The Elvis Latte

by AJ Dresser

When I have a bad day, I go to Starbucks and fuck with them. On those days, I refer to the hut as Starfucks. There's a lotta stars out here in LaLaLand, so the name fits on any day, bad or not. There's always some sleezy fucker trying to pull off that he's a bygone 70s TV star or one-hit 80s pop wonder. And there's always some stupid ditz buying his shit lines and following him outta there to his way-outdated used convertible. Truth is, the top's always down because the damn thing got dryrot and he ripped it all off long ago.

So yesterday I got written off the show and decided to take revenge on the still-employed. I went to SF and ordered a double tall skim soy no-whip banana peanut butter latte.

"Name?" she asked, not at all thrown at my bizarre request. Her blase tone strummed the last note of my too-tight nerves. She could've at least pretended to be put out.

"Elvis," I told her. That'll teach her, I thought, quite pleased at my sophomoric humor. I planned to split, leaving her to scream out for Elvis for the next hour. Instead, her eyes widened in shock. Or maybe it was admiration. My head jerked toward the door, looking for a real star. Nope, it was just me wetting her panties. Ryan McCreedy aka Elvis.

She was too young to know that Elvis is dead. But not too young to take home and fuck like the star that I used to be. Ah, fame.

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