

Closing Time

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Sarah's bar is close to shutting down for the evening when a beautiful stranger comes in with a limp and asking for a scotch.

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Even the music was playing quietly tonight, though that wasn't surprising for a Tuesday. Soft rock playing a background to the conversations of people who would much rather sip at their beer and liquor than brave the rain outside. Sarah watched them in the low lighting, leaning against the bar top and waiting for someone to order something else. No one was alone, so she didn't even have anyone to chat to. A glance at her watch enough to tell her last call was not too long away, but time was stretching far too long.

The old fashioned bell above the door of her pub rang, and Sarah let her eyes swing over as a gust of wind swirled in. A brief glimpse of the downpour outside as a single woman came in, gently pushing the door closed behind her. Her auburn hair dripping as it clung to the sides of her face and the shoulders of her leather jacket. She wiped her hiking boots along the mat at the entrance, and even from the bar Sarah could see the clumps of mud that came off.

With the slightest of limps that was clearly trying to hide, the woman came up to the bar. Lifting herself up into a seat with a wince, Sarah watched as water dripped off her nose to make a few small puddles on the bartop.

When she finally looked up to regard the bartender, Sarah felt her heart skip a beat. The glance of those near green hazel eyes at a distance had almost seemed plain. But this close there was a ferocity in the set of her brows. The cut of her jaw. A fire there that sent a shiver up Sarah's spine even as she put on her practised bartender smile and pretended she wasn't intensely attracted.

"Scotch. Please," the woman said with a Scottish accent that sounded like it didn't quite want to fade away.

"Course," Sarah said, turning to reach up on the higher shelf for one of her better bottles. The woman hadn't specified what she wanted, but Sarah was willing to take a bet. Never mind she wanted her to see her rear in tight clutching yoga pants, and she wanted to spoil this woman she had developed a crush on. Some part of her hoping, that since it was so quiet, perhaps it would end up in more than a memory to fade in a few days.

Lowering herself to the flats of her feet again, bottle in hand, Sarah turned to take a glass from under the bar. The woman's eyes trailed upwards from where they had settled on her rear, as she had hoped. The bartender let the corner of her mouth curl upwards, but was surprised that for a moment she saw some of that ferocity simmer in the woman's eyes. In its place was a hint of sadness.

The woman seemed to be trying to hide everything, but was failing.

Pouring a finger of scotch, Sarah pushed the glass across the bar to the woman who reached into her jacket to pull out a wallet. As she fished out bills to pay, Sarah noted the blood caked on her knuckles and fingers, and the slime white bandages wrapped around the digits. The bartender frowned as she took a twenty from the woman who lifted the glass to her nose. Taking in the scent and seeming to

favour it.

Turning once more to cash the bill, she pondered the mystery of it. As she plucked coins and bills from her register and pushed it closed, she turned to see the woman had placed a few more bills on the table. She had down her first glass, and offered an almost apologetic smile.

Behind her a couple was leaving, getting their umbrella ready before heading out into the rain. They were hugging each other close, and still chatting quietly, even as the man threw a “thank you” over Sarah’s way. The bartender smiled and waved, glancing around to see her customers were slowly filtering out.

Last call was coming up, and people had lives to return to in the morning. A weekend this was not, and college students her patrons were not. Still, that final hour was approaching and Sarah found herself pouring another finger of scotch into the beautiful stranger’s glass. She smiled, pushing another twenty forward.

“I still got your change from the last one honey,” Sarah said with an amused smirk.

The woman held the glass before her as she pondered the sentence. She didn’t try to hide the blood, and now that it was in the open, the many small scars across her fingers. Eyes slowly turning upwards as another few customers left the bar, the woman shrugged.

“Consider it a tip,” she said, and downed the drink.

“Next one’s on the house then,” Sarah said, pouring a third glass of scotch, not bothering to pull that second twenty towards her just yet. She lifted her gaze, giving a nod to the last three men to walk out who smiled and waved at her before they two vanished out into the rain.

“Mind if I close down? Enjoy your drink though,” Sarah asked, slowly walking around the bar and making her way towards the front doors to shut off the neon ‘OPEN’ sign and lock the front doors.

“No, I’ll get out of your hair. Just needed a few drinks,” she said, breathing in the scent of the scotch once more. The click of the crashbar coming back into place filling Sarah’s ears and she smiled to herself. Her heart pounding in her chest even as she questioned if this was a good idea to pursue. It wasn’t exactly professional, and she had no idea what this woman had been through. She even had half a mind to send her to a women’s shelter.

With a sigh she turned to walk back towards the bar, deciding that maybe a few questions and a final drink would be better than what her libido had initially demanded.

The woman just downed her drink again and went to stand, but stumbled and fell to a knee. Being in the business, Sarah knew a drunk when she saw one. This woman was not a lightweight. That was something else. She was wincing, clutching at the bar with a bloodied hand.

Rushing over, Sarah looped an arm around the woman’s back and helped her back up into the chair. The woman rubbed her hip, trying to hide her pained expression now. But there was the fire from before in her eyes again. The same that ignited Sarah’s attraction to her.

“All right honey, what’s wrong,” she asked, picking up the bottle of scotch and pouring another glass. She watched a moment as the woman looked over to her, as if judging what to say. Sarah watched for a few heartbeats before leaning up and over her own bar, fully aware of her pants tightening around her hips and curves of her rear as she did so.

Managing to fish out a second glass without dropping it, Sarah sat back down and poured herself a glass. The woman just raised an eyebrow.

“It’s my bar. My rules,” Sarah said in answer, and took a sip. Felt the burning of the liquor down her throat. Tried not to purse her lips at it, and failed. The woman laughed. A low sound that held some good humour.

“Fair. Name’s Lili, and I got in a tussle. Came out on top, but took a few hard knocks. In short,” she said, and took a sip of her drink.

“Well Lili. I’m Sarah. Want me to take a look? I’m no nurse, but in I’ve dealt with my share of cuts, gouges, and bruises.”

Lili took a good long sip of her drink. Let the scotch roll across her tongue behind her moist lips. Sarah felt a strong desire to lean forward and kiss them, but resisted. Instead waiting as Lili pondered, and eventually shrugged.

“Sure. Couldn’t hurt more than it already does,” she admitted.

Much more carefully than before, both hands on the bar, Lili lifted herself from the chair and leaned forward. She favoured her left left, lifting the right to rest her foot on the brass bar running around the bar of the bar.

“The hip... you’ll have to take off my pants,” she said without even a hint of shame, or coyness. But it still made Sarah’s heart skip a beat again. She let out a long breath and down the rest of her glass. Let the scotch burn it’s way down as she stood.

Stepping closer, aware of the way the tips of her breasts brushed against Lili’s jacket clad arm, Sarah reached forward to work at the belt holding up her cargoes. Slowly she eased them downwards, not entirely surprised to find a pair of athletic boxers instead of something frilly. With a last glance to Lili’s face as if seeking permission, the woman just offered a smile. This time there was a hint of desire in there and Sarah almost melted into her arms.

Instead she carefully lowered her underwear off her hips and downwards. Trying not to look at the carefully trimmed trail of pubic hair between her legs, or the shapely curve of her rear. From what she was exposing, Lili was turning out to be quite the athletic and fit woman.

Then she found the angry purple skin with spots that were damn near black. Sarah raised her eyebrows, lowering Lili’s pants and undergarments to find the bruise extended almost all the way to her knee. No wonder she was in pain.

“And by a few knocks you mean smashed with a tire iron?” Sarah asked, looking up, Lili seeming not at all uncomfortable that was was exposed in front of this stranger.

“Thrown into a tree actually,” she said, and took another sip of her drink.

The information sank into Sarah’s mind as she tried to process it. Her gaze falling back to the bruise to wonder what could throw a fully grown woman into a tree hard enough to hurt this badly. As she stared though for a few seconds longer than she should have, she found her eyes trailing to that neatly trimmed trail of pubic hair. Let her eyes dip just a bit lower to the woman’s sex, and the slight glisten of wetness waiting there.

Sarah bit her lip and stood, letting Lili hike her pants back up. Much to Sarah’s disappointment.

“Let me get some ice,” she said, moving around the bar again, and finding a wash cloth. She went to her ice machine, grabbing a handful of the cubes and shoved them into a small plastic bad that she wrapped in a cloth, before coming over to Lili’s side again. She chewed on her lip.

“Here,” she said, stepping close and pressing the bag against Lili’s hip. The woman winced slightly, but didn’t recoil. Sarah found herself close again, able to smell sweat, earth, leaves, and a hint of her shampoo. She found herself leaning in a bit, her breasts pressing more firmly against Lili’s arm.

The woman turned her head, and glanced downwards. Sarah’s tanktop offering a plunging view of cleavage so close. When her eyes came back up, there was lust burning there. Sarah took the risk and leaned in, letting her lips brush against Lili’s. Tasted the scotch on her breath. Felt the moistness of her lips against her own. When Sarah broke the kiss, she pulled only a few inches away.

She found herself pressed tighter against Lili’s side. Their breath mingling as they stared at each other.

“I wasn’t looking for a fuck tonight,” Lili said, and Sarah smirked at the dip into vulgar language. It suited her.

“Do you care that a fuck found you anyway?” she said letting her nervousness die out completely now. The dice was cast and she knew she rolled favourably. Even before Lili’s response.

“No,” she said, finally letting go of the scotch and reaching upwards. Her fingertips were callused, but still they ran along Sarah’s cheek and pulled her into a kiss again. The touch gentle as the kiss started, and those fingers ghosted downwards. Along the sides of Sarah’s neck to her shoulders as lips parted and tongues emerged to caress one another.

Leaning closer, Sarah felt Lili shifting. Spinning in her seat as her hands descended until the tips of her nails were running feather soft along the band of exposed midriff. Slipping underneath and grazing the skin over her ribs. Sarah let out a soft gasp, pausing their kiss with tongues touching.

Lili took advantage, gripping the hem of Sarah’s tank top and lifting it upwards. Their tongues breaking apart a moment as Sarah lifted her arms upwards. Letting this stranger that had stepped into her bra pull off her top. She stood there, smirking as Lili tossed the tank top down the bartop. Her breasts pushing tight in the confines of a dark blue bra with a hint of lace running along the tops of the cups.

A smile curled Lili's lips as she leaned inwards. Her hands settled on Sarah's hips, and slid down over her yoga pants. Her tongue though ran along the exposed flesh of Sarah's cleavage. Dragging that hot wet muscle over her skin until it reach the cups of her bra. She bit softly, before letting her tongue delve beneath the edge. Gently teasing the side of a nipple as Sarah moaned softly, her hands pushing the shoulders of Lili's jacket off until the leather garment hung from her elbows and forearms alone.

Gliding hands ran along Sarah's ass. Feeling the fabric of her panties through the tight fit of her pants, before running down over her thighs and dropping away entirely. The leather jacket fell between the seat and the bar with a dull thump as Sarah reached behind her back, letting her fingers unhook her bra. Lili's mouth never pulled away, as Sarah tried to pull off her bra. The two women for a moment becoming a tangle of arms, fabric, and exploring tongue.

When the bra finally landed on the floor, Lili gently bit down on a stiff nipple. Her tongue lashing over that trapped bud, small trails of saliva running down along her pale brown areola. Sarah couldn't hold back the low groan she let out above Lili's head. She moved closer, almost pulled by the nibbling mouth of her newfound lover. Eventually finding herself climbing up into Lili's lap.

The woman grunted in pain, and Sarah slid off, momentarily horrified.

"I'm sorry," she muttered, but Lili smiled, doing a decent job of hiding her pain as she pulled off her t-shirt. No surprise to Sarah that underneath was a gray sports bra, though the black mesh spread across her cleavage was an alluring touch to a practical garment. More interesting was the black leafless tree tattooed onto her right bicep. It's roots curling towards her elbow, its branches reaching towards the top of her shoulder.

"It's fine, but maybe I be on top," she suggested, as she pulled that sports bra over her head and playfully tossed it towards Sarah. It was warm, a little damp in her hands. She held it against her, and smirked, before dropping it.

"Come here," she said, taking Lili's arm and looping it around the back of her neck and helping her stand. Topless, and kicking at their shoes, they moved around the bar to a back door beside the fridge. Nudging it open, Sarah revealed the set of stairs that led up to her apartment.

There was a bit of groaning, and wincing, but eventually the pair made it though Lili's limp was worse now. Sarah's original intention to get to the bedroom was ended when she spotted the red leather couch in her living room. Kicking their shoes off, and the pair of them almost falling over three times, they eventually made it, falling into the soft plush of the sofa.

Sitting side by side, half naked, they looked at the far wall a moment. Sarah slowly ran her tongue over lips, realizing this was the first person she'd brought to her place in months. She had no idea how long it'd been for Lili. She looked over at the woman, who was laying back as the throbbing in her hip died down and chewing softly on her lip. The woman's hands at her waist, slowly undoing the belt once again.

Sarah smiled, getting on her knees. She leaned in and ran her tongue upwards along Lili's neck, earning herself a soft groan. She began to kiss her way downwards, tasting her skin with the slight tang

of salt. Moving along her shoulder gently and down her arm as she unzipped the woman's pants. Finally she slid off the couch, she licked her lips.

"Lift your hips," she said, and Lili did as she was told. Sarah's fingers returning the earlier favour before the task was to start by dragging her nails along Lili's hard abs. The woman leaned back, back arching as she groaned hungrily. Nails curled around Lili's navel before digging into the hem of her pants, and her underwear both. Dragging them down off her hips and along her legs, exposing everything for when Sarah looked back up. No longer trying to hide her staring as she drank in the view.

Slowly she got to her feet, pulling her pants down until she was in just her panties. Stepping out of her yoga pants, and kicking them back behind her she grinned down at the naked Lili. Feeling those eyes of hers drinking in every curve. She leaned forward, in Sarah's eyes a picture of strength and vulnerability. Fingers dipped into the front of her panties, and Lili's lips pressed to Sarah's navel. Her tongue slipping in and dragging as she pulled the panties off the bartender. Revealing her recently shaved mound. Lili groaned in appreciation, her lips kissing downwards. Trailing along the entrance of her sex. Tiling her head to tilt at the edge of those nether lips.

Sarah stared up at the ceiling, letting out sharp gasps as she was teased. Her fingers running through the long auburn hair of her lover, almost willing to pull her closer. Strong hands though grasped onto her waist and pulled her down, twisting her to the side. She felt the arm rest against her back, shoulders just over the edge. The red leather sticking to the skin in the small of her back as Sarah crawling between her legs.

Fingertips ran along the small of her back, from the cleft of her ass to the bottom curve of her rear as Lili pressed her lips to Sarah's clit. The bartender let out a gentle moan, until Lili's tongue pushed the hood of her clit back. The hot muscle lashing in quick strikes against her clit. Sarah looked down, moaning hungrily as a stranger knelt between her legs.

Lili's own ass was raised upwards, hips swaying slightly back and forth. The dark purple of her bruising a stark contrast to pale skin. Long strands of her hair splayed across Sarah's stomach, as the stranger let her tongue delve lower. Finding the bartender's entrance. Pushing inside the slickness of her cunt and drawing a much louder moan.

Lips pressed firmly against labia, as Lili's tongue plunged and curled within her lover. Legs curled around Lili's ribs, heels dragging down her back as her tongue continued to explore. To find every inch that made Sarah moan and buck her hips up into Lili's waiting mouth. Tongue and lips began to move faster, fingers drifting inwards from hip to find Sarah's clit. Pinching it first to earn a sharp loud moan of pleasure mixed with that slight hint of pain. Before Lili began to gently rub. A much slower pace than her tongue. Making heels pull tighter and the bartender to thrash more upon the couch. Her voice rising in pitch as Lili brought her higher and higher into pleasure.

Her orgasm had her toes curling, and her legs closing around Lili's head. She almost whimpered, but Lili didn't stop. Even as nails dragged harshly across her scalp and Sarah pulled at her hair. Her tongue continued to delve and lash. Her fingers continued to massage her clit, bringing her eventually to a climax that near had her voice break.

Slowly, Sarah's body relaxed. She panted as her legs uncrossed and set Lili free. The woman smiled,

looking up from between Sarah's legs, but the bartender's head fell back and her eyes closed. She felt her hair drifting across the floor as she took in deep breaths and tried to recover. Enough to at least repay an experience like that.

Lili started to climb upwards. Kissing from cunt to navel and between Sarah's breasts.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned, one arm falling limply to the side as the other gently held Lili's head, fingers much more gentle on her scalp now.

Trails of Lili's hair dragged along Sarah's sides as warm kisses were firmly planted up her chest. Until a tongue was slowly sliding along her neck.

"Come here," Lili purred softly, pulling gently at the still near panting Sarah. For a moment the two lay together, one atop the other. Their bodies caressing with each slight movement. They kissed gently, tongues only teasing. Sarah could taste her own tang on Lili's lips, and fingers eventually started to come to life. Running their way down Lili's sides.

"I hope your staying the night, cause I really do not want to go hunting all over my bar for your clothes," Sarah said, squirming one hand in between their pressed forms. Lili bit her lower lip, knowing what was to come.

"Won't get more if I leave now," she quipped back, then her eyes were fluttering as she felt fingertips spreading her open. Middle finger gliding between the opened labia.

Grinning, Sarah enjoyed the expressions on Lili's face as that third finger started to push inwards. Feeling the slick warmth of her cunt wrapped around a single digit.

"And you wouldn't get to see my box of toys," she purred, leaning up then to claim a kiss.

Hips started to move. Lili fucking herself on that finger as much as she was being fucked. Their mouths opening to let tongues caress once again in a wet kiss. The fingers driving into Lili making her moan hungrily, the sounds muffled by lips gliding over one another. Soon though the fingers stopped thrusting, moving instead upwards. Rubbing against Lili's clit. Her hips moving downwards, grinding against Sarah's fingers.

Their bodies moved against one another. A tangle of limbs and pressing mouths. Their hair nearly tangled together, auburn mixing with dark brown.

Soon enough Sarah began to feel the tension in Lili's body. Her legs tightening, her fingers gripping tight to shoulder. The muffled moans of pleasure only rising in volume despite their locked lips. Just as had been done to her, Sarah didn't stop. Her fingers slick with Lili's arousal continue to rub and pinch at her clit. Working her into the embrace of climax, the other woman nearly creaming her pleasure into Sarah's mouth.

When Lili finally descended, her body relaxing atop her new lover, she finally broke the kiss. Saliva was smeared over their lips and chins, but both smiled warmly at the other. Feeling sweat slick skin of another against their own. The next kiss was softer. Gentle. When they broke apart, Sarah pushed a

strand of hair from Lili's face.

"Let's get you some ice for that hip... then I'll show you the bedroom."

Lili could only smile softly in reply.

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Sunlight streamed in through the open blinds as morning started to loom closer to noon. Shifting in bed, Lili slowly sat up and looked down at her hip. The bruising was already starting to look less angry, but it still throbbed. She thought about rising, but then looked beside her. Sarah was still sleeping fitfully, the sweaty sheets of her bed in tangles around both their legs.

Lili watched her for a moment. Remembering her taste, remembering the way she had kissed. The way she had embraced.

Now there was a thin line of drool running from the corner of her mouth to soak into the pillow cover.

Against her better judgement Lili laid back down. She leaned over and kissed Sarah's forehead, listening to her soft muttering in sleep.

Lili took a breath and decided to be here when Sarah woke up. Maybe for more sex, or maybe just for the company. It'd been a long while since she'd shared any amount of time with someone.

"Fuck," she muttered to herself, and rolled onto her side.

She placed a hand around the back of Sarah's shoulders, and the other woman nestled into her bosom. That thin line of drool was now on her breast, and Lili shook her head. Hopefully this would be it, because Sarah didn't know what she was getting into.

But a growing part of Lili didn't care. And wanted to spend at least one more day with this woman.

Closing her eyes, Lili leaned in and breathed in Sarah's scent. Whatever tomorrow may bring, a decision was made.