Tough Girl

by MissBianca (robinwheelers)

Summary

Once she was perched on a stool, it only took moments for Kameron to realize that scoping out the bar for a girl to take home would be hopeless. Not because there was any shortage of pretty ones, but because of a certain petite blonde woman standing behind the bar.

Notes

I’m BACK! Finally. The Crameron tag is so small that it’s not showing up in suggestions yet, but someone had to get it out there. So get ready for some witty dialogue and smut ft. kameron disassociating and one hell of a plot twist. There is some minor violence, but nothing really graphic.

Please leave kudos and comments telling me what you thought!! This fic will also be posted on AQ, and you can also come and talk to me about it anytime at my tumblr @mizkameron!

“We’re getting too old for this bar hopping thing, you know.”

Asia reacted to Kameron’s statement with a shrug and a grin, hopping out of the front seat of the Uber and pulling open the back door.

“Speak for yourself,” she said, holding out a hand to help Kameron out of the car.
“’M not too old for it,” Aquaria added, climbing out behind them on unsteady legs.

“She wasn’t talking to you, sweetie,” Asia laughed, wrapping an arm around Aquaria’s waist and squeezing her. “Also, you’re not having anything else to drink tonight.”

“Okay,” Aquaria said agreeably, her face scrunching into a smile as Asia kissed her cheek.

“Thirty-five isn’t anywhere near old in my book,” Asia said, looking over at Kameron. “And you’re younger than me! You know I can’t let you be a homebody until you’re at least fifty, Kameron.”

Kameron let out a sigh, smiling despite herself as Asia looped her free arm through hers and dragged the trio towards the third - and hopefully final - bar of the night.

Inside, it was hot and crowded, and Kameron regretted the decision to wear jeans the moment she stepped inside. Before she could even begin to get her bearings, Asia had vanished into a cluster of strangers with Aquaria trailing close behind her.

The bar was dimly lit and absolutely buzzing, music playing from speakers at the back and the rush of voices from all sides nearly drowning it out. Kameron wondered briefly where exactly the dividing line fell between bars and clubs, suddenly very aware that she was far too sober right now for this particular, club-like atmosphere.

Heaving a sigh, Kameron did her best to pull herself together, and made a beeline for the wall of drinks near the back, as had become routine for her whenever they went out. The scent of beer was strong, and the throngs of people that she passed were practically vibrating, the drunken excitement pressing in on Kameron from all sides and making her recede deeper into herself.

As much as she loved Asia, it took a good bit of alcohol and a lot of adrenaline for Kameron to feel like putting herself through her friend’s level of social interaction. Even though she’d had a few drinks already, they’d been spread out over several hours, and she didn’t think she was in the mood to push herself tonight.

If she was lucky, maybe Aquaria would join her at the bar after Asia tired her out, but it wasn’t likely. Kameron was always a bit of a third wheel with them, the odd one out. Despite Aquaria being the youngest by far, she was also one of Asia’s favorite people on the planet, which left Kameron fading into the background.

Regardless, going solo didn’t bother Kameron most of the time. Her solitude could be easily disguised as intentionally going out on her own, and her tendency to sit stoically at bars by herself, observing the people around her, made her come off as confident and interested in meeting new people. And in this particular case, her plans for her night centered on leaving with someone new - and not with her friends.

She only hoped that this bar wasn’t as straight as it looked.

Once she was perched on a stool, it only took moments for Kameron to realize that scoping out the bar for a girl to take home would be hopeless. Not because there was any shortage of pretty ones, but because of a certain petite blonde woman standing behind the bar.

She was wearing a white tank top, and her hair was thick and bleached blonde, hovering around her face in curls that were just starting to get frizzy. Unlike most of the women Kameron had met who worked at restaurants or behind bars, she wasn’t bothering to smile at customers, her red lips remaining in a straight line as she took orders and mixed drinks.
She was definitely pretty, but it was something else about her, something about the way that she moved and stood, that had Kameron absolutely captivated.

“Miss? Can I get you something?”

Kameron jumped a little, turning to see another bartender, a black woman with a narrow face, looking at her inquisitively.

“I’m sorry, yes,” Kameron said, smiling distractedly. “Can I have a rum and coke, please?”

“Sure.”

As the woman started to busy herself with the drinks, Kameron’s gaze returned to the other bartender, who was wiping the counter at the other end of the bar. Now that the blonde was farther away, Kameron could see the tight leather skirt that she was wearing, and she wet her lips.

“You eyeing my girl?” A drink had been set down in front of Kameron, and the black bartender was raising an eyebrow.

“Your girl?” Kameron asked blankly, blinking at her. “Are you two -”

“Nah, I’m just messing with you,” the bartender said with a laugh. “She’s a friend.”

“Oh.” Kameron took a sip of her drink, relieved but unsure what to say.

“Her name’s Brianna, if you’re interested,” the bartender added, a mischievous smile on her face. “I know her pretty well, and you look like her type.”

Surprised, Kameron took a moment too long to stammer out a thank you, the bartender disappearing through a door behind the bar before catching her words.

She kept her eyes on the blonde woman - Brianna, the other bartender had said - watching her mix drink after drink, cracking an occasional joke which Kameron could never catch, always resulting in uproarious laughter from whoever she was serving. Her hands moved so quickly, so surely, and Kameron found herself chewing on her lower lip as she watched.

Eventually, Kameron began to realize that taking the stool at the end of the bar might have been a mistake. It had been nearly a half hour now, and Brianna still hadn’t even looked her way. She didn’t want to get drunk, particularly, but the boredom was kicking in, and she found herself taking longer sips of her cocktail, just for something to do. With her tolerance, it was unlikely she’d get past mildly tipsy.

After another ten minutes or so, the inevitable straight guy wandered up to the bar to start hitting on her, starting with a canned comment about how lonely she looked all by herself, followed up by a long pause as he stared at her ample cleavage through the laced up front of her v-neck shirt. It was like clockwork, how all of them behaved almost identically, and Kameron observed with a vague sense of amusement, feeling almost as if she was watching the whole interaction from somewhere outside of her body.

“Lemme buy you a drink, sweetheart.”

“I’m fine, thanks.”

“What sexy thing like you wants to drink alone?”
“I said, I’m fine.”

“C’mon, don’t be like that.”

He stepped closer, just as Kameron expected. Sighing, she flicked her hair off of her shoulder, sliding the strap of her shirt down over her shoulder to give him a good view of the lesbian symbol tattooed just under her collarbone.

“Take a hint, asshole,” she said flatly, tapping it with a fingertip.

“Hey, maybe you just haven’t met the right guy yet.”

“If you’re really that desperate, I’ve got a friend named Boomer who’d love your number,” Kameron said with a shrug, skipping the bullshit and pulling out the final weapon in her arsenal to finish off the conversation for good. “You’re just his type. He loves the short, pretty ones.”

“I’m not gay!” The offense on his face was so dramatic that it was hard to keep a straight face, and Kameron pulled the strap of her shirt back into place and shrugged.

“Maybe you just haven’t met the right guy yet.”

Kameron turned her attention back to Brianna as he fumbled for words, finally muttering out some comment about how he wasn’t short or pretty, either, before melting back into the crowd.

Rolling her eyes, Kameron tapped her fingers on the cool side of her glass, watching as Brianna talked to the other bartender and wishing that she was close enough to get her attention without seeming desperate. It had to be after 1 AM by now, and the noise and crowded environment of the bar were rapidly draining what energy she had left.

There was a burst of laughter, and Kameron glanced up just in time to see Brianna plant a kiss on the other bartender’s cheek and leave through the door behind the bar, a purse slung over her shoulder. Making a split second decision, Kameron downed the rest of her drink quickly, then dug in her clutch for a ten dollar bill and placed it neatly under her empty glass.

Sliding off her stool, she made her way around the clusters of people as fast as she could, pushing out into the hot August air. As soon as she stepped outside onto the mostly-empty street, Kameron released a breath she didn’t know she’d been holding. She looked around for a back door, trying to figure out where Brianna might’ve left from.

Spotting an alley that ran alongside the building, Kameron headed in that direction, hoping that luck was on her side tonight. Resting a hand against the brick wall, she peered around the corner, and sure enough, Brianna was slipping out a door not too far away.

Glancing upwards, Kameron debated whether to walk down to meet her or wait on the corner. Staying put was probably the best idea, she figured, and it fit with the relaxed, collected vibe she liked to give off.

When she looked around the corner again, her stomach dropped.

Brianna was against the wall, a man that must’ve been a foot taller than her holding something that looked like a knife to her throat.

Kameron’s adrenaline kicked in instantly, her heartbeat skyrocketing, and she was running down the alley before she could even consider her options.
“Hey!” she shouted, breathless.

The man looked over at her just as she collided with him hands first, pushing him off of Brianna and hearing the knife clatter against the pavement.

“Fucking bitch!” The man swayed, clearly inebriated, and Kameron turned towards Brianna, resting a hand on her arm.

“Are you okay?”

Brianna opened her mouth to reply, and then a hand grabbed Kameron’s shoulder, pulling her away from Brianna.

“Stay outta my way!” the man slurred, winding his arm back.

Time slowed down, just for a second, and Kameron could see his fist moving towards her face. She leaned to the side at the last minute, trying to dodge the blow on instinct, and then a white-hot flash of pain cut through her cheek, and she saw stars.

Kameron stumbled, her shoulder colliding with brick, hand clasped to her cheek. There was another shout from the man, and she blinked away the tears that were clouding her vision.

Brianna’s hair bounced, and Kameron watched, dazed and disoriented, as the blonde’s fist collided with his gut, an upwards angle that made him grown hollowly and stagger. She threw her weight against him, shoulder hitting him squarely in the middle of the chest, and he fell backwards, crashing down onto the blacktop. He let out another groan, and then fell still.

Kameron stared, open mouthed, trying to process what she was seeing and unable to put the pieces together.

“Are you okay?” Brianna was making her way over, rubbing her knuckles, a concerned expression on her face.

Reaching up, she laid her hand over Kameron’s that was still pressed to her cheek. Brianna’s teeth dug into her lower lip as she lifted their hands away for a brief moment, surveying the injury. The pain had subsided inexplicably, and Kameron noticed for the first time that her own palm was slippery.

“He must’ve had a ring,” Brianna mused. Her eyes were big, a dark brown that Kameron hadn’t identified in the bar. “It’s more a cut than a bruise, doesn’t look too bad. Keep the pressure on it.”

“You’re pretty,” Kameron murmured, accidentally speaking her thoughts out loud.

Brianna stared up at her for a moment, a bemused smile slowly growing on her face.

“All right, let’s get you cleaned up,” she said decisively, pulling Kameron up off the wall and leading her towards the main street by her arm. “What’s your name?”

“Where are we going?” Kameron asked, feeling slow and stupid.

“My place,” Brianna said. “You’re not dizzy, are you? Can you walk without me holding you?”

Kameron thought about that for a moment, shaking her head to clear it, and then nodded.

“Yes, what?”
“I’m okay,” she confirmed. “Oh, and, Kameron - my name is Kameron.”

“Good, no concussion. I’m Brianna. My Uber will be here soon, so hang tight, babe.”

_Babe_. Kameron smiled.

The Uber ride was short, and they both sat in the back, Brianna keeping a slightly concerned eye on her. The cut was hurting again, but Kameron was distracted enough by Brianna’s close proximity to her that she wasn’t paying much attention.

When the car turned a corner, Brianna wound up leaning against her, one hand resting on Kameron’s thigh for support, and Kameron noticed for the first time that she was wearing perfume. After a few moments, she identified the scent as vanilla, strong enough to cover the stench of beer that would likely be clinging to her otherwise. Breathing Brianna in was calming and exciting at the same time, and Kameron could’ve sat like that with her forever, warmth spreading through her chest and a slight smile on her face.

By the time they’d arrived and climbed the four flights to Brianna’s apartment, Kameron felt much steadier on her feet, and she started struggling to wrap her brain around the series of events that had lead her to this point.

“What - what happened, exactly?” Kameron asked, hoping for clarification, as Brianna unlocked the door.

“You must’ve spotted me as soon as I stepped out the door,” Brianna said, directing Kameron inside. “And so did he, the big guy. He’d just pushed me against the wall - I think he was going for my purse - and then you came out of nowhere. Rammed into him like a runaway train.”

“Yeah, I remember that. I asked if you were okay.”

“Right, very sweet.” Kameron smiled at the comment, and Brianna continued. “He grabbed you, wheeled you back around, and went in for a punch. You dodged, I guess, because he only managed to graze that pretty cheek of yours.”

“I tried,” Kameron nodded. “But what happened after that is what I’m not, uh… not sure of.”

“Well, as heroic as it was of you to try to save me, I have a black belt in karate,” Brianna said, a note of affectionate sarcasm in her tone. “Did ya really think I’d be dressed like this in that area of town if I couldn’t defend myself?”

“I mean, I guess not,” Kameron said after a moment, looking down. A mixture of realization and embarrassment surged through her, and she cleared her throat. “You were… clearly very capable. I was actually trying to figure out if I imagined it all.”

“Nope.” Brianna shook her head. “He looked like was going to come at you again, so I did what I could. You know, took down the bad guy, saved the pretty girl. Everyday stuff in the life of your average bartender.”

Kameron laughed quietly at that, suddenly glad that her hand was still pressed to the cut. Hopefully, Brianna wouldn’t be able to see how her cheeks were flushed, as if she was a shy teenager again. All of the confidence and composure that she usually relied on to keep her anxiety at bay had been stripped away by the unexpected turn of events, and it was as if a rug had been pulled out from under her, leaving her struggling to catch her balance.

Kameron looked around at the small apartment, trying to distract herself. It was mostly one room,
with a couple of doors to the left. She stared blankly at the small TV against the far wall, trying to figure out how she should feel.

There was no reference to go by - she’d never been saved or defended physically, much less by a woman a half foot shorter than her who unexpectedly turned out to be hiding a lot of muscle under her profoundly un-intimidating exterior.

“I’ll give you the grand tour,” Brianna said, pulling Kameron out of her thoughts. “This half is the kitchen, and the dining room. That half is the living room, starting with the couch. Kid-sized bedroom and bathroom are to the left. Luckily, I’m literally the height and weight of a large child, so it’s nice and roomy for me.”

“It’s hot,” Kameron said, realizing that it hadn’t gotten any cooler since they’d entered the building. “I didn’t notice at first…”

“Yeah, the AC’s broken everywhere except the bathroom,” Brianna sighed, rolling her eyes. “They won’t fix it. Good thing we’re going in there first anyway.”

True to her word, Brianna’s bathroom was both tiny and freezing, and Kameron felt oversized in comparison, her face hot as Brianna pushed her down by the shoulders, sitting her on the lid of the toilet seat. A slender thumb brushed just under the gash on Kameron’s cheek, and Brianna squinted slightly, her fingers tucking under Kameron’s chin to tilt her face up towards the fluorescent light.

Brianna made an inquisitive noise, brushing Kameron’s hair back and off of her shoulder, and then her free hand was moving from Kameron’s cheek to the side of her neck, tracing the tattoo there lightly.

“I like it,” Brianna said, under her breath. A fingertip slowly outlined the points of the crystal, and Kameron held her breath, immobilized by Brianna’s touch even as her heart raced in her chest.

“Thanks,” she managed to reply, her throat dry.

“If this scars, it’s gonna be really badass,” Brianna mused, her attention abruptly returning to the matter at hand. “It’ll probably match the whole look you’ve got going.”

Her entire body still buzzing from the teasing contact, Kameron swallowed and kept her gaze straight ahead until Brianna released her and moved towards the sink, stretching up to grab items from the cabinet behind the mirror. She was saying something else, but Kameron couldn’t collect her thoughts enough to listen, too busy watching as Brianna’s white tank came untucked and crept up her stomach.

She bit her lip, and winced as the movement pulled at the gash on her cheek. Brianna padded back over, soaking a cotton ball in disinfectant, and Kameron wondered absentmindedly why the other woman had chosen to wear stockings under her skirt.

“This is going to sting, babe.”

Brianna’s voice was low, a soft murmur. Her tank top was rolled up just under her ribs, and she was so close that Kameron could see the goosebumps rising on her stomach from the air conditioning. It occurred to Kameron then, how easy it would be to wrap her hands around Brianna’s tiny waist, rub her thumbs over the tight abdominal muscles and make her shiver for other reasons.

She was trying to work up the nerve to do it, figuring that Brianna did bring her back to her apartment and voluntarily position herself this close by, when Brianna lifted her chin again and interrupted her train of thought by dabbing the cut with the cotton ball.
The flash of pain made Kameron hiss, and she gritted her teeth, determined to maintain whatever composure she had left by staying silent and still as rock.

The next touch hurt even more, and Kameron dared to risk eye contact and look at Brianna’s face, needing something to distract her. Thankfully, Brianna was focused on her work, her brows furrowed slightly, lips pressed tight together.

The harsh lighting in the room should’ve been unflattering - Kameron knew she herself couldn’t possibly look good in it - but somehow, Brianna managed to be strikingly pretty anyway.

“Almost done, you’re not even bleeding anymore,” Brianna said under her breath, her expression slightly amused. “Look at you, tough girl. Staying all quiet and stoic.”

Brianna chuckled quietly, and Kameron inspected her expression, trying to figure out how to react.

“I’m not sure if that was meant to be shady or not,” she finally said after a moment, clearing her throat.

“Mmm,” Brianna hummed.

“You’re, like, really hard to read, you know that?”

“And you’re really cute,” Brianna replied, dabbing at Kameron’s cut one more time and then giving a little nod, apparently deciding to leave it at that. She turned, occupying herself with something by the sink that Kameron couldn’t see.

“Even after I made a goddamn fool of myself and got my ass kicked?” Kameron laughed a little, trying to compensate for her own embarrassment. “So stupid.”

“Yeah,” Brianna replied, wheeling back around with a genuine grin on her face and a handful of small butterfly bandages. “Definitely stupid, but also cute. Stupid-cute.”

“That didn’t feel like a compliment,” Kameron muttered, smiling despite herself.

“Well, take what you can get,” Brianna replied, leaning in again and starting to affix the paper stitches to Kameron’s cheek. The pull on her skin stung, but she bit her tongue. “I don’t hand out compliments often.”

“Do you bring random women into your apartment to play nurse often?” Kameron glanced up at her.

“Only when they look like they could beat me in a wrestling match,” Brianna said dryly, the corner of her mouth twitching.

“I think we’ve established that I most definitely could not.”

“But you could probably bench press me,” Brianna pointed out.

“Probably,” Kameron agreed, wondering if the comment gave her an excuse to reach for Brianna’s waist, or grab onto her hips, like she’d been itching to do all night. “Want me to try?”

“Tempting as that sounds, I’m currently saving your life, so it’ll have to wait,” Brianna deadpanned, and Kameron snorted.

A few moments passed in silence, and then Brianna tapped the edges of butterfly stitches lightly with her finger and nodded.
“Am I gonna make it through the night, you think?” Kameron asked, her lips twitching.

“Well, it was rough going there for a bit, but I think you’re in the clear,” Brianna replied, her tone overly serious. “You wouldn’t believe how many times I’ve had injured women flatline in this very bathroom.”

Kameron couldn’t help but laugh at that, standing up from her position on the toilet lid. Brianna was putting her first aid materials back into the mirror closet, the corner of her mouth turned up in a smile.

“You’re one of the lucky ones,” Brianna added. She pulled her shirt down, much to Kameron’s disappointment, and proceeded to shoo her out of the bathroom.

“Clearly.”

The sudden rise in temperature as Kameron passed through the doorway was almost dizzying. For the second time that night, she found herself regretting wearing jeans, wishing that the vibe she wanted to give off to potential hookups didn’t have a dress code.

She leaned back against the counter in Brianna’s corner kitchen, running her hands through her hair and flipping it back. Brianna had already swept past her in a rush of vanilla perfume, and was in the process of methodically emptying her purse onto the wooden table. Kameron frowned, about to ask why she was taking out her sunglasses and wallet, but before she could, Brianna lifted the purse and dumped the rest of the contents - a surprising amount of wadded up dollar and five dollar bills - onto the table.

“You’re organized,” Kameron commented after a moment, watching as Brianna rapidly sorted through the bills, flattening each one with the heel of her hand before stacking them in piles.

“My only redeemable trait,” Brianna said dryly.

“I dunno, I think you’re a pretty good bartender, too,” Kameron said, crossing her ankles and resting her elbows on the counter behind her. “And a good substitute nurse. Not to mention that ass-kicking you did behind the bar.”

Brianna shrugged, a small smile on her face.

“That cut still sore?” she asked, directing the subject away from herself.

“A little,” Kameron said, trying to brush it off. “I’m okay, though.”

“I can tell you’re lying, you know,” Brianna said with a chuckle. “You don’t have to prove anything to me, babe. Vulnerability is sexy, or so I’ve been told.”

“I’ve heard that too.” Kameron flattened her hands against the counter. “Never really believed it.”

“Me neither.”

Brianna met her gaze, and they both smiled.

“But, really, though,” Brianna said after a moment, breaking the eye contact and picking up a bottle of pills that she’d taken out of her purse earlier. “I have ibuprofen, if it hurts.”

“Yeah, it does,” Kameron admitted. “Thanks.”

Brianna waved the gratitude away, and tossed her the pill bottle. Before Kameron could even ask
for water, Brianna was filling a glass from the sink, and Kameron was impressed once again by how quickly she moved.

“Thanks,” Kameron repeated as Brianna handed her the glass.

“Mmmhm,” Brianna hummed. She had returned to the table, and was stacking the last bills. Kameron watched her hands, almost mesmerized, as rolled the stacks up, and secured them quickly with rubber bands from a dish in the center of the table.

“You’re very good with your hands,” Kameron said softly, and the corner of Brianna’s mouth turned up.

“Not the context I usually hear that in.”

Kameron took a sip of water, her throat feeling suddenly dry. Now would be the perfect time to make a move, but she couldn’t figure out how, positive that anything she said wouldn’t be nearly as quick-witted or appropriate as what Brianna might come up with. Frustrated, she chewed on the inside of her cheek, staring at the ground and hoping Brianna wouldn’t notice her annoyance.

“It’s late,” Brianna said finally, zipping her purse closed. “You should probably spend the night.”

When Kameron glanced back up at her, Brianna was already staring at her, an eyebrow cocked. The suggestion felt unmistakably like a challenge, and Kameron fumbled for the right response, the palpable sexual tension making her face grow hot.

“I can, if you want,” she said finally, the words tumbling out too fast.

“Well, I’m not sending you out on your own at this hour,” Brianna said resignedly. “I didn’t save your ass just to have you leave and get it kicked again.”

“Right,” Kameron nodded, forcing out a laugh and looking down again, a sinking feeling in her gut. “I can sleep on your couch, I guess.”

“Yeah, that’s definitely something you can do.”

Kameron cursed at herself internally as Brianna walked right by her and towards her bathroom. Whatever the challenge had been, she’d clearly failed, and Brianna seemed impatient, almost exasperated. Kameron grabbed her clutch from the counter and walked over to the couch, kicking off her pumps a bit more aggressively than was probably necessary.

She busied herself with her phone as she heard the water running in the bathroom, growing even more irritated with herself as she watched Aquaria’s Instagram story. She was clearly drunker than she’d been earlier, and every single video featured an almost-equally-drunk Asia pressed against her, laughing or kissing the side of her face.

The feeling of missing out on things due to her shy, introverted nature had been always been a constant in Kameron’s life, and over time, she’d grown to accept it. But tonight, it was frustrating, to say the least.

“Here, you can wear these,” Brianna called, tossing a bundle of clothing into Kameron’s lap.

Kameron mumbled a thank you, but Brianna was already walking into bedroom. She watched as the other woman started to strip, her back to the doorway, fingers sliding under the clasp of her nude bra. Coming to her senses, Kameron shook her head and focused her attention on the pile of fabric in her lap.
There was a t-shirt and a pair of shorts, and Kameron lifted the shirt, eyeing it amusedly. Clearly, Brianna wasn’t thinking straight. They probably hadn’t been anywhere close to the same size since Kameron was in middle school. She set them on the coffee table as neatly as she could, and flipped through notifications on her phone to distract herself until Brianna’s bedroom door clicked shut, leaving the rest of the apartment dark except for the light coming in through the window.

She kicked off her pumps and stood, peeling off her jeans and laying them over the arm of the couch. She didn’t even bother with the clothes Brianna had left her, figuring that the boyshorts she was wearing covered enough of her ass. And besides, if Brianna was to wander out of her room, there wasn’t really a downside to her getting a look at Kameron’s thigh tattoo. Kameron figured that with the amount of money it had cost, it deserved to be showed off. And if the way Brianna had traced the tattoo on her throat fascinatedly was any indication, it might just raise the chances of her leaving tomorrow with the other woman’s number.

After a moment of consideration, Kameron stripped out of her shirt as well, and collapsed on the couch with a sigh. She usually slept naked, even with her own, functional air conditioning, and it was far too hot in Brianna’s apartment to wear more than undergarments.

She flopped onto her back, tucking a worn out pillow under her head, and stared up at a crack in the ceiling. Brianna hadn’t given her a blanket, she realized. Then again, it wasn’t as if she’d use it.

Turning onto her side, Kameron huffed out another sigh. This night hadn’t turned out how she’d planned, and now that she was left with her thoughts, Kameron found herself growing more and more frustrated.

It wasn’t as if there hadn’t been an opportunity to come onto Brianna. In fact, there’d been multiple moments where Kameron knew that she could’ve made a move, not to mention Brianna’s obvious flirting and interest in her. Making moves on women was never a department she’d lacked confidence before, but there was just something about Brianna in particular that stripped away the facade that she usually wore for her one night stands, revealing the shy, unsure person that she was underneath.

The shift of dynamic was intimidating, but it was also exciting, and Kameron was surprised at how attractive she found Brianna’s toughness and command of every situation.

She just wished that she’d had the nerve to follow Brianna into her bedroom.

Rolling onto her back again, Kameron heaved another sigh. Her eyes had adjusted, and the room seemed practically bright now.

Suddenly, the bedroom door opened, and light flooded over the couch, making Kameron cover her eyes with her forearm. Propping herself up, she peered at the door just in time to see Brianna emerge in a pair of sleep shorts and a camisole, with an expression on her face that Kameron could only describe as determination.

“Hey,” Kameron greeted her, surprised.

“It’s too hot to sleep,” Brianna said by way of reply, passing by the couch without even looking at her. “You want a beer?”

“Um, yeah.” Kameron sat up and ran her hands through her hair, wondering if this was God or the universe giving her a second shot at ending the day right.

The small light in the kitchen area clicked on, and Brianna could be heard opening the fridge. Her
heart rate already picking up speed, Kameron checked her phone for the time - 2:32 AM - and then shot Asia and Aquaria a text confirming that yes, she was fine, and no, she hadn't gotten laid yet. She briefly considered putting her shirt back on, but before she could make a decision, Brianna was rounding the back of the couch and handing her an open beer bottle.

“Thanks.” Kameron glanced up to find Brianna staring at her, lips slightly parted. She took a sip of beer to hide her satisfied smile, suddenly feeling very grateful for Brianna’s overheated apartment.

“So, is there a reason why you’re practically naked?” Brianna said after a moment, perching on the edge of the couch, her tone almost too calm.

“Your broken air conditioner.” Kameron crossed her arms under her boobs, and looked over at Brianna. “And the fact that you’re several sizes smaller than me.”

“Giving you my clothes was pretty stupid, wasn’t it?” Brianna asked rhetorically, a short laugh escaping her as her eyes flicked up and down Kameron’s body again.

“Yeah,” Kameron agreed. “The fact that you apparently want to see me in your clothing is cute, though.”

“Stupid-cute,” Brianna said under her breath, and Kameron flashed her a smile.

The sleep shorts Brianna wore left her thighs exposed, and Kameron could see the flex of muscle under her pale skin as she crossed her legs neatly. Kameron swallowed thickly, her knuckles turning white as she gripped her beer bottle.

“I’d say I’m sorry about the heat, but I think we both know I’d be lying,” Brianna said.

“Oh, is that so?”

“Oh, so now you wanna play coy?” Brianna was leaning back on one of her hands. “Now that you’re on my couch in lingerie, it seems like the right time to act like you’re unaware of how hot you are?”

Yet again, the smile on her face seemed almost like a challenge, and Kameron was determined not to fail a second time.

“Hot?” Kameron could feel her confidence rising, the cocky attitude that she’d been trying to get back all night appearing all at once. “I dunno, I thought I was just cute.”

“Oh, please, now you’re just fishing for compliments,” Brianna laughed.

Kameron hummed amusedly in reply and shrugged, watching the smaller woman lift her own bottle to her lips, the line of her neck extending as she tilted her head back. There was a bead of sweat rolling down her chest, from the hollow of her throat to the space between her breasts.

“Like I said, it’s hot,” Kameron said, following the line of Brianna’s collarbone with her gaze. “I just couldn’t get comfy in my clothing.”

“It’s cooler out here than in my bedroom,” Brianna said.

Kameron doubted that. Maybe it’d been tolerable before, but now that Brianna was nearby and flirting with her again, the little clothing that she was wearing felt like it was sticking to her. She tossed her hair back, raking a hand through it in an attempt to get it off of her neck.
She could feel Brianna’s eyes on her, and resisted the urge to stare back for as long as possible, exhaling a long breath and rolling her shoulders a few times in an effort to calm down. When she finally turned to meet Brianna’s eyes, the other woman was biting her lower lip hard enough that it was a shock she hadn’t drawn blood.

The resulting rush of confidence nearly made Kameron’s head spin.

“See something you like?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Brianna stared at her for a moment, tongue poking out of the corner of her slightly open mouth.

“Alright, enough,” Brianna said finally, standing up. “Put down your bottle.”

“Why?”

“Put it down.”

Kameron opened her mouth, and then closed it, leaning forwards to set her bottle on the coffee table. Brianna dropped hers beside it, and then her hands were on Kameron’s shoulders again, using her for support as she climbed onto her lap.

Before Brianna could even settle her weight, Kameron was sitting up straighter and reaching for her waist. Brianna pushed her back against the couch forcefully, fingers digging into the hard muscle of Kameron’s shoulders, knees digging into the outsides of her thighs.

“No more dancing around this,” Brianna announced, voice breathy. “It’s happening, now.”

Not about to argue, Kameron gripped Brianna’s hips tightly, slid her thumbs up under her camisole, the heat of the other woman’s skin nearly enough to burn. Brianna made a noise in her throat, and Kameron took that as an invitation to move her hands higher, pushing the fabric up and dragging her palms over Brianna’s sides.

Brianna twisted in her hold, exhaling against Kameron’s skin, and Kameron couldn’t think about anything other than kissing her until the heat and lack of oxygen made the smaller woman lightheaded and soft in her hands.

As if she could hear Kameron’s thoughts, Brianna finally closed the rest of the space between them, one hand cupping Kameron’s jaw as she crushed their lips together.

The kiss was more like a collision than anything else, rough and hot, and Kameron let Brianna take control as soon as the other woman’s tongue pressed between her lips. Brianna made a noise in her throat, and Kameron took that as an invitation to move her hands higher, pushing the fabric up and dragging her palms over Brianna’s sides.

Brianna twisted in her hold, exhaling against Kameron’s skin, and Kameron couldn’t think about anything other than kissing her until the heat and lack of oxygen made the smaller woman lightheaded and soft in her hands.

As if she could hear Kameron’s thoughts, Brianna finally closed the rest of the space between them, one hand cupping Kameron’s jaw as she crushed their lips together.

The kiss was more like a collision than anything else, rough and hot, and Kameron let Brianna take control as soon as the other woman’s tongue pressed between her lips. Brianna made a noise in her throat, and Kameron felt drunk and clumsy, Brianna’s fingers combing through her hair, body pressing closer and closer every second.

She raked her nails up Brianna’s sides, pushing the thin camisole higher still, and Brianna’s responding moan vibrated against her lips. Kameron needed the clothing to be gone, needed all of Brianna’s skin bare under her hands. She needed both of them naked, stripped down and pressed together, slick with sweat and sex.

The moment Brianna pulled back from the kiss, she was leaning back, stripping her own shirt off and tossing it onto the couch beside them. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and Kameron cursed quietly, immediately moving her hands up higher to rub her thumbs over Brianna’s dark nipples. They were impossibly hard despite the heat, and Brianna’s breath caught in a perfect little moan as Kameron rolled one of them between her thumb and index finger.
“I was - I was waiting for you to make this happen,” Brianna said. “Why do you think I left the
door to my room open?”

“I don’t know,” Kameron breathed, meeting Brianna’s gaze. “You seem so sure of yourself, I was
just following your lead.”

Brianna leaned in to kiss her again briefly, one hand resting on Kameron’s shoulder and the other
pulling down urgently on the cups of her bra, fingers digging roughly into her breasts. She released
Kameron’s bicep, reaching behind her and deftly unhooking the bra, and Kameron shrugged it off
as fast as she could.

“What the fuck?” Brianna panted the question, eyes wide and pupils dark as they flickered over
Kameron’s body.

“Yeah, they’re real,” Kameron said, huffing out a laugh and grabbing Brianna’s wrists, pressing her
chest into the other woman’s hands. She sighed at the feeling. “I swear. Daily push-ups are better
than any boob job.”

Brianna’s hands looked tiny cupping her breasts, the soft flesh spilling between her fingers,
Kameron’s skin turning pale as she squeezed. Kameron wet her lips, unable to tell whether the
sight or the sensation affected her more.

Before she could figure it out, Brianna was leaning down and sucking one of her nipples into her
mouth. Kameron let out a small moan that was more like a whimper, her head falling back against
the top of the couch. Brianna’s lips trailed higher, palms spreading Kameron’s breasts as she
lapped at the sweat collecting between them.

Struggling to keep her lungs working, Kameron ran her fingers through Brianna’s platinum blonde
hair, collecting it in her hands. She looked down, her stomach twisting at the sight of Brianna’s
face buried in her breasts.

Closing her eyes, Kameron tried to gather herself, regain some control over the situation. And then,
Brianna’s teeth dug into her skin suddenly, unexpectedly. Kameron cursed out loud, tugging on her
hair sharply, and the responding moan from Brianna was absolutely filthy. Kameron squeezed her
own thighs together, the rush of arousal making her dizzy.

Needing to hear that sound again, Kameron moved her hands closer to Brianna’s scalp, wrapping
the locks around her fingers before tugging again, this time pulling Brianna’s head back along with
her hair. Brianna groaned, gripping Kameron’s biceps and grinding down against her lap.

Kameron pulled her in, crashing their lips together again, Brianna’s hair tangled tight in her fingers
to keep her still. She nipped at Brianna’s lower lip experimentally, and nails dug into her arms as
Brianna let out a strangled moan.

The kiss felt more sensual than it had been before, less aggressive, and this time, it wasn’t difficult
for Kameron to take control. This was far more familiar territory for her, and Brianna was
practically melting in her grasp, going sweet and soft like ice cream in the summer heat.

The breathy whimpers and gasps that Brianna let out every time Kameron tugged at her hair were
unbearably sexy, and Kameron felt herself losing total track of time, caught up in the intoxicating
feeling of nearly suffocating from kisses that seemed to keep growing longer and messier.

Tilting Brianna’s head back, Kameron trailed her lips down the other woman’s neck, biting at the
soft skin gently before soothing it with her tongue.
“Mmm, Kam, please.” Brianna was practically whining now, her voice weak and high.

“Did you want something, baby?” Kameron asked, hiding a smile in the hollow of Brianna’s throat and winding her fingers tighter in her hair.

Brianna only groaned in reply and squirmed, her hips bucking as Kameron sucked hard on her pulse point. Once she’d gotten past the tough exterior, Brianna was exactly the girl that Kameron had thought she was - the kind who begged, and whimpered, and left imprints from their nails in Kameron’s biceps.

Now that the power had shifted, Kameron was in her element, and she had to take a little time to enjoy it.

“I can’t do anything if I don’t know what you want,” she prompted, her voice low, pressing slow kisses up the pale column of Brianna’s neck.

“Fuck me,” Brianna breathed, giving in and tugging urgently at one of Kameron’s wrists.

Unable to wipe the cocky smile off of her face, Kameron released Brianna’s hair, allowing the other woman to guide her hand down and between her legs. Leaning up to kiss her again, Kameron cupped Brianna through the thin, loose fabric of her sleep shorts, eyes fluttering shut at the damp heat against her palm.

Brianna was panting and whimpering into the kiss, gripping Kameron’s shoulders for support and grinding steadily against her hand. Their chests brushed together, skin against skin, Kameron’s nipples dragging over Brianna’s ribs with every movement and sending her body into overdrive.

When Brianna whimpered for more, Kameron didn’t bother waiting, pushing the crotch of her shorts to the side, breath catching as she dragged her fingertips through the sticky wetness beneath. She pressed two fingers against Brianna’s entrance, just barely dipping inside, gaze focused on how Brianna’s abs flexed as her hips rolled forwards.

“Mmmm, you want it?” Kameron teased, looking back up to admire Brianna’s flushed cheeks, her open mouth, her big eyes squeezed shut.

“Yeah - yes, Kam, please,” Brianna begged, voice pitching up into a whine as Kameron slid her fingers into her, hips bucking against the intrusion. “Fuck, more - I want more.”

“So bossy,” Kameron murmured, pushing a third finger in beside the first two. Brianna let out a drawn out moan at that, starting to ride Kameron’s fingers in earnest.

Kameron let Brianna do the work, pressing her lips to the other woman’s collarbone and occupying herself with leaving open-mouthed kisses along the taut skin. When she felt Brianna’s wetness dripping onto her thighs, she twisted her wrist, starting to squeeze in a fourth finger.

Brianna gasped sharply at that, eyes opening wide, thighs tensing as she tried to lift herself away. Kameron slid her spare hand down across Brianna’s cheek to settle at the base of her throat, fingers wrapping around her neck and squeezing ever so gently.

“You wanted more,” she said, her voice low. “So take it, tough girl.”

Brianna’s eyes darkened visibly, and Kameron stared right back, knowing that she’d never back away from such an obvious challenge. She squeezed Brianna’s throat again, just for a moment, loving the way the other woman’s breath caught.
Her nails digging into Kameron’s shoulders, Brianna sank down onto her fingers slowly, never once breaking eye contact. She let out a long, shuddering breath, and Kameron could feel her walls clenching and then relaxing. She squeezed her own thighs together, feeling the stickiness between them.

“So, are you gonna fuck me now, babe?” Brianna managed to ask, breathless, rotating her hips slowly. “Or are those muscles of yours just for show?”

Not bothering to reply, Kameron started to pump her fingers in and out, forearm flexing as she flicked her wrist. Brianna met every stroke, letting out little grunts of effort, her gaze trained on Kameron’s breasts.

“C’mon,” she panted, tossing her hair back and looking up to meet Kameron’s eyes once more. “Is that - fuck - is that all you’ve got?”

Narrowing her eyes, Kameron released Brianna’s neck and wrapped her arm around her waist, pulling the other woman’s hips down to force her fingers deeper. Brianna groaned, tongue poking out of the corner of her mouth.

Holding Brianna steady, Kameron increased her pace, biting down on her lower lip. The noises coming from between Brianna’s legs were filthy, her wetness dripping down Kameron’s wrist. Suddenly very aware of her own body, Kameron felt the burn starting to grow in her forearm, the sweat on the back of her neck and under her breasts, the ache in her core.

Brianna was twisting in her grasp, a mess of pants and whimpers, and Kameron pushed just a little harder, feeling Brianna’s channel shudder.

“How’s that?” she ground out, looking up just in time to see Brianna’s face contort, mouth dropping open in a soundless scream.

“Gorgeous,” Kameron breathed into the moment of silence, Brianna’s cunt rippling around her fingers.

And then, Brianna collapsed against her, hips twitching, moaning low into her neck. Kameron held her close, palm pressed to her back, fingers moving slowly inside her and helping her ride out the climax.

After another few moments, she pulled her hand away, Brianna whining weakly beside her ear at the loss.

Kameron wiped her fingers on Brianna’s thigh, and then wrapped both arms around her and ducked to kiss her shoulder, content to stay like that until Brianna came back to herself or fell asleep. The moments passed slowly, Brianna breathing softly and quietly, and Kameron realized that it might be the second option. She was slightly surprised to find that she didn’t mind that in the slightest.

This was always one of Kameron’s favorite parts, the moments just after. The other woman pressed close against her, shaky or shivering, relearning how to make her lungs work, how to open her eyes, how to put sentences together.

Brianna’s chest was resting against hers, face buried in her neck, and Kameron could feel her heartbeat slowing under her hands, breathing evening out against her skin.

She’d felt all of it before, but she didn’t think she’d ever loved it quite so much as she did now.

Lifting Brianna slightly, Kameron turned her body, repositioning herself as carefully as she could
before pulling her own legs back onto the couch and laying the two of them down.

“Mmmm?” Brianna hummed, raising her head and blinking at Kameron.

“Hey there,” Kameron said softly, reaching up to brush Brianna’s hair away from her face. “You dozed off for a minute, baby.”

“Sorry,” Brianna murmured, shaking her head.

“It’s okay,” Kameron chuckled, echoing her thoughts from earlier. “I don’t mind. You can sleep.”

“But… I wanna make you come,” Brianna protested, the words coming slowly and hesitantly for the first time all night. “You’re so… so hot. Wanna eat you out.”

“There’ll be time for that in the morning,” Kameron said, a smile spreading across her face.

Brianna frowned at her, brow furrowing weakly.

“I’m fine, baby. I promise.”

Signing, Brianna gave in and let her head fall onto Kameron’s shoulder, arm winding around her waist.

“Thanks for trying to save me,” she said sleepily.

“Thanks for actually saving me,” Kameron said with a quiet laugh. “I got lucky.”

“M glad I met you, Kam.”

“I’m glad you made this happen,” Kameron replied. “I’m such a baby, I was too intimidated.”

Brianna chuckled, and nuzzled closer tucking her face into Kameron’s neck.

“You’re cute,” she mumbled. “I’m gonna give you my number tomorrow.”

There was a pause, and Kameron’s smile widened. She rubbed Brianna’s back gently, not having the words to reply and not feeling any particular pressure to find them. It was hot, lying close together like this, but Kameron felt too warm inside to care.

“M gonna be so sore tomorrow,” Brianna added after a moment.

“That’s your own fault.”

Brianna snorted, and Kameron felt her nod once. Then, she sighed, and her breathing evened out once more.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!