipping noise?" The woman smirked as she said this.

"Uh, yeah." Latte said.

The woman reached back to grab something, and produced a long, wide, dark pink tail, with a sharp tip, resembling a heart.

"Huh. That explains something." Cinnamon said, bewildered but somehow keeping calm.

"I didn't realize I had neighbors. Want to come in to talk?" The horned woman smiled, still cradling the tail in her arms.

Latte went to speak, but Cinnamon piped up, "Sure!"

"Great. I like your spunk. Come in!"

The woman stepped back to reveal a slightly furnished apartment, with a few moving boxes stacked in a corner. Someone stood near them, taking out small objects and taking them into a room near the boxes.

"Hey, Chai, come say hi to the neighbors," the woman said.

The woman leaned in to whisper something to Cinnamon and Latte. "Chai's a bit shy, and she doesn't really like people at all. She's my roommate, though, and without her I wouldn't have this apartment. Or be here. I like her dark humor." The woman looked towards the boxes. A semi-tall girl with two fox ears turned around from her position facing the boxes.

She had long hair, and was wearing a long sleeve shirt.

"Oh, uh, hi." Chai spoke tersely, turning back to her boxes.

The horned woman sighed, turning back to face Cinnamon and Latte. Then, she looked shocked and blushed. "OH! I realized, I never told you guys my name!" The woman exclaimed, smiling at the two. "My name's Jam. Nice to meet..." She trailed off, pointing towards Cinnamon.

"Oh, my name's Cinnamon."

The woman pointed towards Latte.

"Latte, thanks."

The woman grinned. "What is it with all these food and drink based names! Does anyone have an actual name anymore?" She laughed. "Welp, glad that I'm not totally alone here!" Jam smiled, feeling at her horns.

"Jam, if I may ask," Latte began.

"Mhm?" Jam turned towards a fridge, opening it and taking out a pink and clear drink bottle.

"What are you?" Latte finished.

"Oh, I'm a demon." Jam poured out the liquid into a small flask, which swirled around in the container, making popping sounds.

"That's cool- wait what?!" Latte exclaimed.

"Demons? What?" Cinnamon looked confused."

"Oh yeah. Chai summoned me one day. It's been nice living in the human world, with some demon benefits." She sipped a bit of the pink beverage.

"Wait, you were summoned? So you're a spirit?" Latte was clearly astounded.

"Oh, no. I'm real. I just came from the demon world, is all. Chai got bored one day, and, accidentally, somehow finished a summoning circle, then she fell asleep. I popped out, closed the circle, and

fell asleep next to her. Needless to say, she was a bit shocked when she woke up to see me." Jam said, softly.

"Huh. Neat. Demons are real, how about that." Cinnamon walked past Jam and towards Chai, and tapped Chai on the shoulder.

"Huh?" Chai spun around to see the small figure.

"You're mysteriously cool and I just wanted to say that," Cinnamon sputtered out. She then walked back next to Latte.

"So, wanna hang out?" Jam asked.

"Sure, why not. Hanging out with a demon girl." Latte chuckled. "By the way, what're you drinking?" she inquired.

"Oh. This?" She held up the clear, glass flask, filled with pink liquid and some clear material.

"Unicorn blood and vodka. You want some?"

Jam took a long swig. Latte smirked.

Cinnamon was more confused than ever.

"HOW AND WHY!"

Cinnamon was beyond confused, spilling out these words in a loud voice.

"Well, let me explain. In the demon world, those unicorns are total monsters. They don't belong, ya know? But they're really weak, so we just kill some now and then. Their entire bodies are fully of tasty stuff. But, for me, their blood is equal parts mystical and delicious,"

Jam took another sip, then said,

"and the vodka is pretty good too."

Latte chuckled, then her face grew curious.

"Ok, for one thing, what's with the outfit? Seems a bit odd and uncomfortable, wearing that swimsuit thing."

Jam laughed.

"It's actually quite comfortable. Demon clothes are pretty nicely made, especially when you're a succubus like me."

Cinnamon opened her mouth to begin asking,

"What's a succu-"

Latte put her hands over Cinnamon's ears, then continued talking.

"So you're a succubus. That explains a lot."

Jam smiled.

"Oh, am I seducing you or something?"

Latte blushed.

"Not important. Besides, I've got a good friend right here. I don't need more cute friends to buy coffee for."

Jam blushed as well.

"Too late for that. Anyway, what's this 'coffee' thing you speak of?"

Latte looked shocked.

"Wait, have you ever had coffee?"

Jam looked puzzled, and held her hands together.

"No, that's why I'm asking."

Latte grabbed Jam's hand, loosening her grip on Cinnamon's ears.

"WE'RE GOING RIGHT NOW."

Latte then dragged both of them out the door of the apartment. Chai stared at them, put on a jacket, and walked out too.

"Sometimes, people are their own demons."

Chai turned the apartment door lock shut.

"New customers, huh."

The barista man was a bit surprised to see the whole group of people.

"Dan, you've gotta help these guys. They've never had coffee."

Latte spoke seriously, no sarcasm in her voice.

Chai piped up.

"Hey, the demon hasn't had coffee. I have."

"Demon?"

Dan stared at the horned figure in front of him.

"Still don't know what this is."

Jam's pink tail swished around behind her, and she looked around, confused, due to all the menu signage posted.

"You know what?"

Jam grinned at the man.

"W-what?"

Dan stammered slightly, then rubbed his neck.

"Surprise me, doesn't need to be this, 'coffee'. Just something with this in it."

Jam produced a small vial of the pink fluid from.

Latte muttered,

"She's got her tastes."

Dan looked at the shimmering, pink and rose colored liquid.

"What's it taste like?"

Jam placed the vial in front of him.

"Well, it's sort of sweet. Think cherry flavored. Occasionally, it feels like it pops in your mouth. When it pops, it tastes a bit like lime for a few seconds, then goes back to cherry. Got that?"

Dan was interested.

"I'll see what I can do. Anything you want?"

Dan glanced at Chai.

"I'll take a cup of milk. Cold."

Chai spoke tersely, not really focusing on the man, but on a small green circle in her hand. It occasionally rotated, showing off a variety of mysterious runes.

"Okay. Make yourselves comfortable."

Jam smirked at the man.

"Sweetie, I already am."

Jam walked over to a nearby couch, and sat down, crossing her legs.

Chai sat down at a table, tossing the small circle down into the center. Cinnamon sat across from her. Latte stood, still at the counter.

Dan walked over to pour the cup of milk.

"Well, that demon's interesting."

He whispered to Latte so that Jam couldn't hear from her new found perch.

"She's a succubus, and a quite extravagant one, right?"

Latte sighed, leaned on the counter, and twirled her hair with her fingers.

Dan put the glass of milk to the side, and rang a small bell.

Chai got up, grabbed the milk, and sat back down, not saying any words.

Dan replied to Latte,

"Succubus, huh. I should've known, her wearing that outfit and all."

"It's illogical, right! That outfit is this close to being a swimsuit!"

Latte almost shouted, catching herself.

"Mhmm,"

Dan began to brew up a glass of mango tea.

"but she doesn't wear anything over that?"

Latte responded,

"Nothing, except for that open hoodie."

Dan grabbed the vial of pink, syrup-like fluid, and poured a bit of it in.

He then poured the tea into a glass of ice, placing a small mint leaf as garnish, and rung the same bell as before.

Jam rose from her position, and walked over to Dan, who had the drink still in his hand.

"Thanks."

She smiled, slowly grasping the drink from his hand, her fingers touching his, bringing the glass over to her couch.

Dan stood, still, eyes wide and hand still grasping where the drink once was.

His eyes darted over to Latte.

He stammered out,

"W-What's her name?"

Latte blinked. "Wait a second," she said, trailing off for a bit. She then snapped back into her sentence. "DO YOU LIKE HER?" Her eyes were pretty much glowing at this point with excitement, and her ears were going nuts, perking up and down repeatedly. Dan glanced at Latte.

"Um, kind of? I guess,"

"PERFECT!" Latte held back her excitement and forced herself to whisper. "So, what do you like about her?" Latte put both of her elbows on the counter, and got ready to listen, her cat ears straight up on her head. Dan turned to Latte and spoke only a few words, to start.

"She's complex. I like her style." Latte smirked.

"Oh, you just like her 'swimsuit thing', dont'cha. Don't play with me, dude." Dan, flustered, responded,

"I do not!" Latte grew smug.

"Oh, and you don't like her stockings?" Dan calmed himself down, and looked straight at Latte.

"Look. She's not just an object. What she wears might be neat, but that's not all that matters. Her way of talking is bizarrely interesting to me, and, well, even though she's a succubus, she's not overly crude. I see something in her." Latte stared at him for a second, eyes wide.

"Damn. That's deep dude. But you know what I'm gonna say, right?" Dan responded, in a predictable voice,

"You're gonna ask me to ask her out." Latte's eyes glimmered.

"Her name's Jam. If you're ready, go for it. Won't force you, buuuut..." She discretely pointed towards Jam, who was curled up on the couch. Dan glanced over at her, and he smiled.

"Guess I could give it a shot."

Dan walked over to the couch, and sat down next to Jam. She propped herself up.

"Oh, it's the nice drink guy. Thanks for the surprise by the way. It's really good," She lifted up an empty cup, with only a mint leaf inside. "Or, well, it was." She picked up the leaf, and nibbled a bit on it. Dan chuckled.

"You're fun." Jam looked at him, with wide eyes.

"Hey, thanks. You're cool too. What's your name?" Jam leaned her head on his shoulder. Dan let her stay there, while Latte found her own seat, still looking at the two, trying her best not to be obvious about it.

"My name's Dan, and you're Jam, right?" She muttered,

"Mhm." Meanwhile, Cinnamon and Chai were sitting at the table, with a red circle on it.

"What's the circle do?" Cinnamon was confused. "

Watch." Chai placed a small card in the center, and a small green film filled the circle. Then, a translucent, green hand popped out of the circle.

"EEEEYAGH!" Cinnamon almost fell out of her chair. She shouted, "WHAT'S THAT!"

Chai pulled out a deck of cards. She spoke to the hand, "You wanna shuffle?" The hand took the deck from her hand, and began shuffling.

"Oh! How nice." Cinnamon stared at the card shuffling hand, which was now passing Chai a set of cards. "So, demons aren't that bad?" Chai spoke again,

"Not all of them. I once had one that attempted to cheat off my hand. They weren't nice." Cinnamon was enticed. Jam and Dan were still sitting on the couch.

"You're calming." Jam whispered to Dan, still resting on his shoulder. Dan smiled, blushing.

"I try to be level-headed." They sat there for a long while, until Jam eventually fell asleep.. Latte, Cinnamon, and Chai walked back to the apartments, clearly not wanting to disrupt the sleeping succubus. As it was getting late outside, Dan tapped the drowsy Jam on the shoulder.

"Mm?" Her head popped up. "It's dark out, mhm." She looked calm, eyes small, clearly just waking up. "I guess I've got to go."

"Wait, Jam, you can stay the night. Normally I don't let people stay, but you're obviously tired, and, well, you've made a friend today." Dan responded, smiling as he said those last words.

"Really? Cool. Where can I sleep?" Jam was smiling, but still a bit drowsy.

"I've got a couch upstairs, where I live. You could watch TV or something, if you can't sleep." Dan said, trying to be kind.

"Ok!" Jam waltzed upstairs, Dan trailing behind. "Neat place you've got here." Jam looked around at the room. It had an attached kitchen, a medium-sized TV, a large, comfy-looking couch, and racks of movies. There were also doors to other rooms.

"Alrighty, Jam. I'll be sleeping in my room. Feel free to do whatever in the morning, within reason." Dan walked into one of the doors, and closed it behind him.

"Good night!" Jam curled up on the new couch, and went to sleep again.

~The Next Day~

In the morning, Dan walked out of his room, rubbing his eyes. "Hey, I'm making breakfast." Jam was standing in the kitchen, wearing a neat, silk, pink apron, instead of her hoodie, over her normal demon clothing. Dan, drowsy from the night before, only said,

"Thanks."

Cinnamon popped out of bed. She got dressed, and walked out of her room, to see Latte sitting on the couch, watching TV, looking very tired. "Why're you tired today? You're normally wired in the mornings." Cinnamon glanced at Latte, confused.

Latte mumbled, "The coffee shop isn't open yet." Cinnamon was stunned.

"How odd, wonder why it hasn't opened yet." Latte got up from the couch.

"I'm going for a walk." She glanced at Cinnamon. "You want to come too?"

"Sure, maybe we can see what's up at the shop." Cinnamon said, intrigued. They both walked out the door. The two took the elevator in their apartment building down to the street level, and walked out of the front door. They meandered down towards the coffee shop, where, upstairs, Jam was still cooking breakfast.

Dan had walked back into his room, gone back to sleep, gotten up again, and put on his work clothes. He then came out of his room again, blinked twice, and finally noticed the apron-clad demon girl working in his kitchen. He then said, "Are you making breakfast?"

Jam grinned, and said, "I've got to repay your favor from last night, duh! Don't you remember what I told you?"

Dan was a bit stunned. He placed his hand on his forehead and sighed. "No, I don't," then he pulled his hand off his forehead. "Did I come in here drowsy, and say something random earlier?"

Jam placed her right pointer finger on her chin, and looked up. "Well, you did come in and say 'thanks' when I first said I was doing this."

Dan laughed. "I sometimes sleepwalk a bit, and I guess I can even sleep talk. Sorry for not remembering, I guess."

Jam gave a bit of a shy smile. "You're quite a unique person." Her horns glinted in the light as the sun came out, shining in the one window in the small house, which was by the kitchen. Her tail flicked around behind her.

Dan stared for a second, still in disbelief in what crazy turns his life had taken to get him here, and then shook his head around a bit. "Well, I've got a few questions, but first, what're you making?"

"Well, I'm pretty sure I'm cooking waffles. I've only done it a few times, so I'm not too great at it. I did end up using some 'special ingredients' from a few demon friends, but they should be fine for you." She spoke softly, keeping the same shy expressions as before the light came in.

"Another question," Dan chimed in. "where'd you get that apron? I don't have one like that here."

"Oh!" Jam blushed slightly. "It came from my demon friends too. They're nice. Does it look ok?" She tugged on the apron a bit, showing it.

"Looks better than any apron I've ever had." Dan responded, as a small bell rang.

"Hmm, I guess they're done. Ok, here you go!" The shy succubus passed him a small plate with two small waffles on it. They had a off-white, vanilla color, and maroon specks inside of them. They smelled like raspberries and cream. Dan was a bit offset by the color, but the smell was irresistible.

"Ok, these smell amazing. How did you make them?" Dan was awestruck. Jam rubbed her elbow, and said,

"I can write it all down for you after you try them, ok?"

"Don't need to make me try them, I was just about to anyway." Dan took up a fork, and cut off a piece of waffle. He placed the small piece in his mouth, and chewed it. His eyes grew wide. "These are amazing! You've gotta write this down, you're a great cook!" Before long, the demon's waffles were all eaten.

Cinnamon and Latte finished their meandering, and arrived at the coffee shop, peeking through the windows, just as Dan came down the stairs to open up the store, with Jam trailing behind, still in her apron.

"Latte, did you do something?" Cinnamon inquired, staring at the two through the window. Latte was grinning ear to ear, and her cat ears popped up.

"I guess I did." Dan turned the lock on the door, and the shop was opened.

"You two seem to be friendly." Latte smirked, walking through the door, glancing at Dan and Jam on her way in.

"Yeah, I can see that too." Cinnamon walked in after Latte, who had already taken her usual spot in front of the counter.

Jam was looking at the coffee-making machines and tools.

"You know, you don't really need any of this." Jam muttered.

"How else would I make coffee?"

Dan was confused.

"Like this." Jam took a small cup, and took out a pouch from her apron pocket. From this pouch she took a vial of orange, flaming ma-

terial. She poured just a drop into the cup, and it began to boil and create small, red bubbles. She then took a small carton of milk, and poured half of it in.

Jam held onto the cup with both hands, clasped around it.

Then the cup exploded, but Jam kept her hands together around it, cushioning the blast.

"Coffee. At least, my kind." She placed the cup on the counter, which was filled with a black liquid and little light red and grey specks on top.

Latte stared at the concoction. After taking a good long look, she said, "Guess I could try it." Latte took a sip. Her eyes grew quite wide as small notes of mocha and cinnamon hit her tastebuds. She slammed her hand on the counter. "That's damn good coffee, I'll admit. I don't want to know what it is, but it's really good."

Dan had turned his confusion into excitement. "You know, you could work here from now on."

Jam was shocked. "Really? You mean it?"

Dan shrugged. "Sure, why not. I could use a working partner."

She proceeded to hug her coworker extremely tight, lifting him up a bit, as some form of thanks for his deeds. Dan only stammered out, "H-hey! Y-you're welcome!"

Jam put him back down. "Let's get started then! I'm ready to learn."

Dan nodded. "Alright." He turned to Latte and Cinnamon. "You guys might wanna leave. The machines aren't easy to use, and she's...well," The sink turned on in the background, as Jam poked at the touch-activated faucet. "curious." Dan finished.

Latte picked up her coffee. "Say no more. I'll just take this and go." Latte strolled out the door, cup in hand, leaving Cinnamon behind.

Cinnamon looked Dan in the eyes, looking tired. "She'll bring it back tomorrow. I know her well enough to be pretty certain of that."

Welp. Hope you enjoy your training, Jam!” Cinnamon glanced at the demon woman in the back, who was swirling milk and caramel syrup around in a glass.

“Thanks!” Jam said back, enthusiastically. She had finally found a further use for that pink apron.

Meanwhile, Chai was getting ready to bring a new card-playing demon into the world to play against her, using only green tea and an ace card. She assembled green tea leaves into a circle, and then placed the ace in the center. As the circle turned green and began looking like a portal, a tiny, blob-like man popped out. The portal closed, leaving the diminutive traveler behind. Upon investigation, Chai figured out that the tiny figure could fit in her pocket and that it was very good at poker.

Cinnamon caught up with Latte, walking sluggishly next to her energized roommate. “Hey, mind sparing me some of that coffee?” Cinnamon mumbled, clearly needing energy of her own.

Latte paused, looking down at her sleepy buddy. “Finally trying it, huh? Well, there’s a first time for everything. Here you go.” Latte knelt down, and handed Cinnamon the cup. She took it with two hands and took a sip. Immediately, her expression turned to wonder.

“Wow. That’s not bad. Jam’s quite good at, well, whatever she did to make this.” Cinnamon passed the cup back to her tall partner, feeling quite reinvigorated. “What’s on the docket today?” she asked, as they strolled along.

“We’ve got to go shopping. I’ve got friends visiting.” Latte said, calmly. “Now’s when you’re gonna ask who they a-”

“Who are they?” Cinnamon asked, a smug look on her face.

“Well, they’re old friends from my childhood. Remember when we had that cascara drink? That’s one of the people I remember. Cascara.” Latte was deep into reminiscing, as Cinnamon listened by her side. “Cascara was always into sports. She was quick. Strong too, just like a grizzly bear. She had a heart of gold though, so she’s a bit more friendly and than a bear, I guess. I’ll be glad to see her again. We haven’t gotten together since high school.”

Cinnamon was interested. “Was she part-bear, just like how you’re part cat?”

Latte nodded. “Yep, she was. Had the most friendly face, and with two round circle type things on her head as ears, she was the most adorable yet strong person I’ve ever met. She used to make little roar sounds, to boot.” Latte grinned, pantomiming a bear. “Now, my other friend, we disconnected after junior high. She was into fashion, if I remember correctly.” Cinnamon spoke quietly,

“What was her name?” Latte looked down at her.

“Heh. Kombucha always had a bit of an interesting life, just like her name. We’ve got a lot of food and drink named friends, come to think of it.” Latte traveled slightly off-topic. Cinnamon replied, “Indeed. Dan is the only normal named person I know anymore. Anyway, back to this *Kombucha* character.”

Latte nodded. “Right. She *was* into fashion, always going out, buying clothes, making her own, DIY stuff, and all that. She always had the best Halloween costumes. One time, when we were young, she went as a cat, and it looked so real you were surprised that she was even still part person. She did have some cat aspects to her, after all. Sorta like me.” Latte smiled. “I’m glad to have the chance to connect with her again.”

Cinnamon agreed, replying, “I’ll be happy to meet them both. What’re we shopping for, anyway?” The two reached their apartment building. Latte patted Cinnamon on the shoulder, then the two climbed the stairs to get to their apartment. Cinnamon was confused by this, since they had never taken the stairs before. When they got to their home, Latte whispered to Cinnamon,

“Stay here.” She started taking out large bags to carry groceries in. Cinnamon only wondered more what Latte was doing. After she had amassed a grand assortment of bags, she walked back out into the hallway, and locked the door behind her again.

“Ok, Latte, spill the beans, what’s going on here!” Cinnamon’s confusion had peaked.

Latte smiled, enjoying the suspense she had created. She leaned down to Cinnamon, and whispered one sentence.

“My  
friend,  
we’re  
having  
a  
party.”

~End of Book 1~

Look out for  
Book 2 In July!

Follow @decaf\_stories  
for exclusive new  
updates/unique story  
content/announcements.

*#DecafStories*

or you can also check out

@CrabbyDev for that already mentioned stuff  
too