

## Stranger at the Bar

I didn't have to wait long for you to arrive.

You're always here by 9:30 on the dot, every Friday night. You always pick a spot at the end of the bar, somewhere inconspicuous, somewhere you can see the whole room and where you won't get disturbed by the drunks or kids that usually frequent this dive on a weekend.

I've watched you for so long now, I feel like I know you. You're hard to miss when you walk through the door; tall, well-built, the collar of your long leather coat always turned up - even when it's not cold out - and those worn black jeans you always wear; a little too tight and looking like they'd fall apart if you washed them. You always look pale, like you don't care much for the daylight, but you're always clean shaven. You have such dark hazel eyes that glare from under deep brows and your lips are always drawn out in an indifferent grimace; like you've got a bad taste in your mouth. But it's your hair that got me to notice you the first time you stepped in through the door; long wavy ringlets of ginger-blond cascading down your back, like some rock star, with one or two loose bangs always falling over one of your eyes as if trying to escape the thick mane. That first night you came in it was raining hard, I remember because you shook those locks out like a shaggy dog when you entered, sending waves of rain drops all over the walls. I remember the scowl you gave Frank when you sat down asking for a beer, the water dripping slowly from the tips onto the bar. It never seemed to bother you, but it annoyed the hell out of Frank. That image stayed with me.

You never say much, always alone with your thoughts. Sometimes I watch you from the corner by the jukebox; it's dark there and I know you can't see me from this vantage point. I've often wondered what you're thinking, not pleasant thoughts by the furrow that always creases your brow. I have a name for you, 'Mel', short for melancholy; there's a seriousness about you, a bitter and angry look. I don't know what could have hurt you so much to make you that way, but it makes me sad sometimes to see you. But then, when you utter the only words I've ever heard you say, "Beer", I feel a power in your voice, a strength, a fighting spirit that makes my heart quicken.

This week I promised myself I was going to talk to you. I caught you glancing my way as I cleared the glasses from the bar right before you left last Friday. Your expression didn't change as you raised the bottle to your lips, but I convinced myself I saw it in your eyes. A flash of recognition, a glint that told me I wasn't just another woman working the bar to scrape together enough tips to live on. You made me feel noticed that night.

I've been watching the clock ever since my shift started, hoping tonight wouldn't be a night you'd miss. And sure enough there you are, but now I can't find the words. I keep close to the bar, wanting to say something, anything that wouldn't sound fake, but now I just feel like an idiot.

"What's ya name?" I nearly drop the tray of beer bottles to the floor. That low rumbling baritone that only ever says one thing, asked me a question. I have to fight myself to keep my composure. I turn to face you slowly, trying not to give away my sudden sense of excitement.

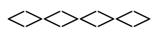
"Sarah." I answer you as calmly as I can.

"Nice name." You reply, taking a swig from your fourth bottle. You push back that long loose ringlet and fix me with a dark stare, but I see the little upward turn in your mouth and that spark in your eye telling me you mean what you say.

I smile, or at least I try to, suddenly made uncomfortable by your question. Did you know I'd been watching you? Was I too obvious? I turn away and try to look busy.

As the hours pass I feel unable to approach you again, keeping my head down and working the other end of the bar. But I can feel your gaze upon me, those hazel eyes burrowing into me as I move about the room. What are you thinking?

A sense of relief fills me as I hear the money hit the counter and that distinctive rustle of your coat as you stand to leave. Glancing out of the corner of my eye I watch as you push open the door, but as you pass through you do something you've never done before, you turn and gaze in my direction and our eyes lock for an instant. My heart pounds in my chest, you wanted to say goodnight, I know you did. But then that would be breaking your code of self-restraint wouldn't it? Damn me for being too stupid to make the effort, too scared to make the first move for once. All the things I'd wanted to say - Where ya from? What's ya name? - came hammering in my head. Well you've blown it now girl, so just forget it.



I hate the walk home. These back streets are so dank and dirty, but it's the quickest way.

Pushing the back exit door shut, I pull my jacket tight around my body and head out into the alleyway. The click-click of my heels echo down the dimly lit passage.

"Wanna ride?"

The unexpected voice nearly sends me toppling sideways as my heart almost springs into my mouth with sudden fright. I turn like a startled rabbit towards the voice, but in my fear see nothing in the darkness. I hear the intake of breath and then a small pinprick of red-amber lights up the void. As my eyes become accustomed to the flicker the first thing I see are those eyes, dark and shining in the cigar's glowing illumination. You tilt your head and that loose curl falls into place as you exhale the smoke.

"Shit! You scared me to death." I whisper hoarsely, trying desperately to regain my composure.

"Sorry, didn't mean to." You mutter, that deep resonating tone sending a shiver down my spine.

Slowly I walk over to where you stand, half hidden by shadows. You lean nonchalantly against the sleek, black frame of a sports bike, taking another drag on the cigar. Hmm, biker? I'd imagined you would be. I'm trying to keep my cool, but I can't believe you've been waiting here, waiting for me to finish work. I fold my arms across my chest and stand my ground.

"Thanks, but I'd rather walk." I say with some venom.

"Suit ya self, but it's gonna start raining soon." You casually throw the cigar stub to the ground and heel it into the floor, it sizzles in the pool of water under your feet as if to emphasise your point.

"Don't mind gettin' wet." I answer, trying to maintain my determination.

Suddenly you step from the bike, and with one stride your toe to toe with me. I've never gotten that close to you before. You look down at me scowling, more of that mane of yours falling forward to hide your face in shadow. My heart starts its drumming again and for the first time I realise how nervous you make me feel; a stranger I'm so drawn to, yet so intimidated by.

"Wouldn't want ya to catch a cold." You growl and I feel your breath on my face; the heady scent of cigar and beer still lingering there. I take a step back, suddenly scared and yet strangely wanting you to take another step towards me.

"It's not far." I answer more timidly than I wished to sound.

You step again, closer this time, forcing me to step back or fall. "It's no trouble."

I'm half way across the alley now, stepping back into deepest shadow. I reach back and feel the wall. I'm trapped, panic beginning to set in. Will you hurt me? Is this what you were waiting for? Then there you are, almost pressed against me.

"I've seen you." You whisper, "Watching me...at the bar." I close my eyes, thinking this might be my last moment on earth. I try to answer, hoping it might get you to back off.

"I didn't think you'd noticed." I say quietly.

"I did, wanted to say something, but..." you trail off. Suddenly your voice seems distant, faltering. There's a pensiveness there I hadn't noticed before.

You step back, and I exhale in relief. I glimpse your face and see for the first time the gentleness in those hazel eyes. So, that's why you frown and let those curls fall, to hide it; that softness, the sensitiveness that you don't let anyone see. You turn away, heading back to your bike. I can feel the self-inflicted fury from the way you stride. Something in me makes me want to stop you from leaving. Stepping quickly I reach out and grab your arm. The leather is cold in my hand but I can feel the strength beneath it. "So say something now." I urge, the fear ebbing away.

You stop dead and turn slowly to look at me. We stare at each other for a long moment, my hand still resting on your arm, that need growing again inside me. "I...I can't, I don't know what to..." you whisper, looking down, "but I can show you...if you'll let me."

There's an unexpected tenderness in your tone. Not the harsh beer-drinking biker I'd imagined in my mind all these weeks, but a man with a need for comfort and company. I say nothing but my eyes say 'yes'. Your arm rolls around mine breaking my grip on your jacket, in one fluid movement you turn to me, sliding your arms around my waist and nearly lifting me from the ground. I feel your body press against mine as you pull me in. And then, for a moment I thought the world had stopped. You lower your head and I feel the first press of your lips on mine. Not the hard, thin line that I was expecting, but the soft touch of warm almost delicate flesh; moist and supple, pressing gently against me. In a sudden wave of surprise and pleasure I reciprocate, letting my mouth roll across yours. I feel the gentle force of your tongue against my lips and part them just a little, trembling at the sensuousness of it as your tongue darts over them and fills my mouth, wrapping itself around my tongue like a snake.

I step backwards with the force and you follow, not breaking the moment. I find myself pressed once more against the wall, surrounded by darkness, the softness of your mouth upon me and the hardness of your body pressing me back. I find myself wrapping my arms around your neck,

letting my fingers get caught up in those tight ginger curls. Your bangs fall around my face like a curtain, sending waves of delight through my body as they tickle my neck and cheek. I touch the nape of your neck and let my fingers kneed the short hairs at your hairline, you moan your appreciation quietly as our kiss becomes more animated.

I feel your hands move under my jacket; running along my thighs and coming to rest on my hips. You pull me gently towards you and I feel for the first time your hardness press into me. "*Oh god, your hard*", my mind whirls with the thought and it drives me on. I feel your hands move round and squeeze my backside, then slowly your fingers walk up my spine sending an electric shiver through my body. Your touch is so gentle, so undemanding, I feel like I could melt into your hands. But my brain keeps telling me to leave, to pull away, get out from underneath this stranger; this man who's said barely two words to me. Yet I find myself paralysed, caught up in your embrace, powerless to push you away. But do I really want to? All those weeks of wondering, of admiring from a distance, of imagining this moment, how can I walk away? And you feel it too, I know. So here we are taking pleasure in each other, and oh what sweet pleasure.

After what seems like forever, I feel you pull away. I feel almost at a loss, suddenly concerned that you're going to leave. "Come here." I hear you whisper, and it fills me with relief. Slowly you lead me back across the alleyway, back to your waiting bike. I let you guide me so that I am leaning against the seat. I can see you clearly now, your face a picture of concentration as you focus on me. You push back your coat and I can't help but notice your growing bulge. It brings a smile to my face and as you lean into me once more I let my hand turn, palm out, and cup you through your jeans and squeeze gently. You throw back your head, your hair flying out in all directions and the moan of surprise and satisfaction that escapes your lips echoes down the passageway. I grin up at you, pleased with my first assault on your body. You smile back for the first time and give me a 'you're gonna get it now' look. Again, you press forward, pushing your lips roughly against mine and then move away down my neck and throat, covering every inch of skin with pecks and nibbles and long licks. I can't help but whimper as you flick open the first button of my blouse, your mouth going lower onto my collarbone. I let my head fall back, giving you more access to my bare skin. I feel a movement in your body and then your hands are at the hem of my denim skirt, pushing it up with both hands. Oh god! It makes me feel suddenly so lascivious, so wicked, as the cold night air closes around my bare legs.

You keep pushing, driving the fabric upward towards my waist. When it will go no further you let go and I feel your hand slide slowly down my naked thigh. You're watching me now, your eyes intently scrutinising my every move. Slowly, slowly your fingers glide, finding the top of my panties. You latch onto them, tracing your finger under the elastic. Following the fold between my leg and torso you let your finger begin its decent, never once looking away from me. I close my eyes, feeling the tightness inside me and the wetness growing between my legs. I lean back against the bike, shaking with every movement of your hand. Your fingers move in; guiding themselves under the fabric and over my little strip of fur. I gasp for air, pushing my hips forward, braced for the contact, desperate now to feel you touch me. And then you are. Your finger deftly slides into the cleft of my womanhood and the heat from your touch makes me convulse in pleasure. I yell out with the eroticness of it and you delve deeper; sliding through my wetness to its source and drawing back, bringing with it more of my moisture. Your finger comes to rest on my bud and you gently press at that hard little button, knowing what reaction you will get.

My whole body bucks off the bike in an uncontrollable reaction. "Oh God!" I hear myself scream, but I'm too deeply rapt in your touch to care. You press again and again, slowly at first, watching my reaction. You shift your stance, using your foot to push my legs further apart, opening me up,

letting more cold air flow around me. I feel you press your body against my thigh as you work me. You're rock hard now, but you seem to want to take pleasure in watching me; you're in no rush.

Settling into a gentle rhythm, you seem to know instinctively where to touch me; reading my body's reactions so easily. I lean back, trying to find any way of supporting myself as I arch and buck against your hand. You lean in close and, as I tilt my head back, your mouth finds my neck once more. Nibbling gently you run your tongue up and find my earlobe. You deftly take the soft flesh between your lips and run your tongue over it. My moans are uncontrollable now as you suck and press at my flesh. I can feel myself climbing closer and closer to my peak and you know it too, your fingers pick up speed, flicking and squeezing; the wetness you play along my ear matched only by the wetness between my legs. "*Oh god, don't ever stop.*" I hear my mind yell as the overwhelming tingle building in my abdomen starts to ascend through my body as I reach my climax. You seem to know where I am, for with one slick movement your fingers slide down and plunge into me as your tongue darts into my ear. The thick, hot, erotic wetness of your tongue sends shuddering waves through my body. My passage tightens almost painfully around your fingers as I yell out; a hot flood of juice cascading over your hand. You slide from my ear to my mouth, burying yourself once more into me, muffling the sound of my impassioned cries. I feel full of you; impaled by your fingers and tongue, unable to move yet filled with your delectable taste and touch.

As my moans subside you release me from your grip just for a moment. Your fingers slide from me, the cold air rushes in once more and I shiver. I am bedraggled; my skirt hitched up around my waist, my thin panties pushed to one side, giving a tantalising glimpse of my strip. My blouse half unbuttoned and my jacket pushed down off my shoulders. You say nothing as you ease away from me. I lean against the machine, panting from my orgasm, blown away by the power of your unrestrained eagerness to satisfy me. But then I find you reaching down, taking gentle hold of one of my legs and as I lean back against the bike you lift it and swing it carefully over the bike seat, till I am sat with my back to the handlebars.

I lean back onto the petrol tank, letting my legs dangle either side of the big frame, savouring the sensations, but my eyes snap open as I hear the soft 'whip' sound of a zipper. You flick out the coat as you mount the pillion seat of the bike, forcing me to slide further up the tank. I watch as you slowly pop open the button at the top of your jeans and carefully fold back the material. You reveal the top of your abdomen; soft white skin, coated in a sheen of fine ginger-blond hair. You're commando, "*how could I have expected anything else?*" I smile to myself. You reach inside, seeking out that which I dare myself to imagine. Easing your manhood out of the open fly, you sigh in relief as you are released from your confines. Oh god, you are spectacular! Long and thick and hard-as-nails, you hold your shaft loosely in your hand, rubbing it gently back and forth; both to ease the ache and increase the pleasure. A small drop of pre-cum glistening on the tip makes me realise how much you have been holding back. All of a sudden I feel the urge to satiate you; to give you back what you have given me. I sit up, sliding forward in the seat towards you. Our eyes are fixed upon one another, watching every move we make. I let you continue to gently pleasure yourself as I reach up and begin to unbutton your shirt, so wanting to feel that skin under my hand.

I push the cloth aside, revealing bare flesh below. I let my fingers come to rest on your breastbone and begin to trace down between your pecs. Your skin is so warm, soft and smooth, not at all how I'd imagined. I watch you, watching my hand slide over your skin as you rock gently back and forth. I slide my other hand up and run my fingers back up your body, pressing and kneading your flesh. I hear you moan as I push your shirt and jacket off your shoulders exposing your body to the night air. You let your head loll back, soaking up the sensual pleasure as I lean in, pressing my lips

to your chest; letting my fingers follow where I kiss. My lips come to rest on your dark little nipple and I run my tongue lightly over it. You strain back, shifting your hand to support yourself as you tense under my touch, your moans turning to yelps as I bare my teeth and take that hard little nub between them. I bite down, ever so gently but the pleasurable pain stiffens your body. "Oh Shit." I hear you cry through clenched teeth. I bite again but rather than push me away, you wrap your broad hand around the back of my head and pull me closer as you tug harder at your manhood, wanting more of the erotic pain which I offer. I slowly pull away, rubbing your nipple gently with my finger to ease the ache and you lift my face to yours and kiss me deeply in lustful appreciation.

We're both so ready now, both wanting the same thing, but we take our time; slow and methodical, wanting everything to be just right. I shuffle forwards and you raise my legs over yours till I am sat astride your hips. I can feel the heat radiating from your body and I pull myself closer, soaking it up. You run your hand around my thigh, pushing away at my skirt again, till your hand cups my bare butt. With the other between my legs you ease back the little vee of cloth which still covers my soft wetness. I close my eyes in anticipation as you lift me up and I brace my feet on the footrests of the bike. As you guide me slowly down I feel the first gentle pressure of the head of your shaft and it sends waves of adrenaline shooting through my body making my muscles spasm. You wait, watching me, anticipating every move, not wanting to force me, but to let me come to you willingly. Slowly I relax, pushing a little further. I'm so slick with wanting, yet my body resists; the pressure building, the heat of you between my legs moistening my swollen petals. Then with one exquisite burst my body lets you enter. I watch your face contort in pleasure as you feel my tightness encompass you, the ecstasy of it shaking both our bodies. Growling through clenched teeth, you gently press into me, slow and deep, letting me feel your presence.

I want to scream, I want to yell out from the almost narcotic wave of pleasure flashing through my body. I feel you ease back and then press again, and I tighten around you in response. Our bodies mesh, pressing together in perfect harmony as we settle into a gentle rhythm. I wrap my legs tightly around your back wanting to draw you further in; to let you fill me with everything you have. With each drive I feel the soft hairs at the base of your shaft drift over my thighs sending a tingle through my abdomen. I feel your hot tip as it presses deep inside me and the coolness of your thick base as the night air caresses it between each thrust. I am somewhere else now, beyond anything I have ever known. All I feel is you and the exquisite pleasure you bestow on me. I know you are there too, feeling the same thing. I hear it in your moans and feel it with every movement of your body.

I lower myself back onto the petrol tank, taking hold of the handle bars as I push down on you. You grab my hips and pull me down the bike a little further, driving even deeper to the limit of what I can endure, giving me all you have to give. I watch you, somehow you are suddenly different from the brooding man at the bar. You are beautiful and erotic, tall and majestic, towering above me, your head thrown back and that long mane of tight curls floating out on the air behind you. Those broad powerful shoulders bared, straining as you hold me in your grip. I let my eyes wander across your naked chest, the soft pale skin reflecting in the half-light of the alleyway, down to the line of hair that begins just under your belly button, trailing its way to that thick base now glistening with my slickness. I watch, as with both hands tight around my ass you pile-drive me into the leather and chrome. Oh god you are magnificent.

The first droplets of rain begin to fall; gentle beads of cooling water splashing onto our bare flesh, sending sharp tingles through our bodies adding to the already growing euphoria. I feel one of your hands move suddenly and, looking down, find you pulling at the last remaining buttons of my blouse. I smile as you pull wildly, each button bursting into the air. Without breaking your rhythm you push back the cloth to reveal my nakedness beneath. "Oh god!" I hear you whisper as you

gaze down on me with hungry eyes. You let your fingers trace over my exposed flesh and round the soft white mounds of my breasts, rubbing the droplets into my skin. I almost buck off the bike as you roll a hardened nipple between your fingers, the water lubricating your caress. The erotic shock forces me to drive onto you as I arch up between the handlebars. "Fuck!" you yelp at the unexpected pressure and drive back in reply. I feel your hand all over me, hunting out every inch of skin; attentively feeling the rise and fall of my chest and the smoothness of my belly, whilst with the other hand you clutch my ass-cheek in a vice-like grip.

We're both writhing now, fighting ourselves not to cum; the passion and power growing in us second by second as we satiate our desires. Our breathing becomes gasped panting and short sharp jabs replace the slow and deep; this cock-teasing only serves to heighten my growing climax and sends waves of sweet stickiness cascading over your solid shaft. You squeeze at my breast and lift my hips up towards you to gain every last inch that you can. I hear the growls and moans; the air bursting from your mouth with each quick thrust like some wild creature. I can feel you swelling even more inside me, your so close now I know and that too drives me on. Your movements become unbelievably rapid as you grip tightly to my ass, driving your nails into my flesh; the sharpness of it makes me moan. I feel the heat growing between our legs and then in one last wonderful moment your fingers run down my body and dive back into my wetness. I can't help but scream out my delight as you press deep and hard into my button. A wave of white hotness explodes in my body as my walls clamp down around you, my juices raining over your manhood. Your body instantly reacts to my cue. You throw your head back in one final defiant moment and slam into me with every ounce of strength in your body. I hear your uncontrollable carnal rage and feel the power in your hands as you explode inside me, the heat mingling with my own in a blinding wave of ecstasy.

Our body's are almost rigid with passion; frozen with the wild euphoria of our lovemaking. For a long moment we are self-absorbed; unwilling to let go of the pure unadulterated bliss which we have given each other. Then slowly our awareness returns, our eyes meet and you smile down at me. You seem to sparkle with energy and pure relief. I smile back, still wrapped in the warmth of my orgasm.

Oh-so slowly you gather me up in your arms, pulling me to you as I sit astride your legs. Our naked bodies touch and I feel the heat in your chest and the quickness of your breathing as you come down from your climax. I bury my head into you, feeling you wrap me tight; so tender after such ferocious power. You twitch inside me and I feel unwilling to let you escape, content to remain in this intimate embrace forever. You kiss my hair and then raise my face to yours and gently rest your lips on mine as the rain drops fall onto my face.

The moment of our passion is passed all too soon and already I feel at a loss. Will you leave me here, alone, to return to my mundane life? Was this just one fleeting moment of passion? Slowly we separate, easing ourselves apart and trying to recover our previous demeanour. As you button up your shirt and pull your coat about you I can't help but wonder if this is the last I will see of you. As if you can read my mind, you climb onto the bike and stick the keys in the ignition.

"Ya still wanna ride?" I hear your voice for the first time in what seems like forever. It's hoarse and crackley; dry from your wonderful vocalisations. I'm somewhat taken by surprise as I turn and see you hold out your hand to me. "Wouldn't want ya to catch a cold." you remind me of our earlier conversation. But this time you're grinning; a soft tender expression, your eyes sparkling with mischief. I reach out my hand for yours, relieved that this was not just 'one of those things'.

As I climb onto the pillion behind you, you turn briefly and kiss me. “By the way, the names Hud. Short fer Hudson.” You whisper with a wink. You blip the throttle and let the bike roar from the alleyway as I wrap my arms tightly around your waist and lean into your back.

Where we’re going I have no idea, but what the hell, you are a stranger no longer, you are mine; rough and gentle, raw and powerful, sensuous and sexy...My Hudson.